

DEFENDING THE FAITH by PHILLIP BARRON

Two vicars: REVEREND GREEN and REVEREND JAMES.

GREEN: How's the parish going reverend?

JAMES: It's fine, fine. Everyone trots along on a Sunday, never have any trouble.

GREEN: Sounds like you've got matters well in hand?

JAMES: Yes. It's a bit dull though, I'd really like a fight.

GREEN: For the fate of your congregation's eternal souls?

JAMES: Nope, I just want to kick the shit out of someone.

MRS KEPPLE bustles on stage, carrying a poster of Jesus.

MRS KEPPLE: Reverends, reverends! You'll never believe this, look what some scamp from the school next door has drawn on the picture of Jesus.

JAMES: **(reads)** World's first hippy?

GREEN: Yes, I suppose he was really.

JAMES: No! These hooligans have got to be taught a lesson.

GREEN: From the teachings of Jesus?

JAMES: No, from the teachings of angry vicar holding a big stick with a nail in the end. First step; Mrs Kepple, start a terrorist training camp.

Mrs Kepple salutes and hobbles off.

JAMES: Reverend, you slip next door and burn the school down.

GREEN: I don't think setting fire to a school is the answer.

JAMES: You're right. We have to mobilise the vicars in the area and kill all school boys on sight.

GREEN: Do you not think you're over reacting slightly?

JAMES: Lord no! Some cocky little sod has slandered Jesus; we can't let them get away with this. After all, does it not say in the bible: let he who defiles the image of our Lord have his testicles stamped on and his teeth knocked out with a baseball bat?

GREEN: No.

JAMES: It does in mine.

GREEN: Yes, but you wrote that in yourself, it doesn't count.

Mrs Kepple bumbles back in.

MRS KEPPLER: Reverend, about this terrorist training camp?

JAMES: Yes Mrs Kepple?

MRS KEPPLER: Is it like a tombola?

JAMES: Not really Mrs Kepple.

MRS KEPPLER: Do I need to sell raffle tickets?

JAMES: No Mrs Kepple, you need to raise an army of vicious zealots trained in explosives, hand to hand combat and espionage.

MRS KEPPLER: Right. An army, I'd better get some more teabags. Do you want me to put the chairs out?

JAMES: No Mrs Kepple; we're going to be standing, waving our arms in the air and chanting venom filled slogans.

MRS KEPPLER: Like Kum ba yah?

JAMES: No, like: death to anyone who annoys the Church of England!

GREEN: Doesn't really trip off the tongue, does it old chap?

JAMES: Well, I can work on the details later. The important thing is everyone fears and respects us; and I get to set fire to something.

GREEN: Surely the bible preaches compassion and forgiveness?

JAMES: This isn't about religion any more; it's about me, smashing things up because it's fun. Mrs Kepple, fetch me my cassock of war!

Reverend James storms out, Mrs Kepple in tow. Reverend Green looks at the poster.

GREEN: What a load of fuss over a drawing. Good job he didn't see the cock I drew on the virgin Mary.

END OF SKETCH