

THE VICAR, THE FOUR THOUSAND YEAR OLD DEMON AND THE CUP OF TEA

BY CLAIRE DEMMER

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THE VICAR, THE FOUR THOUSAND YEAR OLD DEMON AND THE CUP OF TEA

Note: The word 'Vicar' can be substituted for 'Reverend', depending on your geography and religion

Scene 1:

Lights up. Patrick is standing with a bottle of milk and a glass.

Patrick: *(To the audience)* So we're a pretty normal family. We live in a semi detached home in a small town close to a big city. We have a Toyota. Mum and Dad go to church on Sundays – and Jenny and I take turns staying at home looking after Samuel. We all go to the local school, even Samuel sometimes, although he swears he has the knowledge of a thousand fine minds behind him. Typical younger brother. Who is everybody? Well, there's mum, dad, me, my sister Jenny and...well, then there's Samuel. Mum and Dad are pretty okay as adults go, I suppose. Jenny is the eldest one – she's sixteen and I'm a year younger. Samuel – well he should be twelve, but is now about four thousand years old, supposedly. My family is a little complicated, but hey, what family isn't? *(Patrick tries to pour the milk out but nothing happens)* Mum – Samuel's curdled the milk again! Oh, let me explain – my youngest brother has recently been possessed by a four thousand year old demon known only as 'Death to you Puny Humans.' Whilst he is occupying Samuel's body he mostly either hisses, mutters incantations and turns the milk sour. We've tried to learn to live with it. My father is pretty clueless really - honestly all he cares out is his gardening. My mother is cheerfully ignoring the fact that her youngest is possessed and is pretending everything's pretty normal and that Samuel is merely a very naughty boy. And that he's turned the milk again.

(Enter Mrs Brady)

Mrs Brady: *(Shakes the milk)* And with the Vicar coming today as well. We don't have any other.

Patrick: I can run to the shop?

Mrs Brady: Yes, please. There's money in my purse. Please get back as soon as possible – the vicar's coming at three and we can't have him drinking curdled milk. I mean – how would that look?

Patrick: I'm sure there are worse things that could happen.

Mrs Brady: I know. I just want everything today to be perfect. Where's your brother?

Patrick: Do you mean the one known as 'Death to you Puny Humans?'

Mrs Brady: You know who I mean.

Patrick: Samuel was watching television. Death to you Puny Humans was in here curdling the milk again.

Mrs Brady: Samuel!!! Come here please!!!

Samuel/DTPH enters.

Mrs Brady: Did you curdle the milk?

DTPH/Samuel:GRRRhhhhhphQ

Patrick: He says it wasn't him. It was the cat.

Mrs Brady: We don't have a cat.

DTPH/Samuel:Meeowpphhggh

Mrs Brady: Don't you give me lip, young man! And tell the truth. We tell the truth in this house, do you hear me?

DTPH/Samuel:GGHhhpphhthh.

Patrick: He says he's sorry.

Mrs Brady: I don't believe him.

DTPH/Samuel:PHHTTHHH!!

Patrick: Yes, he does. (*Gesticulating at his brother behind his back*)

Mrs Brady: There's my boy. Now Samuel, the Vicar is coming round for tea and I want everything to be perfect. Is it too much to ask that you behave yourself whilst he's here?

DTPH/Sam: I HAVE WATCHED EMPIRES RISE AND FALL. I HAVE SEEN THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

Mrs Brady: I don't care what you think you've seen. While you're under my roof, it's my rules. And I say, don't touch the milk! Lord give me strength!

Patrick: We could always try get him exorcised?

Samuel: AN EXERCISE IN FUTILITY. HAHA.

Mrs Brady: And have the whole town know...? No, Patrick, these things are sent to try us.

Patrick: I think they were talking about normal things, you know like death and taxes when they came up with that expression. I really don't think they included Demonic possession of your youngest child.

Mrs Brady: Maybe.

(Enter Jenny)

Mrs Brady: Ah, Jenny, you're here. Could you lay the table for the Vicar, please?

Jenny: No.

Mrs Brady: No?

Jenny: No. Not when you're being all sexist like that.

Mrs Brady: Not this nonsense again! What are you talking about now?

Jenny: You're being sexist. Let's see - you have three children, but you wait till the female child enters and then get her to 'lay the table' hmmm?

Mrs Brady: I can't be 'being sexist.' I'm also 'female.'

Jenny: Women are the main culprits of keeping themselves debased in today's society. In fact in many cases it's not men who undermine us, but women themselves by perpetuating male stereotypes such as -

Mrs Brady: I asked you to lay the table because Patrick's getting more milk and we can't let Samuel do it, what with his 'little problem'

Jenny: It's not fair! Samuel never does anything around here.

Patrick: I'll just go get the milk *(Escaping the argument – they don't pay him any attention as he exits)*

Mrs Brady: It's not his fault.

Jenny: No, you're right. It's whatshisname's fault – He who must not be named!

Mrs Brady: Samuel is not Voldemort.

Jenny: You know who I mean.

DTPH/Sam: DEATH TO YOU, PUNY HUMAN.

Jenny: Yeah, him. Mum, seriously, why can't we get him exorcised? He's becoming a real pain in the -

DTPH/Sam: Gghhhrgggj!

Mrs Brady: Language, young lady!

Jenny: Mum, aargh! We've got bigger problems here.

Mrs Brady: Jenny, we really can't have you swearing in front of the Vicar. You need to practice holding your tongue. It's really not appropriate.

Jenny: Mum, I hardly think he'll notice when he's got Beelzebub here at the table having a cup of tea.

Mrs Brady: That's not the point. We all have to be on our best behaviour. And while I'm on the subject, please leave your various soapboxes at the door. The Vicar doesn't need to know about your many causes. He's here for a nice cup of tea. And that's what we'll give him. Is that clear?

Jenny: They're important, mum!

Mrs Brady: Yes dear, of course they are, but please not today?

Jenny: OMG get me out of this family!

DTPH/Sam: Grrhrgggh! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE. I AM THE FATHER OF ALL. I AM YOUR FATHER.

Jenny: Great. That's the sort of statement that'll go down like cement shoes with the vicar.

Mrs Brady: I have been thinking about it, Jenny, but -

Jenny: Thinking about what?

Mrs Brady: Getting him – er, you know, er (*Gesticulates at Samuel and whispers*) 'EXORCISED'

Samuel: A STAIN ON YOUR FAMILY AND ALL THEIR DESCENDANTS.

Jenny: I hate to tell you, but you are 'the family and all their descendants', buddy. I'm not breeding. This body's not going to be ruined pushing babies out, thank-you very much.

Mrs Brady: But what about my grandchildren?

Jenny: You have two other children who I'm sure will be happy to procreate on your behalf without ruining their vaginas.

Mrs Brady: Oh please don't say that word, dear.

Jenny: What, 'Vaginas?' Why?

Mrs Brady: Um, it's just not proper.

Jenny: I don't know why not. It's not like half the population doesn't have them. As I was saying, (*Her mother's face looking embarrassed and mortified stops her*) I'm sure one of your two sons will be happy to spawn for you.

Mrs Brady: Sspawn? (*Looks sideways at Samuel*) Do you really think so?

Jenny: Well, perfect Patrick will have the perfect two and half nuclear family of children. Obviously.

Mrs Brady: Bless that boy. Perhaps I'll be happy with that. I mean with Samuel well, we just don't know how they're going to er, come out.

Jenny: They?

Mrs Brady: The babies I mean.

Jenny: The babies? Oh! You mean you're worried they'll come out with horns and carrying pitchforks?

Mrs Brady: What would the neighbours think?

Jenny: Er, I don't know, but you know what, mum, if you just nip this little problem in the bud, now, by, say, EXORCISING IT, you won't have to worry about little questions at the swimming club like why your grandchild has a tail.

Mrs Brady: Oh, I know dear, it's just that -

Jenny: What?

Mrs Brady: I just don't have time today, what with the Vicar coming and all. Besides, we're not Catholic.

Jenny: Surely that's not a problem!

Mrs Brady: I wouldn't want to offend the Vicar by going to his, er, competition.

Jenny: Mum, it's not like you're buying a car here. You're ridding a twelve year old boy of a four thousand year old evil spirit.

Mrs Brady: Fine, we'll take him. I just don't know where to start.

Jenny: How about Google?

Mrs Brady: Oh, I don't know.

Jenny: I meant do a Google search. For an exorcist.

Mrs Brady: You can get that on Google?

Jenny: You can get anything on Google.

Mrs Brady: I, I suppose... could I use Firefox rather? I use it all the time, you see, and -

Jenny: Well, yes, you can use Firefox. (*Slightly sarcastic*) But if you're searching for an exorcist on Firefox, you have to make sure you use Times new Roman font or it won't work. Or so I've heard. (*rolling eyes and lying*)

DTPH/Sam: ROME BURNED WHILST NERO FIDDLED. I KNOW. I GAVE HIM HIS FIDDLE(*They both look at Samuel and then at each other again*)

Mrs Brady: You can show me later, okay? But for today can you just help out a little? Do what I asked? You know how important this visit is to me.

Jenny: Yes, okay, fine. But what are we going to do with him? (*They both look at Samuel. Lights down*)

Scene 2:

Lights up. The table is now laid with a nice tablecloth. A pot of tea with cups and saucers, scones, cream and jam. There is also a jug of milk. It all looks beautiful.

Mrs Brady: Now dear, remember Samuel must stay in his room while the Vicar is here. We can't have him escaping. You'd better lock the door.

Jenny: Okay.

Mrs Brady: He's arriving at three o'clock – what time is it now?

Patrick: It's two forty five.

Mrs Brady: Great – that gives us about fifteen minutes. Someone should tell you father to get ready. Otherwise he'll have mud on his hands when the vicar arrives. And you know what he's like. He'll try to go out there and garden again.

Enter Mr Brady

Mrs Brady: Ah, there you are dear. Thank goodness.

Mr Brady: Oh, hello everybody, what time's the Vicar coming down?

Mrs Brady, Jenny and Patrick: Three o'clock.

Mr Brady: What time is it now?

Mrs Brady, Jenny and Patrick: Two-forty five.

Mr Brady: Oh! That gives me about...

Mrs Brady, Jenny and Patrick: Fifteen minutes

Mr Brady: Enough time for a spot of gardening then.... (*Turns to go*)

Jenny: Dad are you sure? It's not long till the Vicar gets here.

Mr Brady: I'm only going to put a few bulbs in. Won't take long.

Mrs Brady: But what about your hands?

Mrs Brady: Oh, a bit of mud won't harm anyone. Besides it's all natural. I had manure delivered last week and dug it in. Those Rhododendrons don't know what hit them. Must show them to the Vicar. Believe he does a spot of gardening too.

(Exits, whistling)

Patrick: There was nothing we could do.

Jenny: Sorry, mum.

Mrs Brady: I know, your father means well, but when he gets gardening in his head he's, he's like ...

Jenny: He's an addict on drugs.

Patrick: Just make sure he doesn't start growing poppies.

Mrs Brady: Why not?

Patrick: Never mind, mum, just a joke.

Mrs Brady: Patrick you know I don't have a sense of humour where the Vicar is concerned, now – will you keep an eye on the milk and Jenny – will you take Samuel to his room, please?

Jenny: Come along, Samuel.

DTPH/Sam: YOUR PUNY WALLS WILL NEVER CONTAIN ME, HUMAN. JERICHO FELL. SO SHALL YOU.

Jenny: It's just for a little bit, okay?

(Jenny and Samuel exit. Patrick gets up and pours a little milk into a glass to check)

Mrs Brady: Well that wasn't as difficult as I expected.

Patrick: Luckily!

Mrs Brady: What do you mean?

Patrick: You're worried about what the Vicar would think? What would DEATH TO YOU PUNY HUMANS think? Demons don't react well to Holy men. I think they can't even touch each other. Apparently it burns them.

Mrs Brady: How do you know this?

Patrick: Movies!

Mrs Brady: So now Hollywood is reliable?

Patrick: Meh. But who else would we ask?

Mrs Brady: Well, I suppose it's just as well then that he's locked up.

Patrick: Mum, so why have you invited the Vicar round anyway?

Mrs Brady: Well, he's new and he's already been invited round to quite a few houses. I thought it was about time.

Patrick: Well – I believe you and I don't.

Mrs Brady: Don't what?

Patrick: Believe you. There must be more to it than that. I mean – we've been going to that church for years and you never invited the old vicar here at all. Not once.

Mrs Brady: So - ? (*Tidying up*)

Patrick: Maybe it's something to do with Samuel.....

Mrs Brady: He's shut in his room.

Patrick: Maybe you are getting that exorcism today and the Vicar just doesn't know it yet. Poor guy.

Mrs Brady: Don't be stupid. Vicars just don't have the training.

Patrick: Then what?

Mrs Brady: Oh, you'll think I'm being silly.

Patrick: Oh, I've known that for years.

Mrs Brady: Cheeky too!

Patrick: So fill me in!

Mrs Brady: It's to do with antiques. That's why I wanted to have the Vicar here. I've heard he's an expert in all things old, you know, things you find in a museum and I was hoping he would help me identify this amulet that I bought recently. The man at the shop said it was hundreds of years old.

Patrick: Oh?

Mrs Brady: You see, the thing is that I can't help wondering if -

Patrick: Yes?

Mrs Brady: If it was somehow important.

Patrick: The amulet?

Mrs Brady: It's just that the whole Samuel thing happened after I got it.

Patrick: So -?

Mrs Brady: Well, you watch scary films, you know and the evil has always come from something, like, like playing with an Ouija board.

Patrick: So you want to ask the vicar if that amulet possessed your youngest child?

Mrs Brady: Um -

Patrick: That's going to be a tough topic to throw into casual conversation.

Mrs Brady: I know.

Patrick: You realise it was probably made in China last year and the guy only told you that to get a higher price from you, right?

Mrs Brady: Well, at least I'll know.

(Enter Mr Brady and the Vicar)

Mr Brady: Look who I found hiding out in the Rhododendrons.

Vicar: I was merely admiring them. I don't know how your husband does it, my dear, but I battle to get mine to grow half as high.

Mr Brady: It's a trade secret.

Mrs Brady: Oh, hello Vicar. You're so, so -... early.

Vicar: Why do you think I was hiding in the Rhododendrons? Ahhahaha.

Mrs Brady: Ah. Hahaha.

Vicar: You have a lovely home.

Mrs Brady: Thank-you.

Vicar: And thank-you again for inviting me round for tea. It's ever so nice of you.

Mrs Brady: Of course. Won't you sit down? Tea?

Vicar: Certainly.

Mrs Brady: Milk?

Vicar: Yes please. *(She pours the milk with tension but sighs with relief when it is not curdled)*

Mrs Brady: *(Hands the tea to the Vicar)* Cake? Scone?

Vicar: Yes! Please? A..ahaha *(Joking as he wanted both)*

Mrs Brady: I'll give you some cake and a scone then, Vicar. Cream and Jam?

Vicar: Oh yes, thank you. It's such a relief to come to tea with a nice family such as yours. You wouldn't think it but there are families in the Parish that aren't nearly as fortunate as you. The Lord has truly blessed you.

Mr Brady: Yes, yes. *(Patrick and Mrs Brady exchange glances)*

Mrs Brady: Families in the Parish? Really? *(Gives the vicar the cake and scone)*

Vicar: Oh yes, awful things. Without going into any, er personal details, you know, the usual horrors are there. Poverty, alcoholism, children being abused, locked up in their rooms, it's just too horrible. And I try do my part, of course. With the Lord's help.

Mr Brady: Of course.

Vicar: No child should be kept behind a locked door.

All: Oh no. *(Patrick and Mrs Brady look up)*

Vicar: Or live in poverty.

All: No, no. *(Much more emphatic)*

Vicar: You know, if I'm being completely honest, I had an ulterior motive in coming here today.

Mrs Brady: Amen. *(Everyone looks at her)*