

The REDEEMER

Skit of the Week by Rich Melheim

SETTING: Inside Satan's Bunker

PROPS: Helmets, speakerphone, 4 phones, desk, cup, water, Alka-Seltzer

CHARACTERS: Narrator, Wormwood, Henchmen 1-3, Voice of Satan

NARRATOR: And now the (your church) Not-Ready-for-Any-Time Players proudly present "The Redeemer." We take you to a bunker deep within the earth where Agent Wormwood, chief assistant to the Prince of Darkness, waits eagerly for a report on the activities of his arch rival, Jesus, who has been dead for three days. (Wormwood and Henchmen snore with feet propped on the desk.)

VOICE OF SATAN: (From speaker, off stage) Wormwood! Wormwood! Get that cut-throat band of idiots you call assistants in here on the double with your final report on this Jesus business or heads will roll!

WORMWOOD: (Waking) Yes, boss! Right away boss. (Wormwood shakes Henchmen. They yawn, looking hung over and sporting foolish grins.) Wake up! Wake up!

HENCHMEN: (Cartoonish voices) What is it, O Curator of Carnage, O Planner of Perversion, O Minister of Sinister. O...

WORMWOOD: Oh, clam up. (Popping the Alka-seltzer into water, plugging nose and drinking it) You've been sleeping on the job again. I'll have your... your...

HENCHMAN 1: Heads, sir?

WORMWOOD: Whatever. What time is it, anyway? What day is it?

HENCHMAN 2: (Looking at watch) Uh, it's the third day, sir. Sunday, sir.

HENCHMAN 3: The third day and all is well, O mighty Lord of Evil. O Ubermeister of the Underworld. O...

WORMWOOD: Zip it or lose it! Okay. We killed Jesus. He's in the tomb. Our mission is accomplished and we're on our way to a long overdue vacation!

HENCHMEN: Party! Party! Party!

WORMWOOD: That's our report and we'll stick by it. Case closed.

HENCHMAN 1: Oh, we ought to get a raise for this one.

HENCHMAN 2: Maybe even a vacation in a nice cold spot. Say, Minot, North Dakota or Cut Bank, Montana?

WORMWOOD: Sounds tempting. Okay. Here's the report. We go in. We hand it over. We get out.

HENCHMEN: Party! Party! Party!

(Messenger enters with a note)

MESSENGER: Message from the front.

WORMWOOD: The front? We closed down the front! We're all on our way for an overdue vacation. I don't want anything from the front! (Wormwood reads the paper) Yada, yada, yada. Soldiers fell asleep. Yada, yada. Body missing from tomb. Yada, yada. Arrgh! Risen from the dead! This can't be! Imbeciles! We're doomed!

HENCHMAN 1: Uh... that would kind of go without saying, wouldn't it boss? I mean, we are in hell and all.

WORMWOOD: Silence! (Henchmen cower)

HENCHMAN 2: What is it, Wormy?

WORMWOOD: We got trouble, that's what it is! (Handing the note to Henchman 1) Read it!

HENCHMAN 1: You read it. (Handing it to Henchman 2)

HENCHMAN 2: You read it. (Handing it to Henchman 3)

HENCHMAN 3: You read... (Handing it to Wormwood, who slaps it back) Yeah. Okay. Here goes. It says here uh... Jesus is kind of... er... uh... how should I put

this...

HENCHMEN 1 & 2: Alive?

WORMWOOD: Don't say that word.

HENCHMAN 1: How could he be alive? We killed him.

HENCHMAN 2: Crucified him.

HENCHMAN 3: Deader than a door nail.

WORMWOOD: (Sarcastic) Yeah? *You* know that and *I* know that. Now we just got to tell *Jesus* that! (Shouting) You idiots! Who was supposed to be guarding the grave? (Henchmen all point to one another) (Pause) I am surrounded by incompetence!

HENCHMAN 1: Uh, but he was dead. The Redeemer guy was dead. We didn't think we had to guard a dead guy.

WORMWOOD: (Mimicking) But he was dead. We didn't think we had to guard a dead guy. (Shouting) He was the Son of God!

HENCHMAN 2: He was supposed to stay dead.

WORMWOOD: The Son of God doesn't have to stay anything! He's God, for God sakes!

HENCHMAN 3: (Laughing) For God sakes! Ha! That's a funny one. For God sakes!

VOICE OF SATAN: (From speaker) Wormwood! Wormwood! What's keeping you? Where's my report!

WORMWOOD: Coming right away, O Potentate of Peril. Uh ... we just have a small matter to take care of and we'll be right in.

VOICE OF SATAN: Small matter?

WORMWOOD: Uh...small matter of the... the...(yanking phone cord) Small matter of the phone being broken. (To Henchmen) I would suggest that there be four more bodies missing for a little while. Like a few thousand years. Let's get out of here.

HENCHMAN 1: Well, they called him the Redeemer. I guess he just got started here by redeeming his own body.

WORMWOOD: (Mimicking) I guess he just got started here by redeeming his own body. (Catching himself, then striking a thoughtful pose) Huh. He got started by redeeming his own body. I guess you're right. Now, it's off to Montana! (Music begins, all exit)

HENCHMEN: Party! Party! Party!