

Who Else Has Done It?

By

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scene a week exercise

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Source - "Who else has done it?"

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

A cramped, rickety old church in the middle of some humid backwater. A sweaty PREACHER goes through his animated and anxious machinations behind a podium. The creaky stage elevating him a few feet. His sweaty CONGREGATION is little more than two dozen young men listening attentively.

PREACHER

We are but passengers in our own land. Driven back and forced in to spectator status. Impotent to prevent the impending wreck that lay ahead. We have been decimated and darkness lays before us. But we are not alone.

A WOMAN emerges from a side room carrying a small box with tiny bundled packages. Each package the size of a small stack of business cards. She begins handing them out silently to the congregation. When she finishes she disappears back in to the side room.

PREACHER

Righteous fire accompanies our journey and we will use that fire. Any who dare to oppose will be ash and bone. All who would deny us our liberty. Our way of life.

He steps out from behind the podium and paces. His arms flailing to punctuate his speech.

PREACHER

We have been here before. Marginalized. Subjugated. We are not strangers to being discarded in the corner. But we can ensure that we will never be trapped in this place again.

The Woman emerges with another box. Each bundle a stack of money, folded and held closed with an thick elastic. A bus ticket stuck to the outside of the bill fold. She again goes through handing these materials out to the congregation. When finished she disappears in to the room.

PREACHER

Others have tried what we are about to do and failed. None have walked

PREACHER

the entire road we about to embark on. Tonight, this very evening, we take our first steps. Your faith empowers us. Your sacrifice will make us strong once again. Enjoy the comforts within these walls. Tomorrow they will exist for you only in your heart.

The Preacher steps back behind the podium and looks down to a large, gilded bible.

PREACHER

"Go up, my warriors, against the of Merathaim and against the people of Pekod. Pursue, kill, and completely destroy them, as I have commanded you," says the Lord. "Let the battle cry be heard in the land, a shout of great destruction. Babylon, the mightiest hammer in all the earth, lies broken and shattered. Babylon is desolate among the nations!"

The Woman returns again. This time tiny vials sealed in small plastic packages. She hands them out. When finished she stands at the edge of the stage and looks up to the Preacher adoringly.

PREACHER

"Listen, Babylon, for I have set a trap for you. You are caught, for you have fought against the Lord. The Lord has opened his armory and brought out weapons to vent his fury. The terror that falls upon the Babylonians will be the work of the Sovereign Lord of Heaven's Armies."

The Preacher pauses to look over the congregation and then closes the bible. He steps out from the podium. His nervous energy gone. His face and hands steady.

PREACHER

Our righteous fire, our weapon of his fury, is your sacrifice to our people. What you hold in your hands now is freedom for us all. They will beg at our doors for absolution. For a cure. Those who

PREACHER
find their way to us through Jesus
shall indeed be save.

He looks across the congregation one more time.

PREACHER
Let us pray.