

Hazing rituals of the Catholic Hierarchy

Written by Greg Mills



In a rustic house in a small village in Corsica Father Roland is administering the rite of exorcism. Jean, a boy of twelve, is levitating over his bed, shrouded in a funky purple orb of vicious hardcore evil.

Timothée, also twelve and a classmate of Jean's, is assisting Father Roland. He's tending to the thurible, keeping the incense stoked.)

Jean (sounding like Vincent Price): Sabbath Bloody Sabbath! Your mother knits socks that smell!

(Jean's head does a full 360 revolution on his neck. Timothée pees.)

Father Roland: Oh, Demon! In the name of Christ, tell me your infernal name!

Jean: Blurb! Cthulhu! Blech! Bella Abzub!

(Several small black toads wiggle out of Jean's armpit. Timothée pees again.)

Father Roland: Steady on, Timothée. Steady lad.

Jean/Demon: Bwa-ha-ha!

(Just then, the young, fresh-faced seminarian Brother Xavier enters the room with a frantic look in his eyes. He looks nervously for a beat at the levitating kid, and then averts his eyes.)

Brother Xavier: Father Roland!

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Father Roland: Out demon! In the name of...

Brother Xavier: Father Roland!

Father Roland: Xavier, I'm kind of dealing with something here....

Brother Xavier: Father Aloysius sent me! I need your help!

(Jean's vomits a whole cat. Timothée pees.)

Father Roland: I have a kid here vomiting whole fucking cats.

Brother Xavier: Father Aloysius said I... could interrupt you.

Father Roland: What do you need? Quick!

Brother Xavier: Father needs a left-handed chalice.

Jean/Demon: Merkin! Engelbert Humperdink!

Father Roland: Wait... a what?!? A FUCKING LEFT HANDED CHALICE?

Brother Xavier: Well, Father Aloysius said...

Father Roland: I know what he said. He wants a left-handed chalice for the Blessing of the Snipe.

Brother Xavier: Yes! You know of this rite?

Father Roland: Fucking rookie bullshit. Hey, kid, uh.... Timothée. Hold this crucifix... no, just hold it. AND FACE JESUS AT THE FLOATING KID... that's right.

Timothée: What do I do?

Father Roland: I dunno. Say a shitload of Hail Marys. But you gotta point the crucifix at the kid.

Timothée: AVE MARÍA GRÁTIA PLENA
DÓMINUS TECUM BENEDICTUS TU IN MULIERIBUS ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI... u
m... uh.... JESUS.

(Father Roland turns to Brother Xavier.)

Father Roland: Now, shithead, get me a fucking pen because I have nothing better to do than tell your greenie ass about how a fucking cup works.

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Timothée: ...GRÁTIA PLENA... oh, fuck... oh, fuck....

Father Roland: Stick to the text, Timothée. Anyways, Brother Corndog, gimme your fucking pen AND I WILL DRAW YOU A FUCKING DIAGRAM.

(Father Roland finds an old comic book on poor possessed Jean's dresser.)

Father Roland: THIS IS A CHALICE. You see?

Brother Xavier looks on with fearfully.

Father: There's no handles, no nothing. It's a FUCKING CUP.

Brother Xavier: So... what does a left-handed chalice look like...?

Father Roland: Aha! Grasshopper is starting to get it!

Brother Xavier: You... there's no...

Father Roland: Yes, shithead. There is NO SUCH FUCKING THING!

Jean: OPRAH HARPO!

Father Roland: I'll DEAL WITH YOU IN A MOMENT, JEAN.
Anyway, kid, you got jukeed. You got punked.

Jean: Mommy Wow!

Timothée: Father... he just laid a cockatrice egg.

Father Roland: Yeah, kid. I'll be right there. Meantime, Xavier, you need to get the fuck out of here. And tell that fat Irish fuck when he sees me coming, he better run. I don't have time for his shit.

(Meanwhile, back at the Rectory)

Father Aloysius: Well, Father Stanislaw, how do you think our young Xavier is getting on with the good Father Roland.

Father Stanislaw: You're a cruel old bastard, Aloysius.

Father Aloysius: Ah, it's just a bit tradition. Let's have some sherry.