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Materialism sketch

This is set in a 'confessional box'. No offence intended to anyone! This is looking at the 10 commandments when the Bible says you shall not covet... your neighbour's ox or donkey (Exodus 20.17). Obviously few people own a donkey in the West, so rather than taking the Bible's point properly, we've decided to take it 'over-literally' !!

CONFESSIONAL BOX:

(His Royal Reverence is engaged in cleaning his nails and speaks with more than a hint of apathy)

Confessor - Your Reverence. I have some confessions to make.

His Reverence - Yes my child. Speak to me...

Confessor - I don't know if I can bring myself to say anything...

His Reverence - Speak child, for this is the confessional box and you are here to confess. If there is nothing to confess then you must confess for not confessing.

Confessor - Right. I'll try...

His Reverence - And am I not His Royal Reverence, the right reverend Royce of Romford?

Confessor - You are indeed His Royal Reverence, the right reverend Royce of Romford .

His Reverence - Then speak on with good cheer...

Confessor - In that case I admit that I have wrongly wanted some of my neighbour's possessions.

His Reverence - (Ears prick up, keen for a bit of gossip) Oh yes...?

Confessor - Yes I'm afraid I have.

His Reverence - Well, spit it out man, does he have a BMW, a Merc, what is it?

Confessor - No, your reverence it's not his car.

His Reverence - His fine house, his wife?

Confessor - No, I cannot bring myself to say.

His Reverence - Right.. his TV, smartphone, iPad...?

Confessor - No, it's my neighbour's ox.

His Reverence - His ox?

Confessor - Yes. For does not the Bible say we should not want our neighbour's ox , yet I do not have an ox and want an ox...

His Reverence - Well, yes, but you live on the 3rd storey of a block of flats...

Confessor - That's true.

His Reverence - I mean, this is a slight surprise. I haven't recently had anyone confess they wanted to own an ox, well, not here in the inner city anyway..

Confessor - There is more your reverence.

His Reverence - Your neighbour's game console, his Apple Mac? Is it his internet connection you want?

Confessor - No.

His Reverence - Well.. does your neighbour own a cat? A dog? A flock of geese?

Confessor - No your reverence, it's my neighbour's donkey. I do not have a donkey...

His Reverence - So let's get this straight Mr Fruitloop. Your neighbour has an ox and a donkey.

Confessor - Yes.

His Reverence - And you want an ox and a donkey?

Confessor - Yes.

His Reverence - Right...

Confessor - And I want his ox and donkey.

His Reverence - Uhu...

Confessor - So your reverence, have I sinned, am I forgiven...?

His Reverence - Well, not exactly.. but let me ask.. have you ever considered farming? And one more thing...

Confessor - What's that?

His Reverence - Leave my ox and donkey alone!