

ALL THE LORD'S PEOPLE ARE PROPHETS

Written by

Alexander Craig

Photograph: Henry Nicholls/Reuters



INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - MORNING

Rows upon rows of nave pews filled with all colour and manner of clown, painted in reds and whites and noses and bloomers.

From bulbous shoe to novelty pork pie hat, the clowns are filled with mirth and verve and faith.

Each clown has in their hands a flowered and gaudy book of hymns, each with its own flair, its own unique, personal sense of clown flecked in polka dot and rainbow cheer.

And they *sing*.

ALL CLOWNS

Bring me my bow of burning gold...

It is a deep, earthy and scratching cry from the congregation - it is Demand.

ALL CLOWNS (CONT'D)

Bring me my arrows of desire.

Up in the pulpit, the best-dressed clown of all, the one with the greatest wig and sharpest make-up and the most brilliant collar, ROARS back at the clown masses their clowning call to arms.

ALL CLOWNS (CONT'D)

Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

All the clown faces, all the clown passion, all the clown concentration, united, a kingdom of belief in farce.

ALL CLOWNS (CONT'D)

I will not cease from mental fight,

Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand.

The church is packed, squirt flowers and 'BANG' guns and spinning bow ties and rubber chickens flailing, reaching up for the rafters and beyond.

And the head clown, the clown in the pulpit, the almighty party preacher, lists out at the collected mass and heaves -

ALL CLOWNS (CONT'D)

TILL WE HAVE BUILT JERUSALEM,
IN ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT
LAND!

HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK
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