

Doctor of Theology

By John Cospers and Sara Moore

ANNOUNCER: And now, it's time for another episode of Doctor of Theology.

The Doctor and Nurse are in a room with Wendy and Joyce.

WENDY: I'm really sorry, Mom. I made a horrible mistake. I wish I could take it back.

JOYCE: Doctor, isn't there anything you can do for her?

DOC: I'm afraid not, ma'am. This thing has been in her far too long.

WENDY: I'll make it up to you! Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it!

JOYCE: Doctor, surely there must be something that can take it away.

DOC: We've tried, Mrs. Briggs, but it's hopeless. Once a thing like this takes root and spreads, no amount of treatment can remove it.

JOYCE: Then we'll have to live with it?

DOC: I'm afraid so, ma'am. There's no known cure for Catholic Guilt.

WENDY: Oh, Mom, I'm so sorry!

JOYCE: It's okay, darling.

WENDY: No it's not.

JOYCE: Oh, doctor, what can I do to ease her pain?

DOC: Love her, Mrs. Briggs. And don't be afraid to say, "I forgive you."

Fade to exterior hospital shot. Then fade to the Doctor and Nurse with Mr. Thompson.

DOCTOR: Hello, Thompson. How are we feeling today?

THOMPSON: Amen!

DOCTOR: Amen?

THOMPSON: Praise the Lord!

DOCTOR: Good heavens!

THOMPSON: Praise glory!

NURSE: What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Christian tics!

THOMPSON: Hallelujah!

DOCTOR: The sudden and uncontrollable urge to shout holy words.

THOMPSON: Thank you, Lord!

DOCTOR: It starts innocently enough. The pastor says something powerful and the person shouts—

THOMPSON: Amen!

DOCTOR: But then you find yourself shouting everywhere. In meetings.

THOMPSON: Hallelujah!

DOCTOR: Football games.

THOMPSON: Preach it!

DOCTOR: Funerals.

THOMPSON: It's all gonna burn.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Mr. Thompson. You're going to have to stay here for the night.

THOMPSON: Thank you Lord!
DOCTOR: Thank you, indeed.

Fade to another exterior shot, then the Doctor in a room with Tim.

TIM: Well, Doc, it's the strangest thing. I was at a concert last week with six or seven of my best friends. We had a really great time singing along and worshipping the Lord. But then, at the end of the show, something strange happened. All of a sudden I had grabbed all my friends' hands – even the guys – and I was holding them up in the air, and swaying back and forth with my eyes closed. Now every time I hear soft Christian music, it happens again.

DOC: Really? Let's test that, shall we?

The Doctor hits play on a CD player. A soft Christian song comes on. Tim IMMEDIATELY starts swaying, arms in the air. He grabs the Doctor's hand, and lifts a lighter in the other.

DOC: What are you doing? Let go of me!

The Doctor stops the CD player.

DOC: Nurse! Get in here!

TIM: What is it, Doc?

DOC: Tim, you have the most devastating of all Christian disorders: Michael W. Smith Disease.

TIM: What??

DOC: That's right, Tim. The sudden, uncontrollable urge to grab hands with all those around you and sway back and forth to sentimental Christian music. It's devastating, and highly contagious.

The Nurse enters.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor?

DOC: Put this man in quarantine immediately!

TIM: Quarantine? I can't be in quarantine. I have concert tickets.

DOC: Not any more you don't.

TIM: But it's front row balcony for Mercy Me.

DOC: Sweet merciful Heavens protect us. Nurse, clear the ER! If Mercy Me is on concert tomorrow, we're going to bursting at the seams with sick people just like Tim.

NURSE: Doctor, how bad can it be?

DOC: I can only imagine.

Fade to hospital shot, then the Doctor and Nurse in his office.

ANNOUNCER: Be sure to join us next time when...

NURSE: Oh Doctor, there are so many sick people.

DOCTOR: I know, Nurse. But we must not grow weary, with the help of the great physician, we can treat them all.

NURSE: Amen. Hallelujah.

The Doctor looks at her. She gets a panicked look on her face.

NURSE: Praise the Lord! Holy Crap!