

REVERENED PETERS from Regrets

By Andrea Louise Watson

Revered Peters is a pillar of the community. Shy, awkward and always there for his parishioners, in the small North Yorkshire Parish of Levington. He is a single, middle-aged man, extremely kind and well loved by everyone.

In this scene, beautiful and glamorous local villager Katherine joins the book club. Katherine is highly successful businesswoman who has recently returned back to her childhood home from London with her fiancé David and her teenage son James.

REVERENED PETERS

Hello Katherine. You look well. It's lovely to see you in fact. I never expected to see you tonight. I didn't think book clubs were your kind of thing, I expected you to be at cocktail bars or theatre shows or something exciting like that. Not in the home of Dorothy and the other Mother's Union crew discussing the merits of E.L James's 50 shades of Grey. Not sure a man of the cloth should be reading this, I prefer a good old John Grisham when the mood takes me.

Anyway, I'm glad I have managed to find myself alone with you, even if it is in the queue for the loo. Gives me a chance to say sorry. For not calling.

I thought it was for the best. When David, your fiancé, came to see me I thought, you know. Not calling was for the best.

You look surprised? Did he not.. (say)? Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned.

He said. Well. erm I guess I need to tell you to explain things. He asked about getting married in St Mary's. Listen, I thought you knew? He said he was organising things while you were away and you were the one who wanted a church wedding, with it being where your parents wed. He gave me a couple of dates. Oh Lord, have I let the cat of the bag. Maybe it was a surprise.

He asked for the 14th and 28th of next month. It was

short notice and I thought if you were moving things along then it was for the best if I didn't. Call. Anymore. That's why I haven't.

The 28th was the favorable one. The 14th is the England game and well we both thought... (Seeing the disgust on her face backpedals)

That the 28th gives you more time. He was really eager. Better looking than I thought he would be. You make a (struggling for a word) nice couple.

Of course, you need to have the bands read three times.. Which means coming to church. My church to be exact. Together. We needed to discuss it. Which was difficult without the phone call of course. So just as well fate would have us here tonight.

The objections side of things. You know where I ask if anyone has an objection to the wedding. I can't very well put my hand up. Well it's been on my mind. So, I've taken advice. From the bishop. And maybe. The suggestion, as it stands, was, that I rang the bells and the curate did the ceremony. The legal bit is the signing of the certificate anyway and the positive note is that I get paid more for ringing the bells.

And although it would still be hard for me, at least it wouldn't be, well hell. It is my punishment

If I did feel the need to object I would just ring the bells. Drown out my words you see. And no-one would hear me say that I object to losing her. A hard, prickly, argumentative perfectionist.... who is so afraid of people seeing the more vulnerable, intelligent funny caring woman I have come to love. And I knew I would love this challenging woman for the rest of my life the day she used my hankie to dry away her tears.

I hoped, one day, that you would stop standing in your own way. Like I said, for the best. That I didn't call.

Oh look, the loo is free now. After you.