

Got a half hour of leisure? Watch this show about a pastor who doesn't.

By [Steve Thorngate](#)

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First of all, yes, if you're a linguistic traditionalist then the show should really be called *The Rev.*, not *Rev.*

Second of all, it's disappointing that by the second episode, the British scripted series is relying heavily on the [old binary](#) of a small, old-fashioned, declining, liberal congregation vs. a large, hip, casual, thriving, conservative one. (The latter's hip-hop music leader goes by the name Ikon! Cute, but haven't the showrunners heard of Peter Rollins?)

Okay, now I can say it: [Rev.'s on Hulu](#)! You should watch it!

Well, you should if you don't object to good-sized doses of irreverence and crudeness. This isn't exactly *The Vicar of Dibley* or, good riddance, *The Book of Daniel*. But it is a sympathetic and reasonably well-informed look at the unglamorous life of a C of E vicar serving a church in London, a huge old building with weekly attendance in the 20s.

And it's savagely funny. My favorite moment so far: the vicar and his wife have been struggling to find time for each other. When they finally settle in to enjoy a hard-won dinner at home, she says this: "I love you. Thank you for cooking, and canceling the homeless meal for me."

Whatever its problems, the stuffy-liberal-vs.-casual-conservative-congregation plot line offers laughs as well: