

"The Pastor's Barbeque" Script Sample Page #1

by Fred Passmore
copyright 2001-2017 Prime Example

(Harmonica and humming opens first, then the narration begins. No music for first few lines.)

Narrator: The afternoon air was ringin' / with happy people sounds,
as our church all came together / for our dinner on the grounds.
The Spanish moss was swaying / in the Louisiana breeze *(music begins here)*
and the smoke of ribs cooked southern-style / was wafting through the
trees.
When my cookin' filled their bellies/ they gathered round my table
to hear the storyteller weave / a legend or a fable.
But this time I held them spellbound / with a tale that's really true...
of the Uninvited Stranger / at the Pastor's Barbeque.

(Chorus)

(group) We'll pick apart the preacher,
then we'll put him on the grill
we'll string him up then run him down
until we've had our fill.

(individual voices)

We'll stew him in some misery.

He'll turn on our rotisserie!

We'll baste him with some tangy sauce.

We'll show that fellow who's the boss!

(group) We've had it with his meddling,
from the pulpit to the pew.

So we're gonna have Roast Preacher
at the Pastor's barbeque!

"How do you like the new preacher?" someone asked the Deacon Farkle.
"Well done!" he answered slyly, with a grin and eyes a-sparkle.
"Why, he called my name in the sermon today," said Sister Shirley McFee.
"Shirley, Your Sins Will Find You Out," was pointed right at me!
"He makes me feel," said Brother Neal, "as if I'd had a beating!"
Sister Bertha summed it up with: "Think it's time we had a meeting!"

So next Monday night/ the malcontents / met at the church / together.
A storm was brewing / but they all came / regardless of the weather.
Sister Turner / lit the burner / with a searing accusation:
"Why just last week / he had the nerve / to preach about temptation!"
Then the sheep all burned in effigy/ he that shepherded their souls.
As each one loudly raised their voice / to rake him o'er the coals.

(Different voices:)

"Why can't the man just let things be, we've done it this way for a
century!"

"Messin' round with our tradition, saying our souls are in poor
condition!"

"What gives him the right to tell us we're wrong,
no, he won't be here very long."

"When he first applied," said Deacon Farkle, "I said we shouldn't hire
him.

Perhaps you'll finally agree with me now, it's God's will that we fire
him!"

(Chorus)

(group) We'll pick apart the preacher,
then we'll put him on the grill

we'll string him up then run him down
until we've had our fill.

(individual voices)

We'll butter him up like corn on the cob
then skew him with a shishkebob!

He's gonna be red, hot and blue
by the time that all of us are through!

(group) We've had it with his meddling,
from the pulpit to the pew.

So we're gonna have Roast Preacher
at the Pastor's Barbeque!