Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre at the First Buffet Baptist Church

Saturday April 21st at 5:00-7:00 PM

(4:40-5:00 PM) – Acting parts will be assigned, . . . after, the guest arrive, and are greeted, . . . by Wendell & Patty

5:00 PM – **Welcome and Introduction** by Wendell & Patty

Opening Prayer

5:10-5:25 PM – Appetizers & Hors devours

5:25-5:40 PM – **ACT 1**

5:40-6:10 PM – Main Dinner Courses

6:10-6:30 PM – **ACT 2**

6:30-6:45 PM – Desserts and Coffee

6:45-7:00 PM – **ACT 3** (Mystery Revealed)

7:00 PM – Close with a Serious Note, . . . by Pastor Burdette

**Main Characters**: Wendell & Patty Burdette

Act 1 – Preacher High Dollar & his lovely wife Miss Tammy Faye More Dollars

Act 2 & 3 – Beenderr Dundatt & Miss Self-Righteous Church Member

5:00 PM – **Welcome and Introduction** by Wendell & Patty

**Preacher High Dollar** (Ringing Bell): Everyone, please be seated, and listen up, please, . . . for some very, important instructions. Is everyone, ready, . . . to have, a good time?

**Miss Tammy Faye More Dollars**: Honey, do you really think that this group, will follow, your instructions? After all, half the people, in this room, . . . are men, you know. You know, . . . they, won’t listen!

**Preacher High Dollar**: Greeting, Greetings! Welcome to an Evening of Mystery, . . . at the First Buffet Baptist Church.

My name is Preacher High Dollar, and this is my lovely wife, Miss Tammy Faye More Dollars. We hope that you are ready, for a hilarious evening of mystery. We need each of you to help us, to solve the mystery, of who-done-it, at the First Buffet Baptist Church. Yes, we are Baptist, . . and, we like to eat! Don’t we?

**Tammy Faye**: My, my, Pastor, maybe these, . . . are the very church members, . . . that done it! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!!!

**Preacher High Dollar**: We have some very important instructions, to share with you, . . . quickly. We have three acts, in our show tonight, . and, you will be served, different courses, of your meals, between acts.

Now, please, go to **the potty**, . . . during, these breaks, and not during one of our acts. It is imperative, that everyone is seated, during our acts, and that everyone is very, very quiet. Everyone wants to be able to hear, . . . so, you must be very, . . . very quiet.

And, besides, you better be listening, so that you will know, when it is time, for your line. You must pay attention, so you will know, when to do, . . . your acting part. Also, please stand, . . . and, speak up, loudly!

**Tammy Faye**: If anyone at your table, refuses to be quiet, and keeps talking, then everyone else at the table, . . . is to ssshhhhhhhhhh them! Now, let’s all practice, the fine art, . . of ssshhhhhhhing! Everyone, please stick your finger, in front of your mouth, . . . no, not up your nose, sir, . . . but, in front of your mouth, and sssshhhhhhhhh!

**Preacher High Dollar**: If you continue, to disrupt, . . . not allowing the others to hear, . . then, we may have to have a rather quick, unplanned baptism, . . . in our baptistery.

**\*\* I am going to pray**, and then, . . we will have a time, for everyone to enjoy the appetizers, . . . followed by, Act 1!

5:25 PM-5:40 – **ACT 1**

**\*\*\* Preacher High Dollar, and his wife Miss Tammy Faye More Dollars, enter the room, hand in hand, being lovey-dovey,**

**. . . and, chatting quietly, with each other.**

**Preacher High Dollar**: Yes, Darling, we do have such a wonderful church, . . . don’t we? Everything seems to be going so well, we are growing, . . . and, everyone just loves each other, . . . we have even had a few, . . . get saved, recently.

**Tammy Faye**: Yeah, well, I can tell you right now, . . I know of some others, in this church, . . . that, need to get saved! They claim, they are saved, . . . but, I just don’t know, . . . the way they act. By the way, have you heard, any new gossip, lately? I could tell you, . . . about, some juicy stuff, . . . if, you’ll just let me.

**Preacher High Dollar**: Now, now, Darling, . . . we were just talking about, . . . how wonderful things have been, lately, . . . with the church. But, you know, that worries me, a little. Usually, when things are going good, . . . well, that’s when “ole slue foot”, tries to get involved, . . . and, just messes everything up.

**Tammy Faye**: Who in the world, . . . is “ole slue foot”?

**Ebay Jerry, also known as Gomer Pyle** (Tommy Johnston): Hi, my name is Ebay Jerry, . . . also, known as Gomer Pyle. I know who, “ole slue foot” is. That’s an old slang term, . . . for the devil. Why, I haven’t heard the devil, called slue foot, . . . since, Nancy Reagan was president.

**Tammy Faye**: And, just who in the world, are you? Are you one, . . . of our church members?

**Ebay Jerry, also known as Gomer Pyle** (Tommy Johnston): Yes, Ma’am. I’m Ebay Jerry, also known as Gomer Pyle. I used to be the Chairman of the Demons, . . . I mean, . . . Deacons.

**Preacher High Dollar**: Well, Ebay Jerry, I don’t want to let ole slue foot, get to trying to stir up trouble, in our church. I have been pastoring, for over 147 years, . . . and, this church, has always been, . . . my favorite. Hey, Ebay Jerry, . . . is it true, that you have been trying to sell, the church’s steeple, . . . on Ebay?

**Tammy Faye**: Well, honey, you know, that there are a few people, . . upset at you, don’t you? You forgot about one or two of’ems birthday, and you know you just can’t please everybody, . . . no matter how hard you try. That one guy, . . . Slim Jim Raising Cain-ston (*stand by him*), . . . still hadn’t gotten over you, . . . preaching past 12:00 noon, during, . . . 40 Days of Purpose. He was ready, . . . to go eat!

**Preacher High Dollar**: Well, the reason it takes me so long to preach is, . . . that, I have to repeat, almost everything, that I say, . . . because, so many of them folks can’t hear, . . . what I say.

**Tammy Faye**: What was that Honey, I couldn’t hear you? *Repeat 3X*

**Preacher High Dollar**: And, besides, the only reason they keep me around, at this church, is because they love my family, . . . so much. Why, they think those four girls of ours, can just do no wrong. Yes, . . . Nadine, Mikayla, Laverne, and, Josephine. Why, those preacher girls, . . . have got all those old folks, . . . wrapped around, their finger.

**Tammy Faye**: If they only knew, how those girls, acted at home, . . . always fighting like a bunch of cats and dogs. But, they don’t think about all of that, they just want to complain, . . . about the preacher, . . . all the time.

**Preacher High Dollar**: Well, listen Honey, . . . I don’t have time, to listen to all this negativism, . . . I need to go, to my office, and study, for my Sunday sermon. After all, it is Saturday night, . . . you know.

I do my best studying, . . . late, at night. I love you! (*Blowing kisses!*)

\*\* **Preacher High Dollar exits, . . . to go to his office, and study**.

**Church Gossip** (Mildred Blankenship): Well, I know of quite a few people, . . . that, are upset, at that preacher!

**Tammy Faye**: And, just, . . . who are you?

**The Church Gossip** (Mildred Blankenship): I’m the Church Gossip. Yes, my middle name, is Ma Bell. And, I keep up with all, the latest news. And, I keep everyone informed. There’s a lot of people here, who know what I am talking about, . . . if they’ll just, admit it.

**Tammy Faye**: Well, what makes you think, people are going to speak up, . . . now?

**Eula And-Her-Cat** (Sara Andreou): My name is Eula And-Her-Cat, and I’m mad at that preacher, because he keeps saying the food is better, . . . at the Cracker Barrel, . . . than, at the Varsity. Why, . . . he should, know better. You can’t beat, the Varsity!

**Juanephew** **Take-Me-Out-to-the-Ballgame Carey** (Belinda West): My name is Juanephew Take-Me-Out-to-the-Ballgame Carey, and I have a question. Why is this church, . . . named, after a buffet?

**Tammy Faye**: Because, we take it very seriously, . . . when it comes to eating. When it’s time to eat, . . . why, they just fall all over themselves, . . . to get to the food line.

**Tammy Faye:** It’s now time, for our Sanctuary Choir, to come and sing for us. They are going to sing a song, about why we eat so much.

**INTRODUCTIONS FIRST PLEASE: (Tune of Deep and Wide)**

**Sanctuary Choir Members**: Bonny & Clyde Strick-a-lean (Demos Andreou), Jewell Thief Hudson (Sara Andreou), Mary Ann & Ginger, the Skipper & Gilligan (Sarah Ogle), Ray To-make-a-long-story-short Nixon (Frank West), Carol Clark Gable (Terry Wert), Lonnie Stenkins (Larry Bowen), July Stenkins (Juanice Carey), Raymone Pouchey (Robert Parker), Misty Hartless (Brenda Parker), and Mr. Shadnor (Jerry Davis), Sarah Yodle (Etheleen Davis).

**Tammy Faye**: Thank you choir, for that wonderful song, . . about our healthy eating church!

Did you hear about, when ole King Arthur fell, and it knocked Mildred down? One lady was trying to pick them up, but she was standing on Mildred’s dress, and pulling on her arm, trying to help her up.

Why, Mildred was afraid, she was going to stand up, all naked!

Or, at best, . . . just, wearing her bloomers!

**Ba-Ba-Ba---Ba-Ba O’Langston** (Joann Johnston): My name is

Ba-Ba-Ba---Ba-Ba O’Langston, . . . and, I’m tired, of that preacher,

. . . calling me a PK. My Daddy might have been a preacher,

. . . but, I’ve not been a kid, . . . in a very, very, . . . long time.

**Tammy Faye**: Well, I don’t care what all of you say. I love, . . . my husband. He is so dedicated, . . . to his job. Why, if he could, . . . he would just charge hell, . . . with a water pistol!

Where’s my husband? He’s been studying, . . for quite awhile.

**\*\*\* Preacher High Dollar comes running into the room, with a hatchet stuck, . . . in the back of his hat!**

**Preacher High Dollar**: Honey, Honey, . . . I’ve been whacked!

**Tammy Faye**: Oh no! What happened?

**Preacher High Dollar**: I don’t know. I was studying, and something knocked me, . . . into the middle, of next week. Boy, . . my head hurts!

**Tammy Faye**: Honey, . . . you’re bleeding!

**\*\*\* Preacher High Dollar stumbles, and falls out the door dead!**

**Tammy Faye** (as she runs out the door, after her husband): No! No! My little Poopsie, . . . my little Poopsie! Please don’t die, . . . on me.

**END OF ACT 1** 5:40-6:10 – Main Dinner Courses

**6:10-6:40 – ACT 2**

**\*\*\* Mr. Beenderr Dundatt Enters the Room**

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: My, my, what are we going to do, . . . what are we going to do? We have to find out, who it was, . . . that, killed our Pastor. But, we also, have to move forward, with our church, you know. And, I believe, that, . . . I am just the one,

. . to keep things going, around here. Yes, I’m now, in charge!

**What’s-a-Six-Shooter-Gunn** (Loy Barrett): Who are you? And who died, . . . and made you the big cheese, . . . anyway?

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, my name is Beenderr Dundatt, and it was the Pastor, . . . who died. Have you already, . . . forgotten? Someone with some experience, . . . has to try to keep things going, you know, and I have . . . beenderr dundatt! I’ve been edumecated, too. I’m gonna learn ye folks, how we used to do it, where I came from. I bet, I know, . . . who you are. Your name’s, . . . What’s-a-Six-Shooter-Gunn.

**What’s-a-Six-Shooter-Gunn** (Loy Barrett): That’s right, I’m What’s- a-Six-Shooter-Gunn. And, maybe, we ain’t interested, . . . in how you did it, . . . somewhere else.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**:It is now time, for our Youth Choir, to sing a song, . . . in honor of our late pastor, . . . rest his poor soul.

**INTRODUCTIONS FIRST PLEASE: (Tune of Amazing Grace)**

Youth Choir Members: Frankenstein of the Wild Wild West (Watson Gunn), Candy Cane Snowin (Brenda Barrett), and her husband Larry Larry Quite Contrary (Arthur Wallace), Nemo the Fish Andre-who (Thelbert Bodden) and his wife Sara Lee Andre-who (Sandra McMillen), Skaty Katie (Joan Steward), Terry Worthless (Carol Roberts-Gable), Post Master Moan (Lee LaPierre), Elizabeth Cockroach (Jean Wallace)

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Look, we need to stick together, . . and work together, and try to solve, . . . this murder. I think that we need to hire someone, to come in, and help us solve this mystery, of who-dun-it, at the First Buffet Baptist Church. And, . . . I know just the person, . . . to help us. Her name is, . . Miss Self- Righteous Church Member!

**\*\*\* Miss Self-Righteous Church Member, . . . enters the room, . . . with a big KJV Bible, . . . under her arm!**

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, hello, . . . Miss Self-Righteous Church Member. Thank you so much, for coming and being, . . oh, so willing to help us, . . . solve this mystery, of who-dun-it, . . . at the First Buffet Baptist Church.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Hey, Beenderr. How in the world, are ye? It’s been a long time, since you and I, worked a case together. Not since that Prosperity Doctrine Preaching guy, . . . run off, with everyone’s money. But, let me tell you, we’re gonna solve this mystery, . . . and, we’re gonna solve it, . . . righteously!

**Fancy Nancy, Whippin-burgers-of-the-grill** (Bobbie Langston): Miss Righteous, Miss Righteous, . . . do you remember me? I’m the Music Minister, . . and, my name is Fancy Nancy, Whippin-burgers-off-the-grill. Where have you been?

We haven’t seen you, . . . at church, lately.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Well, . . . Fancy Nancy, Whippin-burgers-off-the-grill, . . . I’ve been busy working, you know. I had me a new job, at that new Waffle House, . . up the road, . . . but, then, they fired me, . . . because, they said, that,

. . . I was overqualified.

**Fancy Nancy, Whippin-burgers-of-the-grill** (Bobbie Langston): Over qualified? How was you, . . . overqualified?

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: I still have, . . . all my teeth. And, it made all the other waitresses, . . . jealous, . . . so, then, they put me back there cooking waffles. Honey, them waffles were scattered, covered and smothered. But, everyone said, . . . they were, . . . too heavy! Now, why do you think, . . . they thought, them waffles, . . . were too heavy?

**Bessie, I-was-named-after-a-cow, Stenkins** (Clara Sears): I can tell you why, they thought them waffles were too heavy. My name is Bessie, I-was-named-after-a-cow, Stenkins. Miss Righteous took them waffles, that, no one would eat, . . . and, she fed them to her ducks, . . . down at her trailer park, . . . and, I’ll be, if those ducks, didn’t sink, to the bottom of the pond, . . . and, they never did, come back up.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Okay, enough about why she’s not, been to church. We have a mystery, . . . to solve.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Hey Beenderr, . . . I’ve been thinking, . . . . . . . . . that, could be dangerous, . . . you know! We actually have two mysteries, . . . to solve. Before, we can solve the mystery, of who knocked off that preacher, . . . we’ve got to find, that missing bus load, . . . of senior saints.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: What? What missing bus load, . . . of seniors saints, . . . is that?

**Mildred Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Amen, I Love You, Blankenboat** (Nancy Whittenburger): My name is Mildred Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Amen, I Love You, Blankenboat,

. . . and, we’ve all been wondering, where that bus load, of our church folks, got off too.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Well, let me explain it to you, Mildred Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Amen, I Love You, Blankenboat. That bus driver, . . you know Raymone Pouchey. He was driving those folks, home from church, . . . and, they were all so sleepy, from hearing, that long sermon, . . . by that preacher. Well, they all fell asleep, and Raymone forgot, . . . that, he was driving the bus. He thought, that he was back, to driving that big truck, . . . like before, he retired. Next thing you know, . . . they wound up, all the way, . . . in Texas.

**Mildred Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Amen, I Love You, Blankenboat** (Nancy Whittenburger): Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, why we thought, that the murder, might have been, gang related. But, those ladies, . . . are innocent! Is it true, that Raymone Pouchey, . . . thought, he was hauling, . . . a truckload, . . . of antiques? Hey, Miss Righteous.

Is that, your Bible, . . . that, you’ve got there?

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: This is my, . . . King James Bible! God’s, . . . only Bible! You bunch of heathens, reading them new-fangled, so called diversions, of the Bible, . . . you all need to get saved, . . . 1611 style!

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Now, now, . . . Miss Righteous. What are we going to do, . . . to solve, . . . this murder?

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Well, Beenderr Dundatt, I’ve already been, . . . following some leads. I have a question or two, . . . about this murder. Is it true, that the church offering was missing, . . . out of the church office? Is this a robbery, or was someone, . . . just mad, . . . at that preacher?

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, you know our church treasurer, . . . Miss Barbie Doll Stew-on-it-awhile. Some people think, that she may have stole the offering, to help pay off, her medical bills, . . . for all that plastic surgery she had. Is she here? She always, has looked, . . . kind of sneaky, you know.

**Miss Barbie Doll Stew-on-it-awhile** (Candy Bowen): I’m Miss Barbie Doll Stew-on-it-awhile. No, I didn’t steal any money. The only thing that I have ever stolen, in my whole life, . . . is taking people’s supper plates, . . . before, they get done eating, . . . at our church suppers. Besides, . . I loved that preacher!

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Yeah, but that was, a big offering, last week. We may have to keep our eyes on you, until, we figure this thing out. The last two church treasurers,

. . . Buck Grabber and Penny Pincher, . . . always, told us, to watch out, for you.

**Miss Barbie Doll Stew-on-it-awhile** (Candy Bowen): Maybe, . . . it was, Mr. Shadnor. We still hear that old man, rumbling around upstairs, . . you know. Even though, he’s been dead, for years.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Speaking of people, who have been here, for a long time, and may just have some motive, . . . what about our only surviving, charter member, the one who’s been here,

. . . since it all started, . . . in 1840?

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: (*Squeel*) You-mean-Eugene Scarey! Why do you think, that it might have been him, . . . that, knocked off our Pastor?

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: I tell you what. That, might be our best lead, so far. Let’s go, and talk about it, and pray about it, . . . and, see where, this leads. Let’s go down, to that Methodist church, and see if they’ve ever, had to solve a mystery, . . like this one.

**\*\* Miss Righteous and Beenderr, . . . exit the room.**

**END OF ACT 2**

6:30-6:45 – Dessert Served

6:45-7:00 PM – **ACT 3** (Mystery Revealed)

\*\*\* **Mr. Beenderr Dundatt and Miss Self-Righteous Church Member, . . . enter the room.**

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: At this time, those four preacher girls, . . . Nadine, Mikayla, Laverne, and Josephine, . . . and their little friend, . . Macaroni Noodles Davis, . . . are going to come and do their best impression of our church’s VBS director, Fancy Nancy. Yes, this is how they learned to dance, at last year at VBS. Doing the sprinkler!

**\*\* VBS Dancers doing the sprinkler**

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Thank you VBS Dancers, for that wonderful display, . . . of reckless abandon! Hey, Miss Self-Righteous. We heard, that you had some pretty good leads, . . . on who it might have been, . . . that, killed our Pastor.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Well, . . . Beenderr. I really thought, that I had the whole thing, figured out. I thought, that it was that guy, that works up there, . . . in that sound booth. But, the fact, that he has . . . a Siamese twin, . . . well, that just, complicates everything. What’s that guy’s name, . . . anyway?

**Coy Farrett** (Gene Carey): Are you talking about me? I’m Coy Farrett, . . . and, my twin brother’s name, is Soy Sauce Carrott. And, it couldn’t have been either of us, . . . because, we were over in Europe, when that preacher got whacked. You know, we go on those overseas trips, . . . quite often.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: And, just why is it, that you guys, are going to Europe, all the time? Every time you turn around, . . . ya are gone again.

**Coy Farrett** (Gene Carey): Well, I’ll tell you why. Because, I like to get to drive, . . every now and then. And, well, because we are Siamese twins, and I am on the right side, and my brother is on the left side, . . . then, the only time, that I get to drive a car, . . . is when we go to Europe!

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Well, I guess that clears you two, . . of all charges, then. Hey Beenderr, . . . maybe, it was that guy, that plays the banjo. You know, Banjo Tommy JohnsTon, with a T. You know that guy, that is always, . . . so serious, all the time!

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: No, it couldn’t have been. Because, he was in Nashville, recording that new Firestone song, that he wrote about his wife, . . Crow-ann Johnsonwax. You know why her name is Crow-ann Johnsonwax, don’t you? Because her husband says, she is always crowing, . . . about something! Anyway, that Firestone song, . . . it’s called, *“You picked a fine time, to leave me, . . . Loose Wheel.” (Tune)*

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Well, I have a whole long list of suspects. Every member, is a suspect, . . . until, proven innocent. Have you ever heard of Bahama Momma? Well, we don’t have a Bahama Momma, but we do have our very own, . . . Jamaican Daddy.

My my, with this long a list of suspects, the church may have to build another addition to the church, . . . so, they can expand that buffet line. And, no, . . . getting a port-a-potty doesn’t count, as phase three of the new building project.

Here’s an idea, . . . Beenderr. What if we ask the audience, . . . to help us figure it out, who it was, that, killed our pastor? Or, maybe, they think, . . . that’s, what ya are paying me, the big bucks for.

**Ide-Clara Wal-mart** (Barbara Steward): I might can, help you**.** My name is Ide-Clara Wal-mart, . . and, I think, that, you may want to look into that idea, . . that, it might have been . . You-Mean Eugene Scarey!

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, Ide-Clara Wal-mart, . . . you may have something there. He was always buttering up to that preacher, wasn’t he? Do you reckon, that he might have, . . . wanted his job?

Why I know! He might have been mad at that preacher, . . . for not visiting him, . . . down at Greedy Hospital, . . . when he had his, deviated septum surgery. Sounds like a motive, . . . to me.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Now, Beenderr, . . . trying to listen to all these folks, . . . and their far fetched opinions, . . . is like riding a tilty wheel, . . . after eating a greasy corndog, . . at the county fair. Maybe, we should just look on the internet, . . . at www.get-a- clue.com. Why, Ide-Clara’s husband, hasn’t even spoken to her, in over a week, . . . because, he said he didn’t want, . . . to interrupt her.

**Ide-Clara Wal-mart** (Barbara Steward): Hey, Miss Righteous, . . . seeing as that you got run off from that Waffle House, . . . maybe you could get a job, playing the big haired lady, . . . at Longhorn’s.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Yeah, I hear ye! You’re so funny! My mama used to warn me, . . . not to never, tell someone a joke, . . . that, has a mouthful of tobacco. Why don’t you come a little closer to me, when you say something like that. I might accidentally, . . . spit my snuff juice, on you!

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: I still think it might have been, You-mean Eugene Scarey! Why he always said, that his favorite Bible verse, . . . was Acts 2:38. Maybe, he was referring to, . . . his weapons, . . . an axe and two .38 caliber pistols.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Now, now, Beenderr, . . . you know that God don’t bless no ugly, now. I just don’t know. Have we covered, all our bases? Well, my lawyer, . . . her name is, Sue Da Bums, . . . she said, that if at first you don’t succeed, . . . then so much, for sky diving. You know, Sue Da Bums has been my lawyer, . . . ever since, we had that case, against that frozen TV dinner warehouse, I used to work for. They made me hurt my back, lifting all those heavy dinners, . . . like I was a man, or something.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, Miss Righteous, . . . my mama used to always tell me, to lead your life, . . . so as that you wouldn’t be afraid, . . . to sell the family parrot, . . . to the town gossip.

So, . . . Miss Righteous, . . . just, where were you, on that Friday night? Just because, you haven’t been here, lately, . . . you’re still a church member, . . . here, at the First Buffet Baptist Church.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Wait a minute, . . . Beenderr. Ya hired me to help solve this mystery, of who-dun-it, . . . not to become, . . . a suspect myself. Besides, I would never, . . . hurt him. Why, I loved that preacher! Why he married me, and, my husband, . . . and, baptized all my kids. I wouldn’t hurt him, . . . for all the moon pies, . . . in Alabama.

Anyhow, it couldn’t have been me, . . . why, I haven’t been to this church, . . . for months and months.

**Ruthless Hold-on-a-minute** (Mary Ann Wilson): Hold on a minute! My name is Ruthless Hold-on-a-minute, and I know someone, who said they saw your car up here, at the church, last Saturday night, after dark. Don’t you drive, that ole beat up Plymouth?

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Whoa! What is this? Miss Righteous! Tell me again, . . . about your whereabouts, . . . last Saturday night.

**\*\* Miss Self-Righteous is silent, with lips poked out, arms folded.**

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Okay, Ruthless Hold-on-a-minute, . . . are they sure, . . . it was her old car?

**Ruthless Hold-on-a-minute** (Mary Ann Wilson): Yes. King Arthur’s wife, I Dream of Jeannie said, he was out coon hunting, and drove by the church, and saw her car here, and it was late at night. Of course, since we used to call him Otis, . . . it makes you wonder why he was out, that late, on a Saturday night. Hopefully, . . . he wasn’t drunk! He supposedly hasn’t drank anything, . . . since Mildred prayed for him, . . . during, the Andy Griffin skit.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Quit trying, to blame me! It must have been, . . . You-mean Eugene Scarey, . . . if there was some offering money missing. Why we all know, that he’s got a lot of gambling debt, . . . that, he can’t pay. There’s a whole bunch of those church members, that go to Bingo, down at that Chic-A-fil-A, in Fairburn. Why, they need to go, to Gamblers Anonymous! They need to get in that altar, . . . and repent!

Our preacher walked in their the other day, and You mean Eugene Scarey was singing that song, . . . “You got to know when to hold them, . . . know when to fold them.” There was rumors, that the preacher from the Fairburn church, . . . was laying hands on those bingo cards, and, praying for him to win!

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, Ladies and gentleman, . . . I believe, that we have someone, here tonight, . . . that says, they heard Miss Self Righteous, . . . literally confess, . . . to the murder!

**E.Z. Banks-a-lot-of-money** (Nathan Burdette): My name is E.Z. Banks-a-lot-of-money, . . . and, I went up there to that Waffle House one night, and I could tell that Miss Righteous, . . . was so mad, at that preacher. He was up there eating supper, and he had her, . . . in tears. She was up there cooking, . . . she had that Bible in one hand, . . . and, that spatula in the other hand, . . . and, she was slinging some grease!

But, that preacher, had Miss Righteous all in tears, . . . because, he was quizzing her, on why she hadn’t been coming to church, lately. Why I think, . . . that, he even accused her, . . . of living in sin.

He said, that she needed to stop calling herself Miss Righteous Church Member, . . . if she wasn’t gonna, . . . come to church.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Ah, you don’t know, . . . what you are talking about.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Okay, Miss Righteous, let’s go over some facts. You want to blame everyone else, . . . for this murder, but, you are the only one, that has been placed at the scene of the crime. And, we have reason to believe, . . . that you had a motive. Yes, you were ticked, at that preacher, . . . wasn’t you?

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: Beenderr, you have done, . . . lost your mind. You have gone to talking, . . . as if your cheese, . . . has done slid, . . . plum off it’s cracker. I didn’t have anything to do, . . . with this murder.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, I think you did. How did you know, that it was such a big offering, anyhow? Unless, you have been using some of the money, . . . on that fancy hairdo, of yours.

**THE REAL MISS RIGHTEOUS CHURCH MEMBER STANDS**

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: And, just, . . . who in the world are you?

**THE REAL MISS RIGHTEOUS CHURCH MEMBER** (Shelby Poucher): I am The Real Miss Righteous Church Member! That big haired lady, . . . is an impostor! Why can’t you tell,

. . . who she really is?

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: What? An impostor? Who are you? Is that, . . . a wig?

**THE REAL MISS RIGHTEOUS CHURCH MEMBER** (Shelby Poucher): Why that is, ole Jezzie Bell Perkins! Don’t you remember her? She left the church years ago, . . . because, she got mad at that preacher. She got mad, . . . because, we stopped using those red hymnals. And, he didn’t use the King James Bible.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: That’s right! I remember you. You got mad at the preacher, . . . because he didn’t brag on you, . . . for that strawberry pie, that you made for him, . . . when he got sick, with the gout. Why that’s been, . . . years ago.

**Miss Self-Righteous Church Member**: That’s right, . . and, I’m still mad! Why he’d brag on everybody else, . . . except me. You shoulda heard him, talking about them chicken-n-dumplings, that Sara Yodle made, . . . and, everything else in the world, except my award winning pies. My pie won ribbons, at every fair in the county, but no, he wouldn’t say a word about ‘em.

**Mr. Beenderr Dundatt**: Well, well, well. Folks, we have figured it out. We now know, who done it. We know who it was, that murdered our pastor, . . here, at the First Buffet Baptist Church.

Let’s go impostor lady, . . . I’m taking you off to jail! Maybe, they will let you preach, . . . at some of their chapel services.

**END OF ACT 3**

Wendell & Patty return for bows!

Close with Serious Note, . . . by Pastor Burdette