

“Testimony Show” script sample

(Dialogue begins the moment the music starts.)

Wally: *(Up and enthusiastic)* Hello, and welcome to the Testimony Show, heard once weekly here on WWW Radio. I’m your host, Wally W. Wigwhacker. The Testimony Show is sponsored by the Wishy Washy Windshield Wiper Company. They’re fairly certain they’ll work well in wet weather! Call now to give your testimony at 555-1111.

(As each chorus plays, Wally does little things that one might behind the scenes at a radio station. Invent little bits like cleaning his glasses, taking a drink of water, shuffling through some tapes, etc. Just to keep it interesting while the singers do their thing.)

Chorus 1: (sung)

Oh, when the saints / start calling in / what they will say you never know. Oh, I want to call that number, to the Testimony Show!

Wally: Testimony Show, you're on the air!

1st caller: Yeah!

Wally: Hello there!

1st Caller: Howdy!

Wally: How you doing?

1st Caller: Great! You doing alright?

Wally: Just fine!

1st Caller: Good! Well... see ya later! *(click)*

(Wally is taken aback and then looks a little bit annoyed at the crank caller.)

Wally: Well, looks like he didn't quite understand the concept of a call-in talk show. Next caller: Testimony Show!

2nd caller; (wrong number): Hello, I'd like to order an large triple cheese monster pepperoni pizza with a double dose thick crust, with a big helping of eggplant topping mixed with a sprinkling of avacado parts...

Wally: *(trying to interrupt him, aggravated)* Sir... sir! Excuse me, sir!

2nd caller: *(distracted)* Yeah?

Wally: Sir, this is the Testimony Show, not the Pizza Palace.

2nd caller: Oh, yeah, I've heard of this show before. This is WWW Radio, isn't it?

Wally: *(relieved)* Yes, sir.

2nd caller: Can I make a request?

Wally: Well, we're not playing music right now, but I'll try to do it later.

2nd caller: Okay...*(suddenly antagonistic)* I want to request that you get a real job! I'm out digging ditches all day and you get to sit in an air-conditioned room, spinnin' a bunch of records and playing with buttons! The Bible says we're supposed to work by the sweat of our brow, not kicking back in some chair and jamming to music!

Wally: *(cutting him off, now really aggravated)* Thank you sir, but we're looking for *testimonies*, not *opinions*!

Chorus 2: (sung)

Oh, when the saints / start calling in / to tell the world about their woe... Oh, I want to call that number, to the Testimony Show!

3rd caller: *(an old lady)* Hello, I thought I would just call in and thank the Lord...

Wally: Please, go ahead!

3rd caller: I'm just so thankful that I'm still alive, cause I'm so sick... oh, you don't know how it's been... I got a liver disease and my stomach's half gone. My sinuses leak like a busted refrigerator, one ear is bigger than the other one... I got one big nostril and one small one... and one even smaller! But I thank the Lord He's keeping me alive, just barely. I thank God I'm not dead because of my perforated pancreas and my eye that inflates every three hours. I know the Lord's keeping me alive, but I I feel like I'm lying at death's door... pray that God will pull me through! Thank you!

Wally: *(sympathetically)* Oh, I will. That lady is so brave! What a burden to carry. *(Begins to sob, getting somewhat down. He blows nose rather loudly in a handkerchief than wipes his forehead absentmindedly with the same hanky.)* Let's keep her in our prayers today. Testimony Show, you're on the air!

4th caller: *(hyper)* Boy, the devil's been on my back today! I tell you, the Devil has come after me with everything he has. Man, he's put his fiery darts in a bazooka and blasted 'em my way! I don't know what to do about it, I feel like my brain has been nuked! Praise God, pray for me!

Wally: *(sobbing)* Next caller, go ahead please!

(music stops, then becomes depressing)

5th caller: *(monotone)* My brother jumped off a ski slope into a low-flying plane. My mother got run over with a freight train, my Daddy was electrocuted while trying to blow-dry his hair under water. My sister drank some shellac and had a nice finish. My cat got flushed down the sewer, my dog went splat on the highway. My house was the target of the annual termite convention, I'm gonna change my name to Job and go stand in the welfare line, praise the Lord... *(Ends with music)* **(SKIT CONTINUES...)**