



The Great Church Robbery
by Fred Passmore
copyright 1999

IMPORTANT NOTE: If you are playing the pre-recorded story and acting it out to the CD, play Track #1 on the Soundtrack CD. Do the actions according to the script and narration. The actors only lip sync to the recording.

If you are doing your own narration live, and using the music and effects, *follow the track number instructions below*. If you are having actors perform, besides the narration, they should perform according to the "Actions" instructions in the script and in the narrative. If the actors are doing their own lines, they must say them out loud. Otherwise they lip-sync as your live narrator says their lines.

Props: Newspaper. Dark Glasses and cane or walking stick.

The Great Church Robbery
by Fred Passmore
copyright 1999

(Begin Track #2 of the Soundtrack CD)

(Actions during the next part of narrative: Mr. DeWitt enters and comes to the center of the stage. He picks up a newspaper and begins to read.)

Dr. Seuss, as you know, once told a child's fable
about the Grinch, who was quite unable
to steal the cheer the holidays brought
and about the lesson that he was taught.

But if you'll lend me an ear (or two)
I'll tell you similar story, that's new.
It's about a man who commits a crime
but discovers the Truth that's older than time.

It's a prime example of intellectual snobbery
in what came to be known as "The Great Church Robbery."

(Intro music of Cut #2 ends and church bell sound effect begins, all under your voice.)

(Actions during the next part of narrative: Mr. DeWitt looks up, irritated by the church bells.)

The church was known for its love and affection
and they invited folks in from every direction.
But to one neighbor, named Mr. Dewitt,
their invitations didn't matter one bit.

(Actions during the next part of narrative: Mr. DeWitt crumples the paper in anger and throws it aside. He stands and walks to the "window" at the front of the stage and scowls out of it as he looks across the road at the church. he rubs his forehead as if getting a headache.)

DeWitt hated them, and for their Christian religion
he held no love, not even a smidgen.
He considered their Pastor to be a big fake
and their clanging church bells made his head ache.
Though he felt that way, not because of his head,
but the fact that his soul was spiritually dead.

So, with a heart full of meanness and doubt
he watched Sunday morning as their service let out...
staring out of his window with a cold, ugly sneer
at their warm handshakes and smiles full of cheer.

"They'll all be returning," he said with a bark,
"for tonight's service, as soon as it's dark!
And then with their worship, they'll raise a commotion...
but what it's about, I haven't a notion!

They'll set that big church bell to ringing,
then they'll all begin praying and singing!
They'll pound the piano and organ too,
but why they must do it, I haven't a clue!

Why, for too many years I've put up with this stuff.
It's driving me crazy... I've had quite enough!"
As he got angry thinking of how they would do it,
he suddenly snapped:"I must put a stop to it!"
"Without all their church stuff," he went on with a growl,
"their bright, happy mood would quickly turn foul!"

(Actions during the next part of narrative: Mr. DeWitt's head snaps up, and he grins evilly as he gets an idea.)

Then a wicked idea hit his wicked old brain...
"I'll pretend I'm a blind man with dark glasses and cane!
I'll steal all their things, and if anyone spies me,
in my clever get-up, they won't recognize me!"

(Actions during the next part of narrative: Mr. DeWitt rubs his hands together gleefully and dons the sunglasses and picks up the stick. He pantomimes opening a truck door and getting the invisible "truck." He drives for a moment, then gets out.)

Yes, he felt quite proud and thought himself wise.
So armed with a plan and a tricky disguise,
he cranked up his pickup and took off with a lurch
and pulled it up to the back door of the church.

(Actions during the next part of narrative: Mr. DeWitt takes out a screwdriver and pries open the door.)

Determined that his entry nothing would block,
he used a screwdriver to jimmy the lock.

"This is too easy!" the fake blind man hissed,
as he tiptoed inside, cane clenched in his fist.
Then he lowered his glasses and peered all around
to make sure that no-one was there to be found.