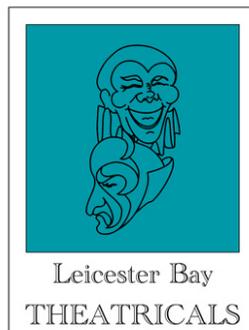
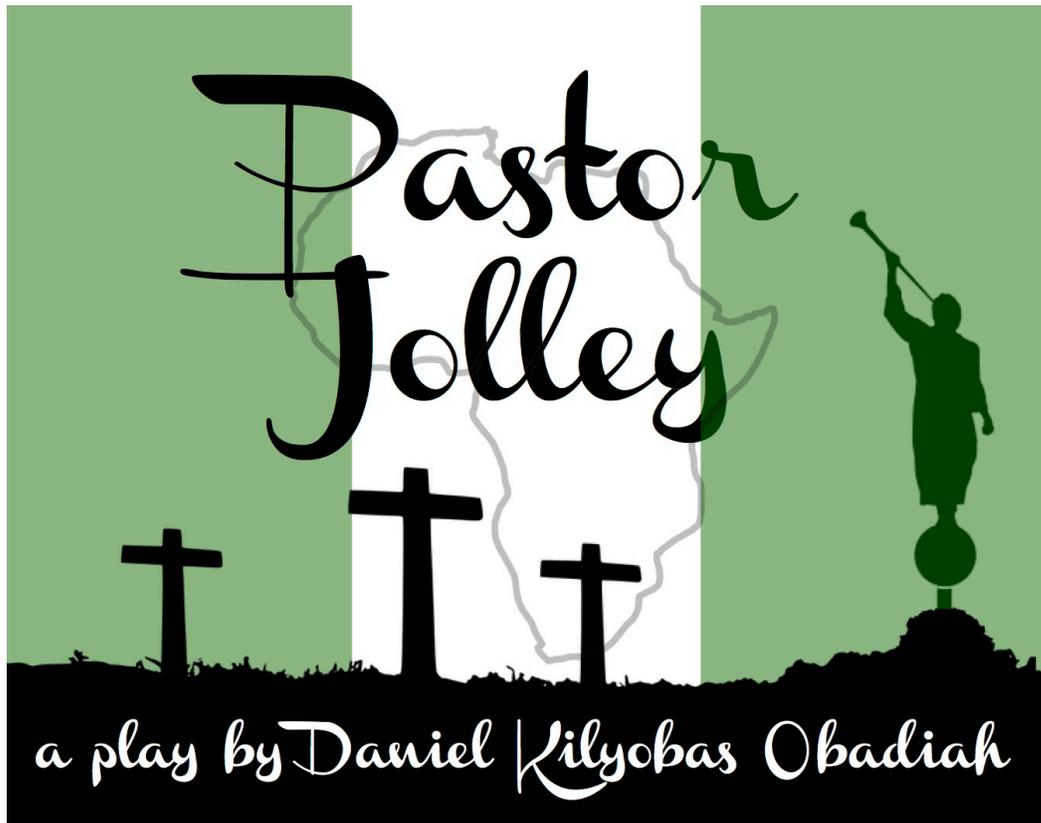


PRODUCTION SCRIPT



Newport, Maine

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PASTOR JOLLY

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

6M 2F

Pastor Jolley -- a Pastor of a very small church

Mama Zion -- his wife

Zion -- their son, young to mid-teens

Salesman -- a con-man

Claro -- a neighbor

Baba-Final-Bus-Stop -- a doctor

Stanley -- Stella's Brother

Pastor Miracle -- another Pastor of a small church

The Play was premiered by The Jos, Nigeria District of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, on the 17th of December, 2016.

PASTOR JOLLEY by Daniel Kilyobas Obadiah. 5M 1TB 2F. As far as we know it, this is the first drama written by a Church member from Africa about the LDS experience in Africa. Accurate, funny and inspiring, this conversion story concern's Pastor Jolley, the Pastor of a very small Church in Nigeria. **Order #2082**

Daniel K Obadiah is a photographer by day and a playwright by night. He holds a BA in Mass Communication from the University of Jos. Born a Nigerian and in Nigeria, on the 3rd of October 1986, he wishes to share his Mormon faith and impact his society through the medium of drama. His plays: 'Come What May' and 'Pastor Jolly' both LDS themed, were produced by the Jos, Nigeria District of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

'PASTOR JOLLY' PRODUCTION NOTES

The Book of Mormon-themed play is set in Nigeria, a country of growing variety and diversity, especially in religion. 'Pastor Jolly' captures the prevalent confusion in Nigeria's contemporary Christianity, and its perception of The Book of Mormon.

The play's characters are a minute representation of the interesting personalities found amongst typical Nigerians. Its plot, mirrors their megalomania and what they think the Book of Mormon is, against what it really is.

To have a feel of what the story is supposed to look like on stage, one must have an insight to the average Nigerian mindset and way of speaking. In a country where almost everyone feels like superman, regardless of the obvious, there is drama everyday and everywhere. One man always trying to outsmart his neighbor, and the other suspecting everything and everyone, always looking out for the '419' (con) and at the same time looking for opportunities within the '419'.

There is a popular saying in pidgin on the streets of my beloved country: "All way na way." Meaning, every way is a way. Another version of; "The end justifies the means." And: "No time to check time" usually used together or interchangeably. This attitude automatically erases the line that separates a good way from a bad way. The ideology is attractive and lucrative to under privileged Nigerian folks, hence the corruption.

Their way of speaking, especially the pidgin, has proven to be enjoyed by other Africans and non-Africans alike. When they speak English, some deliberately try to avoid correct pronunciation of the words, and emphasize their native accent but ensuring grammatical correctness. To this group, they are being 'original' and propagating their ethnicity. While those who 'try' to speak English and let it sound like English, are either trying to mislead you into believing they have lived overseas (good for credibility), or are genuinely trying to speak good English.

In Nigerian pidgin, context is key to differentiating slangs and exclamations. Exclamations are usually accompanied by a face (sometimes the face says it all), depending on the circumstance. Slangs are continuously evolving, and the same slang may have different meanings to different areas, groups, organizations, schools, institutions, etc.

Questions are mostly rhetorical even when they sound like they are not. Questions are used innovatively in conversations. They are mostly used to explain, insult, and even to answer other questions.

Armed with this brief highlight of the Nigerian mindset and way of speaking, one should be able to interpret the play with near perfect originality.

Outside Nigeria, 'Pastor Jolly' may be best achieved when a Nigerian is consulted.

Break legs!!

Daniel Kilyobas Obadiah

PASTOR JOLLY

SCENE 1 -- PASTOR JOLLY is knotting his tie, whistling a Christmas tune.

PASTOR JOLLY: *(To audience)* Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters, I believe in miracles. O yes! Nothing big started big. By the time God is done with me, my church will be global. Think of it. A global church, with at least a million members around the world. Even if only half that number gave offerings every Sunday, all those Pastors raising their noses when they see me will know that Pastor Jolly can own a private jet too; and Mama Zion will no longer doubt the anointing.

(MAMA ZION, his wife, walks in with a broom in hand. PASTOR JOLLY sees her in the mirror and is slightly startled.)

What is it this time?

MAMA ZION: *(to audience)* Ladies and gentle men, brothers and sisters, let us give a clap offering that will shake heaven,

(now like a preacher)

that will heal the sick, that will raise the dead, that will take away poverty as we usher in the Holy Ghost fire infested, the anointing filled, the power overflowing man of God, Prophet, apostle, evangelist, bishop, reverend, doctor, Pastor, Jolly the great! The general overseer of God of Elijah Ministries International, a world-wide ministry of 8 people!

PASTOR JOLLY: *(Suddenly mellow)* That... was wicked... you just killed the anointing for today.

MAMA ZION: Pastor Jolly, you better resurrect the anointing, 'cause you'll need it. Are you aware that after this Sunday, you have only two Sundays left to Christmas?

PASTOR JOLLY: Absolutely. But what has that got to do with this cruel, early morning humiliation?

MAMA ZION: Your congregation of eight souls...

PASTOR JOLLY: Eleven! Yourself, Zion and me—plus 8 people—equals 11.

MAMA ZION: I am referring to the other 8.

PASTOR JOLLY: Yes? What about them?

MAMA ZION: I wonder if you have been sleeping all these years! Haven't you observed in your poverty-stricken and miserable life, that people in this part of the world travel to their home-towns for Christmas celebration?

PASTOR JOLLY: I quite cannot catch your point yet.

MAMA ZION: *(Frustrated)* Upon all your big big English, so you don't have the sense to see that your 8 souls may travel for Christmas. See? Later if I call you mumu¹ you'll say I don't have respect. You have to prepare

¹ mumu- fool in Nigerian pidgin

Pastor Jolley by Daniel Kilyobas Obadiah

a compelling sermon, that will make them stay, so that we can have enough money for this Christmas. A word would have been enough for you now, if you were wise.

PASTOR JOLLY: Wisdom belongs to God, and He dispenses it as He pleases.

MAMA ZION: *(With mockery)* Halleluya!

PASTOR JOLLY: But you make a very valid point. I shall seek inspiration from I am that I am!

MAMA ZION: That is your cup of coffee. Even if you have to threaten them with blood-sucking demons on the highways, I really don't care. Money for Christmas rice and chicken— that's my own.

(She exits)

PASTOR JOLLY: The Lord may be gracious to give such an inspiration. Who knows? But one thing I do know, I shall not return to this house without the sermon!

(He exits with his Bible, trying suitable topics. A middle-aged SALESMAN comes on stage carrying a bag filled with books. He is dressed in an old suit and tie, obviously his everyday work clothes. PASTOR JOLLY bumps into him.)

SALESMAN: *(with enthusiasm)* Hello there, Jolly good fellow! I can see you are a bringer of good news, a true and inspired preacher of the word.

PASTOR JOLLY: I am.

SALESMAN: So, what do I call you?

PASTOR JOLLY: Call me Pastor Jolly.

SALESMAN: *(Excited)* Did I tap from your inspiration when I called you a jolly good fellow?

PASTOR JOLLY: The Apostle Peter's shadow healed the sick.

SALESMAN: *(More excited)* I knew it! I knew it! I knew you have been truly called of God. Unlike some of these hungry pastors of mushroom churches with less than twenty members, in worse cases, their members are barely up to ten. Such pastors should give up the ministry. But you are different. Filled with the anointing. O halleluya! But... why haven't I heard your name? A man of God with this much fire should be well-known. Unless of course you haven't got the book.

PASTOR JOLLY: And what book would that be? 'Cause I'm quite well read.

SALESMAN: Of course you are... yet you do not know the book that made Reverend Doctor Chris Fireball pull an International Congregation of over three million members!

PASTOR JOLLY: *(Stammering)* Well..., you know its not like I've read all the books available...

SALESMAN: A Holy-Ghost filled man of God like yourself should know and own such a book. However, you are not to blame. Such a book isn't easy to come by my friend. Even the last copy I own has been booked by the pastor of Sword of Fire Ministries.

PASTOR JOLLY: What? That non-entity? That man whose English is the worst there is and ever will be!

SALESMAN: You know the man. He is soon to be the next Reverend Doctor Fireball. He has paid more than half.

PASTOR JOLLY: The scoundrel! How much is the book? If that broken-English-mushroom 419² of a pastor can buy it, why shouldn't I?

SALESMAN: Its only twenty-thousand Naira.

PASTOR JOLLY: (*Exclaims unconsciously*) What is the name of this book?

SALESMAN: The Book of Mormon.

(Brings out the book of Mormon)

And this my friend is the last copy. I am right now heading to the pastor's house.

PASTOR JOLLY: (*Anxious*) My friend... can't we work something out? I need this book.

SALESMAN: I'm so sorry my friend. But there's actually nothing I can do.

(Makes to leave, but is held back by the PASTOR JOLLEY)

PASTOR JOLLY: No... Listen...

SALESMAN: Look, Unless you have twenty-thousand Naira cash, and here, then there's actually nothing I could do.

PASTOR JOLLY: OK. I have it.

SALESMAN: You do?

PASTOR JOLLY: Cash, but not here. Its in my house, and my house is not far from here.

SALESMAN: Twenty-thousand naira!

PASTOR JOLLY: Err.. fifteen-thousand naira, actually.

SALESMAN: Then I'm sorry my friend.

PASTOR JOLLY: Oh Come on, don't be like that. Don't you want my family to have food for Christmas?

SALESMAN: You are killing me, Pastor Jolly. I celebrate Christmas too, you know.

PASTOR JOLLY: My friend, please...

SALESMAN: Well, the best I can do for you is to let you owe me five-thousand naira. I collect the fifteen, give you the book, and come back for the remaining five in the next two months. Deal or no deal?

PASTOR JOLLY: Thank you my friend. I told her I will not return without an inspiration.

SALESMAN: Shall we?

² 419- con artist in Nigerian slang

PASTOR JOLLY: With all pleasure.

(They both exit.)

SCENE 2 -- PASTOR JOLLY is at home studying *The Book of Mormon* when **MAMA ZION** walks in from the market.

MAMA ZION: I wonder what this country is becoming. Immediately I arrived the market, my friend Stella quickly informed me of the change in the price of a measure of rice. From five hundred to six hundred naira, overnight. And as if they were told its their cue, the price of other food stuff also sky-rocketed.

(PASTOR JOLLY is engrossed in his study of the book.)

What are you seriously reading like that? You would even preach better if you read your bible the way you are reading this book.

(She takes a peek)

PASTOR JOLLY: Woman. Have you ever heard about the Book of Mormon? See? But if this were a book of insults, you would have been an avid fan. When will you liberate yourself from the chains of ignorance?

MAMA ZION: If I call you mumu³, you'll say its an insult. Have you read all the books in the world, Professor?

PASTOR JOLLY: Do you know that this is the book reverend doctor Chris Fireball reads to draw and keep his congregation of over ten million members world wide?

MAMA ZION: Heenheen⁴... Is that so?

PASTOR JOLLY: Are you beginning to picture, imagine, envision, visualize who I will become by next year?

MAMA ZION: I can see who you are now. Look, its time to buy some food stuff for Christmas from the savings, now that its still affordable.

(PASTOR JOLLY is now uneasy)

Oga⁵, I said give me the fifteen-thousand as earlier agreed for Christmas shopping.

PASTOR JOLLY: *(Already on his feet)* Errr... Mama Zion, its not like I have eaten the money⁶ o⁷.

³ mumu-fool in Nigerian pidgin

⁴ Heenheen- informal; used when surprised

⁵ Oga- Slang for 'big man'

⁶ eaten the money⁷- Slang for spent the money

⁷ o (ooo)- used for emphasis

MAMA ZION: My dear, I know you can't eat the money. What I am saying now is, give me the money.

(At this time, both are moving around the house, PASTOR JOLLEY avoiding MAMA ZION who is trying to get to him.)

PASTOR JOLLY: My wife, it's not what it seems...

MAMA ZION: *(Lamenting. Still trying to get to PASTOR JOLLY.)* Haaaaayyyyyy⁸.... Papa Zion! What have you done with all our money oooo... Our savings for this year. You this foolish man, you will not kill me oooo.

PASTOR JOLLY: I wouldn't conceive such a thought, let alone plan to kill you.

MAMA ZION: *(Sobbing)* What did you do with the money?

PASTOR JOLLY: It's the book. It is very costly. Can you believe its twenty-thousand naira? But the salesman agreed to let it go for fifteen-thousand on the condition that in two months, he'll come for the remaining five.

MAMA ZION: *(slaps him)* And you think he'll come back. You are so foolish I cannot believe you are a pastor. You have one week to give me money for Christmas shopping. One week!

(She exits gravely. PASTOR JOLLY returns to his book.)

Light

SCENE 3 - MAMA ZION comes on stage. She finds the Book of Mormon lying on the table.

MAMA ZION: *(Soliloquizing)* This book must be evil. What kind of a name is Mormon? More like Mammon if you ask me. Fifteen-thousand naira! Who knows? It may be a book of magic. Fifteen-thousand!

(PASTOR JOLLY walks in sheepishly. He opens the book and soon becomes engrossed again. Enter ZION. He has a school bag and is in school uniform.)

ZION: Momy, Dady, good afternoon.

MAMA ZION: Good afternoon. Welcome. I'm surprised you didn't go to the kitchen first today.

ZION: I don't like boiled yam and palm oil.

MAMA ZION: How did you know?

ZION: I perceived it.

MAMA ZION: Papa Zion, did you hear your son? Now we will know if a fifteen-thousand naira magic book can feed us in this house.

⁸ Hay- (in this context) exclamation for 'I am finished'

ZION: Magic book?

(He tries to touch it, but his PASTOR JOLLY slaps his hand without taking his eyes off the book. ZION exits grumbling, followed by his mother. Passage of time. MAMA ZION enters. She finds PASTOR JOLLY still studying the book. He is almost done.)

MAMA ZION: Ah! Papa Zion. You mean to tell me you have been studying this book since yesterday? You have not changed your clothes neither have you cared for food. I hope you have not also forgotten that this is Sunday morning.

(PASTOR JOLLY springs from the chair, dashing off stage.)

Light

SCENE 4 -- MAMA ZION, ZION, and PASTOR JOLLY are returning from church. PASTOR JOLLY is unusually silent.

MAMA ZION: That was the most stupid sermon I've ever heard. What was that? I thought we understood each other the other day. What was it in that gibberish that would make any one of those eight miserable members of yours stay back for Christmas? You can just sit at home next Sunday, 'cause I don't need an angel to tell me there won't be a single human being present. Even that shoe mender is traveling for Christmas.

ZION: Cobbler.

MAMA ZION: What?

ZION: Cobbler, not shoe mender.

MAMA ZION: Don't worry. I'll see how many grammar you will speak when we can't afford to pay your school fees. And you, I don't care if that magic have made you dumb, you will receive your healing when your one week elapses and there is no fifteen-thousand for Christmas rice and chicken. Don't think I have forgotten. And as from right now, I am no more a member of your dead church.

(She leaves them.)

ZION: Dady, what book is that?

PASTOR JOLLY: The Book of Mormon.

ZION: Is it truly a magic book?

PASTOR JOLLY: No. Right now I am more concerned about its content, than I am about its cost, or Christmas rice.

ZION: Did you see how angry momy is?

Pastor Jolley by Daniel Kilyobas Obadiah

PASTOR JOLLY: Your Mother is always angry.

ZION: *(In an accusing tone)* I wonder why. But don't you think it will be wise to be concerned about Christmas rice?

PASTOR JOLLY: Whose side are you on?

ZION: Mine.

Light

There are 3 more scenes to the end of the play