Smoke on the Mountain

AUDITION SIDES

Pastor Mervin Oglethorpe · Script p. 14

I have not been this excited since I received the conviction to preach. I think it's a true sign of the modern times when we can gather together on a Saturday night, and I can look out on all the menfolk and see nothing but shirtsleeves! Not a suit coat in sight. When I received the call to this church after Preacher Dryman passed away,—Does it seem like a year already?—I said to myself, Mervin, what can you bring the good folks at Mount Pleasant? And I studied on it, and the answer was progress. Here we are just two years shy of 1940, and look what God has wrought! Every time I look up at that electrical light bulb, I thank God—and the generous contributions of Miss Maude and Miss Myrtle—for progress. Us Baptists are pushing on into the modern world.

Burl Sanders · Script p. 33

And just like the icing on the cake, you-know-who drives up. Big old Mercury car, one of them pricey felt hats like they wear in town. He was... What's that word you use, Denise? Suave. And I thought to myself, as I'm watching him crawl out, this man reminds me of somebody. He takes hold of my hand and is shaking and grinning like I've been shook and grinned at so many times. And this beer man sets right in to making his play. Oh, I'm gonna be a rich man to hear him tell it. Two cents on every bottle is mine to keep.

Vera Sanders · Script p. 63

The other night I was sitting out on my back porch having a nice cold glass of delicious lemonade and contemplating hard this coming evening of song and worship and the great challenge the Lord has given to me to share his love and guidance with you, when whoop! Something plopped into my nice glass of lemonade. Now, can anybody guess what plopped into my glass? It being JUNE and all? Nobody? A JUNE BUG! That's right. And I turned to my husband Burl who was sitting out on the porch with me, and I said, “Burl, would you look at that, a June Bug just jumped into my lemonade.” And Burl said, “Well, you can't have mine.” And I said, “Burl!” And he said, “Flick it out with your straw, there's nothing wrong with it.”

Smoke on the Mountain

AUDITION SIDES

Stanley Sanders · Script p. 56

Six months ago, you wouldn't have seen me here. Five minutes ago, I didn't think I'd see myself here. I went out to the road just now, and if a car had come by, I'd-a been in it. I know what beer smells like. And I like it. Some of the most accepting people I've ever come across have been sitting in bars. Talking, laughing, listening. If somebody casts a stone in a bar, they're looking for a fight. For the past eighteen months, I've been dangling over the Yadkin River popping rivets into bridges. It's called hard labor. Doing that kind of work gives a fella a lot of time to think. I got an idea about sin. I think a lot of times bad things are slung at unsuspecting folks. All those men out there with no job—their families are hungry, got no roof over their heads.

Dennis Sanders · Script p. 45

The Lord has called me to preach, and I believe He'll fill my mouth. When I was little bitty, I would kneel and pray through with the grown folks—the big sinners. And they'd say to me, Dennis, you're not a bad boy. But I felt I had the potential of all the evil that y'all big folks have, I just hadn't done it yet. And right then, I committed my life to preaching. I'd turn up a five-gallon can and try preaching to my sisters. When they'd laugh at me, I'd take up my dog and pray for him. I'd say, Rufus, Jesus can save you. He can take up your soul and make it His own. Give Him your soul, boy. Give it to him today. Fasten your eyes upon the cross and your heart will grow lighter, the sky will be brighter. Jesus can help you find the way. Shake hands with Jesus, give him your foot.

Denise Sanders · Script p. 38

I read about it in the Asheville *Citizen*. This man, this Mr. Selznick, says he's looking for a new girl. “The best girl that shows up will play the part willy-nilly.” And I just know he's talking about me. They're searching high and low for Scarlett, and I'm sitting right outside Siler City. This is my year off from Bible School. I got plenty of time to make a picture. The paper says he'll be in Charlotte on Friday the 14th. Valentine's Day! They're looking for an unknown: young and charged with electricity.