The Day the Church Picnic Went to Hell

A skit by Dwayne Yancey

Selected from his collection, "Skits 24/7"

Cast: *1 female, 1 flexible*

Length: *6 pages of dialogue (1330 words)*

Performance time: *About 7 minutes*

The Story

A young lawyer has come to try to spring his/her client from the county jail. The client is a prim and proper older woman who has been charged with assault, malicious wounding, destruction of property, and even resisting arrest! And all at the church picnic!

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THE DAY THE CHURCH PICNIC WENT TO HELL

HAZEL: Well, I still don't see why they had to go and call the law.

LAWYER: Well, ma'am, there did seem to quite a few injuries, according to the police report.

HAZEL: Pshaw. Flesh wounds. Nothing more.

LAWYER: It says here one woman had to be taken to the hospital with a fork stuck in her hand.

HAZEL: That would be Norma. And there was no fork stuck in her hand.

LAWYER: Well, that's what it says here in the police report.

HAZEL: Police report, my eye. It was one of those, whatcha call it, you know, plastic combination things.

LAWYER: Plastic combination things — you mean a spork?

HAZEL: That's right. That's what it was. A spork. Not a fork. A fork would have probably gone clean right through to the other side.

LAWYER: Whatever. It says here the fork — the spork — broke off in Norma's hand and had to be surgically removed.

HAZEL: Well, she shouldn't have gotten her hand in the way in the first place, that's all I have to say.

LAWYER: You're charged with assault, malicious wounding, destruction of property — resisting arrest! Do you realize what it's going to take for me to get you out of here on bond? I've seen clients get into bar fights and come out with fewer charges.

HAZEL: Well, then, you should understand how these things happen. Once it started, I had to defend myself, you know.

LAWYER: Defend yourself? For God's sake, Mrs. Anderson, this was a church picnic!

HAZEL: What can I say? Feelings were running high. And please, don't use the Lord's name like that. He won't like it.

LAWYER: I don't think He'd like it when He finds out one of his parishioners started a … a fight at the church picnic.

HAZEL: That's not true. I didn't start it. Betty started it.

LAWYER: All right, all right. Wait a minute — Betty? I thought it was Norma?

HAZEL: Norma's the one who got stabbed, but it was Betty who started the whole thing. She's the one who should have been stabbed. And with more than one of those cheap plastic little utensils, too.

LAWYER: OK, OK, I can see this is a little, um, involved. Why don't you just tell me what happened.

HAZEL: All right, if you say so. *(Takes a deep breath.)* So, you see, it all started in fourth grade Sunday school, when Betty won that perfect attendance pin, and I didn't, and it's all because she came down with the flu and then she gave it to me, and my parents wouldn't let me go to Sunday school that Sunday but Betty's parents did, because she wanted to win the perfect attendance pin and they gave it to her even though I heard she spent the whole time in the bathroom and then during the 11 o'clock service she threw up in the collection plate and had to leave early and I just don't think that should count —

LAWYER: Whoa, whoa, whoa. I didn't mean you had to go that far back.

HAZEL: I thought you wanted me to go back to the beginning.

LAWYER: The beginning of today's incident.

HAZEL: Oh. It was Betty's potato salad that started it.

LAWYER: Her potato salad?

HAZEL: I've told her and told her, I don't like eggs in my potato salad. They give me, you know, gas.

LAWYER: So that's why you stabbed Norma with a — spork?

HAZEL: No. I stabbed her with a spork because she couldn't keep her hands off my devilled eggs!

LAWYER: OK, I think we're getting a little ahead of ourselves now.

HAZEL: See, I was there in line at the salad table, and I was picking the eggs out the potato salad, when Betty comes along and, well, I won't repeat what she said. I don't think it was a very Christian thing to say.

LAWYER: All right.

HAZEL: Well, then next thing I know, here's Betty trying to put the eggs back in the potato salad. Like this, see. *(Demonstrates.)*

LAWYER: All right.

HAZEL: Betty never could leave well enough alone. Here I was making a neat little stack of all the eggs I picked out, but can she be content with that. No? She has to start heaping 'em back on. Like this, see. *(Demonstrates.)*

LAWYER: And then?

HAZEL: Let's just say it escalated.

LAWYER: Escalated. I see. So that would be the reference here in the police report to a "food fight"?

HAZEL: Pshaw. It was no food fight.

LAWYER: I'm just reading what it says here, ma'am.

HAZEL: It was only the eggs.

LAWYER: I see.

HAZEL: Well, maybe some of Mildred's Jell-O, too. But Jell-O's not really a food, now is it?

LAWYER: I wouldn't know, ma'am. So that's when —

HAZEL: That's when Norma got stabbed.

LAWYER: Now how did Norma get involved in this, um, food fight?

HAZEL: Well, Norma's always been something of a busybody, so she sees Betty getting all in a huff and she just has to come over and get in the middle of things. And that's when she was reaching over to get herself one of my devilled eggs. That would be my special recipe — Hazel's Devilled Egg Surprise, mind you, and — well, I didn't mean to, but I guess that was just Norma's surprise, you know —

LAWYER: Wait a minute. I thought you said eggs gave you, um, you know —

HAZEL: Gas.

LAWYER: Gas.

HAZEL: Those are only the eggs in the potato salad. The eggs in devilled eggs are just fine. I don't know why that is. They just are. Always have been.

LAWYER: I see. Well, let's just move on.

HAZEL: So, anyway, Norma was reaching over and Betty was still flinging the eggs back onto the potato salad — like this — and I was trying to fling them back — like this — and then Betty starts trying to fling them onto my plate — my plate! —

HAZEL: *(Continued.)* and so I had to stop her — like I told you, I had to defend myself — and, well, that's when it happened. I didn't mean for it to happen. It just did.

LAWYER: So let me make sure I understand this. You're flinging —

HAZEL: Um-hmm.

LAWYER: And Betty's flinging —

HAZEL: Umm-hmm.

LAWYER: And then Norma reaches over to get the devilled eggs and that's when you stab her with the spork?

HAZEL: Well, I didn't even know it was Norma's hand until I noticed all her liver spots. And, of course, when she started screaming bloody murder. That was the real giveaway.

LAWYER: So it was an accident then?

HAZEL: Oh yes. I meant to stab Betty.

LAWYER: I don't think that's something you'll want to admit in court.

HAZEL: I'll have to go to court?

LAWYER: Uh, yes, ma'am. Most likely, unless I can persuade them to drop the charges. But considering the amount of damage that was done here ….

HAZEL: Oh, the damage, well, I can explain the damage. See, once Norma got sporked — is that a word? Anyway, after Norma got, well, you know, she's all flailing around like this, you know, just like those Holy Rollers who speak in tongues and dance all around like they just sat down on an ant hill, well, that's when she knocks over the picnic table — you know, the one with all citronella candles to keep the bugs away.

End of Freeview

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