

Mrs. Henderson's Retirement Plan

A skit by Dwayne Yancey

Selected from his collection, "Skits 24/7"

Cast: 1 female, 2 flexible

Length: 5 pages of dialogue (1064 words)

Performance time: About 6 minutes

The Story

Mrs. Henderson, an older lady, approaches a friendly bank teller to make a withdrawal – not just of her small savings account money but all of the bank's money. You see, Mrs. Henderson has an unusual plan for getting secure retirement benefits.

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MRS. HENDERSON'S RETIREMENT PLAN

(The setting: Inside a bank. A CUSTOMER is at the counter while a TELLER counts out the money. An old woman, MRS. HENDERSON, waits in line. She's clearly nervous. She's got her hand in her pocket, and is constantly looking around trying to see where the security cameras are. The catch: She wants to be seen.)

TELLER: *(Counting to herself.)* Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, hundred. *(Now SHE counts out the money again for the CUSTOMER.)* All right, here you go, Mr. Morris. Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, one hundred. Is there anything else I can do for you today?

CUSTOMER: No, I don't think so.

TELLER: Well, you have a good day, Mr. Morris. Thank you for doing business here at First National.

CUSTOMER: You, too. *(CUSTOMER puts the money away, exits.)*

TELLER: *(To MRS. HENDERSON.)* Good afternoon, Mrs. Henderson. How may I help you?

MRS. HENDERSON: Ah, so you recognize me then?

TELLER: *(Cheerfully, playfully.)* Well, of course I recognize you, Mrs. Henderson. We all know you. You're here the first Tuesday of every month to cash your check.

(MRS. HENDERSON hands the teller some ID, anyway.)

MRS. HENDERSON: Well, here's some ID, just in case. There's my driver's license, and there's my Social Security card — not that it's doing me much good, mind you. And here's my ID badge from down at the home. They like us to have this with us in case we ever get locked out after hours, you know.

TELLER: Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Henderson. I don't need all that.

MRS. HENDERSON: No? Well, why don't you take a good look at 'em, just in case.

TELLER: (*Confused.*) Uh, OK, if you say so. (*Perky again.*) Yep, that's you, all right.

MRS. HENDERSON: And, uh, can you tell me, where's your security camera?

TELLER: Our what? Well, it's right over there. Why do you ask?

MRS. HENDERSON: Ah, there it is. I just want to make sure it gets my good side, you know. (*SHE preens for the camera.*)

TELLER: Oh, don't be silly, Mrs. Henderson. You look fine. So, how can I help you today?

MRS. HENDERSON: Yes, well, I, uh, well, uh, I'd like to make a withdrawal.

TELLER: OK. Let me just get you a withdrawal slip. Here you go. And how much would you like to withdraw today?

MRS. HENDERSON: What? Oh, uh, well, all of it, I suppose. Yes, all of it.

TELLER: (*Disappointed a little.*) Oh, so you'd like to close the account then?

MRS. HENDERSON: Oh no, I'm not saying that. I just want to withdraw it all. Everything you have.

TELLER: Well, let's see, this shows your current balance is eight hundred and —

MRS. HENDERSON: No, I mean everything — *(SHE waves her hand back and forth to indicate the whole bank.)*

TELLER: I'm sorry, I don't understand.

MRS. HENDERSON: This is a — oh, what's the word for it? It was right on the tip of my tongue. Ah, a hold-up! That's it. This is a hold-up!

TELLER: I beg your pardon?

MRS. HENDERSON: Oh, wait. I almost forgot. *(SHE puts her hand in her pocket, and uses her finger to point like a gun.)* You see what I've got here, don't you?

TELLER: *(Confused.)* You've got your hand in your pocket.

MRS. HENDERSON: Oh, I do, do I? And just what else do I have in there? You don't know, do you?

TELLER: *(Playfully, not yet taking her seriously.)* I'm pretty sure it's just your hand.

MRS. HENDERSON: Ah, but you can't be sure, can you? So that would constitute the threat of force, wouldn't it? See? It sure looks real, doesn't it?

TELLER: Look, this isn't very funny. Can you just tell me how much you want to withdraw so I can fill out this form?

MRS. HENDERSON: Oh, wait, I forgot the mask. I've got it here somewhere. *(SHE fumbles for her mask which can be as ridiculous as a shower cap.)* I know I brought it along. Ah, here it is. This is all I could find. But it covers part of my face, doesn't it? So it still qualifies as a mask, right?

MRS. HENDERSON: *(Continued.)* I heard they'd give you extra time if you wore a mask during a stick-up.

TELLER: What are you talking about?

MRS. HENDERSON: And I got a parking ticket last week. Yes, I did! Yessirree. So this would mean this isn't my first offense. *(In a confidential tone.)* I hear they'll give you extra time if you're a repeat offender.

MRS. HENDERSON: *(Continued.)* Yes, ma'am, really throw the book at you. Tell me, you think I'll get life for this? I hope I get life. I could sure use life. That whole extended care business and all.

TELLER: Life for what?

MRS. HENDERSON: For trying to rob a bank! What do you think I'm doing?

TELLER: Mrs. Henderson, are you trying to get in trouble?

MRS. HENDERSON: Oh yes, big trouble. Big trouble. *(Confidentially.)* Think it's worked? When will the coppers be here to take me away? Just between you and me, I won't give 'em any trouble. But I've got some bad joints that make it hard to get around sometimes, so maybe they'll think I'm trying to resist arrest! I bet I'd get some extra time for that, for sure, don't you think?

TELLER: Mrs. Henderson, why are you doing this?

MRS. HENDERSON: Doing what? Trying to get arrested?

TELLER: Well, yes!

MRS. HENDERSON: Well, you saw how much I had in my account there.

TELLER: Yes? So?

End of Freeview

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