

10 FUNNY SKITS IN SEARCH OF ACTORS

By Doris Kirkendall

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A Peculiar Bridge Game

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ETHEL: bridge hostess

EMILY, LORETTA, PHOEBE: bridge players

JERRY: burglar (*can be a woman dressed as a man.*)

PROPS

Card table, four chairs, unbreakable knickknacks, bridge cards and accessories, burglar's gun and bag, living room chairs, if desired.

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: ETHEL, is busy getting the card table ready when the doorbell RINGS. EMILY, LORETTA, and PHOEBE enter, chattering about the weather. THEY sit in conversational area or at the bridge table.)

LORETTA: Oh, it feels so good to come into a cool house.

PHOEBE: Mouse? Eek! Where? Where?

LORETTA: Oh, for pete's sake, I said "house." When are you going to get a hearing aid?

EMILY: Maybe you could use the one my dear Henry used. I still have most of his things.

ETHEL: Emily, it's been three years since Henry died. Isn't it time you let go?

EMILY: Oh, I can't bring myself to give his things away.

ETHEL: Why don't you do it gradually? I gave Dave's things away little by little.

PHOEBE: Henry played the fiddle. He used to entertain at all our parties. *(OTHERS give varying reactions.)*

LORETTA: What's the golf tournament for next week?

EMILY: I hope I don't get paired with you-know-who.

PHOEBE: I know who you mean. She drives me crazy. Always telling me where to park the cart.

EMILY: I hope it's a contest for who has the most strokes.

PHOEBE: I remember when my husband had his stroke. It was terrible. He couldn't seem to follow my conversation. *(OTHERS react.)*

LORETTA: I'm talking about golf strokes. I count every one of mine. Once I swung and missed three times, and I counted every one.

ETHEL: I don't think we should have to count it unless we actually hit the ball.

LORETTA: We're going to make you president next year.

ETHEL: Good. I'll make up a whole new set of rules.

EMILY: Could we tee up our ball on the fairway?

LORETTA: And in the sand?

EMILY: (*Adamantly.*) And if we go in the water, we get to hit again with no penalty.

PHOEBE: I agree. After all, you've just lost a ball. You shouldn't be penalized twice.

LORETTA: I heard a good joke. The wife said, "Elmer, why don't you play golf with Ted anymore?" "Would you play golf with a fellow who moved the ball with his foot when you weren't watching?" "Well, no," admitted his wife. "And neither will Ted," replied the dejected husband.

ETHEL: Did you play golf Thursday?

EMILY: I had so much trouble getting my ball out of the sand. It was so hard.

PHOEBE: Oh, I just throw mine out.

ETHEL: You throw what out?

PHOEBE: My golf card.

EMILY: I said the sand was hard. I finally gave up and threw the ball on the green. That could be another rule, Ethel.

LORETTA: Has anyone heard how Grace's husband is doing?

ETHEL: The last I heard he was using a walker. Guess he won't be playing golf for a while.

LORETTA: That's a shame. He's such a good golfer.

PHOEBE: He dug all kinds of holes in the greens.

EMILY: Who did?

PHOEBE: That gopher.

LORETTA: (*Disgusted.*) I said Grace's husband was a good golfer.

PHOEBE: Oh, well, he probably dug holes in the greens, too.

EMILY: Did you hear about Marie's accident?

ALL: No, what happened?

EMILY: She was playing golf and she hit her toe on a rock.

PHOEBE: She hit Joe with a rock?

ETHEL: No, she hit her toe and fell down. (*ALL shake heads and comment.*) Well, let's play some bridge. (*ALL move to bridge table, or if already at table, rearrange themselves somewhat.*)

PHOEBE: I was talking to Henrietta the other day and she thinks her husband is leading a double life.

LORETTA: I'd redouble if he was mine. (*ALL laugh.*)

EMILY: Talking about double lives, did I ever tell you about the time ...

LORETTA: Shut up and deal. (*EMILY deals.*)

ETHEL: How do you play, Emily? Is your club forcing, or do you play the convenient minor?

EMILY: I like to play straight Goren. That's the way I learned. I can't remember all that other stuff. (*ALL study cards.*)

ETHEL: Who dealt? (*ALL look around.*) I guess you did, Emily.

EMILY: Oh, did I deal? I don't even remember.

(Suddenly the door bursts open and a burglar enters. ALL scream and exclaim. ETHEL jumps up, taking her cards with her.)

ETHEL: What do you want? I'm just a widow. I don't have much money. Don't hurt us. Girls, give him your purses. Don't shoot! Don't shoot! *(PHOEBE and EMILY stand, clutching purses.)*

BURGLAR: *(To OTHERS.)* You people stay where you are. *(To ETHEL.)* You come with me. *(EMILY and PHOEBE are still murmuring and gasping.)*

LORETTA: Oh, shut up and sit down. Let's get on with the game.

(BURGLAR takes ETHEL by the arm and gives her a bag.)

BURGLAR: Here, you hold this. *(ETHEL lays her cards down, and holds bag while BURGLAR puts things in.)*

(EMILY and PHOEBE look at each other, and then sit down.)

PHOEBE: Oh, isn't this terrible? He's taking all her beautiful things. *(Gradually ALL but ETHEL refer to cards, furtively peeking at BURGLAR and ETHEL, and occasionally looking at cards.)*

EMILY: Who would expect to be robbed in broad daylight like this? I'm going to say a spade.

LORETTA: Pass. *(Turns to ETHEL.)* What do you bid, Ethel? Your partner bid a spade.

ETHEL: *(Nervously following BURGLAR around while he puts things in the sack. Picks up cards. BURGLAR glances at her hand and goes back to putting things in sack.)* Oh, two spades, I guess.

BURGLAR: You can't say two spades. You've got too much count. *(Looks at hand again.)* Say two diamonds.

ETHEL: ALL right, two diamonds. *(THEY go back to filling sack.)*

PHOEBE: Pass.

EMILY: Three hearts.

LORETTA: I'll pass. Your partner says three hearts, Ethel. What do you say?

ETHEL: *(Looks at cards.)* Oh, I guess I'll pass.

BURGLAR: What? You can't pass. Your partner made a jump shift. *(Looks at cards again.)* Say three no trump.

ETHEL: All right, I'll say three no trump. *(ALL pass.)*

PHOEBE: Come on, Ethel, you have to play this.

ETHEL: *(To BURGLAR.)* Would you excuse me a minute? I have to play this hand.

BURGLAR: *(Disgusted.)* Here, you fill this sack. I'll play the hand. You'll probably bungle it. *(Sits down to play while ETHEL fills the sack with silverware. BURGLAR lays gun on table.)*

BURGLAR: *(To PHOEBE.)* OK, you lead. *(To EMILY.)* Put the dummy down. *(PHOEBE and EMILY fuss with hair.)*

PHOEBE: I'm Phoebe, this is Emily, and this is Loretta. What's your name?

BURGLAR: Jerry. *(Play proceeds, PHOEBE leading out.)*

EMILY: Gee, you're a good player, Jerry. You seem to remember everything that's been played.

ETHEL: Jerry, would you want this? *(Holds up an item for HIM to see.)*

BURGLAR: Yeah, throw it in.

PHOEBE: Oh, was that club good?

EMILY: You remind me of my husband. He played fast, too.

BURGLAR: You ladies play very well.

PHOEBE: *(Insulted.)* We play like what? Really, we do the best we can. I don't appreciate that kind of language, even if you are a legitimate burglar.

LORETTA: Oh, for Pete's sake. He said we play very well.

PHOEBE: Oh.

ETHEL: Jerry, I don't know if you want this or not?

BURGLAR: Naw, it looks like it came from Taiwan.

ETHEL: *(Looks mad. Throws article in sack, anyway. Murmurs:)* It did NOT! *(Play continues.)*

(Card playing continues. There's a KNOCK on the door, and ETHEL goes to answer it, taking sack with her. MABEL enters.)

ETHEL: Oh, hello, Mabel, come in PLEASE. *(ALL greet MABEL.)*

MABEL: Hi, everyone. Isn't it hot out today? It's a good day to be playing bridge. Did you hear the news? I've had word from the police department that there's a burglar working in our neighborhood. They wanted me to pass the word and warn everyone to keep their doors locked. *(Looks at hands of BURGLAR and PHOEBE. EVERYONE is trying to get Mabel's attention. ETHEL is frantically jumping up and down trying to point to sack and burglar. MABEL ignores everything, waving occasionally to Ethel.)* Well, I'd better get going. If you see anything suspicious, call the station right away. Bye. *(MABEL leaves.)*

(BURGLAR fingers gun. Play continues and ETHEL goes back to filling bag. Suddenly game ends and burglar jumps up with gun, shoving his chair back.)

BURGLAR: Did I go down?

PHOEBE: *(Holding some tricks, hastily puts them on HIS pile.)* Oh, no, you made it. *(ALL agree.)*

(BURGLAR grabs the bag and leaves, brandishing gun in threatening manner.)

EMILY: Bye, Jer, nice playing with you.

LORETTA: Nice playing with you?

ETHEL: *(Returning to table.)* He took my beautiful salad bowl and that lovely statuette

LAUREL AND HARDY, WHERE ARE YOU?

Doris: A middle-aged woman
Mattie: Her friend of many years

PROPS

Chair, table, light chest, key.

(AT RISE: MATTIE and DORIS are looking for a box of old pictures in the basement.)

MATTIE: This should be fun. I like looking at old pictures. They sure bring back memories, don't they?

DORIS: Yes, without them, we'd forget all those fun times we had.

MATTIE: Where did Hilda say she put that box?

DORIS: I don't know. You're the one she told. I'll go upstairs and ask her. *(SHE goes to the door.)* Oh, no!

MATTIE: What?

DORIS: The door's locked.

MATTIE: I told you not to shut the door. It locks automatically.

DORIS: I'm sorry. What do we do now? Hilda's way upstairs watching TV. She'll never hear us banging on the door.

MATTIE: Well, there is a key hidden down here just in case this ever happened. We can look for it later.

DORIS: Well, now we have two things to look for. *(BOTH start looking all around.)*

MATTIE: Ow! Oo! Ouch!

DORIS: What happened?

MATTIE: I stepped on something. I think I turned my ankle. *(Starts hopping around.)*

DORIS: Why didn't you watch where you were going? What's in that chest over there?

MATTIE: Maybe that's where the pictures are. *(BOTH go over to chest. DORIS lifts lid and MATTIE reaches in. Doris lets lid slip and it falls on Mattie's wrist.)* Ow! Oo! Ouch!

Now look what you did. My wrist could be broken.

DORIS: Sorry. It slipped. *(BOTH are still bent over looking at MATTIE'S wrist.)*

MATTIE: Well, the pictures weren't in there, anyway. That's okay.

DORIS: No, it isn't okay.

MATTIE: Why, what's the matter?

DORIS: My back went out.

MATTIE: Can you straighten up?

DORIS: No. Let's keep looking, it'll be all right.

(BOTH go hobbling around. DORIS is bent over with left hand on her back. MATTIE is limping on her left leg and holding her left arm across her body.)

TIE A RIBBON ON THE TURKEY

NARRATOR: The Christmas season is here, and we're all planning our meals and beginning to decorate our homes. Most of us have been doing this for a good many years and we may be feeling a little blase about the whole thing.

However, on TV today there are two good programs with some ideas for the season. One station is giving us some new ideas for our Christmas dinner, and the another station has a prominent woman giving a program on new ideas for decorating the home.

Unfortunately, they are both on at the same time. Isn't that always the way? Inevitably they schedule golf and football at the same time period and you have a big fight on your hands as to what to watch. Well, since I know you would all like to see both of these programs, I thought, if we switch back and forth, we won't miss too much of either one. So let's turn on channel 4, who has *(Name.)* helping us with our Christmas dinner, and then we switch over to channel 7, where *(Name.)* will be giving us some good decorating hints.

CHEF: On our program today we're going to plan an entire Christmas dinner, keeping in mind that we want to do things in a quick, efficient way without a lot of fuss and bother. With proper planning, we can have the entire dinner on the table and still have time to enjoy visiting with our guests. Much of the preparation can be done the day before. Pies can be made in advance, or if you like, they can be purchased at the -

DECORATOR: Hardware store. There is usually a wide selection. I'd suggest one that would be as large as your picture window, and possibly about 5 feet tall. Be sure the picture window is sparkling clean, then -

CHEF: Spread cranberry sauce all over it. To prepare the stuffing for the turkey, you will need bread cubes, onion, celery, poultry seasoning -

DECORATOR: Glue, scissors, and a nice touch would be to add some glitter. When you have all this assembled, begin making a bow. You want a nice, big, fluffy bow. Use about two yards of ribbon. When you have your bow all finished -

CHEF: Put it in the oven. About 325 is fine. Leave it in about 3 or 4 hours. You will be surprised how it looks when it comes out. All nicely browned! You'll want your husband to take a picture of that!

DECORATOR: Let's not forget our outdoor decorating. Here we need our husband's help.

CHEF: Lay him down on the table, tie the legs together, stuff him good, and brush with lard. I like to cover him with foil.

DECORATOR: Outdoor lighting can be very attractive if not overdone. Run some lighting around the door and also -

CHEF: All through the gravy. This will give some extra zest to the gravy, and you'll have your guests really light up. When serving gravy, hold the ladle -

DECORATOR: About 7 ft. high. Just above eye level. Your guests' eyes will be drawn

End of *Freeview*