

Lillenas®  Drama Presents  
**Sunday Dinner**

*A comedy sketch about backbiting*

**from Reality Check**

**by Martha Bolton**

**Characters:**

KENT  
KELLY  
MARISA  
MIKE  
WAITER or WAITRESS  
INSPECTOR DILLARD, S.H.D. AGENT

**Setting:**

A French restaurant, Critique Bistro

**Props:**

Notebook and paper  
Table  
Four chairs  
Four menus  
Order pad  
Pen  
Badge with holder  
Sign, CAFÉ PARIS  
Sign, CLOSED

**Costumes:**

Waiter attire for WAITER or WAITRESS  
Modern-day wear for others

**NOTE:** Waiter should speak with a French accent

*(Sketch opens with KENT, KELLY, MARISA, and MIKE seated at the table, looking over their menus. WAITER approaches them, pad and pen in hand.)*

WAITER: Good afternoon, mademoiselles and messieurs. May I take your order?

KELLY: Do you have any specials?

WAITER: But of course. Today we are serving ze house specialty, Steak Pastor.

KENT: Steak Pastor? What's that?

MIKE *(looking at menu)*: Expensive. \$24.95.

WAITER: Oui, but monsieur, you are not at ze Taco

Bell. Steak Pastor is our finest entree. We begin with ze premium quality pastor, imported from ze best Bible schools. Then we marinate him in various criticisms and complaints until he iz so tender, he just fall off ze fork.

KELLY: That sounds good to me.

WAITER: It's our most popular dish with ze after-church crowd.

KENT *(to KELLY)*: You go ahead. I had Steak Pastor last week. What else do you recommend?

WAITER: If you do not wish ze Steak Pastor, then I recommend our Brisket of Choir Director.

MARISA: How's that prepared?

WAITER: We take one choir director, a cut above what the others are serving, dash on some gossip and innuendo, then skewer him and grill over an open fire to your liking.

MARISA: I think I'll have that.

WAITER: Excellent choice, mademoiselle. *(He writes it down.)* And for you, sir? *(Indicates MIKE)*

MIKE: I'm having a hard time deciding between Church Treasurer Florentine and Leg O'-Youth Pastor.

WAITER: Ah, yes . . . both superb dishes. Myself? I would go with the Church Treasurer Florentine.

MIKE: It's good, huh?

WAITER: Oui, it iz new, but already it iz one of my favorites. A little chewy, but still very good, very good.

MIKE: All right. I'll give it a try.

(WAITER *writes it down.*)

WAITER (*indicating KELLY*): And for you?

KELLY: To tell you the truth, I'm trying to limit my church staff intake to two or three times a week. Too much cholesterol. Besides, the pastor's been preaching on it lately. I hate conviction. It ruins your appetite. I'll tell you what, do you have any layperson specials?

WAITER: But of course. We have our popular New Member Roast. Very juicy and tender. And the presentation iz so spectacular. We dress it up entirely to your liking. By the time it meets all your specifications, it'll look nothing like it did when we first added it to the menu. And meeting your specifications is what we're all about here at Critique Bistro.

KELLY: That really sounds tempting, but (*pointing to menu*) this looks even better . . . Evangelist Kabobs.

WAITER (*writing it down on his order pad*): Another most excellent choice.

KENT: Maybe I'll have that too. Is it very filling?

WAITER: I'm so sorry, monsieur, but that iz a problem with most of our entrees. You eat one fellow Christian and an hour later you're wanting to feed on another.

KENT: In that case, I'm going with the Steak Pastor. It says here it's all-you-can-eat.

WAITER: Oui. Chew up all you want, we'll send you more. (*He writes it down.*) Now, would any of you care to begin your meal with a cup of our Deacon DeJour? It iz one of our specialties.

KELLY: Deacon DeJour?

WAITER: A hearty broth featuring a different deacon every day, depending on which one is in ze hot water. Today it iz Deacon Miles.

KENT: Deacon Miles . . . someone was telling me something about him just this morning.

WAITER: See, ze word is spreading so quickly, we can't keep up with the orders.

MIKE: OK, soup all around.

WAITER: Very well.

(As WAITER *writes it down*, INSPECTOR DILLARD *enters.*)

INSPECTOR (*to WAITER*): Inspector Dillard from the S.H.D. (*Flashes badge*) Spiritual Health Department. We've received some complaints about the . . . er . . . food being served here at your bistro.

WAITER: I don't know what it iz you're talking about, officer. Not one of my customers has ever complained . . . at least, not while partaking of it.

INSPECTOR: I'll still need to inspect your kitchen.

WAITER: Inspect away, but I assure you everything is in order. But, please, excuse me for just one moment . . . (*Moves over to the kitchen door. Opens it or mimes the action, then yells inside.*) Code Green! Code Green! Eighty-six the after-church menu! Return to regular!

INSPECTOR: I heard that.

WAITER: Heard what, monsieur?

INSPECTOR: Just what kind of menu items have you been serving here anyway?

WAITER: All right, we have a few specials you won't find at Denny's, but does that make us criminals?

INSPECTOR (*picks up menu and reads from it*): Steak Pastor . . . Evangelist Kabobs . . . Leg O'Youth Pastor . . . What kind of restaurant is this?

WAITER: We cater to the church crowd.

INSPECTOR: They eat this stuff?

WAITER: Not all of them. But as you can see, we're doing a healthy business.

INSPECTOR: Not from our standpoint. The S.H.D. rules explicitly state that Christians aren't supposed to feed on each other.

WAITER: They taste just like chicken.

INSPECTOR: Sorry, but we're going to have to shut you down.

WAITER: You can't do that!

INSPECTOR: Watch me.

WAITER: I'll go over your head!

INSPECTOR: Go ahead. (*Pointing heavenward*) He agrees with me. Didn't you read your handbook?

WAITER: I was planning to someday . . .

INSPECTOR: Well, in the handbook (*points heavenward*) He gave us, there are all sorts of scriptures that warn us against backbiting, bearing false witness, and chewing each other up with gossip.

WAITER: OK, so maybe it iz a little fattening . . .

INSPECTOR: It's not fattening, it's wrong.

KELLY: Look, it's not all his fault. We're the ones who ordered it.

WAITER: That's right. Supply and demand.

INSPECTOR: That's true. People who feed on it are just as guilty as the one who serves it. But I'm still gonna have to shut this place down.

KENT: You can't wait until after we eat?

WAITER: The rest of the after-church crowd will be here any minute. Couldn't you come back this evening or, say, tomorrow?

INSPECTOR: Sorry, enough damage has been done already.

MARISA: So this means no Brisket of Choir Director?

MIKE: And no Church Treasurer Florentine?

INSPECTOR: It means you'll have to start changing your dining habits. Eat the things God gave us to eat—like meat and vegetables and fruit. He never intended our diets to be each other.

KELLY: Sounds boring, but I guess we don't really have a choice.

WAITER (*to customers*): I'm so sorry about all of this.

INSPECTOR (*posts the large CLOSED sign*): Break God's laws and we have to shut you down.

(KENT, KELLY, MARISA, and MIKE rise to leave.)

KELLY: So what do we do now?

MIKE: Maybe there's a Burger King or something open.

KENT: Yeah. But I was really looking forward to that Steak Pastor.

MARISA: Do you think we could actually make it through one meal without chewing on somebody?

KELLY: It'll be tough, but I'm up for it.

KENT: Me, too, I guess.

(*They exit.*)

WAITER (*to INSPECTOR*): Well, I hope you're happy.

INSPECTOR (*finishing up paperwork*): Just doing my job.

WAITER: I know. To tell you the truth, I was getting a little tired of that menu anyway. I know I was getting tired of that French accent.

INSPECTOR: You're not from France?

WAITER (*losing accent*): Boise. Hey, I've got it! I'll reopen with Italian cuisine. (*In Italian accent*) Mama mia, you've simply got to try our Church Secretary Calzoni. (*In regular voice*) That oughta bring 'em in, yes?

INSPECTOR: You haven't learned anything, have you?

WAITER: OK, then we'll go south of the border. (*With a Spanish accent*) Good evening, senors and senioritas, welcome to Paco's Place.

INSPECTOR: Do what you want, but you've still got to change your menu.

WAITER (*in Spanish accent*): Si, senior, how's these? Children's Church Worker Chalupas, Church Janitor Taquitos, Arroz con Drama Director . . .

INSPECTOR: You're still not getting it!

WAITER: Can I help it if I know what people like to eat?

INSPECTOR: It doesn't change the law. You're still closed.

WAITER: OK, we'll go barbeque. (*In southern accent*) Bubba's Place . . . full slab of Sunday

School Director . . . Grilled Pianist Patties,  
Rotisserie Usher. Ya'll come?!

INSPECTOR: No barbecue, no Italian, and no south  
of the border. You're out of business!

WAITER: Asian? East Indian? Swedish? (*In  
Swedish accent*) You haven't lived until  
you've tasted a Nursery Worker Meatball.  
(*In regular voice*) C'mon, give me a direction  
here. I'll try anything. Just don't shut me  
down.

INSPECTOR: Sorry. It's out of my hands. If I were  
you, I'd get into another line of work.

(INSPECTOR *leaves.*)

WAITER: Another line of work? Umph! I've been  
serving up church gossip for as long as I can  
remember. I don't know anything else . . .  
Wait a minute. I could start serving politi-  
cians. Yeah! That's it! Deep Fried President,  
Sautéed Senator, Boiled Congressman and  
Beans . . . that's perfect! (*He starts to follow  
INSPECTOR offstage.*) Inspector! Inspector! I've  
got my new menu . . . Politics! There isn't  
anything in God's Word about chewing up  
political leaders. (*He pauses for a beat.*) . . .  
Wait a minute . . . maybe there is . . . but it's  
just one or two verses. Maybe he hasn't read  
it. (*He continues to walk offstage.*) Inspector!  
Oh, Inspector!

Blackout



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