

Flippin' Interruptions

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Characters:

Cookie – happy guy

Waitress – in a hurry and kind of frazzled

Scene opens with cook facing audience with a table set up like a short-order cook grill with pots, frying pans, a toaster, eggs, plates, etc.

Waitress is off stage. When she enters the stage, she is always talking fast, walking fast and leaving fast. She leaves an order ticket each appearance and takes a few plates.

Cookie: (singing and cooking pancakes, eggs, etc) – Blessed be Your name, when I'm found in the flooded place, though I wade through my lakeview home, blessed be your name. (noticed audience) hey, you caught me singing. Welcome to the pitt grill, home of the best pancakes this side of the, well, best pancakes this side of the great divide.

Waitress : Pay attention cookie, we starting to get crowded and need 3 double stacks of pancakes.

Cookie: I love my job. I graduated high school and didn't care anything about going to college. Just started working. Kind of bounced around from job to job and made a bunch of bad decisions that sure seemed to be good at the time I made them. I did that for a few years and then when Katrina came through, I lost the job I had. Not a big deal, I had changed jobs before. I didn't think the storm would be such a big interruption in my life. I wasn't really going anywhere with the job I lost. After the storm, I was hanging out in Mandeville when I found out the Red Cross was giving away money.

Waitress: 2 eggs over easy, wheat toast, grits; 2 eggs scrambled, white toast, bacon and hash browns, pecan waffle and a double stack of pancakes. Got it?

Cookie: Got it. So anyway, I'm in this Red Cross line right? The guy standing in front of me looks like he has a good job. We get to talking and I told him how a tree cut my trailer in half and I pretty much lost all I had. Then I found out a tree cut his house in half and he lost pretty much all he had. We were in the same rhetorical boat. He'd just lost more expensive stuff than I had. We were both in bad shape, needing some cash. HE told me about this Trinity Church where you could go get a hot meal and other stuff I might need. I had gotten all I could from the state and Red Cross. Basically, I had three cash cards and no grocery stores open to spend them.

Waitress: Keep up cookie, 3 double stacks, 2 regular waffles, ham and cheese omelet with grits and hash browns, got it?

Cookie: Got it. I got to thinking, them MRE's are getting old. So I went one night. Never been much for church, but there was something different about what was happening there, like nothing I'd ever seen. Not what I'd call churchy. People sleeping on the floor weren't evacuees, they were volunteer relief workers from Wisconsin, Maryland, Pennsylvania, California, Chicago and Illinois too. Those volunteers were doing stuff for free that lot's a folks were charging big bucks to do. And there was this guy named Jerry who'd come over from Texas with a huge grill, just to cook. He was good. I got to jawing with him and he said he loved cooking and loved serving God. I listened to the stories of volunteers and victims.

Waitress: You're awesome cookie. 2 eggs sunny side up, sausage, hash browns with onions; breakfast sandwich with sausage and pickles, and some more of your famous pancakes, 2 doubles stacks. Got it

Cookie: Got it. Hey, I'd heard sermons from street preachers down in the French Quarter. I got so fed up with one of them telling me to turn or burn that I turned all right. I turned and poured my beer all over him. But I didn't hear anything like that at Trinity. I saw living sermons. People were praising God for this interruption in their life like it was an opportunity for good. (pause) And they loved me like I belonged there – ME, the beer baptizer. I went there looking looking for a hand out, a hot meal and bottled water. What I found was 2 hands out (stretch arms like Christ on the cross), the bread of heaven and living water. Jerry let me help him cook one day and I found out how much I enjoy cooking too. How about that.

My life now is a series of waitress interruptions. Katrina was one big interruptions that flipped me like a pancake and I landed at Trinity. Thank God. Cause now I can sing,

(as cookie begins singing, flip pancakes high and do some tricks)

Every blessing you flip out I'll turn back to praise
When the darkness closes in Lord, still I'm gonna say,

Blessed be the name of the Lord.....

Lights out