

Amen.

EVERYONE

The shoe boxes are passed to the family and making its way to the audience/picnickers. Perhaps shoeboxes with food for audience/picnickers will be a different color.

As the food is passed, the woman who prepared it addresses the group about its origin.

Fried Chicken.

ODETTE SIDE

ODETTE

I fried the chicken.
 When Ella is downtown, sometimes she stop by the butcher in Macys.
 I tell her Al's cuts beat whatever they got down there.
 Al work under Mr. Wilson across the way, a fine butcher.
 He lives over in the Rivington houses.
 Al brought the thighs, wings, legs, and breasts home, packed real nice.
 Last night, I let the chicken sit after taking it out the Frigidaire.
 Don't want it to be too cold when I get started.
 I take the chicken and dip it in some eggs I beat.
 You gotta beat them eggs real good.
 Then roll each piece o' chicken in flour.
 And you got to put salt and plenty pepper for flavor.
 Then I put it in the pot of hot oil.
 And it got to get a certain kinda brown.
 Not too dark, but gotta make sure the skin is nice and crisp.
 I know it when I see it.

Biscuits.

GLADYS SIDE

GLADYS

I fixed them biscuits,
 You can't torture the batter,
 not if you want fluffy biscuits.
 I squeeze the batter together with a lighter touch.
 Spencer sets the oven for me now to 350.
 But when they almost done,
 I rub a little bit of butter on each one.
 Mama made biscuits every morning when we was young.
 Shoot.
 I don't wanna eat any meal without some biscuits on that table.
 I make some good sausage gravy too,
 but it's too messy for a picnic.

Potato Salad.