

The Pie Ladies Make Bail

Sherry Piros





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THE PIE LADIES MAKE BAIL

by

Sherry Piros

CAST

KITTY: Age 50-70, she is the group's leader, keeping the Pie Ladies on track.

LUCILLE: Age 50-70,, she is quiet, friendly, helpful, and proper.

GLADYS: Age 50-70, she is savvy, quick to grasp nuances, an organizer.

DULCIE: Age 50-70, she takes things too literally, not the sharpest tack in the box.

NADINE: Age 50-70, she's the motherly one of the group, concerned with doing what needs to be done.

VELDA: Age 50-70, she has a sharp tongue and a quick wit. She and Dulcie quarrel like sisters but really are friends.

PASTOR MAXELL

LOLA: Landlady.

GINGER: Neighbor woman.

DIXIE: Neighbor woman.

The set and blocking directions are given for performing this play in situations where there is no stage or curtain. If a curtain is available for your group, feel free to adapt.

THE PIE LADIES MAKE BAIL

(Dixie and Ginger enter from L, each looking at a quilt that is hung over the top of the jail bars. It consists of two panels, hinged at the center, of gray PVC pipe in a gray wooden frame, representing a jail cell.)

DIXIE: And this is a Grandmother's Flower Garden *(or substitute appropriate name.)* quilt that my grandmother made.

GINGER: It's beautiful. Do you quilt?

DIXIE: No, but one of the women in Lola's apartment is going to teach me.

GINGER: Are those the women they call the "pie ladies?"

DIXIE: Yeah, because they make the pies for the church supper.

GINGER: Oh.

DIXIE: Did you hear - Lola was telling me that they got arrested!

GINGER: Who?

DIXIE: The pie ladies!

GINGER: The pie ladies are criminals! What happened?!

DIXIE: Well, you knew they all moved into that apartment together to form their own country.

GINGER: What do you mean "form their own country?"

DIXIE: They wanted to combine the best of yesterday and the best of today to make a better place to live.

GINGER: That's an interesting idea. How did that lead to getting arrested?

DIXIE: Oh, some of the neighbors thought the pie ladies might be terrorists or something.

GINGER: So what were they arrested for?

(They take the quilt down and, as if talking confidentially, move off to stage left where they may sit or stand, possibly still on stage.)

DIXIE: *(as they exit.)* Well, here's what I heard, from a very reliable source...

(The church ladies are revealed, behind bars. Some are pacing. Velda is center front, facing the audience.)

VELDA: *(hands on her head.)* I can't take it! I can't take it!

LUCILLE: What's the matter, Velda?

VELDA: *(very panicky. Over-acted.)* I can't take being closed in like this. We're like rats in a cage... like feet in a shoe... like chicken in a pot pie!

LUCILLE: But Velda, we've only been here for ten minutes!

VELDA: I'm practicing for going to *(dramatically.)* The Big House.

DULCIE: We've been invited to the governor's house? Why?

KITTY: Not the governor's house. The big house refers to prison.

DULCIE: The governor's going to prison? I knew he was a crook!

KITTY: No, Dulcie, Velda was saying that we're going to prison.

DULCIE: *(with conviction.)* Oh, no. My great-grandfather went to prison, and we're nothing like him.

KITTY: Why did your great-grandfather go to prison?

DULCIE: My mother never told me. It was a family secret.

KITTY: Then how do you know we're nothing like him?

DULCIE: *(indignantly.)* Well, he had a beard and bushy eyebrows!

(Women react: "Not again" with Dulcie and her non sequiturs!)

VELDA: Trapped like olives on a pizza!

DULCIE: Would you stop that! You're making me hungry!

GLADYS: Don't we get to make a phone call?

LUCILLE: Who would you call?

GLADYS: Well, if you hadn't gone and gotten yourselves locked up, I'd be calling you!

NADINE: Anybody know how we're going to make the \$12,000 bail?

GLADYS: Well, Nadine, if you hadn't been cited for public endangerment, our bail would only be \$6,000 for disturbing the peace.

NADINE: All I did was throw flour at the demonstrators!

GLADYS: Yeah, why did you do that?

NADINE: I was making cookies when Kitty called us to the foyer, and I had the flour canister in my hand. I didn't have anything else to throw!

LUCILLE: At least you didn't throw the canister. That would have been assault with a breadly weapon.

NADINE: I sure hope I turned off the oven! It all happened so fast!

KITTY: I know! One minute I'm yelling back at the demonstrators and the next, I'm in a cop car on my way to the pen.

VELDA: Yeah, and now, here we are...trapped like nuts in a quick bread!

LOLA: *(rushes in)* Ladies, are you all right?

(All the women are excited. Ad lib: Lola! Thank goodness! A familiar face! Etc.)

LUCILLE: How did you know we were here?

LOLA: Well, I just happened to be looking out my front window.

DULCIE: What else is new?

LOLA: What?

DULCIE: I said... "So nice of you. As our landlady, to watch our every move, like that."

LOLA: Oh. I always throw in a little surveillance with the price of the rent.

KITTY: Sure... water, utilities, and surveillance!

LOLA: When I saw those people pulling your flag down, I knew you were going to need help.

LUCILLE: Oh, that was so thoughtful of you.

LOLA: So I rushed out to find somebody, and when I got back, you were gone.

LUCILLE: Anyway, you tried.
(*General ad lib of appropriate comments.*)

LOLA: I got a picture of it all on my cell phone.

KITTY: Good! That will help us if we have to go to court.

LOLA: But you can't see much. There's all this white powdery stuff in the air!

VELDA: So when will they let us out of here?

LOLA: A very nice gentleman is out there talking to the officers right now on your behalf.

LUCILLE: Who is it?

LOLA: I don't know. He's the 'somebody' I found when I rushed out to find somebody.

KITTY: Who do we know that's a 'very nice gentleman?'

(They all try to think of a very nice gentleman. With no luck.)

LOLA: When I told him you had just been in a riot, he looked quite shocked.

LUCILLE: It sure would be nice if it were -

(The Pastor enters.)

ALL: *(as he enters.)* Pastor Maxwell!!!

PASTOR: Ladies! Are you all right? What happened?

NADINE: I was baking chocolate chip cookies...

DULCIE: A whole bunch of people...

KITTY: At first they were just shouting and...

GLADYS: We were just minding our own...

LUCILLE: It's not our fault in any...

VELDA: I just want to get out of...

PASTOR: *(holding up his hands.)* Wait! Stop! Kitty, what happened?

KITTY: We were arrested on public endangerment charges.

PASTOR: You?!? The Pie Ladies?!? What did you do... burn some pies? *(chuckles to himself at his joke.)*

KITTY: Pastor, the Pie Ladies -

ALL PIE LADIES: Never burn pies!

PASTOR: Yes. Of course. So what are the charges?

KITTY: Nadine threw flour at a group of people who were harassing us for starting our own country, and they thought she was throwing anthrax spores.

NADINE: Oh, brother. What would a bunch of old ladies be doing with anthrax?

GLADYS: The same thing we're doing by declaring our own country – bringing down the free world!

VELDA: And now we're here... trapped like apples in a pie!

PASTOR: The Pie Ladies in jail. (*shaking his head.*) I must not be doing my job. (*looking up.*) Where have I gone wrong?

VELDA: Can you get us out of here, Pastor?

PASTOR: Everything would be as easy as pie (*he appreciates his own double entendre.*) if it weren't for the \$12,000 bond.

LOLA: \$12,000! That's a lot of money.

LUCILLE: What'll we do, Pastor? We don't have that kind of money.

DULCIE: We might if we didn't pay such high rent.

LOLA: What?

DULCIE: I said, we might if we lived in a tent.

LOLA: Oh no! Don't do that!

LUCILLE: Then what can we do?

(*Others ad lib additional worries and questions.*)

PASTOR: I have some good news: the church has a fund for destitute members.

NADINE: We're not destitute, Pastor!

VELDA: Speak for yourself. If it means getting out of here, I'm the most destitute person I know.

PASTOR: I also have some bad news: it doesn't contain \$12,000.

KITTY: How much is in the fund?

PASTOR: About \$7,000.

KITTY: That leaves us \$5,000 short.

LOLA: I think I've got \$5,000 I could lend.

LUCILLE: Lola! What a charitable thing for you to do!

LOLA: Well, charity begins at home... especially if the home is mine!

GLADYS: Yeah, follow the money!

LOLA: It also says in the Bible that we should love our neighbors, doesn't it, Pastor Maxwell.

PASTOR: It certainly does, Ms. Albright.

LOLA: If we're going to be financiers together, please call me Lola.

PASTOR: *(clearing his throat.)* Oh. All right. Lola.

LOLA: I'll probably have to raise their rents. Temporarily, of course.

PASTOR: Just how much of an increase would that be? Temporarily, of course.

LOLA: Excuse us, ladies. Pastor Maxwell and I have to talk high finance. *(she links arms with him. They move off to the side.)*

KITTY: I think she has designs on the pastor!

DULCIE: She's tattooed him?!?!? Where?

KITTY: Not art. Heart. She's after his heart.

(Dulcie's facial expression is very puzzled.)

KITTY: She thinks he's hot.

(Dulcie's facial expression changes to understanding and then to scandalized.)

LUCILLE: Well, I, for one, am very glad to see both the pastor and Lola.

KITTY: Me, too. I'd hate to see the world's best pie makers languish in jail!

DULCIE: What did they do?

LUCILLE: She was referring to us, Dulcie.

DULCIE: I knew that.

(Pastor and Lola return.)

PASTOR: All right, ladies. Ms. Al - uh, Lola's offer seems reasonable. And I have the authority to loan the church's money.

KITTY: But what if we can't pay it back fast enough?

LOLA: Then your very nice pastor and I would work out an extension, wouldn't we, RJ?

(The other look at each other, startled, mouthing "RJ!?!")

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!