

Coconut Crème Pie

John Clifford





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FREEVIEW

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COCONUT CRÈME PIE

By

John Clifford

(Production note: The content of the pie-box need not be seen by the audience, so a real crème pie is not totally necessary.)

(Stage can be bare except for one small table down front. Doorbell Rings SHE Enters.)

SHE: Come in, come in!

(to her surprise, HE enters, carrying a small box)

Oh. I thought it was my grandson! Uh—yes?

HE: Mary Topinski?

SHE: No. Mary Jones.

HE: I've been looking all over for your address.

SHE: Is it missing? It was on the house, right out there beside the door.

HE: It still is, I just couldn't find it. *(shows HER the label on box)* This is your address on here isn't it?

SHE: *(reads box)* Yes, that's my address.

HE: Then this is for you.

SHE: But you said another name.

HE: No, you said another name.

SHE: I said Mary Jones.

HE: Yeah, see? I said Mary Topinski.

SHE: But you're wrong.

HE: Oh, yeah? *(shows HER the box label)* What does that say?

SHE: *(reads)* Mary Topinski. You're right!...No, I mean – that's my address, but it should say Mary Jones.

HE: *(setting box on table)* Well, I guess you know you're own name.

SHE: I'm absent-minded, but I do know that much.

(HE pencil-erases quickly and rewrites the label. Then HE shows HER the altered name.)

HE: Mary Jones. Right?

SHE: Right.

HE: This is for you.

SHE: What is it?

HE: It's a pie. It's from Peter's Pie Pantry.

SHE: Who is Peter?

HE: Let's don't get into names again. It's Peter's pie shop. He makes pies.

SHE: Why is he sending one to me?

HE: You ordered it.

SHE: I thought a Mary Topinski ordered it.

HE: You are absent-minded. You did. Mary Jones. (*HE shows HER the label*) See?

SHE: Oh, yeah...How much is it?

HE: Twenty-five dollars.

SHE: (*shocked*) Twenty-five dollars! I never paid twenty-five dollars for a pie in my life! I bake pies.

HE: Are you one of those who bake for Peter?

SHE: No!

HE: (*relieved*) I thought this might be a return address.

SHE: (*looks at box*) The return address is up in the corner. This in the middle is my address.

HE: And that's where I am—right?

SHE: Right...I guess so...What kind of pie is it?

HE: Coconut Crème, super meringue.

SHE: Oh no — too sweet. I can't eat all that sugar anymore.

HE: Me either. Indigestion.

SHE: Cholestrol...Must be a very fancy pie, but you'll have to take it back.

HE: (*steps away, alarmed*) I can't!

SHE: I can't eat it. You have to return it.

HE: Please — I can't!

SHE: Why can't you?

HE: Peter is my son-in-law. He's my daughter's second husband – and he's not as good as the first one – and he resents me for that.

SHE: Why should he resent you?

HE: (*embarrassed*) At their wedding reception, I had too much to drink. And I said, loudly, that I drank too much because my daughter married a jackass...And he has resented me ever since.

SHE: (*wry sarcasm*) For a little thing like that.

HE: Now – my daughter talked him into giving me this delivery job. He claims that I'm too old and too forgetful to do even this.

SHE: Oh, we're all forgetful.

HE: Yes, but see: Peter thinks I can't keep anything straight. And this is my very first delivery. I can't go back and tell him I messed it up. I can't do that.

SHE: I see your problem. But I didn't order this coconut crème pie.

HE: Then who did?

SHE: I don't know.

HE: Somebody phoned and gave this address.

SHE: Who took the order over the phone?

HE: I did.

SHE: That might've been a mistake. Did you write down the address right away?

HE: I couldn't, the pie wasn't in the box yet.

SHE: You should've written a note.

HE: To whom?

SHE: You could've written to yourself.

HE: To myself?

SHE: Yes.

HE: What would I say?

SHE: (*losing track*) I don't know!...I've forgotten what we were talking about.

HE: About me and Peter.

SHE: Oh yes...Do you have to work? (*carefully*) What does your wife think about all this?

HE: Why do women always ask what the wife thinks? I'm a widower.

SHE: (*suddenly seeing him in a new light*) Oh? I'm a widow!...Uh, I don't know why we ask— making conversation I suppose. But about your problem: I understand why you need to find work. It can be tough to make ends meet these days.

HE: I don't *need* to work. I'm pretty well fixed. But I need to keep busy.

SHE: (*more supportive now*) Yes, I can see that. I understand. You need to get out and about, add interest to your life, meet someone new —(*quickly*) new people I mean; I don't mean someone, I mean like new people.

HE: (*puffing up*) A man has to do something.

END OF FREEVIEW
You'll want to read and perform this show!