

# The Pie Ladies Make Bail

Sherry Piros





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# THE PIE LADIES MAKE BAIL

By

Sherry Piros

## CAST

GLADIS, DULCIE, LUCILLE,VELDA, KITTY, NADINE: The Pie Ladies.

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.*

*(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 eye brows!

(*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...

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