

---

# Pippa's Pie Place

---

A comedy in two acts

---

## FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

Robert J. Wheeler  
15 Windsor Cres.,  
London, ON N6C 1V6 Canada  
519-642-4844

<http://wheelerscripts.com/>

[robwheeler999@gmail.com](mailto:robwheeler999@gmail.com)

The link to my plays on the Playwrights' Guild of  
Canada site is below

<https://www.canadianplayoutlet.com/pages/search-results-page?q=robert%20wheeler>

© Copyright Rob Wheeler 2019

Revised July 14, 2024

---

*Pippa's Pie Place*  
By Robert J. Wheeler

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
PIPPA (PAM)	Waitress/Other self	45-75	Female
HARRY	Restaurant patron	45-65	Male
REGGIE (NORMAN)	Restaurant patron	35ish	Male
SARAH (CHELSEY)	Restaurant patron	35ish	Female
JENNIFER	An inflated sex doll	20s	Female
JIMMY FIUCHIE	TV show host	30-55	Male

FIVE ACTORS REQUIRED -- 3 male 30-50, 2 female 30-50

**SETTING**  
**A RESTAURANT**

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Morning

Place: Pippa's Pie Place and Bistro

Instrumental song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

*The US wall has an opening (doorway) in the centre with either hanging beads or a swinging door covering it. The wall is light pink with illustrations of large pieces of different flavoured pies. There is a thermostat on the wall.*

*DR is the entrance to the restaurant with a small counter that holds a phone, cash register, coffee station with carafe, coat rack with hooks (coat tree), stool near a "Please Wait To Be Seated" sign angled, partially facing the entrance and DS.*

*DC are two small round restaurant tables covered with clear plastic over red and white checkered tablecloth and two chairs for each table. Silverware, cups with saucers are on the SR table. There are dirty dishes on the SL table. There is a sugar container with hole in top, napkin holder with napkins on each table.*

*MUSIC STOPS.*

*PIPPA, a robust waitress and owner of Pippa's Pie Place, has a rough-around-the-edges appearance and attitude. She wears a white uniform with small white waitress hat and a full-length red apron. She wipes the DR counter by the entrance.*

*The phone RINGS (old fashioned ring). Pippa answers the phone.*

PIPPA Good mornin'. Pippa's Pie Place Restaurant, Pippa speakin'.

*A sound of a TINKLE as SARAH and REGGIE ENTER through the DR entrance and stand by the "Wait To Be Seated" sign.*

*Reggie, dressed in black, appears sophisticated, holds an art tube that could contain a poster.*

*Sarah looks classy, thin, in a tight black dress with purse.*

(MORE)

*Pippa acknowledges them with a nod, fake smile, and wave as she talks on the phone. Reggie and Sarah become increasingly irritated over their need to wait during the phone conversation.*

*(into phone)* We're open from eight to eight. *(pause, exhibits dismay)* Yes, that's right, eight a.m. to eight p.m. We don't open after dinner and close before breakfast. *(pause with a look of dismay)* Yeah, if you want to be on TV you need to get here before three. *(pause)* That's right, three p.m. *(pause with a look of dismay)* They're coming from the Food Channel. *(frustrated pause)* Jimmy Fiuchie's "You'll Want To Dine Here" will be dropping by to record an episode. *(pause)* Absolutely. My twenty-one flavors of home-made pies will be featured.

*Pippa pauses to send a big fake smile and nod to Reggie and Sarah as they wait impatiently.*

Blueberry pie? Of course! *(pause)* Yes, you can either have pie in the restaurant or take it home. *(pause)* Correct, you can take a whole pie home. *(pause)* Our walk-in freezer is full of blueberry and every other kind of pie imaginable. *(pause)* No, we don't serve it frozen. Only if you take it home will it be frozen. *(pause)* Goodbye and *(pause, exhibits dismay)* good luck finding us. You'll need it.

*Pippa hangs up the phone, grabs two menus and the coffee carafe and starts to lead Reggie and Sarah into the restaurant.*

PIPPA Breakfast or lunch?

REGGIE You're not thanking us for waiting?

*Pippa stops, gives Reggie a stern look.*

PIPPA You want a table or not?

*Reggie opens his mouth to protest and Sarah steps in front of him.*

SARAH Yes, a table for two.

*Pippa leads the couple into the restaurant.*

PIPPA Tea or coffee?

REGGIE I'll have Joe, rich, full-flavoured Joe . . . if it's good.

*Pippa returns a troubled look.*

SARAH Yes, I'll have coffee as well.

*Pippa seats them at the SR table, hands them each a menu. Sarah sits on the SL side of the table, slightly facing DS and*

*Reggie sits on the SR side of the table, slightly facing DS.  
Sarah hangs her purse on the back of her chair.*

*Pippa fills their cups with coffee, puts the carafe on the table,  
pulls out her pad and pen from her apron.*

REGGIE *(holds up the art tube)* Would you consider displaying advertising for a worthy cause?

PIPPA How worthy?

REGGIE Sarah and I are principal actors in the play "On Golden Pond" opening next week in the Grimford Festival Theatre located in the next block. I'm actor Reggie Rockton. I play Norman, and my dear friend here, Sarah Wilson, plays my daughter, Chelsie in the play. Would you be interested in displaying a poster in this very restaurant, depicting this historic event?

PIPPA Odd you should ask that?

REGGIE Why's that?

PIPPA I asked George, the artistic director of the Grimford Festival Theatre, the one in the next block, if he would be kind enough to display a poster depicting this historic bistro in his sub-historic theatre and he turned me down flat.

REGGIE So?

PIPPA Flat. Permanently . . . historically flat!

REGGIE Meaning?

SARAH Reginald, Honeybunny, I think our server isn't inclined to grant your request.

REGGIE *(starts to stand)* Oh, in that case we'll . . .

SARAH *(interrupting to Pippa)* Do you have lunch specials?

*Reggie sits.*

PIPPA Appetizers are on for five bucks. There's the four-cheese spinach dip or three-cheese spinach dip.

REGGIE The four-cheese spinach dip is the same price as the three-cheese spinach dip?

PIPPA That is correct.

REGGIE Why's that?

PIPPA *(said slow, like she is talking to an idiot)* Some people prefer one appetizer over another.

REGGIE But . . .

PIPPA           *(interrupting)* Simple. *(said slowly)* If you're a cheese lover, you'll go for the four-cheese, if you're just a liker, the three-cheese. *(speaks normally, emphatic)* You look like a cheese hater to me!

REGGIE        But . . .

PIPPA           *(interrupting)* Then there's the ever popular third dip I think you'll go for.

REGGIE        What is it?

PIPPA           *(emphatic)* The no-cheese, spinach-free, no dip dip.

REGGIE        How much?

PIPPA           *(to Sarah)* Is he for real?

SARAH          *(to Reggie)* Reggie, our server is saying the third option is to skip the appetizer, move onto the main.

REGGIE        *(seethes)* Impertinent! I'll have the four-cheese spinach dip!

SARAH          Then I'll take the three-cheese spinach dip.

REGGIE        *(to Sarah)* Sarah Sweetiepie, you don't love cheese?

SARAH          Honeybunny, I'm comparing appetizers! *(to Pippa)* What are the main dish specials?

PIPPA           Today we have your choice of Jambalaya or ham sandwich.

REGGIE        Ham sandwich?

PIPPA           Yeah.

REGGIE        That seems pedestrian.

PIPPA           I'm not drivin' it to the table.

REGGIE        No, I mean, doesn't it seem ordinary?

PIPPA           Our cook spices it up. Makes for a delicious lunch.

REGGIE        Ham sandwich?

PIPPA           *(defensive)* Our usual clientele like it, order it all the time!

SARAH          I'll take your Jambalaya. It's a favorite of mine.

*Pippa writes on her pad.*

PIPPA           *(to Reggie)* And for you?

*Reggie peruses the menu.*

REGGIE Can you grill a T-bone steak medium-well?

PIPPA Our cook'll do the grillin', so . . .

REGGIE *(interrupting)* I mean, whenever I eat at a restaurant, not a steak house, and order steak medium-well, it always comes well done. Is there a secret to getting a medium-well steak pink but not bloody?

PIPPA Yes, there is.

REGGIE What is it?

PIPPAI It's a secret, so I'm not supposed to tell.

REGGIE Tell me!

PIPPA Then it won't be a secret.

REGGIE Go ahead, tell me! I won't tell anyone.

*Pippa bends to Reggie.*

PIPPA *(hushed, sweetly)* Okay. The secret is . . .

*Pippa indicates that he should move in to hear it.  
Reggie leans in to hear the secret.*

*(emphatic)* . . . eat in a steak house!

*Both pull back.*

*(emphatic)* You want steak or not?!

REGGIE I'll try a T-bone steak medium-well, pink but not bloody, with a baked, well baked, potato.

PIPPA That's one Jambalaya and one T-bone streak rar-ish medium-ish with a sizzling baked potato.

*Pippa EXITS through the UC door.*

REGGIE *(checks his watch)* You overheard the phone conversation about the TV crew?

SARAH Yes. Jimmy Fiuchie won't get here till three.

REGGIE We can't poster the place, and I'm not waiting around till three, so . . .

SARAH *(interrupting)* George expects us to plug the play. We should wait for Jimmy Fiuchie.

REGGIE George can direct me on stage, but I'm not hanging around this dive to please him. Having to eat here is sacrifice enough. We'll leave after lunch.

SARAH Sam will see it differently.

REGGIE What's our agent got to do with anything?

SARAH I've heard George and Sam go way back.

REGGIE So?

SARAH Sam got us this gig, the first one in months, so we don't want to irritate him.

REGGIE (*capitulating*) Great artists are constantly at the mercy of little people. I'll try to endure, will suffer through.

LIGHTS OUT FOR THREE SECONDS, THEN UP

*Pippa ENTERS through the UC opening with two plates of food, moves to the SR table, leaves them for Reggie and Sarah. (The food can be brown and white bread to look like steak, etc.)*

PIPPA Jambalaya for the lady and hot tater and like-it-or-not steak for the mister. Enjoy.

SARAH Thank you.

REGGIE (*brightens*) Looks good.

*Pippa turns, moves toward the UC opening.*

*(to Pippa)* Excuse me, but we need more coffee here.

*Pippa stops, EXITS through the UC opening, RETURNS with a carafe of coffee. Pippa pours coffee into their cups.*

SARAH We're coffee lovers.

PIPPA This is your fifth cup.

REGGIE So . . . you advertise "bottomless coffee," correct?

PIPPA After your fifth cup the policy changes.

REGGIE How's that?

PIPPA We move on to the updated, current coffee policy.

REGGIE What's that?

PIPPA The no coffee for you policy!



REGGIE But you adver . . .

PIPPA *(interrupting)* Our bottomless cup applies to people with bottoms.

SARAH You should be flattered. We could recommend your coffee to others.

PIPPA *(sarcastic)* Just what I need . . . more bottomless people!

REGGIE We'll need more sugar.

*Pippa EXITS through the UC opening, with the sugar container,*

*Pippa RETURNS with a full sugar container (the one with the hole in the top) puts it on the table.*

PIPPA Knock yourselves out.

*Reggie pours a foot-long stream of sugar into his cup. Sarah does the same.*

*(sarcastic, to the side)* And they do.

*Pippa snatches the sugar container and EXITS through the UC opening with it.*

REGGIE Sweetiepie, did you notice our server's attitude?

SARAH Somewhat hostile, Honeybunny.

REGGIE *(eats)* If I had to live in Grimford land I'd have developed a similar grim attitude. How many performances are there, I've forgotten?

SARAH Nine. No matinees.

REGGIE Thank God.

SARAH *(eats)* Reginald, my Honeybunny, how's your steak?

REGGIE *(eats)* Sarah, my only Sweetiepie, I'm surprised, amazed. It's perfect, delicious.

*Reggie briefly puts an arm around Sarah then pulls it back as he starts to eat.*

Thanks for asking, Sweetie.

*An awkward pause as she looks at him as he eats.*

SARAH So?

REGGIE *(eats)* Sweetiepie, what?

SARAH Honeybunny, aren't you going to ask me?

REGGIE *(eats)* Ask you what? What?!

SARAH You're annoyed.

REGGIE *(eats, less sweetness)* Sweetiepie, I'm not annoyed! I'm fine! What do you want me to say or do now? Give me a hoop and I'll jump through it.

SARAH You could ask me how I'm liking my meal.

REGGIE That?!!

SARAH Yes. I asked you, now, out of courtesy, I expect you to ask me.

REGGIE Okay. Here's the thing. I like my food hot, so I can't talk and eat.

SARAH That's it? You'd rather eat than . . .

REGGIE *(interrupts as he eats)* Hot food tastes better.

SARAH *(no sweetness)* Honeybunny!

REGGIE *(eats)* What! *(no sweetness)* Sweetiepie.

SARAH I'd prefer for you to ask me without me having to coach you!

REGGIE *(eats, no sweetness)* Sweetiepie, how is your, your jumble something?! Didn't the twit mumble something about jumblepie?!

LIGHTS OUT

END OF ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Morning

Place: Pippa's Pie Place and Bistro

Instrumental song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

*Reggie and Sarah eat their lunch and talk without sound.*

*Music stops. Pippa ENTERS from the UC opening, listening to music on a headset, she goes to the SL table with a plastic dish holder and moves the dirty dishes into it and straightens the tablecloth as Sarah and Reggie talk without sound while eating.*

*Pippa has her back toward the entrance while clearing the SL table.*

**SARAH AND REGGIE EAT AND CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.**

*The entrance DING sounds.*

*HARRY, 45-65, wearing an expensive looking suit, ENTERS through the DR door into the restaurant with an arm around JENNIFER. Jennifer is a FULLY INFLATED FEMALE SEX DOLL. Jennifer, the doll, wears a stylish, smart, expensive dress and hat.*

*Harry has a sophisticated appearance. They stand by the "Wait to be seated" sign.*

*Harry talks to Jennifer as a ventriloquist would talk to his dummy.*

**HARRY** *(to Jennifer)* You know I wanted to go on, but you thought we should rest. *(leans to Jennifer, listens then leans back)* You're probably right. It feels like the hottest day of the year. *(leans to Jennifer, listens then leans back)* Yes, the air conditioning is nice. *(leans to Jennifer, listens then leans back)* They could have a no-atypical-girlfriend admission policy. *(leans to Jennifer, listens then leans back)* I know. If there's a problem, we'll talk with management.

*Pippa, does not see Harry or Jennifer, continues clearing the SL table.*

**HARRY SMILES AND LAUGHS WITHOUT SOUND AS HE SPEAKS TO JENNIFER, THE SEX DOLL AS HE WAITS.**

*Sarah points across the restaurant to Jennifer.*

SARAH What's that?!!!

REGGIE (*glances over shoulder*) Customers. Hungry customers.

SARAH Honeybunny, no, the, the . . . woman?

REGGIE (*glances over shoulder*) She looks familiar. Reminds me of an old girlfriend from years ago.

SARAH Could this be her sister?

REGGIE (*eats, irritated*) I don't know. Can't we just eat?

SARAH Honeybunny, she, this thing, could be a twin sister of your old fling!

REGGIE (*eats*) Twin sister?! That's highly unlikely. . . (*shrugs*) Although, Sweetiepie, I guess anything's possible. Who's to say?

SARAH Then you're one of thousands of men who have flung with her!

REGGIE (*more irritation*) What the . . .

*Sarah jumps up, points to the couple at the entrance.*

SARAH (*interrupting*) That's not a woman! That's a disgusting, fully inflated, (*visually distressed*) extravagantly dressed, (*whimper*) alluring . . . sex doll!!!

*Sarah moans. Reggie takes out vision glasses, puts them on, looks to the couple at the entrance. He looks at Jennifer for a few seconds, recognizes her, then turns to Sarah, makes a GUILTY EXPRESSION, SHRUG, puts vision glasses away.*

REGGIE She looks familiar. So what?

*Sarah gives Reggie a eyes-wide "can't believe you" look.*

(*eats*) It was years ago. Eat up.

SARAH (*sits*) You had a . . . one of those those . . . things?

REGGIE (*eats*) Her name was Joy.

SARAH (*jumps up*) Joy?! Because she . . .

REGGIE (*interrupts as he eats*) That was many, many years ago, ancient history. I was young, tried practically everything then.

*SARAH SITS AND SHE AND REGGIE EAT AND CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.*

*Pippa turns, sees Harry and Jennifer at the entrance, freezes, drops the dishes container on the floor. (plastic dishes, noise, but no breakage)*

*Pippa turns to Harry and Jennifer.*

PIPPA You've got to be kidding!

HARRY The sign says "Please wait to be seated". We are pleased and waiting.

*Pippa EXITS into the kitchen through the UC opening with the dishes, RETURNS without headset and dishes, goes to Harry and the sex doll, flips the "Please wait to be seated" sign over. A large one-word sign has replaced the previous sign. It reads "SCRAM!"*

*Pippa turns the sign toward Harry.*

Is it me, or Jennifer, my non-traditional partner?

PIPPA Both! You're a pervert and that thing is disgusting with an IQ of zero!

*Pippa makes an "O" with finger and thumb.*

There's no way I'm allowing either of you in!

*Pippa attempts to flip the "Please wait to be seated" card over, but she misses that it does not flip over, then moves the sign to face the DR opening. "SCRAM" is the sign facing the DR opening.*

*PIPPA AND HARRY CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.*

*Sarah points toward the sex doll. Starts to cry. Grabs table paper napkins for her tears.*

REGGIE What's wrong?

SARAH It, the sex doll, it's, it's . . .

REGGIE *(interrupting)* It's what?!

SARAH It's wearing the latest haute couture!

REGGIE So, who cares?

SARAH Compared to her I look like a rag doll.

REGGIE That's okay, Sweetiepie, I like my rag doll.

*A look of disgust from Sarah, bawls louder.*

SARAH You think I'm a rag doll?!!

REGGIE *(to the side)* What did I say?

SARAH It's humiliating!! *(in tears)* Ahaaaaa!

REGGIE *(eating)* What . . . are you blubbering about? You being a rag doll or the wardrobe humiliation?

SARAH *(snaps)* Ahaaaaa! It's not fair.

REGGIE *(eating)* We're in a restaurant and we're supposed to be eating! Let's eat.

SARAH She won't allow them in.

REGGIE *(eating)* Probably not.

SARAH *(hyper)* Yes, she will! I know she will, and she'll sit it beside me!!!

*Reggie looks back over his shoulder then back to Sarah (will say anything to shut her up).*

REGGIE Absolutely not. Won't happen.

SARAH I'll bet you a fiver it will.

REGGIE *(loud)* Sure. Anything to end your incessant whining!

*Sarah is visibly distressed, jumps up, then sits.*

*SARAH AND REGGIE EAT AND CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.*

*(looks to Pippa)* Can we . . .

*Pippa wheels around, glares at Reggie and Sarah.*

PIPPA *(interrupting)* Shut it! I'm trying to deal with this idiot and his disgusting inflatable!

*Reggie shrugs, ignore the comment, eats as Pippa turns toward Harry and Jennifer.*

HARRY *(to Pippa)* Do you require your customers to prove they aren't idiots before you seat them? Is there some kind of test?

PIPPA *(looks up)* The moon is full. *(loud)* Take your airhead, brainless Jennifer, and waltz yourselves out of here! I've got a TV crew coming in. I don't want them filming *(points to Jennifer)* that!

*PIPPA AND HARRY CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.*

REGGIE I win, so . . .

*Reggie holds out a hand. Sarah takes a five-dollar bill from her purse and hands it to Reggie.*

SARAH I couldn't stay here with that thing sitting beside me.

REGGIE I don't see a problem.

SARAH It makes me feel like a sex object. It objectifies all women.

REGGIE If a woman waltzes in with an inflated male sex doll it wouldn't bother me. I'd introduce myself.

SARAH *(moanfully)* You're not a woman.

REGGIE Thank God!

SARAH *(grabs napkins to dry eyes)* Ahaaaaa!

REGGIE *(eats)* Whatever. Eat up.

*Reggie furtively glances to Jennifer, seems to recognize her.*

*REGGIE AND SARAH CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND*

*Harry sits on the chair by the entrance, holds Jennifer on his lap.*

HARRY Businesses that don't cater to minority groups get sued! Most places can't afford the lawyers and fines, so they close, costing everyone their jobs.

*Pippa pinches her forearm, winces.*

PIPPA I'd give anything to wake up. *(to Harry)* Major Wacko Sir, you and your, whatever you call it, don't belong here, so why are you here?

HARRY Jennifer and I are on our way to a celebration and decided to stop here for a snack. My name isn't Major Wacko Sir! I'm Mr. Harry Mason, a gentleman of unique distinction.

PIPPA Harry, your "distinction" is killing my business! I need pie lovers for the TV episode.

*Pippa points toward the entrance.*

Customers are moving past! Get a room! *(motions)* Shu.

HARRY Listen, Miss Disagreeable, Jennifer and I are not accustomed to being talked to in that tone or manner, so you owe us an apology.

*Pippa draws near, looks down on Harry.*

PIPPA Me, disagreeable?! Pippa would be agreeable if Harry were rational! I'm not used to being talked to in "that tone or manner," (*aggressive*) SO YOU . . .

*Aggressive, HARRY JUMPS UP. Seemingly intimidated, Pippa steps back, then . . .*

. . . or Jennifer, owe me and apology.

HARRY Fine.

*Harry sits with Jennifer, whispers something to Jennifer then looks to Pippa.*

*A pause.*

PIPPA So?

HARRY Is Pippa satisfied?

PIPPA Pippa never got her apology.

HARRY Yes, Pippa did!

PIPPA No, Pippa didn't!

HARRY Pippa must be deaf!

*Pippa and Harry stare at each other for a couple seconds.*

Although Jennifer is a low talker.

PIPPA Yeah, right.

HARRY I distinctly heard Jennifer apologize.

PIPPA What did Jennifer say with her two plastic lips? Repeat it, just so I hear it once!!!

HARRY Jennifer said she's sorry Pippa is so sensitive.

*Pippa gives an incredulous look.*

PIPPA That's an insult!

*Pippa swats at Jennifer. Harry pulls Jennifer back just in time.*

HARRY Jennifer and I would like your best table, preferably one with a view. Do you have something for special patrons?

PIPPA Spectacular lulus!

HARRY My brother's a liability lawyer.



PIPPA           *(turns away defeated)* The moon and the lawyer? The perfect storm.

*Pippa winces, stamps foot simultaneously, then reluctantly to Harry.*

Oh, come on. You can have our special table.

*Pippa takes a menu, motions Harry and Jennifer toward the SL table with two chairs and follows them to the table.*

*Harry sits JENNIFER on the SR side of the table, angled toward DS. HARRY sits on the SL side of the table, angled DS. They will sit in these chairs, off and on, throughout. Pippa hands the menu to Harry.*

LIGHTS OUT

END OF ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Later that morning

Place: Pippa's Pie Place and Bistro

Instrumental song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

All as they were.

*HARRY AND PIPPA CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.*

SARAH I told you she'd allow it in!

REGGIE It's a business . . . a public place.

*Frustrated, Sarah puts her hand out. Reggie takes a five-dollar bill and gives it to Sarah. Sarah holds her other hand out, Reggie reluctantly puts another five-dollar bill in it. She puts the money in her purse.*

SARAH I'm nothing more than your sex doll replacement to you!

REGGIE *(eating, not thinking, shrugs)* Whatever.

SARAH *(grabs napkins to dry eyes)* Ahhhhhhhhhha!

REGGIE *(realizing his mistake)* That was a mistake!!! As I've said, it was a phase I was going through, years and years ago, before I met you, just a phase.

SARAH *(unsweetly)* Sweetiepie, maybe I'm going through a phase of my own!

REGGIE Really?

SARAH *(unsweetly)* My insensitive, weird guy phase, Sweetiepie!

REGGIE *(unsweetly)* Honeybunny, I'm not insensitive or weird. I'm, I'm . . .

*Reggie jumps up, moves to Harry and Jennifer's table. Speaks to Harry.*

What are you doing with my girlfriend?!

*Harry jumps up.*

You've kidnapped my Joy and brought her here to hurt me!! How much do you want for her?!!

HARRY That's ridiculous! You're mistaken. I, I, I have a receipt for my Jennifer.

*Reggie pulls out a smartphone, punches buttons – The Skaters' Waltz plays. He lays the phone on the table.*

REGGIE If she dances with me then I'll know she's my Joy.

*Reggie takes Jennifer and dances close with the doll.*

Yes, my Joy! We're back together again!

*Reggie turns off the music, takes the phone, hugs Jennifer.*

*Harry jumps up, takes one of Jennifer's arms, Reggie holds the other.*

*They each pull Jennifer.*

*Sarah cries full out, grabs more napkins.*

*Pippa ENTERS from the US door still wearing her apron.*

HARRY She's my Jennifer!

REGGIE No, she's my Joy!

PIPPA *(relishes)* Stop!!! I'll mediate. Okay?

*Both men look to Pippa but continue to hold on to Jennifer. Both nod to Pippa.*

I have one question.

*Pippa moves toward Jennifer.*

Who wants the big half?

*Pippa takes a large knife from her apron, makes a slashing motion with the knife toward Jennifer, to slice her in two.*

*Harry lets go of Jennifer. Reggie continues to hold Jennifer's hand.*

HARRY NO!!!! Give her to him!!

*Pippa moves toward Reggie, motions with the knife for Reggie to give Jennifer to Harry.*

*Pippa puts the knife in her apron, as Jennifer is returned to Harry.*

PIPPA Queen Soloman has decreed it.

REGGIE *(embarrassed, to Harry)* Where's your receipt?

*Harry takes a paper, shows it to Reggie, takes it back.*

Okay. It's a simple case of mistaken identity.

*Harry and Jennifer sit as they were before and Reggie sits with them.*

*Pippa EXITS through the US door with the knife.*

You're a lucky man having a girlfriend who'll put out without all the aggravation.

*Reggie looks to Sarah who blubbers louder.*

HARRY No. It's not what you think.

REGGIE It's a sex doll!!!

HARRY Jennifer is not a sexual object, not to me. She's my lifelong companion.

REGGIE If a sex doll isn't a sexual object, I donno what is!?

HARRY She's my friend and partner. Neither of us are interested in sex.

*Reggie stands.*

REGGIE Weird. I will now return to what's left of my meal and my progressively insane partner.

*Reggie sits with Sarah. Sarah stops crying.*

*(to Sarah)* I had a flashback, to . . . Sorry.

SARAH When?

REGGIE *(despondent)* Happier days from the distant past, AKA the good old quiet days.

*Sarah blubbers louder.*

SARAH I can't believe you would purchase something so, so . . .

REGGIE *(interrupting eating)* I didn't.

SARAH *(hopeful)* No?

REGGIE *(eating)* Joy wasn't for sale.

SARAH No?

REGGIE *(eating)* She was a rental.

SARAH *(jumps up, disgusted)* Ahhhhhhhhha!! A rental?!!! Ahhhhhhhhha!!

*Sarah grabs paper napkins from the table to dry her tears.*

REGGIE *(eating)* Yeah.

SARAH *(sits)* You mean you . . .

REGGIE *(interrupting while eating)* Cheaper by the month. Weekly was out of sight.

SARAH *(jumps up)* Ahhhhhhhhha!!

*Sarah starts to cry, grabs more napkins.*

REGGIE What?

SARAH *(through tears)* I'm a substitute for a cheap sex doll you're renting for the price of a meal. Ahhhhaaaa! That's so demeaning!!

REGGIE But . . .

*Reggie offers a blank look and a shrug.*

SARAH *(interrupting through her tears)* You'd check her out like you'd check out a book from the library?!

REGGIE Library? No. It was one of those stores, you know the ones.

SARAH *(sits, grabs more napkins)* Ahhhhhhhhha!!

REGGIE There's a vast difference between a sex doll and you, Honeybunny.

SARAH *(recovering)* Name one.

REGGIE One's quieter than the other.

SARAH *(in tears louder than before, more napkins)* Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhha!

REGGIE Honeybunny, it was a joke. Kidding. We get along very well. We share experiences, you and I share great sex and other stuff.

SARAH What other stuff?

REGGIE We're having this meal together. Trying to. There's the play! We go to shows, went to the Caribbean on an eleven-day cruise three months ago. Remember?

SARAH *(unsweetly)* Sweetiepie, how do I know you don't have a different Joy stuffed in a closet? You could simply pull her out when you need a little joy in your life!

REGGIE Honeybunny, you can come back to my place, go through my closet.

SARAH All your closets and the basement?

REGGIE Well . . .

*Reggie looks away, tries to stifle a guilty look.*

Honeybunny, we should have dessert. We can discuss my girlfriend history when we get back to my place.

SARAH Dessert?!!

REGGIE Yes!

SARAH *(no sweetness in the words)* So, Reggiepie, is dessert more important to you than my feelings?!!

*Reggie appears hurt when he hears Sara refer to him use the word "Reggiepie".*

REGGIE *(no sweetness in the words)* Sarahiepie, my CURRENT Honeybunny! Feelings?! If we talk about feelings, we'll be at it forever! Life's too short.

SARAH *(no sweetness)* Okay Reggiepie, my CURRENT Sweetiepie! What's the answer?

REGGIE *(no sweetness)* Well Sarahiepie, my occasional Honbun, the answer is here in this restaurant.

SARAH A WELL-DRESSED . . . SERIOUSLY ATTRACTIVE . . . SEX DOLL?!!!

REGGIE No!

SARAH What?

REGGIE Dessert!!!

SARAH Dessert?

REGGIE Pecan pie.

SARAH Pecan pie?

REGGIE Yes, Honeybunny, it's pecan pie. Perfectly pure pecan pie.

SARAH Sweetiepie, you know pecan is my favorite.

REGGIE Perfect pecan pie? We both love pecan pie.

SARAH You're paying?

REGGIE      Certainly.

SARAH      . . . and you'll be paying later if I find . . .

*REGGIE AND SARAH CONVERSE WITHOUT SOUND.*

HARRY      (*looks around*) What's special about this table.

PIPPA      (*to Harry*) You have the window seat where you have the privilege of viewing our waist disposal shed. Where all scraps and undesirables go.

HARRY      (*looks SR*) Not subtle.

PIPPA      I thought you and yours might find it refreshing. Feel free to dispose of anything, whatever and whenever you wish.

HARRY      Pippa, you're being crude and judgmental again.

*Pippa checks her watch.*

PIPPA      It's almost three! Jimmy Fiuchie's will be here and . . . I'm calling the cops!

*Harry shrugs. Pippa pulls out a cell phone from her apron, ready to punch in numbers.*

HARRY      My brother, the liability lawyer, loves accident claims.

PIPPA      So what?!

HARRY      (*looking around*) I've noticed, there's so much for one to hurt oneself on in the vicinity.

*Pippa fumes, pockets the cell phone.*

We'd like to order.

PIPPA      Okay, make it fast. What'll you have?

*Pippa pulls out a pad and pen from her apron.*

HARRY      I'll have a water with ice and Jennifer will have a chocolate milk shake.

*Pippa writes, starts to move away. Harry bends to Jennifer then back.*

No, Jennifer's changed her mind, wants a ginger ale.

*Pippa moves back, frustrated, writes, starts to move away. Harry bends to Jennifer, then back.*

(MORE)

No, sorry, a tea with milk.

*Pippa moves back, more frustration, writes, starts to move away. Harry bends to Jennifer then back.*

No, better make it two waters, no ice.

*Pippa moves back. More frustration. Pippa glares at Harry. Harry casually looks back.*

PIPPA Two waters! That's it?!

HARRY That's all for now.

PIPPA You're sure?

HARRY We're both sure.

*Pippa tears the sheet from her pad, pockets the pad, tears the sheet in two, throws it over her shoulder.*

PIPPA Scare away my clientele, then have the nerve to order water?! Water!!!

HARRY Even the dingiest dumps serve water! Are you telling me you can't come up with a couple simple glasses of clear, fresh water?

*Pippa EXITS through the UC opening, RETURNS with two glasses of water.*

*Pippa places one glass in front of Harry and pours the other over Jennifer.*

*(insincere)* Woops, soooooorry.

*Harry jumps up, takes napkins from the napkin holder, dries Jennifer while he talks.*

HARRY That was no accident! I'll report you to the management!

PIPPA *(big smile)* I am management!!!

*Harry finishes cleaning, puts the cloth away, sits, sips his water.*

REGGIE *(loud)* Can we have some service?

*Pippa turns to Reggie and Sarah.*

*HARRY SPEAKS TO JENNIFER WITHOUT SOUND.*

*Pippa turns to Reggie and Sarah's table.*



PIPPA           What?!!

*Pippa moves to Reggie and Sarah's table, sees the pile of used napkins on the table.*

What's with the napkin cemetery?

SARAH           It was an emergency.

PIPPA           Call 911 for emergencies! You've heard of the "save the whales" movement? Here in Pippa's Pie Place we have the "save the napkin movement." You believe in conservation, right?

SARAH           Sorry.

PIPPA           You've slaughtered a family of innocent napkins! No napkins for you!

SARAH           I said I was sorry.

*Pippa snatches the napkin holder.*

PIPPA           Otherwise, how was your meal?

REGGIE          My potato was cold and my steak tough.

SARAH           My Jambalaya was salty. Couldn't taste anything but salt.

PIPPA           Your plates are clean . . . licked clean.

*At a loss for words, Sarah and Reggie look at each other.*

SARAH           We, we . . .

REGGIE          *(interrupting)* We don't like to waste food.

SARAH           Yes, that's it. We suffered through.

PIPPA           Fine! I'll shoot the chef. So, if that's it I'll bring the . . .

REGGIE          *(interrupting)* No.

SARAH           We'd like to order dessert.

PIPPA           Dessert?! Almost everyone has left. What's keeping you two?

REGGIE          Dessert is included with our meals.

PIPPA           Dessert lovers! What'll it be?

REGGIE          What are the options?

PIPPA            Rice pudding or Gello.

REGGIE          That's it?

SARAH          (*starts to stand*) Okay, Reginald, let's leave.

REGGIE          No! We want pie!

PIPPA            It'll cost more.

SARAH          How much?

PIPPA            A dollar each.

REGGIE          We'll have pie.

SARAH          Yes, pie for me as well. I'll have . . .

REGGIE          (*interrupting*) What are the choices?

PIPPA            There's lemon meringue, Boston cream meringue, cherry meringue, raspberry rhubarb meringue, that's one pie. Very good. Then there's apple meringue, pineapple meringue, pumpkin meringue, coconut cream meringue, crab-apple meringue, cream meringue, (*pauses to catch breath*) pear meringue, peach meringue, blueberry meringue, vanilla meringue, turnip meringue, pecan meringue, banana cream meringue, chocolate meringue and caramel . . . (*out of breath*)

REGGIE          . . . meringue?

PIPPA            Smart boy.

SARAH          Turnip meringue?

PIPPA            (*writes on pad*) One turnip meringue pie.

SARAH          No, I was commenting that turnip meringue seems unusual.

PIPPA            I keep it on the menu for when Pam shows up.

SARAH          Why all the meringue?

PIPPA            My usual clientele love pie with meringue.

SARAH          We're not meringue lovers, so I'd like my pecan pie without meringue.

REGGIE          Yes, pecan pie, but without meringue, for me as well.

PIPPA            (*smiling*) Sorry. Sold out.

REGGIE          You just said you have pecan pie!

PIPPA            It's on the menu, but it's (*stress next word*) presently sold out.

REGGIE Do you have pecan pie with meringue?

SARAH We can scrape the meringue off.

PIPPA We don't have pecan pie with or without meringue! As I said, we're fresh out of pecan pie!! Pecan pie, with meringue, is a big seller. That's why it's sold out! *(smiling)* Sorry again. There are still nineteen flavours of pie to choose from.

*Reggie and Sarah sag, disappointed.*

It's a big decision. Take your time.

*Pippa takes away their plates and EXITS through the UC opening with them and the napkin holder.*

*Pippa ENTERS from the UC opening, moves to Harry and Jennifer, talks with them without sound.*

*Sarah creeps toward the UC opening, ENTERS into the opening, RETURNS to her chair without Pippa seeing her.*

SARAH I saw two pecan pies, two whole pies. One with meringue and one without.

REGGIE She's angry we drank so much of her coffee and we lied and said our food was horrible, so she's withholding pecan pie.

SARAH She's toying with us.

REGGIE That's unforgiveable.

SARAH So?

REGGIE After the dress rehearsal we'll return in costume and order pecan pie.

SARAH I'll be your "Golden Pond" daughter, Chelsie and you'll be my old dad, Norman.

REGGIE We'll take on British accents! It'll be my best performance of the week. I'm looking forward to having real drama with Pippa.

SARAH What if she knows the characters in the play?

REGGIE Honeybunny, she's a hick living in a hick town.

SARAH Sweetiepie, that's right. She's barely literate.

REGGIE We'll create a scenario where, you, my daughter and I are stranded. I'll be a wheelchair-bound senior. We can use the wheelchair from the show.

SARAH We'll have to improvise, no lines, so . . .

REGGIE *(interrupting)* Sarah, my dear Sweetiepie ragdoll, *(a death look from Sarah)* dream doll, *(sweet look from Sarah)* that's when authentic acting happens, when it comes from the heart. We'll envision a mini play where we embarrass Pippa and get free pecan pie.

SARAH I love pecan pie.

REGGIE I'm looking forward to Pippa passing out at the climax of our little drama.

SARAH After we get our pecan pie?

REGGIE Of course.

*SARAH AND REGGIE TALK WITHOUT SOUND.*

PIPPA *(to Harry)* Are you finally ready to order?

HARRY After the way you've treated Jennifer, how could you think we'd eat here?

PIPPA No, probably not. *(insincere)* I'm so sorry. I'll try to do better next time. Have a pleasant day if it's at all possible. Off you go. *(motions)* Shu.

HARRY *(bends to Jennifer then back)* We've decided to . . .

*Pause while thinking.*

PIPPA What?!!

HARRY Both of us, Jennifer and I have decided . . .

*Harry leans into Jennifer.*

PIPPA What? Leave?!!

HARRY To forgive you.

PIPPA Ahuuuuu! *(jumps back)*

*Harry bends to Jennifer then back.*

HARRY Let bygones be, uh . . . *(a loss for words)*

*Harry leans into Jennifer.*

PIPPA *(painfully)* . . . bygones?!!

HARRY That's it! We want to start over.

PIPPA Ahuuuuu!

HARRY Give you a second chance.

PIPPA Ahuuuuu!

*Pippa jumps back, then moves ahead, desperate.*

Please, please order something . . . anything!

*Harry bends to Jennifer then back.*

HARRY Jennifer's cold. Can you alter the air conditioning, make it warmer? Jennifer's sensitive to cold.

PIPPA The temperature's fine! (*pause, bright idea*) No, it's not fine! It's hot! I'm so hot I need to cool it a degree or two.

*Pippa goes to a thermostat and turns it down a little, then . . .*

Maybe more.

*Pippa cranks the thermostat lower.*

How's that?

*Harry takes his suit jacket and wraps it around Jennifer.*

HARRY Jennifer is comfortable now. We're both fine. I hope you don't catch a cold.

PIPPA I said, (*shouts*) I'm hot, getting hotter!!

REGGIE (*loud*) We'd like some service here!

*Pippa stomps to Reggie and Sarah's table.*

*HARRY TALKS TO JENNIFER WITHOUT SOUND.*

REGGIE We've talked it over. We'll each have the raspberry rhubarb meringue pie. We'll scrape off the meringue.

PIPPA Have you got two dollars?

*Sarah shows the five-dollar bill to Pippa. Pippa goes to take it, but Sarah pulls it back.*

SARAH We'll pay on the way out.

*Pippa spins around, stomps, EXITS through the UC opening.*

*Pippa RETURNS with two plates of raspberry rhubarb meringue pie with forks, drops them in front of Sarah and Reggie, EXITS out the UC opening. (pie can be raspberry rhubarb or pumpkin with whipped cream)*

*REGGIE AND SARAH CONVERSE AND EAT WITHOUT SOUND.*

HARRY *(loud to the room)* This table doesn't have the view we would have liked. *(to Jennifer)* We'd have to go to a nice place to get a descent view.

*Pippa's heard Harry, jumps through the UC opening enraged, struts to Harry and Jennifer's table, points SR.*

PIPPA Don't like the view? Fine. Leave!

*Harry shrugs.*

HARRY Actually, on second thought, the view through our window isn't so bad. There's the woods behind the deplorable shed with all sorts of song birds.

PIPPA *(sarcastic)* A nature lover.

HARRY What do you think, Jennifer?

*Harry bends to Jennifer to hear her words then bends back, looks around.*

I agree, the whole place could stand a thorough cleaning.

PIPPA First you insult me, now my workplace!

HARRY *(shrugs)* Oh, well.

*Pippa fumes, moves to Reggie and Sarah's table..*

*HARRY SPEAKS WITHOUT SOUND TO JENNIFER.*

PIPPA So, how's the pie?

REGGIE Not exactly what we were expecting.

PIPPA You don't like my raspberry rhubarb meringue pie?

SARAH I couldn't taste raspberry in mine.

*Pippa turns to Reggie.*

PIPPA And I expect you can't taste the raspberry either?

REGGIE No, I tasted the raspberry fine.

PIPPA Good.

REGGIE I couldn't taste rhubarb in mine.

PIPPA That's unfortunate. So, because it's supposed to be raspberry rhubarb pie, you both feel no need to pay the two dollars?

SARAH Because my food was salty and Reggie's potato was cold and his steak tough, together with the dessert fiasco, we have decided there is no need to pay at all.

PIPPA *(covers her frustrated fuming)* Okay. *(gathers herself)* I'm sorry you deserving actors found your meals and dessert to be inferior. May I offer you a complimentary pie of the day to take home, a compensation for your dissatisfaction?

REGGIE That would be acceptable.

PIPPA Some restaurants have soup of the day. We have pie of the day, fresh every day. We're pie lovers here.

SARAH Quite original.

REGGIE Is that okay with you, Honeybunny?

SARAH Sure Sweetiepie, we can scrape off the meringue and eat the pie later tonight. Maybe with breakfast tomorrow.

PIPPA Seeing as you are famous actors appearing at the Grimford Festival Theatre, I'd like a photo of you both when you receive your reward. I want to frame it, include it in our wall of celebrities, so do you mind sitting closer together? I'll send you a copy.

REGGIE Sure.

SARAH No problem.

*Sarah and Reggie move their chairs together.*

PIPPA Close your eyes. I want the pie of the day to be a surprise. You can open your eyes when I say "okay".

REGGIE Sure.

*Reggie and Sarah close their eyes. Pippa takes a cellular phone from her apron, hands it to Harry.*

*Pippa speaks to Harry, motions to Sarah and Reggie.*

PIPPA If you snap the picture when I say "now" I'll give you a free lunch.

*Harry nods, takes the cellular phone.*

(MORE)

*Pippa EXITS through the UC opening, RETURNS with two cream pies on a tray, puts the tray on the table, takes the pies, one in each hand, moves behind Sarah and Reggie.*

Okay.

*Sarah and Reggie open their eyes as Pippa simultaneously plops the pies in Sarah and Reggie's faces.*

SARAH  
REGGIE

Ahhhhhhhaa!

PIPPA

*(big smile for the photo) NOW!*

*Harry snaps a photo of Reggie, Sarah and Pippa.*

*Reggie and Sarah jump up, are stunned.*

OUT! OUT! GET OUT!!!

*Pippa grabs the tray from the table, uses it as a club as she chases Sarah and Reggie around in the restaurant then OUT OF THE RESTAURANT.*

*Pippa takes the cellular phone from Harry, drops it in her apron pocket, moves to the SR table slumps onto the chair Sarah was sitting on.*

*(to Harry) Name it. Whatever you want, it's on the house.*

*The phone at the entrance RINGS. Pippa answers it.*

*(into phone) Good mornin'. Pippa's Pie Place, Pippa speakin'. (pause, thrilled) Jimmy Fiuchie! Yes, we're open. You're parked out front?*

*Pippa rushes to the entrance, looks out, waves.*

*Come on in. (pause) Oh, that. Yes, it's safe. (pause) They were a couple of pie haters. (pause) I won't pie face you if you don't like my pie. (pause) What sign?*

*Pippa moves to the "please wait to be seated" sign, turns it to DS. It reads "SCRAM".*

*Pippa flips the page over so the sign reads "Please wait to be seated" and turns it toward the entrance.*

*(into phone) The sign was a mistake (pause) Hold on. I promised. I won't pie face you, promise. (pause) You have my word. (disappointed pause) Yes, sure, no problem. I'll look forward to your visit. Next week then? (pause) Later? (pause) (desperate) How about I bring a pie to the vehicle? What flavor would ...*



*The sound of a dial tone and a vehicle starting.*

*Pippa lays the phone on the counter, runs through the UC door, comes out with a cream pie and a blueberry pie, races out the DR door with them.*

*O.S. BANGING AND SCREAMING SOUNDS.*

PIPPA (O.S.) Jimmy, I know you at least want to see Pippa's Pie Place, right?

JIMMY (a grunt O.S.) Ahha.

*Pippa ENTERS with Jimmy Fiuchie. Jimmy staggers, is dishevelled with a banana cream pie splattered on one side of his face and a cherry pie on the other. He is dazed. She drags him around by his loose tie.*

PIPPA See, I have two customers. Water lovers, but everyone knows you're a pie lover, right, Jimmy?

JIMMY (grunts) Ahha.

*Pippa takes her phone from her apron and gives it to Harry, whispers in his ear as she points to the UC door.*

*Harry is set to take the picture when Pippa realizes Jimmy isn't smiling. She pulls his head to hers with the tie.*

PIPPA (to Jimmy) Say pie for the camera.

*Jimmy complies, produces a big, dazed, crazy smile.*

*Harry takes the picture of Jimmy and Pippa, then runs through the UC door, comes out with a cream pie, gives it to Pippa.*

*A mic boom with a mic on the end moves in through the DR door above them. Pippa sees it.*

Jimmy! Your show must go on. I'm so honored you should come to Pippa's Pie Place.

*Pippa drags Jimmy by the tie under the boom, both look out the DR door to a camera. Pippa looks to the mic.*

Is this thing working?

*Pippa pulls the mic down, hitting Jimmy on the head. There is the amplified sound of the bump. Jimmy staggers more.*

JIMMY (grunts) Ahha.

PIPPA *(to the camera)* Jimmy loves my pie so much he not only eats it he wears it. That's right, yeah Jimmy?

JIMMY *(grunts)* Ahha.

PIPPA *(to the camera)* It's fresh, isn't it Jimmy? On your show you always say everything is so fresh, super fresh, so my pies are fresh too, right Jimmy?

JIMMY *(grunts)* Ahha.

*Pippa nudges Jimmy who licks his face.*

Fresh.

PIPPA Good. One more sound check.

*Pippa pulls the mic down, hitting Jimmy on the head. There is the amplified sound of the bump. Jimmy staggers more.*

*Pippa splats the cream pie into Jimmy's face, spins him around, puts a foot on his behind and pushes him out of the bistro. The mic and boom leave also.*

*The sound of screeching tires and a vehicle driving away.*

*Pippa sits at the SR table.*

PIPPA *(crazy giggle)* Nice of Jimmy to drop by.

*Harry takes the tablecloth off Jennifer and spreads it on the table.*

*Pippa lays her head on the table, faces Jennifer.*

HARRY Are you okay?

PIPPA Fine.

*Pippa faces DS, lets out a LOUD, CRAZY CACKLE. Pippa has entered Harry's crazy world.*

*Pippa's phone RINGS (a beep cellular phone ring). Pippa takes the phone from her apron.*

*(angry)* Pippa's Pie Place, Pippa speakin'.

*Pippa produces a large smile.*

Hi Sarah. *(pause)* Your purse?

(MORE)

*Pippa takes Sarah's purse off the back of the chair.*

Yes, your purse is here.

*Pippa opens the purse looks into it.*

You'd like me to save it for you? (*big smile, pause*) I am very busy with my paying customers. It's been a busy day. (*pause*) I have a plentiful and appreciative clientele who love everything I prepare. (*pause*) You're sorry for the way things went. I know you are, and will be. I have it here, am looking into it now. You say there's five hundred dollars in it? (*pause*) I only see four hundred.

*Pippa takes a hundred-dollar bill from the purse and puts in her apron.*

I don't know what happened to the hundred. I see four charge cards, a driver's licence, ID with all the important stuff. Oh, yes, I see you have a contraceptive device. You'll for sure need that for later. You don't want to be stuck with a brat running around that looks like him and sounds like you, do you? (*pause*) Look, I don't want you to feel any more stress over this, so I'll take care of your purse myself. (*pause*) No worries there. Call back tomorrow morning. I'll have more time then.

LIGHTS OUT

END OF ACT ONE – END OF SAMPLE