

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND PIE



BY ALEXI ALFIERI

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THE THIRD PIE PALOOZA WESTERN
MELODRAMA IN THE TRILOGY
WRITTEN BY ALEXI ALFIERI

CAST

LARGE ROLES

NARRATOR (M/F)	<i>Clever friend to the audience</i>
BESTA PIE (F)	<i>Oldest and grumpiest Pie sister</i>
LOTTA PIE (F)	<i>Middle and sassiest Pie sister</i>
HONEY PIE (F)	<i>Youngest and sweetest Pie sister</i>
SHERIFF ROLLAND DOUGH (M)	<i>Head judge of the Pie Palooza and lovesick for Honey Pie</i>

MEDIUM ROLES

STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB (F)	<i>Bossy President of the Pie Angel Society</i>
MINCEMEAT (M)	<i>Head honcho villain</i>
AUNT MAY (F)	<i>Obnoxious aunt of the Sheriff and the new villain in town</i>

SMALL ROLES

PEACH (F)	<i>Sassy member of the Pie Angel Society</i>
BLUEBERRY (F)	<i>Wistful member of the Pie Angel Society</i>
CHERRY (F)	<i>Thoughtful member of the Pie Angel Society</i>
APPLE (F)	<i>Friendly member of the Pie Angel Society</i>
BANANA (M/F)	<i>Newest member of the Pie Angel Society</i>

SYNOPSIS

All's Fair in Love and Pie is an old-fashioned western melodrama which finishes the story of the three Pie Sisters and their town's annual pie contest, the Pie Palooza. Besta Pie and Lotta Pie seem more than a little worried about the outcome of the contest this year, but their sister Honey Pie is staying cool and collected with a surprise plan up her flowered sleeve. Usually a successful mischief-maker, Mincemeat is at a loss without his two sidekicks, Crusty and Creamy. The Pie Angels (Strawberry-Rhubarb, Peach, Blueberry, Cherry, and Apple) hold another one of their society meetings and meet their newest and most hostile member: Banana. Sheriff Rolland Dough still seems very intent on getting hitched to Honey Pie but must face the disapproval of the newest villain in town: his Aunt May. Prompted along by the Narrator, the play makes its way to a satisfyingly sweet conclusion in which it's clear the good pie always wins.

SETTING

An ordinary small town in the wild, wild west

CAST

13 performers, but flexible (see Production Notes)
9 Females, 2 Males, and 2 Female or Male

PLAYING TIME

Approximately 30 minutes without an intermission

Scene 1

NARRATOR, BESTA PIE, LOTTA PIE, HONEY PIE, SHERIFF, AND AUNT MAY

(Narrator enters stage right.)

NARRATOR: Well, howdy, folks! Here we are again! It's always 'bout this time of year when I'm tellin' ya that the ordinary people here in our ordinary town doin' ordinary things are gettin' ready for our extra-ordinary event, the Pie Palooza!

APPLAUSE sign

NARRATOR: Well, that's still true enough! And this year's play is filled with somethin' for everyone and even comes topped with a surprise or two. There's drama, there's mystery, there's suspense, and *(Narrator waggles their eyebrows)* there's romance. So cozy up to your favorite pie baker and watch carefully. *(Aside to the audience in a stage whisper)* Oh, and have I mentioned there's a new villain in town?

HUH? sign

NARRATOR: *(Still in a stage whisper)* Maybe I shouldn't have spilled the pie weights so soon, but I couldn't help myself. *(Back to normal stage voice)* So, if you don't know the Pie Sisters, let me introduce ya to them.

(All three Pie Sisters enter stage left, take a seat on the bench, and begin to knit.)

NARRATOR: There they are. Besta Pie. *(Besta raises a knitting needle confidently.)* Lotta Pie. *(Lotta imitates her sister and raises her knitting needle.)* And Honey Pie. *(Honey gives a shy little wave at the audience.)* Besta Pie—well, her crust is tough. *(Narrator pauses, Besta scowls.)* But underneath, she's a tender soul. *(Besta smiles.)* Lotta Pie—she's not a baker, but like a good oven, she's dependable. *(Lotta salutes with her knitting needle.)* And Honey Pie—well, now, she's just as sweet and humble as they come—like a dessert no one can resist. *(Honey smiles shyly.)* Oh, but I've probably said too much already. I'll just let 'em start their lines...

(Narrator exits stage right.)

BESTA: Now, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that Narrator has a little crush on our Honey here. Don't ya think, Lotta?

LOTTA: Well, Besta, you know as well as I do that he's gonna have to stand in line. Sheriff Rolland Dough's been holdin' a candle for Honey since they were in kindy-garten together.

HONEY: Oh, that's not true.

BESTA: Then, Honey, how do you explain the bouquet of posies he's sendin' you every week?

LOTTA: And all those fancy chocolates from the Piggly Wiggly?

BESTA: And the constant marriage proposals you keep turnin' down?

LOTTA: And the fact you haven't had a speeding ticket in fifty years?

LAUGH sign

HONEY: Oh, Rolland's just sweet, that's all.

BESTA: Sweet is right. Sweet on you.

LOTTA: *(In agreement)* Mmm-hhh.

BESTA: You know Mama always loved a good weddin'.

PIE SISTERS: *(With hands in prayer and eyes rolled upward)* Rest in peace, Mama!

HONEY: Well, I know. But I always wanted to marry someone...

BESTA: Strong?

LOTTA: Handsome?

HONEY: *(After a thoughtful pause)* Brave.

BESTA AND LOTTA: Hmmm...

BESTA: Well, the Sheriff sure 'nuf wears a badge, but...

LOTTA: He's a real chicken.

BESTA: *(Snickering)* Yup. Remember the time he tried to help Ol' Man Peters cross the street, and he screamed when he saw that kid on the tricycle headed towards them?

LOTTA: *(Giggles)* I sure do. How 'bout the time he tried to get Ol' Miz Martha's cat out of the tree, and he couldn't get back down?

BESTA: Ya, the Fire Chief was chucklin' for weeks over that one.

LOTTA: Or how about the time...

HONEY: *(Mildly scolding)* Alright, you two, that's enough. Let's not talk about Rolland any more.

(Besta and Lotta exchange a knowing look. Sheriff Rolland Dough and Aunt May enter stage right.)

SHERIFF: Well, now, did I hear my name?

BESTA: Hey there, Sheriff. Now, what brings you to our bench? Hopin' to see someone? *(Besta and Lotta smirk at each other.)*

SHERIFF: *(Embarrassed for a moment)* Well, now...I just wanted to introduce you ladies to my Aunt May. She's gonna be stayin' with me for a while.

AUNT MAY: *(Matter-of-factly)* Howdy-do.

SHERIFF: Aunt May, this is Besta Pie. *(Gestures to Besta.)* Up until just a few years ago, she won the Pie Palooza contest for sixty years runnin'!

AUNT MAY: Oh, yes. I've heard about you. You're the Pie Sister who scammed everyone in town for practically a century with your pickle pie recipe.

BESTA: *(Defensively)* I beg your pardon, but that's ancient history at this point. Had you been here in our play a couple of years ago, you would have seen we worked that all out.

SHERIFF: *(After an awkward pause)* And Aunt May, this is Lotta Pie. *(Gestures to Lotta.)*

AUNT MAY: And you're the Pie Sister who can't think for herself. You just agree with every half-baked recipe your older sister here *(gestures at Besta)* cooks up. *(Besta and Lotta both scowl.)* And that must mean you're... *(points at Honey)*

SHERIFF: *(Interrupts quickly and steps over to Honey)* This is Honey Pie, Aunt May. She's the one I told you about. She's won the Pie Palooza for the last two years, and she's nothin' but sweet and kind and wonderful and...

AUNT MAY: *(Narrows her eyes at Honey suspiciously and interrupts)* A bit flaky, from what I've heard. And I don't believe you're winnin' fair and square since my lovesick nephew here became the head judge.

(Besta and Lotta stand up with their knitting needles at the ready. Honey shows mild surprise. Sheriff Rolland Dough looks nervous and crosses over to stand between the Pie Sisters and Aunt May.)

SHERIFF: Uh, Aunt May, maybe we oughta go now.

AUNT MAY: Good idea. I don't have time for chit-chat. I need to attend to the toenail fungus on my right foot. Have I told you about my fungus, Rolland?

SHERIFF: Yes, Aunt May, you mentioned it to me several times over supper.

GROAN sign

(Sheriff and Aunt May exit stage right.)

BESTA: *(Angrily)* Well now, isn't she three slices of awful. I'd take Sweetie Pie--our terrible, deceitful third-step-cousin-through-marriage-twice-removed--over her any day!

LOTTA: *(To the audience)* A lot of you will remember Sweetie Pie from last year's play, and you'll know for Besta, that's sayin' an awful lot!

BESTA: You bet it is!

HONEY: Aunt May did seem...

BESTA: ...rotten to the very crust!

LOTTA: ...sour as month-old milk!

HONEY: ...tough.

BESTA AND LOTTA: Hmmm...

BESTA: Let's go, girls. Honey Pie, you need to get the ingredients for your winnin' pie recipe. Lotta, come with me. Maybe we can figure a way to take the shine off of ol' Aunt May's pie pan.

(All three Pie Sisters exit off stage left.)

APPLAUSE sign

Scene 2

NARRATOR, MINCEMEAT, AND AUNT MAY

(Narrator enters stage right.)

NARRATOR: Well, I bet you can take a right good guess now at who our new villain is. You might remember that the ones who've been responsible for all the mischief in the past have always been Mincemeat and his two sidekicks, Crusty and Creamy. Well, I hate to surprise ya like this, but Crusty and Creamy are gone.

GASP sign

NARRATOR: Now, now, I know it's a shock, but it really ain't no big deal. You might recall that Creamy was a terrible villain. He was all soft and mushy, and he never liked doin' bad things. Sometimes he didn't even bother to show up--makin' some excuse about bein' sick. Then there was Crusty, who was a smidge better in the villain business, but never had much brains to bake with. Turns out, he tried pickin' on some first grader not too long ago, the kid stuck his tongue out at him, and Crusty fell apart and ran off cryin'. We haven't seen him since. So there you have it. It's just ol' Mincemeat who's left, and I have to say, he's a bit down. Turns out when a villain doesn't have any support and are on their lonesome, well, they just don't know what to do with themselves. *(In a stage whisper to the audience)* Let's try to encourage him when he comes in.

(Mincemeat enters stage left, shuffling sadly, and sits down slumped on the bench.)

BOO and HISS signs

MINCEMEAT: Ya, whatever. *(Gives a dismissive wave at the audience and then lies down on the bench with his arm over his face.)*

NARRATOR: See what I mean? He's in a right bad way. He needs someone who's got some nasty ideas. Someone who thrives on drama and likes to make trouble. In other words, he needs someone who's absolutely up to no good. Oh, thank goodness, here she comes now.

(Narrator exits stage right as Aunt May marches in purposefully, stage right.)

AUNT MAY: What's the matter, sonny?

MINCEMEAT: *(Sadly)* Nothin'.

AUNT MAY: Sit up straight, young man!

MINCEMEAT: *(Lifts arm off face to look up at Aunt May.)* Huh?

AUNT MAY: Your name's Mincemeat, ain't it?

MINCEMEAT: That's right.

AUNT MAY: Well, are ya gonna be a proper villain or aren't ya?

MINCEMEAT: *(Sits up, looking confused.)* Well, sure...I guess.

AUNT MAY: *(Aggressively)* Well, you better start behaving like one then! Young man, to be a villain, you have to be alert and on the offensive. You have to be ready for your next move at all times. You have to be relentless!

MINCEMEAT: *(Still sounding a bit unsure.)* O-kay.

AUNT MAY: That's better. Now, let's talk about your past attempts, shall we? Trying to steal Besta's winnin' pie recipe two years ago? Pathetic. Delegatin' the responsibility of winning the Pie Palooza to one of those two ridiculous sidekicks of yours last year? A disaster.

MINCEMEAT: Well, I just...

AUNT MAY: Ya just managed to make yourself look like a total cream puff, that's all! *(Mincemeat frowns.)* It's time to get serious at being a villain. *(Begins to pace the stage.)* Rule number one: Start rumors! It's fun, it's mean, and best of all, most people believe 'em!

MINCEMEAT: Uh, should I be takin' notes?

AUNT MAY: It certainly wouldn't hurt! *(Mincemeat obediently pulls out a small notebook and stubby pencil from his back pocket, flips it open, and starts to write with his tongue out.)* Rule number two: Make everyone's business your business! You never know when your next opportunity to take control might be!

MINCEMEAT: *(In a loud murmur as he's writing)* Start rumors... *(Now speaking to Aunt May)* Hey, would you mind repeatin' number two?

AUNT MAY: *(Ignores Mincemeat's request and rattles on excitedly)* And rule number three! The most important one! Always work from behind the scenes! You have all kinds of power that way, and people never know what to expect next!

To Be Continued...this is a 10-page sample of the playscript