



**Sample Pages from  
Lord of the Pies**

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# LORD OF THE PIES

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Clint Snyder*



*Lord of the Pies*

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## **Characters**

19-21 10W, 2M + 7E

Casting is gender flexible at the director's discretion. Doubling possible.

Franny

Cashier

Dolores

Isabel

Amanda

Janice

Manager

Five women: Jill, Eileen, Haley, Selma, and Veronica

Five pie makers

Two random customers

There are several characters who just have a few lines. Directors may choose to keep them onstage with a small amount of stage business that does not upstage for the effect of a large cast, or if space is limited they may leave as if they were setting up new houses. Directors may even choose to have them ad lib a line or two as they leave. For example, "I want to go set up my new house," "I'm going to go find a new pet," "I left my purse in the bathroom!" etc.

## **Setting**

A simple pie shop with pies and pie making products scattered.

## **Running Time**

Approximately 30 minutes



*Lights up on a pie shop. There are several customers browsing to find a pie they like and making light conversation. FRANNY, wearing a unflattering cat sweater with sweatpants, starts pulling on the door in order to leave. The pulling does nothing and she grows increasingly more frantic trying to open the door.*

FRANNY: It's locked! This door is locked!

CASHIER: Ma'am can I help you?

FRANNY: This door! This door is locked! We're trapped like mice in those little mazes, except there's no maze, just a pie shop and no cheese, just death! Death!

DOLORES: Death?

CASHIER: Calm down, ma'am. No one is going to die.

DOLORES: What is she talking about, death?

FRANNY: Someone trapped us in here! There's no escape! We're going to die in a pie shop.

DOLORES: I'll call the police, there's no way I'm going to die in a pie shop. The last thing I told my family is, "I'll buy the lemon meringue."

FRANNY: Don't be a fool! You can't use your cell phone!

DOLORES: Why not?

*More and more of the people in the shop become worried by the conversation.*

ISABEL: Haven't you seen the movie?

DOLORES: What movie?

FRANNY: They use the cell phone to lock onto your signal and then the killer really knows where you are.

CASHIER: But if the killer is the one who locked the door then doesn't he already know your location?

FRANNY: We don't have time for your science, Dr. Math! And who said it was a "he" anyway. Huh?

AMANDA: You seem to know an awful lot about this killer.

FRANNY: I think you know a little too much, Mr. Scientist.

CASHIER: I'm just a cashier.

FRANNY: Oh, there Mr. Fancy Pants Math Cashier goes again correcting every little detail. I don't like it. I don't like it one bit!

JANICE: I can't take the pressure! (*she starts pulling on the door erratically*) Get me out of here! Get me out!

FRANNY: Pull yourself together woman! (*she screams while holding JANICE's face, which catches her off guard*) YOU HAVE TO STOP!

JANICE: Why?! We should all be trying to get out right now!

FRANNY: No, that's what they want you to do.

JANICE: Who?

DOLORES: (*gasps*) The killer.

FRANNY: Exactly. The killer is out there just waiting for us to get out and then splat we're gunna be like sticky gum on the bottom of his overgrown killing boot.

CASHIER: That's crazy. Let's not get out of hand here.

FRANNY: Maybe that is crazy and maybe you're just saying that because you're not-so-secretly aligned with the killer!

CASHIER: WHAT?!

FRANNY: I mean think about it... cashier starts with a ca – just like a ca-iller!

AMANDA: She's right!

ISABEL: Oh my word!

FRANNY: TIE THE KILLER UP! I'm not taking any chances.

ISABEL: What should we use for rope?

FRANNY: Here. I always carry a spare roll of tape in my purse to adjust myself.

*FRANNY pulls a roll of tape out of her purse and hands it to ISABEL. ISABEL and AMANDA tie up the CASHIER.*

There now Mr. Math. Thought you could get away with that now didn't you?

CASHIER: Why do you keep calling me that!? I'm just a cashier!

FRANNY: Maybe, maybe not, either way I know I'll sleep better with you tied up.

CASHIER: What do you mean tied up, when I get out of here I'm calling the police.

FRANNY: I am the police now. When lawlessness breaks loose and we're stuck with the rest of civilization doomed we have to make do and recolonize the human race starting right here in this pie shop. I've been training for this situation in my bathroom, I used a his and her sink set to grow my own tomato farm. Have you ever used a pair of tweezers to cut a steak? We have to survive by any means necessary. So, if my steak has to taste a little bit like eyebrows then so be it.

CASHIER: Help! HELP!!

FRANNY: You're under citizen's arrest. Now be quiet before I stuff your mouth with baby food.

CASHIER: Help! Help me!

FRANNY: You there.

AMANDA: Me?

FRANNY: No the person standing behind you smiling at me like a moron, yes you! What's your name?

AMANDA: Aman-

FRANNY: There's no time for that. Hand me that jar of baby food.

AMANDA: Here.

*AMANDA hands FRANNY the baby food. FRANNY opens the jar and spoon feeds the cashier.*

FRANNY: This will learn you!

CASHIER: You know that's actually not that bad.

FRANNY: Pear puree?! Why would you hand me the pear puree?! I'm trying to torture the killer here not pamper him! How do you expect me to do my newfound job as security director of the country with pear puree?

AMANDA: I'm sorry!

ISABEL: What country?



FRANNY: Well obviously we have to start our own country! Sheesh do I have to explain everything? The world is obviously in a state of extreme panic because of the killer that is on the loose outside of these doors that has locked us in to kill us, but luckily for us we have foiled his plot by taking down the dirty smelly mole, our cashier here, and so the killer has taken vengeance on the rest of the world, which will eventually erupt into a fiery panic and need to be restarted right here at the pie shop, where civilization started the first time... probably. It will be named in honor of myself and the great things that I'm doing for our country, Frannyland.

JANICE: Well, when you explain it like that I can't really argue with you.

ISABEL: Sounds right to me. What should we do?

FRANNY: Well, first hand me the green pea baby food, we'll see who's a threat to national security after that!

AMANDA: Here you go!

*AMANDA hands FRANNY the green pea baby food.  
FRANNY feeds it to the cashier, who squirms in protest.*

CASHIER: Oh, it's awful! Get it away! Get it away!

FRANNY: Bet you'll think twice now before threatening the presidential staff of Frannyland.

*The MANAGER enters.*

MANAGER: What's going on here?

FRANNY: This cashier is actually a secret killer that is in cahoots with a bigger killer at large that has locked us inside of the store and has caused society to go into a mass panic. Meanwhile this one planned to disrupt the national security of our nation that we just founded five minutes ago in order to rebuild society.

MANAGER: (*serious*) Hmm... That seems plausible.

CASHIER: Please! I work with you every day! You're my boss!

FRANNY: Is this true?

MANAGER: You know, to tell the truth I never really trusted that cashier, always left candy wrappers at the station.

CASHIER: Please!?! HELP ME!

FRANNY: Quiet you! Or you get another mouthful of baby green pea!

AMANDA: What will we do?

DOLORES: How will we live?

FRANNY: Don't worry, I am a professional when it comes to these sorts of things. I know how to grow tomatoes and I have a lot of cats, so I obviously know what I'm doing.

DOLORES: (*serious*) That seems plausible.

FRANNY: What we need first is a source of food. Can anyone think of a source of food that we could find in a pie shop?

AMANDA: Umm... what about the pies?

FRANNY: Excellent work, you can be my lackey. Now we should probably all get rid of our clothes and burn them in a ritual sacrifice... actually scratch that, nobody wants to see that ugly cashier's tan lines.

CASHIER: I do not hav – I'll be good.

*FRANNY raises a spoon threateningly.*

FRANNY: Now, we'll also need a source of water for the population to live off of, otherwise we're going to have to draw straws as to whose blood we're going to drink.

AMANDA: Ummm, what about the sink in the bathroom?

FRANNY: Excellent work lackey, now we'll also need a bathroom.

AMANDA: Oh, there's a bathroom in the bathroom.

FRANNY: You'll be sure to get a promotion at this rate, what was your name?

AMANDA: Amand-

FRANNY: Scratch that, I really don't care, also scratch the part about you getting a promotion because then you would have my job and that just isn't going to happen. Then scratch my back... it's very itchy. (*she does*) Thank goodness, now you go and check out that bathroom. I want to make sure that there aren't any zombies in there or floral wallpaper. I just can't use a bathroom that has floral wallpaper, there's something about it that I don't find safe.

*AMANDA exits to the bathroom.*

DOLORES: What do you mean zombies? I thought you just said that there was a killer on the loose.

FRANNY: It might be a killer, it might also be a zombie apocalypse, it might also be a soul-eating beastie or an atomic bomb.

MANAGER: Don't be ridiculous.

FRANNY: Excuse me? I am being anything but ridiculous. I happen to take this matter very seriously. Have you ever seen an atomic bomb go off?

MANAGER: No...

FRANNY: Then how do you know that one didn't? I saw a wisp of smoke come out of my oven this morning and that was either from the pizza that I had burnt or an atomic bomb, all I know is I'm not taking any chances. Have you ever seen a soul-eating beastie?

MANAGER: No...

FRANNY: Then how do you know that one isn't outside the store right now, waiting for us, the last survivors on the entire planet to exit the building?

ISABEL: It's a terrifying thought.

DOLORES: She has a point.

CASHIER: That seems plausible.

MANAGER: Be quiet! Look I'm the store manager, which means that I'm in charge of the store apocalypse or no apocalypse. What makes you think you're in charge?

FRANNY: Because I am holding the... *(She searches around for an object. She picks up a muffin pan.)* The muffin pan of... authority. Anyone who is holding this muffin pan is in charge and can call all of the survivors together with this mighty noise. *(she starts banging the pan relentlessly)*

JANICE: Wait! I need a new religion, I've lost my faith! What do I do oh fearless leader?

FRANNY: Uh... I dunno. Here, why don't you talk to this pie for a while.

JANICE: Talk to a pie, that's a little crazy don't you think?

FRANNY: No, look, I used my finger to make a smiley face. *(she hands her the pie)*

JANICE: Oh, that seems plausible. Hello, there mister pie. How are you today? I hate airline food too!

ISABEL: Wait a minute? Mr. Manager... what were you doing with a muffin pan in pie shop anyway?

FRANNY: That's a very good question. What were you doing with a muffin pan in a pie shop? Certainly not making pies.

DOLORES: Unless they were cute little mini-pies that you could give away as party favors.

*Everyone gives a disapproving look. Pause.*

Sorry.

FRANNY: I think we all deserve some answers here. And some pie. *(picking up a pie)* Ohhh rhubarb!

MANAGER: I like a little variety in my store. Is there anything wrong with that?

FRANNY: Yes, Dolores, tie the manager up and let the cashier go.

CASHIER: Yay!

*DOLORES lets the CASHIER go and ties up the MANAGER.*

FRANNY: Don't celebrate too soon there, Skippy, you're still on my list.

CASHIER: *(less enthusiastic)* Yay.

MANAGER: But what did I do? This isn't my fault.

FRANNY: How do we know that? All we know is that you're here and so is a muffin pan.

MANAGER: But I-

FRANNY: *(banging the muffin pan loudly)* Excuse me I have the muffin pan of authority that means I get to speak!

MANAGER: *(pause)* Okay.

FRANNY: DID YOU NOT HEAR ME THE FIRST TIME?!! *(she bangs the pan loudly)*

DOLORES: She does have a point.

FRANNY: Now, someone hand me that tape out of my purse. (*ISABEL sheepishly gets the tape*)

ISABEL: I'll do it.

FRANNY: What are you doing?! Never touch a woman's purse. On second thought you are a lady so I'll let it slide... this time.

ISABEL: Here you go.

FRANNY: You thought you could just waltz in here like you own the place, didn't you.

MANAGER: I do own the place!

FRANNY: But you don't own me! Or the lives of the countless civilians of Frannyland that you would like to see killed, isn't that right?

MANAGER: I have no idea what you're talking about.

FRANNY: Don't play coy with me, Mr. Manager. I don't do well with coy. I eat koi fish for breakfast and I'm onto you with your muffin pan. I don't know how you were planning to do it, but you were part of this apocalypse, you and your muffin pan! Muffin pan in a pie shop, the audacity!

MANAGER: The pies! Listen, you have to untie me! There is a batch of pies in the back that I have in the oven. They'll burn if I don't take them out.

FRANNY: Do you think I was born yesterday?

DOLORES: That's a silly thing to think.

ISABEL: Yeah! That's not even likely.

FRANNY: I wasn't and you're not going back to any imaginary oven so that you can escape and kill us all.

CASHIER: Yeah! We should punish him with baby food!

*Pause.*

FRANNY: Was I talking to you? Do you want to be tied back up?

CASHIER: I'll just be quiet now.

JANICE: The pie is talking to me. It says that the door isn't really locked and that the apocalypse isn't really happening.

FRANNY: That's a lie.

JANICE: No, the pie just spoke to me.

FRANNY: Pies don't speak, so the pie couldn't say anything to you.

DOLORES: She makes a strong case.

ISABEL: You can't argue with facts.

FRANNY: Your brain clearly just needs more food to get your thinking juices flowing. Eat that pie.

JANICE: But... it talked to me... whatever. *(she eats the pie)*

*AMANDA re-enters with FIVE WOMEN.*

AMANDA: I found a big group of people in the bathroom.

JILL: We were just doing our make-up and then this young lady told us that there's a killer on the loose.

EILEEN: I don't want to die. I have a parakeet at home that needs her momma! Who's going to fill up her little birdie bath with water?

HALEY: And I have five kids at home!

SELMA: You do? That's awful!

HALEY: Well... not really. Replace children with leftover biscuits. But, hey, I paid two dollars of my own money for those biscuits and if I don't eat them then they will just go moldy. There are starving kids in third world countries that don't have biscuits.

FRANNY: Actually, they're all dead now thanks to this one *(she points to the MANAGER)* starting the apocalypse.

HALEY: The apocalypse! How could you do that to children or biscuits! How could you waste good food like that, you monster!

MANAGER: I didn't do anything.

VERONICA: Then why are you all tied up?

FRANNY: Exactly!

TRICIA: You are a bad bad person.

*TRICIA pulls out some perfume and sprays the MANAGER with it.*

MANAGER: What are you doing? Ahhh! Stop that!

TRICIA: This is really stinky perfume. I bought it from a catalog and didn't really like it, but I'm going to spray this on you so that when people meet you they immediately won't like you.

MANAGER: (*sarcastic*) I thought there were no other people around. I thought they were all dead.

EILEEN: Because of you!

VERONICA: Monster! (*she hits the MANAGER with her purse*)

FRANNY: Now ladies, let's be civilized about this. (*she starts banging the muffin pan several times*) We're civilized, so when we want to say something we bang the muffin pan of authority.

HALEY: Can I hold the muffin pan?

FRANNY: No! Only I can hold it.

HALEY: It's just that... the muffin pan reminds me of muffins, which reminds me of biscuits, which makes me really, really, sad... (*she starts sobbing loudly*)

FRANNY: See what you made her do, stinky?

VERONICA: (*to the MANAGER*) You should be ashamed of yourself!

FRANNY: Here's what we're going to do. We're going to put a piece of tape on your nose because you're a pig. This way, when everyone sees you they'll just know. They'll say, "There goes the stinky pig."

MANAGER: Actually, pigs are quite clean.

FRANNY: Silence! This is my house.

MANAGER: This isn't your house, this is my store.

FRANNY: This isn't your store, this is my kingdom! FRANNYLAND!  
Now love it or leave it.

MANAGER: I would leave it if I could, but unfortunately you have me tied up at the moment.

FRANNY: Ha! At the moment? You're going to be tied up for much longer than that! Dolores!! How long does it take for someone's arms to fall off from being strung together with scotch tape?

DOLORES: I have no idea. How would I know that?

FRANNY: That's how long, I have no idea, how would I know th – wait  
Dolores are you sassing me?

DOLORES: No.

FRANNY: Dolores go to prison!

ISABEL: There's no prison in here.

FRANNY: The prison is now located where that bathroom was previously. Isabel you can be my head guard.

DOLORES: That's not fair! Isabel you know that isn't fair.

ISABEL: Sorry, I'm the head guard now, so obviously I can't help you. This way citizen.

*ISABEL pushes DOLORES to the "prison."*

FRANNY: Ah, now order has been restored and the borders are secure once more in Frannyland. It's a great day to be a Franninian.

VERONICA: What's a Franninian?

FRANNY: It's my own word that I came up with just now, I like it. It's like American or Brazilian, but much cooler sounding. (*as if addressing a large crowd*) Thank you Franninans, go about your daily routine.

CASHIER: Wow, you're nutso, 'eh?

FRANNY: DO YOU WANT TO BE TIED UP AN FED BABY FOOD AGAIN?! DO YOU?! Because I know it's terrible. The only reason they get away with feeding it to babies is because they can't tell their parents.

CASHIER: I'm sorry. I'll never be bad again.

FRANNY: That's good. Maybe you can be the head of my postal service or something like that.

CASHIER: Wow, is it a cushy job?

FRANNY: The cushiest, and you know that girl that sprayed you with perfume?

CASHIER: Actually that was the manager she sprayed.

FRANNY: Oh, well maybe you dislike her? We can have her deported anyway.

VERONICA: Hey! That's me you're talking about.





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