

The Ladies Guild Annual Pre-Christmas Planning Session

By
Vin Morreale, Jr.

Copyright © 2018 Vin Morreale

<https://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media including use on the worldwide (web and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly) reserved and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user ; to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link :

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

The Ladies Guild Annual Pre-Christmas Planning Session

By

Vin Morreale, Jr.

AT RISE: Lights come up in NINE WOMEN perched in a half-circle of folding metal chairs. The women range in age from 25 to 80, and are joyously noisy, all carrying on animated conversations. A few Christmas decorations adorn the simple set. SUSAN and JILL are happily munching Christmas cookies. ARLENE is unsuccessfully trying to knot a red ribbon into a floppy bow, with JUANITA and MARTHA trying to give her advice. MAGGIE is in a heated argument with ESTHER. LINDA sits off to the side, shyly observing the friendly chaos. PRISCILLA, in the center chair, holds a clipboard and tries to quiet the group.

SUSAN. (To Jill.) ...all I'm saying is that with a good disability policy and some hazard and liability insurance, that Job guy might not have made out so badly...

MAGGIE. (To Esther.) ...You're crazy. Sampson could've whipped Goliath, even without his hair and jawbone.

(Priscilla waves her clipboard, trying desperately to get everyone's attention.)

PRISCILLA. Ladies! Ladies, please! We're almost finished with the minutes to last month's Pre-Christmas planning session.

MARTHA. At this rate, it'll be Christmas before we finish reading the minutes.

PRISCILLA. (Trying not to appear offended.) Since the holidays are almost upon us, I'll choose to ignore that remark.

ESTHER. That's right, Priscilla. Turn the other cheek.

ARLENE. It's your best side anyway. Less visible sagging.

JILL. Fewer wrinkles.

PRISCILLA. (*Facetiously.*) Thank you so much for noticing. Now...where were we?

JUANITA. Old business.

MARTHA. And getting older by the minutes.

PRISCILLA. Yes. Old business. Items 32 through 39. This year's Christmas mission projects. Could the organizing committee heads please give their status reports?

JILL. The *Crochet for Croatia* Christmas campaign is on hold... out of sympathy for the Yucatan yarn strike.

ESTHER. Same with the *Blankets for Bolivia*.

SUSAN. We had a slight problem collecting *Apples for Appalachia*. Evidently, we didn't make it clear to the congregation that we wanted gently used Apple Computers...and not used apples.

JUANITA. Nobody explained that to me until after it was printed in the bulletin!

SUSAN. Nobody is blaming you, Juanita. Apple should have known better than to name their products after a piece of fruit. I'm sure this happens all the time.

PRISCILLA. Perhaps we can fire off a note to the company. Maggie?

MAGGIE. Our *Gloves for Guam* and *Mittens for Micronesia* Campaigns are still in the planning stage.

JILL. Not that I mean to complicate things...but you do realize that those are both tropical countries, don't you? Even during Christmas, I don't believe gloves and mittens are what people over there really need.

MAGGIE. It's the thought that counts.

MARTHA. It's the thought that's missing.

PRISCILLA. (*Frustrated.*) Moving on...

ARLENE. That might explain why we're also having trouble collecting *Ties for Thailand*.

JUANITA. And *Poodles for Pakistan*.

PRISCILLA. Ladies. Ladies. I have to say our efforts are not really bearing a lot of fruit.

SUSAN. That's easy for you to say. You don't have six cases of rotting apples in your garage!

MARTHA. There's nothing worse than single women with too much time on their hands.

SUSAN. I'm not single. I'm married.

MARTHA. Yeah? Then where's your husband?

SUSAN. Same place as yours. Same place as everyone else's!

(A tense angry moment. Pain simmering just below the surface. Priscilla rushes in before things get out of control.)

PRISCILLA. Now let's all try to keep things civil. Remember, we have a guest with us today! Why don't we show her how friendly our meetings can be? Okay, ladies?

(She pointed looks at Martha and Susan glaring at each other, as well as Juanita and Arlene who are dabbing at their eyes. She stares them down, a little more firmly.)

PRISCILLA. Right, ladies?

MARTHA. *(Shrugs.)* Fine with me. I'm Miss Friggin' Congeniality.

SUSAN. *(Through clenched teeth.)* In the spirit of Christmas...

PRISCILLA. Exactly. In the spirit of Christmas... And that leads us to the results of our *Bake Sale for Bulgaria*. Juanita?

JUANITA. Well, as most of you know. The *Bake Sale for Bulgaria* didn't turn out as well as we had hoped.

MARTHA. It was a disaster!

JILL. Don't you think that's a bit of an exaggeration?

MARTHA. Exaggeration? Mr. Eddlestein broke a tooth on Arlene's angel food cake!

ARLENE. I never said I could cook!

MARTHA. And you prove it every bake sale.

ARLENE. You should talk! Your Jello Soup wasn't exactly the hit of the night. Jello is supposed to wriggle, not slurp!

MARTHA. I'll have you know my Grandmother brought that recipe back from the old country.

ARLENE. Maybe she should have left it there.

PRISCILLA. Ladies, please! Remember what Paul said about speaking with kindness and humility.

MARTHA. Paul never broke a tooth on Arlene's angel food cake.

PRISCILLA. (*Firmly*) Moving on...again! We have yet to finish our group sewing project for the annual *Quilts for Quebec* campaign. And there is still some disagreement on the theme of this year's design.

SUSAN. I just don't think a 'Sodom and Gomorrah' Christmas quilt is appropriate.

ARLENE. It's in the Bible.

SUSAN. That may be, but it hardly represents the spirit of the season.

MAGGIE. Do you know how much time I spent on my Pillar of Salt appliqué?

JUANITA. Lot's?

JILL. (*Giggling*) Good one.

PRISCILLA. We all appreciate your efforts, Maggie. But perhaps a more traditional theme might resonate better with the Quebeckians... uh, Quebeckers. (*Waves it off.*) Like the star of Bethlehem, or the shepherds and their flocks.

MAGGIE. We do those every year. I'm sure the people in Canada are getting tired of sleeping with sheep by now.

(*Matha snorts. A few others look embarrassed.*)

MAGGIE. What? What did I say?

PRISCILLA. (*Sighs*) For the thirteenth week in a row. All in favor of a Sodom and Gomorrah Christmas, raise your hands.

(*Maggie, Martha, Arlene and Esther raise their hands.*)

PRISCILLA. All opposed?

(*Jill, Juanita, Priscilla and Susan raise their hands.*)

PRISCILLA. Another tie. I suggest we table the issue to our next meeting.

JILL. That's the thirteenth postponement in a row. A new club record.

PRISCILLA. (*With frustration.*) Congratulations to us all. Which brings us to new business, Esther?

ESTHER. I would like to introduce Linda. She's new to our group. Let's all give a big old Ladies Guild 'Hi' to Linda.

ALL. Hi, Linda.

MAGGIE. (*Leaning forward.*) How do you feel about Sodom and Gomorrah?

LINDA. Uh...I um...guess they had it coming?

MARTHA. (*To Maggie.*) Looks like Lot's wife is history.

ESTHER. For those of you who hadn't heard, Linda recently...um...qualified for membership in our group.

(*The ladies grow silent and look at Linda with pity. Linda bows her head.*)

ARLENE. (*Softly.*) I'm so sorry, dear.

(*She nods, but can't say a word.*)

SUSAN. We all are.

LINDA. Tha... Thank you.

MAGGIE. How are you holding up, dearie?

LINDA. Not... too bad, I guess.

JILL. Good days and bad days?