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*Lesbians Last Pizza*  
First Printing, 2007  
Second Printing, 2010  
Printed in the U.S.A.

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# Lesbian's Last Pizza

by Jeff Goode

*and Prelude to Pizza*

**For Michael Barto**  
**who I should have known better**

**Lesbian's Last Pizza** opened June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1996  
at The Bookstore @ Joe's in Des Moines, Iowa.

directed by  
Jennifer Shepard

featuring  
Cheryl Snodgrass

Stage Manager	Laura Miller
Tech	Mark Vance & Greg Dunn
Poster	Matt Greiner
Artistic Direction	Cheryl Snodgrass

Special Thanks to...

Dan Inzeo	Lloyd Miller
Jemal Diamond	Amy Lynn Pigott
Seán Judge	Brett Neveu
Margie DuBé	Inger Hatlen
Jan Shotwell	Al Gersbach
Shawn Leonard	April Richards

Java Joe's  
The Kirkwood Hotel  
The Des Moines Art District

Prelude to Pizza was originally written at the request of Bill Taylor, the artistic director of Theatre Conspiracy in Fort Myers, Florida, as a possible companion piece for his production of Lesbian's Last Pizza.

It is the story of the unfortunate pizza delivery guy who is destined to discover the body after the events of the play. The two monologues are not otherwise related and may be performed separately, or together, or as part of a larger evening of theatre.

**Prelude to Pizza** opened December 17<sup>th</sup>, 1998  
at Theatre Conspiracy in Fort Myers, Florida.

with Nick Grey as the Pizza Guy

## Prelude to Pizza

*(Lights up on the Pizza Guy.)*

PIZZA GUY

I know you don't care about me.  
You act like you're happy to see me sometimes.  
An' it's the thought that counts, I guess.  
But you just do it to hide how impatient you got from waiting.  
Wondering if something happened to me.  
Not that you care.

You're worried about the pizza.

And I guess I can understand that.  
I mean, that's why you called right?  
I don't remember anyone askin' for me.

So I'm gonna keep this short and sweet and get to the point and just say this:

*(He takes out a pizza box. Stands there holding it in one hand.)*

I'm the pizza guy.  
I deliver the pizza.

That's it. That's my message.

Sometimes I think you think my relationship with the pizza is more complicated than that.  
But nuh uh.  
I don't make it.  
I don't put the toppings on.  
I just bring it.  
I didn't take the order wrong. Or slice it wrong. Or make it get cold on the way to your house.  
Well, maybe. But you also gotta blame the laws of gravity about that. Because even in an ideal world. If the road to your house was a frictionless surface.  
And it was the straightest distance between two points. And down a hill.

The pizza would still be mathematically colder from the time it left the oven to when it hits your mouth.

Which, by the way, it would also be accelerating at 9.8 meters per second per second when it did, so you don't want that anyway.

Truth of the matter is:

Unless somebody called to complain about how's my driving again. And I had to cut through the kitchen on my way to the manager's office.

I probably never even seen your pizza before in my life. Or pie, sometimes we call it.

Really, it's just me an' the box on the way over.

The pizza is a purely theoretical.

So when you open it up and say:

"Where's my extra cheese?"

I honestly have no idea.

Check in the box would be my guess.

Cuz somewhere within the confines of this cardboard anomaly is where it should be.

But that's just a theory.

More a hypothesis, really.

Maybe we should run some tests.

Cuz for all I know there could be pancakes in here.

Or a raccoon. Smashed flat as a pancake.

*(He feels the box.)*

And he's still warm.

Of course, we both hope it's not a raccoon. But, if that turns out to be the case...

I think you understand why I don't think it should effect my tip.

It's not like I put him in there.

I didn't run him over and then stick him inside and leave your pizza on the roadside.

Although it would be funny if I did.

Not for you and me.

But whoever found the pizza.

*(He pretends to find the pizza.)*

"Look, pepperoni."

"...and it's still warm"

"Now how did that get here?"

*(He pretends to look around.)*

"Hmm. Animal tracks. Tire tracks. And they both end right..."

Hmmmmmm."

*(He picks up the pizza)*

I'm not supposed to leave it on the ground like that.

That's one of the rules.

Don't let it hit the ground.

Don't store it sideways.

Wash your hands with soap.

Which is kinda silly, because this cardboard is acid resistant.

This box is so tough, you could store comic books in it.

You could pee right on it and the pizza would be fine.

In fact, I think the only reason we don't is because that would be bad.

And no one would wanna touch the box.

At least it's not going in my car.

But the pizza itself is completely sanitary. You could eat off it.

That is...

*(Sly grin.)*

If it's in here...

*(Pause.)*

I'm teasing you, I'm sure it is.

*(He shakes the box a little.)*

There's something in there.

But I guess, that's my point is, you gotta always remember to don't blame the messenger.

Cuz it's like the Virgin Mary of the Freezer. Remember her?

I knew her.

I mean the lady that found her.

I didn't see the Virgin Mary in person till later when she was on TV.

She was the mother of a friend of mine, his cousin.

And she thought she saw the Virgin Mary in the condensation on a freezer door at Quik Trip.

They showed it on TV.

It was just this, ya know, condensation, and it was kinda Virgin Mary shaped if you look at it.

What's the word for that? Madonnica?

Kinda curved like a woman with a shawl over her head.

Peanut-shaped is, I guess, the word I'm lookin' for.

Or like half a snowman.

And these spikes around it from how the frost sorta crystallized and froze.

So it looked like she was glowing.  
So, like a radioactive peanut.  
Or the Virgin Mary.  
Anyway, she discovered this vision. And they put it on TV.  
And she took it as a sign from God that it was okay for Marco to be gay.  
That's her son. My friend's cousin.  
And also that she should play the lottery.  
So since then, his whole family's been very supportive of his life style.  
And they play the powerball.  
So it's great that she was able to take something away from her experience with the freezer door at Quik Trip. But it's still a freezer door.  
I mean, it still is. They didn't frame it or anything.  
Somebody wiped it down, so you can't see the Virgin Mary any more.  
But it's still there, keeping the Hagen Dasz warm.  
And that's pretty much all it set out to do in the first place.

And that's like me.  
I swear the way people treat me sometimes, you'd think I was a door to door salesman for Jehovah's Witness.  
Believe me, if something jumps out of here and saves your soul, I will be as surprised as you. Cuz it's never done that before. I don't think my insurance would cover if I was driving around with a seatful of salvation.

The closest I ever came was one time I was making a delivery down over on.... Fuck.  
Why can't I remember street names?  
Well, anyway, what the point is, I was making a delivery and I rang the door and it got all quiet.  
Cuz before I could hear yelling and hitting and stuff, and I rang the door and nothing.

And then this big guy came to the door. Opened the door. Bright red in the face and sweaty. And he's breathing kinda heavy, like he's gonna have a heart attack.  
So, of course, right away my first thought is I'm thinking:  
This guy is thirsty.  
So I asked if he'd like a liter of soda pop with that.  
Cuz that's one of the things we're allowed to do is suggestive sell on the soda pop.

Which they send us out with extra just in case.

And you can even, if you go to the bulk store, buy your own and sell them that and make a little extra that way if you don't report it. And it's pure profit. Except for what you pay for the pop, and gas and anything else you buy.

But I don't do that anymore because of one summer it was really hot and so I got some cases of root beer the night before, just in case.

And the next day when I was at my daytime job at the Walmart, it was 103 degrees in the parking lot and it exploded all over the back of my Chevette.

Not the parking lot. But the root beer.

And I had to sell the car after that.

Oh! Because I guess this was that night because he said:

"What? What do I look like?"

The guy.

And I said - and I wasn't just saying this - honest to God, he looked like a guy who could really use some root beer.

So that's what I said.

And he just started laughing. And kinda in my face.

And I know you're not supposed to do this.

But something came over me.

And I looked at him and I said:

"It's just 99 cents each.... Damn you."

Which, that made him laugh even harder.

But now, I felt like he was laughing with me, not at me.

And he said, "Okay. Get my wallet, bitch."

I guess that's what he called her. Because this woman, or his girlfriend, or whatever she was got up from sitting on the kitchen floor and wiped her eyes and went in the other room to get the money. So I went back out to the car.

And that's when I saw how all the root beers had exploded over the back of my car.

Because the pizza rides up front. So I hadn't even checked.

And I was just...

You know how when it's hot? And, like, you got root beer all over your upholstery. And you make minimum wage, and you drive a Chevette, and I just broke one of the cardinal rules of suggestive selling, which is... Don't say, "It's just 99 cents, damn you" to the customer. And he laughed in your face.

...and I just started crying right there in the drive way.

And the woman, the guy's woman came out of the house with money for the pizza and the root beer. And she put her hand on my shoulder, and she said... I don't remember. Something like... "Here's your money."

And I was gonna say "I'm sorry, I don't have any root beer", but when I looked up at her, I could see that she was pretty beat up. Y'know, like when somebody beats the shit out you. And she had a black eye. And I looked at her and I said...

"I'm sorry, I don't have any root beer."

And she kinda went "Oh", like, ya know, when you don't know what else to say. And sort of stood there looking at the money like she didn't know what to do and you could tell she'd taken the time to get the exact change, which was eleven something, because of the coupon.

So that's when I said, "Are you okay?" And then she laughed. And she said "No."

Then she handed me the money, even the 2 dollars for the root beer and turned around and went back into the house. When she closed the door I could still hear the guy was laughing. And she was laughing. And I thought, ya know, if I hadn't come along right when I did with the pizza. And theoretically with 2 liters of root beer. And brought laughter into that house for one minute. ...he might have really hurt her, or something, or killed her.

Which is what eventually happened a couple days later from what I read in the paper.

At least, the address was the same.

Which, I guess I forgot to mention before, is why I had to sell the car. Not from the root beer.

*(Pause.)*

...I don't know why I tell that story.

## Lesbian's Last Pizza

### "Prologue"

I'd like to order a pizza.

Sausage and mushroom, but I can't pay for it.

Yeah, I'm not gonna pay for it.

I mean I'm not gonna pay for it.

*(They hang up on her.)*

Don't you want to know why?

*(Woman. Telephone. Bottle of Pills.)*

*(She looks at the telephone.)*

*(Taking a deep breath, she picks up the receiver and dials a number.)*

### "Mom"

Hello, Mom? ...

Mom? ...

I know you're there Mom, you answered the phone. ...

Hello?

I know you're listening, could you at least say "hello"?

...Well, at least you're listening.

...

Mom...

*(How to put this?:)*

I want you to come see me.

I know that's not what you want to hear right now.

But I've been thinking this over... and dammit, Mom, this is not about you, it's about me.

It's my life, so I don't think I should be apologizing anymore.

At least not today.

Tomorrow you can tell me how I brought it on myself, but today, I want you to come over here and see me.

...

Or at least say, "hello".

...

I'm all alone here, and you won't even say, "hello".

...

All right, I can't take this. I'm gonna hang up. If you wanna talk, you can call me.

*(She hangs up.)*

*(Pause.)*

*(The phone rings.)*

*(She picks it up:)*

Mom?

**"Chris"**

*(disappointed:)*

Hello, Chris.

No, I'm glad you called. I thought it was my mother.

No, I'm okay.

No, you don't have to come over.

I'm fine.

I don't care what I sound like, I'm fine. No, I don't want you to come over.

**BECAUSE I WANT TO BE ALONE!!**

*(beat)*

And now you're crying.

Ssh! Ssh! Christine? I'm sorry.

I know. I know. I didn't mean to yell at you.  
You gotta give me some time to myself, okay?

I know.

Well, water the plants.  
Well then let them die.

Chris, I don't care about the goddamn plants.

They're my plants!

All right, I'm making a decision about the plants. You are to stop watering the plants as of right... now. Okay? I forbid you to water the plants. Or give them sunlight, or nurturing or respect of any kind. And if even one of those little green fuckers complains, I want you to throw it in the dumpster as an example to the others. Okay? The plant problem is solved.

...Well then water them.

This is exactly the kind of conversation I don't want to be having right now.

I'm what?

uh huh. Stop right there. I know what you're going through, Chris. I know exactly what you're going through. And I don't want it around me.

No, you're not coming over here. No, you're not. Chris, if you come and see me today, I swear to God, I'll kill you.

Yeah, then we'll both be dead.

Chris?

*(She slams the phone down.)*

*(She glares at the phone.)*

*(She picks it up and dials another number.)*

**"Sam"**

Is Sam there?

Sam, it's me. I know, listen, you've gotta do me a favor.  
Chris is coming to see me. Can you go over and stop her?  
You have to do it now, she's on her way out the door.

Just go talk to her.

Thanks, bye.

*(She hangs up, and breathes a sigh of relief.)*

*Maybe Pizza??*

*(She decides to make another phone call, dials the number.)*

**"Mom..."**

*(She just holds the phone for a long time, smiling.)*

*(mischievously:)*

Two can play at this game.

...

Mom, if you'll talk to me I'll give ya a dollar.

...

All right, let me sweeten the pot. If you talk to me, I'll give you...

*(She looks in her pocket.)*

Two dollars. ... Come on, two dollars, Mom, it's all I have.

*(no response)*

You know who I saw yesterday?

Michael.

He forgives me, Mom.

He even brought me flowers.

They were beautiful. Golden roses. Like the kind we had at our wedding. Well, we didn't have them. They were growing there. In the garden outside the chapel.

He brought me some of those.

They were so beautiful I had to throw them away. They reminded me too much.

...So maybe he doesn't forgive me.  
Maybe he came to punish me. With flowers.  
Well, I threw them out, so I guess I won that round.

...  
Some things can never be forgiven.

...  
You don't forgive me, do you, Mom? For divorcing Michael.  
For not giving you grandchildren.  
For *marrying* Michael.  
For dropping out of college.  
For growing up. And having a personality that wasn't the same as yours.  
Or for having a personality too much like yours.  
For stealing the little girl away from you who looked so cute in her pastel jumper and the skinned knee and the half a broken popsicle crying in that picture you showed everyone at Thanksgiving every year, until you found out about Linda.

For being born.  
No, that's not fair. You don't have to say anything, I take it back.  
You forgave me for being born.  
I never forgave you.

...  
Mom, if I forgive you for that. Will you come see me?

...  
I'll have to think about it.  
Some things are unforgivable.

Oh! um, Mom, I got a call on the other line. Hold on, okay? ...  
Okay? Mom? ... Whatever.  
*(She changes lines.)*

Hello?

**"...and Chris"**  
*(disappointed:)*  
Hello, Chris.

uh huh, I'm sorry I yelled at you, too. Is Sam there?

Let me talk to Sam.

*(switching lines:)*  
Mom, I'll be right back.

*(She switches back.)*

Sam?

Chris, let me talk to Sam.

I just want to talk to Sam.

Sam?

*(her tone changes:)*

I told you I didn't want to talk to her.

Okay, I told you I didn't want to see her, but you knew what I meant.

So why am I talking to her?

Oh, who died and made you my therapist?

I know you're a therapist, Sam. But you're not my therapist.

And-- And... This would be one reason why, because I don't need to talk to her.

I don't need to talk to her.

I DON'T NEED TO TALK TO HER.

I-- Sam, if you need a mouthful of teeth, you'll stop this right now.

I don't care, I am not gonna talk to her.

She told you what?

Let me talk to her.

Hello, Chris.

Why did you tell Sam you were going to kill yourself?

You are not going to kill yourself. No, you are not.

You are not going to kill yourself. You tell people that, and they think you're crazy.

Especially a therapist. Are you out of your mind?

Listen to me, Chris...

*(She changes lines.)*

Mom, I'm rescuing a child from a burning building, I'll just be a minute.

*(She switches back.)*

Chris, my love is not what's keeping you alive. It didn't keep me alive.

Well, then kill yourself.

Go ahead. Go ahead! Need a gun? There's one in the hall closet.

*(She rolls her eyes.)*

Chris? Sam! Somebody pick up the phone!

*(Pause.)*

Hi, Sam, listen.

If she tries to kill herself again, here's a number I want you to call. You got a pen? Are you writing this down?

Nine. One. One!

Well, what am I supposed to do? I appreciate your help, Sam, but will you look at her right now?

She's thrashing around in the hall closet, isn't she?

You know what I'm going through. Do you really think that's what I need?

It's just for today, Sam. If I could have one day.

Thanks.

Okay. Bye, Sam. You should get out of there before she finds the gun.

*(She switches lines.)*

Hi, Mom, you wouldn't believe the day I've had.

*(But there's nobody on the line. She hangs up and dials again.)*

You hung up on me.

*(Mom hangs up.)*

*(She dials again.)*

And you did it again.

*(Mom hangs up.)*

*(She dials again.)*

Mom?

*(Mom hangs up.)*

*(She dials again.)*

I've got speed dial, Mom.

*(Mom hangs up.)*

*(She speed dials.)*

Mom? That's better.

*(sarcastic:)*

It's so good to hear your cheerful silence.

*(Mom hangs up.)*

*(She dials again.)*

I'm sorry.

*(Pause.)*

Mom...

...

There's nothing I can say...

...

I mean, there's really nothing I can say, is there?