

A

[REDACTED]

GINNY. Vern, truly I've just been pre-occupied. I haven't been able to think about anything but quiche!

VERN. You're excited about eating that prize quiche, are you?

GINNY. More than anything!

VERN. Very well. I'll accept that.

WREN. Ginny, how many quiches were submitted this year?

GINNY. Well, we have [NUMBER OF AUDIENCE MEMBERS ATTENDING] sisters here in attendance today, and all but one submitted a quiche.

DALE. Who wouldn't submit a quiche?

(VERN has spotted someone in the audience.)

VERN. Looks like there's someone here who's too ashamed to let the light of day see her quiche ever again.

(She walks up to the audience member that has been pre-selected as Marjorie.)

VERN. Isn't that right, Marjorie?

(The sisters gasp.)

WREN. *(trying to be polite)* Oh my. Marjorie. I didn't see you. Out there with all the other widows.

DALE. Yeah, Marjorie. We're used to seeing you up here with the other officers.

GINNY. *(She remembers the stories.)* Oh...Marjorie.

VERN. That's right. The Marjorie.

WREN. Now, now, sisters. We can all discuss Marjorie's fall from grace immediately after the meeting.

VERN. Let's do that by the way. Immediately after the meeting. Let's get that on the agenda. Ginny!

(GINNY pulls out a small notepad.)

GINNY. I have made note of it as an Action Item.

DALE. [Oh! An action item!]

B

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

LULIE. (to the audience) Hello fellow widows!
(The audience responds. But not up to LULIE's standards.)

LULIE. (addressing the "Current Members" in the audience and the officers) Sisters, let's give them our customary welcome. When we say, "Hello fellow widows!" I want to hear you shout at the top of your lungs, "Hello Sister!" Now let me hear it with pride! HELLO! FELLOW. WIDOWS!!

[REDACTED]

LULIE. (charged up by the response from the room) Can you believe it is that time of year again? The tasting of the first quiche! I don't think I need to re-iterate the importance of the EGG to me and my life. All of our lives. As I explained in the forward of my best-selling textbook "Women Can Yes: the History of the Egg", the egg is as close to the Lord Jesus as a piece of food can get. So pure, so perfectly shaped, so delicious. I remember the first time I ate quiche.

[REDACTED]

I was so young. Sprightly. Naive. And that first bite. I didn't think I'd ever find others who enjoyed quiche as

much as I did. And then I found you all. My sisters. My fellow widows. And I for one cannot wait for you all to try this year's Prize Quiche.

C

GINNY. Is everyone a lesbian?! Secret lesbian societies! This is exactly what I was warned about before I left Manchester. "Watch out for those Americans and their secret lesbian societies, they'll snatch you up!"

VERN. Snatch -

LULIE. May I remind everyone that there is still a meeting of the Susan B. Anthony Society for the Sisters of Gertrude Stein taking place!

WREN. Things have changed Lulie! We all better get used to it! Vern, it's so wonderful. You must! Say it now! We're the leaders here. None of the other sisters will have the courage unless the officers do it first!

GINNY. But Vern, you're not! Don't you see? This is peer pressure of the worst kind! You're not a lesbian! [You're just an unmarried 30 year old lady who enjoys a game of softball every now and again.] Please. Deep in your heart, you must know that this isn't right. We're ladies. We must act like it.

VERN. She's right sisters. You're right, Ginny. We must. Act like ladies. I think I may have given everyone the wrong idea earlier. I apologize. I'm not a...you know. I'm not. I just really, really enjoy quiche.

GINNY. Me too.

LULIE. Me too.

DALE. Me too.

WREN. Me too.