

# The Ladies

*The Ladies are a group of friends who have a set time each week to meet for coffee, a meal, or dessert. The set can be as minimal or elaborate as you wish, but basically requires a table, chairs, and coffee mugs. The ladies are Meredith, B.J. (Belinda Jo), Sophie, Kate, and Abby.*

## **The Ladies Skits**

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Joy

(Meredith, Kate, and Sophie are seated at the table. Meredith is finishing a phone call.)

*Meredith*

We were beginning to worry, so I'm glad you called. ...OK, OK, OK, B.J.—calm down and we'll see you when you get here. Bye, girl!

*Sophie*

Is something wrong, Meredith?

*Meredith*

No, she claims everything is fine, but she was kind of vague—something about family stuff.

*Kate*

But she's OK, right?

(Meredith nods in response.)

*Sophie*

It's funny how freaked out we get if one of us misses this weekly get-together.

*Kate*

I love sitting around with you girls just talking.



*Sophie*

And laughing.

*Meredith*

And unfortunately, crying sometimes.

*Sophie*

Like the time Kate confessed to us that she had grabbed a pair of jeans out of the dryer to pull on for a quick trip to the grocery. It's just a good thing the underwear caught in the pant leg fell out in the parking lot and not in the store. (Ladies giggle.)

*Kate*

Thanks for bringing that up, Sophie!

*Meredith*

And when I had to tell everyone that my dad was dying of cancer. It was so good to be able to just be me.

*Kate*

God's blessed us that we've been friends a long time. We've seen people come into and out of each other's lives.

*Sophie*

Isn't it amazing how immediately connected we all felt? Instantly, without even trying, I loved each one of you like a sister.

*Kate*

Must be a God thing.

# Testy

(B.J. comes rushing up to the table, takes a seat and sighs deeply.)

*B.J.*

You can't imagine what a morning I've had. Jason's mother called.

*Meredith*

(smiling) I can hear her "Now listen, Belinda Jo."

(B.J. gives her a look.)

*Kate*

I like Grace—she doesn't seem like such a bad person.

*B.J.*

She's not, but when she gets something in her head—she can't let it go.

*Sophie*

Gets a little fixated, huh.

*B.J.*

You just don't know—she's doing a scrapbook for Jason for his birthday. Sounds sweet enough, right? Well, she wants some old pictures of us when we were dating. I tried to say, "I'm heading out the door to meet the girls—I'll get them to you later today."

*Kate*

I know where this is going.

*B.J.*

Exactly!! Oh no—she needed them right then—life would end if she didn't have them right then.

*Sophie*

Maybe she's in a crunch—when's Jason's birthday?

*B.J.*

(Pause.) Not for another three months!!

*Meredith*

Sounds just like my Aunt Lizzie. Everyone has someone . . .

*Sophie*

Or many someones . . .

*Meredith*

Everyone has someone like that in her life—that person she loves, but who gets absolutely on her last nerve.

*Kate*

Hey, look. It keeps life interesting.

*B.J.*

That's easy for you to say.

# Foe

*Sophie*

Hey Kate, you look stressed today. Is everything alright?

*Kate*

Yeah, I just have some stuff goin' on at work that I can't quit thinking about.

*B.J.*

I thought you liked your new job.

*Kate*

Oh, I do. There's a huge learning curve for me in this new department, but I really enjoy the work.

*Meredith*

Then what's got you so bothered?

*Kate*

It's not the actual work—it's someone I work with, Cindy.

*Meredith*

Have you told us about her before?

*Kate*

I can't imagine that I haven't. She drives me nuts.



*Sophie*

I thought you liked everyone.

*Kate*

Well, it's sure different with this gal.

*B.J.*

What's the problem?

*Kate*

I don't know. All I know is I can't stand the woman. Just the very sound of her voice annoys me. I'm ashamed to say that there are days when I think 'I hate that woman.' (pause and then reflectively) And I have to say—as a Christian, I just don't know what to do with that.

# Far

(Abby enters and stands to the side as if waiting to be seated.)

*Sophie*

Look, she's here again.

*B.J.*

(Looking around) Who's here again?

*Sophie*

The lady waiting to be seated—and don't be so obvious, do you want her to think we're staring?

*Kate*

You told us to look.

*Meredith*

What about her?

*Sophie*

I've seen her here several times before, and she's always alone.

*Kate*

I love to watch people—you know, like in airports or malls.

*B.J.*

Hey, let's play that game where you guess what her story is.



*Kate*

You mean like married or not, kids or not, dies her hair or not...  
(giggles)

*Sophie*

Stop. I'm just wondering if we should maybe ask her to sit with us.

*B.J.*

We don't even know her. Don't you think she'll feel self-conscious?

*Sophie*

I'll go over there. (Sophie crosses to the woman.)

*Kate*

She'd talk to a brick wall.

*Meredith*

And we love her for it. I mean look at me. There was a time when I was a stranger. I'm the newest one to the group and if you girls hadn't made an effort to approach me—I guess I'd still be alone. I thank the Lord that Sophie will "talk to a brick wall."

(Sophie and Abby walk up to the table.)

*Sophie*

Hey girls, this is Abby and she's going to join us.

(Everyone greets her.)