ELP Podcast Draft: Eat Cake 2

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**Eat Cake, Revisited**

Elizabeth: [Monologue] Brian and I have been together for about three years now, but it feels like only yesterday that I got a chance phone call while baking a coconut cake, and chatted with Brian, then a perfect stranger. We ended up going to the park near the theater to eat the coconut cake, breaking my usual Valentine’s Day tradition of watching my favorite movie, “The Princess Bride.” One year ago, we decided to open a bakery together, and everything seems to be on track now; we have regular customers and receive quite a few special orders for birthday cakes every month. And we’re now living together. I thought it would be so romantic to be awakened by someone I love, but…

Brian: [Snoring]

Elizabeth: [Anxious] Brian…! Brian! Wake up! Do you know what time it is? It’s 8:30. And we open at 9!

Brian: [Sleepy] Huh…?

Elizabeth: The bakery! I’m getting dressed. We won’t make it if we don’t leave right now!

Brian: Liz...What’s the rush? Today is our big day off! The new baker and clerks will look after the shop today. Remember?

Elizabeth: ...Oh... yeah…how could I have forgotten? Well, in that case, I’m going back to sleep right now.

Brian: OK, Liz, just one more thing. What would you like for breakfast?

Elizabeth: Just a hot coffee, and I’d like it black today. And we can have some of the rolls we brought back from the bakery last night.

Brian: Fine. I’ll get up and dress quick and then I’ll be off.

[Door opens]

Brian: Liz – rise and shine! Good morning!...Hey, do we have a breakfast date or not? Or have you decided to sleep in?

Elizabeth: (sleepily) What time is it?

Brian: Hmmm…it’s quarter to ten. You looked like you wanted to sleep more, so I didn’t call you right away after I got back.

Elizabeth: A quarter to ten! Oh my gosh! I’d better get moving. Uh...did you bring coffee?

Brian: I left it on the night stand for you… so you wouldn’t have to get up…

Elizabeth: …Uh, Brian…?

Brian: Yeah?

Elizabeth: You got me *iced* coffee?

Brian: Yes, with your favorite rolls…[he suddenly remembers] (gasp) Oh...I’m sorry, Liz...

Elizabeth: [Angry] You *did* hear me tell you I wanted “black” coffee this morning, right? And that I wanted it “hot”?

Brian: [Guiltily] Oh, Liz, I’m sorry. My brain just registered “coffee,” so without thinking I got what you usually have, iced coffee with milk.

Elizabeth: Yes, that *is* what I usually have. But today I really needed something stronger… after being kept awake all night by *somebody’s* snoring…not mentioning any names here!

Brian: Oh. I’m sorry, Liz. Let’s see if I can find an alternative...I think we have some hot chocolate in the cupboard…

Elizabeth: [Annoyed] Oh, come on. You know perfectly well that I never have anything sweet in the morning!

Brian: [Irritated] I’m just trying to help, OK? That’s all I’m ever trying to do, but it’s never good enough!

Elizabeth: [Indignantly] Trying to “help”? Like the time you brought me toast with peanut butter? With *my* *pea*nut allergy? It could have *killed* me!

Brian: [Yielding but mad] OK, since it seems I can’t do the simplest thing for you without putting you in mortal danger, or at least a triggering a fit of anger, I’ll just renounce all involvement in your food life, OK? Enjoy your breakfast. (Heads for the door.)

Elizabeth: What? Brian? You come back here!

[Door slams]

Brian: [Monologue, with sound of footsteps] Sometimes I just don’t get Liz. She was never like this before, no matter how serious the problem was. I admit that I’m not the most considerate partner in the world, but she doesn’t have to constantly lose her temper over every little thing and yell at me like that. It’s just coffee, for crying out loud. She obsesses over every last detail...like the way she makes coconut cake: 5 teaspoons must always be 5 teaspoons...or the whole thing is a flop…[suddenly]

Clerk: Coconut cake! Fresh from the oven! Would you like to try some, sir?

Brian: Oh! [stunned] Sure, thanks. [chewing] Hey, this is really good! How much for a 6-inch-round cake? [fadeout]

Brian: [Coming back] Liz? Anybody home?

Elizabeth: Brian! I really have to apologize for this morning. I guess I just got up on the wrong side of the bed. I like having things a certain way, and when they’re not that way, I freak out.

Brian: I know...and I understand. And I was being thoughtless. How about if we just put this all behind us and move on? … Here, I brought you something.

Elizabeth: What is it? Oh, coconut cake! Brian! How sweet of you!

Brian: I just couldn’t be angry with you anymore once I saw this cake. It’s very good.

Elizabeth: Thank you. I don’t know what to say. It’s been a long time since we’ve had coconut cake together. Oh Brian, I’ll try not to be such a grouch next time. I’m sorry.

Brian: Haha. Never mind. Even if I can’t get you the right coffee, I will never forget about your love of coconut cake.

[End]