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CAKE TOP FOLLIES

A One Act Comedy

by

JOHN TWOMEY

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Cake Top Follies
By John Twomey

CHARACTERS

2 Women

CHARACTERS:

CYNTHIA; an uptight woman of about 30
JUDY; an unrestrained woman of about 30

SETTING:

A modest hotel room with two twin beds. Other properties include a full-length mirror, a room telephone, a mini fridge, an ice bucket with a scoop, and a table.
(AT RISE: CYNTHIA enters, carrying a cake box. She is wearing a garish, brightly colored dress and has her hair up in a tight, controlled style. She puts the box down and checks her appearance approvingly in the mirror. Then the phone rings. She answers it.)

CYNTHIA
(Into phone) Hello...Nothing happened to it...Of course, I won't let anything happen to it. It's safe with me. You know you can count on me...Goodnight.

(CYNTHIA hangs up as JUDY enters from the bathroom. Judy's hair has been let down. She is wearing a robe and carrying the same dress Cynthia is wearing.)

JUDY
(Singing) Here comes the...bitch!

(JUDY disdainfully tosses her dress on the floor.)

CYNTHIA
You should be ashamed of yourself.

(JUDY looks in the mini fridge.)

JUDY
Empty. Figures. (Picks up the phone) This is Judy Boyle in room 515.

CYNTHIA
Where did you go?

JUDY
(Into phone) I'd like a surf and turf dinner.

CYNTHIA
You can't just walk out of your sister's wedding.

JUDY
(Into phone) And a bottle of champagne. Put them on the Walsh tab. (To Cynthia) Want anything?

CYNTHIA
(Outraged) Absolutely not.
JUDY

It's on her.

CYTHIA

You can’t just order food like that.

JUDY

Of course I can.

(CYTHIA grabs the phone.)

JUDY

Hey!

CYTHIA

(Into phone) Please disregard that order. (Hangs up)

JUDY

I'm hungry.

CYTHIA

You have no right.

JUDY

I'm starving.

CYTHIA

There was plenty to eat at the reception.

JUDY

I didn't get any.

CYTHIA

And whose fault was that?

JUDY

She started it.

CYTHIA

Serves you right for leaving the wedding.

JUDY

What else could I do?
There was no need to leave.

Did you hear what she said to me?

I think you misheard.

(Imitating) Maybe if you're lucky enough, one day we'll be celebrating your wedding.

I didn't hear that.

Lucky enough?

I'm sure she meant that she wants you to be as lucky as she is one day.

Oh, I know what she meant.

I think you're mistaken.

Lucky. She thinks marrying that paunchy bald dweeb is luck? Hah!

Whatever you thought she meant, you shouldn't have left.

Better for her I did leave.

It wasn't proper. It was bad form not to stay.

Bad form? Oh, if I'd stayed, there would have been bad form.

I had to tell everyone at our table that you were ill.
JUDY
Sister Cynthia. Aren’t you the good little maid of honor?

CYNTIA
Somebody had to keep up the decorum of the wedding.

(CYNTHIA again checks her appearance approvingly in the mirror.)

JUDY
When are you going to take off that ugly dress?

CYNTIA
Ugly? This is a beautiful dress.

JUDY
Who picks that color for bridesmaids?

CYNTIA
I picked the dresses.

JUDY
But the color?

CYNTIA
Sara insisted on the color.

JUDY
You look like an overripe piece of fruit.

CYNTIA
That’s a mean thing to say.

JUDY
Cruel joke on the bridesmaids.

CYNTIA
You could have helped me pick the dresses.

JUDY
I was busy.

CYNTIA
Then don’t complain.
JUDY
I wouldn’t have picked that one.

CYNTIA
You did nothing for the wedding.

JUDY
I showed up, didn’t I?

CYNTIA
Nothing.

JUDY
Isn’t that enough?

CYNTIA
You missed the bridal shower.

JUDY
I showed up for the bachelorette party.

CYNTIA
And promptly got yourself extremely intoxicated.

JUDY
Not promptly enough.

CYNTIA
What a spectacle you made of yourself.

JUDY
That party needed some spectacle.

CYNTIA
Luckily I was there to stop you from ruining it.

CYNTIA picks up the dress JUDY dropped on the floor.

JUDY
Why don’t you use it as a bath mat?
CYNTHIA
Sara never should have asked you to be a bridesmaid.

JUDY
You got that right.

(As CYNTHIA folds the dress, JUDY notices the box.)

JUDY, Continued

What’s in the box?

CYNTHIA
(Frantic) Don't touch that.

(CYNTHIA drops the dress and steps towards the box.)

JUDY
What is it?

CYNTHIA
The top of the cake.

JUDY
The wedding cake top?

CYNTHIA
I promised Sara that I would save it for her.

JUDY
She and tubby hubby still want to stuff their faces?

CYNTHIA
They’re going to freeze it and eat it on their first wedding anniversary.

JUDY
They’re going to eat year old cake?

CYNTHIA
It's a wonderful tradition.

JUDY
How revoltingly romantic.

CYNTHIA
It makes the magic of the wedding last a little longer.
JUDY: The cake will taste like cardboard.

CYNTHIA: The taste of the cake isn't the point.

JUDY: Then what is the point?

CYNTHIA: The symbolic significance.

JUDY: Of what?

CYNTHIA: Their love.

JUDY: Love?

CYNTHIA: Yes.

JUDY: I'm getting a knife.

CYNTHIA: Absolutely not.

JUDY: She really expects you to save it?

CYNTHIA: I promised to keep it safe and transport it home.

JUDY: But there's no place to keep it.

CYNTHIA: We have a refrigerator.

JUDY: It won't fit in that tiny thing.
Then I'll ask the concierge.

CYNTHIA

Like he won't eat it himself?

JUDY

I'll give him a big tip.

CYNTHIA

And then what? Cab ride to the airport? Pot holes, sharp turns.

JUDY

I'll pack it in a cooler with dry ice.

CYNTHIA

Airport check-in? They'll cut it open and search it for a concealed weapon.

JUDY

Do I look like a terrorist?

CYNTHIA

You do in that bridesmaid dress.

JUDY

(CYNTHIA backs away from the box to look in the mirror. JUDY steps towards the box but CYNTHIA quickly intervenes and picks it up.)

CYNTHIA

Oh no.

JUDY

You can’t save the cake.

CYNTHIA

Absolutely not.

JUDY

It won’t last.

CYNTHIA

Of course it will.

JUDY

I was a bridesmaid and I have a right to cake.
You weren’t much of a bridesmaid.

I still have a right to cake.

You were a rotten bridesmaid.

I didn't even get to taste it.

I'm sure it tasted fine.

(CYNTHIA puts the box down.)

Sure it tasted fine?

It looked beautiful.

You’re sure it tasted fine?

The baker did a wonderful job.

Didn't you get any cake?

It was a small cake.

Cheap bastards couldn't even spring for a big enough cake.

Some people went for seconds.

Yeah, I bet tubby hubby did.
He was the groom.

CYNTHIA

Of course he did.

JUDY

He was entitled.

CYNTHIA

So you didn't get any cake?

JUDY

Well, no.

CYNTHIA

Not even a taste?

JUDY

No.

CYNTHIA

You were the maid of honor. Were you not entitled to cake?

JUDY

The guests came first.

CYNTHIA

Where's the appreciation for the maid of honor?

JUDY

The wedding isn't about the maid of honor.

CYNTHIA

I cannot in good conscience stand here knowing that you were denied wedding cake and not do anything about it. *(Picks up the box)* We're having some cake.

JUDY

Judy!

CYNTHIA

And you're having some too.

JUDY

Put it down.
JUDY
Where's the knife?

CYNTHIA
There's no knife.

JUDY
Then I'll grab it with my hands.

CYNTHIA
Put it down.

JUDY
Make me.

(JUDY taunts CYNTHIA with the box, daring her to make a grab for it. CYNTHIA tentatively reaches for it.)

JUDY
You're not going to get it that way.

(CYNTHIA makes a more aggressive grab for the box. JUDY pulls it away.)

JUDY
Nice try.

CYNTHIA
Put it down.

JUDY
You want me to put it down? I'll put it down.

(JUDY holds the box up high.)

JUDY
Where should I drop it?

(CYNTHIA tries to take the box.)

JUDY
I'll drop it. Get any closer and I'll drop it.

CYNTHIA
(Frantic) Don't drop the cake top. You can't drop the cake top. I don't know what I'll do if anything happens to the cake top.

(JUDY, thrown by Cynthia's outburst, lowers the box. CYNTHIA grabs it.)
I hope nothing happened to it.

I don’t think I ruined it.

Ruined it?

You should make sure it's not ruined.

(CYNTHIA takes the cake top out of the box and puts it on the table. They both look at it.)

I think it's ok.

(Stunned) Sara and tubby hubby put their picture on the cake?

It looks so lifelike, doesn't it?

Ugly in life, ugly on the wedding cake.

She looks pretty. Her eyes stand out.

I'm going to poke a hole in her face.

(JUDY tries to poke the cake top but CYNTHIA holds her back.)

Stop. You’ll ruin the cake.

Oh, come on. You'd love to poke a hole in her face.

I certainly would not.

But what you'd really like to do is to eat some cake.
Absolutely not.  

I bet it tastes good.  

I promised.  

Just a little piece.  

I'm the maid of honor.  

And you didn't even get any cake at the wedding.  

But I can't.  

No, I guess you can't.  

*(JUDY starts tapping her thighs.)*  

You really can’t.  

Why can't I?  

No reason.  

Why are you tapping your thighs?  

*(JUDY stops tapping her thighs.)*  

I didn't mean to.  

What's wrong with my thighs?
Wrong?

*(CYNTHIA looks in the mirror.)*

There's nothing wrong with my thighs.

Of course there isn’t.

Nothing.

I didn't say you have fat thighs.

I don’t have fat thighs.

I'm sure Sara didn't mean it.

Sara said that I have fat thighs?

She didn’t exactly say fat thighs.

Then what did she say?

Chunky.

Sara said that I have chunky thighs?

Or maybe she meant hubby.

Of course. She meant hubby has chunky thighs. Hubby is a bit of a chunk.

Maybe she meant that hubby thought you had chunky thighs.
Hubby said that I have chunky thighs?

JUDY
I bet he told Sara that she couldn't trust the cake top to someone with such chunky thighs.

He should talk.

But I bet Sara said he was wrong.

She better have.

I bet Sara said that with such chunky thighs, you wouldn't dare eat the cake.

I wouldn't dare?

That cake looks yummy, doesn't it?

It does look yummy.

Real yummy.

But I made a promise.

That's right. You promised. *(Taps her thighs)*

I don't have chunky thighs.

*(CYNTHIA grabs the scoop from the ice bucket and approaches the cake. JUDY tries unsuccessfully to grab the object.)*

I want the first bite.

Out of my way.
(CYNTHIA shoves the scoop into the cake and then takes a big mouthful of cake.)

JUDY

You got Sara's face.

(JUDY takes the scoop and then also takes a mouthful of cake.)

JUDY

This cake is terrible.

CYNTHIA

Awful.

JUDY

Want some more?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

(CYNTIGHIA and JUDY both take another big, sloppy mouthful of cake.)

CYNTHIA

It really wasn't a very good wedding.

JUDY

No kidding.

CYNTHIA

Sara's dress was ugly.

JUDY

Even worse than the bridesmaid dresses.

CYNTHIA

(With glee) It made her rear-end look fat.

JUDY

To match tubby hubby's.

CYNTHIA

They looked like two beached whales during the first dance.

JUDY

What was their song?

CYNTHIA

"You Light Up My Life."
JUDY
I think I'm going to heave my cake.

CYTHIA
Her dress was so tight that she could barely throw the bouquet.

JUDY
Did you catch it?

CYTHIA
No.

JUDY
Then who caught it?

CYTHIA
One of hubby's cousins.

JUDY
I thought she was going to throw it towards you.

CYTHIA
That's what she said.

JUDY
I bet she kept it away from you on purpose.

CYTHIA
I bet you're right.

JUDY
Have some more cake.

CYTHIA
It's really awful.

CYTHIA takes another mouthful.

JUDY
Terrible.

JUDY takes another mouthful too. The phone rings. CYTHIA answers.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes