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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.

Cake Top Follies

by John Twomey

(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.

CYNTHIA
You can't just order food like that.

JUDY
Of course I can.

(CYNTHIA grabs the phone.)

JUDY
Hey!

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

JUDY
I'm hungry.

CYNTHIA
You have no right.

JUDY
I'm starving.

CYNTHIA
There was plenty to eat at the reception.

JUDY
I didn't get any.

CYNTHIA
And whose fault was that?

JUDY
She started it.

CYNTHIA
Serves you right for leaving the wedding.

JUDY
What else could I do?

CYNTHIA

There was no need to leave.

JUDY

Did you hear what she said to me?

CYNTHIA

I think you misheard.

JUDY

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

CYNTHIA

I didn't hear that.

JUDY

Lucky enough?

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

Oh, I know what she meant.

CYNTHIA

I think you're mistaken.

JUDY

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

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

Better for her I did leave.

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

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

CYNTHIA

I had to tell everyone at our table that you were ill.

JUDY

Sister Cynthia. Aren't you the good little maid of honor?

CYNTHIA

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?

CYNTHIA

Ugly? This is a beautiful dress.

JUDY

Who picks that color for bridesmaids?

CYNTHIA

I picked the dresses.

JUDY

But the color?

CYNTHIA

Sara insisted on the color.

JUDY

You look like an overripe piece of fruit.

CYNTHIA

That's a mean thing to say.

JUDY

Cruel joke on the bridesmaids.

CYNTHIA

You could have helped me pick the dresses.

JUDY

I was busy.

CYNTHIA

Then don't complain.

JUDY
I wouldn't have picked that one.

CYNTHIA
You did nothing for the wedding.

JUDY
I showed up, didn't I?

CYNTHIA
Nothing.

JUDY
Isn't that enough?

CYNTHIA
You missed the bridal shower.

JUDY
I showed up for the bachelorette party.

CYNTHIA
And promptly got yourself extremely intoxicated.

JUDY
Not promptly enough.

CYNTHIA
What a spectacle you made of yourself.

JUDY
That party needed some spectacle.

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

(CYNTHIA picks up the dress JUDY dropped on the floor.)

CYNTHIA
You could hang this up.

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.)

Oh no.

CYNTHIA

You can't save the cake.

JUDY

Absolutely not.

CYNTHIA

It won't last.

JUDY

Of course it will.

CYNTHIA

I was a bridesmaid and I have a right to cake.

JUDY

CYNTHIA
You weren't much of a bridesmaid.

JUDY
I still have a right to cake.

CYNTHIA
You were a rotten bridesmaid.

JUDY
I didn't even get to taste it.

CYNTHIA
I'm sure it tasted fine.

(CYNTHIA puts the box down.)

JUDY
Sure it tasted fine?

CYNTHIA
It looked beautiful.

JUDY
You're sure it tasted fine?

CYNTHIA
The baker did a wonderful job.

JUDY
Didn't you get any cake?

CYNTHIA
It was a small cake.

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

CYNTHIA
Some people went for seconds.

JUDY
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.

CYNTHIA

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.

CYNTHIA

I don't think I ruined it.

JUDY

Ruined it?

CYNTHIA

You should make sure it's not ruined.

JUDY

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

I think it's ok.

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

It looks so lifelike, doesn't it?

CYNTHIA

Ugly in life, ugly on the wedding cake.

JUDY

She looks pretty. Her eyes stand out.

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

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

Stop. You'll ruin the cake.

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

I certainly would not.

CYNTHIA

But what you'd really like to do is to eat some cake.

JUDY

Absolutely not. CYNTHIA

I bet it tastes good. JUDY

I promised. CYNTHIA

Just a little piece. JUDY

I'm the maid of honor. CYNTHIA

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

But I can't. CYNTHIA

No, I guess you can't. JUDY

(JUDY starts tapping her thighs.)

You really can't. JUDY

Why can't I? CYNTHIA

No reason. JUDY

Why are you tapping your thighs? CYNTHIA

(JUDY stops tapping her thighs.)

I didn't mean to. JUDY

What's wrong with my thighs? CYNTHIA

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.

CYNTHIA

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.

CYNTHIA

He should talk.

JUDY

But I bet Sara said he was wrong.

CYNTHIA

She better have.

JUDY

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

CYNTHIA

I wouldn't dare?

JUDY

That cake looks yummy, doesn't it?

CYNTHIA

It does look yummy.

JUDY

Real yummy.

CYNTHIA

But I made a promise.

JUDY

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

CYNTHIA

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.)

JUDY

I want the first bite.

CYNTHIA

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.

(CYNTHIA 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.

CYNTHIA

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

JUDY

Did you catch it?

CYNTHIA

No.

JUDY

Then who caught it?

CYNTHIA

One of hubby's cousins.

JUDY

I thought she was going to throw it towards you.

CYNTHIA

That's what she said.

JUDY

I bet she kept it away from you on purpose.

CYNTHIA

I bet you're right.

JUDY

Have some more cake.

CYNTHIA

It's really awful.

(CYNTHIA takes another mouthful.)

JUDY

Terrible.

(JUDY takes another mouthful too. The phone rings. CYNTHIA answers.)

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