

I WANT TO MAKE A BUNDT CAKE

By Jerry Rabushka

Copyright © 2010 by Jerry Rabushka, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-60003-567-1

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

I WANT TO MAKE A BUNDT CAKE

by
Jerry Rabushka

CHARACTERS: (2F)

GRISELDA: A teenager obsessed with making a bundt cake.

HER MOTHER: Obsessed with trying to stop her.

(BOTH of them play other characters as indicated in the script)

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Much of the success of this play will come from portraying the attitudes and inflections common in scary movies, yet applying them to everyday type activities, such as baking a cake or going shopping. If desired, use some scary music to underscore some of the action.

MOTHER: *(addressing the audience directly, confessing a true-life story from which SHE has barely recovered)* We had a problem with my daughter. Her behavior had grown increasingly dark and disturbing. We were afraid she was influenced from the world beyond and was somehow being lured into the occult.

DAUGHTER: *(spooky, in a low-pitched voice, staring straight ahead into nothingness)* I want to make a bundt cake.

MOTHER: I tried to explain to her that this wasn't what our family is about.

DAUGHTER: *(with same attitude as before)* I want to make a bundt cake. I want to crack the eggs, pour the milk, and... stir.

MOTHER: *(to DAUGHTER, fearful of the response)* We don't use eggs in a bundt cake, dear.

DAUGHTER: *(quietly threatening)* My bundt cake has eggs.

MOTHER: No, it doesn't.

DAUGHTER: You're lying, mother. *(after a pause, and devoid of personality)* Eggs.

MOTHER: Why don't you go outside and play kickball? We don't have a bundt pan.

DAUGHTER: *(evil)* Then get one!

MOTHER: *(reacts with fear, then turns to the audience)* It was then I put my foot down. Griselda needed counseling—or exorcism. I took her to a psychotherapist. One who specialized in Teen Bundt Disorder.

DAUGHTER: *(now as psychiatrist, a self-absorbed know it all)* Griselda is fine, ma'am, but you've allowed her to draw you into a dangerous mother-daughter conflict. She simply wants to make a bundt cake. I think—seeing how this is a much smaller investment than psychiatry, that you should just allow your daughter to have her cake, then eat it, too. In fact, we started one during our session.

MOTHER: *(shrieks...this is just a play, so don't ruin your voice!)* Aaaaahhhhh!

DAUGHTER: Excuse me?

MOTHER: *(calm)* I said: *(afraid)* Aaaaahhhhh!

DAUGHTER: I thought so. Perhaps *you* need my services.

MOTHER: *(horrified)* My daughter is in a bundt cult. I just know it!

I Want to Make a Bundt Cake - Page 3

DAUGHTER: *(as herself)* After the bundt cake, I want to make a pineapple upside down cake, but again, I need the pan that you refuse to supply. *(parroting her psychiatrist)* I see no constructive resolution to this mother-daughter conflict.

MOTHER: *(to audience)* I discontinued on her allowance until she got over this obsession. I didn't want her sneaking around buying bundt equipment behind my back.

DAUGHTER: You snuck out the window to see Supertramp. I read your diary from high school. *You* were a rebel, yet you expect me to conform. *(to audience)* Due to my mother's intransigence, I was forced to contact my spiritual leader and ask for advice.

MOTHER: *(as a receptionist)* Bundt Cake Pan Manufacturing Company, Incorporated. That's BCPMCI, for short. How may I help you?

DAUGHTER: My mother won't let me make a bundt cake.

MOTHER: What a horrible mother! Have you tried running away from home? I did, and now I work here! I get all the bundt I want. Come, work for us! Your mother needs to let go.

DAUGHTER: *(deadpan)* I want her to submit.

MOTHER: Then you must convert your mother to the beauty of the bundt. You must teach her. Make her understand. And.... *(a bit more spooky)* you must stop at nothing! *(a bit of an evil laugh)*

DAUGHTER: I have tried. She remains unyielding.

MOTHER: You must lead her into a store on another pretense. Then, when she least expects it, steer her towards a bundt pan. *(cheery)* And we'll supply the mix for free!

DAUGHTER: Thank you. I will now implement the strategy. *(to MOTHER, changing attitude)* Mom, I need a new outfit for my zither recital. Let's go shopping!

MOTHER: *(as herself, to audience)* Even this ended in disaster. *(to a store clerk, GRISELDA can change character here so MOTHER can address her.)* Good afternoon. My daughter and I are looking for a blouse for her student recital.

DAUGHTER: *(as a clerk)* What instrument? Different instruments require different outfits. Tuba requires a loose fitting one-piece, while a clarinet demands something conservative, yet revealing.

MOTHER: It's a zither.

DAUGHTER: I'm afraid we're out of stock in zither-wear, though I would normally suggest something Hungarian. Speaking of "hungry," perhaps you'd like a bundt pan.

MOTHER: *(nervous, as someone in a horror movie knowing something bad will happen)* Why would I come here for a bundt pan? This is a girl's clothing store.

DAUGHTER: It is... *(really spooky)* to some. *(back to normal)* But that's why we offer such a great discount on a bundt pan. Nobody would suspect we have it in stock. It's a perfect place to store and wash a blouse.

MOTHER: But... *(panicking)* You said you didn't have the right blouse for us. Yet you want to sell me a bundt pan to store and wash what you can't supply. What kind of store is this?

DAUGHTER: I know you'd be happier with a bundt pan than a blouse for a zither recital. *(scary smile)* Wouldn't you?

MOTHER: Aaaaahhhh!

I Want to Make a Bundt Cake - Page 4

DAUGHTER: Pardon? I didn't catch that.

MOTHER: *(calmly)* I said: *(pause while SHE gets frightened again)* Aaaaahhhhh!

DAUGHTER: *(condescending)* I thought so. I dare say you're overreacting.

MOTHER: *(stern)* Griselda! We're going home.

DAUGHTER: *(as herself)* Mom, you could have bought the pan.

MOTHER: No pan, no blouse, no zither. Sorry. You're grounded.

DAUGHTER: As long as I'm stuck at home, I should make a bundt cake.

MOTHER: You're grounded to your room. *(optional sound effect of a door slamming)*

DAUGHTER: I have my own microwave. All I need is a microwave-safe pan and the ingredients. I'm going search Youtube for a how-to. *(pretends to type)* Hmm... here's one. Bundt for Beginners.

MOTHER: *(as a cheerful baker on Youtube)* There are many varieties of bundt cake to make, but if you're just starting out, I suggest you make a very simple cinnamon swirl. If you're a young lady trying this out for the first time, make sure to get your mother's approval before you begin.

DAUGHTER: This isn't helpful.

MOTHER: *(getting increasingly foreboding)* If you're a mother, beware that your daughters don't get inducted into the Homer, Alaska bundt cult. If they say...

DAUGHTER: *(as if under a spell)* I want to make a bundt cake...

MOTHER: *(more horrific, as DAUGHTER gets frightened)* ...you must be blunt, and forbid the bundt. If that doesn't work, take your child to the back side of a mountain and leave her there for the condors to dine on. Or you will rue the day you disobeyed me!

DAUGHTER: Aaaaahhhhh!

MOTHER: *(as herself, unconcerned, opening the door in pantomime)* What is it?

DAUGHTER: Nothing.

MOTHER: *(sweetly)* Did I hear something about a condor?

DAUGHTER: It's a nature program. And not very interesting.

MOTHER: *(cheerful, realizing the tables are turned)* We should go.

DAUGHTER: *(nervous)* Where?

MOTHER: To see the condor.

DAUGHTER: What condor?

MOTHER: *(spooky, yet cheerful)* There's a new condor's nest on the other side of the mountain. We should go.

DAUGHTER: So we're going to visit a bird big enough to carry me away and feed me to its young?

MOTHER: Exactly. I'll pack lunch... oh... *(short laugh)* never mind. *(knows SHE has the upper hand)* Now... do you still want to make a bundt cake?

DAUGHTER: Not really.

MOTHER: *(to audience)* I knew differently. I knew she was just saying that so she wouldn't get turned into bird poop. But she had pushed me over the edge. I had to explain my actions in our now twice weekly counseling sessions.

DAUGHTER: *(as counselor)* Were you really planning to feed your daughter to a condor because she wanted a bundt cake??

I Want to Make a Bundt Cake - Page 5

MOTHER: A mother faces tough choices.

DAUGHTER: Wouldn't it have been simpler to give in? After all this aggravation, wouldn't it just have been easier to allow your daughter to engage in an activity as simple and yummy and making a bundt cake? I think in this relationship, we know exactly where fault lies, and it's not with Griselda.

MOTHER: When we were kids, my sister wanted a bundt cake. My mother got the pan and the ingredients and we started to bake. Sis fell through the hole in the middle of the pan.

DAUGHTER: She sounds very thin.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from I WANT TO MAKE A BUNDT CAKE by Jerry Rabushka. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com