

CAKE

a journey of fluid and frosting



Written by caitlin george

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BONNIE *a woman in love with a cheesecake*

CAKE *a sentient baked cheesecake*

The action happens over the course of a single evening inside BONNIE's sterilized plastic wrapped kitchen. But time isn't necessarily linear.

Both BONNIE and CAKE are played by the same actor. The voice of CAKE can be pre recorded or performed live.

Projected images are used throughout the piece and are notated in the script.

CAKE was first produced in association with Shellscape Theatre Company, NYC for Melbourne Fringe Festival at The Courthouse Hotel on the 20th of September 2018 with the following cast and crew:

DIRECTOR *elaine rava*

PERFORMER *caitlin george*

DIGITAL MEDIA DESIGN *kevin stevens*

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER *angela wheeler*

CAKE

An egg timer ticks.
We are in a kitchen
white plastic sheeting covers every surface.
BONNIE is meticulously cleaning the kitchen.
She finishes then from under the counter she pulls out
a freshly baked cake
and places it on the benchtop.
BONNIE's introduction video plays -
clips of her baking are projected on the space as -
the ticking grows louder to a
DING.

BONNIE

Hey bakers!

I'm Bonnie your baker and

welcome to today's very special live stream of *The Bonnie Baker*.

Staring me

Bonnie, your baker.

Salut.

So I wanted to do this super special live stream

because if you were watching my last broadcast you'd know the episode was

abruptly cut short it's

like

just a crazy story

which I'll explain in a moment.

But first off I just wanted to say the

biggest thank you to my 34 subscribers!

Your support just means the world to me and I'm just

really so thankful to have you here.

A couple of you have been asking if you can send me

little gifties like jewellery or vespers
not going to name names because you know who you are
but that's so sweet of you so
I've PM'd you my address because
yes
you should definitely send me gifts.
So as I said before
um
a lot of people have been asking
what caused the abrupt ending of my last episode *A Cheesecake to Remember* -
still available to stream on my channel
be sure to subscribe
tell all your friends.
I'm so excited to tell you what happened
it's just I don't know
like okay it's just that
nothing like this has ever happened
to me before.
I just want to just like shout it from the rooftops.
What happened
the blackout
it was a miracle.
A moment of literal magic that happened
right here in my kitchen.
Okay so the blow by blow.
I was reaching down to open the oven when
everything happened very quickly.
The power to my house blacked out
thunder crashed about my ears
as the kitchen ceiling caved in falling on my head
nearly crushing me under the weight of it.
But I was mid bake and not about to give up that easily.
Breathlessly clawing my way out of the rubble

I broke the surface just in time to witness
a blinding bolt of lightning enter through the huge hole
freshly ripped in my roof
and strike my oven with an almighty power from above.
I rose from the floor as though in a dream and
through the chaos I pulled from the burning hot oven
the most perfect cheesecake I've ever seen.
Don't mistake me
when I say perfect I mean
like
literal perfection.
Divine in its beauty
this cake is other worldly.
Magic even it's magic
the cake is magic.
It speaks to me.
No really it speaks to me.
Such sweet things.
At first they were whispers but now
we've developed a rapport we talk about everything
and sometimes
nothing.
It's fast but
I feel like I've known Cake my whole life.
I know what you must be thinking but
I'm not crazy it speaks.
Cake say something.
Cake?
Don't be shy!
Why don't you tell the camera that story you told me about the time you were in Lyon?
that's in France.
I'm not crazy.
The truth is

we're in love.

In love

this feeling

I LOVE love

You know what it's like.

You're going through another boring grey day

maybe you've a productive social life and a
sassy take no prisoners best friend who's also a model and tells you what's what over a glass of
chardonnay.

Perhaps you've a successful career as an
executive assistant bakery owner book editor sex columnist or high school student
but that can't keep you warm at night!

Can't make use of all those withering eggs inside you.

And then BAM

It hits you

LOVE

Suddenly life has colour again.
Street garbage smells of roses
the sun shines brightly all through the night
and the touch of grass stops giving you hives.

No that's ridiculous

you still get hives

you just stop caring that you're itchy.

We're just so alike

I don't want to jinx it but folks

the 'M' word has been thrown around

by me guilty but

wouldn't an Autumn wedding just be heavenly!

I never thought this would happen for me

I'M IN LOVE!

I'm so happy.

There was a time I thought after the first time

never again

ok
never again.
What you have done once is not your fate
not something you are doomed to repeat over and over again
and so you say
never again.
But then you do it again.

BONNIE goes to CAKE on the table.
She tries to cuddle it comfortably without touching.
It is not comfortable.

I am so comfortable.
I could lie here all day.
I could lie here forever.
I could stay here forever and never go anywhere else
with just you for company that's all I'd need.
I'd never need to go outside
or talk to any of my friends
I wouldn't worry about my cousin's wedding in England.
Who needs England?
I'd just stay with you and
talk and
talk and laugh
and talk
and I'd never want for anything else.
Eventually I'll have to pee but I'm good for now.

She reaches out to touch CAKE

CAKE
Stop!

BONNIE pulls her hand back and falls.

BONNIE

It's that moment
that split second just before
clothes come off in front of someone new.
That horrific eddying
between desire and
utter embarrassment.
That everything-is-riding-on-this
adrenaline-pumping
heart-racing
palm-sweating moment.
I hope they think I'm sexy
I hope they don't notice that massive pimple
or think I've a shapeless sandbag chest
speaking of did I remember to pluck that boob hair?
Nope definitely forgot fuck fudge.
At this point I usually pause proceedings
suggesting to dim the lights
because it's a scientific fact
that boob hairs are far less intimidating when softly lit.
Does anyone actually enjoy that moment?
Then past revelations of nudity
all possible surfaces are out
exposed to the elements
skin gets to skin
so now
it's time to get to it.
I usually give it about 7 minutes then
once the rhythm starts to pick up
I'll match my breath with the thrusts
throwing in some moans towards the end

if it really needs selling
or if they're paying particular attention.
Once it's done with
obligatory noises made
sweat and fluid swapped
the way I see it there are two options:
to get up wipe it off one's leg and leave
nameless
traceless
dignity still in tact
or
stay till morning
when stark reality pours in through the window
and soft lighting
is but a dream.
Then
maybe make small talk maybe have breakfast maybe
I don't really know.
I usually just wait till they're passed out and sneak off before dawn.
I don't want to sleep next to a stranger.

Then footage of Leopard Slug sex
consumes the whole kitchen.

Limax maximus
or Leopard Slugs
grow up to 20 cm in length and
are recognizable by their distinctive
leopard-like spots and colouring.
Under the cover of darkness
they perform a
bizarre balletic and
ancient ritual.

Twisting their slimy bodies together
the large slugs dangle upside down
from a glittering rope of mucus
slowly rotating. Then
out of the molluscs' heads emerge
large blue tube-like growths
that wrap
and writhe around each other.
If you came across this weird sight
you'd be forgiven for thinking the slug's
wriggling blue protrusions were
some sort of parasite
or even
emerging young.
But
what you'd actually be witnessing
is a mating ritual of a pair of
amorous leopard slugs.
These appendages
which are the length of their entire bodies
are the slugs
massive penises.
Welcome to the strange
sticky and sensational world
of Leopard Slug sex.
It takes a long time and
it's kind of hypnotic
and elegant.
Sexual encounters in leopard slugs are relatively rare.
Terrestrial slugs are hermaphrodites
they can fertilize their own eggs
so some individuals never mate.

CAKE
That's repulsive

BONNIE
You think?

CAKE
I'm sorry I -

BONNIE
It's okay

CAKE
I just don't like -

BONNIE
I know I shouldn't of.

CAKE
No I shouldn't of.
Forgive me?

BONNIE
I forgive you

CAKE
Thank you

BONNIE
Of course
I love you

Pause