

The Cake

THE CAKE

Original Skits

by

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SYNOPSIS

Sometimes we wonder, "What did I do to deserve this?" or "Why did God have to do this to me?" Here is a wonderful explanation using the concept behind baking a cake.

SETTING

The play takes place in a kitchen complete with a counter (*with various ingredients already there*) a stool behind it and one to the front.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Mary - Mother
MIESHA - Daughter

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SCRIPT

LIGHTS UP

Mary is at CS behind a counter, organizing some ingredients for baking a cake. I.e. Flour, oil, sugar, etc

Miesha, her daughter, enters in a very foul mood. She throws down her knapsack and pulls her sweater from around her waist letting it fall to the ground.

Mary looks up for just a second.

MARY: You don't plan on leaving that sweater there, now do you?

Without saying anything, Miesha goes back for the sweater and puts it on a hanger by the door.

She heads for the exit offstage.

MARY: You don't plan on leaving that bag there, now do you?

MEISHA (*frustrated*): Mom!

She goes back for the bag and exits dragging it behind her.

Mary smiles. She starts to mix the butter and sugar together.

Miesha comes back out.

MEISHA: Mom, I hate school and I don't want to go back.

MARY: Is that all?

MEISHA: I hate the students, I hate my principal, I hate my friends...

MARY: Do you hate me too?

Miesha folds her arms.

MEISHA: Well, that depends on what you're cooking for dinner.

Mary smiles.

MARY: I'm doing your favourite.

MIESHA (*a glint of relief*): Really.

MARY: Yep...fruit cake.

MIESHA: Okay...I guess I love you still.

MARY: So you had a bad day.

MIESHA: The worst...my teacher yelled at me, and I got sent to the principal's office. Then my Principal yelled at me and sent me back to class...then my classmates teased me about it and I yelled at them and got sent the Principals

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office again...on top of that I failed my maths test, my boyfriend broke up with me and my best friend is moving to another state.

MARY: Wow. Sounds exciting.

MIESHA: Mom!!

MARY: Sorry.

MIESHA: It was not exciting. It was quite embarrassing.

MARY: Miesha...you can't always have a good day, you know.

MIESHA: Why not?

Pause.

MARY: Well, It just doesn't work like that.

MIESHA: Why not?

Mary has to dip deep into her thoughts...

MARY: Come over here a sec.

Miesha goes over and sits at the counter.

MARY: The cake won't be ready for another two hours...can you wait, or would you like a snack.

MIESHA: A snack would be good...as long as it's not a peanut butter sandwich.

MARY: Oh no. *(Hands Miesha a bottle of cooking oil)* Here, have some cooking oil

MIESHA: Yuck. Mom, that's disgusting.

MARY: How about a couple raw eggs?

MIESHA: Gross, Mom!

MARY: Would you like some flour then? Or maybe baking soda?

MIESHA: Mom, this is not funny. You know we can't eat that stuff.

MARY: But we do.

MIESHA: Not like that.

MARY: What do you mean?

MIESHA: Well, the eggs for instance. Before we eat it we have to fry it or boil it first...(realizes) Hey that's not fair, Mom.

MARY: I like the way you said it. For the egg to reach a stage where we can eat and enjoy it, it first has to go through the fire.

MIESHA: Yes, mom.

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MARY: All these things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious fruit cake! God works the same way. Many times we wonder why He would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!

MIESHA: You're right, mom. I guess I have been a little ungrateful.

MARY: God is crazy about you, Miesha. He sends you flowers every spring and a sunrise every morning. Whenever you want to talk, He'll listen. He can live anywhere in the universe, but He chose your heart. *(pause)* Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance.

Miesha goes to her Mom and throws her arms around her.

MIESHA: Thank you for being there, mom.

MARY: It's my pleasure. Now will you help me with this cake?

They both share a laugh as Miesha folds up her sleeves.

LIGHTS FADE.