

Sir. Ving. Cake-A-Lot

2 Bakers working on deadline to make a special Birthday Cake for the King. The cake needs to get to the castle by 4pm today! There would be no need to worry about it, except for today they have a new apprentice starting... and he's late!

Int: Bakery

Freya, is at her baking station, working away. She is just about to take the cake out of the oven, as Lady Guinevere rushes in.

LG: Is it ready yet?

F: No. I was just going to take it out of the oven. Then we need to decorate it!

LG: Ugh. We can't be late on this one.

F: I know. Its the King's Big Day. I get it.

LG: No you don't.

F: What do you mean.

LG: Well, a little birdie told me that if the King loves his cake, we might get promoted to full time bakers for the castle.

F: Really?

L.G. Nods nods her head.

L.G: Did our new apprentice show up yet. I could use someone to run out and pick up some more sugar.

F: Not Yet.

L.G: Late on your first day, not a good impression!

Int: Castle.

KING, is sitting on his thrown, wearing a birthday hat. He looks bored. Its his birthday today, but nobody seems to be around to celebrate with him. He begins singing quietly at first to himself. Then into full blown voice.

KING: Nobody knows the trouble's I've seen. Nobody knows my sorrow. Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows, but Jesus. Geezus... Geezus... what am doing here all alone! Its my birthday and I want to have some fun. (Pause) I know what I can do... I can down to the bakery and check on my cake! It must

almost be ready by now. If I hurry, I can get them to add those candy sprinkles I love!

KING exits.

Freya and Lady Guinevere take the cake out of the pan. They are just about to start decorating the cake.

L.G: Ok. Lets get started on the icing.

F: Chocolate right?

L.G: And Vanilla.

Enter the King. The baker's are busy working away and don't notice the King right away.

K: Excuse me.

No response from the bakers.

K: Hello. I'm here too...

Lady G. Reacts with out even looking up.

L.G: You're Late. Hurry up and grab an apron. We need more sugar for our icing.

K: But I'm...

F: You're gonna be fired, is what you are; if you don't grab the icing sugar.

The King looks confused. Do they not recognize who he is? The King looks around in confusion. Is this a prank?

K: Ummm...?

L.G: Look, if you don't know what sugar looks like, you really need think about a new career path.

The King is not used to being talked to like this. But instead of getting upset, he decides that this is exactly the kind of fun he was looking for.

K: OK. I get it. You're right. I'll be right back.

F: God, where did you find this one?

L.G: He was the only one who responded to our add in the square.

F: I guess beggars can't be choosers.

L.G: You said it Freya. Besides, it will be good to boss some one else around for a change.

F: You're telling me. The King can be so bossy sometimes!

King returns wearing an apron and carrying a bag of sugar.

K: Here you go!

L.G: Great. Now get us a bowl.

King turns to look for a bowl. He finds something that resembles a bowl quickly gives it to the girls.

F: Grab us some spoons.

L.G: Move it. Lets go.

K: Sure.

King grabs some spoons.

L.G: Cream.

K: Got it.

F: Sprinkles.

The King stares at his soon to be cake. He is really enjoying this. It looks like its gonna be the best cake ever. Lost in his thoughts. We can see him licking his lips as if he is already eating his cake.

L.G: Sprinkles. Where are my sprinkles.

F: Stop standing there drooling. We need those sprinkles.

L.G: If were late with this cake, it's "off with have our heads."

F: Not to mention we won't get that promotion!

The King is snapped out of his dream-like state.

K: Right. Of course. Sprinkles. I think the King will love the candy sprinkles.

F: Let's hope so.

The King in his excitement, rushes for the sprinkles in the back of the kitchen.

He races back quickly. Too quickly. Before he has time to stop at the baking table, he bumps right into it, sending toppling the cake over. He goes to save the cake, but its too late.

K: Noooooooooo!

F. Oh Ohhh!

L.G: You've ruined us!

K: I am so sorry. I was just excited about the sprinkles.

F: It's off with our heads this time. Just as I was starting to like this job.

K: What? Wait, why?

L.G: This was supposed to be delivered by 4pm today!

K: I'm sure the King won't be that upset.

F: Hah. His note to us said, 4Pm or else... Off with your heads!

The King looks at the note that he wrote. It was supposed to be a joke. He wasn't being serious.

K: Oh. Geezus.

They look up at the clock. 3:45pm.

L.G: We will never be able to make another cake in time.

K: Maybe you don't have to.

F: What are you talking about. This cake is ruined.

The king digs his hand into a piece of the cake, toppled over on the table and tries it.

K: It's delicious.

L.G: Yeah. A lot good that does for us.

K: It does a lot of good. You made the cake exactly the way I wanted it.

F: So what? You're just an apprentice. Nobody cares what you want.

The King starts to laugh.

K: Hahahahahaha... that's where you are wrong! I'll be right back.

The King goes into the back and takes off his apron and puts on his crown.

He comes back out. The bakers are shocked at who stands before them. They both immediately bow.

F/L.G: Your Highness.

L.G: Forgive us. We had no idea.

K: Oh stop with the bowing. You two bakers, just gave me the best birthday ever. I had more fun today than I have had in a long time. I want to thank you, by offering you the job at the castle. That is, if you can forgive a clumsy King.

Freya and Lady Guinevere look at each other shocked in disbelief.

F./L.G: You betcha. Well take it!