

# **COLOSSEUM CUPCAKES**

**BY: GRIZZLY K. SUNSHINE**

# COLOSSEUM CUPCAKES

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# COLOSSEUM CUPCAKES

*For Mary Lou Ziel*

# COLOSSEUM CUPCAKES

## GENRE

COMEDY

## SUMMARY

AN ITALIAN FAMILY ENTERS THE GIRL SCOUT 'CUPCAKE WAR' EVEN THOUGH NONE OF THEM KNOW A SPOON FROM A SPATULA...

## THEME

TRUST YOUR CRAZY INSTINCTS...

## SETTING

ROME, 2024

## CHARACTERS

DAISY, 11, AN ACADEMICALLY INCLINED GIRL SCOUT  
CECILY, 60, DAISY'S GRANDMA, HEAVY ITALIAN ACCENT, BAD HIPS

MATTEO, 18, DAISY'S BROTHER, MECHANIC

VINCENZO, 16, DAISY'S BROTHER, SLYTHERIN

SCOUTMASTER, 55, GIRL SCOUT VETERAN, COPPER UMBRELLA

GINGER, 12, DAISY'S ROBUST GIRL SCOUT NEMESIS

POPE FRANCIS, 85, BISHOP OF ROME

ANCHOR, 50, READS THE NEWS

GIRL SCOUTS

## STAGING SUGGESTIONS

DIRECTORS: BE MESSY! THINK: GALLAGER SMASHING WATERMELONS INTO THE CROWD.

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ACT 1  
SCENE 1

*Rome, Italy. A stormy sunset. The curtain is closed. Slowly, beams of white, purple, and yellow light shine down, ala RENT. Faintly, female singing is heard from off. The singing grows louder as, one by one, a sashed GIRL SCOUT fills each empty light beam. DAISY and GINGER, two rival, preteen Girl Scouts, have a silent, un-lady-like battle for the center light beam. Ginger wins due to her robust size. Daisy smacks Ginger with her knapsack in tiny fit of rage. Ironically, then, the song 'Make New Friends' about sisterhood concludes. Storm SFX. Creaky door SFX. Loud footsteps follow. The Scouts nervously straighten up. SCOUTMASTER, 55, enters, wearing a pressed robin's egg blue dress uniform, littered with colorful achievement patches. She carries a shiny copper umbrella. She weaves the light beams as she talks.*

**SCOUTMASTER.** GOOD EVENING, GIRL SCOUTS!

**GIRL SCOUTS.** GOOD EVENING, SCOUTMASTER!

**SCOUTMASTER.** Welcome to our final Girl Scout meeting of the summer! As you all are aware, we have produced a very prolific patch season! Filled with sweet sugary triumphs for some... *(All the light beams momentarily shift to one Girl Scout far SL holding an oversized cookie patch, waving like Miss America, and sporting a thousand-watt smile)* ...and failed first-aid fractures for others... *(This time, the light beams shift far SR on a Girl Scout who is bandaged from head to toe like a mummy, holding a singed first-aid kit, and attempting to wave in pain.)* But we only have one single, solitary item on our schedule this sunset, Scouts...

**GIRL SCOUTS.** THE CUPCAKE WAR!

**SCOUTMASTER.** The Cupcake War! *(Beat.)* But this is no ordinary battle, no! This year, we have Girl Scout history up for grabs! *(Pause.)* Daisy, step

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forward! (*Daisy does.*) Ginger, you as well! (*Ginger steps forward too. The girls share a death stare.*) You two have really made the Girl Scouts proud!

**DAISY & GINGER.** THANK YOU, SCOUTMASTER!

**SCOUTMASTER.** This summer, Ginger has taken the majority of the *physical* patches, like rugby, rock climbing, and roller derby...

**GINGER.** Strong like a bull!

**SCOUTMASTER.** And Daisy here has taken the...well, let's just say the majority of the *academic* patches...

**DAISY.** Brains over bullsh—

**SCOUTMASTER.** Now! As I'm certain you already know, only one Girl Scout in history, *me*, has been awarded *one hundred* patches in a single summer.

**DAISY & GINGER.** YES, SCOUTMASTER!

**SCOUTMASTER.** So far, each of you have earned *ninety-nine* patches. It's a tie! (*Short pause.*) Therefore, if one of you were to win the Cupcake War tomorrow...you would tag onto my Girl Scout record, emblazoning yourselves into the Girl Scout history books, thereby cementing your position as a true Girl Scout legend for all of eternity! (*Both girls look determined. Pause.*) But only one Girl Scout can triumph...

**DAISY & GINGER.** YES, SCOUTMASTER!

**SCOUTMASTER.** The Cupcake War is neither *physical* nor *academic*. Cupcakes are...*creative*. So, it's a fair fight. (*Pause.*) It will do you both well to remember to *rise* to the occasion! Get it? (*No response.*) Rise...like dough...never mind.

**GINGER.** I will rise like the Roman Empire under Caesar!

**SCOUTMASTER.** Very good! Remember Scouts, our very special, *surprise* guest judge arrives at 08:00 hours tomorrow morning. And then...we march into war! (*Storm SFX.*) Let me close this evening with one of our famous Girl Scout adages: "Rain, shine, or sunny day...the Girl Scouts always find a way!" Dismissed! (*All exit except Daisy and Ginger.*)

**GINGER.** You know, dorky Daisy, you really kept me on my haunches all summer. You really did. (*Beat.*) But tomorrow...we both know that cupcakes are *my* thing.

**DAISY.** Why are cupcakes *your* thing? (*Looking her up and down.*) Because you've eaten over a million<sup>10</sup>?

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**GINGER.** (*Laughing.*) Yes, actually. That makes me an expert! You're going down like a soggy soufflé!

**DAISY.** I propose a less haphazard hypothesis. (*Slowly.*) You. Burn. (*Pause. Daisy circles Ginger which is a sight as bazaar as baby zebra circling a lion.*) I've upped my glucose game this year! I even have a clandestine recipe! (*Pulling a piece of paper from her knapsack.*) Hashtag Pinterest!

**GINGER.** Is that so? (*Seizing the paper.*) Give me that, you scientific shrimp!

**DAISY.** Back off, you jolly mean giant!

**GINGER.** This is your big, bad secret recipe? (*Ginger shreds the paper recipe.*)

**DAISY.** (*Misplaced confidence.*) Scared?

**GINGER.** Scared? I've never even heard of a 'Blue Lemonade Cupcake!'

**DAISY.** Actually, they're *Electric Blue Lemonade Cupcakes*.

**GINGER.** (*Snorting.*) Electric? You can't add electricity to a cupcake, genius!

**DAISY.** (*Thunder SFX.*) Watch me!

**GINGER.** You think your science experiment can defeat my great-grandmama's delectable, world-famous, one-hundred-year-old recipe?

**DAISY.** One hundred years old? Sounds stale to me!

**GINGER.** (*Heated.*) My great-gandmama's hot, golden, *Gingerbread Cupcakes* are divine! So beloved, I was even named after them! *Gingerbread Cupcakes* are what the very special *surprise* guest judge will want...

**DAISY.** I disagree. I think the judge will be ready for something new...and blue...

**GINGER.** (*Flustered.*) Electric Blue Lemon Head Cupcakes are the stupidest things I've ever heard of! What flavor even is 'blue'!? (*Angry.*) Maybe if the judge is an electric eel, you'll have a shot! (*Ginger exits in a huff.*)

**DAISY.** Looks like Ginger...snapped! (*Daisy's iPhone rings.*) Hello, Grandma Cecily! I just want to thank you again for helping me put a *charge* into my new cupcake recipe! I'll be over right away, and we can get straight to work! (*Genuinely.*) With you as my lab assistant, I really think I've got a shot this year!

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**SCOUTMASTER.** (*Reentering.*) Scout Daisy! What are you still doing here, dear?

**DAISY.** (*Hanging up. Storm SFX.*) I was just heading to my Grandma Cecily's kitchen, Scoutmaster.

**SCOUTMASTER.** Have you seen my umbrella?

**DAISY.** What does it look like?

**SCOUTMASTER.** It's made of copper.

**DAISY.** (*Looking for it with her.*) Copper?

**SCOUTMASTER.** Copper is good for the environment. When rain hits the copper, the reaction makes hydrogen, Earth needs that—

**DAISY.** Well, hydrogen is an indirect greenhouse gas, which contributes to global warming...so...

**SCOUTMASTER.** So?

**DAISY.** Also, respectfully, you shouldn't carry around metallic items above your head in a lightning storm. Copper is an excellent conductor of electricity.

**SCOUTMASTER.** I fought Mussolini, I'm not afraid of lightning gasses.

**DAISY.** (*Beat.*) It's really coming down out there, isn't it?

**SCOUTMASTER.** Rain won't stop you, will it?

**DAISY.** H. Two. No!

**SCOUTMASTER.** Even though there's a chance you could tie my record tomorrow, I'm still rooting for you. Someone has got to root for the underdogs, right?

**DAISY.** I like to think I'm a top dog....

**SCOUTMASTER.** (*Smiling.*) That's the confidence you'll need, Scout! (*Finding her copper umbrella.*) I'll see you early tomorrow morning. (*Storm SFX.*) One final Girl Scout adage for the night: "Hurricane, tsunami, or lightning strike, the Girl Scouts will *still* go on that hike!" (*Scoutmaster exits. Ginger reenters and sneaks up behind Daisy menacingly raising a rolling pin above her head. Lightning flashes. Daisy's body hits the floor. Handcuff SFX. Ginger's laugh is heard echoing as she carries Daisy's unconscious body offstage like she's an injured rugby player. Storm SFX. Fade to black.*)

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### SCENE 2

*Very early the next morning. 0.700 hours. Cupcake War Day. The curtain opens for the first time to reveal a dark, empty kitchen. Storm SFX. Lightning strikes, illuminating an old-world, Italian kitchen. Emerald ivy dotted with cobalt and fuchsia flowers climbs up an ivory-colored brick oven, UC. There is a walk-in pantry SR, a granite island CS, and walk-in freezer SL. There are also two white, marble, life-sized, Roman goddess statues next to the oven. In the dark, CECILY, 60, a short, sturdy woman, enters wearing a black nightgown and slippers. She has wild, white morning hair but solid black eyebrows. She smells of pepper and has an extremely heavy Italian accent that sounds like villainous music. Cecily flips on her kitchen's fluorescent lights, but one stubborn light flickers. She stomps her foot on a specific kitchen tile and then hits a very specific spot on the wall twice. The broken light stops flickering. Satisfied, Cecily turns on her radio and begins to move to the romantic French ballad, 'Non, je ne Regrette Rien.' Cecily prepares a pot of boiling water and then adds noodles, careful not to crack them. Storm SFX. Cecily seizes at the hip.*

**CECILY.** *This weather is a-Hell on my hip! (Storm SFX again. She seizes again, worse this time. She hobbles to her purse, takes a few pain pills, punches her hip, and it is instantly corrected. Cecily notices a picture on the wall of her deceased husband, BORIS. Cecily speaks directly to the picture as she uses her bosom to clean it.) Buongiorno! Oh, Boris, my love! I did-a my best to run this-a kitchen after you died! I really did! Some even a-say my rigatoni was a-better than a-yours was! (The kitchen rattles and hisses. The toaster smokes. She protests.) C'mon, a-Boris! You know that I built a recipe book that rivals any in a-Rome. (The kitchen hisses again. A broom falls. The toaster sparks this time.) With a-your help, of course! (Beat. She begins to do the dishes DC.) But...the music of a-St. Peter is getting louder in my ears. (Harp SFX.) Such a-beautiful music! Music...that can only mean a-one thing... (She aggressively chops the soap in half with the knife she is washing. The harp music stops abruptly.) My goose is a-cooked! (Genuine concern.) And I fear for this kitchen. Who will take over the family cooking after I'm a-gone? I wish you were here, Boris. I need some help...*

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### SCENE 3

*Storm SFX. Daisy rushes into the kitchen unbalanced and tattered. She still has handcuffs on her wrist, which are also now attached to a severed mailbox she is dragging. She gasps for breath.*

**CECILY.** (*Angry.*) Daisy! You a-stood me up last night! I waited for you for a-hours!

**DAISY.** I'm sorry, Grandma! I didn't mean to! I was kidnapped by my nemesis!

**CECILY.** What!? Kidnapped? Should we call the polizia? (*She pulls out her meat mallet.*) Or should we a-go get revenge by killing something they love?

**DAISY.** No! (*Thinking. Cecily helps Daisy get the mailbox outside.*) When I crush Ginger and receive my one hundredth patch, I want her to be there to witness it! Now, to conquer the Cupcake War!

**CECILY.** But how will you a-win? You have no a-cupcakes!

**DAISY.** Hmm. What time is it?

**CECILY.** Almost a-seven in the morning.

**DAISY.** We have one hour until the *very* special guest judge arrives. Is it possible?

**CECILY.** One-hour a-cupcakes? If we do it my way. A-yes.

**DAISY.** As long as your way follows the rulebook, I'm in!

**CECILY.** Rulebook? You don't a-cook from a rulebook! You a-cook from the heart!

**DAISY.** It's a competition...

**CECILY.** A-fine. Let me see this a-secret recipe you found on the Google machines.

**DAISY.** (*Handing the recipe to her.*) I know that Electric Blue Lemonade Cupcakes may seem a bit extreme, but, when I saw them on Pinterest—it's just that...we have really stiff competition and I think, uh, that a risk, like an Electric Blue Lemonade Cupcake, is a necessary risk—

**CECILY.** (*Crumpling up the recipe.*) This is why the Google machine is a-trash.

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**DAISY.** No good?

**CECILY.** A-no.

**DAISY.** Are you sure? *(She pulls a lopsided blue cupcake in a clear plastic bag from her knapsack.)* I made a prototype the other day, and it wasn't a total disaster. I just didn't have the electricity, which is why I called you!

**CECILY.** The only electricity in this a-cupcake is three cups of a-sugar per bite!

**DAISY.** No! That can't be!

**CECILY.** That will make anyone look-a like they have electricity in their pants! *(She uses her rolling pin to push aside the awkward blue cupcake in the plastic bag. Daisy puts the bag back in her knapsack.)* A-absolutely a-no. If you need a-jumper cables in the kitchen you've done-a something wrong.

**DAISY.** Well, I'm open to suggestions. Do you have any then?

**CECILY.** Hah! Do I have any? Do I? Of a-course, I do! Let me-a tell you about the best a-cupcakes I ever had as a young girl... The year was—

**DAISY.** One hour! Must hurry! No time for stories!

**CECILY.** A-fine. These cupcakes just happen to be my a-specialty. They got all of a-Rome to fall in love with me when I was younger...

**DAISY.** Great! What are they?

**CECILY.** My personal favorite. These little savory cakes mean more to me than most a-people. They are a-dramatic, yet a-subtle. And they have a fine aftertaste!

**DAISY.** Great! But what is the 'before' taste?

**CECILY.** Oh, the taste! It's-a the most innovative thing I've-a ever concocted!

**DAISY.** *(Impatient.)* What flavor is innovative?

**CECILY.** *(Reminiscing.)* Your grandfather and I used to call them a-Cutie Pies...

**DAISY.** What flavor is cutie? Kiwi?

**CECILY.** No! Totally original flavor mixture! Let me a-read you the ingredients. They almost a-read like a-poetry.

**DAISY.** The ingredients! Perfect! That will give me a grip. Please hurry.

**CECILY.** I need my glasses. *(Cecily takes forever to find her glasses.)* I'm a-quite excited. Here we go. They are called a-Hazelnut Cream Cupcakes

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with a silky almond frosting and also a decadent pistachio filling, topped with a-coconut shavings and a maraschino cherry...

**DAISY.** Hold it! (*Daisy pulls the rulebook from her knapsack.*) It says right here in the Official Girl Scout Rulebook, page eleven, that there are ‘forbidden’ ingredients! ‘Shellfish, tree nuts, coconuts, hazelnuts, pretty much every kind of nut...banned!

**CECILY.** Banned? A-why?

**DAISY.** Food allergies. That cupcake you just described could be like cyanide to some seasonal allergy six-year-old.

**CECILY.** Humph! Allergies! Six-year-olds in my day fought in a-World War II!

**DAISY.** (*With sarcasm.*) Yeah, for the evil Axis powers!

**CECILY.** Brave is a-brave, no matter what a-side!

**DAISY.** Yikes. (*Beat.*) Grandma, we can’t use any potentially poisonous ingredients. I want to win! Do you have any other flavor suggestions?

**CECILY.** Let’s see. (*She flips through her recipe book.*) Everything has a-nuts!

**DAISY.** There’s got to be *one* recipe in your book that is nut free!

**CECILY.** You allergic kids these a-days are the ‘nuts!’

**DAISY.** It’s okay, if you don’t have one, I can just find one on the world wide web.

**CECILY.** The web? Like a-spider?

**DAISY.** Like the internet.

**CECILY.** (*Annoyed.*) Tecnologia! The Goggle machines again! Where you got your Electricity Cupcake a-nonsense.

**DAISY.** That’s just one recipe. There are millions on the web.

**CECILY.** Millions?

**DAISY.** (*Taking out her iPhone.*) At least.

**CECILY.** If there are that a-many, they can’t-a be very special...

**DAISY.** True. But they won’t asphyxiate the *surprise* guest judge...

**CECILY.** The flavor is worth a little inflammation!

**DAISY.** I found over two million recipes on cupcakesfordummies.com.

**CECILY.** Two million recipes that any *dummy* can find! (*She taps her own recipe book.*) Here, in my hands, is where the magic is! And-a my recipe

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book has the answer! *(Pause.)* We are going to make a-Volcanic Vanilla Cupcakes!

**DAISY.** Volcanic Vanilla? No nuts, right?

**CECILY.** Just-a the people who don't like them!

**DAISY.** Okay, let's prepare the field! *(Daisy begins to zip around the kitchen taking out all the ingredients she thinks they will need as well as mixing bowls, spoons, etc. She ends with a lab coat and goggles.)*

**CECILY.** What on a-Earth are you doing?

**DAISY.** Getting out the things we will need! Do you have a Bunsen Burner?

**CECILY.** No. I have a brick oven. And I said we have to do this-a *my* way. This is a-my kitchen, not-a your laboratory. A-slow down.

**DAISY.** We have less than an hour! I have to win!

**CECILY.** If we a-rush and hurry, you will lose anyway. Cooking is an art. It takes a-time and attention to a-detail. *(Daisy's iPhone beeps and she moves to answer it.)* A-freeze! Forget your cell phone! I need you to get fully a-focused! *(Cecily puts Daisy's iPhone in the freezer. As she does this, Daisy takes an iPod from her knapsack, puts headphones in her ears, and begins to jam out.)* No! I said a-focus! Can you even hear me? Hello!

**DAISY.** *(Confused, Daisy takes the headphones from her ears.)* What?

**CECILY.** As soon as I say a-focus, you stop listening! Listen to *me* now, not... *(Cecily seizes Daisy's iPod and examines the screen with squinted eyes.)* Ty Dolla Sign feat. Wiz Khalifa...

**DAISY.** You said to focus, right?

**CECILY.** A-yes!

**DAISY.** This is how kids my age become focused...

**CECILY.** Do you think that warriors of the past charged into a-battle listening to Beyoncé first?

**DAISY.** They should have.

**CECILY.** No! *(Cecily throws Daisy's iPod into the freezer as well.)* They listened to their General! And I am the General of this a-kitchen! So quit listening to Snoop Dogs. And listen to *me*! Now...this may be one of the most intense days of your entire life. *(Wielding a knife.)* It will be a-dangerous... *(Cracking an egg in her bare hand.)* It will be a-dirty... In short, it will be a-stressful! After all, 'desserts' is just 'stressed' spelled backwards!

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**DAISY.** I'm not sure I'm cut out for the kitchen!

**CECILY.** You are! You have to be!

**DAISY.** What do you mean?

**CECILY.** I won't be around forever, Daisy. Someone is a-going to have to do my dishes one day...

**DAISY.** (*Surprised.*) You want *me* to be the family cook someday?

**CECILY.** Well, who else do you-a think? Your brothers can't-a tie their shoes!

**DAISY.** What about all my cousins?

**CECILY.** You're the family genius. A kitchen needs a genius. It will not accept anything less.

**DAISY.** What do you mean?

**CECILY.** The kitchen. It's alive. It has a soul. And once you learn its rhythm, it will accept you.

**DAISY.** How do you know when the kitchen 'accepts' you?

**CECILY.** The pasta sticks to the wall.

**DAISY.** Huh?

**CECILY.** The pasta. A-watch. (*Cecily goes to the pot of boiling water and grabs a cooked noodle. She throws it against wall and the noodle sticks.*) The noodle. A-see! It sticks to the wall! Daisy, you a-try.

**DAISY.** (*Picking up a noodle.*) Ouch! Hot! (*She throws the noodle, and it hits the wall, but slides off and onto the toaster, which begins to smoke and then it shoots toast at her.*)

**CECILY.** Hmm. (*Worried.*) There wasn't even toast in there.

**DAISY.** That's bad, right.

**CECILY.** Your grandfather's a-ghost and I will help you to learn!

**DAISY.** (*Beat.*) Why do you have pasta cooking so early?

**CECILY.** Ah, that's a way of the kitchen. Always have a-something ready to eat.

**DAISY.** Pasta? Before breakfast?

**CECILY.** Your a-grandfather used to get home from work at this time when he would work a-midnights. He would be hungry for a-dinner, not a-breakfast. Or your two-idiot a-brothers could swing in at any time and be starving, believe me I've-a seen it before!

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**DAISY.** (*Taking out paper from her knapsack.*) Maybe I should be taking notes...

**CECILY.** Yes! While you're a-writing, write this! Every recipe needs an *ingredient segreto!*

**DAISY.** A secret ingredient? You mean something that is *not* written on the recipe?

**CECILY.** Yes. Otherwise, it's not a-special.

**DAISY.** How do you know what secret ingredients to add?

**CECILY.** That-a comes from experience. And a-instincts...

**DAISY.** (*Writing.*) Instincts...

**CECILY.** Write this a-down too: when it comes to food, you must always seize the moment in life! Think about all those a-women who turned away the dessert cart on the Titanic... (*Beat.*) Now. Let's-a begin. First, we must a-wash our hands.

**DAISY.** (*Taking out a hand sanitizer from her knapsack.*) Got it!

**CECILY.** What is a-that?

**DAISY.** Cucumber melon hand sanitizer infused with microbeads...

**CECILY.** Micro- Oh, no! I don't like-a that! Get to this sink right a-now!

**DAISY.** Kills 99.9% of germs! And it's faster!

**CECILY.** In a-my kitchen we wash our hands the proper way!

**DAISY.** What's the difference? Work smarter, not harder!

**CECILY.** Think about it, Daisy! My a-sink washes the germs down the drain. Your alcoholic melon juice a-murders the germs on your hands! And then the germ corpses a-fall into the cupcakes. No corpses in the cupcakes!

**DAISY.** (*Twisted look.*) Of course. (*Writing.*) Always have pasta cooking 24/7, no Beyoncé, and no cucumber-scented corpses in the cupcakes... Oh! And instinct-based *ingredient segretos!*

**CECILY.** (*Proud.*) I'm glad you're a-taking this so seriously.

**DAISY.** I am. (*Washing her hands in the sink. Beat.*) What is the name of the cupcake we are making again?

**CECILY.** Volcanic Vanilla Cupcakes.

**DAISY.** What makes them volcanic?

**CECILY.** They are served hot, like a-lava cake. (*Beat.*) But I just realized something! I was a-planning on making the nutty cupcakes...

**DAISY.** So?

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**CECILY.** So... I may not-a have all of the ingredients I need for Volcanic Vanilla. Daisy, go to the pantry. *(Daisy does.)* Tell me if we have-a the following ingredients: A-sugar...

**DAISY.** Check! *(She brings out a large blue bag labeled 'Sugar' and puts it on the kitchen island.)* Loads!

**CECILY.** Good. Vanilla extract?

**DAISY.** Yes! *(She brings out a small brown bottle and puts it on the kitchen island.)*

**CECILY.** Very good. How about a-flour?

**DAISY.** Yes, we have that too! *(Daisy brings out a big black bag labeled 'Flour', but that label has been crossed out and we see 'Boris' handwritten on a piece of paper in red marker and pinned on the bag. She sets it on the island next to the sugar.)*

**CECILY.** Oh, that's not a-flour!

**DAISY.** It's not?

**CECILY.** That's-a your grandfather!

**DAISY.** Huh? *(Backing away in horror.)* Grandpa Boris is in there?

**CECILY.** Well, I had him a-cremated, but I couldn't afford an urn to a-store his ashes! So, I just used that-a old flour bag. The real flour is in the light-a pink bag.

**DAISY.** Yes, I see it. *(She brings out the light pink bag and sets it on the island.)*

**CECILY.** What about-a vanilla sprinkles?

**DAISY.** I see rainbow and chocolate. No vanilla.

**CECILY.** This won't-a due.

**DAISY.** Aren't sprinkles all the same flavor just with food coloring?

**CECILY.** Some-a-times, it's-a not about the taste. It's-a about the presentation. And the white-on-white look is-a key! Besides, a-nobody takes a-rainbow sprinkles seriously. They are-a the clowns of the kitchen.

**DAISY.** Clowns?

**CECILY.** *Sí.* Run to the market. Pick up some a-white ones.

**DAISY.** Do we have time for that?

**CECILY.** Don't a-worry! I'll get started while you're a-gone!

**DAISY.** Nonna, thank you! I couldn't do this without you! *(Daisy exits. Cecily begins to add ingredients to a bowl. The toaster sparks wildly.)*

## COLOSSEUM CUPCAKES

**CECILY.** I know, Boris. She's not a-ready for the kitchen. But we can guide her... *(Boris tunes her radio to a local news station. ANCHOR is heard.)*

**ANCHOR.** ...and experts have said the conditions are just right, perhaps perfect, for yet another earthquake this very morning in downtown Rome. Remember citizens, it's best to take cover inside a first-floor door frame and not outside, as last night's lingering electrical storm above the city has also intensified... *(Concerned, Cecily decides to call out for Daisy to come back but she's too far gone. While Cecily is briefly out, one of the white, marble, Roman goddess statues comes to life. It was Ginger in disguise! She goes to steal Cecily's recipe book. Suddenly, the kitchen begins to shake. An earthquake has hit Rome. Pots, dishes, and silverware quiver. Cecily takes cover in the freezer. Ginger takes the opportunity to knock over a cabinet so that Cecily is trapped inside the freezer. She also throws a fistful of salt into Cecily's mixing bowl. Ginger then exits, taking Cecily's recipe book with her. The earthquake causes the ingredients to fly everywhere with force. Fade to black on an empty, trembling kitchen.)*

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –  
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