Side #4: Winifred Banks, Mrs. Brill, Robertson Ay

WINIFRED

Mrs. Brill, what about the cake?

MRS. BRILL

It's just out of the oven, and too hot to be iced, or touched for that matter.

(She places the cake on a tea cart.)

WINIFRED

Are you quite sure you know how to ice it?

MRS. BRILL

Quite sure. And in case you're worried, I have not been exchanged by the fairies for a total nincompoop!

WINIFRED

I'll just go up and check the drawing room.

(WINIFRED exits.)

ROBERTSON AY

I'd like to be helpful.

MRS. BRILL

I'd like to be rich. But destiny thought otherwise.

ROBERTSON AY

Please, Mrs. Brill. I don't mind, honest.

MRS. BRILL

All right. I will give you one task and one task only. Put the icing tools next to the cake. Do you think you can manage that?

ROBERTSON AY

Is that all?

MRS. BRILL

For you, yes. For me, no. I swear, a slave in ancient Rome was on a pleasure cruise compared to my life in this house!

(MRS. BRILL storms out.)