The Audio Flow - Audition Script
Master Baker by Pippa Grant
POV – Dual
Genre- Rom-Com (The one that got away)

Notes: I would like Roger to sound like Larry the Cable Guy .Let’s try that on 😊

Chapter 2

*Annika Williams, aka a daughter and sister who’s changed a lot, but is still best known*

*for her chocolate chip cookie bricks, which means this bakery idea isn’t going to end well*

Usually when people say their lives are in the shitter, they don’t mean it quite this

literally.

Also, my family’s life was already in the shitter before this, so I’m not amused at

today’s turn of events.

To say the least.

“Can you fix it?” I ask Roger Rogers, owner of No Shit Plumbing , who’s standing over

the toilet in Duh-Nuts Bakery’s lone bathroom, staring down at the swirling gray water.

He scratches his balding head, then claps his Copper Valley Fireballs baseball cap

back on. His dark beard is streaked with gray, and he keeps shooting a glance at the kitchen

like he’s hoping to be paid in double chocolate fudge cookies.

Which I won’t be baking, because I’ve turned committing sins against sugar into an

art.

“Normally a plugged crapper ain’t a big deal,” Roger says, “but normally the plunger

ain’t broke and stuck real good inside the crapper either.”

I tamp down on the urge to throw the plunger handle at his head and shout I know,

that’s why I called you when his lips turn up in an ornery grin.

“Aw, c’mon, Annika. Had to give you shit about it. Heh. Shit. With a broken crapper.

That’s funny. ’Course I can fix it. Just gotta go grab a new plunger to plunge out the old

plunger pieces, since you ripped yours in two when you pulled the handle out and left the

plunger stuck in the john.”

He grins at joking about plunging out a plunger head that’s currently stuck in the

toilet and blocking the water from flowing the way it’s supposed to after someone

attempted to flush raw cinnamon roll dough down the toilet an hour ago.

I don’t grin back, because if I can’t get this bakery back up and running, I don’t know

how I’m going to take care of my mom and sister.

I swallow a lump of tears the size of the iceberg that took down the Titanic.​

Who am I kidding?

I can put Mama’s building back together, but I don’t know how I’m going to lure in

enough customers to keep her brand-new bakery in business.

Not with my skills.

We’d be better off with me buying all the snack cakes the grocery store has in stock

and sticking unicorn horns in all of them to make them “unique” than with letting me take

over the baking.

But I can’t tell Mama that going ahead with her plans for Duh-Nuts right now is a bad

idea.

Not when it’s everything she’s ever dreamed of.

Not when she’s finally managed to get her hands on it.

And not when it’s the only thing getting her out of bed and coping right now.

“Hey. Chin up, baby girl. You know we got this.” Roger claps me on the shoulder with

his meaty hand. “Take me less than five minutes. Go on. Time me.”

With a wink, he ambles out of the restroom, and a minute later, I hear the bells jingle

on the front door as he exits to get his tools from his truck.

I sag against the bathroom wall, still clutching the plunger handle, and try to

convince myself that I can do this. That we can do this.