

A Light Dinner
By KimuraCarter

Boyfriend! Cardlin and Listener are making dinner. The Listener becomes light-headed and faints. Cardlin takes care of the Listener. Gender neutral, change any and all endearments as needed.

[SFX: cooking sounds, sizzling, dishes clanking]

CARDLIN: Okay, I think this is finally coming together. The roast is in the oven ... roasting. Potatoes are finished. So much for getting things to be done at the same time. *(Chuckles)* Okay, veggies are coming along ... Can you hand me the rosemary there?

Babe? Did you hear me? Th-the rosemary please? Jar right in front of you.

Thanks. Hey ... are you okay? You seemed really out of it there.

Just hungry?

Oh, and tired. I know you've had a hard day. I'm sorry this is taking so long. I would've started sooner, but traffic was awful, and I got home later than I meant to. And now I'm making you wait for dinner. I just wanted this to be special tonight. Hey, maybe you should sit down for a second. You look ... really pale, hon.

(Chuckles) My sous chef, huh? Well, I'm glad you're taking that responsibility seriously. It's always good to have help. But I don't want you to feel any more stressed than you already are. How about you get the wine out of the fridge? That should take the edge off while we wait, right?

[SFX: fridge opening and closing, bottle hits the counter]

Whoa, careful. Okay, no. No, you need to sit down right now. You're swaying on your feet. Here, there's a chair right over --

No, BABY! Don't!

[SFX: dishes clanking on the floor and/or breaking. He catches the Listener]

(grunting at the impact/effort) Shit! Baby! Baby, can you hear me?! Oh, no, no, no. Shit! Wake up! Wake up, hon. Come on ... Shit, what do I do? Think, think, think. Okay, floor, need to lay them on the floor. I stopped them from hitting their head, so that's good. *(rapid breathing)* Okay, now ... shit, what do I do now?! Think, stupid, think! *(calms slightly)* What's that old rhyme ... if the face is red, lift the head. Face is pale, lift the tail. Right! Their face is pale, so I need to lift their legs. Blood goes back to the brain.

[SFX: shuffling]

There we go, good. Feet up. I can rest them on the chair.

[SFX: light slap/tapping]

Baby? Can you hear me? Wake up! You need to wake up, hon. Come on ... come back to me now. Honey? Please?

Hey, hey, that's it, good. Open your eyes. Look at me. There you are. I've got you. No, no don't try to move. You're all right. You fainted. Stay still. Take it easy.

Hm? Yeah, you passed out. Probably low blood sugar. Did you eat lunch?

What? No, a donut doesn't count. Not by itself, geez. Hang on, let me get you some juice. That'll help.

[SFX: Fridge opens and closes, juice pouring]

Here we go. No, wait, let me help. Let's sit you up nice and slow. That's it. Here, drink this. Slowly. Don't gulp it; you don't want the hiccups on top of everything else, right?

Good. *(sighs in relief)* Color's coming back to your cheeks. How do you feel?

Still a little shaky? Should I ... should we take you to see a doctor?

No? All right, but if you start to feel worse, you need to tell me. Don't try to be tough, okay? We need to take care of you. C'mere. *(sighs)* You scared the shit out of me, baby. And there's nothing more important to me than you. So, if you feel sick, we need to get you looked at.

Okay, okay. We'll wait and see if you feel better after you eat. But if not, I'm taking you to urgent care. No, ifs, ands, or buts.

Dinner? Well, it should definitely be ready by now. And hopefully not burned to hell. Here, let me help you up, and I'll check everything.

[SFX: shuffling, chair scraping]

Sit here, love. You okay?

Good. Let's see ... looks like the vegetables are done. And that roast smells pretty damn good, if I do say so myself. Here, let me start making you a plate. I don't want you to wait any longer. I'm so sorry, hon. I feel like this was my fault -- OW!

Did -- did you just throw a pen at me?! Why?

It's ... not my fault?

Well ... I guess ... maybe that's true. You could have had a snack or ... eaten a real lunch. But ... okay, okay! Don't throw anything else! I'll stop blaming myself. But don't be too hard on yourself either, okay? Sometimes these things happen.

[SFX: plate setting down]

Here, you start on this while I get the roast out. Eat up, hon. I want to see those cheeks glowing like they're supposed to.

(Chuckles) What, you didn't order extra cheese with dinner? Well too bad, baby, because that's what you get when you're with me. That and my legendary culinary skills. *(kiss)* Love you. Just let me take care of you, all right? We'll get this night back on track. I promise.