

Cooking 101: Private Instructor Course

Script Writer: Weslee M.

Script Tags: [domestic] [sweet/affectionate] [cooking] [flirting]

Voice Actors Needed: 1

Targeted Audience Gender: *Male*

Synopsis of Script: “Let’s face it—you’re a terrible cook. Just yesterday you almost burned the pot while boiling some water for pasta. Unluckily for you, your boyfriend happens to be a chef (in-training), and you don’t want to admit you can’t cook. One day you’re finally fed up with your lack of skill, after another failed attempt, so you ask him to teach you one evening while you two are at home together.”

Binaural Requirement: (Does the audio need to be binaural?) Yes

BG Music Requirement: (Is background music needed?) Yes

Description of BG Music if Required: A light, comfortable, happy tune that sounds like “home”. Maybe something peaceful with the guitar.

Additional A/N: The boyfriend is very kind and understanding of the Listener, so the majority of the script is based on his reassurance and patience with the Listener.

{SCRIPT START}

[The evening rolls in quickly, and Listener’s Boyfriend heads over to the kitchen to start preparing dinner. The Listener decides to catch his attention by walking over to him.]

[SFX: footsteps on wood floor]

BOYFRIEND

[kind, warm tone]

“So, (NNC), what do you want for dinner? Any special requests?”

[The Listener grumbles, saying he doesn’t want anything in particular. But he does have a different kind of non-food related specific request.]

BOYFRIEND

[curious, inquisitive, suggestive]

“Oh? A non-food related special request? You’ve got my attention.”

[Listener mumbles quietly, but loud enough for Listener’s boyfriend to hear. Listener’s boyfriend smiles at him, looking amused.]

BOYFRIEND

[softly teasing]

“Cooking lessons? I thought *someone* said they could cook just fine on their own.”

[Listener admits they can't cook.]

BOYFRIEND

“Don't worry, I kind of always knew cooking isn't exactly your thing. I was just waiting for you to admit it. You *did* almost set the kitchen on fire making that steak dinner a month ago.”

[Listener becomes grumpy at him, but nods, telling him that it was an honest mistake and he was trying his best.]

BOYFRIEND

“(*chuckling*) I know it was a beginner's mistake, (NNC) but perhaps, next time, you probably shouldn't flambé the steak and half the kitchen along with it.”

[Listener is embarrassed and Prince is understanding and moves on.]

BOYFRIEND

[contemplative]

“Hmm, what would be easy for a beginner? Maybe pasta or... fried rice? Does that sound good?”

[Cue pause as Listener thinks about it for a bit before telling him that he would like to make fried rice.]

BOYFRIEND

[happy, eager]

“Alright, fried rice it is then. I'll start the prep work first and you can be my sous chef.”

[Listener asks what a sous chef is.]

BOYFRIEND

“A sous chef helps out the head chef as a second in command. So basically you'll be working underneath me, (aside) nothing you shouldn't be used to, of course.”

[Listener nods, shuffling over to where he is. He stands to his right, eyeing the cutting board with interest.]

BOYFRIEND

“(*laughs softly*) It looks like someone's excited to learn.”

[Listener flusters, telling him he can't help it since he wants to learn properly.]

BOYFRIEND

[warmly]

"I know you want to learn properly. I don't think it's a bad thing. It's really cute to see you look all focused like that."

[SFX: clothes rustling]

BOYFRIEND

"Well, first we need to wash and chop some vegetables."

[Listener shakes his head, asking if he needs any help with that.]

BOYFRIEND

[happily]

"If you could help wash the vegetables, that would be great. We have some leftover rice from last night's dinner so we can use that."

[Listener quickly heads to the fridge to pull out some ingredients, washing them thoroughly before handing the plate of vegetables to him.]

BOYFRIEND

"(*kisses forehead*) Thanks for washing them for me, (NNC). Now, before I start cutting, I'll have to warn you about something."

[Listener looks at him with a wary frown.]

BOYFRIEND

[playful]

"It's nothing too horrible, trust me. It's just that your eyes might sting once I start chopping these onions. I thought I'd let you know first before you start whining about it."

[Listener huffs at him and elbows Listener's boyfriend in the side in retaliation.]

BOYFRIEND

[teasing]

"(*laughing*) (extend first syllable of this word →) Right, I believe you, (NNC). Anyways, I just wanted to warn you first. But if you do cry, I'll kiss away your tears for you."

[Listener grumbles and tells Listener's boyfriend to just hurry up already.]

[SFX: clothes rustling as boyfriend moves closer to Listener and bends his back a little]

BOYFRIEND

[lower, husky tone, whispering into left side]

“Oh? Are you really rushing your instructor? Is that how you talk to the head chef, (NNC)?”

[Listener almost yelps but holds back. He says that teachers should be doing their job instead of flirting with the students.]

[SFX: clothes rustling again as boyfriend straightens himself back up]

BOYFRIEND

[playful, but reassuring]

“I can’t help it, you’re the cutest sous chef I’ve ever had after all—but I don’t flirt with any of them except you.”

[Listener almost wants to scold him again, but Listener’s boyfriend relents and starts chopping the vegetables.]

[SFX: light chopping on cutting board]

BOYFRIEND

[curiously]

“You know, I’ve been wondering. What suddenly convinced you to come and ask me for help?”

[Listener says he’s tired of not being able to cook properly despite loving food so much. He really likes Listener’s boyfriend’s food the best, though.]

BOYFRIEND

[happy, warmly]

“Well, that’s great to hear that you want to learn and get better at it. And I’m happy you think my cooking is good. The instructors at my culinary school say I’m a quick learner, but it really boosts my confidence to hear it from you.”

[Listener eagerly agrees, saying that his food is definitely the best he’s ever eaten.]

BOYFRIEND

[reminiscing, joking/laughing tone near end of line]

“Remember when we first met? We bumped into each in the supermarket and you were so fascinated by the ingredients and followed me around for three whole aisles. It’s a good thing you had this cute look on your face or I might’ve reported you to security or something.”

BOYFRIEND

[fondly]

“Then you finally worked up the courage to ask me and I almost laughed out loud when I saw you’d put all the same things in your cart too.”

BOYFRIEND

"I'll never forget the way your face lit up when I told you I was making chicken curry and, till this day, I still can't believe you accepted my offer to cook for you then and there."

BOYFRIEND

"It was kind of our first date if you think about it. Even if we talked of nothing but food it was still amazing getting to know all the things you love to eat. It turned out we had a lot in common, especially with our love for food."

[...]

[Listener tells Listener's boyfriend that he's really glad he did bump into him that day. Not only did their taste buds match, but so did their personalities. Listener thanks him for being such a patient and talented chef as well as an amazing boyfriend.]

BOYFRIEND

[a bit abashed, grateful]

"Thanks, (NNC). That really does mean a lot to me. I hope I can learn even more to impress you."

[Listener insists he doesn't have to do that. He loves him for more than just his excellent cooking skills.]

BOYFRIEND

[teasingly]

"Don't worry, I know you don't only love me for my food. But just in case it helps I've signed up for some patisserie courses too, how does homemade crepes sound?"

[Listener practically drools at the thought of it. He has a penchant for sweets, after all. Listener's boyfriend knows how much he loves crepes with fresh cream and strawberries.]

[SFX: stops chopping, clothes rustling as boyfriend turns to look at Listener]

BOYFRIEND

[teasing]

"(*huffs*) Hey, didn't you say you wanted to learn? You can space out and drool over sweets after dinner."

[Listener snaps out of his sweets-induced daydreaming, flustering. He says he's definitely paying attention.]

BOYFRIEND

[unconvinced, sarcastic but light-heartedly]

“Uh huh, you were definitely listening, judging from that expression. Well, we can start up the pan now to stir-fry the vegetables with some oil and garlic. The rice goes last since it’s already cooked.”

[Listener watches in silent awe as Listener’s boyfriend waltzes around the kitchen with practiced ease. He steps closer as Listener’s boyfriend starts up the fried rice on the stove.]

[SFX: pan sizzling]

BOYFRIEND

[voice slightly raised to be heard over the sizzling]

“It’s a simple recipe, so you don’t need a lot to make it taste good. The key to good fried rice is to have it be slightly salty.”

[Listener grumbles that he usually just dumps a couple spoonfuls of soy sauce into his white rice and it seems fine.]

BOYFRIEND

[admonishing, light-heartedly]

“Well, white rice drowned in soy sauce isn’t fried rice, (NNC). It’s my mother’s recipe from when she lived in Hong Kong. She doesn’t use soy sauce but just salt to bring out the flavor of the rice and ingredients.”

[SFX: pan sizzling, but the cooking utensil stops hitting the pan]

BOYFRIEND

[encouragingly]

“Here, why don’t you try stirring it? I’ll be right next to you so you don’t have to worry. The vegetables are almost done.”

[Listener is a little wary about it, but steps forward towards the stove.]

[SFX: clothes rustling as Listener’s boyfriends shuffles and positions himself to Listener’s right]

[SFX: cooking utensil hits the pan as Listener stirs]

BOYFRIEND

“You’re doing good, (NNC). Just keep stirring so nothing sticks to the bottom of the pan.”

[Listener watches as Listener’s boyfriend grabs the bowl of cooked rice and plops it into the pan. Listener’s boyfriend’s warm hand encases his as he guides his hand.]

BOYFRIEND

[leans in close to right ear, softly encouraging]

“Just keep moving the spoon, and start breaking up the rice so it’s all nice and even. We don’t want chunks of rice in there.”

[Listener’s boyfriend is nice and close to Listener, his chest lightly touching Listener’s right shoulder. Listener’s boyfriend smells really nice, much better than the fried rice.]

BOYFRIEND

[playfully]

“Your hand stopped moving, (NNC). Are you getting tired? Do you want me to take over?”

[Listener stutters and tells him it’s fine and that he can continue. He stirs with renewed energy despite blushing madly.]

BOYFRIEND

[softly]

“(*kisses cheek*) Okay, if you think you’re fine then let’s finish up. We’re almost done and then we can eat. You’re a fast learner too, you know. I’m proud of my student.”

[Listener can’t help but feel proud at the praise from his boyfriend.]

[SFX: sizzling stopping, stove turning off]

BOYFRIEND

[proudly, happy]

“And we’re finished! Good job, (NNC). I’ll plate it, so you can wash your hands and sit down.”

[Listener shuffles over to the sink to wash his hands, then walks over to the dining table.]

[SFX: chair being pulled out from table, clothes rustling as Listener’s boyfriend sits down]

BOYFRIEND

“(*whistles*) Not bad at all for a beginner! Why don’t you give it a taste?”

[Listener picks up a spoon and scoops some into his mouth. He’s in shock at the simple but delicious flavor. It’s much better than white rice mixed with soy sauce.]

BOYFRIEND

[joyfully]

“Good, huh? And now you know how to cook like a pro.”

BOYFRIEND

“We should cook together more often, I definitely like seeing you in the kitchen with me.”

[Listener is really grateful for him being so patient and helpful with him. He thanks him and gives him a soft smile.]

BOYFRIEND

[softly, comforting]

“You’re welcome, (NNC). And if I get out of class early tomorrow I’ll come back home to teach you something else. How does grilled pork sandwiches sound?”

[Listener nods eagerly, already hungry again at the thought of those mouth-watering sandwiches. As Listener’s boyfriend finishes his food quickly, he gets up to go wash the dishes.]

BOYFRIEND

[light, happy]

“(*laughing softly*) Haha, okay, we’ll definitely do that, then. I know it’s one of your favorites.”

[SFX: dishes clanking as he collects them, clothes rustling as Listener’s boyfriend leans in close]

BOYFRIEND

[whispers softly]

“(*kisses lips*) I really did mean it when I said you look really cute when you’re cooking. Maybe I should get us matching aprons since this is becoming a thing?”

[Listener blushes at his flirting, trying to swat him away. But Listener really doesn’t mind it since he knows how much of a sap Listener’s boyfriend is.]

BOYFRIEND

[lightly, flirtatious]

“Who knew I’d get such a cute sous chef for the long run?”

[SFX: footsteps fading away into the kitchen]

[Well, Listener is definitely glad he decided to ask for help from his boyfriend after all.]

{SCRIPT END}