



Script (Hiro and Benson)

Dad: Hiro Son: Benson

Dad: (running into the kitchen) Where are you, buddy? I'm here.

Son: (comes into the kitchen) Hi, dad! You are so late.

Dad: I'm so sorry. I know I'm late. I had things to finish at work.

Son: That's ok, dad. I am so excited about the cookies we are going to bake today.

Dad: (exhausted) Me, too. I'm very tired, but we can still do it.

Son: (excited) Yes! I've already prepared what we need.

Dad: (sits on a stool, resting on the table) Give me just a moment. I will sit down for just a minute.

Son: Sure, dad! (gets out the utensils and ingredients) These are the things we will need!

Dad: (snoring)

Son: Dad? Are you sleeping?

Dad: (startled, jumps out of the stool) Sleeping? Me? Who? What?

Son: Dad! You are really tired. We can bake tomorrow if you want to rest.

Dad: No! I promised we would do it today, so we will do it today. Where's the cookbook?

Son: (handing the book to his dad) Here it is.

Dad: Let's start! We need five hundred grams of flour.

Son: (repeats, while pouring the flour in a bowl) Five hundred grams of flour.

Dad: 200 ml of... (yawns) milk, and four hundred grams of sugar.

Son: (follows instructions) Ok! Ready!

Dad: Now, mix gently the... (falls asleep)

Son: (mixing) The ingredients? What's next? (looks at his dad) Dad? Are you sleeping, again?

Dad: (startled) No, no, son. I was just resting my eyes. You know what, it will be better if you read the steps and I prepare the dough.

Son: Are you sure?

Dad: (jumping) Yes, totally sure. I need to stay active.

Son: (sits in front of the book) The next step is to add one teaspoon baking soda and one tablespoon vanilla powder.

Dad: (sleepy, yawning) Got it! Got it! We bake the soda and powder the table.

Son: Oh Dad! You are really tired. You work too much.

Dad: (yawning) It's ok, son, I still want to do things with you.

Son: That's alright! Why don't we sit in the living room and chat for a while before bed?

Dad: Sounds like a great idea, son. And, although we won't bake cookies tonight, we can still eat some. (gets a bag of cookies from his briefcase)

Son: Those are my favorite cookies! (runs to his dad and hugs him)

Dad: I promise I'll be back home earlier tomorrow. We will bake a bunch of delicious cookies.

Son: Yes! But tonight, we can still have a great time, you and I!

Dad: Because there's nothing better than spending time together.

(Hugging each other, both of them leave the kitchen)



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