(Having dinner at the table)

HUSBAND: Honey?

WIFE: Yes, Dear?

HUSBAND (chewing): What is this?

WIFE: It’s your favorite—grapefruit pudding.

HUSBAND: Ah. Pass the salt.

WIFE (wounded): You’re going to put salt on pudding?

HUSBAND: It needs just a pinch of something, Cream Puff. *(Unscrews lid of salt-shaker and pours salt)*

WIFE: I cooked this meal just especially for you to celebrate our first anniversary. Don’t you remember the very first meal I ever made for you after we got married?

HUSBAND: How could I ever forget my first grapefruit pudding? Although, as I recall you did forget to use instant pudding.

WIFE: A minor mistake.

HUSBAND: And after we waited three days for it to set you ended up pouring it into glasses and calling it a grapefruit pudding shake.

WIFE (smiling at the memory): I’ve come a long way, haven’t I? *(He grimaces.)* Well, that’s the same pudding as I made then.

HUSBAND: It tastes about a year old.

WIFE (pouting): You told me you loved it!

HUSBAND: Well, it was too late by then. I’d already taken the vows. I’d promised to love you in sickness and in health, but I had no idea we were gonna jump right into the sickness part. *(Changing his attitude)* I’m just teasing, my little peach pit. Your culinary abilities are out of this world. And I love you in spite of it. *(Overdramatic)* I’d swim through molasses for you. I’d climb the highest
double fudge nut brownie sundae for you. I’d cross the wheat fields of Kansas for your love! Besides, I’ve eaten your meals for a year now because I love you. If that isn’t love, well, then I don’t know what is. Pass me some more of that scrumptious Salisbury steak, my little artichoke.

**WIFE** *(passing it, shocked):* You’re having . . . seconds?

**HUSBAND:** Of course! *(He smiles through clenched teeth.)* It’s wonderful.

**WIFE** *(touched):* You really do love me, don’t you? *(He gnaws vigorously and nods.)* Guess what I got you as a gift?

**HUSBAND** *(smiling):* Stomach pump?

**WIFE:** No, silly. What are you traditionally supposed to get each other on the first anniversary?

**HUSBAND** *(still gnawing):* Well, judging by the meat, leather?

**WIFE:** No, Dear. That’s the third anniversary.

**HUSBAND** *(swallowing):* You sure it’s not something very, very, very rare?

**WIFE:** The traditional gift is paper.

**HUSBAND:** Ah, ha! That explains the napkins.

**WIFE:** We always use napkins.

**HUSBAND:** That explains the baked potato then.

**WIFE:** What do you mean?

**HUSBAND:** Well, paper comes from trees, which are made out of bark, and so is my potato. I can’t cut into it. *(Demonstrating)* See . . . I can’t get past the tree bark.

**WIFE:** Have you tried the steak knife?

**HUSBAND:** I’m afraid I bent it cutting the meat. *(Sawing away on baked potato)*

**WIFE:** Maybe I ought to buy instant potatoes?

**HUSBAND:** Either that or a chainsaw.

**WIFE:** Anyway, for your anniversary gift I got you a paperweight for your office.

**HUSBAND:** That’s what this is! *(Picking up potato)* Thank you, my little Egg McMuffin. I’ll treasure it forever.

**WIFE:** What a joker I married. Are you ready for more dessert?

**HUSBAND:** No! I’m not! I’ll never be ready. *(Catching himself)* I mean, ah . . . *(gets idea)* I’m taking you out for dessert! Yes, that’s what I’m doing! *(Getting up)* That’s my gift to you.

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WIFE: But that’s not a paper gift.

HUSBAND (thinking quickly): I know, but . . . I’m going to pay cash for it! So, in a sense, it is paper!

WIFE (admiring): You are so intelligent.

HUSBAND (smiling sweetly): I married you, didn’t I?

WIFE (touched): What a sweet thing to say.

HUSBAND: You can have any dessert on the menu you want. And maybe I’ll just get a side dish of prime rib or something.

WIFE: You are such a gem to me.

HUSBAND: And you’re the ala mode on my apple pie. Let’s go. (Starts to go.)

WIFE (stops): You know, for the past year I’ve noticed that all your endearments and nicknames for me refer to food. Why is that?

HUSBAND (as he ushers her out): Just seems to be on my mind, Cupcake.

(Black out)