

Five Alarm Side 2 – Ellen and Tucker

Ellen: You can look now. She's gone.

Tucker: Did she die?

Ellen: Oh, no. She's gone to get first aid. She'll be fine. Come on. You'll get grass stains on your whites.

(She helps him up.)

Tucker: What a wuss, right?

Ellen: Not at all. When we shoot the chickens at the zoo, I always have to close my eyes. Which wastes a lot of bullets.

Tucker: You work at a zoo?

Ellen: The Killaloe Petting Zoo.

Tucker: Do you have any white tigers there?

Ellen: At the petting zoo? No. No tigers. We had a white dog for a while, but it was apparently just someone's pet and they came back for it.

Tucker: I saw a white tiger at the San Diego zoo. They're my favourite animal.

Ellen: Wow, you've been to San Diego? I've never left Ontario.

Tucker: Oh, it's beautiful there. When I graduated from Le Cordon Blue, a bunch of us got this van and took a road trip down the coast. It was pretty wild. It was like our freedom ride. You know, because we were finally done school.

Ellen: I don't think that's what a freedom ride is.

Tucker: No. Especially not for me, because I got really car sick. There's no freedom when you're bent over an IGA bag.

Ellen: Do you want some water?

Tucker: Thank you.

(Ellen brings him a bottle of water from the cooler, then they each go back to their stations. Tucker starts measuring out spices. Ellen stirs the tomato sauce in the pot.)

I guess we're holding down the fort, huh? You're so lucky to be working with Ava Rose. Chili is in her blood.

Ellen: I'm afraid I'm not much help to her. I don't know anything about cooking.

Tucker: Why'd you enter a cooking competition?

Ellen: Because I realized I'd been in town for two years and my only friends are chickens. And that's a real love-hate relationship. I thought getting involved in an event like this might be a good way to meet people. And, I was right. How about you?

Tucker: If I'm being honest, I'm mostly here for the cash prize. Connie promised me half if we win.

Ellen: What are you going to do with it?

Tucker: I wish I could tell you, but it's a secret. Let's just say that that money will buy my freedom. Yes ma'am. I get that cash and the world is my oyster mushroom. That's a culinary joke.

Ellen: You're pretty funny, Tucker Dell.

Tucker: And you're pretty pretty, Ellen-

Ellen: Pellham. And, stop. I am not.

Tucker: You're hotter than this jalepeno. I bet your boyfriend thinks so.

Ellen: Well, I don't have a boyfriend.

Tucker: Oh, no? Well, I'm surprised to hear that.

Ellen: Would your girlfriend be surprised to hear that?

Tucker: I don't have a girlfriend. So there we are. Two single people. *(They smile at one another.)* You want to know a little trick? Put a teaspoon of sugar in

your sauce. Trust me. It mellows everything out.

Ellen: A teaspoon?

(She looks around the table.)

Which one is that? This one?

(She picks up the ladle.)

Tucker: Noo.

(Tucker crosses to help her find the teaspoon.)

This is a teaspoon.

Ellen: Oh! Like what they give you when you order tea... *(Beat.)* I just got that.

Tucker: There are dozens of varieties of spoon. See?

(He holds up spoons and labels them for her.)

Slotted spoon. Table spoon. Ladle. Stirring spoon. Pasta spoon. Wooden spoon, or “spanking spoon”, as it was known in my house. Measuring spoon-

Ellen: You know a lot about spoons.

Tucker: Well, I know a lot about forks too. And when I come back from using the little boy’s room, I’m going teach you.

(Tucker exits. Ellen picks up the spoons one by one.)