

Five Alarm Side 7 – Caleb and Ava

Caleb: Ava?

Ava: Hello.

Caleb: Hi! How are you?

Ava: Fine, thanks.

Caleb: Look at you. Wow. You're all grown up.

Ava: Uh-huh. I'm sorry, what? Do I know you?

Caleb: Yeah, you know me. You don't know me?

Ava: No. Should I?

Caleb: I hoped you would.

(Caleb moves closer. He looks into her eyes. A beat.)

Ava: Oh my God.

Caleb: Hi.

Ava: Caleb?!

Caleb: Hi.

Ava: Hi! What are you doing here? You look totally different. You're a grown up!

Caleb: Yeah. So are you.

Ava: Wow. You're so tall. And you have stubble! When did that happen?

Caleb: After I successfully made it through puberty.

Ava: Right. Hey, you don't stutter anymore.

Caleb: Three years of speech therapy twice a week.

Ava: Amazing. And you're really...You really filled out nicely.

Caleb: Thank you?

Ava: I'm sorry. Why am I staring at you? That's got to be uncomfortable. *(She*

turns away.) So, what are you doing here?

Caleb: I'm working. I'm the new reporter for Channel 5.

Ava: Holy moly. Well, congratulations.

Caleb: Thanks. *(Beat.)* You can look at me.

Ava: I was just really aware that I was looking at you a lot. And that felt awkward, so-

Caleb: Well, you not looking at me at all is even more awkward.

Ava: Right. *(She looks at him.)* I barely recognize you.

Caleb: You haven't changed a bit.

Ava: Really?

Caleb: You're really hot.

Ava: Pardon?

Caleb: Your pot. It's bubbling.

Ava: Oh! *(She turns down the heat.)* So, you did it. You're covering the news. That's amazing.

Caleb: Well, I'm covering chili cook offs and pie-eating contests. But, I guess it's a start.

Ava: It's great, Caleb. Good for you. I always wondered if you became a reporter. I'm really happy to hear you did. By the way, if you do cover the pie-eating contest, wear a raincoat. It gets pretty disgusting.

Caleb: Good tip. And you? Keeping the family tradition alive, huh?

Ava: Trying to. I wish I could tell you I was succeeding but, no, I'm a sixteen time loser.

Caleb: Sixteen times!

Ava: Yep. I've been doing this basically since you left. That sounds pretty sad when I say it out loud.

Caleb: I think it's nice, actually. And I bet it would mean a lot to your dad.

Ava: Did you see Connie?

Caleb: Connie Gardiner?

Ava: She's team twenty-two.

Caleb: You don't say.

Ava: I guess maybe you two aren't friends anymore.

Caleb: Well, she did orchestrate my social slaughtering.

Ava: I was really sorry about that-

Caleb: Not your fault.

Ava: I wish I'd done more.

Caleb: Are you kidding? You were the best friend I ever had. And we were kids.

Ava: What happened to you? After you left? Is it true you moved to Vancouver?

Caleb: Yeah. My dad's still there. But, I got sick of the nice weather and the laid back lifestyle. I missed it around here.

Ava: Well, it missed you. I mean, I heard.

Caleb: Oh yeah? Did you miss me?

Ava: Me? No. You were a pest. *(Beat.)* So, is your wife with you?

Caleb: My what?

Ava: Your wife. Don't you have a wife?

Caleb: Not that I'm aware of.

Ava: Really? You never married?

Caleb: Again, not to my recollection. You? You must've.

Ava: Nope. I'm a spinster.

(Beat.)

Caleb: You look good, Ava. You grew up really well. *(Beat.)* You ever go out to

Sandy Mountain?

Ava: You remember!

Caleb: Of course I remember.

Ava: No. I haven't been out there in years. Not since you left.

(Beat.)

Caleb: Listen, I've got to get back to it. There's rumour of a scandal involving Brenda Oliver. Apparently, someone saw a case of Stagg brand chili under her station. Can you believe that?

Ava: I can.

Caleb: I wish I could keep talking to you. Could we pick this up later?

Ava: Yeah! Absolutely. We can pick it up whenever you want. At any time. Whenever you're free, and I'm free. And we're both free. Then we'll pick it up.

Caleb: How about after the judging?

Ava: After the judging? Yes, I'll be here.

Caleb: Okay, then. Good luck. And, I'll see you later.

Ava: Bye.