

Five Alarm Side 9 – Tucker and Connie

(Connie and Tucker enter. Tucker has a small canister of propane.)

Connie: This is ridiculous. We've lost precious minutes.

Tucker: We'll be back in business in no time.

(Tucker sets to changing the propane on the stove.)

Connie: It's thrown me off my game. Broken my concentration. I need to stay in the zone, Tucker. In the zone. Do you understand me? Get that propane hooked up, stat!

Tucker: Got it. I'm on it. *(Tucker makes a discovery.)* Oh. Whoopsy daisy. Turns out we had propane after all. I was just turning the valve the wrong way.

Connie: What?!

Tucker: Righty tighty, lefty loosey.

Tucker: Honest mistake.

Connie: Tucker-

Tucker: I'm sorry.

Connie: Tucker!

Tucker: I don't like that vein in your forehead.

Connie: Hand me that knife.

Tucker: Are you going to stab me with it?

Connie: Hand it to me.

(Tucker tentatively holds the knife out for Connie. As she grabs it, he flinches and it cuts her.)

Tucker/Connie: Ahh!

Connie: You cut me!

Tucker: Holy shitake!

Connie: I'm bleeding. I'll be disqualified!

Tucker: Also, you could die! Which would be even worse! Look, I'll take you to the first aid station!

Connie: There's no time! Just close it up here.

Tucker: I'm a cook, not a surgeon!

Connie: Find a stapler or a glue gun-

Tucker: The first aid station is just over there. You could at least get a Band-Aid.

Connie: Band-Aids are for children and head wound victims. Wrap it up in your bandana.

Tucker: I can't! I faint when I see blood. I can't even cook steak rare! And you might need stitches.

Connie: I don't need stitches. My body regenerates at a faster-than-normal rate because I have strong will.

Tucker: Then why are you so pale? Are you going to die?

Connie: (Woozy.) I'm not going to die. It's a little blood.