

Recipe For  
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### Cast of Characters

CHELSEA:

mid-20's, very pretty (but  
not too un-normal looking)

DAVIS:

mid-20's, very normal looking  
(but not unattractive)

SCENE #1

*Supermarket. Evening.*

*CHELSEA, holding an empty shopping basket, stands facing the audience as if she's looking at a shelf. She's clearly disgruntled, perhaps biting her lip or shifting her weight from foot to foot. After a few moments, she begins breathing heavily and muttering indistinguishably under her breath. DAVIS enters with a full shopping basket, crossing items off a shopping list.*

DAVIS

(To himself)

Milk, cheese, eggs...

(Noticing CHELSEA)

Oh hey, fancy seeing you here!

CHELSEA

(Eyes still on the shelf)

Funny.

DAVIS

What brings you to this part of the store, stranger?

CHELSEA

Davis...

DAVIS

But seriously, I thought we'd never meet back up in here. When they say "super store," they mean it. This place is huge.

*CHELSEA halfheartedly smiles, but doesn't take her eyes off the shelf in front of her.*

DAVIS (cont'd)

(Noticing her empty basket)

Hey, where's your half of our list? I'll get some more stuff and meet you by self-checkout.

CHELSEA

(Eyes still on shelf)

Um, okay.

DAVIS

Hey, are you all right?

CHELSEA

(Eyes still on shelf)

Fine. I'm fine.

DAVIS

Chelsea, please. I can tell when you're-

*CHELSEA sighs, frustrated.*

DAVIS (cont'd)

Here, actually, just grab a jar of peanut butter and come with me. We'll do the rest together.

*DAVIS takes CHELSEA's hand and begins to pull her along. CHELSEA throws DAVIS' hand away and turns to face DAVIS.*

DAVIS (cont'd)

Chels...

CHELSEA

(Suddenly irrational. Yelling.)

Davis. What are you even saying? Do you hear yourself? I can't "just grab a jar of peanut butter." What do you think I've been trying to do? Huh? But there are one, two, three, four, five different brands. So I have to choose. And that takes time, Davis. And then there's smooth, extra smooth, crunchy, super crunchy, low fat, low fat freaking crunchy-

DAVIS

Chelsea, calm down-

CHELSEA

Calm down? Calm down. Davis, how the hell am I supposed to decide which jar of peanut butter to get when there are so many fricken-

DAVIS

Chelsea-

CHELSEA

What.?.

DAVIS

(Beat.)

Why are you-

CHELSEA

Just, just leave me alone. I'm fine. I'll finish the list and meet you in the car.

*CHELSEA storms off.*

DAVIS

Chels...

*DAVIS exits.*