

## Five Alarm Side 8 – Tucker and Connie and Ellen and Ava

Connie: Tucker, get up. Where have you been?

Tucker: Sorry! Sorry! I tripped on a prominent clump of grass back there. Went ass over tea kettle. Right back down the hill. Then I did it again. Third time, though, made it all the way up- *(He puts on his chef's jacket and then spots Ava and Ellen.)* Oh, hello! Bonjour! Our neighbours! I'm Tucker-

Connie: Stop being so friendly.

Tucker: Can't stop that. That's hardwired. *(To Ava and Ellen.)* Tucker Dell. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Ava: Ava Rose.

Tucker: You are not.

Ava: I am.

Tucker: No!

Ava: Yes.

Tucker: Ava Rose? Daughter of Wayne Rose? Holy shitake!

Connie: Tucker, calm down.

Tucker: No, no, no. Wayne Rose is my personal idol. This is such an honour, Miss Rose. Your dad changed my life. He's the reason I wanted to become a chef.

Connie: Oh, here we go.

Tucker: He's the King. And you. You're like the Imperial Princess-

Ava: That's really sweet.

Ellen: I'm Ellen. Hi.

Tucker: Ellen, do you know how lucky you are to be sharing a cutting board with this woman?

Ellen: Oh, yes. I do.

Tucker: Would you sign your autograph?

Connie: Oh, for God's sake.

Ava: I'm not famous.

Tucker: Maybe not to the average Joe. But, to me? You're like Elton John.

Ellen: Ooh! Do Tiny Dancer!

Ava: You really want my autograph?

Tucker: Absolutely.

Ava: Okay.

Tucker: Just anywhere here. *(He lifts up his shirt.)* That way I'll have it forever.

Connie: Tucker! Pull your shirt down and get over here.

Tucker: But, I-

Connie: Don't make me count to five.

Tucker: Why? Do you not know how?

Connie: Tucker!

Tucker: *(To Ava.)* Rain check?

Ava: Sure. *(Tucker crosses to Connie's station.)* So, you're professionally trained?

Tucker: Thirty-fourth in my class.

Ellen: Of how many people?

Tucker: Thirty-

Connie: Tucker studied at the Cordon Bleu!

Ava: Holy crap.

Tucker: B-L-U-E. Not the one in France. This one's in Buffalo.

Connie: That's enough chit-chat. We're here to compete, not to braid each other's hair. Tucker, there's more stuff in the car.

Tucker: Catch you later, Princess. And you, Ellen. *(About Ellen's shoes.)* Great

Crocs, by the way.

Ellen: (*Beaming.*) Oh, these old things?