

## AVA and ELLEN

Ava: What are you doing?

Ellen: I put the tomatoes in the pot?

Ava: You have to take them out of the can first.

Ellen: Oh, you want to do it that way? That's the French method. Gotcha. Good. I'll do that.

*(Ellen takes the can out of the pot. She examines it for a long beat. Ava observes.)*

Ava: Ellen, where exactly is it you work?

Ellen: Hm?

Ava: Your job. Which restaurant do you work for?

Ellen: I don't work for a restaurant.

Ava: You don't?

Ellen: No.

Ava: I thought you said you were a cook.

Ellen: No. I said I'm in food preparation.

Ava: Right. Where?

Ellen: At the zoo.

Ava: The zoo?!

Ellen: Yes.

Ava: The zoo!

Ellen: Yes.

Ava: The zoo where they keep animals? That zoo?

Ellen: I'm confused by your question because I don't know about any other kind of zoo.

Ava: You work at a zoo.

Ellen: Yep.

Ava: Oh my God.

Ellen: Is that bad?

Ava: Yes, it's bad! I thought you were a cook!

Ellen: No! I'm not a cook!

Ava: Well, I know that now! You're a zookeeper? This is...God. What am I going to do?

Ellen: I'm sorry. I didn't know it would matter. I thought you just wanted help with your chili competition-

Ava: I...I do...I'm sorry, Ellen. Of course it doesn't matter. So, you're not a cook. My mistake. I'll just have to show you. Right? And you're a zoologist, which is a type of scientist, so, obviously you're a smart woman and probably a fast learner-

Ellen: I'm not a zoologist.

Ava: I thought you had to be a zoologist to work at the zoo.

Ellen: It's a petting zoo. Mostly chickens...but I don't recommend you pet them. They bite. One rabbit. A bunch of barn cats, some of which, again, bite.

Ava: This sounds like the world's worst petting zoo.

Ellen: It's pretty bad.

Ava: So, you don't know anything about cooking?

Ellen: I really don't.

Ava: Do you know how to open a can?

Ellen: I know how to open a door.

Ava: You've never opened a can?

Ellen: I've opened a can of whoop ass. On Fred. He's the lead chicken. *(Beat.)* I can open a frozen dinner.