

CHOCOLATE DREAMERY

By Claudia Haas

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CHARACTERS

CHELSEA : early 20's and the victim of weight-crazed America.

RICK : 20's but a much more decisive even rigid person.

AT RISE: We are outside an ice cream parlor. CHELSEA hovers outside alternately wanting to go in and stay out. A decidedly undecided type, SHE is trying to figure out if a double fudged-dripping-chocolate chunk cone is worth the calories. SHE is in her early 20's and the victim of weight-crazed America. SHE is blocking the entrance to the door as RICK walks by and tries to enter into the ice cream store. HE also is in his 20's but a much more decisive, even rigid person.

RICK: One walks in or one stays away from the door. Which are you doing?

CHELSEA: Oh! I . . . don't know. I suppose, I am going in . . . I'm not sure.

RICK: Then, would you mind clearing the door so I could enter?

CHELSEA: Well, sure. No, I'm going in. That's all right, you don't need to get the door. ***(SHE doesn't move.)***

RICK: You have an interesting way of not following through. Is that how you lead your life?

CHELSEA: If you must know, I have a momentous decision ahead of me. If I walk through that door, there is no turning back.

RICK: Ah, a dramatic sort! But there is a flaw in your thinking. The door goes both ways. You are required to turn back. Ice cream shops don't offer beds for the night.

CHELSEA: But the decision – to order a double-dripping fudge chocolate cone – that is what bogs me down.

RICK: Then order butter pecan.

CHELSEA: Butter pecan! There is no chocolate in butter pecan! Why would I order a butter pecan cone and cram myself full of worthless calories if I'm not going to get an iota of enjoyment out of the process? Who would do that?

RICK: You're right. Stick with chocolate. Now, if you would excuse me—

CHELSEA: Of course I would stick with chocolate. That is – if I order.

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RICK: Listen, this has been great. I love talking to indecisive chocoholics on the street. But now I need to follow through and get what I came for – which is an ice cream cone.

CHELSEA: What flavor?

RICK: Vanilla.

CHELSEA: Vanilla? There is no substance to vanilla. Where is the meltingly velvet texture that is alive in chocolate? Where is the glorious aria that the addition of chocolate brings? You can't order vanilla. It does not sing. I forbid it.

RICK: I'm glad you've taken a stand. I sense this is a huge step for you. But I can order vanilla if I wish. And I do wish. Do not knock vanilla— it has a purity of flavor that chocolate does not contain. If you don't move away from that door, I am going to have to push you away. I am a gentle soul. I would rather you not make me do that.

CHELSEA: Listen to that masculine logic. I am making you push me? Isn't that the way? Every time a female gets pushed by a male, the men of the world unite and issue a statement that a woman made them do it!

RICK: You know – I just came for a vanilla cone. It was not my intention to get involved in the women's rights movement right this moment. Excuse me.

CHELSEA: Get the double-dripping--fudge-chocolate cone. Please! I'll pay you!

RICK: But I don't want to.

CHELSEA: But if you get it – then, I could watch you eat it. You know - surrogate enjoyment. Please, have pity and spare me from myself.

RICK: I can't order chocolate. I would hate myself so there would be no enjoyment for either of us. Now, if you would step away so I do not offend your feminist nerve cells, I would like to get my vanilla cone.

CHELSEA: No, I'm going in. Six months on the wagon depriving myself of one of the world's greatest gifts to humans has been enough. I can handle one taste of chocolate. I'm in control.

RICK: After you.

CHELSEA: (**suddenly desperate**) But what if I can't handle it? What if I have my double-fudge-dripping-chocolate cone and then run downtown and spend all of my money on some expensive chocolate because I've opened the floodgates? What if I use my charge card and charge so much designer chocolate that I cannot pay the rent! Or worse yet - what if I get so desperate for chocolate that I go to the local candy store and pick up some dime store chocolate!

RICK: Oh no! You can't do that!

CHELSEA: But what if I do succumb to the cheap chocolate which does not satisfy and I eat and eat and eat until - (**pause**) What do you mean, I can't do that?

RICK: Nothing. I . . . I mean –

CHELSEA: Wait a minute – you know something about chocoholics, don't you? Ever live with one? Your mother? Your sister? A girlfriend?

RICK: (*sheepishly*) Well, actually – me.

CHELSEA: What do you mean – you?

RICK: What I said – me. I'm a certified chocoholic.

CHELSEA: You can't be – I mean you eat vanilla of all things and you're – you know – a guy.

RICK: Excuse me. I didn't read the manual regarding "How to be Certified as a Chocoholic." Nobody told me it was a gender thing.

CHELSEA: Then how do you explain you're ordering a vanilla cone? That's sort of like going to the "dark side," don't you think?

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