

LOVE IN THE RAVIOLI SEASON

By Claudia Haas

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LOVE IN THE RAVIOLI SEASON

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

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SYNOPSIS: Mark and Angela love each other. The only thing standing in their way of “happily ever after” is the filling in the ravioli.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

MARK (m).....20-30; in love with Angela—as steady as Angela is emotional—but you know a guy can only put up with so much. *(59 lines)*

ANGELA (f)20-30; in love with Mark and has a burning need to be validated through food—and a bit of an emotional Italian. *(60 lines)*

SETTING: A small living room with table and two chairs.

PROPS

- Rolling Pin
- Cell Phone
- Dinner Dish
- Engagement Ring
- Table Set

AT RISE: *In the living room there are two chairs and a small table set with an uneaten ravioli dinner. ANGELA is brandishing a rolling pin and MARK is trying to stay clear of her. His cell phone is out and they are circling each other like caged animals.*

ANGELA: I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR HEART OUT AND FEED IT TO THE DOGS!

MARK: Is that like—a threat?

ANGELA: Come on, Mark—let's find out if you even have a heart!

MARK: Angela - If you come one step closer, I'm calling the police. I'm not giving up my heart without a fight!

ANGELA: *(Putting the rolling pin down.)* Really, Mark. How dense are you? How can I cut your heart out with a rolling pin?

MARK: You could knock me out with it, grab a knife and I'm done for!

ANGELA: *(Lifting the rolling pin up again.)* Good idea!

She lunges and he evades. It's a near miss.

MARK: ANGELA!

ANGELA: Take it, back, Mark!

MARK: What?

ANGELA: You insulted my ravioli—take it back!

MARK: Ravioli do not have feelings.

ANGELA: *(Rushing to her dinner dish and talking to it as if it was a vulnerable child.)* He didn't mean that my little bambino...you are so soft...pillowy...not lumpy and misshapen as my soon-to-be-dead partner suggests...

MARK: That ravioli is not soft and pillowy...it's gamey...sinewy and what was that stuff that felt like a Novocain shot to the cheeks?

ANGELA: I'm not going to tell you. Your palate is not refined. You wouldn't understand.

MARK: I bet you'd tell your Texan friend Chili..

ANGELA: Chili Breeze understands me.

MARK: Chili Breeze is coming between us.

ANGELA: There's nothing between me and Chili Breeze except the sharing of food.

MARK: You try to please him more than me.

ANGELA: He encourages me to think outside the box. To try new things.

MARK: Like that ravioli.

ANGELA: Yes.

MARK: It tasted like rancid chicken...

ANGELA: A lot you know!

MARK: I know what I like and I didn't like that!

ANGELA: Some people like rattlesnake.

MARK: Rattlesnake?

ANGELA: With fermented soybeans. And if you must know, "Mister-boring-eater," I used a wasabi-paste soy reduction sauce. It's called fusion. Mixing ingredients from various cuisines.

MARK: I'm almost afraid to ask...the needles in the mouth?

ANGELA: Nettles. I'm learning to forage.

MARK: I'm going to be sick.

ANGELA: The ravioli was seasoned with fennel pollen. You love fennel pollen.

MARK: I love fennel pollen with a pork roast! Not with a side of snake!

ANGELA: I need to put myself out there. I need to develop unique recipes. When you cook with snakes and nettles, people pay attention.

MARK: Do you want negative attention? Because that's what you're going to get.

ANGELA: I want to surprise....

MARK: Surprise? Or shock?

ANGELA: Ravioli are pockets of small promises...a tease. They can't be stuffed with the same old boring thing day after day.

MARK: I miss ricotta cheese.

ANGELA: *Ricotta, ricotta, ricotta!* Everyone makes ravioli with ricotta cheese!

MARK: Because it's good! You don't think I eat outside-the-box? What about the squash-filled ravioli? Remember that, Angela? I ate that! I loved it!

ANGELA: Been there, done that.

MARK: So, there's no hope for ravioli made-without reptiles-ever again?

ANGELA: There's no point.

MARK: Cook spaghetti for me then. Chicken—anything but ravioli.

ANGELA: Oh Mark. My poor, misguided Mark. You know so little.

MARK: Enlighten me.

ANGELA: I have to cook ravioli! For my food blog! The name of my blog is The Ravioli Season—people expect ravioli! If it was called The Chicken Season—I'd be cooking chicken! The Ravioli Season is my love. A love I thought you shared with me. But you're bitter now. Like chicory.

MARK: Angela....

ANGELA: I had such high hopes for this dinner...it's been a year you know...

MARK: A year since you first cooked ravioli for me.

ANGELA: Yes. The ricotta with the kale. It wasn't bad...

MARK: It was heaven. The cloudlike molten pillows of soft ricotta with the crispy slightly bitter kale. Pure heaven.

ANGELA: What did you say?

MARK: And I thought...she could be the one. The one who knows how to marry flavors—how to romance a fellow with texture...

ANGELA: Mark????

MARK: I had such high hopes for tonight. I even bought a ring...but you're not the same woman who cooked ricotta and kale for me. You've changed.

ANGELA: A ring?

MARK: You've let Chili Breeze come between us.

ANGELA: You—bought a ring?

MARK: You're more interested in reptiles than in me.

ANGELA: Is this the kind of ring that has meaning?

MARK: You'd rather cook sharp needles than creamy, sweet cheese.

ANGELA: The kind of ring that goes on a particular finger of the left hand?

MARK: This dinner—our anniversary—isn't for me—it's for the Ravioli Season!

ANGELA: The kind of ring that's a promise?

MARK: Worse yet—the dinner was made for Mr. Chili Breeze in Texas!

ANGELA: He's nothing to me! Nothing!

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