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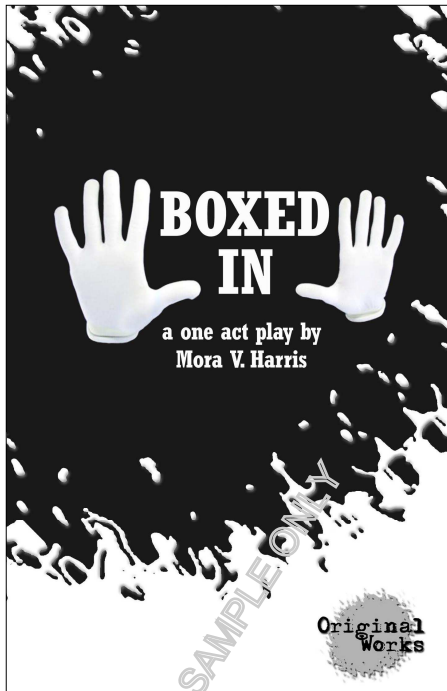
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*YOU ARE WHAT YOU*  
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*Also Available By  
Mora V. Harris*



**BOXED IN**

**Synopsis:** Jerry's been responsible for his socially anxious brother, Tyler, ever since their parents died. He keeps a roof over his head, food in his belly, and is even saving money to send him to Greenburg Tech. But when 17-year-old Tyler announces his intention to go to mime college, the car-fixing, beer-swiggling Jerry is thrown through a loop. Sexuality, parenthood, and pantomime are explored in this comedy about love and acceptance.

**Cast Size:** 2 Males

# **YOU ARE WHAT YOU**

By  
Mora V. Harris

SAMPLE ONLY

*YOU ARE WHAT YOU* was first produced by Garden Theatre Company at The Barbershop Theater in Nashville, Tennessee in August of 2019. It was directed by Jillian Frame. The cast was as follows:

FRANCIE: Christy Berryessa

TRISHA: Rosemary Fossee

ELECTRA/MIGNON: Meredith Daniel

MEGAN: Jordan Scott

POT ROAST/INTERVIEWER: Merrie Shearer

SAMPLE ONLY

## Characters

FRANCIE: a 23-year-old competitive eater.

TRISHA: 14 and competitive at everything else.

ELECTRA: British, late 30s, terrifying reality TV chef. The same actor plays MIGNON.

MIGNON: Electra's twin, late 30s, nasal, a sommelier. The same actor plays ELECTRA.

MEGAN: Late 20s, a best-selling nonfiction writer.

POT ROAST: A pot roast represented by a woman in a pot roast costume. I don't even want to argue with you about this. Also plays INTERVIEWER.

The voices of ANNOUNCER, INTERCOM, and MTV HOST can be pre-recorded.

## Notes:

Theaters should always prioritize the health of the actors over the production aesthetics. I'd rather that the actor playing Trisha appear too healthy for the part than for someone struggling with these issues be hurt by doing this play.

I also encourage producing entities to be thoughtful about ways to prevent food waste in performance.

A / indicates where a line is interrupted by the line that follows it.

Dialogue in parenthesis is muttered under one's breath.

A question with a period at the end indicates a lack of upward inflection at the end of the sentence. Why would you do that.

**For my sister, Kate.**

SAMPLE ONLY

## YOU ARE WHAT YOU

### SCENE 1

*(A combination kitchen/living area in an apartment devoid of charm. Particle board. Old broken TV. Venetian blinds. A door to the bathroom. Curling posters of Fleetwood Mac and the UNC Tarheels. It's the apartment you're supposed to move out of after you graduate, but Francie never graduated.)*

*FRANCIE, an athletic-looking woman in basketball shorts and a tank top puts a whole hot dog into her mouth. She swallows it. She dips another in water and eats it. And another. On the table in front of her, a large pyramid of hotdogs awaits consumption. Perhaps her back is to us or perhaps we see her face, serene. She is in the zone.*

*TRISHA, 14, holds a stopwatch and looks on in fascinated horror, filming with her phone.)*

TRISHA: Disgusting. You're disgusting.

...

You just don't stop. It's not healthy.

...

Hello?

FRANCIE: *(Mouth full)* Shh...

TRISHA: Oh sorry, am I messing up your time?

...

When are you going to fix the TV. I could time you by the commercial breaks. And it would be better because I'd be watching TV... instead of this. I would watch literally anything. I would watch sports if it meant I didn't have to see you swallow one more hot dog.

You're the opposite of an athlete, you know that? You dress like an athlete. You time yourself completing an activity. You're sweaty. But that's where the comparison ends.

Athletes are hot. You're like a fungus.

You've got to fix it before the new season of Electra comes out. Streaming reruns is one thing, but I'm not watching the new stuff all pixelated. Every dish just looks like stuffing.

*(There is one hot dog left. FRANCIE leaves it on the plate and throws her arms up.)*

FRANCIE: STOP!

TRISHA: You have one left.

FRANCIE: That's your dinner. Stop the timer.

TRISHA: I'm not eating that.

FRANCIE: Trish, stop the timer!

TRISHA: How do I do that?

FRANCIE: Well it's too late now! Damn it Trish! I just ate forty hot dogs for nothing.

*(FRANCIE collapses on the couch, holding her stomach. TRISHA zooms in.)*

FRANCIE: Why are you filming this?

TRISHA: I told my friends I would. Can't you just throw them up.

FRANCIE: No.

TRISHA: Why not. I thought that's what you did.

FRANCIE: Because your shrink says that's triggering!

...

This is my job Trish. You don't have to think it's cool or cute or whatever. You can text videos/



TRISHA: It's called Snapchat.

FRANCIE: —to all your little friends about how gross your sister is and how much you hate me and how I'm a human garbage disposal. But if you want to go back to the rehab facility you got kicked out of next semester, you're going to need someone to pay the exorbitant tuition fee that you forfeited last time, and no one is going to be able to pay the exorbitant tuition fee that you forfeited last time, if I don't win the Southeastern Regional Eating Finals in Charlotte in two weeks! ...Eat the hot dog.

TRISHA: I'm a vegetarian.

FRANCIE: No you're not. You don't even like animals.

TRISHA: I'm not eating it. You can't make me.

FRANCIE: I've made you before.

TRISHA: No you didn't.

FRANCIE: You ate breakfast.

TRISHA: ...

FRANCIE: You did—Didn't you? I made your eggs into a smiley face to make meals a positive point in the day. I chopped up an apple because you prefer for things to be bite sized. I saw you eat it. Trish?

TRISHA: ...So are you going to fix the TV?

FRANCIE: What did you do, hide it? They said you might hide it.

TRISHA: I didn't.

*(FRANCIE heaves herself up and starts looking around the room for hidden food.)*

TRISHA: I didn't hide anything. I HATE YOU I HATE IT  
HERE I WANT TO GO BACK TO REHAB.

*(FRANCIE is opening cabinets and pulling things out. VHS tapes, junk mail, trophies, no food.)*

FRANCIE: Well maybe you should have thought of that before you tried to gouge a therapeutic assistant's eyes out with knitting needles.

TRISHA: I was trying to gouge my own eyes out with knitting needles, she just tried to stop me.

FRANCIE: See that's just the kind of dramatic behavior I am not equipped to deal with! Who does that? This isn't a Greek drama Trisha!

TRISHA: Since when were you all literary...

FRANCIE: Where'd you hide your breakfast?

TRISHA: You're creating an environment of mistrust and toxicity right now and I just need you to fix the TV.

FRANCIE: Where'd you hide the food?

TRISHA: I didn't hide anything, I swear, just stop!

FRANCIE: I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THIS TRISH!

*(FRANCIE smacks the top of the TV and the screen collapses forward. An enormous amount of food pours out. Fruit, eggs, containers of yogurt, bagels, loose cereal. It looks like the food pyramid exploded.)*

*They stare at the mountain of food in silence for a moment.)*

FRANCIE: ...You broke the TV.

I really don't understand. You kept telling me to fix it. Like, are you hiding it or not hiding it. Do you want help or do you not want help? This is freaking comical, Trish!

TRISHA: FIX THE TV!

*(TRISHA storms out.)*

## SCENE 2

*(TRISHA and FRANCIE sit at the table.*

*The TV is fixed.*

*TRISHA cuts food into tiny pieces. Tinier and tinier and tinier.*

*FRANCIE watches her. She has already finished eating. She nurses a beer.)*

FRANCIE: Are you actually eating or just moving your food around so it looks like you're eating.

TRISHA: I told you I'm full.

FRANCIE: You're not full.

TRISHA: God, can you not just acknowledge my experience?

FRANCIE: If you don't eat, you can't be full.

TRISHA: And I'm telling you I am!

*(TRISHA slams her fork down.*

*She takes out her phone and looks at it, ignoring FRANCIE.*

*She notices the time.)*

TRISHA: Shit, the Electra exclusive.

*(FRANCIE puts down her beer and grabs the remote control. She punches in the right channel and ELECTRA and the INTERVIEWER appear on a talk show.*

*FRANCIE and TRISHA both watch the TV, completely engrossed.)*

INTERVIEWER: You've become well-known as one of the most... shall we say temperamental chefs in the industry? In fact, some might say the success of your show relies on your ability to um... take the competitors down a peg?

ELECTRA: You mean the public doesn't care about my techniques for spatch-cocking quail?

FRANCIE: Spatch-cocking?

TRISHA: Season 2. The rosemary incident?

FRANCIE: Right. That was awesome.

...  
God I love her.

TRISHA: She's so mean.

FRANCIE: So mean.

TRISHA: She's a god damn inspiration.

*(FRANCIE and TRISHA watch TV together and, for the moment, there's peace.)*

### **SCENE 3**

*(Music blasts.*

*TRISHA does a series of cardio kickboxing moves in the center of the room. She is incredibly focused, her thoughts violent. She's filming herself on her phone.*

*She straightens for a moment. Out of breath. She takes a sip of water. She returns to her routine, but her punches become weaker.*

*A POT ROAST enters and looks around. She looks at Trisha.)*

POT ROAST: Hey.

*(TRISHA slowly slides to the floor in a faint.*

*FRANCIE enters with grocery bags.)*

FRANCIE: Trish, why does it have to be so goddamn loud in here?

*(She turns off the music. She notices TRISHA on the floor and runs over to her.)*

FRANCIE: Trish can you hear me? Oh my god, Trish, please wake up.

TRISHA: I'm awake, I'm fine.

FRANCIE: Jesus Christ. I just had a...finding you on the floor just...

TRISHA: What?

FRANCIE: You promised me you'd eat lunch.

TRISHA: I did.

FRANCIE: What did you eat?

TRISHA: I had some almonds.

FRANCIE: God damn it, Trish!

TRISHA: Don't yell at me. I'm sorry. Don't yell at me.

FRANCIE: Hey, hey it's okay. Just drink some water okay? Here.

*(She makes her drink from a bottle on the table.)*

TRISHA: Jesus did you cry?

FRANCIE: Yeah a little. You scared the crap out of me.

TRISHA: Sorry.

Was it like when you found mom?

FRANCIE: Yeah, for a second it was like that.

TRISHA: Sorry.

*(POT ROAST wanders around the apartment. Peeking in cabinets, checking out what's in the fridge.)*

TRISHA: Do you see that?

FRANCIE: What?

TRISHA: The pot roast?

FRANCIE: Huh?

*(POT ROAST does jazz hands. FRANCIE doesn't see it.)*

FRANCIE: Did you hit your head? Do you have a bump?

TRISHA: No. It was a slow drop.

*(POT ROAST shrugs and exits.)*

FRANCIE: What pot roast?

TRISHA: Never mind.

*(FRANCIE lifts TRISHA onto the couch in an easy motion. She hands her the water bottle.)*

FRANCIE: I'm getting you some food.

*(FRANCIE goes to the kitchen area.)*

TRISHA: It's not that big a deal Francie.

*(FRANCIE returns with two bowls of cereal. She gives one to Trisha.)*

FRANCIE: Eat.

*(TRISHA reluctantly takes a few bites.)*

FRANCIE: Aren't you hungry?

...

Aren't you hungry all the time?

TRISHA: Only when I first wake up. And as I'm falling asleep.

FRANCIE: I'm hungry all the time.

TRISHA: You eat constantly.

FRANCIE: It's like I have this never ending pit in my stomach that can't be filled. It just gets larger and larger.

TRISHA: Because Megan left?

FRANCIE: Maybe partially.

TRISHA: What's the other part?

*(FRANCIE shrugs. TRISHA points her phone at her to film her.)*

TRISHA: Why did Megan leave?

FRANCIE: Is this Snapchat?

TRISHA: No this is a documentary I'm making about my shitty life.

FRANCIE: Cool project.

TRISHA: It is actually.

FRANCIE: No, I mean, that's cool I'm glad you're getting back into some creative pursuits.

TRISHA: Oh my god stop.

FRANCIE: You can't just knit and watch TV all the time. Especially when you're not in school. I think your documentary sounds cool.

TRISHA: Really?

FRANCIE: Yeah.

TRISHA: Well, crap. That means it's probably lame.

*(She stops recording.)*

FRANCIE: Oh come on.

TRISHA: I can't even get a real interview from my own sister.

FRANCIE: I'll give you a real interview. I will! What was the question?

*(TRISHA points her phone at her.)*

TRISHA: Why did Megan leave?

FRANCIE: ...She said there wasn't enough communication. I didn't tell her how I feel. But I don't know, I think maybe I said too much.

TRISHA: You said "I love you" though. I heard you say "I love you" to her like ten times and I only met her like twice. I mean, what else did she want to know?

FRANCIE: I don't know. She'd ask me questions sometimes. She had this way of like probing to the core of who I was.



TRISHA: Ugh I hate that.

FRANCIE: She'd ask me how it all got started. The eating competitions. And I never really gave her a good answer. And that really bothered her.

TRISHA: Will you tell me?

FRANCIE: I don't like to talk about it.

TRISHA: Whatever. I don't care anyway.

*(TRISHA stops recording.)*

FRANCIE: Oh, come on, Trish...

TRISHA: I don't want this.

*(She puts down her cereal and exits.)*

#### SCENE 4

*(A spotlight on POT ROAST.)*

POT ROAST: Hi. I'm a Pot Roast—Well, obviously. You'll be seeing me in this story from time to time. I'm magical. I'm summoned by peoples' memories.

Do you have a Pot Roast memory? A lot of people do. Some stained crockpot bubbling away while you did homework at the kitchen table. Your mom showing you how to make me before you went away to college like you were going to be browning a shoulder steak in your dorm's kitchen every Sunday.

Maybe you weren't raised in a Pot Roast household.

*(Sincerely)* And if that is the case, I am so so sorry that that happened to you.

...







TRISHA: Why does this keep happening?

POT ROAST: What are we doing today?

TRISHA: I was going to watch TV.

POT ROAST: All right! What are we watching?

TRISHA: You can't stay here.

POT ROAST: Why not?

TRISHA: You're a talking pot roast.

POT ROAST: Well everything has to be something.

TRISHA: You're not real!

POT ROAST: But pot roast is. And it tastes like coming into a warm house on a snowy day.

TRISHA: That's not a taste.

POT ROAST: Like everything empty inside you filling up with mossy forests and the baying of hounds and strong earthy roots growing deep into the soil.

TRISHA: None of those things are appetizing. I don't want to taste any of those things.

POT ROAST: Can you taste them right now?

TRISHA: Shut up!

POT ROAST: You're not very nice.

TRISHA: I don't have to be nice to figments.

POT ROAST: Girl, you wish you were a figment.

TRISHA: You're right. Figment is my goal weight.

POT ROAST: That's negative thinking. Retrain your brain.  
Connect to your heartbeat. May I?

*(POT ROAST puts a hand on TRISHA's heart.*

*POT ROAST frowns and leans over and listens to TRISHA's chest.)*

TRISHA: What do you hear?

POT ROAST: It sounds like a rain stick.

TRISHA: That doesn't seem healthy.

POT ROAST: Perhaps you're full of rice, or grain, or very small sharp rocks...

TRISHA: Sand?

POT ROAST: That's impossible.

TRISHA: I think I'm full of sand.

If I cut myself open, I'd bleed sand onto the carpet.

POT ROAST: Don't be ridiculous. You'd bleed blood and kale smoothie and your sister would cry and rush you to the hospital where they'd hook you up to machines and ask you things about your brain and why you did it.

TRISHA: Just a little cut would let some of the sand out.

POT ROAST: No. You can't do that to Francie.

TRISHA: I think she'd be okay.

POT ROAST: She wouldn't. Don't be selfish.

TRISHA: You don't know what it's like to be full of sand.

POT ROAST: You don't know what it's like to be a pot roast, but I'd be happy to tell you all about it.

*(TRISHA moves over to the TV.)*

TRISHA: So, what do you want to watch.

*(POT ROAST sits down next to TRISHA and gives her a winning smile.)*

POT ROAST: Whatever you want to watch!

*(TRISHA rolls her eyes.)*

## SCENE 7

*(FRANCIE takes cans of soup out of a grocery bag as she talks to TRISHA.)*

FRANCIE: Okey dokey, so we've got clam chowder for me, and chickarina for you.

TRISHA: Canned soup is full of sodium.

FRANCIE: It won't kill you. (But I might.)

TRISHA: Mom would never buy that stuff.

FRANCIE: Well news flash, I'm not Mom!

*(The apartment's buzzer sounds.)*

FRANCIE: Did you order something?

TRISHA: With what money?

*(The buzzer again.)*

*It continues to buzz urgently as TRISHA approaches the intercom.)*

TRISHA: All right, all right already.

*(She presses the button.)*

TRISHA: Hello?

ELECTRA'S VOICE: Yes, hello, this is Electra Sinclair.

*(FRANCIE drops her cans of soup.)*

TRISHA: Ha yeah okay, good impression, weirdo.

*(The buzzer again.)*

FRANCIE: Trisha, buzz her in.

TRISHA: You're joking right?

FRANCIE: Trisha. I. Think... That's. Her.

TRISHA: Why the hell would Electra Sinclair, the Food Network sensation, be standing outside your crappy apartment?

FRANCIE: I wrote to her. Get out of the way.

*(FRANCIE presses the intercom button.)*

FRANCIE: Hello? Uh Electra Sinclair?

ELECTRA: I'm not used to being kept waiting. Do you want a pot roast or not?

FRANCIE: Holy crap.

Yes, yes. I'm sorry, please come in, Electra Sinclair.

*(She buzzes her in.)*

TRISHA: Francie... If Electra Sinclair walks in right now. I will literally pee my pants.

FRANCIE: Well go pee in the bathroom right now, 'cause she's coming.



TRISHA: Are you serious?

FRANCIE: I wonder if she brought cameras with her. I just wrote her asking for a recipe. But maybe she was like really moved and decided to like bring her whole show here and we're going to be on it.

TRISHA: What did you write that was so moving?

FRANCIE: I don't remember!

*(A knock at the door.)*

TRISHA and FRANCIE: You get it.

FRANCIE: It's my apartment. I'll get it.

*(FRANCIE opens the door to reveal ELECTRA disguised in a scarf, sunglasses, and a long coat. She has a giant rolling suitcase and a bag of groceries.)*

ELECTRA: Hello!

*(She holds out her hand but FRANCIE doesn't remember what a handshake is.)*

ELECTRA: You must be Francie. Electra Sinclair. This must be your sister with the eating problem.

*(They are just staring at her.)*

ELECTRA: Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm still in my "regular person" disguise.

*(She removes the sunglasses and scarf.)*

ELECTRA: Wouldn't want the paparazzi to spot me in a Kroger!

*(She pronounces it "Krozh-air".)*

TRISHA: You're...

...  
I have to go pee!

*(TRISHA runs out of the room.)*

ELECTRA: May I come in?

FRANCIE: Yuh... yes. Yeah. Please. Make yourself at—  
WHAT in the hell are you doing here!?

*(ELECTRA enters, leaving her suitcase in the hall.)*

ELECTRA: Oh well, I received your very charming email.  
And I just thought—Can you help with that bag?—  
instead of just emailing you a recipe, why don't I just pop  
by and teach you how to make it? In "Chapel Hill"!

FRANCIE: *(Dragging in the suitcase)* Pop by? From...what,  
from LA?

ELECTRA: I happened to be in the neighborhood. You  
know, on a media tour.

FRANCIE: What's that?

ELECTRA: Anyway, it took me ages to find a decent  
grocery store, and honestly I can't say I succeeded. I went  
to three different places to find the onions I wanted, but I  
think as long as you've got a high quality dutch oven  
we'll be able to make a delightful boeuf a la mode.

*(ELECTRA begins opening kitchen cabinets.)*

FRANCIE: What?

ELECTRA: Pot roast.

FRANCIE: Oh that's... that's really nice of you.

ELECTRA: Oh, well I am nicer in real life than I am on TV.

FRANCIE: Sure! I didn't mean you couldn't be nice—

ELECTRA: I give generously to charity you know.

FRANCIE: Oh, yeah.

*(ELECTRA inspects the apartment.)*

ELECTRA: You're a student or...?

FRANCIE: No, I mean I was a student. My mom passed away my sophomore year, and things kind of fell apart with Trisha and everything. I plan on going back though.

ELECTRA: Right. When was that?

FRANCIE: Four years ago? Give or take a few months.

ELECTRA: *(Not anywhere near FRANCIE.)* There there.

*(TRISHA reappears.)*

TRISHA: Are you really Electra Sinclair?

ELECTRA: I am indeed!  
How are your knife skills?

FRANCIE: She's lethal with a knitting needle.

ELECTRA: Start dicing onions. I needed those in the pan yesterday!

...  
Hello?

TRISHA: Yes chef!

ELECTRA: *(to FRANCIE)* You, brown the meat. But for god's sake employ some nuance while you're doing it.

FRANCIE: Nuance, uh yes chef!

ELECTRA: And get those cans out of my sight, that slop is full of sodium.

TRISHA and FRANCIE: Yes chef!

## SCENE 8

*(TRISHA, FRANCIE, and ELECTRA sit around the table with bowls of pot roast.)*

FRANCIE: Wow, this is... Way better than chickarina, huh Trish?

TRISHA: What do you think of it, Electra Sinclair?

ELECTRA: Well, if the meat were more overcooked we'd be eating small pieces of leather. When I told you to brown the meat, are you sure you didn't just cut up an old belt instead, Francie?

TRISHA: *(Giggling.)* And the onions...what do you think about the onions?

FRANCIE: Doesn't it kind of remind you of old times Trish?

ELECTRA: The onions have somehow actually become harder with cooking. It's truly culinary alchemy! And I don't mean that in a good way but in the way that ends in lead or mercury poisoning.

FRANCIE: I really think the spices are nice. It's like an...an earthy kind of taste?

ELECTRA: The seasoning...is perfect.

TRISHA: That's because you did it!

ELECTRA: I did, didn't I?

FRANCIE: Are you not going to eat it?

ELECTRA: Oh, no, I've had three shakes today.

FRANCIE: Shakes?

ELECTRA: Meal replacement. I am on TV you know.

TRISHA: But you're perfect.

ELECTRA: I'm perfect because I diet, darling.

FRANCIE: But she makes sure to get the full caloric intake her body needs every day. Right Electra Sinclair?

ELECTRA: Why don't you both just call me Electra?

TRISHA: Um, okay. Electra. Hey um, would you...will you take a selfie with me?

ELECTRA: Of course.

FRANCIE: I can take it for you.

TRISHA: We're gonna selfie it.

*(TRISHA takes out her phone and snaps a selfie with ELECTRA.*

*They examine it.)*

TRISHA: Oof, uggo.

ELECTRA: Agreed.

*(They try again with more duckface. They nail it.)*

ELECTRA: That's the one.

TRISHA: My rehab friends are not gonna believe you're really here.

ELECTRA: Well perhaps refrain from telling them for the time being.

TRISHA: What? Why? I've been gone for a month! They're gonna forget I exist!

ELECTRA: It sounds as if you made a memorable enough exit. And really, Trisha, I'm having such a nice time here with you ladies. We wouldn't want the press to spoil things before we've had time to get to know each other.

TRISHA: Oh man, I keep forgetting you're a celebrity. It's like we've known each other forever.

FRANCIE: *(Under her breath)* Trisha take it down a notch. *(Casually.)*  
How long were you planning on staying, Electra?

ELECTRA: Oh a few days perhaps. I don't like to put end stamps on things.

FRANCIE: What, here?

ELECTRA: Well, it's not as if I know anyone in "Chapel Hill," I only came to the Carolinas at all because of your charming email. But I suppose, if it's an inconvenience, I could go to a hotel.

TRISHA: No you have to stay here! Francie, tell her she has to stay here.

FRANCIE: It's just I have to get ready for the championship...

ELECTRA: You know, there was a delightful looking motel down the road next to that water treatment plant...

TRISHA: Come on, Francie.

FRANCIE: Oh no, please be our guest. I'll just umm...wash some towels.

ELECTRA: How kind!

TRISHA: So what can you tell us about the next season, Electra S... —Electra?

ELECTRA: Oh, well there's been a delay in filming.

TRISHA: Oh really, why?

ELECTRA: These things happen sometimes, bureaucracy, you know.

TRISHA: I read that there's going to be a big reveal about one of the incoming chefs. Is Brad Grantly coming back?

FRANCIE: That would be sick!

ELECTRA: No. I mean, perhaps that was it. I don't know. I don't read press.

FRANCIE: I thought you were here on a media tour.

TRISHA: Is it Selena then? Selena's coming back? No offense, but I really did think she was robbed in Season 4.

*(Through the following, TRISHA absentmindedly shovels pot roast into her mouth. FRANCIE watches her in awe.)*

ELECTRA: No one is coming back, it's all new people.

TRISHA: Then what's the big reveal?

ELECTRA: I don't know!

TRISHA: But, of course you know. I won't post about it or anything.

ELECTRA: There's no big reveal, it's just a normal season.

TRISHA: Oh my god, you're not leaving the show are you?

ELECTRA: No, I'm not... They couldn't do that show without me! It's called Electra's Oven after all!

FRANCIE: Trish...

TRISHA: What?

*(TRISHA looks at her empty dish.)*

FRANCIE: I'm so proud of you.

ELECTRA: Yes, well done! Aren't you anorexic or something?

TRISHA: Oh my god I'm gonna puke.

FRANCIE: I knew this would happen! I knew Electra Sinclair's pot roast would be the answer to all our problems!

TRISHA: Oh my god.

*(TRISHA begins jittering her knees up and down.)*

FRANCIE: Stop it, Trisha, this is great. Everything is great!

ELECTRA: You're shaking the table.

TRISHA: That was probably like seven hundred calories.

FRANCIE: You're jittering Trisha.

ELECTRA: Probably more, that was a particularly fatty cut of meat.

FRANCIE: Electra Sinclair, you're not helping.

*(TRISHA stands.)*

TRISHA: I'm just going to run to the bathroom real quick.

*(FRANCIE chases after her.)*

FRANCIE: Oh no you don't!



ELECTRA: With the potatoes, I'd say at least eight or nine hundred.

*(FRANCIE grabs TRISHA around the waist, lifting her off the ground.)*

TRISHA: Let go of me you freak, I have to pee!

FRANCIE: Bullshit!

TRISHA: God you're like the freaking Hulk!

*(ELECTRA watches the fight from the table.)*

*TRISHA is no match for FRANCIE in terms of strength, but she manages to bite down hard on FRANCIE's hand. FRANCIE yelps and loosens her grip. TRISHA tears away and slams the bathroom door behind her.)*

FRANCIE: DAMN IT!

*(We hear TRISHA gagging herself inside.)*

FRANCIE: *(to ELECTRA)* Well, thanks a lot!  
*(Calling to TRISHA)*  
Trish, stop it, please! Come on!

ELECTRA: Leave her alone. We've all done it.

FRANCIE: What are you even doing here?

ELECTRA: I told you, I got your charming letter.

FRANCIE: It was not charming! I am not charming!

ELECTRA: Well, not in person.

FRANCIE: You're rich! You're a... you're a Food Network celebrity! Why would you want to stay in a stranger's crappy apartment for an indefinite amount of time?

ELECTRA: I'm a person too, you know! I'm a very normal person!

FRANCIE: No you're not! You're absolutely not! Look, I'm grateful for the pot roast and everything but I think you should go.

ELECTRA: Excuse me?

FRANCIE: I need you to get out of my apartment.

ELECTRA: Your sister wants me here.

FRANCIE: My sister has an actual mental disorder!

ELECTRA: But she ate the pot roast.

FRANCIE: ...

What are you running away from?

*(They hear the toilet flushing.)*

FRANCIE: Trish!

TRISHA: *(Off)* Leave me alone!

*(FRANCIE thinks for a moment. She picks up TRISHA's empty plate and carries it to the sink.)*

FRANCIE: *(to ELECTRA)* If you're going to be here, you need to help with Trisha. She has to eat three balanced meals a day plus snacks. And then she has to log them in her journal.

ELECTRA: I can get her to do that.

FRANCIE: It would take me two seconds to get online and tell every fan in the country exactly where you are.

ELECTRA: I understand that.

FRANCIE: You're gonna cut it out with your L.A. rich lady dieting crap.

ELECTRA: Fine.

FRANCIE: And you're gonna keep cooking food with Trisha while you're here. I want breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and you're gonna act like it's the best food you ever ate.

ELECTRA: Absolutely.

FRANCIE: And don't let her do that knee jittering thing. It's a trick to get in more exercise. I mean she can exercise but she can't compulsively exercise. I haven't totally figured out how to track that yet.

ELECTRA: Okay. Thank you, Francie. Viva la sisterhood!

FRANCIE: We're not sisters. And you can start with boiling 30 hot dogs. I haven't practiced tonight.

## SCENE 9

*(POT ROAST enters alone.)*

POT ROAST: You guys are never going to believe the phone call I just overheard!

Electra's network is trying to get her to come back for filming and she's refusing saying they need to get her sister off the show or she's not filming anything. She used a lot of British curse words that I had honestly never heard before. It was extremely interesting on a purely linguistic level, as well as in terms of the content. A really great scene as scenes of people talking on the phone go. You should have been there.

You all still seem more focused on me. On the fact that I'm a pot roast. Understandable.

*(To an audience member.)*

Do you like pot roast?

*(If YES...)* Really? That is so kind. I can tell you're a really special person with really special taste buds.

*(If NO...)* Oh. I see. Well, that's fine. No biggie. Let me guess, you're a vegetarian!

*(Moving right along.)*

Do you have any siblings?

I see.

Pot roasts don't have siblings in the traditional sense. Because we're a food.

But when you think of all the pot roasts in the world that have ever been... it's sort of like I've had a million brothers and sisters. Sure we might have slight differences in ingredients. Some of us are tougher, some more tender. Some of us take a long time. Some of us get really bougie and full of fancy herbs and French phrases, while some keep it simple. Some of us are devoured hungrily, and some sit untouched in plastic containers. Some of us are better the second day.

But we are all brown bowls of meat glarp. We all come from the same place that is not a place. From mothers. We come out a little different from each other, of course. Some of us have carrots. But something about the way those ingredients get fused together...No one can know you the way a fellow pot roast knows you.

Close your eyes. Imagine the taste of pot roast in your mouth right now. Do you taste it?

Mmm...yeah.

It's the taste of your family when everything is good.

## SCENE 10

*(FRANCIE is in the midst of chugging a gallon jug of water. ELECTRA holds a timer. TRISHA is in her face.)*

TRISHA: CHUG CHUG CHUG!

ELECTRA: Ten seconds...

TRISHA: COME ON! BE A FISH. YOU'RE A FUCKING FISH. YOU DON'T NEED AIR YOU'RE A FUCKING FISH!

*(FRANCIE chokes a little on the last bit of water in the jug. It dribbles down her face and soaks her t-shirt.)*

TRISHA: DISQUALIFIED!

FRANCIE: *(Gasping)* Oh come on...

TRISHA: You must consume the food item in its entirety for it to count. That's the official rules.

FRANCIE: Water isn't a food item. I keep telling you.

ELECTRA: It is only training, Trisha. As far as I know there are no water drinking competitions. Are there?

TRISHA: If it's only training, why does it matter if she's hypothetically disqualified?

FRANCIE: Why do you care all of a sudden?

TRISHA: I want to get the hell out of here.

ELECTRA: I thought we were having fun.

TRISHA: At this rate I'm gonna miss my rehab birthday.

FRANCIE: I'll get the money Trisha.

ELECTRA: We can have a party here. While desserts aren't my *raison d'être*, I can still whip up a mean caramel and rosemary sea salt---

TRISHA: You don't understand. Rehab birthdays are like...You haven't lived until you've had a rehab birthday.

ELECTRA: Have you had one?

TRISHA: No! And I haven't lived!

FRANCIE: Isn't it just you pick the movie?

TRISHA: Exactly. And everyone wants you to pick THEIR movie.

ELECTRA: Oh I see.

FRANCIE: I don't.

ELECTRA: You have the power.

TRISHA: Exactly.

FRANCIE: We can just ~~run~~ whatever you want.

TRISHA: That's not the same thing.

FRANCIE: I'm going to change.

*(FRANCIE exits.)*

TRISHA: She doesn't get anything. But you do.

ELECTRA: We're kindred spirits, you and I.

*(TRISHA films ELECTRA on her phone.)*

TRISHA: What's your favorite thing you've ever cooked.

ELECTRA: Savory tarts.

TRISHA: Savory tarts.

ELECTRA: With a little brie...or a chevre. A chevre is better.  
And sage. Blackberry... no pear.

TRISHA: Why is that your favorite?

ELECTRA: It takes skill.

TRISHA: That's it, it takes skill? That's everything you  
make.

ELECTRA: I like the way it appears to be a dessert. A bit of  
sugary fluff. Something to toss in your mouth and never  
think about again. But when you actually taste it, it's more  
complex. It's an hors d'oeuvre. It at once satisfies initial  
hunger, and whets the appetite for more. It's a taste of  
things to come. Not an ending at all but a beginning.

TRISHA: Will you make some for me?

ELECTRA: One of these days. You need a certain type of  
pan.

TRISHA: I want to taste a beginning.  
Why are you here?

ELECTRA: I have to make a call.

TRISHA: But...

*(ELECTRA exits as FRANCIE reenters.)*

FRANCIE: Did you eat your snack?

TRISHA: Yes.

FRANCIE: I know you didn't. Electra told me.

TRISHA: Just work on winning the money and then I'll get  
out of your hair.

FRANCIE: I don't need you to be out of my hair, I need you to eat food like a normal person.

TRISHA: Why can't YOU eat food like a normal person!

FRANCIE: ...

TRISHA: I'm going to make a call.

FRANCIE: I've literally never seen you talk on the phone.

TRISHA: I AM EXITING THE ROOM!

*(TRISHA exits. FRANCIE picks up the empty water jug and refills it.*

*She takes a big swig and spits it over her head like a dolphin. We hear the sounds of a crowded arena going wild in her imagination.)*

ANNOUNCER: IT'S THE FAN FAVORITE, FRANCIE GURGLEGUT HARGET!!

FRANCIE: *(a mantra of sorts)*

Focus on the exit sign.

Keep shoveling

Inhale on the chew.

Exhale on the swallow.

Keep shoveling.

You've got room. There's room for all of it.

Inhale on the chew.

Exhale on the swallow.

You've still got room.

Champion.

Fan Favorite.

Money Money Money.

Keep shoveling.

**END OF SAMPLE.**