

Ingredients 3/25/13 Draft

By

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OVER BLACK

SAM
You know, this is the first time
for me.

TRACY
Sorry?

SAM
Using a computer dating service.

TRACY
Oh, right. Me too.

FADE UP ON:

INT. BRADLEY'S COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

SAM sits staring at his coffee and cake. He's bookish and nervous. He looks up.

SAM
It makes me feel a little, I don't
know, desperate.

Across the table is TRACY. She has soft features and bright eyes. She smiles.

TRACY
Well, what does that say about
me? I'm using the same service. Am
I desperate?

SAM
Oh, no! I didn't mean --

TRACY
Relax. I'm kidding.

SAM
Oh, right. See how bad I am at
this?

TRACY
You're doing fine.

She sips her coffee.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you picked this place.

SAM

Bradley's? Sure, I come here a lot. Their double-chocolate cake is great.

TRACY

I've seen their ads, but haven't been in.

SAM

Yeah, there's just something about it here, I feel safe.

TRACY

Safe?

SAM

(suddenly nervous)

Oh. Um, yeah. I kind of don't like being out in crowds of people much.

Sam toys with a sugar packet.

TRACY

Your profile said you're in publishing?

SAM

I'm a reader. The unsolicited manuscripts come in, I take a look to see if there's anything worthwhile.

TRACY

That must be interesting! Finding new talent!

SAM

That would be nice. Mostly I just get crackpot manifestos and bad cookbooks.

TRACY

Oh.

SAM

I mean, how many times can you read the word "chipotle" before going mad?

He chuckles nervously.

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

What is it you do?

TRACY

I'm training to be a chef.

SAM

(interested)

Oh!

TRACY

Actually, I'd like to write a cookbook.

SAM

(embarrassed)

Yeah... Wow. Hey, don't let me stop you. I'm sure your stuff would be fine, I mean you'd taste delicious.

Sam's eyes open wide.

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean, your RECIPES would taste delicious. You're fine. I'm... cookbooks! There are some fine cookbooks.

Sam hides his face in his hands.

TRACY

You really don't date much, do you?

SAM

(muffled)

No. Is it that obvious?

TRACY

Kind of. I think it's sweet.

SAM

(looking up)

You do?

TRACY

Sure. So you don't like being around people. I get that. Sometimes I'm most comfortable alone in a kitchen. But you've got to get out and mix once in a while. I think people are all just ingredients looking for the right taste combination in the recipe of life.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Wow.

TRACY

Say, can I try a bite of your
cake? It really does look
terrific.

SAM

Go ahead.

Tracy carves into Sam's slice of cake. She takes a bite.

SAM (CONT'D)

I just get nervous, you know? I
hear this nagging voice in my head
that says "Don't say that! Don't do
that!" I think of all the things
that can go wrong. Then something
happens that I would never expect.
Sometimes I think I'm doomed.

Tracy's fork drops to the table. She gasps.

TRACY

Are there peanuts in that?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sirens blare. An ambulance races down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sam is hunched in a chair. Tears stream down his face.

SAM

Why? Why?

A man in his 60s sits down across from him.

MAN

Kid, get a grip on yourself!

SAM

She liked me. She liked me. Why do
I always manage to screw things up?

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Look, it's going to be fine.
They've got her on the right meds,
and the swelling's going down
already. Here, have a tissue.

The man offers a small box of tissues to Sam, who takes a few.

SAM

Thanks, Mister...

MAN

Bradley, Jack Bradley.

SAM

You know Tracy?

BRADLEY

Eh? No, I've never met her. But
Tracy's condition concerns me a
great deal. You see, I own
Bradley's Coffee House. The whole
chain, in fact. All eleven
locations around the state.

Sam looks at Bradley, beginning to comprehend.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

To think, that I allowed chocolate
cake TAINTED with peanut residue to
be sold in my shops...

Bradley shakes his head.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Oh well. All I can do is make it
right the best I can. I'll be
paying your Miss Tracy's expenses
here, plus whatever compensation
she feels is right. I've already
ordered all the cakes pulled from
Bradley's everywhere.

Bradley stands up to leave.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

You know, there was a time when I
would have blamed this on fate.
Would have thought the world was
out to get me. But now I know
what's important is how we deal
with the hands we're given.

(CONTINUED)

He puts a hand on Sam's shoulder.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

You're lucky to have her. Don't
ever forget that.

Sam watches Bradley as he walks away. Then across the
hallway to Tracy's room.

Tracy sits up in bed and looks out at Sam. She smiles. He
smiles back.