

FOODSTUFFS
By Rebecca Dzida
10-minute dramedy

Shelley: early 30s, John's only daughter, just lost her mother to cancer

SHELLEY

Dad, I'm just trying to make things easier for you.

JOHN

Well, you're not.

SHELLEY

Well, too bad.

JOHN

What you're doing isn't helping.

SHELLEY

What am I supposed to do, Dad? Let you live here by yourself with your puzzles and crickets? I can't do that. But so help me, you are eating my macaroni and cheese, reading those grief books, and playing baseball with your grandson! I've lost one parent. I can't lose another.

JOHN

You won't lose me, Shel.

SHELLEY

I'm not too sure about that.

(Wind chimes are heard. SHELLEY takes out a crochet needle, yarn, and the meager beginnings of a blanket.)

JOHN

I didn't know you felt that way.

SHELLEY

Of course you didn't. We haven't had a legitimate conversation in years.

JOHN

Yes, we have.

SHELLEY

When?

JOHN

We talked about the crickets two seconds ago.

SHELLEY

That doesn't count in my book.

JOHN

Why not?

SHELLEY

Because I had no idea what you were saying to me.

JOHN

Why does it matter?

SHELLEY

Because I need to be able to communicate with my father.