Hot Sauce in Da Fridge

Synopsis:

In "Hot Sauce in Da Fridge," four unlikely roommates find themselves in a comedic whirlwind as they try to make a simple burrito in their apartment's microwave. The play opens with the characters - CHANEL, an uptight perfectionist; TYLER, a laid-back slacker; JULIA, an eccentric artist; and CHAD, a health-conscious gym enthusiast - coming together in the kitchen with the shared goal of satisfying their late-night cravings.

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[INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT]

[CHANEL, TYLER, JULIA, and CHAD are gathered in the kitchen, rummaging through cabinets and the fridge.]

CHANEL: Alright, everyone, let's make this quick and efficient. We need to satisfy our cravings without turning this into a circus.

TYLER: (munching on chips) Relax, Chanel. We're making a burrito, not tryna defuse a hydrogen bomb.

JULIA: (holding up a can of beans) Ooh, how about we add some beans? They're like the soul food of burritos.
**CHAD:** (checking nutritional labels) Beans are good, but let's make sure they're the low-sodium, organic kind. We don't want to compromise our health goals.

**CHANEL:** Agreed. And let's not forget about portion control. We need to be mindful of our calorie intake, especially late at night.

**TYLER:** (rolling his eyes) Can we just throw in whatever we find and call it a day? I'm starving.

**CHANEL:** Absolutely not, Tyler. We're not sacrificing quality for convenience.

**JULIA:** (holding up a jar of pickles) Hey, how about some pickles for a tangy kick?

**CHAD:** Pickles? In a burrito? That's sacrilege!

**TYLER:** (grinning) I'm game. Let's get weird about it.

**CHANEL:** (exasperated) No pickles, Julia. Stick to the basics: beans, rice, cheese, and maybe some salsa if we have it.

**JULIA:** (pouting) Fine, ruin my artistic vision.
CHAD: Alright, let's start assembling the ingredients. Tyler, can you handle the rice?

TYLER: *(nonchalantly)* Sure thing, Chef Chad.

[CHAD starts chopping vegetables while TYLER begins cooking the rice. CHANEL meticulously arranges the tortillas on a plate, and JULIA hums to herself as she opens cans of beans.]

JULIA: *(suddenly excited)* Oh, I found some hot sauce! This will spice things up.

CHANEL: *(skeptical)* Hot sauce? I suppose a little heat wouldn't hurt.

TYLER: *(smirking)* Just like our kitchen, am I right?

[Everyone groans at TYLER's pun, but JULIA chuckles and hands the hot sauce to CHANEL.]

CHAD: *(sniffing)* Something smells burnt.

TYLER: *(panicking)* Oh no, the rice!
[TYLER rushes to the stove and frantically stirs the rice, sending plumes of smoke into the air.]

CHANEL: *(coughing)* Tyler, what did I say about paying attention?

TYLER: *(sheepishly)* My bad, Chanel. I got distracted.

JULIA: *(fanning the smoke)* Well, there goes our chance of being Michelin-star chefs.

CHAD: *(checking the rice)* It's salvageable, but we might have to pick out the burnt bits.

CHANEL: *(sighing)* Just when I thought this couldn't get any worse.

[As they continue to assemble the burritos, chaos ensues as ingredients spill, tortillas tear, and arguments erupt over proper technique.]

TYLER: *(laughing)* This is a disaster.

JULIA: *(grinning)* A delicious disaster.

CHAD: *(shrugs)* As long as it's edible, I'm happy.
CHANEL: *(smiling despite herself)* Well, it may not be perfect, but at least we did it together.

*They gather around the table, each holding their makeshift burritos.*

*Despite the mishaps, they share a moment of camaraderie and laughter as they take their first bites.*

TYLER: *(mouth full)* Hey, not bad, Chanel. Maybe perfection isn't everything.

CHANEL: *(softening)* Maybe not, Tyler. Maybe not.

*They continue to eat, enjoying each other's company as the scene fades to black.*

*A few hours later and the gang are still sitting around the table napkins and tableware askew*

JULIA: *(groaning whilst rubbing stomach)* oh man… anybody else’s stomach feeling weird?

CHANEL: Nope!

CHAD: Nah.
TYLER: Only thing I feel is overstuffed.

JULIA: What the hell, why is it MY stomach so messed up? We all put the same thing on our burritos but the fact I’m the only one with any ounce of pain is ridiculous!

TYLER: You used the hot sauce…

CHANEL: Oh, sweet lord…

CHAD: Bro, you didn’t…

JULIA: (her voice wavering) You guys… what’s wrong with the hot sauce.

[There’s a short but very elongated pause.]

TYLER: (sighs) Okay so my Uncle Larry who was a crab farmer loved hot sauce…

[Everybody looks around in confusion]

CHANEL: Tyler what the hell does this have to do with Julia’s—

[TYLER interrupts clearly annoyed]
TYLER: How about you stop interrupting people when they’re right in the middle of their story Channie?

CHANEL: Sorry I’m just really confused and trying to figure this out super quick because Julia looks like she’s about to either pass out, throw up, shit herself, die, or all the above.

[Looking slightly green, JULIA is trying to compose herself long enough to hear TYLER’S hopefully interesting and insightful story]

TYLER: Okay well I’d probably have already told the entire story by now if you hadn’t interjected the first time but anyways… My Uncle Larry was always so keen with hot sauce and on the day, he went out to sea on his last excursion, he gave me four bottles of his homemade sauce. The last one I just didn’t have the heart to open so everywhere I moved I brought the hot sauce with me. It’s kind of like I’m bringing him with me wherever I go.

[At this point JULIA is writhing in pain at the dinner table]
**JULIA:** *(wincing)* TYLER FOR THE LOVE OF GOD JUST GET TO THE POINT PLEASE I FEEL LIKE I'M ABOUT TO SHIT MYSELF AND PASS OUT AND DIE AT THE SAME TIME—

**CHANEL:** See Tyler, I told you I wasn’t just saying that for dramatic effect! What on earth is in that bottle of damn sauce!

*[There’s another pause as JULIA at this point is foaming at the mouth]*

**TYLER:** *(hesitating)* It’s not exactly about what’s IN the sauce… but how old it is…

*[Everyone is looking at TYLER with wide elongated eyes]*

**JULIA:** *(yelling like a demon from the depths of hell)* ENOUGH WITH THE SUSPENSEFUL PAUSES PLEASE GOD!!

**TYLER:** It’s over 30 years old, okay?!

*[TYLER throws his arms up and puts his head down on the table sobbing]*

**CHAD:** Tyler bro how does you even own something that old aren’t you only 23? You didn’t even know your uncle!
TYLER: Well, yes, but my family always spoke so highly of him and his hot sauce! We are also generational hoarders who don’t know when to let go! I still have my mee-maws dentures! I keep them on my desk by my bed! It’s like I can still hear her whispers once the clock strikes three in the morning…

[Everyone stares in bewilderment, not knowing how to leave the table]

JULIA: (weakly) Somebody… Please take me to the hospital.

CHANEL: (jumps up) UHH I’LL GO GRAB THE KEYS

CHAD: I’ll get… something! (he makes a dash for his room)

[With CHAD and CHANEL gone from the table, TYLER burrows his head into his hands and weeps while JULIA is moaning and groaning.

TYLER: (through tears) Alls I wanted was for Uncle Larry to be with me forever…(sniffles)

JULIA: (groaning) TYLER, please, just shut up.

[Fades to black]
[END OF PLAY]