EAT YOUR HEART OUT

By: Nick Hall

CHARLIE

*This is a humorous play that takes place in a Manhattan restaurant. Charlie is a personable and attractive young waiter who wants to be an actor. Between comical scenes with customers, he comes downstage and talks directly to the audience.*

If there's one thing I can't stand in theater, it's walking out along on stage at the beginning of the evening to open a show cold. (Grins) But it's better than waiting tables. I'm Charlie (ironic)...your waiter for the evening. I'd rather be on stage tonight. Waiting tables is a toy job. You probably don't know what a toy job is. I'll explain. A toy job is a job that you don't really care about, that you do to make a living, while you wait for the chance to do the job you want to do. (Beat. He measure the audience) But maybe you know already. Being a waiter is sort of a standard job for an actor, it's expected. I mean, if you're a dentist or an insurance salesman and someone ways "where're ya' working' nowadays?", and you say, "I'm a waiter at this little French place on fifty-sixth street," they think you're a failure. But if you're an actor, they understand. So. (Indicates the restaurant with a gesture) Ici, personne ne parle francais. (Beat) That's the name of the place (Beat) Yeah, well I didn't get it the first time either. It means no one here speaks French. It's really a lunch place. At lunch they use four waiters. After lunch through dinner: one waiter. (Indicates himself) We just get a few semi-regulars in the evening, and now, between lunch and dinner, nothing. (By now Charlie has started to fiddle with things on the tables.) The food's good, French, reasonable. At lunch you can get a great meal here for about three-fifth, four bucks. Of course, the price soars if you start ordering little extras like coffee.

FOOLS by Neil Simon

Leon

Miss Zubritsky! (He turns aside, dazed.) Is that my breath that has just been taken away? Is that vision before me human or have I too been cast under the spell? Never have I felt such a stirring beneath my breast Watch yourself, Leon! She is your pupil, not the object of your dormant feelings of passion. (He turns back to them.) Excuse me.. Won\*t you please sit down, Miss Zubritsky? Miss Zubritsky—may I call you Sophia? Please, madame. We must allow the girl to speak for herself. (To SOPHIA.) I should like very much to be your friend. Would it please you if I called you Sophia? I think she wants to say something. I\*ve come a very long way to help you with you education. I have every reason to believe that under ordinary circumstances, you have the capability of being an extremely bright and intelligent young woman, that deep inside you somewhere is an intellect just crying to be heard, that you have enormous powers of reason. But someone has put a cloud over these powers and it is my intention to remove this cloud so that enlightenment can once more shine through those unbelievably crystal-clear blue eyes once again. But I need your help, Sophia. Will you give me that help? I should like to ask you a few very simple questions. If we are to begin your education, it is important that I know at what point to begin. It won\*t be taxing, I promise you. I would never want to be the cause of a furrow or frown on that fair face . . . Now, then — what is your favorite color? Yes, is it red or blue or green or orange? Any color at all. Which one is your favorite? I\*ll ask you once again, Sophia. What-is-your-favorite-color? Yellow! Her favorite color is yellow! Why, Sophia? Why is yellow your favorite color? Because it doesn\*t stick to your fingers as much? That\*s a very interesting answer, Sophia. There is a certain logic to her response. The fact that that logic escapes me completely doesn\*t alter the fact that she has something in mind. Sophia, I\*m going to ask you something quite simple now. I\*m going to ask you to make a wish. Do you know what a wish is? If you could make a wish that did come true, anything at all, what would you wish for? Sophia, that is the most beautiful wish I have ever heard. (To the Sophia’s parents) Don\*t you see what her wish means? To fly like a bird means to sever the bonds that chain her to ignorance. She wants to soar, to grow, she wants knowledge! And with every fiber of my being, from the very depths of my soul. I shall gather all my strength and patience and dedication, and I make this promise that I, Leon Steponovitch Tolchinsky, shall make Sophia Zubritsky\*s wish come true. She touches me so. Your daughter has such a sweet soul and such a pure heart. We must begin as soon as possible. Not another moment must be lost. I shall return in the morning at eight o\*clock sharp. What subject shall we begin our studies with, Sophia? Languages! Of course! Even I should have thought of that. Languages it shall be, my dear, sweet Sophia. . . And what language shall we begin with first? Rabbit?

ODD COUPLE

Neil Simon

Oscar

Hello, Oscar the poker player!..Who?..Who did you want, please?...Dabby? Dabby who?..No there's no Dabby here...Oh, Daddy! (to the others) For Christ sakes it's my kid (into phone: clearly a man who loves his son) Brucey, hello, baby. Yes it's Daddy! (to the others) Hey come on, give me a break will ya? My five-year-old kid is calling from California. It must be costing him a fortune. (phone) How've you been, sweetheart?...Yes, I finally got your letter. It took three weeks...Yes but next time tell your mommy to give you a stamp...I know, but you're not supposed to draw it on...(proud, to the others) Do you hear? (phone) Mommy wants to speak to me? Right... Take care of yourself, soldier. I love you. (and then with false cheeriness) Hello Blanche, how are you?...Err, yes I have a pretty good idea why you're calling...I'm a week behind with the check, right?...Four weeks? That's not possible...Because it's not possible...Blanche I keep a record of every check and I know I'm only three weeks behind!...Blanche, I'm trying the best I can...Blanche, don't threaten me with jail, because it's not a threat, with my expenses and my alimony, a prisoner takes home more pay than I do...Very nice in front of the kids...Blanche, don't tell me you're going to have my salary attached, just say goodbye...Goodbye! (hangs up, to the others) I'm eight hundred dollars behind in alimony, so let's up the stakes.

RIM OF THE WORLD- can’t find the play

 TONY

 I can’t wait to grow up and move out! I love my parents, but one thing I will never miss is the discipline. You should see them sometimes. My favorite is when they try to get a rise out of me. But I don't let them see how they make me feel. It makes them nuts. Like last week. Remember Eric's party. Raging! Most of my friends didn't get home until dawn. Hey, most of them didn’t get home until daylight. I play the good boy and come in at 2:30. Hey, I know my curfew's at 1:00. I know I'm late. I'm a teenager! I can tell time. So, here they both come, trying to make it like it's some big deal. Completely ignoring the fact that I will soon be moving out and will be an adult. Ok, so they say (imitating his father's voice) "Son, you are grounded." Ha, what a shock, you know. So I say, "Ok." Now here is the great part. I give them this little half smile. Not a smirk, you understand, because that would give them what they like to call "just cause". Then I'd really get it. No, just a little smile, sort of a Mona Lisa kind of thing. It just kills them. They don't know what the hell I'm thinking. So, even though I get punished...I win!