

concentrate on not throwing up on camera for a start, huh?

#2: OK. Whatever you say...Liz/Jim.

#1: *(Just shakes, his/her head.)* Look, Frank's/Jane's jacket is on the back of the chair. Put it on.
(#2 puts on the jacket.)

#1: Clip the microphone here. *(Pause)* So, you ready?

#2: You bet! Let's do it!

#1: *(To the booth)* How are we doing? Is it about time?
(Off-stage: Ten seconds.) Remember. When that little light goes on, we're on the air. *(Off-stage: And in 5, 4, 3, 2, ...#1 Smiles.)* Good evening. I'm Liz/Jim Nance.

#2: *(Horrorified)* And...I'm...Lisa/Larry.

(#2 faints dead away and falls off camera. #1 watches, then looks back into the camera.)

#1: Welcome to the six o'clock news.

16. The Order

(In a restaurant. #1 is at a table looking over the menu. #2, the waiter/waitress, comes over. #2 doesn't really pay much attention to #1.)

#2: Have you decided what you want?

#1: Not really. I'd like to know...

#2: Fine, what'll it be?

#1: I'm not sure. I was about to say I'd like to hear about your specials.

#2: Why?

#1: Why? Because I might like to have one?

#2: And you want me to explain them?

#1: Well, since I don't know what they are and you're the only one at this table who does, by process of elimination...

#2: I get it. The specials today are... *(Checks his/her pad)* ...fish and meat.

#1: Fish and meat?

#2: You need that defined?

#1: No, I've got a grasp of the basics, but you might want to fill me in on some of the details.

#2: Like what?

#1: Oh, I don't know. Maybe what kind of fish or what kind of meat.

#2: My, but you just want the moon, don't you? OK, we have... *(Checks his/her pad again)* ...white fish, and red meat. Happy?

#1: *(Hands #2 his/her menu.)* Ecstatic. Know what, just bring me a Chinese Chicken salad, please.

#2: If you wanted a Chinese Chicken Salad, why did you ask me about the specials?

#1: I don't know. I guess deep down I'm just evil.

- #2:** *(To himself/herself)* You won't get an argument from me.
(To #1) Fine, Chicken Salad it is. *(Exits.)*
- #1:** *(Pulls out a small tape recorder. Turns it on and speaks into it.)* Note to myself: don't eat at this restaurant anymore. Now, notes on patient Jane Bryant. After our last session it's apparent that Jane's anxiety stems from a deep-seated...
- #2:** *(Come back to the table, waits.)* Ahem. Do you think you can tear yourself away from your little recorder?
- #1:** *(Turns back and sees #2.)* I'm sorry. I didn't see you.
- #2:** Of course you didn't. Why would you? I'm just the waiter/waitress. I'm sure you have much more important people to deal with.
- #1:** What can I do for you?
- #2:** We're all out of chicken. You can have a Chinese salad.
- #1:** There's no such thing as a Chinese salad.
- #2:** There is today.
- #1:** Just bring me a club sandwich. *(#2 doesn't move.)*
- #1:** What?
- #2:** You might try please. "Bring me a club sandwich, please." I'm your waiter/waitress, not your slave.
- #1:** OK, that's enough. Outside of existing and breathing, have I done something to offend you?
- #2:** What are you talking about?
- #1:** Since you first came over here, you've been curt, sarcastic, and rude. If you were a French waiter/waitress, I'd expect it. But since you're not, it's obvious you're very angry about something and you're taking it out on me.
- #2:** Thanks for the analysis. And what are you? A shrink?
- #1:** Actually...I am a therapist.
- #2:** Terrific. Seventy-five tables here and I have to wait on Sigmund Freud.
- #1:** That's enough. I want to talk to your manager.
- #2:** Sure, talk to the manager. Get me fired. Prove to him/her that he/she is right.
- #1:** Prove to who, what?

- #2:** My wife/husband. He/she said this was a dead end job and I was a loser. You getting me fired should prove that.
- #1:** Your wife/husband said you were a loser?
- #2:** Can you believe that? He/she never used to say that. Especially when I was working and putting her/him through podiatry school?
- #1:** Your husband/wife is a podiatrist?
- #2:** Yes he/she is. Why? Is something wrong with that? You have something against feet?
- #1:** No, not at all...I love feet. I use mine...every day. They're very...handy. Get it? Feet...hand... *(Pause)* It was a joke.
- #2:** Really. I hope you're a better therapist than you are a comedian.
- #1:** Do you know you're very hostile?
- #2:** Sigmund Freud and Dick Tracy. What gave it away?
- #1:** Fine. Vent away, but you're targeting your anger at the wrong person.
- #2:** Maybe, but you're here, so that makes it at least convenient.
- #1:** Not to mention counter-productive.
- #2:** What does that mean?
- #1:** Think about it. You're upset at your wife/husband. But instead of dealing with him/her, you're venting your anger at everyone except him/her. Now, what if some one does talk to your manager and you get fired? You said it yourself. You will prove your wife/husband right. And it won't be because you are a loser, but because you're allowing yourself to become a loser. It's simply a matter of self-loathing.
(There is a pause.)
- #2:** You wanna say that in English?
- #1:** Bottom line, you don't like yourself. Period!
- #2:** *(Sits at the table.)* What am I suppose to do?
- #1:** *(Looks around.)* Don't you have other tables to wait on? Other customers to abuse?
- #2:** Forget them! What can I do?

- #1:** OK, answer this, do you like being a waiter?
- #2:** Yes. I love it.
- #1:** Good. Aside from today, are you a good waiter and do you make a decent living?
- #2:** I'm great at it and I can make a lot of money.
- #1:** Then answer me this, if what you said is the truth, how can you be a loser and this be a dead end job?
- #2:** *(Pause)* You're right. *(Gets up and his/her voice starts to rise.)* I'm a great waiter/waitress. In fact, I'm one of the best in town and anyone who disagrees can just come here, get a table, sit down, order, and watch me!
(#1 and #2 look around.)
- #1:** That's great, but you may want to keep this between us right now.
- #2:** OK, you're right, but how do I prove this to my wife/husband?
- #1:** What have we been talking about? You only have to prove it to yourself. Want to know how?
- #2:** Yes!
- #1:** Great. Take all that anger and put it in your locker with your jacket and take it home to your husband/wife. Then be just what you said you were, the best waiter/waitress in the city. Hey, let's start now. Say to me, "Hi there. How are you? Nice day, isn't it?" *(Pause)* Well, go ahead.
- #2:** Oh, OK. Hi there. How are you? Nice day, isn't it?
- #1:** Great. Yes, it's a great day. Now ask me what I'd like. Go ahead.
- #2:** What can I get for you, sir? Can I tell you about the specials? See, I remembered that you asked me about the specials before.
- #1:** You are good. No, no specials, but I would love a club sandwich on toast. Now say, "It would be my pleasure" and go get it for me.
- #2:** Sir, it would be my pleasure. I'll have it for you in a flash. I threw that in.

- #1:** Nice touch. Now, go get it!
- #2:** Now, go get it!
- #1:** No, don't repeat it. Do it!
- #2:** Oh. You bet!
(#2 exits. #1 watches him/her go.)
- #1:** *(Pause)* It's getting harder and harder just to order lunch in this town. *(Picks up the recorder again.)* Back to Jane Bryant. Her problems seem to stem from self-loathing... wait, that's the waiter/waitress...