**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.