

A scene for two actors	
<i>Life Is Like a Double Cheeseburger</i> Pgs. 40-41	Liz and Donald are getting to know each other on a speed date. They are in their 20s or 30s.
	Actors should start seated at a table.

LIZ: Okay, Donald. Then tell me why life is like a double cheeseburger.

DONALD: (*shrugs*) I like double cheeseburgers.

LIZ: (*beat*) That's it? You like double cheeseburgers?

DONALD: Yeah. They're real good.

LIZ: You like double cheeseburgers.

DONALD: YeaH.

LIZ: That's it? That's the big metaphor? That's the wisdom of the ages? That's your mark on this world? That you like cheeseburgers?

DONALD: Double cheeseburgers.

LIZ: Double cheeseburgers. Right. (*rises to leave*) You know, you look like a sane person --

DONALD: Don't you like life? (*LIZ stops, hesitates for a moment, then slides back into the chair.*)

LIZ: No, Donald. Not really.

DONALD: How come?

LIZ: It isn't turning out the way I thought.

DONALD: How come? You went to college. Didn't you like that?

LIZ: I did. I really did. I was in a sorority. Cheerleader one semester. I had fun.

DONALD: Sounds perfect.

LIZ: Well, no. It was a lot of work. A lot of pressure -- keeping up the grades, cramming for midterms, trying to get financial aid.

DONALD: So you hated it?

LIZ: No! I mean, it had its problems. But for the most part, I liked it. I loved it. I made a lot of friends.

DONALD: And some got married.

LIZ: Yeah.

DONALD: That's nice. You must be really happy for them.

LIZ: Must I? I guess, maybe. Sure I am. But also a little jealous, maybe? Or envious, I guess. Huh. Which is the less ugly one -- jealousy or envy?

DONALD: And you have a good job.

LIZ: I sit in a cubicle and crunch numbers.

DONALD: Sounds horrible.

LIZ: Well, no. I mean . . . it's not hot tar-roofing or digging in salt mines. It's steady. And the pay is fair -- not great, but okay. My boss is pretty cool. She leaves me alone most of the time as long as I get my work done.

DONALD: So you like it.

LIZ: Well, no. I want more.

DONALD: You have your parents.

LIZ: Yeah, they're both still alive. And my sister and little brother.

DONALD: Family is nice. I like family.

LIZ: When they're not being pains and trying to ruin my life.

DONALD: So sometimes you like them and sometimes you don't.

LIZ: Yeah, but mostly --

DONALD: I don't like mushrooms on my double cheeseburger. But I still like it mostly.

A monologue	
<i>Life Is Like a Double Cheeseburger</i> Pg. 37	Carl(a) has been working in a diner forever. Carl(a) can be anywhere between 40 and 60.
	Actor should begin standing.

CARL(A): *(to audience)* Why do I work at a diner? I know everyone, and it's close to home. Boom! Easiest answer I've ever given. *(smiles)* I got hired here in high school. "Go Tritons!" And it helped put me through college. You wouldn't expect kitchen grease and leather booths to clear up acne or student loans, but hey, you'd be surprised.

After I graduated college, my friends encouraged me to travel more, go places. But the bug never really bit me. My dad was a photojournalist. He went everywhere, but the sights and culture of fifty-two different countries didn't seem to stop him from cheating on my mom. Or my stepmom. Or my second stepmom. He was a nomad, constantly moving. That's one of the things about movement, though -- it gives me motion sickness. My dad was just the opposite. He walked a few righteous paths, but that's when he got queasy.

Here, I'm healthy. Health to me is being part of countless prom nights, promotions, birthdays, graduations, and even deaths. Let the horizon beckon. The fulfilled soreness of my feet after a day's work shines right back. The wattage of my smile has enough electricity to power a dozen trans-Atlantic airplanes. Granted, I think they use fossil fuels, but you get the point. People who travel everywhere are wanderers, still trying to figure out what they want. Me? I'm already here.