

Some Place on the Road...

(a purgatorial comedy)

by

Julius Galacki

- 3 PAGE DIALOGUE SAMPLE -

CAST (in Order of Appearance)

SALESMAN a man of nearly undefeatable enthusiasm.

WAITRESS (Rita) a hardened veteran of the world's third
oldest profession, but with the proverbial
heart of gold.

JAVA JOE a man of indeterminate age who has
nothing better to do than hang around
the world's worst diner.

TRUCK DRIVER a hardworking family man who happens to
be dead.

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The play occurs in a run-down diner located on a very, very lonely stretch of highway somewhere in the high dry plains. As a place, it is the epitome of nowhere. An enthusiastic Salesman enters carrying a large travel case. He is dressed in a black suit - stereotypical of a Bible salesman. The bored Waitress leans on the counter.

SALESMAN

What a sunrise, huh? What a sunrise!

WAITRESS

I wouldn't know. I've been working.

SALESMAN

Don't be so sour. A man comes off the road...

WAITRESS

Anybody who comes in here, comes off the road.

SALESMAN

(Slight pause as he sizes her up.) Maybe I should just order?

WAITRESS

Maybe. It doesn't really matter to me.

SALESMAN

But you can't blame a guy for wanting to talk. That's all I wanted to...

(She shoves a menu at him which he doesn't take. He pauses as she looks at him.)

SALESMAN

How can you size up a guy so fast?

WAITRESS

With some people, it's damn easy.

SALESMAN

You are one red-headed forest fire.¹ Don't get me wrong, I like that. But some waitresses would look upon it as a badge of honor to be easy going and friendly.

WAITRESS

You're a salesman, aren't you?

SALESMAN

My, my, you are sharp.

WAITRESS

Now let's get this straight before you completely bury yourself - how long did you drive before you found this place?

SALESMAN

Days. Nights. More days. Miles of emptiness. More emptiness. Then suddenly up ahead, I see that sign from God: "Diner." Mom, meatloaf, apple pie, real Formica.

WAITRESS

Uh, huh. Days and nights of driving.

SALESMAN

That's right.

WAITRESS

Miles of emptiness.

SALESMAN

You got it.

WAITRESS

You're just damn lucky to even be here.

SALESMAN

That couldn't be the greater truth.

¹ If fate precludes casting a red-headed Waitress, change line to "You are one hot-headed forest fire."

WAITRESS

So you've got to be damn hungry. *(He smiles.)* Then I don't have to be very nice to you, do I?

SALESMAN

(Pause as he smiles an idiotic grin.) You're just so right.... Again. Let me look at that menu.

WAITRESS

I thought you'd never ask. Wow, I think we're going to get along just fine from now on.

SALESMAN

So many choices. So many.

WAITRESS

Yup, that's some sunrise out there.

SALESMAN

I am just starving. *(Tossing down the menu.)* Tell you what, why don't you bring me some bacon, ham and sausages. With white toast on the side.

WAITRESS

How do you want your eggs?

SALESMAN

No eggs. I couldn't see separating a chicken from its mother.

(She goes over to the counter, rings a bell and then shouts toward the offstage kitchen.)

WAITRESS

Yo, Joe! Carnivore Special Number One. With white toast on the side. *(Then back to the Salesman.)* You know I could smell the protein sweating out of you the moment you walked in. We don't get too many of your kind anymore since all that talk about cholesterol.

SALESMAN

My philosophy is, if it ain't meat, it's parakeet food.

WAITRESS

I heard a German guy say something just like that.