

I Am Cobb Salad

By Jack Hall

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Dedicated with love to the Girl Scouts of America – 11-7-11

CHARACTERS

Jim- A hungry man

Shirley- A waitress

Cobb Salad- A man who identifies himself and lives life as a Cobb Salad

Dave- A restaurant manager

A Beautiful Girl

Jim is sitting at a table at center looking at a menu. Shirley enters.

SHIRLEY: Have you decided, sir?

JIM: Yes, I'll have the Cobb Salad, please.

SHIRLEY: Coming right up, sir.

Shirley exits. Cobb enters.

COBB: Excuse me, sir? You ordered the Cobb Salad?

JIM: Yes, I did.

Cobb sits on the table.

COBB: Enjoy your me, sir.

Jim flinches, a little surprised.

JIM: Sir, would you mind not sitting on the table?

COBB: Well you can't eat me on the floor, can you?

JIM: Eat you?

COBB: That's right, sir.

JIM: I'm not going to eat you!

COBB: You did order the Cobb Salad, right?

JIM: Yes I did!

COBB: Then you certainly did order me.

JIM: You're not a salad! You're a man!

COBB: I am not a man!

JIM: Yes you are! You're a man the same as I am!

COBB: I am a Cobb Salad! I am a Cobb Salad for the same reason you are a man: because I choose to identify myself as a Cobb Salad! I demand to be treated as a Cobb Salad, and therefore, I demand you at me.

JIM: You want me to eat you, right here and now?

COBB: Yes!

JIM: Just like this?

Shirley walks across the stage.

COBB: You are free to add the dressing, if you like, and they have croutons available.

JIM: Excuse me, Miss?

SHIRLEY: Yes, sir?

JIM: Would you mind taking this... this salad back?

SHIRLEY: Something the matter with it, sir?

JIM: You mean other than the fact that it's talking to me?

SHIRLEY: I assure you, this Cobb Salad is fresh, if that's what you're worried about.

JIM: So you think it's a Cobb Salad too?

SHIRLEY: Of course it's a Cobb Salad! What else would it be?

JIM: It is not a Cobb Salad! It is a man!

Dave enters.

DAVE: Something the matter here, Shirley?

JIM: Are you the manager?

DAVE: Yes, sir! How is your Cobb Salad?

JIM: Wow, you too, huh?

SHIRLEY: He doesn't like the Cobb Salad, sir.

DAVE: Oh really? Is something the matter with it?

JIM: Only the fact that it is NOT a Cobb Salad!

DAVE: Yes it is.

JIM: No, this is a man, a human man.

DAVE: *(not in the mood to deal with this guy's intolerance)* Sir, this is not a man. This is a Cobb Salad. And anyone who would say different is a bigot and a liar.

JIM: Fine! I'm a bigot and a liar. Now would you mind taking this salad back and bringing me another one? A smaller one with more lettuce and less... teeth?

DAVE: I'm afraid I can't do that, sir. If you don't like the salad, we can take it back and bring you something different. But if you insist on eating salad, we will not allow you to deny this Cobb Salad of its dignity by not eating it.

JIM: Fine. Take back the salad. I'll order something else.

COBB: You don't want me? Fine. I don't want to travel through your intestines anyway!

The Cobb Salad exits.

DAVE: Now what can we bring you, Mr. Hate Monger?

JIM: Do you have a burger? Not a person who says they're a burger, but a real burger?

DAVE: This is a restaurant isn't it? Of course we do!

JIM: Good. Then bring me a burger.

DAVE: Thank you. Shirley, one burger for Hitler.

SHIRLEY: Yes, sir.

Shirley exits.

DAVE: If you'll excuse me, I have a salad to console.

Dave exits. A beautiful girl enters.

BLONDE: Hi there, did you order the hamburger?

JIM: You're not the burger are you?

BLONDE: Hee hee hee, heavens no!

She lays across the table and puts a burger on her belly.

BLONDE: I'm a plate!