

WIDGET

by Ken Bradbury



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(a table and chair are just left of center)

PITNEY: *(enters, a bit confused, reading from a slip of paper)*

This must be it. *(comparing his note to a sign on the wall)* International Widget, Incorporated.

WADE: *(entering ... friendly)* May I help you?

PITNEY: Is this International Widget?

WADE: Incorporated.

PITNEY: Oh good. I need to talk to someone about my Widget.

WADE: Would that be a broken Widget, a deformed Widget, or simply your preference for Widgets altogether?

PITNEY: It's ... uh ... It's a missing Widget actually. I ordered a Widget and it didn't come.

WADE: Ah! Missing Widgets! You want Mr. Widgegone.

PITNEY: I do?

WADE: Could you please hold?

PITNEY: Hold what?

WADE: Stay right there. *(Wade exits.)*

PITNEY: Thank you. I mean ... I'll have to. I still don't have my Widget. *(entering ... officious, hurried, and blustery ... offering his hand)* Harvey Widgegone. May I help you?

PITNEY: You know, you look like ... *(points to the person who just exited)*

WADE: *(impatient)* May I help you?

PITNEY: I don't have my Widget.

WADE: I can see that. I mean, you can't miss a Widget, can you? *(laughs and slaps Pitney on the back a bit too hard)* So ... what'd you do, lose it?

PITNEY: I never had it.

WADE: Then how in the heck could you lose it? *(again slaps Pitney on the back and laughs)*

PITNEY: Could you please stop doing that? It's beginning to hurt.

WADE: A Widget will fix that, you know.

PITNEY: I don't have a Widget.

WADE: Ah! There's the problem! You're Widget-less! (*goes to slap and laugh but Pitney moves*)

PITNEY: Could I talk to someone about a Widget that I didn't get?

WADE: A Widget that you didn't get? I don't get it.

PITNEY: Neither did I.

WADE: Look, I'll set you up with our complaint department. Miss Whiner.

PITNEY: Miss Whiner?

WADE: You know her?

PITNEY: Of course not. Where is she?

WADE: Same place she always is.

PITNEY: (*backing out*) Thank you.

WADE: Happy Widgets!

PITNEY: (*going into the imaginary hallway as Wade exits ... Pitney looks at the names above the doors as he walks*) Receiving ... Sending ... Deleting ... Ignoring ... Ah.. Complaining. (*he enters and immediately Wade jumps into the chair, crosses his legs and begins to do his nails*) Miss Whiner?

WADE: (*whining ...very nasal*) May I help you?

PITNEY: (*looking at the sign above her door*) I didn't really come to complain.

WADE: (*again, whining mightily*) Well, thank goodness for that! Whining, whining, whining ... that's all I hear all day long. One ... long ... whine.

PITNEY: I want my Widget.

WADE: Don't look at me. I didn't take it.

PITNEY: They sent me here because I ordered a Widget and I haven't received it.

WADE: You're whining, aren't you?

PITNEY: No, I'm not

WADE: Oh, I can tell when a whine is coming on. I've been in this business for a long time, mister.

PITNEY: Say, are you related to ... (*points to area where previous conversation was held*) Never mind. I just want my Widget!

WADE: That's the next stage. Shouting. First whining, then shouting. Of course, most people pass through grumbling, moaning, and self-pity, but not you ... Mr. Big Shot goes right to Whining. Bingo! Bulls-Eye!

PITNEY: Is there someone else I can talk to?

WADE: Do you have any friends?

PITNEY: I mean here in the building. I ordered a Widget and I want a Widget.

WADE: Oh ... you've already ordered it? I wish you'd said that earlier. Right down the hall ... the Department of Waiting for Widgets.

PITNEY: (*exiting angrily*) Thank you!

WADE: Don't whine! (*Wade exits.*)

PITNEY: (*as he again searches the various signs*) I can't believe this is happening. These people are crazy. (*seeing the sign*) "Waiting for Widgets!" Yes! (*he enters ... looks around. No one's there*) Is anyone here?

WADE: (*timidly poking his head around ... a very timid little man*) (*quietly*) Yes ... I am.

PITNEY: I'm here about my Widget. (*Wade just stares at him.*) I said I want to talk to someone about my Widget. (*Wade says nothing.*) Can you hear me?

WADE: (*quietly*) Yes. Are you going to hurt me?

PITNEY: No, I'm not going to hurt you! I'm not going to hurt anybody! I just want to get my Widget and go home.

WADE: (*sighs*) Home. Such a pretty word. I had a home once. Do you want to hear about it?

PITNEY: No! I don't want to know anything about you! I just want to get my Widget...

WADE: What's your home like?

PITNEY: Widgetless! My home is completely Widgetless!

WADE: Oh. I'm sorry. I feel for you. I really do. Would you like some tea? We can talk.



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