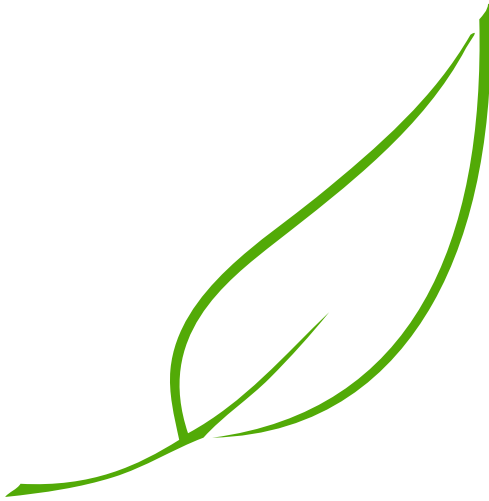


THE BUSTED WIDGET

by Ken Bradbury



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For two characters of either gender: Micah and Logan.

Logan is busy straightening his counter, arranging items on shelves, etc. as Micah enters.

LOGAN: Good morning!

MICAH: Hi.

LOGAN: Welcome to Widgets Unlimited! May I help you?

MICAH: Well ... yes. I bought this yesterday.

LOGAN: A widget?

MICAH: Yeah. A widget. I bought this widget here yesterday and when I got it home it didn't work.

LOGAN: Oh, I'm sorry. When did you break it?

MICAH: I ... uh ... I didn't break it. It just doesn't work.

LOGAN: An unworkable widget?

MICAH: Yeah ... unworkable. It doesn't work.

LOGAN: Again, I apologize. It's our goal at Widgets Unlimited to have nothing but satisfied customers. I assure you that we'll take care of it. *(takes the imaginary widget from Micah)* Looks okay.

MICAH: Yeah, I thought so, too. But it doesn't work.

LOGAN: *(pushes something on the item)* You're right. What kind of widget did you buy?

MICAH: What do you mean?

LOGAN: Was it a Wee Widget or a Wonder Widget?

MICAH: I didn't know there was a difference.

LOGAN: Oh my, my yes. Widgets have come a long way.

MICAH: It's for my mother, actually. She collects widgets.

LOGAN: Really?

MICAH: Yeah. All her life. Whenever she got enough spare cash together she'd buy another widget. She even has some of the old ones ... without the electric cord.

- LOGAN:** Amazing. I've never seen one of those. My grandfather had a coal-operated widget but that was a long time ago. Look, you'll need to take this next door to our Department of Returned Widgets.
- MICAH:** Next door?
- LOGAN:** Sure. Just the next door down.
- MICAH:** Oh. *(takes the widget)* Okay ... thanks.
- LOGAN:** We're just here to serve! *(Micah leaves the room as Logon turns with back to the audience.)*
- MICAH:** *(looking at the signs on the imaginary doors)* Rehab. Real Estate. Ah! Returns. *(enters this new room)*
- LOGAN:** *(a rough-talking grouch)* Help you, pal?
- MICAH:** Weren't you just ... uh ...
- LOGAN:** What? Wasn't I what?
- MICAH:** Weren't you just next door?
- LOGAN:** How could I be? I'm right here. You got a problem?
- MICAH:** Uh ... yes. My widget doesn't work.
- LOGAN:** Your widget doesn't work?
- MICAH:** Yeah. I'd like to return it.
- LOGAN:** For what?
- MICAH:** Well ... another widget.
- LOGAN:** And you expect me to do something about it?
- MICAH:** Well ... yes. I mean, I bought it in your store and it doesn't work so I'd like you to replace it.
- LOGAN:** You see the sign out front?
- MICAH:** The one that says "Returns"?
- LOGAN:** Yeah. Returns. It doesn't say anything about replacements. You want to return it, that's okay. You want it replaced, you'll have to go next door.
- MICAH:** Next door.
- LOGAN:** Next door. That's the door next to this one.
- MICAH:** Oh ... uh ... thanks. *(and Micah exits as Logan turns)* *(looking at the signs, then)* Oh. "Replacements." *(enters)*
- LOGAN:** *(bright and cheery)* Hi there! Welcome to Replacements!

- MICAH:** Oh, thank goodness. This is getting strange ... but you look ...
- LOGAN:** I look like just the person to help you. Now ... how may I help you?
- MICAH:** I'd like my widget replaced.
- LOGAN:** Very well. With what?
- MICAH:** With what?
- LOGAN:** With what? What do you want me to replace it with?
- MICAH:** Well, I'd like you to ...
- LOGAN:** Oh! Don't tell me! (*turning around, looking at shelves*) How about a toaster?
- MICAH:** A what?
- LOGAN:** Toaster. You make toast with it.
- MICAH:** I know that. But I want a ...
- LOGAN:** Oh, I can see that look in your eye! Silly me! (*grabbing another item*) I'll bet you'd like your widget replaced by a ... (*puts it on the counter*) ... salad. A nice fresh salad!
- MICAH:** No, I want ...
- LOGAN:** Wait! Wait! (*reaching for something else*) I've got it! (*placing it on the table*) A poodle! A beautiful French poodle!
- MICAH:** I don't want a poodle! I want a widget and I don't want a stinking poodle!
- LOGAN:** (*covering the dog's ears*) Oh, Fifi! Don't listen! Don't listen to this horrible person! Look! Fifi is crying!
- MICAH:** I've got a broken widget!
- LOGAN:** And I've got a sobbing poodle! Listen, if you have a complaint, go down to the complaint department!
- MICAH:** I will! (*storms out the door as Logan turns*) This is insane! I just want to get my stupid widget replaced and ... (*looks up at the sign on a door*) There! Complaints! (*explodes into the room*) I've got a complaint!
- LOGAN:** (*sobbing*) May I help you?



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