

# MY GUARDIAN ANGEL, THE WAITRESS

A DRAMATIC COMEDY DUET

by  
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## My Guardian Angel, the Waitress

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### Characters: 1 Female, 1 Flex

Leslie: A young, very professional and stressed junior executive.

Annie: A guileless, sweet waitress, first day on the job

**Place:** Healthy Herb's Restaurant

**Time:** Present

**Props:** A cell phone

*At Rise: LESLIE walks into scene, stands, obviously impatient, and waits. SHE checks her cell phone, reads a text with growing annoyance. SHE texts back, muttering.*

LESLIE: Miscommunication on meeting. Won't be there in time. Take care of it. (*puts cell phone away, looks around*) Hey! Anybody here?

ANNIE: (*entering*) Sorry. I didn't know you were waiting out here. I was in the kitchen.

LESLIE: Right. But your customers aren't—they're likely to be out here, waiting.

ANNIE: They don't usually wait very long. They shout 'hello', or something, and then I come out.

LESLIE: Quite a business plan you've got going here.

ANNIE: Thank you. So...how can I help you?

LESLIE: (*sarcastic*) Um...let's see. I'm in a restaurant. The sign says 'wait to be seated'. And I'm standing. And have been for some time.

ANNIE: I'm sorry. (*straight from the training manual*) Hello and welcome to Healthy Herb's, the Green Scene.

LESLIE: Healthy Herbs? I believe the "H" is silent.

ANNIE: Oh. All right. Welcome to Ealthy Erbs. Whoa. I'll have to tell Erb that. He's been mispronouncing his name all these years.

LESLIE: If I wanted a waitress with an attitude, I would have gone next door to the Bitter Bean Coffee Shop and Tattoo Parlor.

ANNIE: Oh, I know what you mean. Sometimes, I go there just to be surrounded by bad attitude so I remember not to have one myself. So, can I help you?

LESLIE: Unless I can seat myself, cook my own meal and serve it to myself- in which case why am I in a restaurant? -I'm thinking yes. Yes you can.

ANNIE: All right. How many please?

LESLIE: (*looking around her*) One. Just the one of me.

ANNIE: Party of one then. Did you have a reservation?

LESLIE: Do I need one? The restaurant is empty.

ANNIE: So you're saying you don't have a reservation.

LESLIE: No, I don't have a reservation. I just dropped in for a quick lunch. Although the "quick" part is just wishful thinking, apparently.

ANNIE: This way please. Is this table all right?

LESLIE: It's fine.

ANNIE: I'll be your waitress. My name is -.

LESLIE: You're not going to be one of those waitresses that talks to me through my entire lunch, are you?

ANNIE: Not if you don't want me to.

LESLIE: Well I don't. I think a woman should be able to sit down and have a meal by herself without attracting pity conversation, don't you?

ANNIE: I guess.

LESLIE: May I have the menu please? I'm in a hurry.

ANNIE: (*pointing*) What we have is on the menu board there.

LESLIE: What's the soup du jour?

ANNIE: Oh, I don't know. I'll ask.

*(EXIT ANNIE)*

LESLIE: *(looking at cell phone.)* Great. Martin again. He'll just have to do this on his own.*(texting)* Make these people happy, Martin, or you're out of a job. *(puts phone away, talks to herself)* Soooo incompetent.

ANNIE: *(entering)* The "soup du jour" is the soup of the day.

LESLIE: *(exasperated)* I know that. Everybody knows that.

ANNIE: Um-I didn't know that. It's my first day. I'll find out what the soup of the day is.

*(ANNIE EXITS)*

LESLIE: Oh, for crying out loud! Is this your first day on earth, too?

*(ANNIE ENTERS)*

ANNIE: The soup of the day, also known as the soup du jour, is cream of tomato, made with the fresh *erb* basil. It's delicious. We're famous for it.

LESLIE: Good for you. I'll have that, and for the entrée-

ANNIE: *(has started exiting on "I'll have that")* Right away.

*(ANNIE is gone)*

LESLIE: Oh for heaven's sakes. *(cell phone vibrates, SHE answers it)* What is it, Martin? *(pause)* They left? This is going to make me look so bad. Did you tell them-*(pause)* what do you mean, you couldn't? *(pause)* It's not really a lie, Martin, just because it's not the truth. *(very short pause)* No, it isn't- I'm not going to argue semantics with you. You're fired. *(pause)* Stop crying. You're blubbering. I can't understand a single word you're saying. Pack up your stuff, I want you out by the time I finish lunch. *(hangs up)* Which at this rate, could take all day. Worst waitress *ever*. I wish I could fire her too.

ANNIE: *(ENTERING)* Here's your soup. You know what they say, soup is good for the soul. Enjoy.

*(ANNIE begins to EXIT)*

LESLIE: Ah – waitress?

ANNIE: It's Annie.

LESLIE: I wanted to order an entrée.

ANNIE: Okay.

LESLIE: Aren't you going to write my order down on your little pad?

ANNIE: I don't have a little pad.

LESLIE: What is a worker without his tools, Annie?

ANNIE: A manager?

LESLIE: It was a rhetorical question. You're sure you can get the order right without writing it down?

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