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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