

WILL-DID-IS

By Patrick Gabridge

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WILL-DID-IS

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Patrick Gabridge

SYNOPSIS: Time travel doesn't always go according to plan. After obsessively waiting for years, Mindy finally meets the time traveler. A fun and touching time-crossed encounter of hearts and minds.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male, 0-10 extras)

MINDY (f)..... A believer in instinct and the future, to point of obsession.
(64 lines)

FITCH (m)..... A time traveler. *(63 lines)*

EXTRAS (m/f)..... Optional train passengers.
(Non-Speaking)

TIME: Right now. Which is not May 7, 2005.

PLACE: A crowded train car on Boston's Orange Line subway.

PROPS

- 2 Tin Foil Hats
- Shopping Bags of Produce
- Bandages (bloody gauze)
- Ice pack
- Suitcase with Wheels

COSTUMES

MINDY – Wears a tin foil hat.

FITCH – Wears a tin foil hat. There is a large black barcode tattooed across his forehead.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a play where simplicity and clarity are important, even though they're talking about something as fantastical as time travel. It's also very much worth keeping in mind that they are in a public space. If you're doing a full production of the play, you should feel to use extras to portray fellow subway passengers, but the play is still very doable as a duet. Tin foil hats make me smile and I hope they make you happy, too!

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Thanks to Rhombus for helping me shape the earliest drafts. The first production of this play was in the T Plays in Boston, produced by the Mill 6 Theatre Collaborative, with Dakota Shepard as Mindy and Brett Milanowski as Andy, directed by Chris Anton.

- Winner, 2014 Vittum Award for Best Short Play
- Winner, 2013 10x10 Festival, Carrboro, NC

AT RISE: *MINDY sits in a corner with full of bags of produce. She wears a tinfoil hat unlike the other passengers, keeps looking at all the other riders, watching for something or someone. On first (or second) glance, she might seem a bit unbalanced. Passengers get on and off the train. FITCH enters pulling a small suitcase with wheels and holds bloody gauze and an ice pack to his head. FITCH wears a tinfoil hat much like MINDY'S. At the sight of FITCH, MINDY gasps in amazement. She composes herself and then walks across the car, over to FITCH. She shakes with excitement.*

MINDY: Hi.

FITCH: *(Flinching.)* What? *(Notices MINDY'S tinfoil hat.)* Oh. Hello. Hello. Are you here for the convention, too?

MINDY: Are... Are you serious?

FITCH: I'm completely lost. I knew conditions would be primitive, but I thought the network would already be in place.

MINDY: Oh. My. Gosh.

FITCH: Do you have any idea how to get there?

MINDY: I can't believe this.

FITCH: I know. It's crazy. How do they get anywhere? How do they get anything done?

MINDY: You're from the future.

FITCH: In a matter of speaking. *(Beat.)* Aren't you?

MINDY: No.

FITCH: Oh, Jeez. Sorry. My mistake. I don't mean to bother you. You aren't going to hit me, are you?

MINDY: Of course not. *(Points to the bandages on his head.)* What happened?

FITCH: Oh, this? I attempted to purchase some food and when it came time to pay, I assumed my implant would not be recognized, so I merely presented myself *(Points to the barcode on his forehead.)* for scanning. The shopkeeper's reaction was not what I had expected.

MINDY: Sorry about that.

FITCH: And then, at the hospital, the doctor repaired the wound with a needle and thread. A NEEDLE AND THREAD! And they expected me to read all kinds of text, completely unassisted. Page after page of little type, on paper. Paper! (*Whispers and shows her a form.*) I might try to bring it back as an artifact.

MINDY: Wow. Oh, wow, wow, oh, wow.

FITCH: So you're from now?

MINDY: I am. Welcome. Sorry for the hassle so far.

FITCH: And what inspired your hat?

MINDY: I thought I should protect myself from cell phone radiation.

FITCH: Very wise. I was shocked to measure the waves they've got bouncing around. Don't they know it causes cancer? And stupidity?

MINDY: Some of us have figured it out.

FITCH: If I'd known, I would have brought my helmet. This will have to do for now.

MINDY: We also figured it might be noticeable to the time travelers.

FITCH: So you know.

MINDY: I feel like I've been waiting for you my whole life.

FITCH: Really?

MINDY: When no one showed for the convention, I knew it was a mistake. It had to be.

FITCH: No one showed?

MINDY: Some people said that just proved time travel can't exist. This was supposed to be the one and only time traveler's convention-- you only need one, after all. Everyone just comes back to the appointed time.

FITCH: Wait. Hold on. Back up. What do you mean? Isn't it today?

MINDY: The convention was in 2005.

FITCH: Yes, I know.

MINDY: May 7, 2005.

FITCH: And it is now...

MINDY: [insert the present date.]

FITCH: No! You have got to be kidding me. Those bastards. They coded it wrong on purpose.

MINDY: Coded it?

FITCH: In the Wikiverse. To keep people from attending. Time travel is possible, but highly discouraged. I am an idiot. What have I done?

Silence as FITCH seethes at himself.

MINDY: I'm Mindy. Nice to meet you.

FITCH: Fitch. Abercrombie Fitch.

MINDY: You're named after a store?

FITCH: Isn't everyone?

MINDY: No.

FITCH: Oh, interesting. My parents wanted to get me a leg up on cool manliness. They were very brand conscious.

MINDY: I was named after a character on a TV show. Well, actually, I changed it to Mindy myself. I started as Susan.

FITCH: I had one chance for glory, and I fouled it up.

MINDY: But you didn't. You're here.

FITCH: The convention must have been a horrible disappointment.

MINDY: Most people never believed anyway. Just figured it was a big MIT joke. But a few of us really got it. We knew there had to be a grand future out there, with time travel and space ships and a world full of happiness.

FITCH: I don't know whether that's exactly true.

MINDY: So we waited for you. Faithfully.

FITCH: There are more of you on this welcoming committee?

MINDY: Not anymore... There were a dozen of us. We worried the travelers might get lost. Boston is notoriously confusing to outsiders.

FITCH: Still has the same reputation, even in my time.

MINDY: We split up the city. Some people took the subway lines, others watched the airport, the MIT campus. I had the Orange Line. My fiancé had the Red Line.

FITCH: Oh. I see. You, ah, you're engaged.

MINDY: Not anymore. He ran off with the Blue Line woman. I don't ride those lines anymore. Just the Orange. All day. Every day. Most of the night, too. Waiting for you.

FITCH: That's dedication.

MINDY: My doctors think there's something wrong with me.

FITCH: From what I've seen, I wouldn't put much faith in what you people call "medicine."

MINDY: My parents, too.

FITCH: Well, I guess you showed them.

MINDY: And my friends.

FITCH: The world is full of doubters. That's one way the future isn't much different. No one thought I could do it, either.

MINDY: No one believes.

FITCH: Of course, apparently they were right.

MINDY: They weren't. You're here, right now.

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