

# **THE APPOINTMENT**

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# THE APPOINTMENT

Scene: An office in somewhere like a doctor's office or a veterinarian's rooms. The text can be altered accordingly. There is a cupboard with coffee mugs, a coffee machine on top of the cupboard with mugs. There is a desk with chair with stacks of papers on it. There is a door stage left.

The play opens with Jim the doc sitting reading a stack of papers.  
Enter Sally, the receptionist.

*Note: The Client's Surnames can be changed to fit the local community. The two characters can be of any gender.*

Sally: Mrs Jones is here.

Jim: Mrs Jones? Is she my twelve o'clock?

Sally: No... - she's your five o'clock

Jim: My five o – but it's twelve o'clock, right? *(Checks watch or clock)*

Sally: Er, yes. She says she knows she's a little early but -

Jim: She's five hours early.

Sally: Anyway, she was hoping that you could see her early -

Jim: Can't she come back?

Sally: She says she's happy to wait.

Jim: Okay, er, I'm just going to quickly grab a coffee *(Gets up and moves towards the kettle/coffee machine)* and then I'll see her?

Sally: Shouldn't you see Mrs Naidoo first?

Jim: Mrs Naidoo? Is she my twelve o'clock? *(Making and pouring the coffee)*

Sally: No, she's your nine o'clock.

Jim: But it's twelve. *(Turns round to look at Sally)*

Sally: Yes. She's getting a little irate.

Jim: Irate?

Sally: Yes, because she's been waiting 15 minutes already.

Jim: But she was over two hours late!

Sally: Yes, but she did call to say she was running late.

Jim: Oh she did, did she? When did she call?

Sally: At nine.

Jim: So she called at the time of her appointment to say she was late and then rocked up over two and a half hours late?

Sally: Yes.

Jim: That's, that's -

Sally: *(Shrugs)*

Jim: Okay. Let's see. I'll see Mrs Naidoo first and then Mrs Jones after that. Let me quickly drink my coffee and I'll be right there.

*Sally exits. Jim sits down, sighs in anticipation of his coffee, settles into the chair and is about to take a sip when Sally enters.*

Sally: Your twelve o'clock is here.

Jim: Oh. who's that?

Sally: Mr Kyriakou.

Jim: Great. Somebody's on time.

Sally: And your twelve thirty's here as well.

Jim: Who's that?

Sally: Mrs Goethe.

Jim: Oh, no. Not her.

Sally: I'm sorry, but you know she'll only see you.

Jim: Why me?

Sally: Because you're her favourite.

Jim: And I'm also very thirsty. All I need is my coffee and I can get this all sorted ou-

Sally: What shall I tell them?

Jim: Oh. I don't know! *(Gets up, leaving the coffee on the table and starts to pace)* Er, let's see. Should I see the person who actually arrived on time first?

Sally: Oh, no, don't worry, he said he was happy to wait.

Jim: Okay. Let's see Mrs Naidoo first and get rid of her. Then we'll see Mrs Jones, then the twelve and then the twelve thirty.

Sally: Er, you should probably know that Mrs Goethe also brought along Charlie and Otto for you to have a look at.

Jim: Why? She knows she's only supposed to have one patient for one appointment. Tell her we'll just see the one today. She can rebook the others. Hopefully for when Carrie's on.

Sally: I can't.

Jim: Why not?

Sally: She scares me.

Jim: What? *(Pauses)* I suppose that's, er, reasonable, considering. *(Shivers)* You know, I've also got that client with all that export paperwork at three, that's going to take ages. Now where did I put it? *(Gets up and moves upstage looking for the paperwork)* Just give me five minutes to just get this sorted and have a cup of coffee and I'll be right there.

Sally: I think it's here. *(Picks up coffee, which is on top of the paperwork and exits)*

Jim: Oh. Okay. *(Goes to sofa, picks up paperwork and starts leafing through it. Whilst leafing through it, he pats the table blindly, searching for his coffee with his hand. When he doesn't find it, he stops, puts the paperwork down and then sighs and goes and makes another cup. He then walks and puts it on the desk and is about to sit down when Sally enters. He puts the coffee down and stands up)*

Sally: Change of plans. Charlie and Otto have run away.

Jim: Who are they again?

Sally: Mrs Goethe brought them.

Jim: Oh, yes. *(Looks blank)*