

**Here's Waldo**

A short play by Jake Lewis

*Lights rise on a psychiatrist's office.*

*In one seat is DR. FREEMAN. In the other is WALDO.*

FREEMAN: Mr...umm...may I call you Waldo?

WALDO: I guess so. My Creator didn't think I was worthy of a last name apparently. Not even Smith. Or something alliterative, like Williams, would have worked.

FREEMAN: Waldo, then. Thank you for coming in today. I must admit, I'm a bit star-struck.

WALDO: Ha! I'm nobody.

FREEMAN: Untrue. Why, when I was a child—

WALDO: Exactly my point! Only children like me and want to find me. Is it any surprise I'm single? No sensible woman would pick *this* out of a crowd. Look at me. Still in the same dead-end job after 35 years, roaming the world! No wonder I can't find someone to settle down with!

FREEMAN: Some people would love to have that kind of career longevity and travel so much, you know. And if I may, you look like you haven't aged a day!

WALDO: Oh, Doc, you have no idea. Despite all my walking across beaches, and deserts, and intergalactic space stations, I'm tired. I think it's time to hang up the man purse and finally disappear into the crowd once and for all.

FREEMAN: Ah! So you feel unseen? *(Writes a note down.)*

WALDO: You could say that. Even though I'm in a striped red-and-white shirt and have a pompom on my cap, people always looked past me as though I wasn't worth a second's thought.

FREEMAN: Interesting! *(Writes another note.)* What is it you want, Mr. Waldo?

WALDO: What do I want? I want...I want to be seen! I want a large group of people to say "*Here's Waldo!*"

FREEMAN: I think that is possible.

WALDO: It is? How?

*FREEMAN indicates the audience.*

WALDO: Who are they?

FREEMAN: They see you, Waldo.

WALDO: They do? *(He walks to the edge of the stage and peers at them.)* Hi?

FREEMAN: *(To the audience)* If you see Waldo, let him hear you! On the count of three, say "Here's Waldo!"

WALDO: Doc, this is really—

FREEMAN: 1...2...3!

*Hopefully the audience plays along. If they don't, FREEMAN can improvise to get a bigger reaction out of them. WALDO lights up at the audience response.*

*WALDO goes back to his seat, and gets his walking stick and man purse.*

FREEMAN: What will you do now?

WALDO: The one thing I know how to do best...find myself! First stop, \_\_\_\_\_ *(name of the theatre or town this play is taking place in)*, next, the world!

*WALDO exits.*

*FREEMAN watches WALDO leave, then turns back to the audience.*

FREEMAN: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Psychology isn't what it used to be. Maybe I'm getting too old for this...

*FREEMAN goes back to his seat, sits, and pulls out a copy of "Where's Waldo?" He smiles and opens the book as lights fade to black.*

The End