

A script from



## “Complaint Desk”

by  
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- What** Mrs. Wilfor is busy taking complaints when a person arrives to give an unexpected praise report. **Themes:** Complaining, Blessings, Perspectives, Grateful
- Who** Mrs. Wilfor  
Paul  
Dan  
Sue  
Anne
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Mrs. Wilfor should wear business/office attire. All other actors can be casually dressed.  
Desk with a sign that says "Complaint Desk" visible to the audience  
Stacks of different colors of paper- forms for "complainers" to fill out  
Diet Coke
- Why** Philippians 2:14, Ephesians 4:29
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and be careful not to overact.
- Time** Approximately 8 minutes

**Mrs. Wilfor** sits at her desk. On the side of her desk hangs a sign that says COMPLAINT DESK. A long line of people stand waiting. She checks her watch, takes a sip of her Diet Coke, and then beckons the first person.

**Paul:** Is this the complaint desk?

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Yes it is.

**Paul:** I can comment on anything?

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Yes, you may.

**Paul:** Well, there is construction in front of my house and I have to go two miles out of my way just to get into my addition!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** I see. *(Grabs a green piece of paper)* Anything else?

**Paul:** Yes! There is also tar all over the place and it's ruining the underside of my vehicle!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Grabs a yellow piece of paper)* All right. Is that all?

**Paul:** And my wife blew three hundred dollars on a blouse today.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Grabs five blue pieces of paper)* Okay. Anything else?

**Paul:** *(Sighing loudly and thinking)* That's it for now.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** All right. I need you to have a seat over there and fill out these forms. *(Takes a sip of her Diet Coke, bothered that it's getting low)* Next.

**Dan:** Yeah, I am SICK and TIRED of being SICK and TIRED. I have NO energy and I can't ever seem to stop yawning! It's driving me crazy! Been to the doc, he says I need to exercise and all that nonsense. But it ain't workin'!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** So you've been exercising and seeing no benefit?

**Dan:** No I ain't been exercising! I'm too tired to be exercising. Don't you see the nonsense in it all? It's a lose-lose situation!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** All right, so is your complaint against your body or your doctor?

**Dan:** My doctor! AND my body! My doctor for being a moron and my body for being fat and lazy.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Grabbing two forms)* Okay. I'll need you to fill out these two papers and mark the box that says "joint complaint" on both sheets.

**Dan:** It's not just my joints!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** You will also need to explain why your doctor is a moron on the back of page one.

**Dan:** That's no problem. I might need two pieces of paper! *(Grabs the paper and stomps off to a chair to sit down.)*

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Quickly dials a number as she holds up a 'wait a sec' finger)* Yeah, hey, it's me. Do you have time to bring me another Diet Coke? I'm almost out...*please...no, forget it. I'll just nurse the three ounces I have left. Bye. (Hangs up the phone)* Next.

**Sue:** Hi. Um, I'd like to file a complaint.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** All right.

**Sue:** Can I do it anonymously?

**Mrs. Wilfor:** I'll have to get it approved, but it's usually fine. First you'll need to fill out a form stating you will not hold us responsible if someone in this company can't keep their mouth shut. *(Hands her an orange piece of paper)* Sign here. **(Sue signs)** Terrific, now, what is your complaint?

**Sue:** *(Sort of hushed)* It's my husband.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** No need to go any further. We have a special sheet for that. *(Hands her the pink sheet)* Just mark all boxes that apply.

**Sue** looks over the sheet. Takes a pencil and marks a big X.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** And you'll need to write down your chief complaint at the bottom.

**Sue:** Fine. *(Scribbles something down.)*

**Mrs. Wilfor:** All right. Now, I'll have to clear this with the Anonymous Department. Hold on for one moment. *(Dials as she reads the paper)* Yeah, this is Mrs. Wilfor down in the Complaint Department. We have a request for an anonymous complaint. Uh huh. Uh huh. Yes, she marked all of them. Uh huh... *(To Sue)* What's your reason for marking all of them?

**Sue:** Because he's an idiot!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Into phone)* Because he's an idiot. Uh huh...uh huh...yes, she's written here that her husband hid a three-hundred dollar blouse that she bought. Okay, thanks. And listen, can you send that new assistant down here with a Diet Coke. I'm almost out and I...WHAT? We're out of Diet Coke? GREAT. *(Hangs up the phone)* All right, all you need to do is to write on the back here your justification for buying that blouse and then you'll be cleared to—

**Sue:** PAUL?

**Paul,** who is sitting filling out paperwork, looks up.

**Paul:** SUE?

**Sue:** What are you doing here?

**Paul:** *(Walks over)* What are YOU doing here?

**Sue:** It's anonymous.

**Paul** cuts in line.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Yes?

**Paul:** I'd like to make a complaint.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** About?

**Paul:** The complaint desk.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Oh...uh...I'm sorry. I don't have a form for that.

**Paul:** You don't have a form for that? Well, I'd like to complain about that too!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** In order to make a complaint about a complaint, you must have the original complaint form, which...you don't have.

**Paul:** Then I'd like to make a complaint about you!

**Sue:** Hey, lay off this woman! She's just doing her job. Besides that, she's in desperate need of a Diet Coke.

**Paul:** Oh, that's it now? Diet Coke is an excuse for everything? A bad complaint desk? A three hundred dollar blouse? What next? World War Three?

**Sue:** That's it, I'm going to...

**Mrs. Wilfor:** All right. Folks, if you'll just step that way and into room 4, they'll help you there. They have specialists who are experts on marriage complaints. And here's a special packet for you both to fill out.

**Paul:** Fine! But you know what! I hope you don't get any more Diet Coke!

**Sue:** See? Prince Charming at your service.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Yes, ma'am. Here's our special form for cynical complainers. *(Hands it over)* Just make it clear that you're not actually calling him Prince Charming, because sarcasm can be confusing for some in our complaint department.

**Sue:** Who's going to mistake that guy for Prince Charming?

**Paul:** *(From off stage)* Hey! You're no Cinderella, lady!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Dialing, into phone)* Yeah, I'm sending a couple your way. I'd use the padded room. Hey, I'm nearly half way out of my Diet Coke. Do you have any extra? No, that's okay. Thanks anyway. *(Hangs up phone)*  
Next.

**Anne:** Hi. I've had the worst day.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Worse than running out of Diet Coke?

**Anne:** First off, I got a call from my grandmother. My grandfather is back in the hospital. Next, my boss wouldn't let me off work to go see him. Not only that, I had three big clients quit on us, and one of them said it was because I did my job poorly. After that I caved and ate a Big Mac for lunch. Okay, two. Then my husband called and said he wouldn't be home for dinner. I'd already thawed out the chicken!

**Mrs. Wilfor** has been listening and pulling all the appropriate paperwork, several pages worth. She starts to hand the papers to **Anne**.

**Anne:** But then I realized something. God can take care of my grandfather even if I can't be there. My boss is normally very rational...I think today was just an off day for him. Yeah, we lost three clients today, but tomorrow, maybe we'll get four. And maybe instead of getting upset about someone saying I did my job poorly, I can try to look objectively at the situation and see if there is something I can do better. Yeah, I probably could've lived without the Big Macs, but thankfully I know how to eat well and can do better tomorrow. And you know what, I'm

thankful to have a husband who works hard to support this family, so we have enough to buy chicken in the first place!

**Mrs. Wilfor:** *(Still holding the papers out, looking confused)* So...I'm sorry, what was your complaint?

**Anne:** Oh, I don't have one.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** You...you don't have a complaint?

**Anne:** No, I sure don't. I am feeling really blessed! So...what do I fill out?

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Um...uh...*(looking around)*...okay, hold on a second. *(Dials the phone)* Yeah, hey, it's me. Listen, we've got a lady here who wants to make a...um...what's it called...no, no, no...the opposite of that...yeah, what's the opposite of a complaint? Huh? No, I can't think of the word either, but anyway, she's got an anti-complaint...uh huh...uh huh...Okay, thanks. *(Hangs up the phone)* Okay, I'm sorry, we don't really have any paperwork for that.

**Anne:** Oh...well, what should I do?

**Mrs. Wilfor:** Here, take this. *(Hands her the glass.)*

**Anne:** What's this? I'm not thirsty. But thank you.

**Mrs. Wilfor:** No, thank you. *(Smiles)* It's a glass half full.

*Lights down.*