

# Bench Warrant

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Piper, Cindy, Samantha, Laura

## Setting

A bench; a schoolyard

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*Three girls sit on a bench, eating lunch. They are PIPER, CINDY and SAMANTHA.*

PIPER: I ordered a B-L-T, but she put onion on it. I mean, what kind of idiot puts onion on a B-L-T?

CINDY: That would make it a bolt.

PIPER: Which makes the lunch lady a dolt. Some people are so stupid.

SAMANTHA: If you don't like onion, just take it off. What's the big deal?

PIPER: What's the big deal? The big deal, Samantha, is that if I let the little things slide, soon I'll let the big things slide. And if I let the big things slide, then my life will go straight down the tubes. Then I'll end up with a crappy husband, working some crappy job until the day I die.

CINDY: Just like the lunch lady.

PIPER: That's right. Like the lunch lady.

SAMANTHA: Maybe she likes her job.

PIPER: I doubt it. And have you seen her husband? There's no way she likes him.

SAMANTHA: Why not?

PIPER: He drives a Pontiac.

SAMANTHA: So?

PIPER: So I don't even think they make those anymore. It's so pathetic.

CINDY: Speaking of pathetic, here comes Laura.

PIPER: Now she's a real dolt.

SAMANTHA: Come on you guys. Be nice.

PIPER: "Come on you guys. Be nice." What's gotten into you lately?

SAMANTHA: I don't know. I've just been thinking about things.

CINDY: Like what?

SAMANTHA: Like stuff.

PIPER: Well, don't. Thinking only leads to wrinkles.

CINDY: And bags.

PIPER: And sags.

SAMANTHA: Nevermind.

PIPER: *(rolls her eyes)* You take everything so personally. I'm just looking out for you. Haven't I always looked out for you? Sheesh.

SAMANTHA: I don't need looking out for.

PIPER: I think you do.

SAMANTHA: What's that supposed to mean?

PIPER: When did you stop being fun, Sam? There was a time when you would have laughed at that bolt story. You would have laughed so hard that milk would have come out your nose.

SAMANTHA: I just don't think it's funny.

CINDY: Not even a little smile?

SAMANTHA: Just take the onion off. You don't have to make fun of people.

PIPER: I'm not making fun of anyone.

SAMANTHA: You just... Never mind. Why do I even bother trying to talk to you guys?

PIPER: Quiet! Here comes Laura. Let's do that thing we were talking about.

CINDY: Yeah!

SAMANTHA: What thing?

PIPER: You'll figure it out. Just play along.

*LAURA enters. She wears an artsy outfit that she may have made herself and carries a backpack.*

LAURA: *(tentatively)* Hey guys. I was just wondering... uh... when are you going to be done using your bench?

PIPER: Why? Do you want to sit on it?

LAURA: Uh... kinda. But not until you're done with it, of course. It's just that... uh... Mrs. Harris said I should paint a picture of that weeping willow across the street. For extra credit. And this is the best place to get a good view. But only when you're done with it. No rush.

CINDY: Why do you have to wait until we're done with it?

PIPER: Yeah, you can sit with us! We'd love to have you!

LAURA: Uh... really?

PIPER: Sure! Move over, Sam. Wouldn't you love to have Laura join us?

SAMANTHA: *(sensing trouble)* Maybe you should wait, Laura.

PIPER: Jeez, Sam. You're so mean. Isn't she mean, Cindy?

CINDY: Totally mean!

PIPER: Who made you queen of this bench?

CINDY: Yeah.

PIPER: You can sit next to me, Laura. I'll make sure Sam doesn't do anything to hurt you.

SAMANTHA: I wouldn't hurt –

*PIPER and CINDY scoot over and pull LAURA onto the bench.*

PIPER: So, Laura. I hear your paintings are really beautiful.

LAURA: Really?

CINDY: Totally. Mrs. Harris went on and on about them in class the other day.

LAURA: She did?

PIPER: *(opens LAURA's backpack)* Do you have one with you? I'd love to see one of your beautiful paintings.

LAURA: Really?

SAMANTHA: Piper, stop it.

PIPER: Stop what? I'm being very nice to Laura. Didn't you know she paints beautiful paintings? And now she's going to paint a beautiful painting of that beautiful weeping willow.

CINDY: Beautiful!

SAMANTHA: Laura, you should go.

LAURA: *(gets up)* Okay. I will.

PIPER: *(yanks her back down)* Don't go anywhere. Let me see one of your beautiful paintings. *(She pulls out a small canvas from the backpack. She holds it up to the light.)* Wow, this is beautiful. Isn't it beautiful, Cindy?

CINDY: Beautiful. Really beautiful.

PIPER: Isn't it beautiful, Sam?

SAMANTHA: *(honestly)* Yes it is. Very. Nice job, Laura.

LAURA: Thanks.

PIPER: What else do we have in here? *(she takes out an inhaler)* Ooooh! An inhaler! Isn't this a beautiful inhaler, Cindy?

CINDY: Beautiful!

PIPER: *(pumps the inhaler into the air)* And look at that beautiful mist.

CINDY: It sure is beautiful.

PIPER: I bet you could paint a real beautiful picture of that beautiful mist.

SAMANTHA: Stop it.

PIPER: What? Laura said she wanted to sit here. Didn't you, Laura?

LAURA: Uh...

CINDY: *(pulls a can of spray paint out of the backpack)* Lookie here. Spray paint.

PIPER: *(snatches the can)* Cherry red. Beautiful. What do you use this for?

LAURA: You know. Murals and... uh... stuff.

PIPER: Can I try it?

LAURA: Well... uh... I dunno.

SAMANTHA: That's enough.

CINDY: What? We just want to see what the color looks like.

PIPER: Yeah. Laura wanted to try out our bench, so we should be able to try out her spray paint.

LAURA: I should go.

PIPER: Fair is fair.

SAMANTHA: Come on, Laura. Let's go.

PIPER: You don't own this bench, Sam. If Laura wants to sit on it, you should let her sit on it.

SAMANTHA: Then let her sit on it and we'll go.

PIPER: If we go, then she won't want to sit on it anymore. Isn't that right, Laura?

LAURA: Uh...

PIPER: The whole point of sitting on this bench is to sit with us. Isn't that right, Cindy?

CINDY: Everyone wants to sit with us.

SAMANTHA: I don't know if I do anymore.

PIPER: Would you rather sit down there with everybody else?

SAMANTHA: When did this happen to you?

PIPER: What?

SAMANTHA: Were you always this mean?

CINDY: Sounds like someone is jealous.

PIPER: If you don't want to sit here anymore, fine. We have Laura now. She can take your place. Then the three of us can sit here together every day and look at that weeping willow over there. You know, I never noticed it until today. Thanks, Laura.

CINDY: Yeah. Thanks, Laura.

SAMANTHA: You're right, Piper. I don't own this bench. But neither do you. It's here for everyone to sit on and relax on and eat on.

PIPER: You know what? You're totally right! This isn't my bench.

SAMANTHA: Good.

PIPER: It's Laura's bench.

CINDY: Yeah!

PIPER: From now on, Laura, this bench is yours. Consider it my gift to you. In fact, I don't think we should even be allowed sit here anymore. Get up, Cindy.

*PIPER and CINDY get off the bench.*

CINDY: You're so thoughtful, Piper.

PIPER: I know, Cindy. Come on, Sam. Get up. This is Laura's bench now.

*She drags SAMANTHA off the bench.*

SAMANTHA: It's nobody's bench!

PIPER: That's what I said. It's Laura's bench.

*She and CINDY laugh uproariously.*

LAURA: I should go.

PIPER: Don't go yet. I have something I want to show you.

*She pops the lid off the spray paint and shakes it.*

SAMANTHA: What are you doing?

PIPER: I think it's my turn to do a little painting.

CINDY: Make it beautiful.

PIPER: Oh, I will. But not as beautiful as Laura, of course.

CINDY: Of course.

*PIPER aims the paint can at the bench and sprays.*

SAMANTHA: Stop it! You'll get us into trouble.

LAURA: That's for my mural.

PIPER: I'll be done with it in a second. I'm doing this for you.

CINDY: Yeah. She's doing this for you.

SAMANTHA: Come on, Laura.

LAURA: Not without the paint. I need it for class.

SAMANTHA: *(tries to stop PIPER)* Give me that.

PIPER: I'm not done with it yet.

SAMANTHA: Yes you are.

CINDY: No she's not.

PIPER: There! All done!

*She steps back and reveals what she has painted. The words "LAURA'S BENCH" are streaked across the back of the bench. Note: The back of the bench may be covered in brown butcher's paper for easy removal.*

CINDY: Beautiful.

PIPER: See, Laura. Now everyone will know this is your bench and not ours. All of your millions and billions of friends will pass by and look at this bench and go, "I wish I had my own bench like Laura. Laura is so lucky to have her own bench. I wonder if Laura will let me sit on her bench."

CINDY: I hope you'll let me sit on your bench someday.

PIPER: *(tosses LAURA the paint can)* Here's your paint back. It matches that pimple on your nose.

CINDY: You're right! It does!

PIPER: *(tosses LAURA the inhaler)* And here's your inhaler. You'll probably need it after you run around the school telling everyone about your new bench. Come on, Cindy. We better let Laura enjoy her new bench in private.

CINDY: *(chuckles)* It matches her pimple. Good one.

PIPER: Are you coming, Sam?

SAMANTHA: No.

PIPER: Why not?

SAMANTHA: You know why not.

PIPER: Don't be such a spaz. You used to find things like this funny.

SAMANTHA: No I didn't. You never used do things like this.

PIPER: Yeah we did.

SAMANTHA: Then I wish we didn't.

PIPER: I don't know what's gotten into you lately. But whatever it is, don't come crying to me when you get dark circles under your eyes. That's all I'm saying.

CINDY: Yeah. Go see the lunch lady instead.

*They laugh.*

PIPER: For real. You coming, Sam?

SAMANTHA: I said no.

PIPER: *(shrugs)* Fine. Suit yourself. Enjoy your new bench, Laura.

CINDY: Doesn't it make her look beautiful?

PIPER: So beautiful!

*They laugh as they exit. SAMANTHA and LAURA sit in silence.*

SAMANTHA: I'm sorry about your paint. *(LAURA shrugs)* And your inhaler. *(LAURA shrugs)* Do you want me to go? *(LAURA shrugs)* Are you hungry? *(LAURA shrugs)* You can have Piper's B-L-T if you want. *(LAURA shrugs. SAMANTHA hands her the sandwich.)* She didn't take a bite or anything. It's got onion on it, but you can take it off if you want.

LAURA: Onion on a B-L-T?

SAMANTHA: Yeah.

LAURA: *(smiles a little)* Wouldn't that make it a bolt?

SAMANTHA: Yeah. *(she laughs)* I guess it does.

*They laugh together as LAURA takes a bite of the sandwich. The lights fade.*