

The Bench

Romantic comedy · Two-hander · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Beginner

(A park bench, noon. Two people unpack their lunch, at each end, like every day.)

SAMI

We've eaten on this bench every day for eight months. I think we can stop pretending not to see each other.

NORA

We're not pretending. We're honouring a tacit agreement. You on the right, me on the left, world peace in the middle.

SAMI

Except today, you took my spot. On the right.

NORA

I was testing a theory. To see if you'd dare say anything. Eight months was getting a bit long.

(A beat. They really look at each other, for the first time.)

SAMI

...You always have the same sandwich. Tuna and cucumber. On Mondays, you sigh before biting into it.

NORA

And you give half of yours to the pigeons. A man who shares his lunch with pigeons can't be all bad.

SAMI

So tomorrow, same bench. But we drop the metre in the middle. World peace will hold without it.

What you can do with it

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