



**Sample Pages from
Bench Warrant**

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SIXTEEN

IN 10 MINUTES OR LESS

Friend Request
Double Click
Brace Yourself
Lazy Eye
Fireworks
Pay Phone
Bench Warrant
Wheels
Tumblefur
Status Update: A Symphony

A Suite of Short Plays
BY
Bradley Hayward



Sixteen in 10 Minutes or Less

The plays herein may be licensed together or separately. The piece was conceived as a full length evening of entertainment, but each short stands perfectly well on its own without any prior knowledge of the characters. When produced in its entirety, the plays should be presented in the following order:

Act One

Friend Request (3M, 4W).....5

Thanks to a series of ill-fated friend requests, a doctored photo of a student spreads like wildfire among a group of teenagers.

Double Click (1M, 1W)..... 15

Young love blossoms when two teenagers flip open their laptops and start chatting.

Brace Yourself (1M, 1W)..... 23

A teenage brother and sister squabble as they try to extract a gummy bear that has lodged itself in a set of braces.

Lazy Eye (2 Either)31

Two eyeballs get bent out of shape while defending their half of a teenager's brain.

Fireworks (1M, 1W)..... 39

A couple of teenagers in love look up at the night sky and wait for colorful explosions to dance among the stars.

Act Two

Pay Phone (2M, 1W, 1 Either)..... 47

When a teenager loses his cell phone, he has no choice but to use a pay phone. Things quickly take a turn for the worse when a mysterious operator starts telling him what to do.

Bench Warrant (4W)..... 57

Three teenage girls have claimed a bench as their very own and routinely chase away all the "losers" who come near it.

Wheels (2M)..... 65

A teenage boy tries to repair a beat-up old truck so that he can get away from his parents and their broken down marriage.

Tumblefur (1W)..... 73

A sweet teenage girl takes her dog for a walk in the park and discovers that there is something exciting around every corner.

Status Update: A Symphony

(3M, 4W) 79

Seven teenagers express their hopes and fears online in a rousing symphony of status updates.

Settings

When the plays are presented together, the settings should be simple representations of each locale. The use of blocks is more than sufficient and will help facilitate quick scene changes between plays. When the plays are presented separately, the settings may be as simple or elaborate as you wish.

Characters

3M+4W, Expandable to 13M+17W+3 Either

James: Hyper & jumpy, male.

Piper: Outgoing & popular, female.

Cindy: Sarcastic & spontaneous,
female.

Samantha: Exuberant & talkative,
female.

Laura: Artistic & lonely, female.

Brody: Quiet & introspective, male.

Vance: Shy & thoughtful, male.

Right Eye: Eyeball, male or female.

Left Eye: Eyeball, male or female.

Operator: Voice only, male or
female.

Mom: Voice only, female.

Dad: Voice only, male.

When all of the plays are presented together, the characters may be played by the same actors throughout (for a minimum cast of 7) or the roles may be assigned separately (for a cast up to 33). All of the named characters are sixteen years old.

Right Eye, Left Eye, Operator, Mom, and Dad were written to be played by the same actors as the named characters, but could be cast separately.

If the plays are presented independently, many of the roles become gender flexible. Simply change the pronouns when appropriate.

Bench Warrant

by Bradley Hayward

Characters

Piper, Cindy, Samantha, Laura

Setting

A bench; a schoolyard

*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.



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