

Benchworm

A short play on words

By Jarred Corona

At Rise: A bench. On said bench sits a woman.
Her name is likely Debra but who's to say,
really? Not her, for she is sad.

DEBRA

Oh, Debbie, you fool/

It turns out she's the one to say her name.

DEBRA

You've lost everything.

A man enters. His name is likely George, but
who's to say?

DEBRA

Hi Bobert.

Apparently it's still Debra. She's changed his
name to Bobert. It's an awful name.

BOBERT

You seem quite sad today, Debra-Ann.

He has added an "Ann" to her name, likely as
revenge for the Bobert of it all.

DEBRA

I am quite sad today.

BOBERT

A bench is a lovely place to be quite sad. Was there always a bench here?

DEBRA

No. This planet wasn't always here.

BOBERT

I suppose you're right in the literal sense.

DEBRA

We aren't talking about literature, Bobert.

BOBERT

In the scientific sense, then. My senses are telling me you want to tell me exactly why it is you're crying on this here bench, wherever "here" is.

DEBRA

I donated this bench!

BOBERT

Oh. Well, it's lovely. Nice and firm. I never knew how much cushion my buttocks had until I sat on this bench. It's doing wonders for my self-esteem.

DEBRA

I did it out of the kindness of my heart.

BOBERT

Of course. The bitterness of your liver would never dare, the coward.

DEBRA

I thought it was a good thing to do.

BOBERT

Of course, Debra-Ann. Everyone loves a nice, solid, wooden bench to sit on. No one wants to sit on some cruel, soft, flaccid cushion.

DEBRA

But I lost my home.

BOBERT

Surely it can't be that hard to find. Did you try plugging your address into your phone?

DEBRA

No, Bobert, you idiot. They took it!

BOBERT

What?

DEBRA

They took my home!

BOBERT

Who did?

DEBRA

The bench people.

BOBERT

Bench people? I think they prefer “unhoused people.”

DEBRA

Whoever they are, they’re plenty housed now! They took my entire property. You know, I owned an entire square mile. It was gorgeous and secluded and it had so many lovely birds.

BOBERT

Who measures property in miles?

DEBRA

Debra. Debra-Ann. Debra-Ann Zebra, that’s who. I suppose I should have seen it coming.

BOBERT

I think you mean going.

DEBRA

You know what they say: you give a bench; they take a mile.

BOBERT

Huh.

DEBRA

Why are you wet?

BOBERT

Oh, you noticed.

DEBRA

I did.

BOBERT

I thought you hadn’t.

DEBRA

Well, I did. I noticed and I thought, “He’s going to get my bench wet.”