Lights up to reveal a park. In the middle of a big city. Maybe.

A single bench sits empty on a sunny day. Birds can be heard singing in the background. If it weren’t real, it’d be a cartoon. Maybe.

SAM enters. Sits on bench. Seems a bit anxious. Just as SAM is about to pull something from jacket pocket--

MARTY enters from the opposite direction. Seems preoccupied with his/her own thoughts. Proceeds to sit on the bench on top of a SAM.

MARTY
(jumping up)

Oh. I’m sorry. I didn’t see you there.

Obviously!

It’s a beautiful day, isn’t it?
SAM

... 

MARTY

I said, it’s a beautiful day, / isn’t it?

SAM

I heard you the first time!

MARTY

Well, you didn’t respond, so naturally I thought –

SAM

I wish you wouldn’t.

MARTY

...

SAM

...

MARTY

...Are you okay?

SAM

Do I seem okay to you? You just sat on me and then you ask if I’m okay. I mean, that really takes the cake—Have you ever had someone almost sit on you? A perfect stranger, I mean? I mean, really.

MARTY

Well then.

MARTY sits on the far end of the bench, away from SAM.

A moment passes.

SAM

...

MARTY

...

SAM

...There are other benches. In this park. You know.
...wow.

Yep.

Well, then.

MARTY exits.

SAM watches to make sure MARTY is completely gone. Then...

Finally.

SAM pulls out a remote control from pocket.  
Hits a button. The birds stop singing.  
Hits another button. The lighting changes into a cloudy day, and a storm sounds like it’s moving in.  

SAM presses another button one more time...but nothing happens. SAM hits the remote the way we all do when we think the batteries need to be jostled a bit.  

That’s when MARTY re-enters.

SAM realizes MARTY is back.

They stare at each other for a beat.

...Well then.

Blackout.

END OF PLAY

Always indicate when it is the end of the play.