

# Just A Moment

By

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PLEASE NOTE: Two actors (1W/1M) can play all roles or multiple actors can be used (4W/3M)

SHELLEY

TERRY

SHANNON

MARTIN

DEBBIE

HANK

EVE

*SHELLEY is in a swimsuit, holding a swimming noodle.*

SHELLEY

It's going to be cold. I know it's going to be cold. I wanna go back! Well, no going back now, Shell. Everyone else was already in the water. What, you were going to stay on the boat like a wimp? Hell, at least once I'm in, my fat ass will be underwater. So, there's that.

Damn. I hope there's no seaweed. Yes, I know. It's a lake. But that icky, stringy stuff. Lake weed. Or that mucky bottom. Feels like, augh, mold with sand in it. Which is probably exactly what it is.

I should have stayed at the cottage. So, it's hot? I could have sat in front of a fan and read that *Vogue*. Granted, it's 10 years old but still. Whatever happened to Sienna Miller anyway? Dull as toast, that one.

I should have grabbed that second noodle. I guess I could swim over after I hit the water and grab one. Oh god! That means pulling up to the boat. Oh SHIT! Can I even get back IN the boat when we're done? I should have done more upper body work, like, forever. Am I going to get a dowager's hump like that lady down the street? Yes, more weights.

Here it comes. Water should be blue, not green. Well, it is lake water. Next trip, Florida.

BLACKOUT

*The sound of a big splash*

*The sound of tires squealing*

*Lights up on TERRY. He is sitting in a chair*

TERRY

No. NO! I cannot fucking believe this. I'm going to get hit. That car is going to fucking hit my car. Too fast. Him. Me. Shit, it was me. Dammit. Karen is going to be so pissed at me. Wow, that is one red car. Shiny. Is it a him? I can't see through his windshield. Too sunny. Soda spilling. Don't grab it. Spinning. Pepsi on my pants. I just got these dry cleaned. I can't stop this from happening. I wish I had left earlier. Even one minute earlier. I can never go back from this. I won't die. Right? That would be stupid. Dying doesn't happen to me. Or does everybody think that? I wonder if the airbag will go off. That might actually be cool. I've seen slow motion ones. On YouTube. Or was it a commercial? I think I'm going to see an airbag. I wish I had left earlier.

BLACKOUT

*The sound of a car crash*

*The sound of gunfire and people screaming and yelling*

*Lights up on SHANNON lying on her stomach*

SHANNON

How did I get down here? Where is Tony? Do I run? That's blood. That person has no...face anymore. It was a she. Pretty blouse. I liked that blouse. This is happening. Is this happening? Where is her face? If I run will I draw attention that I have a face? (*Shannon looks over to the side*) I should run to that building. But is that where Tony is? Are the kids here? No. Kids are at Mom's. Where is my shoe? How did I lose my shoe? I'm going to run without my shoe. (*Looks at her hands*) Is that my blood or the face blood? Am I bloody? It looks like wet nail polish. Dragonfly Red. Revlon. I'm going to run without my shoe. I'm going to-

BLACKOUT

*Gun shot*

*The sound of applause*

*Lights up on Martin, sitting*

MARTIN

You're not going to win. Just be ready not to win. I should win. Maybe I'll win. Somebody has to win. Make your face normal. Don't look like a needy tool. Jesus, is that how it feels when I smile? I must look like an asshole. Look at Jeannie. Her mascara is smudged. Should I touch her face, like a *thank you* thing? Kiss her? No. Do that if I win. Or do I do it either way? It would be weird to do it if I lost. Like thanking her for making me lose. Enjoy the success. I know, Mom. Be grateful. I'm lucky. I know. How long does it take to open a fucking envelope? Jesus Christ! And no, you're not that charming. And I don't care about how nervous you are, bitch. Fred is going to win. He always fucking wins. Well, last year he didn't but they had to give it to whatshisname whose wife died. God, I'm such a prick. I just wanna win one time, okay? Stop grinning like an idiot, bitch, and read the fucking name!

BLACKOUT

*The sound of enthusiastic applause*

*The sound of a light patter of rain*

DEBBIE

He has a very nice manicure. Does that make me like him more or less? He's a specialist so I guess he has the money for a manicure. And that's my file. They still use paper. That's nice. Old school for the patients, I think. Looks more serious. For diagnoses. I have a diagnosis. They know. I know. Everybody is going to know soon. He just asked me a question. Did he just ask me a question? Am I supposed to ask a question? (*Debbie looks to her left*) Jack, am I...oh my god. You look awful. This is awful. I'm dying. I'm dying. I have kids and I'm dying. The kids. The

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

kids' mom is dying. How old am I? I'm not old. Mom is still alive. Shit, Grandma is still alive. Everybody is still alive. Has it been raining the entire time we've been sitting here?

BLACKOUT

*The sounds of an upscale restaurant. Subtle clinking of silverware and mummering voices. Throughout the following monologue, Hank keeps a charming, relaxed smile on his face.*

HANK

Just fucking order the Kobi steak. Everyone in the goddamn place knows you're not getting the salmon. And don't smile at me like we're buddies. You've got 22% *and you think you're a big tipper* written all over you. The deuce behind me is going to order half as much and tip me twice as well. Oh, and douche bag, while I stand here and listen to you talk fly-fishing, their bay scallops are sitting under the heat lamps. Let me guess, you dumped first wife, married Pilates Patty here eighteen months later, bitch about paying child support as your drive your Jag to your consulting, corporate, my shit don't stink firm. And if you order the fucking steak fucking well done, I'm going to put a knife in your eye, swear to the God I don't believe in. *(His eyes flick up for a moment and then back)* Yes, Jose, I know the goddamn scallops are up. Get the runner to fucking run them out, why do I even have to tip out to you, you dick? Oh! Oh! Now you figure out you're supposed to let women order first?! *(Turning his head slightly)* I tried, honey. I looked at you first but Mr. Three Thousand Dollar suit decided to jump right in. Ya got a real winner there, Patty. Just make him order the steak. The sooner he croaks, the better for everybody.

BLACKOUT

*Slightly syrupy classical music*

*EVE is facing away from the audience in a white wedding dress, struggling to adjust it.*

EVE

I am in hell. Fucking dress hell. Number Five Hundred Thousand and Ninety-Nine.

*She turns downstage to face the mirror.*

Whoa. This is it. Is this it? I look like me. Does it cover the...yes. Okay, wait. Don't jump. Have they broken you? Is this a Mom dress? No. It's not a thousand pounds. It feels like...normal. A little. Is this normal? Why white? Why not purple? Or chartreuse? Stop, Eve. Look. Not too much froo-froo. But a little. I like a little. Don't tell. Blame Mom. Can I wear bike shorts under this? I bet I could. Kerry gets to wear pants. Hell, I could wear pants. But this looks good. Is

EVE (CONT'D)

there something better than this? Like this but even more better than this? Stop. That's so capitalist. Stop the madness. It's pretty. I'm pretty in it. Is that not feminist enough? Shit. FUCK! I wanna be pretty when I get married. Getting married. It's not feminist. But not doing something because it's not feminist enough isn't being feminist. That would make an awesome blog post. I am a strong, decisive woman. And I have decided. I've decided! Yes. YES! Okay. Yes. This one. I will get married in this, looking like me. Okay. Now I want a taco.

*BLACKOUT*

END OF PLAY