

TEN MINUTES

by
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Cast of Characters

JUDE, female, a 17 year old high school student
SIMON, male, same age and her classmate

Afternoon. A janitor's closet at a high school. JUDE, short for Judith, 17, and SIMON, same age, are in hiding. Though they're hiding in the dark except for some light coming from under the door, the stage can't be completely dark.

JUDE
I don't hear anything.

SIMON
I know.

JUDE
Maybe they're gone.

SIMON
I don't know. Everybody's quiet.

JUDE
You'd think there'd be some sound. Something.

SIMON
You'd think.

JUDE
It's been ten minutes...
(beat)
What if we're the only ones left?

SIMON
You mean except for...

JUDE
Yeah. Except for John and...

SIMON
Peter. It's Peter. It's like his only friend.

JUDE
I could hear John's voice. He didn't even sound angry.

SIMON
I couldn't tell. Everybody was screaming. I could tell John was saying something, but Michelle Lang was crying so loud I couldn't hear a word John said. She was standing this close to me...

(indicates a short distance
with his hands, one of which
is starting to shake--beat)
And then she stopped.

SIMON (cont'd)
 (grabs his left hand, which
 is the trembling one)
 My hand won't stop shaking.

JUDE
 What if I crack the door?

SIMON
 I don't know. If the police were here, wouldn't they be
 making noise?

JUDE
 Maybe they're outside. Did it just start?

SIMON
 Then where's the bullhorn? Don't they say "this is the
 police--come out with your hands up"?

JUDE
 Maybe they're on the phone. Maybe they got John or Peter's
 cell number, and they're talking to them on the phone right
 now.

SIMON
 Maybe.
 (beat)
 What period is it?

JUDE
 End of sixth?

SIMON
 You wonder why they waited half the day.

JUDE
 (beat)
 Lunch.

SIMON
 I don't understand. They wanted to have lunch first?

JUDE
 Fourth lunch ends, half the school's in the cafeteria. Other
 half's waiting to get in.

SIMON
 The whole school...

JUDE
 John's smart that way, I guess.

SIMON
 I was supposed to have a history test after lunch. Vietnam.

JUDE

I'm in your class. Remember--I'm in your study group.

SIMON

(grabbing his shaking hand)

Sorry--this is freaking me out.

JUDE

I'm gonna crack the door.

She gets up and starts for the door.

SIMON

No! Don't!

JUDE

It's quiet.

SIMON

We don't know where they are. We don't know!

Beat. Jude sits.

JUDE

So what do we do? If we're not going out, what do we do?

SIMON

I don't know. Listen. See if we hear anything.

JUDE

It stinks in here.

SIMON

Sorry. The flower garden's on the other side of the building.

JUDE

(beat)

How thick is this door?

SIMON

Thick.

JUDE

Like we could scream and nobody would hear us thick, or thick we could talk and nobody would hear us?

SIMON

(beat)

He was on my team. In Minor B.

JUDE

Minor B?

SIMON

Little league. The coaches pitch, but it's not T-ball. John was the worst player on the team.

(beat)

The coaches lob the ball in. It's overhand, but it's like slow-mo, and he can't hit it. Every pitch, he falls out of the box. Like he's afraid of the ball. This slow-mo ball that's being thrown by our own coach. And everybody hates him cause he's an automatic out, but it's little league, so he has to play.

JUDE

How old were you?

SIMON

Nine.

JUDE

I don't think this is about little league.

SIMON

People hold grudges.

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