

TEN MINUTES AGO

by
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HEATHER'S VOICE
HEATHER
GREG
JENNY

(HEATHER'S VOICE is heard in the darkness.)

HEATHER'S VOICE: My mother always told me, don't get too comfortable. Your whole life can change in a matter of minutes. I never listened to my mother.

(LIGHTS COME UP on HEATHER, frozen over two bodies, both covered with towels. Sobbing, weeping.)

HEATHER'S VOICE: This is me, right now. Ten minutes ago, I was happy. Ten minutes ago, I was comfortable. And then it all changed.

BLACKOUT

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(LIGHTS UP on a living room. A rainstorm is heard.)

(HEATHER is at the door, which she's just opened. Her husband GREG is standing over by the couch. JENNY comes in through the door, a young woman in trashy clothes. She's soaking wet, but filled with manic energy.)

JENNY: Oh, thank God. I'm so glad you were here.

(JENNY shucks off her wet jacket, handing it to a surprised HEATHER.)

JENNY: It is a nightmare out there.

HEATHER: Excuse me?

JENNY: Look at me, I'm soaked.

GREG: Well, that's...

JENNY: I mean, God, look at what a mess I am.

HEATHER: Um, who are you?

JENNY: Hi, I'm Jenny. I know, I know, I'm making a mess of your house.

GREG: Why are you—

JENNY: I know, I'm sorry. My car... it broke down over there. You see? And I don't have a cell phone or anything. My mother always told me, don't go anywhere without a phone, and I never listen to her, so here I am, stuck in a storm, broken car, and no phone, if you can believe that. And I am a wet, awful mess. I've half a mind to strip out of these soaked clothes right here.

HEATHER: Please don't.

JENNY: I'm just kidding.

HEATHER: Really. Don't.

JENNY: I get it.

GREG: Heather, she gets it.

HEATHER: Can we help you at all?

JENNY: Really, I need a phone. And a towel.

HEATHER: That we could do.

GREG: We could?

HEATHER: Sure. Why don't you go get a towel for her, Greg?

GREG: OK.

(He goes off.)

JENNY: I'm so sorry.

HEATHER: It's fine.

JENNY: I mean, I never meant to...

(Heather goes off stage in another direction)

HEATHER: *(calling from off stage)* You're in trouble, what else are we going to do? Send you back out in the rain?

(Jenny looks around the house.)

JENNY: I would hope not.

HEATHER: We aren't monsters.

(Heather comes back with a phone)

JENNY: Thank god for that.

HEATHER: So who are you going to call? Tow truck?

JENNY: God, I really don't want to deal with that.

HEATHER: I can imagine.

JENNY: Is that bad? I just want to get a cab and go home and take a hot shower and fall asleep and deal with my stupid car in the morning. That's all I want to do. Is that bad?

HEATHER: I don't think so.

JENNY: My car will be all right out there on the street until tomorrow.

HEATHER: Is it in the middle of the road?

JENNY: No, I managed to get it over to the curb. I mean, come on, if it was in the middle of the road I'd know I'd have to deal with it now. I mean, I'm not stupid. What do you think, I'm stupid or something? I'm not. Sure, I forgot to bring my phone and I get stuck in a storm with my car broken down but that could happen to anyone. That doesn't mean I'm stupid.

(Pause.)

HEATHER: Of course not.

JENNY: Because I'm not.

HEATHER: Anyway, here's the phone.

JENNY: Oh, thanks. I'm going to call my friend Tom. I think he lives around here, and I'm sure he can give me a ride.

HEATHER: If that's what you want.

JENNY: That's what I want. *(She starts to dial the phone. She glares at Heather.)* Ahem.

HEATHER: Oh, sure.

(Heather steps away, while Jenny makes her call. Greg comes back with a towel.)

GREG: Here.

HEATHER: What's this?

GREG: A towel.

HEATHER: Greg, this is a hand towel.

GREG: So?

HEATHER: So you need a... never mind. I'll get a real towel.

(Heather leaves.)

JENNY: OK, yeah. Yeah. Hey, what's the address here?

GREG: Um, it's...

JENNY: Come on, come on....

GREG: 2812 Renning Court.

JENNY: 2812 Renning Court. Got it? Good.

GREG: Tell him it's a blue house at the corner.

JENNY: Yeah, yeah. Good. *(She hangs up.)*

GREG: You didn't say a blue house.

JENNY: It's a fucking storm at night. He's not gonna be able to see blue.

GREG: But he'll see house numbers?

JENNY: He'll figure it out. You got a porch light or something you can turn on?

GREG: Yeah, I think so.

(He goes over to the light switches. Jenny goes over to the stereo and turns it on.)

GREG: What are you doing?

JENNY: It's too quiet in here. You need some sound.

GREG: Um, I don't think...

JENNY: Come on! You are too bunched up!

GREG: Bunched up?

JENNY: Yeah!

GREG: What does that even mean?

(Jenny finds something she likes on the stereo. Heather comes down with some towels.)

HEATHER: What's going on?

GREG: I have no idea.

(Jenny starts to dance. It's bit unfocused and raw, like she's trying REALLY HARD to be sexy, but it comes off more desperate and pathetic.)

HEATHER: What is she doing?

GREG: Dancing, it seems.

HEATHER: Why?

GREG: I have no idea.

JENNY: Dance with me!

GREG: I don't dance.

HEATHER: He doesn't dance.

JENNY: Everyone dances.

(She moves closer to Greg, starting to grind up against him.)

HEATHER: Uh, Greg?

GREG: Listen, I'm sure that you...

(Jenny's dance gets up on Greg, coming around behind him. Heather glares at him, and he shrugs at her, like he doesn't know what he should do.)

HEATHER: Jenny, I think you should—

(Quite suddenly, Jenny, standing close behind Greg, pulls out a knife or utility blade and holds it up to Greg's throat.)

JENNY: Shut up!

HEATHER: Whoa!

GREG: Hey!

JENNY: Both of you SHUT THE FUCK UP!

HEATHER: Look, just...

GREG: Honey—

JENNY: You aren't SHUTTING UP! You want me to cut him?

HEATHER: No!

JENNY: Then SHUT UP and get what cash you have!

HEATHER: I... I don't think we have any cash.

JENNY: What?

HEATHER: I don't think—

JENNY: How could you not have any cash?

HEATHER: We just... don't...

GREG: Honey...

JENNY: Get some!

HEATHER: I... I...

JENNY: Watch, jewelry, anything!

HEATHER: OK, just, stop shouting...

GREG: Honey, it's all right. Just get her what she wants.

HEATHER: OK.

JENNY: Hurry up!

HEATHER: I'm hurrying, I—

JENNY: Just do it!

(Jenny, in this moment, holds the blade away from Greg's neck to point it at Heather. Greg takes this moment to try to grab it away from her. This enrages her and she hits him, yanks, the blade away from him, and stabs him hard in the side. He drops down.)

JENNY: Look what you made me do!

HEATHER: What... what...

JENNY: He did this!

HEATHER: How DARE you say that!

JENNY: This could have gone easy, but he had to be stupid. I told you! I told you I wasn't stupid!

HEATHER: How—

JENNY: Now get me my money!

(Heather is enraged and jumps at Jenny. Jenny's attempts to fight back and cut her are futile. Heather takes the blade from her and stabs her with it. Savagely. Again and again. Then she breaks away. She goes over to Greg, touches his face, but he doesn't move. Slowly, she stands up and gets the towels, and covers each of the bodies with them. Then she drops to the floor again, weeping, mirroring the first scene.)

BLACKOUT

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(LIGHTS UP on HEATHER and GREG sitting on the couch, cozy, relaxed. Sounds of rain.)

GREG: So you don't want to go anywhere, tonight?

HEATHER: Not in this storm.

GREG: You're sure?

HEATHER: I'm fine right where I am.

GREG: Good.

HEATHER: Yeah.

(They kiss passionately.)

HEATHER'S VOICE: This is me, ten minutes ago. This is me happy. This is me, comfortable.

(There's a knock on the door.)

GREG: Who could that be?

HEATHER: *(Getting up)* Don't know.

GREG: You're just gonna answer it?

HEATHER: *(laughing)* Why not?

GREG: Didn't your mother ever tell you not to open the door for strangers?

HEATHER: *(Hand on the doorknob)* Like I listen to what my mother tells me.

BLACKOUT

HEATHER'S VOICE: And then it all changed.

END OF PLAY