

**One Minute To**

By Jim Martyka

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## Cast of Characters

**AL** - any age, male or female

**BABE** - any age, male or female

**CHRIS** - any age, male or female

**SERVER** - The foil

## Scene

An office

## Time

Anytime

## One Minute To

*Show opens with AL and BABE sitting in chairs (at a table if available). They have pens and notebooks and/or laptops and cups of coffee. They are writers. They both look extremely nervous, racking their brains Both are twitching crazily.*

AL: Fuck! How are we going to do this?

BABE: Fuck! I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.

AL: Who can write a play in two minutes?

BABE: Nobody, this is bullshit!

AL: How are we going to find two likeable characters and establish a relationship? Oh, my friend, you've got something on your shirt. No, it's right there. Here's a napkin.

*AL hands BABE a napkin.*

BABE: Oh, thank you, my friend. Characters, characters, characters, I don't know! How are we going to find a foil, somebody that will throw them off their journey together?

*Just then, SERVER walks in.*

SERVER: Hey, is there anything else I can get for you guys?

AL: No, please leave us alone. We're in a horrible time crunch!

BABE: Yes, we don't have time to talk to you. This is very important!

SERVER: Okay, well, I'll come back in a few seconds to check on you.

*SERVER gives an evil grin to the audience and then for the rest of the scene proceeds to come to the table every few seconds or so to ask them the same question. They ignore him, though clearly agitated.*

AL: What about a plot?

BABE: Well, how about some impossible task that these two need to face and overcome?

AL: No, that's stupid..

BABE: Yeah...fuck!!!

AL: What about style or genre?!

***Just then the SERVER slips and does a prat fall behind them, huge and very comical. Gets up and shuffles comically off stage.***

BABE: What about tone?

AL: Fuck!

BABE: Fuck!

AL and BABE: Fuck, fuck, fuck!!

AL: What about other obstacles that come up along the way?

BABE: Oh God, I don't know. How much time do we have left?

AL: I don't have a watch?

AL and BABE: Fuck!

AL: Okay, we have to be close to the time limit. Let's figure out the resolution and maybe we can...

BABE: Fuck...the resolution!

***CHRIS comes in carrying a coffee. CHRIS successfully shoos away the waiter for good.***

CHRIS: Hey guys, how's it going?

AL: How's it going?! How's it going?

BABE: Fuck you, you sick fuck!

AL: How can you expect us to write a whole play in just two minutes?

BABE: Yeah, you...you...

AL: Fuck!

BABE: Yeah, you fuck!

CHRIS: What are you talking about? I asked you for a play we can act in two minutes, not write.

AL: Sooo...

BABE: Uhhh...

CHRIS: Write a short, two-minute play that can be performed with other short plays.

AL: Ohhhhh...

BABE: Oh.

*Quick moment of silent contemplation. Then...*

AL: FUCK!

BABE: FUCK!

AL: How are we going to...

CHRIS: Oh God...

**LIGHTS.**