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TEN MINUTES OF LIGHT

Lead Focused / Comedy / 5 min
Cast 4 Female x3 Male x1

June is a wedding photographer with ten minutes of golden hour left. She needs one photo of the bride and her two attendants. The bride is crying, the maid of honor is on her phone, and the bride's brother will not put down his plate.

CHARACTERS

JUNE (LEAD) - 30s to 40s, wedding photographer, a hundred and forty weddings deep, warm but done negotiating

ELLE - 20s to 30s, the bride, crying and not sure why

KAT - 30s, maid of honor, cannot stop texting the DJ

THEO - 20s, the bride's brother and bridesman, holding a plate of appetizers

SETTING

A hillside behind a wedding venue at golden hour, the sun just above the tree line.

A hillside behind a wedding venue. The sun sits just above the tree line. JUNE, camera around her neck, checks the sky, then her watch. ELLE, in her dress, is crying gently. KAT is on her phone. THEO holds a plate of appetizers.

JUNE

Okay. Team. Beautiful people. We have ten minutes of light and I need one photo. One. The one that goes on the wall. The one your grandkids ask about. After that, you can cry, scroll, and eat in any order you want.

KAT

(not looking up)

One sec.

JUNE

Kat. Kat, sweetheart. Whatever's on that phone is still gonna be on that phone in the dark.

KAT

The DJ is asking if he can play the song with the swear in it.

JUNE

Tell him yes. Tell him anything. Phone in the grass.

KAT types one more thing, then sets the phone down. JUNE turns to ELLE.

JUNE

Elle. Talk to me. Happy tears or the other kind?

ELLE

My mascara is running.

JUNE

That's not what I asked.

ELLE

(sniffling)

Theo said I look like our mother.

JUNE

Theo.

THEO

It was a compliment!

JUNE

Was it, though?

THEO

Mom's a beautiful woman!

ELLE

Mom has a mustache!

JUNE

Okay. Nobody has a mustache. Elle, look at me. Tilt your chin up so the tears go back in. There. Kat, do you have the emergency kit?

KAT

It's in the car.

JUNE

Why is it in the car?

KAT

Because the car is where I put it.

JUNE

(a deep breath)

Theo. Give me the plate.

THEO

I just got these.

JUNE

Theo, I've photographed a hundred and forty weddings, and I've never once seen a man look at a photo and wish he'd been holding a crab puff. Plate.

He hands it over. She sets it on a rock. She checks the sun. Lower.

JUNE

Eight minutes. Elle, center. Kat, on her left, angle your shoulders in. Theo, on the right, and put the hand that was holding the plate in your pocket. It doesn't know what to do with itself.

THEO

It's fine.

JUNE

It's making a fist.

THEO

(looking down)

Huh.

JUNE

Everybody look at me. No, at me. Elle, you're looking at the venue.

ELLE

I'm looking for Marcus.

JUNE

Marcus is your husband now. He's gonna be there all night. He's gonna be there every night. He's not in this photo. This one is the three of you. Before the toasts, before the dancing, before anything. Just this.

ELLE nods. JUNE lifts the camera. She lowers it.

JUNE

Kat, your phone is buzzing in the grass.

KAT

I can't hear it.

JUNE

I can hear it. Everyone can hear it. It sounds like a bee dying.

KAT lunges, silences it, lunges back.

JUNE

Six minutes. Chin up, Elle. Theo, relax the jaw. You look like you're chewing the last one.

THEO

I am chewing the last one.

JUNE

Swallow. Now. Good. Okay.

She raises the camera. A gust of wind. ELLE's veil goes straight up.

ELLE

Oh no.

JUNE

No, keep it! Keep it! Kat, grab the end, hold it out like a flag. Theo, other side. Don't look at the veil. Look at me.

KAT

It's tangled in my earring.

JUNE

Then it's tangled in your earring. Smile like that's on purpose.

She shoots. Click. Click. She checks the screen. She frowns.

JUNE

Elle, you blinked.

ELLE

I have eyes!

JUNE

Four minutes. Everybody breathe out. Now don't breathe in.

Click. Click. Click. The light goes orange, then pink.

JUNE

(softly)

There it is.

She lowers the camera and looks at the screen. Her face changes. She turns it toward them.

JUNE

Look.

The three of them lean in. ELLE puts her hand over her mouth. KAT goes very quiet. THEO clears his throat.

THEO

(hoarse)

She does look like Mom.

ELLE

(laughing through tears)

Shut up.

JUNE

Two minutes. Now go. Go find Marcus, go find the crab puffs, go find the DJ. I got what I came for.

They run down the hill. JUNE stays. She looks at the last sliver of sun, then at the plate on the rock. She picks up a crab puff and eats it.

JUNE

Not bad.

Lights fade.

END OF SCRIPT