



**Sample Pages from  
The Waking Moment**

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# THE WAKING MOMENT

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT BY  
*Bradley Hayward*



*The Waking Moment*

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## Characters

JULIE, 17

BEN, 12

LYLE, 40

JESS, 18

CATHY, 40

RHONDA, 17

BARB, 35

## Set

Julie's bedroom. The room is not lavish, but Julie has everything a girl of her age would ever need. A chest of drawers and desk are decorated with female paraphernalia, such as make-up, perfume and magazines. The room later becomes Rhonda's bedroom, but there are no changes to the set.

## A Note From The Playwright

The subject matter of *The Waking Moment* is very serious and must be treated as such. The play deals with sexual abuse, alcoholism and pregnancy. It is very important that the cast and crew are mature enough to handle the material. Make sure that the students' parents are aware of the subject matter and encourage them to get involved with the production.

As a playwright, I feel it is my responsibility to make sure the actors in my plays are safe. So if you only take one thing from these suggestions, it is this: LISTEN to the students' questions and concerns. Make rehearsals a safe haven for the actors so they do not feel alienated or uncomfortable. Remember, as tough as it is for the students to perform these scenes, many teenagers live them.

### **The Following Notice Must Be Printed On All Programs For The Waking Moment:**

"THE WAKING MOMENT is dedicated to those kids who need a little light in their lives. - B.H."



## THE WAKING MOMENT

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*AT RISE: JULIE and RHONDA sit on the bed, painting one another's toenails.*

JULIE: Oops! I got polish all over your toe.

RHONDA: That's fine. The last time I tried painting my own toenails, I ended up with a red foot.

JULIE: But this stuff is purple. It looks like you have gangrene.

RHONDA: Just paint my whole foot and then I won't have to wear socks.

JULIE: (*laughs*) So, did Tim ask you to go to prom?

RHONDA: I'm going with Jess.

JULIE: I know, but did Tim ask you?

RHONDA: No.

JULIE: What?!

RHONDA: Why would he ask me to prom?

JULIE: I told him to.

RHONDA: Why? You know I'm going with Jess.

JULIE: I know, and that makes it perfect!

RHONDA: Perfect?

JULIE: You'd have to reject him! He deserves a little rejection.

RHONDA: You're too bitter.

JULIE: Hey! He dumped me and now he's off with perfect Karen in his perfect life with his perfect teeth.

RHONDA: Caps.

JULIE: No?

RHONDA: Of course they're caps. Nobody's teeth are that perfect.

JULIE: They have to be real.

RHONDA: About as real as Karen's chest.

JULIE: Those are fake?

RHONDA: Come on! They're perfect orbs. They look like an architect worked on them.

JULIE: But she's only 17! How could she afford implants?

RHONDA: She probably wrote them off as a business expense.

JULIE: Business expense?

RHONDA: She's a lifeguard. She hovers on the water and never kicks her legs. It's gross.

JULIE: (*laughs*) We're terrible.

RHONDA: They just want plastic bodies to match their personalities. They deserve to be laughed at.

JULIE: Speaking of plastic bodies, have you seen the new cover of Cosmo?

RHONDA: No. What about it?

JULIE: The model weighs about as much as this bottle of nail polish. (*She hands her the magazine.*) Here, look.

RHONDA: I hate these covers.

JULIE: I know.

RHONDA: But I'm not going to let it get to me. I know I'm not fat and that's all that matters.

JULIE: Do you ever wish you were skinnier?

RHONDA: No. Please tell me you don't.

JULIE: Sometimes.

RHONDA: You have nothing to worry about.

JULIE: But I'd like to be able to wear a bikini at the pool. Guys love that.

RHONDA: Then wear one. Nothing's stopping you.

JULIE: I'm definitely too fat for a bikini.

RHONDA: Says who?

JULIE: Everyone.

RHONDA: We've all been brainwashed. Wear a bikini if you want to. We'll go buy one this weekend.

*CATHY bursts into the room.*

CATHY: Julie, do you know where Ben's backpack is?

JULIE: Mom! Could you please knock?!

CATHY: Sorry. Have you seen it?

JULIE: I don't know. It's his bag, not mine.

RHONDA: Hi, Mrs. Randall.

CATHY: Hi, Rhonda. Are you sure you didn't see it?

JULIE: Mom!

*BEN comes into the bedroom.*

BEN: It's not in the basement.

JULIE: Ben, get out of my room, you geek!

CATHY: Don't call your brother names.

BEN: Yeah! Don't call me a geek, you geek!

JULIE: Mom! Tell him to shut-up.

CATHY: Julie, you know I don't like to hear those words.

JULIE: But he called me a geek.

CATHY: Don't tattle on your brother.

JULIE: Tattle? I'm not five years old.

CATHY: So you didn't see his bag?

BEN: Hi, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Hi, Ben.

BEN: How's your boyfriend?

RHONDA: Fine.

BEN: Do you have sex with him?

JULIE: MOM!

CATHY: Ben, that's enough.

BEN: I was just asking.

JULIE: Get out of my room, you little creep!



CATHY: Come on, Ben. Let's go.

BEN: I'm coming. Good night, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Good night.

BEN: Good night, doofus.

JULIE: Shut-up.

CATHY: Go to bed, Ben. I'll find your bag.

*BEN exits.*

JULIE: Please tell him to stop barging in here. This is my room.

CATHY: Actually it's mine, but I won't get into that.

JULIE: Bye, Mom.

CATHY: Okay. But it's getting late, so Rhonda will have to go home soon.

JULIE: (*getting annoyed*) It's only nine.

CATHY: I know, but it's a school night.

JULIE: Fine. Now go.

CATHY: All right. I'm going to bed. I'm exhausted.

JULIE: Good night, then.

CATHY: Ten more minutes.

JULIE: I know, I know.

CATHY: Good bye, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Good bye, Mrs. Randall.

*CATHY exits.*

JULIE: I'm sorry.

RHONDA: What for?

JULIE: She's so embarrassing.

RHONDA: She's not so bad.

JULIE: She comes in here whenever she wants and never stops nagging at me. Did you hear her? "Ten more minutes." She treats me like a five-year-old.

RHONDA: She just worries about you.

JULIE: Well, she can worry about Ben for a change. She lets him get away with everything. You're lucky. You're mom is awesome.

RHONDA: You don't live with her, though.

JULIE: I know, but she's still way better than my mom.

RHONDA: I think she's wonderful.

JULIE: And you at least have your dad to defend you. Over here it's just me versus mom. I'd love to know just for one day what it's like to be a daddy's girl. You're lucky your father didn't abandon you. It's awful knowing that the guy who created me is out there living a separate life without any regard for my feelings.

RHONDA: Maybe he just didn't get along with your mom and didn't want you to see them fighting. Maybe he was thinking of you first.

JULIE: If he was thinking of me first, he'd be in my life. The most I've seen of him in twelve years is his signature on a check.

RHONDA: At least he sends that much.

JULIE: Why are you defending my parents?

RHONDA: Oh, I'm not. I'm sorry, Julie.

JULIE: You're way too optimistic.

RHONDA: I am not.

JULIE: Oh, please. You come up with excuses for everyone instead of accepting the truth.

RHONDA: I'm sorry.

JULIE: Don't get me wrong. It's probably an admirable thing. It just makes me sick cause I can't think that way.

RHONDA: I guess that's just the way I am.

JULIE: I like to blame people for things. You excuse them and I blame them. We probably make a good team.

RHONDA: I think you're right.

JULIE: Although, I've missed our time together since you started seeing Jess.

RHONDA: I know and I'm sorry. He just likes to spend time with me.

JULIE: All of your time. I never see you.

RHONDA: I'm sorry.

JULIE: Stop apologizing. At least you have someone special. I always liked Jess. To tell the truth, I used to have a big crush on him.

RHONDA: Really?

JULIE: Years ago. Not now, of course. I'm glad that you have each other. He's such a sweetheart.

RHONDA: (*unconvincing*) Yeah.

JULIE: He handled it so well when his parents divorced.

RHONDA: Yeah.

JULIE: Now there's a good example of when divorce is a good thing. Didn't his dad beat him?

RHONDA: Yeah.

JULIE: Does he talk about it with you?

RHONDA: I dunno.

JULIE: Oh, I'm sorry. That's none of my business.

RHONDA: It's hard to bring up. He's been so strong that he doesn't say much.

JULIE: I know. Forget I even asked.

RHONDA: Thanks.

JULIE: No problem.

RHONDA: It's not that I want to keep secrets from you.

JULIE: Say no more. I was too nosy.

RHONDA: Okay.

*Pause.*

JULIE: So... Are your nails dry yet?

RHONDA: Oh yeah. Speaking of which, I probably should get going or your mom will get mad.

JULIE: Who cares?

RHONDA: They're probably waiting for me at home anyway. Jess said he might stop by.

JULIE: Okay, then.

RHONDA: It's been nice.

JULIE: It really has.

RHONDA: Time with you always is.

JULIE: We need to do it more often.

RHONDA: So you think Tim is going to be asking me to prom?

JULIE: He better.

RHONDA: But he's dating Karen. He's not going to ask me.

JULIE: He always does what I tell him. Besides, he's had a crush on you for years. He wouldn't pass up a chance to have even one date with you.

RHONDA: What should I do when he asks?

JULIE: Make him suffer. I want it to be the biggest rejection of his life! Tell him you know things about his anatomy that would make a goldfish chuckle. If you know what I mean...

RHONDA: You're terrible.

JULIE: I know. Say hi to your mom and dad for me.

RHONDA: I will.

CATHY: (*offstage*) Julie! I think it's time to say good bye to Rhonda!

JULIE: Will she ever stop. (*yells*) She's just leaving!!!

CATHY: (*offstage*) Okay.

JULIE: Can I live with you?

RHONDA: I was going to ask you the same thing.

JULIE: Oh, be quiet! I'd give anything to live at your house.

RHONDA: Don't be so sure. I'll give you a call tomorrow, okay?

JULIE: Sure.

RHONDA: You don't have to walk me down.

JULIE: Cool. Talk to you later!

RHONDA: Bye, Julie.

*RHONDA exits.*

*JULIE puts away the nail polish and magazine. She looks at the magazine cover again and, feeling inadequate, starts doing sit-ups. After a few sit-ups, there's a knock at the door, followed by CATHY's immediate entrance.*

CATHY: See, I knocked.

JULIE: Yeah, but you didn't wait for a response. That kind of defeats the purpose.

CATHY: If I waited for a response, you'd never let me in.

JULIE: Stop it, mom.

CATHY: I know, I know, I know. So, how's Rhonda?

JULIE: Good.

CATHY: I haven't seen her around lately.

JULIE: She's been spending all her time with Jess.

CATHY: So they like each other?

JULIE: I guess.

CATHY: I couldn't stop thinking about what Ben asked earlier.

JULIE: What?

CATHY: Are Rhonda and Jess having sex?

JULIE: Mom!

CATHY: What? Can't I say the word sex in front of you?

JULIE: No!

CATHY: You're lucky that I can talk to you so openly.

JULIE: I'd be luckier if we never talked at all.

CATHY: You don't mean that.

JULIE: Yes I do. And I don't know if they are. She doesn't like to talk about Jess.

CATHY: Do you think she's hiding anything?

JULIE: Will you stop asking so many questions?! I don't know what she's doing. We haven't talked in a while, so we were just having a fun time.

CATHY: I'm just curious.

JULIE: Well, stop being so curious! Rhonda's mom never barges into her room. Do you know how embarrassing that is? I'm not a bad kid, so I don't understand why you can't leave me alone for ten minutes.

CATHY: Maybe you're a good kid because I watch over you.

JULIE: Well, for once I wish you'd act like Rhonda's mom and leave me alone.

CATHY: You don't mean that.

JULIE: Better yet, I wish I was Rhonda. She has everything.

CATHY: You have it pretty lucky, missy.

JULIE: But I want what she has! I want a mother who treats me like an adult! I want a father! Why did you have to chase Dad away? If it wasn't for you, I'd have a normal life.

CATHY: I do the best I can to make sure you have everything you need.

JULIE: Well just stop it! I don't need you! I need her life and I'm going to get it myself. That way my kids will have a chance at being happy.

CATHY: Fine. I'll go for now, but just remember where you come from. I'm your mother, and no matter how much you wish, this is your family! Don't forget that.

*CATHY exits. JULIE angrily jumps into bed and pulls the covers over her head.*

*THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.*

*Suddenly, morning sounds of birds chirping can be heard.*

*THE LIGHTS SLOWLY RISE to JULIE sprawled out in bed. There is a knock at the door.*

JULIE: (*groggy*) Go away!

*There's another knock.*

JULIE: Mom, I don't want to get up!

*The door opens and BARB enters with a forced smile on her face. She's trying her hardest to be happy.*

BARB: Come on, honey. Time to get up for school.

JULIE: *(with her head under the cover)* I'm tired.

BARB: *(pulling JULIE'S covers off)* Too bad. You've slept in already.

*JULIE tugs on the covers.*

BARB: Stop it, Rhonda. It's time to get up.

*JULIE suddenly realizes what BARB said.*

JULIE: What?

BARB: You have to go to school today, Rhonda. You're already behind in all your subjects.

JULIE: Rhonda?

BARB: Are you awake? Yes, Rhonda! Wake up!

JULIE: My name's not Rhonda.

BARB: What are you talking about!?! Of course it is. Did you get any sleep last night?

JULIE: What's going on?

BARB: *(handing her some clothes)* Your clothes! It's already seven thirty! Hurry up!

JULIE: I don't understand.

BARB: This is a shirt. These are your pants. The shirt goes on top and the pants go on the bottom.

JULIE: Where am I?

BARB: Rhonda, honey. It's your bedroom. It's Thursday morning. I'm your mother.

JULIE: But --

BARB: No buts! Time to go!

*A door slams offstage.*

LYLE: *(offstage, yelling)* Hey! Where is everyone!?! BARB?

BARB: (*suddenly petrified*) Oh god, your father's home! Hurry, Rhonda. Please hurry. You don't want to upset your father.

*BARB exits. JULIE is left completely confused.*

JULIE: Where am I?

*JULIE looks at a notebook on the desk and reads aloud.*

JULIE: "Rhonda Hale!" Why does this say "Rhonda Hale?!" I'm Julie Randall! What's happening?

*From under the bed, JESS appears. He is handsome, athletic and seemingly perfect.*

JESS: How am I going to get out of here?

JULIE: (*scared*) Ahhh! What are you doing here, Jess?

JESS: (*grabbing her and pulling her close*) What do you mean? We spent the night together.

*He kisses JULIE.*

JULIE: Let go of me! You're dating my friend.

JESS: What? I'm dating you. I wouldn't touch Julie with a ten-foot pole. She's a loser.

JULIE: What?

JESS: Rhonda, honey. Your mind is obviously somewhere else this morning.

LYLE: (*offstage*) Stop yelling at me, Barb! I have a headache and I want to get some sleep.

BARB: (*offstage*) You have to be at work in an hour.

LYLE: (*offstage*) I'm not going to work, woman!

JESS: (*freaking out*) Your dad sounds really angry. He'll kill us if he sees me here.

JULIE: My dad?

JESS: He must have gotten really drunk last night.

JULIE: I don't have a dad.

JESS: Well, not much of one. I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of his fist.



BARB: (*offstage*) Don't go in there, Lyle! She's getting dressed!

LYLE: (*offstage*) I want to see my little girl before she goes to school.

JESS: Oh god! He's coming in here! I better hide.

*JESS hides under the bed.*

JULIE: Don't leave me alone.

BARB: (*offstage*) Please wait until she's ready!

LYLE: (*offstage*) Get out of my way!

*We hear a slap. BARB screams.*

BARB: (*offstage*) Please don't go in there!

LYLE: (*offstage*) Shut-up!

*LYLE enters and acts incredibly sweet to JULIE.*

LYLE: Hey, there sweetie.

JULIE: Hi, Mr. Hale.

LYLE: Mr. Hale? I haven't been called that in a while. How are you, Rhonda?

*He gets really close to JULIE.*

LYLE: I missed you last night.

JULIE: Get away from me.

LYLE: It's just me. Can't I be close to my daughter?

JULIE: I'm not your daughter.

LYLE: Of course you are. And you love me.

*LYLE rubs her leg.*

JULIE: Get off me!

LYLE: I'm just getting what I deserve.

JULIE: This is what you deserve!

*She hits LYLE.*

LYLE: Hey, now, honey.

JULIE: I don't want you to touch me!

LYLE: You've never complained before.

JULIE: Before?

LYLE: Rhonda, honey...

JULIE: I'm not Rhonda!

LYLE: What do you want me to call you?

JULIE: I want you to get out of here!

LYLE: Fine. I'll wait until you're prettied up.

JULIE: Just get out!

LYLE: Remember... Daddy loves you.

*LYLE exits.*

*JESS comes out from under the bed.*

JESS: I really better split before he shoots me.

JULIE: I don't understand what's going on?

JESS: (*kisses JULIE*) Don't worry about your dad. You just have to live with it for a few more months. Then it's just you and me, baby.

JULIE: Don't worry about my dad? I mean... Mr. Hale? He tried to kiss me.

JESS: Happens to lots of girls.

JULIE: What did you say?

JESS: It's no big deal. You'll get over it.

JULIE: I can't believe you just said that. Get outta here!

JESS: Get off my back. You can be such a baby.

JULIE: A baby?

JESS: You're always whining about your life. Well, you have it easy.

JULIE: I don't even know who I am.

JESS: Get off it.

JULIE: Just get out.

JESS: Fine! Let me get my coat.

*He walks to the desk and grabs his coat. He suddenly notices a box on the desk. He picks it up and looks at it, stunned.*

JESS: What's this?

JULIE: What?

JESS: Don't act all innocent! Why do you have this?

JULIE: What is it?

JESS: Stop playing games! It's a home pregnancy test!

JULIE: What?

JESS: Are you pregnant?!

JULIE: I don't know.

JESS: Rhonda, are you pregnant? (*pause*) Come on! Answer me! Are you pregnant? (*pause*) How could you be this stupid?! I thought you said you were on birth control!

JULIE: I don't know anything! I'm not Rhonda.

JESS: Stop playing games, Rhonda! How could you do this?! How could you ruin my life like this? Do you know what a baby means? It means a lot of money that I just don't have. (*pause*) When did you do the test? Last night? Is that why you had to see your stupid friend Julie? She's just as dumb as you are.

JULIE: Stop yelling.

JESS: I'm not finished!

JULIE: Mr. Hale will hear you.

JESS: He can hear me for all I care! Once I tell him you're pregnant, he'll probably hit you first while I run. (*pause*) Oh my god! Is it even my baby? Have you had sex with your father? (*pause*) Have you?!

JULIE: (*starts to cry*) I don't know.

JESS: How can you not know?!

JULIE: I don't know.

JESS: Stop messing with my head! Is it my kid or not? (*pause*) You certainly know how to screw everything up! But that's nothing new. Can you do anything right? Can you?! (*pause*) Just let me

know if it's my kid, okay? Until then, I'll be gone for a while.  
*(pause)* Are you even going to say goodbye?

JULIE: *(crying)* I have nothing to say to you.

*JESS smacks JULIE and she falls to the ground.*

JESS: You slut. Just let me know if it's my kid.

*JESS exits.*

*JULIE breaks down and curls into a fetal position on the bed.*

LYLE: *(offstage)* What are you doing here?! Were you sleeping with my daughter?

BARB: *(offstage)* Please don't yell at him.

LYLE: *(offstage)* Shut-up, woman! Were you hurting my little girl?

JESS: *(offstage)* Let me go!

BARB: *(offstage)* Let him go. Please!

*We hear a slap with BARB's cry.*

LYLE: *(offstage)* Get out of my house before I rip your head off, punk. Get lost! You better run!

BARB: *(offstage)* Be careful, Jess. Don't fall down the stairs.

LYLE: *(offstage)* Let him fall and break his neck! I'm going to go make sure Rhonda is alright.

BARB: *(offstage)* Please leave her alone.

LYLE: *(offstage)* I'll be back for you in a minute.

BARB: *(offstage)* Please...

LYLE: *(offstage)* SHUT UP!

*JULIE almost gets sick on the bed. LYLE opens the door and comes to JULIE. He puts his arm around her.*

LYLE: Rhonda, darling. Are you crying? There's no reason to cry. Daddy's here now. I'll take care of you. *(He starts to advance on JULIE.)* Everything is going to be okay. Let me take away the pain. You know I love you, Rhonda. I love you very much. Everything is going to be okay. Everything is going to be okay. Everything is going to be okay.

*LYLE continues to repeat this sentence as he touches JULIE. She sobs.*

*THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.*

*Again, there are morning sounds of birds chirping.*

*THE LIGHTS RISE and JULIE is alone in bed. After a few moments, CATHY enters the room.*

CATHY: Rise and shine!

*There's no response. CATHY thinks for a moment and proceeds to exit. There's a knock at the door. Pause. Another knock.*

JULIE: (groggy) What?

CATHY: (offstage) Can I come in?

JULIE: Huh?

CATHY: (offstage) Can I come in?

JULIE: (wakes up) Yeah.

*CATHY enters.*

CATHY: Time to get up for school.

JULIE: Mom?

CATHY: Yes, Julie?

JULIE: Mom?

CATHY: What is it?

*JULIE gets up and clutches on to CATHY. It's a long hug.*

CATHY: What's this for?

JULIE: I love you so much.

CATHY: Are you feeling alright?

JULIE: I mean it. I love you.

CATHY: (stunned) Well, I love you too.

JULIE: Is it really you?

CATHY: Who else would I be?

JULIE: I'm so sorry.

CATHY: What for?

JULIE: You know.

CATHY: You're a teenager. You're supposed to hate me.

JULIE: I don't hate you!

CATHY: I know that.

JULIE: I'm pretty lucky, aren't I?

CATHY: I always thought you were. I know I am.

*BEN enters in his pyjamas.*

BEN: Mom, I dropped my toothbrush in the toilet. Can you get it for me?

*JULIE bombards BEN with hugs and kisses.*

JULIE: BEN! I love you too!

BEN: Eww! Get off me! Gross! What are you doing?

JULIE: *(lets go)* Sorry.

CATHY: Ben, honey. Get out of those pyjamas and get dressed for school. I have something I need to talk to Julie about.

BEN: But what about my toothbrush?

CATHY: Just dig it out.

BEN: I'm not putting my hand in the toilet!

CATHY: Then get dressed. I'll do it in a minute.

BEN: Fine. *(to JULIE)* And don't ever touch me again.

*BEN exits.*

CATHY: Julie...

JULIE: Yeah?

CATHY: Can I talk to you about something?

JULIE: About what?

CATHY: It's about Rhonda.



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