"MOMENTS"
A Play In One Act
by Bruce Kane

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"MOMENTS"
A One Act Play
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TIME: Now and ten years ago.

PLACE: Apartment 3G

CHARACTERS:

WOMAN: Mid 30’s, attractive
MAN: Late 30’s, attractive
CARLY: Mid 20’s, attractive, tightly wound
JIM: Late 20’s, attractive, relaxed

(Casting note: The Woman should resemble an older version of Carly. The Man should also resemble an older version of Jim.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 1
(LIGHTS UP on APARTMENT 3G. The room has four doors. One leads to the outside hallway. The others lead to a kitchen, a bedroom and a bathroom. The door leading to the hallway is open. The room is devoid of all furniture except for a radio sitting on a counter playing a Gershwin ballad.

After a moment or two, an attractive, casually dressed WOMAN in her mid to late thirties enters. She stands and looks around almost wistfully. As she does we hear a MAN’S VOICE fading in and then out, like a distant memory.)

MAN’S VOICE: You seem like a nice girl.

(She switches off the radio, opens the bedroom door, peeks in and exits. A moment later a MAN in his late thirties enters and surveys the room. As he stands there for a moment, a WOMAN’S VOICE – also a distant memory – fades in and out.)

WOMAN’S VOICE: A week ago I was a woman with a semi-successful career.

(He crosses to the kitchen door and exits. A moment later, the Woman returns. She continues surveying the room.)

MAN’S VOICE: She doesn’t listen to you. You don’t listen to her.

(She walks to the bathroom door and exits. The Man returns and glances around.)

WOMAN’S VOICE: And who’s got a better right to be crazy?

(He crosses to the bedroom and exits. The Woman wanders back in, continues looking around as she crosses to the kitchen door.)

MAN’S VOICE: I’m glad to see you’re not the kind of girl who showers on the first date.

(She exits. The Man returns, crosses to the bathroom door.)

WOMAN’S VOICE: Well... anyway... that’s my fantasy.

(He exits.)

(TWO MOVERS ENTER carrying a couch which they put down without concern as to where they are putting it. We have just moved back in time ten years. The movers continue to move in and out of the apartment carrying an upholstered chair with a broken arm, a coffee table, small dining table and chairs and a variety of packing boxes. A few moments after they complete their work and leave, CARLY ENTERS. She is pretty, mid-twenties, dressed in tight jeans, carrying a heavy packing box. She is brimming over with anger and doesn’t hide it. Carly lugs the box to the middle of the room and drops it... right on her foot.)
CARLY: Son of a bitch. Bastard. Oh God… *(sits down and rubs her foot)* Great… *(looks the place over)* Okay… Okay… What’s the first thing a newly independent woman does on the first day in her new apartment? She calls her mother. *(she looks around for a phone)* Wrong… She prepares herself for a life of loneliness and despair. It’s important to have goals.

*(A telephone somewhere in the room begins to ring. Carly gets up and hops around in pain looking for the phone. JIM appears in the doorway. He watches Carly with some amusement. She doesn’t see him.)*

CARLY: I hear ya. I hear ya. Where the fu... *(she bumps into the couch)* Shit!!!. Goddamit…*(Eventually she finds the phone behind a packing box and answers it)* Hello… Hey! Hey! If I want to hear that kind of language I’ll ride public transportation. *(Slams phone down)* Asshole.

JIM: Obscene call?

CARLY: Either that or he was the National Whipped Cream Council with some exciting new suggestions.

JIM: I don’t think that call was for you.

CARLY: No shit, Sherlock.

JIM: I mean it was probably for the previous tenant. The woman who used to live here. Rhonda Fleming.

CARLY: The old movie star?

JIM: No, the old hooker.

CARLY: The old….?

JIM: Hooker.

CARLY: Oh great. Terrific. I’ve got a hooker’s address. I’ve got a hooker’s phone number. I’m going to be sleeping in a room where God knows who did God knows what with whipped cream.

JIM: Looks that way.

CARLY: So, you here to check out the new talent?

JIM: What? Oh no… No…

CARLY: Just out of curiosity. How much were you going to offer me for my body?
JIM: Nothing.
CARLY: Nothing?
JIM: Nothing.
CARLY: I don’t know if I should be relieved or insulted.
JIM: *(explaining)* I live on top of you. *(she shoots him a look)* I mean upstairs. 4G… *(points up)*. I just came by to say hello.
CARLY: Hello?
JIM: Hello. And to see if you needed any help?
CARLY: That’s what Helen Charles said. Can I help?
JIM: Who?
CARLY: Helen Charles.
JIM: I don’t think I know a Helen Charles. Is she a friend or something?
CARLY: No, she’s not a friend or something. But she and my husband are very close.
JIM: You’re married.
CARLY: Separated.
JIM: I’m sorry to hear that.
CARLY: Not as sorry as I am.
JIM: Anyway… Welcome to the building. Again… If you need anything… I’m Jim. Like I said, I’m up in 4G. *(They both point up. He starts to leave then turns back)* By the way, I’m sorry if I gave you the impression that I thought you were a hooker.
CARLY: Forget it.
JIM: You seem like a very nice girl. *(starts for the door)*
CARLY: What a rotten thing to say.
*(Jim turns back)*
JIM: Excuse me? I said you seem like a nice girl.
CARLY: Of course, I’m a nice girl.
JIM: *(at the door)* Good... I'm glad to hear that.

CARLY: It's just not something I'm proud of.

JIM: If you'd rather go back to being a hooker.

CARLY: I'm not a hooker. I'm a singer.

JIM: A singer? Really?

CARLY: Really.

JIM: And a nice girl.

CARLY: Will you stop saying that? I hate being a nice girl. Nice girls finish last.

JIM: *(turns back toward Carly)* I don’t mean to sound judgmental here. And I really don’t know you. But isn’t that just a little bit... crazy?

CARLY: Of course, I'm crazy. Would a normal person move into a brothel?

JIM: It’s not exactly a...

CARLY: And who's got a better right to be crazy? Ten days ago I caught my husband on top of...

JIM: Helen Charles?

CARLY: My God, it's all over town.

*(BLACKOUT)*

SCENE 2

*(A FEW MINUTES LATER)*

*(LIGHTS UP)*

*(Jim is taking books from a packing box and putting them on a shelf. Carly returns from the kitchen)*

CARLY: What are you doing?

JIM: What do you mean?

CARLY: You're putting my books away.

JIM: I’m sorry. I saw all these books sitting here. Force of habit. I’ve helped so many people move in.... And then move out.
CARLY: Move out?

JIM: People don’t usually stay here for very long.

CARLY: Is there something I should know?

JIM: Didn’t they tell you?

CARLY: What?

JIM: They didn’t tell you.

CARLY: What didn’t they tell me?

JIM: Well, most of the people who move in here, like you and … me, like to think of it as a temporary stopover “between relationships.”

CARLY: In other words “losers.”

JIM: It’s why they affectionately call this place “Heartbreak Hotel.”

CARLY: Perfect.

JIM: You didn’t know any this?

CARLY: I needed a place in a hurry. The realtor said the price was right. I grabbed it, sight unseen. And you can stop doing that, by the way.

JIM: Sorry… \textit{(he stops placing books on the shelves and finally looks at the titles)} .“Savage Love” by Mary Ann McCormick. “Secret Desire” by Mary Ann McCormick. “A Passionate Woman” by Mary Ann McCormick. You read this stuff?

CARLY: Those are my husband's?

JIM: Your husband reads this stuff???

CARLY: God, no.

JIM: That’s a relief.

CARLY: He writes it.

JIM: Wait a minute. You’re married to Mary Ann McCormick?

CARLY: Would you by a romance novel written by Roger Gluck?

JIM: Not that I’d ever buy a romance novel in the first place, but definitely not one written by Roger Gluck.
CARLY: That’s what the publisher figured, so they came up with Mary Ann McCormick. As it turned out, nobody wanted to buy books written by her either.

(Jim turns the book over and looks at the photo on the back)

JIM: I’ll say one thing for your husband.

CARLY: What’s that?

JIM: He’s got a great set of knockers.

CARLY: That’s a model. Anyway, I’m perfectly capable of putting away my own books.

JIM: Of course… Sorry… (puts the book down, starts to leave) I’ll just get out of your way.

CARLY: However…

JIM: (turning back) Yes?

CARLY: As long as you’re here.

JIM: Sure…

CARLY: I could use some help with the furniture.

(Jim is thrilled to asked to stay)

JIM: Happy to help. (looks the room over) Why don’t we start small? (sizes up the place) What if we moved the coffee table… over here? (He slides the coffee table into place, then steps back) No… Why don’t you move it back a little? (Carly moves it back) Just a little to the left. (Carly moves it to the left)

CARLY: Aren’t you supposed to be helping me to do this?

JIM: I am. Now if we put the couch right about … here.

CARLY: Hold on. When did you become my interior decorator?

JIM: Who do you think picked out the wallpaper?

CARLY: What wallpaper?

JIM: Oh boy… You haven’t looked at the wallpaper have you?

CARLY: What about the…? (Carly walks downstage and peers at the fourth wall.) Oh… My… God!!!
JIM: Yeah.

CARLY: What’s happening to me? A week ago I was a reasonably happily married women with a semi-successful career and now I’m living in a room surrounded by people having sex in a repeating pattern.

JIM: Easily fixed… A coat of paint and no one will ever know it’s there

CARLY: I’ll know it’s there. Where do you find something like that?

JIM: It’s amazing what they have at Costco these days.

(Jim leans down and struggles to move the couch by himself.)

CARLY: It won’t diminish your masculine sensibilities if I grab an end, will it?

JIM: I’m a completely liberated male. I believe a woman should able to grab whatever she likes. From time to time, I even encourage it.

(Carly bends over and grabs the other end of the couch. They try to lift it. Jim hollers in pain and grabs his back. He remains bent over)

CARLY: What is it?

JIM: My back.

CARLY: Are you alright?

JIM: How do I look?

CARLY: Like a question mark. Here, let me help you. (She helps Jim lie down on the couch) Does this happen a lot?

JIM: Only when I try to act macho?

CARLY: Oh… Is that what you were doing?

JIM: I realize that we’ve just met and the only thing we have between us is a feeble attempt to re-arrange your meager belongings, but, would you mind rubbing my back?

(Carly rubs Jim’s lower back. Jim moans in a combination of pain and pleasure)

CARLY: Feeling any better?

JIM: No, but I am getting aroused.

(BLACKOUT)
(SCENE 3)

(A FEW NIGHTS LATER)

(LIGHTS UP)

(All the furniture is in place. A knock on the front door brings Carly out of the kitchen. She’s dressed in skirt and blouse. She opens the door to Jim who is dressed in a slacks and a nice shirt and holding a bottle of wine. Before Carly can greet him her phone rings.)

CARLY: (answers the phone) Rhonda doesn't live here anymore. Harry? Do you know what you sent me out on, yesterday? What do you mean a “job’s a job.” Yes, they wanted me to go on the road with them. Harry, would you tour ten cities with five guys who call themselves “The Sadists.” (Jim makes the sign of a corkscrew. Carly points to the dining table. Jim finds the corkscrew and starts to open the wine bottle) Harry, check these things out next time. No more bands whose idea of a costume is a rose pinned to my nipple. (she hangs up)

JIM: A rose pinned to your…?

CARLY: They thought it would lend a touch of class to the act. I'll be right back. Make yourself at home. (exits into the kitchen)

JIM: Have I ever heard of you?

(He opens the wine)

CARLY: (O.S.) Excuse me?

JIM: You're a singer. Have I ever heard of you?

CARLY: (O.S.) I doubt it.

JIM: You're not famous?

CARLY: (O.S.) I'm not even obscure.

(He pours two glasses of wine. Carly returns.)

CARLY: Dinner is running a little late.

(He hands Carly a glass.)

JIM: I think you’ll like it. Delightful bouquet. Impudent without being snotty.

CARLY: You rehearsed that, didn’t you?
JIM: How was it?

CARLY: Needs work. *(He shrugs)* I don’t know if I mentioned anything earlier…

JIM: Yes?

CARLY: This…

JIM: This.

CARLY: This …It’s just for dinner. Nothing else.

JIM: Of course.

CARLY: Just so there’s no misunderstanding.

JIM: Just dinner.

CARLY: Just dinner.

JIM: Nothing else.

CARLY: Nothing else.

JIM: In that case, you’d better be a damn good cook.

*(BLACKOUT)*

*(SCENE 4)*

*(LATER THAT EVENING)*

*(The phone rings)*

*(LIGHTS UP)*

*(Jim is at the small dining table eating. Carly crosses to the phone and answers it)*

CARLY: Hello… No this is not Rhonda. Rhonda doesn’t live here anymore. I don’t care what’s written on the wall. *(hangs up)* I don’t know how Rhonda did it. Judging from the calls I’ve been getting, she must have had the stamina of a linebacker.

JIM: I guest when you work lying down.

*(Carly returns to the table and sits)*

CARLY: Speaking of lying down, how’s your back?

JIM: My chiropractor says I shouldn’t do anything more strenuous than exuding charm.
CARLY: You never told me what happened to Rhonda.
JIM: Fell in love.
CARLY: The downfall of many a good woman.
JIM: I was the maid of honor at the wedding.
CARLY: How enlightened of you.
JIM: Rhonda didn’t have many friends. A lot of … uh… But not many friends.
CARLY: I’m beginning to like Rhonda.
JIM: Married a shopping center tycoon from Connecticut.
CARLY: That sucks.
JIM: You got something against Connecticut.
CARLY: I live a nice respectable life and end up in this place while a woman who spent most of her life with both feet firmly planted in the air marries money.

(BLACKOUT)

(SCENE 5)

(LATER THAT EVENING)

(LIGHTS UP)

(Carly and Jim are clearing the table. During the following, they take turns carrying dishes into the kitchen. Some of their lines are delivered off stage.)

JIM: Sex? Who’s talking about sex?
CARLY: You were.
JIM: No… No… I wasn’t talking about sex. I was talking about the basic driving force in life that compels us to do what we do.
CARLY: Which is sex. The continuation of the species.
JIM: No… That’s not the basic driving force.
CARLY: Have you mentioned anything of this to Freud?
JIM: Freud had it all wrong. The basic drive in life is not sex. It’s not food. It’s not even money.

CARLY: Then what is it?

JIM: It’s getting even with high school. (*holds up the wine bottle*) More wine?

CARLY: No thanks. I get morose when I drink.

JIM: (*refills his glass*) I get irresistible. Think about it?

CARLY: Think about what?

JIM: What was the worst period in your life? The time when you felt the most insecure about everything.

CARLY: Early this morning, when I woke up… Alone.

JIM: It’s when you were back in high school. Ever since I got out of college I’ve wanted to find Didi Duzinski to show her what she missed. Everytime I accomplished anything, the first person I thought of was Didi Does.

CARLY: Didi Does?

JIM: That’s what all the guys called her.

CARLY: Why?

JIM: Because Didi did. Didi was the first girl in school to wear a bra. Also the first girl in school not to wear a bra.

CARLY: You ever…?

JIM: Do Didi? She didn’t like guys who were smart.

CARLY: And you were smart.

JIM: Straight A’s.

CARLY: How icky.

JIM: Women can be so shallow.

CARLY: You’re right about high school. I hated it. Especially gym. Mostly I hated getting undressed in front of strangers. I bet Rhonda was good at gym.

(BLACKOUT)
(SCENE 6)

(MOMENTS LATER)

(LIGHTS UP)

(The dishes have been cleared. Jim is wiping off the dining table with a sponge. He speaks to Carly who is in the kitchen)

JIM: I hate being single. Mostly because I don’t how. Married I know. You get up. You got to work. You come home. You kiss your wife. You tell her about your day. She tells you about her day. She doesn’t listen to what you’re saying. You don’t listen to what she’s saying. (Carly returns) You have dinner. You watch a little TV and every few nights you have a little slap and tickle. That’s married. But, single is a whole other story.

CARLY: (returning) I was hoping you were going to tell me how great it is.

JIM: I was hoping you were going to tell me the coffee was ready.

CARLY: In a minute. All my life, I’ve had this fantasy of meeting a handsome stranger who would cross a crowded room just to tell me now beautiful I am. That I’m the woman he’s been waiting for all his life. That he must have dinner with me or die.

JIM: And you’d buy that.

CARLY: Of course. A man’s life hangs in the balance.

JIM: But, you’d make it clear it was for dinner and nothing else.

CARLY: We’d bathe. Separately of course.

JIM: I’m glad to see you’re not the kind of girl who showers on the first date.

CARLY: I’d put on an irresistible perfume. He’d put on a devastating cologne. I’d slip into my sexiest dress.

JIM: This isn’t your sexiest dress? (off her look) I have so much to live for.

CARLY: (ignoring him) He puts on his best Armani.

JIM: You mean there’s actually a crappy Armani?

CARLY: Stop interrupting. I’m in the middle of a fantasy.

JIM: Sorry. Please continue. I’m learning so much.

CARLY: We’d dine at a very expensive restaurant.
JIM: Gold digger. *(she shoots him a look)* Sorry.

CARLY: I’d tell him lies about myself. He’d tell me lies about himself.

JIM: Sounds like a first date.

CARLY: He’d be impressed. I’d be impressed.

JIM: Those must be some lies.

CARLY: By midnight we’d be sipping champagne and admiring the view from his penthouse window.


CARLY: Gershwin is playing on the stereo.

JIM: Always is.

CARLY: He takes me in his arms and we begin to dance… Close.

JIM: How close?

CARLY: *Very* close. And then…

JIM: Yes?

CARLY: At the stroke of twelve….

JIM: Yes??

CARLY: He whirls me into his… *(stops)*

JIM: Into his…?

CARLY: Well, anyway.

JIM: What do you mean, “well anyway?” You can’t stop there… We’re just getting to the good part. He’d whirl you into his… *(gestures for her to continue)*… And?

CARLY: You’ll just have to use your imagination. *(Jim peers off into the distance. A wide smile creeps across his face)* Okay, that’s enough imagining.

*(BLACK OUT)*

*(SCENE 7)*

*(FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER)*
(LIGHTS UP)

(Carly and Jim are standing on opposites sides of the stage, addressing the audience)

JIM: So there we were…

CARLY: And there they were…

JIM: In bed..

CARLY: On the sofa.

JIM: Going at it.

CARLY: Banging away.

JIM: When she says I have something to tell you.

CARLY: All I could think of …

JIM: I thought she was going to tell me she’s pregnant.

CARLY: I just paid a hundred and twenty five dollars to get the couch steam cleaned.

JIM: Instead, she says, “I want a divorce.”

CARLY: Then it hits me.

JIM: I got sick to my stomach.

CARLY: This wave a nausea like you wouldn’t believe.

JIM: I rolled over and threw up in the ficus.

CARLY: I made it all the way to the bathroom.

JIM: I always said women were made out of sturdier stuff.

CARLY: Where I barfed my brains out.

(Carly and Jim cross back to each other)

CARLY: Did she ever say why?

JIM: The romance was gone. The excitement was gone. The adventure was gone. We’d grown apart. She needed to find herself. I pointed out she was lying right there. For some reason, she didn’t find the humour in that. How about “what’s his name”?

CARLY: Roger?
JIM: Roger.

CARLY: Said it was all meaningless… Him and… her. When I asked him why, he just shrugged and said “Have you seen the body on that woman?” He had a point.

(BLACKOUT)

(SCENE 9)

(MINUTES LATER)

(LIGHTS UP)

(Jim is pacing and talking to Carly who is in the kitchen)

JIM: I wanted to. Believe me, I wanted to.

(Carly returns with to two mugs of coffee. She hands one to Jim)

CARLY: What stopped you?

JIM: Every time I got close, I don’t know. I began to feel guilty.

CARLY: For what?

JIM: For cheating on Laura.

CARLY: You never said you cheated on her.

JIM: I didn’t… It was afterwards. After she left.

CARLY: But she was gone. How could that be cheating?

JIM: I know it sounds crazy, but I’d be out with someone… It would get to that point. I’d begin to feel uncomfortable. Like I shouldn’t be there. Like I should be home with my wife.

CARLY: But you were divorced.

JIM: Laura was divorced.

CARLY: Do you still love her?

JIM: No. Now I just resent her. For making it all seem like a terrible waste of time.

CARLY: It’s nice to know there are still some men who believe in fidelity.

JIM: Even when it’s misplaced?
CARLY: Especially when it’s misplaced.

(BLACKOUT)

(SCENE 10)

(LATER)

(LIGHTS UP)

*(Jim and Carly stand facing each other)*

CARLY: Kiss me?

JIM: Kiss you.

CARLY: You want to kiss me.

JIM: Only as an experiment.

CARLY: What kind of experiment are we talking about, Dr. Frankenstein?

JIM: Nothing personal.

CARLY: You want to kiss me… but it’s nothing personal.

JIM: Just to see if I’m over all this guilt stuff.

CARLY: Gee, and I thought I’d heard them all.

JIM: Just one kiss. No strings attached.

*(Phone rings. Carly answers it)*

CARLY: Hold that incredibly romantic thought. *(into phone)* Rhonda doesn’t… Oh… Really? … Really? Well up yours pal. *(slams down the phone)*

JIM: Another heavy breather.

CARLY: You could say that. It was my husband. You were saying something about a kiss… No strings attached..

JIM: It’s okay. We don’t have…

CARLY: We’re talking just one kiss, right?

JIM: Just one… That’s it.

CARLY: Just one.
JIM: (*leaning in to kiss her*) Just one. (*kisses her*) Interesting.

CARLY: Interesting. My kiss was interesting.

JIM: Interesting from the point of view that I’m not feeling any aftershocks of guilt. This is great.

CARLY: That’s what we at the clinic are here for.

JIM: That was my first completely guilt free kiss.

CARLY: Let’s not take all the fun out of it.

JIM: I can’t wait to tell Doctor Evans about this?

CARLY: Who the hell is Doctor Evans and you’d better not use my name.

JIM: Doctor Evans is my shrink. Lovely woman. You’d like her. For a while, I even had a thing for her.

CARLY: That’s sick.

JIM: Patients go through that all the time. Especially with Doctor Evans. She looks like Angelina Jolie. Do you think we could do that again?

CARLY: I thought we agreed just one.

JIM: I’d like to re-confirm my findings.

CARLY: This isn’t going to show up in Psychology Today, is it?

JIM: Just one more and we cut right to dessert.

CARLY: As long as there’s the promise of food to follow.

(*Jim leans down to kiss Carly. The kiss lingers a little longer than expected. This time Carly responds big time*)

(BLACKOUT)

(SCENE 11)

(NEXT MORNING)

(LIGHTS UP)

(*Carly comes out of the kitchen holding a fresh cup of coffee. She’s wearing pajama tops. A few moments later Jim comes out of the bedroom. His hair is messed up. His*
shirt tails are out. He’s barefooted. He drops down on the couch next to Carly. She hands him her coffee cup. He takes a sip and passes it back)

CARLY: You realize, of course, we never made it to dessert.

JIM: If you women knew how incredible you are, you’d all be lesbians.

CARLY: Well, aren’t we all chipper and guilt free.

JIM: You were incredible.

CARLY: It must have been the wallpaper.

JIM: Do you believe in love at first sight?

CARLY: No.

JIM: Neither did I.

CARLY: I don’t think I’m comfortable with the direction this conversation is going.

JIM: I think it happened that moment I looked out my window and saw you hitting one of your movers over the head with the arm of the chair he’d just broken.

CARLY: And that endeared me to you?

JIM: Well, that and those skin tight jeans.

CARLY: I think that’s called lust.

JIM: Something happened here last night.

CARLY: It’s called a roll in the sack.

JIM: That wasn’t a roll. That was a tornado. A hurricane… An earthquake.

CARLY: You’ve just named three natural disasters.

(BLACKOUT)

(SCENE 11)

(LIGHTS UP)

(The apartment is almost empty. The Movers carry out the couch. The apartment now looks like it did at the beginning of the play. The Man who entered at the very beginning of the play steps back into the room. A few seconds later the Woman who entered at
the beginning steps back in. They are startled to see each other. We are back in the present.)

MAN: I’m sorry I didn’t realize there was anyone...

WOMAN: Jim?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: It’s me. (he looks at her more closely) Carly.

MAN: Carly? It is you.

WOMAN: How long has it been and don’t answer that.

MAN: What are you doing here?

WOMAN: I heard they were tearing the old place down.

MAN: Tomorrow from what they tell me.

WOMAN: I thought I’d come give it one last look

MAN: Me, too.

WOMAN: A lot of memories in this old apartment.

MAN: Some better than others.

WOMAN: (changing the subject) So, how are you?

MAN: Good. Good… You?

WOMAN: Good.

MAN: You look great. As always.

WOMAN: You, too.

MAN: You still sing?

WOMAN: Once in a while I put a slinky gown and climb up on a piano. Mostly I teach.

MAN: I’d like to see that.

WOMAN: Me teach?

MAN: The part with the slinky gown.
WOMAN: I'll let you know.

MAN: Funny, I never did get to hear you sing.

WOMAN: Things happened so quickly.

MAN: I guess they did. So... you and... uh... what was his name?

WOMAN: Roger.

MAN: Roger... Did you work it out? I assumed that's where you went.

WOMAN: Third dumbest think I ever did. The second was marrying him.

MAN: And the first dumbest thing?

WOMAN: Unimportant.

MAN: Did you ever...

WOMAN: Marry?

MAN: I'm prying. You don't have to answer that.

WOMAN: No, I didn't. You? ...You don't have to answer that.

MAN: I did.

WOMAN: Congratulations.

MAN: It didn't last.

WOMAN: I'm sorry.

MAN: Second dumbest thing I ever did. Nice woman... She deserved better.

(Neither knows quite what to say but neither seems to want to end the conversation.)

MAN: I can't believe they're tearing the old place down.

WOMAN: Progress.

MAN: I guess.

WOMAN: Think they'll call the new one Heartbreak Hotel?

MAN: I'd forgotten all about that.

WOMAN: We were a bunch weren't we?
MAN: You could cut the anger with a knife.

WOMAN: Not to mention the desperation.

MAN: Can’t forget the desperation.

(Carly enters from the kitchen carrying a small packing box. She gives the place one last look and hurries out the door.)

WOMAN: I’m sorry.

MAN: For what?

WOMAN: For leaving the way I did.

(Jim enters and stands in the doorway holding a bouquet of flowers. He starts to knock and realizes the door is wide open, steps in and looks around the empty apartment, bewildered.)

JIM: Carly… Carly…

(He goes from door to door trying to find her. When he realizes she’s gone, he angrily drops the flowers and hurries out)

WOMAN: I should have called you… or left a note.

JIM: Water under the bridge.

WOMAN: You scared the hell out of me.

MAN: How? What did I do?

WOMAN: You said you loved me.

MAN: Did I?

WOMAN: I was still coming to terms with my husband cheating on me and then some man I hardly know announces he loves me. What was I supposed to do with that?

MAN: It was a long time ago.

WOMAN (nods, after an uncomfortable moment) Well, it was great seeing you.

MAN: You too.

WOMAN: I’d better go.
MAN: (nods) I don’t think we want to be here when the wrecking ball comes through that wall.

(She starts for the door. Jim turns on the old radio. A Gershwin song begins to play. The Woman stops.)

MAN: Excuse me.

WOMAN: (turning back) Yes?

MAN: I’ve been staring at you across this room all night.

WOMAN: (playing along) Really? I hadn’t noticed.

MAN: I have to say, that is the sexiest dress I have ever seen.

WOMAN: That suit looks very…

MAN: Expensive?

WOMAN: Good on you.

MAN: Armani.

WOMAN: (sweeps her arm out across the audience) Lovely view, wouldn’t you say?

MAN: You should see the one from my penthouse.

WOMAN: (sounding very interested) Oh, you have a penthouse?

MAN: Fortyeth floor.

WOMAN: Sounds very…

MAN: High?

WOMAN: Expensive.

MAN: You’re the woman I’ve been waiting for all my life.

WOMAN: Really? All your life?

MAN: (picks up the bouquet and hands it to her) Will you have dinner with me tonight?

WOMAN: This is rather sudden.

MAN: You have to say yes.

WOMAN: And if I don’t?
MAN: If you don’t… I’ll die.

WOMAN: (taking the flowers.) Well, if it’s a matter of life and death.

MAN: It is.

WOMAN: Then I guess I have no choice. (He reaches out to take her in his arms) But under one condition. (she moves closer)

MAN: Yes?

(She moves even closer)

WOMAN: That it’s only for dinner. Nothing else.

(They dance as the lights fade followed by the music)

THE END