

"MOMENTS"

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

WOMAN - Mid to late thirties. Attractive... Casually dressed.

MAN - Late thirties. Nice looking... Also casually dressed.

CARLY - Late twenties. Attractive. Tightly wound. The younger version of the Woman.

JIM - Early thirties. Easy going. Younger version of the Man.

MOVER #1 - Moves the furniture, rearranges the furniture, announces the passage of time.

MOVER #2 - Mover #1's helper.

"MOMENTS"

BY BRUCE KANE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

LIGHTS UP ON APARTMENT 3G. The room has four doors. One leads to the outside hallway. The others leads 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, a casually dressed WOMAN 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 out, like distant memory.

MAN'S VOICE

You seem like a nice girl.

The Woman opens the bedroom door, peeks in and exits into the bedroom. A moment later a MAN in his late thirties enters and surveys the room. As he stands there looking around we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE fading in and out, also like a distant memory.

WOMAN'S VOICE

A week ago I was a woman with a semi successful career.

The man crosses to the Kitchen Door, opens it, peers in and exits. A moment later the Woman returns.

MAN'S VOICE

She doesn't listen to you. You don't listen to her.

She walks to Bathroom Door, opens it, peers in and exits. The Man returns and looks 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.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm glad to see your not the kind of girl who showers on the first date.

She exits into the Kitchen. He returns

WOMAN'S VOICE

All my life I've had this fantasy.

He exits into the Bathroom. A few moments later two MOVERS enter carrying a couch which they put down without concern as to where they are putting it. The Movers continue to move in and out carrying an easy chair, a coffee table, a small dining table and chairs and a variety of packing boxes... which they randomly place with no particular plan. They step back to survey the disorder.

MOVER #1

Works for me.

Mover #2 turns off the radio. They exit. A few moments later CARLY ENTERS. She is pretty, mid twenties, dressed in tight jeans, lugging a heavy packing box. She is brimming with anger and doesn't hide it. She lugs the box to the middle of the room and proceeds to drop it right on her foot.

CARLY

Son a bitch. Bastard. Oh, God.

(sits down and rubs her foot)

Okay... Okay... What's the first thing a newly independent woman does on the first day in her new apartment? Right. She calls her mother. Wrong. She prepares herself for a life on loneliness and despair. It's important to have goals.

A telephone begins to ring. Carly hops around the room trying to find it. JIM, late twenties, nice looking, appears in the open

doorway. He watches Carly with amusement. She doesn't see him.

CARLY

I hear ya. I hear ya... Just where the fu...
(bumps into the couch)

Dammitt???

(find the phone;
answers it)

Hello... Hey! Hey! If I want to hear that kind of language
I'll ride public transportation.

(slams the phone down)

Asshole!

JIM

Obscene call?

CARLY

Either that or he was from 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 women
who used to live here.

CARLY

What do you mean, the woman who used to live here?

Rhonda Fleming.

CARLY

The old movie star?

JIM

No. The old hooker.

CARLY

The old...?

(Jim nods)

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

It might not be...

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
Yes... Nothing.

CARLY
I don't know whether to be relieved or insulted.

JIM
I live on top of you.

CARLY
Excuse me?

JIM
I mean upstairs. 4G...
(points up)
I just came by to say hello. 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.

Separated.

CARLY

I'm sorry to hear that.

JIM

Not as sorry as I am.

CARLY

Well...Anyway... Welcome to the building. 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... well, y'know...

A hooker.

CARLY

Well, yeah.

JIM

Forget it.

CARLY

You seem like a very nice girl.

JIM

What a rotten thing to say.

CARLY

I said you seem like a very nice girl.

JIM

Of course I'm a nice girl.

CARLY

I'm glad to hear that.

JIM

It's just not something you go around shouting from the rooftops.

CARLY

JIM
If you'd rather go back to being a...
(gestures)

CARLY
I'm not a...
(imitates gesture)

I'm a singer.

JIM
(impressed)
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
I don't mean to sound judgemental here. And, I really don't know you. But, isn't that just a little bit crazy?

CARLY
Of course it is. Would a normal person move into a brothel?

JIM
It's not exactly a...

CARLY
And whose 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.

She throws up her hands in frustration and exits into the kitchen. Jim looks around for a moment not sure what to do until he notices a box filled with books. He rummages around and starts putting them on an empty bookcase. Carly returns.

CARLY
Excuse me.

JIM
Yes?

CARLY
What are you doing?

JIM
I saw all these books sitting here.

CARLY
And you thought you'd just put them away.

JIM
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 very long.

CARLY
Is there something I should know?

JIM
They didn't tell you?

CARLY
Tell me what?

JIM
I guess they didn't tell you... Well, it's this way. 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 of this.

CARLY

I needed a place to stay. It was available. The price was right. I was desperate. I grabbed it and can you stop doing that, please.

JIM

Sorry.

(looks at the books
he is holding)

"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

He reads this stuff.

CARLY

No, he writes it.

JIM

Wait a minute. You're married to Mary Ann McCormick?

CARLY

Would you buy 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 by Roger Gluck.

CARLY

That's what the publisher figured, so they came up with Mary Ann McCormick. As it turned out, nobody wants to buy books written by her either.

*Jim turns the book over to look at
the photo on the back cover.*

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... I'll just get out of your way.

Jim starts to leave

CARLY
However.

JIM
(quickly)
Yes?

CARLY
If you'd really like to help...

JIM
Of course.

CARLY
I haven't asked you anything yet.

JIM
Oh... Right... What is it?

CARLY
The movers sort of left everything in a mess.

JIM
And you need some help with the furniture.

CARLY
You've done this before.

JIM
(steps back to survey
the room)
So... Okay... Why don't we start small.

CARLY
Sounds good.

JIM

Maybe if you moved the coffee table over here.

(Carly slides the
coffee table into
place)

Mmmm... Just back a little.

(Carly slides it back)

A touch to the left.

(Carly slides it left)

CARLY

Aren't you supposed to be helping me do this?

JIM

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

CARLY

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 taken a close look at the wallpaper, have you?

CARLY

What about the...?

(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 woman with a semi-successful career. And, now I'm living in a room surrounded by people having sex in a repeating pattern.

JIM

A coat of paint and you'll never know it's there.

CARLY

I'll know it's there. Where do you find something like this?

JIM

It's amazing what they have at Costco these days.

Jim leans down to pick up the end of the couch to move it. He's having trouble. Carly watches very much amused.

CARLY

It won't dent your precious masculine sensibilities if I grab an end, will it?

JIM

I'm a completely liberated male. I believe a woman should be able to grab whatever she chooses. There are even times when I encourage it.

Carly grabs the other end of the couch. As they lift Jim cries out in pain. 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.

(She helps Jim to the couch)

Does this happen a lot?

JIM

Only when I try to act macho.

CARLY

Oh... Is that you were doing?

JIM

Were you impressed?

CARLY

Like you wouldn't believe. Is there anything I can do?

JIM

Would you mind rubbing my lower back.

Carly rubs his back.

CARLY

Feeling any better?

JIM

No, but I am getting aroused.

They freeze for a moment then Carly quickly exits. Jim tries to get up. The Movers enter. Mover #1 starts putting the furniture in its proper place. Mover #2 picks up Jim and carries him out the front door. Mover#1 puts two place settings on the dining table. Mover #1 returns.

MOVER #`

No, no... The knife goes here.

MOVER #2

I thought the fork went there.

MOVER #1

What were you raised in a cave?

As they exit, Mover#2 nudges Mover#1.

MOVER #1

Oh, yeah.

(to audience)

It's now one week later.

MOVER #2

Six days to be exact.

MOVER #1

(frustrated)

Six days. One week.

The Movers exit bickering. After a moment or two, the doorbell rings. Carly enters from the kitchen. She's wearing a skirt and blouse. She opens the door to Jim holding a bottle of wine. Before she can say hello, the phone rings.

CARLY

(into phone)

Hello. Rhonda doesn't live here anymore. Harry? Do you know what you sent me out on yesterday? Yes, they wanted me to go on the road with them. Would you tour ten cities with five guys who call themselves "The Sadists."

Jim hold up the wine bottle and mimes using a corkscrew. Carly points to where it's kept. Jim finds it and opens the bottle

CARLY

Harry, check these things out next time. No more bands whose idea of a costume is a rose pinned to my nipple.

Hangs up.

JIM

Really? A rose pinned to your... uh...?

CARLY

Nipple. Yeah... They thought it would lend a touch of class to the act. Make yourself at home.

She exits into the kitchen.

JIM

Have I ever heard of you?

CARLY (O.S)

Excuse me?

JIM

(louder)

You said you were a singer. Have I ever heard of you?

CARLY (O.S.)

I doubt it.

JIM

You're not famous?

CARLY

(returning)

At this point, I'd settle for obscure.

He pours two glasses of wine and hands her a glass.

JIM

I think you'll like it. Lovely vintage. Impudent without being snotty.

CARLY

You rehearsed that, didn't you?

JIM

How was it?

CARLY
Needs work. I don't know if I mentioned this earlier...

JIM
Yes?

CARLY
This.

JIM
This?

CARLY
This. It's just for dinner.

JIM
Just for dinner.

CARLY
Nothing else.

JIM
Nothing else.

CARLY
Just dinner.

JIM
Just dinner.

CARLY
Just dinner.

JIM
Well, in that case, you'd better be a damn good cook.

Carly exits into the kitchen. Jim crosses to the table and rearranges the silver. Carly returns with two plates of food which she places on the table. Jim sits. The phone rings. Carly answers.

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 and returns to the table)
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 guess when you work lying down.

CARLY
Speaking of lying down...

JIM
(excitedly)
Yes?

CARLY
How's your back?

JIM
Oh, my back... Yes.. My chiropractor says I shouldn't do anything more strenuous than exude loads of charm.

CARLY
You never told me what happened to Rhonda.

JIM
She fell in love.

CARLY
The downfall of many a good woman.

JIM
I was the maid of honor at her wedding.

CARLY
How enlightened of you.

JIM
Rhonda didn't have many friends. At least none that wanted to be seen at her wedding.

CARLY
I think I'm beginning to like Rhonda.

JIM
She 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 women who spent most of her life with both feet firmly planted in the air marries money.

*Carly and Jim freeze for a moment.
The Movers enter. Carly and Jim*

*exit into the kitchen. The Movers
clear the table.*

MOVER #1
(to audience)

Five minutes later.

MOVER #2
It's actually ten minutes later.

*Mover#1 throws up his hands in
frustration. The Movers start to
exit. Jim returns carrying a glass
of wine.*

JIM
Sex? Who's talking about sex?

*Mover#1 stops in his tracks to
listen.*

CARLY (O.S.)
You were.

*Mover#2 grabs Mover#1 by the arm
and pulls him out the door.*

JIM
No, no... I wasn't talking about sex. I was talking about
the basic driving force that compels humans to do what they
do.

CARLY
(entering)
Which is sex. The continuation of the species.

JIM
No. You got it all wrong. That's not the basic driving
force.

CARLY
Have you mentioned any of this to Freud?

JIM
Freud had it all wrong. The basic drive in life is not sex.
It is not food. It is not even money.

CARLY
Then what is it?

JIM
Getting even with high school.
(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
(holds up the wine
bottle)

More wine?

CARLY
No thanks. I get morose when I drink.

JIM
(refilling his glass)
I get irresistible. Think about it.

CARLY
Think about what?

JIM
What was the worst period of your life? The time when you
were 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. Every time 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. She was the first girl in school to wear a
bra. Also, the first girl 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. I hated getting undressed in front of strangers... Coffee?

JIM

Love some.

(Carly stands.)

I'll give you a hand.

Jim picks up the dinner plates. As they exit into the kitchen.

CARLY

I bet Rhonda was good at gym.

They exit. A moment or two later Jim returns carrying containers for cream and sugar which he puts on the table.

JIM

(talking to Carly who is still in the kitchen)

God, no. I hate being single.

CARLY (O.S.)

What did you say?

JIM

(louder)

I said I hate being single. Mostly because I don't know how. Married I know. You go 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 your saying. You don't listen to what she's saying.

(Carly returns holding two coffee mugs. Jim doesn't see her)

You have dinner.

CARLY

You can stop shouting. I'm here.

JIM

Oh... I was saying 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 thing.

CARLY

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 man who would cross a crowded room just to tell me how beautiful I was. That he's been waiting for me 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 my most 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

He puts on his best Armani.

JIM

You mean there's actually a crappy Armani?

CARLY

Please. You're interrupting a very well thought out fantasy.

JIM

Sorry. Please continue. I'm learning so much.

CARLY
We'd dine at a very expensive restaurant.

JIM
Gold digger.

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 balcony.

JIM
Penthouse balcony. Now, I'm impressed.

CARLY
Gershwin is playing on the stereo.

JIM
Always is.

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

JIM
Close?

CARLY
Close.

JIM
How close?

CARLY
Very close. And then...

JIM
Yes? And then?

CARLY
At the stroke of twelve...

JIM
At the stroke of twelve... what?

CARLY
He whirls me into his...

JIM
Into his? 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 whirls you into his...
(gestures for her to continue)

And?

CARLY
You'll just have to use your imagination.

*Jim peers off into the distance.
After a moment or two a wide smile
creeps across his face.*

CARLY
Okay, that's enough imagining.

*Carly and Jim move to opposite
sides of the stage and face the
audience.*

JIM
(to audience)
So there we were.

CARLY
(to audience)
There they were.

JIM
In bed.

CARLY
On the sofa.

JIM
When she says I have something to tell you.

CARLY
All I could think of was I just paid a hundred and twenty dollars to get the cushions cleaned.

JIM

I thought she was going to tell me she was pregnant. Instead she says "I want a divorce."

CARLY

Then it hits me.

JIM

I got sick to my stomach.

CARLY

This wave of 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 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 wasn't amused. How about Mary Ann?

CARLY

You mean Roger?

JIM

Roger.

CARLY

He 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.

They freeze in place. Mover #2 enters. Takes the two coffee cups from them.

MOVER #2
(to audience)

Ten minutes later.

He exits.

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

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 cheated on her?

JIM
No... Never... 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
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.

JIM
Can I ask you something?

CARLY
I don't know. What is it?

JIM
Feel free to say no. I won't be insulted.

CARLY
I have no problem saying no.

JIM
Would you mind if I kissed you?

CARLY
You want to kiss me.

JIM
Only as an experiment.

CARLY
What exactly 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 here I thought I'd heard them all.

JIM
Just one kiss. No strings attached.

Phone rings.

CARLY
Hold that incredibly romantic thought.

(answers phone)
Rhonda doesn't... Oh... It's you. Really? You're joking. Not on your life.

Slams phone down, returns to Jim

JIM

Another heavy breather?

CARLY

You could say that. It was Mary Ann.

JIM

Roger?

CARLY

Roger. Now, where were we?

JIM

Forget it. It's okay.

CARLY

One kiss.

JIM

One kiss.

CARLY

No strings attached.

JIM

No strings attached.

(They lean in towards
each other. Jim
kisses her.)

Interesting.

CARLY

Interesting. My kiss was interesting.

JIM

From the point of view that I'm not feeling any aftershocks
of guilt.

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.

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 weird.

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 though we agreed just one.

JIM

I'd like to 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 her. The kiss lingers a little longer than expected. Then Carly responds big time. After a moment, or two, or three Jim and Carly exit to the bedroom. The Movers enter and look around for something to do. Mover fluffs a few pillows to look busy.

MOVER #1

(to Mover#2)

What do you think? Next morning.

Carly enters from the kitchen, wearing pajama tops and holding a mug of coffee. Jim enters from the bedroom, barefooted, looking disheveled, tucking in his shirt.

MOVER #2

(to audience)

Oh yeah. It's definitely the next morning.

*Mover#2 gives Jim two thumbs up.
The Movers exit. Jim drops down on
the couch next to Carly. She hands
him her coffee. He takes a sip and
passes it back.*

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 I happened the moment I looked out my window and saw you yelling at the movers.

CARLY

And that endeared me to you?

JIM

That and the tight jeans.

CARLY

I think they call that lust.

JIM

Something happened here last night.

CARLY

And that's called a roll in the sack.

JIM

That wasn't a roll. That was a tornado. A hurricane. An earthquake.

CARLY

You realize, of course, you just named three natural disasters.

Carly exits into the kitchen. The Movers enter, pick up the couch with Jim still on it and carry it out. They return and carry out the rest of the furniture until the set looks as it did and the very beginning.

MOVER #1

How long did she last?

MOVER #2

Give or take... two weeks.

MOVER #1

Even for this place, that's gotta be a new world's record.

MOVER #2

They should put a turnstile on the front door. They could make a fortune.

MOVER #1

Look on the bright side.

MOVER #2

What's that?

MOVER #2

As long as they keep renting apartments here, we'll never be out of work.

*Mover#1 carries out the last item.
Mover#2 turns on the radio. It's playing the Gershwin song.*

MOVER #2

(to audience)

Ten years later.

Movers exit. The Man from the first moments of the play returns. A moment later the Woman returns.

MAN

I'm sorry. I didn't realize any one else was here.

Jim? WOMAN

Yes. MAN

It's me. Carly. WOMAN

Ohymgod. Carly. It is you. MAN

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

What are you doing here? MAN

I heard they were tearing the old place down. WOMAN

Tomorrow from what they tell me. MAN

I thought I'd give it once last look. WOMAN

Me, too. MAN

A lot of memories. WOMAN

Some better than others. MAN

Uh.. Yeah... So... How are you? WOMAN

Good...Good.. You? MAN

Good. WOMAN

You still sing? MAN

Once in a while I put on the fishnets and climb up on a piano. Mostly, I teach. WOMAN

I'd like to see that. MAN

Me teach? WOMAN

The fishnets. MAN

I'll let you know. WOMAN

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

Things happened so quickly. WOMAN

I guess. So...uh... you and... uh... MAN

Mary Ann? WOMAN

Roger. MAN

Roger. WOMAN

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

Third dumbest thing I ever did. Did you ever...? WOMAN

Marry? MAN

I'm sorry. I'm prying. WOMAN

Actually, I did. MAN

Congratulations. WOMAN

It didn't last. MAN

I'm sorry. WOMAN

MAN

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

*Neither seems to know 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 place "Heartbreak Hotel?"

MAN

I forgot 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 empty room one last look
and exits through the front door.*

WOMAN

I'm sorry.

MAN

For what?

WOMAN

For leaving the way I did?

*Jim enters and stands in the open
doorway holding a bouquet of
flowers. He starts to knock,*

notices the room is empty and steps in.

JIM

Carly...Carly...

He goes from door to door looking for her. Realizing she's gone, he angrily throws the flowers down and hurries out.

WOMAN

I should have called. Left a note.

MAN

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 knew announces he's in love with me. What was I supposed to do with that?

MAN

It was a long time ago.

WOMAN

(after an
uncomfortable pause)

Well... It was great seeing you.

MAN

You too. You look great, by the way.

WOMAN

Thank you... Well...I'd better get going.

MAN

I don't think we want to be here when the wrecking ball comes through the wall.

The Woman starts for the door.

Excuse me.

MAN

Yes?

WOMAN
(turning back)

I've been staring at you across this room all night.

MAN

Really? I hadn't noticed.

WOMAN
(playing along)

I have to say that is the sexiest dress I've ever seen.

MAN

That suit you're wearing looks very...

WOMAN

Expensive.

MAN

Good on you.

WOMAN

Armani.

MAN

Lovely view, wouldn't you say?

WOMAN
(sweeps her arm out
across the audience)

You should see the one from my penthouse.

MAN

Oh... You have a penthouse?

WOMAN

With a balcony.

MAN

Sounds... uh... very...

WOMAN

High?

MAN

Expensive.

WOMAN

MAN

You're the woman I've been waiting for all my life.

WOMAN

Really? All your life? That's a long time.

MAN

(picks up the flowers
Jim dropped and
holds them out to
her)

Will you have dinner with me tonight?

WOMAN

This is all rather sudden, don't you think?

MAN

You have to say yes.

WOMAN

And if I don't.

MAN

I'll die.

WOMAN

(takes the flowers)

If it's a matter of life and death.

MAN

Oh, it is. It is.

WOMAN

Then I suppose I have no choice.

(He takes her in his
arms)

But under one condition.

MAN

One condition?

WOMAN

One condition. That it's for dinner and...

WOMAN/MAN

Nothing else.

They dance.

CURTAIN