

*Moments from...*

“MOMENTS”  
A Play In One Act  
by Bruce Kane

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“MOMENTS”  
A One Act Play  
by Bruce Kane

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.

*(The play continues until...)*

*(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."

*(The play continues until...)*

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.

*(The play continues until...)*

CARLY: 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.

*(The play continues until...)*

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.

*(The play continues until...)*

*(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.

*(The play continues until...)*

*(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 that. It was my husband. You were saying something about a kiss... No strings attached..

*(The play continues...)*

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.

*(The play continues until...)*

*(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.

*(The play continues until...)*

*(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?

*(The play continues...)*

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