

# MOMENTS LIKE THESE

A Ten - Minute Duet

by  
Don Goodrum



*Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web [www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)

Copyright © 2012 by Don Goodrum  
All rights reserved

**CAUTION:** Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Moments Like These* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

<http://www.brookpub.com>

**TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS:** This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

**COPYING** from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

#### TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights, who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

*Toll-free:* 888-473-8521

*Fax:* 319-368-8011

*Email:* [customerservice@brookpub.com](mailto:customerservice@brookpub.com)

**Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.**

# MOMENTS LIKE THESE

by  
Don Goodrum

## CAST:

**JOHN:** Begins as a twenty-something year old and ages through-out the play (*attitudinally, if not physically*) through his thirties and forties, all the way into his sixties. Brash and more than a little bit goofy, John is a man who knows how lucky he is and appreciates it every day.

**MARY:** Begins a year or two younger than John and ages through the play as he does. She is romantic, yet practical and is the anchor and linchpin of all that they have built together. She loves her husband and her family very much.

*AT RISE: The passenger waiting area of an airport just before Thanksgiving last year. There are waiting room chairs scattered about and signs pointing to various services, gates and exits. People are milling around in the background, passengers and their families getting ready to head out for parts unknown.*

*Entering from Stage Right is MARY, an attractive, but harried young woman of 25-30 years of age. SHE is wearing slacks, a blouse and sensible shoes. SHE is carrying a small overnight bag and is engrossed in the book SHE is reading.*

*Entering simultaneously from Stage Left is JOHN, a non-descript young man of pleasant appearance also between 25 and 30 years of age. HE is wearing jeans, running shoes and a casual shirt, and is totally focused on the conversation HE is having on his cell phone.*

*The TWO of them approach one another, walking quickly, not watching where THEY are going until THEY run right into each other, dropping their belongings. MARY actually falls to the ground and JOHN reaches out to help her up, full of apology.*

*As their hands touch, the stage lights go to black, cross-fading with two spotlights framing JOHN and MARY. THEY stand up straight and face the audience, MARY facing slightly Stage Right while JOHN facing slightly Stage Left. THEY speak to the audience.*

JOHN: Well, I remember we met during the holidays.

MARY: It was Thanksgiving. There certainly was a lot to be thankful for.

JOHN: Yeah, if you don't count the concussion. Still, once I got a good look at her, she was worth it. She could've run over me with a bus and I'd have just smiled the whole time.

MARY: He had the most beautiful smile. All warm and shy, it was like he could look right through me.

JOHN: I had this idiot grin on my face and my mouth got all dried out. I wanted to ask her out, propose marriage and offer to have her baby at all once. (*HE grins*) What a moron.

MARY: And he asked me out right there! It was so sweet... so romantic.

*(THEY face one another for the first time, suddenly back in the moment.)*

JOHN: So, uh... I mean, well... sorry about the... I mean, I'd be glad to... um, that is, if you're not busy...

MARY: (*jumps forward, throwing her arms around his neck*) I'd love to go out with you!

*(From this point, JOHN and MARY stand closer together, often holding hands and touching one another affectionately like an old married couple.)*

MARY: (*back to audience*) And before you knew it, we got married!

JOHN: Oh, I knew it all right. I counted every single minute!

MARY: It was the fastest, most exciting year of my life!

JOHN: Five million, twenty-five thousand, six hundred minutes! Give or take...

MARY: I can still remember the night he proposed.

JOHN: (*pleased with himself*) I sent her on a scavenger hunt. I had her running all over town when the ring was really in my pocket the whole time!

MARY: He had me digging in garbage cans, looking in gutters, it was like being in a reality show or something.

JOHN: Or an action movie! Arma-weddin'! (*rhymes with Armageddon*)

MARY: (*smiles long-sufferingly*) That's cute, honey.

JOHN: (*in a movie announcer voice*) Arma-weddin'! A giant asteroid is headed toward Earth on our wedding day! Can John get Mary to the church on time... before the End of the World?

MARY: (*impatiently*) John...

JOHN: (*making machine gun noises*) Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! This time it's personal! Ah-ah-ah-ah!

MARY: (*SHE's had enough*) JOHN! (*a beat while SHE calms down*) We get it, sweetheart. You took our proposal and turned it into a game.

JOHN: (*defensively*) Hey, you thought it was romantic! (*HE smiles*) Besides, you said "yes", didn't you?

MARY: (*smiles back*) Yes, I did.

JOHN: And the wedding was a blast!

MARY: Oh, it was! It was a big church wedding with seven groomsmen and seven bridesmaids, a flower girl and ring bearer, twin violins, a choir...

JOHN: (*sings*) And a partridge in a pear tree.

MARY: I guess I did get a little carried away with the planning.

JOHN: A little? My dad said we were only a dancing bear away from a full-blown three-ring circus! Still, (*HE looks at her affectionately*) I loved every minute of it.

MARY: And then the big moment came and Daddy walked me down the aisle.

JOHN: Hey, is that a new dress?

MARY: And we promised to love, honor and cherish one another, always sensitive to one another's needs, understanding of one another's moods, supportive of one another's desires...

JOHN: I'm sorry, Reverend. What was the question?

MARY: (*turns to him*) And we said "I do".

JOHN: (*turns to her and takes her hands*) And "I do," too.

(*THEY kiss.*)

MARY: (*back to audience*) Once we were married, I finished up my degree and Johnny got a new job... working for Daddy!

JOHN: I swear, if there is a hell, carved over the front door is the phrase "Working For Daddy!"

MARY: Daddy took Johnny right under his wing...

JOHN: To make it easier to get his hands around my neck...

MARY: And by the end of the first year, they were getting along great!

JOHN: I'd moved to the office out in Greenville and we never saw each other!

MARY: Life was perfect!

JOHN: It was pretty good...

MARY: And then...

JOHN: (*looks at her, apprehensively*) And then...?

MARY: I got pregnant!

JOHN: You got what!? How did you do that?

MARY: Oh, in the usual way, I expect. You do remember, don't you?

JOHN: (*grinning with embarrassment*) Oh... yeah.

MARY: I thought you might.

JOHN: Well, of course, pregnancy brought a whole new set of problems...

MARY: Not problems, sweetheart. Challenges. Like building a nursery.

JOHN: Morning sickness.

MARY: Picking out names.

JOHN: What did you eat last night, a yak?

MARY: Baby showers.

JOHN: Mood swings.

MARY: Cravings.

JOHN: Did you know that when a pregnant woman asks you if she's fat, there is no good answer...?

MARY: The first ultrasound.

JOHN: Mary! Would you look at that! It's a boy!

MARY: Sweetheart, I believe that's the umbilical cord.

JOHN: *(disappointed)* Oh.

MARY: All in all, it was nine magical, wonderful months...

JOHN: *(looks at her, disbelieving)* Magical? Are we telling the same story?

MARY: And then... and then... MY WATER BROKE! *(begins doing Lamaze breathing)*

JOHN: Oh my God, we're having a baby! We've got to get to the hospital!

*(HE runs off in a panic, out of the spotlight and off Stage Left.)*

MARY: *(in between puffs and pants)* Oh sweetheart...

*(SHE picks up the overnight bag SHE carried in at the beginning of the play and waits for him to come back for her.)*

JOHN: *(walking back in rather sheepishly)* Oh man, do I feel like a knucklehead...

MARY: *(still huffing and puffing)* Did you forget something dear?

JOHN: *(taking the overnight bag out of her hands)* I sure did!

*(HE runs out again with the overnight bag, but without MARY.)*

MARY: *(this one line to the audience before returning to the moment)* Finally, we got to the hospital.

JOHN: *(Entering again with overnight bag. Puts it down where MARY dropped it at the beginning)* How did you get here before me?

MARY: I took a cab. You got lost getting out of our neighborhood. Twice.

JOHN: Oh. Well, at least I got here before the baby!

MARY: *(grabbing her stomach)* Not by much. Ooooh!

JOHN: Somebody get a doctor! My baby's having my baby!

MARY: Oh, Johnny, it hurts! I think I want some drugs!

JOHN: It's just the joy of childbirth sweetheart. Keep breathing!

MARY: This is all your fault, you, you man, you! Now, give me drugs!

JOHN: But sweetheart, what about not diluting the experience with medication?

MARY: You try passing a basketball through your nose before you talk to me about diluting anything! Aaahh!

JOHN: But sweetie...

MARY: *(turns and grabs him by the shirt front)* GIVE ME DRUGS!!

JOHN: *(back to audience)* At last, we had the baby.

MARY: I tried to talk them out of it, but they finally had to give me something for the pain.

JOHN: A seven and a half pound baby boy. John Jr.

MARY: Isn't that so typically like a man? I go through nine months of pregnancy and then twelve hours of excruciatingly painful labor and we name the kid after him.

JOHN: My boy.

MARY: Of course, it wasn't long and I forgot all about the pain and we had two more children, Courtney and Noah.

JOHN: I'll tell you one thing. I was ok with the boys, but raising daughters, that's a totally different thing.

MARY: She had you so wrapped around her finger.

JOHN: Well, she's my baby girl and I'm not going to let anyone forget it.

MARY: *(back in the moment)* Johnny, she's going to her prom. Can't you relax and at least be civil to the boy?

JOHN: Why should I? I know what he's thinking, the little delinquent! Sneaking drinks under the table, smoking in the bathroom, trying to get my daughter into the back seat of the car...

MARY: Sweetheart! I'm sure he's no worse than you were when you were his age.

JOHN: That's what worries me.

MARY: *(back to audience)* Kids. You spent twelve months trying to get them to walk...

JOHN: And the next eighteen years trying to get them to stand still.

MARY: You poor baby.

JOHN: Well, I can't help it. They grew up so fast.

MARY: Before you know it, they were graduating from high school, then college, and pretty soon they were getting married.

JOHN: And in some cases, getting married again.

MARY: Shush, John. You know these things happen.

JOHN: I know, I know.

MARY: John took Courtney's husband Paul in to work with him at the office.

JOHN: I swear, if there is a hell, carved over the door is the phrase, "Working With Your Son-In-Law."

MARY: *(taking JOHN's hand)* And life went on.

JOHN: And up and down.

MARY: And in and out.

JOHN: And then *(chokes up a bit)* Mary got sick.

MARY: Cancer. Just a spot on an x-ray.

JOHN: And it spread like wildfire.

MARY: *(turning to him, in the moment)* Johnny, have I told you how much I love you?

JOHN: *(gently brushing the hair out of her eyes)* Quiet, sweetheart. Save your strength.

MARY: For what? I'm not exactly going to be running the Boston Marathon this year.

JOHN: I love you too, Mary.

MARY: These last thirty-eight years have been such a blessing to me. It was such luck that we even met.

JOHN: Yeah, who'd have imagined you'd bowl me over in a train station?

MARY: An airport, dear. You've never been on a train in your life.

JOHN: Right. An airport. I know.

MARY: Johnny, tell the kids how much I love them...

JOHN: I will, Mary. Mary? Mary!

*(MARY backs out of the spot light and resumes her position on the floor where SHE had been knocked down in the beginning of the play)*

And just like that, she was gone. My wife, my partner, my best friend. You know, someone told me once that life's not measured by the breaths you take, but by the moments that take your breath. I swear she took my breath every single day. *(pause)* And now she's gone. Vanished into the hereafter like a dream. My whole reason for living, taken away in an instant. Almost like it wasn't real. Like none of it ever really happened.

END OF FREE PREVIEW