



MY MOMENT

by Rachel Feeny-Williams

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.

For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at info@smithscripts.co.uk

My Moment

(A Play in One Act by Rachel Feeny-Williams)

Cast:

Claire

Tom

Set:

- 1) Downstage right represents Claire's office. There is a desk in the centre of space with a chair behind it. There is a laptop and lamp on the desk with a cordless phone, cup of coffee and a notepad and pen. There is a wall at the back and stage right side of the space. The right wall has a door in it, which is open. The upstage wall has a window in it and the wall is covered in posters of various plays all written by Claire Kelson.
- 2) The centre downstage area is completely clear but there is a microphone upstage centre.
- 3) Downstage left space represents the hotel room. It is decorated lavishly with a large bed, two bedside cabinets and a wardrobe and mini bar stage left. This set has one wall stage right of the space with one door that leads out into the hall and one that leads into the bathroom.

(The play opens on the recording of a closing line of a play and audience applause. After a few moments this fades and the sound of morning radio playing is heard. The lights come up and Claire is sat in her office looking at something in a notebook while on the phone.)

Claire: Yea Luke that's fine...no I'm happy to edit it...again. No, I know Luke I just didn't think transferring the thing to off Broadway would be this time consuming...Well actually yea I'm working on a new project...

(The sound of door opening and closing is heard.)

Tom: *(Off)* I'm home, love you here?

Claire: *(Calling out)* In here. *(back on the phone)* No Luke Tom is home....Tom my husband...Yes Luke I am married, in fact we had this very conversation when we met...yea, you said you found it interesting with all the ball busting I do in my plays how a man would stand by me... *(laughing)* No I wasn't offended, I used it actually...no that one isn't finished yet... *(Sighs)* Because I have been working night and day to get 'Fragile Minds' ready for the transfer and this is the fourth amendment it's needed...

(Tom walks into the room carrying a glass of wine and a open beer. He is a man in his mid-30s dressed in jeans and works top. On seeing him Claire mouths 'thank you'.)

Claire: *(Taking the wine off him)* So when do they need the amendments? *(Putting the wine down and making a note on the notepad)* No that's fine...I will make sure you have them by then but that's it right? Ok and then we have that meeting next month to discuss new stuff. I should have some of the new one to show you by then as well...great...ok well I'll see you then...love to Diane.

(Claire hangs up the phone and leans back in her chair wearily putting down the phone and taking up the wine.)

Tom: So, how was your day?

Claire: *(Laughing)* Oh fine, the Americans want some more edits to 'Fragile Minds'.

Tom: Again?

Claire: That's what I said but if it gets my work across the pond then that's all that matters.

Tom: It'll be Hollywood next you'll see.

Claire: You are sweet but I'm nowhere near that.

Tom: *(Walking over to her.)* Well think about five years back, you said you were just a footnote as a playwright.

Claire: I was, I am.

Tom: *(Placing his free hand on her shoulder)* Honey, you have had numerous works produced in big theatres and rave reviews.

Claire: Not all of them.

Tom: And what did I tell you?

Claire: Tom...

Tom: That the writer didn't know what he was talking about.

Claire: He's a reviewer for The Times.

Tom: Doesn't matter, if he doesn't like one of my baby's plays then he's a moron who doesn't know what he's talking about.

Claire: Oh really?

Tom: And he's got a tiny penis to boot.

Claire: (*Laughing*) You know this do you?

Tom: It's a common fact. Angry reviewers with no taste spend so much time with their arse clenched that they can't get the blood circulating to the right area, hence tiny penis.

Claire: You do say the sweetest things you know.

Tom: I know.

Claire: Odd, but sweet.

Tom: Ah, my favourite combination.

(*Claire laughs and turns to look at him.*)

Claire: Fancy getting dinner out tonight? I've been a prisoner of my office all day.

Tom: Are you done?

Claire: I have the last of the edits to put in then I'll email it to Luke but then I'm free as a bird.

Tom: Sounds (*bends down and kisses her*) Fabulous.

Claire: I love you, you know that.

Tom: I do, and I know I love you too.

(*Tom stands up.*)

Tom: Right I will leave you to it.

(*Tom heads out of the room.*)

Claire: (*Calling as she starts to work*) Oh I forgot to ask, how was your day?

Tom: (*Off*) Ah same old. Counting down the days when I can quit and be a kept man.

Claire: (*Laughing*) Oh yea, be my piece of arm candy?

Tom: (*Off*) Yep.

Claire: I can't see you on talk shows.

Tom: *(Off)* Ah I'll be fine, just tell the world how amazing you are.

Claire: That won't look staged at all.

Tom: *(Off)* Well if you like I can tell a few tabloids that you beat me into submission for those compliments.

Claire: Don't you dare.

Tom: *(Off)* Or give them a few dishy bits about the dodgy home life we have.

Claire: We don't have a dodgy home life.

Tom: *(Off)* Well I could make it up, aren't all writers supposed to have a little kink in them?

Claire: Oh I can see the papers loving that, ball busting playwright is bondage queen at home.

Tom: *(Off)* I quite like it.

Claire: Yea well you're a perv.

(Tom re-enters now wearing a casual shirt as he puts his wallet into his jeans pocket, still carrying a beer.)

Tom: *(Walking over to Claire)* I know *(leaning in and kissing her)* Its why you love me.

Claire: You bet my little...

(The phone starts to ring.)

Tom: Saved by the bell it seems.

(Claire answers the phone.)

Claire: Hello?...Luke I am just finishing them now *(She shoos Tom out of the way and types for a moment before clicking a mouse)* There, all sent so the Americans can...Oh, well what was it then?...*(Claire looks shocked)* Oh...erm...yea...*(She looks over the calendar)* No we don't have anything on that date...yea if you could let them know we'll be there...I will....thank you...

(Claire hangs up the phone.)

Tom: What was that?

Claire: We can't plan that holiday to Scotland for October.

Tom: Oh for gods sake! What's Luke got you involved with now?

Claire: No its not a project.

Tom: Well then what is it?

Claire: "The Making of Us"