

# ***Single Happy Moment***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

DOUG: 20's

PRISCILLA: 20's

Place  
Motel room.

Time  
Early morning hours

2.

Setting: A bedroom of an old motel. Thin wood panels cover the walls with cheaply framed paintings of Buffalo New York, for lousy decoration. A square TV set from the 1990's and a wooden table for two people next to a window with thick brown curtains.

At Rise: The play opens up with Doug and Priscilla in bed holding each other right after making love.

DOUG: I like this feeling. It's one of those nights where I'm in love with everything.

PRISCILLA: What do you love?

DOUG: The smell of the air. Resting on my back here with you in my arms...I sometimes wish when these rare moments occur, that I can freeze frame it and live inside it forever. A place where we never get hungry, never get old, just exist inside a single happy moment. The mood will never change; there won't be any sadness or any anger or any thoughts that wander off into self-destruction. All the weight in my mind will never enter this protective vortex. Just like this...forever.

PRISCILLA: I like the sound of that, Doug.

DOUG: Do you?

PRISCILLA: Makes me sad.

DOUG: Why you getting sad?

PRISCILLA: Oh, I, not because I'm happy, just because I wish what you said could be real.

DOUG: Maybe we can make it real.

PRISCILLA: Can't make fantasy real.

DOUG: What if we tried?

PRISCILLA: How we gonna try?

DOUG: Effort. If we each make the effort, yeah sometimes things will go sour and that's fine because if we're both trying to live out our fantasy, we can always get it back.

PRISCILLA: I feel what you feel, but...this'll fade like everything else.

DOUG: Don't say that.

PRISCILLA: They're already looking for me. Rodney is never gonna quit his hunt. Got his dogs on the trail.

DOUG: I'm not afraid of Rodney.

PRISCILLA: Should be. He'll kill us both without batting an eye.

DOUG: Let him try.

PRISCILLA: What do you know? You're just some regular guy who hasn't gotten into a fight his whole life.

DOUG: I could hold my own. I ain't no punk.

PRISCILLA: I know you ain't...but this is something different. This goes way deeper than anything you've ever encountered.

DOUG: There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. You know that, don't ya? I mean, we wouldn't be making all these plans, I wouldn't have stopped my entire life to go on this run with you.

PRISCILLA: I know, I know.

DOUG: I'll kill that son of a bitch or any one of his dogs they come near you.

PRISCILLA: That's what I'm afraid of...it's better to just run. Get as far away from all this as we can.

DOUG: We are. Look how far we've come.

PRISCILLA: You really think we gonna make it to France?

DOUG: All we have to do is lay low, board the ship tomorrow morning and we're outta here. Ain't nobody stopping us on the ocean.

PRISCILLA: I can't take all this excitement. My stomach is doing cartwheels.

DOUG: That's a good thing.

PRISCILLA: I went to the toilet three times, how's that a good thing?

DOUG: Cause you know that for the first time in your miserable life you're getting outta this dump and you're gonna be with a man who loves you and who would walk to the ends of the world for you and that you have nothing to fear ever again. Rodney, you will never hear from that clown as long as you live...he'll never find us, you hear me? This thing we got is rare, it's special and we planned this all right, now is our time, together and as soon as that ship sets sail, we will be free forever and ever and ever.

PRISCILLA: Ever and ever and ever.

DOUG: And ever and ever and ever.

PRISCILLA giggles.

DOUG kisses her passionately.

And ever...and ever...and ever...and...ever.

PRISCILLA: Why d'ya love me?

DOUG: Cause my life was lonely and cold before you showed up.

PRISCILLA: Cold?

DOUG: Freezing cold.

PRISCILLA: Really?

DOUG: So cold my life stopped moving but I was awake the whole time.

PRISCILLA: That's horrible.

DOUG: Then you came along and it was like you shattered that block of ice I was encased in. You were my angel. You melted all my worry away and for the first time in a long time I could feel my heart beating again. I was staring into hope, I began to believe again in possibility and it was all because of you. You changed everything. My life, it was over...I was just waiting to die. But when we met, it was like witnessing, how can I say this, it was like I was deliberately placed in a different storyline and I was transitioning into playing a new character and it felt good, it felt right and I don't know, felt like my destiny...you, you're my destiny.

PRISCILLA: Dear God, nobody's ever spoken to me this way...you must have read a lot of them romance novels or something.

DOUG: You don't believe me?

PRISCILLA: I do but no one ever talks like that.

DOUG: I do.

PRISCILLA: Why?

DOUG: Because it's the only way I know how to...you make me want to be as real as I can be...I'm not afraid to talk how I sound, in fact, I have no damn control over it and that's what I mean when I say that we can live inside our own world, just the two of us, and no one can stop us.

PRISCILLA: But what we gonna do for money?

DOUG: I told you, I'll get a driving job, work at a restaurant waiting tables, hell I'll shovel manure if I have to, whatever it takes to take care of you and be with you, see you each day and love you. That's all I care about. Won't that make you happy Priscilla?

PRISCILLA: And what will happen when I get old and wrinkly? You gonna wanna love me and take care of me still?

DOUG: Until the day I die.

PRISCILLA: You gonna love me forever?

DOUG: And ever.

PRISCILLA: And ever.

DOUG: Yes.

PRISCILLA: I could live with that.

DOUG: You can?

PRISCILLA: I am a Queen, you know. And I expect to be treated as one.

DOUG: You will be my Queen.

PRISCILLA: And everything must be to my liking.

DOUG: It will be.

PRISCILLA: And---

Loud knock at the front door.

(whispering) Who's that? Who's---

DOUG: (whispering) Shhhh. Don't talk. Let it pass.

PRISCILLA: I'm scared.

DOUG: It's no one. Let it pass.

There's a knock harder than the first time.

PRISCILLA: Oh, no, please...it's Rodney.

DOUG: Shh, no, no, hell no it ain't Rodney...ain't no one know where we are...just let it pass.

Pounding at the front door.

PRISCILLA: They're gonna break through that door, Doug.

DOUG pulls out his gun.

DOUG: Stay down. Let me check.

DOUG goes to the door.

He checks through the peephole.

(whispering with strained voice) Nobody's there.

PRISCILLA: Come back...come, who do you think it was?

DOUG: Should I open the door?

PRISCILLA: No! No, don't do it.

DOUG: Maybe it was something from the front desk.

PRISCILLA: Don't you dare open that door.

DOUG: Damn it. Should I call the front desk and see if it was them?

PRISCILLA: Yes.

DOUG picks up the phone.

DOUG: Hello? Hey, did somebody go to room W9? (listens) Oh, OH, okay, (looks at Priscilla) just them towels we asked for, right. Oh, okay, I'll grab them. Thanks for dropping them off. Thanks.

DOUG hangs up phone.

We forgot you called and asked for extra shower towels baby. They left them at the front door for us. Ha!

PRISCILLA: Oh, thank God, I was, okay, okay.

DOUG opens up the door and steps out into the hallway.

GUN FIRE SHOTS are heard.

PRISCILLA screams.

DOUG enters the motel room holding his side. Blood expands itself through his t-shirt.

PRISCILLA: No! No! NOOO! NOOOO!!!!

DOUG: Baby girl, I'm okay. Bullet went through and I shot back...we gotta go now. We gotta leave RIGHT NOW.

DOUG grabs the suitcase.

PRISCILLA runs around the room grabbing her belongings without thinking.

Grab whatever's necessary. Fucking shot!!

PRISCILLA: Did it really go through?

DOUG: Passed through my side. Shit, baby. We gotta go now, fix me up somewhere's. I think I shot the guy dead. Just one of 'em.

DOUG waits by the front door, peeking out  
as PRISCILLA hovers right behind him, holding  
onto his shirt.

Count a three, we run for the car...ready?

PRISCILLA: Yessss.

DOUG: One...two...three!

DOUG swings open the door and  
he and PRISCILLA run out the door.

We hear gun shots fired.

Lights stay on.

END OF PLAY