

# RAW PROVOCATIVE HUMANE PLAYS

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**Sunshine**  
a ten minute play  
by  
Kitt Lavoie

Lights rise on a middle class suburban bedroom. The early morning sunlight is just beginning to creep into the room through the window.

Grace, 31, lies nude, obscured in a tangle of sheets on the bed, resting peacefully as the birds chirp.

Davey, 33, emerges from the bathroom, fresh from the shower and wrapped in a towel. He stands in the doorway brushing his teeth as he watches Grace sleep.

After a moment, the alarm clock on the bedside table shrieks its reveille. Barely stirring, Grace reaches out and slaps the snooze button, but the clock is not where she expects it to be - she misses by about two feet, getting only a handful of the other side of the bed.

She paws again, then once more, before turning and crawling groggily across the bed and smashing the snooze button home. She collapses back to the pillow, then rolls onto her back - catching a glimpse of Davey watching her from the bathroom doorway.

She sits up on her elbows and looks at him. He looks back. He grins at her. A faint smile crosses her lips.

DAVEY

“Good mornin’, Mornin’.”

GRACE

“Hello, Sunshine.”

A beat. They look at each other.

DAVEY

Sleep well?

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GRACE  
Yeah, I did.

DAVEY  
How you doing?

GRACE  
I'm, you know... complicated.

DAVEY  
Yeah.

Davey disappears into the bathroom for a moment. The sink runs. He reemerges sans toothbrush and takes back up his post in the bathroom doorway.

DAVEY (cont'd)  
You have fun last night?

Grace looks at him - "Really?"

DAVEY (cont'd)  
At the thing.

GRACE  
Oh, yeah. Yeah, it was great to see everyone again.

DAVEY  
I was surprised how much fun it was.

GRACE  
Yeah.

DAVEY  
Mark was in rare form.

GRACE  
Mark was Mark. Mark was in exactly the form you expect Mark to be at something like that.

DAVEY  
I guess. Still...

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Yeah. GRACE

It was good to see you. DAVEY

Surprised? GRACE

A little. DAVEY

That I was there? GRACE

Yeah, I know. A little. DAVEY

Yeah? GRACE

Glad you came? DAVEY

Yeah. GRACE

I love you. DAVEY

A beat. She looks away.

It just felt weird last night. Not saying it. DAVEY (cont'd)

I know. GRACE

A beat.

I'm sorry. DAVEY

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GRACE  
It's okay.

DAVEY  
I mean, *I'm sorry*, Grace.

She doesn't look at him. He comes to the bed and next to her. A beat.

GRACE  
What are we going to do?

Davey leans in and kisses her. He pulls away and looks at her.

GRACE (cont'd)  
What are we going to do?

DAVEY  
What do you want to do?

Grace opens her mouth to answer, but nothing comes. They look at each other a moment - then slowly lean into each other. They share a short, gentle kiss - but it doesn't take. They pull away.

GRACE  
What would she think? If she walked in here right now?

DAVEY  
She won't.

GRACE  
What if she did?

DAVEY  
Then she would and we'd deal with it.

GRACE  
Dave, that's not something you can "deal with."

DAVEY  
It's something I could deal with.

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