

# 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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GRACE

It's not something she could deal with. And that matters to me. And I would hope it matters to you.

DAVEY

It does.

GRACE

Good.

DAVEY

Fine.

Davey slides to the foot of the bed. They look at each other a moment. Davey turns, throwing his legs off the edge of the bed. He grabs his pants off the floor and begins to pull them on to one leg, his towel still wrapped firmly around his waist.

GRACE

I miss fucking you.

Davey stops.

GRACE (cont'd)

I miss fucking you, Davey. And I don't mean all the time. And I don't mean, like, when I'm fucking someone else I wish it was you. But I miss it. When there's a song, you know. And it's ironic, I know, given how little fucking we did the last couple years. But it's true. Sometimes. And not just the fucking. My feet hurt 'cause you're not here to rub them. And I miss being pissed off 'cause you're not at home. And I miss wishing you were. And I'm not sure that it matters, you know. But I miss it. And before you go all putting your pants on and going, you should know it. So... I had a good time last night, is all I'm saying.

A beat.

DAVEY

Me, too.

A beat.

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DAVEY (cont'd)

You fuck other people now?

GRACE

God, yes, Dave. It's been a year. You've been fucking other people?

DAVEY

Yeah.

GRACE

It's biology. And alcohol. And a couple guys I really liked. So, you know...

DAVEY

No, I figured. I was just asking.

GRACE

Yes.

DAVEY

That's great.

A beat.

DAVEY (cont'd)

So...

GRACE

Yeah.

A beat.

DAVEY

You look great.

GRACE

I lost ten pounds.

DAVEY

I noticed.

She looks at him a moment.

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And the hair.

DAVEY (cont'd)

It's not that new, but...

GRACE

You look great.

DAVEY

Davey begins rubbing Grace's foot gently. He moves up to her ankle, then begins sliding his hand up her calf, under the sheet. She pulls her legs away.

What are we doing?

GRACE

I don't know.

DAVEY

Do you want to do this?

GRACE

Maybe.

DAVEY

She looks at him, then swings her legs off the bed and sits up, the sheet bloused across her.

I can't do "maybe" again, Dave.

GRACE

Grace gets up and heads for the bathroom, taking the sheet with her. Davey gets up off the other side of the bed and blocks her way to the bathroom.

I think maybe "maybe" is worth a shot.

DAVEY

It can't be.

GRACE

It could.

DAVEY

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GRACE

It's not just about us, Dave. If it were--

DAVEY

If it were?

GRACE

Maybe. But it's not.

DAVEY

I'm just saying, I really liked what happened with us last night. And I'm not talking about what happened here. Though I've missed that, too. I'm talking about why we came back here. Because if there had been more of that, I don't think I would have left. And I don't think you would have wanted me to. But if there is more of that --

GRACE

*Maybe* more of that.

DAVEY

Maybe even "maybe more of that." And maybe it won't be easy--

GRACE

It has to be.

DAVEY

Nothing good is easy--

Suddenly, the bedroom door begins to swing open.  
Davey straight-arms it, slamming it shut.

GRACE

(quiet)

It has to be.

A beat.

GIRL'S VOICE

(from outside the door)

Mommy?

GRACE

Sorry, baby. Mommy will be right out.

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Grace and Davey look at each other a moment. He makes a very slight move towards the door.

GRACE (cont'd)

It's not fair to her. To see you. Unless you're staying.

DAVEY

I'm saying I want to stay.

GRACE

And I'm saying unless you're staying for good.

DAVEY

Do you want me to stay?

GRACE

Maybe.

DAVEY

What am I supposed to do with that?

GRACE

I think you're supposed to go catch your flight.

They look at each other a moment. Davey makes an almost imperceptible move in to kiss her. She makes an equally nearly imperceptible move away. She puts out her hand. He looks at it. Takes it. They shake - he wrapped in his towel, she in her sheet.

GRACE (cont'd)

I'm really glad last night happened. And I'm really glad we happened. And I'm *really* glad she happened. But I don't think any of it can happen anymore.

Grace walks past Davey and scoops up a pair of jeans and a tank top off the ground and pulls them on, maneuvering deftly around the sheet. He watches her.

DAVEY

You do look great.

GRACE

I know.

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She finishes and turns back to him.

GRACE (cont'd)

You, too.

(a beat)

I'm going to get her dressed and take her to daycare. Give us about fifteen minutes, okay? You can let yourself out?

Grace heads for the door.

DAVEY

I love you, Grace.

GRACE

(gently)

Then you shouldn't have left. Take care of yourself.

Grace opens the door and heads out.

GRACE (cont'd)

Sorry, baby. Mommy's room is a mess.

And she's gone. Davey wanders around the room, taking in the old haunt. He goes to the window and looks outside, breathing in the early morning sun.

Suddenly, the alarm clock on the bedside table shrieks its reveille. Davey looks to the door. He waits a moment, then walks to the clock and presses the snooze button.

A beat. He reaches down and switches it off.

He picks up his pants from the ground and begins to pull them on. His keys and change jangle in the pocket.

Blackout.

END OF PLAY

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