



*Excerpt from...*

## **Sunshine**

*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?

GRACE

Yeah, I did.

DAVEY

How you doing?



I'm, you know... complicated.

GRACE

Yeah.

DAVEY

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.

You have fun last night?

DAVEY (cont'd)

Grace looks at him - "Really?"

At the thing.

DAVEY (cont'd)

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

GRACE

I was surprised how much fun it was.

DAVEY

Yeah.

GRACE

Mark was in rare form.

DAVEY

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

GRACE

I guess. Still...

DAVEY

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

It's okay. GRACE

I mean, I'm sorry, Grace. DAVEY

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

What are we going to do? GRACE

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



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

What do you want to do? DAVEY

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.

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

She won't. DAVEY

What if she did? GRACE

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

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

It's something I could deal with. DAVEY

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

It does. DAVEY

Good. GRACE

Fine. DAVEY

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.

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...



Yeah. GRACE

A beat.

You look great. DAVEY

I lost ten pounds. GRACE

I noticed. DAVEY

She looks at him a moment.

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.

DAVEY

I think maybe “maybe” is worth a shot.

GRACE

It can't be.

DAVEY

It could.

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.