

Uncovered

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ACT I SCENE 1

Set in an apartment's bedroom in Chicago, at dusk. The sun is going down and the street lights are coming on. There is a window at the back of the apartment, and we hear and see the sounds of the city streets and the El.

Offstage left we hear the sounds of a couple ascending the staircase. We hear their footsteps, giggling, the fiddling of keys, bodies bumping against the door, keys being dropped, kissing and moaning and the sounds of passion.

Enter MAN and WOMAN, still all over each other in the throes of passion. They work their way towards the bed.

WOMAN: I'm so glad you came to my work tonight.

MAN: Yea, well I didn't know, but I figured ...

WOMAN: You know.

MAN: Yea. I know. You know too.

They sit down on the bed. WOMAN reacts to something poking her in the ass.

WOMAN: Ow!

WOMAN reaches under the covers and pulls out a book. She's about to toss it on the floor but notices what it is.

WOMAN: This book?

MAN: Yea.

She focuses on the book, and starts to softly cry.

MAN: What Baby?

WOMAN: You still have it?

MAN: Yea.

WOMAN: You never returned it to the library?

MAN crawls up the bed towards WOMAN.

MAN: I found it at that used bookstore we used to go to, a few days ago. Pretty funny, huh?

WOMAN: God, I remember when we used to read these to each other.

MAN: Yea. Me too.

WOMAN snaps out of her reminiscence and throws the book at MAN

WOMAN: You're such an idiot.

WOMAN gets up from bed.

MAN: Forget the book Baby. Come here.

WOMAN: Why?

MAN: You know.

WOMAN: Why did you even buy it?

MAN: You know.

MAN gets WOMAN back to bed.

WOMAN: No I don't

MAN: Yes you do.

WOMAN tilts her head back and MAN kisses her neck. WOMAN'S breathing gets heavy.

WOMAN: No ... I ... don't

MAN: You know I hate your stupid guts.

WOMAN grabs MAN in an embrace.

WOMAN: I hate *your* stupid guts.

MAN: You know you love me.

WOMAN pulls back and starts (lightly) rapidly hitting MAN with her fists.

WOMAN: I *did* love you. I loved your stupid guts. *You* fucked it all up.

MAN: *You* fucked it all up.

WOMAN: (To herself) Oh God!

WOMAN: Why do I love you? It's those eyes! Why do you have such pretty eyes? You're such a jerk! Why do you have to have those eyes? Why did you make me fall in love with you? I was supposed to be over it – falling in love. And then there you were, with those eyes.

WOMAN starts shaking her head side to side. She puts her hands palms down as if she's about ready to get up. MAN grabs and stops her.

MAN: We never even finished them all.

WOMAN: Ha! You know a lot about not finishing something.

MAN lets go of her.

MAN: That again?

MAN gets up and heads to his side of the room.

MAN: Maybe it was all too soon. Too much too soon. It's not like I'm not *trying*.

MAN picks up his notebook, opens it.

MAN: I *had* it. I had it when we first met. I don't know. Maybe I'm trying to hard but . . . do you have any idea what it's been like for me? Trying to write something, something really good, when it just wasn't coming?

WOMAN: Yea, well, you're not the only one who's not 'coming.'

MAN closes his notebook. He changes his demeanor to that of a seducer, heads back to the bed. He brings the notebook.

MAN: Oh. Is *that* your problem? You need a little something? I think I can take care of that.

WOMAN: Take *care* of it? Oh sure – for you!

MAN: Baby, don't be that way. Look...

MAN is about to show her his writing, when WOMAN gets up, goes to her side of the room.

WOMAN: And just how am I supposed to be? You lock yourself up in this room – you barely even talk to me anymore. And then you bitch when I go out drinking with my friends, cause I don't give you enough attention? I bust my ass at work all day so *you* can stay home and write, but when I ask you how it's going, you won't even tell me.

MAN: (*Pleadingly*) Baby. I'm...

WOMAN: You know all my friends think I'm stupid to even put up with you. They say . . .

MAN: Stop it with the friends thing! Why can't it just be us?

WOMAN: Us? When has there been an 'us' lately?

MAN: That's why I came out tonight.

WOMAN: Oh, yea, and you didn't even warn me!

MAN: *Warn* you?

WOMAN: Warn me, tell me. Whatever. You just showed up.

MAN: Was that so wrong?

MAN puts down his notebook, gets up, walks up behind WOMAN.

WOMAN: No, but – but it's been so long since you've even looked at me. You're not the only one who needs attention.

MAN moves over next to WOMAN and takes her hand, leads her back to bed.

MAN: I know. Why do you think I showed up there tonight? And yea, I saw it, I saw how you bounced around the room, all smiles, doing that little hopping up-and-down thing you always do when you're happy. You did that all the time when we first met. Sorry if you can only do it away from me now.

WOMAN: Stop it! You know I love you. Why do you have to get so jealous all the time?

MAN presses up against WOMAN

MAN: I dunno. Maybe because you're never here anymore. That's all I wanted in the first place. You were the one who said I should focus on writing.

WOMAN: I didn't think that would mean that's *all* you'd focus on!

MAN: I focused on you tonight. Trust me. I saw the way you were – you don't think it scares the hell outta me to know that not only can't I do this, but it's making us strangers too? The thing that brought us together in the first place.

WOMAN: Yea, that's cause you're a jerk.

MAN: I know.

WOMAN: And I hate your stupid guts.

MAN: I know. I hate your stupid guts too.

WOMAN: I never liked you.

MAN: I never liked you either.

The passion is reigniting

WOMAN: I hate your stupid guts.

MAN: I hate your stupid guts too.

They kiss, embrace, and again begin to roll around on the bed. WOMAN tries to kick the covers out of the way.

WOMAN: Ow!

WOMAN finds a Julia Child cookbook under the covers. She lifts it up.

WOMAN: (Jokingly) Something you're not telling me?

MAN: Well, you *have* been staying at you friend Kristen's a lot.

WOMAN: Oh – and what – 'A guy has needs'?

MAN: Yea, well, there are some 'Saucy' recipes in it.

WOMAN: God! And I thought you were a good writer.

MAN: Hey. She's got a cute ass, for an old French broad.

