

INTERIOR 11 ANDREW CRESCENT EARLY MORNING

IN THE MAIN BEDROOM: THE EERIE LIGHT OF DAWN

ANGELA (40) AND STEVE (48), husband and wife of twenty odd years, are having sex. STEVE is on top, struggling with his timing; the duvet keeps falling off; he is out of breath and it is too damn early in the morning for such hot stuff. ANGELA, a handsome woman, fit and athletic, is into the hot stuff; she is close to orgasm, missing only that final surge from her partner.

ANGELA

Roll over.

ANGELA wraps one leg around STEVE, her heel in the small of his back, rocking back and forth ready for the heave-ho. STEVE feels for the edge of the bed, grimacing in pain.

STEVE

You're too heavy. I'll fall.

ANGELA

We'll fall together.

ANGELA rolls Steve over; in a mayhem of arms and legs, ANGELA AND STEVE crash to the floor; Angela on top, pinning Steve down.

ANGELA (continues)

Don't move.

ANGELA'S SPINE contracts; she squeezes her buttocks, starting again.

ANGELA (continues)

Feel that. Come on... You're going all soft. Don't do this to me.

STEVE

I can't breathe.

ANGELA

Relax.

ANGELA rises, moving slowly; fire in her throat; thrusting down onto STEVE, but he cannot take any more, and grunts and wheezes, wanting out.

STEVE

Not so hard...no, that's enough; I can't.

STEVE'S HAND clutches at Angela's thighs forcing her to stop: ANGELA holds him there.

ANGELA

You used to be good at this. Remember; touch me.

STEVE rolls aside, pulling the sheet off the bed to cover himself.

STEVE

You were lighter....now; no I can't. You used to be soft and squishy not all muscle...it's just not nice.

ANGELA stands, straddling Steve, showing him her body, feeling her wetness.

ANGELA

It's exactly the same.

STEVE

Jumping over those silly boxes is spoiling everything.

(turning away)

No wonder it's not nice.

ANGELA steps back wanting to stamp on Steve's face, but stops. Her heart turns to ice. She picks up her gown and wraps it around her body.

ANGELA

After Harry, I put on a bit.

ANGELA tugs the belt, tightening it forever.

ANGELA (continues)

I'll work on it. I'll get it right; trust me.

STEVE

Same as always. Trust you...working on our lives.

STEVE switches on the radio and climbs back into bed.

ANGELA flops onto her side of the bed making Steve pitch as if in a rough sea. She ignores Steve's insult, determined to fix it not fight over it. STEVE is untroubled by the rough sea and prepares for sleep.

ANGELA, despairing at STEVE'S aloofness, rolls over backwards, her head hanging over the edge of the bed.

We see SUNBEAMS flowing through the curtains highlighting THE DUST in the air: THE BED is a mess, half the duvet on the floor.

ANGELA

Did you ever wonder? What's so special about another day? Yesterday was the same and tomorrow will be the same, I guess...work, eat, sleep...just the same.

STEVE

(yawning)

Wonder...no; not really, a bit, I suppose.

ANGELA

Don't you get bored of the same old thing?

(waits for an answer)

I prayed for something to happen, but now; I'm giving up...just a little.

STEVE

We all do; give up is easy.

STEVE sits bolt upright, suddenly angered.

STEVE (continues)

You can't pray for things you can't have. You pray for forgiveness; that's all and then the other things just arrive...not by magic; by prayer. You make them happen by prayer.

ANGELA stares at Steve. He looks dapper for a practical man; his dark brown hair, wavy on the top, but uncontrollably curly in the rain. His ears are long, extra long for such a small head, the lobes thick and fleshy. Pimple scars pockmark his chin and forehead, his nose is slender and too feline for his big, round, burning eyes.

STEVE (continues)

And don't grumble, because that's a complaint.
Complaints don't count.

STEVE collapses onto his pillows; too darn tired to argue.

ANGELA

Is a miracle a thing?

STEVE

Yes!

ANGELA

Is that right.

STEVE

That's right. You say it out loud...with conviction and it comes true; that's how you make it happen.

ANGELA

(correcting Steve)

Aloud...not 'out loud'.

ANGELA walks leaden footed to the dressing counter and slumps onto the chair; her body alive; her spirit struggling to survive.

ANGELA

The trouble is, when you cannot see me, you think I'm sexy. I'm best in your eyes when you're blind.

ANGELA'S IMAGE IN THE MIRROR: she looks drawn and haggard, HER HAIR a tangle of black, red and ginger streaks.

ANGELA (continues)

You started it today.

STEVE

It was dark. The sun wasn't even up.

ANGELA ties her hair into a knot

ANGELA

You still like it long?

STEVE

You've always worn it that way.

ANGELA lathers cream over her face.

ANGELA

I do as I'm told. My place is to eat, sleep and work. You know the rules...to do as you're told and if life doesn't tell you you're husband will. Yea!.

STEVE

Rules never last...mark my words; they run out.

ANGELA

Ring me when that happens.

ANGELA opens a draw and rips out a tissue, wiping her face clean: THE ALARM goes off and STEVE reaches over and grabs the clock.

STEVE

(checking the time)

What's the rush?

THE CLOCK READS 6.30AM.

ANGELA

I have my book club tonight.

STEVE

(building into another yawn)

You're what?

ANGELA

I'll leave your dinner in the oven.

STEVE

Maybe, I'll go out.

ANGELA

All you have to do is warm it up.

STEVE

Of course...

(mocks Angela)

...all you have to do is warm it up.

STEVE replaces the clock on the bedside table. It falls over. He picks sit up, twists it this way and that until it sits firmly.

STEVE (continues)

I'm not a child. I know what to do with my food.

ANGELA slaps the draw closed and rises to go.

ANGELA

And at forty something I am still a woman and I know what to do with my body.

STEVE sees ANGELA'S hair for the first time.

STEVE (continues)

What have you done to your hair?

ANGELA

Washed it.

STEVE

No! Those streaky things?

ANGELA PULLS AT A RED STREAK; mystified by the issue.

THE VOICE OF JOACHIM WELSH ON THE RADIO interrupts.

ANGELA pauses to listen.

JOACHIM (v/o)

Animals are the messengers...they speak to us, our journey is to learn how to listen.

ANGELA turns up the volume and dresses for work, slipping into her leggings and tight fitting vest.

THE RADIO DJ questions Joachim.

DJ (v/o)

But surely that is the danger. If I were an animal I would never teach a human my language. Language lets us into our secrets.

JOACHIM (v/o)

I believe we balance each other.

DJ

Only when separated. In fact, if I were an animal, I'd leave this planet and let the humans ruin it without me and save my secrets.

STEVE mimes to the debate. He pumps his thumb in agreement with the DJ and when Joachim speaks he copies him in a mocking way.

END OF SAMPLE READ