

COUPLE

Written by

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INT - Kitchen.

It's decorated a little strange with doubles of everything. Two plants, two clocks, etc. SARA walks in and is greeted by her dog. She scoops his food 2 times and puts it in the food bowl. She then proceeds to make a cup of coffee and adds 2 sugar cubes. Then she turns on the TV and turns it to channel 2, and proceeds to sit on the couch. ERIC Walks in.

ERIC

Good morning.

SARA

Good Morning.

He walks over to her and quickly pecks her on the lips.

ERIC

You know what today is.

SARA

Ugh.

ERIC

(laughing)

Happy birthday, babe.

SARA

Thanks.

ERIC starts messing around in the kitchen.

ERIC

How about a special breakfast to wake you up?

SARA

That would be great.

ERIC

Do pancakes sound good?

SARA

Sure.

ERIC starts preparing the breakfast.

ERIC

Any plans for today?

SARA

Not really.

ERIC

We could get reservations somewhere nice for dinner.

SARA

Like where?

ERIC

Hmm. What are you in the mood for?

SARA

I don't know.

ERIC

How about *La Gloria*?

SARA

Maybe.

ERIC

I'll look into it after breakfast. It's your *birthday*, you need to do something special.

(A pause.)

How many eggs do you want?

SARA

Two.

ERIC

Figured.

After a few moments of silence, Eric finishes up his cooking.

ERIC (CONT'D)

All done. Let's eat in the living room.

Sara gets up from the couch and takes a seat at the table and stares down at the food, silent.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

SARA

Eric.

ERIC

What is it?

SARA

You gave me three pancakes.

ERIC

Yeah, haha, I wanted you to have a little extra today.

SARA

Eric, you know I can't eat this.

ERIC

Sara, there's nothing wrong with it.

SARA

You also only gave me one slice of toast.

ERIC

We ran out of bread.

SARA

No, we didn't, you bought two more loafs a couple of days ago.

They stare at each other.

SARA (CONT'D)

What is your problem?

ERIC

I'm trying to help you.

SARA

I don't *need* your help. I'm fine!

ERIC

Calm down. You're never going to get better if you can't even recognize the problem.

SARA

Don't tell me to calm down, Eric. You love pulling this shit. You don't even care about how I actually feel, you just think it's fun to play therapist.

ERIC

That's not true. I want to help you because I love you.

SARA

So because you love me, you're doing stuff that intentionally triggers me on my *birthday*?

ERIC

What else am I supposed to do? You refuse to talk to a professional, you haven't left the house in the last 3 months, and you've never even tried talking to me about it.

SARA

You wouldn't understand, Eric, it's not something I can just talk about.

ERIC

God, at least make an effort. It feels like I'm the only one who cares about saving this relationship.

SARA

How could you say that?! I'm not the one who stays out all night sleeping with other people. I tried *so hard* to be enough for you, and for what?

ERIC

I'm not sleeping with-

SARA

Stop lying to me. I'm not fucking stupid, you've been doing this for almost a year now. Of course I caught on.

Silence.

ERIC

I'm sorry.

SARA

No, you're not.

Eric starts reaching out to Sara.

ERIC

Please believe me, I-

Sara stands up and backs away.

SARA

Don't fucking touch me!

They stare at each other.

SARA

You should leave.

ERIC

What?

SARA

This obviously isn't going to work anymore. I want to be alone.

Eric stands up.

ERIC

So you're kicking me out?!

SARA

Yes. Go stay with one of your other girlfriends or something.

ERIC

Wait, Sara, let's just-

SARA

I'm serious, Eric, get out!

Eric looks bewildered for a moment, until it turns into anger.

ERIC

Fine. But I hope you realize that without me you can barely function. I do everything around here! Go ahead and rot in this house for all I care, you crazy bitch.

Eric storms out. Sara stands there for a moment, until she silently sits down at the table and buries her head in her hands.



Art by Libby W.