

## **A Sighlent Short Play**

-By Jonathan Hardin

### Characters

- Man
- Woman
- Young Couple
- Doctor (in video)

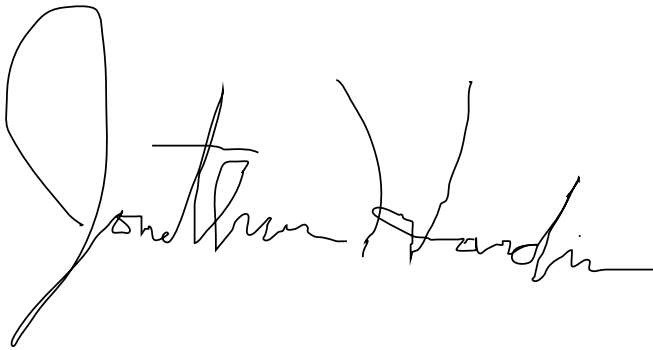
### Time

- Present

### Place

- A Kitchen

*Note:* Lyric-less music is welcome and encouraged, though it is neither essential nor necessarily constant.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jonathan Hardin". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looped initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

**[Begin Excerpt]**

**Scene Seven**

*(No fading to black for this transition, just a color change. Laughter is maintained through transition.)*

*(They emerge from the SL doorway, Man carrying Woman. Still in same [semi-lack of] clothing, but he has on a black top hat, and she a white veil. They continue giddy laughter for a few moments, then begin kissing as they make their way through the SR doorway.)*

*(Lights fade down, window fades to a nice, blue-skied morning)*

**Scene Eight**

*(Lights fade up. Woman standing at the stove, cooking eggs, pajama pants and tshirt, smile on her face.)*

*(After a moment, Man enters from SR doorway, in slacks and blazer and carrying a briefcase. He sees the woman and silently puts down his briefcase. He sneaks over to Woman and slips his arms around her waist. She is not startled, only breaking into a grin.)*

*(They turn DS, keeping position. He begins to rub her lower stomach, and she leans back into him. He walks over to his place at the table as she places the eggs on a plate, and then at his place. She kisses him, and exits SL doorway.)*

*(Man finishes his mouthful of eggs, and sighs with a smile. Lights fade down. Window fades to cloudy.)*

**Scene Nine**

*(Lights up. Woman is cooking eggs at stove, with a rather noticeable baby bump.)*

*(A moment, then Man enters in slacks and blazer. He sits at his place. Woman turns and they smile at each other. She turns back.)*

*(A few moments. She puts the eggs on the plate, then suddenly and sharply releases the skillet, startled. Her hands go to her lower stomach and grunts.)*

*(Man looks up in alarm and stands up. They share a look of panic. He barely shakes his head, then rushes over to her. He helps her as they exit through the SL doorway.)*

*(Lights fade down. Window fades to rain.)*

### Scene Ten

*(Lights up. Woman sitting in the SL table chair in tshirt and pajama pants. She is facing DS, stoic. Man at stove, cooking eggs in tshirt and boxers.)*

*(He finishes, puts the eggs on a plate. He slowly places the plate on the table in front of her. After she doesn't respond for a moment, he bends down, kisses her on the cheek, and holds her from behind. She doesn't respond.)*

*(He holds her for a moment, and sighs. Lights fade down. Window doesn't change.)*

### Scene Eleven

*(Lights up. Woman hasn't moved. Same clothes. Stoic.)*

*(After a moment, Man enters in slacks and blazer with a briefcase. He takes a moment to look at her. He walks over to the SR cabinet and pulls out a package of Poptarts. He places it in front of her, then kisses her on the cheek. He exits SL doorway.)*

*(Lights fade down, window doesn't change.)*

### Scene Twelve

*(Lights up. Woman as before. Stoic.)*

*(Man enters from SR doorway in slacks, blazer, and a briefcase. He hesitates only briefly to look at her and sigh before exiting SL doorway.)*

*(Lights fade down. The window fades to a slightly thunderous nighttime.)*

### Scene Thirteen

*(Lights fade up. The divide is back. She is once again sitting at the table in the SL chair. Woman looks a bit haggard, like she hasn't been out of the house [or showered] for several days. Tshirt, pajama pants, open robe, slippers.)*

*(After a moment, Man comes in from SR doorway, exhausted after a long day at work. He wears glasses now.)*

*(He shuffles in, plopping down his briefcase and blazer on the back of the SR chair. He shuffles over to the SR cabinet and looks inside. He sighs, grabs some Poptarts, and then changes his mind as he puts them back in and shuts the cabinet in disgust.)*

*(He walks over to the chair, and leans on his hands on the back of it for a moment. Suddenly, he roughly shoves the chair over in a fit of emotion. After a moment, he sighs*

*and composes himself. He picks the chair and blazer up off the floor, and sits in the chair, looking SL across the table.)*

*(Lights fade down. The window stays nighttime, but becomes a clear night.)*

***[End Excerpt]***