

The Morning After  
by  
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## The Morning After

### Cast of Characters

- RACHEL: Late 30s, pretty sister-in-law and best friend to Samantha, strong, determined, very much in love with her husband Paul with whom she's trying to get pregnant.
- SAMANTHA: Early 30s sister-in-law and best friend to Rachel to whom she introduced to her brother Paul. Level-headed, loyal.
- PAUL: Late 30s, easy going, thoughtful, very much in love with his wife Rachel, anxious for fatherhood, and very close to his younger sister Samantha.
- OFFICER MENENDEZ: Female police officer, professional but compassionate.

### Synopsis

Rachel and Paul have been married for ten years, having spent the majority of that time chasing their careers. A year ago, they decided they want to settle down and start a family and both are thrilled with this decision. But getting pregnant is not as easy as they thought and biological clocks are ticking and Rachel is not about to let RAPE get in the way.

### Setting

Apartment living room/dining room of Rachel and Paul, obviously well cared for and stylishly decorated. There is a small entry way table near front door. Couch, coffee table etc...on one side of the room. Small dining table and chairs on the other side of the room. There is physical front door with several locks, there is an exit to the kitchen and an exit to leading to the bedroom.

### Time

Early 2000s, evening.

Act I  
Scene 1

Setting: The dining area looks set for a romantic dinner with unlit candles, plates, wine glasses etc...on dining table. The living room area is a mess. There are several pillows from the sofa on the floor, the coffee table is obviously out of place, magazines and other items on the floor. An overturned lamp is on the floor next to an end table. Near the front door there is mail on the floor, Rachel's keys, purse, and wallet, an overturned bag of groceries with some of the grocery items including a bottle of wine, scattered around as though the bag was dropped. A small table by the front door is not in its place, partially pushed out into the room. Somewhere there is an answering machine.

At Rise: Rachel is sitting on the sofa, in a daze, disheveled. She is wearing a button-up shirt that has been torn open in the front, a short skirt that is off-center and hiked up. Her pantyhose has holes in the knees and runs, and she is wearing no shoes. They're each in different places on the floor, one in a remote corner. Her hair is a mess and her makeup is running as though she has been crying.

(OS knock at the front door which makes RACHEL flinch but she does not say anything or get up but just stares straight ahead looking blank.  
(pause) Another knock at the door.)

SAMANTHA

(OS front door) Rachel?

(OS another knock, more insistent. RACHEL does not respond in any way.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

(OS front door) Rachel?

(OS another knock and then the sound of a doorbell. RACHEL finally snaps out of it and looks at the door, afraid.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

(OS front door) Rachel! Are you in there?

(OS pounding at door followed by more doorbell ringing. RACHEL stands, wary, and listens closely.)

RACHEL (unsure)

Who's there?

SAMANTHA

(OS front door) Rachel honey? It's me. Sam. Can you hear me?

RACHELLE

Samantha? Just a minute.

(Walks with a slight limp toward the front door and looks out the peephole.)

SAMANTHA (shouting)

(OS front door) Are you OK? Open the door!

RACHEL

Are you alone?

SAMANTHA

(OS front door) Am I- (pause) Yes, I'm alone. Open the door.

(RACHEL unlocks three locks on door and opens door. SAMANTHA rushes in and embraces RACHEL who begins shaking.)

SAMANTHA

Oh Rachel. Oh honey. Honey. I'm so sorry. Oh my God. Oh Rachel.

RACHEL

The door!

(Pulls back from SAMANTHA.)

Have to lock the door.

(Fumbles with locks trying to secure, and begins to weep.)

I...I can't...

(Fumbles with locks.)

God damn it!

(Hits the door with her palm, body sagging against the door.)

SAMANTHA

Here, let me.

(Secures locks on door.)

Oh honey. Come here.

(SAMANTHA hugs RACHEL and then takes her face in her hands and wipes her tears and smeared mascara away with her thumbs.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

God. You look awful. Let's sit down.

(Leads RACHEL to sofa and helps her sit.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

You want me to get you something? A drink?

RACHEL

No.

SAMANTHA

Have the police been here yet?

RACHEL

I didn't call the police.

SAMANTHA

Don't worry. I called them as soon as you called me.

RACHEL

No! Sam...I can't. I...can't! He said if I talk to the police he'd know. He'd come back. I...I can't.  
(Begins crying into her hands.)

SAMANTHA

Bastard. They all say that...just to scare you long enough so you won't go to the police until it's too late for a rape kit. Tell me what happened. Who is the bastard? Do you know him?

RACHEL

No. I've never seen him before tonight. I...I forgot to get the wine. I was just going to run get the wine and...and then...then...  
(Sobs.)

SAMANTHA

It's ok hun. Take your time...here.  
(Pulls a travel pack of tissues from her purse and hands to RACHEL.)

RACHEL

(Wipes her eyes, blows her nose, tries to collect herself.)  
I went to Kress. I got the wine. As I was leaving, I saw...him. I dropped my keys and he picked them up for me. I said, "thanks". He said, "no problem". Then he went into the store.

SAMANTHA

Then what happened?

RACHEL

Nothing. I didn't give him another thought. I wasn't afraid or nervous or anything. What's wrong with me? Why don't I have that women's intuition everyone says you should listen to?  
(Starts crying again.)

SAMANTHA

Oh Rach...This is not your fault.

RACHEL

I walked the two blocks home. I was happy. I might even have been singing. Came into the building. Came up the elevator. Had my groceries in a bag. Unlocked the door and then (trying not to cry) someone was behind me ( pause) pushing me in the door, shoving me on the floor. He closed the door and then...and then...

(Starts crying.)

And then he- (long pause) God he-

SAMANTHA

(Holds RACHEL, rocking.)

I know. Oh honey. I know. It's going be ok. I promise it will be ok. Look. The police should be here. Where are they? Wait. Where's Paul? Oh right...New York until Friday? Did you call him?

RACHEL

He was supposed to be back an hour ago. I don't know where he is. He decided to come back early because...

(Sits up straight, remembering something.)

Oh my God. Oh Sam. Oh my God.

SAMANTHA

What? What is it, honey?

RACHEL

Oh God, Sam. I'm ovulating. Right now. Paul's coming home early because I'm ovulating! We were going to have a romantic dinner tonight. Oh my God.

(Arms across her belly, hugging herself, rocking back and forth.)

Oh my God. Oh my...

(Starts crying again.)

SAMANTHA

(Holds RACHEL.)

OK. Honey. It's OK. We'll find him. Paul. We'll find Paul.

(Hold's RACHEL'S face in her hands, wiping more tears and mascara away with thumbs.)

You need a drink. (pause) I'm going to get you a drink.

(Goes to the bar, pours a drink.)

I need a drink...

(Downs it, refills, and then pours a drink for RACHEL while talking.)

The police should be here any moment-

(Hands drink to RACHEL.)

-and we'll find Paul. Maybe he left you a message. Where's your cell?

RACHEL

I left it at the office again. Stupid.

SAMANTHA

That's why Paul insists on keeping your land line.

(Heads for house phone.)

There is a message.

(Pushes button on answering machine.)

PAUL

(voice from message machine) Hey Rach. Tried you on your cell. You leave it at work again? Crap. Well, call me when you get this message. Baby, I just missed my flight. I'm so sorry. Traffic was a bear. Stupid taxi driver was ten minutes late. And I was exactly ten minutes late to catch my flight. Thanks Habeeb. And that's NOT a racial slur. That was his name. Habeeb. They hadn't even taxied yet but still wouldn't let me board. Security crap. (pause) I think I'll just wait for the ten o'clock? So...I should be home by one. That's not too late for that romantic dinner, is it? Well yea, I guess it probably is. Did you make the pot roast? I'll bet you made the pot roast. Damn. I'll have it for lunch tomorrow. Sorry, babe. (pause) But the main event I will not miss! I'll take a glass of the cab and then do my best to accommodate my very beautiful, currently ovulating, wife! So...stay horny! (laughs) Oops! Just got some looks for that. Oh well. (pause) I'll see you at one. I love you. This is the night, babe. We will make that baby tonight. I can just feel it. I Love you. Bye babe.

RACHEL

One...oh God. It's almost eleven-thirty.

(Stands up and starts to pick up pillows.)

Can you help me get this place straightened up?

SAMANTHA

Straightened up? No.

(Stops her from putting the pillows on the couch.)

Rachel honey, you need to leave everything how it is. It's like a crime scene. I'm sure they'll have forensics here. Maybe he left finger prints, or hair, or something.

RACHEL

I'm not talking to the police Sam.

SAMANTHA

You've got to talk to the police. Paul will....

RACHEL

(Pulls away from SAMANTHA and puts pillows on the couch.)

Paul can't know.

SAMANTHA

What?

RACHEL

I don't want Paul to know. I need to clean up.

SAMANTHA

Rachel...

RACHEL

(Starts picking up things and putting away.)

If he knows, it'll make things (pause) different between us. I...we've been trying so hard to get pregnant and this would just...

SAMANTHA

Rachel, honey. You're not thinking right. Probably in shock. You need to talk to the police and you need to go to the hospital.

RACHEL (shouting)

No! I just can't. Don't you understand I can't?!?

(Takes a deep breath and tries to calm down.)

Not now. Maybe later, but not now.

SAMANTHA

But-

RACHEL

Not tonight. Please!

(Starts crying again.)

If you can't help me get this place cleaned up then just leave! (long pause) Oh Sam...I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA

It's ok.

RACHEL

No really. I'm sorry. You're here trying to help me and I-

SAMANTHA

Honey. I get it. It's ok. (pause) Look, if you're sure you're not going to report this, which I definitely think you should, I'll help you.

RACHEL

Thank you, Sam. I'm sorry I just...

SAMANTHA

Not another word about it. Let's see...you go take a shower and change. I'll clean up out here.

(RACHEL hugs SAMANTHA and exits hallway door. SAMANTHA gets her cell phone out of her purse, goes to the bedroom door, and listens. After she hears the sounds of the shower, she scrolls, and dials.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

Paul. This is Sam. Can you call me? Soon as you can, ok? I'm on my cell. K. Bye.

(Begins to straighten up living room.)

Act I  
Scene 2

Setting: About 15 minutes later. Much of the mess has been cleaned up.

At Rise: Samantha is busy putting things back in their place.

(OS doorbell rings.)

SAMANTHA (sarcastic)

Now they get here.

(Goes to door, looks through peep hole.)

Finally!

(Unlocks and opens door.)

Why on earth did it take-

(Looks at watch.)

-almost 30 minutes for New York's finest to get here?

OFFICER MENENDEZ

(Consults notepad.)

Busy night. Are you Samantha?

SAMANTHA

That's right.

OFFICER MENENDEZ

I'm officer Menendez. May I come in.

SAMANTHA

Of course.

(Steps back, motioning OFFICER MENENDEZ into the room.)

OFFICER MENENDEZ

You called about an assault, your-

SAMANTHA

Rape. Not an assault. A rape.

OFFICER MENENDEZ

(Consults note pad.)

Right. Rape...your sister, um...Rachel Palmer? Is she here?

SAMANTHA

Sister-in-law. Yes, she is. Unfortunately, you're too late.

OFFICER MENENDEZ

What do you mean, too late? Did Mrs. Palmer already head to the hospital?

SAMANTHA

No. I'm afraid that Mrs. Palmer is not going to make a report. I tried to reason with her but she's afraid and she's just not going to do it. If you had arrived earlier, you may have been able to persuade her before she...

OFFICER MENENDEZ

I need to speak to Mrs. Palmer myself.

SAMANTHA

She's in the shower. If you-

OFFICER MENENDEZ

Shower? We really need a rape kit, preferably before she takes a shower. It's the best way to get compelling evidence.

SAMANTHA

Part of the reason I wish you'd shown up earlier. Regardless, she refuses to make a report. If you'll leave your card, I'll try to talk her into calling you.

(RACHEL enters from bedroom, dressed in sweats, a loose t-shirt, hair in towel.)

RACHEL (startled)

Sam! What the hell?

SAMANTHA

I told you I called them on my way over here. This is Officer Menendez.

RACHEL

I'm sorry Officer. There's been a misunderstanding.

OFFICER MENENDEZ

Mrs. Palmer, I know you're scared but let me tell you that even after a shower a rape kit can sometimes be effective. We still have a chance at gathering physical evidence and catching the man who did this to you. Can you tell me what happened?

RACHEL

I told you, it was a misunderstanding. There's nothing to report.

SAMANTHA

Rachel...tell her.

OFFICER MENENDEZ

Mrs. Palmer, you really need to make a report. Just tell me what happened. Do you know him? The man who raped you?

RACHEL

I understand you are just trying to do your job, but I'm not going to make a report. You're wasting your time. Sorry about the misunderstanding and I'm right in the middle of things so I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

SAMANTHA

Rachel...

OFFICER MENENDEZ

Mrs.-

RACHEL

Now. I'm asking you to leave now. (pause) Please.

OFFICER MENENDEZ

Alright...here's my card.

(OFFICER MENENDEZ hands one card to RACHEL and one to SAMANTHA.)

OFFICER MENENDEZ (Cont.)

I strongly encourage you to rethink the matter and call me as soon as possible. I understand how you feel, but the only way to stop this man is to identify him and get him off the street so he doesn't do it again. (pause) You wouldn't want him to do this to someone else, would you?

RACHEL

Guilt. Just what I need. Thank you. Now leave.

SAMANTHA

(Walking toward the front door.)

We'll call you if we have anything to report.

(SAMANTHA opens door, waiting for OFFICER MENENDEZ to exit. OFFICER MENENDEZ hesitates and then leaves, shaking her head. SAMANTHA closes door, locks bottom lock and turns toward RACHEL. RACHEL motions to the other locks. RACHEL turns back to door and engages all locks.)

RACHEL

Why did you call the police?

SAMANTHA

You called me saying you had been raped. (pause) Of course I called the-

RACHEL

Never mind. I get it. Let's just finish straightening up. Paul will be here soon. He can't know. He just can't.

SAMANTHA

I think you're underestimating Paul. He'll understand. No way will he blame you. Paul loves you Rach.

RACHEL

(Starts picking up things and putting them in place.)

I know that. I'm not worried about blame. I just can't...he'll be...this would just... (pause) Never mind. I don't expect you to understand.

SAMANTHA

(Goes to RACHEL and tries to comfort her.)

Oh sweetie...but I DO understand.

RACHEL

(Shrugs her off and keeps straightening up things throughout dialogue.)

No. You think you do but you don't. Trust me.

SAMANTHA

I think I know my brother pretty well and I know-

RACHEL (cutting her off)

Did you know I was raped right after Paul and I started seeing each other?

SAMANTHA

What? Oh my God.

RACHEL

It was our fourth date. We went to that little Italian place over on 33<sup>rd</sup>.

SAMANTHA

Mondellos?

RACHEL

He was so amazing at dinner. So...I don't know...Perfect. Perfect for me. That was the night I knew I was in love with him. And I was, for the first time in my life, considering breaking my five-date rule. You know, don't sleep with them until the fifth date.

SAMANTHA

You never told me...

RACHEL

After dinner, we drank our second bottle of wine with dessert. I had more wine than I should have and was fairly drunk when he drove me home. He wanted to walk me up. I wanted him to walk me up. But I was afraid that if we got as far as the door, I'd break my five-date rule for sure. So, we made out in the car for a while. A long while. Things were getting a little hot and heavy when I stopped and then insisted I was fine to walk up on my own.

SAMANTHA

And?

RACHEL

He protested. Only a little. I could tell he really, really wanted to come up. And not to just walk me to my door. He could tell I felt the same but I laughed and told him to be patient. Told him that good things come to those that wait! God. What a tease. If only I'd broken my goddamn rule, just that once.

SAMANTHA

And then...

RACHEL

And then I did my best to walk as sexy as possible to my building. I wanted him to leave really wanting me, you know? When I got to the door I turned and waived, blew a kiss. He waived and then drove away, grinning.

SAMANTHA

And...

RACHEL

And...and then, from out of nowhere, a man was there. I mean, in an instant, he was right there behind me. I had just turned toward the door and he was right there. He grabbed me from behind, grabbed my throat. (pause) I couldn't breathe. I remember thinking, "I'm screaming and nothing is coming out." You know...like when you're having a nightmare and can't make yourself wake up?

SAMANTHA

I get that sometimes.

RACHEL

He dragged me behind some bushes, away from the security lights, held a knife in front of my face and whispered, "Make a fucking sound and I'll slit your throat. Understand?"

SAMANTHA

Oh God.

RACHEL

Then he put the knife to my neck so I could feel it. It actually cut me a little.

(Subconsciously touches neck.)

Just enough to bleed. No scar. (long pause) I didn't make another peep. I didn't even cry. I just...went limp. He shoved me down on my knees, pushed my face into the dirt, yanked up my dress, tore down my underwear, and, and...(pause) I can still remember what he felt like. Clear as if it was yesterday. The smell of mulch and him (pause) inside me.

SAMANTHA

Oh Rachel.

RACHEL

When he was (pause) finished, he thanked me. Can you imagine? He thanked me! Told me I was a good lay and then (pause) he was gone. I stayed like that for a few minutes, lying with my face in the dirt. I didn't even care. When I was sure he was gone I crawled over my stoop and just sat there, the right side of my face and my new dress torn and covered with dirt. The landscapers must have been there recently. The mulch. I smelled like mulch. I remember being worried that someone would think I'd shit myself. Like that was the biggest of my worries. God.

SAMANTHA

Did you call the police?

RACHEL

My neighbor Stephanie did. She came out front for a smoke, found me, and called the police. Police took me to the hospital, did a rape kit, let me take a shower, cleaned up my scrapes. I didn't call Paul. Didn't want to call Paul. I was...I don't know. Ashamed? Embarrassed? (pause) Humiliated. But the police did. They called him and he rushed to the hospital and then...then they questioned him, Sam. Like he was a suspect or something.

SAMANTHA

Oh no.

RACHEL

I had already told them it wasn't him. That I had watched him drive away. That it couldn't have been him.

SAMANTHA

Of course not.

RACHEL

The...man...he was bigger; taller, heavier. I didn't see his face, but his hands were big and rough

RACHEL (Cont.)

and he had a tattoo of a star on his arm...here.

(Indicates inside right arm between wrist and elbow.)

So, there's no way it could have been him but they questioned him anyway.

SAMANTHA

I guess because he was the last one with you before the attack?

RACHEL

And even though the police treated him like a suspect at first, Paul was still super supportive and helpful just like you would expect. He helped me with the hospital paperwork, he drove me home, he made...soup. (smiles) Chicken noodle. He checked all the closets, the windows, the doors. He switched out my lock out for a deadbolt. He slept on my couch for three days. He didn't go to work. Paul...Mr. Work-First-Unless-Someone's-Dead, didn't go to work.

SAMANTHA

Of course. Paul loves you. He always has. Why do you think he would feel any different now?

RACHEL

It's not that. It's... (pause) You know that five-date rule?

SAMANTHA

Yea...

RACHEL

Back then, after the (pause) rape, I didn't need the rule anymore because it took Paul ten more dates before he would do more than give me a short kiss. He wouldn't touch me. I know he was afraid of hurting me, but it still felt like rejection. It was hard getting comfortable with each other again. Really hard. It was months later before we finally consummated the relationship. And even then, he was so careful and reserved. I'm not sure he even enjoyed it that first time. (pause) I know I didn't.

SAMANTHA

Hun, I'm sure he was just doing what he thought he should to make you comfortable.

RACHEL

I know that. I know. Really. It's just...

SAMANTHA

What?

RACHEL (pacing)

You know we're trying to get pregnant. Trying for over a year now. We can't afford to put things on hold right now. Doctor Gibbons said at my age, every cycle is critical. If I tell Paul...

SAMANTHA

Honey, you have to tell Paul.

RACHEL

If I tell Paul, it could be months before he would want to...

SAMANTHA

Oh...I see. Don't you think he would understand and-

RACHEL

I don't know! But I can't take that chance Sam. I just can (beat) not (beat) wait! This baby means everything to him. To me. To us! I won't put this on hold. I just won't.

SAMANTHA

Well, at the very least you have to put it on hold for another month.

RACHEL

What? Why?

SAMANTHA

Rachel! You're ovulating! Even if you won't go to the hospital, you've got to take the pill.

RACHEL

The pill?

SAMANTHA

The "morning after" pill? The abortion pill?

RACHEL

Oh. That. Guess I've been so busy trying to get pregnant I forgot all about methods to avoid it.

SAMANTHA

Well you most definitely want to avoid it this month considering what just happened to you. You could get pregnant from that bastard that raped you.

RACHEL

No. I though the body naturally prevents pregnancy during a rape. The trauma shuts reproduction down or something. Right?

SAMANTHA

Pro-life propaganda.

RACHEL

Really?

SAMANTHA

Really.

(SAMANTHA'S cell phone rings. She pulls it out, looks at it.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

It's Paul.

RACHEL

Don't answer.

SAMANTHA

I have to answer. I called him. He'll think something's wrong if I don't answer.

RACHEL

You called him???

SAMANTHA

I didn't say anything, just left a message to call me. I won't say anything. I promise.

(Answers phone.)

Hi Paul. (pause) Oh yea...(pause) No, no...nothing's wrong. (pause) I didn't even realize it was that late until I hung up. (pause) Yea, I was working late. Sorry. So...you out of town until Friday? (pause) Oh. Coming back tonight? Just landed? (pause) Right. Rachel will be thrilled to get you home early. (pause) No, I was just calling to (pause) find out when you were due home. Mom and Dad are trying to plan a night for all of us to come over for dinner. (pause) Rachel? Yes...I tried her on her cell but-(pause) Right. She probably left it at work again. (pause) OK. I'll try her at the apartment. (pause) Love you too. Bye.

RACHEL

Well?

SAMANTHA

Just landed. You've probably got 45 minutes tops.

RACHEL

Oh God. OK. You have to go.

SAMANTHA

I'm going. Here...give me a hug.

(SAMANTHA and RACHEL embrace.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

It's going to be ok. You hear me?

RACHEL

Yes...yes...you need to go.

SAMANTHA

You'll need to make an excuse. You're too tired. You're not feeling well. Headache. Something.

RACHEL

What?

SAMANTHA

For why you can't have sex tonight. Paul will be expecting-

RACHEL

Wait...Why?

SAMANTHA

Honey, you've had a major trauma. You need time to heal. Also, you don't want to face the possibility of becoming pregnant by Paul tonight and having to take the abortion pill because it might be the bastard's.

RACHEL

Oh...right. Of course.

SAMANTHA

I'll pick up the pill at the pharmacy on Bakersville. I'm pretty sure it's open 24 hours. I don't think you need a prescription for it anymore. No time to come in the morning. I'll just bring it back as soon as I can, but it'll probably be late. If the lights are on, I'll ring the bell and make up some excuse. If they're off, I'll just leave it behind the planter next to your front door. OK? And remember, you have to take it first thing in the morning, ok?

RACHEL

Right. Got it.

SAMANTHA

It's' going to be ok. I know it is.

(SAMANTHA hugs RACHEL unlocks all locks. Opens door. Turns back.)

SAMANTHA (Cont.)

Rach...

RACHEL

Yea?

SAMANTHA

Did they ever catch the bastard? The first time?

RACHEL

No. They didn't.

LIGHTS DOWN

Act 2  
Scene 1

Setting: 20 minutes later. Table has been cleared of dinner plates, glasses etc... Room is completely cleaned up except, unnoticed, the table by the front door which is still askew and one of Rachel's dress/work shoes is just barely visible under the dining table or somewhere where you would not expect to find a shoe.

At Rise: Rachel is OS in the kitchen putting away dishes. Paul is OS front door.

(Paul unlocks and enters front door, carrying a suitcase and a brief case.)

PAUL

Rachel?

(Puts his suitcase and brief case down and puts his keys in the bowl on the table by the door. He notices table slightly out of place. He looks around the room and then quizzically back at the table and then pushes it back into place.)

Rachel? Honey? You up?

RACHEL

(OS from kitchen) I'm here. I'm here!

(RACHEL enters from kitchen and races into PAUL'S arms, they embrace and kiss.)

PAUL

Got my message?

RACHEL

I did.

PAUL

Good.

(PAUL kisses RACHEL deeply.)

PAUL

Hey! Where are the magic pajamas? No lingerie-show tonight?

RACHEL

Oh...I got tired and went to bed. It's just been a really long day, you know?

PAUL (suggestively)

I can tell you what's long.

RACHEL

Seriously? Paul!

PAUL

Not that! What's long is the way I'm going to love you tonight.

RACHEL

I'm just so tired tonight, you know?

(PAUL takes RACHEL'S face in his hands and speaks to her intensely and emotionally.)

PAUL

I had a dream last night. I dreamt we got pregnant tonight and that we had a little girl. She looked just like you and we named her Esther, after your mother.

RACHEL

We are not naming our baby Esther.

PAUL

I think it's a sign, babe. I just know that tonight is the night.

RACHEL

I'm not sure I can-

PAUL

Nothing...not a late cabbie, a delayed flight, or these baggy sweatpants can keep me from making that dream a reality. Tonight. We've waited too long for this. Come here.

(PAUL pulls RACHEL back into an embrace and kisses her deeply. Then starts kissing her neck and pulls off her shirt, kissing her shoulders and down her arms. Then swoops her up in his arms and carries her OS to the bedroom as he speaks.)

PAUL

Come on beautiful. Let's go make a baby.

Act 2  
Scene 2

Setting: The next morning. Everything the same. Rachel's shirt from the night before is on the floor. The remaining shoe is still in place under table or wherever. Paul's brief case is still by the front door.

At Rise: Rachel, in a robe, is standing in the doorway to the bedroom area. She has a sweet smile on her face, remembering her love-making with Paul. Paul is OS in bedroom, sleeping.

(RACHEL stares for a moment, smiling. She starts to straighten up the room, picking up the shirt Paul took off of her last night. She smiles to herself. She picks up his brief case and puts it on the dining room table. She looks around the room and spots her shoe, the last physical reminder of the rape in the room. Her face darkens. She picks up the shoe and closes her eyes, trying not to cry. She angrily throws the shoe across the room which makes a loud noise.)

PAUL

(OS Bedroom) Rach? (pause) Rachel, what was that?

RACHEL

Nothing. Dropped my shoe.

(PAUL enters from bedroom in his boxers with bed-head hair. He pulls RACHEL into his arms and kisses her.)

PAUL

You ok?

RACHEL

Fine. Just thinking.

PAUL

About?

RACHEL

About our life together. The two of us. How happy we've been. How different it might be with a baby.

PAUL

But...Wait. You're not having second thoughts, are you?

RACHEL

No. Of course not. (pause) But (long pause) if it doesn't happen for us, we'll be ok, right?

PAUL

It will happen for us. I know it. Last night was the night. I can feel it. Of course, we could go for round three right now if you-

(PAUL'S cell phone rings in the bedroom.)

PAUL (Cont.)

Hold that thought. Might be the office.

(PAUL exits to the bedroom. SAMANTHA retrieves her shoe and continues to straighten up the room. PAUL pokes his head out of the doorway, holding the phone to his ear and holding his other hand over the phone.)

PAUL

It's Sam.

RACHEL (alarmed)

(Remembering SAMANTHA'S promise to leave the pill, she looks at the front door.)

Sam?

PAUL (perplexed)

Babe. She's on the phone.

RACHEL

Oh. Yes.

PAUL

Dinner. Mom's. Friday?

RACHEL

OK. Friday.

PAUL

(Into the phone) Rachel says we're free.

(Continuing to talk indiscernibly, PAUL exits to bedroom. RACHEL looks at the front door again, warily, then back at the bedroom door, and then quickly unlocks, and exits front door, leaving it open. She immediately returns with a small white paper bag from the pharmacy and closes the

door. PAUL pokes his head out the door and she quickly hides the bag behind her back.)

PAUL (Cont.)

I'm going to hop in the shower. Want to join me?

RACHEL

Um. No. I need coffee.

PAUL

I'm pretty sure I know how to wake you up.

RACHEL

I'll bet.

PAUL

You sure? I could give you a thorough scrubbing!

RACHEL

I probably need one. (pause) Next time. I really need coffee. You go on.

PAUL

OK but you're missing out!

(PAUL winks at RACHEL and withdraws from doorway. (long pause) RACHEL returns her attention to the bag. She opens it, and slowly removes the pill box and puts the bag on the coffee table. She looks at the back of the box, then glances at the bedroom door. Then quickly opens the box and removes the pill packet and puts the box in the bag. She then pops the pill out of the packet into her hand and puts the packet in the bag. She looks at the pill in her palm. (long pause) She puts the pill on the coffee table, grabs the bag and exits to the kitchen (presumably to discard). After a moment, she enters from the kitchen with a glass of water which she puts down on the coffee table next to the pill. She sits and looks at the pill and the water. She stands and picks up the pill. She looks at the bedroom door. She places her free hand low on her belly. (long pause) She looks at the glass of water and picks it up. She looks at the pill. (long pause) She makes no move one way or the other.)

LIGHTS DOWN