

Good Enough.

By

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INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

ADAM looks into the camera.

ADAM:

Whose the man? Thats right. You.
You're the guy. You get it done.

ADAM splashes water on his face. Drys it. Sprays himself with perfume. He walks to a bedroom door. Knocks sexily. EVE opens. She smiles.

EVE:

Hi.

ADAM:

Hey.

PAN ACROSS CHEST OF DRAWNS, CUT TO A DESK, AN OPEN WARDROBE, PHOTO FRAMS AND OTHER FURNITURE IN THE ROOM. THE SOUNDS OF SEX ARE HEARD IN THE SCENE.

Adam is atop Eve, they are having sex. The sounds of their breath fill the room, sweat falls from their brows. Her Hands dig into his shoulders.

EVE:

(breathing heavily)
Nearly there?

ADAM:

(Panting)
I'm there.

EVE:

In me. Please.

Adam pulls in closer and lets out a high pitched moan. He slumps. Eve rolls off of Adam and lies down. Eve takes a glass of water from the bedside and necks it. Adam gets out of bed and walks out of the room with a pep in his step. He walks back into the bathroom and stands over the toilet bowl. The sound of him peeing travels through the hall.

ADAM:

(calling)
So (beat) did you enjoy...(beat) was that good?

EVE:
Yeah. It was fine. Yeah.

ADAM:
Like (beat) YEAH IT WAS SO GOOD!

Eve gets out of bed and begins to get dressed. Adam walks back into the room.

or just like it was okay?

EVE:
Yeah babe, that was good.

ADAM:
Well, can you tell me what was good?

EVE:
Please, I don't like doing the details.

ADAM:
Not details. Just like what was good.

EVE:
Baby you're saying the same thing, I don't like this conversation.

ADAM:
It would end faster if you answered the question.

EVE:
What do you want me to say?

ADAM:
I just want to know what I do right.

EVE:
(Sarcastic)
You do everything wrong. Oh well, fuck off.

Adams leaves the room quickly. Frustrated. Slamming can be heard in the kitchen.

EVE:
Oh come on, don't take that seriously.

Adam continues to move around the kitchen, a kettle starts to boil.

ADAM

I just think it's a silly question. Of course, it's good, I've had sex with you before. I wouldn't if it wasn't good.

Adam walks back into the bedroom.

ADAM

Please Could you take this seriously for once.

Eve stares up at the ceiling and lightly hits her head against the backboard.

ADAM

(Bitterly)

I wouldn't ask if you actually made some fucking noise.

EVE

(Furrowed eyebrows squint)

What do you mean? Like....during?

ADAM

Yeah, you ever do something for someone and they just sit there silently. That's what it's like.

EVE

(Scoffing)

Really. Yeah cool. Do you want me to sound like I'm in porn? We've done that-

ADAM

Yeah, and you made that weird.

EVE

How did I make that weird if I said what you were telling me to say?

ADAM

You were saying it because I wanted you to, not because you wanted to. That's all. I just want to know if you're happy.

EVE

Nah that's not it, those are two different things. What you actually

want is me to perform as you do.

ADAM

(Pauses)

What do you mean perform?

EVE

It's things like your little bathroom routine. It's almost you're playing a character.

ADAM

It's not a character. It's me.

EVE

Well it's ugly.

They both stare at each other in the doorway, the distance between them is very little.

EVE

I don't think it is you. You only act like this when we have sex. It's like some sort of barrier you put up between us.

Adam sits by Eve.

You do satisfy me. I like having sex with you. The details don't matter because you do everything right. Even if I told you what was good about the sex, it wouldn't change anything and you already know that.

Eve moves to Adam and hugs him from the side.

You're not asking for "feedback", you're asking for praise. Praise that you don't need.

Adam stares off and looks away from Eve. Eve waits and looks at Adam. She gets up, and walks to the door.

I'm not gonna sit here and wait for you to respond to that, I've got other things to do. Maybe I should have expected this to happen, this conversation gets worse every time.

ADAM:

Yeah. Maybe that's it. It's what's expected. What you expect of me. How am I meant to meet that. I tell myself that I make you happy but you don't even look happy to see me most days. It wouldn't bother me if I didn't look around and realise what the fuck am I doing for us?

Adam stands back up and faces Eve.

You're about to go to your job that pays for this place. Tick off about 15 things that need doing before that even starts. You'll come home, I'll have tried to cook something and it won't be very good. Then you'll pat me on the back and say don't worry.

EVE:

But we're a team and us living together is still new.

ADAM:

A team that YOU are carrying.

EVE:

You're going to be able to contribute soon. I really believe it. Your work is beautiful and insightful, you just need to keep looking.

ADAM:

I haven't found a job in over a year now. I think you should start to look at things a bit more realistically, You took in a bum. So here I am thinking, to myself, "Fuck, if I can't do A, B or C. At least maybe I could just fuck you well EXCEPT I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I DO BECAUSE YOU NEVER SAY ANYTHING!

Eve looks at him. Her brows furrowed. Eyes empty.

EVE:

There isn't a single word that would fix what you're feeling.

ADAM:

Yeah. But maybe if you said something, I wouldn't feel the need to prove that

I am good enough.

EVE:
Good enough for what?

ADAM:
Good enough for you.

EVE:
Well we can talk about this later but
as you are. You aren't. I'm sorry.

Eve leaves, shutting the door behind her. A loud slam is heard. Adam jaw clenches, his eyes become heavy, his posture slumps and lets out a long low breath. He sits down on the bed and looks around the room. He stairs off out into the window.

CUTS TO THE SAME SHOT. NIGHT.

Eve turns on the light switch, the bed is made, the room is immaculate. Adam is gone. Eve looks visibly sad. Takes a breath and then goes to the kitchen. Cupboards are opened and closed, the kettle boils.

CUT TO BLACK

END.