

BEING THERE

CHAUNCY reclines in bed, a breakfast tray across his lap, the bedclothes pulled up to his chest. He wears silk pajamas. On the television, Mr. Roger's Neighborhood plays. A KNOCK at the door. He mumbles through a mouthful of eggs.

CHAUNCY

Come in...

EVE enters, seductively attired in a sheer, though conservatively styled nightgown. She arranges herself slinkily on the bed next to Chauncy.

EVE

Have you read the newspapers?

CHAUNCY

I don't read papers, Eve.

EVE

Well, you're described as one of the principal architects of the President's speech last night, and your comments on the television show are quoted side-by-side with the President's.

CHAUNCY

Oh...I like the President very much. He's a nice man.

Chauncy remains rapt as Mr. Rogers sings. Eve closes the gap, threatening the breakfast tray with her silky hips.

EVE

You're very nice, too.

She regards him for several beats. He is completely unaware of her intentions, focused only on the television.

EVE

You don't mind me being here, do you? Like this?

CHAUNCY

No, Eve. I like you to be here.

She makes a kittenish noise and draws closer. She engulfs Chauncy, knocking over some breakfast dishes as she crawls on top of him. Unable to contain herself any longer, she smothers him with kisses, putting him into some disarray but failing to divert his attention. She moans lustily, her desire building as she squirms on top of him.

Finally, he looks her directly in the eyes, staring blankly at her. She gazes back for a beat, then composes herself.

EVE

Oh...oh, Chauncy, thank you, I...thank you.
Oh, I'm so grateful, Chauncy. I would
have just...opened up...at the slightest touch. I
would have just opened up, you know? But
you're so strong...and I can trust myself with you.

CHAUNCY

I'm glad you didn't open, Eve.

She replaces the breakfast tray, making little cooing noises as she does. Then she leaves, with one backward, longing glance. Chauncy's attention has already returned to Mr. Rogers.

Chauncy presses the remote, and a new show comes on, a movie with a torrid love scene. He begins to mimic the actors, making kissing motions.

Outside the door, Eve struggles with her conscience. Finally, she bursts back in.

EVE

Chauncy! I couldn't stand it!

She smothers him with kisses, which he returns. She is overcome with passion; he is mimicking newly-learned behavior. She moans with passion. He returns her kisses as if she were a chili dog. Slowly, she realizes he is not reacting normally. She draws back. He regards her blankly.

EVE

Chauncy, what's wrong? What's...what's
the matter, Chauncy? I...I don't know what
you like...I'm sorry, Chauncy!

She begins sobbing piteously.

CHAUNCY

I like to watch, Eve.

EVE

What do you mean, you like to watch?

CHAUNCY

I like to watch.

Slowly it dawns on her.

EVE

Oh...you mean...you like to watch...to watch...me...
do...do it...

CHAUNCY

It's very good, Eve.

She recovers her composure as she considers this.

EVE

Chauncy...!

She begins to slink around the bed as she gets into character for what she believes he wants her to do. Chauncy's attention is now on a gangster film. Eve emits little embarrassed titters as she begins to get into it, caressing herself suggestively.

EVE

Chauncy, one of the first things you should know
about me, my darling, is that I'm, ah, a little shy.

She sinks to the bearskin rug in a frenzy of passion as she begins to masturbate for Chauncy's pleasure and her own. Chauncy is rapt as Edward G. Robinson delivers a speech. Eve's passion builds to a frenzy as Chauncy flicks the remote and begins to imitate a yoga instructor, struggling to stand on his head on the bed. Eve's hand loses his leg as he changes position, and she flails about, feeling for him as she builds to a climax.

EVE

Oh, Chauncy, Chauncy! Where did you go?!

He struggles on with the yoga posture as she has a hysterical, laughing, howling, thrashing orgasm.

EVE

Ahhgg! Chauncy! Oh, Chauncy!

Oohhhh! Ahh! Ha ha ha ha! Ahhhhhh.....

Her passion slowly subsides into complete and utter fulfillment. It has never been this good. She is a new woman. She lolls contentedly on the bearskin for a beat, then rises languorously, gives Chauncy a final caress and flows out the door with a last, loving look.

Chauncy changes channels.

FADE OUT