

# **UNSAFE SEX**

**By  
Cerise de Gelder**

**EMAIL: [cerisedegelder@live.com.au](mailto:cerisedegelder@live.com.au)**

**CHARACTERS:**

ALEX

ROSE

**SETTING:**

A hotel restaurant.

*(Rose sits at a table peeking furtively over her menu. Her umbrella hangs from the edge of the table. Alex enters wearing sunglasses and a fake moustache and carrying the exact same umbrella. He looks around warily before sitting opposite her, and hangs the umbrella beside hers. He picks up a menu and covers his face with it.)*

ALEX: Is it safe?

ROSE: I think so.

ALEX: Mine's playing tennis. I saw her leave.

ROSE: Mine's at work. I just rang to check.

*(He removes his sunglasses, takes one more look around and leans over to kiss her passionately.)*

ALEX: How are you?

ROSE: Better now that you're here. You?

ALEX: With you in my sights...how could anything possibly be wrong?

*(She giggles.)*

ROSE: I ordered champagne.

ALEX: Great. Hungry?

ROSE: *(She winks at him slyly.)* Famished.

ALEX: Like a little sausage?

ROSE: Not so little.

*(He growls playfully and they laugh naughtily.)*

I'll just have the salad. I want to keep fit for my man.

ALEX: You'll need to be fit to keep up with me today, baby.

ROSE: Ooh, better keep up your strength then, tiger.

ALEX: Waiter! Steak for me...raw and lean!

*(They chuckle wickedly. She blows him a seductive kiss and he catches it and shoves it down the front of his pants. She is suddenly serious.)*

ROSE: Do you think it's a good idea coming to the same place each week?

ALEX: What's it matter? We're on the other side of town. No one we know comes here. It's small, intimate, discrete...and it has great rooms.

ROSE: With great beds...

*(They giggle.)*

ALEX: And great spas...

ROSE: Solid tables...

ALEX: Shagpile carpets...

ROSE: Big showers...

ALEX: And widescreen TVs...

*(She looks puzzled.)*

Don't you remember the time we...?

ROSE: *(Suddenly remembering)* Oh yeah...and you got so excited you accidentally changed the channel with your...!

*(They both laugh loudly again, then conscious of drawing attention to themselves, bury their heads in their menus.)*

I don't know why we read the menu, we know it off by heart.

ALEX: And you always order the same thing...the Greek salad.

ROSE: No dressing.

ALEX: Ooh, I love the way you say that.

ROSE: (*Sexily*) Mmm, the Greek with no dressing, thank you waiter.

ALEX: But lots of *undressing*, if you please!

(*They laugh again and go back to their menus.*)

ROSE: She must be very fit.

ALEX: Who?

ROSE: Your wife.

ALEX: Why?

ROSE: She plays tennis every Friday.

ALEX: Oh...yeah.

ROSE: She must be very athletic.

ALEX: Nah...fat.

ROSE: Really?

ALEX: Porker.

ROSE: I thought you said she was a size 12.

ALEX: Did I?

ROSE: When you bought me that red dress, you said I was the same size as your wife.

ALEX: Oh yeah...but that was five or six years ago. She's really let herself go. Y'know once they get married...

ROSE: Yeah...same with Geoff.

ALEX: Fat?

ROSE: Not so much fat as...unkempt.

ALEX: Messy?

ROSE: Slob. Won't get a haircut, won't shave every day.

ALEX: No respect.

ROSE: Exactly! That's what I tell him. If you had respect for me you'd make the effort.

ALEX: Absolutely.

ROSE: Y'know I played there myself the other day.

ALEX: Where?

ROSE: Hillsdale Tennis Club.

ALEX: You did?

ROSE: Don't be mad, but...I was curious. I wanted to see what she looked like. Your wife.

ALEX: When was this?

ROSE: Last week...when I was late.

ALEX: Ah...

ROSE: Strange thing is...she wasn't there.

ALEX: Oh?

ROSE: I asked at reception, I asked everybody I met. No one knew an Anthea Parker. For someone who plays there every week she certainly keeps a low profile.

*(Pause)*

ALEX: Dear God. You don't suppose she's...

ROSE: What?

ALEX: What if she's...having an affair!

ROSE: What!

ALEX: Maybe she tells me she's playing tennis and she's not!

ROSE: Oh dear...I shouldn't have gone. I knew I shouldn't have started sticking my nose into your life. Can you ever forgive me?

ALEX: Well...now that you've mentioned it...I actually stuck my nose in yours...a little.

ROSE: What!

ALEX: I rang Stockard and Leggs on the pretence that I wanted a tax consultant. I asked for Geoff specifically, and the strange thing is...they'd never heard of him. I mean, they said he's *never* worked there. Ever.

(Pause)

ROSE: Wait. Did you say Stockard and Leggs?

ALEX: That's what you told me.

ROSE: No, I said Stockard and Lake.

ALEX: I don't think so.

ROSE: I did!

ALEX: I remember the name because I thought of stockings and legs...

ROSE: Well, that's where you got confused. It's your one-track mind.

ALEX: I'm not confused, you said/...

ROSE: Oh, all right! I'm a liar. Are you happy now?

ALEX: No, I didn't mean to/accuse...

ROSE: He's not a tax consultant, okay.

ALEX: Then what is he?

ROSE: He's...a pest exterminator.

ALEX: Really?

ROSE: I wanted to make him sound more...important.

ALEX: But...why did you get someone else in then?

ROSE: What?

ALEX: When you had that termite infestation. You asked me if I knew anyone good.

ROSE: Oh. Well...Geoff doesn't do termites. He's a specialist. A spider specialist. Anything less than eight legs and he's clueless.

ALEX: Right. Still...you'd think he would have known someone. I mean...being in the business and all...

ROSE: Oh, for God's sake! I can't keep this up anymore!

ALEX: What?

ROSE: He's not a pest exterminator.

ALEX: Then, what is he?

ROSE: He's nothing. Geoff is nothing.

ALEX: He's unemployed?

ROSE: He's non-existent. He's a fabrication. A fantasy. A lie.

ALEX: Y'mean, Geoff...

ROSE: There is no Geoff. I'm not married. Never have been.

*(Pause)*

ALEX: My God.

ROSE: I know. I'm so ashamed. You must think I'm a terrible person.

ALEX: I...I don't know what to think. All these years...eight years we've been meeting, week after week, sneaking around, going miles out of our way, wearing disguises, and now you tell me...your single!

ROSE: I'm so sorry, Alex. I'll understand if you hate me.

ALEX: But why? Why would you do this to me?

ROSE: Do you remember the day we met?

ALEX: Of course. June 14<sup>th</sup> 1999.

ROSE: It was in this very hotel. I was sitting at the bar over there drinking a martini.

ALEX: As soon as I came in I noticed you.

ROSE: It was raining. You were dripping wet.

ALEX: I put my umbrella next to yours.

ROSE: They were the same colour.

ALEX: Exactly the same.

ROSE: And I had my wedding ring on.

ALEX: You did!

ROSE: Well, it's not really a wedding ring. It's a dress ring I bought in Kleins. I slip it on to that finger while I'm sitting at bars. Stops men from bothering me.

ALEX: Like me?

ROSE: I thought you were one of them.

ALEX: I was. I bothered you. I offered you another drink.

ROSE: And we got talking.

ALEX: You told me you were married.

ROSE: I didn't know you then. And seeing *you* were married. I thought it didn't matter.

ALEX: You got up to leave after the rain stopped.

ROSE: Two hours after the rain stopped.

ALEX: You picked up my umbrella by mistake.

ROSE: And you ran out to tell me.

ALEX: It was just an excuse.

*(Pause)*

I came back the next week at the same time hoping you'd be here.

ROSE: Me too.

ALEX: And every week after that.

ROSE: Only on the fourth week...

ALEX: I offered you a room key.

ROSE: My heart exploded.

ALEX: I was terrified you'd say no.

ROSE: It was amazing.

ALEX: Our little secret...

ROSE: Our secret love affair.

ALEX: It made me feel so...important.

ROSE: *(Nodding)* Desirable.

*(Long Pause)*

Do you think your wife's cheating on you?

ALEX: No.

ROSE: But...how can you be sure? I mean if/...

ALEX: I can't lie to you any longer. You've been truthful with me, you deserve the same.

ROSE: She doesn't play tennis?

ALEX: She doesn't play anything.

ROSE: Well, no wonder she's fat.

ALEX: She doesn't exist.

ROSE: Pardon?

ALEX: You said you were married and I didn't want to seem like some desperate pathetic loser coming on to a married woman...So I said I was too.

ROSE: You're...single?

ALEX: Divorced. Ten years ago. It only lasted eighteen months.

*(Long Pause)*

ROSE: Wow.

ALEX: Yeah...wow.

ROSE: So we're both actually...available.

ALEX: *(Peeling off his fake moustache.)* It would seem so.

ROSE: We don't have to sneak around and only meet in the middle of the day at the same hotel.

ALEX: Nup. We could see each other any time, anywhere, to do anything.

*(Pause)*

ROSE: *(Laughing)* So that dribble about you having a train set...

ALEX: That was true. I'm an enthusiast. Lots of men do it.

ROSE: Oh.

ALEX: And you don't really breed labradoodles, do you?

ROSE: Of course I do!

ALEX: Oh.

ROSE: They're a charming dog. I have four myself.

ALEX: Really?

ROSE: You could come and meet them if you like.

ALEX: *(Without enthusiasm.)* Great.

*(Pause)*

And that stuff about your mother moving into the granny flat behind you...?

ROSE: Was true.

ALEX: Okay.

ROSE: Do you really have every single movie that Arnold Schwarzenegger ever made?

ALEX: The man's a genius!

ROSE: Right.

*(Pause)*

ALEX: Service is slow today.

ROSE: I guess we could skip lunch and go straight up.

ALEX: I'm kinda hungry. Don't you want your Greek salad, no dressing? You've had it every single week for eight years.

ROSE: Maybe I'll have soup as well. And a main course.

ALEX: I could go a dessert, actually.

ROSE: And maybe coffee.

ALEX: Could be a long lunch.

ROSE: We might not have time to go upstairs.

ALEX: Well, I guess it wouldn't kill us just this once.

ROSE: Although I suppose we don't have to rush off either, seeing as...we have no one to go home to.

ALEX: True.

*(Pause)*

Except my miniature railway meeting starts at six.

ROSE: And I should check in on my mother. She gets worried if I'm home too late.

ALEX: So maybe we'll just...have a meal.

ROSE: Okay. Just this once.

ALEX: And then next week we'll...maybe.

*(Pause)*

ROSE: Actually, I probably won't be able to make it next week,

ALEX: Oh?

ROSE: I have a dentist appointment.

ALEX: Well...strictly speaking we could meet any day, I guess.

ROSE: I work the other days.

ALEX: Then there's weekends...

ROSE: Washing, ironing, labradoodle breeding club meetings...

*(Pause)*

ALEX: We're never going to meet again, are we.

ROSE: I'm not sure I can see the point anymore. I mean, all we had was the sex.

ALEX: And even that...

ROSE: What?

ALEX: Well, it was good, but...

ROSE: But what?

ALEX: I just wonder if it was only good because it was...dangerous.

*(Pause. Rose stands.)*

ROSE: This service is ridiculous.

ALEX: I know...appalling.

*(He stands too.)*

ROSE: I'm not really hungry anyway.

ALEX: Me neither. Not anymore.

*(They stare at each other for a moment.)*

Goodbye, Rose.

ROSE: Goodbye, Alex.

*(She picks up his umbrella and exits. He realises she has the wrong one, grabs hers and starts to call out after her, then stops. He shrugs and exits with her umbrella. Lights out.)*