

The Couch

**by
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The Couch is a one-person play, told from the point of view of a sleeper-sofa
with special sexual prowess

As the stage lights come up, the bare stage only has a couch. A man enters and addresses the audience.

Let's get this out of the way. I am a couch, and I have a story to tell you about George. Yes, there is some X-rated stuff, but I am just telling it like it is. Don't hold that against me. George bought me in 1980 for \$399. One of the last sleeper couches ever made. I arrived at 4527 Gilbert Place in East Hollywood fully loaded.

I come from a long line of sofa beds. I felt lonely in the department store until George took me home. George takes good care of me. He sets the rule about no shoes. He's so cute with his blue-green eyes and sandy hair.

He opens the couch and pulls out the mattress. As he talks, his hands glide over the mattress

My mattress never straightens out because it has been folded for most of my life. If George has any visitors, they usually spend the night in his bedroom. But I do love the creaking sound when I open; it means that I'm alive.

He closes the mattress and sits on the couch.

So after eight years, George decided to move to West Hollywood. The old house had these ceiling tiles that kept coming loose. You wouldn't believe how George screamed when the tiles hit him on the head. Thank goodness they didn't fall on me. And you probably don't want to hear about the rats.

He points to the design of the couch.

So, before we moved I had a makeover. Instead of a flower print, I got blue

stripes. George said it wouldn't show the dirt.

He picks up a sofa cushion and squeezes it

And with brand new cushions my facelift was complete.

He puts the cushion down.

I love looking out the sliding glass doors to my *Rear Window* view of the courtyard. I can watch television and glance at the dining room table. I have a brilliant view of the front door and can greet guests. I capture sunlight to illuminate George's obsessive reading habit.

He picks up some books and starts reading them.

His taste in books is head spinning as he will read the latest John Irving followed by Danielle Steele or Jackie Collins.

The sound of a buzzer is heard.

I wonder who George is buzzing in. He's been such a slut since his lover died. You know he got together with his lover, Brian, when he was twenty-one. Seems like he's making up for lost time. He answers ads and brings new people back to the condo every other week. His taste in men is insane. There is no type. Old, young, fat, thin, ugly, pretty, feminine, butch. I don't like them sitting on top of me for very long. Who knows what disease or strange smells they're tracking in? George can't smell so he wouldn't know. My job is to get them so stimulated from kissing that they move to the bedroom.

Ah yes, it's Ben, a friend of George's who he met at the gay temple two years

ago. Ben is studying psychology at Antioch for a second career. His hands are jumpy. They both sit on me.

I am going to use my springs to gently move Ben closer to George; just for fun. I can imagine them kissing, and they take their clues from me. Ben and George have hugged as friends but nothing further than that. Oh, my god, I'm seeing a twinkle in Ben's eye. Should I let them kiss? It's so difficult to switch things up from friendship to sex.

Well, here goes George. He is following Ben's lead. They are grabbing each other around the waist. I see tongue action. They dig into each other's mouth. Oh no! Suddenly they are stopping. What happened? Oh, I knew it! They realize that they don't want to jeopardize their friendship. Darn! Ben is so cute. They would have made such a nice couple.

I know I shouldn't get jealous, but I have feelings for George. I keep thinking he'll realize how I feel. I don't want to push him. He needs to experiment and get it out of his system. I would want a monogamous marriage.

Lights dim, then come up..

My goodness, this guy is so tall. How appropriate that his name is Gulliver, the name of that giant in *Gulliver's Travels*. Even though George is six feet tall, he's going to have to strain his neck muscles to see this guy's face.

George is so sensitive. I remember he tried to replace me with a new couch and the minute he sat down, he had back spasms. Luckily he hadn't given me away yet. That couch got sent back even

though cheapskate George had to pay a \$100 return fee.

Looks like George is in a pouncing mood. Wait a minute! Gulliver isn't taking off his shoes. Ugh! They are getting all over me. His big butt is squashing me! And now he's taking off his shirt and his pants. And he's sweating! This is going too far. George has to get him to the bedroom. Oh, god, Gulliver is asking for lubricant. No, I don't want that to get on *me*. And then there might be sperm! Ewww!

Oh, thank god, George asks if they can go to the bedroom. Disaster averted. Thank goodness that Gladys, the housekeeper, is coming this week. So ticklish and erotic when she sucks my cushions with the vacuum cleaner.

It's pretty quiet in the bedroom. I wonder if George is getting hard. I'm never sure if he can perform. I better send my erotic vibes to help him out. Oh, Gulliver is asking George how many times he comes in one night. I know he will say once because he gets tired. Gulliver says it will be at least three times tonight. My goodness, that guy is so full of himself.

Lights dim and then come up.

This is a big night around here. It's George's annual "Golden G.B. Awards". It's hard to explain what this party is all about. It's like the Academy Awards except that it's all George's picks and winners. George's guests become the presenters; they read the nominees and then George hands them an envelope with the winner.

I'm tired already. George tries to fit thirty-five people in this condo with only twenty places to sit. Oh, god, here they come. Everyone wants to grab a place on me -- especially the overweight ones. I am the prime location for the drag performances that George does for his guests and for watching the videos that George shows from his nominated movies and for being able to get up to present awards. The coffee table in front of me is filled with goodies. Once a guest plops down on me they never want to move fearing someone will steal their seat. Uh oh! I feel a blast and a strange noise. Is that a fart? Now I'll stink for days.

Oh, look, George is doing his Barbra Streisand impression and dedicating it to his lover, Brian, who died.

You know, I took care of Brian when he got sick with AIDS. I would use my cushion and arm rests to give him comfort. And with my mattress opened, Brian could nap and sit up to read by using my back as a headboard. The Golden G.B.'s were named after George and Brian. I can't believe that George forgave Brian for cheating and getting infected. If George was *my* lover, I would *never* be unfaithful.

Right here is where George's mom sits like a queen with each of the guests paying homage to her. I'm so proud of George that he has his mother attend every year. He's such a good son.

Oh, my god! Someone is spilling red wine on me. It's going to stain. Oh good, George is rescuing me with some spray. Uh, yes! It's absorbing the red into his rag. Thank God! I'm lucky I'm not in A.A. -- I feel drunk!

Lights dim and as they come up, he is on the couch shaking. He slides on the couch. Suddenly he stops.

It's an earthquake! All this shaking is making me nauseous. I hope George is okay. My goodness, thankfully it didn't happen during the awards show last night. Oh, that's the phone. I can hear George talking to his mother. Oh, she's okay, but George is going to pick her up. She's probably worried about aftershocks. And he wants her to spend the night here in his condo.

He starts shaking again.

I'm scared. I'm all alone. George better hurry back. I could get smashed against the wall or topple over.

Lights dim and when they come up, the mattress is opened up. He is stretching.

Oh, it feels so good for my mattress to be open. I can't remember the last time it was used. I just hope George's mom doesn't complain. She can be very picky. I know it's not the most comfortable . . . What does she mean, am I clean? I'm in good condition! No, I've never had bed bugs! UGH!

Lights dim and then come up representing the passage of time.

Who is this guy? I can't believe George is bringing a stranger into his condo. This guy could be a murderer. Well, he's small. Maybe he's harmless. The two of them are so quiet. This is making me nervous. Sometimes I get so stressed out. George expects me to magically make sure that he'll be able to have sex with anyone who sits on me. And he doesn't appreciate it. He doesn't even let me keep money

that falls out of people's pockets. So cheap!

And then he had me moved away from the window. What a nightmare! I can't see anything. And it's freezing. He never turns on the heat, and in the summer, he doesn't use the air conditioner. It's abusive!

I know I have to be understanding, but sometimes I get so angry. I feel like putting a pin under my cushions. It will be like *The Princess and The Pea*. George is so sensitive; he would absolutely feel the pin!

Well, maybe I better not. It might give him another reason to dispose of me. I wish I could tell George that I love him.

Oh, they are coming out of the bedroom. That was quick. I guess he's not spending the night.

Wait, what are they talking about? Something about George wanting to redecorate. New carpeting, painting the room, and window treatments. And replacing *me*? What? I can't believe this. I'm going to have a stroke. That's all I'm worth? I'm in perfect condition. I must be having a nightmare. I'm going to go to sleep.

Lights dim and then come up.

George is looking at me and saying it's time to get a new couch from Jennifer Sofa. It's been twenty years! But what about all I've done for you? All the men you've had because of me?

I pray that if you have to sell me, you won't let me be destroyed at the dump.

That was a good idea to put an ad in the Recycler.

That's a cute boy entering the condo . . .
Well, of course I look good even though I *am* twenty years old. I *did* have that face lift, you know. What is going on? He is only offering \$50! And now he is plunking down on me. He's so rough. Well at least he says I'm comfy. So that's it. He's coming over with a truck tomorrow to pick me up.

A nude woman is sitting on me. Oh, my god, this guy is straight! What will that feel like? Help!!

THE END