

The Naked Man on the Couch

Richard Davis, Jr.





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THE NAKED MAN ON THE COUCH

by

Richard Davis, Jr.

CAST

MILDRED: Mildred is an attractive older lady, smart, practical, and clearly the leader of the household of three middle-age to older ladies.

HARRIET: Another older lady. Though she is a bit of a free spirit, she relies on Mildred to make the hard decisions.

SOPHIE: About the same age as the other two, she's a bit more flighty.

BRAD: A young man recovering from a romantic catastrophe. In a moment of drunkenness, he has broken into the ladies' house and passed out on their sofa.

Place

The living room of a modest house.

Time

The present. Early on a Saturday morning.

Production Note

The set calls for a kitchen area which can be as simple or as elaborate as director chooses, though there should be at least a counter with a coffee pot.

Setting: A sitting room with a couch and chair Down Left and the suggestion of a kitchen Up Right. An electric coffee maker with a full carafe occupies a kitchen counter. A door to the rest of the house is Up Left.

At Rise: Brad is sprawled on the couch asleep. He lies under a comforter. HIS clothes are neatly stacked beside the couch. He lies under a comforter. An empty whiskey bottle is on the floor in front of the couch. Mildred enters from Up Left. She wears bright pajamas and carries a weekend size suitcase. Humming a happy tune, she crosses to the kitchen, passing the couch without noticing Brad. Checking the coffee, she calls out.)

MILDRED: Coffee's on.

BRAD: *(muttering)* Gaaa gigh jinn.

MILDRED: *(calling Up Left)* What?

(Brad waves his hands as if trying to shush Mildred, but she still doesn't see him.)

MILDRED: Harriett! Call Margaret.

BRAD: Gaaa gigh jinn.

MILDRED: Don't know what you're saying. No matter. It's your turn to cook.

HARRIET: *(off)* My day to cook is Friday.

MILDRED: This *is* Friday.

HARRIET: Friday brunch. *(She enters from Up Left pushing a huge piece of rolling luggage. She leaves her luggage next to Mildred's suitcase and crosses to the kitchen.)*

MILDRED: We're not going to be here for brunch.

HARRIET: You're the one who said we had to get on the road.

MILDRED: I just thought you might—

HARRIET: Please, Mildred. Just cook breakfast.

MILDRED: I will not. We'll have to eat on the road. Where's Sophie?

HARRIET: Road's fine with me. Sophie's coming.

MILDRED: Coffee?

HARRIET: Do we have saccharin?

MILDRED: It's Sweet and Low, dear. *(points to a container on the counter)* And it's where it's always been. Did you call Margaret? *(calling)* Sophieeee!

BRAD: Gaaa gigh jinn.

HARRIET: What?

MILDRED: What?

HARRIET: You mumbled.

MILDRED: I said, "Did you call Margaret?" Sophieeee!

SOPHIE: *(off)* Coming, Millie. *(She enters with way too much luggage. Crossing to where the other luggage is stacked, she looks at Brad on couch.)* Oh, my. *(She stares at Brad, then crosses to the couch, pulls back a corner of the comforter, and peeks in.)* Oh, my! *(over her shoulder)* Did you all know there's a naked man lying on our couch?

HARRIET: *(ignoring her)* We should get so lucky.

MILDRED: *(likewise)* Coffee's ready.

SOPHIE: No, really. A naked man. A cute one.

MILDRED: You were going to take your Zanex after breakfast, Sophie.

SOPHIE: I haven't taken my Zanex. There's a naked man on our couch. A cute one.

HARRIET: Pour her a cup of coffee, Millie. Black. Sophie's been drinking.

SOPHIE: I have not been drinking, Harriet. There's a—

HARRIET: *(crossing to Sophie)* You're just nervous about Margaret's driving, Sophie, but the Zanex will solve that...*(She sees Brad)* Oh, my!

SOPHIE: Exactly.

HARRIET: Um ... Mildred, there *is* a man lying on our couch. A cute one. And he's under your comforter.

MILDRED: *(crossing to others)* Oh, for the love of Pete, I... *(stops short)* There's a man on our couch. I just finished that comforter.

SOPHIE/HARRIET: Exactly.

MILDRED/HARRIET: (*unison*) How do you know he's naked?

SOPHIE: His clothes. (*She points to the folded stack.*)

MILDRED/HARRIET: Oh.

SOPHIE: Plus I peeked.

MILDRED: Sophie! You did not!

SOPHIE: I most certainly did! It's been a long time since I've seen a—

MILDRED: Okay, Okay!

SOPHIE: Naked man.

HARRIET: Is he...cute all over?

MILDRED: Harriet! He could be an escaped murderer!

SOPHIE: Cute's not the word that came to mind —

MILDRED: I'm calling the police.

HARRIET: What if he wakes up?

SOPHIE: I'll get the gun. Um ...where is it, Harriet?

HARRIET: Mildred hid it after your little sleepwalking episode.

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