

# **KARLO AND THE COUCH**

By  
Larry Mitchell

A ten minute play about priorities

October 8, 2007

Larry Mitchell

mygrandadsname@gmail.com

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

KARLO: Male, mid, late 20's,, not too bright.

ANNA: The sad ingénue 20's, naive.

COUCH: A couch, played by a dude.

### **SETTING**

A house in another universe

The time is now-ish

## KARLO AND THE COUCH

By Larry Mitchell

*AT RISE, a man and a woman, KARLO  
and ANNA, in separate realms of existence.*

KARLO

Hello. I am here to tell you a story. A story of love. A story of many things. But mostly, yes, yes... a story about love... But it is also a story about... about... ten minutes or so give or take. Right? Am I right?... OK, my name is Karlo. Karlo Medicci Eliphaz Don Rossi. Karlo Don Rossi for short. But you can call me Karlo. I'm Irish. Irish American. But I was born in Lichtenstein. I don't know why that matters...

ANNA

I loved him so much. But it was so short. Karlo was...Well, Karlo was...He was amazing, fantastico, horrible, beautiful, loco, bastardo, sonafabeetch...Why? Why did he refuse me? How could he? How could a man? How could a man... Bastardo!

*KARLO embraces ANNA. New Scene*

ANNA

He says you can start tomorrow. If you agree to marry me.

KARLO

Yes! Let us be wed! I will work with your father! This will be great! Yes! This is all wonderful! I'll be the greatest thing since sliced pickles, Anna! And so will you!

ANNA

You are the greatest thing, you sweet, puffy man.

KARLO

You are, you beautiful, fluffy cupcake.

ANNA

No, you.

KARLO

No. You! You, you, you!

ANNA

No! You! Silly Assman!

KARLO

OK. You are right.

ANNA

Suppose we have the hot bunny sex, like on the television?

KARLO

OK.

ANNA

OK...

*New Scene*

KARLO

Anna. She was a gift. I know this. I know this, now. But I was blinded. I could not see... That is how blindedness is working. You see? ... Well, not if you are blinded, my friend. Not if you are blinded.

*Music begins to play. KARLO is dancing, as if he has a partner, but he is by himself. Eventually, COUCH joins him.*

KARLO (CONT'D)

Hello.

COUCH

Hello

KARLO

Who are you? Why are we dancing?

COUCH

I am couch. I am the one who will steal you from the one you love. From the one who loves you. And, I don't know why we are dancing.

*New Scene.*

*A real couch rolls out onto the stage. ANNA is sitting on it. KARLO Joins her. COUCH stands behind the real couch.*

*He is wearing a sweater that matches the couch. They are all watching TV.*

KARLO

I hate the Television.

ANNA

Me too. I hate it.

COUCH

Then why are you always watching it?

ANNA & KARLO

What?

ANNA

Did you hear something?

KARLO

No. I hear-ed *somebody*.

ANNA

*Somebody*? Who *Somebody*? There best not be any *somebody* in my house!

COUCH

Relax. It's just me, dudes.

KARLO

Who was that? Who are you? Where are you? Get you out of my house!

ANNA

Oh, my holy hail Mary! What is that? Karlo? Get out the gun! Keep out the Devil, Karlo! Get the gun, Karlo!

KARLO

We have no gun, Blueberry Pie.

ANNA

We have no gun? Why?

KARLO

You never said for me to have a gun. I do not like guns. They are big, heavy, shiny, crazy, and expensive. You know how to use a gun? I do not.

ANNA

No. I do not like guns.

KARLO

If you do not like guns, why would you want of me to have one.

ANNA

Because you are a man, Karlo. You are supposed to do things I do not like.

KARLO

Oh. I am sorry. I will try to do more, my little peach fuzz candy cane. But, I will not buy a gun.

COUCH

Super! We all love peace. I don't really like guns. Who really likes guns? Not me. See? It all works out.

KARLO

Who are you? Where are you?

COUCH

This is God!

*ANNA & KARLO immediately kneel on the floor and bow continuously, throughout the next section.*

KARLO

Oh my god! I meaning, Hello! I mean...

ANNA

What is your will? Enforce me! Enforce me!

KARLO

(Stops bowing.)

What? Enforce me? What in the hell is this "enforce me" meaning?

ANNA

I do not know. It seemed appropriate.

KARLO

I love you.

ANNA & COUCH

I love you, too.

ANNA & KARLO

God loves us!

COUCH

No. The couch loves you. I am the couch. Sit back down. Let me be the one to comfort you. Besides. You're blocking the TV. Anyone seen the RE-mote?

*ANNA and KARLO rise slowly, and begin inspecting the couch.*

Hey! Don't poke. It's me! Yeah. I'm a couch. Haven't you seen a couch before?

KARLO

Yes, many. But never one that would be talking to us.

COUCH

Actually. I don't really talk. That's just a metaphor. Well. It was a metaphor. Now it's really just a tangent. Get it?

KARLO

I understand.

ANNA & COUCH

No you don't

KARLO

This is true.

*New Scene. KARLO is laying across the couch. ANNA is offstage.*

ANNA

Karlo! What would you like for dinner?

KARLO

I do not care!

*There is a long pause as KARLO rolls about, flips through some channels, and smokes from a bong, then falls asleep.*

ANNA

(From edge of stage)

Karlo! Are you coming to bed?

*KARLO wakes momentarily.*

KARLO

No. I am watching this.

*ANNA exits as KARLO falls instantly asleep. COUCH wraps him in a blanket, kisses him on the forehead.*

COUCH

And thus I clothe my naked villainy. He is mine! Mine!

*Pause*

Mine!... Forever!

*Pause*

But Not for long..

*New Scene. KARLO stands. The couch rolls offstage. COUCH stays, joins hands with KARLO*

KARLO

I do!

*KARLO and COUCH kiss. "Ode to Joy" plays as KARLO and COUCH walk offstage, arm and arm. New Scene. KARLO enters on the couch.*

KARLO

I love you, couch!

COUCH

I love you, too.

*KARLO rips off his shirt, then plunges into the couch, as it rolls offstage.*

*COUCH remains on stage. New Scene.  
COUCH drops a letter onto the center of  
the stage, exits. KARLO enters.*

KARLO

Hello? Couch? Where are you my beautiful cupcake? My fluffly little flower? Alas!  
What is this? Say it is not a note from the couch. Say he has not left me. Say it is not so.  
Why? Why would you do this? Why? Couch! Couch! I loved you, Couch.  
Couuuuuuuuch!

*ANNA and couch enter and stand behind  
Karlo*

ANNA

Bastardo!

KARLO

Why? Why? I give up my job with Anna's Pa-pa for you.

ANNA

And your wife! I hope he rots in the devilish hell!

KARLO

You said "Forever." I thought you meant it. Did you not mean it, Couch?

COUCH

I'm just a couch. What the hell did you expect?

ANNA

How could a man? How could... How could a man fall in love with a couch?

KARLO

Couuuch!

*KARLO rips the letter up, then falls into a  
heap.*

Why? You were my Blueberry Pie!

ANNA

I was your Blueberry Pie!

ANNA & COUCH

Bastardo!

KARLO

Noooooooooooooooooo!

*THE END*