

The Chair

A play

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ACT 1

SCENE 1 - CITY SIDEWALK

BRIDGET, a thirties something professional woman, dressed in a sundress, huffs and puffs hunched over down a bustling street. On her back as she suddenly twists and hops up and down is a grand peacock wicker chair. In her hand is a vintage suitcase.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1 (O.S.)

C'mon sweetie, give me a smile.

Bridget glances up quick.

BRIDGET

I only smile on Sunday at church, sorry.

His construction buddies WHISTLE and WHOOP in offkey unison,

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 2 (O.S.)

Who wants to get pregnant?

BRIDGET

That from page one of your union manual?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1 (O.S.)

Am I your Daddy baby?

Bridget twists her shoulders and scooches up the chair on her back, and without a look back continues down the sidewalk.

BRIDGET

Happy Fathers day Gentlemen!

Bridget turns and steps into a crosswalk and doesn't even glance up at the light. Cars and a delivery truck slam to a stop as tired SQUEAL and HONK, HONK.

A man suddenly yanks her back up on the curb as a garbage truck BLASTS through the intersection and within a breath of funeral prayers.

The chair tumble down against a wire trashcan.

DANTE a man too handsome for his own good, holds Bridget in his arms as she catches her breath.

BRIDGET

Hey, what the hell?

DANTE

You're welcome for saving your life.

BRIDGET

Close, only close.

DANTE

Just enough bitterness to be sassy.

BRIDGET

I beg your pardon?

DANTE

Beautiful woman like yourself can't help it.

BRIDGET

Can't help it?

DANTE

I'm just saying most men don't know how to handle you.

BRIDGET

So now I'm luggage.

Bridget kicks her suitcase.

DANTE

I'm just saying most men that are with you try to overplease. Putting you on their boyhood fantasy pedestal. You get annoyed, they get mad and leave, making you bitter.

BRIDGET

Not assholes like you.

DANTE

I knew I was right.

BRIDGET

So now you're assuming I'm not into women.

DANTE

The way you looked into my eyes proved that untrue.

Bridget suddenly straightens the chair up and plops down in it with a HUMPH.

BRIDGET

Well I had better cancel everything for the rest of my day and sit right here and let you tell who I really am.

DANTE

I'm Dante.

BRIDGET

Wait, I thought we were talking about me?

DANTE

Sarcastic bitterness, I think clouds are forming. How many men wrote their thesis in psychology about you? I'm sure you've been studied.

BRIDGET

So like a serial killer?

DANTE

Your words not mine.

Bridget sits and leans back in the chair and starts to breath heavy and make orgasmic grunts and screams.

BRIDGET

I think I'm cuming, tell me more, tell me more great and powerful OZ.

Bridget grabs her knees and twists her head back and forth.

Dante puts his hands on his hips and smiles.

DANTE

Well if that's all you got.

BRIDGET

I'm going to need a pregnancy test.

Dante shakes his head as he rolls his eyes.

DANTE

So what's up with this chair? It's like a Queen of Sheba wicker art deco disco piece.

Bridget hops up into a confident landing.

BRIDGET

Taking it to my boy friends.

DANTE

Boy friend?

BRIDGET

(sarcastically)

You've heard the saying even a blind squirrel finds a nut once in a while.

DANTE

So you're bringing your own pedestal. I like it.

BRIDGET

Maybe I'm bringing his.

DANTE

So the chairs a street find on the way over?

BRIDGET

I'll have you know it belonged to my Grandmother on my Mothers side.

DANTE

Great taste in heirloom I have to say. The museums all closed today for donations?

Dante taps the bottom of the chair with his foot.

BRIDGET

Hey!

DANTE

Sorry just seeing if it was sturdy enough to hold me.

BRIDGET

You have no special memories do you.

DANTE

So your giving it to your fiancé? He'll sure remember this thing.

BRIDGET

Boyfriend, just a boyfriend. I'm moving in for a week with him as a test run and I'm bringing my special chair to see if he can get used to my things in his apartment.

DANTE

If this chair is there after a week, he is truly a remarkable dude.

BRIDGET

What about me?

DANTE

You're just furniture in the room compared to this thing, sorry.

BRIDGET

Please stare longingly in my eyes one more time. I'm losing the magic.

Dante lifts up the chair with ease.

BRIDGET

Hey!

DANTE

Why don't I at least help you carry it to its tomb?

BRIDGET

Wow that's your play for me? What a Casanova.

DANTE

Relax Princess, you give off too much Christian girl Autumn vibes for my tastes.

Dante puts the chair under a flexed arm and
steps into the crosswalk with the walk light.

BRIDGET

What's wrong with being Methodist?

DANTE

Your favorite food is soup isn't it?

SCENE 2 - APARTMENT HALLWAY

Bridget stops at a door decorated with a "No
Soliciting" sign.

BRIDGET

This is it, please set it down now.

DANTE

I can carry it in for you.

BRIDGET

No my boyfriend will try to get it in.

Dante plops the chair down by the door.

BRIDGET

Careful...

Bridget sets her suitcase in the chair and
caresses the top of the wicker.

DANTE

So I was wondering if I could get your number?

BRIDGET

Right here, right now? Wow, I 'd hate to ruin your seasons and Christianity for you.

DANTE

No, no.

Dante looks Bridget up and down as she scowls.

BRIDGET

Yes, yes.

DANTE

Though I'll bet you do have quiet the kiss.

BRIDGET

Kiss? Life is your completely useless secret talent isn't it?

DANTE

Your number, so I can at least know if the chair was left on the curb and I need to carry it
back for you. It is quite the experiment.

BRIDGET

You'll just have to walk by every day for fifty years to find out.

DANTE

Gotta love an optimist.

BRIDGET

Gotta hate a pessimist.

Dante stares at the chair.

DANTE

Well I guess this is it then.

BRIDGET

Happily ever after, once upon a time.

DANTE

Once that chair goes through the door, you're going to have to sit down.

Bridget gives Dante a dramatic chefs kiss.

BRIDGET

And you'll have to leave. Forever and ever out of my life for good. I've never seen you before today, so the chances are great I'll never see you after today.

DANTE

OK then...

BRIDGET

Somehow I think you'll manage never knowing.

BRIDGET

(laughing)

A squirrel with too many nuts.

DANTE

I seriously doubt that dude.

BRIDGET

And you're some kind of Adonis.

DANTE

You're the one with the sex chair.

BRIDGET

Why do men always go there like they have a BOGO sex coupon.

DANTE

Oh please why do women always--

The Boyfriends apartment door suddenly swings open.

Bridget shoves Dante down the hall as she puts on a grand smile.

BRIDGET

Orson! Here I am!

Orson pokes his head out the doorway and see's Dante as he strolls down the hall, then pops it back in.

ORSON

You're late.

Bridget turns her head and stares at Dante as he walks backwards down the hall.

BRIDGET

(sarcastic grin)

Sorry I was hassled by a bum on the street.

Dante blows her a kiss and spins around the other way on his heel. Orson doesn't see.

ORSON

Was that doo dandy the bum?

BRIDGET

Never seen him before.

Orson plants his hand on his hips and stares at the chair.

BRIDGET

Lovely isn't it?

ORSON

Lovely is a word to describe some things.

BRIDGET

Oh come on it has a majestic style.

ORSON

Is that some kind of old timey sex chair

DANTE

Ha...

BRIDGET

I told you silly, it's my Grandmothers wicker. The one she used to rock me in.

ORSON

You mean the one she died in.

BRIDGET

No one likes a pessimist, now help me carry it in.

ORSON

That's right the chair of compatibility, I thought you were kidding.

BRIDGET

This is very serious stuff Orson. It is the rest of our lives.

ORSON

I'm just trying to live in the right now.

BRIDGET

Are you going to help or not?

ORSON

Let me put on some oven mitts.

BRIDGET

I sit in it it's not dirty.

Bridget yanks up the indie-band stickered
suitcase and shove it into Orson's stomach.

BRIDGET

Fine get this, I'll carry it in myself Mr. Manners.

Bridget hoists up the chair with a HUMF, and carries the chair into the apartment.

Hallway fades to black.

To the left of the stage is a couch. In the middle is a table with a lamp and to the right is a Chase lounge, in front of those is a coffee table. In the middle is towards the back is the kitchen and an open bedroom door.

BRIDGET

I think it looks good right...

Bridget waves the chair around in front of her as she moves around behind the furniture, then suddenly plops it down between the lamp and the chase lounge.

BRIDGET

Here!

ORSON

Uh... how about over in this corner, with the morning light. You can sit back there and eat your Cap'n Crunch Oops! All Berries.

BRIDGET

You know it's pretty easy to cereal shame.

ORSON

Like "All Berries" was ever some kind of accident.

BRIDGET

When he was promoted to Admiral he wanted to celebrate and made "All Berries." It's right there on the box.

Orson salutes Bridget with a smile.

ORSON

Permission to come aboard Sir?

BRIDGET

Permission granted sailor.

Orson take Bridget in his arms and she kisses
his with a tender press of her lips.

He strokes her hair and caresses her back.

She grabs his butt and pulls him into her.

BRIDGET

You are at attention Fleet Admiral Sir.

ORSON

Are we going to use your sex chair right away?

Bridget pushes away.

BRIDGET

It is not a sex chair. Just look at the intricate craftsmanship. It is a true work of art.

ORSON

That's a great idea, we could donate it to a museum and share it with everyone.

BRIDGET

Then I will be sitting on it at the museum meeting all kinds of compatible people.

ORSON

It's just so artistic, I'd be afraid to sit on it.

Bridget crosses her arms in front of her tight.

BRIDGET

The chair goes, the sex goes.

(pause)

BRIDGET

Well?

ORSON

It's starting to grow on me.

BRIDGET

I thought it would.

ORSON

But it's not even close to being compatible with my furniture.

BRIDGET

Uh... who has a chase lounge? Do you long to be Freud or Oscar Wilde? Do you have some sort of fainting disorder you haven't told me about.

ORSON

I'll have you know it is one of the classic style icons of the furniture world.

BRIDGET

Calling my chair a sex chair if anything your Oscar couch is a sex chair if there ever was one.

Orson plops down on the chase lounge and pats his hand on the seat.

ORSON

Exactly what I was hoping you would say. It's been a while.

BRIDGET

And I suppose we just use my Grandmothers wicker glory as some kinds of extra sex chair ottoman?

ORSON

Hey, your words not mine.

Bridget plops down in the wicker chair.

BRIDGET

Well I think you have a chair of compatibility decision to make, because this chair is were the sex will be.

ORSON

HA! So you admit it, it is a sex chair.

BRIDGET

You know I'm perfectly happy to just start... Without you... Maybe if you went out to the museum and left me alone for three hours.

Bridget reaches down, grabs the hem of her dress and flutters it.

Orson lies back on his Chase lounge and stretches his arms out wide.

ORSON

Then I will start my own solo career.

BRIDGET

Same old songs with a tired beat.

ORSON

Well you keep singing one song over and over and over. What was it called again? Oh that's right "I Do."

BRIDGET

And yet when I listen to the radio all I hear is "He hasn't."

ORSON

I'm so sorry, I'm not a natural headliner.

BRIDGET

Well by all means go first. Harken back to the days of the American songbook when artists such as Ella Fitzgerald, Sinatra and Judy Garland would have comedians open for them.

Orson unzips his trousers and cracks his knuckles.

BRIDGET

If you touch that mic, I will yank it out of your hand and drop it to the floor.

ORSON

Well if the concert is canceled I'm headed to the bar.

BRIDGET

Then make mine a double... Martini, stirred.

Orson gets up and strolls to a bar kart by the kitchen.

BRIDGET

Dirty, very dirty.

ORSON

You don't want to spoil your dinner.

Bridget sits up in the chair like a queen.

BRIDGET

Oh that's right, the welcome to your castle ten course meal you promised me. And yet you don't own a cookbook.

ORSON

I have researched my technique and perfected my craft to bring each dish to perfection.

BRIDGET

Well just in case I have a box off All Berries in my suitcase.

ORSON

I knew you would, but you can leave them in the green room.

BRIDGET

I've only seen you make things out of a box. A discount box.

Orson hands Bridget her dirty martini and they both take sips

BRIDGET

Mmm, mm, you are good for something.

Orson sets his cocktail down on the coffee table and heads back to the kitchen.

ORSON

Did I mention that I have to go into the office tomorrow?

BRIDGET

You never go in on Saturday.

ORSON

We have a Matisse coming in on loan tomorrow.

BRIDGET

Is it at least one of the good ones?

ORSON

Blue Nude.

BRIDGET

So leaving me alone for another woman, and naked at that.

Orson brings in a plate of food and hold it in front of Bridget like a butler.

ORSON

And for hors d'oeuvre's we have steamed muscles in a buttery white wine sauce.

BRIDGET

These are from a box?

ORSON

I told you I have perfected my craft.

Bridget takes a nibble bite.

BRIDGET

Not bad. Nothing to get nude for though.

Orson plops a couple muscles in his mouth, sets the plate on the coffee table and heads back to the kitchen.

BRIDGET

I wanted to go to the farmers market, get some fresh flowers.

ORSON

You still can but you'll have to stop by the pharmacy and get me some allergy pills.

BRIDGET

That's right Brutalist architecture is your favorite style.

ORSON

Blame my mother for that one.

BRIDGET

She does have that concrete aesthetic going for her.

Orson brings in two bowls.

ORSON

And for the soup of the day we have creamy chicken and wild rice.

BRIDGET

Women do love their Panera soups.

ORSON

And for once and for all, I was not stalking you the day we met.

BRIDGET

I know, I know, you just ate lunch there everyday looking for any cute girl.

ORSON

No I was looking for you, I just didn't know it would be you yet.

Bridget tastes her soup.

BRIDGET

Why don't you try that line on your Blue Nude.

Bridget spoons up more soup.

ORSON

Salad is up next, your favorit.

BRIDGET

Do you have French dressing?

ORSON

Nope, the salad is a Caesar variety. Said extra fancy on the bag.

BRIDGET

Well I know you went all out on the bag, but salad without French dressing gives me the ick.

ORSON

C'est la vie, Déjà-vu.

BRIDGET

Bon Voyage to the kitchen.

ORSON

We should go to France again. We fell in love there.

BRIDGET

(laughing)

Do we want to go through that again.

ORSON

It's something to do.

(pause)

BRIDGET

Did you know that the Eifel tower has an apartment in it somewhere.

ORSON

And did you know that the whole structure is once of those optical illusions like is it a vase or two faces?

BRIDGET

What? I suppose something phallic?

ORSON

Nope, quite the opposite, the backside of a can can girl.

BRIDGET

No way...

Bridget hops up, yanks her phone out of her sundress pocket and scrolls.

Orson steps up to watch her.

BRIDGET

Huh, That is a big, big ass.

ORSON

Told you.

BRIDGET

(laughing)

And we've taken an elevator straight up to the butthole.

ORSON

I'm still afraid of heights after that.

BRIDGET

And if I remember correctly you insisted we French kiss in the butthole.

She turns to him and they start to kiss.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

BRIDGET

Who the hell is that?

ORSON

Oh yes that's Faye.

Orson heads for the door.

BRIDGET

Who the heck is Faye?

Orson swings open the door and in prances
FAYE a young barefoot woman in a mini-dress,
with a tray full of fish.

BRIDGET

My Faye...

FAYE

Oh for fun, you know Orly.

BRIDGET

Orly?

FAYE

Oh we have fun nicknames for each other. I call him Orly, he calls me Faye.

BRIDGET

Uh... did you say faye?

FAYE

Isn't he so smart to think that up.

BRIDGET

Not as intelligent as one might think, right Orly?

ORSON

She's just bringing the flounder course over. You two know each other?

BRIDGET

Faye here is my new intern at the office.

ORSON

Really?

BRIDGET

So you are cooking flounder? How, why?

FAYE

Yep, I live in the apartment next door. Orly's oven is on the fritz so he asked me to help. Isn't this fun. How exciting.

BRIDGET

Isn't it. Like being at the top of the Eiffel tower.

Bridget flashes a sarcastic grin at Orson.

ORSON

My oven just wasn't getting hot enough.

BRIDGET

Maybe the next ice age starts right here in your apartment.

FAYE

I know, we need to have a talk with Orly about that he always keeps it so cold in here.

BRIDGET

I think we do need to have a talk.

FAYE

Where would you like me to set the flounder at?

ORSON

On the coffee table is fine.

BRIDGET

So fine...

FAYE

Oh Wow.

BRIDGET

Orly, she's Oh Wowing.

FAYE

Can I ask you something personal. I know we work together and everything..

BRIDGET

Well it looks like me cassa you cassa.

Bridget turns and stares at Orson.

FAYE

I love that chair.

BRIDGET

Well thank you.

FAYE

Is that a sex chair? I've been looking into a few. A girls gotta stay modern you know.

BRIDGET

That's it, I'm living in a simulation.

Faye sets the flounder tray down on the coffee table and as she turns she knocks Bridget back into the wicker chair and then Faye falls on top of her.

FAYE

Oh I'm so sorry...

BRIDGET

Orly!

FAYE

You know what? There is room for two on here actually.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Faye hops up.

Bridget turns her head.

Everyone turns to see Dante in the doorway.

Dante glances at Faye up and down then smiles wide at Bridget.

BRIDGET

Can we help you?

DANTE

(laughing)

I don't even know what to say right now.

Bridget stands up quick as she side-eyes Dante.

BRIDGET

It is not a sex chair.

FAYE

I knew it. Where do I order one?

ORSON

Wait you two know each other?

BRIDGET

He's the bum that harassed me.

Orson steps towards Dante as Dante saunters
into the room.

DANTE

Carried the sex chair actually.

FAYE

Have you used it yet?

DANTE

Not yet.

BRIDGET

Not yet?!

DANTE

I'm Dante by the way.

ORSON

Like the inferno?

FAYE

Me and Bridget just kinda gave it a pressure test. Fits two just great.

BRIDGET

There was no fit, no test. Just pure Victorian virgin wicker.

DANTE

Where did you two meet?

FAYE

Bridget's my boss. I'm Faye Mr. Inferno. But Orly calls me FayeB.

Dante grins at Bridget who rolls her eyes.

DANTE

Your boss you say?

ORSON

Bridget Dear, how did you meet Dante?

DANTE

Oh I saved her life. She was about ready to step out in front of a truck.

BRIDGET

Get real you barely saved my life.

FAYE

Exciting, mouth to mouth stuff?

DANTE

Saved it enough for you to let me carry you Grandmothers cherished virgin wicker.

ORSON

So he knows about your Grandmother?

Dante take out a piece of paper from his pocket
and holds it up.

BRIDGET

Just that, we didn't have time to get to the cutie nicknames stage.

ORSON

So he harassed you with lifesaving. And you let him carry your sex chair.

Bridget stomps her foot, bends down and slaps
the cushion of the chase lounge over and over.
And over.

BRIDGET

This, this right here everyone. This is an actual sex chair. Fits two, three, hell maybe even four. I have had sex with ORLY right here on this chair several times. Sometimes even twice in one week.

Bridget caresses the top of the wicker chair.

BRIDGET

This is a Victorian sitting chair for the consumption of tea and scones.

Bridget slaps the chase lounge one more time hard.

BRIDGET

This is a sex chair! A Bonafede probably came with a manual SEX CHAIR!

ROSEAMUND

I can confirm that is in fact a sex chair. Orson was conceived on that very chase lounge.

ROSEAMUND a woman in her fifty's, in business suit and heavy makeup, marches in the door.

Bridget, in shock turns towards Roseamund.

FAYE

(bubbly)

Oh hi Rose.

BRIDGET

Rose?

ORSON

Mother!

Bridget hops to her feet.

ROSEAMUND

It smells like bad fish in here. Why does it smell like bad fish in here?

FAYE

I was cooking Orly fish for his big date meal. I was thinking it might be a proposal meal because she is moving in. I made a cake and everything.

Bridget spins towards Orson with wide eyes and her arms out.

Roseamund jabs her hands on her hips.

Dante holds the piece of paper up again.

ORSON

Uh... Sorry no proposal today... Bridget here uh, brought here chair over as a test to see if I would I guess like here things when she moves in. We are trying it out for a week.

Bridget makes to fists by her side.

BRIDGET

The one thing...

FAYE

A whole week?

ROSEAMUND

The chair of compatibility.

DANTE

The chair of compatibility.

Roseamund looks at Dante confused.

Bridget glares at him.

FAYE

I'm pretty sure I left a plate here, but not the same thing.

BRIDGET

The chair basically represents me. No sex just me.

Faye grins at Orson.

ROSEAMUND

Childs play. Do what my generation did. Get her knocked up, marry her and get on with things. I mean shit you have the family tradition sex chair.

ORSON

Mom...

BRIDGET

While I do respect the principles of heritage, my Grandmothers wicker chair as a prime example, let Orson sit in the chair a bit before I give him someone to burp in it shall we.

ROSEAMUND

Well I'm not getting any younger and you'll have free baby sitting.

FAYE

I can help too. I love kids. Someday I'll make one. I've had enough practice.

ROSEAMUND

I'm right downstairs.

DANTE

Downstairs, that's fun.

ORSON

Mother...

BRIDGET

No offense but you can't sit downstairs at the bar then come up and babysit while we go to a bar now can you.

ROSEAMUND

Well you don't know the surprise do you?

BRIDGET

Oh I'm all done with surprises for the day, all done.

FAYE

I love a surprise, I'll bet I know what it is.

ORSON

Roseamund.

ROSEAMUND

I moved into the building. One floor down directly under Orson's place.

Bridget frumps down in the wicker chair.

BRIDGET

Welcome to the neighborhood. I'll bake you a pie.

FAYE

You won't need a pie. Don't forget about the cake.

DANTE

I like cake.

Bridget turns her head and glares at Orson then
at Dante.

BRIDGET

Thanks for letting me know Orson. Isn't it exciting?

FAYE

Orly I reminded you to tell her.

ROSEAMUND

Fayeb I do think you are being a bit rude don't you think?

BRIDGET

Ya think...

ROSEAMUND

Who is this handsome devil you brought to dinner?

Roseamund stares at Dante up and down.

BRIDGET

Just me and Orson's dinner. Everyone of you should check your invites, seriously.

FAYE

I have no idea, he's with Bridget.

Dante holds up the piece of paper high.

DANTE

I'm was trying to leave... I mean I'm Dante.

ROSEAMUND

So you're with Bridget? I do believe we are in for an interesting story that Bridget is going
weave into a tale of delight.

BRIDGET

No delight, not with me. Just a rando off of the street.

DANTE

Excuse me, on the street.

ORSON

He was harassing her.

FAYE

He carried your sex--

DANTE

He saved your life.

ROSEAMUND

Saved your life? This is an Oscar winner of a tale.

FAYE

I always thought mouth to mouth was so romantic. I'm so addicted to all my Doctor shows.

BRIDGET

No mouth to mouth, he just pulled me off the curb.

DANTE

From in front of a delivery truck.

FAYE

You're a hero. With muscles.

Faye slides up to Dante and strokes his forearm.

FAYE

So do you do this kind of thing often?

DANTE

You look like being saved is your hobby.

FAYE

You gotta spend your time doing something.

ROSEAMUND

Orson you better step up your game Dante here might just swoop her away.

ORSON

Mother we are just friends.

BRIDGET

She was talking about me oh compatible one.

ROSEAMUND

So why are you here Dante?

FAYE

Who cares, he's here...

ORSON

Fayeb... Faye, we don't know him at all.

Bridget stares at Orson as her jaw clenches.

DANTE

Like I was trying to say, but didn't want to be rude.

FAYE

Such a gentleman.

BRIDGET

One of the best. He should be knighted.

DANTE

Maybe I should have interrupted. I found this dry cleaning receipt while I was leaving down the street. I thought it might be yours.

Faye snatches the receipt out of Dante's hand.

FAYE

It says Bridget on it, yep it does.

ORSON

Well that's her name.

BRIDGET

But you didn't know my name until you came back.

ROSEAMUND

Seems to me he was hoping it would be yours Dear.

BRIDGET

He knew I had a boyfriend. Nothing to see hear.

Roseamund eyes Dante up and down and licks
her lips.

ROSEAMUND

Oh something to see...

FAYE

That doesn't stop some men.

BRIDGET

Or women for that matter.

DANTE

Well I really should be going.

Faye grabs his arm.

ORSON

Well all that matters is Bridget will be able to pick up her dry cleaning.

Roseamund snatches the receipt out of Faye's
hand.

ROSEAMUND

There is a phone number scribbled on the back. I wonder who's number it is and whom it
was meant for? Such a mystery indeed.

Faye grabs the receipt back.

FAYE

Well it's mine now, finders keepers.

Bridget yanks the paper out of Faye's fingers.

BRIDGET

Well I need my dry cleaning.

ROSEAMUND

And the number obviously.

Orson nabs the receipt.

ORSON

No problem, I can pick it up for you.

Bridget yanks it back.

BRIDGET

I can pick up my own dry cleaning thank you. You can just relax and rest up in my chair.

Bridget examines the receipt paper.

Dante suddenly sits down in the wicker chair.

BRIDGET

This is three years old.

ROSEAMUND

Looks like young Dante has made himself comfortable in your sex chair.

BRIDGET

What the hell are you doing get up.

DANTE

I figured it was my only way out of here.

ORSON

Well you figured wrong.

BRIDGET

What?!

ORSON

I mean you figured right, right.

FAYE

You know Only if you want to store the sex chair at my apartment, I'm sure Dante could help me carry it over.

BRIDGET

Chair stays Dante goes.

ROSEAMUND

Dear we live in a time where women really can't afford to play hard to get anymore.

FAYE

Tell me about it sister.

Faye and Roseamund bump fists.

DANTE

You know it really is quite a comfortable chair.

FAYE

Dibs, when you're done I wanna sit in it next. Or on your lap.

Bridget suddenly stomps her foot.

ROSEAMUND

Uh oh, matador in the arena...

ORSON

Bridget--

BRIDGET

OUT, OUT, everybody out! I mean it EVERYBODY OUT, OUT, OUT!

DANTE

Thank you.

Dante hops up.

FAYE

Want me to warm up the flounder?

BRIDGET

Out!

ORSON

Bridget don't you think--

BRIDGET

Not thinking out. You can go to if you'd like.

ORSON

It's my place.

BRIDGET

Oh really?

DANTE

Dude, come on, the chair of compatibility?

ORSON

Fine OUR place for seven days.

BRIDGET

Well I don't think either of these chairs is going to be a sex chair for a very long time to come.

ROSEAMUND

Well I'm not going anywhere. I ordered food to be delivered here.

Bridget stomps her foot again.

ORSON

Roseamund!

ROSEAMUND

I'm sorry but it's beef wellington, I'm not going to let it go to waste.

BRIDGET

No one has beef wellington delivered are you mad?

FAYE

Me and Rose have it delivered every Tuesday night for our I Claudius reruns on PBS.

BRIDGET

Get out NOW!!!

FAYE

Dante would you like to see some of my chairs. Daddy has bought me quite a lot of nice ones.

Dante flashes a smile at Bridget.

DANTE

Why not. I'm sure they are very compatible.

Bridget stops her foot again.

DANTE

I do believe I am becoming quite the Chairientist.

Bridget grins and nods her head.

ORSON

Maybe that's what I am with my chase lounge.

Bridget stomps her foot hard.

BRIDGET

Orly, to YOUR room now! Dante thank you for saving my life, I hope to never see you again. Faye, you're fired call your Daddy.

FAYE

I work for free.

Orson strolls towards Bridget with his arms out.

BRIDGET

Orly now!

ORSON

Fine I will be waiting for your knock as per usual.

Orson fast walks to the bedroom and slams the door behind him.

Next!

BRIDGET

Dante smiles and heads towards the door.

Faye grabs on to his arms and follows.

It was nice meeting you Bridget.

DANTE

Good times, good times...

BRIDGET

They both leave with Faye's hand on Dante's butt.

Shut the door please.

BRIDGET

Sorry about that.

DANTE

Faye giggles.

Dante reaches in and shuts the door with a wide smile.

BLACK OUT

(pause)

(pause)

We hear passionate sex sounds

The lights come up.

Roseamund lies back relaxed on the chase lounge.

Bridget frumped down in the wicker chair.

ROSEAMUND

I do believe Dear your friend Dante and my Fayeb are having some kind of Coitus in the hall.

BRIDGET

I do believe you are correct.

ROSEAMUND

They didn't get far did they.

BRIDGET

They did not.

(pause)

BRIDGET

When your beef wellington gets here, I'm taking my sex chair to the hall and fucking him.

(pause)

ROSEAMUND

Why don't we let Dante choose, it's been a while for me too.

Bridget stomps both her feet!

Blackout

THE END