

THE COUCH

A MULTI ACT PLAY

BY
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THE COUCH

A Multi-Act Play About Marriage

by
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CAST:

BOB -- A YOUNG ADULT HUSBAND
LINDA -- A YOUNG ADULT WIFE
YOUNG BOB -- A TEENAGE BOY
YOUNG LINDA -- A TEENAGE GIRL
MOTHER -- LINDA'S MOTHER
FATHER -- LINDA'S FATHER

SET:

The stage is simple with a couch center stage. It should be huge and puffy and have room to hide all the props listed in each scene. In between scenes, there will be a change in the appearance of Bob and Linda. These in between scenes can be filled with a short musical interlude or have a person walk across the stage with the title of each section. After the intial introductions, the director could take the discretion of introducing each scene with a voiceover of the introductory lines. This would give the cast time to make changes between scenes.

SCENE 1 - RING TOSS

(Linda storms into the room and is arguing madly with Bob.)

LINDA: I CANT BELIEVE THAT YOU FEEL THAT WAY!

BOB: Well I cant believe that you refuse to see something from a different view point.

LINDA: What do you mean a different view point? I never get your view point until after it's to late. You never discuss things with me anymore.

BOB: Oh no! I discuss them but you just don't ..or wont..remember!

LINDA: Won't remember?.... No, you are the one that forgets everything.

BOB: I remember you were pretty fond of those rings.

LINDA: These rings. *(holds up hand and points to her wedding bands)* Are you talking about these rings? These rings don't make a marriage, they're just a symbol of the vows that we made to each other. The vows we made were to LOVE, HONOR, and CHERISH one another, without those, *(she pulls rings off her finger and throws them at the couch)* WE don't have a marriage!

(They both stand there looking at each other and BOB takes Linda by the hand and the move to the couch and sit down. Without saying a word, Linda slips her hand into the couch and starts to looks for the rings.)

BOB: *(in a calm and somber voice)* What are you doing?

LINDA: Looking for my rings.

BOB: Let me help.

(They both start to dig through the couch.)

SCENE 2 - DO YOU TRUST ME?

LINDA: Look what I found. What is it?

BOB: It looks like an old remote control. You know, from back when the first VCR's came out.

LINDA: Bob, this is the remote control to my parent's VCR.

BOB: Oh, really. (*He acts nervous.*) They must have lost it in the couch.

LINDA: No. I think I know why it's there. You remember that night you sneaked into my house? The night we were supposed to watch a movie?

BOB: (*Looks desperately at the audience.*) How could I forget.

(*fade out and lights come back up on teenage Linda sitting on couch.*)

LINDA: Bye, Mom. Bye, Dad. Have fun. (*goes to SR and looks through 'door'.*) And, Mikey is fast asleep. Finally, Time to myself. (*She sits on the couch and grabs the remote.*)

(*Bob sticks his head up and climbs in through the window*)

BOB: Are your parents gone?

(*Linda is startled by his clumsy entrance*)

LINDA: BOB!!!

BOB: Where's Mikey?

LINDA: He's asleep.

BOB: Cool, that leaves all the time for us!

(*They sit on the couch.*)

LINDA: Shhh! Don't be so loud!

BOB: OK. I'll try to be quiet. It's just that I am so excited about being here with you.

LINDA: So, now that you're here, what do you want to do?

BOB: What do I want to do? Well, for starters . . .(He leans toward her as if he wants to kiss her and she seems to ignore him as she goes to television.)

LINDA: I know what we can do. I recorded this great movie we can watch on my mom and dad's new VCR.

BOB: (Seems to recover and snaps his fingers behind her back in disappointment.) Sure. I'd love to watch a movie. Want me to turn the lights down?

LINDA: Naw! Mom says it'll ruin my eyes to watch television in the dark. Want some popcorn?

BOB: Maybe later. What are we going to watch?

LINDA: Oh, it's a wonderful love story. So romantic.

BOB: Any blood? Broken bones? Severed heads?

LINDA: Who wants to watch that garbage?

BOB: Uh....Right. UH.... I never watch those kind of shows.

LINDA: Now, if I can find the remote control. Here it is! See, you push start and the tape begins. Cool, isn't it?

BOB: Right! (They sit on the couch and there is obviously room between them. Bob fidgets, not certain where to put his arms and hands. Finally, in exasperation, he lays his hands in his lap.) Look, I think I would like some popcorn after all.

LINDA: Sure. (She stops the tape with the remote control and leaves the room.)

(Bob gets up and takes the cushions on the sofa and puffs them up, rearranging them so that there is only room for two people to sit very close in the middle of the couch. Satisfied with his progress, he smiles smugly and sits on the couch. He stretches and practices putting his arm around Linda. He smells his own breath and his armpits and smiles. He licks his lips and practices kissing until suddenly, Linda appears from SR carrying a bowl of popcorn. He recovers quickly. Linda sits beside him and frowns when she notices how close she is. She throws a pillow on the floor and sits away from Bob.)

LINDA: I think you'll really like this movie. It's one of mom and dad's favorites and I used to watch it all the time when I was a girl.

BOB: Uh....Yeah! (*He feigns interest and slowly inches toward her. She suddenly turns to him and he reacts, sitting up quickly.*)

LINDA: Want some popcorn?

BOB: Naw. It'll get caught in my teeth.

LINDA: But, you asked me to go get some.

BOB: Uh... I, forgot about how popcorn bugs me when uh... it gets lodged between my teeth.

LINDA: OK.

(They watch the movie as he stretches and puts his arm around her shoulders. She feels him touching her left shoulder and she reaches down and grabs a magazine off the lamp table and hits his hand with it.)

LINDA: You must have let some mosquitoes in when you climbed in the window. Big ones, too. (*He reacts, shaking his hand until she glances at him and he freezes, a painful look on his face.*) Are you all right?

BOB: Yeah. (*He winces.*) Must have been bit by that mosquito. Why don't we turn off the tape and just talk?

LINDA: But, my favorite part is coming up.

BOB: Uh, did I just hear Mikey say something?

LINDA: I didn't hear anything.

BOB: There it is again. I hope he's not trying to go to the bathroom by himself. There's are so many reports of toddlers falling into the toilet, you know.

LINDA: (*Appears frightened.*) Maybe I should go check on him. (*She leaves.*)

(Bob quickly takes the remote control and turns off the tape. Then he unplugs the VCR. Looking around hurriedly, he tries to hide the remote control and finally puts it into the couch just as Linda comes back into the room.)

LINDA: Mikey is fast asleep.

BOB: Oh. I guess it must have been something on the television.

LINDA: What happened to the movie?

BOB: I don't know. It just went off.

LINDA: (looks around.) Where's the remote?

BOB: Uh.....Gee, I don't know. Those things get lost so easy.

LINDA: I was hoping you could watch the movie with me. It was very romantic.

BOB: Really? Then why don't you sit down here and tell me about it.

(Throughout the next monologue, Linda keeps her eyes on the audience as she talks and Bob moves closer and closer and is about to kiss her on the cheek when she delivers the last line. Then, he freezes.)

LINDA: It's about this king named David. He's married and is faithful to his wife Abigail until he sees this other woman named Bathshebah. And, anyway, he leaves his house and sneaks over to Bathshebah's and climbs in the window, or something like that. It would be real romantic if he didn't deceive her.

BOB: He deceived her?

LINDA: Yeah. You see he told both women they should trust him. And they did. But, he lied. He couldn't be trusted. He had Bathshebah's husband sent to the front line so he would be killed and David could take his place. Pretty gruesome, huh?

BOB: (Pulls back.) I see.

LINDA: You know, Bob, a similar thing happened to a friend of mine. Seems there was this boy who told her she was the most important thing in his life. And, he sneaked into her window one night and spent the evening with her even though her parents told her she couldn't do it. And, to make matters worse, he then went to another girl's house the next night and told her the same thing. You know who he told that to? A certain girl named LINDA!

BOB: Uh, maybe I had better be going.

LINDA: Not yet. I want to hear you say it.

BOB: Say what?

LINDA: That I'm the most important girl in your life!

BOB: Listen, Linda, I've made a fool out of myself many times. And tonight is no exception. But, I do feel differently about you. You're special. I really do want to get to know you. I just don't know how.

LINDA: It's simple, Bob. Climb out that window, go home, pick up your phone and call me and ask me out for a date. A real date. No sneaking around. No lies. No deception.

BOB: What will you tell me?

LINDA: (*Looks around the room, deep in thought.*) I might say yes. And then, again, I might say no. You never know until you try.

BOB: (*Rises.*) I'm sorry, Linda. (*The sound of a door shutting is heard offstage. Bob glances to SR.*) It's your mom and dad!

LINDA: Quick, hide behind the couch.

BOB: (*Hides behind the couch as Mom and Dad come into room.*)

MOM: Hey, honey. We're home. Seems the movie was sold out.

DAD: Yeah, but we'll give you the babysitting money anyway.

LINDA: That's OK, Dad. I've had an uneventful evening. What are you guys going to do, now?

MOM: I guess go to bed.

LINDA: Why don't you sit down here on the couch with me and watch this movie. It's my favorite one.

DAD: Well, you can't watch much of it. The VCR is unplugged. (*He plugs it back in.*)

MOM: You want us to sit here and watch this movie?

LINDA: Sure. We need to do more things together as a family. Build up our mutual trust.

DAD: What are we watching?

LINDA: "I was a Teenage Zombie from Mars, Part seven"

MOM: Cool.

(*Behind them we see Bob's face as he reacts in horror and mouths "What?".*)

LINDA: Mom and Dad, I wish we could sit here and watch television all night long. I've got nothing better to do.

(*lights fade*)

SCENE 3 -- THE HONEYMOON'S DEMISE

(lights up as Bob pulls something out of the couch and tries to hide it before Linda sees what it is.)

LINDA: What did you find ?

BOB: Aw nothing.

LINDA: Show me what it is.

(Bob takes his hand from behind his back and shows her a pair of tweezers. When Linda sees the tweezers, she laughs wildly.)

LINDA: MY TWEEZERS! *(starts toward Bobs face with tweezers.)*

BOB: Oh no, you're not doing that to me anymore!

LINDA: Come on, just one?

BOB: NO!

(Lights fade)

(Lights come up as Bob is lying on the couch, snoring. Linda comes in and studies him closely. She frowns and then reaches into her pocket and pulls out the eyebrow tweezers. She leans over him and slowly reaches toward a hair between his eyebrows. She suddenly jerks it out and smiles. Bob, lurches up on the couch, suddenly awakened.)

BOB: Ouch! Incoming! Where's my gun!

LINDA: Bob, are you OK?

BOB: *(Looks around with a puzzled look on his face and rubs the flesh between his eyes.)* I was dreaming I was in the war and this guy shot me right between the eyes and . . . *(He spies the tweezers in her hands.)* Not again.

LINDA: *(Tries to hide tweezers behind her back.)* I was just . . .

BOB: Plucking my eyebrows, again! Linda, why can't you leave my eyebrows alone?

LINDA: Oh, Bob, you don't understand. It's very important that you keep your eyebrows plucked.

BOB: Men don't pluck their eyebrows. Besides, my eyebrows are over here. *(He points to the side of his face.)* Not here in the middle.

LINDA: Yeah, but I just know if you don't pluck those rogue eyebrows, they'll, well, you know, grow together.

BOB: Grow together?

LINDA: Yes, and then you'll start looking like one of those Neanderthals.

BOB: We're Baptist, Linda.

LINDA: I was talking about a ...caveman. I'm sorry Bob, but I'm having a hard time adjusting to this marriage. I mean, we've only been married a year, but . . .

BOB: But, what?

LINDA: It's not just the eyebrows. It's the couch.

BOB: The couch? Your mother gave us this couch. It saved us a lot of money.

LINDA: No. I'm not talking about the couch couch. I'm talking about you and the couch.

BOB: I'm confused.

LINDA: See, you don't even understand me.

BOB: Sorry. Try me one more time on this couch thing.

LINDA: You see, dad always told me a couch was for sitting. Not sleeping. And yet, everyday I come in here and there you are stretched out on the couch.

BOB: So.

LINDA: But, you mush up the cushions. And you get dirt off your shoes. And, well, well . . .

BOB: And, what?

LINDA: You leave this . . . *odor* on the couch.

BOB: Odor?

LINDA: Yeah, you know, sort of like a . . . locker room. Dirty socks and all that manly stuff. My dad always smelled like Old Spice. But, you don't smell like that.

BOB: I don't believe this! Linda, I take a bath every day.

LINDA: No, you don't stink, Bob. You just . . . smell.

BOB: Well, you're not perfect either.

LINDA: What do you mean?

BOB: I'm talking about the bedspread.

LINDA: What's wrong with the bedspread?

BOB: Tell me what color it is?

LINDA: It's mauve.

BOB: See, that's not even a color. Mauve? Sounds like a bad TV sitcom.

LINDA: Mauve happens to be a very pleasant color.

BOB: Yeah, and what color are the walls?

LINDA: Peuce.

BOB: And the rugs in the bathroom?

LINDA: Lushous Lavender.

BOB: And the curtains?

LINDA: Ravishing rose.

BOB: See what I mean. Now what man would ever pick those colors?

LINDA: But, it's **our** bedroom. Don't you think those colors are romantic?

BOB: Linda, when I climb in bed I feel like I'm back in the womb! Everything is pink.

LINDA: It is not pink! OK, what about your underwear!

BOB: My underwear is not pink.

LINDA: I know that. I'm talking about where you put it.

BOB: I put it on my body.

LINDA: No you don't. You walk into this house and start shedding your clothes like a molting rooster. Your shoes are in the hallway. Your shirt is in the den. Your pants are in the bedroom and your underwear is in the middle of the bathroom! Why can't you put them in the clothes hamper like I do.

BOB: I never had to do that before.

LINDA: Well, I'm not your momma!

BOB: I'll say! At least my mother didn't put butter on the soft tortillas all at one time.

LINDA: What?

BOB: When we go to El Tacos you butter all of the soft tortillas at once. And when you take the top one out, you get butter all over your hands. You supposed to butter them one at a time.

LINDA: Oh yeah, well maybe we should stop going to El Taco's. I can't exactly deal with the aftermath. If you catch my drift. (*She fans the air.*)

BOB: Well at least I floss my teeth!

LINDA: I floss once a month.

BOB: Yeah. And the most romantic thing I've ever done is start to kiss you and find a hunk of pork chop hanging from your front teeth.

LINDA: That's it! I've had it! I'm going home to mom. When you can learn to squeeze the toothpaste from the end of the tube instead of the middle, I might come back.

BOB: You're not going anywhere. (*Sarcastically.*) I need you. After all I'm nothing but a big, smelly, slob who sheds his clothes like a snake all over your peuce and mauve bedroom.

LINDA: (*Sits on the couch and starts to cry.*) Oh, Bob, what's happening to us?

BOB: (*Softens.*) I don't know. We never fought like this when we were dating.

LINDA: I know. (*Pauses for a moment*) That's when we were going to church.

BOB: Yeah, we were always happy then. We didn't see each other's warts.

LINDA: Warts? I don't have any warts!

BOB: You know what I mean. (*Sees Bible lying on table.*) Maybe we let the other things in this world fill our needs instead of each other. We don't hug or hold hands or play footies like we did then.

LINDA: I do miss the roses and the poems.

BOB: And I miss the times we would sit on the floor and read bible verses and pray with each other.

LINDA: I seem to remember a verse that we really liked As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord.

BOB: You know, every one of the disciples were different. One a fisherman, one a tax collector. I bet they fought all the time like cats and dogs. And yet, Jesus loved them anyway. I guess we just have to keep our eyes on Jesus, and maybe we won't see so many of our insignificant differences,... not to mention the PINK bedroom.

LINDA: I really would like to read the Bible and have our prayer time again.

BOB: That sounds great. You get the pillows and I'll get the bible.

(They start to kiss and he suddenly stops and flicks something from her teeth.)

BOB: Before I kiss you, go floss.

(Lights fade)

SCENE 4 -- BABY'S DAY OUT

(*Lights up*)

LINDA: (*Finds a paddle from a paddle ball game.*) Oh, here's a prize to cherish.

BOB: My paddle ball game! I always wondered where that went to.

LINDA: Well, I'm not ashamed of the fact that I hid it in here.

BOB: I guess I am kind of glad you did, too.

LINDA: Remember. I was nine months pregnant when you told me what you were going to do with this thing. (*lights fade*)

(*Lights come up as Linda comes out on to stage, obviously painfully and largely pregnant. She puffs the cushions on the couch. She collapses onto the couch and exhales loudly. Then, she seems to be uncomfortable and tries desperately to get back up, struggling with her large pregnancy. She finally gets up and repuffs the cushions and then collapses once more.*)

LINDA: (*With discontent in voice.*) Honnneeyyyyy!

(*Bob comes out stage right rubbing his eyes.*)

BOB: WHAT !

LINDA: I'm hungry.

BOB: (*Looking toward ceiling .*) What do you want?

LINDA: UMM,... Tacos and brussel sprouts.

BOB: TACOS and brussel sprouts? Linda, it's one o'clock in the morning! Where am I supposed to find tacos and brussel sprouts at this hour?

LINDA: Then I guess I'll have a Peanut butter and mustard sandwich. (*after a short pause as Bob walks toward the table to make sandwich*) Don't forget the onions!

BOB: I'm glad you're sleeping on the couch tonight!

(*Linda reaches over the arm of the couch and picks up a sack.*)

LINDA: What's in the sack, dear?

BOB: (Walks back toward couch) Toys for our son. Look, here's a Teddy Bear, and a(*Several objects. Ends with a paddle ball set.*) And this little item.

LINDA: A paddle ball? Don't you think it might be a little too tricky for a newborn?

BOB: Oh, it's not for him to play with.

LINDA: Well what do you plan to do with it?

BOB: I want our son to grow up with good values, which means that he will have to be punished from time to time.

LINDA: Bob, you are not going to use a WEAPON on our child! This world is filled with too much violence as it is.

BOB: A weapon? Look, It's a paddle, not a handgun.

LINDA: Don't tell me you are going to use this paddle to spank our child?

BOB: Honey, the Bible says to spoil the rod and spare the child.

LINDA: I can't believe what I hear! In this world of violence and guns and serial killers you actually expect me to agree to spanking our child?

BOB: Of course. It's the only way to raise a child.

LINDA: I believe in creative discipline. Reason. Calm, passionate talks with the child.

BOB: Hah. The first time you try to reason with a two year old, that philosophy will go out the window.

LINDA: I forbid you to spank our child.

BOB: You what?

LINDA: You heard me, I forbid you to spank our child. She's going to be wise and mentally healthy and not dysfunctional and . . . (*she begins to cry.*) what if she turns out like me?

BOB: Excuse me?

LINDA: Oh, Bob, I've been so mean to you the past few weeks. Just because you're not fat and you're not in pain and you're not going to have to go through twelve hours of backbreaking labor doesn't mean you aren't suffering, too. How could I have been so callous?

BOB: Hormones, Linda. It's your hormones. It says right here in this pregnancy book . . .

LINDA: *(She slaps the book out of his hand.)* I know what it says. You're not listening to me. I'm worried about the baby. What will she turn out to be like? What if we make a mistake in the things we say, the things we teach her?

BOB: What if I drop her in the potty?

LINDA: Get serious for just one moment, Bob, or I'm going to take that paddle and ... Ah ... Ah.... Ah. Oh, Bob, it hurts.

BOB: *(Suddenly panicky.)* What hurts?

LINDA: It's happening. The baby's coming.

BOB: OK. OK. Let me think. Just let me think. *(She screams again.)*

LINDA: *(Through clenched teeth.)* Bob, no matter what I say, no matter what I do, just remember that I love you very much and I am glad you are the father of our child.

BOB: Hot water. Do we need hot water?

LINDA: No. Get the suitcase. Call the doctor. Call the hospital. Go start the car.

BOB: *(Bob runs off stage and comes back with suitcase in hand. He grabs keys off the night stand and runs out. In the background we hear the car start and drive away. Linda shakes her head and struggles up off the couch. Soon, we hear the car approach and Bob runs back into the room.)*

What are you waiting for? I was halfway to the hospital and realized you were still here.

LINDA: Bob. Calm down. Just calm down. We are going to get through this.

BOB: I know. Listen. We don't have to use the paddle. In fact, lose the paddle. Maybe we'll try it your way.

LINDA: Right now, it doesn't matter. All that matters is that we trust in the Lord to give us a healthy baby. Right?

BOB: Right. And we'll have to keep on trusting that He will help us make the right choices, chose the right words, do what's best for our child. Linda, I just want our baby to grow up knowing that God loves him. I want him to have a

foundation built on Gods guidance so when he faces temptation, we can be relieved knowing that we can trust in God to protect him.

LINDA: Or her.

BOB: Or her. Let's go have this baby.

LINDA: Oh sure, now you volunteer.

(lights fade)

SCENE 5 -- MINDREADERS

BOB: *(Diggin in the couch for the rings pulls out a small diaper.)* Look, one of Casey's Holiday Baby diapers.

LINDA: I guess she's following in my footsteps. She's not picking up after herself.

BOB: This reminds of the time we found something else in the couch.

(Bob comes in wearing a rumpled dress coat and collapses on the couch.)

BOB: Boy, did I have a hard day. Where's the newspaper?

LINDA: Right where you left it this morning. By the toilet.

BOB: Oh, yeah. *(He sits on the couch.)* You just wouldn't believe what happened at the office today.

LINDA: *(Comes into the room and glares at him.)* You're probably right, Bob. My day was totally unexciting.

BOB: Yep, old man Frederick came down pretty hard on everyone. My head's killing me from all the stress. Say, where's the remote control for the TV?

LINDA: Right where you left it.

BOB: Oh. What's that smell?

LINDA: *(Comes in and sniffs the air.)* I don't smell anything.

BOB: It's pretty bad, Linda. Can't you smell it?

LINDA: No. My nose is so numb from all the boring things I did today that I can't smell anything.

BOB: *(Lifts up the cushion and pulls out a diaper.)* Ugh. I just found it. A dirty diaper under the couch cushion. Honey, can't you keep this house a little bit cleaner?

LINDA: Well I'll try and fit it in between all my extracurricular activities. You know, my visits to the country club for tea, my tennis game, and my appointment at the nail salon.

BOB: Wait a minute. You don't do any of that.

LINDA: Tell me about it! You know, you could pick up a dirty diaper every now and then. In fact, you might want to try and change one. I'm sure it will all come back to you.

BOB: Is something bothering you?

LINDA: Why would you say that?

BOB: Look, I've had a heck of a day at the office and I'm a little tense. I'm not about to start playing these games at home. What is wrong with you?

LINDA: If you loved me, you would know.

BOB: What?

LINDA: Oh, men! You're all so insensitive! *(She storms out of the room)*

BOB: OK, Bob, just calm down and backtrack. Let's see, I walked in the door, sat on the couch, found the dirty diaper. And then, the marriage went down the drain. Linda, come here please.

LINDA: Are you sure you want me in here. I wouldn't want to interfere with your cool down time.

BOB: Linda, what is bothering you?

LINDA: Oh, it's you.

BOB: Well, I had already figure that much out.

LINDA: I mean you just come home and plop yourself down on the couch and expect me to wait on you hand and foot.

BOB: So?

LINDA: So? That's all you have to say?

BOB: Linda, I'm the breadwinner. I make the money. I slave everyday out there in that rat race. All I expect when I get home is a few minutes to unwind. You know, cool down.

LINDA: Well, listen here, Buster. I spend all day with two snotty nosed kids, one who is in his terrible twos and the other still in smelly diapers. They scream and tear up the house all day. I can't even sit down for more than five minutes. I look forward to when you come home so you can take them off my hands for just an hour so I can calm down and regroup. Is that too much to ask?

BOB: You've never asked me.

LINDA: I shouldn't have to. You are their father aren't you?

BOB: Of course. But . . .

LINDA: Then all I ask is a little bit of your time when you get home. And maybe, just maybe, you might consider changing a dirty diaper every now and then.

BOB: Are you going to try to keep the house a little bit cleaner?

LINDA: I can't believe you said that. Why don't you try staying at home one week and see what it is like in this madhouse?

BOB: Fine. I can handle it. Only if you spend one week at my office with old man Frederick and his hench men. It's a dog eat dog world out there, Linda.

LINDA: Well, it's a baby eat mom world in here. Do you know how long it has been since I had a decent conversation with another adult? And do you know how long it has been since I haven't had to cut up someone's meat before they can eat?

BOB: Yeah, the last time we went out you cut up my steak for me.

LINDA: I don't remember. It was so long ago. Of course, I could say I don't remember because I've slept since then. But I haven't slept in three months.

BOB: How did we get in this mess?

LINDA: I don't know. We've drifted off into two different worlds.

BOB: Linda, I want to help you. I really do. But, I can't help you if you don't tell me. I can't read your mind.

LINDA: Bob, there are things I need you to do that should come without me having to ask. You are a father. I'm not asking you to read my mind. Just be sensitive.

BOB: I guess I need to get that old idea about a submissive housewife out of my head, huh?

LINDA: Maybe you need to reread those verses, Bob. Go ahead. Look it up. Believe me I've read many Bible verses in the middle of the night while rocking the kids back to sleep. Ephesians 5: 21.

BOB: (*Opens Bible.*) It says right here, "Wives, submit to your husbands, as to the Lord."

LINDA: Look at 25 and 33. Submit doesn't mean I'm your slave, Bob. It means I love you and am willing to be an equal partner in raising our children. You are to be the spiritual leader of our home. The spiritual leader. As Christ is the head of the church, see that. And there is another word down in verse 33 that I want you to see.

BOB: Ummm.....Respect?

LINDA: Right. We need to respect each other.

BOB: Why haven't we had this conversation before now?

LINDA: I don't know, Bob. It seems we let the problems of life just percolate around us and take our eyes off of our spiritual responsibility.

BOB: I'm sorry I've been so wrapped up in my own problems that I became insensitive, Linda.

LINDA: And I'm sorry I expected you read my mind. Let's try to communicate a little better. (*Offstage a baby cries.*) Right after you change the diaper.

(Lights fade)

SCENE 6 - LOOSE CHANGE

LINDA: *(Finds a handful of change and a dollar bill in the cushions.)* Bob, look at all this loose change in the couch. I wonder just how much money is in here.

BOB: It doesn't seem like much money, does it? But, I remember when every cent counted.

(Bob comes in and He clicks on the television and begins to watch the tv. Linda comes into the room, her clothes wet, her hands covered with water and suds. She clears her throat and tries to get Bob's attention but he seems to look right through her.)

BOB: Honey, you're standing in front of the television.

LINDA: Yes, I am.

BOB: And I can't see the game.

LINDA: I know. Tell me, Bob, do you notice anything different about me?

BOB: Uh, you've got a new hairdo?

LINDA: No.

BOB: The dress. It looks real nice.

LINDA: No.

BOB: *(Suddenly puts his hands over his eyebrows.)* Not the tweezers again!

LINDA: I gave up on that a long time ago. I'm talking about the suds and the water all over me.

BOB: Oh, that. Yeah, I noticed. Now, if you could just move. . .

LINDA: Bob, I thought I told you to call the dishwasher repairman.

BOB: Well, I was going to. But, you know money is tight and . . .

LINDA: You decided to fix it yourself, right?

BOB: Honey, there isn't an appliance in this house I can't fix.

LINDA: Oh, really. Then why is soapy, sudsy water spewing out of the stove burner?

BOB: That's impossible.

LINDA: Yeah, just like it was impossible for you to burn the house down when you repaired the furnace. I seem to remember you jumping, screaming and...SPITTING...while trying to put out the carpet fire that you managed to start!

(Bob stands and becomes serious)

BOB: Well I would have called the repairman, but honey we don't even have enough money to buy a gallon of milk.

LINDA: Speaking of money, have you checked the couch for loose change?

BOB: Hey, that's right! We've had several visitors over the past few days.

(They both get on the couch and start going through the couch)

LINDA: Here's three quarters, two dimes and....two pennies.

BOB: Hey cool ,I have uh.....uh ..a dollar and eighty cents! That enough for a gallon of milk and doughnuts!

(They set on the couch and Linda looks at Bob)

LINDA: Oh, Bob, what are we going to do? You haven't worked in three months!

BOB: Linda, I'll find a job. We've been praying and I know that God will give me the right job at the right time.

LINDA: Then what are we going to do in the mean time? The kids haven't been able to go for their checkup at the dentist. The dishwasher is broken. The refrigerator is empty.

BOB: I know, but look at what we do have, EACH OTHER. God put us together for a reason. *(pause)* Remember the verse we read the other night? It was Matthew 6: 25, "Do not worry about what you will eat or drink" and that the verse went on to say that God will meet ALL of our needs.

LINDA: You're right. I'm glad we have each other.

BOB: Me too!

LINDA: Bob, I wonder if that verse covers a specific area when it says that God will meet ALL of our needs?

BOB: What area is that?

LINDA: My kitchen, because I NEED to finish washing the dishes but I can't wash them on the stove!

BOB: Ok, Ok, I'll go fix it.

(Lights fade)

SCENE 6 - THE PROPOSAL

(Lights come up on the stage as Bob and Linda are sitting on the couch looking at all the stuff they have dug out of the couch)

LINDA: Oh, Bob, I am so sorry I got so upset. Just look what we've been through since we got married. And now, I've gone and thrown my ring away. And, I can't even remember what we were fighting about. What can we do?

BOB We could start over. We could begin anew right now. We could learn from all the mistakes of the past and go on from here. *(He kneels down in front of her.)* Linda, will you marry me?

LINDA: What? Of course, I'll marry you.

BOB *(He takes the ring out of his pocket and puts it on her finger.)* With this ring, I thee wed. In sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, until death do us part.

LINDA: I thought my ring was lost forever. Oh, Bob, this is so sweet. How could I have ever doubted your love for me? Where did you find the ring?

BOB I had it all the time. I found it right after you lost it. But, we were having so much fun reliving the past, I couldn't bring myself to tell you.

LINDA: *(Pulls him up onto the couch next to her and plays with his hair.)* Do you think that since we just got married, . . . Again, . . . We could have a little honeymoon?

BOB You bet.

(Just as they start to kiss there is a loud scream and three children come running onto stage, jumping up on them, interrupting their kiss.)