

Feinting Couch,
a play w/o people by T. Adamson

T. Adamson
314 E 41st Apt 502B
New York, NY 10017
tadamsonplays@gmail.com

The couch faints.

SHH
to THIS

When first I enter the room I look for you.
For you I look in every entered room
when first I enter.

I scan the floor and carpeting and doors
and windows
and the arrangements of the furniture and lighting fixtures
and the walls
and wallpapers
and corners
and fireplaces and all
to see if there's somewhere
you could be
hiding.

I do then realize I cannot feel at ease in a room
not knowing whether you are in the room.

I feel ease in the disappointment of your absence.
I feel electric discomfort in your audience.

I am not in the room until I know if you are in the room or not in the room.

(The couch feints!!)
(!!)

When I see people I don't see people.

Hahahahahoo-!

I look out a window and I-

You're so-!
!!!!

Ants. Even if it's a first floor window.
Or even if it's not a window I'm looking at
the people through: a gap. A chink.
A crevice. Looking in.

-

I'm not this world. A gap in the wall where only air bleed through.

I don't like how often you borrow my clothes.
They come back they have holes in them.
And I know all clothes have holes
but this is getting to be a thing!
Don't semantics me! Don't-

Wish I sometimes there was More Distinction
between Outside
and Inside.

-

Sometimes I wish there was Less.

What do you mean?

That bug crawling along the-

-

HUGE!!

I don't see a single bug!

It's camouflaged to the carpet; it's
Crawling Right Towards You!

AAAAAAAAAA
where do I go!?

OH NO THERE'S ANOTHER
ONE OVER THERE!! !! !!

SHOULD I MOVE UPWARDS
ON
THE
F
U
R
N
I
T
U
R
E
?
!

NO TRY TO SMASH!

I
CAN'T
SEE
IT
IS
IT
NEAR
ME
!?

IT'S UPON YOU! CAN YOU FEEL IT!?

I
DON'T
KNOW
!!!!!!
...
i
...
don't
...
no
...

...
It's on you.

Clickers.

(Click.)

(clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.)

Therapy is where you lie on a couch.

Therapy is where you lie on a chair.

Therapy is where you sit on a chair and talk and remember on a chair.

Therapy is two people not standing.

Therapy is two people not touching their mouths together.

Therapy is two people not smuggling furniture into a foreign country with high furniture tariffs.

Therapy is more than two people.

Therapy is a number of people pretending to be a different number of people.

Therapy was necessitated by the invention of the fainting couch.

Therapy was necessitated by the invention of the psychoanalyst.

Therapy was necessitated by the inventions of the dream and the notepad and the glass of water and the stress ball and the pocket watch and the steam train and the family.

Therapy is where you pretend you have breakthroughs.

Therapy is where someone pretends you have breakthroughs while you pretend you have breakthroughs.

Therapy is where you ask if you're pretending.

Therapy is a middleman to medication.

Therapy is where you pretend to ask if you're pretending.

Therapy is a never-ending non-pretending process.

Therapy is a where you pretend not to blame other people while you blame other people.

Therapy is a Ponzi scheme.

Therapy is the reason you split up.

Therapy is the reason you resent so-and-so.

Therapy is a crutch.

Therapy is a luxury.

Therapy is a lifestyle brand.

Therapy is for people with more money than problems.

Therapy is mental molestation/masturbation)/etc.

Therapy is one day at a time.

Therapy is where therapy was invented in 1879.

Therapy is where you're on a horse.

Therapy is a bad name for a horse.

Therapy is where you're submerged in water.

Therapy is where art therapy.

Therapy is where bilateral stimulation.

Therapy is where gestalt therapy.

Therapy is where group therapy.

Therapy is something you recommend to people in order to quell your own doubts about its efficacy.

Therapy is where lying about efficacy.

Therapy is a room.

Therapy is an empty room. A bug room.

Clicking.

Clickclick.

Clickclickclickclick.

Click.

(Toy train.) (Feinting freight.) (Pulling couches.) (Coaches.) (Circling.) (Choo.) (Toy train.)

I was in a room.

People used to gather in these same types of rooms as the room I was in (in my anecdote) with some regularity and they would sit in these rooms and these rooms would become very dark and a large group of people lying in the dark- sitting in these rooms- watched a usually-smaller group of people in the room who were usually under very bright lights. And sometimes these people underneath these bright lights- very bright lights- in these rooms- would do very normal or typical things- or to me things which seemed very normal- very typical- quotidian: they would worry under the bright lights about money or they would have affairs under the bright lights or they'd stand under these bright lights and discuss politics under these bright lights and I remember someone would say something like "Well, Politics. Poly means many and ticks are blood-sucking parasites." And so that was a very typical example of what might happen. And sometimes these people under these bright lights in these rooms would do things under the bright lights in these rooms that I found- or which seemed to me- very not-typical-at-all- things which seemed perfectly inscrutable: they would move for very long amounts of time without saying *anything*- big clumps and milieus of people- bodies moving aggressively angularly and passionately- for example- but not saying *anything* for a very long time under these bright lights in these rooms and it was a very quiet movement.

Long Stillness.

And there was/were/etc. always people in these rooms. And under the bright lights in these rooms there was/were/etc. always people whether very typical or very not-typical-at-all. Though sometimes there was music. And I never understood if they heard the music or not because when I would hear music in my life when I was in a typical room from my life- my bedroom, say, or my smoking parlor or billiard room or my garden room or the room with all the hats or the therapy room or the one specifically for music- I would say "Oh nice music!" or "Ugg this music is blarrg!" but they would... When the music came they only moved without saying a word about the music. And nobody said a word about the music. And it was while I was in a room such as these rooms- trying to decide "Do I believe *anyone*?"- that someone in the dark in the room who was watching from the dark the people underneath the bright lights... this person coughed in the darkness. And this cough filled the Whole Room...

Used to seem usually when you were in a room and a person coughed you thought, "Oh a person coughed." Or "Oh that's rude. Couldn't they- couldn't they just not?" I used to. I blamed people. (The faint cough.) And I heard the cough and I thought "How rude to cough at the quietest moment!" I was upset because it used to be that ruined it for me! Other people have different ideas of what makes or ruins- but noise- where there's supposed to be silence...

And of course by the end all we could hear was the coughing. For a very long time...

Longer Still.

THREE STUDIES FOR FAINTING COUCH
(VICTORIAN DOMESTIC REVUE)

ONE

An audience in a proscenium theater.

They are handed programs for the play *Fainting Couch*.

The curtain rises: a mirror the size of the curtain.

Every audience member can see every other audience member.

Nine minute pause.

Three spotlights on three non-adjacent audience members.

Nine minute fade to black.

(N.B. Let us not forget- or, rather, let us not fail to remember- that the Victorians [to use the Common Parlance] were such a people as to- during the High Victorian 1880s and beyond- become so fascinated with the novelty of Exotic Animal Furniture that they depleted the entire stock of monkey cadavers within their society through a collective inexplicable sudden passionate impulse to craft distribute and purchase little novelty monkey lamps [small taxidermied monkey cadavers holding- or feigning to hold, rather- even smaller lanterns] for their billiard rooms and other interesting rooms in their vast and interesting homes. Poor monkeys! But let us not judge them too harshly [neither the Victorians nor their monkeys!] for this Nota Bene is a lesson about Them, but it is *actually* [perhaps?] a lesson about Us.)

TWO

A team of sled dogs pull an ornate fainting couch through the streets of a major metropolitan city. A homeless man screams obscenities at the dogs.

He is transformed into a fainting couch.

THREE

I was looking for you and you were nowhere.
(Idiot sentimentality.)

I was cooking for you.

Daguerreotypes.

Or.

I can't live with people.

(Well, we're in the airport.)

PALLOR OF AIR.
WHISKED AWAY UPON A FEATHER OF PRAYER.
TIE ME DOWN TO YOUR ALABASTER CHAIR.
OH PALLOR OF AIR.

PALLOR OF SUN.
DO MY GUTS IN ON THE KNIFE OF THE GUN.
LIPOSUCTIONS TOWARDS THE ADVENT OF FUN.
OH PALLOR OF SUN.

PILLARS ARE HOLDING IT UP!
THE SKY IS FOR TUMBLING. (*TUMBLING.*)
THE MOLECULES ARE SHAKING THEIR RUMPS!
YOU CAN FEEL THE CARBON DIOXIDE CRUMBLING.

OH PALLOR OF NIGHT.
WON'T YOU KISS ME ON THE LIP OF YOUR SIGHT?
PASS THE FIST TO LICK THE EROS OF FLIGHT.
OH PALLOR OF NIGHT-TIME
CRYING:

PILLARS ARE HOLDING IT UP!
THE SKY IS FOR SLANTING. (*SLANTING.*)
THE RAIN HOLDS THE ANGELS THAT DIE!
YOU CAN HEAR THE STARS PANTING.
THEY LIE AWAKE RANTING:

OH OH OH PALLOR OF TUNE.
WON'T YOU HANG FROM ME THE MISCREANT MOON?
LANGUID DARKNESS DOWNS THE DAYLIGHT OF SWOON.
OH PALLOR OF TUNE.
OH PALLOR OF NIGHT.
OH PALLOR OF SUN.
OH PALLOR OF AIR!

Well wishers.

Whiskers. (A portion of it dedicated to, well, whiskers. [Whiskers shine in the dark.]

I wish you... Well... (Wishing well. [Hear it click all the way down.]

OTHER PEOPLE HAVE TO USE THE BATHROOM YOU FUCKING FECKLESS VAPID PIECE OF SHIT INCOMPETENT PATHETIC REPULSIVE FUCKING TOOL ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT LIFELESS FAILURE SACK OF FECES PILE DOGCOCK LITTLE FUCKING SQUARENUTTED MANCHILD PISSPAWN GET YOUR GODDAMN LIFE TOGETHER YOU WASTED FUCKING MISSED-ABORTION-OPPORTUNITY AND OUT OF MY GODDAMN BATHROOM BEFORE I DRAG YOUR WORTHLESS FUCKING SADSACK UNSKILLED LAZY SELF-ABSORBED DISGUSTING FUCKING LARD ASS OUT OF IT AND FUCKING PLUNGE MY HAND INTO *THE GODDAMN TOILET ITSELF* AND SHOVE YOUR OWN MALNOURISHED MUSTARD BURGER SHIT DOWN YOUR FAT WORTHLESS CONTRIBUTING-NOTHING-TO-SOCIETY-MEDIOCRE-DRONE-OF-A-HUMAN-BEING GULLET, YOU CONTRIBUTING-NOTHING-TO-SOCIETY MEDIOCRE DRONE OF A HUMAN BEING I HOPE YOU FUCKING DROWN IN YOUR OWN SHIT ENTITLED WORTHLESS PIECE OF PLONDERING FUCKING SENTIENT GARBAGE ONLY SENTIENT IS TOO KIND A WORD!

AND PICK UP YOUR SOCKS! IT'S NOT JUST THE BATHROOM THING IT'S THE SOCKS! AND THE DISHES AND I KNOW YOU EAT FOOD IN YOUR FUCKING SLOBBERCUM BED! LIKE REALLY BIG FOOD THAT YOU EAT WITH YOUR HANDS AND THE CRUMBS AND THE GLOBS OF THE FUCKING ORANGE SAUCE FROM YOUR GREASY MAYONNAISE FOOD DROP ONTO YOUR SHEETS AND YOU DO NOTHING ABOUT THE FOOD LITERALLY INSIDE YOUR *BED* YOU MALFORMED FUCKING WORMANUS UGLY IDIOTIC SELF-SATISFIED ABSOLUTELY UNLIKABLE- IT'S LIKE YOU *NEED* TO LEAVE YOUR SHIT EVERYWHERE BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY ANYONE WILL EVEN FUCKING KNOW YOU WERE IN THE ROOM OR IN THE GODDAMN WORLD AT ALL YOU NOBODY! YOU DON'T FUCKING SAY ANYTHING INTELLIGENT OR THOUGHTFUL. YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING IN YOUR LIFE. YOU'RE FAR INTO YOUR ADULthood AND YOU ACT LIKE A FUCKING SPOILED LITTLE SHITSTAINED BRAT WHO EXPECTS HIS MOMMY TO FUCKING WIPE HIS ASS FOR HIM AND TELL HIM HOW GOOD IT SMELLS. YOU SMELL LIKE SHIT! WE ALL TALK ABOUT IT BEHIND YOUR BACK. YOUR FUCKING REEKING VAGRANT BARBARIAN TAIN'T STENCH. SO IT'S NOT JUST THE BATHROOM THING. IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT THE TIME IN THE BATHROOM; IT'S ABOUT YOU AND HONESTLY EVERY SINGLE FUCKING MOMENT YOU'RE IN THE BATHROOM IS A GODDAMN WASTE OF TIME BECAUSE YOU'RE A GODDAMN WASTE OF A HUMAN BEING. OPEN THE DOOR!

The door opened/opens/etc.
(all I want is a room somewhere)

eyes in

portraitpainting

eye hole (?)

(all eye want is a room somewhere)

Fake couches. (Couches couches couches couches! And miniature couches too!)

Room inside a room

(inside a room).

The cushion seams seem to come Un-Done.

Beaming.

Light out cushion

(beaming/seaming/seeming).

TV. Video: the Outside

(outside [of the] past)?

Taxidermy light streaming cushionseams-to-ceiling

(Sealing) Gravity Up!

GRAVITY. OH GRAVITY.
MY TOOTH HAS A CAVITY.
GRAVITY. OH GRAVITY.
I ATE TOO MUCH ROCK CANDY.

GRAVITY ATE CANDY.
YOU ALWAYS ACT LIKE YOU HATE ME.
GRAVITY HAS MY CAVITY.
BUT I CAN'T HAVE YOU.

(Music music music music! And miniature music too!)

I don't get-

It's a game.

I get it's a game.
I don't get the-
This is the controller?

Yepp.

You're in an empty room.

Yeah that's the point.
And you're trying to make it so there's
furniture in the room.
And if you make it so there's
furniture in the room
you win.

How do you make it so there's
furniture in the room?

Yeah that's the-
-
Like I said.
-

That's kinda the whole thing with it.

Why don't you play like
Beasts and Heroes
or like
War Sports Game-?

I don't like Those Kinda Games anymore.
They all like.
-

I don't know.
-

I don't like what they Stand For somehow or-
-

I'm not like saying it's a Good Game.
I'm just saying like-
I'm Just Playing.

Why don't you just like-
Be With Furniture?
Like in the World?

No- it's not-
-
It's a Fun Game.
-
You wanna play?

Not really I-

You use this to move and
this is like the Camera Angle of the-
You can look from almost
Every Perspective
and then if you see the-
...
Oh.

Woah.
-
Did I do it?

How did you-?
...
WHAT DID YOU *PRESS*.

I don't remember.
-
Look at that table.
And the mirror
and the little Armoire.
And the-
What would you call *that*?

Fainting couch.
...
Those are like-
-
Those are called-

Why are they called?

I was glad.

I don't miss.

I was glad it ended.

I was glad for the next thing after.

It was good.

There were prizes.

It was flat.

It was beautiful.

It was spacious.

All things shining.

All whiskers.

All good in the dark.

All lightning.

Not pretending.

So swell.

It was quiet.

Short lasting.

And good.

It was okay.

I saw it.

Steak sauce.

Wavy gravy.

At peace.

Contented.

And happy.

Not only contented but happy.

I got on a plane.

(bus / subway / train / in my car / on my horse)

My therapy horse.

Took off.

Don't look down.

Or I looked down.

Goodbye!

Good riddance!

It was fun while it lasted!

And unlike some so-and-sos,
saying "goodbye good riddance it was fun while it lasted"
was/is/will be/etc.
something I could live with.

Exit the couch.

Rose / fall.

(Roses roses roses roses!
And miniature roses too!)

Gravity

Up!

(Ceiling fails.)

(End of play.)

(Sealing fails.)
(False ending.)