

Guilty Mattress Pleasures

By: Reinette LeJeune

A cramped, but comfortable apartment in the heart of a hustling and bustling city. Claire enters excitedly putting down her coat, bags, etc. and moving towards the kitchen.

CLAIRE. Anybody home?!

HEATHER. (*Offstage.*) I'm in the bedroom!

CLAIRE. Light the candles while you're in there! Did we drink all that wine from the other night?! Do you know?!

Heather enters from the bedroom.

HEATHER. (*As she enters.*) Do I know what?

CLAIRE. Did we drink all that wine from – fuck it, I'll look for myself.

Claire exits off into the kitchen.

HEATHER. We've got that kick-ass bottle of honey-whiskey!

CLAIRE. (*Offstage.*) Fuck that horse-piss! I'd rather drink – here we go, I knew we still had some!

Claire re-enters with a half-drunk bottle of wine.

CLAIRE. Tonight is a wino's night, I'd say.

HEATHER. I've got a surprise for you.

CLAIRE. Oh, really? I just so happen to have a surprise too.

HEATHER. Oooh, is it a new toy?

CLAIRE. Sort of.

HEATHER. Is it a new dildo?

CLAIRE. Maybe.

HEATHER. Is it that rabbit vibrator I showed you?

CLAIRE. You'll have to wait to find out, won't you?

HEATHER. Aww, baby, come on, tell me, please?

CLAIRE. I don't want to spoil the fun.

HEATHER. You're not going to spoil anything. How about a hint? There's no harm in a teasing little hint, is there?

CLAIRE. Fine, you want a hint – we talked about it, there’s your hint.

HEATHER. No, no, no – another hint – a better hint than that!

CLAIRE. That’s a perfectly good hint.

HEATHER. Bullshit – I want another one – one that I can actually use.

CLAIRE. I gave you one that you can use.

HEATHER. A vague and half-assed one, sure.

CLAIRE. (*Snapping at her.*) You said a hint – a hint, meaning one – not two, not three – one, and I gave you one, so take it and be happy with it for once in your fucking life, alright!

HEATHER. What’s that supposed to mean?

CLAIRE. Nothing, I just – baby, I don’t want to ruin it, ok? Just stop asking all these questions, ok? It’ll be a good surprise if you let it be, so trust me when I say that. I promise you that my hint is a good hint. It’s a very good hint, actually. When you think about it, it’s really a pretty obvious hint. Think, what did we talk about recently involving certain fantasies of ours, hmm? Particularly the one we both agreed is now at the top of our to-do-list?

Heather shoots up in excited remembrance.

HEATHER. Did you…?

CLAIRE. (*Coyly.*) Did I…what?

HEATHER. You mean you really want to –?

CLAIRE. Ah, ah, ah – no more questions – you’ll find out very shortly.

HEATHER. Just one more!

CLAIRE. I’m practically giving it away.

HEATHER. Just one more!

CLAIRE. Fine – but only one.

HEATHER. Is this the thing that I brought up to you, or the thing that you brought up to me?

CLAIRE. You brought it up to me and I liked the idea. So it’s happening.

Heather becomes over-joyed and ecstatic beyond youthful comparison.

HEATHER. I didn’t think you honestly wanted to even try it.

CLAIRE. Are you kidding – I kind of had those same thoughts myself at one time or another.

HEATHER. But I thought you weren't a big fan of –

CLAIRE. If my cootie-bootied-baby likes it then I like it too.

HEATHER. Really?

CLAIRE. Of course.

HEATHER. So when were you thinking?

CLAIRE. Tonight, when else?

HEATHER. How's that going to work? We don't have the proper outfits for –

CLAIRE. Baby, it's sex. We don't need any clothes.

HEATHER. Well that defeats the whole purpose then. You know what – I think I could make this work – let me go throw some things together. I'll be right back.

Heather runs off to the bedroom with glee. Claire, when alone, exhales a heavy and irritated sigh out.

CLAIRE. Light those candles while you're back there!

HEATHER. (*Offstage.*) Will do!

The doorbell rings, bringing with it a pick-up in Claire's odd attitude.

HEATHER. (*Offstage.*) Oh, Baby! That's probably my surprise! But don't let them bring it back here, ok – I'm naked!

CLAIRE. What the fuck are you talking about?!

HEATHER. (*Offstage.*) Just don't let them come back here – tell them to just leave it in there with you!

The doorbell rings again, prompting Claire, in her confusion, to exit off towards the door. After a moment, we hear the murmurs of Claire talking to a distant voice, before a few forced laughs follow.

HEATHER. (*Offstage.*) Is that the mattress?! Huh?! YOU CAN JUST LEAVE IT IN THE LIVING ROOM, PLEASE AND THANK YOU! We can carry it into the bedroom ourselves!

Claire re-enters with a new sense of invigoration, along with the awkwardly-nervous, muscular Leon following cautiously behind.

CLAIRE. Here's our in-sanitarium, as we like to call it, welcome. You can make yourself right at home, help yourself to anything you might like.

LEON. Thank you.

CLAIRE. My partner, Heather is back in the bedroom getting herself warmed up for us. She's very excited to meet you.

LEON. Oh, wow, ok – yea, yea, yea, me too, me too, uuhhh, yea, so – how do you – how do both of you – I mean, uh, um, so – yea, start things? Here? Me and you here? Do we wait, or –?

CLAIRE. I thought maybe we could share a drink together before heading towards dirtier deeds, how does that sound to you?

LEON. Sure, sure, sounds fine, thank you.

CLAIRE. Would you like some wine? We have glasses if you prefer, but there certainly is something quite pleasurable about drinking directly from the bottle, don't you think?

LEON. Uh, yes, yes, I do.

CLAIRE. Would you like some?

LEON. Well, uhhh...I...

CLAIRE. If wine isn't to your taste – we have all sorts of bottles in the kitchen. Might have a couple of beers if that's more your style.

LEON. Oh, well, um, no – wine, sure, mm, yes, uh, thank you, uh, for the wine...

CLAIRE. Uh-huh...

Claire offers the bottle of wine to Leon, who stares in frozen fear at it.

CLAIRE. Do you not want it –

Leon stops Claire from pulling the bottle away, taking it from her, and continuing his fearful staring as he now holds it with his own two hands.

LEON. (As he takes the bottle.) No, no – yes, thank you, I'll take some, thank you. I, uh, I – I...

Feeling anxious, Leon's muscles begin tensing, pulsing, bouncing, etc. uncontrollably.

CLAIRE. Oh, that is...certainly impressive.

LEON. I'm sorry, I – I'm not, uh – sometimes when I get nervous or – they just – I'm so sorry –

CLAIRE. No, no – it's nothing to be sorry for, we're all human. You must be strong, being so well built and such, yea?

LEON. Mm, well, I, uh, um, yea, yea...yea.

CLAIRE. That's nothing to be embarrassed of, you know. Being so fit – that's what caught my eye about you. I was looking for a man like you from the moment I posted that ad.

LEON. Oh, really, um, thank you, uh, thank you, that's – yea, eh, you – uh, you were very beautiful – you're very beautiful still, just, uh, I – I liked your pictures. Beautiful. Both of your pictures. Beautiful.

CLAIRE. Aw, that's sweet of you to say – thank you.

An awkward silence sets in and after some time, in his anxious state, Leon works himself to cut his own binds, push through his fears, and unexpectedly takes several large gulps from the bottle of wine. When he finishes, Claire snatches the bottle from him as she sits on his lap.

CLAIRE. There we go – getting loosened up – I like it!

Claire takes several large gulps, matching/exceeding Leon, before immediately kissing him in a semi-mock-drunken haze, until he breaks away.

LEON. Oh, umm, I-I-I –

CLAIRE. No more talking, yea? Fuck the talking. Fuck the wine. Just fuck me already, yea?

Claire re-launches herself at Leon, kissing him vigorously. Leon, confused and at an obvious loss of what to really do or say, just goes along as best he can until his fears and anxieties seize a stronger hold on him, and he throws Claire off of him.

LEON. I'm sorry, I'm sorry – I can't do this – I can't, I-I – uh-oh-wooh, I'm just – I still don't think I'm ready, I'm sorry, but I – I can't do this, I can't do this, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.

CLAIRE. What is it? What's wrong?

LEON. I can't do this, I'm sorry.

CLAIRE. Why, what's happened, I thought you wanted two women at once?

LEON. Well, yes, I – I did, I do – but I can't, I – uh, um – I lied to you two, I'm sorry.

CLAIRE. Lied? What do you mean lied? You have some kind of STD or something?

LEON. No, I –

Claire begins re-positioning herself on top of Leon, who still grows more and more uncomfortable.

CLAIRE. So what's the problem then? Let's enjoy ourselves, yeah?

LEON. Well, I don't, see, um, I, please, I don't think, uh, I-I-I-I – I'M A VIRGIN, OK! I'm a virgin – and, uh, yea – I haven't ever been with anyone before, and I saw your ad, I thought – I was thinking maybe – maybe I could, uh, learn faster with you, um, uh, two nice ladies, so, I don't, I can't – I don't think I am ready to do this yet...

CLAIRE. You're a virgin?

LEON. Uh, um, yes – er, yes, yea.

CLAIRE. How old are you?

LEON. I'd rather not say...

CLAIRE. I see...well then...

Claire slowly makes her way to Leon seductively, and comforts him with a warm and gentle caressing of his shoulders, arms, hands, chest, neck, and face.

CLAIRE. Don't you worry, we're going to take good, good care of you.

Claire kisses Leon, who finds more comfort and ease in his actions, before suddenly, Heather, in a make-shift/home-made Batman costume (that in no real way resembles Batman) leaps out from the bedroom, oblivious to what has been taking place.

HEATHER. Are you ready for me, Robin – you dirty little...!

Heather freezes upon the sight of Claire and Leon together as they are; a silent rage slowly building inside her.

CLAIRE. Oh my God, Heather, what the hell are you supposed to be dressed as? Is that what you were doing back there, baby? Get your sexy ass over here – come meet Lenny!

LEON. My – uh, my name is Leon.

CLAIRE. Here – drink some wine, get nice and loose – do we have any more weed left? Could we get some blunts going – what do you think, macho-man?

LEON. Um, sure, ok, yea, sounds fine.

HEATHER. WHO THE FUCK IS THIS JOKER?

LEON. I – uhm, I'm Leon.

HEATHER. Well fuck you, Leon, you Bane-looking motherfucker – why the fuck are you even here? You the one dropping off our mattress?

CLAIRE. Mattress?

LEON. No, uh, I – I swear, I – uh, you were supposed to be warming up –

CLAIRE. Baby, what's wrong? This is what you wanted.

HEATHER. Him?!

CLAIRE. I thought that was your fantasy – you told me you wanted to bring a guy into things.

HEATHER. No, I didn't.

CLAIRE. Yes you did, we talked about this and agreed that it'd be fun to –

HEATHER. No, you talked about this – you ranted and raved to me about bringing a third into our bed, so I did. I brought another girl to bed with us and you loved it. Then you ranted and raved about doing it again, only instead with a man. I never said I was ok with it. I never agreed with you to stick this at the top of our list.

CLAIRE. Well, what the fuck did you think we were talking about then?

HEATHER. Roleplaying. We both agreed that roleplaying would be hot.

CLAIRE. And who are you supposed to be then?

HEATHER. Who am – I've told you before that my number one fantasy is...roleplaying as Batman and Robin.

CLAIRE. Batman?

HEATHER. Yeah – and you'd be Robin. You know that.

CLAIRE. That makes no sense – why not do, like, poison ivy and catwoman?

HEATHER. Poison Ivy is with Haley Quinn.

CLAIRE. Yeah – exactly, there – why not Poison Ivy and Harley Quinn then?

HEATHER. FUCK POISON IVY AND HARLEY QUINN, THAT'S WHY!

LEON. What if you were Batwoman and Robinette?

HEATHER. I don't want to hear your fucking voice again or I will cut off whatever sorry appendage you call a cock, you understand me?

LEON. Yes, I-I-I – sure, yea, yea.

CLAIRE. Ok, ok, baby – there’s no need to be angry, it was just a misunderstanding.

HEATHER. A misunderstanding? How did “hey, babe – I want to dress up like Batman, bend you over and fuck you while you’re dressed like Robin,” – how the fuck did that translate to “yea, let’s bring a fucking dick into the equation?” And where the fuck is my mattress, motherfucker? Didn’t bring it this time around, huh? Huh?!

CLAIRE. What mattress are you talking about?

HEATHER. My fucking surprise for you! I got us a new fucking mattress – one of the ones we talked about, one of those Temporpedic mattresses – the fucking Swedish kind, yeah, I ordered us one cause you were saying how much it felt like sleeping on a cloud, and how you could sleep on one for days. You get insomnia all the time, I thought it would help, so I fucking ordered one and it was supposed to fucking arrive today.

CLAIRE. I never said I liked those mattresses.

HEATHER. What?

CLAIRE. I never once said to you that I actually felt comfortable or even liked any part of those mattresses. I liked the sleep-number bed, that was the one I could sleep on for days.

HEATHER. No, it wasn’t.

CLAIRE. I’m telling you it was, Heather – I remember you saying you liked the Temporpedic, but those words never came out of my mouth.

HEATHER. Yes they did – we both agreed on it when we went to –

CLAIRE. It’s no big deal – it was a simple misunderstanding.

HEATHER. That’s what you really want to call this whole thing, a “simple misunderstanding?”

CLAIRE. What would you call it then?

HEATHER. Absolute proof.

CLAIRE. Proof of what?

HEATHER. Exactly. Cause I’ve said it a million times before, why on Earth would you have ever once listened to a single word.

Heather strips off her Batman costume piece by piece as she exits to the bedroom.

HEATHER. Do what you want, Claire, you have my blessing forever and always from this day forth.

CLAIRE. What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Come on, don't be all mopey and pouty – where are you going? Heather!

Heather has completely exited into the bedroom, leaving Claire and Leon alone to their devices.

CLAIRE. I'm sorry you had to see that, Lemmy, she can be a bit crabby on some days, but I'm still up for –

LEON. Actually, I think, uh, I think I'm going to leave now, if, um, if you don't mind.

CLAIRE. The party was just getting started – don't you want to trade in that V-card already, huh? Have a little fun, try something new – experience life more, don't you?

LEON. I, uh, don't feel, well, comfortable any more around...I, uh, I hope you have a, um, good rest of the night, so, um, goodbye.

Claire tries to keep Leon in the room, but he over-powers and gets away from her, exiting towards the door, leaving the apartment.

CLAIRE. Yea, ok, I understand...see ya, asshole.

Claire sits, drinking what is left of the bottle.

CLAIRE. HEATHER! Baby! He's gone – I sent him away, will you come back out here, please?

There is no response. Claire goes to the door, which is locked.

CLAIRE. Baby, please, open up? I sent him away, I would've never done anything if I...I'm sorry. I was only trying to make you happy though – that's all I ever try to do. Make you happy. You, you, you, you, you – that's all I've ever wanted – to see you smile at the end of every single day. And if you want to be Batman – fine, you're Batman – there never was any finer fit than you. And I'm fine with the Temporpedic, I am, I liked it some...baby are you even listening to me? Will you come out and talk to me, at least unlock the door and I'll come in there – whatever you want baby...whatever you want...I'll give it to you. Just tell me what it is? I'll do anything for you – you're my partner. You're still my Batman and I'm still your Robin, yea? Yea?

The doorbell rings.

HEATHER. (*Offstage.*) That's probably the mattress people – please tell them to just take it back...there's no need for it anymore...

Blackout.