

REGULAR SOFA

by Julie Falatko

Dais: Welcome to the annual meeting of the Society for Unrecognized and Underappreciated Furniture. As you know, I am Dais. It's so good to see you all again. Let's talk about successes we've had over the past year. Highboy and Lowboy?

Highboy: We have moved to a prominent post on a distinguished tour of the fine Arthur Blackwing Estate. We are most pleased.

Lowboy: The tour guide now points directly at us when speaking in the master bedroom, but does not, alas, go into detail about our uses and functions.

Highboy: That will change!

Lowboy: It won't. No one knows who we are.

Highboy: But we are so useful!

Dais: Thank you, Boys. Chaise Longue?

Chaise Longue: Bonjour. I was in a lovely catalog this year, in a room with some Regular furniture like Bookcase and Side Table. If only people buy more of us. We are so good for the relaxed lounging.

Sofa: Hi everyone! I'm Sofa! I'd like to report that—

Dais: SOFA! While I'm sure we appreciate your report, you don't belong here. Everyone knows who you are.

Sofa: But!

Dais: Please, we have serious matters to attend to. Thank you. Where were we? Settee?

Settee: Well, how interesting that Sofa shows up right before I am set to speak. Because we all know that people often look at me, Settee, and say, “Look at that cute little rigid Sofa.” This angers me to no end. I am not Sofa, or Couch, or Love Seat, but Settee.

Dais: Yes, Settee, we know. We have all of us faced similar difficulties. Do you have any successes to report?

Settee: On page 213 of the recently published historical novel *Wind Sweeps Windily*, the main character sits on a settee.

Dais: Very nice. Let’s see: Credenza?

Credenza: Bonjourno to all my good friends. I’ve been working on my plan to bring credenzas out of modern offices, with their cold steel high rises, their tired little workers going up and down the elevators, drinking the terrible coffee-tasting drink out of paper cups, credenzas who forever hold the memo, always the memo—

Dais: Um, Credenza?

Credenza: Oh, yes. Sorry. Credenzas need to move out of the office and into the home.

Credenzas should be in the dining room, where you have homemade pizza and salad, some pasta, a nice roast, gelati later, and also then you have espresso. Espresso! In real cups! No paper cups! And—

Dais: Thank you, Credenza.

Sofa: It’s me, Sofa again. You know, I am underappreciated and unrecognized. Everyone knows Couch, but who knows Sofa? No one!

Dais: Everyone knows Sofa! Please, you are wasting our time. Now, Pie Safe?

Pie Safe: Hello. -whisper whisper-

Dais: Speak up, Pie Safe, we can't hear you.

Pie Safe: Sorry. There have been a lot of pie safes sold at flea markets in Indiana. We're hoping people realize how useful we are. -whisper whisper-

Lowboy: We can't hear you!

Pie Safe: We keep pies...safe.

Dais: Thank you.

Pintaloop: Hello. I'm Pintaloop. I...I'm afraid I don't have any good news to report. No one knows who I am. It's just good to be here with all of you. So reassuring to be among friends.

Dais: Pintaloop? Ah. Yes. Good. Well. Indeed. Glad you are here. Does anyone want to add anything to what Pintaloop said?

Highboy: Not every year can be a good year.

Chaise Longue: We've all been there, honey.

Settee: Pintaloop, you have such unusual upholstery. Do you mind if I – SOFA!

Dais: Sofa! What are you doing?

Sofa: Oh, forgive me. Please. It's just that every year I see you all at this meeting, and you're all so interesting and exotic. You all have such great stories. At the Regular Furniture Convention, it's just a bunch of boring Chairs and Tables trying to sell you some new furniture polish. Please let me stay! I feel like this is where I'm supposed to be!

Highboy: Well, we are loads more interesting than the other furniture, she's right.

Chaise Longe: Whaddya say, Dais? C'mon. Sofa's a sweet kid.

Dais: Let us vote. All in favor of letting Sofa stay, say, "Aye."

All: AYE.

Sofa: Oh, thank you so much! Thank you!

Dais: Yes, well. Good. Maybe you can do your part to spread the word about us to some of the other furniture. Now, why don't we adjourn to the veranda for some h'ors d'oeuvres?