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BEIGE

A Short Comedy by
Dan Weatherer

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Beige

By Dan Weatherer

CHARACTERS

MILTON WOORE: *Submissive and obedient. Snaps after one nag too many.*

GAYLE WOORE: *Dominant and headstrong. Death won't keep her from having the last say.*

PLAYING TIME

Approximately 15 Minutes

SETTING

A sparsely furnished living room; London

SYNOPSIS

A contemporary comedy horror which explores the mindset of a man who has just murdered his wife. He thought that meant he would have the last word...he was wrong.

Beige

By Dan Weatherer

SETTING: *A sparse living room set comprising of a sofa, side table (with telephone) and other assorted furniture.*

AT RISE: *MILTON is standing behind the sofa. He is holding a blood-soaked kitchen knife and his shirt and face are splashed with blood.*

GAYLE is sitting on the sofa. As soon as the lights come up she slumps onto her side. Milton points at Gayle.

MILTON

(Elated) Ha!

MILTON attempts to check for a pulse via GAYLE's throat but pulls his hand away (due to the amount of blood coming from the wound in her neck) and opts for her wrist instead. Satisfied, he lets her arm fall.

MILTON, *Continued*

Ha! Didn't see that one coming did you? Miss high and mighty...Miss always knows best!

MILTON paces.

MILTON, *Continued*

I can't believe I did it! I mean I just can't! It was so easy in the end...no need for all those sleepless nights! She was watching her soaps with her back to me, I found the knife in my hand and BAM! Dead wife! Ha!

MILTON stops by the telephone and taps the point of the knife repeatedly against his teeth. He reaches for the phone and begins to dial. He pauses and looks at the body of his dead wife.

MILTON, *Continued*

No Milton. This is not the way. You know what they will do to you in prison, you'll be passed around like currency!

MILTON places the phone back on the table.

MILTON, *Continued*

There's only one thing for it now old buddy.

MILTON pulls his t-shirt up to expose his stomach and places the tip of the blade against his skin.

MILTON, *Continued*

(In-between deep breaths) Come on now...just like the Samurai.

MILTON prepares to plunge the blade into his stomach.

GAYLE never moves her body during the exchange.

GAYLE

(Angry) Do you mind telling me just what the hell that was all about?

MILTON drops the knife and shrieks.

GAYLE, *Continued*

You've really gone and done it this time, haven't you?

MILTON

(Shocked) Gayle?

GAYLE

Don't you Gayle me! Just what the hell do you think you are playing at? I'm sat here watching telly, not doing anything to anyone and—

MILTON

(Interrupting) You are supposed to be dead!

GAYLE

Don't you go telling me what I'm supposed to be! I'll decide that, we've had words about this before!

MILTON

I stabbed you.

GAYLE

I know, seven times – in the back might I add. Some man you are!

MILTON

I checked your pulse!

GAYLE

You mean you actually touched me? That'll be a first!

MILTON

You were dead!

GAYLE

Do you really think I was gonna let you kill me and not have my say about it? You really don't know me at all do you Milton Woore?

MILTON approaches GAYLE slowly and sinks to his knees so they are at eye level.

GAYLE, *Continued*

And don't you look at me with that tone!

MILTON pokes her in the chest.

GAYLE, *Continued*

Oi! Keep your bloody hands to yourself! Don't you dare start getting any ideas about having your way with me now!

MILTON stands and backs away.

MILTON

(Disgusted) God woman, what do you think I am?

GAYLE

Well, I thought I knew but you really surprised me with your antics tonight!

MILTON begins to pace the stage.

GAYLE, *Continued*

(Pause) Come on then...out with it!

MILTON

Out with what?

GAYLE

Why you did it? What have I done to warrant this then? I know at the end of all of this it will be your fault, but let's hear it anyway.

MILTON

(Pause) I thought you were having an affair.

GAYLE

(Laughing) How? I don't have time for an affair. I'm far too busy cleaning up after you!

MILTON

I thought you were having one online. You are always in those chat rooms talking to people. I see you smirking to yourself when you read something you like. I figured you were going to meet up with one of your mystery men and leave me.

GAYLE

Not bloody likely. The internet is full of weirdos!

MILTON

So what were you doing?

GAYLE

I was bored OK. You never talk to me and this was a bit of fun.

MILTON

How many were there?

GAYLE

Just one.

MILTON

(Pause) Did you send him...y'know...intimate photos?

GAYLE

I did yeah. Several actually.

MILTON

Oh god, I knew it, I bloody knew it!

GAYLE

They weren't of me though.

MILTON

(Horrificed) How do you mean...they weren't of me were they?

GAYLE

Get over yourself, they weren't of you. I'm not sure who they were of? I just looked them up online. I wasn't gonna go to all that effort tidying myself up for some weirdo I've never even met!

MILTON calms a little.

MILTON

OK, then what about all the different colognes that I smelt on you?

GAYLE

I told you, male fragrances are much cheaper than female ones these days. I was trying to save you money and I'm in the wrong yet again!

MILTON

(Pause) So you weren't having an affair?

GAYLE

No.

MILTON

Oh.

GAYLE

Oh indeed. See I said it would be your fault...was I right? Was I ever!

MILTON

I guess you were.

GAYLE

So you killed me over your misinterpretation of the facts?

MILTON

Yes...but...

GAYLE

(Interrupting) Don't you think a conversation might have been more appropriate instead of some overtly grand, and in my case, fatal gesture?

MILTON

Yes, but...

GAYLE

Then why didn't you? You know I'm always—

MILTON

(Interrupting) Because I can never bloody get a word in woman!

GAYLE

Well...there's no need to interrupt is there?

MILTON

(Resigned) No. (Pause)

GAYLE

Are you at least going to sit me up? I'm getting tired of watching you pace the walls.

MILTON sits GAYLE up. Her head lolls to one side and MILTON uses a cushion to support it.

MILTON

There.

GAYLE

So what's the plan now then genius? How were you going to get out of this little pickle?

MILTON stops and eyes the knife on the floor.

MILTON

Seppuku.

GAYLE

Seppoo-what?

MILTON

It means stomach cutting...it's the way a dishonored samurai would commit suicide.

GAYLE

Oh give me strength.

MILTON

Only I couldn't do it.

GAYLE

Why not?

MILTON

I can't, you know I have a deep rooted fear of Hell.

GAYLE

And where do you think butchering me is gonna get you? Buddy, you've already punched that ticket! Tell you what, give my dad a call - he'll be straight round to do it for you when you tell him what you've done!

MILTON

(Exasperated) Oh, I wondered how long it would be until you brought daddy into this.

GAYLE

I was merely offering his help. You haven't the stones to off yourself so let him do it for you.

MILTON

Because of course he'd do a much better job of it than I would, right?

GAYLE

Without a doubt. Do you want his number? 0754—

MILTON takes a seat next to the corpse of his wife.

MILTON

I'm not calling your father.

GAYLE

Of course you aren't. You are intimidated by him.

MILTON

No, I'm not!

GAYLE

Yes you are. You are intimidated by him because he's a man's man. He knows things that men should know and you don't.

MILTON

So he fixed our boiler that one time... hardly qualifies him as an expert in all things now does it? Besides, he must have been lacking something for your mum to leave him.

GAYLE

(Infuriated) What did you say?

MILTON

(Panicked) Nothing... you must have misheard...it'll be all that blood in your ears.

GAYLE

And whose fault is that?

MILTON

So we are back to blame again are we?

GAYLE

Yes, we are back to blame again! Let me ask you this...have I murdered you lately?

MILTON

(Timidly) No.

GAYLE

Sorry, what was that?

MILTON

No.

GAYLE

Well then, as murder seems to be the hot topic tonight and I am the one lying dead, I'll apportion as much blame as I see fit thank you very much!

MILTON

OK.

Long Pause.

GAYLE

So now what?

MILTON

I dunno.

GAYLE

Well you can forget about dismembering me in the bathtub, and leaving me out for the binmen...I look terrible in black.

MILTON

(Resigned) I wasn't planning to. I remember Aunt Viv's funeral...I've never seen PVC stretched so far as to become transparent.

GAYLE

What a bloody cheek! That cost you three hundred and fifty quid! *(Pause)* Then what are you going to do?

MILTON Shrugs.

GAYLE, *Continued*

That's always been your problem. No foresight. You fail to plan—

GAYLE/MILTON, *Together*

—You plan to fail.

MILTON

Yes, yes, I know.

GAYLE

It's a bloody good job you never gave me any kids, they'd be mortified to find out their daddy was capable of uxoricide!

MILTON

Huh?

GAYLE

It means 'the act of stabbing your wife with a kitchen knife.'

MILTON

Oh. And why did you have to bring my weak swimmers into this? I told you...it's the stress of work that does it. It's not my fault, I always wanted children.

GAYLE

So did I but you couldn't even manage that! And don't bring your job into it again. I suppose you never even gave work a thought in all of this?

MILTON

What do you mean?

GAYLE

Think of all the press attention you are going to bring! Working for the UK's largest supplier of kitchen utensils, you are hardly going to bring them the sort of attention that they would want! See, only thinking about yourself again. Typical Milton, it's all self, self, self.

MILTON stands and begins to circle the sofa.

MILTON

(Sullen) I don't really care. They never valued me. I'm middle management, strike one down and there are two more already waiting to take his place. I won't be missed.

GAYLE

Well, you should care! You'll want a good reference from them for when you get out. If you get out.

MILTON

Out?

Of jail.
GAYLE

I'm not going to jail. This was a crime of passion.
MILTON

Passion? Ha! That'd be a first!
GAYLE

It was. Misinformed though I was, I killed you so that nobody else could have you.
MILTON

How very thoughtful of you. Pity I didn't get a say in the matter.
GAYLE

Besides, nobody knows you are dead yet. I could still hide your body...if you'd shut up long enough to let me think!
MILTON

Let me get this straight. You want me to hold my tongue while you think of a way to dispose of my remains?
GAYLE

If you would, please.
MILTON

Pause.

How about acid – or lime?
GAYLE

Hmm, not sure where I'd get that from at this hour.
MILTON

You could burn me?
GAYLE

It's raining out, look can you just—
MILTON

(Interrupting) I was only trying to help.
GAYLE

MILTON takes a seat next to GAYLE.

MILTON

Did it hurt...When I...y'know, got all stabby?

GAYLE

Why do you think I was screaming? Of course it bloody well hurt!

MILTON

Oh. I figured you were just surprised, you made the same noise that time that the cat jumped out of the Christmas tree

MILTON

(Pause) What's it like, Death I mean?

GAYLE

Bloody hell, what is this? Twenty questions?

MILTON

I just always wondered.

GAYLE

(Thoughtful) OK...it's kinda like the colour beige.

Pause.

MILTON

Beige? Is that it?

GAYLE

Yeah, I think that pretty much covers it.

MILTON stands.

GAYLE

I'm starting to smell aren't I?

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