PLEASE BE AWARE THAT
THIS PLAY IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT

All plays, books, music and other materials published by Heartland Plays, Inc. are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries which the United States has reciprocal relations including, but not limited to all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, The Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention. All rights to the plays and materials on our website are strictly reserved including, and without limitation, professional and amateur performance rights; motion pictures; public reading; radio and television broadcasting; audio and video recording and reproduction of any type known or yet to be invented; information storage and retrieval systems of any type known or yet to be invented; and the rights of translation into any and all languages. No individual or organization whether amateur or stock may perform this or any play published by Heartland Plays, Inc. without first obtaining advance permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. and paying the appropriate fees including Royalties and Single-Use Copyright fees. Heartland Plays, Inc. collects royalties on behalf of the Playwrights whose plays it publishes. Unauthorized copying, transcribing or reproduction of this or any play or excerpt, or storage or transmittal in any form and by any means whether known or yet to be invented, is strictly forbidden except as provided by Agreement with Heartland Plays, Inc. Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

FIVE SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER

1. DO take advantage of the free online perusal of our plays to help you make the best choice for your particular needs or production.

2. DO enjoy the convenience of our online purchase application for performance rights and single-use copyright.

3. DO understand that this play and all plays and materials on our website are controlled by Heartland Plays, Inc. and fully protected by copyright.

4. DO NOT attempt in any way to copy, transcribe or reproduce this play by any means or perform this play or use any play or material from our website without first receiving permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. Any attempt to use this or any other work without first obtaining permission is a violation of copyright and punishable by law.

5. DO NOT rob this Author or any of the Authors we represent of their right to be paid for the use of their property. It is a crime and it is wrong!
BEIGE

A Short Comedy by

Dan Weatherer

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
REPRODUCTION WITHOUT SPECIFIC WRITTEN PERMISSION PROHIBITED

Performance Rights Available Exclusively through Heartland Plays, Inc. at heartlandplays.com playsnow@heartlandplays.com customer service: 406-431-7680

Copyright © 2015 by Dan Weatherer
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!

So what were you doing?

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

How many were there?

MILTON
Just one.

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

I did yeah. Several actually.

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

GAYLE
They weren’t of me though.

MILTON
(Horrified) 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?
GAYLE Of jail.

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

GAYLE Passion? Ha! That’d be a first!

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

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

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

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

MILTON If you would, please.

*Pause.*

GAYLE How about acid – or lime?

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

GAYLE You could burn me?

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

GAYLE *(Interrupting)* I was only trying to help.

*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.

(Momentary 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?

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes