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Body Paint

A short comedy by
Rebecca Ryland

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CHARACTERS

RED, *Straight Man*

BLUE, *Gay Man*

ORANGE, *assigned male at birth; dressed as a woman*

NOTE REGARDING COSTUMING

Characters are not to be identified by colored costumes but the color should appear somewhere on their costumes; example, on a tie, or color of shoes, etc. Although the dialogue suggests they are out on a run, they are not to be dressed in running clothes, but rather, ordinary clothes they might wear on the street. Specifics, however: RED wears a large, oversized trench coat under which he hides his paint gun. BLUE shows hints of being a painter and ORANGE wears a long, red wig.

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AT RISE: *A bare stage. As lights come up, RED and BLUE enter running from opposite sides of the stage. They crash into one another and fall to the floor.*

What the f—

RED

Hey, watch where you're going!

BLUE

Me! You came out of nowhere.

RED

Right! I run this way every day.

BLUE

I've never seen you before.

RED

(Standing)

Yeah, that's because you don't pay attention where you're going.

BLUE

BLUE offers his hand and pulls RED to his feet.

I know exactly which way I'm going.

RED

So, do I.

BLUE

I'm sure you do. *(Looking at his hand)* Oh shit!

RED

What?

BLUE

You got fucking blue on me.

RED

BLUE

That's not even possible. Look at my hand. It's the same color as yours.

RED

It is hardly the same color.

BLUE

It's exactly the same color.

RED

You realize don't you, that this path runs in a perfectly straight line east to west.

BLUE

Yeah, so what?

RED

You were heading east.

BLUE

Yeah?

RED

It's a one-way.

BLUE

And I was running one way.

RED

The wrong way.

BLUE

(Hits a sensitive spot)

You're opinion. Not mine.

RED

And if you find yourself running in the wrong direction, move to your damn right.

BLUE

You moved left.

RED

I assure you, I absolutely did not move left.

BLUE

And you think I did?

RED

We would not be in this mess if you ran in the right direction.

Yeah, like you. BLUE

That's right. RED

Yeah, if we all did exactly like you and ran your way, life would be so much better for everyone—except for people like me. BLUE

What's that supposed to mean? RED

You know what I mean BLUE

No, I don't. RED

One way? BLUE

So? RED

You think there's only one way? You're way? BLUE

The way God intended. RED

Oh, so now God's deciding which way I run? BLUE

Well, sometimes he needs a little help from people like me to keep things straight. RED

Yeah, well, it's pretty damn obvious whose straight here. BLUE

ORANGE runs in from an oblique position and knocks RED and BLUE to the ground.

What the— RED

BLUE

Hey, watch what you're doing!

ORANGE

(Laughing and rolling on top of RED and BLUE)

Well, that was fun! Everybody ok?

RED and BLUE attempt to untangle themselves from the mess.

RED

Get off of me!

ORANGE

Well, aren't you just a sweetie!

BLUE

Give him space.

ORANGE helps BLUE to his feet.

ORANGE

(To BLUE)

Just keepin' the peace. I'm not looking for trouble.

ORANGE extends a hand to RED, who refuses.

RED

I can get up on my own, if you don't mind.

ORANGE

Oh, well, anybody can get it up on their own, but what fun is that?! *(Offers hand again)* It never hurts to lend a helping hand.

RED refuses the help again, gets to his feet, brushing off his clothes.

BLUE

(Aside to ORANGE)

Funny way to keep the peace.

ORANGE

Oh, lighten up!

RED

(After brushing off clothes, looks at hands)

Oh, my god!

BLUE

What now?

RED

My hands, look at my hands!

BLUE

I don't see anything.

RED

They're ORANGE!

BLUE

No, they aren't. Your hands are exactly the same color they were two minutes ago.

RED

They are, they are! They're ORANGE!

ORANGE

(Laughing hysterically)

He...Oh! He... He's one of them! He actually thinks it can rub off on him?!

BLUE

Looks that way.

ORANGE

(Crossing towards RED; flailing hands in the air)

Oh, here comes the boogie man!

RED

(Moving away)

Don't touch me!

RED hides behind BLUE... touching his shoulder. BLUE looks at him sternly and RED backs away.

BLUE

(To ORANGE)

You're not helping.

ORANGE

What? It was a joke.

BLUE

You can't be doing things like that. He doesn't get it.

RED

I get it alright. First you and your kind ram your shit down my throat—

BLUE

I'd never ram my shit down your throat.

ORANGE

Good one!

RED

You'd die trying.

ORANGE

Oooh.

ORANGE chases RED once again.

RED

And then freaks like this (*Referring to ORANGE*) start showing up. Look, I'm going to count to ten and then I'm calling the police.

BLUE

On what grounds?

RED

For failing to report an accident.

ORANGE

Ah, but if we leave, we'll be cited for leaving the scene of an accident.

BLUE

(To ORANGE)

Good point. *(To RED)* You can't make us leave. This is public property.

RED

Oh, yeah? Suit yourself. I gave you the chance to save yourselves so now the police can handle it. For all I know my neck is broken.

BLUE

Your head, maybe, but not your neck.

ORANGE

(Waving hand in air)

Oh, I can help with that! I can make your head feel marvelous! *(Crosses towards RED)*

RED

(Reaching inside his jacket)

Take one step closer and I'll shoot.

BLUE

(To ORANGE)

I warned you to back off.

RED pulls out a paint gun.

RED

(Points a paint gun at BLUE and ORANGE)

And now, I'm warning you both. Stand back!

BLUE throws his hands in the air.

ORANGE

Is that a paint gun?

ORANGE begins to laugh hysterically.

RED

Stop it! I'm not afraid to shoot!

BLUE

He might do it you know.

ORANGE

(Continues laughing)

What, change who I am with a can of paint?

BLUE

(To ORANGE)

I'm not going back to red for anyone. I wore red for years before feeling safe enough to show my true color.

ORANGE

What the hell can he do to hurt us?

RED

(Referring to his paint gun)

This here has the power to convert you back to what you were when you came out of your mama's belly.

ORANGE

Wrong part of the anatomy, friend. Not where I come from.

RED

Who the hell knows where the likes of you comes from.

ORANGE

My mother knows.

RED

(Laughs)

What'd she do, scream at the top of her lungs when she first laid eyes on you?

ORANGE

Cuddled and loved me, I think. Definitely let me suckle at her breast. Enjoyed every minute of it for the next six years.

BLUE

Whoa. Six years?

ORANGE

Close knit family.

RED

(Genuine)

Accounts for your aversion to nipples now, I suppose.

ORANGE

Oh, no. I adore nipples, doesn't everyone?

BLUE

Not me.

RED

That's obvious. *(To BLUE)* I know what the hell you are *(To ORANGE)* but what the fuck are you?

ORANGE

Well, that's interesting you should ask. Let me think... There's Trans-sexual, Transgender, Queer, Intersexual, Bisexual, Bi curious, Pansexual, *(Dramatically)* Omnisexual, Autosexual ...ah, so much fun!...Fluid, Gay, Polysexual, Skoliosexual, Asexual... No, definitely not Asexual. *(Pause)* Hmm. With such a delectable smorgasbord of delightful delicacies, how can I choose just one?

RED

That's it! *(Points the paint gun at ORANGE'S genitals)* Prepare to match your drapes!

BLUE

Help! Someone help! This man's a maniac! Somebody! Anybody?

RED

Look around. Nobody's gonna hear you out here.

ORANGE

(Unconcerned)

What about that one over there? *(Point DL)*

RED

Who?

BLUE

Where?

ORANGE

Right there.

BLUE

I don't see anyone.

RED

Enough with your games. *(Pointing the paint gun at BLUE)* You, big boy, over there.

BLUE

(Snarls at ORANGE)

I told you to lay off. You don't know when to shut up, do you?

RED

Nice. Great to see one pervert turning on another. *(Points paint gun at ORANGE)* You, freak face, over there.

ORANGE

I beg your pardon. This face took me hours to perfect.

RED

When I finish with the two of you, you'll wish you never showed your face around here.

ORANGE

(Calling DL)

You got that?

BLUE

Who are you talking to?

RED

You think you can trick me into taking my eyes off you, don't you? I'm not that stupid.

ORANGE

(Waves at someone DL)

Waive for the camera.

BLUE

Is there someone there?

ORANGE

Yeah. They've been filming us ever since Mr. straight and narrow here pulled out his gun.

BLUE

Is this another of your lame attempts to keep the peace?

ORANGE

Nope. *(Waves)* They got him threatening us dead to rights.

RED

You're dead, alright. When I pull this trigger *this (Referring to ORANGE)* will be a faint memory.

ORANGE

(To BLUE, sincerely)

You really don't see them?

BLUE

See who?

ORANGE

That person standing right there pointing a camera at our sorry asses!

BLUE & RED

There's no one there, you idiot!

ORANGE

They are.

RED

Don't you know English? "They" means more than one. You said "*That* person." So what is it? You hallucinating in double vision now?

BLUE

One or two or a dozen. It doesn't matter. No one's there.

ORANGE

And I see you are every bit as blind as this nitwit pointing a paint gun at your nuts.

RED

At least he has nuts.

ORANGE

But he ain't got no balls. (*Looks DL again; waving*) Send me a copy, honey! Air drop it to #Nippleate. N.I.P.P.L.E.A.T.E.

BLUE

Nippleate?

ORANGE

When you manipulate your nipples. You know, to rev up your motor.

RED & BLUE TOGETHER

Not what I manipulate to rev up my motor.

BLUE

(*To RED*)

Maybe we're not so different, you and I.

ORANGE

What can I say? Once you're mainstream...

BLUE

I'm not mainstream.

ORANGE

This guy (*Gestures at RED*) knows who you are but he has no clue who I am. And he definitely doesn't see them. And neither do you.

RED

Him! Her! Them! Hell, whatever it is you think you see.

BLUE

(*Looks at RED; appreciative*)

I thought you said you didn't know me.

RED

(*Embarrassed*)

I lied. You're the gay guy who insists on running the wrong way.

BLUE

(*To RED*)

And you're the straight guy who only runs east to west.

RED

Yeah.

BLUE

(*To ORANGE*)

So, who's that you say you see over there?

That's Aces. They don't run at all. ORANGE

Not at all? BLUE

Nada. ORANGE

You're making that up. RED

Nope. No interest. None at all. ORANGE

Well, that's just not natural. Everybody runs. RED

Not Aces. ORANGE

I don't get it. BLUE

Or see it. And that's unfortunate for all of us. ORANGE

RED
(Realizing; referring to paint gun)
If I hit it with this it can't stay invisible for long.

BLUE
You're right. *(Grabs the paint gun)*

ORANGE
(Appalled)
Hey! What're you doing?

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