

Color Blind

by Will Clark

Lights up on the foyer of Paul and Karen's three month new house.

Paul, clad in khaki's and a bright green sweater, stands by the front door. He sips his coffee as he approaches the window adjacent to the door, brushing the curtain aside to peer out.

PAUL

(Calling off stage)

They said one. What time is it?

KAREN (O.S.)

Ten after.

PAUL

So where the hell are they? And why aren't you ready yet?

KAREN (O.S.)

Hold your horses, working on that stuffing left me no time to get dressed.

PAUL

They're never late. He's going to blame me for the directions.

Karen enters pulling on one of her shoes as she walks. She wears a bright red sweater.

KAREN

Relax, it's probably just traffic.

Karen comes up behind Paul, snaking her head around him to plant a kiss on his cheek. He turns toward her, his eyes locking in on her red sweater.

KAREN (CONT'D)

What?

PAUL

You're kidding right?

KAREN

What Paul?

PAUL

You aren't wearing that.

KAREN

What do you mean I'm not wearing this?

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PAUL

You're joking right? You can't wear a red sweater today, it's too Christmasy, it's embarrassing.

KAREN

No it's not, you are wearing a Christmasy sweater too. It's Christmas.

PAUL

It's not Christmasy. It's green. It's you wearing that next to me that makes mine Christmasy. Take it off.

KAREN

No, I'm not taking it off. I'm comfortable.

PAUL

Karen, I am not introducing you to my father looking like the fucking Osmond Christmas special, go change.

KAREN

You go change.

PAUL

Excuse me?

KAREN

If it bothers you so much you change.

PAUL

You saw me wearing this, I have been wearing it all morning.

KAREN

So?

PAUL

So get back in there and change.

KAREN

I just spent thirty minutes in there looking for something that your father wouldn't find whorish, your words, and this is what I chose.

PAUL

You're trying to screw this up. Please change.

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KAREN

For you.

PAUL

Yes, for me. It's one day Karen.

KAREN

One day? What about a week ago when you refused to go out to breakfast with me unless I "cover up". Which I did.

PAUL

This is different, you have plenty of perfectly good options to choose from...

KAREN

This one was a perfectly good option until today.

PAUL

Yes, and like I said, today is different.

KAREN

No, it really isn't Paul. And when I start showing in a month I think your parents will put two and two together and realize why we got married so quickly.

PAUL

Karen...

The doorbell rings. Paul whips his head around.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Just a minute!

(Back to Karen.)

Just take the fucking sweater off.

KAREN

Fine.

Karen turns to leave. Paul watches Karen as she exits toward the bedroom. Once she is out of sight he turns to answer the door. As he does, Karen re-enters, sans sweater, wearing only a bra. The door swings open.

Blackout.