

Red Face/Blue Room

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RED FACE/BLUE ROOM

Characters:

RED a tightly coiled man in his 30's.

BLUE a woman in her late 20's. Stubborn.

Red Face / Blue Room

Scene C

(A painter's studio, the walls are a deep blue color. A large canvas on an easel: portrait of a girl, surrounded by a bright red background.

RED – a man of 30 – stares at the painting.

BLUE – a slim woman in her late 20s – stares at RED.)

RED:

It's finished?

BLUE:

I think so. Do you like it?

It has your nose. My eyes. I thought I'd frame it but if you want to take –

(RED bashes the painting onto the floor, shattering the frame and canvas.)

RED:

AaaaaahhhhhhhHh!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Silence.)

BLUE:

I spent ten months painting that.

RED:

I've wanted to smash it for nine.

(Silence.)

I feel SO Much Better.

End of Scene.

Scene B

(The Studio. The same painting, less completed: outline of the girl; Yellow background. BLUE stands in the doorway with a bucket; RED puts on his parka.)

BLUE:
Don't leave!

RED:
I don't want to watch you paint that thing.

BLUE:
I have to finish it.

RED:
I don't want to see it!

BLUE:
It's for you!

RED:
I! DON'T! WANT! IT!
(RED starts to leave. BLUE throws the bucket of water on him.)
AH! What the fuck?!

BLUE:
It's 23 degrees outside; you can't go out like that. All wet? You'll die.

RED:
Get out.

BLUE:
No.

RED:
I want you to leave me alone! Get Out!
(She dumps the rest of the water on her own head.)

BLUE:
I can't. I'm all wet.
(They stare at each other a long moment.)

End of Scene.

Scene A

(The studio. RED stares at a blank canvas. BLUE enters.)

RED:

You shit.

BLUE:

What? No! I –

RED:

You little shit cunt. Without TELLING ME?!

BLUE:

Listen –

(RED throws paints at her. He knocks the canvas to the floor.)

BLUE:

Ow! Fuck! Stop!

RED:

You liar! You filthy fucking fraud!

(RED shatters a glass, cutting himself.)

RED:

Ow! SHIT!

BLUE:

Oh my god – do you need a towel?

RED:

You lied – you LIED to me! You never wanted it! NEVER!

BLUE:

No. I did. I really did.

RED:

Don't touch me! You'll get blood all over –

BLUE:

Okay. It's okay. Get it on me.

(She kisses his hand, staining her face with blood.)

RED:

Stop –

BLUE:

Paint me with it. Get it all over me.

(She continues to kiss his bleeding hand.)

I lied. I wasn't ready.

(Silence.)

She crawls to the canvas, pulling him.)

This is what I can give you.

What do you think? A girl?

RED:

(barely whispered.)

Yeah. Yeah a girl would be nice.

BLUE:

Okay.

(With his finger, she draws the outline of a girl, in blood.)

End of Play.