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GREEn AND REDLYNCH
OPPOnITE ON THE COLOR WHEEL

Courtney B. Ochab

Dim the house-lights.

[There is no time, no place, and no action occurring. You, the audience, find yourself lying on the cold cement floor, with nothing but a sheet of glass in front of you.]

Coarse and fine aggregates seat all of one
In the audience tonight. It’s a full house.
I'm looking at you through the glass barrier,
My fingers touch the reflective line of defense.

Spotlight on center stage, go.

[The lead, the gentleman in the green sweater, sits casually on the bench, resting on center stage. His eyes are on his hands, sitting in his lap, thumbs twiddling. He is waiting for someone. A couple glances to his watch, his company is late. His face is blank.]

A bench holding the lead in the palm of its hand
For all the audience to see.
Fog clouding my vision.
I smear it, streaks, with my sleeve.
Who are you waiting for, love?
Oh, how dashing you look in that sweater.
Was it really only last Christmas I crafted it?
I smile as the gold heart on the sleeve reflects off the light.

Second lead from stage left, go.
[Second lead, a beautiful woman with red high heels, clicks into the spotlight. The gentleman in the green sweater offers a smile of recognition and reaches his hand out to hers.]

There is fire in the audience’s hands as the lead takes hers. The audience releases a cackling laugh.
   I look at my hand, no fire. It's scalding.
   Please, love please, make the pain subside.
   Blood curdling scream, pounding on the bulletproof glass.
   My darling, why can't you hear me?

[The woman in red high heels places herself delicately onto the bench holding the man in the green sweater, and casually drapes her legs over his thighs. Her skirt slides up ever so slightly as a result of the movement. The man in the green sweater smiles, his eyes locked with hers, and his hand touches her exposed thigh.]

His fingertips dance their way past the yield on the hem of her skirt. The audience is in tears.
   Damn those red high heels.
   Tongues of snakes, hot as hell itself, lick predatorily at my thigh.
   Hurtling screams erupt from the back of my throat.
   I claw at my thigh, twist of fate, twitching irregularly.
   My reflection mocks me.
   Focal shift, you still don't see me.
   The pain is becoming more bearable now, love, not to worry.

Bring up the houselights.
[The leads are in a standing position. The gentleman in the green sweater has the woman in the red high heels dipped, as though they had been dancing, and is looking into her eyes.]

His lips begin to descend,
The audience is giving a standing ovation.
Darling, do remember to hang dry the sweater please.
I’d hate to see something so beautiful ruined by your arrogance.
His eyes trail downstage.
The fourth wall breaks.

He’s dropped the second lead!
Stage right, make sure she’s alright.
The show must go on.

[The gentleman in the green sweater and the woman in the red high heels meet, they stand, and walk off stage hand in hand.]

[The gentleman in the green sweater rushes to center stage, falling on his knees, leaning over the pit repeating aimlessly strewn together words about how it was just a performance. His hand is reaching and he’s begging. The spotlight directs its attention to a woman in back, exiting the auditorium.]

Frankly my dear, I don’t give a damn.
I don’t turn around and my black flats create static on the carpet below me.
I smile at the woman in the red high heels standing by the door,
Freshening a coat of her radiant ruby 550 lipstick for her adoring fans.
She glances at me and smacks her lips.
Damn those red high heels.
I curtly nod and dismiss the flames in my chest and the ice on my cheek.
Silly love, your world was destined to end in fire and ice.

Black out.

[For centuries, audiences have feasted on a good tragedy.]