

PINK  
a short play  
by Sandra de Helen

©2006

to contact the author:

Sandra de Helen

941 NW Naito Pkwy

Apt 404

Portland, OR 97209

USA

503 734 7964

[info@SandradeHelen.com](mailto:info@SandradeHelen.com)

[www.SandradeHelen.com](http://www.SandradeHelen.com)

## CHARACTERS

Pink	Woman, 30-40 years old, any ethnicity.
Red	Woman, young and strong, any ethnicity.

## PLACE

Main room of an apartment.

(In the dark, we hear PINK enter, move about the stage, bang into furniture, open and close drawers. She paws through their contents until she obtains a candle and matches. She lights the candle. She looks around for a light switch, finds one, flips it without result. She moves to a lamp, switches it, again no results. She lights more candles (or flashlights). As the stage lights up, we see PINK is covered in dust, debris, and her face is covered with dust.)

PINK

Hello? Anybody home?

(She brushes dust and debris from her shoulder.)

What the ...

(She goes to a trashcan, shakes debris, dust from her clothes. Goes to mirror on wall, looks at her face.)

Good night! Would you look at that?

(Wipes dust from her face. Stands looking at herself. For a very long time.)

LOUD CRASH FROM OFFSTAGE

(dives under something. Waits. Pulls out her cell phone. Tries to call 911. No service. Puts cell phone away.)

Somebody? Anybody?

LOUD CRASH OFF

(crawls out, reaches for telephone receiver. Picks it up. It's dead. She puts it down and stands up. Goes to window, looks out into the dark. Faces audience, runs tongue over

teeth. Begins to actively search for something. At first, it's a broad search, through the "room" onstage, then OS, then she comes back and begins to look through drawers, bags, and papers onstage. With each new item she looks through, her search becomes slightly more frantic.

LOUD FOOTSTEPS OFF

ENTER RED (in full firefighter gear, including gas mask)

RED

Hello? Oh! Ma'am, are you okay?

PINK

I can't find my ... something ... can't think of the name ... maybe you can help?

RED

(lifting mask)

I'd be glad to, Ma'am, but we have to hurry ...

PINK

Do you know who I am?

RED

I'm sorry, I don't recognize you ... Who are you, Ma'am?

PINK

No, I meant, I don't seem to ... I thought maybe you ...

RED

Okay. You seem like you might have been injured. (Switches on her radio and talks into it) 16 to Home, 16 to Home.

RADIO produces static, garbled voice

Home, we have a civilian here. Send an EMT.

RADIO produces static, garbled voice

That's okay, Home. Patient is ambulatory, I can bring her out. Ma'am, you'll have to walk out with me.

PINK

You're going to have to show me some ID.

RED

Ma'am can't you tell from my gear that I am a firefighter?

PINK

Anybody can put on a costume.

RED

(digging under gear, finding a pocket, locating her ID)

Here you are, Ma'am. Now can we go?

PINK

Your name is Meghan?

RED

People call me Red.

PINK

Oh, that's funny! Red ... Pink! Think pink, think pink ... something my mom used to say. Or, not my mom. Somebody used to say it. Hey! I had a pink car! I remember driving one time, it was night ... I was driving across the state at night ... on my way to college ... I went to college! Wait. People call me Pink ...

RED

Good, you're remembering, now come on Pink, we have to get out of here before ...

LOUD CRASH OFF

PINK

Red! Red, I'm a survivor ...

RED

Yes, Pink, you are. So far ...

PINK

No, I mean, I had cancer ... I ... I'm a survivor, I just went back to work last week. Listen, you got to help me ... I've lost something important. Here, look through these papers, while I check under the rug...

(she gets down on the floor)

RED

These are all bills for the Millers. Are you Susan Miller?

PINK

No, she's my babysitter ... Oh no! my kids! The Millers! Where is everybody? And you ...

RED

I've been trying to tell you, we're evacuating this building, Pink, I've got to get you out of here. Now.

PINK

After the fire ... and the ... I just ran and ran ... The Millers ... my kids were coming to meet me for coffee ...

RED

We have to get everyone out, Ma'am. It's going to be okay. Come with me.

PINK

They're all I have ... I don't want ... not without them ...

(goes completely still)

RED

Ma'am? Pink? Give me your hand.

(PINK collapses to floor.)

RADIO produces static

Go ahead. That's right, Home. We have a survivor. Coming out now. We're coming home.

(RED tries to pick up PINK firefighter style and throw her over her shoulder, in order to carry her out. PINK has not fainted, but is instead determined to stay put. PINK begins to fight back.)

t

RED

Stop! You have to stop fighting me! I have to evacuate this building, and that means you have to leave with me, and we have to leave now! So knock off the resistance and let's go!

PINK

No! Leave me alone. I don't want to go. You can't make that decision for me, just go on. Evacuate the building. Leave me be.

RED

I can't leave you here to die, it's not in my nature. Don't make me use more force than ...

PINK

Than what? Go on, get out!

(strikes RED with her hand)

RED

(grabs PINK's arm)

Come on! We're going out.

PINK

(begins to cry a little)

My kids ... you don't understand ... they were gonna meet me ... they ... I don't want to ...

RADIO voice is heard, clearly  
for the first time: GET OUT!

RED

That's it. I don't have a choice.

(she grabs PINK forcefully, and throws her over her shoulder, but PINK uses her legs to throw herself completely over RED's back, bringing RED down.)

PINK

I'm not going!

(PINK then grabs something like a chair or other heavy object and hits RED in the back of the head,

knocking her out. PINK then sits down for a long moment, and appears to go catatonic.)

SMOKE BEGINS TO DRIFT INTO THE ROOM.

RADIO voice is heard: Roof ... then static

ENORMOUS CRASH

LIGHTS FLICKER

PINK

(bolts from room)

No ...

SMOKE

CRASH

BLACKOUT

END