

PLAID

by

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INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

House party. Everyone socializing. Having a good time. GUY, 40s, stocky, unsure of himself, dressed in all plaid, sits against the wall uncomfortably watching.

GUY
(to himself)
Just play it cool. Be yourself.
It's a party, people want to
socialize.

People go past him. He tries to make eye contact, but they don't return it. A girl falls into his lap. Laughs drunkenly.

GUY (CONT'D)
Hey! How's it--

She is pulled up by her boyfriend. Leaves without responding.

GUY (CONT'D)
Going...

Someone bumps into him. Spills a drink all over his shirt. The person walks off without acknowledging.

GUY (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Oh, hey, no problem!
(wipes his shirt)
I'm fine, it barely soaked me.

He sighs. This sucks. He looks around. His eyes land on a WOMAN. She is in her 30s, skinny, dressed in a red pantsuit with glitter. She's looking at him, trying to stifle a laugh.

GUY (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

He tries to look around people who have crowded between them and are now dancing. She says something indistinguishable.

GUY (CONT'D)
What?

WOMAN
I said, "are you okay?"

GUY
Oh, sure, I'm great! It's honestly
refreshing. If he wouldn't have
spilled it, I would've done it
myself. I'm burning up from all the
dancing I'm not doing.
(to everyone)
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Anyone else want to empty a glass,
I'm your guy!

WOMAN

Sounds like you're having a great
time.

GUY

A kid wiped his boogers on me
earlier.

WOMAN

What's a kid doing at a party?

GUY

I. don't. know!

She laughs. He reluctantly returns the laughter.

WOMAN

You're right, though. I'd much
rather be at home in front of the
fireplace, a blanket on my lap,
binge-watching some docu-trash for
the hundredth time.

GUY

Who brought you?

WOMAN

Tamika. Said there might not be
enough. Although doesn't seem to
matter, everyone is just standing
around anyway. You know the host?
Obviously...

GUY

Yeah, Jeff's my roommate.

WOMAN

Cool.

(takes him in)

So, that's quite the 'fit you got
there. Plaid, huh?

GUY

Yep. Yep and you know what I'm
noticing, not one guy here has been
able to match my energy. I mean,
khaki, really? Denim?

WOMAN

They're incredibly boring and of
low character.

GUY
So, I stick out like a sore thumb--

WOMAN
While somehow remaining completely
invisible.

He gives a short laugh. Ouch. But she seems to understand.

GUY
The disregard is palpable.

WOMAN
Don't worry about it.

GUY
How can I not? Sometimes I watch
how easy it is for people to
interact with others it just blows
my mind.

WOMAN
People are vapid. Superficial.

GUY
Right, they are. So, why do they
get to have all these beautiful
relationships, fall in love, be
seen? Why not us?

WOMAN
Because you're a couch and I'm a
chair.

GUY
(small laugh)
Right.
(realizing)
Right.

Over to the woman who we now see is a RED GARAGE SALE CHAIR,
covered in glitter.

Back to Guy who we now see is A PLAID LOVE SEAT COUCH pushed
against the wall.

They sit, lonely and detached as the crowd interacts between
them.

THE END