

RED DYE

by Jon Jory

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SYNOPSIS: When your boss supports a sexist work environment, all that's left to do is to break into his office, take him hostage, and demand change. If that doesn't work—there's always red dye.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

NARRATOR (f)

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NARRATOR: Excuse me, sir. I know you are the CEO of the largest corporation in America and I'm terribly sorry to have pepper sprayed you. And no, if you were wondering, I don't have an appointment. If you reach out you will find a bottle of water and I strongly suggest you flush your eyes at some length. You also might want to suck the lemon I gave you to relieve the effects of inhaled cayenne pepper.

How did I get in your office? I posed as a plumber thus gaining access to the administrative floor and bopped your secretary on the head with a wooden mallet, entered the office, sprayed you with Little Viper pepper spray and have locked us in with a portable deadlock used by the Navy Seals. I'm assuming it will take ten minutes for a highly trained police unit to scale the building as I have disabled the elevator system and broken pipes which have filled the stairwells with water. During that ten minutes I would like to have a brief conversation with you about your corporate treatment of women including me, Wendy Heloise McElrath, working in the acquisition department on the twelfth floor.

So, Mr. Heppleday, I would ask you to remain seated as we seek common ground because I am exhaustively trained in Krav Maga, a martial art used by the Israel Defense Forces. You really ought to try it Benny—I hope you don't mind my calling you Benny, Benny, but I'm calling you Benny. Keep flushing your eyes. As I'm sure you'll want more information about Krav Maga. Suffice it to say that a central precept is to strike your opponent until they are completely incapacitated. So I'd sit down again if I were you, Benny. We taught the bodies most vulnerable points, such as the eyes, neck, throat, face, solar plexus, groin, ribs, knee, foot, and liver. I could go on but I don't want to bore you with details. I began studying Krav Maga nine years ago when I was fourteen because I had to walk to school past a construction site and some gentleman spoke to me in a way I didn't approve of. Have people spoken to you inappropriately, Benny? Nasty, isn't it? It brings up a fascinating philosophical point perhaps best put by the character Hamlet in the play Hamlet. I don't know if you're a student of literature, Benny, but it would probably make you less of a jerk-wad. Hamlet said, and I quote, "Whether 'tis

nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of male stupidity or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them.” That’s the basic idea, I might have taken some liberties. But anyway Benny—keep flushing—I’m more in the “taking arms” camp. You might have noticed. Eyes better?

Would you like some Swedish fish, Mr. Heppleday? It’s a really soothing sort of candy which I feel should be present in any contentious negotiation. There are several flavors, my favorite being the grape flavor which has unfortunately been discontinued. Put out your hand. There you are. Isn’t it a shame that men and women have these difficulties communicating? I like men a great deal, especially when they are very, very quiet. But here’s the deal, Mr. Heppleday, you are just going to have to straighten out your act or I might have to pay you a second visit.

Have you heard of septabenisate dye? It’s a red dye that no known treatment could remove or vitiate. After my second visit, I would ask you to remove your clothes and spray you with septabenisate and you would be bright red for life which might make you a figure of fun but definitely help identify you at stockholder meetings. Whoops, what was my point? Oh, I remember, you amusingly ask all female employees to wear skirts slightly above the knee and high heels. Well, Benny, I have absolutely no objection to this... really... no problemo, as long as men wear the same skirts and high heels. “All for one and one for all” right, Benny? I brought you a skirt just in case—no, no, don’t thank me. You’ll be adorable.

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