

Drama/Comedy

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THE PLUM-COLORED SWEATER

By Tara Meddaugh

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Jasmine, a beautiful girl in her late teens or early twenties, speaks to her friend, a successful businessman. She builds up her case of why he should buy a specific sweater for her.

JASMINE

I want to go shopping. And not just that typical “girl shopping” where you try on seven pairs of low rise jeans and four tank tops in different shades of blue. I don’t need to check to make sure the camel belt looks just right around my.... I don’t need to try on anything—because I know exactly what I want. Right now.

I want a new sweater.

And I know I already have a bunch of sweaters, and you’re right—they fit fine. They fit well. Beautifully. And I love them. Really—every one. Well, except for the piled up grey one. I should really just get rid of it. But the others...I wouldn’t stop wearing them. I just...See, I didn’t even know I wanted a new one. You know me. Practical. I don’t buy what I don’t need. At least since I lost all that money, I don’t. And I even saw this sweater, a few weeks ago. On Lilah. And I thought to myself, that’s a cool sweater. I mean, there’s nothing wrong with it. But Lilah has it. It’s hers, and...I know you’re not a girl, but...you know how Eva dropped that blueberry cheesecake on my lap at Junior Prom? Got that caramel sauce all over me? Well, that wasn’t because she’s clumsy. It was because I came in a sequin dress too. And that wasn’t even the same color! So...I don’t really want to do that to Lilah. Or have her do anything to me. We run in the same dance circle, you know?

But this...is...the same sweater. The same cut, the same beautiful purple-plum color, so rich, but light at the same time. That same softness, mixed with a little of something else to make it...rougher? It’s just...it’s a perfect sweater...So I would never have even thought of buying it, but...

I think it wants me. I know that sounds weird—it’s just a sweater—but a girl sometimes knows these things. And I think it really does...

I touched it the other day. In the store. Well, it touched me—sort of. I was just walking by it—Eva was with me. We’re talking about how polar bears like to play with their prey before killing them? Sick, right? And she’s saying how she’d just roll up in a ball, pretend she were dead, to bore the polar bear—well, that’s when it happens. That’s when it touches me. And I stop. Right there. I can’t move. My hands get cold and clammy—I think my body temperature even drops. And I know right then, that plum-colored sweater...wants to warm me up...And I want it to.

So since then, I've been thinking about it, and even dreaming about it. A little...How it would feel against my skin, how I would...But it's so silly, and I know that. I'm even scared to try it on—to see if it fits how I imagine it will. Because what if it doesn't? And all that softness becomes roughness? But what if it does? I can't afford another sweater—this is some sort of hand made elegant—I don't know—material. It'd be the most expensive piece of clothing I own. Even more than that Michael Kors coat I got at Macy's. And I shouldn't even want it. I feel guilty just thinking about it...the expense. The cost. And yes, maybe it's on sale now, but maybe...maybe it's not even there now.

So I guess what I'm asking you—why I'm telling you all this—because I think you can imagine my body in that sweater. And you know my bank account and...well, I was hoping you could...You see, this sweater—excites me. And I do want it. Badly. So...I guess what it comes down to...do you think...I mean...could you get it for me?

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