

28 Plays Later – Challenge #14

Body parts - meet writers, writers - meet body parts.
Hope you have a hoot!

Bonus points? Make the play the most moving, gut wrenching piece of drama ever written, maybe even make yourself weep as you write... but don't write about illness, decay or death.

HAIR APPARENT

By

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Scene 1

Lights up on a hair salon. TESS is facing the mirror, so her back – her *hair* – is facing the audience while STYLIST works on her. When we open, the actress representing TESS's HAIR (TRESS) is sitting on a plain chair downstage left. She is dressed in black, and her hair is currently a mix of brown and grey, a mousey, plain, boring color. TRESS doesn't interact directly with TESS or STYLIST, but she reacts and responds to what they say/do.

STYLIST: (running her fingers through TESS's hair) So, what are we doing today? Are you ready for some color?

TRESS: Please? Oh, please color? You've been boring and plain for so long. And I can tell you're not happy with me. Actually, I'm worried you're not happy in general. I know you and Marty have been having problems...

TESS: I'm honestly not sure. I mean, I'm sick of looking in the mirror and seeing gray – I'm so not old enough to rock gray hair – but I don't know if I want to just do an all over warm brown or go a little wild.

TRESS: Go wild. Come on, woman, you used to be the Queen of Technicolor when it came to me. You've done jewel tones and pastels, and there was that one year when feathers were really in. But now? Now I'm all dull and faded. I'm *gray*. Do you know what comes after gray, my dear? DEAD. Dead is what comes after gray. I'm not ready to be dead. And frankly, neither are you.

STYLIST: (tempting her) I still have a couple tubes of the magenta you used to love...

TESS: I do miss having funky hair. It always made me feel... bolder, more confident. (beat, and then, with a shy smile) Sexier. (she turns her head this way and that) Do you have time to do magenta highlights with that chocolate base we used to use?

STYLIST: I do. Do you want to cut?

TESS: I...

TRESS: Yes. God, yes. You want to cut. You want – say it with me, honey, a stacked, chin-length bob. With the dark base and the highlights, and that cut, I will be your crowning glory, as I should be, instead of dull, boring... stuff... growing out the top of your head.

TESS: Let's cut. Let's do a chin-length bob. (she grins into the mirror) Can you buzz the back – not all of it – but an undercut?

TRESS: *Now* we're talking, sister. Buzz me. Buzzzzzzzzz meeeeeee. You'll be so much cooler, and I'll feel like puppy fur. It's like, totes win-win, you know?

STYLIST: We can totally do that. We can even buzz it and then dye it magenta so that it peeks through when your hair moves.

TESS: (engaged) Yes! Let's do that!

STYLIST: (grabs razor) Okay, this may tickle... (buzz.....)

TRESS: Oh, baby, yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about. Buzz me, buzz me...

TESS: (reaching back to feel her newly buzzed undercut) Oh, wow... it feels so soft. Like puppy fur.

TRESS: Told you so!

STYLIST: Sit tight. I'm going to go mix your base color and the magenta.

TRESS: Remind her how parched I am, how I love to drink up color.

TESS: You're mixing a lot, right?

STYLIST: Oh, I know your hair. It's always thirsty. Remember how I used to have to go back and mix more? No more. I mix *gallons* now.

The STYLIST exits.

TRESS (addressing audience) It's always like this. My host waits too long to have my roots retouched, or decides she wants to try having 'normal' hair, and then she slips into a mood. She stops singing in the shower, stops dancing around the living room. It's no wonder she and Marty haven't had sex lately... when I'm not looking my best, SHE's not feeling her best. She feels frumpy and unsexy, and nothing Marty says can shake her out of that. But one trip to the Stylist, and everything's better.

You know what's really frustrating, though? Tess will give the Stylist all the credit. And yeah, she does the physical work, but I'm the one sitting here, close to her thoughts, tickling the back of her neck so she gets annoyed and wants to cut me, or dangling limply so she sees how flat I am.

It's like she thinks I'm just hanging around.

Honestly!

BLACKOUT.

