



## Sample Pages from Hairball

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p92> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# HAIRBALL

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Hairball*

Copyright © 2006 Lindsay Price

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

**Theatrefolk**

[www.theatrefolk.com/licensing](http://www.theatrefolk.com/licensing)

[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com)

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

## Characters

14M/27W total roles.

Minimum 3M/5W with the following doubling:

**MAN ONE:** Doctor, Sam, Prince One, Bob, Tommy.

**MAN TWO:** Bradley, Prince Two, Werewolf, Todd, Jack.

**MAN THREE:** Dr. Goodstein, Prince Three, Vern, Sean, Lewis.

**WOMAN ONE:** Assistant, Lindy, Mia, Kaitlyn, Karen, Ghost.

**WOMAN TWO:** Customer, Cass, Emma, Rosa, Trisha, Stacey.

**WOMAN THREE:** Lucy, Rapunzel, Jean, Candace, Lauren.

**WOMAN FOUR:** Rona, Madison, Zae, Amber, Teri, Chloe.

**WOMAN FIVE:** Gladys, Claire, Helen, Bonnie, Ms. Green.

All characters take part in the hair montage at the beginning. There are 11 characters in the montage, so if you have less than 11 actors, just double up.

If you're going with a smaller cast, I strongly suggest the werewolf wears a mask (instead of glued-on hair) so the actor can play other parts.



*The stage is bare except for two cubes stage left, two cubes stage right and one cube up centre stage.*

*Thunder and lightning. Spooky lighting comes up on the up centre stage area. Two actors hold up a curtain so we can't see what's going on behind. NOTE: it doesn't have to be held by two actors, it's just the easiest way. It could also be one of those moveable hospital curtains on wheels.*

*An assistant stands off to the side with what should look like a hospital tray, but actually holds a variety of hairdressing instruments. It should all be very TV-MD and serious. The DOCTOR unseen behind the curtain, reaches out his hand for the things he requests.*

DOCTOR: Curling Iron. *(The ASSISTANT hands it to him. There is thunder and lightning.)* Hairspray. *(The ASSISTANT hands it to him. There is thunder and lightning.)* Gel. *(She hands him some. He throws it back out.)* Not that kind. The other. The one we always use. Keep up, Marie! I don't have time for mistakes.

ASSISTANT: *(handing him the right gel)* Sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Comb. *(the ASSISTANT hands it to him)* That's it. That's it. *(He comes out from behind the curtain, wiping his hands and brow on a towel.)* I can't do anymore. My masterpiece is complete! *(He throws his arms out and there is accompanying thunder and lightning.)* Drop the curtain! See what you have become!

*The two actors drop the curtain. The DOCTOR thrusts a mirror at the CUSTOMER who looks in it, then screams the "Bride of Frankenstein" scream. But, as she keeps looking, she gets a pleased look on her face and stops mid-scream.*

CUSTOMER: Aaaaaaaa – you know that's not half bad. *(she fluffs her hair)* That's kind of cute. I like it, I like it. You really had me worried with the whole "masterpiece" thing, but that's really cute. Good job, Julio.

DOCTOR: Doctor Julio, please.

CUSTOMER: See you in six weeks!

*Everyone exits. The lights change. Music begins to play for the "hair montage." Clearly the timing of this is going to depend on the music you choose and the choreography. Have fun with it!*

*THREE different HAIR walkers enter and exit: These are people who walk as their hair dictates. Possible hair types are the clean-cut, crew-cut soldier, the slacker dude with the hair in his face, the princess with the perfect up-flip, the spacey chick with the tie-dyed hair, the tough with the Mohawk.*

*At the same time, A GIRL enters with a towel on her head, rubbing her hair dry. When she's finished, she wraps her hair up in the towel and exits. At the same time, a GUY with long rocker hair saunters in. He has a walkman on and is clearly listening to music. He gets halfway across the stage and starts to do the classic head banger hair move. A YOUNG GIRL enters and stares at the GUY doing the head banger move, twirling a piece of hair between her fingers as she does so. GUY notices the YOUNG GIRL staring, stops what he's doing and tries to exit, with a shred of coolness intact.*

*HAT BOY crosses the stage. He passes YOUNG GIRL and shoves her. YOUNG GIRL sticks her tongue out at HAT BOY. Before HAT BOY can exit, he gets a call on his cell phone. While he's talking on the phone, YOUNG GIRL sneaks up on HAT BOY and steals his hat. She runs off. HAT BOY is someone who is never without his hat. He frantically tries to cover his head with his hands and runs off.*

*ONE enters, moves downstage and uses the forth wall as a mirror. She starts playing with her hair, trying to make it perfect. TWO enters, stands beside ONE and does the same. ONE starts to check out TWO's hair and steps up the speed with which she works her own hair. THREE enters, comes to stand beside TWO and does the same. All three are checking out each other's hair and furiously try to make their hair the best. They are back combing, they are finger waving, they are shaking their hair out, anything and everything. At the same time, all three whip out hairspray cans and go to town, causing all three to be hit in some way by the spray of the other girls. They all get it either in their eyes or their mouth. This causes them to get grossed out and they pass out on the floor.*

*The DON'T CARE GIRL enters. She walks across the stage, quite happily. She looks down at the three girls on the floor. She looks up into the mirror. She pushes her bangs out of her face and she's happy. She walks off. The lights fade. Everyone exits.*

*Lights come up on the stage left cubes. (NOTE: Or whatever side of the stage the three girls from above are not on). BRADLEY rushes on to sit with DR. GOODSTEIN, the high school guidance counsellor.*

BRADLEY: Thanks for seeing me on such short notice, Dr. Goodstein.

DR. GOODSTEIN: No trouble at all, Bradley. What was it you wanted to talk about?

BRADLEY: I'm really upset. I didn't know who to turn to and... It's been tearing me up inside!

DR. GOODSTEIN: That's why I'm here. Is this about school? Your grades seem fine, top notch.

BRADLEY: No. It's not that. I just want to know... I... how long do I have left?

DR. GOODSTEIN: In school?

BRADLEY: No.

DR. GOODSTEIN: Not in life, surely? Bradley, this is so unlike you. What happened? Why are you thinking about dying all of a sudden?

BRADLEY: (*a little grossed out*) Dying? Who's thinking about dying?

DR. GOODSTEIN: Not you?

BRADLEY: No! Geesh, Doc. That's a real downer.

DR. GOODSTEIN: Sorry. (*he clears his throat*) So, what is it?

BRADLEY: (*whispering with horror*) It's my hair.

DR. GOODSTEIN: Sorry?

BRADLEY: My hair, my hair, how long do I have left with my hair!

DR. GOODSTEIN: Sorry?

BRADLEY: I just found out my dad lost his hair at 23. That's five years, man. Five!

DR. GOODSTEIN: Ah, you've fallen under the common misconception that sons get their baldness from their fathers, when it's actually the mother's side of the family that carries the gene.

BRADLEY: I know! I know. I thought I was saved. I thought it would all work out. But the horrors don't stop, Doc. Everyone is bald on my mother's side. Great grandfather, grandfather, uncles, aunts. They've all got the chrome dome, man!

DR. GOODSTEIN: Bradley. Now you're exaggerating. Surely your aunt isn't bald.



BRADLEY: Uh huh. Alopecia. Aunt Betty's bald as a cue ball.

DR. GOODSTEIN: (*very unprofessional*) That's terrible!

BRADLEY: Tell me about it. I never used to think about my hair. Never gave it a second thought. Wash and go. No conditioner. No special cut. But now I'm running out of time and I'm freaking out. I have treated my hair so bad up to now. I was thinking, I was wondering if it would work – I wanted to get your thoughts on this little idea, if I start treating my hair good, maybe it'll want to stick around. Maybe it won't fall out because it'll be living the high life.

DR. GOODSTEIN: (*very confused*) I don't think it works quite that way.

BRADLEY: I want to give it parties. I want to take it to museums. Take pictures. Be there for my hair. It's gotta make a difference, don't it?

DR. GOODSTEIN: Actually it –

BRADLEY: It's got to! I'm counting the number of hairs that fall out every day. What's the normal number? Do you know? Is a hundred a day normal? Am I already too late? Am I on my last legs? Am I on a speeding train to becoming a cue ball? Am I going to wake up tomorrow, look in the mirror and see Aunt Betty? (*he falls off the chair on to his knees as he wails*)  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!

*When he's done wailing, there's a pause.*

DR. GOODSTEIN: Bradley?

BRADLEY: Whew. Thanks Doc. I had to get that out. It was building up inside me like a big ole hair ball. So to speak.

DR. GOODSTEIN: Glad I could help.

BRADLEY: (*getting up*) I guess I just have to play the cards I've been dealt. And use conditioner. See you later, Doc! (*exits*)

DR. GOODSTEIN: (*not at all sure what just happened*) No problem. Any time. That's what I'm here for...

*He looks at his shoulder and starts pulling off hairs.  
He exits.*

*Lights change.*

*On the other side of the stage SAM enters to sit in front of the cubes. He mimes playing a video game.*

*LUCY and RONA enter behind him. LUCY walks with her head held high. She has prom hair. She walks stiffly. RONA begins to applaud.*

RONA: It's perfect.

LUCY: It is, isn't it. *(she gets a worried look on her face)* You wouldn't just say that, would you?

RONA: Lucy, you look so beautiful.

LUCY: Good, good.

RONA: It says style. It says sophistication. It says romance.

LUCY: This is it. This is it!

RONA: Lucy, I'm so happy for you!

LUCY: Eight months, thousands of hours pouring over magazines, thirty cans of hairspray. So many bobby pins I've lost count. This is it. This is my prom hair.

*RONA applauds again. SAM, who has turned to watch the proceedings, looks confused.*

SAM: Lucy. You're fifteen.

LUCY: So?

SAM: You're not going to prom for two more years.

LUCY: I know. But now, I'm ready.

*They all exit. Lights change. LINDY enters from stage right, CASS from stage left. LINDY wears a huge hat, which covers all her hair.*

CASS: Hey, Lindy.

LINDY: *(glum)* Hey.

CASS: I thought you were getting your hair cut today.

LINDY: I did.

CASS: But you're wearing a hat.

LINDY: I know.

CASS: It can't be that bad. Let me see...

LINDY: Ah, ah, step away from the hat.

CASS: That bad?

LINDY: That. Bad.

CASS: What happened?

*The focus shifts to GLADYS. She is standing behind the upstage cube as if she is giving LINDY a haircut. NOTE: It's important that LINDY is not there, to allow the actress freedom to be as vicious as she wants with the scissors. As she gets more and more emotional with the speech, the scissors move faster and more erratically. Play with emphasizing lines with jabbing scissor cuts.*

GLADYS: (*chomping gum really hard*) That guy. The nerve of that guy. That worm. He thinks he just can cut it off, that's it, we're done, end of story, see you later, done. There was no closure. I need closure. I need to ask questions. I need to go over moments. I need – and like there was no dinner, no movie, he doesn't come to the house; he won't even meet me in an alley! A voice mail message, which he left when he knew I wasn't going to be there, that worm, that dog food. (*as boyfriend*) Sorry babe. Not going to work out. Gotta jet. That's it! That's all I get! And of course, he won't return my calls. Of course, he's in screen mode. He knows it's me. I've tried calling from pay phones, from work, from restaurants and still I can't get the little piece of no-good dog-food-worm-meat-scum-on-the-bottom-of-my-shoe to pick up the phone! All I want to know is why? Is that too much? Why? Why? He has the nerve to dump me without a why! I put the best three weeks of my life into that relationship. Three whole weeks when I could have been doing lots of other things, seeing lots of other guys and it just makes me SO mad that – (*she finally realises that she hasn't been paying attention to the cut*) Oh. Oh oh. It's nothing. Nothing, I just... (*she mimes fluffing the hair*) Got a little carried away. This... Oh boy. (*becoming much more positive*) Oh boy! Lindy, you have the greatest haircut. You are going to have the greatest hair. Very hip. Very fresh. Very ahead of your time. (*she turns her head sideways as she surveys the damage*) The lopsided look is a trendsetter! I... (*She slumps. She knows what she's done.*) Hats in the corner.

*She exits. Fairy tale happy music plays. RAPUNZEL enters stage right to stand on the cubes. She has a ton of hair coiled up in her arms. She poses, princess style with a dainty smile and toe pointed out to the side. PRINCE ONE enters as if riding a horse and skids to a stop in front of her. The music stops.*

PRINCE ONE: Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.

*She does. He looks at it.*

PRINCE ONE: Ah, I'm more of a redhead man.

*He exits. Fairy tale music kicks in again. RAPUNZEL coils her hair back up, muttering to herself. PRINCE TWO enters as if riding a horse and skids to a stop in front of her. The music stops.*

PRINCE TWO: Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.

*She does. He looks at it.*

PRINCE TWO: *(Please – don't go for the stereotypical gay hairdresser.)*

This hair looks terrible. Look at all the split ends! And the knots. If you want long hair, you have got to take better care of it. I'd never marry a princess who doesn't know how to take care of herself. Terrible!

*He exits. Fairy tale happy music kicks in. RAPUNZEL's disgruntled muttering gets louder as she coils her hair up again. PRINCE THREE rides up as if on a horse. He skids to a stop in front of her. RAPUNZEL is not happy.*

PRINCE THREE: Rapunzel, Rapunzel...

RAPUNZEL: What!

PRINCE THREE: Ah, I was just going to ask you, if you wanted to, let down your hair? Is that OK?

RAPUNZEL: Are you a redhead man?

PRINCE THREE: No.

RAPUNZEL: Are you going to lecture me on my split ends?

PRINCE THREE: Actually I was going to ask you to –

RAPUNZEL: Cause I've been sitting here, I've been sitting here for a mighty long time waiting for you prince guys to ride up on your spiffy horses and whisk me away. Where's the whisking? What's with all the attitude? Is it my fault I'm in a tower without any stairs? Without a hairstylist in sight? I had to work with what I had!

PRINCE THREE: Should I leave?

RAPUNZEL: You know what? You want my hair so bad, bub, you can have it. I'm sick to death of it!

*She throws her hair (wig) at him and climbs down off the cube and exits, muttering all the while. PRINCE THREE is left with her hair in his hands.*

PRINCE THREE: Is this really how it's supposed to go?

*He exits.*

*Two snotty girls sit on the stage left cubes. They are scoping out the cafeteria and mocking.*

MADISON: Do you see her?

KAITLYN: Do you see her?

MADISON: How long did she spend on that?

KAITLYN: Hours. It takes hours to get straight hair to curl like that.

MADISON: Such a show off. And it'll never hold.

KAITLYN: I know.

MADISON: It'll be flat by last period.

KAITLYN: (*seeing another girl*) Do you see her?

MADISON: Do you see her?

KAITLYN: Bang Alert! Bang Alert!

MADISON: Those bangs are so last century.

KAITLYN: I know.

MADISON: They're so big. They're very...

KAITLYN: Bangy.

MADISON: They're very bangy.

KAITLYN: (*seeing another girl*) Do you see her?

MADISON: Do you see her?

KAITLYN: One can of hairspray or two?

MADISON: Three. She's single-handily depleting the ozone layer.

KAITLYN: (*hi-fiving MADISON*) Good one!

MADISON: I know. (*seeing another girl*) Do you see her?

KAITLYN: Do you see her?

MADISON: It's so short.

KAITLYN: It doesn't look good.

MADISON: She looks like a boy.

KAITLYN: It's not a good look.

MADISON: Her boyfriend must be crushed.

KAITLYN: She had such lovely long hair.

MADISON: I bet he dumps her.

KAITLYN: You think?

MADISON: I would.

KAITLYN: (*seeing something major*) Do you see her?

MADISON: Do you see her?

KAITLYN: Do you see her?

MADISON: I see her!

KAITLYN: How did she leave the house with that hair?

MADISON: Did she actually choose that colour on purpose?

KAITLYN: Maybe someone forced it on her.

MADISON: She was in the salon and someone put a gun to her head and said "purple or else?"

KAITLYN: Maybe not.

MADISON: And what was it last week? Orange?

KAITLYN: Who remembers?

MADISON: She's sad. She just wants attention. Look at me! I've got eggplant head!

KAITLYN: So sad.

MADISON: Really.

KAITLYN: Hair was not meant to go through all that... trauma.

MADISON: Trau-ma.

KAITLYN: It'll fall out.

MADISON: She'll have huge clumps coming out in her hands.

KAITLYN: Hair dye causes cancer too.

MADISON: She's gonna get a big old head tumour and it'll be her own fault.

KAITLYN: Hair is not meant to look like that. Hair is meant to look nice.

MADISON: Nice hair, nice girl.

KAITLYN: Words to live by.

*CLAIRE enters.*

MADISON: What took you so long? Lunch is almost over.

CLAIRE: I was talking to Paula.

KAITLYN: Paula who?

*The two look at each other and gasp.*

MADISON: Paula of the purple hair?

KAITLYN: Eggplant head?

CLAIRE: Yeah. I like the colour and I asked her where she got it done.

*The two gasp again.*

MADISON & KAITLYN: What?

CLAIRE: She said she did it herself and she's gonna do mine for me on the weekend.

MADISON & KAITLYN: What, what?

CLAIRE: I feel like a change.

MADISON & KAITLYN: What, what, what?

CLAIRE: Paula's really nice. She's not all those things we call her.

MADISON: You can't change.

KAITLYN: We never change.

MADISON: How are you going to get a boyfriend with purple hair?

CLAIRE: Maybe I'll find a guy who likes me and not the colour of my hair. And for the record, hair dye does not cause cancer. See ya.

*CLAIRE exits. The other two are left with their mouths open. They look after CLAIRE; they look at each other as the lights fade.*

*In the dark there is thunder and lightning. Spooky lighting comes up. VERN and EMMA huddle together as they enter. They are walking through a dark forest alone.*

EMMA: I can't believe I agreed to take the shortcut.

VERN: We're not lost.

EMMA: We look lost.

VERN: We're not lost.

EMMA: Do you know where we are?

VERN: No.

EMMA: Then we're lost.

*Off in the distance there is the sound of "something" howling at the moon. The two look at each other.*

EMMA: What's that?

VERN: *(not very confident)* Nothing.

EMMA: I've heard strange things about these woods.

VERN: It's nothing. Just a bunch of stories.

EMMA: I've heard there's a werewolf –

VERN: There's no such thing as werewolves!

*Again there is the sound of a howl at the moon, a lot closer now.*

EMMA: That was a lot closer.

VERN: No it wasn't. You're just imagining things. There's no such thing as werewolves!

*The WEREWOLF jumps out. He snarls at them and bays at the moon. EMMA screams and gets into a classic damsel in distress pose.*



EMMA: Save me! Save me, Vern. Save me! Help oh help oh help! Save me from the – (VERN is not paying any attention to her cries) Vern! What are you doing?

*VERN has moved away and is pouting. EMMA is confused, so is the WEREWOLF. He growls in confusion.*

VERN: It's not fair. It's just not fair!

EMMA: Vern, we're about to be attacked here.

*The WEREWOLF makes an agreeing growl.*

VERN: Some guys have all the luck!

EMMA: What are you talking about?

VERN: How does HE do THAT?

*He points at the WEREWOLF's face. EMMA looks at the WEREWOLF, the WEREWOLF feels his face, trying to figure out what VERN is pointing at.*

EMMA: What?

VERN: (to WEREWOLF) How do you do that?

EMMA: What are you talking about?

WEREWOLF: (very guttural) Huh?

VERN: His beard. Look at his beard. I've been trying to grow a moustache for over a month now and it just won't come in. Look at him. Look at all that hair. I would love to have that much hair.

EMMA: You would?

WEREWOLF: Huh?

VERN: Sure! Then I could have a Fu Manchu moustache one day, or a goatee, or big mutton chop sideburns, or a mountain man beard, or that stupid little tuft of hair right under the lip that some guys have that make no sense because it doesn't cover anything but I would do it because I could! I would have so much fun. But look at me!

*He points to his upper lip. EMMA looks and shakes her head. The WEREWOLF looks and winces.*

VERN: Nothing. My mom keeps wiping my face 'cause she thinks it's dirt.

EMMA: I was wondering what that was...

VERN: It's not fair; life is not fair that some people, no offence –

*The WEREWOLF shrugs as if to say “none taken”*

VERN: Some people have all the hair and some people have none.

EMMA: Don't worry about it, Vern. I like your face just the way it is.  
*(she pats his face)*

VERN: Awwwww.

WEREWOLF: *(much more guttural)* Awwwwwww.

VERN: Thanks Emma.

EMMA: No problem.

VERN: I guess we have to go back to the chasing and the screaming now?

WEREWOLF: *(very guttural)* Yeah.

VERN: Give us a head start?

WEREWOLF: *(very guttural)* Sure, sure.

VERN: Thanks.

*VERN and EMMA start screaming and run offstage.  
The WEREWOLF howls at the moon and then chases after them.*

*Lights change. MIA enters to stand centre stage,  
holding up a box of blonde hair dye.*

MIA: To blonde or not to blonde. That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to remain a brunette true, to suffer the slings and arrows of: “Blondes have more fun, Gentlemen prefer blondes, Katie's blonde, she's cute,” neh, neh, neh. Or to take arms against a bunch of jerks, Tad, and show them there's more than one way to skin a cat. To blonde, to dye, aye, aye, aye, my mother will kill me. “Mia! What have you done to your beautiful hair! I brushed this hair a hundred strokes a night when you were little!” Which, by the by is totally bad for you so what are a few chemicals between friends? *(she clears her throat)* But oh the dread of what could happen. The undiscovered country. What if it turns green? What if it falls out? What if it turns green and falls out? But to bear the scorns of jerks, Tad, just because some of us are not blonde! Argh! Oh the pangs of despis'd love. Ay me. *(she sighs)* What

I really should do is dye it and then when he comes after me 'cause I'm a "cute blonde," reject him faster than you can say bare bodkin! Ha ha!

*She exits. Sunny happy music plays. ZAE struts across the stage with a bounce in her step and a smile on her face. She comes across BOB and HELEN.*

ZAE: Morning, Bob! Morning, Helen!

BOB & HELEN: Morning, Zae!

*ZAE continues to strut, bounce and smile. BOB and HELEN are so curious they follow her. She comes across ROSA.*

ZAE: Morning, Rosa!

ROSA: (confused by the happiness) Morning, Zae.

*ZAE continues to strut, bounce and smile. ROSA follows. More people enter to watch ZAE. Just before she exits, BOB calls out.*

BOB: Zae, wait!

*ZAE does a happy little spin and faces BOB.*

BOB: What happened to you? You're so happy; you've got bounce in your step and you're in such a great mood.

ZAE: It's nothing really. I'm having a good hair day.

*Everyone gasps.*

HELEN: No kidding?

ROSA: For reals?

HELEN: You feel good about your hair?

ZAE: I feel great and my hair looks great and it's all great!

BOB: What did you do to it?

ZAE: Nothing! A little wash, a little shake with the towel, I didn't even use hairspray.

ROSA & BOB & HELEN: Wow!

HELEN: I gotta try that.

*JEAN enters.*

JEAN: Hey, what's up?

ROSA: Zae's having a good hair day.

JEAN: Oh come on, no one has those.

BOB & HELEN, & ROSA: She is, she is!

JEAN: No kidding? Boy Zae, you do look great.

ZAE: I feel great!

JEAN: Good hair days, boy, those come along once in a blue moon.

ROSA: Two blue moons!

ZAE: Today, with this hair, I could take on the world!

ALL: Hooray!

*They all run off, happy, bouncy and smiling. BONNIE and KAREN enter from the opposite side. KAREN is obviously wearing a wig and she's not entirely happy about it. BONNIE sits on a cube and watches KAREN.*

BONNIE: That is perfect.

KAREN: I don't know.

BONNIE: It looks nice. Perfectly normal.

KAREN: You think?

BONNIE: No one would ever guess.

KAREN: It itches.

BONNIE: You'll get used to that.

KAREN: It looks like a wig.

BONNIE: Once we style it, it'll be fine. I'm telling you, no one will know.

KAREN: Bonnie, everyone already knows I have cancer and my hair fell out.

BONNIE: Well, do you want people staring at your head? You don't want that, do you?

KAREN: I don't know. *(She thinks)* Yes. Yes I do.

BONNIE: *(horrificed)* Why? People will stare.

KAREN: Good.

BONNIE: Karen!

KAREN: If they stare long enough, maybe they'll ask what's wrong and if they ask I can actually talk about it instead of pretending everything's all right and normal. Because it's not normal. I'm tired of getting pressured to pretend.

BONNIE: Like me with the wig.

KAREN: Like you with the wig.

*There is a pause.*

BONNIE: I didn't mean... I was just trying to... I'm sorry. I'll go.

*She gets up to go. KAREN goes running after her.*

KAREN: No, Bonnie, wait. It's not really you.

BONNIE: You don't have to –

KAREN: It's not! This is fine. I know you're just... It's not really the wig. I swear. *(she gives a sigh)* If you're really quiet, I'm sure you can hear my mom singing the "everything's all right, we're going to survive this just fine, and no one in the family has any cancer of any kind" rag. If I hear that song and dance one more time I will vomit. Voluntarily vomit, not chemo vomit.

BONNIE: What kind of dance is it? Samba? Maybe cha cha?

KAREN: Tap. The shoes make a great sound on my skull.

*They laugh for a second. Then BONNIE remembers her best friend has cancer.*

BONNIE: I'm sorry.

KAREN: Don't. Don't do that. *(she hugs BONNIE)* Thanks for being my friend.

BONNIE: Maybe we could dye the wig. Hey, how about a fauxhawk?

KAREN: Now that's way better than normal.

*They laugh and exit together. AMBER enters. SEAN and TRISHA enter behind her, laughing. NOTE: AMBER must be blonde. SEAN and TRISHA laugh through the whole scene till AMBER looks at them.*

SEAN: What's the difference between a blonde and a shopping cart?

TRISHA: What?

SEAN: The shopping cart has a mind of its own.

TRISHA: Hey, hey, how do you know when a blonde has been sitting at your computer?

SEAN: How?

TRISHA: There's white-out all over the screen.

SEAN: How do you make a blonde laugh on a Friday?

TRISHA: Tell her a joke on a Monday!

*The two are falling over themselves. AMBER finally turns and stares at them.*

SEAN: You're not mad, are you Amber?

TRISHA: We're just kidding around.

SEAN: They're just jokes.

AMBER: Mad? Why would I be mad? Why should I be mad over the loquacious verbiage of a pair of addle-brained inept ignoramuses, who couldn't acquire enough gray matter between them to turn on a light bulb and the complete lack of percipience is astonishing but by no means surprising and therefore I have absolutely no reason to feel any animosity whatsoever.

TRISHA: Huh?

AMBER: (*cheerful, not sarcastic*) I have dictionaries if you need them.

*She exits.*

SEAN: Ignoramus is a good thing, right?

*They exit. Lights change. Very young and kid-like (perhaps music box) music plays.*

*A group of very young kids enter to sit on the ground reading, colouring, playing games. They are all laughing and having fun. The teacher, MS. GREEN, is helping one of the kids. Seeing that the teacher is occupied, TOMMY reaches over and pulls one of CANDACE's pig tails.*

CANDACE: Oww!

TERI: (*her arm shoots up in the air*) Ms. Green! Ms. Green! Ms. Green!  
Tommy, ah, he pulled Candace's hair AGAIN, Ms. Green.

*Ms. GREEN stands up.*

MS. GREEN: Tommy, come over here please.

*All the other kids go "Oooooooh" as TOMMY pouts and slouches his way over to MS. GREEN.*

MS. GREEN: That's enough, class. Back to what you were doing. Now Tommy, come over here. Why did you pull Candace's hair?

TOMMY: (*very sullen*) Don't know.

MS. GREEN: You must know. You do it every day. I'm surprised that girl has a pigtail left.

TOMMY: (*strangely fascinated*) You mean I could pull it right out?

MS. GREEN: No, no, no, forget I said that. Tommy. Tell me why you pull her hair.

TOMMY: I don't know.

MS. GREEN: That's not good enough. I want you to think for a few minutes about what you've done. I expect a better answer.

TOMMY: (*pouty, very much a kid*) I don't know why I pull her hair!

*The lights change to a spotlight. Everyone else freezes. TOMMY moves into the spot and turns to the audience. He gets very philosophical and less kid-like.*

TOMMY: I can't say I think about it much. It's rather instinctual. See hair. Pull hair. See hair. Pull hair. Why, oh why, does there have to be more to it than that? I don't suffer from any hair pulling trauma in my family. I never saw my fragile mother sobbing into a handkerchief because of the aftermath of having her curly locks tugged savagely. It's just there. It's hair. Candace sits in front of me. She's always wearing pigtails. Do I have to draw a diagram?! See hair! Pull hair! (*pause*) Although, I must admit, if I'm being completely honest with you, Ms. Green, there are few things in my young short life that give me much more satisfaction than pulling hair. I check if the coast is clear. There's a twitch in my fingers. The moment before as I agonize once again over doing something so terribly wrong, but feels so terribly right. Perhaps I'm not well after all. Perhaps there's something quite wrong with me. I know I should not torment Candace Finley-Pratchit

day after day after day and yet I do. Lock me up if you must and throw away the key. My name is Tommy Marsh. I am a hair puller.

*Lights change. They exit left. STACEY and TODD enter stage right to sit on the cubes as if they were in the front seat of a car. He is confused. She is fuming. Really, really fuming. He has no idea what he did wrong, and after a moment of silence tries to broach the subject.*

TODD: Stacey, I –

STACEY: Don't talk to me.

TODD: But I –

STACEY: Don't do it.

TODD: I just want to –

STACEY: I said don't talk to me. When I'm ready for you to talk to me, I will let you know. Until then, the thing to do is not talk.

*They continue. She – fuming. He – confused. He makes faces to himself as he desperately tries to figure out what he did wrong.*

TODD: Was it the –

STACEY: Not ready yet.

*They continue. Finally STACY closes her eyes and lets out a deep breath. She turns to TODD.*

STACEY: All right. You can go.

TODD: Go where?

STACEY: You can go, you can talk.

TODD: About what? Oh! I can go! OK, Stacey all I wanted to ask you was... I'm not sure... you look really upset.

STACEY: I am.

TODD: And I did something to make you upset.

STACEY: You did.

TODD: And I have no idea what that is.

STACEY: You don't?



TODD: Not a clue.

STACEY: You don't know what you said that hurt me to the heart of my being?

TODD: That bad, huh? I'm really sorry, Stace.

STACEY: But you don't know what you're sorry for.

TODD: Isn't that what I'm supposed to do? Say sorry no matter what?

STACEY: But it doesn't do any good if you have no idea what you did!

TODD: Sorry, I'm sorry! *(They have arrived at STACEY's house. He stops the car.)* We'll talk about it tomorrow, OK?

STACEY: No.

TODD: Huh?

STACEY: No. We can't leave it like this. It was too hurtful and may have done irreparable damage to our relationship.

TODD: What kind of damage?

STACEY: We're going to have to sit here until you figure this out.

TODD: We are?

STACEY: Yes.

*There is a pause as they sit. She – serene. He – clueless.*

TODD: Stace, I've got swim practice in the morning.

STACEY: *(annoyed)* All right, all right! Just this one time, I'll tell you. *(She turns to face him. Very serious.)* Todd. At the party tonight. You were talking with the girls.

TODD: Which girls?

STACEY: The girls.

TODD: There were a lot of girls.

STACEY: Shauna and Sherry. My girls. Who else would the girls be? Were you talking to other girls?

TODD: No! Did you see me talking to other girls?

STACEY: No... *(getting back on track)* Tonight, you were talking to the girls and you were talking about me. Remember that?

TODD: Uh huh.

STACEY: You were talking about me and you told the girls... you told them... *(she's traumatized)* You told them I had Pageant Girl hair.

TODD: Yeah I did! It's so fluffy and pretty and it looks just like *(seeing her face)* and obviously this is not a good thing and I should not have done it and I'm very very sorry.

STACEY: No, you're not.

TODD: I sure am.

STACEY: You just there, just that second thought that Pageant Girl hair was good.

TODD: Nope I don't. Not at all, no way. *(pause)* So why isn't it good?

STACEY: It's Pageant hair. Beauty Queen hair. It's girls in ugly evening gowns, and parading around in not much more than high heels and a smile, and old fat balding judges drooling over them and it's all about looks and girls being mean to each other and backstabbing and saying "oh, you look so pretty" when they don't mean it and falsies, and Vaseline on the teeth and "I'm going to feed the homeless" platforms and it's all gross and icky and I can't believe you think I look like that!

TODD: Stacey. You curled your hair. You don't usually do that. I thought it looked nice. You looked... special. And I was trying to say so and it was the first thing that came to my mind. I am now, officially, sorry.

STACEY: I'm never curling my hair again.

TODD: OK.

STACEY: OK? Is it really OK or are you just shutting me up?

TODD: I like you with straight hair, curly hair, short hair or long hair. You can get a buzz cut if you want, I don't care. I like you.

STACEY: *(very pleased)* Really?

TODD: Really.

STACEY: That's nice, Todd.

TODD: Are we square now?

STACEY: Yes.

TODD: Good.



[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

# Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).