

# Layered Bob

by  
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

HAZEL, 20's is a hipster hairdresser.

RITA, 40's, mom.

TIME

The present.

We are in a Beauty Parlor

Hazel, the hairstylist, tenderly picks up a bit of hair off the floor and reverently places a lock of it in a bowl on the counter in front of her chair.

RITA, the client, walks in holding purse, keys awkwardly.

HAZEL

Rita, right?

RITA

Yes. Where should I--?

HAZEL

Oh just put it right here is fine. Can I get you something to drink?

RITA

No, thanks.

(settling in)

Wait, you don't have a mirror.

HAZEL

It's being fixed, yeah. So you had a layered bob thing, how's that working for you?

RITA

Why are you looking there - there's no mirror.

HAZEL

Oh my, I don't know it's just a habit! You get used to it. You didn't like that bob?

RITA

No, I don't like any kind of bob, layered or not. Too 'young matron.' Not that I'm young - just, no matron, please.

ME

No matron, for sure. I don't do matron. How'd you hear about me?

RITA  
Um, Delia? Delia MacDougall?

HAZEL  
Oh, yeah, Delia. Do you like her hair?

RITA  
I didn't even notice at first. She looked good and then she told me she'd gotten her hair cut. It just looks so... *free*. I don't know if I could pull off that look.

HAZEL  
Of course you could.

RITA  
She told me you weren't cheap!

HAZEL  
(agreeing, teasing)  
Hell no!

RITA  
(laughing)  
Right, what is it - my firstborn?

They laugh.

HAZEL  
You're worth it.

Hazel pours some invisible goop from a bottle and begins applying it to Rita's hair. There's nothing on her hands.

HAZEL  
How do you know Delia?

RITA  
Her daughter and my kid go to the same pre-school.

HAZEL  
You have kids?

RITA  
Just the one. She's three. You?

HAZEL  
No. Not quite.

RITA  
You're too young.

HAZEL

I'm not that young! 'Bet I'm older than you!

RITA

No way. I'm at least ten years older than you.

HAZEL

(amused)

Bet not! So what's her name?

RITA

Who?

HAZEL

Your daughter.

RITA

Oh. Laura.

HAZEL

Tell me about her.

RITA

Oh you know, cute, grat, loves crafts. Somehow she's picked up the Macarena, so that's driving us nuts.

HAZEL

(looks up)

Why?

RITA

It gets a little old. She makes her animals do it...

HAZEL

You should have brought her!

RITA

Are you kidding? This is my vacation for the week.

Hazel starts to section up hair and brings out scissors.

RITA (CONT'D)

Wait, we haven't talked about what we're going to do.

HAZEL

Did you have something in mind?

RITA

Well, not exactly.

HAZEL

I know just what you need.

RITA

What I need is to have my head to myself - completely - for more than two seconds a year.

HAZEL

I can do that.

RITA

I need to get off the grid a little.

HAZEL

I know just what you need.

RITA

Oh.

HAZEL

Like Delia, but you. Right?

RITA

Yes. Sort of.

HAZEL

Okay.

RITA

I guess.

HAZEL

So just relax.

Over the next part, sound and lights change to indicate spell being cast. Droning sound starts quiet and gets louder. Hazel cuts the hair in an imaginary way, but real hair falls to the floor. Real hair, pacifiers, calendar pages, photos, keys, cell phones, wipes, snakes, etc.

RITA

Do you hear noises?

HAZEL

No.

RITA

(registering falling items,  
drone)

It's Tuesday, right?

HAZEL

Sure is.

RITA

Shit. This can't take long. I can't be late to pick up the kid. Got to get her fed and bathed, then it's my day to go see the aunt at the hospital. Father-in-law passed away last year. She's next, I guess.

HAZEL

I'm sorry.

RITA

Oh it's alright. I mean, it's a drag when people die. It's just that tonight I wouldn't mind doing nothing for a change. But it's never nothing, it's always some *noise* - Red cross calling for blood. The husband wants some. Kid has a *rash*, another kid I know gets blown up in Iraq, the dog makes a break for it, people keep starving, why? The car quits, contractor quits, another supreme court justice quits...but I don't quit; I *can't* quit - I have to stay in my goddam triage mode all the time, putting toe tags all over my life, letting most of it all go, slide, incompetent. I betray my family, I insult my friends...I'm not complaining, it's just the facts. Here's the thing: I'm still better than everybody else-- when I gossip, it's an interesting observation. When I'm judgmental, it's because I'm right. What's your name?

\*  
\*

HAZEL

Hazel.

Hazel does some other weird thing to Rita.

RITA (Cont'd)

It's a lot of work, Hazel. Every day. Every day with my daughter, I'm spoiling her. I let her do anything to buy myself a little time. I mean, I *know* I'd kill for her, but I'm pretty sure I'd kill anyway, just to get a little space! Is it SO much to ask, for a little *space*? Is it?! Or do I have to kill somebody?

Sound cue out. Rita looks at herself in the mirror--she is the same. There is a pile of stuff at her feet.

RITA

Wow.

HAZEL

You like it?

RITA

I do. It's me.

HAZEL

It *is* you.

RITA

It wasn't what I was expecting.

HAZEL

(referring to hair)

I wanted to take some of that weight out, release it a little.

RITA

It's good. It's great. My husband's gonna hate it.

HAZEL

Oh he won't even notice!

RITA

Really?

HAZEL

Nah. No one's going to notice.

RITA

What do I do to keep this at home? I didn't really see how you---

HAZEL

(grabbing some samples)

If you want, you can smear some of this between your legs, and sprinkle some of this on your breasts when you pass a church. Just make sure you're facing the church.

RITA

Okay. Any particular church?

HAZEL

Any old church. This'll just make it more shiny. Other than that, it should keep its hold for a while. I'll just see you in six weeks.

RITA

What do I owe you?

HAZEL

Don't worry about it. You gotta bring by little Laura!

RITA

Really?

HAZEL

We'll do some...crafts together.

Hazel walks Rita to the door.

RITA

Well, okay. Here's something until then, anyway.

Rita puts cash in a bowl on the counter.

HAZEL

Now you enjoy it!

RITA

I love it. Thanks.

HAZEL

Thank you.

Hazel takes the money very gingerly and throws it away as soon as RITA leaves. She picks up a last piece of hair from the floor very delicately, and places it in the bowl as the sounds of a freaky Macarena comes up over children's voices.

Lights out