

PERUSAL SCRIPT

HAIR FRENZY

A Heartbreaking Comedy

by

Travis G. Baker



Newport, Maine

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HAIR FRENZY

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CHARACTERS: 5f, 3m

TINA HARVEY (35ish) - Owner of Hair Frenzy.

ELLA HARVEY (12) - Tina's daughter. An aspiring singer/songwriter.

KAISEE DEGRASSI (24) - Rents the other chair in the salon.

BOBTOM LATHON (32) - Ella's father. vet, rocker, crabber, flagger.

TORYN BENNOCH (35ish) - Movie star.

GUSTAV LUNDQYST (30ish) - Toryn's boyfriend. Star of that hit cable series.

STUART RAY (35ish) -Town Assessor and Permit Inspector

MRS. BONNER (80ish) - A regular client of Tina's.

Settings:

ACT ONE

SCENE — HAIR FRENZY HAIR SALON - EARLY NOVEMBER

ACT TWO

SCENE 1 — THE NEXT MORNING — HAIR SALON

SCENE 2 — THE MUD FLATS (Inset)

SCENE 3 — THE SALON

HAIR FRENZY by Travis G. Baker 5f, 3m, 1 interior, 1 exterior(inset) settings, Contemporary costumes, About 2 hours. Life in Maine, for all that makes it great, isn't always easy. It's a story about bad hair and good friends; a comedic meditation on living your dreams, whether that means staying in Maine to make it work or trying to set out and find your dream beyond the horizon. Sometimes we don't perceive our own value to a community, a family, ourselves. Conversely, sometimes, as a community, we don't value, as much as we should, those people and places that truly make a town viable. **ORDER #3378**

TRAVIS G. BAKER - *Hockey Mom* premiered at the Penobscot Theatre Company in March, 2022 after earning the Literary Award for Drama by the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance in 2021. . Other PTC productions include *SQUATCH* (2019), *Hair Frenzy* (2016) and *One Blue Tarp* (2014) - named the Best of Maine in the 2013 Clauder Competition for New England Playwrights. *Boy Missing* (2018) and *The Store* (2019) were included in the Maine Playwrights Festival. New York plays include: *Sex & Violence* (2010) and *God & Mr. Smith* (2001 and 2003) with Kaleidoscope Theatre Co. He received a Berilla Kerr Award for *Cold* (NYFringe-1997) and *The Weatherbox* (Rattlestick-1998) and was an Edward F. Albee Foundation fellow. He studied theatre at the University of Houston and went on to work at the Signature Theatre Co. (1995-98) in New York. He has an MA in English (University of Maine-Orono) and an MFA (Fairfield University). He is an Illustrator for Foundations EIC and BHP for Watch Me Shine, a pre-school for children with special needs. He resides in Orono, Maine with his wife, Holly Twining, and their boys, August and Zane.

“HAIR FRENZY” premiered at Penobscot Theatre Company in 2016, followed by a 2021 production in Damariscotta at the Lincoln County Community Theatre.

HAIR FRENZY

ACT I

SCENE: HAIR FRENZY HAIR SALON - EARLY NOVEMBER — *The Salon is decorated in a semi-stylish, almost boutique sort of way with a few nods to the fall season. There are two styling chairs before two mirrors and assorted products and instruments of the trade. There is a couch and a chair or two as well as a puffy ottoman. At the front desk sits a lap-top and assorted piles of bills and other paperwork. The salon entrance is US next to a large window with HAIR FRENZY stenciled across it. The window looks out on Main Street which features a pizza place, a hardware store and an empty store-front with a “For Rent” sign. SL there is a door to the bathroom that also leads to Stuart’s office. SR is the swinging doorway to the shampoo station.*

(As the house fills, KAISEE enters from the back and putters about the salon. She cleans a bit, rearranges a few things, stares out the window, picks at her nails, and checks her phone for updates. LIGHTS UP as TINA enters. She throws her bag down and releases a howl of rage.)

KAISEE: You okay, Tina?

TINA: This stupid town!

KAISEE: What happened?

TINA: Ugh. I go down to the town office to file our first quarter business permits and Mr. Nevins is there.

KAISEE: Oh, Mr. Nevins.

TINA: He says he’s there to register his vehicle but he can’t remember what vehicle it is and so I say to Liz, “Can I just drop this off?” But she’s all, “Wait your turn dear.” Which normally, I’d be happy to do but Mr. Nevins is going through his pockets and pulling out all of these receipts and club cards and he’s going through his wallet and I have a million other things I need to do before getting back here for Mrs. Bonner and I’m just, “Can I please just leave these with you, Liz?” I’m trying to be polite.

KAISEE: Oh course.

TINA: What do you think she says?

KAISEE: “Wait your turn, dear.”

TINA: No.

KAISEE: No?

TINA: No. She says we have to fill out a sign permit form.

(TINA pulls out a rather extensive form.)

KAISEE: A what?

TINA: A sign permit form.

KAISEE: What the heck is that?

TINA: It's a permit for our sign.

KAISEE: When did we start needing that?

TINA: Since I opened the place, apparently. Seven years. And there's a fee!

KAISEE: What the hell?

TINA: That's what I said and then Mr. Nevins started yelling about the government coming to take away his lawnmower which, it turns out, is what he was in there trying to register which you don't need to register but he wouldn't calm down until we got his granddaughter over from the library and by that time Liz tells me she's on her break.

KAISEE: That's just rude.

TINA: Which is what I said to her.

KAISEE: Good for you.

TINA: I might have said a few other things.

KAISEE: You didn't.

TINA: I did.

KAISEE: Liz is really not someone you want to get mad at you.

TINA: I know but now all of the million other things I need to get done are just going to have to wait because I have to fill out a sign permit form which is about the stupidest thing I ever heard of in my life.

(KAISEE pulls out her phone.)

KAISEE: Penguins or puppies?

TINA: Penguins.

(TINA and KAISEE watch penguins on KAISEE's phone.)

KAISEE: I love penguins. The way they waddle and then they slide and then they waddles some more. Did you know you can eat penguins. You can make flaming penguin kabobs?

TINA: Kaisee, your station's a mess again.

KAISEE: It's just how I like it. Sometimes if I can't find something I find something else and its like a little present from the universe. Like the angels of heaven looked down and said, "Here, Kaisee, have some stabilizer."

TINA: Because that would be their top priority.

KAISEE: You never know. I mean, there must be hair stylists in Heaven, right? I mean look at all those photos of Jesus. Someone's done something with that hair, you know what I'm saying. Oh, candy!

(KAISEE eats the candy.)

TINA: Just clean it up, please.

KAISEE: I don't know for who. Do you have any more appointments today besides, Mrs. Bonner?

TINA: No. Maybe we'll get a walk-in.

KAISEE: Yeah, right.

TINA: It will pick up with Homecoming in a couple weeks. Meantime lets try to make the place presentable. We can start by sweeping up our stations.

(TINA hands Kaisee the broom.)

KAISEE: At those fancy places in Boston and New York they have people who do the sweeping for you.

(KAISEE sets the broom aside.)

TINA: We're a long way from Boston or New York.

KAISEE: Ain't that the truth. Mrs. Wilkens called me a "Damn whore" this morning!

TINA: What?

KAISEE: I was telling her about what happened to Leaf Greenfield and she gets this wild look in her eye and yells out, top of her lungs, "Get your hands off me you damn whore!"

TINA: What did you do?

KAISEE: I was just like...huh? You know. And then she slumps back down like nothing happened.

TINA: My great grammy was like that. Said the craziest things and was always trying to get me to buy her boxes of white Zinfandel and hide them in her room.

KAISEE: Did you?

TINA: Sure. Until she ended up in Mr. Doyles's room with her knickers around her knees yelling something about a Ferris Wheel. That was a bit of a scandal.

KAISEE: Speaking of scandals, here's Mrs. Bonner.

TINA: Hush.

(MRS. BONNER enters dressed warmly.)

MRS. BONNER: Good afternoon!

TINA: Hello, Mrs. Bonner. I'll be right with you.

MRS. BONNER: Take your time, dear. No rush.

(MRS. BONNER goes to the couch.)

KAISEE: I could take Mrs. Bonner, Tina.

TINA: I'll only be a minute.

(TINA pulls several other folders from her bag and arranges them on the desk. She taps some data into her computer.)

MRS. BONNER: I'll just wait.

KAISEE: I could do so many things with your hair, Mrs. Bonner.

MRS. BONNER: And that's why I'm waiting for Tina, dear. She does my hair the way I like it. You would do so many things with it I wouldn't know which way I was going.

KAISEE: I did Mrs. Wilkens hair this morning.

MRS. BONNER: Yes, dear, and it's just now starting to come around.

KAISEE: What do you mean?

MRS. BONNER: These things take time.

KAISEE: She didn't like her hair? She said she did. After she said that other thing. She tipped me \$10.

MRS. BONNER: Wasn't that nice of her.

KAISEE: I got \$50 once from Mrs. Tyler. It was right after her husband got caught taking zoomba lessons.

MRS. BONNER: Let's not go down that road, Kaisee.

KAISEE: Speaking of roads, did you hear about Leaf Greenfield? Irma Greenfields's grandson?

MRS. BONNER: I haven't spoken to that woman in years.

TINA: What happened there, Mrs. Bonner?

MRS. BONNER: Let's just say that when laying out donated goods at the annual St. Catherine's Church thrift sale porcelain items should not be on the same table as glass items and leave it at that.

KAISEE: Well, thrift sale disputes aside, did you hear what happened to her grandson?

MRS. BONNER: Only that he died in some sort of automobile accident.

TINA: He got run over by a truck.

MRS. BONNER: Oh, my!

KAISEE: He was in the middle of the road at the time.

MRS. BONNER: Why would he do that?

TINA: It's terrible. I heard he was drunk as a skunk.

KAISEE: But that's not the best part.

MRS. BONNER: Is there a best part to a young man getting run over by a truck?

KAISEE: Oh, I didn't mean it like that. It's really a for real tragedy. My friend Hilary was working there at Rosie's the night it happened. She said Leaf was waiting for this girl from Calais to come meet him and they were supposed to run away together.

TINA: I heard the girl was married.

KAISEE: That don't stop nothing, does it Mrs. Bonner?

MRS. BONNER: I wouldn't know.

TINA: I heard she was Canadian.

KAISEE: That would explain her driving on the wrong side of the road.

TINA: Canadians drive on the same side as we do.

KAISEE: No they do not. They drive on Kilometers. So Hilary says it was getting later and later and Leaf is trying to call her but she's not picking up he says he he's going to walk all the way to Calais to show this girl how much he loves her but he only got about a hundred feet before the truck came over the hill and squished him. And you know who was driving the truck? The girl from Calais! Just like Romeo and Juliet.

MRS. BONNER: Not quite.

KAISEE: Well, it just goes to show you can't ever get out of Maine alive.

TINA: Thousands of people get out of Maine every year.

KAISEE: Do they, Tina? Do they really?

MRS. BONNER: It takes something very special, a great effort to leave home. It's a hard thing to do.

KAISEE: I tell you, I'd get out of this place in two shakes if the opportunity ever arose. And I've got a plan too. I'm going to order up that Beach Body video...

(taps her phone)

...and hit that hard over the winter and when summer comes I'll get a really sexy bathing-suit and just hang out by the ice cream stand. All the celebrities hit the ice cream stand eventually. Yes, mam. That's my plan.

(taps her phone again)

Holy hot biscuits!

TINA: What?

KAISEE: Toyrn Bennoch walked off the set!

(KAISEE shows Tina the phone.)

MRS. BONNER: Our Toryn?

KAISEE: The Toryn!

TINA: *(reading)* Toryn Bennoch was a no-show on the set of "The Killer in the Cove". Sources say neither the producers or Canadian authorities know where she is. *(stops reading)*. Oh, no.

KAISEE: That's the movie based on Hester Pritchard's book. The one set right here in Clara. Why are they filming in Canada?

TINA: Probably wanted authentic Maine locations.

KAISEE: Oh, right.

MRS. BONNER: Do you think she'll come home? Do you think she'll come here?

TINA: She hasn't been back here since that sea cucumber parade.

KAISEE: She waved at me.

TINA: She's never even met Ella. I hope she's okay.

MRS. BONNER: I remember you two were best friends in my fourth grade classroom.

KAISEE: You never told me that!

TINA: Well, I think the last time we actually spoke, she called me from the limo on the way to the Oscars when she got nominated for Best Actress for *Harper's Gate*.

KAISEE: That was such a good movie. I mean, I slept through most of it but I heard it was really good. I watched that barn scene though. The Young Soldier...I read they really did it.

TINA: They never really do it.

KAISEE: Just saying. She should totally have won for that movie. Must have sucked losing to a nine-year old and then not to get nominated ever again.

MRS. BONNER: The two of you never talk?

TINA: She sends Christmas cards.

KAISEE: I bet she has people that do that for her. Movie stars have lots of people.

TINA: Wish I had some people.

KAISEE: You've got me!

TINA: Yeah!

MRS. BONNER: I hope Toryn is okay.

TINA: I'm sure she's fine. Probably went to Hawaii or Switzerland or wherever celebrities go. Almost done, Mrs. Bonner.

(MRS. BONNER goes to the bathroom door.)

MRS. BONNER: Well, I'll just toddle off to the ladies room for a moment. I do hope Toryn is okay. We do worry about you girls.

(MRS. BONNER enters the bathroom. There is a shriek and both she and STUART RAY come tumbling out. He wears a sweater with a shirt and tie underneath, corduroy pants and bright orange Crocs. He carries a tablet.)

TINA: Mrs. Bonner!

(TINA and KAISEE rush to help Mrs. Bonner.)

STUART: I'm so sorry, Mrs. Bonner!

MRS. BONNER: Stuart Ray! How many times have I told you...

STUART: I'm sorry.

TINA: Are you okay, Mrs. Bonner?

MRS. BONNER: ...not to come charging through the bathroom!

TINA: Come have a seat, Mrs. Bonner.

KAISEE: Are you okay?

MRS. BONNER: I'm fine. I'm fine. Everyone can stop fussing. A woman should be allowed to use the facilities without fear of...

STUART: I did knock.

MRS. BONNER: What good does knocking do if you just come bursting through without regard for privacy or decency? What is it with you and bathrooms, Stuart? In elementary you'd spend an uncommon amount of time in the bathroom.

STUART: Mrs. Bonner, I can assure you that I had no intention of intruding on your privacy. I came over to talk to Tina about her sign permit.

KAISEE: We don't have time for permits right now, Stuart. Toryn Bennoch has gone missing.

STUART: Okay. Like that has anything to do with us. The permits...

TINA: I was just at the town office about that.

STUART: I know. Liz called. You really don't want Liz mad at you. Bad things happen when Liz is mad at you.

TINA: That sign has been there for seven years and I've never heard about a stupid permit.

STUART: Oh, it's very exciting. I've been going over some of the older ordinances and uncovered all sorts of regulations we've been letting slide. Did you know that snow paths must be at least 20.5 Inches wide?

TINA: No, Stuart, I did not know that.

STUART: I think it's because the hardware store sells a 20.5 inch wide shovel but nonetheless, it's the law.

TINA: Fascinating.

STUART: I know!

(laughs to himself)

Anywho, you should have taken care of your obligation to the town when you were down there.

TINA: I had to get back here for Mrs. Bonner's appointment.

MRS. BONNER: I do appreciate that.

STUART: Kaisee could have handled that.

MRS. BONNER: No, she could not.

KAISEE: Yes, she could too.

MRS. BONNER: No.

KAISEE: Yes.

MRS. BONNER: Not while I still have my faculties and even when those go I'm going to have a living will drawn up that will state unequivocally that Kaisee DeGrasee is not to touch my hair.

KAISEE: Wow, you really do not want me to do your hair.

MRS. BONNER: Thank you for understanding.

STUART: Tina, as owner of this establishment you are responsible for seeing that all of your necessary paperwork is in compliance with local, state and national regulations.

TINA: But I didn't even know about it.

STUART: Ignorance of the law is no defense against it. So, now, you're liable for seven years worth of dereliction of compliance which adds up to...(consults his tablet)...accounting for fee and fine increases... \$185 for the permits and/or \$2125 for the fines.

TINA: If you think for one second I'm going to pay two thousand dollars for a permit that no one ever told me about you can go straight back into that bathroom there and flush yourself!

STUART: I'm sure we can demonstrate some leniency with regard to the fines.

(TINA stares hard at Stuart)

Or wipe them out completely. You'll have to pay the permit fees. I'm just looking out for you Tina. Hair Frenzy is a vital part of the downtown commerce corridor and it would be a shame if some government regulator came in and shut it down.

KAISEE: Aren't you the government regulator?

STUART: I'm just the local guy looking out for his friends and neighbors. It's the state guys you have to worry about. The state guys are dicks.

MRS. BONNER: Language, Stuart!

STUART: Beg pardon, Mrs. Bonner.

MRS. BONNER: You used to be such a considerate young man, Stuart. And then you went away and I don't even know who you are anymore.

STUART: I'm a fellow Claridian. A friend and neighbor, Tina...we are friends aren't we?

TINA: We're neighbors.

STUART: As a neighbor then who has always been your friend, I can't have the perception of favoritism or nobody else will go along.

TINA: You used to say the same thing in High School.

STUART: You were smoking behind the gym!

TINA: You didn't have to bust me for it, Stuart!

STUART: I just want you to be the best person you can be. You're a mother and business owner. I just want to help. I...all of us, we need you to be a leader in compliance. I'll swing back by in a bit to work out the permits.

TINA: Stuart!

STUART: What?

(STUART starts to exit.)

TINA: Use the front door.

STUART: The stipulations of our leases state that we share the washroom facility.

TINA: That doesn't mean you can come and go as you please.

STUART: Silly. Yes, it does.

(STUART touches the door handle three times and then exits through the bathroom.)

MRS. BONNER: You do realize that boy's in love with you.

TINA: He's always had a very funny way of showing it.

(MRS. BONNER sits in TINA's chair. TINA begins to work on her hair.)

KAISEE: Wendal Marks once got my name tattooed right on his...well...he said it was because he loved me but you know what?

TINA: What?

KAISEE: He didn't have enough room. So he just put the letters K. C. Which I think is kind of insulting because I don't even have a C in my name.

(KAISEE exits to the back room.)

TINA: Did you want just the usual today, Mrs. Bonner, or is there a special occasion to be on the lookout for?

MRS. BONNER: Just the usual, dear. Nothing on the horizon except the annual migration.

TINA: Folk heading south on you?

MRS. BONNER: Yes. They're packing up their walkers and their ceramic hips and heading for Florida or Arizona or Texas or wherever it is they go. Makes life a bit more peaceful if a little less lively at the Commons.

TINA: Well, I'm glad you're sticking it out for us.

MRS. BONNER: There's no place like Maine, I've always said.

(KAISEE enters.)

KAISEE: Except when a boy drives up in a red sedan.

TINA: Kaisee, hush.

MRS. BONNER: Just what are you referring to, young lady?

KAISEE: Nothing. Oh, nothing.

TINA: How about we go shampoo now, Mrs. Bonner?

MRS. BONNER: Oh, my favorite part.

(MRS. BONNER and TINA exit to the back.)

KAISEE: I should go work on a cruise ship. Travel all over the Caribbean. Get an intestinal virus. Have diarrhea for a week. And then the toilet back up. Maybe not.

(KAISEE thinks about cleaning up her station. TORYN BENNOCH enters the salon. She wears baggy sweats, sunglasses and a scarf over her head.)

TORYN: Excuse me.

KAISEE: Right wicha.

TORYN: Is this Tina Harvey's place? I need to see Tina.

KAISEE: I'm Tina.

TORYN: No you're not.

KAISEE: I should be. Everyone always asks for Tina and I'm never her.

TORYN: Is she here?

KAISEE: She's with a client just now. Can I help you?

TORYN: No.

(TORYN's phone rings. She taps a button.)

I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU!

(She puts the phone away.)

Where can I get some decent coffee?

KAISEE: There's the Co-Op just down the street. To the left. It's the place with the green door without a sign.

TORYN: I remember.

(TORYN exits, nearly running over Ella.)

ELLA: I'm sorry, Ma'am.

TORYN: Don't call me, 'Ma'am'.

ELLA: I'm sorry, Ma'am.

TORYN: I said...

ELLA: I'm sorry.

TORYN: Don't...

ELLA: I'm sorry.

TORYN: I'm going to get some coffee.

ELLA: Okay.

(TORYN huffs down the street. Her phone ringing. ELLA enters burdened by a backpack.)

ELLA: Who was that?

KAISEE: Some cranky old lady looking for your mom.

ELLA: What is it with mom and old ladies?

KAISEE: I know, right?

ELLA: You seen my Dad?

KAISEE: Not today.

(ELLA flops on the couch.)

ELLA: He was supposed to take me over to the Mall so I can get a new dress for district choir.

KAISEE: A no-show, huh?

ELLA: As usual. I have a solo this year and for once I'd like a dress that didn't come from Mardens.

KAISEE: I got these at Mardens. The clearance rack.

(KAISEE shows off her shoes.)

ELLA: Lovely. But I mean, seriously, the clearance rack at a discount store? Everyone else gets to go to the mall.

KAISEE: I'm sure I have something you could wear, Ella.

ELLA: Thanks but...

KAISEE: What?

ELLA: We're supposed to look nice. I don't mean you don't look nice I mean...like...nice, like sweet and innocent and all that.

KAISEE: You saying I don't look all sweet and innocent?

ELLA: That's what I'm saying.

KAISEE: Well, if the eight-inch stiletto fits...

(TINA enters from the back.)

TINA: What are you two laughing about?

KAISEE: Shoes.

ELLA: Yeah, shoes.

TINA: Uh-huh. Bobtom didn't show, did he?

ELLA: No.

TINA: Why didn't you call me?

ELLA: You had your appointment with Mrs. Bonner. You always have an appointment.

TINA : You can still call me.

ELLA: It's not a big deal. Mary's mom gave me a ride. Their car has DishTV.

KAISEE:What did you watch?

TINA: Beauty School.

KAISEE: Was it the episode where Lauryn and Devin have that all-out styling gel war?

ELLA: No, it was the one where Marcel puts conditioner in Samara's cereal.

KAISEE: Oh, I love that one!

ELLA: Why can't we get a car with DishTV?

TINA: Because we don't need one. What we need are more clients.

KAISEE: Ain't that the truth.

ELLA: You're no help.

KAISEE: You know most of my clients come in on Thursdays when you're not here so they can be all stylish for the weekend.

TINA: We should run a special. Tramp stamp Thursdays!

KAISEE: We totally should!

TINA: I was kidding.

KAISEE: Do I pay my rent?

TINA: Yes.

KAISEE So that's all you need to worry about.

TINA: That is not all I have to worry about. I have to worry about advertising and insurance and water pipes and electric bills and updating our facebook page and stupid sign permits and if Bobtom is going to remember to be a parent this week.

ELLA: It's okay, Mom.

KAISEE: Sorry.

TINA: Kaisee. I appreciate that you pay your rent, but you could do a lot more.

KAISEE: So make me a partner.

TINA: We've talked about that.

KAISEE: No. We've talked about talking about it. We haven't actually talked about it.

TINA: Well, we can't talk about it now because I have to finish up with Mrs. Bonner and then go over the stupid sign permit crap with Stuart. Another late night.

ELLA: You can't work late tonight, Mom! If dad's flaked out again you have to take me to the Mall.

TINA: Ella. Not today, okay.

ELLA: Why not?

TINA: Just not today.

ELLA: Why not?

TINA: Because I can't, okay!

ELLA: That's just great! I have a solo and I don't have a dress. I might as well just stand up there naked!

KAISEE: You have to wear pasties and thong tha-tha-thong. That's the law.

TINA: Kaisee, will you go check on Mrs. Bonner?

(pause)

Please?

KAISEE: You sure I can handle it?

(KAISEE exits to the back.)

TINA: Ella, I'm sorry we're not rich...

ELLA: I would like it, for once, not to be so poor.

TINA: We're not that poor, sweets. We're not. We're not that poor. We have a business and a house and we can afford groceries. But I'm trying to save a little something for your college.

ELLA: Mom, I keep telling you I don't need college. When I'm eighteen I'm going to move to Nashville to become a country superstar.

TINA: Oh, sweets. That's such a dream.

ELLA: Dreams come true sometime.

TINA: Yeah, well, meantime you should concentrate on your academics. How did your math test go?

ELLA: I got a B+.

TINA: That's good. Think we can get an A next time?

ELLA: I'm sorry I'm not Mary. She got an A+++ . She got all the bonus questions right but I don't see how she did that. Those questions were impossible!

TINA: Oh, who cares about old Mary Canary.

ELLA: Everyone does. She's the most popular girl in school. She's got everything..

TINA: Does she have a solo in District Choir?

ELLA: No.

TINA: Listen to me, Ella. You earned that. No one bought that for you. I knew a girl once...

ELLA: Please not another Toryn Bennoch story.

TINA: What's wrong with Toryn Bennoch stories?

ELLA: They're all the same. You and Toryn Bennoch were best friends in fourth and fifth grade and she wasn't the most popular girl in school and she was just a poor as you were and her parents were just as weird but she worked really hard and followed her dreams and now she's a big movie star and and blah-de-blah-de-blah big whoop.

TINA: Well, it is a big whoop. She made it through hard work and perseverance and...

ELLA: So how come whenever I tell you I'm going to Nashville to become a country singer star you tell me it's a just a big dream?

TINA: It doesn't always work out for everyone.

ELLA: It worked out for dad.

TINA: That was a long time ago. Look at him now. He's a flagger.

ELLA: Yeah, but for that one year his band played all over the world.

TINA: And do you know what I was doing at the time?

ELLA : What?

TINA: Cutting hair. Trying to put food in front of you and diapers on your butt. I've made a lot of mistakes, Ella. My hope is that you don't make the same ones.

ELLA: I'll make new ones!

TINA: Great.

ELLA: Was I a mistake?

TINA: You are a blessing. Sometimes we don't see how wonderful something can be until it arrives. And you are some kind of wonderful, Ella. Do you have homework to do?

ELLA: Stupid essay on the history of our town. But it's not due until Friday.

TINA: What are you going to do?

ELLA: I don't know. Maybe where our town name came from. Clara? Who was Clara?

TINA: I honestly have no idea.

(KAISEE returns.)

KAISEE: She's napping.

TINA: She likes the warm water.

ELLA: Kaisee, who was Clara?

KAISEE: Clara Wanamaker?

ELLA: No, the town.

KAISEE: What town?

ELLA: Our town.

KAISEE: Oh! We did that play in High School drama class! I played a dead person.

ELLA: Not Our Town! Our town...ugh..I'll just look it up.

(ELLA taps at her phone.)

TINA: Be right back.

(TINA exits to the shampoo area.)

KAISEE: She works really hard for you, Els.

ELLA: I know. I just wish sometimes she'd take a day off. Here it is.

KAISEE: What's it say?

ELLA: *(reads from her phone)* The Town of Clara was named after the third daughter of Colonel James Bishop. Clara Bishop was lost at sea at the age of thirteen. Oh, that's horrible!

KAISEE: What was she doing at sea?

ELLA: Maybe she got carried away by pirates? There were lots of pirates back then.

KAISEE: And she married a pirate prince and lived on a pile of gold! You should write that.

ELLA: I'm gonna. Clara and the Pirates! It was a dark and stormy night!

KAISEE: When out of the dark waters lurched a hideously deformed pirate!

(BOBTOM LATHON enters. He wears a hard hat and bright yellow bib over his jeans, flannel hoodie shirt and work boots. He carries a Stop/Slow sign and a small cooler.)

BOBTOM: Ella! Thank God I found you! Are you okay?

ELLA: Yes.

BOBTOM: I thought you'd been kidnapped.

ELLA: No.

KAISEE: There were pirates.

BOBTOM: What?

ELLA: You were an hour late, Dad.

BOBTOM: I was?

ELLA: Yes.

BOBTOM: Was I?

ELLA: Yes, dad.

BOBTOM: Wait, when does school get out?

ELLA: 2:15.

BOBTOM: Then I was five minutes late. You have to give a guy five minutes.

ELLA: But today we got out at 1:15 on account of a faculty meeting which I told you about last night and you said that was fine and you would be there at 1:30 and I told you write it down and you said you would and I told you to write it down right then and you said you did.

BOBTOM: Then I must have.

ELLA: Did you write it down?

BOBTOM: I must have.

ELLA: Then why were you late?

BOBTOM: Something came up.

ELLA: What?

BOBTOM: There was an emergency at the site.

KAISEE: Yeah, right.

BOBTOM: Oh, hey Kaisee.

KAISEE: Hi, Bobtom.

BOBTOM: How you doing?

KAISEE: Fine.

BOBTOM: Super. Now, if you don't mind, this is an A and B conversation so you can K-C you're way out of it. Thank you. Where was I?

ELLA: Digging a hole.

BOBTOM: Right. No, there was an emergency.

KAISEE: You're a flagger, Bobtom.

BOBTOM: And who do you think has to stop the cars along the road so the emergency vehicles can get to the site?

(grabs his sign, STOP side facing out)

Me. So if there's an emergency I have to stay otherwise...

(TINA and MRS. BONNER enter. As they cross towards Tina's chair, MRS. BONNER is stopped by the stop sign. BOBTOM twirls the sign to the SLOW side and Mrs. Bonner proceeds to the chair.)

...chaos!

TINA: What sort of emergency?

ELLA: He's just trying to figure that out.

BOBTOM: It was a thing with the big yellow machine that does the stuff. Anyway, anyway, I'm glad you're safe, Ella. Do you still want to hit the mall?

ELLA: Yes! Finally! But please take off the stupid neon-glow coveralls first.

BOBTOM: Not a problem

(he starts to take off the coveralls)

...wait...I'm trying to remember...

TINA: What?

BOBTOM: If I wore pants today?

(GUSTAV LUNDQYST enters. He is a man of rakish fashion gorgeous hair. His ripped jeans and frayed sweater cost hundreds of dollars a piece. His hair is fabulous and falls just so.)

GUSTAV: Where is Toryn Bennoch!

BOBTOM: What?

GUSTAV: I seek Toryn Bennoch!

KAISEE: Oh my GOD!

(KAISEE goes into hyperventilating convulsions and bangs into several objects)

You look just like that guy from *Devil's Highway!*

GUSTAV: I am! I am that guy.

KAISEE: I watched all four seasons in two days!

GUSTAV: Much wonderful.

KAISEE: But you have such a funny accent?

GUSTAV: I am Swedish.

KAISEE: I thought you were a hard bitten ex-ranger turned criminal from Texas?

GUSTAV: No. That's the guy, the character. In the real life I am very much Swedish most of the time. I am Gustav Lundqyst.

KAISEE: You're Gustav Lundqyst!

GUSTAV: Yes.

KAISEE: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Tina! Mrs. Bonner! He's Gustav Lundqyst. There he is. Do you see him. Is that your real name?

GUSTAV: I think so.

KAISEE: Oh, Gustav, don't slap me if I'm dreaming.

GUSTAV: I won't.

KAISEE: You could spank me though. If you wanted to. Like you did to that girl in Episode 12. Do you remember Episode 12?

GUSTAV: Always the fascinating with Episode 12.

MRS. BONNER: Who's Gustav Lundqyst?

GUSTAV: He is I and I am he. I seek Toryn Bennoch. Have you seen her?

MRS. BONNER: Not since that Sea Cumber Parade she Grand Marshalled.

ELLA: I saw her in The Empress and I saw her in Still Life and she did the voice of Myna in Jumbo Jack which isn't really seeing her but it was her voice.

BOBTOM: I saw her in Smokers in Love. Man...wow...she's on my list.

ELLA: What list?

BOBTOM: My celebrity list.

ELLA: That you want to meet?

BOBTOM: No, that I want to f...

TINA: Bobtom!

BOBTOM: ...ffflag down and direct into the proper lane.

GUSTAV: Hello and how are you doing today! I am sure aware of the situation of Toryn going missing. I have come to the place where she said she would be if ever the world comes to an end.

(KAISEE has sidled up to Gustav.)

But what are you doing?

KAISEE: Drinking in your essence.

GUSTAV: It is a common occurrence. Have you seen my Toryn?

KAISEE: That must have been who that lady was?

TINA: What lady?

KAISEE: The old lady that came in here just after you and Mrs. Bonner went back for the shampoo.

ELLA: The lady I bumped into?

KAISEE: Yes!

ELLA: I bumped into Toryn Bennoch! I'll never wash this shirt again.

TINA: What did she want?

KAISEE: She wanted to see you of course. I told her you'd be awhile and she asked about coffee so I sent her to the Co-op.

BOBTOM: They have good coffee.

MRS. BONNER: All those beans and bags confuse me. Coffee should come from a can like its supposed to.

GUSTAV: All of this news is so wonderful and now to tell me were the cop is?

ELLA: Co-op.

GUSTAV: Cop.

ALL: Co-op.

GUSTAV: COOOH-OP!

ELLA: That's it.

TINA: It's just down to the left with the green door. They don't have a sign. Bet they don't have to have a stupid sign permit.

GUSTAV: In my youth we would swim in the Fjords. There were many paths one might take from the village. The tourists would come and ask which path to take to go swim in the Fjords but we would not tell them. Some would find their way and we would welcome them. For those that could not, we let the Draugen feast on their bones as we swam naked in the deep blue waters.

KAISEE: I know a path to deep waters, Gustav.

(STUART enters from the bathroom door.)

STUART: Oh, my. A full house.

KAISEE: Stuart! Do you realize who this is?

STUART: If I'm not mistaken this is Gustav Lundqyst, co-star of *Devil's Highway* and such independent films as *The Weatherbox* and *Fossegrimmen* as well as the low-budget cult classic action-flics known as the Solar System Series: *Jupiter Crisis*, *Neptune's Deep* and *Uranus is Burning*. It's a pleasure to meet you Mr. Lundqyst.

(STUART and GUSTAV shake hands.)

GUSTAV: Your hand is like the fish that has been left too long by the shore.

STUART: I'm a certified Financial Consultant and Town of Clara Code Enforcement Inspector.

GUSTAV: Ah.

STUART: Are you scouting movie locations? I can help with the permits.

GUSTAV: No. I am on a mission of most urgency and secrecy that I must hurry and not tell you. I seek Toryn Bennoch.

KAISEE: She said she'd be right back. You could wait awhile. I could do your hair.

GUSTAV: Thank you but no. My hair is crafted by only the finest hands in the world.

KAISEE: Oh.

GUSTAV: However...

KAISEE: Yes?

GUSTAV: Never to mind.

KAISEE: Oh.

GUSTAV: Perhaps later....

KAISEE: Oh, yes!

GUSTAV: No, I could never ask.

KAISEE: Ask, oh, ask!

(TORYN makes an entrance. She surveys the situation.)

GUSTAV: Alas, it is too late.

TORYN: Tina?

TINA: Tori?

(TORYN rushes over and gives Tina a big hug.)

TORYN: Oh, my God, Tina! It's you! It's really you! Is it really you?

TINA: It's me.

TORYN: Tina! Look at you! Oh, just look at you and this is your place, your Hair Frenzy and here you are! And there's a man directing traffic! You must be busy.

TINA: Well...

TORYN: And my Fourth Grade teacher and a sweet little girl that needs to look where she's going and look! People still where Crocs here! And Gus is here! Oh, my darling!

GUSTAV: Oh, my Tor Tor!

(TORYN rushes into GUSTAV's manly arms and they kiss passionately.)

TORYN: How did you find me?

GUSTAV: I found you the way a sparrow finds a song, the way an artist finds the light, the way an arrow finds its mark.

TORYN: Oh, Gus. My poet.

GUSTAV: I used the GPS on your phone.

TINA: What are you doing here, Tori?

TORYN: It's Toryn. The full name. Toryn. Tori sounds like a stripper name like Candy or Kasey.

KAISEE: Hey, that's my name! But I spell it K-A-I-S-E-E.

TORYN: And how long were you a stripper?

KAISEE: Just a couple years....oh.

TORYN: But it's perfect. It's just perfect that you're name is Kaisee and you spell it K-A-S-I-E-E and now you're a hairdresser and you work for Tina and Tina has a place called Hair Frenzy, which, I don't know if any of you know this, is something I said to Tina a long time ago and so I'm sure that's why she named her salon Hair Frenzy, I said to her that her hair was always a frenzy and it still is!

TINA: I just never have time...

ELLA: Is that right?

TORYN: Of course it is! And you are...?

ELLA: Ella. Tina's daughter.

BOBTOM: Ahem!

ELLA: His too.

BOBTOM: Tina likes to say I'm the mistake that gave her the greatest gift ever.

TORYN: You must be so proud.

BOBTOM: Oh, yeah.

TINA: Toryn, on the news...

TORYN: Tina, I need your help. There's been a horrible accident.

TINA: With your family?

TORYN: No. With my hair.

TINA: What happened to your hair?

TORYN: It's ruined. It's absolutely ruined and there's nothing anybody can do and my whole career is going down the crapper!

(TORYN collapses into Tina's arms.)

TINA: Oh, honey.

(TORYN's phone rings. She taps it.)

TORYN: GO SOMEWHERE AND DIE!

(She hangs up.)

Can you help me Tina? Like you used to? Like that time Larry Stillman got gum in my hair right before the Christmas pageant? Oh, Tina. You're my only hope.

TINA: Is it gum again or...?

BOBTOM: You know, you're on my list.

TORYN: Are you a serial killer?

BOBTOM: What? No. My celebrity list. Top Five.

TORYN: Take three big boy steps back, please.

BOBTOM: Okay.

(BOBTOM steps back, falls onto couch, makes a sexy pose.)

ELLA: Dad!

TORYN: Where was I?

STUART: You said there was a horrible accident.

TINA: With your hair.

ELLA: And you're career is about to go in the crapper.

GUSTAV: Down the poop-chute.

TORYN: I didn't know what to do and I just started driving and then I was in Maine and I remembered my best friend lives here and she has a hair salon...

(Phone rings.)

That's the producer calling. He keeps calling. He just keeps calling. All of them. They all keep calling.

KAISEE: Why don't you turn off your phone?

TORYN: They might stop calling. Tina, help me!

TINA: Don't you have a personal stylist?

TORYN: I fired him...

KAISEE: What did he do?

TORYN: This...

(TORYN unwraps her scarf. What is underneath is a very horror of hair. ELLA and KAISEE scream.)

MRS. BONNER: That's terrible.

TINA: How could someone do that to another human being?

STUART: The horror. The horror.

GUSTAV: Much is the cruelty of man and hair...hairy men...trolls, trolls everywhere! I cannot look, and yet I

must...be...strong.

KAISEE: You're so powerful.

GUSTAV: Yes.

TINA: What happened?

TORYN: Canada! The salt water! The metric system, I don't know. That's what I pay people to know but obviously they don't know anything.

ELLA: I have a solo in this years Choral Competition and I wanted to sing your song, "Flying to Be Free", from *Jumbo Jack* but they said I had to sing the same dumb old song as everybody else is singing.

TORYN: Thank God! Every kid I meet over the age of two tries to sing that song to me.

ELLA: Guess I won't sing it for you then.

TORYN: Thank you.

BOBTOM: I'll sing it for you.

TORYN: No!

TINA: Bobtom...

BOBTOM: (*sings*) Oh, I look to the stars and I look to the sky and always I try to be flying to be free!

(*pause*)

I used to be in a band. The Roadies. You remember us.

TORYN: The Rodents?

BOBTOM: The Roadies.

TORYN: What are you?

BOBTOM: I'm a Bobtom.

TINA: He moved here after you left to go study at the conservatory in Boston.

TORYN: Did you say, 'Bobtom'?

BOBTOM: My dad wanted to name me Robert after his dad but my mom wanted to name me Thomas after my mom's dad and there was this wicked big fight about it at the baby shower. My Uncle Patrick lost his spleen. They made a deal at the hospital to call me Bobtom.

TORYN: Do you remember a night in LA about eight years ago?

BOBTOM: No.

TORYN: Good.

MRS. BONNER: They're never going to believe this down at the commons.

ELLA: Or school!

STUART: Or the Moose Lodge!

(KAISEE leaps up.)

KAISEE: Why am I not taking a thousand pictures right now!

(TORYN rushes to get her scarf back on.)

TORYN: If you take so much as one picture of me here I will sue you for every penny in your tip-jar. No pictures! No one can know I'm here. Paparazzi is probably already on the way. One picture of this and I'm done. Parasites!

GUSTAV: I shall defend you!

TORYN: Do not start one of your scenes, Gustav!

GUSTAV: It is too late! The die is cast! The stage is set! The director yells, "Action!"

(to Bobtom)

Say, "Action!"

BOBTOM: Action!

GUSTAV: I elude the girl and her scissored claws and find myself before another girl. She will sing for me melodies pure but is it a trick? Is she a siren sent to crash me on the rocks?

ELLA: I don't sound like a siren.

GUSTAV: No, not a siren...weeoh weeoh...a siren. From the Greeks? Nevertomind. Suddenly there is a sign from the Gods!

(BOBTOM holds up his sign.)

But do I stop?

KAISEE: No!

GUSTAV: Hell, no! Side kick of devastation!

(GUSTAV kicks Bobtom.)

BOBTOM: My spleen.

(BOBTOM crumples to the floor.)

STUART: Hey, Mr. Lundqyst you should not be kicking people.

GUSTAV: And then this one scuttles out of the bathroom! He is like the ancient trolls, I think and has taken my Tor-Tor to his dungeon of darkness.

MRS. BONNER: Oh, Stuart.

STUART: I didn't...!

KAISEE: Get him Gustav!

STUART: Wait, no...

GUSTAV: Captain Kirk karate chop!

(GUSTAV executes a 60s-70s style T.V. Karate chop on Stuart.)

STUART: Oww.

(TINA claps.)

MRS. BONNER: Hands are not for hitting!

ELLA: Stop hurting people, Gustav.

GUSTAV: This is stage combat, little one. No one is really hurt.

BOBTOM: I'm hurt.

STUART: Hurt too.

TORYN: Wrap it up, Gus.

GUSTAV: Yes, and I have karate-chopped and side-kicked and then I say something very witty as in, "How's that for a feathered boa, Mr. Troll" and now you must rip my shirt open.

KAISEE: I've waited my whole life for this moment!

(KAISEE rips Gustav's shirt open.)

GUSTAV: Yaarg!

(GUSTAV is not exactly in top physical form.)

KAISEE: Hey! What happened to your ripped pecs and six-pack abs?

GUSTAV: I'm between gigs. And now I am in need of refreshment! Is there a beverage in here?

(GUSTAV opens Bobtom's cooler and pulls out a half-filled liter bottle of Moxie.)

BOBTOM: Help yourself.

(GUSTAV opens it and puts it to his lips.)

GUSTAV: I thank you.

TORYN: Gus, don't!

(It's too late. GUSTAV chugs several gulps before running around looking for a place to spit it out. He finally just swallows it and goes into violent convulsions.)

GUSTAV: What is this?

ELLA: Moxie. It's the Official Beverage of the State of Maine.

MRS. BONNER: My late husband, James, swore by it's medicinal properties. Of course, he said the same thing about Allen's Coffee Brandy.

GUSTAV: Toryn, do you know of this thing?

TORYN: Yeah, it's disgusting.

MRS. BONNER: I agree.

KAISEE: I like the diet version. I'm working on my beach body.

TINA: It makes a good exfoliant.

STUART: I was the two-time Moxie chugging champion in my youth.

ELLA: I love it.

GUSTAV: Perhaps I must try again.

(He takes another swig. He looks like he just drank cat pee.)

Nope.

TORYN: Okay, people, let's focus up here. My hair. We need to focus on my hair.

ELLA: It hurts to focus on your hair.

TORYN: Aaaiigh! Do you see? Do you see what's happening here? You have to help me, Tina!

TINA: I'll try but...

TORYN: If you can fix this mess I'll make you my personal hair stylist.

KAISEE: Biscuits!

ELLA: Oh, my gosh, Mom!

BOBTOM: Damn.

TINA: Your personal stylist?

TORYN: If you can fix this the job is yours. You can get out of this two-bit town and make something of yourself.

STUART: Tina has made something of herself. She's a small business owner.

TORYN: Who are you?

STUART: You don't remember me? We were bus buddies in 3rd Grade.

TINA: Stuart Ray. Carl's little brother. You remember.

TORYN: Oh. Right. The bathroom kid.

TINA: That's him.

(STUART pulls out a business card.)

STUART: I'm...financial consultant, tax advisor, legal aide, insurance provider, Town Assessor, Permit Inspector, Vice President of the Pasamagak Salmon Club, General Secretary High Pompaloo of the Moose Lodge, and notary public.

TORYN: Is says all of that on here.

STUART: If there's ever anything I can do?

(TORYN ignores the card.)

TORYN: Well, Tina?

TINA: What do I have to do?

TORYN: Make me look like a movie star.

TINA: You are a movie star.

TORYN: That's the rumpus.

STUART: Oh, that's from...?

KAISEE: I know it! I know it! Shoot...I don't know it.

STUART: It's from...?

BOBTOM: *The Replacement.*

TORYN: Not many people get that.

BOBTOM: There was some reason I liked that movie...it's all a blur.

ELLA: Go for it, Mom!

TINA: It's going to take some time.

TORYN: I have to be in New York in two days for the Gala at the Met and it's only a matter of time before someone tracks me down. Can we start today, like, now?

TINA: I guess.

STUART: Ahem!

TINA: What?

STUART: Sign permit.

TINA: Oh, right.

TORYN: What?

TINA: I have to file a sign permit application.

STUART: It's a detailed process.

TORYN: Don't you have people for that?

TINA: I am my people. Plus I owe, like, three thousand dollars in fines apparently.

STUART: It's only \$2,310 and I said we could waive the fines or work out a payment schedule or...

TORYN: Gus.

GUSTAV: I am to need a receipt.

STUART: Certainly.

TORYN: And you'll fill out the permit forms for her, Stueie?

STUART: Um...yeah. Sure.

(GUSTAV pulls out a roll of bills and peels a few off. He hands these to Stuart.)

TORYN: So we can start right now.

KAISEE: Wait a minute! What about me? Don't I get a shot? I'm just as good as Tina.

MRS. BONNER: Oh, Kaisee.

KAISEE: I may not be the choice of the Commons but lots of people come to sit in my chair. And most of them come back too and one time I got tipped \$50. I deserve a chance if chances are going around.

TINA: Kaisee, this is really complicated.

KAISEE: You saying I'm too simple?

TINA: No. You're just not ready for this.

KAISEE: I am too.

TINA: You're not. You're really not.

KAISEE: Well, I can at least offer an alternative solution.

TINA: How?

KAISEE: I could do Gustav's hair?

GUSTAV: No, no, no, no, no, no....do I say it again? No. Not going to happen.

ELLA: You can use my hair, Kaisee.

KAISEE: Thank you, Els.

TINA: Hold on. There's no way we'll finish this today and Ella has school tomorrow.

ELLA: I can miss one day, mom. There's no rehearsal or big tests or anything and my paper isn't due until Friday.

TINA: What about your solo?

ELLA: That's next week.

KAISEE: I will totally make her stand out.

BOBTOM: She can miss one day, Tina.

TINBA: So said the man who missed years.

BOBTOM: Yeah, hey, totally different. I was deployed and then I was on tour as a roadie, and then I was on our tour as a Roadie and then I got stuck in Alaska when the bus broke down. Ended up crab fishing on the Bearing Sea facing forty-foot swells and 800 lbs crab pots and I see what you mean.

ELLA: Please mom! I want to help Kaisee and I haven't missed a single day all year. Mary missed a whole week on account of her family going to Hawaii. Will you be going to Hawaii, Ms. Bennoch?

TORYN: No, but I'm scheduled to be in New York on Friday and then wrap the movie and then France, Holland, Dubai, Rio, and Tokyo to do some PR and international commercials. Then we head to the impoverished village in Africa I adopted for UNICEF.

MRS. BONNER: That is so kind of you, Toryn.

TORYN: It's very rewarding and there aren't even any tax advantages.

STUART: That's a busy year.

TORYN: That's next month.

MRS. BONNER: My goodness, but you get around, Toryn. A Passport to the World.

KAISEE: Does your hair stylist get to go to all those places too?

TORYN: She does.

KAISEE: Yeah! I want to go so bad!

TINA: Will you give Kaisee a shot too, Toryn?

TORYN: I don't see why?

MRS. BONNER: Everyone deserves a chance to shine, Toryn.

TORYN: No, they don't. People who bust their ass every day, who study and train and work deserve their chance. Everyone else should stay the hell out of the way.

KAISEE: I can bust my ass real good! I promise! Please, please, please...I'm saying please!

TORYN: Fine. You do the kid's hair and Tina will do mine and we'll see what we see. And Kaisee....

KAISEE: Yes?

TORYN: One tweet or post about this and you're fired before you even begin.

KAISEE: Yes, Ma'am.

TORYN: Don't...call me, 'Ma'am.'

ELLA: She has a think about that.

KAISEE: Got it. Yeah!

GUSTAV: And what shall us manly men do while the ladies frenzy with the hair?

STUART: We could go hunting.

GUSTAV: I love the hunting! What are we hunting? Moose? I've longed to wrestle the moosen in the woods.

STUART: It's duck season,

GUSTAV: I will hunt the ducks! Not so much a wrestling match with the ducks.

STUART: We shoot them.

GUSTAV: Ah. Good. Guns. America!

STUART: We'll need to get you a permit and some gear.

GUSTAV: I am looking forward to this challenge with much bravery and vigor. Let's us go!

STUART: This way.

(STUART leads them towards the bathroom.)

GUSTAV: Why are we to the lavatory going?

STUART: It leads to my office.

GUSTAV: It has been many the years since I went to the "office" with another man but...

STUART: No...it's not...we'll just use the front door.

GUSTAV: What adventure awaits! Good bye to all and here I say something very powerful for you to remember me by...Flamaocha!

TORYN: Can't you just leave a place?

GUSTAV: Every exit is an entrance!

TORYN: Then entrance your way out the door. Go!

GUSTAV: Adjo!

(STUART and GUSTAV exit.)

TINA: Wow, he's so...

TORYN: He is.

(TORYN's phone buzzes. She answers it.)

WHAT? You tell that son-of-a-bitch I will see him strung up by his balls before I go back to that God forsaken hell pit of a piss pot of a...

(TORYN exits to the bathroom.)

ELLA: She really does not like Canada.

MRS. BONNER: Oh, dear.

TINA: What is it, Mrs. Bonner?

MRS. BONNER: I completely forgot I was going to use the facilities when I came in.

TINA: Do you need to go now?

MRS. BONNER: No. Missed my window.

KAISEE: Tina, I just want to say that, it is on!

TINA: Kaisee, this isn't a competition.

KAISEE: This is exactly a competition. Woman E Woman. Two hair dressers enter, one hairdresser leaves. And lets just remember who was the competitive cheerleader here. God, I'm so nervous I could fart. Whoops, sorry. Old cheerleader reference. You couldn't tell because of all the music and all of the clapping but when we would prance out there for regionals or states it was a fart festival. I don't even want to talk about the pyramids.

BOBTOM: Same thing used to happen with my band. Although, that might have been the burritos. But, dude, seriously, I've got to go home and practice. TINA

TINA: Practice what?

BOBTOM: My guitar. If Toryn Bennoch is auditioning hair dressers you know she's in the market for a guitarist.

TINA: How could you possibly make that connection?

BOBTOM: Tina, these Hollywood types, they keep all sorts of weird things in their mansions. White tigers, Ferris wheels...

TINA: Bobtoms.

BOBTOM: That's what I'm saying.

ELLA: What about my dress? I need a dress.

KAISEE: I told you I got ya' covered, kid. Leave it all to me, your personal Hollywood stylist. Let's go pack your bag, Ella, you're staying at the House of Degrassie tonight. We can order pizza from downstairs.

ELLA: Awesome.

BOBTOM: Tomorrow's gonna rock!

TINA: Bobtom! What about your job?

BOBTOM: Job! There's always jobs, Tina. This is the chance of a lifetime!

INTERMISSION

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