



Proudly Presents

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE HAIR

WRITTEN BY BRIDGET GRACE SHEAFF

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Characters:

Samantha, 17-years-old

Emily, 19-years-old

The following scene takes place in the family living room. No one is on stage. SAMANTHA comes in from the street. She has cropped hair, more specifically a pixie cut, and she wears a winter coat.

Samantha: Hello? Anyone home? Emily?

EMILY enters as SAMANTHA is taking off her coat.

Emily: What? *(She sees Sam's hair)* Oh... What...the heck?

Samantha: Hey, what's up?

Emily: What have you done?

Samantha: What? *(Referring to her hair)* Oh, this? Yeah, I figured... you know, why not?

Emily: Why not?

Samantha: Yeah.

Emily: Because you look ridiculous, that's 'why not.'

Samantha: Oh, come on. It doesn't look that bad.

Emily: You look like Peter Pan. *(Or replace with equivalent name of someone with ultra-short hair)*

Samantha: I take that as a very high compliment. Maybe it means, "I'll never grow up!" So thank you.

Emily: Dad is going to kill you.

Samantha: No, he won't.

Emily: He might.

Samantha: You're overreacting.

Emily: Samantha, your hair!

Samantha: I know. I was there, when they cut it off.

Emily: As your older sister, I refuse to let you do this to yourself.

Samantha: Emily, it's already done. It's not something you can change.

Emily: Why? *(Beat)* Why would you do this?

Samantha: It's not YOUR hair. Okay? *(Beat)* Besides, it went to a worthy cause. *(Beat)* I donated my hair to that national organization—*Locks of Love*.

Emily: Isn't that where they take someone's hair and turn it into wigs for kids without hair?

Samantha: Yeah. The wigs are all made out of human hair that's been donated from all over the country. They give the wigs to young girls who can't grow their own anymore.

Emily: Sammie...that's super sweet and all, but... I can't fathom *why* you would *do* this. And in the winter?

Samantha: Yeah, it was kinda cold. It's refreshing! (*Beat*) Besides, I can wear a hat.

Emily: Yeah, that definitely solves the problem.

Samantha: I thought you would like it.

Emily: Well... I think it was kind of reckless. You look like a boy.

Samantha: I do not. A lot of women have short hair.

Emily: Short, yes...but balding?

Samantha: Okay, NOW you're overreacting.

Emily: You shouldn't have done it. You didn't even talk to me about it. What is Mom going to say?

Samantha: Well, hopefully, she'll be more supportive than you are.

Emily: I'm sorry, but I can't support bad decisions.

Samantha: Great. Thank you, almighty older sister. You have shown me the error of my ways. I will return to the hairdressers and demand they reattach the hair to my scalp, because, you know, *that's possible*.

Emily: I'm sorry, Sam, but this is so unlike you!

Samantha: That was the point! I just wanted to do something, you know, out there. (*Beat*) It's better than a tattoo, right?

Emily: You have to have graduation photos taken at some point. This is how people from high school are going to remember you.

Samantha: I hope people remember more than my short hair. If they only remember me for my hair, then I really don't want to come back for any reunions. Right?

Emily: Okay. Yeah. I can't... Okay. Do you like it?

Samantha: (*Beat*) I do. I like it.

Emily: Fine. Then... I like it, too.

Samantha: Thank you.

SAMANTHA goes and hangs up her coat. EMILY watches her as she catches a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror. SAMANTHA stops for a minute, touches her hair, and begins to cry.

Samantha: (*Crying*): Oh my word! What have I done?