

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

A three-minute MONOLOGUE

By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

LINDA, 40s-60s, tells her husband about her trip to the hairdresser.

I went to the hairdresser today.

She waits. No answer.

(She mimics a cheery hairdresser). “And what are we doing for you today, ma’am?”

Just the usual - take 10 years of my life! *(A wry laugh).*

(She buries her head in her book). I can’t look. All that smelly dye...bits of hair plastered down here and sticking out there...like Frankenstein’s bride.

Oh, I know you say I don’t have to...but I’m not ready for that...to give up...not yet.

And as luck would have it, I was sitting right next to the man from the post office! You know...what’s his name? I don’t think he recognised me. Why are all these salons unisex?

It was a relief to finally get to the washbasin.

I’m not a fan of all that finger drumming and scalp scratching. But I do like lying flat in the dark, listening to the whoosh of the water, thinking my own thoughts.

Today there was a new apprentice. A nice young man. He drizzled the spray nozzle over my head. The water was warm.

“Okay?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said.

The shampoo smelled of...what was it? Peaches!

He stroked my hair, coaxing the shampoo out, and replaced it with a tiny clot of cold conditioner...

I was just about to tell him not to bother with the head massage when he rolled down my shirt collar, and began to gently massage my neck.

I nearly said something, like, “Is this extra?” Like those special conditioners they’re always pushing.

He began to drive a soapy path from my neck to my back...Down and up, down and up...

It felt...*(beat)*...*kind*. So, I... gave in to it. *(She sighs and closes her eyes)*

And as I lay there, it occurred to me...not that I’m complaining...but it occurred to me...that it’s been such a long time...since I’ve been...*touched*.

Oh, I know, we have sex. Not as often as you’d like, but often enough.

But we don’t *touch*. It’s more of a release, or at least for you.

We don't make *love*. Not anymore.

So, that's what I was thinking, lying there...at the hairdresser.

Beat.

It only lasted a few minutes.

Afterwards I walked slowly back to the chair where the hairdresser was waiting.

"The usual?" she said, her scissors poised.

"No," I said. "Can we do something different?"

She turns her head, shyly, to show her new hairstyle.

I hope you like it.

SFX gentle snoring.

407 words

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