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TILL THERE WAS YOU... AND YOUR BEAUTIFUL HAIR!

by: Joshua Kinne

A One-act Play

CHARACTERS

AMBER GREENE- 35, glasses, cute and reserved in a librarian way, gorgeous auburn (though slightly more red) hair past her shoulders.

JOHN MADIGAN- 50, bald, very handsome and distinguished, always talks with a slight unnecessary sophistication.

SETTING

JOHN MADIGAN'S HOUSE. A small, almost loft-style house- kitchen/living room combined. Kitchen sits on a raised floor up stage. SL a door leads to a bathroom; another door leads to a bedroom SL. SR a door sits as the entrance to the apartment. CS a couch faces the audience; behind the couch is a rack of CD's and some stereo equipment. The décor is contemporary but not to the point of sterile- people should feel comfortable here.

(Over black, Macrae's *Hair of Gold, Eyes of Blue*. At rise, MADIGAN is pacing in the kitchen making pasta of sorts. He is dressed fashionably, possibly waiting for a date. He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a kitchen egg timer, stirs the pasta, takes asparagus out of the fridge, removes a champagne glass from the freezer, *and* one from a cupboard. Over the business, MADIGAN sings along with the music.)

MADIGAN

(Singing/humming to himself)

I came down from Butte, Montana,
For a little change of scene,
And I stopped the day in Santa Fe,

Where I met a pretty queen.
Hair of gold, eyes of blue,
Lips like cherry wine
The prettiest gal I ever know and I'm gonna make her mine.
Now I planned to leave on Monday,
But she held me kinda tight,
So I held my ground and hung around,

And then I left on Friday night.
Oh, hair of gold, eyes of blue,
Lips like cherry wine,
The prettiest gal I ever knew and I'm gonna make her mine.

(After the business- a DOOR BELL rings.
MADIGAN remotely turns off the stereo-
walks to the door and answers it.)

MADIGAN
Hello Amber. Please- make yourself at home.

(AMBER is dressed in what-would-be a
stunning black cocktail dress- but she covers
up her cleavage with her jacket and sweater.
MADIGAN kisses AMBER on the cheek,
lingering in her hair.)

AMBER
Oh, John.

MADIGAN
Can I take your jacket, or your sweater?

AMBER
My sweater?

MADIGAN
Or your jacket.

AMBER
I guess it is a little on the warm side.

(AMBER takes off her jacket and sweater,
hands them to MADIGAN. She now looks
uncomfortable, but dressed to kill.
MADIGAN X SR to put the articles in the
bedroom; reenters.)

AMBER
Is there anything I can do to help with dinner?

MADIGAN
(Looking around the kitchen)
It looks as if the fort is holding-

(Reaches into the refrigerator, pulls out a
bottle of Dom Perignon 98'.)
-but you *could* help me with this bottle of Dom Perignon.

AMBER
(Pleased, beaming)

I suppose a glass never hurt anyone.

(MADIGAN begins to open the bottle.)

AMBER

I have a confession.

MADIGAN

Don't we all?

AMBER

I've never been to a man's house for dinner before. Well, in all truthfulness, I've never been given an invitation before.

MADIGAN

That's interesting. Before today, I've never extended an invitation.

AMBER

Are you serious?

MADIGAN
(Smirking)

Do I look misleading?

AMBER

I'm just saying- you're how old? And you haven't ever brought a woman-

MADIGAN
(“POPS” the cork of the
champagne bottle.)

Just like at Hatchback's- popping the age question.

AMBER

I'm not popping anything- I'm just a little curious. Hatchback's, a not-so-great neighborhood bar sits forty minutes away from here. Yet, I saw you there every night for two weeks.

(A beat.)

MADIGAN

You caught me in an act of lust. You were worth the forty minutes Ms. Greene.

AMBER

You're the first man to ever drive forty minutes for me. It's charming.

MADIGAN

It seems to me we both have the same problem.

AMBER

We have a problem?

MADIGAN

You seem to think it impossible a man of my—

(A beat.)

vintage would be attracted to you. While for me it's the opposite.

(Steps closer and runs his fingers through

AMBER'S AUBURN HAIR. Amber looks

uncomfortable.)

Why a woman of your intelligence and beauty would be attracted to a man like me- *I* will never understand.

(MADIGAN and AMBER kiss, he pours

champagne into the two glasses set out

earlier- MADIGAN hands the refrigerated

glass to AMBER.)

AMBER

Oh! The glass is cold- I wasn't expecting that.

MADIGAN

Unbelievably, it does make it taste better.

AMBER

(flirty, maybe biting her lip)

Am I just *supposed* to take your word for it?

MADIGAN

There's only one way to find out. What should we drink to?

AMBER

A mutual misunderstanding.

(MADIGAN nods approvingly, they

toast glasses and each take a sip.)

You've made a believer out of me.

AMBER

(AMBER leans in for another kiss-)

MADIGAN

Curses- I forgot to put the asparagus on-

(Points to Kitchen Egg Timer)

Would you be a darling and set that egg timer for 8 minutes?

(AMBER sets the timer, takes another sip of champagne. MADIGAN is busy looking for a pot to steam the asparagus.)

AMBER

All this stereo equipment and no music?

MADIGAN

CD's are in the rack next to the receiver.

AMBER

(Walks to the stereo.)

What are we having for dinner anyway?

MADIGAN

Seared salmon in soy and lemon zest with penne and asparagus.

AMBER

He cooks too.

MADIGAN

Yes, he cooks. Among other things.

(AMBER smiles, she is going through a stack of burned CD's.)

AMBER

Do all of these CD's actually have only one song on them?

MADIGAN

Almost all of them.

AMBER

Why?

MADIGAN

I find it more calming to listen to one song repeatedly rather than an entire album.

AMBER

You just put in one CD, hit play, and then repeat?

MADIGAN

That's precisely what I do.

AMBER

Compulsive?

MADIGAN

Interesting.

(He walks to the stereo, picks up a CD, and hands it to AMBER.)

Let's listen to this one.

AMBER

Sinatra?

MADIGAN

What's wrong with Sinatra?

AMBER

It's just creepy. A man who sung about love and could get any woman he wanted.

MADIGAN

There's a difference between getting and having.

AMBER

Possession is an overlooked turn on. I bet you like to *have*.

MADIGAN

Intimidated?

AMBER

Reserved.

MADIGAN

What about this one?

(Madigan holds up another CD and hits play and repeat on the stereo. The Beatles' live version of *Till There Was You* begins to

play.)

Ms. Greene- may I have this dance?
MADIGAN

I've only been waiting for a man to ask.
AMBER

(MADIGAN takes AMBER'S hand as they
begin to dance CS in front of the couch.
They dance without talking at first,
MADIGAN noticeably smells AMBER'S hair.)

Did you just smell my hair?
AMBER

Yes. I did. Does it bother you?
MADIGAN

Oh. It's, ... well... no one's ever done that before.
AMBER
(Nervous)

Your hair- it's beyond beautiful.
MADIGAN

(MADIGAN runs his fingers through her
hair.)

It's not my natural color.
AMBER
(Blushing, uncomfortable)

I find that hard to believe. It's so perfect, so- smooth.
MADIGAN

I used to have horrible hair- frizzy, uncontrollable.
AMBER
(Uncomfortably)

It's beautiful now.
MADIGAN

John?
AMBER

MADIGAN
(Mesmerized by her hair)

Yes, my dear?

AMBER

I have to tell you something.

(AMBER takes MADIGAN'S hand from
stroking her hair- and places it above her
breasts.)

AMBER

I'm getting over cancer. It's leaving a few marks.

(Slides his hand to her breast.)

I'm not exactly whole anymore.

MADIGAN

That doesn't matter to me at all.

AMBER

It doesn't?

MADIGAN

You don't need breasts to be a woman- and you don't need them to be my lover.

AMBER

I was afraid you would cast me aside. I was afraid you were more in love with ...*parts* of me-
than me.

(A beat.)

MADIGAN

You're right,

AMBER

What?

MADIGAN

You're exactly right. There is only one thing I love about you.

AMBER

You just said-

MADIGAN

I lied.

(AMBER pushes MADIGAN to a distance,
confused and suddenly worried.)

AMBER
You lied to me?

MADIGAN
About a lot of things.

AMBER
I don't understand.

(AMBER takes another step back,
MADIGAN steps forward following her.)

MADIGAN
I only need one thing from you.

AMBER
You're making me very nervous right now. I'm leaving!

MADIGAN
No. You're not.

AMBER
Watch me-

(MADIGAN lunges and grabs AMBER by
the throat. He throws her on to the couch
and mounts her.)

MADIGAN
Now sweetheart, I don't want to hurt you anymore than I have to- but I have no qualms about
choking the life right out of you.

AMBER
HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!

(Places his hand over her mouth to silence
her.)

MADIGAN
("Shhhhing" with finger)
Nobody's going to hear you, please stop yelling. I am not against making your last few moments

of life a little more excruciating.

AMBER

Oh my god John, please- you don't have to kill me, you can take whatever you want- whatever.

MADIGAN

I didn't require it, but I do appreciate your permission.

AMBER

Anything, you can have anything-

(Crying, pleading)

Just please don't kill me. I'll do anything.

MADIGAN

(Smiling)

Pleading Amber, will get you nowhere- because as far as you or I is concerned- you're already dead. I hope you enjoyed the champagne.

(The song on the CD begins again. The kitchen egg timer goes off.)

MADIGAN

Oops- the asparagus is ready! Would you mind sitting on the couch while I check on our dinner?

(AMBER'S eyes flare open, the egg timer continues to go off as tears stream from her eyes. She nods her head "No.")

MADIGAN

You're not going to try and escape are you?

(AMBER nods her head "No.")

MADIGAN

Good. Because that would be futile.

(MADIGAN gets up and walks towards the kitchen. AMBER starts to cough and grabs her throat. MADIGAN turns his back to her as he stirs the pasta. AMBER seizes her opportunity and takes off running for the door. Still coughing, she trips and falls on her run to the front door. MADIGAN is taste testing the pasta, and maybe has a little bit hanging out of his mouth,

he is unfazed at AMBER'S escape. AMBER bolts
out the front door, a second later we hear a large
"THUD!" MADIGAN puts the lid back on
the pasta and walks into the hallway. He
comes back into the house dragging DEAD
AMBER by her hands. He drags AMBER
to the couch and places her sitting
upright, facing the audience, her head slumps
over the back of the couch. MADIGAN
begins whistling to the music as he opens the bedroom
door. *The door opens towards the audience.*)

MADIGAN
(Running his hand through the hair.)

Hello my sweethearts.

(Hanging from the door are many different
locks of beautiful hair. Brunette, Blonde,
Red, Black- the best of every color, each one
tied with a bow and hanging from the other
side of the door. The song starts again. He
walks into the bedroom and returns with a
large pair of shears. He walks to AMBER'S
caresses her hair, and notices body,
MADIGAN becomes angry; he something.
hair in one handful, and pulls as hard as he can.
AMBER's wig comes off. She is bald.)

BLACKOUT