

Unfaithful

Pamela Loyd





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UNFAITHFUL

by Pamela Loyd

CAST

LAUREL: A woman with a new haircut. (Wears a wig with triangular shapes cut into it. It must be a ridiculous haircut.)

JUDITH: Laurel's best friend.

GEORGE: Laurel's husband, dressed in office casual.

Place

LAUREL and GEORGE's living room.

Time

Present. A weekday afternoon.

Setting: Living room with a sofa or two chairs. A desk at one side with telephone. A light-weight mirror on back wall with small table under it; a small side table at end of chairs. Scissors in a drawer of one of these tables or the desk--several places for LAUREL to look.

At Rise: LAUREL sits on sofa, fidgets nervously. Doorbell rings, LAUREL opens door, JUDITH enters.

LAUREL: Oh, Judith, thank God you're here.

JUDITH: I got here as quick as I could.

LAUREL: I have something surprising to tell you.

JUDITH: Hey, you got a new haircut. Is that it?

LAUREL: Oh forget that. I need to tell you something awful before George gets home. Something really bad has happened.

JUDITH: You're worrying me, Laurel. What's going on?

LAUREL: (*deep breath*) I did something terrible, Judith. (*beat*) I've been unfaithful.

JUDITH: (*surprised*) Oh.

LAUREL: I've cheated.

JUDITH: I'm surprised. I mean, *you* cheated? Not George?

LAUREL: Oh no, not George. It's me, I'm the guilty one, I'm the cheat.

JUDITH: But if you're the one who cheated, why are *you* upset?

LAUREL: Why shouldn't I be upset? Do you think it's any easier being the cheat-er than being the cheat-ee? Do you think my life is less ruined because I did the cheating? Why don't people ever feel sorry for the cheat-er?

JUDITH: Well, I've never thought about it that way, but of the two choices, I always thought being the cheat-er would be the more desirable position.

LAUREL: Don't make light of this, Judith. Being the cheat-er is not what people think it is, all freedom and happiness and a life of new possibilities.

JUDITH: I suppose not.

LAUREL: But you don't realize that ahead of time. One day you start to feel dissatisfied with yourself, (*looks in mirror on wall*) the same old self you've seen in the mirror every day for years. You start to think maybe you could get a new start, find someone who pleased you more, and you ask yourself--do I dare?

JUDITH: I guess you did dare. But, Laurel, instead of doing something so extreme, shouldn't you have tried to work things out?

LAUREL: Of course you're right. I know that *now*. But now it's too late. I just don't see any way back.

JUDITH: There must be some way.

LAUREL: Do I really have to explain this to you? Surely everyone knows that once you've been unfaithful to your hairdresser, there's no. way. back.

JUDITH: (*now she's shocked*) Your hairdresser?! Oh my God! You cheated on your hairdresser! That's the sin of all sins! Everyone knows you can never do that.

LAUREL: I know! That's what I'm saying.

JUDITH: I mean, if you've been with them for some time, it's like a commitment. If you ever go to someone else it will be a betrayal.

LAUREL: I'm such a bad person.

JUDITH: What were you thinking?

LAUREL: Well I didn't plan it. It just happened. (*remembering*) There I was in the mall one day looking in a shop window, and I thought who's that tired, frumpy lady in the window? And then I realized it was a reflection of *me!* Then suddenly, salvation came. (*sings*) Da-Da! Two shops down I saw blinking lights. And heard music.

JUDITH: I know where you mean. The Joy of Hair. It's a dangerous place.

LAUREL: (*a dreamy lover's voice*) And I gave in to temptation. I thought, why not try someone new who will make me feel beautiful and lovely and young again. I sat in that chair and said to the hairdresser, take me, take me, do what you want with me. (*beat*) And she did. Before I could think clearly again, this hairdresser with a ring in her nose had cut my hair in what she called the new Hip Blip style.

JUDITH: Yes, I see. Do you...like it?

LAUREL: Of course I don't like it. It's ridiculous. But that's not the point. The point is that now I can't ever go back to Sebastian. He'll know I strayed.

JUDITH: *Sebastian* is your hairdresser? It's almost impossible to get an appointment with him.

LAUREL: Yes, I know. But now I'm so afraid for him to see my hair like this, and have to confess that I went to someone else, that I cancelled my next three appointments.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!