

HAIR-ACY

Logline: During intermission at a play held at a small-town Christian theater, an actor is ambushed in his dressing room by his furious wife, who is angry over the husband violating her one unbreakable rule. Their private marital war erupts onto the stage and transforms into a mythic confrontation.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMUNITY THEATER - NIGHT

A modest small-town theater glows warmly under streetlights. A sign reads "EDEN THEATER" with "A Christian Theater of Earthly Delights!" in smaller letters.

A hand-painted banner stretches across the entrance: "THE BOOK OF GENESIS - OPENING WEEKEND".

INT. COMMUNITY THEATER - LOBBY

An easel sign reads "INTERMISSION - COOKIES IN THE LOBBY" in formal lettering and "(sorry about the oatmeal raisin)" hastily scrawled beneath it.

INT. COMMUNITY THEATER - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Patrons chat. Programs rustle. A bake-sale table. A donation jar, labeled: "NEW LIGHTING FUND - GOD PROVIDES, BUT SO SHOULD YOU".

Faint ORGAN MUSIC. Distant THUNDER (a theater sound effect).

INT. COMMUNITY THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A humming vanity mirror. Cheap bulbs flicker like tired halos.

The BEARDED MAN studies himself. Robe. Sandals. Slightly crooked halo. Magnificent beard.

He raises his hand in blessing.

BEARDED MAN
Let there be light...

Stops. Adjusts his halo.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)
Remember. They believe in you.

Leans closer to the mirror.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)
They BELIEVE in you.

Sounds drift in from outside: an intermission murmur. The general rustle of the crowd. Quiet laughter.

The BEARDED MAN coughs, takes a sip of water, and then looks in the mirror once again.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)
Let there...

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

He freezes.

WIFE (O.S.)
It's me.

BEARDED MAN
(whispers)
Oh God. Not tonight.

The lock CLICKS.

The WIFE enters, calm and smiling tightly. Carrying a toiletry bag.

She closes and locks the door.

She opens the bag and starts removing its contents slowly. Deliberately. Shaving cream. Razor. Towel. Aftershave. SCISSORS. All calmly arranged like ritual objects.

The BEARDED MAN watches, horrified.

WIFE
Sit.

BEARDED MAN
No.

WIFE
We correct this now.

BEARDED MAN
It's for the role.

WIFE
You said it was spirit gum.

BEARDED MAN
It started that way.

WIFE
A few weeks ago, you peeled it from your chin in our kitchen and said, "See? Fake."

(MORE)

WIFE (CONT'D)
But as the weeks went on, I knew. I
knew about your deception.

BEARDED MAN
I didn't think it mattered.

WIFE
You lied about your own face.

THUNDER ROLLS, faintly.

BEARDED MAN
You're scaring me.

WIFE
You bought beard oil. Cedar. "Old
Testament."

BEARDED MAN
Method acting.

WIFE
You labeled it "Sacred."

BEARDED MAN
Joke.

WIFE
All these weeks. You locked the
bathroom door and whispered
blessings. To yourself.

BEARDED MAN
Rehearsal.

WIFE
"Self Worship." At the cost of
defying your own WIFE...

Suddenly, violently, she grabs the scissors and, in a deft
motion, heads for the man's throat. He SCREAMS and then...
SNIP.

She cuts a patch from his beard. Hair falls to the floor.

He gasps, covering the rest of what's left of his beard with
his hands.

BEARDED MAN
You've desecrated the Almighty!

WIFE
Good.

She raises the scissors in a controlled threat.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Sit.

He hesitates, obviously terrified, but then sits.

She puts the scissors down and calmly wraps the towel around his neck. Like a baptism cloth.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Be reborn.

She sprays the white foam of the shaving cream into her hand and begins spreading it into his beard.

BEARDED MAN

Don't... don't!

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)

Twelve minutes!

Distracted, she turns towards the voice of the stage manager.

The BEARDED MAN rises from the chair and LUNGES for the door. It's locked.

Still, he desperately rattles the doorknob. In vain. He looks back at his wife.

With a now cruel grin on her face, she holds up the key.

WIFE

No miracles tonight.

He stares at her for a moment.

BEARDED MAN

You planned this.

WIFE

You forced this. Now... take your medicine.

She whirls him back into the chair. His heavy frame shakes. With a seemingly inhuman speed, she grabs the razor and holds it high in the air.

THUNDER louder now.

BEARDED MAN

DON'T!

She shaves. SCRAPE. A nick. A bead of blood.

Both freeze at the sight of that.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)
You could hurt me.

WIFE
You already hurt me.
(Beat.)
If I told you once, I told you a
thousand times. No facial hair. I
don't have many rules in our
marriage. But that's one. And you
BROKE it.

BEARDED MAN
(forcing a laugh)
How dare you? I am LITERALLY God
tonight.

WIFE
Don't make me laugh. You are no
god. You are a MAN... hiding in a
BEARD.

She shaves a humiliating strip. He screams. She spins him
towards the mirror.

WIFE (CONT'D)
You see? You see how ridiculous you
look? And you looked MORE
ridiculous... before I did what I
just did. But don't worry. Soon...
soon it will all be gone.

Horrified, the bearded man stares in the mirror.

BEARDED MAN
But... we still have... the ENTIRE
SECOND ACT!

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Ten minutes!

WIFE
Be quiet. Be STILL.

He stands suddenly and grabs her wrist. He bends it just
enough to make her drop the razor.

She holds her wrist in pain as he breathes heavily.

WIFE (CONT'D)
OW! You... you hurt me.

BEARDED MAN
When did we become enemies?

WIFE
When you chose the beard instead of
us.

BEARDED MAN
You are my life. But acting...
acting is my life too.

WIFE
You can be whomever you like. Just
nobody with a beard!

BEARDED MAN
Just... just go back to your seat.
All right? Let me finish this. Then
we can discuss this further. At
home.

He turns away.

WIFE
If you go back out like this... I
walk onstage and tell them who you
really are.

He turns back.

BEARDED MAN
They won't believe you.

WIFE
They believe you're "God." They'll
believe a lot of things.

She picks up his script and flips a few pages.

WIFE (CONT'D)
(reading flat)
"And God saw that it was good."
(Beat.)
Did you? Did you see that it was
good? DID YOU?

She picks up the razor and presses it into his hand.

WIFE (CONT'D)
I won't hurt you again. Like you
hurt me. But you need to finish it.

BANG on the door.

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Four minutes! Places!

WIFE
FINISH IT.

BEARDED MAN
All... all right.

The BEARDED MAN lifts the shaving cream. He stares at it for a long moment.

He looks at his wife, who deliberately nods.

He shakes his head a little and then...

He sprays the can of shaving cream right into his wife's face!

WIFE
AGH!

He wrestles the key from her and unlocks the door.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He barges into the hallway, trying to get back to the stage. Trying to get away. From HER.

The STAGE MANAGER rushes up to the BEARDED MAN.

STAGE MANAGER
Oh thank goodness... we're almost on. What took so long--

BEARDED MAN
RUN!

STAGE MANAGER
What?

The WIFE bursts into the hallway. Foam-faced, an absolute grotesquerie. She screams and holds the razor high in the air.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)
Holy sh...

The stage manager stumbles backward as the wife lunges forward.

WIFE
COME BACK HERE!

BEARDED MAN
(to Stage Manager)
STALL HER! DELAY THE SECOND COMING!

STAGE MANAGER
What?!?

The BEARDED MAN bolts down the hallway, robe flapping, halo bouncing wildly.

Behind him, the wife charges forward, slipping, catching herself. Relentless.

The BEARDED MAN rounds a corner, nearly colliding with a TEENAGE STAGEHAND carrying a thunder sheet.

TEENAGE STAGEHAND
Whoa!

BEARDED MAN
Pray for me!

The BEARDED MAN keeps running.

INT. PROP STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The BEARDED MAN charges through the door, slams it behind him, and searches the room frantically. He grabs whatever he can find: a plastic staff, Styrofoam stone tablets, a bag of fake fruit, etc.

The door bursts open.

She enters. Feral.

WIFE
End of the line.

BEARDED MAN
Back! Back, scourge of my creation!

He hurls fake fruit at her.

She bats away the fake fruit and advances, razor in hand. He hurls one of the Styrofoam Ten Commandments at her.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)
The Eleventh Commandment. Thou shalt not assault thy husband. Especially when he needs to get back on stage for the second act!

He darts past her and escapes.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The audience murmurs. The second act has not started yet.

The BEARDED MAN bursts onstage, screaming.

The audience gasps.

The WIFE enters, still holding her razor in one hand and now a fake apple (that her husband threw at her) in the other.

BEARDED MAN

Help! Help! She's trying to murder
God! She's Lilith! A night
creature! A danger to children and
men! A danger to ME!

Gasps from patrons.

WIFE

I'm not Lilith! I'm Eve.

STAGE MANAGER, in the wings, flips madly through the script.

STAGE MANAGER

This is NOT in the script!

(Beat.)

But is it WORKING?

WIFE

You made me from a rib... remember?

Audience murmurs ripple.

WIFE (CONT'D)

You gave me a garden... and a rule.

She steps closer, now holding the apple in front of her.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Don't eat. The woman... has to
follow the rules. The man? Not so
much. Because it's always easy...
to blame the WOMAN. To blame Eve...
for the fall. Well, not tonight.
Tonight... EVE is not to blame.
Tonight... it's the MAN who thinks
he "CREATED" Eve that gets the
blame!

A murmur moves through the audience. The BEARDED MAN is on his knees, hands clasped in front of him, begging.

BEARDED MAN
Please... without it... they won't
BELIEVE in me.

The WIFE raises the razor up high.

WIFE
Tonight... YOU fall.

She grabs his beard and slashes wildly. Hair falls to the ground.

After a few moments, her husband is clean shaven. He collapses, hands to his cheeks, weeping.

WIFE (CONT'D)
(holding a clump of hair)
For ages, Eve bore the blame.
Tonight, she rewrites the story.
You wanted a rib? We'll give you a
rib. We'll take it right from your
chest! We don't have to follow your
rules anymore. You... have to
follow... OURS! At last! At last,
Eve is triumphant!

Scattered claps in the audience.

CUT TO:

Two stone-faced PATRONS in the audience.

PATRON 1
You know, I really hate this
place... ever since they adopted
the more liberal translation.

PATRON 2
You got that right.

THUNDER SWELLS.

The WIFE bows. Foam-covered face, rictus grin.

FREEZE FRAME.

BLACKOUT.

THE END