

# Hung on a Blonde Ponytail:

## An Act of Rock

*JOSH and THE SINGER stand in a basement apartment with a battered beige rug. A dim floor lamp illuminates a tape recorder on a milk crate in front of an easy chair.*

**JOSH**

*(taking off his guitar)*

It's your birthday?

**THE SINGER**

Yeah

**JOSH**

I thought it was Sunday?

**THE SINGER**

It is Sunday.

**JOSH**

No shit. *(looks at his cell phone)* Happy Birthday. 27, huh?

**THE SINGER**

It's not 40.

**JOSH**

Not yet. My sister is 30 with a house, husband, three kids, two cars, *insurance*. I don't even remember the last time I saw a doctor.

**THE SINGER**

I remember when 25 was "when I grow up"...who knows if I ever will. I'll be the no name on the list. *(Pause)* I need a shower.

*THE SINGER exits to the bathroom.*

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**JOSH**

What list?

**THE SINGER**

*(tosses the red notebook, and exits)*

It's on the last page. *(turning on the shower)* Hey! *(reenters)* Stay till I'm done okay?

**JOSH**

Okay.

**THE SINGER**

Promise.

**JOSH**

I promise.

*THE SINGER lingers for a moment before shutting the door. JOSH reads the notebook as the shower swells into a storm. THE REPORTER is lost in a rental car listening to the radio. JOSH lights a smoke. He stirs. THE OVERTURE A blackout is simultaneous with a loud knock at the door. The storm continues.*

**JOSH**

*(realizes)*

It's open.

**THE REPORTER**

*(wet from the rain)*

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Sorry I'm late. The directions I got from the rental place sent me to Saratoga Street, not Drive, and there is no one out in this weather to ask directions. I finally found a gas station down at the fork in the road and the guy sends me down a dead end. Thank God Boston has great radio. Again, my apologies. *(Beat)* Do you have anything to... *(JOSH hands her a towel)* Is there any... *(JOSH clicks on the floor lamp)*...light? Great. Thank you for the exclusive. I'm flattered and a bit flustered. Enough small talk, right? Let's get started.

*She takes out some tapes and a recorder.*

**JOSH**

A tape recorder.

**THE REPORTER**

If that's alright? It keeps a more accurate record.

**JOSH**

It's fine. You just don't see many *actual* cassette recorders.

**THE REPORTER**

It was my mother's.

**JOSH**

A journalist?

**THE REPORTER**

No, a vocalist. Soprano.

*JOSH stares at the cassette recorder.*

**JOSH**

May I?

**THE REPORTER**

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Sure.

*JOSH firmly presses play and record.*

**THE REPORTER**

Oh, April 4th, 1996 with Joshua...

**JOSH**

Just Josh.

**THE REPORTER**

Okay. Just Josh. We are here on Saratoga Drive in a quaint studio on a wet night in Boston. Eighteen months ago you released your debut album. Now you have a hit song about to be number one, and you have yet to say a word...

**JOSH:**

...Two. I have said two words and now a total of ...thirteen...

**THE REPORTER**

...on the record.

**JOSH**

On/ the/ record. Seventeen.

**THE REPORTER**

Perhaps you would like to start?

**JOSH**

Not really.

*(Beat)*

**THE REPORTER**

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Okay. Why the silence?

**JOSH**

I had nothing to say.

**THE REPORTER**

And now you do?

*JOSH lights a smoke and offers one.*

**THE REPORTER**

No thanks. The first track “Small Talk,” were the lyrics inspired by actual calls?

**JOSH**

The first track, huh? Not the hit?

**THE REPORTER**

We’ll get there.

**JOSH**

It’s two conversations.

**THE REPORTER**

One from a mother and the other from a lover?

**JOSH**

*(Inhaling)* A mother and a lover. Yeah.

**THE REPORTER**

Very Freudian.