

# A pubic hair by Johnny Depp

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a short play

By

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**A pubic hair by Johnny Depp**

Kitchen. Night.

**CELIA** and **AARON** sit on either side of a kitchen table. They stare at a small cake of soap on the table between them.

They are very still. Silence.

CELIA: Did you call him ?

AARON: Yep.

SILENCE.

CELIA: And he's coming ?

AARON: Yep.

SILENCE.

CELIA: When ?

AARON: He'll be here.

SILENCE

CELIA: Call him again.

AARON: He'll be here.

CELIA: This waiting –

AARON: I know.

CELIA: It's driving me –

AARON: He'll be here.

BEAT.

CELIA: This is crazy.

AARON: Yep.

CELIA: Call him back.

AARON: All done.

CELIA: I don't want to do this.

AARON: Too late.

CELIA: It's wrong.

AARON: Should've thought of that –

A DOOR BELL RINGS OFF.

AARON: That'll be him.

BEAT. **AARON** EXITS.

**CELIA** ALONE.

**AARON** RETURNS WITH **MEMOS**. HE CARRIES A BLACK BRIEFCASE.

AARON: Right in here.

MEMOS: Is that the merchandise?

AARON: That's it.

**MEMOS** QUICKLY OPENS THE BRIEFCASE. HE TAKES OUT A CLEAR PLASTIC CONTAINER AND PLACES IT OVER THE CAKE OF SOAP.

**AARON** AND **CELIA** LOOK AT HIM.

MEMOS: Oxidisation.

CELIA: Right.

BEAT.

MEMOS: (HOLDING OUT HAND) Memos.

AARON: I recognise you from your photo.

MEMOS: Thanks.

**MEMOS** STRIKES A QUICK POSE. **AARON** ACKNOWLEDGES THE POSE.

AARON: Yeah. That's it. I'm Aaron.

MEMOS: And you must be the lovely Celia.

**MEMOS** GOES TO **CELIA**.

MEMOS: Procurer of the merchandise.

CELIA: That'd be me.

BEAT.

AARON: Well aren't you going to ...

MEMOS: What?

AARON: Check it out.

MEMOS: I was hoping you'd offer me a drink first.

AARON: Sure. Cels ?

CELIA: Coffee, tea ...

MEMOS: Beer would be great.

**CELIA EXITS.**

**MEMOS TAKES PLASTIC GLOVES FROM HIS BAG. HE PUTS THEM ON.**

MEMOS: Do you have authentication ?

AARON: What ?

MEMOS: Authentication. To prove the item is genuine.

AARON: Seriously ?

MEMOS: Very seriously. It will smooth the process.

**MEMOS HAS THE GLOVES ON. NEXT HE PUTS ON A SMALL BREATHING MASK.**

**CELIA RETURNS WITH THE BEER.**

AARON: He wants proof.

CELIA: Proof?

AARON: That it's genuine.

MEMOS: Authentication.

**MEMOS PULLS OUT A MAGNIFYING GLASS.**

**HE APPROACHES THE CONTAINER.**

**DURING THE NEXT DIALOGUE MEMOS DELICATELY LIFTS UP THE CONTAINER AND CAREFULLY EXAMINES THE CAKE OF SOAP.**

CELIA: It's real.

MEMOS: But can you prove it?

AARON: You think we just made it up.

MEMOS: Known to happen.

AARON: Celia works at the hotel.

MEMOS: Does she?

CELIA: Housekeeping. I clean rooms.

MEMOS: Go on.

CELIA: And I was cleaning his room.

MEMOS: Go on.

CELIA: I went in to the bathroom and in the shower was that cake of soap. And in the cake of soap was ...

AARON: One of his pubes.

MEMOS: You sure?

AARON: Look at it.

MEMOS: Yes but are you sure it's his. He didn't have company?

CELIA: No.

MEMOS: How do you know?

CELIA: Bettina. She works with me. She's obsessed with him. Has this little shrine in the staffroom.

MEMOS: And?

CELIA: She knows everyone who comes in and out of his room.

MEMOS: And no one else came in?

CELIA: It was just him.

MEMOS: Where do you think it's from?

CELIA: I told you. I found it in the shower.

MEMOS: No. Where do you think it's from ? Front or back?

CELIA: I don't know!

**MEMOS** BEGINS TO POKE THE HAIR.

AARON: Mate – what are you doing?

MEMOS: Testing it's springiness.

AARON: Would you stop it ? That's ...

MEMOS: If it is a pubic hair it will be springy.

AARON: Mate – it's a pube.

MEMOS: Just need to be sure.

CELIA: Please – that's gross.

MEMOS: It's alright. I'm done. It's genuine.

AARON: Great.

MEMOS: It's a genuine pubic hair. It doesn't mean it's his genuine pubic hair.

AARON: Aren't you listening ? She works at the hotel.

MEMOS: So what? I could work at the hotel.

CELIA: Baby – it's okay. (TO **MEMOS**) What kind of proof do you need?

MEMOS: What can you get? A photo ...

AARON: Of his pubes?

MEMOS: A photo of you (INDICATING **CELIA**) and the owner. Happy snap.

CELIA: He's checked out.

MEMOS: Autograph.

CELIA: I just cleaned his room. I didn't actually meet him.

MEMOS: Item of clothing ... Phone record ... Bill.

CELIA: Bill?

MEMOS: The room account ... with his name.

CELIA: I could ask Susan to print it out.

MEMOS: Who's Susan?

CELIA: She works in the office.

MEMOS: Well, if you can get that –

**MEMOS OPENS THE BEER. HE TAKES A SIP.**

MEMOS: Then I'm interested.

**AARON LETS OUT A SIGH.**

AARON: Thank Christ for that. You'd think it was a bloody sacred relic.

MEMOS: It is.

AARON: It's Johnny Depp's pubic hair.

MEMOS: Which to a fan of Johnny Depp is a sacred relic.

CELIA: So someone will pay.

MEMOS: A lot – if we find the right buyer.

AARON: You mean someone would actually buy that?

MEMOS: You would be surprised what people will buy.

**MEMOS GOES TO HIS BRIEFCASE. HE HANDS AARON A SHEET OF DOUBLE PLASTIC, MOUNTED ON A SMALL STAND. NEXT TO IT IS A PHOTO.**

AARON: What's this?

MEMOS: A spitball - by Madonna.

AARON: How did you get that?

MEMOS: Last year when she came on tour. I waited outside her hotel. She came out – surrounded by bodyguards – and as she walked to her car she coughed up a nice juicy chunk of phlegm.

CELIA: Oh yuck.

MEMOS: So I scraped it up – nice little frame.

AARON: And the photo?

MEMOS: Me – standing next to the spitball – and see in the background ?  
Getting into the car ...

CELIA: Is that her?

MEMOS: Authentication. Careful.

**MEMOS** PLACES THE STAND BACK IN HIS BRIEFCASE. HE TAKES  
OUT A SMALL CONTAINER AGAIN MOUNTED ON A STAND.

AARON: That looks like ...

CELIA: Oh yuck.

MEMOS: No.2 by Mariah Carey.

AARON: That's revolting.

MEMOS: Like to hear how I got that.

CELIA AND AARON: No!

AARON: People actually buy this shit.

MEMOS: Her shit – to be precise.

CELIA: Why are you showing us this stuff?

MEMOS: I was thinking of something special – if your item turned out to  
be genuine.

AARON: Which it is.

MEMOS: A boxed set.

CELIA: Boxed set ?

MEMOS: (LINING UP ITEMS ON THE TABLE) Spitball by Madonna, turd  
by Mariah Carey and a pubic hair by Johnny Depp.

AARON: Mate – we don't care what you do with it. Soon as you pay us –  
it's all yours.

MEMOS: Sixty-forty.

CELIA: Sixty for us?

MEMOS: Sixty for me.

AARON: That's ridiculous.

MEMOS: (MOTIONING TO LEAVE) No problem. I'm sure you'll find another dealer.

CELIA: Aaron.

AARON: Okay. Okay. Sixty for you. You give us cash?

MEMOS: Consignment.

AARON: Consignment ?

MEMOS: When I get paid – you get paid.

AARON: You've got to be kidding.

MEMOS: (TAKING OUT CARD) I leave you my card.

CELIA: (READING CARD) Memos – King of the Celebrity Momentoes.

MEMOS: You should check out my website. (BEAT) So – we have a deal?

**CELIA LOOKS AT AARON.**

AARON: Yeah. We have a deal.

**THEY SHAKE HANDS.**

AARON: Just get her a good price.

MEMOS: I will try.

AARON: She needs to pay for her course.

MEMOS: So you are studying?

AARON: She wants to be an actress.

CELIA: Aaron.

AARON: What ? No need to be embarrassed. She was in this play. Joan of Arc. Fantastic. Had everyone in the audience glued to her.

MEMOS: So now you do a course?

CELIA: Screen acting. But it's expensive.

MEMOS: Oh screen acting – and who is your teacher? Johnny Depp.

**MEMOS LAUGHS AT HIS OWN JOKE. AARON JOINS IN.**

AARON: Maybe you can return his missing merchandise.

MEMOS: You'll need to throw in some glue.

**AARON AND MEMOS LAUGH. CELIA DOES NOT. THEY STOP.**

CELIA: No deal.

AARON: Cels.

CELIA: No - deal.

MEMOS: But we had a deal.

CELIA: Changed my mind.

AARON: Why?

CELIA: It's demeaning.

MEMOS: (LOOKING AT CELIA) I can think of worse jobs.

CELIA: And degrading and disgusting.

MEMOS: Says the toilet cleaner.

CELIA: Yeah – well at least I don't scrape people's spit off the footpath or scoop their shit out of a toilet bowl.

MEMOS: No – you scrape it off with a brush.

CELIA: (GRABBING THE CAKE OF SOAP) Johnny Depp is not for sale.

MEMOS: Careful!

CELIA: It's mine. I can do what I want with it.

AARON: Actually – it's Johnny Depp's.

CELIA: No Aaron. I'm not selling it. I don't care how much I want to do that course.

MEMOS: What will you do with it then?

CELIA: I don't know. Give it to Bettina.

MEMOS: Okay. Forty – sixty.

CELIA: No – it's not for sale.

AARON: Baby – you really wanted to do that course. It's the only way we can afford it.

CELIA: I don't care how desperate I am there is just some things I can't do.

MEMOS: You think if you were Johnny Depp – and he wanted to follow his dream – he would not do exactly the same thing? Has not already done the same thing – and worse? Sometimes to get what you want – you must make sacrifices.

CELIA: Yeah – well I'm not Johnny Depp.

BEAT.

MEMOS: If your mind is made up, I say good night.

CELIA: It is.

BEAT.

MEMOS: Then - good night.

**MEMOS CLOSSES HIS BRIEFCASE.**

AARON: I'll show you out.

**MEMOS AND AARON EXIT. CELIA ALONE.**

SHE PLACES THE SOAP BACK ON THE TABLE. SHE STARES AT IT.

**AARON RETURNS. BEAT.**

CELIA: I really wanted to do that course.

AARON: I know babe. Don't worry – we'll find the money.

CELIA: Yeah. Sure we will. (BEAT) I'm going to bed.

**CELIA KISSES AARON. SHE EXITS.**

**AARON ALONE. HE LOOKS DOWN AT MEMOS CARD ON THE TABLE. HE PICKS IT UP.**

HE LOOKS AT THE CAKE OF SOAP. BEAT.

HE PICKS UP THE CONTAINER AND PLACES IT BACK OVER THE SOAP.

HE GOES TO THE DOOR. HE LOOKS BACK AND THEN TURNS OFF THE LIGHT. HE EXITS.

END PLAY.