

*Walking down the street, some average man in his late 20's compliments an attractive girl in her early 20's that has orange hair. It's a hot day and it appears that it's a small, coy comment being passed from one unsuspecting stranger to another.*

GUY 1: Nice hair.

GIRL 1: What the fuck? I just can't escape it.

*She keeps walking. He stops.*

GUY 1: Come again?

GIRL 1: Just because I have orange hair doesn't mean I have to get every asshole on the street saying something. Is it really a big deal?

GUY 1: Whoa lady, I just said you have 'nice hair'. Nothing loaded and it does happen to be orange.

GIRL 1: Stepping out of it now, huh? Don't bullshit me. It was the orange and that's that.

GUY 1: Move on, you crazy jackneck. I was actually complimenting you on your style. But, you quickly ruined that. Fuck off!

*He continues walking without a hitch. She turns to walk, stops and turns back around genuinely into this guy's shit.*

GIRL 1: Excuse me. (Guy doesn't respond). Excuse me (LOUDER) .. I'm sorry.

*This guy stops and turns around.*

GUY 1: What?

GIRL 1: I'm sorry I was such a shit to you. It's been a bad day and I just fucking hate people.

GUY 1: It's OK. Don't apologize to me, though. If you hate people and walk around here with hair like that, then you are examining a sword sharp death wish.

GIRL 1: You have time for a cup of coffee?

GUY 1: *(Pause)* Sure, let's go.

*They saunter up the street in silence to a nearby coffeehouse called 'TOMMOROWS GROUNDS'. They have a seat after silence and a cup of coffee.*

GIRL 1: So, what's your name?

GUY 1: It's really not that important. But, let's just go with 'Guy' for now.

GIRL 1: Good, then just call me 'Girl' for now.

GUY 1: Perfect.

GIRL 1: Again, I'm sorry for my shit attitude on the streets. I just got fired from my job as a hair stylist. It was a bogus reason and they paid fucking well.

GUY 1: Shit like that happens. So, do you have the orange hair to pull in the clients or is it really to your liking.

GIRL 1: It's me. I love the color, but I get fed up with the eternal stream of comments and looks.

GUY 1: Why is it that people like us like hot coffee on such a hot fucking day as today?

GIRL 1: We probably figure, we are already hot, how much hotter can it get. Plus, we're addicted to the caffeine, so what the fuck?

GUY 1: Good points. So, back to the initial point. Just change your hair color.

GIRL 1: Fuck no. I'm not going to compromise myself for other people and their affront on my tastes.

GUY 1: Sure, sure, and then run into strangers and complain about it. You either like it and shut the fuck up about it or change your hair color to blend in with the rest of us.

GIRL 1: Good tone. I genuinely like your style. But, no. I won't change and prefer to complain.

GUY 1: So, you're just *one of those people* then.

GIRL 1: What do you mean by *one of those people*?

GUY 1: One of those pouty modern age hip folks that need to rally for a cause caught up in your hair, clothes and piercings. Then, when the world doesn't just acquiesce and decide you are '*different*' you then complain to everyone about it. That's the kind of person I'm talking about and quite frankly I'm tired of your sort.

GIRL 1: First of all, thanks for the encouragement. Second, I'm not some pouty hip whatever the fuck you called me kind of girl. I am who I am. The random, and chosen, collection of influences both internal and external that the world views. Sure, I have chosen this hair color and I'm happy with that. But, what gives you the big idea to lump me into a misplaced and badly characterized stereotype.

GUY 1: I lump you in with all the rest because you are deserving of it. It hasn't taken me long to figure out what your shtick is. And if that is a stereotype, so be it. Your kind of folk is getting old. Now don't get me wrong, there are some good ideas brewing upstairs in that angry hip brain of yours, but it isn't being executed correctly. Just doesn't go over the way it should. Capito?

GIRL 1: Do you do consulting work?

GUY 1: What do you mean?

GIRL 1: If you don't, you should. One smart motherfucker with all the answers. I should have hired you instead of inviting you out to coffee. You aren't going to charge me for this session, are you? I mean, you have all of it figured out.

GUY 1: Typical response. Exactly what I expected from a girl like you. Tell you what, you're the one walking around with answers tattooed on your scalp, yet you don't want to talk to anyone about them. Just get more and more pissed off at a world that will only become something because you decide you want to be something. So, good, stew over all the shit that's wrong. Color your hair. Pierce your clit. Tattoo everything in sight on your body. Then, get real mad. Stay inside more and more. Use recreational drugs and tell everyone that you're clean, because you wouldn't want to ruin a sparkling reputation. Because a trendy person that doesn't use drugs is much more respectable than one that does. Sure, call me a consultant. Tell me I have everything figured out. But remember – you are only going to be as dense as you allow yourself to be.

*A couple of tears well up slightly in the girl's eyes. She simply looks around for a good 30-seconds as the guy comes back.*

GUY 1: Hey – hey. Sorry. Or, don't cry. I didn't mean to make you upset.

GIRL 1: It's not you. I'm just tired. Flat tired and you're right. Most of what you said is right on. I am hiding behind this big hip veil and I'm tired of it. And the more it intensifies, the more I'm going to feel alienated from the world and the angrier I'm going to become. Just the facts.

GUY 1: Look sweetheart, people and the societal machine pisses me off also. You can still hold enough disdain to motivate you, but all the rest needs to go. Keep the fucking orange hair, but don't blame the world if they comment on it. Get a tattoo, but do it because you want the lifetime aesthetics on your body for everyone to admire. Pierce your clit because you want to make sex better or look sexier in the morning after shower mirror. Shove a spike through your petite nose because you like pain. Does all this hip shit in the name of you – not some hip notion that your collection of peers or friends will respect you more. Everyone runs around doing shit to please and appease everyone else and not themselves. See what I'm saying?

GIRL 1: Sure, and my name is Melanie. What's yours?

GUY 1: It's really Guy. I wasn't shitting you.

MELANIE: I guess I tell myself that I do all of this shit because I am really trying to appease myself. You know, because I will gain a better grasp of myself, my philosophy, spirituality, individuality and such through harboring the right appearance. And I will continue to do such. My convictions are mostly true. But, that's just the way of the world. Look at you – blue jeans, plain red shirt with pocket on left breast, white socks, regular dark brown shoes. You're living up to an idea yourself. You don't need orange hair or purple hair to scream of also being in a subsect. Is your fashion safe?

GUY: You know, my style is stripped down. It is a collection of influences. I can never deny the existence of influences in my style, speech, writing, walking and relationships. Everyone and everything that has moved me in my life come through my outward appearance. My plain clothes is my anti-allegiance to name brands and it's all comfortable. A kick back to the beat fashion, but more of being non in my own way.

MELANIE: So you're just as bad as I am. Aren't you?

GUY: What do you mean by bad?

MELANIE: Well, all the shit you said about me. Being squashed into a stereotypical box of fitting within a subsect of society, so to speak.

GUY: Look, I didn't mean to classify you a butterfly under a glass case. I'm just saying that your fashion and the fashion of everyone crossing our paths now and in the future fall within a fashion jurisprudence based on beliefs and prior experience. If that means that I'm as bad as you – then we finally have something in common.

MELANIE: How do you know that we don't have more in common?

GUY: Because we haven't talked that long. You want to find more in common – give me something more time than a cup of coffee.

*Melanie squirms and puts her hand on Guy's leg. He smiles. She smiles. They are going to have many more disagreements. Such is the course of a man and a woman. One domino hits another domino hits another domino until we all see orange.*