

Delightful Hairiness

Cast of characters:

- Sir Dorcas Marmaduke Quilliam the IX (ninth) [snotty kid who thinks he is better than everyone else]
- Madame Portabella Dweezil Tarantula [extremely Mean Stylist]
- Madame Fifi Trixibelle SeanDaBean [excessively Nice Stylist]

Script:

Fifi: It's been a long day.

Portabella: Reallyyyyyy? I hadn't noticed, I've only been working for 6 hours.

(sarcastically)

FiFi: Ha, ha. More like 60 **years**.

Portabella: Who's that squarkle outside? Does he have legos in his hair?

Dorcas: Is this the hair salon, how do you get in?

(pushing on the pull door)

Portabella: That depends, do you have money?

(Pul-cher-tudi-nuse)

Fifi: Well **actually** this isn't a hair solan, this is The Pulchritudinous Parlor of Delightful Hairiness. Thank you very much! (tch)

Portabella: You're supposed to pull the door, dork.

Dorcas: Actually it's Sir Dorcas Marmaduke Quilliam the IX, get it right.

Portabella: Whatever you say, dork.

Fifi: So what brings you here, Sir Dorky Marmalade?

Dorcas: I need a haircut, can you actually do it or are you another one of those low quality scams?
(hands the picture)

Fifi: Wow, you really are a dork!

Portabella: With a name like Dorcas, you can't be much else.

Dorcas: your wasting my time, Will you do it or not?

Fifi: Yeah, whatever you say Sir Dorky Marmalade whatchamacallit.

Dorcas: **It's Sir Dorcas Marmaduke Quilliam the IX!!!!**

Portabella: Nine? There's more of you??!

Fifi: I pity the world.

THE END!!!!!!

