

HARERESSER

Written by

Kname of Righter

FADE IN:

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

A unicorn sits on a bench reading a newspaper in front of a quaint shop with a rotating red, white, and blue spiral next to the door.

The sign on the window reads "Hare Salon".

A Sasquatch walks past the unicorn and enters.

INT. HAIR SALON - CONTINUOUS

The Sasquatch takes a seat in the waiting area.

Every stylist in the shop is a Jackalope having the body of a rabbit with the horns of a antelope.

JUDY, 32, kind eyes with a mature look, uses a stick with a row of piranha lashed to it to cut the hair of a yeti.

As she drags the piranha down the fur of the yeti a WOODCHIPPER sound fills the room. White hair rains down to the floor.

JUDY

He's ten today, can you believe it?

BABS, 22, a bright red bow in her antlers matches the dress and high heels she's wearing, works on a mermaid half submerged in a water tank.

BABS

Girl, what'chu still doin' here? Go home and be with your boy!

Judy pulls a miniature dragon off the wall, holds it in her hands, and gently pulls the tail. A stream of hot air flows from the dragon's mouth as it dries the yeti's hair.

Babs also grabs a miniature dragon off the wall.

BABS (CONT'D)

If it were me, I'd a been gone hours ago. I'd be all like 'Peace out, ya'll' and boom!

Babs yanks on the dragon tail as she says "boom" and a huge fire ball erupts from the dragon's mouth and singes the mermaids hair.

The mermaid snaps her head around.

BABS (CONT'D)
 (to mermaid)
 What'chu lookin' at? Ain't nothin'
 to see here. You good.

Judy's eyes are wide with concern. As the mermaid turns back around, Babs looks at Judy and gives a meek smile of regret.

JUDY
 I just have to stop by the store
 and grab some candles.

BABS
 Well don't be out too late. Things
 round here get kinda sketchy after
 dark.

JUDY
 Somebody has to stand up to the
 thugs, otherwise our city is going
 to start to look like Mordor.

BABS
 And you know ain't nobody wanna
 live in Mordor! Amirite! Orcs,
 smoke, and dirty. Just dirty. Ugh.

JUDY
 I'll just take the next customer
 and call it a day.

In slithers a Hydra with 7 heads full of unkempt hair. Judy's face drops.

BABS
 You go on and get outta here. Tell
 your boy I said 'happy birthday'.

Judy finishes up with the yeti, packs her piranha shears and dragon dryer and walks to the door.

JUDY
 Thank you so much, Babs. I owe you.

Babs smiles as Judy leaves. Then she looks at the singed hair on the mermaid and her smile snaps to a frown.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Judy walks down the street with her work bag slung over her shoulder as she looks at a list in her hands.

JUDY
 Cake? Check. Presents? Check.
 Candles? HMMMMM...

She looks up and sees a store across the street.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

CERBERUS, 33, a three headed dog, sits behind the counter. One head watches the security monitors, another head handles the paying customers, and the last head greets Judy as she walks in.

CERBERUS
 Welcome to Hades Under World of
 Convenience. How may I help you?

JUDY
 Birthday candles?

Cerberus' head snaps and points to the back of the store.

CERBERUS
 Back left by the beef jerky between
 the disposable wands and potions.

Judy nods and walks to the back just as the double doors of the store fly open and a massive TROLL, 43, lumbers in and towers over Cerberus.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK - DAY

Judy scans the shelves for the candles. She grabs the "1" candle and looks for the "0".

JUDY
 Where is it? Come on. It has to be
 here.

Exasperated, she heads to the front of the store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The troll stands at the counter where all three of Cerberus' heads stare up with a frightened look on their faces.

JUDY
 Excuse me, do you guys have any
 "zero" candles? My boy's ten and I
 can find the "one" candle but I
 can't find...

The troll whips around and glares at Judy. He holds a massive sword in his hands.

TROLL

Back off lady, less you wanna get hurt.

Judy stops in her tracks. The Troll turns to Cerberus.

TROLL (CONT'D)

The money. All of it. In the bag.

Fear grips Judy.

But inside her a fierce fire builds.

Her fear turns into anger.

Then her anger ignites into action.

JUDY

Hey! Listen here you bad man! You better leave these nice dogs alone.

CERBERUS

Knock it off lady. He's got Excalibur!

Judy steps back in awe as the Troll holds up the sword, but then she thinks for a second.

JUDY

Wait a second. That can't be Excalibur. Excalibur is in Vegas.

The Troll looks a little nervous.

TROLL

Of course it's Excalibur.

JUDY

If that's Excalibur, what's engraved on the blade?

The Troll looks at the blade.

TROLL

Made in China... I mean made in England! It says made in England!

Judy reaches into her purse and pulls her dragon dryer out.

JUDY
I'm giving you to the count of
three to get out of here, or I'm
going to blow you away.

The Troll steps back. His hand trembles.

TROLL
Look lady, I don't want any
trouble. Just give me the money and
nobody gets hurt.

JUDY
Oh somebody's going to get hurt
alright. One!

The Troll takes another step back.

TROLL
I'm serious, lady.

JUDY
Two!

The troll lowers the sword and looks over his shoulder for
the door.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Three!

Judy raises the dragon and yanks on its tail.

A stream of fire bursts from the dragon and blasts the Troll
through the double doors. He lands on his butt in the parking
lot, his clothes smouldering and his hair ablaze.

Judy steps through the doors and aims her dragon dryer at the
Troll as she looms over him.

JUDY (CONT'D)
You done? Or you want me to turn up
the heat?

The Troll clammers to his feet and barrels down the road
screaming with his hair still on fire.

Judy holsters her dragon and walks back into the store.

FADE OUT:

THE END