

American Horror Story Coven S3 E2 /Scene Madame Marie Laveau Salon.

Fiona

So have you owned this place long?

Marie

What do you think?

Fiona

I think when they say good black don't crack they're not wrong. What's your secret?

Marie

What's yours? Your manicure cost more than my rent. Woman Like you wipes her ass with diamonds. She don't just end up walking in here for hair extensions.

Fiona

My, My, My. Aren't you perceptive?

Marie

You know exactly who I am and what I am capable of, just like I know exactly what you are. Witch. I can smell the stink of it on you.

Fiona

Well I didn't expect you to like me I mean after all, your kind and my kind have been going after each other for centuries, though it is kind of like a hammer going after a nail

Marie

Everything you got you got from us

Fiona

Tituba. Voodoo slave girl who graced us with her black magic. She couldn't tell a love potion from a recipe for chocolate chip cookies if she had to read it

Marie

You made her a slave. Before that she came from a great tribe. The Arawak. She learned the secrets of the other side from a 2000 year old line of shamans. Necromancy.... She gave it to your girls of Salem. A gift repaid with betrayal.

Fiona

Please. You want to tell me that some illiterate voodoo slave girl gave me my crown?

Marie

Well maybe you haven't heard the news about civilization starting in Africa. We more than just pins and dolls and seeing the future and chicken parts. You been reading too many tourist guides

Fiona

Speaking of tourist guides- no more spray- I have been to Saint Louis, Number 1, and I have seen the tomb of Laveau, seen the fat tourist, from Little rock to Hackensack drawing crosses on the bricks making wishes to the bones of Marie Laveau. Little did they know, all they had to do to get their wishes granted was to come down here to the ninth ward and get their hair braided

Marie

And what is your wish witch?

Fiona

I want what you have whatever it is that has kept you young all these years.

Marie

The hammer wants the nails magic. Oh, that is rich

Fiona

Yeah, and you're going to give it to me because I have something you want.

Marie

You could offer me a unicorn that shits 100 dollar bills and I'd still never give you more than a headache
Boys! (Calls for henchmen)

Fiona

Sets wig head on fire

Marie

Hurry get, get it, put it out, stop!

Fiona

I don't like it. (References hair) but we'll be in touch. Such a lovely place you have here. It's nice to see you doing so well after all these years. I mean maybe in another century you could have two shit-hole salons