

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

(MORE)

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MARIE (cont'd)  
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

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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