

DYE

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. FREYJA SALON - NIGHT

A vintage-decorated hipster salon. A long entryway of empty styling stations.

At the farthest end, LILY, 30s, a gothic stylist. She stands behind the shampoo bowl, and with a warm smile, invites her client, HEND, 20s, an Egyptian woman, excited, to sit down.

Hend, dye coated hair, sits and relaxes on the neck rest.

Lily places a folded towel on Hend's eyes, and secures it well.

Lily's friendly face transforms into a bug alien creature. Mirror-like silver orb eyes see the whole place. Worm feelers wiggle out of her cheeks. Slimy goo gushes slowly from her mouth over Hend's hair.

Her tube-like ovipositor extends from her face, and one by one, little grape-sized bulges travel down its length and emerge at its glistening end, pale translucent eggs with soft shells.

Lily massages Hend's hair with wart-covered scaly hands until the goo foams. The eggs clutch on the hair strands. Then she rinses Hend's head.

Styling Station: Lily, in her human appearance, stands behind the sitting Hend and dries her brown hair.

Hend looks in the mirror.

HEND

I love the new color. Thanks!

LILY

My pleasure!

Hend stands, puts a lump of dollars in Lily's hands, and heads to the door.

LILY (CONT'D)

Don't forget to blow dry your hair every day. This new dye is heat activated.

FADE OUT.