

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

HAWKER: [passing by] Lipstick! Lovely lipstick! Scarlet! Vermillion! Rose! Get your lipstick here! [exit]

[Two women, just on the right side of middle-age, enter]

SUSAN [a loud, brassy woman]: So I said to him, you're not Ewen MacGregor, how stupid do I look? He's no bald and fat like you. And he finally fucked off, thank god. Ah, here we are, the promised land. Let's see what we can find.

EMILY [a timid girl]: So many counters. I never know where to look.

SALESPERSON #1: [steps up] Welcome to Jenner's beauty products section. Can I help you?

EMILY: Well...

SUSAN: [to EMILY] cute.

SALESPERSON #1: You know we've got a great new product that I think would be just right for you. It will make you look like Claudia Schieffer or Nicole Kidman.

SUSAN: [preens herself] Really?

SALESPERSON #1: Yes, you can look like a supermodel. Guaranteed. Trust me, the results are incredible.

SUSAN: What is it?

SALESPERSON #1: It's a face mask.

SUSAN: Like using a mud pack, or slices of cucumber on the eyes?

SALESPERSON #1: No, an actual mask, of a beautiful celebrity's face. Made from the finest cardboard.

SUSAN: [her face falls] Hmph.

SALESPERSON #1: You will look like Claudia Schieffer...

[SUSAN and EMILY walk away]

PERFUME HAWKER: [passing by] Chanel! Get your Chanel here! Only £3,000 a litre! [exit]

SUSAN: Bloody cheek.

EMILY: Oh, hair products – do you mind if we...?

SUSAN: Sure, sure.

SALESPERSON #2: [steps up] Can I tell you about our new range of hair dyes?

EMILY: Go on.

SALESPERSON #2: Well, sooner or later everybody's hair goes grey. But, with our new natural look grey dye, you can get it over with... today!

EMILY: Erm... [starts to walk away]

SALESPERSON #2: [a little frantically as the shopper leaves] No more worrying about it, or searching your hair for grey strands, because it'll all be grey! Bollocks. [exit]

HAWKER: [passing by] Designer hair ties! Clinique! Gucci! Two for a pound! Two for a pound! [exit]

SALESMAN #3 [charming in a camp way]: Ah hello ladies. You look tired, have a seat here.

SUSAN: You take it Emily.

EMILY: Thank you. I do find it a bit much. All these new fashions.

SALESMAN #3: Oh, I understand. [to SUSAN] Shall I find another chair for you dear?

SUSAN: I could shop for days, with only brief pauses for a cappuccino.

SALESMAN #3: Ah! Such health and stamina! Well, maybe I can interest you in something new – a revolutionary technique from Europe.

SUSAN: [interested] Hm?

SALESMAN #3: With this new beauty technique you'll never age another day.

SUSAN: What's it called?

SALESMAN #3: Embalming.

SUSAN: And how does it work?

SALESMAN #3: We put you in a large glass jar like this:

FX A LARGE GLASS JAR BEING TAPPED

SALESMAN #3: Fill it with formaldehyde and stick a lid on.

SUSAN: Right. And it's safe?

SALESMAN #3: Well there is one side-effect.

SUSAN: What's that?

SALESMAN #3: Death.

SUSAN: Death?

SALESMAN #3: Yes, it's irreversible I'm afraid. But we guarantee you will never age another day. No wrinkles, no varicose veins. And the jar has wheels, see, so you can move around easily.

FX WHEELS SQUEAKING SLIGHTLY

SALESMAN #3: You will remain young forever...

SUSAN: I'll be dead!

SALESMAN #3: But beautiful.

SUSAN: Hm. Book me in for next Tuesday.