

THE CUTTING ROOM
SKETCH COMEDY SCRIPT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DOTTIE'S SALON - DAY

A bell JINGLES.

Dottie Delruse (35), extravagant, spirited, and elegantly dressed, turns her head and smiles to welcome a customer.

DOTTIE
Hello! Welcome!

QUINCY JONES (26), quiet, handsome, and a head of crazy hair, approaches the counter.

QUINCY
Hey, can I get a haircut?

DOTTIE
Sure thing honey! You've come to
the best place in town! Can I get
your name?

QUINCY
Quincy.

DOTTIE
I'm Dottie!

Dottie looks at his hair through a pair of round, extra large glasses.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Whoah! What a disaster!
(beat)
Come on honey, take a seat.

She grabs a pair of craft scissors from a jar on the reception desk. Quincy raises a brow.

QUINCY
You can't cut hair with that.

Dottie looks at the scissors then back at Quincy's hair.

DOTTIE
You're right! It just won't do!
(beat)
I'm going to need my special tools
for this.

QUINCY
Err...

Quincy takes a seat on a chair, looking into a large mirror. Dottie drapes a black gown over his body.

She moves behind him, bends over the next chair and pulls out a large tool bucket. Quincy looks at her in confusion.

Dottie smiles at him and grabs a spray bottle. She drenches his head with water. It streams down his face like a waterfall.

DOTTIE

Alright, sweetie. What's your preference?

QUINCY

(sputtering)

A short crop...

(beat)

...I Just started at the police academy.

Dottie straps on a pair of yellow gloves.

DOTTIE

I once did some gardening for a policeman. Nice chap, but it didn't last very long. We parted on creative differences.

She plugs in a blow dryer and stands in front of Quincy, putting it on full blast as the air surges into his open mouth, causing his cheeks to jiggle.

Dottie turns it off and reaches into the tool bucket. She pulls out handheld pruning shears, gripping them tightly.

Quincy looks down at his shoes, oblivious.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Let's get trimming!

Dottie inches towards him. Quincy notices the shears and SCREAMS, ducking his head.

QUINCY

Are you crazy!

DOTTIE

Something wrong?

Quincy throws up his hands.

QUINCY

Put that away! I don't think
they're necessary.

Dottie examines the tool, then furrows her brows.

DOTTIE

Now how would you know that? You're
not the expert here, mister.

(beat)

But if it makes you uncomfortable,
then fine. I'll use something else.

Dottie rummages around in her tool kit and grips the handle
of a machete, pulling it into view. The silver blade glints
in the light.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Alright! This should do nicely.

Quincy looks at her hand and flinches.

QUINCY

No! What is the matter with you!?

Dottie shakes her head and SIGHS.

DOTTIE

Listen, I am an artist.

(beat)

I'm trying to do you a favor.

QUINCY

You can't cut hair with a machete,
you psychopath!

Dottie looks at the weapon.

DOTTIE

Oh, I'm sorry, you're right.

She throws the machete across the room.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

That's for a shave.

Quincy watches her with anxious eyes. Dottie observes this.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Okay, easy! I'll choose something
else.

Quincy SIGHS and relaxes his shoulders.

Dottie hands him a goofy magazine as she hurries into the back room of the salon.

Quincy starts reading, suddenly hearing loud SCREECHES and THUDS.

 DOTTIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No, too dull.

Quincy angles his head towards the room.

 DOTTIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Boring! Absolutely not.

There is a moment of silence.

 DOTTIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ah, perfect!

A loud BUZZ and RATTLE engulfs the salon. Dottie emerges holding a chainsaw. Her body shakes violently with the strength of the tool, and her glasses slide down her nose.

 DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Alright, Quincy! I need you to hold
real still for me!

Quincy YELLS and pulls off the black gown. Dottie comes running towards him.

Quincy struggles to his feet. He sprints out of the salon, and SLAMS The door shut behind him.

Dottie slows to a stop, switches off the chainsaw, and readjusts her glasses.

 DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Coward.

She turns around and throws the chainsaw over her shoulder.

The bell JINGLES again as ABIGAIL FRASER (24), enters the salon.

 ABIGAIL
Hey Dottie! I'm here from my
Brazilian.

 DOTTIE
Come on in, Abby. I've already got
the chainsaw lubed up.

FADE OUT.