

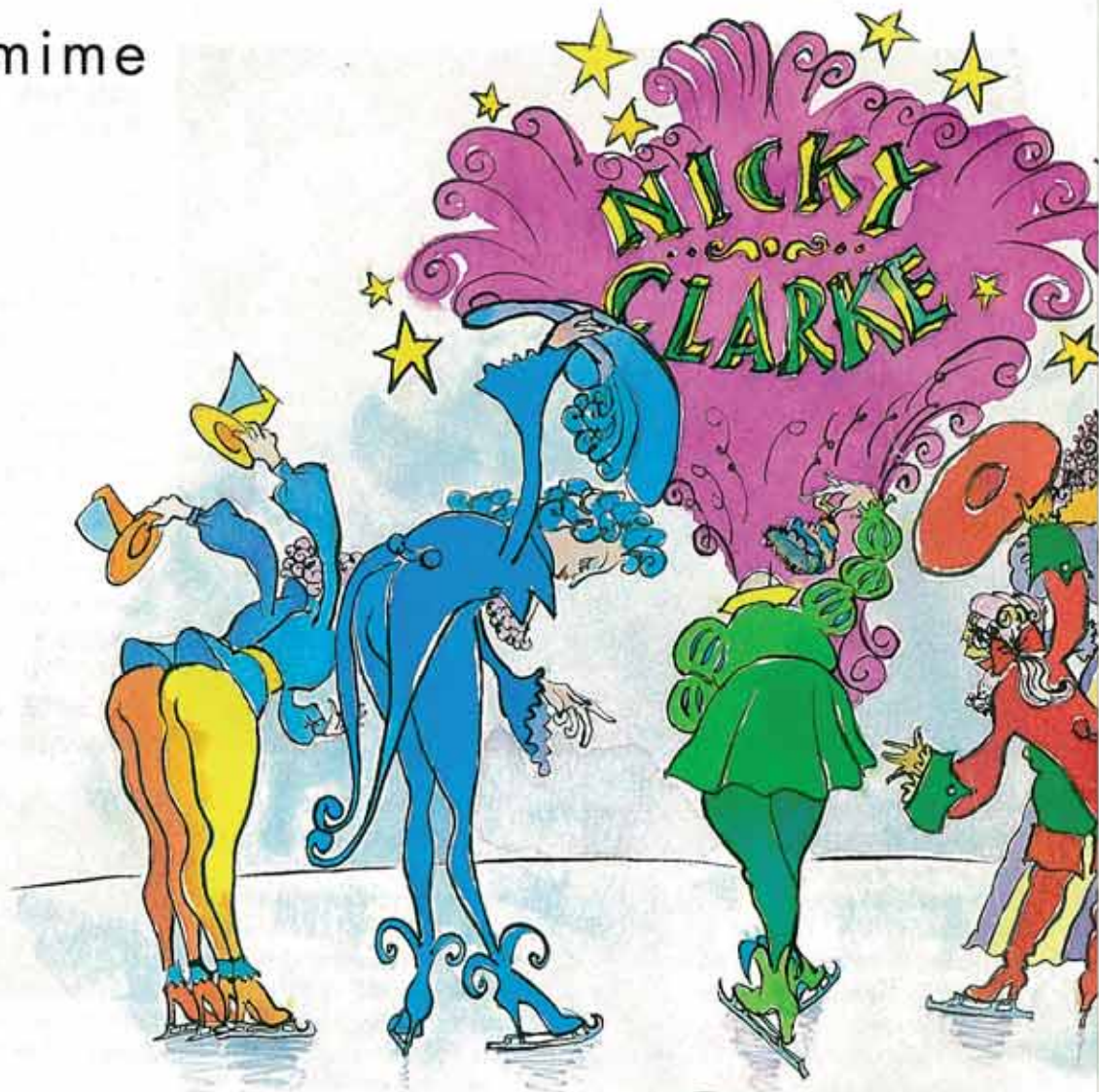
christmas pantomime

Hairdressers Journal presents its very own Christmas pantomime written especially for you by Andrew Don

The curtain rises on the Christmas meeting of the Select Salon Industry's Collective (SSIC).

Gathered under one roof for the last time in 1994 are some of hairdressing's leading lights: Cuthbert of Coulsham (in full electric-blue regalia), Graeme Webberstein (Wages Review Body), Seymour Rayband (Independents Go it Alone Group), Pru Forest (chairman), Honey Goldsbotham (NVQS are Best Group), Tony Barolo (My Guy) and Alvin Galvin (Bald is Beautiful Lobby).

The meeting is in emergency sitting. The issue: who kidnapped Smidgitte Scoff? – a solicitor whose specialisation in suing hairdressers has created a national panic.



Hairlarious ON

GRAEME WEBBERSTEIN: This is the score chaps... Smidgitte's been kidnapped! (everyone gasps)

CUTHBERT OF COULSHAM: Who will save her?

TONY BAROLO: This is a job for Sam McKnight.

CUTHBERT OF COULSHAM: But he'll never agree to wear the tights...

ALVIN GALVIN: (adjusting the tea cosy on his head)

Yes, you know how much they used to make Robin's eyes water.

GRAEME WEBBERSTEIN: You could have a point, but he's too high profile. It won't look good for us if he comes a cropper.

TONY BAROLO: Then who will save her?

SEYMOUR RAYBAND: How about Trevor Sorbie? He never fails.

CUTHBERT OF COULSHAM: He won't wear tights either.

HONEY GOLDSBOTHAM: (Shakes his head. His teeth are chattering and he cradles a mug of coffee.)



If you want someone to wear tights, Bert, why don't you bloody wear them? And whose idea was it to do this on ice?

GRAEME WEBBERSTEIN: It's good training.

PRU FOREST: Why should we want training?

GRAEME WEBBERSTEIN: To rescue Smidgitte Scoff. It's a PR ruse. Can't you just see the irony of it? We rescue our arch foe...

ALVIN GALVIN: (adjusting the tea cosy on his head):

We rescue her? Did you say we rescue her? You expect a bunch of hairdressers to launch an SAS-style rescue to score PR points?

GRAEME WEBBERSTEIN: Why not? Points make prizes.

ALL: (doing Bruce Forsyth impressions)

What do points make?

TONY BAROLO: But it's not even in the NVQ syllabus. There's no way I'm risking life and limb unless Nicky Clarke relinquishes his title of British Hairdresser of the Year.

(Everyone stands up at the sound of Nicky Clarke's name and solemnly bows.)

ALVIN GALVIN: My bloody scalp's freezing.

SEYMOUR RAYBAND: I thought you were buying one of Elton John's hair pieces.

ALVIN GALVIN: He gave it to Sorbie.

CUTHBERT OF COULSHAM: Nicky met Madonna once, you know – what a darling, darlings – Nicky has such wonderful hair, don't you think? (they bow again).

ALVIN GALVIN: Wasn't it you who did her quiff in *In Bed with Madonna*, Cuthbert?

CUTHBERT OF COULSHAM: I wish darling, I wish – these ice skates are giving my bunions blue murder.

GRAEME WEBBERSTEIN: (growing impatient)

We're going to need them to rescue Smidgitte. I've had intelligence reports that she's been taken to Siberia.

ALVIN GALVIN: If you think I'm skating all the way to Siberia on Christmas Eve with a bunch of death-wish crimpers you've got another think coming. I'd rather polish my head with Sam McKnight. As I told Elton, a hair on the head is worth two in the brush...

SEYMOUR RAYBAND: We could get Simon Forbes to make a Monofibre hair extensions rope to lasso her with.

ILLUSTRATIONS: KATHERINE WALKER