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# Exte: Hair Extensions

By Sion Sono

My nose hair is out of control lately.  
'Cause the air's dirty.  
Any luck with last night's Lotto 4?  
Washed out.  
Told ya.  
You'll never hit with those numbers.  
But I really loved her.  
Winning the lotto using the name...  
of a chick who dumped you is... -  
Her name's Go-*ten* Na-mi.

**Four numbers:**

Hold on. 5 and 10, right?  
That's five numbers not four?  
Huh? Go-ten? 5, 1 or 0. I see.  
Which did you use 1 or 0?  
Idiot! No wonder you never win.  
Mind if we turn on the lights?  
No problem!  
Sorry but we gotta work too, you know.  
Actually that works for us too!  
That ain't for you to say.  
Sorry boss.  
Actually that works for us too!  
Thanks!  
That's exactly what I said.  
Evening.  
Oh, evening.  
Evening.  
Sorry to take so long.  
Sorry.  
This container reeks something awful.  
Thought you'd better take a look.  
Really?  
Well, better open it up.  
Hair. Human hair.  
Materials for hair extensions.  
Used for what?  
Extensions. You know, fake hair.  
Extensions?  
This whole zone is filled with hair.  
Get real.  
That's what the man said.  
Lately young chicks wear these...

in their hair for fashion.  
Nothing looks out of the ordinary.  
Is that smell from the hair?  
Human hair's gotta stink a bit, eh?  
Locked in this crate for weeks, right?  
You'd think it'd stink, eh?  
No peeking! Turn away.  
"Mr. Lonely Heart, see you tonight too."  
Got-cha.  
Person.  
Person.  
Takashima, a person.  
A person?  
Dead body?  
Call the police.  
Right.  
Yamazaki. I'm outta here.  
See you tomorrow.  
Almost forgot. The cops found something...  
amazing at the harbor earlier.  
Did they?  
It arrives tomorrow.  
Understood.  
Later.  
Good night, sir.  
Die.  
Cheap imitation.  
To the dump for you.  
We understand each other, right?  
Life's tough.  
If it isn't genius hair stylist...  
in training Yuko Mizushima...  
once again fast asleep at her table...  
from another all-nighter.  
Better get up or...  
Hmm. Morning.  
Morning.  
If isn't Yuki Morita wannabe pro dancer,  
my roommate for over a month.  
Darn. At this rate...  
I'll be late for my job of two years at...  
salon Gilles de Rais.  
Yuki laughs and says...  
"I gotta get moving to my part-time job..."

that pays for my dance studio fees."  
I say, "See you later" and exit.  
"Later".  
I might be home late.  
You're always late.  
What?  
Forgot something.  
Space cadet.  
I'm off.  
See you.  
Hi-ho hi-ho, it's off to work I go.  
Here I go.  
I always ride on this road but...  
that's no reason not to drive safely.  
Yuko Mizushima. Age 20.  
This hair stylist in training heads off...  
aiming to be a great stylist one day.  
Through the tunnel, we find...  
the same town.  
This town shows various expressions.  
Sky, mountains, greenery.  
Hilly, narrow and wide streets.  
As if time stands still under this blue sky.  
I love this town.  
Morning!  
See you!  
If necessary, observe all hand signals.  
Of course, safe driving comes first.  
Cutting through the temple and fish shop...  
The sea is near.  
Surf and sun.  
The sea in the morning is lovely.  
But I can't get too absorbed in it.  
Down the main street and turning right.  
Almost there.  
Being ten minutes late,  
I get off in a fluster.  
Rupin move. Thanks.  
Any hair in here?  
Sorry! I know, I'm late.  
If it isn't Sachi, my coworker,  
another stylist in training...  
and disciple of beauty.  
"Are you still at it?"

I say in humorous tone.  
Sachi answers,  
"Picking up from yesterday?"  
Sachi proposes,  
"Everyone at our salon will talk like this."  
What Sachi who been at the salon  
two years meant was...  
we've have been using overexplicit dialogue  
and everyone laughs at it.  
We started and now it's a habit.  
We can't stop ourselves.  
Morning.  
Good morning!  
Bonjour, Bonsoir.  
- Bonsoir.  
- Bonjour.  
On a TV drama last week...  
this habit to explain circumstances...  
came from similar dialogue like...  
"Well if it isn't Mr. Toda  
who I met a month ago walking over."  
You said it.  
Morning.  
Good morning!  
Good morning!  
Morning.  
Morning.  
The name's Gilles de Rais.  
It's French, ya know.  
Morning.  
Good morning!  
Morning.  
Good morning.  
Morning.  
Good morning.  
Don't stop working.  
Yuriko, did you finish that cut  
in the given time yesterday?  
Yes! No worries.  
Listen up.  
Mind the client's time as well as your own.  
If you can finish earlier, the client  
can have time to get a coffee.  
can have time to get a coffee.

Your ambitions are important too.  
But the client is giving you her time,  
not the other way around.  
Yes.  
Let's get to it.  
Hurry up.  
This isn't the way to school, mommy.  
It's fine. Move it.  
What the hell?  
Hair?  
From the cargo container? Hair extensions?  
The kidneys are?  
Obviously been plucked clean.  
And her eye too?  
Been surgically removed too.  
Must be a white slavery victim from  
some foreign country.  
Meaning?  
The world's full of black market  
human organ trading routes.  
Organ trading?  
Kidnapped.  
Kidnapped?  
Kidnapped and had her organs harvested.  
And the surgery was done by a pro.  
One talented doctor for sure.  
Was she hidden in that container?  
Or did she hide escaping the surgery?  
Or did she hide escaping the surgery?  
Are those extensions hers too?  
Don't ask me.  
Umm...  
You finished?  
Not yet.  
Done.  
Okay.  
It's growing already.  
You're quick.  
Growing from your tongue too.  
You crying?  
You crying?  
'Cause the world's cruel?  
I'm starving.  
What'd you buy for dinner?

Who's that?

Mami.

She was asleep at our door.

"Dear Yuko,

I'm not at my old house."

"2) Mind her for a while."

"3) I'll call you.

From Kiyomi."

Damn her.

Hello.

Hello sis.

Kiyomi's answering service.

Leave a message.

Don't take me wrong

but no slanderous messages. Be-e-e-p.

Who you callin' babe?

Answer!

Don't push your kid off on me!

You never change.

How many times do

I have to clean up your messes?

Now it's the kid, huh?

Get real.

Look after your own brat!

They hung up.

Sorry to trouble you.

Please let me stay one night.

Your mom will pick you up tomorrow.

You can use the bed over there. Now,  
go to sleep.

Okay, understood. Thank you so much.

I'll make her pay.

Don't say that about your sister.

Half-sister!

As a child, she was my slave.

You're my slave now.

{i2003 Best Hair Award{/i

{i2004 Best Hair Award{/i

Growing.

It's growing.

It's growing!

It's growing!

Morning Mami.

Good morning.

Mami... can you show me your body?  
There's nothing to see.  
How about your back then?  
Wait! Mami.  
Yuki, grab her.  
What's wrong?  
Look.  
It's nothing. It's nothing.  
Who could... -  
My sister.  
What? Stolen?  
Yeah.  
What happened last night?  
I was last to leave.  
No evidence of other stolen bodies.  
No evidence of other stolen bodies.  
But...  
But the hair's been... -  
How so?  
What the fuck!  
Get serious!  
Sorry.  
What's with that look?  
Stop it.  
You made him cry.  
Doesn't Yamazaki give you the creeps?  
Don't judge people based on  
them creeping you out.  
Sorry.  
I'll be back after work.  
Be good and wait patiently.  
Understood. I'm a pro at waiting patiently.  
If you need anything,  
call me here.  
Yes.  
See you.  
Lock the door, okay?  
If it isn't stylist wannabe  
Yuko walking there?  
I'll never give up!  
Morning.  
Good morning!  
At least you answer well.  
So when you go independent...



never forget that you're pros.  
To win your clients' trust  
must participate in workshops.  
Cuts change into new styles  
so these techniques and...  
win your clients' trust.  
See you tomorrow.  
Tomorrow then.  
That trust has to be treated preciously.  
Open up.  
Mami.  
Open the door now.  
Mami.  
Mami.  
I know you're in there!  
Open up!  
Mami!  
What took so long?  
What gives!  
I'm sorry.  
What's she doing with nice coat.  
Stop staring.  
Sit straight.  
Yes.  
The fan.  
It fell over. Fix it!  
Yes.  
What the hell are you doin'?  
Mami, who's this?  
So you're Mami's... -  
And this is Yuko's house.  
Who the hell are you?  
It's {iour{/i place.  
What? You lesbians?  
You dumb?  
She never did have any luck with men.  
Get out.  
I said, "Out." Didn't you hear?  
Sister.  
How could you let her in?  
She let herself in.  
Guess I'm in the way.  
I'll go.  
We're leaving Mami.

Wait.  
What'd you do to her?  
These bruises? She's covered with them.  
- Tattletale!  
- This doesn't concern her!  
Doesn't concern her?  
Who's kid do you think she is?  
She's my mine.  
You own her?  
I named her.  
Don't say her name so damn frivolously.  
Ask for my permission.  
This broken cup is yours,  
so I'm sorry.  
But I made Mami so don't go...  
lecturing me about what I own.  
Got it?  
Then answer me.  
Just like the old days. Let's hear it.  
Yes?  
Yes, yes, yes!  
Not you, stupid.  
Do you love her?  
What'd you say?  
Don't preach to me about love.  
Listen to yourself.  
I'm not the one who had the abortion.  
A broken cup...  
can be put back together but...  
the baby you dissected is long gone.  
But that was... -  
A mistake. Everybody makes them.  
Doesn't change the fact you snuffed  
out a human life.  
What's a selfish girl like you gonna tell a person...  
like me who kept her child and raised it?  
Well? What? Say it!  
Mami. Come home with mommy.  
Wait!  
I won't hand her over to you.  
Not to her mother?  
She's not yours to give back.  
Now that I know you beat her,  
I won't hand her over.

What's with you?  
Trying to atone for the child you killed?  
Stop it!  
Shut your hole!  
I'm calling the cops.  
Go ahead.  
I'll tell 'em what for.  
Don't you watch the news?  
Abusing children even your own is a crime.  
Forget it.  
Take her.  
Fine with me.  
Hey, that's mine.  
Whatever.  
Bye-bye Mami.  
Hello?  
Get over here!  
Idiot!  
{iWaiting. I'm always waiting.}/i  
Oh? Wait a little longer.  
{iWait. Just a little bit longer.}/i  
Mami.  
You can live here for a while.  
I'm sorry. Don't hit me.  
I can't be a good girl.  
That's why I made mommy angry.  
But I can be good. I'll be good.  
You didn't do anything wrong.  
You didn't do anything wrong.  
Let it grow.  
Keep growing and growing forever.  
Wonderful.  
You're wonderful.  
Lovely.  
Simply... lovely.  
Lovely but I gotta trim you.  
So sorry.  
All dirty women have to do something...  
about their filthy hair!  
Don't you think so?  
Hi.  
Always nice seeing you.  
Something amazing has come in.  
Wanna try some out?

It's beautiful.  
Told you. They're the real deal.  
They'll look perfect on you.  
You think?  
Wanna try?  
Wow! Looks great!  
Very fine.  
Are those extensions?  
Really beautiful.  
Yeah. Nice, huh?  
Wanna try?  
I'll settle for a cut today.  
Next time then.  
Oh, you're angry.  
It's growing.  
You're angry.  
Amazing.  
My hair just doesn't grow.  
Don't sleep and it'll grow.  
A client told me so.  
Really? Guess I'll stay up late too.  
What the hell!  
Oh no.  
I'm bleeding.  
I'll be gentle with you.  
Come here.  
What!?  
It hurts.  
It hurts?  
Why?  
Why!  
You're a bad girl!  
Right? You're so bad.  
You bad girl.  
Bad, bad, bad girl.  
Bad girl!  
It's been a while.  
Mommy, this shop is red.  
{iLet it grow. Let it grow.{/i  
{iLet it grow today.{/i  
{iThis afternoon at this hair salon...{/i  
{iin Abesada a female customer...{/i  
{iwas killed by her hair dresser...{/i  
{iwho then took her own life.{/i

Yours? Your doing?  
Amazing. Simply amazing.  
You're great when you're angry.  
Horrible eh?  
Didn't step on any blood, did you?  
Rockabye, rockabye. Bye.  
Rockabye, rockabye. Bye.  
Hey you.  
Why are you so lovely?  
But that's not couth to ask, eh?  
Like the clothes I picked?  
But that's not couth either, eh?  
Give the girl upstairs extensions.  
Okay.  
Now... where's some lovely hair?  
Anyone with lovely hair?  
How filthy.  
I wanna fill this town with lovely hair!  
Anyone with lovely hair?  
Huh?  
Huh? Huh?  
That girl.  
What lovely hair you have.  
You lost?  
Wonder what I'm gonna do?  
Bruises, eh?  
Were you abused by this world?  
My name's Yamazaki. Gunji Yamazaki.  
What's your name little lady?  
Excuse me. My name is Yamazaki.  
How can I help you?  
Is Yuko Mizushima here?  
Yuko...  
customer.  
Yuko?  
Coming.  
My name is Yamazaki.  
This girl... -  
Mami.  
Uh...  
she, well, she seemed lost.  
I'm sorry.  
I broke your things.  
Are you her mother?

No, I...  
I thought...  
her hair is so... and your hair is so...  
How great, Mami.  
Huh? Right?  
Well...  
I'm in the way so see you.  
Please wait.  
Yes?  
Thank you very much.  
No, no, don't mention it. Really.  
Right?  
What lovely hair you have.  
If all the bitches in the world...  
I mean..."women"...  
had hair like yours.  
Back to work.  
Yuko...  
you got a kid?  
Sorry for the disturbance.  
I told you to stay home, right?  
Sorry.  
What's wrong?  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Forgive me.  
Don't go causing trouble here.  
Okay. I'm sorry.  
I'll give you until 3 pm.  
Do something about her.  
Yes. Thanks. Let's go.  
Don't hit me.  
I won't.  
Don't hit me.  
Here.  
Ma'am?  
A mother should never hit her child.  
Mother?  
Please mother. Straighten up.  
Huh?  
Be careful.  
Thanks. We're going. Come on.  
Oh no!  
How horrible.  
Don't mess with my mannequins, okay?  
Yes.

What's with this hair style?  
Yes.  
Don't "yes" me.  
Yes.  
Don't say "yes"!  
Yes.  
I've gotta get back to work.  
Yes.  
Don't touch anything. Don't even clean up!  
You like comics?  
I don't understand. Understood.  
If you get bored, read this.  
I'm off.  
And lock the door.  
Understood.  
If you get hungry,  
gratin's in the fridge.  
{iThank you very much.{/i  
{iNo, no, don't mention it. Really.{/i  
{iWhat lovely hair you have.{/i  
{iIf all the bitches in the world...{/i  
{iI mean "women"...{/i  
{ihad hair like yours.{/i  
I'll be back.  
Hi everyone, good afternoon.  
Oh, it's night; good evening.  
The guy from... -  
Yes but actually I... sell... these.  
Oh! Hair extensions, right?  
Right.  
Take a look. Here.  
- Here. Here.  
- Hey, look guys.  
How sweet.  
What country are they from?  
China?  
- No, no.  
- They're not Asian?  
It's a trade secret.  
But I've been showing them...  
to salons on a free sample basis.  
If you'd like, try them out.  
You sure?  
Please.

Yama...

Yamazaki.

Mr. Yamazaki, these will be a hit.

You think? Happy to hear it.

- Is this the only sample?

- Come on. It's free.

I'm ready to buy them.

Thank you.

If you don't mind,

I can bring more tomorrow.

Take a look. Come closer.

She's got such lovely hair.

Huh? Oh...

she's still an apprentice.

A hard worker though.

Really? She's got lovely hair.

Bye.

Well everyone, that's it for tonight.

Thank you.

Thank you.

How creepy.

He was praising your hair.

You don't know him, right?

I'm taking off.

See you tomorrow.

These are great.

You said it.

Sachi?

What's your model like for the next workshop?

I scored someone on the street.

With hair that needs a cutting.

I see.

Kondo, how are those extensions?

Great. I almost wanna wear them home.

Why don't you? They look so natural.

You can go too, Sachi.

Oh, thank you.

Yuko, got a sec?

What happened today?

I'm really sorry.

If you wanna be a qualified stylist,  
get your personal life in order.

I'm sorry.

See you tomorrow.



Tomorrow then.  
Yuko...  
need a model for the workshop?  
Thanks.  
But no thanks.  
OK.  
Not that kid, right?  
Owch.  
Is something in my hair?  
I'm home.  
You still up?  
How was your day?  
I said you didn't have to clean.  
Relax.  
Sit like this.  
Yes.  
A simple "yeah" is fine.  
Did you eat?  
Yes.  
I'll make you a bath.  
Understood.  
Just say "gotcha". Please.  
Gotcha.  
That's more like it.  
Gotcha.  
And please call me sis.  
Gotcha, sis.  
I bought these for you.  
Hope you like them. Ta-da. Cute, huh?  
Try them on.  
There's more. This one's cute too.  
I'm home.  
Welcome back.  
Let's go.  
Welcome back.  
I'm home. I did some shopping.  
What'd you buy?  
Guess? Ta-da. Pajamas for Mami.  
What?  
What's happening?  
You angry?  
Right? Getting mad?  
Amazing.  
As always thank you.

I liked the cut. I'll be back.  
Thank you. Please come again.  
She won't answer.  
Kondo seemed fine last night, right?  
Totally fine. Left right after that.  
Not the kind of girl to cut  
work without calling.  
Mami.  
Mami.  
Mami.  
Mami.  
I know you're in there.  
Mami.  
Mami.  
You're home, right?  
I'm sorry I left you here for a while.  
Could you open the door?  
You haven't been to school.  
Your teachers are worried.  
Won't you show mommy your face?  
Sis told me not to open the door.  
Yuko did?  
Yes, she did.  
Mommy regrets what she did.  
I'm truly sorry.  
I came to apologize.  
Open the door and show me your face?  
Open the door and show me your face?  
That's a good girl.  
Open the damn door, idiot!  
I'm sorry.  
Don't "sorry" me.  
Her bank book.  
Come on. Help me!  
But those are sister's.  
Whose kid do you think you are?  
Whose? Say it!  
Get a job, hair girl!  
Get a move on!  
My fingernail's split. Take a look.  
What's wrong, honey?  
This uppity punk in the bar.  
I swung at him and jammed my hand.  
That bar attracts bad types.

Lately, kids...  
no goddamn manners.  
That includes you!  
How do we answer?  
Yes.  
Before you lived with Yuko,  
you knew how to answer.  
She's picked up Yuko's bad habits.  
Right?  
Smack her?  
Teach her the restraint of being a lady.  
Understood.  
Yes sir.  
I'm sorry, sorry, sorry.  
I can't hear you and your baby voice.  
Speak louder.  
Kids who don't listen get punished.  
It hurts! My broken nail hurts.  
Poor baby.  
I'll suck it for you.  
It stings.  
That feels nice.  
That tickles.  
Hey look, look.  
Today's prize.  
Look. A new coat.  
Where'd you get that?  
A kind person gave it to me.  
And this too.  
Nothing for me?  
Nope.  
Owch. My nail hurts.  
Still?  
This hurts too.  
What the!  
Hair is... growing on your arm.  
Gross.  
What the... -  
No peeking, idiot!  
Hello? Oh, Yuko.  
About 2 I guess. Mami was studying.  
She should be home.  
Look out!  
Is Mami okay?

- Mami Mizushima?  
- Yes.  
It was a minor injury. She's fine.  
Thank you.  
Miss Yuko Mizushima?  
Yes.  
Detective Sugawara. This is...  
Tamura.  
My sister.  
A monster.  
A monster?  
A monster?  
A hair monster killed my mommy.  
Mami.  
It's the truth.  
There's a connection.  
To the hair?  
My gut tells me it's linked to  
the missing female corpse.  
The cargo container girl?  
One and the same. Somehow...  
Somehow?  
Somehow doesn't solve cases.  
Sorry.  
We can't inform HQ on a hunch.  
No way. No way.  
It's all natural hair.  
Everyone.  
Today was hard on us all.  
Kondo's death was a shock but  
that doesn't concern our customers.  
Brace yourselves emotionally  
and focus on our work.  
Are...  
we going ahead with the workshop?  
As planned.  
You too, Yuko.  
Okay?  
Fine.  
Mami.  
Yeah?  
I wanna give you this.  
Cut it all you like.  
But be careful with scissors.

Really?

Practice using scissors first.

Hold them like this.

Great. Nice.

Yuko, you up?

Yeah.

Thanks for being my model.

**OK:**

You think anyone will shoot video for me?

I'll ask somebody.

Great. Good night.

Night.

Can I ask you something?

Sure. What?

Why'd you find a job cutting hair?

That's... well...

Ever since I was little, I loved going to the beauty parlor with mom.

The stylists there were really talented.

I loved to watch my mother sitting in front of the mirror.

I was enchanted by their hand movements.

My heart pounded as

I watched my mother's beauty change.

Little by little, my mother transformed into a woman I'd never seen before.

One day, the stylist asked me if I wanted a hair cut.

I was still in elementary school.

I never thought I'd get to sit in the adult chairs.

So I sat down and looked in the mirror... at my ugly self.

I should have never sat down.

I knew it was wrong to sit down.

Totally...

but that stylist... before I knew it, myself in the mirror changed.

I could barely stand it

looking through the mirror.

I thought how amazing to be able to do such magic.

I looked at his face and it was like...

the face of a person doing something great.  
Someone filled with confidence.  
I thought someday I'll learn that technique.  
I'll be like him.  
I wanna feel the way you do too.  
You do?  
Huh?  
I see.  
Wanna give it a try?  
So they matched, eh?  
Thank you. Bye.  
The DNA lab results?  
The hair fiber from every case is from that girl.  
But that's...  
Added all up, it should be the hair...  
of 30 women.  
How can that be?  
Don't ask me.  
It's Sugawara. The results are in.  
They all match.  
We'll assume all the cases are related.  
Keep you in the loop.  
We're outta here.  
Why do I have to be your model again?  
I wanna try out a new style.  
Here we go Jun.  
Have your way with me.  
Let's go, Mami.  
Let's go.  
Good morning.  
Morning.  
You're late.  
Sorry.  
Is she your cut model?  
Yes.  
I'm Mami.  
Please treat me favorably.  
She's a kid.  
The one from before.  
You're right.  
Let's begin.  
Over there Mami.  
You have 45 minutes.  
Skill doesn't count. If you can't

finish in time, you're out.  
Ready.  
Yuko, hurry up.  
Now, start.  
Good luck.  
I'll make this a Kodak moment for you.  
Keep your cool.  
Okay.  
Yuko, don't rush.  
I'm gonna give you extensions.  
Excuse me.  
Can I have a minute?  
What is it?  
Whose that?  
I'm sorry everyone.  
We'll have to stop.  
The detectives have some questions.  
Please give them your attention.  
You cut models are free to go.  
We appreciate your cooperation.  
What happened?  
Probably related to Kondo.  
Did you do something?  
Nothing.  
Done!  
Nice work.  
You did it.  
Way to go, Yuko.  
What do you think?  
That's it for today.  
Thanks for your help.  
Next please.  
What's up?  
One of our customers died  
after leaving here.  
Mrs. Suzuki?  
I gave her extensions.  
They kept grilling me about extensions.  
Is that somehow related to Kondo?  
Do you often use these?  
We usually use these.  
Are these special?  
A strange man brought them  
in a bird cage.

Were those extensions  
the ones that guy brought?  
The guy in overalls.  
That guy?  
Brought them in a bird cage.  
Brought them in a bird cage.  
Has he been here before?  
- What was his name?  
- I can't recall.  
That night Kondo wore home  
the extensions he brought.  
Yamazaki.  
His name?  
Yamazaki.  
Yamazaki.  
{iI'm gonna give you extensions.{/i  
Sorry but I gotta go.  
Yuko wait.  
Hair has a way of falling everywhere.  
Look how much.  
The phone?  
A fax?  
I'm starving.  
Wonder how long Yuko'll be.  
You look like a pro stylist.  
Gimme a break.  
Is this extension the same  
as the one you're wearing?  
Yep.  
Then she'll look as cute as you.  
Then she'll look as cute as you.  
I can't wait any more.  
What do you wanna do?  
- You wanna wait?  
- I'll wait.  
Really?  
Done!  
Huh? Show me. How is it?  
You're getting better.  
You've got a bright future.  
Mami.  
Don't look behind you.  
What the hell?  
Mami run.



Who's it gonna be today?  
Maybe...  
those girls?  
Help.  
Yuki!  
Mami!  
What?  
Mami?  
Yuki?  
Mami,  
Mami.  
Stop, stop.  
Stop it! Let go of these girls.  
What lovely hair you have.  
What the fuck.  
Is all this hair?  
Looks like it.  
Sugawara?  
Look over there.  
The cargo container woman?  
Hair relaxes me.  
I was always alone.  
So now, I'm very happy.  
So happy together.  
Bound together by hair.  
Oh dear.  
You're all over the place.  
What now?  
Why'd you do it?  
What do we have here?  
Fuck off.  
What happened?  
You poor boys.  
How lonely.  
How pitiful and empty.  
Stop.  
They always, always, always...  
drove me hard at that morgue,  
working me to the bone day after day.  
What's so wrong?  
With cutting someone's hair?  
What's so wrong with it?  
Stop.  
What?

- Stop what? What?  
- Stop.  
I can't hear you.  
What? I can't hear you!  
Shape up?  
Act properly?  
He's dead.  
Dropped dead.  
Dead as a door nail.  
We'll let this one live!  
Detective, I haven't done anything wrong.  
Sure, I brought her home but...  
she's not dead. Very much alive.  
Her hair is amazing, eh?  
So thick with a rich, glossy luster.  
She's an amazing girl. Simply amazing.  
But she's suffered up until now.  
But since I met her, no more.  
I haven't searched for anyone else.  
But these two are different.  
These two are the best.  
So talented. So lovely.  
Surrounded by hair, living among it.  
Making a life of hair.  
Putting their interests to good use.  
What do you want?  
Hear me out, senorita.  
This girl is so pitiful.  
While she was living, her organs...  
and eye were ripped out and sold.  
And so her hair raged.  
Will you live with us forever?  
Please.  
No. Stay away.  
Don't come near me.  
Mami, run!  
Stop it.  
Huh?  
Stop.  
Stop.  
Don't you mess with her hair.  
I'm not.  
You're out!  
That'll learn you to mess with hair.

Your hair looks delicious.  
Stay away from my sister!  
You sweet deary, I'm make dinner out of you.  
If you love your hair like this...  
you'll be like me.  
Don't you get near her!  
Owch!  
Stop.  
Now, I'm angry.  
Did you see that?  
I always told you I was a gentleman,  
but I can't quietly stand by after that.  
Senorita...  
I'm gonna cut that hair for you.  
Don't hurt my sister!  
Back off or I'll start with you!  
Come on, you freak!  
You want my hair?  
You can have it!  
Don't you want it, you pervert!?  
Don't call me pervert!  
Pervert! Pervert!  
Silence!  
- Pervert!  
- Silence!  
You asked for it!  
Bring it on, you pervert!  
It hurts!  
Why's blood coming out?  
How strange your hair is.  
Amazing!  
How amazing!  
Why's hair... -  
Hurts but in a good way!  
It tickles! It tickles!  
Ec-sta-sy!  
Mami, come here.  
You okay?  
Did I do something wrong?  
Torment them for me.  
No. Come here.  
Please.  
Thanks. You're a good girl.  
Here.

Hurry.

Mami hurry.

Sister.

Do you hate working with hair now?

Nope! I wanna try even harder.

That's good news.

Mami?

Stay with me forever.

Huh?

Stay with me forever.

Huh?

Stay with me forever.

Sister.

Thanks.