

## The Hair-Curler Scenario

by Cassie Ingaben

### Scenario number one

Bodie's voice called from the bathroom: "Hey, Doyle, I am borrowing your electric hair curler—Murphy's bought a poodle, and I've got an idea . . . "

A mildly amused Doyle answered from the depths of the sofa: "Mhmm, sure. But I shall want it back, mind you! I need it to change my hairstyle while we are in the car . . . "

Amidst rummaging noises, Bodie shouted back: "Oh, yeah! That reminds me—we gotta pack extra shoes and a change of clothes for the Capri. I love getting changed while we drive, it confuses those bloody fen to no end . . . "

An evil chuckle, followed by a brief exclamation of triumph as Bodie unearthed the electric curler from the depth of the bathroom cupboard, and made their way through the house.

### Scenario number two

Bodie's voice called from the bathroom: "Hey, Doyle, I am borrowing your electric hair curler—Murphy's bought a poodle, and I've got an idea . . . "

A mildly annoyed Doyle answered from the depth of the sofa: "Bodie, I told you a thousand times—you have to ask permission first before you borrow my stuff!"

After a couple of seconds of silence, Bodie appeared, careful not to lean in the doorway: "But you have moved on! Now you use those pink foam curlers that stay on overnight—I should know, I find them all over the sheets in the morning . . . "

Doyle shuffled on the sofa, muting the TV with the remote: "Yes, I moved on—but it is still my concept, to use the hair curler! Remember, I am the one who has to look like Starsky."

Bodie smiled a bit sourly—being stuck as Hutch still smarted: "I thought it was supposed to be Kevin Keegan" he said, mentally sticking his tongue out.

Doyle shrugged: "Nah. Most of the fen are Americans, don't forget it—they wouldn't know Keegan . . . "

Already tiring of Doyle's skittishness, Bodie tried to be conciliating: "True."

Pause. Cheerfulness, mostly unforced: "So, is it OK to borrow your hair curler if I ask you for permission first?"

Quickly, Doyle countered, grinning widely: "Will you acknowledge me?"

Bodie threw up his hands in the air, huffing: "OK I have had enough! Can't she just use the word 'said'? And all those adverbs are driving me crazy!"

"Patience, sunshine — this one is a foreigner, remember? The Italian one . . . "

"Lovely, wog fen now . . . "

"BODIE!"

"Uh, sorry—I mean, ehr . . . Oh, come on, everybody knows I love it when we go on holiday in Italy, OK?" He smiled sheepishly. "Nothing personal, just a figure of speech . . . Besides, she has got the characters switched—I am the one that tells you to be patient!"

Doyle shrugged, turned on the TV volume again. After a few moments, Bodie zeroed in again, having decided to ignore both Doyle's inattention and the writer's wobbly command of the language: "Look Doyle, I would like to acknowledge you—but how can I? It's supposed to be a bloody practical joke, for God's sake!"

Doyle's eyebrows shot up, blissfully unaware of their cliched behaviour: "A joke? A joke involving a poodle, you said?" He tut-tutted, shaking his head. "you see, Bodie, this is just not going to be possible . . . How about my vision?"

Bodie did a double-take: "Vision? What vision?"

"My original artistic vision, you dumb crud! Don't you ever listen to the birds on the mail list? My vision! The universe I created by using the curler for the purpose of curling my hair—you know,

the same universe where my hair is auburn, thick as a cat's fur and soft as silk; where my eyes are green pools of mystery, my body –"

"Alright, I know, I know! I'll acknowledge your ruddy vision, if you are so bloody minded—I just don't wanna hear any complaints when Murphy shoots you in the kneecap for perming his dog, understood?"

Doyle finally stood up, eyes alight with anger now: "You just don't get it, do you? You CAN NOT use my hair curler on a bloody poodle because it would be a gross misinterpretation of my true intent when I got my perm!"

"Huh?"

Doyle snorted: "OK, I will say it again in words of one syllable—I did not mean my curler to be used on a bloody dog! If you do it, you will compromise my artistic integrity! Therefore, you are NOT using my curler!"

Doyle punctuated his speech stomping his foot and glaring at Bodie, who pursed his lips and set his jaw, an ominous air of menace gathering around him. Without a spare thought for the writer's escalating cliches, Bodie asked in a low, deceptively flat voice: "Is that your final word, Ray?"

"Yes."

Bodie suddenly swung his right arm, which had till that moment kept the electric curler hidden behind the broad back, and hit Doyle in the face with the appliance. Hard. Bodie then stepped over Doyle's fallen body and strode towards the door, mumbling: "Pig-headed golly has been listening to those bloody fen again!"

He then stepped out, the curler's electric cord trailing behind him and over Doyle's—you guessed it—damaged cheekbone.

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*This is a rather tongue in cheek commentary on the double standard most slash writers espouse when they insist about their work*

*should not be imitated or quoted or elaborated upon, as it is "theirs" – said work being fanfiction, therefore "poached" from TV by definition...*

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