

A. Mann's World

(PILOT)

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WRITER'S DRAFT  
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EXT. ALLAN'S HOME - MORNING

CLOSE ON: A lush, red hibiscus blossom on a bush. Birds chirp -- then a HISSING sound as an automatic sprinkler POPS UP through the grass, locks into place and starts pumping a torrent of water onto the delicate flower. The flower starts to wilt as the CAMERA floats up and onto the bedroom window of a ONE LEVEL ULTRA-MODERN LOS ANGELES HOME. A MAN is asleep in the bed facing us.

INT. ALLAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The face of ALLAN MANN. A sexy, knock-out at thirty, he is now -- late fifties -- still sexy. After a beat, a CHILD'S HAND creeps up over the side of Allan's head. The tiny fingers lift up the sagging skin hanging over his left eye, exposing the white of his eye.

ANDERSON (O.C.)

Daddy.

His pupil rolls into view as he opens his eyes. He turns and looks up at ANDERSON (3), an adorable little girl with delicate Asian features. She points her finger at him.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

Daddy tired.

ALLAN

No, daddy's not.

He PULLS himself awake and playfully CHOMPS at her finger.

INT. ALLAN'S HOME/BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON: THICK MALE HANDS pulling on a pair of BABY BLUE EXFOLIATING GLOVES. WIDE: Allan stands in a large, sleek, modern glass shower soaping up his body using the baby blue gloves. His middle-aged muscle JIGGLES and shakes as he RIGOROUSLY moves the gloves all over it. A flat-screen TV on the bathroom wall plays CNN FINANCIAL NEWS and sunlight bounces off a red EVERLAST HEAVY BAG hanging from the ceiling. Boxing gloves sit on a chic chrome stool nearby. Allan grabs for the bar of soap but it SLIPS out of his hands. He quickly REACHES to catch it -- JERKING his left shoulder. Shooting pain. He winces.

ALLAN

Ow. Damn.

He rubs his shoulder with one of the baby blue gloves.

INT. ALLAN'S HOME/KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

A minimal, metallic high-end kitchen. LEI, a stunning Asian-American woman (34) is sitting at the kitchen island with little Anderson in her lap. Lei is wearing a sexy, chic business suit and has her long, jet black hair pulled up tight onto her head. She has one eye on her silver laptop and one eye on the pink bow she is attempting to tie in the baby's hair. A MEXICAN HOUSEKEEPER walks over, places a shot glass of wheat grass onto the kitchen island and walks away. Allan ENTERS dressed in a hip, relaxed, expensive way. He runs his hands through his, still, very full head of sandy colored hair. Post-shower; he looks -- younger.

LEI  
How'd you sleep?

ALLAN  
Perfect.

He picks up the shot of wheatgrass and "shoots" it back.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
But that bow can be better.

LEI  
Be my guest.

ALLAN  
Come here, Anderson baby-- Let  
Daddy give it a shot.

As he lifts Anderson up, he winces. Lei notices.

LEI  
Bikram Yoga.

He sets Anderson on the kitchen island and works on her bow.

LEI (cont'd)  
They heat the room to a hundred --  
would be amazing for your shoulder.  
I'll e-mail you the schedule again.

ALLAN  
Lei, if I want to pay money to  
sweat in a sauna with strangers,  
I'll join Scientology.

She smiles. He finishes the bow and winks at Anderson. Allan's ipad, charging nearby, CHIMES. He looks down at it.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Gotta go -- I've got a 9:15.

Lei quickly slides the laptop over in his direction.

LEI  
I just downloaded the final  
presentation.

ALLAN  
Can't now -- I'll see it when I get  
home tonight.

He picks Anderson up and hands her back to Lei. Winces.

LEI  
Bikram.

ALLAN  
Advil.

He smiles. Lei picks up a CD laying on the counter.

LEI  
New.

He takes it, then fusses with his shirt, looks over at her.

ALLAN  
The shirt?

She reaches up, takes hold of the shirt and slowly pulls him down to her. She gives him a DEEP KISS as Anderson, squeezed in between them; watches. After the kiss. Lei looks at him.

LEI  
Sexy.

He runs his hand over the top of her hair then -- walks away.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: the CD PLAYER as Duran Duran's "GREATEST" slides out. Allan opens the new CD jacket and takes out a "YOUNG JEEZY" CD. He feeds it into the player, dropping the Duran Duran CD in the new case. PULSING URBAN RAP music explodes out of the speakers. Allan slaps on a pair of expensive sunglasses, puts the car in gear and takes off.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR/ ROBERTSON BLVD.- A LITTLE LATER

RAP MUSIC PLAYS as Allan drives along trendy Robertson Blvd. in his shiny black Maserati wearing his cool sunglasses. Traffic slows to a STOP and he glances up into his rearview mirror to check out his hair.

After a hand swipe or two -- it's perfect. He lifts his sunglasses and looks at his eyes. CLOSE ON: Allan's eyes. He notices a wiry GRAY HAIR sticking up out of his right eyebrow. Traffic STARTS up again and a HORN HONKS from behind. He steps on the gas, taking his eyes off the road just long enough to reach up and YANK OUT the gray hair. He looks back at the road -- in time to see that the WHITE LEXUS in front of him has suddenly STOPPED short. He jams on the brakes -- too late -- BANG.

INT. WHITE LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

A HAIRLESS UGLY PURSE DOG slides off the front seat of the Lexus and hits the floor with a YELP.

EXT. ROBERSTSON BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Allan gets out of his car - running his fingers through his hair. He looks at the Lexus back fender. There is a dent next to the "LEXI LA" licence plate. He glances back at the dent in his fender as the Lexus front door opens and LEXI L.A.(34) an attractive Beverly Hills blonde bitch holding her hairless ugly purse dog gets out. She YELLS at Allan.

LEXI L.A.

Did you not see me stop?!

ALLAN

I know, I know. Sorry. My fault.

LEXI L.A.

What the hell were you doing?

ALLAN

I was -- looking at my phone.

LEXI L.A.

We're all looking at our phones -- that's no excuse!

He nods, takes out his business card - holds it to her.

ALLAN

My insurance will cover it. Here.  
I'm Allan Mann.

She glances at his card with contempt, then opens her purse and starts digging for hers. The ugly dog looks up at him.

ALLAN (cont'd)

Are you Lexi? "Lexi L.A.?"

Nothing. She just keeps digging. He looks her over.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Who does your hair?

She stops digging and looks up at him -- thrown.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Let me take you to a better blonde.

He offers his card again. She looks at it, then up to him.

LEXI L.A.  
You're that Allan Mann?

ALLAN  
My treat.

For the first time -- the blonde bitch smiles. All is well.

EXT. THE ALLAN MANN SALON - A LITTLE LATER

Allan pulls up in front of The ALLAN MANN SALON. His name is clearly displayed on the classic, re-done "sixties" boutique building. JUAN (21) the Mexican valet, runs to meet his car. Allan steps out -- leaves the engine and music running.

ALLAN  
Morning Juan.

JUAN  
What happened to the fender, Mr. M?

ALLAN  
Didn't you do that?

He smiles; Juan laughs. Allan gets the CD case from the car.

JUAN  
What you listening to?

ALLAN  
Young Jeezy.

Juan nods; impressed. Allan walks away and up to the salon. SNIP, SNAP and SNUR (20, 21, 21) three eccentric, hip, hair stylists, that work as a team, are out in front SMOKING. Snip and Snap are African-American, Snur is not.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Gents.

They look over at him and SMILE - exhaling smoke.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION- CONTINUOUS

Allan enters the bright, chic salon built around a sun-filled glass enclosed courtyard. In the courtyard is a small "60's" style swimming pool. IVY (20) fashion model tall and impossibly thin, is at the reception desk answering phones. Her voice is wan, as if it were undernourished as well.

IVY  
(into phone)  
Allan Mann.

NICKY, (40's), a compact, capable dynamo, walks over to greet Allan as soon as he spots him. They walk through the salon.

NICKY  
Morning.

ALLAN  
They're smoking in front again.

NICKY  
Did you say anything?

ALLAN  
That's your job.

NICKY  
I thought my job was running your empire.

ALLAN  
They're smoking in front of my empire.

Allan smiles, takes out a business card, hands it to Nicky.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Here. I rear-ended a woman --

NICKY  
-- Are you okay?

ALLAN  
(nods; then)  
-- She's coming in later for a free cut and color. She's tough. Better have David do her.

NICKY  
His day off.

ALLAN  
Call him -- a favor for me.

Nicky looks down at the business card, then over at Allan.

NICKY  
Bitch scale... one to ten?

ALLAN  
Forty-five.

MICHELLE (35) comes down the corridor towards them carrying a foamy cappuccino in a white china cup. She is very pretty, African-American and wearing short shorts and great shoes that show off her legs. She smiles when she sees Allan.

MICHELLE  
Morning boss.

ALLAN  
Sexy legs.

MICHELLE  
Don't make me call my lawyer.

ALLAN  
See you in court.

Michelle laughs, continues walking. HILDA, the middle-aged Haitian salon "hair sweeper" walks by with her broom and dust pan. She is so sweet that her stretch pants, tacky glitter tee shirts and bad hair are overlooked.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Morning Hilda.

Hilda smiles a big gold-toothed smile -- they walk on.

NICKY  
FYI - It's her birthday tomorrow.

ALLAN  
Flowers.

NICKY  
How much?

ALLAN  
Two hundred. And champagne.

They round the corner arriving at a small salon "coffee bar" where a COOL TATTOOED SALON EMPLOYEE is making cappuccinos. A thick-haired BRUNETTE (40) sits at the bar -- sipping one.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
How's that coffee, beauty?

BRUNETTE  
Starbucks who?

Allan laughs -- hands the CD over to Nicky.

ALLAN  
New. Put it in my office.

NICKY  
Coffee?

ALLAN  
In fifteen. And Nicky - the boys?

Nicky nods; speeds away. Allan walks up behind the Brunette.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
So... What am I going do to this  
big mess today?

BRUNETTE  
Whatever you do to Khloe  
Kardashian's big mess.

He runs his hands through her hair. She practically purrs.

EXT. SALON - CONTINUOUS

Nicky exits the salon and walks over toward Snip, Snap and Snur who are facing away talking -- and smoking.

NICKY  
No smoking out front.

They REACT like they've been hit with darts from behind. They slowly turn - Snip and Snap have incredulous "excuse me" looks on their faces. Snur's eyes are down; shy.

NICKY (cont'd)  
I told you before... You have to  
smoke out back in the alley.

SNIP  
In New York we could smoke out  
front.

NICK  
In New York you can pee out front  
but this is L.A. Am I clear?

SNUR  
(beat; then meek)  
Yes. You want us to pee on you.

Snip and Snap REACT and HOOT. Snap sings the disco song: "INSTANT REPLAY" as Snip and Snur "Vogue" to it. Nick rolls his eyes and starts back inside as the boys sing and pose.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Michelle is at the reception desk with Ivy - looking over the day's schedule. Nicky slides up next to her.

NICKY

Why'd he have to go and hire the gay three stooges?

MICHELLE

Because they are fierce, fabulous and famous with black hair.

NICKY

If you really loved me, you'd do the black hair.

MICHELLE

Oh honey, I'm a single mother, I don't have that kind of time.

He smiles, she smiles and walks away. He looks over at Ivy.

NICKY

Phone. I need to ruin someone's day off.

She picks up the cordless phone and hands it to him.

NICKY (cont'd)

And did you get Allan his coffee?

Ivy looks over at him - a blank look on her face.

NICKY (cont'd)

I told you to bring Allan a coffee.  
(still blank)  
Have you eaten anything?

IVY

It's not even noon.

NICKY

I meant this week.

The front door opens and TIA, (21) a gorgeous, Latina makes an entrance. She is "turned-out" from head to toe. She removes her large WHITE DIOR SUNGLASSES with a flourish. Nicky looks up and CALLS over to her.

NICK

Tia, get Allan a coffee before you start washing heads.

Tia nods; sweet - and hurries away. Nicky dials a number.

EXT. DAVID'S BUNGALOW/PATIO GARDEN-CONTINUOUS

Roses. Gorgeous roses. Many gorgeous rose bushes in terracotta pots along a quaint back-yard patio. A phone is heard ringing. DAVID (45) shaggy handsome, relaxed, is pruning the roses. He picks up his phone.

DAVID

Hello?

NICKY

I need you to do me a favor, David.

DAVID

You telemarketers are getting so specific.

NICKY

Allan wants you to come in and do a freebee.

DAVID

Bitch scale?

NICKY

Forty-five. Will you?

DAVID

Sure. See you later.

NICKY

Sorry -- I hope I didn't wake you.

DAVID

No. I've been up for hours.

David hangs up, puts the phone down and picks up a lit joint. He takes a long hit on it -- continues pruning.

INT. SALON/CUTTING AREA- LATER

Allan is finishing blow-drying the Brunette's hair. Every time he raises his arm to pull her hair along the brush -- he WINCES a little. Tia stands nearby assisting him. Nicky walks over -- he sees Allan WINCE.

NICKY  
Shoulder again?

Allan turns off the dryer and sets it down -- ignoring the question. He moves his hands through the finished hair.

ALLAN  
Need something, Nicky?

NICKY  
Just got a call from your real estate agency -- Adam needs you to meet him in front of the property in fifteen minutes.

ALLAN  
Why?

NICKY  
Exactly - Why? I thought the spa idea was over.

BRUNETTE  
(looks up from texting)  
What spa idea?

ALLAN  
I may be expanding -- hair, face, body -- all under one roof.

BRUNETTE  
Great. I'm here every day.

ALLAN  
Book her, Nicky.

He spins the chair to the mirror. She is thrilled.

BRUNETTE  
You're a genius.

ALLAN  
Tia can finish you.

TIA  
(eyes widen; excited)  
I can?

ALLAN  
Make me proud.

TIA  
Oh my God. I so will.

He winks at her and walks away -- Nicky follows after him.

NICKY  
You told me the spa expansion was  
way too expensive.

ALLAN  
When did I say that?

NICKY  
Thursday.

ALLAN  
Well, that was Thursday.

He spots a WAITING WOMAN (30's) sitting; reading a magazine.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Who's she waiting for?

NICKY  
France. He's not in yet.

ALLAN  
It's almost eleven. Where is he?

INT. BUNGALOW/ BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

France 33, dark, sexy, naked... is in bed having sex with a cute, naked REDHEAD. She SQUEALS with delight each time he bangs them both up against the headboard. His iPHONE on the bed side table RINGS - revealing a caller ID photo of Nicky.

EXT. SALON - MOMENTS LATER

Allan walks out the front door. Juan jumps up and runs over.

ALLAN  
It's okay, Juan, I'm going to walk.

JUAN  
Walk?

Allan puts his sunglasses on and starts away. He walks, all of thirty feet, to the building RIGHT NEXT DOOR: The MOSES JUDD REST HOME. A small retirement home built in the sixties - now closed. ADAM (25) a sharp, young real estate agent leans against his Mercedes convertible parked in front.

ALLAN  
What's the drama, Adam?

ADAM

If it's a yes, they need it done by tomorrow. Whole Foods is on deck. They've wanted in this neighborhood ever since Paul Smith took over the Persian lamp store.

ALLAN

Another Whole Foods? Jesus Christ, they won't be happy till it's "Whole Country".

(beat; then)

How much more time can you get me?

ADAM

Tomorrow means tomorrow.

ALLAN

You're supposed to be the big hot shot real estate agent and that's the best you can do?

ADAM

I got you two weeks, Dad.

Allan nods, looks up at the building. Shakes his head.

ALLAN

Man, I hate to be muscled like this. I was in this neighborhood before anyone.

ADAM

Muscled? You've been thinking about it for a year.

ALLAN

Lei just finished the presentation this morning -- I still have to get Lou to sign off on the money.

Allan runs his hands down his face, then up through his hair.

ADAM

Don't sweat it. You do it; great -- you don't - great. Whatever.

Allan looks at him - taking this in.

ALLAN

You have the commission on Whole Foods as well.

ADAM  
(smiles; then)  
Maybe.

ALLAN  
What does your mother think?

ADAM  
You told me not to mention it 'til  
you were sure.

ALLAN  
And you didn't?

ADAM  
I got your back.

ALLAN  
Let's call her.

Allan takes out his phone, looks at the building as he dials.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Whole Foods. Whatever happened to  
the small businessman?

ADAM  
You mean, the small businessman who  
charges three hundred dollars for a  
blowout?

ALLAN  
Hey -- An Allan Mann blowout lasts  
a week. Whole Foods is just --

ADAM  
-- Food?

ALLAN  
Exactly.  
(then; into phone)  
Julie, it's me. I need to see you.  
Call me back.... It's business.

He hangs up -- looks up at the building again -- then at Adam.

ADAM  
Gimme a kiss -- I gotta go get  
things in gear.

Allan and Adam kiss. Allan turns and starts away.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Dad!

Allan turns back; Adam is holding up a bottle of FIJI water.

ADAM (cont'd)  
For the trek back.

He throws the bottle like a football -- his Dad catches it.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Nicky walks up to the desk. Ivy hands him a take-out menu.

IVY  
I'm taking orders. Do you want  
lunch?

NICKY  
Yes and so do you. Order.

He hands her back the menu. She takes it -- not happy, The front door opens; Allan enters and starts through the salon. He passes a "KOOL GUY" freshly styled -- on his way out.

KOOL GUY  
Hey Allan.

ALLAN  
Hey man.

They "fist bump" and continue on their way. Nicky catches up behind Allan and walks with him through the salon.

NICKY  
Well?

ALLAN  
What time is our Vanity Fair  
"Hollywood issue" pitch meeting?

NICKY  
Three. Why?

ALLAN  
I've got to run out to Bel Air and  
see Lou.

NICKY  
Do you have any idea how long a  
renovation like this will take?

ALLAN  
Lei says five months.

NICKY  
That's what she "says". You can't believe that.

ALLAN  
I'm married to the architect. I think I can keep her to a schedule.

Nicky points at the pool as they walk by it.

NICKY  
The pool --

ALLAN  
Yeah?

NICKY  
Five months and five billion dollars over budget. Customers complaining non-stop. Sawdust in the blow dryers. People quitting. And that's just a pool, which no one ever uses, by the way.

ALLAN  
It's a visual.

NICKY  
You're talking about a two floor spa renovation. Two floors! You don't need the aggravation. Business is fine as it is, right?

ALLAN  
Right.

NICKY  
Right.

ALLAN  
But Nicky --

He stops and looks at Nicky. Allan's eyes twinkle.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
The pool is cool.

He winks; then pats Nicky on the shoulder.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
I'll be in my office.

As he walks away he notices the Waiting Woman is -- still waiting. Allan turns back to Nicky - points at her.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
You know how I feel about that.

NICKY  
He's coming.

ALLAN  
He's always coming. On my time.

He disappears around a corner -- passing Hilda - who smiles.

EXT. SALON/ BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Snip, Snap and Snur are now out in back smoking near a trash dumpster. A motorcycle ROARS down the alley and pulls up behind the salon and stops. France, wearing a hot pair of jeans, jumps off the bike and takes off his helmet.

FRANCE  
What's up, triple threat?

They shrug: "Nothing". France smiles, opens the back door and goes into the salon. The boys look at each other.

SNIP  
He likes him some "back door".

SNAP  
Fine by me.

SNUR  
Girl.

They nod and take long drags on their cigarettes.

INT. SALON - CONTINUOUS

France walks though the salon. WOMEN everywhere CHECK HIM OUT. He waves to the Waiting Woman reading a magazine.

FRANCE  
I'm there, in like, five.

She smiles. He passes the "sink area" where Tia is rinsing a PROFESSIONAL WOMAN's hair. Tia turns to watch him pass - the water runs into the eyes of the Professional Woman.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN  
-- Miss?

Tia looks down - She grabs a towel -- pats her dry. France arrives at the "color area," where KELLY, 25 the colorist is standing; mixing some dye in a bowl. She is cute, off-beat, and stylish. She looks up as France approaches her.

FRANCE

Hey.

KELLY

Hey, back.

He smiles a genuine smile, then reaches up to put his helmet on a high shelf. As he does, his shirt rides up, exposing the top of his low slung jeans and the "treasure trail" of hair peeking up out of them. Kelly notices it.

FRANCE

Do anything exciting last night?

KELLY

Met some friends at Red O.

The iphone sticking out of his front pocket RINGS. The Caller ID shows A STUNNING SHORT-HAIRED BLONDE. He glances down at the caller ID, then back up at Kelly - the phone RINGS.

FRANCE

Yeah? How was that?

KELLY

It was fun.

(phone rings)

Had way too many margaritas.

(phone rings)

I may have Patron poisoning.

(phone rings)

Do you need to get her?

FRANCE

You mind?

KELLY

Me? No, I don't care.

He takes the phone out and answers it as he walks away. Kelly watches him go. She glances to her right - Tia and the Professional Woman are watching him walk away as well. Kelly nods to herself; then -- looks down; resumes mixing the dye.

INT. SALON/ALLAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Allan sits at the desk in his dark, sophisticated office. He is wearing reading glasses and looking over some financial files. Lining the walls above him are framed press pieces featuring photos of his celebrity cliental; Michelle Pfeiffer (circa 1996) to Kate Hudson (2004) to Jessica Simpson (2009). There is a KNOCK, he takes his glasses off.

ALLAN

Yeah?

The office door opens a crack -- an impressive large pink rose pops in -- followed by David.

DAVID

Brought you something.

ALLAN

Oh man, that's outrageous.

DAVID

It's a Barbara Bush rose. Yes, I have a Barbara Bush bush. And yes, I got it just so I could say Barbara Bush bush.

Allan smiles. David steps in and drops the rose in the half-empty Fiji bottle sitting on the desk.

DAVID (cont'd)

So, is "forty-five" here yet?

ALLAN

Who?

DAVID

Bitch scale.

ALLAN

Oh. Right. No idea -- I've got my head in these numbers.

(beat; then)

Hey, what's your opinion of my spa?

DAVID

I don't have opinions, that's how I stay so relaxed.

ALLAN

Oh. I thought it was the weed before noon.

DAVID  
Can you smell it?

ALLAN  
Little strong. Better patchoull-  
it-up before you go onto the floor.  
(checks his watch)  
Gotta go. I'll be late for Lou.

He stands up -- grabs the file, his phone and sunglasses.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Thanks for coming in.

DAVID  
Three blocks away.

ALLAN  
Seriously, the spa -- what do you  
think?

DAVID  
I think that shirt is good on you.

ALLAN  
Doesn't make me look fat?

DAVID  
No.

ALLAN  
You'd tell me, right?

DAVID  
That -- I'd tell you.

INT. SALON/CUTTING STATION- A LITTLE LATER

LEXI L.A. is sitting in a chair at a cutting station, the  
ugly purse dog in her lap. Nicky and Kelly stand behind her.

KELLY  
I think some golden brown  
undertones would be fantastic.

LEXI L.A.  
No. No brown.

Kelly and Nicky REACT - stunned by her attitude.

LEXI L.A. (cont'd)  
I hate that "skunky-stripe-y" look

KELLY

... Okay -- didn't say skunk or stripe.

LEXI L.A.

I'll wait for Allan. He had some ideas.

NICKY

Allan is tied up right now, but he put you in the hands of the best. Kelly is a genius with color and --

David walks into the area, a big, warm smile on his face.

NICKY (cont'd)

Oh, good - and this is David.

DAVID

Hi, how are you today?

LEXI L.A.

I thought Allan was doing me.

NICKY

David is Allan's right hand man, they've been working together for years.

Lexi L.A. is not pleased. She looks across the room and sees France's ass in his sexy jeans working on the Waiting Woman.

LEXI L.A.

I want him.

NICKY

David came in on his day off to work on you.

LEXI L.A.

Allan said he'd do me. No Allan - I want him to do me.

DAVID

And I'm fine with that.

NICKY

He's booked solid.

LEXI L.A.

You'll fit me in.

DAVID  
You know, I think she's more than a  
forty five.

NICKY  
-- Sixty?

KELLY  
She's a hundred.

DAVID  
Have a nice day.

David smiles at Kelly and Nicky and walks blissfully away.

LEXI L.A.  
What are those numbers - sixty, one  
hundred?

NICKY  
Different shades of dye.

LEXI L.A.  
But no brown.

Kelly looks over at Nicky -- He understands her pain.

INT. LOU'S BEL AIR HOME/BATHROOM - LATER

A large opulent bathroom, double sinks -- gold faucets.  
Expensive and overdone. CLOSE ON: LOU (60) as Allan wraps a  
band of cotton batting around his "meaty" head to stop his  
WET, FRESHLY DYED HAIR from staining his forehead.

LOU  
Your name is hair. Why not stick  
to hair?

ALLAN  
I'm still in hair -- that's the  
brilliance of it -- we just widen  
the brand as we widen the building.  
(beat)  
Put your finger here.

Lou raises his finger to the center of his forehead on the  
cotton band as Allan puts a clear plastic cap over his hair.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
This spa expansion couldn't be  
better timed. Beauty is still a  
boom business but it no longer  
stops at your hair.

Allan turns and picks up a small bowl of dye - stirs it.

ALLAN (cont'd)

The Botox and the fillers - not to mention the skin cremes -- which are like -- two hundred dollars for this much.

He shows him a dollop of dye on the end of the brush, then leans over and starts dabbing the dye onto Lou's eyebrows. Lou looks a little embarrassed.

LOU

Not too dark.

ALLAN

Has anyone ever asked: Lou, do you dye your eyebrows?

LOU

No.

ALLAN

'Cause I'm a genius. Turn to me.

Lou turns toward him. Allan works on his other eyebrow.

ALLAN (cont'd)

A baby boomer turns sixty every three seconds and Lou -- they're not going down without a fight. Everyone wants to look as good as they can for as long as they can. And it's no longer just a female market. And we're riding that crest.

(beat)

Done.

He steps back and puts down the bowl on the sink.

LOU

How much?

ALLAN

Hard to say. The building in that hot neighborhood --the renovation -- the marketing --

LOU

Eight?

ALLAN

Maybe seven.

LOU  
Then, it's eight.

Silence. Lou reaches up and scratches his eyebrow.

ALLAN  
Don't get it in your eye.

LOU  
It's burning -- It's already in --

ALLAN  
Look up.

Allan takes a washcloth and wipes the corner of Lou's eye.

LOU  
Better.

Allan steps back -- puts down the washcloth.

ALLAN  
Lei is working on a formal  
presentation -- but the Whole  
Foods thing has pushed the time  
line. So, we're just gonna have to  
go for it.

Silence.

LOU  
It's a big idea.

ALLAN  
When has that ever stopped us?

Silence.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
You gotta trust my instincts on  
this Lou. You didn't want me to  
leave Beverly Hills and move to  
that quote: "junk neighborhood."  
Was I right about that?

LOU  
That was ten years ago, and it took  
five years to really pay off.

ALLAN  
So, it took five years -- What's  
five years?

LOU

I don't want to spend the next five years worrying about the eight.

ALLAN

You said eight -- I never said eight.

LOU

It's eight - easy... and at my age, I don't need the stress of starting something new.

ALLAN

What are you talking about? You're a year older than me.

Lou looks up at Allan. A direct hit. Allan is taken aback.

LOU

This is a young man's game.

(beat; then )

Look, we had a good run. We made a lot of money -- but -- it's time to relax.

ALLAN

I don't need to relax.

LOU

I do.

(beat; then)

I think you should find yourself a different backer.

ALLAN

I can't find a new backer by tomorrow.

LOU

Maybe that's better.

It is tense. Then, Allan makes a quick move toward Lou. Lou FLINCHES back in his chair. Allan reacts.

ALLAN

What was that?

LOU

I thought you were gonna hit me.

ALLAN

I'm checking your eye brows.

Allan smudges a little dye off his eyebrow. Looks.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Ten more minutes.

Allan walks away and leans against the bathroom counter.

LOU  
We're still on for the Lakers,  
Tuesday, right?

ALLAN  
You think I'd throw away a twenty-  
five year friendship over this?

Lou smiles. Allan matches his smile.

EXT. LOU'S BEL AIR HOUSE - LATER

Allan walks briskly up to his car, a leather bag with a blow dryer sticking out is slung over his shoulder. He points his keys at the car -- there is a "beep-beep". He yanks opens the car door, WINCES - throws his bag on the passenger seat.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Allan puts in the keys, starts the car. RAP MUSIC floods the interior. He REACTS; annoyed -- pushing the CD button "off". He looks up in the rear view mirror. CLOSE ON MIRROR: Allan examines his face. After a beat, he reaches up and slightly pulls back the sagging skin under his neck. There is a sudden LOUD KNOCK on his car window. He JUMPS; startled -- and looks over. Staring back at him is SHANA, (29) Lou's chubby "princess-y" daughter -- chewing gum.

SHANA  
Daddy said you'd have time to touch-  
up my highlights before you left.

ALLAN  
Daddy was wrong.

Allan puts the car in gear and takes off; Shana pops her gum.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Ivy is at the reception desk, taking a bite of salad from a salad bar container. The front door swings open and Allan enters - he does not look happy. He spots A WET HAired WOMAN sitting in the reception area: waiting. He turns on his heels and walks over to the reception desk and up behind Ivy.

ALLAN  
Who's she waiting for?

Ivy  
(beat; chewing)  
France.

He nods; pissed. He picks up Ivy's salad bar container lid.

ALLAN  
We don't eat at the desk.

He notices a WHOLE FOODS price sticker on the lid.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
And I don't want Whole Foods in  
here again - ever.

IVY  
Great.

Allan turns and walks back into the salon. Ivy throws the entire salad into the nearby trash container - relieved.

INT. SALON/CUTTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

France has just finished LEXI L.A.. He is tossing her STILL BLONDE but SOFTER hair around with his hands.

FRANCE  
I'd have gone some brown undertones  
-- but -- you look hot.

LEXI L.A.  
Yeah? You think so?

Their eyes meet in the mirror. There is a connection.

LEXI L.A. (cont'd)  
So, what's the deal with your name?

FRANCE  
Long story -- Come back another  
time and I'll tell you.

He smiles and walks away. She turns and watches him go.

INT. SALON/COFFEE BAR - CONTINUOUS

France walks up to the coffee bar -- taking out his iphone.

ALLAN

France!

France looks up. He smiles when he sees Allan approach.

FRANCE

Hey, man.

ALLAN

When you get your own place you can do whatever you want -- but in my salon, people don't sit in the window with wet hair waiting.

France just looks at him - Nicky walks up behind Allan.

ALLAN (cont'd)

When a client is waiting, you better be busy working on someone else and not standing around checking your Facebook page.

NICKY

My fault. I stuck him with the freebee -- that's why someone's waiting.

Allan nods -- embarrassed. France looks down.

ALLAN

Well, sorry, man... but you were late this morning and it's a business. So - we're cool?

FRANCE

Yeah. Whatever.

Allan turns and walks away. France looks over at Nicky.

FRANCE (cont'd)

What's going on with him?

Nicky shakes his head; concerned, he turns and powers away.

INT. SALON/ALLAN'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Allan's at his desk, dials a number on his phone - then --

ALLAN

Jewel. It's me again. Why aren't you calling me back? It's business -- I have to see you before tomorrow. Call me back.

He hangs up; tosses the phone down. There is a KNOCK at the door -- Nicky enters carrying a black leather tray that holds a china plate with salad on it, a glass of ice tea and A ZIP LOCK BAG full of ICE.

NICKY

They sent over a full size salad  
instead of a half.

Nicky sets the tray on the desk. Allan looks at it. Upset.

NICKY (cont'd)

It's okay. Just stop at half.

ALLAN

What's with the ice?

NICKY

For your shoulder.

ALLAN

And that's another thing -- don't  
mention my shoulder on the floor in  
front of clients.

NICKY

It's a frozen shoulder not cancer.

ALLAN

It's nobody's business.

NICKY

Why don't you take the rest of the  
afternoon off and have your guy  
work on it.

ALLAN

Can't. I have the Vanity Fair  
call.

NICKY

They cancelled.

ALLAN

Why?

NICKY

Going in a different direction.

ALLAN

See, this is why you have to do  
the spa. To stay current.

He stands up -- takes his hand and ANGRILY FLIPS the salad plate up. Salad lands all over his desk. Silence.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
I'll clean it up. It's my mess.

NICKY  
No, I'll send up Hilda --

ALLAN  
No, it's her birthday.

NICKY  
Tomorrow.

Nicky picks up the ice bag and hands it to Allan. Allan takes it and lays it on his shoulder. Nicky starts lifting lettuce off the desk -- placing it back on the tray.

NICKY (cont'd)  
I'm assuming it did not go well with Lou.  
(nothing; then)  
Well, I'm sorry. You had your heart set on the spa.

ALLAN  
I'm still doing it.

NICKY  
How?

Allan tosses down the ice, picks up his sunglasses and phone.

ALLAN  
I'm leaving for the day.

He walks past Nicky and out. Nicky shakes his head; worried.

INT. SALON/ COFFEE BAR- MOMENTS LATER

Michelle and Kelly are sitting at the coffee bar, eating salads out of take-out containers.

KELLY  
And the freebee didn't even tip.  
Said it was complimentary.

MICHELLE  
The freebee is a free-biatch.

They laugh. Nicky comes over in a bit of a frenzy.

NICKY

Family meeting after work -- Allan is losing it about the spa.

MICHELLE

It's almost three -- I can't get a sitter this late.

NICKY

He just hurled a salad across his office.

MICHELLE

Okay -- I'll bring him with.

KELLY

Yea! Play date with Bryant.

NICKY

It's not a party.

Nicky glares at her. Kelly shrugs. Michelle smiles.

EXT. DAVID'S PATIO - EARLY EVENING

Nicky, Michelle, Kelly, David and France are sitting around a patio table in David's back yard having wine and some cheese.

NICKY

This spa is a disaster.

DAVID

Really? A disaster?

NICKY

He already freaked on France, just wait till he starts freaking out about the lack of spa business.

FRANCE

He didn't freak.

MICHELLE

Bryant!

Everyone looks. Michelle GETS UP and goes over to BRYANT (6) who is standing in the yard swinging a stick at the hedges. Bryant wears a pair of thick corrective children's glasses.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

Honey, no. Don't swing the stick at Uncle David's hedges.

DAVID

He's fine.

MICHELLE

Nope. One minute it's the hedges,  
next -- the roses.

She bends down in front of Bryant and CLAPS her hands: ONCE FIRMLY. He looks over and focuses on her. She shakes her head: No. He smiles and hands her the stick. She kisses the top of his head and walks back to them holding the stick.

DAVID

He's making progress.

MICHELLE

I think it's the new school.

KELLY

What do they say?

MICHELLE

Borderline this, borderline that.  
They just keep on pushing my love  
over the borderline.

DAVID

It's amazing how often I find that  
Madonna lyrics come in handy.

KELLY

I think it's just that he has a  
very special energy and no one  
understands it yet.

Michelle smiles at her; touched. France's iphone on the table VIBRATES. He looks at it - so does Kelly. Caller ID shows the Redhead from bed. He picks it up and answers it.

FRANCE

Hey.  
(listens; then; intimate)  
Yeah, I agree. You too.

NICKY

(to France)  
We're in the middle of a crisis.

FRANCE

(into phone)  
Can I call you in a few?

He hangs up, puts the phone down and picks up his wine.

FRANCE (cont'd)

Nick, it's a spa -- not a crisis.

DAVID

What's really bugging you, Nicky?  
Get it out.

NICKY

I'm not even sure it's Allan who  
wants the spa. I think she's  
pushing him to do it.

FRANCE

Who?

NICKY

His wife: Crouching Tiger - Hidden  
Agenda.

MICHELLE

Honey, that's so racist, I love it.

KELLY

What's her agenda?

DAVID

To drive Nicky crazy.

NICKY

No. But I don't want to say what  
it is... too ugly.

KELLY

Then --wait -- I need more wine.

MICHELLE

Me too.

Kelly and Michelle reach for their glasses, take sips.

KELLY

Okay. Go. Say the ugly thing.

NICKY

If she can get Allan to go ahead  
with this big, new project -- it  
means she didn't marry an old man  
whose best is already behind him.

Silence. It was ugly.

NICKY (cont'd)

Not my thoughts - hers.

DAVID  
As you know "all".

KELLY  
I think you're wrong. Allan really wants this. You see how he talks about it.

FRANCE  
Why does he even want to stay in the game at his age?

KELLY  
Because his work is who he is.

FRANCE  
No, it's what he does.

DAVID  
No, it's who he is.

KELLY  
And what does age have to do with anything?

Nicky and David look over at her; incredulous.

MICHELLE  
She's twenty-five.

KELLY  
Seriously, Picasso painted till he was ninety something.

NICKY  
Picasso didn't work in the beauty business in L.A.! It's brutal and ageist and...

MICHELLE  
-- Worse for women. At least Allan got his fifties. A couple more years I'll be shipped out to a Super Cuts at a Strip mall.

KELLY  
That is so depressing.

MICHELLE  
Tell me about it. If I didn't have a six year old, I'd go home right now and stick my head in the oven.

DAVID

The oven? That's so old school.  
Why not just blow your brains out?

MICHELLE

Oh, I would love to blow my brains  
out but then my hair would look all  
nasty in the coffin.

NICKY

Bryant!

Everyone turns as Bryant swings a stick at a rose bush --  
pink petals fly. Michelle starts up -- France beats her to  
it.

FRANCE

I got it. He just needs someone to  
play with.

(then; to David)

Do you have a ball?

DAVID

Not one that isn't filled with  
potpourri.

France laughs, then turns and runs over to Bryant, scoops him  
up and swings him around. Bryant laughs. They all watch.

MICHELLE

Sorry about the roses, David.

DAVID

Not a problem. It's the Grace  
Kelley. Just passed it's peak.

NICKY

And not to be dramatic...

DAVID

When's that going to start?

NICKY

My father dropped dead of a heart  
attack at sixty-four.

DAVID

And he ate Italian sausage morning,  
noon and night.

NICKY

I'm serious. We have to tell him  
how we feel about the spa.

MICHELLE

I don't know how I feel about it.

NICKY

You feel exactly how I feel.

MICHELLE

And you wonder why you're single.

KELLY

Ummm... We are talking about Allan Mann. Does he really care what Michelle or I think?

NICKY

No. But he cares what David thinks.

Everyone looks at David - who reaches for some cheese.

DAVID

Try the Farmhouse Cheddar.

NICKY

Jesus Christ, we're not going to use it against you in a court of law. Tell us what you think.

DAVID

I think the spa is genius... but in this climate, way too big a risk financially.

NICKY

Then you have to tell him that. There's too much money at stake.

DAVID

Nicky, relax. He's not going to find new investors in a day.

NICKY

But if he does?

DAVID

It's not my business.

NICKY

What if he asked you? If he asked you, will you tell him?

David thinks - then -- sort of NODS. France's iphone VIBRATES. Kelly looks down at the caller ID: A BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN.

KELLY

Oh my God. Is he screwing every woman in California?

MICHELLE

Yes. And remember that.

Kelly makes a sad face - grabs for a piece of cheese.

INT. ALLAN'S HOME/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The last of the daylight hangs in the air outside the bedroom window. Allan lays, face down, on a massage table as a muscular MALE MASSEUR with DREADLOCKS DIGS into the area around his sore shoulder. Allan WINCES and BREATHES HARD.

MASSEUR

Too much?

Allan shakes his head. CLOSE ON: Allan's pained face. A tear falls out of his eye and rolls down his nose.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen counter lights glow. Allan, wearing a luxurious white terry cloth robe, opens the sub-zero freezer door and takes out a bag of frozen blueberries. He slips it under his robe onto his sore shoulder. Lei is heard in the hall.

LEI (O.C.)

Allan?

He takes the frozen blueberries out from under his robe and quickly puts them back in the refrigerator as the OVERHEAD LIGHTS come on. He closes the refrigerator door and turns around. Lei enters carrying her purse and portfolio.

LEI (cont'd)

Dinner with the client went into overtime. He had to have the flan. Did you eat?

He nods. She unbuttons her suit jacket and takes it off - revealing a sheer camisole underneath, then reaches up and undoes her hair, it falls sensuously down to her upper back.

LEI (cont'd)

I'm sitting there, willing him to shut-up and finish, so I could get home and show you the presentation.

She walks over to Allan and gives him a sexy kiss -- then --

LEI (cont'd)  
Is Anderson down?

He nods. She walks back to the island, opens the silver laptop and turns back to face him.

LEI (cont'd)  
Now... I may have gone a little big  
because when you talk about the spa  
-- it's big.

Silence. He just looks at her.

LEI (cont'd)  
What?

ALLAN  
You know -- business is fine as it  
is. Do I really need to put myself  
and the salon through all this?

LEI  
Okay, now that I know Nicky's  
issues -- lets talk about yours.

ALLAN  
It's a big risk --

LEI  
Everything in life is a risk.  
(beat; then )  
Nicky. Anything to avoid work. He  
is such a lazy queen.

ALLAN  
He's not lazy. He kills himself  
running the salon.

LEI  
He's a residual. Lou is the one  
that matters and when you tell him  
this idea - he will be the anti-  
dote to Nicky. Right?

Allan looks at her, says nothing. She turns to the computer.

LEI (cont'd)  
Especially after he sees this.

She hits "play" - HIP ZEN MUSIC starts.

LEI (cont'd)  
Come over here.

He walks to the island as she slides the computer in front of him. CLOSE ON; the computer screen: His name "Allan Mann" appears; then fades -- except for the letter "A" and the letter "M", They float together to form: "AM". Then, the letter "I"; fades on, followed by the word "BEAUTY". The effect reads: I "AM" BEAUTY, -- more variations: "I "AM" RELAXED, I "AM" YOUNG.

ALLAN  
You're a genius.

Lei puts her arm around his waist-- WHISPERS into his ear.

LEI  
You're the genius.

She kisses him on the lips - he turns -- to kiss her back.

LEI (cont'd)  
Watch.

He gently pushes his head back to face the screen. As he watches the impressive photographic images of a hip, Zen, luxurious spa, Lei slowly slides down his body and disappears behind the kitchen island. He smiles. After a beat -- his robe slowly parts from below and one of her hands creeps up onto his chest. He watches more luxurious spa images.

ALLAN  
Genius.

EXT. RIVERSIDE GOLF COURSE - DAY

BRIGHT SUNSHINE flares off the windshield of a GOLF CART as it drives down the fairway to where Lou and three GOLF BUDDIES (early 60's) are standing about to tee off. Lou squints in the sun -- trying to see the driver. It's Allan. The cart comes to a stop at the tee -- Allan gets out; very "up", a smile on his face, his ipad tucked under his arm.

ALLAN  
Sorry to interrupt, boys. Just need to steal Lou for five minutes. Actually just three and a half.

The Golf Buddies look at him. Not knowing who he is.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Hi. How's it going?

LOU  
Guys, this is Allan Mann.

ALLAN  
 Just a little business talk -- then  
 he's all yours. Business before  
 pleasure, right? Lou?

LOU  
 (to Golf Buddies)  
 You guys tee-off.

Lou walks over to the golf cart -- where Allan is waiting.

ALLAN  
 You gotta see the spa presentation.

LOU  
 You're chasing me down on a golf  
 course?

ALLAN  
 Don't make it sound like that. I  
 went to the house and Connie told  
 me you were here.

Allan taps the ipad screen -- Zen music is heard. He holds  
 the screen out for Lou to see.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
 This'll make clear what I couldn't  
 yesterday.

LOU  
 You were clear. And so was I.

ALLAN  
 No, I wasn't. Here. Don't miss  
 this first part.

Allan holds out the ipad. Lou looks. We hear the WHACK of a  
 ball being hit as one of the Golf Buddies tees off.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
 Pretty amazing, right?

LOU  
 Allan, I don't really see it.

ALLAN  
 That's alright, Lou. 'Cause I see  
 it. That's the way we work. I'm  
 the vision, you're the money.

LOU  
 No, I don't see it - the sun's on  
 the screen.

ALLAN

Okay... Come on. We'll make a quick run to the clubhouse.

WHACK. Another Buddy tee's off. Lou looks over at them.

ALLAN (cont'd)

Ten minutes. You have to see the scope of what it can be. Lou?

(silence; then)

What are you doing?

Lou turns back to him - upset.

LOU

I'm golfing -- That's what I'm doing.

ALLAN

This is a huge business mistake we're making. Skin is the next big thing.

LOU

No, Allan -- Death is the next big thing.

WHACK. Another Golf Buddy tee's off.

ALLAN

Jesus Christ, Lou -- are you sick?

LOU

No, I'm not sick - I'm sixty. And I'm golfing. That's what sixty year olds do. They don't run around town desperate and sweating trying to make some long shot happen. They golf.

ALLAN

Alright. Fine. Got it.

(beat; then)

Full disclosure: I have a call into Rashid and a call into Mosler. If you can't see it -- maybe they can.

LOU

They called me.

ALLAN

Why would they call you?

LOU  
Cause I'm your business partner and  
they thought I could talk some  
sense into you.

ALLAN  
Yeah, I doubt very much they said  
that. They have vision. And if  
they don't -- I do.

Allan turns and gets back on the golf cart.

LOU  
Allan, listen to me. Be smart.  
Don't lose your shirt on this.

ALLAN  
If I listened to you, I wouldn't  
have moved to that neighborhood, I  
wouldn't have done my product line  
and I wouldn't have married Lei.  
Wrong, wrong and wrong.  
(beat)  
And you can forget the Lakers.

He puts the cart in gear and takes off. Lou shakes his head.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

RAP MUSIC PULSES as Allan's car FLIES down the FREEWAY. He  
is on speaker phone.

ALLAN  
My lawyers are sending over the  
real estate papers -- keep your eye  
out for them.

INT. SALON/ RECEPTION DESK - CONTINUOUS

Nicky is at the front desk on the phone talking with Allan.

NICKY  
Lou is back in?

ALLAN  
No.

Michelle walks up to the desk carrying two iced coffees.

NICKY  
You found other backers?

ALLAN  
No. I'm betting on myself.

NICKY  
You're using your own money?

He looks at Michelle -- She takes a deep breath.

ALLAN  
Just till I can find other backers.  
I can't lose that building Nicky.

NICKY  
What if other backers never show  
up? It's too big a risk.

ALLAN  
Everything in life is a risk.

NICKY  
This is crazy. What did Julie say?

ALLAN  
She hasn't called me back.

NICKY  
You have to talk to her first.

ALLAN  
I'm tracking her down. Make sure  
those papers are on my desk by six.

Allan hangs up. Nicky looks at Michelle. She hands him the coffee. He takes an intense sip. Ivy walks up to the desk.

NICKY  
Ivy, go get David. Tell him I need  
to see him right now.

IVY  
He had to leave. His gardener ran  
over Rosie O'Donnell.

NICKY  
-- What?

Ivy thinks - then shrugs -- not a clue.

NICKY (cont'd)  
Eat something!

EXT. DAVID'S BUNGALOW-PATIO -LATER

CLOSE ON: A broken terra-cotta pot and a crushed Rosie O'Donnell bush laying on the driveway pavement. David stands with ALVARIS (40) his Mexican yard guy, who is very upset.

ALVARIS

(broken English)

I'm sorry, David -- he was backing up -- didn't see the one on the end.

David looks to the driveway where a beat-up truck is parked. An ELDERLY MEXICAN MAN (70), is sitting behind the wheel, his eyes are downcast. Tia, from the salon, is standing outside the car - holding a glass of water out to him.

TIA

(in Spanish)

Here, grandpa, drink some water.

ALVARIS

My father --he can no longer see so good -- But he want to drive -- so I let him -- in the driveways. And now this happen after you do so much for my Tia.

DAVID

It's fine.

ALVARIS

All his life he work. How can I say: "No"-- A man is his job, yes?

David's cell phone rings. He reaches down and answers it.

DAVID

Hello?

INT. SALON/RECEPTION AREA-CONTINUOUS

Nicky is at the reception desk holding the salon phone. Kelly stands next to him - listening.

NICKY

David -- I've got Allan on hold -- He's using his own money. You have to tell him what you think.

Nicky reaches down; hits the "hold" button on the phone.

NICKY (cont'd)  
Allan -- you're on with David.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Allan's car is now moving along a Los Angeles street.

ALLAN  
Nicky says you have something you  
want to say to me about the spa.

David glances to the old man sitting in the truck; dejected.

DAVID  
Yeah. Good luck with it. Looks  
fantastic.

ALLAN  
Thanks, man. That means a lot.

DAVID  
Okay. Bye.

David hangs up. Allan hangs up. Nicky hangs up -- in shock. A KOOKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, wearing a vintage little girl's party dress, white gloves, anklets and patent leather shoes walks up to the desk. Nicky and Michelle take her in.

KOOKY MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Are you the manager?  
(off his nod)  
Hi. I have an appointment with the  
three person styling team, the ones  
featured in Rolling Stone and they  
said "no".

NICKY  
I'm sorry... what does that mean?

KOOKY MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
They came out, said: "no", and  
walked away.

NICKY  
I'll be right back.

He smiles - tight -- then turns and walks away - furious.

INT. SALON/SINK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Kelly and Hilda are by the sinks. Kelly reaches into her purse and takes a festively wrapped birthday gift.

KELLY  
Happy birthday -- just a little  
something.

HILDA  
The wrapping is so especial!

Hilda smiles, excited. Nicky comes up to them - on fire.

NICKY  
Where are they?

KELLY  
Who?

NICKY  
Moe, Larry and Girly.

KELLY  
Smoking.

NICKY  
I'll kill them.

He shakes his head and walks away. Hilda unwraps her gift.

EXT. SALON/ BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Snip, Snap and Snur are near the over-stuffed trash dumpster,  
smoking. Nicky exits from the salon and spots them.

NICKY  
Um -- Hello?!

They turn around, annoyed, to be hunted down again.

NICKY (cont'd)  
You have a woman waiting.

SNAP  
We don't want her.

NICKY  
Excuse me?

SNUR  
She's not authentic.

SNIP  
She wears baby clothes.

SNAP  
We can't work on baby ladies.

NICKY

And what makes you think you can just pick who you will and won't work on?

SNUR

We have Rihanna on Friday.

NICK

It's Wednesday! Inside now - and next time I see your chair -- there better be someone sitting in it getting worked on.

Nicky turns and goes back inside. They don't follow.

INT. COOL COFFEE PLACE - CONTINUOUS

A small, independently owned coffee shop. A few HIPSTERS and GEEKS work on laptops. CLOSE ON: A cell phone vibrating on a table. The caller ID says: DAD. AUGUST (20) cute with a couple of cool piercings, picks up the phone and answers.

AUGUST

Hello?

ALLAN (O.C.)

August, it's Daddy....

INT. ALLAN'S CAR/ EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Allan sits in his car idling in the driveway of a beautiful 1930's SPANISH STYLE HOME. He looks out the window up at it.

ALLAN

... Is Mommy mad at me?

AUGUST

I don't know -- did you cheat on her again?

ALLAN

(smiles; then)

And how would that be possible? We've been divorced eleven years.

AUGUST

Maybe you got a time machine, set it for 2000, went back, cheated and ruined my tenth birthday again.

ALLAN  
It didn't happen like that.

AUGUST  
It does in my memoir.

ALLAN  
She hasn't returned any of my calls  
-- did she say anything to you?

AUGUST  
Nope.

ALLAN  
Does Amy know anything?

AUGUST  
Hold on --

August stands up and walks to the coffee counter where AMY,  
(23), is working. August holds out the phone to her.

AUGUST (cont'd)  
Ames... It's Dad --

As Amy reaches for the phone she yells to a SLACKER sitting  
at a table working on a laptop that's covered in decals.

AMY  
Hey, decal laptop --

The Slacker looks up at her.

AMY (cont'd)  
It's been two hours -- you need to  
buy something else.  
(then; into phone)  
Hi Dad.

ALLAN  
You might want to be nicer to  
customers.

AMY  
Do you know what my overhead is?

ALLAN  
No, I hear you.

AMY  
What's up?

ALLAN

Your mother hasn't returned any of my calls. I'm starting to get worried something's wrong.

AMY

No, I saw her yesterday. I think she's just busy.

ALLAN

I'm busy, we're all busy -- this is business -- I need to see her and I've got a clock on it.

AMY

Dad - I need two hands to make a blended.

ALLAN

Right. Go. Go.

He hangs up. After a beat -- he dials another number.

ALLAN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Jewel -- I'm out front. I know you're home, I see your car.

He looks at a Mercedes parked on the other side of the gate.

ALLAN (cont'd)

I'm coming in -- I need to talk to you.

He powers down his window -- reaches out to the gate and punches in the security code.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE/DEN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A cell phone laying on the floor surrounded by scattered magazines. The cell phone window lights up announcing: "new voice message". There is a LOUD BUZZING sound. An electrical cord rises up off the floor and onto the couch. The cord is attached to: A SHARPER IMAGE "NECK MASSAGER". We see the BODY of a WOMAN laying on the couch with the head of the massager pressed against the crotch of her pastel Juicy sweat pants. She is totally unaware of Allan approaching the den windows from outside. He looks in the window and sees someone lying on the couch. He puts his hands on the window and KNOCKS. She looks -- SCREAMS and JUMPS off the couch; totally freaked out. For the first time we see her face.

JULIE (50's) has a beautiful face that is currently being upstaged by a NECK and CHIN COSMETIC SURGERY BANDAGE that is wrapped around it. She CALLS to him; UPSET.

JULIE  
What are you doing?!

ALLAN  
(calling through window)  
I called!

She walks to the nearby patio door and SWINGS it open.

JULIE  
What do you think you're doing  
sneaking up on me?!

ALLAN  
You had work done?

JULIE  
That's not the point. People call!

ALLAN  
You said you'd never have work  
done.

JULIE  
My neck -- Just my neck.

ALLAN  
Man, I am so surprised.

JULIE  
You don't know from surprise. This  
is practically a home invasion.  
(beat; then)  
Come on, Get in here.

Allan comes inside. She closes the door.

JULIE (cont'd)  
And if you mention this to anyone--

ALLAN  
The neck or the vibrator?

She opens her mouth to say something-- but is speechless.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Oh, man -- speechless. That's a  
first. Probably have to wait till  
the blood rushes back up to your  
brain from your sweat pants.

He smiles; his eyes twinkle. She smiles a little.

ALLAN (cont'd)  
Your own fault -- I called you ten times.

JULIE  
You kept saying you had to see me. "see" being the operative word.

ALLAN  
So, what was your plan? Wait a week then slip a face lift by me?

JULIE  
I did not have a face lift -- I just had my neck done. And I didn't even have to stay over night. It was practically a drive-through.

ALLAN  
Did it hurt?

JULIE  
Who knows -- I'm on pain killers.

He sits down on the couch. Makes himself comfortable.

JULIE (cont'd)  
The worst part is not being able to leave the house. Netflix and Tivo can only take you so far.

ALLAN  
Then you gotta break out the equipment?

JULIE  
Exactly.

She sits down on the couch next to him.

ALLAN  
And since when do you do it on top of your clothes, like that?

JULIE  
It wasn't a serious commitment -- Just something to take the edge off.

ALLAN  
Did it?

JULIE

No. As usual, I was doing just fine alone -- then you showed up.

ALLAN

I think the blood just got back up to your head. And speaking of head. Your hair looks like crap.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - LATER

Julie is sitting at a vanity with a towel wrapped around her. Allan is gently, gently shampooing her hair.

JULIE

Careful. Don't pull anything.

ALLAN

Relax. You think I've never done a woman with a chin strap before?

JULIE

No, Allan, I know you've done every type of woman.

He smiles. She smiles.

ALLAN

How's that feel?

JULIE

So good.

He looks down at her neck and some bruising.

ALLAN

You hardly bruised at all.

JULIE

That is so me.

ALLAN

It's good work. Who did it?

JULIE

Adam Sheffield.

ALLAN

Weren't you dating him?

JULIE

Met for drinks a couple times.

ALLAN  
What happened?

JULIE  
Not important.

ALLAN  
Did you at least get a deal on the  
work?

JULIE  
Not even I would try and cut a deal  
on my own plastic surgery.

ALLAN  
Ready to rinse?

JULIE  
No. Keep doing this for a month.

He smiles and gently continues washing her hair.

INT. SALON/ RECEPTION AREA -CONTINUOUS

Nicky is walking through the salon when he sees the Kooky  
Middle-aged Woman sitting off to the side reading a magazine.

NICKY  
You're not still waiting?

She nods; then looks around -- sniffs the air.

KOOKY MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Is someone smoking?

Nicky sniffs the air -- his eyes widen -- he walks away.

INT. SALON/ CUTTING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A cutting station next to the courtyard door - which is open.  
Snip, Snap and Snur are SMOKING as they weave hair extensions  
onto - Hilda. Nicky arrives -- his jaw drops open in  
disbelief. They look over at him; pleased with themselves.

SNUR  
You said we had to work on someone.

HILDA  
Is for my birthday!

She smiles -- her gold tooth shines. Nicky is trying to  
contain himself.

NICKY  
Put the cigarettes out.

SNIP  
We got the doors open.

SUDDENLY Snip SCREAMS. Everyone JUMPS. He points. Nicky looks down. The Ugly Purse Dog is standing there.

SNIP (cont'd)  
What's that ugly ass thing?

NICKY  
Put them out.

Nicky turns and walks away. The Ugly Dog stares at them.

SNIP  
Thas' right, you no prize.

Snap STAMPS his FOOT. The dog runs. They resume work.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nicky walks into the lobby and up behind the desk where Lexi L.A. is standing. Kelly turns to him as he approaches.

KELLY  
This can't be happening.

NICKY  
Did you forget something yesterday?

LEXI L.A.  
No. I'm not happy with my hair.

NICKY  
What's wrong with it?

LEXI L.A.  
It needs dark undertones.

KELLY  
Oh my God.

NICKY  
I was standing right there when you said: no brown.

LEXI L.A.  
Well, I'm not a stylist.

NICKY  
No, you are not.

LEXI L.A.  
Is France available? He told me to  
come by and see him.

NICKY  
He's booked until six.

LEXI L.A.  
I'll wait.

NICKY  
I don't know if he can stay late.

LEXI L.A.  
Why don't you just tell France I'm  
here and I'll wait till he's ready  
for me.

She turns and saunters across the lobby and sits. Kelly  
turns to Nicky -- she opens her mouth about to say something.

NICKY  
It's happened. Deal with it.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A warm, cozy "cook's kitchen." Sunlight bounces off the  
colorful Spanish tiles. Allan sits at the comfortable  
cooking island watching Julie who is standing at the stove  
COOKING. Her hair is now styled around her bandage.

ALLAN  
Lou's never been the one with  
vision... that's me.

JULIE  
Are you eating cheese?

ALLAN  
Today? Yes.

JULIE  
Good. I was putting it in anyway.

Julie grates some aged cheese over an omelette pan.

JULIE (cont'd)  
So... did the number scare him?

ALLAN

I don't see why. He never even flinched when I gave him the number for our hair products line.

JULIE

Then, what?

ALLAN

Some swill about us being tired and too old.

She looks up at him. Allan shakes his head in disbelief.

ALLAN (cont'd)

Lou. He was already tired and old when I met him -- twenty years ago.

JULIE

Never forget he saved our ass.

She flips the omelette out of the pan onto a colorful plate.

JULIE (cont'd)

We were underwater before Lou.

ALLAN

We were not underwater.

JULIE

Two loans against the house -- with little kids. It almost killed us.

ALLAN

But look how great it all turned out.

JULIE

You never remember the underwater parts.

She puts the omelette down in front of him.

ALLAN

You're not having any?

JULIE

Hurts to chew.

He takes a bite of the omelette and chews.

JULIE (cont'd)

Hurts to watch you chew.

ALLAN  
Man, this is good. See. This is  
why I married you.

JULIE  
Really. I thought it was because I  
was pregnant.

ALLAN  
But look how great it all turned  
out.

He smiles. She leans down on the counter and looks at him.

JULIE  
What do you want to do?

ALLAN  
Go forward without investors.

JULIE  
And if the investors never appear --

ALLAN  
They will...

JULIE  
--- You will be risking your...  
well... your... everything.

ALLAN  
Everything in life is a risk.

JULIE  
Is that from one of Lei's "Zen  
warrior" books?

ALLAN  
Jewel -- I can make this happen. I  
did it with the salon... you saw me  
every day.

JULIE  
With the salon you were young...  
(then; quick)  
-- Er. Younger with the salon.

ALLAN  
What does my age have to do with  
it? I have more energy now than I  
did then.

JULIE

How? I'm younger than you and I'm exhausted.

ALLAN

Nah, it's the pain killers.

She picks up a pepper mill and grates it over his meal.

JULIE

Well, it's your life... and this time, I'm just here as financial advisor.

ALLAN

And chef.

JULIE

We could have done this over the phone. Why'd you have to "see" me?

(beat; nothing)

Buddy?

ALLAN

I wanted you to look at me and tell me if you think I can pull it off.

JULIE

I think you can pull it off.

(beat)

It may kill you.... But not doing it may kill you as well.

He smiles, relieved. Bites a piece of toast.

JULIE (cont'd)

Now, I have to say one more thing -- and I hope you really listen to me...

She reaches over and brushes a piece of food off his chin.

JULIE (cont'd)

Even if the spa--

ALLAN

"When" -- Even when the spa.

JULIE

Even "when" the spa is a success  
and even "when" everyone in LA is  
walking around with your name on  
their lips again and even "when"  
you've risked everything you care  
about to get that goal -- and I say  
this with love, so you know it's  
going to hurt...

(beat)

It won't make you thirty-five  
again.

He is stunned. Now -- he is the speechless one.

JULIE (cont'd)

That may be weird to hear from a  
woman who's just had her neck done  
but - when this bandage is off I'm  
only expecting to lose a chin. Not  
twenty-five years. I know how you  
loved that guy -- but, Allan... all  
the risk in the word won't make you  
feel that again. So -- ask  
yourself... really, ask yourself --  
is it worth it?

He looks away from her. Upset.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION AREA - LATER

LEXI L.A. is the only person left sitting in reception. The  
front door swings open -- Allan enters -- not looking happy.

LEXI L.A.

Allan, hi.

He turns, sees her, walks backwards -- but does not stop.

ALLAN

Hey. Much better. Sexy.

He continues on, passing France on his way into the lobby.

FRANCE

What's up, Boss?

Allan nods; walks past him. France turns and watches him go.

LEXI L.A.

Are you ready for me?

France looks over - LEXI L.A. is sitting, legs crossed, looking up at him. He takes her in. She smiles.

FRANCE  
I'm ready for you.

She grabs the dog, uncrosses her long legs and stands up.

INT. SALON/COFFEE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Hilda -- AMAZINGLY TRANSFORMED blows out the candles on a cake that's sitting on the coffee bar. Michelle, Kelly, Tia, Ivy, Nicky and a other SALON EMPLOYEES are having champagne.

MICHELLE  
Who wants cake?

Michelle hands a piece to Nicky. He holds it out to Ivy.

NICKY  
(off her look)  
Oh... you're eating it.

She takes it from him; not happy. Allan WALKS PAST the festivities -- without stopping. Nicky looks over at Michelle, then puts down his champagne and follows.

INT. SALON/ALLAN'S OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Allan turns the corner and walks down the hall toward his office. Nicky comes around the corner after him.

NICKY  
Allan?

Allan stops at his office door and turns around - pissed.

NICKY (cont'd)  
The papers are on your desk.

ALLAN  
I'll be in my office - no one comes in for anything. Including you.

He turns, opens the door, goes in. Nick stands there.

INT. SALON/ALLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Allan enters his office and closes the door. He takes off his sunglasses and throws them down on the desk. He notices the REAL ESTATE PAPERS. He SHOVES them away.

They slide across the desk and knock into the Fiji bottle holding the rose from David. PETALS FALL as the rose is knocked off the desk and onto the floor. Allan opens the "Young Jeezy" CD case on the desk and takes out the Duran Duran CD. He moves to the bookcase and puts the CD into his stereo set-up. He hits "PLAY", grabs the headphones and puts them on. "HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF" begins to play as he throws himself down onto his black leather couch. He closes his eyes, listens to the music and blocks out the world.

INT. SALON/ALLAN'S OFFICE - HOURS LATER

Silence. CLOSE ON: the Fiji bottle on the floor. All the water has dripped out and the rose is wilted. Allan is asleep on the couch -- the headphones on his head, but the CD long played out. He stirs and tries to shift his body. He JERKS his shoulder -- causing him to wake up. He WINCES and opens his eyes. He sits up with great discomfort and rubs his shoulder. He pushes the headphones off and looks at his watch; groggy. He gets off the couch, rubbing his shoulder.

INT. SALON/COFFEE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: ALLAN'S HAND scooping ice from the ice machine behind the coffee bar and filling a zip-lock bag. The salon is dark. Closed. Eerie blue light reflecting from the pool bounces off the walls. He zips the bag closed, raises it to his shoulder - then -- jumps -- startled. The Ugly Purse Dog is standing at his feet looking up at him.

ALLAN

What the --

A woman GIGGLING is heard. The giggling turns into more of a low MOAN. Allan turns and looks out into the courtyard. France is in the pool having WILD SEX with LEXI L.A.. He has her up against the end of the shallow part and is pounding away. Allan stands in the shadows watching as France effortlessly lifts her up, throws her over his shoulder and carries her to the nearby grass. She screams with delight. Allan takes the ice bag off his shoulder, looks at it -- then THROWS it in the sink.

INT. SALON/ ALLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: The real estate papers: Allan SIGNS HIS NAME.

EXT. MOSES JUDD REST HOME/ DAY - WEEKS LATER

A WRECKING BALL CRASHES into the MOSES JUDD REST HOME sign.

INT. SALON/RECEPTION AREA-THE NEXT MORNING

LEI is standing in the center of the reception area hosting a small celebration. Kelly, France, Ivy and other SALON EMPLOYEES and CLIENTS stand around her. Nicky and Michelle are back up at the reception desk near the champagne bottles.

LEI

Everyone raise their glass.

She raises both arms indicating they should all lift.

NICKY

Look at her. The Asian Evita.

LEI

To the Allan Mann Spa.

Everyone clinks and sips -- Nicky DRAINS HIS GLASS.

EXT. ALLAN MANN/ SALON - CONTINUOUS

Allan is standing out in front of the salon with David. They are watching the demolition workers next door.

ALLAN

I'm not worried. The backers will come. Sometimes you just have to go with your gut, you know?

DAVID

Yeah. Sure. Whatever.

ALLAN

When did everyone start saying "Whatever". This is life. There's nothing whatever about it.

DAVID

Whatever.

Allan smiles. Lei walks up and hands them each a glass of champagne. Allan reaches down and puts his arm around her.

ALLAN

Here we go.

She pulls him close into a deep, sexy kiss. The CAMERA FLOATS UP and UP, Snip, Snap and Snur are seen smoking out front as the sounds of destruction ring through the air.

FADE OUT.