

THE RUG

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Flip Your Wig, a well established toupee shop that's been in the same location for over fifty years, sits amid all the other stores on this block. Some of the stores have 'For Lease' signs on them. Others have a sad, end of times, feel about them.

INT. FLIP YOUR WIG - MOMENTS LATER

But you wouldn't be able to tell business in this part of town was on the decline when you enter Flip Your Wig. The proprietor, DANIEL C. WITHERS III, bustles around the immaculate store making sure everything is perfect for when his customers arrive.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Bob, can you make sure the support
tape rack is filled.

BOB (O.C.)
You got it, Dan.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Thank you, Robert.

BOB
You're welcome, Dan.

Daniel withers a little at the familiarity but you can tell its all in good fun. BOB, who is about ten years younger than Daniel, comes out of the stock room with a box.

Bob looks as if he's been at the shop since the beginning. There's a good reason for this, he has. During the first week the store was opened Bob walked in one day looking for a job. Its the only job Bob ever held.

Daniel and Bob go about their chores with a smooth rhythm that speaks of the years they have been working together.

A bell rings as the sound of a door opening fills the store.

PETER, carrying a box, quickly walks into the store and directly to the counter where Daniel is awaiting his arrival. When Peter arrives he places the box on the counter.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
How may I help you?

PETER
You can start by giving me my money
back?

Daniel is genuinely surprised.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
What seems to be the problem?

PETER
This piece of shit rug sucks.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Sir, language. This is a place of
business not a tavern.

PETER
I don't give a shit if its the
church of the shitty toupees. Give
me my fucking money back.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Sir, please, what seems to be the
problem?

Peter opens the box and takes out a torn and tattered toupee.
Daniel is shocked at the condition of the toupee.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III (CONT'D)
What in the world happened here?

Peter starts waving the toupee around while he's speaking.
When he's done he throws it onto the counter.

PETER
I'll tell you what in the world
happened here. Fucker fell apart.
Two months I had this thing and it
falls apart.

Bob arrives and picks up the battered toupee.

BOB
It a little more than fell apart.

Bob picks up the box and looks inside. He pulls out an
envelope with paperwork in it. He takes papers out and begins
to read them while Daniel and Peter keep talking.

PETER
See? Even he says its a piece of
shit and he works here. Listen, you
sold me a piece of shit so I'm
going to make it easy for you. Give
me my money back and I'll leave.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
I just don't understand how one of
my toupees could end up in this
shape? Did you put it in a blender?

PETER
What are you? Being a wise ass? It
fell apart it says right there
satisfaction guaranteed.

Daniel turns his head to see the sign even though he knows
where it is and what it says.

PETER (CONT'D)
And I'm not fucking satisfied.

Bob slams his head on the counter making Daniel and Peter
jump.

BOB
Stop demanding. We're going to
settle this in a civil manner or
I'll take you outside and kick your
punk ass down the block so everyone
will know to come out of their
stores so they can watch as I curb
stomp the shit out of you.

Daniel stands there calmly but Peter is trying to read the
situation. He's younger than Bob by a couple of decades, at
least, but there's something in Bob's expression that clearly
tells Peter not to push his luck.

PETER
Sorry. I just want my money back
for this defective product.

Bob is quietly reading the papers.

BOB
You purchased this not two months
but two years ago, Peter.

PETER
Yeah but for the money I paid for
it it should have lasted a
lifetime.

BOB
I agree.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
We do have a policy of repairing
toupees that have worn areas.

BOB
But this is way beyond that.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
I agree.

Bob tosses the papers back into the wig box. He picks up the toupee and starts to look at it.

BOB
It looks to me that you tried to wash it. . .

PETER
. . .I kept it clean all the. . .

BOB
. . .let me finish. It looks to me that you tried to wash it in a washing machine.

Peter is incensed at the accusation.

PETER
I can't believe you'd accuse. . .

BOB
Shut the fuck up.

Peter is shocked all over again. This time he looks at Daniel to see if he'll chastise his employee. Daniel smiles and says,

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Let's hear the man out.

Bob looks at Daniel and nods.

BOB
Thanks for the support, Dan.

Daniel smiles. This is obviously one of the routines they've perfected over the years.

BOB (CONT'D)
Its not an accusation. I know toupee was put in a washing machine. You know how I know that?

Sarcastically Peter responds.

PETER
Because you were peeping in my windows while I was doing laundry?

Bob stands ramrod straight. Peter leans back a little.

BOB
No, you perverted little twat
waffle.

Daniel turns his head and stares at Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm trying to up my insult game.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
And you're doing a fine job of it.

Daniel smiles and says in a quite tone,

DANIEL C. WITHERS III (CONT'D)
Twat waffle. I kind of like that.

Bob turns back to the matter at hand, Peter.

BOB
I know this piece has been in a
washing machine because fifty years
of experience tells me so.

Bob throws the offending toupee into the wig box.

BOB (CONT'D)
So why don't you tell me the truth
and we can try to solve this
unfortunate issue.

All the wind has been taken out of Peter's sails. He still wants to try to squeeze out some type of win but he knows the odds are quickly floating away.

PETER
I was talking to my wife about
washing the rug and how I was too
busy to get it done. Our six year
old overheard us. She thought she
was doing me a favor.

Peter looks at Daniel and Bob and shrugs his shoulders.

PETER (CONT'D)
And here we are.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Indeed.

BOB
Now that wasn't too hard, was it,
Peter?

PETER
No, sorry.

Bob picks up the box.

BOB
Okay, I'll get to work on this and
give you a call when its done.

PETER
What can you do with that? It looks
like a flea ridden scalp of a
rhesus monkey.

BOB
Don't you worry, we're
professionals.

Bob reaches out to shake Peter's hand. After the shake Peter looks at Daniel and extends his hand toward him. After a beat Daniel accepts the handshake.

PETER
Thank you.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
You're welcome. Have a good day.
You'll hear from us in a day or
two.

Peter turns to exit. Daniel and Bob watch him exit. We hear the familiar door and bell as Peter exits the store. Daniel turns to Bob.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III (CONT'D)
What do you think you're going to
do with that?

Bob reaches into the box and pulls out the toupee. He begins shaking it wildly.

BOB
Bring it home to scare the cats.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
That's probably all its good for.

Bob drops the toupee into the box, picks up the box and drops it on the floor. Daniel pulls up a stool and sits down. He seems worn out by the last interaction.

BOB
What's the matter?

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
These customers, they really are
starting to get to me. I don't know
how much longer I can take it.

BOB
Ah, don't let them get to you, Dan.
Its a no-nothing customer who
thinks you owe them something
because one time they gave you
money. Remember what you always
said to me, Dan, consider the
source.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Yeah, yeah, don't give me that
shit, Bob. I'm too old for this
shit. I used to be able to handle
this entire store filled to the
brim. Today one asshole comes in
waving a dead raccoon and I'm
whipped out.

BOB
Yeah, well, do you really think I
could have dragged him down the
entire block? Then had the energy
to curb stomp him?

Daniel looks Bob up and down.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Yes, yes, I do think your wrinkled
old ass could still do that.

BOB
Okay, but I'm a bad example.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
I'm not kidding, Bob. My head was
spinning when i was dealing with
him. I thought I was going to go
down.

BOB
Maybe you need a shot.

Bob opens a drawer pulls out a bottle of scotch and two shot
glasses. He opens the bottle, pours out the shots and hands a
glass to Daniel. They clink glasses and drink. Bob starts to
put the bottle back in the drawer when Daniel stops him.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Maybe just one more. For medicinal
reasons, of course.

BOB
Of course.

Bob pours them more shots.

INT. FLIP YOUR WIG - NIGHT

Daniel is sitting in the same spot we last saw him. The lights illuminate the store. The camera pans the empty store as we see Bob turning the sign over from open to close and lock the door. He turns to head to the counter.

BOB
We fooled them one more time,
didn't we Daniel?

Bob gets a concerned expression on his face.

BOB (CONT'D)
Dan? Dan?

Bob runs to the counter and quickly is at Daniel's side. Bob grabs Daniel and shakes him gently.

BOB (CONT'D)
Dan? Are you okay?

Daniel doesn't answer for a beat but when he does its in a faint, strained tone.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Yeah, I'm just worn out.

BOB
Worn out my ass. I'm calling an
ambulance.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Don't trouble yourself.

BOB
Fuck you, you haven't signed this
weeks paycheck.

Bob grabs the rotary phone attached to the wall and dials 911.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hi, this is Bob from Flip Your Wig,
31 Summer Street and I need an
ambulance. My friend is in
distress.

(pause)

Maybe its a heart attack. Maybe he
needs to take a shit. I'm not a
fucking doctor so get here so he
can see one.

(pause)

Thank you.

Bob hangs up the phone and stands next to Daniel. Daniel
motions bob to lean in. When Bob is close to Daniel's face he
says,

DANIEL C. WITHERS III

One more.

Bob leans back laughing.

BOB

For medicinal purposes, of course.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III

Of course.

Bob opens a drawer pulls out a bottle of scotch and two shot
glasses. He opens the bottle, pours out the shots and hands a
glass to Daniel. They clink glasses and drink.

They remain still after they're finished with their drinks.
They're just standing there, two life-long friends. One in
sire straights. One in dire concern.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III (CONT'D)

We had a good run, didn't we, Bob?

BOB

Its not over, Dan. We're a long way
from ending this run.

Daniel hands the glass to Bob then leans back against the
wall. Close by we hear the sound of an ambulance then we hear
the sound of someone pulling on the door.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III

For christ sake, Bob, are you
trying to kill me? Let the bastards
in.

Bob runs up toward the door to unlock it. We watch Daniel seemingly start to fade before our eyes. His shoulders slump, he face loses its expression and after a beat two EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIANS arrive and start to work on getting Daniel to the hospital.

INT. FLIP YOUR WIG - LATER

Daniel is on the gurney getting wheeled through the store. Bob is beside him. As they reach the door Daniel reaches out to Bob. The gurney stops. Bob leans in.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Put a new toupee in Peter's box and
tell him its a gift from beyond the
grave.

Bob stands up laughing.

BOB
Don't be so dramatic, you old coot.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Okay, leave out the beyond the
grave shit and just tell him its
been a pleasure doing business with
him.

The EMT's start wheeling him outside but Daniel stops them again by grabbing Bob.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III (CONT'D)
And its been my distinct pleasure
doing business with and becoming a
friend to you.

Bob starts to become emotional.

BOB
What did I say about all this
dramatic shit?

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
What can I say? I've always had a
little bit of a ham in me.

BOB
Yeah, and that's probably what's
going to kill you.

DANIEL C. WITHERS III
Could be worse.

Bob and Daniel laugh but its difficult for Daniel. Bob pats his friend one more time as he watches the EMT's load Daniel into the ambulance. Once the door is closed Bob goes over to the door, locks it and turns out the store lights.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A Church with a hearse, flower car, a few limousines in front and, off to the side, a parking lot filled with vehicles.

BOB

I was a 14 year old brat looking for a job when I first met Dan. He was 26, 27, an adult to me. And although he could be intimidating, until his final day, there was also something inviting about him.

(pause)

It was his first or second week of shop and I was looking for work over the summer. I was 14 so where was I going to look for work? An emergency room?

Mourners laugh.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Church is standing room only. Bob is at the podium. A MINISTER is sitting in a chair off to the side.

BOB

So I walk into this store. I had no idea what a toupee was or even who used such an item. But Dan said he could use someone to clean up around the place, do some stocking. He said it would be a good summer job.

(pause)

My summer job lasted over fifty years.

(pause)

Dan was a unique man. He was an scrupulously honest businessman, he had a humanity I've seen in few, if any others, he was a kind man who never gave anyone anything but his best effort. I was proud to be his employee but prouder to be fortunate to call him my best friend.

Bob reaches underneath the podium and pulls out the same scotch bottle and the same two shot glasses that were in the store. Bob takes his time and pours out two shots.

Bob slowly puts the cap back on the bottle and puts it back beneath the podium. He lifts up on of the shots, raises it to salute Daniel then downs the shot.

Bob puts down the shot glass and then emotionally breaks down. The Minister comes over and helps Bob off the alter. Bob is lead to the stairs which he climbs down and heads to his seat. The Minister walks to the podium.

MINISTER

Our last speaker today is Dan's
son, Daniel C. Withers IV.

The Minister goes back to his seat as mid-30 year old DANIEL C. WITHERS IV bounds onto the alter. He arrives at the podium and fumbles and looks around for a few beats. He taps the microphone and the bang and horrid sounds fill the Church.

Dan looks at the shot on the podium and, in an instant, he downs it. He attempts to put the shot glass back on the podium but misses. The glass rolls off the alter stopping near the casket.

DAN

Wow, dad was into the good stuff.

Dan takes a beat and looks around.

DAN (CONT'D)

I didn't expect his turnout to be
so large. I didn't know so many
people wore toupees.

Dan hits the last line hard going for the joke. He's expecting a big laugh but he shocked when he doesn't get one.

DAN (CONT'D)

Well, ah, I, ah guess I should have
though because I've always had a
bitchin' car. oh, again, sorry,
church.

(pause)

Yeah, so, my father.

Dan points at the casket and looks down at it.

DAN (CONT'D)

Didn't think he'd ever die.

Dan's head snaps back up.

DAN (CONT'D)
I didn't mean it in that way. I
wasn't hoping for him to die. I
just. . .
(pause)
. . .fuck it. Listen, he was an
okay father. It sure seems like
most of you knew him much better
than I did. Like, I had no idea
that he started the toupee shop to
help hippies who were having
trouble growing hair.

Dan looks out at the mourners incredulously.

DAN (CONT'D)
I mean, come on, who does that?

Dan sort of comes to the conclusion.

DAN (CONT'D)
My dad, I guess.
(pause)
We really didn't have anything in
common. He was always working
anyway. Which was a good thing
because I had everything I wanted.

Dan looks down at the casket again.

DAN (CONT'D)
And now I have a fucking wig shop.

Dan reaches under the podium, pulls out the bottle of scotch,
unscrews it and takes a drink from the bottle.

DAN (CONT'D)
Thanks, dad.

Dan begins to walk off the alter but, after a few steps, he
stops and goes back to the podium.

DAN (CONT'D)
Open bar at Marty's. On my father
for the last time.

Dan walks off the alter and, as he passes the casket, he taps
the scotch bottle on it and keeps walking out of the church.

The shocked Mourners sit stock still until the ORGANIST
starts playing "Amazing Grace" and Bob stands up first
helping up Daniel's wife, MARTHA. They begin filing out of
the Church with others rapidly following behind.

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Martha and Bob exit the Church to see Dan leaning on the hearse knocking bag a swig from the scotch bottle. They exchange looks but quickly get past it as Mourners come up to them.

Suddenly Peter, wearing a beautiful new toupee, pushes through the crowd up to Martha and Bob. Bob is startled at first but then grins. Martha is just confused.

PETER

I thought you were joking about the
beyond the grave stuff but then I
read his obit in the paper and
almost shit myself.

Peter turns to Martha.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry.

BOB

It was his last demand of me as
they were rolling him out.

PETER

Don't tell me. . .you don't think.
.you're not telling me I had
anything to do with his death?

Now Martha is truly confused. She begins to say something but, not know what to say, she ends up looking at Bob.

BOB

No, he was just joking around and
wanted to remind me to get the
toupee to you.

Bob looks over the toupee, adjusts it a bit, then smiles.

BOB (CONT'D)

Looks good on you, Peter. Just the
way Dan knew it would.

(pause)

From beyond the grave.

Peter playfully pushes Bob.

PETER

Now stop that, you're giving me the
creeps.

Peter puts out his hand for Bob to shake.

PETER (CONT'D)
He was a great guy.

BOB
Yes, he was.

Peter turns to Martha.

PETER
Sorry for your loss. I bet it was
interesting to be married to him.

Martha just continues to stare at Peter not really knowing what to say to this, to her, deranged man. Peter turns and walks down the stairs. Martha looks at Bob as a MAN approaches.

BOB
I'll explain it all to you later.

Bob turns to the Mourners and shakes their hands as he introduces the Man to Martha.

INT. FLIP YOUR WIG - MORNING

The dark and empty store seems to have aged even more since we first saw it. We hear keys in the lock and the sounds of the door opening and the bell.

Bob enters the store and turns on the lights. He looks around wistfully. Although he's opened the store countless times this day is different. He's a man who knows that from this point on his entire life will be different.

DAN (O.C.)
Is that you Bob?

The sound of a voice startles Bob but when he realizes whose voice it is he visibly slumps before he answers.

BOB
Who the fuck else would it be, Dan?

DAN
Good, come back here. Turn the
lights out. We're not going to open
yet.

Bob walks back to the door and flips the light switch.

BOB
Meet the new boss, nothing like the
old boss.

Slowly bob begins to walk toward the back room.

INT. FLIP YOUR WIG BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dan is sitting at his father's desk, paperwork is strewn all around it. Bob, seeing this, shakes his head in disbelief.

BOB

Not wasting any time I see.

Dan ignores him as he waves Bob to take a seat. As Bob is sitting Dan starts waving invoices at him.

DAN

Do you know how much money you two spent a month?

BOB

Do you know how much money us two made each month?

Dan's shaking his head.

DAN

This is outrageous. Ten thousand a month on hair. Fucking hair?

BOB

We're in the hair business, Dan.

DAN

Knock it off with the condescending attitude, Bob. I'm the boss now so will be treated like the boss.

Bob salutes him.

BOB

Yes, sir.

Dan puts the invoices down knowing that he's going to have to go in a different direction.

DAN

Listen, I know this has to be hard for you and I know I'm going to learn a lot about this business from you but I have some ideas too.

Dan wheels the chair back a little and puts his feet on the desk.

DAN (CONT'D)
I didn't go to business school for
nothing.

BOB
Didn't you flunk out?

Dan pulls his feet off the desk and leans on it.

DAN
I didn't flunk out.

BOB
That's right, they asked you to
leave. For not going to any
classes, if I remember correctly.

DAN
I already knew everything they were
teaching anyway. My father taught
me a lot about business.

BOB
Then why haven't you ever been able
to hold a job?

DAN
I just never found the right
career.

Dan waves his arms around the room.

DAN (CONT'D)
Until right now.

Bob is disgusted but also resigned that, if he's going to
stay, this is his life now. He sits there thinking of a
course of action.

BOB
Listen, we sell toupees and
accessories. I'll make it real easy
for you. I'll stay in the back and
make the product and you stay out
front and sell them. Okay? Perfect
solution.

Dan leans closer to Bob ignoring what Bob said.

DAN
There are going to be some big
changes, Bob. Big, beautiful
changes. At first I know you'll
fight them but you'll come around.

BOB
What changes?

DAN
Well, the first one is we're moving
out of this dump.

Bob is shocked and reflexively stands up.

BOB
What? We've been here. . .

DAN
. . .for over fifty years, yeah,
yeah, yeah. Sit down.

Exhausted now Bob falls back into the chair.

DAN (CONT'D)
This area has no foot traffic.

BOB
We're not a foot traffic business.
We're a destination for a specific
need.

DAN
Like I was saying, foot traffic is
crucial to *any* business. So we're
moving to the hot new development
across town.

BOB
How high are the rents there?

DAN
That's none of your concern now, is
it employee?

Bob is fighting with himself not to jump up and beat Dan to a
pulp. But he sits there biting his tongue.

DAN (CONT'D)
And we're going to change a lot of
other things. Like the name.

BOB
The name? This name has instant
recognition. Our customers like the
name.

DAN
Yeah, a little too hippy for my
liking.

Dan reaches down to the floor and picks up a mock-up of the new name.

DAN (CONT'D)
Wither's Wigs. Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

BOB
But we don't sell wigs. We se. . .

DAN
. . .we do now.

Against his better judgement Bob decides to try and get through Dan's hard head.

BOB
Dan, your father started this business with a plan to service his customers, his male customers, during this very personal, and to some, shameful situation. So he didn't want to have the men subjected to the potential that a lady may be in the store while he was getting fitted.

DAN
All well and good but its not a great idea for the bottom line. We're here to move hair.

Dan surprises himself with what he thinks is a clever turn of phrase.

DAN (CONT'D)
Hey, that's a pretty good line. Maybe we'll use that as a slogan.

Dan picks up a pen and begins to write on a piece of paper.

DAN (CONT'D)
Here to move hair.

Dan drops the pen and looks at Bob.

DAN (CONT'D)
And that means to anyone.

BOB
That goes against your fathers core belief.

DAN

In case you've forgotten, he's not here anymore.

Bob slumps in his chair.

DAN (CONT'D)

Bob, this doesn't have to be a tough transition. Its still hair. But there will be more of it. Different kinds of it. A wider variety. Sure, toupees will still be our identity but can you just see wigs off all styles and colors just screaming for people to walk in just to check it out?

Dan is just getting started but Bob isn't buying into it.

DAN (CONT'D)

And we'll be helping people because we'll have a room devoted to cancer patients.

BOB

Cancer patients?

DAN

Yeah, it'll be like a humanitarian thing. We're probably get a civic award for it.

Dan can see he's not getting the enthusiastic response he'd like.

DAN (CONT'D)

What? You got something against cancer patients?

BOB

No, I, its, its a good thing. Very nice service.

DAN

Plus we'll be able to tap into their insurance and really clean up.

BOB

Civic minded my ass.

DAN

What? Its a nice thing we're doing.
What's the harm in making cash
while doing it?

Bob knows he's defeated. So he resigns himself to sitting
there and listening. While deciding what to do with the rest
of his life.

BOB

Any other plans?

DAN

Nothing radical. Accessories,
extensions, the usual. I'm thinking
of opening a salon in the back.
Make it like a spa day.

BOB

What?

DAN

And, to showcase the new products,
we'll have fashion shows with
different themes every month.

BOB

That's insane.

DAN

Nah, its genius. You know what else
is genius? We're also going to
market heavily to strippers.

If he can, Bob slumps further.

BOB

What?

Dan sits there smiling at his business acumen.

DAN

What else? What else? I know I'm
forgetting something. Oh yeah!
Merkins.

BOB

Merkins?

DAN

Yeah. If we're dealing with cancer
patients they'd expect we'd have
merkins too.

BOB
I don't know if I like this.

DAN
And I don't give one flying fuck if
you like this or you don't. Can't
handle the change?

Dan points toward the door.

DAN (CONT'D)
There's the fucking door. Drop your
keys, get your shit and get out.

Bob and Dan glare at each other in a test to see who will
break first. Bob doesn't want to throw fifty years of his
life down the drain but is he willing to take this leap of
faith?

BOB
Any other bright ideas?

Dan cheers up and picks up an invoice.

DAN
As a matter of face, I do. Remember
when you came in here and I was
bitching about the ten grand a
month you and my father spent on
hair?

BOB
Yeah.

DAN
Well, that's got to be, pardon the
pun, trimmed.

BOB
Your father personally chose that
company due to the quality of their
hair. He believed that the best
product came from the best hair and
the company we've always used has
the best.

Dan tosses the invoice to the floor.

DAN
Not any more.

Dan picks up a brochure and holds it out for Bob. Bob
reluctantly snatches it out of Dan's hand.

He starts to look it over. As it sinks it an expression of horror crosses his face. He looks at Dan in disbelief.

BOB
You're thinking of dumping out top
level provider and start to buy
hair from prisoners?

DAN
Not thinking, doing. Its a done
deal. I called the old hair people
and told them I'm sending back what
we have in stock. Oh, so start
packing all of it up today.

BOB
Fuck you I will.

DAN
Its your job.

Bob stands up tossing the brochure toward Dan.

BOB
Not anymore it isn't.

DAN
So you're quitting?

BOB
You're going to ruin this business
and I don't want to see your
father's hard work. .

DAN
. . .he's dead. He won't know a
thing about it.

Bob stands there at the crossroads of disbelief. As he stands there you can see him get more and more angry. He's staring at Dan with fire in his eyes. Bob leans over placing his hands on Dan's desk. Dan leans as far back as he can.

BOB
If you go through with this insane
plan, mark my words, the forces of
evil will reach up and turn your
business into nothing but disaster
and chaos.

Bob reaches into his pocket, takes out his keys and starts taking the stores keys off his ring. He tosses them onto the desk.

DAN

I think you watch too many crappy movies.

Bob leans even further over the desk.

BOB

No, the moment you start using that accursed hair bad things will befall you and anyone who comes in contact with it.

DAN

Yeah, yeah, sorry to see you go.

Dan reaches into the top drawer and pulls out an envelope. He holds it out to Bob.

DAN (CONT'D)

My father figured out if anything happened to him you would stick around so here's your severance package.

Bob starts to reach for it but Dan pulls it back.

DAN (CONT'D)

Its much more than I would give you, its much more than any good business owner would give you, but its in his will so I'm told by the lawyers I have to do it.

Bob reaches for it again this time Dan drops it on the desk. Bob continues to glare at Dan as he picks up the envelope.

BOB

Mark my words, you will rue the day you altered the course of this business.

DAN

Rue the day? Who talks like that?

Dan reaches for the rotary phone.

DAN (CONT'D)

Get your shit and get out.

Dan holds the phone up and looks at it.

DAN (CONT'D)
I bet I couldn't even find a new
employee who could work one of
these things.

Dan looks up at Bob.

DAN (CONT'D)
Are you still here? Do I have to
call the cops?

Dan chuckles to himself.

DAN (CONT'D)
And then who would rue the day?

Bob stands up and starts to exit the store.

BOB
It will be you, it will always be
you.

DAN
Oooooooo, spooky. This space is for
employees only so get out.

Dan picks up the brochure and starts to dial the phone. Bob
watches for a second before exiting the room. Dan doesn't
watch him leave.

DAN (CONT'D)
Hi, Locked Up Locks?
(pause)
This is your lucky day.

We hear the door open and the bell ring as Bob exits the
store.

INT. PRISON PHONE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A PRISONER is sitting at a phone center on the phone.

PRISONER
Oh it is, is it?

GUARD (O.C.)
Its time.

PRISONER
Listen, I've got to collect some
hair to sell to you so can I call
you back?

DAN (O.C.)
 Sure. I'm Dan from Withers Wigs. I
 hope to hear from you soon.

PRISONER
 Oh, you will. I have a fresh batch
 coming in right now.

Prisoner hangs up the phone and exits the phone center.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The GUARD walks Prisoner down the hall.

PRISONER
 How'd it go?

GUARD
 Without a hitch.

The Guard and Prisoner stop at a door. The Guard unlocks it
 and the Prisoner goes in first.

INT. ELECTRIC CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The Prisoner enters as two GUARDS are unbuckling a dead
 PRISONER from the electric chair.

GUARD
 The brooms in the corner.

The Prisoner looks for the broom, retrieves it and begins
 sweeping up the hair.

PRISONER
 Some of its still sizzling.

GUARD
 That's how you know its fresh.

Everyone laughs as the dead Prisoner slumps forward into the
 arms of the two Guards. They begin to lift him up as a gurney
 is brought in by the Guard.

As the Prisoner continues to sweep all the hair up the Guards
 place the dead Prisoner onto the gurney and wheel him out.
 The Prisoner picks up a bag that was in the corner and sweeps
 all the hair into it. He places the broom against the wall,
 picks up the hair and exits the Electric Chamber.

INT. PRISON PHONE CENTER - LATER

The Prisoner is on the phone.

PRISONER
Hi, is this Dan?

DAN (O.C.)
Yes, is this Locked Up Locks?

PRISONER
Yes, it is and we're ready to do
business.

EXT. WITHER'S WIGS - DAY

A gleaming, shimmering, ultra-hip, ultra-hi-def Wither's Wigs. Through the windows we can see that the store is jumping. Maybe Dan was right after all.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS are playing with wigs, checking out the goods, bopping to the music in the slick, bright store. Two CASHIERS are busy ringing up customers. From a balcony Dan is watching it all with pride. Next to him is his manager, STEVE.

DAN
I can't believe that old bastard
didn't want to be a part of this.

STEVE
His loss.

Dan and Steve start walking to the floor.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - MOMENTS LATER

Dan and Steve walk past a customer, LARRY, talking to an Associate, TIM. Larry seems unhappy with his toupee.

LARRY
I don't know, It doesn't seem to
have the same quality as the old
place.

TIM
I can assure you its made to the
same exacting standards.

LARRY

The hair doesn't even feel the same. It doesn't have a shimmer.

Tim spots Dan and Steve and wastes no time involving them in the conversation.

TIM

Here's the owner, Dan. If you have any questions about the process why not ask him.

Dan adopts a helpful demeanor.

DAN

What seems to be the problem here?

LARRY

The problem here is I was a customer of your father's for thirty years so I know this isn't the same quality as what he produced.

DAN

Sir, I can assure you that the same process my father used is still being used today.

LARRY

It just feels different.

DAN

I sat at my fathers knee as he taught me his unique techniques and schooled me on only purchasing the finest hair from only a single source.

Dan takes hold of Larry's toupee and begins adjusting it. Larry looks around slightly embarrassed. Dan steps back to check out his handy work. Steve and Tim join their boss in checking out their masterpiece.

DAN (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Dan turns to Steve and Tim.

DAN (CONT'D)

What do you guys think?

STEVE

Perfect. It contours to the shape
of your head perfectly. Very
natural.

TIM

And the color really blends in with
your complexion.

Dan reaches out and grabs Larry's shoulder with a big smile
on his face.

DAN

The experts have spoken.

Larry is slowly being won over by this mass of attention.

LARRY

Are you guys sure because. . .

DAN

. . .yes, yes, a thousand times
yes. We do it the same way my
father did and you were happy with
him for thirty years, right?

Larry nods his head yes.

DAN (CONT'D)

Then with any luck you'll be happy
with us for the next thirty years.

Dan looks at Tim.

DAN (CONT'D)

Right him up, will ya, Tim?

TIM

Right this way, Larry.

Dan and Steve stand there smiling until Larry and Tim are out
of view.

STEVE

Did you really learn techniques
from your father?

DAN

No way. He's start talking and I'd
keep turning up the TV until he'd
leave. It was so boring.

Dan and Steve head into a back room as we visit with some of
the customers.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

An early 20's woman, REBEKKA, is trying on a braid. She's looking at herself in the mirror, tossing the braid back and forth across her face. She seems pretty pleased with her choice. She takes the braid off and heads off to the cash register.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

JENNYFER and ARLYNE are trying on very colorful wigs. Every few seconds for the entire scene they snap a picture of themselves to check themselves out then shows it to the other one.

JENNYFER

I love that color on you.

ARLYNE

Do you think its going to clash
with the shoes I'm going to wear?

JENNYFER

Not at all. It'll look so cute.

Arlyne picks up another wig and holds it up to Jennyfer.

ARLYNE

I don't know, I think I might like
this one better.

JENNYFER

Try it on.

Arlyne pulls the wig off and pops the next one on.

JENNYFER (CONT'D)

On no, I was totally wrong. That's
the one for you.

ARLYNE

You really think so?

Jennyfer and Arlyne continue to mindlessly try on wigs.

JENNYFER

I can't wait for the 80's party.

ARLYNE

I know. That really was the best
time in history.

JENNYFER

I know. Did you know everyone was
in a band and on MTV?

ARLYNE

I heard, back then. MTV played
music videos.

JENNYFER

I know, doesn't that seem so weird?

Arlyne whispers the last word of this sentence into
Jennyfer's ear.

ARLYNE

I heard that the government gave
every citizen over twenty-one one
million dollars a year to spend on
drugs.

JENNYFER

I know. My aunt told me that. It
really was the best time.

ARLYNE

No, tonight will be the best time.

Jennyfer and Arlyne excitedly head to the cash registers.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

DONNA is adjusting GENE's toupee. Gene doesn't seem to happy
with the process but Donna is undeterred.

GENE

I don't know. I don't think I'm
going to be able to pull it off.

DONNA

Shut up, Gene, it'll be fine.

GENE

They know I'm bald, Donna, so
what's the big deal.

Donna stops fussing with Gene long enough to explain to him
why its such a big deal.

DONNA

I'll tell you what the big deal is.
This is the first wedding we've
gone to in twenty years and I don't
want it to look as if I'm taking my
grandfather.

GENE

Hey! That's not fair. Father maybe.
But grandfather?

DONNA

Don't get cute with me, Gene. You
know I'm nervous about this. You
know if we make a good impression
Uncle Joe is going to put me back
in the will.

Gene takes an all new liking to his toupee. He stands up
straighter and holds his head high.

GENE

Then let's make a good impression.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

BETZY and a bored BRANDAN are looking at wigs.

BETZY

Does this blonde wig make me look
sexier?

BRANDAN

Yeah. Can we go?

BETZY

Brandan! Be serious. I want to be
mysterious and sexy at the swingers
party tonight.

Brandan looks at Betzy and strokes her wig.

BRANDAN

Trust me, Betzy, you'll be the
hottest girl getting banged no
matter what color your hair is.

Betzy is flattered.

BETZY

You say such nice things about me.

Betzy is right back to serious.

BETZY (CONT'D)
But which one do you like best?

Betzy shakes her head so the wig flows.

BETZY (CONT'D)
This one.

Betzy picks up one she tried on earlier.

BETZY (CONT'D)
Or this one?

Brandan looks at both the wigs and then puts his hands on both sides of his head.

BRANDAN
This one. It'll be so hot with it stuck to your face.

Betzy laughs and playfully slaps Brandan.

BETZY
Stop it. You're so gross.

Betzy continues to marvel at herself with the wig.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS do their best to get through the crowd while trying on and modeling wigs. Everyone is happy and playful. Suddenly the door opens and everyone stops. The front doors open and DESTENY walks in. No one can take their eyes off of her. She struts through the crowd as it parts for her.

Dan comes out of the back room just in time to see Desteny. He makes a beeline towards her.

DAN
Hi, I'm Dan. The owner of Wither's Wigs. Is there anything I can help you with?

Desteny looks at him as she's looked at the countless men who have ogled her throughout her life.

DESTENY
I heard from one of the other girls that you are offering a twenty percent discount for dancers.

Dan lights right up.

DAN

Yes, we are. Do you know what
you're looking for?

DESTENY

Something long and flowing. I'm
coming up with a new routine and I
want my fans to be bowled over by
it.

DAN

I'm sure they will.

Desteny begins to lightly flirt with Dan.

DESTENY

Maybe you could come and see it one
day?

DAN

It would be my pleasure to see you
and our wigs work your magic
together.

DESTENY

I bet you would.

Dan holds his hand out showing Desteny the way.

DAN

Come this way to a private fitting
room where I'll have my associates
show you our longest and finest
models.

Dan leads Desteny through the store. No one in the store
moves until the door closes behind Dan and Desteny. The
moment it does the store descends into the frenzied activity
of before.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

DAVY is at the counter with an associate, RICK. Rick is being
as gentle as he can to try and assuage Davy's nervousness.

RICK

I assure you, Davy, its very normal
for someone in your situation to
feel a need like this.

DAVY

I just don't want to be looked at
as some kind of kook.

Rick waves his hand over the counter.

RICK
Look at the number of merkens we
carry? If you're a kook you're far
from alone.

Davy looks at the amazing array of merkens in the case.

DAVY
There sure are a lot of them.

RICK
And they will all fit your need.
Would you like to look at a few?

Davy sort of agrees to check out some merkens. Rick reaches into the case and pulls out a few and places them on the case.

RICK (CONT'D)
When you try one on we will go to a
private room so you have some
privacy.

DAVY
Good, because if I dropped trou
here everyone, with the exception
of my wife, would be running for
the exits.

Davy looks at the merkens and gingerly starts to touch them.

RICK
They're made of the finest human
hair we can buy. The owners father,
who started this business over
fifty years ago, insists on it.

Davy picks up one of the merkens and inspects it. Then he turns away from Rick and looks through the crowd. After a beat he finds who he's looking for.

DAVY
Linda! Hey Linda!

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

LINDA, a few yards away from Davy, turns around and looks at Davy.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

Davy holds a merken at his crotch.

DAVY
How about a landing strip?

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

Linda is exasperated at her husbands activity.

DAVY (O.C.)
Whoa, how about a Hitler?

Linda rolls her eyes and turns away from Davy.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

Davy is holding a small patch of merken to his crotch.

RICK
For someone who was so reticent
about it just a minute ago you sure
have embraced the merken now.

Davy is picking up and putting down merkens.

DAVY
Well, if you're going to do
something you should grab it by the
balls and go all the way.

RICK
I like your attitude.

DAVY
Let's go try these on.

Davy picks up a few merkens then turns to address Linda.

DAVY (CONT'D)
Linda! Hey, Linda! You wanna come
watch the audition?

Davy pauses and then gets an expression of shock on his face.

DAVY (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a no.

Davy turns to Rick.

DAVY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. She very rarely
gives me the double middle finger
in public.

Rick and Davy head for a private room to get Davy hooked up.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

Once again we see an overview of Wither's Wigs. People are still happily perusing the merchandise. The door opens and four drag queens, COCO PUFF, MISS REPRESENT, ROC KETT and BELLA DA'BALL enter. The moment they enter they split up and head to each corner of the store.

COCO PUFF

This is madness. Does anyone here
know what a fine wig even looks
like?

MISS REPRESENT

I've seen a better assortment on
the floor after a show.

ROC KETT

Where did they buy the hair to make
this trash? The city zoo?

BELLA DA'BALL

All these people need some
schooling.

Bella Da'Ball snatches a wig off a GIRL's head and throws it across the store.

BELLA DA'BALL (CONT'D)

No way, honey. You ever wore that
in public and the police would have
to arrest you for being a public
nuisance.

The Girl is shocked but all the Drag Queens keep moving through the store until they reach the cash register.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

The Drag Queens are standing at the cash register. Two CASHIERS are busy with other CUSTOMERS but the Drag Queens ignore them

COCO PUFF

Is there a manager or owner here?

MISS REPRESENT

We'd like to have a word with the president of the company.

ROC KETT

We have a few words of wisdom we'd like to impart.

BELLA DA'BALL

Well, girl, are you going to make the call or am I going to have to make a scene?

A CASHIER picks up the phone and dials up the intercom.

CASHIER

Dan, can you come to the front.

Dan, can you come to the front. We have a situation.

The Drag Queens look over everyone's purchase. Coco Puff picks up on WOMAN's fall.

COCO PUFF

You're actually going to wear that out?

Coco Puff turns to the other Drag Queens.

COCO PUFF (CONT'D)

Is Halloween coming up soon?

The Drag Queens all nod in agreement as Dan arrives. The Woman drops the fall and exits the store.

DAN

Can I help you?

MISS REPRESENT

Yes, we've been through your entire store.

ROC KETT

Top to bottom, back to front, inside and out.

BELLA DA'BALL

And we didn't see one thing in this entire rats nest worthy of being on any shelf.

COCO PUFF

Much less a shelf in our own city.

The Drag Queens agree with Coco Puff.

DAN
I'm sorry you feel that way but I
can assure you that our wigs are
made of. . .

Miss Represent runs a hand over a wig.

MISS REPRESENT
. . baboon ass hair.

The Drag Queens agree with Miss Represent.

DAN
I'm sorry you feel that way
because in the over fifty years
we've been in business. . .

ROC KETT
. . .you haven't been in business
for fifty years. But your daddy
was.

Dan is taken aback a little.

BELLA DA'BALL
And you're doing him a major
disrespect with this travesty.

DAN
Sorry you feel that way but I'm
doing my best to grow the business
in a manner that would make my
father proud.

COCO PUFF
Then you are doing a piss poor job
of it.

MISS REPRESENT
I bet his hair is straight up high
at the thought of what you've done
to his business.

Roc Kett leans in close to Dan.

ROC KETT
You see, for years, decades really,
your father was the only person
with the courage to help all our
sisters get wigged up all fine.

BELLA DA'BALL

And what you've done to his legacy
is a shame. A lowdown dirty shame.

The Drag Queens turn to look at all the Customers and, in
unison, say,

COCO PUFF

In the good name of Daniel C.
Withers the third we declare
that this store can use some
fixin'.

MISS REPRESENT

In the good name of Daniel C.
Withers the third we declare
that this store can use some
fixin'.

ROC KETT

In the good name of Daniel C.
Withers the third we declare
that this store can use some
fixin'.

BELLA DA'BALL

In the good name of Daniel C.
Withers the third we declare
that this store can use some
fixin'.

And with that, the Drag Queens march though the store to the
exit.

Dan is standing at the counter a little discombobulated but
he snaps back quickly.

DAN

Don't just stand there keep ringing
in customers.

The Cashier takes care of the next CUSTOMER just as Steve
arrives.

STEVE

Dan, some of the workers in the
back are complaining.

Dan turns to Steve and then follows him into a back room.

INT. BACKROOM WITHER'S WIGS - MOMENTS LATER

Dan and Steve entire the back room and see a WIG MAKER
struggling to attach the hair to the wig. Large bags of hair,
Styrofoam heads, hooks, wig caps and other tools are all over
the place.

DAN

What seems to be the problem?

The Wig Maker looks up, pauses for a second and jams a hook
into the eye of the Styrofoam head.

WIG MAKER

This hair. Its fighting me.

Dan picks up a handful of hair.

DAN
Its not fighting me.

WIG MAKER
You're not working with it. This is
the worst hair I've ever worked
with.

DAN
Its hair. It doesn't fight.

WIG MAKER
This one does.

The Wig Maker throws down a handful of hair.

WIG MAKER (CONT'D)
Look at my hands?

The Wig Maker shows Dan and Steve his hands. They're laced
with cuts and slashes.

WIG MAKER (CONT'D)
What is this shit made of?

DAN
Hair.

Dan reaches into a big bag and tosses hair into the air.

DAN (CONT'D)
Human hair from humans heads.

The Wig Maker waves the floating hair away from him.

WIG MAKER
Then these are some damaged fucking
humans.

DAN
Just make the wigs. We're getting a
backlog.

Dan turns and Steve follows him out of the back room. The Wig
Maker waits until they're gone to mock Dan in a whiny voice.

WIG MAKER
Just make the wigs. We're getting a
backlog.

DAN (O.C.)
I heard that.

The Wig Maker startles a bit and goes right to work.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Larry is sitting in his office wearing his new toupee. He's adjusting it and doesn't really seem pleased with it.

ERIC (O.C.)
Hey Lar, time for the meeting.

ERIC enters Larry's office and stands at the desk.

ERIC (CONT'D)
The monthly snorefest.

LARRY
Don't be so glum, chum, maybe we'll
learn who's fault it is that no one
will be getting a bonus this
quarter.

ERIC
Except upper management.

Larry stands up from his desk.

LARRY
But, of course, that sacrosanct.

Larry passes Eric who joins him as they exit the office.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Larry and Eric walk down a hallway.

ERIC
I hear that corporate is going to
initiate another round of layoffs.

LARRY
I'm possible we're already at the
bare minimum to keep this dump
afloat.

ERIC
I don't know my source is pretty
reliable.

Larry starts fiddling around with his toupee. Eric brushes
Larry's hand down.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Stop playing around with that
thing. It looks just fine.

LARRY
It just feels weird. Like there's a
pin in it or something.

Larry and Eric reach an open door.

ERIC
Then check it out after the meeting
but, for now, chill.

Larry and Eric walk into the Meeting Room.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Eric are seated in the middle with other OFFICE WORKERS filling in the other seats. Standing in the front of the room is LOWELL A. PARKER the director of Digital Implementation of Mid-level Cross-pollination of Physical Attributes of Product Delivery. So, fascinating stuff.

LOWELL
In the past sixteen weeks we've
enthusiastically synergized niches
to feel empowered to implement
their fungible leadership skills.

Lowell pauses as he changes the image on the screen.

At this point Lowell's sound is decreased for the rest of the scene but it drones on in the background for the remainder of the scene as we can clearly hear Larry and Eric talk.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Eric are sitting there pretending to pay attention.

LOWELL (O.C.)

We feel confident that this plan of action will dramatically deliver interoperable initiatives to not only the customer but offer a myriad of solutions to the corporate level.

(pause)

In regards to the database programming of this task we strongly feel that we will successfully, and more importantly, holistically monetize the business noSQL. We feel this will ferment the strength of not only our information gathering tasks but also allow for greater and fast growth in the future.

(pause)

In this quarter we fully expect to quickly grow client-focused architectures and turn around outdated modes of expression.

(pause)

This allows our low-level administrators to accurately harness their client-based human capital. We believe this will prove itself credibly with our equity based invested models.

(pause)

We have been deputized by corporate to continually see huge growth when we mandate strategies within our various departments. We know that this path will efficiently maintain optimal collaboration and idea-sharing.

(pause)

This path will efficiently harness our high standards and process improvements to both personnel and revenue based integrated clouds.

(pause)

So we all have to come in on this as one to cooperatively harness all goal-oriented scenarios into one smooth transition.

(pause)

Are there any questions?

ERIC

So I said to here, listen, we can paint the house or go to see your mother but not both. There's just not enough time or money for both. So she got pissed so it looks as if we're getting the house painted and visiting her mother.

(pause)

Hey, that a new rug?

Larry is insecure about it.

LARRY

Why? What's wrong? Is there something wrong with it?

ERIC

No, no, it looks good. It just looks different from the one I'm used to seeing you wear.

LARRY

That one was awesome. Had it over three years. The guy who made it was a master. But he died and his kid took over and this is what I got stuck with.

ERIC

No, it looks fine. Real natural. I see you every day so of course I'm going to notice if something's different about you.

Larry starts fussing with his toupee.

LARRY

But it just doesn't feel right. You know what I mean? The other one fit like a soft, leather glove this one fits like a hockey glove.

ERIC

Maybe it just takes a little time to get used to it.

LARRY

Nah, I think they did a shitty job. I swear they're using cheaper hair but the kid said he's using the same supplier as his old man.

ERIC

Maybe their new wig maker isn't as skilled as the last guy.

LARRY

There's no question about that. I don't know. I think I'm going to have to go back there and get my money back. I'm just not comfortable with it.

ERIC

Ya gotta do that you gotta do.

Eric looks at Larry for a beat. He leans closer and softly speaks to him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, Lar. . .

Eric wipes his nose. Larry doesn't get what Eric is trying to impart.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Your nose. You got a snooger or something hanging out of it.

Larry quickly and frantically wipes his nose. He looks back up at Eric.

LARRY

Did I get it?

Eric looks closely then shakes his head no.

ERIC

No.

Larry gets up and exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Larry is hurrying down a hallway still frantically pulling and wiping his nose. He turns into a men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Larry rushes up to a mirror to start to remedy his situation. He checks it out and there's a tiny nose hair hanging out of his nostril.

LARRY

Damn it.

Larry reaches up and pulls at the errant nose hair. His fingers slip off and its still there. As a matter of fact, it's a little longer.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What the. . .?

He goes at it again and, once again his fingers slip off and, incredibly, the nose hair is just a little bit longer.

Larry looks around the men's room. On a table he sees some product and towels and a whicker basket. He walks over to the basket and see a pair of scissors.

Larry picks up the scissors and goes back to the mirror. He puts the scissors to the hair and starts to cut. What should be a simple procedure isn't. He squeezes and squeezes but its not cutting the hair.

Larry stops for a beat and checks the sharpness of the scissors.

LARRY (CONT'D)

This is insane.

Larry uses the scissors on the nose hair again and this time it cuts off.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Finally.

Larry runs some water to get rid of the evidence. Then he checks himself in the mirror and is shocked to see a tiny pice of nose hair still sticking out.

LARRY (CONT'D)

This can't be happening to me.

Larry is now determined to get rid of this troublesome nose hair one and for all.

Larry takes a deep breath, checks the location of the nose hair one last time and gets a good grip on it.

Its a hard fought battle. Slowly the nose hair keeps getting longer. Larry keeps pulling. The hair gets longer and longer. Larry is flummoxed as to what is happening.

The hair is now so long Larry can put two hands into the job. Larry is pulling and leaning back, pulling and leaning back, pulling and finally a giant wad of bloodied hair comes out.

Larry stands, eyes open looking at the situation. He looks at the mass in his hand then he looks into the mirror. Slowly at first its just a dribble but in no time at all, like a pot boiling over, blood starts dripping down Larry's face.

After a beat Larry drops to his knees and he falls face first into the sink. From that vantage point we can see that Larry's head has caved in. Blood is flowing out of his head into the sink. After a few beats the men's room door opens.

ERIC (O.C.)

Hey Larry, meetings over its safe to come out.

(pause)

Whoa.

Eric arrives at the gruesome scene. He is shocked by what he's seeing.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Damn, dude. The rug wasn't that bad? It was pretty bad but not kill yourself bad.

(pause)

Damn.

Eric backs out of the men's room to inform the authorities.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan's at his desk on the phone. After a beat he speaks.

DAN

Hi, Locked Up Locks? Hi, this is Dan Withers.

(pause)

No, everything's fine, we got the last shipment on time.

(pause)

As a matter of fact, my manager is putting together another order as we speak. He'll be in touch with you within an hour.

(pause)

I have a question. We've had people say the wig gets tighter over time. Does your hair shrink by any chance? Anyone ever ask you that?

(pause)

No, yeah, I understand. Bitching customers I guess. Thanks for the input. Bye.

Dan hangs up the phone and leans back in his chair.

DAN (CONT'D)
Whiny customers. They don't know
what they're talking about.

Dan stands up and walks over to a window where he can see into the store. We see that the store is still packed.

DAN (CONT'D)
They may not know what they're
talking about but they sure know
how to make me money.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rebekka is at table with a few GIRLFRIENDS she does not have her braid on. They have finished eating and are just waiting to polish off the last of their wine.

REBEKKA
This was such fun. We have to do it
again real soon.

The Girlfriends at the table all offer their agreements. Rebekka looks at her phone.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
Oh my god it's 8:45. I have to be
up extra early tomorrow.

Rebekka stands up and collects her stuff.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
I have to go to fly to a wedding
for a cousin or something. My
parents are making me go.

Rebekka takes a dramatic pause.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
I wonder if they ever stop doing
that? And do you want to know where
I have to go?

Of course all the Girlfriends want to know where. Rebekka rolls her eyes.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
Omaha.

The Girlfriends shriek in horror.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
I know. I'll be there for three
days. With my parents.

Rebekka looks skyward raising her arms high.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
Take me now, lord.

The Girlfriends all laugh at her exhibition.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
Well, duty calls.

Rebekka waves to everyone as she says her goodbyes.

REBEKKA (CONT'D)
Bye. We'll do this again real soon.

Rebekka exits the restaurant.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Rebekka is walking through a parking lot to her vehicle.
Rebekka reaches her vehicle and enters.

INT. VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Rebekka enters her vehicle and begins to make herself comfortable. She spots the braid she purchased earlier in the day so takes it out of the bag. She puts it to her hair and checks herself out in the mirror. She likes what she sees.

REBEKKA
Watch out Omaha.

Rebekka laughs and tosses the braid onto the passenger seat.
She puts her car in gear and exits the parking lot.

INT. REBEKKA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rebekka is wheeling her luggage her front door and exiting the building. She's all dressed up, with her braid on, for her flight to Omaha.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Rebekka is tossing her luggage into the back of her SUV. She closes the door and enters the vehicle.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Rebekka is driving down the pretty deserted early morning street.

INT. REBEKKA'S VEHICLE - LATER

Rebekka is driving down the street. Her braid is sitting on her shoulder. It sways as she takes a turn. She absentmindedly swats it back into place.

Rebekka takes another turn and this time the braid swings harder smacking her across the face.

REBEKKA

Oww, what the hell is that?

She tosses the braid back into place. This time it doesn't wait for a turn. It swings and hits her again.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rebekka's vehicle swerves across the road. A car going the other way beeps as it passes.

INT. REBEKKA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Rebekka is valiantly fighting off braid as it continually slaps her across the face and head. Rebekka swerves one more time before deciding to pull over.

Rebekka pulls over and start to pull at her braid to try and remove it. But the harder she fights the more the braid seems to become better at avoiding her hands.

The braid holds itself aloft in front of Rebekka's face. Rebekka is awed and troubled by this.

RICK

What the. . .

But Rebekka never completes that sentence. The moment her mouth opens the braid flies into her mouth. The braid keeps pushing and pushing down Rebekka's throat. Rebekka pulls as hard as she can to remove the braid as its chocking her.

Rebekka fights as long and hard as she can before she gasps one last time and falls forward into her steering wheel. The horn blares endlessly.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Rebekka's vehicle is surrounded by Emergency Vehicles, POLICE OFFICERS, FIRE PERSONAL, EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIANS and curious BYSTANDERS.

POLICE OFFICER

Its the weirdest thing, a witness
said she swerved a couple times
coming down the road and then
pulled over and died.

Fire Personal are pulling her out of the vehicle. An EMT looks into her face as the Fire Personal puts her on the stretcher.

EMT

She could have had a heart attack.

POLICE OFFICER

She's a little young for that.

EMT

Not these days.

The EMT looks closer and, after a beat, pulls a long, wet hair out of her mouth. Everyone standing around looks at it.

POLICE OFFICER

Could she have choked on a hair?

The EMT and Police Officer look at each other for a beat before saying,

EMT

Nah.

POLICE OFFICER

Nah.

The EMT mindlessly tosses the hair away. The wind carries it so we follow the hair as the EMTs wheel Rebekka into the ambulance.

The hair floats and flutters through the air. It rolls and cascades across the landscape until it comes to a safe landing on a Bystanders shoulder who is none the wiser that he is now in custody of a murder weapon.

The Bystander decides he's seen enough so turns to continue along with his day. Totally unaware that the hair is moving across his shoulders nestling itself against his neck. Will this one, single strand of hair be evil enough to be able to take this mans life? That remains to be seen.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - MORNING

An angry WOMAN wearing a hat enters Wither's Wigs and storms up to the first CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE she sees. She's waving a torn and tattered wig around for emphasis.

WOMAN

I want my money back.

The Woman demands as the Customer Service Representative looks at what's left of the wig.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

What happened to it?

WOMAN

I had to kill it.

The Customer Service Representative starts to chuckle but stifles it quickly when she sees the Woman is in no mood for frivolity.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

Killed it?

WOMAN

Yeah, I wore it out to the event and it was all fine and dandy. But then I got home and I couldn't get the damn thing off. I'm pulling and tugging but the damn thing isn't moving.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

Maybe. . .

WOMAN

. . .shut up and listen because, seriously, I don't think I'm going to be able to tell this story more than once because, I did it and it sounds crazy to me.

The Customer Service Representative nods, folds her arms and stands there listening.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

So I'm fighting with this thing for a good twenty minutes because I had to take extreme measures. I got out my scissors and cut the bitch off my head.

The Woman takes off the hat to reveal her head is full of bald spots. The Customer Service Representative is shocked by what she sees.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And look what it did to my hair.

The Customer Service Representative is trying to think of something to do. She looks around then back to the Woman then finally speaks.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

There isn't a manager on duty right
now so, ah, your story freaked me
out so I'm just going to run a
credit. Follow me.

The Woman follows the Customer Service Representative toward the cash registers.

WOMAN

What about my hair?

The Customer Service Representative reaches the cash register, punches a few keys and pulls out some money.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

I'd use this to see if there's a
miracle worker out there.

The Woman holds the wig out to the Customer Service Representative who steps away, bends down and picks up a barrel.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE
(CONT'D)

I'm not touching that. Just toss it
in this barrel.

The Woman drops it into the barrel, tries to get all the hair off of her hands then puts her hat back on.

WOMAN

That things possessed.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

I'm not doubting you after the
story you told.

The Customer Service Representative pulls the plastic bag out of the barrel, ties it and starts to bring it into the back.

WOMAN

You should burn that thing.

The Woman says as she turns to leave. The Customer Service Representative enters the back room with the bagged, and hopefully contained, wig.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house has vehicles parked all around it. Wildly dressed people are walking into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Living Room is filled with PARTY GOERS dressed in the best/worst of 1980's fashion. Every style from that era is covered. Bold colors and big shoulders. And that's just the men. Music is playing and a good time is being had by all.

In the middle of the wildly dancing crowd is Jennyfer and Arlyne.

JENNYFER

This is so much fun.

ARLYNE

Everyone looks straight out of a movie.

JENNYFER

Let's get something to drink.

ARLYNE

Definitely.

Jennyfer and Arlyne work their way through the Living Room to the Kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Kitchen is filled with a casting call of 80's REVELERS. Jennyfer and Arlyne grab a cup and go to the keg. A GUY with a Mohawk and clothes held together with safety pins mans the pump for them.

GUY

Bitchin' party or what?

JENNYFER

Totally tubular.

The Guy and Jennyfer laugh at their 80's speak as he fills her cup.

ARLYNE

So what's your story?

Arlyne exchanges places with Jennyfer and puts her cup under the beer faucet.

GUY

Me? I ain't got no story. I just
chill and see where the day takes
me.

ARLYNE

Sounds totally unreliable.

Jennyfer and Arlyne laugh as they leave the Guy with his hand still on the pump.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennyfer and Arlyne enter the living Room and stand off against the wall. They're surveying the happening and giving it their seal of approval. Suddenly the music changes and Van Halen's 'Jump' is now playing.

Jennyfer and Arlyne look at each other while squealing, find a place to place their cups and then run into the dance floor frenzy.

Jennyfer and Arlyne are dancing exceptionally well. As other DANCERS start to notice them they give Jennyfer and Arlyne more and more of the floor.

When Jennyfer and Arlyne are the only two dancing they really go crazy. When the lyrics call for them to jump they do so with reckless abandon totally disregarding the ceiling fan precariously positioned very close to their very big hair.

VAN HALEN

So can't you see me standing here
I've got my back against the record
machine
I ain't the worst that you've seen
Oh can't you see what I mean?

VAN HALEN (CONT'D)

Might as well jump. Jump!
Go ahead and jump.

Jennyfer and Arlyne do as requested. At first their hair barely touches the whirling fan but as the song reaches its crescendo they get closer and closer to the spinning blades.

VAN HALEN (CONT'D)

Might as well jump. Jump!
Go ahead and jump
Jump!
Might as well jump. Jump!

Higher and higher Jennyfer and Arlyne jump until their hair hits the ceiling fan and immediately gets twisted and pulls them off their feet and begins to swing them around the living room.

People are getting kicked, many are hitting the floor and crawling out of the Living Room as Jennyfer and Arlyne continue to whoosh around the room.

VAN HALEN (CONT'D)

Go ahead and jump
Get it and jump. Jump!
Go ahead and jump
Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

Finally, as the song reaches its conclusion Jennyfer and Arlyne's scalp lets loose and the two are tossed across the room.

Their scalps continue to fly around the room sending pieces of scalp and blood scattered all around the living room. Someone finally turns off the fan. It slowly comes to a stop as the scalps and wigs hang there limply.

The next song begins to play as if nothing has happened. The song that comes up is Lionel Richie's 'Dancing On The Ceiling'.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The Wig Maker is attempting to make a wig but it looks like he's wrestling a mongoose.

WIG MAKER

Come on! Why are you being so
difficult? You're hair! You're not
supposed to fight back.

The Wig Maker struggles for a bit longer before throwing in the towel.

WIG MAKER (CONT'D)

That's it. I'm done.

The Wig Maker throws down his tools, the wig he was working on, he pulls off his gloves and tosses them into the pile.

WIG MAKER (CONT'D)
I'm not working with this shit one
more day.

The Wig Maker takes off his apron and tosses that aside. He walks over to his locker, pulls out his jacket, slams the locker door and exits the back room.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS DAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dan is sitting at his desk typing on a laptop when the Wig Maker walks in. Dan barely looks up.

WIG MAKER
I'm outta here.

Dan looks at a clock then looks up at the Wig Maker.

DAN
You still have two hours to go.

WIG MAKER
No, you don't get it. I'm outta
here for good. This place is
cursed. Its the worst shop I've
ever worked at.

Dan's not taking him seriously.

DAN
Just get back downstairs. We're
starting to back up on orders. And
we have six more of Desteny's co-
workers coming in for fittings.

WIG MAKER
Then have someone do it but it
won't be me.

Now Dan is taking him seriously.

DAN
What are you talking about? You're
the best in the business. This
business is thriving because of
your talents.

Dan stands up and walks over and pulls the Wig Maker over to the window overlooking the shop floor.

DAN (CONT'D)
Look out there and what do you see?

WIG MAKER

Hell.

DAN

No, a thriving business.

Dan turns the Wig Maker around to face him.

DAN (CONT'D)

Built on your amazing abilities to
take a little hair and make a thing
of beauty.

Dan pats the Wig Maker on the shoulder and starts to walk him
to the door.

DAN (CONT'D)

So why don't you go back
downstairs, continue with your
magic and we'll continue to rake in
the dough.

Dan and the Wig Maker reach the door. The Wig Maker stands
there for a beat looking at Dan. Dan thinks his pep talk has
turned the game around. He's visibly pleased with himself.

WIG MAKER

Fuck you.

The Wig Maker shows Dan his hands.

WIG MAKER (CONT'D)

Look at my hands? Hair doesn't do
that. What the hell are you buying?
Asbestos? Razor wire? Whatever it
is I'm not touching it anymore.

The Wig Maker exits the room leaving Dan standing there alone
to ponder his next move. Dan walks to the door.

DAN

Fine, your work sucked anyway. A
baboon could do your job.

WIG MAKER (O.C.)

Fuck you, Dan. Good luck with your
disaster.

Dan slams the door shut then walks over to his desk and slams
himself into the chair. He sits there pondering his next move
for a few beats.

DAN

I wonder if Bob would come back?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gene and Donna are getting ready for the wedding reception. They are both dressed in their finest to make sure to make a good impression.

DONNA

Just remember not to do any of your sick jokes.

GENE

What sick jokes? I don't so sick jokes.

DONNA

Its all you do and I'm telling you not tonight.

GENE

I don't even want to go. I've got this low level headache. I've had it all day.

Donna walks over to Gene.

DONNA

Take some aspirin and zip me up.

Gene zips her up.

GENE

I've been taking aspirin all day and, I'm telling you, its not working.

Donna looks at Gene with an expression that says, "I don't care if you're bleeding from the eyes, don't fuck this up." And Gene gets it. He nods and steps back.

GENE (CONT'D)

Got it. I'll be fine.

Donna picks up her purse.

DONNA

Then let's go.

Donna leads Gene out of the room. The door closes behind them.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - LATER

The Wedding Reception is filled with smiling GUESTS. People are mingling around, seeing people they haven't seen in a while, generally behaving themselves.

Donna and Gene enter and look over the room.

DONNA

Let's find our table.

Gene follows Donna around the tables. She looks at all the name tags and after looking for a little while she finds their seats and frowns.

GENE

What's the matter?

DONNA

They sat us with my cousin Rebekka, which is nice, she's great. But they also have her insufferable parents here.

Gene sits down.

GENE

Don't talk to them.

DONNA

Its not as simple as that. Just looking at them turns my stomach.

GENE

Don't worry about it. We'll only be at the table to eat and then we'll mingle.

Gene looks around.

GENE (CONT'D)

Anyone else here I should be on guard for?

Donna looks around.

DONNA

Not really because I don't know many of the other people. Uncle Joe has pissed off most of the family.

GENE

How much of an asshole do you have to be to piss off most of your family while you're rich?

DONNA

We all did it, we all hit him up for money and he got tired of it and told us the ride was over. So we got pissed off and didn't talk to him.

GENE

That seems more on you than him.

DONNA

Looking back on it it is but then, boy, we were all so pissed with him.

GENE

So this is your attempt to say you're sorry.

DONNA

Something like that.

SANDRA and THOMAS enter the room. Donna sees them immediately.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Shit, they're here.

Gene turns his head to see the couple. They head directly to the table as if they knew. Its a chilly greeting.

SANDRA

Donna.

Sandra sits down across from Donna.

DONNA

Sandy. Tom.

Sandra and Thomas grimace at those truncated versions of their names. Thomas sits next to Sandra without a glance in Donna or Gene's direction.

Sandra picks up her phone, looks at it then puts it down.

THOMAS

Will you relax. She's probably running late.

SANDRA
But she always calls.

THOMAS
If she always calls, she'll call.

Thomas looks around and sees someone he knows.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Oh, I see Neil. I'm going to see if
he can fit in a round or two of
golf while he's here.

Thomas stands swiftly and exits. Donna and Sandra work hard to avoid acknowledging one another. Gene sits there periodically rubbing his head. Sandra looks at her phone again.

DONNA
Rebekka running late?

Its the only subject that could heat up the frost between them.

SANDRA
Its not like her. She left her
house early this morning and was
supposed to call us when she
touched down. I've called but she
hasn't answered.

DONNA
Maybe her plane got diverted to
someplace with shitty cell service.

At this time Sandra will take comfort from anywhere. Even Donna.

SANDRA
Maybe.

Sandra's phone rings. She looks at it and brightens up.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Hello? Rebekka?

Sandra pauses as a concerned expression fill her face.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Yes, this is her mother. Who is
this?
(pause)
The police? Has there been a
problem?

Sandra sits there and as each moment passes the suffering becomes further and further etched into her face.

Sandra turns around trying to find Thomas. She's having a hard time concentrating on what's being said and her attempt to find Thomas. Donna sees that and steps in.

DONNA
I'll get him.

Donna exits to find Thomas.

SANDRA
No, she had no medical issues and
she positively did not do drugs.
But is she okay?

During this pause Sandra tears begin to stream down Sandra's face.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Was it a car accident?
(pause)
Then what caused it?

Donna and Thomas arrive at the table. They both immediately see that something wrong has happened.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Yes, please, let us know as soon as
you hear. Thank you.

Sandra hangs up her phone and drops it on the table. After a beat she looks up at Thomas and Donna. Having no other way to say it she just says it.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Rebekka died this morning on the
way to the airport.

Although they knew hearing it like that brought it home for Thomas and Donna. Donna leans down and embraces Sandra who does not fight it. Everything they've been fighting about all these years seems so petty now.

DONNA
I'm so sorry to hear that, Sandra.
She was a lovely girl.

Sandra starts to stand up and Donna lets her go.

SANDRA
We have to go. We have to leave now
and get to her.

DONNA

What did they say happened?

SANDRA

They don't know yet. They say she may have choked on something she was eating but they have to do an autopsy to find out.

Sandra pauses and crumbles a bit.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

My lovely little girl having an autopsy.

Sandra looks at Donna.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I never should have had to hear those words.

Sandra reaches over and hugs Donna. After the embrace they look at other for a beat before leaning in and kissing one another.

DONNA

Call me as soon as you know.

SANDRA

I will.

Without any further words Sandra and Thomas exit. Donna sits there quietly.

GENE

I really don't think I'm in shape to handle this.

Gene is rubbing his temples.

DONNA

You can't leave me alone with what I just heard?

GENE

What did you hear?

Donna shoots him an incredulous look.

GENE (CONT'D)

What? I've got a splitting head ache so I can't concentrate on anything.

UNCLE JOE (O.C.)
Well, if it isn't little Donna.

Donna's expression changes to one of shock as she stumbles to get up and greet her UNCLE JOE.

DONNA
Uncle Joe!

Donna hugs Uncle Joe.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Congratulations.

Donna and Uncle Joe stop hugging.

UNCLE JOE
I don't know if congratulations is really necessary when you're doing this for the fourth time.

GENE
Hoe about good luck then?

Gene stands up and extends his hand for Uncle Joe who readily accepts it.

UNCLE JOE
I'll accept that. You must be this Gene that I'm always hearing about.

GENE
I don't know how that can be.

DONNA
Gene!

UNCLE JOE
No, he's right, Donna. We haven't been as close as we could be.

DONNA
I know, Uncle Joe, I've done some dumb things over the years.

UNCLE JOE
We all have, dear.

Gene wavers a little bit so grabs the table to steady himself. No one notices that.

DONNA
I'd like to start again. We have so much to catch up on.

UNCLE JOE
That we do.

GENE
I'm not feeling too well.

Uncle Joe looks at Gene.

UNCLE JOE
You're not looking too well,
either. Why don't you sit down and
I'll. . .

Gene is ashen, both his hands are on his head. He's unsteady.

GENE
. . .I think its too late for that.

We see Donna and Uncle Joe looking at Gene with deep concern
on their faces.

GENE (CONT'D)
And all I wanted to do was make a
good first impression.

After a beat Gene grunts and then there is a pop at we see
blood spray all over Donna and Uncle Joe as we hear Gene
crash to the floor.

UNCLE JOE
Well, its an impression I soon
won't forget.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan is behind his desk with Steve standing behind him.
They're looking over a drawing of the store with a stage
through the middle of it.

STEVE
Trust me on this, Dan. These guys
are the best in the business. If
you want to make an impression
during the fashion show this is the
way to go.

DAN
I like what I see but I'm nervous.
What if we get inundated with
orders? We don't have a wig maker
and sourcing the work out takes too
long.

STEVE

Don't worry about that. I have feelers out for this guy. He's supposed to be the best.

DAN

I'd take anyone right now so don't limit your search to a ringer.

STEVE

I understand.

Steve reaches over rummages through the drawings and finally pulls out the one he's looking for. He finds it and puts it on the top of the desk.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I save the best piece to last.

Steve pats the drawing as Dan looks down confused.

DAN

What's this?

STEVE

The ultimate moment of the show.

Dan starts to see what's in front of him. He looks at Steve with amazement and awe.

DAN

You're really going to try to pull this off?

STEVE

No. We're going to pull this off. It'll close the show with a bang.

Dan looks at the drawing again.

DAN

Its insane but I like it. Why don't we. . .

CASHIER (O.C.)

Dan, can you come down here we have some returns.

Dan presses the intercom.

DAN

Its a return. Handle it.

CASHIER (O.C.)
I really think you should come down
for this.

Dan looks at Steve and they're not happy about it but they do
what they have to do. Dan stands up and Steve follows.

DAN
Don't leave tonight until we go
over that one more time to make
sure its perfect.

STEVE
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Dan and Steve exit the office.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - MOMENTS LATER

Dan and Steve arrive at a semi-riot of close to forty PEOPLE
are waving wigs around, throwing them at the Cashier,
demanding their money back. Dan is not prepared for this but
he has to wade in.

DAN
Okay, okay, I'm the owner so it
everyone calms down we can get to
the bottom of this.

WOMAN 1
I want my money back. I swear this
thing tried to kill me.

WOMAN 2
This one squeezed my head until I
almost passed out.

WOMAN 3
I tried on the wig and. . .

DAN
. . .okay, please. I'll hear all of
you out but one at a time and
calmly. First I want to state that,
if for any reason, you are not
satisfied with a Wither's Wig we
will refund your money with no
questions.
(pause)
Are we all happy with that?

The People mummer their agreement.

DAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now make two lines and we'll have you out of here in no time.

Dan looks at the Cashier who is stunned.

DAN (CONT'D)

You take a break. You've done your job here. Steve, take the other register and plow through them.

STEVE

Will do.

With that Dan and Steve stand at the cash registers and begin processing returns.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - LATER

Steve is leaning on the register while Dan takes care of the final customer. The store is a mess with wigs everywhere.

DAN

You don't say?

WOMAN 4

It was intense. I had to get a spatula up there to help pry the damn thing off.

Dan slides the money towards her.

DAN

That is very intense. I'm sorry you had a bad experience at Wither's Wigs but I hope that won't discourage from trying us again.

WOMAN 4

I think next time I'm going to be professionally fitted.

DAN

I think that's a very good idea and, when you do, it'll be on me.

WOMAN 4

Why thank you.

Woman 4 turns and exits. After a beat Dan says,

DAN
Steve, lock the door. We need a
drink.

Steve slowly lifts himself from the register and heads over
to close the door. After a beat the lights go out.

INT. EAGER BEAVER - NIGHT

Dan and Steve are sitting at the bar at the local strip club,
The Eager Beaver. A STRIPPER walks past and nods at the pair.
They nod back.

STEVE
I have to say, marketing to
strippers was probably your best
decision.

DAN
I wouldn't say best.

Another STRIPPER walks past.

DAN (CONT'D)
I wouldn't say my best but its up
there.

Dan picks up his glass, Steve follows and they clink glasses
to celebrate their business genius. Just then Desteny walks
up to them.

DESTENY
Hi guys.

DAN
Hi Des. You working tonight?

DESTENY
I wouldn't be in this dump if I
weren't. I'm up next but just
wanted to take a minute to say hi
and let you know some of the other
girls are going to make a
pilgrimage to the store because
they all want hair like I have.

DAN
We'll be glad to see them.

DESTENY
See you after my set.

Desteny turns and exits.

STEVE
Want another drink? Let's get
another drink.

Dan waves for the BARTENDER and orders another round.

DAN
Life's good.

The drink arrive, the Bartender places them down and exits.

DJ (O.C.)
Coming to the stage is the
improbable aerial acrobatics of
Desteny.

Dan and Steve applauds as does the rest of the audience.

INT. EAGER BEAVER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Desteny bursts through the curtain and takes command of the stage. Her butt length wig flowing behind her. She struts to each corner of the stage making sure the guys in the front row know she's coming for them.

Desteny stops at the pole to spin around a few times. She stops herself and pulls off a feat of legerdemain. She spins and turns and lands perfectly on her feet.

Desteny starts to spend some time in the front of the stage. She's looking directly at Dan and Steve and they appreciate her attention. Dan walks up and drops a bunch of bills at her feet.

Desteny dances into every corner on the stage making sure she spends some time for the guys down front. She starts gyrating in front of them and the bills start flying.

Desteny continues dancing heading directly toward the pole. She slowly spins around it taking her sweet time about getting to the main draw.

Desteny takes command of the pole and starts to work it. Her moves are amazing. Bills come flying towards her. We see one amazing move after another.

Suddenly we see that Desteny's wig is getting warped around the pole. As she spins with her feet pointing to the ceiling she spins her throat directly into the hair and, as she keeps spinning, the wig gets tighter and tighter around her throat until she stops spinning and her feet fall toward the ground where she is slowly strangling herself.

Dan wastes no time and rushes to the stage to try and help here. He is quickly assisted by three BOUNCERS who keep trying to pull Desteny away from the pole.

Dan turns looking into the crowd and says,

DAN
Does anyone have a knife.

Every MAN in around the stage stands up and offers a knife to Dan. He looks around before taking one. He goes back to the still battling Bounders and the quickly fading Desteny and begins to try and cut through the hair.

To no avail.

Dan tosses the knife down while the Bouncers keep trying. Dan looks around until he sees an axe in a fire alarm box. Dan jumps off the stage and runs to the box. He picks up a chair and smashes the box with it. When that happens the fire alarm goes off.

Dan dashes back to the stage.

DAN (CONT'D)
Get out of the way.

The Bouncers back off as Dan begins slamming the axe into the pole. At first he just dents it but he keep working slamming the axe onto the pole time after time until he starts to give.

The pole splits in two so that's when the Bouncers use their strength to bend the broken pole over so Dan can try to extricate Desteny's body from the pole.

It takes some work but Dan finally removes Desteny from the pole. He lays her on the stage then leans down next to her. He checks her pulse but, sadly, he finds out he's too late.

A couple of STRIPPERS whimper in the background.

DAN (CONT'D)
Can I get a sheet or something?
Now!

A COOK comes running to the stage with a red checkered table cloth he tosses to Dan. Dan slowly covers Desteny as everyone in the club stands still.

After a few beats the FIRE DEPARTMENT arrives to take over. Dan, the Bounders and the Cook move off the stage to give the professionals some space.

INT. EAGER BEAVER - MOMENTS LATER

A shaken Dan is standing next to Steve. They both have a fresh drink in their hands.

DAN
That was the most fucked up thing
I've ever seen.

Dan and Steve watch as EMTs wheel Desteny out of the club. Dan and Steve hold their drinks aloft paying their respects to their fallen friend.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - DAY

CARPENTERS, LIGHTING and SOUND TECHS, SET DECORATORS, ELECTRICIANS, a DISC JOCKEY and other WORKERS are building the stage for Dan's fashion show.

They've set it up in the middle aisle so STAFF and CUSTOMERS are shopping and working in the side aisles. Dan is nervously watching the proceedings while talking to the DIRECTOR.

DAN
So the fire marshal signed off on
the small pyrotechnics?

DIRECTOR
He actually laughed that I bothered
to get a permit. But its how we do
things no matter how big or how
small.

DAN
That's a good sign.

DIRECTOR
Speaking of signing, the final
payment is due today.

DAN
I saw what you did there. You guys
are very tricky.

Dan motions for the Director to follow him to his office.

DAN (CONT'D)
Come to my office and we'll take
care of that right now.

DIRECTOR

So Steve was saying that you may do things like this a couple times a year.

DAN

If it goes well. I've got to spend it to make it but the bottom line is we've got to make it.

DIRECTOR

I guarantee we'll tear the roof off the mother.

DAN

Then I'm going to hold you to that.

Dan and the Director enter his office.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

A now completely bald Davy is slowly jogging on a Track with GEORGE. Its cool so they're dressed in sweats. Even though they're not going break any speed records they're both working up a sweat.

GEORGE

So how ya feeling?

DAVY

Not bad. They're saying I'm clean and have been progressing in the direction that's positive.

GEORGE

That's great. Are you thinking about going back to work?

DAVY

I've thought about. . .

Davy buckles forward in pain.

GEORGE

. . .what's the matter?

Davy stands up gingerly.

DAVY

Just a weird pain.

GEORGE

Have you had it before?

DAVY

Its odd but one day I did. Just a shooting pain through my groin. It went away as quickly as it came. I asked the doctor about it and he said it was probably nothing but he checked it out and it turned out to be nothing. Just a random pain.

GEORGE

Glad to hear but I'd still tell them about it.

DAVY

Oh, George, I tell them about everything. I thought I had too much sleep in my eye and I told them about it.

GEORGE

I bet you drive them nuts.

DAVY

Linda thinks I'm a baby but hey, before I lost all my hair I told them the hair on my legs hurt.

GEORGE

You didn't.

DAVY

Yeah, and you know what the bastards said about that?

GEORGE

What?

DAVY

Wait two weeks and there won't be any hair there.

GEORGE

Cold.

DAVY

I know. Bedside manners of a serial killer.

GEORGE

Hey I meant to ask you, how come you never got a wig?

DAVY

I tried on a few but they all
looked dopey on my giant melon.

GEORGE

What about that place that's in the
mall? I heard they're killing
there.

DAVY

Been there. That's where I got my
merkin.

GEORGE

Your what?

DAVY

Merken. Its what all the hip cancer
patients are wearing this year.

GEORGE

What the hell is it?

DAVY

Its a wig for your balls.

George doesn't believe him.

GEORGE

Bullshit.

Davy grabs his sweatpants.

DAVY

I'll show you.

George waves off the offer.

GEORGE

Nope, that's fine. I'll take your
word for it.

George stares at Davy for a moment.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Wait, you got a wig for your balls
but not your head?

DAVY

Exactly.

GEORGE

Why?

DAVY

Linda said she didn't want to feel
like she was doing a kid when we
did it.

George is still perplexed by this entire conversation. He's
thinking of something to change it to when Davy stops and a
few steps later George does and tuns around.

GEORGE

You okay?

DAVY

That pain is back.

GEORGE

Groin?

DAVY

Yeah. This time its intense. I feel
as if I'm being kicked in the balls
with a sledgehammer.

GEORGE

Technically, you really don't get
kicked in the balls with a
sledgehammer. It's more of a. . .

DAVY

Can we fuck your semantics right
now?

George backs off a little but he really wants to make his
point but he also sees that Davy is in some real pain.

DAVY (CONT'D)

You want to go sit down?

DAVY (CONT'D)

No, I think I can make it.

Davy starts to make a few tentative steps.

DAVY (CONT'D)

Wouldn't want to let my little
merken down.

GEORGE

You're a sick and demented man, you
know that?

DAVY

Its been said on more than one occasion that there may be something wrong with me, something seriously wrong with me.

GEORGE

Well, the jury came in and they came back guilty.

Davy bends totally over at the waist. He reaches for the ground to ease his way down. He sits on the track. George leans over him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You want me to call someone?

DAVY

Nah, I'll get to the car and take a ride in to get it checked owwwww.

Davy grabs his crotch.

DAVY (CONT'D)

That was a good one.

Davy begins to stand up and George reaches in to help.

GEORGE

Want me to at least pull the car closer?

DAVY

Yeah, I think that might me a good idea.

George looks around and sees an opening up the track.

GEORGE

Okay, I'll bring the car over there. I'll meet you there, okay? Just over there.

DAVY

Yeah, if you'd go it would be good.

George turns and runs toward the parking lot. Davy stands there somewhat bent over as he begins his walk to the meeting area.

He takes a few steps and cries out in pain and continues groaning. A RUNNER stops.

RUNNER
Are you okay, mister?

DAVY
No, no, this is bad.

The Runner gets a horrified expression as he points to Davy.

RUNNER
Mister.

Davy follows the Runners finger and we drop down to see blood spreading throughout the front of Davy's sweatpants.

DAVY
Aw, shit.

Davy falls to the track on his stomach. That's when he stops groaning. The Runner looks around for help. He sees George parking the car and waves. George arrives but its too late. Davy is laying in an every widening circle of his own blood.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS BACK ROOM - DAY

The back room is a madhouse with MODELS, each in a different, wild wig, and CREW MEMBERS running around trying to get the fashion show started. The Director is, well, directing.

DIRECTOR
Okay, everybody, places. We've got ten minutes to show time.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS DAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dan is looking out over the store. PEOPLE are crowded around the stage awaiting the show. There doesn't seem to be any room for anyone else.

Dan turns away from the window and smiles. He walks over to the tuxedo draped over a chair. Then he looks up at something. He chuckles silently and then nods his head. He knows he's made his bed but he just doesn't know how lumpy its going to be.

Dan starts to take off his shirt to change when Steve knocks on the door.

STEVE (O.C.)
Ten minutes, Dan.

Dan just continues to remove his shirt.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

The music is blaring as people excitedly chatter away. Some Women are in wild wigs. There are even some over-the-top toupees in the audience. The anticipation to get on with the show is palpable.

DJ (O.C.)
Welcome to Wither's Wigs.

The audience cheers.

DJ (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I can't hear you.

The audience cheers louder.

DJ (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Is everyone excited for the first
in which we hope will be a long
tradition here at Wither's Wigs,
the wig and fashion show.

The audience cheers and becomes even more excited.

DJ (O.C.) (CONT'D)
So let's get started with the man
responsible for all of this, the
owner of Wither's Wigs, Dan Wither.

Lights flash, music plays as Dan bounds onto the stage. He's waving wildly at the audience. When he gets to the middle of the stage he stops. A STAGEHAND on the side hands Dan a microphone.

DAN
Hello everyone. Is everybody ready
to have a great time?

The audience cheers. Dan looks around smiling.

DAN (CONT'D)
I'm looking around here and I sure
see a lot of satisfied Wither's
Wigs customers.

People cheer as we show them in pairs and groups for a few cuts. We cut back to Dan when he starts talking. One of the couples we show are Betzy and Brandan who are both jumping up and down like lunatics.

DAN (CONT'D)

Nice to see. Very nice to see.
Remember, right after today's
festivities all Wither's Wigs will
be fifty percent off for the rest
of the day.

The audience cheers wildly.

DAN (CONT'D)

So let's get the party started.

The music blares as Dan turns and runs off the stage. Seconds
after he leaves the stage the first Model, IVY, enters.
She's, of course, in a huge, wild wig with an ensemble to
match.

DJ (V.O.)

Check out the do on Ivy, ladies and
gentlemen. The wig is a Wither's
original. Its called the boo-yeah
and is in stock right now.

Ivy does her turn on the stage and then exits. She is
followed quickly by SASHA.

DJ (V.O.)

Whoa, have you ever seen Sasha
looking so flash? Speaking of
flash, Sasha's styling and the
styling for the show was done by
the house of flash. The house of
flash can be found right here in
the Ravensworth Mall.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Its sheer madness in the back room. Three MODELS are
complaining while the Director attempts to calm everyone
down.

MODEL 1

This wig is so tight I think its
cutting blood off to my head.

MODEL 2

Tight? It feels like a million pins
have been jabbing me all day.

MODEL 3

Pins? It feels like each individual
hair is a spike trying to pierce my
skull.

The Models begin to complain together but the Director waves them off.

DIRECTOR
Its time to go. Everybody up.

The Models grumble but slowly start to get up.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
And what's with all the bitching?
You're models. Aren't you supposed
to suffer for your art?

The Director puts his hands on each Models back and gives them a little shove toward the stage.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Get along now. And it'll be over
before you know it and you can take
those hideous things off.

Model 1 turns back to the other Models.

MODEL 1
This shit really is hideous.

The other two Models nod in agreement as they exit to the stage.

Dan comes bouncing into the room checking out everything as he passes. He sees the Director and gets his attention.

DAN
Hey, hey, how do you think things
are going?

DIRECTOR
Great, better than great,
marvelous, stunning, award winning.

Dan, who is partially listening but likes the kind words, nods as he continues to look around.

DAN
Good, great, good. How much longer
until I have to get ready?

The Director frowns for a moment because he wonders what Dan has to get ready for. He quickly remembers and looks at his watch.

DIRECTOR

It looks as if you have about
fifteen minutes before your big day
so I think you'd better start
putting yourself together now.

The Director puts his hand on Dan and gives him a little encouragement to get out of the over-crowded back room. Dan takes the hint and heads up to his office. The Director sees another MODEL unhappy about something so heads over there.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

What's the problem over there?
Whatever it is we can fix it.

As the Director walks past the camera he says,

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I hope.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS DAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Dan is sitting at his desk looking over at the corner where something is drawing his attention and its not in the best way.

Dan knows he has no choice so he slowly stands from his desk and walks to the corner of his office.

DAN

I guess when you're the boss
sometimes you have to make a
spectacle of yourself.

The shot remains on the now empty desk as Dan heads to the corner.

DAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

This is going to come back and bite
me on the ass, I just know it.

INT. WITHER'S WIGS - LATER

MODEL 3 is ending her run on the catwalk. She's trying to remain professional while getting off the stage as quickly as possible.

DJ (O.C.)

You can find that wig and all of
the wigs we've seen here today
right here at Withers Wigs.

The DJ pauses as Model 3 exits the stage. The lights dim and the music is pumping.

DJ (O.C.) (CONT'D)
We want to thank you all for coming
to Wither's Wigs first of many
fashion extravaganzas.

(pause)
And now to spectacularly close out
the day we'd like to bring back all
the models and our very special
host, Dan Withers.

The audience cheers as Dan steps onto the stage. He's still in his tuxedo but on top of his head is the most gaudy wig of all time.

The audience stares silently for a moment as Dan struts his stuff on the catwalk. Only about half the Models we've seen are on the stage and only about half of them have wigs on. Most are rubbing and scratching their scalps.

Dan reaches the middle of the stage. The Stagehand hands Dan a microphone.

DAN
I want to thank you all for coming
to the first of many Wither's Wigs
fashion show. And because I want
this to be seared in your memories
for decades to come Wither's Wigs
is going to give you a closing
ceremony that will blow you away.

Dan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a remote control. He looks at the audience with a big smile on his face and pushes the remote control.

The moment he does his wig erupts into a pyrotechnic display that is, without question, the greatest pyrotechnic display ever to come out of a wig.

Small bursts are popping, the crowd is eating it up. Dan is getting his wish. People are going to remember this display for as long as they live.

Behind Dan some of the Models are pointing at Dan. Sure, they're pointing at him but no one says what they're pointing at. Dan keeps setting off fireworks blissfully unaware that the Models behind him are hurrying off the stage.

The Crowd is going nuts for this insane display. Suddenly we notice that smoke is billowing from the back of Dan's head. Some of the audience notices it and begin to frantically exit the building.

Dan is oblivious to this for a time happily firing off fire balls all around the building. From the back of Dan's head flames start to move to the top.

This is when everyone starts to notice that Dan is on fire. Most start moving to the exits which only causes more chaos. The Stagehand is trying to get on stage with a fire extinguisher but his efforts are thwarted.

As the audience storms out of the room they jostle the merchandise and as wigs start to fall off shelves they're landing on embers of what Dan has shot off. And with that, all round the building, wigs start to erupt in flames.

In the panic wigs are tossed out of the way only to become flaming projectiles heading right toward other wigs. Now the audience is part of the conflagration.

As people rush past we see Brandon slapping at Betzy's flaming wig.

BETZY

Brandon, put it out, put it out.

BRANDAN

I can't. It won't go out.

Brandon thinks of a perfect solution.

BRANDAN (CONT'D)

Stop, drop and roll, Betzy. Like they taught us in school. Stop, drop and roll.

Betzy does as Brandon suggests. The problem with that is there are so many flaming wigs on the floor it probably was the worst option available. In no time Betzy is aflame and rolling all over the place carrying her personal fire ball with her.

Dan is on stage fighting to get the wig off but the fire is so hot he can barely touch it. With his head fully engulfed Dan is trying to calm the frenzied crowd.

DAN

Calm down. We can handle this. This is just a minor setback. The fire department will be here tomorrow. Come back we'll have a fire sale.

As Dan is attempting to reassure the departing crowd the flames are moving all around him. Slowly he is being totally covered in fire.

EXT. WITHER'S WIGS - CONTINUOUS

People in various stages of engulfment, from zero to one hundred, come running out of Wither's Wigs to the shock of the CROWD that has formed to witness this disaster.

From outside we see Dan, still mid stage, as he finally begins to descend to the floor. Dan falls to his knees. He's looking out at the Crowd as the entire store is on fire behind him.

DAN

Help me.

Dan is looking directly into the eyes of a person pleading with them to show him some mercy and at least make an attempt to save his life.

We flip the shot around to show who Dan is speaking to.

BOB

I told you you would rue the day.

Bob watches for a few more beats before turning and disappearing into the crowd.

FADE TO BLACK.