

# **Hair Salon**

by

Jimmy Gillon  
Tim Maratos

Story developed by:  
Grace Lynch  
Mary Erwin

FIRST DRAFT 6/10/2010  
SECOND DRAFT 7/11/2010  
THIRD DRAFT 7/14/2010  
FOURTH DRAFT 7/18/2010  
FIFTH DRAFT 9/19/2010

FADE IN:

INT. HOME

A vanity is shown with the back of a girl's head, her hair being brushed. This is LIV. She looks into the mirror, pleased with her beautiful, voluminous hair. Hands are seen brushing it, and putting on the finishing touches. The camera zooms out to show that a boy is the one brushing her hair. This is her brother, MITCHELL.

LIV  
I'm so lucky you're my brother,  
Mitchell. All of the other girls at  
school are so jealous of my hair.

Mitchell takes a step back to examine his masterpiece.

MITCHELL  
It's perfect, Liv.

LIV  
Thanks again, Mitchy.

Liv gets up, grabs her backpack and walks out as Mitchell smiles.

INT. HALLWAY

Liv closes her locker, and is immediately drowned in a sea of JEALOUS GIRLS, who have surrounded her, trying to feel her hair.

JEALOUS GIRL #1  
Your hair...

JEALOUS GIRL #2  
It's so beautiful!

JEALOUS GIRL #3  
So SILKY!

Liv takes a baseball bat out of her locker, and holds it up to them, keeping them at bay.

LIV  
Get back. Get BACK!

The Jealous girls sink away, and Liv confidently walks over to Mitchell, who is walking down the hallway.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Thanks again, Mitchell. My hair is so  
beautiful, I fear for my life.

MITCHELL

You'd better get to class, Liv. Those jealous stalkers are coming back.

Liv looks to see the jealous girls re-emerging down the hall. She starts to walk away.

LIV  
Well, thanks again, Mitchell.

As Liv walks away, a girl standing at a locker behind her angrily watches her leave. This is KARLA.

KARLA  
I wish my hair was that sickeningly beautiful.

Mitchell walks over toward her, confidently.

MITCHELL  
Hi, Karla. Maybe I could help you out. The name's Mitchell.

Mitchell extends his hand. She doesn't even look back at him.

KARLA  
Life is so unfair.

MITCHELL  
I'm Liv's hairdresser. And I'm available, too.

KARLA  
And Liv just ignores me just because I don't have perfect hair. I hate people that ignore other people.

Karla takes her backpack and walks off down the hall, leaving Mitchell behind. He shrugs, walking over to his locker, and looking at a stack of post-it notes attached to the inside. He pulls off the top post-it, revealing the words "25 DAYS UNTIL PROM" beneath it.

MITCHELL  
I'll never get a date for the prom.

Mitchell slams his locker, revealing a meek looking girl standing behind it. This is AUDREY.

AUDREY  
Hi Mitchell.

Mitchell looks surprised to see Audrey, and he looks nervous.

MITCHELL  
Hey Audrey.

There is an obvious connection between the two, but the bell interrupts.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Uh, I gotta get to class.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM

Mitchell walks slowly into his classroom, but before he can sit down, he hears the voice of MR. ST. MARTIN, who does not sound happy.

ST. MARTIN

What's the deal?

Mitchell looks up at Mr. St. Martin, a bald man in a windbreaker that sits leisurely on a table at the front of the room. The room itself is decorated with strange pictures and posters of bald people. On his desk stands a MICHAEL JORDAN BOBBLE-HEAD.

MITCHELL

Sorry for being late, Mr. St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN

You think you're better than me?

MITCHELL

I didn't mean--

ST. MARTIN

You think you can stroll into my class late because I'm bald?

MITCHELL

No, I--

ST. MARTIN

Take a seat.

Mitchell sits down at his desk, and Mr. St. Martin pats his Michael Jordan bobble-head.

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)

Do you believe this guy, Michael Jordan?

The class looks at St. Martin like he is insane, and he stands, walking over to his white board.

ST. MARTIN

Today, we'll be studying the negative effects of hair.

A sloppy looking child sitting next to Mitchell raises his hand. This is EUSTACE.

EUSTACE

Again?!

Mr. St. Martin turns around and explodes.

ST. MARTIN

Don't call me BALD! You little baldist!  
Get OUT!

Eustace jumps up from his desk and runs from the room.

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)

So as I was saying, having hair is a disability. You can die from it. So Michael Jordan and I are actually much better off than all of you. We're practically immortal.

Mitchell shakes his head, whispering to himself.

MITCHELL

(whispered)

What is with him and his bald insecurity?

Suddenly, Mr. St. Martin turns around again, tossing a marker across the room in rage.

ST. MARTIN

I don't BELIEVE this! If I hear the B word ONE MORE TIME!

Mr. St. Martin opens a box on his desk, the contents still a mystery. Mitchell looks horrified.

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)

You know what, Mitchell? Why don't you put on the bald cap of shame?

Mitchell shakes his head as he looks up at Mr. St. Martin, who holds a bald cap in his hand, looking absolutely furious.

MITCHELL

No, Mr. St. Martin, please!

ST. MARTIN

If you're going to call me BALD, you're going to have to suffer the consequences!

Mr. St. Martin marches over to Mitchell, and forces the bald cap of shame on his head. He looks mortified.

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)

And no more interruptions. Our bald studies test is on Monday.

Mitchell gulps, and Mr. St. Martin walks back up to the board and starts drawing a bald man.

INT. ANOTHER CLASSROOM

Liv is sitting in her seat, still surrounded by jealous girls. She looks to be enjoying the attention.

JEALOUS GIRL #4  
How is this even possible?

JEALOUS GIRL #5  
How did you do it?

A JEALOUS BOY leans over, mesmerized.

JEALOUS BOY  
What's your secret?

LIV  
Enough. I'm not talking.

The group mutters angrily, and sinks away again. Karla, sitting next to Liv, leans over to talk to her.

KARLA  
Oh my god, so my boyfriend is coming back from college today, right? And we had big plans to go out to lunch, but my hairdresser is on vacation!

LIV  
(wryly)  
That story brought a tear to my eye. It really did.

KARLA  
Liv, my hair is a mess!

LIV  
I know. I can see it. Makes me sick.

KARLA  
Then please, help me out! Just this one time. I need to know your secret to making your hair look so fabulous.

Liv looks around cautiously, trying to make sure nobody is listening in.

LIV  
Okay. But just this once.

Karla giggles in anticipation.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Meet me at lunch. I'll take care of everything.

INT. CAFETERIA

Liv walks in and runs over to Mitchell, who is sitting by himself in the back of the cafeteria, sulking and eating hummus.

LIV  
Hey Mitch, how's it going?

MITCHELL  
Well, aside from the fact that I'm eating hummus alone--

LIV  
Great. Now I need your help.

Liv grabs him and pulls him out of his seat, causing Mitchell to trip on his way up.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GIRL'S BATHROOM

Liv drags the unsuspecting Mitchell in through the door.

LIV  
Okay, so one of my friends is having a hair emergency, and I told her I'd help her out--

Liv leads Mitchell up to the bathroom door and Mitchell freezes.

MITCHELL  
She's in the girl's bathroom?

LIV  
That's where girls go, Mitchy. Jeez, no wonder you've never had a girlfriend.

Liv pushes him through the door.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

Karla is standing in front of the mirror, screaming at the reflection of her hair, which is a complete mess. Liv walks up to her.

LIV  
Alright, Karla, you're disgusting hair is going to be under control in no time!

Liv claps excitedly. Karla turns from the mirror to look at Liv, then jumps back.

KARLA  
What's he doing here?

The camera spins around to show Mitchell standing awkwardly in a corner.

MITCHELL

Hi, Karla.

LIV  
Mitchell is your new hairdresser!

Mitchell gives Karla a nervous smile.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Now hurry up and fix her hair,  
Mitchell. It's making me nauseous.

Mitchell walks over to Karla and inspects her hair, without touching it. After a moment, he pulls out a brush and hair dryer. We see Mitchell working with Karla's hair while Liv stands by excitedly. When Mitchell finishes, Karla turns around. Her hair is totally different--it's perfect, and she's stunned.

KARLA  
Oh. My. God! This is amazing, Mitchell!  
If I didn't have a boyfriend that I'm  
totally going to be with for the rest  
of my life, I would totally date you.

Suddenly, Mitchell perks up and his eyes widen. As Karla and Liv walk out while chatting happily, Mitchell stays behind and looks at his reflection. He smiles and nods.

KARLA (V.O.)  
(echoing in his mind)  
I would totally date you!

Mitchell takes his backpack and happily strolls out of the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Mitchell is at his locker, storing hairbrushes and bottles of hair spray from the day before. His stack of post-it notes now reads "24 DAYS UNTIL PROM". Suddenly, Karla runs up behind Mitchell and calls out to him.

KARLA  
Mitch, Mitch! Wait up!

Mitchell looks around in search of the voice, then sees Karla behind him and smiles. She is being followed by a pack of jealous girls, and the one jealous boy, all admiring her hair.

KARLA  
I honestly can't thank you enough for  
making my day perfect yesterday. Now  
these creepy people are all following  
me. I love it!

MAGGIE, nosy busybody who is leaning against a locker and a texting, lowers her phone and turns to look at Karla and Mitchell.

MAGGIE



Whoa, Karla, is this the kid that did your hair?

KARLA

Sure is. He's my official new hair-dresser.

Maggie gives Mitchell another look. Her eyes widen and she leans in and puts her hands on his shoulders, flirtatiously.

MAGGIE

Could you do my hair, too?

MITCHELL

Oh, um, yeah. Sure, whatever.

MAGGIE

Oh my god! Today. 'Kay?

MITCHELL

Yeah, of course! No problem. I'm single, too. Just thought you should know.

MAGGIE

Great! Meet me in room A246 after school!

Maggie gives Mitchell a playful slap on the back, and he nearly falls over. Maggie and Karla leave, and Mitchell looks confident.

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM

Mitchell stands back from Maggie's chair to admire his work. Maggie looks at herself in a mirror.

MITCHELL

I think that just about does it.

MAGGIE

Wow. My hair has never looked so good!

MITCHELL

Well, I am available.

MAGGIE

I can't believe how good my hair looks! I'm going to have stalkers like Liv and Karla in no time.

MITCHELL

I'm currently without a girlfriend.

MAGGIE

I can't wait to show it off!

Maggie gets up and is on her way out when she stops in the door-frame.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey Mitch...this is gonna sound crazy,  
I just know it.

MITCHELL

Hmm?

MAGGIE

But would you like to go out sometime?

MITCHELL

Oh, wow, really? Yes, absolutely!

Maggie smiles and walks out, then stops to give the room another look.

MAGGIE

You know, if you just found a permanent  
empty room somewhere, you could have  
your own salon right here in school!

The failure of the past 16 years of his life leaves Mitchell in a heartbeat. He restrains himself from jumping.

Mitchell looks up and raises one eyebrow.

INT. AL BROWN'S OFFICE

Mitchell is joined by AL BROWN, who sits in his chair with his feet up on his desk.

AL BROWN

Well, all of the rooms down here serve  
a purpose, but most of it is stupid  
stuff like power and ventilation, so  
you can basically take your pick. But  
before you do, I'll need to ask a fa-  
vor.

SMASH CUT

INT. AL BROWN'S OFFICE - LATER

We see Mitchell shaking Al Brown's hand, then we pan up to see Al Brown's hair looking fabulous. Al hands Mitchell a key, happily.

AL BROWN

The boiler room's all yours, buddy.

Mitchell accepts the key, and happily jogs out of the room.

MONTAGE - BUSINESS BLOSSOMS

--Mitchell sets up a salon chair on the inside of the boiler room, placing several hair care products on the table behind him.

--Several girls lined up, excited and waiting to get their hair done.

--Flyers being passed out in the hallways advertising the salon, everyone who is holding one is showing others with excitement.

--Mitchell is working on a CUSTOMER, who sits there happy as can be.

--Liv, Karla and Maggie are walking down the hallway, followed by an entourage of STALKERS. They each look thrilled.

--Mitchell exits the salon to see a group of SCREAMING GIRLS mobbing him, and chasing him down the hall.

--The line in front of the salon is much longer than the previous one, and it is now being watched over by the watchful, headset-wearing MR. STURGES, who stops several at the door.

--Mitchell stands on a ladder and places a sign for the hair salon above the door.

END MONTAGE

INT. DIFFERENT CLASSROOM - MORNING

Mitchell strolls into first period stylishly, in sunglasses and a cool jacket, followed by Karla and Maggie. He walks right by Audrey who follows him silently with her eyes.

He sits in his desk, and puts his feet up, looking quite relaxed. Karla and Maggie sit on either side of him, leaning over to be close.

KARLA

Do you need anything, Mitchell?

MAGGIE

A beverage, snack, four course dinner?

MITCHELL

Oh, don't worry about me. I'll have a vanilla coke with lime and cherry at exactly 33 degrees Fahrenheit, a peeled hot dog with 3 and a half pickles on it--

Karla leans over, pointing at the TV screen.

KARLA

Mitchell, you're on call list!

ON TV:

The anchorwoman, MEREDITH, holds a paper in front of her, reading from it.

MEREDITH

And just in case he missed it, my man Mitchell's on call list. See you at our appointment tomorrow, Mitchell.

BACK TO SCENE:

Mitchell stands up, laughing.

MITCHELL

Don't worry, ladies, I'll be all right.

MAGGIE

I think call list is during lunch.

MITCHELL

They won't mind if I come a bit early.

Mitchell heads out of the door, calmly.

KARLA

He's so brave.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE

Mitchell enters through the door to see MR. HAHN sitting in a chair.

MITCHELL

Mr. Hahn. You called me?

HAHN

Call list is during lunch.

MITCHELL

Doesn't matter. So do you need an appointment? Your hair is looking quite atrocious.

Mr. Hahn stands up, his face grave.

HAHN

I'm afraid not, Mitchell. I called to warn you about St. Martin.

MITCHELL

I can handle St. Martin.

HAHN

But this hair salon of yours could put you in imminent danger. You're lucky I found out about it before he did.

MITCHELL

What? Why? I don't understand, Mr.  
Hahn. Why does he hate hair so much?

HAHN  
It's not that, Mitchell. He doesn't  
hate hair at all. He loves it.

Mr. Hahn looks slightly to the left, entering a dramatic speech  
pose.

HAHN (CONT'D)  
But something happened to him long ago.  
Back when he and I used to teach to-  
gether at Catholic Memorial.

MONTAGE -- ST. MARTIN WITH HAIR

--Mr. St. Martin walks down the hallway of his old school, shak-  
ing hands and hi-fiving everyone. His hair is long and flows in  
the wind, and he looks to be in a joyous mood.

HAHN (V.O.)  
St. Martin was the nicest man you could  
ever meet. Friendliest teacher in the  
whole school.

--Mr. St. Martin looks in a mirror in his class, combing his vo-  
luminous hair. He laughs as he does it.

HAHN (V.O.)  
Literally the most chill person in the  
entire world.

As he combs his hair, a TROUBLEMAKER walks up to him, looking  
terrified. He smiles back at him.

TROUBLEMAKER  
Mr. St. Martin?

ST. MARTIN  
Yes, sunshine?

TROUBLEMAKER  
Uh, I accidentally exploded your car  
with matches.

Mr. St. Martin leans back in hearty laughter.

ST. MARTIN  
Relax, buddy! No big deal!

--St. Martin walks through the move out of his way, lunch line,  
and HUNGRY KIDS parting like the Red Sea. The LUNCH LADY then  
hands him a full gourmet pizza, and he smiles back at her, ac-  
cepting it.

HAHN (V.O.)

The man was universally loved by all.  
He had everything going for him. Every-  
thing.

--Mr. St. Martin combs his hair in the mirror of his classroom again, smiling happily.

HAHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But it all changed one day.

During one of the combs, St. Martin manages to take some of the voluminous hair with him. He looks down at the comb to see a huge clump of hair on it. His smile fades.

--Mr. St. Martin is teaching a class, writing math equations on the board. The kids of the class look surprisingly bored.

HAHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Something just didn't feel right for  
him. His perfect life was fading with  
every follicle of hair from his head.

Mr. St. Martin puts his marker down, feeling something on his head. He looks down at his hand to see another clump of hair.

ST. MARTIN  
What the...?

--Mr. St. Martin walks down the hallway, holding his hand up to several students, expecting hi-fives. They glance at his bald head and ignore him.

HAHN (V.O.)  
You see, it all started falling apart  
for St. Martin when he lost his hair.

--Mr. St. Martin scratches his head, and looks down at his hand again to see an even bigger clump of hair. He looks terrified.

--Mr. St. Martin is sitting down at his desk, looking depressed. His hair is noticeably thinner. A KID approaches his desk with a test in his hands.

KID  
You're bald.

ST. MARTIN  
What?!

KID  
I said, I'm done with my test.

The kid hands Mr. St. Martin his test, and St. Martin gives his hair a tug out of insanity. He looks down at his hands again to see an unimaginable amount of hair in his hands.

ST. MARTIN  
What is happening to me?!

Mr. St. Martin runs from the room, all of the kids laughing at him.

--Mr. St. Martin huddles in a corner, holding the remnants of his hair in his hands. He is now completely bald. The camera zooms out to see more kids laughing at him and chanting "Bald!" over and over again.

END MONTAGE BACK TO SCENE:

Mr. Hahn continues to stare off into space, and Mitchell looks horrified.

HAHN  
And that's why St. Martin can never  
learn of a hair salon at Walpole High.

MITCHELL  
Don't worry about it, Mr. Hahn. He'll  
never find out.

HAHN  
Okay, Mitchell. Good luck to you then,

Mitchell leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Mitchell closes his locker door and sees Maggie standing behind it. Mitchell is noticeably more stylish with each passing day.

MAGGIE  
So are we still on for next Monday at 5  
am?

MITCHELL  
Sure are. I can only stay for ten min-  
utes though. Got another appointment.

MAGGIE  
Sounds great, Mitchy. By the way, would  
you be interested in maybe going to the  
prom with me?

Before Mitchell can answer, Karla walks in from out of nowhere and glares angrily at Maggie.

KARLA  
Mitchell already said he'd go to the  
prom with me!

MITCHELL  
Well why don't I just go to the prom  
with both of you? I have nothing  
against promlygamy.

Both girls smile happily.

MAGGIE

Good call, Mitchell.

KARLA

See you later.

Mitchell smiles, and takes the post-it note calendar off his locker wall, tossing it aside.

The bell rings, and Mitchell struts slowly down the hallway, feeling as confident as ever.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM

Mitchell walks through the door just as Mr. St. Martin begins drawing another bald man on the white board. Mitchell continues walking, despite an angry glare from St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN

I don't believe this. You haven't been here in weeks, and now you walk in here like you own the place.

Mitchell takes his seat, smiling obnoxiously at Mr. St. Martin.

MITCHELL

St. Martin, please. You're just upset 'cause you're bald.

The camera zooms in painfully close on Mr. St. Martin's eyes, and his pupils nearly dissolve.

The class is stunned, and several make "OOOH" noises. Others muffle giggles. Mitchell just watches, pleased with himself.

ST. MARTIN

What did you just say?

MITCHELL

I said you're bald.

Mr. St. Martin grabs the Michael Jordan bobble-head, stroking it for reassurance.

ST. MARTIN

The baldism in this class is sickening! You are all a pack of demented lunatics! And you, Mitchell--

Mr. St. Martin starts panicking at the front of the room, pacing around, tossing markers everywhere.

Mitchell's cell phone rings.

MITCHELL

Whoa whoa whoa! I gotta take this call.



Mitchell, seemingly oblivious to St. Martin's rage, stands up from his desk and strolls out of the room to take the call. Meanwhile, St. Martin has begun ripping the posters off of his wall. The class looks on in fear.

ST. MARTIN  
Bald is beautiful! Bald is beautiful!  
Bald is beautiful!

INT. DIFFERENT CLASSROOM - LATER

Karla and Maggie sit in chairs, giggling, as Mitchell sits between them.

KARLA  
Tell us again how you talked back to St. Martin!

MITCHELL  
Okay.

Karla and Maggie lean forward in anticipation.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
I talked back...to St. Martin!

Karla and Maggie cheer, and Mitchell takes his sunglasses off, basking in his glory.

MAGGIE  
I heard St. Martin went completely mad and said he'd never set foot in this school ever again after what happened.

MITCHELL  
Whatever. I'm not going to waste my time with thoughts of St. Martin any more. The man is below me.

EXT. WOODED AREA

A boy, WENDEL, walks along a path behind the school. Horror music begins to play, and leaves rustle behind him.

He turns around. Nothing there.

He looks forward again. Face to face with a demented Mr. St. Martin, who holds a spear and has put war paint all over his bald head.

ST. MARTIN  
Do you have any food?

WENDEL  
Ah! Please don't hurt me, St. Martin. I won't call you bald!

ST. MARTIN  
BALD! BALD IS BEAUTIFUL!

Wendel runs off as Mr. St. Martin does a rain dance. A paper flies out of Wendel's bag, and lands on the ground next to St. Martin. He picks it up, interrupting his dance.

INSERT -- HAIR SALON FLIER

The flier shows a picture of Mitchell cutting hair, and lists where the salon is.

Mr. St. Martin stares at it for several seconds, then crumples it up in his hand. His eyes narrow.

INT. SALON

Mr. St. Martin, in an unkempt blond wig, stands in line for the salon. The line is huge, but there is only one person in front of him.

Mr. Sturges and an IRATE GIRL speak in front of him.

STURGES  
You're not on my list.

IRATE GIRL  
I have to be on the list! I need my hair done now!

STURGES  
No, you see, we don't have a "customer is always right" policy here. We have a "Sturges is always right policy." Now leave.

The Irate Girl runs off in tears. Mr. St. Martin approaches.

STURGES (CONT'D)  
Name please?

ST. MARTIN  
(falsetto)  
Mrs. Jane Vandersarnial.

Mr. Sturges does not even look at the list, but just stares back at Mr. St. Martin.

STURGES  
You from around here, Jane?

ST. MARTIN  
(falsetto)  
What? No. I'm leaving by submarine in twenty minutes.

STURGES

What do you say you and I get a bite to eat?

Mr. St. Martin gives Mr. Sturges a death stare, and grabs him by the collar.

ST. MARTIN  
(deep angry voice)  
Out of the way, Sturges.

Mr. Sturges backs away, and Mr. St. Martin enters the room. The camera turns around to face him, and he's nearly in tears. We flash to bright images of the salon - people getting their hair cut, posters of hair styles, Mitchell lathering shampoo on someone. St. Martin's eyes fill with rage, and his fists clench.

Mr. St. Martin turns to face Mitchell. We can see the hatred, but Mr. St. Martin keeps it in check, clearing his throat.

ST. MARTIN  
(falsetto)  
Uh, I think I'd better get going.

Mr. St. Martin leaves the room, and Mitchell goes back to work.

MITCHELL (O.S.)  
Uh, would you like to sit down?

INT. MITCHELL'S ROOM - MORNING

Mitchell draws back the curtains on his windows, basking in the sun's warm glow. Mitchell then glances at a wall calendar. A giant red circle is placed around the current date, with the words "PROM TODAY!" written boldly.

Mitchell takes a deep breath, then puts on a pair of aviators and an outrageous jacket, then leaves with his backpack.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SALON

Mitchell walks toward the salon, whistling and checking his cell phone, getting constant messages.

INT. SALON - CONTINUOUS

Mitchell looks up from his phone and his jaw drops open. The salon is in ruins. The chairs have been overturned, the bottles of haircare products are tossed about, and every poster is torn up.

Mitchell falls to his knees and sputters incoherently on the verge of tears.

ST. MARTIN (O.S.)  
Now you know what it feels like to have everything taken away from you, Mitchell.

Mitchell looks over at Mr. St. Martin, who looks to be back to his normal self.

MITCHELL

You did this, St. Martin? You destroyed my salon?

ST. MARTIN

Destroying things in a fit of rage is my specialty.

Mitchell sobs on the floor as Mr. St. Martin walks away. As he does, Karla and Maggie emerge from down the hall.

MAGGIE

Hi Mitch, we're so happy to see you. I can't wait for our next appointment.

KARLA

Yeah, I broke up with my boyfriend, so I'm totally devoted to you now, Mitchy.

Mitchell stands up, painfully. He's still shaken up.

MITCHELL

That's good, 'cause St. Martin destroyed the salon. I can't do your hair anymore.

Karla and Maggie look at each other.

KARLA

Actually, my boyfriend and I are back together.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I don't think it's going to work out between us, Mitchell.

Karla and Maggie walk off, and Mitchell sinks to the floor again.

MITCHELL

I thought we had something special?!

We hear footsteps nearing Mitchell, and he looks up to see Mr. Sturges.

STURGES

It's pay day, Mitchell. Where's my money?

MITCHELL

I've lost everything, Mr. Sturges.

Sturges stops for a beat to purvey the ruins of the salon, then his eyes fall back on Mitchell.

STURGES

Not everything.

Mr. Sturges takes the sunglasses off of Mitchell's face and puts them on, walking down the hallway. Mitchell just stares into space, distraught.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM

Mitchell walks in the room, eyes closed, face pointed at the ground. He looks deeply depressed.

MITCHELL

Mr. St. Martin, I am so sorry about everything. I didn't mean to offend you, and I really was out of control back there. I really, truly apologize--

Mitchell looks up to see that St. Martin is not there. He looks around for several seconds, then starts to leave the room. As he walks, he spots the Michael Jordan bobble-head, and takes it with him.

INT. HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Mitchell walks down the hallway, depressed. He walks to his locker, and sees Karla and Maggie turn away from him, deliberately ignoring him. Mitchell takes out a book and slams his locker in frustration. Behind it waits the nervous looking Audrey.

AUDREY

Hi, Mitchell. I heard the bad news.

Mitchell stares after at Karla and Maggie, distracted.

MITCHELL

They're ignoring me! Deliberately ignoring me!

AUDREY

I guess this means I won't be getting my hair done at your shop. Not that Sturges would let me in anyway. I mean you were always so busy with other...

MITCHELL

I hate people that ignore other people.

Mitchell walks away, leaving Audrey behind.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ROOM

Mitchell is shown wearing the bald cap of shame, looking up at the front of the room, presumably at Mr. St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN

And as this theorem clearly shows, bald people are superior, better, more beautiful, and less stupid than people with hair. Mitchell proves it. Any questions?

The camera moves back to show that the rest of the class, including Audrey, is wearing bald caps. Mr. St. Martin looks at each of them, grinning.

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)

And by the way, I'm giving you all zeroes this term, and it's all thanks to Mitchell here.

The class tosses bits of paper at Mitchell, and St. Martin laughs to himself.

Just then, the bell rings, and the class leaves the room. Mitchell stays behind, looking depressed. St. Martin notices this, and walks over.

ST. MARTIN

Don't you have baldist rallies to attend, Mitchell? Get going.

MITCHELL

I actually wanted to apologize.

ST. MARTIN

No thanks, Mitchell. You know, Michael Jordan must have been so traumatized, he ran off. There is nothing you can do to apologize.

Mr. St. Martin starts to walk out of the room.

MITCHELL

I can bring your hair back.

Mr. St. Martin stops dead in his tracks. He slowly looks over his shoulder at Mitchell.

ST. MARTIN

Do you know how ridiculous you sound right now?

MITCHELL

I'm serious. I can reverse baldness. I know the way.

Mr. St. Martin turns around in an instant, walking over to Mitchell, dead serious.

ST. MARTIN

Do you know how long I've tried? I've done every hair product, every method, I've visited all of the countries of the world. There is no solution!

MONTAGE - ST. MARTIN FINDS A CURE

--Mr. St. Martin is shown putting Rogaine on his head. He looks skeptically in the mirror at it.

--Mr. St. Martin attempts to glue a toupée on his head, but it slides off.

--Surrounded by robed men, Mr. St. Martin is blessed by a SHAMAN, who pats him on the head.

--Mr. St. Martin pours two bottles of Rogaine on his head.

--Mr. St. Martin is in Native American headdress, and prays to a shrine he has made of a mannequin head with a wig. This is all during a class he is teaching.

--Mr. St. Martin and a tribe of MEN IN APE COSTUMES dance around in a circle.

--Mr. St. Martin throws a bottle of Rogaine out the window.

END MONTAGE BACK TO SCENE:

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)

I've literally tried EVERYTHING! Even things that stood no chance at helping me even the slightest bit!

Mitchell walks over to the clearly emotional Mr. St. Martin.

MITCHELL

Listen to me, St. Martin. I can get your hair back.

Mitchell reaches into his pocket and produces the Michael Jordan bobble-head, now with a power afro. St. Martin blinks.

ST. MARTIN

How...?

MITCHELL

I know the way. I just need your help fixing these girls up for the prom tonight, and in return, you can have the hair of your dreams.

Mr. St. Martin and Mitchell shake hands. All hostility between them has subsided.

ST. MARTIN

Deal.

MONTAGE - FIXING HAIR FOR THE PROM / CURING ST. MARTIN

--Mr. St. Martin, back in the unkempt wig, and Mitchell walk into a classroom to see MS. LERNER teaching. St. Martin walks over to her and starts yelling incoherently at her. Ms. Lerner runs from the room, and St. Martin gives a thumbs up to Mitchell, who runs over to Karla. He quickly takes out a bag of haircare products, and goes to work. Karla looks thrilled.

--Mitchell stands behind Mr. St. Martin, who is sitting in a chair. Mitchell takes out multiple electrodes, and places them all over Mr. St. Martin's head.

--Mr. St. Martin, Mitchell and Karla walk down the hallway in slo-mo.

--Mitchell has Mr. St. Martin on an operating table, his head beneath a piece of tarp. Mitchell appears to be welding.

--Mr. St. Martin, now with his head bandaged up, is running on the track field, catching up to Maggie, who looks confused. He waves her over to Mitchell, who has a chair set up on the sidelines. He goes to work.

--Mr. St. Martin is again lying back in a chair, electrodes attached to his head, which is still bandaged up. Mitchell sits next to a computer the electrodes are connected to.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOME

Mitchell is fixing up Liv's hair, just like in the first scene. She is in an elegant prom dress, and has makeup on.

LIV

Well, I'm glad everything worked out in the end, Mitchell. You deserve both of your dates tonight.

MITCHELL

Oh, I don't have two dates tonight.

LIV

But Karla and Maggie?

MITCHELL

They were just using me for my hair styling.

LIV

So who are you going with?

EXT. CHRISTINA'S - THE PROM



A limo pulls up to the door and Mitchell gets out along with Audrey, whose hair looks fabulous.

They walk up to the front door, and Mitchell shakes hands with someone standing at it. The camera pans around to show that it is Mr. St. Martin, whose long hair flows in the wind. He smiles.

FADE OUT.