

TITLE: SALON

NAME: BIL SHERRIN

DRAFT 2 / SEPTEMBER 11, 2013

SETTING: The location is a quaint salon located in a strip mall off of exit 74 on I-65 in Brentwood, TN, just outside of Nashville. There are three reclining comfortable, adjustable, circa-1950 red leather retro barber chairs in the middle of the room. The room is extremely sterile and well lit. Lavender incense is burning. The large window facing the mall's parking lot has horizontal blinds – completely closed. Next to the sink is a floor-to-ceiling, heavily reinforced, industrial cabinet with a combination lock. On the cabinet, magnets hold up the letters from satisfied customers, including some headshots from celebrities. There are mirrors on all the walls – like a ballet studio. The floor has black and white tiles and has a drain in the center of the room. The salon proprietor is cleaning the space and getting ready for the day and the doorman/bouncer is reading a book sitting in a chair in the corner by the door that is heavily reinforced with many types of locks and has a slit for mail and communications. There's an intercom to communicate to the outside.

CHARACTERS:

CHARLOTTE JOLENE FLETCHER: Southern bell proprietor of the salon. 48-years-old. Always wears lots of make-up and a pretty flower sundress. Her reading glasses hang on a chain around her neck and her long full hair is always in a barrette. Very Vain. Goes by "C-JO".

BUBBA GREEN: Doorman/bouncer of the salon. Huge, huge man with very deep voice. 35-years-old. Local hero for playing football at the University of Tennessee. Also has reading glasses around his neck with Croakies. He and C-JO are very close friends and have worked together for years. Very intelligent. Loves to read. Still very strong but never moves with urgency.

HOYT CRAWFORD: 33-years-old. Good 'ol local boy. Played football at same high school as Bubba. Never went to collage. "7-year-itch" marriage. Works at the whiskey distillery. No kids. Likes to hunt. Lives in the past.

JEREMY BERNSTEIN, Esq: Lawyer. Did not grow up in Tennessee. Grew up on Long Island. Been going to the Salon forever. Very particular and clean.

3 MODELS (non-speaking): enter scene to model "offerings".

FANS/AUDIENCE: cheer/comment on what transpires.

DIXIE MAE CRAWFORD: Hoyt's wife. Salon regular. Loves her soap operas.

The intercom buzzer buzzes.

BUBBA

'Mornin'

Hoyt takes out crumpled envelope from his jeans back pocket.

HOYT

'this Charlotte Jolene's Salon? M' wife gave me this here give certificate for our wedding anniversary.

BUBBA

Yep. Slip it through the slot.

Bubba puts on his reading glasses and carefully uncrumples the envelope and opens it.

BUBBA

Uh-huh. Yep. Looks like all's in order.

Bubba unlocks the many locks on the door and opens the door.

BUBBA

...been expecting you. Your wife's a regular... boy did Dixie Mae splurge ... got you the Diamond treatment.

HOYT

(enthusiastically)
You're Bubba Green!

BUBBA

(ignoring him)
Now, we're gonna need you to sign this waiver. Just a formality. You agree that you're responsible for any bodily harm that comes to you today, and you release the salon from any liability in the rare case of disfigurement...

Hoyt takes the document and sloppily signs it.

HOYT

Yeah... yeah... I could get hurt by the big bad salon - got it. You're totally Bubba Green. "The" Bubba Green. Brentwood High. Class of '96. Inside Linebacker - right?! Holy shit! All

HOYT (Continued)

those punk-ass QBs feared you like the wrath of God. You, you, went on to be a star at Tennessee. Broke the S.E.C. record for sacks! Hoyt, Hoyt Crawford – class of '98. I played tight end – JV when you're there... this. is. so. cool.

Bubba walks back over to the door and bolts it from inside and pulls a chain to lock it more and than pulls down a piece of wood to further block the door.

BUBBA

(ignoring him)

Follow me.

Bubba and Hoyt walk over to other side of room to greet C-JO.

HOYT

Wouldn't think you'd need such tight security.

BUBBA

You'd be surprised.

Bubba hands C-JO the crumpled envelope.

BUBBA

This's Dixie Mae's husband. She got'm the "Diamond".

C-JO

Why thank you, Bubba. Now, did he sign our tiny little consent form?

BUBBA

Yes, ma'am.

C-JO

Fantastic. So. You're Hoyt. Heard so much about yuuuu. Well, we just love Dixie Mae. Such a sweet girl, bless her heart.

HOYT

(enthusiastically)

...you know, I played football with Bubba – at Brentwood. Well, I was on JV. But same high school!

C-JO
(ignoring him)
...so, why don't you come over here and
have a seat. First time folks tend to
be a little nervous.

Hoyt sits in the chair.

HOYT
(hesitant)
o... k...

C-JO
Now, the Diamond treatment is our most
luxurious and I know Dixie Mae got it
for you because she loves you...

HOYT
(embarrassed)
...think she got it because things
aren't going so good. Seven-year inch,
I guess.

C-JO
What a shame. Such a sweat girl, bless
her heart.

HOYT
... she thinks I'm as clean as some
varmint livin' under our porch.

C-JO
Well, we'll be fixin' that, sugarplum.
The Diamond brings you our entire
portfolio of services in one visit. Let
me show you what the future Hoyt will
look like. I'm a firm believer in
visual aids -- if you know what I mean.

C-JO motions to one of the models who are sitting in the
corner wearing terrycloth robes with the salon's logo and
reading magazines.

C-JO
Jett, could you please come over here?

Jett walks over and remains silent. C-JO begins to point
to Jett's body as she describes the treatment.

C-JO

We'll start with a classic straight razor to remove that peach fuzz. Your face will be smoother than a porcelain vase in your grandma's china cabinet. Then, we of course do a mani-pedi - I know, little strange for you macho types, but don't worry, I promise you - it doesn't hurt - even a wee bit.

HOYT

I guess that's alright.

C-JO runs her hands down the opening in Jett's robe to expose his chest.

C-JO

We use the most virgin Brazilian body wax. Now, I'm afraid this part will hurt just a little bit. But it's worth it. Not one follicle of hair will be left on that Jr. Varsity chest of yours.
(looking at Jett)
Isn't he a cutie?

C-JO pinches Jett's cheek and unties his robe and lets it fall to the ground so Jett is naked. Hoyt turns his head away.

HOYT

Whoa. Whoa. ... I don't need to see that! Ask Bubba. Men don't look at each other's private parts, not even in the locker room. Um, ...Right Bubba?

BUBBA

Son, did you play varsity?

HOYT

Um... I

BUBBA

Did... You... Play... Varsity...

HOYT

No.

BUBBA

OK, then. Look at the damn penis.

Hoyt squeamishly looks at Jett's penis.

C-JO

Finally, we pretty up your nether region to be as pristine as your face and your chest – with the exception of this meticulously trimmed diamond-shaped tuft right above your penis.

HOYT

I get it. It's shaped for name of the treatment.

C-JO

Bless your heart. See, Bubba, I just knew he'd catch on.

HOYT

What's that mark just above the, um, "diamond".

C-JO

Sweetie, that's just the cherry on the sundae! We brand you with our Salon's logo. Now, I'm afraid this, too, will hurt just a little bit.

HOYT

(agitated)

OK. Look! I understand this is all paid for... and I definitely want to salvage what's left of my marriage, but why don't I just get the shave and maybe the manicure.

C-JO

Aren't you precious. Bubba would you be a doll help me strap Hoyt into the chair?

Bubba straps Hoyt to the chair and Hoyt struggles only a little bit as he's weak.

HOYT

That's not necessary. Really, I can come back later.

C-JO

I know you're nervous. You're squirming like a worm in hot ashes. God gave us

C-JO (Continued)
all our bodies and they're temples.
You shouldn't be so embarrassed.

HOYT
I'm not embarrassed! You have me tied
up like a pig at the county fair. You
plan to probe me and pour hot wax on
me! You... are... going... to...
brand me!

The buzzer to get in buzzes.

BUBBA
Yeah?

JEREMY
Bubba, it's Jeremy. ...you've room for
a walk-in?

BUBBA
Of course, Mr. Bernstein

Bubba unlocks the many locks on the door and opens the door.
Jeremy rushes through the room and places his duffle bag on
the chair next to Hoyt's. Bubba locks the door and the
many locks.

HOYT
Thank God... you're here.

JEREMY
(out of breath)
Yeah.

Jeremy begins to take off his clothes and meticulously
folds them and places them on the other chair.

HOYT
(quietly)
These people are crazy. They want to
brand me.

C-JO
Well, butter my bottom and call me a
biscuit! Whach you all doing 'ere,
Jeremy. It ain't Thursday.

JEREMY
The court appointed me public defender

JEREMY (Continued)

for those Brentwood High Schoolers who stole Ravenswood's mascot and branded it with the Brentwood crest.

C-JO

Oh, Lord Jesus!

BUBBA

Kids now-a-days. Damn shame. Back in the day, we did our communicatin' on the field.

HOYT

Come on, man! She's going to brand... me! She's going to take a hot poker with this, this, salon's logo and brand me!

C-JO

Pardon my manners. I'm so impolite. Jeremy, this is Hoyt. You know, Dixie Mae - cute little thing that's sometimes in here on Thursdays when you're here. Anyway, she gone off and got Hoyt "the diamond" for their anniversary. 7 years, can you believe it?! Hoyt, this is Jeremy. He's a big ol' high falutin' lawyer in these parts.

HOYT

I want to call my wife.

C-JO

Ya know sweetie pie, 'cause we're celebrating your seven years with Dixie Mae, I'm gonna give you something to take the edge off because right now you're more nervous than a long-tailed cat in a roomful of rocking chairs. Bubba, would you fetch me my pappy's hooch over there in the cabinet.

BUBBA

Yes, Ma'am.

Bubba goes to the cabinet and returns with a large bottle of moonshine and a syringe.

HOYT

(very concerned, almost begging)
I don't need, nor do I want a drink. I
just want to be untied. I want to be
safe. I want... I want to watch the
Young & the Restless with my Dixie Mae.

C-JO pulls down the squirming Hoyt's pants a few inches and
takes the syringe from Bubba and dips it into the bottle of
moonshine. Looks at his small penis.

C-JO

Oh my. How precious. It's like a baby
gherkin. Now, You'll feel just a little
pinch.

C-JO injects Hoyt just above the groin and moves her arm
around like a dentist would when giving Novocain... Hoyt is
now more sedate.

HOYT

(intoxicated)
Maybe you should take off your dress.
Oops. Do I need a lawyer?
(flirtatiously)
Hellllloooo, Mr. Bernstein... esquire.

C-JO

Bubba, could you be a darling and give
Hoyt his Shave and mani-pedi so I can
pamper J.B. over here.

C-JO walks over to Jeremy and begins to check out his
private parts like a doctor would – not sexually. Bubba
begins to shave Hoyt with a straight razor – it's not easy
but Hoyt doesn't get hurt even though his head is moving a
lot.

C-JO

(to Jeremy)
Oh, my. You look like you walked into
the wall of Billy Bob's Taxidermy Shop
naked with Elmer's wiped all over your
crotch.

JEREMY

I know, I know. I've just been buried
with this case.

C-JO

Are you storing the case down here,
'cause I can't see a damn thing. It's
like the shrubbery outside the
courthouse. Well, no matter, we sure
have missed you like the dickens. The
usual?

JEREMY

No, something different. Need some
good luck for tomorrow – to save 'em
kids. Show me what you got on the menu.

C-JO

Of course. Boys...

Jett and two other models come over from the chairs and disrobe in front of Jeremy, one model (not Jett) moves very close to Jeremy. Jeremy reaches into his bag and pulls a tape measure.

C-JO

Redmond is displaying "the square".
Simple. Unassuming. An "everyman's"
tuft.

Jeremy examines the private parts of model very closely.

JEREMY

mmm... don't think so. Too "algebra
teacher".

HOYT

(still tipsy)
Mr. Bernstein, Mr. Bernstein – don't
touch it.

C-JO

OK. Jett here – is, of course, sporting
the Diamond.

HOYT

(giggling)
Bubba – You ain't really gonna brand me,
are you?

JEREMY

Too fancy. Ooooh. Who's this new
fella?

C-JO

Harland has our latest creation -"The Star".

HOYT

(starting to sober up)

Bubba, that guy's crotch looks like Tony Romo's helmet. I hate the Cowboys. Go Titans!

JEREMY

I'll take it! Could I request that the star have six points instead of five? It would mean so much to my mother, and, as always, I brought my own Kosher wax.

Jeremy takes a jar out of his bag and hands it to C-JO.

C-JO

Anything for you, sweetie pie.

BUBBA

Done with the shave and mani-pedi, Ma'am.

C-JO

You're a doll, Bubba. I's gonna finish up Hoyt while I heat up Jeremy's wax.

HOYT

(scared, emotional, sober)

...finish me up?! Finish me up?! You drugged me! You're fixin' to brand me! You've got naked men in here flying around like farts in a windstorm. I want to call my wife! Let me... call... my wife!

C-JO

Bubba, could you raise the blinds, and open the window. It's hotter than a whore in a pecker patch.

Bubba pulls on the string to open the blinds and opens one of the windows to allow a nice southern breeze in. There are bleachers outside with a bunch of people peering into the salon (this could be the audience with cast members, too).

FANS IN BLEACHERS

Yippee! Yeah! Diamond! Diamond! Diamond! Woohoo!

HOYT
(angry)
Who... are... they!?

C-JO waves to the crowd.

C-JO
Oh, come on sweetie. You know Ellie Sue from the Post Office, and oh there's the Hamilton twins, oh and of course Billy Bob.

HOYT
(incensed)
Listen! I can call my wife or I can call the poh-lease! You're about to trim my boys and brand me in front a the entire town! This is insane!

C-JO
Oh, sweetie. Of course. Now, you know I have Dixie Mae on my speed dial.

C-JO brings over the phone.

C-JO
We'll just put her on the speaker.

Outgoing ring tone, Dixie Mae.

DIXIE MAE
Hello?

C-JO
Hey sweet girl. It's C-JO down at the Salon.

DIXIE MAE
Haaaaay. You takin' good care of my Hoyt?

C-JO
You betcha... but, he's so squirrelly I don't know whether to scratch my watch or wind my butt, so I thought we'd give you a ring

JEREMY
Hi Dixie Mae.

DIXIE MAE

Is that you, Jeremy? So wonderful to hear your voice! Good luck tomorrow!

HOYT

(angry / screaming)

Honey! Honey! They are going to take a hot poker and brand me... near my crotch!

DIXIE MAE

Of course they are sweetie. Where do think mine came from? Santa Claus? Obviously you should visit the deep south more often. Sadly, C-JO knows more about my labia than you do. Anyway, I got my stories paused on the TIVO so can't stay on the line, but could you be a darlin' and pick up some milk on the way home? ...2 percent. Bye Bye now.

Phone clicks.

C-JO

She is such a doll, Hoyt. I do hope you work things out.

C-JO starts to pour hot wax on Hoyt and he starts to quince in pain and whimper. Lights come up on two people in bleachers.

FAN #1

You know, I used to play football with Hoyt. Such a pussy. Never made varsity.

FAN #2

You know, I used to go to San Diego to watch the whales.

FAN #1

Really? How was that?

FAN #2

Not that great.

THE END.