

TEASER

EXT. DAY SPA - MORNING

The cloudy blue sky of a picture-perfect morning wraps around a Norman Rockwell like downtown landscape. Flowers bloom, birds CHIRP, and the sun shines.

One storefront stands out from the rest, covered in fresh flowers and a classical hand-painted sign announcing "Faith's Day Spa," above "OPENING DAY!"

A cheap compact car pulls into view and parks.

INT. FAITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

White knuckling the steering wheel is FAITH DAVIS, a mane of curly hair, perfect makeup and a face full of fear.

Her eyes focus on a pitifully small diamond ring on her left hand. She rips it off and chunks it in the back seat.

She takes a deep breath and exhales with a long calming sigh.

FAITH

(eyes closed)

Lord, give me the strength to
provide a perfect calming
environment for my customers,
provide for my son, and prove to
him his momma is not a pushover.

(then remembering)

Oh, and also finally to show that
peckerwood ex-husband of mine that
I can stand on my on two feet
without him. Amen.

She opens her eyes filled with joy and excitement until ...
PLOP. A large creamy load of bird shit lands on her
windshield.

She looks up to heaven.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Not the message I was hoping for
Lord.

EXT. DAY SPA - CONTINUOUS

Faith wrestles with her key in the front door. She shakes and shimmies, trying to get the key to turn until CLICK, it opens.

JASMINE, a young and spritely cosmetologist wearing high heels runs up behind Faith.

JASMINE

Boo! Morning boss lady!

Faith takes in Jasmine's messy hair, unmade face, and heels while trying to hold on to her smile.

INT. DAY SPA/FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

FAITH

Jasmine, you know you're a "beauty" specialist right?

JASMINE

Don't pitch a hissy fit. Just gimme five, and I'll be as purty as a peach.

Jasmine gives Faith a friendly pop on the behind and bounces in her heels to the makeup counter.

The door JINGLES as it opens. Gracing them with her presence is HOLLY, dreadlocks, flowing clothes, and yoga mat tucked under her arm.

HOLLY

Namaste free spirits.

JASMINE

Hey there tinker-bell.

HOLLY

I told you not to call me that.

FAITH

Good morning Holly.

HOLLY

Is it?

A fidgety MAN wearing overalls yanks on the front door. It's stuck ... again.

FAITH

Girls, be nice. First customer!

Faith assists with the door.

OVERALLS MAN

Man am I glad you're open. Can I use your toilet?

Faith gathers her pride and points down the hall.

FAITH

Third door on your left.

Overalls Man quickly potty walks in that direction.

HOLLY

Ugh, I hope he doesn't want a massage.

JASMINE

Or a pedicure. Can you imagine those feet?

FAITH

You should treat our customers the way you would want to be treated.

HOLLY

Yeah? Well, first, you have to have customers.

Holly turns and walks to her treatment room with a look of pleasure in stealing the last word.

JASMINE

Okay! How about a little spa music?

Jasmine flips on the spa sound system.

FAITH

Wait!

Loud, booming gangsta rap MUSIC fills the spa. Faith runs and hits a button, switching it to soothing environmental sounds.

JASMINE

Faith! I didn't know you were such an OG.

END TEASER