



1/ The basement was converted into son Nate's bedroom. The ceiling was raised more than a foot to make room for a loft study space.

UP TOWN

AN ACTOR-WRITER-PRODUCER AND HIS FAMILY FIND SOLACE FAR ABOVE THE CROWDS

2,600 SQ. FEET / BEACHWOOD CANYON

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HEN THEIR

children, Erin and Nate, were small, Bob and Naomi Odenkirk would join them in the evenings on the concrete terrace with the forever views, everyone on some sort of scooter. Riding around, they would fall into easy conversations about school, friends, life.

The design of the Beachwood Canyon house had capitalized on the hilltop scenery since its genesis in the 1940s. Now the former *Saturday Night Live* writer and his family were savoring it along with a remodel by architect Linda Brettler. Adding on to the 2,600-square-foot house was prohibitive because of the expense of drilling into 20 feet of bedrock, so Brettler looked to enhance the existing space. The basement became a bedroom suite for Nate. The kitchen pass-through into the main living area was expanded.

"I fell for this place about ten steps into the living room, taking in the immediate impact of the sweeping view of the city and canyon," says Bob, whose role as attorney Saul Goodman on *Breaking Bad* is reprised in a new AMC series, *Better Call Saul*, premiering in February. "The quiet, the bird's-eye view, the clean, modern, simple design—it all felt great."

In the Odenkirks' bedroom, which shares a wall with the garage, Brettler paneled over the brick with rectangles of



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birch plywood stained to resemble a giant cubist art piece. Nate's bathroom is equally resplendent in color blocks of red, black, and gold on the cabinet and walls. An elevated outdoor dining area was constructed next to the terrace, with ceramic leaves embedded in the concrete to evoke windblown foliage.

Naomi, a producer and comedy talent manager, likes to take scripts to a corner of the original wood porch, where she sits on a tall chair, occasionally glancing up at Griffith Observatory or down at Lloyd Wright's Samuel-Navarro house (famously restored by Diane Keaton). She'll miss these moments now that she and Bob have decided to sell the house. "Going out onto the porch after a stressful day of getting my ass kicked by Hollywood has been good for me," says Bob. "Standing apart from it all and finding some perspective." ■



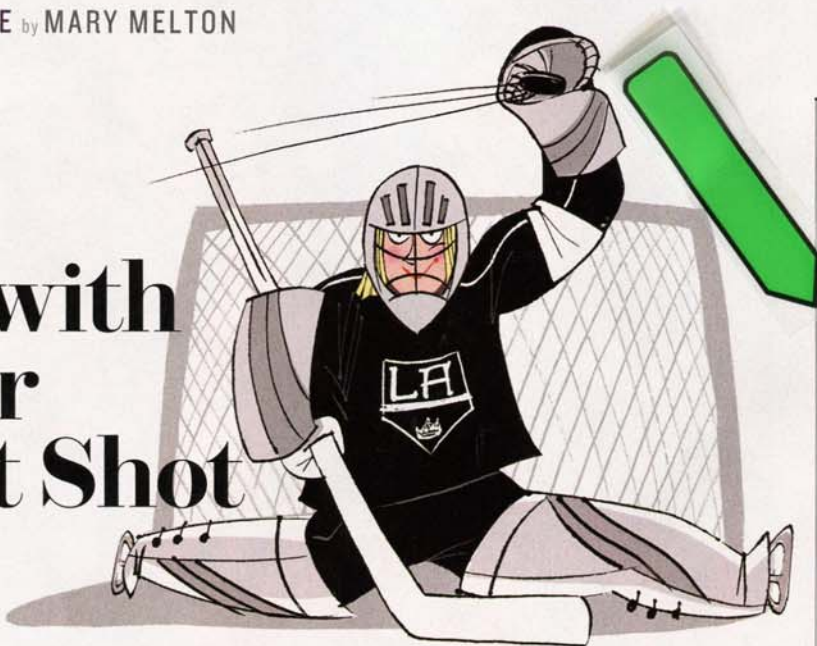
MODERN TIMES

2. A brick wall in the master bedroom acquired a colorful wood covering. The light fixture is a vintage Achille Castiglioni pendant.

3. Bob and Naomi Odenkirk join architect Linda Brettler (far right) on a dining platform that was created next to the terrace.

EDITOR'S NOTE by MARY MELTON

Hit Me with Your Best Shot



BEING THE LITTLE sister of two brothers, I got thrown around a lot whenever I insinuated myself into one of their games. I ate the dirt in tackle football and was banged up in basketball. The most ridiculous position I played, given that I was ten and slight, was goalie for their street hockey games. I was a tomboy through elementary school and averse to skirts and hairbrushes, so I was happy to snap on a mask and deflect the pucks that flew toward my head like tiny torpedoes. More blissful still was when my brother Steve and our family friend Mark took me to the "Fabulous" Forum in Inglewood to see the pros.

Older than us by a few years, Mark was generous with his car and his dough and treated us to the occasional Kings game. The experience was exotic. The Forum was far from my home in North Hollywood and stood out like a lonely Roman monument. Inside, it was frosty cold no matter how hot the day. And it was loud, *so* loud. As for those bulky boys on the ice? They were fast, tough—and cute. It was 1979, the perfect moment to become a Kings fan. The Triple Crown Line of Marcel Dionne, Charlie Simmer, and Dave Taylor—one of the league's most indomitable offensive lines—had just found its stride. Dionne was a squat Canadian center with a squished-up nose; Simmer, the left-winger, had a foxy mustache and dimples; Taylor, at right wing, wore his feathered hair with a middle part, just like my bro.

RANDOM THOUGHT

How Sheila Kuehl and Hilda Solis reshape the supes will be significant; how Jim McDonnell reforms the sheriff's department will be pivotal.

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I donned my purple and gold Dionne jersey for games. We shared binoculars; for Steve and Mark the best action took place in the owner's box. As Paul Brownfield writes in his piece on the Kings in this issue, owner Jerry Buss (aka "Dr. Buss") was a playboy, and his box usually overflowed with hotties. During one game, I was sent on a mission to get his autograph. I headed down the stairs and across the long landing toward Dr. Buss. This was before owners had glassed-in lairs. Dr. Buss sat about a third of the way up on one end of the Forum, buttressed by a bevy of tall blonds and brunets. He had a shiny silver comb-over and a gleaming white smile that said "money." Maybe he was taken with my spunk, because as soon as I held up a program for him to sign, he invited me to watch the game with his posse. I waved to Steve and Mark from my new seat. They were ogling the scene through their binoculars and no doubt had lost their breath at my good fortune.

When the Kings won their second Stanley Cup in three years this past June, I was cheering from a decidedly less rarefied seat: my couch. I ended up a couple of feet in the air when Alec Martinez fired the winning shot in double overtime. My husband looked at me as if I were a maniac—I usually save such moves for a deserved win during the Tony Awards. But he gets it. Once in the posse, always in the posse.

Mary Melton

Mary Melton | EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

OFF THE RECORD

5 Things We're Not Supposed to Tell You About This Issue

\$2.5 million

→ Listed price of Bob Odenkirk's home. We discovered the actor was selling his house after we photographed it for "On Top of the World" (page 156), written by managing editor Ann Herold.

1 faux pas

→ The no-no committed by writer Paul Brownfield. While interviewing players for "Ice Age" (page 152), he accidentally trod on the L.A. King's logo displayed on the team's locker room floor.

13 rejections

→ Responses to interview requests from associate editor Marielle Wakim, who was researching greenrooms for the Cut! column ("Backstage Pass," page 126). Conan O'Brien, Kathy Griffin, Billy Crystal, and Sarah Silverman were among those who declined to participate. "Apparently whatever happens in the greenroom stays in the greenroom," says Wakim.

12 (ex?) friends

→ Pals of staffers you won't see on the cover. It was originally conceived as a party scene, and we invited our buddies to star in the photo shoot. Nine hours, four bottles of wine, and two shrimp platters later, we selected a simpler image. We hope they all forgive us!

6 speedy steps

→ Moves taken by the fictional pedestrian illustrated by Bryan Christie for the How L.A. Works piece on water pipe breaks ("Blurred Lines," page 50). In early drafts the rendering showed the man standing still. But since he was next to a spewing geyser, we thought he should exhibit a little more urgency.