Episode #204

"BARBERSHOP"

Written by
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Directed by
Donald Glover

BLUE DRAFT
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Revision History

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Notes:
- Sc 1 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 1 - Bibby tells a new story about T-Mobile phones
- Sc 2 - Bibby works CLEAR CABLE instead of Comcast.
- Sc 3 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 5 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 6 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 7 - Dialogue changes. Bibby now offers Al a tenders meal, not a chicken wing meal from Zaxby’s.
- Sc 8 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 13 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 14 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 16 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 17 - Dialogue changes
- Sc 18 - Dialogue changes

Omitted Scenes:
Cast List

EARN MARKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . DONALD GLOVER
ALFRED MILES . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . BRIAN TYREE HENRY
DARIUS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . LAKEITH STANFIELD

BIBBY . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ROBERT POWERLL
MARY . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . NICCI CARR
OMARI . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . JAHZIR BRUNO
WHITE WOMAN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . SHERRIE PETERSON
LAMAR . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . JAY ALAN HARMON III
ASIAN WOMAN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . JENNIFER CHO
OTHER BARBER . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . TBD
Location List

EXTERIOR LOCATIONS

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
EXT. ALLEY
EXT. BARBERSHOP

INTERIOR LOCATIONS

INT. BARBERSHOP
INT. BIBBY’S TRUCK
INT. HOUSE
INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY (D1)

A small local barbershop. A few BARBERS cut their clients’ hair; sounds of BUZZING RAZORS and bursts of neighborly laughter.

ALFRED sits alone in the cramped waiting area. He’s noticeably ANNOYED and BORED.

He looks at a ripped HAIRCUT CHART crudely taped to a nearby wall. Alfred notices that the MODEL in box number 18 eerily looks like a younger PITBULL (the rapper).

Al checks his watch just as the front door swings open. BIBBY, Al’s fast-talking barber, enters in a flash, babbling into a BLUETOOTH EARPIECE.

BIBBY
--Boy, you ain’t gotta tell me twice...

Al rolls his eyes and points to his watch. Bibby doesn’t seem to care – he snaps at Al and points to his BARBER CHAIR.

Al SIGHS and plops into the chair, Bibby still speaking into his earpiece.

He flamboyantly throws a CUTTING CAPE around Alfred and starts gathering his supplies.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Yeah, sorry I was late, brother. My commode was all backed up and my girl hid the plunger.

ALFRED
All good, man. It’s fine.

Bibby puts his hand over his earpiece.

BIBBY
(loud whisper)
What?

ALFRED
What?

BIBBY
(loud whisper)
You say something?

ALFRED
I was just answering you.
BIBBY
(loud whisper)
Nah, I’m on the phone, man.
(louder, into Bluetooth)
Yeah, she hid it. Said she don’t trust me around rubber and wood anymore...

Bibby puts his hands on Alfred’s head, giving the circumference of it a lengthy feel.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
(into Bluetooth)
Yeah... Uh-huh. Yeah...

He massages Al’s head.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
(into Bluetooth)
So what’s up, what you need.

Alfred sits waiting. Bibby taps Alfred, he was talking to him.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Yo, what you need?

ALFRED
Nigga I can’t tell when you’re talking to me. The usual.

Bibby nods.

BIBBY
(into Bluetooth)
You know what, let me call you later. I got someone. Yeah...
Yeahhhh--

Suddenly Bibby breaks out into UNCONTROLLED LAUGHTER. The laugh goes on for way too long and it’s way over the top: Bibby DOUBLES OVER, and wildly SLAPS HIS THIGH.

Alfred patiently waits, albeit annoyed. Bibby continues his laugh and then immediately SNAPS out of it.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
(into Bluetooth)
Yeah, okay. Bye.
(to Alfred)
Whew. What’s up, man?

ALFRED
Not too much, Bibby.
Bibby looks up at the TV playing in the Barbershop. There’s a local news story playing.

BIBBY
These niggas in the A are wild. You heard about them crashing a car into that T-Mobile store? Stole about a hundred phones.

ALFRED
Yeah. Shit is getting crazy. It’s that time of year I guess.

BIBBY
Hell yeah. (moment)
Let me know if you got T-Mobile though ‘cause I can get you an iPhone cheap.

He prods Al’s head a little harder.

ALFRED (skeptical)
Yeah, I’m good.
Bibby again starts to ready his supplies and then STOPS. *

BIBBY
Oh! Look in that bottom drawer.
Yeah, pull that open.

Alfred hesitantly obeys.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
(pointing)
Grab that there...

Alfred pulls out a DVD CASE; it’s one of those THREE MOVIES-IN-ONE type deals that you see at a Target or Wal-Mart.

ALFRED
This?

BIBBY
(excited)
Look at that. You got Panic Room, Enemy of the State, and Alien 3.
Three-in-one DVD, my nigga!

ALFRED
So. *

BIBBY
So you want to buy it? Twelve dollars.

ALFRED
Nah, I’m good man.

BIBBY
All right, a client discount. Ten dollars. Not that you need a discount with all that rapper money you makin’.

ALFRED
Really, I’m good.

Bibby takes the DVD case from Al.

BIBBY
I don’t think you get it. This is rare. All these movies on here are good. Usually you get the shitty combos like...

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (4)

BIBBY (CONT'D)
I don't know, Vanilla Sky and Inspector Gadget 2 with Matrix 2. * Those movies don’t go together. And I wouldn’t watch any of those movies on they own, either. But this...

He shakes the DVD case.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
This is rare.

ALFRED
Bibby. I’m good.

BIBBY
(disappointed)
All right, then.

He SPIT POLISHES the DVD case, puts it away, and fires up his clippers.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
So what’re we doing?

ALFRED
I told you. The usual.

BIBBY
The usual, okay, okay, right. You is not tryna switch things up. I hear you.

ALFRED
Just gotta look good. I got a photo shoot tomorrow.

BIBBY
Ooh, excuuuse me! You dating Kim K now? *

Bibby laughs and starts cutting Alfred’s hair.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
You gonna be on a billboard or something?

ALFRED
What?

BIBBY
(louder, over sound of clippers)
(MORE)
BIBBY (CONT'D)
You gonna be on a billboard or something?
ALFRED
Ah, nah. Just for a feature in this magazine. Someone’s doing a write-up and they need pictures.

BIBBY
You on your way to Hollywood, player!

ALFRED
Nah. Not Hollywood... no plans on going to Hollywood--

BIBBY
(ignoreng Alfred)
‘Cause trust me. Hollywood needs some more black people, okay?

ALFRED
Yeah. Sure.

Bibby CUTS OFF the clippers to start ranting. Alfred EXHALES, annoyed.

BIBBY
Let me tell you, I walked into the AMC last week, and I swear there are no movie posters with black people. None. And even when black people are in the movie they don’t use they faces. I remember I went to go see that movie with Key and Peele. I go in there, and tell me why there’s a cat on the poster. Two funny black men starring in the movie, and those Hollywood white folks put a cat dressed as a black person on the poster. A cat dressed as a black person has more value than two funny black men who star in--

ALFRED
Yeah, it’s fucked up.

Al checks his watch.

BIBBY
Oh, you gotta be somewhere?

ALFRED
Uh, yeah. Kinda. And you always take forever.
BIBBY
Okay, well we gonna get you outta here.

Bibby turns on the clippers and starts again on Alfred’s head.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Oh! You seen that video with that NBA player hitting people with that invisible car at the club?

Alfred SIGHS.

ALFRED
Yeah.

BIBBY
Well you gotta watch it again. Shit is too crazy! They locked that nigga up!

Bibby grabs his phone and starts typing into it.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Let me find it...

Alfred bites his lip, rage building.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Yeah here it is. Watch this, shit’s crazy.

Bibby gives Alfred his phone and WALKS OFF.

ALFRED
Where are you--

Too late, Bibby’s gone. Alfred unhappily sits and watches the video on Bibby’s phone, when the phone starts RINGING.

ALFRED (CONT’D)
Hey! Bibby! You getting a call, man.

Alfred picks up the phone. Bibby reappears like magic and swoops the phone out of Al’s hands. He taps his earpiece.

BIBBY
(into Bluetooth)
Hello?

Bibby’s face drops.
BIBBY (CONT’D)
(into Bluetooth)
Just calm down, okay? Hey, calm
down. It’s all good. No I didn’t *
forget... I’m already on the way, *
ten minutes.

Bibby hangs up and starts putting his tools in a travel bag.

ALFRED
What are you doing?

BIBBY
Leaving.

ALFRED
Leaving? Nigga, we not done here. I
only got half a haircut.

Al’s right; His hair does look pretty crazy and uneven.

BIBBY
That’s okay. You’re comin’ with me--

ALFRED

BIBBY--

BIBBY
It’s okay. We just going to my
girl’s house around the corner. *
I’ll cut you there.

ALFRED
Why man-- *

BIBBY
Just trust me, Al. You gonna look *
sharp for tomorrow. *(quieter)*
And you know damn well I’m the only *
one in here that ain’t gonna mess *
up. *

Al checks out the other barbers, all occupied with other clients. He GROANS.

ALFRED
Shit. Whatever.
INT. BIBBY'S TRUCK - MOVING - LATER - DAY (D1)

Bibby speeds in his beat up truck. Alfred, pissed, sits beside him and is still wearing his SALON CAPE.
Hey, uh, what’s your cable situation?

What?

I’m working with Clear Cable on the side. So, you know.

(slick)

You sign up with me, I can make sure you taken care of.

I’m straight.

Bibby SIGHs, disappointed again.

All right, well...

He opens the glove compartment, pulls out a messy handful of BUSINESS CARDS, and plops them into Al’s lap.

Take some of my business cards. You can pass them out to your boys at the studio. Oh! Throw them into the crowd at your next show. But then just make sure you pick up the ones left on the ground afterwards... These cards ain’t cheap.

Alfred gives Bibby a look.

(o Oblivious)

You want a toothpick?

He holds a TOOTHPICK out to Alfred.

Fifty cents.

Bibby bursts through the front door, Alfred (still in cape) closely behind.

I’m here!
MARY, Bibby’s girlfriend, marches to meet them.

MARY
You’re an hour late, Bibby. We’re going.

BIBBY
No! No, wait! I’m here.

MARY
(calling)
Omari! Come on, let’s go!

A KID (Omari), rounds the corner, SNOT hanging out of his nose.

Bibby LEAPS in front of the front door, blocking Mary’s exit.

MARY (CONT’D)
Bibby, I don’t have time for this.

BIBBY
I’m here, all right? I’m here. Not my fault.

MARY
Yeah? Whose fault is it?

Bibby nods to Alfred.

BIBBY
It’s his fault!

Alfred shoots Bibby a glare.

MARY
You always got an excuse.

BIBBY
I swear! I was on my way and Al needed me to pick him up ‘cause his car broke down on the side of the road! I was gonna say no and come straight here, but then I remembered all those church videos you make me watch and I helped him.
MARY
(skeptical)
Why is he wearing a cape?

BIBBY
(half joking)
He’s a magician.

Mary rolls her eyes.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Look, I picked him up. I was trying
to be a good person! Getting right
with Jesus! Because of you!
(softening)
Thank you, baby.

Mary relaxes a notch and just barely allows Bibby to kiss her.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Okay?

MARY
Hurry up.

Mary walks into a different room. Bibby claps his hands
together and pulls out his clippers.

BIBBY
All right, go hop in the chair.

Bibby nods to a nearby FOLDING CHAIR.

Al relaxes - “FINALLY” - and moves to the seat.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
No, not you my man.

He points to Omari.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
C’mon Omari.

Bibby motions for the kid to sit in the seat, which he does.

ALFRED
You have got to be kidding me with
this shit. You just gonna cut his
hair after you dragged me all
across creation?

BIBBY
He had an appointment.
ALFRED
Nigga, so did I!

BIBBY
Well... His appointment was technically before yours.

Bibby de-capes a SEETHING Alfred and re-secures the cape on Omari.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
It’s okay, Al. Just take a seat.
He only needs a line up. Here. Just trust me.
(handing over a TOOTHPICK)
You can have it for free.

Alfred snatches the toothpick and shoves it in his mouth.

INT. HOUSE - LATER - DAY (D1)

Bibby’s finishing up Omari’s haircut as Al glares nearby.

BIBBY
All right, little man. Looking good.

MARY (O.S.)
Bibby!

BIBBY
What?

MARY (O.S.)
The water isn't running! You told me you paid the bill!

BIBBY
I did pay the bill!

MARY (O.S.)
Well then I guess I must be imagining things, huh?

Bibby GROANS and goes to meet Mary in the different room of the house.

Al sits alone with Omari, who stares unblinking at him.

OMARI
You’re a magician?
CONTINUED:

ALFRED

No.
OMARI
That’s what Bibby said.

ALFRED
Bibby’s an idiot.

OMARI
That’s mean.

Silence between the two, and sounds of Mary and Bibby ARGUING in the background.

OMARI (CONT’D)
Can you show me a trick?

ALFRED
Little man. I said I wasn’t no magician.

OMARI
What’s wrong with your hair? Are you sick or something?

POWER SURGE, the lights go OUT.

ALFRED
What the hell--

OMARI
Was that your trick?

Bibby rushes back into the room, Mary furiously on his toes.

MARY
--and now the power?!

Bibby hurriedly starts packing up his things.

MARY (CONT’D)
You told me you paid that, Bibby!

BIBBY
Baby, it’s fine. I’m gonna leave right now to go look into it.

MARY
You better not leave.

BIBBY
(quiet, to Al)
You ready?

Bibby snatches the cape off Omari and makes for the door. Al reluctantly follows.
MARY
Bibby!

Bibby stops for a moment and then plunges his hand into
MARY’S PURSE on a nearby table. He grabs a WAD OF CASH and
hurries back to the door.

MARY (CONT’D)
You did not just steal from me!

BIBBY
For the haircut!

BIBBY!

Bibby ushers Al out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BIBBY’S TRUCK – MOVING – MOMENTS LATER – DAY (D1)

Bibby, still speeding, drives. Al checks his watch.

BIBBY
Sorry about that, brother. You know
how crazy women are. Guess I’m
staying with my other woman
tonight.

Bibby laughs.

ALFRED
Just take me back to the shop, man.
I’m not playing.

BIBBY
Okay, I hear you... You must be
starving.

ALFRED
Yeah. My whole day’s been fucked up
so far.

BIBBY
Look. Please let me get you some
food and I’ll take you back to the
shop. Okay?

Al doesn’t answer.
BIBBY (CONT’D)
The least I can do. I insist. I’ll get you some food.

Al massages his temples.
You like Zaxby’s?

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (D1)

Bibby’s truck drives up to the site - a HOUSE is partially built with exposed beams and unfinished staircases.

The truck parks and Bibby hops out. Al follows.

ALFRED
Nigga what the fuck is this? *

BIBBY
I do some contracting work sometimes. C’mon you gotta eat. *

ALFRED
This isn’t a restaurant!

Bibby walks to the site. Al doesn’t move.

BIBBY
You not coming?

ALFRED
I shouldn’t have to explain why I feel weird following a sketchy nigga into a half-built house off a highway.

Bibby CACKLES and walks onto the site. Alfred catches a glimpse of his hair in the truck window’s reflection. He runs his hands over his head, grimacing.

ALFRED (CONT’D)
Shit. Bibby! *

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Al follows Bibby, stepping over EXPOSED NAILS and BEAMS.

Bibby leads Al to a MINI FRIDGE. He opens it and pulls out a ZAXBY’S TAKE-OUT BOX.

BIBBY
Here you go! Zaxby’s.

He hands it to Al who hesitantly accepts. Al opens the box.
ALFRED
Nigga, are these your leftovers?

BIBBY
Nah that’s a full tenders meal. I just broke a piece off that toast. Ain’t no Zax sauce either.

Alfred shoves the Zaxby’s back to Bibby.

ALFRED
Take me back to the shop. Now. You keep playing and I’mma fuck you up.

BIBBY
Look, man. You said you were hungry and I was trying to help. But let’s go, I guess.

They start walking.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Yo help me get this lumber into my truck.

Bibby nods to a large pile of WOODEN BEAMS nearby.

ALFRED
Fuck that, man. Finish my hair!

BIBBY
The faster we do this, the faster I can cut your hair. If you help me, I swear I’m taking you back to the shop.

He gets on his knees.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
I promise.

ALFRED
FUCK, MAN!

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE – DAY

Bibby and Al haul the heavy beams to the truck.

BIBBY
Perfect.
A CAR APPROACHES the site.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Come on, let’s go! *

A WHITE WOMAN hops out of the car. *

WHITE WOMAN
(to Alfred)
What do you think you’re doing?
You’re stealing my wood!

Alfred immediately puts his hands in the air like “I’m innocent”. *

BIBBY
Ma’am-- *

WHITE WOMAN
What the hell are you doing on my property? You’re trespassing! This is my house!

BIBBY
All right, just calm down-- *

WHITE WOMAN
I’m not calming down, who the hell are you?

BIBBY
Ma’am, I’m the contractor your husband hired. *

WHITE WOMAN
I’m calling the cops-- *

ALFRED
(concerned)
Bibby. *

The white woman pulls out a cell phone.

BIBBY
I work on your house, ma’am! And I’m taking this lumber back because y’all haven’t paid me on time. So I’m taking this lumber back – which I provided – as collateral-- *

Bibby pronounces “collateral” wrong.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
--and I just think that’s fair.
ALFRED

Bibby!

BIBBY
Okay! Okay. Rico, just get in the car, and I’ll take the lumber out of the truck. Okay, ma’am?

Al hurriedly gets into the truck. Bibby tries to walk away.

WHITE WOMAN
(to Bibby)
No. I’m calling my husband and then the police. This whole thing has been unprofessional.

BIBBY
Do it then!

Bibby quickly gets in the truck and reverses out.

WHITE WOMAN
Hey! You son of a bitch! We’re gonna sue you!

BIBBY
(out of window to white woman)
You better talk to your husband ‘cause we didn’t do any contracts.

Bibby puts the car in drive and DRIVES OFF.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
He’s cheap!

INT. BIBBY’S TRUCK – MOVING

Al looks sternly ahead as Bibby speeds.

BIBBY
You think she called the cops?
CONTINUED:

ALFRED
Nigga, I’m on probation. So I hope the fuck not.

BIBBY
Shit...

ALFRED
Do I even have to say it?

BIBBY
Nah. I know. Let’s go to the shop.

INT. BIBBY’S TRUCK – MOVING – LATER – DAY (D1)
The drive continues. It’s silent.
Bibby drives unperturbed until he spots a GROUP OF TEENS
walking on the side of the road.
His eyes widen.

BIBBY
Oh, HELL, no!
Bibby SLAMS on the breaks and makes a HIGHLY ILLEGAL U-TURN.

ALFRED
What are you doing!
Bibby drives like a maniac, heading straight for the group of teens.
When the teens notice Bibby’s truck coming for them, they make a run for it. Bibby chases them with the car down a couple alley’s and narrow roads before he successfully corners them.

ALFRED (CONT’D)
What the fuck!
Bibby gets out of the car and approaches the teens.

EXT. ALLEY – CONTINUOUS

BIBBY
Lamar!

LAMAR, one of the teens, attempts to calm Bibby down.

LAMAR
Look, pops—
BIBBY
Uh-uh. I told you about skipping school. Didn’t I?

Lamar hangs his head.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Didn’t I?!

LAMAR
I’m sorry, pops.

BIBBY
You think I work all these jobs so you can walk around town with your little friends whenever you feel like it?

The rest of the teens hang their heads.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Since y’all “grown” and skipping school, did you at least put up those street team posters I asked you to?

MURMURS from the teens.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Huh? Speak up!

LAMAR
We put up a couple...

BIBBY
Let me see.

Lamar pulls out a thick roll of MINI POSTERS from his back pocket. Bibby snatches the posters and quickly counts through them.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
(grave)
Y’all ain’t even made a dent.

CLOSE ON Alfred as he watches confused and annoyed.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
How am I supposed to explain this? I trusted y’all to put up these posters and now we sure as hell ain’t getting our thirty five dollars. Ignorant! I swear, this generation is LOST! You know what?
(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

BIBBY (CONT’D)
I brought someone here to give y’all some motivation.

Bibby turns to Alfred.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Alfred! Come out here!

INT. BIBBY’S TRUCK - SAME - DAY (D1)

Alfred SIGH.

BIBBY
Alfred!

Al rolls his eyes and exits the car.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D1)

Al reluctantly approaches Bibby and the teens.

ALFRED
(annoyed)
What?

The teens recognize him immediately and MURMUR with excitement.

LAMAR
Paper Boi?

BIBBY
That’s right. I brought Paper Boi to talk some sense since y’all clearly won’t listen to me.
(to Al)
Go on, this my son...

ALFRED
What?

BIBBY
The youth! Inspire them, man!

ALFRED
Man, I’m not in this!

LAMAR
Why don’t you look fresh?

ALFRED
Excuse me?
LAMAR
You don’t look fresh or famous. You got half a haircut. You look crazy, man.

The teens LAUGH in agreement and add their own insulting comments. Maybe one even takes a picture.

ALFRED
I look crazy because your crazy ass dad is supposed to cut my hair.

Bibby nods in agreement.

ALFRED (CONT’D)
And who cares anyway, nigga? I’m a regular person. I need my hair cut sometimes. Famous people need to eat, and shit, and brush their teeth. I’m regular.

Silence.

LAMAR
Yo, so can you put me on, mayne? I got a fire mixtape--

ALFRED
I’m done.

Alfred walks back to the car.

BIBBY
Exactly. And I’m gonna take him back to the shop and finish cutting his hair! ‘Cause that’s what a man does... Come on Lamar!

Lamar reluctantly follows his father back to the truck.

INT. BIBBY’S TRUCK - MOVING - LATER - DAY (D1)

Bibby drives, speeding wildly. Al sits in the front, Lamar in the back.

LAMAR
--Pops, I said I was sorry!

BIBBY
You think I wanna hear that? You can save it all for your momma!
LAMAR

Please do not tell momma. GOD!

Bibby turns to Lamar, eyes off the road.

BIBBY

Oh, so now you asking for favors?

Bibby SWERVES wildly.

ALFRED

Bibby, if you kill me, I’m going to fuck you up.

Bibby doesn’t pay Al any attention.

BIBBY

(to Lamar)

You wanna ask me for favors? ‘Cause I ask you favors all damn day: Son, can you take out the trash...

ALFRED

Bibby.

BIBBY

...Son, can you not skip school, Son can you put up some damn posters--

ALFRED

BIBBY!

Too late. CRASH. Bibby SLAMS into a sedan in front of him. The truck is quiet, stunned.

BIBBY

Oh, shit! Everybody okay?

ALFRED

FUCK! Nigga there’s weed in my pockets.

BIBBY


ALFRED

Nigga, WHAT?

BIBBY

I can’t go to jail.
ALFRED
I’m on probation!
(re: Lamar)
Get him up here.

LAMAR
I don’t have a license...

BIBBY
Shit. Shit. It’s okay. This okay.
Just a little fender-bender.

He looks around.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
I don’t think there were any
witnesses, so let me just talk to
the driver--

The driver’s side door to the sedan in front of them OPENS.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Oh... Oh, okay, here we go.

Bibby, Al, and Lamar watch in quiet anticipation.

Slowly a small ASIAN WOMAN pulls herself out of the car.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
...Okay...

The following feels like SLOW MOTION. The woman stands to her
feet and then slowly puts her hands on her back, as if in
pain.

ASIAN WOMAN
(in pain)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!
The woman raises her head to the sky and CRUMPLES IN PAIN.

ASIAN WOMAN (CONT’D)
AAAAAAAAHHHHOOOOOOWWW!

Bibby springs to action.

BIBBY
Uh-uh. Fuck. THAT!

Bibby DRIVES OFF and FLEES THE ACCIDENT!
EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY (D1)

Bibby, Al, and Lamar exit the car a little shaken.

BIBBY
(to Alfred)
Let’s get you that haircut.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Al is seated in the chair much like the beginning of the episode. Bibby readies his supplies when his phone rings. He taps his earpiece.

BIBBY
(into bluetooth)
Hello?

Al watches Bibby, menacingly.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
(into bluetooth)
Uh-huh. Yeah... I got a bag right here in my pocket. Fifty dollars... Yeah, I can bring it to you.

Bibby hangs up, Al watches him expectantly.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Uh... I gotta go to the bathroom...

Alfred SNAPS, stands and grabs Bibby by the collar.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
Okay! Okay, I can hold it.

INT. BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D1)

Al’s haircut is done; it looks great! Alfred checks himself out and approves Bibby’s work.

BIBBY
Looking good.

Alfred stands and makes for the door.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
You forgot to pay.

Alfred stops and turns to him.
ALFRED
You must be out of your fuckin’
mind, nigga.

BIBBY
Uh--

ALFRED
You dragged me out of here, ruined
my whole day, almost got me in
trouble with the cops, almost
killed me with your crazy driving--

BIBBY
You can look at it like that. But I
remember feeding you a free meal,
which you rejected, introducing you
to some of your fans--

Alfred ROLLS HIS EYES and slaps a wad of bills in Bibby’s
hand.

Bibby counts the cash.

BIBBY (CONT’D)
No tip I guess--

ALFRED
Fuck you, nigga.

Alfred leaves.

INT. BARBERSHOP - WEEKS LATER - DAY (D2)

It’s weeks later. Bibby jokes around with some of his CO-
WORKERS as he wipes down his work station.

Alfred ENTERS and Bibby clocks him.

BIBBY
There he go! Paper Boy! I didn’t
know you was swinging by today.
Come on. Just wiped everything
down, take a seat.

Alfred, silent and menacing, walks towards Bibby’s chair, but
then KEEPS ON WALKING to a DIFFERENT BARBER’S CHAIR

It’s the ultimate insult. Bibby is part shocked, humiliated,
and amused.
The other barber puts a cape on Alfred.

ALFRED
Yo

OTHER BARBER
So what are we doing today?

ALFRED
Um. Like a temp fade...

OTHER BARBER
How low, like a two or three?

ALFRED
Uh...I...

Alfred looks at Bibby cutting someone else’s hair. OFF OF Alfred’s face...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE