

# ATLANTA

Episode #204

**"BARBERSHOP"**

Written by  
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Directed by  
Donald Glover

**BLUE DRAFT**  
**November 8, 2017**

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## Revision History

<b>Date:</b>	<b>Revision:</b>	<b>Revised Pages:</b>
05/02/17	Writer's Draft	None
08/09/17	Production Draft	
11/08/17	Blue Draft	FULL

### **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:**

"Barbershop"  
Episode #204  
Yellow Pages: 11/08/17

## 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 CHOE  
OTHER BARBER . . . . . TBD

"Barbershop"  
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## **Location List**

### **EXTERIOR LOCATIONS**

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE  
EXT. ALLEY  
EXT. BARBERSHOP

### **INTERIOR LOCATIONS**

INT. BARBERSHOP  
INT. BIBBY'S TRUCK  
INT. HOUSE  
INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

1 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY (D1)

1

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.

1

CONTINUED:

1

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. \*

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

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. \*

1

CONTINUED: (3)

1

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)



1

CONTINUED: (4)

1

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)

1

CONTINUED: (5)

1

BIBBY (CONT'D)

You gonna be on a billboard or  
something?

1

CONTINUED: (6)

1

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

(ignoring 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.

\*  
\*

1

CONTINUED: (7)

1

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.

HARD CUT TO:

2

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

2

Bibby speeds in his beat up truck. Alfred, pissed, sits beside him and is still wearing his SALON CAPE.

2

CONTINUED:

2

BIBBY

Hey, uh, what's your cable situation?

ALFRED

What?

BIBBY

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.

ALFRED

I'm straight.

Bibby SIGHS, disappointed again.

BIBBY

All right, well...

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

BIBBY (CONT'D)

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.

BIBBY (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

You want a toothpick?

He holds a TOOTHPICK out to Alfred.

BIBBY (CONT'D)

Fifty cents.

3

INT. HOUSE - DAY

3

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

BIBBY

I'm here!

3

CONTINUED:

3

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.

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

ALFRED  
Nigga, so did I!

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

Bibby de-cape 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.

4

INT. HOUSE - LATER - DAY (D1)

4

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?

4

CONTINUED:

4

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.

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

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! \*

MARY

BIBBY!

Bibby ushers Al out of the door.

CUT TO:

5

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

5

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.

5

CONTINUED:

5

BIBBY (CONT'D)

The least I can do. I insist. I'll  
get you some food.

Al massages his temples.

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

BIBBY (CONT'D)  
You like Zaxby's?

CUT TO:

6

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (D1)

6

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! \*

7

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

7

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.

7

CONTINUED:

7

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:

8

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

8

Bibby and Al haul the heavy beams to the truck.

\*

BIBBY

Perfect.

\*



8

CONTINUED:

8

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.

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

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!

\*

\*

9

INT. BIBBY'S TRUCK - MOVING

9

Al looks sternly ahead as Bibby speeds.

BIBBY

You think she called the cops?

9

CONTINUED:

9

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.

10

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

10

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.

11

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

11

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)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

BIBBY (CONT'D)

I brought someone here to give  
y'all some motivation.

Bibby turns to Alfred.

BIBBY (CONT'D)

Alfred! Come out here!

12

INT. BIBBY'S TRUCK - SAME - DAY (D1)

12

Alfred SIGHS.

BIBBY

Alfred!

Al rolls his eyes and exits the car.

13

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D1)

13

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?

13

CONTINUED:

13

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 they 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.

14

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

14

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

Shh. Okay. Calm down. Al, you get in the driver's seat.

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)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

She raises her head to the sky and CRUMPLES IN PAIN.

ASIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAHHHHOOOOWWW!

Bibby springs to action.

BIBBY

Uh-uh. Fuck. THAT!

Bibby DRIVES OFF and FLEES THE ACCIDENT!



15 EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY (D1) 15

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

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

16 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY 16

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.

17 INT. BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D1) 17

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.

17

CONTINUED:

17

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.

18

INT. BARBERSHOP - WEEKS LATER - DAY (D2)

18

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.

BIBBY (CONT'D)  
(gawking)  
Uh-oh! Uh-oh!...Okay.

\*

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**