

063985

STATE STREET PICTURES

BARBERSHOP

by

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EXT. INNER CITY BLOCK - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Completely deserted as snow flakes fall. Church. Liquor store. Rib joint. Record store. Beauty parlor. **BARBERSHOP**. Across the street a--

CONVENIENCE STORE

Small store with GRAND OPENING BANNER on the window. Funny, the other businesses have a roll down barrier covering the entrance.

Suddenly we rocket toward the store. And with a deafening CRASH we literally COLLIDE with the store front.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

SLO MO as A BLACK MAN (we don't see his face) enters the frame- AIRBORNE! He's entangled in the Grand Opening Banner.

REAL TIME as the man SMASHES thru a shelf holding pickled eggs. We travel with him 40mph as he slides across the floor then SLAMS into AN ATM. The lights spark out. The store alarm wails.

SLOW PULL BACK TO REVEAL-- A BIG, BLACK, FORD PICK-UP TRUCK PARKED BACKWARDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STORE. DEBRIS EVERYWHERE.

A FLASHLIGHT suddenly beams right at CAMERA--

THIEF (O.S.)

Get that damn flashlight out my face!

The flashlight swings around and we get glimpses of the destruction but we can't see any faces. Just silhouettes and movement.

THIEF (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you?

THIEF WITH FLASHLIGHT (O.S.)

I thought I heard you say go.

THIEF (O.S.)

I didn't say shit!

THIEF WITH FLASHLIGHT (O.S.)

Hold up. Last thing I remember was you talkin' bout Linda from Park View. And you said...

THIEF (O.S.)

Hoe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIEF WITH FLASHLIGHT (O.S.)

Yo, you see what I'm sayin'? No sound like no.

MOMENTS LATER...

A HEAVY CHAIN is thrown around the ATM. The other end of the chain attached to the back of the truck. The thieves hustle back inside the truck. Then

TIRES SCREECH. CHAIN GOES TIGHT. THE BUMPER TEARS RIGHT OFF THE TRUCK FRAME and lays in the street as truck speeds away. Then truck SLAMS ON BRAKES. Backs up.

The thieves hop out, scramble to pick up the bumper then re-attach the chain. They hop back in the truck. Then

TIRES SCREECH. CHAIN GOES TIGHT. THE ATM RIPS UP FROM THE FLOOR OF THE STORE, bolts and tile work fly everywhere.

The ATM swings through the air attached to the chain, slams a shelf of beer then sails out the hole in the store entrance, bounces off the sidewalk and vanishes into the darkness.

EXT. MODEST HOME - MORNING

Estab. Shot as sun rises on a crisp winter morning.

INT. MODEST HOME, BASEMENT - MORNING

CALVIN PALMER, JR. (30, black), in pajamas but wearing protective eye goggles and holding a soldering gun as he melts two wires together. We move along the wires going across the room and up into some sort of converter box on top of a TV. Then--

A LOUD POP! Then A SPARK travels all the way across the wires, up into the converter box-- the box blows apart. Then the TV screen EXPLODES sending glass across the basement floor. Calvin lifts up his goggles in shock.

JENNIFER (28, black): Calvin's beautiful and very pregnant wife, appears at the bottom of the basement steps. She sees the smoking TV, not pleased at all.

JENNIFER

Calvin, what are you doing?

CALVIN

This that new converter box I told you about. Let's you get local channels off any satellite in the world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN (CONT'D)

I got a hook up to sell 'em. Baby, it's gon' put us over the top.

JENNIFER

That's what you said about the t-shirt company and those Herbalife vitamins.

CALVIN

Why you bringin' up that? This a whole new thing.

Calvin grins then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded piece of paper. He unfolds it, lays it across the table-- a MAGAZINE PHOTO of a HUGE MANSION ESTATE.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

See this? It's Oprah's guest house. Like if Steidman act up this where he gotta sleep.

JENNIFER

Okay...why do you have this?

CALVIN

I'ma buy it for you... right after we corner the free satellite market.

Jennifer can't contain her smile.

JENNIFER

Calvin, it's 8 o'clock. You're late for work.

LIVINGROOM/20 MINUTES LATER

Calvin is now dressed, slipping on his jacket as he heads to the door. Jennifer steps out of the kitchen.

JENNIFER

Calvin...

He stops, thinks he's in trouble. But he turns around and Jennifer grabs his face with both hands and SMACKS A BIG KISS on his lips. He smiles.

CALVIN

What was that for?

JENNIFER

It's been a whole year since you took over the barber shop. You've stuck it out and I'm so proud of you. Your father's be proud of you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gives him another kiss, this one more tender. Calvin tries to smile, but an awkward smile as if he has gas.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - MORNING

A '89 Pontiac Grand Prix SE pulls up to the curb in front of the Barbershop. A brisk morning, fresh snow on the ground. The Pontiac backfires loudly, repeatedly.

Calvin steps out of the Pontiac carrying a Krispy Kreme bag, a cup of coffee, the morning paper. He hears an alarm and looks...

ACROSS THE STREET

At the convenience store, a gaping hole where the entrance used to be. The alarm is still blaring. A black, older model Mercedes pulls up in front of the Convenience store.

SWAMI (43, Pakistani) jumps out - runs to the entrance. He lets out a bloodcurdling scream and drops to his knees.

ON CALVIN shaking his head in disgust.

CALVIN
(yelling across street)
Stay strong brotha! Stay strong!

Calvin makes his way to the roll down barrier.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Calvin!

Calvin turns his head to see JANELLE (35, black) walking up to DIVAS, the beauty parlor next door. Calvin rolls his eyes.

CALVIN
(fake smile)
Hey, Janelle.

Her shocked expression is on the Convenience Store.

JANELLE
It's always sumpin' on Saturday. Can you believe that, Calvin?

Calvin moves quickly to get inside as Janelle keeps rambling. He knows just how to open his gate-- kicks the bottom of it, pounds the top with his fist then hip checks the middle of it. He lifts the gate with ease.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Ya know Sheila Johnson's boy got a drug problem. You think it was him?

CALVIN

I don't know, Janelle. Gotta go.

Calvin slips into the barbershop.

INT. BARBERSHOP - MORNING

In the shop's window we notice a sign, "Established in 1968" right next to an old red and white striped barber pole.

As Calvin removes his coat he flicks on the light switch. But the light flickers then goes out. He rolls his eyes then walks over to a fuse box. Fiddles with some switches. The light comes back on.

He glances around: Hair on the floor. Water spots on the wall. A light fixture hangs crooked. An outlet has electrical tape over it. A large tin can which has "JOHNNY'S SHOE FUND" etched on it.

Calvin shakes his head then notice a PILE OF BILLS on his counter-- pink and yellow ones that say LATE, PAST DUE.

He walks to a barber chair-- the back chair-- the one furthest in the back but facing forward with the best view of the entire shop. He rests his hand on it then glances up at--

A LARGE COLORFUL TIN MURAL. ERNIE BARNES-STYLE, 8 x 4 FEET, depicting Calvin, CALVIN'S FATHER, and barbers from the past.

Calvin focuses on his father.

CALVIN

I don't know how you did it-- stuck in here all these years.

CALVIN'S FATHER seems to look down at him from the mural with fatherly eyes as Calvin stares up waiting for an answer. Calvin's father seems to stare out at the shop. Calvin turns and takes it all in--

RED VINYL BARBER CHAIRS. HAIR SHEEN, CANISTERS OF DAX. JAR OF FORMALDEHYDE WITH SUBMERGED AFRO PICK. AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS OF FAMOUS BLACK PEOPLE. 20 YEAR OLD JET MAGAZINES. THE POSTER (you know the one) WITH HEADSHOTS OF THE 30 HAIRCUT POSSIBILITIES FOR A BLACK MAN (this poster is from 1983 so imagine...)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Calvin sighs. Opens his Krispy Kreme bag, pulls out a donut and takes a huge bite.

A LOUD KNOCK on the glass door.

Calvin is startled, drops the donut. It rolls across the floor and stops in a small pile of afro hair. He glances up very annoyed and sees--

A clean cut black man in a suit, briefcase. BANK MANAGER.

Calvin goes and unlocks the door, let's him in.

BANK MANAGER.

Hey, Calvin.

(glances back out window)
What happened across the street?

CALVIN

This neighborhood is gettin' worse every year. So do you have good news for me?

BANK MANAGER

I'm afraid not...

CUSTOMER LAMAR, a brotha in a cheap suit that's way too small and REAL nappy hair, pokes his head in the door.

CUSTOMER LAMAR

Calvin, I need a cut. Like how you did Ronnie last week...

(turns his head indicating and speaking real fast)
...little off the top, long on the back, but not quite a shag, slope to the left like Gumby, Eddie Munster in the front, a lil Wyclef on the right...

CALVIN

Do you have any money?

Beat.

CUSTOMER LAMAR

You know I'ma pay you back. I gotta job interview.

CALVIN

Lamar, I'm not givin' you a free hair cut. This ain't no charity, it's a business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUSTOMER LAMAR

Your father woulda hooked me up.

Lamar holds a stare on Calvin before he ducks back out.

CALVIN

(to Bank Manager)

You see why I don't make any money?

BANK MANAGER

The bank can't give you another loan, Calvin. We gave you a small business loan and a grant, but you used them on your other "business ventures." You know I wanna help you, but if you don't pay those property taxes by Monday, the bank'll foreclose on the shop.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Bank Manager pats Calvin on the shoulder then walks out.

Calvin looks very concerned. He walks up to the pile of bills, he's stressing. He paces for a moment then walks over to the phone. He picks up to dial, but feels his father's image staring down at him. He looks at the phone, then his father again. He turns his back to his father and reaches to dial-- but he hesitates. He reaches for the phone keys again, hesitates again. Finally, he dials. Then

CALVIN

(into phone)

Hello?...Mr. Wallace, it's Calvin...um...

(beat, intimidated)

No, no...I...I wasn't avoiding you...I just been...you know...thinkin' about your offer and...Okay...see you soon.

Calvin hangs up. He thinks about what he's done. Then he let's out a sigh, thinks maybe he's doing the right thing. He nods to himself, then glances up at his father--

CALVIN (CONT'D)

I just gotta do my own thing.

Calvin looks down and spots the errant donut, picks it up.

CLOSE ON CALVIN AND THE DIRTY DONUT

As he picks off a few hairs, Calvin looks directly into camera - shrugs - pops the donut into his mouth. Just over his shoulder is a sign we didn't notice before. It reads: CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - LATE MORNING

Where an old Korean woman sits behind the counter pruning roses. She seems distracted. Every few seconds she glances across the store...

Where an overweight young black man stands stupefied in front of a large display of multi-colored roses.

DINKA (20's, black) looks as though he's never seen a rose before. Forgive him, he's foreign. Nigerian in fact. No matter, confused looks the same everywhere.

The old Korean woman steps from behind the counter and makes her way toward Dinka and the rose display. Her frail, diminutive frame practically glides across the floor.

KOREAN WOMAN

(Asian accent)

Who for?

DINKA

(African accent)

Oh.....uuuuuh. Ohhhhhhh. A...

KOREAN WOMAN

...Girl.

DINKA

...Yes.

(beat)

The most beautiful girl in the world.

KOREAN WOMAN

You want boom-boom?

Dinka stops cold.

DINKA

What?

The Korean woman pumps her hips. Several, short, crotch jabs into mid-air.

KOREAN WOMAN

Boom-boom! Boom-boom! You want?

Dinka is horrified.

DINKA

(backs up)

No... no boom-boom! Just keep the...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINKA (CONT'D)
ancient Chinese secret to yourself. I
don't need to know it.

KOREAN WOMAN
...No! No! No! Girl you buy flowers for!

A beat. Dinka grins big. He understands.

DINKA
Riiiiiiggggnt!

A beat and then...

KOREAN WOMAN
You want boom-boom. You go red. Lots and
lots of red.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

CLOSE ON BACKPACK

Where rough and calloused hands pack clippers and combs. To
the right of the bag lies the optional tool for the inner-
city barber. A GLOCK 9mm PISTOL.

RICKY NASH (20's, black) cinches up the backpack. With his
baggy jeans, spotless Timbos, and a motley of tats covering
his neck and heavily muscled torso he is the absolute
embodiment of a culture unto itself. Thug nigga extreme.

Ricky slings the backpack over his shoulder then picks up the
Glock-- he hesitates with the gun. He sets it back down,
doesn't need it anymore. Fuck that-- he picks it up again,
tucks it in the small of his back and darts out of the door.

INT. STARBUCKS. - DAY

JIMMY JAMES (20's, black) stands in line at Starbucks,
newspaper under arm and wearing his Princeton University
bomber jacket. He notices lint on his jacket, flicks it off
then steps up to the counter.

STARBUCKS CASHIER
(smiles brightly)
Hello, what can I get you?

JIMMY
Okay... I'll have a grande triple non-fat,
half decaf, soy milk, French Roast
caramel cappuccino with a splash of
hazelnut, orange extract, and extra foam
in a separate cup.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Since you guys never got it right I'll
have to spoon it on myself.

Starbuck Cashier's smile is now gone. And the guy working
the cappuccino machine heard everything, glares over a stack
of cups insulted. Jimmy holds his ground.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Jimmy steps out of Starbucks with his two cups. He sniffs
the cappuccino then pauses, makes a face--

JIMMY

Damn!

He turns around and marches back inside.

EXT. STONEY PALMS PROJECTS - DAY

JD and BILLY (both 20's, black), struggle to carry a large
object draped in a dirty bed sheet up a stairwell. They're
sweating because this thing is heavy, each step is like a
mountain. But at the top of the stairs is a LARGE FAT BLACK
MAN looking down on them. JD glances up at Fat Black Man who
begins nonchalantly walking down right towards them. JD
looks at him like "You're kidding, right?" Fat Man glares,
continues coming. JD huffs in frustration then starts going
back down with the ATM, he and Billy withering under the
weight.

We HEAR incessant knocking in the f.g. In fact, that is all
we hear.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(over the knocking)

Open the door Kevin! I know you're in
there! Don't make me kick this mufucks
down! I know you got some stank trick up
in there!

We drift up two floors to--

TERRI JONES (20, black), pleasantly plump, the owner of the
voice heard round the projects. She pounds on the door.

The door opens. In its place stands a tall, impeccably
groomed, pretty-boy clad in T-shirt and sweats. KEVIN KING
(20's, black) yawns.

TERRI

(angry)

Why didn't you answer the door? I'm
sayin', like, you knew it was me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Terri. I worked a double last night. I
got home two hours ago.

Terri relaxes. She clearly had no idea. Kevin gently grabs
Terri's hand - guides her into the...

INT. KEVIN'S ONE ROOM STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN with long hair sits on the bed getting dressed.
Kevin sees her, stops in his tracks and keeps Terri from
coming in. The woman scurries underneath the bed, THEN Kevin
lets Terri in. Terri sits down on the bed.

ANGLE UNDERNEATH BED as the springs push down from Terri's
weight right up to the woman's face. She turns her head and
her long hair flows out from under the bed, right under Terri-

TERRI
(focused on Kevin)
I know I trip sometimes but... I love you
so much and, like, I get crazy. I don't
even know who I am half the time.. it's
hard for me to cope with that shit.

Terri looks at Kevin lovingly then her FOOT adjusts and
unbeknownst to her, STEPS DOWN onto the woman's exposed hair.

ANGLE UNDER BED as woman tries to slide out the other side,
but her HAIR SNAGS. She sees Terri's big foot planted on it.

KEVIN
Terri, don't you know you my girl? What
I look like even thinkin' about somebody
else? If you wanna know how I really
feel just think about that Babyface song.

TERRI
(touched)
Which one?

KEVIN
(can't remember, then)
All of 'em.

Terri is so touched a tear falls. Kevin leans down and
embraces her in a hug. He looks over Terri's shoulder as

The WOMAN pops up on the other side of the bed with NO HAIR
AT ALL. Kevin is surprised, does a double take, thought her
hair was real. The Woman tip toes toward the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terri looks down on the floor, notices the hair. She shoves Kevin off her then angrily picks up the hair.

Behind Terri, the woman grabs the bathroom door knob, TURNS it-- makes a CLICK sound! Terri whips around, looks right at her. Woman looks at Terri.

TERRI
Who is that bitch?

Kevin stares at the woman, still in shock that she's bald.

KEVIN
I don't know that bald headed girl.
The woman breaks for the bedroom door. Terri jumps up to cut her off, but the woman stutters steps, spins and gets around Terri. So Terri sticks her arm out and clotheslines the woman to the floor. Woman then looks up at--

TERRI standing over her LARGE AND IN CHARGE. Terri's BIG FIST comes RIGHT AT CAMERA. We CUT AWAY--

EXT. BARBERSHOP - LATE MORNING

THE BLOCK IS ALIVE !!!

Police have taped off the front end of the convenience store. Officers mill about. Swami, still clad in his pajamas, is comforted by detectives.

DIVA'S HAIR AND NAILS, the beauty parlor next to the barbershop, is open for business. Fly honeys of all shapes, sizes and colors roll in and out. Some stop to gawk at the store with the hole in it.

STREET FLAVA RECORDS, hip hop heads pop into the record store for the latest sounds.

MACEDONIA BAPTIST CHURCH, seems to be winding up for Saturday afternoon prayer meeting. A few parishioners make their way over to Swami to offer kind words and prayers. CAMERA FINDS...

RICKY

As he moves down the sidewalk past several crime scene gawking customers from Diva's. As he passes they forget the crime scene exists. He tosses them a smile then focuses on the crime scene himself. He sees a police officer look his way so he moves away quickly toward the barber shop.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Where Calvin cuts heads, with a few customers waiting. Holding down the shop until the rest of the crew arrive. A boombox atop the mirror blasts Al Green. Above the box is a handwritten sign that reads: NO RAP BEFORE 10AM. A customer, TYRONE (50, black), is in Calvin's chair.

CUSTOMER TYRONE
(holds up left hand)

Pa... (holds up right)
dow!! Know what I'm sayin'? Ass so big
look like two midgets in a sleeping bag.

CALVIN
Here we go again. We can't talk about
anything besides big asses?

CUSTOMER RODNEY
Yeah, we can talk about a lot.
(beat)
But why?

A customer known simply as "CHECKERS" FRED (45, black) walks in carrying a checker board, a lunch bag, a thermos, 2 newspapers and pillow back support.

CALVIN
Hey, Checkers Fred.

CHECKERS FRED
(shakes Calvin's hand)
Hey there, Calvin.

Checkers Fred goes over to a chair where another customer is already sitting. Checkers Fred gives the guy a look. The customer gets up, moves to another chair with no fuss. Checkers Fred sits down in what is clearly his designated seat.

CUSTOMER LLOYD
Okay then, lemme ask ya'll this: When
does a woman just have too much ass?

CUSTOMER TYRONE
Man, ass is like money-- you can never
have too much.

CUSTOMER RODNEY
Hold up, I disagree. I don't want no
big, fat, dented wit' folds and creases,
absorb a bullet type ass...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSTOMER LLOYD
(stands up)
Rodney is right! There has got to be a limit!

CUSTOMER RODNEY
Don't get me wrong, I like a big ass now. We just gotta distinguish between a woman with a big ass and a big-ass woman.

CHECKERS FRED
(setting up checker board)
Tell the truth.

Ricky walks by, nods to Calvin.

RICKY
Big Cal.

CALVIN
Slick Rick. Whassup?

RICKY
Maintainin'.

CALVIN
Can you distinguish between a woman with a big ass and a big-ass woman?

RICKY
Oh, hell yeah.

CUSTOMER LLOYD
How?

RICKY
Mathematics, brah. The ratio. If you measure around the waist then measure around the ass you should come up with a ratio of 3/5. That means a 24 inch waist yields a 40 inch ass. That is good.

CUSTOMER TYRONE
I'm wit'chu.

RICKY
Now if that same 40 inch ass is under a 42 inch waist, that is NOT good.

CUSTOMER LLOYD
(not convinced)
Gimme example.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY
Okay. Jennifer Lopez...

RICKY / CUSTOMER TYRONE
(chorus)
Woman with big ass.

RICKY
Mother Love...

RICKY / CUSTOMER TYRONE
(chorus)
Big-ass woman.

Ricky grins and walks away.

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM

Ricky walks into the locker room, sees Jimmy opening the refrigerator. He checks out Jimmy's Princeton letterman jacket. So clean it looks new.

Jimmy looks over, tosses a half-assed nod Ricky's way. Ricky notices. Chuckles to himself.

Jimmy looks into the refrigerator with a disapproving grunt. There is a bottle of apple juice with a big red sign on it.

JIMMY
"Do not drink me." Who's is this?

RICKY
I don't know. Probably Terri's.
(beat)
Hey, who punched a hole in Chief Wahoo's store?

JIMMY
Somebody ripped out Swani's new ATM and took half the store with it.

Ricky shakes his head, goes over to his locker. Jimmy heads out into the shop.

Ricky makes sure Jimmy is gone before he pulls out his Glock 9mm and stashes it in his backpack. He tosses the backpack in the locker. He changes into his smock.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

As Calvin cuts a head--

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (black, 40's) enters the shop.

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CONTINUED:

CALVIN
Detective Williams. What's goin' on?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS
Drama. They got me on this convenience
store thing, so somebody gettin' locked
up. Ricky here?

CALVIN
Naw, he hasn't come in yet. But I can
promise you he's not involved with no
bullshit like that. He's in a good place
now, got his head on right.

Williams eyes Calvin skeptically then nods and is about to
leave, but RICKY walks out from the locker room. Williams
stops when he sees Ricky. Williams gives Calvin a look of
annoyance. Ricky sees Williams then acts overly nonchalant
as he walks over to his work station.

Williams walks over to Ricky's chair. looks Ricky in the eye.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS
Chair free?

Ricky eye balls Williams then finally spins the chair so
Williams can sit down. He does.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Just line me up.

Ricky turns on his clippers. Williams speaks low so as not to
embarrass Ricky.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You wanna tell me sumpin'?

RICKY
(starts trimming)
I knew you was gon' come over here. Why
you sweatin' me?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS
You sweatin'?

Williams glances up at Ricky. Ricky keeps trimming.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You're a two time felon. That's two
strikes against you. One more and it's
all over.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Calvin went out on a limb for you with
this job. Why you gonna fuck him like
that?

Ricky turns off the clippers and lays them down, pissed.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You only trimmed one side.

Ricky says nothing.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
We got surveillance tape from a camera at
the liquor store next door. Before the
end of the day I'll know sumpin'. You
understand?

Ricky says nothing. Williams stands up to leave. He throws
a glance Calvin's way as if to say "Don't help this fool out
and get pulled down too."

Jimmy is at his station staring at Ricky-- definitely thinks
Ricky did it. Ricky glances at Jimmy--

RICKY
What'chu lookin' at?!

EXT. BARBERSHOP - LATER

Jimmy walks outside lighting a cigarette. A clean Escalade
dumps bass as it glides to a stop in front of the shop. The
license plate reads: HED2CUT.

ISAAC ROSENBERG, (20's, white) steps out, Fubu gear head to
too. A white boy born and bred in the 'hood. Isaac has enough
flava to be cool. He turns back towards car as his
girlfriend, RHONDA WATTS, (20's) steps out of the car. Yeah,
she's black. And fine.

ANGLE ON HER ASS. WORLD CLASS-- SLO MO-- as each cheek moves
like poetry in motion. She walks up to Isaac.

ISAAC
I uh you, hoo.

They kiss. Tongues all over the place.

CLOSE ON JIMMY

Angered by this display.

Rhonda fires up the engine and pulls off down the street.
Isaac sighs. He is a man in love. A beat. He turns to see
Jimmy. Isaac smiles. He holds up his fist for a pound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Jimmy just waves his hand away, blowing smoke. Isaac looks evenly at Jimmy.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Alright then...

And with that, Jimmy looks away. Isaac goes into the shop.

JIMMY

(under his breath)

Clown.

Dinka strolls up with the bouquet of roses.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(re: Flowers)

What's all this?

DINKA

Mind your business.

Dinka pushes into the barbershop. Jimmy shakes his head, puts out his smoke then follows behind Dinka.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Isaac is setting up his station. Jimmy and Dinka come through the door.

CHECKERS FRED

Here come Ivy League Jimmy and Jumbo Mutumbo.

DINKA

(offended)

Where I come from to have girth is a sign of opulence.

CHECKERS FRED

What he say?

RICKY

He said, in Africa fat people got loot.

CUSTOMER LLOYD

I heard they circumcise women in Africa.

RICKY

How the hell do you do that?

CUSTOMER LLOYD

Whatever's extraneous, just clip it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERYBODY
(disgusted)
Ooohh!

ISAAC
I don't want no stuff that's been
clipped. Leave all the extra on there.

RICKY
Man, it's all the same once you go up in
it.

CUSTOMER LLOYD
No, it's that ~~extra~~ that makes it
special.

DINKA
It's all special to me...
ON ISAAC as he finishes laying out his tools. He looks toward
the waiting customers.

ISAAC
I'm free, fellas. Who's next?
Silence. Although they are clearly waiting for an open chair,
no one looks at him. A long beat, then...

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Forget ya'll, then.

JIMMY
You thought you had a negro membership
card 'caused you soaked up BET and
memorized Tupac, but...

ISAAC
Shut up, Jimmy! Calvin wouldn't give me a
chair if I couldn't cut heads---

JIMMY
You been here 3 days, got the front chair
and you still haven't had one customer.

CALVIN
Hey, keep that down. Everybody starts in
the front chair-- that's where you
started, Jimmy. Remember?

Jimmy says nothing, just smirks.

AN OLD MAN, clad in overcoat and shades, moves briskly into
the shop. He stops. Turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Closes and then locks the front door. His hand is jammed in his overcoat, looking suspiciously like a gun.

The customers notice. A few get nervous.

OLD MAN
Now look! I don't want no trouble. Just give up your wallets and your jewelry, and we won't have no problems.

One of the customers makes a move---

OLD MAN (A.K.A. EDDIE) (CONT'D):
Hey, don't make me---

CALVIN
Eddie, quit actin' crazy. sit down.

EDDIE BAKER (70's, black) formerly "the Old Man", is caught off guard. He removes his shades to get a better look at the customer who was moving. Most of the other customers are laughing. They've seen this act before.

EDDIE
That boy right there was givin' up the money-- you saw him!

Ricky looks at the clock.

RICKY
(to Isaac)
Ay yo Isaac! 'Bout time to make that move ain't it?

Isaac grins. Pulls out a CD then steps over to the boombox.

ON CLOCK. It reads 9:20.

CLOSE ON ISAAC AND BOOMBOX

Again we notice the handwritten sign: NO RAP BEFORE 10AM! Isaac hits play anyway. The whole barbershop is bathed in the sound of EPMD's "You Gots to Chill". The barbershop comes to life as heads bob.

A customer, SAM, picks up the "JOHNNY SHOE FUND" cap--

CUSTOMER SAM
Hey ya'll, don't forget we raisin' money to buy Johnny Brown some basketball shoes. He got scouts comin' to see him, but his kicks is raggedy. We only need another \$20.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Another customer gets up and puts money in right away.

ON ENTRANCE

As Terri approaches the door, Dinka quickly moves to the door and opens it for Terri.

DINKA
(smiling)
You smell good, Terri! What is that
Obsession?

Terri ignores him. She walks hard and angry through the shop toward the locker room. All notice. A CUSTOMER waiting for Terri puts down his magazine, scrambles to get up and heads for the door.

CALVIN
Hey, man. Where you goin'?

TERRI'S CUSTOMER
I ain't takin' no chances with her like
that. I'ma come back later.

ISAAC
You wanna cut? I'm free.

Terri's Customer hesitates.

TERRI'S CUSTOMER
I'm cool.

The Customer leaves. Jimmy cuts a look to Calvin.

JIMMY
So what, we can just show up when we feel
like it? She's an hour late.

CALVIN
(shrugs)
Sometimes the day don't start the way you
want it to. Let it go.

JIMMY
I don't know why she mad-- she know Kevin
is a dog, but she still go back to him.

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM

Eddie, now in smock, clips his nose hairs in a mirror.

Terri goes over to the refrigerator and reaches for her apple
juice. It's half empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRI
Motherfu-- who drank my apple juice?

EDDIE
Wasn't me.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

TERRI
(marching in)
Who drank my apple juice?

Silence.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Who drank my nuthafuckin' apple juice?

CALVIN
Terri, would you mind not cursin' like
you on Def Jam.

TERRI
Cal, I put a big-ass...

CALVIN
Terri!

Terri composes herself, speaks calm, enunciates.

TERRI
I put a Big Red Sign. Said "Do Not
Drink Me".

ISAAC
Maybe no one drank it. Maybe it
evaporated.

TERRI
Look Eminem, don't get on my bad side,
you ain't been here but a minute. I will
chew yo white ass up.

CALVIN
Terri, it's just apple juice.

A guy pokes his head in the store.

HUSTLE GUY
Got videos-- Matrix II, III. Star Wars
II, III, and the whole Rush Hour series.
Anybody? Anybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY
Jimmy drank your apple juice.

JIMMY
How do you know I drank her apple juice?

RICKY
Cuz you was askin' about it.

JIMMY
What does that mean? Did you see me drink it?

RICKY
I didn't have to see you drink it. You're the only one who asked about it.

JIMMY
Forget implication! Did you see me drink it?!

Ricky now gets in Jimmy's face. The next few exchanges are spoken very quickly. Ricky and Jimmy speak at the same time, trying to drown out each other.

RICKY
What did I just say? I don't have to see you drink it. You asked about it.

JIMMY
Did you see me drink it? Did you see me drink it?

They pause for a moment, and we see various customers in the store until Eddie breaks the silence.

EDDIE
(punching air)
Knock his college ass out!

CALVIN
Hey, hey, hey!

The room goes silent.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
This is not the projects. This is a place of business.

CUSTOMER RODNEY
But in the projects people know ya business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 12)

CHECKERS FRED

Calvin, yo' father wouldn't put up wit' all this mess. You 'sposed to handle this.

CALVIN

(annoyed)
I'm not my father. Do I look like my father?

EVERYONE

Yeah.

Calvin smirks. All eyes are on him-- he feels the weight of their stares. He sighs in frustration then walks between Ricky, Jimmy and Terri to settle the dispute.

CALVIN

(to Terri)
Okay, there's a possibility that Jimmy drank it. BUT...

(to Ricky)
...You can't positively say he drank it if you didn't see him drink it. The only thing left to do is ask him. If he say he didn't drink it, then that's that. So go ahead and ask him.

She takes a moment.

TERRI

Jimmy, did you drink my apple juice?

JIMMY

Nope.

Isaac chuckles in the corner.

CALVIN

Well that's the end of that.

TERRI

(looking directly at Jimmy)
Well one of ya'll drank it!
(walking away)

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM

Terri goes to her locker.

3 DOZEN ROSES are taped to her locker door. There's a card attached. She snatches the card off-- All the roses break apart. Leaf fragments and rose petals fly everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERYBODY
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYMMMMMM!

ON DINKA

DINKA
(to himself)
It's cool. It's cool.

ON RICKY staring out the window at the convenience store.

RICKY'S P.C.V. of policemen and detectives studying the crime scene across the street.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME

Detective Williams goes over facts with several uniformed officers then glances over at the barbershop-- right towards--

INT. BARBERSHOP - SAME

RICKY who has just picked up the phone to dial, but glances at Det. Williams staring from all the way across the street. Uncomfortable, Ricky hangs up. He glances at a waiting customer, nods. Customer comes to Ricky's chair for a cut.

Isaac stands over his chair trying to make eye contact with any of the waiting customers. They quickly look away whenever eye contact is made with Isaac.

As Terri cuts a customer her outlet suddenly blows out-- sparks fly and her clippers shut off.

TERRI

Calvin!

Calvin glances at the smoking outlet.

CALVIN

Use the other outlet.

Eddie is reclined in his chair, eating ribs from a styrofoam container.

JIMMY

How are you gonna sit up there with ribs and not offer nobody any? That is just rude.

EDDIE

I paid for this, nigga. Put a god-damn quarter on the counter I'll give you a spoonful a' dis coleslaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Calvin, how come Eddie gets to eat out
front when the rest of us gotta eat in
the back?

EDDIE
(pulling his hair)
See this? This means I got seniority.

JIMMY
What, because you got gray hair? Hair
ain't nothin' but follicles growing out
your damn head.

EDDIE
Boy, I was here for the riots back in
'68. They burned everything down ~~but~~
this barber shop. I was here in '74 for
desegregation when they was bussin' in
white kids, bussin' out blacks.

CHECKERS FRED
I remember that. Almost caused another
riot.

EDDIE
In '77 Walter Payton came in here the day
after he rushed for 275 yards against
Minnesota. And the Vikings was tough.
But Sweetness ran all through 'em. I
lined him up right in this chair. There
go the picture right there.

AN OLD WALL PHOTO shows Eddie cutting SOMEONE in his chair,
but that someone has a magazine in his face so we can't see
who it really is. Signature says WALTER "SWEETNESS" PAYTON.

JIMMY
How do we know that's really Payton?

EDDIE
Boy, the signature say Sweetness. What
else you want?

JIMMY
A real picture.

Jimmy's customer, a 10 YEAR OLD BOY, moves his head and Jimmy
yanks it back in place.

BOY
Ahhhh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY
See that's your fault. I said to keep
your head still, you wouldn't do it.
That's your fault.

The Boy gets up and looks in the mirror. A HUGE patch is in
his head.

BOY
I got a patch in my head!

JIMMY
I said, keep your head still.

The Boy starts to cry.

BOY
(while crying)
You gon' have me lookin' like a sucka.

Jimmy works hard to try to repair the damage:

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

A black vintage Caddy, white walls, the whole nine, pulls up.
LESTER WALLACE (60's, black), who just might be the devil,
steps out of the passenger door. He has a suspiciously full
head of hair, blood-shot eyes-- creepy, scary.

He pauses and grabs his right hand with his left. That right
hand is strangely stiff-- Lester adjusts it.

CLOSE ON HAND, PROSTHETIC MADE OF STEEL. Even though the hand
is fake it's painted flesh-tone brown and has Lee Press-On
nails so it kinda looks real. In an eerie way.

JANELLE is in the doorway of Divas propping the door open.
She glances up at Lester entering the barbershop.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

As Lester enters the barbershop all eyes glance up at him.
Eddie stops eating, not enthused by Lester's presence.

LESTER
How's everybody today?

CALVIN
Mr. Wallace...

LESTER
Hello, Calvin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Isaac spins his chair anxiously waiting for a customer.

ISAAC

Ah'ight who's ne...?

But the spinning chair bumps Lester's hand as he walks by. The hand is dislodged. It lands heavily on the floor and goes sliding through afro hair. It skids right up to Jimmy's chair where the Boy with the patch freaks out at the sight.

BOY

Ahhh!!

(starts crying again)

ISAAC

My bad!

Calvin closes his eyes in frustration.

Isaac rushes over to the hand, grabs it, rushes back to Lester with it. He brushes off the hair then hands it to him.

Lester holds an evil, angry glare on Isaac before actually taking the hand back. He re-attaches it.

CALVIN

(steps forward)

Let's go in the back.

As Calvin and Lester walk by Eddie, Lester gives Eddie a nod.

LESTER

Eddie.

EDDIE

Nigga.

Calvin and Lester go into the back room, shut the door.

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LESTER

Calvin, I'm glad you finally called me back. Started thinkin' you didn't like ole' Lester.

CALVIN

(apprehensive)

Now...I know you just bought Big Carl's Auto Garage, but I wanna be sure everything'll be okay here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTER

Didn't I tell you I'm a man of my word?

Calvin doesn't answer as Lester draws an envelope from his coat. But Lester holds it back before handing it over.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Calvin, if you can't keep up with the bills you're gonna lose the shop and get nothing.

(beat)

Or you can sell to me and make sure the sign outside that window always says "Barbershop."

Calvin thinks about all these options. He swallows a lump.

CALVIN

This shop wore my father out-- interest payments, property taxes, overhead-- spent his whole life playin' catch up. Not me, Mr. Wallace. Not me.

Lester smiles, hands Calvin the envelope.

LESTER

\$20,000, that's your buy-out. I'll take over the bank payments as we discussed. I'll get the paper work to ya next week.

CALVIN

Great.

(beat)

Mr. Wallace...you will keep the barbershop open? Right?

LESTER

Calvin, I'm a business man. A barbershop ain't exactly a cash cow. I'm gon' open up a gentlemen's club.

CALVIN

Wait...you just said the sign outside would always say barbershop.

LESTER

Oh, it will. It's gon' be called The Barbershop. I'ma use the whole theme. The girls gon' dress up like barbers, they'll give you a trim...then they'll give you some trim.

(a lustful grin)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 121

Calvin looks horrified. Lester walks out leaving Calvin holding the envelope. Calvin opens the envelope, sees it's filled with \$100 bills-- twenty grand.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Lester walks back through the shop.

RICKY glances into the open locker room door and sees Calvin's expression of discomposure.

As Lester walks by, Ricky fixes a glare on him. Lester meets Ricky's glare. It's a glare down and Ricky holds his ground. Then Lester suddenly smiles.

LESTER

You have a good day now.

Ricky's face doesn't budge-- a straight up gangsta glare.

Lester walks out. He holds the door for a YOUNG MOM, fine enough to stop ALL conversation in the shop as she enters. She smiles and makes her way to the Boy still crying in Jimmy's chair.

MOM

Boy, stop all that cryin'. What's wrong, witchu?

BOY

He cut a patch in my head!

Jimmy offers an explanation.

JIMMY

He kept moving...

She bends to inspect it. All eyes are on her bend.

YOUNG MOM

It don't look that bad.

BOY

(whines)

Yes it does...

Calvin re-enters from the back looking disheveled.

RICKY

Big C, everything alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN

Yeah.
(beat)
Everything'll be fine.

YOUNG MOM

...just think of it as a new style.
Before you know it, everybody gone be
walkin' 'round with a patch in they head.

BOY

(still crying)
No they wor't.

YOUNG MOM

(to Jimmy)
That means it's free, right?

JIMMY

Free?!

YOUNG MOM

You cut a patch in his head.

Jimmy wants to argue, but he can't. She's too fine.

JIMMY

Okay.

Young Mom leads the boy out of the shop. Everyone in the shop
watches in silence as they make their way out the door. As
soon as it closes, conversations resume.

EVERYBODY

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYKIEIEMMM!

Customers are giving each other pounds.

Isaac is staring out the window at the robbery scene--

ISAAC

I can't believe somebody drove into the
damn store like that.

EDDIE

Now, see, I told Sittin' Bull across the
street over there not to put a damn "cash
machine" in his store, see. Cause niggas
don't know how to act.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALVIN

(loud so everyone can hear)
That's why you can't do business in the ghetto-- you get cheated, robbed, vandalized. I mean who's next-- Janeille next door? Me? I'm not waitin' for no fools to shut me down.

CUSTOMER ROB

That's why black folks can't have nothin'.

TERRI

Apparently neither can Indian folks.

Ricky goes to the phone again, picks up and dials.

JIMMY

Swami's not Indian, he's Pakistani. From Pakistan.

EDDIE

Well he can pack and stand on that corner all he wants to. But if Tonto keep on, he's libel to get shot in the ass.

JIMMY

Swami is not Native American! He's not Indian, Arab, Mexican, or Eskimo. The man is from Pakistan!

Ricky holds the phone to his ear but just hears ringing-- his call isn't being answered. He hangs up, annoyed.

INT. STONEY PALMS PROJECTS (BILLY'S APARTMENT) - DAY

KITCHEN

Where BIG MAMA (60's, black) steps up to her kitchen counter. In the background we hear a radio broadcast about the ATM robbery-- George Wallace's Morning Show.

She glances at the radio as the reporter describes how a truck drove through a store window. Big Mama shakes her head.

BIG MAMA

That's 'cause somebody ain't raise they kids right.

HALLWAY

GABBY, Big Mama's 7 year old daughter (and Billy's sister), pushes down the hall on a Razor Scooter.

BILLY'S BEDROOM

ATM is on the floor. JD tries to pry it open with a crow bar.
Billy stands over him.

BILLY

First thing I'ma do is hook up my grill.
Platinum. Get a letter on each roof,
spell out my name--

JD

(re. bedroom door)
Did you lock the door?

BILLY

Yeah, I ain't stupid..

The door opens-- there stands Gabby holding a key. Billy is startled.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Get outta here, Gabby!

GABBY

What're ya'll...
(she sees ATM)
Dooo!

BILLY

Girl, you don't even know what this is.

GABBY

Yes I do.

JD

Yeah, you know it's a video game. Right,
Gabby?

GABBY

(attitude)
Video game? That don't look like no
Playstation 2.

BILLY

It's the new one-- Playstation 3.

GABBY

No it ain't. It look like a cash machine
to me. And this ain't no supermarket so
I'ma tell mama.

Billy grabs Gabby, pulls her in the room and shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY
You can't tell nobody about this.

GABBY
Then you got to pay me.
(holds out hand)

Billy looks at her angrily. JD huffs then pulls out some money. He hands her \$10. Her hand is still out. He hands her another \$10. Her hand is still out. Hands her \$10 more.

BILLY
That's it. And we promise not to kill you in yo sleep.

Gabby sticks out her tongue then walks out, closes the door behind her-- and locks it. Billy glances at JD.

JD
Don't say shit. You know we can't trust that girl, we gotta move this somewhere else. But now we gotta figure out how to get it across town.

BILLY
The same way we stole it. Your cousin's truck.

JD
Not after what happened. That fool'll go crazy. That nigga's had news.
(beat)
Real bad news.

INT. STONEY PALMS PROJECTS / STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

JD and Billy are moving the ATM back down the steps--
struggling.

The same LARGE FAT BLACK MAN walks up at the bottom of the steps eating a subway sandwich. JD glances down at Fat Man thinking "Oh shit, not again." Fat Man glares up at JD. JD glares back-- stalemate.

Fat Man takes a huge bite then starts walking up the stairs. He bumps into the ATM with his large stomach. The guys all stagger with the heavy machine. Fat Man forces his body through, but JD's hand gets caught under the ATM--

CLOSE ON THE ATM SMASHING JD'S HAND AGAINST THE RAIL

JD
Agh!...

INT. BARBERSHOP - MAIN AREA

Calvin, looking agitated, cuts Customer Rodney's hair.
Rodney is staring out the window at the convenience store.

CUSTOMER RODNEY

That ATM probably got \$15-20 G's in it.

CALVIN

No ATM in a black neighborhood got
\$15,000 in it.

JIMMY

Well I read that ATM's are worth more
than the money in 'em.

TERRI

I wish the money in it was mine.

ISAAC

If it was me, after I bought myself some
new gear, I'd use some money and take my
girl out to a real nice dinner.

(beat)

Red Lobster.

DINKA

Now that's upscale.

JIMMY

Red Lobster is the THOP of shellfish.
That is not upscale.

ISAAC

Don't hate. Just 'cause you kickin' it at
Taco Bell and we eatin' scampis and
scrimps, scallops and shit.

JIMMY

Man, you are ignorant. Probably don't
know what a scallop is.

(beat)

Did ya'll know a scallop isn't even a
shellfish?

TERRI

Did you know that you get on my nerves?

CALVIN

I heard Evander Hollyfield gonna open a
Red Lobster inside a church he's
building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

How in the world can you call yourself a man of God when you swingin' dick through half the state of Georgia? That nigga got thirteer kids by six different women...

ISAAC

He's an athlete. Regular standards don't apply. So long as Evander Hollyfield gets up in a ring and makes millions---

JIMMY

But thirteer kids by six women? What the hell was he doin'?

RICKY

Yeah but you know pussy's bein' offered, what's the man supposed to do, turn down pannies? Look at Shawn Kemp!

TERRI

But them fools got no sense. Shawn Kemp got babies and babies' mamas in 4 different area codes.

ISAAC

That's them gold diggers comin' after him. Ain't his fault he's paid.

TERRI

He can't wear a damn condom?

CHECKERS FRED

Condoms expensive.

Terri cuts a disbelieving look at Checkers Fred.

HUSTLE GUY walks in with armful of bottles.

HUSTLE GUY

Got weight loss products. Slim Fast, Diet Pepsi, Lite Beer from Miller. Anybody? Anybody?

CALVIN

(glances up)

We cool, brah.

Ricky is trying to give his customer a shave, but he can't get as close as he should. And the Customer almost looks uncomfortable. Eddie watches for a beat, then gets up.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE
Hey. Hey, boy.
(turns to Calvin)
What the hell is that boy's name?

CALVIN
Ricky.

EDDIE
Yeah. Ricky. What the hell you doin' over
there, boy?

Ricky looks up, indicates the obvious.

RICKY
Just tryin' to get my man smooth like
them Gillete commercials.

EDDIE
See that's the problem with y'all today.

Eddie comes over to the Customer, takes his face in one hand,
turning it from side to side.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Ya just watch TV and listen to Jiggs DMX-
Ray, but don't know shit.
(to the Customer)
Do you mind?

The Customer shakes his head "no". Everyone watches Eddie as
he goes back to his chair.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(to shop)
Back in my day, a barber was more than
just somebody in a FOBU shirt with his
drawers all out.

CLOSE ON SMALL MAHOGANY CASE

As Eddie's hands dip into frame to open the case. Inside the
case are TWO beautiful STRAIGHT RAZORS. Polished steel blade.
Mother of pearl handles. Sterling silver accents.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Back in my day, a barber was like a one
stop shop. Counselor. Style Coach. Pimp.

ON RAZOR AND LEATHER as Eddie sharpens the blade on the
leather strap to the side of his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CALVIN glances around at old photos on the wall-- celebrities, old barbers from back in the day, folks from the neighborhood. Basically a photo history of the shop.

ON SHAVING BOWL as Eddie mixes shaving cream with a brush; then applies the shaving cream to customer's face.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You lil niggas these days got no direction, see. No skills. No heart. No sense of history.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF CALVIN AND HIS DAD STANDING WITH TWO BLACK PANTHERS IN BLACK BERETS WITH RAISED FISTS

CLOSE ON CUSTOMER'S NECK as Eddie glides the razor over his skin. Skillfully.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

And with a straight face, you got the nerve to wanna be sumthin'.

ON ENTIRE SHOP where all present watch a master at work.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm old, see. But Lord willin', I will be spared the sight of everything we built up - caved in by fools who just don't know any better.

Eddie throws a glance at Calvin. Calvin squirms with guilt.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Calvin!

Calvin nearly jumps out of his skin--

CALVIN

Huh?!

Calvin looks up at Jennifer standing by his chair looking pissed.

JENNIFER

We need to talk.

TNT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer shuts the door behind her then faces Calvin.

JENNIFER

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN
What do you mean?

JENNIFER
Janelle from next door called me and said
Lester Wallace was in here.

Calvin frowns.

CALVIN
I wish Janelle would stay out my
business.

JENNIFER
Since when did you start goin' business
with a loan shark like Lester Wallace?

CALVIN
He's not a lone shark, Jen. He's just a
business man from the streets.

JENNIFER
And why was he here?

Without missing a beat--

CALVIN
To get a hair cut.

JENNIFER
(hand on hip)
Lester Wallace wears a toupee.

Beat, busted. Calvin leads her to a chair and she eases into
it with her plump stomach. Her energy is like "This better
be good!" Calvin takes out the envelope and hands it to her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
What's this?

CALVIN
Open it.

Jennifer hesitates, looks at Calvin then back at the
envelope. She opens it. Her lips part in astonishment.
Then she looks even more pissed than before.

JENNIFER
What did you do?

Calvin sits down in a chair beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALVIN
I sold the shop.

JENNIFER
You what?!

CALVIN
Shhh. keep your voice down.

She struggles to her feet.

JENNIFER
Calvin, you sold your father's barbershop
to Lester Wallace?

CALVIN
Jen, think about it. Now I can get in on
these satellite TV boxes...

JENNIFER
Satellite boxes?! You almost
electrocuted yourself this morning!

CALVIN
Shhh! I'm trying to do something big
here, Jen. I'm not trying to be stuck in
some little barbershop the rest of my
life.

(beat)
I did this for us.

JENNIFER
Us?!

CALVIN
Yes. You, me and the baby. The bank was
gonna foreclose on the shop if I didn't
do something. But now the monkey's off
my back.

Jennifer flings the envelope across the room into a wall... A
few hundreds fall out onto the floor.

JENNIFER
Your grandfather opened this shop.
Calvin. He handed it down to your father
who ran it for 20 years before he left it
to you.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

And I watched my father WOMX his ass off trying to catch up on bills which drove his blood pressure up and killed him just like it killed my grandfather! Is that what you want?! Me to have a stroke or a heart attack 10 years from now?!

CUT TO:

JUST OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM

Dinka is leaning near the door trying to hear Calvin and Jen's argument.

EDDIE

What they sayin'?

DINKA

Something about a monkey coming back, but his ass has too much pressure.

Everyone looks confusedly at each other.

CUT BACK TO:

LOCKER ROOM

Jennifer takes a deep breath, composes herself.

JENNIFER

Calvin, you act like this barbershop is so "little" and insignificant.

CALVIN

It's just a barbershop. I mean... I'm tryin' to give you the world, Jen.

JENNIFER

I don't need the world, Calvin. I don't need Oprah's house.

CALVIN

But bills need to be paid. This ain't no church. It's a business that don't make money.

JENNIFER

That's not the point. Your father wasn't here for the sake of a dollar.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

Everybody's always talkin' about my father! Well guess what-- I'm not him! I have my own life and I want it to mean something.

Jennifer stares at Calvin a moment.

JENNIFER

So it's not about "us" afterall, Calvin. It's about you.

Calvin remains silent.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You know what, this is too much for me right now. You gon' mess around and send me into premature labor.

Jennifer walks to the door, pauses. She glances back at Calvin-- total disappointment in her eyes. She walks out.

CUT TO:

JUST OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM

Dinka, Terri, Jimmy and Eddie scramble to act like they weren't up on the door listening. Each of them holds a cleaning item: rag, broom, dust pan, mop-- as if they're cleaning real good right outside the locker room door.

Jennifer looks at all of them, scowls, then walks thru.

JIMMY

(stops sweeping)
I still couldn't hear nuthin'.

DINKA

Something about Oprah is his baby's mama, they met in church, but the money is insignificant.

Everyone looks confused.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

JD and Billy struggle up an icy handicap ramp of a cheap motel-- they're pushing the "object" covered in the bedsheet. But Billy spots someone across the parking lot--

BILLY

Held up, there go that nigga Jay.

(CONTINUED)

Billy slides awkwardly down the icy ramp then takes off after the guy.

JD
(really struggling)
Hey! What 'chu doin'!?

JD's CELL PHONE starts ringing. But the entire weight of the object is on him.

JD (CONT'D)
Yo...

He struggles to pull out his phone, but the object slides on the ice, falls back into JD, rolls over his knee.

JD (CONT'D)
Aghr!!

Then slides down the ramp. JD clutches his knee in pain, drops his phone then tumbles down the ramp himself.

EXT. CHECK CASHING OUTLET - CONTINUOUS

Billy runs up on JAY (16, black) outside a check cashing place. Before Jay knows what's happening, Billy grabs him.

BILLY
Yeah got 'cho ass, where my money at?

JAY
What money?

BILLY
Aw, don't act like you don't know.

JAY
I'ma pay you, man. Just get off me.

Billy and Jay continue to wrestle. JD comes hobbling up on a gimp leg as a small crowd starts to gather.

JD
(wincing in pain, sweating)
Yo man, what are you doing?

Jay escapes Billy's grip.

BILLY
Man you let him get away.
(pleading his case to JD)
That nigga owe me five dollars from a crap game, man.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

(now from a safe distance)
I ain't payin' yo' ass shit!

BILLY

Don't let me catch you! You lucky I
didn't have on my Jordan's!

JAY

Fuck you bitch. Be-arch!

Billy goes to chase after him. JD grabs Billy by the arm and
pulls him to the side.

JD

Five dollars? Five dollars...
(to mad to speak)
You gon' cause a scene in public for five
dollars.

BILLY

Well yeah, and for less than that.

JD moves Billy down the street.

JD

What's the matter with you man?

BILLY

He owe me money, man!

JD

Five dollars? We got fifty thousand
dollars back at the motel and you gonna
draw attention to yourself for five
dollars. Five dollars?!

BILLY

It ain't about money, man. It's the
principle. He owe me money, he 'posed to
pay! I ain't goin' out like a sucka.

JD

You ain't goin' out like a sucka?
(after a moment of thought)
We gone get caught. You know why we gone
get caught? Because there's always one
stupid nigga in the bunch, mess it up for
ev'rybody else. You that nigga.

INT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

JD and Billy finally get the ATM into the motel room, albeit with great effort. They both collapse on the floor in exhaustion.

JD

(catching breath)

Okay...now we got privacy, work on this ATM. But first, I'ma go get a band aid for my leg. Don't do nothin' stupid. Ah'right?

JD then rolls up his pant leg to check on his leg. We can't see what he and Billy see.

BILLY

Damn, yo leg is jacked!

JD

Man, it's just a bruise.

ON JD'S KNEE-- twisted, pussing, swollen like a GRAPEFRUIT

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

AS THEME SONG PLAYS...

MONTAGE OF VARIOUS HAIR CUTS IN PROGRESS: A FADE, TAPER, BALD HEAD, CAVATIS, LINE UP, ETC.

PUSH IN ON A CUSTOMER (JOE) IN CALVIN'S CHAIR-- Calvin hands Joe a hand mirror. It becomes SILENT as if time has stopped-- Joe meticulously examines his hair cut, tilts his head, checks the top, turns the mirror, looks behind his ear...

CALVIN observes, waits. Customers in the waiting area wait. The other barbers have paused from cutting.

Then it looks like Joe is done examining himself. BUT suddenly he swings the mirror down and away to an obscure angle-- more examining. Finally Joe glances up at Calvin. The verdict: a simple nod.

Sighs of relief all around. Joe stands, hands Calvin money. Joe leafs through more money and peels off a couple extra bills for a tip, but notices the "Johnny Shoe Fund" can--

CUSTOMER JOE

That's for Johnny Brown?

(CONTINUED)

Calvin nods but has a smirk on his face. He holds out his hand for the tip, but Joe drops the tip money in the can and strolls out.

LAMAR, the nappy brotha with the ill fitting cheap suit, walks in. He strolls right up to Calvin's chair, sits down.

CUSTOMER LAMAR

Hook me up, Cal.

Another customer stands up in the waiting area--

WAITING CUSTOMER

Hey, I was next...

CUSTOMER LAMAR

I was here earlier, bruh.

Calvin, annoyed, looks at Lamar.

CALVIN

You got any money?

CUSTOMER LAMAR

Man, I got 'cha money. Damn.

Calvin shakes his head, reluctantly throws the cape on Lamar.

ON DOORWAY as a LADY (40's) in a Sunday dress (even though it's Saturday) walks in holding a Bible.

CHURCH LADY

Good afternoon everyone.

Moans and groans all around then--

EVERYONE

Good afternoon, Ms. Montgomery.

Checkers Fred eats a sandwich and plays checkers with another customer. The customer glances at Church Lady-- Checkers Fred uses the distraction and slides a checker across the board...he's cheating.

CHURCH LADY

God is good! Gave you enough money that you could get 'cha hair cut today and look good when you come to church tomorrow.
Amen!

Eddie rolls his eyes. Church Lady focuses her gaze on him.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

I got tickets for the Bears/Packers tomorrow, that's my church.

CHURCH LADY

And that's why ya wife left you, cuz you ain't right wit' Jesus. Need to get born again.

Eddie angrily sits up.

EDDIE

My wife left me cuz I was cheatin' wit' 'chu! How the hell you gon' be born again after all the nasty shit you did! You used to make the bonty clap like a standin' ovation! I know where you come from, who you been wit' and how many times so don't preach to the preacher!

Church Lady is stunned. Everyone stares in disbelief. Church Lady takes a deep breath trying to muster some dignity. Composed, she turns to Calvin.

CHURCH LADY

Calvin, I hope to see you there tomorrow. I'ma save a seat for you.

CALVIN

Thank you, Ms. Montgomery.

Church Lady quickly walks out. Calvin finishes up Lamar-- Lamar looks much better.

JIMMY

Did ya'll know that Jesus wasn't ever Christian? He was Jewish.

RICKY

Why you always throwin' out random trivia like you know everything?

JIMMY

Because being educated guarantees I won't spend the rest of my life behind bars. Unlike some people.

All eyes focus on Ricky. And he's PISSED!

CALVIN

Can't ya'll not argue for one day? You're like two little kids. I don't wanna hear no more a' this. Alright? Jimmy?

JIMMY

Alright.

(beat)

I can't get too worked up in here anyway.
It's not like this barbershop is the end
of the line for me.

Calvin, getting more agitated as the day wears on, removes
the cape from Lamar who gets up and goes over to the FARTHEST
mirror to examine his head.

ISAAC

Jimmy, you can do a lot worse than bein'
a barber.

JIMMY

And a lot better.

TERRI

Why you such an asshole, Jimmy?

JIMMY

If being an asshole means wanting more
for myself like making a good living,
owning a home and having a nice car, then
I'm a big wide open booty orifice,
because that's what I want for my life.

Calvin waits impatiently for Lamar to pay him and leave, but
Lamar is all in the mirror.

CUSTOMER LAMAR

Yeah, that's the look... Calvin, you like
the black Picasso...

ISAAC

Bein' a barber is a respectable
occupation. I wanna be up on the mural,
maybe even own my own shop. Hell, I
might take over this one if Calvin don't
pass it down to his son.

This statement jars Calvin.

JIMMY

Man, you will not own a black barbershop.

ISAAC

If I want to I will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TERRI

If Tony Roma can make ribs better than black people, Isaac can own a black barbershop.

JIMMY

What?! Tony Roma boils his ribs! That shit is not authentic! And you can't even compare them to black people's ribs.

DINKA

But they are delicious. I don't see white or black. I just see red-- red sauce on everything.

CALVIN

Hey, Jimmy's makes a good point. At least he's thinking about his future. He's got plans.

TERRI

I like cuttin' hair, Calvin.

DINKA

A barber is a craftsman. It's respectable and I must admit I like it. So I guess I agree with Terri.

JIMMY

You agree with anything Terri say.

Dinka flashes a coy grin at Terri. She rolls her eyes.

Then Lamar BOLTS for the door! Calvin jumps--

CALVIN

Hey...hey!

Lamar shoves the door open and runs out into the street. Calvin runs out from behind his chair and goes outside--

EXT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN

Lamar!!

Lamar is way up the street sprinting around the corner, leaning as if on a banking turn.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Don't bring yo' ass back here!

(beat)

Damn!!

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Calvin angrily walks back inside.

CALVIN

See?! That's why you can't do business
in the ghetto!

EXT. DIVA'S HAIR SALON - DAY

BIG MAMA (Billy's mother) steps out of Diva's with her hair
hooked up. Gabby is by her side.

TERRI walks by from the opposite direction carrying a paper
bag, passing Big Mama. We track with Terri into--

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

TERRI

(stops front and center)

I got an announcement to make. I bought
some more apple juice. I don't want
nobody to drink it. Show some decency and
respect for other people's shit. Now, I
know ya'll are gonna get thirsty, like
niggas often do. But when you look in the
refrigerator and see my apple juice,
don't drink it.

(to Jimmy)

Resist the urge!

JIMMY

What you lookin' at me for?

TERRI

Whatever. People, I'm asking you nicely,
please don't drink my apple juice or
there will be repercussions.

JIMMY

(flips her off)

Yeah, repercussion this.

TERRI

(holding her breasts)

Repercussion these.

The PHONE rings. Dinka picks it up.

DINKA

Barbershop?

(beat, annoyed)

Oh... Terri, it's Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

Terri tries to stay angry, strong, but her hesitation gives away the fact that she's weakening. She walks over to take the phone from Dinka, but she stops, pulls her hand back.

TERRI

No...wait. I'm sick a' him.
(beat, exhales)
I ain't here.

DINKA

(into phone)
I know you heard that.
(hangs up)

Barbers and customers applaud. Terri actually lets a smile escape her face.

CUSTOMER DARREL

Don't clap. She'll be runnin' back to him in a hour like she always do.

TERRI

(picks something up)
Don't make me run this hot comb up yo ass.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Calvin stoops down in debris in the Convenience Store looking for a specific drink. He finds it and heads to the counter.

Swami stands behind the counter and smiles warmly.

SWAMI

I should thank you.

CALVIN

For what?

SWAMI

This morning...I made such a spectacle of myself.

(beat)

Your words were kind. I believe they were...Stay strong...

(beat)

Brother.

CALVIN

Yeah, something like that.

(CONTINUED)

SWAMI

For one brief embarrassing moment I chose to give up. But your words were just the reminder I needed. Succinct and profound. Perhaps insignificant to you but...

(beat)

Sometimes I think we are unaware of how the little things for us -- can be so huge for others.

A beat. Both men ponder this.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

And I do find it amusing that the people who stole my ATM will not get any money out of it.

CALVIN

Why won't they get money out of it?

SWAMI

Because there is no money in it. It's brand new. It had not even been loaded yet.

Calvin shakes his head, smiles wryly, bemused by it all. He looks around at Swami's half-demolished store.

CALVIN

So what're you gonna do now?

SWAMI

I rebuild. Fix the store and stay right here. The fight must go on.

Calvin nods. Letting that soak in.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Either that or go back to India.

CALVIN

India? I thought you were from Pakistan.

SWAMI

(chuckling)

Oh heaven's no. Who would tell you such a thing?

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

A brand new Nissan Altima is parked outside the barbershop. An ANGRY BLACK WOMAN walks up carrying a baseball bat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

53.

And commences to beating the car with it-- shatters the side mirror.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Isaac is the first to notice.

ISAAC

Yo, check it out...

Everyone looks out the window at the woman beating the car. And they ALL scurry to the window to gawk.

JIMMY

Now that's wrong.

TERRI

Whoever he is he musta' did some dumb shit to piss her off.

A customer, ARTIS, is laying back with his head in the sink, cutter's cape on and a towel over his eyes. He grins listening to the commotion even though he can't see anything.

CUSTOMER ARTIS

Somebody beatin' on somebody's car?

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Ricky walks outside to get a better look as ANGRY WOMAN SHATTERS A SIDE WINDOW...

INT. BARBERSHOP - SAME

ISAAC

Damn!

CUSTOMER ARTIS

(grinning, but still can't see)
She doin' it, huh? If she really wanna get him, crack that windshield.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

ANGRY WOMAN is now on top of the car's roof and SMASHES the windshield with the bat!

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE

DAAAAAAYUMM!!

CUSTOMER ARTIS

What kinda car is it?

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

I think it's a Nissan...Altima.

CUSTOMER ARTIS

Hey, that's a good car. I just got one.
What color is it?

JIMMY

Silver.

CUSTOMER ARTIS

(hesitant)

Do it have Dayton rims on it?

Everyone looks at Artis, says nothing. Artis slings the towel off his face and jumps up panicked--

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

ANGRY WOMAN is bashing the windshield-- thoroughly.

Risky lights a cigarette and calmly observes her like he's watching a show.

ANGRY WOMAN

(from atop the car's roof)

Think you can play me?! Unh uh, you
don't dog me out! Oh hell no!

Then ARTIS comes running out of the barbershop, his hair half processed dripping with curl activator.

CUSTOMER ARTIS

Hey! That's my car!

Angry Woman pauses, out of breath.

ANGRY WOMAN

Wha...your car? This ain't Malcolm
Brown's car?

CUSTOMER ARTIS

Hell naw! I just bought this damn car!

ANGRY WOMAN

Oh...it look like Malcolm's car...

(beat)

My bad.

Angry Woman climbs off the car, drops the hat and runs away.

CUSTOMER ARTIS

Hey, you gotta pay for this shit! Hey!!

(CONTINUED)

Dinka comes out of the shop looking curious. Ricky picks up the baseball bat.

DINKA

I hope I never make a woman that angry.

Just then TWO FINE WOMEN stroll by.

FINE WOMAN

Hey, Ricky.

Both women wave. Ricky grins, gives a nod.

RICKY

'Sup.

Dinka smiles, knows he's talking to the right man.

DINKA

So, what advice can you offer a guy like me on the art of wooing women?

RICKY

On what?

DINKA

Getting the hook up, the digits, the skins, fill nana, snappy nappy, cochie wally...

RICKY

Okay, I get it.

(beat)

Look, just be yourself.

DINKA

I'm big boned, Rick. Hefty. Rotund.

(beat)

There's too much of myself to go around.

RICKY

Yo, hold up. Plenty a' fat niggas pullin' good ass. Just look at Biggie, Heavy D.

DINKA

They were world famous rappers. I, on the other hand, am an overweight barber from West Africa with a fondness for poetry.

Ricky thinks about this. Then shakes his head, not willing to let Dinka be defeated.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Man, attitude is what puts you on.
Confidence.

DINKA

(trying to follow)
Okay...

RICKY

She gotta know that at a moment's notice
you won't hesitate for a second to put a
pimp hand down on Jesus himself if he
made the mistake of disrespectin' her.
(leans in close)

How do you think Captain Kirk got all
that pussy?

Epiphany like a motherfucker! Dinka's eyes go wide, grins.

DINKA

Thank you, brotha!

Dinka grabs Ricky, gives him a big bear hug. Ricky is caught
off guard, his feet actually lift off the ground.

RICKY

Okay, okay. It's cool. Damn.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

CALVIN steps out sipping his Yahoo. He glances up--

SEQUENCE

Notices Ricky and Dinka's bonding moment across the street.
Then glances at Artis who is now being consoled by Jimmy.
Then notices a real tall kid, JOHNNY BROWN (black, 14) in a
basketball jersey with the name "J. BROWN." He dribbles a
basketball up the street. Calvin glances down at the kid's
shoes--

CLOSE ON RAGGEDY HIGH TOPS, A BIG TOE POKING OUT

Then Customer Sam steps out of the shop followed by Isaac and
Terri-- Ricky, Dinka and Jimmy join them. They present Johnny
with the Shoe Fund Car. Johnny is shocked and all smiles--
very grateful.

Calvin looks at the genuine sense of pride and happiness on
young Johnny's face. A warm smile starts to spread across
Calvin's face.

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM

Calvin goes over to the phone. He picks up and dials. Then--

CALVIN
Mr. Wallace? It's me, Calvin. I need to
talk to you...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Billy sits on the bed in a cloud of smoke toking a joint. His high is really kickin' in as he stares at the ATM in front of him.

BILLY
I'ma get a tatoo 'cross my chest-- "Nigga
Raw"...

Billy casually rests his hand against the bedspread. It catches on fire but he doesn't notice.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Get a Bentley wit' some Daycons on it...

The smoke from the burning bedsheet rises up to a SMOKE DETECTOR. It starts BLARING loudly! But he's still focused on the ATM.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Yeah okay, you ain't tryin' to give it
up, but I'ma get that. Yeah, bitch betta'
have my money...
(notices fire)
Oh shit!

He grabs a burning pillow and starts swatting the burning bed with it. Then a POWERFUL SPRINKLER begins raining down. The fire goes out but Billy and the whole room are soaked.

Billy glances up at the wailing alarm. He grabs a chair, carries it over, stands up on the bed and raises the chair like a weapon to smash the alarm. But--

There's a KNOCK at the door. Billy looks up.

EXT. DOOR

A gum chewin', fat, trailer-trash WOMAN is at the door.

WOMAN
What's that smell?!

INTERCUT

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

What?!

WOMAN

I'm the manager! I'm calling the cops!

BILLY

Bitch call the cops then!

WOMAN

Okay.

BILLY

(afraid)

Ah'ight, ah'ight! Hol' up!

Billy drops the chair, runs and opens the door and steps into the hallway.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Manager Woman is already at the end of the hall. She waves Billy off without even turning around.

BILLY

Damn!

As Manager Woman rushes down the stairs, JD comes up the stairs limping right past her with his bed leg and carrying a fast food bag. He hears the alarm, becomes concerned, hobbles faster.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy is back on the bed holding up the chair again. He swings it and SMASHES the alarm. He hits it again until it finally stops blaring.

JD steps into the room staring in shock at Billy on the bed, and the burnt, wet carnage around him.

JD

Wh... what happened?

Billy looks at JD with that stupid expression but doesn't say anything.

MOMENTS LATER...

They're pushing the ATM in the alleyway. JD motions for Billy to stop. They're clear.

JD calmly waves for Billy to come to him.

(CONTINUED)

JD (CONT'D)

Man, you got to be out of your mind! That
shit you just pulled...

(can't get words out - switches
gear)

Do you wanna go to jail? Cause that shit
back there -- that's the kinda shit
that'll get us busted.

(calms down)

Okay, here's what we gon' go. I'ma move
this to my Grandmama's house. You go see
what the word on the street is. Can you
handle that? You want me write down for
you? Go hang at the barber shop, keep
your mouth shut. And most importantly, be
inconspicuous.

BILLY

(nodding)

Inconspicuous.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

CLOSE ON BILLY-- LAUGHING

BILLY

Wah!!!!!!

Eddie stares at Billy like he's an idiot.

EDDIE

Wasn't that damn funny.

Calvin is pointing to the photo of the black panthers crying
to make a point--

CALVIN

I'm just sayin' that the black panthers
were about something. Martin Luther
King, Jesse, Rosa Parks. Everybody back
then was deep.

EDDIE

Man, please. Who the hell is Rosa Parks?

TERRI

(upset)

Who's Rosa Parks?

JIMMY

She's only the pioneer of the civil
rights movement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Why? Because she sat her ass down on a bus?

CALVIN

(offended)

Eddie, Rosa Parks...

EDDIE

She was tired. That's what people do when they tired-- they sit the fuck down. But when I sat down they threw my ass in jail and I didn't hear from nobody for a week.

TERRI

You know what? This is a bad conversation.

HUSTLE GUY walks in with two portable computers.

HUSTLE GUY

Laptop? Anybody need a laptop?

CALVIN

(getting irritated)

Naw brah. We cool.

EDDIE

Look, I wouldn't say this in front of no white people---

Jimmy cuts a look at Isaac, but Isaac ignores him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

---but in front of ya'll I gotta come straight. Rosa Parks ain't do nothin' but sit her black ass down on a bus.

ISAAC

C'mon, Eddie...

EDDIE

Hold up, Back Street Boy, you might learn somethin'. What Rosa Parks has become is a symbol of the civil rights movement. Now true, I gotta give Rosa her props in that her act helped start the movement, but you know what, she damn sure ain't special, cuz a whole lotta black folk sat down on them busses and got thrown in jail, and they did it before she did it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Only thing different between them and her is that she was secretary at the NAACP, plus she knew Martin Luther King so she got publicity.

TERRI

I ain't even tryin' to hear this.

CALVIN

You done gon' too far, Eddie.

EDDIE

Look, black people gotta stop lying to themselves. There are three things black folk gotta admit. One: Rodney King deserved to get his ass beat for driving drunk. Two: QJ did it. And three: Rosa Parks ain't do shit but sit her black ass down on a bus.

The whole room is in shock. Silence.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I said it. Get silent if y'all want so, but the truth is the truth.

BILLY

I went to school wit' Rodney King and them's nephew and he can't drive either.

RICKY is glaring at Billy acting a fool. Billy notices the stare and for just a beat becomes uncomfortable.

JIMMY

There is something wrong about discussing Rosa Parks this way.

EDDIE

Man, this is a barbershop, alright? If we can't talk straight in a barbershop, then we can't talk straight nowhere. Ain't nothin' wrong with this. This is healthy dialogue.

CHECKERS FRED

But why tear down Rosa?

EDDIE

Ain't nobody exempt in a barbershop! You talk about whatever you wanna talk about.

CALVIN

This conversation has taken a bad turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHECKERS FRED

Well, better not let your boy Jesse Jackson hear you talk like that.

EDDIE

Fuck Jesse!

BILLY

(laughing)
Woowoo!

EDDIE

And that's all I got to say.

Eddie folds his arms and leans back. Billy's laughing-- he's having a ball. A MAIL MAN is seated amongst the customers--

MAIL MAN

Man, I love this place.

Calvin looks at his watch-- it's time. He grabs his jacket.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Calvin is bundled up as he walks a few blocks toward--

EXT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY - DAY

He crosses the parking lot of Big Carl's Auto Body past Lester's Caddy and heads inside.

INT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY, OFFICE - DAY

Calvin sits in front of an old desk. Standing beside Calvin glaring down at him is MONK, Lester's wimp-ass henchman. Monk is big, complexion blue-black with a few scars on his face.

Laying detached on the desk is the fake hand.

LESTER is on the other side of the desk in a big chair glaring. Calvin squirms. But then Lester smiles.

LESTER

Calvin, I've never come across anybody wantin' to just give my money back. The whole thing just... vexes me to be honest.

CALVIN

I understand that Mr. Wallace. And as God is my witness, vexin' you is the last thing I wanna do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN (CONT'D)

It's just...I had a change a' heart...there's a lotta history in that shop. If I do lose it I don't...you know...wanna lose it this way.

LESTER

(cocks a brow)

And what way is that? My money ain't good enough for you? I'm just some old street shit?

CALVIN

Now hold on Mr. Wallace...

LESTER

Try walkin' yo black ass into any white man's bank and you'll find out I'm the only friend you got!

Calvin is at a loss for words. He wasn't prepared for this.

LESTER (CONT'D)

And on the subject of money I gave you...a deal is a deal. The money's yours. The shop is mine.

(beat)

Course I'd be willin' to take it back and call the deal off if you get me the money by 7pm.

Calvin exhales, smiles with relief. Hands the envelope to Lester. Lester pushes the envelope back.

LESTER (cont'd)

\$40,000.

CALVIN

What? But that's double what you gave me. There's no way...

LESTER

Get out my office!

Intimidated, Calvin stands. He looks at Lester's fiery glare. Spontaneous reflex-- Calvin throws the envelope onto the desk then takes off running out the door!

LESTER (CONT'D)

What the...?!

Lester picks the money filled envelope up.

LESTER (cont'd)

Monk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monk is already out the door after Calvin--

LESTER (CONT'D)

Wait!

Monk comes back inside.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Give him his god-damn money!

Lester hands the envelope to Monk then Monk takes off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Monk sees Calvin booking down the street like Carl Lewis. Calvin darts in between some buildings. Monk runs after him, chases Calvin down an alley. Calvin climbs over a fence at the end of the alley just before Monk can grab him. Monk then notices a sign hanging crooked on that fence: BEWARE OF DOG. He waits for a moment.

We HEAR the ferocious snarl and bark of a pit bull.

Calvin appears at the top of the fence again climbing back over with lightening speed. He flings himself over and lands with a thud on the pavement.

Monk snatches Calvin to his feet, shoves him against the fence and slaps the envelope on his chest.

MONK

This money yours.

Monk lets Calvin go, walks away. Going by Monk in the opposite direction is

JD wheeling a blanket covered "object" on a dolly. We TRACK with him as he tries to gently push the dolly off a huge curb into the street. He hobbles around in front of the dolly to ease it down. It tilts off the curb then clangs loudly on the street. The "object" shifts and tilts over. Right onto JD's bad leg--

JD

Arghh!!

JD fights back tears, takes a deep breath and composes. He staggers to his feet. He grabs hold of the ATM which is now uncovered because the blanket has fallen off. Nervous, he glances around then quickly hoists it back onto the sidewalk into an upright position. He glances up the street and sees

A POLICE CAR just coming around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

JD nearly panics. He uses all his might and pushes the ATM across the sidewalk right up against a building. He then stands in front of it and pretends to make a transaction.

ON POLICE CAR pulling up. Two officers glance out at THE ATM which looks perfectly legitimate propped up against a wall as JD uses it.

OFFICER #1
You need some money?

OFFICER #2
Actually, yeah. I'll do quick cash.

The officers put the car in park, hop out. JD glances back and can't believe it. But he keeps his cool, continues his "transaction."

Then a CALL comes over the police dispatch radio.

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
Hey, that's us.

The officers about-face, get back in the car. And drive off. JD glances back, sighs with relief. Then he notices

AN OLD MAN standing 5 feet behind him WAITING to use the ATM. Then a student walks up and stands behind the old man. Then a business man with a briefcase. JD glances at the line and scowls.

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dinka walks into the lockerroom and sees Terri looking at a picture of her and Kevin. He takes a deep breath then marches up to Terri.

DINKA
I am Dinka Bugharo of the Ashanti. Yes, I am a bit stout, some might even say fat, but I come from a long line of great warriors. If you should ever feel afraid of anything you can put those fears to rest because I am here.

Terri stares at Dinka like he's an alien. Dinka sees she's not convinced and feels demoralized. He walks away.

TERRI
I'm sorry I fucked up your flowers and all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

66.

Dinka stops, but doesn't turn around.

TERRI (cont'd)
I'm sayin'... you know, they was real pretty.

Dinka is in shock. He turns around to face her.

DINKA
You talkin' to me?

TERRI
You the only one standin' there ain't you?

DINKA
This is true. This is true.

TERRI
I liked the card. I mean, like, what it said and all. It was real pretty. You wrote that yourself?

DINKA
No. Actually that's a... a love poem by a man named Pablo Neruda.

TERRI
Well... I don't even know who that is but... the nigga knows what to say.
(beat)
Got me feelin' all...gentle.

Terri looks down at the photo. Gets pissed. Smashes her fist down on it.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Men are so triflin'! I swear to God:
Dogs!! I'm done with Kevin this time!
(looks at Dinka, gains)
I ain't gone lie, when I read the card...
I got all sad. I wish so much... that
someone felt that way about me.

Dinka is amazed and a bit hurt by Terri's tunnel vision. Terri's attention returns to the picture. While Dinka slips quietly, back in the shop.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

KEVIN KING pulls up in front of the shop. He gets out with a bouquet of roses-- like the ones Dinka bought this morning. He walks into the shop.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

As TERRI goes back to her work station Dinka steps up to her.

DINKA

So, Terri...I know you have a boyfriend
and everything, but I was wondering...

But Terri is already distracted by the entrance of--

TERRI

Kevin...

RICKY

Kevy-Kev in the house...

ISAAC

What up, Kev...

Kevin grins, gives a nod to everyone. But doesn't break stride, goes right over to Terri.

KEVIN

Hey, baby.

Kevin steps right in front of Dinka, ignoring him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(hands her flowers)
These are for you.

Terri hesitates taking them-- trying to be strong. But then she melts and takes them. Then she just looks confused.

TERRI

(struggling)
Kevin...we need to talk...

Kevin can feel Dinka standing behind him. He glances back--

KEVIN

Yo, Super-Size-Me Mandela, get off my neck.

Dinka doesn't answer, just glares hard. Kevin looks Dinka up and down then turns his back on him again.

TERRI

So...I'm sayin, you know...I mean I'm not really sure what I'm sayin'...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

I love you, Terri. You know that and now everybody in here knows that.

Kevin grins, takes Terri's hand and starts leading her out of the shop. But Terri stops herself before they reach the door.

TERRI

No, wait.
(takes a breath)
I can't do this no more.

KEVIN

What?

TERRI

I need to move on, Kevin, like, I'm sayin'... maybe we should stop seeing each other...

KEVIN

You breakin' up with me?

Terri nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

But...look at you. You're fat.

Terri is momentarily stunned with hurt. But only momentarily. She quickly becomes angry black woman, steps in his face pointing her finger.

TERRI

Who the fuck do you think you are?! You lyin', cheatin', sorry-ass no good dog!

KEVIN

Terri, get your hand out my face.

TERRI

Or what?!!

Kevin glares a "Bitch, don't make me pimp slap you" glare.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I wish you would do sumpin'.

Terri jabs her finger into Kevin's forehead, shoves him back. Kevin reacts with a raised hand like he's gonna hit her.

The barbers all react, putting down their clippers ready to jump to Terri's defense. But Dinka is already on top of Kevin swinging haymakers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The barbers rush over to pull Dinka off, but Ricky holds up a hand--

RICKY

Hold up...

Ricky lets Dinka get in a few shots on Kevin's face. THEN

RICKY (CONT'D)

Okay.

Ricky and the others move in to separate them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

JD has the 'object' wrapped in the blanket again, on the dolly again pushing up the sidewalk. He's limping, struggling. But ain't givin' up. He pauses at a corner to catch his breath.

A car rolls by and SPLASHES slush and water all over him. Now he's freezing.

Then a GIANT SNOW PLOW pulls up. CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to show the plow is attached to an '82 YUGO, the tiny car, tilting forward under the weight of the massive plow.

HUSTLE GUY steps out from behind the wheel wearing an eskimo coat, snow pants and goggles.

HUSTLE GUY

Need some help?

INT. YUGO - MOMENTS LATER

JD is now in the Yugo beside Hustle Guy as they drive along--

EXT. YUGO - SAME

Still tilted forward, the Yugo SLOWLY plows the blanket-wrapped ATM through dirty snow and slush (looks like a big ghetto snow ball tumbling along). They slowly roll by

CALVIN

As he drags himself toward the barbershop, cold and roughed up after dealing with Monk. He looks defeated.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

A CUSTOMER is staring at Eddie. Eddie glances at the staring customer, but ignores him. After a long moment Eddie gets annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(to staring customer)
What the hell are you lookin' at?

A beat. The customer smiles and...

CUSTOMER LARRY
You know, I been coming to this shop since I was a kid, man. And I don't believe I've seen you cut one head.

EDDIE
For your information, I got plenty of customers. You just come on the wrong days.

JIMMY
(cutting a customer's head)
Those days would be Monday through Saturday. That leaves Sunday...when the shop is closed.

Jimmy chuckles, looks at Terri for a pound. She gives him the finger. Isaac laughs at Jimmy's expense.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
'The hell are you laughin' at, Kid Rock?

Pull back to reveal Jimmy is cutting Billy's head. Billy stares at his image in the mirror with a quizzical look.

BILLY
Yo, you think I can get braided like Iverson? That's my dogg...
(imitating)
Fade away-- booya!

Isaac is still mad from the Kid Rock comment.

ISAAC
Just 'cause you a sell-out, don't hate on me.

RICKY
Oooh.

It gets very quiet in the room. Now Jimmy's pissed, focuses on Isaac.

JIMMY
You got your token black girlfriend and your "pimped" out ride, but you're just a minstrel show turned on it's ear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Al Jolson in a FUBU hat. Black face for the new millennium.

Billy glances at Isaac.

BILLY

Key man, yo black girlfriend-- she got any friends?

JIMMY

(still focused on Isaac)

I don't even understand why you're here. I mean, I watch Jerry Springer, I thought all the white trash lived in trailer parks. You know it's more white folks on welfare than black folks, right? That's where our tax money's goin'.

ISAAC

(getting angry)

With all that "higher" education, how come the only thing you talk about is me?

JIMMY

Because you don't belong here. The white barbershop is across town.

ISAAC

I think in a fucked up way you wish you were me. Wish you had my fly-ass girlfriend and pimped out ride. You even wish you had my clothes, my style, my walk and my big white dick. That's right. Why you think my fly-ass girl ain't wit' chu? Cuz yo little bitch-ass can't compete.

EVERYONE

Daaaaaaaaayyyyyyy!!!

JIMMY

Well I got news for you! You're NOT black! So fuck you white boy!

ISAAC

Jimmy, I'm blacker than you. And what's messed up is, on your best day, you could never be me.

CUSTOMER KWAME

Man, you gonna take that?

A stand off...run up or shut up. Jimmy walks out from behind his chair. Isaac is not fazed-- steps out from his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

In the background we hear the radio playing. Marvin's 'Let's Get It On' comes on.

BILLY jumps up out his chair.

BILLY
Oh snap! That's my cut!

Billy does a drop step, spin, pop up and slide to the left. He starts singing.

Terri smiles. She turns the radio up loud. She starts singing.

Ricky starts singing. Eddie starts singing. Terri moves in between Isaac and Jimmy, starts dancing with Isaac. Isaac finally relaxes and starts singing too.

ISAAC AND EVERYONE
Let's get it oooooonnn!

Customers are singing, swaying to the song. Jimmy is still mad and is the only one NOT singing. Dinka grooves up to Terri and Isaac, taps Isaac on the shoulder to cut in. Isaac obliges. Dinka does an African pelvic dip then swoops into Terri. She looks at him like he's crazy but a slight smile escapes as she dances with him. Finally, Jimmy starts to mouth the words as the song is infectious. The entire shop is singing their hearts out!

EXT. BARBERSHOP - SAME

Calvin walks up to the shop. Through the window he sees everyone singing and dancing.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Calvin steps into the shop and stares at everyone grooving.

Ricky glances up from laughing and sees Calvin all rouged up and disoriented. Calvin walks past Ricky without a word. He heads toward the locker room.

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM

Calvin goes over to the row of lockers, gets a good grip on the first locker then moves the whole row away from the wall about three feet.

We now see there's a CAST IRON SAFE in the wall. Calvin works the combination lock then opens the safe. He pulls out a wad of cash bound with a rubberband. He pulls the rubberband off and counts the money. After a moment--

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

(sotto)

\$1100. Okay, I need...

(does the math)

\$18,900 more.

He stuffs the money in his pocket, shuts the safe then pushes the lockers back against the wall.

But one of the lockers pops open from the movement-- Ricky's GUN tumbles out onto the floor. Calvin sees it, pauses. He picks it up, shakes his head with disappointment. He walks over to his desk and stashes the gun in a drawer. He glances up at the clock-- 4pm. He sighs, the weight of his task too much.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Calvin hurries out of the shop.

EXT. USED CAR LOT, DOWN THE STREET - DAY

Calvin stands beside a SALESMAN in a used car lot. They stand between an old, salvaged convertible and Calvin's Pontiac.

SALESMAN

...nothin'.

(re. Pontiac)

That piece a' junk barely run.

CALVIN

What? It runs fine...it just backfires a little.

SALESMAN

A little? Every time you go home I think I'm in a drive-by. I can't put that on my lot, I gotta reputation.

The steering wheel in the convertible actually falls off, rolls out the car to their feet.

INT. MACEDONIA BAPTIST CHURCH, ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Calvin is at a church prayer session. He's kneeling, praying.

CALVIN

Hey, God, whassup. I mean...hello, sir. I know it's been awhile since I came to church, but you know how a brotha get caught up.

(beat)

So, lemme just cut right to it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN (CONT'D)

I need money. \$18,900 to be exact.
Please, you don't have to send it to me
direct-- I wouldn't ask that. Just show
me a sign and I'll go get it myself.

The sound of change rattling catches Calvin's attention. He
glances up the aisle and sees the collection plate coming.

ANGLE ON COLLECTION PLATE being handed to Calvin. In the
plate, a few 10's, 20's, even a lone 50. Calvin holds the
plate staring at the money. He drops a dollar into the plate,
glances around for a second then scoops up about \$100.

Then a HAND grasps his shoulder. Calvin looks up at a CHURCH
LADY glaring with admonishing eyes. He drops the cash.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

I...I was just straightin' it out.

Calvin pats the bills neatly then passes the plate along.

EXT. MACEDONIA BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Calvin steps out of the church, glances up at the barbershop.
He notices a--

'76 ROLLS ROYCE, clean, waxed, parked in front of the shop.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

THREE FINE WOMEN, one black, one white, one Asian, dressed in
revealing clothes, sit amongst the customers.

BILLY, with a fresh hair cut, is staring, almost drooling at
the girls.

Seated comfortably in Calvin's chair waiting for Calvin to
return is

BLACK B. FREE (35). He wears a well cut suit (even though
it's purple), matching alligator shoes, and gold neck chain
with emblem of his name "Black B. Free." His hair is permed
in Shirley Temple tresses. There's no question what this man
does for a living-- big pimpin'.

Calvin walks in.

CALVIN

Black B. Free. Long time, brah.

BLACK B. FREE

Big Cal. Can ya clip a brotha's curls
right quick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN

You already in poie position.

Calvin opens a drawer and pulls out a red and purple customized cutter's cape. He throws the cape around Black and we see it has his name-- BLACK B. FREE- in fancy letters.

Calvin now lowers his voice as he speaks.

CALVIN (cont'd):

You just who I need to talk to. I got a money situation.

BLACK B. FREE

Oh?

CALVIN

If you had \$20,000 and needed to turn it around fast into \$40,000, what would you do?

BLACK B. FREE

Hmmm...

(thinks)

There's some things to consider.

CALVIN

Like what?

BLACK B. FREE.

Supply and demand. I mean I can double the number 'a hoers I got but it's so many girls givin' it up free that my money still ain't lookin' right. The U.S. dollar is down, the Euro ain't keepin' up and the yen still ain't recovered from Tokyo's crash in 1989. And if the Federal Reserve raises the interest rate a brotha's entertainment funds will dwindle exponentially. That leaves me wit' hoers that ain't workin' and no money in my pocket. So if it was me, I'd take a dollar and play quick pick and just hope for the best.

Calvin stares blankly at Black, then signs in defeat.

INT. PIZZA JOINT - DAY

Detective Williams relaxes eating a slice of pizza, reading the sports page. Another OFFICER walks in with a folder.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER
 Detective Williams, got that license
 plate number, vehicle registration,
 driver's record and plenty more.

Officer drops the folder on the table. Williams picks it up,
 leafs through it then smirks.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS
 Okay, let's make our move.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE HOOD - DAY

JD stands on the porch of a small house. He's wearing a hat,
 but he's sweating. He takes off the hat then knocks hard on
 the door. The front door swings open. An elderly woman,
 GRANDMA (80's) stands there squinting to see who it is.

GRANDMA
 Hello?

JD
 Hey grandma, it's me. JD.

GRANDMA
 Who?

JD
 (yelling)
 JD! Velma's son! Your grandson!

GRANDMA
 Oh, JD!

She steps out to hug him. JD smiles, hugs her.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
 (under breath while hugging)
 Nigga never come see me.

JD
 What, grandma?

GRANDMA
 You know grandma don't see or hear too
 good. You want sumpin' to eat, baby?

JD
 No thanks, I'ma hang out in the tool
 shed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77.

JD lays the hat on top of the ATM sitting on the porch, the blanket hanging off. Grandma glances down at the ATM, but she's really squinting.

GRANDMA

JD. is it somebody else here?

JD glances at the ATM with the hat on top of it and realizes Grandma thinks it's a person. He goes with it--

JD

(puts his arm around ATM)

Yeah, that's my friend...Atium. He just short.

GRANDMA'S P.O.V. is just BERRY outlines of 2 figures, one tall, one really short with a hat.

GRANDMA

Grandma tired, baby. I'ma go lay down.

JD

Okay, grandma.

She turns and slowly walks back into the house. JD turns to walk down the porch steps. Then we hear a loud CRASH! like someone falling and knocking over a table. JD pauses--

GRANDMA (O.S. FROM INSIDE HOUSE)

I'm alright. Grandma okay.

He hears one more object SHATTER!

Beat. then

GRANDMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm good. Go on now.

INT. TOOL SHED

DARKNESS until a LIGHT is clicked on.

JD stands inside the shed and stares ahead in AWE at what he sees in front of him--

HIS P.O.V. of the tool shed walls stocked with HARDCORE TOOLS: AX. MACHETE. CHAINSAW. JACKHAMMER. JAWS OF LIFE.

The sound of angels fill his head-- he smiles.

INT. BARBERSHOP - EVENING

(CONTINUED)

Calvin steps up to his chair, tense, agitated. Barbers and customers are in the middle of yet another topic--

JIMMY

...black people are owed 40 acres and a mule. I want my land, I want my ass then I'm good.

CUSTOMER DARREL

What about reparations? They was talkin' about that on BET.

JIMMY

Reparations is a good idea.

RICKY

Reparations is a stupid idea.

JIMMY

What? Slavery is the reason black people are messed up economically, socially and psychologically-- I mean look at ya'll. Somebody owe.

BILLY

Slavery done fucked my whole life up.

RICKY

Givin' out money wouldn't do anything. M.C. Hammer had \$40 million and now he's goin' infomercials for the Gospel Channel.

EDDIE

Tell the truth.

Hustle Guy pokes his head in the door jingling car keys--

HUSTLE GUY

Lexus? Anybody need a Lexus?

Calvin just waves Hustle Guy out.

JIMMY

Jews got reparations from the Holocaust. What, only white people get reparations?

RICKY

Jews didn't get reparations, Holocaust survivors got reparations. They ain't just sendin' Western Union to every Jew on earth...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

We still feel the affects of slavery
today! We deserve reparations!

EDDIE

Boy, please. Welfare and affirmative
action is reparations, but black people
ain't done shit wit' that but get dressed
up.

BILLY

(angry, stands up)
Why people want me dressed up all the
time? I can't afford no FCBU everyday.

Terri looks at Billy like "what the hell are you talkin'
about?"

CALVIN

Money would solve a lotta problems for a
lotta people. Believe me, I know.

CUSTOMER DARREL

I think every black person should get
\$100,000 each...

EDDIE

That wouldn't do shit but make Cadillac
the number one car seller in America!

BILLY

We gettin' some money?

RICKY

Black folks in this country are the
richest negroes on the planet. We got
more black millionaires than all other
countries in the world combined.
Everywhere you look there's opportunity.

BILLY

My mama say opportunity is when the road
is closed but the grass has no trees.

(beat)

I don't know what that mean but I know
it's the key to a lotta things.

Ricky looks at Billy a hard moment-- he's about to say
something to Billy but then just focuses back on Jimmy.

RICKY

We got black doctors, architects and
nuclear engineers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) (3)

RICKY (CONT'D)

The rest of us don't need no reparations-- we need restraint, some discipline. Don't buy no Range Rover when you livin' wit' yo mama. And pay yo mama some damn rent. And you don't need a 2-way pager when you ain't got no employer tryin' to reach you. And make yo kids memorize sumpin' besides The Chronic album. And be on time for sumpin' other than "free before 11" at a club. There is a lot we can do besides wait around for some ancient money.

Jimmy looks like a deer in the headlights.

RICKY (CONT'D)

And you know what else? A scallop is a shellfish because it's a mollusk. Before it gets to your plate it has two shells around it just like a clam.

(sotto, under breath)

Stupid-ass.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - EVENING

As the sun starts to set Eddie stands outside looking across the street at the Convenience Store.

INT. BARBERSHOP - EVENING

Inside the shop, the day winds down as things seem to have calmed.

JIMMY sits in his chair reading his newspaper.

RICKY finishes up a customer.

Dinka is chatting with TERRI-- trying to make progress.

Isaac leans against his chair watching TV. He glances up at customer who stands up. But the customer is not even a customer, just the friend waiting on Ricky's customer.

PUSH IN

ON CALVIN who seems petrified.

HIS P.O.V. of the CLOCK reading 6pm.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - EVENING

Eddie stands outside looking across the street at the Convenience Store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Calvin walks out and stands beside him. They both stare at Swami's store. But Calvin looks pensive, regretful. Eddie notices.

EDDIE

Boy, what's wrong with you? You been actin' crazy all afternoon.

CALVIN

Eddie...my life is a disaster.

EDDIE

What? You can't get it up? Viagra ain't workin' for ya?

Calvin takes a breath, then--

CALVIN

I lost the shop.

Eddie is startled by this news, looks at Calvin confused.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Well, actually I sold it. I tried to get it back, but I made a deal with Lester Wallace.

(beat)

I messed up bad.

Eddie opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out. He takes a step back then walks around in a small circle to get his composure. Then he turns to Calvin with an anger, a fury we haven't seen before--

EDDIE

That shop saved my muthafuckin' life.

Calvin is taken aback by Eddie's aggressive stance. Eddie's fists clench at his side-- is he gonna hit Calvin? For this moment Calvin is scared of the old man.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I was on the street, Calvin. But your father had the decency to put a hand on my shoulder and say come on down to the barbershop.

CALVIN

I...I didn't know...

EDDIE

That's cuz you don't know shit!

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

Eddie... I wish I had just given the shop to you cuz now I see it's worth saving...

EDDIE

(offended)

Worth saving?! This ain't no got-damn school for the blind! We talkin' 'bout the barber shop! This place is a gift, Calvin! Can't you see that?

Calvin says nothing. Eddie takes a deep breath, gains composure.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

That's the problem with your whole generation. No integrity, no values. Just go from one thing to another-- better job here, more money there. Ya get confused then end up in church askin' God for a book-up.

(beat)

Now your father-- he had integrity, he believed in somethin'. He believed that a little ol' hair cut could change how a man was feelin' that day.

CALVIN

But my father died broke and frustrated.

EDDIE

Soy, he might not a' had money but he was rich with advice, encouragement. He was so rich he invested in people. You think I was the only one he gave a job to? The man gave every knucklehead in Chicago a job, a chance to be somebody-- a licensed professional barber.

(beat)

Now personally, I wouldn't a' had all them bailjumpers up in here. I'm tryin' to cut hair, but gotta watch for a nigga tryin' to shank me. But when all's said and done I was glad to be here.

Eddie walks to the barbershop window and stares inside. Calvin steps up beside him and stares too-- side by side.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

They know?

CALVIN

Nope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EDDIE

You gotta tell 'em.

Eddie turns and walks into the shop leaving Calvin standing there. Calvin remains there, thinks about what Eddie said.

CUSTOMER LAMAR (O.S.)

Yo, Cal!

Calvin turns to Lamar strolling up the sidewalk. Calvin's anger comes back--

CALVIN

You got a lotta nerve comin' back here...

CUSTOMER LAMAR

(holds up a \$20)

Bam!

Reflex, Calvin snatches the money from him.

CUSTOMER LAMAR (CONT'D)

(grinning)

I got the job. Now I can put my little girl in a real day care. See, my sister in-law been keepin' her, but she a crack head so I can't have that.

(beat)

Thanks, dog. Keep the change.

Lamar nods then starts to walk away. Calvin is affected.

CALVIN

Wait...here...

(hands money back)

CUSTOMER LAMAR

What...what'chu doin'?

CALVIN

(stuffs money in Lamar's hand)

Just keep it. Okay?

And...congratulations on the job.

Calvin smiles genuinely. Lamar smiles too, then gives Calvin a hug. As Lamar walks away we

PUSH IN ON CALVIN-- his father's choices have finally become clear to him.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Where a kevlar clad Detective Williams gives final instructions to his men. SIX OFFICERS in all.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Once again I will remind all of you that we are here to serve a warrant for one person. As you enter the building there is sure to be multiple persons moving about. Isolate and capture our target only. Be advised, he is potentially armed and dangerous.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DUSK

Calvin walks into the shop, turns the radio down.

CALVIN

Listen up.

(beat)

I want you all to know that I appreciate the work everybody does

Everyone looks at each other curiously.

TERRI

Well...we appreciate you havin' us, Calvin.

CALVIN

(struggling)

Uh...I know sometimes customers don't leave tips...if I had more money I'd tip ya myself...

RICKY

Big C, what's wrong?

CALVIN

We're gonna be closin' up.

TERRI

Ain't but a couple hours or so left.

The silence is deafening. Calvin has nowhere to hide. He turns to his barbers. Confusion reigns supreme. Even the customers are befuddled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN

(to the entire shop)

Three years ago when I took over the shop, I didn't understand what it was really about.

Everyone listens, absorbs this information.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

All I could see were the things that were't right. Bad plumbing, electrical problems, bills past due...

(beat)

It's like that saying "you don't know what you had until it's gone"...

RICKY

Calvin, what'chu tryin' to say?

Calvin takes a breath then--

CALVIN

I sold the shop.

SHOCKED EXPRESSIONS on everyone's faces.

JIMMY/ISAAC

Sold it?!

TERRI

You mean, like, you don't own the shop no more?

DINKA

(laughing)

You're not serious?

Calvin holds back emotion.

ISAAC

But this is your barbershop...your family built this shop.

CUSTOMER KWAME

Yeah Calvin. Can't nobody else take over this place.

CUSTOMER DARREL

For real!

DINKA

(confused)

I don't understand--

(CONTINUED)

For a few moments we hear overlapping sighs and words from everyone. A stabilized Terri steps forward.

TERRI

Calvin, are you gonna be alright?

CALVIN

I'm gonna be fine. I'm not sure what I'm gon' do or where I'll be...but I've got a wife and a baby coming so I gotta do something.

RICKY is staring at Calvin feeling angry, betrayed.

RICKY

Why didn't you tell us?

CALVIN

I...I don't know.

JIMMY

So, who we gonna be working for?

Calvin hesitates before answering.

CALVIN

Well...see...a business is a hard thing to run, see...You have to understand the market...supply and demand. A lotta brotnas either got the bald head or dreadlocks so how's a barbershop gon' survive...

TERRI

Wait...like, whadayou mean?

Calvin takes a breath, then

CALVIN

This is the last day this will be a barbershop. The shop closes for good at 7 o'clock.

Everyone's jaw drops. Beat.

JIMMY

So, I'm out of a job?

Billy stands up.

BILLY

You can't close the barbershop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DINKA
 (more confused)
 I still don't understand--

Isaac sits down in his chair, overwhelmed. He looks at his never-been-used station.

ISAAC
 Damn.

TERRI
 What are we gonna do?

CUSTOMER DARREL
 No, what are we gonna do?

CUSTOMER KWAME
 Hey, what's Checkers Fred gonna do?

CUSTOMER DARREL
 Get a job.

Ricky is staring at Calvin with a mixture of anger, sadness and confusion.

Jimmy is shaking his head in disbelief.

Eddie grabs his jacket, hat, then walks out without saying good bye or anything.

The few customers left are looking blankly at one another, at the barbers who also look blank, and

CALVIN who looks more lost than anyone.

ON DOOR

DETECTIVE Williams and his men RUSH IN with rifles drawn.

Calvin and everyone else look up in shock at the police raid.

RICKY

Takes a second to realize that it is him they're after. He makes a dash for the locker room.

BILLY

Thinks the police are there FOR HIM--

BILLY
 Oh shit!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He stands up with hands behind his head, surrendering. But the policemen literally run him over in pursuit of Ricky.

LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Ricky rounds the corner in a crazed panic. Going for his locker. Going for his gun.

ON LOCKER

The Glock 9mm is gone.

Just then, THREE POLICE OFFICERS round the corner and level Ricky to the floor. Detective Williams falls in behind them.

FRONT AREA OF SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy throws a look at Calvin.

JIMMY.

Guess you were wrong about Ricky.

Calvin says nothing.

Billy picks himself up off the floor, realizes he can get away, and makes a dash for the door.

ON ENTRANCE TO BARBERSHOP

Where stands Rhonda Watts, Isaac's girlfriend. Billy almost runs right into her in haste to get away. But she's so fine, he pauses, thinks about gettin' her number. But hears the cops in back and takes off running out the shop.

INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

ANGLE ON AN ARRAY OF DEFEATED TOOLS-- BENT SAMURAI SWORD, BROKEN CRAIN SAW, SMOKING JACKHAMMER

But the ATM looks undamaged, even pristine.

EXT. TOOL SHED - MOMENTS LATER

JD looks exhausted, bruised as he hoists the ATM with extreme difficulty into the flat bed of an old '62 pick-up truck. It slips, drops to the ground with a thud. He lifts it again, gets it onto the flatbed, a cloud of dust kicks up.

Billy saunters up.

JD

Where you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

At the barbershop.

JD

All fuckin' day!?

JD composes. Then notices Billy's coiffed hair.

JD (CONT'D)

You gotta hair cut?

BILLY

Yeah, but I wanted it braided...

JD finally loses it-- he angrily grabs Billy in a headlock and starts violently twisting his hair.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Damn...what'chu doin'?

JD

Braidin' yo fuckin' hair!

BILLY

(struggling)

Quit playin'!

JD finally lets Billy go-- Billy's nice hair cut now has fucked up little Busta Rhyme spikes-- he looks crazy. JD composes again.

JD

Now, did you learn anything at the barbershop?

BILLY

(sulking)

Yeah. I learned a lot.

JD

(relieved)

Okay, what did you learn?

BILLY

That Rosa Parks is trippin'. And pimpin' ain't easy in Tokyo. And I should give my mama some rent.

JD is staring dumbfounded at Billy-- can't even get his mind wrapped around what Billy just said. JD has to shake his head to get that confusion out of his brain. Then

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JD
 (real slow as if speaking to a
 small child)
 What about the police?

BILLY
 Oh, they know whassup. They came in 10
 deep, like SWAT.

JD
 (shocked)
 You serious?

BILLY
 Man, I wouldn't be alive right now if I
 hadn't pulled the speak on 'em and rolled
 up out.

JD is clearly concerned. Then his CELL PHONE begins ringing.
 This time he's able to answer--

JD
 Yo?

MALE VOICE
 (very angry)
 Ay, I gotta ask you a question.

JD
 Who dis?

A beat and then...

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Surrounded by crazy-looking inmates, we find Ricky as he
 talks on the phone.

RICKY
 It's Ricky, nigga. And guess where I am.
 No wait, I'll give you a hint. It's the
 last place I need to be, because this
 time, it is the last place I'm gonna
 be... For life...

INTERCUT

JD
 What are you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

I'm talkin' about that smash and grab with the ATM the other night. The same night you borrowed my truck, bitch.

JD is caught.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I been tryin' to call you all day about the bumper on my truck. You used my truck? They got photos of the plate and everything. Traced it right back to me. A two time loser.

(beat)

If I ever get out of here, I'm comin' for you.

JD gets nervous. But then, a thought.

JD

Did you say two time loser as in... third strike.

RICKY

That's right!

JD

Well fuck you, then. You ain't never comin' out. And by the time you do, I'll be long gone. So have a nice life, bitch.

JD hangs up and chuckles to himself, then looks at Billy.

JD (CONT'D)

(now calm)

Let's get this truck started so we can get that piggy bank open, baby.

BILLY

Where we goin' now?

JD

Place where I used to work.

INT. BARBERSHOP - NIGHT

As the barbers pack up around him, CALVIN picks up the photo of his father and sighs wistfully. Isaac walks by, we track with him into--

INT. BARBERSHOP LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Isaac enters the locker room and sees Jimmy brushing the lint off his Princeton jacket. This angers Isaac. He steps up to Jimmy.

ISAAC

Hey, lemme tell you sumthin'. Just 'cuz you got some fancy college to go to don't make you better than me. I probably won't ever go to college but I'ma have me a business. I'ma do sumpin' wit' my life-- I don't give up to easily. And despite what you think, I'm not pretending to be somebody I saw on TV. This is me. This is who I am. And whether you like it or not, I'm gonna be like this tomorrow.

Isaac grabs a few things from his locker then walks back out. Jimmy watches him go, says nothing. After a moment Jimmy also walks out.

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Isaac has one more item to pack away. His clippers. Before he can put them in the box, Jimmy takes a seat in his chair.

ISAAC

What are you doing?

JIMMY

Let's see it...

ISAAC

See what?

JIMMY

You said this is who you are and who you're gonna be. So prove it. Show me you're not full of it.

Jimmy turns around, Ready for his cut. Isaac doesn't move. It's taking a few seconds for him to process this. Then Isaac QUICKLY unwraps the cord from around the clippers. Plugs in. Isaac's clippers touch scalp for the first time.

MONTAGE OF ISAAC SKILLFULLY CUTTING JIMMY-- FADING with deft wrist action. SCISSORS CUTTING at an angle, LINING UP with a soft touch-- a steady hand. CONFIDENT.

Everyone else watches in shock.

When the cut is finished, Jimmy checks the hand mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Not bad.

Everyone stares at him like he's crazy. He gives in.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Actually, it's pretty good.

(beat)

Hey, You know, I didn't mean--

Jimmy's having a problem with this.

ISAAC

It's cool, man.

Jimmy sighs. He's been let off the hook.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I'm actually glad you came to your senses.

JIMMY

How so?

ISAAC

Cause I was runnin' out of insults.

INT. CALVIN'S HOME - NIGHT

Calvin sits in the mire of his emotional funk. Camera TILTS down his body and we see he's holding two things-- his unplugged clippers in one hand, and the envelope of money in the other.

Jennifer, with her plump stomach, walks into the room with a cup of hot tea. She approaches Calvin.

CALVIN

(reaching for tea)

Thanks, baby.

But Jennifer sits down sipping the tea herself-- the epitome of Calvin's day, nothing going his way.

Calvin tosses the clippers on the coffee table, then looks at the money thinking long and hard.

JENNIFER

So now I guess you can invest in satellite TV.

(beat)

Which will make your life meaningful and important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Calvin looks at Jennifer-- no words necessary.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide to do, Calvin, I'll support you. You know that. If it's satellite boxes, fine. You wanna sell used hubcaps or thong underwear-- whatever, more power to you. If it doesn't work out you can work for my uncle over at Rusty Bucket Rent-A-Car.

Calvin makes a sour face.

CALVIN

I can't stand your uncle.

JENNIFER

And he can't stand you, but he'll give you a job as a favor to me.

(beat)

Just whatever you do, Calvin, give it some thought first. Do the thing that really does mean something to you.

Calvin looks at her, looks at the envelope of money. He stands up.

CALVIN

I'll be back in a bit.

And walks out.

JENNIFER

Calvin...where are you going?

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

As Ricky slumps down contemplating a future behind bars. Just then, one of the prison guards stops in front of him.

PRISON GUARD

Ricky Nash!

RICKY

Yeah.

PRISON GUARD

You're outta here.

Ricky looks up at the guard.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Ricky exits the county jail building, surprised to find

CALVIN'S PONTIAC

parked curbside at the base of the steps. Calvin leans against it waiting.

RICKY
You paid my bail?

CALVIN
What? Should I go take it back?

RICKY
You used the money you got for the shop?

Calvin knows he's taking a huge leap-- he says nothing.

INT. PONTIAC - NIGHT

Riding in the car in silence, then

RICKY
I didn't do it.

CALVIN
If I thought you did, I wouldn't have bailed you out.

Ricky's brow furrows into a grimace.

RICKY
My cousin did this to me.

CALVIN
He'll get his in the end. Don't even worry about it.

RICKY
Damn right he gon' get his 'cause I'm gon' give it to him. He won't live through the week.

CALVIN
Calm down, Ricky. You gotta let the bullshit go...

RICKY
Let it go? Calvin, I can't just let that fool roll over me like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Calvin reaches over Ricky and opens the glove compartment--

CLOSE ON THE GUN resting in the glove box. Ricky looks at the gun then up at Calvin.

CALVIN

It fell out of your locker. Figured you wouldn't need it.

(beat)

But if you wanna do sumpin' crazy and mess up your life and throw away my bail money that my wife will break my neck over when she finds out I wasted it on you, then go ahead.

Ricky boils in anger. He's about to reach for the gun, but he looks at Calvin again. Calvin gives an admonishing stare. Ricky ponders a moment, then shuts the glove box-- he's done with that life.

Calvin turns the steering wheel as he heads down a different street. Ricky glances out the window then at Calvin.

RICKY

Where we goin'?

CALVIN

To see Lester Wallace.

(beat)

I'm not givin' up my barber shop.

Calvin has a look of sheer determination as he drives.

EXT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY - NIGHT

The old pick up truck is parked outside Big Carl's.

INT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY. GARAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

JD has a welder's mask on his head as he fiddles with the switches of a BLOW TORCH.

BILLY

Yo, we ain't 'sposed to be in here.

JD

I told you I used to work here.

BILLY

Used to...

JD shoves Billy to the side, steps up to the ATM. He flips down the welder's mask. Presses a switch on the blow torch--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A THIN BLUE FLAME shoots from the hose end of the torch, but with such force JD can't control it. It snakes out of his hands and whips through the air--

JD

Shit!

The torch sigges JD's pants setting his leg on fire.

JD (CONT'D)

Yo! I'm on fire! I'm on fire!

JD hops on his bad leg while his good leg is in flames. Billy grabs the torch from him and turns it off.

JD (CONT'D)

(hopping)

Yo, help me!

Billy goes and grabs the blanket. Then he rushes in and TACKLES JD hard! They go sliding through spilled motor oil then collide with the wall knocking a shelf of tires down. JD is screaming as Billy is on top of him trying to smother the flames.

EXT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY - NIGHT

The Pontiac pulls up outside right beside the old pick-up truck.

INT. PONTIAC - NIGHT

CALVIN

I don't see Lester's car...

Ricky is staring confusedly at the old pick-up truck.

RICKY

Hey... that look like my grandmother's old truck.

Ricky steps out of the Pontiac.

EXT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY - NIGHT

And walks up to the truck. He examines it then hears a commotion from inside the garage. Ricky's face contorts with anger. He marches toward the garage.

CALVIN

Ricky!

But Ricky can't be stopped. He heads into the garage.

INT. BIG CARL'S AUTO BODY, GARAGE AREA - NIGHT

Ricky steps up and sees JD and Billy in a pile up. He looks over and sees the ATM. Then focuses on

RICKY

JD...

JD glances up, sees Ricky and nearly releases on himself.

CALVIN quietly steps inside the garage, sees what's going on, sees the ATM, but stays back hidden. He pulls out his cell phone, dials a number. Then

CALVIN

(quietly into phone)

Hey...it's Calvin...

RICKY approaches JD ready to whup some ass. JD stands up, afraid. But he sees the blow torch on the floor. He picks it up and holds it threateningly toward Ricky-- fires up the flame. Ricky pauses.

JD

Yeah, whassup now?

JD points the torch right at Ricky's face. His FINGER PRESSURES THE TRIGGER--

Calvin sees what's going on, quickly looks around. He sees the PLUG in the wall for the blow torch. He rushes to it and yanks it from the wall.

The FLAME goes out. JD looks confusedly at the torch then glances across the garage and sees CALVIN glaring with the plug in his hand.

JD's shoulder's sink. Ricky glares then PUNCHES JD in the jaw knocking him out cold.

LESTER and MONK walk in looking confused.

LESTER

What the hell ya'll doin' in my garage?!

Everyone remains silent. Calvin exhales, gets his courage, then ambles up to Lester.

CALVIN

Okay...this whole deal...we need to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTER
 (all in Calvin's face)
 Nigga, whac?! What!!

Beat, as Calvin swallows a lump in his throat. Then

CALVIN
 I want my barber shop back.

LESTER
 You got my money?!

CALVIN
 See...I had to use the money you gave
 me...but I'll get it to you.

Lester looks at Calvin like he's lost his mind.

LESTER
 Lemme get this right. You break into my
 business. demand I give you the barber
 shop that don't belong to you no more,
 you don't have the \$40,000 to buy it
 back, and you ain't even got the \$20,000
 I gave you this morning?

Calvin says nothing. Lester bursts out laughing.

LESTER (CONT'D)
 Monk, the nigga's crazy.

MONK
 Must be crazy, Mr. Wallace.

CALVIN
 You'll get the money back. But just the
 money you gave me.
 (beat, a rush of courage)
 If that's a problem you take it up with
 the police-- cuz how's it gonna look with
 that stolen ATM sittin' in the middle of
 your floor?

Lester glares fire at Calvin. Ricky steps forward.

RICKY
 And all those car parts over there-- the
 ones with the serial numbers scratched
 off-- that could cause somebody to
 mistake this place for a chop shop.
 (beat)
 I did a lil' fencing for Big Carl back in
 the day. I know the game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A twitch in Lester's eye.

LESTER

Monk...

Monk reaches into his jacket for a weapon--

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Chicago PD!

Everyone looks up at DETECTIVE WILLIAMS and a gang of officers coming in the garage from all angles. Monk eases off his weapon. Calvin smiles.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Calvin, you alright?

CALVIN
Yeah...I'm good. Real good.

Calvin walks over to the ATM, stoops down to it.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
The ATM is right over...

Calvin's words have stopped short because of what he now sees--
CLOSE ON ATM WITH A STICKER reading "\$50,000 REWARD IF FOUND"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BARBERSHOP - A NEW DAY!

A "GRAND RE-OPENING" BANNER hangs outside the shop.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

CALVIN is the loudest one in the shop, so excited to be here--

CALVIN
I ain't eva' goin' to Arizona! They don't recognize Martin Luther King's birthday!

EDDIE
Hold up now. Martin Luther King was a no. He was fuckin' everything-- Arizona know. So on Monday take the day off to do some fuckin'. And remember the dream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

(offended)

That is WRONG!

People immediately light in to Eddie, disagreeing, laughing, yelling. The shop is spotless, new paint, fixtures. Another Saturday and everyone loving every minute.

A group of little kids run excitedly into the shop and up to Calvin's chair.

LITTLE KID #1

Calvin, you got that candy?

LITTLE KID #2

Yeah, I want Now & Later!

CALVIN

Hey...show me those report cards.

The kids whip out report cards. Calvin studies them, then

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Alright.

The kids cheer happily as Calvin reaches into a drawer and pulls out a big bag of candy, passes out sweets. As the kids then run out

THE CAMERA TRACKS AFTER THEM TO PICK UP

Ricky stands in front of the radio/CD player but he's focused on the CLOCK-- 9:59. Ricky looks at Calvin. Calvin looks at Ricky. We notice the sign "NO RAP BEFORE 10." When the minute hand swings around to 10, Ricky smiles and presses play- the shop is bathed in the sounds of Method Man.

Isaac, dressed in his Barber's smock, cuts the little boy who got the patch in his head. A perfectionist at work!

Dinka and Terri are deep in conversation. Terri places a hand on Dinka's arm and smiles intimately. Dinka turns to wave at Calvin. Terri moves towards the back room.

THE CAMERA PULLS RIGHT THROUGH THE LARGE WINDOW

A newly painted barber pole is in the window. We continue outside and across the street to see the Convenience Store--

A new entrance on Convenience Store and the same banner hanging that hangs at the barbershop-- "GRAND RE-OPENING"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A brand new NAVIGATOR pulls up to the curb. JENNIFER steps out from behind the wheel. Calvin rushes out of the shop, steps up to Jennifer and kisses her. He opens the back door of the Navigator and Jennifer lifts out a NEW BORN INFANT. Calvin grins proud, kisses the baby, then walks them into the shop.

FADE TO BLACK.

TERRI (O.S.)

Wait a minute.

(shouting)

Who drank my got-damn apple juice?!

AND WE'RE OUT!