

**SAM/ JUNIOR**

BREWSTER:

Sam Copeland, how you doing?

SAM:

Oh, fair to midland, I'll live ...what's wrong.... Don't y'all hear the phone?

**START**

(HE ANSWERS THE PHONE)

Russell's Barber Shop. Junior? He ain't here. What time do I expect him to do what? Baby how in the hell do I know when to expect him to be in his office? Say what? Sweetheart, listen carefully, Junior Mitchell done lied to you. This is not his office. He is not an employee of Russell's Barber Shop. He doesn't work here. Junior don't work nowhere! What did he tell you? Baby Junior Leon Mitchell don't own nothing but the drawers he's wearing...what? Hah...honey I feel sorry for you.

(HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND SHAWN WALKS OVER AND BEGINS TO DIAL AS JUNIOR ENTERS)

JUNIOR:

Boy was it cold down there on the river, but we put a hurting on those shrimp. Damn if i knew y'all were in here I would have taken your orders too.

SAM:

We ought to put a hurting on you for having all these people calling here like its your office. Quit lying to these women. I'm telling them the truth!

JUNIOR:

I don't know what you're talking about Sam. Everybody knows I hang out here.

SAM:

You're lying to them. You got them thinking you work here

JUNIOR:

I ain't no worse than you. Everybody thinks you work here too...

SAM:

Well, I do...sort of. I am what you call an unpaid management consultant. But you got 'em thinking that you run the place.

JUNIOR:

Must be a mistake, they all know I'm ahhh self-employed.

DEAC:

Well Mr. Independent Businessman where's our shrimp?

JUNIOR:

On they're over in Buster's kitchen. Skeeter's cutting the heads off, bagging them up and putting them on ice. When we finish up I'll drop them over here.

(JUNIOR WALKS TOWARD THE COKE  
MACHINE)

By the way, I can't find my music. Did I leave a stack of albums in here the other day? You know, Temptations, Commodores and Rick James...

DEAC:

If you did, they're over in the corner, but I ain't responsible for them. Anything I find in my shop that's legal belongs to me!

JUNIOR:

Oh yeah...here they are. Thinking about becoming a DJ. Got to keep my collection right baby! Damn I need a coke. Can a brother get some support from law enforcement?

**END** 

(SGT. DAVIS GIVES HIM CHANGE AND HE  
BUYS A COKE AND SITS NEAR THE  
PHONE TO GET SHAWN TO LET HIM USE  
IT)

BREWSTER:

Junior's back at his old game again hey?

SGT. DAVIS:

Y'all know Jasper Hall died...

SAM/DEAC:

What! Oh no!

SGT. DAVIS:

Late Saturday afternoon. You know he'd been sick a long time.

SAM:

I knew he was under the weather, but Damn! I just talked to him on the phone last Tuesday evening...he sounded alright to me then.