

DEAC:

The people need a helluva lot more than me. There's a laundry list of things we all need, but me being on the city council ain't on the list. You understand?

SAM:

Deac, folks been talking about it because you give them hope as a leader.

DEAC:

I'm tired of talking about this up here in the shop! I ain't running and that's the end of this shit! Y'all hear me? That's the end of it. Brewster thanks for the confidence, there's a lot of other ways for me to serve other than running. Now come on back 'round lunchtime and I will work you right in.

BREWSTER:

Ok my brother. I don't understand but I respect your decision.

(BREWSTER TURNS TO LEAVE AND HE
OPENS THE DOOR JUST AS JUNIOR GETS
OFF THE PHONE)

JUNIOR:

Hey boss man, we headed down to the river to get some jumbo shrimp. You want in on the deal, they eighteen dollars a pound. I'm taking orders.

(BREWSTER GIVES HIM A DISGUSTED
LOOK AND HEADS OUT THE DOOR)

Well anyway, that's cool. I'll stop by later with everything you need. If anybody calls take a message. Imma go check and see how much Buster needs. He'll be selling shrimp dinners all week.

SAM:

We ain't your goddamn secretaries! I want my shrimp and my money!

(JUNIOR LEAVES AND THE SHOP GETS
QUIET FOR A MOMENT AS DEAC CUTS
AARONS HAIR)

AARON/ SAM

START 

SAM:

They let you go to work dressed like that?

AARON:

I'm off today. Trust me, I know the standard attire for my industry.

SAM:

So you really ain't that much different than all of them...right?

AARON:

Every businessman has to beat the streets. We've got brochures, ads in Ebony and Jet, and on the radio. But to get new clients we have to go to them.

SAM:

Well listen to this proper talking jitterbug. "I know the standard attire for my industry. Y'all don't work on weekdays?"

AARON:

I set my appointments whenever its convenient for my clients. The district manager gave us all the day off. We just signed a contract with the school board to offer plans to county employees. Been working on that deal for about three months. First black insurance company to penetrate all that red tape.

SAM:

Well that's a first.

DEAC:

First company to break in with the school board?

SAM:

No. First young brother I know in a long time with a career instead of a job.

AARON:

There's a lot of young brothers in the community who have careers and not just jobs, but every time I come in here Sam its the same thing with you! You're constantly hating on us. You sound worse than the white man in the unemployment office. You ain't got no faith in us. That's why a lot of them don't come in here to get cuts anymore. You talk to them just like you talk to me and they don't want to hear that BS!

SAM:

From what I'm seeing these days that it about sums it up. Y'all need to earn my respect and faith.

DEAC:

Don't pay him no mind Aaron. Sam, I've told you to quit messing with these young folk. You're gonna say something wrong one of these days.

AARON:

Too late! He already did Deac. Sam, ain't nobody buying that bullshit you're selling.

SAM:

See that's exactly what I'm talking about. Young bucks ain't got no respect!

AARON:

Respect? For who! Sam, you're a fraud! All you do is talk shit to young people! I've been coming in here for over five years and you ain't ever said a positive thing about us! How in the hell do you think that makes us feel?

DEAC:

Well I don't think Sam's serious...

SAM:

It's because your generation is full of shit! Don't nobody care how y'all feel! Y'all won't listen, don't want to work and you are embarrassing us all.

AARON:

You're damning a whole generation with that mess! Can't you see that its old ass brothers like you who are really killing the spirit of the community. You drop all this poison on us and then run your cowardly ass behind the shield of "respect".

SAM:

Damn right! I said it and I meant it!

DEAC:

Brother's lets hold it down just a little in here...

AARON:

Well Sam, just because brothers got education don't mean they ain't got the streets still in 'em.

SAM:

That's the problem, this generation is stuck in the streets!

AARON:

Sam, your hatred of young people is blinding you bro. Every black neighborhood in America got a set of streets in them that provides some real life schooling you can't find in book. Hell your kids got a street education too, and it ain't a bad thing. Schools across the country including the college down the street are now producing more black college graduates than ever before.

SAM:

That shit still ain't earned my respect.

AARON:

You've got respect mixed up with courtesy old man. Because you're an elder everyone will help you up the stairs and across the street because of courtesy. But if you talk shit like that, then that's disrespect.

SAM:

So!

AARON:

I figure if you're man enough to disrespect another man, you ought to be man enough to defend yourself.

SAM:

(SAM STANDS UP AND BEGINS TO REACH INTO HIS POCKET AS AARON GETS UP)

Oh now you want to threaten me! You want to come after me? I got something for any one of you young ass thugs!

AARON:

I ain't threatening you at all. I'm just telling you like it is. You sit down here cause its safe and talk all this shit. Go outside and say it! Brothers are struggling out there, trying to learn and earn the right way, but the ones who won't listen, who won't work one day as a mentor because they're too busy talking shit in barbershops, are really the ones who are embarrassing and disrespecting us. Think about it.

DEAC:

This shit ends Now! I can't believe what I'm hearing!. It ain't lunchtime yet and I've been pissed off twice already.

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END