

He gets out in slow motion, taps the meter with a credit card, checks his fit and enters the shop.

The shop greets him with nods and inaudible "what's ups" as he walks to his station and turns on his diffuser.

We see him continuing to sanitize, clean the mirror, and prep his station for his client who will arrive soon in the background throughout this scene.

Eric still looking out the window, and out of nowhere, LAMBO LEE (mid 30s, Asian, horrible understanding of English, usually nods and says "yes/ok" to everything, supply guy for the shop, gives whatever he has and not what you ask for, always has a ton of useless items strapped to his body) pops up into Eric's view with a huge smile on his face and exposing the items that he's selling.

This startles Eric.

ERIC  
Oh SHIT!, This fool just scared the  
shit out of me.

We see Lambo Lee walking towards the front door.

He comes inside.

START LAMBO LEE  
My friends... I have what you need  
today. How many you want?

TRE  
Lambo, I told you last week don't  
come back until you got my clipper  
blades, you betta have 'em today.

LAMBO LEE  
Ohhhhh, yes, yes, ok ok ok. I have  
right here.

Lambo Lee reaches into his inside pocket and pulls out a pack of small paper plates.

TRE  
Naaahh fool, those are plates, not

BLADES!

Tre holds up a pair of clippers and points to the blade.

TRE (CONT'D)  
BLADES, BLADES! This right here! I  
need new blades for my clippers.

The other barbers shake their heads.

LAMBO LEE

Yes, yes, ok ok ok ok. I will have for you next week.

ERIC

Let me get them plates tho, imma need 'em. What else you got?

Lambo Lee pulls out 3 more packs of plates, hands them to Eric.

Eric gives him money.

Tre knows that he won't get the blades next week.

Pulls his phone out and does an online search for the blades to be delivered.

TRE

Never mind man, don't bring 'em, they'll be delivered here tomorrow.

LAMBO LEE

Ok ok ok ok, yes yes. Next week.

Tre shakes his head and continues cutting/styling his client.

MANNY

Aye, I need a new brush.

Lambo Lee reaches into his pocket and pulls out a toilet bowl brush.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Damn, how did he know we needed a new one of those, the one we had disappeared from the bathroom.

ERIC

Disappeared, who the hell steals a toilet brush?

~~Lambo Lee shows color options of the toilet brush.~~

~~Eric chooses one and gives him more money.~~

~~BISHOP~~

~~Probably the same person who keeps using my spray air every night.~~

~~ERIC~~

~~Noooooo, don't tell me that.~~

BISHOP  
Yup, 3 cans in a week.

Bishop looks to Lambo Lee.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Hey Lee, let me get 2 cans of spray  
air.

LAMBO LEE  
Yes, yes ok ok ok.

Lambo Lee leaves out of the front door.

Eric feels bad that Bishop's things are being used.

ERIC  
Bishop, man, I'm sorry, I'll  
replace your cans. I can't believe  
that this shit is happening again.

TRE  
That's why I lock my cabinet every  
night when I leave. Addiction is a  
lifelong battle. And sometimes  
people get weak, no matter how hard  
they try to be strong or how good  
of a front they put up.

MANNY  
Yeah, I noticed that some of my  
shit been moved around in my  
drawers too. Nothing's missing yet,  
but only a mater of time.

END

Eric is in disbelief.

Lambo Lee comes back in with a brown box and sets it on the  
floor in front of Bishop's station.

We can see that the box has gray hair in it.

BISHOP  
What is this?

LAMBO LEE  
Gray Hair.

BISHOP  
I asked you for SPRAY AIR!

The barbers all laugh.

Lambo Lee laughs, not realizing what the joke is.