

Act I
Scene 1

Ericka is seated on a park bench waiting for Brandon to show up.

Brandon: (from behind her) So this is how it is now? I gotta meet you at a park, tho?

Ericka: This is not how it is...its how you've made it.

Brandon: Look, if you tryna argue with me again, then I'm out.

Ericka: Well then bye boy...I mean for the last year or so, you've been real good at that anyway.

Brandon: (getting closer to her) What's your problem with me, man?

Ericka: (she gets up) First of all, I ain't no man, but you, Brandon! Let's do act like you have a 6 month old son and are supposed to be in a relationship with me...it's bad enough that you weren't there for Mir Mir being born and then as if I'm not your girl...I have to find out from Damon that you're out of the detention center.

Brandon: You know it ain't like that. I didn't even know they were letting me go until they let me go.

Ericka: (she claps) Well, congratulations. Are you done playing criminal because Mir Mir needs his dad now?

Brandon: Wasn't nobody playing criminal....I was trying to make a better life for you and him

He goes to hug her. She slightly pushes him away.

Ericka: Just stop. We ain't like that right now.

Brandon: What are you talking about Ericka? Ok, I messed up a few times, but I still got love for you.

Ericka: Right. You and all your lies and promises, Brandon.

Brandon: Ericka, I told you before baby that I'm sorry. I promise that things will be different this time.

Ericka: Different, really? So what you gonna get back in school and actually go to class this time instead of selling weed all over the place?

Brandon: Ericka, you know I can't go back to no public school. Plus, I can't get no job until I get this stuff off my record so it's all I got to get some money for Mir Mir.

Ericka: I don't care what you do just know I told you from gate that I don't want my son around all of that.

Brandon: So what are you saying?

Ericka: That you ain't gonna see your son until I know for a fact that his dad is not selling drugs, smoking, drinking, and talking to every girl that will talk back....or until his dad gets serious about school and gets a GED.

Brandon: Ericka, stop acting like you didn't know what it was when you got with me. You knew the life I lived. That's why you were all on me.

Ericka: You're right I was. But look being a teen mom makes you grow up quicker than you need to. And now, I want a better life and whatever I have to do to get that...I will. Even if that means I have to separate myself from you.

Brandon: Ericka, if you not tryna rock out with me, then aite...but you are not going to keep my son away from me.

Ericka: Oh yes I will. But don't worry boo boo...you only got a little while to get it together because um...

She gives him a letter. He opens it as she begins to walk away. He grabs her arm.

Brandon: Child support?

He grabs her arm.

Ericka: (looking defensively) Don't do that.

Brandon: Ericka, I'm only 16.

Ericka: (she laughs) Where they do that at, right? Look, the court doesn't care if you're 16 or 60...in their eyes, you're a father.

Brandon: Ok..Ericka, I get it. I'm gonna try to finish up school but lets keep it 100...I can do more for little man if I just grind for just a little while longer and then stack it all while I catch up on school...Then, I'll stop for good.

She turns and walks away. He stands with the letter in his hand before having a seat on the bench...hands over his face.

Lights Dim.

Act I
Scene 4

Damon is getting dressed as Chase approaches him from the locker room.

Chase: Ok Listen, I've watched everybody else play ball and they are nothing like you. You are going to be big. I promise you that these scouts are going to be all over you. And I think you are going to need someone... me... who will make sure you get where you need to be.

Damon: Chase, what are you talking about?

Chase: Look, you already know what I can do. I've been the team manager since freshman year. I figure all of this is good practice for me to be a sports and entertainment agent one day. See, an agent has to have vision and I got my sights on something different now. You!

Damon: Nah Chase I'm good man...I don't roll like that.

Chase: What?! I'm gonna need to get you a tutor, too. Man, I've seen the way you ball. I see your swag. I see how much of a punk you are...so I'm done with being the team manager and now I want to be your personal manager, bodyguard, etc..

Damon: I don't know about all of that.

Damon is finishing up dressing in the locker room when he is surprised by Brandon.

Brandon: Sup D...

Damon: Oh snap..sup man...how you get in here? (looking around) They let you out and you still breaking and entering again?

Brandon: You and them know how I get down

They laugh.

Damon: I'm glad your back man...school ain't exactly the same without you in and out of the halls and the principals trying to find you every second.

Brandon: Yea...I have to admit...being in juve for 9 months has been crazy. You lose all of your privileges there man...You never appreciate the little things until its gone. Gotta say I actually miss running these halls.

Damon: Yea I hear you. Bet you ain't going back.

Brandon: Hell nah, I just gotta lay low for a bit.

Damon: So they gonna let you come back to school here?

Brandon: Nah. They talking about some alternative spot where I work on computers and all that crap. Ain't none of this for me.

Damon: What you mean that ain't for you, man? You got to do what you don't want to in order to get where you wanna go

Brandon: That's exactly what I'm about to do. See I hate it that you gotta keep running the inside of here by yourself but I mean you been doing a damn good job while I've been gone...so I can start building my business on these streets more. Stack this paper, take care of my tripping ass baby mom, and Mir Mir.

Damon: Yea...Ericka, she's something else. You're son is getting big fast too...

Brandon: At least you got a chance to see him.

Damon: What you mean?

Brandon: She told me that I gotta stop selling and yada, yada, then I can't see him. She even tryna get child support out of me.

Damon: Damn...wait, you only 16. They can do that?

Brandon: That's what I said! She'll be aite...she just misses me that's all. When that money come in right...she'll kill all that noise like she did these last six months. (matter of factly) Oh and thanks for taking care of her and Mir Mir for me.

Damon: Yea (changing the subject) So I was waiting till you came back to tell you that North Carolina and Georgetown gonna come scout me next month.

Brandon: Keep it a bean...

Damon: I am.

Brandon: Damn...look at you yo...You bout to play ball at a Division I school (he thinks)...that changes everything...you know the damage we can do down there...see I've been thinking too small...forget this small behind high school...we bout to be in a major university...

Damon: Whoa B...nah...see that's the thing...look since you back now...I think it's a good time for me to fall back, you know?

Brandon: Nah...I'm not understanding what you saying

Damon: Now that everyone knows about the potential scout, they've been on me like a hawk. They're making me get a tutor for science and math...coach is making me have practice in the morning before school and after school too...I'm just changing now seeing things a little different...you know?

Brandon: Oh so they got you feeling like a star already, huh? And what if Georgetown and what was it...North Carolina...what if they don't take your black ass?

Damon: Yo son...you supposed to be proud of me right now

Brandon: And you supposed to be down with me? I mean it was that street money that got you them shoes you got on. Just think about it...we about to start really making some money.

Damon: I am down with you Brandon...just not it... I got a chance to play Division I ball with the hopes to make it to the NBA...

Brandon: Ok...you going too far now...a couple years ago, you couldn't even spell NBA.

Damon: Damn yo...it's like that? Sound like you hating for real.

Brandon: I'm hating? I knew you was gonna soften up once I left. Don't forget I'm the one who gave you all this confidence...didn't nobody know you like that...till you started working with me.

Damon: Yo stop disrespecting me.

Brandon: Listen...you of all people know what I'm all about and what you signed up for. When you needed money...you ran at the idea...now because some chumps is promising you stuff that you ain't got yet, you out (pauses and gets closer to Damon)...you not done until I say you done...so straighten ya ass up because you don't wanna go too far against it.

(Brandon taps his chest)

Brandon: I'm back now, homie.

Brandon leaves as Damon gets his bags and leaves out of the locker room.