

INT. QUINCY/REGGIE'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Quincy pushes through his front door, then stops short in his doorway. Zeke sits on the couch.

QUINCY

What are you doing here?

ZEKE

Your door was unlocked.

QUINCY

Still is, so let yourself out.

ZEKE

We need to talk.

QUINCY

We ain't got nothing to talk about.

ZEKE

I messed up, okay, I know that. But I ain't that kid's father.

QUINCY

Lucky kid.

ZEKE

Look, I ain't saying it was right, but sometimes things happen.

QUINCY

And some things should never fucking happen!

ZEKE

Boy, you're so perfect you can look down on me?

QUINCY

I ain't a damn liar.

ZEKE

Your mom was real quick to show you those pictures, wasn't she? Well, she was nineteen when she got pregnant and don't get me wrong, you're the best thing in my life, but she knew I wasn't ready for no marriage.

QUINCY

So now you're saying my mother trapped you?

ZEKE

I'm saying I handled my responsibilities like a man. But when you're in the NBA, you pull into a city and there's a hundred women waiting at the hotel. And another twenty that made it past security on your

floor. And the boldest one is standing right at your door. And after awhile, it just becomes part of the game. (then)
I'm sorry I lied to you, I shouldn't have. But I did it cause I love you.

Zeke looks at his son, meaning every word.
Quincy stares back, long and hard.

QUINCY

Since we're being honest, guess I should tell you. I'm dropping out of school and going pro.

ZEKE

What?

Quincy just stares back.

ZEKE (cont'd)

Quincy, you'd be making the biggest mistake of your life.

QUINCY

(sarcastic) From your mouth.

ZEKE

(desperate) I know your mad at me, okay, but I can't let you do this.

QUINCY

Always thought "can't" wasn't in a man's vocabulary.

Zeke is taken aback by the hatred in his son's eyes.

He turns and without another word, exits.