

C A G E D H E A R T S

Two Act Playwright

By: Lionel J. Manigault

Contact Information

ADDRESS : 316 West 51st St., Apt. 5R
New York, N.Y. 10019

Tel. # : 845-707-5034

E Mail : highrollergold@gmail.com

Facebook: Lionel Joevon

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- LAMONT:** 14 year old foster child that lives in a foster home with his sister. Influenced by the street life, but still has positive influence from his sister and incarcerated father.
- PAMELA:** 15 year old girl that Lamont is interested in at school. She was arrested for resisting arrest and attempt prostitution. Has an abusive, molesting boyfriend, and seeking change.
- TRACY:** 19 year old girl and Lamont's sister. She is a foster child and stays in contact with her and Lamont's incarcerated father.
- MARCUS:** Tracy's college sweetheart. 21 Year old studying journalism.
- MRS-CASEY:** Lamont's 9th Grade Social Studies Teacher.
- ROCK & JP:** Lamont's highschool peers.
- Need Actor →* **RAMSEY:** 14 year old that is a rival against Lamont's street crew. Tried to murder Lamont at his previous school. (NO NEED FOR Actor)
- SIN:** Ramsey's 28 year old brother. He was Pamela's first love and took her in and introduced her into prostitution.
- CIRIO:** 28 year old hustler that worked for Lamont's father before incarceration. Mentors Lamont in the streets and is a rival of Sin.
- EXTRAS:** Female Driver and 4 Male Soldier of Cirio's crew, and; 2 Soldier from Sin's crew. 2 female Prostitutes.
- LEGEND:** Lamont's incarcerated Father. (Narration)

L Mangault

Setting

Urban inner-city life. Its the beginning of October and in the middle of the first quarter of the school year. Its a Brooklyn neighborhood in the year of 2012. The youth are dressed in the latest fashion, and the American dollar is valued more than it should be. Things are fast-paced and spontaneous, but; active in positivity as well as negativity.

Continues from "Caged Minds"

Scene One

It is 2012 in mid-quarter school year. Lamont is in the hallway, heading to his social studies class that is taught by Mrs. Casey. On the way, speed walking to class, he runs into his classmate, Rock and JP that are goofing around in the hallways.

Out of the three classmates, JP is obviously the follower who is committed to Rock friendship and acceptance. Rock loves followers and is intimidated when one doesn't follow his say-so.

Lamont, Rock, JP witness Pamela who has been missing from school for two and a half weeks due to criminal arrest, and these male teenager begin to mock as Mrs. Casey intervenes.

LAMONT:

(Scurrying down the school hall, greeting Rock and JP on the way) What's Shaking? Ya'll better hurry up before Mrs. Casey start wilding out. Any of you finish the homework? I gotta answer one last...

ROCK:

(Cuts off Lamont. Talks with his hands) Son... Nobody ain't tryna run to Mrs. Casey and say we ain't do shit! You BUGGIN!

JP:

Yeah... you buggin (To Lamont) you know he be acting crazy, son.

ROCK:

(Addresses JP) He?... Or you mean she?

JP:

Wh...what you talking about?

ROCK:

(Flares his arms in the air mockingly) What I'm talking about? Mrs. Casey is a she!

JP:

But...

ROCK:

(Motion his hand for JP to come closer) Give me my "gill." Give me mine's

JP:

Chill son...

J Mangault

ROCK:

(Put's one hand behind JP's neck, against his will, and yanks real hard)

JP:

(Grabs the back of his neck to calm the pain) Damn son? you play to much!

LAMONT:

(Laughs)

ROCK:

I ain't playin. You put that on ya self! Mrs. Casey is a bad cougar! I'll take that old thing any day. If you think she is a man, then I wonder how you look at the homiez? What? I look cute to you, homey?

LAMONT:

Now, shorty right their is bad!

(Pamela appears in the hallway heading to class. She is a sophomore and the comments from the male freshmen bothers her a bit, but she remains silent as she walks by. She has a history of being abused and wants change)

JP:

Yeah, she bad. And got an ass bigger then LIFE!

ROCK:

Hold up... That's Pamela... Sin's bottom bitch.

JP:

You mean Ramsey's older brother, Sin?

ROCK:

Yeah... He turned that broad out... I heard she got locked up a couple weeks ago and police caught her walking on the track, trying to sell that ass... That's why she ain't been at school (Lamont is listening intently, knowing Ramsey and his crew as enemies)

JP:

Word?

ROCK:

The bitch is a smut! Homiez ran the train and all that. She a freak! All you gotta do is tell her you love her and legs start going East and West (He chuckles)

JP:

For the money... I bet she go down south! (Motions his hands to his crotch. Mrs. Casey appears in the hallway unnoticed while listening to the conversations)

ROCK:

Look at you? Always trickin. That's why you broke now. (All three teenagers begin to laugh, though Lamont laughs modestly)

MRS. CASEY:

(Loudly clears her throat) Excuse, me gentlemen?

JP:

Hh...Hey Mrs. Casey

MRS. CASEY:

Don't you "hey" me Mr. Patterson, you should be ashamed of yourself, talking about that girl like that. Especially you Lamont. You boys don't know what that young women has been threw, for you to give her such poor behavior!

ROCK:

There ain't nothing poor about me!

MRS. CASEY:

Excuse me?

ROCK:

There ain't nothing poor about me? My pop's drive a Benz. Moms drives a Lexus. Crib is laced! And my outfit cost more than your rent! So...

MRS. CASEY:

(Chuckles to herself) Obviously, Mr. Bonner you know nothing about Money if your only investment is what you put on your feet. Secondly Poverty comes in the form of a state of mind and attitude. Poverty... as when you have nothing better to do than to hate and criticize somebody who, just exactly like you...

ROCK:

I'm nothing like Pamela! Don't know what you talkin about. (arrogantly)

MRS.CASEY:

NO?? I see you running around here with all these girls in school. Moving too fast for your own good. I know more of you than you think Mr.Bonner. I know you risk your life on those corner's as Pamela has. You both are desperate young children, risking your life for fools gold. Riches that can always be replaced and earned other ways than jeopardizing yourself. There is so many valuable wealth in this world but you only have one LIFE!..

(All three teenagers, embarrassingly, silently reconsider as Rock did so Pridefully) Understand Mr.Bonner... People are walking mirrors. What we see in others is what we see in ourselves. The characteristics we judge in others, is what we will do or act if we were in their shoes. Like I said... poverty is when you have nothing better to do, than to hate or demonize somebody who, just exactly like you (Look at JP) has nothing better to do, than to pick on you or another instead of trying to figure out why there isn't anything else better to do?

ROCK:

Shorty... We ain't tryna hear dat! Time is money. We out! (Begins walking off as JP and Lamont stay put then turn back when they didn't follow) yo, what's up? We out!

LAMONT:

You BUGGIN! (Walks off around Mrs.Casey and into the classroom.)

ROCK:

FUCK that nigga. He a bozo! Come on JP.

(JP hesitates)

MRS.CASEY:

(Folds her arms) Mr.Patterson?

JP:

I...I gotta go Mrs.Casey

(JP and Rock walks off leaving Mrs.Casey alone in the hallway)

MRS. CASEY:

(Speaks to herself in prayer) Lord...What is this world coming too? Poor child...Lord it's not his fault, that he has limited options to see his own potential. This is a place of learning and growing and seeds don't grow soley on sun alone. It needs water and a farmer touch. These inner-city schools thinks throwing numbers and words at children threw books will give these kids the "American Dream", they are wrong. They need to be active, to utilize all that energy these kids are born with. Basketball for boys and cheerleading for girls shouldn't only be their choice of activities. The election is soon and has the nerve to come up with canidates that have a partial focus on education. I don't care if the president is White, Black, Asian or even Arabic...if they can promise that all schools, not just rich schools, ALL schools will be funded programs that has varieties like computers, swimming, film and language workshop, architecture, biking, tennis, Art, engineering as well as basketball, football, soccer and baseball which will promise the evolution of America...that canidate either, man or woman, will have my vote!

Fades Out to Black

Scene Two

(Lamont is leaving school and Cirio is waiting for him outside his car to pick him up unexpectedly.)

CIRIO:

(Calling) Yo Lamont...LAMONT!

(Lamont looks around to find the voice until he see Cirio waving him near to get his attention)

Yo Lamont! Come here...Let me holla at you real quick!

LAMONT:

Yo what's good? Why you ain't tell me you was picking me up?... (Gives a quizzical suspicious look)

CIRIO:

Aight, aight...I'ma get straight to the point, step in my car real quick. (Cirio opens car door for Lamont and Lamont enters)

LAMONT:

What's up?

CIRIO:

Yo, remember the problem you had with Ramsey and we was going to fix that...but you was with ya sister so we post-poned it?

LAMONT:

Yeah.

CIRIO:

Well ya sister is an angel for us changing plans. (Smiles) Because their was a better opportunity waiting in the cut for us for a bigger fish.

LAMONT:

What do you mean?

CIRIO:

Aight...You know Sin right? Ramsey's big brother?

LAMONT:

Ye...Yeah (gives a coincidental look)

CIRIO:

For years we been rivals. And I been looking for dents in his armor. Come to find out, coke ain't his only hustle...He started pimpin.

LAMONT:

So...How that's going to help us?

CIRIO:

(Smiles Knowingly) Their is a stratedy when it comes to war homey, pimps are different like vultures. Vultures are cowards! They circle in the sky, waiting for their prey to be weakened or dead or wants baby animals to eat. Unlike Lions and gangstas, cowards don't face terror. Just cause you scared don't mean you a coward. And that bozo is a COWARD! (Grows vehement)

(quiet seconds are shared)

Lamont...cowards die thousands of times in fear and insecurities. Knowing he's a coward, I know he isn't about to make a move on us and I know he knows we are threats. But he hide behind his power. So many people die in so many ways. Way before the doctor declare Sin is dead, he already given his life away, once I recognized his bitch tendencies.

LAMONT:

So what's next?

CIRIO:

Their is a girl named Pamela that goes to your school. She is the baby animal that the vulture is preying on. She is young and ignorant and don't know no better, so he capitalizes on her feelings, emotions and low self-esteem. But he must have feelings for her or depend on her in some way because he got her bailed out I heard.

LAMONT:

I know of her. She came back to school today. I saw her earlier

CIRIO:

Yeah?

LAMONT:

Yeah.

CIRIO:

You like her?

LAMONT:

(Blushingly) She bad and all that, but...

CIRIO:

She fragile homey and since Sin is a coward he fragile too. Fragile like spotless glass and I could see clearly threw him. Once we push him over, he'll fall and shatter to pieces...Never to get himself back together. She is the hand that we'll use to push him over. Women are always a mans weakness.

LAMONT:

But homey...

CIRIO:

Yo I need you to bag her. You look better than that ugly lame! Plus he insecure because I heard he be beating her. You got swag...

(Pamela exits the school and passes CIRIO's car, crossing the street)

YO! That's her...there she is! (Reaches in his pockets and pulls out a roll of bills) Look...take this...

LAMONT:

Yo, homey...what's this for?

CIRIO:

Money...DUH! You like money like everybody else right?...Well just so you know, ho's like money too and Pamela is a ho! But she is still a rookie in the ho game so she won't talk you out ya money just yet. She still looking for love not dolla's so she ripe for the taking. It's about two grand their (Points to money in Lamont hand.They exchange stern looks)

You get all info on Sin, his wereabouts and all. Even though ho's know they ho's they still dream of being treated like a lady so wine, dine and white NIK-her. She still capable of giving that ass up for free, so don't be ashamed to sample.

LAMONT:

You crazy!

CIRIO:

I'm crazy? No!...Pamela crazy in love when you threw with her. Now hurry up...go get her before she is out your sight. (waving Lamont out his car) HURRY UP HOMEY!

LAMONT:

(Hesitantly get's out the car. Once out he gives Pamela cat calls to get her) YOCCCCOO!

CIRIO:

(Sticks his head out the window screaming at Lamont) Hey HEY!

LAMONT:

What?

CIRIO:

I said treat her like a woman, don't call her like she a scally wag! Go over there and approach her with the respect women deserve, like a gentlemen. Come on homey. I gotta teach you everything?

(Lamont give him an aggravated look and walk off towards Pamela. Cirio sticks his head back into his car!)

Damn kids..(sighs then speaks to himself) In chess...Once you take the Queen; the King becomes vulnerable without his greatest asset.

Fade Out to Black

Scene Three

Lamont catches up to Pamela as she enters the Public Library across the street near their school. Lamont has mixed feelings of his approach and Pamela is skeptical.

LAMONT:

(Hastefully and in a out of breath tone) Hey...A yo Pamela!

PAMELA:

Excuse me! (Attitude and sassy) Why you running up on me like that?

LAMONT:

(Confidently playfully laughs) Pamela...hold up...first off, I'ma call you Pam, cause Pamela has literally two many syllables for me because I'm outta breath from chasing you and shit. Can I call you Pam? You owe me that much.

PAMELA:

(Surpressed smile) You are crazy...what's wrong with you?

LAMONT:

Crazy? I gotta crazy Charlie horse (grabs his right thigh) chasing you down.

PAMELA:

(Laughs) You are something else

LAMONT:

So umm...

PAMELA:

(Cut him off and instantly serious) I saw you talking crazy about me earlier...Laughing like I'm some type of clown...

LAMONT:

But...

PAMELA:

But what?

LAMONT:

Hold on...You heard me talking about you? Or you heard me laughing?

PAMELA:

Guilty by association.

LAMONT:

Hold on...So if I'm walking with my sister, her home-girl and Mother...that makes me a female?

PAMELA:

(Raises a suspicious eyebrow) well um...

LAMONT:

Hey...Don't you dare insinuate anything like that...Nothing but Boars Head between my legs...

PAMELA:

(They both laugh) that's to much information.

LAMONT:

Look...I ain't paying no mind to Rock and JP. They lemons. And if I believed everything they said then I wouldn't be trying to holla at you right now...would I?

PAMELA:

Well um...Look..I don't got time for this cause I got studying and homework to do. Plus I don't date Freshmen. (attempts to walk off)

LAMONT:

(A bit caught off guard...)Um...but hold up...who said anything about dating? Plus a Freshmen might...might be what you need in ya life.

PAMELA:

Is that right?

LAMONT:

Yeah! A freshmen or should I say a new man...a new type of man. And you a sophmore? Their probably a lotta "soft" and delicate things about you...Just curious if their is "more" to you than meets the eye...

PAMELA:

(Blushful Smile) I know you not tryin to kick game.

LAMONT:

Mam...It's not even like that. I might just want to be your friend.

PAMELA:

What kind of friend?

LAMONT:

You know...friends help each other with homework...even give a call like (make like a phone to his ear) "Hey...what you doing on Saturday" and "Maybe we could do movies and dinner."

PAMELA:

That's a date (matter-of-factly)

LAMONT:

Is that what you want to call it?. (Smiles) How about you give me ya number and we discuss that definition later.

PAMELA:

(indecisive) Well...um...Do...do you have homework to do?

LAMONT:

Yeah...actually I do. I got extra from Ms.Casey cause of you. (Smile)

PAMELA:

(Softly with interest) Good...I got Ms.Casey for social studies and our work shouldn't be much different. Um...If you be my study buddy, I'll think about you getting my phone number.

LAMONT:

Aight...Can we shake on it, mam? (extends his hand)

PAMELA:

(Shakes his hand) Agreed. And don't call me "mam." You make me feel old.

LAMONT:

You the sophomore. I'm just tryna respect my elders. (chuckles) Here...(attempts to help her with her book bag) Let me carry that bag for you seems a little heavy.

PAMELA:

(Nervously softly and a will of independence) No...um...I got it...I'm a big girl. (gentle, forceful smile)

LAMONT:

Ow...aight...thats cool.

(They walk over to a studying table in the Library)

PAMELA:

(begins to pull out her books on her table, but unexpectedly notice Lamont pull out her chair for her) Ow...Thanks. (blushes)

LAMONT:

You are welcome (begins pulling out his text books)

(They grow silent for a few moments, going over their school work, rummaging thre papers and reading. Lamont then smirks and challenges Pamela. Positions the book where the answers are facing him)

I gotta question for the sophomre. I gotta find out if you are worth your status. Um...how many branches are their that divide governmentally of the federal government?

PAMELA:

Um...three

LAMONT:

Aight...Name them

PAMELA:

(counts on her fingers) The...Executive Branch, the Legislative Branch and Judicial Branch...

LAMONT:

(Begins to search book's page) Aight...so far so good...and what is...

PAMELA:

(Places her hands between Lamonts book to block his view) And what are the powers of each branch?

LAMONT:

Hold on wait...give me a second...Um..The Executive Branch makes the law. (Pamela gives him an eyebrow) No, they enforce the law. The...The Legislative Branch makes the law...

PAMELA:

Correct, and...

LAMONT:

The Judicial Branch...The Judicial Branch...um

PAMELA:

Here's a hint : Gravel

LAMONT:

OH!...The judges and courts and shit! (smiles) so I guess there is more than meets the eye. (flirting)

PAMELA:

(Shyly, slight nervous) This is the divided powers of the Constitution, which sets forth the general reasons for its creation...the seven main Articles and twenty-six Amendments...No...twenty-seven

(Ponders) Yeah...right...May 1992. I actually must do an Essay on the Constitution that was established as a national government after the American Revolution in 1775. From the beginning of when America had a new plan of freedom in mind to free our selves from England rule. England was oppressive, collecting taxes and enforcing law and order unfairly...

(notice Lamont staring at her quizzically)
(continued)...What?

LAMONT:

Nah...(leans back in the chair) Just thinking about my pops. Wonder what he would say about America and it's fight for independence...Crazy thing is...after all that America has been threw in the American Revolution, how come me...a young American, born and raised in the land of the free and the home of the Brave...some how feel like a slave? Trapped? Caged?

PAMELA:

(Shyly and cautiously) Well...Yeah...I...I been feeling that way for a while now and faced that same question...a week ago. Where...where is your father now? Seems smart.

LAMONT:

In prison.

(they share a staring moment)

(continued chuckles to himself) He wrote me a letter saying that the difference between us and him is that he could see the bars.

PAMELA:

I...I could understand that.

LAMONT:

Is that the reason why you felt that way a week ago?

PAMELA:

Wh...what?

LAMONT:

You was locked up right?

PAMELA:

Ye...yes.

LAMONT:

So...what you was locked up for?

PAMELA:

(defensive) Don't try to play me. You don't need to know all my business. You don't know me!

LAMONT:

One thing I do know...you deserve better.

PAMELA:

(confusingly) A better what? What you call better?

LAMONT:

A better man.

(Grows quiet. The silence tells the truth of how much Lamont knows about Pamela. Pamela lashes out in frustration.)

PAMELA:

A better man? You mean a man like you? Or a boy? Please!...I don't got time for games and don't play with children. You probably don't even buy your own boxers. Your momma probably still take you to the barbershop to pay for ya cut and...

LAMONT:

(cuts her off) First off my mom's dead!
(silence)

(continued) And who you think is playing? Nah shorty. You playing games. I'm about my B.I. So maybe we should keep it business. (pull out the rolls of bills and slams it on the table in front of her) I think I could afford more than a haircut.

(Pamela grows silent. A bit of hurtful embarrassment)

LAMONT:

You like men with money, right? Who playin now?...**(chuckles darkly)** I guess even when felines play they use their claws a little.

PAMELA:

FUCK YOU! **(Grows hurt and emotional, but regains composure as she takes a deep breath then continues)** You know what? I don't care about your money. You can keep it along with your judgement of me. I'm so stupid...to even think you were a little different...All my life I've been physically and verbally demonized and disrespected in so many ways. I seem to attract and choose the same type of abusive men as if I'm a sweet blooded animal to their cold mosquito-like hearts...sucking the life outta me...Now I see, that once I change, I would change the type of men who comes to my life. I would change my life from what it is. I will change anger to love, ugly to beauty, pain and misery to peace and happiness.

(sighs and continues) In jail, pastor and counselors said I'm worth more. I can change. Theirs some type of truth to it, because they have no reason to lie. I'm tired of giving myself when their is hardly anything to give. But I was too young...I gave in so easily. I forgave Sin repeatedly for what he taught me. For what he did to my heart, my soul. I feel compassion for that poor, dead little girl that died in my heart-beat, who was desperate for a mans touch...who was only a predator in mans clothing...**(A tear fall from her eyes)** who...who gave that dead little girl life in the form of three words...But those three words should never been heard, but only experienced. I know now. What I was looking for in Sin was what I...I did anything for him...**ANYTHING!**...I did anything for that mans love when I didn't get love from the first man in my life...My father. I could see and feel what my father didn't do. No hugz, kisses or I love you's. **(silence is shared. Thinking moment)**

(continued) You know...You said you still feel like a slave...I do to...Your father was right. I feel trapped and caged! But it's your judgements and other men like you and their opinions that put me in that cage.

(Pamela gets up and begins to put her books back in her bag and attempts to leave)

LAMONT:

(pauses for a moment of consideration. Before she could leave he stop her) Hey you, hey wait. **(sighs)** I...I ain't mean it like that...I apologize..

PAMELA:

(begins to step off) What ever!

LAMONT:

Wait...Look...Opinions...Mines or anyone elses opinions may cage you...but you...the one that holds the key that locks you in, or frees you...and I don't think you are the type to be locked down...Look...I'ma man of my word and you seem like a stand up woman. We made a deal...agreement to help each other with our homework and I still need clarification on the Bill of Rights **(smile)**

(Pamela smiles lightly)

I just feel you...you will make a good friend...that's all...and want to make it up by assisting you on your studies. And for the record...you do deserve better not necessarily a better man...just better in life, because I see the change already.

PAMELA:

OK...OKAY...You done kissing my ass? Now back to work. I got a curfew at the home I'm in. (Both begin to sit back into their chairs.)

LAMONT:

Group Home?

PAMELA:

Yeah...so...

LAMONT:

Word?..I'm in a foster home too...what a coinkidink...I stay with my sister...and...

Fade Out into Black

Scene Four

For the past two weeks Lamont and Pamela have been study-buddies. He walks her home after school to make her curfew. Lamont is now home, in his living room finishing up his homework assignment as Tracy and her boy friend Marcus walks in. Their foster Mother Ms. Janet is at work.

TRACY:

(Walks hastily into the apartment with Marcus behind her and closing the door) Hello Lamont...Ms. Janet hasn't come home yet?..

LAMONT:

(Looks at his watch) Nah...probably in a hour. (Then notice Marcus) Ow...You pushing it Tracy...Having Marcus here on enemy lines? Ms. Janet could be here any...

TRACY:

Ow shut up boy...He ain't staying long...Look...Keep Marcus company...I gotta use the bathroom. (saying while scurrying off stage)

LAMONT:

(says to Marcus) What's up with your shorty? (referring to his sister Tracy) You better keep her in check! Ever since Tina beat up Ike...Sofia knocked out Harpo...and Oprah fired Steadman...

MARCUS:

You mean they broke-up!..

LAMONT:

What's the difference? But ever since all that...women are out of control.

TRACY:

(Tracy is heard off stage) I could hear everything!

MARCUS:

(Nervous and defensive while switching the subject speaking loud enough for Tracy to hear) what you doing Lamont? Homework?

LAMONT:

(looks at Marcus pitifully) No wonder my sister thinks she Beyonce...

(Marcus cell phone Ring tone blares Beyonce's: Who run the world: Girls! Lamont stares as Marcus Looks at the phone)

(continued) Who's that?

MARCUS:

Tracy sent me a text

LAMONT:

What she say?

(Marcus shakes his head, not wanting to talk about it)

(continued while thumbing his nose) Anyway...Since you in college and all that...maybe you could help me with this essay I gotta do...

MARCUS:

So...What's the essay about?

LAMONT:

Role models...I gotta write about who I look up to, but I ain't tryna say no rapper or athlete or...you know...my pops...Even though we know he changed and progressing under his circumstances...currently...society's opinion might not let him...

MARCUS:

Yeah...I know...Um..
(pauses thoughtfully)
(continued) what is it you like to do and who do you know that does it best?

LAMONT:

I like poetry...I like challenges...I like...

MARCUS:

What about Nkosi Johnson?

LAMONT:

Nusy who.

MARCUS:

Nkosi Johnson. To be honest, you remind me of him. He influenced the world in such away many would think was impossible. You both have...ambition.

LAMONT:

What he do? What is he about?

MARCUS:

Check this out. He was born with AIDS in South Africa. He literally was

born to die, but he never let that stop him working tirelessly to help other children with AIDS in his poverty-stricken country. He became an active speaker that attracted important people around the world, to help disadvantaged and a largely ignored group of people. He was a revolutionary in his country, like Martin Luther King was to America. He made the entire world take a look at the South African health crisis by speaking out against injustice. His famous quote was, "Do what you can, with what you have, in the place you are at, with the time you have left." He became an icon who even Nelson Mandela admired and couldn't accomplish what Nkosi accomplished within such a short time frame. He died at the age of twelve. If he influenced millions of people worldwide in such a little bit of time, I can imagine what you can do in your entire life.

LAMONT:

(pauses for a moment) You are right!

MARCUS:

Yeah?

LAMONT:

Yeah (Lamont stands up and reaches in his pocket) And I'ma start now by starting with you cause you have some business to handle...
(hands Marcus a condom)

MARCUS:

A condom?

LAMONT:

Act like I don't know? (Sarcastic)

(Tracy enter, the living room)

TRACY:

I don't appreciate yall...(Pause)

(Lamont and Marcus grows suspiciously quiet and pretend to be normal unsuccessfully)

(continued) What are you two up too?

MARCUS:

Nothing...just helped him with some homework (Gets up and kisses Tracy)
Look...I'ma wait for you in the hallway ...Ms.Janet be here any minute.
(pats Lamont on the shoulder as he leaves the apartment)

LAMONT:

Ya boyfriend smarter than he looks...I see he got a brain and an extra

one to think for you...If Ms.Janet would've screamed on you, you would've be tight! No wonder you in love...

TRACY:

(goes to Lamont that's sitting at the living room table and slap him playfully on the back of the head) you need to not worry about my love life and worry about yours! (smiles devilishly)

LAMONT:

What do you mean..."worry about mines"? I don't gotta love life to worry about?

TRACY:

One word...Pamela

LAMONT:

Look...We...we just friends.

TRACY:

(teasingly) Just friends, huh?..(Then looks at Lamont sternly and can see his true feeling for Pamela. Then grows serious) Look...I saw her earlier with...

LAMONT:

With who?

TRACY:

With Sin...You know who he is. Over their by...(pauses)

LAMONT:

(Looks away while pausing)
(continued) Word...Where at?

TRACY:

I was in a cab coming here with Marcus and they were going in side a corner building on Dumont and Georgia. (Notice Lamont looking at his note book disappointingly) (continued) You better not do nothing stupid. I don't even know why would you deal with someone like...

LAMONT:

Like what? (Stands up angrily) What? Who are you to judge? I...I know something about her and she ain't all what you think...She...she like us! Me and you!...She a group home baby too. We been threw alot and she has too and

it's judgements like your's that...

TRACY:

Don't do that Lamont? I ain't no hypocrite. You know my past too and I've changed. But seeing her with Sin means something is wrong.

LAMONT:

Did she look happy?. (pause) Did she look happy!?

TRACY:

No...I couldn't really tell, it was a split second. Her head was down while she went in the building with him and who ever...

LAMONT:

Your right. Something is wrong. (Begins reaching to dial on his phone to call)

TRACY:

I don't know what you intend to do...but you need to slow down...and think

LAMONT:

(Ignores Tracy as phone call doesn't go through) Damn!...No answer

TRACY:

LISTEN TO ME!

(Pause)

You are too emotional right now, about some feelings that you feel, when you can't even explain why you feel that feeling that you never even felt before.

LAMONT:

What?

TRACY:

How can you miss love that you never knew existed?

LAMONT:

(Sighs in frustration shaking his right foot angrily)

TRACY:

Understand the problem where it starts, but understand you can't fix a problem or her problem until you fix your's first...I don't know what Pamela is going through...though...I've worn her shoes...until my feet hurt and took

them off when I faced the reality that they just don't fit!

(Pause)

I could see the source of the problem where it start...well where it started for me. Missing Papa...Thinking I could love my way into a mans heart. The people...mainly girlfriends label me a slut...but didn't see I was just lonely and fatherless...

LAMONT:

So you should understand...You should understand her...But I know her more than you think. Her steps towards change...her efforts...her studies her ability to remember quotes after staring at it for eight seconds...Her demand for independence...I saw this Tracy and...

TRACY:

Lamont...Please...I beg you...Know and expect the painful process of change that will give you great pleasure. Understand that people may not ^{when} instantly change occurs. We make up our minds to live differently. We mentally organize the do's and don'ts and what needs to be done to change all the corners of our souls that's being baptised, in order to reshape us. Change is a latter we climb towards achievement, that involves small steps that appear to be small. It's learning to put everything in it's place, accepting new friends to replace the old ones. This path of change we walk takes patience and perseverance, occasionally stumbling along the way. The good thing is...we never fall as hard as we did before the moment we decided to change.

(Pause)

Life is a series of lessons and you must study your mistakes in order to succeed...Daddy told me that (Pulls out an envelope from her coat pocket and hand Lamont the envelope...)here.

LAMONT:

Who is it from?

TRACY:

(sassy) Read the envelope! (Begins walking out the apartment)

LAMONT:

POPS!

TRACY:

Duh!...You think? (sarcastic) Boy, lock the door behind me (exits threw the door)

LAMONT:

(Goes to the door and lock it . Begins to ponder to himself.) Man...what should I do? Think Lamont...Think! (Pauses while pacing back and forth. Then instantly grows enthused of an idea and begins to send a text message to Pamela)

(Lamont's voice mentally speaks out his text)

Hey Pam...You ain't hit me up all day. IDK. I don't know what happen but you have been on my mind lately. The first time we met was new for me. There's something so strong and gentle about you. Just so you know...I believe in you. I don't know what you are doing or thinking right now, but I hope you okay and I miss my friend. Smiley face.

(Puts his phone away and then it rings. He looks at the phone and see that it's Pamela)

Ow...it's Pamela..(Looks at the phone when the call ends) Why she hang up? (He calls back as the phone rings.)

SIN:

(Sin's voice on the other end of the phone) Yo what's up? You got money?

LAMONT:

What??

SIN:

I said...DO YOU GOT MONEY? As a matter of fact you owe me cause you spent some kind a time with her to even be calling.

LAMONT:

(Hangs up the phone angrily!) Stay calm...You know something is wrong...(Then looks at his father's letter that he didn't open and read yet. He sits down at the table, opens the letter and reads)

Narrator voice of Lamont Father

Dear Legacy...

Hey son...my only sun that will always shine, just half of the time we all won't see it. Though I hear some young lady is bathing in your sunlight. You know Tracy tells me everything so don't try and front. I never had a chance to speak to you about the birds and the bees, but Nature seems to explain very well. Though don't move to fast...take your time...slow down and get to know yourself first before you try to get to know someone else. Women can come into a mans life with the power to make him or break him. So you knowing yourself first, will help find the woman that's best for you. And when you chose...you will know what you want, choosing with surity and confidence. Yes, confidence! The key to success in a man's life. No matter the path you chose or what you do, do it in confidence and it will only be a good outcome. Which reminds me, that it is also needed to face future obstacles...Their is a war going on...

Speaking
Voice slowly fades away.
Fade into Black.

Act Two
Scene One

Lamont is sitting in the back seat of Cirio's car with one of Cirio's soilders. Cirio is in the passenger seat as a female sits in the driver seat. They are parked outside of Sin's apartment building. Lamont is positioned behind Cirio. This is the same night Lamont read his father's letter.

CIRIO:

Lamont?...You sure this is Sin's crib homey?

LAMONT:

Yeah...He live on the top floor. My sister said this his building, then I realized my man Rock, who I go to school with lives in that building. When I talked to Rock...he told me what apartment Sin's in. Look that window right their on the top floor is his crib. (points out the car window at Sin's residence).

(Pause)

(continued) He got a stash in their too plus it's where his hoes be at. Rock told me he be seeing all of Sin's bitches in that building. My sister told me like a couple hours ago they went inside the building with Pamela. But the hoes is on the strip by now cause it's late. Look...this ain't our side of town so to run in their so boldly and suddenly would catch him off guard. Plus Rock told me it be him...another lame or two in that crib...along with the hoes...More than likely the hoes are working right now but we going to find out who is in that crib. You remember the plan?

CIRIO:

(calm authority) Yeah, but go over it so you don't change nothing up when you carry it out...I'm listening...

LAMONT:

Aight...You see that fire-escape? (point at the side of Sin's Building) That leads to the window of the crib. Sin doesn't know how I look or any of his people's, but Ramsey. But I doubt he their cause Ramsey lives in Crown Hieghts by my old school, remember?..

CIRIO:

You sure about that?

LAMONT:

Yeah!

CIRIO:

No...are you sure Ramsey won't be over here?

LAMONT:

(Pauses in ponder then continues) Um...it's a possibility but that's a

chance I'm willing to take. Plus all I need to do is get to the roof so the chances of him being there and me coincidentally ^(running) into him is slim.

(Pause)

Look...once I'm on the roof, I climb down the fire-escape to his apartment window and see who is in there, I'll text you where they are in the crib, or tell you when they left. Remember...when I go in the building, in five minutes, send Nunu, Bash and Prada in the building and have them lay up in the staircase. I'll text you if Sin is in there, but when he leaves I'll text you again, I'll break in the window to let Nunu, Bash and Prada in the front door. You stay out front to let us know when Sin and them return and you could creep from behind while we are in the front and you already know!..Nunu and them is parked around the corner right?

CIRIO:

Yeah...

LAMONT:

Aight so...let's do this

CIRIO:

(pause) Aight...so...what you think about this babes? (Addressing the female on the driver side)

FEMALE DRIVER:

No body thinking about y'all but my nails you going to pay for, for having me drive this time a night, steering wheel done messed my nails up! Come on...hurry up lets go...

MALE SOLDIER:

Ow you fancy huh? Nail, done, hair done, everything did! (Mimicking Swiss Beats and Drake's fancy song)

CIRIO:

Well tonight...I'll sweat that perm out too (Female Driver gives him an "excuse me, no he didn't" look with an eye brow up)
(continued) What?...I paid for it! (In a "Two chains" melody) Riding around, I'm getting it...It's mine I spend it (Attempts to touch her head)
Female driver swats his hand away and punches him in the arm
Anyway...what about Pamela?(To Lamont)

LAMONT:

What about her? It don't matter if she there or not. I used her like you told me. She said there is a stash in there...and...and...it's in his bed room closet. Plus...you really just want to get rid of Sin anyway so...It don't matter...the money ain't important. So let's take care of business. (Begins to exit the car)

CIRIO:

Hold up...Hold up...You got the crow-bar?

LAMONT:

Yeah...what's up?

CIRIO:

And what else?

LAMONT:

(Pause) What you mean?

(Cirio looks at his male soilder nudding his head towards Lamont. The male soilder pulls out a 38 revolver and hands it to Lamont. Lamont cautiously accepts.)

CIRIO:

(address Lamont sternly) When you tuck it...make sure it's up against your skin...so it don't slip out and fall down your pants...

(Lamont tucks the pistol and slowly gets out the vehicle)

Fades out to Black

Act Two
Scene Two

Lamont has made it to the roof and climbed down on flight of the fire-escape to look threv Sin's window. He notices Sin, two males, two half nakedly dressed women and Pamela. Lamont tries to get Pamela's attention to get to the bathroom window that leads to the left side of the fire-escape. Pamela is sitting in the living room in a chair.

LAMONT:

(text Cirio of how many people are in Sin's apartment. Speaks out loud to himself) There is Sin, two men and three women. Ther is a kitchen that connects to the living room and two bed rooms.

(continues to look in the window silently until he catches Pamela's attention)

SIN:

(Speaks to the people in general while everyone is in motion) Let's go, let go...we running late. Yah hoes' are on tha clock! (address one of the half nakedly dressed women, that's walking pass towards the bed room) Hey...HEY!...(the women stops in mid-walk)

Lotion up them...(gives a threatening stare to make sure she is paying attention) Lotion up those knees..look like you just gave a blow job on the beach for free! What you doing? Given hand outs or hand jobs?...Now hurry up in their (claps his hands) and get ya self together...Before I cancel yo ass and you end up begging for a job to scrub floors where the only oil-based soap you'll use is elbow grease!

(Pause...shakes his head then walks in Pamela's direction.) My little art museum peice walking amongst mortals. (Squats down to Pamela's level who is seated in a chair, confused and vulnerable)

(continues) You are better than them...younger and more evolved. You are their greater potential on their decaying day...(begins to stroke her with the back of his index finger on her brused eye and hair gently) You are a golden brown rose, growing from black grass. Being a poverty-stricken child in America, you have a knack for growing the feeling of being powerless, which will surely make you lack power. (sighs seductively) But until you are taught to open your eyes in your mind to witness the world around you, you will never posses power...I will teach you my love...(He gradually touches lightly on her breast down to her inner right thigh) I will show you the power you have, to have anything in this world...Anything...Diamonds...pearls...warm beaches...kissing sun or winking stars...we can do this...you and I...we can have the world!

SIN'S MALE SOILDER # 1:

Yo...Sin...we need ya help over here...The scale is broke...

SIN:

What?..(stands up to face him) Yall don't know math to weigh grams? Yall need to get ya'll GED first? What? Can't you see I'm busy?..

(Begins to address his soilder as Pamela sees Lamont peaking and waving in the window, Pamela looks excited and scared at the same time. Lamont motions

for her to go to the bathroom so he can speak to her. Pamela begins to stand up and head pass Sin towards the bathroom)

(Sin grabs Pamela by the arm) Hey...where you going?

PAMELA:

I...I need to use the bathroom

SIN:

(Pauses)

Ow aight...aight...Don't be to long...aight?

PAMELA:

(Nodds her head with a forced smile. Goes into the bathroom when she enters the bathroom she locks the door behind her.)

(Address Lamont as he opens the window with his crow bar) What are you?...Crazy? You gonna get yourself hurt! Or even Killed!

LAMONT:

(Open the window) Come on lets go!

PAMELA:

I...I...(neverbously)

LAMONT:

Come on!...Some shit is about to go down so lets...(notices her bruised eye) Wh...What happen to your face? He..he hit you? Coward!...We gotta get you outta hear now...

PAMELA:

I...I don't know what to do...Don't know where to go...I...I'm cursed...This is my life...He will always follow me...or men like him...I tried Lamont I tried...and...

LAMONT:

Well you keep trying Pamela! If you keep trying, you are still fighting. Never quit! Never give up...Quitters don't win and winners don't quit!

(Pauses to look left and right)

Look...You know what...it's no sense in using words that don't mean shit! Lets Go and Do what needs to be done. Just move forward...I know you scared...fear is natural...But don't be a coward. Cowards don't fight and rather live with the pain burning in their soul. People like me...you...my sister...we fight! We face the pain and step past it then look back at it and move on. I believe in you...If I didn't...I wouldn't be here...

SIN:

(Knocks on the door) Pamela...you aight? Why the door lock? What's up?

PAMELA:

(Yells out to Sin) I...I'm still using the bathroom...give me...me a second.

LAMONT:

(Whispers) My pops would say...Opportunity comes once in a life time...Treat it like it's your last chance. (Pause) It's not what you did in the past that effects you now. It's what you do now that will make-up for the past that will change the future.

(Extends his hands slowly) Come on..

(Pamela take a step forward and Sin begins rattling the door. She look back at the door then back at Lamont)

(continues) Come on Pamela...

(Pamela reaches her hand up and lets Lamont assist her threw the window to escape)

Lights fade to Black

Act Two
Scene Three

Lamont and Pamela just climbed on the roof from the fire-escape. Pamela is in a panic, afraid of the next step or painful consequences.

LAMONT:

(Breathing heavy) Alright ...let's wait for a second...so I can contemplate the next move.

PAMELA:

The next move? You mean we are stranded on a roof...cold...and I don't got a jacket...Ow my God...

LAMONT:

Just chill...

LAMONT:

This has been a mistake...

SIN:

(His voice screams from a distance off stage as Lamont peaks over the ledge) PAMELA!!...YOU BITCH...AFTER ALL I DID FOR YOU?.. PAMELAA!

LAMONT:

Aight...We can't go down stairs just yet...but that's good...

PAMELA:

What?...He is going to KILL US!

LAMONT:

Just chill out Pam! I ain't by my self...Plus three of mine is already in the building. He don't know where you escaped to and 9 out of 10...he think you went down stairs out the building so...I'ma text my team now and they going to raid the crib and ambush them (Pulls out his cell phone and begins texting Cirio) I'ma tell them we on the roof so they know we up here, we leave when he check on us.

PAMELA:

I...I Don't know...He is going to find me Lance...he always does...He...he was the one who bailed me out...I...I owe him...

LAMONT:

You don't owe him shit! (walks up to Pamela and touches the side of her

face gently) Look at what he did to your face...Look at it!

PAMELA:

(Bursts in to a painful suppressed cry)...It's..it's to late...It's over for me...I..I just want it all to be over...I don't know what to do...feeling hurts so much...living hurts so much and I dream of just flying away...where love roams free...clouds hold me...but I wake up to reality as just a warned out bird banging my wings against a CAGE...begging to escape...

(pause)

I wake up every morning hoping I'm dead already, but I continue to live, suffering and fighting (begins to back up and bump into the ledge. Lamont takes a step towards her...) fighting and suffering, clinging onto the hope that it will be over any given second. (She peaks over the ledge as if she wants to jump) what is life without happiness...without love...My parent don't even love me and they the ones who gave me life...

LAMONT:

God gave you life! Cause he gave yo momma and Daddy theirs. And how can they give you love if they don't have none to give?...They don't love them selves to love you and love attracts love as much as birds attract birds and bees attract bees. Birds of a feather flock together...right? Why you think I'm here? I see more in you than what you think...I saw it first day we met. The strength...the will to change...It's just that nobody ain't tell you that change can hurt...but pain is just a part of life...That's what my pops said.

(He hugs Pamela from behind)

(The roof top door slams open as Sin and his two men enters)

SIN:

(Walks comically towards Lamont and Pamela while clapping his hands) Wow..great show...great show very entertaining sweet heart...We need to get you in show business...but as we both know...theirs no business like HOE business...(chuckles to himself)

LAMONT:

(pulls out his 38 pistol as Pamela hide behind him) Back the fuck up!

(Sin's two male soildiers pulls out their guns and aim at Lamont)

SIN:

Chill killer...(smirks) Chill...Damn...that ass is good ain't it? (chuckles) Young Tender Dick! (looks at his male soildiers as they laugh) I like that name...Ready to die over a bitch! This crazy...Look little homey, you seem some what smart in school...in math class...they got symbols and all that...equal, lesser (addresses his soilders) come on...help me out now...Greater...like three is greater than one...got that arrow looking symbol like a skinny ass pacman...well anyway...three is greater than one an you out numbered homey (takes a step closer towards Lamont while pulling out his

pistol as it hangs on his side not pointing the pistol)

(Lamont tenses up and the pistol begins to shake in his hand nervously)

(continues) Look at you...first time a young lion using his fangs...you ain't even holding it right...you shoot it you gonna sprain your own damn wrist.

(pause)

Look boy...she owe,,,I bailed her out of jail with my money and...

LAMONT:

That was an investment...you ain't stupid...you make her feel like she need you, but you need her...Rape'o! If you was locked up my pops would blow ya face off!

SIN:

Hold up...who ya pop?...

(Pauses a moment and realize who Lamont is)

(continue) Ow...Son of a Legend (chuckles) I knew you look familiar...yeah...I remember you. My little brother tried to push ya wig back in school. You the reason he got the gun charge...

(Pause)

Yeah...Just like ya father...sucker for love...must be in the blood...risking ya life over a bitch...aint' that's why he locked up? Made him hot along with that conspiracy charge. Killed that man over a Bitch!...

LAMONT:

(Grows emotional) That...that was my mother.

SIN:

Word? (Mockingly) Damn shame...Now look at you...look at you...trying to follow the family blood line...!You think she needs to be saved? (points to Pamela) You want to save her? (laughs) you got the super hero look, climbing fire escape and all...Black spiderman in the flesh! (grows stern) Look a here scrap!..all that saving the world crap...This city put dreams like that on a paper plate and eat it alive with it's hands...no fork, spoon or damn napkin!...

(pause)

Look out there (point off stage at audience) Everybody looking out for number one! Two can't spend a penny homey. Somebody gotta take and someone gotta give!

(Roof door slams open suddenly as Cirio and four male soildiers enter the roof guns drawn out)

CIRIO:

Yup, thats right...two can't spend a penny...so I'ma add my two scents...Dont' move...and drop the guns.

(Pause as Sin and his soildiers hesitate)

(take a step forward raising his gun towards Sin's face) What? Yah don't comprehend.? (They drop their guns)

LAMONT:

(Is relieved as Pamela is holding his arms close he walks past, imitating Kevin Hart's "Laugh at my Pain" While mocking Sin) Alright, alright, ALRIGHT! (Then starts counting Cirio's men) One...two, three...That's six...you know math? Equal, lesser, (addresses Pamela) Greater...Arrow symbol looks like a skinny ass pac-man...you know...Six is Greater than three...(Kevin Hart imitation) You gonna learn TODAY!

(As Lamont and Pamela begins to walk by Sin impulsively grabs Pamela by the arm)

PAMELA:

Ow...GET OFF ME!

SIN:

Hell you goin?

LAMONT:

(goes to push Sin away from Pamela as they begin to struggle-tussle each other for a few seconds as Sin trips over one of his soildiers leg and falls. Sins's soildier attempts to help until Cirio raises his gun at him. Instantly, Lamont points his gun aiming at Sin on the floor intensely with vengeance of how Sin disrespected him, Pamela, his mother and father.

(All the actors on the stage remain still in motion. The lights dim dark leaving only the spot light on Lamont and the actor sitting in a desk and chair in state green posing as Lamont's father: Legend. Narration of the other half of letter Lamont had read Earlier that day.)

NARRATOR: LEGEND:

There is a war going on...Not between race or religion. Not between rich and poor or the ignorant and the intelligent, for which I once thought. It's between self-worth and slavery. Honor and bondage. Freedom and limitations. Dignity and the Martyr that spend it's life in a painful cage of doubt, regret and torment. This war is not personal or pertaining to you or the side of the war you are on, but knowing that your participation and how you participate in the war will effect the entire world that's around you and it's future. Enemies and loved ones.

(Pause)

With my crime...I've effected the victim and his family. I've effected you as a son and Tracy as a daughter as well as the gardians that now has the burden of taking care of you. Look how one action epidemically effected the lives around me? In everything you do, you have a choice, but know that your choice is never truly just yours. Be considerate of you as others and the world will consider you.

(Pause)

People create their own victories and mistakes. There is no true justice unless the defendant agrees. Without repentance and understanding, there is only a thirst for blood, that boiled with the fire of revenge. To seek revenge is to desperately hate and kill part of yourself, your anger, pain and misery. However, revenge isn't as precise and exact as love and intelligence. When killing anger or pain with vengeance it takes more of you than just that. Notice the bull who see's red on a man. He charges his target and when he strikes, he always damage more than the color. Revenge is blindrage. To be blind is to be in the dark. To be in the dark is to lack light. Light is knowledge that reveals and make everything clear that's around you. Would you live in the dark or the light?

(Pause)

You were born perfect. You know this from the womb, but as you grew older, as all of us do, and witness and experience the imperfection around you in life, you may have forgotten who you truly are. Your intention of life's purpose is to carry out your own evolution that becomes a path back to perfection, or your preception of a perfect state of mind.

(Pause)

Never cage your mind and never cage your heart my legacy.

THE LEGEND

(Things are back in motion as Lamont lowers his pistol)

SIN:

(Begins to madly laugh on the floor) Ow...I thought you was a KILLER!
(Laughs louder)

CIRIO:

(Speaks to Lamont and Pamela) Yall go on home...I got this...aight...hurry up.

(Lamont and Pamela exits threw the roof door and Sin laughs louder and louder)

Fades into Black

Act Two
Scene Four

Lamont and Pamela just left Sin's apartment building, pouring onto the streets. As soon as they exit the building. Gun shots are fired.

PAMELA:

AHHH!...Ow..ow my God! (Pamela begins to cry as she curls under Lamont's embrace.)

LAMONT:

(Looks up at the roof) Damn!...Look...we gotta get outta here. (Grabs Pamela by the arm and pulls forward a few steps)

PAMELA:

(Still rattled in fear she pull away to stop) Hold up...Everything is happening to damn fast...I need...I need to think!

(Sirens are blaring from a distance)

LAMONT:

Look. Pamela...we must move from here. Look! (Points to a bus stop bench that's placed on the other side of the stage.) There is a bus stop...Let's go over there (they walk over their an sit cautiously as both are in a surpressed panic. Pamela rocks back and forth with her hand wrapped around herself. Lamont , sitting next to her, is leaning forward, elbows in his knees look sternly at the floor.)

PAMELA:

(Speaks softly threw low mumurs) This is so terrible...I...I just want to sleep...No...I...I just want to Escape all of this...this mess. I wish...I wish...

LAMONT:

Your wish would be useless...Life isn't intended to be perfect. It's...it's intended for us to evolve...

(pause)

(turns towards Pamela) What I mean is...Or what I'm beginning to realize...Struggle or...conflict brings some kind of drastic change in our lives. Like...Like a match that is dragged against sand paper to light a fire...or...or a buffalo is killed, in order to feed a lioness and her cubs...or painful labor of giving birth bringing in a new life that may one day change the world if..if it chooses too.

(Pause)

Even a loss..Like you lost your cell phone or purse or even a loss of a loved one...When you lose something, their ain't no point in trying to regain what is already gone. It's best to take advantage of the empty space that is their and replace it with something new and better. Every loss or problem is

some kind of equal or greater benefit. It's for our own good.

PAMELA:

(Looks at Lamont with emotion) So...so what should we do now?

LAMONT:

Grow...that's all we can do.

(pause)

Do you believe that...things will get better? Do you?

PAMELE:

(Say's softly) Yes

LAMONT:

Good!

PAMELA:

So...where we going Lamont?

LAMONT:

(Smile) As long as we make an effort to move forward...Any where is better than this!

(Pause)

Your going back to the group home...You tell them the truth...without fear of the consequence,...cause the only consequence of the truth...is growth...no matter how painful it is...

(Pulls out a Milkyway from his jacket)

(Note! Milkyway his favorite candy. According to Tracy, it was his first lesson of not being afraid to try new things in order to grow. i.e. (aged minds")

Do you want a piece?

PAMELA:

(breaks a piece of his candy bar) Thanks...Thanks for everything...(gives Lamont a hug.)

Fades into Black