

INT. DIANE'S ROOM - NOON

Diane sits at her desk as she draws flames on a sheet of loose-leaf paper.

Calvin opens the door and walks in.

DIANE  
(smiling)  
About fucking time.

CALVIN  
Don't give me that shit Diane.

DIANE  
I can't miss my best friend?

CALVIN  
Saw you yesterday.

DIANE  
Okay fine whatever, let's do this  
Bio.

Calvin takes deep breath.

CALVIN  
(no excitement)  
Let's.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Calvin writes in his notebook while sitting on the train.

CALVIN (V.O.)  
Someone once told me routine is  
what's gonna keep me sane in  
college. But routine is driving me  
insane. I've been in this city all  
my life--

Calvin's writing is interrupted by a kind old white man with a Boston accent.

OLD MAN  
(wearily)  
Hey there, do you play basketball?

CALVIN  
Uh, yea I did... In high school.

OLD MAN  
Where did ya play?

CALVIN  
I played at O'Bryant.

The old man catches a glow about him.

OLD MAN  
(excited)  
Oh I just knew it. I recognized  
you.

CALVIN  
(unimpressed)  
Pretty cool.

OLD MAN  
Are ya working now?

CALVIN  
Uhh. No I actually go to  
Northeastern.

Calvin looks down at his notebook. He continues to write to  
try and seem busy.

OLD MAN  
Oh that's just great.

CALVIN (V.O.)  
And I am sick of it. I can't even  
escape my high school perception in  
this small neighborhood. I can't be  
who I want to be in Boston. The net  
worth of black families in this  
city is \$8. The system won't let me  
be who I want to be. It seems  
others decide who I am. Or even who  
I've always been.

INT. CALVIN'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Calvin is spaced out at the dinner table when his mother,  
Roberta, 50's and fair-skinned, interrupts him.

ROBERTA  
Honey, why do you come over here on  
Saturday nights to just sit there  
and not talk?

Calvin comes out of his daze.

CALVIN  
Huh?

ROBERTA  
Don't you have any friends?

CALVIN  
You know I have friends.

ROBERTA  
Then why are you over here? And  
don't think I don't want you here,  
I love having you here, and I'm  
more than willing to cook.

Calvin responds with no substance. He just fills up the empty sound.

CALVIN  
(drags)  
I mean...

ROBERTA  
(hesitant)  
I'm just worried.

CALVIN  
Of course you are.

Calvin's dad, Emmet, 50's, strong black guy in wife beater, overhears them from the kitchen and walks in the dining room.

EMMET  
I think it's fine he comes home. It  
means he's got good morals. Family  
first. Who needs a party or  
friends, right son?

ROBERTA  
Now Emmet, I'm not disagreeing, but  
he should branch out.

Calvin, with a blank face, watches the back and forth of his parents talking about him.

EMMET  
It's about being a man Roberta! A  
strong black man needs priorities.  
You want him out here chasing these  
white girls, getting them pregnant  
and having soft ass light skinned  
babies?

CALVIN  
Dad! What that got to do with  
anything.

Roberta pokes fun at Emmet in flirty fashion.

ROBERTA

Hey now, us fair skinned ain't soft.

EMMET

Woman, you Cape Verdean. I'm not talking about you.

Roberta laughs.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Okay, that was maybe a little much. But y'all know what I mean. He remembers where he comes from.

ROBERTA

(smiling)

Ohp. You done got ya father started.

EMMET

He comes from a neighborhood rich with African-American culture. He's from Dudley square born and raised. Boston's Harlem. Or let me call it by its new name: Nubian square. It'll take a while for that to stick but apparently Thomas Dudley was a racist who had slaves yadayada.

CALVIN

I know dad, I know.

EMMET

You know what? You seem to know everything son? You know that Malcom X--

CALVIN

Walked the same streets as me yes. I do.

EMMET

I don't think you appreciate growing up 'round Dudley Square though. You walk around, you see all the art, all the black owned restaurants, the music. You might just blindly know something, but do you appreciate it?

Calvin looks at his mom.

CALVIN

Mom, you are right. I don't know  
why I come over here if I have to  
hear this every time.