



Scripts.com

Love & Basketball

By Gina Prince-Bythewood

Swish! That's "horse."

- You can't make that.

- Watch me.

You guys are too easy.

Just wait till

I get big like Kareem.

You want to be like Kareem?

All his big butt do

is stand by the basket.

- I be blocking your stuff.

- Yeah, right.

Hey, look. Q.

I thought you said

only girls were moving in.

That's what my mom said.

Hope he can ball.

- Bet he's a scrub like Kelvin.

- Shut up.

- Can I play?

- No.

- You nice?

- Yeah, I'm nice.

All right.

You and Kelvin

against me and Jamal.

- Oh, man!

- He is a girl!

- Girls can't play no ball.

- Better than you.

- What a dog.

- She heard you.

She can only hear dog whistles.

- Check.

- Check.

Damn! She dogged you, man.

- Shut up!

- One-zip.

Lucky.

Damn!

I got her.

Told you I was nice.

I'm gonna be

the first girl in the NBA.

I'll be in the NBA.

You'll be my cheerleader.
Oh, God.
Be quiet.
How you feeling, munchkin?
You tough.
She needs to stop running
around like a boy.
- She's all right.
- Looking the way she does?
Camille, she'll be fine.
Let me find you some gauze.
Girl, who you trying to fool?
Alley-oop, dad.
Boy. New neighbors.
Really?
See, Quincy, this is how
your moms caught me.
With the old fake and bake.
Thought I was catching
a sister who could burn.
I can't do this shit.
Boy, what did I tell you
about using that word?
"Can't" should never be
in a man's vocabulary.
And why not?
'Cause when you say "can't",
you ain't a man.
- That's right.
- Zeke.
What? Oh, yeah.
Don't say shit.
Come on.
We should head on over.
Just you and Quincy, baby.
I got a meeting.
- With who?
- Some business folks.
You just got back
from a four-game road trip.
Nona, please don't
start bitching.
I got maybe
two years left to play.

I'm trying to put
some things together for us.
See you later, man.
Be good. I love you.
I love you, Dad.
So how long
have y'all been here?
We moved back here
when Quince was about five...
after Zeke was traded again.
The neighborhood was
a little more mixed then.
Before the black people
down the street...
became the black people
next-door. OK?
Thank you so much again.
This was terribly
nice of you, Nona.
Girl, don't worry about it.
It's the least I could do.
I love to cook.
You do? I cook for my friends'
parties back in Atlanta.
You're a caterer?
No. Once Nathan
gets settled in, though...
and the girls
are a little older...
that's certainly something
Mom would like to try.
Do you know as long as
I have lived next-door...
I have never seen
the inside of this house?
Let's just have a look.
Honey, put that
on the table for mom.
Quince, help her.
So how come you
can play basketball?
I just can.
I never knew
a girl that can play.

Momma says she doesn't
know why I act different.
- Your dad play?
- He works at a bank.
My dad plays for the Clippers.
He says I'm gonna be
a doctor or a lawyer...
but I'm gonna play for them.
Same number and everything.
I'm gonna be number 32,
like Magic.
He's all right.
My dad can take him.
What was the most points
you daddy ever got?
I don't know. A lot.
Well, one game,
Magic scored 48 points...
they only had
six-minute quarters...
and he sat out
the whole fourth quarter.
- You do act different.
- I don't care.
If anybody messes with you...
just let me know,
'cause I run this street.
I'll tell my sister Lena.
She don't know how to box.
My dad taught me
how to fight like Ali.
I know karate
from Almighty Isis.
Bet you can't do this, though.
How about this?
Monica. Sit still.
And don't sit
on your knees, sweetie.
You're gonna turn them black.
You are lucky I found it.
Someone had put
your box of dresses...
underneath a pile of rags
in the garage.

- You OK?
- Yeah. I need to lay down.
I've been running around
all day.
Honey, which one
of these for tomorrow?
- Blue stripe.
- You sure?
You want to iron them both?
Just in case.
- Sure.
- Thanks, sweetie.
That boy next-door will ride
to school with you tomorrow.
You'll know somebody.
Hurry up. I'll come
back up for good nights.
Make it look nice, OK?
You want to be my girl?
What do I have to do?
I guess we can play ball
and ride to school together.
When you get mad at me,
I got to give you flowers.
But I don't like flowers.
How about Twinkies?
My mom won't ever buy them.
I think we ought to kiss now.
For how long?
Five seconds?
Not out here.
Over there, then.
Ready?
Wait.
'Cause you my girl,
you got to ride on my bike.
I want to ride my own bike.
- My dad always drives my mom.
- So?
That means I have to ride you.
Come on.
I don't have to do what you say.
Forget you, then, stupid.
You stupid, and your dad plays

for the worst team in the NBA.

What?

Last time they won,

Dr. J was a nurse.

Shut up!

I don't want to be

your boyfriend, you ugly dog.

I don't want to be

your girlfriend, big head.

Get off me!

Big head.

Hey, Q.

Play some "D"!

Technical foul.

For what?

Damn! Come on, get in.

Let it go.

Unsportsmanlike conduct, white.

- For what?

- Technical foul.

- Man, you suck!

- Two shots.

Sit down and shut up.

Let it go. She feels better.

Oh, please.

She's behaving horribly.

I'm out.

I need a sub.

Karinda, sub, sub, sub.

Dad, you got to talk

to coach for me.

What am I supposed

to say to the man?

Tell him to keep me

on the floor.

The coach

from UCLA was there.

He has me riding the bench.

- You lost your head.

- I was showing emotion.

So it's all right

for you to act like that?

Whatever.

- What did you do?

- Nothing.
I don't know why
I keep hoping...
you'll grow out
of this tomboy thing.
I won't. I'm a lesbian.
That's not funny.
That's what you think...
'cause I'd rather wear
a jersey than an apron?
Please.
Monica, I think what
your mother is saying is...
Maybe it's time
you start thinking
about other things
beside basketball.
What?
One game left and
you haven't been recruited.
Munchkin, I wanted this
as bad as you did...
but we have to face reality.
The coach from USC
will be at the championship.
I know, but chances are...
Chances are
there's still a chance.
If you would just listen
to someone for a change...
you'd realize you have a lot
going for yourself.
You're smart.
You would be pretty if you'd
do something with your hair.
I don't know why you run around
with your hair looking like...
"Who shot John
and forgot to kill him."
You'd be real pleasant-looking
if you'd smile.
My mom's about to be home.
I'm not good enough
to meet your moms?

Now, girl.
If my moms knew I had a hottie
like you up in the crib...
she would beat
the black off of me.
That's a lot of beatin'.
Hey, girl.
Your hair looks
really cute like that.
Thanks.
So, do you know who Q is asking
to the spring dance?
Nope.
Come on, girl.
You live right next-door.
Just tell me
who's been creeping.
There's just so many,
I can't keep track.
Can you give him this for me?
Please?
Give it yourself.
I'm not trying
to look all fast.
Thanks, girl.
Good lord, look at that booty.
I want to lick the sweat off.
Quincy, so help me out.
Where's it gonna be?
I'll see you at
the press conference, baby.
Four years, I've been
writing about your son.
Did that cover story on you two
in "Sunday Magazine."
You'd love for him to play
at USC like you, right?
No, I'd love for him
to get a good education.
See you at
the press conference.
Fine. Blow me off.
Never like that, baby.
We should have another talk

with Coach Carile of Princeton.

Come on, Pop.

There's no way an Ivy League
team will go all the way.

I don't care about
the team, Quincy.

I care about the school.

Didn't we have
this conversation already?
Right.

You played a good game today.

I was proud of you.

Thanks, man.

You up for a game later?

I don't want to hurt
your feelings now.

You don't want
to hurt that back.

I gotta bend down low
to guard you.

Anyway, I gotta get
to this meeting...

so tell your mom
I'm gonna be late.

Don't work too hard.

Let's hope I can say
the same about you someday.

I love you, bro.

- I love you, too.

- Be cool.

Hey, what's up, man?

Thank you.

Hey, Mr. M.

Hey, Miss Baller.

Excuse me, ladies.

- Way to hoop.

- I know this.

- What you want?

- A ride home.

Your legs don't look broke.

Look, big head,

I'll be at your car.

I guess "Please"

would be a stretch?

Please.
Don't touch the radio,
all right?
Just appreciate
the ride home.
Have a little respect
for a man's car.
Put something on.
No, I like going home
in silence after the game.
Thinking about how good
I look shootin' that three.
Don't flatter yourself.
What's that?
Some note Shawnee Easton
told me to give you.
Shawnee Easton.
With the bigass titties?
Hey, give it here!
Give it here!
"Q, you are so fine.
"I've been wanting
to get with you.
"Let me take you
to the spring dance...
and I promise
I'll leave you satisfied."
What a ho.
Why she gotta be a ho
'cause she wanna get with me?
She's a ho because she's sends
her coochie through the mail.
And?
She's not saying,
"I think you're a nice guy...
and I want to get
to know you better."
She's saying, "I wanna bone."
She's honest.
An honest, tramp-ass ho.
But then I guess you'll stick
your thing in anything.
My thing?
I didn't know you cared so much.

I don't.
So, who you going
to the dance with, anyway?
Spalding?
Who's Spalding?
- See?
- Stupid!
That's why you ain't
getting recruited.
Who said I'm not
getting recruited?
Your hot-ass temper,
that's who.
I'm not the one
who put this scar here...
when we were 11-years-old
'cause he was about to lose.
You know what?
Give me your best shot.
Give me your best shot.
I'm sick of...
Would you watch the damn road?
I am. I'm sick of you
hanging this over my head.
Give me your best shot.
Don't tempt me.
I'm warning you.
I'm warning you.
You don't store that attitude,
no one will recruit you.
Please.
You jump in some guy's face,
you talk smack...
and you get a pat on your ass.
But because I'm a female...
I get told to calm down
and act like a lady.
I'm a ballplayer.
With a jacked-up attitude.
Didn't know you cared so much.
I really don't.
Good.
I'm home! What's up, Mom?
What is this?

That's your earring.
I look like
some hoochie to you?
I found it on your bed.
What you doing in my room?
I have told you about
these fast-ass girls.
We were just studying.
Boy, I'm not playing with you.
These girls are looking
to get you caught.
They see you,
and they see dollar signs.
I know.
Are you hearing me?
I'm hearing you.
No. Are you hearing me?
I've been hearing you, Mom.
How was your game?
27 points, 11 assists,
still undefeated.
Still the man.
You know that.
Where's your dad?
He said he'd be home later.
Later when?
I don't know.
He had a meeting.

At 1:

I'm not getting anywhere
by punching a clock
just so my wife
doesn't get an attitude.
I came second to the NBA.
I'm not about to come second
to no bullshit scouting job.
I didn't mean it like that.
Zeke, all I'm saying
is that it would be nice...
if you found time
for your family.
You should see the tramps
coming after Quincy.

If you don't talk to him...
I have.
You said you'd think about
going back to get your degree.
You said
I should get my degree.
I like my bullshit job.
And it's gonna lead to
a front-office position.
Until then, don't worry.
We got just enough savings...
to keep your fine ass
in Gucci and gold.
How many nights does
my fine ass get...
Damn you!
What about now?
Do I get a week yet?
- Keep your voice down!
- Keep your ass home!
Coming to my game?
You know that,
but I got finals tomorrow...
so I gotta leave at halftime.
You can't leave at halftime.
It's the championship.
I know, but I got a cutie
coming over to help me study.
What's going on
with you and the spring dance?
You got a date yet?
Yeah. Brothers are
lined up at my locker.
I found you someone.
Found?
I'm not some charity case.
Ma tell you to do that?
- No, she did not.
- Damn, Lena.
Who is he?
This brother from my college.
He's in college?
And he is fine, girl.
How'd you get him to say yes?

I told him you looked like me.

Great.

- Monica, you do.

- Yeah, right.

If you were tore up,

I would not be claiming you.

Trust.

We're gonna do something cute
with your hair...

get you in a nice, sexy dress,
some heels.

I don't know

how to walk in heels.

You just worry about
playing your heart out...

for that recruiter tonight.

You let your big sister
worry about your date.

You ever been in love?

Too many times.

They ever love you back?

Once I cut 'em off.

Why?

I don't have to tell you girls
how big this game is.

We worked too damn hard not to
take the championship with us.

So we're gonna play smart
and with control...

and we're gonna kick some butt.

Captain!

- Whose house?

- C-house!

- C...

- House!

Lady Cougars on three.

One, two, three, Lady Cougars!

Come on, now. Come on!

Crenshaw Cougars!

Crenshaw! Crenshaw!

Green! White!

44 spread, 44.

Down 4, you got this.

What you got, baby?

Don't get tight.
She's laying off.
Pull up.
Down one, down one.
Come on, D-up, Mon.
Watch the ball.
Watch the ball. Now.
Bonus.
Toss up. Take it right.
Watch your left!
All right, watch your left!
Up one.
D-up, Mon.
Come on. Play smart.
Up one. Play smart.
You got this.
Play smart. Play smart.
I got this. Play smart.
Don't put that out there.
- What?
- Reaching in.
No! Come on, ref.
White, 3-2... reaching in.
One and one.
Bull!
Let it go.
It's all right.
Just get it back.
One shot.
Let's go, Monica.
Take this all the way.
It's all you, Mon.
Let's go.
Come on, come on, Mon.
Get there.
You just need to get there.
Come on, you need this.
Please.
Foul, foul, foul!
Holding.
That's five.
That's OK.
You played hard.
It's all right, Monica.

It might help
if you didn't look so evil.
I don't even want to go.
Talk to me.
Go look in my top drawer
and bring Grandmother's pearls.
Tonight...
don't worry
about yesterday's game...
or the recruiters
or anything else.
I just want you
to enjoy being beautiful.
Will you do that?
Here you go, Ma.
Thanks, sweetie.
Do you really think
I'm beautiful?
Honey, hush.
Can I take your coat?
You're cold?
No. I mean,
I can check it for you.
Sorry.
Your sister wasn't lying.
Damn. Hold up.
Well, I see you made it.
You don't look half bad.
You, either.
What's up, black? Jason.
Damn, girl.
I didn't know Nike made dresses.
Guess we'll see you later.
So, you like school?
High school was cool.
I don't remember the sisters
being as find as you, though.
Girl, how come
you're so stressed?
Sorry.
No. I'm having
a good time with you.
So what I do have to do
to make you have a good time?

My mouth is kind of dry.
Then I'll get you some punch.
Don't jet while I'm gone and
leave a glass slipper behind.
There we go.
Oh, man.
You having fun?
Damn d.j. Is fresh.
Who is this clown?
He ain't Spalding.
Guess not.
So, you took Shawnee, huh?
It was late. She asked.
You want to dance?
Sure.
What?
Early night for you,
isn't it?
Should be
asking you the same...
after your big date
with college boy and all.
Where'd y'all go after?
- Mulholland Drive.
- Figures.
So, what dead-end street
did you and Shawnee hit?
None of your business.
I'm sure she kept her word
and left you satisfied.
That's what you think, huh?
After you left, I told Shawnee
it was time to go...
drove her ass straight home.
After she told me...
I was the dumbest brother
in the world, I took off.
I was sitting in
Jason's ride with him...
And he was kissing on me
and feeling on me and...
It was really bugging me,
'cause I couldn't remember
how many offensive boards

I had in the championship.
And then I guess
he got sort of tired of me...
"accidentally"
Kneeing him in the balls.
- Four.
- What?
You had four
offensive rebounds.
Hold up a second.
What's up?
USC.
It was on my desk
when I came home.
What you waiting for?
Can you...?
You sure?
All right.
What?
Damn, girl.
They want you.
And guess what.
Guess what.
What?
I'm going, too.
They're announcing it
tomorrow.
I knew it.
Congratulations.
What was that about?
I don't know, all right?
Come on.
Wait a minute.
Want me to stop?
Let's go, freshman.
You're getting spanked!
Point guards lead from
the front, not the back.
Come on, girl.
You took her out.
Girl, you need your mama?
Do you need a hug?
Are you telling me
you can't take a little charge?

I can take it.
Get your feet set this time.
Go.
Next.
Let's go. Move it!
Way to work it. Good job.
Lower, Monica,
move your feet!
I said lower!
Monica, this is low.
This is low. You got it?
Offense sells tickets.
Defense wins games.
Back to the line, everybody.
Let's go!
Hustle up! Move it!
Come on, get a move on.
You got it. Come on, lift.
That's it.
Coach hates me, doesn't she?
She hates all freshman.
What is up with that?
Don't take it personally.
Don't think just because
we play the same position...
we have to compete
with each other.
We're teammates, OK?
Thanks, Sidra.
Besides, I've been starting
point the last two years.
Ain't no way some soft-ass
freshman is taking my spot.
Damn, Sid.
You're all right, fresh.
Come on.
You finish
your reading for Econ?
What it say?
Basically, it broke down...
how I'm gonna make
mad loot in the NBA...
being I'm such
a limited commodity.

Whatever, big head.
Q-man, you gonna take us
to the final 4?
We'll see.
- I'll be watching.
- Hope so.
What?
You do see me
standing here, right?
I can't be nice to a fan?
Fine, Quincy.
I can't help it
if girls come up to me.
I said fine.
Oh, little baby.
What you doing? Quit.
Daddy's here.
You're such a punk.
All these girls...
you're the only one
I know who's for real.
I love you, too.
All right now.
Hustle back! Hustle back!
Get that, Shay!
Nice shot!
Stay with her.
Monica, get up on her.
Stay on her.
That's it.
You got it.
Ball!
All right, now. Push it up!
You got help.
Be active, Sidra.
Don't reach.
Cut, Mon, cut!
Shot!
Yeah, girl!
Sidra, feel like playing
any "D"?
Let's get back.
Stay balanced. Move your feet.
Nice steal.

You're by yourself!
Heads up!
Whose net?
Yeah, girl.
While you're so busy posing,
your man just scored.
- Show me again.
- What?
You like to pose so much,
let's see it again.
You think I'm funny?
Stand like that
for the rest of practice.
I want you to stand like that
so you get sick of it...
because I don't want
to see it again.
Do you hear me?
That's right.
Dora, take her place.
Better step off the court.
Nice pass.
What was up
with practice today?
She tried to kill us.
Can you hook me up
with some socks, please.
I need my socks back.
What am I,
the sock lady or something?
That's what you get for trying
to show out, freshman.
I was just playing ball.
You were trying
to make me look bad.
I didn't have
to try very hard.
Girl, don't you know
you just sloppy seconds?
Sidra, let it go.
The only reason you here...
is Tanya Randall got pregnant
and decided not to come.
They were done recruiting.

That's cold, Sid.
Just thought
the girl should know.
Don't even trip, Mon.
She's just mad
'cause she's bowlegged.
Forget Tanya Randall.
Coach wishes
she was here instead of me.
So prove her wrong.
I don't have it easy
like you, all right?
There's no red carpet
laid out for me.
So you're gonna act
salty all night?
Yo, dog,
about to order some wings.
No, thanks, man.
No, we're fine.
Don't worry about
proving everybody wrong.
If you can't handle
the pressure...
I'll understand.
That is so weak.
No. I'm serious.
Who cares if you're never
the first girl to be in the NBA?
You're gonna get more play
being Quincy McCall's girl.
That's what you get.
I got you.
So, how about
a little one on one?
What we playing for?
- Clothes.
- What?
I score, you strip.
You score, I drop something.
Give me the ball.
Home court advantage, baby.
All right. Hold up a second.
Let's see what you got.

Don't reach.
I ain't reaching.
Strip.
All right, George Jefferson.
Take it off, yeah.
It's all right.
First try, lucky try.
What?
Feel the butt.
Where's the "D"?
Kiss my black ass.
I plan to.
Hold up.
All's fair in love
and basketball, baby.
All right.
Strip.
Come on.
You trying to clown?
Too bad you got
your mama's height.
Take it off.
- Come on. Do it.
- You can't hold me.
You're going down.
What? What?
My bad.
Where's the "D"?
It's right here.
I won.
I wanted you to.
It's about emotion.
It's about determination.
It's about heart.
It's college basketball.
And I'm like a kid
in a candy store.
Are you kidding me?
I get so excited about it.
There are too many
great teams to choose from.
I mean,
we're talking about...
the Dukes, the Kentuckys,

Arkansases.
But my surprise treat
this season...
Is the probable emergence of USC
as a basketball powerhouse.
On the men's side...
the heavily recruited
freshman phenom Quincy McCall.
One of my real diaper dandies,
a genuine PTPer...
a prime time player, baby.
And for the women...
while not boasting one of
the top recruiting classes...
they are returning four starters
from last year's squad...
which made it to the sweet 16.
And Coach Ellie Davis
feels that if just...
one of her freshman
has a breakout season...
It's gonna be awesome, baby,
with a capital "A"!
And at guard...
player number 22...
Quincy McCall!
Here, now! A break!
Go, go, go, go!
What else do I have to do?
I mean, up and under between
2 defenders with the left?
That's got to make
"Sports Center."
Zeke and Q.
How you doing, Terry?
What can I get you?
Genuine draft for me.
Orange juice for my son.
Hey, Pop. The numbers
I'm putting up this year...
are better
than any other freshman.
People saying
I'm a definite lottery pick.

What people?
Just people, you know.
Tell them to mind
their own damn business.
Here you go, fellas.
Thanks, Terry.
Quincy,
give yourself time to develop.
Get an education.
The NBA ain't going nowhere.
You're right.
Besides,
the sooner you go pro...
the sooner you got to deal with
the mess I'm dealing with.
What mess?
There's this thing out there,
this paternity suit.
What?
Some girl that's been
hanging on at every party.
Now I'm supposed to be
her baby's daddy.
I told your mom I wanted
to be the one to tell you.
Tell me what?
I just told you.
I mean, it's...
it's not true, is it?
You got the balls
to ask me that?
I'm sorry, Pop.
No. If you need
to hear me say it...
I'll say it.
It's not true.
Yo, Q-man.
Awesome game.
Thanks, man.
- Can I get your autograph?
- Sure.
To Paul.
Thank you.
Take it easy.

Let's go, let's go.
Let's go, USC.
Time!
You all right, Sid?
It's gonna be all right.
Just hang on. Stay calm.
It's all right.
Mom?
I'm late.
What's up, Ma?
Hey, you scared me, baby.
Oh, I'm sorry.
You OK?
Mm-hmm. I'm fine.
You know, Ma, last time
my mother be drinking...
Marvin Gaye died.
Is it about dad?
I guess he talked to you.
Don't sweat it.
The truth's bound to come out
sooner or later, right?
And whose truth are
you talking about?
We can't let something like this
break up the family.
You do believe him, right?
Don't you?
Quincy, just let it go.
Ma, this ain't
nothing but about money.
Quincy, please.
How many times you told me
to watch these hos out there?
I should have been telling
your father that.
So you're gonna take
the word of some trick over Pop?
What's this?
I hired somebody.
Ain't that pathetic?
After all his late nights
and his meetings...
and I still needed proof.

I used to think that I was lucky
being married to Zeke McCall.
I am too tired.
I am tired.
Mama, don't cry.
Put your hands in your pockets.
Keep your head up.
Always look a man in the eye.
All the time,
I'm hanging on his every word...
like he's God or something.
Q, I know he messed up...
but that doesn't change
what he's been to you.
What has he been to me?
The man looked me in my eye...
and he lied to me
like it was nothing.
Like...
Like it was easy.
I know some guys dog
their wives, you know, but...
man, I didn't...
I never thought my pop
would do something like that.
What?
Nothing.
Why don't we walk to my dorm?
I don't feel like
running into anybody.
Let's just kick it here.
I can't.
Why not?
Coach has us on 11:00 curfew.
If I'm late, I don't suit up.
I could stay a few more minutes.
Don't sweat it.
Quincy, I'm sorry.
All right, for real,
I should be alone right now, OK?
Give me a call, maybe,
when you get in?
I'll stay up.
Gimme the ball!

Hustle up!
Let's play.
Play smart.
Hold it!
Get back, get back!
No shot!
Offensive foul!
Good job!
Yeah, baby! We won!
You see that crowd?
Oh, damn, mon,
I think old girl...
took out your chi-chis
with that shot.
Yo, T, why you so quiet?
Just thinking about next year.
I thought you were hyped
about playing overseas.
I was, but it's never
gonna be like this...
playing in front of my family,
hanging out with my homegirls.
Probably don't even have
a McDonald's over there.
Girl, please,
there's always a McDonald's.
Is she pregnant?
Better be Q.
You could have given up
after you threw that ball away.
But you kept your head,
and you showed real heart.
Thanks, Coach.
Our final games are against
Oregon and Oregon State...
and I want to shake
things up a bit, so...
I'm starting you at point again.
But l...
I thought Sidra's ankle
was OK for next game.
You want the job or not?
What?
It just...

It just seems like
you're always riding me.
You think I'd go hoarse
for a player with no potential?
When I ignore you,
then you worry.
Q in the house!
I missed you all day.
Really?
I came by your crib.
Darren said you'd be here.
When was this?
A little after my game.
Look, we went
to celebrate after, all right?
But I came right after that.
Sorry about your game.
Hey, it happens, right?
What's up, superstar?
Did you hear about your girl?
She won the starting spot.
Oh. Hey, where the keg at?
It's in the back room.
What's up?
Just wanted to say good game.
But?
No buts.
Thanks.
Just one word of advice
for next season.
What's that?
Never let a freshman
take your spot.
All right, Q-man.
I'll see you.
Who was that?
Nobody.
Who's nobody?
Look, this party's wack.
You ready to go?
Do you want to go talk?
Not really.
We can finish what we were
talking about last night.

Q, quit!
What's wrong?
You know what?
I'm gonna go crash.
Fine.
Maybe I'll come by later.
Nah, I got curfew.
What are you doing here?
The door was unlocked.
It still is.
You can let yourself out.
I messed up, OK?
I know that.
But I ain't that kid's father.
Lucky kid.
I ain't saying it's right,
just sometimes, things happen.
Some things should
never fucking happen!
Look, boy, you so perfect
you can look down on me?
I'm not a liar.
Your mama's real quick
to show you those pictures, huh?
She was 19
when she got pregnant.
Don't get me wrong, you're
the best thing in my life.
But she knew I wasn't ready
for no marriage.
You're trying to say
my mother trapped you?
I'm saying I handled
my responsibilities like a man.
Now when you're in the NBA,
and you roll into a city...
there's a hundred girls
waiting down in that lobby.
Listen to me.
There's twenty more that make it
past security onto your floor...
and the boldest one
is there at your front door.
After a while, it just becomes

part of the game.
I'm sorry I lied to you
when I shouldn't have...
but I only did it
because I didn't want to see...
that look on your face
that you got right now.
Well,
since we're being so honest...
Since we're being so honest...
I figured that I'd tell you...
I decided to drop out of school
and turn pro.
Oh, boy. Damn it!
Look, man,
I know you're mad at me, OK?
But I cannot let you do this.
I always thought "can't"
wasn't in a man's vocabulary.
Hey, what's up?
Downtown.
Hey, what's up, girl?
Where's your boy?
Oh, in back.
- Oh, man!
- Here you go.
Hey, baby.
You weren't at my game.
I'm sorry.
I had this meeting
with this guy.
You win?
Yeah, I hit four 3s.
The man again, huh?
No, the woman.
What's up?
Monica, this is Kerry.
Kerry, this is Monica.
What's going on?
I was about
to go get some food.
You want to come?
Maybe I should come back.
No, you stay.

I'll leave.
Ready?
What are you doing here?
I didn't know I needed
a reason to come home.
Don't be so defensive.
I'm surprised to see you.
Dad around?
No. He's still at the bank.
Is everything OK?
Good. I'm going to the market
to get things for dinner.
Will you join us?
I don't know.
It's just a game.
What?
Every time you lose,
you get this attitude...
but it is just a game.
Got your key?
Can we talk?
Talk to your new girlfriend.
I took the ho to Burger King.
- Cheap date.
- She had time for me.
You messed around
to prove a point?
You got your head
so far up your ass...
it took a cheap date
for you to notice me.
Did I forget to kiss your ass
like everybody else?
You forgot to be there.
You wanted to talk about
your dad, I had curfew.
- What was I supposed to do?
- Stay!
If I stayed,
I wouldn't be starting.
At least you got
your priorities straight.
I'd never ask you to choose.
You'd never have to.

I'm a ballplayer.
If anybody knows what that means
it should be you.
If basketball is all
you care about, why bone me?
Why don't you bone Dick Vitale?
Wait a minute. Hold on.
How do I know the next time
you're feeling neglected...
you're not gonna
just run around on me?
If we're going to be together...
I have to be able
to trust you.
I'm not asking for us
to be together.
What?
I'm going through
a lot of shit right now.
It's obviously more
then you got time for.
How can you tell me
what I have time for?
Whatever I did,
we can fix this.
I don't think so.
You don't think so?
I'm entering the draft.
You're what?
I'm going pro.
Who knows where
I'm gonna end up, you know?
When did you decide all this?
A few days ago.
So that's it?
Just...
Just forget about you and me?
I'd still like to be friends.
Friends.
I'll see you around.
Luisa, what did he say?
He say to give the ball to you.
What's up?
What's up, Sidra?

What do you know?
I'll love winning
this championship in your house.
How do you say,
"You're dreaming," in Italian?
This ain't college,
and I ain't on crutches.
Can you take that damn thing
off the table?
You mean
my championship trophy?
My bad.
You are still a cocky bitch.
Look at you.
So what are
these Spanish guys like?
I wouldn't know.
What?
You've been here seven months
and ain't tapped nothing?
Just not my type, I guess.
Shit. Them Italian boys?
They love them
some black women.
They can't get enough of me.
Do you ever
think about going back?
Sometimes,
but what's the alternative?
Not playing?
Do you remember Big Toni?
She quit last year
and works at some bookstore.
Look at us.
They treat us like
Hollywood stars over here.
We just played in
the championship game.
It doesn't get
much sweeter than this.
7 straight points in this run.
Worthy for 3.
Stu, this game
is in the refrigerator.

The door is closed.
The lights are out.
The eggs are cooling.
Butter gettin' hard,
and the Jell-O's jigglin'.
And here come the subs.
It's nice to see the subs
get a chance to play.
- The fans love it.
- They really do.
Quincy McCall
is in for Nick Van Exel.
Quincy has got
the ball over in the corner.
Puts up a 3-pointer.
That's no good.
The former Trojan came out
after his freshman year...
and as they go down
the floor the other way...
I can tell you he has
moved around quite a bit...
but now he's trying to find
a home with these Lakers.
Quincy makes a steal.
He's on his way.
Open court. Look out, folks.
It's showtime!
- How is he?
- Not great.
What is "Not great"?
He tore his a.c.I.
Almost didn't recognize you
with your hair like that.
How you been?
Happy...
and he won't want
to see you.
Hey, son.
You made "Sports Center."
What do you want?
Just came by to check on you.
After five years?
Don't remember

that being all my fault.
Seems like you divorced me
same time as your mom.
Look...
I know things look
kind of bleak right now...
but don't get down
on yourself.
I stopped taking your advice
a long time ago...
or did you forget?
You want me to step off?
Fine, but not until
I say something.
You're a better ballplayer
than I ever was.
But that ain't the only thing
you got going for you.
You're smart, Quincy.
I always knew you could do
anything you wanted to.
You want to play ball, son?
Then play ball.
Just know you're not like
everybody else on that court.
You're not like I was.
You got options.
That's all
I ever wanted to show you.
How come you couldn't be the man
you tried to make me?
I just couldn't, son.
Good morning!
And I thought
this was gonna be awkward.
I got these.
Not that you need any more.
So how're you doing?
I'm doing all right.
I heard you were in Spain.
I was.
I see your peach fuzz
finally grew in.
Just something new

I'm trying.
No, it looks good.
It's cool.
Thank you.
Shouldn't you be lying down?
No, I'm cool. Have a seat.
No, I'm fine.
Still trying to be
the first girl in the NBA?
I tried sneaking in
after college...
but they found breasts
during my physical.
That's funny. I never did.
Kiss my ass.
I can't believe
it's been five years.
I tried calling you
a couple of times.
Oh, yeah?
I wanted to give you props on
making first team All-American.
Then, when Magic retired,
I tried again.
Must have been my cheap-ass
answering machine.
It was always messing up.
I figured something like that.
So when you going back?
Actually... I'm not.
What do you mean?
I'm tired of playing overseas.
I'm over there by myself,
no family, no friends.
My phone bill is ridiculous.
Thinking about giving it
a rest for a while.
A rest?
Basketball just isn't fun
for me anymore.
You know?
Hey, babe.
Baby.
Nobody would

switch flights with me.
Baby, what are you
doing out of bed?
What are you doing?
Baby, this is Monica.
You guys grew up together,
right?
Quincy's
told me all about you.
Monica, this is Kyra,
my fiancée,
Fiancée?
Wow.
Congratulations.
Thank you.
I didn't know.
That's great.
Well, I should go.
Monica, I really appreciate
you coming by.
We really appreciate it.
Quincy, good luck
with your knee and everything.
Your sister's bringing
the baby by later, so...
be nice to be around.
I can't wait to see her.
Need any help?
No, I can manage, thank you.
I just saw Quincy.
How's he?
Engaged.
To that stewardess?
You met her?
His mother had a barbecue
a few weeks back.
He could do a lot better,
if you ask me.
So what do I do?
Find out where they're
registered and send a gift.
Whatever.
Is that still your answer
to everything?

When you come at me
with bullshit like that.
Are they cursing
their mamas in Spain?
You didn't want my opinion,
why did you ask?
I asked, but why does it
have to be so damn prissy?
What do you want me
to say, Monica?
Go over there
and beat up the girl?
Go have sex with him?
'Cause I'm not gonna do it.
Yes, I think decorum
is important...
and yes, I'd rather bake a pie
than shoot a jump-up shot.
If that makes me too prissy
for you, too damn bad.
So that's why
we can't get along?
Because I'd rather shoot
a stupid jump shot?
You always turn
your nose up at me.
No, I don't.
Oh, yes.
Female superstar athlete...
whose mother is nothing
but a housewife.
That's not it.
Don't tell me you're not
ashamed of me. I know.
I remember when
I was eight years old.
You spent four hours cooking up
this big, fancy meal...
and I guess you and dad
got your wires crossed.
In he walks with
a couple of pizzas...
and you didn't say anything.
You never stood up

for yourself. Ever.
If I was ashamed,
it was because of that.
That is ridiculous.
What's ridiculous
is not being a caterer...
so your husband
can feel like a man...
knowing his woman's cooking
and ironing his drawers.
Damn it.
I'm sorry.
Is that really
all you think about me?
When your daddy and I
got married, I had dreams.
But I happen to have
gotten pregnant with Lena...
and then I had you...
so I had to put
my dreams on hold.
You know what day I remember?
In high school,
your spring dance...
and I put my mother's pearls
around your neck...
and I told you
you were beautiful...
because you were.
That day,
I was happy I didn't have...
a catering business
to run off to.
My family had
three meals a day.
They had somebody
to pick up after them...
and when my daughters
went to a dance...
I could help them
get ready.
That is what
I came to care about.
That's all you cared about.

I must have played
in a thousand games...
and I can only remember
you being at two.
You had your coaches
and your daddy for that stuff.
It never mattered to you
whether I was at them games.
It mattered, Mama.
It mattered.
Save pulls up
the original account.
Shift F8
pulls up the open account.
Oh, hello, Mr. Wright.
- Could you excuse me?
- Sure.
Thank you.
How's it going?
- Fine.
- Fine?
Damn, girl.
I remember your mom
had to beat you into a dress.
Very funny.
Visitin'?
Kyra's out of town
for a couple of days.
Figured I'd keep my mom company.
So how's the knee?
It's getting there.
Strong enough
to get you down the aisle?
Two weeks.
I didn't get to send you
an invitation, but...
Oh, it's OK. It's OK.
I'm probably...
you know.
Can I ask you something?
You never told me
why ball wasn't fun anymore.
It just isn't.
Cause I'm kinda feelin'

that way, too.
We had a rough couple a years.
That's all.
I haven't dribbled a ball
in four and a half months.
I may miss the attention,
but besides that...
You're serious.
Seems like I needed ball when
I was trying to be like my pop.
No. I was tryin' to be better
than my pop.
Now it's time
I tried something different.
Like what?
Well, I'm thinkin' about
goin' back to school.
What?
Wow.
Yeah. Kyra hasn't heard about
the school thing yet.
She'll probably say
it's the painkillers talkin'.
It's a trip, you know?
When you're a kid, you...
You see the life you want...
and it never
crosses your mind...
that it's not gonna turn out
that way.
So why did you give up ball?
Why do you keep
sweatin' me on that?
Because I don't get it.
Man, I never knew a girl...
I never knew anyone
who loved ball as much as you.
Now all of a sudden, you're
gonna trade in your Nikes...
for a pair of shoes
you can't even walk in.
What's up?
Just leave it alone, all right?
All right.

You need to put a sweater
on him.
It's a little chilly, sweetie.
She's fine, ma.
Yes. Her little icicle arms
are so sweet.
All right, ma.
Come on, Lorraina.
Your grandma says it's too cold.
Oh, grandma.
You know, Monica...
one of the things that always
drove me crazy about you...
and I have to admit
it made me jealous...
I always admired
was the fight in you.
What are you talking about?
Well...
I might be a little more prissy
in this situation that you...
but remember when I said
Quincy could do better?
I was talkin' about you.
What's goin' on?
We need to talk.
Please?
You asked me what was missing.
- What?
- From basketball.
You woke me up to tell me that?
It's not fun for me anymore,
because you're missing.
What I'm trying to say is...
I've loved you
since I was eleven.
It sure won't go away.
We haven't talked since college.
You wait two weeks
before my wedding...
to tell me something like that?
I know. I probably should
have said it two weeks ago.
You haven't changed.

You still think the sun rises
and sets on your ass.
Guess what?
It doesn't.
Then why are you so upset?
Because you don't pull this
on someone about to get married.
Better late than never, right?
Wrong.
I'll play you.
What?
One game, one-on-one.
For what?
Your heart.
You're out of your mind.
So, what, you gonna bitch up?
Huh. What's that supposed
to be, some psychology?
Look, I know why you broke up
with me in college...
and not that
it wasn't messed up...
but I should have been there
for you.
I just didn't know how to do
that and be all about ball.
Monica, after that stuff
with my dad...
I couldn't trust anybody, OK?
I was lost.
That was five years ago.
I've moved on.
Prove it.
What will this prove?
You once said the reason
I beat you...
was because you wanted me to.
- So?
- So...
if I win...
it's because deep down
you know you're about to make...
the biggest mistake
of your life.

And deep down,
you want me to stop you.
And what happens when you lose?
If I lose...
I'll buy you a wedding present.
First to ten.
To five.
You scared?
I have better things to do.
Check!
One-zip.
Check.
Why don't you D-up this time?
Two-zip.
Three-zip. Where's the D?
Sleepy?
Your knee hurt?
Come to play?
So now you wanna play?
Now you're takin' off
your brace, huh?
Think that's gonna make you
play better?
Check.
Two.
Three.
Three up.
I don't hear you talkin'.
I don't hear you.
Point.
All's fair
in love and basketball, right?
Double or nothin'.
All right,
ladies and gentlemen...
let's stand and welcome
your Los Angeles Sparks!
Fifteen and six on the year,
five in a row.
Let's meet tonight's starters.
At one forward, 6'1", from
the University of Florida...
number eight, Dalisha Milton!
At guard,

5'7", USC, number thirty-two...

Monica Wright-McCall!

At forward, 6' 1", from
the University of Georgia...

number double zero,

Lakesha Frett!

At guard, number four,

Lawadi Malika!

And at center, 6'5", USC,
wearing jersey number nine...

Let's go, McCall!

- Go, Mommy!

- Go, Mommy!

See Mommy? Yay!