“Yes.” Pamela yells back through the door. “We came to get Asa.”

 As Jackie slightly opens the door, Pamela pushes her way in.

“He doesn’t want to leave.”

“He doesn’t have a choice.” Asa’s mother replied. “He’s my boy.”

“Pamela, I’m not going to allow you to take that child, he’s doing well here.”

“No, no, because I was at court today, and that little sneaky heifer is trying to take my son.”

“Who, Pamela?”

“Asia. Asa’s dad’s sister, whatever.”

Pamela begins yelling up the stairs. “Boy! Boy! Boy!”

“Pamela, please, the boys are asleep. We can talk this over in the morning.”

“Oh, you, too, Jackie, you’re trying to take my son from me, too.”

“No, I just want what’s best for him.”

“What are you saying? I’m his mother. You don’t know what’s best for him.”

“Pamela, I’m just…”

Jackie is interrupted by the man at the door peeping his head in. “Hurry up in here Pamela Ann, grab the boy, and let’s go! I don’t have all damn night.”

“I’m trying to but Jackie won’t let me.”

The man barges in rushing past Jackie.

“I’ll find his ass.”

The man search through the house and finds Asa upstairs sleep. He turns on the light and shakes the bed.

“Get up, boy, you comin home.”

Asa startled. “What?”

“I said get up.”

“I’m not going anywhere!” Asa shouts.

The man snatches Asa out of the bed. “Get yo ass up!”

Navey comes rushing into the room. “What’s going on?”

Jackie shouts from downstairs. “Leave the boy alone.”

“He’s my boy,” Pamela yells. “You think you better than me, Don’t you Jackie?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Yeah, you do I see the way you look down on me just like Asia. She ain’t nobody, and you ain’t nobody either. Ya’ll, with ya’ll snobbish ways, trying to take my son and fill his head with foolishness about a better life. His daddy didn’t leave here, and he won’t either. He’s going to die here in these streets just like his daddy, never to see his hopes and dreams come into existence. Stop makin my son a dreamer. It’s foolishness.” Asa now at the top of the stairs overhearing every word his mother spoke. His mother looks up at the top of the steps. “Come on, boy.”

“No!” Asa yells as he runs back to the room.

“You don’t talk to your mother that way.”

The man runs back up the steps, banging on the room door. He struggles with the knob getting the door open. The man tussles in the room with Asa and then pulls him out of the room into the hallway and begins dragging Asa down the steps as Navey tries to help. Asa tries to hold onto the railing but is pulled loose. Asa and Navey grab ahold of the man.

“Get off me, get off me.” Twice as big as Asa and Navey, the man flings them both down the steps.

Jackie calls the police. She rushes to Navey and Asa to see if they are okay. She quickly shields them with her body as the man stands over them. “What are you doing? They’re children?”

Pamela replies, “He’s alright, he’s a boy, he can handle it, you’re going to make him soft.”

“Pamela, the boys just fell down the steps.” Jackie helps Asa and Navey up checking them over.

“If my boy is going to survive in these streets, he needs to be tough, and babying him won’t make him tough.”

“Pamela, he’s a child.”

“Don’t tell me how to raise my son, Jackie.”

“I’m not, Pamela, I’m just not going to let you take this child out of my house! He needs a safe, stable place.”

“My house is safe. You judging me now? Are you judging me?”

“Look, Pamela, I’m not going to argue with you. You’re not in any condition to be arguing.”

“What condition? My pregnancy? What. You want this baby, too…”
The doorbell interrupts Pamela.

“Come on in.” Jackie says loudly. “Thank God.”