

VERNA

Andre, you know the rules around here. In this house, you gonna work or go to school. I don't care if you gonna be a janitor --

DRE

-- long as I own the company. Yeah, I know.

Dre fumes, gather the bills off the floor, heads for the kitchen --

VERNA

But you don't own the company. Lonzo does.

-- but Verna stays hot on his heels --

VERNA (CONT'D)

Oh, you think we're done here?

Dre keeps going, MUTTERS under his breath -- She grabs his shoulder, SPINS him around, strong. Gets in his face.

VERNA (CONT'D)

You got somethin' to say to me!?

DRE

(explodes)

You don't care what I'm fighting for.

I already know what I wanna do with my life, and it definitely ain't sittin in a cubicle takin' orders on some stupid ass job.

Verna's eyes FLASH -- WHAP! She SLAPS HIM IN THE FACE --

Dre steps back, puts his hand to his cheek. Verna's reeling as much as he is. She tries to compose herself.

VERNA

People used to tell me I was too young when I had you -- Said I wouldn't be shit, said you wouldn't be shit. Now I been workin' my ass off to get us here and I refuse to let you throw it all away.

Dre holds Verna's gaze a moment longer, then turns and calmly walks back past her, into his room. He picks up his headphones, pull-out car stereo. Heads for the door, opens it...