



MAXINE'S CO-WORKERS ERUPT IN LAUGHTER. COURTNEY, A BARISTA WITH A HEAVY VIETNAMESE ACCENT ANXIOUSLY SITS NEARBY THE RADIO, GLUED TO EVERY SOUND.

MAXINE

Courtney, you've been sitting by that radio all morning. You damn sure ain't going to be laughing on payday.

COURTNEY

I need to be caller 97 to win tickets to the game tonight. Brooklyn playing LA. I want to see Jamal Rockwell, he so hot!

MAXINE

Are you serious? Don't nobody want to see that sell-out!

COURTNEY

He from Brooklyn. Why you no like him?

MAXINE

Oh please. Jay Z's from Brooklyn! Jay Z brought Oprah to Marcy projects.

(BEAT)

I'm not lying. I shook her hand and

everything! What has Jamal done for Brooklyn? He got that contract money and went Hollywood, ain't been back since.

COURTNEY

Oh well girl! He can get it.

(BEAT)

All of it.

MAXINE

(AWKWARD) Courtney...you really need to stop hanging out in Jersey.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

OK callers, now it's time for the big-ticket giveaway! We're looking for caller 97, is it you?

COURTNEY BEGINS EAGERLY DIALING INTO THE STATION

MAXINE

Girl! Give it up! Don't nobody care about that game or Jamal.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Caller 97, who's this?

COURTNEY

(INTO PHONE)

Hello?

(ECHOS)

Oh my God, I'm caller 97?

(ECHOS)

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Turn your radio down. Turn your radio down.

MAXINE GRABS THE PHONE

MAXINE

(INTO PHONE)

Hello? Yo! I want to give a shout out to all my friends. Sugar Foot, Tyease Honey Minaj! Brooklyn! We did it!

MAXINE GIVES COURTNEY BACK THE PHONE