

PORCH KID

Hi.

Amare opens the door a crack, keeps his voice light, but there's an edge to it.

AMARE

(skeptical)

What's up?

PORCH KID

(flat, rehearsed)

I'm selling candy for my youth program.

Amare steps back, feeling the tiny shift – someone else's rhythm intruding on his morning. The kid's eyes flick to the doorway, then to Amare's chest, like they're reading a name off a list.

AMARE

(brush-off)

Nah I'm straight.

The kid hesitates. Then, with a motion that's almost bored, they toss an envelope at Amare's feet. It thuds against the welcome mat.

PORCH KID

Whatever.

The kid begins to walk away, but not before muttering under their breath – half insult, half threat.

PORCH KID (CONT'D)

(soft)

Only doin' this 'cause he gave me twenty dollars. I hope yo house burn down wit yo funky ass.