

THE MIS-MOTIVATION OF MAVERICK

By LéMar “Maverick” Harrison

(A kid running around playing with other kids. He goes to Vinnie and Tony’s house; sees the love of the family. He runs and hides; cries in a corner balled up. He sees his mother’s attention to his older brother and step-father’s attention to his little brother as he gets beat from step-father.)

I used to be a beige boy. Running around with a Charlie Brown head. And in the summer time, believe it or not, my hair turned red. Maybe that was one of the reasons I got treated the way I did. Definition of a red headed step-child is how I lived.

As a kid, I never got the love that Vinnie use to get and when I went to Tony’s house, I’d see that I was missing it. Sometimes I’d run and hide, ask the Lord why and cry awhile. Wonder how it’d be if I had mt dad with me and dreamt about the day I’d move out. No doubt as a kid I figured out that life’s not what it seems. A caged bird, with clipped wings, who never flew and never singed. Neglect, I guess, when gone unchecked, manifests deep misery; not being nurtured by ya mother, such a sad, sad sight to see. Compile that on a kid who’s subjected to get beat by a man who’s not his dad; who hates him cause he’s not his seed. Sheesh! Warning to all parents in the audience: parental influences define who we are. It could be your fault your son never shines like a star. So please be careful.

(As I get beat, my mother turns her back. As my older brother comes to intervene, he argues with my mother about the abuse then leaves. After he leaves, he gets shot. Mother cries as officer asks me to identify the body.)

Sibling rivalries over-rated cause my brother was the greatest in my times of abuse. He used to be my only savior. Every instant imminent danger from my step-dad would arise the fire in my brother’s eyes would fuel the fight he had inside as my mother turned a blind eye to the pain we would endure. Her lack of love would make my brother at 16 walk out of the door and what’s more even painful than the day my brother left, was the day he had been shot multiple times to his chest. “Son, we need you to identify the body.” (shakes his head, yes)

Started looking for love in all the wrong places. Probably why I found a glimpse of it in all the wrong faces. Birds of a feather flock together, so I flew with a gaggle of misguided youths I related to. A band of banished brothers, all looking for the same thing: Lost boys in need of love. In societies eyes, dubbed a gang. So we banged, lived up to the name; all kickin’ it, posse was the crew. It’s a shame what type of things kids starving for attention these days will do. (kids surround, start punching) You part of the crew now. We family. We got you. (they hug)

Sold my dreams and potential for a cheap, cheap thrill. It felt too good to be true. I shoulda knew it wasn’t real. Fast girls and fast cars became my interests and my likes. Fast money and fast nights the reason why I lost my life.

(Surrounded, he emerges in suit and tie or cap and gown. All cheer him in adoration)

Positive inspiration molds motivation. That’s all a kid ever needs cause all I ever wanted to be is what you wanted me to be. Had they took the time to see, plant a seed and watch it grow, bet a better story would unfold. But I guess we’ll never know. (pause) Ladies and fellas, don’t cry. I know it’s hard to hear my plight but it’s alright; this is just the story of my life.