

SIDE # 2: FLIP, DAD, KENT

FLIP So, my friend is Italian.

DAD You mean, she's White.

FLIP She's Italian.

DAD Oh, well. 'She here?

FLIP She's coming tomorrow.

DAD (*amused*) Wanted to lay the groundwork with your mom, huh?

FLIP Well, with both of you. I just thought it would be good if you know.

DAD You sound like you're embarrassed.

FLIP No, just, aware. Mom's gonna freak, isn't she?

DAD Hard to say... She's got some other stuff on her mind.

FLIP 'She alright?

DAD Yeah, you know women. You been to visit this girl's people?

FLIP Only the artist aunt in the city. We'll drive over in a few weeks. They're in Kenny.

DAD Bunk Port? Oh. O.K. I'm sure they'll be happy to see you.

FLIP Seriously Dad, what's up with Mom?

DAD Why you ask?

FLIP Just not like her to get here after us. She lives for this.

DAD I told you, she has meetings.

FLIP Yeah, O.K. (*FLIP gets up to leave*) Hey Dad, take it easy on Kent, alright.

DAD I don't know what you're talking about.

FLIP Sure you do.

 (*KENT has entered unseen, with his manuscript as DAD is speaking.*)

DAD The boy's a fuck up. Hey... I don't set unreasonably high standards. But I've given you boys everything. There's no need for floundering.

KENT Just came down for some milk. Seems if we can't all live up to the high standards you set, at least we can watch our calcium intake.

FLIP That's what I'm talking about, Dad. It's harsh.

KENT I don't need you to defend me.

FLIP You don't. That's funny. O.K. Then I'm out. *(exits.)*

KENT *(pulling manuscript out of his pocket)* I've been wanting to talk with you about something.

DAD What, you're starting dental school next fall?

KENT No. I just thought I could show you.....

DAD Look son. Flip's right, that was harsh, I'm sorry. But I swear I don't know what to do with you.

KENT Do with me?

DAD It's time to step up. You're about to have a wife, God help you. Maybe start a family? You can't be out there like you've been, trying to find yourself and what not. It's not about you anymore. *(pulling out his blackberry)* I'll help you. *(scrolling through his address book)* Figure out what you want to do with your life and get back to me... I'll make some calls. But I'm not entertaining this mess about now I'm a writer... damn boy... man up. Get a job. *(beat)* You have something to say?

KENT *(pocketing his manuscript)* No sir.

DAD I didn't think so.

END.