

SIDE #3: TAYLOR & DAD

TAYLOR Does the idea of your family getting diluted piss you off, a little?

DAD *(amused)* Diluted?...

TAYLOR Yeah.

DAD Clearly there's a little cream in your coffee.... *(beat)* Sweetie, if it wasn't for all that "dilution," you think my wife's people would have this house? Don't you know most of the black folks got anything now, got it 'cause somewhere along the way somebody got raped in a kitchen. Don't look at me like that. Yes, we brought over the good stuff. Spirituality, fortitude, knowledge. Your dad wrote about that in "From the Middle Passage to the Inner-City."

TAYLOR Yeah, yeah, yeah. Dad wrote about it. Whatever. When I try to point out the inequities, I'm told that I'm too angry or crazy, or it just isn't there.

DAD But you know it's there, so...

TAYLOR It's so perfectly set up to make us feel inferior...

DAD You're letting people fuck with your mind little girl. Don't give anyone that much power. Nobody can make you feel inferior. I've been the head of this house, coming to this island for the last forty years, put in hundreds of thousands of dollars of renovations.... But there'll never be a sign out front that reads "LeVay." This will always be the Whitcomb house, and I'll always be the guy lucky enough to marry into the great Whitcomb dynasty, which for a long time was a dynasty built on very little liquid money.

TAYLOR Then you do understand.

DAD I understand that you can be angry and not crazy. Just be a little more, constructive.

TAYLOR I just wish people would see it like I do.

DAD Your daddy saw it.

TAYLOR So what! He tells the white people, "You ain't shit"...they give him an award. "You still ain't shit"... another award. Meanwhile, what changes?

DAD Are you as hard on yourself as you are on your dad?

TAYLOR Probably.

DAD Your dad loved you.

TAYLOR I'm not sure of that. Can I see your book. (DAD *hands it to her, she opens it to the back flap, hands it to him.*) Read this...

DAD "James Bradley Scott lives in Cambridge, MA, where he is a professor at...

TAYLOR No this...

DAD ...with his wife, his two kids, their dog Munchy, two turtles and a goldfish."

TAYLOR Isn't that cute, it's on all of his books... Now... read this....

(She flips the book over and opens to the first page.)

DAD "Dedicated to Shandy, Jackson, and Brianna..." We don't need to...

TAYLOR Finish it...

DAD "My heart, my pride, my purpose."

TAYLOR I don't know what to do with that.

DAD That doesn't mean that he didn't....

TAYLOR Don't. In his funeral program, I was almost acknowledged. "Dr. James Bradley Scott is survived by his wife, Brianna, daughter Shandy, son Jackson and a child from a previous marriage."

DAD Well, you know, he didn't write that.

TAYLOR He set the tone.

DAD He loved you. We're programmed to love our kids. (*beat*) Breakfast?

TAYLOR Thanks, no. I'm O.K

END.