

NOTHING IN COMMON

FATHER:

Are you crazy? It's 4 o'clock in the morning.

SON:

You just tell me.

What did you do to her?

FATHER:

Do to who?

SON:

My mother is afraid to let another man touch her. Now, what the hell did you do?

FATHER:

I gave her a name. That's what I did. I gave her a son.

I gave her food and clothes for 36 years.

I did pretty good.

SON:

Did you ever tell her that you loved her?

FATHER:

That's none of your goddamn business.

SON:

Yeah, it's my business. It is my business. She's my mom. You cheated on her. You made her feel dirty.

FATHER:

You have no right to talk to me like that.

That's between your mother and me.

It has nothing to do with you.

SON:

I grew up in this house Dad.

I was the one you kicked in the ass for 20 years.

FATHER:

Well, it looks like you're doing pretty good. You're riding around a jeep, you're making money, You're boffing everything in sight.

I must have done something right.

SON:

So, now you approve of me. Now that I am an adult.
Cause you certainly never approved of me when I was a kid.

FATHER:

Approve of you. I never knew what the hell you were talking about!
You were a moody little shit! Every time I went in to take a pee, you were
holding a funeral for those cockeyed seahorses. Why don't you get the hell out of
here?

SON:

I want to know what you did to my mother.

FATHER:

You want to know, so I'll tell you, from our very first night on our honeymoon...
...she laid there like a wet rag. She was frigid, David. Your mother was frigid.
She wouldn't do what I asked of her.

SON:

She didn't know anything. She was right out of catholic school,
Those things repulsed her!

FATHER:

When you go to bed—when you go to bed, you want to have fun.
I was her husband, goddamn it! I wanted some pleasure! So I went out and got
it someplace else.

SON:

Yeah, Of course you did.

FATHER:

You should talk. Your best friend is your dick!

SON:

And where did I learn that? Your best friend is your dick!

FATHER:

That's great! The four of us will go out to lunch someday!

SON:

You ran around and you had your fun and you came her to eat and sleep like it
was a boarding house. That's where I grew up, Dad, In a boarding house!
Thank you. I found out what you did to mom, and what you did to me.

FATHER:

Wait a minute. Wait a minute!

It was tough. Very tough... All of those dreadful things I did to you.

But that's how I was brought up. And I did the best I could.

SON:

Fine. You know, tomorrow I'm doing a commercial about a family

That cares for each other, loves each other. I'm faking it.