

WELCOME TO GEEKDOM, POPULATION: YOU

semicomical

You realize this is completely hypocritical. I can't even believe you're saying it. I can't believe you have the guts . . . I need to be more social and interact more with people my age? What about you? What about you? You and Dad never do anything. You don't have any friends. You only have colleagues, coworkers. You are—it is *rich* for you to be lecturing me on socializing. You don't even know the meaning of the word. (*Beat.*) Fine. Whatever. So you know the *meaning* of the word, but you don't know how to do it yourself. You're not exactly a role model here.

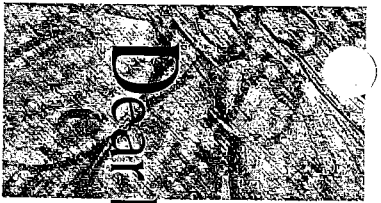
You can't just *force* me to suddenly be a popular, sociable guy. (*Beat.*) That *is* what you're saying. Go out there and be popular. I'm not popular. I never will be. I have no idea how to be popular. It's like I don't speak the language. It's like being foreign. I don't even understand it. You can't force these things to happen. It's like a gift you're born with or not. And I'm not. And it's your fault. Because you're my mother. And Dad's my father. I didn't have a chance. I'm born into geekdom. I'm doomed to geekdom. And you can't change that just because you suddenly want a cool kid. It doesn't work like that. I thought you'd be smart enough to know that.

FREDDIE. Um. Hi. Charlotte. Um. Okay I know this is awkward and everything. Me just coming here and all. Like this. I mean I know I just really met you and everything. But I've seen you. Really. And I just gotta. I had to come and tell you. You know. And. This is embarrassing, I know. And I don't mean it to be. It's not supposed to be. I mean. But. Jesus, it's cold out, right? Anyway there's like a million things I wanna tell you right now, Charlotte. And I just. I don't know. Like. You have such a cool room. I really like your bedspread. Um. This is usually the other way around. Okay I've seen you. And. You are so. Pretty. I think. I mean. I think you're pretty. Right. Um. So I'll just come out and say it. Okay. I think I love you. Charlotte. I really do. And. It's not like this happens every day. You know. For me. I don't just like fall in love with people. It's hard. And I've really fallen for you. And I know it's stupid and like. Stupid and every-

thing. But. I wanna know if maybe we can go out and be like boyfriend girlfriend or something I don't know. 'Cause I'm really. I'm. In love. With you. And it's hard. Keeping it inside. All the time. And I came here to say that. And ask you. You know. If we can maybe. Go out sometime. And. Eat something. Or. Watch a movie. Or I don't know. I got a great entertainment system at home. I could show you. DVD. Surround sound and everything. It's really cool. But. You know. We could go out and. Maybe I could touch you. And. Maybe you'd let me kiss you. I mean if that's okay. Is that okay? 'Cause I really love you. I really wanna be with you. It's so important to me right now. I really. Just had to come and tell you. I couldn't wait. Um. Shit I gotta get back to practice. Um. Okay. I love you. Please love me. Oh. And. I'm really sorry. About your mom. Being dead and all. That sucks. I gotta go.

From

Everything will be different
By - Mark Schultz



Dear Dad

(Girl sitting, writing.)

Dear Dad. How are you? I hope you're feeling fine.

Get real. How could he possibly be feeling fine? How could anybody?

Dear Dad. How are you? I hope the weather's good.

This is ridiculous. Let's face it. The whole thing is impossible.

Dear Dad. Hello. How's jail treating you? Do they make you wear those orange suits?

Great. Just what every girl wants to brag about. My dad, the convict. Hello. What does your dad do for a living? Oh. Not much. Wears these classy orange jump-suits and picks up trash on the side of the road. What a nightmare.

I don't know what makes me madder. Mom for taking him to court, or Dad for not paying my child support. The judge put him in jail, so I guess I should be mad at him.

Dear Dad. Why didn't you just pay the child support? I'm your only daughter. Couldn't you take care of me just a little? Don't you love me? Oh sure, you said it was really between you and Mom, but I'm the one who did without. So, you see, I guess I don't believe you. 'Cause if you really loved me, it wouldn't matter what happens between you and Mom. You'd still want me to have the best.

Maybe you should live in jail. 'Cause a father's supposed to love his daughter and take care of her and protect her. Be there when she needs him. And I needed you, Dad. Not just your money. You.

Well, you're wearing that crummy orange suit now, and I may just as well get over it. You'd rather spend a year in jail than help me out. That hurts, Dad. That hurts.

It's pretty hard to love you, Dad, after what you did. But, believe it or not, I still do. Maybe jail will do you good. Maybe, by doing without the things that really matter, you'll finally find out what they are. Maybe then you'll be ready to be my dad. Cheers.

Female Comedic - from Love (awkwardly)

When I was ten, my parents decided it was time to have "the talk." Actually, my mom decided and sort of ambushed my dad into it. I came down for breakfast on Sunday morning and my mom announced we were all going to have breakfast together. This was unusual since my mom usually had a slice of toast and a vitamin and my dad had coffee and cigarettes. As far as I knew, I was the only one who ever had "breakfast" in that house. When I sat down, my mom said "We need to talk about the birds and the bees." She's a euphemistic woman. My dad is more direct. He said, "Noreen, if we're going to talk about it, we're going to call it sex." I find that you can never burst into flames when you most need to. My mom was going on, euphemistically, and my dad was correcting her. "Wendy, men have a 'boilerplate', and women have a persimmon." He didn't really say "boilerplate" and "persimmon" but you get the idea. My mom gets hung up on details. For some reason, she wanted to make absolutely sure I knew exactly what it took to make a baby. She kept repeating "The 'squib' goes into the 'mizzenmast.'" The "squib" goes into the "mizzenmast." The "squib" goes into the "mizzenmast." She said it 18 times. By the 19th time, I snapped. "I GOT the 'mizzenmast'!" And I ran out of the room, mortified. That was the last time anyone ever talked about "waffle irons" in my house again!

KEN

Ken is determined to go his own way, not to tread the traditional family path. He eschews Yale in favor of a business education, perhaps a future in marketing.

Hey, Joe, c'mon! To be real up-front, I don't really give a crap what you think, okay? I'm not about to go to Yale and that's that! *(Pause for response.)*

Right. I don't intend to go along with something just because it's expected, just because Dad and our grandfather and great-grandfather did it. I'm not following in footprints. I'm making my own, okay? *(Pause.)*

Responsible? Responsible to whom? I'm only responsible for me! For *me*, understand? Not for the family and Dad and Uncle Otis or the Brookmyers or the Gallaghers or anybody else. Yale. Big damned deal! Hell, Joe, you don't want to go there any more than I do. Be honest. But you will. You'll sell out because of what it means and how it'll look and because you're part of the package. *(Pause.)*

C'mon. Bullshit! You're going because it's safe and you'll get your law degree and move into the firm and hang out at the club and play like a liberal. Not me. Besides, I couldn't make the requirements anyhow. I'd bomb for sure. A nice little liberal arts college somewhere suits me fine—me and my I.Q. Hell, I'd freak at Yale pretending I was smart. Nope, Yale's out. Even if it means pissing Dad off. Besides, I kinda think I'd like to get into retail. *(Pause.)*