

## PARENTHOOD

**FRANK**

Get behind the ball. It's easier to come in.

**GIL**

Hi, Dad. What are you doing here?

**FRANK**

Karen said you were here. Can I speak to you a second?

**GIL**

Wayne, can you take over a second? What's up?

**FRANK**

I need your advice.

**GIL**

Wait a second. My head is spinning.

**FRANK**

Come on. Larry needs \$26,000 or gamblers are gonna kill him.

**GIL**

Jesus!

**FRANK**

I'm supposed to decide whether to give it to him.

**GIL**

And you want my advice? Why me? Why now?

**FRANK**

Because I know you think I was a shitty father. Thank you for not arguing. And I know you're a good father, so tell me, what would you do?

**GIL**

You got that kind of money?

**FRANK**

I got it. It's gonna hurt. I wanted to retire next year. This will put that off for a while. A long while. I never should have had four. You know, when you were two years old, we thought you had polio. You know about that?

**GIL**

Yeah, Mom once said something.

**FRANK**

Yeah, well, for a week we didn't know. I hated you for that.

**GIL**

What?

**FRANK**

I did. I did. I hated having to go through that... caring, the worry, the pain. That's not for me. You know, it's not like that all ends when you're 18 or 21 or 41 or 61. It never, never ends. It's like your Aunt Edna's ass. It goes on forever and is just as frightening.

**GIL**

That's true.

**FRANK**

There is no end zone. You never cross the goal line, spike the ball and do your touchdown dance. Never. I'm 64, Larry is 27. And he's still my son. Like Kevin is your son. You think I want him to get hurt? He's my son.

**GIL**

Come on.

**FRANK**

I'm all right. I'll figure it out.

**GIL**

Hey, who's to say who's the shitty father? Kevin's in therapy. We got called to school last year because Taylor was kissing all the boys. Justin keeps ramming things with his head. My career is in the shithouse.

**FRANK**

You worry too much. You always did.