

SCENE 2 SIDES
(FLAP enters and calls offstage)

FLAP

Thanks, a lot. See ya later, Daddy.

(We hear the sound of a car driving off.)

(EMMA looks up at him.)

EMMA

He didn't want to come in?

FLAP

He's kinda busy.

EMMA

He's retired! He never comes in. I don't think he's every really noticed that you're married to me.

FLAP

It's not just you, Daddy doesn't pay much attention to anybody.

EMMA

He pays attention to you. Strict attention. I only enter his consciousness when he notices that I've failed to provide you with something he thinks you should have, like a clean shirt. You've told me yourself.

FLAP

Stop picking on me. I'm tired.

EMMA

You shouldn't be tired. All you've done is help your father look at a boat. I've done the laundry and had a fight with my mother, and I'm not tired.

FLAP

Yeah, well.

(He crosses to the refrigerator, takes out a beer, and flops down on the mattress that is still laid out on the floor. He picks up a copy of Wordsworth, and begins reading. EMMA just looks at him as he vanishes from the conversation.)

EMMA

What do I have to do to get you to stop reading and talk to me?

FLAP

I'm just reading Wordsworth. I hate Wordsworth. Truth is, almost anything will get me to stop reading him. The smell of cooking would probably do it.

EMMA

You're a difficult man, Flap.

FLAP

No, just selfish. Did you tell her you're pregnant?

EMMA

I did. She was just here. You just missed her.

FLAP

Thank you Jesus! What did she say?

EMMA

She had a fit.

FLAP

She is a piece of work. Hey, come here.

(He reaches up and takes her hand and pulls her down onto the mattress with him. He is immediately unbuttoning her.)

EMMA

All right, all right. What is it with you? You never even give me time to think about it. Flap, I wouldn't have married you if I wasn't willing to think about it. What's the rush all the time?

FLAP

One of us might lose interest.

EMMA

(mumbling)

And why is it you only remember to take off your shoes *after* we make love?

FLAP

Just naturally passionate, I guess.

(EMMA pulls away from him slightly.)

FLAP

Now! You see? I've lost interest.

(FLAP picks up his book, again. EMMA sighs and crosses back to the laundry.)

EMMA

I wish your attention span was longer. Why are you reading Wordsworth if you don't like him?

FLAP

What else is there to do? Why was your mother here, anyway?

EMMA

That's an odd question. I'm her daughter.

FLAP

What an absurd woman.

EMMA

Mama really isn't absurd.

FLAP

I'd like to know what she is, then.

EMMA

She's just absolutely selfish. She's a great deal more selfish than you are, and you're no slouch. She may even be more selfish than Patsy.

FLAP

No one's more selfish than Patsy.

EMMA

I wonder what would have happened if the two of you had gotten married.

FLAP

Me and Patsy?

EMMA

No, you and Mama.

(FLAP says nothing. He is once again totally engrossed in his book.)

EMMA

Is sex the only thing keeping us together?

FLAP

Emma, we didn't just have sex. I wanted to. But we didn't. And we're still together. So stop pretending you're neglected. You're not neglected and you couldn't look bitter if you tried.

EMMA

I don't know. I might learn.

FLAP

You're always saying "I don't know."

EMMA

Well, I *don't* know. I don't think I ever will. I bet that's what I'll do when I'm old. I'll sit in a chair somewhere saying "I don't know, I don't know." Only then, I'll probably drool when I say it.