

KIMBER. No... I'm O.K. Really....

(She exits up stairs.)

(KENT sets up board near DAD's chair...)

(Awkward silence as CHERYL enters kitchen.)

KENT. Could you excuse us, Cheryl?

TAYLOR. Don't talk to her like that.

CHERYL. No, no. That's cool. I'm cool.

(CHERYL exits into her room.)

START-----

TAYLOR. All that I ask is that you have my back.

KENT. This is my family, Taylor.

TAYLOR. I'm your family.

KENT. Not yet.

TAYLOR. So this is some sort of test? Can the low-class girl hang in the big leagues...

KENT. That's ridiculous...

TAYLOR. Is it?

KENT. Is that what this is about? Have you lost your mind? You grew up solidly upper-middle class...

TAYLOR. Lower middle-class...and nothing was solid...

KENT. You had entrée...

TAYLOR. Entrée to what? Places I couldn't afford to go? Forget it. Why didn't you help me out? You heard her. I thought we were on the same side?

KENT. I didn't say I disagree with you.

TAYLOR. You didn't say anything.

KENT. There was nothing to say. I didn't know you were going to curse the girl out.

TAYLOR. That's ridiculous. It was a heated discussion, I just said what was on my mind. She's way out of line with that "I worked in the inner-city bullshit..."

KENT. But you're not from the inner-city...

TAYLOR. I'd might as well be...

KENT. What...

TAYLOR. It was just me and my mom and an apartment full of books. Books, and opportunity...never enough money. And my dad wasn't giving it up... His family had a driver, a Porsche, an SUV...and we're trying to get the Neon out of repo...

KENT. What does this have to do with her?

TAYLOR. Who?

KENT. Kimber....

TAYLOR. ...like she knows what it feels like to be me...

KENT. I don't know what it feels like to be you! *(pause)*

(Phone rings. KENT gets it.)

KENT. Ma? ...Oh, Ms. Ellie. It's Spoon, Kent. Yeah. I can get her. *(walking toward CHERYL's room)* Cheryl! *(to Ms. Ellie)* I'm sorry to hear you're under the weather...I don't know where she is, hold on. Sure. *(KENT pokes his head out of kitchen)* Cheryl!!!

(CHERYL enters from bedroom, grabs phone from KENT and returns.)

Look. You're upset, I don't know what I am. Can we just walk into town and get a drink or something? Please?

TAYLOR. No. I just don't understand why you're acting like this!

KENT. Lower your voice...

(KENT drags TAYLOR out to the porch...)

Like what? *(beat)* Can't we just get away from the house and talk for a minute?

TAYLOR. What do you have to say that you can't say here?

KENT. You acted all worried about will my mother like you and shit...You keep it up, I don't know if I still like you. Damn. What's gotten into you?

TAYLOR. I don't know. Really. I don't. You know my dad got a place over in Oak Bluffs? I'm sure they still come. That's why I don't want to go out. I'm scared to death of running into his family. It's crazy, I know. But, I

think this was a bad idea. It's too close, and it brings up all this stuff. One summer my mom gets this fellowship to teach in Japan, just for a month, and she asks my dad if I can spend part of the summer with him. You know what he said? "It would be too complicated we're going to The Vineyard." Just like that, "The Vineyard."

KENT. Sssshhhh.

(He pulls her into an embrace.)

TAYLOR. You just need me to hold it together, huh?

KENT. Sweetheart, I'm just working to hold it together myself.

TAYLOR. You wanna come to bed...

KENT. Naw...I need a little time. I'll catch you later.

TAYLOR. You're mad?

FINISH---

KENT. I'm....needing a little time...

(KENT disengages and exits around porch and into the dark. FLIP meanwhile has deserted DAD, who has fallen asleep in the chair, entered kitchen, and is eating a large piece of chocolate cake with gusto. He has not turned on the light and eats only by the light of the open refrigerator.)

(TAYLOR enters kitchen...)

TAYLOR. Oh my God. You scared the crap out of me.

FLIP. God's so formal, call me Flip. Cake?

(TAYLOR takes a plate from the cupboard, helping herself to a piece of cake.)

TAYLOR. It's late. Shouldn't you be in bed with Ember?

FLIP. Kimber.

TAYLOR. Whatever.

FLIP. No, she's probably taking a bubble bath, preparing for my arrival.

TAYLOR. You're gross...

FLIP. Why are you being such a bitch?