

*(A moment of silence while he rubs.)*

START---- **FLIP.** This is nice.

**KIMBER.** We should do more of this.

**FLIP.** This isn't what we do.

**KIMBER.** We fuck and pretend people don't hate us for it.

**FLIP.** We fuck and get off on that people hate us for it.

*(KIMBER removes herself from the embrace.)*

**KIMBER.** You know Taylor's right. I was looking forward to taking you to the club and kissing you on the tennis court, and swimming in the pool...

**FLIP.** I'll play. No problem.

**KIMBER.** It's not fun anymore. Never was. It's really a lot like Taylor, just picking a fight because it's there.

**FLIP.** That's not what Taylor does.

**KIMBER.** See.

**FLIP.** I'm not defending her. I'm the last to defend her... but she usually has a point.

**KIMBER.** *(beat)* Usually?

**FLIP.** She just needs to chill a little bit. Look...I'll be part of your whole revenge weekend thing with your family if you want.

**KIMBER.** But that's my point. I don't want that anymore.

**FLIP.** What the hell do you want?

**KIMBER.** The house, the family, you in this context, it got me.

**FLIP.** So what do you want?

**KIMBER.** Something normal. I want to go out to dinner, and not have sex after, and wake up on Sunday morning and put on a baseball cap and walk to Starbucks in our sweatpants and get the paper and come home and make love, and cram the Book Reviews because we have a dinner party that evening. I want to go to that party and pretend we read the books and talk about pretentious things and then laugh about the pretension on the ride home, and make love and set the alarm and go to work...

**FLIP.** I can't do that.

**KIMBER.** I know.

**FLIP.** But I told you, I don't do that.

**KIMBER.** I know.

**FLIP.** You said you didn't want that. I thought you were happy.

**KIMBER.** I was.

*(KIMBER rises, begins walking upstairs.)*

I am happy. I don't know.

*(KIMBER exits up stairs, and comes down, leaning over the banister.)*

Tell you what I do know. Keep that bitch away from me or I'm gonna bust some moves, if you know what I mean...

END----

**FLIP.** Awe sooky sooky now...show me wha chu gone do?

*(KIMBER does a karate kick...FLIP throws her over his shoulder and carries her up the stairs.)*

*(On porch:)*

**TAYLOR.** Does the idea of your family getting diluted piss you off, a little?

**DAD.** *(amused)* Diluted?...

**TAYLOR.** Yeah.

**DAD.** Clearly there's a little cream in your coffee...*(beat)* Sweetie, if it wasn't for all that "dilution," you think my wife's people would have this house? Don't you know most of the black folks got anything now, got it 'cause somewhere along the way somebody got raped in a kitchen. Don't look at me like that. Yes, we brought over the good stuff. Spirituality, fortitude, knowledge. Your dad wrote about that in "From the Middle Passage to the Inner-City."

**TAYLOR.** Yeah, yeah, yeah. Dad wrote about it. Whatever. When I try to point out the inequities, I'm told that I'm too angry or crazy, or it just isn't there.