

SIDE 3: Barry + Rosie

ROSIE: What's wrong with that?

BARRY: I am not going to discuss my sex life with my daughter. That's sick. In fact, I think it's a felony.

ROSIE: My God, you're a prude.

BARRY: I'm not a prude. I just don't want to discuss that aspect of my life with my daughter.

ROSIE: Fine.

BARRY: Fine.

ROSIE: Whatever happened to you-know-who? Do you ever hear from her?

BARRY: No, I don't.

ROSIE: So she dumped you and cut off all ties, huh?

BARRY: Yes. And this is something else I don't want to discuss with you.

ROSIE: I'm just making conversation.

BARRY sits. ROSIE pushes him forward and puts the pillow behind his back.

BARRY: So, you went home for supper last night?

ROSIE: I did.

BARRY: Good.

ROSIE: Why?

BARRY: No reason.

ROSIE: You're not going to bring up my eggs again, are you?

BARRY: No. I'm sorry I brought it up the first time.

ROSIE: So am I.

BARRY: But is the topic of a grandchild still on the table?

ROSIE: I don't think it is. Lift your feet.

BARRY lifts his feet and ROSIE kicks the footstool under them.

BARRY: Why not? Doesn't Kevin want a son?

ROSIE puts the blanket on BARRY.

ROSIE: Dad, I don't want to discuss it with you. It's complicated. And it's an antiquated position to take anyway. Wanting a son to carry on the bloodline. It's not only antiquated, it's a little insulting. I'm not a baby machine. I wasn't put on this earth to be a conduit for your heredity. I'm not just a provider of a uterus for the continuance of your lineage.

BARRY: Oh God. Now we're talking about my daughter's uterus.

ROSIE: Well, you brought it up.

ROSIE takes BARRY's wrist, looks at her watch, and takes his pulse.

BARRY: I didn't bring up your uterus. Your uterus was not supposed to be part of this conversation. It makes me very uncomfortable.

ROSIE: Why would it make you uncomfortable? You're a doctor.

Side 3 (continued)

BARRY: I'm a dentist. I work on the mouth. I don't go any farther south than that. Sometimes I'll wipe some drool off a chin, but that's my lower limit.

ROSIE: Oh, you're being silly.

BARRY: I am not being silly. A father and daughter do not discuss those regions.

ROSIE: What regions?

BARRY: The nether regions. That's why they're called nether. When should you discuss them with your father? Nether!

ROSIE: Nether actually means subterranean. A dark and foreboding place.

BARRY: I said I'm not going to discuss your uterus with you.

ROSIE: And who says a female can't carry on the family lineage? Why does it have to be a boy? A girl can do it just as well. Women pass the DNA along as much as the men do. All except for the Y-DNA.

BARRY: I know about DNA. I'm a doctor.

ROSIE: You're a dentist!

BARRY: And I want the Y-DNA. I like the Y-DNA. It's good DNA, the Y.

ROSIE: Dad, you're being ridiculous.

BARRY: Fine, then give me a girl child. Anything.

ROSIE: Dad, stop it. Please.

BARRY: All right. All right. End of discussion.

ROSIE: Thank you.

BARRY: For today.

END

JONAS enters.

ROSIE: Ah, there he is. Good morning, Jonas.

JONAS: Rosemary. Barry.

ROSIE: And how are you this morning?

JONAS: Nether better. I was listening on the other side of the door. I didn't want to interrupt. Until it got dull.

ROSIE: I hear you've been spending time with Mrs. Berlin.

JONAS: Well, news travels fast here at Gateway Gardens, doesn't it?

ROSIE: There are no secrets here, I'm afraid.

JONAS: With walls this thin how could there be?

ROSIE: I hope you didn't keep anybody awake last night.

JONAS: Only Mrs. Berlin.

BARRY: Aw geez! Please don't talk to my daughter about sex.

JONAS: Were we talking about sex? I thought we were discussing the finer points of wall construction.

ROSIE: Tell me something, Jonas. Do you swim?