

INT. RESTAURANT – NEW YORK CITY –DAY

Duncan sits across from his daughter , CAMERON, a beautiful and belligerent 19 year old. He's in mid story.

DUNCAN: ...it must have been your seventh – no eighth – birthday. And the look on your face when the clown showed up at your party. Sheery terror. I'll never forget that look.

Duncan laughs. Cameron isn't amused.

CAMERON: For the record, it was my fifth birthday, Duncan. And the reason I remember is because it's the last one you came to.

The waitress sets down another scotch before Duncan. Cameron raises an eyebrow.

CAMERON (CONT'D, re his drink): That's your third, you know.

DUNCAN: I didn't know you were keeping score.

CAMERON (wry): I didn't know you needed to get loaded to face your daughter.

DUNCAN: YOU should try facing her. You'd get loaded, too.

Cameron rolls her eyes.

CAMERON: Look, the stroll down memory lane is touching, but I told you – I'm not going back to school. I mean, your life turned out fine without a degree. Professionally, at least.

DUNCAN (ignoring the slight): Fine with me, Cam. I'm just curious what your plan is.

CAMERON: "My plan?" I'm gonna work, Duncan. Find a job.

DUNCAN: Dad, okay? Call me Dad, please.

CAMERON: Dad was the guy who raised me since I was eight and died from a stroke last year. You're biology, Duncan. That's it. (Beat) And you don't need to worry about me, okay? I'm bright. I give good meetings. I'll find something.

DUNCAN: Really? What's the market out there for over-entitled 19 year olds with smart mouths?

Cameron stands, starts to collect her things. Duncan looks disappointed that he let himself take the bait.

CAMERON: This has been fun. In a really “not fun” kind of way. So do me a favor, the next time you want to pass judgement? Send an email.

DUNCAN: What? You can reduce me to DNA. But God forbid I open my mouth to you... (then) Look, sit down, okay? Whatever you think of me, I’m still your father.

CAMERON: Okay, Duncan. You want to act like my father? Then step up to the plate. Prove it.

DUNCAN: How?

CAMERON: Give me a job.

Off Duncan’s surprised look, we.....