

NORMAN. You like that word, don't you? Bullshit.

BILLY. Yeah.

NORMAN. It's a good word.

BILLY. You going skinny-dipping?

NORMAN. Nope. You?

BILLY. Naw. I try to be selective about who I flash in front of.

NORMAN. Oh?

BILLY. Chelsea says you're a real heavy-duty fisherman. She calls you the Old Man of the Sea.

NORMAN. Ah. I've caught a few. You fish?

BILLY. No.

NORMAN. Want to go sometime?

BILLY. Maybe.

NORMAN. All right. We'll see. What do you think of your father?

BILLY. To tell you the truth, he's not bad.

NORMAN. Why do you walk with your shoulders all bent like that?

BILLY. I have a lot on my mind.

NORMAN. Oh. Well, what do you do out there in California, since you don't fish? I mean, what does one do for recreation, when one is thirteen and not in school?

BILLY. Cruise chicks.

NORMAN. Um...?

BILLY. Meet 'em. Girls. Try to pick them up.

NORMAN. Oh. And what do you do with them when you have them?

BILLY. Suck face.

NORMAN. I beg your pardon?

BILLY. You know. Kiss. Suck face—kiss.

NORMAN. Oh.

*He stares at Billy, then looks at the book he still holds.*

Ever read this book? *Swiss Family Robinson*?

BILLY. No.

NORMAN. Go read it.

BILLY. Now?

NORMAN. Yes. Go upstairs and read the first chapter. And give me a report tomorrow.

*He thrusts the book upon him.*

Go on.

BILLY. Well, I thought we were going to have a party.

NORMAN. I'll call you when the party's underway, if it ever is. Go on. Read the first chapter. You'll like it.

*Billy nods. And shuffles out.*

Let me see you stand up straight.

*Billy stops and scowls at him.*

Come on. Nobody has that much on his mind.

*Billy straightens.*

Ah! Much better! You should try that more often. It will make it easier to bear your heavy load.