MAX and MAGGIE side

MAX: You know, Maggie, your mother and I are very proud of you for going back to school to get your degree.
MAGGIE: Thank you, Daddy.
MAX: I mean it. Holding down a full-time job while you take courses at night and during the summer takes a lot of gumption, and …. (*His eyes open wide, surprised by what he sees.*) Oh, God. Oh ....my ....God!
MAGGIE: (*She walks over and looks over his shoulder*) What?
MAX: What? What do you mean, "What?" (*Pointing at the catalog*) *Four thousand dollars*, that's what!
MAGGIE: That's what *all* the three-credit courses cost.
MAX: I can see that. And I was worried you were going to get mugged on the streets of New York, when it's the colleges that rob people blind! Why do you want to take a class in the summer anyway? It's too hot to study.
MAGGIE: Taking one this summer will lighten my work load next fall. Come on, Daddy, you promised if I signed up for a business class, you would pay for a summer course.
MAX: And? Did you?
MAGGIE: The book is right here (*pointing to a textbook on the table*).
MAX: Economics. Great class!
MAGGIE: (*Sarcastically*) Yeah, I can't wait.
MAX: Learning a little bit about economics will do you some good.
MAGGIE: We'll see. I'm not excited about having an assignment before the first class even starts.
MAX: What did you expect?
MAGGIE: I don't know…receiving a syllabus, a nice little introduction from the professor, some background information about what we'll be covering during the semester…. At least, that's what the professors usually do. I certainly didn't expect to read the first two chapters before walking through the door.
MAX: Well, I didn't expect to pay four thousand dollars for one course. When I was your age, ….
MAGGIE: (*To herself*) Here we go.
MAX: (*continuing*)….everyone didn't have to go to college to earn a decent living.
MAGGIE: Times have changed, Dad.
MAX: You're telling me… You wouldn't believe how many people I saw on the way over here who were staring at their cell phones, texting away, as if there was no one else around…And those were the ones driving cars. Then, there were the pedestrians, walking around like zombies, eyes glued to those little screens, and they continued into the street without even looking to see if a car was coming. (*Shaking his head*) My God, Maggie, what did everyone do before smartphones were invented?

MAX and MAGGIE side

MAGGIE: Well, I guess….
MAX: (*Interrupting*) They *talked*. They looked each other in the eye *and they had a conversation!* It's a lost art.
MAGGIE: Speaking of art, I've been dying to take this Art History class. What do you think?
MAX: If it's less than four thousand dollars, I love it.
MAGGIE: Thanks for helping me out, Dad.
MAX: That's alright. Time for me to head out. (*Maggie walks her father to the door*). You know how your mother is about dinner.
MAGGIE: Every night at 6 PM.
MAX: On the dot.
MAGGIE: You should try taking her out some time.
MAX: Your mother has a very delicate stomach that only tolerates very expensive food.
MAGGIE: Well, a new Italian place just opened up across the street. Their prices seem reasonable, and you both like pasta.
MAX: (*Interested*) Yeah? When were you there?
MAGGIE: Laura and I checked it out last week.
MAX: Maybe we'll give it a try.
MAGGIE: And you should get her some flowers.
MAX: Flowers? What for? Isn't dinner enough?
MAGGIE: Dinner is nice, but flowers with dinner is even better, and you two don't get out that much.
MAX: How do you know?
MAGGIE: Okay, when was the last time you took Mom out?
MAX: (*After staring at his daughter for several seconds, and then realizing she's right.*) I'll get her flowers. You know, your mother and I love you very much.
MAGGIE: Oh, Daddy, I love you too.
MAX: I'll send you a check for the course.
MAGGIE: Thanks.
MAX: *After* you finish the economics class.
MAGGIE: Daddy!
MAX: And get at least a B for the course.
MAGGIE: Daddy!!
MAX: Don't act so surprised. Our deal wasn't that you just sign up for the business class; our deal was that you learn the material.
MAGGIE: Fine.
MAX: I love you, sweetie.
MAGGIE: I love you too, Dad. Come on, I'll walk you out.