

Tony, in his game suit, is having breakfast with his son, a bland mid level executive in his late 20's with a Jesus fish on his lapel

Tony: Really, its no problem getting tickets?

Tom: (Uneasy) Well, he's really more into basketball now.

Tony: (defeated) Yeah? How old is Timmy now? nine, ten?

Tom: Eight. But we don't really call him Timmy anymore.

Tony: Oh, okay... and Melinda? How's she?

Tom: She's fine.

Tony: You look good.

Tom: I'm trying.

Tony: You talk to your mom lately?

Tom: Dad... what do you want?

Tony: What do I want? I wanted to see you. You're my son for chrissake. What do you mean?

Tom: I havn't talked to you for a year. A year ago christmas...

Tony: Christ, gimme a minute tom ok? I havn't seen you in in what...

Tom: Six years.

Tony: You never picked up the phone either-- so don't...

Tom: Why would it?

Tony: All I ever did was...

Tom: (On edge) PLEASE DON'T! When you do that, you sound like a broken record, dad. I get really upset.

Tony looks at him, wondering what he's wrought.

Waitress: Coffee, danish? Why the long faces?
(no response) Enjoy your breakfast.

She leaves.

Tony: You know I'll never forget a big mistake I made once as a coach. I hurt someone and... I couldn't change what I did, so I denied it. Threw some money at it... then tried to forget it, block it out.
(beat) you know what? it never goes away.

Tom (now he's upset): No it doesn't, and its too late goddamn it, ok?!
Its too---
excuse me for my foul thoughts, lord! They come not out of me---
but its too goddamn LATE for that!
My son and daughter are doing fine, and you had nothing to do
with that, and that's all there is.

Tony: Tom, come on, I... I'm sorry, I...

Tom: Where were you on my Sundays? When I was playing ball? Just...
just don't even try, ok!

Tony (now at the end of his rope): Can I just... see them? They're
my grandkids, tom! Please?

Tom (a grim pause): with a child psychiatrist.