Can We Talk? (*PREVIEW)*

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Dad: (*looking at report card, at kitchen table with mom*) Good grief!!

Mom: I was completely stunned.

Dad: Two C’s and four D’s??

Mom: It’s unbelievable. Such a bright girl!

Dad: This is inexcusable. We’ve got to talk to her.

Mom: I know. We have to nip this in the bud.

Dad: We’ve got to make it clear to her that this kind of performance is way below expectation.

Daughter: (*enters*) Mom? Dad? Hey, I was wondering . . .

Dad: Not right now, honey. Can you give us a minute? (*daughter leaves*)

Mom: It’s not just that it’s below our expectations – it’s below her potential. She’s such a bright girl! I mean, a D in Algebra 2? She’s always been good in math! How can she get a D in Algebra 2?

Dad: I think it’s all that time she spends texting and web-chatting and Face-placing . . . she’s always talking to someone.

Mom: And I’m not really comfortable with the friends she’s talking to.

Dad: I’m not either! That kid we gave a ride home from the football game last week was one weird cookie. He kept calling me “dude”. Do I look like a dude, Maureen?

Mom: Not in the least, honey.

Dad: Thank God.

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