DINNER FOR DAD (*PREVIEW)*

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*(Dad’s sitting in a chair, looking out the window; he’s grouchy and critical, but also kind of depressed; Trudy is obviously holding on to years of bitterness, but works hard to hide it)*

Trudy: (*entering with bag of groceries*) Hi, Dad.

Dad: I was starting to wonder.

Trudy: I told you I’d stop by Hyvee after work and then be right here. You know this is like rush hour at the grocery stores.

Dad: Only in the big city. I guess that’s the kind of lifestyle you like….

Trudy: *(sighs*) You’re having a good day, I see.

Dad: But it’s not the kind of lifestyle I like. I was quite happy out at the farm.

Trudy: You know you couldn’t stay at the farm any longer.

Dad: So you say.

Trudy: (*trying to brighten the mood*) So, I have all the ingredients for Mom’s ham loaf, just as you requested.

Dad: Requested when?

Trudy: This morning! When I called! You said you wanted Mom’s ham loaf for dinner.

Dad: I don’t remember that.

Trudy: That’s why I stopped at Hyvee during grocery store rush hour, just to get the ingredients.

Dad: When is that man going to come trim those bushes? I thought you said you talked to him.

Trudy: I did, Dad. He’ll be here when he gets to it. All the apartments have bushes that need trimming, you know.

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