

INT. RESTAURANT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY28

ON A GLASS OF VODKA as it's carried on a tray and set down before Duncan. Cameron -- his beautiful and belligerent 19- year old -- raises an eyebrow from across the table.

CAMERON

(re: his drink)

That's your third, you know.

DUNCAN

I didn't know you were keeping score.

CAMERON

(wry)

I didn't know you needed to get loaded
to face your daughter.

DUNCAN

You should try facing her. You'd get loaded, too.

Cameron forces a smile.

CAMERON

Look, I appreciate the risotto, Duncan, but I told you –
I'm not going back to school. I mean, your life turned out
fine without a degree. Professionally, at least.

DUNCAN

Dad, okay? Call me Dad, please.

CAMERON

Dad was the guy who raised me since I was eight
and died from a stroke last year.

You're biology, Duncan. That's it.

(beat, softening)

And you don't need to worry about me, okay?

I'm bright. I give good meeting.

I'll find a decent job.

DUNCAN

Really? What's the market out there for over-entitled
19-year-with smart mouths?

Cameron stands, starts to collect her things. Duncan looks disappointed that he
let himself take the bait.

CAMERON

Nice seeing you again, Duncan. Never takes long to
remember why we don't do it more often.

DUNCAN

What? You can reduce me to DNA. But God forbid I open
my mouth to you...

(beat)

Look, sit down. Whatever you think of me,
I'm still your father.

CAMERON

Fine. You want to act like my father? Then step up
To the plate. Prove it.

DUNCAN

How?

CAMERON
Give me a job.