

BIRDMAN - FATHER / DAUGHTER ARGUMENT - GUY OR GIRL

A father, desperately hanging on to his moment of cinematic fame enters a workspace to apologize to his daughter for his erratic behavior. It doesn't last long.

RIGGAN

I'm not sure if I said thank
you...

SAM

For what?

RIGGAN

All of it. You've been doing a
good job. And I've been...

SAM

Yeah.

RIGGAN

So, I just wanted to say that--
(He stops abruptly.)
What is that?

SAM

What...?

RIGGAN

That smell.

SAM

I don't--

RIGGAN

Look at me.

SAM

What are you--

RIGGAN

Look at me.

She does. He examines her eyes, then immediately rises, scouring the room.

SAM

Dad...

RIGGAN

(Continuing to search.)

You have to be shitting me...
Where is it?

SAM

Could we not do this?

Riggan pulls a jar of peanut butter from the trash.

RIGGAN

What is this?

SAM

That is chunky peanut butter
that happens, by the way, to
have Omega--

Riggan pulls a stubbed joint out of the jar.

RIGGAN

This.

SAM

Oh. That's pot.

RIGGAN

Sam.

SAM

Alright, just relax.

RIGGAN

Relax? What the hell are you
doing?

SAM

Protecting myself from
cataracts?

RIGGAN

You can't do this to me!

SAM

To you?

RIGGAN

SHUT UP! You know what I'm talking about.

SAM

Yeah. You're talking about you. What else is new?

RIGGAN

Don't try to--

SAM

What? Make it about me? I wouldn't dream of it.

RIGGAN

Listen to me. I'm trying to do something that's important...

SAM

This is not important.

RIGGAN

It's important to me! Alright? Maybe not to you, or your cynical playmates whose sole ambition is to end up going viral and who, by the way, will only be remembered as the generation that finally stopped talking to one another. But to me... To me... This is-- God. This is my career, this is my chance to do some work that actually means something.

SAM

Means something to who? You had a career before the third comic book movie, before people began to forget who was inside the bird costume.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

You're doing a play based on a book that was written 60 years ago, for a thousand rich, old white people whose only real concern is gonna be where they go to have their cake and coffee when it's over. Nobody gives a shit but you. And let's face it, Dad, it's not for the sake of art. It's because you just want to feel relevant again. Well, there's a whole world out there where people fight to be relevant every day. And you act like it doesn't even exist! Things are happening in a place that you willfully ignore, a place that has already forgotten you. I mean who are you? You hate bloggers. You make fun of twitter. You don't even have a Facebook page. You're the one who doesn't exist. You're doing this because you're scared to death, like the rest of us, that you don't matter. And you know what? You're right. You don't. It's not important. You're not important. Get used to it.

Silence. Riggan seems devastated, and Sam can see that. She looks at him sympathetically, but not knowing what to say...

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Dad...