

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. 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 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 me. 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

SAM (CONT'D)

Dad..

She looks at him sympathetically, but not knowing what to say...exits.

After a moment, Riggan gets up and heads for the trash can. He digs out the roach, grabs some matches and lights it. Music begins to sound. He inhales deeply and holds the smoke for a few seconds and finally inhales. He coughs, tosses away the joint and heads out of the kitchen.