

MINGUS

I just don't get it

GHOST:

You know son, I was taking my evening stroll, when I overheard some youths, around your age, at the skating park. And they were using this phrase, "that fucks" they said, it actually made a lot of sense to me. How can my creations have so much of value to say, when others, *MANY OTHERs*, can't even seem to speak the language. Is it time...? No. Is it dedicated work...? Noo. Is it even Luck? NO! It's about "fucks". If it "fucks"? And my work "FUCKS!" Come, come. Observe.

MINGUS:

Okay.

GHOST:

What do you see?

MINGUS:

Well, I see symmetry. I - I see, a strong foundation. Perhaps it is touching on themes of familial love?

GHOST:

WRONG! IT "FUCKS" Now this. What do you see?

MINGUS:

Well, I can see that it fucks.

GHOST:

NO! Goodness, Mingus. Can you see? This could never fuck!

MINGUS:

Dad, I don't think I'm understanding this.

GHOST:

It's as simple as can be! It either "fucks" or it "doesn't fuck". Now let's circle back to your work. I think you spend all your time worrying about if it "fucks". And that makes it "wack". That's another word that they were using. "Wack". And in my observation, I believe it is the antithesis to "fuck". And to fully adopt their jargon, "My Shit FUCKS", and Mingus, "Your Shit's WACK. Yo!" . Now, let's drop this irrelevant talk. That's enough for today. Come to Dinner.

MINGUS:

Well, fuck.