

**BYE BYE LOVE 3 Page 1 of 5 (gk)**

DON:

How's your dinner? Is it good?

EMMA:

It's okay.

DON:

You know, I got the recipe from Vic.

EMMA:

Oh?

DON:

Yup. I used to trade baseball cards. Now I'm trading recipes. That was some brunch today. Nice of your Mother and Nick to do that for you.

EMMA:

It was okay.

DON:

What did you do afterwards?

EMMA:

Nothing.

DON:

You must have done something.

EMMA:

Not, actually.

DON:

Sorry. I'm just ... well, trying to make conversation.  
(PAUSE) Hey, did I tell you I'm thinking of taking in a  
( Don – CONTINUED)

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DON: (continued)

partner at work? The whole real estate market is starting to pick up again, so I was thinking, if I have a mortgage broker in the office . . . remember Joe Farrell?

EMMA:

Not really.

DON:

Joe. Farrell. Joe Farrell. We used to go to his great barbecues at his cabin up on the lake. You must remember Joe Farrell.

EMMA:

Okay Dad, I know Joe.

DON:

Joe. Farrell. He used to come to the house all the time when we lived on First Street.

EMMA:

The good old days.

DON:

Yeah?

EMMA:

Before the flood. That's what Mom calls it.

DON:

Really? That's what she calls it?

EMMA:

We were so terribly happy. The First Street paradise.

DON:

We were pretty happy at First Street.

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EMMA:

Whatever.

DON:

You weren't happy on First Street?

EMMA:

I don't want to talk about it.

DON:

Why not?

EMMA:

Well, because when we talk about it we don't really "talk" about it. So lets just not.

DON:

I want to talk about it.

EMMA:

Well, I don't.

DON:

We're having dinner. I'm your Dad. You're my daughter.  
We can talk about it.

EMMA:

Oh, so this is supposed to be like some cozy family dinner. Is that what this is?

DON:

Christ! You know, you don't make this easy.

EMMA:

You think this is easy for me?

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DON:

I don't know what it is for you because you don't talk to me.

EMMA:

Don't yell at me!

DON:

I'm not yelling at you.

EMMA:

I'm getting out of here.

DON:

Sit down!

EMMA:

No!

DON:

Sit down! You're not going anywhere! Sit down.

EMMA:

You know, I have my own life, too, and sometimes it's not easy just to come over here.

DON:

Really?

EMMA:

No one ever thinks about what I need. Maybe I miss my friends from school. Maybe I want to go to the movies or a party! But, no, on my weekends I have to be stuck here with you!

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DON:

You little shit. Go. If you wanna go, go. If you don't want to live here, then don't. Why don't you just go to Meg's and have fun with Meg, okay?

EMMA:

Good. Good bye.

DON:

Shit!