

DAUGHTER

I thought we agreed to start things slowly. Phone calls, that sort of thing?

FATHER

I wanted to see you.

DAUGHTER

What do you want, Dad?

FATHER

Louis body... some kind of protein... up here... causes progressive decline. Mental, physical. There's no cure. I have it.

DAUGHTER

I'm sorry.

FATHER

Me too.

DAUGHTER

Does mom know?

FATHER

No. No one knows. Just you.

DAUGHTER

And that's... that's why you've been calling. Showing up.

FATHER

I wanted to see you.

DAUGHTER

Why?

FATHER

I thought -

DAUGHTER

What? That I'd take care of you? Go with you on your doctor visits? Sit by you at your hospital bed? I'm not that person. You're not that person.

FATHER

I'm sorry.

DAUGHTER

Did you ever... did you ever think to come here just because you missed me? Maybe because you just wanted to see me?

FATHER

I did. I do.

DAUGHTER

No. The only thing you care about is you. What you want. What you need. I'm sorry, Dad. It's too late. There's nothing here.

FATHER

Emma, wait...

DAUGHTER

What did you expect?