

EVA

1. EVA:

No, thank you.

2. MAX:

Mind if I indulge?

3. EVA:

By all means.

4. SOUND:

ICE CLINKING IN A GLASS, LIQUID BEING POURED.

START

5. MAX:

So what brings you to my sagging doorstep? Let me guess, boyfriend skipped town?

6. EVA:

Actually, I'm here about my father.

7. MAX:

I see. He some kind of rich guy, into some dangerous sources of revenue?

8. EVA:

No, actually. He's quite an ordinary man.

9. MAX:

One of those unfortunate souls. What's the trouble?

10. EVA:

I'm afraid he might be lost.

1. MAX: When was the last time you saw him?
2. EVA: About a year ago.
3. MAX: That recently, huh? What made you wait so long to come to me?
4. EVA: He and I used to be close, but we had a falling out some time ago. It was after my mother died. We were both hurting so much, each in our own way, we couldn't see our way through to help each other. We had a big fight, a little over a year ago. We didn't speak at all for a while. After a few months, I tried reaching out, but he was...different. He didn't sound like himself. He was distant, almost like he didn't know who I was. After a while, I could barely reach him at all. I hoped maybe he'd reach out to me eventually, but...
5. MAX: I'm sorry to hear that.
6. EVA: I said some awful things to him. Things I regret every day. If I had known it might be the last time I saw him...

(She starts to cry.)

END

MAX

1.

EVA laughs.

2. EVA:

~~Dames?~~

START

3. MAX:

What can I say, I'm a bit old fashioned.

So tell me more about your old man. What's he do for a living?

4. EVA:

He was a police officer for a while, but he left that job when I was young.

5. MAX:

Go figure, I used to be a cop myself before I got into private enterprise. Was he local?

6. EVA:

No, out west.

7. MAX:

The coincidences keep piling up.

8. EVA:

How's that?

9. MAX:

I was LAPD for fifteen years. Quit the force when I had a kid.
Too much risk.

1. EVA: Do you ever see your daughter?
2. MAX: Not for a long time. I try calling once in a while, but she doesn't pick up. I'm sure her mother's poisoned that particular well pretty thoroughly. It's probably for the best.
3. EVA: What makes you say that?
4. MAX: She's got her own life to live. No sense in disinterring old bones. We did see each other sometimes, after the split. After she'd grown. She tracked me down. Go figure. She'd make a better PI than I ever was. We used to get coffee sometimes, she'd fill me in on everything I missed. But I haven't heard from her in a while.
5. EVA: Maybe she can't get through to you.
6. MAX: Could be. Most of the time, I can't remember if I paid my bills or not. My memory ain't what it used to be.
You know, it's funny, the more we talk, the more it feels like we've met before.
7. EVA: Really?
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