

CHELSEA. I just wanted to say...that I'm sorry.

NORMAN. Fine. No problem.

CHELSEA. Don't you want to know what I'm sorry about?

NORMAN. I suppose so.

CHELSEA. I'm sorry that our communication has been so bad. That my...that I've been walking around with a chip on my shoulder. I think it would be a practicable idea if we tried...to have the kind of relationship we're supposed to have.

NORMAN. What kind of relationship are we supposed to have?

CHELSEA. Like a father and a daughter.

NORMAN. Ah. Well. Just in the nick of time, huh?

CHELSEA. No.

NORMAN. Worried about the will, are you? I'm leaving everything to you, except what I'm taking with me.

CHELSEA. Stop it. I don't want anything. We've been mad at each other for too long.

NORMAN. Oh. I didn't realize we were mad. I thought we just didn't like each other.

*Chelsea turns away. After a moment, she regroups.*

CHELSEA. I want to be your friend.

NORMAN. Oh. Okay. Does this mean you're going to come around more often? I may not last another eight years, you know.

CHELSEA. Tsk. I'll come around more often.

NORMAN. Well, it would mean a lot to your mother.

CHELSEA. Okay. Now you want to tell me about the Yankees?

NORMAN. The Yankees? They're bums. Your mother said you had some news, what is it?

CHELSEA. I got married in Brussels.

NORMAN. You did? In Brussels. Isn't that grand?

CHELSEA. It is. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me. He makes me so incredibly happy.

NORMAN. Isn't that grand? Does he speak English?

CHELSEA. Tsk. I married Bill.

NORMAN. Oh, Bill! That *is* grand.