

SAMSON - 'Dale' Sides

19.

Scene 1

DALE

Emma, if what you want is a medium well burger, then you should fight for what you want. We're in a restaurant, and that's literally the only thing they have to get right -- your food order. We're paying customers.

EMMA

No, I know, we can just wait until she comes back around. I'll tell her. It'll be fine.

Dale spots their waitress coming in from the back, carrying a tray of orders.

DALE

Yeah, it'll be fine.

He sets down his napkin and gets up.

EMMA

Dale!

He walks over to the waitress, still carrying the tray. Emma covers her face, but glances back to see what's going on. The waitress is unenthused.

Dale motions over to Emma, who quickly turns back around.

He walks back to the table and takes his seat. All smiles.

START →

DALE

See. Wasn't so bad.

He stuffs a forkful of lettuce into his mouth. The dressing dripping out from the corner of his lips. She glares at him.

~~DALE (CONT'D)~~

~~(mouth full)~~

~~What?~~

EMMA

You didn't have to do that.

DALE

What?

EMMA

I can speak for myself, you know.

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DALE

Of course, I know that. I... I wanted to make it easier for you.

EMMA

~~No, no, I mean. It's not awful.~~ I know you mean well, I just... I didn't want to cause a scene over some meat patty stuck between two pieces of bread, you know?

DALE

You make it sound so appealing.

EMMA

We could've waited for her to come back around. It's just embarrassing.

Dale grips her hand on the table.

DALE

I'd do anything for you. Even embarrass myself over this feud of meat patty doneness. God, I'm glad I'm a vegetarian.

Emma slyly pulls her hand away.

EMMA

I mean it doesn't even like matter. I asked for medium well because I have no idea where an establishment like this gets their meat. I was like being cautious. Don't want to add to the parasites I probably already have in me, ya know?

She chuckles. He looks at her. Worried.

DALE

What? Do you have any cramping? Vomiting? Have you noticed the consistency of your stool changing?

EMMA

No, God, Dale, that was a joke. I don't have any parasites. I mean, that I'm aware of. God. You just... You don't listen. This is why this relationship didn't work out.

DALE

What do you mean? I listen. I'm listening now. And I was listening then. They brought out a burger rare when you very clearly ordered a burger medium well.

Emma slams her fists onto the table. A water glass topples over onto Emma's side of the booth.

EMMA

Fuck, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, that was--

She grabs the last of the napkins and starts to sop up the water on the table.

DALE

It's okay, it's okay.

He looks around for a waiter. He gets up out of the booth. Emma groans to herself, but can't say anything.

He comes back with an armful of napkins.

He starts cleaning up the water on the table. Emma tries to grab a handful of napkins from him. But he instead swaps their plates around, cutlery falls clunkily onto the table.

DALE (CONT'D)

Here, switch with me.

EMMA

Dale.

DALE

Come on.

He gets out of the booth.

EMMA

What? No, it's fine, just give me --

DALE

Let's switch, I can clean the rest of that up.

EMMA

No! Dale! It's fine! I've got it.

She grabs some napkins from him and starts hastily wiping up the spill beside her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
See? Here. It's fine.

She throws the soaked napkins onto the pile of soaked napkins.

Dale takes his seat. Emma's eyes lower, embarrassed. Dale looks up at the clock again.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

DALE
It's not funny. It's not funny to joke about your health.

EMMA
I know. I'm sorry. You don't need to go into such hyperdrive about it. People get sick. I can get sick.

DALE
I know that. Obviously, I know that. But it's that I hear that you're sick and I... I want to fix it. Make it all better.

Emma grimaces to herself again.

EMMA
You can't fix everything, Dale.

A beat.

DALE
Can I be honest?

She looks up at him.

DALE (CONT'D)
I wish you cared a little bit more.

EMMA
About meat temperature?

DALE
You just give in. So easily.

EMMA
Dale, it's a burger.

DALE

It's not only the burger, Emma.
It's about us. The moment you have
any doubts about yourself, you give
in and give up. You gave up on us.

EMMA

I tried my best. I gave it all I
could. But I felt stuck with you.
You cared *too much*.

DALE

How is that a bad thing? I *still*
care about you. We had everything
going for us. We had a life figured
out.

EMMA

That's exactly it. You figured it
out, for *me*.

DALE

Do you really think that?

~~EMMA~~

~~I want things, Dale. I want a lot
of things. But I don't know what
those things are. And I can't
figure it out with you stepping in
to figuring it out before me.~~

DALE

I know you. And I know what you
want. You want a burger medium
well.

EMMA

It's not about the fucking burger,
Dale.

DALE

If you could just see yourself like
I see you...

Emma closes her eyes and takes a breath. She reaches for the
empty glass.

DALE (CONT'D)

Wait, let me get you another glass
of water.

Dale turns to find a waitress.