

INT. GEORGE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Sam is on the pullout bed, listening to music through headphones. His father, George, walks out of the adjoined bathroom and drops into bed.

SAM

I took some of your Vicodin.

GEORGE

I know.

(beat)

Why?

SAM

I like how it feels not to feel.

George turns onto his side to face his son.

GEORGE

I know the feeling.

SAM

How do you become something you're not?

GEORGE

What would you like to be?

SAM

What I'm not.

GEORGE

What are you now?

SAM

Nothing.

GEORGE

That's not true.

SAM

See, that's the thing... I am what I say I am.

GEORGE

I know parts of who you are.

SAM

What do you know about me?

George drops back onto his back. He takes his time to answer.

GEORGE

When you started first grade and your mom went to work, it was so she could save for an apartment. But then she met Peter and skipped the idea of renting.

SAM

He's got nothing to do with me.

GEORGE

I couldn't imagine how I could compete with him for any part of you. So, I didn't. He wanted you to have his last name... I let him even take that.

SAM

He was a prick when I was six, and he's a prick today.

George turns onto his side to face Sam again.

GEORGE

I wish you had told me then.

SAM

I'm telling you now.

GEORGE

I gave up on you.

SAM

I'd be in Tahoe having fun if you had given up.

GEORGE

What would you be doing now?

SAM

Getting high, I guess.

GEORGE

If I asked you to stop, would you?

SAM

I haven't used anything for two days. I'm trying.

GEORGE

I'm proud of you, Sam.

Sam turns away from his father and puts his headphones on.