

~~LUCY:~~

~~(averting her eyes)~~

~~Did you ever want any of them to stay longer?~~

~~ON RANDY:~~

~~Moved herself. Understanding how huge a question this is coming from this bruised little heart.~~

~~INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - WEEKS LATER - DAY~~

~~Sam sits in a dark corner, maniacally folding newspaper into an odd origami pattern. There's a knock at the door - Sam doesn't move, he just continues folding his paper.~~

~~RITA (O.S.)~~

~~Sam it's me! Open up!~~

~~He doesn't answer it, just methodically folds.~~

~~EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS~~

~~Rita stands there impatiently.~~

~~RITA:~~

~~I don't have time for this! You were supposed to show up for your first evaluation. And I leave work early to get there and where the hell are you?! Open the door! Sam! Open the goddamn door!~~

~~(nothing)~~

~~Alright. If you don't care enough to open the goddamn door I'm outta here! I've ruined my practice, I've alienated my colleagues - I sent my kid off on a fishing trip with his father so I could work with you and you won't open your goddamn door for me?! Fine! THAT'S IT! I've had enough!~~

~~She starts down the hall when suddenly she turns and - with the mastery of a karate black belt - RUNS AND KICKS the door down.~~

~~INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS~~

~~Rita bursts through the door and then stops. Sam has created an origami wall of newspapers, intricately woven together. A fortress against the world. He keeps folding - doesn't even look at Rita. He's more far gone than she could imagine, she walks gingerly to the wall and knocks gently on it.~~

RITA:

Sam, it's Rita. Can I come in?

SAM:

No room. No room.

RITA:

Hey. I lived in the East Village. I don't need a lot of room.

SAM:

Sam makes life too hard. Sam makes life too hard on everyone.

RITA:

Sam, I can go at least nine more rounds. But you gotta let me in. Please Sam. Please.

He pulls out one small brick of origami, opening a window.

RITA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now I can see your kind eyes...George told me you needed a break from work.

SAM:

I don't want to work there anymore. Too many people.

RITA:

Maybe we could find you a quieter job. Because remember one of the judges conditions is you have to earn more money; you've got to keep earning more money for when we get you Lucy back.

SAM:

Lucy doesn't need me anymore. She has a new family. She doesn't need me anymore.

RITA:

Is that what she said?

SAM:

She didn't have to say it. I may be stupid, but I know. I know.

RITA:

Well that's the first stupid thing I've ever heard you say.

Sam looks at her through the window. A CHINK in the wall.

RITA (CONT'D)

Sam, Sam you can get her back. The court favors reunification. The only thing that can block you is if the foster family petitions to adopt. And from what I've heard, Lucy's making their life miserable - that's our girl. Sam, fight for her.

SAM:

I tried. I tried.

RITA:

Try harder.

SAM:

You don't know. You don't know.

RITA:

I don't know?

SAM:

You don't know what it is to try and try and never get there. You were born perfect, perfect.

RITA:

Is that right? Everyone else is perfect but only Sam feels loss and pain?

SAM:

That's right. People like you don't know.

RITA:

People like me?

SAM:

People like you don't know, don't know
what hurt feels like, people like you
don't feel, don't feel anything.

She slaps him. STUNNED, he slaps her back. STUNNED, she
slaps him again. HE SLAPS HER. She rips the newspaper wall
down.

RITA:

You think you got the market cornered on
human suffering? Well let me tell you
something about "People like me."

People like me feel little and lost and
ugly and dispensable. People like me
have perfect husbands screwing someone
far more perfect than me and my son, my
son hates me, I try too hard and I push
and he knows it and I talk in that
voice, that voice I promised I'd never
use, and I've screamed, I've screamed
horrible things to him, a five year-old
because he doesn't want to get in the
car at the end of a day and he stares at
me with such anger and I hate him then.

I know I'm failing you, I know I'm
disappointing you, I know you deserve
better but get in the fucking car! It's
like every morning I wake up and fail,
and I look around and anybody, anybody
can pull it off, but somehow I can't.
And I know, I know I have everything,
and I'm still miserable and it's
pathetic. I know it's pathetic. No
matter how hard I try, something about
me will never be enough.

She's crying too hard to continue. He pulls her to him.
Before she realizes what's happening, she's holding him
tightly. He whispers in her ear.

SAM:

You're enough. You're so much more than
enough.

He looks her straight in the eye - she's undone by the

intimacy of the moment, by the strength of his purity. And staring into his eyes, she begins to sob, walls crumbling. He kisses her elbow, her shoulder, her forehead, her eyes, her tears. And something ignites between them - something confused and scary and deep and filled with a passionate ache.

SAM (CONT'D)

Lovely Rita...

On a bed of newspaper that was once a wall they come together, whole again.

~~EXT. RANDY'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY~~

~~Sam rounds the corner walking - or rather being walked by SIX DOGS, all shapes, all sizes. He heads up the walkway to Randy's house. She comes out of the house and shuts the door behind her, stopping him.~~

~~**RANDY:**~~

~~You're early.~~

~~**SAM:**~~

~~All the lights were green.~~

~~**RANDY:**~~

~~There's a reason for the court schedule. You stopped showing up. Lucy has had to rebuild her life.~~

~~**SAM:**~~

~~I want her back. I can do it. I know I can.~~

~~**RANDY:**~~

~~That's not up to me, but I'm telling you, I will do everything in my power to prevent Lucy from getting hurt again. Sam hangs his head. A dog barks at Randy.~~

~~RANDY (CONT'D)~~

~~Whose dogs are these?~~

~~**SAM:**~~

~~Supplemental income supplemental income - bathe, walk and feed. Sam Dawson meets your canine needs. (to dogs)~~