

FOR CLASS ONLY(1/3) SK	HE
So did you write this?	··-
	SHE
Yeah	
	HE
Its good you know. I didn't think you had the talent for it, but I have to admit that this is good	
	SHE
Thanks	
	HE
So have you gone to see a publisher or whoever you have to see to get this published?	
	SHE
No, I haven't gone that far yet	
	HE
Well if I can help in anyway, just ask	
	SHE
Did you really read my script?	
	HE
Yeah	
	SHE
Didn't it ring any hells for you?	

Look Jeanie, we had our problems but nothing in this script is related.

SHE

Yeah, you would say that

HE

Look you can think whatever you want, but it wasn't my fault, and it wasn't your fault, it happened.

SHE

Dammit, George, our daughter is dead, and it was right in front of our eyes, and you have the balls to say that it wasn't our fault. Your a cold harded prick.

HE

I'm out of here, and take your damn manuscript and shove it. I don't want listen to it anymore.

SHE

No, you wait right there. You can finally hear me out once in for all. It was our fault. All the signs were there, but we were to busy to look at them. We could have saved her if we just listened and looked, but we ignored it as a teenager thing. She was crying for help, the only other thing she could have done is put the gun to her head in front of us. Would we have looked then? I wonder sometimes. I can't go to sleep anymore. I see her face, her smile, she is in my dreams, and I can't stop crying

HE

I know Jeanie. But don't you think its hard for me. Every teenage girl is Sammy. I can't stop thinking about her, but we have to go on, we can't live our lives this way, if we do we will just go nuts. Is that what you want?

SHE

No, I just want you to take responsibility.

HE

Jeanie, I do take responsibility, but if I let it control me, I might as well be dead too.

SHE

George, that's all I ever wanted to hear.