

Sides for Sam

INT. SAM'S HOUSE/FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam stokes the fire. Eliza sits in front of it in a blanket.

ELIZA

I need to get home, Sam.

SAM

You know how he is. He'll be
drinkin' in his chair all night,
pass out, and sober up by morning.
I'll take you home then.

He sits next to her.

SAM

What are you going to do, Eliza?

ELIZA

I shouldn't have went tonight. I'm
so confused... I thought I knew
what I wanted but, I don't. I know
I don't want to keep dragging you
into this.

SAM

You shouldn't make any decisions
right now.

ELIZA

I have no choice.

SAM

Yes you do... you always have a
choice.

She watches the fire dance.

ELIZA

You're right, I do have a choice.
Sam, I need you to do something for
me.

SAM

Anything, you know that.

ELIZA

Take the offer with the studio. My
life is here. You have so much

ahead of you. I don't want to be
the one holding you back.

SAM

You want me to leave so you can
give up on your dreams and live in
that prison for the rest of your
life?

ELIZA

It's my choice, right? That's what
you always tell me...

SAM

Yes, but Liza...

ELIZA

It's my choice.

SAM

I want to go, but... I can't
promise--

ELIZA

Sam, please, you have to promise. I
need you to go... for me.

SAM

I promise.

He lies next to her close enough to touch, they don't. He
caresses her cheek. Their eyes say it all. He softly kisses
her hand. She gently pulls it away. They lie in the quiet.

SAM

I say if this is our last night
together --

ELIZA

Sam Whitfield.

SAM

(with a snicker)
What did you think I was going to
say?
(his eyes sparkle)
I say we stay up all night like we
used to in our old tree house.

ELIZA

Life is always a game to you isn't

it?

SAM

There's nothing wrong with enjoying
it, Liza -- Bet you fall asleep
before me?

ELIZA

Bet you I don't.

Secret hand shake. Their eyes dance. Eliza smiles, then Sam.
Sam's eyes begin to drift.