

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

SAM, 18, large in every way, with gentle energy, sits in a worn out chair facing an unseen COUNSELOR, 50s.

The office is cramped and messy.

START



COUNSELOR (V.O.)

This is our final session for the month so I thought I would check back about your progress with your foster family. How are you getting along there?

Sam gulps; shrugs.

SAM

It's just fine. They are, they are nice. They treat me fine, you know. It's fine.

COUNSELOR

You say fine a lot.

SAM

Welp, that's just how it feels. Not much more to say.

COUNSELOR

I saw they took you to see your Mother in prison last weekend. How was that for you?

Sam looks away, hand on his face for a moment.

SAM

Why are you asking me that?

COUNSELOR

Well -

Sam interupts.

SAM

It shouldn't matter. No offense, but it shouldn't matter. I'm fine.

COUNSELOR

Sam, there are a lot of people who care about you, and your foster family says you are a wonderful young man, caring, helpful, but also very quiet.

(MORE)

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

They were hoping that by seeing your
mother after the incident you would be..

SAM

I'm not. I'm not going to talk about it,
or her, it's... It's like, super private
and ... I don't know if I, if I think of
her as my Mom so when you say Mom I...

Sam pauses, looks away.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's just, I don't have anything else
to say. I don't mean to waste your time.
I know you have many other students to
help. I don't want to take you away from
that.

Sam rises, moves toward the door to leave.

← END