

Male / Female
Diana

40's

Rita: Sam (knocking on door) Sam, I know your home. Open the Door Sam. Open the God damn door. (Rita lets herself in) Sam, why didn't you open the door? I've ruined my practice. I've alienated my colleagues. I've sent my kid on a fishing trip with his father so I could work with you and you won't even look at me. Fine, I've had it. (she leaves only to come right back in) Sam, look, I can go another nine rounds, but you've got to let me in. (Sam finally looks at her) Hey, there you are. Now I can see those kind eyes. So, George said you needed a break from work.

Sam: I don't really want to work there anymore, because there is too many people.

Rita: Ok, then maybe we can find you a quieter job, because you have to earn more money. Remember, that was one of the judges conditions, that you earn more money. You have to get a bigger apartment, so Lucy can have her own bedroom, for when you get her back.

Sam: Lucy doesn't need me anymore. She has a new family now and she doesn't need me anymore.

Rita: Is that what she said?

Sam: No, I just know that.

Rita: Well, that is the first stupid thing I've ever heard you say. Sam, you can get Lucy back. The court favors reunification. But, Sam, you have to fight for her.

Sam: Yeh, but I try, I try hard.

Rita: Try harder.

Sam: You don't know. You don't know.

Rita: I don't know what?

Sam: You don't know what it is like when you try and try and try and try and try and you don't ever get there. Because, you were born perfect and I was born like this and you're perfect.

Rita: Oh, is that right?

Sam: People like you don't know.

Rita: People like me?

Sam: People like you don't know what it is like to get hurt, because you don't have feelings. People like you don't have feelings. You don't feel anything.

Rita: You think you got the market cornered on human suffering. Let me tell you about people like me. People like me feel lost, and little, and ugly, and dispensable. People like me have husbands that are screwing other women far more perfect than me. People like me have sons that hate them. Every morning I wake up...and I fail. Everybody seems to be pulling up, but I can't. No matter how hard I try, somehow I am never enough. I'll never be enough.

Sam: You're enough. Rita, you are much more than enough. You're "Lovely Rita". You're enough.