

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - SAME TIME

Katie, on the field, turns to the bleachers to wave at Jimmy. He gives an exaggerated wave in response. He points to the left where Sam is walking in.

Katie smiles and goes back to the game.

Becca turns to see Sam approaching the bleachers. She gets up and walks over to her.

BECCA  
Dad wants to talk to you.

SAM  
Where is he?

BECCA  
On the bleachers.

SAM  
Okay.

Sam walks to Jimmy. She gives him a hug, gestures that she'll be right back, and then walks past him to where Becca was just sitting. Becca lingers near Jimmy.

SAM  
Hi, Franklin.

She stands across from Franklin who sits next to Becca's vacant seat.

FRANKLIN  
Call me Dad for Christ's sake.

Sam grimaces and looks towards the field at Katie who's running with several other kids near the ball. Katie glances back momentarily, and Sam gives her a reassuring smile. Sam's smile fades as she turns back to look at her father.

SAM  
Becca said you wanted to talk to me?

FRANKLIN  
What are you doing here?

SAM  
At my daughter's soccer game?

Franklin rolls his eyes in frustration.

FRANKLIN  
Samantha-

SAM  
Sam.

FRANKLIN  
She's not your kid.

Sam turns to leave. Franklin grabs her arm.

Becca and Jimmy watch nervously from afar.

FRANKLIN  
Sam. Listen.

SAM  
No. Franklin, stop.

FRANKLIN  
I'm just worried about you. That  
you're wasting your life on a dead  
man's daughter.

SAM  
That dead man is my husband.

FRANKLIN  
(loudly)  
For two years!

Sam takes a step back.

SAM  
And?

FRANKLIN  
(softer)  
Look, I'm only saying I don't want you  
to feel obligated to raise someone  
else's kid just because he died.

SAM  
The only part of my life I wasted was  
the first three years of her life that  
I missed.

Sam looks back away.

SAM  
And the time I spent trying to

convince you she's mine. How many times do you need to have this conversation?

FRANKLIN

You're gonna find another husband like that?

SAM

Like what?

FRANKLIN

With a different guy's kid in your house?

SAM

Can I go now?

FRANKLIN

Back to your fake father?

SAM

Jimmy? He's a better grandfather than you.

FRANKLIN

I'm a great grandfather to Jenny.

SAM

Lucky her.

FRANKLIN

Katie's not my grandkid.

SAM

You've said that. Enough.

Sam turns sharply and angrily, briskly walking back to Jimmy and Becca. She sits next to Jimmy and leans gently into his shoulder. He gives her arm a light squeeze.

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