

My Life as a House

Sam

You look like shit, lately.

GEORGE

You look better than ever.

SAM

I don't think Mom cares that much that
my...that Peter left.

GEORGE

She seemed upset.

SAM

What's wrong with your back?

I mean, do you need to have surgery on it
or what?
Because those pills you're taking are for a
lot of pain.
And you're going through them quick.

GEORGE

Are you taking them still?

SAM

No, but I count them.
In a sock isn't new, you know?

GEORGE

I'm having a problem with cancer.

SAM

I don't know what that means.
What kind of problem?

GEORGE

The kind where there isn't really an answer.

SAM

I still don't know what that means.

GEORGE

I wanted you here so we could have a few
months together.
Maybe everything happens for a reason.
Something bad to force something good.

SAM

What? Are you dying?

.

GEORGE

I'm having a problem with cancer.

SAM

I don't know what that means.
What kind of problem?

GEORGE

The kind where there isn't really an answer.

SAM

I still don't know what that means.

GEORGE

I wanted you here
so we could have a few months together.
Maybe everything happens for a reason.
Something bad to force something good.

SAM

What? Are you dying?

George nods his head.

SAM (CONT'D)

And you told Mom today?

GEORGE

Yes.

SAM

Fuck you!
You knew you were dying from the start!

GEORGE

We're all dying from the start.
(beat)
I just got picked for Advanced Placement.

SAM

You lied to me!

GEORGE

I would have lied to me
if I thought I'd believe it.

SAM

This was all for your sake, wasn't it?
Having me here? Trying to get me to like you.

GEORGE

I never tried to get you to like me.
(beat)
I tried to get you to love me.

SAM

Well, congratulations! You fucking
pulled it off!

Sam storms out of the garage.