

SPEAK UP

By J. Gordon

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

DR. MCDEVERS (40) in a blazer and reading glasses is taking notes. On the couch is RIVER (17) and DAD (40s).

They're waiting for River to talk.

DAD

You got nothing to say?

DR. MCDEVERS

If you don't speak up, your parents
and I cant help you.

RIVER

I'm fine.

DAD

No. You're not.

(to Dr. McDevers)

We found pills in the laundry.

RIVER

I told you; Those weren't mine.

DR. MCDEVERS

Have you been feeling the need to
use again?

RIVER

(quiet)

No.

DR. MCDEVERS

What's that? Speak up.

RIVER

No.

(then)

Is that it? Are we done?

DAD

See what I'm talking about? The
level of disrespect I have to put
up with?

RIVER

That's 'cuz you treat me like I'm a
criminal.

DR. MCDEVERS
 These sessions aren't mandatory.
 You stop coming whenever you want.

RIVER
 Really? Then I'm done now.

River is set to exit when...

DAD
 Why can't you be like your brother?

RIVER
 W-what?

DAD
 You heard me. We had one good kid
 and then... you.

RIVER
 Is that what you think? ONE GOOD
 KID?!

DR. MCDEVERS
 Calm down so we can ---

RIVER
 (losing it)
 -- FIRST YOU TELL ME TO SPEAK UP
 AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO CALM DOWN!
 WHICH IS IT?! HUH DR.?! MAKE UP
 YOUR MIND!
 (to Dad)
 And for your information, the pills
 were Nathan's, not mine. Your "one
 good kid" has the drug problem. Not
 me.