

Sam sits, legs curled into him, arms around his legs.

SAM

I've been on my own for as long as I can remember. Sure, my mother was always there - sort of, but never in the way I needed her to be. My dad? I stopped caring about where he was long ago.

Sam rubs the back of his head, shying away, his movements betraying his words.

SAM (CONT'D)

He never wanted me, not really, and she was all too happy to let him walk. Maybe because it was easier for her, I wonder if she ever stopped to think about what was easiest for me? I doubt it, because at the first opportunity she walked away from me too.

Sam allows his frustration to be pushed down by anger.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm not saying I didn't make mistakes, but I was never the priority. What sort of parent lets that happen?