

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

EXT. CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

The group is gathered around a camp fire in the desert.

COUNSELOR

It's that voice inside your head.  
It's that sneaky, rat-bastard, 24/7  
voice. You guys know what I'm  
talking about, that voice that  
tells you you're not good enough.  
Not good enough for what? Not good  
enough to be what, president of the  
United States? Well... Okay, so  
maybe you're not that good. But are  
you good enough to deserve your  
share of basic human happiness? Are  
you good enough to be okay with who  
and what you are? I say yes. But it  
doesn't matter what I say. It's  
your voice, which means you're the  
only one that hears it, which means  
you're the only one who can fight  
it. Right?

(Beat)

Jesse, we never hear from you.  
What's going on? You can tell me  
I'm full of shit, I don't mind.  
Just, come on. Let us in on it.

JESSE

What makes you the expert?

COUNSELOR

I don't think I ever said I was  
that.

JESSE

Yeah, but you're the one sitting  
here, right? Telling us to just be  
happy, forgive yourself, blah,  
blah, blah. Have you ever really  
hurt anybody? Not just  
disappointing your mother or  
whatever. Did you ever really hurt  
someone?

COUNSELOR

I killed my daughter. It was July  
18th, which is my birthday. July  
18th, I was high on cocaine and I  
was drunk. Cocaine wasn't an issue  
because I had bought myself two  
grams the night before as a  
birthday present.

(MORE)

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

I had plenty left, but I was out of vodka. And this is in Portsmouth, Virginia, where instead of selling liquor in supermarkets, they have these ABC stores that close at 5 PM and right then it was about... 4:42. So I'm arguing with my wife, "come on, go to the ABC for me. It's my birthday. Come on. They're not gonna sell it to me." She said no. So I'm pissed, and the clock is ticking, so I jump in my truck. She's... My six-year-old daughter... She's playing at the end of the driveway. So...

JESSE

How do you not hate yourself?

COUNSELOR

I did hate myself for a long time. But it didn't stop me from drinking and getting high, it just made it that much worse. Self hatred, guilt, it accomplishes nothing. It just stands in the way.

JESSE

Stands in the way of what?

COUNSELOR

True change.