

Shane: I've been sending this show all over the fucking country, Kim. And you mean to tell me I did all of that for nothing? I've got the chance of a lifetime here - Christ, you too. You may never get another opportunity like this one. Just because you hate it - what gives you the right to punish me, to take this away from me? I mean, come on! Do you think anyone would have produced the show you wrote? It was so... gooey. Sappy, sentimental, cheesy, corny, and Hallmark. Lifetime-made-for-TV-movie, Bridges-of-Madison-County, Oprah-book-of-the-month-club gooey! [Kim collects her belongings and starts to leave. Shane panics.] Kim. Wait, don't go. Please? You're holding all the cards here, okay? You've got me right where you want me - desperate, okay? So, I will listen to whatever you have to say. And I won't be hostile. I promise. Just, please... Sit back down, have a drink with me, and tell me what I have to do to work this out. Kim, come on. This is my one shot to actually use my ridiculously expensive Theatre degree. I really don't want to end up teaching high school drama and English. Don't you see how badly I need this? Can't you at least sit down and talk to me? Please?