



THE NOTEBOOK by Jeremy Leven

NOAH: Allie, they're not crazy. They're right. And you shouldn't talk to them like that. I don't have a mother, but if I did, I would never speak to her the way you did. It's not going to work out, Allie. You and me. You're seventeen years old. You've got a million things to do. You've got school and a big future ahead of you. I'd just be getting in the way. We're different, Allie. All my dreams are here. What am I supposed to do, follow you to New York? Sneak around, spent time with you on weekends? Hope no one sees us and tells your parents? I know we love each other, but your parents are right. It's not enough. Let's just finish the summer and say goodbye.