

No Exceptions

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

In a small town located in Massachusetts, rain pours on ANGELA'S house. Thunder claps, and wind gusts through the trees surrounding the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights in the house flicker for a moment, and then turn back on.

ANGELA, 17, about to graduate from high school, paces across her house nervously, attempting to bring up something to her mom.

MARY, 49, mother of Angela and one of the many neurosurgeons in her family, goes into the kitchen to find a stack of papers on the counter.

MARY

Angela, what the hell is this?

ANGELA walks into the kitchen, scared to tell her mother the truth.

ANGELA

I can explain-

MARY

(interrupts)

Oh, yes. Please explain to me why you are sending a letter to the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York?

ANGELA

Okay, can we just sit down for a second?

MARY contemplates her question, but nods her head. MARY and ANGELA walk over to the two chairs and sit down.

ANGELA

I know we talked about this, ' and I know you how much you honor how your mom was a doctor-

MARY

(Interrupts)

-And my mom's mom, and her mother, and-

ANGELA

(Interrupts)

-Yes Mom, I know that. I know you want me to be one too, but the career path I want to follow is my choice. Even if I did want to become a neurosurgeon like you, that would still be my decision, not yours.

Thunder roars, and both ANGELA and MARY are startled by it. MARY shakes her head, and her face becomes bright red of frustration.

MARY

Okay Angela, seriously, what Are you thinking? You will go to Fashion School, and then what? You'll have a degree that basically is all about partying and nonsense-

ANGELA

(Interrupts)

Stop, Mom, you know that isn't what I

would do-

MARY

You'll go to a couple of fashion shows,
which are absolutely pointless by the way,
and you will meet some airheaded and
unsuccessful rich boy there, and then what?
Will you be happy? And, after that, you'll
live your life as what, a trophy wife-

ANGELA slams her hand on the table, cutting off MARY.

ANGELA

STOP, okay! Stop. Are you even hearing
yourself? God, I can't even look at you.

ANGELA stands up in exasperation and paces around the
living room. She struggles to open her mouth and formulate
words due to her frustration, and puts both of her hands to
her head.

ANGELA

Mom. Just because I don't want to be a
surgeon doesn't mean that my dreams aren't
meaningful. I got into the Fashion Institute
Of Technology, my dream school-

MARY

(mumbles under her breath)

-You also got into Cornell, which should
have been your dream school-

ANGELA

-And I'll get to do such amazing things!

ANGELA begins to become mesmerized while she talks. Her
eyes gleam, and she talks with passion.

ANGELA

I mean, I'll get to travel around the world, and experience so many different cultures! I'll meet such inspirational people, and I'll get to create clothes, which is something my passion.

Now, ANGELA makes eye contact with MARY.

ANGELA

Don't you want me to be happy? Don't you want me to follow my dreams, and be happy?

ANGELA smiles at her mom, expecting her to say something she wanted to hear. There is silence for a couple of moments.

MARY

No. I won't allow you to make such a irresponsible choice with your life. I won't allow-

ANGELA

(interrupts)

That isn't your choice. I don't care if you allow it or not.

MARY begins to raise her voice, with tears forming in her eyes.

MARY

(shouts)

If you do this, you can never come home. I won't support you financially, and you will be all on your own.

MARY takes a deep breath, calms down, and continues. MARY is still mad, but has a lighter tone and talks while tears run down her cheeks.

MARY

Honey, don't do this. Please.
I know what is best for you. Just
drop all of this fashion nonsense
and be practical. Don't disappoint
your family. I'll pay for everything,
just do what is best.

ANGELA stands up, looks at the pamphlet from MARY's hand that has CORNELL UNIVERSITY labeled on the front page, and snatches it out of her hand and rips it in half.

MARY looks at her in disbelief.

ANGELA

(shouts)

Don't worry, I'm never coming back,
happy?

Suddenly, the thunder claps loudly and the lights go out.

FADE OUT.

THE END

