

PLEASE, UNDERSTAND

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMILY, 18, red paint on her hands, stands on her bed as she hangs a painting. Many other paintings cover the wall. SARAH, 45, stands in the doorway. She looks down at her watch.

EMILY

Mom, I know you're there. What do you want?

Emily turns around and steps off the bed.

SARAH

Emily, I told you. You're not doing this. You should be applying for colleges.

EMILY

I don't get why you won't let me do what I want to.

SARAH

I am not going to have a failure for a daughter. You need to go to college, get a job, and make money.

Emily walks to her desk and picks up a towel. She cleans her hands.

EMILY

You know, being an artist is a job. And it's what I wanna do.

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

No, Emily, being an artist is not a job. It's not going to make you money.

EMILY

(Angrily)

Just because you didn't get to live your dreams doesn't mean you can ruin mine.

Sarah stands in front of Emily. She looks directly into Emily's eyes.

SARAH

That's it, Emily. You cannot live here anymore if you don't behave. Either you stay here and do what I say, or you get out.

Sarah walks to the door and SLAMS it behind her. Emily falls back onto her bed.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. TRAVAN, 33, stands at the front of the room. Art covers all of the walls. Emily writes in her notebook.

MS. TRAVAN

Anyway class, that is all for today. Don't forget to chose your theme for next week's project.

Emily gets up to exit the room. Ms. Travan stops her.

MS. TRAVAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Emily, you seemed distracted today. Is everything okay?

EMILY

Not really. My mom told me that she'll kick me out if I keep trying to be an artist. She says it's pointless and that it's not an actual job.

MS. TRAVAN

Oh, that's a shame, Emily. You have real talent as an artist. Do you know what you're gonna do?

Emily shakes her head.

MS. TRAVAN (CONT'D)

Well, I wanted to let you know I really do think your paintings are outstanding. I wanted to ask what you would think about me talking to one of my friends who works at the California Institute of the Arts.

EMILY

California? That's thousands of miles away from here.

MS. TRAVAN

I know. I know it's far, but I think you'd do really well there. What do you say?

EMILY

Well, I really appreciate that, but I'll have to think it over. I mean, California's so far away and I don't know how I'd afford that.

MS. TRAVAN

Of course.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah cooks breakfast. Emily sits at the table and reads a magazine. A NEWS SHOW can be heard on the television.

EMILY

Mom, I've decided I want to stay here.

Emily puts her magazine down. Sarah smiles and hands Emily a plate of eggs.

SARAH

Wonderful, darling. I'm so glad you see things my way. You know I only want what's best for you.

Emily frowns and pushes the plate of eggs away from her. She stands up.

EMILY

No. No, mom. That's not what I meant. I'm staying here to work things out. I'm still gonna be an artist. What if I go to a local art school?

SARAH

I think it's time for you to leave for school.

EMILY

Whatever.

Emily grabs her backpack and walks out.

## INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emily walks to her door and carries her backpack. She stops when she sees Sarah throwing her paintings away. Her floor is covered with ripped up paintings. Emily throws her backpack down and rushes in.

EMILY

Mom. Oh my God. What are you doing?  
I worked so hard on those.

SARAH

This is for the best, hunny. I  
think we need to get rid of these.  
Hopefully, now, you'll be able to  
focus on applying to colleges.

Emily tears up. She picks up the remains of a painting.

EMILY

How could you do this to me, Mom?

SARAH

Like I said, it's for your own  
good.

EMILY

No, it's not. It's for your own  
good. I've spent hours and hours on  
these and--

SARAH

And now you'll spend hours and  
hours on school.

## INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A BELL rings. Emily stands up and walks to the teacher's desk. Ms. Travan writes on papers.

EMILY

Hi, Ms. Travan, can I talk to you  
for a second.

MS. TRAVAN

Oh, Emily, hello. Of course you  
can.

Emily pulls up a chair to the desk. She puts her bag on the floor and sits.

EMILY

Well, I've been thinking about what you said. I looked up the school last night and it looks incredible.

MS. TRAVAN

It is. It's where I went.

EMILY

If you called your friend, how likely would it be that I'd get in? I just don't want to start this if it's not a good possibility.

MS. TRAVAN

It's very likely. You have phenomenal test scores, your portfolio is outstanding, all you need is a few scholarships and there you go.

Emily stands up. She puts her backpack on.

EMILY

Okay. Call your friend. This is what I want and I'll find a way to make it work.

Emily puts her hand out. Ms. Travan shakes her hand. They both smile.