

MOM/ASHLEY

MOM

Ashley get up! We're late!

ASHLEY

Nononononono

MOM

You can eat a protein bar on the way.

ASHLEY

There is no God.

MOM

Move it!

Ashley gets up and drags herself behind her mom.

MOM (CONT'D)

Okay honey have a good day.

ASHLEY

Statistically improbable.

MOM

I hope you don't talk to your teachers like that.

ASHLEY

They wouldn't notice, I'm just a number.

MOM

Well...now you have a number, all of your own!

Mom brings a brand new cellphone out from behind her back.

ASHLEY

Really?

MOM

I want you to fit in.

ASHLEY

But I don't want to be like those other lemmings...they're lemmings in tight jeans and tshirts portraying cute animals plugged into various electronics...but lemmings nonetheless.

MOM

Don't you want to belong?

ASHLEY

To that tribe of trite, narcissist creatures? No!

MOM

Those creatures are your peers.

ASHLEY

But I'm not like them. I don't care what my Youtube rating is. I'd rather play or read. I'd rather go for a hike than waste my day with some stupid video game.

MOM

You'll find friends like you.

ASHLEY

I don't think there are any kids left like me.

MOM

Maybe a cute boy?

ASHLEY

Oh sure, because my story has no validation unless I end up romantically involved. What is this, a Disney crapshow?

MOM

Language! Are you looking for another week of grounding?

ASHLEY

Are you looking for a obnoxious clone of a tween?

MOM

Oh honey, I don't want you to stop being you. I just want you to be you...with friends. You know

I love you, right?

ASHLEY

I love you too.