

INT. BACK OF DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth and Alison stand BACK TO BACK and look through separate clothing racks. Behind them is a sign that says CLEARANCE; below is a stock photo of a MOTHER and her TEENAGE DAUGHTER HUGGING.

They're in a confined maze of racks, suffocating on clothes and silence.

Elizabeth frowns and lazily moves hangers as she looks. Alison pulls a GREEN dress from her rack and turns to face Elizabeth.

ALISON
Elizabeth, what do-

Elizabeth turns around and rolls her eyes at her name.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
What.

ELIZABETH
You know what.

Alison sighs in frustration.

ALISON
Adults are clear with their words.
If you actually want to make a
career out of this "writing"
thing--

She puts finger quotes around "writing."

ELIZABETH
(exasperated)
I hate it.

ALISON
The dress?

ELIZABETH
No! My name!

Elizabeth sniffles.

ALISON
(confused)
Oh.

Alison hands the dress to Elizabeth. While she speaks, Elizabeth absentmindedly struggles to try on the green dress over her clothes. She doesn't really look at it.

ELIZABETH

You have no idea what it's like!
I'm too boring for anything
actually adventurous like-like...

Elizabeth struggles to come up with adventurous fashion statements. The dress gets caught on her hair as she finishes pulling it over her head. She becomes increasingly more hysterical.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(muffled from the dress)

Chevron print! Mom, I can't even
pull off. Chevron. Print. Y'know
google images was created because
J-LO wore "the dress?"

She waves her hands in front of her face to emphasize, "the dress."

The green dress is on and her hair is disheveled.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

The only thing I'm creating is
more business for an off-brand
Macy's!

Alison takes a good look at Elizabeth--she looks like a child playing dress-up with the dress over her clothes. She smiles and smooths back her daughter's hair.

Alison holds Elizabeths' arms, smitten.

ALISON

Why don't we just enjoy this
moment?

Elizabeth eyes widen and mouth gapes.

ELIZABETH

You mean my breakdown?

ALISON

No, the dress.

ELIZABETH

Are you even listening to me?

Alison tugs on the dress in places, inspecting. She's barely paying attention.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Mom, I'm *literally* having a
breakdown in the clearance
section. This is me being
vulnerable and open!

ALISON
(to herself)
Hmm. It'll need to be taken in on
the side.

ELIZABETH
(deadpan)
I'm taking weed.

Alison continues to ignore Elizabeth and fusses with the dress.

ALISON
(muttering)
Your shoulders are just so
asymmetrical.

Alison holds up a strand of Elizabeth's hair.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(matter-of-factly)
Ugh and your hair! You used to
have beautiful hair, y'know,
before you just chopped it to
bits.

Alison tuts as she continues to fuss over Elizabeth's
appearance.

Genuine hurt flashes over Elizabeth's face. She turns back to
the rack she was looking at before and moves hangers without
looking at anything in particular.

Alison is aware she said something wrong, but isn't sure what.
Confused and also hurt, she turns around and keeps looking too.

They stand again, back to back. Elizabeth sniffles. She tries
to disguise it by rustling hangers, but still, it hangs in the
air like the over-exposed, cheap department store lights.

ALISON
(gentle)
You do know you don't *take* weed,
right?

Alison says it more to the clothes than to her daughter.
Elizabeth smiles despite herself.