

JAMIE

Mom, Dad, stop!

MARTY

Aah! It's not what it looks like!

KELLEY

Listen kiddo, we can explain!

JAMIE

You can't send my SAT results to those art schools! It'll ruin my chances of going to Sporesworth University or Oregon Lowlands if I can't send them my test scores!

MARTY

But honey, you need to go to an art school! Don't you want to be cool like me and your mom?

JAMIE

No, Dad! I want to make a real difference in the world. You know I want to be an accountant!

(Kelley and Marty cry out,
as if in pain)

KELLEY

MARTY

I can't believe this!

Say it isn't true!

JAMIE

Come on, this isn't news! I've loved filing since I was five.

KELLEY

Oh, but we never thought it would go this far...

JAMIE

I was sorting my homework in elementary school! You and Dad haven't done your own taxes in years! There were so many signs, you just never listened to me.

MARTY

Aw hon, we're so sorry. But really, this is for the best! When you get into one of these colleges, you'll finally understand the power of art. I even put in a good word for you with any pencil sketching teachers - I know your favorite color is grey!

JAMIE

This is exactly what I'm talking about! Just -

(Jamie lunges forward to grab
the envelope, but Kelley swipes
it off the desk and steps back.)

JAMIE (cont.)

- give me that!

KELLEY

No can do, Jay-Jay. You're a creative type and you're going to *like it*.

JAMIE

Argh! I won't let you do this!

(Kelley and Jamie briefly fight,
but Jamie manages to grab the
envelope. She holds it
triumphantly for a moment before
storming out of the room.)

KELLEY

Well, she's got to come back eventually. This is the only post
office in town.

MARTY

Let's fortify the place! We can't let her apply to those
dreary business schools.

KELLEY

Hey, you! Could you help bar the door?

POST OFFICE WORKER

(monotone)

No, are you crazy? That'd be blocking potential customers-

KELLEY

I'll pay you 20 bucks.

POST OFFICE WORKER

(monotone)

We could wedge a postcard rack in the door handle to stop it.

MARTY

I can do that, sure.

(Marty begins to bar the door.)

POST OFFICE WORKER

I'll tape up the windows, I suppose.

(She holds the phone for another second, then lets her arm drop.)

KELLEY

(dejected, to Marty)

She hung up.

MARTY

How long do you think we have?

KELLEY

Not enough time to fortify the building.

MARTY

Then what do we do? Sit down and watch mail those scores? We can't just let her throw her future away like that!

KELLEY

We've got to think of something else, for sure.

(Kelley and Marty both sit down on cardboard boxes, thinking. The Post Office Worker notices that they are no longer trying to defend the post office and sits down on his desk, mimicking their postures.)

MARTY

Do you think we could negotiate with her at all?

KELLEY

Maybe. She seemed pretty mad going out. What would we even be arguing for? I don't want her sending those scores to a useless math school any less than you do.

MARTY

I still can't understand. What would ever make her want to be an - an *accountant*, of all things?

(He holds his face in his hands.)

KELLEY

D'you think we might be in the wrong?

MARTY

What? No! She must be confused.

KELLEY

But what if she's right? Have we really been missing so many signs that she wants to - to be - ugh.

MARTY

An *accountant*!

KELLEY

I knew something was off when she said she would have liked my new oak sapling better as paper! I just thought it was an insensitive joke... But an *accountant*? Why that, of all things? Couldn't she try to be a scientist, or an astronaut? The next Da Vinci, maybe? It's all too silly. You're right, she must be the one missing something.

(Kelley sits a little straighter, pondering)

MARTY

I'll have to sell that dusty old guitar, I guess. She never did anything with it besides play "sorting algorithms", whatever that means.

(Kelley jostles him with her elbow.)

KELLEY

No, come on, we can't give up that easily! What about your deal? Maybe we half-and-half the scores with her?

MARTY

(slightly to himself)

Have I been lying to myself for the last 18 years? No, there must be something I'm not seeing - maybe it's those no-good friends of hers. Yeah, that's it!

(He turns to Kelley)

It must be a product of the new generation. All these productive kids are gonna chase us counter-culturalists out of town! She doesn't know what she wants, she's just echoing the masses!

KELLEY

We've got to make a plan.