

The Morning Show

Mom visits daughter in her college dorm room after she and father have told her they are getting divorced. Mom enters room and sets down a pizza box. Mom is a news anchor on a morning news show.

Daughter: What?

Mom: I'm sorry I broke your heart. I'm so sorry.

D: Why is this happening now? Does it have something to do with all this Mitch stuff?

M: No. Of course not.

D: Really? Because you have been melting down ever since he left...doing all this crazy stuff.

M: Melting down? Is that how you characterize what I've been going through?

D: Announcing Bradley Jackson out of nowhere like that. The whole page six thing with you wandering through the halls at work.

M: Lindsey how do you read page six and believe it? Ok, Lindsey. I know this hurts.

D: It doesn't hurt you. You don't care.

M: What?

D: Dad loves you so much. He does everything for you. Why isn't he good enough?

M: Oh honey, this has nothing to do with your father not being good enough.

D: He's smart. He's handsome. He's funny. He's a respected professor at NYU. He's written best selling books on world economics for fucks sake.

M: I know. I know all of that honey. I know all of it.

D: Then how can you be so selfish?

M: Oh Lindsey. Honey....the thing is you're only seeing this from the part that you can see and that's as it should be. But 25 years is a really long time. We were two completely different people when we met. And we just don't...I just don't feel the same way anymore and I haven't for years. And I have tried, baby, I've tried. And I can't tell you how lonely I've been. And I know this makes you angry and hurt but I just want you to try and see that there's a bigger picture here.

D: Well I can't right now Mom. I'm too fucking hurt and angry.

M: Okay honey, let's just please...come on. We've always been there for each other...always. You're my baby. Let's just not do this right now.

D: You need to leave. I can't even believe what you're doing now.

M: What am I doing?

D: I'm not going to take care of you right now.

M: Okay. Okay, then I will leave.

D: Great, go share it with America. They'll take care of you.

M: Oh fuck you kid! Fuck you!

D: Did you really just say that?

M: Yes I just said fuck you. And I mean it. How fucking dare you. After all I have done and after all that I've given to you. My life...my love...my body. I broke my fucking vagina with that big fucking head of yours and had to be surgically sewn back together. I bet you didn't know that, did you? Oh and you staying with your father after all these years of him driving me insane with his condescending my loves. He talked to me like I

was a fucking five year old and I am sick of it. I am sick of it! I want happiness. I earned happiness. I'm a human being. Lindsey...and you know what else? Don't you dare bitch at me about my career, little miss I'm so progressive. Yes, I worked my ass off to get where I am. And I wanted it. I wanted to be something. I wanted to mean something in this world. I didn't know that was a fucking crime. Life isn't perfect, okay? We don't get everything we want. You're young you know. Go make the life you want and you see how fucking easy it is. And you go get your own fucking pizza. This is my pizza. I'm taking my pizza. I earned this shit.

D: Fuck you Mom.

M: Oh fuck you kid!