

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A COLLEGE STUDENT sits at a long table. Over it.

COLLEGE STUDENT

This is not how it works, Mom. Are you kidding me? Are you--

Furious.

COLLEGE STUDENT (CONT'D)

I was in the middle of something. I was living my life, OK? You can't have the NYPD show up, pull me out of an exam, and drop me at the precinct like I'm some kind of criminal just because you want to talk. That's not normal. My phone is blowing up. Everyone thinks I'm selling drugs, being expelled, or both.

The College Student, trying to make sense of it all:

COLLEGE STUDENT (CONT'D)

Look, I get that you feel bad for being a shitty parent. And I guess this is your way of starting to make amends. But I'm sitting in an interrogation room, Mom. If that's not a metaphor, I don't know what is.

Cooling off, now.

COLLEGE STUDENT (CONT'D)

Now, forgetting for the briefest of moments that you just torpedoed my shot at a four-point-oh this semester, I'm happy to see you. I'm glad you want to work things out. I do, too. But I'm going to leave now. And the next time you want to talk, pick up a phone. Or at the very least, come and kidnap me yourself.