

Script 1:

HARPER starts to approach his study room before his MOTHER emerges from her office taking off her headphones.

MOTHER
Harper?

HARPER freezes and turns around slowly.

The MOTHER leans down. She looks at his shirt.

MOTHER
(under breath)
What on earth?

She fusses with HARPER's collar

MOTHER (CONT'D)
What happened to your shirt?

HARPER gulps. He brushes his shoulder.

HARPER
I, uh, tripped a little.

He braces to see if the lie went through or not.

His MOTHER sighs.

MOTHER
Are you sure? The test isn't going
to take itself. I can't have you
daydream-

A phone call rings.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
One second.
(to call)
Yes?
(pause)
No, I'm available...

Script 2:

MOTHER
...looking at the charts for
Quarter 1 we can green-light the
budget for next year, only if we
can get back on track within that
window...

