<div align="center">RITA</div>

(in complete denial)

No. I don't want to hear it. You've got a wide selection of dresses here, just pick one and we'll go home.

<div align="center">CORY</div>

I don't want to pick any of these, I don't want to wear a dress.

<div align="center">RITA</div>

Is this because you're going with Hannah? You don't have to--

<div align="center">CORY</div>

What if I want to wear a suit? And I want to pick out a tie, and have a boutonniere on my lapel, and a cummerbund--

<div align="center">RITA</div>

Corrine, stop it. You're being ridiculous. Just because you're going with another girl doesn't mean you have to dress like a boy. Boys wear suits to prom, girls wear dresses, those are the rules--

<div align="center">CORY</div>

Then I'm not a girl!

<div align="center">A heavy beat.</div>

<div align="center">CORY (CONT.)</div>

I--I don't know what I am, but it's definitely not *that*. Not ruffles on the skirt and fuschia beads on the front and fucking corsages / and

<div align="center">RITA</div>

/ Language, please.

<div align="center">CORY</div>

(beat)

I know that I'm not whatever it is you want me to be, and I'm sorry mom, but I don't think I can ever be that. I know you're disappointed and annoyed but. I've tried. I painted my nails every week for like, a year when I was 15, and I wore makeup, and I told you I liked wearing skirts and leggings and all these clothes that made me just *hate* my body. And I appreciate that you took me shopping, and you drove me from store to store, and you put up with my bullshit all day, but I can't wear one of these dresses. I can't do that to myself. I can't.

Beat.
I'm really sorry if this is hard for you to hear.

                                        RITA
          (after a long beat)
Does Hannah know?

                                        CORY
We talked about it a few days ago.

                                        RITA
And she didn't-- didn't think it was strange or… or…?

                                        CORY
No. She said to send her a color swatch as soon as I pick out what I'm wearing.

                                        A short beat.
She didn't mind. She loves me, mom.

                                        A long beat. RITA processes this. CORY's
                                        eyes are pinned to RITA, trying to figure out
                                        what she's thinking.

                                        RITA
          (quietly, giving in)
Okay.
                                        CORY stands there, frozen, still unsure if
                                        this is good or bad.

Go change back into your clothes. Let's go home and get some dinner, and tomorrow
morning we'll go somewhere to get your measurements.

                                        CORY
          (quiet, still processing)
Really?

                                        RITA
If that's really what you want to do.