

**NICK: 21-27; a guy trying to find his place in the world finds himself in Fargo and fancies himself as a wannabe artist; whatever that means. He dresses the part and is comfortable pretending to be greater than he actually is, but deep down he knows his ignorance will only catch up with him if he stops trying new things...LEAD**

Nick, Tracy and mother sit around the kitchen table.

NICK

I've got a bit of good news. I'm moving to California.

TRACY AND MOM

What! California? Why? When?

NICK

I got into that exchange program at school. I start in the fall and for one year I'll live in Bakersfield, CA - armpit of the West.

TRACY

Oh my God, Nick, that is so far away.

NICK

It's like 1500 miles.

MOM

How are you going to afford this?

NICK

Medical Research.

MOM

How do you know those pills you take aren't messing you up?

NICK

Other than the tail growing out of my ass I'm fine. Who cares mom  
(shouts) IM MOVING TO CALIFORNIA!

MOM

I know, oh my God, but why so far away?

NICK

To escape the memory of listening to you and dad scream at each other all those years.

MOM

It wasn't that bad Nick.

NICK

Why do you think I stayed at Beau's so often? His parents never fought. Nothing against you or dad mom, but I used to put a fan next to my head at night so I wouldn't have to hear the two of you argue and now I freeze my ass off in the winter cause I can't sleep without the damn fan, so that's why I'm moving to California - I can use a fan year round and not freeze my ass off.

MOM

Well I've done a lot of things for you kids, you know I never missed one game for all four of you. I've done some pretty good things in my life. You know I got my father into the Mason's after he died. I'll never forget that day.

NICK

I never said you were a bad mother, you're a great mom, but you and dad fought all the time.