

*Lexi has packed her stepmother's suitcase and wants her out of the house.*

Taylor: Where do you think you're going, Lexie?

**Lexie: I think you should get out of my way.**

Taylor: Lexie, turn around and take that suitcase back upstairs.

**Lexie: No.**

Taylor: Come on, Lexi. Your father and I have talked to you about this already—running away is not a solution.

**Lexie: I'm not going anywhere. You are. I want you to leave our house.**

Taylor: I know you are upset about what's happened between your father and me, sweetie, but you have no right to order me out of this house.

**Lexie: Yes, I do. It's my house, too, mine and my dad's. You're just a visitor. It's your fault that my dad is unhappy, it's your fault that you two are getting a divorce, so you are the one who's leaving.**