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Author

Lim, Samantha

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Dr.
Department of

Dr. Richard Cardullo, Howard H Hays Jr. Chair, University Honors

Abstract

Acknowledgments

Thank you to Professor Rickerby Hinds for your insight, guidance, and patience with me as I wrestled with my Capstone, my story, and even myself. Your mentorship has truly been invaluable, and I am beyond grateful.

Thank you to my dad, mom, older sister, younger brother, and little sister for your unwavering support in my Capstone, in my education, in my faith, and in my life.

Thank you to my UCR/AACF/FCBCW friends who encouraged me through this project, who helped with naming my characters because I'm indecisive, and who graciously listened to me talk endlessly about my Capstone.

Author's Notes

Words in brackets following Chinese characters are a translation and not meant to be verbalized.

Text framed within slashes indicate a character's inner thoughts, which are to be projected on a screen above the stage. These musings are projected literally and figuratively; they convey how characters truly feel and think, as opposed to what they project to others.

Characters

GRACE: Chinese-American; 17-year-old high school senior; struggles with panic attacks and anxiety attacks; preparing to apply for college

DARYL: Chinese; in his mid-40s; immigrated to America as young adult; Grace's father; co-manages a store called Happy Badger Convenience

SUSAN: Chinese; in her mid-40s; immigrated to America in her teenage years; Grace's mother; co-manages Happy Badger Convenience

GRANDMA: Chinese; in her early-70s; immigrated to America with her son, Daryl; Grace's paternal grandmother; owns Happy Badger Convenience

MRS. CARRIE: Caucasian; in her early-40s; Grace's AP Statistics teacher

MR. SMITHSON: Caucasian; in his late-50s; Grace's guidance counselor

OLIVIA: Caucasian; 17-year-old high school senior; Grace's best (and only) friend

Scene One

6-year-old GRACE sits at the kitchen table with DARYL as he teaches her math.

DARYL

女兒 [daughter], do the multiplication problems.

GRACE

But I want to go play, 爸爸 [father].

DARYL

You play after you finish homework.

GRACE

But I'm done already.

DARYL

No, you need more practice.

GRACE

But my teacher says I'm really good at math – better than all the other first graders!

DARYL

Because you practice every day. You work hard.

GRACE

Can I go play then?

DARYL

Not yet. Study hard first.

GRACE

All my friends go play at the park every day. How come I have to do more homework?

DARYL

Because you have to study hard, go to a good college, and get a good job. Then you can play all the time.

GRACE

(whining) Aww. But I'm only 6 years old...

DARYL

Yes, you work hard now so you can have a good life when you grow up.

(pause)

Aiyah, no more arguing. Do the multiplication table again.

GRACE

(groans) 1 times 1 equals 1, 1 times 2 equals 2, 1 times 3 equals 3, ...

Scene Two

We fast forward 11 years to GRACE as a high school senior. In a classroom, we hear the warning bell ring as students settle into their seats.

MRS. CARRIE

Good morning, statistician students! I hope you all enjoyed your weekend. I've graded last week's tests, so listen up for your name.

MRS. CARRIE's voice fades as she calls out students' names one-by-one

OLIVIA

(whispers) Hey, a bunch of us are going to the mall after school today to look for winter formal dresses. Wanna come?

GRACE

(whispers) Ugh no, I can't. I have an appointment with the guidance counselor after school, and then I gotta go to the store to help out, as usual.

OLIVIA

(whispers) Aw man, okay. Want me to send you pictures if I find something cute for you?

MRS. CARRIE

Grace?

GRACE

(normal voice) Oh, here! *(MRS. CARRIE places test on the desk)* Thank you!

(whispers to OLIVIA) Sure, thanks. I was thinking of something simple and maybe a light blue-ish color. You know my size.

OLIVIA

(whispers) Okay, I got you. Sorry you can't hang out with us again though.

GRACE

(whispers) It's okay. I enjoy helping my family at the store.

/ I wish I didn't have to help at the store all the time. I don't get to hang out with friends, and I miss out on everything. /

OLIVIA

(whispers) Oh, okay. That's good then.

GRACE smiles at OLIVIA, and the girls end their conversation as MRS. CARRIE begins the lesson. GRACE looks at her statistics test, and her face immediately falls.

GRACE

(under her breath) What? B minus? How did I get a B minus again? Mom and dad are gonna be so upset at me.

Scene Three

We hear faint knocking on a wooden door that leads into a small, square office.

MR. SMITHSON

Come in!

GRACE

Hi, Mr. Smithson!

MR. SMITHSON

Hi, Grace! How are you doing today?

GRACE

(takes a seat as she replies) Um, I'm okay. Just got back a test grade I'm not too happy with, but other than that, I'm doing well. Thank you for asking. How are you?

MR. SMITHSON

Oh, I'm doing just fine. Thank you. Now, I understand we'll be discussing college applications – is that correct?

GRACE

Yeah. I know I should be starting on apps, but I'm really nervous about it.

MR. SMITHSON

What about it makes you nervous?

GRACE

I guess just the whole process. I'm not really sure what major to choose because I don't know what career path I want to take in the future.

MR. SMITHSON

Oh, that's alright. Even most college graduates don't have it figured out after they've earned their degree. But college is a great time to explore various fields by taking classes in different subjects, and hopefully that will help you in establishing a career path. For now, though, what are some of your interests? What do you enjoy doing in your free time?

GRACE

Uh, I don't have much free time. After school, I just help out at my parents' store, then go home to eat dinner and do homework, then sleep. And the cycle just repeats every day.

MR. SMITHSON

Hmm, well how about on the weekends? Is there anything you enjoy doing with your family or your friends?

GRACE

On the weekends, I just help out at the store for pretty much the whole day, so I miss a lot of hangouts with my friends.

(pause)

I sometimes play piano though. That's kind of fun for me.

MR. SMITHSON

Well, hey! There's a start! Maybe you want to pursue music?

GRACE

No, my parents would never approve. They're always telling me to get a good-paying job so I can have a better life than them and won't have to worry as much as they do.

MR. SMITHSON

I see. Well, let's pin "Music" as a plan B. How about that?

GRACE

Yeah... I guess plan B is okay.

MR. SMITHSON

Great! For plan A, since you can't think of anything off the top of your head, which is absolutely fine, I would suggest going home and looking up the majors offered at some schools you might apply to. Maybe you'll see something you like and didn't even know was offered as a path!

GRACE

Okay, yeah, that sounds good. Thank you for the suggestion!

MR. SMITHSON

Oh, just doing my job! Any colleges you're considering applying to?

GRACE

Um, none yet. I need to do some research, but I was hoping to decide my major and go from there.

MR. SMITHSON

Okay. Well, when you choose a major, I can give you a list of schools that offer an excellent program in that field.

GRACE

That'd be great! Thank you!

MR. SMITHSON

My pleasure! Is there anything else I can help you with?

GRACE

Nothing that I can think of right now. I think I just need to look at applications and figure out what I need to do.

MR. SMITHSON

Sure. If you need guidance on specifics for the application, you know where to find me!

GRACE

Yes, thank you so much for your help, Mr. Smithson!

MR. SMITHSON

No problem. You have a great day, and good luck on the applications and picking a major!

GRACE

Thank you! Have a good day!

As she leaves the office and walks down the hallway toward the exit, she smiles at people passing by. However, in her head...

/ I don't know what to do. I'm so confused. I'm not really interested in anything as a career. And I still have that B- I have to tell mom and dad about... I feel so incompetent. I feel like a failure. /

Scene Four

GRACE enters Happy Badger Convenience, the store owned by GRANDMA and managed by DARYL and SUSAN. GRANDMA is slowly walking around, taking inventory.

GRACE

奶奶好 [hi, paternal grandmother]!

GRANDMA

Oh, Grace, 來幫我 [come help me]. We need to restock.

GRACE

好 [okay], I'll do that.

GRANDMA

謝謝 [thank you]. School okay today?

GRACE

No, I got a bad grade – B minus on my math test.

GRANDMA

Ah, 沒關係 [it's okay].

GRACE

爸爸媽媽 [dad and mom] will be very upset.

GRANDMA

沒錯 [you're not wrong]. They care about you.

GRACE

It doesn't feel like that sometimes.

GRANDMA

They work hard for you.

GRACE

Yes, 我知道 [I know/understand]. They just want me to work hard too.

GRANDMA

They know you can do it.

GRACE

I don't know. It's just a lot of pressure. I don't think they're proud of me.

GRANDMA

我支持你 [I support you]!

GRACE

(smiles) 謝謝奶奶 [thank you, grandma].

(pause)

Okay, I'm done restocking.

GRANDMA

好 [okay/good]. Do cash register today.

GRACE

Okay.

Scene Five

GRANDMA, DARYL, SUSAN, and GRACE sit around the kitchen table, eating dinner

SUSAN

Grace, how was school?

GRACE

It was okay. Olivia asked me if I could go to the mall with her today, but I said I have to help at the store.

DARYL

Good. You know your priorities.

GRACE

Yeah.

/ I wish I didn't /

SUSAN

Did you get your results for last week's AP statistics test yet?

GRACE

Um, yeah, I did. *(pause)* Please don't be mad.

DARYL

What do you mean? Why would we be mad?

GRACE

I... I scored a B minus.

DARYL/SUSAN

(almost shouting) B minus?!

DARYL

Again? You didn't study?

GRACE

I did! I studied the whole weekend leading up to the test. I even missed a sleepover with Olivia.

SUSAN

Then how did you get a B minus?

GRACE

I don't know. I tried my best.

SUSAN

You have to start applying for college. You can't have bad grades.

GRACE

I know I do. I'm sorry.

/ They're not listening to me. I'm not that good at stats, and I'm already disappointed in myself. /

DARYL

Next test, make sure you study more and study better.

GRACE

Yes, 爸爸 [dad].

/ I'm not even sure how to study better. /

SUSAN

Okay, well, how about the appointment with your guidance counselor? What did he say?

GRACE

I told him I don't know what major I want to pursue, and he tried to help me think about it – asked about my interests and what I do in my free time.

DARYL

What did you say?

GRACE

I told him I enjoy playing piano.

DARYL

Piano? That's not a job.

GRACE

Yeah, I told him you guys would say that. Is it really a bad major though? I like piano and music.

SUSAN

How will you pay your bills and take care of your family when you're older? Pianists don't earn as much money as doctors or lawyers or accountants.

DARYL

You need to think about your future, 女兒 [daughter].

GRACE

I know. I'm trying my be-

SUSAN

You know your cousin already has an internship next summer for a big law firm, and she's only two years older than you.

DARYL

哇 [wow]! She has an internship already? Which law firm?

SUSAN

I don't know the name. 我的姐姐說 [my older sister said], "It's a big law firm. Very well-known."

DARYL

See, 女兒 [daughter], that's good. Your cousin knows her parents work hard for her, so she works hard too. You need to be like that.

SUSAN

We just want you to have a better life than us.

DARYL

We don't want you to be worried about your finances.

GRACE

Okay, I'm trying. I'll figure it out. Mr. Smithson suggested I look up schools and see what programs they offer, and maybe that will help me decide.

SUSAN

Your cousin goes to UC Berkeley. Do research about that school – what GPA and SAT score you need to get in.

DARYL

Start studying better. Colleges don't want bad students.

GRACE

Okay, I will. 爸爸媽媽 [dad and mom], I'm doing my best.

SUSAN

Try harder. Always try harder. (*pause*) Help me wash the dishes.

Scene Six

GRACE sits at her desk in her bedroom. Her laptop is open as she prepares to look into colleges and applications.

GRACE

Okay, UC application. *(pause as she types and clicks on the webpage)* Dang, the WiFi is acting up again.

/ I wonder if Olivia found a dress yet. She hasn't texted me. Oh, the page loaded. /

“Create an account.” Okay.

/ Wow, creating an account makes this feel so real. How terrifying... /

And we're in. Let's see... *(pause as she looks around the webpage)* Oh gosh, there are so many sections on the application.

/ This is gonna take me forever to finish. (as she browses) Should I text Olivia? Did she find a dress for me? /

So there's academic record from 7th grade to 12th grade. There's activities and awards. There's exam scores for SAT and ACT. And then there's the personal insight essays.

/ Ah, the worst part. My life isn't interesting enough to write about. /

Now what does UC Berkeley want? *(typing, clicking, and scrolling)* 3.89 to 4.00 unweighted GPA? 30-35 on the ACT? 1350-1540 on the SAT? They're just looking for perfection! There's no way...

Grace sinks down into her chair, feeling completely defeated

Today has been such a rough day. I'm just gonna go to sleep. Tomorrow is a new day.

Grace crawls into bed and turns off her lamp. She tosses and turns in frustration.

/ I'm a failure. I'll never live up to my parents' expectations. I'm not gonna be a doctor or lawyer or accountant. I can't even do well on a stats test. But I can't disappoint my parents. They work so hard to provide for me. But sometimes I just need a break. For once, I want to hang out with friends on a Saturday, like a normal teenager. Why is my life so different from my classmates' lives? Why do they have it so much easier? Why am I always having to worry? How am I supposed to get into Berkeley? What should I do with my life? What do I enjoy? Am I even passionate about anything? /

She suddenly sits up, unable to breathe, her heart pounding relentlessly in her chest. Tears are forming in her eyes.

/ Panic attack. Breathe. Panic attack. Breathe. Can't. Breathe. Help. /

Scene Seven

Dismissal bell rings, and students file out of the classroom. MRS. CARRIE approaches GRACE, who is still sitting at her desk, staring off vacantly.

MRS. CARRIE

Grace? Grace, dear? Are you okay?

GRACE

Huh? What?

MRS. CARRIE

Grace, are you okay? You've been staring off to distance for the entire class. Everyone left, but you're still here.

GRACE

Oh. I'm so sorry.

MRS. CARRIE

That's alright. Are you okay?

GRACE

Uh, yeah, I'm just a little out of it and stressed.

MRS. CARRIE

What are you stressed about? Is everything alright?

GRACE

Yeah, everything's alr— actually, no, it's not. I've been pretty stressed about school, college apps, my career... I had a panic attack last night.

MRS. CARRIE

Oh, dear, that must have been very rough. Would you like to talk about it?

GRACE

I'm not really sure how to talk about it.

MRS. CARRIE

Have you had a panic attack before last night?

GRACE

I think once before. I wasn't really sure if it was a panic attack, but I didn't feel right at all. It wasn't until I decided to research panic attacks that I figured out I likely had one.

MRS. CARRIE

Did you talk with your parents about it?

GRACE

No, I didn't want to worry them. And they might not understand.

MRS. CARRIE

Why do you think they won't understand?

GRACE

I think mental health is taboo in Asian-American culture. I once hinted about something related to mental health, and my parents told me it was just a bad day or something I needed to "get over." They kind of just dismissed it. I don't think mental health was something they grew up talking about or even thinking about. They've always told themselves and me to keep working hard and persevering through everything. So something like mental health – I guess it's just another obstacle to overcome.

MRS. CARRIE

I see. I'm sorry to hear that. Would you consider talking with the school psychologist?

GRACE

I've never done any sort of therapy before. I'll think about it.

MRS. CARRIE

That's absolutely okay. If you ever need someone to talk with, I'm here for you.

GRACE

Thank you, Mrs. Carrie.

(pause)

There's actually something I wanted to discuss with you.

MRS. CARRIE

Sure, what is it?

GRACE

I'm starting to apply for college, and one of the main components is my academic record and grades. My parents really want me to go to UC Berkeley, but their GPA requirement is 3.89 to 4.00. You know I haven't been doing well on the past couple tests in your class, and I'm worried. How can I improve my grades?

MRS. CARRIE

Well, practically, make sure you're doing your homework. Take notes and ask questions in class if you don't understand a concept. The textbook has supplementary resources and extra practice problems that you could look into. Maybe consider studying with peers; collaborative work and teaching others can really help reinforce information in your brain. I can also stay a bit after school to work with you, if you'd like.

GRACE

Really? You don't mind doing that?

MRS. CARRIE

Not at all! I want my students to do well and really learn the materials.

GRACE

Thank you so much, Mrs. Carrie. I would really appreciate your tutoring.

MRS. CARRIE

I'm happy to help. But, Grace, I truly believe good grades come from good students. You're a good student. I know you work diligently and study a lot between going to school and helping your parents in their store. That dedication and drive will bring you far. You can't teach that in a classroom; that comes from you, your work ethic, your character.

GRACE

Oh, I'm-I'm really not that great. Thank you, but my parents are always telling me I can do better and work harder.

MRS. CARRIE

I see where you got your diligence and character from. Grace, I have full confidence in you – not just in the work you produce, but in the person you are. I hope you can build that same confidence in yourself.

(pause)

Listen, I have a teachers' meeting in a bit, so I'll have to leave now. But think about our conversation and let me know when you would like to have one-on-one tutoring. Remember, I'm here for you, Grace.

GRACE

Thank you, Mrs. Carrie. This really means so much to me.

MRS. CARRIE smiles, picks up her belongings, and leaves the classroom. GRACE is left sitting at her desk, pondering the conversation.

Scene Eight

At the kitchen table

SUSAN

What do you mean you can't do it?

GRACE

I just can't.

SUSAN

You can't what? You're not answering my question.

GRACE

I can't take the SAT. It's too hard.

SUSAN

How can it be too hard? Haven't you been taking practice tests and doing the homework from your SAT prep class?

GRACE

Yes, I have.

SUSAN

We paid a lot of money for you to take this class. You'd better not waste it.

GRACE

I know. I'll do my best, 媽 [mom].

(pause)

I'm just nervous and stressed.

SUSAN

Why are you nervous?

GRACE

I'm just not good at taking tests. I freeze up and forget everything. I think it's testing anxiety.

SUSAN

No, you can't do that. You know you need at least 1350 for UC Berkeley, so try for 1400.

GRACE

That's a really high score, 媽 [mom]. I don't think most people can even get that.

SUSAN

Your cousin did.

GRACE

(under her breath) I know... you've told me a million times.

SUSAN

(raises her voice) Hey, are you talking back to me?

GRACE

No, I'm not! I'm sorry.

SUSAN

(voice increasingly raises) Your 爸爸 [dad] and I take good care of you. We feed you, we buy your clothes, you have a nice house to live in – and you thank me by talking back?

GRACE

(voice wavers) No, 媽 [mom], I'm sorry! I didn't mean to be disrespectful.

SUSAN

(raised voice) I just want you to have a good life, okay! All I ask is for you to study hard and go to a good school! Why can't you do that?

GRACE

(sobbing, short of breath) Stop, mom! Please stop!

/ I feel so dizzy. Why can't I take a breath? AHHH! /

SUSAN

(raised voice) Stop what?

GRACE

(sobbing) Please-please s-stop yelling.

/ Oh my gosh, oh my gosh. Breathe. I can't. /

SUSAN

(raised voice) I'm your mother! You're telling me I can't lecture you?

GRACE

(sobbing) No, 媽 [mom], I'm sorry. I just can't take it. Please, 媽 [mom].

/ ... can't /

SUSAN

(raised voice) You can't take what?

GRACE

I- *(sobs and screams, with all the pent-up pressure, frustration, and stress)*

SUSAN

(raised voice) Stop it!

GRACE

(sobbing)

/ Help. Breathe. Can't. /

SUSAN

(raised voice) Stop crying!

GRACE

(sobs)

/ 媽 [mom]... /

SUSAN

(deathly quiet) I'm very disappointed in you.

(walks away, leaving GRACE with tears rolling down her face, trying to remember how to take a breath again)

Scene Nine

GRACE in her bedroom

GRACE

媽 [mom] doesn't understand. She just doesn't get it. She puts so much pressure and so many expectations on me, and I can't handle it. I can't take it anymore. She keeps forcing me to do all these extracurriculars and put too many things on my plate, and then she tells me it's for my own good. How can all this stress and panic attacks be for my own good? I don't understand. I don't get it.

Scene Ten

Students are walking out of the classroom

OLIVIA

Grace, how was it?

GRACE

I freakin' hate the SAT.

OLIVIA

Oh gosh, what happened?

GRACE

That's the thing – I don't know what happened.

OLIVIA

Wait, what do you mean?

GRACE

I completely blanked. My brain was literally empty. I think I just mindlessly bubbled in my answers, but I-I don't even know. I don't remember anything.

OLIVIA

Hey, are you okay?

GRACE

I don't know. I guess not.

OLIVIA

I mean, you don't look very good. Your face is kinda pale.

GRACE

I didn't sleep well last night... probably just too nervous and stressed.

/ and sobbing after being yelled at through a panic attack /

OLIVIA

Oh, okay. Yeah, that happens before a big test. You should go take a nap or at least sit down.

GRACE

Yeah, I'm just gonna head home. Thanks, Olivia. I hope the test went well for you.

OLIVIA

Thanks. Text me if you need anything, okay?

GRACES nods and faintly smiles before walking away

Scene Eleven

GRACE sits at the piano, playing a piece. As she plays, her face shifts through multiple expressions, and her body leans toward then away from the piano in rhythm with the song. Her laptop, open to her UC application, sits on the kitchen table behind her.

GRACE

/ I love this piece. I love this piano. I'm at home and have so much joy when I play. I can forget all the pressures and chaos in my mind, and just focus on creating melodies. /

GRANDMA

好聽 [sounds nice].

GRACE

Oh! 奶奶好 [hi, grandma]. (*sheepishly*) Uh, 謝謝 [thank you].

GRANDMA

I like to listen. You play well.

GRACE

謝謝, 奶奶 [thank you, grandma].

GRANDMA

(*points to GRACE's laptop*) 你的 [your] application?

GRACE

對 [yes/right], I'm almost done.

GRANDMA

You pick your major?

GRACE

Not yet. I don't know what to do.

GRANDMA

(nods her head toward the piano)

GRACE

Music? 奶奶 [grandma], I can't. 爸爸媽媽 [dad and mom] said no.

GRANDMA

I always want to learn piano.

GRACE

Really?

GRANDMA

(in affirmation) Mm. Too poor for lessons.

GRACE

Oh. I'm sorry.

GRANDMA

沒關係 [it's okay]. You play. 我喜歡聽 [I like to listen].

GRACE

Really?

GRANDMA

(in affirmation) Mm.

GRACE

好 [okay]. I'll play piano for you, 奶奶 [grandma].

(she plays with more emotion and a wide smile on her face)

Scene Twelve

GRACE sits at the kitchen table, starting her last Personal Insight essay

GRACE

“Describe the most significant challenge you have faced and the steps you have taken to overcome this challenge. How has this challenge affected your academic achievement?” I don’t know how to answer this one... Guess I’ll just start typing and hope something comes out.

/ Every so often, I can’t think straight, I forget how to breathe, my heart beats rapidly, and all I can do is sob and shake uncontrollably. I suffer from panic attacks and anxiety, which have affected me profoundly. I’ll be lying in bed, ready to sleep after an exhausting day of studying and working, when fear and foreboding suddenly ambush me, and I’m left paralyzed. I’ll be taking the SAT, after studying diligently and rigorously, when I completely black out mentally from the stress, and then be struck by dread again when my results come back very low and my parents lecture me. Panic attacks and anxiety prevent me from achieving what I should be, academically. But when I sit at the piano, my mind is as clear as ever, I breathe the most refreshing air, my heart taps in rhythm with the piece, and all I can do is smile and sway uncontrollably. My passion, my purpose, my peace reside in music. I have not fully overcome my panic attacks and anxiety, but my music is my therapy. As my fingers dance across the black and white keys, I start to understand who I am. I’m not a failure or incompetent because of a B- in AP Statistics class and scoring low on my SAT exam. I’m not unworthy or useless because I do not fulfill my parents’ expectations. I’m not powerless or weak because of my panic attacks and anxiety. But I am a fighter, I am stronger than my doubts, and I am a musician. Panic attacks and anxiety push me to achieve who I should be, as a person and as a musician. /

(with a hint of realization) Huh...

DARYL and SUSAN enter the kitchen with bags of groceries

DARYL

How's your application essay?

GRACE

Uh, it's going well. *(slowly, apprehensively)* 爸媽 [dad and mom], I think I need to tell you something.

SUSAN

What is it, Grace?

GRACE

This is really scary for me to say, so please listen. *(pause)*

I'm gonna major in music. I want to play piano.

SUSAN

Grace, we already-

DARYL

-Let her finish.

GRACE

Um, here, maybe you can just read what I've been working on for my last Personal Insight essay.

She turns her laptop toward DARYL and SUSAN and holds her breath as she waits for them to read the essay

SUSAN

You have panic attacks?

DARYL

What does that mean?

GRACE

I do. It's a different process for each person, but for me, it means I get so stressed and nervous about something that it kind of just overtakes me. That's why I can't think or breathe and my heart beats like crazy and I just cry.

SUSAN

How long has this been going on?

GRACE

Kind of recently. When this school year started pretty much.

DARYL

And piano helps you with it?

GRACE

Yeah, it really does. It's the only thing that really brings me joy and comfort.

SUSAN

Why didn't you tell us this before?

GRACE

I didn't think you'd understand. You always just tell me to work hard and get over it.

DARYL

Oh. That doesn't help?

GRACE

No, not really... It helps when you guys listen, like you are right now.

SUSAN

Okay... How about UC Berkeley?

GRACE

If they accept me, I'll go. But I'll still major in music.

DARYL

UC Berkeley is still good, at least.

SUSAN

Yeah, good school.

DARYL

Okay, 女兒 [daughter], we'll think about it.

GRACE

Oh, okay.

SUSAN

Now, come help me put away the groceries.