EVERYTHING YOU CAN DO
(TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE)

by Ian August

AN EXCERPT

Cast of Characters:
KELLY: 20-something woman
SOPHIA: 20-something woman

Additional Characters:
JACK
MIDGE
TINO
MAN WITH STROLLER
WOMAN WITH BALLOONS
RANDOM DUDE
Other Marchers

2. LEAFLETS

(Lights crash up on JACK, holding a stack of pink flyers. He thrusts a flyer forward.)

JACK:
No hate speech!

(MIDGE enters, holding a stack of green flyers. She thrusts one forward.)

MIDGE:
Hate speech is not civil discourse!

(TINO enters, holding a stack of orange flyers. He thrusts one forward.)

TINO:
City College is not a space for xenophobia or homophobia or Islamophobia or hate!

ALL:
Tell President Murphy today!

(They begin papering the walls with the flyers, each of which says some variation of NO ALT-RIGHT SPEAKERS WANTED, and FREE SPEECH IS NOT HATE SPEECH.)

JACK:
The invitation of Alt-right shock jock Peter Storm is an indefensible use of our tuition dollars

MIDGE:
intended NOT to give an alternative point of view

TINO:
but to stoke the fears of xenophobic otherness against

JACK:
our Muslim students

MIDGE:
our queer students

TINO:
our immigrant students

ALL:
who live in fear of violence and hatred

JACK:
perpetuated by right-wing ultra conservative
take a flyer please

ALL:
FEAR MONGERS

JACK:
like Peter Storm.

MIDGE:
Ten thousand dollars!

ALL:
TEN
THOUSAND
DOLLARS

MIDGE:
is the speaking fee for this anti-gay, anti-Muslim, anti-Black, anti-immigrant blowhard that our clueless administration has INVITED to our campus. But he will not be met with cheers and praise!
take a flyer please

TINO:
This is our home, our village—

ALL:
HOW DARE

TINO:
Peter Storm spread his filth here!

ALL:
HOW DARE

TINO:
President Murphy invite him to our lecture series!

ALL:
HOW DARE

TINO:
The Board of Directors of City College approve funding for this hateful bigot to preach intolerance to our student body. We were promised EQUITY we were promised EQUALITY we were promised DECENCY, and what do we get?

ALL:
HATE SPEECH

TINO:
HATE SPEECH IS A FORM OF VIOLENCE!

ALL:
HATE SPEECH IS A FORM OF VIOLENCE!

TINO:
please take a flyer please and thank you

(JACK and MIDGE head into the audience to distribute flyers; TINO remains on stage taping them to every blank surface.)

(KELLY enters, holding a stack of blue flyers.)

KELLY:
no hate speech
PLEASE TAKE A FLYER!

(She chucks a flyer)

tell mister president guy
TAKE A FLYER! THANK YOU FOR THE FLYER!

TINO:
Whoa!

KELLY:
I'm sorry—

TINO:
You're yelling the wrong part. Don't yell about the flyer. We want people to take the flyer, but we want to be nice about it so they don't throw it in the trash right away.

KELLY:
Okay.

TINO:
Most of them—we know most of them will end up there anyway, but we try to do our best to get peeps to hold onto them—for a minute, at least. Long enough to read. So we shout the message, and we gift the flyer. You get me?

KELLY:
Shout the message, gift the flyer. I get you.

TINO:
Watch now:
President Murphy takes the SALARY we pay him, and the BENEFITS we give him, and he uses it to promote INEQUALITY and RADICAL right-wing philosophies! MURPHY NEEDS TO STEP DOWN!

(From wherever they are)

JACK and MIDGE:
MURPHY NEEDS TO STEP DOWN!

TINO:
hi thank you take a flyer we really appreciate it
(*to KELLY*) See?

KELLY:
I see.

TINO:
Lemme guess: confused, terrified look, bad posture, uncomfortable with public speaking—you're a Communications major.

KELLY:
No—I'm not—
I never went to college.

TINO:
Oh!

KELLY:
I, uh, saw this online, and I thought I would come out and lend some support.

TINO:

Cool. Let it be known: the internet can be used for more than shipping straight boys and jerking off. Nice to meet you. I'm Tino.

KELLY:

Kelly.

TINO:

STOP HATE SPEECH!
please take a flyer thank you

KELLY:

Tino—do you know someone named Denise?

TINO:

Denise? Maybe—I'm not sure. Is she a student?

KELLY:

No, but she used to go to City College so I thought she might be here.
TAKE A FLYER PLEASE!

TINO:

She might be here and I just don't know her. We get people to come out all over the city if it's something they're passionate about. I've been with the Student Activism Society for, like, a year or so—and there are always people coming in and out to help. Last month, when there was all this conflict about the mosque being constructed on 7th, we papered with education materials about Islam and statistics about White Nationalist violence. A lot of folks from the neighborhoods came out for that. We flyered in the fall about deforestation in Brazil due to the regime change—you'd be stunned at how many people care about Brazilian rainforests.

KELLY:

Is that contradictory? "Save the trees—here's a ream of paper for you to throw away."

TINO:

100% recycled and biodegradable to assuage our guilt. If we can't get the message out, nothing can be done.
STOP HATE SPEECH!
please here's a flyer

KELLY:

That's... that's great.
And you haven't seen a woman with, uh, short cropped hair, about five six, faux leather jacket with a rainbow patch on the shoulder?

TINO:

I don't think so. Who is she?

KELLY:

She's... uh... she's a friend.

TINO:

She owe you money?

KELLY:

No, she's, uh... she's my girlfriend.

TINO:

And you don't know where she is?

KELLY:

I,
uh,
Yeah.
But this is the sort of event she would be at.

TINO:

This?

KELLY:

Yeah. She's kind of a, uh, huge activist?

TINO:

And she'd be *here*?

KELLY:

Oh, yeah—for sure!
Denise devoted her life to all sorts of things. She's a *real* activist.
I mean, she was a cashier at the Superfoods store on Mondays and Thursdays, but when she clocked out at four-thirty: Activist! I've never known anyone like her before. The first time we met—me and Denise—she was ringing up my groceries, and I had, um, like, two apples, a banana, a box of crackers, a bag of Doritos, and a four pack of mango-kale seltzers, and she looked me straight in the eye and she asked:
"What do you believe in, sweetie?"
I blushed, because even in her Superfoods apron and decorative cap, I could see this thing behind her eyes, this electricity—this fire for Justice—and I told her the truth which was I didn't really believe in anything, except for Bigfoot and ghosts and possibly Jesus.
She smiled with this confidence, this Denise confidence that said she knew so much more than I did about everything, which she did, and she asked for my number, which I gave her. She called me on a Tuesday, and we went out on our first date. And she kissed me in the parking lot of Randy's bar, where I was waiting tables, and she promised me everything.

(Unseen by KELLY, SOPHIA enters, holding a stack of yellow flyers.)

Denise, like, *lives* for her beliefs. Denise believes in free education and free insurance and free lunches on Sundays for Superfoods employees. Denise protests about income inequality and Black Lives Matter and trans rights and gay rights and immigrant rights and the rights of mothers to breastfeed babies and the rights of fathers to go on leave to take care of those babies and the rights of babies to have pacifiers that won't destroy the earth. Denise believes in the earth. Denise believes in the power and the majesty of the planet. We went hiking in the mountains, and she showed me all

these plants I'd never seen, and the trees, and the animals—I love animals—and that one time I put a wild mushroom in my mouth and she knew just which hospital to take me to.
Seeing the world through Denise's eyes is amazing. It's a world filled with beauty and joy and laughter and the promise of something glorious. But seeing the world through Denise's eyes is also seeing a world at war with itself. A world we're doing wrong. I had never realized there were so many things wrong. We are ruining things. With our pollution and our corruption and our antiquated cultural mores. The *heterosexist patriarchal systems*, she said. It took me weeks of practice to say it right: the *heterosexist patriarchal systems*. Now I can say it in my sleep.
I was sleeping when Denise came to me, and she kissed me awake, and she had tears in her eyes, and she told me she wanted to save the ocean. There was a boat, she said, sailing from the bay into the ocean at sunrise, and she wanted to be on it. A boat from Bluepeace, the environmental people, and she wanted to be on it. And I was like, are you gonna be home for dinner? And she was like, no babe. And I was like, are you gonna be home this weekend cause I got us movie tickets to *Softly Gently* and she was like, no babe.
And then I got mad. I was like, who cares about the ocean? What about the me? Can't you care about the me instead of the it? And who does the ocean need saving from anyway? And she looked up at me with the saddest eyes I ever saw and she said, "From us, Kelly. It needs to be saved from us." And then she left.
I never did anything to the ocean. But I knew she was right. Because it was Denise, and she was always right. And I cried in my bed for about four hours, and by the time I realized that I wanted Denise to save me more than I wanted her to save the ocean, it was too late. The Bluepeace ship had sailed, and Denise was gone. She promised me the world. But all she did was open my eyes to how we were fucking it all up.
The world is not safe for us. From us.
But if I can believe in anything, I believe in Denise.

TINO:

Wow.

KELLY:

The Bluepeace boat came back last week. It came back last week from saving the ocean, and if I know Denise, I know she'll be back on the front lines—I know she'll be back here handing out flyers and picketing with marchers and she'll be doing everything she can do to make the world a better place. Everything she can do. I just have to find her.

(Beat)

please take a flyer

(SOPHIA steps forward.)

SOPHIA:

She sounds great.

(KELLY and TINO turn and see SOPHIA)

TINO:

Sophia!

SOPHIA:

Tino! Changing the world, one leaflet at a time.

TINO:

You wanna learn how to do this right? The woman is a Jedi.

KELLY:

What are you doing here?

TINO:

Sophia's a founding member of the Student Activism Society. Sneaks in like a social justice ninja whenever we have a rally or a cause. Can you believe the school hired this conspiracy theorist alt-right white-supremacist douchebag?

SOPHIA:

It's built into the system, Tino. The administration is a bunch of old white straight dudes who don't understand how offensive diatribes can harm public discourse. They don't see how that sort of regressive thinking contributes to misogyny and racism—even when we show them mountains of evidence.

KELLY:

The heterosexist patriarchal system.

SOPHIA:

Exactly. They think free speech automatically means that all speech should be tolerated—no matter what the effect. Except we don't have free speech, do we? It's illegal to yell "fire" in a movie theater if there isn't a fire. It's illegal to threaten the life of a sitting president. It's illegal to incite people to violence. But doesn't white supremacist ideology incite people to violence? Hate speech is incendiary speech—it doesn't help us understand one another, it degrades and diminishes disenfranchised people for the sole benefit of the people in power.

TINO:

You just gave me a boner.

KELLY:

Eww.

TINO:

FIGHT THE POWER!

(From somewhere in the distance)

JACK and MIDGE:

FIGHT THE POWER!

SOPHIA:

please take a flyer and thank you

TINO:

A fucking legend.

SOPHIA:

You're gonna make a Jedi blush.
Tino—why don't you cover Northridge with Jack and Marjorie. I'll work with the new recruit.
What's her name?

TINO:

What was—?

KELLY:

Kelly.

TINO:

Cool. Cool. Yeah—that's great.
JACK! MIDGE! MOVIN' UPTOWN!

(From nowhere)

MIDGE:

UPTOWN FUNK!

JACK:

FUNK THE SYSTEM!

TINO:

please and thank you take a thank you please and hi would you

(TINO exits. SOPHIA watches him go, proud.)

SOPHIA:

That's part of my legacy, right there.

KELLY:

I don't need. I don't need training.

SOPHIA:

We all need training when we start out, Kelly. You can be my new disciple.

KELLY:

I'm not—!
I'm not...

(Beat.)

JUST TAKE A FLYER FROM ME

SOPHIA:

You're worse at this than I thought.

KELLY:
Go away.

SOPHIA:
Are you mad—are you mad at me for something?

KELLY:
No.

SOPHIA:
Because you sound like you're mad at me about something, and I didn't do anything to you.

KELLY:
You sounded like her.

(Beat.)

SOPHIA:
Like your... girlfriend?

KELLY:
Yeah.

SOPHIA:
I thought you weren't a lesbian.

KELLY:
I'm not.

SOPHIA:
You are for... what's her name?

KELLY:
Denise.

SOPHIA:
The Elusive Denise.

KELLY:
Don't say it like that.

SOPHIA:
Where do you think she went?

KELLY:
I don't know, do I?

SOPHIA:

But you think she's back in town.

KELLY:
Where else would she be?

SOPHIA:
Then why didn't she reach out to you?

KELLY:
I don't know.

SOPHIA:
Did you say she was on a boat?

KELLY:
Yes.

SOPHIA:
And you think something happen on the boat?

KELLY:
I don't know!

SOPHIA:
Did you have an argument or something before she left?

KELLY:
No—I don't remember.

SOPHIA:
Have you texted her?

KELLY:
Yes I texted her—

SOPHIA:
And nothing?

KELLY:
I don't want to talk about this—

SOPHIA:
She didn't call or DM you or—

KELLY:
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS.

SOPHIA:
She didn't even—

KELLY:
I DO NOT WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS WITH YOU!

SOPHIA:
HATE SPEECH IS NOT FREE SPEECH!

KELLY:
HATE SPEECH IS NOT FREE SPEECH!

SOPHIA:
HATE SPEECH IS A FORM OF VIOLENCE!

KELLY:
HATE SPEECH IS A FORM OF VIOLENCE!
please take a flyer

(Beat.)

SOPHIA:
Not bad.

(Beat. KELLY is still angry, but a little satisfied that she did it right.)

KELLY:
How long have you been doing this... stuff?

SOPHIA:
Activism?

KELLY:
Yeah.

SOPHIA:
Ever since I was a kid. My mom was a wannabe hippie and my dad was a reformed Washington lobbyist. It's, like, built into me. I look at activism like... like it's a form of expression. It's my art. The methods of protest are my media, and the world is my canvas.

KELLY:
I've never heard that before.

SOPHIA:
I think about them a lot. How they taught me to love justice. How they taught me that the only way to get justice is to change people's minds. To get them to see the world the way I see the world.

KELLY:
That's actually really nice.

(Beat.)

SOPHIA:
Tell you what. I know a lot of people across a lot of different causes. I'm a serial activist, too, like your missing girlfriend.

KELLY:
She's not missing.

SOPHIA:
She's misplaced.

KELLY:
Misplaced.

SOPHIA:
I'll make some calls. If Denise is in the city, we'll find her.

KELLY:
Thanks.
Thank you.
I appreciate it.

(TINO, JACK, and MIDGE reenter from the audience, continue papering it.)

TINO, JACK, and MIDGE:
NO HATE SPEECH!
please take a have a flyer thank you and
NO HATE SPEECH!
have a thank you for please flyer and

(SOPHIA joins them, hopping from the stage into the house.)

TINO, JACK, MIDGE, and SOPHIA:
NO HATE SPEECH!
please and have thanks and for you flyer yes
NO HATE SPEECH!
for flyer and you have thanks for you

(KELLY joins them.)

ALL:
NO HATE SPEECH!
please may I and thank you may I

(Others join them with various colored reams of paper.)

NO HATE SPEECH!
here's a thank you for flyer and you

(And in the back of the house, one of the flyer wielders also holds a sign that says “PLEASE DO NOT THROW SODA CANS AT MY HEAD.”)

NO HATE SPEECH!
NO HATE SPEECH!
NO HATE!
NO HATE!
NO

(Blackout)

3. MARCHING

(Lights ignite up on the sound of thousands of protesters marching. Men and women and children; several wear knitted pink hats. One woman has a lot of balloons; One man pushes a stroller with an infant in it. KELLY is among them. She does not hold a sign, but she wears binoculars around her neck, and occasionally picks them up to look through them. There is live music in the distance. It is an otherwise beautiful day in the city.

(Random people will pass in and out of the scene; There may also be a college-age person—JACK maybe?—with a ream of colored paper and flyers. The marchers hold up signs read: HANDS OFF WOMEN’S BODIES, and MY BODY MY CHOICE, and various messages more clever than that. One of the signs may read DO NOT THROW SODA CANS AT MY HEAD, but we probably don’t register that right away—maybe it’s hidden from view until partway through the scene.)

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:
Isn’t it amazing?

KELLY:
Yeah.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:
There must be thousands of people here!

KELLY:
Yeah.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:
And such a beautiful day. What a day for a march! What a day for women’s rights!

KELLY:
Sure.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

I was debating whether or whether not to come, ya know? I'm from Michigan, and when you're in Michigan, you can march up and down the street all you want but you're alone, because it's cold in Michigan and no one wants to get frostbite.

KELLY:

That's nice.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

But here I'm one of hundreds—I'm one of thousands! I told my husband, Darren, I said, "Darren," I said, "I'm gonna get on a plane and I'm gonna go march for women's rights," and he said, "You have all the rights you need in Michigan," and I told him that I wanted my voice to carry across state lines—that I wanted my voice to be heard all the way across this great country of ours—from sea to shining sea, ya know? On the plane there were other women, just like me, other women wearing pink hats and tee-shirts saying MY BODY MY CHOICE and one of the men next to me got all huffy about it, and I didn't care. Fuck him, I thought loudly, I thought, FUCK HIM, which I don't know if I had ever thought at someone on a plane before. And he could tell from the look in my eye not to question me. And then the stewardess gave me a free Diet Coke and told me she was proud of me and I blushed like a teenager in love! I never!
Christ, this is incredible. It's a rush. It's powerful. There is power in large groups. There is power in the voices of people coming together for the common good. This is powerful—and fun!
You're not having fun?

(Beat.)

Did you lose your boyfriend?

KELLY:

(*almost relieved*) No.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

I made friends with the other ladies on the plane, and we met in the rotunda before the march and we each brought balloons so we could find each other in the crowd in case we got separated. I'm having cocktails with them at Applebees after the march. We're gonna talk about our experiences. I'm, like, beside myself.
Who are you looking for?

KELLY:

I thought I would be looking for one lesbian. But it appears I am now looking for TWO. I am looking for two lesbians.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

You seem frustrated.

KELLY:

I am—I seem that way because I am. I was trying to use one lesbian to find another. Lesbian magnets.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

That would be pretty convenient for them! Ha ha ha!

“Where are all the other lesbians?”
Zooooooooop!
“Here we are!”
If it were that easy, there wouldn’t be any need for Home Depot, that’s for sure! Ha ha ha!

(SOPHIA enters, beelines for KELLY. She is electrified.)

KELLY:

Where have you been?

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

Zooooooooop!

SOPHIA:

Can you feel this, Kelly? Can you feel what this feels like? I mean, the air is pulsing, right? Thousands of hearts, beating in sync, marching together like one giant snake of social justice—one massive millipede of messaging. I am—I am alive from this—feel my heart? My soul is fed from this! You need food and water? I don’t need food and water—I need this. This is my sustenance. Priming me up for the next few years of thankless chanting and screaming into the void and polling and petitioning and ranting so loud my voice gives out. I saw a family of seventeen back there, grandma, grandpa, sons and daughters and spouses and their sons and daughters and they were marching with signs colored with Sharpie markers and they were chanting and they were crying and they were snapping pictures and they were changing the world together. Holy shit it was incredible. I nearly burst into tears, Kelly, I swear to Christ I did. Smell the air—it smells like sweat and deodorant and popcorn and determination, Kelly—the air smells like people who are tired of feeling their voices are not heard. The air smells beautiful, Kelly. This is beautiful, Kelly. And I am beautiful in it, Kelly. And so are you. We are all so beautiful in this march right now.

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

Amen, sister!

SOPHIA:

Amen!

KELLY:

Where is she?

SOPHIA:

Just breathe for a minute, will you? Just relax for a minute, Kelly. Smell—

KELLY:

Don’t tell me to smell, Sophia.

SOPHIA:

Well it smells fucking great!

MAN WITH STROLLER:

Excuse me, could you not curse in front of my baby?

SOPHIA:

Sorry.

KELLY:

(*to MAN WITH STROLLER*) She's just tired.

SOPHIA:

Whooop!

KELLY:

You told me she would be here, you told me Denise would be here and we could find her—

SOPHIA:

Of course she's here! Everyone's here! Of course we'll find her! This is, like, the ground zero of queer activism!

KELLY:

What does being queer have to do with it?

SOPHIA:

Everything! Activism is the rightful domain of queer people! We can picture a world in which everyone is treated fairly and equally. And if you can picture queer people with equal rights, you can also picture it for women and Black people and immigrants and Muslim people and Latinx people and Native people. Because queerness is a part of those struggles—queer people *are* women and black people and Muslim people and Latinx people and Native people—and fighting those battles opens you up to wanting to push back on the things that affect those communities—issues that might not seem like queer issues, but they fucking ARE, because queer people are affected by them: income inequality, and housing discrimination, voting rights and environmental protections and reforming the for-profit prison system. Queer activism is gateway activism! And this is the hub of queer activism! Right here, right now!

KELLY:

This march has nothing to do with being queer!

SOPHIA:

You're queer! I'm queer!

MAN WITH STROLLER:

I'm gay!

WOMAN WITH BALLOONS:

I'm pan!

RANDOM DUDE:

I'm straight but I once jerked off to gay porn, so that makes me a little bi-curious!

SOPHIA:

In today's world, being queer is form of activism in itself. Simply by existing out and proud is a statement about your moral code and your value system! Come on—haven't you had that talk with straight people? Haven't you shared your coming out story with the straight people in your life?

KELLY:

No, I—

SOPHIA:

Because every straight person you told that story to now sees queer people differently, I can promise you that. It's people like you telling stories like that that made it possible for marriage equality, for the trans rights movement, for nonbinary people to demand we use the pronouns they identify with.

KELLY:

I am not—
I am not—

SOPHIA:

Queerness is action, Kelly. Queerness disrupts the patriarchal power systems that have been in place for centuries—and all you have to do is BE. All you have to do is BE OUT.

KELLY:

I am only out for Denise!

(Beat.)

I am only Denise's girlfriend.
I haven't had other girlfriends.

SOPHIA:

You were straight before Denise?

KELLY:

Don't say it like it's dirty, Sophia. It's not dirty Sophia. I fell in love with a woman. I was open enough to fall in love with a woman. And before then, I wasn't.

SOPHIA:

Holy moly!

KELLY:

Stop.

SOPHIA:

Denise was your closet door!

KELLY:

Don't make fun of me.

SOPHIA:

That is amazing!

KELLY:
I don't want to—I don't want to talk about this with you.

SOPHIA:
Well, howdy do! Welcome to the lesbian club, Kelly! We love dogs and Birkenstocks and cunnilingus and we'll send you a gift basket with herbal teas and concert tickets to Annie Lennox!

KELLY:
Would you stop it?

SOPHIA:
This is fucking great!

MAN WITH STROLLER
Language, please!

KELLY:
Sorry!

SOPHIA:
Oh, my little lesbian, my little baby butch, my little budding flower, we will find her—we will find your Denise, and she will be here, and your reunion will be beautiful, and I promise you will be able to leave this march having found two things: your beloved Denise, and a community of like-minded people all passionate about the things you're passionate about.

KELLY:
What are you talking about?

SOPHIA:
This! I'm talking about this!

KELLY:
I don't care about this! What is this? A city full of people shouting at no one to do nothing? This doesn't change anything. No one is writing new legislation because of this march. No one's mind is being changed. This is just a chance for people like you and stroller guy and balloon woman and masturbating man to feel like your little voices are being heard. But they're not. Because no one is listening. Nothing is going to change because you get a few blisters on a Wednesday, do you hear me? Nothing is going to change because we're all getting sweaty on a city street in the middle of the fucking afternoon!

MAN WITH STROLLER:
Language! God!

KELLY:
Fuck you!
I don't care about this—I care about Denise! I care about finding the woman who left me and then came back but never came back to me. I am willing to talk about your political stuff and walk around the block with a few thousand strangers in pussy hats because I want to be her cause. I want her to

care about me. I called Bluepeace—I know she came back on that boat. And I want to find out why she didn't care enough about me to come home to me. I quit my job at Randy's Bar because I kept seeing her face everywhere. I stopped shopping at the Superfoods market. *I changed who I am for her*.
I am trying to find her because I know, once she sees me, she'll come back to me. She's my cause. Women's rights and gay people and teacher pay all that other stuff—that is not my cause. Denise is my cause. And I want to be her cause. I am going to be her cause.

(Beat. They walk in awkward silence. Maybe the WOMAN WITH BALLOONS exits. Maybe the MAN WITH STROLLER lags behind a little bit. SOPHIA is deflated, and furious about it.)

SOPHIA:
You want to be her cause.

KELLY:
Yes.

SOPHIA:
You think you're worthy enough to be someone's cause?

KELLY:
I know I am.

SOPHIA:
What are you willing to do to prove it?

KELLY:
What do you mean?

SOPHIA:
I mean, how far are you willing to go to prove to Denise that you want her back?

KELLY:
I've been walking around downtown with a bunch of sweaty strangers for the last three hours.

SOPHIA:
That's not good enough, Kelly.

KELLY:
Then what would be good enough?

SOPHIA:
We'll see.
We'll find out what will be good enough.

KELLY:
What does that mean?

(SOPHIA exits)

Sophia! What does that even mean?

(Blackout.)