

5.

(Lights up on SANDRA in her office. Before her, a white female student, CANDICE [the same actress who plays MISSY SUE]. CANDICE places Post-it notes on Sandra's board with a scheduling planner in her hands.)

CANDICE. The ones in pink are all of the office requests that came in today for students in your eleven o'clock. The blues are lunch requests that you haven't yet confirmed. Note this neon green one with Dean Whitfield. I thought you might want to pay special attention to that one, as his assistant has asked me to make it a priority for you.

SANDRA. Wow. That's a lot of Post-its.

CANDICE. I thought I'd try a new system. Since you completely hated the email folders I created.

SANDRA. I didn't hate them Candice. I greatly appreciated them. I just don't do well with hidden emails.

CANDICE. Or emails in general.

SANDRA. Okay, fine.

CANDICE. It's no problem, Professor. I appreciate being given this opportunity to work with you and earn extra income to put toward my room and board. This job saved my life, actually.

SANDRA. How's your financial aid coming?

CANDICE. I'll be cut off next semester because apparently my parents make too much money. Which is basically only about a thousand bucks over the required income cap. It's completely ridiculous, but whatever. I know I can't complain about anything anymore because, well, I'm white. So there's that.

SANDRA. Did someone say that to you? Or is this self-analysis?

CANDICE. It's said in subliminals. You get a feeling around campus with all the protests and rallies going on all the time that stuff is intense. No one wants to hear a middle-class girl's problems.

SANDRA. Social unrest doesn't mean you stop having personal problems. We live in a society of multiple realities.

CANDICE. Anyway, I'm aware of my white privilege so I don't have a problem with it. I know there's some stuff I'm not supposed to complain about. It's like when you want to take a twenty-minute shower but after ten minutes the dorm water just goes lukewarm and it's like, annoying as shit but I'm completely aware that kids in Flint are dying from a two-minute shower that's full of lead or like children in Taiwan have no running water whatsoever, so basically I just have to take the ten-minute shower and appreciate it for the mediocrity that it is.

SANDRA. Interesting comparisons.

CANDICE. Only sometimes after a really bad breakup with your high-school sweetheart who swore he'd stay committed to you for four years and then you'd graduate together and have six babies and suddenly he can't even last one month before calling you like – oops, I stuck my privileged dick in two sorority girls and I don't think I can be faithful for four years so let's just cut our losses now and avoid further damage. And I'm like, how are you measuring damage because I totally fucking picked this college to be closer to him and I could've had like a way better financial package if I stayed in-state but now I'm working like a slave – no offense – to pay off my fucking tuition and still have money for food and after this nuclear bomb-level of a phone call basically blowing up what was not much of a life in the first place, a measly ten-minute shower is just really not gonna fucking cut it. But maybe that's my privilege talking.