

SIDE B

ZOE. No you *do not*. That is my whole *point*, you don't get to say, *enough*. It keeps coming. Was I just imagining it, or did my sociology professor jump when I jogged past him in the street after dark? And will I ever really be safe if that's the kind of thing that happens *here*? *Here*. Is there anything for me to love about my country, any way for me to look around this country with love when everything is tainted, *everything*, and no one else seems bothered by it, everyone else seems happy as a clam – and I have the burden of seeing it for what it really is, *I* have to educate people, and *I* have to decide when to stop educating people –

ZOE.

And just let it go in order to stay likable and employable and *I* have to try to focus on my dumb and problematic assignments with all this shit racing through my head, and it's all *my* problem, how is that fair?? So here I am. In your

START office. This is your problem.

JANINE. Look, Zoe. You have made your point.

We will start the conversation again and I will do better.
Just – delete the recording.

ZOE. Don't tell me what to do.

JANINE. I can – I can look over the text of my lectures.

I can take another look at your paper.

ZOE. That's not really enough anymore.

JANINE. So what is? What is?

ZOE. Say, "I'm a racist."

(*Beat.*)

JANINE. The only assumptions I ever made about you were that you were capable of great work and able to handle honest conversation.

ZOE. Your work favors people of one race more than another. That's racism. So say it.

JANINE.

Zoe I'm sorry –

JANINE. Perhaps my work has had unequal effects.

ZOE. Say it.

JANINE. No.

ZOE. Fine, say – what was that thing? I have sinned.

JANINE. Peccavi.

ZOE. A little louder.

JANINE. Peccavi.

ZOE. Thank you.

JANINE. Are you satisfied now?

Do you want to hear that I've learned my lesson? I've learned my lesson.

ZOE. I want everyone else to hear that lesson.

JANINE. What does that mean "everyone else"?

ZOE. I'm going to release the whole thing.

JANINE. Fuck you.

Fuck you!!

ZOE. I think I have enough.

(*ZOE starts typing on her phone, taunting.*)

(*JANINE lunges at her, trying to grab the phone from her hand. They grapple for it.*)

(*ZOE shakes JANINE off just as JANINE manages to twist the phone away from her.*)

(*JANINE thumbs through the phone, trying to find the recording.*)

JANINE. Where is it. Where is it?

ZOE. It's too late. I hit send.

END