

[REDACTED]

ELLA. So about the doctor...

SONIA. Oh, God.

ELLA. Tell me about it. Does he know how you feel?

SONIA. No! I mean... I don't think so. I haven't, you know...

ELLA. Told him. Or shown him.

SONIA. Shown?

ELLA. You know...lingering glances. Casual touches. "I like you" code...

SONIA. No. Never.

ELLA. Never?

SONIA. Well...I just told him a story about butterflies, but it was a disaster.

ELLA. Ummm...

SONIA. What's the point? He loves women like *you*. And they love him. So what hope do I have? Even though I know I could be better for him than anyone else in the world. I could save him. I could give him everything he needs if he could just see past my stupid face and...whatever...and just...love me.

ELLA. What about what *you* need?

SONIA. I don't need anything! I have *too many* things! I want to give my things away. I'm out of room inside. I'm like an emotional hoarder. I have to give some of my heart to someone or I'm going to explode!

ELLA. Sonia, you have *no idea what you're talking about*. You can't just give and give and give even if it feels like you could. You're just *wrong*. And if you try to give give give to those that are willing to take take take...well, it usually doesn't end up so well. In fact, it *never* ends up well.

SONIA. Well, thanks. You've cheered me up tremendously.

ELLA. Now hold on...

SONIA. What, I'm just wrong and stupid and young and ugly and you're gonna be my friend by just pointing out how wrong / I am about *everything*.

ELLA. I'm trying my best to be helpful, to help / you see that you're not looking at this with the clearest eyes so you can

SONIA. Wait, here, take my swizzle stick so you can poke me in the eye, too!

ELLA. I'm trying to be / your friend and

SONIA. Shut up! Don't try to help me by telling me I'm bad and wrong!!! Being honest doesn't mean you have to be a condescending bitch!

Oh, God, I'm sorry. I'm just so, so, so unhappy. You can't make someone love you, can you?

ELLA. Well...

SONIA. Or maybe *you* can, but *I* can't. *I can't*. I'm just me. I'm just nothing but...*me*. I hate that so much.

ELLA. I'm so sorry you do.

SONIA. Life sucks.

ELLA. No it doesn't.

SONIA. Life *sucks*.

ELLA. No. It doesn't.

SONIA. Oh. Well... What does life do, then?

Ella searches for an answer...

ELLA. Uh... It... Ummm...

[REDACTED]

Sonia, you...
e and give and give...
And if you try...
ke to...
...willi...
...art end...