

She'll do this thing where I'll look over at her on like hour two of stopping a brain bleed or something and she'll just, like, wink at me? And I know it's like a half-joke but it's actually just what I need, you know? It gives me a little extra boost to keep going, because this job is so stressful and the stakes are so high, like keeping people on the other side of dying. She's so consistent and so grounded and so competent. And sometimes I find myself thinking, "Is this because she's a lesbian?" Or something? Like what is it about her life that allows her to, like, exude all this...amazingness? Is she, somehow, freer than me? And then I find myself comparing her to Cameron, like all the time. Sort of without my even thinking about it. But it's not like I feel that about anyone else but Cassandra. It's just her. So I don't know. It's just. It's so confused.

Beat.

FRANCISCO. You can be a lesbian, Kristina, it's okay.

KRISTINA. That's not the point, Paco! I'm just lost. I don't know what happened to me. I feel so far away from...what I understood about myself. It's like I don't remember why I made the choices I did or how. And I don't know how a pandemic can do that... I feel like... I feel like I died, which is an insane thing to say because I quite literally had entire rooms full of people die on me, so many colleagues. I mean, we had refrigerator trucks outside our hospital for weeks because there wasn't room enough.... But I feel like now I'm in this afterlife and before, there was the beforelife. And now I don't quite know... I can't quite figure out how to make them both work in my head. I can't quite figure out what one has to do with the other and I worry if I can't figure this out, I'll go crazy...

Beat.

URSULA. Do you want some pot?

Everyone gestures to Ursula like, "No, no, no!"

KRISTINA. No, Ursula. But that's very sweet of you. I just want my limo! Sometimes I think high school was the last time I really liked myself, that I knew what I was doing. I want to remind myself of what that was like—what it was like to feel smart and talented and full of promise and good at things and like I had a bunch of amazing friends! And, Ursula, you are coming with me!

URSULA. No, I'm not.

KRISTINA. Come on, Ursula! Please! You have to! Simon already cancelled! What do you think is going to happen? What's the worst thing that could happen?

Beat as Ursula stands and begins to gather various empty cups and bowls.

URSULA. Okay, listen: I really appreciate everyone's commitment to my coming out but I am starting to feel a little offended and I'd like you all to stop. I'm not entirely sure where this is coming from—I don't know if it's guilt, I don't know if it's pity—but rest assured that you didn't do this to me and you can't undo it and going to this reunion is not actually going to make me feel any better. I've been to many reunions before this. I know what happens. And I already have a hard enough time getting around crowds in daylight. I don't know what the lighting situation is going to be like there. So I'd rather not put up with any unnecessary discomfort. What's fun for you may not necessarily be fun for me anymore and that's alright. I'm so happy to just be here, doing this. I don't need anything else from my night. So just leave it alone, okay?

EMILIO. Okay...

Beat.

KRISTINA. (*A tantrum.*) No! Come on, Ursula! Come on, please! I don't accept that.

URSULA. Kristina, the answer is no!

FRANCISCO. Come on, Kristina. Relax.

Ursula exits inside to put things away.

EMILIO. (*To Francisco.*) Paco, will you jog my memory...

FRANCISCO. Uh-huh...

EMILIO. What did you and Caitlin even talk about? When you guys started chatting again?

Francisco and Caitlin share a look.

FRANCISCO. (*Laughs.*) Ha ha ha ha. All kinds of stuff.

EMILIO. Did you guys ever talk about the breakup?

FRANCISCO. Ha ha ha, I mean a little bit, you know?