

SCENE SEVEN: ONE NIGHT OUT

HALO at BRINN's house. Both are getting dressed for an evening out.

BRINN

How's this top?

HALO

It's good.

BRINN

You're not even looking. For real--does this make me look chunky?

HALO

You look great.

BRINN

Thank you. You're a rockstar, have I told you that? This is all I wanted. Warren's watching Elle and I have no curfew.

HALO

I have training at 7AM.

BRINN

On a Saturday? That's ridiculous.

HALO

I just can't do a super late night.

BRINN

Blow it off.

HALO

I don't want to.

BRINN

What if you get lucky?

HALO

Yeah, no.

BRINN

Come on. You've got to start again sometime.

HALO

I really don't.

BRINN

How long's it been since...

HALO

It's been none of your damn business.

BRINN

Better watch out. That shit closes up if you don't use it.

HALO

Thanks to the wonders of modern technology, I don't need a man for that.

BRINN

There's the line.

HALO

Progress.

BRINN

Crossed it without even looking.

Hey--remember how we used to sneak out to the Bluebird? Take over the jukebox until closing time? You loved dancing so much, I had to drag you out the door.

HALO

Got your fake ID?

BRINN

First round of shots are on you.

The cage transforms into a crowded dance night at a bar. Pounding music fills the space. There's the sense of claustrophobia--of other bodies pressing close.

The sisters dance: HALO with out-of-practice grace, BRINN with a certain give-no-shits energy.

Both are happy to be there. Happy to forget about everything except the music, the moving.

HALO dances with a BAR DUDE. She's grateful to have somebody to move with. He gets a little too grindy and she casually slips away.