

INT. BACKSTAGE ROOM - EVENING

A cramped greenroom with exposed pipes and peeling paint. Tara stands in front of a mirror, adjusting her jacket. Liam leans against the wall, arms crossed.

TARA
(practicing to herself)
"They call it progress. Call it inevitable..."

LIAM
You've given this speech before.

TARA
It works. Gets people fired up.

Liam pushes off the wall.

LIAM
Been fired up for months. Still losing our homes.

TARA
These things take time, Liam. Now we know we've got the board's attention-

LIAM
Attention? Is that what we're after? While they bulldoze my street a little further each day, like a bomb going off in slow motion.

TARA
We have to work within the system-

LIAM
So you say every time you give that speech. Way I see it, we're outside in the shadow of that fucking system.

TARA
If we get violent, we lose all credibility with-

LIAM
I lost the hardware store, Tara.

A beat.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Their construction crew ruptured a water line, cracked our foundation in half and insurance won't cover it.

TARA

Liam-

LIAM

My dad opened that store forty years ago. Is that "credible" enough for you?

Those people out there, they're not here for a speech. They're here because they're desperate. Desperate for something to change.

TARA

What exactly are you suggesting?

LIAM

I've been walking the construction site after dark. No security, lot's dry wood and heavy equipment sitting empty all night. Wouldn't take much to show them we're more than... words.

TARA

That's not what we do-

LIAM

That's not what you do. Maybe it's time someone else did.

A beat.

LIAM (CONT'D)

We're running out of time, boss. Lead us somewhere new, or keep preaching until there's nothing left. I'll see you out there.

Liam exits. Tara turns back to the mirror, her practiced speech forgotten.