

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION-DAY

FREEDA CRAWFORD (20s/30s) a very well put together woman, smiles into the camera that the wedding videographer beams in her face at the wedding reception of her ex. She's so put together, that one can barely see her coming apart at the seams.

FREEDA

Thanks for letting me wish the newlyweds well on camera. I was hoping to say this to the groom in person, but he keeps avoiding me, so why not make this declaration permanent on their wedding video?! Oh is it on already? (*Her fake smile gets even bigger*) Am I happy that Danny and Marcus got married today? *My college ex, Danny, and "he's just my roommate" Marcus, getting hitched in front of all of our friends? Am I happy that those "friends" snickered and whispered about me as I walked in here with dignity, and unfortunately, toilet paper stuck to the bottom of my shoe? (Glaring off camera at her shady "friends")* Would I have shown up to this wedding if I wasn't happy for them? You think I just came here to convince Danny he's just bisexual at best? That "gay" is nothing but a matriarchal construct meant to limit the male species and I wouldn't mind being his beard? That may have been my initial goal... but after giving it some thought, I'm thrilled for them. It's a relief, even! It means I'm memorable. 'Cuz, you never forget your first, or your last death threat. I used to text him "*If I can't have you, no chick will*" every day for the first year after we broke up. So, the proposal announcement on Instagram was a victory, because he didn't get with a chick, he got with a flamboyant rooster. So, Danny and Marcus, I wish you both love til death doth you part. But, if I'm being honest, I hope Marcus parts first. Ya feel me? Danny, call me. My bosom is perfect for crying into. (*Smoothing her dress and wiping her smile away*) No, but in all seriousness. I came here, albeit uninvited, to tell you a couple things. One -do you know how much Facebook-stalking I had to do to find out your wedding details? You should have just told me. You knew I was a private investigator in another life. And two -I'm not mad anymore. We all deserve happiness. Even cheaters and the Republicans. I've been soul-searching since we broke up, ya know? So much has happened in three years. While you were falling in love and traipsing around fancy Gay-berhoods, I was traipsing around grief. Not just my grief that I found a gray PUBE...and then ANOTHER ONE! AND THEN THREE MORE... but all the other stuff, too. Before, we always went through tragedies together. And all of a sudden, I found myself alone. You weren't there to hold me those nights I'd lay awake crying, because Alton Sterling, Philando Castile, Eric Garner and all those many many boys could have been my brother... if he wasn't already in prison for stealing all those pocket *hoo-hah*'s from the sex store down the block. And you weren't there to comfort me when the world said it's not just Black Lives that don't matter, but all the non-white, non-heterosexual lives as well when the country elected Donald Trump. And you weren't there when my mom died (*Tearing up*) for 3 seconds when Glenn died on *The Walking Dead*! She loved that character! I went through all those things alone, left to cry with snot filling my nostrils like Viola Davis in every role she plays, wondering what does happiness look like and if I'd ever be privileged enough to feel it. But then one day, I realized...in being alone, I'm also free. For once you, nor anyone else, was there to tell me I look better with a lacefront wig, eyebrows and a strap-on. I asked myself, eyebrow-less and edgeless -what if I was enough? What if I was

happiness, and happiness was me? And then, I just was. And you should be, too. So anyway, Danny, I wish you the best. Well, maybe not THE best. You still cheated on me with Marcus, and humiliated me in front of the entire school. So, I wish you medium-best! May you two live sub-par ever after. (*To the cameraman*) You better not edit any of that out.