

SIDE #1

Ginny + Brian

SMART PEOPLE

15

Scene 2

*(Lights rise on GINNY YANG, sitting at an empty conference room table, deeply in her BlackBerry.)*

*(BRIAN enters.)*

Start

GINNY. Good... I was beginning to think I had the wrong place.

BRIAN. Committee for the study of minority matriculation, retention, and recruitment?

GINNY. Someone was very proud of that. *(beat)* The meeting is supposed to be here right, twelve-thirty, right?

BRIAN. They changed it...

GINNY. When? *(looking through phone)* I didn't get any [message]...

BRIAN. Today.

GINNY. *(still scrolling)* I don't think so. I never got a... They didn't... *(sees it, shows him)* Oh. They changed it to

BRIAN & GINNY. 1:30.

BRIAN. Yes. I think they rescheduled so they wouldn't have to buy us lunch.

GINNY. Well then, you're early.

*(GINNY's always kind of half looking at or typing on her BlackBerry.)*

BRIAN. I'm hiding from my research assistants.

*(Beat, GINNY doesn't look up... she's BlackBerrying as though her life depends on it.)*

Does it not strike you as strange?

GINNY. I'm sorry?

BRIAN. I said, doesn't it strike...

GINNY. *(still only kind of looking up)* Strike you... I got that. Strange what?

BRIAN. Strange, that if they wanted diversity, institutionally, they wouldn't just hire some people of color, right?

GINNY. Absolutely. *(surprised agreement that yanks her out of her BlackBerry)* You didn't tell me your name.

BRIAN. Brian, *(beat)* White.

GINNY. Ginny – half Chinese, half Japanese.

BRIAN. Brian White.

GINNY. Of course. I see how I did that. *(beat)* So your work? *(back in it)*

BRIAN. Cognitive neuroscience. When I can get to it. Recently I've spent too much of my time teaching children.

GINNY. Children?

BRIAN. Yes, indeed, at the leading research institution in the world, I'm teaching 101 survey courses to undergrads. It's my penance.

GINNY. What did you do? *(deeper into BlackBerry)* Wait a minute, oh my God...you're that guy.

BRIAN. What?

GINNY. Your op-ed. You started that whole race fire-storm. *(She's impressed.)*

BRIAN. In the flesh.

GINNY. I should have recognized you...you're a big deal.

BRIAN. Are you googling me? In front of me?

GINNY. "White," the race guy, is that your real name?

BRIAN. Yeah. I get that a lot.

GINNY. *(beat – still googling.)* So, cognitive neuroscience...

BRIAN. I started in neuropsych... *(beat)* or maybe I could just let you...

*(Gesturing to her still googling, She sets the phone down, sheepishly.)*

I started in neuropsych, detoured through biology and sociology, and sort of migrated to neuroscience, where I stayed.

GINNY. Does one really "migrate" to neuroscience?

BRIAN. I did. *(beat)* And you're Ginny Yang. Psychology golden girl.

END