

I Hope They Hear Me

Written by:
Riley Sandoval

INT. an old timey bar on a stage - Night

RUTH

I hope they listen. I really hope they do. I hope that by standing on this stage I can finally speak, and make them listen. It's 1915 and I finally let myself wear pants. I know what the drum feels like, stuck in the background. Low and small, but still so loud. Hoping with all its heart, it can be heard. For too long I've been told to shut my mouth, put up my hair, and keep the house clean. When I hear that saxophone sing, with its sweet, raspy voice, I know I'm not alone, it's so shrill and strong, making its presence known. The rise of equality starts with us, together, we can change this world.

[THE CROWD OF WOMEN CHEER]

END



Anna Maria Warren's *Lady in a Bathroom*