

Scene 18

(Light on DEIRDRE.)

DEIRDRE. And in the olden days, that would've been that. It would all just fade away. They'd all get on with their lives. They'd go to college. They'd play football or soccer or lacrosse. They'd graduate, get jobs. They'd get married. They'd have kids. They'd live happily ever after. Everybody, that is, except for the girl who got raped and will never be the same again because when something that bad happens to you, you live with it for the rest of your life. It's with you every day. Always. But, hey, they're not thinking about her. They don't even really know her. She's an abstraction. She's a mistake. She's a thing that's getting in the way of their best-laid plans, a thing that's causing problems for them. So here's what they do. They don't say anything. They pinkie swear they'll never talk. And then they delete all the photos, all the tweets, the video, everything-. And they think that's the end of that. But it's not. Because this is where I come in.

(The sound of a computer booting up. The green glow of a computer screen.)

DEIRDRE. People think when they delete a post, when they deactivate their Facebook account, they think that's that. Done done and done. But it's not so simple. For someone like me, who knows a thing or two about computers, it's amazing how easy it is to retrieve just about anything-a deleted photograph, an incriminating text, a sexually graphic video you just wish would go away. It's amazing really. Everything leaves a trail, a residue. You follow it and voila: There they are-all the photographs, the texts, the video, let's not forget the video. You thought it was gone forever. But you were wrong. People like me will find whatever it was you thought you had deleted, whatever it was you wished would just go away. And here's the really nifty thing. I press one button and out it goes into the world.

(The sound of a click. And then the sound of a ping.)