

Candice lays back on the couch, eyes skyward as if she can see her fantasies playing out before her eyes.

CANDICE

It's hard to describe to someone who has never wanted it themselves. What it feels like to be so close to something, get a taste, and then have it taken away from you in an instant. I want to be famous, I'm not ashamed to say that. Is it selfish? Sure, but it's the truth.

Candice reflects, regret threatening to break through.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

I was so close once. I was only seven, but I still remember it. Strangers calling out your name, wanting to talk to you, other kids in awe because when they turned on the TV you were the one they saw. Until you've been there you can't know what it's like having a spotlight on you even on the brightest day, a shining light in the darkest night.

She sits up, a nostalgic breath as if the sensation is filling her lungs.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Even when everyone tells you there's no hope, you can't give up. I won't give up. It's all I've ever wanted.