

Lights shift as MARLA leads ASHLYN to an outdoor patio.

ASHLYN

I wasn't sure if I was coming or not.

MARLA

I was expecting you.

ASHLYN

Really? Did you...?

MARLA

(gesturing at THOMAS)

Not me. It was Thomas. Whenever he's at a social gathering, he can see the faces of everyone who will attend. Even the new ones.

ASHLYN

Is that all?

MARLA

That's all. Nothing earthshaking, but he's very helpful at deciding when to open another bottle of wine. (beat) And Charlotte is a little overbearing, but she's right about one thing. This is supposed to be fun. We're not changing the world here.

ASHLYN

What are you doing?

MARLA

(gesturing back at the group)

Becca knows the fastest route to get anywhere, without having to open her phone. Charlotte's husband Gary sees the color, but not style, of your undergarments. And Lisa knows your order before you even look at a menu. All of us, born with something special. But when you have something extra, all you can think to ask is, why was I given this gift? Why can't I predict disasters, or imagine cures for diseases? By what cruel twist of fate are we given the ability to know...nothing much at all?

ASHLYN

I've been asking myself that question a lot lately.

MARLA

And what did you come up with?

ASHLYN

That I should come here tonight.

MARLA

Which was the right thing to do. We come together, drink really nice wine, and tell stories about how our gifts intersect with our lives. And through the little changes, we start to get a sense of a greater picture. A world that is different because we are here. Affected, if ever so slightly, by our gifts. And also, it's just so boring keeping secrets. It's nice to have someplace to share.

What's your gift, Marla?
ASHLYN

I can tell who's gifted. Not what the gift is, just that someone is special.
MARLA

I don't feel special sometimes.
ASHLYN

But you are. That's why you're here.
MARLA