

EMILY

So. It's been about a month-month and a half since I got back home. But I spent the first, like 3 or 4 weeks holed up in my apartment. You know, I've always hated people stereotyping depressive episodes. Like, they're not all agoraphobia and suicide attempts. Although I guess I kind of was...But to be completely fair, I had a rough couple of months...Year. Whatever. In hindsight, I understand why going off my meds cold turkey was probably a bad idea. I don't really remember much. One second I was working the cash register at the Starbucks on La Cienega, and the next thing I knew, I had thrown coffee on a guy, knocked over a rack of mugs, and taken a bite out of every pastry in the glass display. It was like I blacked out the whole thing. I guess a screw in my brain came loose. I don't know. All I know is they banned me from every Starbucks for the rest of my natural life. That's how I ended up being forced to move back home. Okay, forced is a strong word...Strongly encouraged...And they put me back on meds. Stronger dose this time. Which is weird. I mean, it's not at all like how it is in movies. I don't feel emotionless. I'm not, like, a potato with bangs. But...I don't know. It's hard to explain. It feels...like, I'm cut off from something inside of me. The emotions are all still there; they're just not sitting in the back of my throat anymore. I don't feel like crying or punching stuff all the time. I think I just got used to being an emotional trainwreck. That's who I was, you know?

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't really know who I'm
supposed to be..
I'm sorry I forgot what the
question was.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I asked why you would be a good
addition to our team.

EMILY

Right.