

SEAN: Look, Helen. I know you don't have weekend plans. I get it. You remind me of myself.

HELEN: I do?

SEAN: You're smart. Probably too smart to be at this school. You see things differently. You see the potential in a program like this.

HELEN: Thank you.

SEAN: But that also makes you weird. There's something off about you. Do people tell you that?

HELEN: No.

SEAN: They're probably just being polite.

HELEN: Okay.

SEAN: There's something off about me, too. It's hard for us because we're a cut above the rest. I mean, I still barely have friends here. And when I was a freshman, like you, God. I had none.

HELEN: I have Naomi.

SEAN: Naomi? Naomi with the pink sweatpants and the O.C. poster? Come on, Helen. Naomi doesn't get you. I get you. And I know you're meant to be a part of this.

HELEN: I am?

SEAN: Oh, yeah.

*He holds up HELEN's notebook again.*

This is empathy. It's charm. But you're so nervous in real life. It's like... It's like you're a baby calf, not solid on your feet. Kinda wobbling around the pasture. But that computer screen goes up in front of you? Bam. That's it. You find your footing. And you're doing something good for people. You're creating a safe space for people to find connection. Where there's transparency. Where they know what they're getting into. You're a good person, Helen.