

CLARK

Maybe that...there's a world of people out there who are alone, hungry, and scared. They are abused, addicted, sick, suffering unimaginably...but nobody hears them except me. And even if others hear them, they ignore them. The world at large pays little to no mind about those people, so I have to. And I live with their cries for help ringing constantly in my mind. It's relentless. But those people don't get a break. Their pain doesn't get a break so I shouldn't either. So okay, yes, I'm sorry if I can't be present all the time. But let's see how present you can be hearing the pain of the world at all times. Or how easily you can take time off knowing how much people are hurting. This is just how it is. The world is dying and it needs help. I didn't want this job. I didn't ask for it. It was just given to me. So I have to do my best with it and unfortunately that means that I can't live a normal life because that's just who I am.

Clarks eyes find their way back to Reeves. He's unfazed. Almost proud.

REEVES

How did that feel?

Silence again, but Clark settles into his chair, tensions easing. But then...

REEVES (CONT'D)

Just so I understand, when you say "hearing the pain of the world..."

Clark freezes; realizes his phrasing. For a moment, he considers backtracking...

But no. Not this time.

CLARK

I mean what I said. I hear everything.