

Camilla

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WGA Registration # 2125838

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She closes the door and turns to see Camilla sitting on the couch drinking and smoking. Her eyes are puffy as if she had been crying all day.

She continues to walk toward her room.

CAMILLA
(silent)
How was your birthday?

She is unable to hear with her music turned up.

Camilla walks towards her and snatches the headphones out of her ears.

CAMILLA
You hear me talking to you!

PHYLLY
What?

CAMILLA
Don't you what me? You heard me talking to you.

PHYLLY
I didn't.

CAMILLA
I guess your father told you the news huh? How he's leaving us?

PHYLLY
He's leaving you, not me.

CAMILLA
Ha! Keep lying to yourself. He's not coming back. He don't love us anymore.

PHYLLY
He loves me, and obviously he's the only one that does.

Camilla grabs Phylly's arm hard.

CAMILLA
Is that what he told you?

CONTINUED:

PHYLLY

It's what I know.

She tries to pull her arm back, but Camilla grabs harder.

PHYLLY

You're hurting my arm.

Camilla looks at her, despising her.

CAMILLA

You think you're special, you're going
to get a hard dose of reality Phylly.
You ain't special.

She releases Phylly's arm, then steps back.

CAMILLA

And um, Happy Birthday.

PHYLLY

Can I go now?

Camilla walks back and plops onto the couch. Phylly exits to
her room.