

Sonny Beatz

Story By Greg Galloway

Written By Keisha Evans & Greg Galloway

WGA Registration # 2125838

(C) 2021 2-G Digital Media,
Inc.

ggalloway@2-ginc.com

She collects her payment from the manager and prepares to leave, but is stopped as she passes Sonny Beatz's table.

SONNY BEATZ

Ayo!

Phylly looks around then points to herself.

PHYLLY

Are you talking to me?

SONNY BEATZ

Yeah, come chat with me.

She walks over and takes a seat. The entourage looks at her, trying to read her.

SONNY BEATZ

Your performance wasn't bad. But I can tell it wasn't your best.

He offers her a drink. She quickly takes and drinks it.

PHYLLY

What could I have done better, sir?

SONNY BEATZ

Don't call me sir, I'm not much older than you.

PHYLLY

Okay.

SONNY BEATZ

You didn't seem comfortable, and to be honest I don't think it was a great song choice.

She downs the drink. He opens his hand to the bottle; allowing her to get more if wanted.

PHYLLY

It was an original.

SONNY BEATZ

I'm sure it was. If I were you, I would try to use the sultriness of my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNY BEATZ (CONT'D)
voice to my advantage through song-
choice. The more you feel the song,
the better it translate to the
audience.

PHYLLY
Thank you so much for your feedback.

The entourage laughs.

SONNY BEATZ
Just an observation.

She remains seated.

SONNY BEATZ
You can go now.

She quickly stands.

PHYLLY
Yes, of course.

The liquor finally hits her as she stands, and she becomes
dizzy but quickly shakes it off. She exits,

SONNY BEATZ
(to entourage)
These young girls want to be a star so
bad, but have no clue what it actually
takes.