

Waitress

Story By Greg Galloway

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WGA Registration # 2125838

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They enter his office.

MATTHEW  
Play me something.

PHYLLY  
I don't currently have anything  
recorded. I thought it was going to be  
a live audition.

MATTHEW  
Oh live, huh? Well you must be  
confident.

He folds his arm.

MATTHEW  
Well sing, I don't have all day.

She takes a moment trying to think of the best song.

She begins to sing acapella.

He stares at her with one arm folded and the other hand on  
his chin. They are interrupted by a waitress.

WAITRESS  
Phone call for you.

Phylly stops.

MATTHEW  
(to Phylly)  
Keep going.

Her voice shakes a little, but she starts from where she left  
off. Matthew takes the phone.

MATTHEW  
This is Matthew. You what? Listen this  
is unacceptable. We have a full house  
tonight, you can't do this. You know  
what don't bother coming in tomorrow  
night--

MATTHEW  
(gasp)  
Mother Fu!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Phylly's singing voice fades, she is unsure if she should keep singing or not.

Matthew massages his temples. Then holds his hand up for her to stop. He exhales.

PHYLLY

Was I that bad?

He looks at her one more time.

MATTHEW

Truthfully, I didn't like the song choice.

PHYLLY

I can sing a different song.

Matthew pulls a song sheet from his desk.

MATTHEW

The singer tonight is no longer available. This is the song she was going to sing-- we have a full house, all young. You sing this song and please the crowd, you got the gig.

Phylly takes the song sheet.

MATTHEW

You can stay in here to warm up, you go on in thirty minutes.

She nods. He exits.

PHYLLY

Thank you!