

Lost Confrontation
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CHENILLE, 33, stands in front of her car door. She wears all black in the hot Summer sun. Sweat fills her forehead within minutes. She pauses and stares at the front door. A sign reads: *Everyone's Welcomed At Mama's*

CHENILLE

Yea, right...

She looks over both her shoulders, wipes the sweat from her forehead, and walks up the path.

CHENILLE (CONT'D)

(Frustrated; to herself)

I can't believe I'm back here again...
And for this of all things.

Chenille reaches for the doorknob and pauses.

CHENILLE (CONT'D)

There's no way I can go back into this house. Not even for this.

Chenille turns and walks back down the path. She gets into her car and pulls off.

AMANDA, 32, sits at the dining room table. She glances at her watch. She takes a sip of her tea in between glances.

She taps her foot and takes another glance at her watch.

AMANDA

(Tight on her)

I knew it! I knew she wouldn't even show up. Leave it to Chenille to be selfish and not show up... again.

BRANDY, 20 and fresh-faced, enters.

BRANDY

Ma, why did Aunt Chenille leave? Did y'all start fighting again?

AMANDA

Chenille wasn't here. She never showed up... Like always.

BRANDY

Yes, she was. I just saw her car pull off!

AMANDA

What???

Amanda stands and runs to the window. She looks out, sighs, and walks to the table. She sinks down into her chair.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Why wouldn't she come in??? I just don't get her sometimes...

Brandy shakes her head. She walks past Amanda and

BRANDY

(to herself)

Maybe she didn't wanna fight with u again...

AMANDA

What did you say?

BRANDY

Nothing, Ma.

AMANDA

No, you said something. What did you say?

Brandy sighs. She turns and faces Amanda.

BRANDY

Ma, come on. Seriously??? You and aunt Chenille fight every time you're in the same room. And Grandma always took your side, even when you were wrong. Why would Aunt Chenille want to go through that, especially on the day she buried her mother?

AMANDA

You have no idea what you're talking about, okay!

BRANDY

Ma, you fight with everybody. Maybe I'm wrong... Or maybe not and you're just being you. Anyway, I have to go pick up Trecia. I'll call you later.

Brandy exits.

Amanda stares at the door.

FADE TO BLACK.