

A WRITER'S WORST FEAR

Cece Douglas

WILLA, 17-year-old girl

JACOB, 4-year-old male

THOMAS, Jacob's 5-year-old brother

WILLA stares down at the blank paper in front of her. She writes a few words, then stops and stares out the window. We follow her gaze and see JACOB and THOMAS playing in the street.

JACOB: Hey! You're hogging the ball!

THOMAS: I'm not; it's mine! It's mine, so I can play with it for as long as I want.

Camera pans out to WILLA again. WILLA smiles and rolls her eyes. She looks back at her paper. She moves her pencil as if about to write, then stops.

THOMAS: Hey! You scratched me! Say sorry.

JACOB: I didn't even touch you!

WILLA puts her hands over her ears, trying to block out the yelling.

THOMAS: Did too!

JACOB: Didn't!

THOMAS: Did too!

WILLA stares intensely at her paper. The boys' shouts are muffled, but still a distraction. She glances at her watch, and then stares back at the largely blank paper. WILLA writes: My Story by Willa Brown.

WILLA crosses out what she wrote.

JACOB: No, I did not! You're such a liar! Liar, Liar!

THOMAS and JACOB yell, their voices muffled. WILLA lays her head sideways on her desk. She straightens pencils, moves stationary around. Abruptly, she stands. The camera stays focused on her spinning chair as WILLA walks out of the room. The boys' muffled shouts continue.

After several moments...

JACOB: Hey!

The yelling stops. There is an eery silence. WILLA arrives back in her seat and picks up her pencil. She begins to write fervently. The camera moves out, and we see the empty street where the boys were.

THOMAS's ball rolls slowly down the street.