

3 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - ROGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

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ROGER FREEMAN [late 30s], a Black man always ready to make a deal, sits at the desk in his study, bluetooth in ear. He scrolls on his laptop looking at babysitter profiles.

SAMIAH FREEMAN [12], peeps into her dad's office. She lightly knocks on the door. He stays focused on the screen.

She knocks a little louder. He glances at her and then back to the screen.

ROGER

Hey, sweetie. I'm looking for your new babysitter as we speak.

Samiah enters and takes a seat in front of him.

SAMIAH

Thanks...but that's not what I wanted to talk to you about.

ROGER

(still scrolling)
What is it?

SAMIAH

Well, I--

His phone RINGS. The Caller ID reads: MR. LANG.

ROGER

Hold that thought.

Roger closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He opens his eyes, now in the zone, and answers.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Good Morning, Mr. Lang.

MR. LANG

Roger, how're you doing this morning?

ROGER

(into phone)
Great, sir. And yourself?

MR. LANG

Good, good. I'll keep this short, Roger. As you know, the firm is looking to raise one of our junior partners to senior partner by the end of this month.

A proud grin stretches across his face as he continues scrolling.

SAMIAH

(whispers)

Dad...

He continues on his phone conversation. She looks around the room and spots the white board and markers and makes her way to them.

MR. LANG

Now, there are a few junior partners that the board is looking at, but I can confidently say that, my money is on you.

Samiah shows him the board: "I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING." Roger motions for her to hold on a second. She erases and starts again.

MR. LANG (CONT'D)

You're one of if not THE best lawyers at our firm.

ROGER

(into phone)

Why thank you, sir.

She shows him the board: "IT'S IMPORTANT." He reads it, nods, and motions to hold on a little bit longer. Samiah sighs. She erases the board and tries one more time.

MR. LANG

Your success rate with clients not only keeps long-lasting clients but brings us new ones as well.

Samiah flips the board. It reads:: I think I got my period.

ROGER

(re: the board)

Aw shit.

MR. LANG

I'm sorry?

Roger turns his attention back to the conversation.

ROGER
(into phone)
Nothing, sir.

Roger motions for her to give him a minute. She exits.

MR. LANG
Look, Roger. I know it's been a rough year for you, but making senior partner is something that can benefit you and your little girl. A shot like this only comes once in a lifetime.

Don't screw it up.

ROGER
(into phone)
Yes sir, understood.

Roger smiles, still coming off of his high from the phone call. He looks at the office door and sighs. DING! A notification pops up for a babysitter applicant. He opens it and examines the file.

His eyes dart around on the screen, looking at every inch of the profile. He moves the mouse over and clicks "Hire Now". The name of the babysitter profile reads: CAMILA.

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INT. CAMILA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

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Camila walks to the kitchen, tying her hair back. She grabs her coffee mug and sits in front of her laptop. The waiting room for a zoom call occupies the screen.

Camila's eyes dart across the screen, waiting for something to happen. She sighs, looking down at her watch. She gets up

to leave when the laptop BEEPS with a notification that someone is waiting to join.

She sits back down, takes a few breaths.

CAMILA
(to herself)
It's all good. You got this. This won't end up like Paola.

She pulls her notepad of babysitting tips next to her. Camila accepts the call. The name on the screen READS: SaMiah. The screen remains black.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Hi, SaMiah? Are you there?

SAMIAH
I'm here.

CAMILA
Do you want to turn your camera on?

Camila stares at the screen, waiting for a response.

SAMIAH
Not right now.

CAMILA
Oh ok.

Camila attempts to look at her notepad, nonchalantly, but is completely obvious.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Well, my name is Camila. It's nice
to meet you.

SAMIAH
You too.

Camila glances down at the notepad.

CAMILA
So what do you like to do for fun?

SAMIAH
Are you looking at notes?

Camila scratches her head.

CAMILA
What? No?

SAMIAH
You have babysat before right?

CAMILA
Uh, yeah. I'm just--a little off
because your camera isn't on. Maybe
if you turned it on this wouldn't
be so bad.

Camila waits for her to respond. A few seconds pass and the camera turns on. SaMiah sits at her desk in her room.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
There's that pretty face. And wow,
look at your room. I love it.

SAMIAH
You're just saying that.

CAMILA
No really, I promise. My baby
sitting notes say not to lie so.

Samiah cracks a smile. Camila notices something in the
background.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
What do you have on your bed back
there?

Samiah looks back at it - a small stuffed bear with a red
bowtie. Samiah's smile fades at the sight of it.

SAMIAH
His name is Red. My mom gave him to
me.

CAMILA
Oh yeah? And where's your mom right
now?

Samiah looks down, a lot of painful memories flooding her
mind. Camila picks up on it.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
I think about my mom all the time
too. She died when I was young.

Samiah glances up at her.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Whenever I thought about her, I
could only think about how she
wasn't here anymore. But then I
realized that those memories and
talking about her is how you keep
her alive, with you. So if you ever
want to talk, I'm all ears.

Samiah faintly smiles.

SAMIAH
Was that in the babysitting notes
too?

They both smile.