

Smoke Screen
by
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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JULIA, 30s, and spitting mad, confronts, PATRICK, 30s.

JULIA
(hitting him)
You son of a bitch! How long!?

PATRICK
It's not that simple.

JULIA
(hitting him each time)
How! Long!

PATRICK
Two months! I've been seeing your
sister for two months.

She's shocked. That long?

JULIA
You know, when I heard the message
about your weekly appointments I
thought for a moment you two were
having an affair. I thought the
whole hating-each-other-from-day-
one was just a big smoke screen.
(beat)
But it's not. Is it?

PATRICK
No. We pretty much still hate each
other.

JULIA
So what would compel you to go to
my sister? My one-of-the-best-
oncologists-in-the-country sister,
and keep it a secret from me?

PATRICK
Julia, I--

JULIA
Say it!

Beat.

PATRICK
I have cancer.

Pause.

JULIA

How long?

Beat.

PATRICK

Six months. Maybe more.

She hits him again. Freezes a second, torn between running, and grabbing hold of him. Fighting tears, she grabs hold.

JULIA

You son of a bitch.