

CAMILLE BARKER is 25. She doesn't fit in a restaurant - more in a brothel. Huge hoop ear rings. Excessive make-up. Long nails. Tight clothes. Micro mini skirts. Her phone is stuck in her exposed cleavage. She chews gum.

MARIA  
(straightens the table cloth)  
So, you want the job of a waitress?

CAMILLE  
Yah.

MARIA  
(inquisitive)  
Right. Tell me about yourself.

CAMILLE  
Like?

MARIA  
(re-straightens the fork and knife)  
Anything to help me decide if I should give you a job?

CAMILLE  
(Cynical)  
Oo-kkkay.

The glint in her eyes reveal she will be outrageous.

CAMILLE  
Sometime in June 1990, a stupidly, drunk woman stumbled into a pub in Rainham. She was totally smashed ... Giggled non-stop.

Maria looks on. Assimilating the story.

CAMILLE  
Unsolicited, she took off her top. Shook her chest at the lads ...  
(a beat)  
Someone switched off the lights. When the lights came on five minutes later ... she was starkers on the pool table, her knickers in the pocket. Someone had taken advantage of her. No one knows whom.

Maria looks on horrified.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
The woman was my mother. I am the  
product.

Maria stares at Camille dead shocked. Empathetic.

CAMILLE  
Want to know more?

MARIA  
(disturbed)  
No! No more!

Maria waves Camille away. Just eager for Camille to be out  
of her sight.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Er - Go! Just go! Go start with the  
tables.

Camille stands. Walks away.

Maria straightens the salt and pepper containers. She  
definitely has O.C.D.. Her character trait.

MARIA  
(sympathetic)  
Poor child.

Maria casts an empathetic glance at Camille.

MARIA  
(after camille)  
And get rid of the nothings you're  
wearing. Customers are here to eat!

CAMERA ON CAMILLE

CAMILLE  
(pleased with herself)  
Fake sob story. Always works.