

CHIOMA

Dad, look at you, showing up after all these years like you're some kind of savior. Do you really think you can just waltz back into my life and pretend everything's okay? Well, newsflash, it's not. I've spent more than half my life without you, and now you decide to grace me with your presence. \*

(IN IGBO)

You abandoned us, left Mom and me alone to deal with everything. And where were you when she needed you the most? Oh right, nowhere to be found.

She pauses, taking a deep breath before continuing.

CHIOMA (CONT'D)

You have no idea what I've been through.

(IN IGBO)

Mom passed away, and I was left alone, broken, and desperate. I ended up in this convent, a supposed sanctuary. But you know what? It's just another hell I've had to endure.

Her eyes fill with pain and anger as she recounts her past

CHIOMA.

I've carried burdens that no teenager should bear. Nights filled with tears, haunted by memories I can't escape.

(IN IGBO)

You weren't here to protect me, to shield me from the monsters that lurked in the dark corners of my life.

She looks directly at her father, bitterness in her voice.

CHIOMA

And now you want forgiveness? You want me to welcome you back with open arms? You weren't here when I needed you when Mom needed you. You're too late.

(IN IGBO: Ugbu a ì chọrọ  
mgbaghara?

(MORE)

CHIOMA (CONT'D)  
 ! chOrO ka m were aka  
 mepere emepe nabata gi  
 azu? ! nOgh! ebe a mgbe m  
 chOrO gi; mgbe mama m  
 chOrO gi. ! bjara n'oge)

Her expression hardens as she reveals the darkest truth.

CHIOMA (CONT'D)  
 You know Sister Theresa, the nun  
 who's been taking care of me? The  
 one who's been guiding me through  
 this mess you left behind? Well,  
 she's the reason Mom is gone.  
 (IN IGBO)  
 A hit and run. Your precious Sister  
 Theresa killed her, and I've been  
 biding my time, waiting for the  
 right moment.

Her tone turns cold and calculated.

CHIOMA (CONT'D)  
 I'm only here at this convent to  
 make sure Sister Theresa pays for  
 what she did. And you, Dad, you  
 played a part in this tragedy. If  
 you had stayed, if you had been  
 there for us, maybe Mom would still  
 be alive. So, don't expect me to  
 forgive you.  
 (IN IGBO)  
 The damage is done, and I've got my  
 own justice to serve.