

"ELYSE"

WRITTEN BY ANJUN JIA

EXT. ELIZABETH STREET GARDEN - AFTERNOON

It's sunny out. ELYSE (23) a gentle calm gorgeous woman, sips from a teacup while perched on a public park chair.

She has fully lost it, but in a nonchalant & subtle way.

She speaks to the one god she believes in: herself.

ELYSE

You have no idea the lengths I'm headed to enact my vengeance.

I've been betrayed by a fatally manipulative woman whose disregard for my humanity or anyone else's besides hers knows no ends.

She violated me in a way no court of justice could properly address, that no advocates could amend on my behalf either.

Traditional methods will not suffice as long as it's her we're talking about. No.

There's no getting past the fact that I'm the one to handle this.

I will deliver no later than two weeks from now a murder so clean, I don't care if they catch me.

It would be an honour to be remembered as the one who ended Margo Smith, my ex best friend.

Her continued existence only continues to harm my subconscious.

To know that today she walks free, escaped from the consequences of the hell she put me through.

She's irredeemable, unsavable, a change-resistant vessel of insecure dizzying hatred disguised as human and she knows it.

Elyse regains her composure. She looks to the sky, feeling a moment of childlike wonder. Then mischief.

ELYSE

(sips tea)

Margo, the world is watching.

I will stand on the right side of history by making sure you cannot inflict upon anyone else the absolute fuckery you did to me.

I gave you ten, twenty, thirty second chances too many.

Had I a shred of self-respect when we were younger and close I would have arrived at this conclusion before things got so much worse.

It's my fault you're still alive.

I accept full ownership for my fatal error of leaving you be, I take accountability for enabling your endless evil out of fear.

My bad. I forgive myself for letting a deeply damaged person take advantage of me, allowing you to jostle me out of my own journey so that you could feel superior.

Your presence is parasitic. Your new good friends are falling into the same trap I did. I pity them.

You've missed your chance at redemption. You're not sorry. You know exactly what you did. Bitch.

You stole my love for life, my peace, my ability to trust.

No hope remains for restoring the love we had. The only happy ending is one where you're obliterated.

Then and only then can I heal.

I plan to kill you, or die trying.

END