

LOVE IS MURDER

Written by

Gina Rose Drew

Based on the book by C.H Lyn and Tracey Barski

EXT. EMPTY CITY STREET - NIGHT

Dim streetlights cast long shadows. A FIGURE walks ahead – smooth, casual, arrogant.

ZOE (V.O.)

The average pedestrian takes a hundred and twenty steps a minute. His was a leisurely ninety. A stroll. A man who owned the world. Or at least, the three blocks his trust fund paid for.

Each step echoes on the pavement in rhythmic precision.

ZOE (V.O.)

That asshole swagger of an over-inflated ego. So sure he could never be anyone's target. Every step announcing his douchebaggery to the world. Douche-bag. Douche-bag. Douche-bag.

She bobs her head like its the beat of a song.

ZOE (V.O.)

Keep walking. Keep that beat. I need to count myself in for my solo.

The figure slows, sensing something. She calls out softly.

ZOE

Hey.

He turns. Smiles.

Then confusion. Sharp. Sudden.

A blade slides cleanly into his stomach.

ZOE (V.O.)

I wouldn't claim it gave me a thrill, watching his mouth curve up at the sight of me. Or the crease of confusion as my knife slid smoothly into those obsessively cultivated abs.

He collapses. Still.

ZOE (V.O.)

No. The thrill came from knowing he couldn't hurt anyone else again. That I was taking out the trash.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - LATER

She drags a large TRASH BAG, glossy and heavily scented, toward a row of GARBAGE CANS.

She seals the bag. Ties it tight. She hauls the bag into place beside the other cans. Checks her watch. She glances around. Nothing. No one.

She wipes a smudge of blood off her LUCKY SWEATER.

ZOE (V.O.)

Fuck, I got blood on my lucky  
sweater.  
Again.