

"DOES LOVE LOOK PRETTY ON ME"

By

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FADE IN:

**IN THE WRONG HANDS, YOUR PAST IS A WEAPON**

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Belladonna Stands in the middle of an empty flat alone. In it is two paintings, one directly in front of her, a painting of God and one directly behind her, a painting of the Devil. There is a door on her right and to the left of the door is a small table that has a cracked screened phone and another phone in a red case. Belladonna wears a long dress that drags behind her blending in with the blood that surrounds her on the floor. She holds a red rose with a long green stalk in the grasp of her tight hands. Her wrists bathed in red whether it be because of the deep scratches on her wrist or from the body soaked in blood that lies on the ground before her.

BELLADONNA

I warned you not to come back here, you  
did this not me. I was but a mere innocent  
that you took into your arms and crushed.

Belladonna walked forward, her back crooked as though she wasn't sure she wanted to, as she walked her heels looked as though they were gliding just above the blood. She stood above the body glaring down.

BELLADONNA

If you had heeded my warning you would not  
be so helpless on the ground. HA!  
Helpless! You! Look at yourself now, oh  
sorry you can't. Because your Dead!

She laughed with a big smile on her face, her eyes tearing, and her cheeks tainted with a light pink colour. She looks straight towards a photo of God holding a baby in his arms, then rolls her shoulders back, straightening her back.

BELLADONNA

What have I become? What have you turned  
me into? I swear I am not the Devil.

She turns behind her to look at the painting of the Devil then grins.

BELLADONNA

For I am not wearing black nor do I have wings.

She jolts her neck quickly, looking down at the body, she gracefully bends her knees flexing out her arms as she balances the red rose on the body's bicep.

BELLADONNA

This is the last rose you gave me, and the first I give to you. It will symbolize the passing of you but to me, the beginning of a new life. One where no boy will tell me what I can or cannot do. Not even you!

She yells pointing at the painting of God. Her hair falls in her eyes. She does not move. She waits patiently then rips the top half of her dress from her revealing a black crop top underneath. The half ripped dress now dangles over the lower part of her looking as though she is just wearing a skirt.

A phone chimes making her loose concentration. She sighs then slips out of her shoes and walks over to the small table. She picks up the red cased phone and looks at the it then places it down and picks up the cracked screened phone. On it reads:

JARED. HEY BRODY YOU BETTER GET OVER HERE WE GOT A BIG POBLEM!!! THAT IDIOT PETE TOLD BELLADONNA THAT YOU FILMED YOU AND HER DOING IT! THAT CRAZY BITCH IS PROBABLY PISSED SO GET OVER HERE SO WE CAN COME UP WITH A PLAN TO DUMP HER ASS AND GET A SIMPLER BABE.

11.17PM

BELLADONNA

Yeah no duh.

Belladonna dropped the phone on the floor then walked over to the body again. She gave the forehead a kiss then undid the bottom half of her dress. Underneath she wears black knee length tights. Walking to the door she rubs her feet on the only clean carpet left in the room then as she opens it she gives the body one more look.

BELLADONNA

Adios Amigos.

And with that she leaves the room empty. The cracked phone buzzes again, and again, and again. Then the red cased phone rings.

FADE IN:

**I SHOULD HAVE...**

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Belladonna walks down a dark street feeling proud of herself. Her shoulders back, back straight and a big smile on her face. She reaches her hand down to the rim of her tights. Her smile fades away.

BELLADONNA

Oh Shit!

FADE OUT:

THE END