

Misfortune of Others

by

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FADE IN:

INT.INTEROGATION ROOM.POLICE DEPARTMENT- EVENING

EDITH KEEN, a 25 year old woman with a domineering, manipulative and loyalist personality walks into a police department and talks about a murder that nobody's aware of.

She sits behind the desk, alone, staring into the glass in front of her, aware she's being watched.

EDITH

In my mind he was already dead. I ended it. It was done. Not over, done. And if what I know is true and he really is dead, then I guess...

The ring on her finger, she realises its still there, and so she slips it off casual like. Pushes it to the centre of the table.

EDITH (CON'T)

They say if two people are meant to be together they'll find their way in the end. They should add...
(smiles)
if they're lucky.

She gets up, paces back and forth, counting her steps, smiling at the glass like she's in the middle of a photo shoot. She centres herself, lost in her reflection.

EDITH (CON'T)

I'm going mad aren't I? Am I? Am I going mad?

Her demeanour changes, she sinks into herself, like somebody's punched a hole in her hole.

EDITH (CON'T)

It feels like it doesn't it? Particularly when everything is closing in, coming close, so close...

She fixes her hair, ensures nothings out of place.

EDITH (CON'T)

I might be wired stray, hence the madness, rescuing me... maybe, possibly, probably, betraying him.

She comes forward, touches the glass.

EDITH (CON'T)

You're not alone, he says. I'm not alone, I doubt. In my mind if that were true...

She laughs obsceneley, ventures back to her seat. Before she looks up again she makes sure she's proper: posture upright, hands on the table, eyes wide.

EDITH (CON'T)
He would still be here.
(screams)
He would be here! He would be here!
He would still be here!
(punches the table)
Dammit!

She laughs, this time desperate to cry.

EDITH (CON'T)
I haven't earned many tears in
life, just the laughs... because
this is supposed to be funny. It
was funny to him. I let him in...
and he laughed at me!

Silence.

EDITH (CON'T)
In my mind I ended it. I left,
because rage found me and then saw
him.
(smiles dangerously)
This is a commiseration not a
confession.

FADE OUT

THE END