

Kill Me  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. ELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bottle of sleeping pills sits on a stylish night stand.

The DIN of late night television can be heard. An infomercial perhaps.

ELLE, (44), a thinking man's beauty, tosses and turns in her bed before getting up to go to the bathroom. As she does, she stumbles and falls to the floor.

Her view of the room spins and her eyes close.

Three days later, she wakes up to blinding sunlight. Struggling to get up, she runs to the bathroom to vomit.

EXT. SAFETY NET UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

A chilly November morning typical of Northern California hosts Elle as she bounces a couple of times in a large safety net. After a couple of dramatic bounces, she stops and lays on her back, completely still.

She looks around in stunned shock and disbelief.

A CROW circles overhead, looking for a place to land.

The bridge looms above, the net stretches wide around her and the wind blows hard. She begins to LAUGH, tentatively at first, but then with complete abandon until she is nearly hysterical.

The crow has landed on a ladder about twenty feet from her. It CAWS loudly and unrelentingly until she quiets and looks over.

ELLE

Oh my God. Shut up!

The crow continues to CAW and Elle, annoyed, makes her way on all fours in its direction.

It continues with the ballyhoo and Elle focuses on getting to it to somehow make it stop.

She reaches the ladder with the boisterous crow almost in arm's reach.

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ELLE (CONT'D)

Can't you just give me some  
goddamned peace, you little  
asshole? I'm having a pretty bad  
day.

It stops for a minute, watching her with its black eyes.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Thank you. God.

She looks over her shoulder, contemplating a way to get  
out of this net and jump to her demise as planned.

The crow starts up again with seemingly more fervor.

Elle is furious.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Oh, that is it, you little prick!

She starts to climb up the ladder, the crow keeping up  
its vocal assault.

As she nears the top rung, the crow flies away.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, you better fly  
away. Dickhead.

Elle ungracefully dismounts the ladder and gets to her  
feet.

EXT. DESERTED ROADSIDE - DAY

HUGO, (39), brooding, durable, street smart, samples hand  
guns from the back of a flashy SUV with the help of a GUN  
VENDOR, a consummate professional who clearly knows his  
business.

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Elle pours herself a cup of yesterday's coffee and puts  
it in the microwave, whose clock reads 6:43 a.m..

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elle sits down on her couch and turns on the TV in her  
messy living room. The LOUD RUMBLE of cement mixers can  
be heard outside.

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She turns up the VOLUME on the TV.

The BEEPING of a truck backing up prompts another increase to the television volume.

A few seconds later, an unbearably shrill DRILLING NOISE starts.

She gets up and walks over to the window, struggling to get it open. Several CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are going about their business below.

ELLE

(to the workers)  
Hey! Excuse me?!

There is no response.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Hey! It's 6:30 in the fucking morning. You can't start til 7. Do you hear me? Hello!

No one can hear her.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm talking to you. I will call the city. I will report you, you fuckers!

Still not being heard, her anger escalates. She stomps out of the room.

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Elle stands at the open window framed by Victorian style wooden shutters.

She holds a large bucket of water with ice cubes floating on top, as she peers mischievously to the street below and the workers there.

She swings the bucket back and smiles.

As she releases the bucket it hits one of the shutters and the water surges back and soaks her.

Drenched, she SHRIEKS.

EXT. STREET BELOW ELLE'S WINDOW - DAY

Having heard the scream, a construction worker looks up inquisitively.

INT. ELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

A large open floor plan, tastefully decorated with elaborate make-up displays through out. The staff is youthful and predominately female with a smattering of hip, beautiful gay men.

People buzz about hurriedly.

Elle, dressed professionally, with her hair pulled back and glasses on, sits at her computer.

CLEMENTINE (24), perky, optimistic and chock full of idealism stops at Elle's desk, drinking a green juice.

CLEMENTINE

Hi, Eloise, how was your weekend?

ELLE

Great, thanks, you?

CLEMENTINE

Oh, really good! On Friday Dan took me for dinner at this really beautiful French restaurant overlooking the bay. We ordered the foie gras and it was to die for. So romantic.

ELLE

Yeah, nothing says romance like the overstuffed liver of a goose that's been controversially force fed his entire life for the consumption of the oblivious and entitled.

Clementine nods and smiles, eager to continue with her story and totally missing the sarcasm.

CLEMENTINE

Then on Saturday we hiked to the waterfall at Mount Diablo. It was life changing.

ELLE

Really? It changed your life?

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CONTINUED:

Elle sips her coffee and continues to scroll through her e-mails.

CLEMENTINE

Then, yesterday was my big sister's baby shower so I got to spend the day with my family and friends. Don't you just love weekends?

ELLE

They're amazing.

CLEMENTINE

What did you get up to?

ELLE

Oh, let's see. On Friday I went home and ate a large cheese pizza while stalking my exes new girlfriend on Facebook for about three hours. After reading and analyzing every comment and like that she's received and sleuthing out most every person who offered up those comments and likes, I obsessed over her photos trying to figure out if she really *is* that fit, or if she's using the magic of photo editing. Then, exhausted from the sheer exhilaration of it all, I went to bed around 9:30 but, because it was 9:30, and not actually a reasonable time for an adult to go to bed, I woke up at 3 a.m. So I got up and dragged my ass through Saturday, doing the usual myriad of adult drudgery, like on-line bill payments, cleaning the bath tub, sorting the recycling, et cetera.

Clementine's eyes wander. If ever she had interest, she's lost it. Elle finds this amusing and carries on as such.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Then on Sunday, I went to visit my mom in the home I've had to put her in, due to her rapidly advancing dementia. That was particularly uplifting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLE (CONT'D)

Especially when she screamed like a banshee for security and then claimed that I sexually assaulted her when they showed up.

CLEMENTINE

I think I saw some of those yummy gluten-free bagels in the break room. Do you want me to grab you one?

ELLE

Wait, don't you want to hear about my morning?

CLEMENTINE

(nervous and  
confused)

Cinnamon raisin, right?

Clementine walks away quickly, smiling and greeting everyone else she sees in her path.

Elle's eyes flood with tears. She takes a picture of she and her ex out of her desk drawer and looks longingly at it. She quickly shoves it back and closes the drawer when she hears her boss, REBECCA (35) vapid, with more interest in her wardrobe than her career.

REBECCA

How are you? You look tired.

ELLE

Oh, uh, no. I'm fine. How are you? We still meeting at ten for the marketing book?

REBECCA

Yes, you're brimming with your usual caché of bright ideas for the spring launch?

ELLE

Oh, yeah, I worked on it all weekend. Lots of good stuff.

REBECCA

That's great Elle. Like I always say, when you can't do something yourself, hire someone who can.

Rebecca walks away. Elle freezes for a minute as these words sink in.

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ELLE

Huh.

She rolls her chair back in front of her computer and types in: "How to hire a hit man" into the search engine.

She is surprised when several thousand results pop up. As she is deeply immersed in reading them, MITCHELL (28) whip smart, stylish and flamboyant, reads over her shoulder.

MITCHELL

Finally gonna off the ex? 'Bout time, girl.

She closes her computer.

ELLE

Mitchell. Hey. How was your weekend?

MITCHELL

Is that a rhetorical question or are you just trying to change the subject?

ELLE

No, I *really* want to hear about your weekend.

MITCHELL

You lie like a cheap toupée but I'll tell you because, as you know, I never pass up the chance to talk about my favorite subject, *mò*i.

Elle almost smiles.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

On Friday I was wearing the azure blue satin pants from Tom Ford's spring collection and I know, I know, it's November, but my ass is comparable to the statue of David in those pants and believe me sister, it does not go unnoticed.

She glances at her watch.

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MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Am I boring you? You know I don't give a shit if I'm boring you, right?

ELLE

No, I just have meeting.

MITCHELL

Well then don't ask me questions you don't have time to hear the answers to, lady.

ELLE

Gimme the abridged version.

MITCHELL

Brunch. Beach. Bars. Blowies.

ELLE

Oh, to be a young gay man in San Francisco.

MITCHELL

I know, right? I won the karmic lottery. I think in a past life I was a lot like Brad Pitt in *12 Years A Slave*.

ELLE

I haven't heard you compare yourself to Brad Pitt since *Legends of the Fall*.

MITCHELL

I don't mean physically, come on. Angelina and that swarm of immigrant children aged him like 40 years. I mean he was, like, a really good person in that movie.

ELLE

Didn't see it.

MITCHELL

Yeah, don't bother. Fassbender has his pants on the whole time.

He gives her two thumbs down.

ELLE

I gotta get to this meeting.

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CONTINUED: (5)

MITCHELL

Hey, if you want to hire a  
(whispering) hitman, you need the  
dark Internet.

Elle leans in, intrigued.

ELLE

What's that?

MITCHELL

Google is the Hannah Montana of  
search engines. You need Miley  
Cyrus for this.

Elle is intrigued.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I'll send you a link.

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elle lays on the couch. A near empty pizza box sits on  
the table along with half jug of chocolate milk.

She scrolls through the page of MOLLY BURTON (31), a  
gorgeous and fresh-faced wildlife photographer.

Molly's profile shows multiple breathtaking shots of  
exotic animals, herself with a functional-looking family,  
a couple of hot but modest selfies, and one of Molly with  
a dozen or so orphans.

The caption reads: "Children are a gift from God."

Elle fixates on this shot before walking over to the  
mirror.

She imitates Molly's facial expression and holds out her  
arms as if the orphans were with her.

She puts on a sickly sweet voice.

ELLE

(imitating Molly)

Children are a gift from God.

She stops and gets closer to her reflection, examining  
her skin as though she is a detective not liking what she  
sees.

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ELLE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She goes back to the computer and continues to scroll. She gets to a photo of Molly with her arms around TOM (45), Elle's ex boyfriend. They gaze at each other like teenagers in love.

Elle slams her computer shut. She takes a long swig of the chocolate milk and feels sorry for herself for a minute before opening her computer again.

She goes to the link Mitchell has sent her and downloads the TOR browser allowing her access to the dark web.

She looks surprised by how easy it is.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Huh.

She types in: Killers for hire.

Dozens of results pop up.

She clicks on one. Grotesquely comedic ads frame it.

*Crocodile eats toddler while mother cheers.*

*Sheep prostitutes aim to please.*

*Still beating human hearts at your door in two hours or less.*

She grabs a pen and jots down a number on the pizza box.