

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAMILLE, late 20's, emotionless, sits slumped on the couch, staring at nothing, phone in hand.

The sound of FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING. ASTRID, 28, enters the apartment.

ASTRID  
Camille? Camille, I'm here!

Astrid enters the living room and sees Camille.

Camille looks up, makes eye contact with Astrid, and begins to cry.

ASTRID (CONT'D)  
Oh, Camille. What happened?

Astrid sits beside Camille and puts an arm around Camille. Camille speaks through choked sobs and puts her head in her hands.

CAMILLE  
He killed my brother, Astrid. He killed him.

Astrid sighs with an annoyed expression.

ASTRID  
He? He who?

CAMILLE  
The killer, Astrid! He killed my brother.

Astrid rolls her eyes. Speaks under her breath.

ASTRID  
So the killer is a he, huh?

CAMILLE  
I just got off the phone with Detective Lewis...They just found my brother's body in his office...my brother is dead... my whole family is gone. I have no one."

Camille looks at Astrid and takes Astrid's hand in her own.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I mean, I have you! You've been here for it all...  
(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I can't thank you enough for being here with me, Astrid. I know how annoyed you must get having to come here so much...You really are my best friend.

Astrid smiles a half-hearted, tight-lipped smile.

ASTRID

It'll be okay. You'll get used to having no one else to care about. Honestly, it's easier.

Camille sharply turns to look at Astrid with a stunned look on her face.

CAMILLE

Why would you say that?

Astrid shrugs. Her tone is light.

ASTRID

Because it's true. There's nothing wrong with not having anyone to care about you.

Camille continues to cry, leans her head back on the back of the couch, and stares at the ceiling. Her voice is soft.

CAMILLE

No one cares about me...

Camille wipes away her tears, stands, and walks out onto the balcony.

EXT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Astrid stands and follows Camille out onto the balcony.

ASTRID

I mean, really, now that everyone is gone, you don't have to keep mourning about losing people. Really, they did you a favor.

Camille starts to speak through sobs. Her voice is frantic.

CAMILLE

Astrid...I don't know where this is all coming from, but it needs to go back!

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I just lost my brother, my only family left, and you're saying the person who murdered him and the rest of my family did me a favor?

ASTRID

I mean, yeah, I'm trying to get you to see the bright side of things. Every time this happens, I come in here and sit with you while you sit and wallow in your misery, and I'd prefer to avoid that this time.

CAMILLE

Why are you being like this? You've been so amazing. I can't understand why you're saying these things... you've never been that person. Sure, sometimes you can be distant, but you've been amazing since this began.

Camille begins to cry again. Astrid has an expressionless look on her face.

ASTRID

You're right. I apologize.

Astrid puts her hands up slightly in surrender.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Did they find the gun yet?

Camille begins to rub her temples and closes her eyes.

CAMILLE

No, the-

Camille stops abruptly, turns toward Astrid slowly, and stares at her. Astrid furrows her eyebrows with a confused look on her face.

ASTRID

What?

CAMILLE

...I never said he was shot.

Astrid freezes and begins to stutter and mumble.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

How'd you know he was shot, Astrid?

ASTRID

I-uh-I meant to say murder  
weapon... the gun was the only  
thing that came to mind.

Astrid laughs nervously. Camille's tone is suspicious as she  
stares at Astrid.

CAMILLE

Oh... interesting; out of all the  
murder weapons you could choose,  
your brain went straight to that.

ASTRID

Yeah, you know I've always been  
good at guessing.

Astrid smiles nervously.

CAMILLE

My family was murdered in a unique  
way every time... not a single  
similarity, and you expect me to  
believe you're just 'good at  
guessing'?

ASTRID

Camille, I-

CAMILLE

You were the last to see my mother  
alive; you were only 10 minutes  
away at a cabin near where my  
little sister was drowned, and now,  
somehow, you just miraculously  
guessed my brother was shot?

Camille turns around and faces the balcony, her back to  
Astrid again. Camille begins to speak with a sarcastic tone.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I guess you were just in the wrong  
place at the wrong time, right?

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I've ignored the possibility for so  
long. It was you... wasn't it? You  
killed them... you killed them all,  
and you've just been coming over  
here to what? Celebrate? Was I just  
your sick form of an after-party?

Camille turns back to Astrid. Astrid points a gun at Camille.

ASTRID

Well... at least now I can stop  
coming over here, pretending to  
care about you. It was exhausting.

But you said it yourself, Camille; I'm your best friend. Your  
very best friend.

The scene goes dark, and a gunshot is heard, and a thud as  
something hits the ground.