

1.

*Elizabeth Sawyer. Alone. A light tight on her face. Her aria. A moment out of time.*

START ↓

ELIZABETH

I'm not arguing for the end of the world but  
then again maybe I am. *This* one, anyway.  
The hard stop.  
The full re-set.  
Burn it all down and start over.

I imagine you're not sure about this,  
you might think I'm jumping the gun.  
Fair enough, full disclosure: I've had a rough go of things.

Wherever I go, people are like: "Oh there's the witch of Edmonton"  
they're like: "you made my cow sick"  
they're like: "you made my thatch burn."  
And then the whispering!  
Say I'm in line at the well, with everybody else.  
If I turn around, the whispering stops. Dead silence.  
I'm like a disease that only I seem to have caught.  
I'm like a plague of locusts that's just one locust.  
I look in the mirror in the morning and I'm like: Hi, locust.

It gets inside me, if we're being honest - we're all porous creatures.  
I have a Fuck Off face, most of us do, but that's no real barrier  
to the ceaseless everyday grind.

I'm not saying I don't have a grudge, because  
I do, clearly, I do have a grudge.  
But does that detract from my argument, or is it just an added texture?

I understand -  
you're hesitating right now,  
you're like: *Is she kidding, is she serious, is she crazy,*  
- and those are questions. They are valid questions.  
But they are not the *right* questions.  
Here is the single question that you should be asking yourself:

*Do I have hope that things can get better?*

And if you do, then ignore me. You're fine.  
But if you don't...  
then maybe this is where we start.

↑ END