

FULL POTENTIAL

Written by

Andie MacGrawl

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bustling and packed. Soft chatter and clinking dishes. ELENA, (30s) sits across from LUCY, (30s). Elena is nervous, gesturing animatedly as she talks, while Lucy sits very still, intense, and with a polite tight smile.

ELENA

I'm sorry - I'm rambling, aren't I?

LUCY

Not at all.

ELENA

It's just... you're the first person I've gone out with since...

She sighs, looks as though she might burst into tears.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Rip the band-aid off, right?

LUCY

My favorite method. Tell me about her. I really want to know.

ELENA

Well, she's just selfish really. Always thinking she can buy my love with fancy stuff. Honestly, I felt like I was suffocating under all her rules. Like if she was going to bed I had to too. If we were going out she'd tell me how to dress.

LUCY

You deserve someone who values you and sees your full potential.

ELENA

I know, right? All I wanted was for someone to listen to me, make time for me. She is a true narcissist. I looked it up and it's her to a T. Same as my Mom.

Elena's cell-phone buzzes.

LUCY

Is that her?

ELENA

Yep.

(reading the text)

But it's too little too late!

Elena shoves the cell-phone under a menu.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I don't need her.

LUCY

You don't.

ELENA

Thing is, it kinda' scares me being on my own.

Elena's cell-phone buzzes again.

LUCY

Maybe you should turn it off?

ELENA

(glancing at text)

Oh, no. It could be something important.

Elena taps out a quick reply, then with an exasperated sigh she slaps the phone down on the table again.

ELENA (CONT'D)

So, tell me about you.

LUCY

(leans forward, softly)

Well, I...

The phone buzzes once more.

ELENA

I just wish I had the resolve to never speak to her again.

LUCY

You really shouldn't respond.

ELENA

Yeah, I know. I'm weak. I should stand up for myself. Next time there's not going to be a dog.

Elena scrolls through photos on her phone, shows Lucy a pic of a furry white mutt.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Andie MacGrowl, that's her name, and she's the cutest thing, but do you know how demeaning it is to pick up shit all day? Aliens must be thinking: What the fuck is it with these humans?

LUCY

But you wanted the dog, right?

ELENA

Nah. I just didn't want Stacey to get it. My lawyer told the judge it was a support animal.

LUCY

Clever.

Elena smiles warmly at Lucy, reaches across the table and puts her hand on Lucy's.

ELENA

You're really lovely, you know that? And such a good listener.

LUCY

I've been told that.

ELENA

So, why aren't we talking about you?

LUCY

Well, I...

Elena looks Lucy up and down clearly checking out her physical appearance.

ELENA

I'm into hyper-feminine women usually, but I think it's time I started to look beyond surface stuff, you know?

Grabbing her phone, Elena brings up a photo on her FB page.

ELENA (CONT'D)

That's Stacey, and that's my Mom. Look at them, you can tell, right? Narcissists.

The phone pings again. A querying glance from Lucy.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I know, I know. It's like she thinks she owns me or something.

LUCY

Just sever all communication. It's the best way, believe me.

ELENA

Right. I need to stop this dysfunctional behaviour cause that's what it is, right? I just don't know how.

LUCY

Clearly these people in your life are preventing you from reaching your full potential.

ELENA

You're so right! Will you help me?

Elena leans forward, squeezes Lucy's hand, and looks deeply into her eyes.

ELENA (CONT'D)

It's been the longest time since anyone has made me feel truly good about myself, thank you.

LUCY

You're welcome.

ELENA

You are exactly what I need in my life. I can feel it. Someone to help me take back control of my life. No more being dictated to by others - first my Mom, and then her.

Lucy gives a tight little smile.

LUCY

Yeah, that's just not right.

ELENA

Yeah! Time for me to reach for the stars. Will you help me?

As if on cue, Elena's phone pings again. As she reaches for it, Lucy places a hand on hers to stop her.

LUCY

Starting now, right? Are you  
absolutely sure you want my help?

ELENA

Yes! I do. I have a good feeling  
about you.

Lucy nods, this time the tight little smile reaches her eyes.

INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

Elena, in her pajamas, opens the front door to find an  
extravagant bunch of flowers, and a gift-wrapped box.

Her phone pings and a smile lights up her face as she reads a  
text message: *Just a little something to get you started on  
this new chapter in your life. Lucy xx.*

Elena breathes in the scent of roses. She grabs a pair of  
scissors, brings the box to the table, slices the tape and  
lifts the lid.

Instantly she recoils, stumbling backwards. Tripping over a  
chair she falls hard to the floor.

Staring back at her is STACEY'S SEVERED HEAD, caught in the  
moment of its death throes, eyes bulging, mouth agape,  
wrapped in heavy plastic smeared with blood.

Elena screams.

Shaking she gets to her feet, frantically drawing curtains  
and reaching for locks to snap shut.

As she reaches the back window and looks out onto the yard,  
she spots Andie MacGrawl, suspended by its collar and hanging  
from the clothes-line, blood matting its white fur.

Elena's legs give out and she screams again, a primitive howl  
- curtailed only by the ringing of her phone.

An 'incoming call' from "DAD". Elena lets it ring and ring,  
not daring to pick it up. She sits back and sobs, *NO!* Notices  
at that moment a folded gift tag peeking out from beneath the  
flowers. In red font it reads:

*Was this too much...? I just want  
you to be happy and to reach your  
full potential. Lucy xx*