

Option B:

Cold Blooded Murderer by Elisa Thompson

[Elizabeth is being interviewed by two police officers. She has just confessed to murdering 6 girls.]

Elizabeth: You want to know, I suppose, what turns a nice little girl like me into a cold blooded murderer. You want the truth? You want to know why I did it? Why I killed all those girls? It's because I like it. I don't expect you to understand what it's like. You have no idea. To hold someone's life in your hands. To be in control. There's always that moment of acknowledgement between a killer and their victim. That instant when she realizes your power, and she looks at you and you look at her, and she pleads with her eyes. She begs for mercy, for her life. And you have a split second to decide: To save her, well that's great. You could give her her life back, give her back to her family and friends, the people that love her. But to kill her... That's something different. To remove her from this earth, to take away the thing that most value above all: Her life. Now that's real power. None of these girls deserved their lives. Look at them! The musician, the actor, the writer, the dancer, the artist, the model. None of them appreciated what they had. They were the best. And that meant nothing to them. I've never been the best. Always smart, but never the smartest. Pretty, but never the prettiest. Talented, but never the most talented. But despite all this, I always thought I was special. I thought there was something inside me, lurking within, that would make me great. I've never been content with the idea of simply living my life, dying, and being forgotten. That's just not me. I want to be remembered for my achievements. And I will be, won't I? sure, you're disgusted by what I've done. You're horrified, you think I'm a monster. But I can guarantee that you're not going to go home to your boring lives and just forget me.