

# Confrontation

Megan Hilty

You bitch

What did you call me?

You heard me

I see that someone is improving their vocabulary

You think this is a joke?

Oh dear, is this where you let me have it?

You little traitor

Keep it going, Helen

You don't scare me

I never liked you (Oh, please)

I used to fear you (You needed me)

But now I see you (Jealous much?)

You're just a worthless (Oh?)

Pathetic nothing (That's rich)

Who ruins everything you touch

This bit is cute

Though you could use a few more tears

Try being mute

That worked so well for 20 years!

You took everything away

Don't waste my time

This ends today!

I'll die before I let you disrespect me

I came here to get what's mine (You can never have my life)

Come too close and I will break you (You're weak)

Speak to me like that just one more time; I'd like to see you try

Ernest

Stop! Helen!

This is what she deserves. You vicious, loathsome...

Ah!

Oh my god

Oh my god, what do we do?

What do we do?

What do we do?

Oh my god, what do we do?

Uh, I don't know...

Check her pulse, is she breathing?

No, Ernest, can't you see?  
Her neck is snapped, her spine is cracked, her leg is—eugh...

Oh my god

What do we do?

Let's run away together

Shut up, Ernest!  
Don't be stupid!

Let's buy a boat in Hawaii and name it "We're Murderers!"

Look, we talked about killing her before, I mean, this is even better than my plan, this looks like a real accident!  
Now, after I go, you call the police and tell them you were in here reading when you heard a terrible scream—ah—and you turned, just in time to see Madeleine fall down the stairs...

Why are you leaving?

I think it may raise a little suspicion if they find your ex-fiancée here with your current wife dead

Right, right, you're right

You can do it, Ernest, be strong  
Just wait for the police  
As soon as they arrive, they'll assume that she fell  
Then the coroner will take her, and you come to my hotel  
But don't call  
'Cause if you call  
Then the police might come as well  
But if you don't it will be perfect, Ernest  
Everything is perfect, Ernest  
Everything is perfect  
La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la la-la-la-la-la  
Why aren't you la-la-ing with me, Ernest?

Helen, you pushed me down the stairs

It's alive!

How? What—how...

Siempre viva  
Siempre viva  
Siempre viva  
Siempre viva

But—Mad! Your neck! It's twisted!

Ernest, I think I need a doctor

I have a secret you would die for