

Stacey strides toward her office building, heels clicking, coffee in hand. She looks every inch the professional --- focused, polished, untouchable.

A familiar voice cuts through the street noise.

DONNA

Well, well. Look at you. Playing
dress-up like you run this city.

Stacey stops cold, her jaw tightening. She turns to see Donna leaning against a lamppost, silk blouse, oversized shades, smirk dripping venom.

STACEY

What the hell are you doing here?

Donna pushes off the post, sauntering closer.

DONNA

Just checking out the competition.
Seeing what Brian thinks is so
special.

STACEY

You stalking me now?

DONNA

Don't flatter yourself. You make it
easy. Everything's on your social
media --- the lattes, the outfits, the
date nights. You practically begged me
to show up.

Stacey glares, cutting back with no hesitation.

STACEY

And here you are, proving exactly why
Brian's done with you. You can't stand
not being the center of attention.

Donna's smile fades just enough to show the sting.

DONNA

Careful, sweetheart. You're only
keeping his bed warm because I haven't
signed those papers yet.

Stacey steps closer, her voice sharp, low, and unflinching.

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STACEY

Then sign them. Or don't. Either way,
he's still mine. And you? You'll still
be standing out here like some washed-
up sideshow, trying to scare me.

Donna's eyes flash.

DONNA

You think you've won because you got
him cooking dinners and playing house?
Please. Brian's been through me. He'll
get bored of you the second he
remembers what real fire feels like.

Stacey doesn't blink.

STACEY

If "real fire" means chaos, lies, and
destroying everyone who gets close to
you, then yeah --- I'll pass. I don't
need to act like a victim to hold onto
him.

Donna smirks, but there's an edge now, her control slipping.

DONNA

You sound nervous. Maybe you're not as
secure as you pretend.

Stacey leans in, her eyes cold.

STACEY

I'm not nervous, Donna. I'm patient.
Keep pushing, and you'll find out I
fight dirtier than you ever could.

For a beat, the women lock eyes --- steel against steel.
Passersby flow around them, unaware of the quiet war
crackling in the air.

Donna finally breaks into a faint, bitter laugh.

DONNA

Guess Brian's got a type after all.

Stacey turns to walk off. She is walking towards the building
digging in her purse for her badge. A infertility pamphlet
falls out and she doesn't notice. Donna casually walks over
and picks it up.

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DONNA

(looking at the pamphlet)

Well, well, well. What do we have
here.

She closes it and puts it in her purse with a smirk on her
face and walks off.