

Part II: Bea

Part II: Bea begins with a sense of disorientation that even writing can't fully soothe. Putting thoughts on paper is Bea's only way of processing the impossible—what her life has become since Blanche's death. Her best friend is gone, and the man she once trusted with her future might be responsible. That realization hasn't stopped echoing in her head since she woke up locked away, alone, in a hidden room of her own home. Everything about the room reminds her of Eddie—his planning, his taste, his control. The panic room had seemed like an odd luxury at the time, an over-the-top addition he'd justified with charm and practicality. Now, that very room has become a prison, and the man who held her close with love in his eyes might be the same man who murdered Blanche and trapped her like a criminal.

The shift in perception is so dramatic that Bea struggles to believe it herself. Even when Eddie brings food and supplies, his silence is louder than any explanation could be. Each visit reinforces the sickening truth—this isn't a misunderstanding. He's not here to explain. He's keeping her locked away, deliberately, and whatever the reason, it has nothing to do with love.

Bea's thoughts return to that final dinner with Blanche, trying to trace the steps that led to tragedy. The dinner was supposed to be a celebration, a warm evening between lifelong friends. But underneath the clinking glasses and shared memories was a new tension. Blanche wasn't herself—too thin, too sharp, and hiding bitterness behind third margaritas and passive jabs.

What stung most wasn't the judgment about Eddie. It was Blanche's refusal to be happy for her. Instead of joy, she offered skepticism; instead of support, she delivered warnings. Bea had wanted to give her friend a moment—like the ones she'd seen in movies—where news of a proposal sparked squeals and hugs. But that moment never

came.

As they sat across from each other at La Paz, Bea felt the shift—Blanche wasn't just skeptical. She was resentful. She questioned Eddie's intentions, mocked the quick engagement, and refused to use his name, reducing him to "that guy." Her dismissal hurt, but what cut deeper was the sudden realization that Blanche may not want what's best for Bea—she may want what Bea has.

Bea didn't want to believe it at first, but the signs were there. The cold glances. The forced compliments. The jealousy wrapped in concern. Blanche, once her fiercest protector and biggest cheerleader, was now the one undercutting her happiness.

Still, Bea tried to smooth things over. She reached for connection, even asking Blanche to be her maid of honor in an attempt to salvage what was left. But even then, Blanche couldn't let her have the win. Her final words dripped with condescension—implying Bea's love wouldn't last, mocking the ease of her life, as though success had made her soft.

That night might have been the turning point. Not just for Bea and Blanche, but for something else—something darker. Bea keeps circling it in her thoughts: was Eddie already planning something? Did he see the fracture between the friends? Did he sense that Blanche's disapproval might be a threat?

Now, in this room, Bea doesn't have the luxury of doubt. Each detail of that weekend becomes fuel for survival. She replays it not to mourn—but to analyze. To understand.

She's starting to notice patterns in Eddie's visits. The rhythm of his footsteps, the way he avoids eye contact, the small things he forgets—like that she likes her bananas green, not speckled. Those details once felt like love. Now they feel like mistakes she can exploit.

Bea isn't ready to scream. Screaming won't save her. But thinking might. And if she can stay focused, if she can write it all down, maybe she can find the thread that unravels whatever Eddie is hiding.

She's not ready to call him a monster—not yet. But if he is, then she'll have to become something just as ruthless to survive him.

