

TRUTH HURTS

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

VICTORIA, 45, anal-retentive bully, pops open her eyes when she hears a CRASH outside her bedroom door.

VICTORIA
John, is that you?

JOHN, 47, clumsy man-giant, enters, ducks down from the door frame, rubs his forehead.

JOHN
I've been waiting for you to sense me.

Victoria pinches her nose.

VICTORIA
I don't know about sense, but I sure do smell you.

John shows off a CAN OF FEBREEZE from his back pocket, douses himself in the aroma.

JOHN
You can smell again? It's a miracle!

He hugs Victoria, tears streaming down his face.

VICTORIA
Honestly, I understand you wanting to celebrate I'm not sick anymore, but please, put the can away! I'm gagging over here.

JOHN
Gag, yell, shout! Let's wake up the whole neighborhood and celebrate.

VICTORIA
I'd rather keep this joy to ourselves tonight, so, if you shower, I'll shout, yell, and gag privately.

Victoria gives her best sexy wink.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Jus. For. You.

JOHN

Let's just settle down and be happy with what we have. Be in the moment.

VICTORIA

You're right, honey. That's why I love you!

John fidgets, looks around the room.

JOHN

Victoria, in the spirit of um, honesty... there's been something I've been wanting to tell you.

Victoria sits up, squints her eyes at John.

VICTORIA

What is it?

John looks away across the room. Victoria rolls her eyes.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Just say it. I can handle it.

John sticks his hands in his pockets, moves them around, nervous.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Do you have a goldfish or something in your pocket?

JOHN

You're dead, and I gave away your annoying dog.

VICTORIA

You got rid of Keanu?

JOHN

You don't care you died?

VICTORIA

I figured I was a goner as soon as I smelled you.

John, pissed, turns on the lights of the bedroom.

Victoria looks down at her translucent body, runs a hand through herself.

John whistles to someone outside. A CATHOLIC PRIEST enters.

JOHN
Hit it, padre.

The priest throws holy water on Victoria. The droplets go through her body like bullets.

VICTORIA
Noooooooo!

PRIEST
Go in peace, restless spirit!

Victoria's jaw hangs open as she disappears into the ether.

John and the Priest stare at the empty bed, then each other.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
So that's Keanu's previous owner?

JOHN
And mine. You hungry?

FADE TO BLACK.