

TRUTH BE TOLD

by
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FADE IN

SHOT IN CLASSIC B/W

A HAND holding a business card. It reads: TELLER FREEMAN
Life Coach.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TELLER FREEMAN, thirtysomething, sitting at his desk, wearing a sharp suit and slicked hair, staring into a mirror with his hardened glare.

The SOUND of the door opening. He does not look up.

TELLER
What can I do ya for?

A dainty, feminine reply:

VOICE (O.S.)
(distraught)
I found your card and I just
thought--

The soft voice catches his attention. He looks up. LACEY JEREMIAH, thirty-something sits down in the chair in front of his desk, weeping. She clutches her purse sitting on her lap with a herbivore reticence.

Behind her is a projection on the wall of a RAINY DAY. Depicting her PSYCHOLOGICAL LANDSCAPE that neither character can see.

TELLER
You thought what?

LACEY
I thought that maybe you could help
me?

TELLER
I don't usually do things without
an appointment sweetheart, it's bad
for business.

LACEY
I'm sorry to barge in like this,
maybe I should leave.

She stands.

TELLER

Not so fast kido. I'm a reasonable man.

She sits back down.

LACEY

Thank you Mr. Freeman, I've been told you that are very different -- very straight forward and honest that is.

TELLER

I'm the guy you all love to hate.

LACEY

(meekly)

I see.

TELLER

Suppose you start from the beginning? Cigarette?

He offers her one from a silvery case. She refuses. He takes one, puts it between his lips.

LACEY

That's my problem ya see. I don't know what's wrong with me? Oh it's just ridiculous!

PROJECTION ON THE WALL: Lacey is BLIND, her arms are stretched out, aimlessly trying to feel her way around. Though she can't see that shes's in a wide open space.

TELLER

I know what your problem is. You're missing something.

LACEY

May I have a cigarette now?

Teller opens the case, she plucks one out. He lights it for her and then lights his own. He takes a pull, the burning RED ember glows. He's watches her take a drag. The ember doesn't flare.

LACEY (CONT'D)

You're right Mr. Freeman. I do feel a bit lighter these days.

PROJECTION ON THE WALL: A hand opens a wooden chest. Nothing is inside.

TELLER

I know what's wrong with you.

He stands from his chair walks over to the window and glares out the venetian blinds. An EMERALD GREEN hue slides over his eyes.

TELLER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

It's almost unbearable out there
isn't it?

The walls ILLUMINATE. This is what Teller sees: CLIPS of the Daily News, depicting war, murder, environmental issues, politics and religion.

LACEY

It sure is.

TELLER

Well kid, the only lost-and-found-box for souls that I know of, is these.

He turns to her and holds up his fists. A WHITE GLOW radiates from them.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Rats like you come in here all the time, and expect me to tell ya some sorta esoteric meaning to life, when all you need to hear is the truth damn it.

LACEY

You can't speak to me like that.

TELLER

Wait a minute now, let me finish.

(takes a long drag, sits back down)

I'm gonna tell you what I tell the rest of 'em... problem is you don't see what I see.

He turns the mirror on the desk around. Lacey glances into the mirror.

LACEY

I don't know what you mean.

TELLER
You ain't looking hard enough
sweetheart.

She stares into the mirror. Suddenly the word ANTAGONIST surfaces on her forehead. She quickly turns the mirror away.

TELLER (CONT'D)
Hard to swallow isn't it?

She gets out of her chair and exits the office in a heap. The projection ON THE WALL is of Lacey running away, down an empty road. Teller kicks back in his chair. Takes another long drag.

TELLER (CONT'D)
That's what's wrong with half the world, can't see that they're part of the problem.

He turns the mirror to face us.

FADE OUT