

Too Good to be True

by  
No name

Copyright 2021

FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL HOME, RESTROOM - DAY

YOUNG WOMAN (20's), dressed for the occasion, she hurries to a vanity mirror holding an urn. Places it on the counter next to her. An inscription on the urn reads:

JOHN SMITH 1949 - 2019 LOVING HUSBAND

She looks in the mirror, adjusts herself. She grabs the urn and enters the stall, locks the door behind her.

A beat.

HEATHER (50's) widow, and JANET (50's) bestie, enter consoling each other, they stop at the vanity mirror.

JANET

It'll take time.

HEATHER

It was just so sudden.

JANET

That's how fast it can happen, one minute your on the tee, the next minute...

Heather buries her head, Janet rubs her back.

HEATHER

He was a horrible golfer.

JANET

What a way to go.

HEATHER

Yet, he went four times a week, was paying an instructor too.

JANET

Hubris Heather, mans pride or somethin' You know what he was good at?

A look of pride washes over Heather's face.

HEATHER

I know...

JANET

Being your husband...

They wail and console each other, it's over the top.

FLUSH

A beat.

The young lady exits the stall holding the empty urn.

She tosses it to Heather.

WOMAN

Wrong answer.

Heather and Janet stare into the mirror in complete shock. The young woman adjusts herself, fixes her face and casually exits the restroom.

FADE OUT.