

CATHERINE

What...

VICKI

Listen.

CATHERINE

The Fuck.

VICKI

This is tough...

CATHERINE

Is going on.

VICKI

I can explain.

CATHERINE

I just saw my body.

VICKI

Yup.

CATHERINE

Downstairs.

VICKI

That's where you went.

CATHERINE

Riddled with bullets. My body is riddled with
bullets downstairs.

VICKI

It was actually just one gunshot.

CATHERINE

...What?

VICKI

Sarah just shot you once. Looks like she hasn't
gotten rid of your body though. Not yet, anyway.

CATHERINE

What does any of that even mean?

VICKI

Sorry! I'm...whoo, not used to this. Really. I mean, at least not...actual conversation, cause it has been a while let me tell you.

CATHERINE

Would you shut-up and tell me what's going on?

Vicki is nervous.

VICKI

At the same time?

Catherine looks as though she is about to yell some more but Vicki interrupts her.

VICKI

Okay, okay, okay! Sorry...umm...what's your name?

Beat.

CATHERINE

Catherine.

VICKI

Catherine. Cool. I like it, classic. Um...I'm Vicki.

CATHERINE

I know.

VICKI

Right, you know. And you also know that I died.

CATHERINE

Supposedly.

VICKI

No, I did. I died. It was shitty. And now...so have you.

This sinks in.

CATHERINE

What?

VICKI

You're...dead. Murdered. By the same person who murdered me, it looks like.

CATHERINE

So I'm...

VICKI

A ghost, yes...sorry. And welcome!

CATHERINE

Oh my god...

VICKI

What were you doing out here anyway?

CATHERINE

I'm a journalist...I was investigating your murder.

VICKI

No way! Well, congrats! You solved it!

CATHERINE

But I--

VICKI

Maybe someone can solve your murder as well.

CATHERINE

(freaking out)

I'M NOT MURDERED. I CAN'T BE!

Catherine begins to hyperventilate a little. Vicki realizes she might be too cavalier about this.

VICKI

Oh...oh, I'm sorry. No no no, don't do that, it's not helping anyone...hey, hey, it's alright...just...take a moment...