

## **John, you're dying**

*John, I think you're dying.*

What the fuck do you...ugh... ugh

*Easy John, easy. Your lung is perforated. You'll choke in your own blood if you don't relax.*

What happened? Who are you?

*Your car was hit by a train. It dragged you on for a mile or so and you landed here.*

But how? I stopped in time.

*Nope, I'm afraid not. Well actually, you did, but the car behind you didn't. So you ended up on the track and got hit by that train.*

And the other driver, is he okay? Where is he? He could get help.

*Well, no one is coming. The driver is fine and on his way to Martha's Vineyard.*

Hey, that's where I live.

*O, really, what a coincidence. He does too now.*

What?

*Well, anyway, You're dying and pretty fast.*

The train driver! He could help.

*He could have, if hadn't died before hitting you. By the way, any last amends you wanna make.*

You said I'm dying, but I don't feel like I'm dying.

*O, right, you've got some experience with dying, then.*

Well no, of course not, but apart from the coughing I feel fine.

*And your leg?*

Which one?

*The right one.*

What about it?

*Do you feel your leg?*

Now you mention it. I don't. What's wrong with it?

*Take a look.*

I can't see it.

*Of course, because it's missing. You left it a quarter of a mile back.*

O.

*And you also can't see it, because you can't see much at all. Your left eye is hanging from its socket and the right is bruised too much.*

Holy crap, why are you... ugh... ugh.

*Easy John, easy now. You are dying, but you needn't be in such a hurry.*

Ugh... ugh..., right.

*So tell me, John. How's life?*

I'm dying. Life sucks.

*Hey, show some gratefulness. You're losing yours. Cherish what you still have.*

Ehm, okay, life is good. I love my wife and my job. I have a luxurious life.

*And, ehm..., have you killed anyone recently?*

What? No, of course... ugh... ugh.

*Not? Really? Lying on your deathbed, John!*

Okay, technically, the sea killed him.

*Yes, technically it did, but he wouldn't have drowned if you hadn't buried him up to his neck in the sand.*

How could I...?

*Near the surf, John! You could have guessed he would be a couple of feet underwater for a couple of hours after a while. Can you hold your breath that long? Do you know the fish ate his eyeballs?*

But he was a smug. A nobody and he thought he could steal from me. Well, he now... ugh.. ugh.

*And dear Mary Jeremy? Did she need to get her head bashed in? What did she do? Was she a smug too?*

O, fuck you. You already know why.

*Well yes, but I need you to tell me.*

Why?

*Telling me unburdens the soul.*

O, what a bull...

*Right, no redemption for you, I guess. We'll wait for your last breath to come by.*

Yes, stop talking. Please.

Okay.

...

...

How come the train driver died.

*Well, he stopped breathing. That usually does the trick.*

O, come on! What made him stop breathing.

*The bullet to his temple.*

Someone shot him.

Yep.

And then the train he drove crashed into me, because someone pushed me on the track.  
*Well, technically, he pushed your car, and you were in it. If you'd gotten out in time, he would only have trashed your car.*

How come I didn't?

*Did what?*

Get out of the car.

*O, right, well, the wine perhaps.*

The wine? That was hours before.

*Yep, but still.*

Someone poisoned me?

*Why are you so surprised? You had dozens of people killed. Don't you think their families could be a bit upset about that?*

Yes, but... I... no, I made sure the family either didn't know or I killed them too.

*O yes, I know. Little Johnny did know. The last second before the gun fired through the pillow into his head. How old was he?*

O, SHUT UP!!! Ugh... ugh... ugh...

*Getting emotional, are we?*

No, just angry.

*Well, that's an emotion too, you know. But anyway, someone poisoned you, but you fat ars was too big and you only got hazy. So they came up with another plan. Nice right?*

Yes, yes, great. Poison didn't work, so they mangled me to death. How come I haven't bled out already. My leg is torn off, isn't.

*You're sitting on it.*

O, and that helps?

*Apparently.*

The guy pushed me. I mean, the car and me.

*You're getting the hang of it.*

Yes, the car and me onto the track, watches me getting trashed and drives off to his home near to mine.

*I didn't say near to you.*

Okay, no one notices his damaged car.

*I didn't say he took his own car to bump into yours.*

Whose car did he use then?

*Yours.*

What?

*Are your ears bleeding now? Yours.*

Which one?

*The Hummer.*

The Hummer?

*You are getting deaf. Yes, the hummer.*

My wife's car. Where was she then?

*At home.*

Someone stole the Hummer.

*I didn't say that.*

Ugh... ugh... ugh....

*Got you all worked up, did I now?*

He doesn't live near me. He lives in my house, doesn't he?

*He does now.*

Right.

*That sucks, doesn't it?*

Yes, it does.

*Any regrets on killing all those people?*

What does that have anything to do with this? With me getting murdered by my wife and the pool guy.

*Not the pool guy.*

Not? Ehm. Who then?

*Guy.*

Guy who?

*Just guy.*

Ehm, Guy... Guy... O, that guy. But he's gay.

*No, he isn't.*

Yes, totally.

*No. And he's your wife's husband.*

What!? They married already?

*No.*

What?

*No, they were already married.*

But, I...?

*Ten years.*

But, she...?

*Before...*

But, we...?

*She met you. O, actually, before you met her.*

fucked.

*Yes, totally fucked up.*

Who the hell was she?

*Is she?*

Whatever!

*Does the name Woods say anything?*

No

*And Jeremy?*

Yes, Mary Jeremy. You just reminded me of her.

*Well, her maiden name was Woods.*

No way!!

*Your wife is Bernadette Woods. The sister of Mary Jeremy Woods and the aunt of Johnny Jeremy. She married you to take everything from you as you have taken everything from her. She already nearly picked you clean, before she had you killed. You know, that smug, all those smugs, stealing from you, they were innocent. She did it and they paid for it.*

But how could she sleep with me, have sex with me in all sorts of ways and kissed me so passionately, while she hated my guts?

*The end justifies the means.*

Does it?

*O, wait. Mister Woods now seems to have met his end too. Berny had other plans.*

*Apparently she didn't love him either. He also was a means to an end.*

That's sick.

*No, she's sick. You made her that way, but now she can afford a great shrink.*

You see! My life does suck! Getting murdered by my psycho wife.

*Your life did suck.*

Did?

*Yep, did. You've been dead for a couple of minutes already.*

What?

*Dead as a doornail.*

How...? Who are you again?

*I'm Death and you're dead. Not dying.*