

## GHOST

### INT. LOFT - THE SAME NIGHT

Molly, in a short terrycloth robe, is sitting in a chair. A magazine is on her lap but she is staring vacantly into the loft. She seems lost in the vast space. Suddenly there is a KNOCK. Molly jumps.

MOLLY  
Who's there?

CARL  
It's Carl, Moll.

Molly opens the door. Carl seems buoyant, almost celebratory. He has a bag of fruit in his hand. He is still in a suit and tie.

CARL  
Hi.

MOLLY  
Hey.

CARL  
I know it's late. I'm sorry to disturb you. I felt bad about last night. This supernatural stuff just makes me so uncomfortable. I don't even read horoscopes.

MOLLY  
Don't worry. It's okay.

CARL  
No, it's not. You needed me to hear you and I didn't and that was wrong. It's just... I want you to know that I'm your friend, Moll.

MOLLY  
Thanks, Carl. That really means a lot to me.

CARL  
(holding out a paper bag)  
Hey, I brought you some Japanese  
apple pears. I know you like them.

MOLLY  
(taking the bag)  
Oh, that's so sweet.

CARL  
Listen, can I come in for a minute?  
I won't stay long. I've had one of  
those days. Maybe some coffee?

MOLLY  
(hesitating)  
Sure.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Carl, in shirt sleeves and Molly in her robe, are sitting on  
the couch drinking coffee.

MOLLY  
You seem a little tense, are you ok?

CARL  
No, I'm fine. It's just...  
What can I tell you. It's been tough.  
Hell, you know. It just still hurts so  
much.

Then on top of it all... it's stuff  
at work. They've given me  
my own accounts, which is good but  
I've had no time to adjust, kind of  
absorb everything. It's no big deal. Yeah.  
Can I have just a little more cream?

MOLLY  
Yeah.

Molly moves to get the cream and Carl spills his drink on his  
shirt. During the following Molly gets a towel as Carl removes his  
shirt, they remove the stain with water from the sink then Molly  
goes and gets one of Sam's shirts.

CARL

Oh, shit. Jesus. I can't believe I did that.

MOLLY

Are you all right?

CARL

Yeah, I'm fine. Oh, god.

MOLLY

Let me throw that in the washer.

CARL

Don't worry about it. It's ok. It's just...

MOLLY

You want another shirt?

CARL

No. It's dry. It'll just take a minute.

MOLLY

There you go.

Molly reaches out and pats his arm. There is an awkward pause.

CARL

Where were you this morning? I thought you were coming to the bank to sign those papers.

MOLLY

I didn't have time.

(beat)

I went to the police, Carl.

CARL

You're kidding. You did? Wow. I don't believe... What did you tell them? What did they say?

MOLLY

You were right, you know. I felt like such a fool. They brought out a file on this woman ten inches thick. It was awful.

CARL

A ripoff artist, huh?

MOLLY

You know, the sad thing... is that I believed her.

CARL

Sometimes we need to believe.

MOLLY

Why? What's the point? I was a fool. I don't believe anything anymore. Why would people do such things?

CARL

It's hard to face reality, Moll, you've got to give yourself that. What you have to remember is the love you felt. That's what's real. You have to remember how good Sam was. You were everything to him, Molly. You were his life.

Molly holds back tears. Carl reaches out tenderly and strokes her hair.

MOLLY

(finally crying)

I feel so alone.

CARL

You're not alone. OK? You're young. You've got your work, you're incredibly talented. You're fantastically gorgeous.

MOLLY

Oh God, I don't know what's real anymore. I don't know what to think.

CARL

Just think about Sam. Think about The time you had together

how wonderful that was.

Carl glides his hand slowly, lovingly across her cheek.

CARL  
(continuing)  
Let your feelings out, Moll. It's OK.

Almost imperceptibly, his hand moves down to the nape of her neck. As she moves, her robe opens slightly. Carl notices.

CARL  
(continuing)  
Life turns on a dime, you know? People think they have forever, that they'll always have tomorrow. But that's not true. Sam taught us that. You have to live for now, for today.

Molly can barely contain her tears. Carl moves toward her moist cheeks and kisses them gently. Slowly, he guides his lips to her neck and kisses it, too. It is all hateful and sensual at the same time.

Molly feels Carl's tenderness, needs it. She does not notice his hand reaching for the cord on her robe and slowly pulling it toward him. With a little tug the cord unravels and the robe falls open. Molly is confused, aroused, not sure what to do. She starts to pull it closed. He holds her hand. For a moment they do nothing. Then his fingers reach for her thigh. Her body quivers. Carl feels her openness and pulls closer, his hand rising gently up her naked body.

Molly's eyes close. She says nothing.

A framed photograph of Sam and Molly that's sitting on an end table CRASHES to the floor.

Molly jumps up, the mood suddenly broken. She sees the photo and recoils. Carl reaches for her. She backs away.

Molly looks at Carl, drying her tears.

MOLLY  
I can't. I'm sorry.

CARL  
It's okay.

MOLLY  
I-I can't. It's just too soon...

CARL  
Sure. It's okay.

MOLLY  
You've been great Carl,  
but... I need you to leave. Please.  
I need you to.

CARL  
I understand totally. I  
really do.

MOLLY  
Please.

CARL  
Could we just have dinner tomorrow  
night? Just talk. Can I interest you  
in that?

MOLLY  
Yeah.. Sure...

SAM  
Great.