

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

The decor indicates this is a small mom and pop style cafe. Few worn couches and rustic tables offer a homelike feel.

Two cups of coffee sit on one of the tables and are being caressed by their owners' hands.

One of the cups is lifted and meets Megan's lips.

She sips the hot liquid carefully and looks tentatively across the table.

MEGAN

I'm fine.

She takes another sip.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Really.

She's looking at JAIME's warm loving face that is full of concern for her best friend.

JAIME

You don't have to be fine. You can be pissed or scared or whatever. Whatever you are is ok, just tell me what's going on.

Megan's face looks tight and strange. She forces a smile.

MEGAN

Nothing. Why do you keep asking about me? What about you- and is it Luke?

Megan's attempt to deflect works.

JAIME

Yes- Luke. He's been great. We went up to Seattle for the weekend and...

Megan continues to smile and nod as Jaime's voice drones on in the background.

JAIME (CONT'D)

...but the best part was when he chased me down and pushed me off a bridge so that I could be a ghost for Halloween.

Megan still smiles and nods, no reaction.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
So I'm basically dead and still  
able to have coffee with you.

No response.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Apparently the same is true of you.

Nothing.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Megan!

Megan blinks.

MEGAN  
That's just great! I can't wait to  
meet him.

Jaime shakes her head.

JAIME  
What the hell is wrong with you!?

MEGAN  
What? Nothing. I told you. I'm  
fine.

JAIME  
I just told you my boyfriend pushed  
me off a bridge and you were on  
another planet.

Megan gives a nervous laugh.

MEGAN  
I didn't sleep well- I probably  
just zoned out for a sec.

JAIME  
Why aren't you sleeping?

MEGAN  
Just the usual. Bad dreams and the  
unrealistic fears that follow when  
you live alone.

Jaime reaches across the table and squeezes her hand to  
reassure her.

JAIME  
You want me to come hang out for a  
few days?

MEGAN

You gonna protect me from my  
imagination?

Jaime smiles.

JAIME

I've doen it before.

Megan's shoots her a warning glance. Jaime softens.

JAIME (CONT'D)

You sure it's nothing?

MEGAN

I'm sure. I just haven't had a good  
night's sleep in- well awhile- you  
know how that messes with a person.

JAIME

Yeah- I remember in college- you  
were so crazy when you didn't get  
your beauty rest.

Megan flinches, something in those words stung.

MEGAN

Crazy?

Jaime looks uncomfortable.

JAIME

I mean just grouchy, irritable.  
Anyone would be.

Megan nods.

MEGAN

Yeah.

On that note with awkward silence hanging in the air, both  
women are ready to leave. Almost on queue they drain the rest  
of their coffee without speaking.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT- EVENING

The TV plays a classic horror film- after all Halloween is  
only days away.

Donning her PJ's and classic hair in a bun for the weekend  
look, Megan sets a pumpkin on her kitchen counter, uncarved.