

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.