

# Ghost

*Carl knocks on the door of Molly's apartment*

Molly:  
Who is it?

Carl:  
It's Carl Molly

Molly:  
Hey

Carl:  
Listen, I'm sorry. I'm sorry to disturb you. I just, I've been thinking about you all day, and I feel really lousy about, about what happened last night. This supernatural thing just really...

Molly:  
Listen, don't worry about it, really. It's ok.

Carl:  
No, it's not. You needed me to hear you. And I didn't. I wasn't there for you, and that was, that was wrong. It's just; I want you to know that I'm your friend Molly.

Molly:  
Thanks Carl. That really means a lot to me.

Carl:  
Me too, so, I brought you some Japanese apple-pears. I know you like them.

Molly:  
Thanks, that was sweet.

Carl:  
Can I just come in for a second? I won't stay long, a cup of coffee maybe.

Molly: (she gets the coffee)  
Yeah, Come on in. You seemed a little tense, though, are you ok?

Carl:  
No I'm fine. Its just, what can I tell you? I mean you know. It just still hurts so much, and then on top of it, this stuff at work. They've given me my own accounts, which is good. I just haven't had time to adjust and kind of absorb everything. It's no big deal. Can I have just a little more cream?

Molly:  
Yeah

Carl: (spills coffee in his shirt)  
Oh Shit! I can't believe I did this.

Molly:  
Are you all right?

Carl:  
Oh God!  
*He takes his shirt off*

Molly: Here let me throw that in the washer.

Carl:  
No, don't worry about it. It's ok.

Molly:  
Do you want me to get you another shirt?

Carl:  
No it's fine. I'll dry. It'll take a minute. So, where were you? I thought you were going to come into the bank to sign those papers.

Molly:  
Well, I was supposed to. But, I didn't have time. I went to the police.

Carl:  
You did? Wow, what did you tell them? What did you say?

Molly:  
It was awful. I felt really stupid. They brought out a file on this woman, at least ten inches thick.

Carl:  
A rip off artist, huh?

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

Carl:  
Molly, sometimes we need to believe.

Molly:  
Why what's the point?

Carl:

Molly it is not easy to face realities sometimes. You got give yourself some time. What you've got to remember is the love that you guys felt. That is what it's real. You've got to remember how good Sam was. How much he loved you. You were everything to him. You were his life.

Molly:

I feel so alone.

Carl:

You are not alone. You've got your work. You're incredible talented. You're young. You're fantastically gorgeous.

Molly:

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

Carl:

Just think about Sam. Think about the times you guys had together. How wonderful that was. If you feel off, it's ok. Life turns on a dime, you know. People think that there is forever. That there is always going to be tomorrow, but that is bullshit. You have to live the now, your day. (He leans over to kiss her)

Molly:

I can't. I'm sorry. I think it's just too soon.

Carl:

It's ok.

Molly:

You've been great Carl. But, I need you to live.

Carl:

It's ok, I understand.

*He tries to kiss her*

Molly:

Please!

Carl:

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

Molly:

Yeah, sure.

Carl:

Great.