

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CATALINA FERRY PILOT HOUSE - SUNSET

The Catalina ferry docks in Long Beach, California to disgorge its crowd of sunburnt and mostly intoxicated passengers. HENRY COLE, (39) attractive pilot of the ferry, shuts down the controls. He pats the helm.

HENRY
Smooth sailing old girl.

He places his pilot's cap on the map table, looks wistfully around the pilothouse and exits.

EXT. CATALINA FERRY DOCK - LONG BEACH - SUNSET

Henry steps off the ferry and walks toward the boardwalk. A couple of crew members wave goodbye and shout to him.

CREW MEMBER #1
Goodbye Henry! Good luck in your
new job.

CREW MEMBER #2
Keep in touch. Let us know how
you're doing!

Henry turns and waves back to the crew members. He turns and continues walking. He squints at an older man, HENRY COLE, SR., standing at the end of the dock holding a medium sized, ornate box under one arm.

HENRY
Dad? What are you doing here?

HENRY COLE, SR.
(lispig)
Well, if it isn't my son the fairy
boat skipper.

Henry Cole, Sr. does a little mincing step to further insult his son.

HENRY
Don't you think that's getting a
little old?

HENRY COLE, SR.
How did I end up with a son who's a
fairy boat skipper?

HENRY

At least I'm not the epic oil spill captain.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Don't go there Henry. You know I'm going to be exonerated one day.

Henry Cole, Sr. grows quiet. He looks away from his son and stares out at the Pacific ocean.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

I'll be back at sea once this eternal investigation is over.

HENRY

Right. Anyway, I gotta hit the road. I wasn't supposed to start until next week, but they called to say they needed me first thing in the morning. Did you come here just to exchange insults?

HENRY COLE, SR.

I've been meaning to give you this box from your mom. She asked me to give it to you just before she died. I figured it was now or never.

Henry Cole, Sr. hands the box to his son.

HENRY

Huh? I don't remember seeing this around your house.

HENRY COLE, SR.

She bought it at a bazaar when we went to Cairo for our 20th anniversary. She was so excited about it. But then she kept it squirreled away until just before she passed.

Henry tries to open the box.

HENRY

It doesn't open.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Yeah, it seems to have some sort of lock system based on this series of inscribed wooden slats... I couldn't figure it out.

HENRY

You tried to open the box she intended for me? You're such a piece of work.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Didn't you say you had to get going?

HENRY

Yeah.

Henry gives his dad a brief one-armed hug and walks toward the parking lot. He stops and turns to see his dad still staring at the ocean. He walks back to him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Did you drive here?

HENRY COLE, SR.

Nope. I would have walked here, but the box was bit heavy. I took the bus.

HENRY

Can I drop you off on my way out of town?

His dad looks back at the ocean.

HENRY COLE, SR.

No, I need to get my steps in.

HENRY

It's like five miles. You've been getting plenty of steps in since the spill. When are you going to start driving again?

HENRY COLE, SR.

I don't really see the need for it. Besides, I'm reducing my carbon footprint.

Henry gives his dad a sideways glance and pats him gently on his shoulder.

HENRY

Okay, well, good luck with that. Listen, I'll give you a call in a few days once I get settled in.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Sure. Safe travels. You know you're gonna hit lousy traffic heading north.

HENRY

Yeah, well, it is what is. You going to be okay?

HENRY COLE, SR.

Aces, son. Now get going.

Henry walks toward the parking lot.

INT./EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK - 405 FWY WESTWOOD - DUSK

The white Ford F150 is packed solid with Henry's possessions. His mom's box is secured to the front passenger seat with the seat belt and a couple of duffle bags.

Traffic is at a near standstill. Henry turns on the radio to AM 1070.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The sig alert will be in effect for at least another hour. They're waiting for a tow truck to upright the semi.

Henry groans, wraps his arms over the steering wheel and defeatedly lowers his head onto his arms. He looks up at the sea of cars around him and sighs.

INT./EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK - I-5 FWY SANTA NELLA - NIGHT

Henry struggles to stay awake. He starts to doze off and drift into the other lane. A semi-truck horn wakes him up and he jerks the car back into his lane.

HENRY

Oh geez! I'm never going to make it there tonight.

Henry glances over at the box.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey, Mom. Was that you watching out for me just now?

He signals and gets into the right lane and takes the next exit. A Motel 6 sign shines in front of him. He pulls into the parking lot near the hotel entrance.

EXT. TIBURON/SAN FRANCISCO FERRY DOCK - EARLY MORNING

The sunrise glows just behind the East Bay hills.

A few crew men stand by the rope lines. One crew person, MARTHA (50s), stocky, short hair, greets a couple of early passengers, including a corporate attorney, MR. CHARLES (60s) clean shaven, suit and tie.

MARTHA

Good morning, Mr. Charles. Watch your step.

Mr. Charles acknowledges Martha with a nod as he steps onto the ferry.

Disheveled and unshaven, Henry runs down the dock to the ferry. He nods at an alarmed Martha and trips onto the ferry.

INT. TIBURON FERRY ENTRY LEVEL - EARLY MORNING

Henry is splayed out, face-down on the floor, still gripping his small duffle bag.

An attractive, thirty-something earthy female, LIZZY, scurries from behind the concession counter. She squats down to look at Henry's face.

LIZZY

Are you okay?

Henry sits up and rubs his elbow and then the back of his neck.

HENRY

I think the only thing I hurt...

LIZZY

... What? You're gonna say your ego?

Henry lifts himself up off the floor, dusts himself off and looks at Lizzy.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

What's the hurry? The ferry doesn't leave for a half hour.

HENRY

I'm the new pilot.

Lizzy has a concerned look on her face as she looks Henry up and down.

LIZZY

Can I get you a cup of coffee?
Maybe the whole pot?

HENRY

Yes, and keep it coming.

Lizzy walks back behind the concession stand, pours a cup of coffee and places it on the counter. She bends down and pulls out a life preserver and puts it on.

Henry walks over to the counter, picks up the cup of coffee and looks around for cream and sugar. He looks up at Lizzy and notices the life preserver.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Say, what's with the life preserver?

Lizzy waves her index finger toward the place on the floor where Henry had fallen.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'll have you know, I'm a highly rated pilot.

LIZZY

I hope so. I'll keep this handy just in case.

HENRY

Have you seen Gerald this morning? I'm supposed to meet him here.

LIZZY

I saw him come through about 10 minutes ago, maybe he's up in the...

Dressed in a Tiburon Ferry uniform, 58 year old GERALD walks up to Lizzy and Henry. He hands Henry a uniform folded in a sealed, clear plastic bag.

GERALD

I'm glad you were able to make it here on time, but you look like shit. Go put this on and meet me in the pilot house. You got something to shave with?

Henry rubs the stubble on his face.

HENRY

Yeah. I gotta razor in my duffle.

Gerald turns and walks back the way he came.

Henry begins to look around for a restroom sign. Lizzy notices.

LIZZY

The men's room is down that
corridor on the left.

Henry looks appreciatively at her.

HENRY

Thanks.

He walks in the direction she pointed.

LIZZY

Lizzy. Thanks Lizzy. It's on the
name tag.

Henry looks back at her.

HENRY

Thanks Lizzy. I'm Henry by the way.

LIZZY

So I heard. Get going, we've got a
schedule to keep.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- Henry is at the wheel. He is happy taking in the beauty of the San Francisco skyline, Alcatraz, and the Golden Gate Bridge as he ferries back and forth between Tiburon and San Francisco.

-- Henry docks at the San Francisco Ferry Building.

-- Sea gulls soar along the ferry as wind surfers skim by recreational sailboats.

-- Fishing boats return with their morning catch alongside enormous cargo ships.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY DOCK, TIBURON - LATE AFTERNOON

Henry steps onto the dock. Lizzy waits there for him with her 10-speed bike.

LIZZY

Well, it looks like we all
survived.

HENRY

Gerald just told me this was the smoothest first day he's seen.

LIZZY

Looks like your ego recuperated from this morning's tumble.

HENRY

There's a lot of things I don't do well, but I'm a damn good pilot. Some days, it's all I got.

LIZZY

Something tells me you're not as one-dimensional as you suggest.

HENRY

And you, well you... make a great cup of coffee.

Lizzy rolls her eyes.

LIZZY

You should see my real work. This is just a side hustle.

Lizzy walks down the pier with her bike. Henry walks beside her.

HENRY

Where do I go to see your real work?

LIZZY

My sculpture studio.

HENRY

That's so cool. When might I take a look?

LIZZY

It's a little... a lot messy, but we could roll over there now. Crack open a couple of cold ones.

HENRY

Maybe tomorrow? I need to get unpacked.

LIZZY

Tomorrow night it is.

EXT/INT. LIZZY'S SCULPTURE STUDIO - NEXT EVENING

Lizzy lifts the roll-up garage door open with a BANG. She enters the dim garage studio and plugs the cord of a hanging utility light into an extension cord illuminating the space.

LIZZY

Just let me take care of a few things.

Henry stands at the entry to the garage and absorbs the array of Plaster of Paris biomorphic sculptures in various sizes and levels of completion.

Lizzy opens a small refrigerator and pulls out two bottles of beer. She opens them with a plaster encrusted church key. She walks over to Henry and hands one to him.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Come on in.

Lizzy takes a swig.

HENRY

Thanks. This is quite a set-up you have here.

Henry walks in a little closer to a tall undulating Plaster of Paris sculpture that curves back on itself creating crevices and orifices. He looks it up and down. Lizzy walks over to the sculpture and runs her hands over the curves.

LIZZY

Like it?

HENRY

Yeah... it's beautiful. What does something like this go for?

LIZZY

You know, saying something about how it makes you feel, what it makes you think of, is definitely cooler than asking its price first.

HENRY

Honestly, I was very caught up in how it made me feel, and what it made me think of, but I didn't want to blurt out "sexy"!

Lizzy looks down at the floor with a wry smile. Her long hair falls in front of her face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I mean we work together. I'm just getting to know you.

Lizzy looks up at him and grins.

LIZZY

Okay, okay. Fair enough. I don't know why I love giving you such a hard time. Also, the question of what they go for is a trigger for me.

Lizzy walks over and leans her back against a cluttered counter that runs along one wall of the garage.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

You see, people want bronzes, or marble sculptures. Plaster is generally for studies, not completed artwork -- too fragile. I could get an exhibition and maybe sell a piece like this for \$18,000 if it were bronze.

Henry walks over and gently touches the sculpture.

HENRY

So why not cast it in bronze?

LIZZY

Because it would cost me \$9,000 and I don't have that saved up yet. And that's just one piece, I need to cast a number of pieces to make an exhibition.

Henry walks around the garage and admires the various sculptures - some of them small ceramic objects.

HENRY

I don't know much about these things, but a friend of mine invented a product and needed money to produce it on a large scale, so he set up a Kickstarter page and raised the money he needed.

LIZZY

Ugh! Social Media -- I hate that stuff.

HENRY

Yeah, I hear you. I've been kicking and screaming into the 21st century myself.

Lizzy tilts her head back and finishes off her beer, plops it on the counter and goes over to the refrigerator to pull out two more.

LIZZY

You want to go outside and sit by my fire pit?

HENRY

Sounds great.

Lizzy hands him the second beer as she walks out of the garage. Henry swirls his first bottle, noticing that it's still half full. He follows her with one in each hand.

EXT. LIZZY'S SCULPTURE STUDIO GARAGE - DUSK

Two Adirondack chairs up against the garage wall sit on either side of a small, flimsy propane fire pit. A rising moon shimmers on Richardson Bay.

Lizzy bends down and turns on the fire. Henry takes a seat.

HENRY

Sweet view. You're living the dream.

LIZZY

(scoffs)

Yeah, well... You find your pleasure and gratitude where you can.

HENRY

How can you afford to live here, but not cast your sculptures?

LIZZY

I grew up in this house. But when my parents died suddenly last year, I was living in the East Bay with my fiancé. My brother was doing well, so he paid me for half the value of the house and moved in. Great place to raise his kids.

HENRY

Wow, that's a lot to unpack. I'm sorry about your parents -- that must have been quite a shock.

LIZZY

Yeah. I miss 'em every day.

Lizzy takes another sip of beer.

HENRY

But if your brother bought you out, surely you can afford to cast your bronzes?

LIZZY

My fiancé suggested we move up the wedding date and buy a loft in Emeryville where we could live and both produce our art. Turns out, once we married he treated me like a studio assistant and a 1950's housewife. It was all about his career.

HENRY

Toxic male syndrome?

An owl HOOTS nearby.

LIZZY

I don't paint with that broad a brush. I don't know how I missed the signs. Anyway, I've filed for divorce and am trying to get my money out of the loft.

Lizzy downs the last of her second beer. Henry looks at her sympathetically as he sips his beer.

HENRY

I noticed your small ceramic sculptures. You could use those as items to sell on your Kickstarter page, especially if you made the same one over and over again.

Lizzy perks up.

LIZZY

I could do that. I have a relationship with the Community Center here. They give me access to their kiln.

HENRY

I could photograph your sculptures to put on Kickstarter.

LIZZY

Photographer, eh? Now I know you have interests outside of piloting ferries. What else did you do in LA when you weren't working?

HENRY

Long Beach, I lived in Long Beach. It's just south of LA, but we like to think it's charmingly different.

LIZZY

Like we live in Tiburon, not San Francisco.

HENRY

Bingo! Anyway, my dad was an oil tanker captain and gone for long periods of time. I ended up keeping my mom company a lot.

Henry takes a big sip of beer and finishes the first bottle. He puts it down firmly on the ground.

LIZZY

Momma's boy.

HENRY

I was waiting for that. Look, I just felt sorry for her. She had girlfriends. They'd go to lunch, play canasta. But they all had husbands to go home to at night. They'd all do couples things and she was left out.

LIZZY

Huh. That sucks.

HENRY

Yeah, I don't get it. Seems people aren't comfortable with an odd number at a dinner table.

Henry starts on his second beer.

LIZZY

Wait. You said your dad was an oil tanker captain? Henry Cole?

(MORE)

LIZZY (CONT'D)

The guy who caused the worst oil spill ever?!?

Lizzy leans forward and stares at Henry.

HENRY

That's the one. He's never gotten over it. I think he's losing his mind.

LIZZY

Henry Cole, Jr.? Ever think about changing your name?

Henry looks down at the fire pit and then out at the moonlit bay.

HENRY

Oh yeah...

Henry takes a long sip of beer. Lizzy looks at him and realizes she may have pushed too many of his buttons. She leans back in her chair and takes another sip. The two sit quietly gazing at the bay.

LIZZY

You know, I might take you up on that offer to photograph my work.

Henry looks at Lizzy, happy at the change of topic.

HENRY

Great. Why don't you come over to my place after work in a couple of days? I hope to finish unpacking by then. I'll fix some dinner and we could strategize Kickstarter.

LIZZY

Only if you let me sous chef.

Henry stands, finishes his second beer and looks around trying to decide where to place it. Lizzy reaches up to him.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Here. I'll take that.

Henry hands it to Lizzy who places it next to her empty.

HENRY

All right then. Two nights from now. Meanwhile, your job is to figure out how much money you'll need to raise.

Lizzy stands up.

LIZZY
Aye, aye Captain.

She gives him a little salute.

HENRY
I'd better go. We both have an
early morning.

Lizzy looks expectantly at him. He looks wistfully at her, puts his hand on her shoulder and gives her a little smile. She smiles back and watches him walk back to his car. Henry looks back at her as he opens his car door.

HENRY (CONT'D)
That was fun. I loved seeing your
sexy, er "sensual" sculptures.
Thanks for the beers.

LIZZY
Anytime. See you tomorrow.

INT. HENRY'S TIBURON COVE APARTMENT - DUSK

The modest one-bedroom apartment is in an almost completed state of unpacking. Several empty cardboard boxes are folded next to the front door.

Henry picks up his mother's box from the coffee table in front of a small electric fireplace. He holds the box reverently for a moment.

HENRY
Ah, Mom. I can smell your coffee
cake. Is that what you left for me
in this box? I'm afraid it's going
to go stale if I can't open it.

Henry puts the box back on the coffee table. He walks back to the kitchen, talking to his mom's box all the while.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I've been smelling your coffee cake
ever since I got here. I finally
had to buy the ingredients to make
it.

Henry pulls out an old small rectangular tin recipe box from a kitchen cupboard. He rifles through the index cards in alphabetical order.

He pulls out a worn handwritten recipe card for coffee cake and lays it on the counter. He grabs ingredients and sets them on the counter.

He looks again at the recipe and a light bulb goes off in his head. He grabs the card and rushes over to his mother's box. He sits on the couch in front of the box and holds the recipe card up to the line of five wooden slats with numbered markings: 1, 1/2, 2, 3/4, 1/4. He rearranges the wooden slats into the five slots in the order of the recipe.

The box opens. An exuberant mist arises from the otherwise empty box and forms into the shape of a woman, BARBARA COLE (60s), Henry's dear deceased mother.

BARBARA

Henry! It worked! I get to be with you forever!

The misty form of his mother embraces him. Henry is stunned. He leaps up and breaks her embrace by throwing up his arms. He backs away from his mother with both of his hands up in shock.

HENRY

No, no, no, no! This can't be happening!

Barbara throws her hands up in the air.

BARBARA

(gleefully)

Oh but it is happening!

Henry steps behind a chair and grips its back. Barbara watches him and then looks around the room for the first time.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

But wait a minute. This isn't your apartment.

She looks out the window with a distant view of Sutro Tower.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

This isn't even Long Beach. Why Henry, you've moved to San Francisco. What on Earth for? It's so damp and dreary.

HENRY

I've always dreamed of living here.

BARBARA

You never mentioned it to me.

HENRY

I didn't want to abandon you. Dad was always gone and...

BARBARA

Aw, you've been such a good son. That's why I couldn't imagine being apart from you.

HENRY

But Mom, you've got to go to the light. I don't think you being a ghost here is good for either one of us.

BARBARA

You didn't miss me?

HENRY

So many times I've wanted to talk to you since you passed. But that's normal. This is not normal.

Henry gestures at her to suggest her presence is not normal.

Barbara floats toward Henry.

BARBARA

Oh relax. We're going to have so much fun together. Just like old times.

Exasperated, Henry runs his hand through his hair as he walks away from her.

HENRY

Mom, I can't have a ghost following me around everywhere. I have a job. I may have a girlfriend. Are you able to stay in the box while I'm at work?

BARBARA

I don't know. I suppose we could try... But the incantation specified that my spirit will be tied for eternity to the human who opens the box.

Henry looks at her with alarm.

Barbara floats over to where is Henry pacing.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You have a girlfriend, already? It looks like you just moved here.

Henry picks up an empty moving box and folds it nervously.

HENRY

Her name's Lizzy. We work together. Well, not actually together. I'm up in the pilot house and she runs the concession stand down on the lower deck. We're just getting to know each other.

BARBARA

She's a counter girl?

HENRY

She's an artist who has a day job until she can get an exhibition.

BARBARA

Oh, not an artist. They're so... out there.

HENRY

Says the woman who did an incantation to haunt her son for eternity.

Henry walks back toward his mother's box and picks it up.

BARBARA

"Haunt" is such a harsh word.

HENRY

Now let's see about getting you back into the box.

He carries it over and places it on the credenza by the front door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

There. That looks nice there. I'll see you every day as I arrive and leave. I'll see you from the kitchen and the dining table.

BARBARA

You see me now Henry. I'm me, I'm not the box.

HENRY

Right, of course. But for now you're going back in it. I need to focus on Lizzy and her efforts to fund her artwork.

BARBARA

Henry to the rescue. Always there with a helping hand.

HENRY

But for years and years, you were always my number one.

BARBARA

You make me feel so past tense.

Henry opens the lid of the box.

HENRY

We'll talk about this later. Now be reasonable and let me get on with the evening.

Barbara tries to disappear into the box, but nothing happens. She then puts her hand inside the box and makes herself invisible to Henry, but her outline outside the box is evident to the audience. Henry closes the lid of the box. Barbara scrunches herself under the credenza.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Good. Okay.

Henry turns to survey the room. He looks at his watch. He puts the coffee cake ingredients back in the cupboard and pulls dinner fixings out of the refrigerator and places them on the counter. He turns on some Jack Johnson MUSIC.

He walks to the fireplace and turns it on. He scans the room. There is a KNOCK at the door. He picks up the folded moving boxes and throws them into the coat closet.

He opens the front door. Lizzy enters fresh and cheery holding her laptop and a gift bag. She places her lap top on the credenza, pulls a pint of ice cream out of the gift bag and holds it up in front of Henry.

LIZZY

Dessert!

HENRY

Yum. What a novel alternative to "Hello."

Henry takes the ice cream and steps back to usher her in.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Great to see you.

Lizzy briefly surveys the room.

LIZZY

Nice place. You look all settled in.

HENRY

Just don't look under the bed or in the closet.

LIZZY

Did you make coffee cake? It smells delicious.

Henry scratches the back of his neck.

HENRY

Um, no. I was noticing that too. It must be coming from the neighbor downstairs.

LIZZY

I love a good coffee cake. Not the preserved plastic crap our supplier puts on the ferry. I'm dying to source some good fresh pastries instead.

HENRY

Well, I'll try to meet my neighbor and see if I can make something happen. Meanwhile, may I offer you some wine? I also bought that beer you like.

LIZZY

So thoughtful. I'll have whatever you're having.

Henry uncorks the chardonnay and pours two glasses.

HENRY

The chicken is ready to go in the oven, but as promised, I left the vegetables for you to prep - sous chef.

Henry hands Lizzy a new plain white apron and points to a cutting board on which the carrots, broccoli, a paring knife and potato peeler rest.

Lizzy smiles and hands back the apron.

LIZZY

Save this for something messy, a few splatters of water won't hurt me.

INT. HENRY'S TIBURON COVE APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

Henry and Lizzy are seated at the dining table side-by-side looking at the Kickstarter template on her plaster smudged laptop. The candles have burned low and half-eaten bowls of ice cream are next to them. Wine glasses are nearly empty.

HENRY

It looks like you've done a good job analyzing your costs. We've just got to figure out how to make the page compelling. People can donate whatever they want, but you need to set a price for your small ceramic sculptures.

LIZZY

Oh yeah. I brought one with me.

Lizzy jumps up and walks over to the gift bag on the counter and pulls out one of her small ceramic pieces. She places it on the dining table in front of Henry. He studies the scrotum-esque piece; turning it one way and then the other.

HENRY

And the title of this piece is what? "Put your head between your legs and kiss your ass good-bye?"

Lizzy looks quizzical and then bursts out laughing. She sits down close to Henry.

LIZZY

Where did that come from?

HENRY

Or maybe, "Why does a dog lick his balls? Because he can."

Lizzy is cracking up. She tries to contain herself.

LIZZY

I was inspired by the child's pose in yoga. I should be offended, but you're so funny. I think I like you after a few glasses of wine.

HENRY

Right back atcha beautiful.

Lizzy and Henry kiss passionately. They pause and look at each other with wonder and passion. They kiss again and then awkwardly get up from the table still kissing, while they undress each other and work their way to the bedroom.

As they enter the bedroom, Barbara floats reluctantly from under the credenza. She breaststrokes in the air trying to return to the credenza but she is pulled into the bedroom.

BARBARA (V.O.)

No, no, no, no, no. This can't be happening.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Henry and Lizzy fall on top of the bed. Henry pauses and looks lovingly down at Lizzy.

HENRY

Are you okay with this?

LIZZY

More than okay.

Lizzy pulls Henry in for another kiss. The love making begins.

Henry gently drops Lizzy's bra strap and kisses her shoulder as he reaches behind her to unhook her bra. Lizzy runs her hand down Henry's back, fondles his bare buttocks, then slides her hand under his thigh. She is pleased with what she finds there. Henry's hand moves down Lizzy's side and goes to aid in penetration. Lizzy tries to stop him.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Whoa, slow down Buckaroo. There's plenty of time for all that.

She smiles and kisses Henry's chest and makes playful rings around his nipple with her index finger.

HENRY

Sorry, beautiful. You've started a fire I can't contain.

Barbara stands in the doorway, wrings her hands and tries desperately to look away.

GROANS and GASPS begin and build.

Silhouettes of Henry and Lizzy on top of the bedcovers mission style.

BARBARA (V.O.)

Oh, for the love of God. If only I could unsee this.

EXCLAMATIONS of climax by both Lizzy and Henry. Barbara is silently mortified.

Lizzy and Henry lay in bed together and gaze into each other's eyes, while gently stroking and kissing. Lizzy sits up abruptly.

LIZZY (O.S.)

What? They're still making coffee cake at this hour?

Henry sits up panic-stricken. He stares at his closed bedroom door and sniffs the air.

HENRY

Oh, God!

Henry pulls the bedspread to cover their naked bodies, as they lay back down on their pillows.

LIZZY

What's the matter?

Henry's face is stressed as he tries to calmly address Lizzy's question.

HENRY

I'm not sure... But maybe it's not a good idea for you to spend the night here tonight.

Lizzy sits up annoyed.

LIZZY

I did not peg you for that kind of louse.

She gets out of bed and angrily gathers her strewn clothes and begins to dress.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Are you trying to protect me from a manic midnight baker? Jesus Christ, Cole. I did not see this coming.

Henry jumps out of bed holding the bedcovers around his waist. He waddles over to Lizzy who is just pulling on her top.

HENRY

No, no it's not like that. I want to be with you more than you know.

Henry drops the bedcovers to place his hands gently on Lizzy's upper arms.

HENRY (CONT'D)

There's something going on here with this coffee cake aroma that I need to deal with - like now. And it would be best if I dealt with it by myself.

Lizzy pulls out of Henry's grasp and walks toward the bedroom door. She pauses to bend down and pick up one of her shoes. Her head passes through Barbara's abdomen in the process. Barbara is wide-eyed as she becomes visible to Henry.

LIZZY

Go back to bed Henry. I'm outta here.

Henry is aghast seeing his mother there. Lizzy leaves without seeing Barbara. Henry grabs a pillow off of the bed and holds it over his privates as he dashes after Lizzy. He stands in the open doorway of his apartment and shouts after her.

HENRY

Lizzy, I'm sorry. Listen, I'll see you tomorrow and hopefully I can explain everything.

LIZZY (O.S.)

Whatever.

Still holding the pillow in front of him, Henry turns and closes the apartment door. He walks toward his bedroom past his mother in the doorway.

HENRY

Happy? Yet another girlfriend you've scared away.

Henry picks up his pants and the bedcovers from the floor of the bedroom and crawls under the sheets and bedcovers to put his pants on.

Barbara floats over to the side of the bed.

BARBARA

I'm so sorry. I never imagined that being in your presence forever would entail all this.

Henry decides to stay in bed and struggles to remove his pants.

HENRY

You know what? Fuck it! I gotta try to get some sleep.

Henry drops his pants on the floor.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I hope to wake up in the morning to find you gone.

BARBARA

Henry! Such language! I've never heard you curse before.

HENRY

If you're still here in the morning you can get used to it. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. You like that?

BARBARA

Of course not! I can't believe you're treating me like this. I have no idea how to be gone from here.

HENRY

Well you have a few hours to figure it out. Now goodnight!

Henry flops on his side and pulls the covers over his head.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY DAWN

Wake up ALARM goes off. Henry opens his eyes and sees his mother staring sadly at him. He sits up abruptly.

HENRY

Oh fuck! I was hoping this was all
a bad dream.

BARBARA

Good morning to you too.

HENRY

Don't get snippy with me, Mother.

Henry gets out of bed and walks to the bathroom. Barbara is reluctantly drawn after him. She tries to look away as he pees.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Getting a good look Mother? Here,
now I'm getting in the shower.
Looky, looky. I'm all here for you.

BARBARA

Well, you are my son. It shouldn't
be a problem to see you naked.

HENRY

Your 39-year-old son. This is all
too weird and you know it!

Henry turns on the shower and steps in. With his back to her, he lathers himself with anger and aggression.

HENRY (CONT'D)

This is bad enough, but last night
watching us make love! Jesus
Christ, Mom, I'm never going to
have sex again.

BARBARA

If it's any consolation, I can't
see through clothing or bedcovers.
If you two could keep it under the
covers.

Henry finishes rinsing off. Turns off the shower, steps out and grabs his bath towel.

HENRY

You've certainly clarified the
definition of "cold comfort."

INT./EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK - TIBURON BLVD. - EARLY MORNING

Dressed in his ferry pilot's uniform, Henry drives along in quiet frustration. Barbara floats in the passenger seat.

BARBARA

This is so exciting. I get to watch my son at work.

HENRY

Stay out of sight. Keep your mouth shut and concentrate on how you're going to move on.

Henry pulls into a shopping center, gets out of his truck, grabs a plain paper bag from behind his seat and slams the door. Barbara floats through the passenger door and follows him to a small bakery.

INT. TIBURON BAKERY - EARLY MORNING

Henry walks into the bakery. The door has an old-fashioned bell that JINGLES as he enters. A heavy-set woman (60s), JANE, behind the counter greets him warmly.

JANE

Good morning. What can I do you for?

Henry barely looks at her while he studies the pastries displayed in the case. He points at a stack of coffee cake muffins.

HENRY

I'll take those coffee cake muffins there.

Jane looks a little surprised, as she pulls the platter of muffins out and places it on the counter.

JANE

All of them? You came in here smelling like you already had a few.

HENRY

Yeah, I know. It's a long story.

Jane pulls out a pink cardboard box with the name of the bakery printed on it. She reaches for a muffin to place in the box.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh, please don't use your nice box. Here, can you just put them in this paper bag?

Henry hands Jane the paper bag. Jane looks at Henry like he has two heads.

JANE

The box is free you know.

Henry looks down, pulls his wallet from his pocket.

HENRY

Like I said, it's a long story. How much do I owe you?

Jane counts the muffins as she places them in the paper bag.

JANE

A baker's dozen. That'll come to \$48 even.

HENRY

Wow, okay.

Henry glances at his cash on hand and pulls out his credit card.

HENRY (CONT'D)

By the way, I may be back tomorrow for the same.

Jane takes his credit card and runs it while glancing at him like he's a crazy person she needs to placate. She hands him back his card.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Do I need to sign anything?

Jane takes the empty muffin platter and walks toward the back of the shop, replying over her shoulder.

JANE

Not under \$50. I'll look for you tomorrow.

Jane places the platter on a back counter, shakes her head and wipes her hands on her apron.

JANE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Beats me how coffee cake could be part of a long story.

The door bell JINGLES as Henry walks out.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY PIER - MORNING

Henry walks down the pier with his bag of coffee cake. Barbara floats beside him. Martha stands at the ramp into the ferry.

MARTHA

Good morning, Henry. Beautiful day - isn't it?

Distracted, Henry tries unsuccessfully to respond congenially.

HENRY

Yes, good morning Martha. Have a good one.

INT./EXT. TIBURON FERRY ENTRY LEVEL - EARLY MORNING

Henry walks onto the ferry and sees Lizzy behind the counter. Her hair and make up are particularly attractive, as is her tight sweater. He sheepishly approaches her and places the bag on the counter.

LIZZY

Honestly, Henry... I'm really not in the mood. Just take it upstairs.

Henry removes the bag from the counter. He looks earnestly at Lizzy.

HENRY

I'm so sorry about last night. I'm working on resolving the issue. Would you meet with me after work today to talk about it?

Lizzy leans over the counter, looks side-to-side to see if anyone is in hearing range and replies under her breath.

LIZZY

I don't think I'll be meeting with you this afternoon or in this lifetime.

Henry looks down dejected. He opens the paper bag and pulls out a coffee cake muffin and hands it to Lizzy.

HENRY

I respect that, but I still hope to make it up to you.

He flashes another sheepish smile as he turns to walk down the hall. Lizzy frowns and hurls the muffin which smacks into the back of Henry's head.

INT./EXT. FERRY WHEELHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Henry places the bag of muffins on the chart table. Barbara floats near the table and looks around. Henry SIGHS and begins to flip switches on the control panel. The RUMBLE of large engines kicks in and remains.

BARBARA

Wow, so many levers, buttons and gauges. What does this one do?

Barbara points to a lever.

HENRY

Seriously? You're making small talk just after you saw Lizzy tell me to go to hell?

BARBARA

Well, it's such a lovely morning, I didn't see the point in dwelling on such negativity.

HENRY

This wouldn't have happened if you had gone to the light like normal people.

Gerald walks into the wheelhouse and looks around.

GERALD

Who you talkin' to?

Henry looks up from the control panel.

HENRY

Oh, myself I guess. It happens from time to time.

GERALD

Well, I guess that's okay as long as you don't reply, I've heard.

Gerald sniffs the air and wanders over to peek into the paper bag.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Listen, I wanted to alert you that there are going to be trial races today for the next America's Cup. There'll be a lot of traffic on the Bay. We need you to pay attention.

HENRY

Have I caused you any concerns thus far?

GERALD

No, no. Just wanted to give you the heads up. By the way, what's up with the muffins?

HENRY

Coffee cake. Want some? Help yourself.

Gerald smiles and pulls out a muffin, breaks off a piece and pops it in his mouth.

GERALD

Mmm that's good. I haven't had coffee cake in ages. Looks like you have quite a yen for it yourself.

HENRY

Oh, my neighbor handed me this bag as welcome to the neighborhood or something. Take as many as you like.

Gerald reaches in and takes out two more.

GERALD

Don't mind if I do. All right then, stay alert and I'll drop by later.

Gerald walks out.

BARBARA

He seems like a nice man. Is that your boss? Why would you lie to him?

HENRY

Oh, like I'm going to say the coffee cake is to validate the smell of my ghost mother. Now listen I can't talk with you while I'm at work. So just be quiet until we're back in my truck.

Barbara appears a little sad.

Henry turns back to the control panels and checks the gauges. He looks at his watch. Henry looks out the window and sees the gangplank pulled off the pier into the ferry. He pushes the throttle forward and steers toward San Francisco.

There are several vessels milling around in the center of the Bay between Alcatraz and the Golden Gate Bridge. A large cargo ship just entered the Bay from under the bridge.

Barbara gazes appreciatively at her son. Then her thoughts wander and circuitously arrive in her furrowed brow. She floats across the room and hovers over his shoulder.

BARBARA

You know, Son, Lizzy looked particularly well put together this morning. Maybe she's not as upset as you think.

HENRY

It's called "revenge bod," Mom. She wants me to know what I'm missing. Now back off and be quiet.

BARBARA

I feel bad. I'm rather fond of her. She's got spunk. I want to help you win her back.

A 75 foot monohull sailboat darts from behind Angel Island crossing in front of the ferry's bow. Henry holds tight to the helm and slowly pulls the throttle back.

HENRY

Zip it, Mom. I need to pay attention. Damn, that racer wasn't even within the event buoys.

Barbara floats off a short distance and gazes more at her son than observing all the activity on the water.

Henry passes Angel Island and steers east to pass behind Alcatraz and avoid the racing buoys. Racing guns BLAST. Barely audible voices BARK through megaphones. Seagulls SCREECH. A timer boat speeds toward the ferry and veers off.

Suddenly Barbara is effusively over Henry's shoulder again.

BARBARA

We'll get her back and then I'll help you give her the best orgasm she's ever had.

Henry turns to his mother with a shocked look.

HENRY
Jesus Christ, Mom! I don't...

A loud warning horn BLARES. Henry looks ahead at an Alcatraz tour boat on a collision course with his ferry. He jerks the helm to the left causing the ferry to suddenly tip hard port side.

INT. TIBURON FERRY ENTRY LEVEL - MORNING

Lizzy and all the passengers are flung port side. Coffee cups, tablets and laptops fly from passengers' tables. Lizzy and most others are able to brace themselves from falling. A few are not so lucky and hit the floor or walls hard.

INT./EXT. FERRY WHEELHOUSE - MORNING

Henry grips the helm and scans the Bay. His brow is furrowed and he grits his teeth.

HENRY
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

Gerald burst into the wheelhouse and grabs the helm.

GERALD
Step aside. You are done here.

Henry defeatedly relinquishes the wheel to Gerald.

GERALD (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on? You should see the chaos downstairs. God knows what lawsuits are in store for us!

HENRY
Is everybody okay?

GERALD
How the hell should I know? I ran up here to relieve you of your duties. I'm sure the staff is checking on the passengers.

HENRY
What can I do to help?

GERALD

See a shrink. For God's sake Cole,
both times I came in here today you
were talking to yourself.

HENRY

So I'm fired?

GERALD

I don't know. Just let me get us to
the Ferry Building. Go take a walk.
I don't need you breathing down my
neck.

Henry exits the wheelhouse, closes the door and pulls up his collar against the chilly wind. Barbara floats after him through the closed door. He walks toward the back of the wheelhouse and leans against it, squinting as he gazes numbly at the city skyline. Barbara snuggles up against him.

BARBARA

Oh good. Now we can talk.

Henry glares at his mother and gestures with his thumb and index fingers sliding across his mouth to suggest "zip it!" Barbara WAILS such that Henry looks around to see if anyone else can hear.

HENRY

Jesus! What part of "zip it" don't
you understand?

BARBARA

Henry, you must stop cursing. How
can you talk to your mother like
this, when I try to be helpful?

HENRY

My dear, sweet departed mother died
a month ago. You are just some
flotsam and jetsam spiraling
through the universe to destroy me.

Lizzy walks up beside Henry as he utters these words. Barbara WAILS again.

LIZZY

Henry, you almost killed us down
there. Now you're out here
screaming about your dead mother?!
I'm afraid you're losing it.

Lizzy walks past Henry to the wheelhouse and sticks her head in.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Gerald, no one needs an ambulance - thank God. I've handed out a bunch of ice packs and bandaids. A couple of people who were in the bathroom at the time are particularly pissed - pun intended.

GERALD (O.S.)

Are we looking at lawsuits?

LIZZY

I can't tell. Larry is taking names, photos and contact info for anyone making claims of broken phones, laptops, etc.

GERALD (O.S.)

Thanks Lizzy. Is Henry still up here?

LIZZY

Uh, yah.

GERALD (O.S.)

Tell him to wait for me to park this puppy and we'll talk.

LIZZY

You got it.

Lizzy turns back toward Henry who looks very dejected.

HENRY

I heard.

LIZZY

Good, cuz the less I have to say to you the better.

Lizzy walks back and exits down the stairs.

BARBARA

So now I'm ocean garbage?!

HENRY

No, you're a ghost - straight out of central casting. I never heard you wail like that in your lifetime.

BARBARA

You never cursed at me in my lifetime.

The horn BLARES announcing the ferry's approach to the pier. A recorded ANNOUNCEMENT instructs passengers to disembark.

HENRY

My boss is going to be here any second to talk with me. Can you just keep cool until we're back in my truck?

Miraculously, Barbara silently nods the affirmative.

Henry glances over the side of the ferry. Gerald sticks his head out of the wheelhouse.

GERALD

Okay Henry, get in here.

INT/EXT. TIBURON FERRY WHEELHOUSE - MID MORNING

Henry enters the wheelhouse, smoothes back his wind ruffled hair and looks at Gerald standing with one hand on the helm. Gerald greets his gaze sternly. Barbara stays outside and watches Henry through the window.

GERALD

Now listen, Henry, your pilot's record has been impeccable. We felt lucky to bring you on board. Your first few days were great. So how can you explain what just happened?

Henry walks over to the chart table and distractedly taps his fist on it.

HENRY

Last night I received some very alarming family news. I didn't realize it would affect me this badly. I thought I could handle it.

GERALD

I'm sorry to hear that. I radioed headquarters to alert them to this incident and request a temporary replacement for you.

HENRY

Temporary?

GERALD

Depending on the fallout and your ability to pull yourself together...

HENRY

I think I should be better in a day or two. The time off will help me get a handle on the situation.

Gerald walks over to Henry and places his hands on Henry's shoulders.

GERALD

You want to tell me what's happening with your family?

HENRY

I'm not quite ready yet. Gerald, I am so sorry for what happened. I really appreciate that you're considering giving me a second chance.

Gerald pats Henry's upper arm and steps back.

GERALD

It's not entirely up to me. But I'm rooting for you. Now make yourself scarce when we get back to Tiburon.

Gerald grabs one more muffin before handing the bag to Henry.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Oh, and take this bag away. They're too tempting.

Henry walks to the door, opens it and turns back to Gerald.

HENRY

Thank you for being so supportive. I'm sure I'll have my act together in no time.

Gerald gives him a thumbs up.

INT./EXT. TIBURON FERRY ENTRY LEVEL - MID MORNING

The ferry pulls up to the Tiburon dock. A few passengers disembark. With his head down, Henry strides down the corridor, passes the concession stand and glances toward Lizzy who wipes down the counter without acknowledging him.

Barbara observes this and shakes her head.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY PIER - MORNING

Henry exits the ferry. Martha, her hand swathed in a gauze bandage, gives him a silent nod and bites her lower lip. Barbara floats behind him. Henry walks down the pier and places the bag of muffins on top of a garbage can and continues walking.

BARBARA

You're throwing those out?

HENRY

I thought maybe a homeless person might be happy to find them.

BARBARA

Homeless in Tiburon?

HENRY

Shut it! We're not in my truck yet.

A passerby gives Henry a concerned look.

BARBARA

It just seems like a waste.

Henry stops on the corner and explodes with anger.

HENRY

I am having the worst day of my life and I try to make one little gesture in the hopes of feeling better and you pick, pick, pick!

People stand back from him, or turn and walk in the other direction. A police car rolls up next to him. An officer, CARL DAVIDSON (30s) gets out and approaches him.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

What seems to be the trouble here?

Resigned, Henry puts both hands out to receive handcuffs.

HENRY

Perfect. Arrest me. I'm sure it had to happen sometime.

Officer Davidson looks quizzical.

Barbara looks shocked. She flings herself between Henry and the officer.

BARBARA

Oh, Henry! Don't even jest about
such a thing!

Henry raises his fist at his mother.

HENRY

Shut up! Shut up!

Officer Davidson steps back from Henry's raised fist and abruptly handcuffs Henry.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

If you insist.

The officer walks Henry to his patrol car.

OFFICER DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

I'm bringing you in on public
disturbance. Maybe we can sort this
out back at the station.

The officer opens the back door and gently guides Henry into the back seat.

INT. BELVEDERE POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Still handcuffed, Henry morosely sits at a brown formica table in a white interview room. Barbara stands behind him nervously wringing her hands. Officer Davidson stands at the open door, looks back over his shoulder and then returns his gaze toward Henry.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

The sergeant is on his way. By the way, what's with the cologne? When I picked you up, I thought the smell came from the cafe.

HENRY

It's all part of why I was yelling on the street corner. But if I have to tell it to the sergeant, let's wait for him.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO (50s) sparse mustache and receding hairline enters the interrogation room and takes a good look at Henry.

Trujillo sits down with a pad of paper and a recording device.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
So you work for the Tiburon Ferry?
We had a slew of calls here about
an hour ago about erratic piloting.
You know anything about it?

HENRY
I was the pilot.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
Okay...

Sergeant Trujillo turns on the recording device.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO (CONT'D)
This is Sergeant Al Trujillo. I am
here with Officer Davidson who
detained Henry Cole, Jr. for public
disturbance on the corner of
Tiburon Boulevard and Main Street
this morning, October 10th at
9:45a.m. Mr. Cole submitted himself
to arrest without incident. Mr.
Cole, please explain to the best of
your ability, your actions that led
to your arrest.

HENRY
The explanation for my erratic
behavior, both on the ferry and
again on the street corner is too
unbelievable.

Sergeant Trujillo leans back in his seat with his hands
clasped behind his head.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
Try me.

HENRY
You will think I'm crazy or full of
shit. Excuse me, lying.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
Go on.

HENRY
In short, I'm being haunted by the
ghost of my mother.

Sergeant Trujillo eyes go wide and he nearly falls backward.
He quickly grabs the table to balance himself.

He gives a concerned glance toward Officer Davidson who shakes his head in disbelief with eyebrows raised.

Trujillo clears his throat and picks up his pen which he taps nervously on the table as he looks sternly at Henry.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO

Well, you weren't lying when you stated I'd think you're crazy.

Barbara rolls her eyes and mimics Sergeant Trujillo.

HENRY

I appreciate that. But it's been all too real since yesterday evening. God it feels good to get this off my chest.

Henry lets out a cleansing breath and appears to relax for a moment before looking sheepishly at Sergeant Trujillo and Officer Davidson.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO

I can assure you, I don't believe in ghosts. But just to placate you, is there anyway you think you can prove this to us?

HENRY

I've been giving it some thought, I think I can prove it. If not fully, at least I can provide provocative evidence.

Sergeant Trujillo, resumes tapping his pen nervously. He looks at Officer Davidson and then back at Henry.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO

What did you have in mind?

HENRY

Have you noticed the aroma of coffee cake in this room? Officer Davidson has.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO

Yeah, it's making me hungry.

HENRY

Well that's my mom. She smells like coffee cake. She's standing behind me in this room.

Sergeant Trujillo looks askance.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sergeant, if you will humor me just one more minute... Would you stand over here at this end of the table?

Sergeant Trujillo begrudgingly stands and moves to the far end of the table across from the closed door.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO

Okay. Now what?

HENRY

Officer Davidson, will you please open the door?

Davidson opens the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay, Mom, help me out here. Will you please slowly pass through Sergeant Trujillo and then walk out the door as far as you can?

BARBARA

I'm not here for parlor tricks.

HENRY

Look, you got me into this mess.

BARBARA

I don't want to pass through him.

HENRY

How about a lingering embrace? I need him to get a good whiff of you.

Sergeant Trujillo looks annoyed.

BARBARA

He's not that cute. Why would I hug him?

HENRY

Jesus Christ, Mom! Do it for me!

BARBARA

There you go cursing at me again. I don't know why I should do anything for you.

Barbara floats over to Sergeant Trujillo, gives him a sideways hug and nuzzles her head on his shoulder.

HENRY

Take a deep breath, Sergeant.

Trujillo looks uncomfortable as he breathes in. He rubs his hand on his neck where Barbara is nuzzling as she glares at Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay, Mom, out the door with you.

BARBARA

With pleasure!

Barbara floats out the door as far as she can while keeping an eye on Henry. Henry waits quietly. He lightly taps a finger on the table three or four times then sniffs the air.

HENRY

Okay, Sergeant. She is in the other room. Smell the air now. Barely a whiff of coffee cake.

Trujillo inhales. His expression suggests he can smell the difference, but is unwilling to accept Henry's explanation.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sergeant, she is standing in the next room about eight feet from this door and a foot from that desk out there. Humor me one more time and walk to that position and smell the air.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO

You're trying my patience, but all right.

Trujillo walks through the open doorway to Barbara's position and mockingly sniffs. His eyebrows rise as he ponders this evidence. He walks back into the interrogation room.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO (CONT'D)

I don't know what to make of your stunt. Your ranting on a street corner doesn't warrant incarceration. But if you believe you are being haunted by your dead mother, I cannot in good conscience allow you to roam freely.

Trujillo writes a few notes on his pad. Barbara floats back in and stands behind Henry with her hand on his shoulder.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO (CONT'D)
What is your address?

HENRY
98 Captains Landing, Strawberry.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
Okay, we're putting you under house
arrest until you no longer feel
haunted by your mother and I no
longer smell coffee cake when I'm
with you.

BARBARA
Oh, so authoritarian.

Henry grimaces and looks back at his mother.

Trujillo rips the top page from his note pad and hands it to
Officer Davidson.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
Carl, take this to Lieutenant Jones
and have him process the paperwork,
then bring me an ankle monitor.

HENRY
What if she never leaves me? I
won't be able to work and I'll be
evicted.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
I can't keep you under house arrest
for more than a week without a
court order. Scheduling a hearing
is part of what Lieutenant Jones
will be doing this morning.

Henry looks down at his handcuffed hands on the table.

HENRY
When do I get these off?

Trujillo walks to the open door and shouts to Davidson.

SERGEANT TRUJILLO
What do you think Carl? You wanna
unlock the cuffs?

Officer Davidson walks back in holding an ankle monitor.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

He seems harmless enough. A little wacko though. Better put this on first.

Officer Davidson kneels down and attaches the ankle bracelet. He stands up, pulls out the keys and removes the handcuffs. Henry's rubs his wrists while he looks at Davidson and Trujillo.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dressed in sweats and a hoodie, Henry sits listlessly on his couch, cell phone in hand. Barbara darts around the room with nervous energy.

BARBARA

Oh dear! I just hate seeing you with an ankle bracelet like a common criminal!

HENRY

So sorry this upsets you.

BARBARA

I don't know how much longer I can take your snide attitude. Where is my fun loving, upbeat boy?

Henry points with annoyance at his ankle bracelet.

HENRY

In house arrest where you put me with your hair-brained idea.

Henry's cell phone RINGS. He answers. Barbara hovers nearby.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Henry nods his head as he listens to the caller. He leans back on the couch.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I understand. Let me check my schedule...

Henry looks down at his ankle bracelet. He is sock-footed.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yes, it looks like I will be home this Friday. 10 a.m.? Yes. I'll see them then. Uh, okay. Bye.

Henry hangs up and looks at his mother.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That was a court officer. There'll be a mental health evaluator here on Friday to decide my fate.

Barbara wrings her hands. Henry picks up his phone and scrolls contacts.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'd better call Gerald to give him the news.

A small brass spyglass on the coffee table begins to VIBRATE and RATTLE. Henry looks up from his phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What the...

The spyglass flies off the table and SLAMS into the metal frame of the fireplace.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Henry jumps up from the couch and looks at his mother's self-satisfied smile.

BARBARA

Now that I've got your attention, how about we talk this out. You've done nothing but push me away since I arrived.

HENRY

Well, excuuuuse me!

Henry walks over and picks up the spyglass and shakes it at her.

BARBARA

I've given it a lot of thought and can appreciate how surprising and, yes, challenging my presence is at this time.

Henry slumps back down on the couch.

HENRY

That's the first sensible thing you've said since you arrived.

Barbara points back and forth at herself and Henry.

BARBARA

This was not what I envisioned when I embarked on this journey.

HENRY

It's obvious you didn't give this a lot of thought. Your tunnel vision has us both in hell.

BARBARA

Well, let's explore our options and see how we can make this all less hellish.

HENRY

You tell me how I'm going to get my job back -- and my girlfriend?

BARBARA

I've been giving it a lot of thought. Gerald and Lizzy both seem like nice, reasonable people. If you just introduce us, I'm sure they'll understand and take you back.

HENRY

(sarcastically)

Sure Mom, I know I have a couple friends with ghosts hanging around them constantly. We all know one or two of those.

BARBARA

Again with the sarcasm.

Henry fiddles absentmindedly with the spyglass.

HENRY

So when did you develop this poltergeist skill?

BARBARA

While you were sleeping. While you weren't talking to me. I had to occupy myself with something.

HENRY

I see. It looks like you were more focused on this than figuring out how to move on.

BARBARA

Now Henry, that's just not fair. The box did not come with a manual on how to undo the incantation. I have no idea what to do!

HENRY

Where are the instructions you followed to get your spirit into the box?

BARBARA

Aren't they in there? In the box I mean?

HENRY

I looked. There's nothing there.

Barbara looks around nervously thinking. She stops in a solemn "aha" moment.

BARBARA

Ohhh... now I remember. The instructions are in my panty drawer.

HENRY

Of course. Why didn't I think of that.

His cellphone RINGS. He answers.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hello Gerald. I was just getting ready to call you. I'm so sorry about this morning. I --

Henry stops and listens.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yes, it's all related. Well at least I don't need to decide how to tell you.

He nods as he listens to Gerald.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know, crazy right? I'm trying to figure out how to help her move to the light so my life can get back to normal.

Henry pauses to listen. He becomes quite concerned.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It sounds like you're placating me, Gerald. I guess I don't blame you. Can you give me until next Monday to sort this out?

Henry rolls his eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Uh huh, okay. Well thanks. I'll wait for your call. Bye.

He hangs up, deflated.

BARBARA

What did he say?

HENRY

He said he needed to talk with his supervisor. He said I sounded relatively sane under the circumstances. But I could tell he doesn't believe you exist.

Barbara sits down on the couch and cuddles up to Henry.

BARBARA

I was thinking. Maybe you could ask your father to get the instructions and come up here for a visit. We could sort this all out together. It would be wonderful to see him again.

Henry makes a phone call.

HENRY

Yeah, hi Dad. Say listen, I need you to find something for me in one of Mom's drawers and overnight it to me.

Barbara is disappointed.

BARBARA

No, I said he should bring it.

Henry waves her off.

HENRY

Oh, you're home. Great. Go to her panty drawer.

He listens.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, Dad, I get it. I'm sorry to ask you to do this, but it's important. It has to do with the box you gave me.

Henry runs his hand through his hair and holds his head in his hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I understand that you're grieving and haven't had the heart to deal with her things. That's actually a good thing, otherwise you might have thrown out the instructions. Please buck up and look in the drawer.

Barbara is touched to hear her husband misses her.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What's so important? You know what was in the box you gave me? Her, that's what. What do you mean her who? Mom! Mom's ghost was in the box! And now she is permanently attached to me everywhere I go!

Henry tries to calm himself down.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's why I need you to find the instructions and send them to me, so I might figure out how to undo this.

He relaxes back on the couch.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Great. Thank you Dad. I'll text you my address where you can send it -- overnight, morning delivery. I'll Zelle you the cost when you send me the tracking number.

Henry is agitated.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Of course I trust you. No, I don't think you're a charity case. Please, Dad. I'm really stressed out here.

He glances at his mother who is watching him intently.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm sorry Dad. How are you doing?

Henry nods, sadly agitated.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I can only imagine. I'm sorry I haven't called you since I got here. It's been a little crazy around here -- with Mom and all.

He sits up straight.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Listen Dad, be careful what you wish for. My job is on the line and I may never have a love life, so I may move in with you or be homeless.

Henry relaxes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Dad. Somehow I thought you'd see it my way. Uh huh. Sure. Take care.

Henry hangs up and looks at his mother.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dad sends his love. But I think he was being sarcastic with me. I doubt he believes me.

BARBARA

Why did you tell him to overnight it? It would be great to see him!

HENRY

I need the instructions right away. It's faster and cheaper for him to overnight them. Besides I don't need his energy at this time.

BARBARA

Ah, but I sorta thought we'd all be together. I chose you because I was sure you'd outlive your father and you're such a fun loving companion -
- at least you were.

Henry stands and slowly walks behind the couch, occasionally eyeing his mother while he gathers his thoughts.

HENRY

So you and Dad had a nice relationship? I mean, he's such a grouch.

Barbara floats around gleefully.

BARBARA

Not with me. His long absences kept our hearts fonder. Every time he was home, it was like our honeymoon... only better. Practice makes perfect.

He puts his hands over his ears.

HENRY

Mom! Jesus Christ! TMI!

Henry looks down at his phone. His finger poised to make a call. He looks around the room in contemplation. His eyes rest on a stream of sunlight illuminating the coffee table.

He puts the phone in his back pocket and walks to the closet near the front door. He opens the closet and removes a camera case and a roll of white paper from the upper shelf.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry photographs Lizzy's small sculpture resting on the pure white backdrop bathed in sunlight. He turns the sculpture to capture it from different angles. He pauses between shots to glance at captured images on the LCD screen on the back of his camera.

Barbara observes him fondly.

BARBARA

I'm glad to see you're not just going to sit around and mope.

Henry looks again at the LCD screen.

HENRY

I'm a man on a mission.

He walks over to his laptop on the kitchen table, pulls the memory stick out of his camera and downloads the images into the laptop. He looks at his watch. He texts them from the laptop to Lizzy's phone.

BARBARA

Now you're using your noodle.

HENRY

I hope this motivates her to give me a call.

Henry sits down on his sofa, picks up the remote and turns on the TV. A soap opera comes on. He idly channel surfs. Barbara observes with her hands on her hips.

BARBARA

Oh, Henry. It's a lovely day. Why don't we go for a walk?

Henry stares at the changing images as he continues to channel surf.

HENRY

What part of house arrest don't you understand?

BARBARA

Well, you've got to keep your spirits up. How about some calisthenics? I see you have your weights here.

HENRY

When did you become my personal trainer?

Barbara floats happily around Henry who pauses working the remote to watch her.

BARBARA

When you win Lizzy back, you want to be in fine form... full of vim and vigor.

HENRY

There will be no vigor with you in the room.

Henry turns off the TV, drops the remote aggressively on the coffee table and stands up.

BARBARA

Like I said, I can't see your bodies if you're under the covers.

Exasperated, Henry HUFFS and walks into his bedroom.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Henry gets into bed. Barbara floats nearby.

HENRY

Did you ever have sex in front of someone else, even if you were under the covers?

BARBARA

Of course not!

HENRY

Exactly!

Henry throws the covers over his head. Barbara is unwillingly drawn under the covers. She is face-to-face with Henry. Both of their eyes go wide.

Henry throws the covers off and sits up on the side of the bed. Barbara rapidly floats to the wall next to the bedroom door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So much for privacy under the covers.

BARBARA

The curse is that I must always gaze upon you.

HENRY

Aha! So you admit it's a curse. You're willing to move on if I can figure out how to undo this.

Barbara floats back over and sits next to Henry on the bed.

BARBARA

I don't know. I'm afraid. Maybe I'll go to the bad place for making this incantation.

HENRY

We'll go to confession. The priest will make you say a few "Our Father's" or "Hail Mary's" and boom, all is forgiven.

BARBARA

We're not Catholic.

HENRY

Say the Lord's Prayer and drop a dollar in the basket. Jesus is all about forgiveness.

BARBARA

I wish I could believe that.

HENRY

All those years you sent me to Sunday School and you don't even believe in...

BARBARA

Do you?

HENRY

I'm not sure that it's any more right than any other religion. I like the part about love, charity and forgiveness.

BARBARA

Those are values to live by. It's the miracles that challenge me.

Barbara talks with her hands, as she explores her thoughts.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I mean I'm good with the idea of reincarnation so I get the Resurrection, but the Virgin Birth, oh puh-leeze.

HENRY

How does that not surprise me?

Barbara rolls her eyes at Henry.

BARBARA

But seriously, I'm terrified.

HENRY

Don't be. I've always known you to be a good person. I don't think you've committed any cardinal sin.

BARBARA

Yes, but I've messed with black magic. I may be doomed.

HENRY

If you don't believe in Christianity then you needn't believe in Hell.

Henry's cell phone BUZZES from the kitchen table. He gets up from the bed and walks past his mother who follows him into the great room.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Henry reads the text message from Lizzy on his phone. "Got the photos. Really good. Thx. Gerald told me about your mom. Whoa. Maybe I can help. I'll call you when I get off work."

Barbara reads over his shoulder.

HENRY

Ah, a glimmer of hope.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Henry prepares a dinner of salmon over salad. Barbara chats with him over the kitchen island.

BARBARA

It's like old times, except now you're doing all the cooking. I wonder if my poltergeist skills could enable me to cook again. I could make myself useful around here.

HENRY

Hopefully you won't be here long enough to perfect that skill.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Henry turns the burner off, wipes his hands on a dishcloth and opens the door.

Lizzy stands there with a serious expression. Next to her is ARIEL (30s) a Bohemian hippie with a canvas tote on her arm. Ariel maintains a placid and receptive gaze as she observes Henry and his apartment.

LIZZY

Hi Henry, this is Ariel.

Ariel reaches out to shake Henry's hand. She leans in to whisper.

ARIEL

I'm a ghost whisperer.

Barbara's eyes go wide and mimes zipping and locking her mouth shut.

HENRY

Oh, really?

LIZZY

(to Henry)

I'm not sure I buy all this, but when I heard your situation, I figured we could put her to the test.

Ariel glares briefly at Lizzy. Henry steps back and gestures for the two women to enter.

HENRY

Thank you both so much for coming. Ariel, what has Lizzy told you about my situation?

ARIEL

Nothing. She's testing me. But I sensed a large wall of estrogen when I entered. Your ghost is female and highly protective of you -- almost maternal.

HENRY

Bingo!

LIZZY

(to Ariel)

Impressive. My apologies for doubting you.

ARIEL

So, the ghost is your mother?

Henry points to the box on the credenza.

HENRY

Yes, she used some Egyptian incantation to will her soul into this box she bought in Cairo. She wanted to be with me for eternity.

Ariel studies the iconography on the box. She looks at Henry and then past him toward Barbara who observes Ariel with concern. Ariel smiles slightly and nods toward Barbara.

ARIEL

I see.

HENRY

You can see her?

ARIEL

Yes. I see her flowing kaftan, loose chignon and potent disdain.

HENRY

Oh, thank God! Someone believes me.

Lizzy gives Henry a brief hug, stands back and looks warmly into his eyes.

LIZZY

I guess at least two people believe you.

Henry gives Lizzy a big, long hug.

HENRY

Oh Lizzy, I'm so glad. I didn't know how to explain what happened last night. Mom showed up just before you arrived yesterday. I thought she went back in the box while you and I were together, but apparently she cannot take her eyes off of me.

Lizzy's eyes go wide as she comprehends.

LIZZY

Ever?

Henry nods sheepishly.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Oh. Ohhh.

Lizzy puts her hand over her mouth.

HENRY

So you understand how shocked I was last night?

LIZZY

Why didn't you just tell me then?

HENRY

Would you have believed me?

ARIEL

Hello, I'm still here. What do you want me to do with your mother?

Henry and Lizzy turn to acknowledge Ariel.

HENRY

Can you help her move on?

Barbara glares at Henry.

BARBARA

What? Just like that? I'm not ready.

ARIEL

Ah, she talks. Quite articulate too.

LIZZY

Wow, why can't I hear or see her? I wish I could.

Barbara looks appreciatively at Lizzy.

Ariel places her tote on the kitchen table and pulls out a large bundle of sage and a lighter.

ARIEL

If everyone had my gifts, I'd be out of a livelihood.

She ignites the sage bundle. She blows out the flame and coaxes the smoke to pour over herself.

Barbara looks suspiciously at the smoldering sage.

Ariel carries the sage and walks two times around Barbara whose face grows angrier. Ariel continues to circle Barbara who tries desperately to blow the sage out, but only causes it to glow brighter. Barbara flails at the smoke. She tries to brush it off of her arms and face.

Ariel smirks with satisfaction. Barbara sees Henry's glass of water next to him on the kitchen island. She focuses on it and sends it flying over the sage, dousing it. The glass crashes to the floor.

Ariel is surprised. Lizzy GASPS.

BARBARA

No more of that! I don't like it and I doubt it will work.

HENRY

Ah Mom, why don't you cooperate?

Henry bends down to pick up the broken pieces of glass.

BARBARA

This is all happening so fast. I told you I'm not ready!

ARIEL

She just arrived yesterday and already she can manifest physically? This is quite concerning.

Henry drops the glass pieces paper bag and then into the garbage. He grabs the dishcloth, opens the closet and brings out a broom and dust pan.

LIZZY

Is Henry in danger?

Henry looks up at Ariel as he sweeps up the shards and towels up the water.

ARIEL

I doubt it, but I'll need reinforcements.

Ariel walks over to the box on the credenza and studies it again. Henry dumps the shards in the garbage and glares at Barbara. He walks to Lizzy and puts his arm around her waist.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

I have not dealt with souls that engaged in an ancient incantation.

Ariel looks up at Lizzy and Henry.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Mostly I deal with souls that refuse to pass on because of unfinished business or addiction to a place or person.

HENRY

It seems my mother falls into the addicted category.

BARBARA

Henry, how could you say such a thing!?!

Henry rolls his eyes at her.

ARIEL

Yes, but it's the incantation that may thwart my standard solutions.

HENRY

I should be receiving the instructions via FedEx tomorrow.

ARIEL
Instructions?

HENRY
That my mom followed to insert her
soul into the box.

ARIEL
Well, I'm happy to come back... for
a fee, but you may want to contact
an Egyptologist to help sort this
out.

Barbara floats over to Ariel and whispers in her ear while
keeping an eye on Henry.

BARBARA
Ariel, just think of what this box
might do for your business. You
might want to smuggle it out of
here in that big tote of yours.

Ariel pauses in thought. Henry walks over, picks up the box
and holds it protectively in his arms.

HENRY
I can hear you, Mother.

Lizzy walks to the door, puts her hand on the door handle and
looks at Henry.

LIZZY
I think this is enough for one
evening. I'm going to walk Ariel to
her car. Do you want me to come
back?

Barbara shakes her head.

BARBARA
No!

HENRY
Sure! If you don't mind sharing a
sad piece of salmon.

LIZZY
Oh, we ruined your dinner.

HENRY
This was much more important.
Ariel, thank you so much for
coming. I'll get your number from
Lizzy and follow up tomorrow.

Lizzy and Ariel walk out. Henry closes the door. Barbara gets in Henry's face.

BARBARA

I've had about as much of this as I can take. How dare you have that witch burn sage on me?!?

HENRY

I didn't initiate that. Lizzy thought she might help -- or prove that I'm the crazy louse she thought I was.

BARBARA

And now you invited Lizzy back here even though I said no?

Henry walks to the stove, slices the salmon slightly to check its condition and puts it back on a low flame.

HENRY

I'm so relieved she's giving me another chance. Of course I invited her back. I thought you liked her.

Henry brings out salad fixings and another plate.

Barbara floats back to the kitchen island.

BARBARA

Well, I'm not in the mood after she brought that witch here.

HENRY

Ghost whisperer.

BARBARA

Potāto, potato... A rose by any other name. You have no idea how that sage smoke attacked me. I can see how it works on your average ghost.

HENRY

And yet you're still here.

Henry sets the table with placemats, flatware, napkins.

BARBARA

Honestly Henry, when she was circling me with sage, it was like part of me was dissolving or dissipating. It's hard to describe.

Henry goes back to the kitchen to get two glasses of water.

Barbara forlornly presses her hands together as she looks pleadingly at Henry.

Unmoved, Henry walks past her and places the glasses on the table.

HENRY

I understand it was unpleasant.

BARBARA

I can't believe your insensitivity!
There's so much I want to discuss
with you.

Henry returns to the stove, removes the salmon and places it on the two plates of salad.

HENRY

It's just dinner, Mom. There'll be
plenty of time to talk after she
leaves. Obviously she's not
spending the night. Be nice.

There's a gentle KNOCK on the door and Lizzy sticks her head in.

BARBARA

(hurt)
I am nice.

Henry's face lights up at seeing Lizzy. He waves her in and brings the plates to the table.

HENRY

Tada!

LIZZY

Loaves and fishes.

HENRY

Oh, did you want bread?

LIZZY

No, I was referring to the
parable... how you were able to
make enough to share.

Henry and Lizzy sit down at the table.

HENRY

Oh, oh yeah. So much talk about Christianity today, I almost feel I should say Grace.

BARBARA

No need to go overboard.

LIZZY

We didn't discuss...

HENRY

... Mom and I were discussing the fate of her soul. Her name's Barbara.

Henry picks up a fork full of food, starts to bring it to his mouth and stops.

HENRY (CONT'D)

She's floating right there, by the way.

Henry points at a spot between him and Lizzy.

LIZZY

I know, I can smell her. Hi Barbara. I'm Lizzy.

Lizzy looks appreciatively in Barbara's direction and nods. Henry takes a bite while Lizzy loads up her fork.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, you know those muffins you brought yesterday didn't taste like her wonderful aroma.

Henry leans back in his chair and rubs the spot where the muffin hit that she hurled at him.

HENRY

You didn't eat the muffin I gave you. How would you know?

LIZZY

I ate a muffin Gerald brought to me. It was good, but it doesn't taste like that.

Lizzy nods her head toward Barbara.

HENRY

What are you, some sort of super taster?

LIZZY

So I've been told.

HENRY

You took a muffin from Gerald that you wouldn't take from me? Should I be jealous?

LIZZY

He's married and he's my boss. So the answer is hell no. But you are pissing me off.

BARBARA

Henry! Jealousy is such an ugly, insulting emotion. You'll never get anywhere with that attitude.

Henry leans forward and gently touches Lizzy's arm.

HENRY

You're right. You're right. I'm sorry.

Lizzy gently pats his outstretched hand.

LIZZY

I'll cut you some slack. How about some beers?

Henry starts to get up.

HENRY

Of course, I wasn't thinking...

Lizzy stands up.

LIZZY

I'll get them.

She walks to the refrigerator and brings out two beers.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

So why does your mom smell like coffee cake?

She pops the caps off with a church key and walks back to the table.

HENRY

We used to make it together a lot.
The first five ingredients in her
recipe were the cipher to open the
box over there.

LIZZY

You have the recipe? Wow, I would
love to taste what she smells like.

Lizzy takes a big sip of beer.

Barbara smiles with self-satisfaction.

HENRY

Not only do I have the recipe, I
have the ingredients.

LIZZY

Oooh, sounds like dessert!

Henry smiles. They clink beer bottles and each take a sip.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Henry stirs a bowl of coffee cake ingredients, while Lizzy
puts items back in the refrigerator. Barbara slips behind
Henry, wraps her arms around each side of him and tries to
make him mix faster. A slow smile emerges on Henry's face.

HENRY

Ooh, hoo, hoo, Lizzy! I like this.

Lizzy looks over her shoulder from the refrigerator.

LIZZY

Like what?

Henry looks back at Lizzy and sees his mother smiling over
his shoulder. He drops the wooden spoon and scurries to the
other side of the kitchen island.

HENRY

Geez, Mom! What was that all about?

BARBARA

Just like old times.

HENRY

I'm not a little boy you need to
help stir.

Lizzy laughs.

LIZZY

Was your mom trying to re-enact the scene from Ghost?

Lizzy slides up behind Henry and playfully moves her hands over his.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

You know - the pottery wheel.

Barbara smacks Lizzy's butt.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Ow! Not so...

Lizzy looks down and sees both of Henry's hands in hers. She realizes she was just spanked by his mother. She is completely spooked. She frantically gathers her purse and jacket.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no, no. Henry, I don't know if I stay here any longer.

Henry blocks her at the front door and looks at her with caring concern.

HENRY

What happened?

Lizzy looks around nervously and replies in a hushed voice.

LIZZY

I think your mother just spanked me.

Henry takes Lizzy into a big bear hug and looks over at his mother.

HENRY

Mom, seriously? Why would you spank Lizzy?

Barbara stands with her hands on her hips.

BARBARA

I don't know. Something just came over me. I felt pushed aside I guess.

Barbara looks upward, sideways and EXHALES audibly.

HENRY

Look Mom, rein it in or I'll...

BARBARA

... or you'll what? You're already planning to do the worst thing to me, so I have nothing to lose.

Barbara hurls one of the plates drying next to the sink against the kitchen wall.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Opa!

The plate SMASHES into pieces on the floor.

Lizzy shrieks and buries her face in Henry's shoulder.

LIZZY

Oh my God! What's happening?

Henry holds Lizzy and tries to soothe her.

HENRY

Mom's having a hissy fit, but I believe she's got it out of her system. Haven't you, Mom?

Barbara fingers the second plate in the drying rack.

BARBARA

That depends, is your girlfriend bringing that witch back?

Henry looks down at Lizzy.

HENRY

Mom was upset by Ariel's visit. She would like us to promise not to bring her around any more.

LIZZY

Where is your mom now?

Lizzy turns around still staying safe inside Henry's arms. He points toward the kitchen sink.

HENRY

Over there.

Lizzy gulps, then squares her shoulders.

LIZZY

Hi, Barbara. I'm sorry Ariel upset you. She will not set foot in this apartment again.

Barbara glides out from behind the kitchen island.

BARBARA
Well, that's a relief.

Barbara looks over at the coffee cake batter.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
This coffee cake is not going to
bake itself.

Henry slides one hand down Lizzy's arm, gently takes her hand and leads her into the kitchen.

HENRY
She seems appeased. Let's get this
in the oven.

LIZZY
Oh God, Henry. I think I've lost
interest. I really want to go home.

HENRY
I understand. I'm sorry. I know you
were looking forward to trying this
fresh out of the oven.

Henry walks with Lizzy back to the front door. Barbara glides between them and the door. She spreads her arms out to block the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Very funny, Mom. It's your antics
that are causing her to leave.

LIZZY
What's going on now?

Henry reaches out to open the door. Barbara turns the bolt lock. Henry tries to unbolt the door but cannot. Lizzy's eyes go wide.

HENRY
Looks like Mom doesn't want you
leave.

LIZZY
Can I leave after I try her damn
coffee cake?

Henry looks at his mother. She nods "yes."

HENRY
She said "yes."

Lizzy marches back into the kitchen.

LIZZY

Great, let's get this thing over with. How long does it go in the oven?

Henry follows her into the kitchen and spoons the batter into a Pyrex square.

HENRY

About an hour.

LIZZY

(disappointed)
Wonderful.

Henry sprinkles a thick layer of a dry cinnamon and sugar blend on top of the batter.

HENRY

Now for the secret sauce!

Lizzy tries to look interested but she is nervous about Barbara.

Henry pours the next layer of batter over the cinnamon layer. He reaches for a small bowl of brown sugar crumble and generously sprinkles it over the batter.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And then, the pièce de resistance!

Henry places the Pyrex into the oven.

LIZZY

The suspense is killing me.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Henry and Lizzy sit next to each other on the couch. Barbara hovers over Henry. Lizzy searches the internet on her cell phone.

HENRY

Too bad you didn't bring your laptop with you. We could have uploaded those photos and maybe launched your Kickstarter page.

LIZZY

Oh I did that just before we came over. Your photos got me started.
(MORE)

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I photographed the two plasters I'd first like to cast and uploaded those to the page along with yours.

Lizzy types on her cell phone.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I know you'd do better photos, but I wasn't sure when that might happen. Hey look! I think I just received my first donation.

Henry lights up and looks at her cell phone screen.

HENRY

That's wonderful! Look at you, all techie and rocking it.

LIZZY

Well, okay, so it's from my brother who's probably trying to launch me out of his house.

HENRY

I'm just proud of you for making it happen. Say, while you're looking things up on your phone, why not take a look at Egyptologists at UC Berkeley? Maybe we could send an email.

Barbara glowers. Lizzy feigns lack of interest and slips her phone into her pocket.

LIZZY

Oh Henry, I don't see the point. I think we can make things work here with your mom.

Barbara relaxes and smiles. Henry looks quizzical.

HENRY

Liz, I doubt I can go back to work with her hovering over me all the time. And us, I mean there's no privacy. I cannot picture my future with her here.

Barbara whacks Henry's head. Lizzy tries to look calm and reassuring even while she sees the impact and his hair stand up seemingly by itself.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ow! Geez Mom! Cut it out! You never hit me as a kid.

BARBARA

You rarely gave me reason to. And when you did, I had your father for that.

The timer goes off. Lizzy and Henry both jump up from the couch and hurry to the kitchen. Henry puts on oven mitts and gently removes the coffee cake. Lizzy inhales the aroma rapturously.

LIZZY

Now that's what I'm talking about!

Lizzy grabs a knife to slice the cake. Henry stays her hand.

HENRY

Not yet. It needs to cool for another hour to be at its best.

Barbara smiles approvingly from the other side of the kitchen island.

Lizzy gently shakes the knife in the air and glowers daggers at Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know. I know. But you only asked how long in the oven, not how long before we could eat it.

Henry gently extracts the knife from Lizzy's hand and gives her a quick kiss.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I suppose it will be good enough in a half hour.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA

Henry and Lizzy sit at the table. Each has a slice of coffee cake on a plate, forks in hand. Barbara hovers expectantly.

HENRY

And now for the moment we've all been waiting for.

They both take a fork full of coffee cake and pop it in their mouths. Ecstasy bursts onto their faces. Barbara beams with pride.

LIZZY

Oh. My. God! Oral orgasm. This is even better than I imagined.

Henry chuckles.

BARBARA

Oral orgasm? Best compliment ever!

Barbara winks at Henry who dismisses her comment with a roll of his eyes.

Henry and Lizzy enthusiastically take another bite.

Lizzy looks at her cell phone.

LIZZY

Oh my, look at the time. I have an early morning tomorrow. Better be getting home.

Lizzy stands up and takes their plates to the kitchen.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Any chance I could take some of this coffee cake to sell on the ferry tomorrow?

Henry stands up and joins Lizzy in the kitchen.

HENRY

Sure. Say, if it's a hit, I'd better figure out cost of production. I paid \$4 each for the muffins I brought yesterday.

Lizzy wraps the coffee cake in Saran Wrap.

LIZZY

I wonder if this would taste as good in muffin form?

HENRY

We can experiment with it.

Lizzy puts on her jacket, grabs her purse and carefully carries the coffee cake to the door. Henry unbolts the door and opens it for her.

LIZZY

Well, thank you again for this.

Lizzy gestures toward the coffee cake.

HENRY
Of course. It was fun.

Henry smiles at Lizzy. Their gaze lingers.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Call me tomorrow?

LIZZY
Sure. I'll let you know how people
respond to your mom's coffee cake.

Henry leans in for a quick kiss, but Lizzy returns it, and returns it again. Feeling hot and bothered they reluctantly acknowledge she must leave.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Okay. Tomorrow.

HENRY
Be safe out there.

Lizzy smiles, nods and exits.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MID-MORNING

Dressed in jeans and a pullover, Henry paces and looks at his phone. Barbara is annoyed as she observes him.

HENRY
I can't believe Dad never texted me
the tracking number. He hasn't
responded to my calls. I don't
know...

His doorbell RINGS. Henry rushes to the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Oh thank God! That must be FedEx
now.

Henry throws open the door. His father stands there sternly with a duffle bag gripped in one hand. Henry is stunned. Barbara soars through the door to embrace her husband.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Dad!?! You came?

BARBARA
Oh Henry, you came!

Henry Cole, Sr. cannot see Barbara, but it is obvious that he can feel her embrace and is slightly uneasy, but slightly aroused at the same time.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Hi, Son. You made me nervous. I thought I'd better check on you.

HENRY

I'm sorry you went through all this trouble. I mean, the instructions are all I need. You brought the instructions, right?

HENRY COLE, SR.

(annoyed)

Yes, yes.

Henry Cole, Sr. reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a folded piece of papyrus paper and hands it to Henry.

Barbara runs her hand soothingly across her husband's furrowed brow, blows gently in his ear and with her other hand masterfully grabs his crotch.

Henry Cole, Sr. drops his duffle bag.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

Oh! Barbara stop. Not in front of the kid.

Henry looks away disgusted.

HENRY

Geez, Mom! I can see you. Remember?!

Barbara stops groping her husband and floats around to face Henry.

BARBARA

I just wanted to make sure he knew it was me.

Henry looks past his mother at his dad who still has a surprised look on his face.

HENRY

So Dad, you believe me when I say Mom is here?

Henry Cole, Sr. absent-mindedly fingers the ear she blew in.

HENRY COLE, SR.
Her secret handshake is
unmistakeable.

Barbara floats around gleefully. She playfully blows in her husband's other ear. He looks alarmed.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)
Well, this is going to be hard
getting used to.

Henry unfolds the papyrus paper and looks at the instructions.

HENRY
Hopefully you will not have time to
get used to it.

Henry Cole, Sr. picks up his duffle bag and walks pass Henry into the apartment. He tosses the duffle behind the sofa and looks hard at his son.

HENRY COLE, SR.
You tossing me out?

Henry looks up from the instructions surprised by the question.

HENRY
No! I'm trying to toss Mom out. I
need my life back. She cannot take
her eyes off of me -- ever.

Henry makes a gesture like "think about it."

Barbara nuzzles up against her husband and glares at her son.

Henry Cole, Sr., rubs his jawline as he contemplates his son's complaint.

HENRY COLE, SR.
I can see how that could be
problematic.

Henry stomps around.

HENRY
Problematic?! Problematic?! It's a
fucking nightmare!

HENRY COLE, SR.
Language!

BARBARA
Language!

Henry stops and confronts his parents.

HENRY

My house, my rules! And until Mom moves on, I'll cuss when I fucking feel like it!

Henry sits at the dining table, glances again at the instructions and then looks at his phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You two catch up while I return some calls.

HENRY COLE, SR.

How do I catch up with her if I can't hear her?

Barbara nuzzles up against him and runs her hand up and down his back. He looks alarmed but pleased.

HENRY

Not my problem.

Henry takes a photo of the instructions with his phone.

Henry sees a text from Lizzy.

"Delete after reading. Egypt guy at UCB will meet you today. Alert the police that you need to travel to the East Bay, and that you have a person familiar with the situation to drive you. Tell your mom that you're helping me deal with my ex. Let me know you got this."

Henry quickly deletes the message. Then he types "Got it." Hits send. He then texts her the photo of the instructions.

He scrolls his contacts and calls the Tiburon Police.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hi. This is Henry Cole. Is Sergeant Trujillo available?

Barbara focuses on her son. Henry Cole, Sr. walks around the apartment, glances out the window and picks up a magazine on the coffee table.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, hi. I have an opportunity to resolve my problem, but I need to travel to Emeryville this afternoon. I have a co-worker willing to drive me. Would that be okay?

Henry nods as he listens.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll have her call you. Her name is Lizzy, Elizabeth Miller. I guess. I mean, she's going through a divorce and I don't know what's on her driver's license... Okay, thanks.

Henry hangs up. A new text from Lizzy flashes on his phone:

"My ex is giving me a hard time. Any chance you and your mom could help me?"

Barbara looms over Henry.

BARBARA

What's this about resolving your "problem?"

Henry shows his phone to his mother.

HENRY

I couldn't ask permission to travel to help a friend, so I had to suggest it was related to my problem.

His dad looks up from the magazine.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Who's Lizzy?

HENRY

Maybe my girlfriend.

HENRY COLE, SR.

That's promising. Let me know when you figure it out.

His gaze returns to the magazine.

HENRY

You see, Mom? You see how he constantly snipes at me?

BARBARA

I did not stick around for this bickering. Anyway, I'm glad to know we're getting out of your place this afternoon. I'm longing for some fresh air.

Henry stands up, walks to his front door and opens it with a "it's all yours" gesture.

HENRY

Here you go, Mom. Go ahead and fill
up those lungs of yours.

Barbara raises the back of hand to her forehead in a
melodramatic "woe is me" pose.

BARBARA

I never thought you would make fun
of my not having a body. All that
pilates and for what.

INT./EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Henry realizes he's gone too far. He looks down and shifts
his weight while still holding the door open.

HENRY

You're right. I'm so sorry. Come
here. Let's hug this out.

Barbara soars into Henry's open arms. Henry delicately wraps
his arms around her.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Wow! You are one ball of pulsating
energy...

Officer Davidson walks up the outside stairs to Henry's
apartment. He sees Henry at the open door hugging the air and
talking. Davidson pauses halfway up the stairs.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

Oh, geez, Cole. What am I supposed
to tell the Sergeant?

Henry looks up surprised and embarrassed. He tries a
nonchalant approach. He shifts to face Officer Davidson while
keeping one arm around his mother's waist.

HENRY

Tell the Sergeant you found me
hugging my mother because she was
upset.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

Understood.

HENRY

What brings you around this fine
morning?

OFFICER DAVIDSON

We received a request to allow you to go on an excursion to hopefully resolve the matter that has you under house arrest.

Officer Davidson continues up the stairs and stands next to Henry.

OFFICER DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Protocol requires that I assess you in person.

Henry gestures to the inside of his apartment.

HENRY

Wow! That was fast. I just hung up. Come on in.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

I was gassing up down the street when I got the call.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Officer Davidson walks into the apartment and almost bumps into Henry Cole, Sr. who was eavesdropping from just inside.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

Oh! And who are you?

Henry enters his apartment and closes the door after his mother floats in.

HENRY COLE, SR.

I'm his father and the husband of the ghost who's keeping him company.

Officer Davidson pulls out a small note pad and pen and jots down some words.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

You make it all sound so normal.

Henry Cole, Sr. crosses his arm and looks contemplative.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Officer, I flew up here early this morning after my son told me about his mother's ghost visiting him.

(MORE)

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

I confess that I thought he was crazy, but I can attest she is here.

With pen poised above his notepad, Officer Davidson looks up surprised.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

Your name, sir?

HENRY COLE, SR.

Henry Cole... senior.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

Of course. And how is it you can attest that the ghost of your wife is here?

Henry injects himself into the conversation.

HENRY

Are you sure you want to answer that?

HENRY COLE, SR.

I can handle this, Son. Officer, I was married to my wife for over 40 years. The ghost touched me in a way only she could.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

Do you see her as your son claims he does?

HENRY COLE, SR.

No. But I wish I could.

Officer Davidson turns to Henry.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

And where is your mother now?

Barbara floats over and blows in her husband's ear. His eyes grow wide.

HENRY

Look at my father's face. She just blew in his ear.

Barbara floats over to Officer Davidson and blows in his ear. Startled, he jumps and drops his pad and pen. He quickly bends down, clumsily picks them up and races for the door, opens it and steps outside. He turns back to Henry.

OFFICER DAVIDSON

I think I've gathered enough information. Will your father be accompanying you and Ms. Miller?

HENRY

We hadn't discussed it yet, but whatever satisfies the police to allow me to travel to the East Bay.

Officer Davidson scurries down the stairs.

OFFICER DAVIDSON (O.C.)

I'll let you know.

INT./EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK - EMERYVILLE - AFTERNOON

Lizzy is in the driver's seat with Henry next to her.

Barbara sits behind Lizzy and gazes adoringly at her son.

Henry Cole, Sr. sits next to her drumming his fingers on his knees and impatiently looking around.

Lizzy pulls into a parking space outside a high rise with industrial windows.

LIZZY

Anyway, this guy offered to buy your coffee cake recipe. Mr. Charles, you remember him - the corporate attorney, he offered to represent you.

HENRY

Wow.

LIZZY

Yeah, I sold it as Cole's Coffee Cake. Has a nice ring to it.

HENRY COLE, SR.

What kind of money are we talking about?

Lizzy turns off the truck and opens the door.

LIZZY

I'm not sure. I have both their business cards. Henry can call them in the morning.

HENRY COLE, SR.
Maybe I should give them a call.

Henry gets out of the truck and looks back at his dad.

HENRY
This is Lizzy's and my project. I
can make the call.

HENRY COLE, SR.
My name's Cole.

Barbara disapproves of her husband's inserting himself into this opportunity and smacks his head. Henry sees this.

HENRY
Well at least I'm not the only one
on the receiving end of Mom's
wrath.

They follow Lizzy toward the door of the building.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BART'S LOFT - AFTERNOON

Lizzy, Henry and his dad stand outside Lizzy's soon-to-be-ex's art loft/apartment. Barbara is draped around her husband while she gazes at her son.

Lizzy has legal papers in her hand.

LIZZY
You don't really need to do or say
anything unless Bart gives me a
hard time. Hopefully, just your
presence will finally get him to
sign.

HENRY COLE, SR.
I feel awkward going in. I'll just
wait out here.

LIZZY
That's fine. This shouldn't take
long.

Lizzy turns and knocks on the door. She waits a moment and then fishes keys out of her pocket, unlocks and opens the door. She and Henry enter the loft.

INT. BART'S LOFT - AFTERNOON

The space is minimal. Large, hard-edge, color field paintings hang on the walls and smaller ones rest on easels. Sunlight pours through the industrial warehouse windows. In one corner of the loft is an up-to-date kitchenette, expensive contemporary couch and coffee table.

Lizzy, Henry and Barbara stand inside the door and briefly look around.

BART (40s) manicured hair and beard, buff in paint-splattered white T-shirt and jeans enters from the bathroom. He tries to look relaxed and casual as he dries his hands on a towel and walks toward them.

BART

Oh, it's you. I forgot you still had the key.

LIZZY

Why wouldn't I? I provided the down payment for it.

Bart eyes Henry.

BART

Who's this?

LIZZY

A friend.

Henry steps forward and reaches out his hand.

HENRY

Hi, I'm Henry. Lizzy and I work together.

Bart continues to towel off his hands.

BART

I see. Well, what can I do you for?

LIZZY

Bart, you know I'm here for you to sign these papers. This was supposed to be done two months ago.

BART

I've been so busy getting these paintings ready for the opening next week. I really haven't had time to review the papers.

LIZZY

You've had plenty of time.

BART

If you just wait until after the opening, you'll see that you might be wanting that alimony after all. Or maybe you'll decide to keep me.

LIZZY

To hell with your supposed success. I just want a divorce and the money back that I put into this loft.

BART

Like I said, I can't sign the papers because I haven't had a chance to review them.

LIZZY

Obviously you or your attorney has, or how would you know I'm not looking for alimony?

Bart tries to usher Lizzy toward the door.

BART

I'm sorry you wasted your time coming here today. I can't sign the papers.

Barbara knocks a nearly finished canvas off its easel. It falls face down on the floor.

Bart turns startled by the noise. He is horrified to see his painting face down on the floor.

BART (CONT'D)

How the hell did that happen?

BARBARA

I didn't like this style of painting when Ellsworth Kelly was doing the same thing.

Barbara knocks another painting off its easel.

Bart runs to it and puts it back up.

HENRY

Apparently my mother doesn't like your paintings.

BART
Your mother?!

LIZZY
Yeah, his mother is a ghost. Wild,
huh?

HENRY
She says your paintings are
derivative of Ellsworth Kelly and
she didn't like those either.

Bart puts the other painting back up on its easel and
inspects it for damage.

BART
What makes her qualified to
critique my work?

Barbara knocks the painting into Bart's face.

BART (CONT'D)
Make her stop! Get her out of here!

LIZZY
We can't control her. Believe me,
we've tried. Sign the papers and
we'll leave. She follows Henry
where ever he goes.

BART
(to Henry)
Get out! Now!

HENRY
This is Lizzy's loft. I'll leave
when she asks me to.

Henry Cole, Sr. opens the door and sticks his head in to see
what all the ruckus is about.

Barbara knocks down the other painting from its easel again.
She smacks Bart's ass. He is shocked and scared.

An Egyptian man, PROFESSOR FARID, (30s) sport coat over black
t-shirt and jeans, sticks his head in from behind Henry's
dad.

LIZZY
Sign the papers and we'll leave.

Bart rushes to Lizzy who hands him the papers and a pen from
her jacket pocket.

Henry Cole, Sr. feels Farid over his shoulder and looks at him quizzically. What appears to be dark eyeliner around Farid's eyes causes Henry Cole, Sr. to grimace.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Who are you?

Farid remains right next to Henry Cole, Sr.'s face without looking at him.

FARID

(whispers)

I'm an Egyptologist. Lizzy asked me to meet her here. Wow, this ghost puts on quite a show.

Bart scribbles his signature and hands the papers and pen back to Lizzy.

BART

Fuck you and your friend here.

She turns to another page, hands it back to Bart and points to the page.

LIZZY

And here.

Bart glowers at Lizzy and signs the paper. She takes them and heads toward the door. Barbara does a little victory dance as she follows Henry toward the door.

BART

I'll see you in court before I pay you.

Lizzy turns around at the door.

LIZZY

Fine, I'm sure Henry and his mother will join me. Don't you think we are best off just washing our hands of one another?

BART

What? You want this jerk?

Bart points at Henry.

Barbara smacks Bart's face. His eyes go wide as he brings his hand to his face.

LIZZY

Your attorney is aware of the payment schedule you just agreed to. I hope your show is a success. Bye now.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BART'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Farid and Henry's dad step back to let Lizzy and Henry out into the hall. Lizzy lights up when she sees Farid.

LIZZY

You must be Farid. I'm so glad you could make it.

FARID

Looks like I arrived just in time to see proof of the ghost. I can't wait to see the box.

LIZZY

It's in the truck. Let's go.

Lizzy walks down the hall and Farid catches up to her.

Barbara looks at Farid with great concern and gets in Henry's face.

BARBARA

What is this? You brought the box with you? Was this thing with the lousy artist all a ruse? I feel so betrayed.

HENRY

You saw him sign the papers. That was our purpose. Farid is just fascinated by the box you bought in Cairo.

Henry Cole, Sr., hands in pockets, watches Lizzy and Farid walk down the hall and looks back at his son.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Looks like our ride is leaving. We'd better get a move on.

The two Henrys walk down the hall. Barbara unwillingly floats behind her son.

EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK - EMERYVILLE - AFTERNOON

Lizzy opens the back of the truck and hands the box to Farid who looks at it with great interest. He then looks at his watch.

FARID

We really must hurry if we are going to get to the museum before sunset. The staff has moved a particular Anubis figure to receive the final rays of sun. My calculations suggest that if your ghost and this box are present at that time we can reverse the incantation.

The two Henrys and Barbara exit the building and walk toward them.

LIZZY

Anubis?

FARID

The Egyptian god of mummification and safe passage into the Afterlife.

LIZZY

I hope it works.

Farid studies the box again and hands it back to Lizzy who puts it into the back of the truck as the two Henrys and Barbara arrive.

FARID

Okay everyone. Chop chop. In the truck. We must get to museum in San Jose before sunset and with commuter traffic we may be out of luck. Lizzy has the address but follow my car.

Farid scurries to his purple AMC Gremlin, hops in and speeds out of the parking lot. Lizzy and the two Henry's quickly follow him. BARBARA NEEDS TO FIGHT.

INT./EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK - EMERYVILLE - AFTERNOON

Lizzy grips the steering wheel. She focuses hard on following the the purple Gremlin zig-zagging through East Bay traffic.

Henry braces himself in the front seat and looks back and forth between the traffic ahead and the glowering face of his mother in the back seat. Henry, Sr. straps on his seat belt and braces himself in a manner mirroring his son.

LIZZY

This is crazy.

BARBARA

She thinks this is crazy?! Wait 'til I figure out how to put a stop to your plans.

Henry looks back at his mother with concern.

HENRY

What do you think we're trying to do?

LIZZY

Just keep up with this maniac!

BARBARA

Send me to the light!

Henry glances sympathetically at Lizzy.

HENRY

(to Lizzy)

I was talking to Mom.

He turns back to look at his mom.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what this Farid guy thinks he can do.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Get us all killed is what I figure.

BARBARA

I'm feeling very conflicted here. I don't want to hurt any of you, but I sure as hell don't want to move on.

HENRY

Even to undo the curse of gazing at me 24/7?

BARBARA

I admit, it's starting to get old.

Barbara leans forward and forces the steering wheel to the left. The truck almost hits the semi-truck next them. Lizzy regains control of the wheel just in time.

LIZZY
Jesus Christ!

HENRY
Mom! What the fuck?! Are you trying
to kill us?

BARBARA
At this speed? Not possible. I'm
just trying to disable this
vehicle.

Lizzy signals and looks in the review mirror. She pulls over
two lanes and parks on the shoulder of the 880 Fwy.

LIZZY
I'm not doing this.

Henry opens his door.

HENRY
Okay, I'll drive.

LIZZY
You're not allowed to. If I let you
drive and the police find out, I'll
be in trouble.

Henry Cole, Sr. opens his door.

HENRY COLE, SR.
Okay, I'll drive.

He gets out of the truck and walks around to the driver's
door.

HENRY
But Dad, you haven't driven since
the --

HENRY COLE, SR.
-- I've got this, Son.

Lizzy slides out of the driver's seat. She give Henry Cole,
Sr. a brief hug.

LIZZY
(whispers)
Thank you! Your wife's crazy, you
know. Watch out.

BARBARA

(to Henry)

Your girlfriend better not be getting handsy with my husband.

HENRY

Oh geez Mom, I don't need this right now. You almost killed us.

BARBARA

But I didn't. If I wanted to, you'd all be dead. I'm just trying to get you to stop all this.

Lizzy climbs into the backseat and shuts the door. They all buckle up. Henry Cole, Sr. signals and cautiously pulls into traffic.

Lizzy looks at her phone and taps the address to initiate google maps.

LIZZY

We've lost Farid, but the directions say we'll get there in an hour. Stay on the 880 for the next 50 miles.

HENRY

I think the sun sets in an hour.

Barbara glides into the front seat and places her arms around both her men.

BARBARA

Oh, isn't that too bad. Why don't we just turn around and go home?

HENRY

See what you can do, Dad.

Henry Cole, Sr. picks up the pace and passes the car in front of them. Barbara glowers at her son.

Lizzy's phone RINGS.

LIZZY

Hello? Yes. Yes, we are traveling west on the 880. We are going to the Egyptian Museum in San Jose. Yes. Please be patient.

Exasperated, Lizzy hangs up.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
 Geez, the police are serious about
 this.

Lizzy's phone RINGS.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
 Mr. Charles, how are you?

She listens.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
 Now? But we are on our way to San
 Jose.

She glances out the window.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
 Can't it wait until morning?

Lizzy rolls her eyes.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
 Okay, I'll let you know where we
 can meet.

Exasperated, Lizzy hangs up the phone. She braces herself as
 the truck zips around another car.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
 That was Mr. Charles. The buyer
 wants us to sign a letter of intent
 tonight or the deal's off.

HENRY
 (sarcastic)
 Oh, that's fine. We've got nothing
 else going on.

EXT. ROSICRUCIAN EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - SAN JOSE - AFTERNOON

The sun is low on the horizon. The museum raises before them.
 Several steps lead up to the portico of Egyptian columns
 painted with blue papyrus icons. Stone sculptures of Amun
 line the entry way.

Henry's truck pulls up next to Farid's purple Gremlin. They
 all open their doors and rush out toward Farid who is talking
 with a museum guard on the sidewalk at the entrance to the
 museum.

Farid sees them and runs toward the museum. He waves for them
 to follow him.

Lizzy starts to run after them and then remembers the box. She runs back to the truck and gets the box out of the back. She runs to Henry and hands him the box.

LIZZY
Here, take this.

They run after Farid into the museum.

INT. ROSICRUCIAN EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

Museum guards wave them past the ticket booth and information counter and into an inner exhibition room.

INT. ROSICRUCIAN EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - EXHIBIT HALL - AFTERNOON

The last rays of afternoon sun pierces the hall. The shaft of sunlight creeps across the back of a horizontal wooden mummy box with a sculpture of Anubis (black jackal) on the lid. A museum guard stands at the door and waves frantically.

MUSEUM GUARD
Quickly! The sun is setting!

Farid, Lizzy and the two Henrys rush into the room. Farid takes the box from Henry and opens it in front of Anubis.

Barbara braces herself against the wall just inside the door to the exhibition hall. She is terrified.

Farid balances the open box in his left hand as he gestures to Henry with his right hand.

FARID
(to Henry)
Stand here. And have your mother stand right here.

Henry walks to the other side of Anubis' mummy box and waves his mother over.

HENRY
Come on, Mom. Everything is going to be fine. Soon you'll be free to explore the universe.

BARBARA
What do you know about it?! I'm sure I'm going to hell.

Barbara soars across the room and knocks the box upward out of Farid's hands. Everyone stares in horror as the box flips through the air and falls toward the stone floor.

Henry lunges toward the falling box and catches it just before it would have splintered into bits. Henry is splayed out on the floor.

Lizzy rushes to rescue the box and help him up.

Ferociously, Barbara glares at Farid. She flips his ornate Egyptian ceremonial cape over his head and pushes him toward the Anubis mummy box. Henry, Sr. leaps forward and prevents Farid from crashing into ancient wooden structure.

Farid stands up straight and indignantly arranges his cape back in place.

FARID

This is going to be harder than I thought. Why is she so angry?

HENRY

(to Farid)

She's certain that her soul will go to hell.

FARID

Oh, I doubt that very much. At worst she will journey past some monsters and then cease to exist.

Barbara looks alarmed.

HENRY

That's not very reassuring.

Farid looks with concern at the sunlight ebbing from the mummy box.

FARID

It's now or never folks.

In a grand gesture, points toward Henry.

FARID (CONT'D)

(ancient Egyptian)

Praise to Anubis who guards the dead. O god of the tomb, preserver of Osiris, protector of Horus, please take this soul into your care.

Everyone silently gazes at the Anubis sculpture with expectation. Henry looks over at his mom who stares at him and Anubis with absolute terror.

Nothing.

Farid's posture is deflated. He hands the box to Henry and paces around with his left hand on his hip.

FARID (CONT'D)

Well, if she's not going to cooperate, I don't know how we'll make this happen.

HENRY

Isn't there something you can do?

Farid leans in to talk with Henry confidentially.

FARID

What is the real problem here?

HENRY

She cannot look away from me. 24/7.
I have no privacy.

FARID

Maybe we can attach her soul to someone else...

Farid and Henry turn and look at Henry Cole, Sr. who looks uncomfortable with their focus on him.

FARID (CONT'D)

Sir, how would you like to renew your wedding vows?

HENRY

Yeah, Dad. All Mom could talk about since she showed up was how great you two are together.

Barbara lights up and floats over to her husband and sensually strokes him. He is conflicted.

HENRY COLE, SR.

This is all so strange. I want to help my son, but...

HENRY

...And Mom, don't forget Mom. She's been miserable, but you should see how happy she looks at the prospect of being with you.

Barbara gives her husband her secret handshake. He covers his crotch and looks at Farid.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Where do you want me to stand?

Farid points to where Henry is. Henry hands the box back to Farid, quickly moves out of the way and stands next to Lizzy.

FARID

And your mother...

HENRY

...Barbara

FARID

Barbara needs to be right here.

Farid glances at the sunlight receding from Anubis - only the head is bathed in sunlight.

FARID (CONT'D)

NOW!!

Barbara sails across the room to where Farid points.

Authoritatively, Farid recites words another incantation.

FARID (CONT'D)

(ancient Egyptian)

Praise to Anubis who guards the dead. O god of the tomb, preserver of Osiris, protector of Horus, please connect this dead soul to this living man.

Farid touches Henry Cole, Sr.'s chest, which causes him to shoot Farid an uneasy, concerned glance.

The last rays of the setting sun recede from the head of Anubis. A mist seeps from under the mummy box and swirls around Barbara and her husband.

Henry puts his arm around Lizzy and GASPS as the image of his mother dissolves before his eyes. Lizzy looks at Henry and then at Henry Cole, Sr. who is startled to see the ghost of his wife.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Oh my god! Barbara, I can see you.

Barbara throws her arms around her husband.

BARBARA

At last! Someone is happy to see me.

Tears of mixed emotions roll down his face.

HENRY COLE, SR.

And I can hear you! This is amazing.

FARID

Well, my work here is done.

Farid hands the box to Henry, who refuses it and points toward his father.

HENRY

The box goes with him.

FARID

Potato pahtahto.

Farid shrugs and places the box on the floor.

FARID (CONT'D)

Look you figure it out. I gotta run. I have a show tonight. You really should come.

Barbara nudges her husband and points to the box. He bends down and picks it up.

LIZZY

Show? What show? You're a professor of Egyptology.

FARID

Yes. I am. But at night, I am "NEFERTITI!

INSERT:

THEATER POSTER OF FARID'S GRINNING HEADSHOT AS NEFERTITI

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Farid is on stage elegantly in drag as the ancient Egyptian Queen, Nefertiti. He gyrates his hips and furls his ornate cape seductively to Egyptian Trend music.

The night club is packed with an eclectic array of patrons drinking, watching the show or dancing.

Henry Cole, Sr. stands at a high-top cocktail table in the back and sucks on a highball, nervously eyeing men in drag while Barbara dances around him.

Lizzy and Henry leave their drinks at the high-top cocktail table as Lizzy drags Henry onto the dance floor and seductively gyrates around him, while he looks around and awkwardly tries to figure out what dance moves he should make. She dances them toward the stage to wave at Farid.

Officer Chad Davidson and Sergeant Trujillo bust through the door of the nightclub and rush to Henry and Lizzy who are surprised. Their words to the police are inaudible above the loud music. They point toward Henry Cole, Sr. The four of them work their way through the crowd to the table in the back.

Henry argues with Sergeant Trujillo, points at his dad and then at his ankle bracelet. The sergeant argues inaudibly. Barbara blows in Trujillo's ear and flips his tie up.

HENRY COLE, SR.
(shouts above music)
Barbara, stop that!

The song ends just then and the crowd turns to stare at Henry Cole, Sr. who continues in a normal tone.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)
I can handle this.

He turns to talk to an uncomfortable Sergeant Trujillo who straightens his tie as Farid addresses the crowd and drowns out the dialogue.

FARID
Welcome to Muldaur's where we never
send our camels to bed... alone.

Mr. Charles and HOWIE SCHUTZ(60s) black mock neck sweater over tan corduroys, the business man who wants to buy the coffee cake recipe enter the nightclub and look around for Lizzy. They see her at the back cocktail table and make their way through the crowd toward them.

Mr. Charles holds a manila folder with the paperwork above his head as they squeeze past people.

Henry and Lizzy greet Mr. Charles and Howie Schultz and introduce them to Henry's dad. Sergeant Trujillo and Officer Davidson stand off to the side.

Mr. Charles lays the paperwork on the table for Lizzy and Henry to read. Henry's dad uses the flashlight on his cell phone to illuminate the paperwork and tries to read over their shoulders. Inaudible questions and clarifications are discussed.

Henry Cole, Sr. makes a statement. They all turn and look at him. Lizzy and Henry look at each other and shrug. They make an agreeable statement to Mr. Charles who makes a "whatever you want" shrug and writes on the paperwork. Lizzy and Henry sign the paperwork. Everyone smiles and shakes hands.

Gerald walks into the nightclub, looks around for Lizzy and Henry. Smiles upon seeing them and joins their table. Shakes hands with Henry's dad, and pats Henry on the shoulder and says something inaudible. Lizzy throws her arms around Henry and gives him a big kiss. Looks like Henry got his dream job back.

Farid finishes his song and talks to the crowd and the band plays seductively in the background.

FARID (CONT'D)

Watch out boys, my asp isn't the
only thing up for grabs tonight.

Farid winks at the crowd and sashays to other side of the stage.

FARID (CONT'D)

Honey, I've got more curves than
the Nile and I flood every time I
see a pharaoh with a big...
pyramid.

Farid gyrates his hips and breaks into his next number.

Everyone dances to the lively Egyptian Trend music.

CREDITS ROLL.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Father and son sit side-by-side on the living room couch. Henry's dad opens an iPad on his lap. Barbara hovers behind them.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Look, Son, I think I'd rather poke my eye out than have this conversation, but your mom won't let us leave until I do.

HENRY

Dad, I know how to make love to a woman.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Not in your mother's opinion. She says she's sure Lizzy faked her orgasm.

Henry rolls his eyes and starts to get up from the couch. His dad grabs his arm and pulls him back down.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

I'm inclined to believe her.

HENRY

(angry)

You weren't there!

HENRY COLE, SR.

No, but mission style, really?

HENRY

I think it's "missionary," Dad.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Don't lecture me.

Reluctantly he holds the iPad up for Henry to see. Henry cringes and looks away. Barbara swats the back of her son's head.

HENRY

Okay, okay. Let's do this thing and be done with it.

They both look at the iPad. His dad points at the screen and SIGHS with embarrassment.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Your mom found this position and also this position the most, um, stimulating.

Henry grimaces and gently pounds his mouth with his fist.

His dad swipes the screen and continues.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

Now, there are several erogenous zones on a woman. Take your time to explore them. Study her response to your touch. Vary your pressure and motion to see what she prefers.

HENRY

Tell me something I don't know.

His dad sets the iPad on his lap and looks at his son.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Hey, I'm just sharing your mom's instructions.

He returns to iPad screen and swipes again.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

Okay, so this is the most important part to, uh, er... reach maximum climax.

Henry glances at the screen and turns his head away. Barbara grabs his head and forces him to look at the screen.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

And it is very important to communicate during this part.

HENRY

Communicate? What? Like talk dirty?

HENRY COLE, SR.

No, not really. I mean, I don't think so... unless she's into that sort of thing.

Henry shakes his head.

HENRY

Too soon to tell. Anyway, communicate what?

HENRY COLE, SR.

Oh, I don't know. Tell her how beautiful she is. Tell her you love her. Ask her if she's enjoying what you're doing.

HENRY

That's a lot of talking.

HENRY COLE, SR.

Yeah, she'll probably tell you to shut up and get on with it. But then you'll know for next time what's enough and what's too much.

Henry looks at his dad.

HENRY

If this is supposedly the ultimate sexual stimulation for women. How have the reviews been?

HENRY COLE, SR.

I read somewhere that a number of women complained that they felt played like a fine instrument, like the man was more proud of his technique than into their intimacy.

He opens the iPad and holds it up to his son.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

That's why the communication is so important.

Henry quickly shuts the iPad and stands up.

HENRY

I don't need to see anymore. It's burnt into the back of my retina. You should get an Uber or you'll miss your plane.

His dad gets up and slides the iPad into his duffle bag. Barbara whispers in her son's ear.

HENRY COLE, SR.

You know he can't hear you anymore.

He turns to Henry.

HENRY COLE, SR. (CONT'D)

Your mom wants you to tell us how it goes.

HENRY

No! I'll invite you to the wedding if it comes to that, but no. No details will be shared.

Henry walks his dad to the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for the tutorial and for helping with Mom. Now get out of here.

Henry sees the box on the credenza. Grabs it and hands it to his Dad.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh! Don't forget this.

Henry pats the box fondly.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Bye Mom, I'll look forward to visiting you and Dad.

Barbara tussles her son's hair. He looks up and smiles.

BARBARA

Again! I'm not the box silly.

Father and son give each other a bear hug. Barbara looks on fondly.

HENRY

Love ya.

HENRY COLE, SR.

I love you too, Son.

THE END