

WIVES WITHOUT BORDERS

PILOT EPISODE: MEDIUM WELL

Written by

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Based on her novel, *Wives Without Borders*

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FADE IN:

TEASER

I/E. MADDIE'S CAR - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

MADDIE STONE (39+) races down the street in her car as a neighbor with a baby screams at her to slow down. As she's about to sail into the driveway, a car blocks the garage.

MADDIE
(muttering to herself)
Oh thank God, you're home!

She gets out with groceries, eggs balancing precariously. She's an earthy type, artsy, and an 'every woman.'

INT. MADDIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maddie enters through the front door.

MADDIE
Stevie! I just got laid off! I need
mac and cheese and comfort sex.

Maddie stops, registers a familiar sexual groan. She opens the door to their bedroom where Stevie is having sex with a young, buff male. She drops the groceries, all eggs breaking.

STEVIE
Maddie! It's not what you think.

She runs out the door. Stevie follows, but slips on the eggs.

EXT. MADDIE'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maddie screeches away in her car. Stevie runs outside naked. The neighbor with the baby scowls.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PEACEFUL SOUL MEDITATION RETREAT - DAY

Establishing Shot of an idyllic, isolated glass structure surrounded by tall trees, like a fishbowl in the mountains.

INT. MADDIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT with Maddie's car careening around mountain curves, her long hair aloft through the windows and the sunroof.

GYPSY (O.S.)
I bought you a ticket.

MADDIE
Mom, I'm going to a spa for a week.

GYPSY (O.S.)
Then what? You can't go back to Stevie's house. You have no job, no savings, but I might be able to get you an inheritance. Just come home.

MADDIE
You're not faking your own death?

GYPSY
No, but I'd love to eavesdrop at my funeral. Who do you think will be-

MADDIE
We're breaking up. Bad reception. Call you later. Love you!

Maddie hangs up and blares the music, then speeds up.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PEACEFUL SOUL MEDITATION RETREAT - INTERCUT

SERENITY (60+, hippie chic) sits at the front. The clock reads 8:45 as the other participants settle onto their mats. Maddie bounds in like an over-caffeinated puppy.

SERENITY
(calm, melodic voice)
Welcome. You must be Maddie.

MADDIE
I am.

SERENITY
I'm Serenity, my name is from the root word, *Serene*.

MADDIE
My name is from the root word, *Madness*. What's going on here?

SERENITY

It's your first time here, we know.

A middle-aged man with a gray ponytail and a shiny bald head greets her with a basket of cell phones. He nods at her.

MADDIE

I've been to spas before, but none of them had such a strict arrival time or asked for my cell phone.

SERENITY

You do know what you signed up for?

MADDIE

Nothing yet, but I could use a massage or a body exfoliation or...

SERENITY

Seven Days to Inner Peace.

The clock inches toward 9:00. The others look suspect, except for a heavy set woman, SOBBING SOFIA (45+) who looks amused.

MADDIE

I'm all for inner peace, and God knows I could use some, but...

SERENITY

This is a week-long silent meditation retreat. Not. One. Word.

MADDIE

So, no massage? No manicure? How can I be quiet with these hangnails screaming back at me?

SERENITY

Perhaps the Universe wants you to practice silence for a week.

MADDIE

Perhaps the *Universe* give me a refund?

SERENITY

It's almost time. Please decide.

The clock shifts to 9:00 AM accompanied by harp-like chimes.

MADDIE

I'll either go bat shit crazy or have the longest nap of my life. Let the Meditating begin!

SERENITY

Open your hearts. Listen to your
souls. Embrace yourselves. Namaste.

The clock stops chiming. The room is thick with silence.

MADDIE (V.O. INTERIOR MONOLOGUE)

*Don't panic. It's just a week. You
can do anything for a week, except
hike or sleep outside or stick to a
diet. Just think happy thoughts.
Happy fucking thoughts, you idiot!*

Maddie lays back on her mat and breathes erratically as a whirlwind of moments from her past accost her like a storm. The repressed rage crescendoes with a BIG INNER SCREAM, culminating in an early flashback when Maddie (age 2) was abandoned on the front porch of a swanky, suburban home.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - FLASHBACK - DAY

Well-coiffed and spoiled, STELLA HAUSMANN (40) emerges. Stella grabs her. Little Maddie screams, terrified.

STELLA

She's not my husband's kid!

INT. MEDITATION RETREAT - CONTINUOUS

Older Maddie screams and sits up with a jolt. Serenity does the 'zip your mouth' gesture. Maddie gestures that she was talking in her sleep. She hears the SOUND of a door creaking.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE - OAK TREE - DAY

An idyllic, lush forest, a handful of people (mostly women) sit near an enormous oak tree. A door in the center of the oak tree makes the same SOUND of the door creaking open. They look toward the door, curious and questioning.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDITATION RETREAT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Maddie and Sobbing Sofia sit together. Sofia goes to the buffet when A STRANGE WOMAN with Kool-Aid red hair pops in. Maddie looks around, but no one else sees this apparition.

STRANGE WOMAN

(Eastern European accent)

You must tell Sofia this: Back of the freezer, wrapped in bacon. Behind the velvet Elvis. In my night table, green vibrator.

The Strange Woman vanishes as Sofia returns. Maddie looks wide-eyed and terrified, but can't say a word.

A SERIES OF SHOTS of the week at QUIET CAMP as they settle into the silence.

EXT. MEDITATION RETREAT - NIGHT

At the end of the week, Maddie and the others lay outside and gaze at the stars. The moon illuminates them as Mamushka reappears next to Maddie, inches from her face.

MAMUSHKA

You! Tell Sofia: In the freezer, wrapped in bacon, behind velvet Elvis, and in my green vibrator.

MADDIE

(aloud, terrified)

What the hell! Who the are you?

Everyone stares at Maddie. Mamushka vanishes. Serenity swoops down and leads Maddie inside the fishbowl structure.

INT. MEDITATION RETREAT - CONTINUOUS

Maddie twirls her finger next to her ear, the sign for crazy.

MADDIE

(bursts out talking)

Sorry, but I keep seeing this weird woman, then she disappears. Why couldn't my schizophrenic pal be a hunky guy like in *A Beautiful Mind*?

Serenity gestures that perhaps Maddie was dreaming.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I wasn't dreaming. I'm going crazy.

SERENITY

Maddie, you may have just had a spiritual breakthrough.

MADDIE

What do you mean? Like a breakdown?

SERENITY

Energetic beings have found a way to communicate with you.

MADDIE

Like I don't have enough trouble communicating with live people?

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDITATION RETREAT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Maddie hurries to her car and sees Mamushka waiting for her.

MADDIE

I'll tell her under one condition.
You leave me the fuck alone!

Mamushka nods. As Maddie is looking for Sofia's car, she's interrupted by Serenity who hugs her and looks serious.

SERENITY

Maddie, I'm so sorry to tell you this. While you were here, your neighborhood was ravaged by wild fires. The Universe really must have a plan for you. Good luck.

Maddie looks at her blankly, as if she doesn't understand. Sofia's car backs up. Maddie glances at her own car and sees Mamushka gesturing with her hand. Maddie runs to Sofia and tells her the three locations. Sofia hugs her, elated.

SOBBING SOFIA

My Mamushka! She saved me! You saved me. Maddie. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE - OAK TREE - DAY

Mamushka bursts through the door of the oak tree, laughs sardonically, disappears. The others look startled, then excited. *It's open! Who opened it! Who is she?*

END TEASER

#

ACT ONE

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - DAY

Maddie looks exhausted as she emerges from the terminal. It's 5:00 AM and her spunky, sexy mother GYPSY STONE (60+) sees Maddie and shifts into high gear like a windup doll.

GYPSY

Maddie Cakes! I'm so happy to see you. I'm so glad you're back. You'll love it here. You'll see!

MADDIE

Thanks for picking me up, mom.

They put her things in the trunk and get in the car.

GYPSY

I'm sorry about Stevie's house, but maybe he deserved it that lying, cheating sack of shit.

MADDIE

Let's not go into that now. I'm too tired.

GYPSY

Don't you fret. You can wear my clothes. Or, we'll buy you new clothes! And I saved everything from your room when I sold the house, so you still have memorabilia.

MADDIE

You saved that stuff?

GYPSY

Of course, you're my Maddie Cakes. We're going to have so much fun together, I've got so much planned.

MADDIE

I've got to get my life in order.

GYPSY

Well, I have a surprise for you. Stella died. That's great news.

MADDIE

Who's Stella?

GYPSY

Gordy's dead wife. If you ask me, she didn't die soon enough. I'm sure Gordy left you an inheritance and that the bitch never gave to you. Now that she's dead, we can subpoena her estate and get her records as his executor.

MADDIE

I don't know how long I'm staying.

GYPSY

Stay as long as you'd like! You never know, you could come into some money, meet a handsome husband and forget all about that unfaithful, bi-sexual farmer.

MADDIE

He was in hydroponics.

GYPSY

Who wasted TEN CHILDBEARING years I never knew what you saw in him.

MADDIE

Please, not now.

GYPSY

You deserve someone wonderful, kindhearted and financially stable and with a nice *package*. You can do so much better than Stevie. You know what you need?

MADDIE

Sleep and a way to erase my memory?

GYPSY

You need a hot new romance. Chicago is filled with eligible men. I'll find someone for you. I've dressed half the stylish men in this city and the other half I've met at the club. I can be your dating curator and will hand pick dates for you!

MADDIE

Let's pretend we're at Quiet Camp.

INT. GYPSY'S GOLD COAST CONDO - DAY

Gypsy is dressed for work looking glamorous. Maddie's in sweats, newly showered.

GYPSY

Come by the store later and I'll take you to lunch. There's a great place on Oak Street where the Michigan Avenue business men dine.

MADDIE

I can't today. I promised Crispy that I'd come see her at her new place, she opened a coffee shop with a bookstore and art gallery.

GYPSY

Who's Crispy?

MADDIE

Chris, you know, my best friend since Junior High.

GYPSY

Your gay friend who used to steal my clothes?

MADDIE

You were giving those away.

GYPSY

To a woman's shelter.

MADDIE

Chris recently transitioned to a woman and goes by Crispy now.

GYPSY

Maddie, I think it's great that you and Chris, or Crispy, are still so close, but I think that while you're here, you should make a point of circulating.

MADDIE

Circulating? My blood?

GYPSY

Get out there and meet eligible men. You have to get right back up 'on the horse' as my cowboy husband used to say.

MADDIE

Which husband was a cowboy?

GYPSY

I can't remember! My point is, you could end up missing the best part of your life if you don't get your sexual energy back!

MADDIE

Did I even have sexual energy before? I can hardly remember.

GYPSY

Of course you did! Everyone does. You might just need a little coaching to get it back.

MADDIE

Maybe I just need a little time.

GYPSY

You've wasted enough time! I just want you to be happy, Maddie Cakes. Having you as my daughter has been the best part of my whole life, and I don't want you to miss your chance to have your own family.

MADDIE

Thanks, mom.

GYPSY

And you've always wanted a baby, since you were a little girl.

MADDIE

What I wanted then was a sibling.

GYPSY

If I've learned anything as a single mother, it's that you always have to be pro-active.

MADDIE

Shouldn't I process the trauma or reflect on the role I played in the demise of my relationship or figure out what I really want to do next or discover who I am?

GYPSY

Why? Oh, you'll figure it out.

MADDIE

Yeah, but when?

GYPSY

Why don't you 'test drive' all of the Jewish synagogues around town?

MADDIE

And pray for some answers?

GYPSY

Make friends with all of the Rabbis in town and get first dibs on any of the **fresh widowers**.

MADDIE

Fresh widowers? You're kidding.

GYPSY

Widowers don't have the same baggage as divorced men do and aren't as commitment phobic as men who've never been married.

MADDIE

A *dead wife* doesn't count as baggage?

GYPSY

It's not the same kind of baggage. A dead wife lives on in his memory. A divorced wife lives on in his bank account and every holiday if there are kids involved.

MADDIE

You want me to chase a man in mourning?

GYPSY

A man in mourning is hot!

MADDIE

I just spent a week at Quiet Camp with a woman who cried for seven whole days because her mother died.

GYPSY

That's so sweet. I'm sure you'll be crying all the time when I die.

MADDIE

Grief is challenging and sad. It's not an aphrodisiac.

GYPSY

Sure it is. Great sex can help heal grief. I know what I'm talking about when it comes to men.

MADDIE

So I'm told.

GYPSY

Instead of giving you a fortieth birthday party, which I was going to surprise you with, I'll throw you a wedding instead!

MADDIE

Why don't you have another wedding?

GYPSY

Oh, that's so 1978, 1989, 1994, 2005, and 2016.

INT. ELEVATOR - GYPSY'S BUILDING - DAY

Maddie gets in the elevator and meets HOPE (70+) who wears a summer dress, pearls, and a colorful hat as if she's going to the Steeple Chase and not the laundry room.

MADDIE

Don't you look lovely!

HOPE

Thank you, my dear.

MADDIE

Do you live in the building?

HOPE

No, do you?

MADDIE

Just visiting my mom. I'm Maddie.

HOPE

Nice to meet you. I'm Hope.

The elevator opens at the lobby. Maddie exits, then turns back as the doors close, but Hope is gone. She pushes the button to get the elevator doors open. It's hard to tell if Hope vanished like Mamushka or if the doors just closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EXPANDING HEART CAFE AND BOOKSTORE - DAY

Maddie approaches, a mix of elegance and earthy sensibility.

INT. THE EXPANDING HEART CAFE AND BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Maddie finds a gaggle of spandex clad bike riders clamoring for drinks. CRISPY COLLINS (39+), a tall and elegant woman works solo behind the counter. She's playful and kind.

CRISPY
Go with the blueberry. It's very
Willy Wonka.

Maddie goes behind the counter and pretends she works there.

MADDIE
Who's next?

Crispy looks at her and screams with joy!

CRISPY
Maddie! You're here?

MADDIE
This place is great.

CRISPY
(to the crowd)
Everyone, this my best friend, the
sister I always wanted.

They hug. Crispy screams with excitement. They work side-by-side. The customers disburse and they're finally alone.

MADDIE
You look great, more like *you*.

CRISPY
With the breasts I've always
wanted. I got the BMW of boobs.

MADDIE
Of course you did!

CRISPY
So how's Gypsy? Driving you crazy?

MADDIE
I was crazy when I got here.

Maddie's phone rings, **Unknown** caller, she doesn't answer.

CRISPY
Thanks for all of your support!
Tell me truth, *how are you?*

MADDIE
I don't know. I'm kind of numb.

CRISPY
That's understandable.

MADDIE
My whole life just imploded. I
don't know what to do next. I have
no job, no home, no live-in
boyfriend, no money, and my sanity
is slipping. I'm almost forty and I
just moved back in with my mother.

Maddie's phone rings again from the Unknown number.

CRISPY
If you have to get that...

MADDIE
I don't know who it is.

CRISPY
You can work here. You already work
here! You can live with me.

MADDIE
That's so generous of you, but I
need a real job that pays real
money so I can plan a real future.

CRISPY
No one needs that much *real*.

Maddie's phone rings again. **Unknown** caller.

MADDIE
Who is bothering me?

CRISPY
Someone persistent. Get it.

Maddie answers it and puts it on speaker phone.

MADDIE
Hello?

INTERCUT between the Expanding Heart and an airport lounge.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE (FIRST CLASS) - CONTINUOUS

Sobbing Sofia looks almost unrecognizable in her classy clothes, nice jewelry, and coiffed hair.

SOBBING SOFIA

Maddie. It's me, Sofia. The crying woman from the meditation retreat.

MADDIE

Sofia? How did you get my number?

SOBBING SOFIA

From Serenity. I told her how much you changed my life.

MADDIE

Oh. I changed your life?

SOBBING SOFIA

What you said, those locations that Mamushka told you about. It's where she hid some things she wanted me to have. It saved my life, Maddie.

MADDIE

I'm happy for you, Sofia.

SOBBING SOFIA

I must send you a reward.

MADDIE

You don't need to do that.

Crispy shakes her head 'yes' enthusiastically.

SOBBING SOFIA

I'm going to Venmo you at this number. What's the account name?

MADDIE

Maddie Cakes.

SOBBING SOFIA

Goodbye, Maddie and thank you.

The phone goes dead.

CRISPY

What was that about?

MADDIE

This woman from Quiet camp. I gave her a message from this *person* I kept seeing all week.

CRISPY

Like a dead person? Maddie, you're psychic!

MADDIE

Or, I might have had my first Schizophrenic episode.

CRISPY

Whatever it was, it worked! How much did she Venmo you?

Maddie checks her Venmo account and gasps, shows Crispy.

MADDIE

Holy shit! I'm sure she did not mean to put that many zeros.

CRISPY

Twenty-five thousand dollars!

Maddie presses the transfer button.

MADDIE

I can't accept it.

CRISPY

Of course you can. You just told me that you don't have any money.

MADDIE

I mean, I can't accept it because it says the transfer is frozen.

CRISPY

Could it be something with Stevie?

MADDIE

No, we have our own bank accounts.

CRISPY

Maybe there's a Venmo problem.

Maddie checks her bank account and looks stunned.

MADDIE

Now my checking and savings accounts are frozen. What the hell!

CRISPY

That's can't be right.

MADDIE

I can't even access my last two thousand dollars. I really need that money or any money! What is happening to my life? It's like I'm in Mercury Retrograde and every aspect of my life is breaking!

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

THE EXPANDING HEART CAFE AND BOOKSTORE - LATER

They're closing up for the day around 6 PM.

CRISPY

Can you stay late tonight?

MADDIE

Sure. What's up?

CRISPY

It's a way for you to make some extra money and it'll help me out.

MADDIE

Sounds good.

CRISPY

There's a grief group that meets in the gallery on Wednesday nights. Their grief counselor died suddenly of a heart attack. Ironic, I know. Would you fill in for him tonight?

MADDIE

But I'm not a grief counselor.

CRISPY

You're a licensed therapist.

MADDIE

I'm an art therapist. I can give advice on finger painting.

CRISPY

You'll love these guys and it pays \$250 each session.

MADDIE

Okay, fine, but only if you promise never to use the term, *fresh widower*.

CRISPY

I'm assuming that's a Gypsy-ism.

INT. EXPANDING HEART BOOK STORE & GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Maddie follows Crispy into the gallery section with pastries and drinks. The five men arrive and sit around the circle.

MADDIE

It's nice to meet all of you. I'm Maddie Stone. I'm filling in for Stuart tonight.

They welcome her. She looks them in the eyes.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry for your loss and I hope I can help you tonight. If you don't mind, please tell me your names, the name of your deceased loved one, and something that you love. I'll go first. I'm Maddie Stone, from Chicago and have lived in the Bay area for the last eighteen years. I'm trained as an art therapist, so if I suggest making memory books or another art project, you'll know why.

Maddie nods to the man next to her. JOE BURTON (50+) is a strapping, African American man with sad eyes, the swagger of a police officer, and the body of a linebacker.

JOE

I'm Joe Burton. I'm a Chicago Cop. My late wife was Pat Burton.

MADDIE

Something you love?

JOE

I dunno. Being a cop, I guess.

MADDIE

Please tell me something about Pat.

JOE

Pat was a pistol, always the life of the party. She was born in Dublin and had red hair, green eyes, and freckles everywhere. She was crazy fun and really beautiful. And she shouldn't have died.

Joe and Harvey exchange a look.

MADDIE

Thanks, Joe. I'm sure you miss her.

Maddie turns next to FRANK TREMONT (64) a 'buttoned-up' nice guy who could be anyone's dad.

FRANK

Hi! I'm Frank Tremont, my late wife's name was Hope. I'm an accountant, and I love numbers.

MADDIE

Thank you, Frank. Will you tell me something about you that no one else would know.

FRANK

I'm a romantic, very passionate, and I've always wanted a family.

MADDIE

You'd be a great dad, I can tell.

Next is BOBBY MINSTER (40+), an androgynous, gentle man. Crispy perks up and looks at Maddie. *That's him!*

BOBBY

Hi. I'm Bobby Minster. My late husband's name was Chip. We were together since college, almost twenty years. He stood by me through so many life changes and loved me unconditionally. Then he was gone within days. I didn't get as sick as he did even though we both got COVID at the same time, before vaccines. I have what my shrink calls, Survivor's Guilt. I know I should go on with my life, but I feel disloyal to Chip.

MADDIE

I used to work in a children's hospital and many of the parents experienced Survivor's Guilt when their children passed.

Maddie turns her attention to GARY GRANT (70+), still handsome and sexy in a distinguished way.

GARY

I'm Gary Grant. I know, my name is a bit cliché. I'm mourning the loss of two wives. My first wife, Ginny and I were married for twenty-two years. We have twin daughters who are the loves of my life.

MADDIE

That's very sweet.

GARY

I'm not really that sweet. I had an affair with my wife's college roommate, April who I ended up marrying. Four years into my marriage to April, I had an affair with Ginny, fell back in love with her, divorced April, and remarried Ginny. I loved them both. They were magnificent women and died within a year of each other. Remarkably, they remained close friends the whole time.

MADDIE

Thanks for sharing your story. What's something you love?

GARY

Women.

All eyes are on **HARVEY HAMMERSTEIN** (45) with his charisma, doctorly confidence, and dreamy, blue-eyes. He and Maddie get stuck in the quicksand of instant attraction.

HARVEY

I'm Harvey Hammerstein. My late wife, Jessie was beautiful and bold and hard to keep up with. She was an amazing athlete and highly competitive. We had a wonderful life together, even though it was for such a short time. She was only 35 when she died last year.

MADDIE
I'm sure you miss her.

HARVEY
I do.

MADDIE
Something you love?

HARVEY
Football. I'm a big Bears fan.

The other guys snicker, as if he's obsessed.

BOBBY
What's a memory collage?

MADDIE
It's like a vision board, but with photos and memorabilia. I used to do those with the parents and kids.

BOBBY
I'd like to do that.

FRANK
I'm game!

MADDIE
Great! Next time, bring in some photos, old concert tickets, stuff like that. You can make it three dimensional and bring in some textured fabric or jewelry or even a favorite scent.

Everyone looks interested, except Joe who looks detached.

CRISPY
Before you leave, I'd like to let you know that Maddie is available during the week for private counseling and as a psychic medium. I've known her for decades and can attest to her abilities.

Maddie gives Crispy an incredulous look.

JOE
(skeptical)
So you converse with the dead?

HARVEY
 (hopeful)
 Can you predict the future?

Harvey seems very interested, but Maddie is vague, smiling.

MADDIE
 It was a pleasure meeting all of
 you. I hope to see you next week.

The men leave. Crispy locks the door. Maddie confronts her.

CRISPY
 That was fun! They loved you.

MADDIE
 What the hell! I'm a psychic now?

CRISPY
 It's a way to get Bobby in here.

MADDIE
 If you have a crush on him, ask him
 out. Don't pretend I'm a psychic!

CRISPY
 I can't ask him out.

MADDIE
 Why not?

CRISPY
 He's a gay man who's still in love
 with his husband. He's not going to
 want a woman who just transitioned.

MADDIE
 How do you know?

CRISPY
 I don't know. I'm just insecure.

MADDIE
 You cannot lie about my psychic
 abilities, not even as a dating
 strategy.

CRISPY
 You just got twenty-five thousand
 dollars for relaying a message that
 was transmitted *psychically* while
 you were at Quiet Camp.

MADDIE

Twenty-five thousand dollars that I cannot touch, which screwed up my other bank accounts. I'm even more financially challenged now!

CRISPY

You need money. I get that. Being a psychic medium is a great way to earn some fast cash and it's not a bad dating strategy!

MADDIE

Let's review what we know about me. Am I a good liar? You've seen me lie. I stutter. I drool. I get all sweaty. I cannot pull this off.

CRISPY

You don't have to lie. Just pick up some cues and embellish. It's just storytelling.

MADDIE

What happens when someone finds out that I'm a fake psychic?

CRISPY

There's nothing fake about you, Maddie. Now if you want to talk about fake.

Crispy lifts her shirt and shows Maddie her new BMW breasts.

CUT TO

INT. GYPSY'S KITCHEN/CONDO - NIGHT

Gypsy is in her kitchen with BARRY (70+) an older, well-dressed gentleman as she attempts to cook dinner and ignites a steak on the stovetop. It smokes, set off the fire alarm.

MADDIE

When did you become a pyromaniac?

GYPSY

I'm making us dinner. Join us! Just how you like it, *Medium Well*.

MADDIE

Mom, have you not listened to me for the past twenty years? I'm a Vegetarian. I don't eat meat.

GYPSY

Nonsense. You carry a leather bag.

MADDIE

I don't ingest my leather bag.

Barry laughs as he deftly moves Gypsy away from the stove, takes the pan, and douses the flaming steak in the sink.

BARRY

I'm Barry, an old friend of your mom's. She was just telling me about your inheritance situation.

MADDIE

What inheritance situation?

GYPSY

I told you. Stella died. She was Gordie's wife and the executor of his estate. I'm pretty sure that she denied you your inheritance.

MADDIE

Must we discuss this now?

BARRY

Of course not! Maddie, here's my card. Call me if you ever want to talk about it. No rush.

GYPSY

Come with us out to dinner.

MADDIE

Thank you, but I already ate. It was nice meeting you, Barry.

Gypsy and Barry head for the door.

GYPSY

Don't wait up!

BARRY

You can wait up. I'm just taking her to dinner.

As soon as they leave, Maddie Googles Gordon Hausmann, then Stella Hausmann. The photo of her biological father has some resemblance to her. Stella looks like the older version of the crazy woman at the end of her flashback/Big Inner Scream.

Maddie Googles Jessie Hammerstein and finds photos of Harvey and Jessie at various charity events. She clicks on a YouTube video of Jessie skiing with abandon, laughing with delight.

INT. GYPSY'S CONDO - MADDIE'S TINY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later, Maddie is in her small bedroom at the front of the condo when she hears Jessie laughing just like in the video, but this time, the SOUND is coming from the kitchen.

INT. GYPSY'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

She goes back to the dark kitchen to investigate, but no one is there. She turns on the lights. Nothing.

As she walks away, she hears the laughter again. She stops, turns back. Still no one in the kitchen.

#

ACT THREE

INT. THE EXPANDING HEART CAFE AND BOOKSTORE - DAY

Maddie and Crispy are in the bookstore shelving new books.

CRISPY

I've been thinking about this. I think you need Sorbet sex.

MADDIE

Is that a book?

CRISPY

It's something I just invented.

MADDIE

It sounds like something you saw on Instagram or TikTok.

CRISPY

I should start a whole movement - *Sex to clear the palate*, like in fancy restaurants when they serve sorbet between courses. You need someone sweet and sexy to erase the taste of Stevie.

MADDIE

Maybe I need to figure out why I was with Stevie in the first place.

CRISPY

I know why.

MADDIE

Really? You know why I'd choose a man who was unfaithful and never going to have kids with me?

CRISPY

Don't be so hard on yourself. He loved you, but he had issues.

MADDIE

Why was I with him for so long?

CRISPY

Because he was safe.

MADDIE

Apparently not so safe!

CRISPY

He was safe when it came to Gypsy.

MADDIE

Gypsy hated him.

CRISPY

Which is why he was safe.

MADDIE

What do you mean?

CRISPY

Gypsy would never want to fuck him. She would never even flirt with him. You were safe from her being attracted to him.

MADDIE

Huh...

CRISPY

Stevie did cheat on you, so I'm not saying he was a great guy, but he never would have given Gypsy that kind of testosterone surge she's always looking for from men.

MADDIE

Jesus! You might be right.

Two men dressed in suits enter the coffee shop at the front.

CRISPY
(to the two men)
May I help you gentlemen?

SAM ROSENBERG (35), awkward with kind eyes stands next to
AGENT CRENSHAW (50+), bald with a cold, pinched face.

CRENSHAW
I'm Agent Crenshaw. This is
Rosenberg. We're with the FBI.

They flash badges. It's cliché.

CRISPY
Would you gentlemen like some
coffee? Scones? *A search warrant?*

CRENSHAW
We'd like to speak with Maddie
Stone.

MADDIE
I'm Maddie Stone.

Gypsy gives her a look to stop talking.

CRENSHAW
We'd like to ask you a few
questions.

CRISPY
Nope! No questions allowed.

ROSENBERG
Why not?

CRISPY
She's not answering any questions.

ROSENBERG
You don't even know what we're
going to ask her.

CRISPY
Doesn't matter.

Crenshaw flops a photo of Sobbing Sofia on the counter.

CRENSHAW
Do you know this woman, Ms. Stone?

CRISPY
You don't have to answer that.

MADDIE

It's okay. I have nothing to hide.

CRENSHAW

We know that you know this woman.

MADDIE

I don't really know her. We were at Quiet Camp together, so we didn't say much.

CRENSHAW

What do you know about her?

MADDIE

She cries a lot. Her name is Sofia, but in my mind, I called her Sobbing Sofia. That's all I know.

Crenshaw flips another photo onto the counter of Mamushka. Rosenberg doesn't take his eyes off of her. She flinches.

CRENSHAW

And this woman?

MADDIE

I don't know her.

CRENSHAW

You don't know her or you don't want us to think you know her?

CRISPY

HEY! You can't come in here and bully Maddie. Please, leave now.

CRENSHAW

We're not leaving.

CRISPY

Then I'll call the police. Do you have a warrant for her arrest?

Maddie gives her a grateful look. *You go Crispy!*

ROSENBERG

Technically, we don't need a warrant to ask her a few questions. We're just trying to find out some information about these two, very dangerous criminals.

MADDIE

Sobbing Sofia is a criminal?

CRENSHAW

What do you know about the old lady? They call her *Mamushka*?

MADDIE

Nothing, really.

CRENSHAW

I saw you flinch when you saw her photo. You know something.

ROSENBERG

And we know about the money Sofia tried to Venmo you yesterday.

MADDIE

You know about that?

CRENSHAW

If you accept the money, then we're going to assume that you were working with them.

MADDIE

I couldn't accept the money.

ROSENBERG

Since you *didn't accept the money*, we have nothing to arrest you for, Maddie. We're just talking here.

Rosenberg gives her a look to let her know that she cannot accept that money without being an accomplice.

CRENSHAW

We've been investigating these two women for over a year. They're part of an international jewelry ring.

MADDIE

(genuinely surprised)
They're jewelry thieves?

Crispy glances at Maddie to *stop talking*.

ROSENBERG

Ruthless jewelry thieves.

MADDIE

I really don't know anything else.

ROSENBERG

But you know something.

CRENSHAW

Where did you meet the old broad?

MADDIE

I didn't meet her. She's dead.

CRENSHAW

We know that.

ROSENBERG

How did you know that she's dead?

MADDIE

She sort of came to me in a vision.

CRENSHAW

(skeptical)

That's rich. *You see dead people?*

Maddie looks at Crispy for help.

CRISPY

I'll tell you what, you can make an appointment with Maddie's attorney if you'd like to ask her anymore questions. He'll be happy to speak with you, I'm sure.

MADDIE

His name is Barry. Would you like his phone number? Email address?

ROSENBERG

(quietly)

Are you really a psychic medium?

Maddie shrugs, nods slightly.

CRENSHAW

That's a crock of shit!

Harvey walks in still dressed in his hospital scrubs. Crispy smiles so big she almost cracks her face open.

CRISPY

Harvey! Are you here for a psychic medium appointment with Maddie?

HARVEY

If she's got time.

CRISPY

She's free right now. These gentlemen were just leaving.

Rosenberg gives Maddie his business card.

ROSENBERG

If you think of anything, please
call me. My cell phone is on there.

Rosenberg looks smitten with Maddie, which Harvey notices.
Crispy shows the FBI guys out. Harvey moves closer to Maddie.

HARVEY

Is everything okay?

MADDIE

Everything's fine.

Maddie smiles warmly at him and holds his gaze.

CRISPY

We're so glad you stopped by,
Harvey. Just sign in. Would you
like a coffee?

HARVEY

I'd love one.

CRISPY

I'll show you to the psychic medium
room. Maddie will be right there.

Harvey keeps his eyes on Maddie. Crispy throws her a look.

MADDIE

How do you take your coffee?

HARVEY

Cream. Sugar. Anything else you
think of. Surprise me.

They leave and Maddie quickly Googles Jessie's obituary (35,
no siblings, no parents, married five years, no children).
CLOSE UP on Jessie's photo - Exotic eyes, tiny nose, long,
dark hair, adorable smile, like a real-life Disney character.

INT. THE EXPANDING HEART/MEDIUM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maddie enters with coffee and scones. Harvey sits at the
window, framed in sunlight. She sits down, confident.

HARVEY

So how does this work?

MADDIE

We need to establish a connection.

HARVEY

I already feel a connection with you, from the moment I met you.

MADDIE

With Jessie. Do you by chance have anything that was hers?

Harvey pulls out Jessie's watch, which reads 11:11.

HARVEY

I thought you might ask that.

MADDIE

(examines the watch)
Wow! That's a powerful time.

HARVEY

How so?

MADDIE

Eleven, eleven symbolizes a strong spiritual connection. Visually, the ones line up like channels between heaven and earth.

HARVEY

It's the time that Jessie died.

Maddie takes Jessie's watch and places it in her palm, then places Harvey's palm over hers so they're holding hands.

MADDIE

I don't know what your religious beliefs are, but-

HARVEY

I'm Jewish.

MADDIE

So am I.

They pause, smile, and let their ancestors rejoice.

HARVEY

Now what?

MADDIE

Let's breathe together.

They get into a rhythm, which ignites a kind of spiritual closeness and enhances the connection between them. It harkens back to the participants' breathing at Quiet Camp.

HARVEY
I feel very calm around you.

MADDIE
That's good.

HARVEY
Have you contacted Jessie yet?

MADDIE
This process is like making a phone call. The deceased person doesn't always pick up, but we'll try.

HARVEY
Should we try texting her first?

MADDIE
(smiling)
Was she not a big talker?

HARVEY
Oh, she was a *big talker*.

MADDIE
Picture Jessie in your mind's eye.
You can close your eyes.

HARVEY
Got it.

Harvey closes his eyes. Maddie watches him closely.

MADDIE
Think of a time when you two were really happy together. Maybe when you first met or when you proposed.

HARVEY
Okay.

MADDIE
Stay with that feeling and ask Jessie if she'd like to dance.

HARVEY
You mean literally?

MADDIE
Metaphorically. Ask her if she'll get close enough to communicate with you through me.

HARVEY
Should I ask her out loud?

MADDIE
Sure.

HARVEY
Jessie, will you dance with me?

Maddie closes her eyes and squints into her imagination.

MADDIE
I'm getting an image of long, dark
hair. Very sensual.

HARVEY
Jessie had beautiful hair. She was
obsessed with it.

While their eyes are still closed, Jessie flashes into the
room and looks as if she's deciding something. She vanishes.

MADDIE
(opens her eyes)
If Jessie were here right now, what
would you say to her?

HARVEY
I'd say, *I'm sorry.*

MADDIE
Is there anything that you'd like
to ask her?

HARVEY
I'd ask her if she still loves me.

Harvey opens his eyes and stares into Maddie's eyes.

MADDIE
(gently)
She feels only love for you.

Tears stream down Harvey's cheeks. She holds his gaze.

HARVEY
I've been feeling so guilty since
she died. You have no idea. I know
it's Survivor's Guilt. It's hard.

MADDIE
Jessie wants you to forgive
yourself because she forgives you.

HARVEY
Jessie forgives me?

MADDIE
She does.

HARVEY
Did she actually say the words,
HARVEY, I FORGIVE YOU?

MADDIE
She doesn't communicate in words.
It's a feeling. I sense her.

HARVEY
I wish I could feel her
forgiveness.

MADDIE
Close your eyes and imagine that
you're on a beach and the waves the
are the symbols of forgiveness.
Some of the waves are strong enough
to knock you over, while others are
more subtle, gently lapping at your
feet. Imagine that Jessie is with
you. Take her hand, then feel the
ebb and flow of her forgiveness.

Harvey closes his eyes and sobs. His breathing finally calms.

HARVEY
(opens his eyes)
Thank you. You're amazing, Maddie.

MADDIE
There's one more thing that keeps
coming to me. It's kind of random
so I'm not sure if it's relevant.

HARVEY
What is it?

MADDIE
Do you have a dog?

HARVEY
(laughing/crying)
No! I was going to surprise her for
her birthday with a Porky.

MADDIE
A Porky? You're Jewish?

HARVEY
A Poodle, Yorkie mix.

MADDIE
Jessie knows about the puppy. It made her really happy.

HARVEY
That makes me really happy! *You make me really happy, Maddie.*

Harvey hugs Maddie with gusto, clearly falling for her. She's not sure what to do, so she hugs him back. *It's working.*

INT. THE EXPANDING HEART CAFE AND BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Maddie and Harvey emerge from the session and meet Crispy at the front of the cafe, behind the counter.

HARVEY
(to Crispy)
This was one of the most profound experiences of my life. How much do I owe you for the session?

MADDIE
The first session is free.

Maddie shares a quick glance with Crispy.

CRISPY
Just tell your friends about it.

HARVEY
This experience was priceless.

MADDIE
I'm glad you feel that way.

HARVEY
You're priceless, Maddie! Let me take you to dinner. Saturday night?

MADDIE
Sure.

HARVEY
Here's my number.

Harvey takes her phone and calls himself. He's totally smitten with her. Harvey leaves.

MADDIE

I think I'm going to throw up.

CRISPY

Are you pregnant?

MADDIE

No! I wish! I'm sick because I'm such a fraud. I can't build a relationship on this lie.

CRISPY

Who said anything about a relationship? Sorbet sex!

MADDIE

It actually went really well.

CRISPY

You see! You're a natural.

MADDIE

Am I a bad person if I loved it? I know I'm being dishonest, but I was in charge. He cried. I'm such scumbag, making widowers cry.

CRISPY

And getting them to fall for you.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry is delighted to see Maddie as she enters his office.

MADDIE

I'd like to pay you for your time.

BARRY

Thank you, but no. I knew Gordy and I've known your mom for ages.

MADDIE

You knew Gordy? What was he like?

BARRY

Honestly? He was a loud mouth, son-of-a-bitch and we were all jealous of him because your mom fell in love with him and we were all so hot for your mom.

MADDIE

Did he love my mom?

BARRY

Yes. I think he did.

MADDIE

What was she like then?

Mavin looks like he's trying to figure out what Maddie knows.

BARRY

She was beautiful and feisty and exciting. I don't have to tell you the effect Gypsy has on men.

MADDIE

Do you think this inheritance fantasy of hers is real?

BARRY

I actually do. Gordy would have wanted to leave something to you and your mom in his will, but because Stella was too crazy and jealous of her, he probably listed only you as a beneficiary.

MADDIE

So how do we find out?

BARRY

You're going to have to sue Stella's estate to see her records as the executor of Gordy's estate. His will was never filed in probate, so it has never been a part of the public record.

MADDIE

Do you think it's worth it?

BARRY

I think it is. Gordy had a lot of money. He would have wanted you to have some of it.

MADDIE

It's a little late now.

BARRY

Maybe not. For the sake of conversation, let's say he left you fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. If Stella neglected to disburse it to you, then a judge will most likely award you the dollar amount in his will, plus compound interest over twenty-five years, which could add up to a nice chunk of change. It's up to you, if you want to go through with it.

MADDIE

If I was your daughter, what would you advise me to do?

BARRY

If you were my daughter, I wouldn't have let you grow up without me.

MADDIE

Thank you.

BARRY

Let me do a little investigating. No charge. We're old friends.

MADDIE

I have another question.

BARRY

What's that?

MADDIE

Do you know anything about International jewelry thieves?

BARRY

Not a thing. Why do you ask?

Maddie shrugs, thanks him, then leaves the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP/DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Maddie leaves Barry's swank office building and discovers that she has Jessie's watch in her purse. She calls Harvey.

INT. ACROSS THE BORDER/MEXICAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Harvey and Joe sit at the bar. Harvey answers the phone.

HARVEY

I was just thinking about you. You must be psychic.

MADDIE (O.S.)

I have Jessie's watch in my purse. I don't know how it got there.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP/DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Maddie lets the bus leave without her.

HARVEY (O.S.)

That's great news.

MADDIE

It is?

CUT TO:

INT. ACROSS THE BORDER/MEXICAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Harvey gives Joe a meaningful look.

HARVEY

Text me your location and I'll send a car to pick you up. Come have drinks with me and Joe. You can give me back the watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO LOOP/DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Maddie agrees and texts him the location. She calls Crispy.

MADDIE

I'm not sure that I want to make a career on this ruse, but I'm going to meet Harvey for a drink.

(MORE)

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I still feel despicable lying to
grieving widowers and making myself
look like a hero, but it is the
best dating tactic I've ever used.
You're a genius.

CUT TO:

INT. ACROSS THE BORDER/MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DUSK

Maddie spies Harvey at the bar with Joe from the grief group.

MADDIE

(hands him the watch)
Here you go. It's good to see you.

HARVEY

You too. You know Joe.

MADDIE

Sure! Hi Joe.

JOE

Harvey tells me that you're the
real deal. Spoke to his late wife
and all that.

The hostess shows them to a big, round booth. Maddie
hesitates, but Harvey insists that she join them for dinner.
Once she's settled between them, Joe takes out a broach.

MADDIE

What's this?

JOE

It was Pat's favorite broach.

Maddie hands it back to him, holds his hand for a moment.

MADDIE

I'm happy to have a session with
you, Joe, but I don't do sessions
in public. It's too noisy.

JOE

Sure. Whatever.

They can tell by his reaction that he's skeptical, shut down.

MADDIE

Will you excuse me for a moment?
I'm going to go wash up.

HARVEY
Can I get you a drink?

MADDIE
Surprise me.

INT. ACROSS THE BORDER - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maddie makes a beeline for the bathroom and searches for Pat's obituary. There's nothing. She calls Crispy, frantic.

MADDIE
This is the worst fucking idea ever. I'm sweating. Farting. My stomach is in knots. I'm about to go over the cliff of a major panic attack. I cannot do this!

CRISPY (O.S.)
I thought you were having drinks with Harvey?

MADDIE
I am. He's with Joe who wanted me to do a reading right now, in a restaurant. There's no information about his deceased wife anywhere. Do you know anything at all?

CRISPY (O.S.)
No! Sorry. You'll be fine.

MADDIE
I won't be. I'm NOT FINE.

After they hang up, Maddie splashes cold water on her face.

When she comes back to the table, they've ordered Margaritas and nachos. Harvey makes a toast to her and to Life! *L'Chaim*.

JOE
My apologies, if I put you on the spot. That wasn't right of me.

MADDIE
It's okay. It happens all the time.

JOE
I was testing you.

MADDIE
I know. So tell me, what did you love most about Pat?

JOE

Everything. I even loved her loud mouth and her hot temper because she had the biggest heart. She was the most loyal and generous person I've ever me.

Maddie opens up her palm to Joe who hands her the broach.

MADDIE

I don't know if I can reach her in here, but I'll try.

JOE

Really? Thanks.

HARVEY

You see! You've got a big heart.

JOE

Why now?

MADDIE

Because I'm so touched by how much you love your wife. She was lucky.

JOE

And a little eccentric.

MADDIE

The good ones always are.

Maddie goes through the routine, they breathe together, etc.

MADDIE (V.O.)

(In her mind)

Mamushka, if you can still hear me, please find this woman, Pat Burton and ask her to tell me something that can help me help her husband.

Silence. Maddie squeezes Joe's hand. He opens his eyes.

MADDIE

I'm sorry about your wife's illness.

JOE

She was as healthy as a horse. Not sick a day in her life.

Maddie looks at Harvey. *Nothing.*

MADDIE

She didn't have a physical illness, but I think she may have had another kind of brain illness. Maybe her brain chemistry was unstable. I'm getting a strong feeling that she was out of control, was she an epileptic?

Joe looks at her long and hard.

JOE

Pat was not an epileptic. Excuse me, but you're full of shit.

MADDIE

You're right. I'm full of shit. I'm so sorry.

HARVEY

It's a crowded restaurant.

MADDIE

Joe, you seem like a good guy. I don't want to mislead you.

JOE

Good, because I don't like being misled by anyone.

HARVEY

(to Joe)

You really should make an appointment with Maddie in private. It could be life changing.

JOE

No thanks. I was going to drop out of the grief group anyway.

MADDIE

I'm sorry to hear that. I don't know why I thought your wife had something wrong with her brain.

JOE

Maybe because she blew her brains out with my gun.

MADDIE

Oh my God! I'm so sorry. I honestly don't know. I'm not a doctor or a psychic.

HARVEY

You mean, a psychiatrist.

MADDIE

I'm just a woman who gets these *feelings*. I keep getting a feeling that her death is not her fault or yours. She couldn't help herself.

JOE

Do you say that to everyone? *It's not your fault?*

MADDIE

No. I don't.

Maddie hands him back the broach. The waiter brings more food and another round of drinks. Maddie looks horribly uncomfortable as they eat dinner and try to make small talk.

Maddie is about to leave this excruciating situation when she sees a bananas foster dessert. She blurts out...

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Banana.

Joe looks stunned, then curious.

JOE

What did you just say?

MADDIE

Banana. I have no idea why. It just popped into my head and flew out of my mouth.

Joe is suddenly laughing, crying, and gasping for air, he's so emotional. Maddie looks at Harvey who shrugs slightly.

JOE

(whispers)

Banana was our code word for sex. She'd say, *Is that a banana in your pocket or are you ready to fuck?*

MADDIE

Really?

HARVEY

That's so sweet.

JOE

No one knew that *Banana* was our word.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

If she could tell me one thing from
the other side, it would be that.

Maddie looks stunned. Joe wipes away his tears, still
laughing and crying. Harvey looks proud.

MADDIE

Sometimes this stuff comes to me
and sometimes it doesn't.

JOE

Pat might have had something off in
her brain. It ran in her family.

As they finally leave, Harvey whispers seductively to her.

HARVEY

Maddie, you're magic!

#

ACT FOUR

INT. THE EXPANDING HEART CAFE AND BOOKSTORE - DAY

Agent Rosenberg enters during a lull in the morning rush.

ROSENBERG

I'd like to make an appointment
with Maddie for a psychic reading.

Crispy responds before Maddie has a chance to speak.

CRISPY

Not a chance! She's not using her
psychic gift to speak with your
dead criminal jewelry thief.

ROSENBERG

I would like her to speak to my
deceased mother.

CRISPY

A likely story.

ROSENBERG

Really! I have some unanswered
questions and thought Maddie could
help me.

MADDIE

How did your mother die?

ROSENBERG

I think she was murdered and would like to find out.

CRISPY

Agent Rosenberg, Maddie is not doing a private session with you.

ROSENBERG

It's personal, not business.

A flower delivery man comes in with a big arrangement. Crispy takes it, tips him, and reads the card aloud.

CRISPY

"Maddie, thank you for a very healing session last night, JOE."

Crispy gloats in Rosenberg's direction.

MADDIE

(to Rosenberg)

I'm sorry, Agent Rosenberg, but I think it would be best if I didn't.

ROSENBERG

(quietly)

My mother's name was Evie Rosenberg, short for Evelyn. If you come encounter her, please tell her I love and can handle the truth.

Another delivery, this one is a fancy, wrapped box. Crispy takes the card and reads aloud again.

CRISPY

Maddie, Here's a little something for such an awe-inspiring session. I'm looking forward to our date on Saturday night. Love, Harvey.

Rosenberg looks uncomfortable as Crispy opens the box. Inside is some expensive perfume and a gift card from a fancy department store. She waves it in the air at Maddie.

CRISPY (CONT'D)

Someone's going shopping today!

ROSENBERG

I'll leave you two.

Rosenberg looks crestfallen and not just because he didn't get a psychic medium session with Maddie. He likes her.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Crispy leads Maddie to all corners of the store, trying to find her style. Maddie looks lost, overwhelmed.

CRISPY
What's your style?

MADDIE
I have no idea.

CRISPY
Do you want to be sexy or
mysterious or playful or earthy?

MADDIE
Honestly, I wish I knew. I wish I
had a vision for myself. I'm almost
forty and I don't know who I am.

CRISPY
I understand that you haven't had a
date for years because of Stevie,
but you do know who you are.

MADDIE
You'd think, but I'm struggling to
find out who I really am, who I
want to be, who I thought I was.
That's why I never shop. I'm not
even sure what I want to look like.

CRISPY
What do you want to create for
yourself?

MADDIE
I know you're trying to be helpful,
but can you just decide for me?
Pick out something that you think
would look good, and I'll wear it.

CRISPY
NO! I love you too much to tell you
what to be or how to look.

MADDIE

But what if I don't know how I want
to look?

CRISPY

Then I'll just be your friend while
you figure it out.

Maddie looks really emotional so Crispy hugs her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's the big date. Maddie and Harvey snuggle into a table in the corner. Maddie looks stunning in her little black dress. A jazz band with a sultry singer plays across the room.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as they drink wine, eat, and talk. Maddie opens up and describes Gypsy. Harvey is amused.

MADDIE

She's had five husbands. There's no twelve-step program for marriage-aholics, I've checked. When you ask her if she's single, she says she's 'between husbands' and she's right! Her real name was *Norma*, but she legally changed it to Gypsy.

HARVEY

And you? Never married?

MADDIE

I lived with a man for years, but never officially tied the knot.

HARVEY

Why not?

MADDIE

I guess I was saving myself for that one, true soulmate. I know it sounds trite, but you can't just marry anyone. At least, I can't.

Harvey toasts to that statement.

HARVEY

Maddie, will you dance with me?

MADDIE

I would love to dance with you.

He leads her across the room to the small dance floor. A few older couples dance like they've been together for years.

Harvey has tears in his eyes as he takes Maddie in his arms. The depth of the moment wraps around her. She leans into it.

A WHILE LATER...

They're still dancing on the empty dance floor as the band plays its final song for the evening. Harvey kisses her.

CUT TO:

INT. HARVEY'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The kiss continues as they make out in his car, parked in front of Gypsy's building.

MADDIE

Your lips are so intoxicating. I'm hooked.

HARVEY

I think you might be a kiss-aholic. God, I hope there's no Twelve-Step for this addiction.

They kiss some more. Things are heating up.

MADDIE

Harvey, I would invite you in, but-

HARVEY

I cannot come in! It's too soon, but I can taste your whole body when we kiss. The thought of being naked with you is too tempting and I don't trust myself. I want to have a relationship with you, Maddie. I've never felt this way so soon and I don't want to ruin it by sleeping together too soon.

MADDIE

That's lovely, but I'm staying with my mother, so...

HARVEY

There's that too!

MADDIE

This has never happened to me before, this feeling of being so connected and so at ease. I may have had too much wine.

HARVEY

I feel it too. I didn't even feel this way about Jessie when I first kissed her. And I married Jessie.

They kiss passionately again. Then Maddie pulls back, as she hears Gypsy's voice in her head 'play hard-to-get, trust me.'

MADDIE

I should go in.

HARVEY

I know. You should.

He kisses her one more time. She sinks into his body.

MADDIE

Good night, Harvey.

HARVEY

Good night, Maddie. I had a wonderful time tonight.

MADDIE

Me too.

HARVEY

I can hardly wait to kiss you again.

She kisses him again.

MADDIE

This was a great first date.

HARVEY

You're a great first date. And our session changed my life. I feel alive, hopeful again. Thank you.

MADDIE

You're welcome.

HARVEY

I never knew a psychic reading could be so healing.

MADDIE
Neither did I.

#

ACT FIVE

INT. GYPSY'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Maddie tiptoes in and hears Gypsy snoring like a chain saw.

She strips off her clothes, starts the bath, and sees herself still smiling in the bathroom mirror. In the bathtub, while savoring the experience, Harvey calls. She whispers.

HARVEY
I miss you already.

MADDIE
It has only been fifteen minutes.

HARVEY
Where are you now?

MADDIE
I'm in the bathtub.

HARVEY
Oh! You're killing me! I'd love to be in that bathtub with you. What does it smell like?

MADDIE
Lavender and Eucalyptus. Kind of soft and sexy, yet earthy and edgy.

HARVEY
You are so hot! I think my desire for you is going to eat me alive.

Maddie laughs, equally smitten with Harvey.

MADDIE
It's getting cold in here.

HARVEY
Wait. I have to ask you, can you predict the future?

MADDIE
No.

HARVEY
Who's going to win the
Bears/Packers game on Sunday?

MADDIE
I have no idea.

HARVEY
You're psychic. I've seen it twice.

MADDIE
Goodnight, Harvey.

INT. MADDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later, Maddie and Harvey whisper on the phone from their respective beds. It's flirtatious. They finally hang up.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE - OAK TREE - DUSK

Two women wait until the others aren't near the tree and open the door and sneak through it, giggling, then screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. GYPSY'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Around 3:00 AM, Maddie hears voices in the kitchen. She grabs her phone, then looks for a weapon, her *blowdryer*. She peeks in on Gypsy, who is still snoring loudly and in a deep sleep.

INT. GYPSY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maddie creeps toward the kitchen, blowdryer poised. She hears the laughter before she sees them. JESSIE HAMMERSTEIN and PAT BURTON rummage through the refrigerator.

Jessie resembles her photo, but is even prettier with her taut body and her 'cool girl' vibe. Pat has a wild mane of red hair, a wicked laugh, and a slight Irish accent.

They eat food, though their bodies are slightly transparent.

PAT
No wine plus no beer equals *No fun*.

JESSIE

Can you ever really trust a woman with no alcohol in her refrigerator? It's so *un-American*.

PAT

She doesn't even have that prissy wine, *Skinny Girl*. I should've had a wine named after me. I would have called it *Small Tits*. Doesn't cost much, but packs a big punch!

Maddie boldly presents herself. They barely notice her.

MADDIE

Who are you?

JESSIE

You know what I'd love next time you go shopping. A turkey sandwich with Gouda cheese on a brioche.

PAT

As long as we're ordering, I'd love some hard salami with hot mustard on dark rye, and extra pickles. Don't forget the chips, and maybe some chocolate cake for dessert.

JESSIE

Stop! You're killing me! Redundant, I know.

PAT

(opens the freezer)

Look what I found! Chocolate ice cream with caramel and sea salt. Maybe there is a God after all.

The two of them dig into the ice cream with their fingers and make seductive, annoying 'yummy' sounds.

Jessie and Pat look eerie in the refrigerator light, with their partially transparent mouths dripping with ice cream.

MADDIE

What are you two doing here?

JESSIE

(to Pat)

You have caramel sperm dripping from your chin. Right there.

PAT
I'm saving that for later.

MADDIE
Answer me! What do you two want?

PAT
Better snacks for starters, but
this will have to do for now.

JESSIE
What's it going to be, a wicked
selfie or a killer blow out?

PAT
(to Jessie)
You know what I miss? Cheez whiz.

JESSIE
We could have a Cheez Whiz fight!

MADDIE
How did you even get here?

JESSIE
The same way *Mamushka* got here. *The
door was open.*

MADDIE
What door?

JESSIE
The door, you know...

MADDIE
I don't know. Enlighten me! Please.

JESSIE
We're not here to enlighten you.

PAT
We're here to help you. Right,
Jessie? And we're here because
we're hungry! *Feed Me!*

MADDIE
How do you eat? Aren't you dead?

JESSIE
We're still in the lower form of
being dead so when we cross over to
this side, we still have *hungers.*

PAT

In other words, we still get the munchies, but we can't drive through White Castle. God, I'd love to smoke a joint right now!

MADDIE

What does that mean, 'the lower form of being dead?'

JESSIE

Imagine the afterlife is like high school. We're sort of in *detention* on the ground floor.

PAT

Where the *bad girls* go.

JESSIE

But, we don't want to be in the bad girls section forever.

PAT

So we're here to help you.

MADDIE

Am I helping you or are you helping me?

PAT

(to Jessie)

You see? She's getting it.

MADDIE

I'm not getting it.

PAT

(to Jessie)

Tell her why we're here. It has to come from you.

JESSIE

Could you buy us some cookies?

MADDIE

No! I'm not feeding you or you'll keep coming back like stray dogs.

PAT

Jessie is here to tell you something important.

JESSIE

Maddie, we know you're a poser, a big, fat phony psychic medium.

MADDIE

I am not!

JESSIE

You're making shit up all the time... '*Jessie forgives you. She wants you to forgive yourself.*' What a load of crap that was!

MADDIE

So I improvise. There's no harm in helping someone feel better.

JESSIE

I've heard of lame foreplay before, but that was pathetic.

MADDIE

I thought you were here to help me.

PAT

Are you two going to fight? I love a good girl-on-girl fight.

MADDIE

We're not going to fight. I've got nothing to say to Jessie other than, please leave and don't come back.

JESSIE

(to Pat)

You see! I told you she'd be a bitch.

MADDIE

I'm not a bitch.

PAT

Tell her what you came here to tell her, Jessie!

JESSIE

I'm not telling her. Let her figure it out for herself.

PAT

She'll never figure it out. You have to tell her. You know why...

The two dead wives slurp up the last of the ice cream.

MADDIE

Fine. Tell me what?

JESSIE

Nope. You lost your chance. Now you're going to have to beg me. Say, 'pretty please' to both of us.

MADDIE

I'm not saying that. I don't care.

JESSIE

(with a biting tone)

I saw how you were *helping* Harvey. Sucking on his face on the dance floor and in his car. Someone should teach you how to kiss.

Jessie mimics Maddie from the dance floor kissing him.

MADDIE

What do you want? You must want something. Even Mamushka had an agenda. What's your agenda?

JESSIE

I don't want anything.

PAT

Yes you do, or you'll never get out of detention.

MADDIE

How *do* you get out of detention?

PAT

We have to do *something nice* for someone who's still alive.

Jessie gives her a look to stop talking.

MADDIE

You think eating my food and spying on me while I'm on a date with your husband is doing *something nice*?

PAT

Thank you for being so kind to my Joe. I was the one who planted the word, *Banana* in your head.

MADDIE

That was you? Thank you.

PAT

And never ask Mamushka for anything. She's bad news. Ask us.

JESSIE

Or the others.

MADDIE

What others?

PAT

Jessie. Tell her.

MADDIE

Just tell me already so she can stop nagging you.

PAT

I'm not nagging.

JESSIE

There are things you should know about Harvey.

MADDIE

What about Harvey?

JESSIE

You think he's so wonderful.

MADDIE

I do.

JESSIE

I did too at first, which is why I married him, but let me illuminate a little secret about Harvey.

MADDIE

I don't want to hear anything about Harvey.

JESSIE

Why not?

MADDIE

Because you're jealous that he's falling for me and because he said he likes kissing me more than he liked kissing you.

Jessie and Pat exchange a look.

JESSIE

He's not who you think he is.
You're in way over your head.

MADDIE

And why wouldn't you be jealous!
He's handsome and he's hot...

JESSIE

I'm jealous that you have a body,
but I'm not jealous that you were
kissing Harvey. You can have him

MADDIE

You want me to believe that you no
longer have feelings for him?

JESSIE

I have feelings for him, feelings
of rage. Harvey is a cheap fuck,
gambling addict, and a sociopath.

PAT

Jessie, you're not here to trash
talk Harvey.

MADDIE

Please, just leave. Now.

PAT

You have to tell her.

MADDIE

I don't want to know.

JESSIE

Fine. I didn't die of an overdose,
Maddie. **Harvey killed me.**

Jessie and Pat vanish as Maddie looks dumbfounded, blowdryer
in hand, mouth open in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE - OAK TREE - DAY

Pat and Jessie hurl through the big door in the oak tree and
are immediately surrounded by the wives from the grief group
and various people. It's a lively conversation that revolves
around future visits to the other (physical) side of life.

END