

INT. SHOPPING MALL

Lydia and Kyle roam the MEN'S SECTION of a department store.

Lydia selects a DARK BLUE BLAZER.

LYDIA

Put this on. You want to look casual but professional.

Kyle shrugs on the jacket.

KYLE

Maybe Sam's right, Mom. Maybe I am moving too fast.

LYDIA

You think too damn much. What does Sam know, anyway?

KYLE

He was in love with Kim.

Lydia looks into his face.

Yes, she knew that.

She adjusts the coat on him.

LYDIA

This is too dark on you. Let's look for something more neutral.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marley's eyes twinkle. Kyle sits next to her on the sofa.

MARLEY

I told you there was nothing to worry about.

KYLE

I honestly had no idea it would go so well. I showed him some of the editorials I wrote for the paper in college, and bam. Hired.

MARLEY

You're a wonderful writer.

KYLE

You haven't read anything I've written.

MARLEY

I don't need to.

She touches his chin. Stares in rapt fascination as her finger traces his mouth. He stills. Enjoys the caress. Her own lips quiver in response. Delicate nostrils flare.

Kyle is captivated.

Has anything so innocent ever been so sexy?

MARLEY

My stomach's all fluttery.

She makes a halting move towards him. It's all the encouragement he needs.

He slides his arms around her waist. Draws her near.

The contact is so intense that she nearly swoons.

KYLE

You're shaking.

So is he.

KYLE'S BEDROOM

Kyle and Marley lie on the bed, half-dressed. Heavy, heavy petting.

Marley wrenches her mouth from Kyle's.

KYLE

What is it?

She pulls him back to her and captures his lips. Ravenous. They feast for a moment then Kyle pulls away.

KYLE

Wait... wait.

Marley gasps. He brushes the hair back from her face.

KYLE

You okay?

MARLEY

Oh, yes. I just...

KYLE

What?

Suddenly she's self-conscious. Self-conscious and wanton. A heady mix. Her fingers clench and unclench in his hair.

MARLEY

Why do I feel so good?

Kyle studies her sweetly.

KYLE

I'm making love to you.

Oh.

MARLEY

I like it. A lot.

LATER

Kyle and Marley are curled around one another. Blissful.

Until...

Kyle twitches. Moans.

Twitches again. His brow furrows. He grimaces in his sleep.

The sound of a car crash.

BLACK

INT. CAR

The heavy patter of rain slaps against metal.

Kyle opens his eyes.

A windshield wiper still labors.

The rain drenches him through a gaping hole in the windshield.

Flashing red lights of emergency vehicles cause the rain to look like drops of blood.

He tries to move but he's pinned to the seat.

Kimberly's pale hand rests in his lap, water pools in the upturned palm.

He turns his head.

Kimberly is slumped over the steering wheel. Kyle takes her hand, reaches for her.

KYLE

Kim?

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM

Kyle's eyes flick open. He tries to shake off the dream.

He rolls over to embrace Marley...

And looks into the face of Kimberly, who lies beside him.

She watches him intently.

KIMBERLY

Don't do this. Don't let go.

Kyle snaps fully awake.

Marley, who sleeps beside him, awakens just as abruptly.

He rips himself away from her. She reaches for him. He evades her hands.

KYLE

Kim, no--

MARLEY

It's me. Marley.

Her hand strokes his face.

MARLEY

It's all right. It was only a dream.

KYLE

(panics)

I saw Kim. It was so real. She's haunting me. Or I'm going crazy.

MARLEY

Look at me. She's not haunting you. And you're not crazy.

KYLE

She won't let me go. I hear her in my head. Talking to me. Telling me to listen to her.

Marley gazes directly into his eyes. Soothing. Loving.
Convincing.

MARLEY

Don't listen to her. Listen to me.