

GHOST OF A CHANCE  
Draft 4

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. DARLENE'S BEDROOM-EVENING

The bedroom of a cramped 1 person apartment. It is small and cozy, as comfortable as a low income University student can make it. DARLENE (late 20's) is sprawled on her bed, head resting gently on her girlfriend MONICA'S soft stomach (20's).

The snuggling women are in the middle of a cartoon marathon, dressed in comfy PJ's. A pile of half eaten snacks is dangerously close to falling off Darlene's bedside table. They clearly have not left the bedroom in several hours. The credits roll on the computer screen acting as a makeshift TV that is set up across the room.

DARLENE (V.O.)

You ever have a day so perfect, you  
can't imagine anything ruining it?

Darlene stretches & moans, trying to work out the kinks in her back from staying still so long. Stretching out a little too far, she almost falls off the bed. A hand shoots out & catches her just in time. Darlene looks up at Monica gratefully & the two women start laughing.

They re-adjust & continue cuddling. Monica comfortingly strokes her girlfriend's short hair as Darlene rests her head on Monica's chest & sighs in contentment.

DARLENE (V.O.)

It was nothing flashy, but it still  
felt like the best birthday I'd had  
in years.

Darlene's phone rings and she lazily stretches across the bed to grab it.

Her face drops when she see's the caller ID, body language going from relaxed to tense in an instant. Monica looks over questioningly as Darlene suddenly sits up. Recognizing the conflicted look on Darlene's face, she sits up as well.

MONICA

(concerned)  
Your mom?

Nodding, Darlene begins fiddling with her phone in an attempt to expel the nervous energy building in her.

DARLENE

Yeah...  
 (forced smile)  
 She did say she'd give me a call  
 today.

DARLENE (V.O.)

I shoulda known right then that the  
 day was gonna turn out shitty.

Monica comes over to sit beside Darlene, rubbing her back encouragingly as Darlene debates answering.

MONICA

Thats...  
 (unconvinced)  
 ...nice of her?  
 (beat)  
 Do you-  
 (awkward pause)  
 -Do you...think you're up to that?

Darlene glares down at the ringing device in her hand.

DARLENE

(unsure)  
 I...

She trails off, lost in her own thoughts.

DARLENE (V.O.)

I wanted to just let it go to  
 voicemail...deal with her tomorrow.  
 It's so...*exhausting* talking to  
 her. Every conversation is a  
 minefield, no matter how innocent  
 or casual it starts.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

What made you answer? Why not just  
 climb back in bed and start another  
 episode?

DARLENE (V.O.)

(humourless laugh)  
 Guilt.  
 (beat)  
 That weird guilt-hope combination I  
 told you about.  
 (self deprecating)  
 '*Its just a friendly birthday call.  
 Maybe this time will be different.*'  
 (teary)  
 '*She's your mom and she loves you.*'  
 (MORE)

DARLENE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*If you don't give her a  
 chance...then you're the bad guy.'*

Darlene steels herself and finally answers the phone, squeezing Monica's hand for support.

DARLENE  
 (faux cheerful)  
 Hello?

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)  
 Is this Darlene?

Darlene's forced smile drops away as she doublechecks the caller ID on her phone.

DARLENE  
 Yes? Who is this?  
 (demanding)  
 Why do you have my mom's phone?

Monica stiffens & leans towards the phone, placing a hand on Darlene's shoulder.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)  
 (awkwardly)  
 Your mom is Martha Sevira?

Darlene shrugs Monica's arm off and stands up.

DARLENE  
 Yeah...? What's going on?

Anxiety creeps into her voice as she asks the question she doesn't want to hear the answer to.

Meanwhile; wanting to help, Monica stands up and tries to get Darlene's attention.

DARLENE (CONT'D)	MONICA (MOUTHING SILENTLY)
Is my mom OK?	(mimes holding phone)
	S P E A K E R.
	(beat)
	Put it on Speaker.

Darlene glances over at her partner nervously and puts the phone on speaker, holding it loosely in her shaking hand. It hovers between her and Monica.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)  
 (uncomfortable)  
 I don't know, I-The paramedics were  
 in such a hurry they-they left her  
 purse behind.

(MORE)

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

She's been taken to Holy Spirit  
Hospital.

Darlene slowly lowers the phone and collapses onto her bed as if the stranger's words are sucking the strength from her body. Overwhelmed by the unexpected wave of emotions crashing into her, Darlene stares straight ahead with empty eyes. She tries to focus & bring the phone back up towards her face, but can't seem to move.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(apologetic)

You were the first name in her  
contacts...I thought you should  
know.

Monica goes over to Darlene and kneels in front of her. Gently taking the phone from Darlene's shaking hands, she hangs up.

MONICA

(softly)

Dar? Dar look at me. Are you ok?

(beat)

How can I help?

(pause)

Do you want me to drive you to the  
hospital?

Monica's questions fade away into white noise as Darlene is so lost in her own thoughts she barely registers her girlfriend's presence.

We focus in on Darlene's face, zooming in until all we see is the lost look in her haunted eyes. As the buzzing in her ears gets louder and louder, Darlene closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

The buzzing gets cut off abruptly and is replaced by an oppressive silence.

FADE BACK IN:

INT. EMPTY VOID.

MARTHA (the gaunt looking spirit of a woman in her late 40's) looks around in terror at the empty black void she has suddenly appeared in.

MARTHA

Hello?

She starts walking, then running but all she sees is an endless empty blackness.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (pleading)  
 Somebody, please!  
 (sob)  
 This isn't happening...oh god  
 please...help!

A cloaked figure suddenly appears in front of Martha & she shrieks. It echoes through the empty space.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 AHHH!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE BACK IN:

INT. DARLENE'S BEDROOM-EARLY AFTERNOON (ONE WEEK LATER)

Darlene opens her eyes and sighs. Now alone, she is sitting scrunched up on her bed, chin resting on her knees. She is a haggard mess, unbrushed hair sticking out in all directions. There are crumbs leftover from various comfort foods sprinkled across her bed & her stained pajamas look like they haven't been changed in a week.

DARLENE (V.O.)  
 (listless)  
 It's kinda crazy how many teenagers  
 fantasize about killing  
 themselves...

Darlene's phone goes off. Without bothering to turn her head, she listlessly reaches over her bedside table and blindly slaps her hand around until she finds the phone. Glancing down, she sees a text from Monica.

MONICA (TEXT)  
 I thought you were gonna try to  
 come to class today.

Another text follows immediately afterwards.

MONICA (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
 Darlene?

MONICA (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
 I know you're awake.

MONICA (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
Please? You can still make it if  
you hurry.

Darlene stares down at the phone in her hands, expression twisting from the uncomfortably blank look into one of resignation.

Darlene suddenly stiffens up and whips the phone across the room into her wall.

DARLENE (V.O.)  
(matter-of-fact)  
I guess when you're a sweaty ball  
of hormones and angst, not existing  
sounds pretty good.

As quickly as it appeared, the angry spurt of energy is gone. Darlene heaves a weary sigh and leans sideways, doing a half fall/half roll off the bed and out of frame.

DARLENE (V.O.)  
If the whole world is against you,  
why not just leave?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN-DAY (LATER)

Continuing the previous motion, Darlene leans sideways into the glass window of the bus with her eyes closed. She has a ratty hoodie haphazardly pulled over her pajamas and a beanie attempting to tame her messy hair. The diegetic sounds around her are muffled and unfocused.

DARLENE (V.O.)  
Even the most well adjusted teen  
wonders 'what if?' from time to  
time.

The train comes to a stop. Darlene opens her eyes and stands up.

MATCH CUT TO:

4 INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM-DAY (LATER)

Darlene stands up to gather her things at the end of class. Monica is beside her, watching carefully. Darlene ignores the varying glances (pity, judgement, sorrow) she gets from her teacher and classmates as they file past her and out the door.

She glances over to Monica and tries to reassure her worried girlfriend with a soft smile. Monica smiles back in relief.

MONICA

See? That wasn't so bad.

Darlene nods half-heartedly and leans heavily on Monica's shoulder for support as she squeezes out of the cramped row of seats. Working up the motivation to leave her apartment seems to have sapped all her strength

DARLENE (V.O.)

...I got called a lot of things as a teen, but well adjusted wasn't one of them.

Darlene grabs Monica's hand and they walk out together.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

So what I'm hearing is, the isolation you felt as a teenager led to you having suicidal thoughts. Is that what you're getting at?

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE-DAY (ANOTHER WEEK LATER)

Darlene has squished herself into a big comfy armchair in her therapist's office, trying to make herself as small as possible. Her THERAPIST is sitting across from her.

The office is a welcoming space filled with various brightly coloured knick-knacks and fidget toys. Darlene has one of these toys in her hand. She twists it aggressively, keeping her eyes glued to the mangled toy as she replies to their question.

DARLENE

No..not suicidal...I had too many things I wanted to do.

(beat)

I didn't want to stop existing...I wanted *her* to stop.

Darlene looks up and guiltily meets her therapist's eyes.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

...It wasn't just an idle 'oh if she wasn't around'. I wanted her to *die*.



## THERAPIST

We've talked before about your quick temper & reactivity as a teenager, I can see how in the heat of the moment you might-

Darlene interrupts them, voice rising rapidly in volume and pitch.

## DARLENE

No, you don't understand!  
 (breaking down)  
 It's so fucked up, I-I...  
 (quieter)  
 It's not something I yelled in the middle of a fight & then immediately regretted.

It was the moments in between.  
 (regretful)  
 I would fantasize about killing my mom. I *planned* it.  
 (beat)  
 I heard some people kill themselves by taking a whole bottle of Tylenol so I thought... 'oh, what if I made her a smoothie? To cover up the taste?'  
 (beat)  
 I don't know why I...

Darlene's eyes are brimming with tears as she shares these uncomfortable memories. Her therapist listens intently, subtly taking notes.

## DARLENE (CONT'D)

I never considered it a-a-a viable option or anything but I...I thought it. I wished it.  
 (self-hatred)  
 I put that out into the universe. And now she's dead.

The therapist gives her a sympathetic look. There is a moment of silence as they give Darlene a moment to gather her thoughts.

## THERAPIST

Thank you Darlene. That must have been hard for you to share.  
 (pause)  
 How did those fantasies make you feel?

Darlene bites her lip & thinks.

DARLENE

I...I don't know. Nothing I guess.  
(thoughtful)

I felt...detached. I told you, it wasn't a real plan. It was kinda like 'in theory I could do this...it would be over quick, she wouldn't even notice.'

(pause)

Then I'd be free. I could go & live with someone else.

The therapist nods thoughtfully & writes something down before placing their notepad on the table & looking Darlene dead in the eye.

THERAPIST

(firm)

I need you to listen to me Darlene. You were a *child*. You were in a situation you hated and you wanted to escape.

Darlene tightens her grip on the fidget toy, knuckles turning white as she fends off the unhappy childhood memories that rise up in her.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(comforting)

It sounds to me like you were trying to think of a logical reason your mother wouldn't be around, because it felt more concrete to have a hypothetical plan in place.

(gently)

Children with unhappy home lives often develop unhealthy coping mechanisms...that doesn't make them bad people. Sometimes those coping mechanisms are all they have.

(pause)

You said these fantasies occurred when you were a teenager...why are they distressing you now? Did they re-emerge more recently?

Darlene stares at the floor.

DARLENE

I didn't wish she was dead, but I...

(deep breath)

(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Last time we talked I did  
think...how much easier it would be  
if I didn't have to deal with her.

(beat)

I was just so tired of hiding  
things...I thought...maybe I should  
do what Monica did...just cut off  
contact.

Darlene trails off, slowly looking up at her therapist.  
Encouraged by the understanding smile she is given, she  
continues.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Especially with Monica moving in  
soon...ugh! It was going to be so  
much harder to-to only let Mom see  
what she wanted to see.

(huffs in frustration)

I know you gave me things to try to  
open up better communication  
but...I tried everything!

(beat)

I did the worksheets, I set  
boundaries...she wasn't respecting  
them. So I thought maybe...maybe it  
would be best if I didn't talk to  
her for a while.

THERAPIST

Yet you still picked up the phone  
when you thought she was calling.  
Why?

Darlene throws her fidget toy in frustration. It pings  
harmlessly off the wall.

DARLENE

It's a lot harder than it seems you  
know. Especially when you know  
she's trying in her own way.

(beat)

I-I guess I didn't want to outright  
give up on her. It wasn't all bad.  
I know she loved me, she meant  
well...

(beat)

I know she'd dealt with a lot of  
shit and that's why she was so-

Darlene gives a half sob, trying to gather herself & keep the  
tears at bay.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

-I thought we could still fix things. I thought I had time to-to figure something out...She's my mom. I didn't want to end every second conversation with a screaming match. I didn't want to feel like it wasn't safe to share my life with her.

(beat)

I had a moment of weakness, thought I could handle not having her in my life, and then when I was ready to try again...she was gone.

(self deprecating laugh)

Careful what you wish for right?  
I...never have to talk to her again.

Darlene's voice breaks as her head sinks down past her knees. Her shoulders begin to shake as she finally breaks down & cries. The therapist leans over and gently offers Darlene a handkerchief. They look contemplative, watching carefully as their distraught patient blows her nose and does a breathing exercise to calm down.

THERAPIST

Do you really believe that? That you could have forged a healthier relationship with your mother if you had more time?

DARLENE

I-I don't...I Don't know. It could have been better at least. Maybe-maybe I could have even told her about Monica...eventually.

(wistfully)

I just wish I could have had a proper goodbye...

The therapist nods and seems to decide something. They open a drawer in their desk.

THERAPIST

You've made some really good progress this past year Darlene. You were improving your communication skills and being intentional about trying not to let your mother push your buttons. Do you really think you could have done more?

Darlene nods resolutely. The therapist leans down & opens a secret compartment in their drawer. They pull out a WORN LEATHERBOUND BOOK with strange markings.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I think you're being too hard on yourself.

(beat)

But I don't think you're going to be able to accept that. Not yet.

(beat)

Last week you said you felt like you were trapped in a pit, drowning in what-ifs...

(beat)

I think this might be the life preserver you need.

Darlene gives her therapist a look of confusion as they slide the book across the desk.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

It's a specialized therapy technique. Its...a little unorthodox, but I've often found it helpful with cases like yours.

DARLENE

(dismissive)

Journaling isn't cutting edge science anymore you know.

The Therapist smiles indulgently and opens the book to reveal an ancient spirit summoning spell scrawled across the yellow, dog-eared page they have selected.

Half the page is taken up with a large magical glyph, the faded ink on the other half details how to use the strange symbol to summon the ghost of a recently deceased person and tether them to an object or location.

THERAPIST

(chuckles)

I'd prefer you didn't write in this actually, its a family heirloom.

(beat)

Spirit Therapy is quite controversial. It's an ancient method that should be used very sparingly, if at all...

Darlene gingerly picks up the spell book, staring at it with fascination.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

But in your case, I think the benefits outweigh the risks. I don't want to see you keep sliding backwards because you can't let go.

(gently)

It's going to be easier to accept and appreciate your relationship with your mother for what it was if you know for certain you've done everything in your power to end on good terms.

DARLENE

(in awe)

This will...let me see my mom again?

THERAPIST

(cautiously)

There's no guarantee you'll be able to summon her. The spell's success rate is about 60 percent. If her soul has already crossed into the spirit realm then she's unreachable.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE BACK IN:

INT. EMPTY VOID.

Martha is curled up in the fetal position, a hopeless figure surrounded by expansive emptiness.

The imposing cloaked figure from before suddenly fades into view. In an instant Martha's demeanor goes from broken to defiant.

MARTHA

You again!

The figure points dramatically at the blackness around them & a glowing slit appears in the void. Martha shakes her head resolutely & backs away from the doorway.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'm not going, you can't make me.

The figure says nothing.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (distraught)  
 What's on the other side?! Why  
 won't you tell me?

She tries desperately to get away but the entrance to the spirit realm seems to follow her where ever she goes.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (pleading)  
 I don't belong there! Please, I  
 want to go back home.

Her words echo around the empty space & into the next scene.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE BACK IN:

INT. DARLENE'S BEDROOM-EVENING (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Lit by flickering candles, Darlene finishes setting up the summoning spell by painting the glyph from the spell book onto her wall with red paint. Monica sits on the bed with a pensive expression on her face.

MONICA  
 (hesitantly)  
 Are you sure about this Dar? I know  
 you're not happy with how things  
 ended but this-

She looks around and gestures to the vaguely occult setup.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
 -this is...*really* intense.

Darlene stops painting.

DARLENE  
 I need-I need...  
 (pause)  
 I need a proper goodbye. And...I-I  
 know this seems crazy but if  
 there's any chance at all that I  
 can fix things-  
 (sniffle)  
 -I need to know that I tried.

Monica sighs and stands up.

MONICA  
 OK...

She gives Darlene a long heartfelt hug.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
If this is really what you need...  
(beat)  
I'll give you guys some privacy.

Monica leaves the bedroom, pausing in the doorway for a moment.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
I hope this goes the way you  
want...  
(beat)  
oh and, can you tell her about us?  
That I'm here for you?...I'd like  
her to know that.

Darlene nods, a few tears spilling out of her eyes and slowly sliding down her face.

DARLENE  
(choked up)  
I-I'll try.

MONICA  
Thank you.

Monica gives her girlfriend a sad smile and leaves. Darlene sits quietly for a few moments before resolutely wiping her tears away and finishing the glyph. Kneeling in front of it, she places one hand on the glyph's tether point while holding a picture of her mom in the other. As she chants the words needed to activate the spell, the painted glyph begins to glow. There is a sudden gust of wind as MARTHA's ghost fades into the room. Darlene smiles in joyful disbelief when she realizes the spell worked.

DARLENE  
Mom!

Martha looks around in confusion. A delighted smile lights up her harried face when she sees her daughter. The two women run towards each other & embrace.

MARTHA  
(whispers into hair)  
Oh darlin'  
(sighs in relief)

FADE TO BLACK.



FADE BACK IN:

INT. DARLENE'S BEDROOM—MORNING (SEVERAL WEEKS LATER)

A disheveled Darlene trudges into her bedroom and flops into bed. She rolls over & is startled to see the ghostly figure of her mother sitting primly on the edge of the untouched covers. She sits up & glances over at MARTHA with a weary sigh.

DARLENE

Mom? You're still here?

Martha shifts uncomfortably, deflecting her daughter's question with motherly indignation.

MARTHA

Of courses I'm still here. I said I *might* be moving on.

(incredulously)

Surely you didn't think I was going to float my way happily to the afterlife when I didn't even know if you were alive!

Darlene rolls her eyes at her mother's theatrics.

DARLENE

I *told* you I was going out with Monica.

(changes tone)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to worry you. I just needed to let off some steam. I've been really stressed with-

She pauses, trying to find a diplomatic way to explain the toll Martha's presence has taken on her.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

-with school and everything.

(upbeat)

Monica and I lost track of time. It just ended up being easier to crash at her place.

Martha raises an eyebrow disapprovingly at this.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Me being dead in a ditch somewhere  
was not the most likely scenario  
you know. I'm a grown woman.

Flustered by Darlene's dismissiveness, Martha doubles down.

MARTHA

I wasn't expecting to be dead  
either. Some scenarios are not as  
unlikely as you'd like to pretend.

(derisively)

Especially with that Monica girl  
egging you on.

(beat)

How could I *not* worry about you.

Darlene's eyes flash angrily. She bites back a retort.  
Defending Monica at this moment will just make her more of a  
target. Martha takes the tense pause as a victory and  
bulldozes ahead.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Now, since I'm going to be here for  
the foreseeable future, I think we  
should talk about some house rules.  
Maybe sort of curfew-

Darlene's head snaps back up in disbelief. She interrupts  
Martha's list of demands, voice shaking with anger and panic.

DARLENE

House rules?! How long are you  
planning on staying here?!

Stunned both by her daughter's tone, Martha responds curtly.

MARTHA

As long as it takes.

(beat)

I still have unfinished business  
after all. Seeing you settled down  
and successful might take a while.

Darlene tries not to let her growing panic show, knowing that  
any sign of weakness will be considered proof that she  
doesn't have her life together.

DARLENE

Bullshit.

(pleading)

Look, *I'm* the one who brought you  
here.

(MORE)

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Now I'm telling you, it's ok to  
move on.

(Frustrated)

ugh, I shouldn't have used that  
stupid spell I-

Darlene's voice cracks as she is overcome by the cocktail of emotions she has been keeping at bay for almost a month. Martha knows exactly how to push her buttons.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

...You were gone so suddenly. I  
didn't-I couldn't- I just...

(beat)

I don't need you to fix my life.  
That's not why I brought you back.

(beat)

School is going great, I have  
friends, an internship and an  
amazing-

Still fighting off tears, Darlene pauses, choosing her next words very carefully. Her quest for closure has led to weeks of walking on eggshells for the sake of a hypothetical 'perfect goodbye'.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

...friend moving in soon.

(tearfully)

I just...wanted to have a chance to  
say goodbye...

Unable or unwilling to articulate her needs any further, Darlene looks helplessly to Martha for some kind of acknowledgement of her needs. Martha glances nervously at the summoning glyph on the wall, and then looks back at her daughter.

Realizing she has overstayed her welcome, she can't seem to bring herself to admit it. There is a pregnant silence before Martha envelops her distraught daughter in her translucent arms, still trying to justify her continued presence.

MARTHA

(gently)

It's all right Darlin'...

(pause)

I'm sorry this isn't what you  
expected. We had a lovely chat the  
day you brought me back but it  
just...wasn't enough. I could tell  
you still needed me.

A tinge of fear creeps into her voice.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I can't-I can't come back once I leave.

(nervous)

Whatever is waiting for me in the spirit realm, its final.

(pleading)

I can't go till I see you get properly settled. I know it's been a bit of an adjustment, but I need you to trust me. This is all going to be worth it in the end.

DARLENE

Mom, I-

Martha cuts her off.

MARTHA

Going to university is all well and good, but your savings aren't going to last forever. You need to find yourself a nice boy so you don't have to go back to working all those terrible jobs.

Seething, Darlene extricates herself from Martha's ghostly embrace and braces for the inevitable follow up comment.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Let's be honest, you're not doing yourself any favours when it comes to attracting men...You're lucky I'm here to help.

Emotionally and physically exhausted, Darlene exhales in frustration.

DARLENE

Trust me mom, making me attractive to men would be a bigger miracle than you being here.

MARTHA

(cluelessly)

Oh don't be so hard on yourself! There's a beautiful girl hiding under all that flannel. I'm sure I can help you find her.

(nostalgically)

I was quite the looker myself when I was your age. I had my pick of men.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You know, my biggest mistake was  
not tying one down before-

DARLENE

(sighs)

-Ending up with me. Yeah, I know.

Taking a breath to steady herself, Darlene has an epiphany. Realizing how unrealistic it was to hope for a nice clean ending to such a complicated relationship, Darlene looks her mom dead in the eyes and speaks her mind for the first time in weeks...possibly years.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to get knocked up  
Mom, I promise.

(beat)

I won't be sad and alone and-and  
*bitter* because I didn't get the  
life I wanted.

(beat)

You haunting me for the next 20  
years is not keeping me from  
following in your footsteps.

Darlene plows ahead before Martha has a chance to respond.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

(gathers courage)

You wanted to see me settled down  
before you go? Good news! I'm  
seeing someone. And its going  
great.

She takes out her phone and shows her scandalized mother her phone wallpaper (a picture of her and Monica with their heads leaning together intimately).

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Monica is moving in next month.

(apologetic but firm)

I didn't tell you before  
because...it-it felt like I  
couldn't.

(talking faster)

All you need to know is that I'm  
happy, and I'm sorry. I'm sorry I  
lied, I'm sorry you died, and I'm  
sorry we weren't able to fix  
things. I didn't want things to end  
like this but I just...I just can't  
anymore.

(rushes)

I love you, I'm sorry...goodbye.

Having given up on Martha leaving of her own accord, Darlene puts her hand on the spell glyph and begins chanting. The words are different this time, changing the spell from summoning to banishment.

MARTHA

No wait! Darlin' please, don't-

Martha's ghost vanishes into nothingness as Darlene sinks onto her bed, eyes brimming with tears. She sits in silence for a moment before pulling out her phone to call Monica. When her girlfriend picks up Darlene finally lets herself cry.

MONICA (O.C.)

Dar? Are you-

DARLENE

(between sobs)

S-she's gone Monica. Mom's g-g-

She can't finish her sentence.

MONICA (O.C.)

I-I'll be right over.

Darlene hangs up, dropping the phone onto the floor as she curls up in the fetal position, waiting for Monica to come join her. Exhausted but finally at peace, Darlene starts to drift off to sleep.

Monica finally arrives & joins Darlene on the bed. Darlene clings to her girlfriend for dear life. The two women hold each other & cuddle on the bed in a way that is reminiscent of the first scene. It feels as though a great weight has been lifted off them.

Dollying out we tilt down to the floor & see that Darlene's phone has fallen next to the creased picture of her mom, which rests gently on the spell-book. The phone is still unlocked, proudly displaying the wallpaper of the two women cuddling next to the worn polaroid picture of a young pregnant Martha, smiling happily.

FADE OUT

**END**