

*(SAM freezes. MOLLY hesitates a moment, wipes her tears with her arm.)*

**MOLLY**

Just a minute, Carl.

*(she washes and dries her hands)*

**SAM**

Don't answer it. He's a murderer, Molly! You can't trust him. Don't let him in. Listen to me, damn it! Please! Don't do it. Don't.

*(MOLLY opens the door. CARL seems buoyant, almost celebratory. He has a Starbucks bag in his hand. He is still in a suit and tie.)*

**CARL**

Hi. Thanks. Am I interrupting?

**MOLLY**

No...no. What's up?

*(MOLLY turns off the radio)*

**CARL**

I felt real lousy about what I said at the café. This supernatural stuff just makes me so uncomfortable. I don't even read horoscopes.

**MOLLY**

Don't worry about it. It's okay.

**CARL**

Hey, I brought you a coffee, a skinny caramel macchiato. I know you like them.

**MOLLY**

Carl, thank you. That's really sweet.

**CARL**

Listen, you mind if I hang out for a little bit? I won't stay long. I've had one of those days.

**MOLLY**

Yeah. Of course.

**SAM**

No, Molly. Don't let him stay!

**MOLLY**

Are you all right?

**CARL**

What can I tell you? It's been tough. Hell, you know. It still hurts so much.

**SAM**

You lying snake.

*(MOLLY exits to discard her dirty apron. CARL crosses toward the couch and, curiously, turns SAM's picture so it faces the wall. MOLLY returns.)*

**CARL**

Then on top of it all...it's stuff at work. Hey, you have any cream?

**MOLLY**

Yeah, sure.

*(She walks over to the refrigerator)*

**CARL**

They've given me a new office, my own accounts, which is good. But I've had no time to adjust, to kind of absorb it all, you know.

*(As MOLLY reaches to get the cream CARL intentionally pours the coffee all over his shirt.)*

**CARL**

Oh shit, Jesus, I can't believe I did that.

**MOLLY**

Are you all right?

**CARL**

Yeah, I'm fine. Ow.

*(To avoid the burning coffee, he pulls off his jacket and starts unbuttoning his shirt. SAM watches all this with suspicion.)*

**MOLLY**

Here, let me put that in the wash.

**CARL**

No, don't worry about it. It's okay.

*(He quickly takes the shirt off)*

**MOLLY**

Do you want me to get you another shirt?

**CARL**

Sure.

*(looking at SAM's shirts on the fridge)*

Well, maybe...

**MOLLY**

Yeah, sure ... Here you go.

<b>#14 LIFE TURNS ON A DIME</b>
---------------------------------

*(She hands CARL one of SAM's shirts. He puts it on.)*

Hey Carl, I went to the police.

**CARL**

You did? What did you tell them? What did they say?

**MOLLY**

You were right, you know. It was awful. They brought out a file on this psychic woman; it went on forever.

**CARL**

*(relieved)*

A rip-off artist, huh?

**SAM**

Molly, no.

**MOLLY**

Yeah. And the sad part is that I believed her.

**CARL**

*(leaning toward her)*

Sometimes we need to believe.