FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE – DAY

A hand jots notes on a yellow legal pad. FLASHES of words: Grief. Loss. Depressed. Delusions.

EMMA, 8, brings crayon to coloring book. Her strokes are careful. Deliberate.

DR. FREEMAN watches her.

    DR. FREEMAN
Tell me about your dad.

Emma shrugs.

    EMMA
He’s nice.

    DR. FREEMAN
He is. He’s a very nice man. How has he been feeling?

    EMMA
I dunno.

    DR. FREEMAN
Does he ever talk about her?

    EMMA
Sometimes.

    DR. FREEMAN
Have you seen him cry?

    EMMA
Sure. At the funeral.

    DR. FREEMAN
What about after the funeral? At home, when it’s just the two of you.

    EMMA
Yeah... sometimes, when he thinks I’m not looking.

    DR. FREEMAN
How does that make you feel... seeing your daddy cry?

Another shrug.
EMMA
I dunno.

DR. FREEMAN
Don’t you think that crying is normal when something bad happens?

EMMA
I guess.

Dr. Freeman sighs. Writes on the pad.

DR. FREEMAN
Your dad says you don’t cry very much.

EMMA
Why would I?

DR. FREEMAN
It’s a sad thing for a little girl to lose her mom.

EMMA
I didn’t lose her.

DR. FREEMAN
You didn’t?

Emma stops coloring. Stares at Dr. Freeman.

EMMA
I already told you... she’s still here. I can see her.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - BEGIN FLASHBACK

TITLE: “One week ago.”

Rain falls on a modest house. All is quiet.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMMA’S ROOM - NIGHT

HENRY, 30, stares at a picture on the wall: him, Emma, and a beautiful young woman.

He smiles through eyes that fill with tears. Gently touches the picture.

Behind the closed door to Emma’s room, he hears a VOICE.
He leans against the door. Yes, definitely a VOICE. Hard to make out. Muffled. Sounds like Emma talking to someone.

He opens the door--

INT. EMMA’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

--and finds Emma sitting on the bed. Perfect posture.
She slowly turns to Henry.

EMMA
Hi Daddy.

HENRY
Who were you talking to?

EMMA
Mommy.

He goes to her. Kneels at her feet. Tenderly brushes hair away from her face.

HENRY
Oh baby... I miss her too.

EMMA
Why do you miss her? She’s right there.

Henry looks. The room is empty.

HENRY
Emma, she’s gone.

EMMA
But she--

HENRY
--Listen to me. She’s gone... and she’s never coming back. Whatever you saw, it’s all in your head.

EMMA
She’s real.

HENRY
It’s your imagination. Like when you play with your dolls.

EMMA
I know what imagination is.
HENRY
That’s enough!

Emma flinches.

Henry reacts to his own outburst. He wraps his arms around her. Kisses her forehead.

HENRY
I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to yell.

He pulls back the covers.

HENRY
Time for bed. It’s late.

She crawls in. Turns away from him.

HENRY
Good night. I love you.

She doesn’t reply.

He walks to the door.

EMMA
(soft)
She’s here, you know. Protecting me.

HENRY
And she always will be.

INT. HENRY’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Henry lies in bed, staring at the empty space where his wife used to sleep. He touches the pillow. Smiles.

He removes his wedding ring. Places it on the bedside table.

Eyes close.

All quiet. Until...

...a soft VOICE. A woman... talking. Whispering something. Far away.

Henry’s eyes snap open. He sits up.

HENRY
Hello?
Nothing but silence.

Then... out of the corner of his eye... a strange sight: his wedding ring floats into the air. It hovers above the table for a moment, then drops back down.

Henry LAUGHS as his eyes fill with tears.

HENRY
Amanda... it is you. I miss you. Oh God, I miss you.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HENRY’S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma leans her ear against the door. Listens. Smiles. Quietly, she tip-toes back to her room.

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - DAY - END FLASHBACK

Dr. Freeman taps pencil against paper.

DR. FREEMAN
So his ring just floated up in the air?

EMMA
That’s what he told me.

DR. FREEMAN
And you believe him?

EMMA
Why would he lie?

DR. FREEMAN
I’m sure your father saw the ring float up into the air. I’m just not convinced your mother was the one that made it happen.

EMMA
Then how did it happen?

Dr. Freeman throws his pencil at Emma.

The pencil STOPS, mid-air, inches from her eye.

DR. FREEMAN
How long have you known you could do... that?
The pencil spins. Floats. Then falls, gently, into her lap.

EMMA
Since I was little. But I wasn’t really good at it until--

DR. FREEMAN
--your mom died.

EMMA
Yep.

DR. FREEMAN
Do you think it’s a good idea to lie to him?

EMMA
It makes him happy... to think that she’s watching over us. I want him to be happy.

Dr. Freeman glances at the pencil.

DR. FREEMAN
Can I have it back?

EMMA
Are you gonna tell him?

DR. FREEMAN
I’m not allowed. Doctor-patient confidentiality.

EMMA
Thanks. I like you.

Emma closes the coloring book. Stands.

EMMA
Can I go home now?

DR. FREEMAN
Of course. Do you want to come back next week?

EMMA
Will you have more coloring books?

DR. FREEMAN
Of course.

The pencil floats across the room... into Dr. Freeman’s waiting hand.
EMMA
I’ll see you next week.

FADE OUT.