

Ghost Writer

by
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CAST

DR. TELLERMAN (50s, Male) - A clinical psychologist

LESLIE (20s, Female) - Dr. Tellerman's assistant

JEAN (30s, Female) - A new client

BRIAN (60s, Male) - Jean's father

SETTING

The office of Dr. Tellerman.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS

Dr. Tellerman, a possibly suicidal psychologist on the brink of retirement (in every sense of the word) suddenly finds himself with two new clients: a woman named Jean and her ghost father.

SCRIPT GRAMMAR:

An ellipsis (...) indicates a moment of thinking either before or after a bit of dialogue. Dashes at the ends of lines indicate an unfinished thought, either because a character halts herself or because another character interrupts. Slashes (/) indicate the point at which the following character's line cuts in.

AT RISE:

DR. TELLERMAN sits in a cozy chair in what looks to be a nice therapist's office. The office takes up 3/4 of the stage. The remaining 1/4 of the stage is currently in darkness.

Dr. Tellerman writes in a notebook, then places the notebook down on a side table. He then takes a gun from the drawer of that side table and places the nozzle in his mouth. He closes his eyes, clenches his teeth and starts to squeeze the trigger.

The intercom on his office phone buzzes. A young woman, LESLIE, can be heard on the phone's loudspeaker. Concurrently, the lights go up on the remaining 1/4 of the stage, revealing Leslie, sitting at her desk in the waiting room, speaking into her speakerphone. We also see part of the waiting room that Leslie maintains outside Dr. Tellerman's office. The remainder of the waiting room is concealed off stage left.

LESLIE

Dr. Tellerman. You're 1pm is here.

Dr. Tellerman's grip on his pistol loosens as he opens his eyes in frustration. He considers ignoring the intercom, as his hand around the gun's trigger starts to tense again.

LESLIE

(Sing song-y)

Dr. Tellerman. Your 1pm. Are you sleeping in there?

It's no use. Frustrated, he lowers the gun and presses a button on the intercom.

DR. TELLERMAN

I have a 1pm?

LESLIE

Yes.

DR. TELLERMAN

That's not possible. I transferred all of my clients to other doctors.

LESLIE

This is a young lady named Jean. She is a new client.

We can't see Jean. She is currently in the part of the waiting room that is concealed off stage.

DR. TELLERMAN

Didn't I tell you I don't want to take on any new clients? I wrote it in an email. Did you not get it?

LESLIE

(Defensively)

I saw your email. You said you don't want to take on any new clients effective forthwith.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Confused)

That's right.

LESLIE

(Confidently and slightly condescending)

Does forthwith not mean two weeks?

DR. TELLERMAN

That's fortnight!

LESLIE

Ohhhh fortnight. Well, it's an honest mistake.

DR. TELLERMAN

Hardly. No one says fortnight anymore. Not unless they are in some Shakespearean comedy.

LESLIE

I just heard someone say it last night.

DR. TELLERMAN

Were you at a Shakespearean comedy?

LESLIE

(She thinks)

Was I at... a Shakespearean... comedy? It's so hard to remember. It feels like it was a forthwith ago.

DR. TELLERMAN

Fortnight.

LESLIE

Oh! Now I remember. Yes, I was at a Shakespearean comedy. Funny show. About a fella named Titus Andronicus-

DR. TELLERMAN

(Shaking his head)

Leslie, can you apologize to my 1pm and tell her I need to cancel. Tell her I'm sick.

LESLIE

Are you sick?

DR. TELLERMAN

I'm not sick, but I told you I don't want to take on any new clients. Effective forthwith.

LESLIE

Are you sure you didn't say fortnight? I'm going to look up your email.

She quickly types on her computer.

DR. TELLERMAN

You don't have to look up my - I promise you I didn't say -

LESLIE

Here it is.

(She reads)

"Dear Leslie, I've decided I don't want to take on any new clients effective forthwith."

(Then, proudly)

So I was right.

DR. TELLERMAN

You were wrong.

LESLIE

Which one is which again?

DR. TELLERMAN

Why can't you remember?

LESLIE

I can barely remember what I did last night, let alone what you wrote in an email dated...

She looks at the email.

LESLIE

16 days ago.

DR. TELLERMAN

16 days? Leslie, that's over two weeks. So whether I wrote forthwith or fortnight, it shouldn't have made a difference. Either way it makes no sense that you made this appointment.

LESLIE

Well, it took me one week to figure out what the word meant, so I figured we could squeeze her in.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Muttering to himself)

Oh my God.

Suddenly a woman walks up to Leslie, coming from the part of the waiting room we can't see. This is JEAN.

JEAN

Excuse me. If Dr. Tellerman is not available, I can find another doctor.

Beat. Dr. Tellerman can hear everything Jean says through the speakerphone.

DR. TELLERMAN

Leslie... are you on speakerphone?

Leslie slowly picks up the handset.

LESLIE

(Now speaking into the handset)

...No.

Dr. Tellerman shakes his head again.

DR. TELLERMAN

Send her in.

LESLIE

(Speaking into the handset)

I'll send her in fortnight.

Dr. Tellerman stands to look in a nearby mirror and make sure he's presentable. He suddenly realizes he's still holding a pistol, just as Jean enters.

JEAN

Dr. Tellerman?

He quickly hides the pistol behind his back.

DR. TELLERMAN

Yes. You're Jean?

She nods.

DR. TELLERMAN

Have a seat. Please. Make yourself comfortable.

She goes to sit on the couch opposite him.

JEAN

I've never been to a therapist before.

With Jean's back turned, Dr. Tellerman discretely tucks the gun in the back of his pants.

DR. TELLERMAN

Yes, well, we're quite harmless.

(Then)

Uh, listen, I'm sorry about what you heard out there.

JEAN

If I've come at a bad time-

DR. TELLERMAN

It's not that. It's just, I'm retiring my practice.

JEAN

You seem too young to retire.

DR. TELLERMAN

Thank you. Be that as it may.

JEAN

So... Should I go?

DR. TELLERMAN

No. What I was going to say is since you are here, and it was our mistake... I know a lot of therapists. I will set the timer for half a session, you tell me what's going on with you, and perhaps I can recommend you to someone who might be a perfect fit. And I won't charge you for today. Sound good?

JEAN

Sure. I suppose.

Dr. Tellerman sets a timer for half a session.

JEAN

Though, you should know I'm not here because something is "going on" with me. I mean, nothing is wrong with me. I don't think I need to see a therapist.

DR. TELLERMAN

Is someone else making you come?

JEAN

No. I chose to come, just not because of my mental health.

DR. TELLERMAN

Oh?

JEAN

Yes. You see, my father was a playwright...

DR. TELLERMAN

(Confused)

...Is that supposed to explain something?

JEAN

(Laughs)

No. No, of course not.

DR. TELLERMAN

I do love the theater. Might I have seen something of his?

JEAN

It's possible. He's been doing it for quite some time. But the thing he was working on before he died, he felt was to be his legacy. It would be the work for which he would be remembered. His greatest achievement.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Still confused)

I see.

(Then)

I'm sorry to hear of his passing, by the way.

JEAN

Thank you. It was just him and me. My mom passed when I was a baby.

(Then, continuing)

Because he died he never finished that latest work. His greatest achievement.

Dr. Tellerman nods, though still confused.

DR. TELLERMAN

...I'm still not sure why you've come to see me.

JEAN

After he passed, I learned that he wanted me to complete that work.

DR. TELLERMAN

Oh. Are you a writer?

JEAN

Not really, no. I work in corporate America. I'm a project manager.

DR. TELLERMAN

He must have had some confidence in you if those were the instructions he left for you in his will. To complete his work.

JEAN

Those instructions aren't per his will. He didn't actually have a will. He died suddenly and I guess he wasn't prepared.

DR. TELLERMAN

Are any of us really?

JEAN

No. I suppose not. He certainly wasn't. He was hit by a car 4 days ago. Killed instantly. He was only 62.

DR. TELLERMAN

Oh my gosh! I am so sorry. That's horrible. You must be devastated.

She nods.

JEAN

I was.

DR. TELLERMAN

...You're not still?

JEAN

Well... no. Not exactly.

DR. TELLERMAN

You said he was killed 4 days ago?

JEAN

Yes. 4 days. Monday. It was I think perhaps the worst day of my life.

(Then, matter of factly)

And then 3 days ago, he appeared to me as a spirit and asked me to finish his play.

Beat.

DR. TELLERMAN

I'm sorry... Did you say your father...

JEAN

He appeared to me as a spirit. A ghost.

DR. TELLERMAN

...And he asked you to...?

JEAN

Finish his play.

DR. TELLERMAN

...Do you have a history of seeing ghosts?

JEAN

No. He's the first one I've ever encountered.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Gently)

And you said you're not here because of your mental health?

JEAN

No. The play that I'm writing, his play, has a character in it who is a psychologist. A prominent character. In fact, most of the play takes place in a therapist's office. I felt uncomfortable taking on his play without doing a little research.

DR. TELLERMAN

You're here to do research?

JEAN

Just to get a sense of how you guys talk. The types of questions you ask. You know, that sort of thing.

DR. TELLERMAN

The types of questions we ask.

JEAN

Yes. My father wasn't for it at first, but I managed to talk him into it so... here we are.

Dr. Tellerman's eyes widen.

DR. TELLERMAN

I'm sorry, here WE are?

JEAN

Yes. He's waiting in your waiting room.

DR. TELLERMAN

Your father?

Yes. JEAN

The ghost of your father? DR. TELLERMAN

Yes. JEAN

Perhaps... we should have him join us? DR. TELLERMAN

What ever you would normally do. In this situation. JEAN

Right. DR. TELLERMAN

He presses a button on the phone.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Speaking into the speakerphone)
Leslie, can you please send in Jean's father.

In the waiting room Leslie pushes a button to speak back.

Absolutely, Dr. Tellerman. LESLIE

(Then)
Who is Jean?

The woman you just sent in here. DR. TELLERMAN

The one you didn't want to see? LESLIE

Yes. DR. TELLERMAN

Now you want to see her father? LESLIE

DR. TELLERMAN

Yes.

LESLIE

But he doesn't have an appointment.

DR. TELLERMAN

That's fine. Please just send him in.

LESLIE

Very good, sir. What's his name? The father?

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

What's your father's name?

JEAN

Mueller. Brian Mueller.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Into the speakerphone)

Brian Mueller.

LESLIE

I'll send him right in. How do you spell that?

DR. TELLERMAN

I don't think that's important. Just see if he's / there.

JEAN

(Spelling into the speakerphone)

M U E L L E R.

Leslie writes it down.

LESLIE

Thank you.

(Then)

And the last name?

JEAN

That is the-

DR. TELLERMAN

Leslie, can you just check if he's there?

LESLIE

Very good. Does he prefer Brian or Mr. / Mueller?

DR. TELLERMAN

(Getting frustrated)

Leslie, is he there?

Beat as Leslie looks up to check.

LESLIE

No sir. The waiting room is empty.

Dr. Tellerman nods. This is what he expected to hear, just not sure why it had to take so long to hear it. He presses a button to disconnect the phone.

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean, Re: Leslie)

She's my sister's daughter. She needed a job desperately. She doesn't really have a path. I told her I can help her out. For a little bit.

JEAN

It's very kind of you to do that. I'm sure she will learn a lot.

DR. TELLERMAN

I find her completely incapable of learning anything.

JEAN

Making you all the more nicer for helping her out.

Dr. Tellerman nods.

DR. TELLERMAN

In any case, as you heard, the waiting room appears to be empty.

JEAN

Yes. I'm sure it appears that way. You understand she can't see him. Or hear him. Far as I know, I'm the only one who can do that.

DR. TELLERMAN

No, I guess I didn't understand that.

JEAN

I'm pretty new to this ghost thing, too. I don't know all the rules.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Delicately)

Jean, have you ever heard of the term "sensed presence?"

JEAN

No.

DR. TELLERMAN

A sensed presence is something that can potentially happen to individuals who have become isolated in an extreme environment often when high levels of stress are involved, like losing your father in a car crash 4 days ago.

She nods. Then:

JEAN

This is great. I'm going to take notes if that's ok.

She takes out a notepad and pen.

DR. TELLERMAN

These individuals report a perception or feeling that another person is there to perhaps help them cope with a hazardous situation. The vividness of the presence can range from a vague feeling of being watched to a clearly perceived, seemingly flesh-and-blood entity.

JEAN

(Writing)

Flesh and blood entity. That's good.

DR. TELLERMAN

What I'm saying is, what you think is the spirit of your father is in fact a stimulation of specific brain regions meant to trick you into feeling the "presence" of his ghostly apparition. Does that make sense?

JEAN

(Still writing)

Absolutely. Totally makes sense.

(Then, noticing)

Oh, Dr. Tellerman meet my father, Brian Mueller.

BRIAN MUELLER has entered the room.

BRIAN

Really? I have to be in here? This is bullshit, Jeannie!

DR. TELLERMAN

I'm afraid I don't see anyone.

JEAN

(To Dr. Tellerman)

He's here. Trust me. And he's not in a very good mood.

BRIAN

What do I have to be in here for?

JEAN

(To Brian)

Dr. Tellerman insisted.

DR. TELLERMAN

What did I insist?

BRIAN

(To Jean)

Dr. Tellerman sounds like an idiot.

JEAN

I don't think he's an idiot.

DR. TELLERMAN

Who's an idiot?

BRIAN

(To Jean)

This whole research idea is absolutely ridiculous!

JEAN

You're absolutely ridiculous, dad!

DR. TELLERMAN

Jean, try to calm down. There's no reason to yell.

JEAN

Me? What about him?

DR. TELLERMAN

Well... I don't actually-

BRIAN

(To Jean)

You see how absurd you sound right now?

JEAN

I'm sorry you think I am being absurd, but I'm not sure I can write the play without doing some kind of research.

BRIAN

You're not writing it! I'm writing it! I will dictate to you everything you need to know.

JEAN

That doesn't sound very collaborative.

BRIAN

It's not a collaboration! It's my play!

JEAN

Then you can write it!

Beat. Brian walks to a corner of the room in a huff.

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

...What did he say?

JEAN

He didn't say anything. He's harumphing in a corner.

BRIAN

I'm hardly harumphing. You know I can't write it. I can't touch anything, Jeanie. I can't lift a pen or press a key on a computer. I need your help.

JEAN

Well, if you want my help, then you need to let me have some kind of creative involvement and not just be a secretary taking down your dictation.

BRIAN

And that involves sitting through “research sessions” with this shrink?

JEAN

Your play is about a shrink.

BRIAN

It’s not about a shrink. It’s about a woman who is seeing a shrink-

JEAN

So this is a wonderful opportunity for you. To hear how they talk. To make your play more real and authentic.

BRIAN

He can’t even see me.

JEAN

What does that have to do with anything?

BRIAN

He probably thinks you’re mentally ill right now talking to the air like a mad woman!

JEAN

Good! I’m glad he thinks that! Everybody wins then! He thinks he has a patient that’s mentally ill. I get to see how he acts with a patient he thinks is mentally ill. And you get a play that is authentic and credible! Honestly, I don’t know why you’re fighting this. Look around! Look how much information is in this room.

BRIAN

You’ve never written a single play, Jean, and suddenly you’re Caryl Churchill?

JEAN

I don’t need to be Caryl Churchill to know that if I spent some time with this doctor it would really inform the character in your play. What are the questions a psychologist asks? I don’t know. How does he respond to different types of patients? I don’t know. What does he write in his notebook?

She picks up Tellerman’s notebook from the side table.

DR. TELLERMAN

Please put that down.

JEAN

(To Brian, reading the latest entry)

“It seems pretty clear that suicide is the only reasonable option.” I didn’t know psychologists say that. Did you?

Beat.

BRIAN

...No. I don’t think they’re supposed to say that.

Jean looks at the notebook again. She then slowly closes the notebook and places it back on Dr. Tellerman’s side table.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

I’m sorry. I probably shouldn’t have read your notes.

DR. TELLERMAN

It’s not what you think.

JEAN

That’s probably another patient’s private diagnosis or something.

DR. TELLERMAN

It’s not a diagnosis for a patient.

JEAN

It seems an odd diagnosis to make for a patient at a psychologist’s office.

DR. TELLERMAN

Out of context, it does seem odd, I agree.

BRIAN

(To Jean)

He’s recommending a patient go kill himself. That’s not odd. That’s crazy!

JEAN

(To Tellerman, uncomfortably laughing)

My father thinks you might be crazy.

DR. TELLERMAN

Well, first of all, calling things “crazy” perpetuates a stigma that can make it more difficult for people to seek treatment.

JEAN

I apologize.

DR. TELLERMAN

Secondly, I assure you there is nothing out of balance or unstable going on here.

He stands up to take his book from the side table when the gun tucked in his pants falls onto the floor.

Beat.

BRIAN

Is that a gun?

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

Is that a gun?

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

It is... not a gun.

JEAN

It sure looks like a gun.

Dr. Tellerman picks up the gun.

DR. TELLERMAN

It looks far worse than it is.

BRIAN

(To Jean)

Why does he have gun? Jesus, Jean! What kind of psychologist did you bring me to? Dr. Lecter?

JEAN

What are you worried about? You're already dead. It's me he's going to kill.

DR. TELLERMAN

I am not going to kill you. Please relax.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

Why do you have a gun?

BRIAN

(Realizing)

Holy crap!

JEAN

(To Brian)

What?

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

What?

BRIAN

The notebook! "Suicide is the only option." That was a suicide note!

JEAN

A suicide note?

DR. TELLERMAN

Oh no.

BRIAN

He's going to kill himself!

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

Are you going to kill yourself?

DR. TELLERMAN

No.

BRIAN

We need to get out of here!

JEAN

I'm not going to leave if he's suicidal.

DR. TELLERMAN

I'm not suicidal.

BRIAN

We need to go now!

JEAN

This could be a cry for help.

DR. TELLERMAN

It is not a cry for help.

BRIAN

Can we admit now this "research" was a bad idea?

JEAN

It was not a bad idea?

DR. TELLERMAN

Jean.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

Hold please.

BRIAN

So you want to do research about a suicidal doctor?

JEAN

Maybe I do!

BRIAN

MY PLAY IS MEANT TO BE A COMEDY! Do you know how NOT funny suicide is?

DR. TELLERMAN

Jean.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

One second.

(To Brian)

Why do you have such a problem with me seeing a psychologist?

BRIAN

I don't have a problem with you seeing a psychologist. I love psychologists. I wrote three quarters of a play about a psychologist. A play that would have been my Equus.

JEAN

(Sarcasm)

A funny Equus, dad. That's exactly what the world needs.

BRIAN

But you are here at this psychologist to do *research*? *Research*? Honestly? Why are you wasting time? Don't you know how precious it is?

JEAN

I am trying to finish your play!

BRIAN

We could finish this play in three hours if you would just type what I want. But no. You had to drag us here where a depressed doctor is probably going to kill you and then himself.

JEAN

He said he wasn't going to kill me.

DR. TELLERMAN

I AM NOT GOING TO KILL ANYONE!

Beat.

BRIAN

(Calmly surprised)

Jesus. No need for him to yell.

JEAN

Dr. Tellerman, you have a gun and a note that says suicide is the only reasonable option. I don't think we're out of line here.

DR. TELLERMAN

The gun is not real. It is a prop gun. Here. Check it.

He holds the gun out for her to check.

BRIAN

(To Jean)

Do not put your finger prints on that gun!

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

I promise you, it's a fake.

Jean takes it.

JEAN

(To Brian)

It is a fake.

BRIAN

And the note?

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

And the note?

DR. TELLERMAN

You might find this hard to believe, but as coincidence would have it, I am... doing research.

JEAN

Research?

DR. TELLERMAN

For a book I'm writing.

JEAN

...A book about... therapy?

DR. TELLERMAN

No. The truth is my work as a psychologist was no longer making me happy. I wasn't feeling like I was actually helping anyone anymore. So I decided to retire as a therapist and pursue my first love, which was to be a novelist. A murder mystery novelist.

JEAN

You're doing research for a murder mystery novel?

DR. TELLERMAN

When police discover a dead body in the small town of Goldsberry, Missouri, they rule it an obvious suicide. But things are not so cut and dry for master detective Henry Hammett.

JEAN

Good name. Alliterative.

BRIAN

I don't believe him.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

My father doesn't believe you.

Dr. Tellerman presses a button on the intercom.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Into the intercom)

Leslie, can you come in here?

On the other side of the stage, Leslie gets up from her desk and heads over to Tellerman's office.

DR. TELLERMAN

Perhaps he will believe her.

BRIAN

The woman who thinks Titus Andronicus is a comedy?

Leslie enters.

LESLIE

Yes, Dr. Tellerman?

DR. TELLERMAN

Jean has some questions for you.

Leslie turns to Jean.

JEAN

Is Dr. Tellerman your uncle?

LESLIE

Yes.

JEAN

Is he writing a book?

LESLIE

A murder mystery novel.

JEAN

And what do you do for him?

LESLIE

Well he hired me initially to do his scheduling. But he said after he retires his practice, I can be his research assistant, which is great because I think I'm pretty good at researching things. Did he show you the gun I got him?

JEAN

He did.

DR. TELLERMAN

(Jean)

Convinced?

JEAN

I am.

DR. TELLERMAN

And your father?

JEAN

(To Brian)

Dad?

Brian shrugs.

JEAN

(To Brian)

What I read in his notebook was just some notes obviously. The gun is just a prop. It's all for research so that he might write something credible.

BRIAN

I still don't understand why I have to be here.

JEAN

I am doing this for you.

LESLIE

(To Tellerman)

Who is she talking to?

DR. TELLERMAN

Her father.

LESLIE

Is he a ghost?

DR. TELLERMAN

Apparently.

LESLIE

This would make a great book.

JEAN

(To Brian)

We are researching for your play. Even Dr. Tellerman understands the value of research.

Brian rolls his eyes.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

My father thinks this is a waste of time.

BRIAN

It is.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

That I don't need to do this research.

BRIAN

You don't.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

That he could finish the play in hours, by simply dictating to me what to write.

BRIAN

I can.

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

I'm not sure I disagree with your father.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

What?

BRIAN

I'm going.

JEAN

(To Brian)

Wait. What? Why are you going?

BRIAN

I don't need you fixing my play.

JEAN

I'm just trying to fix the problems.

BRIAN

You are trying to fix the wrong problems.

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

Why don't you just let your father finish the play?

JEAN

I am just trying to do what he wanted.

BRIAN

(To Jean)

This is not what I wanted.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

Help him with his legacy. The thing for which he'll be remembered. His greatest work.

BRIAN

(To Jean)

Then why are you messing with my play?

JEAN

(To Brian)

I am trying to fix the problems.

BRIAN

You are not dealing with the right problems.

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

What problems are you trying to fix?

JEAN

I'm trying to make sure his legacy is the best it can be.

DR. TELLERMAN

So you came here to do *research*?

BRIAN

(To Jean)

I can't stay here and watch you NOT deal with the right problems.

JEAN

(To Brian)

Please don't go.

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

It seems to me "doing research" is just an excuse.

JEAN

(To Brian)

Dad!

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

And if it's not the real reason you've come, that begs the question: Why are you actually here?

JEAN

(To Brian)

Dad!

BRIAN

Goodbye Jean!

DR. TELLERMAN

(To Jean)

Why are you really here?

JEAN

I DON'T WANT YOU TO LEAVE!

Brian stops.

Beat.

JEAN

(Struggling (and failing) to hold back tears)

Please don't go.

I don't want you to leave.

I don't want you to leave me.
I don't want you to leave me again.

Pause.

JEAN

I've seen enough ghost movies to know that once they finish whatever unfinished business they have, they... They move on.

LESLIE

(To Tellerman)

She's right. Ghost. The Sixth Sense. Field of Dreams. Tootsie.

JEAN

(To Brian)

I don't want you to finish your unfinished business.

LESLIE

(To Tellerman)

Wait. Not that last one.

JEAN

I don't want you to move on.

BRIAN

I know, sweetie. The thing is... I'm not actually going anywhere. You're the one who needs to move on.

JEAN

...I don't know how.

BRIAN

Don't tell me. Tell him.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

I don't know how to move on, Dr. Tellerman.

DR. TELLERMAN

It's only been four days, Jean.

JEAN

My work only gives me three days of bereavement time.

DR. TELLERMAN

That's corporate America for you. But It's going to take a little longer than that, I'm afraid.

JEAN

How much time will it take?

DR. TELLERMAN

As much time as you need.

The timer goes off.

LESLIE

Well, that's time, I'm afraid.

DR. TELLERMAN

Leslie.

LESLIE

Sorry.

(To Jean)

Sorry.

Beat. Jean collects herself together.

JEAN

(To Tellerman)

It's fine. I know you probably need to get back to your book. Do you have some recommendations for me, Dr. Tellerman? For other therapists?

DR. TELLERMAN

Actually I thought... if you want... you can keep coming here.

JEAN

But what about your novel?

DR. TELLERMAN

Well... if he is still here next week, bring your father with you. Perhaps he can give me some tips.

OK. I'll ask him.

JEAN

She turns to look at her father.

He's gone.

Beat.

LESLIE

So something for next week? Half a fortnight. A sennight, if you will.

(To Tellerman)

That means one week. I looked it up.

Dr. Tellerman smiles at Leslie, impressed.

DR. TELLERMAN

Jean? Shall we put you down?

JEAN

Yes. Next week. I'll see you then.

End.