

EXT. MESA CITY STREET - DAY

The sun beats down on the tar. If there was any moisture, it evaporated weeks ago. It is so hot that all the adjectives to describe it seem redundant. The electronic sign outside the Queen of Heaven Cemetery (1562 E Baseline, Mesa) gives the temperature as one hundred and seventeen degrees but it's a dry heat.

A woman in a small late model car drives past the sign.

INT. SMALL LATE MODEL CAR - DAY

AMY, a very pregnant thirty-five year old business woman stops her car at the red light.

RING RING, she answers her cell phone.

AMY

Hello,... I'll be back in a few days and I'll have it all done by then. The only way to make sure it's done right is to do it myself and I can't do that in the office with everyone around.... Yeah I guess that means that I micromanage, so.... Yeah bye.

HONK HONK, she starts to go through the light just as a big truck passes through the intersection almost clipping the front fender of her car. She has been hanging on by a thread and her tears flow uncontrollably as the thread breaks.

The air conditioner stops blowing its life-giving cool breeze. She takes out her frustration by pounding on the vents but it doesn't fix anything.

Candy and junk food pours out of her handbag on the passenger's seat. She grabs a packaged muffin and rips it open. After taking a bite she spits it back into the wrapper.

AMY (CONT'D)

Yuck.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-17 NORTH - DAY

The same vehicle with Amy behind the wheel climbs up the hills on it's way to the cool mountain air.

INT. PRESCOTT BED AND BREAKFAST - EARLY AFTERNOON

A buffet in the hallway with coffee and muffins sits in back of the living room where the owners are. BARBARA, a happy round woman in her sixties is sewing a ruffle back on a pillowcase.

BARBARA

I wish we could afford some new
linens.

In the background, an apparition of an old woman rearranges the plate of muffins and coffee on the sideboard at the base of the stairs.

JIM, Barbara's husband of forty years is looking through a ledger.

JIM

We're booked for the next three
weekends. So I guess that if it
stays that way for awhile; we just
might get ahead for a change.

A guest comes down the stairs and stops at the sideboard in the background.

BARBARA

I can buy linens then?

JIM

By October that might be possible;
if they're cheap.

In the background the guest takes a bite of a muffin; then spits it out into a napkin and places it into a garbage can. He take some coffee.

BARBARA

I'm only talking about a few new
pillowcases, shams and a dust
ruffle for the pink suite. They
still make that print but by
October it might not be available
anymore.

She waits for an answer that is not going to come.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I'd only need about a hundred
dollars... We could rent the corner
room a few times?

Jim waits for the guest to leave before answering.

JIM

I don't want to take the risk.

He gets up to leave

BARBARA

The last time nothing happened.

JIM

With our luck something would happen and it would get around and we'd lose everything. Things are going good now so lets not get greedy and mess it up. I have to go to the bank and I'll check on the new sign.

BARBARA

Take your time.

He leaves.

EXT. PRESCOTT BED AND BREAKFAST - AFTERNOON

Amy's car rounds the town's square and pulls up in front of the old historic Victorian house in its picture perfect setting. She gets out carrying a backpack and looks at the vandalized sign hanging by only one hook. Mother's Morning Muffins has been changed to Mourning and a cross has been scratched into the paint.

INT. FOYER - AFTERNOON

Amy is holding her very heavy backpack as she tries to be very persuasive.

AMY

It's so hot in Phoenix and the air conditioning in my apartment is old and it just doesn't cut it when it's over a hundred and ten. I haven't had a decent night's sleep in over a week. You know how hard it is when you're pregnant in the heat?

BARBARA

I'm so sorry but we're all booked up.

She looks at Amy's sad face.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

The only room left is so small and the bath is down the hall. There's no privacy, you wouldn't be happy there. It's a hundred and fifty a night and you can do a lot better than that at a motel down by the highway.

AMY

I'll take it.

She reaches into the side pocket on her backpack and pulls out the money to hand to Barbara who reluctantly takes it.

BARBARA

Are you sure?

AMY

I'll sleep better in a homey place like this.

BARBARA

There are homemade muffins and coffee on the buffet in the morning. But like I said the bathroom is down the hall. Are you sure you don't want to go to a motel?

AMY

It's upstairs?

BARBARA

The corner room.

AMY

See you in the morning.

Climbing the stairs, Amy's exhaustion is apparent.

BARBARA

The key is on the dresser.

AMY (CALLING BACK)

Thanks.

INT. CORNER ROOM - NIGHT

Amy wakes from a sound sleep and looks at the clock radio. It reads 11:11 and all she hears is crickets. She carefully rolls out of bed and puts on her robe and slippers before scuffing her way out to the bathroom.

INT. CORNER ROOM - NIGHT

An old woman's hand reaches out from under the dust ruffle and places a muffin on the end table in front of the radio. Warm steam rises from the muffin.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Amy makes her way to the bathroom she passes an old woman dressed in a housecoat and apron. She carries a plate of muffins.

AMY

They smell good.

The old woman nods hello back silently and continues on her way down the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Amy returns to her room she wraps herself up in her robe. Her breath is seen in the cold air as she scurries quickly along the wooden floors. A wispy apparition follows but has to pass through the door as it closes.

INT. CORNER ROOM - NIGHT

She hops into bed without taking off her robe and pulls the blankets up around her neck.

AMY

Brrr

She falls asleep.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Amy is invigorated by a good night's sleep. She helps herself to coffee from the buffet and sits at a table.

BARBARA

And here are some of my mother's famous muffins.

She places a plate of muffins in the center of the table.

AMY

I smelled these last night when she was making them. Thanks.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

How nice she is to get up at midnight and make muffins for everyone.

BARBARA (CONFUSED)

Did you sleep well?

AMY

Fantastic, the way you turned up the air conditioning. In Phoenix we would never have such a sinful pleasure for fear of an enormous electric bill.

Barbara gives her husband a confused look as she walks behind Amy.

JIM

It cools down a lot in the mountains at night. The valley traps the heat in with all its cement.

AMY

I don't know about that but I sleep better when it's cold.

JIM

Well, I'm glad you had a good night.

AMY

I just wish I could stay longer but I've got so much work to do down in Phoenix.

JIM

You should come back again when we're not so busy and stay in one of the suites. Walk down to the town and see Whiskey Row.

AMY

It sounds like fun but I have to get back to the real world and my job. I'll take my muffin to go.

She wraps up a muffin in a napkin, takes the last gulp of coffee and leaves.

The innkeepers clear the dishes from the tables.

BARBARA

Well, that went well.

JIM

We got lucky, she had a good stay.
I guess nothing supernatural
happened.

BARBARA

What did she mean about my mother
making muffins at midnight?

JIM

I didn't get that, either. And why
did she think it was cold in here
last night?

BARBARA

I thought it was a little hot,
myself.

JIM

That's because we blew a fuse and I
didn't bother to go down and fix
it.

BARBARA

Maybe it was just cold compared to
Phoenix.

JIM

I'm just glad she didn't think
we're haunted like the last guy. If
that gets around we'd never rent a
room to anyone but Ghostbusters.

BARBARA

Well, if the place is haunted it
wouldn't be by my mother. She hated
it here. She always wanted to move
to Phoenix and be around young
people.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-17 SOUTH - MORNING

Amy's car flies down the road toward Phoenix with mother
holding a plate of muffins on the back seat. Amy eats her
muffin. Mother nods hello to the camera.

THE END

