The Perfect Ending

A Screenplay by: Joshua A.B. Hinke We open on a family photo of MARVIN JACOBS and his wife, LOIS on a beach. The picture is from the 1970's with Marvin in his late 50's in the picture, Lois is the same age. Marvin is a well built Man, not fat, but large. His wife has good figure for a woman her age. Her hair is a dark red as Marvin's is fading from black to grey. Marvin has his arms wrapped around his wife and they smile in true happiness. The picture next to it is of Lois sitting on a swinging chair. This one was taken about thirty years before the last one and Lois looks young and beautiful.

Marvin, an old man in his 70's with gray and a round body lies in bed. He is MOANING in his sleep.

EXT. FIELD -- AFTERNOON

Marvin is standing in a large field of wheat. He turns and looks around at his surroundings and sees a large rock. He starts to step through the wheat field toward the rock. As he walks toward the rock we see the sky race through the afternoon with clouds sailing by as if they were in fast forward and soon we are at dusk, the sun setting in the distance casting a golden light all around.

Marvin reaches the rock and looks to the top. There he sees Lois standing there in her night gown facing away from him. He calls to her but his words don't make a sound. Lois turns around and smiles at Marvin and then leaps off the rock. Before she can land her body turns to sand and is blown away by a sudden gust of wind.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marvin sits upright in his bed, his eyes are wide, and he is gasping for air.

MARVIN

I saw you, I could see you, you were here.

Marvin starts choking on his words. His hand suddenly clutches his chest and he starts giving slight convulsions. He starts reaching around on his night stand for something lost in the darkness. He knocks over pill bottles, his alarm clock, books, cd cases, and finally his hands find what they were reaching for: The phone. His fingers work three buttons and then can't take anymore and drop the phone to the ground. We hear the phone RING once and someone picks up on the other end.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1 operator, what's your emergency? Hello? Hello? Okay, I have your name and address and I'm sending police and paramedics over immediately.

INT. MARISSA MAYER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

MARISSA, an attractive woman with raven black hair and a light tan, stares at the ceiling her eyes fixed and not wavering in the slightest. A tear comes rolling down the side of her face. Marissa sniffles and turns to her alarm clock that reads: 4:50 AM. Marissa rolls back around on her back and resumes staring at the ceiling. She finally can't take anymore and throws off the covers of her bed.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa steps into the upstairs hallway. She moves as slowly and quietly as she can trying not to disturb anything or anyone. We pass a picture on the wall of Marissa holding her daughter ARIA. Aria is a beautiful girl with a cute pudgy face. She has many of her mother's features, like her tan skin and raven black hair. Marissa reaches the next door in the hallway and turns the knob. She slowly pushes the door open and peaks into the room.

INT. ARIA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Aria is asleep in bed. She clutches a doll to her chest as hard as she can. Marissa slowly pushes the door open and enters the room. She walks to the side of Aria's bed and kneels down. She stares at her daughter. As Aria sleeps she couldn't look more adorable.

Marissa hesitates and then slowly starts to stroke her daughter's face, looking at her softly. Aria squirms in her sleep and Marissa quickly pulls her hands away. Aria twists and starts to open her eyes.

ARIA

Momma?

MARISSA

Yes?

ARIA

What are you doing?

MARISSA

Nothing...I thought I heard you talking in your sleep.

ARIA

Oh.

Aria rolls over and goes back to sleep.

INT. MARISSA'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Marissa sits, staring out the window with a cup of coffee in her hands. A phone sits on the counter poised to ring. Marissa sips from her cup of coffee, her hands wrapped around it as hard as she can trying to get warm from it. She picks up a pill bottle that reads: WELLBUTRIN XL. Below that is reads: TAKE ONCE DAILY.

Marissa twists off the cap and tilts the bottle pouring one of the pills into her hand. She looks at it for a moment and then pops it into her mouth. Her picks up her coffee and drinks from it. She sets the cup down and swallows. She moves her nails to her mouth and starts to chew on them, after a beat the phone rings and Marissa starts. It rings again and Marissa composes herself.

MARISSA

(To herself)

It's the phone, it's just the phone Marissa.

After the second ring Marissa's answering machine picks up.

MARISSA

(Answering machine)

Hey, it's Marissa, leave a message after the beep.

BEEP. A silky smooth, practiced voice comes over the answering machine.

PETER (O.S.)

(Answering Machine)

Marissa, it's Peter. I'm calling to tell you that Aria has piano today so I'm going to be picking her up at 10, if she could be ready to go-

Marissa picks up the phone.

MARISSA

Bullshit, Peter, that's bullshit.

PETER (O.S.)

(Over the phone)

Marissa, she has piano, she needs to be there. We're paying \$400 for these lessons and I'm not letting her miss-

MARISSA

It's always piano, or soccer, or dance, or horseback riding and...I'm not letting you take her away from me, Peter, I'm not.

PETER

Marissa, please don't make this into a big deal.

MARISSA

No, Peter she's my daughter too. (MORE)

MARISSA

This isn't about some fucking piano lesson this is because you don't-

Marissa notices Aria standing in the entry way to the kitchen and pauses. She looks over Aria who clutches her doll in her arms, a scared look on her face.

MARISSA

I just want to be with her.

PETER

This has nothing to do with that, Marissa. This is a totally different matter.

Aria and Marissa stay frozen, looking at each other.

MARISSA

I'm not having this argument with you right now, Peter.

PETER

I'll be there at 10. You set up that meeting with Dr. Morgan?

Marissa bites her lower lip and stares at her daughter, who still clutches the doll and returns the stare.

MARISSA

Whatever...

Marissa hangs up the phone and looks at her daughter. Aria still remains unmoved. Marissa forces a fake smile.

MARISSA

Are you hungry?

Aria shakes her head. Marissa drops the fake smiles and runs her hands through her hair.

MARISSA

0k...

Marissa thinks of what to say to her daughter.

MARISSA

...I'm sorry you had to hear that.

Aria walks and sits down at the table. She picks up her mom's pills and looks at them. Marissa moves to take them away from her daughter but stops herself.

ARIA

Are you sick, momma?

Marissa looks at Aria who's doughy eyes stare back up at her. Marissa struggles with how to answer her daughter.

MARISSA

No, Hon, momma's fine.

Aria puts the pills down and Marissa sits down with her at the table.

MARISSA

You sure you don't want something? Eggs, pancakes, cereal?

ARIA

We had cereal yesterday.

Pause.

MARISSA

Fine then, not cereal...

Marissa watches her daughter who looks out the sliding glass door in the kitchen.

MARISSA

...What are you thinking about?

ARIA

Nothing...

Marissa nods and then gets up from the table. She walks to the fridge and opens it up, looking around inside.

ARIA

... Are you okay, mommy?

This comment causes Marissa to pause for a moment.

MARISSA

(Not facing her daughter)

Yes, baby.

EXT. MARISSA'S HOUSE -- LATER

PETER knocks on the front door. He is dressed in a nice business suit and is text massaging someone on his cell phone. He has his hair perfectly combed, his suit pressed to perfection. Everything about him is precise and perfect. The door opens and Marissa stands in the doorway. She is still wearing her bathrobe, with her hair uncombed, looking like a mess. Peter cocks his eyebrow at Marissa's appearance.

PETER

Hey.

MARISSA

Hey.

Peter looks her over. As Marissa twirls her hair.

PETER

Just wake up?

MARISSA

Actually I've been up since 4.

Peter shakes his head in disgust.

PETER

Jesus, Marissa.

MARISSA

Shut up, Peter.

PETER

Marissa you know I'll put the money up for you to go back to-

MARISSA

Counseling I know Peter...

Marissa had her teeth grit in frustration before Peter was even finished. She takes a moment to compose herself and pounds the doorframe.

MARISSA

...and I told you, no thanks.

Peter messages the bridge of his nose and then looks over Marissa's shoulder.

PETER

Where's Aria?

MARISSA

(Nods toward the house)

Getting her stuff together, give her a minute.

Peter checks his watch and sighs.

PETER

I'm running late.

(Getting upset)

For Christ sake, Marissa, I ask for one thing, one god damn-

ARIA (O.S.)

Daddy.

Aria comes walking out from behind Marissa and steps to Marissa's side. Marissa forces herself to give a weak smile. She looks down at her daughter.

PETER

Hey, pumpkin, how are you?

ARIA

Okay.

Peter reaches his hand out for Aria's.

PETER

We got to go we're gonna be late.

Peter turns and starts to walk away with Aria, so quickly that Marissa has no time to say goodbye. Marissa starts to protest but the words don't come. She gives up on trying.

MARISSA

Goodbye, Aria.

ARIA

Goodbye, momma.

Aria waves to her mother as she is swept away by her father. Marissa smiles weakly at her daughter and watches them leave and then shuts the door.

INT. ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa slides down the door and buries her face in her hands.

INT. MARVIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM-- DAY

Marvin lies in bed, he is hooked up to machines to regulate his heart. There are all sort of cords that run into his body. He is sitting up and watching cartoons on T.V.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A DOCTOR with a white smock and clipboard in hand is talking to AARON, Marvin's son, as they walk through the halls. Aaron is young and striking. He has curly black hair and wears a dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up and a pair of dress pants. The hospital hurries around them.

DOCTOR

I'm worried about your father, Mr. Jacobs. I don't like the idea of him living alone.

Aaron chuckles and shakes his head.

AARON

Believe me, we tried moving him to a home-

DOCTOR

I don't know if a nursing home is the right place for him either.

Aaron cocks an eyebrow at the doctor.

DOCTOR

But he can't live alone any more.
Maybe one of your brothers or sisters-

Aaron shakes his head and dismisses the idea.

AARON

My oldest brother lives in London, my second brother lives in New York. Both are busy and important they don't have the time. You're lucky enough that I was able to get out of L.A. last night, I mean we have families and...

(a beat)

It's not possible.

The doctor furrows his eyebrows and gives Aaron a suspicious look.

DOCTOR

I see. Well, we don't have to worry about that too much now. He'll have to stay in the hospital for a while.

AARON

I'm sure he'll love that idea.

The doctor nods as he looks over the paper work on his clipboard.

DOCTOR

He'll be out of here as fast as we can manage.

They stop outside Marvin's hospital room.

DOCTOR

Right now I think he just needs time to rest. From what I understand he's been under a lot of stress lately.

Aaron thinks for a moment.

AARON

You're right. I mean between being behind on bills and failed novels. I mean I've offered help but...

Aaron looks in through the window at his dad lying in a hospital bed.

AARON

...he's stubborn.

DOCTOR

This is hardly a moment for excuses, Mr. Jacobs.

Aaron turns slowly and glares at the Doctor. He pauses for a minute and then his face softens.

AARON

I'll talk to him.

INT. MARVIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin watches as Wild E. Coyote goes running off a cliff after Roadrunner. Coyote drops down and crashes into the ground. Marvin gives a small chuckles at the cartoon. The door to his room opens and Aaron enters. Marvin doesn't look at him but he still knows who it is.

MARVIN

I thought you were in the middle of something down in L.A?

Aaron doesn't answer his father. Instead he pulls a chair up next to his bed. Aaron looks up at the T.V. his father was watching and places the tips of his fingers together.

AARON

(About the T.V.)

What is this?

MARVIN

Cartoons.

AARON

You're watching cartoons?

MARVIN

They make me laugh.

Aaron chuckles at his old man and shakes his head.

AARON

You've finally snapped haven't you?

MARVIN

(Still not looking at

Aaron)

I wouldn't go that far.

AARON

Dad, you're watching roadrunner.

MARVIN

(Gesturing to the

T.V.)

I like him, I like his character. He only talks when it's absolutely necessary.

AARON

Dad, he never talks.

MARVIN

Point and case.

Aaron sighs and again shakes his head.

AARON

Dad, the doctors say that you need to take a break for awhile.

MARVIN

Well, that's very kind of them. But, I have bills to pay.

AARON

Dad, I'm-

(A beat.)

This isn't my choice, it's the doctor's. You have a heart condition, so right now you need to rest.

Marvin is quiet for a moment while he watches the T.V.

MARVIN

I'm surprised you made it up here.

AARON

Well, I had the day off.

MARVIN

Maybe, I'll be sick more often. It seems to be the only time you visit.

Aaron hangs his head.

AARON

Jesus, Dad, don't talk like that.

Marvin finally looks over at Aaron.

MARVIN

Don't talk like what? It's true.

AARON

It is not true.

MARVIN

When was the last time you came up here to visit me? Do you remember Aaron?

Aaron sighs and looks away. Silence.

MARVIN

I remember.

(MORE)

(A beat.)

It was the end of June almost seven years ago. You and the other boys came for the Fourth of July. And I remember how happy I was to have all my boys with me. How you played tennis, the first time the courts had been used in years. How you went swimming in the lake, how I got up at ten o'clock every morning to make breakfast for all of you. You brought along that girlfriend of yours, Kallie, and we barbecued on the evening of the Fourth and watched the fireworks over the lake-

AARON

I know Dad, listen I'm sorry. But we're just busy. I'm trying to make a movie. Greg is busy representing some of the most famous people in America. Allen is trying to follow in your footsteps as a writer. We're all trying the best we can to make you proud.

MARVIN

(Turns back to the

t.v.)

What pride is there in three sons you never see?

Silence. Aaron stands up and straightens his tie.

AARON

I'm going to arrange to wire you some money.

MARVIN

I don't want your money.

Marvin is silent as he stares into the eyes of his son. Aaron blows off Marvin and walks out of the room.

INT. POST OFFICE -- DAY

Marissa opens up her mail box and pulls out a handful of bills. She pages through them slowly one by one tossing them each into the garbage, finally she walks out of the post office. She gets to the end of the letters and slowly tosses the last bill into the garbage. She stands staring at the garbage can for a moment and then goes back to her mail box to check for anything again. It's empty and she slowly closes it and pauses for a moment. With that she turns and briskly walks out of the post office.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa drives past a church and pulls into the parking lot. She shuts off the car and stares into the distance. She picks up flowers that are in the seat next to her and then picks up her purse. She digs through the purse and pulls out the same bottle of pills we saw before. She pops one of the pills and then opens the door to the car.

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa walks through the graveyard, her hand brushing over every tombstone until she finally come to the one she's looking for. The tombstone reads: Theresa Mayer June 3rd 1947- May 5th 2004. Next to Theresa's name is another that reads: Jeremy Mayer December 6th 1944- May 5th 2004.

Marissa stands over the tombstone holding the flowers. She drops them on the grave and covers her mouth as tears spring to her eyes. FATHER RYAN, a priest in his late 40's approaches Marissa.

FATHER RYAN

Good afternoon, Marissa.

Marissa doesn't turn to look back at him.

MARISSA

Out for an afternoon stroll, Father?

FATHER RYAN

Actually, I though I might find you out here.

MARISSA

Why would you think that?

Father Ryan joins Marissa at her side.

FATHER RYAN

Because Marissa, you've been out here on this day for the past three years.

Silence.

MARISSA

Why did He take them, Father? Why? What did they do that was so wrong? What did I do that was so wrong?

Father Ryan takes a deep breath and looks up at the sky.

FATHER RYAN

It's not our job to question His will. But, remember, He works in mysterious ways.

Marissa shakes her head.

MARISSA

Don't say that. Don't feed me some overused line about God's plan.

Marissa looks into the eyes of Father Ryan. After a few minutes he breaks and looks back to the grave.

FATHER RYAN

Marissa-

MARISSA

My parents were killed by a drunk driver, their car was rolled, and they lay in agonizing pain as they bled to death. What's so mysterious about that?

Marissa looks back at the tombstone and curls her hair back behind her ears.

MARISSA

I'm sorry. It's not your fault. But, you knew them, Father. They were your friends.

Father Ryan puts his hand on Marissa's shoulder.

FATHER RYAN

Try to find faith, Marissa. Talk to God, ask him for help.

MARISSA

God doesn't know me, Father. God's abandoned me.

INT. MARVIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Marvin sits in his hospital bed taking a pill with the help of a nurse. His lawyer, LARRY, watches him. Larry is dressed in a business suit, with a pair of sunglasses tucked in his chest pocket. Larry shifts uncomfortably watching Marvin in such a weak state. Marvin swallows the pill and takes a drink of water. He coughs violently, the nurse tries to rub his back, but he pushes her away. Marvin looks up at Larry.

MARVIN

They said a week before I could start writing again.

(he coughs again) Now they say two.

LARRY

I'm not gonna lie to you, Marvin, this is bad. Random House wants your new book and they want it now.

I didn't have a heart attack on purpose, Larry.

LARRY

I know that, Marv, but keep in mind you were paid in advance to write this novel. The contract said you'd have it done by March 12th, it's the beginning of May. Come on, Marvin! They could take you to court any day now.

Pause. Marvin glances up at the T.V. and runs his hand through his hair.

MARVIN

One month.

Larry's mouth drops and eyes grow big.

LARRY

A month?

MARVIN

Come on, Larry, I used to get deadlines pushed back all the time.

LARRY

Yeah, and you used to get every novel you wrote on the bestsellers list. It's one thing trying to push back the deadline for an author who's cranking out best sellers, but for a has been trying to make a comeback? Marvin, you know the business.

MARVIN

Screw the business, Larry! I just need this one favor.

Larry sighs.

LARRY

I'll do what I can...

Larry gets up and starts to leave.

LARRY

...Oh...

He turns around to face, Marvin.

LARRY

...I'm gonna start looking for an assistant to take care of you after you get out of here.

I don't need an-

LARRY

Listen Marvin, the fastest way to get you home and writing again is to find you a living assistant. So if you want me pulling strings with Random House you're gonna have to deal with a living assistant.

MARVIN

(sighs)

I want someone who comes recommended.

Larry flashes a smile and leaves.

MARVIN

You hear me, Larry?! She better not be some dumb broad, with fake breasts and a southern accent! Larry are listening to me!? Larry!

INT. RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Marissa sits across from her friend Rachel. Both are dressed in beautiful evening dresses. The restaurant is very formal a band is playing light jazz in the corner and everyone around them is very dressed up.

RACHEL

So, how is Aria?

MARISSA

Good. She's good.

RACHEL

I bet the divorce has been really hard on her.

Rachel opens her purse and digs through her make up. She pulls out a compact mirror.

MARISSA

(Agitated.)

I bet you're right.

Rachel pulls out lipstick and starts to apply it while watching in the mirror.

RACHEL

The poor little angel. It's such a shame she went through all that.

MARISSA

(Agitation grows.)

Yep, her father is one really big asshole.

Rachel looks up from her compact mirror.

RACHEL

And he won custody, right?

Marissa runs her hand through her hair.

MARISSA

(Agitation continues

to grow.)

Yeah, yeah he did.

RACHEL

That's so odd, usually those things tend to-

MARISSA

(Tired of the subject.)

Favor the women, yeah they do. I just happened to get the biggest asshole judge in the whole state of Minnesota. A testament to my good luck.

Marissa slams her hand down on the table. Rachel starts but Marissa puts a hand up to calm her. Rachel reaches across the table and takes Marissa's hand.

RACHEL

I'm so sorry.

MARISSA

So am I.

RACHEL

I'm here for you. Anything you want, you know that right?

MARISSA

I'm not a charity case, Rachel.

I'll be okay.

Rachel doesn't look convinced but reluctantly, turns back to the doctoring of her make up.

RACHEL

So you get Aria on the weekends?

Marissa rests her head on one of her hands.

MARISSA

Yes, every other to be exact.

RACHEL

That's just terrible.

Marissa sits up and runs her hands down her dress while looking around for their waiter.

MARISSA

Yeah, so you said.

(Changing the subject.)

But you! How are you?

Rachel closes the mirror and puts her make up away. She leans in closer to Marissa and locks her hands together resting her chin on them.

RACHEL

I'm fine, Larry and I are looking at moving into a new house.

MARISSA

(Faking happiness.)

Oh really?

Marissa starts playing with her hair.

RACHEL

Yeah, we're looking at this gorgeous house on the lake. Larry, thinks it might be too big, but I think once we start having kids it will fill up quick.

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Ah, yes, of course.

RACHEL

Does this depress you? Talking about families?

Marissa flicks her hand, dismissively at Rachel.

MARISSA

What? No! Not at all! You're happy and that makes me happy!

RACHEL

Oh thank you. That's so nice of you.

A waiter reaches there table.

WAITER

Can I start you off with anything?

MARISSA

Gin!

(A beat.)

Please.

RACHEL

I'll have an ice tea, with a slice of lemon.

Waiter nods.

WAITER

I'll be right back.

MARISSA

Thank you.

(Turns to Rachel.) So what were you saying?

RACHEL

Um...Well right now Larry is so busy with trying to get the latest Marvin Jacobs book published, that's why I decided to come and catch up with you.

MARISSA

(Continuing her charade) Ah, that's so nice.

RACHEL

Isn't it? Just you and me, catching up having dinner! It's always good to see you, Marissa.

Marissa smiles at Rachel.

RACHEL

So what are you doing with yourself. I mean now you're free, no strings attached, no husband, no family...

Marissa claps her hands together.

MARISSA

Um...actually...nothing. I'm not doing much of anything. I'm looking for a job of some sort until I can get back to medicine.

Rachel sips from her water.

RACHEL

That's right, how did your therapy go?

Marissa runs her hand through her hair again, nervously.

MARISSA

Um...well...I don't really like to talk about it.

RACHEL

Are you still in it?

MARISSA

No, actually, no...I didn't really like it. Just not for me, you know?

RACHEL

Oh, Marissa you just go through so much. First your parents die and now...I would never want your life, no offense, but I just could not imagine going through all that you've endured.

MARISSA

(Nods)

Thanks...

The waiter returns with their drinks and serves Marissa and Rachel.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

RACHEL

Oh, um...

(Looks at Marissa)

MARISSA

Not yet.

WAITER

Well, I'll be back in a moment.

Rachel and Marissa open their menus.

RACHEL

I love this place they have great veal.

Marissa scans the menu and her eyes get big from looking at the prices.

MARISSA

(Under her breath.)

Jesus Christ.

RACHEL

(Looks at Marissa's

face.)

You know what? Dinner's on me tonight.

MARISSA

What?

RACHEL

A treat from one friend to another.

MARISSA

You really don't have to.

RACHEL

No, I insist.

MARISSA

(Begrudgingly)

Thanks.

They both resume looking at their menus.

RACHEL

So are you looking for a job?

MARISSA

Well, I check the job section of the newspaper every now and then...

RACHEL

Well you know I just might have something for you...

Rachel starts to dig through her purse.

RACHEL

...I was talking to Larry today and he said that he was looking for someone to take care of one of his clients.

MARISSA

This Marvin Jacobs?

RACHEL

Yeah. You know him?

MARISSA

Heard of him.

RACHEL

Well, apparently he had some sort of stroke or something and he's looking for a living assistant with a medical background. You'd have to move there, but I mean then you wouldn't have to worry about housing, or food...

Rachel pulls out a piece of paper.

RACHEL

...Ha! Here's Larry's number. Just call and tell him I suggested you.

Marissa thinks for a second.

MARISSA

Thanks, but...

RACHEL

Come on Marissa, it's not like you don't need the job. You've been out of work for how long?

MARISSA

Yeah...

Marissa takes her glass of gin.

MARISSA

Cheers.

Marissa downs the glass.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR -- MORNING

Marissa drives down a country road on the way to her first day at work. She tilts the review mirror to look at herself. She reaches across the seat, grabs her purse, opens it up, and starts digging through it. She pulls out a towelet and starts doctoring her make up. She becomes engrossed in what she's doing until she finally glances at the road and swerves her car to avoid going in the ditch.

MARISSA

Easy Marissa, it's your first day. The best thing to do right now is to not get into a wreck.

EXT. MARVIN'S DRIVEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Marissa pulls into the driveway. She pulls her car to a stop, gets out, and stares at the house. She gives a small sigh.

MARISSA

Here we go.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin sits in a motorized wheel chair feebly lifting his hands to his mouth to take some pills. He follows the pills with a glass of water which he struggles to his lips and then sips from it. Marvin COUGHS violently.

MARVIN

(To Larry.)

What are you staring at?

Larry averts his eyes. Marvin grips the armrests of the chair in pain.

MARVIN

What has become of me Larry?

Larry doesn't answer Marvin. Larry's eyes glance out the window and he sees Marissa approaching the door.

LARRY

She's here.

Marvin looks at Larry, wondering what he's talking about.

MARVIN

What?

LARRY

Your assistant.

Marvin doesn't say anything but stares coldly at the wall. There's the ringing of the doorbell, followed by a knock at the door. Larry looks to Marvin who returns the stare. They wait for a beat. Another knock at the door.

MARVIN

You better answer it.

Larry turns and leaves.

EXT. FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa waits outside to see if anyone will answer the door. She reaches to knock again when she hears the sound of the lock being turned. She watches as the door opens to reveal Larry, a man much younger then she believed Marvin to be.

MARISSA

Mr. Jacobs?

LARRY

No, I would be his "blood sucking", lawyer, Larry Stevens.

Larry opens the door and invites Marissa to enter. Marissa walks into the the house and looks around taking it in. She slips off her shoes.

LARRY

And you are the assistant?

MARISSA

Marissa Mayer. We spoke on the phone.

LARRY

Yes, Rachel's friend. She speaks very highly of you Miss Mayer. (extends his hand)

It's a pleasure to meet you.

She shakes Larry's hand. He then walks into the living room.

LARRY

If you'll follow me, Mr. Jacobs is waiting for you in the living room, he's most anxious to meet you.

Larry leads Marissa through the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

She takes it all in, her head turning this way and that and looking at everything. Larry opens the door to where Marvin's study.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin lifts his head and looks Marissa over as she enters the room.

LARRY

Marvin, this is Marissa Mayer. Miss Mayer, this is Marvin Jacobs.

Marissa reaches out her hand to Marvin.

MARISSA

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Jacobs.

Marvin looks to Larry in a cold manner and then extends his hand and gives her his strongest handshake, which is rather pathetic given his weakened state.

MARVIN

(half heartedly)

The pleasure is all mine, Miss Mayer.

LARRY

Well, I better go get you're things Miss Mayer.

Larry grabs his briefcase and starts to leave.

MARVIN

Larry.

Larry turns stops where he stands.

LARRY

Yes, Mr. Jacobs?

MARVIN

You wouldn't be avoiding a potentially awkward situation would you?

LARRY

No, Mr. Jacobs I'm just trying to be hospitable.

Marvin shakes his finger at Larry.

MARVIN

You're lying to me, Larry and it pisses me off when you do that.

LARRY

My apologies.

MARVIN

Your father would be ashamed of you.

LARRY

Yes, Mr. Jacobs.

MARVIN

Now get out of here.

Larry leaves quickly. Marvin looks Marissa over, who stands before him not knowing exactly how to handle herself.

MARVIN

You're thinner than I thought you'd be.

MARISSA

(Unsure of the compliment)

Thank you.

MARVIN

Marissa Mayer...do you have a middle name?

MARISSA

Yes, Madison.

MARVIN

Marissa Madison Mayer, you're a god damn alliteration.

MARISSA

Yeah.

MARVIN

Are you excited to be working for an old fart who can't take care of himself?

MARISSA

With all due respect, Mr. Jacobs, I used to work in a hospital. I'm used to taking care of people.

Marvin chuckles to himself.

MARVIN

I told them no nurses, Jesus Christ.

MARISSA

I wasn't a nurse, I was a doctor.

Marvin gives Marissa a curious look.

A doctor?

MARISSA

Yeah.

MARVIN

Jesus Christ, they really think I'm in trouble don't they?

MARISSA

Well, I've been out of practice for about three years so...I really don't qualify for a doctor anymore.

MARVIN

An ex-doctor, this just keeps getting better.

(A beat.)

I suppose I should show you around a little?

MARISSA

That would be great.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Marvin wheels himself through the kitchen.

MARVIN

I need you to cook for me cause, I can't do it myself. Can you cook?

MARISSA

Yes, well enough.

MARVIN

I'll make you shopping lists and don't buy anything that isn't on them because I won't eat it. Soup and sandwiches, that's what I like.

MARISSA

Ok.

Marvin wheels himself into the living room.

INT. MARVIN'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MARVIN

You're going to have to clean. But don't rearrange anything, I have everything just as I want it.

Marvin turns around to face Marissa.

Most days I won't even set foot out of my room. There's not too much a point. I have my office and that's good enough for me right now. You don't have to worry about my bowel movements, I'll make it onto the toilet myself, I'm not going to demean myself to that.

MARISSA

Yes, Mr. Jacobs.

MARVIN

Oh dear God, don't call me Mr. Jacobs. Larry only does it because he knows it pisses me off. Back when the days were brighter you didn't have to say Mr. or Mrs. Larry's father was my first agent and we called each other by our first name because it wasn't a fake friendship between us. It was as real as any other. Back then you didn't have to sign all these papers, do all this legal and professional bullshit. The common man is dying, Marissa, and I'm not going to be one to partake in his murder.

Marissa is taken back by this speech.

MARISSA

Yes, Mr.-I mean Marvin.

MARVIN

See that wasn't so hard.

Marvin wheels past Marissa.

MARVIN

Basically, what I was trying to say before I started rambling is that I don't want to be disturbed. Not by you or anyone else who doesn't have an appointment. If you have a question that's absolutely life or death then by all means ask it. But ask it and get out. I don't need pointless chit chat. I've got deadlines; and heart condition or not I'm going to meet them.

MARISSA

What are you writing?

Like that. Keep those questions to yourself. I'll take lunch in my office at 12:30. If it's not by then, I'll pay you for your time and you can leave. Am I clear?

MARISSA

Yes.

MARVIN

Good. I'll see you then.

INT. MARVIN'S HOUSE/STUDY -- LATER

Montage:

Marissa goes about Marvin's house cleaning, then making him lunch, then bringing him medicine, then eating by herself at a table, then brining him dinner. We pass through a week of this cycle as Marissa goes through the motions of cleaning, preparing meals, popping her own pills, and making sure Marvin's health remains stable. Meanwhile, Marvin is typing at his laptop. He types chapter after chapter of his book in a stalling, frustrating manner. He types a couple sentences and then rests his head in his hands and sighs. Finally at one point he rests his head on the desk and gives it a hard pound.

INT. KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Marissa sits making a sandwich for Marvin. She strokes the sandwich with a butter knife full of peanut butter. Marissa eyes are distant and dreaming.

INT. MARISSA'S OLD KITCHEN -- MORNING

Snow is falling outside the window and Marissa is spreading peanut butter on ritz crackers. She looks happier, younger, and healthier; she is also pregnant. She's wearing a Christmas sweater and the house is decorated accordingly. As Marissa finishes with the crackers another hand reaches out and is gently placed on hers. Peter stands behind her and takes her hand in his. He brings it up to his lips and kisses it. He wraps his arms around Marissa.

MARISSA

Hello.

Peter turns her face to his and kisses her. She turns around and puts her arms on his shoulders. They stand their in the kitchen swaying back and forth, smiling at each other. Peter kisses her again.

PETER

I love you.

MARISSA

I love you too.

Tears well up in Marissa's eyes. She steps back from Peter and her hand hits the peanut butter jar that falls from the counter and hits the ground.

INT. KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Marissa is back standing in Marvin's kitchen with tears in her eyes. The peanut butter jar lies on the ground.

MARVIN (O.S.)

What's going on in there?

Marissa looks at the peanut butter and then looks at his sandwich.

MARISSA

Nothing.

Marissa bends down to pick up the jar of peanut butter.

MARVIN (O.S.)

I heard something fall.

Marissa screws the lid on the jar and puts it away in the cupboard.

MARISSA

I dropped the peanut butter jar.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin sits at his computer listening to Marissa.

MARVIN

Well, try to be more careful.

Marvin looks back his screen and sighs to himself.

MARVIN

(To himself)

Where was I?

Marvin thinks for a few moments. Just before Marvin can make the first keystroke there is the ring of the doorbell. Marvin sighs as his concentration is broken.

MARVIN

(To himself)

Oh goodness gracious.

(To Marissa)

Answer the door!

INT. ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa is just reaching the door having heard Marvin's call. She unlocks the door and opens it. A man in his mid-40's stands in the entry way. He has graying black hair and his skin is starting to wrinkle. This is DR. WILSON. He wears large glasses and has a goatee that is also graying. He smiles at Marissa who opens the screen door slightly. The man offers Marissa his hand and she takes it gingerly.

DR. WILSON

Hello.

MARISSA

Dr. Wilson?

DR. WILSON

Yes. May I come in?

MARISSA

Of course, Marvin is expecting you.

Marissa lets Dr. Wilson in the door and shuts it behind him.

DR. WILSON

So you must be his new assistant?

Dr. Wilson slips off his shoes.

MARISSA

Yeah.

DR. WILSON

Is he in his study?

MARISSA

Yes, you can just-

Marissa motions for Dr. Wilson to go ahead and enter the room. Dr. Wilson nods and walks off leaving Marissa in the entry way.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin pops a pill in his mouth and follows it with a glass of water. His strength is returning to him. There is a KNOCK that draws his attention. He slowly shuts his laptop.

MARVIN

Come in!

The door opens and Dr. Wilson enters the room.

DR. WILSON

Hello, Marvin.

MARVIN

Hello, doctor.

DR. WILSON

How are we this afternoon?

MARVIN

Fine, fine.

Dr. Wilson sits down on Marvin's couch and sets his briefcase down next to him. He opens the briefcase and starts to dig through it.

DR. WILSON

You've been taking your medication, haven't you?

Marvin holds up the water glass to answer the question.

DR. WILSON

Good.

Dr. Wilson shuffles through his papers and scans them over.

MARVIN

And how are you doing, doctor?

DR. WILSON

Oh, I'm fine, Marvin.

Marvin sits back in his chair uncomfortably.

DR. WILSON

I believe you saw Aaron recently isn't that correct?

MARVIN

Yes, doctor.

DR. WILSON

Were you glad to finally see him?

MARVIN

(Chuckles)

Doctor, I think we both know he didn't want to see me.

DR. WILSON

Oh? And why would he come to see you if he didn't want to?

MARVIN

I had a heart attack, Doc. I mean it's kind of like that old family dog. You take care of it because you have to. It's been there for so long you feel as though you almost have to take care of it. But you don't love it, maybe you never did.

DR. WILSON

So, it wasn't good to see him?

Dr. Wilson looks up at Marvin.

MARVIN

He's changing, doc. Everything around me always seems to be changing, nothing ever constant.

DR. WILSON

(Chuckles)

That's the nature of the world, Marvin.

Marvin shifts in his wheel chair.

MARVIN

No, the world doesn't have anything to do with it. It's not the nature of the world, it's the nature of man.

Dr. Wilson takes a seat on a couch.

DR. WILSON

But even the world changes seasons.

MARVIN

Not everywhere. And if it does, the seasons are always constant. Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. We know it will go in that order, we know what will follow the other.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa enters the bedroom and looks around. It is a mess with clothes lying everywhere and all sorts of papers and trash littered about. Marissa enters the room and picks up one of the papers.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin and Dr. Wilson still are talking.

DR. WILSON

But that's what separates us. It's what makes us unique.

MARVIN

No, it's what makes us difficult. It's what makes us selfish.

Dr. Wilson shifts a little. He picks up a paper and looks at it.

DR. WILSON

Do you still dream about you wife?

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa picks up a crumpled picture and something catches her eyes.

MARVIN (V.O.)

Yes.

Marissa unfolds it and we see it's a picture of Marvin and his family years ago. The boys are all in their teens, his wife still has her hair color, and Marvin looks truly happy.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Dr. Wilson leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees.

DR. WILSON

Why do you think you dream of her?

MARVIN

Why do you?

Dr. Wilson sighs and leans back.

DR. WILSON

I can't give you the answers, I can only help you figure them out for yourself.

MARVIN

(Sarcastic)

Right.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa sees a chest in the far corner of the room. She walks to it passing up all of Marvin's pictures of his wife.

DR. WILSON (V.O.)

I'm not trying to be difficult, Marvin I'm trying to help you.

Marissa opens up the chest and sees that it is filled with Lois' things. She looks around slowly at all the different little treasures Lois owned.

MARVIN (V.O.)

I think she was the most selfish of any of them.

DR. WILSON (V.O.)

Marvin, you know your wife loved you.

MARVIN (V.O.)

She abandoned me.

DR. WILSON (V.O.)

She was tormented.

Marissa notices a shawl in the corner of the chest that is tucked away.

MARVIN (V.O.)

She didn't have to do what she did.

Marissa pulls the shawl out and we see a large blood stain on it nearly covering the entire shawl.

MARVIN (V.O.)

She didn't have to leave me here all alone.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin stares coldly at Dr. Wilson.

MARVIN

They wouldn't even give her a Catholic funeral. She gave her life to that church and they wouldn't even acknowledge her death!

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa pulls out a newspaper article underneath the blood stained shawl titled: WRITER'S WIFE COMMITS SUICIDE

MARVIN (V.O.)

According to the bible...she's in hell.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin can't bear to look at Dr. Wilson any more. His eyes drift to Lois' picture on the wall.

MARVIN

She'd rather burn in hell, then stay by my side.

DR. WILSON

Marvin-

MARVIN

She didn't love me!

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa shuts the crate with everything packed back inside of it.

After she shuts she sits there for a moment digesting everything she just saw, then she gets up and walks out of the room.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin looks out the window away from the doctor.

MARVIN

I don't feel like anyone loves me, doctor.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- EVENING

Marvin sits at his desk typing away on his computer. We see the following sentence as he types it out: She turned away from him and left him alone. Marvin stops typing and stares at what he just wrote. He sets his elbows on the desk and rests his chin on his hands. His eyes read the line over and over again until they begin to water. He pushes the keyboard away from himself and tries to hide his tears.

Marvin composes himself and glances back at the computer. His hand reaches out to the keyboard and deletes the sentence he wrote. His fingers drift over the keyboard and finally he closes his laptop. As soon as it shuts there's a knock at the door. Marvin looks up at where the sound came from.

MARVIN

Come in.

Marissa enters with a dinner tray, containing chicken noodle soup, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and a glass of milk.

MARISSA

Sorry to bug you.

Marissa walks in and sets the dinner tray on Marvin's table.

MARVIN

No, it's-

Marissa looks down at Marvin, surprised.

MARVIN

Fine, it's fine.

Marissa turns to leave.

MARVIN

Thank you.

Marissa turns and flashes him a fake smile as she shuts the door behind her. Marvin reaches for the computer but stops. He looks at the soup and sandwich that was just brought for him.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa sits at a table between the kitchen and the living room and stares at it. She lifts her head up and stares at one of the cupboards. She finally gets out her chair and cautiously walks toward the cupboard.

INT. STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin opens his drawer and pulls out one of his books. He sets the book on the desk and opens it up. We see that 200 pages have been ripped out of it. Marvin grabs one of the pages and pulls it out of the book. He holds it up and then pulls a box of matches from the drawer. Ceremoniously he strikes the match and sets the page on fire. He watches it burn.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa sits down at the table and places Marvin's bottle of scotch in the middle.

INT. STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin watches as the page burns down to his fingers and then blows it out leaving only a small corner of the page left. He crumples what's left of the page up and throws it away.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa pours the scotch into a small glass. She holds it up and looks at it for a moment, then downs it in one quick drink.

FLASH:

Of Aria playing in the driveway and we hear Marissa crying somewhere in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

Marissa pulls the glass from her mouth gasping at the scotch's strength. She composes herself and starts to pour another glass.

FLASH:

Of Peter running through the house. Marissa is still screaming somewhere in the background.

BACK TO SCENE

Marissa lifts the glass up to her mouth almost as if she was toasting an invisible party. She throws her head back and drinks again.

FLASH:

Marissa crying under the shower head which is rushing hot water down on her, a bloody knife lies next to her on the floor. She is nearly naked and looks terrible, her hair is ratty and messy. She is rubbing her arms and holding them close. We see blood is draining with the water.

BACK TO SCENE

Marissa is left gasping again from the scotch. She slams the glass on the table.

FLASH:

The door to the house slams shut behind Peter.

BACK TO SCENE

Marissa starts to pour another glass of scotch.

FLASH:

Peter starts up the car with Aria in the passenger seat. Aria looks at her father, frightened.

ARIA

Where are we going?

BACK TO SCENE

Marissa raises the glass to her lips.

FLASH:

Peter pulls out of the driveway as Marissa watches from the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Marissa kicks back another drink and then instead of gasping and slamming the glass down she stares straight ahead. After a moment we see she is staring at the fireplace in which she can see her own reflection. She pauses for a moment and then throws the glass at the fireplace. It crashes into the wall and Marissa buries her face into her hands.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

We see the door to the study open and soon Marvin enters the hallway.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa pulls the scotch toward her and lifts the bottle to her lips. She takes a long drink from it and then slams it back on the table. She stares at the reflection of herself in the fireplace.

I hate you.

Marvin enters the kitchen from behind Marissa and watches her. Marissa takes another drink from Marvin's scotch. Marissa slams the bottle back down on the table as Marvin watches her unmoved. Marvin starts wheeling himself toward Marissa.

MARVIN

Who are you talking to Miss Mayer?

Marissa stares straight ahead.

MARISSA

No one.

Marvin wheels himself to Marissa's side.

MARVIN

How can you talk to no one?

Marissa waits for a second and then screws the cap back on the bottle of scotch. She stands up, stumbles, and then begins to walk toward Marvin's liquor cabinet.

MARISSA

I'm sorry.

Marvin watches her as she opens up the cabinet and puts the bottle away.

MARVIN

I don't remember asking you for an apology?

Marissa turns around, upset.

MARISSA

Does this look like fun to you?

MARVIN

Excuse me?

MARISSA

I obviously lead a very shitty life and does it seem like fun to torment me for it?

MARVIN

How am I tormenting you?

MARISSA

You look down on me. You're toying with me.

(MORE)

(Marissa wipes away her tears)

You know you're kind of a basket case yourself.

MARVIN

I don't get your meaning.

MARISSA

No, you probably don't. But that's okay. Is there anything else I can do for you?

Marvin stares at Marissa, who stumbles a bit.

MARVIN

No.

Marissa stares down Marvin and sniffs.

MARISSA

I'm fired, aren't I?

MARVIN

What do you think?

Marissa tries to compose herself.

MARISSA

Fuck...fuck...FUCK!
 (She takes a deep
 breath)

Okay.

Marissa starts to walks away from Marvin.

MARVIN

Where are you going?

Marissa makes a driving motion.

MARVIN

Hardly, you are in no state to drive. I suggest you head to bed for the night.

MARISSA

That's very kind, but fuck you.

Marissa starts to head for the door.

MARVIN

Miss Mayer, as your employer I'm asking you to stay.

You're not my employer anymore, fuck face.

MARVIN

I never said you were fired.

Marissa scoffs at Marvin, she picks up her purse and starts to dig through it.

MARISSA

Fuck you. Who are you to mess with me? I mean who do you think you are?

Marissa pulls out her car keys and Marvin grips his arm rests getting more intense.

MARVIN

Miss Mayer, if you leave now I'll be forced to call the police for your own protection and I'm telling you that will be no minor fine.

Marissa is walking to the door when she stops. She turns back to Marvin.

MARISSA

What do you want from me?

MARVIN

I just don't want to see you doing something stupid.

Marissa thinks for a moment, drops the keys and purse on the floor, and then starts to walk to the stairs.

MARVIN

Thank you.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

Aria is on the field playing a soccer game with other kids. Parents are watching form the sidelines cheering their kids on. Peter stands next to his new wife Alice, dressed in a as always in a business suit. Alice sits in a lawn chair sipping from a bottle of water and watching the game. Marissa approaches the field. She leans against and tree behind most of the other parents and watches Aria. As Marissa watches the game her eyes drift over to Alice who sits next to Peter. Marissa bites her lower lip watching Alice, who reaches up and takes Peter's hand. Marissa can't bear to watch the two of them be so happy. As half time is called Marissa turns to leave. Aria who is trotting off the field sees her mother walking away and watches her for moment. Then darts after her.

ARTA

Momma!

Aria starts running toward her mother as she darts past Peter and Alice they turn to look at who she is talking to. Marissa continues walking, hoping that Aria isn't following her. But Aria isn't fooled; she runs to her mothers side and takes her hand.

ARIA

Momma?

Marissa looks down at her daughter.

MARISSA

Hey, Baby.

Aria smiles at her mother.

ARIA

Where are you going?

Marissa looks up at Alice who is staring at her in shock. Peter has started walking over to the them.

MARISSA

I don't think you father wants me here.

ARIA

Yes he does.

Marissa chokes back her tears and stroked her daughters hair.

MARISSA

No, I don't think so.

Peter approaches the two of them.

PETER

Marissa.

Marissa doesn't look at Peter instead her eyes stay focused on her daughter.

PETER

Marissa.

Marissa gives Aria's hand a small squeeze and then looks at Peter.

MARISSA

Yes?

PETER

What are you doing here?

Peter puts his hand on Aria's shoulder and pulls her toward him. Back on the sidelines the wife of Aria's coach runs to the coach and whispers something to him. The coach looks at Aria, Peter, and Marissa.

COACH

Aria!

Aria looks at her coach.

COACH

Aria! Come here, let's talk about that shot!

Aria looks at her mother who smiles at her.

MARISSA

Run along, sweetie.

Aria runs toward her coach.

COACH

Now, look I was watching your dribbling and...

Peter sighs and looks at the ground. Marissa looks at him curiously.

MARISSA

What?

PETER

What the hell are you doing here?

MARISSA

I came to see my daughter's game.

Peter runs his hand through his hair and looks up at the sky.

PETER

Get real, Marissa.

MARISSA

You know? I thought she'd be happy to see me.

PETER

Happy to see you? Marissa, use your head. You get to see her every other weekend. Other then that you stay away from my daughter.

MARISSA

Your daughter?

PETER

(Quieting his voice.) You know what I'm saying.

MARISSA

No, I don't. She came out of my womb. I gave birth to her.

PETER

Marissa, do you really think it's appropriate for you to be here? There's a reason you have your weekends with her. There's a reason I never tell you about these things. Until you go back into therapy I'm not letting you get near her like this.

MARISSA

Peter, please.

PETER

Get out of here.

MARISSA

Peter.

PETER

Marissa, get the hell outta here or I'm calling the cops.

MARISSA

For coming to my daughter's soccer game?

PETER

You just get the hell outta here.

Marissa stares at Peter for a moment and then turns to go. Peter watches her leave for a few moments and then turns back to the soccer game only to see Aria watching her mother walk away.

PETER

Play tough out there, Aria!

Aria doesn't hear him she just watches her mother walk away. Peter sees this and tries again.

PETER

Come on Aria, you can do it!

Aria looks at her father who is smiling and clapping for her.

PETER

Come on, Aria!

Aria stares at her father.

CUT TO:

INT. MARVIN'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Marvin sits in his living room listening to music. In the background Larry pulls up in Marvin's driveway. Marvin lifts a brownie to his mouth and takes a bite. Meanwhile, we see Larry get out of his car and approach the front door. The doorbell rings and Marvin notices. He sets down his brownie and starts wheeling to the door.

INT. DOORWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin opens up the door and sees Larry standing outside.

MARVIN

Can I help you?

Larry steps inside the house and walks past Marvin and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Larry tosses his briefcase on the table and starts maniacally pacing back and forth.

LARRY

Jesus, Marvin, do you ever listen to me? Do you ever listen to me, Marvin?

Marvin turns around in his wheel chair and enters the kitchen.

MARVIN

Do you care for a drink, Larry?

LARRY

Oh that's funny, that's pretty funny, Marvin.

Marvin calmly wheels away from Larry.

MARVIN

Very well then.

LARRY

Marvin, why did Jean Patrick call me up an hour ago and tell me you were pushing your release date back indefinitely?

MARVIN

(Calmly)

Probably because that's what I told her.

LARRY

Marvin, Marvin for the love of God you have to publish that book. You don't have anymore time to fuck around like this.

MARVIN

They'll publish the book when I think it's ready, Larry.

Larry walks to his briefcase and throws it open.

LARRY

This could ruin you, Marvin. You're down, but you're not out. Don't go and make some stupid decision that could ruin the rest of your life.

MARVIN

And how long do you think that is?

Larry pulls out paper after paper.

LARRY

You know what this is, Marvin? This is letters from Random House asking where the hell their money is. This bank statements showing me how much debt you're gonna be in if they take back their money.

Larry sticks a handful of papers in Marvin's face.

LARRY

Your precious book is gonna kill you, Marv.

Marvin doesn't take the papers but looks at Larry and smirks a little.

MARVIN

I don't care, Larry.

Marvin turns his wheelchair around and wheels away from Larry.

MARVIN

Sure you don't care for a drink?

Larry stands still for a few moments hardly believing what he just heard. Then he quickly walks to his briefcase.

LARRY

Do you wanna drop this debt on the boys? You want them to inherit this? Marvin, what kind of last memory do you want left behind?

Marvin stops his wheelchair and breathes out slowly.

That even as I was dying I tried to save the art I love.

Larry glares at Marvin from where he stands.

LARRY

That's great, Marvin, I think I shed a tear there for a moment. Are you willing to send your family bankrupt?

MARVIN

I don't give damn about the money, Larry. My literature professors told me a long time ago, it should never be about the money.

Larry hangs his head and slowly shakes it at Marvin's behavior.

LARRY

I don't know what to say, Marvin. I don't know what to do.

Larry rights up himself and starts approaching Marvin.

LARRY

Do I care about your morals? Of course. But you are going to leave behind a very bad legacy this way.

Marvin turns his wheelchair around and his eyes meet Larry's.

MARVIN

That's because people have forgotten what this is really all about. These days it's all about you. It's all about the money and the law and the rights. It's never about the art anymore.

Larry rubs the bridge of his nose in frustration with the old man.

LARRY

Don't start this crusader bullshit again, Marvin.

MARVIN

It used to just be about the writer and his dream. You know what sealed my first deal, a good word and a hand shake. A month later I got my first pay check. That was all it took, Larry. Now I can hardly go a day without you throwing some other legal paper in my face.

(MORE)

Telling me in words I don't understand that the best thing for me to do is sign it. Everyday I find that I know less and less about what is really happening with my money and my belongings. That I know less about the people that surround me and what their true intentions are.

Silence. Larry gives Marvin a tired look. Larry steps back and leans against a counter, thinking to himself.

LARRY

Marvin, I am going to ask you a very simple question and I just need from you a very simple answer.

Marvin is silent and Larry takes it as a sign to continue.

LARRY

Why do you need more time?

MARVIN

I don't know how to end it.

Larry chuckles to himself.

LARRY

You don't know how to end it? What the hell is it about, I'll finish it for you.

Marvin turns from Larry and starts to roll toward his liquor cabinet.

MARVIN

No, I've seen the way you write. You'll probably write some boring law shit.

Marvin opens the liquor cabinet and pulls out a bottle of wine.

LARRY

I can't believe you Larry.

Marvin starts to wheel himself back to the counter.

MARVIN

I am dying Larry and this will be my last novel. If this-

Marvin suddenly realizes that the only wine glasses he has are in the top cupboard.

MARVIN

Would you help an old man out?...

Larry walks to the cupboard and pulls down two wine glasses and takes the wine bottle from Marvin.

MARVIN

... If this is, in fact, my last novel I want it to be good...

Larry starts to pour the two glasses of wine.

MARVIN

...I want it to be better then good...I want it to be perfect...

Larry hands a glass of wine to Marvin who takes it. Marvin lifts the glass to toast Larry.

MARVIN

...Cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

Peter sits in front of the T.V. typing on his laptop. His wife Alice sips on a cup of coffee as she watches CNN. Aria comes running through the living room.

ARTA

Alice, Alice, Sponge Bob is on!

Aria sit down next to Alice.

ALICE

Aria, I'm watching something else.

ARIA

But it's on right now.

ALICE

Then go watch it in your room, sweetie.

ARIA

But, I want to watch it with you guys.

Peter hangs up the phone.

PETER

Skelling wants to drop the case.

ALICE

What?

PETER

I know it's-

(MORE)

PETER

(Notices Aria sitting on the couch.)

It's frustrating.

ALICE

I told you Peter,

(Stands up)

I told you to talk to him and what did you say? You said it'd be fine, well it's not fine is it?

Alice storms off. Aria just watches her walk away.

ARIA

What's wrong?

PETER

Nothing, baby, why don't you go watch T.V. in your room?

ARIA

I wanna be with you daddy.

PETER

Not right now baby.

ARIA

But Daddy-

PETER

(Getting angry)

Aria, I said not right now.

Aria starts to walks away. Peter rubs his temples. Alice starts coming back down the stairs. She throws a brochure at Peter.

ALICE

You see that? That's the trip you spent nearly four thousand dollars on!

PETER

Alice, why are you doing this?

ALICE

I told you to save that money, but you never listen to me!

PETER

Alice, settle down.

ALICE

Oh, fuck you! You never listen to me, your always way too worried about your brat!

Peter glares at Alice, he looks past her and sees Aria staring at them. A single tear rolls down her cheek and she runs away. Alice struggles to gain control of herself.

ALICE

I'm sorry, Peter. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that.

Peter leans on the counter and exhales. Alice turns around to see Aria standing there about to cry.

ALICE

Aria, I'm sorry.

Aria runs away. Alice rubs her forehead and turns to Peter.

INT. ARIA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Aria sits in her room wiping tears away as she watches Sponge Bob Square Pants. The phone in her room goes off and she picks it up.

ARIA

Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

ARIA'S BEDROOM/MARISSA'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa sits in her kitchen nervously fiddling with whatever she can get her hands on.

MARISSA

Aria?

ARIA

Mom?

MARISSA

How are you, honey?

Aria sniffs back her tears.

ARIA

I'm okay.

MARISSA

Are you sure?

ARIA

Mmmhmm.

MARISSA

I'm sorry about what happened at your soccer game today, Aria.

Aria wipes away her tears again.

ARIA

Why did daddy make you leave?

MARISSA

Daddy doesn't like it when you see mommy, Aria. He doesn't understand.

ARIA

I wanna see you.

MARISSA

I know. I wanna see you too. I know I haven't been a very good mom, Aria and I want to make that up to you. Can I do that?

ARIA

Uh-huh.

MARISSA

I'll see you in a week then, okay honey?

ARIA

Uh-huh.

MARISSA

Okay, goodbye, Aria.

ARIA

Goodbye, Mom.

Marissa hangs up the phone.

INT. ARIA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Aria hangs up the phone and wipes her tears away. She curls up in bed with her doll and continues to watch T.V.

INT. MARVIN'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Marvin is reading a book in the living room. Marissa is in the background cleaning. The doorbell rings and Marissa goes to answer it.

MARVIN

I don't care who it is, tell them I'm not home.

INT. FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa answers the front door and there stands Aaron wearing a leather coat and sunglasses. He invites himself in and takes off his jacket.

AARON

You must be Rachel's friend?

MARTSSA

Yes.

Aaron shakes Marissa's hand.

AARON

Aaron Jacobs, it's nice to finally meet you.

Marissa fakes a smile.

AARON

Well how is the old bastard?

MARISSA

Good.

AARON

I hope he's not giving you too much trouble.

MARISSA

No, things are going well.

Marissa give single pity laugh and walks into the living room. Aaron takes off his shoes and jacket and follows.

AARON

Well, I see that you ventured from your evil lair.

Marvin sees Aaron and gives a large smiles. He has been reading a book which he sets down along with a pair of reading glasses.

MARVIN

Aaron, to what do I owe the surprise?

Aaron steps over to his father and gives him a hug as he does he notices the book in his father's hands.

AARON

Just thought I'd stop by. Things are finally slowing down with the album so-

Aaron picks up the book Marvin is reading.

AARON

Aren't you supposed to be writing?

MARVIN

I figure I've been working too hard as of late. And I'm taking sometime to catch up with myself.

Aaron looks from the book to his Marvin.

AARON

Really?

MARVIN

Yeah.

(A beat)

Have a seat, son.

Aaron sits down.

MARVIN

Marissa, get my boy here a cup of coffee.

Marissa goes to get coffee.

AARON

So how's the book coming?

MARVIN

(Scoffs)

It's coming, slowly but surely it'll make it's way into the publishing house.

AARON

Your taking your time with this one aren't you?

MARVIN

Well, I figure if it's bound to be the last book I write, it damn well better be good.

Aaron drums his fingers on the book his father was reading.

AARON

Well, I can't wait to read it.

MARVIN

You read my books?

AARON

I page through them every once and a while.

MARVIN

(Suspiciously)

And what do you think?

Aaron tosses Marvin's book on a coffee table.

AARON

For an old geezer, it's not bad.

Marissa enters the room with a cup of coffee that she hands to Aaron.

AARON

Thank you.

Aaron gives her a little wink. Marvin catches this and exchanges a look with Marissa.

MARISSA

(To Marvin)

I'll be in the living room if you need me.

Marissa leaves.

AARON

So how is the nurse?

MARVIN

She was a doctor, actually.

AARON

Was?

MARVIN

Lost her, medical licence after her parents died. Sad story.

An awkward beat.

MARVIN

How's the wife?

Still looking in the direction Marissa exited.

AARON

She's fine. I keep making money and she keeps spending it. Now she's talking about a new summer house. I told her that it's out of the question. But she seems to have her heart set on it.

MARVIN

Why don't you come up here for the summer?

Aaron sips his coffee and starts to nod in agreement.

AARON

Maybe. We'll have to see how things go.

MARVIN

Of course.

AARON

It's good to see you again, dad.

Marvin chuckles.

AARON

What?

MARVIN

Nothing.

AARON

So when do you think you'll finish that novel?

Marvin shrugs.

MARVIN

I don't know.

AARON

You don't know?

MARVIN

I'm not putting any kind of pressure on myself to finish this one. I only have one due date and I never know when it will come.

AARON

And what happens if you don't finish it?

MARVIN

Then I don't finish it I guess.

Aaron chuckles and shakes his head.

AARON

Well, you have to finish the book.

MARVIN

Why?

AARON

Well-I mean-it'll be a financial catastrophe if you don't.

MARVIN

Why would I care? I'll be dead.

AARON

But, think of the other people it'll effect.

MARVIN

Like yourself?

Pause.

AARON

This is about more people then me.

Really?

AARON

Of course.

Marvin relaxes in his spot and thinks for a moment.

MARVIN

I'm sorry that this debt might fall on your head, Aaron. Believe me, I really am. But, I need to worry about myself with this one.

Aaron gives Marvin a puzzles look.

AARON

What?

MARVIN

Aaron, this is my last book.

AARON

Listen, Dad, I don't care.

MARVIN

Aaron-

AARON

No, I don't care about your god damn search for self recognition. I don't care about your come back...

Aaron leans in close to his father.

AARON

...I know you needed that advance, dad. I know the house payments were due. I know your accounts had run dry. Trust me, I know all about that. But, that doesn't mean you had to run my future into the ground.

MARVIN

You can't wait for me to die can you?

AARON

What?

MARVIN

Look me in the eye and tell me you love me.

AARON

Dad, quit acting like this!

Silence.

Get out of my house.

AARON

What?

MARVIN

I said get out of my house.

AARON

What did I do?

MARVIN

Your mother would be embarrassed.

AARON

Don't bring mom into this.

MARVIN

Why not? She's why you never talk to me isn't she?

Aaron is silent.

MARVIN

I wish you would leave.

Aaron stands up and walks away. He pauses and turns back around.

AARON

I wonder how it will feel to die alone? I wonder if anyone will care? And when you see mom in the next world will she forgive you?

Aaron walks away and slams the door.

INT. MARISSA'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marissa enters the kitchen exhausted from her day at work. She is carrying a bag of groceries that she heaves onto the counter. She sees that she has received a message and pressed the play button on her answering machine. She turns and starts to put away her groceries as Peter's voice comes over the answering machine.

PETER (O.S.)

(Answering Machine)

Hey, Marissa, it's Peter, I've got some bad news.

Marissa stops what she is doing and turns to look at the answering machine.

PETER (O.S.)

Listen, I was talking to Aria and she told me that you called her earlier this week?

(Sighs.)
What were you thinking, Marissa?

Marissa walks to the answering machine suspiciously.

PETER (O.S.)

Well I spoke with my lawyer and he said that's against our agreement. That's the last straw, Marissa, I'm getting a restraining order to keep you away from Aria.

Marissa stares in disbelief as her silently speaks, "What?"

PETER (O.S.)

It's going to be in effect until you get back into consoling and I feel I can trust you with our daughter again.

MARISSA

(Under her breath.)

You bastard.

PETER

I'm really sorry I had to do this Marissa.

The message ends with a BEEP.

MARISSA

You bastard!

Marissa picks up the answering machine and throws it to the floor breaking it into pieces.

MARISSA

Aria, I'm so sorry.

Marissa cries to herself.

FADE OUT:

INT. MARVIN'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa sits in front of a pot of soup staring at the wall in front of her. She is day dreaming and not paying attention to the soup that has started to bubble. Marvin wheels himself into the room and sees Marissa day dreaming.

MARVIN

Marissa?

Marissa turns and knocks the soup over. It spills on the stove and starts to steam, the rest of it spills onto the floor.

MARISSA

Shit.

Marissa turns off the stove and starts to look around for a towel.

MARVIN

In the bottom cupboard under the sink.

Marissa throws open the cupboards and pulls out towels. She starts mopping up the floor but burns herself. She retracts her hand in pain.

MARVIN

Marissa?

Marissa continues trying to mop up the mess.

MARVIN

Marissa?

Marissa burns herself again and pounds the floor in frustration.

MARVIN

Marissa?

Marissa turns to look at Marvin who is surprisingly calm through the whole process.

MARVIN

Let it cool.

Marissa stares at Marvin.

MARVIN

Just let it cool down and then you can clean it up. There's no hurry, and it's not a big deal.

Marissa nods.

MARVIN

Are you okay?

Marissa nods again although she's starting to tear up. She tries to hide her tears by covering her face and brushing them away quickly.

MARVIN

(Gently.)

Marissa.

Marissa looks at Marvin who waits for a response from her.

MARISSA

I'm okay, Mr. Jacobs.

MARVIN

Marvin.

MARISSA

Marvin. I'm okay.

MARVIN

You don't look okay, you look like shit.

MARISSA

I just had a very long night last night.

MARVIN

Well, stressing over this soup certainly isn't going to help you.

Marissa rubs her face.

MARISSA

No.

MARVIN

Now, we need to decide what we're going to do for lunch.

MARISSA

Oh, I can-

Marissa gets up and moves quickly to the refrigerator. She opens it up and starts searching through it.

MARVIN

Marissa?

MARISSA

You have some chicken left, I could make chicken. I used to know a good recipe.

MARVIN

Marissa?

MARISSA

Or you still have some ham left, we could heat that up.

MARVIN

Marissa?

Or there is a frozen pizza in there, but I don't know why. You never want frozen pizza.

MARVIN

Marissa?

Marissa stops searching through the fridge and turns back to Marvin.

MARVIN

I know a really good Chinese place.

MARISSA

You like Chinese?

MARVIN

Yes, I like Chinese.

Marissa closes the fridge.

MARISSA

Oh.

(A beat.)

Well it's not that you wouldn't I just-...

Pause

MARISSA

... Take out or did you want me to drive you there?

MARVIN

I think we could drive there.

MARISSA

Really? I thought you had to finish your-...

Marissa stops herself and is suddenly very embarrassed.

MARISSA

...I'm sorry it's none of my business.

MARVIN

What finish my novel? No, I have writer's block first time in nearly sixty years and it's wonderful. Now I think I can spare at least an hour to go have some good Chinese. What do you think?

MARISSA

I don't like Chinese.

Well, there's a diner around the corner will that suffice? They make an excellent eggs benedict.

MARISSA

(A beat.)

I could go for some eggs benedict.

MARVIN

Excellent. You have your car, right?

MARISSA

Yes, it's in the driveway.

MARVIN

Excellent.

MARISSA

I'm a terrible driver, I'll tell you that now.

MARVIN

That's perfectly fine so are most people.

Marissa walks past Marvin and into the entry way.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Well just let me get my jacket.

MARVIN

I'll be needing mine too.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Ok, where...where do you keep it

MARVIN

In the closet next to the coat closet.

Marvin watches Marissa search for his coat and thinks to himself.

MARVIN

You don't have any warrants for you arrest out do you? Anything about your driving that I should specifically know?

Marissa returns with her coat on and helps Marvin put his one.

MARISSA

Of course not.

MARVIN

Okay, just...you know making sure.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Marvin stares at the menu, Marissa sips on a cup of coffee and watches Marvin as he squints at the menu. He looks up at her.

MARVIN

Your decided already?

Marissa nods. The waiter comes to the table and sets down drinks in front of Marvin and Marissa.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

Marissa looks at Marvin, who sets the menu down on the table.

MARVIN

I'll have the New England Clam Choweder.

Waiter takes down the order.

WAITER

Alright and you ma'am?

MARTSSA

I'll have the eggs benedict.

WAITER

Bacon, ham, or sausage with that?

MARISSA

Sausage.

Waiter scribbles on his pad.

WAITER

And fruit cup, toast, or muffin?

MARISSA

Fruit cup.

Waiter scribbles and then looks up at Marvin and Marissa with a smile.

WAITER

Ok, I'll have those ready for you in a flash.

Waiter leaves, Marvin watches him the whole way.

MARISSA

I think you can trust him, Marvin, the guys a waiter for Christ Sake.

Marvin looks at Marissa skeptically and then his eyes dart back to the waiter as he disappears around the corner.

You can learn a lot from people, Marissa just by watching them.

MARISSA

Really?

MARVIN

Just by what they do, what they say, you can tell who they are.

MARISSA

And what did that waiter tell you?

MARVIN

Well, first off just by the way he looked at us he thinks I'm your father taking you out to dinner. He glanced me over trying to wonder whether I'm going to be a good tipper and therefore whether we're worth the effort. And lastly he stared at your breasts the whole time he was talking to you.

Marissa scoffs, picks up the desert menu, and starts to look through it.

MARISSA

There's no way you know that.

Marvin shrugs.

MARVIN

Suit yourself.

Marissa sets the desert menu down, and looks at Marvin.

MARISSA

Fine, what could you tell about me?

MARVIN

Well I learned a lot about you from your order.

MARISSA

Really, like what?

MARVIN

Well first off you order eggs benedict, you're testing me to see if they really do have good eggs benedict. Second, you ordered the fruit cup so you're obviously a little insecure.

MARISSA

Insecure?

Marvin looks Marissa over.

MARVIN

Probably about your weight, which if I may say so is ridiculous, you look fine.

Marissa chuckles.

MARVIN

I mean that in a completely platonic way of course.

MARISSA

(Sarcastic)

Right.

MARVIN

I would be a little old to be hitting on you wouldn't I?

MARISSA

I've worked with plenty of horny old guys in the hospital to know that age has nothing to do with it.

MARVIN

Well I'm not some horny old guy.

MARISSA

(Joking)

Well, you we're just hitting on me.

MARVIN

I was complimenting you.

MARISSA

(Still joking)

Sounded a lot like you were hitting on me.

MARVIN

I couldn't have been hitting on you, I'm old enough to be your father.

MARISSA

We just went over this.

Marvin leans in and points at Marissa.

MARVIN

See, that's what's wrong with the world today. You can't pay anyone a compliment without them over thinking it.

Marissa is taken back.

Really?

MARVIN

I just wanted to say something nice and suddenly I'm crossing lines.

MARISSA

Marvin, I'm just kidding, settle down before you have a stroke.

MARVIN

I'm settled, I'm settled as much as anyone else.

MARISSA

You're raising your voice.

MARVIN

I'm not raising my voice, you want to see my voice raised?

MARISSA

No, this is fine.

Pause as Marvin sips his coffee.

MARISSA

Thank you for dinner.

MARVIN

Are you hitting on me? I'm too old for you, sorry.

MARISSA

(Chuckles)

No, I'm just being nice.

MARVIN

(A beat)

It's no problem.

MARISSA

Well, it's been tough time for me and you're...just...really...nice.

MARVIN

Ah, I'm an old bastard is what I really am.

Marissa's sips her coffee.

MARVIN

What's wrong?

MARISSA

What?

Just asking what's wrong. Is there anything I can do to help?

Marissa runs her hand through her hair and smiles and Marvin.

MARISSA

No, I don't think so.

(Pause)

My husband is taking sole custody of my daughter.

MARVIN

Oh god, that's horrible.

MARISSA

He's demanding I go back into consoling.

MARVIN

Like psychiatric consoling?

MARISSA

Yeah.

Pause. Marvin thinks for a moment as Marissa plays with the corner of her napkin.

MARVIN

Why wouldn't you?

MARISSA

What?

MARVIN

Why wouldn't you go into consoling?

MARISSA

It's just...I dunno...so demeaning. I'd sit there every Friday afternoon and this guy would stare at me...and I'd stare back at him and think. Why? Why does this guy need to hear all my innermost secrets? He goes to some college and gets some degree and now I have to tell him what I'm thinking and he gets to cast his opinion on me? I always felt so naked in that office, it was like I was being raped. Not physically of course, but you know...

Marissa laughs and shakes her head.

MARISSA

...I probably sound like some sort of crazy...I dunno...

Marvin stares at Marissa as she shakes her head and stares at the table. She finally looks up at him and their eyes meet.

MARVIN

I understand. I know exactly how you feel.

Marissa looks away and sighs.

MARISSA

Yeah, well...

MARVIN

Have you seen a lawyer?

MARISSA

A lawyer?

Marissa stops and looks at Marvin again.

MARVIN

Yeah.

MARISSA

I can't afford a lawyer.

MARVIN

Then take Larry, at least he'll be good for something then.

Marissa puts her hand up to stop Marvin.

MARISSA

(Scoffs)

I don't want your lawyer.

MARVIN

Why not, he's a good lawyer.

MARISSA

I just-

MARVIN

Don't want my sympathy?

MARISSA

(A beat)

Yeah.

MARVIN

Okay.

Marissa shakes her head and takes another drink.

MARISSA

Thanks for your consideration though.

Marvin folds his hands and leans in close to Marissa.

MARVIN

When I married Lois her father thought it was the worst mistake of her life. I was working a job as a waiter in a diner, writing in my spare time, trying to make ends meet. He kept offering us money, favors, anything he could. And he didn't even like me.

(Pause)

I've suffered too, Marissa. I don't think we share the same pain. But we do share pain and I believe there is a connection in that.

Marissa focuses on the table.

MARISSA

Maybe.

MARVIN

Fate works in mysterious ways, Marissa. Do I think it's fate you came to my doorstep? Maybe, maybe not. But it is fate that two suffering souls have come together and I'm here to help you.

Marissa shakes her head.

MARISSA

You don't even know me.

MARVIN

I'm beginning to think you're the only person I do know.

Marissa doesn't know what to say. So she just shakes her head and sips her drink.

MARVIN

I know that you're the only person I can count on to be there. You're the only person that I know will care for me. And it may be pathetic that I need to pay someone for that, but it doesn't change what you mean to me. What you mean to my life.

Pause. Marissa thinks as she stares into her cup of coffee.

MARISSA

Can I have Larry's number?

Sure. Have him book your time onto my hours.

MARISSA

Thank you.

MARVIN

Thank you.

Marissa is taken back at what Marvin says, then she smiles and takes his hand.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR -- DAY

Marissa pulls up into a parking lot. She parks her car and stares the front doors to a large office building. She reaches down and opens her door but stops.

MARISSA

Oh Jesus, why do I do this? Why do I do this?

Marissa pulls her keys out of the ignition and puts them in her pocket.

MARISSA

Marissa steps onto the pavement.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Larry is on the phone with the publishers.

LARRY

Listen Mr. Watson I understand your problem...No, I promise you it's gonna be a best seller...It's gonna be the man's last novel, his life works. Of course it'll be good...And you're right to be angry...Right, absolutely you're one hundred percent...

Larry sees Marissa walking toward his office he checks his watch.

LARRY

(Lets slip)

Son of a bitch!

(Recovery)

No. It's nothing Mr. Watson, but I'm going to have to call you back is that ok?

Larry hangs up the phone as Marissa throws open the door to his office.

LARRY

Sorry, I didn't expect you here so early.

MARRISA

Sorry.

LARRY

Yeah, Rachel has lunch set up in the break room, thanks for meeting me here during the lunch hour.

MARRISA

Well, I didn't want to be a problem.

Larry shuffles through papers, trying to get organized.

LARRY

Nope, nope, not a problem. Just give me like...five minutes.

MARRISA

Okay.

Marissa enters the break room where Rachel is sitting looking rather bored. She sees Marissa and lights up.

RACHEL

Marissa, baby! Come here...

Rachel give Marissa a big hug.

RACHEL

...I'm so glad Larry is gonna help you get this whole mess sorted out.

Marissa forces a weak smile.

MARISSA

Let's hope.

RACHEL

It's just so horrible. Is there anything you want? You want something to drink? There's a pop machine... Or something a little stronger?

(Gets up and makes

for the door.)

Larry keeps a bottle of scotch for those really long nights, when Marvin is stalling and the publishers are calling and you know I just-

Water's fine, thanks. I'm gonna try and...stop drinking.

Rachel is surprised.

RACHEL

Oh...well that's good...

Rachel sits down.

RACHEL

...He is just taking so long. I keep telling him to get his act together, but I swear.

Marissa smiles.

MARISSA

It's ok.

The door opens and Larry enters the room.

LARRY

Ok, let's get down to business.

Larry sits down in his chair and starts pouring over the papers. Rachel clears her throat as Larry continues to shuffle. She clears it again. Again. AGAIN. Larry finally takes note.

LARRY

Oh hey, babe.

Larry gives her a peck on the cheek. Rachel looks sheepishly away embarrassed by her husband's failure to notice her. She looks from Marissa to Larry.

RACHEL

I'll just be going, then. Let you two get down to business.

Rachel gets up and leaves. She gets to the door and then pauses. She turns around to face Larry.

RACHEL

Be home before eight tonight?

Larry looks up at her and processes what she just said.

LARRY

I'll try, Hun.

Rachel forces a smile.

RACHEL

Okay.

Rachel leaves. Marissa watches Larry shuffles through papers and thinks about what she just saw.

LARRY

Right...Marissa...I was going over your papers last night and...the outlooks is bad.

Marissa swallows.

MARISSA

How bad?

LARRY

Well...that depends. Marvin mentioned that-

Larry stops and looks at a paper. He scoffs at it and throws it back on the table. He looks up at Marissa.

LARRY

...Who handled your divorce?

Marissa is taken back by the question. She stumbles for an answer.

MARISSA

My friend of a friend....

Larry winces.

LARRY

Don't let him help you again.

MARISSA

Okay.

Larry stops on another paper.

LARRY

Yeah...if you are to be in the legal right here, you have to go back into consoling. I mean if you did that I could help you do anything. I mean you've got a job now, you're in a...fairly good financial situation. I mean at this point in your life, if you were in consoling you could be in a position to take Aria for a week instead of every other weekend. It's just a matter of...

MARISSA

That consoling thing.

Larry sighs.

LARRY

Yeah.

MARISSA

(Under her breath)

Fuck.

LARRY

I'm sorry.

(A beat)

I know some numbers, people I've recommended in the past. There's this guy Rachel's been seeing-

MARISSA

(Surprised)

Rachel?

Larry pauses for a moment.

LARRY

Yeah, she really likes him.

Marissa swallows this idea.

MARISSA

Okay.

LARRY

I'll get you an appointment and then you're all set.

MARISSA

Okay.

EXT. PETER'S FRONT DOOR -- EVENING

Marissa rings the doorbell. She waits for a few moments, anxiously and then rings it again. She pulls her hair behind her ears as the door opens. Alice stands in the doorway.

ALICE

Oh...hello.

MARISSA

Hi.

(Awkward)

Is Peter?

ALICE

Oh yeah, just one second...

Alice turns and leaves the doorway.

ALICE

...Peter!

Marissa takes a deep breath and shakes her hands quickly. Peter comes to the door.

PETER

Hi.

MARISSA

Hey. I...got your message.

PETER

Yeah?

MARISSA

This is my appointment slip for Midwest consoling.

Marissa hands the slip to Peter who takes it and looks it over. He pauses and thinks for a moment.

MARISSA

Peter...

PETER

Aria!

MARISSA

Peter, I just wanted to say-

Aria comes running down the stairs to the front door. She sees Marissa and runs to her.

ARIA

Mommy!

Aria runs to her mother and gives her a hug. Marissa looks to Peter.

PETER

I just wanted to help you.

Marissa picks up Aria and kisses her forehead.

MARISSA

Thanks...

She puts Aria down.

MARISSA

...Go to the car...

Marissa looks Peter right in the eye.

MARISSA

...But, I don't need your help anymore.

Marissa turns and walks away. Peter watches them leave.

INT. MARVIN'S KITCHEN -- LATER

Marvin watches out the window as Aria sits on the porch. Marissa stands by a coffee pot which is brewing.

MARVIN

There hasn't been a child in this house for over a decade.

MARISSA

(Sighs)

You're sure it's not a problem?

Marvin is silent as he watches Aria. A smile passes over his face.

MARVIN

I'm sure.

Marissa leans against the counter.

MARISSA

I couldn't wait to be a mother. I couldn't wait for so long, Marvin. And it took me so long to finally become a mother to her.

Marvin smiles and looks away.

MARVIN

I'm very proud of you Marissa. I'm very proud of you.

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Thank you.

MARVIN

What happened, Marissa?

MARISSA

Aria was almost a year old when it happened...

INT. MARISSA'S OLD LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Marissa stands and looks outside the window as rain splatters against it. In the reflection you can see paramedic lights flashing.

MARISSA

...I got the news from my Priest, Father Ryan. He told me my parents had been killed by a drunk driver on their way home from a church fund raiser... INT. CONSOLING OFFICE -- DAY

Marissa sits in a consoling office across from a consoler.

MARISSA

... After their death I went into my first consoler they tried antidepressants on me but they didn't work...

INT. MARISSA'S OLD BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Marissa downs a couple pills in the bathroom.

MARISSA

...I started drinking myself to sleep every night...

She follows the pills with a drink of scotch.

INT. MARISSA'S OLD BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Marissa lies in bed and stares at the ceiling.

MARISSA

...I started lying in bed until Peter would get home from work. I didn't sleep, Christ I never slept. I just lied their and stared at the ceiling thinking in my head over and over...why?...

INT. PETER'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Peter and Marissa pull up to a consoling center.

MARISSA

... They took me to see another consoler who suggested that I stop antidepressants and start doing these mental exercises... of course I didn't do them...

INT. MARISSA'S OLD BATHROOM -- DAY

Marissa lies in the bathtub with her wrists slit.

MARISSA

Instead I turned suicidal. I tried to kill myself. Peter had me committed to a hospital but I was soon released...

MONTAGE

In a sequence of shots we see Marissa popping pills, drinking, and cutting herself.

INT. MARISSA'S OLD LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Marissa stands at the window looking like hell and watches as Peter and Aria pull out of the driveway.

MARISSA

Until, Peter finally left.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. MARVIN'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Marissa stares into the distance.

MARVIN

I'm so sorry.

Marissa nods. She snaps out of her trance and reaches into the cupboard to pull out a coffee mug. She starts to pour a cup, but she's starts shaking and the coffee spills on her hand causing her to drop the mug. It SHATTERS on the floor.

MARISSA

Son of a bitch.

Marissa kneels down and starts cleaning up. As she does tears come to her eyes. She starts sobbing and drops the broken pieces of the mug. Marvin wheels over to her and gently strokes her hair.

MARVIN

You'll be okay, Marissa. It will be okay.

Marissa tries to compose herself.

MARISSA

They all say the same things, Marvin. Every time I go see a different doctor they always say the same things. I need to confront my loss, I need to stop living in the past. Who the hell talks that way?

Marissa takes Marvin's hand and holds it close.

MARISSA

I'm so scared, Marvin. You have no idea what that bastard did to me.

MARVIN

I know you suffered, Marissa. But, you are stronger now. And you're not alone anymore.

Marissa looks up at Marvin, drying tears from her eyes.

MARISSA

Thank you. Thank you, so much.

Marvin smiles. Marissa lets go of Marvin and sits on the floor. She looks down at the broken coffee mug and then up at Marvin.

MARISSA

Thank you for letting her stay here.

Marvin smiles.

MARVIN

Of course.

INT. KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Marissa is making sandwiches in the kitchen with Aria. Aria brings her a jar of mayonnaise and Marissa opens it as Aria climbs up on a stool to see what Marissa is doing.

ARIA

Are you gonna put onions in it?

MARISSA

Eww, no.

Aria giggles. Marissa scoops out two large tablespoons of mayo and dumps it into a bowl that already has the tuna fish in it.

MARISSA

Did you wash your hands?

Aria nods enthusiastically.

MARISSA

Then it's time for the icky part.

They start mixing the tuna together using their bare hands.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER

Aria, Marissa, and Marvin all sit at the table having lunch. Marvin takes a bite of his sandwich and then look at Marissa.

MARVIN

There's no onions in this.

MARISSA

Aria and I don't like onions.

Aria nods.

ARIA

Uh-huh.

Marissa laughs a little and Marvin cocks an eye at Aria.

MARTSSA

The ones on this side have onions.

Marvin reaches for a new sandwich.

MARVIN

So, Aria, how old are you?

ARIA

(Holding up six fingers)

Six.

MARVIN

And is there something you want to do when you grow up?

ARIA

(Nodding as she bites in to a sandwich)
I want to be an author.

MARVIN

A fellow penman?

Aria doesn't know what the words means but nods all the same.

MARVIN

And what kind of book would I look for from the great Aria Mayer?

Aria is confused.

MARISSA

What books would you like to write?

Aria understands and lights up.

ARIA

Detective stories.

Marvin nods and takes a sip of tea.

MARVIN

A regular Agatha Christie?

Aria is confused and Marissa rolls her eyes.

MARISSA

She doesn't know who Agatha Christie is Marvin.

MARVIN

Don't doubt the child.

MARISSA

She's six years old.

What do you know? You like "The Notebook."

Marissa sticks out her tongue at Marvin causing Aria to laugh.

MARVIN

(To Aria)

Do you like Detective Donald?

Aria nods while biting into a sandwich.

MARVIN

I helped write those books. Spent five years on them with Ron Travis, great books.

Aria is in awe.

ARIA

You wrote those?

MARVIN

I wrote and he did the illustrations.

ARIA

Wow.

Marissa smiles at Marvin.

ARIA

What's it like to be famous.

MARVIN

I wouldn't say I'm famous.

ARIA

But, you wrote Detective Donald!

Marvin smiles.

MARVIN

Anyone can write a story, Aria. It just takes patience. It doesn't make you any different then any other person. There's other things Aria that make you great Aria, and do you know what that is?

Aria shakes her head, "no."

MARVIN

Kindness, compassion, and love. That's what can make you a better person, Aria. Write that in one of your books someday. Marvin turns to look at Marissa, their eyes meet and Marissa smiles. She turns to look at Aria.

MARISSA

I think that's enough philosophy for one day.

INT. ARIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marissa tucks Aria into bed.

ARIA

Momma?

MARISSA

Yeah, baby?

ARIA

How come you and daddy don't live together?

Marissa pauses.

MARISSA

Mommy wasn't a very good wife for daddy.

ARIA

Why not?

Marissa looks at her daughter and strokes her face.

MARISSA

I'11-

ARIA

Tell me when I'm older?

Marissa is taken back at Aria's response.

ARIA

Daddy always says that.

Marissa pauses.

MARISSA

Momma was sick. Daddy couldn't fix me, so he left.

ARIA

Why?

MARISSA

I think he was scared.

Aria thinks this over.

ARIA

Well, are you okay now?

Marissa smiles.

MARISSA

Yes baby, I'm okay now.

ARIA

Good.

Aria hugs Marissa.

ARIA

I love you, momma.

MARISSA

I love you too baby.

(They release)

Now get some sleep. I gotta take you home in the morning.

Aria nods and lies back in bed.

EXT. MARVIN'S DRIVEWAY -- AFTERNOON

A red Camero pulls up in Marvin's driveway. Out of it steps a handsome stylish looking man. This is GREG. He walks to the front door and RINGS the doorbell.

INT. ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa walks to the front door and opens it for Greg. He looks Marissa over.

GREG

Hey, is dad in?

MARISSA

He's in his study.

GREG

Finally finishing that book?

MARISSA

I don't know, you'll have to ask him.

Marissa lets Greg in and he leisurely walks through the entry halls. He is about to step into the kitchen when Marissa stops him.

MARISSA

Your shoes?

Greg kicks them off toward the corner of the house.

Good enough?

Marissa rolls her eyes and goes to put them in order. Greg begins to wander through the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Greg wanders through the kitchen, picking things up and playing with them.

GREG

Fuck, dad. You old dinosaur; this place is just as I remembered it...

Marissa stands in the entryway of the kitchen just watching Greq. He cocks a smile at her.

GREG

You fitting in well here?

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Yeah, it's nice.

GREG

Yeah it is.

Greg looks over the house as he nods to himself.

MARVIN (O.S.)

I see you met Marissa Mayer.

Marvin enters into the kitchen in his wheelchair.

GREG

It's about time you showed up.

Greg turns away from his father toward the fridge. He opens it up and starts digging through it.

GREG

You know why I'm here. Don't you, dad?

MARVIN

I know why you're here.

GREG

I'm here cause I love ya.

Greg pulls out a milk carton.

MARVIN

Greg.

Greg drinks from the carton.

I mean as a person I hate your guts.
What you did to me?
 (Shakes his head)
But as my dad, I love ya.

Greg puts the milk back in the fridge and shuts the door, glancing at his father.

GREG

I'm back here to talk you out of being a dumbass.

MARVIN

Gregory-

GREG

(Cutting him off)

You see, I'm only doing this because I know you're not a dumbass. My father? A dumbass? Please, you're one of the smartest guys in the world so that's absolute bullshit.

MARVIN

Greq.

Greg wanders to a cupboard ignoring his father.

GREG

So I guess the real question is: If my father is not a dumbass why the is he not finishing the most important work in the world while he is still alive? Answer me that one, dad?

Marvin is silent and looks away from his son.

GREG

Can you answer the question? I sure as hell can't.

MARVIN

Gregory, what are you doing here?

Greg pulls out a bag of potato chips.

GREG

You got potato chips? Jesus fucking Christ that's amazing!

Greg opens the bag and starts popping the chips into his mouth.

MARVIN

Greg, what are you doing?

I'm eating, am I not allowed to eat in my old man's house?

MARVIN

That's not what I meant and you know it.

Greg notices Marissa standing in the doorway and gestures for her to leave.

GREG

What is she still doing here?
(To his father)
She's what? Mexican? Puerto Rican?
What kind of latino chick did you
get here, dad?

MARISSA

I'm not Latin.

GREG

Hey Seniorita, when I want to talk to you I'll do it in espanol, se?

MARVIN

Shut up, Greg!

Greg steps backward at Marvin's outburst. Marvin is furious.

MARVIN

Marissa, you can go wait in the study.

Marissa looks contemptuously at Greg and then walks out of the room. Marvin turns back to Greg.

MARVIN

If you came here because of Aaron, I'm going to call the police and get you removed off my property, do you understand?

Greg thinks for a few minutes as Marvin stares at him.

GREG

You're pretty good, dad. You got me pretty pegged.

Marvin sighs and turns to leave Greg.

GREG

Hey, before you roll out on me I just have a few things to say.

Marvin stops still not facing, Greq.

MARVIN

What's that?

This isn't all about me? Okay? I know you're pissed and you have every right to be pissed, but there's more then that ok? I came here for more then that.

MARVIN

I'm listening, Gregory.

GREG

Dad...the whole world is laughing at you. You've become a joke and I don't want that. Not for my father. I mean we have a name dad, a fucking name and you're just gonna trash it?

Silence.

MARVIN

That name killed you mother.

GREG

Oh dad don't even-

MARVIN

You will hear me out, Greg.

(A beat.)

When will you learn that what other people think is only ever going to hold us back. It turns us into something less then human, like a dog that works to please it's master. It creates something pathetic, monstrous, and stupid.

Marvin turns around.

MARVIN

Something that very much resembles you, my son.

A tense moment fills the room, Greg shakes with fury.

GREG

You wanna bring up the way I am? You wanna bring up mom? That's what you wanna do?

MARVIN

I may have been a terrible father, but it was your choice to become what you are.

GREG

And what am I, father?

I believe I just told you.

Greg grabs a book sitting on the table and throws it across the room, he starts throwing a tantrum like a child.

GREG

FUCK YOU!

MARVIN

Stop it, Greg.

GREG

Fuck you, you stupid bastard.

MARVIN

Gregory!

GREG

Mom hated you! She killed herself because she couldn't stand to be around you. She saw you for what you really were! You never had time for us! You were always doing some radio show, or some stupid interview with another fucking magazine.

(A beat while Greg calms down a bit)

Or writing. You were always writing and we could never see you. You neglected us for your stupid books and when I wanted you to be there for me you yelled at me! You fucking yelled at me, your own fucking son. Mom was the only thing that held our family together. And when she realized that you loved your stupid books more then her...that's when she knew it wasn't worth it. That's when you killed her. You killed her. Then all the sudden you wanted us. Then you didn't want to be alone. Well fuck that. Why don't you just do what you're good at? Write, neglect us and write. I hate you. Mom hates you. Everyone hates you.

Greg's eyes have turned red and filled with tears. He turns around to leave.

MARVIN

Gregory!

Greg stops but doesn't turn around to look at his father.

MARVIN

I'm sorry.

Greg holds up his middle finger and then walks out on his father. Marvin sits in the middle of the kitchen as his son walks away.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marvin lies on the floor holding a picture of his family in his hands. Tears fall from his face onto the glass of the picture.

MARVIN

Lois.

Marvin holds a gun in his hand that he slowly strokes with his fingers.

MARVIN

I don't know what happened. I don't know what I was thinking.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MARVIN'S DRIVEWAY -- DAY, YEARS AGO

Marvin pulls into the driveway and gets out of his car. He wears a business suit and sunglasses. He's talking on his cell phone while he fixes his tie.

MARVIN

Jack, I told you I'm not doing Good Morning America. My last experience there was horrible and I'm not doing it again.

Marvin reaches the door and opens it, entering the house.

INT. ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin kicks off his shoes and walks into the house.

MARVIN

I don't really care how you want to explain that to them, do it however you want.

Marvin walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin throws his bags onto the counter. The whole house is a pit. Things are lying everywhere it looks like no one has cleaned in days.

MARVIN

It looks like Lois is sick.

Marvin picks up some dishes and throws them in the sink.

MARVIN

(Half joking)

Look at this place. I leave for a couple weeks and the place goes to hell.

Marvin leaves the kitchen and walks through the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin sees that there's scribbling on the walls in crayon. He stops to stare at the drawings that look like a five year old scribble.

MARVIN

I don't know. She acts like she's sick, she says she wants to see a doctor but I'm not paying for that.

Pause as Marvin continues to look at the scribbles.

MARVIN

(To himself)

What the hell?

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin at the base of the stairs sees an empty bottle of vodka.

MARVIN

Jack? I'm going to have to call you back.

Marvin closes his cell phone and starts to walk up the stairs. He is unnerved and cautiously walks up the stairs.

MARVIN

Lois?

INT. UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin walks to his closed bedroom door and stands in front of it. He knocks softly.

MARVIN

Lois?

Marvin moves a shaky hand to the door and slowly turns the knob. He pushes open the door. The sight causes him to drop his cell phone and fall to his knees. Lois is lying on the bed in a pool of her own blood and vomit. She has slit her own wrists after drinking herself senseless and overdosing

on prescription pills. Marvin kneels at the entry to the doorway mumbling to himself.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin strokes the face of Lois in the family picture and then drops it to the floor. He looks into the sunlight coming from his window and slowly lifts the gun to his head. He presses the gun against his temple and pulls back the hammer.

MARVIN

I'm sorry.

MARISSA (O.S.)

(Whisper)

Don't.

Marvin stiffens at the sound of Marissa's voice.

MARISSA

Please don't.

MARVIN

Marissa.

MARISSA

I don't care if what he said was true or not, it doesn't matter.

MARVIN

Marissa, I am dying.

MARISSA

I know Marvin, but your not dead. You're still alive right now and you still have the ability to do good things.

MARVIN

I spent my whole life doing great things, Marissa. And what has it done?

Marissa sits on Marvin's bed so she can see his face.

MARISSA

I didn't say great things. I said good.

MARVIN

There's too many sins to confess, Marissa. Not enough good deeds to erase them. MARISSA

That's not true. That's not true, Marvin.

MARVIN

Goodbye, Marissa.

Marvin closes his eyes.

MARISSA

If you pull that trigger, Marvin, I don't know what I'll do. You're the only thing keeping me sane right now, Marvin. You're the only thing I have left to hold on to. And if you die...I don't know what will happen.

MARVIN

Marissa.

MARISSA

I'm not trying to be selfish here,
Marvin. I'm just trying to be
truthful. You don't think there's
anything left for you? What about
me? You're my only friend. And you
have become my friend Marvin. And
you mean so much to me...to my life...

Marvin slowly sets the gun down while releasing the hammer. Tears are running down his cheek now.

MARISSA

... Thank you, Marvin. Thank you...

Marvin reaches for Marissa and she holds him close and then wipes away his tears.

MARISSA

...It'll be ok. It'll all be fine.

MARVIN

Take me away from the place.

Marissa takes Marvin in her arms and lifts him up. She carries him out of the room.

MARISSA

Your wife is very proud of you.

INT. MARVIN'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin sits at the kitchen table writing on his lap top. Marissa is putting away dishes.

There's no way you can say that the Notebook was good.

MARISSA

It's so sad.

MARVIN

It's sad how bad the writing is.

MARISSA

How can you say that?

MARVIN

Have you read the notebook?

MARISSA

Have you read the notebook?

MARVIN

Yes and it was crap.

MARISSA

You're crap.

MARVIN

That's harsh.

MARISSA

It's the price that one pays for not appreciating good writing.

Marissa walks out of the room.

MARVIN

(Yelling at her)

What are you talking about? I appreciate good writing, that's not good writing.

(Pause)

Marissa get back here, I'm not finished arguing with you. Marissa!

INT. MARVIN'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa walks through the room straightening things up. She looks out the window and sees Dr. Wilson approaching the door and her expression changes to dejection.

MARISSA

Shit.

EXT. FRONT DOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Wilson knocks on the front door. There is a pause as he steps back and looks around the house. He sighs and looks back the door that opens to reveal Marissa.

MARISSA

Hello, Doctor.

DR. WILSON

Hello, Marissa.

Dr. Wilson pushes his way into the entry way.

INT. ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Dr. Wilson takes off his shoes.

DR. WILSON

Beautiful day, isn't it?

MARISSA

Yes it is.

Dr. Wilson passes Marissa and walks into the kitchen.

DR. WILSON

Day that just makes you glad to be alive.

Marissa follows him.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

MARISSA

I guess you could say that.

Dr. Wilson throws his briefcase up on the table and opens it.

DR. WILSON

I've heard Marvin has been difficult in the past week.

Marissa shakes her head.

MARISSA

No, not at all.

Dr. Wilson shoots Marissa a skeptical glance.

DR. WILSON

I hear you've been the problem.

MARISSA

Really?

DR. WILSON

Just what I've heard.

Marissa doesn't quiet know how to respond to that. She watches Dr. Wilson for a while and then turns her attention to cleaning the kitchen.

DR. WILSON

I assume Marvin is in his study?

MARISSA

No, actually, I don't think so. He's taken to wandering about the house these days.

Dr. Wilson chuckles.

DR. WILSON

Taking everything in before it's gone?

MARISSA

Excuse me?

Dr. Wilson plays it off nonchalantly.

DR. WILSON

Nevermind.

Marvin enters the kitchen.

MARVIN

Doctor.

DR. WILSON

Marvin, how are you?

MARVIN

 $\ensuremath{\text{I'm}}$ good , the best $\ensuremath{\text{I've}}$ been in a long time.

Dr. Wilson gathers his things up into his briefcase.

DR. WILSON

Well I'm glad to hear that.

Marvin scoffs.

MARVIN

No you're not.

Dr. Wilson pauses. After a considerable silence he speaks.

DR. WILSON

Let's move somewhere more private.

MARVIN

If you need to.

Marvin turns and wheels himself into the living room. Dr. Wilson follows as Marissa watches him out of the corner of her eye.

INT. MARVIN'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin wheels himself around and motions for Wilson to take a seat, which he does. They are silent for a while as Wilson opens up his briefcase and goes through Marvin's papers.

DR. WILSON

So you've been well?

MARVIN

Best I've been in years. Maybe the best ever.

DR. WILSON

Indeed. And how's your novel coming?

MARVIN

It's coming.

DR. WILSON

What's changed in your life to make you so happy?

Marvin shruqs.

MARVIN

Honestly? Marissa, but it's more then Marissa. It has something to do with the fact that I don't feel trapped anymore. I don't feel lonely. Like I have to worry about everyone.

DR. WILSON

Isn't that what got you into your depression in the first place? Not caring about others? Isn't that why your wife killed herself?

MARVIN

That may be true doctor. However, she didn't kill herself because I didn't care about her. She killed herself because I cared about my work more.

DR. WILSON

You mentioned Marissa.

MARVIN

Yes, she's been a great friend to me.

DR. WILSON

Platonic?

Marvin shoots Wilson a skeptical look.

Of course.

DR. WILSON

This isn't some infatuation?

Marvin scoffs in disgust.

MARVIN

Are you serious?

DR. WILSON

You're at a very vulnerable point in your life, Marvin. You may think your feelings for her are innocent, but these feelings can lead to more.

Marvin doesn't know what to say.

MARVIN

Of course it's not like that. She's half my age for Christ sake. She's like a daughter to me. A student. Not a lover. I already have a love.

DR. WILSON

But she's dead.

MARVIN

And I'll be dead soon.

Pause.

DR. WILSON

Very well. How about-

MARVIN

Doctor?

DR. WILSON

Yes, Marvin?

MARVIN

I don't think I'll be needing you anymore.

Dr. Wilson looks surprised at this news.

DR. WILSON

What?

MARVIN

Honestly, you never really helped me. And I think I've found someone who can.

DR. WILSON

Marvin, I think-

I don't really care what you think. You've been thinking so much you overlooked what I've really needed.

Marvin looks at Marissa as she passes through the kitchen.

MARVIN

A friend. A person who really cared.

DR. WILSON

Marvin, do you want to die with guilt? With pain?

MARVIN

No doctor, but you aren't going to take any of that away.

Dr. Wilson quickly stuffs his papers back into his briefcase and stands up quickly.

DR. WILSON

Hear me out on this one thing before I leave, Marvin. You may think that you've solved your problems. You may think you've got everything figured out. But now is when you'll need me the most. Now is when I am most valuable to you.

MARVIN

No offense Dr. Wilson. But go to hell.

Dr. Wilson turns and storms out of the house. Marissa enters the living room and starts putting books away in the bookshelf.

MARVIN

Do you think I hurt his feelings?

MARISSA

For an old, bitter, bastard, I think you let him down quite nicely.

They look at each other and chuckle a little.

MARVIN

Now about my respect for good writing...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Aria lies asleep in Marissa's lap. Marissa strokes her daughter's hair slowly as she watches the T.V.

INT. STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin sits in front of his laptop typing away. He writes in a furious fashion quickly slamming his fingers against the keys. We watch the screen and words jump out at us. HOPE, PURPOSE, FAITH, LIFE, LOVE, PEACE, HAPPINESS. Suddenly, Marvin's hand begins to shake uncontrollably. He starts to go into a stoke.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Marvin finds himself staring into the eyes of Lois, who stands in the middle of a pond, dressed in a pearly white gown. She reaches out he hand to Marvin who walks toward her slowly.

MARVIN

Lois...

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin struggles in his study to breath and remain conscious. He tries to cry out but no words come out of his mouth.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Lois takes Marvin's hand and pulls him into the pond.

MARVIN

Lois.

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin collapses to the ground, still struggling to breath.

MARVIN

(Raspy, barely audible)

Marissa...marissa...

The door to the study opens and Marissa enter.

MARISSA

Marvin, I was going to make tea and-

Marissa gasps in horror at Marvin's lifeless body.

MARISSA

Oh God.

Marissa rushes to Marvin's body and kneels down next to him. She checks his pulse.

MARISSA

Oh God, no. ARIA!

Marissa holds on of Marvin's hands and starts to stroke his hair.

MARISSA

Stay with me Marvin, stay with me. ARIA CALL 9-1-1!! Don't do this to me Marvin, please.

FLASH

We see Lois' face.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Aria sits next to Marissa holding her hand. Marissa is staring at the floor not knowing what to say or do.

ARIA

Momma?

Marissa shifts her view to her little girl.

ARIA

Is he gonna be alright?

Marissa's lip quivers at the question.

MARISSA

I-I don't know, baby. I don't know.

Marissa holds back the tears for now. She rubs Aria's hand gently. Aria hugs Marissa.

ARIA

I don't want him to die.

MARISSA

I know.

Marissa looks down into Aria's eyes.

MARISSA

But he's lived a good life. And at least he knew that he was loved.

Aria nods slowly and then buries her face into Marissa, who gently strokes Aria's hair.

MARISSA

It'll all be okay, it'll all be just fine.

ARIA

Momma?

MARISSA

Yes?

ARIA

Do you believe in Heaven?

Marissa is silent at first.

MARISSA

Well, I know there is a God, because he brought me Marvin...and he brought me you.

(A beat)

So yeah. There must be a heaven.

ARIA

Do you think Marvin will go to heaven?

Marissa smiles and once again looks down at her daughter.

MARISSA

I don't think I've ever been more sure of anything.

Aria leans her head back against her mother.

ARIA

Good.

A NURSE approaches Marissa and Aria.

NURSE

Are you Marissa Mayer?

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Yeah, that's me.

NURSE

Mr. Jacobs is in stable condition.

Marissa breathes a sigh of relief.

MARISSA

Thank God.

NURSE

He's talking and he said that he would like to see you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Marissa opens the door to Marvin's room, Aria is holding her hand still. Marvin is hooked up to numerous machines as he lies in bed. He looks over at Marissa and tries his best to give a smile. Marissa chokes up seeing Marvin in this state, but doesn't let it get to her. She walks in slowly and sits down next to his bed.

I told Lois...it could wait.

Marissa laughs a little at the joke.

MARVIN

I think she might be getting a little jealous at how much time we're spending together.

Marissa chuckles a bit and takes Marvin's hand.

MARISSA

Tell her that she gets to spend eternity with you. I only get a few more years.

Marvin shakes his head.

MARVIN

I don't think it will be that long.

MARISSA

What do you mean?

Marvin looks deep into Marissa's eyes and gives a little smile.

MARVIN

Men weren't supposed to live like this, Marissa.

(A beat)

When weren't supposed to lie in a bed and kept alive by rubber tubes and machines.

Marissa nods slowly and looks to Aria who doesn't understand what is happening. Marvin strokes Marissa's face gently.

MARVIN

You've become the child I wish I had. The daughter that was never born.

Marissa smiles.

MARVIN

Can you do one last thing for me?

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Anything.

MARVIN

Take me home.

(MORE)

(A beat)

I don't want to die here in this hospital bed.

Marissa runs her hand through her hair and nods.

MARISSA

Aria, stay here with Marvin, I'll be back soon.

Marissa turns and walks out of the room. Marvin beckons for Aria to come closer.

ARIA

Are you gonna be okay?

MARVIN

Don't you worry about me. I have a more important job for you. I want you to look after your mother when I'm gone okay?

Aria nods.

ARIA

Are you gonna die?

Marvin nods.

ARIA

I don't want you to die.

MARVIN

There comes a point in your life, Aria where you begin to understand when your time has ended. Just like every good book comes to an end, so do our lives. And they don't always have to be sad endings they can be happy ending. Maybe even perfect endings.

Marvin beckons for Aria to step closer leans over so he can talk softer to her.

MARVIN

And that's what I want, Aria. I'm looking for the perfect ending. Do you know what I'm talking about?

Aria nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARISSA'S CAR -- NIGHT

Marissa is driving Marvin back to his house. Marvin sits in the car leaning against the seat. He has no strength in his body to sit up. Aria is in the back seat sleeping. Marvin looks over at Marissa in the drivers seat.

MARVIN

It's going to be hard on you. These last few days.

Marissa keeps her eyes on the road and swallows hard.

MARISSA

I know.

MARVIN

I don't want to burden-

MARISSA

Marvin, you know you won't.

Silence.

MARVIN

I have to finish my book.

Marissa doesn't say anything.

MARVIN

I found it, Marissa. I found it.

Marissa is confused. She glances at Marvin to see if he's crazy and then turns to attention back to the road.

MARISSA

Found what, Marvin?

MARVIN

My ending. I know what it is,

Marissa.

(A beat)

Christ, you don't even know what it's about do you?

MARISSA

Marvin, I don't even know what your talking about.

MARVIN

My book, Marissa. I know how to end my book. Do you want to hear about it?

Marissa glances over at Marvin.

MARISSA

Yeah, sure.

Marvin smiles and he is lost in his world.

MARVIN

It's about a rich lawyer who loses everything as his firm goes under. He struggles to come to grips with his losses and meanwhile his perfect world falls down around him. His wife leaves him, she takes the kids, he loses his house, his car, everything. And then he finds this angel in the street. This angel takes him into the deep of the streets and there he meets a young beggar woman. They spend days sharing stories, talking, laughing even.

Marissa looks at Marvin to see if he's done. She takes his long silence as a sign he is.

MARISSA

What's the ending?

Marvin smiles and looks at Marissa.

MARVIN

He comes to see her one day and she's dead. Apparently this beggar woman wasn't a beggar at all. She was a millionaire and she leaves her fortune to the young man. He goes to see his fortune and it does, in fact, exist. But, instead of spending it he decides to sit down on that same corner and wait for someone who deserves the fortune, someone who will take the time to an old beggar.

Marissa nods slowly, she smiles.

MARISSA

Wow. Marvin, it sounds amazing.

Marvin is almost asleep.

MARVIN

I thought you'd like it.

INT. MARVIN'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Marissa picks up Marvin's kitchen phone and dials a number.

MARISSA

(Into the phone)

Hey, Dr. Davis?...Yeah it's me...An emergency has come up can we reschedule?...Yeah that sounds great. Thanks.

Marissa hangs up the phone.

INT. STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Marvin sits in front of his laptop and tries to type, but he's too weak to make it efficient. One of his hands drops of the desk and into his lap. He sighs in frustration. The door then opens and in walks Aria.

ARIA

Marvin?

Marvin looks over at Aria who enters with a cup of tea. She sets is down on the table and looks worried at Marvin. Marvin sees her concern and smiles at her.

MARVIN

I'm...not...as strong....as I once was.

Aria's expression doesn't change.

MARVIN

I need you....to do....something for me.

Aria nods. Marvin wheels himself backward, away from the desk.

MARVIN

Grab a chair.

Aria pulls a chair in front of the computer.

MARVIN

I need you to write something for me, okay?

Aria nods.

ARIA

Okay.

MARVIN

And he said to her. Hit enter.

Aria slowly plucks at the keyboard and finally hits enter.

MARVIN

"Don't leave me."

Aria types slowly again.

MARVIN

She smiled at him...and said...

Aria keys in the words.

"I'm...going...home."

Aria types it down.

MARVIN

"I'm going...to be...with the one I love."

Aria types.

MARVIN

And that's where...you can find her...To this day...at home.

Aria types.

MARVIN

The End.

Marissa enters and stands in the doorway. Marvin gives her a little wink.

MARISSA

Did you finish it?

MARVIN

No.

(A beat)

Aria did.

Marissa looks at Aria and smiles.

MARISSA

Aria, can you go upstairs and make your bed?

Aria runs out of the room. Marissa takes Aria's chair and looks at Marvin.

MARISSA

Would you like your tea?

Marvin nods. Marissa gets the cup and gently lifts it to Marvin's mouth. Marvin sips from it.

MARVIN

It's really good.

MARISSA

I found it in the back of your cupboard, it some sort of chai.

Marvin lights up.

Ah, it was a Christmas gift from Larry. I never thought the man to have very good taste.

(A beat)

But this is pretty good tea.

Marissa smiles and Marvin sips again.

MARVIN

I know you...never signed up for this.

MARISSA

Yes I did.

MARVIN

When?

MARISSA

When we became friends.

Silence.

MARVIN

I need to lay down.

Marissa gets close to Marvin and he puts his arms around her. She lifts him up and waddles with him to the bed.

MARVIN

May I have this dance Miss Mayer?

Marissa giggles.

MARISSA

Indeed, Mr. Jacobs.

MARVIN

If we're going to dance...we need a song.

Marissa thinks to herself.

MARISSA

You know what song I love?

MARVIN

What?

MARISSA

Stand By Me.

MARVIN

Ah yes, Ben E. King.

(Singing raspily)

When the night...has come...and the land is dark...and the moon...

Marvin is too tired to continue.

MARISSA

(Singing)

Is the only light we'll see, no I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid. Just as long as you stand, stand by me.

Marissa laughs and slowly drops Marvin into his bed. Marissa looks out the window and sees a car pulling.

MARVIN

What is it?

MARISSA

A car just pulled in the driveway.

MARVIN

It can't be, Larry, he's not supposed to be here until 2.

Peter gets out of the car.

MARISSA

It's Peter.

Marissa turns and walks out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa walks through the hallway.

MARISSA

Aria! You're father is here!

Marissa walks to the entry way.

INT. ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUOUS

There is a knock on the door and Marissa opens it up instantly. Peter is shocked at how quick she arrive and is taken back.

PETER

Marissa.

MARISSA

Peter.

Peter tries to look around the house from outside.

PETER

Where's Aria?

MARISSA

I think she's coming.

PETER

That's good.

There's pause as neither knows what to say.

MARISSA

Aria!?

Aria comes around the corner. She sees her father and stops.

PETER

Hey, honey.

ARIA

Hi, Daddy.

PETER

Are you ready to go, baby?

ARIA

I guess.

Aria huge her mother.

MARISSA

Bye, Aria.

Aria starts to walk out with her father.

ARIA

Wait, I have to say goodbye to, Mr. Jacobs.

Aria turns and runs back into the house.

INT. MARVIN'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Aria opens the door to Marvin's room.

ARIA

Goodbye Mr. Jacobs.

Marvin smiles.

MARVIN

(Barely audible)

Goodbye, Aria...

Aria turns and leaves the room in a rush.

MARVIN

...Goodbye.

EXT. MARVIN'S DRIVEWAY -- AFTERNOON

Larry's car pulls up in the driveway. Larry gets out of the car and walks to the door. He knocks and Marissa opens it.

LARRY

How is he.

MARISSA

He doesn't have long.

LARRY

I see.

MARISSA

This is probably his last chance to get things in order.

LARRY

(Sighs)

Okay.

MARISSA

Come in.

Larry enters the house.

INT. STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin lies on his bed when there is a knock at the door.

MARVIN

(Raspy)

For...God sake Larry...I'm dying...I...can't make...it to...the door.

Marrisa enters the room and Larry follows.

MARVIN

There's good news, Larry.

LARRY

Yeah?

MARVIN

The manuscript is under my desk.

LARRY

(Excited)

The book's done!

MARVIN

Yes, and it would seem timely to. The reason I brought you here is to square away my possessions.

LARRY

I figured as much.

Larry opens his briefcase and starts pulling out papers.

LARRY

There's only a few more things to go over.

MARVIN

No, I don't want to use my old will.

Larry drops his briefcase in shock.

LARRY

What?

MARVIN

I'm rewriting my will, Larry.

LARRY

(Skeptical)

0k...

MARVIN

And I'm leaving everything to Marissa.

Larry is in sheer shock.

LARRY

What?

MARVIN

Well you can have a couple hundred dollars, but mostly I want everything to go to her.

LARRY

Now Marvin, I want you to think about-

MARVIN

There is...nothing to think about...I know what I'm doing. Rewrite it, or I'll find someone else who will.

Larry nods.

MARVIN

Now is there something I have to sign?

LARRY

Yeah, a few things.

Larry pulls out some papers and hands them to Marvin. Marvin weakly scribbles his name.

MARVIN

If you do this for me Larry, but tonight, I'll make it worth your while. LARRY

I'll get on it right away.

MARVIN

You do that.

Larry walks out of the room.

MARISSA

You don't have to do this, Marvin.

MARVIN

Shh, shh, It's my ending. The perfect ending.

(A beat)

not scared anymore...

Something...very...interesting happened between us...Marissa.

(He struggles to speak)
When you came here...I thought I was looking for a reason to live... but in the end, I really think I was searching for a reason to die...a reason to let myself pass away...and I not be scared to die. I didn't want to ...to die alone...but I'm

Marvin can't speak anymore he's too weak. Marissa kisses him on the cheek and takes his hand sitting next to him.

MARISSA

Rest, Marvin.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Marissa sits in the kitchen with a cup of coffee. Father Ryan sits across from her.

MARISSA

Thank you for coming on such short notice.

FATHER RYAN

It's part of the job, Marissa.

MARISSA

Yeah, I guess so.

Pause.

FATHER RYAN

So what happens to you after this is all over?

MARISSA

I don't know. I-I just don't know.

Father Ryan takes a sip of his coffee.

FATHER RYAN

He took your parents place didn't he?

MARISSA

In a way. He was a friend when I needed one.

FATHER RYAN

I'm worried about you Marissa.

Marissa pushes her hair behind her ears.

MARISSA

For the first time, Father. I'm not.

FATHER RYAN

You're not?

MARISSA

Worried. I'm not scared. I feel...I don't know how exactly to say it.
But, I don't dread tomorrow. I'm not scared of the future.
I'm...strangely comfortable with everything that's happening and that's going to happen. I know that sounds horrible. And I don't mean it how it sounds. But I-

Father Ryan takes Marissa's hand.

FATHER RYAN

You're happy, Marissa. For the first time in a long time your finally happy.

INT. STUDY -- LATER

Marissa opens the door to the study and enters in. Marvin is lying in his bed.

MARISSA

Are you okay?

MARVIN

(Raspy)

I need...bathroom...

MARISSA

Ok.

Marissa walks to his bed and leans down over Marvin and puts her arms around him.

MARISSA

You okay, Marvin?

Marvin doesn't answer he just looks like he's off in another planet.

MARISSA

Come on Marvin, let's get over to the bathroom. Let's dance to our song, what's our song Marvin?

Marvin doesn't answer. Marissa starts to waddle with Marvin over to the bathroom.

MARISSA

Come on Marvin, you know our song.

Marissa gets him into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

MARISSA

(Singing)

When the night has gone...

Marissa gets Marvin into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MARISSA

Come on Marvin, you can sing it.

She looks into his eyes and swallows hard. She checks his pulse.

MARVIN

(Very quietly and raspy)

Stand....by me.

Marissa smiles with tears in her eyes.

MARISSA

There you go, Marvin.

Marissa sits Marvin down on the toilet and helps him take off his pants. She looks him right in the eyes.

MARISSA

When you're done, just stomp your foot. Can you do that?

Marvin grunts his response. Marissa nods trying to handle the situation the best she can. She leans against the wall and watches Marvin.

MARISSA

You know what, Marvin? I've been thinking about reapplying for my medical license.

(MORE)

MARISSA

About being a doctor again. Maybe I can get back to work.

(Pause)

But, I hated the hours. And if I'm going to be an single mother then I'm going to have to be home a lot more. Maybe I could look into nursing. Maybe at a retirement home or something.

Marvin's foot lightly stomps.

MARISSA

Are we done?

Marissa reaches down and lifts up Marvin, pulling his pants up at the same time. She flushes the toilet and starts dancing him back to the bed.

MARISSA

Here we go Marvin, dancing again. I don't think I've ever danced with someone famous before. I can't even remember the last time I danced. I don't think me and Peter ever danced. I mean maybe like at our wedding or something, but he hated dancing and I was way too shy.

INT. STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Marissa lays Marvin down in his bed. She pulls up a chair and sits next to him.

MARISSA

Are you still with me, Marvin?

Marvin stares at the ceiling.

MARVIN

Stand, stand by me.

MARISSA

Yes, Marvin. That's our song. Stand By Me. Ben E. King. That's right.

MARVIN

Lois...

MARISSA

Yes, Marvin you'll be with Lois soon. She'll be really happy to see you.

Marissa strokes Marvin's face. His eyes are distant and he seems lost in another world.

MARISSA

I don't really know what I'll do with out you. You've become such a part of my life, Marvin.

MARVIN

Home...

MARISSA

Mmhmm, you're going home. You're going home to heaven...

Pause as Marissa takes Marvin's hand. He gives her the gentlest squeeze.

MARISSA

Isn't that weird, Marvin? A couple months ago I didn't even believe in heaven. I didn't really believe in much. And here I am...

MARVIN

Stand by me.

Tears come to Marissa's eyes.

MARVIN

Stand...stand by me...

MARISSA

I'm here Marvin. I'm right here.

Marissa struggles not to cry. She brings Marvin's hand to her lips and kisses it.

MARVIN

Lois...

MARISSA

Go to her, Marvin. Go to Lois.

Marvin's grip tightens really hard.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Marvin is back in the woods and walking toward Lois who is slowly pulling him into the water. As he seems to get closer she seems to sink deeper and deeper.

BACK TO SCENE

MARISSA

Go home Marvin. Go home.

Marvin's eyes light up for a second as the last bit of life springs itself out.

MARVIN

Home...Lois.

Marvin closes his eyes slowly and peacefully.

MARISSA

That's right...it's ok.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Marvin is deep in the water and as he pulls close to Lois he finally sinks under it.

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin's hand goes limp in Marissa's and his eyes slowly close. She strokes his hair one last time and then checks his pulse.

Marvin is dead.

Marissa smiles and sets his hands peacefully on his chest. She kisses him on his forehead.

MARISSA

Marvin? Can you hear me? I just wanted to tell you one last thing. When I came to you Marvin, I was so lost. You told me that you were searching for a reason to die. Well I was desperately searching for a reason to live and a reason to love. And I found it Marvin, I found it through you. You can't imagine what the means to me....Goodbye, Marvin. I'll see you again someday.

Marissa stands up and walks out of the room. As she gets to the door she turns off the lights.

INT. DR. DAVIS' OFFICE -- DAY

Marissa sits, staring out the window, across from Dr. Davis a man who is stout with grey hair and a chubby face. Dr. Davis sips a cup of coffee as Marissa calmly sits across from him.

DR. DAVIS

So how are you doing Marissa?

Marissa smiles and looks over at Dr. Davis.

MARISSA

I'm good.

DR. DAVIS

And Aria?

Marissa curls her hair behind her ears.

MARISSA

She just turned seven. Peter threw her a party for her friends, but I took her down to Countryside to celebrate. I think she really liked it.

DR. DAVIS

Yes, now you've started working at a Senior Assisted Living Center, right?

MARISSA

Yes, that's right.

DR. DAVIS

And you're happy there.

MARISSA

Very much so. You can...you can just learn so much form the elderly.

(A beat.)

If you just take the time to listen.

Dr. Davis scribbles some notes down on a legal pad. He takes another sip of coffee, Marissa turns to look out the window again. Summer is finally drawing to a close.

DR. DAVIS

Let's talk about your parents.

MARISSA

What do you want to know?

DR. DAVIS

Were they dear to you?

MARISSA

They were amazing people.

DR. DAVIS

Do you still feel their loss?

MARISSA

Everyday. They were a great inspiration to me.

DR. DAVIS

And how do you cope with that?

MARISSA

I find someone to care for. Someone who can be a new inspiration.

DR. DAVIS

Like Marvin?

Marissa pauses for a moment as she reminisces. She looks at $\mbox{\rm Dr. Davis}$ again and nods.

MARISSA

Yes, doctor. Exactly like Marvin.

THE END