

WENDY
Hi.

LARRY
I saw you come in.

Wendy sees that Larry is holding some flowers.

LARRY (CONT'D)
These are for you.

WENDY
Thanks.

She takes them and brings them to her nose to smell them.

LARRY
They don't have a scent. They're from the deli. I never understand why that is with flowers from there. I guess you have to go to a real florist and pay extra if you want the nice smell.

Wendy smiles and stands there. It's awkward.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Can I come in a minute?

Wendy opens the door and Larry enters.

WENDY
Where's Marley?

Larry immediately mists up.

LARRY
I wasn't going to tell you about it. I mean, it must seem ridiculous compared to what you've been going through. You had a human being die on you --

WENDY
(soft and sad)
Oh no.

LARRY
A significant human being. Your father.

WENDY
He's dead?

LARRY
We're going to do it tomorrow.

Wendy looks at him, upset.

LARRY (CONT'D)
His legs. He can't get around anymore. He
can't get up on the bed. He's so depressed.

WENDY
He's always been kind of mopey.

LARRY
It's not the same. She stopped eating.
There's a surgery, but the vet says
there's no guarantees. And the
rehabilitation is brutal. She's old,
Wen. She's in pain.

Larry breaks down crying. Wendy tries to comfort him. They
hug. Larry tries to kiss her, but she doesn't kiss him
back. Her arms hang limply by her side. When he realizes
he can't inspire her lust, he stops and steps back.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about your Dad.

WENDY
I'm sorry about Marley.

LARRY
If you ever want to re-indulge in
unhealthy compromising behavior, you know
who to call, right?

Wendy smiles. Larry steps outside the door, walks down
the hall and heads for the stairs. Wendy stands at the
door, watching him go. After a moment --

WENDY
Larry...

He turns back.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

Larry looks at Wendy, hope brimming in his eyes.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Not about us, about Marley...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: