

MARCY

I want to paint the kitchen.

GLEN

Ok.

MARCY

Make it nicer. And maybe the living room.

Glen gets something out of the fridge. Nibbles. This is the most interest Marcy has shown in the house in a long long time. Glen comes and looks at the colors.

GLEN

I like the middle one.

Marcy takes the other two swatches down. They look. He chews. Glen snacks his way out of the room, as he goes-

GLEN (CONT'D)

We should think about the upstairs too, get rid of that pink.

Marcy puts the other two paint chips back up and considers.

24

INT LEIA'S ROOM, SAME MOMENT

24

Leia enters and shuts the door behind her, she lifts up her shirt, revealing a newspaper tucked into her waistband. She takes it out and unfolds it carefully, she reads. She reads. Her eyes fill with water. Her face registers whispers of concern, confusion, surprise, defiance and then defeat. She reads, she looks. Big fat tears hit the print, she wipes them away. One falls on Ben's photo, then another. She tries to blot them off without ruining the picture.

From off camera we hear a little voice. The voice of a little girl.

VOICE

~~"You are ruining it. You are ruining everything"~~

Leia looks up and over, we follow her gaze and there are Ben and a seven-year-old Leia. Their clothes are slightly dirty, and out of date. Where they sit on Leia's carpeted floor, it feels slightly different from the rest of the room, the basement bleeding into her present. Ben is younger and less haggard than his mug shot from the paper, he is average looking, not at all creepy. He has a commanding presence but not that of a bully, more of a politician. A politician in blue collar clothes with dirt under his nails.

M/W-Y

Ben

Seven 7 yr old

Leia

We alternate between watching just them and watching Leia as she watches them too.

BEN

~~Don't say that.~~

START 4-

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

Ruiner!

BEN

That's not very nice Leia.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

You are not very nice.

BEN

Who do you know that's nicer than me?

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

(Stops crying. Thinks) No one.

BEN

That's right.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

You are hurting him! Let's take him to the hospital! He has to go to the hospital.

BEN

Leia. We all know he can't go to the hospital. And Why?

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

But he has to!

BEN

Leia.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

(Defeated) Hospitals are bad.

BEN

Yes. Why? You can't just say something is bad without knowing why.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

(Reciting) They have no confidence in the nature of things. And no respect for the mystery of life.





BEN

Yes. And part of the mystery of life is death, and part of the nature of things is accepting that.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

I don't want him to die.

BEN

Well well, look who's lost their confidence in me.

Young Leia pouts with rebellion. Ben finishes what he is working on. It is a teddy bear. A Teddy Ruxbin. Ben has reattached a broken arm.

BEN (CONT'D)

There.

Ben holds the bear up, moves the arm. Moves the other arm. Turns the bear on. Both it's arms move. It says something like "Hello, I'm Teddy Ruxbin". Ben shuts the bear off.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

He's fixed! You fixed him!

BEN

That's what I told you I was doing.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

I thought you were hurting him. Like a doctor.

BEN

No. I was fixing him, like a Ben.

Ben moves some hair out of Leia's face. Wipes her cheeks, they are all wet from crying.

BEN (CONT'D)

You're a mess.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

You're a mess.

BEN

You get so worked up.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LEIA

Sorry.

BEN

~~You don't have to apologize. We can't help how we feel.~~

(MORE)

END 4