

**Marcel The Shell With Shoes On**

Screenplay by

Dean Fleischer Camp  
Jenny Slate  
Nick Paley

Story by

Dean Fleischer Camp  
Jenny Slate  
Nick Paley  
Elisabeth Holm

Based on the online shorts and characters created by

Dean Fleischer Camp and Jenny Slate

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The top floor of an old drafty Craftsman home. Dark, mostly empty, maybe abandoned. The only sound is a repeated, low-register WHISTLE. It has a solemn or devotional quality to it, like the sound of an empty soda bottle on the beach.

We PUSH slowly through the darkness, floorboards creaking, toward an OPEN CLOSET. Details begin to emerge: Old clothes in garment bags, desiccated house plant, a tennis racquet with a broken string. The detritus of a past life. Suddenly, deeper in the closet, SOMETHING STIRS.

We stop. It stops.

A BEAT.

It shifts. Emerging from behind the tennis racquet, it is-

A TENNIS BALL.

It rolls a little ways into the hallway toward us. Nothing pushing or pulling it. No visible strings and no obvious force acting on it that might explain this behavior.

It stops suddenly, rotates left, then right, like checking both ways at a crosswalk.

It banks a left, navigating around a bra on the floor, and continues casually out of frame...

We linger on the closet, *what the f\*ck?*

INT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING-

Downstairs is the same: Cobwebs, neglected house plants, discolored squares on the wall mark where pictures used to hang. Through the silence we hear:

*THUD...THUD...THUD...*

The TENNIS BALL descending the stairs.

*THUD-THUD-THU-THU-THU-*

THWACK!! It hits the landing with force.

TENNIS BALL (MUFFLED, FROM WITHIN)

...Ow.

It reorients itself, then pushes past us toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Crossing the living room, it navigates over rugs, around couch legs, etc, until-

DEAN (V.O.)  
I was asking if it's been  
difficult, this transition for you?

MARCEL (V.O.)  
Eh. Not in the way that I think you  
would think it would be, but-

The ball slams into a chair leg.

TENNIS BALL  
-Ugh!

MARCEL (V.O.)  
...Yeah.

It reverses, corrects course, continuing toward

THE PICTURE WINDOW-

Underneath the WINDOWSILL, the ball rolls to a stop, lightly bonking the wall.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
It's pretty much common knowledge  
that it takes at least 20 shells to  
have a community. That's the  
minimum you need to survive. So, I  
think at first I was thinking,  
'We're not going to make it.'

CLOSE UP

The BALL shifts, rocking back and forth to build momentum. EFFORT NOISES growing from within and finally- Pop! A FLAP on the ball swings open!

MARCEL tumbles out. He is a one-inch tall snail shell with a single googly eye, wearing a pair of sneakers. He is *not*- to be clear- a snail or slug, or any kind of little crustacean who *inhabits* a shell; He simply *is* a shell.

With shoes on.

MARCEL (V.O.)

But sometimes you just have to disregard those rules and think, well, actually the rule is that I want to be having a good life and stay alive, and not just survive, but have a good life.

He climbs out of the ball and clomps over to a PULL CORD dangling from the window shade.

He hops onto it, yanking the cord downward and activating its PULL MECHANISM-

ZIIIP! The cord, with Marcel on it, flies up out of frame as

THUNK! The blinds themselves drop and

UGH!! Marcel LEAPS off the cord as it arrives beside the windowsill. Ta-da: A perfect makeshift elevator.

MARCEL marches to the other side of the windowsill, where he throws his weight against the TILT ROD that controls the angle of the BLINDS. It begins to turn and finally...

MARCEL (V.O.)

This is what I have to do to get by.

WHOOSH! The blinds turn- MORNING LIGHT pours in through the open window, brightening the room- Street noise filters in- Wind rustling leaves, distant foot traffic, the morning commute

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Marcel hauls a heavy (for him) NYLON ROPE across the lawn toward a GINGKO TREE.

MARCEL (V.O.)

I appreciate its different beauties but it's not the way I would have done things if I was still in the group.

He drops the rope at the base of the tree, surveys a homemade knot...

CLOSE UP- MOMENT LATER

The ROPE now cinched to a particular BRANCH that is heavy with GINGKO BERRIES.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 My dad, Mario, and all of his  
 sisters, would be out on the limb,  
 and they'd be jumping up and down  
 on it to make the tree shake. But,  
 they're not here...

We FOLLOW the rope as it snakes down the tree to the ground, through grass and across the yard, where it disappears into the house through an OPEN WINDOW and...

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 So, that's why I have the electric  
 mixer.

INT. KITCHEN-

...LANDS at the foot of a heavy ELECTRIC STAND MIXER. The ROPE is tied to the ROTATING ELEMENT.

MARCEL  
 Ready?

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Go for it.

Marcel kicks the "START" button- MIXER whirs to life yanking the rope-

CLOSE ON ROPE

It WHIPS back and forth

CLOSE ON BRANCH

The rope shakes the tree violently, causing the BERRIES to fall and

CLOSE ON GRASS

hit the ground with gentle thumps and

BACK IN THE KITCHEN-

Marcel observes his handiwork from the windowsill. He turns:

MARCEL (PROUDLY)

Ta-da.

EXT. LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Marcel checks the state of the berries from the fallen bunch.

MARCEL (TO HIMSELF)

...kinda squished...You're too firm...Too firm...

MARCEL (V.O.)

And then the rest of us would be down here just collecting all the berries.

MARCEL (TO HIMSELF)

...Too firm...Weird shape.  
(finding one)  
Ah-ha! And the winner is! All right, let's get it rolling baby. You're coming with me.

He rolls the gingko berry out of frame.

EXT. BACK YARD - MOMENT LATER

Marcel pushing the berry, slowly making his way toward a dilapidated TREE HOUSE. He stops, exhausted, starts just kicking the thing instead.

The grass is tall and overgrown, so we can't actually see him- just the berry popping up each time he punts it. From a nearby drainage pipe, a family of JUMPING SPIDERS looks on, indifferent.

MARCEL (V.O.)

There are actually only two of us now...

INT. DINING ROOM- DUSK

TRACK through an empty dining room full of huge-seeming, human-sized furniture, an ancient oak dinner table, toward sounds of LAUGHTER echoing from, well...WHERE? *Another life? The distant past?*

We LAND instead at the foot of a small CHINA HUTCH where, inset, is a second, much smaller DINING ROOM and-

INT. SECOND, SMALLER DINING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

PUSHING IN, we find: Bistro-style CHAIRS fashioned out of WINE MUSELETS. A dinner table made from plastic PIZZA TOPPERS, neatly appointed with HANDKERCHIEF TABLECLOTH, a pair of QUARTERS for dinner plates (DIMES for salad, naturally). Illuminating the space are a bouquet of half-melted BIRTHDAY CANDLES standing on end a la tiki torches.

This is the source of all the laughter: MARCEL is seated across from another shell CREATURE- his grandmother NANA CONNIE (80s, Italian accent, tougher than she looks). They're post-meal, singing-laughing-roasting each other, crumbs everywhere, a drip too much wine maybe had.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
Myself, and my grandmother, Nana  
Connie.

Marcel cracks a joke and Connie- LOSES her shit!

SLOW MOTION as she tosses her head back cackling- crying-beautiful in the flickering light- Hers is a warm summer exterior concealing all the hardscrabble winters.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
Back when the Man and the Woman  
lived here, there were a lot of us.

CLOSE ON REFRIGERATOR-

On the door, FADED PHOTOS of a HUMAN COUPLE (MARK and LARISSA, we will learn) happy and in love. Above them is a newer, not-so-faded LAMINATED WELCOME CARD: "Welcome to our AirBnB!"

MARCEL (V.O.)  
There were more sounds and  
smells...

SUN ROOM-

Track past a variety of wilted HOUSE PLANTS. Between the branches we see a network of tiny TREEHOUSES and FOOT BRIDGES, all constructed from popsicle sticks and repurposed human garbage, all now abandoned...

LIVING ROOM-

The shelf of a neglected BAR CART. Amidst a forest of champagne flutes is a miniature PARISIAN-STYLE CAFE, now defunct, shrouded in cobwebs.

MARCEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...and there were things to say  
 because there were more people to  
 talk to.

INT. DINING ROOM WITHIN DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Connie reenters frame, dragging a stack of VHS TAPES into place to serve as a stage. Marcel climbs the "stairs"...

CONNIE  
 The Stage!

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 These days it's quieter.

Connie has a seat on a cork in the front row. Marcel clears his throat and sings...

MARCEL  
 One, two, three.  
 (singing)  
*"Hm-mm I want to linger/  
 a little longer/  
 A little longer here with you..."*

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

End of day- sun slipping behind trees- the neighborhood grows dark, save for the small TWINKLING LIGHTS in the one single window. Marcel's voice becomes distant, still hear faintly:

MARCEL (O.S.)  
*Hm-mm, it's such a perfect night/  
 Mm, it doesn't seem quite right/  
 Mm, that it should be my last with  
 you/ Mm-mmm.*

TITLE CARD: Marcel the Shell With Shoes On

CUT TO BLACK

INT. LIVING ROOM, COUCH ARM - DAY

Marcel is standing on the arm of a couch.

MARCEL  
 Hello. My name is Marsh- Ah, darn it. That's not the first time I've done that.  
 (restarting)



My name is Marcel, and I'm partially a shell as you can see on my body but I also have shoes and um- a face! So, I like that about myself and I like myself, and I have a lot of other great qualities as well-

DEAN (O.S.)  
That was great.

MARCEL  
Okay?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Marcel rolls another gingko BERRY through the grass.

MARCEL  
How long are you... What are you trying to do with all this?

DEAN (O.S.)  
I'm making like a little documentary that I might put online.

MARCEL  
*On...line?*

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MARCEL  
Eh. You lost me.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Marcel scratches his back on the rough edge of a cement FLAGSTONE.

DEAN (O.S.)  
You okay?

MARCEL  
I'm itchy. Are you recording?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MARCEL  
Right now?

DEAN (O.S.)

Yeah.

MARCEL

Oh! Well, what should I be doing?

DEAN (O.S.)

Just- well, don't do anything. Just do whatever you'd normally be doing. Like, if I weren't here?

A beat as Marcel considers this.

EXT. TREE - DAY

The ROTTED PLYWOOD LADDER of what was probably once a kid's treehouse. Marcel stands atop one of the slats, eyeing a length of TWINE which is stretched taut (like a TIGHTROPE) to something off-screen. Dangling underneath the tightrope is a TODDLER-SIZED ATHLETIC SNEAKER with the shoelaces looped over the twine to form a ZIP LINE.

Marcel tiptoes a little ways out onto the twine until he's directly above the sneaker, then dives off, cannon-balling into the open sneaker/zipline carriage below.

This generates enough bounce that the shoe is jostled from its resting place and begins to slide down the rope...

WIDE SHOT

As the SNEAKER, with Marcel in it, zips toward camera!

MARCEL

Aaaaaah!

HARD CUT:

EXT. WINDOWSILL- MOMENTS LATER

Marcel is now safely on the other side of the zip line, which ends at a windowsill off the kitchen. He climbs out of the sneaker, dropping down.

CAM ZOOMS IN on the MATERIAL of the twine- a gnarly mixture of torn rags, and bound lengths of...HUMAN HAIR???

DEAN (O.S.)

Where'd you get the rope?

MARCEL

This? Oh uh, I'll show you.

INT. BATH TUB

Marcel stands next to some suspiciously CURLY HAIRS in the bathtub drain.

MARCEL

I come to the bathroom and I get these hairs. Curly hairs, they're the strongest. Cause you have to uncurl it, but then you can see it's really long and strong!

O.S. Dean stifles a laugh.

MARCEL

Wha- what are you laughing at?  
(beat)  
We call them hardy hairs.

INT. MARCEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Marcel shows off his TREE HOUSE- a two-story structure hidden amongst a ficus tree. At the base of the plant where he sleeps, there are two pieces of WHITE BREAD stacked one on top of the other.

MARCEL

This is my bread-room! Uh, it's a *bed room*, but I sleep on a piece of bread so I just call it my-

Dean's rambunctious dog ARTHUR enters, pouncing, curious.

MARCEL

Woah!! Wha- *No!!*

Marcel hits the deck, seeking cover.

DEAN (O.S.)

Sorry sorry. He's just saying hi.

JUMP CUT-

Marcel hides with his back to the stalk of the ficus, Arthur on the other side sniffing...

MARCEL (V.O.)

I actually like the concept of having a dog...

Marcel trying to stay perfectly still as Arthur sniffs near him:

MARCEL  
Oh God, I can smell his face.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
But, I just tie a hair to a piece  
of lint, and I drag it around.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

Marcel takes his pet lint ALAN for a walk.

MARCEL  
Come on, I love you. Come, come.

INT. BATHROOM -

Marcel sitting on a massive lounge chair that dwarfs him:

MARCEL  
Some people say that my head is to  
big for my body. And, then I say:  
*Compared to what?*

INT. GUEST BATHROOM WINDOWSILL - DAY

Marcel sits on the windowsill, looking up at the sky:

MARCEL  
Sometimes, if don't have a way to  
itch my itch, the only thing I can  
do is I just stand there, I just  
let it get me, and I just have to  
scream it out.

Rapid cuts as:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM-

Marcel stands on the floor screaming loudly.

INT. HALLWAY -

Marcel stands in the hall screaming loudly.

INT. PANTRY -

Marcel stands in the pantry screaming loudly until--

He stops. The itch is over.

INT. KITCHEN/MUD ROOM- DAY

Arthur drinks water from his bowl as Marcel eyes him skeptically from a distance:

MARCEL (O.S.)  
He's your best friend? Don't you  
know any other *guys*, or...?

The CAMERA PANS to MARCEL.

MARCEL  
(realizing he's offended Dean)  
--Cool!

INT. FOYER/STAIRCASE - DAY

Marcel gets a running start and launches himself off the staircase onto

THE LANDING BELOW-

A SPOON arranged on the floor face up, with a GINGKO BERRY balanced on the flat of its handle. Marcel canon-balls onto the curved end- CLANG!!- flipping the spoon end over end and LAUNCHING the berry into the air where-

KITCHEN SPICE RACK-

The berry sails past its target (the spice rack), ricochets and SPLAT! explodes somewhere off camera.

MARCEL (O.S.)  
I never get it on the first try.

INT. FOYER/STAIRCASE- A MOMENT LATER

Marcel gets an even BIGGER running start, launching himself off the staircase and

JUMPCUT MONTAGE OF ATTEMPTS-

Berries continue to misfire. Marcel's frustration grows as he repeats the routine: run-jump-CLANK!-SPLAT! over and over again until finally...!

KITCHEN SPICE RACK-

The area around the spice rack is now covered in Ginkgo splatter. This time, the BERRY x hits it's mark, landing directly on the enclosed shelf of the spice rack.

MARCEL  
 Boom! There it is!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marcel stands in a puddle of honey next to a knocked over honey bear container.

MARCEL  
 "You miss 100% of the shots you don't take!" That's by the famous sports player named Wa-...

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Who?

MARCEL  
 Rain Genski. Rain Gre-

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Gretzky?

MARCEL  
 Grade-ski.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 What?

MARCEL  
 Wade Gensdy.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 No.

Marcel walks around the door frame.

INT. KITCHEN - STOCKPILE ENTRANCE - DAY

With his sticky feet, Marcel marches up the side of the fridge to a WALL-MOUNTED spice rack. Next to the spice rack, he pushes aside a tile, revealing his stockpile.

MARCEL  
 Way, wa whale- Could that be his name Whale Jet-ski?

INT. KITCHEN STOCKPILE - DAY

MARCEL  
 This is my stockpile. All right, so we got your basics here.

I got a couple of almonds. I have a dozen peanuts. It's basically your dry goods. You got a Craisin with the raisins, but the Craisin sits to the side because it is a treat.

DEAN (O.S.)

Is this an inhaler?

It is an INHALER. Dean's hand reaches in.

MARCEL

Uh, it's like, it's like a slide or something. Like I don't even actually know what this is.

DEAN (O.S.)

Where did you get that from?

MARCEL

From one of the people that stayed here for a night... Why?

DEAN (O.S.)

Did you take anything from me?

MARCEL

Uh.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Marcel pushes a LEAF aside, revealing DEAN'S CREDIT CARD has been installed as a FOOT BRIDGE between two potted plants.

DEAN (O.S.)

What is wrong with you?

MARCEL

I didn't know.

INT. OFFICE -

CLOSE ON DEAN'S LAPTOP

We see the previous scene ("What is wrong with you?" / "I didn't know") is actually a video playing on Dean's LAPTOP. Marcel stands on the laptop, watching himself onscreen.

MARCEL

So these are all the parts, put together?

DEAN (O.S.)

Mm-hmm.

MARCEL

And then now what?

DEAN (O.S.)

I'm gonna put it on the internet,  
and people can watch it.

Marcel drags the video to YOUTUBE, uploading it.

MARCEL

Oh!

The Mac LOW BATTERY warning pops up.

MARCEL (RE: ALERT)

Oh no. Is that? Your soda can is  
almost empty.

The DOORBELL rings. Arthur takes off, BARKING. Dean follows  
after him.

MARCEL

Whoa. Whoa.

DEAN (O.S.)

Oh, sorry. Hold on one second.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel stands on the table. In the background, a CLEANING  
LADY is doing dishes in the kitchen.

MARCEL

I don't know why you would call-  
what is cleaning the house if all  
she does is move things around and  
disturb the entire environment.

DEAN (O.S.)

She doesn't. She's doing dishes  
right now.

MARCEL

She's the harbinger of the vacuum.

The cleaning lady dries a glass, examining Marcel's honey  
footprints tracked up the kitchen wall. She wipes them away.



DEAN (O.S.)  
I can't tell her to go home. This  
is the scheduled time she is  
supposed to clean. The Airbnb  
host...

INT. LIVING ROOM KITCHEN COUNTER -

MARCEL  
The?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Airbnb?

MARCEL  
Um, what is "Air B-B?"

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel stands on Dean's open laptop, facing the screen. Dean shows Marcel his profile on Airbnb site. Dean's profile pic shows HIM and HIS WIFE embracing.

MARCEL  
Oh that's you--Who's she?--

Clearly trying to hide this, Dean rushes to click away, OPENING a photo of the HOUSE instead.

MARCEL  
Oh, wow. Wait, what? That's outside  
of here.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MARCEL  
This has kinda turned into like a  
computer hotel?

CLOSE ON LAMINATED AIRBNB DOCUMENT, hanging on fridge

DEAN (O.S.)  
Sort of, yeah.

MARCEL  
Why did you decide- why are you-  
why are you here?

DEAN (O.S.)

I had to move out of my old place,  
so I'm staying here until I find a  
new one.

MARCEL

Why did you have to move out?

DEAN (O.S.)

Umm... That's personal.

Long beat.

MARCEL

Okay.

Marcel wanders toward Dean's glasses sitting on the desk.

DEAN (O.S.)

You never talked to anyone who  
stayed here before?

MARCEL

Eh. People don't usually notice us.

Elsewhere, the VACUUM turns on.

MARCEL

Ah dangit. Sorry, we gotta pause.  
I gotta check on Nana Connie if  
this lady's gonna be running the  
vacuum.

Marcel hurries off screen.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, KITCHEN - DAY

An old TENNIS BALL rolls down the hallway.

MARCEL

This is the rover. It's the vehicle  
I use when I'm trying to get  
somewhere really fast.

The ball turns a corner, crashing into the base of a CD  
tower. It topples to the ground.

MARCEL

It's a good thing I don't have a  
car that I like care care about, it  
doesn't handle that great but-

The ball takes a turn, picks up speed then rolls past Arthur, who takes off after it. Dean sprints after him.

DEAN  
Arthur, Arthur!

EXT. BACK PATIO - DAY

Marcel stands on the porch's railing, looking out into the GARDEN.

MARCEL  
Just, watch your step please.  
Hopefully... she's... right around  
the corner here.

He spots CONNIE in the distance.

PAN TO REVEAL:

A series of window boxes built out into a TIERED VEGETABLE GARDEN with makeshift irrigation.

MARCEL  
There she is. That's a load off.  
[tripping] Ow, ugh, darn it.  
(turning to Dean)  
Can you actually wait here a sec?  
Because I do think that with you  
and- and with the camera it's just  
that I-

DEAN (O.S.)  
Okay.

MARCEL  
I just want to warn her.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Okay.

MARCEL  
Yeah.

MOMENTS LATER

Filmed from afar. Marcel quietly preps Connie in the garden.

MARCEL  
Brown head-hair, and he has  
glasses.

CONNIE  
You want me to leave?

MARCEL  
No, no, no! I want you to stay.

EXT. WINDOW BOXES - DAY

The camera approaches Connie and Marcel. They both face him expectantly.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Uh, where should I go?

MARCEL  
Just careful where you step.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, I know.

CONNIE  
And you're making what?

DEAN (O.S.)  
A documentary.

MARCEL  
Oh. It's like- A movie but nobody has any lines and the, nobody even knows what it is while they're making it.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(hesitant)  
Mm.

MARCEL  
No?

DEAN (O.S.)  
That's sort of a way to put it.  
Yeah. No, I just am making a little video portrait of Marcel and his life.

CONNIE  
About Marcel?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
A documentary, a film?

DEAN (O.S.)

Uh, yeah.

MARCEL

It's like the truth, kind of. It's a movie-

CONNIE

And it's the truth about Marcel?

MARCEL

I mean, I hope so. I guess you could really spin it and make me look like a total...

DEAN (O.S.)

So, this is your garden out here?

CONNIE

Yes.

DEAN (O.S.)

It's beautiful.

CONNIE

Thank you.

DEAN (O.S.)

Thank you for the aromas.

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN - DAY

B-ROLL: Panning over Connie's garden. Lush crops and a stone garden shed firmly planted in a wheelbarrow filled with soil. A shoestring ladder and a paper clip pulley system slung over the edge of a window box.

CONNIE (V.O.)

My house was always very popular. I had lots of friends. And if you told me then, years ago, I would spend so much time in a garden, I would have said, "Are you kidding?"

Connie approaches a strawberry.

CONNIE

See, these ones? You can feel them.

She gives the berry a gentle kick.

CONNIE  
They're not quite ripe, but in a  
few days they will be.

EXT. RAMP - DAY

Connie pushes a HEAVY ROCK up a ramp, trying to get it to the wheelbarrow garden.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
It wasn't easy. I didn't know  
anything about farming.

INT. PANTRY - DAY

A heart-shaped magnet on the fridge surrounding a photo of the couple -- Mark and Larissa -- who used to live here.

CONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Because when the couple still lived  
here, there was always food.

INT. DINING ROOM - SHELL RESTAURANT - DAY

A barren miniature dining room, filled with muselet chairs and jar-lid tables.

CONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In the pantry, in the kitchen.  
There were stacks here and there.

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN - DAY

Connie grunts, tightening one end of a rope around the ROCK and the other end to a BEET PLANT in the soil. She shoves the rock off the edge of the wheelbarrow and the momentum of its fall wrenches the beet from the soil. A harvest! Ingenious.

CONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But when they went away, the food  
disappeared.

INT. LIBRARY NOOK - DAY

High up on a shelf, a book begins to scoot itself toward the ledge.

CONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 So, I had to taught myself how to  
 farm.

The book falls. Connie emerges, peeking over the edge.

MOMENTS LATER

Now on the floor, Connie opens the book.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
 So, I had to taught myself how to  
 farm.

Connie stands on the page of a big *Cooks Illustrated*-style  
 BOOK ABOUT FARMING, quietly reading to herself.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 She's always been a pretty tough  
 cookie. You know?

CONNIE  
 Harvesting. Here it is.

Connie finds the page she's looking for and tries to tear it  
 out of the book. It won't come loose--

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 Everything has a function with her.  
 There's no one button that's there  
 for decoration. You know what I  
 mean?

Connie drags the whole book by its page, startling Arthur and  
 knocking over an umbrella holder as she heads outside.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 She's just like a backhoe.  
 (a beat)  
 But I will say you can really see  
 her tender side when she's working  
 with the bugs.

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN - DAY

At Connie's feet lays a drunk bumble bee, FRANNY. Connie  
 tries to gently rouse her.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 (re: the bee)  
 Is she okay?

CONNIE

Yeah. She's okay. She's a little loopy. She had a little bit too much, uh, nectar. "Il vino fiore." Right Franny?

MARCEL (V.O.)

My community found the bugs to be deeply unlikable.

CLOSE ON FRANNY, gurgling and foaming at the mouth. Marcel watches, dismayed.

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN (MAIN)

Connie drags FRANNY on a candy wrapper over to a spot of sunlight.

CONNIE

Let her dry off here in the sun, and in a few seconds, you'll be dry.

MARCEL (V.O.)

But Connie's made friends with many of them, and in return they actually help her with the gardening.

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN (FLOWER BEDS)

An EARTHWORM tills the soil by swimming through it. Connie cheers it on. Marcel gives it a sideways look.

MARCEL

I cannot stand this thing.

CONNIE

They turn the soil. They break it. It's wonderful to have them. I see their beauty.

MARCEL

His whole body looks like his pants are off.

Marcel gags.



EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN (WINDOW BOX)

Connie takes advantage of marching ants by placing harvested berries on their backs. They lug them indoors.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It reminds me of Whoopi Goldberg in *Sister Act*. How she helps them to do graffiti in a meaningful way, or something?

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN (MAIN)

FRANNY the bee, sobering up now, takes flight.

CONNIE

Oh!

MARCEL

There she goes.

CONNIE

Oh. She's gone.

FRANNY flies directly into the window. BONK.

MARCEL

Uh, sort of.

BONK. BONK. Hits the window repeatedly, eventually tumbling back down to the ground.

MARCEL

Oh, wow.

Connie turns to Dean. She looks suddenly confused. Doesn't recognize him.

CONNIE

What is, uh, what is this?

MARCEL

Hm?

DEAN (O.S.)

What's that?

CONNIE

What are you doing, now, with Marcel?

Marcel glances past the camera at Dean, sort of embarrassed. He shuffles his feet in the soil.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Oh, I'm... making a movie, a  
documentary.

CONNIE  
About Marcel?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
A documen- a film?

MARCEL  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
On Marcel?

MARCEL  
Yeah, you remember Nana. We were  
just talking about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY NOOK - DAY

SLOW PUSH IN ON:

A chapter in the farming book entitled, "DECOMPOSITION." A breeze blows through the room, ruffling the pages. A ghostly-sounding phone rings somewhere in the house.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
She has lost a small piece of a  
very large puzzle.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

A tennis ball rolls down the hallway into the LAUNDRY ROOM. Marcel calls out to Connie, muffled inside the ball.

MARCEL  
Once or twice a week I'll find her  
snoozing in a laundry basket and  
she doesn't have a sense of how she  
got there.

Marcel is standing on the DRYER.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Is it bad for her, being here?

MARCEL

Eh, it's not the safest place to be.

CLOSE ON laundry tumbling menacingly inside the machine, clanking loudly.

MARCEL

You know, my cousin fell asleep in a pocket. That's why I don't like the saying, "Everything comes out in the wash." Because sometimes it doesn't. Or, sometimes it does and they're just like a completely different person. 'Cause after that, my cousin would just sit by the window and wait for fire trucks to go by.

The washing machine completes its cycle and chirps a CHEERY TUNE. Marcel blinks.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON DEAN'S LAPTOP SCREEN

A YOUTUBE VIDEO titled "MARCEL THE SHELL WITH SHOES ON" plays. It contains moments we've seen intercut with Marcel one-liners.

MARCEL

*Guess what I use to tie my skis to my car?*

DEAN (O.S.)

*What?*

MARCEL

*A hair.*

A beat.

MARCEL

*Guess what my skis are?*

DEAN (O.S.)

*What?*

MARCEL

*Toenails from a man.*

REVERSE ON MARCEL

Standing on Dean's keyboard, staring up at the YouTube page.  
He notices the number of views - 84!

MARCEL

Oh wow, so does that mean 84 people  
watched it?

DEAN (O.S.)

Yeah isn't that cool?

MARCEL

(blown away)

Yeah, I mean, well... I mean we're  
really...

BACK TO THE VIDEO

MARCEL

*I think on a day to day basis my  
biggest worry is being bored.*

DEAN (O.S.)

*What do you do when you get bored?*

MARCEL

*I move around.*

*Marcel jogs on a spinning LP, like a circular treadmill.*

MARCEL

*(singing)*

*Really gotta move it, really gotta  
groove it. Taking that time to let  
you lose it.*

*Dean laughs.*

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Connie makes her bed, shaking out her Kleenex top sheet.

CONNIE

I think I can tell that he's  
performing for you a little bit,  
you know?

DEAN (O.S.)

Mm-hmm.

CONNIE

You're giving him a stage. It's  
good for him.

INT. DINING ROOM - HUTCH - DUSK

Marcel stands alone and sings soulfully, surrounded by birthday candles he's using like tiki torches.

MARCEL  
 One, two, three.  
 (singing)  
*"Hm-mm I want to linger/  
 a little longer/  
 A little longer here with you..."*

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

We can still hear Marcel singing softly in the distance.

CONNIE  
 The stage makes him feel good.  
 Playful. He needs that.

INT. DINING ROOM - HUTCH - DUSK

Marcel is a tiny speck in the cavernous dining room, illuminated only by birthday candles.

MARCEL  
 (singing)  
*"Mmm and as the years go by/  
 mmm I'll think of you and sigh/  
 Mmm that it's so long and not  
 goodbye..."*

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

CONNIE  
 He hasn't been able to get that  
 since the others were taken from  
 us.

STAB OF MUSIC. CUT TO FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A terrible storm rages outside the windows--

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 OK. So, do you want me to just  
 start at the beginning?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We hear HEAVY FOOTSTEPS and the sounds of a couple FIGHTING above us while looking Framed photos of them from happier times. The glasses in them rattles.

MARCEL (V.O.)

I don't know how it started... But the man and the woman started to yell at each other, more often than they would talk to each other.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

From under the bed, a shell's POV:

Feet of the MAN and WOMAN. Halting steps. Anxious pacing.

MARCEL (V.O.)

I don't know how to describe it. It's like a thunder or something, you know, you just hear these big noises from the sky. My cousin's house fell down from one time when the office door got slammed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A door slams, and a SMALL POTTED TREE crashes to the floor.

CONNIE (V.O.)

We started to have a shelter plan. We all go to the sock drawer. The argument noise will be muffled, and so everyone would be safe there.

PUSH IN ON:

The sock drawer, filled with small silhouettes hushing each other.

INT. WINDOWSILL WITH LARGE LEDGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We see the shells' TV VIEWING AREA. Various seating options: stacked VHS tapes, hotdog bun sofa.

MARCEL (V.O.)

This was a Sunday, and everybody gets together on Sundays, and we all watch *60 Minutes* as a community.

DEAN (O.S.)

*60 Minutes?*

ALL MUSIC DROPS OUT

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

Connie and Marcel stand on the windowsill.

MARCEL

(answering Dean's question)

Yeah.

(returning to the story)

So this is where, and-

DEAN (O.S.)

Every week? All of you watch *60 Minutes*?

MARCEL

Yeah. We love it. We just call it the show. That's how much we love it.

CONNIE

Lesley.

DEAN (O.S.)

Who's Lesley?

CONNIE

Lesley show.

MARCEL

She likes Lesley Stahl.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWSILL WITH LARGE LEDGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ON A TV

LESLEY STAHL introduces a piece on *60 Minutes*.

REVEAL that Marcel and Connie watch TELEVISION by peering into the next door neighbor's living room.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
She blows cases wide open.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Right.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
And she's got class.

The *60 MINUTES* CLOCK STARTS TO TICK-TICK-TICK--

CONNIE(V.O.)  
But we could tell something was the matter because the clock started ticking, and it was just the two of us there.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FOOTSTEPS as the man storms into the bedroom. He tugs open a BUREAU DRAWER.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
My heart started pounding. It was the big one, and we had no warning.

The argument noises rattle the house. A SUITCASE is thrown on the bed. Push in on SOCK DRAWER.

MARCEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What we think happened is that everybody scooted into the sock drawer and the man just opened the sock drawer where all the shells were, and he dumped all the drawers into the suitcase.

INT./EXT. KITCHEN - SIDE DOOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

MAN walks out the door with suitcase in tow, tiny cries emitting from it.



MARCEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And then he left.

Door SLAMS behind him.

INT. WINDOWSILL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Marcel stands alone on the windowsill, watching a car speed away.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
And that's how they got moved.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back in the interview, Marcel is tearing up.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(offering a tissue)  
Do you need a tissue?

MARCEL  
Yeah. Do you mind if I just plop  
into it real quick?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Sure.

Marcel plops into the tissue.

MARCEL  
(blowing his nose)  
Shoot.

DEAN (O.S.)  
This can be our last take.

MARCEL  
(sniffles)  
Okay.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

B-ROLL: Dappled sunlight hitting the yard. Leaves rustling.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It's always what they say, on the days when you have a really keen sense of being lost or losing something, that it often feels like the sun shines the brightest. And it was a really sunny day with a good breeze, and I just remember thinking, "If I was somebody else, I would really be enjoying this."

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Marcel, wistful, looks out a window. EMOTIONAL MUSIC CRESCENDOS--

BONK! FRANNY the drunk bee slams into the window.

MARCEL

Woah! Geez.

INT. BEDROOM - BUREAU

Marcel raises the CEREMONIAL MACARONI HORN and plays it like a shofar...this music continues beneath as we go to

INT. BEDROOM - VANITY

Atop the vanity are tea candles arranged in a memorial shrine.

Marcel spins the vanity mirror revealing:

the wood backing is covered with carved PORTRAITS of members of his community.

DEAN (O.S.)

So tell me a little bit about who you put on here.

MARCEL

I put, first and foremost, my parents, Catherine and Mario, next to each other with a heart. My brothers here and here. I put my music teacher, the Maestro.

INT. BEDROOM - BUREAU

Marcel takes a breather from the CEREMONIAL MACARONI HORN.

MARCEL  
Whew. All right.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I love that one that sounds like  
taps. Do you know that?

MARCEL  
Yeah. Do you want to hear taps?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Sure.

Marcel takes a deep inhale and begins to play TAPS. It continues beneath the following...

INT. SHELL RESTAURANT - DAY

Abandoned shell spaces:

A dusty, unused shell restaurant. Chairs made of soda can tabs tipped over, abandoned.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Do you ever feel angry?

MARCEL (V.O.)  
I just feel angry that we didn't  
have a better goodbye.

INT. BEDROOM - VANITY

Marcel stands next to the mirror, looking at the carvings.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Who would you say goodbye to?

MARCEL  
I would say goodbye to everybody  
one by one. I'd like to say goodbye  
to my neighbors, the Costas.

CLOSE ON individual CARVED PORTRAITS as he says his goodbyes:

MARCEL  
Goodbye the Costas. Even though we  
had a language barrier, you were my  
neighbors. You always liked to  
garden.

Goodbye Vanessa.

Thank you for letting me share that watermelon slice with you and your cousins.

Goodbye Richard. You were the worst singer in our class, but I always loved how you let me cut you in line.

Goodbye Anca. Your sense of timing is one of the worst.

Bye Sandra. You were my favorite author.

Goodbye, Mrs. Kim. The time that you ate a pepper flake and it made you fly into the wall was one of the funniest, yet most serious accidents any of us ever witnessed and you bore it with great grace and bravery.

Goodbye Brad, thank you so much for rolling that marble into my breadroom. I still keep it to this day.

Marcel looks up at the portraits.

MARCEL

Yup. And there they all are.

INT. BEDROOM - BUREAU

Marcel is turned away from us, gazing out a window. Mournful.

MARCEL

(turning to cam)  
Guess why I smile a lot.

DEAN (O.S.)

Why?

MARCEL

Because it's worth it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

OUT OF FOCUS shot of a TABLE SURFACE

MARCEL EFFORT NOISES as the camera swivels around, framing up DEAN, who lays on the couch looking at his laptop.

From behind camera, Marcel can barely stifle his laughter--

MARCEL (O.S.)  
Um, uh, whatcha doing?

DEAN  
Looking at apartments.

MARCEL (O.S.)  
So, do you have any plans tonight?

DEAN  
(sad)  
No.

Dean looks up from his laptop and notices Marcel behind the camera. He scrambles toward camera--

DEAN  
I'm gonna... Gimme that!

We hear Marcel CACKLE and run off. Dean grabs camera--

CUT TO BLACK

INT. MARCEL'S BREAD ROOM/BEDROOM - MORNING

Marcel sleeps between two slices of bread. We only see an uneven bump beneath the top slice, rising and falling with his little SNORES.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Woah. Marcel, look at this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marcel and Connie stand on Dean's laptop as it plays Dean's YouTube video of Marcel.

MARCEL  
Yes, I'm sorry, wait, is this normal for you?

DEAN (O.S.)  
No this never happens. It's so cool.

PUNCH INTO:

VIEW COUNT: **28,687,690.**

CONNIE  
It's wonderful.

MARCEL  
It's a broad spectrum of emotions.

CONNIE  
I didn't even know there were that many people.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Okay now jump really hard.

Marcel jumps on the trackpad of Dean's laptop.

Music picks up, and we see a series of Youtube reaction videos, launching us into a

SUCCESS MONTAGE:

YOUTUBE VIDEO 1  
My favorite thing right now...

YOUTUBE VIDEO 2  
I'm obsessed with this new video...

YOUTUBE VIDEO 3  
...new favorite video...

YOUTUBE VIDEO 4  
It's called-

YOUTUBE VIDEO 1  
Marcel the Shell!

YOUTUBE VIDEO 2  
Marcel the Shell.

CONNIE  
Oh, so nice.

-Conan O'Brien, Brian Williams - they're all talking about Marcel.

-Connie reads something the screen she doesn't quite understand.

CONNIE  
When the kush hit. Kush? What is kush?

REVEAL: A meme of Marcel looking high af. Marcel and Dean laugh.

-Scroll through Twitter and Instagram hashtags for #MarceltheShell.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It goes so deep and it just goes so many directions into the world. So many people.

-Marcel watches a video of a man with a Marcel tattoo, talking about how it swelled up the next day. Gross. Marcel tries to absorb this with empathy but...NOPE. CLICKS away.

MARCEL (V.O.)

There's just all these people.

-Marcel watches a video of a boy showing us how to pop popcorn using a magnifying glass.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marcel drags a magnifying glass into position. Light FOCUSES on a few corn kernels on the counter.

MARCEL (V.O.)

And we're all looking at the same things, and we're all doing the same things. And it feels like--I don't even know how to describe it. It's like really important.

-A Youtube video of a small business owner hanging a BANNER.

-Connie hangs a "CONGRATULATIONS" banner for Marcel.

-The popcorn starts to POP, flying everywhere. Connie and Marcel run for cover, laugh-screaming.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It's really lovely, not quite sure what else to say.

DEAN (O.S.)

You don't have to say anything. Are you going to eat it?

The jumping spiders look on from the windowsill.

MARCEL

You can eat this stuff?

DEAN (O.S.)

Yeah dude.

MARCEL

What does it taste like?

INT. DEAN'S LAPTOP - NIGHT

Marcel and Connie recline on cotton balls, happily chomping on popcorn as the light of Dean's laptop flickers over them. Youtube videos of families celebrating with PAPER LANTERNS play on the screen.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It's all been really fun, having all this happen, it's a big feeling and it's nice. The other part of it is I think I find my mind wandering a bit, just thinking.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marcel weaves dental floss through the edge of a coffee filter...

MARCEL (V.O.)

What would my family think? And noticing they're not here to share it with me.

INT. DEAN'S LAPTOP - NIGHT

Marcel looks over to see Connie has fallen asleep. He's alone.

MARCEL (V.O.)

Obviously Nana Connie is here with me, of course.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Marcel strikes a match and lights a tea light. Coffee filter is perched above it-- a makeshift flying lantern, similar to the one in the video he was watching.

MARCEL (V.O.)

But I do wonder what my dad would say and my mom would say, and I think they would like it a lot.

Marcel struggles to blows out the match and doesn't, at first, notice the lantern taking flight.

MARCEL

There it goes!



DEAN (O.S.)  
Beautiful.

MARCEL  
There she goes. There must be so many others like me. It's impossible that there wouldn't be, and not just my family. They're out there, somewhere out there.

A NEIGHBOR DOG can be heard BARKING HIS HEAD OFF.

MARCEL  
Every time I do this that dog loses it. He sees something truly elegant in the sky and this is his reaction?

The dog keeps barking.

MARCEL  
What a sad type of idiot.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

We approach Marcel, who is standing on Dean's laptop jumping from key to key, typing "how to find your family" into a search engine.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah... I don't think that's going to yield much.

All that pops up is a series of stock images of human families embracing.

MARCEL  
Do you think they're out there?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Maybe.

Marcel shifts his feet anxiously.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Dean sets up a LIVE STREAM titled "Help me find my family" on his LAPTOP. He clicks a button: "Go live."

DEAN (O.S.)  
Alright, I think that's it. We are live streaming.

We see Marcel on the screen. A confusing countdown begins and we see a camera blinking: "Smile for the thumbnail!"

MARCEL (ON SCREEN)  
Do I look at you? Or do I look  
right into the thing?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Me. Quick! Er, no - the camera.

Marcel nervously readjusts, unsure how to pose, and it captures him with his eyes half-closed.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Okay, well.

We watch Marcel's live stream on Dean'S LAPTOP, the view count rising FAST.

MARCEL (ON LIVE STREAM)  
Hi everybody. It's Marcel from  
before. And I'm recording this  
video because I'm looking for my  
family. They were last seen with  
this man.

Marcel turns to reveal a PICTURE of Mark and Larissa.

MARCEL  
His name is Mark. They disappeared  
from a house owned by a woman named  
Larissa. Here it is...

A PHOTO of the PROPERTY from Airbnb that includes the ADDRESS. The CURSOR clicks on "CONTACT HOST."

We hear a phone ring-- audio of Marcel calling HAYSACK REP.

HAYSACK REP (O.S.)  
What we do is manage properties  
that are on the short-term rental  
market. So, if somebody is out of  
town for a long time or just wants  
to rent their place out for a  
while, we handle the ins and outs  
of that.

Someone in the live stream chat sends a link to the home's street view. Marcel stands on the laptop, staring up at it.

MARCEL (O.S.)  
Right. So could you give me her  
number?

HAYSACK REP (O.S.)

If there's a problem with the property I can send someone out, but I can't give you personal information.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dean's phone sits on the countertop, Marcel standing on top of it as he speaks to the Haysack Rep.

MARCEL

Uh-huh. Hey, have you ever eaten a raspberry?

The Haysack Rep hangs up on him.

MARCEL

Hello?  
(pause)  
Darn it.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Still live streaming, Marcel yanks on a piece of dental floss, which unspools a PAPER ROLL (like a map in a classroom). On the paper is a rough CRAYON RUBBING of Marcel's various family members with the word "MISSING" scrawled at the top.

MARCEL (ON LIVE STREAM)

This is what they look like. Right here and here and here. I made this just to give you a sense of who to be on the lookout for.

INT. MEMORIAL SHRINE TO SHELLS - NIGHT

The PAPER ROLL is taped against the memorial carvings wall. Marcel makes RUBBINGS by going over the carved portraits with a crayon.

He sneezes, extinguishing the nearby candle - his only source of light. A beat as he stands in the DARK.

MARCEL

Sorry. I think I need a little help here.

Dean doesn't answer.

MARCEL  
(off his silence)  
... Dean?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Hm?

MOMENTS LATER--

MARCEL  
Aw, Dean.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Cause I like what you're doing.  
It's exciting.

MARCEL  
Come on.

DEAN (O.S.)  
It's a good scene.

MARCEL  
You can still film it. Just put the  
thingy on the thing.

DEAN (O.S.)  
How would you do it if I wasn't  
here?

MARCEL  
There's a lot of times when I just  
don't get stuff that I need.

MOMENTS LATER--

MARCEL  
You are here. That's actually what  
the truth of it is.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, but I don't want to be in it.  
That defeats the whole point of  
this.

A beat. Marcel takes in the sight of his friend...

MARCEL  
You know, Dean, have you ever  
thought that your life might be a  
bit less lonely and a bit more  
integrated if you took the time to  
just connect with somebody, and not  
just make videos about them?

A long pause as Marcel looks up at Dean, waiting for an answer.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

The candle is now lit. Dean has obviously helped him between cuts.

MARCEL

Thank you.

He turns to continue his crayon rubbings.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

On the live stream, Marcel points to a photo of a TEAL MITSUBISHI SEDAN.

MARCEL (ON LIVE STREAM)

And lastly, this picture here shows the car that Mark drove away in. It is a teal Mishy-bibby. Mitshu-bib-

DEAN (O.S.) (O.S.)

(whispers)

Mitsubishi.

MARCEL (ON LIVE STREAM)

Please leave any tips or any other helpful comments in the section below. Thank you. Have a great day.

The laptop cursor ends the live stream. CLICK.

CELL PHONE FOOTAGE - DAY

A TWEEN in a vertical frame films himself--

TWEEN

Update! Guys, I think we found it.

Camera turns to show MARCEL's HOUSE exterior.

TWEEN

It's Marcel's house. It's Marcel the Shell's house.

(pause)

Oh, someone's coming. We gotta go! Follow for more celebrity homes!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

On DEAN'S LAPTOP screen, we scroll through dozens of selfies and kids doing Tiktok dances in front of Marcel's house.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A few INFLUENCERS take selfies outside the house.

INT./EXT. WINDOWSILL - DAY

Marcel watches them from the windowsill and turns hopefully toward the camera.

MARCEL  
Are they here to help?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Uh...

Marcel looks back out the window at the strangers outside.

MARCEL  
I don't feel that this is the task-  
force I was looking for.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Marcel stands on DEAN'S LAPTOP and scrolls through a twitter tag of #Marcelshouse. Everyone loves him, but no one's offering help.

CLOSE ON a comment: "She's the best! I like her pink shoes!"

MARCEL  
"SHE?" What? But my dad had pink shoes and so did my grandfather.  
(reading other comments)  
"So cute." "Peace." Uh, yeah obviously peace. What a weird thing to see if someone else is into. Like of course I'm into peace. No, sorry, I'm a real war person. No, WAR. I sign all of my personal letters WAR.  
(sarcastic)  
Let the battle begin. -Marcel.

CLOSE ON Marcel's latest video titled "CALL TO ACTION." It's reached 40 million views / 200,000 comments.

MARCEL

You know, there's nothing in here about finding them.

More comments: "i luv marcel!" "He's my fav!" "Please make more of these!"

MARCEL

It's still a group of people, but it's an audience. It's not a community.

Marcel notices the paused video: it's a picture of MARK with his TEAL MITSUBISHI.

MARCEL

Oh! What about the car?

Marcel stands on the laptop's edge, turning to look at Dean behind the camera. Hopeful.

DEAN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

MARCEL

Mark drove away in a teal car. So we can go look for it. If we find the car...

DEAN (O.S.)

Uhh, I don't know if that's-

CUT TO:

INT. DESK - DAY

Marcel is inspired, looking at a map of the city. Dean isn't so sure...

MARCEL

Wow! OK, it actually doesn't even seem that big! I mean, it's big. What we need is to get up high, and then maybe we'll be able to spot his car.

DEAN (O.S.)

Ehh...

MARCEL

What's like, your mantel?

DEAN (O.S.)

My what?

MARCEL

When I need to look out over the whole rug, I get up high. I get up on the mantel.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MANTEL - DAY

Marcel on the mantel.

MARCEL

Do you see what I'm saying? I can see basically...

DEAN (O.S.)

Yeah no, I get it.

BACK TO:

INT. DESK - DAY

Marcel stands next to a mountain on the map.

MARCEL

Great!! So we'll just head up to the top of this thing, and we'll be able to see it.

DEAN (O.S.)

I don't think we'll necessarily be able to see the car.

MARCEL

I actually disagree.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

A container full of various metal bits and bobs - nuts, bolts, screws - has been tipped over onto the workbench. Marcel rummages through it, preparing...

DEAN (O.S.)

I just don't think it's a good idea because if we don't have a plan, we might just waste a lot of time-

Marcel picks up a PIN.



DEAN (O.S.)  
What's that for?

MARCEL  
It's just in case we get in a  
fight.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(laughs)  
We're not gonna get in a fight.

MARCEL  
It's dangerous out there.

DEAN (O.S.)  
It's dangerous in a different way.

MARCEL  
You know what, I should probably  
bring this match.

Marcel pulls out a MATCH.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(laughs)  
You don't need that.

MARCEL  
Just give me one more minute. I  
need some sort of a helmet.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Connie sits patiently on a cotton ball. Marcel has gathered everything she could possibly need while he's away.

Marcel wears a PISTACHIO-SHELL HELMET, his trusty MATCH and PIN strapped to his back.

MARCEL  
All right. So you've got the book,  
you've a little bit of a raisin,  
which I really don't think you're  
gonna finish, but--- go to town. Go  
to town. Also, you have two drips  
of- Look over here.

CONNIE  
What?

MARCEL

You have two drips of water. You got an LED flashlight in case the power goes out.

Marcel stands on the mini keychain FLASHLIGHT.

MARCEL

You just have to step on it like this. See? See how it-

He blasts Connie with its BRIGHT LIGHT. She staggers.

MARCEL

Whoa. Sorry. Well, don't stand right in front of it.

CUT TO:

Marcel presents her with a a sparkler.

MARCEL

Finally, this is the sparkler. What you do is you light this end on fire, and you step back. This can act as a flare. All right?

CONNIE

Why would I need?

MARCEL

That's if you need to signal for help.

CONNIE

Help?

MARCEL

And Dean's gonna leave you his phone just in case.

DEAN (O.S.)

What? No, I'm not.

CONNIE

Who will see the flare?

MARCEL

You know what? Now that I'm thinking about it, why don't we just put the colander over you now if you want.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marcel carefully lowers an overturned MESH COLANDER over Connie. She stares at him blank-faced.

MARCEL  
How's that?

CONNIE  
You must let me out of here.

MARCEL  
Do you want Alan in there with-

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Triumphant music swells. This feels like a NASA launch, but it's just them leaving the garage.

Dean starts up his car.

Marcel stands on the dashboard, proud.

Vibrant daylight pours in as the garage door opens, revealing the wide world outside. It feels as if something MASSIVE or COSMIC might happen--

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

They're on the road: a car HONKS at them, Marcel does a tiny VOMIT onto the map.

MARCEL  
Oh my God.

DEAN (O.S.)  
It's okay.

MARCEL  
I'm so sorry.

DEAN (O.S.)  
It's not a big deal. It's tiny.

Marcel turns to look at his tiny mess.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER-

The VOMIT is gone. Marcel collects himself while the car idles at a stop light.

MARCEL  
Phew. I think I'm okay.

The light turns green- Marcel VOMITS again.

MARCEL  
God, I am so sorry. How many times  
a day do you throw up in your car?

MOMENTS LATER-

Dean drives through traffic, Marcel still on the dashboard.

MARCEL  
There's a car. There's a teal- oh,  
but it's more like ...

EXT./INT CAR - LAKE - DAY

They pass a sparkling lake and a fountain.

MARCEL  
I've never seen a lake, except for  
in a picture.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Let's do it.

Marcel looks out from behind the car window. He gasps.

MARCEL  
Uh, I think I'm going to cry.

DEAN (O.S.)  
It's very beautiful.

MARCEL  
There's fountains in the lake.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marcel watches cars whiz by at the intersection.

MARCEL  
Another car... and a car... and-

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER-

Marcel looks out the windshield at various shop signs.

MARCEL

There's a lot of places to get  
tattoos. Psychic Love Expert! Wow!  
I bet- Wow!

DEAN (O.S.)

I could use one of those.

MARCEL

What would you want her to say?

DEAN (O.S.)

Uh. I don't know. There's more fish  
in the sea?

MARCEL

Yeah. Like, you got a lot of  
smoocheroonies in your future, I  
can see it now.

DEAN (O.S.)

(laughing)  
Yeah, exactly.

MARCEL

Oo, baby, baby. Mwah, mwah, mwah.  
Ooo baby.

(wise)

I've seen people kiss on  
television.

Marcel throws up again.

MARCEL

I'm so sorry.

EXT./INT CAR HILL - DAY

They start driving up a large hill.

DEAN (O.S.)

Up here, yeah?

MARCEL

Yeah. Oh, is it-? This is it! This  
is it!

DEAN (O.S.)

Let's check it out.

MARCEL  
Okay. What are all the little dots  
on those hills?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Those are houses.

MARCEL  
*All?!*

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, those are houses like yours.

MARCEL  
Really?

Marcel pauses, wide-eyed, realizing just how big the world is.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR OVERLOOK - DAY

They are parked at an overlook, the city sprawled before them.

MARCEL  
What's all that?

DEAN (O.S.)  
That's the rest of the city.

MARCEL  
Oh, right.

Marcel is overwhelmed by the enormity of it.

INT. CAR/OVERLOOK - DAY

They get back into the car. Marcel thinks for a beat.

MARCEL  
(defeated)  
I had no idea.  
(pause)  
Is this all there is for... out  
there?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Mm-mm. This is, like, one part of  
one big city, but there are many  
big cities. There's lots of them.

MARCEL

Oh. Right.

INT. CAR - DUSK

They drive back home. A sadder mood in the car.

MARCEL

There's so many places that they could be. Do you think it's impossible?

DEAN (O.S.)

I don't think it's impossible I just think it's, uhh...

(changing the topic)

Look at that lady's dress!

MARCEL

I know, it's... really nice.

EXT. MARCEL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Back home, they pull up in front of the house.

MARCEL

Thanks for the ride.

DEAN (O.S.)

Yeah. It was fun.

MARCEL

...Yeah.

Outside the house people are gathered trying to take a peek inside the windows.

MARCEL

Oh man, look at this riffraff, they're right on the- they're right on the lawn, they came right up. Are they taking pictures or...

DEAN (O.S.)

(to onlookers blocking the driveway)

Hey, guys. Guys. Would you mind just moving a little bit so we can pull the car in?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Shaky handheld camera:

Kids bang on the windows and slip FAN ART inside. Arthur BARKS. It's chaos.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Arthur, stop.

MARCEL  
(scared)  
Oh man.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DUSK

Shaky camera approaches an OVERTURNED LAUNDRY BASKET. Marcel is frantically trying to find a way in.

MARCEL  
Nan?

We hear Connie muffled from beneath the basket. Marcel wriggles underneath the pile of laundry, disappearing from view.

MARCEL  
Oh my god, Nan. Are you ok?

CONNIE  
Yeah? I hurt myself, but I'm ok,  
I'm ok.

MARCEL  
Please, just lean your whole self  
on me. Put all your weight. Don't  
worry, I can take it.

Connie groans in discomfort as Marcel helps her.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Connie sits in a steaming TEA CUP bath.

CLOSE ON a LARGE, CRACKED HOLE in Connie's shell. She's in bad shape.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
I'm not quite sure what happened,  
'cause, she won't tell me.



INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marcel opens a bandaid in the MEDICINE CABINET.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

It could just be that she doesn't remember. I think that's probably the case.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

Marcel helps a limping Connie out of the laundry room.

MARCEL (V.O.)

But, what I was able to piece together was that she got startled, then fell off the dryer.

ARTHUR runs into the room, sniffing at them.

MARCEL

No, oh my god. No, no! Off!

DEAN (O.S.)

Arthur!

Arthur backs off.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Marcel stands in front of Connie's TEA CUP, facing camera.

MARCEL

(re: Arthur)

He has got to go. I cannot have him here with Connie like this.

Arthur starts sniffing at Connie's tea cup. Marcel doesn't notice.

MARCEL

It's not that I don't like Arthur.

Arthur licks Connie's TEA CUP.

CONNIE

(quiet)

Stop that.

MARCEL

(noticing Arthur)

No! Oh my God! No, no! Off!

DEAN (O.S.)

Arthur!

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connie grunts as she settles into her makeup compact bed. Marcel pulls a Kleenex blanket over her. She breathes heavily.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marcel looks up at Arthur who is now in a dog crate.

MARCEL

What's he uh, what's he being charged with?

DEAN (O.S.)

What?

MARCEL

Is he going to jail?

DEAN (O.S.)

(laughing)

No.

MARCEL

Oh, phew.

DEAN (O.S.)

My wife is going to look after him for a few days.

A beat. Marcel is stunned.

MARCEL

What? Are you married?

DEAN (O.S.)

Well, we got separated recently. So that's why I'm staying here. I've been looking for a new place.

MARCEL

Why didn't you tell me this?

DEAN (O.S.)

Uhh..I don't know. I didn't think to.

MARCEL

Okay. I told you so much.

DEAN (O.S.)

Uh, yeah. But I'm making a movie about you. Not making a movie about me.

MARCEL

But you're also here. I was sharing, you didn't also think to share?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marcel uses a PAPER SHREDDER to destroy the crayon rubbings of his family and any reminder of his search for them.

Marcel and Dean have been fighting--

MARCEL

--and you're just pointing that around? Do you always need to be filming?

DEAN (O.S.)

No.

(pause)

I think you'll be glad I have it though.

(correcting himself)

We have it.

MARCEL

Mhm.

INT. WINDOW - DAY

Marcel has constructed makeshift blinds out of ROLLED NEWSPAPER. He unfurls them, blocking the outside world--

MARCEL (V.O.)

Can we pause the videos that we made? So people can't see them?

DEAN (O.S.)

Yeah, I can take them down.

MARCEL

I just can't have more people coming to the house like how it happened today.

He walks up the window using honey footprints...

MARCEL  
(to himself)  
Can't believe I let this happen...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

One by one, more newspaper blinds unroll, covering the windows.

The house is dark and quiet.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nana Connie is tucked in bed, a bandaid covering her injury.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
Well, you know, she sleeps a lot.

Marcel watches Connie sleep, concerned.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
And she hasn't been eating very  
much, and um-

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A an untouched GOLD FISH CRAKER sits on Connie's nightstand.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel helps Connie walk using a makeshift WALKER.

MARCEL  
Looking good, you just got one more  
little step--

Nana Connie struggles, but moves forward.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
She's just not able to do a lot of  
things she used to be able to do.

MARCEL  
Yeah, that's it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - DAY

CLOSE ON

The window WIDE OPEN.

MARCEL (O.S.)  
Sorry did you shut the window?

CONNIE (O.S.)  
Yes, I shut it.

MARCEL  
Good.

CONNIE  
You don't have to help, I don't  
need any help.

MARCEL  
I'm not even doing it.

A SQUIRREL appears on the open window's ledge.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel jumps from the back of the couch onto its cushions.  
POOF! DUST fills the air, settling on the GLASS COFFEE TABLE.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
This skating rink is usually just  
for the holidays.

CONNIE  
(re: the dust)  
Wonderful.

MARCEL  
How are we looking? How much?

CONNIE  
Just need maybe once or twice more.

MARCEL  
(out of breath)  
Okay.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 But I set it up just to try to  
 cheer her up a bit.

Marcel jumps again. POOF! The glass of the table now evenly  
 covered in dust...

CUT TO:

A CD BOOMBOX: Jock Jams blasts.

Nana Connie, using her walker, eases across the "ice" of the  
 skating rink. Marcel, trying to gin up some fun, skates  
 circles around her--

MARCEL  
 Alright Nana, pump it up.

CONNIE  
 No, I don't think so.

MARCEL  
 Don't you want to pump it up?

CONNIE  
 No, no.

MARCEL  
 When I say "Jam" you say "Nan"!  
 Jam!

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 She won't skate with me anymore.

CONNIE  
 (laughing)  
 Stop it.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 But for her, she likes the dust.  
 For her it's special. She's not  
 from here. She's from the garage.  
 That's why she has the accent.

Connie plops down on DEAN'S WALLET, using it to take a rest.  
 She looks at the dust in the air--

CONNIE  
 Ahh, it's a wonderful smell.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
 She traveled here by coat pocket  
 when she was really little. So, I  
 think it reminds her of home.

A bumpin' SHAKIRA SONG comes on. Marcel, newly excited--

MARCEL

Nan, look at this! Ready?

Marcel skates with grace across the dusted surface, about to do some fancy maneuver, ramping up--

REVEAL the SQUIRREL perched on the coffee table.

MARCEL

AHH!!!!

CONNIE

OH!!!!

CHAOS. WHIP PANS. HANDHELD:

Marcel runs for cover but the "skates" are slippery and make it hard. [NOTE: This scene is played as straight, dry, and "doc" as possible].

The SQUIRREL remains weirdly still, frozen by all the commotion.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marcel SCREAMS BY in his TENNIS BALL, aiming for the squirrel, trying to corral it toward the window--

JUMPCUT:

Marcel can't see where he's going in the tennis ball, banging into things.

MARCEL

(muffled)

Where? Ahhh! Did I get it?

DEAN (O.S.)

No, you want to go to the right.

MARCEL

Which left did I go?

Connie watches from the safety of a picture frame. She's frightened.

DEAN (O.S.)

Your left.

MARCEL (V.O.)

At this point the good days are  
harder to come by with Connie.

Marcel's ball is wedged beneath the couch.

DEAN (O.S.)

Well, now you're stuck.

MARCEL

What?

DEAN (O.S.)

You're stuck. Follow my voice.

(re: the squirrel)

He's over here--I'm looking right  
at him.

The squirrel is silently clinging to the back of the couch.

MARCEL (V.O.)

And then the bad days are just  
actually astounding.

MOMENTS LATER:

Finally, the squirrel LEAPS OUT out the window.

DEAN (O.S.)

There it goes! There it goes!

MARCEL

Yeah, all right. All right.

DEAN (O.S.)

Yay!

MARCEL (V.O.)

(re: Connie)

I'm trying not to treat her any  
differently. But it's keeping me on  
my toes, I'll tell you that.

DEAN (O.S.)

(re: the window)

Wait, I'm going to close this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON DEAN'S LAPTOP- an unopened email subject line reads:  
"60 Minutes Interview Segment."

Off-camera, we hear Marcel's excited reaction:



MARCEL (O.S.)  
Wow, look at this.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Right??

CLOSE ON email's text:

***...do a story about you with Lesley Stahl...***

MARCEL (O.S.)  
Oh my gosh...Oh my gosh.

***...our team could help you find your family.***

Marcel stands on Dean's keyboard, staring at the email in disbelief.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Amazing, isn't it?

MARCEL  
Yeah, yeah. It's really...  
(suddenly somber)  
We can't show this to Nana Connie.

He turns to face the camera.

MARCEL  
Absolutely not.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marcel stamps his feet into a large pool of honey. All business.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I mean, I could ask them to keep  
the crew really small, they  
wouldn't make such a big footprint.

MARCEL  
No. No. No. No.

He heads for the wall behind him.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Can I ask them how many people  
would come in?

MARCEL  
No.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Why not?

MARCEL  
I'm not taking the risk.

Marcel marches up the wall next the the kitchen counter.

DEAN (O.S.)  
What is the risk?

MARCEL  
The risk? Look what already  
happened to Nana Connie.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Standing on DEAN'S LAPTOP, Connie reads the same *60 Minutes* e-mail while leaning on her walker.

CONNIE  
(reading)  
"We are wondering if you might be  
interested to discuss doing an  
interview piece with Lesley Stahl."

In the background Marcel walks up the wall--

MARCEL  
We can't do it, Nan.

CONNIE  
The real Lesley???

DEAN (O.S.) (O.S.)  
Yeah, it's the real Lesley.

MARCEL  
(to Dean)  
Don't do that.

CONNIE  
(reading)  
"Please let me know if you're  
interested."

Marcel, walking close to camera now--

MARCEL

(quiet, to Dean)

This recovery is not happening fast enough. Now she has attitude. And I feel bad.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Marcel stands near a spilled bottle of TYLENOL.

MARCEL

We'll just do it once she's feeling better and once she's moving around better.

Marcel swallows a small chunk of Tylenol.

DEAN (O.S.)

How many of those do you usually take? Don't take a lot.

MARCEL

I'm not. I don't know when I'm going to get another one. This is how I live.

CUT TO:

Marcel is standing in the bathroom sink, sipping from a small pool of water near the drain.

MARCEL

We just had to work so hard, just to do this. Just doing things and learning how to survive on our own. And I guess it's-

Marcel pauses to take another sip.

MARCEL

I don't want to end up less than what I have.

DEAN (O.S.)

I can't make this decision for you, but I really--

MARCEL

No, you're not. I've already made it for myself. I said no.

Marcel tries to march off, defiant. But the sink's slope is too slippery and he slides back to where he started. Sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marcel, angry and muttering to himself, flips on the electric mixer.

This time, he CRANKS IT UP a little too high...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The gingko tree, tethered to the mixer, SHAKES like crazy, more violent than before.

A zillion gingko berries RAIN DOWN onto the ground. One of them BONKS the drain pipe where the JUMPING SPIDERS hang out. They scatter.

INT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Marcel stomps over to the record player and throws down the needle. CLASSICAL MUSIC blares at double-speed. The leaves of nearby houseplants tremble.

Marcel, angry, taps his foot to the music as if to prove EVERYTHING IS FINE and that he's ENJOYING LIFE.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Connie watches the GINGKO TREE shaking vigorously.

CONNIE

He's no fun to be around, is he?

DEAN (O.S.)

(laughs)

No. He isn't.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Marcel and Connie work on a PUZZLE together.

MARCEL

Do you have any corner pieces over there?

CONNIE

(re: 60 Minutes)

I want you to do it.

MARCEL

No, Nan. No, and we already, we told them no.

CONNIE

Don't you want to meet Lesley Stahl?

MARCEL

We need quiet, Nana. We don't need a lot of people coming in here, and-

CONNIE

You don't need quiet for me. I don't want quiet.

MARCEL

(re: puzzle)

You know, I don't even know what we're supposed to be making here. What is this even a picture of?

CUT TO:

The front of the puzzle box:

A pack of tiny dogs wearing sunglasses on the beach. Text:  
**THE BAD BOYS OF SUMMER**

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN - DAY

Straw hat on, Connie is raking leaves with a makeshift tool.

CONNIE

He's bound up isn't he?

DEAN (O.S.)

Mhm.

She pauses from her work.

CONNIE

I think he's afraid of change. Especially after what we went through.

But life's not gonna go on unless  
 you open up.  
 (a beat)  
 Do you know that, Dean?

She gives him a knowing smile. Dean laughs.

INT. WINDOWSILL WITH LARGE LEDGE - NIGHT

Marcel and Connie watch *60 Minutes* on the neighbor's  
 TELEVISION. Both munch popcorn.

Marcel stares at the TV but his mind seems elsewhere...

CONNIE (V.O.)  
 I want him to dive in life. I'm not  
 going to be here forever, you know  
 what I mean?

EXT. CONNIE'S GARDEN - DAY

Connie puts her garden tools away.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Uh, yeah. I think he's just  
 worried. I think he'll lighten up  
 once you're feeling better.

CONNIE  
 Better?

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Yeah.

CONNIE  
 (inspired)  
 Huh, maybe. Better. Better. Better.  
 Better.

She heads out of frame with her WALKER, thinking...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A new day.

MARCEL (O.S.)  
 Connie? ...Nan?

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Connie's bed is empty.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel stands on the windowsill, looking perplexed.

MARCEL

Huh, it's weird because I did think  
I heard her up. Listen-

Suddenly, a GINGKO BERRY flies in through the window behind  
him, smacking him on the head.

MARCEL

What the-

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Marcel joins Connie in the yard as she loads another gingko  
berry into a twig-and-bottle-cap catapult.

MARCEL

Nan?

CONNIE

Look. Look how fun this is.

MARCEL

Are you just out here?

CONNIE

I had forgotten how fun.

MARCEL

Yeah. How long have you been out  
here?

CONNIE

Look, I can-

And- SNAP! Connie lets the berry fly and chuckes. Suddenly  
she seems very spry and healthy.

MARCEL

What is going on? Nan, you're  
really-

CONNIE

I need to work on my aim, but look,  
look.

Marcel clocks the SPLATTERED BERRIES all around the window.

MARCEL  
(laughs)  
Yeah, I see that.

INT. KITCHEN - STOVE - NIGHT

A BUBBLING POT on the stove. Marcel and Connie dangle their feet off a shelf above the pot and use a makeshift fishing-pole to lower a single macaroni to cook in the boiling water.

They sing the national anthem, making noises to replace the words they don't know.

CONNIE  
I never understood the words, but I  
can do it with "wa-wa."

MARCEL (V.O.)  
I don't want to get ahead of  
myself, but she seems to suddenly  
have a lot more energy.

CONNIE  
When we see the TVs, they play that  
song before the sports.

MARCEL  
Yeah, before the sports.

DEAN (O.S.)  
What kind of sports do you watch?

CONNIE  
They like running at the balls, or  
squash them.

MARCEL  
Kicking.

CONNIE  
They put the ball over a net  
sometimes...but the net has a hole,  
so it comes right out.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
I do notice, I think, she's  
definitely been eating better.

CUT TO:



INT. DINING ROOM - HUTCH - NIGHT

Marcel serves Connie a VEGGIE KEBAB.

CONNIE  
Mm. My favorite.

A JUMPING SPIDER is wandering around the table. Marcel turns, shoos it away.

MARCEL  
Nope, not for you.

He turns back and Connie's plate is suddenly EMPTY.

MARCEL  
Woah, Nan, you really- did you just eat that whole thing?

CUT AWAY TO:

EXT. WINDOW BOX - NIGHT

The JUMPING SPIDER FAMILY nibbles at the KEBAB.

CONNIE (O.C.)  
Oh, yes. Of course! I love shish kebab.

MARCEL (O.C.)  
Wow!

BACK TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - HUTCH - NIGHT

Connie, Marcel and Dean are laughing and chatting--

DEAN (O.S.)  
No, we're still friends.

CONNIE  
Why did you divorce her?

DEAN (O.S.)  
She's great. We just grew apart.

Connie coughs. It sounds bad.

DEAN (O.S.)  
You okay?

CONNIE  
I'm totally fine.

MARCEL  
Are you sure?

DEAN (O.C.)  
Maybe you should be resting, or-

CONNIE  
Who decided to leave? You or her?

DEAN (O.S.)  
It was pretty mutual.

CONNIE  
Haha. You don't fool me, it's never mutual.

Dean cracks up at this.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A broken pink crayon sits in Connie's room, partially hidden.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
And she's got some of her color back.

CLOSE UP on Connie's cheeks. She's used the crayon like ROUGE, making herself look more healthy.

INT. DINING ROOM - HUTCH - NIGHT

Back to them chatting...

CONNIE  
Is that why? 'Cause he's heartbroken. Are you heartbroken, Dean?

Dean laughs.

CONNIE  
He's laughing, maybe he's not so heartbroken.

INT. DEAN'S LAPTOP - DAY

A to-camera interview setup with Connie and Marcel. Both in a great mood.

MARCEL  
Look at her. She's just completely  
bounced back. It's like-

CONNIE  
Completely. 100%.

MARCEL  
Wow. I hope I get that- those  
genes.

CLOSE UP on Connie giving a conspiratorial side-eye. Her ruse to make herself seem healthier has worked.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

On the counter, Marcel and Connie stand on Dean's laptop.

CLOSE ON the *60 Minutes* email signature: SHARI FINKELSTEIN's name and her office PHONE NUMBER.

CONNIE  
Do you want me to be happy?

MARCEL  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
Do the interview.

DEAN (O.S.)  
She's got you there.

Connie walks off, knowing she's won.

MARCEL  
Alright, for you.

CONNIE  
I like you brave.

CUT TO:

Marcel stands on Dean's phone, looking at the keypad.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Two, six, eight ...

Marcel hops between numbers to dial the call.

DEAN (O.S.)  
And now just the green button.

Marcel takes a deep breath, steeling himself. He jumps.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Someone picks up--

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)  
CBS.

MARCEL  
Oh, uh, hello?

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)  
Hello?

MARCEL  
Is this Shari?

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)  
Yes it is.

MARCEL  
Hi Shari. This is Marcel.

DEAN (O.S.)  
This is Dean, I'm also on the line.

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)  
Hi, nice to speak with you guys.

MARCEL  
Nice to speak with you.

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)  
Sorry go ahead?

MARCEL  
I'm sorry, I just said it was nice  
to speak with you as well.

The conversation fades out as Connie speaks with Dean separately.

INT. DINING ROOM - HUTCH - NIGHT

Connie talks to Dean/camera--

CONNIE

He was acting calm and collected.  
And I knew he was like, in the  
front, Mr. Serious Face, Mr.  
Cucumber. But inside, butterflies.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marcel is a bit more comfortable, mid-convo with Shari.

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)

I mean, absolutely. Yes, talk about  
your family and your search to find  
them because sometimes we will  
learn something as we're shooting  
and that can lead to new  
discoveries.

MARCEL

Do you think it's a possibility  
that something could come from-?

SHARI (SPEAKER PHONE)

Yeah, I mean there's no promises,  
but if you have information, we'll  
see where our reporting leads.

(a beat)

And Dean, one other thing I wanted  
to ask you is, you know, I think it  
might be really interesting to  
interview you as part of the story  
as well. Is that something that  
you're comfortable with?

DEAN (O.S.)

I don't know. I mean, I'm generally  
behind the camera.

MARCEL

(teasing)

Oh, somebody doesn't want to do it.

DEAN (O.S.)

Uh, I'll get back to you on that.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A butterfly flits around the lawn but as FILM PRODUCTION  
TRUCKS roll up, it flies off.

EXT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marcel, skip in his step, arrives outside Connie's room and rings the "doorbell," an SFX KEYCHAIN that plays a LASER sound effect. KA-PEW!

MARCEL  
This is a little doorbell. Good morning, Nan!

No response from Nana Connie.

MARCEL  
Nan?

Pause. Still nothing.

MARCEL  
Huh.

Marcel starts to go into her room and turns to Dean.

MARCEL  
One sec.

Marcel leaves frame and we wait...just as it feels like we're about to get some bad news:

MARCEL (O.C.)  
Good morning, Nan. Today's the day.

CONNIE (O.C.)  
Yes.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Connie eases herself out of bed while Marcel watches, concerned. She's hobbling.

MARCEL  
Oh, Nan.

CONNIE  
Oh no, I'm fine.

MARCEL  
Are you sure that's...does it hurt still?

CONNIE  
Just stiff, getting better already-- look, look.

Connie starts to walk a little loop in the room, pushing herself to walk with more verve. Marcel is relieved.

MARCEL

All right. I'm gonna grab you some water.

CONNIE

Thank you.

Marcel leaves for a moment. Connie leans against her bed, letting herself feel her exhaustion while he's not watching. As we hear him returning, she pushes off and keeps walking the circle.

MARCEL

(like a carnival barker)  
Water, got your water here. Ice cold, thirst quenching water. Who wants it? A water, water. Who wants a water?

Marcel carries a drop of water in a bottle cap above his head and gives it to her.

CONNIE

Thank you, Marcello.

MARCEL

You're welcome. Quite a day for Lesley Stahl.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WINDOWSILL - DAY

Marcel stands on the windowsill. The FILM CREW walking around the house throws distorted shadows against the newspaper-covered windows.

MARCEL

Aw, man. There's definitely a storm rolling in. I can feel it. I can feel it because my shell feels tight.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

GRIPS unload the trucks. Walkies blare. It's a big crew.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel tears a bit of newspaper back, looking out the window at the crew.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
Do I seem nervous?

DEAN (O.S.)  
It's okay to be nervous.

He peeks outside and GASPS.

MARCEL (O.C.)  
Is that- That's the shish kebab  
from the other night!

OUT THE WINDOW

The JUMPING SPIDER FAMILY, still snacking on Connie's shish kebab in a GARDEN WINDOW BOX--

MARCEL (O.C.)  
Where is she? Do you know where she  
is? Nana?

INT. LIVING ROOM - WINDOWSILL - MOMENTS LATER

Marcel and Connie on the windowsill-

CONNIE  
You took away my vote. You didn't  
ask me.

MARCEL  
I can't believe you lied. You lied  
to me.

CONNIE  
You wrote me off.

MARCEL  
Nan, I did not write you off.

CONNIE  
You didn't even ask me, you just  
said, no *60 Minutes*. No. End of  
story.

MARCEL  
I made a decision for your health  
because I was worried about you.



The FOOTSTEPS of the CREW approach...coming up the STEPS  
DOORBELL.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Should I get the door?

Marcel takes a deep breath, stares at the ground.

CONNIE  
That's what I want.

MARCEL  
I want that too, but this is  
just...

CONNIE  
All I want, is for you to try. It's  
a big wide world.

MARCEL  
I don't want to lose everything in  
the hope of something... which is  
already gone.

CONNIE  
You break my heart if you don't.

DOORBELL again.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I can tell them we need to cancel  
if you want to do that.

Connie narrows her eye at Dean.

CONNIE  
Dean?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yes?

CONNIE  
(sweetly)  
Please can you shut up?  
(turning to Marcel)  
Marcello: Let's forget about being  
afraid... is *Lesley* afraid?

MARCEL  
No, *Lesley* is fearless.

CONNIE

You may be good, you may be not.  
But just take the adventure. Don't  
use me as an excuse not to live,  
hmm?

MARCEL

But what if everything changes  
again?

A beat. Connie smiles, cheerful.

CONNIE

It will.

Marcel cries, walks over and hugs Connie.

MARCEL

Come on. Let's do it.

Camera pivots and Dean's hand reaches into frame, OPENS THE  
FRONT DOOR, welcoming SHARI, 40s, and the entire 60 Minutes  
crew.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The balletic chaos of CREW MEMBERS filing in and out,  
carrying boxes, cameras, lights--the house filled with LIFE.

Marcel and Connie are perched on a MIC CASE. Delighted.

MARCEL

Woah! Those gentleman were NOT  
wearing bee-odorant!

Connie chuckles.

A GRIP peels the NEWSPAPERS off the windows. Sunlight streams  
in.

CONNIE

(marveling at passing  
crew)

Whoa! Did you see that?

MARCEL

I did!

CONNIE

I just saw *boxes* walking! And then  
behind them was a man.

MARCEL  
Look at his hat.

CONNIE  
Who are you, sir?

MARCEL  
Tell us your name!

MOMENTS LATER

A hip CREW MEMBER with long hair paces around the house, searching for something--

MARCEL  
Look at ponytail over here lookin'  
around for the bathroom tryin' to  
act like it's not an emergency.  
(shouting)  
It's over there!

INT. MAKEUP CHAIR - DAY

VANITY MIRROR turns on. LIGHT BULBS blink to life.

Marcel is in the makeup chair.

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)  
Now I'm just sort of, giving  
Marcel's shell a little bit of  
bronzer, just to kind of warm up  
here.

The brush tickles Marcel, he laughs.

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)  
I'm just going to put a little bit  
here. How does that feel?

Marcel SNEEZES.

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)  
Oh.

MARCEL  
Sorry, I spit on you.

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)  
That's okay. Close your mouth.

INT. VIDEO VILLAGE - DAY

Marcel and Connie sit in video village watching the monitor.

MARCEL  
OK Connie look, see this guy right  
here?

The man walks past camera, appears on the MONITOR.

MARCEL  
Look- now he's on TV! Look he's on  
TV!

He exits the monitor's frame.

MARCEL  
Okay and now he's back in real  
life. This guy over here, look,  
real life...on TV.

Connie chuckles. Another man walks by, wearing a large TOOL  
BELT.

CONNIE  
Look at that one.

MARCEL  
That's "Tool Belt."

CONNIE  
And that one?

We see a man wearing headphones.

MARCEL  
That's "Mr. Headphones."

Connie laughs, havin' a damn ball.

INT. MAKEUP CHAIR - DAY

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)  
Do you want to see what you look  
like?

Marcel admires himself in the mirror.

MARCEL  
Oh my god.

MAKEUP ARTIST (O.S.)  
Don't you look rested?

MARCEL  
I look like I only drink olive oil.

They laugh.

INT. VIDEO VILLAGE - DAY

MARCEL  
This guy over here, look, real  
life...on TV.

CONNIE  
(spotting something)  
*Marcello.*

She nods toward the door. Marcel looks over, awe struck:

LESLEY STAHL. The real Lesley. She steps inside, happily  
chatting with a producer.

MARCEL  
Nana, make the noise.

CONNIE  
Tick tick tick tick tick tick ...

MARCEL  
(60 Minutes impression)  
All these stories and more on... *60*  
*Minutes.*

A PRODUCER approaches Marcel and Connie in video village.

PRODUCER  
Marcel, can I get you to stand in  
real quick?

MARCEL  
Oh, yes. Nan, are you going to be  
okay?

CONNIE  
Go, yes, go, go.

MARCEL  
Okay.

PRODUCER  
I'll bring him right back.

The producer offers a MIC CASE. He climbs aboard.

Connie shuffles to the monitor and watches as a camera zooms  
in to grab focus on Marcel. This moment feels like destiny  
arriving...

CONNIE

On real life...

(a beat)

On TV.

MARCEL (ON SCREEN)

Yeah, I think that's the brightest thing I've ever seen.

The crew cracks up. Connie is beaming...

...time slows down...

As the crew gears up to roll, Connie is carried on a SLIPPER to a SUNLIT WINDOWSILL.

INT. OFFICE

Connie stands among the open books she's pushed off the shelf and onto the floor.

CONNIE

(to Dean/camera)

I know that you like these kinds of things for your movie. It might be good.

(a beat)

I found this the other day. It's about season change. This book I had for many years, but I had not noticed this part, which I'd like to read you:

(reading)

*The trees are coming into leaf,  
like something almost being said.*

INT. SET

The crew is in position. We see LESLEY on monitor getting settled. She's radiant.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Alright guys, wardrobe is clear, makeup is clear. Quiet please.

CONNIE (V.O.)

(reading)

*The recent buds relax and spread.  
Their greenness is a kind of grief.*

SUNLIT WINDOWSILL

A LADY BUG lands on the window where near Connie. Connie watches it, delighted.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
 (reading)  
*Is it that they are born again, and  
 we grow old? No. They die too.*

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A leaf falls slowly from a tree, passing a carving on the porch railing: Larissa and Mark's names inside a heart.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
 (reading)  
*Their yearly trick of looking new  
 is written down in rings of grain."*

INT. SET - DAY

An A.C. slates in front of LESLEY.

A.C.  
 And mark. Camera B marker.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Connie walks across the page, reading the new line--

CONNIE (V.O.)  
*Yet still the un-resting castles  
 thresh in full grown thickness  
 every may.*

SUNLIT WINDOWSILL

The LADYBUG hops and flutters playfully. Fey curiosity flashes across Connie's face. She climbs out of the slipper and follows the ladybug into a flood of dust-filled SUNLIGHT...slowly becoming less visible until she's gone...

CONNIE (V.O.)  
 (reading)  
*Last year is dead they seem to say.  
 Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.*

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The crew, happily tired, applaud Marcel, Dean, and Lesley.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

All right, everybody. That's a wrap  
on Marcel!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

It's gray. POURING RAIN. The production vehicles pull away.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The house is QUIET. Furniture all replaced. The crew gone.

MARCEL (O.S.)

...if somebody moved and nobody  
noticed Nana Connie, she could be  
behind something.

CLOSE ON the SLIPPER that we last saw Connie in tipped over  
on the windowsill, EMPTY.

Marcel walks around it, looking for her.

MARCEL

Nan?

INT. HALLWAY/BATHROOM - DAY

Marcel exits the bathroom, looking for her.

MARCEL (O.C.)

Okay, sometimes she goes to the  
toilet, sits on the rim. Nan?

(pause)

You checked her room, right?

DEAN (O.S.)

No.

They keep chatting about where she could be as all sound  
slowly fades to silence...



EXT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marcel stands at Connie's door, staring into her room silently. A long beat.

He walks away, heartbroken.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The jumping spider family examines a small pool of water on the floor. Marcel can be heard crying.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I'm glad I got to meet her.

MARCEL (O.C.)  
Me too. She probably felt tired...

Marcel sits on the window sill. He looks exhausted, resigned. He is surrounded by large puddles of tears that drip to the spiders below.

MARCEL  
...especially after being very excited. Have you ever done that before? Like, when there's a party in your house? Sometimes, it's easiest to rest when you go off by yourself, and you can still hear the noise of the party and you feel safe knowing that so many people are around.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MARCEL  
Knowing that you can have a rest.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Mm-hmm.

AMAZING GRACE played on Marcel's CEREMONIAL MACARONI HORN begins...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Marcel sits on the edge of the sink as Dean uses a SHARPIE to color Marcel's shoes BLACK.

MARCEL  
That's good. And now this one.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

AMAZING GRACE continues- we see Marcel playing his HORN in Connie's GARDEN in front of a QUEEN CHESS PIECE used as a HEADSTONE.

MARCEL (V.O.)

She was exactly what you would want  
a grandmother to be.

Marcel arranges leaves and flowers around the headstone.

MARCEL (V.O.)

She had a vibrant past, and a  
colorful personality, and she  
didn't get sanded down by life.

Marcel finishes playing AMAZING GRACE on his horn as we

PULL BACK--

seeing the entire house, garden, yard. A moment of context  
and peace, filmed from high above the ground.

LONG QUIET BEAT. Then-

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hello.

DEAN (O.S.)

Hi.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hi. Why are you in the tree?

DEAN (O.S.)

Sorry?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

That's my tree.

DEAN (O.S.)

This is yours?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Yeah.

DEAN (O.S.)

Oh, I'm sorry. It looked like it  
was on hers.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Nope.

DEAN (O.S.)

(pause)

Well, do you mind if I stay up here for a minute? I'm just- it's a short thing.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

I do mind. I don't have insurance for whatever you're doing up there.

DEAN (O.S.)

Okay, coming down. Sorry.

The camera shifts as Dean exits the tree.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

You fall, something happens, I'm liable. What is it that you're actually filming. You're not with a studio, or...?

DEAN (O.S.)

No.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Birds chirp. A sunny day.

INT. MEMORIAL SHRINE TO SHELLS - DAY

Marcel is carving the memorial portrait of Connie, quietly working, surrounded by all the other portraits we saw earlier.

MARCEL

Okay, and I made her look like an everything bagel. Perfect.

He grunts with effort as he carves into the wood. He slips, making an error.

MARCEL

Darn it!

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Marcel tugs at the stem of a beet to no avail. He doesn't have Connie's magic touch.

MARCEL  
It doesn't seem to-

A BEETLE approaches, chittering at Marcel.

MARCEL  
(addressing the bug)  
No, nope. I don't know what you  
want. I can't help you. I don't  
know what it is, and she's not  
here, so you gotta...go.

Marcel blows at the beetle and it flies away. He's alone.

Raindrops start to fall; Marcel sits, defeated, taking cover  
under a leaf. A beat.

The beetle joins him under the leaf.

MARCEL  
...Hey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marcel quietly sits on a windowsill, looking out.

DEAN (O.S.)  
How are you doing?

Marcel groans.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Can you teach me a song?

MARCEL  
Uh...

DEAN (O.S.)  
(singing off key)  
*A-ah I wanna linger. Will you do  
it?*

MOMENTS LATER

Marcel has perked up a little...

MARCEL  
Do you want to do the "Hm-mms"?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Sure.  
(singing)  
*Hm-mm.*

MARCEL  
 (singing with him)  
*I wanna linger-*

DEAN (O.S.)  
*Hmm.*

MARCEL  
 Well, you're really not singing the  
 note, at all.

Dean laughs.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
*Huh-uh.*

MARCEL  
 (smiling now)  
 You can't sing any notes!

DEAN (O.S.)  
 No, I can't. If I'm gonna do it-

MARCEL  
 I can't teach you how to sing.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 You do it, then I'll copy you.

They start singing "Linger." It's going well! Then Dean hits  
 a bad note.

MARCEL  
 Nope.

They laugh.

MARCEL  
 I really don't know what to do with  
 you. I don't know what to say.

They try again. Dean is tremendously off-key.

MARCEL  
 No. None of those things were  
 right, no. You're like sitting  
 halfway on the chair. Go home and  
 think about it.

Dean tries again. It's bad. Both are now BELLY LAUGHING.

MARCEL  
 This is unbelievable.

DEAN (O.S.)  
What can I do to practice?

EXT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Marcel, feeling lighter, cleans out Connie's bedroom.

MARCEL (O.C.)  
She just kept everything.

In the background we hear Dean's SUITCASE being zipped, unzipped, searched through. Marcel stops.

MARCEL  
So where are you gonna go now?

DEAN (O.S.)  
What?

MARCEL  
Aren't you leaving?

DEAN (O.S.)  
No, why would I be leaving?

MARCEL  
Oh. I guess cause the suitcase and-

DEAN (O.S.)  
Oh, no, I'm just looking for my tie.

MARCEL  
Oh, oh.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Where am I gonna go?

MARCEL  
I don't know.

A beat.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(playful)  
You're it, baby.

MARCEL  
Hehe okay.

Marcel smiles, assured.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

As Marcel finishes cleaning up Connie's room we hear a voicemail.

SHARI (V.O.)

Hi Marcel, this is Shari from *60 Minutes*. I wanted to let you know that the interview went great, we've been looking at the footage, and I'm wondering if you would be willing to do another day of shooting with us. We've made some discoveries that I'd love to share with you. It's kinda all happening fast, so if you could get back to me as soon as you get this message I would really appreciate it. Hope to talk to you soon!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: **Two Months Later**

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marcel's *60 Minutes* episode plays on DEAN'S LAPTOP.

FULL SCREEN NOW ON THIS *60 MINUTES* SEGMENT

LESLEY STAHL delivers her to-camera intro in the *60 Minutes* studio.

LESLEY STAHL

Good things come in small packages. It's an old idea. As journalists we're always trying to dispense with those, always trying to find fresh angles on a story. But tonight, in the only interview he's given since becoming an Internet phenom, Marcel the Shell will ask us to look twice at what we take for granted, to discover new meaning in the simplest ideas. Marcel, a one-inch tall-shell, reminds us of the true value of community, the transformative power of friendship, and, yes, the most ingenious use for a tennis ball.

Lesley chuckles as we cut to

60 MINUTES B-ROLL OF MARCEL'S HOUSE:

-Marcel's rover scoots down the hall.

MARCEL (V.O.)

You do want to make sure your  
parking space is like, perfectly  
flat.

-Marcel is perched on the entrance of his stockpile.

MARCEL (V.O.)

Because otherwise it's not going to  
be where you left it.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

For years, Marcel and his  
grandmother Connie shared this old  
house with their pet lint, Alan,  
and an ever-changing array of human  
guests.

-The living room. AirBnB displayed on a laptop.

MARCEL

We just tried to stay out of their  
way, stay out of sight and it  
worked.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

But that all changed when an  
amateur filmmaker moved in.

-In the office, Leslie looks over Dean's shoulder as he shows  
her his footage of Marcel on his computer.

In a traditional *60 Minutes* interview setup, Leslie chats  
with Dean and Marcel.

LESLEY STAHL

Dean, what were your first  
impressions?

DEAN

I guess I was impressed with his  
pizzazz. His spark, you know?

MARCEL

Wow. No, no, I like it.

THEIR OFFICE CHAT



Leslie sits at Dean's computer now--

LESLEY STAHL

And maybe you needed the connection, needed the friendship.

MARCEL

Yeah, maybe you needed the friendship.

Dean and Lesley laugh.

BACK TO THE INTERVIEW

LESLEY STAHL

Marcel, how long has it been since you've seen your family?

MARCEL

Well, I don't do the clock the way that you guys do the clock. But I'm watching the changes in the trees, and the flowers that have bloomed, and the blossoms that have fallen. The buds that have come and bloomed again. So, I couldn't tell you, but the space in my heart gets bigger and louder every day.

LESLEY STAHL

Dean, do you know how long?

DEAN

It was two years.

MARCEL

Oh, that's nice to know.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

We're being dropped midway into the next segment. It's clear we've missed some stuff--Marcel is standing on his MAP, mid-interview with Lesley.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

Given all the new information Marcel shared with us in this interview...

MARCEL

He had just the same kind of man face. Like two eyes, that kind of thing, the mouth with all the teeth.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)  
 ...our investigative team was able  
 to track down Larissa Geller.

CLOSE ON Larissa and Mark's heart-framed photo on the fridge.

*60 Minutes* B-ROLL:

-DRONE FOOTAGE of Guatemala. NGO workers in a small village.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)  
 We found her here, working for an  
 environmental NGO in the rural  
 highlands of Guatemala.

-A plane lands at LAX.

-LARISSA, 30s, removes her suitcase from the trunk of a cab,  
 arriving back at Marcel's house.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)  
 Next, Ms. Geller returned home, and  
 helped us locate this man-

-CLOSE ON same faded image of MARK with his TEAL MITSUBISHI.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)  
 -her former boyfriend, Mark Booth.

-Larissa talks to Mark on the phone in the passenger seat of  
 a car. He bickers with her ("I didn't even want to do this  
 today") but, knowing she's on-camera, Larissa acts like all's  
 well.

LARISSA  
 (cheerfully)  
 Okay! Bye.  
 (hangs up)

-Larissa's car arrives at Mark's bachelor pad. MARK, 30s,  
 barefoot and letting everyone know he did a lot of cleaning  
 to prepare for the shoot, greets Larissa and crew.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)  
 After some brief introductions, the  
 search efforts began.

-MARKS HOUSE. Marcel investigates the places we've seen him  
 and Connie occupy in their own house: potted plants (Mark's  
 plants are all dead), fireplaces, tops of shelves, beneath  
 couches. Nothing.

MARCEL

Okay, well...I don't really know where else to look. I don't know what to do. I don't know the area.

Marcel is in a closet, walking around in a TAN ROLLING SUITCASE.

MARCEL

This is definitely the bag, so that is good news. I'm not- I'm not going to start to feel down. This is like...

He looks disappointed, but tries to keep a good face on. We hear LARISSA AND MARK starting to argue.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

And then, Marcel heard a familiar sound...

ZOOMED shot, stolen from around a corner, of Larissa and Mark arguing in a side room.

Marcel inspects a stack of old pizza boxes.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

What our crew heard was two people negotiating their separation, but what *Marcel* heard was the sounding of an alarm, an alarm he knew would send any shells living in the house into a shelter plan.

MARCEL

Oh durr! The sock drawer... sock drawer!

The packaged-ness of the *60 Minutes* editing and music dissipates, we are now "in the moment" with the search, huffing it down the hallway behind Marcel, heading toward the master bedroom...

MARCEL

It's over here!

We round the corner, following Marcel into the bedroom.

He approaches the BUREAU.

MARCEL (O.C.)

It's over here! Gimme a hand!

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on Marcel watching the *60 Minutes* episode on DEAN'S LAPTOP.

BACK TO:

FULL SCREEN *60 MINUTES* SEGMENT

Marcel sits atop MARK'S BUREAU, looking down into the open sock drawer, filled with his FAMILY MEMBERS. It's not just shells--we catch glimpses of a PRETZEL friend, A TAMPON, A TINY PENCIL--all THRILLED to see Marcel.

LESLEY STAHL (V.O.)

What followed was a once-in-lifetime moment: a family reuniting.

Marcel jumps down into the drawer and is embraced in a whole-family group hug.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see the same CLOSE UP of Marcel watching this segment but now we

SLOW ZOOM OUT

revealing the entire Shell community we just saw sitting around him, watching the *60 Minutes* episode. COMMUNITY RESTORED!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. GARDEN WINDOW BOX - DAY

CLOSE ON MARCEL as he steps out in front of his community, standing behind Connie's chess-piece headstone.

The crowd hushes, readying itself for his performance. He clears his throat and closes his eyes, begins to sing "Peaceful Easy Feeling."

MARCEL (SINGING)

*I like the way your sparkling earrings lay... Against your skin so brown...*

His community watches him sing. Not a dry eye in the house. This is a proper funeral party for Connie.

MARCEL (SINGING)  
*I know you won't let me down/  
 'cause I'm already standing/on the  
 ground...*

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Catherine and Mario, standing in front of a busy "ice rink," give a to-camera interview.

TEXT ON SCREEN: **Catherine and Mario - parents**

CATHERINE  
 Marcel has always been a performer.  
 Always wanted to be on stage and  
 make people happy and smile.

MARIO  
 Mm-hmm.

CATHERINE  
 And, as a mother, sorry, uh-

Catherine begins to cry. Marcel comes from behind camera to comfort her.

MARCEL  
 Oh, mom.  
 (to Dean)  
 I told you. You were going to get  
 right into the real stuff.

DEAN (O.S.)  
 Well we can just pick it up later.  
 Let's talk about something else.

MARCEL  
 Yeah.

CATHERINE  
 Talk to Mario for a minute.

The camera pans to Mario. He blinks. Zoned out.

MARIO  
 Yeah, I'm sorry. I was thinking  
 about something else.

They laugh.

MARCEL  
And that's us in a nutshell.

MARIO  
Yeah, I was just kind of waiting...

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN WINDOW BOX - DAY

Marcel continues to sing.

MARCEL  
*"...tells me I may never see you  
again-"*

MARCEL (V.O.)  
Most of the innovations Nan and I  
came up with, you know, they're  
just not necessary anymore.

CLOSE ON Connie's makeshift gardening TOOLS.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Out the window we see MARIO and all of his SISTERS jumping on  
the ginkgo tree branch, shaking berries free.

MISC. FAMILY  
Ready? One two three. One two  
three. One two three.

REVEAL: the KITCHEN MIXER sitting unused. A small cobweb is  
forming on its side.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
Then again, some of them have  
really taken off!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The area is filled with TENNIS BALLS, erratically bonking  
into each other (i.e. all shells are using rovers as  
transportation now).

EXT. WINDOW BOX - DAY

Marcel finishes singing...

MARCEL (SINGING)  
"...Yes I'm already standing, on  
the ground."

He takes a cleansing breath, looking out at his community.

MARCEL  
Thank you very much.

INT. BANQUET TABLE - DAY

POP! A CHAMPAGNE CORK rockets out of a bottle thanks to a group of shells using some string. Everyone CHEERS.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shells CANNONBALL onto the couch cushions, throwing dust on the glass coffee table's "ice skating rink."

Marcel skates through the crowd on the coffee table, everyone trying to catch a moment with him

VARIOUS  
Great job! Good work! Look at you!  
You're amazing! We missed your  
little face! The punim on this one!  
Hermoso! I cried from the beauty.

MARCEL  
Aw. You're making me blush.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: Justin - brother

JUSTIN is attempting to walk up the wall using honey. Marcel watches him, trying to help.

MARCEL  
Put your weight on the front foot,  
and then you un-stick the back  
one...

JUSTIN  
Yeah, yeah, I can do it.

MARCEL  
I know, right, but you have to keep  
doing it.

JUSTIN  
I'm fine.

MARCEL  
(trying to be encouraging)  
All right, well, do you see what's  
happening?

JUSTIN  
I know.

Justin begins to slide backwards.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE TABLE - DAY

From the sidelines, Marcel and Dean watch the community  
skating.

MARCEL  
(re: his little cousin)  
She's really good. Especially for  
such a little one. You know what it  
is, she has that thing when you're  
young, and you have no fear because  
you haven't injured yourself yet?

Dean laughs.

MARCEL  
You know what I mean? You don't  
know what risk is, you just zoom  
around all the time.

A shell we haven't met yet skates confidently up to Marcel.

SUSAN  
Marcel. I'm being patient.

TEXT ON SCREEN: **Susan - aunt**

MARCEL  
Okay. If you're trying to be  
patient-



SUSAN

Come out here with me and shake  
that little tush. Come on.

MARCEL

I will. I really promise I will  
take a turn around the rink, I'm  
just kind of-

SUSAN

(addressing Dean behind  
camera)  
Dean. Dean, Dean. Please.

MARCEL

(re: his aunt)  
This is the stock that I come from.  
You can see a direct line to Nana  
Connie with this one.

Susan tugs Dean's MICROPHONE into frame to speak closely into  
it.

SUSAN

Could you tell your friend Marcel  
I'm not gonna wait forever, please?

She skates off.

MARCEL

Wow.

DEAN (O.S.)

It's nice to see you back with  
everyone.

Marcel senses a loneliness in Dean. He turns...

MARCEL

Yeah. You know, you're welcome back  
here any time you want.

A beat.

DEAN (O.S.)

Thanks. You're welcome at my house  
any time you want.

MARCEL

You don't have a house.

DEAN (O.S.)

I will soon. I signed a lease.

MARCEL

Oh! Well then, I accept.

In the background, Susan conspires with a group of YOUNG SHELLS.

SUSAN

One, two, three!

They all pounce on Marcel and drag him out to the ice.

SHELL CHILD

C'mon Marcel, we're going ice skating!

Marcel is a good sport about it, if a little overwhelmed.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It's just different now, after living alone for so long. I find that sometimes being in a big group can be overwhelming to me.

HECTIC B-ROLL:

-KID SHELLS pile on top of Marcel

-JUSTIN continues fighting with Marcel about honey footprints

-A group of SHELLS munch on a stale loaf of bread, making a mess in the kitchen. In the background we see Marcel's rover roll past, down the hall, away from the crowd...

MARCEL (V.O.)

I needed somewhere that I could come to just...  
(sighs)

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

The rover bounces off the last basement stair and into the laundry room.

MARCEL (V.O.)

I found myself coming down here more and more.

MOMENTS LATER

Marcel walks up the wall towards the window sill, leaving honey footprints behind him.

MARCEL

Such a lovely smell. From the dryer sheets.

MARCEL (V.O.)

And I like it because there's a window that is always open a little crack there.

Marcel arrives on the sill, enjoys the breeze.

MARCEL (V.O.)

I would stand there, and sometimes I would tell her things. Ask for advice. Or just let sounds come out of my mouth.

And one day, I was just sitting, and the wind blew in. And it blew just over my head in such a way and made a beautiful whistling sound.

DEAN (O.S.)

What kind of noise is it?

MARCEL

Shh, shh, shh. Listen.

The wind blows through Marcel's shell, creating a LOW PLAINITIVE HUM.

MARCEL

Can you hear it? That's it. That's going through my shell.

WIDE ON THE ROOM

It's a normal laundry room. But in this moment, in this afternoon light, in this breeze, we feel something transcendent.

MARCEL (V.O.)

It felt just like her to lead me to a place where I would experience something new and special.

It connected me, I felt, to everything. Because if I wasn't there the sound would never exist. I felt like everything was in pieces but when I stood there, suddenly we were one large instrument.

I like to go there a lot. Because it reminds me that I'm not just one separate piece rattling around in this place, but that I'm part of a whole. And I truly enjoy the sound of myself connected to everything.

Marcel sits on an eraser, looking out the window. His shell HUMS with the wind.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS BEGIN

EXT. DEAN'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

A small apartment building on a hilly street. The overgrown flower bushes outside are BLOOMING.

DEAN (PRE-LAP)  
I'm gonna let him out, you ready?

MARCEL (PRE-LAP)  
All right. Release the hounds!  
(pause)  
Come on, do it. I'm actually really excited to see him.

DEAN (PRE-LAP)  
Okay, here he is!

INT. DEAN'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Arthur and Marcel reunite as we get a glimpse of Dean's lovely new spot: french doors open to a balcony surrounded by trees swaying in the breeze. A few moving boxes remain in a corner.

MARCEL  
(addressing Arthur)  
Hey boo-boo. Come here. How are you, pal?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Awh, he remembers you!

Arthur gives Marcel a lick.

MARCEL  
You smell ... Oh my goodness. He has a new smell. Is he sick?

DEAN (O.S.)  
I switched him to wet food, and  
it's made his breath go crazy.

MARCEL  
It is a very dense, very rich  
aroma.

MOMENTS LATER

Marcel is now on Dean's kitchen table.

MARCEL  
(listing Dean's blessings)  
So you guys got wet dog food--

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MARCEL  
You got a balcony- That's nice.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah. We got this cool view.

MARCEL  
I see you have some flowers here?

Marcel gestures at a bunch of handpicked wildflowers in a vase.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Oh yeah, aren't they nice? They're  
from the bike path. There's a bike  
path that goes behind my house.

MARCEL  
(playful, suspicious)  
Uh-huh. Who gave you these flowers?

DEAN (O.S.)  
No one gave them to me!

MARCEL  
Really?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MARCEL  
(side-eye)  
Okay.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I picked them myself.

MARCEL  
Oh really? Cause we had a garden in  
our place. I never saw you picking  
any flowers.

Marcel stares at Dean, smiling.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(conceding)  
I wanted to make the place look  
nice. A friend was coming over.

MARCEL  
A friend?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Yes, I have a friend.

MARCEL  
What kind of a friend?

DEAN (O.S.)  
She is a girl.

MARCEL  
Really?

DEAN (O.S.)  
Would you like to see the rest of  
the apartment?

MARCEL  
Would you like to change the  
subject?

Dean laughs.

MARCEL  
Yeah sure, let's see it.

Dean sets the camera on a tripod and gives Marcel a lift,  
walking away from us, down the hall, dipping into different  
rooms...

DEAN  
All right, this is my room.

MARCEL  
Oh, more flowers in here, huh?

DEAN  
Yeah, more flowers in here.

MARCEL  
Hitting that bike path pretty hard.

DEAN  
(laughing)  
Actually, those are from the  
farmer's market.

The apartment tour continues as their dialogue fades out...

THE END