

Marcel The Shell With Shoes On

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Based on the online shorts and characters created by

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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 GINKO 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-ballining 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 GINKGO 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 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) DEAN (O.S.)
No! Oh my God! No, no! Off!
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 to 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 GINKGO 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 GINKGO 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, Marcelllo.

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

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

LESLY 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, 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 gingko 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. 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 PLAINTIVE 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