

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

GEORGE (32) slumps onto the couch. Exasperated, he raises his hand to his head and continues to argue with someone on the phone.

GEORGE

Listen, we agreed on \$5,000 and that's final. I'm not going to pay a cent more!

He listens intently, stiffening his hands in frustration. His hands drop. George's eyes widen.

GEORGE

Ok! Ok! Sixty-five hundred, just don't hurt her! Only the ex-wife, that's all I want. Yes. Yes! Please, leave Julia out of this! God, whatever you do, don't hurt Jules!

George's face calms as he listens again to the speaker on the other line. He sits up straight, and reaches for the pad and pen sitting in front of him on the coffee table. He writes down some information.

GEORGE

Yes, I have the money. Twenty minutes... yes twenty minutes will be plenty. Tony, I'm not fucking with you. You be here in twenty, I'll have the cash, then this will all be over... yes alone, I'll be god damn alone! Who do you think I'd bring to witness me paying to kill my ex-wife!? I'm sorry, yes, that was rude. Twenty minutes, alone. Got it... pleasure doing business with you too.

George hangs up the phone and sighs in relief. He glances over at the framed portrait of himself and a woman hanging over the fireplace.

GEORGE (TALKING TO THE PORTRAIT)

You never should have crossed me Amy.

George grins. The doorbell rings.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOORWAY - DAY

MARISSA (8) stands on the porch, eyes wide, decked out in every scout badge she's ever earned. Hyped up, she's the deffinition of peppy curiosity.

MARISSA

Good afternoon sir. My names
Marissa, not Karissa, not LA-Rissa,
but MA-Rissa with an M.

She holds her hand next to her mouth as if informing George of a top secret.

MARISSA

Apparently, the ISSA's we're
extremely popular in 2002.

She returns to speaking normally.

MARISSA

Anywhos, I'm here on behalf of the
Sunnyside Scouts; today we're
selling cookies!

George's mouth drops wide open in disbelief. He mutters to himself.

GEORGE

I can't believe this right now!

He places a sickly sweet smile on his face and glances down towards Marissa.

GEORGE

Listen sweetie, I'd love to help
you out, but I'm in a bit of a
hurry right this moment -

Marissa cuts him off midsentence, takes a step closer and reaches out to shake Geore's hand. George returns the shake with eyes wide open at her forwardness.

MARISSA

Well don't worry about time sir, I
won the badge for fastest speaker
last year at our annual Sunnyside
Scout yodeling competition, and I'm
the three-year undefeated Sunnyside
Scout sprinter, so I can have your
cookies here before you have even
shut the door!

(CONTINUED)

Marissa points to a red wagon piled with cookies at the end of George's driveway.

MARISSA

Do you like chocolate sir?

George throws his hands in the air.

GEORGE

Well yes... wait, what!? Excuse me Klarissa, but...

MARISSA

MA-Rissa.

George glances at his watch in horror, he is speaking completely irritated now.

GEORGE

MA-Rissa! I'm just not interested. Actually I think this is hardly the time for cookies if there ever were the most innapropriate time for cookies, this would be it! So please, if you wouldn't mind, take your rainbow-infused treats and beat it! I need you gone, now!

Marissa's lips curl into a frown; it looks as if she may cry. Then, her face slowly changes, she narrows her eyes and smiles.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Marissa skips down the sidewalk, triling a wagon behind her with one solitary box of cookies bouncing inside. A black car pulls up, TONY gets out. Marissa waves hello and skips passed him, Tony waves back, smiles fondly, and walks towards the door.