

EXIT QUIETLY  
By  
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EXT. WEST LOS ANGELES, CA - NIGHT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dull. Regular sofa, old fashioned coffee table.

CLAIRE DENVER, late forties is thirty pounds overweight. Her red hair is undone and she wears an old sweat suit. With the remote control in hand, something on TV strikes her funny bone—she laughs.

JACK DENVER plops on the sofa. He SHOVES her arm forcefully and moves her to the other side of the sofa. He grabs the remote and changes the station.

Claire attempts to leave, but he grabs her by the arm and YANKS her back to the sofa, slaps her face and smirks sadistically.

Claire's tears are silent as she stares blankly into the empty spaces.

Jack continues changing the stations while darting dirty looks in her direction.

EXT. SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The room is decorated eloquently. It is attractive and detailed with paintings and expensive art objects. Several vases of flowers decorate the room.

MARTY MARANO is a handsome older man. He wears eyeglasses as he reads a newspaper. He is fit and extremely charismatic.

MARIE MARANO enters the room. She is in her forties and in perfect shape. Shorts and a sexy off-the-shoulder top, reveals her excellent figure.

He stands to greet her. She extends her cheek to him, which he kisses affectionately as he rubs her back sensuously. They sit on the sofa, their bodies are close.

MARTY

Well pretty lady, have you given  
Any more thought to my request?

Marie's body posture shifts, she wiggles from him.

MARIE

Again? We are going to have this  
argument again?

MARTY

Sweetheart, it doesn't have to be  
an argument. All I want is for you  
to come and be with me while I help  
Mark with his business in LA.

Marie folds her arms.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It will only be for a year or so.  
He's our son for heaven's sake—

MARIE

(stands)

No, he is not our son. He is your son,  
from your first wife. Remember?

MARTY

(moves to her)

Okay, but you're still his stepmother—

Marie moves to the other side of the room.

MARIE

I hate when you refer to me as a  
stepmother. Do I look like I am  
infested with warts?

MARTY

Marie, Sweetheart, please—

MARIE

If you want to go to LA to help your son, then go. But I will be staying here. I have my own business to attend to, not to mention my daughter from my first marriage, or did you forget about that? Although God knows she would rather be with you anyway.

Marie grabs her purse, gives Marty a look of dismissal and SLAMS the front door behind her.

Marty lights a cigarette.

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jack sits at the table; Claire places his food and starts to eat. He grabs her fork, tosses it across the room. The food from it splatters on the wall.

JACK

(snarls)

Listen you cow. If I told you once, I've told you a thousand times. You eat too fast. That's why you're so damn fat! Get it? You shovel it in like a real hog. You're disgusting.

She gives him a dirty look. Without missing a beat—he backhands her.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't you dare look at me like that.  
Go clean up that mess while I eat.  
Then get your fat ass back in the chair.

Claire stares off to the blank spaces again as she does what she is told.

TWO MONTHS LATER SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marty packs his suitcase. JENNIFER his twenty-four year old step-daughter sits on the bed. She has intense eyes And a nervous personality.

There are deep circles under her eyes. She watches every move he makes.

JENNIFER

Why are you leaving?

Jennifer starts to sob. Marty stops packing and moves to her.

MARTY

Sweetheart, don't cry. I'm only going to LA to help Mark for awhile. It's not like you won't see me. You do have classes at UCLA.

Marty rubs her shoulder in a completely paternal manner. She shivers.

JENNIFER

No. You're leaving to get away from her—the bitch woman. Why don't you admit it?

Marty returns to his packing.

MARTY

I told you, don't speak that way about your mother.

JENNIFER

Why do you always defend her? She treats you like crap. If you were my husband, I wouldn't be mean to you.

(voice turns sensual)

I'd treat you right. You should let me move in with you when you get settled in LA. I would make you very, very happy.

Marty gives her a stern look over the top of his glasses.

MARTY

Jenny, I'm sorry, but this is the way it is. I'm not leaving your mother, I'm going to help Mark. And you (MORE)

will never live in my apartment. Get that through your head, okay?

Jennifer pouts.

Marie struts in and hands Marty a new pack of boxer shorts. He opens the package and places them carefully into the suitcase.

Jennifer storms out of the room.

MARTY

Gees, thanks for the gift.

MARIE

I want you to remember that I expect you to be faithful.

MARTY

Why? You afraid I'll give you a disease?

MARIE

Don't be vulgar, you know I don't like that. Just remember to save it for our visitations.

Marty smirks, stops what he's doing and pulls her to him.

MARTY

How's about a little visitation before I leave?

Marie shuts the door and locks it. She moves back to Marty as she gives him a come hither look. He takes the opportunity to enjoy a long kiss.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer has her ear pressed to the door as she silently sobs into the sleeve of her shirt.