



Scripts.com

Heaven Sent

By Rick Ramage

BILLY:

that You are Love.
(voice echoes)
If that's true,
I sure could use
a little of You right now.

MAIRE:

my doubts,
but right now, I am so confused.
If You are out there,
I really need to know.

BILLY:

what to do anymore.

BOTH:

know how to reach her/him.

MAIRE:

send a little sign.
Something.
Anything that will give him
the strength to let go.

BILLY:

(straining)
Oh, come...
(straining)

BILLY:

I'm some sort of expert,
but why?
I mean, I'm not embarrassed
to admit
that I just spent
the last nine years
in a marriage, and never
once knew what I was doing.
I hope your homeowners'
is paid up there, Billy.
(chuckles)
Hey, George.

Glory! How many lights
you got on the old casa?

Well, I tell you.

However many it takes.

(laughs)

Wait till you see what
I'm getting ready to do
with this evergreen tree
right here.

Yeah?

What do you got for me today?

Oh, I got two

for you today, Billy.

One's a Christmas card,
and the other one's from
a Haggerty and Kaufman.

Haggerty and Kaufman?

Yep.

Billy! Careful!

Geez, that was something!

You okay, Billy?

Huh? Are you sure?

That was a heck of a fall.

Yep.

I'll be off then.

Here's hoping your day
gets better.

Attaboy.

BILLY:

George delivered that morning
made me feel like

I'd been hit by a truck,
which reminds me
of an old truism.

Nobody ever gets into a car
thinking they're gonna crash.

I guess the same
can be said about marriage.

It's like I always knew
disaster could strike,
but I always thought it would
happen to the other guy.

Then I realized,

to all the other
people in the world,
I am the other guy,
and it was my turn to crash.
Deck the halls
with boughs of holly
Fa la la la la la la la
'Tis the season
to be jolly
Fa la la la la la la la
Don we now
our gay apparel

BILLY:

Clueless fools.
Don't they know
what they're getting into?
I mean, sure,
we've all heard the vows,
but do we really
get the meaning?
Can I help you?
For richer...

MAN:

For poorer.
In sickness...
And in health.
Till death do us part.
But what happens to
all those promises, hm?
Are they just words?
Empty amulets of hope
against a false reality?
You ask me, Harry Nilsson
said it best in a song.
"You're breaking my heart,
you're tearing it apart,
so forget you."
And I cleaned that last part up.

MAIRE:

you should know
that I agree with almost

everything Billy has said.
Once upon a time,
Billy Taylor was my best friend,
my lover,
and my business partner.
We were good.
No, we were great together.
But then, somehow,
everything started to change.
Slowly but surely,
we started to change.
- What's this?
- A better number.
I can tell you weren't too
impressed with our last offer.
You're definitely
getting warmer.
But I'll need to talk
to Billy about this.
Why am I suddenly worried that
you're not too sure about selling?
I'm sure.
Billy isn't.
In fact, he's actually
downstairs right now,
so maybe we can
pick this up on Monday.
Basically, Miss Reed,
we started Poet's Walk
with one purpose in mind.
That was to remember
that special occasion
even if you don't.
- Or can't.
- Exactly.
And you know how
a will or a trust
has an executor?
Well, we are the executors
of well wishes.
You mind if I ask
why Billy doesn't wanna sell?
I mean, what if he says no?
Oh, he won't.

Don't get me wrong,
Billy's my partner,
and I want his blessing,
but I started Poet's Walk
11 years ago.

Well, here's my cell
in case you need to talk.

Letting go isn't easy.

How did you know

Billy and I are breaking up?

Uh, at the, um, risk of
looking completely insensitive,
I didn't. I thought we were still
talking about the company.

(chuckles ruefully)

We were...

until we weren't.

Sorry. Life has been
kind of a cluster lately.

It's all starting
to blend together.

While we're on the subject,
I've been through that, too.

So my offer to talk
still stands.

Billy.

- Oh, hey.

- Sean.

Sorry.

I thought he was here to run
an audit, not a marathon.

You can be
such a charmer sometimes.

Really? I was going for rude.

I'll try harder next time.

Seriously, what is he
still doing here?

You know why he's here.

And you're still listening?

He just upped the offer.

A lot.

Fine.

Tell him to up it again.

Here you go.

That's our life.
Your call.
Wow!
That was very easy for you, huh?
But then again, I guess you
already know what it says, huh?
You don't have to be
so mean, you know.
This is not what I want.
I don't want this.
I don't want a divorce.
I want you.
Billy, please.
We've been over this
a thousand times.
Well, let's go over it
a thousand and one.
We have become
two completely different people.
Maire, we've always
been different.
That was one of the things
I loved about our relationship.
You love the fact that we're
nothing alike anymore?
No.
I love the fact
that our differences
didn't matter.
I loved that we loved
who we are.
Right now, there's
this massive irritating factor.
- Everything that I do gets under your skin.
- And everything I do is wrong.
Like dismantling the company.
Our marriage.
You're right.
You're wrong.
Look me in the eye.
Hey. Look me
in the eye,
and tell me honestly
that we don't make

awesome partners.
I'll sign it right now.
We do make awesome partners.
But that's the problem,
not the solution.
If we're not talking
about business,
we have nothing
to talk about anymore.
Who's talking about business?
Maybe I'm talking about the
carnal definition of awesome.
Why does it always have to
come down to
the lowest common denominator
with you?
I'm sorry.
Was calling you an awesome
lover insensitive of me?
Billy Taylor,
you are the most...
Irritating? Irritating?
Irritating? Irritating?
Stop. Stop!
(sighs)
I am not in the mood.
See, now I'm confused,
because if we're still talking
about the lowest
common denominator,
and you're not in the mood,
I'm all too familiar...
- You gonna throw that at me?
- Don't tempt me.
Are you gonna seriously
throw that at me?
You know what?
Go ahead, babe.
I dare you.
Fire away.
Me and you both know you
couldn't hit the broad side...
- (groans) - Ooh.
- Oh, God.

Are you okay?

Billy?

Sorry. I forgot
my notepad.

- Just...

- Get outta here, man!

SEAN:

I am so sorry.

I didn't know I was
actually gonna hit you... there.

Where's the pen?

I could use some caffeine.

You?

No, thank you.

(gasps) I can't believe
you just did that.

The papers blew out...

You tossed the papers
out the window.

- I was sitting there...

- How utterly typical.

I didn't do anything.

- Very mature.

- What is this window open for?

Billy, don't just stand there.

Get down there and get them!

Hey, mister.

Uh...

Sweeper guy.

Stop.

No, no, no. No!

Oh!

(whistling)

MAN ON RADIO:

the way, folks.

Don't get your hopes up, but
we may have a white Christmas.

(radio turns off)

(doorbell rings)

It's beginning to look
a lot like Christmas.

(sighs)

("Jingle Bells" playing)
Billy.
Hello?
(scoffs)
Anybody home?
Billy.
(music continues playing
loudly)
(laughs)
- What are ya doin'?
Sorry. The door.
(turns music off)
Billy, what is
going on with you?
This place is a pig sty.
I don't know, Maire.
Maybe my give-a-damn switch
broke when you moved out.
Well, get it fixed.
It's gross.
(sighs) What are you
looking for anyway?
I'm looking for a pair
of clean underwear.
Okay? I know there's one
around here somewhere.
I'll wait downstairs.
- Hey.
- Hey.
This is a nice surprise.
- What's goin' on?
- Is this me?
Nope. I just kinda
made her up.
She's great though, isn't she?
I just assumed you sketched her
from a picture of me
when I was a little girl.
Maybe.
Subconsciously.
You've always been my muse.
We should turn her into
a Mother's Day card.
Or a Father's Day card.

(sighs)

What's goin' on?

Uh...

I, um...

brought over another copy
of the divorce agreement.

Hey.

Are you absolutely certain
you wanna do this?

I think we're forgetting
what Dr. Sheila said in therapy.

It's perfectly natural
for us to still be
attracted to each other.

(whistling)

(whistling grows louder)

I'll get it.

I'm not moving

until it's signed.

(whistling continues)

There you go.

Now you can be responsible for
ruining our lives
with a swipe of your pen.

I'm not about to ruin anything.

(whistling stops)

I believe Dr. Sheila
made a lot of sense
when she said sometimes,
in order to save a relationship,
you have to end it.

I know, and I agreed.

That's why I ended the
relationship with Dr. Sheila.

All right?

You...

Funny.

No!

What...

(chuckles)

Come on, Maire.

If that's not a sign,

I don't know what is.

GIRL:

any almond silk?
I'm hopelessly
lactose intolerant.
Why is my T-shirt
wearing a little girl?
Um, excuse me, little girl.
What are you doing here?
(doorbell rings)
If that's for me, I'm not here.
Neighbor kid?
Somebody get that, will ya?
Hello?
Sh. I'm not here,
remember?
(doorbell rings)
Who ya hidin' from?
No one,
but if a seven-foot man
brandishing a flaming sword
is at the door,
play dumb.
Oh, my.
(doorbell rings)
- Maire!
- Remember now.
Ix-nay on the ittle irl-gay.
It's the UPS guy.
Maire?
Don't you just love Amazon?
- Young lady.
- Hm?
Where do you think you're going?
To put some clothes on, silly.
My little booty is freezing.
Um...
(knocking on door)
- Hi.
- Mr. Taylor?
Yes, sir.
I'm Officer Evans.
This is...
Pamela Burke,
Child Protective Services.

Nice to meet you guys.

Thank you so much for coming.

- Please come in.

- Thanks.

Right in here.

This should be interesting.

- What color should we do the shoes?

- Mmm.

- She said her name was Taylor.

- Red.

Hello, Taylor.

I'm Chuck Evans,

and this is my friend Pamela.

How about the hair?

Mmm, yellow.

Yellow, it is.

Blondes have more fun.

Hi, Taylor.

Oh, no.

This is Taylor.

Oh. I see.

What do you think?

I think this is way off
my jurisdiction.

I don't...

I don't understand.

What do you mean?

Mr. Taylor,

Child Protective Services
protects children.

We were told

the subject in question
was much, much younger.

I'm not a professional,
I've never had any kids.

It might be hard
for me to judge.

But she looks like
she's around eight years old.

Well, I am a professional,
and you can take it from me,
that isn't what
eight looks like.

You say she just showed up.

Yeah. Out of the blue.

She came in the kitchen,
she opened the fridge,
she was looking for food.
She was wearing my T-shirt.

Why was she wearing
your T-shirt?

I don't know.

Maybe to keep from
running around naked.

So you wanna just
cut to the chase?

- You wanna press charges?

- Why?

- Trespassing.

- Absolutely not.

This poor little thing's...

I'm just trying to get her home.

Okay.

(clears throat)

How'd you like to go

for a ride with me, young lady?

Look, I keep trying to tell you.

This isn't about me.

It's about this little girl.

I've seen what I needed to see.

All right, come on, Taylor.

We're gonna go for
a nice little ride.

- Hey!

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Taylor.

What the...

Hey, get me out of these cuffs.

What are you doing?

Get me out of these cuffs!

- Burke, go get back-up.

- No, no, no, no.

- Burke, you don't need to go for back-up.

- Burke, get over here!

- Get these off me.

- Yes, sir.

Get me out of
these cuffs right now.

- Where's the keys? Where's the keys?
- On my left.
On my left.
Left pocket.
Left pocket!
Man, left!
My left!
Right here!
Now!
Outside pocket.
Get it, get it, get it.

BILLY:

False reporting,
and obstructing a police office
in the course of his duties.
Any questions?
I wouldn't know where to begin.
Thank you.
Have a good evening, sir.
(laughter)
Have you ever played
bubbles like that?
- No.
- Oh.
Oh, I'm Santa.
Here, Santa.
Your bubble hat.
(both giggling)
Hi, Billy.
How's Officer Chuck doing?
I tried to remind him
it was Christmas,
but he wasn't
feeling very charitable.
Taylor asked if she could take a
bath while we waited for you.
She said she's never
had a bubble bath before.
I didn't know
how bubbles would feel.
I didn't think
they would tickle your nose.
Maire, can I speak

with you for a minute?
Um, first, take a look at this.
What do you think this is?
Can we do that
a little bit later?
I would love to speak with you
out in the hall, please.
Like now.
(sighs)
Think we should take her
to see a doctor?
The question is,
can the doctor see her?
Billy, calm down.
Everything is gonna be okay.
It's gonna be okay, Maire?
There... these...
I feel like I'm waiting on
an alarm clock to wake me up
out of a... I don't know
if it's a dream or a nightmare.
It's definitely a dream.
(giggles)

- **BILLY:**

- What?
Dreams.
They are very nice,
but they can be
very painful when they go away.
Are you telling me to wake up?
I just don't want you
to get hurt again.
I don't want anyone to get hurt.
Especially not her.
And just so you know,
I pressed pretty hard
for answers while
you were outside.
And?
I don't believe she's lost.
In fact, I think she knows
exactly where she is.
Why not?

What are you saying?
This isn't random, Billy.
It's not an accident.
She insists she's in
the right place.
But either she won't or she
can't tell us why she's here.
Why?
She said it's against the rules.
Whose rules?
She won't say, but...
look at her.
She acts as if being here is the
most natural thing in the world.
Hey, Maire, you're
talking about a girl
who is or isn't there.
Okay?
There is nothing natural
about this,
and why are we the only ones
who can see her?
I don't know.
Here's something I do know.
Until we figure this out,
we are all in this together.
And the only thing we can do...
is take care of her.
This doesn't sound like you.
What's that supposed to mean?
You have always
been the realist.
You're the pragmatic one.

TAYLOR:

reindeer paws
Out comes little
Santa Claus
Down through the chimney,
lots of toys
For all the little
girls and boys
Ho, ho, ho...
I don't know how or why yet,

but you have to remember,
what's happening is not real.
She's not real.
What do you say
we trade these bubbles in
for some warm jammies
and a bedtime story?
Sure. Can you read
a Christmas one?
Of course.
"My time is nearly gone.
I will, said Scrooge."
(locks window)

BILLY:

Taylor, what are you doing?
I thought you were gonna
help us make a snowman.
I think I'll just watch.
Okay. Billy.
Can you give me a hand?
We're gonna have to build
Frosty without Taylor.
- Count of three.
- All right.
One, two, three.
(both straining and grunting)
Frosty the snowman
Was a jolly, happy soul
With his corncob pipe
and a button nose
And two eyes
made out of coal
Frosty the snowman
Is a fairy tale,
they say
He was made of snow
but the children know
How he came to life
one day
- (cell phone rings)
- I gotta take this call.
There must've been
some magic...

Hi. No, no, no.
Whatever you do,
don't let Maddie touch it.
When they placed it
on his head
He began to dance around
- Can I help with the lights?
- You sure can.
Oh, Frosty the snowman
Was alive as he could be
And the children say
he could laugh and play
Just the same as
you and me
Frosty the snowman
The sun was hot that day
Looky, guys, isn't it pretty?
It's fine.
...before I melt away

MAIRE:

Oh, no.
- No!
- Hey!
No, Taylor!
(gasps)
Billy.
- Sweetheart.

- BILLY:

(mutters)
Get down here now.

MAIRE:

She's upstairs.
Taylor!
- Taylor.
- Taylor?
Where are you, honey?
Taylor!

BILLY:

Taylor?
Why are you hiding, honey?

You're mad at me.
No. We're not mad.
We just, um...
Well, we were...
We don't understand
how you were...
I'm so sorry.
Taylor.
Is this why no one else
can see you but us?
Hm? Are you...
are you an angel?
I should've told you guys,
but I was afraid
you'd send me away.
Please don't be mad.
Why would we be angry with you?
Because I ran away.
From heaven.
Why did you run away?
Because I wanted to...
I wanted to see
what it would be like
to have real parents.
In that case,
can I tell you a little secret?
We always wondered
what it would be like
to have a little girl.
Really?
Yes.
So you've made us very happy
by coming to live with us.
You're not gonna send me away?
No.
We'd never send you away.
Well, in that case,
would it be okay if...
Go on.
Would it be okay if I call you
Mommy and Daddy?
Oh, yes.
Mommy and Daddy
would be wonderful.

(squeals happily)
(crying)
Is Mommy okay?
Yeah, she's gonna be fine.
I'll be right back.
(Maire sobbing)
You okay?
(crying)
Look at me.
I'm shaking.
I've been so angry for so long,
I've forgotten what it's
like to believe in miracles.
And now you have one.
But, Maire, what's next?
I honestly don't know.
But she did say she wanted
to live with us, right?
I'm not trying to upset you,
okay, but there is a reason
why she's been hiding.
If she's a runaway...
Someone will be looking for her.
I think she's in big trouble.
Then we can't take any chances.
We are not letting her
out of our sight.
Deck the halls
with boughs of holly

TAYLOR:

MAIRE:

how much I love hearing that.

TAYLOR:

saying it, too.
But I don't understand
something.
Why do we have to
go to work again?
Well, don't people
have to work in heaven?
Sure, they do.

But mostly, they just
work on being better souls.
We're supposed to
work on that, too.
But unfortunately,
most people have to work
for money down here.
Why is money so important?
Because that's how
we pay for things.
What kinds of things?
Mmm...
Christmas presents.
You better step on it then.
We don't wanna be late.
Oh, Sean.
They're beautiful.
But you shouldn't have.
Yes, I should.
It's my way of saying thank you
for all the patience
you've had with me
and answering all my questions.
Oh, brother.
What a butt kisser.
Uh, ahem.
(chuckles)
Let's you and I
sit on the couch.
Why don't you take my desk?
I'm gonna be in
the store most of the day.
Oh, okay.
So this is Sean.
Huh.
He crossed your mind
several times this weekend.
I'm kinda wondering
what makes him so special.
Check out the starch
on his collar.
You could cut fruit
on that edge.
Bet he even starches his undies.

And Mom, I hate
to tell you this,
but he's actually wearing
whitey tighties.
(giggles)
Something funny?
Uh, no. Computer.
Mom, do you ever wish
you didn't have a conscience?
What are you talking about?
I'm trying to say
that there are two sides
to every coin.
He never lies,
he honors his mother and father,
donates a lot of time
at the Boys and Girls Clubs,
and supports two charities.
But...
just because he rides
his bike to work,
and rescued his dog
from a shelter,
doesn't mean he's perfect.
- Mom.
- Mm-hmm.
Are we done with work yet?
I think I just
gave myself a sick headache.
(whispers)
I got this.
Here's that quarterly
report you asked for.
Oh.
Is there anything else
you'll be needing?
No.
I think this should be it.
Okay. In that case,
I'm outta here.
You're not leaving, are you?
I was planning to buy you lunch.
You know, I'm suddenly
not feeling well,

and I don't wanna get you sick.
Don't worry about me.
I never get sick.
You can never be too careful.
He's so perfect,
even germs avoid him.
"Dude, buy some boxers."
Daddy, we're home!

BILLY:

And guess what.
You were right about Mom's work.
What about Mom's work?
Daddy said all I had to do
if I wanted to go
Christmas shopping today
is be really obnoxious
when we got to work.
Oh, really?
You two are in trouble.
I'm gonna get you!
Daddy, help.
Yeah, you better run.
Daddy!
I'm gonna get you.
I'm gonna get your dad, too.
What do you think?
Wow!
Oh, Billy.
It's beautiful.
(mock groaning)
Is it really for me?
I get to have a room
of my very own?
- Your very own.
- (squeals)
Whoa!
(laughs)

TAYLOR:

I'll tell you what's down here.
Christmas ornaments.
Boxes and boxes.
Wait until you see this.

(taps box)
- (Billy gasps)

- **TAYLOR:**

There must be hundreds.
And hundreds.
I tell you, what we used to do
is pick out the ones we like
certain ones, and put
them on the tree,
but I'm thinking, since this
is a special Christmas,
maybe we'll try and hang
each and every one of 'em.
And when I get home tonight,
maybe we can
trim the tree together.
This is gonna be
the best Christmas ever.
(chuckling)
Be good.
You, too.
All right, so,
what do we have to do?
We have to take these upstairs,
and dust 'em off,
and then we'll hang 'em
on the tree.
Come on!
Hello?
Is somebody down here?
Let me know when
we're back online.
Yeah.
There you are.
You've been gone a while.
Everything okay?
Everything's fine.
We're just...
our server's down.
Nothing we can't handle.
Is there something you need?
Yeah, but I, uh,
I don't know if

I should ask now.
You seem a little preoccupied.
Okay, um,
these returns you gave me,
they're from 2008.
I don't think you want me
to re-evaluate the business
based on these numbers.
You'd owe me money.
Yeah.
I'm sorry.
I guess I am
a little preoccupied.
For what it's worth,
I feel for you guys.
Breaking up isn't easy.
How long have you been married?
Nine years.
Jen and I made it four.
What happened?
Three tours of duty
were hard on us.
After I left the army, I was
determined to build my business.
I was on the road a lot.
Jen was wrapped up
in her own career.
Kids?
No. No, thank goodness.
She went her way, I went mine.
It was a clean break.
No baggage.
"Up Scrooge went,
not caring a button for that.
Darkness is cheap,
and Scrooge liked it."
Mommy's home.
Hey, kiddo.
Come lay down.
Read with us.
Okay.
Actually, we'll be
through in a minute.
"But before he shut

his heavy door,
he walked through his rooms
to see that all was right."

See.

Come on, Mommy.

Lay down by me.

If you insist.

Actually, you can finish.

- Billy, stay.

- Yeah, Daddy.

Stay.

I got a lot of work
to do, sweetie,
that I should've started
two hours ago
when your mom
was supposed to be home.
So good night.

Night.

Okay.

(clears throat)

Where are we?

That grouchy old Scrooge
is about to be toast.

The first ghost is coming.

All right.

"He had just enough
collection on the face..."

Taylor said she had a fun time
dusting off

the old ornaments today.

She also told me

the rules for decorating.

She said

the number-one rule

is you have to put

all the ornaments

on the tree facing out.

Since they've been in

a box all year,

the least you can do

is give them a nice view.

(laughs)

Otherwise, they become

ornery-ments.

Get it?

Yeah.

Actually, I think
the number-one rule should be
don't keep a little girl waiting
when she wants to decorate
a Christmas tree.

I'm sorry. I've been
putting out fires all day.

Oh, really?

Let me take a wild guess.

I bet old Sean Miller
was there to save the day, huh?

- (slams down mug)

- I said I was sorry,
but I didn't do anything wrong,
so don't go there with me.

I hardly think I owe you
an explanation.

I don't really think
I'm asking for one, Maire.

Okay? I now know
where I stand.

All I'm saying is, next time,
maybe you wanna think
about Taylor.

Don't you think I wanted
to get home to her?

Why do you think I'm still...

What?

(scoffs)

You don't have to stop, sweetie.
You can finish.

Why do I think
you're still here?

Look...

even though you've been
sleeping on the couch
for a week, I thought
things were changing
for the better.

We haven't even used the word
divorce in almost a week.

I was hoping that
Taylor would be
more than a distraction,
but now I can see
that I'm just fooling myself.
What's that supposed to mean?
It's supposed to mean that...
you're right, I don't think
things are gonna work out.
Fine.

Fine.

I know you're not
very happy with me right now,
but I only ran away
because they started talking
about a divorce,
and nobody loving
anybody anymore.

I just had to do something.

As you can see,
I'm in a real pickle down here.

I sure would appreciate
a little free advice.

Hi, sweetie.

Hi.

Everything okay?

It seems a little chilly
in here this morning.

Yes, but, um...

I'm glad you're here.

There's something very important

I need to talk to you about
before I go to work.

Oh?

It's about me and Dad.

Yes?

(Christmas music playing
on record player)

That's so weird.

I've just gone completely blank.

I have no idea what

I wanted to talk to you about.

I have this sinking feeling

it was really important.

While you're working on
the old memory banks,
I have something I wanted
to talk to you about.
Okay.

Why do people say
"fall" in love?

I suppose people say
fall in love
because it's kind of
a helpless feeling.

Why do you ask?

I was wondering what made you
fall in love with Daddy.

The first thing I noticed
about your dad was...

how handsome he was.

("12 Days of Christmas"
playing)

He still is handsome, right?

Yeah.

But he was always on his game.

- His game?

- You know.

Cool.

And he was so polite.

I think he was

the first guy I ever met
who had perfect manners.

Most of all,

I admired his intelligence.

I thought he was

really talented, too.

He was a very serious poet
back then.

He always seemed to say
the right thing.

And... ahem...

he was very romantic.

(Billy belches loudly)

(singing off-key)

Five golden rings

Four calling birds,

three French hens...

I don't know about you,
but I'd say he hasn't
lost a step.

(laughs)

All right, you go play.

I have work to do.

- Okay. - (Billy
continues singing)

But can I just ask you
one last question?

Yes, you may.

Is it true that creative types
tend to be a little
over-sensitive and sentimental?

(laughs)

Yes.

And you can add
needy, temperamental,
and stubborn to
that list as well.

Yeah. Artists
are nothing like us
thick-skinned,
Uber-logical business types,
are they, Mommy?

I never thought about it
like that.

But I suppose not.

- Why?

- I was wondering.

When was the last time you told
that sentimental fool in there
what a great catch
he used to be?

You know, way back when.

Probably way too long.

Something tells me,
as a thick-skinned,
Uber-logical type,
you already knew that,
didn't you?

Thanks, Mommy.

Thank you.

(Billy passes gas loudly)

Those creative types,
such free spirits.
You're not exactly
helping me, you know.
(knocking on door)

BILLY:

Hi, Dad.
What you doing?
Well, you said
my stubble irritates you
when I kiss you.
So I prefer kisses over stubble.
Does this mean that you're
gonna clean up your act, too?
Huh?
Me and Mom were trying
to remember what you looked like
back when you were
a serious rhymin' Simon,
and a great catch.
Really?
She said you used to be
on your game,
and you had style, too.
She told you...
let me see that.
You tell her...
that I still
very much have game.
- Right?
- Cha!
Right?!
Matter of fact,
contrary to what your mom says,
clothes do not make the man.
Yeah, but don't you think T-shirts
without mustard stains might help?
Possibly.
But I believe that
it's all in the 'tude, baby.
And I am still
a very dangerous man.
Does Mom have 'tude?

Oh, your mom
was the queen of 'tude.
I mean, she was...
- She was hot.
- Hot?
She really knew how
to spice things up.
You mean she could cook?
You might say that.
(chuckles)
What happened?
I don't know.
I guess she just
got tired of cooking.
All right, let me have that.
You're gonna get me
in so much trouble. Come here.
All right.
Ready for the world.
- Thanks for the shave.
- You got it.
Hey.
No need to tell Mom
about our conversation, hm?
I think that went well,
but don't forget to remind him
that he could do better.
(growling)
You can do better.
(owl hooting)

BILLY:

You look really nice, Dad.
Thank you.
You smell good, too.
What's the occasion?
It's no occasion.
I just felt like cleaning up.
Dress up a bit.
For some strange reason.
You look nice.
- Guess what's for dinner.
- What's for dinner?
Stir-fry.

Stir-fry?!

That's my fave!

I didn't know you knew
how to make stir-fry.

I didn't either.

I just felt like I should
cook something spicy.

Dig in.

Mmm.

- How is it?

- Oh, yeah.

Is it too hot?

(coughs)

(stammering)

He likes it hot, don't you, Dad?

(coughing)

- Have some more.

- Okay.

Mmm!

Oh, it's too hot.

No. Are you kidding?

I'm glad you like it.

I do.

A little burn is good.

He really likes it.

Is there more rice?

(Billy singing) It came
upon 'a midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending
near the Earth
To touch their harps...

Daddy.

Yeah?

I'm so glad I'm here.

Being with you and Mommy
is just like I always
dreamed it would be.

Still through the cloven
skies they come

With peaceful wings
unfurled

And still their heavenly
music floats

All o'er the weary world
Hey.
Hey.
I, uh...
have to admit.
Watching you two cuddle
is the best Christmas present
I've ever received.
I'll tell you something.
That little girl in there,
she knows more about
living in the moment
than we do.
(laughs)
Yeah.
Speaking of moments,
you sure you're in
the right one?
Is that okay?
Okay, you two, be good.
- Have a good day.
- Bye, Mama.
Bye, cutie.
Bye.
Out of the cold.
What? Did you forget
something?
Ooh! Didn't see
that one coming.
(chuckling)
All set?
I should go.
What?
Sorry, but...
someone's waiting for me.
I thought we'd be
finished by now.
You can't go now.
We're so close.
I'll tell you what.
Why don't we kill
two birds with one stone?
We can grab a bite and just go
over the contract one last time.

You're right.
We should wrap this up
before Christmas.
I just need to make a call.
- It's done.
- It's done?
Let me see it.
Oh, no, you don't.
Let me see it!
It's a surprise for both of you.
All right.
Can I wrap it before
Mommy comes home?
Mm-hmm. Sure.
But I have a feeling, kid, that your mom's
gonna be a little bit late tonight.
She's been working
late a lot, huh?
Yeah.
However, running
your own business
is a big responsibility.
What if we really surprised her
and bring it to her office?
I don't think...
Okay, let's do it!
Need some wrapping paper?
- Yeah.
- Coming up.
In regard to deal points,
there is one item
we need to discuss.
Okay.
Creative control.
That's nice.
What about it?
It states here
corporate will have
final edit on all art
renderings and written copy.
Yeah, uh...
that's pretty standard stuff.
I wouldn't worry about it.
But that's not

what we talked about.
I can't ask Billy
to subject his work
to a copy editor.
I mean, his art is
what has made Poet's Walk
what it is today.
Why don't we just relax
and have a glass of wine?
We can discuss that later.
Okay.
Okay.
(both chuckling)
To the future.
I'll be home
for Christmas
You can count on me
Please have snow
Dad.
And mistletoe
And presents...
Look, I'm hoping
you'll consider a new offer.
Oh?
When the deal is done,
I want us to get
to know each other better.
Outside the office.
Daddy?
What's the matter?
For Christmas
If only
in my dreams
Why is Sean
holding Mommy's hand?
Let's go, pumpkin.
We'll give Mommy
the present later.
- Hi, Mom.
- Hey, kiddo.
Sorry I'm so late.
Where's Daddy?
He went to bed.
But I waited up for you.

How about a story?
I'd love to read to you.
Actually, I thought
I'd tell you a story tonight.
Okay.
That sounds fun.
Once upon a time,
the angels of heaven
gathered to celebrate Christmas,
and sing hymns of praise.
I love it already.
But while they were singing,
a dark and mysterious stranger
interrupted the song
by strolling in
through the Great Hall.
Uninvited.
And who was this dark stranger?
Nobody would say his name,
but he was allowed to walk
freely amongst the angels.
He even greeted
many of them by name.
What did he look like?
They say he was one of
the most beautiful angels
anyone had ever seen.
As all the angels fell silent,
he broke into a song of his own.
What song did he sing?
Donatello wouldn't say.
Wait a minute.
Who's Donatello?
Someone who looks out for me.
So anyway,
when the stranger's song
was finished,
he was allowed to take anyone
who wanted to go with him.
Did anyone go?
Yes. The stranger tempted
many away.
And what was Donatello doing
while all this was happening?

He said it was painful to watch,
because even as the angels
who fell broke ranks,
they knew they were making
a terrible mistake.

Why didn't he try to stop them?
Because he knows that
a kingdom divided against itself
cannot stand.

I guess the same could
be true about a family.
Are you trying to tell me
something, sweetheart?
Just that we missed you tonight.

I am so sorry.
You and Daddy must be
terribly mad at me.

And I deserve it.

No, not mad.

Worried.

Come here.

Out of the mouths of babes.

Morning.

Are you still talking to me?

(chuckles)

Yeah. Good morning to you.

I'd like a divorce, please.

Look, I don't know

what you guys saw,

but it wasn't

what it looked like.

Mmm.

I'll make sense of that later.

Meanwhile, I thought

you were gonna have

your junkyard dog of a lawyer

send over another agreement.

- Well, I...

- 'Cause trust me, Maire,

third time's the charm.

(sighs)

Okay.

I admit it.

He hit on me.

And you responded.

I... I should've
moved my hand quicker.

I... I just got so flustered.
I'm sorry.

Yeah. You are.

Fine.

Fine.

(Maire and Billy
arguing indistinctly)

I'm ready.

You won't need earthly souvenirs
where we're going, little one.

(arguing continues)

(sobbing)

Now, now.

We must hold fast.

God's plans are revealed
in His own good time,
not ours.

Taylor would never leave me.

Taylor!

Taylor?

Taylor.

Taylor.

Taylor.

(crying)

Taylor, where are you?

(crying continues)

She's gone.

Of course she is.

We let her down.

(sobbing)

- Donatello?

- Yes, little one.

I don't think I'm gonna
be very good at this.

Oh?

I felt them slipping away,
so I cheated.

Cheating is such a harsh
way to look at it.

Why don't we just tell
the Boss you improvised?

You knew?

Who do you think pushed the box
into plain view when you
were in the basement?

But that means

you broke the rules, too.

(chuckles)

When they see the present,
they'll figure it out.

They'll know who I am.

What were you really
trying to accomplish?

I wanted to help 'em love again.

That is very noble.

Then why didn't it work?

(whispering)

Surprise.

I thought you were on a plane.

I felt bad about

the other night,

and, um, I just wanted

to apologize in person.

I didn't mean to push.

No apology necessary.

So we still have a deal?

Uh...

actually, I've decided to
think about it over the holiday.

What's there to think about?

To be honest,

there's a number of things

that aren't

sitting well with me.

- Such as?

- Billy.

Say no more.

I didn't take it personally,

and I understand

why you turned me down.

I'm also willing to wait

until Billy's

completely out of the picture.

Page 15, section 34,

paragraph one, artistic control.

We discussed this.
It's standard procedure.
And I told you,
I won't subject Billy's work
to a copy editor.
Billy is creative.
I'll give you that much.
But as an illustrator, he is way
too rough around the edges.
We both know it.
I couldn't disagree
with you more.
I have seen his artwork
come to life, literally.
This company, it can and it
will do better without him.
You've been planning
to dump him all along.
I wouldn't worry about your ex.
He's about to be
very well-compensated.
More than he deserves,
if you ask me.
Artistic control
is a deal breaker.
Nobody will give Billy
artistic control ever.
I have.
And I always will.
Okay.
Now I understand
what this is about.
It's not business.
You're still in love with Billy.
(intercom buzzes)
Maire?
Yes.
I've got a special "D" for you.
Just sign for it.
Can't. It's certified.
Um, I'll be right down.
"Tara."
I'm Maire Taylor.
Sign here, please.

Thank you.
And Merry Christmas.
You, too.
How cute.
Who sent it?
Looks like a kid wrapped it.
Donatello.
(phone ringing)
Billy.
Maire.
Can you come home?
Yeah.
It should've been so obvious.
- What?
- Come with me.
We had
an eight-year-old angel.
That's how long
it's been, Maire.
Her name really was Taylor.
But her first name was Tara.
It's our Tara,
from our miscarriage.
I know why she came.
Her little brother
needs to be born.
What?
I think he's already on his way.
- Really?
- Yeah.
It's the most wonderful
time of the year
With the kids
jingle belling
And everyone telling you
be of good cheer
It's the most wonderful
time of the year
Say Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
Hi.
Hi.
Can you look at the camera?
There we go.

Oh, sweetheart.
There you go.
Hey. Oh.
Merry Christmas.
Say Happy Taylor Christmas.
To a first Taylor Christmas.
(laughing)
(whimpering)
What's wrong?
Oh, poopie, that's what's wrong.
We got a poopie!
Here you go, Daddy. You
wanna change the poopie?
(muttering)
Okay, here we go.
There'll be mistletoe-ing
and hearts will be glowing
When loved ones are near
It's the most wonderful
time of the year

BILLY:

We love you.