

REMEMBERING CUBBIRD

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EXT. PARK - WALKWAY - DAY

a blast from the past, CUBBIRD (20) proudly wears a scribbled-in name tag on his Sargent Pepper like, suede purple suite. Inseparable from a vintage briefcase, and a wrinkly illustration of memories, squeals and laughter illuminate the playground as he cheerfully approaches an occupied bench.

EXT. PARK - BENCH - DAY

AMELIA, Early 30's with a posture made of royalty and a politicians focus. Inseparable from her blue-tooth, She struggles to relax as she watches her child sprinkle wood chips on a young girls hair.

Amelia
...Sweetie... be gentle with her.

EXT. PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY

Cubbird jumps into Amelia's line of sight with glee. He uses the illustration as a pom-pom to entertain her.

Amelia's face melts into a smile while her eyes twinkle.

CUBBIRD

*I knew you wouldn't forget me... I
have loads to catch you up--*

Cubbird is interrupted by A VIBRATING BUZZ from Amelia. Cubbird jerks around to avoid imaginary bees. He's unaware it's Amelia's phone synced to her blue-tooth.

AMELIA

What do you want...?

Cubbird's knees buckle to Amelia's Dismissive response.

CUBBIRD

It-- it's me Cubbird...
...your bestest friend.

AMELIA

(WHISPERS)
...Listen... What more do you
want... it's over between us...

CUBBIRD

What?... Amelia, quit Jokin' around. We're homies for life...

AMELIA

I don't care, there's no excuse for all the ...Crap you put me through. You're as good as dead to me.

Cubbird trembles like a child on the first day of school.

CUBBIRD

What? We always had'a blast. Every single day. Look... Here's proof!

Cubbird displays the image. She pays him no mind as he desperately points to the smiles on the large circular heads. Each stick figure are riding dinosaurs through a scratchy colorful drawing of green vines and a fiery jungle.

CUBBIRD (CONT'D)

...Remember Mt. Poopoo. It exploded! And we escaped Dumbie Jungle...? I still have the scar too, It's clearin' up though... might be hard to see.

Cubbird nearly falls over his briefcase while he attempts a genuine effort to reveal his bottom. Amelia exhales a breath of embarrassment.

AMELIA

Sweetie... Don't do that, that's inappropriate...

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Stop it. No kisses... no, I said no kisses...

CUBBIRD

...I'm not here for kisses. I'm here t'remind you of our friendship... I'm here to remind you of good ole' Cubbird... please... I need your help.

Cubbird straightens up to present himself like a door to door salesman. He Conjures up his best theatrical pose.

CUBBIRD (CONT'D)

.... You *must* accept my request to be your friend once more... and if you don't... you'll never get to see me again... I will be gone forever and we both know either of us *truly* desire this outcome...

Cubbird waits in silence, chin up with pride and a patient smile.

A BUZZ RINGS against Amelia. Cubbird snaps into fear for bees once more.

AMELIA (O.S.)

Friends? Your a long shot away from a friend... you have some nerve... how can I ever take you serious...

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I'm going to say this one last time. Leave me and my child alone... I'm sure you'll Find someone else.

(BEAT)

Cubbird's jaw drops. Amelia is still as a pond with a cold and firm stare.

CUBBIRD

... I-- I *only* need one friend. And *it's* you... you're the reason for the snail races, cat chases, web hunting, *and being hunted...* by *worms...* and, we survived all of it... together.

Cubbird rushes over beside Amelia on the bench like a jewel thief, he quickly unlatches his briefcase and pulls out an image with drawings on each side

EXT. PARK - BENCH - DAY

Cubbird jumps in front of Amelia just as he did the first time around.

CUBBIRD

See... this is when I saved you
from drowning in your own spit.

Cubbird flips over the paper.

CUBBIRD (CONT'D)

And here's when you were attacked
by gnomes... I had to *literally*
trade my arm for you... *You said it*
would grow back... look... and it
did...

AMELIA

The neglect appears on Cubbird's body, his throat begins to
ITCH followed by a COUGH.

CUBBIRD

Is it getting colder... or is it
just me?

He looks at his finger tips, they're chalky white. A plague
of gloom settles in while he slowly looks at Amelia...

CUBBIRD (whisper)

...Please... Remember me... it--
it's starting to happen... I know
you do... somewhere deep down
inside...

EXT. PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY

Montage of illustrations

Cubbird clumsily jumps in front of Amelia, he struggles with
his messy collection of the past held by his underarms and
his hands like a vulnerable office worker.

Amelia continues to reject her ex-husband on the blue-tooth.

He explains each image with anxiousness. First a large and plumed version of him on the grass while a stick figure kid Amelia tries to role him away.

He shuffles to another, a castle with Amelia at the window, and a fallen giant bear with Cubbird standing on its belly.

A ship with the two defeated pirates knocking them overboard while sharks gobbled them up.

Lastly, Amelia and Cubbird are playing instruments with an alien, astronaut, and a Venus fly trap.

EXT. PARK - OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE PLAY SCAPE - DAY

Cubbird dances for Amelia's attention energetically while she sits with a blank stare.

EXT. PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY

Cubbird's natural color is gone, his hands are white and it now appears on his neck, he's down to his last memory. Instead of an Illustration, it's a crayon-written letter with the words --I will never forget you, love, Amelia.

CUBBIRD (WHISPERS)

*I never thought this day would
come...*

AMELIA (V.O.)

There's nothing you can say or do
to save use... It's over.

Amelia calls out to JAMES her 6 year old son.

AMELIA

James... It's time to go!

EXT. PARK - WALKWAY - DAY

Cubbird grabs his briefcase, he drags his feet like a civilian lost in the desert. His name tag detaches and drifts off behind him along with a few illustrations, he's too weak and heart broken to care.

EXT. PARK - BENCH AREA

James arrives to the bench and picks up the name tag

JAMES

Mommy, who's Cubbird...?

Amelia takes the name tag. She retreats into a smile, She looks up for someone familiar, someone recognizable.

AMELIA

Cubbird, is that you?

EXT. PARK - WALKWAY - DAY

Cubbird slowly looks up in disbelief his eyes widen with spring.