

BIRD OF A

Written by  
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INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLE - DAY

CIMON, 27 but older than he looks, sits in a squeaking office chair. He dresses like he has a better job than this one.

He takes a feather out of his pocket. It's just grey but so soft. He stares, so still almost stunned.

Cimon pins it to the bulletin board wall of his cubicle- which is bare except for the feather and one fading family photograph from when he looked as young as he was.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Cimon walks towards the revolving glass doors of his office building. Someone pulls on his shoulder, he turns to see ASHA, 28 and younger than she looks, a classmate with the same silk skin as back in high school.

ASHA  
Cimon??  
Asha?  
CIMON

ASHA (CONT'D)  
Wow, it's incredible to see you-

CIMON  
-it's been so long.

ASHA  
Yeah, and you look the same as  
always: a fancy businessman!

Cimon laughs like a fancy businessman.

ASHA (CONT'D)  
You were so incredible as a kid,  
always, I don't know, being  
miraculous.

CIMON  
You were so kind and still are. I  
won two geography bees, it wasn't  
exactly making birds from clay.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Asha and Cimon squint and stare at the ground. A bird on its back: dead still or just dead.

53 people revolve in and out of the spinning doors in the time that Cimon and Asha stand gazing. Or that's how it feels anyway. Cimon's face as fixed as Asha's is flexible.

CIMON  
Did you see that? Did it just move?

ASHA  
I don't think so.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Cimon walks through the lobby to the elevator, selects the up button. He waits with his hands in his pockets. The elevator comes, he goes on.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Alone, Cimon crouches over the bird. He reaches out to touch it but bails. The midmorning murmur swerves to avoid him.

A braver breeze does it for him and offers Cimon a solitary feather. His rough fingers pick it up off the rough cement. He puts it in his pocket.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Together, Cimon and Asha crouch over the bird.

ASHA  
Come on. Let's go.

Cimon still as static as sidewalk.

ASHA (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Cimon.

CIMON  
I'm gonna...

Cimon gestures to the ground, finishing the sentence: stay.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Cimon and Asha stand outside the office building. Their reflections in the streetside window shine.

ASHA  
Yes but it was a *national* geography  
bee! You knew the sea of Avoz  
borders Ukraine and-

THUMP from above.

Heads whip up. Torsos twist to look.