

REMEE

Written by

Richard F. Russell

Wordmstr007@gmail.com
910-285-3321
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FADE IN

INT. TIMMY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The poster and sports decorated room of a 9-year-old boy. Middle class, coordinated, it's a nice room. At a small desk, TIMMY, 9, prints on a note pad. Like the room, he's neat, but his hair is wild.

REMEE (O.S.)

I'm hungry.

TIMMY

You're always hungry.

REMEE (O.S.)

I wouldn't be if you fed me once in a while.

TIMMY

Be quiet and let me finish.

REMEE (O.S.)

Like that's more important than my starving.

Timmy turns to face REMEE, a clown, a white face, painted smile, red haired clown who rests on the bed, his back to the headboard. Remees flaps his oversized shoes.

TIMMY

If I don't get this done, nobody eats. Now, what did you say about mom?

Timmy turns back to his work.

REMEE

I said she puts too much starch in my pants.

TIMMY

No, about being important.

REMEE

She drives us everywhere.

TIMMY

That's because dad works.

REMEE

And dad makes all the money.

TIMMY

There's more to this than money.

REMME

Yeah, food.

Remee slides off the bed and goes to the window.

TIMMY

Enough of the food already. What else about mom?

REMEE

She cooks, and she checks your homework. And she tucks you in at night—warmee, warmee.

TIMMY

You like warmee, warmee too. Don't lie. She washes our clothes.

REMEE

With lots of starch.

The door opens and TIMMY'S MOM enters. 40, with 40 face and a body that shows several births. Her face displays a sorrow that can't be missed.

TIMMY'S MOM

Who were you talking to?

TIMMY

Remee.

She glances at the bed where a small, stuffed clown, exactly like Remee, sits against the pillow.

TIMMY'S MOM

You're too old to be talking to a doll.

TIMMY

He's not a doll.

She goes to the closet and pulls out a pair of pants and a shirt.

TIMMY'S MOM

I don't care what you call him, it's time to donate him to a good cause.

TIMMY

I don't think he'd like that.

She lays the clothes on the bed.

TIMMY'S MOM

Stop talking as if he's real. Your father will be home soon. Remember to brush your hair.

She leaves, closing the door behind her.

REMEE

Now, she wants to get rid of me.

Timmy frowns and turns to Reme, the clown, who rests on the bed. Timmy holds a finger to his lips. Then, he creeps to the door and peeks out. The hall is empty. He closes the door.

TIMMY

You want me to get in trouble?

REMEE

She wants to toss me out like she did Emily's stuff.

TIMMY

There was no reason to keep Emily's stuff or Rachel's either.

REMEE

I'm hungry.

Timmy strips, taking off his clothes, and changing into the clothes mom laid out. Reme slides off the bed and grabs a baseball glove.

TIMMY

She's not going to toss you out. We just have to careful.

REMEE

(pounding glove)

You said that about Emily, remember?

TIMMY

That was your fault. She wasn't supposed to see you. Put that down.

REMEE

Don't blame me. You were the one who said the words.

TIMMY

I didn't believe they would work.

Remee rolls his eyes and makes a face. He tosses the glove across the room.

REMEE

You should get a TV. I like TV.

TIMMY

Can you be serious for a moment?

Timmy finishes tying his shoes before he fetches the glove. Timmy sits at the desk again.

TIMMY

So, who is it? Who's more important, mom or dad?

Remee comes over and tousles Timmy's hair before he jumps on the bed.

REMEE

Warmee, warmee.

TIMMY

Are you hungry or not?

REMEE

Dad brings home the money.

TIMMY

Mom does most of the other stuff.

The door opens, and Timmy's Mom enters. She's dressed in black, as if going to a funeral.

TIMMY'S MOM

If you don't stop talking to that stupid doll, I'm going put it in the trash.

She motions, and Timmy stands to be inspected. She straightens his collar and tucks in a shirt that doesn't need tucking. Mom stuff. On the bed, the stuffed clown watches.

TIMMY

I won't talk to him any more. I promise.

TIMMY'S MOM

(taking his face in her hands)

(MORE)

TIMMY'S MOM (CONT'D)

I hate to sound mean, but
you're...you're all I have left.
It's so...

Tears form in her eyes.

TIMMY

It's OK, mom. I know. I miss them
too.

She wipes away the tear and smiles.

TIMMY'S MOM

Your father will place the flowers.
It's your turn to read to them.

She starts for the door.

TIMMY

Is it going to rain?

TIMMY'S MOM

We'll take an umbrella. Brush your
hair.

She leaves. Timmy goes to the bureau, grabs a brush, and
does his hair.

REMEE

She wants to put me in the garbage.

Timmy turns to scowl at Reme, the clown.

REMEE

I think that pretty much settles
everything.

Timmy walks over and whispers.

TIMMY

No, it doesn't.

REMEE

You're talking to me?

TIMMY

I'm whispering, not talking.

REMEE

OOoh, what's next, sign language?

TIMMY

We're not finished. We haven't
decided who is more important.

REMEE

I'm very hungry. Your sisters were sooo skinny.

TIMMY

You have to promise me.

TIMMY'S MOM (O.S.)

Timmy, come down. Your father's home.

TIMMY

You have to promise me that you won't do anything until we decide who's more important.

REMEE

I won't let her put me in the trash.

Timmy holds a finger to his lips and leaves.

MOMENTS LATER

Timmy's Mom enters, goes to the closet, and pulls out a jacket. On her way out, she picks up the note pad and frowns as she reads. With a shake of her head, she lays down the pad and starts for the door.

REMEE

(sotto voce)

I'm hungry.

She turns and looks at the stuffed clown. By his mouth, a small drop of blood.

FADE OUT.