

KUEBIKO

Part 2

Written by

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SUPER: PART TWO

FADE IN:

TOURISM AD

An excited host talks about great deals going to watch animals in Africa.

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - DAY

A lion chases down and bites the neck of its prey.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - TELEVISION SCREEN - DAY

On a muted television screen Guy Fieri stuffs his face full of food.

We pull back, revealing a neatly-kept living room. A young woman, THE THERAPIST, passes in front of us.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER - DAY

A man cries on a couch as the Therapist looks on.

We focus on her staring at him, saddened.

THE THERAPIST

Let it out.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(VO)

They say their grief doesn't change them. Define them.

The man cries even harder.

The Therapist takes a tissue and reaches out for him. His hand shoots forward, grabbing ahold of the therapist's tightly. He sobs.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(VO)

Of course it does. Grief leaves a mark. Sure, we grow from it.

(MORE)

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

But like a tree, its scars remain
buried inside - just layers upon
layers on top, hiding it all,
waiting for the inevitable to pour
it all out.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The man and Therapist talk in front of her door.

THE THERAPIST

I'm glad that got out of your
system.

THE MAN

Thanks,

Something comes to his mind. Opens his mouth. Closes it just
as fast.

THE THERAPIST

Can I count on you to come next
week?

THE MAN

(genuine)
Obviously. Thanks.

He smiles. Wipes his tears away - a wedding ring prominently
displayed on his ring finger.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks. For this.

This strikes a chord within the Therapist. She does her best
to smile at the Man as he leaves, but once she closes the
front door, she leans against it heavily, sighing.

Then, she goes to her kitchen, takes out a microwaved meal,
and opens it.

TOWN AD

The mayor of a town points to its most beautiful attractions.

EXT. A TOWN - DAY

A hurricane smashes its way through another town.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - TELEVISION SCREEN -
THE NEXT WEEK

Muted, Oprah laughs with a guest.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Therapist walks into the room with two mugs. The Man,
back, beams.

THE MAN

You remembered.

She smiles, hands the mug to him. He sips.

The two talk silently.

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

The problem is when the grief
leaves not only a mark, but an
infection. Almost like an
addiction, you become engrossed in
a certain way of life after you've
been exposed to it.

The Man, feeling a little better this week, tells a joke. The
Therapist laughs, politely at first, but then it turns into a
real one. The two laugh, hard, together.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(VO)

This is where I come in. Like a
surgeon, I find the source of the
problem, and eliminate it. The
quicker, the better, because the
longer it festers, the more damage
it does, and is able to do.

Tears in her eyes, the Therapist tries to contain herself.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

This is so unprofessional.

THE MAN

Shut up. You're making it worse!

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The two stand in the doorway.

THE THERAPIST

Did we get everything out that you needed to today?

The Man brushes his hair. The ring is missing.

THE MAN

I think so. Next week?

She nods, smiling. Hugs him.

He exits, leaving her standing alone in the apartment. She stands for a beat, straight.

Then, like on autopilot, she goes to her kitchen, takes out a frozen dinner, and puts it in the microwave.

CAR AD

Some sleek person talks about a sleek fancy car and all the benefits it can bring to your life.

INT. CAR CRASH TESTING FACILITY - DAY

Two cars full of test dummies crash into each other. The dummies fling themselves forcefully against one another, decapitating one.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - TELEVISION SCREEN - THE NEXT WEEK

On a television screen, a NEWSCASTER speaks faintly about a car accident behind him.

The Therapist, breakfast in front of her, watches, bored.

She changes the channel.

Spongebob Squarepants is playing.

The television mutes.

She gets up, passes in front of us.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Man and the Therapist simply talk in the living room, passionately, about something.

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

Grief acts that way. It's insidious. Acting of its own regard, it seems that it wants to eat you whole and take you down with it. But it's not grief. It's you. It was you that was the person before, and it was you that is the person now. And you know this. You know it goes one way, so it has to go the other, right? You can go back. Right?

The two stop talking for a moment and simply stare at each other.

INT. THERAPIST'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The two stand in the doorway again. Still talking.

A pause.

THE MAN

I guess, next week?

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

So you try something.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(blurting)

You had dinner yet?

The Man laughs.

THE MAN

Excuse me?

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

It has to work.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I haven't had dinner yet.

THE MAN

This is so wildly unprofessional.

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

You *have* to feel something.

He thinks for a second.

THE MAN
(agreeing)
Sure.

INT. THE MAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The Man drives, talking, while the Therapist sits by him, nodding along.

INT. A RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Man reads a menu, and the Therapist laughs at the way he's laughing at the menu. The Man reacts, and the two go along, joking.

THE THERAPIST
(VO)
Grief sticks to you because it wants to and you want to. You want to go back to the way things were before. Grief, it's evil in that way. Because you don't feel yourself getting sucked up. And by the time it has, you've gone all the way in. And you're reaching out into the void, and it's expansive and beautiful and terrifying at the same time, and you want it with your whole being, your entire being wants to be one with this, because then it'll be over. It'll finally end. And it'll all be okay.

EXT. THE MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two stand outside awkwardly.

THE THERAPIST
(VO)
But it isn't okay.

THE MAN
I had a great time.

Beat.

THE THERAPIST

(VO)

And this, all this, is the definition of *not okay*. And that last glimmer of hope inside of you knows that.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Me too.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(VO)

So you reach out one last time, and hope that whoever's on the other side has a lifeline, and they've got you, and they want to pull you up, though you are the monster you think you are. And I truly understand.

The Man turns.

THE MAN

I guess, good night?

THE THERAPIST

Wait.

He turns back.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(VO)

Because it's only human to experience this.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Can we... talk?

The Man smiles. The two enter the apartment. The door closes.

THE THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(VO)

It's only human to feel.

FADE TO BLACK.