

EXT. PARK

WILLIE, 40s, stands beside a basketball court. A voice approaches from behind. It's the young girl (15) who lives next door to his mom's house, MARTY.

MARTY
What are you doing here?

WILLIE
About to play some pickup with my friends, I've got next.

Marty looks at the court.

MARTY
Those guys are your friends?

WILLIE
You know em?

MARTY
They're here a lot... skeevy dudes.

WILLIE
Acquaintances, really.

MARTY
Yeah, right.

Marty starts doing a tiny, formless type of free-form dance.

WILLIE
So where's Scooter?

MARTY
Who?

WILLIE
What's his name? Billy, Tiger, Pookie? The little dwarf on the bike?

MARTY
Andrew.

WILLIE
Andrew! Where is he?

MARTY
Not into him anymore. He's a tool.

WILLIE
You got someone new?

She does a few dance moves, she's good!

MARTY

Yeah. You.

WILLIE

What?

MARTY

You. You're my new boyfriend
Willie, are you up to it? Oh, I
feel faint--

She collapses into him, sprawling, exaggerated. He catches her-- props her back up.

MARTY (CONT'D)

My hero.

She continues her girly 15-year old dance.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You gonna marry that girl in NYC?

WILLIE

I don't know. Why?

MARTY

I don't think you should.

WILLIE

How come?

MARTY

You should wait 'til you're
ready... wait 'til you meet
somebody who excites you.

WILLIE

She may not be out there.

MARTY

It's like the Wizard of Oz,
William. The whole time it was in
your own back yard.

WILLIE

What do you mean?

MARTY

Me, Willie. Me and you.

WILLIE

Really?

MARTY
You don't think?

She twirls... all smiles... having fun.

WILLIE
We have a little age problem.

MARTY
I know. We're as star-crossed as Romeo and Juliet. It's a tragedy of Elizabethan proportions.

WILLIE
What light through yonder window
breaks/Tis the east and Juliet is
the sun.

MARTY
And the colored girls go: doo-do-do
do-do-do-do-do-do.

Willie laughs.

WILLIE
So what do we do?

MARTY
Alas, poor Romeo. We can't do
diddly. You'll go to penitentiary
and I'll be slut-shamed on
Facebook. But if your feelings for
me are true... you'll wait.

WILLIE
Wait?

MARTY
Yep. Wait. Three years. I'll be
eighteen then and we can walk
through this world together.

WILLIE
In three years you won't even
remember me.

MARTY
William!

WILLIE
I'm formed, you're not. You've
still got changes to go through.
You'll change. Then I'll be Winnie
the Pooh to your Christopher Robin.

MARTY

No literary reference is left
unturned. How do you figure Pooh?

WILLIE

Christopher Robin outgrew Pooh.
That's how it ended. He had Pooh
while he was a child; Eeyore,
Piglet, all of them. But when he
matured he didn't need them
anymore.

MARTY

That's the saddest thing I've ever
heard.

WILLIE

It's true. You don't realize it
now, but you'll be doing some
changing. And I can't be your Pooh.

She sees he's serious. And maybe she was just fooling around
all along... maybe not.

MARTY

You're excellent, Willie.

WILLIE

I know.

They gaze at one another. Smiling, although it can never be.

MARTY

I'm gonna walk away now, Pooh.

WILLIE

Walk on, Christopher Robin...

She smiles a huge smile to him as she exits.

He sighs.