Sound of something being chopped.
A door creaks open

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -
Sayo (31) - the help is busy chopping chunks of meat.
The opening of the door behind marks the entrance of Mrs. Cavile - who approaches Sayo from behind -

MRS. CAVILE
How’s everything going on in here-?
(acknowledging Sayo’s work)
-beef’s being chopped - quick, quick, quick Sayo dear -

She moves along the kitchen - inspecting.

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
-the hoard’s already here and the -

Mrs. Cavile stops at the sight of chicken simmering in a pan -
She accelerates the burner -

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
it’ll need more flame at the moment - but don’t forget to put it on low after five minutes or so - so where was I -?

She moves along.

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
Yes - they are already here and the way they are ligouring themselves up - I can say for sure that this party won’t last for long.

She bends to inhale the aroma of spiced liver that rests in handsome quantities in a mammoth bowl -

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
(inhaling)
Mmm - excellent, excellent - it’ll do - Sayo dear - where’s the pudding?
Sayo places a deep cut in a chunk -

    SAYO
    Right behind you Ma’am - in the
    yellow bowl - beside the oven -

Mrs. Cavile sweeps towards it -

    MRS. CAVILE
    (inspecting it - nods)
    Looks perfect - perfect -

For a moment Mrs. Cavile is lost in her thoughts - a grim
sadness takes over her face.

    SAYO (O.S.)
    You sure Ma’am - you don’t want to
    add Strawberries to the pudding?

    MRS. CAVILE
    (regaining her senses)
    -add what-?

    SAYO
    Strawberries - I bought a fresh lot
    from the village market today
    itself -

Mrs. Cavile turns around to face Sayo

    MRS. CAVILE
    (shaking her head)
    No, no - not today Sayo dear - it’s
    hard to trust strawberries in this
    season - a sour bunch of them and
    everything goes wrong - let’s save
    ourselves some embarrassment -
    (looks around)
    - where’s the cake - ?

Sayo smiles.

    SAYO
    In the oven Ma’am -

Mrs. Cavile chuckles admonishing herself -

    MRS. CAVILE
    Why ofcourse - these nerves are
    taking a hold of me -
    (takes a deep breath)
    Well - aren’t birthdays something?

Sayo laughs -
INT. HALL -

The hall of the Cavile’s mansion is all set for the celebrations - and though it is decorated for a birthday party - yet it feels like Christmas. Over thirty guests fill up the venue - all dressed in formals - men and women, old and young - a few children - who run to and fro playing - whilst the elders who are being served savories and drinks by the waiters - talk to each other - all absorbed - some serious some chuckling, some whispering and some at ease pondering over matters that they have decided to keep private to reasons solely known to them.

In front of a grand fireplace that is blazing alive - sits Granny in an arm chair - absorbed in a Bible. Nobody seems to bother her and she doesn’t seem to care about anyone or the hulabaloo around.

The mantle above the fire place is decorated with trophies and certificates - and they all are accolades for outstanding work in the literary field. The other decorative that is adorned by the mantle are photographs - Of Mrs. Cavile and Mr. Cavile, of Granny and two individual photographs of two young boys - of ages 8-10 years - one of them is Richard, the other is Nicolas - both of whom we’ll encounter later.

Mrs. Cavile enters the hall and a waiter approaches her mechanically offering her wine -

She discards the offering with a swift movement of her hand -

MRS. CAVILE
No, thank you -

She ushers him in a corner -

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
(whispering)
I hope you and your pals are generously serving the guests -?
WAITER
(nodding)
Yes ma’am Mrs. Cavile -

MRS. CAVILE
(cutting him off)
Very well then.
(ushers him off)
Off you go now.

As the waiter departs - a fat burly man emerges from the crowd with open arms - grinning in a stupid child like manner - he’s Mr. Garb -

MR. GARB
(approaching Mrs. Cavile)
Ah! - Lady Cavile herself -

He is swaying (very drunk) - Mrs. Cavile takes a few steps ahead to greet him - kissing both of his cheeks in a ritualistic fashion -

MRS. CAVILE
(as she kisses)
George -
(gets a whisk of something)
Ha - people wear perfumes - you wear wine -

They both chuckle - George Garb extends his’ to last a moment longer -

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
Where’s Nancy?

MR. GARB
(laughing)
Um - Nancy - yes - she’s definitely somewhere around - somewhere -
(sways a bit - whispers)
-am to drunk to fathom her whereabouts - but quite sober enough not to discard my peace.

He bellows with laughter.

Mrs. Cavile forces a laugh and tries to get away from this walking embarrassment -

She starts to walk away from Mr. Garb -
MRS. CAVILE
Well - enjoy yourself Georgy - I hope Nancy finds her way back to you -

She paces away.

Amidst the crowd she runs into Mrs. Roe Hart.

MRS. HART
Oh - good gracious Lin - you look swell!

Mrs. Cavile blushes - smiles -

MRS. CAVILE
O’ come on Roe dear - you can be more cruel than that -

MRS. HART
Nothing but the truth dear, nothing but the truth - so - where’s the ‘man’ of the hour?

Mrs. Caville frowns.

MRS. CAVILE
Jacques..?

MRS. HART
No, no - Richard - the boy -

MRS. CAVILE
Oh - I thought you were referring to Jacq- never mind - Richard’s probably in his room - getting ready I suppose -
(thinks for a moment)
- is ten - too young to be a man.

MRS. HART
But he will surely grow up to be a fine one. He will surely.

For a moment the two women solemnly gaze at each other.

MRS. HART (CONT’D)
(stammers)
- and - and - where’s that poet Jacques -?

Mrs. Cavile tries to answer with a blank gaze but -

CUT TO:
INT. STUDY -

Jacques Cavile sits on a desk that is positioned right in front of a window to rule in inspirational prospects. A glass and a bottle of bourbon are present on the desk probably for the same reasons. He had been writing - with a sheet of paper in front of him and a pen in his hand - but at the moment he stares out of the window - into the night - the falling rain and a flickering street light are everything that constitute the vision. He starts scribbling something down. A pet dog sits coiled up beside his chair.

A moment.

Suddenly the good old clock chimes nine.

It catches the dog’s attention as it abruptly recoils and gets up.

Mr. Cavile stretches himself in his chair -

MR. CAVILLE
Ah! - About time huh, Jimmy-?

He pours himself a glass of bourbon and gulps in down in one take - his eyes closed -

MR. CAVILLE (CONT’D)
(feeling the alcohol
washing down his throat)
God damn it! Damn it! - Ah! -
Jimmy, Jimmy -?

The dog strains its ears -

Mr. Cavile picks up the paper that lies on the desk before him -

MR. CAVILLE (CONT’D)
(straightens up)
You’ll be my audience, won’t you?

The dogs listens intently as Mr. Cavile starts reading from the paper -

MR. CAVILLE (CONT’D)
Hm - Men pass time - time o’ sweet
murderer aren’t you passing us off -
extinguishing us in fumes - us -
whose life flickers and suffers -
under your cold shadow -
His voice fades off -

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN -

The chicken is done. It rests in a huge pan - all cooked up and delicious.

Sayo takes a final look at it. She is satisfied.

SAYO
It’s done - the chicken -

Mrs. Cavile stands kneeling against the shelf - a glass of wine in her hand - She swigs up a big mouthful gulp -

MRS. CAVILE
(wiping her cheeks with a handkerchief)
Chaos - rotten chaos - the smell of -
(she might have heard something)
You say what dear-?

SAYO
The chicken’s done Ma’am -
(observes Mrs. Cavile)
You- alright Ma’am?

Mrs. Cavile relaxes - straightens herself up.

MRS. CAVILE
Yes, yes - Okay - so the chicken is prepared and so is everything else -
(claps and rubs her hands)
Lets start and get this over with -
Sayo dear - run upstairs and escort Mr. Cavile down to the hall - he will need some help - and I will go -

Before Mrs. Cavile could finish - we hear a loud screeching mew of a cat. Startled - both women turn in the direction of the source.

A black cat sits on the kitchen window - looking intently at the two women.
Sayo moves forth to hush it off - it takes guard and quickly jumps out - scampering along her way through the fields in the rain.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. WASHROOM -

Richard Cavil aged nine years urinates in the pot listening absent mindedly to the pitter patter of the rain - suddenly he looks down at the floor and notices - wet mud engraved shoe marks that have decorated the clean white flooring. He stares at them blankly and some of the piss misses the pot and we would hear it falling on the floor itself.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Richard walks back to his bed. He is dressed up for the occasion - boasting of formals. He sits down on the bed. He seems sad - and tired.

He sighs.

On the floor, on the other side of the bed - sits Nicols (same age) - studying the movements of a toy train that hollers along a circular track.

Richard begins to tie up his shoe laces but mostly fumbles with them -

RICHARD
You went out in the rain - didn’t you?

Nicolas pays no heed to his words and with his silence enact he devotionaly observes his toy train.

RICHARD (CONT’D)
The floor is all spoiled - and - it’s you who did it but everybody will scold me -

Nicolas doesn’t care. Richard bites his lips.

A moment.
NICOLAS
Suppose you’ll get another train
set today – won’t it be swell –

Nicolas’ hands aide his words with actions –

NICOLAS (CONT’D)
- I can play all day long – the
track – I will make a longer one –
o’ yes – and will run the trains on
it – even collide them and – what
not- o’ yes –

Nicolas looks at Richard who is still fumbling with his
shoelaces. He stares at him with an expression of pure
hatred.

A moment.

NICOLAS (CONT’D)
Richard?

Richard stops fumbling and looks at him.

NICOLAS (CONT’D)
(grins)
It’s not your real birthday – you
know?

Richard – with a hurt and knowing look on his face – turns
around and ties up his laces in one go – no more fumbling.

NICOLAS (CONT’D)
I wonder – will all those people
downstairs sing – ‘Happy not-so-
real-birthday to you dear Richard?’

Nicolas chuckles at his joke.

Richard sits on the bed – facing away from him. Tears have
welled up in his eyes.

Nicolas chants ‘Happy not-so-real-birthday…’ softly –
taking a toll at Richard. The moment Richard is going to
burst out crying –

The door swings open – with Mrs. Cavile entering – Nicolas
quietens down –

MRS. CAVILE
Darling – it’s time to cut the
cake!

CUT TO:
INT. HALL -

We sweep through the guests who are busy in talks and forlic - momentarily stopping at a few to hear their talks -

Two men with drinks in their hands:

MAN 1
(pointing at the huge wrapped up box that aides his companion)
What’s in there--?

MAN 2
A train set -

MAN 1
The boy’s too old for it -

MAN 2
He is ten - if you don’t know -

MAN 1
I was stealing off real trains at that age. Damn!

MAN 2
What did you get? Present?

MAN 1
Phrrrgt! Present my ass - I got flowers -

MAN 2
(chuckles)
Well - now that’s dandy -

And we steer -

A man and a woman sit talking -

WOMAN
- and I told him - listen - you sit here sulking - you son of a bitch - but I am not going to ruin my evening - I am going -

MAN
Oh no - you didn’t call him that on his face - now did you?

WOMAN
(placing a cigarette between her lips)
(MORE)
WOMAN (CONT'D)
As a matter of fact - I did - and I did right, didn’t I?

The man tilts towards her - lighting her cigarette with his lighter.

MAN
That you did - you know what else you can do right this evening?

The woman raises her eye brows questioningly -

MAN (CONT'D)
You can come around to my place after this party - and I’ll fix you a drink - a real drink.

He winks and she smiles.

And we steer through -

Two woman talk to one another - with one stuffing huge bites of fruit cake in her mouth:

WOMAN 1
He has lost it - my husband - you heard of Nash Goldman?

The other woman takes a huge bite of the cake and shakes her head in a ‘no’ -

WOMAN 1 (CONT’D)
Never mind - so he told me that the academy was planning to drop him - you know - they believe he hasn’t got it anymore - that thing - talent -

WOMAN 2
(chewing)
I ‘ear he’s been drinking himself to death - after that incident -

WOMAN 1
True that. More alcohol than water. His poems are slack - soon the publication will run him over - this frenzy will devour him - he’s the host and he hasn’t shown himself up yet - too much to ask for I guess -

The other woman takes another bite and nods in serious thought.
And the camera steers through the crowd - running children, a waiter in hiding drinking wine, a couple kissing passionately and Mr. Garb whom we had encountered before is slouching senseless - eyes closed on a chair with his wife sitting beside him - fuming with anger - finally steering towards Granny who still sits in front of the fireplace engrossed in her Bible.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDY -

Mr. Cavile is in the midst of his narration - with the dog having not budged from its posture as it listens intently -

MR. CAVILE
- and we will exhaust ourselves up, dissolving in our own flesh and blood - and fly out from this worldly marsh - singing songs of our life - us pitiful humming birds -

He stops in the midst - for there a loud but gentle knocking on his door -

MR. CAVILE (CONT’D)
Yes - who’s it?

SAYO (O.S.)
Mr. Cavile Sir - would you mind me accompanying you down - Ma’am says it’s time -

Mr. Cavile groans.

MR. CAVILE
(to the dog)
Tell me Jimmy - as of what you have heard till yet - tell me - that all what they say is nothing but cruel lies - huh, Jimmy?

The dog whines.

MR. CAVILE (CONT’D)
Attaboy Jim, attaboy - you’re the best audience ever -
(calling out to Sayo)
Come on in!
Sayo enters the study. Mr. Cavile tries to get up but stumbles - the very moment - Sayo comes to his rescue, while he stares himself up -

    MR. CAVILE (CONT'D)
    Am alright, am alright -

Sayo adjusts his bow tie.

    MR. CAVILE (CONT’D)
    - am not all looney yet - how many of them are downstairs?

    SAYO
    Around thirty - Sir.

Mr. Cavile sighs. Sayo accompanies him towards the door.

    MR. CAVILE
    Let’s get this over with - now Jim -
    (to the dog)
    No piss - no poop - be a good boy!

They step out of the study.
The door shuts close behind them.

    CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR -

Mrs. Caville and the kids & Mr. Cavile balancing himself on the mercy of Sayo bump into one another on their way to the hall downstairs.

Mr. Cavile somehow jollies up at the sight of his wife -

    MR. CAVILE
    Sweetheart -

He delivers a stupid grin - like all drunkards do.

He stumbles forward to embrace his wife -

Mrs. Cavile flares up and pushes him off. Sayo manages to keep him from falling down.

    MRS. CAVILE
    Get away from me - you reek of it -
    you bloody hell reek of it -
The children are taken aback and Mr. Cavile is hurt.

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
(grinding her teeth in anger)
Down there - down there -
(she begins to cry)
al all those people - they haven’t
been invited today for some damn birthday- birthday’s just a farce -
I have invited them all so that you may socialize - you may become acquainted - with them and with that phase of your life that you so much loved - so that you regain hold on yourself and become yourself again - but -

She pauses briefly. Her eyes are red - all that was contained within had erupted out - as if lava. She shakes as she speaks.

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
- but you - my dear - have other plans - to hole yourself in your study - while all of them - every bloody one of them - gossips - talking of what a failure you ha -

She stops. But it’s too late. Mr. Cavile’s face is stone. His eyes are blank. Mrs. Cavile is still shaking.

A moment.

Mr. Cavile manages to pull his stare off his wife and stumbles ahead with Sayo tailing him - leaving Mrs. Cavile alone with the children. She stands there - a brief moment - before she wipes her cheek and dabs her eyes. Then without a word she marches towards the stairs and the children barely manage to keep up with her pace.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sayo reels in the trolley that carries the magnificent cake in midst of the hall - while the guest begin to gather around it like a swarm of bees - everybody except Granny who refuses to budge away from her armchair and Bible.

Sayo passes by Mr. Cavile who is stands talking to his acquaintance, with a glass of wine in his hand that touches his lips a little to often -
ACQUAINTANCE
Go easy on it Jacques - not the end of the world I tell you -

Mr. Cavile gives a stale laugh -

MR. CAVILE
I am easy - you haven’t seen me play hardball -

The waiters carefully pick up the cake placing it on a round centre table - the guests are impressed - it reflects in their eyes.

Richard and Nicolas stand behind the table with Mrs. Cavile who is trying hard to look happy -

NICOLAS
Well - fancy a cake - funny, I didn’t have one on my last birthday -

Richard looks at Mrs. Cavile - who probably has her attention preoccupied.

Somebody from the gathering claps -

UNKNOWN
It’s about time!

The others join in clapping -

Sayo hands Richard a knife. He proceeds to cut the cake. Mrs. Cavile puts her hand upon Richard’s - an act which is witnessed by Richard - gloom spreading across his face.

Everybody sings ‘Happy Birthday’ whilst Richard cuts the cake. The singing is accompanied by a mournful tone.

A moment and he is done. Everybody claps as Richard picks up a slice of the cake and offers a bite to Mrs. Cavile - who takes a peck. They both look around for Mr. Cavile but he’s nowhere to be found. Scorn covers up Mrs. Cavile’s face.

Richard proceeds to offer a slice to Nicolas - who instead of taking a bite brushes to the side - his lips close beside Richard’s ear -

NICOLAS
(whispering)
You’re adopted - no birthdays will ever change it - you’ll never ‘ever’ know your real birthday -
Nicolas moves away - leaving -

NICOLAS (CONT’D)

(adding)
you were picked up from a dumpster!

Nicolas leaves - leaving Richard visibly hurt - eyes damp - as Richard standing like a statue witnesses him move swiftly across the hall, towards the fireplace. Guests begin to pile up around him handing him presents - thereby distracting him.

Nicolas approaches Granny.

NICOLAS (CONT’D)

Granny -

For the first time she looks up-

GRANNY

(smiling)
There you are- the cake’s been cut?

Nicolas frowns at the mention of the cake and sits on the arm of the chair.

GRANNY (CONT’D)

What’s the matter sweetheart?

Nicolas looks into the flames - burning alive in the fireplace.

NICOLAS

Two days later - it’s my birthday - and I don’t think that there will be any cake - or - presents -

He turns around and spots Mrs. Cavile among the guests.

NICOLAS (CONT’D)

- I even doubt that mother would remember -

GRANNY

Now, now dear -

NICOLAS

- and it’s all because of him - ever since his arrival - everybody has somehow started to - ignore me!
GRANNY
Sshh- now dear - that’s your anger
talking - both I and you - and
everyone else - knows that he can’t
ever be what you’re - he will your
brother, their son - but he’ll
never be their blood.

Nicolas watches everybody rejoicing - with sheer hatred
clothing his expressions.

Granny has dived back into her reading - this time loud
enough for Nicolas to her -

GRANNY (CONT’D)
(reciting)
When- the perishable has been
clothed with the imperishable - and
the mortal with immortality, then
the saying that is written will
come true- ‘Death has been
swallowed up in victory’. ‘Where o’
death, is your victory? Where, o’
death, is your sting? The sting of
death is sin - and the power of sin
is the law. But thanks be to God!
He gives us the victory through our
Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my
dear brothers and sisters, stand
firm. Let nothing move you. Always
give yourself fully to the work of
the Lord, because you know that you
labor in the Lord is not in vain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Cavile stands with his friends/colleagues talking. He is
swaying under the impact of alcohol. Those who accompany him
are one Mr. Bard and Mr. Dmitri.

MR. BARD
- still this changing of norms by
the academy - I mean - its a great
set back for artists who abide by
the old school -

MR. CAVILE
(raises his glass to the
speaker)
Hear, hear -
MR. DMITRI
I beg to differ –

MR. CAVILE
(cuts in)
But its speculated that ‘news’ is just a rumor –
(realizing he has interrupted Mr. Dmitri)
You were saying something?

From the look on Mr. Dmitri’s face it can be well said that he is not very fond of Mr. Cavile.

MR. DMITRI
(snapping)
It’s not a rumor – but rather a very firm fact – they are indeed redefining the norms – for more flexibility – hoping to discover a new generation of poets.

MR. CAVILE
- and what exactly is the new generation may I ask?

Mr. Bard looks uncomfortable.

MR. DMITRI
Bentrande, Petes – even Klein – they are – what they say – the new generation.

Mr. Cavile sarcastically guffaws –

MR. CAVILE
Oh- you’re funny – there amateurs – they call them the new generation – they are nothing but a new breed – as if they were more like dogs than artists – all they do is howl –

MR. BARD
But Jacques, I have heard that – some of them are good – like really good –

MR. CAVILE
So – now you’re siding up with him–

Mr. Cavile points towards to Mr. Dmitri –
MR. DMITRI
With all due respect Mr. Cavile - no one is siding up with anyone - all we are trying to say - that this new generation possess the qualities of being a huge movement -

Mr. Cavile spits on the side.

MR. CAVILE
Huge - my ass! They are as huge as a wave - they will rise high and fall flat and within moments people will forget that they ever existed -

Mr. Dmitri has had enough of this man.

MR. DMITRI
Mind your ego Mr. Cavile - these waves - pray that these momentary waves - don’t swallow you up before falling flat -

Mr. Bard admonishes him -

MR. BARD
Dmitri!

Mr. Cavile has turned to a rock - blank eyes and no expressions fill up - he is stunned by the insult. He sways to and fro for a moment.

Then the true effect of drinking kicks in.

He launches himself at Mr. Dmitri - punching and kicking - with Mr. Dmitri defending himself - as both of them fall down on the floor wrestling.

The crowd around in shocked and it scatters. Mr. Garb tries to keep the fighting men apart from one another but his attempts are no good. The people around are either shocked, dismayed - some are carrying a sarcastic form of smile on their face.

Mrs. Cavile barges in from the crowd - screaming - at Mr. Cavile asking him to ‘stop’.

Nicolas witnesses the happenings from the distance. He watches Richard observing the same. Richard is taken aback - he is more afraid than shocked. He catches Nicolas’ eyes.

Nicolas offers him a cruel smile.
Richard couldn’t control it any longer – he bursts out crying.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. BEDROOM – MORNING

Nicolas sits at the window observing the early morning sun. Richard is asleep in his bed.

A moment.

Richard open his eyes and watches Nicolas sitting at the window. He get himself up to sit straight on the bed. His movements catch Nicolas’ attention.

Nicolas turns around.

NICOLAS
It’s my birthday today –

Richard tries to smile –

RICHARD
Happy birthday –

NICOLAS
Thank you –

Richard places his feet on the ground and stands up –

NICOLAS (CONT’D)
Unlike yours – it’s my real birthday – funny – you and Jimmy bear a similarity when it comes to birthday –

Richard pretends that Nicolas’ words are going unheard and moves towards the door.

NICOLAS (CONT’D)
– his birthday is celebrated on the day he was bought to this place – and so is yours–

Richard exits the room closing the door tight shut behind him.

CUT TO:
INT. HALL - SAME TIME

Richard climbs down the stairs. Mrs. Cavile is in the hall - she is dressed up - all ready to go someplace out -

MRS. CAVILE
(calling out to Sayo)
- and remember to tell the gardener
to prune the roses - they look
hideous - as of the laundry -
collect clothes from our room as
well as from -

She notices Richard approaching her.

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
Oh- here he is -

RICHARD
It’s Nicolas’ birthday today -

Mrs. Cavile smiles.

MRS. CAVILE
Yes, yes deary it is - you
remembered!

She embraces him.

MRS. CAVILE (CONT’D)
Now listen - I am going out - you
run off to the kitchen - Sayo will
fix you some breakfast - be a good
boy, don’t give her hell - I won’t
be gone long.

She places a kiss on his cheek - gets up and leaves - with Richard tailing her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVILE’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Cavile gets into the car and the engine springs to life. She waves at Richard and drives off - as Richard keeps waving.

CUT TO:
EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Cavile’s car drives along the road at a decent pace.

CUT TO:

C.U OF MRS. CAVILE’S FACE AS SHE WALKS.
(The sound of her bellies could be heard)

She walks on and on - her face (the only thing we witness) expressionless.

Then she comes to a stop and looks down -

C.U OF ROSES BEING PLACED.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

Mrs. Cavile is kneeling down before two graves. She has placed the roses in front of one.

The grave stone of this very grave reads: NICOLAS CAVILE.

Beneath the name - the date and year of his birth and death are mentioned.

Mrs. Cavile weeps her heart out.

MRS. CAVILE
(murmuring)
Happy Birthday love, happy birthday-

The other gravestone reads: MARY CAVILE, LOVING WIFE, MOTHER AND ‘GRANNY’.

The date of her death coincides with that of Nicolas’.

Mrs. Cavile continues weeping with her face in her hands.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY -

Mrs. Cavile is gone.
The roses that she had placed in front of Nicolas’ grave are picked up by a tender young hand.

Nicolas smells them - Granny stands beside him.

Granny lovingly ruffles his hairs.

GRANNY
Now – she came, didn’t she?

Nicolas smiles.

NICOLAS
Yes – but only roses – no cake –

GRANNY
Now-now –

Nicolas chuckles.

NICOLAS
She will never forget me, no matter what.

GRANNY
God’s truth – that is –

Nicolas smells the roses.

NICOLAS
The smell of her –

Granny and Nicolas stand by their graves –

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: 20 YEARS LATER

INT. RICHARD’S HOUSE –

An adult Richard cuts his birthday cake as his wife sings ‘Happy Birthday’ – She is the only person beside him in this decent little house that the couple have, perhaps, lovingly summed up to call it their home.

The photographs of the Cavile family that once decorated the mantle above the fire place are also present.

Richard concludes the cutting of the cake – his wife accompanying his actions with a stampede of quick claps. He seems to be very happy.
His wife picks up a slice and he takes a bite - his eyes closed.

INSERT: A YOUNG BOY’S LIPS APPROACHING HIS EARS TO SAY SOMETHING.

THEN:

Richard’s wife whispers ‘Happy Birthday Sweetheart’ in his ears.

He smiles pleasantly and opens his eyes. He offers her a bite of the cake - which she accepts -

    RICHARD
    I am too old for all this stuff -

    RICHARD’S WIFE
    (with her mouth full)
    Oh come on now - no one’s ever too old to ..

Her voice fades.

A black cat sits on a window sill observing the happy couple as they kiss.

A moment.

Then it jumps out and disappears into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

C.U OF ITEMS PLACED IN FRONT OF NICOLAS’ GRAVE: RED ROSES, A BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH ‘HAPPY BIRTHDAY NICOLAS’ WRITTEN ON IT AND TWO BOXES OF TOY TRAINS.

An adult Richard kneels down before Nicolas’ grave mourning. The spot where there had been only two graves, now hold four graves - Two graves that bear the names of Mr. And Mrs. Cavile.

A moment.

Richard gets up, brushes of mud from his clothes, turns around and leaves.

He must have had taken a few steps when he stops - turns around and looks -
A slice from the cake— that is kept before Nicolas’ grave—
is gone.

A moment.

A smile starts to stretch across Richard’s face.

CUT TO BLACK

END.