

THE END OF TIME

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - SUNRISE

A LOUD torn up construction zone with yellow tape, sprinkler lines and dirt covering the ground. The sound of a BOBCAT in the distance digging. Four Mexican landscapers place large rocks around a man-made mud/water pond. One of the landscapers pulls a running garden hose out of the hole. Two ducks land in the water.

INT. BEDROOM - SUNRISE /

George (70s), White Caucasian, short, skinny, gray hair, lies motionless alone on one side of a queen bed.

Warm light floods in through the half cracked window on a red beta fish in a small glass bowl. An old TICKING alarm clock sits on the night stand. George lays in his bed peacefully.

LOUD QUACKING and CONSTRUCTION disturbs the comfortable room. George rolls around in his sleep trying to avoid the constant noise.

George wakes, his short hands search for his glasses on the nightstand. He places his glasses on his nose and squints out the window.

GEORGE

Quiet, Quiet down!

Sitting up, he WRAPS on the window with his knuckles. He slams the window shut, the noise is as strong as ever. He sits on the side of his bed angered and unable to sleep.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

BIG BAND music plays on the restored record player. The small dated kitchen is kept neat and bare.

Tapping his foot to the music, George opens the near empty fridge taking out a prepared plate of bacon and eggs. Moving to the rhythm of the music he dances his way across the kitchen. His stiff joints won't allow him to keep up.

He cleans the fish bowl, drops a few drops of sanitizer into the bowl and measures the temperature of the water.

George sets the fish bowl on the table as if it were his guest and takes a seat.

He eats his breakfast quietly, takes a drink of milk. Sour faced and disgusted he spits the lumpy milk back into the glass and reads the label on the milk carton. He checks the

old alarm clock on the table 6:30am. Continuous CONSTRUCTION NOISE from outside.

He takes a bite of bacon and holds a small piece in the fish bowl. The fish sits on the bottom of the bowl. George looks confused.

From his pant pocket he takes out a fish food container and dabs a bit of food in the bowl. He observes carefully.

GEORGE
What's wrong? Eat.

The fish remains resting on the bottom. The annoying sound of a BACKHOE SCRAPING the ground and backing up BEEP BEEP. QUACKING noise from outside. George looks to the window irritated.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George's alarm clock sounds: 9:00am. He slaps it off and walks to his front door carrying his fish bowl. A KNOCK at the door. George looks through the peep hole seeing an African American, round, MAILMAN (80's) wearing headphones. George opens the door with chain lock attached, peeking his head through.

MAILMAN
Good morning George.

George snatches a letter from his hand and closes the door in his face. The Mailman stares at the closed door, OLDIES MUSIC is heard from the headphones in his ears.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING /

The aged, neat 1970's living room has two worn leather chairs. A large photo of an old woman smiling holding a baby on the wall. He sets the mail on a mountain stack of mail gathering. He sets the beta fish bowl on a wooden nightstand, twists it facing the fish towards the tv screen.

He rests his old body in the comfortable chair. A click of the remote, the tv remains off. George presses the button repeatedly with no response. He moves in for a close inspection of the tv. He manually presses the power button on the tv. Nothing, he checks the power cord, it's plugged in. Furious, he storms into the kitchen and flips through the yellow pages.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

George nervously arranges the pillows on the couch. He adjusts them ever so slightly. Paces back and forth on the carpet trail worn from his pacing habit. He holds up his watch and squints. The watch reads: 8:15, he lowers the watch revealing the clock on the wall which matches his watch almost exactly.

The sound of a car door slamming.

A KNOCK at the door. George looks through the peep hole.

REPAIRMAN

Mr. Davey?

George opens the front door to find an out of breath, heavy REPAIRMAN standing before him wearing a bluetooth headset.

GEORGE

You said you would be here at 8:00.

REPAIRMAN

15 minutes. In my world that's early.

Repairman LAUGHS until he notices George's glare.

GEORGE

Take off your shoes.

Repairman bends over removing a shoe, he clumsily hops around nearly falling over using the wall to catch himself.

Repairman enters scanning the living room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's by the window.

A 20 year old pathetic television balances on a beta max player in a cheap entertainment center. Repairman stops in his tracks and looks to George as if someone had played a joke on him.

REPAIRMAN

I'm sorry, I can't fix this.

GEORGE

Why not?

REPAIRMAN

No offense, I don't work on a tv's this old. I don't have the tools.

GEORGE

The tools or the brains?

REPAIRMAN

What?

Holding a tv guide George presses the power button on the tv. Repairman studies the back of the set.

GEORGE

It won't turn ON when I push the button. I just want to watch Dancing With the Stars.

Repairman picks up his toolbox.

REPAIRMAN

It's probably the picture tube. You could buy two flat screens for the price it would cost for someone to fix it.

GEORGE

I don't need two or three television sets. My set worked fine for twenty years.

(beat)

It just needs a tune-up.

REPAIRMAN

It's a dinosaur, doesn't even have cable hook ups. I'm surprised it even has a remote. Listen, there are some great flat screens out there. cheap too.

GEORGE

And what will I do with this one?

REPAIRMAN

I don't know, toss it. It isn't worth anything, \$5 bucks maybe.

GEORGE

Your trying to rip me off!

REPAIRMAN

Have you seen the prices at Walmart?

Repairman looks down at his watch. George shakes his head.

GEORGE
(raising his
voice)

Buy new, he says, bigger and better. I don't want some cheap plastic television set with a hundred buttons. I want my set to work again!

REPAIRMAN
I can give you the name of someone who might be able to fix it, but there is nothing I can do.

A HIP HOP RINGTONE from the Repairman's phone interrupts. Repairman snatches up his cell phone.

GEORGE
Watch it!

Turning, Repairman knocks the fish bowl off the nightstand to the ground shattering it to pieces. The fish flops on the ground. George's eyes widen.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Rose!

REPAIRMAN
I'm so sorry. It was an accident.

KITCHEN /

With haste, George sets the fish in a glass of water. He adjusts his glasses and moves his head in for a closer inspection. He looks over the fish as if a surgeon and carefully dips his finger in the water.

GEORGE
She's never been out of her tank before.

REPAIRMAN
Is it gonna be ok? I'll buy you a new one.

GEORGE
(steaming)
She will be fine. Now get out.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

George sits hunched over in a wooden chair at the kitchen table. The dark window provides an isolated backdrop.

The beta fish floats motionless in the glass of water. He scoops the fish out of the water and holds it in his palm. Ducks heard QUACKING outside.

EXT. GEORGE'S FRONT YARD - DUSK /

George carefully walks down his stairs. He approaches the ducks in the torn muddy pond and flails his arms violently at them. The ducks don't seem to mind. George picks up a large rock and throws it into the pond. The two ducks fly off into the air. The six man Mexican construction crew stand watching holding their shovels, they snicker and LAUGH at him. Taking notice, George approaches a YOUNG WORKER (18) standing closest to him.

GEORGE

See what you are doing! I can't sleep with these ducks and your machinery running all day.

YOUNG WORKER

No hablar ingles.

George add-libs his own version of sign language.

GEORGE

Take your mess somewhere else, no one wants you here!

One of the workers makes a comment in SPANISH, the workers LAUGH.

George walks up to the BOBCAT parked on the side of the muddy pond. He pulls the keys from the ignition and throws it into the middle of the water. George makes his way up the stairs. The Young Construction Worker raises his middle finger at George's back.

YOUNG WORKER

Crazy old fuck!

George SLAMS the door, smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

George breaths heavily as a drunk person does. He sits alone in the leather chair, eyes dilated. He sips his glass and stares blankly at a grandfather clock on the wall. The intervals of the TICKING slow down in rhythm. His alarm clock sounds: 9:00am. George turns it off.

A KNOCK at the door. The short, round, smiling hunched over black Mailman wears headphones, a mailbag and holds a few letters in his hand. George cracks open the door leaving the chain lock ON revealing half his face.

MAILMAN

(excited)

Good morning George.

George snatches two letters from his hands. A loud QUACKING sound. The Mailman lifts his headphones off his ears.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

You hear that?

GEORGE

My ears work perfect,
unfortunately. Damn things won't
let me sleep anymore.

MAILMAN

I see they built a nest too.

GEORGE

Great, now they will never leave
me alone.

MAILMAN

I'll bet they quiet down if give
them some food.

GEORGE

Ha! Or a bullet.

(beat)

Whole thing is just a big waste of
my tax dollars.

MAILMAN

(interrupts)

My son just had another baby girl
today, 9 pounds 4 ounces. I'm
going to see her today after my
route. I'll send you a picture of
her. What's your e-mail address?

GEORGE
E-mail?

MAILMAN
Yeah, I'll send you a picture..

GEORGE
I don't do computers.

Mailman sees a box of bullets sitting on the coffee table next to a half empty bottle of Whiskey.

MAILMAN
Is everything ok George, are you drinking?

GEORGE
Are you my doctor? No, you are my Mailman, shut up!

MAILMAN
It's 9am George.

GEORGE
(interupts)
Rose is dead.

The Mailman's smile turns serious.

MAILMAN
Rose?

GEORGE
My beta fish. She's dead.

MAILMAN
I'm sorry to hear.

GEORGE
A stupid kid came to fix my tv yesterday, knocked her bowl over, killed her.

MAILMAN
Oh..

GEORGE
Those beta fish don't run cheap either.

MAILMAN
He should buy you a new one.

GEORGE

She was a gift from my wife.

MAILMAN

I didn't realize.. I'm sorry.

GEORGE

You know, instead of harassing me everyday, you can leave my mail in the mailbox. That's what it's there for.

George puts his glasses on looking over the letters.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This isn't even mine. It's the neighbors. Dumbass.

George hands the Mailman a letter.

MAILMAN

I didn't realize. Thanks.

GEORGE

I just called you a dumbass and you say thanks. Killing me with kindness isn't going to work.

He rips up the other letters, hands it back to him and slams the door before the Mailman can say another word.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING /

George pours the remains of the whiskey bottle into his glass. MURMURS to himself in a drunken stupor. Grabs the tv remote and pushes the button. Nothing happens.

GEORGE

God damn tv.

He throws the remote at the tv missing it completely. He violently removes a revolver from his pocket and shoots a hole in the tv. George LAUGHS hysterically, the tv falls backwards. He picks up the fish bowl and throws it into the hole in the tv SHATTERING.

QUACKING from outside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I said quiet!

He stumbles out of his chair to the front door. Lines a duck in his site and FIRES, GUNFIRE ECHOS. The ducks fly off into the night sky. He takes a second shot, missing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come back. And I won't miss.

George staggers to his chair, holds the revolver on his lap and slumps down. He taps the gun barrel on the side of his head while thinking.

A LOUD TELEPHONE RING startles him. He grabs his chest, catching his breath. The phone continues to ring several times. George grabs the phone with his left hand revealing a gold wedding band.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hello.

COLLECTOR
Hi. I'm calling with Automated
Collection Service of America. How
are you doing this evening?

George looks to the gun on the side of his head.

GEORGE
Fine, take us off your call list?

COLLECTOR
Is Rose Davey available?

George swallows, lowers the gun.

GEORGE
Who?

COLLECTOR
Rose Davey.

George rests the phone against his face. Looks up at the photo on the wall of the old gray woman smiling holding a baby. Clears his throat.

GEORGE
She's passed away.

COLLECTOR
I'm sorry to hear that...

A moment of SILENCE..

GEORGE
Go on..

COLLECTOR

Sir, I'm calling about a past debt she owes for \$2,000 on her Sears credit card.

GEORGE

She was the one who paid the bills.

COLLECTOR

I just called to say the account has been closed and sent to court for collections, you will be receiving a notice in the mail...

George slowly puts down the phone. The Collector is heard TALKING in the background. George's heart beats fast, he begins taking short breaths. He stares at the photo on the wall of the old woman holding the baby. He tares up the bundle of mail and sprinkles it over the coffee table. /

DOORBELL RINGS.

GEORGE

(to himself)

God damn, can I get one moment of peace.

He draws out the gun and walks slowly to the door and leers through the peep hole. A Police OFFICER stands in the doorway with lights flashing in the background.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

They are fast.

He stuffs the gun in his pant pocket and opens the door with chain attached.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I never called for you.

OFFICER WEBNER

Sir, I am Officer Webner, I need you to open the door.

GEORGE

Get off my property.

OFFICER WEBNER

I'm not going to ask you again.

George opens the door to the massive Officer Webner.

OFFICER WEBNER (CONT'D)
You George Davey?

GEORGE
State your purpose.

OFFICER WEBNER
We received a phone call from several of your neighbors that said they saw you firing off a hand gun on your front porch.

GEORGE
Which neighbors?

OFFICER WEBNER
I cannot disclose that information.

Officer Webner covers his mouth to avoid George's breath.

GEORGE
Yes, I was scaring the ducks. They are a public nuisance.

OFFICER WEBNER
You realize it is illegal to fire a weapon in the city.

GEORGE
I didn't hit them. If I wanted to I would have shot them right between the eyes.

George LAUGHS hysterically. He looks up at the annoyed officer.

OFFICER WEBNER
I'm going to have to ask you to put both your hands behind your back now. I'm placing you under arrest for discharging a firearm within city limits.

GEORGE
Ha, I'll do no such thing.

George tries to shut the door, the Officer grabs his arm gently, turns him around and pats him down. He pulls a revolver from George's pocket.

OFFICER WEBNER
Is this the weapon? Do you have any more?

GEORGE

That's mine, I'm a war hero.

The Officer hand cuffs him. George's drunken struggle is no match for the overpowering Officer. George pulls away, falls on the stairs slamming his shoulder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

My arm!

The Officer helps him up off the ground.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

George awakes on the floor inside a single jail cell. His arm is wrapped in a sling. Hung-over and disheveled the sound of a food tray SLIDING through a hole into his jail cell. George crawls in pain across the cell towards the food. Grabs the metal tray and looks inside. Disoriented, he looks up at the JAPANESE GUARD through the plexiglas.

JAPANESE GUARD

You should be out of here soon.
They are finishing your paperwork.

George slides the food back through the hole in his cell. The Guard pushes the food back to him.

JAPANESE GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey man, eating some dinner will
make you feel better.

George spits on the food and throws it back through the hole splattering it on the floor.

JAPANESE GUARD (CONT'D)

Don't want to eat. Fine, not gonna
break me heart, Asshole.

GEORGE

Open the door!

JAPANESE GUARD

Don't even start yelling orders at
me. I don't care how old you are.

GEORGE

Go to hell JAP!

JAPANESE GUARD

I'm going to walk away because you
don't want me to open this cell
right now.

GEORGE

I've been to Japan once when I was in the Air Force. Just after Pearl Harbor. Never landed though. We just flew over.

The Japanese Guard shakes his head and walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - NIGHT /

A young attorney DAN MILLS (late 20's) opens the door rushing through the room carrying a briefcase and laptop. Dan Mills slams his work down on the table exhausted.

DAN MILLS

I'll call you soon.

GEORGE

Call me. I'm standing right here.

He ends a phone call by touching a button on the side of his bluetooth headset.

DAN MILLS

Sorry I was just finishing up with a client.

He approaches George.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

George Davis?

GEORGE

It's DAVEY.

DAN MILLS

Oh sorry, I had it written wrong. Dan Mills.

Dan Mills offers a handshake. He realizes George has a sling on his right arm. Dan switches to shake with his left but George resists altogether.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Your arm ok?

George does not answer.

Dan sits and writes on his tablet.

GEORGE

How old are you?

DAN MILLS

Twenty nine.

GEORGE

You are too young. I need someone experienced.

Dan stares at him awkwardly with an uneasy smile. George stares at him, straight face.

DAN MILLS

(unsure)

You are kidding me right?

The smile on Dan's face disappears.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Sorry, George. Looks like you are stuck with me.. Have a seat.

GEORGE

I'll stand.

DAN MILLS

I am here to help. Have a seat.

GEORGE

Take that thing out of your ear. You look stupid.

Dan looks up at him in frustration and pulls the bluetooth out of his ear. Dan pulls the chair out gesturing for George to sit. George remains standing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

When do I go home?

DAN MILLS

Soon, looking at your file. You are in good shape.

GEORGE

Good shape. Do I look like I am in good shape! Look what he did to my arm. I will kill that big monkey, next time I see him.

DAN MILLS

You are a vet, with no priors. I understand you didn't have a permit for the gun?

GEORGE

A permit. Fifty years ago. I was shooting at some..

DAN MILLS

Ducks, yes I know. Had a bit to drink did you?

GEORGE

I don't remember how..

DAN MILLS

It all really doesn't matter what you remember at this point Mr. Davis. What matters is what is on the police report. Now, I can keep you out of jail but the judge will require you to have someone check in on you from time to time. That's our best bet.

GEORGE

I don't need someone to check in on me.

DAN MILLS

You won't have a choice. Now do you have family or a friend that the court can appoint?

GEORGE

No. There is no one.

DAN MILLS

It says here you are married.

George shakes his head NO.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Not a friend or a neighbor?

(beat)

The court will appoint someone.

GEORGE

No, no more intruders.

DAN MILLS

The judge is going to make you.

GEORGE

Then he better send someone who isn't allergic to bullets.

DAN MILLS

It's that kind of talk that will keep you in here for good. You are looking at jail time, but this can be easily avoided, if you retire your attitude long enough for me to help you.

GEORGE

I have commanded entire fleets in a world war. I don't need someone to change my diapers.

DAN MILLS

George, I am trying to help you. Let me do this, this is what I do.. Do you have any recollection of shooting at your neighbors house?

GEORGE

I wasn't shooting at my neighbors house!

DAN MILLS

Calm. We are going off of what's in the police report.

George looks up at the clock on the wall.

GEORGE

It's time to feed my fish. I am going home.

DAN MILLS

Today is your birthday George.

George stops, looks confused.

GEORGE

What day is it?

DAN MILLS

September 29th, your birthday.

GEORGE

How did you know?

DAN MILLS

I have access to your records.

George steps back away from him.

GEORGE

You stay out of my god damn files.
They are private.

DAN MILLS

It's my job, I'm your attorney.

GEORGE

This is your warning.

Dan's eyebrows raise, he writes on the tablet. George heads towards the door.

DAN MILLS

What is your address?

George awkwardly tries to open the door with his right hand but cannot. He stops and thinks.

GEORGES

I've lived there for thirty years.
My address is..

DAN MILLS

And, how old are you today?

George thinks to himself for a moment. Devastated, he sits down, defeated.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

(reading)

You are eighty two years old tomorrow. The judge will insist someone check in on you as a part of your probation. And George, I think it's a good idea.

George stands up and heads for the door. Dan stands in his way.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Mr. Davis, I have twenty-eight clients right now. Twenty-eight. I am very busy, I need you to trust me. Ok?

GEORGE

It's Davey, not Davis! There is an "E, Y" you idiot. How can you help me? you are just a kid. You probably still have pimples on your ass.

DAN MILLS

You are wasting my time.

GEORGE

When you are through with me I'll probably end up in shock therapy.

DAN MILLS

Come on George! You are being ridiculous, I can see your military history, you think I don't know what you are doing.

(beat)

Are you going to help me out?

Dan raises his left hand to shake George's hand. George denies him. Dan slaps a piece of paper and pen on the table.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Sign here George and you can go home. I will fill you in afterwards.

George reluctantly signs the paper with his bad arm.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Date it.

George looks up at him.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Today's date is: Nine, twenty-nine two thousand nine.

George dates it.

GEORGE

I don't care anymore.

Dan takes the pen and paper from him.

DAN MILLS

It's not up to you anymore.

(beat)

An officer will give you a ride home. I will call you in a couple of days. Answer the phone when I call.

Dan places the bluetooth in his ear.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Everything is going to be ok. Trust me.

He presses the button on the bluetooth, exits the room,

turns the corner.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

(OS)

Sorry, I had a client.

EXT. GEORGE'S FRONT PORCH - SUNRISE

The smooth sound of a LIGHT BREEZE.

A plastic "DO NOT DISTURB sign hangs on his front door handle swaying slightly back and forth.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

George's old hand turns off the thermostat.

He opens the top dresser drawer and digs through a bundle of woman's bras and underwear. He retrieves a bottle of prescription pills. Squints to look at the label reads: Rose Davey.

In a daze, George views his reflection dressed in a baggy decorated military uniform. His arm, neatly wrapped in a sling. He struggles adjusting his tie.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The room is dark with shades drawn. The sound of a PHONE OFF THE HOOK. The clock on the wall reads: 9:00. George dressed in his uniform opens his palm revealing a handful of large white prescription pills. The photo on the wall of the old woman smiling holding a baby. His eyes peacefully slide shut.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATER

The Mailman RINGS the doorbell. The door remains motionless. The Mailman wears his headphones around his neck. He knocks on the door. He impatiently peeks through the side window on the porch.

MAILMAN

George! It's me. It's 9am.

He sets down a box and KNOCKS on the door.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

I heard what happened last night
George.

He rings the DOORBELL.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

I know your home. Your always home.

The door cracks open with the chain locked. A small crack of George's face can be seen.

GEORGE

It's not a good time.

The mailman continues smiling.

MAILMAN

You hear that, listen?

GEORGE

What?

MAILMAN

It's quiet.

GEORGE

Yeah, I had some peace until you showed up.

MAILMAN

Can I ask you a question?

GEORGE

You just did.

MAILMAN

What's the uniform for? Special occasion?

GEORGE

I'm celebrating my birthday.

MAILMAN

Happy birthday!

George rolls his eyes and shuts the door in his face. The Mailman knocks on the door. George cracks it open.

GEORGE

Why are you so damn nosey? What about you. Why are you here? You are older than me shouldn't you be retired by now?

MAILMAN

I am retired.

GEORGE

From what? Professional pain in the ass.

MAILMAN

(laughs)

Some would say that. I'm a retired judge.

GEORGE

Bullshit.

MAILMAN

Served twenty-six years.

GEORGE

So why deliver mail?

MAILMAN

Keeps me young.

GEORGE

It's not working. You look older than me.

MAILMAN

I saw you put up a DO NOT DISTURB sign.

GEORGE

Yeah, but it doesn't seem to work.

The Mailman LAUGHS. He tries to hand letters to George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

If those are bills your wasting your time.

MAILMAN

Hey, I brought a picture of my granddaughter.

Mailman holds up the photo.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

Her middle name is Rose.

(beat)

Thought you would like to know that.

Mailman hands the photo to George. George pulls the photo through the crack. He removes his glasses from his jacket and places them on his face. A photo of a black new born baby.

George hands the photo back through the crack.

GEORGE
 Congratulations.

MAILMAN
 Wait, I'm leaving. You just have
 to sign for this one.

George unlocks and fully opens the door. Mailman holds up a
 cardboard box with an envelope attached.

GEORGE
 What is this? Who is it from?

George opens the door as the mailman carries the box inside.
 George signs for it with his bad arm.

MAILMAN
 Doesn't say, maybe a birthday
 present.

GEORGE
 Maybe it's a noose.

The mailman looks at him disappointed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 That's not what I meant.

MAILMAN
 You can do what you like with it.
 I just deliver the mail.

GEORGE
 Sure you do. Listen, can I get you
 something to drink?

Mailman hands him the box, puts his headphones on his ears.

MAILMAN
 No thanks, gotta run.

Mailman closes the door on his way out. George carries the
 box to his chair and sits down.

A TICKING CLOCK in the background.

He places his eye glasses on his face, looks over the
 cardboard box sitting on the ground, pulls a knife from his
 pocket and slices into the box. He opens it as if it were a
 bomb. He peers inside a large loaf of bread sits in the
 middle of the box.

GEORGE
 I knew it.

He opens the card attached to the cardboard box. The Photo

of the black new born baby, he looks at the back of the photo reads: Just Arrived, Maya Rose Dunken September 29th. You are invited to attend her reception Oct. 10th at 8pm. He looks up on his wall, a photo of an old gray woman holding a baby. A tear rolls down his cheek.

From the envelope he pulls out a pre-stamped postcard reads: Return to RSVP: George Davey. George takes the RSVP card and puts it into his pocket.

He looks to the door, stands up and rushes the box to the door as fast as his old legs will allow.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bright sunshine, George awkwardly scurries down the stairs with the box under his good arm.

GEORGE

Wait stop! I'm sorry!

The mail truck starts off down the road. George looks around to see if anyone is watching his panic. He places his glasses on his face. George is taken back by the image.

He notices the beautiful completed stream flowing through a flowery wilderness into a naturalistic pond. The warm sunshine glares off the body of water. Three baby ducks swim around in the pond together.

He looks at the mail truck driving far off into the distance. He pulls the RSVP card from his coat pocket and puts it in his mailbox, raising the red flag up.

He digs his hand into his pant pocket. A handful of prescription pills fall from his hand to the ground. He steps on them crushing them into a white powder.

He notices a brick walkway with a name engraved on it, a path of bricks on the ground with names engraved on each one.

Following the path he discovers a concrete bench sitting on the side of the pond. He looks at the back of the bench and runs his hands over the large engraving. A smile grows on George's face. He pulls a piece of bread from the loaf and throws it out to the baby ducks. They begin PEEPING and begging for more.

BIG BAND MUSIC

George sits on the newly build concrete bench tossing bread on the ground. A flock of ducks land near the feeding.

The engraving on the back of the concrete bench reads: Donated by George and Rose Davey. The large flock of ducks

huddle around him eating.