

(Cross fade to MISCHA and NOEL. MISCHA pulls a box of girl guide cookies seemingly out of nowhere and then offers one to NOEL.)

Start



Cookie?

MISCHA

NOEL

Where'd you get that?

MISCHA

(Shrugs)

It's birthday.

(NOEL eats a cookie.)

NOEL

Thanks.

MISCHA

Budmo!

(translating)

May we live forever...

(Smiling at each other bittersweetly)

And your life was tragic. Cut down before the poems could ever come out of you. You are tragic.

NOEL


You think so?

MISCHA

(Sincerely)

You make me weep just looking at you. So, so tragic...

NOEL

That is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me.  **End**