

ANNIVERSARY

by  
Erenik Beqiri

from an idea  
by  
Edvina Meta

CLOSE ON:

HEATH, a 60 years old man dressed in a beautiful smoking, which its red tie adds more class to the man.

Heath is looking to the other person in front of him. He stares there for some moments.

HEATH

Well-- what can I say? Happy anniversary! I'm happy that you're here with me tonight.

Heath takes the bottle of wine and pours some at his glass then pours in another glass and pushes it to the person he's talking to. The candles are lit.

Heath has a nostalgic tone and look when he speaks.

HEATH (CONT'D)

I still can't believe it the night I won you over all those people at the party.

Heath's eyes are shinning. He's almost crying.

HEATH (CONT'D)

I must confess that in the beginning I thought we would never be together. You know the very moment I saw you, it was love at first sight. I mean, I just couldn't take my eyes off you.

He wipes a tear from his face. A romantic melody starts.

HEATH (CONT'D)

You were shinning like a goddess at the ceremony, you made me feel special that night. I'll never forget that night, never.

Heath takes the glass of wine and drinks it in one sip.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Why don't you taste this wine. Its supposed to be the same we had at the ceremony.

The low feeling music makes the atmosphere more intimate. Heath falls in silence for some moments, he stares at the unseen person in front of him and then looks around.

HEATH (CONT'D)

You already know this, because I must have told you thousand of times but: you're the only thing I have now. It's you and me, and this fucking world.

He pauses. The meal on his plate is untouched.

HEATH (CONT'D)

I know I shouldn't talk like that but I can't resist. I mean I feel so alone sometimes, like the world has closed me somewhere in a land far, far away.

Heath thinks for a moment and than cheers up immediately.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot. I have a present for you. I've been saving it for 25 years. Happy 25th anniversary!

He takes a small newspaper page from the smoking's pocket. Heath looks at it than handles it to the unseen person.

HEATH (CONT'D)

We look so happy here. But I must confess, I look older now. I'm not like the man I used to be in the photo. I've lost my charm, but you haven't.

Heath takes the newspaper back and glances a second look at it. He cannot resist from crying. He wipes his tears with his sleeve.

The silence is covered by the soft music.

With a shaky hand he tries to fill the glass but drops the wine onto the newspaper. He gets angry, still crying.

HEATH (CONT'D)

(crying)

You don't talk too much do you? You fucking stupid statue.

The unseen person in front of him is the OSCAR statue.

The sound of a door opening takes Heath attention. The music stops.

A NURSE comes near Heath. She moves Heath from the table, who is in a wheelchair. He has no legs.

Heath takes a quick glance at the Oscar statue while the nurse pushes the wheelchair.

HEATH (CONT'D)

I hope you'll have something to say tomorrow. Good bye.

Heath and the nurse walk out of the room closing the door.

The room is full with photos of the Oscar statue and Heath, in some of them they're together but in the most part of them, its only the statue.

The Oscar statue stays immobile on the table.

The short newspaper is wet from the wine, but it still can be read.

On top of the column is the headline: DIRECTOR HEATHER J. HOWARD GRABS HIS FIRST OSCAR, AFTER HIS 9th CONSECUTIVE NOMINATION.

The black and white photo published in the newspaper, shows a young charming Heath smiling happily, with the Oscar statue in his hands.

FADE OUT:

THE END