

First Anniversary

By

Chris Beadnell

© 2016

This screenplay may not be
used or reproduced without the
express written permission of
the author.

cbeadnell@ymail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BUSH TRACK- DAY

An isolated track.

The sun shines breaking through the tall trees. Half sun, half shade.

TIM, 20, jogs up a hill. Short, fit and baby faced he is fully focused on his running style. He wears earphones.

Muffled sound of music. High tempo beats.

Unexpectedly, around a blind turn, DEEANNE, 21, in professional looking mountain bike gear, flies downhill on her bike. She spots the jogger, tries to evade. Front wheel slides. Skidding noises.

Too late, she's down.

Tim rushes to Deeanne's aid. She is on the ground. Tim unclips her helmet. Her top and knicks are torn.

TIM (V/O)

And that's how we met. Met by accident. Literally.

A large gash on Deeanne's knee. Bleeding profusely.

Tim removes his running shirt and ties it over the wound. His gym fit body glistens with sweat.

He helps Deeanne to her feet. Looks deeply into her eyes. She smiles.

TIM (V/O)

For me, it was love at first sight.
From the moment she hit the dirt,
it was me who really went head over
heels.

Tim walks the bike on one side. On his other side Deeanne limps along her arm over his neck.

EXT. BICYCLE SHOP- DAY- FLASHBACK

FLASHBACKS HAVE NO SOUND OTHER THAN MUSIC SCORE AND NARRATION

Deeanne moves on crutches behind the counter of the bike shop.

TIM (V/O)

Not that it was easy at first.
Although I knew her name, it took
me weeks to find out where she
worked.

The shop door slides open.

In walks Tim with a bouquet of white flowers. A card reads,
'Sorry'. Nervously offers the gift to Deeanne.

Deeanne hobbles from behind counter. A long white bandage
visible on leg. Accepts the gift with a smile and a short
hug.

TIM (V/O)

I'm always so nervous when it comes
to women. You know how some guys
can just boldly ask a girl on a
date. A girl they hardly know. I've
always imagined how it feels to do
that.

Tim and Deeanne chat. She smiles and nods her head.

INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

SOFT DREAMY GLOW

At the restaurant table Deeanne laughs at Tim's
conversation.

TIM (V/O)

But with her it was different. It
just felt so easy, so natural.

Several small plates of food on the table. A bottle of red
wine, two glasses, half full.

TIM (V/O)

She had told me about her favourite
tapas restaurant, the one she goes
to every other Friday night. It was
right across from my unit, can you
believe it?

Tim pours more wine into Deeanne's glass. She looks lovingly
into his eyes. Strokes her hand along his arm

TIM (V/O)

It was a memorable night.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM- NIGHT- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Sitting on the bed they passionately kiss.

TIM (V/O)

Oh yeah. A memorable night indeed.

The heat of the embrace increases. They pull at their clothes to undress quickly. A shirt flies left, a bra flies right.

Deeanne pushes Tim back onto the bed. She jumps him.

EXT. BEACH- DAY- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Bikini clad Deeanne runs along the beach, no sign of her bandage or limp now. Tim pursues.

He catches her. Tackles her to the sand. They both laugh.

TIM (V/O)

The first months were like most other relationships I suppose, we spent every possible moment together.

A long passionate kiss as the surf crashes into their entwined bodies.

TIM (V/O)

So fun, so playful. Probably the best time of our lives.

Deeanne drops a handful of sand into Tim's board shorts. She runs off again.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH- DAY- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Tim plays football. He scores a goal. Runs away from team and straight to Deeanne on sideline. They embrace and kiss.

TIM (V/O)

We'd always be there supporting each other with our activities.

Team members mock Tim. Some hugs, some pretend kisses.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BIKE TRACK- DAY- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Deeanne powers her mountain bike uphill on the track.

Tim follows. His bike gets slower and slower. Deeanne disappears from view.

TIM (V/O)

No matter how strenuous they were.

Tim now walks the bike uphill.

INT. DEEANNE'S LOUNGE ROOM- DAY- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Deeanne cries. Tim embraces her.

TIM (V/O)

There have, of course been some tough times.

A collar sits on the coffee table next to a photo. Deeanne and her dog.

EXT. FOOTPATH- DAY- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Deeanne angrily storms off down the street. Tim stands at the driveway.

She turns back and begins to point and yell.

TIM (V/O)

But you know, those times always brought us closer and stronger than we were before.

INT. TIM'S LOUNGE ROOM- NIGHT- FLASHBACK*SOFT DREAMY GLOW*

Candlelight.

Tim and Deeanne lie face down on the floor, face to face. He gently caresses her soft candlelit face.

TIM (V/O)

And as time passed our feelings grew deeper and deeper and deeper.

INT. TIM'S HALLWAY- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

SOFT DREAMY GLOW

Tim holds Deeanne's hand as they walk to the bedroom. Each carries a candle. A warm glow.

They disappear in the room.

The glow becomes weaker and weaker.

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN- NIGHT- PRESENT

Now. Stark clarity.

A small square box sits unopened on the kitchen bench. A gold ribbon tied to a bow.

Tim, dressed to an impeccable standard, picks up the box and places in his trousers pocket.

TIM (V/O)

So tonight, on the first
anniversary of the day I met her, I
am going to ask this beautiful lady
if she will make my dreams come
true.

Tim walks to the front door. As he opens the door, he turns back and looks straight at us.

TIM

(smiles)

Wish me luck.

INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The same tapas restaurant. Deeanne sits alone at a table. She looks stunning, dressed in her little black number.

Tim walks in. Sees her beauty from a distance and gives a wave. Walks to the table.

TIM

Hi. Remember me?

A large smile beams across her face.

DEEANNE

(excitedly)

How could I forget you, Tim.

Deeanne stands. Gives Tim a warm embrace.

A man walks up to the pair.

STEVE, 27, strong build. Labourer type. All dressed up in his fifty dollar suit. A rough diamond.

STEVE
Everything good, Dee?

DEEANNE
Oh, Steve. Please meet Tim. Tim helped me when I came off the bike last year, up at Chapman's track? The sixteen stitches fall. Well he had to help because he caused the accident.

Deeanne lightly punches Tim in the arm.

DEEANNE
Then he turned up a few weeks later with a bunch of flowers. Such a sweetie. That was the last time I saw you, wasn't it Tim?

Tim nods. He looks slightly embarrassed.

DEEANNE
Yea, a couple of months before I met you Steve.

Steve shakes Tim's hand.

STEVE
Nice to meet you, mate. S'pose I gotta thank you for saving my fiancée.

Deeanne lifts her left hand. A ring. Probably a diamond ring but hard to tell, the stone is so small.

DEEANNE
(smiles)
Steve proposed tonight. Well technically Javier over there--
(points to a WAITER)
--proposed. Brought out the ring on a tapas plate. Sitting on an olive.

STEVE
Not one for all that bended knee, romantic shit. Like the first day I met her. Went to the bike shop to get a new chain. I said, "You look pretty. Wanna go for a drink?".

DEEANNE
 (sarcastically)
 Ah yep, I've found my true Prince
 Charming haven't I?

TIM
 Oh, OK. Congratulations.

DEEANNE
 Aw, thanks Tim. Hey, how long ago
 was that crash? Nine or ten months?

TIM
 (nonchalantly)
 Oh yea. Bit closer to a year,
 maybe.

EXT. CITY- NIGHT

Moonlight reflects over the river. Alongside, late night joggers run along the footpath.

Tim walks along the path. A dejected figure.

He stops. Takes out the small box from his trouser pocket.

Inside lies a novelty badge which reads:

HAPPY 1ST ANNIVERSARY

A small card sits inside the lid of the box. Tim opens the card and we see the perfect handwriting which reads:

One year has past since that accidental fate.

Over the handlebars you flew at a spectacular rate.

Thought about you often, such as I procrastinate.

But on this special day I'd like to ask you on a date.

Tim XO.

TIM (V/O)
 I'm always so nervous when it comes
 to women. You know how some guys
 can just boldly ask a girl on a
 date. A girl they hardly know. I've
 always imagined how it feels to do
 that.--
 (reverberating)
 --always imagined how it feels to
 do that--

(fading)

Tim crumples the card, places it back into the box. Then
throws the package into the river.

FADE OUT:

Superimpose:

*"People see what they want to see, and what people want to
see never has anything to do with the truth".*

Roberto Bolaño.

THE END