

The Wish

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM 14 FEBRUARY 2013 P.M.

MEGAN slim, medium height, late sixties is pacing up and down arms folded tightly, waiting for something to happen.

MEGAN stops, turns and walks over to the fireplace, next to the clock is a large framed photograph of Louis Armstrong simply signed Satch. She picks it up and a soft smile appears, she then rubs a tear away from one of her eyes.

MEGAN turns to the table there are two boxes. The first is a pink box she opens it and removes the contents Valentine cards from the previous 40 years and starts to place these carefully and selectively along the top of the fireplace.

The second box is from the bakers she gently removes the cake and begins to place 4 candles in a circle around the **HAPPY 40th ANNIVERSARY** icing, then lights them.

The room lights are turned down low, MEGAN leans over makes a wish and blows out the four candles on the cake.

She smiles.

MEGAN V.O.

Can't believe he's not here. Do wishes really come true.

She quickly turns and looks at her left shoulder and brushes it looking both quizzical and blessed.

MEGAN V.O.

Did something or someone just touch my shoulder, no it cant be.

MEGAN V.O.

Can it?

The door gently opens.

MEGAN

Hello is that you Jane.

She turns and sees a man all dressed in white.

MEGAN

Oh my god.

ALF is standing in the doorway smiling.

(CONTINUED)

ALF

Hello Megan had to see you for at least one more time, it happened so quick we never did say goodbye.

He walks over to the fireplace where MEGAN is standing puts his arms around her and kisses her. Pauses and looks at the photo of Satch and smiles.

MEGAN

It doesn't seem forty years ago when we met at the club listening to Louis playing West End Blues.

ALF

You know i still go there when I can, its free for spirits and stand where we stood and listen to West End Blues being played and pretend we are hearing it for the first time again.

MEGAN

Oh ALF wishes do come true.

ALF

Megan, I could not, not be here today of all days, I promised we would spend every valentine our anniversary together and we will, until we meet in heaven.

MEGAN

Is this not heaven then.

She looks at Alf and smiles the sweetest of smiles.

ALF

Heaven is where we are, I have to go or I will not be allowed back next year.

ALF kisses her again and waves bye.

MEGAN smiles a thousand smiles and as she watches him leave through the door the sound of West End Blues plays in the background.

MEGAN

See you next year my love

FADE OUT: