

Screenplay Memory

By

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Original Idea

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PRELUDE

THE WAR, WHICH HAD RAVAGED THE LAND FOR SO LONG, HAD ENDED.  
IT WAS NOW A TIME OF RECONCILIATION...AND FORGETTING.

INT. -BEDROOM -EARLY EVENING

ANYA, careworn, sits at her dressing table mirror reading a Valentine card: "Are you going to the dance tonight? If you are, you will make me very happy." She stares impassively.

INT. -A PACKED DANCE HALL -LATER

ANYA sits alone. JACOB, lean and handsome, approaches her.

JACOB  
Would you care to dance?

ANYA glances around, then nods. He escorts her onto the dance floor. They dance.

JACOB  
I feel like I know you.

She shakes her head. Nearby, PETER looks on intently. ANYA catches his eye. She smiles faintly at JACOB, and kisses him. The dance ends. From out of nowhere, STEVEN, approaches, with a big, expectant grin.

STEVEN  
May I have this dance?

ANYA shakes her head.

STEVEN  
But...but I sent you the  
Valentine's card! I thought that's  
why you came.

She looks down, embarrassed. STEVEN backs away, disappointed. ANYA pulls JACOB in close.

ANYA  
Let's go outside. I need some air.

He nods acquiescence. They leave the dance floor.

EXT. -HALL -MOMENTS LATER

ANYA leads JACOB to the side of the building. He raises his hands and pushes her hair away. She flinches slightly. He kisses her, then sees the red marks on her neck.

JACOB  
You've been hurt. In the war?

ANYA  
No. Afterwards. I did it myself.  
From a tree.

JACOB  
(Dawning comprehension)  
From a tree?

ANYA  
Yes. My brother found me. He took  
me down.

JACOB  
But...why?

ANYA  
I had been in the camp. For many  
months. It was terrible. And when I  
was rescued I...couldn't bear the  
shame.

She's trembling badly. He holds her shoulders, supporting.

ANYA  
And I remember. I remember you were  
there. And now you're here.

He looks devastated, seeing her despair.

JACOB  
I'm so sorry. I don't remember you.

Suddenly, without warning...

PETER  
No matter. My sister remembers you.  
And that's enough.

JACOB turns to see PETER and two of his friends, knives drawn. He sees two more men behind ANYA.

PETER  
Anya. Come to me.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB drops his hands, releasing her. She walks towards her brother. As she stands before him, PETER nods and smiles.

PETER

Go back inside. Forget what is out here. Inside your Valentine is waiting for his dance.

Without looking back, she walks away. JACOB stands, resigned, as PETER and his friends advance towards him.