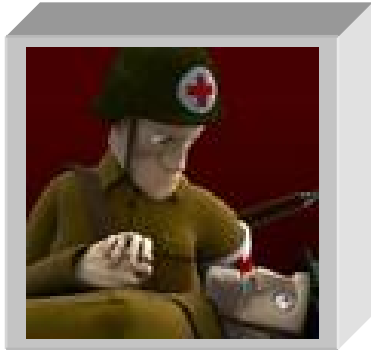


The Piano

(Text to accompany the short film entitled 'The Piano' by Aidan Gibbons)



His story begins with a mournful tune, each note he presses reminds him of so much. His dry hands are moistened by a small tear that creeps out of the corner of his eye. His golden ring presses against the piano keys with every note he plays. Memories fill his mind along with the slow and steady beat. His face goes blank. Heart beats fast - head throbs as he tries to slow the sad memories seeping in so fast. He remembers every detail as clear as a summer's day. His life has been so long, lost, lonely, yet he knows it will end soon. All those lost in his life; he will see them soon. Soon. Soon enough. All of the losses in his life, his past, his memories. All that loss.

The loss of his wife. This song reminds him of the love he had with his wife. He looks at his ring finger; there is his gold ring sitting on his finger. He really loved his wife. He imagines his wife sitting there at this very moment. His wife's ghostly hand appeared playing the piano. They sat gently beside each other - it tells how much they really loved one another. The old man knows this is the way it should have always been. His wife slowly and softly leant towards her husband; she laid her delicate lips on his pale cheek and gave him a kiss full of hope, trust and love. Oh what joy it gave to him. His beautiful wife

faded in to him like the wind blowing dust into the air. Oh how he remembers.

He gazes up; he remembers his dark green hat with the little red cross on. He started to run to the side of him towards a wall so that he could take cover, whilst his clothes changed to his dark green uniform - and a gun formed on to his back. His eyes water and a tear races down his cheek as he thinks of this memory. Then he reached the wall. He nodded to his friend, who in pure bravery swung around the corner but bullets came from all angles. In horror his friend fell into his arms; he was gone. His head fell back. His eyes rolled. The man looked up as if to say 'Look after my friend'.

But the man played on, lovingly and sorrowfully, remembering his losses, and he felt great regret.

He mourned and his mind cried as he thought of his beautiful wife, and greatly-missed friend. Would he remember them again? Life just wasn't the same anymore. As the key changed, he remembered himself as a boy.

When he was a young child, he received a gift. What was it? He looked at the rectangular box wrapped in a blue ribbon and gazed up at his father. He knelt down and lifted the lid, speechless. Gently, but carefully, the young child reached forward to pick up his hobby horse. Surprised, he looked up at his father as if to say 'Thank you'. He stood up, ready to go. Placing the hobby horse under his legs, he grabbed the handle and started to gallop around the piano like a famous horse-rider. He galloped past the piano leg like it was the finish line.

After the man remembered this, he hears the footsteps of his grandchild playing with his most prized possession: his wooden hobby horse. He is racing round, pretending to be the best jockey in the world. He finally rests the wooden hobby horse

on the floor and sits on the piano bench next to his grandfather.

His grandchild plays the last couple of keys on the dark black piano. The grandson and grandfather look at each other sweetly as if to say 'Should we play another song?'
And they do!