

THE GIRL WITH THE CAMERA

Written by

Robert j. Lee

[bewildebob@gmail.com](mailto:bewildebob@gmail.com)

INT. NURSING HOME, TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

TOM (87), frail and tired, sits at a relatively bare desk in a relatively bare room. On the desk in front of him is a laptop computer and a box of old photographs.

A black and white photo of a young British soldier and a pretty girl kissing in front of the Eiffel Tower has been placed face up on the desk in front of the computer.

Tom dials a number on his phone and waits.

TOM

... Hello... ah, this is a message for Rose Miller, formerly Rose McGrade, my name is Tom, Tom Anson... We met... It's difficult, it was another lifetime in another world. A black and white world.

He holds up the photo of the young couple and looks at.

TOM (CONT'D)

I recently found an old photo of the two of us. It must have been taken just after the end of the war. You and I spent some time together. I... I doubt you remember me, it was quite a time for everyone but I remember you clearly, Rose. The girl with the camera-

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Warm and inviting, the modest living room is lined with framed photos and shelves of memories.

The answering machine onto which Tom is recording his message sits on a small table next to the phone.

TOM

-I even remember this particular photo, it was the only one with you in it. You gave the camera to a policeman and got him to take our picture...

On the table next to the phone is a framed photo of ROSE, the same young woman as the Paris picture, holding a small portable camera on a strap around her neck.

TOM (CONT'D)

It was... I know it was only two weeks but I remember it vividly. I remember the city, I remember the celebrations, the drink...

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, Rose, me looking you up like this.

On the wall above the table is a photo of Rose and a handsome young man in their wedding clothes.

TOM (CONT'D)

My granddaughter says that I have been stalking you. She helped me out, you see. I see you have plenty of grandchildren too. It's nice to be surrounded by family at this... Well... It's nice.

Next to the wedding photo is a colour photo of Rose and her husband, now a bit older, surrounded by four children enjoying a BBQ. Next to it is a photo of Rose, much older, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Her husband is not in the photo.

TOM (CONT'D)

The thing is, Rose... There hasn't been a day in the last sixty-odd years that I haven't at least thought about what you might be up to. I search the faces of women I pass to find you in them...

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Rose (85) is lying in her bed. She is hooked up to a saline drip and is holding an oxygen mask to her face.

There are tears on her cheeks.

TOM

... The truth is... I love you, Rose. I have always loved you. I mean I loved my wife, my kids, my life. But there was always a hole that you left. You were a part of me and I love you for it... Anyway, I'm clearly rambling and you probably don't even remember who I am... I'll leave you alone... Goodbye, Rose. I hope you still have your camera.

The answering machine beeps as Tom hangs up.

Rose is breathing deeply into the mask but ultimately can't struggle any longer. She takes her last breath and dies.

Above her bed is a small framed black and white photograph of the young couple kissing and smiling in Paris.