

CAMERA OBSCURA

script by
TOM MENARY

story by
JIM ELTON

13th September, 2010

1 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

TRACK ACROSS a line of PHOTOGRAPHS. The PHOTOGRAPHER and LISA appear in all of them, getting closer as the line progresses.

PAN to the PHOTOGRAPHER, slumped in a chair, drinking.

Shots of photography paraphernalia.

CUT TO a studio setup: A single something in front of the camera, looking small and isolated. PHOTOGRAPHER takes shots with no interest, bored, uninspired. CAMERA FLASHES.

2 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LISA in front of the camera, posing.

LISA
How do you want me?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Just like that. You're perfect.
One more. And another.

LISA
You'll be taking photos all day
at this rate, and I'll never
leave.

PHOTOGRAPHER
No, you're stuck there. I've
caught you in every photo.

More FLASHES. The lights start to dim; LISA slowly fading, becoming indistinct as the room darkens.

3 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY/NIGHT

FLASH.

PHOTOGRAPHER standing with the print: The single setup, looking flat and boring. He throws it away.

CUT TO: Sitting in the chair again, drinking, looking at a PHOTO. Getting tired. Drinking more. Gradually falling asleep.

The SCREECH of brakes outside startles him awake. Goes to the window, looks out: Nothing to see. He calms down, goes back to the chair, falls asleep again.

Around him, LISA starts to fade from the photographs.

SFX: Traffic noise builds. Another SCREECH, an echo.

4 EXT. TOWN - DAY

FLASH: The glare of daylight, contrast.

PHOTOGRAPHER with CAMERA, wandering, looking for inspiration. Sees buildings, statues, people... but keeps on walking.

Catches sight of something -- LISA, on the other side of the road -- looks again, but she's GONE... He tries to cross, but the traffic is too heavy.

Keeps wandering. Seeing LISA's face in crowds, glimpses and flashes. Never real. Turns around and hurries home.

5 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - NIGHT

The line of PHOTOGRAPHS, LISA completely vanished.

The PHOTOGRAPHER sits with his head in his hands, in the dark.

CUT: He WAKES with a start. His PHONE is ringing. He grabs it, as if he's expecting...

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hello? [...] Oh. No, I don't really do that any more. [...] No, I'm not looking for models. [...] I really don't do it any more, I haven't for a while...

Glances at the empty photos. At the GAP now present at his side in every one...

PHOTOGRAPHER

Well... I don't know. I really don't work with models any more... but I suppose... if you really want to, I could try. [...] Okay. I'll let you know. [...] Okay. Yes. Bye.

Still looking at the empty photos.

CUT: Tidying up, shifting the clutter. Making space.

CUT: Sits down with a drink, tired. Falls asleep, surrounded by the photos.

6 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

PHOTOGRAPHER and LISA at the door.

LISA

I won't stay long. I'll see you later.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Text me when you leave. I'll make some hot chocolate for us. Have a good time. I...

LISA

What?

PHOTOGRAPHER

...Nothing. Don't worry. I'll see you later. Text me.

She goes. He stands at the door.

7 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - MORNING

The present.

SFX: SCREECH of brakes, echoing.

PHOTOGRAPHER wakes with a start, full of regret. Glances at his phone: a MESSAGE.

From LISA.

He stares in shock.

"Coming home now. Party was boring without you. I'm by the pier. Remember our first date? Love you x"

He grabs his coat.

8 EXT. PIER - DAY

PHOTOGRAPHER walks to the PIER. Empty. Quiet.

A FIGURE stands at the far end, looking out to sea.

He approaches. It turns to him.

It's LISA. She's smiling, so sadly.

He just stares for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

PHOTOGRAPHER

I miss you.

LISA

I know.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(holds up the phone)

I got your text.

LISA

I didn't forget.

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

LISA walking along (back from the party), tapping the MESSAGE into her phone. Finishes, is about to send as she crosses the road...

SFX: SCREECH of brakes.

A FLASH of light.

The phone hits the ground, message still on screen.

10 EXT. PIER - DAY

PHOTOGRAPHER

I waited for you to call.

(pause)

Are you... Are you happy?

LISA

I don't want you to worry. I want you to carry on.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I couldn't...

LISA

You can now.

He nods.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I miss you. Goodbye. Wait--!

He takes out his CAMERA.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Just one more?

She smiles. He takes the photo.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Thank you.

She fades from sight. He holds up the picture, filling the space where she was standing.

TRANSITION to:

11 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

The same PHOTO on the mantelpiece, amid the empty photos, centre stage.

PHOTOGRAPHER sitting in his chair, looking smart and awake.

A KNOCK at the door (off).

He smiles, and gets up.

FADE OUT