

IN "FRANK'S CLASSIC CAMERA," FRANK AND EMILY OWN AN OLD CAMERA SHOP. ALTHOUGH THEY SEEM LIKE A CLASSIC BICKERING OLD COUPLE, THEIR RELATIONSHIP IS STRANGER THAN MOST.

INT. CAMERA SHOP - DAY

Old cameras line one wall of the camera shop, and adverts from the 1960's decorate the walls, looking just like new. A stray advert for a digital camera sits somewhere in the middle. Boxes and boxes of photo paper sit, unused, on pristine shelves. The camera shop looks like a relic from the 60's preserved with plastic wrap.

FRANK, in his 80's and rotting, sits behind a glass booth, immersed in a camera and some tools.

From across the store his wife EMILY, mid-70's and sassy, stands over the sales counter, watching a soap opera on the counter in front of her.

She looks up to find Frank in his booth.

EMILY

Frank! Wake up!

FRANK

I wasn't sleeping.

EMILY

What are you doing over there? It was getting so quiet I thought you might have died.

FRANK

Nope, just fixin' my camera.

Beat.

EMILY

Frank, why are you doing this?

FRANK

Because I might want to take pictures again someday.

EMILY

No no no, Frank. You know what I mean.

When was the last time you processed
any photos?

Silence.

EMILY (cont)
Ordered a lens?

More silence.

EMILY (cont)
Had a customer???

FRANK
Well you know we just had a customer
two days ago, Ems.

EMILY
Oh, bother. Frank, you're falling
apart. You can't even see anymore.

FRANK
I can see damn fine. Fine enough
to see the bitter, wrinkled wench
who has replaced my wife!

EMILY
Oh, forget about it old man.

EXT. CAMERA SHOP - AFTERNOON

Emily locks up the front gate and picks up her purse. She crosses the
street and walks away.

INT. CAMERA SHOP - ANOTHER DAY

Emily watches her soap opera.

Frank organizes negatives behind his glass.