Can I Take Your Picture?

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY - 1963

SAM (45), an overweight bald man, stands behind the counter. He holds a piece of meat in his hands.

SALLY (12), blonde haired with pigtails, holds a Polaroid instant camera in her hands. It’s kind of heavy for her, but she manages. She points it toward Sam.

Sam places the meat on the counter and wraps it up. He hands it to a customer. It’s salami.

    SAM
    That will be thirty-five cents even Mr. -

LEE (24), short with dark hair stands in front of the counter with money in his hand. He has a duffle bag with him. They exchange the meat and the money.

    LEE
    Just call me Lee.

    SALLY
    Would you mind posing for a picture?

Sam and Lee turn to the camera and smile. Sally takes a picture. It takes awhile for the photo to come out of the camera. It almost feels like a hassle.

    SALLY
    Thank you.

Sally grabs the picture and shakes it several times.

    SAM
    You going out there to see him today?

Lee walks toward the exit with the duffle bag slung over his shoulder.

    LEE
    We’ll see. I might just catch a flick instead.

Lee exits the shop.

Sam walks over to the sink and washes his hands.

    SAM
    Sal, I would appreciate it if you don’t bother the customers.
Sally sits in a chair, she still shakes the picture.

    SALLY
    But I like taking pictures.

    SAM
    Sal, I told your dad you could hang out here while he was working. It's a big day for him today.

    SALLY
    Yeah I know. I'm sorry.

Sam walks back to the counter and leans on it.

    SAM
    I'm not telling you to stop taking pictures. I encourage it even. Just, not of the customers okay?

    SALLY
    Okay, uncle Sam.

Sally stands up and walks around the shop. She pauses to look at the picture.

The image is almost completely visible. She continues to shake it more as she walks around.

    SAM
    So Sal, what are your making for Thanksgiving? It's coming up in a week or so.

    SALLY
    Nothing special.

    SAM
    Do you want to learn how to cut some meat?

    SALLY
    Not really.

Sally looks at the picture once again. The image is perfectly clear now.

    SAM
    What do you plan on doing with that picture Sal?

Sally turns to Sam and walks over to the counter. She jumps up on it and places the camera beside her.
SALLY
I don't know. Maybe make a collage or something.

Sam smiles.

SAM
I like the sound of that. You going to become a photographer?

SALLY
I'd like to. I don't know. It's something to do in my spare time right now.

Sam walks to the back room and grabs some meat. He walks back to the counter and places it near Sally.

Sam cuts into the meat.

SAM
Your mother would be proud of you. Doing what you love.

Sally doesn't respond.

Sam stops and notices he has upset Sally.

SAM
Sal, your mother -

SALLY
I know. She loved me very much.

SAM
No. I wasn't going to say that. It was true, but, I was going to say that she always wanted the best for you. She made me promise her to take care of you. You know, help your dad raise you. Give you some old family secrets and traits from our side.

Sally smiles.

SALLY
Like photography.

SAM
Yeah, just like your mother. Hey, maybe you can even learn how to become a butcher, like me.

Sally jumps off the counter.
SALLY
Ew, no. I could never do that.

SAM
Hey, never say never.

A GUNSHOT is heard from outside. It startles Sally and Sam.

SAM
What was that?

Sam runs over to the shop window. He sees a large crowd run around the street as a limousine speeds off with men in suits that try to jump in.

Sally walks to the glass window as well.

SALLY
What is it uncle?

SAM
I don't know honey. Stay here.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sam stands outside his shop. He squints his eyes from the sun. A FEMALE pedestrian runs past him.

He stops her.

SAM
Hey, what's going on?

FEMALE
He's been shot.

She continues to run down the street. People panic and are in a frenzy.

Sam rushes inside his shop.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

He grabs Sally and walks her over to the back of the room.

SALLY
What's going on?
SAM
Nothing honey. You'll just stay back here okay? Promise me that, okay?

SALLY
But -

SAM
No Sal. Promise me.

Sally sits in a chair in the back room

SALLY
Okay, I promise.

She tries to peer over the counter to look out the front window. Sam rushes back towards the front of the store.

The sounds of screams from numerous people outside slowly become murmured.

Sally holds onto her camera tightly.

INT. SALLY'S HOUSE - DAY- PRESENT

SALLY (47) sits at a table. She has a coffee mug beside her and numerous pictures scattered around.

A photo album lies on the table in front of her. She places numerous photos inside.

A photo of a blonde woman is glued to the page. Sally writes underneath the picture.

Mother.

Sally flips the page over and glues another picture on the page.

It's of the day she took a picture of her uncle and a customer in the butcher shop.

She grabs her pen and writes underneath it.

November 22nd, 1963. The day I met Lee Harvey Oswald.

FADE OUT.