

**WHAT'S IN A NUMBER?**

A short film

Written by

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**EXT. METRO STATION PLATFORM - DAY**

A METRO TRAIN pulls up. An OLD LADY [80's] exits from a carriage.

She trudges along the platform to see a MOTHER with a YOUNG CHILD [8], standing on the platform.

An OLD MAN [late 80's], kind looking in a grandfatherly way. He is well dressed in a SUIT and HAT.

He stops at the mother and child. He Doffs his hat to the mother as he clearly compliments her on her lovely looking child. He pats the child on the head.

On seeing this, the Old Lady feels faint and supports herself against a wall.

The Old Man exits the station as the Old Lady pulls in her resolve to follow him.

CUT TO.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The Old Man is unaware of the Old Lady as she warily follows him along the street.

She stops when he goes through a gate to walk up the front garden to enter a HOUSE.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - DAYS LATER**

The Old Lady observes the house from across the road. She has a hand at her throat, gripping the lapels of her JACKET. As if for protection.

She sees the Old Man through his windows going about his business. Her eyes constantly change from hesitation to determination back to hesitation.

She is clearly in a turmoil.

FADE OUT.

**INT. CAFE - MORNING - DAYS LATER**

The Old Man sits with his MORNING TEA, Homburg hat on the TABLE, reading his PAPER.

The Old Lady, also in the cafe, studies him.

She looks from him to an old sepia PHOTOGRAPH that she has in her hand.

As she looks from the Old Man to the photo her eyes fill with tears.

The Old Man rises, puts his hat on and politely doffs it to the staff as he leaves - ever the gentleman.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. OLD MAN'S GARDEN - DAYS LATER**

The Old Man potters about in his front garden, dressed for the occasion with STRAW HAT.

He looks up to see an Old Lady across the road, looking at his house. In a gentlemanly manner he raises his hat to her.

A sharp intake of breath from the Old Lady - she quickly walks away.

He slowly walks to his gate and shakes his head in puzzlement at the Old Lady as he watches her disappear down the street.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. METRO STATION PLATFORM - DAYS LATER**

The same station as before as the Old Man stands, waiting for a train.

He turns to see the Old Lady walk towards him. As she reaches him he realises it is the lady he seen days before.

He politely doffs his hat to freeze in mid air - along with his smile - the Old Lady has shoved a BLADE between his ribs.

In disbelief he looks down at the knife that has pinned a photograph to his body.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH; to see an 8 year old girl being patted on the head by a NAZI GESTAPO SOLDIER[19]. The background shows it was taken in a concentration camp.

The Old Man is starting to crumple as the Old Lady pulls her sleeve up to reveal a Nazi concentration camp identification number 144497.

As the life seeps out from him, the old lady bitterly whispers to his face.

OLD LADY

I was the girl in that photograph. You were the one who pretended to be kind for the camera.

The Old Man in shock and disbelief as he folds down in death.

The Old Lady stands over the body - the knife sticking from it as blood seeps from the wound into the photograph.

In the background people start to run to the body and the Old Lady.

Fade to black.