

The phone rings. SHE picks it up.

FRANCESCA

Johnsons.

But there is no voice on the other end of the phone.

Johnsons.

(a moment)

Is someone there?

Then when she doesn't hear anything, she hangs up the phone, and puts her head down on the table and goes to sleep.

During this time, she makes the transition of some ten years. She may read or sew, or she may just sit. But she changes in a very profound way. She grows more quiet and more at peace as

In Robert's Office

We hear the phone ringing again.

The lights change, and we find Robert sitting at his desk, over a large trash can, into which he is throwing his photos.

GINNY

National Geographic.

ROBERT

Hi Ginny. It's Robert Kincaid. Can you get George for me?

GINNY

He's in Nepal, Mr. Kincaid. He called you a hundred times to get you to go with him. Where have you been?

ROBERT

You don't want to know. But I'm home now.

GINNY

George said if you called, he wants you there as soon as you can get there.

ROBERT

I can't go anywhere, Ginny. I called to say I'm kind of closing up shop here.

GINNY

You can't do that. You're the best we've got.

Start Ginny

ROBERT

I don't know about that, but I'm not taking any more pictures. My doctors are telling me... Do you still have that number?—the one I gave you after I did those pictures of the covered bridges?

GINNY

I have it, but she hasn't called. Do you still want me to tell her how to find you?

ROBERT

No, don't give her the number now. I can't—Ginny, thank you so much for helping me wait for her call. In case she needed me.

GINNY

Of course. It was my pleasure.

ROBERT

Gotta go now.

End

#17 - It All Fades Away

THERE WAS SOMETHING IN A DESERT.
THERE WAS SOME PLACE WILD AND GREEN,
AND A CHILD IN A VILLAGE I PASSED THROUGH.
THERE ARE PLACES THAT I'VE TRAVELED,
AND SO MANY THINGS I'VE SEEN,
AND IT ALL FADES AWAY BUT YOU.

HE drops a stack of negatives in the trash can and sets them on fire. Then another of them as well. And a final stack of prints. As the song goes on, we may see the photographs he is discarding being projected on the screen.

I WAS SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAIN,
I WAS BURNING IN THE SUN,
I WAS CRYING WITH AMAZEMENT AT THE VIEW.
I WAS CAPTURING A MOMENT,
BUT WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE,
WELL, IT ALL FADES AWAY BUT YOU.
IT ALL FADES AWAY, IT ALL FADES AWAY,
IT ALL FADES AWAY BUT YOU.

Robert packs his cameras into a cardboard box and closes it.

I HAVE SAILED ACROSS THE OCEANS,
PAST THE CITIES AND THE FARMS,
ON A NEVERENDING QUEST FOR SOMETHING NEW,