

(ROBERT)

SEE THE WORLD!
HERE'S THE WORLD IN A BOX FOREVER.

He looks at FRANCESCA. Sees something.

GO STAND OVER THERE.

She walks to where he's pointing. He raises the camera to his eye.

DON'T LOOK AT ME.

NOW:

LOOK AT ME.

She does. Electric.

LOOK AT ME.

THERE. THERE.

THERE. THERE.

THERE.

He continues taking pictures of her, and then the roll is finished.

THERE'S THE WORLD.

THERE'S THE WORLD IN YOUR FACE, FRANCESCA.

Don't worry. This is not for them. This one is for me.

He puts the camera away, digs into his bag and pulls out a canteen.

OK. All done. Are you thirsty?

FRANCESCA

So thirsty.

They sit on the bench. He offers her a drink from his canteen.

ROBERT

Here you go.

FRANCESCA

(as she drinks)

What happens after you take the pictures?

ROBERT

I'll drive into Des Moines tomorrow and send the rolls of film to New York. Then I'll wait around at the Motor Court til they call me and say if I got what they want, or not. Then I'm off to New York to take pictures of the Hare Krishnas.

He brings out another package. It is wrapped in brown paper.

Robert #1

Start

(ROBERT)

I brought you a present. I was going to leave it in your mailbox.

She gives him back the canteen and takes the package.

FRANCESCA

(She rubs the package)

What is it?

ROBERT

On my way out of Seattle, I picked up a big bag of mail. Last night I went through it and look what I found.

She opens the package. It's a magazine.

FRANCESCA

(she studies it)

Is this what it looks like now?

ROBERT

The rest of it is on page 43. Naples Today. They said it was the most bombed city in the war. That's why they sent me there. To document the reconstruction.

When she arrives at the page, her eyes water suddenly.

I'm sorry. I thought it would make you happy.

She looks through the pages.

FRANCESCA

It's all the places that were destroyed by the bombs. Only here, it's all back the way it was. This is where I went to the market with Mama. That's our church. And there's my...

She stops and wipes her eyes.

There's my bench.

Wiping her eyes.

ROBERT

I took the picture because it was the only thing that seemed to have survived intact.

FRANCESCA

That bench at the harbor is where I waited for my fiancée, Paolo, to come back from the war.

ROBERT

But he didn't come home.

FRANCESCA

No.

There is a moment. She turns more pages.

Oh look at it! I miss it so much. I didn't know how much. I ran away from home and now I can't get back.

She tries to recover, wiping her eyes.

Please forgive me. Can I keep this?

ROBERT

I brought it for you.

FRANCESCA

I will look at it again on a day when I'm not so... weepy. I'm sorry. Will you come to supper tonight?

ROBERT

Of course. I'll go back to the Motor Court and clean up and be there in about an hour.

FRANCESCA

You can use my shower to clean up.

ROBERT

OK then. I'll pack up and be right there.

She clasps the magazine to her.

FRANCESCA

Robert, thank you for this.

#9a - State Fair Transition

ROBERT

This is what we hope for, that some day, one picture will make a difference to somebody.

He senses her need and opens his arms, and she steps into his embrace, still holding the picture between them. Hold on this, then -

End