

Until we meet again

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

ROBERT, 65, drives along a quiet residential street. He sees a yard sale sign posted on a fence to his right.

Robert slows down, turning his vehicle towards the curb.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Robert gets out from his parked car and walks towards the yard sale.

A woman, 40, sits near the home reading a magazine. Robert enters her yard.

ROBERT
Good morning.

WOMAN
Hello.

The man looks around at the items for sale. Most items appear vintage and unsorted. Boxes and bins fill the yard.

ROBERT
Quite the vintage collection you have here.

WOMAN
Yes, they were left behind by the previous owner. We just moved in.

Robert nods. He walks along the various boxes and bins and notices a large painting within an ornate frame.

He examines it closely.

ROBERT
Nice painting, looks like something my mom would like. You have any more like it?

WOMAN
Maybe, haven't had time to go through it all.

ROBERT
No kidding. What happened to the previous owner?

WOMAN

Bradley? He checked himself into a nursing home a few days ago. Guess he didn't have time to move his things.

ROBERT

I'm sure it wasn't easy for him. A lifetime of memories buried in those boxes

The woman nods, seemingly touched by Robert's words. After a brief moment of silence, Robert steers the conversation back to the frame.

ROBERT

So... about the painting... is fifty bucks OK?

The woman nods.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Robert enters his apartment, painting in hand. He crashes into his sofa, slightly winded.

He picks up the frame in both hands and examines the artwork -- a pretty floral.

Robert turns it around and after a few glances notices white paper peeking behind the frame's cardboard backing that conceals it.

He pulls on the white paper, revealing an envelope.

He opens the envelope and finds a folded letter inside. As Robert unfolds the letter, a photograph falls to his feet.

He picks it up and sees an old black and white picture of a young teenage woman (circa 1940's).

Robert falls back in his sofa stunned. His mouth open. He collects himself and looks more closely at the photo.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

MURIEL, 85, sits calmly in her wheelchair, staring out the window.

NURSE

Muriel?

Muriel slowly turns her head.

NURSE

(smiling)

There's someone here to see you.

Muriel smiles totally elated.

ROBERT

Hello mother.

Robert leans over and kisses his mother on the cheek.

MURIEL

Robert, it's so good to see you.

ROBERT

It's good to see you too. Settling
into your new surroundings OK?

MURIEL

Yes. I'm doing my best. The staff
here is very friendly ...

Robert nods, smiling. He suddenly becomes a bit tense.

ROBERT

That's great. I'm pleased you're
doing well.

MURIEL

Robert ... is everything alright?

ROBERT

Yeah, everything's fine ... Oh I
came across an old photo...

Robert reaches into his pocket and looks at it intently,
unsure whether he is ready to hand it over.

Robert hands the photo to his mother somewhat pensively.
Muriel looks at the photo. Her smile dissolves ...

ROBERT

Is this you? ...

Muriel's eyes remain fixed on the photo. She doesn't speak a
word.

ROBERT
Mother ...?

Several seconds pass ... Muriel stares out the window.

MURIEL
Where did you find this, Robert?

ROBERT
It was in an envelope tucked behind
a floral painting. I bought it at a
yard sale for you.
(beat)
I forgot it at home. I can bring it
in tomorrow.

Muriel continues staring out the window, lost in thought.

ROBERT
Mother ...?

Muriel collects herself and looks at Robert.

MURIEL
No, Robert ...I don't think that's
me.

ROBERT
"But it looks just like you. Are
you sure? I mean, sure I don't
think I ever saw you so young and
happy in a photo before but this is
just an uncanny --"

MURIEL
(interrupting)
...Robert, would you mind taking me
back to my room? I'm not feeling
well.

ROBERT
Of course. Should I call the nurse?

MURIEL
No. I just need to rest.

INT. MURIEL'S ROOM - DAY

Robert assists Muriel into her bed. She rests her head
against the pillow.

MURIEL
Thank you Robert.

ROBERT
Are you sure you'll be OK?

MURIEL
I'll be fine. Come see me tomorrow,
after I've had some time to rest.
(beat)
And bring along that painting.

ROBERT
OK, I will.

Robert kisses his mother on the forehead.

MURIEL
I love you, son.

ROBERT
Love you too. See you tomorrow.

Robert leaves, gently closing the door behind him. Muriel closes her eyes.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robert sits at the kitchen table. He pours whiskey into a glass. He drinks and looks at the envelope.

He removes the page and reads the passage. He takes the old photo and looks at it. He then compares it with another of his mother as a young woman from an old album.

The resemblance is almost identical except for the age between the two women.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Robert returns to the house from the previous day. He knocks on the door.

The same lady opens the door.

ROBERT
Hello, not sure if you remember me.

WOMAN
Of course, you bought the picture,
yesterday.

ROBERT

Yes, I was wondering if you can help me with something.

WOMAN

Yes?

ROBERT

The man who lived here before you.
Is it possible you can tell me
where I can find him?

WOMAN

Like I told you the other day, he
is in a nursing home...

ROBERT

Yes, can you tell me which one?

WOMAN

Sorry, I don't think I'm at liberty
to --

ROBERT

(interrupting)

Ma'am I found this envelope wedged
behind the back of the frame..

He hands her the envelope and she opens it. She reads the
brief passage and then looks at the photo.

WOMAN

Thank you, I will make sure Bradley
gets it..

She steps back to close the door. Robert pushes it open.

ROBERT

Please. wait. There's something
else I want to show you.

He reaches into his vest and pulls out the image of his
mother as a young lady. He gives it to the woman.

WOMAN

Is this some kind of joke? This
looks like the same woman.

She hands him back the envelope and photos.

ROBERT

No ma'am. That's a photo of my
mother. The one from the envelope
is an older image.

(beat)
She became very distressed when I
showed it to her yesterday and
denied it was her.

The woman shakes her head. She let's out a sigh.

WOMAN
Stay here a moment.

She leaves and returns. She hands him a nursing home
business card.

WOMAN
His full name is written on the
back.

ROBERT
This means so much to me.

WOMAN
I should tell you, his memory is
quite poor. He may not have all the
answers you're looking for.

ROBERT
I understand. I have to try. Thank
you.

She closes the door.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Robert drives along a quiet street. He sees the nursing home
to the side and looks at the card. He parks his vehicle.

INT. NURSING HOME / LOBBY - DAY

Robert walks to the main desk. He approaches a FRONT DESK
ATTENDANT (27). He holds the picture frame in his hand.

ROBERT
Excuse me, I have an important
package for Mr Bradley Lapinski.
He's a resident here.

She looks through the computer and finds his name.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT
(hand reaches out)
I will make sure he receives it.

ROBERT
I'm afraid I have to deliver this
in person.

She looks at Robert and sees he is serious.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT
Please be seated in the lobby. I'll
see what I can do.

Robert waits patiently in the lobby. A nurse pushes an old
man in a wheelchair. They are accompanied by a burly
security guard.

ROBERT
Mr. Lapinski?

BRADLEY
Yes?

ROBERT
I have something that belongs to
you.
(break)
I thought you might want it back.

He gives Bradley the painting. He holds it in his hands,
longingly.

SECURITY GUARD
Thank you sir. Will that be all?

BRADLEY
Might I have a word with the
gentleman...
(beat)
...in private?

SECURITY GUARD
Of course, Mr Lapinski.

The nurse and guard walk away. Bradley turns to Robert.

BRADLEY
Have we met before?

ROBERT
No sir. I purchased the painting in
a yard sale out of your old home.
(beat)
I also found this in the back of
the painting.

He retrieves the letter and gives it to him. He opens the letter and looks at the photo. He suddenly becomes overwhelmed with emotion.

ROBERT

Mr. Lapinsky, are you ok?

BRADLEY

I thought this photo was lost. I just can't believe you found it. My memory has been fading these last few years --

ROBERT

-- Mr. Lapinsky. The woman in the photo. What's her name?

BRADLEY

That's Muriel. God she was so beautiful.

(beat)

We were in love. So many years ago. We swore we would be together forever.

Smiling, his mind wanders to the past.

ROBERT

What happened?

BRADLEY

The great war happened.

(beat)

I was held in a Japanese labor camp during the war. It was beyond hell.

ROBERT

But you made it out.

BRADLEY

So many did not.

(beat)

Everyone thought I was dead. Muriel moved on with her life. She had a son, a husband.

ROBERT

Did you get married as well?

BRADLEY

Yes, my wife passed away years ago.

ROBERT
I'm sorry, Mr. Lapinsky.

BRADLEY
It's quite alright. Thank you for
returning Muriel's painting and
photo.

ROBERT
She painted this?

BRADLEY
It was her gift just before I went
over seas, along with that letter.

ROBERT
Well... Maybe someday you will get
a chance to repay her back.

Bradley smiles.

BRADLEY
Yes, wouldn't that be something.

Robert offers his hand.

ROBERT
It was a pleasure, sir

They shake hands.

BRADLEY
I hope you'll come visit me again
sometime.

ROBERT
Sooner than you think, Mr.
Lapinsky...

Robert turns and takes a few steps toward the door. He turns
back to Bradley...

ROBERT
Until we meet again ...

He winks and leaves with a wave. Bradley opens the note in
his hand ...

INSERT:

"To my darling Bradley ... Until we meet again"

BACK TO SCENE

He looks back as the door closes behind him.

FADE TO BLACK

END