

i do.

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INT. THE POLAROIDS- NIGHT

A lone POLAROID lies on an infinite blackness.

The polaroid is of a COURTHOUSE.

A raspy voice ejects out into the ether.

ALF (V.O.)

This is where we got married
because our families had poor taste
in churches.

Another POLAROID replaces the previous one.

It's of a different COURTHOUSE.

And the voice that emerges is calm like an unmoving ocean.

VANESSA (V.O.)

This is where we recited our own
vows to each other. We wanted to be
different; it was all the rage.

The previous polaroid fades as a new one takes its place.

The photo is of an ISLAND that is just as lonely as the
polaroid that lay in the darkness.

ALF (V.O.)

This is where we honeymooned, as
far away as the world would allow.

Another Polaroid fades in as the other fades away.

It is of a different ISLAND.

VANESSA (V.O.)

This is where we honeymooned, and
we'd go back as often as we could.

Another POLAROID comes along this one of a HOUSE that has
seen some age.

ALF (V.O.)

This was our house. It wasn't
perfect, but it became our home.

Another Polaroid, A different HOUSE.

VANESSA (V.O.)

These walls were ours, and that was
enough.

The previous three polaroids flash one after the next.

New POLAROIDs interrupt the previous ones. The polaroids are of two people in a park, a man in a bed and a man on a dock.

All these polaroids begin to blend before it becomes hard to tell where each photo ends and begins.

ALF (V.O.)
It's 2021 I'm 60 years old and
forgetting all this isn't in the
cards.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

This garage looks more like a storage unit left unkept than an actual garage.

Boxes in various states of decay line the walls.

ALF (60s) sits hunched over on a foldout chair, all alone.

Alf turns the pages of a POLAROID PHOTO ALBUM. His eyes fixate on each page.

Vanessa (late 50s) watches with perplexed eyes from the hallway entrance.

Alf doesn't seem to notice or mind Vanessa's watchful eye.

His brow furrows in concentration as he stares at the photos.

He turns the page.

VANESSA
Your dinner's gettin' cold, hun.

ALF
Oh, just a few more minutes, my
dear.

She adjusts her BANDANNA that holds back her pepper gray hair and enters the dingy room.

She grabs a FOLDOUT CHAIR and takes a seat next to Alf.

VANESSA
You can't live in your mind palace
forever, Alf.

ALF
It's not so much living; it's more
moving in.

Vanessa's eyes glance at the book as Alf looks through.

ALF
 Regardless, the memories feel a lot
 less daunting.

Alf gestures at the messy garage, but he may also be gesturing to himself.

He spends a moment in either deep thought or deep space.

Vanessa juts her neck out, expecting Alf to say something.

Alf returns to earth with less weight on his shoulders.

ALF
 Well, care for a tour?

Vanessa humors him with curiosity, unsure what she might find.

VANESSA
 Sure, I would love that.

INT. THE POLAROIDS- NIGHT

A polaroid of a YOUNG ALF (Late 20s) sits on the end of a dock floats in the darkness.

There is an ICE CREAM BUCKET that they share.

The image begins to stretch into itself as the world becomes...

EXT. DOCK- DAY - THE PAST

A Young Alf makes sure not to get any Ice Cream on his BUTTON-DOWN shirt.

While YOUNG VANESSA (Late 20'S) cares far less about her shirt as she digs into the ice cream with one hand.

With the other, she takes a photo with a POLAROID CAMERA.

They sit on a dock and watch the sunset as they share a bucket of ICE CREAM.

ALF (V.O.)
 I remember this day fondly.

VANESSA (V.O.)
 Do ya now?

ALF (V.O.)
I said I love you to you for the
first time.

When Alf says, "I love you," the young Alf's lips on the dock
match the voice from the garage.

VANESSA (V.O.)
And what did I say?

ALF (V.O.)
You stared at me.

Vanessa stares at Alf with eyes that quiver with empathy.

VANESSA (V.O.)
Did I? How rude.

ALF (V.O.)
But later, you did.

The sound of a page turn cuts in.

VANESSA (V.O.)
Ah, and what about this one?

Her voice now has crossed from curious to concerned though
Alf doesn't seem to notice.

INT. THE POLAROIDS- NIGHT

The dock polaroid fades into the black as a new polaroid
comes into perspective.

This time the polaroid is from a distance as two people,
dressed in black, stand in front of a brick wall.

EXT. PARK- NIGHT - THE PAST

Young Vanessa sets up the polaroid camera and sets a timer.

It ticks and ticks as she runs toward Young Alf, who stands
in front of a large brick wall.

As Vanessa sprints, the park is empty like a ghost town.

ALF (V.O.)
We were young, adventurous.

VANESSA (V.O.)
Of course, we were, who isn't at
that age.

Vanessa arrives, and Alf tosses one of his two SPRAY PAINT CANISTERS her way.

Alf and Vanessa wear dark clothing.

Alf and Vanessa shake the spray canisters with schemes in their eyes and hearts.

ALF (V.O.)
We would go out at night and spray
paint obscene things on the walls.

VANESSA (V.O.)
Why would we do that?

ALF (V.O.)
Because we could, I suppose.

Vanessa and Alf spray black paint, and the image fills with black.

VANESSA (V.O.)
I suppose we could, couldn't we?
Should we have?

Vanessa's older voice chuckles with Alf's older voice.

ALF (V.O.)
I thought it was time well spent.

VANESSA (V.O.)
We were a real Bonnie and Clyde,
and what about this one?

Her voice cracks some when she talks.

INT. THE POLAROIDS- NIGHT

A lone polaroid lays in the darkness.

A Young Alf poses on a beach towel as the afternoon's soft sun light comforts him.

ALF (V.O.)
It's um...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Alf's eyes try to put the puzzle pieces together. The weight of the world on his shoulders.

ALF

I'm not sure that I can remember.

Vanessa rubs his back.

ALF (CONT'D)

Do you?

Vanessa looks at the book of polaroids with solemn eyes, concedes.

VANESSA

I do.

EXT. OUTSIDE- DAY- THE PAST

Alf naps on a towel as Vanessa sneaks away from him, unnoticed. POLAROID CAMERA in hand.

They are both still young and perhaps at some point in the day they were quite put together.

But not right now.

She snaps a photo of him.

VANESSA (V.O.)

We were at your brother's second wedding.

ALF (V.O.)

That's right.

VANESSA (V.O.)

And I thought we could do a vacation without the camera.

Young Vanessa chuckles as Young Alf tries to nab the camera.

Close but no cigar as Vanessa pulls away but not before Alf grabs her hand and brings her top the towel.

They smile together.

VANESSA (V.O.)

But I couldn't help myself. It would feel as if a part of me was missing.

ALF (V.O.)

Did we leave early. I remember leaving early?

VANESSA (V.O.)
Well he shouldn't have cut corners
on the catering cost.

Vanessa looks deep into Alf's eyes.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Alf stares at the book.

Vanessa tilts her head at him as he sits there, silhouetted
by the doorway light.

Her eyes tremble as she looks at him.

VANESSA
Don't move.

Alf perks up some, and his natural frown rises up along his
cheeks.

Vanessa rummages through a few boxes before she finds an
OLDER POLAROID CAMERA.

The same camera as the past moments but much more worn.

She sits back down and resumes her head tilt as...

VANESSA (V.O.)
It is 2021, I'm 55 years old, in a
year from now, Alf will forget my
name.

EXT. HAMMOCKS - DAY

Alf looks through the photobook on the hammock. His arm
dangles from the edge.

Adjacent to Alf is Vanessa struggling to find the words. Her
arm dangles as it graces his hands.

His face struggles even more than it did in the garage.

She closes the book, ready to break the bad news.

VANESSA (V.O.)
He doesn't know why this is
happening, and I will struggle to
tell him the truth.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

She holds the camera up to her eye longer than even she thought she would.

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

Alf and Vanessa walk as they chat with one another.

Alf whispers something in her ear that shocks her, and she laughs.

VANESSA (V.O.)

By 2022, his mind palace will be vacant, and all I will have is my own.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Vanessa spends forever looking through the viewfinder.

Taking her surroundings in. These boxes. This garage. And her husband.

VANESSA (V.O.)

I will visit daily and tell him stories of the new photos, I took.

Before her finger presses up against the polaroid and...

Click.

Vanessa snaps a photo.

VANESSA (V.O.)

And that will be enough.

She moves the camera from her eyes and gives Alf a long stare as she holds back stubborn tears.

She bits her lip out of frustration as she deviates her eyes down away from Alf.

She looks at the photo of him naturally being.

And that brings her the wave of comfort she needs.

CUT TO BLACK.