

LUCY'S PHOTO  
by  
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FIRST DRAFT  
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"LUCY'S PICTURE"

FADE IN:

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

This is a well-laid out kitchen in a large country house, the sort that is now owned by the National Trust, with wood fittings in a traditional style, almost reminiscent of the 1920s. There are plate racks, shelves with jugs, copper bowls, pans hanging neatly.

LUCY, 67, wearing a flowery dress of the mid-1950s, sits at the head of a large table. She is holding to her chest a large framed photograph. We can see from the dusty back that it has been framed for some considerable time.

When she speaks, it is with a steady Cockney accent. She is the sort to tell it how it is.

LUCY

I have a photo to show you.

She stares at the camera almost as if she is gauging our sense of curiosity.

LUCY

It might not seem much at first...  
but you need to look carefully.

She turns the photograph around to us.

We see a sepia image of a young woman in a long dress and a scarf over her head. She is holding a large wicker basket of what look like shells. Although smiling at the camera, we can see that she is a little shy, but this could be because there are two fishing men watching her from either side of the sloping cobbled slipway. Both are wearing the traditional knitted gansey. One leans against the wall, smoking pipe in hand, the other sits on an upturned fishing boat.

We cut back to LUCY.

LUCY

This is Amy Trott. That's who she is. She was the last flither girl in her village way back after the First World War.

We go back to the photograph, to the basket of shells.

LUCY (V.O.)

This is what she did for a living,  
scraping limpets from the rocks  
after each tide had gone out.

We cut back to LUCY, sitting at the table, looking down at the photograph.

LUCY

She would prise them away with a knife - or with her bare fingers, if that's all there was. And then hump the enormous weight home to take out the flithers to sell as bait.

(beat)

It wasn't an easy life. But she looks happy...

We see the photograph closer.

LUCY (V.O.)

Quite pretty, don't you think? By this time she would be about twenty.

Back to LUCY.

LUCY

Yes... The clothes look much older but that's what it was like, then, there.

She looks at the photograph. Then at the camera.

LUCY

But there's something else.

Close-up of LUCY.

LUCY

When you look very closely...

Back to the photograph. Close on Amy's eyes - the same eyes as before, but now we see them differently.

LUCY (V.O.)

You can just make out a kind of confidence... belief in herself - oh, not in a brash way, don't get me wrong. But she knows something - something that she feels sets her apart from the woman you see as a first impression.

Back to LUCY. She points to the fishermen.

LUCY

What do you think is going on, here?

On the photograph: we see the fishermen's faces, each gazing adoringly at Amy.

LUCY (V.O.)

What do you think they know that we don't? Was she a popular girl?

(little laugh)

I shouldn't think so, not in a village like that where everyone knew everyone else's business. She wouldn't have lasted five minutes... no.

Moving across the photograph.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Or maybe it's because this pair want to charm her into baiting their fishing lines for free.

(laughing)

I can't see that being the case. I think it's more likely that Ulric, the village photographer... he just wanted to show how valuable a contribution these flither girls made to village life.

(beat)

Those men are very good, aren't they?

Back to LUCY.

LUCY

In 1913 she'd lost her father at sea. And in this photo, she was soon to be married to a fisherman called Joshua Storm. But he, his two brothers and their father, were all drowned at sea... on the very day she was to be married.

Back to the photograph, then back to LUCY.

LUCY

Amy Trott was my grandmother.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**