

# MS. MCGINN

FPF 15

INT. STUCKEYBOWL - LAW OFFICE - DAY

MS. MCGINN, a sweet-looking woman in her '50s, knocks and comes in. Ed's at his desk.

**START\***  
*not*

MCGINN

Excuse me, are you Mister Stevens?

ED

Yes, come in. Have a seat.

MCGINN

My name's Audrey McGinn, and I need a lawyer. I'll be honest with you, I've already been to five other lawyers in town.

*assertive  
to psychology*

ED

You were going alphabetically, of course.

MCGINN

Uh, no, I just went to five other lawyers before coming to you. Why?

*innocent*

ED

Doesn't matter. How can I help you?

MCGINN

See, I took three rolls of film to the Fotomat last week...

*present case  
Business-like*

ED

Oh, no.

MCGINN

You know them? One hour, eternal memories?

*connect*

ED

I know enough not to go to them.

MCGINN

Well, they said when they put my negatives through the machine that the machine just...ate them. Burned them up or something. So now I have no photos, no film, nothing.

*connect  
Bond*

ED

I'm sorry. I guess those pictures were important to you?

**A**

MCGINN

My husband Art and I splurged and rented out a miniature castle in the Poconos last summer. It was great -- we golfed, we read, we ← went white-water rafting, and I just never got around to developing the film, and then Art died. Last month.

ED

I'm sorry.

MCGINN

*so fine*  
The guy at the Fotomat just handed me three new rolls of film, like that would make up for everything.

ED

Ms. McGinn, I'm not sure there's anything I can do. Even if we sued, they can't bring those photos back.

MCGINN

*to plead*  
Mister Stevens, those are the last pictures I had of my husband -- healthy. Those were the last good times we had together. And now I don't have anything left of them.

ED

(thinks)

There may be a case to be made for emotional damages. I'm not sure. But I'll go talk to them for you.

MCGINN

Thank you so much.

**\* END**