

"ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY"
Excerpt #3 - Pages 10 - 12
Original Screenplay by Peter Kovic

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Guests mill about, talking, laughing, mixing drinks.

Everyone moves except Jerome. He's as still as possible, a cigarette dangling from his lips, an old-fashioned about to fall from his hand. The longer he's here and the worse he feels.

And then -- MUSIC SWELLS --

SHE

enters, slow-motion, a cocky, hip-swinging stride, beer in hand.

A vision of white-trash guilty pleasure. Whale tail crowns a fine badunk-a-dunk. Tube top. Face from the internet. Look of contempt that is never accused of finding anything "cool" that is later decreed "lame."

Jerome is beside himself.

Their eyes meet. A come-hither stare crosses her face. Then she's through the door to the next room. He's on his feet, after her.

He's in next room, seconds behind her. Sees her through dancing limbs. Like magic, she already vanishes through next door. He pushes through guests.

Third room is the same. She leaves just as he comes in, only lingering enough for their eyes to meet. He ignores semi-clothed tantric couple on the sofa.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT - JEROME

bursts outside. Looks left. Looks right. Nothing.

He walks deeper into the backyard, away from house. No sign of her. Shit.

Defeated, he bites cigarette from pack. That's when she (GENEVIEVE RIJKDOM) steps out of the darkness.

GENEVIEVE

Did anyone see you?

JEROME

No. What difference does that make?

She raises hand. A wedding band with a fat diamond.

She puts hand down. They stare at each other.

She pushes herself against him, hard, and throws her tongue in his mouth. He kisses back, rough, carnal. He'd fuck her on the lawn.

She slinks away. He watches her push through the gate. He puffs his cigarette.

INT. JEROME'S JALOPY - NIGHT - TRAVELING - JEROME

drives with eyes locked ahead. A man on a mission.

JEROME'S POV - EXT. LONELY STREET - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jerome stays on two red tail lights.

EXT. FLEA-BITE MOTEL - NIGHT

Jerome walks past one motel room after another, trailing Genevieve by a dozen yards. She doesn't look at him until she reaches motel room door.

She unlocks and opens it. They face each other on opposite sides. She goes in and he follows.