

"ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY"  
Excerpt #5 - Pages 35 - 38  
Original Screenplay by Peter Kovic

INT. RIJKDOM HOUSE - NIGHT - ONSLOW'S HAND

puts down keys on a side table.

Jerome's feet creep through house in socks.

Onslow's feet move from room to room in heavy boots.

Jerome turns a corner. Onslow stands in the center of living room, staring at a camera in the corner. Where'd that come from?

Jerome races out to him and jumps onto the bigger man's back! Jerome holds a wet handkerchief to Onslow's mouth.

They struggle, stumbling from one end of the living room to the other. The struggle is without grace or athleticism. Clumsy, violent, and stupid.

Eventually Onslow collapses. Jerome keeps the handkerchief on his face, panting.

Certain his prey is unconscious, he rises.

Jerome drags Onslow back toward the garage.

He turns a corner. Standing, mouth open and utterly thoughtless, is one of the idiots.

Jerome and the idiot stare at each other.

Idiot takes off. Jerome grabs hidden baseball bat and chases after him. He raises bat and brings it down.

Idiot collapses in slow-mo on tile. Jerome slides by in his socks.

CLOSE ON WALL SAFE

Jerome's gloved hands enter combination and pop safe open. Stacks and stacks of bills. Jackpot. He shoves them into old high school backpack.

JEROME (V.O.)

(excited)

All-in-all I had been there four hours fifteen. But I only had four hours of footage.

(continuing)

Jerome's face is all business. He's not finished yet.

INT. RIJKDOM HOUSE - GARAGE - ONSLOW

is propped up and buckled in passenger seat. Behind him, Jerome props up and buckles idiot. After that, he opens laptop.

JEROME (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I took the four hours from earlier, when I was on the fridge, and I stretched it to fit the whole time since I had faked leaving the house to now.

(continuing)

LAPTOP MONITOR

Live-feeds again. Type-type-type. Live-feed turns to video editing software we saw earlier.

Jerome's face is like a machine as he types away.

JEROME (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I set it to play at ninety per cent instead of a hundred. The program automatically creates new AVI files periodically to keep from overloading. With no one on screen the difference was negligible.

(continuing)

In editing program, Jerome loads SECURITY-1. Total runtime is four hours. He changes overall length of video clip. Playback speed auto-drops to 90.127%.

Back to live-feeds. REC.

JEROME (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then I deleted the original  
audio-visual files.  
Seamless. Onslow was never  
here. I was here but I had  
left hours ago. Seamless.

Jerome gets in car, guns engine. Garage door rattles open.

INT. FRIEND'S HOUSE - NIGHT - GENEVIEVE

sleeps on a sofa. Friends recline like they're in a pastoral still life, saying nothing. One girl dances slow and silky to mellow music.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Street lights seem to menace as they go by.

INT. ONLSOW'S PORSCHE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jerome drives with an intense look on his face. Onslow and idiot are out cold.

EXT. ROADSIDE CLIFF - DAY

Secluded overlook from before. Porsche stops.

Door opens. Jerome tosses out backpack full of money. Next comes plastic bag with his shoes in it. Trunk pops open a moment later.

At trunk, Jerome checks left, right, before removing laptop case and metal camera cases. He puts them on the ground, then heads back to the driver's seat.

INT. ONSLOW'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Jerome sits behind wheel, engine on, Onslow out cold.  
He grips wheel, nervous. Driver's door is open.

JEROME'S POV: Cliff looms ahead.

Jerome is still uncertain. To kill a man...

Suddenly -- Onslow mumbles something!

Jerome slams down the accelerator!

JEROME'S POV: Cliff screams toward him.

Onslow opens his eyes, groggy. He sees the cliff.  
Terror engulfs him.

BLACK SCREEN.

INT. FRIEND'S SUV - NIGHT - GENEVIEVE - TRAVELING

stares silently out window. Friend drives her home.

EXT. RIJKDOM HOUSE - FRONTYARD - NIGHT

Headlights sweep across Genevieve as she walks to her  
front door. She doesn't wave good-bye to her friend.

INT. RIJKDOM HOUSE - NIGHT - GENEVIEVE

slowly shuts and locks door behind her.

She goes from room to room.

No one. She's both disappointed and relieved.

She sinks to the floor, face in her hands.