

"ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY"
Excerpt #6 - Pages 47 - 53
Original Screenplay by Peter Kovic

INT. JEROME'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING -
JEROME

stares at something, afraid.

A NOTE

is on the floor by the front door. Someone pushed it
under the door in the night.

Jerome edges toward it as if it'll bite him.

Handwritten note reads:

"I KNOW EVERYTHING. PAYPHONE 8:30 a.m. OR I'LL TALK.
DON'T TELL ANYONE EVEN HER. I'LL KNOW."

Jerome's face: OH SHIT.

EXT. JEROME'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING - JEROME

heads toward management office. Groggy and worried.
He crosses parking lot. Passes leafy swimming pool.

A phone RINGS.

Management office is as shitty as the rest of the
place. On the outside -- between rusty gate to the
swimming pool and the door to a room of dilapidated
washers and dryers -- is a ringing payphone.

Jerome's hand stops inches from the payphone. It
keeps ringing. Fuck it. He snatches the receiver.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING - BEAD

stands with another payphone to his ear. He says
nothing. His face is blank beneath sunglasses.

SPLIT SCREEN - JEROME & BEAD

Jerome waits for him to say something.

JEROME

Well?

Bead still says nothing.

Jerome gets more and more agitated.

Bead cracks a superior, malicious grin. Still nothing. He enjoys making Jerome squirm.

Jerome is about to wet his pants.

BEAD

Keep in touch.

Bead hangs up and walks away.

Jerome slams receiver like the phone is Bead's face. He punches the brick wall a couple times.

INT. FOUR-STAR VIDEO SERVICES - MORNING - INSPECTOR WELSH

sits at Jerome's desk, reading a screenplay.

Click! That's the front door opening.

Jerome enters. He is perplexed by Welsh. His hat is on and his coat is over his arm.

Welsh looks at Jerome, then looks at his wristwatch. He never takes his eyes off Jerome again.

WELSH

Still with Steve and Bobby?
The more things change.

Jerome shuts the door and approaches his desk. He hides his raw, brick-punching fist in his good hand.

JEROME

Inspector Welsh.

Welsh doesn't rise. Jerome doesn't sit.

WELSH

Look what I found at home.

Welsh holds up old, dog-eared copy of Jerome's screenplay, "To the Pain," given to Welsh years ago.

WELSH

Although if I know you you've changed a lot of it.

JEROME

Some. What can I do for you?

WELSH

Oh, just the paperwork for the cameras at the Rijkdom place.

JEROME

Sure.

Jerome opens a filing cabinet.

WELSH

What irony. Man gets killed the day he puts cameras in. Doesn't even live long enough to be on film.

Jerome hands over forms. Tries not to be nervous.

Welsh holds up forms so he can leaf through them while still watching Jerome.

WELSH

But what's this? She paid for them, not he?

Jerome says nothing.

WELSH

I didn't know she had the money.

JEROME

I wouldn't know. That's
between her and MasterCard.

Welsh puts forms down. He likes it at Jerome's desk.

WELSH

Do you mind if I smoke?

JEROME

I thought you quit.

WELSH

I like to hold one between my
teeth and think of old times.

JEROME

Be my guest.

Welsh pats himself in search of a pack without taking
his eyes off Jerome. Very fake -- he knows he doesn't
have a pack on him.

WELSH

Say, I left mine in the car.
Can I have one of yours?

JEROME

You want to -- NOT smoke one
of my cigarettes?

WELSH

Forgive an old man his vices.

Jerome is skeptical.

WELSH

You can have it back when I'm
done.

Is he joking? Jerome holds out pack. Welsh takes a
cigarette and nods in gratitude like it's 1944.

True to his word, Welsh puts it between his lips and
relaxes, almost like he really IS smoking.

Welsh takes cigarette from his mouth and eyes it.

WELSH

Lucky Strikes. You know, we found cigarette butts in what was left of Rijkdom's car. We could even read the brand name.

JEROME

Is that so?

WELSH

Lucky Strikes.

JEROME (V.O.)

Did I smoke in the car? Or were you fucking with me?

JEROME

Lots of people smoke Lucky Strikes.

WELSH

Sho 'nuff. But not Onslow Rijkdom. From what I -- he never let anyone smoke in his house.

(beat)

Or in his car.

JEROME

Well -- it wasn't the worst thing to happen to him that night.

They stare at each other. Welsh pretends to smoke.

WELSH

How many times you been to the Rijkdom house?

JEROME

Three. The morning you saw me, the day before to install the --

(points at
imaginary cameras)

-- and a few days before that
to get measurements.

WELSH

But Rijkdom's friends say you
were there for dinner.

Jerome pretends to laugh off incongruity.

JEROME

That's right! A false start.
They brought me over to do
the measurements but jumbled
their MTW and had friends
over at the same time. So
they asked me to idle and do
the measurements later.

WELSH

A free meal?

JEROME

One takes the feast with the
famine.

WELSH

Was Mister home when you
finally took measurements?

JEROME

No. At work.

WELSH

Alone with a married woman?

JEROME

We need the money.

Welsh gives office a quick appraisal. Doesn't bother
to hide it. Jerome puts his fedora on the desk --
next to Welsh's nearly identical hat.

WELSH

Thanks for the smoke.

Welsh rises, puts on his hat, and offers handshake. Jerome wipes sweaty palm and shakes. Welsh returns cigarette and leaves.

Jerome watches him go, then slumps into his chair. He returns cigarette to the pack and thinks hard.

JEROME (V.O.)

Do I call her? You might be watching.

(continuing)

EXT. ROADSIDE CLIFF - DAY - WELSH

paces cliff where Onslow met his doom. Something doesn't add up.

CLOSE ON pocket-sized notepad in Welsh's hands, filled with his scribbles. He finger-taps the pad, agitated.