

"ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY"  
Excerpt #7 - Pages 71 - 76  
Original Screenplay by Peter Kovic

INT. PHONEBOOTH - NIGHT - JEROME

waits for the phone to ring.

It doesn't ring.

He looks at his watch. He looks outside when a car drives by.

Phone still won't ring. He looks at his watch again.

He's about to get mad, then -- doesn't. Takes a deep breath instead.

Idea -- he looks beneath the phone. He pulls away a note taped underneath.

CLOSE ON NOTE: "I feel like I know you."

Jerome winces. Turns note over.

CLOSE ON NOTE: "Be here at midnight." A map to a new location.

Jerome calmly steps out of the phonebooth.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - JEROME'S JALOPY - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jerome tears through empty city streets. He swerves past other cars, bumpers missing by inches. He honks his horn and flashes his high-beams.

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

drives cool, somewhere beyond rage.

EXT. MUSEUM DISTRICT - NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Old houses turned into shops, lit with neon signs. Among them there is a lawn sign that reads:

ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY  
24-HOUR TATTOO PARLOR & DARKROOM

JEROME'S JALOPY

creeps by.

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

sits low in the seat, driving. He scans the house, a gloved hand half-hiding his face.

He drives on.

EXT. MUSEUM DISTRICT - ONE STREET AWAY - NIGHT -  
JEROME

steps out of his parked car. He looks over his surroundings with the eyes of a hunter. All clear.

He reaches inside the car and removes a baseball bat. He locks car and hides bat behind his back.

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Tattoo designs cover pristine white walls. A cheap counter is covered with wet cups, dog-eared magazines, a telephone, and overflowing ash trays.

Bead's arm comes down hard and sweeps everything from the counter onto the floor.

He tips over battered easy chair and kicks around the magazines. He squats next to the phone and dials.

INT. JEROME'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerome's home phone rings and rings until an answering machine picks it up. Jerome has no recorded greeting.

Bead's voice is friendly, ingratiating.

BEAD (V.O.)

Hi, my name's Jimmy Bead.  
You don't know me but I'm a  
friend of the Rijkdoms. She  
told me about what happened  
to her husband, and I've been  
thinking that there might be  
a way to fake the video  
footage from the night Onslow  
-- you know, died.

(continuing)

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Bead's still on the phone.

BEAD (CONT'D)

I wanted to talk to you first  
before I went to the police.  
I work at a tattoo parlor in  
Montrose called All-Night  
Photography. It's in the  
phone book and my boss ain't  
coming back for a week.

He hangs up and takes nervous, sweaty breaths. Then  
he flings phone aside.

Bead stands up in front of counter, facing the front  
door with a revolver in each hand. Shifts his weight  
from foot to foot. One hand is gloved, other is not.

He levels bare-hand revolver at the door. Mouths  
something to himself, then follows an imaginary target  
as it walks into the center of the room.

His hand jerks as if he's fired the gun. Target drops  
to the floor. He "shoots" it twice more, then "fires"  
glove-hand gun repeatedly into the wall behind him.

He kneels and puts glove-hand revolver down -- but  
only for a second. He picks it up right away. Takes  
deep breaths. I can do this.

Bead steps to the front door and unlocks it. He steps  
back and slips glove-hand revolver into a pocket.

Waits.

Waits.

RATTLE-RATTLE-RATTLE. Bead's head snaps to the back door. He locks front door and scurries to back door.

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - BEAD

makes his way through converted, run-down house, gun in front.

He stops at the back door, hand on the doorknob. Revolver ready. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. He throws door open and springs outside.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - ALLEY - NIGHT - BEAD

springs out. Gun left, gun right. No one. All clear. He sighs and steps back inside.

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - BEAD

wanders back into the front room, lazily scratching chin with revolver. He's irritated -- all worked up over nothing.

He unlocks the front door with the revolver between himself and the door.

WHAM! The instant the door is unlocked it's thrown open, striking him AND the revolver. POW!

BLACK SCREEN.

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - BEAD

lies in a rapidly-growing pool of blood. Entry wound in his neck is small and blackened. Exit wound in the back of his head is ghastly. Blank eyes see nothing.

Jerome stands over him, gloves on, baseball bat in hand. Puts a hand over his mouth and tries not to laugh. Can't help it.

JEROME

Aw, snap.

Then the reality of his situation hits him. He bounces from foot-to-foot, doesn't know where to start. He shuts and locks front door.

JEROME (V.O.)

You once told me everyone  
gets one free gunshot in  
real-life.

He kicks revolver away. He crouches over what's left of Bead and pulls wallet from Bead's back pocket, snapping it from belt-chain and popping it open.

CLOSE ON DRIVER'S LICENSE: "James Bead."

He returns wallet to Bead's pocket.

JEROME (V.O.)

Let that be a lesson,  
douchebag.

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - JEROME

moves quietly, carefully. He looks inside one door after another, without leaving corridor.

He opens door to darkroom. He disappears inside it.

INT. DARKROOM

Red light comes on. Jerome stands in cramped amateur darkroom, with trays of fluid and other equipment.

He looks at photographs hanging from clotheslines: the city, taken by Bead.

A bottle of whiskey sits next to the trays, as well as a glass. He fills glass.

Jerome finds undeveloped rolls of film. He's a bit rusty, but he remembers how to make negatives. He goes to work, drinking along the way.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - NIGHT

A car stops at the curb. We can't see what kind.

Driver's door opens and a leg comes out.

INT. ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - FEET

come through front door. Front door closes.

Feet freeze next to what's left of Bead.

INT. DARKROOM

One-by-one, negative images appear underwater. Snapshots of Bead and a woman, taken the way lovers take pictures of each other at odd moments. Unprofessional and candid, the couple side-by-side.

Jerome hangs negatives.