

ONE HOUR PHOTO

by  
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FIRST DRAFT  
Killer Films

**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

FADE IN:

A TYPICAL FAMILY SNAPSHOT (CIRCA 1974) - FULL SCREEN

The photo depicts what appears to be a happy, suburban, family-grouping. Bad clothes, worse hair. A FATHER, a MOTHER, and their TWO CHILDREN pose and smile for the lens, frozen in the white blaze of a camera's flash.

Significantly, the eyes of all four subjects in the photo GLOW BRIGHT RED. The effect -- as is often the case in these sort of pictures -- is rather disturbing.

A MAN'S VOICE.

SY (VO)

(an intimate, resigned tone)

The "red-eye" effect is a result of light rays from a camera's flash, or any other bright light-source, entering the subject's dilated pupil ...

MICROPHOTOGRAPHY OF THE BLOOD VESSELS IN THE HUMAN RETINA

SY (VO)

... and reflecting back the color red from the epithelial layer of the retina. This feature is not limited, of course, to human beings.

NIGHT-PHOTOGRAPHY OF PREDATORY ANIMALS IN THE WILD -- THEIR EYES AGLOW.

SY (VO)

Anyone who has seen their share of nature programs on TV has witnessed this phenomenon as it occurs in animals in the wild.

MORE CLIPS FROM ANIMAL/NATURE FILMS.

SY (VO)

Scientists will tell you that this tissue in the human eye is similar to the tapetum in nocturnal mammals. The tapetal layer doubles the amount of light entering the eye and helps the animal to maneuver and hunt by night.

BACK TO THE FAMILY SNAPSHOT

WE SEE the faces of the family now: the mother, the father, the young daughter, and the older son.

CLOSE ON the faces of the parents now.

SY (VO)

So when we see this "red-eye" effect in photographs of our friends and loved ones, in snapshots of Aunt Sarah and cousin Jimmy, our father or our own children -- it always jolts us. It seems a kind of warning, an unwanted reminder of our essentially feral natures.

CLOSE ON THE SON

He appears to be about eight or nine-years-old, blond, a little chubby, and smiling a bit too broadly -- the eyes glowing with a particularly eerie radiance.

SY (VO)

Because this glow is the sign of the beast. It is literally... "blood in the eyes".

CLOSER ON THE SON'S GLOWING RED EYES.

SY (VO)

And it is often the only truthful detail in the average family snapshot.

FADE OUT.

INT. LASER ZONE - DAY

JAKOB YORKIN (age 9), awash in electric, black-light, peeks out cautiously from behind an orange Day-glo barrier, wearing "armor" and wielding a "laser" pistol.

An unsuspecting, eight-year-old "enemy" cowers in a corner, his back to him. Jake lets out a war-cry and makes a dash for it, firing wildly. The gun makes loud "ray-gun" noises.

Jake takes the FIRST KID by surprise. Then, takes out THREE MORE "enemies" as they appear to defend their area. Their chest-plates flash red -- direct hits.

JAKE

(gloating)

Yeah!! See ya!

Jake shoots at the now-undefended "Anti-Matter Reactor Unit". The phony-looking, sci-fi prop lights up like a Christmas tree. Jake has won for the "orange-team". He does a victory dance, as some of his TEAM-MATES appear to congratulate him.

ARCADE AREA - A MOMENT LATER

Jake emerges with about a dozen of his friends -- yelling and jostling and trading war stories. He sees his young mother, NINA, and runs to her.

JAKE

Mom! Mom! I totally ruled. I killed like five guys and then I totally got the reactor. No help!

NINA

That is so cool!

Nina has a small point-and-shoot camera in her hand.

NINA (cont'd)

Let me get a shot of all you guys, then we'll do the cake thing.

SLO-MOTION - THE SOUND FADES STRANGELY

Jessica starts to bring the camera to her eye and gestures for the boys to form a group for a snapshot. The boys comply, throwing their arms around each other, like army-buddies.

Jake's father, WILL appears behind Rebecca. WE SEE him mouth the words: "Smile, guys!" as Rebecca peers through the viewfinder.

The kids. Laughing. Horsing around. Pure joy. No worries.

SY (VO)

Family photos -- with rare exception -- depict smiling faces.

INT. LASER ZONE - ARCADE AREA - LATER - SLO-MOTION

Jake and his buddies are playing video arcade games. Rebecca moves around handing out tokens and snapping flash photos.

SY (VO)

Births, weddings, holidays, playing with the family dog, children's birthday parties.

Jake turns from one of the "shooter" games and grins too broadly. Rebecca snaps the picture.

INT. LASER ZONE - PARTY AREA - LATER STILL - SLO-MOTION

Rebecca enters with a birthday cake glowing with candles. Will manoeuvres into place and snaps a picture.

SY (VO)  
When we look through our photo albums,  
we're seeing a record of only the happy  
moments in our lives.

LATER

QUICK CUTS:

Nina is snapping flash pictures of the party:

- Jake blowing out the candles.
- Will posing with a knife covered with frosting, performing cake-cutting duties.
- Jake with cake all over his face, smiling like a fool.
- Jake opening his presents and displaying them for the camera: toys, a football, Playstation cartridges, etc.
- Jake and his best friend, ERIC clowning around.

SY (VO)  
A person examining such an album could  
come to no other conclusion than that we  
had led a joyous, leisurely, and tragedy-  
free existence.

Later, Eric takes a shot of Jake being smooched on either  
side by his parents.

SY (VO)  
No one ever takes a photograph of  
something they want to forget.

Jake makes a "blech!" face. His parents laugh.

INT. YORKIN HOME - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Nina enters, putting on her coat. WE HEAR the sound of a  
video-game being played offscreen.

NINA  
(calling out)  
Jake, we gotta get moving or you'll be  
late!

She grabs the camera and the exposed rolls of 35mm film. She  
puts them in her purse.

INT. YORKIN HOME - JAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON THE TV: A video-game with lots of explosions and mayhem.

Jake is sitting cross-legged in front of his TV, playing a video-game. He's wearing a soccer outfit. The room is cluttered with his new birthday toys.

JAKOB

Okay, Mom!!

He reluctantly puts the game on pause and exits the bedroom.

INT. YORKIN HOME - WILL'S OFFICE - LATER

Will is at his computer, typing intently. He's designing some sort of graphically-elegant web interface. Nina knocks lightly on the door jamb.

NINA

We're going.

We hear Jakob yell from the hallway.

JAKOB (OS)

C'mon, Mom!!

The dog starts to bark. She moves to Will to kiss him goodbye. He swivels in his writing chair.

WILL

You sure you don't need me?

(yells to Jake)

Sorry, kiddo!! I gotta work!!

JAKOB (OS)

(yells back)

It doesn't matter!

Nina starts to exit.

NINA

Take-out for dinner?

He swivels back to his face his work.

WILL

(didn't hear her)

Kay. See ya.

Nina subtly clocks the slight, then exits.

INT. YORKIN HOME - GARAGE - A MOMENT LATER

The garage-door rises. Jake climbs into the family's silver Volvo station-wagon. Nina tosses a bag of dirty clothes into the backseat beside Jake. Jake plays Game-Boy.

NINA  
He's got his big project-thing due on  
Monday.

JAKE  
I know.

Nina closes the rear door, walks around and gets into the  
driver's seat.

NINA  
I know he wanted to come, Jake.

JAKE  
Mom, it's fine. Don't make it into a big  
psychological thing.

NINE  
Okay!

Nina turn and makes a *I-was-just-trying-to-help* face.

EXT. YORKIN HOME - CONTINUOUS

We get a look at the front of the house now. It's a tasteful  
upper-middle-class suburban dwelling. The Volvo backs out of  
the driveway and pulls away down the tree-lined street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VOLVO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nina is driving. Jake is scanning for a good space in a  
crowded parking lot. The radio is on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (OS)  
...in just a minute. But first, it's  
time for the WCUZ "Weird Fact of the  
Day".  
("weird" music)  
Today's weird fact is sponsored by  
Wally's Music Center.

Jake spots an empty space.

JAKE  
There's one!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (OS)  
Did you know that the film "101  
Dalmatians" is the only Disney cartoon-  
feature where both parents are either  
present or don't die during the course  
of the movie?

("weird" music)  
Pretty creepy. Disney "The Happiest  
Place on Earth". Okay, it's six-fifteen  
now. Time for...

She pulls into the space, parks, and turns off the engine,  
silencing the radio.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK -- A MOMENT LATER

The glare of a gigantic SAV-RITE discount-store beckons --  
the center-piece of a vast suburban shopping complex. Jake  
and Nina approach.

INT. SAV-RITE STORE - MAIN ENTRANCE - A MOMENT LATER

The large automatic-doors sweep open to admit Jake and Nina.  
A uniformed SECURITY-GUARD nods to greet them. The store is  
gigantic, immaculate, and way too-brightly lit. Muzak faintly  
plays.

JAKE  
I'm gonna check out the toys!

Jake runs off.

NINA  
I'm only gonna be a minute, Jake. I'm  
just dropping off the film.

JAKE  
(over his shoulder)  
Okay.

Nina hangs a left and heads for the corner of the store.

ONE-HOUR-PHOTO COUNTER

The one-hour photo counter is located in the front corner of  
the store. A red sign above this area reads:

1-HOUR PHOTO FINISHING

Nina approaches a gangly Asian youth behind the counter. His  
reads: RANDY.

RANDY  
Hi, Mrs. Yorkin.

PHOTO-PROCESSING AREA

SEYMOUR "SY" PARRISH works in the processing area to the rear of the counter, behind a glass window. Sy is a small, rather plump man in his late thirties. His light-hair is thinning. He wears glasses. His name-tag reads: SEYMOUR.

SY'S POV: Nina at the counter.

NINA  
Hi. I've got three rolls today.

RANDY  
Okay... Can I get that address again?

Sy rounds the machine and approaches the counter with a friendly smile.

NINA  
(to Randy)  
Three-two-six Serrano Terrace.

SY  
Mrs. Yorkin!

Nina looks up. She smiles.

NINA  
Hi, Sy.

SY  
(to Randy)  
Randy, I'll see to Mrs. Yorkin. Go cut and sleeve that that last roll of negs. Will ya?

Randy shrugs and goes into the back.

RANDY  
Uh.. Sure, Sy.

SY  
(brightly, to Nina)  
What've you got for us today?

NINA  
Two rolls and I think I still have one still in the camera.

Sy picks up the camera.

NINA

Can I get two prints of each?

SY

You got the Leica. Very nice camera.

He finishes filling out the envelope.

NINA

Will picked it out. I don't really know a thing about cameras.

WE SEE an XCU of the form on the envelope. Sy writes a "3" in the space for "Number of Prints". Nina notes this.

NINA (cont'd)

No. Just two is fine.

SY

You said, "two" didn't you?

(he makes a "duh" face)

I'm so spacey today. Must be all the chemicals.

Sy crosses out the "3" and replaces it with a "2".

SY (cont'd)

How's your boy Jake doing?

NINA

He's great. Just had a birthday.

SY

(as he writes)

How old is he now? Eight?

Nina turns and scans the store for her son.

NINA

He just turned nine.

He grabs the rolls of film and bags them. Then picks up the camera again. He examines the counter.

SY

You know you've got a shot left in here.

He holds out the camera for her to see.

NINA

Oh. It doesn't matter.

SY  
You sure? Shame to waste it.

NINA  
It's fine.

Sy suddenly aims the camera at Nina and peers through the viewfinder. Nina reacts sharply.

NINA (cont'd)  
Oh, no. I look awful!

Sy lowers the camera.

SY  
Okay. I hardly think so, but...

He extends his arm fully, aims the camera at himself, smiles, and snaps off a shot.

SY (cont'd)  
Might've broke the lens, there.

Sy presses the rewind button on the bottom of the camera.

SY  
(a little jest)  
No extra charge.

The two of them stand there awkwardly while the camera rewinds the film with a little whirring sound. Finally, Sy removes the roll of film from the back of the camera and bags it.

SY  
When do you need these?

NINA  
Can I get 'em today?

He looks up at the clock on the wall. The clock reads 6:12.

SY  
Oooh. Well, we close at seven on Sundays.

NINA  
Ah. It's not important. I can swing by tomorrow.

Sy thinks for a moment, then relents:

SY  
I can get 'em done for you.

NINA

Oh. That's okay. Really.

SY

Mrs. Yorkin, you're one of our best customers. I'll have them for you before we close.

NINA

Okay. Great. We can get a little shopping done.

SY

I'll see you in forty minutes.

Nina turns and starts her search for Jake in the toy section.

NINA

(over her shoulder)

Thanks, Sy.

SY

No problem.

Sy's gaze lingers a moment even after she's disappeared from view.

REAR OF PHOTO-PROCESSING AREA - A MOMENT LATER

Randy has just finished cutting and sleeving some other negs. Sy goes to a side counter and starts to work on Nina's film canisters.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Sy works with a speed and deftness that indicates years of experience. He attaches the film-canister to a small device that swiftly extracts the tail-end of the exposed film.

SY (VO)

I've been doing P.O.S./mini-lab work for over eleven years now. I consider it an important job.

He attaches the cannister to a flat, plastic carriage.

SY (VO)

I work with objects of inestimable value.

He affixes small numeric-stickers to the end of the film and the "Yorkin" envelope.

SY (VO)

When people's houses are on fire, what's  
the first thing they save after their  
pets and loved ones are safe?

He inserts the carriage into a slot on the front of the  
automatic developing/printing machine.

SY (VO)

The family photos.

A small numeric-counter on the side of the machine clicks one  
digit.

SY (VO)

Most people wouldn't consider this job a  
craft. But it is. The way I look at it, a  
*Gretag Masterflex Mini-Lab* is like a  
tool... or a musical instrument.

Sy presses four white buttons on the machine's computer-  
screen in rapid succession.

SY (VO)

And like any musical instrument, it can  
be played exquisitely or indifferently  
depending on the skill of the performer.

The film roll is automatically fed into the bowels of the  
machine. Sy looks up through the window of the processing  
area.

SY (VO)

Some people think that this is a job for  
a clerk. That these machines can be  
operated by the same pimply-faced kid  
they hire to sell tampons or deodorant.

SY'S POV: Nina has finally located Jake and they are exiting  
the store. Jake is a little reluctant about going.

INSIDE THE DEVELOPING MACHINE - LATER

In the darkness, the strip of film is being wound snake-like  
up and down and up and down around a series of capstans.

SY (VO)

They honestly believe that any idiot that  
attends the two-day orientation can  
master the art...

The film is immersed in a series of chemical solutions.

LATER

The fully-developed film (now a strip of amber negatives) emerges from a slot at the top of the machine.

SY (VO)  
...of making beautiful prints in one hour.

The negative coils itself into a plastic receptacle.

LATER

Sy pulls a pair of white cotton gloves from a cardboard dispenser and puts them on. He takes Nina's negatives from the tray.

SY (VO)  
But, of course, like most things, there's far more to it than meets the eye.

Squinting, he holds the strip up to the florescent ceiling lights.

LATER

Sy carefully cleans the strip of negs by pulling it through a small piece of cloth, then inserts one end of the negs into a film reader.

WE SEE SY'S EYE in XCU as he leans in and examines the negative.

SY'S POV: A negative image appears in a window, illuminated from beneath -- Will and Jake hugging and smiling.

SY (VO)  
I've seen the prints that they fob off on people at the Rexall or Fotek.

He centers the image in the window.

SY (VO)  
Milky, washed out prints. Too-dark prints.

His hands punch buttons on the computer screen again.

The machine whirrs and the strip of film is pulled into the film reader.

SY (VO)

Prints with disgusting little hairs and  
dust particles all over them.

WE SEE the image of Will and Jake slide past the window in an  
amber blur.

INSIDE THE PRINTING-MACHINE - LATER

A negative image of Jake (blowing out his birthday candles)  
appears, projected onto a piece of 4x5 glossy white paper,  
which sits in the darkness atop a black rubber conveyor belt.  
it.

SY (VO)

There's no respect for the craft.

Then, darkness again.

LATER

Finally, the finished 4x5's start to appear from a slot at  
the top of the machine. The colorful images slide down a  
surface and come to a stop against a barrier.

SY (VO)

No sense of reverence for the service  
they're providing for people.

Sy leans over the machine and cranes his head sideways to get  
a better look at the photos as they land in the print-holder.

SY'S POV: A photo of Jake blowing out his birthday candles  
slides into the receptacle.

LATER

Sy's gloved hands stacks the finished set of prints neatly  
and places them into a Sav-Rite folder.

SY (VO)

No larger perspective about the  
preciousness of the material they've been  
entrusted with.

The folder is then slid into the envelope and the envelope is  
sealed.

END MONTAGE/FADE OUT.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO PROCESSING COUNTER - LATER

Nina puts her shopping bags up on the counter, as Sy emerges from the back area with the envelopes in his hand.

SY

I see somebody had quite a birthday party.

Jake peers up at him over the counter, shy. Sy marks something down on a clipboard.

SY

(to Nina)

I did them five-by-seven for you.

NINA

Oh, I wanted the four-by-fives.

SY

Oh, the larger one's are much better. I didn't charge you extra.

NINA

(slightly annoyed)

Uhm... Okay, I guess. How much do I owe you, Sy?

Nina picks up the envelopes. Sy shifts over to the cash register to ring up the sale.

SY

That's thirty-oh-six. Call it thirty.  
(to Jake)

You know we have a special gift for birthday boys.

Jake peers up over the counter a bit more avidly.

SY

That's right. Birthday boys get a free camera.

NINA

Really?

He places a disposable plastic cameras down on the glass counter in front of Jake's nose. Jake looks up at his mom. She looks down and gives him a little it's-okay-with-me look. Jake takes the camera and gives it a once over.

NINA

Wow, Jake. Whattaya say?

JAKE

Thanks.

SY

You're welcome, Buddy.

Sy ruffles Jake's mop, and steals a glance down at one of Nina's shopping bags.

SY'S POV: One of the bags has fallen on it's side. A new paperback peeks out of it. Sy can just make out the author's name in gold lettering: DEEPAK CHOPRA.

His eyes shift quickly back to Nina.

NINA

Thanks, Sy.

As she's putting the photo-envelopes in one of her shopping bags...

NINA

(in passing)

We're taking Jake to Six-Flags this weekend, so I'll probably see you next Sunday too.

SY

Well, I'll see ya then.

Sy smiles and watches her go.

SY

Bye now.

(to Jake)

See ya, Jake.

Jake waves to him weakly.

JAKE

See ya.

Nina exits the store in a hurry. Sy watches them go.

EXT. SAV-RITE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

Nina and Jake emerge from the store. Jake is looking over his camera.

NINA

Pretty nice, huh.

JAKE

Yeah.

The giant SAV-RITE sign flickers off behind them.

INT. SAV-RITE - SHOPPING AISLE - LATER

The store is darkened. Sy is winding his way down the maze of overstocked aisles.

SY (VO)

I enjoy my work. I know it's taken for granted by most people, but that's okay.

He nods goodnight to the MAINTENANCE CREW who are shining the floor with large buffing machines.

INT. SAV-RITE - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - A MOMENT LATER

Sy heads for the swinging double-doors at the back of the store.

SY (VO)

People only notice when their pictures come out wrong. It's always the printer's fault.

A security-camera and monitor mounted above the doors depicts him as he approaches.

INT. SAV-RITE - STOCK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sy pushes through the doors and enters drab, gray-cement world of the store's stock area.

SY (VO)

They never admit that they don't know how to use their cameras properly.

He comes to a punch clock device, locates his card, and punches out.

EXT. SAV-RITE - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

Sy emerges from the back of the store in the piss-yellow glare of the sodium-vapor security lights. He walks to his car at the far end of the lot -- an older, nondescript, economy model.

SY (VO)

That they don't know a thing about exposure or composition or depth-of-field or color-temperatures.

Sy tosses his shoulder-bag into the car and gets inside.

EXT. FREEWAY RAMP NEAR MALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sy's car veers off onto the freeway on-ramp and merges with the flow of traffic.

SY (VO)

They couldn't tell you what an f-stop was  
if you put a gun to their head.

The lights flash strangely over Sy's face as he drives. His features display no specific emotion.

INT. "THE KOFFEE KUP" DINER - LATER

WE SEE a CU of stack of glossy, color, 4x5 prints. They are the photos we saw being taken during the film's opening scene. Warm, colorful shots of Jake's birthday party. A set of the same ones Nina just picked up.

Sy has secretly made a set for himself.

Sy is seated alone at a table for four. He has pushed his empty plates aside and is slowly examining each print with a serene smile on his face. Unbeknownst to him, the waitress has come over to the table, check-pad in hand.

WAITRESS

I get ya anything else?

Sy casually hides the prints under the table.

SY

Huh? Oh, no thanks. The check is fine.

WAITRESS

Got some family pictures there?

SY

Hmm? Oh.... yeah.

WAITRESS

Mind if I take a look?

Sy reluctantly takes the stack of photos from under the table, selects a representative shot of Nina and Jake hugging and smiling. He hands it to the waitress.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

Ohhh. That is beautiful. That's a great  
shot. These are relations?

An almost imperceptible look of panic comes over Sy's face for a moment, then...

SY

Yes. That's my little nephew Jake.

WAITRESS

They live around here.

SY

No. They live up north a ways.

WAITRESS

Handsome boy.

She hands the photo back to Sy, who returns it to the stack and places the stack into his bag.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

You're sure you don't want no more coffee then?

SY

No. I'm fine, thanks.

She rips the check from the pad and drops it on the table.

WAITRESS

Okay, then. You have a good night now.

SY

Okay, then.

Sy takes a look at the check. He removes his wallet and starts to compute a tip.

EXT. SY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

Sy sits in his car outside of his apartment building. The tenement has a bland, institutional quality. It's in a rough, working-class section of the city.

INT. SY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sy sits in his car, in the semi-darkness, seemingly unable to move. After a moment, he flips down the sun visor, revealing that a 4x5 photo is secured there with a rubber-band.

SY'S POV: A PHOTO of the YORKIN'S HOME, under a blue sky. With it's expanse of green lawn and surrounding arbor of old trees, it's the picture of suburban coziness and prosperity. Jake (as a toddler) is running in the foreground on the lawn.

He gazes at the picture -- perhaps a nightly ritual.

SY'S FANTASY:

Sy appears inside the photo. WE HEAR THE SOUND of bird's chirping and Jake's giddy laughter. But, Jake remains frozen in time, as Sy poses awkwardly beside him. He waves and smiles.

NINA (VO)

That's a great shot.

INT. YORKIN HOME - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The family is on the sofa looking at the birthday party photos, laughing and pointing. Overlapped, ad-libbed commentary ensues.

WILL

Oh, my God. Would you look at your hair.

JAKE

Look at you guys, all smootchey-wootchey.

NINA

Awww, look at you and Eric. That's great.

Nina comes across a really unflattering shot -- the kind where the camera catches you with your eyes half-closed and your mouth open.

NINA

Okay, this one is going straight in the trash.

Jakob makes a grab for it. He sneaks a peak and cracks up. Will snatches it from Jake and gets a look.

WILL

Oh, yeah! This one's getting posted on the internet.

Will slips it into his shirt pocket with great satisfaction.

NINA

Will, I need that one back.

WILL

Can you say, "poster size"?

NINA

I'm not kidding, Will.

Will relents and hands the bad picture back to Nina, who tears it up.

WILL  
(re: her tearing up the photo)  
Hey!

INT. SY'S CAR - NIGHT - RESUMING

Sy snaps out of his reverie. He flips the visor back up and is confronted with the reality of the urban desolation.

WILL (VO)  
Hey, how'd this one get in here?

INT. YORKIN HOME - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Will is gazing at one of the photos, perplexed. Nina gets a glimpse of it. Will has come across the photo that Sy took of himself earlier.

THE PHOTO OF SY

WE SEE the picture now in detail. Sy is smiling, but he's blurred. The flash has made his face a bit too bright -- ridiculous.

JAKE  
It's the guy from the photo place.

NINA  
Oh yeah. Sy took it to finish off the roll.

WILL  
You know the guy's name?

NINA  
Honey, I've been bringing our film their since we moved.

Will takes the print from Jake and examines it more closely.

WILL  
Not the most photogenic guy.

NINA  
He's really nice. He did all these prints for us in like forty minutes as a special favor.

WILL  
Well, now we have a lovely shot of "Sy  
the photo guy".

He tosses the photo on the coffee-table

NINA  
(to Jake)  
It is so past your bedtime it's not even  
funny.

JAKE  
I'm still looking at the pictures.

She starts to get up.

NINA  
No whining. You can look at them in bed.

JAKE  
Ohhhh...

The photo of Sy lies on the coffee-table next to stained food  
containers and a crumpled napkin.

EXT. SY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sy exits his car under a broken streetlight and makes his way  
toward his apartment building.

INT. SY'S TENEMENT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT - LATER

Sy makes his way wearily up the dark stairwell.

WE HEAR the voices of Jake and Nina OVER.

JAKE (VO)  
Mom?

NINA (VO)  
What, pookie?

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Jake's in bed, staring at one of the new photos, which he's  
propped up against the base of his lamp on his night table.  
It's one of the shots of his mother and father hugging and  
smiling. Nina tucks him in.

NINA  
It's okay. What is it, Jake?

JAKE  
I feel bad for somebody.

NINA  
Somebody at school?

JAKE  
No.

NINA  
What do you mean, "you feel bad"?

Jake talks with his head still turned to the photo.

JAKE  
When somebody seems sad and they don't have any friends and people make fun of them... it makes me feel bad for them.

NINA  
Who's sad and doesn't have any friends?  
Jake finally turns to his mother. After a moment...

JAKE  
Sy.

NINA  
Sy?

JAKE  
The photo guy...

NINA  
The photo guy? From the one-hour place?

JAKE  
Yeah.

Nina is touched.

NINA  
Oh, Jake. That's so sweet.

JAKE  
(about to cry)  
I feel really bad for him.

NINA  
Oh, but Jake, we don't know that he's sad.

Jake gazes up at her, listening intently.

INT. SY'S TENEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy walks down a long corridor. A series of bare florescent donuts give the hallway a greenish tinge.

NINA (VO)

We really don't know that much about Sy.  
He might have a lot of friends. He  
probably has a girlfriend and a Mommy and  
Daddy who love him.

He comes to a door marked "4F".

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - RESUMING

Jake's not buying it.

JAKE

(crying now)  
I don't think he does.

NINA

Ohhhh, Jake.

She hugs him, comforts him.

NINA

You're a very sweet boy for thinking  
about someone else that way.

He rubs his eye.

NINA

You know, not everyone is as lucky as we  
are. But, if you send them good thoughts,  
then maybe it'll make them feel better.

Jake wipes his nose.

NINA (cont'd)

So, let's send Sy some good thoughts and  
next time we see him, I bet he won't seem  
so sad.

JAKE

Okay.

NINA

You sleep tight, pookie. Okay?

JAKE

Okay.

Nina leans down and gives her son a kiss and a cuddle. Jake rolls over and looks at the photo on his night-table again. She stands at the door for a moment, admiring her son. Then, she turns off the light.

INT. SY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sy flicks on a light in his tiny entry area. He hangs his things up on a hook near the door, and moves into the kitchenette.

He fetches a drinking glass from the cupboard and fills it from the tap.

INT. SY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

In the darkness, two brown gerbils move about in a small glass aquarium filled with cedar chips and a wheel.

Sy turns on a lamp near the glass enclosure, fills their drinking receptacle with water. The rodents struggle to be the first to drink from the little spigot.

WE PAN OVER from the gerbils to reveal an array of various enlarged and framed photos atop Sy's dresser.

CLOSER ON THE FRAMED PHOTOS

The dozen-or-so, 5x7 and 8x10 photos are displayed in a variety of inexpensive picture-frames.

All of these photos depict the Yorkins at various stages of their life as a family.

INT. SY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

Sy sits in the darkness on an Easy-Boy in the living room. The room is depressing, sparsely appointed with colorless furnishings.

Sy is changing TV stations with a remote control. Finally, he comes across a re-run of "The Waltons" in mid-episode.

After a moment, WE PAN SLOWLY from the television to reveal the other side of the living room.

One entire wall of the small apartment has been covered with 5x7 color glossy photos.

There are surely well over a thousand of these little rectangles neatly affixed in a perfect grid pattern stretching from floor to ceiling.

## CLOSER ANGLE ON THE PHOTOS

The glossies are all personal family snapshots of the Yorkins.

They seem to be arranged in chronological order -- with photos of a pregnant Nina appearing on the left uppermost corner. The collage stops about three-quarters of the way across the wall with what appear to be very recent shots of the family.

The photos: the birth of Jakob, the family with Jakob as a new born, Jakob as a chubby one-year-old, Jakob as a toddler.

SY (VO)

When we say we remember an experience from our childhood, do we really remember it...

Family vacations: sunny beaches, swimming pools, ski-trips, Disneyworld.

SY (VO)

.. or do we remember what the picture of it looks like in our photo-albums?

Family gatherings: Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, picnics, and birthday parties.

SY (VO)

Would we forget it, if we didn't have a picture to remind us? Are we afraid that when we're old and senile...

Soccer games, snapshots of Will taken at his office. Nina in the kitchen. The family in the backyard.

CLOSE ON SY

He is still sitting in the chair, chewing at a hangnail with a blank expression -- never taking his eyes off the TV.

SY (VO)

...our memories will desert us...

WIDER ANGLE

From this angle, Sy is dwarfed by this vast collage.

SY (VO)

...and we'll be left with nothing?

FADE OUT.

EXT. SAV-RITE - EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT/REAR ENTRANCE - EARLY  
THE NEXT MORNING

Sy walks from his Toyota. As he nears the employee's entrance, a white SUV pulls up. SIDNEY STALEY, manager of the Sav-Rite, kisses his wife and jumps out of the passenger seat. Staley's seven-year-old daughter, RISA, is in the back. Staley waves to her.

STALEY  
(to his daughter)  
Bye, Risa. Have a great time at school,  
honey. I'll see you tonight.

RISA STALEY  
Bye, Daddy!

STALEY  
Bye, baby.

Staley turns and heads for the door just as Sy approaches. Sy holds the door for him.

STALEY  
Morning, Sy.

SY  
Morning, Mr. Staley.

Staley goes inside. A few other workers appear, Sy holds the door for them. Then, a few more. Finally, he goes inside himself.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO PROCESSING COUNTER - LATER THAT DAY

The "NOW BEING SERVED" sign changes from "22" to "23". A line of five or six people wait for service. Sy is behind the counter, processing orders. Randy can be seen through the window, sweeping up around the printing machine.

SY (VO)  
Monday is our busiest day. People tend to  
shoot most of their pictures on weekends.  
The store has several regular customers.

A little, GREY-HAIRED LADY steps forward and proffers her paper number. Sy takes her rolls of film and fills out her envelope.

SY (VO)  
There's Mrs. Tittle, who only takes  
pictures of her cats.  
(MORE)

SY (cont'd)  
 She has about two-dozen cats. I've never  
 seen a single picture of a living  
 relative. Just cats.

BRIEF MONTAGE: Flash snapshots of Mrs. Tittle's cats.

MRS. TITTLE  
 Two copies of each please, Mr. Parrish.

TIME CUT:

Another customer steps up. NADLEMAN seems harried. He hands a  
 Zip-Loc bag full of film rolls to Sy and starts to type  
 something into his organizer.

SY (VO)  
 There's Mr. Nadleman. Mr. Nadleman is an  
 insurance claims adjuster. He only brings  
 in pictures of wrecked cars.

BRIEF MONTAGE

A quick series of flash snapshots of various WRECKED CARS.

SY (VO)  
 Sometimes, you can see blood on the  
 seats.

BACK TO SCENE

NADLEMAN  
 The usual, Sy. I need these by three.

TIME CUT:

A YOUNG FATHER is at the counter. He has dark circles under  
 his eyes. He has about a dozen rolls.

SY (VO)  
 We get all the new parents. Which in this  
 neighborhood, makes up a big part of our  
 business. New parents go photo-crazy.

BRIEF MONTAGE

A quick series of various flash close-ups of a NEW-BORN BABY.

BACK TO SCENE

YOUNG PARENT  
 (mumbling)  
 Uhm... could you, I need to get these ...  
 (MORE)

YOUNG PARENT (cont'd)

I don't know how many rolls I've got here...

TIME CUT:

A NURSE wearing a starched pale-blue uniform approaches the counter with several rolls of film. Sy greets her warmly.

SY (VO)

Shelly, a nurse from a nearby cosmetic-surgery clinic is a regular customer. We do all of Dr. Friedman's before-and-after shots.

BRIEF MONTAGE

A quick series of before-and-after flash snapshots of various MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN with sagging features and surgical markings on their faces.

TIME CUT:

Next, a pale ORDINARY-LOOKING GUY in sunglasses steps up to the counter. He affects an overly-casual demeanor.

SHADY-LOOKING GUY

Hey, Sy.

Sy gives him a little smile, then averts his gaze.

SY

Hello again.

Sy starts to fill out the form.

SY (VO)

Then there's the amateur porn artists.

BRIEF MONTAGE

A quick series of flash snapshots of the guy's NUDE GIRLFRIEND in various "sexy" poses.

SY (VO)

Some shops won't do this kind of stuff. But, Mr. Staley says that it's not our place to censor our customers.

The pictures are seedy and un-erotic.

BACK TO SCENE

Sy continues to fill out the form.

SY (VO)

We have to report kiddy-porn and animal-cruelty. But, anything else? No questions asked.

SY

(looking down at the envelope)

How many prints do you need of these?

SHADY-LOOKING GUY

Just one set.

Sy rips off the the claim-ticket and hands it to the guy with a pleasant smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO-PROCESSING AREA - THE NEXT DAY

The door of the processing machine is open, exposing the guts of the machine. Sy is kneeling there with DONNY (40's) a service-technician for "Gretag". Sy seems concerned.

SY

Yeah, but there's been a distinct shift to the cyan for the last three weeks.

DONNY

You got the DPT's?

SY

Oh, I got 'em. But, I go by eye, Donny. Not numbers.

Donny gives Sy a look.

DONNY

Just show me the numbers.

Sy fetches a clipboard from a drawer. Donny rises wearily.

SY

Donny, I know this machine like the back of my hand. I know when it's shifted and when it's not.

Donny gestures for the clipboard. Sy hands it to him. Sonny examines the printer-test worksheets, rifling the papers. He hands the clipboard back to Sy and goes to fetch his tool bag.

DONNY

Are you kidding me? Sy, I got three of these fuckin' machines down today. I have to be in Shaumberg by three.

Donny starts to leave. Sy chases after him.

SY

Don, all I'm asking you to do is look at the prints.

DONNY

Plus point three? Sy, are you fuckin' kidding me? Point three? Nobody gives a shit until those shifts are into the double digits.

SY

Well, I bet Meier cares about plus-point-three.

This stops Donny in his tracks. He turns to Sy, angry.

DONNY

(low tones)

Are you fucking threatening me? You're breaking my balls over a plus-three blue shift?

Donny turns again.

DONNY

(under his breath)

Fuckin' asshole.

The technician makes his way past the counter and onto the main floor of the store.

DONNY

(loud, over his shoulder)

The next time you call me out here, this thing better be belching fire.

SY

(a touch too loud)

Great, Don. Thanks for your...uh... precision work!

Sy realizes he's making a scene. He looks around and sees that Randy and a few customers are staring at him, and...

SY'S POV: Staley, the store's manager, has witnessed the whole exchange.

Sy just nods -- chagrined. He raises his hand in an apologetic gesture, and returns to the machine room.

INT. SAV-RITE - EMPLOYEE LUNCH AREA - LATER THAT DAY

Sy sits alone at a table, eating his bag lunch and a diet soda. The Muzak plays in here too. After a moment, Sy looks down at a small photo that has been propped up against the sugar-dispenser.

SY'S POV OF THE PHOTO: The Yorkin family is sitting on a sofa in their living room. Will sits close to his wife with his arm around her. Jake is sprawled out on their laps, laughing.

Sy's gaze ZOOMS IN SLOWLY on the photo until it NEARLY FILLS THE SCREEN.

SY'S FANTASY:

Sy appears inside the photo. He is now sitting gingerly on the edge of the sofa -- perhaps afraid that he will be asked to leave. (The Yorkins remain frozen in time, disturbingly oblivious to his presence.) After a moment, Sy rises, walks around the back of the sofa, and leans over to whisper something in the frozen Nina's ear. He is about to speak, when...

STALEY (OS)

Sy, what the hell are you doing?

LUNCH ROOM - RESUMING

Mr. Staley is standing over Sy. He snaps him out of his reverie.

SY

Excuse me?

STALEY

Gimme a break, Parrish. What was the deal with you and the Gretag guy?

SY

Well, we just don't see things eye-to-eye, I guess.

Sy surreptitiously slips the photo under his Modern Photography magazine.

MR. STALEY

You guess.

SY

Look, Mr. Staley, I'm just trying to preserve a certain minimum level of quality for my customers.

MR. STALEY

Your customers.

SY

Yes. My customers.

Staley pulls back one of the plastic chairs and takes a seat opposite Sy.

STALEY

Sy, let me try to explain something one more time. You need to take another look at your place on the food-chain.

Sy seems to be looking at him.

STALEY

You are a microbe on a mosquito on the ass of an elephant. These aren't your customers. They're Sav-Rite's customers.

Sy isn't really listening. His attention drifts to a wall over Staley's shoulder.

SY'S POV: Sy's "Employee-of-the-Month" photo hangs from the wall, along with several others.

STALEY

If you haven't noticed, this isn't Neiman Marcus. People just want to come in with the kids, have a good time, save a few pennies on paper towels and socks. If they want to see yelling and screaming, they'd stay at home...

Staley's abrupt tone snaps him back again.

STALEY

Parrish, are you listening to me?

SY

Of course I am, Sir. It was wrong of me to make a scene in front of the customers. It won't happen again.

Staley regards Sy for a moment.

STALEY

Don't you have some vacation time saved up, Sy?

SY

I think so. Sure.

STALEY

You should take some time off, Sy. Go down to a Club Med or something. Enjoy life.

SY

I'll think about that, Sir.

STALEY

And stop calling me sir.

SY

Gotchya.

Staley starts to exit. He stops at the door.

STALEY

And, Sy?

SY

Yeah.

Staley gestures to the wall clock. It reads: 2:07.

STALEY

Your lunch break was up half-an-hour ago, man. What the hell you been doing in here?

Staley exits. Sy gapes at the door, even after it swings shut.

SY (VO)

We are all afraid of so many things...

INT. SY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy is looking up intently at something.

SY (VO)

...of being poor or unhappy or of being ugly. We are afraid of loneliness, and sickness, and of dying.

SY'S POV: A Yorkin family photo. Nina, Will, and Jake horsing around in a wading pool in the backyard.

## WIDER ANGLE

Sy stands before the giant collage of Yorkin photos, hands folded behind his back, like a discerning museum patron. WE MAY NOTICE that Jake's birthday pics have since been added to the lower right hand side of the grid.

SY (VO)

But most of all, we are afraid of being forgotten.

## EXT. LOCAL BEACH - LAKE MICHIGAN - THE NEXT DAY

Water laps against the stones and pebbles that line the polluted shore.

SY (VO)

I'm sure my customers never think about it, but these snapshots are their little stands against the flow of time.

Sy is standing with his shoulder-bag gazing out across the surface of the vast lake. There is no one else around on this grey day.

SY'S POV: Water and sky.

He pulls a compact Canon "Sureshot" camera (with a zoom lens) from his shoulder bag.

SY (VO)

The shutter is clicked, the flash goes off, and they've stopped time -- if just for the blink of an eye.

He brings it to his eye and snaps a picture.

## INT. "THE KOFFEE KUP" DINER - LATER

Sy is sitting at the counter, reading a paperback and sipping coffee. His plate of half-eaten food sits on the counter before him -- pushed away.

SY (VO)

More than penicillin or antibiotics, more than plastic surgery or the artificial heart, more than any of these things...

Sy raises the book and we see that it is the same Deepak Chopra title that he espied in the Nina Yorkin's shopping bag.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

Sy wanders the aisles of a small local flea-market. He comes upon a booth that specializes in photography-related items -- old cameras and boxes of old photographs. He becomes fascinated by one snapshot in particular.

ANGLE ON THE OLD PHOTO

It's a typical family snapshot, circa 1940. In the photo, the photographer's shadow falls prominently onto the grass and his subject's dress.

SY (VO)

...these little family snapshots are all that stand between us... and total oblivion.

WE SEE A MONTAGE OF VARIOUS, ANONYMOUS, OLD FAMILY-SPAPSHOTS FROM THE WHOLE OF THE LAST CENTURY: Families posing in front of their Model-T's and Packards, families in black wool bathing-outfits at the beach, a ruined christmas-tree, a sad birthday party, people posing in front of various travel landmarks, etc.

SY (VO)

And if these pictures have anything important to say to future generations, it's this: "I was here. I existed..."

THE MONTAGE CONTINUES: a man dwarfed by his new house, a 1960's office party, children in early 1970's Halloween costumes, a young 1930's couple hugging, etc.

SY (VO)

"... and I was young, I was happy and someone cared enough about me in this world... to take my picture."

FADE OUT.

INT. SAV-RITE - THE NEXT DAY

An average busy day at the Sav-Rite. A HEAVY WOMAN examines a blouse. A MOTHER tries to corral her unruly KIDS. A MAN surveys some boom-boxes. CUSTOMERS are lined up at the check-out area.

EXT. SAV-RITE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The automatic doors slide open and Sy emerges from the store to get a breath of fresh air.

Shoppers move in and out of the store on either side of him. Sy steps to the curb and scans the parking lot.

SY'S POV: A sea of cars of all makes and models. Shoppers walking to and from their cars. Families.

Sy spots something.

SY'S POV/CLOSER: Over a sea of car rooftops, Nina is emerging alone from her Volvo about forty yards away. She locks her door and starts to head towards the entrance to the rest of the shopping mall that flanks the Sav-Rite.

Sy notes this. Then, heads back into the store.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO-PROCESSING COUNTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sy walks/runs over to the counter, where Randy is attending to a few customers. He goes into the back room, removing his apron on the way.

SY  
Randy, I think I'm going to take an early lunch today.

RANDY  
Okay, Sy.

Sy re-emerges with his coat and shoulder bag.

SY  
You're gonna be okay here for a while?

RANDY  
Sure, Sy.

Sy lightly taps the counter.

SY  
Okay. I'll see you in a half.

He then moves at good clip into store through the housewares department.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - SAV-RITE ENTRANCE - A MINUTE OR TWO LATER

Sy emerges from the large, open, side-entrance that feeds into the indoor shopping-mall. He's scanning for Nina.

SY'S POV: The dual-level, moderate-to-upscale mall is relatively busy. No sign of Nina.

Sy starts to make his way deeper into the mall, still scanning the shoppers, trying not to seem too suspect. Then, he spots her.

SY'S POV: Nina has just rounded a corner from the mall's main-entrance into the central expanse of stores. She's moving purposefully, as if she has a specific destination.

Sy positions himself behind a tall "mall-directory" sign, watching her go.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - STORES - LATER

Nina is walking past a ladies clothing store. Something catches her eye. She stops for a moment to admire a display in the window.

Sy is around the corner. He slows and stops as well, pretending to window shop. He looks over.

SY'S POV: Sy can see Nina through the layers of window glass. She glances at her watch, then decides to move on.

After a moment, Sy follows.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - ESCALATOR - LATER

Nina steps onto the escalator, glancing at the people and shop-windows as she ascends. Sy appears at the base of the escalator, waits a bit, then steps on as well.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - FOOD COURT - LATER

Sy watches from behind a planter.

SY'S POV: Nina has lined up with other shoppers at a cafeteria-style, salad-bar franchise.

Sy pulls out his wallet and checks his money.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - A&W RESTAURANT - LATER

Sy finishes paying for his cheeseburger, fries, and soda. He takes his tray and moves towards the seating area. He stops and scans the lunch-hour crowd.

SY'S POV: He spots Nina sitting at a table across the way, eating a salad and talking on her cel phone. She sits at one of a row of five or six small tables. Another couple near her are just leaving.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - FOOD COURT - NINA'S TABLE - A MOMENT  
LATER

Nina is in mid-conversation.

NINA  
(into cel phone)  
There's been like a shift.  
(beat)  
I dunno. A coupla weeks. Maybe five  
weeks. Six.  
(listens)  
Well, for one, he's just been just so  
obsessed with this new assign--  
(listens)  
Yeah. I know. But it's different. He's at  
the office like eleven hours a--

Sy walks by, directly in Nina's line of vision. She sees him  
and gives him a friendly smile and a wave.

Sy acts pleased and surprised to see her. He mouths the word,  
"Hey!" and makes a pointing gesture, raising his eyebrows --  
tacitly asking for casual permission to sit nearby.

Nina is at first puzzled, then smiles and makes a "sure-by-  
all-means-sit-down" gesture with her hand.

Sy sits down two tables over from her. She continues her  
call. She has to talk a little lower now -- for privacy.

NINA  
(into cel phone)  
Of course it's only...  
(listens)  
Yeah, sure. I know. But there's something  
different about it. It's just a thing,  
you know, a feeling.

Nina glances over at Sy, who starts to eat his food, trying  
to be completely nonchalant. She has to whisper now.

NINA  
(into cel phone)  
Yeah. I know.  
(listens)  
Well, I can't. Listen. Jan, I have to go.  
I'll call you back this after-- I'll  
explain later... I know. I appreciate it.  
Okay.... I will. You too. Bye.

Nina flips her phone closed. She's a little annoyed that Sy's  
interrupted her call, but she covers politely.

The court is reverberant and noisy. They're just far enough apart from each other to make conversation a bit difficult. They have to speak loudly.

NINA

Hi, Sy.

SY

Hi, there. I was at the A & W and I saw you over here. I thought I'd say hello.

NINA

I'm just grabbing some shopping fuel.

She indicates her salad.

SY

You know, I never see you away from the store. After all these years, you'd think we would've run into each other at some point.

NINA

(loud)

Do you live around here, Sy?

SY

I'm sorry?

NINA

(a bit louder)

Do you live around here?

SY

Oh, no. I live out near Lincolnwood.

NINA

That's a helluva a drive.

SY

Oh. You know. I'm used to it.

Sy nods several times for no reason in particular. There's an awkward pause. He takes a sip from his soda.

SY

You've sure got a great kid there.

This time it's Nina who can't hear him. She cups her hand by her ear, shakes her head.

Sy takes his tray of food and slides along the booth to the table just next to her.

SY

I said, you've sure got a great kid there.

NINA

Oh, Jake. Yeah. A little too smart for his own good maybe. He likes you, Sy. He was talking about you the other day. He calls you "Sy, the Photo Guy".

She smiles. Sy likes the sound of that.

SY

I've watched him grow up since he was small enough to fit on this tray.

NINA

That's true. You've been doing our pictures for a long time.

SY

I almost feel like "Uncle Sy".

Sy laughs at his joke. Nina laughs too, but finds the comment just a bit odd.

NINA

Well, you do great work, Sy. I tell all my friends to bring their film to you, you know.

SY

I'm aware of that. And I appreciate it very much.

Nina stabs at the last few bites of her salad.

NINA

(sighs)

Well, I've got some serious shopping to do.

She starts to gather her things.

SY

Do you like to read? You seem like the type that enjoys books?

NINA

Books? Ah, I used to. Well, you know, with a nine-year-old it's almost impossible.

Nina places her used napkin and water-bottle onto her tray and starts to rise.

SY

I'm reading something right now that I'm getting so much out of.

NINA

What's that?

SY

It's called "The Path to Love" by Deepak Chopra. It's really incredible stuff.

NINA

Deepak Chopra?

SY

Yeah. He's from India. Have you heard of him?

NINA

That is so weird. I'm reading that exact book right now.

She sits down again.

SY

You're kidding.

NINA

No. I can't believe you'd happen to mention that book, of all books.

SY

Well, he writes a lot about paying attention to coincidences. Doesn't he?

NINA

He does.

SY

The stuff that he says about fear.

Sy puts down his drink trying to recall the passage.

SY

There was this one thing that he said...

Thinks for a moment, wanting to be sure to quote it correctly.

SY

"The things we fear the most have  
already happened to us."

Sy looks up at her, nodding at the truth of it.

SY

Isn't that great? It's that kind of self-  
awareness that elevates us above the  
animals.

NINA

I had no idea you were such a deep  
thinker, Sy.

Sy blushes a bit.

SY

Oh, well. I wouldn't say that.

NINA

Do you have any children, Sy?

SY

Me? Oh, no. I'm not married.

NINA

No girlfriend?

Sy blushes a bit more, chuckles.

SY

I'm always looking.

Nina checks her watch.

NINA

Oh, my gosh. I really have to run.

She stands. Takes her tray. He looks up at her.

SY

Oh...

NINA

It's really been nice chatting with you.

She means it.

SY

Nice chatting with you too.

And she's off. She talks as she heads to the trash bin.

NINA

I'm sure I'll be seeing you soon. We Yorkins can't go more than a day without taking a picture of something.

She tosses her trash in a nearby bin, places the tray atop it, gives Sy a little wave, and takes off towards the escalators. Sy waves back.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - STORES - LATER - SLO-MOTION

Sy is walking leisurely back through the mall. He's made some real contact. He seems peaceful.

SY (VO)

There's a certain kind of photo that I like to collect. Anytime I come across one in a book or a magazine, at an antique store or a flea market, or even at work, I make sure to save it.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

WE SEE A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS -- mostly snapshot-type pictures -- of various subjects from various periods, just as Sy describes. In each one of the photographs, the shadow of the photographer is clearly visible falling across the subject of the picture.

SY (VO)

I keep them in a box with a label marked "shadows". I have hundreds of them now. Maybe I'll publish them in a book someday.

When seen in a series like this, the cumulative effect is unsettling. For some odd reason, the shadow almost always seems to be that of a man's and not a woman's.

SY (VO)

I'm not sure what it is about them that gets me. I guess people have to collect something.

WE HOLD AND ZOOM SLOWLY IN on the final, faded, color snapshot of the same chubby, blond boy from the photo at the film's open (whom we now know to be Sy). He is about seven and is standing on a lawn, squinting up at the photographer, who's large shadow falls over his entire torso.

FADE OUT.

IN THE BLACKNESS

SY (VO)

How many prints would you like of these?

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO-PROCESSING COUNTER - THE NEXT DAY

Maya Birkin (late 20's, attractive) is at the counter. She's just a bit hipper, more urbane than the average Sav-Rite customer. Sy is finishing filling out her envelope.

MAYA

(answering Sy)

Just one set.

Sy starts to bag the rolls. Then, he looks up at her.

SY

Have you picked up prints here before?

MAYA

I think maybe once. It was a long time ago.

SY

You look so familiar. Do you work around here?

MAYA

Sorta near here.

SY

(leaving off)

I must've seen you around the mall.

MAYA

I'm in there pretty often.

Sy hands her the claim tickets.

SY

We're a little backed up. Is six okay?

MAYA

I probably won't be able to get back 'til tomorrow or the next day.

SY

We'll see you then.

MAYA

Thanks.

She takes the tickets, puts them in her purse as she walks away.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER steps up, placing some rolls on the counter.

Sy grabs a new envelope, but watches as Maya exits the store.

EXT. SY'S TENEMENT BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

Sy's building is poorly lit by the streetlights. The factory drones in the distance.

INT. SY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sy grabs the magnifying glass from the table and climbs the ladder to get a look at a certain photo, high up near the ceiling.

SY'S POV: The photo depicts a group-shot at a company picnic/softball game. About two dozen people pose beneath a banner that reads: "3RD ANNUAL YMG SOFTBALL TOURNEY". Will Yorkin is posed front-and-center, clearly the boss.

Sy scans the photo more closely.

SY'S POV: The glass moves across the faces, distorting them strangely. Then, he comes across the person he's looking for. In the second row, off a bit to the left, he finds Maya, the young woman who brought in her film earlier that day.

EXT. SAVE-RITE - DAWN - THE NEXT MORNING

A few minutes before opening time. The store is still mostly dark and the parking lot is empty.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO-PROCESSING COUNTER - A MOMENT LATER

Sy is flipping through the envelopes that are ready for pick up. He finds the one marked "M. Birkin" and pulls it from the drawer.

He moves casually to the machine-room door, reaches down for his dangle of keys, unlocks the door, punches in the alarm code, and goes inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO PROCESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sy hangs up his shoulder-bag, moves to a work counter, snaps on a small desk-light, and shuffles through the pictures with curiosity.

SY'S POV: A variety of images -- Maya in her car, friends of Maya's, Maya's cat, Maya and her girlfriends out for dinner, Maya hiking in a forest.

Sy keeps looking, then reacts to something.

SY'S POV: He has come across several shots of Will, also in hiking gear. Apparently, Will and Maya went hiking alone, together.

Sy shuffles the pictures faster now, then reacts again.

SY'S POV: A series of self-portraits of Will and Maya kissing, taken by Maya with her arm outstretched. It cannot be mistaken for a platonic kiss.

Sy instinctively looks to the window to check that he's not being watched, then goes back to the picture.

SY'S POV: Sy examines one of the kissing pictures more closely. There's no mistaking that Will has been cheating on Nina.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SERRANO TERRACE - THE NEXT DAY

Sy's sits in his Toyota, looking across the way.

SY'S POV: The Yorkin house. Quiet. No cars in the driveway.

INT. YORKIN HOME - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sy appears outside in the backyard through the sliding glass-doors. The Yorkin's dog, Chaz, appears and starts to bark. Sy tries the door. It's locked. He tries the next one down. This one is loose. He jiggles it hard for a while and it finally opens. Chaz barks more furiously. Sy slips into the kitchen and closes the door behind him.

SY

Hey, Chaz.

Sy reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out some dog treats. Chaz gobbles them up happily. Sy rubs the now-friendly dog's head and makes his way into the kitchen.

He looks around. It's very quiet now.

Sy shifts a few steps to his side, trying to find a certain angle from which to view the room. He looks.

SY'S POV: The empty room -- the refrigerator and kitchen's cooking-island.

After a moment, Sy pulls a thick, clear-vinyl, snapshot-flip-book out of his bag. He flips it open to the first photo.

SY'S POV: It's a photo of Nina and Jake in the kitchen. Nina is cooking and Jake is trying out the food. *The photo is taken from the same spot where Sy is now standing.* The effect is inexplicably eerie.

INT. YORKIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sy moves into the living room now, finding just the right place from which to look. He gazes at the room as if it were a museum exhibit or a shrine.

SY'S POV: The empty living room; couch, coffee table, TV, Nina's book on the endtable, Jake's toys on the floor.

He flips to the next page in the photo-book.

SY'S POV: Once again, the photo of the Yorkins in the living room is taken from the precise spot where Sy is now standing. In the picture, Jake is close to the camera in the glare of the camera's flash. Nina is in the background, on the sofa reading.

INT. YORKIN'S MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Sy enters the master bedroom. He stops a few feet inside the door.

SY'S POV: The empty, perfectly-made bed. Some magazines and Will's work are on the night-tables, Will's sweatshirt lies on the bed, his sneakers on the floor, etc.

Sy flips the book again.

SY'S POV: The bedroom as seen from the same exact vantage point. Nina is on the bed in a t-shirt, a book open on her stomach. She is looking at the photographer invitingly.

INT. YORKIN'S MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

Sy is on the toilet, his pants around his ankles. He's flipping casually through a magazine from a pile in a basket beside him.

A MOMENT LATER

Sy is at the bathroom sink, washing up. He dries his face with a used towel that is sitting on the counter. He checks himself casually in the mirror.

INT. YORKIN HOME - JAKE'S ROOM - LATER

Sy cracks open the door to Jake's room. He flips on the lights. Though the bed is made, the room is very messy.

SY  
(to himself)  
Jake. You really have to tidy up your  
room. Your mother's asked you a thousand  
times, pal.

Kicking a toy truck with his toe, Sy moves into the corner by  
the closet. He squats down and gazes at the room.

SY'S POV: Jake's empty bed, his shelf of story books, his  
Pokemon and Star Wars posters, the sea of toys all over the  
carpet, etc.

He flips the next page of the book.

SY'S POV: A photo of the room seen from the same angle. In  
the picture, Jake is sitting on the carpet, smiling, showing  
off his Star Wars toy.

INT. YORKIN'S KITCHEN - LATER

Downstairs again, Sy opens the refrigerator and looks around  
inside.

SY  
(to himself)  
I feel like a beer.

He grabs a bottle and closes the door. He twists open the  
beer and takes a sip. *He's wearing Will's sweatshirt.*

INT. YORKIN HOME - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The TV is on. Sy's on the sofa drinking the beer and watching  
TV. He switches the channels with the remote. Chaz comes  
over panting for more food.

SY  
Chaz, be nice now. I'm watching a movie.

Sy pets him and feeds him a few treats.

SY (cont'd)  
Good, doggie.

Bored with the TV, he looks over and picks up Nina's book  
from the end-table. It's the Deepak Chopra paperback. He  
flips through it with moderate interest, then tosses it  
beside him onto the sofa.

He continues watching TV and sipping his beer -- looking very much at home indeed.

FADE OUT.

IN THE BLACKNESS

SY (VO)

I used to think that there was no such thing as an ugly photograph.

INT. SAV-RITE - STOCK AREA - LATER THAT DAY - SLO-MOTION

Sy comes through the double-doors. He is wearing industrial safety-goggles, a small filter-mask, thick rubber gloves, and an apron, and is carrying a translucent-plastic chemical tank.

SY (VO)

The fact that someone bothers to photograph something, means that they found it in some way appealing.

He winds his way through the wide maze of towering metal-shelving and cardboard boxes stacked to the ceiling.

SY (VO)

No one ever says, "That is so disgusting! I've got to take a picture of it!" Therefore, all photographs are beautiful.

A few stray workers are here -- taking notes on clipboards or wheeling boxes past on palettes. They pay him no mind.

INT. SAV-RITE - BACK CORNER OF STOCK-AREA - A MOMENT LATER

Sy is in the concrete bowels of the store dumping chemicals from the tank into the "silver-recovery-system" unit -- a medium-sized device consisting of tanks, filters, and pipes.

SY (VO)

In this job, I've come to learn that this is not, in fact, the case.

A security-camera mounted high on the wall is pointed down at Sy.

INT. SAV-RITE - STALEY'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Staley is standing before several, large security-monitors. Each of the screens are split-up into nine smaller images. He gazes at the screen.

ON THE SECURITY-MONITOR

Sy, dressed in his protective gear, appears on the security monitor. He resembles nuclear-reactor worker or an astronaut.

Staley grabs a microphone and speaks into it. His voice echoes over the store's PA-system.

STALEY

(into mic)

Sy Parrish, please see the manager. Sy,  
to the manager's office immediately.

ON THE SECURITY-MONITOR

Sy reacts to the page. He gazes up to the security-camera.

SY (VO)

Some photographs are utterly repugnant to  
me.

INT. YORKIN'S MASTER BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Will emerges from the bathroom in some sweat-pants. He's putting on a t-shirt. He looks around the bed for something.

WILL

Neen?! Have you seen my navy blue  
sweatshirt?

NINA (OS)

(yelling from downstairs)

It was on the bed!

He lifts the bedspread to check on the floor under the bed. It's not there. He tosses the bedspread back down -- slightly irritated.

INT. YORKIN HOME - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Nina is putting in a new trash bag. She finds an empty bottle in the trash-container. Will enters.

WILL

(re: sweatshirt)

Is it in the wash? I was going to take a  
run.

NINA

It was on the bed. Did you have a beer?

She shows him the empty bottle. He doesn't hear her.

WILL

It's freezing out. I need a sweatshirt.

NINA

Did you have a beer?

WILL

I hate beer. You know that.

Will exits to the laundry room to look for another sweatshirt. Jakob calls out from the hall.

JAKE (OS)

(a little whiny)

Mom, what'd you clean my room up for?!

Jake comes through, playing his Gameboy. He goes to the fridge and gets some juice. Nina ties up the trash bag.

JAKE

(on the way back out)

I can't find any of my toys now.

NINA

(sarcastic)

How about "you're welcome".

Then, Nina stops what she's doing and looks up -- mystified.

NINA

(to Jake)

I didn't clean up your room!

JAKE (OS)

Yes you did.

INT. SAV-RITE - STALEY'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Staley sits behind his desk with his chair-back reclined, his feet up. There is a photo on Sid's desk of himself and his wife and daughter.

Sy sits opposite -- still wearing the rubber apron. The goggles and mask are around his neck, the rubber gloves in his hands.

STALEY

What's with the get-up, Sy?

SY

It's Wednesday. I was doing the SRS.

Staley has no idea what he's talking about.

SY (cont'd)  
(explaining)  
The silver recovery.

STALEY  
(moving on)  
Sy, there's been some discrepancies in  
the click-count.

Sy is surprised by this, but covers quickly.

SY  
Oh. Well, that's probably Randy. His math  
skills are pretty weak. I remember  
telling you this when you first moved him  
over from--

STALEY  
No, Sy. All the discrepancies are on the  
logs that you initialed.

SY  
Uh. They are?

STALEY  
Yep.

SY  
Well, I guess... I mean, sometimes at the  
end of a long day, you're not exactly,  
you know--

STALEY  
We're not talking about a few innocent  
math errors, Sy.

This silences him. He's afraid of where this is going. Staley  
picks up a stack of xeroxed "Daily Log" Forms. He flaps them  
for emphasis.

STALEY (cont'd)  
The "net-clicks" all zero out. They  
always zero out.

Sy nods and smiles uncomfortably. Staley grabs another stack  
of xeroxed print-outs.

STALEY (cont'd)  
The problem is, Sy, the shut-down-clicks  
don't even come close to matching the  
amount of prints that we've sold.

Sy thinks for a moment. A bit of sweat appears on his upper lip.

SY

Well, I'm sure it's a problem with the counter.

Staley drops the papers back on his desk and interlaces his fingers over his stomach.

STALEY

Well, I asked Donny about that. He looked at the counter and said it checked out.

Sy is about to interject, but Staley raises a finger to silence him.

STALEY

He also said, that in fourteen years of servicing, he's never seen a faulty counter on a Gretag unit.

Sy just stares at him, mouth open slightly.

SY

Uh-huh.

STALEY

So, the question is: Where did all those unaccounted-for prints go?

SY

Well, what sort of discrepancy are we talking about here?

Staley takes his feet down, springing his chair forward. He puts his forearms on the desk.

STALEY

We're talking about thousands of prints, Sy. Not three, not a dozen, not forty-six... thousands of prints.

Sy reacts as if to a bad smell -- a performance.

SY

That's not possible, Sid.

STALEY

Oh, it is. I've checked the math several times. The Kodak P.O.'s confirm it too.

Sy stares down at the carpet.

SY

Well, I certainly don't know anything about it.

Staley rises, rounds the desk, and sits on the front edge -- close to Sy.

STALEY

I think you do, Sy.

SY

(a little indignant)  
Well, I don't.

STALEY

Well, then we have a problem.

SY

(boldly indignant)  
I guess we do.

Staley looks at him for a moment.

STALEY

I'm letting you go, Sy.

Sy is aghast. Staley heads back behind his desk. Sy struggles to speak. Finally...

SY

You can't do that. I've been here for eleven years. I have customers who--

STALEY

This log discrepancy would be enough, but you've been spacing-out on the job, taking ninety-minute lunch breaks, creating scenes in front of the customers... giving away free merchandise.

SY

What?

STALEY

Free disposable cameras to customers on their birthday?! That must've been your bright idea, because it sure-as-shit isn't corporate policy.

Sy's about to argue the point, but instead, just gets demoralized.

SY  
You can't do this.

He stares into space.

STALEY  
It's done, Sy. I talked to Owens at the district office.

Staley rises and goes to his red Sav-Rite jacket, which is hanging on a coat rack. He fishes out his cigarettes and a lighter from the pocket.

STALEY  
Finish up today and clear out your locker. And if you do something, like fuck up today's prints on purpose, I'll have your head on my wall.

Sy gets angry. He looks up and gazes at Staley with real hatred.

SY  
I haven't fucked-up a customer's print in eleven years.

STALEY  
Just get back out there.

Sy just sits there bewildered. Staley reads this as a refusal.

STALEY  
Oh, would you rather leave now. Randy can run through today's orders.

Sy rises. He's in shock, angry.

SY  
You don't just run it through, Sid.

Staley's heard this "it's-a-craft" crap before.

STALEY  
Yeah okay, Sy. Just get your stuff. You get three weeks severance.

SY  
It's alright. I'll finish today's orders.

STALEY  
And, Sy?

Sy stops with the door half open. He looks back.

SY

If there's a problem with today's count,  
I'm going to advise Bill Owens to bring  
up charges.

Sy pauses at the door a moment, then leaves -- traumatized.

INT. SAV-RITE - EMPLOYEE BATHROOMS - A MOMENT LATER

A row of grey toilet stalls. WE HEAR the sound of violent retching. After a moment, there is a flush, and Sy emerges from one of the stalls. He moves to the large mirror above the sinks.

He is pale and shaky. There is a dollop of vomit on his chin.

He runs the tap and splashes his face. He leans in and examines his own eyes in the mirror up close. His eyes seem to go dead.

INT. SAV-RITE - TOY AISLE - A MOMENT LATER - SLO-MOTION

Sy moves down an over-stocked aisle of toys and games, as if in a waking dream.

He comes upon a lone stuffed animal that has fallen to the floor. He stops to pick it up and return it to the over-crowded shelf.

INT. SAV-RITE - HOME-FURNISHINGS DEPARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER - SLO-MOTION

Sy, shocked and forlorn, is sitting on a bed -- part of a discount bedroom ensemble that is displayed on a low riser. He just sits there for a long moment.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO-PROCESSING COUNTER - LATER

Sy stands alone behind the counter. He seems subdued, blank. The Muzak plays. After a moment, he notices something on the floor.

SY'S POV: A stray 4x5 print lies face down on the floor.

He stoops to pick it up. Still kneeling, he flips it over.

SY'S POV OF THE PHOTO: It's a crookedly-framed, slightly blurry picture of an empty white room with a lone metal chair in it. Certainly some sort of an accidental shot. It's a lonely and vaguely disturbing image.

He gazes at it for a very long moment.

NINA (OS)

Sy?... Sy?

Sy looks up. He sees Nina peering over the counter. He rises to see that Jake is there beside her.

SY

Mrs. Yorkin.

Nina seems in a fine mood. Jake too. Sy is unable to muster his usual geniality.

NINA

Jake wanted to get his birthday gift processed.

Sy is perplexed.

SY

I'm sorry? You lost me there.

Jake fishes in his backpack and produces the disposable camera. He places it on the counter.

SY (cont'd)

Ah, right. The birthday gift.

Sy reaches over and takes an envelope.

SY (cont'd)

(to Nina)

How many sets?

Nina is a little taken aback by the lack of Sy's usual gregariousness.

NINA

Uhm... just one is fine.

SY

Four by five or five by seven.

NINA

The ones we usually get.

SY

(writing)

Four by fives.

NINA

Jake really had a great time with the camera. Didn't you, Jakey.

JAKE

Yeah.

SY

A budding Steiglitz, I'm sure. What was the address again?

Nina is perplexed. She's been a regular customer for years. She answers him anyway.

NINA

Three-two-six Serrano. Serrano Terrace.

SY

(writes)

Right.

Jake eyes his mother. Sy rips off the claim tickets, looks at the clock. It reads: 3:40.

SY

I can have these for you by five.

NINA

That's fine.

Sy manages a flat smile. He hands her the claim tickets.

SY

See you then.

Nina takes the tickets, regards Sy for a moment, then decides to leave it alone.

NINA

Bye, Sy.

SY

Bye now.

Nina leads Jake away. Sy turns and bring her rolls into the back.

On the way out, Jake takes a last look at Sy.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO PROCESSING AREA - LATER

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

- Sy's hands rip open Jake's disposable camera and extracts the black-plastic canister of film inside.
- Sy's hands tape the tail-end of film onto the sliding panel of the flat carriage.
- The carriage is shoved into the slot on the side of the developing machine.
- The numeric counter clicks over one digit.
- Sy's finger presses a series of buttons on the machine's computer-screen.
- The film is fed into the machine with a chunk-whirr sound.
- In the darkness, inside the machine, the film is wound over the capstans and into the developing solution.

JAKE (VO)

Mom? Why was Sy mad at us?

INT. NINA'S VOLVO - LATER

Nina drives. Jake is sunk low in his seat.

NINA

I don't know, Jake. He seemed upset about something. I'm sure it wasn't us.

Jake becomes pensive. His fears about Sy have been confirmed. Nina sees this.

NINA

I guess our good thoughts didn't work this time, kiddo.

She gives his thigh a squeeze.

NINA (cont'd)

Sometimes it takes more than one try.

Jake looks out the window.

JAKE'S POV: The passing suburban scenery.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO PROCESSING AREA - LATER

THE CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES around the side of the processing machine to reveal Sy sitting on the floor in the corner of the room. He is looking through a stack of photographs. He seems upset.

CLOSER ON SY

He is crying. He tries to hold it in, but the tears come. He is looking through Jake's just-processed pictures.

SY'S POV: The photographs are wonderful -- uncommon in their innocence and charm. All of the photos were shot at the amusement park. They are very colorful. All of them are close-ups.

Oddly, no one's face is entirely or clearly visible: an ice cream cone melting over a hand, feet in blue sneakers on green grass, a child's lips forming a bubble-gum bubble, a close-up of a clown-toy's face, part of a towering ride against a blue sky, the back of a woman's head in a pink hair-net, an illuminated vending-machine, a colorful arrangement of cheap toys in a bin, the blur of child spinning on a ride, etc.

Jake has wittily and unself-consciously captured the essence of being a child.

ANGLE ON SY

Sy is crying for his lost youth and because he finds the pictures so surprising and beautiful. Afraid he will be found out, he composes himself and wipes away his tears with the back of his hand.

INT. SAV-RITE - PHOTO-PROCESSING COUNTER - A MOMENT LATER

Sy emerges from the machine room with a red photo-envelope in his hand. He moves to a drawer, flips open the "Y" separator, and slips the envelope (marked "N. Yorkin") in with the other orders that are ready for pick-up. He closes the drawer.

SY

I'm leaving early, Randy.

Randy glances at the clock.

RANDY

Okay, Sy.

He starts to put on his coat.

SY

I won't be coming back, Randy. Staley let me go today.

Randy doesn't know what to say.

RANDY

You were fired?

SY

Yep.

He shoulders his bag and extends his hand. Randy, still a bit in shock, removes his cotton dust-glove and shakes Sy's hand.

SY (cont'd)  
I've enjoyed working with you, Randy.

RANDY  
Me too, Sy.

SY  
Try to remember all the stuff I told you.  
Don't let this place go downhill.

RANDY  
I wont, Sy.

Sy walks around the counter and starts to make his way down one of the shopping aisles, towards the rear of the store. Randy watches him walk away with mixed emotions.

INT. SAV-RITE - SHOPPING AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Sy's makes his way down the aisles, passing customers, and other clerks. He moves at a good clip through various departments of the store. At first, his face betrays little emotion, but as he proceeds, he starts to seem increasingly agitated.

It's in the "Hunting and Fishing Gear" aisle that he stops dead in his tracks. He thinks for a moment, then turns, and walks toward a display case a few feet back.

He reaches down for his keys, searching for one in particular.

INT. SAV-RITE - STOCK AREA - A MOMENT LATER

Sy comes through the "employees-only" door into the stock room. He tosses something into a garbage bin, finishes stuffing something into his bag, and zips it up.

EXT. SAV-RITE - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - A MOMENT LATER

Sy bursts through the employee entrance and makes his way across the parking lot towards his car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAV-RITE - CUSTOMER PARKING LOT - LATER

Sy's car is parked along the fire-lane a few dozen yards from the main entrance of the Sav-Rite.

INT. SY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sy's dashboard clock now reads: 5:11.

Sy is slumped down in the seat, eating a candy-bar, peering over the steering wheel, gazing at the entrance. He glances occasionally over at the sea of parked cars. Then, back again.

Suddenly, he sees something ahead. He lifts his camera to his eye and peers through the viewfinder.

SY'S POV THRU VIEWFINDER: Nina has also parked the car in the fire-lane right in front of the store, forty feet ahead of Sy. Jake is in the passenger seat.

Sy presses the "T" button on the top of the camera and the zoom-lens extends forward a few inches.

SY'S POV: THE SHOT ZOOMS-IN RAPIDLY as Nina puts on her hazard-lights, jumps out of the car, and walks/runs in through the main entrance.

Sy lowers the camera and looks over at something to his right.

SY'S POV: Three colorful, coin-operated, ride-toys (a horse, a giraffe, and a lion) sit along the wall of the Sav-Rite, (perfectly framed by his passenger-side window). A CHILD is riding one of them without much enjoyment.

INT. SY'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

He picks up the camera again.

SY'S POV THRU VIEWFINDER: Nina emerges from the store with the little, red, one-hour-photo envelope in her hand.

Sy places the camera on the passenger seat, starts the car, and puts it into gear.

EXT. SAV-RITE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Nina emerges from the store, gets into the car, hands the envelope to Jake, puts on her seatbelt, and pulls away.

Sy's car follows at a discrete distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SY'S CAR - AFTERNOON - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Nina's Volvo is visible through Sy's windshield, about five car-lengths ahead. They are driving down a suburban highway. Traffic is relatively light.

Sy is watching the car intently.

They continue to keep this distance from each other for quite a few moments.

Then, Sy reacts to something.

SY'S POV: The Volvo's brake-lights flash red with no apparent provocation. The car swerves slightly, then starts to veer into the right-hand lane without a turn-signal -- heading for the shoulder.

Sy puts on his turns signal, checks his mirrors, and changes lanes as well.

WE SEE thru Sy's windshield that Nina has pulled the car onto the shoulder and sits there.

Sy has pulled onto the shoulder also -- well behind Nina. He watches with great interest.

SY'S POV: Nina's Volvo sits on the shoulder. The car's exhaust steams in the chill autumn air. There is no movement inside the car.

INT. NINA'S VOLVO - SIMULTANEOUS

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO IN NINA'S HAND

It is the shot of Will and Maya kissing. Sy has inserted it into their order.

Nina stares at it in shock. She is trembling. Tears are forming.

Jake is fearful and confused. Not knowing where to look, he glances over into the side-view mirror.

JAKE'S POV IN THE SIDE-VIEW MIRROR: Sy's car is parked down the road on the shoulder behind them.

Jake doesn't really react, not recognizing Sy or his car from such a distance. He looks over at his mother.

Nina has her head in hand, trying to breath.

INT. SY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy is watching the Volvo intently, wondering what she'll do.

SY'S POV: After a few moments, Nina puts the car in gear and pulls back into traffic. Sy follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SERRANO TERRACE - DUSK

It's a bit darker now. Sy's car is parked in front of the Yorkin's home. Sy is looking out of his driver's side window.

SY'S POV: Most of the lights are on. There is some movement discernible through the partially-closed dining-room curtains.

Sy raises the camera to his eye and extends the zoom lens.

SY'S POV THRU THE VIEWFINDER: The figures of Will, Nina, and Jake are sitting down for a regular family dinner. Nina is bringing in the food from the kitchen. Though pensive, she has apparently chosen to keep her revelation to herself. Will seems jovial. Jake, subdued.

Sy lowers the camera. He seems perplexed and rather disappointed. After a moment, puts the car in gear, and slowly pulls away.

EXT. SY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sy's Toyota is parked in front of his apartment building.

INT. SY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sy's TV is on -- a late-night movie. His Easy-Boy lounge is empty.

LO-ANGLE

Sy is up on his step ladder at the collage of Yorkin photos. He seems to be scraping something on one of the photos with a kitchen knife. Tiny little shavings of photo-paper emulsion float down TOWARD THE CAMERA like dandruff.

LO-ANGLE/CLOSE ON SY

He's sweating profusely, working intently. Now WE CAN HEAR the quick, little scraping sounds over the TV noise.

WE DON'T SEE exactly what he's doing.

FADE OUT.

INT. SY'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS ROOMS - THE NEXT MORNING

A QUICK MONTAGE OF SY'S MORNING ROUTINE:

- Sy showers.
- Sy, looking unrested, brushes his teeth and shaves.
- Sy feeds the gerbils and refreshes their water dispenser.
- Sy dresses, checking himself in the mirror in his bedroom.
- Sy is reading the back of a cereal box as he finishes the last spoonful at his breakfast table. An old sitcom re-run plays on a portable TV. He slurps down the last of the milk as he takes the bowl to the sink and runs the tap to wash it out.

END MONTAGE.

INT./EXT. SY'S CAR - MIDDLE-CLASS SUBURBAN STREET - LATER THAT MORNING

Birds are chirping. Sy, still-looking tired, pulls his Toyota up to the curb in what appears to be an average middle-class suburb. He turns off the engine.

INSIDE CAR

Sy quickly tears opens a box of color film and drops the canister into his camera. The camera auto-loads the film.

ON THE STREET

He emerges from the car with the loaded camera. He walks across the quiet street, rubbing the sore muscles of his right hand. WE CAN HEAR the faint sound of small children playing in the distance.

He surveys the scene before him, raises the camera to his eye, and adjusts the composition. Then...

QUICK CUTS:

XCU: Sy's finger on the zoom button.

XCU: The zoom lens extends and retracts quickly.

XCU: Sy's finger presses the shutter release.

Sy points the camera DIRECTLY AT US and holds the shutter button down, taking picture after picture without stopping. WE DOLLY IN on him until we are inside the front element of Sy's lens. Inside the camera, the little iris opens and closes, rapid-fire, over and over, as Sy holds the shutter

release down for a full ten-seconds, taking thirty-six consecutive pictures, until the film runs out.

WE NEVER SEE what he's taken the pictures of.

EXT. SAV-RITE - MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER THAT MORNING

Sy walks toward the main entrance. The doors open for him.

INT. SAV-RITE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Sy walks into the store. Though still tired-looking, he seems self-possessed -- almost sanguine. He sees something.

SY'S POV: Staley is in the ladies-clothing department, talking to a SALESGIRL. Staley sees him, excuses himself from the girl and moves purposefully towards Sy.

Sy takes a left and heads for the one-hour-photo area, reaching into his shoulder bag as he nears the counter.

INT. SAV-RITE - NEAR PHOTO-PROCESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Staley grabs Sy's arm and spins him around.

STALEY

(not wanting to cause a scene)

Can I help you, Sy?

Sy seems relaxed. He looks down at Staley's fist wrapped around his arm. Staley releases his grip. Sy removes the canister of exposed film.

SY

I'm bringing in some film. I can still shop here. Can't I, Sid?

STALEY

No, Sy. You can't still shop here.

SY

(confident)

No, Sid. I believe I can. There's no law saying I can't shop here just because I was fired. I checked it out.

STALEY

Why would you want to bring your film in here anyway, Sy? As I recall, you once referred to Randy as an "orangutan"?

Randy, at the counter, is peering across the way, observing this exchange.

STALEY (cont'd)  
Aren't you afraid he'll do an inferior  
job on your precious film?

SY  
I've calibrated that machine personally,  
Sid. It's the best mini-lab in the state.

A few customers are looking over, noting Staley's agitation.

STALEY  
Okay, Sy. Just this one time. But, I'm  
telling you. Find another place to do  
your film. I don't want you back in here.

SY  
Thanks, Sid.

Sy smiles, then turns and walks to the counter. Staley  
watches him go. After a moment, Staley turns to the security-  
guard by the main-entrance and makes a gesture for him to  
keep his eye on Parrish. The guard nods.

EXT. YORKIN MEDIA GROUP - LATER THAT DAY

Sy's Toyota is parked on a commercial street. He's eating  
some fast-food and gazing out the driver's side window.

SY (VO)  
According to the Oxford English  
Dictionary, the word "snapshot" was first  
used in 1808 by an English sportsman by  
the name of Sir Andrew Hawker.

SY'S POV: A low office building. A sign near the entrance to  
the parking lot displays a stylish, company logo, beneath  
which it reads: YORKIN MEDIA GROUP.

SY (VO)  
He noted in his diary that almost every  
bird he got that day was by "snapshot" --  
meaning a hurried shot, taken without  
deliberate aim.

Sy notices something, he sinks down in his seat a bit.

SY'S POV: Half a dozen people emerge from the front entrance,  
Will and Maya among them. After a moment, Will and Maya break  
off from the pack and head for Maya's pale blue BMW coupe.

SY (VO)  
"Snapshot", then, was originally a  
hunting term.

Staley finally looks up and is suddenly sobered by the clerk's demeanor. Staley gestures for the envelopes. Randy hands them to him.

Staley clocks the name handwritten on the envelopes and looks up at Randy, who is staring blankly out the security window.

Staley opens the envelope, removes the stack of glossies, and looks quickly through the first half-dozen or so.

He visibly blanches. After a moment, he quickly goes through the rest of the stack.

RANDY

What do they mean, Mr. Staley?

Shaken, Staley tries to think of what to do.

STALEY

Can you step out for a minute please, Randy?

RANDY

Yeah.

Randy steps slowly out of the office and closes the door behind him. Staley dials a number. While it rings, he punches his intercom.

STALEY

(into intercom)

Pilar, I have an urgent situation. Get the number of Risa's school. Get the principal on the line right away.

PILAR (OS)

(over intercom)

Right away, Mr. Staley. Is everything okay?

STALEY

(into intercom)

Just do it now!

Staley looks at the photos again. He rifles through them one by one.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTOS

Every single picture is the same. All thirty-six of them. Photo after photo, each depicting an identical image of Staley's daughter Risa, playing on the front lawn of his middle-class suburban home.

He drops them on the desk, fuming and deeply disturbed.

STALEY  
(under his breath)  
Motherfucker.

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy's car pulls up to a parking space.

SY'S POV: He watches as Maya's BMW pulls up to the main entrance of the hotel. A valet takes the keys from her and she and Will go inside.

Sy just sits there, watching.

MAN'S VOICE (VO)  
And what would you say Mr. Parrish's  
demeanor was when he came in?

INT. SAV-RITE - EMPLOYEE LUNCH AREA - LATER THAT DAY

DETECTIVE PAUL OUTERBRIDGE (50's, phlegmatic) of the TMU (Threat Management Unit) is interviewing Randy. They are seated at one of the white-formica lunch tables.

RANDY  
Demeanor?

OUTERBRIDGE  
How did he seem to you? Did he seem upset  
or agitated in any way?

RANDY  
Uhm... I don't know. He seemed fine. I  
didn't really notice any--

Staley is by the coffee machine, making himself a cup.

STALEY  
Sy and I had some words when he came into  
the store. Under the circumstances, I was  
surprised to see him and I asked him what  
he was doing here. I suggested -- in  
strong language -- that in future he  
should bring his pictures somewhere else.

Outerbridge's partner, DETECTIVE JAMES VAN DER ZEE (40's, black) is standing behind them by the door.

VAN DER ZEE  
(indicating the "Employee of  
the Month" photo)  
Is this how he looks currently?

Randy glances up at the photo.

RANDY  
Yeah. I mean, he's always looks the same.

VAN DER ZEE  
(to Staley)  
Can we have this.

STALEY  
(curt)  
Of course. Take it.

Staley takes a sip of his coffee and tries to settle down.

OUTERBRIDGE  
Mr. Staley, why don't you have a seat and  
calm down. Your wife and child. They're  
somewhere safe now?

Staley relents. He sits.

STALEY  
They're at my mother's.

For the first time, Staley seems humbled.

STALEY  
I'm sorry. I'm a little upset.

OUTERBRIDGE  
I understand. It's understandable.

Van Der Zee has taken the photo of Sy off the wall and has it  
in his hand. He glances at his partner. Outerbridge nods.  
He's done with the clerk.

VAN DER ZEE  
Randy, we're going to need some color  
xeroxes of this. Can you show me where I  
can get that done?

RANDY  
Yeah.  
(to Outerbridge)  
You want me to do that now?

OUTERBRIDGE

Please.

Randy looks a little apprehensive.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

(to Randy)

You'll be fine, Mr. Tan. Thanks for your help.

Randy and Van Der Zee exit. Outerbridge waits until the door clicks, then turns to Staley.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

How did he take his being fired?

STALEY

He was upset. I've had to fire a lot of people, Detective. People get upset when they get fired. He didn't seem unusually upset. I've had worse.

OUTERBRIDGE

Well, it's the ones that hold it in that always end up making this kind of a problem.

Staley looks over at Outerbridge. He's lost his taste for the coffee.

STALEY

I guess so.

Outerbridge clicks closed and pockets his ballpoint.

OUTERBRIDGE

Well, he knew Mr. Tan would see the pictures. He knew he'd show them to you. And he knew you'd call us. I think this is just a warning. Born of fear and frustration.

STALEY

But you have to take it seriously.

OUTERBRIDGE

We are taking it very seriously.

Staley eyes go distant.

OUTERBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Your child's life has been indirectly threatened.

(MORE)

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)  
We take no chances in this county. We have an APB out on the brown Toyota. Officers are en-route to his apartment now with a search-warrant. I've got plain-clothes officers on stand-by, inside the store and out.

Outerbridge stands.

OUTERBRIDGE (CONT'D)  
He may come back to pick up his photos. He may not. Hard to say. I doubt he will.

STALEY  
You really think that's safe? This place is wall-to-wall families.

OUTERBRIDGE  
If he's stupid enough to come back, he'll never make it inside the store.

He flips closed his little note-book.

INT. SY'S TENEMENT - HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Two uniformed-policemen, OFFICER LYON and OFFICER BRAVO, walk down the hallway to Sy's door. They are accompanied by the building's superintendant, MR. YAVNO.

Lyon knocks.

LYON  
(loud)  
Mr. Parrish.

No answer. He knocks again.

LYON  
(a bit louder)  
Mr. Parrish. Open up, this is the police. We have a warrant to search these premises.

The cop glances at his partner, then gestures for Yavno to open the door. The super fumbles with his dangle of keys, finds the right one and opens the door.

The cops unsnap their holsters, put their hands on their guns and enter the apartment with caution.

INT. SY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The two cops move down the corridor slowly, Lyon in the lead. Sy left the TV on in the kitchen.

A soap-opera PLAYS OFFSCREEN.

OFFICER LYON

(loud)

Mr. Parrish, this is the police! If  
you're in the apartment, we need to know  
right now!

No answer.

OFFICER LYON (cont'd)

(to Bravo)

Kill that TV.

Officer Bravo peels off into the kitchen.

OFFICER LYON

(loud)

Mr. Parrish?!

Officer Lyon keeps moving towards the living room. Somewhere  
offscreen, Officer Bravo silences the soap-opera.

SY'S LIVING ROOM

Lyon emerges from the corridor into the living room. It's  
dark in here. He look around. After a second, he's joined by  
his partner.

BRAVO

It's clear.

THE COPS FACES

They react to seeing the gigantic grid of photos on the wall.  
The curtains are drawn. It's hard to make out the photos in  
the gloom. One of the cops moves to the window and opens the  
curtains. Light pours across the enormous collage.

WE CAN NOW CLEARLY SEE little areas of white on each of over  
a thousand pictures. There are piles of emulsion scrapings  
all along the baseboard.

CLOSER ON SOME OF THE PHOTOS

THE CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY OVER some of the photos. In every  
one in which Will appears, his face has been completely  
scraped away, leaving only the white paper underneath.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

In photo after photo, Will's face has been obliterated. THE EDIT PACE GRADUALLY QUICKENS to suggest that Sy has done this to every single one of the hundreds of photo of Will on this giant collage.

Lyon reaches for his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER LYON

(into walkie)

This is Officer Lyon. Double-six, three-two-one.

Bravo is by the wall, examining the pictures up close. Yavno walks in behind Lyon. His mouth falls open.

YAVNO

(in Russian)

My God. So many of pictures...

DISPATCHER (OS)

(over walkie)

Go ahead, three-two-one.

OFFICER LYON

I need to be patched through to Outerbridge in TMU. Right away please.

DISPATCHER (OS)

(over walkie)

Three-two-one, that's a ten-four.

Bravo moves quickly past Lyon to re-check the rest of the apartment.

OFFICER LYON

(to Yavno)

Mr. Yavno, we're going to have to ask you to step outside, please.

The officer takes the super gently by the arm and leads him back through the corridor.

YAVNO

He doesn't have any family. That can't be his family up there.

As they pass the bedroom, Bravo calls him into the bedroom.

BRAVO

(to his partner)

Dan, take a look at this.

LYON

(to Yavno)

Just step outside, sir. We'll need to ask you some questions in a few minutes.

Lyon shows Yavno out the door and returns to the bedroom.

INT. SY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lyon enters the bedroom. Bravo is by Sy's dresser, where the collection of framed photos of the Yorkins are arrayed. These pictures are intact under the glass. Bravo is putting on a rubber-glove.

OFFICER BRAVO

All of these are the same family as the ones on the wall.

With the gloved hand, he picks up one framed picture in particular and shows it to his partner.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

It's a pre-printed Christmas greeting photo/card. It depicts the Yorkins posing in the front of their house in the snow.

The photo has a blank area to the side, on which is printed:

PEACE ON EARTH!  
SEASON'S GREETINGS  
FROM THE YORKIN FAMILY -  
WILLIAM, NINA, AND JAKOB

HOTEL OPERATOR (VO)

(over phone/filtered)

I'm sorry, sir. I don't find that name registered at the hotel.

INT. HALLWAY OFF LOBBY - MARRIOTT HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy is standing in the hotel's faux-posh corridor, talking on the house phone. He seems out of place in his shabby, unstylish clothes.

SY

(into phone)

Y-O-R-K-I-N?

HOTEL OPERATOR (OS)

(over phone)

I'm sorry, sir. I don't find that name registered.

Sy thinks.

SY  
(into phone)  
Can you try a Maya Birkin? B-I-R-K-I-N?

HOTEL OPERATOR (OS)  
(over phone)  
Checking.  
(beat)  
I'll ring that room for you now, sir.

SY  
(into phone)  
Thank you.

The line rings twice, then Maya answers, laughing.

MAYA (OS)  
(over phone)  
Hello.

Sy adopts his now-familiar, genial tone.

SY  
(into phone)  
Hello. I'm sorry to bother you. This is  
room service...

A hotel GUEST walks by. Sy turns and has to lower his voice a bit.

SY  
(into phone)  
We have your order all ready to go here.  
We just needed to know if you wanted  
coffee with that.

MAYA (OS)  
(over phone, to Will)  
Will, did you want coffee?  
(a beat)  
No. Just the drinks.

SY  
(into phone)  
And this is for room two-sixteen.

MAYA (OS)  
(over phone)  
Uh... no.  
(to Will/muffled)  
We're five-eleven right?  
(MORE)

MAYA (cont'd)

(into phone) SY  
We're five-eleven.

SY  
Five-eleven. Oh my gosh, I was looking at the wrong .... thing, here. I'm so sorry. We'll have you order up there in just a minute.

MAYA (OS)  
(over phone)  
Kay. Thanks.

He hears a click. Sy holds down the "hang-up" button for a second, then releases it. It rings twice.

HOTEL OPERATOR (OS)  
(over phone)  
Hotel operator.

SY  
(into phone)  
Room service, please.

HOTEL OPERATOR (OS)  
(over phone)  
Just one moment, please.

The phone rings twice.

ROOM SERVICE CLERK (OS)  
(over phone)  
Room Service. This is Jon. Can I take your order, please?

SY  
(into phone)  
Hi, Jon. This is Mill Yorkin in five-eleven. We've decided to go out for lunch. Can you cancel our order?

ROOM SERVICE CLERK (OS)  
(over phone)  
No problem. That was five-eleven?

SY  
(into phone)  
That's right. Thanks very much.

ROOM SERVICE CLERK (OS)  
(over phone)  
You're welcome, Mr. Yorkin.

Sy hangs up the phone.

INT. YORKIN HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

The doorbells rings. After a moment, Nina opens the door. It's Outerbridge and Van Der Zee. A young UNIFORMED COP waits by his cruiser in the BG. Outerbridge shows Nina his gold TMU badge.

OUTERBRIDGE

Nina Yorkin?

NINA

Yes.

OUTERBRIDGE

I'm Detective Outerbridge of the Cook County Threat Management Unit. This is Detective Van Der Zee.

NINA

Threat Management. Is Jake alright?

OUTERBRIDGE

Everyone's fine. We need to locate your husband William.

NINA

Will's at work. What's this about?

OUTERBRIDGE

Would you mind if we came inside for a minute?

Nina's mind races with the possibilities of what this might concern.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - LOBBY - FRONT DESK - A MOMENT LATER

Sy approaches the front desk. The DESKMAN looks up from his keyboard. A small sign reads: HANS BELMER - DESK MANAGER.

BELMER

(slight accent)

How can I help you, Sir.

Sy smiles graciously.

SY

Hi. I need a room. Not too high a floor.

BELMER

Let me check, sir.

The deskman turns back to his computer.

SY

Thanks.

BELMER

I can give you... three-thirteen.

Sy makes a little face.

SY

Mmmmm. Anything on five?

BELMER

(not batting an eyelash)

I'll just check, sir.

INT. YORKIN MEDIA GROUP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

YMG is a hip little new-media lab. Will's assistant DOUG (late 20's) picks up the phone at his tidy desk.

DOUG

(into phone)

Will Yorkin's office.

NINA (OS)

(over phone)

Doug, this is Nina. I need Will right now.

The assistant is caught off-guard.

DOUG

(into phone)

Will's out of the office, Mrs. Yorkin.  
I'll let him know you--

Nina is in no-nonsense mode.

NINA (OS)

(over phone)

You need to get him on the phone, Doug.  
This is an emergency.

DOUG

(into phone)

Well... He told me not to interrupt him  
until after five-thirty.

INT. YORKIN HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nina tries to compose herself. She fails.

NINA  
(into phone)  
Doug, I need you to get him on the line  
immediately.

DOUG (OS)  
(over phone)  
Okay. I'll ring him right now. I'm  
putting you on hold.

NINA  
(into phone)  
No, Doug--

Nina hears hold music. He's gone. She grimaces.

NINA  
(to the detectives)  
He's trying him.

Nina has one of the defaced family snapshots from Sy's wall  
in her hand. The photo is in a clear-plastic evidence-baggie.

VAN DER ZEE (OS)  
Where's your son, Mrs. Yorkin?

Nina, deeply shaken by the implication of the photo. She  
looks up.

NINA  
Uhm... He's at his friend Eric's house.

VAN DER ZEE  
You should probably have Eric's mother  
drive him back home now.

NINA  
Oh, my God.

Doug comes back on the line.

DOUG (OS)  
(over phone)  
Mrs. Yorkin?

NINA  
(into phone)  
Doug?

DOUG (OS)  
(over phone)  
I tried his cel. He didn't answer.  
(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)  
I left him a nine-one-one message to call  
you as soon as--

NINA  
(into phone)  
Doug, I know he's fucking Maya Birkin! I  
don't give a shit about that right now!

There is a long pause. The cop's wait patiently.

INT. YMG - OUTSIDE WILL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Doug is really stressed.

DOUG (OS)  
(into phone)  
I don't want to lose my job, Mrs. Yorkin.

She composes herself, lowers her voice.

NINA (OS)  
I promise you, you won't lose your job...  
but you need to answer me now.

Doug sighs. He knows he'll have to tell her.

INT. ELEVATOR - MARRIOTT HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy stands alone in the hotel's elevator. His manner seems  
disturbingly blasé. Muzak plays.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MARRIOTT HOTEL - AFTERNOON - A  
MOMENT LATER

Sy emerges from the elevator, glances at the directional  
signs, and heads down the corridor -- unzipping his shoulder  
bag as he goes.

He arrives at the door marked "511". There is a "Privacy  
Please" sign hanging from the knob. He looks down the  
corridor both ways to be sure he's alone. Then, knocks on the  
door.

SY  
(loudly)  
Room service.

Sy places his left thumb over the peep-hole. His right hand  
goes into his shoulder bag. He hears some movement inside the  
room, faint music.

MAYA (OS)  
Just a second!

Sy checks the corridor again. It's empty.

MAYA (OS)

Can you just leave it outside the door please?

A small look of panic in Sy's eyes. He thinks quickly.

SY

I'm sorry, ma'am. I just need you to sign for this.

MAYA (OS)

Alright.

Sy hears the door being unlocked and the little safety-bar being flipped. The door opens a few inches. Maya starts to peek her head out when...

WHAM! Sy pushes the door open hard, smacking Maya in the forehead.

MAYA (cont'd)

Hey!

INT. WILL YORKIN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sy pushes his way into the room, shoving Maya back with right forearm. Maya is in a white terry-cloth robe which has fallen open. Dazed, she holds her head.

Will is on the bed near the window, naked. Startled, he jumps up, instinctively reaching for a towel to cover himself.

A soft-core, pay-per-view PORN FILM plays on the television: A blonde with fake boobs in a threesome.

Sy reaches into his bag, takes out a LARGE SERRATED HUNTING KNIFE, and points it at Will. Sy is really amped now.

SY

(to Will)

Don't move. Just stay right there.

Will freezes. Sy turns to Maya.

SY

(to Maya)

You.

Maya takes her hand from her head and sees blood. She gasps and begins to lose it.

SY

Look at me!

She complies. Tears are forming.

SY (cont'd)

(to Maya)

Get on the bed.

Maya looks to Will. After a moment, Will nods his head imperceptibly, his mind racing. Maya turns to Sy.

MAYA

(weakly)

What for?

Sy lunges for her and puts the knife in her face.

SY

Because I said so!! I'm in charge here.  
Aren't I? Get on the goddam bed! You  
don't need to know what for.

Maya closes her robe and climbs onto the bed, wrapping her legs underneath her. She looks to Will pleadingly. Will starts to edge his way around the bed.

WILL

Look, I have plenty of cash. It's in my  
wallet in my pants. On the hook in the  
bathroom.

SY

Shut up!

Will closes his mouth, showing Sy he's willing to be  
submissive.

SY (cont'd)

(to Will)

Close the drapes.

Will wraps the towel around his waist and goes to the far end  
of the window to pull the curtain cord. The drapes close and  
the room darkens.

SY (cont'd)

(to Will)

Who told you to do that?!

WILL

I closed the drapes.

SY

Did I tell you to wrap the towel around yourself?

Will starts to get really scared now.

WILL

No.

He unwraps the towel and holds it over his genitals.

SY

(to Will)

Let me explain what's going to happen here. I'm going to tell you to do things ...and then you're going to fucking do them!! Exactly as I tell you!

Sy turns to Maya, who is sniveling on the bed.

MAYA

(to herself)

O my God.

SY

(to Maya)

I'm going to tell you one time and one time only! You got the picture?

Maya just snivels and gasps for air. He leans in closer.

SY

(through clenched teeth)

Do you understand me?

She manages to nod.

SY

(to Will)

Are we clear on this?

Will wants to show him how pissed-off he is, but suppresses the urge.

WILL

Yeah.

Sy points at him with his free hand.

SY

(to Will)

You! Mr. Smartypants. Get on the bed.

Will sighs. He slowly climbs up on the bed and sits next to Maya. He instinctively wraps his arm around her to comfort her.

SY (cont'd)

No!!!!

Will and Maya start and freeze.

SY (CONT'D)

Jesus H. Christ!! I must be talking to a brick wall? Am I talking to a brick wall?!

Will averts his gaze.

WILL

No.

SY

Did I tell you to touch her?

WILL

No.

SY

I don't want you to touch her. If you touch her again, I'll break your arm off at the socket.

He holds his hands over his ears.

SY (cont'd)

Jesus. I can't hear myself think!

Sy finally notices the porno on the TV.

SY'S POV: "Fake Boobs" is gasping and moaning -- getting it from behind.

Sy turns to them.

SY (cont'd)

What is this junk you're watching?!

He violently twists the volume-knob with his knife hand.

SY (cont'd)

No TV for a week!

ON THE TV: The humping and moaning continues in silence.

Except for Maya's simpering, the room is disturbingly quiet now.

SY (cont'd)  
That's better.

Sy paces around, looking at the carpeting and mumbling to himself.

SY (cont'd)  
(muttering)  
Alright.... Okay.

WILL  
Couldn't you just leave? We haven't done anything to you.

Sy stops and looks up at Will.

SY  
You'd like that wouldn't you? Well, this is something that we need to do. And if you'd stop your fucking whining, we can get it accomplished a lot quicker.

He turns to Maya.

SY (cont'd)  
(to Maya)  
You. "Bambi". Take your robe off.

This sends Maya into fits real panic now. She starts to hyperventilate and shakes her head "no". Sy is livid. He puts the knife near her eye.

Will objects.

WILL  
Hey.

Sy redirects the knife toward Will and silences him with a fierce glare. Then, the knife goes back to Maya. Sy speaks in strained, even tones.

SY (cont'd)  
I'm not asking. I'm telling. Get the robe off.

Maya is scared. She removes her robe. Will starts to help her.

SY (cont'd)  
 (to Will)  
 No! She can do it herself!

Will checks himself. Maya gets the robe off. She tosses it on the floor. Sy kicks it away. Maya covers herself, shivering.

Now, Will and Maya are both naked on the bed. Sy looks at them for a moment, breathing heavily. Stressed, he rubs his brow with his knife hand.

SY  
 Can't you stop your sniveling!!! This is supposed to look like fun!!!

CUT TO:

INT. VAN DER ZEE'S UNMARKED POLICE-CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Van Der Zee is driving. He drives at a normal speed. (There is no emergency yet.) Outerbridge is next to him on his cel phone, talking to Belmer, the desk manager.

A dispatcher can be heard on the radio.

DISPATCHER (OS)  
 (over radio)  
 Unit zero-one-one-four, proceed to  
 Deerfield Marriot Hotel at Hunter Valley  
 Road. TMU officers on-route to scene.

OUTERBRIDGE  
 (on cel phone)  
 Can you ring the room again please?

BELMER (OS)  
 (over cel phone)  
 I'll try it one more time, Detective.

Outerbridge waits.

INT. YORKIN HOME - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The young uniformed cop is sitting in the entrance hall reading a magazine. His radio suddenly belches a staticky police call. He turns the volume down and glances into the other room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jake and Nina are curled up on the couch watching TV. Jake is fingering a toy animal and gazing at the screen with a vacant expression.

ANGLE ON THE TV

A Sav-Rite spot comes on. It's a perky, colorful affair -- filled with happy shoppers and helpful salespeople.

In their troubled frame of mind, the irony is lost on them both.

INT. WILL YORKIN'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Will and Maya are on the bed, naked, posing awkwardly in a strange semi-embrace. They do not touch each other. Their hands caress the air a few inches from each other's skin. They are trembling -- under tremendous mental duress.

A FLASH goes off.

ANGLE ON SY

Sy is taking flash snapshots of the couple in the semi-darkness of the room.

Just then, the phone rings. Sy freezes. Will and Maya turn to the phone in unison.

SY (cont'd)

If either one of you moves, I'll cut your fucking fingers off.

The viciousness of this causes Maya to start trembling again. Her nose is running. Will's eyes are filling with tears of frustration.

The phone rings again. Sy looks at Maya with disgust. He picks up Will's discarded towel.

SY (cont'd)

Wipe your nose. You look disgusting.

He throws the towel at her. She wipes the snot off her upper lip. The phone rings again.

The three of them remain frozen. The blonde on the TV screen is now silently performing oral-sex on one of the studs.

The phone rings again.

Finally, silence. The ordeal of waiting for the phone to stop has taken a lot out of Sy. He re-groups, back to business.

SY

Okay. A little disruption.

He gives Maya an angry, disapproving look.

SY  
(to Maya)  
Little one! Smile! You have to look like  
you're having fun. Like it's a game.

Maya tries to smile. It comes out more like a grimace. Tears  
streaming down her cheeks.

Sy snaps a picture. The FLASH goes off.

SY (cont'd)  
Okay. Again. Reach down for his little  
thing. His little sausage.

Maya bites her lip, trying to muster the emotional stamina to  
get through this without completely losing it. She reaches  
her hand slowly down toward Will's crotch.

SY (cont'd)  
Don't touch it!

Maya snaps.

MAYA  
(yelling/crying)  
I wasn't going to!

Sy lowers the camera and moves near her.

SY  
Don't sass me, young lady.

He looks at the top of his camera.

SY (cont'd)  
Nine shots left. We're going to finish  
this roll, then you can have your ice-  
cream.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN DER ZEE'S UNMARKED POLICE-CAR - LATE AFTERNOON -  
SIMULTANEOUS

Long shadows. The car drives on. Outerbridge waits on the cel  
phone.

OUTERBRIDGE  
(into cel phone)  
Mr. Belmer, can you hold the line for a  
minute?

HOTEL MANAGER (OS)  
 (over cel phone)  
 Of course.

Outerbridge covers the mouth-piece and turns to Van Der Zee.

OUTERBRIDGE  
 How far?

VAN DER ZEE  
 Ten minutes.

OUTERBRIDGE  
 Why would they check-in for a lover's  
 tryst, and then go out for food?

VAN DER ZEE  
 Maybe they didn't. Maybe they just wanted  
 to be left alone.

Outerbridge considers this, then goes back to the phone --  
 putting the deskman at his ease.

OUTERBRIDGE  
 (into cel phone)  
 Mr. Belmer? Thanks for your help. Just  
 sit tight. We'll be there in just a few  
 minutes.

HOTEL MANAGER (OS)  
 (over cel phone)  
 Okay.

OUTERBRIDGE  
 (into cel phone)  
 If you see or speak to either one of  
 them, just ask them to wait in your  
 office until we arrive.

INT. WILL YORKIN'S HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET - SIMULTANEOUS

The room is darker now. Will is lying on his back on the bed,  
 staring at the ceiling. A tear slides sideways down his  
 cheek. Maya is kneeling over him.

SY  
 Put his thing in your mouth.

Maya starts to move her head farther down.

SY  
 Don't do it! Pretend! This is all  
 pretend!

Maya is at the breaking point.

MAYA

Okay! I'm doing it! Stop screaming at me!

His camera poised, Sy tries to suppress in his impatience.

SY

But, you're not doing it right!!

She rushes up to her and grasps the top of her head in his hand. He pushes her roughly.

SY

(screams)

This way!! Like This!!

The touch of Sy's hand on her sends Maya over the edge. She stifles a scream.

MAYA

Aaagghhh!!

Will covers his face with his forearm, trying to make the nightmare go away.

MAYA (cont'd)

(to herself)

I think I feel sick.

Sy isn't even hearing her.

SY

If you touch him it's filthy!! This is make-believe!

Maya hovers over Will's body. Sy's FLASH goes off, capturing the strange and obscene tableaux.

FADE OUT.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDORS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

QUICK CLOSE-UPS:

- Sy slips his key-card into the slot.
- The little light goes from red to green.
- Sy slips into his room.
- As the door closes, the room number sign comes into focus. It reads: 517.

## INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - SY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sy enters the room and closes the door behind him. He leans his back against the door and shuts his eyes for a few seconds. Then, Sy moves to the window and pulls the curtains closed. The room becomes very dark.

LATER

Sy turns off the light and emerges from the bathroom. His hair is damp. He has cleaned up a bit.

LATER

Sy is stretched out on his back, on top of the patterned bedspread. He lies very stiffly, like a corpse.

SY'S POV: The ceiling of the room in the near-darkness. Cottage-cheese plaster, a plain light fixture, and the fire-sprinkler.

He seems becalmed. Sy closes his eyes to rest.

## EXT. MARRIOT HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - SUNSET - SIMULTANEOUS

Van Der Zee's Chrysler pulls up to the hotel. He parks the car on the far side of the main driveway.

A police-cruiser is waiting for them, red lights spinning. The detectives get out of the car. Officers Lyon and Bravo meet them by the entrance.

Van Der Zee hands them a color-xerox of Sy's "Sav-Rite Employee of the Month" photo.

VAN DER ZEE

This is our guy.

The cops give the photo a look.

OUTERBRIDGE

(to Lyon)

Dan, go around back. Keep an eye on the loading docks and the back exits.

(to Bravo)

You stay in the lobby. Watch the entrance. Walkies on "2".

He gestures to Van Der Zee. The cops switch their walkie channels to "2".

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

I just need to talk to this Yorkin guy.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

Outerbridge and Van Der Zee move through the revolving door and walk up to Belmer, the desk manager. Outerbridge has his badge out.

OUTERBRIDGE

Mr. Belmer? I'm Detective Outerbridge.  
This is Detective Van Der Zee. We just spoke.

BELMER

Right. What's this all about?

Outerbridge puts the man at his ease.

OUTERBRIDGE

It's probably nothing, but we might have a stalking scenario playing itself out. We're just taking extra precautions. Any word from Ms. Birkin's room?

BELMER

No. None at all.

OUTERBRIDGE

And you haven't seen Mr. Yorkin or Ms. Birkin come back in.

BELMER

I haven't seen either one of them.

Van Der Zee produces the photo of Sy.

OUTERBRIDGE

And have you seen this man?

Belmer, of course, reacts to the photo.

BELMER

He just checked in about a half-hour ago.

Outerbridge reacts.

OUTERBRIDGE

What room?

Belmer turns to his computer console and starts typing.

BELMER

(typing)

I offered him a room on three, but he wanted something on the fifth floor.

Belmer hits "enter". Waits.

BELMER  
Five-seventeen.

OUTERBRIDGE  
And Birkin is on five?

BELMER  
Five-eleven.

OUTERBRIDGE  
(even tones)  
Mr. Belmer, I need a pass-key. Right now.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - SY'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The room is much darker now. Sy is still on the bed in the same position. There is a slight red flashing ambience in the room. Sy opens his eyes and looks over to the window.

SY'S POV: A red flashing light bleeds around the edges of the closed curtains.

Curious, Sy gets out of bed and goes to the window. He moves the curtains a few inches and peeks out the window.

SY'S POV: Sy can just make out the top of the police-cruiser in the parking lot to the side of the building. Its red lights are on and flashing.

He shuts the curtains. His mind races.

He grabs his bag on the opposite bed, shoulders it and moves to the door.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door a crack, peeks out to make sure the coast is clear.

SY'S POV: An OLDER COUPLE are in the vestibule, waiting for the elevator.

Sy waits. He hears the elevator bell ring and the doors open.

SY'S POV: The couple step into the elevator and the doors start to close.

Sy quickly emerges from the room and exits frame.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - SY'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

In the darkness of the room, sitting on the dresser, Sy's camera has been left behind.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER

Sy walks quickly down the corridor and past the elevator bank. He comes to a door marked "EXIT", pushes it open, and disappears into the stairwell.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR ELEVATOR - SIMULTANEOUS

A split second later, the elevator doors slide open. Outerbridge and Van Der Zee emerge and make their way down the same corridor where Sy just passed.

They arrive at Sy's door and stand on either side with their backs to the wall. Outerbridge nods to Van Der Zee, who knocks on the door.

VAN DER ZEE

(loud)

Mr. Parrish. This is the police. Open the door, please.

No response. Outerbridge nods again. Van Der Zee pulls out the key-card and slips it into the lock. The light goes from red to green. Van Der Zee pushes the door open swiftly and the two of them rush inside the room.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - CORRIDOR OFF LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

Sy emerges from the stairwell and starts to walk towards the lobby. He stops cold.

SY'S POV: He sees Officer Bravo, his back to him. He sees the small walkie-talkie earplug in his ear.

Sy turns and makes his way down the hall in the other direction.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - SY'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Outerbridge and Van Der Zee stand in the empty room. Van Der Zee opens the curtains and the two of them stand in the empty room. The only sign that Sy was here is the slight indentation on the bedspread.

Outerbridge goes to check out the bathroom. He flicks on the light.

OUTERBRIDGE'S POV: Aside from a used towel on the counter, the bathroom is clean.

VAN DER ZEE (OS)

Paul?

Outerbridge comes back out into the bedroom. Van Der Zee stands by the dresser. He gestures to Sy's camera.

VAN DER ZEE (cont'd)

There's film in it.

OUTERBRIDGE

Let's find Yorkin.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Outerbridge and Van Der Zee round a corner and stride down the fifth floor corridor. They come to room: 511. Outerbridge knocks.

OUTERBRIDGE

Ms. Birkin?

No response. He knocks again.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

Ms. Birkin. This is the police. If you're in there, please open the door.

Nothing.

Outerbridge nods to Van Der Zee, who opens the door with the pass-key card. Outerbridge enters.

INT. WILL YORKIN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Outerbridge enters the room cautiously. The sound of the shower running.

OUTERBRIDGE

Ms. Birkin?

OUTERBRIDGE'S POV: Will Yorkin sits on the edge of the bed, in his robe, in the darkness. The only real illumination now is from the porno on the television. He appears to be in a stupor.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

William Yorkin.

Will does not respond. As Outerbridge passes the open bathroom door, he peers in. The light is on.

OUTERBRIDGE'S POV: There is vomit on the floor and in the toilet. The sound of the shower is louder now.

Outerbridge nods for Van Der Zee to see to Yorkin, and enters the bathroom.

OUTERBRIDGE

(loud)

Ms. Birkin?

He turns to look toward the shower. Then looks down, peering around the partially closed shower-curtain.

OUTERBRIDGE'S POV: Maya Birkin is naked, shivering, curled up in the corner of the bathtub -- the water pouring down on her.

Outerbridge reacts compassionately.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

(gently)

Maya? Maya, I'm a police officer. It's okay now.

He reaches for a towel from the rack, as Maya looks up at him through the spray, like a wounded animal.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

Let's get you out of here.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - RESTAURANT - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Sy, looking more than a bit tweaked, enters the relatively busy restaurant. A YOUNG HOSTESS grabs a menu and greets him cheerfully.

HOSTESS

Hi, there. Table for one?

SY

(mumbling)

I'm meeting someone.

Sy moves past her into the restaurant, winds his way by the salad bar, around the DINERS, and to the kitchen door at the rear of the room. He pushes past a WAITER into the kitchen.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sy winds his way past WAITERS and BUS-BOYS through the bustling kitchen. He sees an access to the rear of this area and heads for it. A COOK touches his sleeve.

COOK

Can I help you, sir?

Sy ignores him and continues through to the rear-access area.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - KITCHEN UTILITY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sy walks/runs down the cement corridor.

SY'S POV: The door at the end of the corridor. It has a striped orange "ALARM WILL SOUND" panel on the push-handle, signifying that the door leads outdoors.

Sy heads for the door. He pushes the panel open. A shrill, rhythmic alarm sounds.

INT. WILL YORKIN'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Maya is in her robe, next to Will on the bed now. Everyone reacts to the sound of the alarm. Outerbridge rises and turns to Van Der Zee.

OUTERBRIDGE

Stay with them.

Van Der Zee nods and kneels down to comfort Will and Maya, as Outerbridge heads for the door.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Outerbridge emerges from Will's room into the corridor.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

(into walkie)

Manny, where is it?

He looks both ways and runs for the stairwell -- unsnapping his holster as he goes. A few other guests emerge from their rooms, looking bewildered.

EXT. MARRIOT HOTEL - REAR PARKING LOT - MAGIC HOUR - CONTINUOUS

Sy has burst through the door and is running down a low flight of metal stairs. He finds himself in an empty parking lot/delivery area. He looks to his right.

SY'S POV: Sy can make out the flashing red lights of the cruiser just around the corner of the building.

INT. LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

Bravo is at the front desk. Belmer is checking his computer screen.

BELMER

(to Bravo)

It's the rear kitchen-access. Around to the left and through the cafe.

Bravo rounds the lobby to the corridor, talking on his walkie.

BRAVO

(into walkie)

Main floor. In the back.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Outerbridge is bounding down the stairs. He passes a floor-sign marked "2".

BRAVO (OS)

(over walkie)

Kitchen-access. Go through the restaurant.

EXT. MARRIOT HOTEL - REAR PARKING LOT - MAGIC HOUR -  
SIMULTANEOUS

Sy staggers in the other direction and starts to walk/run around the other side of the building. Suddenly, he's hit with an intensely bright light. He freezes -- blinded, stunned.

Sy's eyes glow red. He tries to shield them from the glare.

OFFICER A (OS)

Police! Freeze!

SY'S POV: Through the glare, Sy can see that another cruiser has pulled up to block his escape and has shined a bright side-mounted, search-light on him. Both COPS have gotten out of the car and has his gun trained on him.

OFFICER A

Show me your hands!

Sy turns and starts to run in the other direction. Then, another bright light blasts him. Sy skids to a stop again. Again, the "red-eye effect".

SY'S POV: The same deal on the other side. The first cruiser has pulled forward from around the side of the building to block him off and blind him with its searchlight.

OFFICER LYON

Put your hands on top of your head!! Do it!!

This time Sy realizes he has no escape route.

OFFICER LYON (cont'd)

Get down on your knees! Drop!! Now!!

Sy reluctantly complies.

Bravo emerges from the access door, weapon drawn. He edges down the stairs, pointing the weapon at Sy.

Officer A and Officer B come on him from the back and cuff him roughly. They remove his shoulder-bag and start to frisk him.

After a moment, Outerbridge appears at the door, out of breath -- glad to see the ordeal is over.

HIGH ANGLE ON SY

Sy is on his knees in the parking lot in the glare of both searchlights and the long shadows of the approaching cops. Officer Lyon recites Sy's Miranda rights.

Sy's not listening.

SY

(quietly)

I was just taking some pictures.

Sy looks up at the twilight sky.

SY'S POV: The tall, metal stalk of the parking-lot's lights rising to the lavender sky, topped by six, yellow, sodium-vapor fixtures -- like a flower atop a stem.

Sy's eyes sparkle for an instant. He seems to appreciate this very striking image.

INT. YORKIN HOME - FOYER/KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

Nina is serving Jake his dinner at the kitchen table. The doorbell rings. They look up.

IN THE FOYER

The uniformed cop has risen to answer the door. He gestures for Jake to stay back, peers through the peephole, and then opens the door. Will is there -- haggard and humbled. Van Der Zee stands behind him.

Jake runs to him.

JAKE

Dad!

The boy throws himself around his father's waist. His father hugs him back hard.

WILL

Hey, kiddo.

Will looks up at Nina, who is still in the kitchen wiping her hands with a dishtowel. She is relieved he is unharmed, yet the anger and pain over his transgression is still too fresh. Eyes brimming with the tears of many emotions, she turns and heads back into the kitchen.

Tears spill down Will's cheeks. He hugs his son harder and strokes his hair.

WE PAN RIGHT TO A CLOSE-UP of a small, framed family-photo that sits on a table in the foyer. The photo shows the Yorkins in far happier times.

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE-STATION - BOOKING AREA - DAY

Sy's face appears on the computer screen in a little window. His name and his booking info are being typed in, super-imposed over the bottom of his digital-image.

Sy is standing on a low platform against a plain white-background. Across from him, an OFFICER/BOOKING CLERK is typing onto a computer keyboard. A medium-sized machine faces him -- the mugshot camera. Sy is fascinated by the device.

SY

What kind of camera is that?

BOOKING CLERK  
(still typing)  
No talking, sir.

Sy closes his mouth.

BOOKING CLERK  
(monotone)  
Face forward, chin down, arms at your  
side, do not smile.

The officer presses a key on the keyboard and the camera  
flashes. The officer types some more.

BOOKING CLERK  
(monotone)  
Turn to your left, stand straight, arms  
at your side, do not smile.

He presses the key again. Again, the camera flashes. Sy looks  
over.

SY  
That thing's digital right?

BOOKING CLERK  
(ignoring him)  
That's it, sir. You're done. Please step  
down. Follow the orange line.

Sy nods and steps down.

SY  
(to the Female Officer)  
Everything's going digital. No more film.  
No more chemicals.

A FEMALE OFFICER takes him by the elbow and leads him away.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - EVENING - LATER

Outerbridge is striding down a busy hallway at the precinct.  
He has some paperwork in his hand. He is caught up by a  
Police PHOTO-LAB TECHNICIAN (30's, petite) in a pale-blue lab  
coat.

PHOTO-TECH  
I got those Parrish photos done.

The detective stops. She hands him a folder and a small  
manila envelope. He opens the folder.

ANGLE ON THE FOLDER

A stack of color 4x5's. Outerbridge flips through some of them -- flash photos of Will and Maya, nude, posed in their peculiar erotic tableaux.

PHOTO-TECH (OS)

Those were from the canister in his bag.

He closes the folder, then opens the envelope.

PHOTO-TECH

Those are from the roll that he left in the camera.

Outerbridge removes this stack of photos. He shuffles through them with interest, then slips them back into the envelope.

OUTERBRIDGE

(to Photo-Tech)

Thanks a lot, Jen.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Sy sits at a small table, handcuffed and shackled to the chair. Outerbridge comes into the room. He's holding the small manila envelope. Sy looks up at Outerbridge with a blank expression.

OUTERBRIDGE

We processed the roll of film in your bag, Mr. Parrish. They're not very pretty pictures.

Sy looks at him.

OUTERBRIDGE

You also left the camera in your hotel room. We had that roll processed as well.

Outerbridge hold up a small manila envelope in his hand.

SY

Can I see them?

Outerbridge sits across from Sy. He places the envelope down on the table, away from Sy.

OUTERBRIDGE

It wasn't a favor, Mr. Parrish. This is evidence.

Sy gazes at the envelope expectantly.

SY

Do you guys have a lab here or do you have to send them out?

Outerbridge ignores the question. He moves the envelope on the corner of the table, a few inches farther away from Sy.

OUTERBRIDGE

A public defender's on the way here now, Sy. She should be here within half an hour.

Sy nods.

OUTERBRIDGE

You don't have to talk to me until she gets here if you don't want to. You understand that. Right?

SY

Uh-huh.

Sy seems calm -- perhaps even unaware of the consequences of what he's done.

OUTERBRIDGE

I'd like to ask you one question, Sy.

Sy looks at the wall.

OUTERBRIDGE (cont'd)

What was it about William Yorkin that upset you, Sy? What exactly did he do to provoke this?

Sy looks at Outerbridge for a long moment with a look of growing incredulity, is about to speak, then stills himself and takes a different tack.

SY

Are you married, Detective? Do you have children?

This gets Outerbridge's fur up.

OUTERBRIDGE

I'm asking the questions, Sy.

SY

No, I know. I know. But, just this one question: Are you a family man, Detective?

Outerbridge thinks for a moment before answering.

OUTERBRIDGE

That's none of your business, Sy.

SY

No, sir it isn't. You're right. It's none of my business. But, I'm guessing from your answer, and by the ring there on your finger, that you are.

Outerbridge fingers his wedding ring and moves it out of sight beneath the table. Sy becomes very intent, sincere.

SY (cont'd)

And that makes you a fortunate man.

Outerbridge listens, wondering where this is going.

SY (cont'd)

I can tell from the way you've treated me so far, the way you carry out your job, that you're a good man -- a good husband and father. A man who appreciates his good fortune.

Sy becomes increasingly emotional.

SY (CONT'D) SY

You're not the kind of father who would cheat on his wife and betray his family's trust. You would never hurt your family. You would never neglect or abuse your children. Make horrible demands on your children. You would never ask them...

He starts to weep. He takes a deep breath and tries to calm himself.

SY (CONT'D)

...ask them to do things. Things that children shouldn't do!

Outerbridge is riveted.

SY (CONT'D)

You would never treat your children like animals.

Sy looks down at the floor for a very long moment. The room buzzes with tension.

SY (CONT'D)

(simply)

Will Yorkin was not a good father.

Outerbridge takes a deep breath and gazes at Sy, who is unable to make eye contact now.

OUTERBRIDGE

I think I understand now, Sy. Thank you for answering my question so candidly.

Sy manages a small nod. He wipes his nose.

SY

(still looking at the floor)

Can I can see my pictures now?

OUTERBRIDGE

Sure, Sy.

Outerbridge takes the envelope, rises, and extracts the prints from the envelope. He places them in front of Sy. They spread out a bit before him.

Sy sits up and looks at a few of them. He looks up to Outerbridge with a smile.

SY

They came out good.

Outerbridge looks down at him with veiled incomprehension as Sy avidly examines the pictures as if nothing had happened.

Sy starts to lay them out in a grid-pattern on the table before him.

#### ANGLE ON THE PHOTOS

They are still-lives of the hotel room where Sy hid-out just before he was captured. Impersonal, uninflected, flash images of details of the room: the perfectly made bed, the row of empty coat hangers in the closet, the framed art on the wall, the toilet, the drinking glasses (with the sanitary paper-covers), the Gideon's bible in the bedside drawer, the mint on the pillow, etc.

Outerbridge stops by the door. He turns.

OUTERBRIDGE

What do you see in those pictures, Sy?

Sy lays out the last few pictures. He now has a perfect grid of thirty-six horizontal rectangles laid before him -- six by six. He looks up at Outerbridge and shrugs his shoulders slightly.

SY

They're just pictures of things I want to remember.

Outerbridge looks at Sy, then nods slightly.

OUTERBRIDGE

Okay, Sy. Your lawyer should be here in a few minutes. You just sit tight now.

Outerbridge knocks on the door. Someone opens the door for him and he exits.

CLOSE ON SY

As he looks down at all of the pictures. He seems happy with the way they came out.

He starts to hum a tune that we may recall from the Muzak system at SAV-RITE, as he fusses with the grid of photos -- adjusting them minutely so that they form a more perfect grid pattern.

THE CAMERA DOLLIES BACK VERY SLOWLY as Sy continues to gaze at the photographs before him on the table.

INT. POLICE-STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE Sy through the two-way mirror of a darkened observation room. The rectangular window frames him like a photograph.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

END.