

THE KID WITH THE CAMERA

A

Screenplay

By

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SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN:

A SLOW TRACKING SHOT begins towards a SILVER NIKON F2 against a WHITE BACKGROUND. It looks disembodied.

NARRATOR (VO)

Once upon a time, there was, born in Niagara Falls, Canada, a boy named Walter Rilke. For his eighth birthday his Father, in his failed wisdom, gave him a camera. No one within a focal distance of six inches to infinity would ever be safe again.

An EVIDENCE TAG is attached to the Nikon. The camera pans down the faded tag. It reads: "*Case No. 84076312; New York, New York; 84/05/02; Silver camera, Nikon model f2, serial number 7207743; Murder; Gordon, J.; Det. Lt. Holden, F.; Homicide.*"

NIAGARA FALLS, JANUARY 20TH, 1973

EXT. RILKE HOME - WINTER AFTERNOON

CHILDREN torment each other with snowballs.

INT. RILKE HOME - LIVING ROOM

WALTER RILKE (8 years-old) is pudgy and short (3' 8"), and has dark brown hair styled in a greasy, Hitler hair-do. His beady, black-olive eyes NEVER SEEM TO REFLECT LIGHT. When he speaks, it is monotonous and in a regional dialect not his own. He sits cross-legged assembling LEGO, alone, at his own BIRTHDAY PARTY.

JONATHAN RILKE (42), a tall handsome man, walks toward Walter carrying a GLASS OF BOURBON. He picks up a gift and holds it in front of Walter.

JONATHAN

(drunk; breaths heavy
(gives Walter gift)

Here kid.

The gift has obviously been opened and re-packaged.

Walter looks at his father, who motions for him to continue. Walter looks to his Mother, THELMA RILKE (35). She smokes on the couch, reading a book. She ignores him.

Walter begins to methodically unwrap the present, revealing a WHITE BOX.

He opens the box carefully removing the stuffing and takes out a NIKON F2 CAMERA, 50MM lens and a FLASH.

JONATHAN

We expect a masterpiece from you so we can retire early. Happy birthday.

TWO TWIN GIRLS (8 years-old) run up the basement stairs. They stop in the living room.

TWIN GIRL #1

Mrs. Rilke, we're going outside to play now.

THELMA

Okay, girls. Have fun.

TWIN GIRL #2

(looks at Walter)

You're not invited, Walter.

Walter glares at her. She runs out. Walter walks over to the front window. The girls join the children brutalizing each other in his front yard.

Walter raises the camera to his eye and takes a picture.

EXT. WINTER STREET - AFTERNOON

A BUICK SKYLARK sits engine running under a snow-covered tree, its exhaust rises into the sky.

Walter approaches the Buick. MOANING is heard.

Through the fogged car windows we see Jonathan and his secretary, MISS WILLIAMS (20's). Her shirt is up revealing her bra and her head is in his lap bobbing up and down as she gives him a blow job.

We hear the successive 'CLICKING' of a camera shutter.

JONATHAN

Oh, GOD! Oh yeah! Like that, yeah, just like that...

MISS WILLIAMS

(into it)

Like that, baby?

His father moans.

Walter is reflected in the car window.

CUT TO:

INT. RILKE HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Thelma cleans dishes and drinks a glass of red wine. She smokes. Jonathan enters and opens the white GE refrigerator. He takes out a bottle of milk and begins to drink it.

THELMA
Did Walter find you?

JONATHAN
What? No?

He closes the fridge door. On the door, in pencil, Walter's height has been marked out in increments. Age eight - 3'8".

THELMA
He was going to take pictures of you.

JONATHAN
(wary)
Was he? Where is he now?

THELMA
Downstairs. He's beginning to stink like developer.

INT. BASEMENT

He walks down the stairs into the unfinished basement.

A camera 'FLASH' blinds him.

JONATHAN
Jesus Christ!
(putting his hands up)

'FLASH!'

Walter loads a new FLASH BULB.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
STOP IT!

'FLASH!'

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Goddamn it! Stop it. What are you trying to do? Kill me?

Walter stands at the bottom of the stairs. He puts down the camera and walks back into the darkroom, shutting the door. A RED GLOW emanates from under the door.

INT. DARKROOM

Jonathan enters. The lights switch off. Complete darkness.

JONATHAN

Turn on the lights!

WALTER

No.

We hear SNIPPING AND SCRAPING SOUNDS.

Walter turns on the RED SAFE LIGHT. He looks decidedly creepy in the red light. He adds chemicals to a DEVELOPING TANK. He rotates it every thirty seconds.

JONATHAN

Hey, you're getting pretty good at that. Pretty soon I'll have to hire you at the agency.

He looks around the darkroom. Prints are on clotheslines and tacked to the wall.

PHOTOS OF: POLICE SCENES, CASINOS, NEWLYWEDS, TOURISTS, MOTELS, THE FALLS, ETC.

Walter walks to the sink where a photograph is floating. He picks it up and squeegee's it.

WALTER

Daddy, I want to show you my picture.

(he gives the photograph to his father)

An expression of shock wipes over his face.

WALTER

Do you like it daddy? Is it a masterpiece?

CLOSE SHOT - PHOTO OF JONATHAN AND HIS SECRETARY IN CAR IN A SEXUAL POSITION.

He looks over in horror at a WASH BASIN. It is full of PRINTS OF HIM IN THE CAR IN VARIOUS CARNAL POSITIONS.

JONATHAN

You're grounded!

WALTER

(terse)

I am going to tell Mommy.

JONATHAN

No-no-no-no. You don't want to do that.

Long pause. Walter shows no emotion.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Listen, son... Can I get you something?

WALTER

Yes. A Nikkor 24mm camera lens with an aperture of *f*2.

JONATHAN

Are you sure there isn't something you would like instead? A dog, maybe.

WALTER

No dog, Daddy!

INT. NIAGARA PHOTOGRAPHY STORE - NIGHT

Jonathan looks at the glass cases full of lenses. A JAPANESE CLERK (early 20s) stands behind the counter. Casino's neon signs and NEWLYWED COUPLES pass outside the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIREPLACE - NIGHT

Jonathan sits drinking and watching the photos burn.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS (HORSESHOE FALLS) - SPRING DAY

Jonathan and Miss Williams slip away from crowd into a semi-private area of the tourist attraction. They embrace, undoing each other's clothes, passionately making love.

RACK FOCUS

Suddenly they become soft in focus.

RACK FOCUS

They are sharp again. "CLICK!" (OS) A camera shutter closes.

Walter drops the camera from his eye. They finish having sex and nonchalantly walk away, alongside the Falls barrier.

His Father looks down into the Falls. Walter also looks down at the rushing water.

CLOSE SHOT - CRASHING WATER

INT. DARKROOM - RED SAFE-LIGHT

Walter stands above developing trays as a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO OF MR. RILKE KISSING MISS WILLIAMS develops.
 CLOSE UP - FULL SCREEN B + W PHOTOS 24 PHOTOS IN SEQUENCE:
 AN ENTIRE DAY IN THE LIFE OF HIS FATHER AND SECRETARY.

EXT. RILKE HOME - NIGHT

The Rilke's BUICK drives up the lane. The headlights go off and Jonathan glides the car into the driveway.

INT. RILKE HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Jonathan opens the front door. He closes it gently and turns around... "FLASH!" He is caught by Walter.

JONATHAN
 (a bit drunk)
 Walter!... Shhh!

WALTER
 I have some more photos Daddy.

JONATHAN
 Not this again. Let's see them.
 All of them.

Walter gives him the photos in a neat pile.

JONATHAN
 (looking at photos)
 You're grounded. No more pictures
 anymore. Now give me your camera.

Walter holds his camera firm.

JONATHAN
 Give it to me!

WALTER
 I wouldn't do that Daddy!

JONATHAN
 (trying to grab it)
 Walter. Give it! Give!

Walter swings the camera and it lands into the side of his Father's head. Jonathan grabs the camera from Walter.

WALTER
 Give me my Nikon!

Jonathan smacks Walter on the bottom several times.

His Mother in her house-robe comes out of her room. She looks down at her husband holding his head.

JONATHAN

(spanking)

He hit me with that bloody camera...

THELMA

(pointing to Walter)

Go to you're room! Now!

Walter charges past her and opens the door to his room.

THELMA

And where the hell were you?

Walter stands looking out his door.

CLOSE SHOT - WALTER'S EYES STARE

MONDAY

INT. RILKE HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE

Walter sits and leafs through an ADDRESS BOOK. Beside him is a stack of MANILA ENVELOPES. He finds the address and then writes it down on the envelope in pencil crayon.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Walter walks towards a MAILBOX carrying his GREEN BACKPACK. He opens his it and takes out around TWENTY MANILA ENVELOPES and one by one puts them in the mailbox and walks away.

TUESDAY

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - LATE AFTERNOON

We see Jonathan Rilke get out his car, visibly upset. He walks over to the edge of the falls.

NARRATOR (VO)

To make a long story short, on a Tuesday afternoon in March, some forty-four days after Walter's eighth birthday, his father, at the ripe old age of forty-two, decided after much contemplation that he would plunge one hundred and seventy-three feet into the Falls.

He jumps...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - FUNERAL - DAY

A PRIEST reads last rites near the COFFIN as Walter focuses his camera on the MOURNERS. His Mother restrains Walter. He takes a picture of the coffin as it is being lowered.

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Walter is sitting on the examination table. DR. NEIDERMEYER (30's) examines Walter, his eyes, ears, throat. His mother is nearby watching with concern. Walter's camera is around his neck.

DR. NEIDERMEYER

He's a little on the heavy side,
too many chocolate bars, eh Walter?
Other than that. He seems in good
health. Nothing seems physically
wrong. His vision is very good.
Hence the photography. You can get
down now Walter.

He does.

MRS. RILKE

Walter, go look at some magazines.

Walter exits into...

INT. WAITING ROOM

The receptionist smiles at Walter. He picks up a magazine.

MRS. RILKE

He's so distant. I think the only
thing that gives him any feelings
are his pictures.

DR. NEIDERMEYER

Well, now. I would suggest that
Walter probably doesn't need a
psychologist, just yet, he needs
someone who can give him a little
guidance. He's must feel terrible,
causing his father's death.

Camera flashes come out from the door.

MRS. RILKE

See! He's like this everyday!

They observe Walter.

DR. NEIDERMEYER

There is a photographer I know.
(MORE)

DR. NEIDERMEYER
 Alexander Michael Thomas.
 (writes on prescription
 pad; gives to her)
 He shot my wedding. He's very good.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER MICHAEL THOMAS STUDIO - WINTER DAY

A BRASS PLAQUE reads: *Alexander · Michael · Thomas Fine Art
 And Wedding Photography.*

Walter's Mother drags him. Walter carries a BLACK PORTFOLIO
 and wears big snow boots. She smokes heavily.

INT. ALEXANDER MICHAEL THOMAS STUDIO

It has a clean modern feel with sparse furniture. A white
 CYCLORAMA is set-up with STROBE LIGHTS. Wedding Portraits
 reminiscent of DAVID BAILEY, are on the wall.

LAURA (20's), a fashion model, poses for ALEXANDER MICHAEL
 THOMAS (40's), British, tall and lanky.

Walter enters the room, examining everything.

ALEX
 Good. And again. Angrier. Yes.
 Again. Good. Stop!

Alex stops and reloads. The model relaxes.

ALEX
 Just a minute Laura.

Laura begins to stretch. Thelma walks up to Alex. Walter
 eyes Laura. Revolted, Laura turns away.

ALEX
 Alexander Michael Thomas, Missus?

THELMA
 Rilke. Thelma.

ALEX
 Right. Rake. Call me Alex. Is this
 the kid? Walter?

THELMA
 That's right. Dr. Neidermeyer
 referred me.

He looks at Walter, who is examining his Hasselblad.

ALEX

He did, huh? Kid, don't touch that.
It's expensive.

Walter tries out the camera a few times before setting it down. Alex watches him very uneasily.

THELMA

He's very talented.

ALEX

(looking at Walter)
Oh, yeah? Talented, huh. Well, that may be, but, I'm really busy, Mrs. Rake, and he's too young. Bring him back when he's sixteen. I said don't touch!

Walter stares at Alex like Medusa.

THELMA

Just look at his photos.
(coughs badly)

Alex looks at her coughing, his face contorted.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Please, all he does is talk about photography, I don't even know what he's saying anymore... and there have been some incidents.

ALEX

Incidents? What kind of incidents?
He's only eight.

THELMA

Incidents, Mr. Thomas. Incidents.
Just have a look. I beg you. I don't know where else to go.

She hands the case to him. Alex takes it hesitantly. He opens it and stares mouth agape into the portfolio. Alex flips a few pages then closes it quickly.

ALEX

Have him come tomorrow after school. Can you leave these here?

Alex looks at Walter.

Walter pulls his lips to the side in what can only be described as a smile.

THELMA

Is that okay with you?

WALTER

Yes. Mr. Thomas, *I am going to be the best photographer who ever lived.*

ALEX

Oh yeah, kid. I hope you like weddings.

INT. STUDIO - LATER

Alex watches Walter and his Mother walk away. He takes a drink of scotch and lights a smoke. He opens the portfolio. He spreads the photos onto the floor. Cigarette ash falls on a PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. He wipes it off, pauses, and then burns a hole through her eye with his cigarette.

EXT. STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Walter walks down the sidewalk in front of the studio. He goes up to the door. A sign reads: CLOSED

Walter tugs at the door several times. He steps back and looks up at the studio. Alex stands in the window drink in hand.

Walter stares. He DOES NOT BLINK. Alex closes the curtain.

INT. STUDIO - LATER

Alex, drunk, approaches the window and looks out.

Walter is still there.

INT. STUDIO - STAIRWELL - MORNING

ALEX stumbles down the stairs wearing a ROBE and unlocks the door. He immediately heads back upstairs.

NARRATOR (VO)

Alex finally let Walter in five days later. It would be nine years before he would leave.

Walter opens the door and enters.

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

1 9 8 3

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - STAIRWELL - EVENING

ELSIE GARDNER (21, German) and HELMUT MÜLLER (25 ÜberGerman) stand at the mouth of the stairwell. Only one light is on in the studio. On the walls are OUTRAGEOUS WEDDING PORTRAITS that can only be Walter's.

Walter (age 18) is blocking the studio entrance. He is greasy and chubby and short. He looks like Peter Lorre.

WALTER

No! No wedding photos, I have done enough. My work is deteriorating.

Walter walks to the "OPEN" sign on the window. He flips the sign over. It now reads "CLOSED".

WALTER (CONT'D)

I am closed now. It is hospital visiting hours now and I have to visit my Mother. She is sick and dying of cancer. So, go now.

ELSIE

We're very sorry to hear that. Aren't we Helmut?

HELMUT

(heavy German accent)

Yah, very sad. Elsie, breaks my heart just to bits. Look, ve've talked to everyone, yah, see, and dey are no goot. Dey say you are the best, and ve vant de vest, see.

WALTER

Yes, I am the very best in the city.

HELMUT

(sarcastic)

Vell. Goot for you. Da best in Niagara Valls. Isn't dat goot.

WALTER

And where do you suppose I go, Mr. Müller? *Berlin*?

HELMUT

Yah. Of course, you go to Berlin. Germany is da best. But it is far.

(MORE)

HELMUT (CONT'D)

So, you go to New York. It is almost as goot.

ELSIE

It's true. Everyone, who's anyone, is there. All the best artists.

WALTER

I have to go to New York.

HELMUT

(irritated)

Look, ve only get married once, ya know. We want Gesamtkunstwerk. Total vork of art. Ve're is dat other fella, who's name is engraved on da door? Vere is he? Alex Thomas. Might ve talk ta him?

WALTER

He is drunk, in an alley.

HELMUT

Ahhhh. Let's go Elsie. Forget him, he is no goot.

Helmut walks away. Walter's eyes burn into him. Elsie opens her purse and takes out a pen and scrap of paper.

ELSIE

(writes address)

Please, if you change your mind.

(gives it to Walter)

You can reach me at my Mother's.

Walter looks at the note. They exit. Walter walks over to the window.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - WALTER'S POV

The lights of the city glow with Casino and Hotel Advertising. Niagara Falls glows as lights are cast upon it.

PAN TO:

The glowing lights of NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK STATE.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Walter looks out the window sadly.

He walks away and turns the studio lights off.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY

Inside are various ACCIDENT VICTIMS, sitting and waiting. Walter takes a photo of them as he passes.

ADMITTING NURSE

Mr. Rilke, leave them alone!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Walter walks down the hallway taking pictures at everything. NURSE JOHNSON (30) (sweet and beautiful) approaches him.

NURSE JOHNSON

Hello, Walter. Still taking pictures I see.

WALTER

Yes, Ms. Johnson. I am going to New York.

NURSE JOHNSON

Really? That's so nice. I know when I was your age all I could think of was getting a car, getting out of the house and going to the mall...

Walter's gaze stops on her GARTER BELT that is visible through her tight uniform. He lightly smacks his lips.

NURSE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Uh, I must be going now. Say hello to your Mother for me.

WALTER

Yes, I will do that, Ms. Johnson.

Walter gazes at her breasts and becomes "aroused".

NURSE JOHNSON

Okay. Got to go now. Bye-bye.

She speeds away. Walter continues down the hallway and then turns right, into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Walter's Mother lies dying in a hospital bed, strapped helplessly to a RESPIRATOR, on a MORPHINE DRIP. Walter looks at his Mother, then to a CLOSED GREEN CURTAIN nearby.

He opens the curtain and closes it behind him. 'FLASH!' He re-appears and sits near his Mother. He looks at her.

CLOSE SHOT - MOTHER AS SHE SHUTS HER EYES TIGHTLY.

She breathes heavily. Walter stares at her intently

NARRATOR (VO)

To think of a son that would visit
his Mother everyday as she lay sick
with slow death, dying of lung
cancer, conjures images of a love
and warmth that only a son who
truly loved his mother could give.

CLOSE SHOT - WALTER'S EYES. THEY REFLECT NO LIGHT.

His mother looks at him in a fearful way. She closes her
eyes tightly and tries to choke on her tongue.

THELMA

(chokes)

Ackkck, ahhhkkkc.

WALTER

Mother?

THELMA

(choke)

Ackkck!!!

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL NURSES' STATION

Walter calmly walks to a NURSE behind the counter. A DOCTOR
checks charts. Ms. Johnson stands nearby.

WALTER

My Mother is choking.

NURSE

Doctor, she's choking!

The Doctor and Nurses scramble to his Mother's room.
Walter walks back calmly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The Doctor and Nurses help Thelma. The Doctor pries open her
mouth. She shakes her head in protest. Nurses hold her head
still as the Doctor looks in her mouth.

NURSE

It's her tongue!

DOCTOR

(reaching inside mouth)

Nurse, give her some water.

NURSE JOHNSON

(forces water down throat)

There, there, Mrs. Rilke.

DOCTOR

(to Walter)

Thank God you said something quick,
or I'm sure she would have choked
on her own tongue.

WALTER

Yes, I am very pleased my Mother is
still alive.

EXT. ELSIE GARDNER'S HOME - DAY

Walter walks up the lane. He looks at ELSIE'S NOTE in his
hand. He looks up. A BLACK VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE. A sign in the
side window reads: 1961 BEETLE - FOR SALE

He walks up the porch stairs and KNOCKS on the door. FLORA
GARDNER (late 60s, German) comes to the screen door.

FLORA

Go away! Go away, you foul child.

WALTER

Mrs. Gardner. I want to buy your
car that is for sale.

FLORA

Do you think you can own Hermann's
car? He was a great man you know,
tall and proud, a war hero, but
you, you are greasy, short, ugly
child, you can not have his car.
You are not worthy of the car of
the people.

WALTER

(turns; looks back at her)

Fine, Mrs. Gardner, I understand
you not wanting me to buy your late
husband's 1961 Beetle, even though
it is clearly marked as being for
sale, but I am sure that your
daughter, Elsie, who I know is
about to be married to Mr. Müller,
and who I am sure is spending a
fortune in inadequate photographic
prints of her wedding, would be
appreciative of you allowing the
best photographer in the city to
take commemorative pictures of the
occasion in exchange for this old
automobile, in which, I might add,
you cannot drive.

Flora looks hard at Walter. Walter does not blink.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - WWII - GERMAN SOLDIERS FIGHT ALLIED SOLDIERS; PANZER TANKS IN BATTLE, ETC.

NARRATOR (VO)

Hermann Gartner had been an ex-Nazi Sturmbannfuhrer in the 12th S.S. Hitlerjugend Panzerdivision, and on the 7th of June 1944, he was taken prisoner outside Bretteville, France by the 3rd Canadian Division, the Royal Winnipeg Rifles' "A" Company.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - PRISON CAMP

NARRATOR (VO CONT'D)

After spending the rest of the war in Prison Camp #132 in Medicine Hat, Hermann changed his name to Harry Gardner and married Flora, also a fellow German, in the autumn of 1951.

PHOTOS OF FLORA AND HERMANN'S MARRIAGE ETC.

NARRATOR (VO CONT'D)

As an expatriate of Germany and, at heart, a man who loved Hitler, Hermann saw the first American Beetles arrive in 1955 and knew he had to own one.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - THE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE; THE BEETLE DISPERSING ACROSS AMERICA; ANIMATED WW II MAP WITH RED ARROWS SHOWING GERMANY TAKING OVER EUROPE.

NARRATOR (VO CONT'D)

Since Hitler could not conquer the world, Hitler's car, the Volkswagen Beetle, would have to do it for him.

PHOTO OF HITLER WITH A MODEL OF THE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - NAZI RALLY - "HEIL HITLER!"

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Walter drives away in Hermann's VW Beetle.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEDDING - NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Gales of wind rip apart the Wedding Party. GUESTS run for cover. The Falls' mist covers the party. Walter photographs ELSIE AND HELMUT blocking their eyes as the mist picks up.

CUT TO:

A BRIDESMAID'S dress rises up, revealing her garters and stockings.

'FLASH!'

CUT TO:

GUESTS surround Elsie. Walter is in the foreground.

WOMAN

You look so beautiful Elsie.

ELSIE

Thank you, I just wish the wind would die down. You know...

'FLASH!'

The blinding light hits her in her face.

ELSIE

(tears well up)
... I just...

'FLASH!'

INT. RECEPTION HALL - BATHROOM

Bridesmaids fix their hair and make-up. Elsie enters.

BRIDESMAID #1

Oh, my god, did you see the plump little boy taking photos?

BRIDESMAID #2

Yeah, did I ever.

BRIDESMAID #1

I think he almost put the camera up my nose.

ELSIE

Up your ass more like it. I can't even sneeze with out him taking a photo of it.

BRIDESMAID #2

Poor girl. That boy has a nasty habit of taking a picture of me when I look my worst.

Elsie enters the stall.

BRIDESMAID #1
I know. Pass the concealer will
you.

ELSIE (OS)
I think Helmut's going to brain
him.

BRIDESMAID #1
(passing the concealer)
Good idea.

ELSIE
I know, but the kid's doing it for
free, pretty much, just Dad's
shitty old car. And he's good.
Really good.

We hear a toilet FLUSH.

BRIDESMAID #1
Uh... Elsie?

ELSIE
Just a minute...

Elsie exits the stall. Walter is there.

'FLASH!'

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frau Flora stands outside smoking with Helmut.

FLORA
That greasy boy, where is he? That
kid and his camera, where?

HELMUT
Maybe Reich ran out of vilm and
vent home. I want to crush him.

FLORA
Goot!

Elsie walks out tired and sullen.

ELSIE
(crying)
This is the worst day of my
life. I feel awful.

FLORA

Helmut! You take her home. Take her to bed and you make her a proper wife.

ELSIE

Mother!

INT/EXT. HELMUT'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Helmut drives. Elsie sits beside him, her head on his shoulder. He looks in the rearview mirror just as a light hits him in the eyes. Elsie looks in the side view mirror.

CLOSE SHOT - SIDEVIEW MIRROR - THE BLACK VW BEETLE

ELSIE

My God, he's behind us!

HELMUT

Impossible. Vat does he vant? How many more photographs can he take?

ELSIE

I don't know, I don't know. Why doesn't he go away? Why can't he go away?

HELMUT

I'll take a shortcut, yah...

He turns down a fork in the road.

INT/EXT. HELMUT'S VOLVO - MOMENTS LATER

HELMUT

I've lost him, I'm sure I've lost him.

ELSIE

I hope so. I just want to go home. Helm, just take me home.

HELMUT

Okay my darling. I love you.

ELSIE

I love you too, my husband. Please just take me home so we can make love. Make me a proper woman.

Helmut looks out the side window...

HELMUT

Mein Gott!

We hear a TRAIN HORN in the distance

HELMUT
Oh, mein Gott. Oh, mein Gott.

ELSIE
Helmut!

The CROSSING GATES come down, trapping the Volvo. RED SIGNAL LIGHTS FLASH. Action is as dialogue indicates.

HELMUT
Vill you get out Elsie!

ELSIE
I CAN'T! I CAN'T. My dress is stuck!

HELMUT
Vat's it stuck on? Move your hand. Elsie, how da hell can I help you if you don't move your fuck'n hand.

ELSIE
Don't rip my dress!

HELMUT
I have to.

ELSIE
This was my Mother's wedding dress!

HELMUT
Ouch! Don't hit me.

ELSIE
Be careful!

HELMUT
Move your Gottdamn hand, Elsie, before I break it!

ELSIE
Don't rip the dress!

HELMUT
How can I get you out if I don't rip the dress?

THE TRAIN HORN SOUNDS LOUDER AND LOUDER.

HELMUT
Oh Gott, oh Gott, oh Gott.

ELSIE
Get me out! Get me out!

HELMUT
You're stuck!

ELSIE
Rip the fucking dress!

HELMUT
I am, I am!

ELSIE
Rip faster! Helmut *please!*

THE HORN BLOWS LOUD AS THE TRAIN LIGHT GETS BRIGHTER

HELMUT
Oh mein Gott, mein Gott!
Elsie I can't. I can't!

ELSIE
(looking at Walter)
Oh, God! Walter. Walter HELP US!

HELMUT
HELP! HELP! Please help! Oh, why
isn't he helping?

ELSIE
Walter HELP! Please HELP US!

Walter contemplates this. He stand firmly behind the camera.

HELMUT
Oh, Gott oh Gott oh Gott. Elsie,
just close your eyes. Close your
eyes, close your eyes...

ELSIE
(crying, holding Helmut)
I'm- Oh, God! Helmut, hold me,
HOLD ME! I love you. I love you!

The intensity of the lights INCREASE.

HELMUT
OH GOTT! OH GOTT! OH GOTT!

ELSIE
OH GOD!

THE TRAIN HORN SOUNDING LOUD AND GRINDING METAL

EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - WIDE SHOT

NARRATOR (VO)

It takes a freight train carrying coal with a hundred and fifteen cars over a mile and a half to stop, and for Mr. and Mrs. Müller it made no exception. Walter on the other hand took the photo of the year.

Walter waits, poised behind the camera with a shutter release. Just before the train hits.

'FLASH!'

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - SOHO, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

SLOW TRACK OUT OF PHOTO

It has a simple black frame, its dimensions 22.8 cm x 35.6 cm. The print depicts the car, its lights straight ahead, the railway crossing guard down in front of it. Elsie and Helmut grasp each other, her face pressed into him, his hand over her eyes, his face turned toward the light, his mouth agape. The bright white light of the freight train hits the right side of the car, making their faces starkly pale.

The title: "Honeymoon And Freight Train, 1983" Walter Rilke.

CYNTHIA SCHNABEL (39) and her assistant, JENNIFER ELIZABETH GORDON (22) stand and look at the photo.

Cynthia is classy and dressed in the latest fashions. She looks like she has a habit of cocaine and martinis.

Jennifer wears GLASSES and always seems to move in a feline way. She is understatedly sexy. She wears a LARGE OPAL RING.

CYNTHIA

Extraordinary. My God. It's beautiful. Just brilliant. Raw. Horrible. Jennifer. What do you think?

JENNIFER

Pure misery. Uhg. A downer.

CYNTHIA

I know. It's so post modern. Write this man's name down.

JENNIFER

Do you think you say it with an
(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 'L', *Rilk*? Rilka, like the poet, Or
 Rike, like the third *Reich*?

CYNTHIA
 Does it matter?

JENNIFER
 Not really, I was just inquiring.

CYNTHIA
 Just get a hold of him, dear.

JENNIFER
 Now?

CYNTHIA
 Of course, now.

Jennifer walks over and consults the GALLERY OWNER. Cynthia studies the photograph and marvels.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 Jennifer! Offer him the usual.

INT. RILKE HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

The phone RINGS. Walter slowly enters and picks it up.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Walter walks through the hospital. Alexander Michael Thomas lies on a gurney. He is emaciated, pale, and yellow. Walter passes by.

ALEX
 Kid. Kid!

Walter stops. He looks at Alex on the gurney.

ALEX
 Kid, you have to find me something
 to drink... Must be some rubbing
 alcohol around here...

WALTER
 No, Mr. Thomas.

ALEX
 I'm dying.

WALTER
 No, Mr. Thomas.

ALEX
 Please. Walter. *Please* save me.

WALTER

Mr. Thomas. I am going to visit my Mother now, and then I am going to go to New York for a one man show, something even you have never succeeded at, and might I add, I am only eighteen. So Mr. Thomas, you will lie here and you will die here, sober. Goodnight.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Walter stands in the dark, staring at his Mother, Thelma. Her eyes are closed tight.

WALTER

Good-bye Mother.

Walter leaves. Thelma pops opens her eyes and looks to make sure Walter is gone. She starts to laugh.

THELMA

(laughing hoarsely)

Hee-hee-ha-Ha-HA-HA-HEE-HEE!

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

Nurse Johnson walks by. She hears CACKLING from Mrs. Rilke's room. She enters.

NURSE JOHNSON

Goodnight, Thelma.

THELMA

Ha-HA-HA-HEE-HEE!

NURSE JOHNSON

Goodnight, Thelma!

Nurse Johnson turns on the light. Thelma laughs very hard.

NURSE JOHNSON

(smiling)

What is it? What's so funny?

She begins to HACK LOUDLY now. Suddenly, her eyes ROLLBACK in her head. The laughing stops. Nurse Johnson runs down the hall in a panic.

EXT. INTERSTATE 190 - NIGHT

Walter's black VW Beetle heads down the Interstate.

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

NEW YORK CITY

INT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY - OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer stands in back office next to Cynthia. She has a look of pure disgust on her face.

Walter, unshaven, hair a mess, examines the paintings on the wall. He wears green corduroy pants, a brown ruffled blazer.

JENNIFER

I'm not going to fuck him.

CYNTHIA

I'm not saying you *have* to fuck him yet, I'm just saying show him a good time on the town.

They look at Walter. Jennifer hides slightly behind the counter and flips through an art magazine.

Walter looks at a KEITH HARING STYLE PAINTING.

CYNTHIA

(approaching)

Mr. Rilke. Do you like what you're looking at?

WALTER

No, it is hurting my eyes.

CYNTHIA

Well then, perhaps we should go to another room.

WALTER

Does it have this artist in it?

CYNTHIA

No.

WALTER

Good.

Cynthia walks toward Jennifer who looks like a deer caught in headlights.

CYNTHIA

Walter, I would like you to meet Ms. Jennifer Gordon.

JENNIFER

Jennifer Elizabeth Gordon. We talked on the phone...

Walter takes a long look at her from head to toe. He smacks his lips slightly. She covers herself with her arms.

JENNIFER

Um... Cynthia, I have to go to art history class.

Cynthia takes her arm and drags her aside.

CYNTHIA

Don't you dare leave me alone with him! I'll fire you!

JENNIFER

You barely pay me anyway.

CYNTHIA

How much do you want?

JENNIFER

Five hundred a week.

CYNTHIA

Five hundred a week! You've lost your mind.

JENNIFER

Fine, you deal with him.

Walter browses through her magazines.

CYNTHIA

Two-Fifty.

JENNIFER

Ha.

CYNTHIA

Three Hundred.

JENNIFER

Three-Fifty.

CYNTHIA

Deal.

JENNIFER

Okay Mr. Rilke. I'm taking you shopping.

CYNTHIA

Wait. I need him to sign a contract.

WALTER

Why?

CYNTHIA

Well, to establish our working relationship, Walter.

(she grabs a contract and hands it to Walter)

WALTER

I need a lawyer Miss Schnabel.

CYNTHIA

I don't think that's necessary. Just read it and sign it.

Walter begins to read the contract.

SLOW DISSOLVE

Walter is still reading the document.

SLOW DISSOLVE

Cynthia is walks aimlessly. Jennifer stares at a painting. Walter takes the pen and is about to sign. They look over anxiously as Walter takes the pen away.

SLOW DISSOLVE

Walter signs the contract. Walter looks at the contract again. Cynthia rips the contract from Walter's hands.

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Jennifer awkwardly stands in a corner of the elevator staring at the doors. She has several large Barney's shopping bags. Walter carries a suit in a bag. He gazes at her.

JENNIFER

(clearing throat)

Okay. Just about there...

INT. WALTER'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT

Jennifer and Walter enter the SMALL Warehouse apartment.

JENNIFER

Okay, kitchen's over there...

(she points)

...that's the bathroom. I bought food. Don't know what you eat, so, anyway, food is in the fridge. You'll have to use a hotplate to heat anything up. Maybe, we'll get you a microwave. Have you ever used a microwave? You can hang your suit

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 and your clothes there. I'll have
 to buy you an iron.
 (sotto voce)
 Not that you'll use it...Will this
 be okay for you?

Walter nods.

JENNIFER
 Well, if you need anything else,
 just phone Cynthia, okay? *Cynthia*.

Walter nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 Okay, well, I best be going. Any
 last questions?

WALTER
 Yes, Ms. Gordon.

JENNIFER
 What is it?

WALTER
 Film.

JENNIFER
 Oh. I think there's a photography
 store just down the street.
 Anything else?

WALTER
 No, Ms. Gordon.

JENNIFER
 (gives him keys; money)
 Okay. Here's the key and some money
 Gotta go, Walter. I have a date at
 six, and I forgot to get myself
 some new clothes. See ya.

She exits. Walter walks over to the window and watches the
 people below. He sees Jennifer walking below.

EXT. SOHO STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Jennifer looks up and sees Walter. She immediately hails a
 cab.

A cab pulls up and she enters.

JENNIFER
 (to CABBIE)
 Madison and 61st...

INT. CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

She rests her head against the glass and looks at mannequins in shop windows as they drive past.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Walter unpacks his cameras and checks them.

INT. BATHROOM

Walter looks at the shower curtain in the bathtub. He closes it. Then opens it again.

INT. APARTMENT

Walter walks to the bare windows and looks at street life below.

WALTER

Yes. I am very pleased.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHY STORE - EVENING

Walter walks out of the store loading his Nikon.

MONTAGE: WALTER TAKING PICTURES ON NY STREETS

NARRATOR (VO)

It was lucky, or depending on your point a view, unlucky, that Walter had his camera to record the savage violence that would be shortly inflicted upon him.

EXT. LUNT-FONTANNE THEATRE W. 46TH - NIGHT

A Marquee reads: "*Noel Coward's Private Lives - Staring Richard B and Elizabeth T*"

Two BLACK LINCOLN LIMOUSINES are parked outside the theatre. LIMO DRIVERS stand, holding the doors open.

Walter approaches, seeing TWO FIGURES exit the theatre. He positions himself, camera discreetly by his side.

The slightly plump, dark-haired beauty ELIZABETH T (50ish) walks in SLOW MOTION across the carpet.

She turns toward Walter, her eyes wet with mascara.

Walter raises his camera as...

RICHARD B (57) LUNGES toward him. He is strongly built, grey-haired, well-dressed in a navy suit and tie. He is drunk, sneering, mouth wide and foaming.

Walter quickly takes a succession of photos.

RICHARD B
 (yelling)
 You stinking BASTARD!
 (punching)

Walter tries to protect himself with his camera as a fist SMASHES into his head.

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 You're all the same, snapping
 your fucking photos, well, how does
 it feel? HOW DOES IT FEEL NOW? How
 does it feel to have your blood
 spill? You want our blood, my
 blood, HER blood, HIS BLOOD,
 without a drop of your own...

WALTER
 Ackkk, ackkk, ackkkkk.
 (Walter takes more photos)

Richard knocks the camera out of Walter's hand and it smashes into the ground. So does Walter after a swift punch.

WALTER
 ACKKKKKKKKK!

Walter curls up in a fetal position.

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 Well you little bugger,
 (kick)
 you buggery bastard...
 (kick, kick)
 You... filthy...
 (kick)
 dirty...
 (kick)
 mangy...
 (kick)
 Nosferatu!

Richard stops and proudly paces outside the limo.

A CROWD has begun to form. JAPANESE TOURISTS and CATHOLIC NUNS can be seen in the background.

Walter sees his Nikon. The lens, a 35mm f2, is cracked. He pulls himself to it, scraping his face against the concrete.

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 Look at the beast, the bug, this
 insect now will you! He has been
 (MORE)

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 crushed like I would crush any
 mosquito, fly or spider that prey
 on our flesh and blood. YOUR FLESH
 AND BLOOD. Yes look at him now.
 The filthy bastard. Look at him
 crawl. He can't even stand. Well,
 don't feel sorry for him, whatever
 you do, don't feel sorry for him,
 he's a Nosferatu sucking the
 culture from us, yes a *vampyr*, look
 at him, just look!

The crowd looks at Walter. He does indeed look like a
 vampire, blood dripping down the corners of his mouth.

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 Now what if I was to tell you this
 boy was Adolph Hitler? If it were
 Adolph Hitler, how would you feel?
 YOU WOULDN'T FEEL THE LEAST BIT
 SORRY FOR HIM! Well look at him,
 this Hitleresque monstrosity.

WALTER
 (gurgling)
 glluuuuukkk... glllluuuk...

RICHARD B
 Disgusting. You disgust me boy.

The crowd eyes Walter with contempt.

The other limo leaves.

Satisfied with his performance, Richard B enters his limo
 and slams the door.

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 (unrolling window; rabid)
 Nosferatu! NOSFERATU...

Walter looks up. Richard B is giving him the finger.

With his broken hand, Walter picks up his camera and points
 it the general direction of the limo.

'FLASH!'

Walter collapses.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. NEW YORK HI-RISE - LAWYER'S OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY

A crowded Manhattan street from high above. Richard B paces, smoking. His lawyer, LEONARD SCHWARTZ (40, tall, thin) stands reading the case on the desk.

RICHARD B

I don't care what the fuck they say. I tell you that kid asked for it.

SCHWARTZ

Look Richard, I know how you feel about this...

RICHARD B

Damn right you do.

SCHWARTZ

He's only eighteen.

RICHARD B

What do you want me to do about it? Cry?

SCHWARTZ

I'm just saying it doesn't look good.

RICHARD B

Who the fuck cares, after this play thing with Miss Tits; my career is dead in the water.

SCHWARTZ

What about that Orwell thing?

RICHARD B

At least it's literature.

SCHWARTZ

What about Noel Coward?

RICHARD B

Fuck Noel Coward.

A SECRETARY'S VOICE on an intercom interrupts them.

SECRETARY (INTERCOM)

Excuse me, Sir?

SCHWARTZ

Yes?

SECRETARY (INTERCOM)
Mr. Rilke party is here with Jackie
Bermann.

SCHWARTZ
Send them in please.

RICHARD B
Just bloody good.

Richard looks out the window at the little bastards below.

A WOMAN crosses the street, wearing a tight skirt.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM

JACKIE L. BERMANN (50's), short, with horn-rimmed glasses, a bright red tie, is sitting at the table along with Richard, Swartz, Cynthia, Jennifer (looking her most librarian) and Walter.

Walter stands in CRUTCHES, a CAST around his arm. His face is yellow and green with bruises, cuts and abrasions, jaw wired shut. He has trouble trying to sit down.

He carries a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE.

Richard stares out at them, a pained disgusted look on his face.

BERMANN
(opening his briefcase)
Walter give me those photos.

Jennifer takes the envelope from Walter and gives it to Bermann. Bermann opens it.

BERMANN
Walter took these. They're really wonderful. Perfect exposure. Look at the contrast. The composition. Pass them around.

CLOSE SHOT - AGGRESSIVE RICHARD ATTACKING.
CLOSE SHOT - A FIST SWINGING AND RICHARD A BLUR
CLOSE SHOT - PAN ACROSS AND ZOOM IN ON A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO THROUGH A CRACKED LENS. RICHARD SITS IN HIS LIMO, YELLING AND SNARLING, GIVING WALTER THE FINGER.

BERMANN (CONT'D)
And these are the ones I took while the kid was in the ICU. They aint as pretty as Walters, but they tell their own story.

CLOSE SHOT - INSTANT POLOROIDS OF WALTER ON A HOSPITAL BED, PULVERIZED (BAD AMATURE COMPOSITIONS).

As the photo comes to him Richard takes out a pair of READING GLASSES. He looks at the photo, then presses his hand against his temples. He passes it on to Schwartz who looks at it briefly.

Schwartz's SECRETARY (20'S) comes in with a JUG OF WATER. She places it on the table and exits. The men eye her.

Walter is still trying to sit down.

An uncomfortable silence once everyone has seen the pictures.

Richard gets up and walks over to the window. He stares out.

RICHARD B
What the hell do you want?

Walter drops a crutch and tries to pick it up.

CYNTHIA
You owe me a show!

RICHARD B
What?

CYNTHIA
Walter was going to start work for his one man show. I've lost revenue. You owe me a show.

Walter drops another crutch

RICHARD B
I support the arts now, do I? Like bloody hell. I suppose you just want me to have him take my picture and hang it on the wall of the Guggenheim. Can somebody help him?

JENNIFER
Walter, sweetie...
(helping him sit down)

SCHWARTZ
And how do we know that these photos won't end up in People Magazine.

BERMANN
Well unless we come up with something, these photos will.

SCHWARTZ

Let me remind you that blackmail is still illegal in this country.

BERMANN

Who said anything about blackmail? Not me. Did you hear me say anything.

Walter takes a pen and paper and tries to write on it

CYNTHIA

Look we need to settle this thing, I have a dinner party tonight.

RICHARD B

Who cares about your blasted dinner party?

CYNTHIA

Well I do.

Jennifer looks at what Walter has written.

JENNIFER

Excuse me-

RICHARD B

Like hell you people are going to suck the life blood from me.

JENNIFER

Excuse me-

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Now listen hear, *Mister has been Movie Star*, I didn't put you in this position, you did when you beat the hell out of *my* *photographer*.

Walter looks at Cynthia.

RICHARD B

He's not a photographer, he's Nosferatu! That's what you are. Nosferatu, all of you! NOSFERATU!

CYNTHIA

Oh, be quiet.

SWARTZ

Please, can we just-

RICHARD B
I'll say whatever I like Queen of
Hades.

CYNTHIA
Stop it!

RICHARD B
Stop it!

SCHWARTZ
Can you control your client?

BERMANN
Me, what about your client! He's a
madman!

RICHARD B
NOSFERATU!

SCHWARTZ
He's perfectly in order.

Cynthia scoffs.

RICHARD B
Shut up, you wench!

CYNTHIA
Like hell I will!

JENNIFER
EXCUSE ME!

CYNTHIA
What!

JENNIFER
Walter wrote something.

Cynthia reads the note, scoffs and passes it to Bermann.

BERMANN
(looking at note)
I'll agree, if you agree.

SCHWARTZ
(looking at note)
Up to Rich. Rich? -
(passes the note)

RICHARD B
(reading the note)
You bastard.

Walter tries to smile with his wired jaw.

EXT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY SOHO - NIGHT

On the gallery window: POOR RICH MAN: PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER RILKE.

INT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY, SOHO - NIGHT

The gallery is full of NEW YORK CELEBRITY ELITE. Walter's photographs are displayed on the walls.

They are HUGE GRAPHIC BLACK AND WHITE AND COLOUR PRINTS OF RICHARD B IN HIS EVERYDAY LIFE.

Jennifer stands by as Cynthia try to sell the photos.

JENNIFER

Goddamn phonies.

She makes her way to a table with FOOD AND WINE.

Walter, dressed in a brown suit and tie and yellow shirt, walks around indiscriminately photographing everyone. A NEW AUTOMATIC FLASH is on his Nikon.

CUT TO:

An ART CRITIC discusses art among a SMALL GROUP.

ART CRITIC

It's just post Pop consumerism, technically skilled, yes brilliant in execution, but, can I call it art. Well, not if it's photography.

They all laugh. Walter overhears this and avoids them.

CUT TO:

We find Walter blinding the artist ANDY W (55).

ANDY W

Oh! I love your show. Very... uh, graphic... uh... My what a wonderful flash you have there... Gee, can I take, uh... your picture?

Walter looks at Andy. He has a POLAROID CAMERA. Walter shakes his head.

ANDY W

Oh, okay. Uh. Are you sure?

Walter nods.

ANDY W (CONT'D)

Uh, well okay. I, uh...

Andy composes a picture of Walter. He takes the photo. Walter does not appear pleased. Andy, his ENTOURAGE look at the developing photo.

ANDY W (CONT'D)

Walter, Are you sure, uh, that you don't want to see your picture? It's a good picture, don't you think... uh...

Walter looks back. He shakes his head.

ANDY W (CONT'D)

Uh, okay then, uh... Bye Walter

Walter walks over to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

(smiling)

Hi Walter. You look good. *Thank God!* Are you enjoying the show?

Walter shrugs.

JENNIFER

Yeah. Me too. To many *Goddamn phonies*. Your work, it's fantastic, Walter. Richard looks so fucking masculine, you know?

A LARGE PRINT OF RICHARD LOOKING VERY MASCULINE.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

It's sexy work Walter. Sexy.

Walter kind of agrees.

JENNIFER

I think you just need someone to *represent* you though. The only way you're going to get big, *I mean really big*, is with someone taking care of your interests. I mean look at Andy there...

They look at ANDY W and Walter frowns.

JENNIFER

He's the top artist in the world. Why? Marketing, Walter. It's true. He knows how to sell himself. And that's what you need to do. I can help you.

She looks at Cynthia chortling with her GUESTS, a bunch of ART SNOBS. They AD-LIB discuss Walter's work.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 (suddenly exited)
 Holy fuck, here he is...

EXT. GALLERY - NIGHT

RICHARD B has just stepped out of a black limo.

He is smartly dressed in a black tuxedo. Flashes go off as photographers clamour to get a shot of him. It is obvious that he doesn't like them and he tries to get out of their sight.

His lawyer SWARTZ follows.

INT. GALLERY

Richard enters making an overall wave to people. He quickly adapts to the crowd, AD-LIBS, shaking hands with smiles and pleasantries. Jennifer watches Richard. Walter watches her.

JENNIFER
 I bet he'd be good in bed.

Walter looks at her and frowns. He looks at Richard and scowls. Richard smiles. His lawyer says something to him and they make their way over the wine table.

He takes a glass of red wine from the table

CYNTHIA
 (walking up to Rich)
 Dick, how nice for you to have made it.

RICHARD B
 (trying to get away)
 Yeah. Great. I said to myself, Rich, there should be some wine, and you like to drink, and hey, might as well see what rubbish your face is on now.
 (walking away)

CYNTHIA
 (cornering him)
 And what do you think?

RICHARD B
 I expected something far worse from das Fürher, but I kind of like them. Yeah, it's good rubbish for a change.

CYNTHIA
They've sold well.

RICHARD B
Yeah. Didn't think there
was a lot left of me to still
sell. Where is the kid?

CYNTHIA
Over there. Next to my Assistant.

Rich looks at Jennifer. She deliberately avoids his gaze.

RICHARD B
She's quite the doll.

CYNTHIA
Who? Jennifer?

RICHARD B
Jenny, yeah.
(walks toward Jen)

CYNTHIA
Bye--, Fucking actors.
(notices artists
JULIAN AND JEAN-
MICHEL)
Julian! Jean-Michel!

Richard walks toward Jennifer with his lawyer. He notices Walter and bares his teeth in an insincere smile. Walter stares back.

SWARTZ
You're not contractually obliged to
talk to Mr. Rilke.

RICHARD B
(fake smiles for all)
Shut up Leonard.

Jennifer primps herself. The lawyer follows.

RICHARD B
Hello Jenny.

JENNIFER
(sexy as hell)
Hello.

RICHARD B
Call me Rich.

JENNIFER
 (she blushes)
 Okay, Rich.

RICHARD B
 That's better. Have we met before?

JENNIFER
 We met at your attorney's.

RICHARD B
 Did we? Completely blocked that
 out. Hiya kid. How's the jaw?

Richard feigns a punch and Walter recoils.

RICHARD B (CONT'D)
 (Laughs)
 Shows you what a few push ups and a
 couple a bends a day will do for
 you. Yeah, I thought it was
 horseshit that you wanted to take
 these, but they're better than my
 last four pictures.

JENNIFER
 (bit inebriated)
 Since Walter can't tell you I will.
 We're going to be partners...

Walter looks at her puzzled. He then smiles.

Swartz looks over and sees A BLACK LIMOUSINE pull up in the
 front of the gallery. THE DRIVER opens the door. FLASH BULBS
 go off as PAPARAZZI outside take pictures.

Walter becomes alert.

ELIZABETH T slowly gets out of the limo with her ENTOURAGE.

SWARTZ
 Richard. You're not going to
 like this...

RICHARD B
 Huh?
 (turns to see Liz T)
Jesus Christ! Who invited her here?

ELIZABETH T enters the gallery. She is radiant, wearing
 JEWELS and a MINK COAT. Her BODYGUARDS follow. She notices
 Richard. He smiles at her teeth bared, quickly turning the
 smile into a contemptuous scowl. She rolls her eyes at him.

Andy, upon seeing Elizabeth heads toward her, POLAROID in hand. His ENTOURAGE joins LIZ T'S ENTOURAGE. He greets Liz and they exchange kisses and pleasantries.

Elizabeth walks around the room. The room becomes silent as she surveys the portraits of Richard. She fake ignore him.

JENNIFER
She's so beautiful.

RICHARD B
Like a newborn walrus.

Elizabeth, slowly, elegantly and assured, walks within a metre of Richard.

PAPARAZZI angle to get a photo of the two.

ELIZABETH T
(venomous malice)
Dick. Like your *pic-tures*.
They're *pret-ty*.

RICHARD B
(equally venomous malice)
Liz. You look nice.
(looking at her Mink)
Skinned an old cat, did you Liz?

ELIZABETH T
Fuck off.
(walks away)

RICHARD B
(to Jennifer)
She still has great tits.

JENNIFER
(noticing Liz's cleavage)
She sure does.
(looks at her own
and pouts)

They watch Liz as she SIGNS AUTOGRAPHS. Rich scorns her.

JENNIFER
Do you still love her?

RICHARD B
Huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, of course I
still love her. I'm weak.
(shudders)
I'm a happy man now.

JENNIFER
I can make you happier.

RICHARD B

Love, in my youth I would of taken you up on such an offer. Unless you love someone, nothing makes any sense. And I love my wife. So don't go getting any outlandish ideas.

Jennifer nods.

TWO PAPARAZZI sneak inside and begin taking pictures of Liz and Andy.

RICHARD B

(yelling at Paparazzi)

Nosferatu! NOSFERATU!

Jennifer watches Walter who is watching the Paparazzi. Walter looks at them disgusted.

JENNIFER

(to Walter)

Walter, why don't you show them how a great photographer does it. Get a portrait of Liz.

Walter smiles. He swiftly moves to her raising his NIKON.

Andy takes a picture of himself with Liz.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

There he goes...

FLASH BULBS GO OFF IN SUCCESSION as Andy, Walter and the Paparazzi photograph Elizabeth. Andy stops taking photos as Walter takes over.

The constant FLASHES in her face distract Elizabeth. Andy becomes annoyed at Walter and suddenly fearful of him.

ANDY W

Walter, ... hold on... Gee, Walter, stop...(blinded) Help me! help...

Walter focuses on Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH T

(blinded)

Stop it! Boy, stop!

(to entourage)

Remove him!

A large BODYGUARD pushes Walter away.

RICHARD B
 (sotto voce to Jennifer)
 He tried to do that to me a few
 times. If you just let him, he
 gives up. Oh, thar she blows.

ELIZABETH T
 STOP! My God! Keep that boy away
 from me!

BODYGUARD
 Take another photo and I'll break
 you into tiny pieces.

Walter continues and Elizabeth T HITS Walter with her PURSE
 and he DROPS his CAMERA on the floor.

Walter stops dead. He looks at his camera on the floor.

CLOSE SHOT - NIKON ON FLOOR

Walter dives into ELIZABETH T.

WALTER
 (through broken Jaw;
 attacks Liz)
 AKK!

RICHARD B
 I've thought of doing that
 myself actually.

The TWO PAPARAZZI are happily taking photos of a pile of
 people, while Walter tries to kill Elizabeth. Andy, Liz and
 various Entourage members can be heard yelling and crying.

Jennifer runs up and grabs Walter's camera from the floor.
 She grabs Walter's hand and escapes the gallery with him.

CYNTHIA
 I'm getting a painter next time.

Richard, giddy and enjoying the spectacle stands with his
 glass of wine raised in the air.

RICHARD B
 To Walter!

INT. VW BEETLE - NIGHT

Walter is driving. Jennifer sits beside him in the car.

JENNIFER
 You're really awesome Walter. You
 are.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You know that Cynthia, she just wants you 'cause you can make her money. The thing is that, she doesn't understand like I understand that Walter, you're a genius. I think *you should* start your own studio. I could run it for you.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Jen tries to unlock the door. She drops her keys. As she bends over to retrieve them Walter looks at her body.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - LATER

The small one-bedroom apartment is sparse but CLEAN. She turns on a lamp and kicks her shoes off. Walter follows

JENNIFER

Would you like something to drink?
You deserve it.

Walter shrugs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Well, I'm having something. Rich, what a man. He really liked the pictures you took of him. I think we could have something. Celebrity art.

She enters...

KITCHEN

Jennifer opens the fridge and uncorks a bottle of white wine. She leaves the fridge open. The light illuminates the room. She fills a glass.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Walter do you want a Coke? With a straw? Yeah?
(takes out can; opens it
it fizzes over her counter)
Fuck!

She cleans up the mess and puts a straw in Walter's glass. Walter stands in the middle of the room.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Sit down, Walter. Don't just stand there.

Walter sits on her couch. Jennifer hands him a Coke.

WALTER
 (sucking)
 Sshhhhhillllpp

Jennifer squats down and rummages through her records. She selects one and puts it on. 80s pop music fills the room. She sways her hips sensuously and drinks her wine watching Walter. He eyes her.

She sits down next to Walter. She takes a sip and looks long into Walters beady eyes.

JENNIFER
 Just wait here for a moment.
 Okay?

She gets up crosses the room into her bedroom. In the half-light we see her remove her stockings. Walter watches.

She throws them into the corner of the room. She takes a sip of her wine and sets it on a bedside table. She FLOPS on the bed, faces away and hikes up her skirt.

JENNIFER
 (drunk, seductive)
 Walter... You can do anything you
 want to me...

She faces the headboard and takes one last sip of wine.

CLOSE SHOT - WALTER'S FACE WATCHING JENNIFER.

MUSIC RISES; FADE OUT:

INT. CYNTHIA'S GALLERY - DAY

Jennifer enters, wearing DARK CHANEL SUNGLASSES.

She turns her head slightly as she notices Cynthia, who is cleaning up the gallery. Walking straight to her desk, she sits down and begins to fumble through some papers.

Cynthia looks at Jennifer. Jennifer covers her face in an embarrassed manner. She removes her sunglasses with a grimace. Cynthia throws the TIMES on her desk.

CYNTHIA
 Starfucker.

New York Times Arts Section Headline reads: *DICK'S PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACKS LIZ! RILKE CREATES CHAOS IN ART WORLD!*

Jennifer smiles.

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Walter sits back in the chair. A DENTIST takes out the WIRES AND HOOKS in Walter's mouth. Walter has lost some weight.

A pretty eyed DENTAL ASSISTANT with a surgical mask looks at Walter. She holds one of those tiny dental vacuums.

DENTAL ASSISTANT

It's okay Walter. Think of all the good food you can eat when this is done. Do you know the first words you're going to say?

Walter blinks.

DENTAL ASSISANT (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sure there is something you've been dying to say.

INT. DENTIST WAITING ROOM - LATER

Jennifer is reading a FASHION MAGAZINE. Walter appears.

JENNIFER

(elated)

Oh, my God. It's done. Can you speak?

Walter nods.

JENNIFER

Say something then.

WALTER

I want a photography studio. I want a photography studio!

Jennifer hugs him (she won't kiss him).

JENNIFER

Really? Yea! I'm so totally happy. We'll have to get you to sign a contract. Then co-sign a loan.

She jumps up and down in place.

WALTER

Yes. But lets go to McDonald's first.

JENNIFER

Okay. We'll get you a Happy Meal. My treat.

Walter smiles. They exit together. Walter begins to talk non stop about photography. AD-LIB WALTER PHOTO TALK.

WIPE TO:

INT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY - DAY

CYNTHIA

I don't care. He's under contract. There is no way in hell I'll let you represent him. He owes me another show, and until he does, he's mine.

JENNIFER

Fine. I'll get you another fucking show!

CYNTHIA

Well, I don't think it'll happen before the New Year.

JENNIFER

Jesus. Walter can whip up an amazing show in a week.

CYNTHIA

Not without money. I gave him an advance. You know how it works. If he doesn't sell over the allotted money. I own his work.

JENNIFER

You made a fortune from his last show.

CYNTHIA

Ha! Lawyer's bills. Medical bills. I had to pay off Liz and Andy.

JENNIFER

I quit.

CYNTHIA

What?

JENNIFER

I quit.
(takes stuff from desk)

CYNTHIA

Don't take any stationary.

JENNIFER

Fuck off.

CYNTHIA

Better call Daddy.

Jennifer storms off holding back tears.

INT. WALTER RILKE STUDIO - HALLWAY - DAY

DAVID GORDON, (50ish) walks down the hall. He wears a smart suit and smokes a cigarette. Various photos line the walls. One shows JFK Jr. Another, Superman.

A sign reads: WALTER RILKE • PHOTOGRAPHY • NEW YORK.

David walks through the door into...

INT. STUDIO - RECEPTION DESK AND WAITING

White room, red leather couch, coffee table, reception desk. SCOTT (25), a muscular blonde sits behind the reception desk talking into a HEADSET. A TV in ceiling nook is on.

DAVID GORDON

David Gordon. I'm looking for Jenny.

SCOTT

(picking up phone)

Jen, your Fathers here.

JENNIFER

(runs out of office; squeals)
Daddy!

DAVID GORDON

Hi, darling.

JENNIFER

(fake kiss)

Mmmooah!

DAVID GORDON

Hey, was that John Jr. I saw on the wall?

JENNIFER

Yeah, he was a real sweetie.
We have one of the Cory's coming in. Which one Scott.

SCOTT

The skinny one.

JENNIFER

Awesome.

DAVID GORDON

Yeah? So, this is it, huh? Looks good. I've heard all about this Walter fellow.

JENNIFER

He's the most amazing photographer I've ever seen Daddy. Last month, we had a Vogue cover.

DAVID GORDON

Listen, darling, I'm only here for a day and then I fly to Zurich. So can I take you both out to lunch?

JENNIFER

Yes, Daddy.

DAVID GORDON

Good, good, good. When does the Walter think he'll be done?

JENNIFER

Scotty, How's Walter for time?

SCOTT

He's almost finished doing *Yves Saint Laurent*.

DAVID GORDON

Good, I hate long waits.

CUT TO:

WALTER'S STUDIO

Bright lights illuminate a WHITE CYCLORAMA. TWO TWIN FEMALE MODELS come out of the door quickly as Jennifer opens it.

TWO GORGEOUS MODELS pose for Walter.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Bye. remember, you two have another session with Mr. Rilke tomorrow at four. Don't forget.

TWINS

Sure thing. Bye Mr. Rilke!

David and Jennifer enter as Walter poses the girls. Walter throws a fit, walks over and physically moves them.

DAVID GORDON

He's sure got a way with them.

Walter loads the camera and then is about to take a photograph when a loud "POP" occurs as a LIGHT BLOWS OUT.

The girls scream.

WALTER
 (to models)
 Stay!
 (looks at light; models)
 Go!
 (models run away)

JENNIFER
 Isn't he amazing.

DAVID GORDON
 Yeah, he's something alright.

Walter grabs a LIGHT BULB and wanders back to the light.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL RESTRAUNT - DAY

Walter has a burger, David and Jen are seated eating salads.

DAVID GORDON
 Walter. I hear you're treating my girl just fine.

WALTER
 Yes, Mr. Gordon.

DAVID GORDON
 David, please.

WALTER
 Okay Mr. Gordon.

DAVID
 (leans over sotto voce)
 He's not a retard is he?

She shakes her head. Walter looks up from his food.

WALTER
 What do you do Mr. Gordon?

DAVID GORDON
 Lets just say I'm a corporate lawyer for one of the big three manufacturers. You know, light bulbs and tanks and such.

WALTER
 When are you going to make a better light bulb!?

DAVID GORDON

Ha. Well, Walter, I just deal with mergers and acquisitions, nothing about production and invention. I can tell you though, last year alone I made four million. Why? Because Walter, light bulbs, burn out. America needs light bulbs to burn out. The economy is dependant on it. There is this story, folklore really. Apparently one scientist did just happen to build a better light bulb. In fact, I can tell you Walter, it was said to be perfect. This light bulb he built was so energy efficient and yet bright, that it was said it would last for twenty years. Imagine that, a light bulb that would last twenty years.

JENNIFER

What did they do with it Daddy?

DAVID GORDON

Well, the first thing the heads of the corporation did was, well, they fired the man. And then they destroyed everything. And why did they? Why, Walter would they destroy possibly the greatest invention the world has ever known?

WALTER

Because it was good!

DAVID GORDON

No! Because it was un-American. Thomas Edison created the light bulb. So why should we mess with it. A light bulb burns out and you have to buy a new one. The economy is dependant on it. Think of all the jobs, the custodians around the world that can be thankful that we don't have a better light bulb. And because it expends energy Walter, energy! That means we need to supply it with more energy, more oil, more nuclear power. The whole country would come to a grinding stop, you're too young to remember the energy crisis of 1973 Walter, but I remember it, gas line ups... Sadat! Well, he turned off the tap!

(MORE)

DAVID GORDON (CONT'D)

Can you believe it? On our oil!
Well, I tell you, as long as an
American exists, we'll make sure we
never run out of oil, energy or
nuclear power!

JENNIFER

Dads going into politics.

Walter continues to eat. He's enjoying the conversation.

DAVID GORDON

Regan is doing wonderful things. Do
you know in a few years, the STAR
WARS program will be able to
destroy any nuclear threat?

WALTER

I like Star Wars.

DAVID GORDON

I like it too, Walter I like it
too. And the way things are going,
we'll have a colony on the moon by
1993. We don't want the Russians or
the Chinese to be on the moon do
we?

WALTER

No, not on the moon.

DAVID GORDON

That's right.

JENNIFER

Alright Daddy. Stop terrifying me.

DAVID GORDON

Sorry baby.
(sweet kiss)

Walter suddenly looks annoyed. David notices.

DAVID GORDON

So the kid has it in for you?

JENNIFER

He's just sweet.

DAVID GORDON

Sure. Like developer. Look, Walter.
The thing is, I don't really care
about art. I own a couple things.
Looks good behind the couch, but

(MORE)

(DAVID GORDON (CONT'D))
 mostly my ex-wife picked them out,
 and I had a rock solid prenup. My
 baby girl wants to have a
 photography studio, I say that's
 great. But I tell you, you hurt
 her, *I'll rip the rug from under
 you so fast all you'll have left is
 a bunch of chemical stains on the
 floor around the drains in what
 used to be your darkroom.*

JENNIFER
 Daddy, play nice.

A cold stare from Walter.

EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

A WHITE LINCOLN LIMOSINE is parked outside the hotel.
 The CHAUFFEUR puts David's bags in the trunk. David,
 Jennifer and Walter are outside in front of the limo.

JENNIFER
 Bye Daddy. I'm going to miss you.
 (big hug and kisses)

Walter watches them uncomfortably.

DAVID GORDON
 You take care honey. I'll send you
 more money.

JENNIFER
 I love you.
 (kiss)

Walter is revolted. They finish.

The chauffeur opens the limo door.

DAVID GORDON
 Walter.
 (holds out his hand)

Walter doesn't extend his hand.

DAVID GORDON (CONT'D)
 No huh? Remember what I said.
 I know people who know people in
 low places.

He gets in. The chauffeur closes the door and walks around
 to the drivers side. The power window goes down.

DAVID GORDON (CONT'D)
Bye baby. Low places Walter. Low.

The window goes up. The limo drives away slowly.

JENNIFER
I love seeing Daddy.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO CYCLORAMA - DAY

PRETTY BRUNETTE MODEL who looks ABSOLUTELY UNATTRACTIVE posing awkwardly against white. It's almost pornographic.

The STROBES fire.

CUT TO:

WALTER

stands behinds his camera with a look of determination.

CUT TO:

EXT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY - NIGHT

On the window. *"Pretty Girls - Photography by Walter Rilke."*

DECEMBER 2ND, 1983

INT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY - NIGHT

LARGE SCALE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS of UGLY LOOKING PRETTY GIRLS are framed on the walls. The gallery is about half full.

Andy W. looks at the photos on the wall.

ANDY W
Oh, I dunno. They look so, uh crummy.

Andy walks to the next photo. JEAN-MICHEL B (23), African-American artist is with him as well as BRUNO B, a German art dealer. The gallery is near empty.

ANDY W
Oh, God. Poor girl. What do you think Bruno?

BRUNO B
Uh, I really vant that one, Andy. It looks so goot up der.

ANDY W
Well, I dunno, Bruno, it's just, so, uh.

JEAN-MICHEL B writes on the wall in an ORANGE OIL STICK.
 "PLUSH SAFE HE THINK ©."

ANDY W
 Gee, Jean Michel. Cynthia, I dunno
 if she'll like that.

BRUNO B
 Yeah, Jean Michel, that wasn't very
 nice.

JEAN-MICHEL B
 Looks good now.

Walter appears out of nowhere. He notices the "PLUSH SAFE HE
 THINK ©" between his two paintings. Jean-Michel wanders off.

ANDY W
 Walter, your, uh, photos are a bit,
 I dunno, what would you say Bruno?

Walter smudges the writing. He now has oil on his hands.

ANDY W
 Oh, Jean won't like that, Walter...

BRUNO B
 How much for that one. I want it.
 (points)

WALTER
 (wiping oil on clothes)
 It is sold already.

BRUNO B
 Ya? Who bought it, I would like to
 know?

WALTER
 I own it now. I bought it.

Jennifer appears.

JENNIFER
 Hi, Andy. Bruno you look so good.
 I love your suit.
 (fake kiss)

Bruno fake kisses her back.

BRUNO B
 (irritated)
 Walter, won't sell da picture to me.

Jean-Michel can be seen writing things between the photos.

He writes "EXIT." and a THREE POINT CROWN SYMBOL.
Walter aghast, follows Jean-Michel.

JENNIFER

He doesn't have a choice. Talk to
Cynthia, she's his dealer.

PAN TO CYNTHIA

The work is not selling well. She is not having a good time.
A cold stare from Cynthia to Jennifer and back.

ANDY W

Walter's such a cute little creep.

BRUNO B

If it's sold. I don't want it.

JENNIFER

No. Just talk to Cynthia, Bruno.

Walter is erasing the oil slogans, making a mess. Cynthia
notices this and barges over.

CYNTHIA

Walter. Let him do his drawings.
He's hot right now and you're not.

Walter goes to erase more. Jean-Michel sees this.

JEAN-MICHEL B

Fuck you, man. I don't mess with
your art.

WALTER

You do not make art. If you did, I
would not mess with it.

JEAN-MICHEL B

What are you saying? Huh, a black
man can't make art?

WALTER

I did not say that.

JEAN-MICHEL B

Aw, man. Why did you say that?

WALTER

You are not an artist.

JEAN-MICHEL B

Samo! Samo! Samo! Fuck, man.
(leaves)

CUT TO:

CYNTHIA

No Bruno, you can buy it. Buy as many as you like Walter doesn't own any of them.

BRUNO B

I don't want it anymore.

JENNIFER

C'mon, Bruno take it.

ANDY W

I dunno, Bruno, I wouldn't.

JENNIFER

Andy! Walter needs to sell these.

ANDY W

They're not pretty.

BRUNO B

No, I don't want it now.

JEAN-MICHEL B

Let's go, Andy. Let's go to Montauk.

ANDY W

(leaving

I dunno it's a bit late, Jean-Michel.

BRUNO B

I need to eat, Andy.

CYNTHIA

Bruno, we can make a deal.

BRUNO B

Andy?

1

ANDY W

Sorry, uh, Cynthia, Jennifer.

They leave. Jennifer looks at Walter. He has emptied the gallery. Walter looks dejected.

Cynthia walks away to the back of the gallery.

JENNIFER

Fuck.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Walter and Jennifer drive in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR / EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Walter drives up in front. He pulls by the side.

JENNIFER

(cold)
Good night Walter.
(about to get out)

WALTER

Are we going to have sex now?

JENNIFER

Not tonight.
(closes door)
You know, your show wasn't that bad. It's not my thing, but it was okay.

WALTER

Thank you.

JENNIFER

My God. You don't realize that you sold shit tonight Walter, and you really needed too. Fucking Bruno wanted your work. He's a premier Swiss dealer! You can make a great fucking piece of art, but given any chance to sell it, you fuck it up. So no more openings for you anymore. Cyn, owns your ass now.

Walter looks at her. This is sinking into him.

JENNIFER

I need you to do well okay? I owe a lot of money to my Dad, understand?

WALTER

Okay. I understand.

JENNIFER

Do you? Cause I wonder.

WALTER

I understand.

JENNIFER

So no more of your arty stuff. Celebrity art sells. Alright.

WALTER

(sadly)
Yes.

JENNIFER

Okay, kiddo, get some sleep.
(exits the car; sees Walter
starring at her)

Go!

(sotto)

What a retard.
(enters her building)

Walter sees her frustration. He drives away, solemnly.

MONTAGE: WALTER SHOOTING FASHION, A CAR, MAKE-UP ECT.

MONTAGE: PICTURES OF JENNIFER WITH VARIOUS CELEBRITIES WITH
WALTER IN BACKGROUNDS

ZOOM IN ON PHOTOGRAPH OF WALTER UNTIL THE GRAIN IS SEEN IN
HIS EYES

NARRATOR (VO CONT'D)

Yes, it can be seen that Walter was
quite a success now, and had it not
been for the events that would soon
follow, who knows what heights he
could have reached.

INT. NEW YORK CLUB - CHRISTMAS SEASON - NIGHT

Laughter. We see three pairs of ladies legs with fashion
hosiery and black pumps sitting around a lounge table.

Walter takes a photo. "FLASH!"

The women laugh. They love having their photo taken.

Jennifer is all dressed up in the height of eighties
fashion. Her hair DYED BLOND AND CUT SHORT like Annie
Lennox.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: JENNIFER AND WALTER PHOTOGRAPH ANDY W.,
TIMOTHY HUTTON, COREY HAIM AND COREY FELDMAN, MADONNA, ANDY
AGAIN, GRACE JONES, KEITH HERRING ECT. VARIOUS ART
CELEBRITIES AND FASHION GODS OF THE EIGHTIES AS WELL AS
VARIOUS MODELS. WALTER BECOMES INCREASINGLY BORED.

Walter reluctantly takes the photograph.

JENNIFER

Who haven't we got. Look around.
Who's that over there.

WALTER

I am out of film.

JENNIFER

Fuck, Walter. Next time bring more.

WALTER

May I leave now?

JENNIFER

Why do you want to leave? It's early. Relax. You just need more stamina. Here come with me.

(takes his hand)

INT. MEN'S WASHROOM

Jennifer and Walter enter the washroom. A young white guy in a SUIT with sunglasses is urinating. Walter quickly takes a photograph.

The suit turns around, zips up and walks toward Walter.

SUIT

(spitting)

Freak!

The man exits Walter looks ashamed.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You sure have a way with people... Don't worry about it hon. Nobody likes being photographed as they do their business, Right? And I thought you said you were out of film.

Walter turns away.

JENNIFER

What's a matter?

WALTER

Nothing.

JENNIFER

What? You can tell me. Come on, I'm your friend. Remember.

WALTER

Jennifer, I am bored of these people. They are like plastic.

JENNIFER

Oh, I'm so sorry, Walter. We'll go to another party with more interesting people. You like Andy though, right?

WALTER

I like Andy.

JENNIFER

Well, He's in the right place at
the right time.

WALTER

Yes. I suppose he is.

Jennifer takes out a little COKE VIAL. Walter looks at it.

JENNIFER

C'mon. I'm going to give you some
energy.

She opens the vial, takes a bit of coke in the tiny spoon.

WALTER

What is it?

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Well it ain't Coca-cola. Just hold
still. And when I say breath in,
breath in. Okay?

WALTER

Okay.

She puts the coke to Walter's nostril.

JENNIFER

Now breath in.

Walter does. He doesn't like it at all.

WIPE TO:

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Walter turns and sees Andy sitting on a couch. He wears a
PLATINUM WIG. Andy has his POLAROID CAMERA. He is examining
her hair. Walter waddles up to them.

ANDY W

Plastic! I wish I was plastic!

JENNIFER

(drunk and stoned)

Hi Walter. Enjoying yourself?

WALTER

No.

ANDY W

Oh, hi, uh, Walter, uh, Jennifer
and I, uh, we were just discussing,
her hair. I think all women should

(MORE)

ANDY W (CONT'D)
 be platinum blondes, uh... Do you
 like it?

WALTER
 Her face blends into the ceilings.

JENNIFER
 Thanks Walter. You're, so kind.

ANDY W
 Gee, Walter, it looks really good,
 you should be more supportive,
 uh...

JENNIFER
 (laughs)
 Should we tell him? Andy wants to
 take your picture.

ANDY W
 Oh, yeah, we can trade. Uh...
 should we tell him?

WALTER
 I would prefer if you did not take
 my photo.

ANDY W
 Gee, you know it would only be
 fair... uh ... Walter. You took my
 photo five times tonight.

JENNIFER
 He wants to take a picture of your
 cock and balls Walter.

WALTER
 I do not think so.

ANDY W
 Walter, uh, you know, everybody
 does it for me, well not everyone,
 uh... but most people. It's just, uh...
 porno, I guess.

WIPE TO:

Jennifer walks away with Walter. Andy is in the background.

JENNIFER
 (consoling)
 See it wasn't so bad. Andy takes
 photographs of everyone like that.
 You'll always be remembered because
 Andy took your photograph.

Walter scowls at her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Oh, don't be like that. I'm going
dancing. Are you going to join me.

WALTER
No. No dancing.

JENNIFER
You're no fun Walter. No fun!

She begins to dance exuberantly with two GAY MEN.

EXT. CLUB - STREET- WINTER/FALL - NIGHT

Walter walks outside. He notices PIGEONS huddled in a pile
and runs at them.

A GIRL (20's) is smoking against a wall. She notices Walter
as he runs after the pigeons. She smiles.

She is hidden from view from Walter.

The birds take off into the air and he photographs them.
This gives him a small amount of pleasure.

Walter sees a HOMELESS MAN on a bench wrapped in a blanket.

Walter studies him. He puts his camera to his eye for
composition but something bothers him. He moves the blanket
off the homeless man's face. Now he is ready.

He takes a photograph. The homeless man shudders but does
not awake. Walter moves the blanket a bit more.

The girl notices this.

GIRL
He'll freeze.

Walter turns around quickly and looks at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)
The blanket, he'll freeze to death
if you take his blanket from him.

Walter looks at the homeless man then back at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Don't you care if he dies?

Walter looks to the ground sheepishly. He looks at the
homeless man. He moves the blanket and covers the man up.

WALTER

It makes a better composition.

GIRL

I suppose it would. What's your name.

WALTER

Walter Rilke.

GIRL

Walter Rilke you must be famous because even I've heard of you.

WALTER

I guess so. Do you have a name?

GIRL

I should hope so. It's Tracy.

WALTER

Are you a model?

TRACY

God no. Do I even look like a model?

WALTER

(disdain)

Every girl looks like a model.

TRACY

You don't like models?

WALTER

No. They are not human.

TRACY

(laughs)

No, they're not. I'm not pretty enough to be one any way.

WALTER

You are very pretty.

TRACY

Do you think so? Look at my nail. I had them done this evening. First time ever. French manicure. See the cuticles.

WALTER

(looking)

Yes. They are all white.

TRACY

It depends on your diet. If your diet is bad, you can tell in your nails. Can I see your hands?

Walter gives her his hands. His nails are black.

TRACY

What do you do to them? Stick them in chemicals all day?

WALTER

Yes I do. Developer and Fix solution. This is selenium here. Hardener. I spilled D-76 on the cuff. Look.

TRACY

Fascinating.

WALTER

Look. This is from Ektachrome R-3.

TRACY

Ha! Can I ask you something?

WALTER

Yes.

TRACY

Why aren't you inside, I mean. Isn't that what you do, photograph celebrities.

WALTER

(sadly)

Yes. That is what I do. I should be inside.

TRACY

But you don't want to be?

WALTER

I do not want to be.

TRACY

(awkward)

You could photograph me. If you wanted to, I mean.

Walter checks his camera and then raises it to his eye.

POV: THROUGH THE CAMERA. SHE IS PRETTY, AWKWARD. SHE SMILES.

He lowers the camera.

TRACY

I can move if you like. A different pose?

(she poses hilariously)

See!

WALTER

No, not a different pose...
I can not take your picture.

TRACY

(embarrassed)

Oh. Oh... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have imposed on you. I mean, who was I to think... you know? That you would... I should really just, go now.

She walks away.

WALTER

Stop. Tracy.

She stops. She looks at him, tears in eye.

WALTER

(long pause; hesitant)

I only take pictures of ugly things.

Tracy looks at him wanting to explain himself.

TRACY

What are you saying?

WALTER

You are not ugly.

TRACY

So you couldn't take my picture?

WALTER

(sheepish)

No.

TRACY

(stepping toward him)

That's really, really sweet.

(about to kiss him)

Walter shifts backwards away from her.

TRACY

It's okay. Haven't you ever kissed a girl?

WALTER

No. I have only had sex. A lot.

TRACY

(laughs)

Only had sex. A lot. huh? But never kissed a girl?

WALTER

No. Never.

TRACY

Haven't you ever loved someone?

WALTER

...What do you mean?

TRACY

I mean, have you ever cared so deeply about someone, that you were incomplete without them.

Walter slowly shakes his head "no."

TRACY

Can I kiss you?

Walter slowly nods. Tracy moves in slowly.

CLOSE SHOT - TRACY AND WALTER. TRACY KISSES WALTER GENTLY.

TRACY

Now you've been kissed.

WALTER

Yes. Thank you.

TRACY

No problem. Do you have someone you're spending Christmas with?

HEADLIGHTS OF A CAR BLIND THEM.

The car, a SEDAN is 3/4 full. TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS (20's).

WALTER

I have no one.

Tracy does not hear this.

YOUNG GIRL IN CAR

Tracy! Get in it's cold.

TRACY

Okay. I gotta go. It was really
(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

nice meeting you.
 (running around car)
 Merry Christmas, Walter.
 (enters the car)

They U-turn and drive by. Tracy waves from the back seat.

Walter quickly raises his Nikon and snaps a photo of her.

FREEZE FRAME - TRACY BLURED WAVING IN BACK OF CAR

WALTER

Merry Christmas, Tracy.

JANUARY 20TH, 1984

7:04 AM

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Walter stands in the middle of his apartment eating a banana. He is unshaven and wearing a suit (unpressed, no tie). The apartment is in a state of chaos. His clothes, books, are everywhere. He has a closet full of matching suits. Fast food wrappers are on the ground along with empty boxes of film. Prints are on the wall. He looks at the prints on the floor and drops the banana peel on one.

INT. BATHROOM

An enlarger is set up on the counter. The bathtub has trays full of chemicals in it.

MIRROR

Walter brushes his hair slightly to the side.

APARTMENT

Walter puts several lenses and film in the pocket of his WINTER TRENCH COAT. His Nikon is around his neck. He exits.

On the wall a FRAMED PHOTO of Tracy.

9:21 AM

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Walter walks down the street. He raises his camera as PEDESTRIANS pass. He lowers it before he can take a photo. He stops and looks at his camera. He changes lens on.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

He focuses his camera on CATHOLIC NUNS. He lowers it

quickly and resumes walking, changing the lens as he walks.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Walter removes the film from his camera and drops it on the ground. He inserts new film. He seems pleased.

10:48 AM

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - FRONT WINDOW - DAY

Walter eats and examines his camera carefully. He shoots several frames rapidly aiming at nothing in particular. He examines his camera again. Something is wrong.

11:21 AM

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Crowd of People. Walter looks up at the buildings.

POV

A tall building.

STREET

Walter raises his camera. He lowers it. He is anxious.

POV

The World Trade Center towers. (Archival)

STREET

He focuses, then he shifts his camera, pointing at the sky.

POV

The sky. A plane flies by.

STREET

Walter lowers his camera. He is getting upset now.

Walter points his camera in all directions. Pedestrians, a dog on a leash, a trash can, a bird, anything he can see... HE FIRES OFF PHOTOS OF EVERYTHING AND NOTHING AT ONCE.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Walter starts to hyperventilate. He holds his head.

WALTER
(whimpering)
uhnn, uhnnnn, uhnnnnn.

EVERYTHING BEGINS TO SPIN.

Faces stare at him...

WALTER
(whimpering)
uhnn, uhnnnn, uhnnnnn.

People avoid him. He falls.

WALTER
(sick; vertigo; clammy)
Ack! ACK! ACK!

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - EARLY EVENING

Jennifer rides up with a determined look on her face.
The elevator stops, and the door opens to Walter's pad.

INT. WALTER'S - DAY

JENNIFER
Good God!

Jennifer looks around. Walter is in the corner on the bed facing the wall. "Star Wars" sheet are wrapped around him. She walks over the windows and opens the blinds one by one and then cranks open a window to get some fresh air. On the wall is the FRAMED B + W PHOTOGRAPH OF TRACY.

She looks at it.

JENNIFER
Have I seen this one?

WALTER
Go away!

JENNIFER
Gee, testy are we. Not feeling well?

WALTER
No. Go.

JENNIFER
Okay. Did you finish the golf catalogue?

WALTER
Of course.

JENNIFER
Porsche?

WALTER
Thursday.

JENNIFER

Calvin Klein?

WALTER

Yes. Everything is done.

JENNIFER

Okay, what's wrong?

WALTER

It is my birthday.

JENNIFER

Oh, uh. Happy Birthday.

WALTER

Thank you.

JENNIFER

Feeling sad?

WALTER

I can not take a picture anymore.

JENNIFER

Lets go back to the studio, you can do some work. Work through it.

WALTER

No!

JENNIFER

Alright. I'm sorry.

(moves closer)

Do you want a birthday blow job?

WALTER

(thinking long)

mmm.

(long pause)

No. No birthday blow job.

JENNIFER

You must be sick.

(feels his forehead)

Walter recoils.

WALTER

I just want to be alone.

JENNIFER

What you need is a vacation.
How about Tahiti. Sun. White
beaches. Nothing to do but get a
good tan. Stare at the ocean.

WALTER

I do not want to go to Tahiti.

JENNIFER

You need a break, darling. You're stressed. Not thinking clearly. The sun will make you feel good.

Jennifer looks at a PILE OF PHOTOGRAPHY books on the floor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Maybe we should get a photo book published for you. Would you like that?

WALTER

I would like that. Yes. It will be better than Helmut Newton's book. I will take the perfect picture.

JENNIFER

Of course, baby. But we have to go to Tahiti first, okay? We'll go next month. You can take it easy for a while.

WALTER

No more celebrity photography.

JENNIFER

No more celebrity photography for a while.

WALTER

Okay.

JENNIFER

Yeah? Then Tahiti it is.

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

SEQUENCE "E"

T A H I T I

INT. WALTER'S HOTEL ROOM - TAHITI - DAY

The room has a view of the beach. A Tahitian bell boy, JEAN-PAUL (19) delivers PHOTOGRAPHY CASES one by one.

Walter looks at them suspiciously as the boy brings them in.

WALTER

Why are these here?

JENNIFER

You need your photo gear to take the perfect picture.

WALTER

I have my Nikon and my flash. I do not need strobos, soft boxes, and a white backdrop to take a picture.

JENNIFER

I know. I just thought you might want them.

WALTER

(to bell boy)

Send them back to New York.

The bell boy looks at Jennifer for direction.

JENNIFER

Leave them here. Walter, you'll need them to photograph Marlon.
(tips bell boy)

WALTER

Who is Marlon and why and I photographing him?

JENNIFER

He's a great film star. He's terribly sexy. We're doing a photo shoot of him. Marlon B at sixty.

WALTER

I do not think so. No more celebrities. No more.

JENNIFER

You have to. We're here now.

EXT. BEACH - TAHITI - DAY

Jennifer, nicely tanned, walks along the beach in a black bikini, a large cocktail drink in her hand. The water is azure blue, the sand white.

Walter sits and looks his feet. He wears a short-sleeved dress shirt and dress pants. His beard has started to grow.

Jennifer walks toward him.

JENNIFER

Your arms are looking pretty pink, Walter. You're like a vampire in the sun. Where's that suntan lotion I gave you?

WALTER

When is Marlon going to let me photograph him?

JENNIFER

I don't know. Don't worry about it. It's beautiful here. Do you want a sip of my Mai Tai?

WALTER

No. No Mai Tai. Jennifer.

JENNIFER

You can't just pout all day. Enjoy life. This is the most beautiful place on earth.

WALTER

I want to go back to New York.

JENNIFER

Why? We're not leaving until Marlon lets you photograph him! I don't care if it takes another week or another month to get the fucking picture. I agreed to get this, and you're going to get his portrait. Think of it as a challenge. So put some Goddamn suntan lotion on before you burn and start enjoying yourself!

Jennifer walks away in a huff and sits down on a towel. She opens her book and sips her Mai Tai.

INT. WALTER'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Photo gear is everywhere.

Walter's face and arms are red. Jennifer rubs ointment on them as he walks in circles.

WALTER
(whimpering)
Aiieeee! Aiieeee! Aiieeee!

JENNIFER
Stand still, Goddamnit! Stand still. Jesus!

WALTER
I want to leave. Take me home. Now.

JENNIFER
No. Have you photographed Marlon?

WALTER
No. I do not care about Marlon.

JENNIFER
You're so selfish! You know there are two of us in this relationship.

WALTER
Jennifer, I do not need you.

JENNIFER
Oh, you don't need me, huh? Do you want me to stop putting on this cream? Huh? Do you Walter?

Walter gestures "No" by shaking his head.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
That's right. Because if I stop this, I'll stop everything else I do for you. How would you like that? Huh?

Silence.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I tell you Walter, I'll take you for everything you're worth. *Everything, darling.* The studio. Daddy owns it. Your prints, I'll *just drop them off at the dump.* Same with your equipment. Pawn Shops or give it to an art school let flunkies touch them. And there'll be no more bed Walter. And no girl is ever, ever going to sleep with you or do the things I do. No girl, Walter. Just think
(MORE)

(JENNIFER (CONT'D))
 about that when you're blue-balled.
 Fucking ointment!

(crushes the bottle and
 throws it)

Jesus, Walter you've got me so mad
 here I have to go get a drink at
 the bar or find a fucking bellboy.

She storms out. Walter walks over to the ointment cream and
 squeezes whatever he can from it. He rubs it on his arms.

WALTER
 (whimpering quietly)
 Aiieeee. Aiieeee. Aiieeee.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

She aggressively has sex with a TAHITIAN BELLBOY (19).

MARCH

EXT. BEACH - TWILIGHT

Walter sits on the beach and stares at the ocean. His face
 is peeling and his beard has grown.

WALTER
 (to himself; mad)
 Marlon will be my masterpiece. He
 will be the perfect picture. The
 perfect picture. The perfect
 picture.

SLOW ZOOM INTO WALTER'S COLD BLACK EYES

APRIL

INT. WALTER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is set up as a portrait studio with strobes.
 Walter has two Nikon's around his neck. His beard has
 completely grown, his face tanned. Jennifer argues with
 Marlon B's AIDE (30). He is well-groomed and weasel-like.

JENNIFER
 What do you mean Mr. Rilke only
 has five minutes? I was told we
 would have him for an hour. Alone.

AIDE
 Who told you that?

JENNIFER
 I don't know. I spoke with someone
 on the phone.

AIDE

I wasn't that someone.

JENNIFER

Yeah, but -

AIDE

You have five minutes. That's all.
Mr. Rilke has to ask permission
from Mr. B.

JENNIFER

I thought we already had
permission.

AIDE

Only in principal. Mr. B doesn't
like to have his photograph taken
without asking his permission
first. He finds it disrespectful
and, frankly, I find it insulting.
This set up here too. It has to
change. No strobes. No flash.

Walter looks at him. As he moves a strobe away...

JENNIFER

Why not? How the hell is he going
to light it?

AIDE

I don't really care. No flash
photography.

JENNIFER

Walter, hear that? No flash, got it?

WALTER

Yes. No flash.

AIDE

He's coming up the hall.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

MARLON B (60), dressed in casual summer wear, walks up the
hall with TWO BODYGUARDS. Marlon steps inside the room and
glances around.

MARLON B

(murmuring)

I don't like this room...
disconcerting....

He looks at Walter, then leaves. His Aide and the Bodyguards
follow.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Marlon B et al. walk away. She watches them go, shocked.

JENNIFER

(to Walter)

This is *your* fault!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Marlon walks barefoot down the beach. Walter trails behind him with two Nikons; one around his neck, one in his hand.

WALTER

I need to take a picture of you.

MARLON B

Not yet. The time is not right. Do you see, out there, that little speck Walter, out there in the sea...?

Walter takes a look and nods.

MARLON B (CONT'D)

...Somewhere beyond that, perhaps... another thousand miles. I don't really know for sure. Somewhere out there... the Marshall Islands... the Bikini atoll. They tested the Hydrogen Bomb. The Hydrogen Bomb, Walter... 15 megatons worth. Do you realize that's over 800 times the magnitude of the atom bomb we dropped on Nagasaki? And they tested sixty-two of them. Not all that large. Some were only six megatons... twelve megatons. Some two megatons. This is the most beautiful place on earth. Can you imagine it being blown off the planet?

WALTER

Yes.

MARLON B

The most beautiful place on earth, Walter. Just think about what a nuclear blast would do to a breadfruit tree or coconuts. The indigenous people eat the coconuts Walter. The crabs. Tortoise. Where were you born Walter?

WALTER

Niagara Falls.

MARLON B

That's where they developed the Bomb. Look it up if you want to. I don't mean Los Alamos or in some Chicago laboratory. But Niagara Falls, Walter. All that radioactive material had to be developed somewhere. Chemicals Walter, chemicals. Where did they put those chemicals Walter?

WALTER

Niagara Falls?

MARLON B

Unquestionably so.

WALTER

Marlon? Can I take your picture now?

MARLON B

No, Walter. The indigenous people of North America... the Hopi believe that when you take a photograph of them, you steal their souls. Their souls, Walter. Do you know how many times I have been photographed, Walter, do you? Think of how many feet of film and how many frames are in each foot and how many feet of film was shot for every picture I've ever been in. I didn't ask to be put on this pedestal Walter. This face of mine, this body... this is just a shell Walter, a shell. It protects me. The real me. What's in here. Deep within me, in my mind. If you could step inside my cerebral cortex, Walter, and photograph that, or the inside of my eyes, the retina, then that would be me, the truest form of myself, not this hollow shell that I hide in. I hide because I don't have the moral courage to refuse. Look at my feet, here, in the surf, Walter... look.

CLOSE SHOT - MARLON'S FEET

They are big in the white sand. The surf runs over them.

MARLON B (CONT'D)

My feet, Walter. My toes. You never see any toes in the movies Walter. Nobody wants to look at a foot. An ugly foot. I look at my feet every day Walter. Just like I am sure you look at your own feet. Feet for an actor do not exist, Walter. Just the waist and face. The chest and breast. Women never have any ears Walter. Have you noticed that? You never see them. A woman's ear is very beautiful Walter. Special. Just like my feet. You should photograph my feet, here, in the sand and surf, Walter. I think it would be a good portrait of me. You could say it would be a perfect picture of me.

Walter looks at Marlon hesitantly.

MARLON B

Are you going to take a picture of my feet Walter?

Walter looks at Marlon's feet.

WALTER

No.

Walter tries to take a picture of Marlon's face.

Marlon B, suddenly takes the camera from Walter.

Walter is shocked.

He tries to grab the camera. Marlon effortlessly holds him at bay as he aims the camera at his feet.

'CLICK!'

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH

Walter walks toward Jennifer, who wears a bikini and a wrap. Marlon B is visible behind him and continues staring at the sea.

Jennifer walks to meet Walter. No ears are visible.

JENNIFER

Well, did you get the Goddamn photo?

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - A HYDROGEN BOMB IN THE PACIFIC

INT. JFK AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - NIGHT

STEEL SUITCASES come down the baggage carousel. Walter waits patiently near a pile of suitcases.

Jennifer is not present.

INT. WALTER'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The RED DARKROOM SIGN turns on.

INT. WALTER'S STUDIO - RECEPTION - DAY

The room is empty.

HALLWAY

Cynthia, dressed nicely, carries a bouquet of flowers as she heads toward the studio.

RECEPTION

Cynthia walks in and is surprised by the starkness.

CYNTHIA
Jennifer sweetie! Jennifer?

She looks around the office. No sign of Jennifer. She fills a vase with water and puts it on Jennifer's desk.

INT. STUDIO - WIDE SHOT

Cynthia looks around. It is empty. She leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S STUDIO - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The flowers in the vase have died. A petal falls off.

Cynthia enters. She looks at the dead flowers.

CYNTHIA
Jennifer? Walter?

INT. STUDIO - WIDE SHOT

It is completely dark except for the RED SIGN in the back. Cynthia crosses the studio.

CYNTHIA
Walter? Walter...?

She KNOCKS on the darkroom door. She waits... Walter opens the revolving door. His beard is longer. He looks incredibly unhealthy. He is silent.

CYNTHIA

Walter. I'm glad you're here.

(getting near him)

(chokes)

Oh my God. When was the last time
you bathed?

He closes the door. She blocks it with her foot. Walter
tries to close it, but she forces herself into...

INT. WALTER'S DARKROOM

Everything is bathed in DEEP RED LIGHT.

CYNTHIA

What the hell's wrong with you?

Are you mad?

Cynthia looks around the darkroom. She sees the PRINT OF
MARLON B'S FEET.

CYNTHIA

That's a wonderful shot of feet
Walter. Listen, I'm worried... hard
to see in this bloody light... I
haven't been able to find Jennifer.
I've phoned her place. Nothing.
Scott hasn't seen neither hide nor
hair of her. Have you seen her?

WALTER

No.

CYNTHIA

When do you expect her?

WALTER

I do not expect her.

CYNTHIA

Why?

WALTER

She never left Tahiti.

CYNTHIA

That little bitch.
(sees photo)

CLOSE SHOT - A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF JENNIFER

CYNTHIA

Oh my God. Can I have one of these?
(glances at contact sheet)

CLOSE SHOT - CONTACT SHEET (36 IMAGES). SEA TURTLES, BREADFRUIT TREES. SEVERAL SHOTS OF MARLON B. FROM FAR AWAY. ONE SHOT - FEET.

THE REST OF THE ROLL - SHOTS OF JENNIFER YELLING AND POINTING AT THE CAMERA. SHE GETS ANGRIER WITH EACH SEQUENTIAL SHOT. EACH SHOT GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL BLACK.

THE LAST SHOT IS PERFECT PORTRAIT OF JENNIFER AS SHE IS PERFECTLY STILL.

Walter stares, head down, eyes straight ahead at her.

She backs away, toward the darkroom exit.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
I must go, Walter...

STUDIO

Cynthia runs across the studio floor in heels. Her shoe comes off. Walter comes out of the darkroom.

CYNTHIA
(frightened)
...I'm late... gotta run... Call
me... and we'll go for lunch....

She frantically retrieves her shoe and scurries away.

CLOSE SHOT - WALTER STARES AFTER HER

Walter slowly re-enters his darkroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAHITI BEACH - NIGHT

JEAN-PAUL stumbles down the empty MOONLIT beach. He is drunk, a BOTTLE OF WINE in hand. He walks down the beach weaving in the surf, singing to himself melancholically.

In the surf an object can be seen SPARKLING in the sand, the water splashing over it. The object glimmers and it catches his eye. He walks curiously toward it.

Sand washes off the object and the slender HAND AND ARM of a young woman is seen, a LARGE OPAL RING gleaming on her hand.

His eyes suddenly widen and he stops cold as JENNIFER'S DEAD BODY is before him. Her eyes are closed. Oddly peaceful.

CUT TO:

INT. NY POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

Walter faces us. Behind him, height lines are drawn. He holds a plaque. Walter Rilke, 05-03-84-(BOOKING #)

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER

Turn to profile please.

Walter does. They take his photo.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION

DET. LT. FRANK HOLDEN walks into the room, with DET. SGT. ROY HOPKINS stands near Frank, a large figure with a deep scar on his nose.

FRANK

Walter, I'm Detective Holden, and this is Detective Hopkins.

ROY

Call me Roy.

FRANK

And you may call me Frank, Walter. I just want you to look at a few pictures, I know you like pictures, don't you Walter.

WALTER

Yes.

FRANK

Good.

Frank spreads PHOTOSTAT FACSIMILE copies on the table. They are PICTURES OF DEAD JENNIFER.

Walter looks at them

WALTER

Terrible compositions. Not very pretty at all.

FRANK

She's dead Walter. Dead.

ROY

She was pretty Walter. Pretty.

FRANK

What did you do with her? Talk!

ROY

Did you rape her Walter? Did you?

FRANK

(pointing to Photo)

What are these indents in her forehead?

ROY

How many times did you hit her? Walter, tell us. What did you hit her with. A hammer? Why a hammer? Is that what you used?

FRANK

Did you use your camera, Walter? Is that it? Did you?

ROY

Jap cameras are expensive, Walter.

FRANK

Why did you kill her? Confess.

ROY

Confess your sins Walter. Do you want a priest? We'll provide one for you.

WALTER

No priest. I want to talk to my attorney, Mr. Jackie L. Bermann.

Frank hangs his head.

FRANK

NO! Why? We're just talking here. As friends Walter. As friends.

ROY

Friends, Walter, *friends!*

WALTER

I have my rights.

ROY

You're Canadian. You don't have any rights.

FRANK

We have the death penalty here, Walter. So tell us or you'll fry.

Walter is silent. Frank paces.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So much for being friends Walter. Do we have the guillotine here?

ROY

Only the French have that. Tahiti's
French, right?

FRANK

(to Walter)

Maybe we can send you back there.
Think about that while you rot.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELLS/HOLDING AREA

The room is composed of a PARTITIONED ROW of two-way booths,
separated by screens. Each room has a phone.

GUARDS bring out Walter. He sits. JACKIE BERMANN enters,
sits opposite, and picks up the phone. Walter does the same.

BERMANN

Hiya, kid.

WALTER

Hello Mr. Bermann.

BERMANN

Jackie. Call me Jackie.

WALTER

Okay, Jackie.

BERMANN

Bet you want to get out of here.

WALTER

Yes, I would like to go home.

BERMANN

Sure, kid, sure. I have to ask
you this, you know, these are
some serious allegations here.
Jennifer was hit in the head pretty
hard, then drowned. She could've
fallen. Doubt it, but all you need
is doubt. Right?

WALTER

Right, Jackie.

BERMANN

Right. Well, it looks like foul
play was at hand, kid. You may
be the last person that saw her
alive. So, I need to know when was
the last time you saw her.

WALTER

In Tahiti.

BERMANN

Right, you were photographing
Marlon. So... Did you kill her?

WALTER

Yes, with my camera.

A long pause. Bermann hears BUZZING and looks up.

CLOSE SHOT - CEILING AIR-CONDITIONING VENT

BERMANN

Okay. You killed her. People
kill each other all the time.
So what? Right? Okay, kid, have you
told anyone else?

WALTER

No one, Jackie.

BERMANN

Okay, okay. Good. Did anyone see
you?

WALTER

No, Jackie.

BERMANN

Okay, good. Good. I think we can
still win, Walter. You're not a
flight risk are you?

WALTER

No.

BERMANN

I can get you out on bail then.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE

(slams down gavel)

Bail denied!

BAILIFFS take Walter out of the courtroom.

INT. WALTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The Jailer closes the door and leaves.

Walter stands in the middle of the cell. He looks around at
his new surroundings. A toilet is in the corner. A small bed
in the other.

He walks over to the bed and curls up facing the wall.

INT. TAHITIAN POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

TWO GENDARME circle the BELLBOY, who sits at a table crying.

GENDARME #1
(French with subtitles)
Why did you kill her, Jean-Paul,
why?

GENDARME #2
Tell us, Jean-Paul.

JEAN-PAUL
Because I loved her!

GENDARME #1
Yes, you killed her because you
loved her. A crime of passion.

GENDARME #2
Ah, passion.

JEAN-PAUL
Yes. Out of passion.

GENDARME #1
What did you hit her with?

GENDARME #2
Yes, what?

JEAN-PAUL
With my fist?

GENDARME #1
No. Something else. Something
metal.

JEAN-PAUL
(thinks hard)
A hammer!

GENDARME #1
Yes, a hammer. Like Maxwell.

GENDARME #2
Yes, like Maxwell's Silver Hammer.

JEAN-PAUL
Yes. The Beatles. Abbey Road.

GENDARME #1
Yes. Here Comes the Sun, Jean-Paul.
Here comes the sun...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Sun shines into the courtroom. Walter is calmly sitting at a table beside Bermann in a PACKED COURT. There are TWELVE JURYMEN beside him and various SPECTATORS.

A man reads the paper. The headlines: RILKE WILL GET CHAIR VOWS DISTRICT ATTORNEY. Another caption reads: WELSH THESPIAN AND SCREEN LEGEND DIES AT 58. A photo of Richard B.

The man puts down the paper. It is DAVID GORDON.

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY, William Stacy, resembling Raymond Burr with a cane stands and in front of Walter.

A gavel pounds...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

The people of this state charge that the crime of murder in the first degree has been committed by the prisoner at the bar,

(points dramatically)

Walter Rilke. They charge that this same Walter Rilke, willfully...

(pause for emphasis)

and with malice...

(pause for emphasis)

and cruelty...

(pause for emphasis)

and deception, murdered then sought to conceal from the knowledge and justice of the world, the body of Jennifer Elizabeth Gordon.

(walking toward jury)

It will be for you ladies and gentleman, to decide what should be done with this man, who has flouted every moral law, broken every commandment, who has crowned his infamy, with...

(pause for dramatic effect)

...murder.

Bermann sits back and clears his throat.

Walter is solemn and stares at the desk.

THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The District Attorney is closing his arguments

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(at jury stand)

...find this man, Walter Rilke, guilty. Guilty. Guilty, Guilty. Of murder in the first degree of the young, pretty and poor Miss Gordon, who's ambition to work up within the New York art world and have her own gallery, was just all too short by this cold, cruel, evil man. Now, New York has not had a man put to death since 1963 when Eddie Mays was executed for murder in the Sing Sing electric chair. I ask you to look deep within your hearts and find a place for Walter Rilke in that electric chair. I know you will make the right choice. That is all your honor.

He walks away and sits down looking at Walter.

BERMANN

The D.A. is just trying to scare you. Walter, most likely you'll be lucky and just die on death row.

WALTER

(solemn)

Yes, I will be lucky to die on death row.

INT. COURTROOM

A BALIFF comes from the court and hands the Judge a piece of paper. The Judge reads it.

JUDGE

Councilor, approach the bench. The district attorney may want to hear this as well.

The D.A. walks up to the bench as does Bermann.

Walter looks helpless.

David looks on concerned.

JUDGE

Well Bill, it seems that the young bell hop was executed by the Tahitians this morning.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Damn Tahitian justice.

JUDGE

Well no need to waste taxpayer money on a protracted trial.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

He's guilty as sin!

BERMANN

Isn't it enough that a man already died for this crime?

JUDGE

Well, maybe I can reschedule our tee time, we can all get out on the links a little early. I should show you this lovely catalogue...

(opens golf catalogue)

Look at this driver. I ordered it two weeks ago and it came last night.

CLOSE UP - WONDERFUL PHOTO OF A WOODEN CLUB TAKEN BY WALTER

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That is nice. Makes me want to play a round right now.

BERMANN

(flips through)

I'm buying a set of these.

JUDGE

It's such a wonderful day.

BERMANN

It would be a shame to waste it.

JUDGE

Well, let me check about getting on the green earlier.

(to court)

A short five minute recess for everyone.

(hits gavel)

The judge heads into his chamber.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

What do we do about him?

They look at Walter. Walter sits. He looks uncomfortable. The jury examines him. He looks at the jury looking back at him and looks at his feet. David Gordon gets up and walks out of the courtroom.

The judge comes back. He nods to the councilors.

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

Walter walks. A PAPARAZZI PHOTOGRAPHER stands nearby...

PAPARAZZI

Rilke!

Walter looks over... 'FLASH!'

The photographer exits. A despondent Walter walks away.

At the bottom of the steps is a WHITE LINCOLN LIMOSINE.

CLOSE SHOT - LIMO WINDOW ROLLED DOWN. DARK INSIDE.

Walter looks at the limo concerned. He then sees...

Frank as he trots up the steps to Walter.

FRANK

Walter! Hold up. Look, I just want to show my sincerest apologies. Let me drive to your car. C'mon...

INT. FRANK'S CAR - STREET - DAY

Frank drives down the street in a 1972 MERCURY COUGAR. Walter sits beside him, looking out the window.

FRANK

Yeah kid, I really thought I had you. Tahitians, Jesus. Do you need any money or anything, I kinda feel bad. We took all you're stuff and sold it at a police auction. Closed your studio.

WALTER

What about my 1961 beetle.

FRANK

Police auction. Yeah, we sold a lot of your stuff for charity. Victims of brutal artistic assaults. Oh, and you should of told us how flammable your negatives were. We were lucky to save some. You really should have told us.

WALTER

Where are they now?

FRANK

Well, your lawyer said he has claim to them since you couldn't pay him.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Said you owed him big time. He took everything we couldn't sell. Greedy bastard. All those prints of yours. He's Schnabel's lawyer right? And David Gordon took the rest. Like I said, some were a bit damaged. Don't know what happened there. Sometimes officers get a bit careless, you know. It's the long hours and low pay. Do you have any cash?

WALTER

I have some in a bank.

FRANK

I'd check on that. Bermann said he was going after that too. You must have had some big legal bills.

WALTER

Yes. It seems so. And my camera. My Nikon F2.

FRANK

Kid, it's still in police custody.

WALTER

Give it to me!

FRANK

No, Walter, No. I can't do that, even if I wanted to. And I don't want to. It's a murder weapon.

WALTER

I was acquitted.

FRANK

Yeah, I heard that. You got a raw deal, just like Jennifer Gordon. She got a raw deal too. Can I give you some money? Buy you a coffee?

WALTER

No thank you, Detective Holden.

FRANK

Frank. C'mon, we're friends, Walter. Right?

WALTER

No, Detective Holden. It would make me very happy if I never had to see you ever again.

Frank quickly pulls the car over.

FRANK

(angry)

Get out! Get out of my car!

He leans over and opens Walter's door. Walter exits.

FRANK

(real scary)

If I ever see you again...

(points at Walter;
makes gunshot noise)

Bang!

He peels away, leaving Walter behind.

INT. WALTER RILKE STUDIO - EVENING

Walter walks down the hall.

JANITORS clean.

The studio is empty and closed up.

EXT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His key won't work the elevator.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S GALLERY - NIGHT

Walter walks up to the gallery. Cynthia is inside working with a young girl. They are putting up PAINTINGS on the wall. He puts his face up to the window. Cynthia notices him and almost has heart failure.

CYNTHIA

Walter, Jesus Christ. Get out of here.

WALTER

I need a new show.

CYNTHIA

Well I need a new life, but that's not going to happen anytime soon.

She looks at Walter.

CYNTHIA

Look, hon, I know you got off Scott free. But I can't help you. Jennifer was a lot of things, but she was also my friend. So you have to go before I call the police.

WALTER

Where do I go?

CYNTHIA

I don't know. Now go, please.

WALTER

Yes, Ms. Schnabel. I understand.

Walter walks away sadly.

He steps out of the gallery and looks around.

The city street seems strangely quiet.

Walter looks back at Cynthia. She looks away.

Walter walks slowly away down the SoHo street.

NARRATOR (VO)

Walter, the most sought after
photographer in the world, was now
a social leper. No newspaper would
take him. No magazine would accept
him. He could not even get a job as
a high school photographer, or
taking family portraits at Sears.
His remaining days would be spent
scrounging the streets for food and
enough money to keep his camera
full of film stock. He would never
show again during his lifetime.

END OF "SEQUENCE E"

"SEQUENCE F"

1 9 8 5

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Andy W is walking down the street handing out copies of INTERVIEW magazine to the street vendors. Andy has with him a MINOLTA MAXXUM 7000 AF CAMERA.

ANDY

Interview! Interview!

Andy stops to look at some jewelry at a street vendor.

Walter, beard grown, disheveled, dirty with teeth rotting heads toward Andy a cheap instamatic camera in hand. Andy notices Walter and quickly turns away from him.

WALTER

Hi, Andy.

ANDY

(afraid)

Hello. Uh. Walter. Um. Interview?

WALTER

No. Give me money.

ANDY

(looking at the beast)

Gee. Uh. Well will five dollars help.

(takes out five dollars)

WALTER

(takes money)

No.

ANDY

Sorry, Walter, I just don't have any money on me. Oooh, do you like this necklace?

(holding necklace)

WALTER

It is pretty ugly.

ANDY

That's what makes it so good.

(to street vendor)

How much for the necklace?

STREET VENDOR

Five, my man.

ANDY

Five dollars is an awful lot.
Walter can I borrow that five I
gave you?

Andy pouts. Walter just gives the money back to Andy.

ANDY

Thanks Walter.
(buys necklace)
It really is so gaudy.
You uh, need to take a bath, you
know. Really. You smell bad.

Walter follows Andy as he walks down the street shopping.

WALTER

Yes. I smell terrible.

ANDY

Uh. I haven't seen you around, you
know, uh, since, well, since you
killed Jennifer.

WALTER

Yes, I've been working.

ANDY

Can I see your art?

Walter shakes his head. "No".

ANDY (CONT'D)

You should really show Walter.

WALTER

People hate me.

ANDY

Yeah, they do don't they.

WALTER

(sadly)

Yes. Very much so. I like your
single lens reflex camera Andy.

ANDY

Oh, uh, this? Yeah Walter, it's all
auto focus now.

WALTER

Can I see?

ANDY
 (squeamish)
 Gee, uh, Walter. I don't know it's
 pretty new, you know and you're all
 dirty and greasy.

WALTER
 Give it to me Andy!

ANDY
 (handing camera to Walter)
 Okay, sure, Walter but be really
 careful, it's sensitive, you know.
 Uh.

Walter looks at the camera. He zooms the lens in and out and looks through the finder. He touches the top button which controls the auto focus and the camera moves a bit in and out of focus before Walter accidentally takes a photo.

ANDY
 It's not like the other camera's
 Walter, it's all electronic and
 uh, new. Okay, that's enough now,
 Walter. Be careful please.

TRRCSHICKK!

Walter takes a photo of Andy. The camera makes a blip when it comes in to focus.

BLIP BLIP BLIP BLIP BLIP

ANDY
 Careful Walter.

TRRCSHICKK!

WALTER
 I have it now. I will trade you.

ANDY
 (incredulous)
 For what?

WALTER
 For this.

Walter shows Andy a CRAPPY INSTAMATIC CAMERA.

ANDY
 Gee, I don't know Walter, that
 camera is not nearly as pretty as
 the Minolta and it's kind of
 really, uh, shitty.

WALTER

Trade!

ANDY

No. It's fairly new Walter! It's like I just bought it. And I really like it, it takes wonderful photos.

WALTER

Buy another one.

ANDY

Yeah, but Walter, it was expensive.

WALTER

I am taking your camera now.

ANDY

I guess so, Walter. You know, it's just such a crummy deal.
(holding instamatic)

WALTER

Too bad Andy.
(looks at magazine)

Andy looks at Walter.

SLOW ZOOM.

Walter looks at Andy.

SLOW ZOOM

Walter takes Andy's Interview magazines.

Walter walks away with the camera and magazines. Andy looks at the pathetic instamatic. It has tape on it.

OCTOBER 4, 1985.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Walter walks down the street taking photos at the passing people. He takes out a roll of film from the camera and tosses it in a bag he obviously found some where. The bag is full of 35mm film rolls. His face is thinner than normal and has the appearance of being outdoors for a long period of time. His hair is of a medium length, with the front falling over his eyebrow. It has receded along the upper corners of his forehead. He is twenty.

Outside the alley, a WHITE LINCOLN LIMOSINE.

Walter crosses the street and goes to a back alley. He notices the limo.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Walter sifts through garbage and finds a cardboard box that has been folded up. He takes it and drags it down the alley.

Walter keeps dragging the box as he heads down to the end of the alley, and then all of a sudden he turns his head.

MIRROR IN ALLEY

A large mirror has been discarded.

Walter stops and looks at his image.

SLOW ZOOM INTO MIRROR REFLECTION
SLOW ZOOM INTO WALTER'S FACE

SLOW ZOOM INTO MIRROR

SLOW ZOOM INTO WALTER'S FACE

Walter looks down at the white limo. A man steps out.

Walter sets his camera up on a box.

He stands for a moment as he adjusts the frame.

He sets the automatic timer.

The man walks down the darkened alley.

It is David Gordon.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. ALLEY STREET - DAY

TWO BLACK YOUTHS AND A WHITE HOMEBOY - MARCO, TERRANCE and ADAM turn off the street into the alley. They are dressed in the style of early hip hop. They pull out a joint and begin to clamour together.

CUT TO:

The youths are getting high, enjoying themselves. People can be seeing walking past the opening of the alley in regular intervals.

Terrance catches something in the corner of his eye.

TERRANCE
Yo, yo, yo. Marco. Yo.

MARCO
What up? bro.

ADAM

Yo! Yo!

MARCO

Yo, man. I ax you what up?

Terrance walks forward. Amongst the pile of trash and cardboard, is the body of Walter Rilke.

The three young men stand silent.

TERRANCE

He look peaceful, man.

MARCO

Yeah. Man. Peaceful.

ADAM.

Peace bro. Peace.

TERRANCE

Peace.

MARCO

He a photographer.

ADAM

How you know?

MARCO

Cause he got a camera.

Marco walks forward and tries to take it from his hand.

TERRANCE

Yo, man. AIDS.

MARCO

(stops cold)

Terrance, ain't no AIDS on his camera.

ADAM

How you know?

TERRANCE

He's right, bro. AIDS could be anywhere.

Marco tries to take Walter's camera from his hands.

TERRANCE

He ain't gonna let go, man.

MARCO

He's dead. He'll let go.

Marco tries again. He fails.

MARCO

Yeah. You right.

ADAM

I guess we should tell someone.

TERRANCE

Think we did it, Adam.

ADAM

We ain't done nothin. We safe.

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Terrance, Marco and Adam sit in the back of TWO PATROL CARS.

Lt. Frank Holden is on the scene with Roy, the CORONER, TWO FORENSIC OFFICERS, and a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER (Mike).

He looks down at Walter's body as a photographer takes a picture. In the background is heard "twenty year old male."

Roy Hopkins walks over.

ROY

Beaten to death. Poor kid. Would of loved to nailed him. Had a bag of film. We're still counting the rolls. Mike, how many rolls of film on him?

MIKE is counting film rolls with a YOUNG FEMALE OFFICER.

MIKE

About five hundred rolls of undeveloped film here. Most of them are all thirty six exposures. Black and White mostly. Frank, that's over 15000 thousand exposures.

FRANK

Jeez. The kid was busy.

MIKE

Oh, we found this on him. Had it stuffed in his inside coat pocket.

Mike hands the photo over to Frank. The photo is torn and folded over. Frank looks at it.

CLOSE SHOT: THE PHOTO OF TRACY WAVING AT WALTER.

Frank watches as Walter is being zipped up in a body bag and take him away.

EXT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY SOHO - NIGHT

On the gallery window:

The Kid With The Camera:

Walter Rilke, photographs 1974 - 1985.

INT. CYNTHIA SCHNABEL GALLERY SOHO - NIGHT

The walls are covered in WALTER'S PHOTOGRAPHS of all sizes, both small and large scale. Cynthia stands with a glass of wine next to her new assistant, HEATHER (20's). The gallery feels empty with only six other visitors.

Frank walks in. He is dress smartly in a suit and tie. He carries a bag with a heavy object in it.

He stops and looks at some of Walter's photos, both his early and late works. The PHOTO OF TRACY is framed.

Cynthia notices him and walks over to him.

CYNTHIA

Hello detective.

FRANK

Miss Schnabel. Been a few years.

CYNTHIA

Yes it has.

FRANK

I just thought, I don't get out to these things much and well... I'm surprised, I kinda thought it would be elbow to elbow.

CYNTHIA

Oh, yes. The Museum of Modern Art is having it's opening tonight for a retrospective of Andy's work.

FRANK

Is that so?

CYNTHIA

Yes it is.

FRANK

(awkward)

Oh, this is for you.

(gives the bag to
her)

CYNTHIA
(standoffish)
Really detective, no need.

FRANK
Look inside.

She does and pulls out THE NIKON F2, EVIDENCE TAG and all.

CYNTHIA
Oh, I have just the perfect spot
for it. Heather?

Her assistant, HEATHER comes up to Cynthia.

HEATHER
Yes, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA
This is Detective Holden.

FRANK
Hello.

HEATHER
Pleased to meet you detective.

FRANK
(smiles warmly)
Likewise. Call me Frank. I'm retired.

CYNTHIA
Is that so?

FRANK
Yes it is.

CYNTHIA
Heather dear, Can you display this
please?
(gives her camera)

HEATHER
Sure thing.

She leaves.

CYNTHIA
What do you think? It's one of
Walter's last works.

Frank steps up and takes a look at the photo. Next to it is
a PORTRAIT OF JENNIFER (DEAD).

He looks over at...

PICTURE OF DAVID GORDON ABOUT TO ASSAULT WALTER.

FRANK

Yeah, well, it's just a picture.
(turning around)

Heather finishes placing the camera on a PLINTH, a SPOT LIGHT shining down on it. She is pleased with her make shift presentation. Both Frank and Cynthia turn to look at the camera.

A SLOW TRACKING SHOT begins towards Walter's silver Nikon F2 sitting on the plinth under a pool of light.

Under the gallery lights the camera looks beautiful, a work of art itself.

FADE OUT:

Epilogue

At the time of Walter's death, some 1,200,000 individual negatives were known to exist.

Of these, roughly half were damaged due to improper storage.

36000 were destroyed in police custody.

The bulk of the remaining 564,000 negatives have not been examined.

Due to an ongoing legal battle between the estate of Jennifer Gordon and Cynthia Schnabel, the public may never see any of them.

The murder of Walter Rilke is as of yet, unsolved.

THE END