

SHUTTERBUG
BY CIARA SHAW

DRAFT 3

INT. Apartment - Morning

We see a cosy living room in a fancy apartment. An elegant attire of expensive furniture and decor.

Music is playing somewhere in the flat via a record player.

We meet our main hero, EDWARD FOX, (mid-twenties, chilled, bit smug) in the kitchen.

He snoops through some draws while on a phone call (the actual flat-owner - Edward is just house-sitting).

EDWARD FOX

(On phone)

Yeah, everything's fine. I found you record collection by the way. Smashing stuff there. Hope you're having fun out there.

(pause)

Look, don't worry.

Opens a draw. Jackpot! Some film roll! He picks up his prize.

EDWARD FOX (CONT'D)

I will be the best house-sitter you've called up on. Okay, bye.

EDWARD FOX hangs up the phone, and then puts it aside.

He examines the roll with keen eyes. He knows what comes next-

VWHOOSH!

We pan-wipe to a hand snatching a RETRO SLR CAMERA from a wooden surface (probably a table) VWOOM!

VWHOOSH! Pan-wipe again

Swaps the film roll in the camera with one of the found ones.

VWOOSH!

Puts another found roll in pocket. VWHOOSH!

Edward stands in front of the door, just beaming with confidence.

EDWARD FOX

(to himself)

Right then... Let's do this!

He opens the door and struts forward towards adventure! Que the montage!!

Around London - Montage

A) EXT. London Street

Mission-bound, he walks with great intent, camera in hand, looking with hunger for the picture-perfect moment.

B) EXT. Tree

A strange rumbling from the branches, Boom. Edward emerges HANGING UPSIDE DOWN from the tree! Click! Picture taken.

C) EXT. A London Bench

He sits holding camera by his chin. Eyes looking down like a hawk. We CUT to reveal he's staring at-

A PIGEON moseying about with its bobbing head.

Waits for the perfect moment to strike.

D) EXT. SOMEWHERE BY THE THAMES

Edward stares out from the distance somewhere. Zoom out and we see him on A BOAT MOVING ACROSS THE RIVER.

EXT. LONDON - SPLIT SCREEN - DAY

Throughout the day, Edward travels, searches, and photographs anything that captures his eye.

The montage ends with Edward taking a photo in our direction.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. Apartment - The Next Morning

Edward is pouring the kettle making tea. Humming 'Rule Britannia'. A sense of content and order

He pours the milk into his tea.

He makes his way to the sofa. Deserves a day to relax. He plops down. Puts tea on the coffee table and turns on the TV.

Some sitcom is playing. He sips his tea. What could be better than this?

Starting to feel bored of the show. Starts looking around his surroundings.

Then looks next to him. Oh, a dead body... WHAT?!

EDWARD FOX

Fuck!

[spills tea on him. Screams in pain]

Ow! Fuck! Ow!

He gets up and dials his mobile.

The phone rings.

EDWARD

(on phone)

Hello. Police please.

(pause)

Ah! Yes! Hello! Err, There's a
dead body in my living room.
Well, my friend's living room.
I'm just housesitting for him.
(pause)

Well, I don't know. I just found
out him there, didn't I?

(briefly looks at body)

Recently I think.

(pause)

Yeah. Number ten, Parker Avenue.
As soon as you can please.

Knock-Knock-Knock.

He quickly turns his head to the door. That was a bit quick,
wasn't it?

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yeah, thanks. Bye.

(hangs up and puts phone away)

Let's hope normality returns with whoever's behind the door.
Edward walks to the door, and opens to reveal-

DCI COLE. Late 40s. Has a very no-nonsense face. Very serious.

EDWARD

(surprised)

Well! You lot work quicker than they say on the news!

DCI Cole

Matthew Bingham?

EDWARD

Err, no. Flattered, though. I'm Edward. Edward Fox. I'm a friend of his.

DCI Cole

And where is Mr Bingham now?

EDWARD

In Glasgow on a business trip. I'm just housesitting for him.

DCI Cole

Right then. My name is DCI Cole from the Metropolitan Police. I'm here due to a series of complaints regarding some distressing noises in this flat recently.

EDWARD

How recent?

DCI Cole

Last night.

EDWARD

Well, I don't know. I wasn't here then. I was... with a friend.

DCI COLE

And how would you describe your relationship with this friend then?

EDWARD FOX

(defensive)

None of your bloody business.

Stone cold silence. DCI Cole is having none of it. Makes Edward uncomfortable.

EDWARD

You can come in now.

DCI Cole is about to enter, but Edward immediately stops him.

EDWARD

Before you do though...

DCI Cole raises an eyebrow.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I just needed to say that I just phoned the police for... I think a different incident.

DCI COLE

Different how, sir?

EDWARD

Well, I guess you'll know what I mean. It's just, umm...

Edward just moves away from the doorway, and gestures DCI Cole that he can come in.

Cole enters with a serious walk, wanting it all over and done with.

EDWARD

Just over there.

DCI Cole walks to the sofa. He sees the body. Raises eyebrow.

DCI COLE

Have you ever met this man before?

EDWARD

You mean before or after he met his maker on the sofa?

DCI COLE

Just answer the question, sir.

EDWARD

No. I haven't

DCI COLE

Can you think of any possible reason as to why he might have died on your sofa?

EDWARD

No. I've no idea.

DCI COLE

And do you know how long your friend is in Glasgow for?

EDWARD

Just another couple of weeks, I think. Why are you asking?

DCI COLE

Mr. Fox, we believe that he may be a suspect regarding an incident that's occurred on the two weeks ago on the twenty-fifth.

EDWARD

(confused)

What?

DCI COLE

Yes. I'm afraid you need to come with me. My colleagues will be here soon to sweep for evidence.

EDWARD

Why? Surely that's unnecessary.

DCI COLE

It's just procedure, sir.

Edward just finds the whole thing being pointless. How can he make him go away? Suddenly-

EDWARD

Ah! If I tell you something that I remember, will you please go away and take the body with you?

DCI COLE

Only if it's relevant to the case, sir.

EDWARD

Well then. I was out photographing yesterday-

FLASHBACK - Yesterday

EXT. London Ally - Night

Edward is looking around on a quest for the perfect image as we hear him narrate.

EDWARD (NARRATION)

-just checking out some ally within a posh area in the city.

DCI COLE (NARRATION)

Can you remember where, exactly?

We see Edward REACTING to something. He made a sharp turn.

EDWARD (NARRATION)

Don't know. Wasn't really paying
attention to where I was going.
Near Piccadilly Circus maybe?

He walks carefully towards something, but we don't see what.
He brings his camera in front of his face.

DCI COLE (NARRATION)

Just tell me what happened, and
we'll sort the rest at the
station.

Edward pushes the button. Click.

EDWARD (NARRATION)

Hang on a minute-

INT. Apartment - Back to Now

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Shouldn't I be talking about
this **at** the police station or
something?

DCI COLE

Usually that's the case, but if
you have anything that can be
used as evidence, I need to
retrieve it so I can take it in
for analysis.

That makes sense, doesn't it? Edward does his best to
understand.

DCI COLE (CONT'D)

So, do you have it? The
photographs?

EDWARD

Yes. I got them. Should I get
it?

DCI COLE

Please, do.

Edward makes his way towards the nearby desk, which is full of
scattered notes and film rolls. Very lived in.

He starts going through the mess of rolls meanderingly.

EDWARD

(as he is searching)

Should give you the heads-up
that I haven't developed it yet.

DCI COLE

(confused)

What?

EDWARD

Yeah, I haven't got around to
developing anything yet.

He scans a single roll for the hand-written label. Wrong one.
Puts it down Repeat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Would have gotten on [BREAK]

EDWARD (CONT'D)

with it too if it weren't for-

Edward abruptly stops when he feels the end of a gun pressed to his head. Terrified, he puts his hands up.

We PAN from where Edward stands to reveal the gunman...

... DCI Cole! His patience now almost non-existent.

DCI COLE

(about to lose it!)

Right... just give me the fucking film, and let's be done with it.

Edward struggles to process what's happening right now.

EDWARD

I...I...wha...

DCI COLE

The film roll you used from when you're in that ally. Give it to me or say bonn voyage to your cranium.

Still nothing from Edward.

DCI COLE

Nod if you understand what I just said.

He nods. Quickly.

DCI COLE

Good. Good. Then give me the

(shouting)

FUCKING FILM! NOW!

A massive thump suddenly came from behind, followed by another one.

Edward turns and looks to where DCI Cole is standing. Only to find him dead.

His body lies on the floor. Eyes still open. A pool of blood flowing from his head. A shocking sight to see.

Edward has a moment to process what just happened.

He then spots something next to the body - a pair of feet.

We follow Edward's gaze as he works his way upwards to reveal-

A MAN with an ANIMAL MASK and suit, holding a bloodied bat - Very 'Hotline Miami'.

A silent beat. Edward couldn't believe what he's looking at.

EDWARD

What the fuck?!

All of a sudden BAM!

The Masked Man tries to hit Edward with the bat, but he just dodges it. The bat hits the desk hard.

Edward crashes by one of the sofas, and in a panic, starts throwing the cushions at him.

The Masked Man shields himself from the cushions. During the pause between throws, he starts moving forward but-

BOOM! Gets hit with a massive coffee table book, knocking him to the floor.

A chance to escape. Edward makes it to the door, slamming it as he exits.

INT. Apartment Building - Corridor - Continuous

Edward dashes down the hall in complete terror for his life.
A mad-capped beat as he carries on running to-

MAIN STAIRCASE

His footsteps echo as he runs down the empty staircase.

EXT. Apartment Building

He exists the building. Fear still on his face. He runs like a more frenzied, lollopy Tom Cruise.

Edward reaches the pavement. It looks as though he'll never stop running.

He turns around the corner and-BAM!

Edward crashes into a PASSERBY walking in the opposite direction, causing both to fall to the ground.

The Passerby (man, late 20s, worn jacket), sitting up, is pretty peeved off from the disturbance.

PASSERBY

What is your deal, man?

He's then grabbed by the lapel of his jacket by Edward.

EDWARD

Where's the police station?!

PASSERBY

What?

EDWARD

The police! Where's the nearest station?

PASSERBY

It's a thirty-minute drive from here.

(getting up)

Hey, are you alright?

EDWARD

Someone's trying to kill me!

He's on the brink of tears from overstimulation.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I don't know who, but they want to kill me!

PASSERBY

Okay, Okay. Look at me. Look at me.

(Edward looks at him)

Breath in...

The two men breath in synch with each other.

PASSERBY (CONT'D)

... and out.

They both exhale.

PASSERBY (CONT'D)

Okay. Police station isn't too far from here. You seem a bit shook by whatever just happened, so I'm going to come with you.

EDWARD

Oh, no. You don't have to-

PASSERBY

(interrupting)

It's fine, really. I'd been having a boring day anyway. If anything, you're doing me a big favour here. Come on, then. This way.

The man starts walking, with Edward following.

PASSERBY

I'm Harold, by the way. What about you?

EDWARD

Edward.

HAROLD

Nice to meet you, Edward.

EDWARD

Is it though?

HAROLD

Well, it could be worse.

EDWARD

Trust me mate. From what I'd been through, don't think you'd like to know.

(looking around, paranoid)

Hey, do you think we can pick things up here?

HAROLD

Don't think that we'd be followed, mate.

EDWARD

How would you know, anyway?

HAROLD

Because I made sure that that won't be the case.

EDWARD

And what do you mean by-

Edward sharply turns to Edward, pointing a gun at his face.

EDWARD

Fuck me!

HAROLD

Flattered, but I think I'll just have the picture if that's alright.

EDWARD

What is it that you want from me? A picture? I don't even know what it is that I took that caused all of this!

HAROLD

And we're going to keep it that way.

EDWARD

Then how am I suppose to know if I'm giving you the right thing?

HAROLD

Oh, I know that you've got it on you.

(breaks fourth wall)

So, you lot better not overthink this either.

EDWARD

Okay! Okay! Just hang on.

He quickly goes through his pockets until he fishes out the film roll.

He tosses it to Harold.

As soon as he caught it, he then inspects it. A sign of a precarious man.

He smiles with relief and looks back at Edward.

HAROLD

You are a lucky individual,
hipster. Let's hope we never
meet again.

He gives a wink and walks away. A silent beat.

Edward breathes heavily. Out of all this madness, he's only
able to say one word..

EDWARD

Hipster?

FADE TO BLACK.

A silent beat. A moment of peace.

We then hear Edward's voice. Sounds chipper. Clearly talking
to someone.

EDWARD

I mean, to be honest. It could
have turned out worse than that.

INT. Edward's Bathroom - COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER

Edward is multitasking - he's amid processing photographs
while talking over his mobile phone.

The bathroom is full of chemicals and photos on makeshift
drying lines. More of a photo lab really.

EDWARD

(on phone)

Well, how was I supposed to know?

(beat)

Because if you're photographing for a friend's wedding, one would just assume that they'll backup everything.

(beat)

Because it was their friend's wedding! It's no different then backing up those boring papers that you have to read through.

He hangs up a photo to dry. Watches for the photos to appear. We stick to his face though.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

To be honest, I don't know why she asked them to do it. I love them, but they can't even make a spreadsheet, yet alone be in charge of wedding pictures.

(beat)

Yeah, course I can.

(beat)

I know that, but you know how expensive these things are.

During the beat, he takes his eyes away from the pictures and starts moving about a bit.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Think I'm just too worried about renting out a digital [BREAK]

EDWARD (CONT'D)

one. Have rent to pay, you know.

(beat)

Yeah, I asked her that too, but she wasn't sure about going analogue.

(beat)

I don't know. It is what it is, alright. Can't do anything about that, can I?

(beat)

Mm hmm. Yeah, yeah. We're going to this Japanese place in Leister Square, so...

Edward trails off when he glances at the photographs again. His chill demeanor turning to shocked. A beat of revelation. In disbelief, Edward takes one of the photographs and rushes out of the room.

INT. Edward's Flat - Continuous

In the rush, all we get with the interior is small, full, lots of cameras.

He dashes to the ceiling light and holds the photograph towards it. Takes a beat to sink it all in.

A beat. From what he saw, all that Edward can do is say:

EDWARD

Oh, fuck!

Hard cut to black.

THE END.