

# EXPOSURE

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Working Draft

**A DROPLET OF BLOOD**

lands on a pristine patch of snow. Then another. And another. A crimson splotch forming, seeping into white.

We rise upwards, against the trickle. A CAMERA STRAP dangling into view.

We continue our ascent until we reach --

-- a CANON 5D Mark II, nestled in the crook of a thick maple branch, its body marred with bloody handprints.

The source of the droplets.

The camera FLASHES in the fading light. Dusk.

We turn to locate its subject --

MOLLY GRAY, 17, naked but for her light-blue bra and panties, curled up on her side in the snow -- eyes closed, unmoving, her right arm clamped over a wound to her abdomen.

She's bleeding out.

The camera FLASHES AGAIN.

She lies along a wooded path -- the remains of long-abandoned railroad tracks that curve along the top of a ridge, encircling a small cul-de-sac.

A handful of houses visible through the trees to one side.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS STROBE in the distance. The police have reached her neighborhood.

The camera FLASHES ONCE MORE --

Only this time the flare of light never ends, its brightness increasing exponentially, illuminating everything as we --

FADE TO WHITE.

TITLE OVER:

**E X P O S U R E**

**EXT. ROOF - GRAY RESIDENCE - DAY**

LEAVES CLOG a peeling gutter. Standard for early November.

A pair of legs nearby, crossed at the ankles. Molly's.

She lies atop the backside of her roof, her head situated just below its peak -- that Canon 5D resting on her stomach.

She lifts a joint to her lips and drags deeply. Blows smoke rings, staring into space. Lost in thought.

Or maybe just lost.

SUPER: ONE MONTH AGO.

She relegates what's left of the joint to a plastic baggy. Tucks it behind a loose brick in the chimney.

She grabs her camera and rolls onto her stomach. Peers over the roof's apex -- a voyeur taking photographs of her neighborhood.

It's is a quiet street. Lincoln-era homes -- Molly's sitting near the end of a cul-de-sac.

She focuses the telephoto lens on the house across the way.

WARREN SHAW, 53, painfully ordinary, mustache and glasses, still wearing that tan windbreaker he bought in 1987, approaches his mailbox.

**THROUGH THE TELEPHOTO LENS**

-- we watch as Warren inserts a letter. Raises the metal flag. The camera shutter CLICKS as Molly snaps pictures.

The flag falls a smidge. Warren straightens it, only to have it tilt a second time.

He fixes it once more. Waits a beat, neurotic.

It stays up. Good.

He starts across the street. Freezes as a beat-up CHEVY FLATBED comes to a stop in front of Molly's house.

**MOLLY**

pulls the 5D from her eye. The barest hint of a smile. Goes back to her camera as --

JOHN HASTINGS, 45, grubby jeans and sweatshirt flecked with paint, hops out of his truck with a six-pack of Bud Light.

He claps Warren on the shoulder, and together the two men continue up Molly's driveway, oblivious to her presence.

A faint WHIMPER in the background. Molly glances over her shoulder. Rolls onto her back and pulls out her iPhone.

Checks the time.

She climbs to her feet and maneuvers down the roof -- around the side of the dormer. Ducks through an open window --

**INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - GRAY RESIDENCE - DAY**

Uninspired. Wood paneled walls plastered in photos. A red and green plaid bedspread reminiscent of a lumberjack. Not the sort of thing you'd expect from a 17-year-old girl.

GRACIE, her Miniature Australian Shepherd, paws at the door, whining to be let out.

Molly drags her aside, giving her dog a big kiss. But it does nothing to quiet Gracie -- straight back to the door.

So Molly gives up. Sets the 5D on her desk and ties her jacket off her floor.

Dials out on her cell.

She stares into her closet as it rings and rings. Reaches out, running her hand over a RED SCARF.

A pang of sadness.

She extricates the scarf as though it might shatter. Drapes it around her neck.

The call going to voicemail. *"Hey, this is Peter..."*

**EXT. DECK - GRAY RESIDENCE - DAY**

Smoke drifts up from a crackling fire pit. Warren and John sit around the flames, swilling beers with SAM GRAY, 48, wants to be a better father to Molly but doesn't know how. Still in his police uniform following a shit day on the job.

John pulls out a pack of Djarum Black clove cigarettes. Slips one between his lips. Offers the pack to Warren.

Warren waves him off.

John shrugs. Holds them out to Sam, who takes one -- lights up. Reaches out again. Do you mind?

John doesn't. Sam takes two more -- tucks them in his breast pocket. Sinks back in his chair, relishing in the flavor.