

Final Image

A peeping tom discovers a roll of film left
conspicuously in his workplace hiding spot. The
developed pictures tell a tale of murder.

INT. SPA - DAY:

STEVE - 24, well-groomed spa concierge - stands behind the counter of a luxurious destination spa. As a wealthy couple steps up to the counter, Steve begins an obviously practiced speech. The people standing at the counter change over the course of the speech.

STEVE

Good morning, and welcome to Celestial Gardens. My name is Steve. I see that you have already checked in at the hotel desk. Here are your complimentary robes and slippers; you must wear them while inside the garden. You may change in your room, of course, but there are also changing rooms along the north wall behind you if you prefer. Here are your itineraries. The attendants inside will show you to your next destination. Now as I'm sure you are aware, only electronic devices of a medical nature are allowed inside; you will find that your cell phones and digital cameras simply do not work here. As no vacation is complete without pictures, however, here are your complimentary disposable cameras. You may give your camera to any employee when they are full; simply tell them your room number, and the physical photographs as well as an SD card containing with the images will be delivered to you within twenty-four hours. Additional cameras can be purchased from any employee in either a white or blue uniform. Please enjoy your time here at Celestial Gardens.

The guest standing at the counter at the end of the speech is CINDY - 20's, wealthy, beautiful.

CINDY

So what do you have against cell phones?

STEVE

Technology keeps us apart from the world, and from each other.

CINDY

We wouldn't want to be kept apart, would we?

STEVE

No, we certainly would not.

CINDY

Who develops the film from the cameras?

STEVE

There are a few of us here who are trained to do it. We have a special machine that processes a roll and makes digital copies in minutes.

CINDY

So, whatever pictures I take with this, you'll see them?

STEVE

Maybe. If you bring it directly to me, then I'll be the *only* one who sees them.

CINDY

Good to know. I'm Cindy, by the way.

STEVE

Good to know. I'll see you soon, Cindy.

Cindy smiles, takes her items and exits.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY:

Steve enters the boiler room, looks around to make sure he is alone, then uses a screwdriver to remove a panel on the wall.

INT. WALL CAVITY - EVENING:

Steve sits down on a large, overturned plastic bucket in the small space between the walls. A small electric lantern illuminates the space. Numerous photographs have been tacked to the walls; the photographs are all taken from the same peephole into the same dressing room, and are of different women in various stages of undress.

A small stack of disposable cameras sits next to a small crate of snacks. Steve opens a bottle of water, takes a sip and sets it down. He puts his ear to the wall for several seconds before turning off the lantern and moving a small piece of tile to reveal the peephole.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - EVENING:

Several women are changing into or out of their complimentary robes. Some are conversing. None of them take notice of the small crack in the wall from which Steve is observing them. After a few moments, Cindy enters in her robe, drinking a bottle of water. She smiles at another woman who is exiting before she sits down on a bench, opens her locker and takes out a basket of shower items.

INT. WALL CAVITY - NIGHT:

Steve's water bottle is now empty, and he is holding a camera in one hand as he looks through the peephole.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT:

Cindy is alone in the dressing room, buttoning up her shirt. She freezes as the almost imperceptible click of a photograph being taken alerts her to another's presence. She turns her head and stares directly at the peephole.

INT. WALL CAVITY - NIGHT:

Steve pulls back quickly. He fumbles to replace the piece of tile in front of the hole, but drops it on the ground. He bends down, picks up the tile, puts his ear against the wall and listens for a few seconds. Satisfied, he sits back up and glances through the peephole; a cloudy, bloody eye less than an inch from the hole looks back at him.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT:

Loud crashing from inside the wall precedes Steve crashing through the panel into the room from the wall cavity. He scrambles to his feet, replaces the panel and hastily replaces the screws with trembling hands.

INT. SPA - DAY:

Steve stands behind the counter. He is wearing a different shirt, and reciting the same speech as before. Only this time, all of the women standing at the counter and all of the women passing by are glaring at him with hate in their eyes.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY:

Steve unscrews the panel covering the wall cavity. He is pale, and has obviously been sweating. He is carrying a small backpack.

INT. WALL CAVITY - DAY:

Steve turns on the lantern and starts taking the pictures off the wall and putting them in his backpack. He freezes as he notices his camera from the previous night sitting on the bucket. It has been opened, and the roll of film is sitting directly in front of the peephole.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - EVENING:

This room looks like a computer lab, with specialized attachments at each terminal. Steve enters and sits down at a computer. He pulls the roll of film from his pocket and places it into the developer. He looks up from his terminal to see every woman in the room standing and glaring at him. The computer completes the scan, and Steve frantically puts the roll of film and the SD card into his pocket. As he runs out, several employees look up at the commotion. None of the women in the room are standing or glaring at him.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT:

Steve enters his building.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT:

Steve sits down at his computer and inserts the SD card. A message box pops-up on the screen. It says '17 images found. View as slideshow?' Steve clicks the Yes button, and the first image appears. It shows several women in the changing room the day before.

After a few seconds the image is replaced by another, and then a third, all showing similar images. The fourth picture shows when Cindy entered and the woman she smiled at was leaving, but where Cindy should be, there is only a wisp of white smoke. Pictures five through eight are of Cindy alone in the dressing room, and all similarly show nothing but tendrils of white smoke.

Picture nine is not of the dressing room at all, but rather is a photograph of a newspaper. The headline reads 'HEIRESS MURDERED BY PEEPING TOM'. The picture beneath is of Cindy. The date on the newspaper is October 30th, 1956.

Pictures ten and eleven are police photographs of Cindy's corpse. Her eyes are milky and streaked with blood. Picture twelve is of Steve sitting in the wall cavity, looking through the peephole the night before.

Picture thirteen is an extreme close-up of the bloody, milky eye that Steve saw the night before. Suddenly, the eye in the photograph moves. Steve jumps and falls out of his chair. He looks up to see the eye watching him from the screen.

Picture fourteen is of Steve entering his apartment building. The distinct click of a photograph being taken comes from the doorway, and picture fifteen is of Steve lying on his back on the floor, looking up at his computer.

Steve turns to look at the doorway and screams in terror. He scrambles backward into the bathroom and slams the door. The room remains silent as-

CLOSE-UP - COMPUTER SCREEN:

Picture fifteen is of Steve in his bathtub, screaming and holding his hands out toward the camera. Picture sixteen is of Steve, dead in the bathtub. His eyes are milky and streaked with blood. Picture seventeen is a police photograph of the same scene. The last image fades to a black screen with the words "Final Image".

FADE TO BLACK