

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL -- MORNING

An old couple, KIP and MARGE thumb through magazines in a waiting room.

Marge picks up a tabloid magazine "International Report". The cover depicts the usual assortment of alien babies and Elvis sightings. She leafs through the pages, something catches her eye and she stops.

INSERT: MAGAZINE PAGE

A full page spread entitled "THE AGONIZING END OF BELOVED TV STAR ERNIE HAMILTON - By Jonathan Huntley"

A series of photos depict a withered old man in his hospital bed, grimacing, trying to block the camera, attempting to get out of bed, only to fall onto the floor.

SUDDENLY, A HAND REACHES INTO FRAME, SNATCHES THE TABLOID MAGAZINE AWAY.

MARGE

I was reading that.

KIP

Photographing people on their death bed? It's filth Marge plain and simple. You should be ashamed.

MARGE

Fine!

Marge grabs a ladies magazine from the rack.

Just then, a tall man in surgical scrubs, JONATHAN HUNTLEY sweeps past the waiting room and down a hallway. He heads towards a pair of swinging doors marked "Authorized Personnel Only".

A blonde NURSE at the nurse's station calls out to him.

NURSE

Doctor? Doctor?!

But Jonathan ignores her, pushes through the swinging doors.

Another Nurse's station lies straight ahead. Shielding his face, Jonathan ducks down a hallway and into a washroom.

INT. WASHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A small case sits on the sink. Jonathan opens the case and removes a Nikon Camera. He checks the settings, then places the camera back in the case.

HALLWAY

Jonathan peeks into the hallway, the coast is clear. He turns another corner, sees a GUARD sitting on a chair outside a room.

Jonathan strides confidentially towards the guard. Displays his fake hospital ID.

JONATHAN  
(to the guard)  
I'm Doctor Jameson, I got paged.

GUARD  
I never heard nuthin'.

Shaking his head, Jonathan pushes into the room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A frail old woman, CAROL WENDOVER (70s) reclined in bed. Hovering over her is adult son, TIM WENDOVER (50s) and her longtime agent, SID ZIEDERMAN (70s).

JONATHAN  
Are you family?

TIM  
I'm her son, this is Sid Ziederman,  
her agent.

SID  
(correcting)  
Retired.

JONATHAN  
Okay, Miss Wendover is gonna need  
some privacy.

He hustles them through the door and closes it firmly. Then secures the deadbolt.

Hovering over her bed, Jonathan gazes at a sleepy-eyed Carol Wendover.

Placing his case on a side bench, he removes his camera.

JONATHAN  
Miss Wendover? Carol Wendover?

Carol stirs, looks towards him.

SNAP, FLASH. Jonathan moves around the bed SNAPPING PHOTOS.

CAROL WENDOVER  
Timmy?

Jonathan removes the cover from the bed and SNAPS PHOTOS of her rail-thin body.

CAROL  
Who are you?

But he ignores her, continues to SHOOT PHOTOS.

CAROL  
I know you, you're that rat-bastard  
tabloid reporter...

JONATHAN  
Keep it down, you old bag.

Carol lifts a frail arm over her head trying to shield herself from the camera. Jonathan peels her arm away. Snaps more photos.

JONATHAN  
(looking around the room)  
Something's missing.

He spies an empty bed pan. Places it under the bed.

JONATHAN  
On yer feet Miss Wendover.

Sliding his arm behind her, Jonathan shoves her upright, pulls her out of bed and tries to make her walk.

CAROL  
Let me die in peace please.

Jonathan shoves her forward, she slips and falls with a THUD.

Careful to keep the bedpan in frame, Jonathan SNAPS PHOTOS of Carol sprawled on the floor.

JONATHAN  
(as he shoots)  
Nice, nice.

CAROL  
 (calling out)  
 Someone help me!

LOUD BANGING on the hospital room door.

TIM  
 What's going on in there?

Jonathan lifts Carol back into bed and props her up. He removes a small bottle of sleeping pills from his coat jacket and pours a couple into his hand.

JONATHAN  
 You got yourself all worked up.  
 Best get some rest Miss Wendover.

He shoves a couple of sleeping pills into her mouth. And watches her swallow.

JONATHAN  
 Doctors orders.

CAROL  
 (her eyes bore into his)  
 Have you no decency?

HALLWAY

He exits into the hallway and waves a hand to stop Tim and Sid from entering.

JONATHAN  
 I gave her something for the pain.  
 Better not disturb her for an hour  
 or two.

TIM  
 Thanks doctor.

But Jonathan's already leaving, down the hallway and out the door.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT-INTERNATIONAL REPORT BUILDING -- DAY

A soulless monstrosity of glass and steel. Jonathan trots up the front steps.

INT. INTERNATIONAL REPORT EDITORS DESK -- DAY

Plump, scruffy, English born editor, SANDY TROLLOP (50s) looks over a series preliminary pages of the next issue.

INSERT: MAIN PAGE

A large shot of Carol Wendover sprawled out on the floor, her face a mask of anguish. Bed pan in the foreground.

SANDY

Nice.

A Close Up on Carol's pained expression.

Other shots depict Carol in various agonized positions.

The story title reads: "The Final Days of Silent Era Movie Starlet Carol Wendover".

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Jonathan sitting across the desk from Sandy.

SANDY

Luv it Jono, you're on a roll with this celebs on their death bed thing. And the bed pan was a nice touch - your idea?

JONATHAN

(smug)

You know how I love props.

SANDY

Keep it up boyo, the punters eat this shit up.

Sandy pulls a paper from an overstuffed in-basket.

SANDY

Onto other news Jono. "Zachary's Song" premiere is tonight. Need some asshole reaction shots on the red carpet.

JONATHAN

I'm your man.

Sandy smiles, a sinister LAUGH.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- EVENING

The Marquee reads: "ZACHARY'S SONG" PREMIERE. Jonathan pushes through a throng of reporters to greet celebs as they arrive in their limos.

A limo pulls up and a starlet, JENNY TAYLOR(20s) exits with her unknown, but handsome beau, RON(20s)

They wave to the crowd as they step onto the red carpet.

Jonathan waits for them to pass, like a tiger preparing to pounce.

JONATHAN  
(to Jenny and Ron)  
Hey assholes!

Ron and Jenny scan the crowd. Jonathan SNAPS photos capturing their sour, outraged expressions.

LATER, SAME

Money changes hands as Jonathan bribes a jacketed VALET.

A throng of Celebs and their handlers make their way towards their limos.

Jonathan ducks out of the shadows SNAPPING PICTURES. Celebs try to cover up.

Jonathan homes in on a celeb, aging tv tough-guy, VINCENT HAWK(60s) with his younger date, CHRISSY(30s)

JONATHAN  
Hey Vincent, heard you're on Viagra  
twenty four seven.

Vincent calls back.

VINCENT  
Jerk!

JONATHAN  
Come out of the closet yet, fag?

An enraged Vincent rushes towards him.

Jonathan SNAPS PICTURES, loving it.

Vincent makes a swing for the camera.

JONATHAN  
Go ahead, smash the camera. I want  
you to. Fag!

Unable to restrain himself, Vincent swipes the camera and it clatters to the ground. Vincent shoves Jonathan.

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