

EXPOSURE

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FINAL DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDIACITY - LATE AFTERNOON

ARTHUR stands winding a roll of 35mm colour film into his camera. He walks forwards a few steps from where he stood and brings the camera to his eye before taking a photo.

MONTAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

The montage ends with a close-up of the camera later at night, the flash goes off.

FADE TO WHITE

TITLE: EXPOSURE

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

ARTHUR develops the photos he took earlier on in the day before scanning them and eventually printing them off.

He looks through the printed photos and notices a black smudge on a few of them.

Arthur looks irritated.

He discards the photos in a bin and puts the rest of the photos in a folder. He puts the folder in a bag, which he closes, and takes with him as he leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING/CAMPUS - LATE AFTERNOON

ARTHUR leaves the dark room, and makes his way through the corridor of the university building. Waiting outside for him is ROBYN - who walks alongside him.

ROBYN  
How do they look?

ARTHUR  
Pretty good for the most part.

ROBYN  
"The most part"?

ARTHUR  
Yeah well some of them have their  
flaws, but hey.

ROBYN  
Mistakes are inevitable right?

ARTHUR  
I guess.

ROBYN  
Come on then. Let me see.

ARTHUR  
Oh, right.

The two stop walking and ARTHUR retrieves the folder from his bag, and gives it to ROBYN, who looks through it.

ROBYN  
What!? These are amazing!

ARTHUR  
You always say that.

ROBYN  
Because they always are! You should  
really send some of these into  
F-Stop - they love this kind of  
stuff.

ARTHUR  
(unconvinced)  
Yeah maybe.

ROBYN hands the folder back to him.

ARTHUR (cont'd)  
You ready?

ARTHUR puts the folder back into his bag and pulls out a different film camera.

ROBYN  
Yep.

The two walk away.

EXT. PEEL PARK - EVENING

A second montage of Arthur taking photos in Peel Park, photos of Robyn and photos of Robyn in said locations. A mostly empty square, canals, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S FLAT - EVENING

Arthur walks into his flat in a huff. Robyn is sat down.

ROBYN (O.S.)  
You alright?

As he walks Arthur fumbles with his bag and takes out the developed photos from the previous shoot. He throws them down on the table. All are covered in black spots. He looks up at Robyn, who is astounded.

ROBYN  
Arthur, these are incredible.

A POV shot shows the photos from Robyn's perspective, none of them have black spots. Arthur is taken aback.

ARTHUR  
They're crap.

Robyn is used to this from Arthur. They turn their gaze to the photos and pick out a photograph featuring them.

ROBYN  
Look at this. You took this.

The camera switches back to Arthur's POV. The photograph has a black spot covering a large area of it.

ARTHUR  
Clearly you see something I don't.

Arthur leaves the room and heads upstairs. Robyn continues looking through Arthur's photos before spying the F-stop magazine on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Arthur sits slouched on a chair in his room staring at a wall of photographs. The wall has a gradient of increasingly more smudged photos.

He hears a notification from his emails and glances over at his computer monitor. On his screen is a message from F-Stop Magazine saying he's won the competition.

Arthur is confused.

ARTHUR  
Competition? What the hell?

His brow furrows with realization and he looks towards the door.

ARTHUR (cont'd)  
....Ooooh they didn't did they?

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT KITCHEN - EVENING

ARTHUR  
Something you feel like telling me?

Robyn takes a moment, then leans forward and look at Arthur.

ROBYN  
You're welcome... I think.

ARTHUR  
"You're welcome"?! What?! Those  
photos were just for me! They were  
private.

ROBYN  
Well, what did they think?

ARTHUR (DISMISSIVELY)  
That's not important.

ROBYN  
Sounds pretty important.

ARTHUR  
They've offered me a spot in a  
gallery.

Robyn's face lights up.

ROBYN  
Woah.

ARTHUR  
But Rob...

ROBYN  
What?

Arthur looks at a small pile of his photos on the kitchen side. They are blackened into almost total obscurity. He sighs.

ARTHUR  
Never mind.

ROBYN  
So... when is it?

Arthur sighs and stares forwards.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - AFTERNOON

Arthur stands in the center of the gallery, staring blankly at the frames ahead of him. He looks at the floor for a moment, then around at the people attending, Robyn is walking around the gallery too. A gallery-goer sees him looking around and takes the opportunity to approach him.

GALLERY-GOER  
You're the photographer?

Arthur nods.

ARTHUR  
I am.

GALLERY-GOER  
Brilliant! What does this piece mean?

She gestures to a photograph close-by. The majority of it is obscured by the black spot however Arthur can make out some detail.

Arthur begins to stumble over his words.

After a moment, Arthur regains his composure.

ARTHUR (TENTATIVELY)  
The focus isn't on the subject.

The Gallery-goer looks at it for a moment, figuring it out, then her eyes light up.

GALLERY-GOER  
Brilliant!

She walks away, inspecting every other photograph in the gallery through this new lens.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - AFTERNOON

ARTHUR  
This was a candid piece.

The gallery-goers chatter positively among themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - LATER

Arthur stares at an almost entirely black photo. He's unable to make head or tail of it.

ARTHUR  
I... don't know what this one is.

The gallery-goer gasps.

GALLERY-GOER  
I see.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - EVENING

A gallery-goer is speaking to ARTHUR about an entirely black photograph.

GALLERY-GOER  
This piece showcases great command of colour and composition.

The gallery goer turns to face Arthur.

Arthur looks tired as he stares at the photograph.

ARTHUR (HALFHEARTEDLY)  
Thanks.

The gallery-goer looks somewhat offended and wanders off, Robyn approaches Arthur.

ROBYN  
You look terrible.

Arthur turns his gaze from the photograph.

ARTHUR  
I feel it. Spent all day lying about my own work.

Robyn gestures towards the gallery's exit.

ROBYN  
You coming?

ARTHUR  
Yeah. This place is depressing.

Arthur and Robyn leave the gallery.

INT. ARTHUR & ROBYN'S FLAT - NIGHT

ARTHUR and ROBYN walk into the living room. ARTHUR throws his coat onto the back of the sofa before falling onto it himself.

ROBYN  
Alright, what was that about?

ARTHUR  
What?

ROBYN  
You don't know what your own photos are?

ARTHUR  
Not really?

ROBYN  
Can you take this seriously, please?  
This is an amazing opportunity-

ARTHUR  
(interrupting)  
That I didn't ask for. To be clear.

ROBYN  
You're right. I'm sorry. But Arthur,  
people are *paying* to see your  
photos - the least you can do is  
provide some insight.

ARTHUR  
How, Robyn? I look at the pictures on  
those walls and they look like  
*nothing* to me - so forgive me for  
appearing a little benighted.

ROBYN  
How can you not recognise your own  
work?



ARTHUR  
Because it hardly feels like it *is*!

There's a moment of silence between the two, both letting it hang in the air.

ROBYN  
No one can change that but you.

ARTHUR  
How?

ROBYN (O.S.)  
Make it your own again - somehow. I don't know man, I'm not the artist here.

As ROBYN speaks, ARTHUR's eye is caught by the white paint pen sat on the table on the other side of the room.

ARTHUR  
Yeah...

ARTHUR gets up from the sofa and puts his coat on. He walks over to the table and picks up the white pen before leaving the flat.

EXT. GALLERY - MORNING

It's early morning and we see a group of people approaching the entrance to the gallery.

GALLERY CURATOR  
Our new exhibited photographer, Arthur Rhodes, is truly something special, you'll see.

He unlocks the door and the crowd walks in. A small crowd begins to amass around the wall of photos. Their faces are a mixed collection of surprise and horror as we see they are looking at an entire wall of vandalized work, each photo changed into something else entirely.

Arthur strolls up behind the crowd with a big smile on his face as the curator hurries up to him.

GALLERY CURATOR (cont'd)  
Arthur? What... what happened? When did this..?

Arthur shrugs, the satisfied smile not leaving his face, and starts walking towards the door, the crowd's gaze following him the whole way.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS