EXT. ALLEYWAY/ROOFTOP -- LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA VIEWFINDER FRAMES UP BALANCED SHOT OF SURROUNDINGS THEN FIRES. THIS REPEATS ONCE FROM A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE, AND WITH THE THIRD SHUTTER:

"SHUTTER"

A FINAL FLASH TRANSITIONS TO:

REVEAL TAYLOR BEHIND CAMERA.

Taylor, easily clocked as a college kid, checks the camera and we see that the frame counter is at 24. She grabs her camera bag off the ground and stuffs the camera inside. She checks her phone and we catch a glimpse of her background (her and another girl, presumably BFFs). She scans an unopened email from her photography T.A., RAQUEL:

"CONTACT: RAQUEL (PHOTO T.A.)
Hello Taylor, I have an urgent matter that I need to discuss with you. I apologize for my lateness in writing, but Professor Klein and I have some concerns over our pairing you with Patrick Marinetti for the upcoming assignment. If you're able to I'd like to meet immediately to discuss your options. Thank you, Raquel (MFA in Photography)"

A notification on the screen pops up: "REMINDER: photo final due Fri!!! (2 days)"

Taylor swipes the notification away fiercely, and dashes off.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Taylor busts into the classroom and is fiddling with her camera until she almost collides with a body. She's surprised there's anyone left here, and looks up.

The classmate is on his way out. He smiles understandingly at Taylor.

CLASSMATE
Glad to see I'm not the only one scrambling to finish this project.
TAYLOR
(with an odd look)
Heh, yeah, I haven't been budgeting my time so well...

CLASSMATE
Maybe if Klein would give us more than a few weeks to put together our portfolios.

Taylor nods in agreement.

CLASSMATE (CONT'D)
Well, hey, thanks again for posing. You really went the extra mile, as far as peer-review partners go.

TAYLOR
Oh, it was nothing, but uh, I really gotta start printing now. I'll see you tomorrow, Patrick.

PATRICK
Yeah, 'course, see ya.

Taylor gives Patrick an awkward smile and walks towards the rotating darkroom door. Before entering, she glances at a sign that reads: "NO PHONES, NO LIGHT LEAKS!!" She tosses her phone in a basket under the sign, steps in the door, and spins it.

THE MOTION/SOUND OF THE DOOR TRANSITIONS TO:

INT. DARKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Taylor walks to her station and pulls out an old iPod mini, plugging in her headphones. A mellow song comes on, and she sets to work. Insert film into enlarger, expose paper, print into developer, stop bath, fixer, and finally to the wash.

Taylor is calmly pulling her prints out of the wash and when she reaches her last, she notices the prints underneath for the first time. She shuffles through them out of curiosity, appreciatively gazing at the intimate portraits of a woman. They are all either of the woman's body and/or the back of her head. Taylor picks up the final print and gives a strangled noise of shock. It is gruesome; the woman is torn to shreds here, limbs gone limp and bruised. This is also the only image that you can partially make out a face: that same face as from the girl on Taylor's phone background, Celia.
TAYLOR
(muttering)
What the fuck...?

Taylor flips over the print and reads it's info.: F-stop, exposure time, filter number, and finally the initials of the artist. They are Patrick's initials, P.M.

A sudden knock at the door jolts Taylor.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Hey Taylor, you still in there?

Taylor says nothing, overwhelmed.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
It’s just that I thought of a couple more shots that would really round out my project. If you could help me out, it shouldn’t take more than an hour.

TAYLOR
Ahm, yeah, just gimme a sec.

Taylor grabs her things and walks slowly to the door, cautiously turning it.

INT. CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Patrick is standing right outside the door. He gives a friendly smile.

PATRICK
I knew my partner wouldn't fail me.

TAYLOR
Aha, actually-

Taylor glances at the phone basket and realizes that her phone is still perched in it. Whew, big relief. Totally overreacting.

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
-yeah, brothers in arms, right?

Patrick chuckles. He motions to the door.

PATRICK
Shall we?