

BAD CONNECTION

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Two delinquent-looking TEENS (Both 18), one sporting a SNAPBACK, the other wearing a HOODIE, walk down the near-deserted sidewalk.

Snapback takes the last drag on a cigarette and tosses it.

SNAPBACK  
Let's do this.

They cross the street and head towards a MINI MART.

**INT. MINI MART - CONTINUOUS**

Several CUSTOMERS wait in line as a KOREAN CLERK (50s) serves a YOUNG WOMAN.

The teens enter the store, quickly eye up the queuing customers, then turn down the nearest aisle.

HOODIE  
Who you thinking?

They grab candy bars from the shelves as they pass, stuff them in their pockets.

SNAPBACK  
Trench coat.

HOODIE  
Back of the line?

SNAPBACK  
Uh-huh.

They round the corner at the end of the aisle and head back up towards the counter.

Waiting to be served at the back of the line is a MAN IN A TRENCH COAT, his face unseen.

As the two teens near him, they start arguing.

SNAPBACK (cont'd)  
Get outta here with that shit, you  
little bitch!

HOODIE  
Yo, you wanna catch a beat down, G?

Snapback shoves Hoodie.

SNAPBACK  
Step up, pussy.

The clerk hears the commotion and looks up.

Hoodie pushes Snapback hard and he falls into Trench Coat,  
almost knocking him off his feet.

SNAPBACK (cont'd)  
Yo, sorry man.

The clerk erupts in anger.

CLERK  
You get out! You not fight in here! I  
call police if you no get out now!

The two teens rush towards the exit.

As they pass the counter Hoodie places his hands together in  
mock-prayer and bows to the clerk.

HOODIE  
So sorry.

Snapback tips over a potato chip stand, spilling its  
contents over the floor

CLERK  
Get out!

The teens run out of the store laughing.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Snapback and Hoodie run round a corner, then slow to a walk.  
They catch their breath.

SNAPBACK

Man, that was fun.

HOODIE

What you got?

Snapback pulls a top of the line SMART PHONE and LEATHER WALLET out of his pocket.

HOODIE (cont'd)

Sweet!

Snapback quickly flips through the wallet, then tosses it to Hoodie.

SNAPBACK

Here, this is yours. I'll take the phone.

Hoodie checks the wallet, looks disappointed with what he sees inside.

HOODIE

Forty bucks? Screw that, I want the cell.

SNAPBACK

Tough titties. I did the hard part, I get the phone.

He powers the smart phone up.

It displays a face recognition screen.

SNAPBACK (cont'd)

Shit.

Hoodie gleefully mocks him.

HOODIE

Unless you're a master of disguise, you ain't getting in that phone, bitch.

Snapback powers the phone off.

SNAPBACK

Screw it, I'll still get a couple hundred bucks from Polish Mike for it.

HOODIE

Two way split?

SNAPBACK

Dream on. Anyways, you got a credit card in there.

HOODIE

Yeah, a credit card that'll be canceled within the hour. And unless I guess the pin, it ain't no good anyway.

SNAPBACK

Well that's just tough shit ain't it, bitch?

Hoodie flips Snapback the finger.

A MINI COOPER pulls up beside them. The cute driver, JENNY (17) lowers her window.

JENNY

Hey handsome, wanna ride?

SNAPBACK

Hey Jenny.

(to Hoodie)

Later, loser.

Snapback flips Hoodie the finger then jumps in the car.

JENNY

(to Hoodie)

Later, loser.

They both laugh as the car pulls away, leaving Hoodie on the curb.

He watches the car disappear down the street.

HOODIE

Dicks.

MOMENTS LATER

Hoodie heads into an alleyway between two apartment buildings, cleaning out the wallet as he walks.

HOODIE

Cheap bastard.

He stuffs the money and credit card into his pocket, tosses the empty wallet to the floor and keeps on down the alley.

A HAND reaches down and picks up the discarded wallet.

It belongs to Trench Coat from the mini mart. He slips the wallet into his pocket.

As he watches Hoodie walk away, he pulls on a SKI MASK.

Hoodie hears something behind him and abruptly turns.

He looks back down the alley -- Empty.

HOODIE (cont'd)

Someone there?

No response.

He turns back around and almost collides with Trench Coat.

HOODIE (cont'd)

Woah!

Hoodie opens his mouth to speak again, but before he can, Trench Coat stabs a Ka-Bar hunting knife into his throat.

Hoodie grasps his throat, staggers backwards. His eyes bulge in shock.

Blood cascades through his fingers.

He stumbles slightly, then falls to the concrete.

Trench Coat crouches over him and fishes in his pockets.

He retrieves his money and credit card, places them back into his wallet.

He wipes the blade of his knife clean on the dying teen's hooded top.

Hoodie lies motionless. He gargles on his blood.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

An old COFFEE MAKER rumbles away, pouring hot joe from its spout and filling a glass coffee pot.

It's in a twenty-four hour diner that's seen better days, bustling with PATRONS in the midst of the lunchtime rush.

A SMALL BOY runs through the restaurant, flying a toy fighter plane in his outstretched arm.

He weaves between the CUSTOMERS and tables, headed towards--

An unsuspecting waitress, NINA (22), who makes the rounds with a fresh pot of coffee.

She sees the fast approaching child just in time and manages to expertly swerve out of the way without spilling a drop.

NINA

Whoa, watch where you're flying,  
top gun.

The child circles her with his jet before piloting the toy plane back towards his family.

Nina smiles at the boy as he runs away.

Even in a grease-stained apron and with her hair tied back, she somehow still manages to look elegant.

She approaches a booth where GREG (30s) and JOSH (6) are seated. The father eats a sandwich while his son doodles with crayons.

NINA (cont'd)

Top you up?

GREG

Please.

As Nina pours him a fresh coffee, one of the child's crayons rolls off the table and down to the floor.

NINA

Let me get that for you, Joshie.

An overweight CONSTRUCTION WORKER (40s), seated at the counter, leers at Nina as she bends to retrieve the crayon.

NINA (cont'd)

Here you go.

Josh slides his doodle towards Nina.

JOSH

I did a picture for you.

The child's drawing is a crude illustration of Nina, surrounded by love hearts.

NINA

Well aren't you the sweetest!

GREG

You're his favorite waitress.

(to Josh)

Isn't that right, kiddo?

JOSH

In the whole world.

NINA

Well how about I get my favorite little customer another doughnut, on the house?

Josh gives her a massive gap-toothed grin.

GREG

What do we say?

JOSH

Thank you, Nina.

NINA

You're welcome, sweetie.

She moves on towards another booth.

As she passes the construction worker at the counter, he grabs her arm.

NINA (cont'd)

Hey!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

What's a guy gotta do to get a refill  
in here?

NINA

Ask nicely.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Can I pretty please get some more  
coffee, sugartits?

Nina rolls her eyes.

She goes to pour the drink, but he keeps hold of her arm.

NINA

You might want to let go so I can  
actually pour.

He releases his grip and gives her a lecherous smile.  
Watches as she refills his cup.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I bet a pretty girl like you makes  
plenty of tips, don't she?

Nina's phone BEEPS.

NINA

Not nearly enough.

She sets down the coffee pot, takes a beat-to-shit FLIP  
PHONE out of her apron and opens it.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Don't worry, I've got a nice fat tip  
for you.

He reaches down and grabs her ass cheek.

Nina jumps, startled. Lets out a shocked GASP.

The phone flies out of her hand and SHATTERS on the floor.

Nina completely freezes, doesn't know how to react or handle  
the situation.

Another waitress, EVA (25), a hard-edged Latina, grabs the coffee pot from the counter and dumps it in the construction worker's lap.

He instantly leaps from his stool and YELPS in pain.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (cont'd)  
You burned my balls!

EVA  
(sarcastic)  
Oops.

The Diner manager, MR. SOLENKO (50s), overweight with pockmarked skin and thinning hair, rushes out of the kitchen and sees the commotion.

SOLENKO  
Nina! Eva! My office, now!

Nina's shoulders slump and she joins Eva in heading towards the kitchen.

The construction worker glares at them as they pass.

He grabs a handful of serviettes from the counter and delicately dabs at the coffee spill on his overalls.

LATER

A wet cloth is aggressively dragged across a table top.

Eva watches on as Nina angrily wipes down a table during the mid-afternoon lull.

EVA  
Don't take it out on the poor table,  
girl.

Nina stops cleaning, sighs. She looks defeated.

NINA  
How am I gonna afford to replace that  
phone?

EVA  
That fat asshole should be buying you  
a new one.

NINA

Solenko says we're lucky he isn't suing.

EVA

Bullshit. He shouldn't have been playing grab-ass with you.

Nina gets upset, fight's back tears.

NINA

It just feels like one thing after another lately.

EVA

Hey, come on now. It ain't worth getting upset over.

Eva gives her a comforting hug.

NINA

It's not just what happened today, I haven't been feeling good about anything recently. I don't know what's wrong with me.

EVA

Actually, you ain't been looking a hundred percent lately. You think you're getting sick?

NINA

I don't know, maybe.

EVA

Ask Solenko if you can take a few days off.

NINA

After today? No chance. We're lucky he didn't fire us.

EVA

He won't do nothing. Who else is he gonna get that'll work as hard as we do, for what we do?

NINA

Still, you didn't have to do what you did earlier, you know?

EVA

Hey, if you ain't gonna stand up for yourself, I'm gonna do it for you.

NINA

I can fight my own battles.

EVA

Well it's about time you stopped letting people walk all over you then.

Nina shrugs, a look of tired resignation about her.

EVA (cont'd)

If that fool had grabbed my junk he'd be going home without his micho.

NINA

If you had your way, Eva, most of the men in this city would be castrated.

EVA

Most?

Eva carries a stack of dirty dishes away. Nina finally manages a smile.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

A decaying building in a run-down industrial neighborhood. Refuse litters the sidewalk and aged graffiti covers the dirty brickwork.

Nina carries a bag of groceries past a SLEEPING WINDO and into the building.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The inside of the building isn't much better than the outer. More graffiti and flaking paintwork.

The building landlord, MR. MOSES (60s), struggles to push a large china cabinet towards the building entrance.

He sees Nina and greets her with a big smile.

MR. MOSES  
Evening, Nina.

NINA  
Hey, Mr. Moses. Need a hand moving that thing?

MR. MOSES  
Nah, I can manage. I'm not ready for the retirement home just yet.

Nina laughs.

NINA  
I can ask Mark to run down, it's no problem.

MR. MOSES  
I'll be fine. Can't interest you in taking this fine piece of furniture though, can I?

NINA  
No thanks, it doesn't quite match our color scheme.

MR. MOSES  
Well, if you change your mind it'll be here by the doors until Friday when the people from Goodwill pick it up. You think about it.

NINA  
I will.

She continues to an elevator at the end of the hall. Presses the call button and waits a moment.

PING! The elevator doors open to reveal the tall, skinny frame of wannabe-hustler DAMARCUS (30s). Messy afro. Tattered leather jacket over a wife beater.

DAMARCUS

Well, well, well. Haven't seen your fine ass for a while.

He steps forward, holding the doors apart with his hands. Blocks her path.

DAMARCUS (cont'd)

You ain't been hiding from me, have you?

NINA

I haven't got time for this, DaMarcus.

DAMARCUS

You haven't got time? Girl, we got all the time in the world, you and I.

Nina sighs. This clearly isn't the first time they've done this dance.

NINA

Let me guess. You're gonna make me rich?

DaMarcus flashes a big grin, revealing a gold tooth.

DAMARCUS

I'll make *both* of us rich. Richer than your wildest dreams. With my knowledge, and your...

(looks her up and down)

...personality, we can go to the top. Girl, I'll take you all the way to Broadway.

NINA

As lovely as that sounds, I've had a bad day and I'd just like to get to my apartment, please.

DAMARCUS

A bad day? Well you know I can make that better. Better than that fag boyfriend of yours ever could.

DaMarcus suddenly moves to her and she uneasily backs away against the hallway wall.

He gets uncomfortably close. Invades her personal space. Pushes his face in close to hers.

Nina turns away, frightened. Can't meet his intimidating gaze. DaMarcus sniffs her hair.

DAMARCUS (cont'd)

I got things that'll make all your troubles go away. You won't have to worry about anything when you're with me. Give me six months, girl and you'll go from the poor house to the penthouse.

Nina is completely frozen. Trapped against the wall. Her lip trembles.

DaMarcus smiles. Sniffs her hair again.

MR. MOSES (O.S.)

What's going on down there?

DaMarcus instantly backs up.

DAMARCUS

Ain't nothing going on.

Nina quickly pushes past DaMarcus and rushes to the elevator. Hits the button for floor 8.

DaMarcus stands smiling outside.

DAMARCUS (cont'd)

When you're ready to make some money, you come see DaMarcus.

He winks at her and grabs his crotch.

DAMARCUS (cont'd)

Three-B, baby. Three-B.

The doors close.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The door unlocks and opens. Nina carries the groceries into the apartment.

It's a basic but inhabitable space. Faded wallpaper. Threadbare carpets.

NINA

Hey

Her boyfriend, Mark (24), a tattooed hipster, sits typing away on a laptop at a small dinner table. He responds without taking his eyes off the screen.

MARK

Hi, cutie pie.

NINA

How's the masterpiece going?

MARK

Three more chapters left and then I can finally quit that crumby bar job and start making my millions.

NINA

Promise you won't dump me when you get rich and famous?

MARK

I couldn't live without my proofreader now, could I?

NINA

Such a romantic.

MARK

You know it. Did you get the text I sent earlier?

Nina sets down the bag of groceries, then dumps the smashed cellphone beside it.

NINA

Kinda.

MARK

Shit, how did that happen?

NINA

I've had the day from hell.

Mark gets up from the table and wraps his tattooed arms around Nina. Tenderly kisses her head.

MARK

You poor thing. You didn't break it on purpose so you can finally ditch the grandma phone and get that new one you've been longing for, did you?

NINA

If only. I don't even know how we'll be able to replace this piece of crap.

MARK

I'll take a look on Craigslist. You never know, there might be something we can afford.

NINA

I doubt it.

Mark gives her a long kiss on the lips. She smiles.

NINA (cont'd)

I'm gonna take a shower, grab something to eat and crash out.

MARK

You want me to cook you something before I go out?

NINA

(firmly)

No.

MARK

What?

NINA

I've been feeling icky all day again as it is. I don't need your cooking to push me over the edge.

He laughs, unhurt by the insult.

MARK

Okay, I'll see if I can find you a new cell.

Nina kisses him again and heads to the bathroom.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER**

Mark stands at the stove, cooking a quesadilla. He presses the tortillas with a metal spatula, whistling as he cooks.

Nina walks in wearing sweats, her hair still wet.

NINA

What's this?

MARK

Thought I'd cheer you up by making you a chicken quesadilla before I head out.

NINA

You shouldn't have.

MARK

Anything for my baby.

NINA

No, really, you shouldn't have.

MARK

Hey, it wasn't my fault you were sick. I swear that beef they sold you at the market was bad.

He expertly flips the quesadilla in the skillet and shoots Nina a big grin.

MARK (cont'd)

See, I'm like freaking Bobby Flay over here!

Nina giggles at his goofiness.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Mark sets the overcooked quesadilla down on the dinner table and pulls out a chair for Nina.

MARK  
After you, madame.

Nina smiles and takes a seat.

NINA  
Why thank you, kind sir.

Mark sits opposite and opens up his laptop.

MARK  
I found you a phone.

NINA  
Really? How much?

Mark calls up a bookmarked Craigslist page.

MARK  
Good as new smart phone, great condition, two hundred and fifty bucks.

NINA  
That's too much.

MARK  
We've got more than enough saved.

NINA  
Yeah, saved to help us get out of this dump, not to spend on cellphones.

MARK  
But it's only two fifty. It says it need unlocking, but my boy Ricky's a genius with that shit. Come on, it's a steal!

NINA  
Exactly! It probably is stolen. Why do you think it's so cheap?

MARK

Come on.

Nina narrows her eyes, glares at Mark suspiciously.

NINA

Tell me this isn't going to be another gun situation, Mark.

MARK

What gun situation? You told me you didn't want a gun in the apartment, so I didn't buy a gun.

NINA

No, you bought a fricking taser instead. Which is still illegal.

MARK

I just want you to be safe.

NINA

How's wasting money on something I refuse to touch making me safe?

MARK

You didn't complain when I wasted even more money on that charm bracelet to apologize though, did you?

Nina lightly toys with a pretty bracelet on her wrist. Smiles coyly

NINA

That's different.

MARK

Sure it is.

Nina playfully scrunches her face at him.

NINA

Whatever.

MARK

It just makes me feel better leaving you alone at night, knowing you're protected if one of the local freaks or tweakers tries to break in.

NINA

Well it isn't doing much protecting in the back of the closet, now is it?

MARK

You're the one that keeps it there.

Mark closes his laptop and gets up from the table.

MARK (cont'd)

Anyways, I'd better jet. Those Jagermeisters won't pour themselves.

Hi gives her a quick kiss...

MARK (cont'd)

Love you.

...Then heads for the door.

NINA

Love you too.

She watches him walk away, smiling. Calls after him--

NINA (cont'd)

Do not buy that phone!

MARK

Enjoy your meal!

And he's out the door. Nina looks down at the slightly burnt quesadilla.

NINA

I'll try.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mark stands on the stoop of a TOWNHOUSE in a less than affluent neighborhood.

Snapback is in the doorway, counting a handful of cash.

MARK

It's all there.

SNAPBACK

I ain't taking your word for it,  
homeboy.

He finishes counting, and satisfied, hands Mark the smart phone.

SNAPBACK (cont'd)

Ain't got no charger, so you'll have  
to buy your own. And no refunds if  
you can't unlock it.

Mark powers it up and sees the face recognition screen.

MARK

Pleasure doing business with you.

He switches the phone back off.

SNAPBACK

Remember, no refunds.

Snapback closes the door as Mark steps off the stoop and walks away down the street.

A BLACK BMW pulls up outside the townhouse. It idles for a moment before the engine cuts off.

#### **INT. TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Snapback stands in the hallway, texting on his cell. His MOM shouts down from upstairs--

MOM (O.S.)

Brian, did you take out the trash  
yet?

SNAPBACK

Yes, Mom, I took out the God damn  
trash! Shit, give me a break.

MOM (O.S.)

I'll give you a break when you either  
start doing your chores or paying  
towards the bills around here!

Snapback mutters under his breath, throws on a jacket.

SNAPBACK

I'm going out!

There's a KNOCK at the door.

SNAPBACK (cont'd)

Bitch, I said no refunds. If your  
punk ass can't--

He aggressively swings the door open and is confronted by  
the sight of the ski mask wearing Trench Coat.

SNAPBACK (cont'd)

Who the--

Trench Coat plunges his knife into Snapback's chest and  
drives the teen backwards into the house.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The door SLAMS shut.

**INT. DINER RESTROOM - DAY**

Nina bursts through the restroom door, races into the  
nearest stall and starts being violently SICK.

Eva shortly follows and stands outside the stall. She  
grimaces at the sound of Nina's VOMITING.

EVA

Girl, I told you not to let that fool  
cook for you again.

The toilet FLUSHES and Nina walks out of the stall. She  
looks terrible.

EVA (cont'd)

When you gonna learn? I don't even let Oscar in my kitchen, let alone at the stove.

NINA

I don't think it was the food, but I do think Mark might be to blame.

EVA

Whatcha saying?

Nina runs a faucet, scoops some water with her hands and drinks it. Splashes a little more on her face.

NINA

You know how bad I've been feeling lately?

Eva hands her a paper towel.

EVA

Yeah.

NINA

I'm late.

EVA

Shit! You're late? Did you take a pregnancy test yet?

NINA

I've kinda been ignoring it.

EVA

Girl, when are you gonna realize you can't keep running from your problems?

NINA

I know, but...

EVA

But nothing. You gotta learn to stand your ground and face up to them. Problems is always gonna catch up to you somewhere down the line.

Nina smiles, knows Eva is right.

Her smile quickly disappears. She raises a hand to her mouth and runs back into the stall.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Nina cautiously steps through the apartment door.

NINA

Mark?

No response. She takes off her coat and removes a home pregnancy tester from her pocket.

NINA (cont'd)

Mark?

Still no answer. She reads the directions on the box. A moment of contemplation.

The bathroom door suddenly opens and Mark walks out. Nina quickly hides the tester behind her back.

MARK

Hey! I wasn't expecting you home just yet.

NINA

I was sick at work, so they let me go early.

He places a hand on her forehead.

MARK

You okay?

NINA

I feel a little better.

MARK

Well, I've got something that might cheer you up.

He shows her the smart phone, but Nina looks furious.

NINA

Mark, I said not to buy it! Why do you always do this?

MARK

I had to move quick or someone else  
coulda snagged it.

NINA

But there's other things we need that  
money for.

MARK

I know you want to get out of this  
dump, but--

NINA

It's not just this place, it's...

She hesitates. Can't tell him.

MARK

Look, I'll ask Duke if he can start  
giving me some extra shifts at the  
bar. Don't worry, we'll be fine.

She begins to soften.

MARK (cont'd)

You know I wouldn't let me baby go  
without a phone.

Nina can't bring herself to stay mad at him. She caves in  
and smiles.

NINA

You always say the right thing.

They kiss.

MARK

I already spoke to Ricky. He can hook  
me up with a charger and he knows how  
to unlock it. I'm gonna call him now  
and he'll talk me through everything.

Nina's smile turns into a grin.

NINA

I got a new phone!

She does a little celebratory dance. Mark laughs.

MARK

Let's get this thing unlocked.

NINA

You get to it. I just gotta use the bathroom real quick.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The toilet FLUSHES.

Nina stands with her eyes firmly shut and the pregnancy tester in her hand.

She slowly opens one eye to check the tester. No result yet. She sighs.

NINA

Come on, damn it.

A BANGING on the door makes her jump.

NINA (cont'd)

Jesus, Mark!

MARK (O.S.)

What are you doing in there? Taking a dump?

NINA

No, I am not!

MARK (O.S.)

Well hurry up then, because someone's got a working smart phone out here.

Nina gasps with delight. Checks the pregnancy tester again -- still no result.

Unable to contain her excitement, she slips the tester into her jean pocket and rushes out.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Nina sits at the dining table, playing with her new cell, pure happiness on her face.

Mark drops into the chair opposite.

NINA  
This thing is a-ma-zing!

MARK  
Who's got the best boyfriend in the world?

NINA  
(beaming)  
I have.

Nina scrolls through the apps that are on the phone.

NINA (cont'd)  
As soon as I get this switched to my provider I seriously need to get these apps up to date.

MARK  
Have you checked the photos yet? Maybe its previous owner was famous.

NINA  
Oh man, I will freak if I find nude photos of Leonardo DiCaprio on here.

MARK  
In your dreams.

ON THE SMART PHONE

Nina presses the photos widget and opens up a thumbnail photo grid.

It contains various grim-looking photos and videos.

All dark. Difficult to make out in thumbnail form, but they look like people. Tied up. Bloody.

NINA (O.S.)  
This is... Creepy.

MARK (O.S.)  
What?

She selects one of the videos and it starts playing--

A SKINNY GIRL (late teens), bound and gagged, is in a darkly lit room.

The camera moves in close on her face. She's crying. Mascara streaks down her cheeks. Her sobs are muffled by the gag.

A hand slaps her face, hard.

NINA

Jumps in her seat. Covers her mouth in shock. MUFFLED SOBS come from the phone.

MARK  
(grinning)  
Are you watching a sex tape?

Nina somberly shakes her head.

ON THE SMART PHONE

The girl continues to cry.

The hand that slapped her now strokes her cheek. Wipes away some of the tears.

She looks directly at the camera. Pleads with her eyes.

The blade of a Ka-Bar hunting knife presses against her head and slowly traces its way down her face.

NINA

Drops the phone to the table.

NINA  
I can't watch any more. That's real!  
Oh my God, I think it's real!

MARK  
What's real?

Mark picks up the--

SMART PHONE

The knife slashes the girl's cheek. She SCREAMS through the gag. Blood runs.

MARK (O.S.)

Oh shit!

It cuts deep along her forehead. Blood pours from the gruesome wound.

The camera backs up. Takes in the horrific scene.

The attacker waves the knife in her bloodied face, taunting her. She SCREAMS again.

The knife is thrust into her abdomen, over and over.

MARK

Hits the screen of the phone, trying to stop the horrific home movie.

MARK

What the fuck?

He looks to Nina. She has tears in her eyes.

NINA

It was real, wasn't it?

MARK

I think so. I mean, it looked real, right? It has to be.

NINA

We need to call the police.

Nina gets up from the table. Mark grabs her arm.

MARK

Wait, isn't it like a federal offense to receive stolen property? Shouldn't we just hand it in anonymously?

Nina stares at him incredulously.

NINA

Are you serious? We're sitting here with Ted freaking Bundy's cell phone and you're worried about getting into trouble for buying stolen property?

MARK

No, you're right. You're right. I'll call them. Did you check the contacts on here? The police could maybe trace who this belongs to.

NINA

I didn't look.

Mark presses the screen, scrolls a little, then stops.

MARK

What's this?

ON THE SMART PHONE

An APP WIDGET on the phone stands out from the others --

A red box containing a sniper's cross hairs symbol with a black 'X' in the middle.

The name underneath it is "X-Tracker".

MARK (O.S.)

Shit!

NINA

Gives him a concerned look.

NINA

What did you do?

MARK

Nothing. It's... It's got some kind of tracker app installed on it.

NINA

What does that mean?

MARK

If you lose your phone or it gets  
stolen you can...  
(realizing)  
...track it.

Nina panics.

NINA

Are you freaking kidding me? He could  
track it to here?

MARK

I'll delete it. Don't worry, they  
can't track it if I delete the app.

He presses his finger on the X-Tracker app widget and holds.

After a second, all the app buttons start wiggling and have  
'delete' symbols in the corners.

All except for X-Tracker. It stays the same.

MARK (cont'd)

You gotta be shitting me.

He looks to Nina. An expression of both apology and worry.

MARK (cont'd)

It won't delete.

Nina completely freaks out.

NINA

What do you mean it won't delete? It  
has to. He could find us! The guy  
from the video could come here and  
find us with his phone! Delete it!

She starts to hyperventilate. Mark gently takes hold of  
her. Tries to calm her.

MARK

It's gonna be okay. We've had the  
phone working for less than an hour.  
There's no way they'd find us that  
quickly. They'd have to be trying to  
track it at the same time we've had  
it switched on.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)

It's like a million to one that's gonna happen. I'll call the cops, they'll come get the phone and we can forget all about it. Okay?

NINA

I think I'm gonna be sick.

She pushes Mark aside and rushes to the bathroom.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Nina turns on a faucet and splashes water on her face. Dries off with a towel.

She looks down at her hands. They shake uncontrollably.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Nina walks out of the bathroom. Mark is at the table with the smart phone.

MARK

I've got some good news and some bad news.

NINA

What now?

MARK

Well, the bad news is I just spoke to Ricky and he says this tracker we can't delete is some seriously advanced shit. Like government agent, international spy type shit.

Nina's eyes widen, full of fear again. Mark puts a reassuring arm around her.

MARK (cont'd)

But the good news is everything's gonna be fine. I called the cops and they're sending someone over. I don't think they believed me at first, but I managed to convince them.

Nina picks the smart phone up off the table, eyes it with complete contempt.

NINA

All this time I've been thinking how awesome it would be to actually have one of these things, and now I don't think I ever want to see another again.

The smart phone suddenly RINGS.

Nina SCREAMS and drops the phone back on the table. It keeps RINGING.

The display reads: "Incoming Call - Blocked".

Nina backs away from the table.

NINA (cont'd)

Oh God, it's him isn't it? From the video.

MARK

I don't know, maybe. It doesn't matter though, the police are on their way.

The ringing finally stops. Nina breathes a sigh of relief.

NINA

Thank God for that.

There's a sudden loud KNOCKING on the apartment door.

They both jump and turn to face the sound.

Nina looks to Mark with terrified eyes.

MARK

(unconvincing)  
It's okay.

He moves towards the door. Nina stops him. Whispers--

NINA

What are you doing?

MARK  
It's probably the cops.

NINA  
You only called them five minutes ago.

MARK  
Maybe they had a car in the neighborhood.

NINA  
No chance.

MARK  
Well maybe it's Mr. Moses or one of the junkies from down the hall. It could be anyone.

Another loud KNOCK. Mark cautiously steps towards the door.

NINA  
Please, don't.

MARK  
It'll be okay, I'm not letting anyone in.

NINA  
Well let me find that damn taser first.

MARK  
No! If it's the cops, I'm not getting busted with that thing.

He nears the door.

MARK (cont'd)  
Who's there?

No answer.

MARK (cont'd)  
You still there?

Mark looks to Nina. She shakes her head: Don't do it.

He reaches for the door handle. Stops himself.

He takes the door chain and slots it into the locking plate.  
Gives Nina a smile.

He tentatively opens the door and glances through the gap.

Lightning fast, a hand jabs in and stabs Mark in the throat!

NINA

MARK!

Mark staggers back from the door. Blood fountains from his carotid artery.

He clutches his throat and backs into the wall. Slowly slides to the floor.

The door flies open, ripping the chain lock from the wall as the ski masked Trenchcoat bursts in. Nina SCREAMS.

Trenchcoat buries his knife deep into Mark's chest, finishing him.

Nina SCREAMS again. Trenchcoat's head swivels. He pulls his blade out of Nina's dead boyfriend and stares at her.

She grabs the smart phone from the table and takes off. She bursts into--

## **BEDROOM**

She crashes to the floor and kicks the door closed. Throws all her weight against it. Locks the bolt.

She quickly pushes a chest of drawers across the doorway, blocking it.

Trenchcoat SLAMS against the other side. Over and Over, trying to smash his way in.

Nina starts punching a number into the cell: 9... 1...

Suddenly Trenchcoat's knife breaks through the bedroom door. Nina CRIES OUT in terror.

She rushes to a window and opens it. Looks out onto the rusty old fire escape.

Trenchcoat's knife continues to furiously HACK away at the splintering door.

Nina climbs through the window and onto--

### **FIRE ESCAPE**

It GROANS as it takes her weight.

Nina stuffs the smart phone into her pocket and scrambles down the rickety escape as fast as she can.

It CREAKS with every movement.

She checks each window as she passes. No sign of life. The apartments all empty, or the residents asleep.

Nina glances back up. No sign of Trenchcoat. She looks down and sees light a few floors below. Keeps moving.

She reaches the window and BANGS on it. Looks up - still all clear. BANGS on the glass again.

An ELDERLY PUERTO RICAN WOMAN (70) approaches inside and eyes Nina disgustingly.

NINA

Hi, can you please let me in? It's an emergency.

The elderly woman shakes her head.

NINA (cont'd)

Please, please, please, you have to let me in. I only live a few floors up. It really is an emergency.

She shakes her head again. Mutters something in Spanish.

The fire escape shakes and CLANGS.

Nina looks up and sees Trenchcoat descending quickly.

She clasps her hands together in prayer and pleads with the woman inside.

NINA (cont'd)  
Please, I'm begging you! Let me in.  
It's a matter of life and death.

The elderly woman sees the look of pure fear in Nina's eyes.

After a few seconds of deliberation, she relents and opens up the window.

Nina quickly climbs into the--

### **KITCHEN**

And closes the window behind her.

NINA  
Thank you. Thank you so much. You  
saved my life.

She moves past the elderly woman towards a light switch on the wall, flicks it off.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Hey, hey, hey!

The woman reaches for the switch, but Nina stops her.

NINA  
No, there's a crazy man chasing me.  
On the fire escape. We need to keep  
the light off and get out of sight.  
(makes stabbing  
motion)  
He has a knife.

The elderly woman backs away from Nina, wary. Crosses herself twice in quick succession.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Estás loco.

NINA  
No, I'm not crazy. He's crazy. The  
man outside. We need to get out of  
sight.

Nina moves through the apartment and the elderly woman chases after her. She takes out the smart phone.

NINA (cont'd)  
I'll call the police.

The elderly woman grabs at the cell. Nina pulls it away.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
No policiá! No policiá! You leave!

NINA  
You don't understand--

A SMASH of glass in the kitchen.

Nina brushes the elderly woman aside. Cautiously looks into the kitchen and sees Trenchcoat getting to his feet.

NINA (cont'd)  
Get out of here!

She takes off for the apartment door. Rips it open. Charges out into--

#### **HALLWAY**

Nina runs for her life.

NINA  
Help! Someone help me!

She BANGS on doors as she passes them.

NINA (cont'd)  
Somebody please help!

A door up ahead opens and DaMarcus steps out.

DAMARCUS  
What the hell's going--  
(sees Nina)  
Oh, it's you making all this ruckus.

Nina rushes to him, frantic.

NINA  
Thank God! Please help me.

DaMarcus smiles sleazily.

DAMARCUS

Calm yourself, girl. What's got you  
so--

He sees Trenchcoat stepping out of the elderly woman's apartment down the hall, knife in hand.

DAMARCUS (cont'd)

Bitch, you on your own.

He pushes Nina away, disappears back into his apartment and slams the door in Nina's face.

She BEATS her fist against the door.

NINA

You coward!

Trenchcoat menacingly stalks the hallway. She takes off running for the stairway.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Nina flees down the stairs, headed for the exit.

She reaches the doors to find Mr Moses' china cabinet pushed in front of them, tipped on its side, blocking the way out.

Nina tries fiercely to move the wooden hutch, but can't.

She turns to see Trenchcoat coming down the stairs and books it for the elevator.

Trenchcoat leans over the side of the stairway and swipes with his knife as Nina passes.

She ducks low...

The blade glides over her head...

Misses by inches!

Nina keeps running. Reaches the elevator. Repeatedly hits the call button.

Trenchcoat menacingly strides down the hallway, headed straight for her.

The landlord's door opens and Mr. Moses steps out.

MR. MOSES

What in the H-E-double hockey sticks  
is going--

Trenchcoat clocks him hard as he passes, knocking the old man unconscious and back into his apartment.

The elevator arrives with a PING and Nina jumps in, hits the button for floor 8.

Trenchcoat charges forward...

The elevator doors start to close...

He picks up the pace...

The doors almost together...

He thrusts forward...

The doors close on Trenchcoat's bloody knife as it stabs in!

Nina SCREAMS.

The blade twists and pries the doors open a little.

NINA

No!

Trenchcoat reaches in and pulls the elevator doors apart. As they fully open, Nina kick him hard in the balls.

He drops his knife and staggers backwards. Doubled over in pain. Collapses to his knees.

Nina quickly grabs the dropped knife and hits the elevator button again.

The doors close as Trenchcoat struggles back to his feet.

**INT./EXT. TOYOTA COROLLA - NIGHT**

A supercharged TOYOTA COROLLA weaves through the busy city traffic. It comes to a stop at a red light.

Inside, Eva sits in the passenger seat. She pulls down the sun visor and touches up her lipstick in the mirror.

Her Chicano boyfriend OSCAR (28) is behind the wheel. Rosary around his neck. Black baseball cap atop a gold bandana on his head.

He watches Eva doing her make up. Doesn't look happy.

EVA

I see you giving me that look, Oscar.

OSCAR

Good. You know with this traffic I'm gonna miss the start of the game.

EVA

And I appreciate you missing your game for me, baby.

OSCAR

Why you gotta go over there tonight anyways? You see her every damn day at work.

EVA

She was sick this afternoon and I wanna check on her.

OSCAR

You ain't her mom.

Eva gives him a sideways glare.

EVA

Besides, her cell's busted and there's something I gotta talk to her about.

OSCAR

You wanna pick up some chicken soup and Tylenol on the way over.

Evan flips Oscar the finger. He laughs.

OSCAR (cont'd)

What's so urgent you gotta talk to her about it tonight, anyway?

EVA  
Girl things.

Oscar shakes his head.

OSCAR  
We just better be back by half time,  
that's alls I'm saying.

The light changes and Oscar starts to pull away.

EVA  
Don't worry, papi. I'll make it up to  
you later.

Oscar grins.

OSCAR  
Ay ay ay.

**INT. MR MOSES' APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat searches through the unconscious Mr Moses' pockets. He pulls out a large set of master keys.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Nina is still in the elevator as it slowly climbs, the Ka-Bar hunting knife clasped in her hands.

Her eyes are on the elevator FLOOR DISPLAY -- The red LED shows the number 5.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat darts through the dimly lit basement, a spider's web of pipes overhead.

He sees what he's looking for -- THE ELEVATOR POWER SWITCH.

Trenchcoat approaches the large aluminium box.

He sifts through the stolen keys, looking for one that matches the lock. Tries one. It doesn't fit.

He flips to another similar sized key. Tries again. Still no luck.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Nina's eyes fixed on the display. It switches from floor 6 to floor 7. Almost there.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat finally finds the right key on Mr Moses' ring and unlocks the box.

He reaches inside for the shut-off lever.

**INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT**

The rising elevator suddenly stops.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Nina staggers and almost loses balance as the elevator shudders to a halt.

She panics. Starts hitting the buttons for other floors, but nothing happens.

NINA

No, no, no, no!

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

COMBAT BOOTS thunder up the wooden staircase as Trenchcoat sprints towards the upper floors.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Nina uses the knife to pry open the doors a little.

She discards the blade, slips her fingers into the gap and starts to slowly slide the doors open.

Using every ounce of strength she has, Nina manages to force the doors back to reveal the wall of the elevator shaft.

NINA

Shit.

She looks down and sees a sliver of light by her feet -- a slight gap.

Nina drops to her knees to see the top three feet of the outer elevator doors.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat sprints down a hallway and reaches the closed elevator doors, panting for breath.

He takes out the stolen keys and selects the long, thin elevator door key.

He slides it through the hole in the door. Turns. CLICK!

Trenchcoat removes the key and carefully slides the doors open onto the empty shaft way.

He leans in and takes a quick look up into the shaft. He takes off running back towards the stairwell.

The apartment door opposite the elevator shaft is numbered '5D' -- he's only two floors below.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Nina stretches a slender arm down the tight gap between the inner and outer doors, reaching for the release latch.

Her fingers stretch out and just miss the latch. She reaches even further.

NINA

Come on, you son of a bitch.

Her index finger brushes the top of the latch, but can't get any purchase.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat charges up the stairs, headed for Nina.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Nina strains with everything she has. Her finger manages to hook around the latch and flip it.

NINA

Yes!

She quickly forces the outer doors open onto the hallway.

Nina drops flat to her stomach and starts to slide out through the gap, but stops.

Trenchcoat's BOOT STEPS on the stairs echo into the hallway.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat reaches the seventh floor and charges into--

**HALLWAY**

He rushes towards the elevator, sees the doors are open and the bottom 3 feet of the car is visible. He looks inside...

No sign of Nina.

Just his knife, discarded on the elevator floor, level with his eyesight.

He glances up and down the hallway, then reaches inside--

**ELEVATOR**

Trenchcoat's arm stretches towards the knife.

Above his grasp, suspended in the air is Nina - her hands and feet pressed against the walls of the elevator, holding her out of sight.

She watches his hand grab the knife below and remove it. She grimaces, struggling with the strain.

**HALLWAY**

Trenchcoat moves down the hall, turning door handles as he passes, checking for an unlocked room.

**ELEVATOR**

Nina gently and silently eases her way down the elevator walls, one foot and hand at a time.

Muscles burning, she grits her teeth through the pain. Her arms and legs shake.

She gets low enough to place a foot on the floor, relieving her body of the immense strain.

Nina steadily lowers herself to the elevator floor and rolls to her back.

She gulps in deep breaths. Stretches out her fingers and shakes her hands.

She cautiously looks out through the open elevator doors and watches--

**HALLWAY**

Trenchcoat keeps moving towards the end of the hall. He methodically checks each door as he passes.

Behind him, Nina begins to slowly and silently slide out of the elevator.

Unaware, he checks another door. Locked. Moves on.

Nina's feet touch the hallway floor and she begins to creep towards the stairwell.

She constantly checks over her shoulder as she moves.

Trenchcoat moves to another door, almost at the end of the hallway now.

Nina quickens her pace, desperate to reach the stairs before he turns back.

Almost there, she places a foot down and the floorboard underneath her CREAKS.

Trenchcoat's head swivels to face her.

Nina takes off running and he immediately gives chase.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Nina frantically races up the stairway.

Her foot catches a step. She trips, hits the stairs hard. Groans in pain.

She quickly scrambles back to her feet and continues her climb up.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Nina bursts out of the doorway and on to the tar paper roof.

NINA

HELP!

She looks around in desperation. Sees two rusted FOLDING PATIO CHAIRS.

Nina quickly stacks them in front of the door in a pathetic attempt to hold back her pursuer.

She moves to the front of the building, looks down to the street... Completely deserted.

NINA (cont'd)

SOMEONE PLEASE HELP! THERE'S A MANIAC  
CHASING ME!

An unwanted response comes from somewhere in the distance--

DISGRUNTLED MAN (O.S.)

SHUT THE HELL UP, YOU CRAZY BITCH!

Nina looks around. Completely alone. Fights back tears.

She hurries to the side of the building and looks over the edge onto the ROOFTOP OF AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.

The gap to the neighboring building is only six feet, but the distance between rooftops is a fifteen foot drop.

Nina steps up onto the building's edge. Looks down at the warehouse roof. Steels her nerves.

Trenchcoat bursts through the rooftop door, sending the patio chairs scattering.

He sees Nina at the edge of the roof. She jumps!

Nina drops through the air and lands hard on the roof below.

In an instant, the section of roof she landed on collapses.

Nina falls. Claws out in panic. Manages to grab onto a broken wood beam.

She dangles helpless in the air.

Using all her strength, she tries to pull herself back up onto the roof.

The rotten beam splinters and breaks.

NINA

No!

Trenchcoat arrives at the edge of the apartment building to see Nina fall away into the warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Nina drops down into the upper floor, landing hard among the debris, and banging her head.

The abandoned warehouse is severely fire damaged. All naked pipes and hanging wires.

Slivers of light seep through the few windows that aren't boarded up.

Nina grimaces. Holds her head in pain. Struggles to move.

NINA'S POV

Everything blurry. Fading in and out of blackness as she struggles to remain conscious.

Moonlight beams onto her through the hole in the roof. She regards the grim surroundings.

TWO FIGURES approach from the other side of the warehouse. Unidentifiable in the shadows. They get closer.

MAN'S VOICE

Well lookie, Daryl. Santa came early.

One of the figures lets out a sickly high-pitched laugh.

Nina blacks out.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

A POLICE SQUAD CAR pulls up outside Nina's building.

A short, pot-bellied cop, OFFICER CRANSKY (40s) steps out.

He glances around the grim neighborhood then approaches the building entrance.

The cop stops at the doorway, sees the china cabinet blocking the entrance.

He tries to open it. It doesn't budge.

He bangs on the glass of the door. Peers inside. No sign of anyone. He keys his shoulder radio--

CRANSKY

(into radio)

Dispatch, this is Officer Cransky, over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Go ahead, officer.

CRANSKY

(into radio)

Central, I'm on scene at Newport Terrace and I'm unable to gain entrance to the building.

(MORE)

CRANSKY (cont'd)  
Can you please confirm location is  
correct, over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Affirmative. Call originated from  
that location.

He looks back through the door. Still no sign of anyone.

CRANSKY  
(into radio)  
Okay, I'll take a look around, over.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT**

Trenchcoat rushes down the decaying fire escape.

He reaches the bottom, descends the ladder and drops down to  
the concrete below.

He barrels down the alleyway, almost out on the street, when  
Officer Cransky rounds the corner directly in front of him.

The cop sees Trenchcoat and quickly pulls his side arm.

CRANSKY  
Freeze!

Trenchcoat stops in his tracks. Raises his arms up in  
mock surrender

Cransky cautiously approaches.

CRANSKY (cont'd)  
Up against the wall!

Trenchcoat complies. Cransky aims the gun at his back.  
Starts to pat him down.

CRANSKY (cont'd)  
Just out walking your dog in your ski  
mask were you?

Without warning, Trenchcoat quickly spins from the wall...

Grabs Cransky's wrist...

Slams his face into the building...

Snaps his arm at the elbow...

All in one brutal movement.

Cransky's gun falls to the floor as he CRIES OUT in pain.

Trenchcoat punches a fist into the cop's throat and silences him. Cransky drops to his knees.

The knife glimmers in the moonlight as Trenchcoat pulls it out.

He grabs Cransky by the hair and drives the blade into the back of his skull.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Nina is slumped against a wall. Her eyelids flutter as she begins to regain consciousness.

They suddenly shoot open as she realizes her situation.

She has a dirty rag tied around her mouth, gagging her. Her wrists have been tied to a pipe on the wall with electrical chord.

Panicked, she looks around.

Standing nearby is the skinny, hunched, almost ghoulish figure of junkie DARYL (20s).

He meets Nina's eyes. Claps his hands with excitement.

DARYL

Hey, Spoons. She's awake! She's awake!

His junkie friend SPOONS (30s) scurries across the floor to Nina. Filthy and disheveled, he leans over her.

SPOONS

Good evening, miss. Sorry about the mess, but we didn't expect any guests to drop in on us.

Daryl lets out a high-pitched laugh.

SPOONS (cont'd)

Although we are very happy to see you tonight.

DARYL

Very happy. Very happy.

SPOONS

Been a long time since we had us some female company around here, ain't it, Daryl?

DARYL

Long, long time, Spoons.

SPOONS

Especially someone as pretty as you.

Spoons reaches over. Strokes Nina's face with a dirty hand. She recoils, tries to pull her head away.

Daryl bounces with excitement.

DARYL

She's scared of you, Spoons. She's scared.

SPOONS

Ain't no need to be scared of me, little lady. I'm gonna treat you real good.

He runs his hand down Nina's neck and onto her chest.

She struggles, twists her body in an attempt to knock his hand away.

Daryl laughs again.

**INT./EXT. TOYOTA COROLLA - NIGHT**

Oscar's car pulls up outside Nina's building, a safe distance behind the police car.

OSCAR

Ain't no way I'm staying here with five-oh around.

EVA  
I'll only be five minutes.

OSCAR  
I got unpaid tickets.

Eva gives him her best puppy dog eyes.

EVA  
Five minutes.

Oscar relents.

OSCAR  
You got two minutes.

EVA  
Okay, I'll be quick.

She leans across and kisses him.

OSCAR  
Aparate chica.

Eva gets out of the Toyota, glances in the empty squad car as she passes and heads for the apartments.

She stops at the building entrance. Sees that the doorway is blocked.

EVA  
What the?

She turns to the car, throws her hands up. Oscar rolls down his window.

OSCAR  
Wassup?

EVA  
Some fool blocked the doors.

Oscar, gets out of the car, walks over.

OSCAR  
Well I ain't breaking no glass with the cops around.

EVA

I don't want you to break a window,  
Oscar. Why does your answer to every  
problem involve breaking something?

She looks around.

EVA (cont'd)

There's gotta be another way in.

OSCAR

Try round back.

Eva makes her way to the side of the building and the  
alleyway. She's met with the gruesome sight of Officer  
Cransky's dead body.

Eva GASPS in horror. Oscar rushes over, sees the dead cop.

OSCAR (cont'd)

Oh shit! Someone wasted that pig.

Eva turns away, sickened.

EVA

Jesus.

OSCAR

Let's get the hell outta here.

EVA

We can't just leave. We gotta call  
the cops.

OSCAR

And who you think they gonna blame  
this on? Besides, I got unpaid  
tickets, remember?

EVA

Screw your tickets, Oscar. We just  
found a dead cop outside my friend's  
barricaded building. I think that's a  
little more important.

OSCAR

I still say we leave.

Eva ignores him and takes out her cell.

EVA  
I'm calling nine-one-one.

Oscar shakes his head and mutters in disagreement.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Nina tries to move away from the junkie crouched over her.

SPOONS  
You best calm yourself down now.

Nina continues to struggle. Spoons quickly turns nasty. Aggressively grabs her by the hair.

SPOONS (cont'd)  
Don't make me hurt you, bitch.

He pulls out a box cutter and presses it to her cheek. Nina instantly stops fighting.

SPOONS (cont'd)  
Now I said I'd treat you right and I will. But you start playing games with me and I'll cut you up good.

DARYL  
He will, he'll cut you up real good. I seen him do it.

Spoons gives her a sickening smile. Shows his rotten, blackened teeth.

SPOONS  
Now I don't want to have to mark your face up. That'd be bad for business.

Nina looks up at him, both confused and disconcerted.

SPOONS (cont'd)  
Oh yeah, we got us some plans for you, sweetness.

DARYL  
Big plans. Big plans.

SPOONS

Way I see it, you're an uninvited guest in our home. No only are you a party crasher, but you also broke our roof. Which means you owe us.

DARYL

Owe us big time!

SPOONS

And I think you gonna be quite the little money maker, ain't ya?

Nina starts to struggle again. She tries to free her hands, but can't. Spoons and Daryl both laugh.

SPOONS (cont'd)

How much you think we can charge for her, Daryl?

DARYL

Twenty bucks. Twenty bucks, Spoons.

SPOONS

Twenty bucks? Shit, tight little body like this will get us forty bucks a pop, easy.

Spoons runs his hand over her body again.

SPOONS (cont'd)

Our friends are gonna love you.

Nina tries to shout through her gag. Spoons mockingly cups a hand to his ear.

SPOONS (cont'd)

Sorry, I can't hear you. You're gonna have to speak up.

Darrell lets out his high-pitched cackle.

SPOONS (cont'd)

Of course, we gotta test the merchandise out first, don't we Daryl.

DARYL

Oh yeah, we gotta test drive it. Only we don't hafta pay!

Spoons starts unbuttoning his stained pants. Nina panics. Wildly pulls at her wrist restraints. They don't budge.

DARYL (cont'd)

Can I go first?

SPOONS

No you can not, you dumb goof. I'ma show you how it's done.

Spoons pulls down his pants. Daryl starts excitedly clapping in anticipation.

DARYL

You show me, Spoons!

Nina SCREAMS through her gag.

SPOONS

You just watch. She's gonna be purring like a little kitty cat when I'm done with her.

Nina's eyes are wide with panic. She can't get free. No way out. Spoons tugs at her jeans.

The excitement is too much for Daryl. He uncontrollably laughs like a hyena.

Nina closes her eyes. Accepts her fate. Grimaces.

Daryl's laughter becomes a GARGLED CHOKE.

Spoons turns to see Daryl shaking where he stands, convulsing and choking.

SPOONS (cont'd)

Daryl, what the hell has gotten into you, boy?

Daryl splutters and blood pours from his mouth.

SPOONS (cont'd)

What the--

The bleeding junkie falls face first to the floor, revealing Trenchcoat stood behind him, bloody knife in hand.

SPOONS (cont'd)

Son of a bitch!

Spoons scurries to his feet. Struggles to get his pants up. Trenchcoat moves in for the kill.

Spoons waves his box cutter threateningly, backing Trenchcoat up a little, then notices the much larger knife in the killer's hand.

He drops his blade and grabs a piece of broken beam from the collapsed roof. Swings it wildly.

Trenchcoat sways backwards and avoids the blow.

The two men circle each other. Trenchcoat trips on some debris. Spoons swings again.

The wood connects with Trenchcoat's face, momentarily staggers him.

SPOONS (cont'd)

You get out of my house!

As the men fight, Nina furiously tries to free herself. One of her hands is halfway out of the knotted cable that binds her to the pipes.

She nuzzles her head against her shoulder, lowering the gag.

Trenchcoat shakes off the blow. Tired of playing. He charges towards Spoons.

Spoons panics. Throws his weapon at the advancing attacker.

Trenchcoat ducks and the hunk of wood sails over his head and into a window.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The wood SMASHES through the warehouse window and falls to the pavement below.

Eva and Oscar both turn towards the abandoned warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Trenchcoat charges Spoons, slams into him, knife first.  
Stabs his stomach repeatedly.

Spoons grunts as the blade goes in and out of his abdomen.

Trenchcoat pulls the knife out and steps back. Slashes with  
the blade and cuts the junkie's throat

Blood cascades down Spoons' neck. His lifeless body slumps  
to the floor.

Trenchcoat looks at his knife. Covered in the dead junkie's  
dark blood.

He holds it out in disgust. Crouches and wipes the blade  
clean on the dead man's filthy clothes.

Nina continues to struggle with the restraints. She manages  
to pull a hand completely free.

She looks over towards Trenchcoat. He rises to his feet and  
turns to face her. She SCREAMS.

NINA  
LEAVE ME ALONE!

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Eva hears Nina's cry and turns to Oscar.

EVA  
Shit, that sounded like Nina!

They rush towards the warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Nina can't get her second hand untied before Trenchcoat is  
on her, pinning her to the floor.

NINA  
Please don't. I can't tell the police  
anything. I haven't even seen your  
face.

He looks down at her. The only parts of his face that are visible through the ski mask are his mouth and his PIERCING BLUE EYES.

NINA (cont'd)  
There's no way I could identify you.  
You don't have to kill me.

He raises his knife up to Nina's throat. She panics. Pleads with him--

NINA (cont'd)  
Please!

Trenchcoat pauses. A moment's hesitation. He moves the knife away.

NINA (cont'd)  
Please, the phone is in my pocket.  
Take it. The police will never be  
able to track you. You don't have to  
kill me. Just go.

Trenchcoat considers this for a second. Checks her pockets and retrieves his stolen cell.

NINA (cont'd)  
That's it. You have it now.

He taps at the screen of the smart phone.

NINA (cont'd)  
(pleading)  
You can go.

He smiles sinisterly. Blood covers his teeth.

Nina sobs.

Trenchcoat holds the phone over Nina. Starts filming her. Moves his knife towards her face.

NINA (cont'd)  
No, please don't!

He caresses her face with the blade. Slowly moves it down towards her throat. Her eyes widen with terror.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
Yo, get off her, bucho!

Trenchcoat looks around to see Oscar charging him.

He quickly spins and rises to his feet, but as he does, Oscar kicks the knife from his hand.

Trenchcoat throws a punch, but Oscar sways and avoids the wild lunge.

He swings and connects with a powerful left hook of his own. Trenchcoat staggers.

Another blow from Oscar finds it's target, causing Trenchcoat to wobble again.

OSCAR  
That all you got, Holmes?

Eva rushes to Nina and starts to untie her.

NINA  
Get these off me!

Oscar closes on Trenchcoat. He swings again.

Trenchcoat ducks the blow and dives at Oscar, driving his shoulder into the boxer's mid-section.

He grabs hold of Oscars legs. Oscar rains punches down on Trenchcoat's ribs.

The two men struggle with each other until Trenchcoat manages to drive Oscar to the floor.

They punch and roll, fighting for position. Oscar lands on top and hits Trenchcoat in the face.

OSCAR  
Is that...

Another punch lands.

OSCAR (cont'd)  
...all...

And another

OSCAR (cont'd)

...you...

And another.

OSCAR (cont'd)

...got?

Trenchcoat reaches up and grabs Oscar's head. Sticks his thumbs in his eyes. Oscar YELPS in pain.

He pushes Oscar's head back and forces him to the floor.

Oscar rolls free, rubbing his eyes. Eva and Nina help him up off the ground.

Trenchcoat scrambles to his feet, but on the way up he's met by another of Oscar's punches.

The blow spins Trenchcoat and knocks him down to his hands and knees.

He lands beside his hunting knife, sees it and quickly pulls it close.

Angry, Oscar wipes his eyes clear.

OSCAR (cont'd)

You dirty son of a bitch.

Trenchcoat stumbles back to his feet, the knife hidden. Oscar closes on him.

OSCAR (cont'd)

I'm gonna kill you!

He swings a fist. Trenchcoat dodges to the side and raises his knife. CRACK!

Oscar's fist hits the blade dead on. He cries out in pain.

OSCAR (cont'd)

Oh Jesus! Oh Shit!

Trenchcoat kicks Oscar in the stomach, sending him backwards and pulling the blade free from his fist.

Oscar staggers back into Eva, knocking her to the ground.

Nina SCREAMS.

Trenchcoat grabs Nina by the hair and throws her across the floor. She lands in a heap by an office door.

Oscar straightens up just as Trenchcoat's knife stabs into his stomach. His eyes bulge.

Trenchcoat twists the blade and Oscar splutters on blood. Eva watches in horror from the floor.

EVA

NO!

Oscar stares into Trenchcoat's eyes. Resolute. He may be dying, but there's still some fight in him yet.

He grabs hold of Trenchcoat and forces him backwards. Starts running with him.

Trenchcoat braces himself for impact with the wall, but Oscar isn't headed for the wall...

He's driving him backwards towards a window!

Trenchcoat glances over his shoulder, sees his destination, but it's too late. He grabs on to Oscar.

Both men CRASH through the window...

Out of the warehouse...

Into a thirty foot drop towards the alley floor!

EVA (cont'd)

OSCAR!!

Eva hears the THUD of body on concrete and runs to the window, sobbing.

Nina looks on, hand over her mouth.

Eva reaches the smashed window and looks out... A knife suddenly plunges into her chest!

Nina SCREAMS.

**TRENCHCOAT**

Hangs from the window ledge, holding on with one hand. His other holds the knife in Eva's chest.

Eva drops forward, pulled down by Trenchcoat as he uses her for leverage.

He hoists himself back up, through the window and back into the warehouse.

He pulls his knife from the dead woman's chest and looks up... Nina has vanished.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT**

Open plan and stretching to the far end of the warehouse. Filled with fire damaged furniture.

Nina cowers behind an overturned desk, hidden from sight, knees tucked close to her chest.

She glances down, and eyes the charm bracelet on her wrist. Runs a finger over it. Her lips quiver with emotion.

Suddenly, she remembers something and frantically searches her jean pockets.

She pulls out the pregnancy tester from earlier and finally checks it...

Two solid lines. Positive. She's pregnant.

Nina stares at the tester. Conflicted with emotion. Half sadness, half joy.

For a split second, the psychopath trying to kill her becomes slightly less important.

Her eyes fill with tears. She takes in a huge gulp of air.

She stuffs the tester back in her pocket and places a hand on her stomach, as if trying to feel the life inside her.

BANG! The office door bursts open, breaks away from the rotten frame holding it, and collapses to the floor.

Nina quickly curls up behind the desk, trying to make herself as concealed as possible.

TRENCHCOAT

Stands in the doorway. He looks into the dark room, but doesn't enter.

He backs out of the doorway, into the warehouse and rounds the corner of the office.

The partition wall that separates the office from the rest of the floor is lined to the far wall with windows and an occasional door.

Trenchcoat stows his knife and picks up a METAL PIPE.

He walks along the office wall, menacingly TAPPING on the windows with the pipe.

He whistles eerily.

NINA

Hears him outside and quickly scurries over to the partition wall to remain out of sight.

TRENCHCOAT

Gets close to Nina's position. Looks in through one of the windows as he whistles. Doesn't see her.

He swings the pipe and SMASHES the window, shattering glass into the office.

NINA

Jolts. Covers her mouth. Terrified and trapped.

TRENCHCOAT

Moves to the next window, still whistling. SMASHES it. And then the next.

NINA

Cowers as glass sprays everywhere.

The window above her is up next. She makes a move. Quietly crawls along the wall.

The window she just left SHATTERS in.

Nina picks up her pace. Sees that a door up ahead is slightly ajar.

TRENCHCOAT

Walks on to the next window. Raises the pipe to swing. The nearby door CREAKS.

He drops the pipe, pulls out his knife, rushes through the door and into--

**OFFICE**

No sign of Nina. Trenchcoat quickly glances around. Starts walking the room.

Broken glass CRUNCHES under his feet.

Behind him, Nina emerges from her hiding place behind a filing cabinet.

She silently starts crawling towards the open door.

Trenchcoat approaches an overturned desk. More CRUNCHING of glass. He stops.

Nina freezes on the spot. Has he heard her?

Trenchcoat pauses for a second, then starts moving again.

Behind him, a relieved Nina resumes crawling.

He reaches the desk and flips it, knife raised and ready to stab. Disappointed to only find empty floor space.

This time he does hear something behind him and spins... Nobody there.

NINA

Quietly and slowly crawls along the other side of the office wall, headed back towards the end of the warehouse.

She carefully avoids the shards of glass on the floor.

TRENCHCOAT

Checks behind a filing cabinet. Nothing.

He heads towards another overturned desk. Grips the knife in his hand tighter. Starting to get frustrated.

NINA

Keeps moving.

She cautiously crawls over Trenchcoat's discarded metal pipe. Careful not to catch it with her hands or knees.

As she pushes on, she accidentally nudges the pipe with her trailing foot. It SCRAPES.

She quickly uses the toe of her sneaker to stop it from rolling further and making extra noise.

Nina exhales a nervous breath. Waits a second.

No sound comes from inside the office. She silently moves back to a crawl position, ready to keep going.

Trenchcoat suddenly flies through the window above her!

Nina SCREAMS.

He holds onto the window frame, his upper body looming menacingly over her.

He slashes down with the knife. Catches her arm and slices it open.

Trenchcoat slashes again. Nina rolls and avoids the attack. The blade HACKS the concrete behind her.

She grabs the metal pipe and swings it.

It connects with Trenchcoat's head and knocks him back into the office.

Nina jumps up to her feet and takes off running back through the warehouse.

TRENCHCOAT

Struggles up off the floor. He rubs his head. Shakes away the cobwebs.

He leans out the window, flops through it and drops to the warehouse floor.

Groggily, he stands again and unsteadily jogs after--

NINA

Who runs for her life.

She doesn't look back, just charges ahead. Running for the window that Oscar smashed through.

Getting closer...

Headed straight for it...

She jumps Eva's dead body...

Her foot lands on the window ledge...

She leaps out into the night!

Nina soars across the alleyway, arms outstretched. She lands on the side of the--

### **FIRE ESCAPE**

Of the apartment building!

It GROANS and jerks, pulling away from the building slightly with the force of her impact.

Nina grips on to the decaying structure. Fights to pull herself up, over the railing and onto the grated platform.

She quickly gets to her feet and starts climbing the stairs.

Police sirens WAIL in the distance.

Trenchcoat leaps out of the warehouse window and lands on the railing. The fire escape CLANGS and lurches violently.

Nina staggers, hits the railing, stumbles over it and plummets down.

She quickly grabs out. Grips tightly onto the metal frame, and clings on for life, her body dangling in the air.

Nina uses every last ounce of strength to hold on. Grimaces. Determined to survive.

She swings a leg up and hooks it over the railing and slowly pulls herself back onto the platform.

Nina looks down and sees Trenchcoat climbing the steps towards her.

She scampers back to her feet and continues to race up the fire escape.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nina scrambles in through the window, out of breath.

She rushes to her closet, throws the doors open and starts rummaging through it, tossing out the contents.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS**

Trenchcoat continues to climb the stairs.

The SIRENS are now louder. Almost at the building.

**INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nina quickly searches through the clothes and boxes she's thrown out of the closet.

She hears the CLANKING of Trenchcoat's boots on the fire escape as he nears.

Nina panics. Desperately searches. Eventually finds what she was looking for.

She picks up a folded black cloth and opens it to reveal a TASER hidden inside.

Nina looks up...

Trenchcoat climbs to the platform outside...

She raises the taser and takes aim...

He reaches the window...

Nina fires!

The electrified wires shoot out of the taser, ZAPPING Trenchcoat in the chest.

He convulses, GROANS and flails. Stagger backwards into the railing.

He topples over it and drops out of sight.

The taser is yanked from Nina's hands as Trenchcoat falls.

It skitters across the floor, through the window and onto--

#### **FIRE ESCAPE**

The taser clatters across the platform, hits the railing and jams between the bars, it's wires pulled tight.

#### **INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Nina collapses to her knees. Emotionally and physically exhausted. Eyes filled with tears.

She removes the pregnancy tester from her jean pocket again and stares at it.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Nina approaches Mark's lifeless body. Kneels beside him in a pool of coagulated blood.

She gently cradles her dead boyfriend's head, the pregnancy tester gripped in her hand.

POLICE cautiously enter the apartment, guns raised. They see the tragic scene.

Nina begins to sob uncontrollably.

She lets out an ANGUISHED CRY of unbridled sorrow.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The street is sealed off and filled with cherry topped SQUAD CARS, EMERGENCY VEHICLES and POLICE OFFICERS.

The neighborhood glows with blue and red pulsating lights.

Various HOODLUMS, VAGRANTS and RUBBERNECKERS look on, held back by police tape.

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

Nina lies on a stretcher, covered with a blanket. Her head and arm are both bandaged.

A MEDIC (30s) sits on the bench opposite, checking her over.

He wraps a cuff around her upper arm, inflates it and takes a reading.

MEDIC

Your blood pressure is a little high, although I'd be worried if it weren't, given the circumstances. I'm going to give you a light sedative which should help.

NINA

Thank you.

The medic takes a syringe from a medical kit bag and prepares the shot.

MEDIC

Deep breath.

He injects Nina, then disposes of the used needle.

MEDIC (cont'd)

You're going to need some stitches in that arm wound, but other than a mild concussion, you seem to be fine. We'll get you to the hospital, give you a couple of scans and they'll probably keep you in overnight for observation.

NINA

How long to the hospital?

MEDIC

It'll only take us twenty minutes. I just have to check inside on the landlord first.

NINA

Mr. Moses? How is he?

MEDIC

Looks like a broken nose, but nothing too serious, thankfully.

NINA

Good.

The back doors of the ambulance are opened by DETECTIVE BRESLIN (40s), a bloodshot-eyed veteran. Cigarette dangling from his lips.

BRESLIN

Can I get a moment with the patient?

MEDIC

Sure, I'm done here. I'll be back in a minute.

The medic steps out of the ambulance.

MEDIC (cont'd)

Just try to keep it short, she's had a sedative.

Breslin acknowledges with a nod and tosses his cigarette. He climbs inside and takes a seat.

BRESLIN

How are you holding up?

NINA

I'm just trying not to think about anything too much.

BRESLIN

You've had quite the night haven't you?

NINA

You can say that again.

She manages a slight, sad smile.

BRESLIN

I just want to go over a couple of things with you again. I won't keep you long. The rest can wait until you've been checked out at the hospital, but I'd just like to clarify a couple of points.

NINA

That's fine.

Breslin takes out a notepad. Flips back a few pages.

BRESLIN

When you shot him with the taser, you were stood in the bedroom. Is that correct?

NINA

Yes

BRESLIN

And he was outside the window, on the fire escape?

Nina nods.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

Then after he was hit, he didn't fall down the steps, he went backwards over the railing?

NINA

Yes, he went over the side and down into the alley.

Breslin writes in the notepad.

BRESLIN

Now, you say the last time you saw the phone, he had it?

NINA

Yes, he took it from me. Did you check his pockets?

BRESLIN

Not yet.

NINA

It could have fallen out and dropped into the alley somewhere when he fell, I guess.

BRESLIN

We'll check everywhere.

He makes another note in the pad, then slips it back into his jacket pocket.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

That's all for now. Try to get a little rest.

He turns to leave. Nina reaches out a hand to stop him.

NINA

Wait... Can you stay? Until the paramedic gets back?

Breslin takes her hand. Gives it a comforting rub.

BRESLIN

I'm sorry, but I'm needed out there. You don't have anything to worry about. Half the city's cops are on this street. You're safe. But if it'll make you feel better, I'll get someone to wait right outside until you leave for the hospital. Okay?

Nina smiles, reassured.

NINA

Thank you.

**EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Breslin climbs out the back of the ambulance and closes the door. Lights another cigarette.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER (20s) approaches, carrying an evidence bag stuffed with what looks like a bundle of clothes.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Detective Breslin!

BRESLIN  
What've you got?

The officer hands the bag over and Breslin examines it - Trenchcoat's ski mask and coat.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
We found these on the fire escape, the floor below the witness' apartment. Shall I see if she can give a positive I.D. On them?

BRESLIN  
No, she's been sedated. I'll take them inside, see if the landlord recognizes them.

Breslin looks down at the killer's garments.

BRESLIN (cont'd)  
Did you check the pockets?

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Empty.

BRESLIN  
And still no sign of the perp?

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
None. It's like he vanished.

BRESLIN  
Well, he ain't David Blaine. He's still around here somewhere. Tell McClusky I want this whole place locked down. Surround the building and go door to door on every apartment.

(MORE)

BRESLIN (cont'd)

Anyone tries to deny entry, cite them for obstruction. I want two bodies on every street corner for a five block radius. Any male matching the height and build gets stopped and searched. I don't want it looking like we're just sat on our asses when the Feds get here.

He goes to leave, then stops.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

And somebody needs to stand guard by the ambulance until the medic takes her to the hospital. She isn't to be left alone.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Anything else?

Breslin drops his cigarette to the street and extinguishes it with his foot.

BRESLIN

Got any gum?

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Breslin moves past the stairs as TWO MEN from the Coroner's Office carry down a body bag.

He eyes them as he passes. Keeps on down the hall, approaching Mr Moses' apartment.

Suddenly, he stops in his tracks. Something isn't quite sitting right with him.

He turns and races back up up the hall.

BRESLIN

Hold it! Hold it!

He reaches the coroners and stops them in the doorway before they can leave the building.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

Wait a moment.

He unzips the body bag to reveal... Mark's dead body.

He stares at it for a moment before zipping the bag back up.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

Carry on.

He watches the coroners carry the body out to the street before turning and walking back down the hallway.

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

Nina is still in the back. Her efforts to not think about the evening's events are clearly not working.

Her eyes are full of tears and her lips tremble with emotion. She exhales a shaky breath.

The driver's door of the ambulance opens and the medic climbs back in.

Nina quickly tries to snap herself out of it. She brushes away a tear.

NINA

We going now?

MEDIC (O.S.)

Uh-huh.

Nina takes a deep breath and recomposes herself.

The ambulance's engine STARTS UP.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Breslin reaches Mr. Moses' apartment door and knocks on it.

The door CREAKS ajar.

He unholsters his revolver, pushes the door fully open and cautiously enters--

**MR MOSES' APARTMENT**

The room is a mess. Furniture is crowded together, in the process of being re-arranged. Stacks of books and magazines stand covered in dust.

BRESLIN

Mr. Moses?

A CANARY CHIRPS inside a standing bird cage in the corner. No response from the landlord.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

Mr. Moses, it's Detective Breslin.  
Are you here?

Breslin navigates his way through the apartment. Glances into the kitchen and bathroom. Enters--

**BEDROOM**

Mr Moses lies dead on the bed. His throat slit from ear to ear. Eyes wide open in terror.

Breslin rushes to him, but stops when he sees--

The medic from the ambulance, on the floor beside the bed. Lifeless and stripped of his uniform.

Breslin's eyes bulge. A wave of horror washes over him. He drops the evidence bag to the floor.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Breslin explodes out of Mr. Moses' apartment and charges down the hall, barging people aside.

BRESLIN

Out of the way!

He collides with a COP and knocks him to the ground. Keeps running for the main doors.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Breslin bolts out of the building and onto the street.

He pushes his way through a crowd of congregating COPS and EMERGENCY WORKERS.

BRESLIN

Get out of the damn way!

He fights his way through to the street, looking for the ambulance... It's gone.

He grabs the nearest COP.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

Where's the ambulance?

The cop stares back blankly.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

WHERE'S THE AMBULANCE?

COP

I don't know, the hospital?

Breslin pushes him away. Spins. Eyes darting everywhere.

He sees the uniformed officer who gave him the coat and mask earlier, talking to some COLLEAGUES.

Breslin rushes over and manhandles him.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

What the hell!

BRESLIN

Who did you leave guarding the ambulance?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

I hung around. Why?

BRESLIN

Who drove it away?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

The paramedic.

BRESLIN

What did he look like?

The officer looks at him, confused.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

He looked like... A paramedic. What are you--

BRESLIN

He wasn't the damn medic, he was our guy! The medic is dead! He's dead!

UNIFORMED OFFICER

He was...

(realizing)

Holy shit.

BRESLIN

When did it leave?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

(panicked)

I... I don't know. Five minutes ago, maybe

BRESLIN

Put out an APB. Now!

The officer rushes away.

Breslin stands in the empty space where the ambulance was previously parked.

He looks detached. Forlorn. Oblivious to the commotion all around him.

He stares off down the street at the distant traffic. Grabs at his hair like he's ready to rip it out in frustration.

BRESLIN (cont'd)

SHIT!

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

The sedative has now taken hold of Nina. She looks calm. Relaxed. Her eyelids heavy.

She uses her index finger to calmly caress the charm bracelet on her wrist, then moves her hand onto her stomach. Feels for the life inside her.

She manages the slightest of smiles.

In the front of the ambulance, the driver faces straight ahead, silent.

NINA  
How much further?

The driver glances into the rear-view mirror -- His PIERCING BLUE EYES stare back.

TRENCHCOAT  
Around thirty minutes.

Nina lets the response sink in.

Her eyes narrow slightly as she thinks. Silently questioning his answer. His voice.

She sits up a little on the stretcher. Looks more than a little uneasy.

NINA  
How was Mr. Moses? Was his jaw broken?

TRENCHCOAT  
Uh-huh.

Nina's eyes widen again. She raises a hand to her mouth. Her mind races.

A look of fear returns to her eyes as she realizes exactly who's driving the ambulance.

Panicked, she looks around for something to use as a weapon. Sees the medical kit bag nearby.

Nina reaches for the bag, opens it and takes out a syringe.

Carefully and quietly, she gets off the stretcher and moves to the front of the ambulance, crouched out of view.

Directly behind the driver's seat, she slowly rises, syringe gripped in her hand like a knife.

Trenchcoat glances into the rear-view mirror again and sees Nina. Their eyes meet.

She stabs the needle down into the side of his neck!

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The ambulance swerves and bumps another car, then jerks away from the vehicle.

It keeps speeding on towards some road construction works further ahead.

**INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Trenchcoat steers with one hand, the syringe still sticking out of his neck, and reaches back with the other. He grabs Nina by the hair.

She frantically hits him with both fists but he won't release his grip.

Nina wraps her hands around Trenchcoat's face and digs her fingers into his eyes.

NINA  
Die, you bastard!

He CRIES OUT in pain.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The ambulance swerves again, narrowly misses a car and plows through traffic cones, sending them spraying.

It veers back across the lanes, headed directly for a row of parked cars.

**INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Trenchcoat lets go of the steering wheel and punches backwards over his head, hitting Nina in the face.

She releases her grip on his head and falls backwards.

Trenchcoat re-takes the steering wheel with one hand and rubs his pained eyes with the other.

TRENCHCOAT  
Bitch!

He regains his vision just in time to see the rear end of the car he's about to crash into.

He quickly turns the wheel, but it's too late.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The ambulance hits the back corner of the parked car in a CRASH of steel...

Takes off from the asphalt...

Twists in the air...

Comes crashing back down to the street on its side.

**INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Nina is slammed hard against the inner bench. The ambulance's contents spill everywhere.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Sparks fly as the ambulance skids at speed across the street, careering towards a stationary JCB.

NIGHT CONSTRUCTION WORKERS scatter and run for safety.

**INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Trenchcoat fumbles with his seat belt, trying desperately to get free, but can't.

He looks through the windshield. His eyes widen. He raises his hands for protection.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The ambulance SLAMS into the back of the JCB.

It's backhoe dipper SMASHES through the ambulance windshield, and into Trenchcoat, crushing his face.

MOMENTS LATER

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS and PEDESTRIANS run to the overturned vehicle. Steam rises from its destroyed front end.

Police sirens WAIL as they near.

A MAN looks in through the ambulance's destroyed windshield and recoils at the horrific sight inside.

The back door of the ambulance falls open and Nina crawls out onto the street.

Bloodied and battered, but very much alive.

She struggles to her feet. TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS rush to help, but she pushes them away.

They watch on in amazement as she staggers away from the crashed vehicle.

POLICE CARS race towards the scene.

Nina stops walking. She stands still in the middle of the street as the cars come to a screeching halt around her.

Flashing police lights illuminate her face.

Her eyes are hard. Determined. Unafraid.

FADE OUT.