

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING DOOR - NIGHT

We see a close up of a rather unremarkable deadbolt lock in a plain, but sturdy door. It is a door that shows its owner cares more about security than cosmetics.

We pull back, revealing a young woman standing outside a three story walk-up. She is trying to manipulate the key ring in the lock while balancing a large paper grocery bag on her hip.

JANE

Oh! No!

The bag spills onto the sidewalk.

JANE

Shoot!

She checks her surroundings nervously before getting down on her haunches to gather everything up. There are a lot of frozen and microwaveable packages.

As she corrals her groceries, she dislodges the welcome mat. Underneath it is a key. She holds the key up and compares it to one of hers, then tries it in the deadbolt lock. The lock opens with a solid click.

JANE

Yeah, right.

She pockets the key, gathers her groceries and disappears up the stairs. Eventually, a light appears in a top floor window.

A loud report is heard from far away -- a gunshot, a car backfiring, or a firecracker.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE walks through her apartment on her phone, putting away the groceries.

She cracks open the cardboard on a microwavable dinner and peels off the plastic. She pops the dinner into the microwave oven and turns it on. She begins to uncork a bottle of wine.

JANE

I swear to God, this neighbourhood. What was I thinking? Yeah, it's closer, but... you know? Guess what I found? A key. To the building. Some idiot too lazy to buzz in his friends or carry his own, he leaves one under the welcome mat. Imagine this guy breaks up with his girlfriend. Or his roommate jams on him. I mean, I found it, what if someone else did? Or made a copy? Yes, this is a problem! I'm sure there are some women out there who are statistics right now for saying the very same thing... What?

EXT. BUILDING DOOR - NIGHT

Again, we see the deadbolt lock. Again we hear a loud crack, followed closely by another. A car's tires SQUEAL.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE is on the telephone, its extension cord tethering her to the wall while she puts away her groceries.

JANE

You were right. The mangoes were rotten. Got some peaches. I'll make a fruit salad for work. I don't think things are good with Keith. Yeah, I know, just enough, okay? You told me, and I really don't want an I-told-you-so moment. He's just, you know? I don't know. He made me defensive. I don't know. I couldn't relax. I didn't say "threat." I don't think he was a threat. You think it's me? It's not me.

The apartment is clean, neat, thought fully decorated - lots of hip art on the walls, chic desktop computer, designer novelties. Manicured herbs grow in pots lining the windowsills.

Two small CATS gather near the front door, inspecting something.

EXT. BUILDING DOOR - NIGHT

The lock. The door. More car tires squealing and the sound of

garbage cans crumpling - the sounds of pursuit getting closer.

A TERRIFIED-LOOKING MAN with a cut forehead slams up against the door, panting and wheezing. This is JOHN (30s). Panicking, he immediately drops to his knees and feels under the welcome mat for the key.

JOHN

No. Oh no, no no!

He throws the mat aside and runs both hands through the light dirt in front of the door, scrabbling for the key. The man looks back over his shoulder.

JOHN

Come on! Oh crap! No!

He rattles the knob. He pounds his fist on the door. He RAMS HIS SHOULDER into it. No give.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE is frozen in her kitchen.

JANE

Shh! Shh! There's someone banging downstairs... I said someone's outside! I don't know. Hang on.

She stretches the cord out again to get the view from the front window.

JANE

Cause I don't want to be a cliché, that's why! My God, that was, like, so close.

JANE stretches the cord as she advances to the front window and peers down to the building's front door.

JANE

Yeah. Don't. Don't. No, no. I am not putting it back under the mat. If I find another one? I'll take that one too. Personal safety is very important to me! I know... you used that pepper spray once, right? Yeah, so aren't you glad you had it? Yeah, so what if it was just some fourteen year-old. Don't dismiss it. No, cause you were scared

at the time? Right.

EXT. BUILDING DOOR - NIGHT

JOHN stops banging and looks up to see JANE peeking from behind the curtain.

JOHN

(shouting)

Hey! Hey! Let me in! I live here! Hey!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane jumps in response.

JANE

Omigod.

She recoils from the window.

JANE

Yeah, there's like some guy down there who says he lives here. No, I am not letting him in! Because you wouldn't either if you saw the guy! I mean, he's bleeding and everything!

Her BUZZER chimes.

JANE

Yes, that's him buzzing! Oh God, just go away! Brooke, what if he comes up? What if someone else lets him in? Hang on.

She sets down the phone, locks her deadbolt and puts the privacy chain on. She returns to the phone.

JANE

I don't know. Should I check? This is why they have those buildings where you can like put your TV on channel 2 and watch the guy on the camera. What do you think? Should I?

EXT. BUILDING DOOR - NIGHT

As JOHN buzzes her apartment with one hand and hammers the door with his other, he looks back over his shoulder and screams.

JOHN

Wait! It's not me! It's not me! Get away from me!

He tries to run but two FIGURES pin him against the door and punch him several times. JOHN fumbles a KNIFE out of his pocket - the figures swiftly knock it away. They lay into him. John goes limp.

CLOSE ON: John being dragged across pavement, then out of sight. We hear doors slam and a car speeding away.

The street goes eerily quiet. MOMENTS later, the POLICE CRUISER returns, making another slow pass.

CLOSE ON: The door, and the lock -- undisturbed.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE listens as tires PEEL outside. The MICROWAVE chimes, making her jump.

JANE

Okay, hang on. Yeah, he's not buzzing anymore. No, I don't hear anything. What if someone let him in? He could be coming up here right now! I don't know! You look in my hallway! Okay, hang on.

She creeps back to the front window and looks down.

JANE

He's not there. He's not there. No. You think he's inside?

She pulls the dinner from the microwave and grabs a fork from the counter. She begins to eat, standing up in the kitchen.

JANE

You think he's there? Am I safe? I think it's okay. I think I'm safe. Look, I'm just going to eat. I'll call you back. Yeah, bye.

She hangs up and sits down with her meal. She takes a bite and examines the KEY, chewing thoughtfully.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

JOHN sits semi-conscious in the back of a spacious town car.

His face is bruised and bleeding, head lolling back and forth.

Two BIG MEN in suits sit on either side of him.

JOHN

....uugh. It's not me. It isn't mine.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's he saying?

One of the Big Men looks him over coldly.

BIG MAN #1

He's saying it ain't his.

VOICE (O.S.)

Freshen him up.

The Man's struggles to open his eyes wider.

JOHN

...W-wait... listen... it's not--

CRACK! Big Man #1 swiftly ELBOWS John in the nose. His head snaps back violently. He's out cold. Big Man #2 unfolds a newspaper.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING DOOR - DAY

JANE exits the building. It's morning now - bright and sunny. She turns and locks the door. She glances down and lifts the corner of the welcome mat with her foot.

She stoops to place the key back under the mat, but pauses. She looks at the key for a moment, stands up, and pockets it.

As she moves out of view, we hear the rumbling of a motorcycle engine.

A bright red racing bike pulls to a stop in front of the building. Its RIDER - clad in equally bright red motorcycle gear, face obscured behind a heavily tinted visor - dismounts, surveils the scene, and returns to the bike.

The Rider guns the engine and roars away.

EXT. DOCKYARDS - DAY

Somewhere on the edge of the city, the big town car is parked behind a towering wall of shipping containers. An enormous

yellow container crane looms over head. Seagulls squawk.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - DAY

JOHN is bound to a chair with nylon rope, slouching forward in the darkness of the container. The heavy doors swing open wide and saturate him with sunlight. He looks up weakly. He's beaten to a pulp. JOHN is bound to a chair with nylon rope, slouching forward in the darkness of the container. The heavy doors swing open wide and saturate him with sunlight. He looks up weakly. He's beaten to a pulp.

JOHN
Wait... wait...

The two BIG MEN lumber in, towering over him. One douses him with a bucket of water. John gasps repeatedly. Must be cold. He's wide awake now.

JOHN
Hold on a second, guys. You guys got the wrong idea.

VOICE (O.S.)
I've given you a little time to think. That's uncharacteristically generous of me. I'd appreciate it if you'd stop wasting my time.

JOHN
Listen man, this is a misunderstanding.

FOOTSTEPS move in. The Big Men step aside. John looks up to see THE BOSS - equally big, much better dressed, and radiating menace.

THE BOSS
You sure about that?

(nodding to the Big Men)
Let's go for a walk.

Big Man #1 effortlessly spins John around in the chair and starts dragging him backwards out of the container.

JOHN
Woah woah woah!

EXT. DOCKYARDS - DAY

The Boss saunters to the edge of the dock and peers over.

It's a solid twenty foot drop into some unpleasant looking black water. He points to the ledge.

Big Man #1 drags John to the ledge. Big Man #2 follows. The straighten him up, each taking a shoulder, and start leaning the chair backwards.

JOHN

Hey! Hey! Calm down!

THE BOSS

Last chance.

The Big Men lean him further. John is now horizontal over the drop.

JOHN

Alright! Alright! I'll tell you!

The Big Men turn and look to The Boss. He nods. They slam the chair upright. John is stricken with panic. The Boss produces a cigar and lights it.

THE BOSS

I'm waiting.

John hesitates, looking for a way out.

JOHN

It's uh... it's back at the, umm. You know what, I might have dropped it. Maybe its in your car back there?

The three men turn to look at the town car, then back at John. A buzzing is beginning to swell in the distance... an engine?

JOHN

Did you check the glove compartment?

Just as The Boss' face begins to flash in anger, the dockyard erupts into noise- motorcycle engine at full throttle, and a long burst of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. Bullets rake across the ground, mere feet from the hoods. A stack of oil barrels behind them EXPLODE in a spectacular fireball. They scatter in panic.

John looks to see the RIDER bearing in on the mean red bike, weaving between shipping containers, firing a submachine gun from one hand.

The hoods head for the town car. The rider SHREDS it with a volley from the SMG. Tires explode, windows shatter. They pivot and take off running.

THE BOSS

Shoot back you idiots!

Big Man #1 stops and produces a pistol and tries to return fire - the Rider puts one in his leg. He falls. Big Man #2 drags him away.

The Rider slides into a killer skid, burning rubber all the way. The bike slams to a stop mere inches from John. He stares in disbelief.

JOHN

Who... are you?

The Rider steps off the bike. Points the SMG right at John's head. Removes the helmet. It's a STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL woman. John half smiles.

RIDER

Where. Is. The. Key?

JOHN

Oh man. Here's the thing... I... uh...
Wait, seriously, who are you?

The Rider slings her SMG, smiles, and KICKS John square in the chest - right over the edge of the dock. Twenty feet down, tied to a chair, screaming all the way. SPLASH.