

A SHOT rings out!

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors are closed. One of them opens, and out steps JOHN DOE, late-20's, as if hell's hounds were at his feet. He looks around, scared, uncertain as to where he is located. There is a door at the end of the hall. He runs to it, then goes through it.

STAIRWELL

Doe looks up the stairs, seeing where they go. He goes up them to the first door, finding it locked. He goes to the next door. He grips the

DOORKNOB

and it turns.

WIDE ANGLE

as the door slowly opens. Doe steps on through to the other side.

STUDIO

As he walks down the pure white hallway, Doe comes into the studio. He finds it empty, with a cluttered desk to his right and the rest of the studio to his left. Windows run along the walls, looking out at the skyline of New York City.

Doe steps further into the studio, amazed. He turns to look down at the desk and sees pictures. Pictures of people that look vaguely familiar. He is in some of the pictures. This surprises him. His interest in the room increases, as he looks at some of the other things on the desk. The last picture he finds is of a woman, beautiful and smiling. Then there is a picture of the two of them together.

Suddenly, he starts to remember...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK -- KITCHEN - DAY

Doe and WOMAN, late-20's, smiling and happy as they joke around. They hold each other close.

CUT TO:

PRESENT -- STUDIO

Doe stumbles, as the memory that had so abruptly entered his mind, exits. He blinks, as if he'd just stared directly into the sun. In the distance, he can hear FOOT FALLS.

STAIRS

Two pairs of feet, clad in shiny black shoes, ascend the stairs towards the studio. The sound of FOOTSTEPS ECHOES.

STUDIO

Doe is suddenly terrified, panicked. He looks around, filled with the sudden need to escape. As he does, the

STUDIO DOOR

opens in SLO-MO, revealing two BLACK CLAD MEN, they are dressed in black suits, with black fedoras and black ties and black shades. Men of distinct seriousness and perfect posture. They walk in as smooth as the wind.

DOE

steps back in horror, fear coursing through him, terror frozen in his face. He looks around, wanting to run.

STUDIO

The black clad men move to Doe, grabbing him, and a struggle ensues. Doe fights to get away, but he cannot escape them. Then he lashes out, striking one in the face, knocking him to the ground. The other is surprised by the violence, and Doe pushes his chest, knocking him away.

Doe quickly runs for the back of the studio, as the two men gather themselves up. They watch him run, as the

BLACK CLAD MAN

who Doe had pushed shakes his head.

DOE

finds himself standing before a window, and struggles to open it. He does so and crawls through to find himself on the

ROOF

of the building. He stands at the edge and looks out over the amazing expanse of New York City. It is like a sea of buildings, stretching off into the foggy distance, water towers like buoys in the water.

Doe is taken by the beauty of it, forgetting for a moment that he is running for his life. He looks on with a fondness for what he sees. And a memory appears.

FLASHBACK -- ROOF - DAY

A radio plays a tune, as he and his wife dance together on the rooftop. They are holding each other close, staring into each other's eyes. It's an old tune, from the '30s or '40s.

PRESENT -- ROOF

Doe snaps back into the present, holding his head. The memories are starting to hurt him, like a headache that gradually gets worse. He turns to look at the window, hearing the approaching black clad men. Doe runs.

The roof is made up of levels, like the city, like life. He is desperate, looking for a place to escape to, as he is hit with another memory.

FLASHBACK -- APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doe enters the apartment, coming home from work. He is in a happy mood. He walks through the house, curious as to where his wife is.

PRESENT -- ROOF

Doe holds his head, the pain growing, as the horrible memory floods into his mind.

FLASHBACK -- APARTMENT

Doe walks into the living room. He finds his wife, dead, murdered by someone he never knew, never saw. A burglary gone wrong. She lies on the floor, blood staining her shirt. Her eyes open.

Doe drops his briefcase, staring at his wife in horror. He goes to her, feels her dead body.

PRESENT -- ROOF

Doe screams, the pain in his head pounding like a construction worker's jack-hammer. He stumbles, nearly falls. But he comes back, remembering that black clad men, as the pain in his head subsides. He looks around, sees a ladder leading upward. He goes to it and climbs.

As he reaches the top, images flash in his mind. Memories of his

WIFE

her face looking at him as they dance, smiling, slightly cocked to the side. A happy, loving smile.

DOE

stumbles over the top, shaking off the image. He looks back to see the black clad men turn a corner and begin their approach. They see him, as he backs away from the edge, looking out and around. Suddenly, he trips over something.

Doe sits up to look at what he'd tripped over, and is shocked. What he sees cannot be. What he sees is himself, shot in the head, a pool of blood surrounding his skull.

FLASHBACK -- GRAVEYARD

Doe stands at a gravestone, a rose in his hand. He drops it, and it falls in SLO-MO to the ground before the marble slab.

PRESENT -- ROOF

Doe is staring at the body, as everything is revealed.

FLASHBACK -- STUDIO

Standing by his desk, Doe removes a gun from the drawer. He looks at it for a moment, then down at the picture of his dead wife. He reaches down, lightly touching it. Then he heads off to the roof.

ROOF

Doe stands look out over the city, staring at the buildings and the beautiful skyline. Then he puts the gun to his head, shuts his eyes, and pulls the trigger.

BANG!

PRESENT -- ROOF

A hand comes down on Doe's shoulder. The hand of one of the black clad men. Doe looks up at him, as the black clad man looks down on him, a softness in his eyes.

Doe stands, looking at the two black clad men in a new light, realizing that they are not men of evil intent. He turns and walks away, with the two men at his sides, as everything fades to white.

FADE OUT.