

OVER BLACK:

City sounds.

CLICK. The soft hiss of a rolling cassette tape dampens the exterior noise.

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A pair of eyes fixate lifelessly on a distant point.

A dirty street puddle reflects the blinking light of a nearby traffic signal. A car zips through the puddle, rippling the water, and dispersing the light into shimmering fragments.

The eyes blink to life and flutter around, searching for the next focal point.

A woman's voice.

WOMAN (CASSETTE V.O.)

Focus. What do you see?

The eyes drift to a stop.

WOMAN (CASSETTE V.O.) (CONT'D)

Is someone waiting for change?

We see a HOMELESS MAN (60s) in a weather-beaten mime outfit and worn-out makeup. He lies on his side. Asleep.

The pair of eyes WHIP to a STRAGGLER (40s-50s) as he walks hurriedly down the street, clutching a bag. We PAN with him until he passes another STREETWALKER, who we follow instead into an apartment building.

WOMAN (CASSETTE V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pay attention.

Through the entrance we see the streetwalker walk up the lobby stairs.

The eyes continue to scan the building, floor to floor, window to window, until they land on a PERSON IN THE WINDOW (30s), their face unclear.

WOMAN (CASSETTE V.O.) (CONT'D)

What do you see?

The person passes behind a wall, disappearing from view.

The eyes follow. We see the person's **silhouette** appear in the next window behind drawn curtains, approaching **another figure in silhouette**.

The person lifts their arms and strikes at the figure, knocking over the source of light. Light FLASHES across the room, and--

HONK! HONK!

An ANGRY CUSTOMER HONKS his horn.

FRANKIE RHODES (30s), a gas station attendant, turns toward the sound. She's wearing headphones. She looks down and pulls a CASSETTE PLAYER from her pocket. It's not rolling.

HONK! HONK!

The customer waves angrily at Frankie.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Ay! You wanna wake up and do your job?

Frankie quickly approaches the car window.

FRANKIE

How much?

ANGRY CUSTOMER

(shoving cash)

Fill it up. Regular.

As Frankie fills up the car, she takes a look back at the window. The curtains are gone. The room is darker. It appears lifeless.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Hey, is there a problem?

Frankie's MANAGER (30s) rushes out from the attached convenience store.

Frankie retreats away from the pump.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Yeah, there's a problem. I've been sitting here for like 5 minutes, she's in her own little world over there.

The manager shoots Frankie a look.

Frankie slyly pulls the headphone out of her ears.