

TEASER

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - LISA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

OPERA MUSIC is audible from the house next door.

We're in an old Victorian bathroom that could use some refreshing. LISA FARROW, 32, a seductive blonde, lays in the tub, face totally immersed in water. Her eyes are wide open.

She suddenly emerges... Reborn.

A distant look creeps up on her face... The reality is too much, she immerses herself back in the water again... WATER RIPPLES. We hear the MUSIC smothered underwater.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - PREVIOUS DAY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

CLOSE-UP on a phone RINGING. One ring, two rings... A hand grabs the handset. Lisa is wrapped in a towel.

LISA

Hello.

FEMININE VOICE/ESCORT AGENCY (V.O.)

(mysterious)

Tomorrow, 4:30. Lloyd's Hotel  
downtown, room 407.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

It's a cloudy day. Lisa is walking down the street. She's impassive and looking smoking hot in her red dress... She MUTES OUT the city noise.

INT. LLOYD'S HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

She steps into the elevator.

INT. LLOYD'S HOTEL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Lisa presses level 40. Only a bald, puny man in his 70's is in, no taller than Lisa's breasts. He turns to her, flashes a sweet grin... She tries to hide her amusement.

The elevator doors open.

CUT TO:

INT. LLOYD'S HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa is in front of room 407. She KNOCKS.

LISA (V.O.)  
Sometimes you just know what's  
right for you...

The door opens on MIKE, 37, a businessman with a predatory stillness.

LISA (V.O.)  
So I thought.

MIKE  
Courtney?

INT. LLOYD'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The skyscraper grants a view of the city. Lisa proceeds to the bed. She lets her handbag drop on the floor and slowly takes off her dress, showing a sexy lingerie --

Mike opens wide the curtains for people to see as she undresses then sets a wad of cash on the bedside table.

LISA  
(impassive)  
Any special requests?

Without warning, he suddenly thrusts Lisa on the bed. He gets between her legs, pushes her panties on the side and enters her, BREATHING heavily... Dubious, Lisa still plays the game.

Mike now drives her against the wall, tightens his grip around her neck until she starts to suffocate -- Lisa pushes him back but she can't shake him off... He SLAPS her.

MIKE  
You'll do whatever I tell you to  
do...

As he steps forward to Lisa, she returns a SLAP back to his face.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Is that so? If you want to play...  
Let's play.

He slaps her even harder and shoves her to the floor. Lisa cautiously moves away from him, holding her cheek. She gets up and jets to the door -- desperately TWISTS the doorknob... It's locked.

She turns and glances at her purse.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(pumped up)  
You're not going anywhere... You're  
gonna finish what you've started  
beautiful.

Mike is keeping the hunt on his prey. Still in panic, Lisa  
dives for her bag --

He grabs her legs, forcing her to fall. He's pulling her  
closer to him... She fiercely lunges one last time and  
reaches for her purse -- she pulls out a revolver.

SHORT OF BREATH and a small chrome semi-automatic in hand,  
she points it at Mike -- he suddenly loosens his grip... She  
frees her legs.

Mike holds still, Lisa trembles yet finds her courage.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Come on beautiful... We're just  
having a good time here.

CLOSE-UP on Lisa's face, hesitant.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Give me that *bitch*.

Mike tries to grab the gun, they brawl -- Lisa panics and  
PULLS the trigger.

LISA (V.O.)  
And that's how I shot...

Lisa stays still, in shock, while Mike lies dead on the  
floor.

LISA (V.O.)  
That's when I knew I opened a door  
that would be hard to close...

A shadow appears and offers a hand to Lisa, it's SIMON.

SIMON  
Come with me.

Lisa takes his shadow hand.

END TEASER