

INT. HAVEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING 1

A double bed with the comforter hanging by the edge and pillows scattered on both ends.

Discarded clothing inhabit the floor while some pieces cling for their lives in the open drawers of a tallboy. Empty plastic water bottles decorate one bedside table.

HAVEN (25) runs around looking for her apartment keys. She digs her hand under and around the cushions of her plush couch. She feels cold, small pieces of metal and yanks her keys out with a huff.

She heads for the door but does a U-turn for the bathroom where her hair straightener is still turned on, and jerks the plug from the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 2

Haven jogs to the empty elevator and catches it just as the doors slide close. She enters and punches on the buttons to close them.

CORALIE (O.S.)
Hold the elevator please!

Haven looks forward with a tight-lipped, vexatious expression. She hesitates to keep the door open but presses a button to do so anyway.

She stands for a couple of moments before perking her head slightly to the door, looking for the person that called out.

After what seemed like forever, CORALIE (82) enters the elevator slowly, hunching with her walking stick in one hand and a bag of bread on the other. Coralie smiles at Haven.

CORALIE
Thank you, dear.

Haven glances at her with a forced smile and the elevator door finally closes.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - MORNING 3

STORE FLOOR

SUPER: 10:01 AM

Haven power walks into the store, and out of breath, spotting her manager, JASON (28) standing in front of the

counter speaking to a CUSTOMER. She keeps her head down to avoid making eye contact and walks faster.

Jason, wearing a black turtleneck with skin-tight jeans and a pair of round, rose-coloured sunglasses on his thickly, gelled hair, turns his head as Haven heads for the backroom.

JASON
Haven! You're late. Again.

Jason folds his arms and Haven halts, taking a deep breath in annoyance of being caught.

HAVEN
Cut me some slack, Jase. I am literally one minute late. Why don't you put some more gel in your hair? I can see a loose strand trying to make a break for it.

Haven keeps a straight face as she enters into a staring competition with Jason. Jason stares her down. Haven smirks. Jason blinks.

HAVEN
Ha! You blinked. I win.

Haven shrugs and struts into the backroom. Jason shakes his head.

BACKROOM

Haven's HEART BEATS loudly. Haven BREATHS fast and heavy. She looks at her watch and it reads 10:03. She looks around the room. She stares at the stack of boxes to her left.

Haven closes her eyes. She begins taking deep, slow breaths. Her heart beat slows and quiets down. Haven opens her eyes and unclenches her fists. She sighs deeply and relaxes her shoulders.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT 4

Haven plods into the lobby and looks up just in time to see the elevator doors closing.

HAVEN
Hold the door please!

She runs to the elevator and the doors slide open. Her brows rise when she enters and she forces a tight-lip smile.