

EXT. CHICAGO STREET DAY

Credits throughout the following actions.

A slim young woman, LUCY, descends a metal staircase under an elevated train track, her long hair in a messy bun. She wears no make-up. She kicks a piece of trash out of her path and shifts her heavy backpack up her shoulder as she walks down the street.

A guy in a wifebeater follows LUCY for a few steps, holding out a flier. She doesn't speak to him but politely accepts it.

FLIER GUY

Hey, come to a free art opening  
Friday night? Gelato and wine!  
Okay, girl, keep cool alright?

The exterior windows of an apartment building are full of fans running full blast.

LUCY fans herself with the flier. She crosses a street, weaving between rusty cars stuck in slow-moving traffic.

A panting dog near a water bowl is tied up outside a café.

LUCY reaches the stoop of a box-like brick building with boarded-up windows, scaffolding on the outside. She opens her door with a key and goes in.

TITLE: HEAT

INT. APARTMENT DAY

LUCY enters her apartment and locks the door behind her, pausing to look at an abstract painting of a woman on the back of the door. Similar art is all over the bare brick walls in the apartment, which is an open plan. Bedrooms have been created with folding Japanese screens. Standing fans are on full blast.

Lucy drops her backpack on a futon, one of the only pieces of furniture other than a few abstractly painted wicker chairs. Her roommate SARAH stands under the only window, a tiny one set up near the ceiling, holding her hair off her neck.

LUCY

Another of Greg's paintings?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Yeah, I couldn't find another space for it. I think it really works there, though.

LUCY

Sure, I guess.

SARAH

You don't like it?

LUCY

No, it's good. Hey, did Ozzy call? Are we getting an A/C till the building's fixed?

SARAH

No. I mean, he called, no A/C.

LUCY

Probably wouldn't fit in our window anyway...Everything okay?

SARAH

Not really. Did you hear a girl was raped last night in the alley?

LUCY

What? Oh my god. Where?

SARAH

The alley. Right here. I mean RIGHT here, behind our building.

LUCY

Oh my god...

SARAH

I know, it's so scary.

LUCY

Holy shit.

SARAH

So we should call each other when we get off the L.

LUCY

Yeah, what's it take--like five minutes to walk here from there?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Yeah, we'll just watch for each other. If we're not back in ten, call for help.

LUCY

Do they have any idea who did it? Who they're looking for?

SARAH

No. Just issued a neighborhood-wide warning.

LUCY removes the painting from the back of the door.

SARAH

What are you doing?

LUCY

Well, we're going to need to see through the peephole, right? If there's a rapist running around.

SARAH

So where are we gonna hang the painting?

LUCY

Maybe in your room?

SARAH

My room's full.

LUCY

Over the stove?

SARAH

No way. It could get damaged.

LUCY

Well, we need to see through the peephole!

SARAH strides over and rehanges the painting back on the door.

SARAH

We can just take it down every time someone knocks.

INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

In her bra and panties, LUCY lies on her bed in the path of a standing fan. She stares at a Pre-Raphaelite painting of a knight and a lady on her wall.

Off screen, a film plays in SARAH'S room. LUCY gets up, leaving a sweaty imprint of her body on her blanket. She goes to the kitchen and opens the freezer.

LUCY and SARAH must shout over the film and the fans.

SARAH (O.S.)

You still up?

LUCY

Yeah.

SARAH (O.S.)

Sorry, it's just I can't get to sleep without the movie, you know.

LUCY

No, it's fine. Hey, wanna go down and cool off on the stoop?

SARAH (O.S.)

No, I'm really gonna try to get to sleep. But you should go. I mean, it's basically a bake-house up here.

LUCY

I mean, the attacker already struck once at our building, he probably won't hit the same place twice.

SARAH (O.S.)

Yeah, no, I'm sure you'll be fine.

LUCY considers. She stares at the door with the painting on it, then puts ice in a plastic bag and heads back to her room.

SARAH (O.S.)

Hey, if the downstairs neighbors come up about the volume will you just tell them I'm sorry and turn this down? I might be asleep.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Sure.

INT. HARDWARE STORE DAY

LUCY stands in an aisle with a CLERK. She is holding a small vial of pepper spray. Her actions follow the CLERK'S directions.

CLERK

You wanna hold it straight out in front of you--that's right. In one hand, your dominant hand. Wrap your fingers around the canister and use your thumb to press the button. And then you don't want to just hold it still. You wanna sweep with it, from eye to eye. And once you spray and take away his vision, you move. He doesn't know where you are now. When you're sure he's down, you run.

LUCY

Straight--side to side--move.

CLERK

Great, yeah, just like that.

LUCY

So what about the wind?

CLERK

Come again?

LUCY

I mean this is the windy city, right? So what if you--

CLERK

Aw yeah, well, that is one thing. So you just wanna be sure your attacker's downwind.

LUCY

...Great.

CLERK

Yeah, you don't wanna get this stuff in your own eyes. Then you've just incapacitated yourself and your attacker can do whatever he wants.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Right, so. Step 1: Be upwind.

INT. "L" TRAIN DAY

LUCY clenches an overhead handle with one hand. She avoids eye contact with: a man with dreadlocks listening to headphones; a man wearing a graphic t-shirt and clean Nikes; a man in a suit, his jacket folded over his arm, sleeves rolled up; a man in skate shorts and no shirt; a man with a cabbie cap, suspenders, oxford loafers. As the train stops she takes out her phone.

LUCY

Hi, Sarah? It's me. Yeah, I'm at Damon & Division. Be home in five.

INT. APARTMENT DAY

LUCY lays on the futon while the same film plays off-screen in SARAH'S room. She stares at the abstract art on the walls, when she realizes she's been clutching her pepper spray. After a moment she sits up and begins attaching the spray to her key ring. The off-screen film goes silent and SARAH enters in a black skirt and high-heel sandals.

SARAH

What are you up to tonight?

LUCY

Nothing.

SARAH

Well, I'm going to Greg's. So you're just gonna stay here?

LUCY

Sure, why not? I have homework.

SARAH

You remember Ozzy's working on the air ducts in here today, right?

LUCY

(BEAT)

SARAH

Forget about that?

LUCY

No, I remember.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

He said it's okay if you're here,  
it's just they'll be working and it  
might get obnoxious. Not to mention  
it's so fucking hot.

LUCY

Yeah, I remember. Thanks.

SARAH

Okay. Hope you don't melt. See you.

LUCY

Yeah, see you.

SARAH leaves and LUCY sits alone on the futon. The fans blow her hair around and it sticks to her sweaty face.

INT. APARTMENT DAY

LUCY sits on the futon with several books open on the coffee table. Construction sounds and men's voices come from the other room. LUCY struggles to concentrate. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER comes in, on his way to the fridge, and stops by LUCY. She doesn't meet his eyes, but feels him staring at her.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Hey. I hope we aren't bothering you  
too much.

LUCY

Oh, it's okay. I mean, you've gotta  
get the work done, right?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

That's right. It's really hot in  
here. We'll get that fixed for you.

The CONSTRUCTION WORKER goes to the kitchen and opens the fridge for a bottle of water. He faces LUCY as he drinks it. She tries to read, self-consciously adjusting her shirt. She eyes her keys, pepper spray attached, on the coffee table.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

We'll probably be here another four  
hours or so today. Then we'll be  
back to finish up tomorrow.

LUCY

...Okay, thanks for the heads up.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EVENING

LUCY sits at a table with a lamp made out of old car parts, books and notebooks spread before her. She slurps from her half-full coffee cup and examines the art on the walls, which is done in the same Pre-Raphaelite style as the painting in her bedroom.

She notices RADIAN talking to a small group of people across the cafe. He is twenty-something, attractive in a clean white t-shirt and button-up vest. His hair is artfully messy, his facial hair is perfectly groomed, his smile is bright. He catches LUCY'S eyes and smiles. LUCY looks away as RADIAN comes over and stands at her table. She avoids his eyes.

RADIAN

Hey!

LUCY

Hey, what's up?

RADIAN

Oh, you know. Living the dream.

LUCY

Ha, yeah, me too.

RADIAN

Mind if I sit?

LUCY

...Sure. Yeah, I mean, please do.

RADIAN sits. A few beats pass between them.

RADIAN

So, I noticed you noticing the art.

LUCY

Um, yeah. I like it.

RADIAN

You do?

LUCY

Yeah, it's really good.

RADIAN

Really? It's my show.

(CONTINUED)



LUCY  
...This? This is your work?

RADIAN  
Yeah, this is mine!

LUCY  
It's great.

RADIAN  
Thanks...Hey, are you okay?

LUCY  
Hm? Oh, yeah. Sorry. Just  
distracted tonight. I um...I should  
actually go.

LUCY starts packing up her books.

RADIAN  
Oh, are you leaving?

LUCY  
Yeah, gotta be home by nine.

RADIAN  
Well, I was leaving too, I'm  
meeting some friends at Effluvia,  
is that in your direction?

LUCY  
...Uh, yeah.

RADIAN  
Great! So I'll walk with you.

LUCY  
...Okay, um... okay, yeah.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET NIGHT

LUCY and RADIAN walk side by side down the street, passing a  
guy with a drum, a group of hippies selling hemp, people  
sipping wine and chatting outside restaurants.

RADIAN  
Oh, man, have you ever eaten at  
this sushi place? I've only been to  
the coast a few times, and they've  
got the best sushi there, let me  
tell you--the coast, I mean, in  
California--but we've got Lake  
Michigan here, and it's not so bad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIAN (cont'd)

I ate there when I was craving unagi like you would not believe, and wow, my mind was blown. Do you like unagi? ...Eel?

LUCY

Uh, never had it.

RADIAN

No? What? You've never had unagi? You gotta go to this place and try it. Promise me you'll go there and try it. Just one piece, it won't be that expensive. They sometimes have local artists there, and I was thinking that I could talk to the owner and get a showing, it would be just right. Oh, is this your street? I'll walk you to your building.

LUCY

Um, that's okay, it's right there.

RADIAN

Eh, I'm not due at Effluvia for a couple minutes.

LUCY fumbles with her keys as they approach her building. RADIAN continues chattering and stands at the foot of the stoop as she fumbles her key into the door. Once the door is open RADIAN promptly turns on his heel and leaves.

RADIAN

Have a great night! Try that unagi!

LUCY watches him go, a little shocked, suddenly realizing he's done her an incredible courtesy by walking her home. Her fingers still shake as she locks the door. She closes her eyes, recriminating herself.

INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

LUCY enters the apartment, closes the door, and takes the painting off the back. She goes to turn on all the fans. She gets a glass of ice water and drinks it in the kitchen, looking at the door. After a moment, she goes to hang the painting back up on the door, covering the peephole.

INT. "L" TRAIN DAY

LUCY sits on the "L" train, very deliberately not coming into contact with the men sitting beside her. She looks at her fingers--clenched--and unclenches them. She raises her eyes and looks at man across from her--a Hispanic man with a shaved head and a graphic t-shirt, reading a novel. He isn't really paying attention, but returns her smile before going back to his book. LUCY continues smiling to herself.

INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

LUCY stands at the fridge, filling a plastic bag with ice. The same film plays off-screen.

SARAH (O.S.)

So you wound up going out last night, huh?

LUCY

Yeah. I mean, can't just be cooped up here not trusting people, right?

SARAH (O.S.)

Right. It's like, if we change our behaviors because someone's attacking women, he wins.

LUCY

Right.

There is a knock on the door.

SARAH (O.S.)

Neighbors. Tell them sorry.

LUCY

Yeah.

LUCY opens the door to see a man in jeans and a white t-shirt, stained red with blood. Blood drips from his shaved head. He breathes heavily.

BLOODY MAN

Can I use your phone?

LUCY

No.

The BLOODY MAN reaches for the door and tries to push in. LUCY struggles to keep him out, shutting the door on his hand. He curses and pulls away. LUCY slams the door, fastens the deadbolt and the chain lock, as footsteps disappear down the hall. She stands in shock for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (O.S.)  
Did you tell them I'm sorry?

LUCY  
... We need to call the police.

INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

Two police officers stand outside LUCY'S apartment, one with a notepad. LUCY stands in the door.

OFFICER 1  
So again, thanks for giving us a call tonight. We've been looking for this guy for awhile.

LUCY  
Yeah, yeah. I'm glad you got him.

OFFICER 1  
We are too. So now you girls can sleep sound and feel safe, okay?

LUCY  
Yeah, thank you. Thank you.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET DAY

LUCY walks down the street, an extra spring in her step, a flier in her hand. She smiles at: a man with a Great Dane on a leash; a man with a cup of coffee, a buzz cut and tattoos. Her phone rings and she stops to answer it.

LUCY  
Hey.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Hey, I just wanted to call and tell you--the guy they arrested?

LUCY  
Yeah?

SARAH (O.S.)  
He turned out not to be the rapist.

LUCY  
...What? So he was just some guy who got in an accident or a fight?

SARAH (O.S.)  
I guess.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY  
Shit, so... Shit. Thanks for  
letting me know, I guess.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Sure, yeah. You coming home soon?

LUCY  
Yeah, half an hour.

LUCY hangs up but clutches her phone as people pass by, staring at her: a man with a backpack and smoothie; a man with two women giggling at what he's saying; two men in lawn chairs outside a thrift shop, grinning at LUCY. She swipes her hair off her sweaty neck and fans herself with the flier. SHARP CUT. END.