

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

DAVE, late 40's, a tired business man with the rolled up sleeves to prove it, leaves an office building.

With his briefcase in hand he fidgets with his keys.

A WOMAN screams in the distance.

Dave looks into the sea of cars and dives toward the sound.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Help! Anyone, help me.

DAVE
Hold on. Where are you?

He finds her on the ground fighting her attacker.

Dave pulls him off from behind and tosses him to the ground.

He checks on the woman to make sure she is okay.

The attacker returns. Relentless.

They struggle.

The attacker goes for Dave's abdomen.

Dave uses the momentum to slam him into the ground.

The attacker's head bounces off the concrete.

He lay there motion less.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(Dialing on his phone)
You okay?

WOMAN
I think so. But...

She gestures to his stomach.

Dave looks at his shirt.

A blood spot forms. It gets larger.

OPERATOR (PHONE)
911 what's your emergency?