

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy room suffused with orange light. Stacks of books teeter on every surface, topped with forgotten coffee cups.

The owner, THOMAS, a balding, fortyish bachelor, hunches over a card table putting the final piece into a PUZZLE.

Finished, he sighs in contentment. Then he picks up a brush, dabs it in a jar of glue, and starts coating the puzzle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The walls of the room are all covered with framed puzzles. Thomas sits in his armchair, drinking coffee and humming.

At a KNOCK on his door, he levers himself up and opens it.

The WOMAN at the door is backlit, glowing. She holds out a large PACKAGE and her face resolves. This is CHARLOTTE, thirtyish, pixie cut with dark hair.

CHARLOTTE

Guy left this on my doorstep. It's got a nice rattle. What'd you get?

THOMAS

It's a Klimt. Puzzle, I mean. I like doing puzzles.

CHARLOTTE

I never would have guessed. Enjoy!

She hands him the package and closes the door with a wave. He clutches it and stares after her with a dazed expression.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas sorts the Klimt puzzle, his expression dreamy.

He's shaken out of his reverie by the boom of an EXPLOSION.

He goes to look outside but is startled by frantic knocking and opens the door. Charlotte barrels inside.

CHARLOTTE

Come on, you have to see this!

She holds out something - a METALLIC HAND.

Thomas takes the hand and it TWITCHES. He drops it, then sees that Charlotte is back outside. He hesitates, then follows.