

New York Minute

Based on A Life by Elizabeth

EXT. OFFICE BALCONY - DAY

The cold blue and gray of an early morning. Pale yellow light tinges the corners of the world.

A YOUNG WOMAN stands at the railing. Tired-looking, like she could have been here all night. The New York business skyline, a reef of sleek and blocky skyscrapers, has begun to warm with lights in their windows.

She's in her mid 20s. Tallish. Black turtleneck, tweed black and white skirt. Large glasses magnify, but do not dim, her eyes.

She's smoking a cigarette and drinking coffee from a plain white mug. Exhales. It rolls back with the wind.

She's done. Breathes out one last time. Drops her smoke on the ground. Snubs it. Kicks the butt off the balcony.

She takes a swig of coffee. She swishes it around her mouth. Spits the coffee over the edge.

She walks back inside.

FX: DING DING -- the ring of the stock bell, opening the markets.

TITLE: New York Minute

FX: Cold, steady SYNTH music BEGINS.