

MEANS TO AN END

Written by

Frank J. Bertuola

Fbertuola@cogeco.ca
FJBertuola@icloud.com

905 380 9013

FADE IN:

EMMA MALONE -- 30, secure, but holds concern. She sits on the floor, back against the wall, donned in an oversized sweatshirt. A Sig Sauer clutched in both hands. She waits. Patient.

We don't know the situation at this point, but it is dire.

A soft breeze buffers by her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

In the dead silence, Emma crawls to --

A blown-out window, framed by jagged-edged glass from what caused it. Chars of glass cover the floor. The walls are peppered with bullet holes. It's a sight.

Emma, wary, ready to fire.

She eases past a bed where a naked, dead man lies. The bed sheets are caked with his blood. A corpse riddled with bullet holes.

This maelstrom was recent, apparently.

Emma doesn't acknowledge the dead man. Her eyes are set on whatever created this chaos out the window --

Back pressed against the wall, Emma eases up to a stance and has a look outside --

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Emma's wary eyes peer out from one side of the blown out window.

EXT. MOTEL LOT - DAY

It would be vacant if not for the two cars parked at the far end. Further over, the main street; sparse traffic passes through.

A haze envelops the midday sun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Emma turns back to take in her environment. Her focus holds on the dead body on the bed.

EXT. CHICAGO DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Emma hurries to the bus stop where a handful of commuters wait.

The bus arrives.

Sirens are heard in the distance. They close in.

Emma boards the bus along with the commuters.

The bus pulls away.

EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Emma uses her passkey and opens the front gate --

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door opens.

We don't see Emma as she walks through.

Her smartphone is placed on a side table. The smartphone light flashes -- messages.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Comfortable and clean.

The shower runs. Steam billows out from the bathroom adjacent to the bedroom. It shuts off. The only source of light comes from the bedroom.

Beat.

Emma emerges from the bedroom, wrapped in a terry cloth robe. She pats down her wet hair with a towel. She takes a seat on a small sofa, reaches for the remote and turns on her stereo system.

Uptempo music plays, softly.

Emma's smartphone buzzes.

She takes a look at the number. Begrudged, but gives in and answers. Her tone is calm and collected:

EMMA

Hi, Papa.

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No, I've just been busy. I was
going to call you --

(listens)

Papa -- Papa, I know, I know it's
your anniversary. I forgot --

Exasperated about this moment.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Can't Jessica, she's closer --

(listens)

OK, OK, I'll go. I'll go. Yes, I
promise.

(beat)

I'll see you there. Love you, too.

EXT. CHICAGO/ SUBURBAN COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM - DAY

A taxi pulls in. Emma steps out and is despondent at the
sight of the structure.

INT. SUBURBAN COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM - DAY

A PASTOR is heard at the far end of the corridor as Emma
appears from around the corner. She stops.

JESSICA -- 26, stoic, curt -- and TYLER -- 5, are directly
ahead. SAM (Emma's father) -- lean, seventy, fragile -- peers
out from behind them and acknowledges Emma's arrival with a
contented smile.

The PASTOR stands before the trio as he reads a prayer from
his text.

Sam has to be steadied by Jessica. His fragility is evident.

The trio hold their focus on the Pastor's final words:

PASTOR

... And her life will forever be
remembered. From this day forward.
We shall love and serve the Lord.
Eternal blessings to all.

Sam, Jessica and Tyler follow through with the Pastor's final
blessing.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 With the sign of the Father, the
 Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

JESSICA, TYLER AND SAM
 (in unison)
 Amen.

Tyler quickly races to Emma.

TYLER
 (excited)
 You came! You came!

He wraps his little arms around Emma's legs.

EXT. SUBURBAN COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Emma and Sam walk together. Jessica tends to Tyler. The
 Pastor follows.

SAM
 You are a sight!

EMMA
 I'm glad to see you, Papa.

SAM
 You going to stay?

Emma hesitates.

Jessica overhears this which makes her stop.

EMMA
 I don't know.

SAM
 There's room at the house.

Emma finds it difficult to answer.

JESSICA
 Leave her alone, Papa.

A tinge of spite in her tone.

EXT. CHICAGO UNION TRAIN STATION - DUSK

A mini van pulls up to the entrance. Jessica gets out along
 with Emma. Emma has her carry-on bag.

JESSICA

I have to admit, you surprised me.
You found time to see him!

EMMA

He can't stay by himself. Sounds
like he's losing his train of
thought more and more every time he
calls.

JESSICA

You can make it easier on him if
you decided to stay -- for once.

Emma has no response.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(answers for herself)

-- I know, I know -- you can't! I
get it.

Emma turns to go.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(exasperated with the
thought)

At least your mother died. Mine ran
away without notice. He's still
with us.

This holds Emma.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

His track record isn't good, but he
is consistent.

(beat)

He's all we got you know.

EXT. CHICAGO UNION TRAIN STATION/ TRACKS - NIGHT

The "L" train races on through.

EXT. CHICAGO/ RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

Emma runs along the path. She stops at a bench. Stretches.

A MALE RUNNER -- mid 30's, basic features -- arrives at the
same bench.

Emma doesn't acknowledge him. She doesn't want to.

MALE RUNNER

Hi.

No response.

MALE RUNNER (CONT'D)

Nice day, huh?

Emma turns away.

EXT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Emma sits with TE'OU -- a heavy-set man in his forties with a worn disposition. He is distinguished in his smart, short-sleeved shirt and bright-colored slacks. He shows signs of jitteriness and nervousness.

TE'OU

Let me get this the fuck straight,
you were still on scene when this
all went down.

Emma glares at Te'Ou's behavior. She knows he's not right.

EMMA

I was there for a reason. He was my
assignment. You gave him to me.

TE'OU

And nobody saw you?

EMMA

No.

Te'Ou is not content as he takes this all in. Unsure about how he should take what he hears.

TE'OU

And you just booked.

Emma shrugs.

TE'OU (CONT'D)

You giving out charity fucks now?

Emma shakes her head in disbelief at him.

TE'OU (CONT'D)

Let me fill you in, in case you've
had a mind lapse -- you are
contracted. You are paid to do what
you are told to do. You kill for
pay.

(MORE)

TE'OU (CONT'D)

It's worked so far, let's keep it that way.

(beat)

The world's filled with freebies -- none of it's yours! You get me?

(beat)

You're lucky -- for now. Where the hell do you get off?

EMMA

-- Whoa, you send them to me! You get me? Look, it got out of hand, I get it. You know me, Te'Ou. This isn't normal, not even for me. His lights went out before I could finish the job myself. It threw me off.

(beat)

Wherever it came from, it wasn't after me. We'd both be sharing special moments at the morgue if that was the case. Maybe somebody wanted him more than your Contractor.

TE'OU

-- He's your Contractor, too! Don't forget that.

(beat)

Shit! Is this your method now? Draw 'em in, then have somebody else finish the job? I'm a legitimate businessman! The Contractor's gonna start questioning me now.

(at a loss to this)

Fuck me!

EMMA

No -- fuck me! It's my ass that's out there!

Te'Ou scoffs at the thought.

TE'OU

Who else knew?

EMMA

You tell me.

TE'OU

You're not a free agent. You got that? You need me because you got issues. I see the world...

(MORE)

TE'OU (CONT'D)
and I see you... it's a match ready
to be lit.

Te'Ou's glare on Emma lingers.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
There's no such thing as free-
lance. You're an employ-eee. I
represent you to keep you safe.

Emma has this sink in.

EMMA
You leave... I walk.

TE'OU
You emancipating? Is that what's
happening here?

Emma leans in to whisper to him.

EMMA
You're wound. Stay sound. I need
you clear. Ease up on the blow.

TE'OU
You got what it takes?

EMMA
I am what it takes.

EXT. CHICAGO/ DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Emma walks to her car.

The Male Runner from the park is in the distance. He places
his helmet on, gets on his bike, and rides off.

EXT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Emma emerges, large coffee in hand.

CRISTO (the Male Runner from the park) approaches her from
behind.

CRISTO
(courteous smile)
-- Hey!

Emma cannot be bothered and continues on.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

We met at the park. You ran off.
Remember?

Emma affronts him.

EMMA

Not interested. Fuck off.

Emma's disdain is obvious. She turns away, gets in her car and drives off.

Cristo is left bewildered.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - DUSK

Emma follows Cristo as he rides his bike. She keeps a safe distance back.

Cristo turns down a side street.

Emma turns down the same street --

EXT. SIDE STREET - DUSK

A residential suburb aligned with older homes.

Emma stops her car before a two-storied apartment complex.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - DUSK

Emma watches Cristo walk up the front steps of the near unit.

EXT. CURBSIDE - DAY

Emma observes the lights turn on from the second level of the unit. This holds her curiosity.

Beat. Then:

Emma's car pulls away.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma's smartphone is placed on a nightstand.

Beat.

The smartphone buzzes.

Emma takes her phone in hand, bewildered at the sight of the message.

EXT. NORTH CHICAGO/ DELANEY ESTATE - NIGHT

Emma arrives before a formidable eight-foot, front gate. She presses the speaker button.

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The front gate opens.

Emma walks in and is met by a tall guard (HAL). A subtle, but cautious exchange. Hal checks if she is armed. Satisfied, he guides her in --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FOYER - NIGHT

The large, mahogany door is opened by a young guard (GARY). Emma enters. Gary leads her through the lavish home. They arrive at a wide archway which leads into a regal den --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ DEN - NIGHT

Emma buffers past DON -- stern, bald, late fifties. There is no formal exchange.

The uneasiness is obvious.

Don continues on.

RON DELANEY -- 60, lean and tall -- enters to greet Emma. He bestows a warm smile and gentle demeanor.

DELANEY

Welcome. We haven't really met. I'm Ron, or Mr. Delaney if you want to be formal. I'm not the formal type.

Emma remains cautious.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

You're not what I expected.

EMMA

I get that a lot.

Delaney remains cordial.

DELANEY

I'm sure you do. Caution can be your best friend or worst enemy. I understand completely.

Emma holds her composure well in this strange environment.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Come...

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ DECK - NIGHT

Emma and Delaney take their seats on comfortable chairs before a long table which stands before a pristine, kidney-shaped pool.

A tray of hors d'oeuvres, along with proper china, crystal glasses and a ewer, sit in wait.

DELANEY

Try the appetizers. They're organic. I have them delivered daily. Iced tea?

Emma shakes her head quietly.

Delaney pours himself a glass from the ewer and takes a few niblets from the tray to get things started.

Delaney gestures to what surrounds them.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

I've been in realty for a while. Despite the business aspect of it, it's done well for me.

(beat)

I hear your work exceeds expectations. That's good to know. A specialist with purpose is hard to come by.

(beat)

Tell me a little about you, if that's all right.

Emma hesitates. Then, matter-of-factly:

EMMA

My twenty-five year old boyfriend, who was 10 years my senior, was out to show me what he was all about so he took me hunting. He wanted to show me what he was all about. He even brought his best friend along.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I guess he thought I was into
menage de trois with firearms. They
were out to educate me.

Delaney doesn't know how to react by her forwardness.

Beat. Then:

EMMA (CONT'D)

I left them with both their dicks
shot off.

Delaney is taken aback by this.

DELANEY

I see.

EMMA

The people they worked for found
out what happened. They thought I
showed potential. I wasn't
interested in being recruited,
so... they drafted me... by
threatening my family.

(beat)

You bought the company, now I'm
here.

DELANEY

Yes.

His eyes are transfixed with Emma.

Emma returns the gesture, but her eyes are stern and burrow
deep into his.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

I don't mean to stare, but you
remind me so much of someone I once
knew. It's remarkable. Your eyes
give it away.

EMMA

I'm told they're my mother's.

DELANEY

She alive?

EMMA

She died in a car accident when I
was three.

DELANEY

My apologies.

(tries to lighten
situation)

So, I heard you ran into a problem
with your last assignment.

No reaction.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

I guess you didn't expect to be
here.

He offers a feign smile to ease Emma's rigidity. No luck.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

I want to help.

Emma stands, she's had enough.

Delaney doesn't expect this.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

-- Wait.

EMMA

I know about you. A successful
entrepreneur with assets. Buy low,
sell high. I'm what you see. Good
or bad. You bought in here. We're
on different sides of the street,
but in the same neighborhood.

(beat)

Meet-and-greets aren't me, as you
can see.

DELANEY

This isn't what you think --

EMMA

You want a job done, you tell Te'Ou
who tells me. That's business. It's
worked so far. Let's keep it that
way. This... is not necessary. If
you're not satisfied with what I
do, then do what you need to do.
This... only complicates things.
Complications aren't my thing. I'll
see myself out.

Delaney is taken aback by this.

DELANEY

Wait...

Emma walks out.

Delaney curses under his breath. Exasperated.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Don watches Emma walk past the front gate with a daunted glare from the second story window. His focus returns to the various monitors that surround him in the darkness.

EXT. CHICAGO "L" TRAIN STATION/ PLATFORM - NIGHT

Emma stands away from the tracks.

The train pulls in. Emma boards along with the other riders.

The train pulls away.

EXT. "L" TRAIN TRACTS - NIGHT

Emma is seen through the "L" train window as it passes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Emma walks to The Coffee Studio. Out of the corner of her eye she sees --

Hal and Gary who follow. Hal crosses the street. Gary stays a safe distance behind Emma.

INT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Sparse with regulars.

Emma sits alone at the far table. She reads from her tablet.

Cristo walks in and makes his way to the counter.

Right behind, Te'Ou arrives and beelines to Emma.

Te'Ou sits directly down before Emma. He's jittery.

Emma notes this. Her eyes quickly lock on Cristo at the counter. He hasn't seen her.

TE'OU
Hey, Issue-Baby...

Perplexed at the sight of Emma's eyes locked on the tablet.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
 What the fuck are you doing?

EMMA
 Studying.

TE'OU
 My daddy told me all education is
 whatcha remember after you forgot
 everything. The man didn't know
 much, but he did know that.

A frustrated sigh, then:

TE'OU (CONT'D)
 I set up a meet-and-greet and you
 walk out? Who told you to walk out?
 They boot your booty out, you don't
 best them!

EMMA
 I take it somebody's upset.

TE'OU
 Shit, you think? You don't think --
 you do!

EMMA
 You're too wired right now to have
 this conversation right now, Te'Ou.
 The shit you're taking is going to
 do you in if you're not careful.

TE'OU
 You ain't my mama! It's your shit
 I'd be worried about. You're
 pissing off the wrong people.
 You're making me look bad.

EMMA
 (clarifies)
 So you're telling me these people
 are the right people.

Te'Ou's eyes widen.

TE'OU
 Yeah! What's with you these days?
 Your grief is causing me grief.
 Shit, woman, you get paid damn
 good. You know it. Don't bite that
 hand!

Emma turns her eyes back on Cristo who beelines out the door.

EMMA
 (to Te'Ou)
 Hold on that thought, I'll be back.

EXT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Cristo sits on his bike when Emma comes up from behind.

EMMA
 Hey!

CRISTO
 Hey, back.

EMMA
 Stop following me.

Cristo is coy.

CRISTO
 OK.

Emma turns to go back inside The Coffee Studio.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
 Can I ask you a question?

Emma stops.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
 Where do I go so you're not there?

INT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Te'Ou's impatience gets the best of him. Gets to his feet as he curses under his breath --

EXT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Te'Ou emerges. He spots Emma and Cristo in their agitated exchange. He curses, then turns away.

EXT. WEST CHICAGO AVENUE - DAY

Emma and Cristo walk. Cristo with his bike.

CRISTO
 You're a piece-of-work, you know that?

No response.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
Paranoia run in your family?

EMMA
I wouldn't know, everybody's afraid
to ask.

CRISTO
You're a helluva mystery.

EMMA
Let's keep it that way.

He stops. Emma walks on.

CRISTO
(at a loss)
OK.

EXT. WEST CHICAGO AVENUE - DAY

Emma crosses the busy street. Her smartphone buzzes. She checks it.

INT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Emma moves to the counter.

EMMA
(to Barista)
Can I use your phone? Mine died.

From the far end of the counter, Emma dials from a hardline. Two rings. Then:

TE'OU (ON RECEIVER)
Yeah?

EMMA
It's me.

EXT. MARQUETTE PARK GOLF COURSR - DAY

A pristine facility. A golf cart sits.

STEPHEN -- tall, 40, thin-haired -- sets up at his tee.

Ping!

The golf ball soars off into the distance.

STEPHEN
That's how it's done.

Emma smiles at him.

EMMA
You haven't done anything... yet.

Stephen's eyes stay on her.

STEPHEN
Done and done.

Emma steadies herself over the tee. Swings the iron back and drives through --

Ping!

The ball arcs high off in to the green.

Stephen is impressed.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
They should of warned me about you.

EMMA
Too late.
(smiles)

Stephen mocks the thought with a laugh.

STEPHEN
I'll remember that.

Emma playfully raises an eyebrow at him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Hell, yeah! You do anything else well?

EMMA
Just impress.

STEPHEN
Is that a fact?

EXT. 294 FREEWAY - DAY

A Mercedes takes the offramp at high speed --

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE MOTEL - DAY

The Mercedes pulls in and parks at the far end of the lot.

Stephen emerges from the driver's side. Emma follows, from the passenger side. Stephen is at a loss to where he is.

STEPHEN

Wow!

EMMA

Not formal, but convenient.

STEPHEN

I didn't even know this place was here.

Emma jangles the motel keys as an enticement as she makes her way to the motel room door.

EMMA

C'mon...

STEPHEN

Where have you been all my life.

His eagerness is apparent.

Emma waits for him by the open motel door. An escort in wait.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE MOTEL - DAY

The curtains are wide open. A bright haze envelopes the worn room.

Stephen walks in. His eyes focused on Emma. He smiles.

Emma is on her knees on top of the bed. She awaits her prey.

EMMA

Close the door.

Stephen does as told.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Well...

STEPHEN

This is a great day! I unloaded a shit-assed piece of property for practically double its cost. I scored a great game.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to get me some ass. And
I'm taking the rest of the day off.
Boom!

EMMA

There's humility for you.

Stephen has already dropped his pants and strips off his underwear.

STEPHEN

This is going to be good.

Emma can't help but smile at him.

EMMA

You talk a lot.

STEPHEN

It's my livelihood, sweetheart. I
give a mean talk. It's my foreplay.

Emma takes a hold of his shirt and draws him closer. Stephen is more than content to let her. She slips her hand between his legs. Her smile holds him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Impressed?

EMMA

Don't know yet.

STEPHEN

You're a tease. They should of
warned me about you.

Emma's hand slides up his inner thigh.

EMMA

There you go.

Emma turns Stephen around and lies him back on the bed. She straddles him.

This is ecstasy for Stephen.

From under one of the pillows, Emma's hand emerges with a Sig Sauer. She hides the sidearm, hidden with the pillow. The pillow is used as a shield before her. An allure of enticement.

STEPHEN

You're a tease.

Smiles.

A cellphone buzzes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Shit!

Frustrated, he shoves Emma off his lap. Jumps to his feet and goes to pick up his pants off the floor. He frantically searches his pockets for his iPhone.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Where the hell is it?

As he says this, Emma notes her smartphone on the side table by the bed. The message light flashes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

It's not me. Mine must be in the car.

Emma quickly snaps up her smartphone. Checks the message:

Smartphone message: "get out"

Emma doesn't know what to make of it.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Is it your boyfriend?

Emma is perplexed by the message.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)
... My wife?

Emma's eyes slide over to the exposed window.

A hazy glow beams in.

Emma's perplexity melds to suspicion.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hey... we going to fuck or what?
The last thing I need is a
dissatisfied dick.

His aggression gets the better of Emma as he grabs her and slams her onto her stomach.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Now you're going to be impressed!

He taunts Emma with his thrusts --

Emma kicks back her heel back into his scrotum.

Ouch! Stephen is in immediate agony. He hits the floor hard. The pain has taken over his lust.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Bitch!

Checks his groin.

Emma's cautious eyes hold on the exposed window.

The sunbeams emit an ominous glow.

In an instant:

Emma hits the floor --

Gunshot blasts EXPLODE through the window.

Bullets shoot through Stephen's head and entire body like mini-missiles.

Shattered glass spray across the room

Chaos reigns in like bad attitude.

Emma is shielded by the bed.

It suddenly ends.

An eerie silence now looms through the godforsaken room.

Emma waits. Pensive.

The motel room illuminates an eerie aura.

Emma cautiously rises up from behind the bed. Now what?

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE MOTEL - DAY

Emma races to the Mercedes, keys in hand. She gets in --

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Emma quickly starts the car --

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE MOTEL - SAME

The Mercedes tears away from sight --

EXT. DEMOLITION YARD - DAY

Emma speaks with the Proprietor. He takes her money and the Mercedes' keys. Emma leaves.

The Proprietor drives the car toward a ready compactor.

EXT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - NIGHT

Te'Ou makes his way to the far table and takes a seat. His hardened eyes say it all:

TE'OU
What the fuck, woman!

Emma sits before him, calm.

EMMA
Profound and insightful, that's
you.

TE'OU
You clean up?

EMMA
Nobody else was there, thank you
for asking. I got rid of his car.
(beat)
I'm being set up. I feel it.

Te'Ou extinguishes a disgruntled sigh.

TE'OU
What the fuck is going on?

EMMA
Clarify it for me, Wise-One.

Te'Ou takes a deep breath. For his own benefit.

TE'OU
You've pissed people off before,
but now you've pissed off the wrong
ones.

EMMA
I could of been taken me out, right
then and there. Nobody's that
sloppy on purpose. I was missed for
a reason. This is twice now.

Te'Ou notes the drops of blood in her hair, then sleeves.

TE'OU
You need to clean up.

EMMA
(sarcastic)
Sure thing. I'll emancipate, then
everything will be all good.

TE'OU
(hushed, but direct)
-- You pissed-off the Contractor!
What happened when you went to see
him? What did you do? What-didn't-
you-do?

Emma doesn't bother to respond.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
Where's your mind, woman? You here?
(beat)
Emancipate... my ass!

Still no response.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
See where it's gotten you? See
where we are now?
(beat)
Alice-In-Fucking-Wonderland.

EMMA
You knew. Don't feed me your naive
shit. You knew!
(beat)
You knew they were going to come
after me. You're suppose to look
out for me!

TE'OU
How do I look out after you? I
don't know what you're doing!

EMMA
I got a text. It said, "get out."

Te'Ou's stare holds concern.

TE'OU
What was the number?

EMMA
I couldn't trace it.

Beat.

TE'OU
You need to get out.

EMMA
There is no getting out.

TE'OU
You can't stay here.

Te'Ou is now dead serious.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
You clear all your hits, that's a fact, but you're dealing with some really bad shit now. If it's the Contractor... it won't let up. He may be new to us, but I don't think he's new to this.

Emma mulls this through.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
Your shit bothers the wrong people.
(beat)
You've got me, but you don't have friends. You can't even make friends.
(beat)
Nobody trusts you.

Emma's cold, weary eyes have turned down.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
(sincerely)
I want you to do something, girl.

Emma anticipates his response.

TE'OU (CONT'D)
I want you to leave. I don't care where... I don't care how. Go see mama if you have to...
(beat)
Hide.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Emma races along the path. She picks up speed, then lunges forward at --

Cristo, who is tackled off his bike.

Both hit the ground hard.

Startled and stunned, he turns to --

Emma who has jumped up onto her feet. She paces back-and-forth. Heavy breaths from the run as well as from her contained fury.

CRISTO
What the hell!

He does his best to compose himself.

Emma, viciously, grabs Cristo by the collar and forcibly picks him up off the ground -- then slams him back down with purpose.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
Shit!

He struggles to get back on his feet.

Emma kicks him hard in the ass.

That Cristo did not expect. He is in pain as he staggers away from Emma. His only defense.

Emma gives him another boot. This one strikes his thigh.

EMMA
Asshole!

It has become futile for Cristo.

CRISTO
Back off! Back off!

He limps away.

EMMA
I know who you are!

CRISTO
What?

Emma steps closer.

Cristo quickly jumps back, wary of another strike.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
Whoa-whoa! What?

EMMA
You're not going to take me out!

Cristo does his best to avoid any more strikes.

CRISTO
What are you talking about?

EMMA
Tell them... I'm on to them.

Cristo holds a questionable stare.

Emma hits him with a right cross to the jaw and knocks him back down to his knees.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't trap me.

Cristo spits out blood as Emma walks away.

EXT. SAM'S HOME - DAY

Sam is content as he works in his garden. Hums to himself.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - SAME

Emma watches her father go about his business. Care and concern for him is obvious.

EXT. SAM'S HOME - SAME

Emma's car pulls away.

Sam's focus remains on his flowerbed.

EXT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A Shadowed Figure appears from the window.

From down on the street, Emma sits in her car and watches the intruder scour her apartment.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

A travel bag lies in the passenger seat. The brochure underneath the bag partially reads: Dublin, Ireland.

Emma is pensive.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Emma's car pulls away and vanishes into the night.

EXT. AN OPEN SKY - DAY

The greenery through the landscape is lush and vast. Hills are surrounded by pristine blue water. It appears majestic.

EXT. A ROAD THAT WINDS - DAY

The Cliffs of Moher stand tall.

The Wicklow Mountains span the horizon.

What follows is in contrast to what has been seen.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DUBLIN - DAY

A Red Double-Decker Tour Bus glides on through. Tourists ride and flash pictures from their cameras and phones.

The side of the bus reads: Dublin Tours.

It passes through the center square.

The bus passes a stone which reads: The Blarney Stone.

Another sign: GUINNESS STOREHOUSE.

The bus glides past a Vagrant seated curbside.

The Vagrant's fist clings tightly to a Jameson bottleneck.

EXT. ARBOUR HILL/ THE DUBLIN INN - NEAR DUSK

A few locals enter the establishment.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - NEAR DUSK

It is scattered with patrons.

A few men at the bar turn to see Emma walk in. She takes a seat by a vacant table beside the window. Her travel bag is placed down by her feet.

Two 60-year-old-men at the bar catch sight of the new arrival. RODNEY -- frail in stature -- holds a curious eye on Emma. His friend -- the gruff one -- nudges him with his elbow.

Rodney makes his approach.

Emma's eyes are transfixed on the "Want Ads" in her hands.

Rodney arrives.

Emma doesn't even look up.

RODNEY
Hi, I'm Rodney...

Emma gives him a brief, disinterested smile.

Rodney's nervousness, drunk or both.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
You look familiar, miss. You
wouldn't happen to know...

NESSY (O.C.)
-- You got a call, Rodney.

Rodney is perplexed by this.

NESSY -- 65, firm, not one who deals with shit easily -- has stepped in.

NESSY (CONT'D)
I'll take care of her.

Rodney tries to explain.

RODNEY
I was just...

Nessy's eyes harden on him. This isn't new to him.

NESSY
I'll buy you a pint if you walk
away.

RODNEY
Nessy!

NESSY
Walk away.

She holds her ground.

Rodney gets the message and leaves.

Nessy turns her focus to the outsider (Emma).

NESSY (CONT'D)
You came at a good time. Rodney can
still stand.

Emma responds with a meek smile.

NESSY (CONT'D)
You're not from here. I can tell.
You make it look too obvious.

EMMA
It wasn't intentional.

Nessy sits herself down before her.

NESSY
Too late.

She gestures at the newspaper before Emma.

EMMA
But the ad...

NESSY
-- It's taken.

EMMA
Oh.

She readies to leave.

NESSY
... American?

Emma gives a subtle shrug.

NESSY (CONT'D)
My husband ran away with an
American woman.

Emma is at a loss to this.

NESSY (CONT'D)
I should consider it a blessing in
disguise. She saved me from
castrating the header. With any
luck, she took the sheers to him
for me.

Her skepticism of Emma is obvious.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Yeah.
(beat)
A room, huh?

INT. THE DUBLIN INN/ UPPER FLAT - DUSK

The door swings open into a darkened room. Nussy stands in the doorway and flips on the light.

Emma walks in.

The flat is a one bed, one bureau room. A window overlooks a back alley. That is where Emma takes in the view --

A rustic fire escape and a weather-worn brick structure.

EMMA

Majestic view.

NESSY

Don't get any ideas. I can still move. You run out on me without paying, I'll catch you and have you pray for your virginity back.

Emma smiles.

NESSY (CONT'D)

I don't deal with disturbances well. I don't care for bawdiness, debauchery or roughhousing.

(beat)

I trust my instincts. They never let me down. And that's the way I plan on keeping it.

EXT. ARBOUR HILL/ THE DUBLIN INN - DAY

The sun peers over the horizon. Various cars make their way through the narrow street.

Emma jogs her way in. She races up the metal behind the inn.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - DAY

Emma's breakfast plate sits untouched before her.

Nussy arrives with a pot of coffee to pour for her. She notes Emma has not touched her plate.

NESSY

You're not going to blend in if you keep this up.

Emma shrugs.

NESSY (CONT'D)

I say you running. You training for the Olympics or something?

EMMA

It helps to clear my thoughts. I guess my Irish needs work.

NESSY

You're not helping yourself, child.

Nessy takes away Emma's plate.

NESSY (CONT'D)

This isn't going to work out well for you and me. I can see that.

(beat)

Why are you here?

EMMA

I was told my mother came from here.

NESSY

You don't know?

EMMA

She died when I was three. I never got around to ask her.

Nessy's skepticism has the better of her.

NESSY

But you know she's from here.

EMMA

Whenever my stepfather was drunk -- between runs to the toilet to throw up -- he'd talk about visiting Dublin. Seeing what he had heard so much about. I guess my mother would go into tirades -- his words -- she was ostracized by friends and family from here. She became pregnant... with me. I guess it was frowned upon. He said they never believed anything she said.

(beat)

He said that they referred to her as from "ill repute."

Nessy notes Emma's discomfort with this confession.

NESSY

(jest)

Did your father at least give you
her name?

EXT. DUBLIN TOWNHOUSES/ STREET - DAY

A rustic MINI Coop that has seen its time, drives off.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Emma and Nesity step out from the complex and get into the
MINI Coop.

EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Nesity speaks with an elderly woman at he doorsteps of her
home. Nesity responds with a cordial nod, then leaves.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DUBLIN - DAY

Nesity speaks with two older gentlemen seated at an outside
cafe. One of the older gentlemen points off in the distance.
Nesity nods out of respect. She turns back to her MINI Coop.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The MINI Coop moves. Nesity drives. There is no real exchange
between her and Emma.

Emma's eyes hold on the road ahead.

NESSY

Are you in the right Dublin?

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

Nesity's MINI Coop pulls in. Emma gets out and enter the
establishment.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

The regulars are all in. Emma stops at the bar.

Rodney and his friend on the usual stools. Emma stands right
beside them as she orders a pint.

Rodney's nervousness still shows as his eyes flicker back-and-forth from his pint to her. Emma acknowledges him with a smile. Rodney quickly turns his eyes back to his pint, and keeps them there. The pint is nervously chugged down.

RODNEY
 (to bartender)
 Bill...

Gestures for another pint.

BILL, the bartender, places another pint of ale before Rodney,

Emma takes her pint and heads to the table by the window.

Nessy appears out from behind the bar. There is a small exchange with Bill.

Rodney's friend bagger him to go over to Emma. Rodney does not want to hear it.

Nessy checks on Emma by the window. Then turns her focus back to Rodney. There is a sense unease with him.

Nessy comes out from behind the bar, takes Rodney by the arm. She drags him over to Emma.

Rodney is plotted down before Emma. Emma doesn't know what to make of this. Anxiety overwhelms him.

Rodney just pouts.

NESSY
 (firmly to Rodney)
 Well...

Rodney is clearly skittish. He has to brace himself.

Nessy has to backhand Rodney on the shoulder.

RODNEY
 -- Hey! Nessy!

Nessy's patience wanes with him.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 (to Emma)
 Err... you... umm... you wouldn't
 happen to be a Malone... ?

Emma is taken aback by this. Startled, more like it.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 The reason I ask is... you...
 uhh...

Nessy slaps Rodney on the shoulder, again. This time with more force.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 (begrudges)
 All-right!

Rodney reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a frayed slip of paper. He opens it up gently and turns it around for Emma to see.

Emma's eyes zero in on a frayed photograph.

Rodney gives in to a questionable shrug.

The edges of the photograph have seen time: It is of a young Rodney -- about thirty -- and of a young woman. She is pretty with a smile that captivates. The resemblance to Emma is remarkable.

Emma's eyes stay locked on the photograph.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 OK? See?

Emma is frozen in time.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 Freaky, huh?

Pause.

NESSY
 "Freaky" is being kind.

"Freaky" is in regards to Rodney.

EMMA
 This is unbelievable.

NESSY
 Hold that thought.

EMMA
 (to Rodney)
 You knew her!

NESSY
 I think the question that should be asked is: How did he know her?

She holds Rodney in question.

EMMA

It's her!

NESSY

When was this, Rodney?

RODNEY

She said she had a child a couple of months old. I couldn't believe it. She was about nineteen... twenty. This photo is close to thirty years back, I guess. Me and Pete wandered into some house party... too pissed to remember where... I don't even know who took the picture -- but I remember her.

(beat)

She was beautiful... wild... funny...

Nessy is about to slap him, again --

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(to Nessy)

-- Ok, OK!

He quickly corrects himself:

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(back to Emma)

-- I mean... nobody knew who she was... Where she came from... Nothing really. She could talk about anything... there was something about how she talked... she was sincere... but scared. You know? She knew things and people, but somebody was after her. She knew who. She wanted to hide. I could tell.

NESSY

She say her name?

RODNEY

Emma. Emma Malone.

Nessy gestures for Rodney to leave.

Rodney gets to his feet and gestures for the return of the photograph.

Emma hesitates, but hands it back to him with a hint of reluctance.

Rodney neatly folds the photograph back into place and slips it back into his wallet. He leaves.

Nessy takes the seat Rodney left vacant.

EMMA
I guess I have the right Dublin,
then.

NESSY
This means what now?

EMMA
Everything.

Nessy has to give Rodney a curious look.

Rodney returns with brief, daunted, glimpses in retort.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I have to talk to him.

NESSY
You can talk to Rodney tomorrow.
(beat)
It's Sunday. He'll be at church.

EXT. DUBLIN LOCAL CHURCH - DAY

Rustic. Quaint. Gothic.

INT. DUBLIN LOCAL CHURCH - DAY

Emma enters.

The archival structure is vacant. Emma makes her way down the center aisle to the front pews.

Rodney kneels in the first pew, head bowed to clasped hands.

Emma takes a seat down behind him.

Rodney raises his head. He knows she is there.

RODNEY
She disappeared. I looked for her
for the longest time. Years,
really. She was a lost soul. I
wanted to help her.

The pain is evident in his voice.

Beat.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Someone scared her. She was in
pain. I could tell.

Emma listens keenly.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
I believed everything she told me.
Her words rang true. She was truly
honest about who she was.

He leans back and sits up.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
I only met her that night. Her
laugh...
(beat)
It was like a child's laugh.
(beat)
I wanted to save her. Take her
away. But you can't save somebody
from themselves.
(beat)
I'm sixty-five now, and still
trying to learn that.

Beat.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
You can't stay here.

Beat.

EMMA
Help me.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN/ EMMA'S FLAT - DAY

A tote bag is suddenly dropped on the bed.

Emma tosses bits of clothes into her bag. It is done with
urgency and efficiency.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - DAY

Nessy stands by her MINI Coop as Emma gets in. The car starts
and quickly pulls away --

EXT. NEAR DUBLIN/ N52 HIGHWAY - DAY

Nessy's MINI Coop is headed toward the vast hills of greenery on the horizon.

EXT. MINI COOP/ MOVES - DAY

The car races. Emma in the driver's seat.

EXT. DUNDALK - DUSK

The MINI Coop darts past the city sign: Dundalk.

EXT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE - NIGHT

The MINI Coop pulls over and parks. Emma gets out and takes in the school campus before her.

The students pub behind her. A few of the St. Mary's students, in their gray slacks and blue sweaters, mingle

A few of the male students have caught sight of Emma by her MINI Coop.

INT. ST. MARY'S PUB - NIGHT

Th place is filled to capacity.

Emma moves to the bar. The BARTENDER arrives.

EMMA

(to Bartender)

Who do I see about renting a room?

BARTENDER

There's nothing here.

A GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT, to one side, overhears this. He turns from his group of friends.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT

Faculty or student?

EMMA

Neither.

The Ginger-Haired Student doesn't waste any time and pulls up beside her.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT

I can help.

His smile broadens his freckled face.

Emma responds with a kind smile.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT (CONT'D)

Hey, look, I see you don't think I
can do anything... but I can.

His RAVEN-HAIRED BUDDY leans in over his shoulder and
confirms his friend.

RAVEN-HAIRED STUDENT

He can.

EMMA

Let me guess, it's your place.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT

No. It's my sister's, actually.

Emma is suspicious, but intrigued.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT (CONT'D)

She's gone home for the week. I'm
looking after it.

EMMA

I just need it for a night, or two.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT

Fair enough.

INT. GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT'S FLAT - NIGHT

Dark. The sound of keys are heard. The door swings open. The
Ginger-Haired Student walks in first and flips on the light.

Emma follows him in.

All there is: a bed, nightstand and student's desk.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT

All right?

Emma takes in the room.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT (CONT'D)

Just make sure you leave the key
underneath the door frame before
you leave.

(MORE)

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT (CONT'D)

The place stays clean, because my
sister will have a shit if she
notices anything out of place.

Emma is satisfied.

EMMA

I'm in. One thing; we never met.

She hands The Ginger-Haired Student the money.

He's impressed. Clearly not what he expected.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT

We never met.

His smile confirms that.

GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT (CONT'D)

Cheers.

He walks out.

EXT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE/ LIBRARY - DAY

Emma enters.

INT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE/ LIBRARY - DAY

Emma has a stack of yearbooks on the table, before her.

A series of shots:

Quick glimpses of the variety of past students.

Emma scans through the texts with diligence.

The next yearbook quickly replaces the one just finished.

Student photographs are skimmed through.

Emma's finger goes through the list of names: Mahoney,
Maloney, Malroney...

Emma leans back in her chair. Frustrated.

INT. LIBRARY/ FRONT DESK - DAY

Emma returns the yearbooks, and a few newspapers, to an OLD
LIBRARIAN. Out of the corner of her eye she spots --

A photograph on the wall, behind a bookcase.

Emma steps in for a closer look.

The Young Woman in the photograph resembles Emma. It is Emma's mother, at twenty. She holds a certificate that she happily received.

EMMA
(to Old Librarian)
Excuse me... that photo...

The Old Librarian checks for herself.

OLD LIBRARIAN
Oh, that's an old picture. That was
an award for: "Achievements In
Community Affairs."

She takes it in hand. Has a look at the photograph, then Emma.

OLD LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
That's remarkable. What a
resemblance.

EMMA
When was that taken?

OLD LIBRARIAN
Let's see...

She removes the photograph from its frame and flips it over. It entrances her.

OLD LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
It's over thirty years ago.
(beat)
Yes, that would of been the last
one given out, from what I can
recall.

Shakes her head and smiles.

OLD LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
It's a good thing it wasn't you.
Rumor had it this girl was from ill
repute.

A VOICE (O.C.)
Betty, can you come here a moment.

OLD LIBRARIAN
(to Emma)
I'll be right back.

Emma cannot take her eyes off the photograph of her mother.

INT. GINGER-HAIRED STUDENT'S FLAT - NIGHT

The photograph of Emma's mother lies on the bed.

Emma drops her bag down beside it. Her clothes are quickly jammed into it.

EXT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE/ STUDENT'S FLAT - NIGHT

Emma emerges, bag in hand. She gets in the MINI Coop. The car starts and races off --

EXT. NEAR DUNDALK/ N52 ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights from the MINI Coop close in at a high rate of speed --

INT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

A set of headlights appear from behind as Emma drives. The lights close in.

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The Audi Sedan closes in on the MINI Coop. The Audi Sedan nears, but keeps a relative safe distance back. Two car-lengths or so.

EXT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

Emma takes note of the Audi Sedan in pursuit. She is suspicious.

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The MINI Coop slows down in order for the Audi Sedan to pass, but the Audi sedan stay the course.

INT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

Emma hits the gas --

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The MINI Coop pulls away.

It races by two cars.

The Audi Sedan takes the cue and does the same.

INT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

Emma checks on her pursuers in the rearview mirrors.

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The MINI Coop passes another vehicle ahead of it. Almost as a reckless move, darts back in front of the vehicle. The vehicle brakes hard. Tires squeal. The frustrated driver in the vehicle honks his horn.

The Audi sedan pulls closer to the MINI Coop.

As the MINI Coop picks up speed, so does the Audi Sedan.

The Audi Sedan now pulls up along side the MINI Coop.

INT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

Emma can't see through the tinted windows of the Audi Sedan--

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The MINI Coop and Audi Sedan now race side-by-side.

The MINI Coop attempts to bump into the Audi Sedan.

The Audi Sedan buffers off the MINI Coop's scare tactics, but stays along side of it --

INT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

Emma's focus zeros in on what is ahead.

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The MINI Coop and Audi Sedan pick up speed, like cars on a drag strip --

The MINI Coop and Audi Sedan close in on the roundabout.

INT. MINI COOP - NIGHT

Emma steadies herself.

EXT. N52 ROAD - NIGHT

The MINI Coop comes upon the roundabout sign, but rather than veer left, it steers right.

It takes the roundabout hard. Tires squeal.

The Audi Sedan hits the roundabout turn hard, as well. It loses control as it veers right. Tires skid.

Around the bend:

The MINI Coop screams as it comes into view.

The Audi Sedan loses control at a high rate of speed. It goes off road and slams into the guardrail, which flips it into thick brush. It lands hard.

The MINI Coop teeters as it spins back onto the N52 and guns it past the sign:

Oth Cliath DUBLIN.

The MINI Coop disappears into the night.

EXT. NEAR DUBLIN - DAY

The sun appears on the horizon.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - DAY

Bill is at the bar. He checks stock. Nussy emerges from the back door. There is a small exchange between the two. Nussy assures him with a nod. Her eyes turn to the front door when it opens --

Emma walks in and goes to her usual table.

Nussy approaches.

NESSY
You've returned.

Emma has concern.

EMMA
Not for long.

Nessy sits down across from her. No hesitation on her part.

NESSY
Did you find what you were looking
for?

Emma nods.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Were they not hospitable?

Emma has no reaction.

NESSY (CONT'D)
That look speaks volumes.

Nessy leans closer to Emma.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Who are you, child?

EMMA
You're better off not knowing.

NESSY
It's too late for that now.

Emma doesn't react.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Whatever you carry, it's burdening.
You brought it here. All right, you
better rationalize this for me,
then.

EMMA
You won't like it.

NESSY
I already don't like it.

Beat.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Speak.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DUBLIN - DAY

Emma and Nesy walk.

EMMA

My mother was ran away from
someone. She was scared.

NESSY

Are they the men?

Emma is curious about what she said.

NESSY (CONT'D)

(explains)

Men were here yesterday. They asked
for you. They must be what you
don't want me to know.

Emma pulls out the photograph she stole from the St. Mary's
Librarian.

Nesy takes it in hand and glares at it. She looks to Emma to
compare.

NESSY (CONT'D)

This says a lot.

EMMA

My stepfather told me she died when
I was three. He never specified
from what.

NESSY

Did you ask?

EMMA

Constantly.

NESSY

That speaks volumes.

EMMA

He always found a way not to me. To
this day he always said he loved
her.

Nesy turns her eyes from the photograph back to Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Strange things are happening around
me. I don't know how to explain
them.

(beat)

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Strange things are coming to a
head. I want to be ready.

NESSY
We speak like a vague prophet.

EMMA
It's followed me here.

NESSY
You're carrying a past that needs
repair, child.

EMMA
It's not my past that needs repair.

Nessy chagrins.

NESSY
It's here now. You thought you
could hide from it. It won't let
you. Your mother tried to hide it,
but truths always find ways of
exposing themselves.

Emma has no response.

NESSY (CONT'D)
It's outing itself on you.
(beat)
What else are you hiding?

EXT. DOWNTOWN DUBLIN - NIGHT

The street is filled with revelry. People are in celebration.
Their is cheer and commotion.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Emma is in the midst of it all. She weaves through the Mardi
Gras atmosphere.

An Unknown Man follows her.

Emma continues through.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN/ BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Emma comes around the corner.

The Unknown Man comes around the same corner. It's Rodney in disguise. In an instant he is knocked to the ground.

Rodney is on his ass, dazed by the impact. He looks up --

Emma stands over him.

Rodney raises his hand to his face, as a protectively.

RODNEY

OK, OK...

EMMA

Rodney.

All she can do is shake her head at him in pity.

RODNEY

Help me up.

Emma takes his hand and gets him to his feet.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I had to make sure you were OK.

Rubs the back of his wounded neck.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Am I bleeding?

EMMA

No.

RODNEY

You OK?

EMMA

Go home, Rodney.

RODNEY

You going to be safe?

EMMA

Don't worry about me.

Rodney nods as he leaves. He stops a moment and checks back on her.

RODNEY

She was like this, too.

He goes back around the corner from where he came.

Emma's concern is obvious.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - NIGHT

A breeze blows in through the open window. The curtains flap.

The door opens and Emma enters. She questions the open window. She goes to close it. She passes a Shadowed Man seated in a chair. He stands and takes hold of Emma's arm --

Emma, instinctively, pulls the Shadowed Man over and slams him to the floor. She repeatedly kicks and punches the intruder fiercely. This immobilizes him.

Emma reaches across and turns on the light.

Cristo lies on the floor, beaten.

Emma glares at him as blood streams down from his head.

CRISTO
Good to see you too.

Remains on the floor.

Emma glares at him, confused.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

Patrons flow in and out.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Cristo sits in a chair. Emma stands by the window. Cristo holds a small cloth on his wounded head.

CRISTO
You look well.

Emma just stares at him.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
You can at least ask me how I am.

Emma has no response, just a cold, dead stare.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
I'm fine. Thank you for asking.

Tosses the cloth to one side.

EMMA

There's no reason for you to be here.

CRISTO

Yes, there is -- you. That should say a lot.

(beat)

Has there been anybody else? Anybody else find you?

EMMA

(firm with Cristo)

You being here doesn't help me.

She turns to go to the bathroom. Runs water from the sink to wash her hands.

CRISTO

That says yes! This could of been worse, you know. What if it was one of them? You'd be dead now.

Emma doesn't answer.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

They found you, didn't they.

Still no response.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

What are you going to do now?

Emma dries her hands and steps out of the bathroom.

EMMA

Leave or I will do something.

CRISTO

You're lucky it was me you found here.

Emma moves to the bureau. Notes the photograph taken from St. Mary's library and casually places it in a drawer.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

You're important to them. They want you back. You should consider that a compliment. You're not doing yourself any favors by hiding. They'll get to you sooner or later.

EMMA

I'll deal with it.

CRISTO

They'll deal with you. That's how it's done. That's something you accept.

Cristo chagrins at the thought.

EMMA

Because it's how they want to deal with it, doesn't mean I have to accept it.

CRISTO

You really don't get it, do you.
 (beat)
 You have no control -- they control you.
 (beat)
 It's what they want. It's how they conduct business. They may be new to you, but they're not naive. You have no say. It's not so much about Delaney, but those around him. That should bother you. It would me.

EMMA

My say is my business.

CRISTO

I'd rethink that.
 (beat)
 I'm here to convince you to do what's right.

EMMA

Trying to convince me of something I don't want doesn't help you.

CRISTO

It's for your own good... and everybody else's.

EMMA

I'm not everybody.

CRISTO

A contract is already out, with your name on it. The option is yours. Delaney has final say. Causing problems doesn't help. It's not his thing to complicate things. He likes you.
 (beat)
 Those hits...

(MORE)

CRISTO (CONT'D)
they were made to happen that way.
Your problem is you don't scare
easy.

(beat)
But, right now, you scare them.

EMMA
You could of fooled me.

CRISTO
Go home. Make nice. Then there can
be peace in the valley.

EMMA
Can't. Character flaw. It won't
allow me to. And that peace you
talk about... it's unforgiving.

CRISTO
Get past it.

EMMA
Not ready to.

Cristo notes her stoic glare.

CRISTO
If I don't get you to come back...
things will get complicated.

Emma has no reaction.

Cristo is frustrated. He emits a disgruntled sigh.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
All right... but you're way off on
this. Way off.

EMMA
I'm dead on.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - DAY

Emma is sound asleep. The sunbeams hit her face. No movement.
Then and eye opens. She slowly rises. She sits up on the bed.
The barrenness encompasses her. Her eyes veer to the open
window.

A wisp of a breeze flutters in.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN/ UPPER FLAT WINDOW - DAY

Emma has a look outside. A beat. She closes the window.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DUBLIN/ MAIN STREET - DAY

Rodney walks with his friend.

EMMA (O.S.)

Rodney!

Rodney stops.

Emma arrives.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We need to talk.

Rodney nods, then gestures to his friend to leave. Emma and Rodney walk.

INT. LOCAL CHURCH - DAY

Emma and Rodney sit in a pew.

EMMA

You knew my mother.

Rodney fidgets.

RODNEY

She was expecting when I met her.

A pause. Then:

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I didn't find out 'til later.

EMMA

Tell me about her.

Rodney sighs.

RODNEY

She wasn't what you think...

EMMA

Go on.

RODNEY

She had a lot of secrets. She didn't talk to a lot of people...

(MORE)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

everybody thought they knew who she was. They knew she was pregnant.

(beat)

She knew everybody had ideas about her.... Who she was... Who she knew... She wasn't the type to hear what anyone wanted to tell her.

EMMA

She told you.

RODNEY

Not everything... but I kind of knew. It didn't bother me like it bothered everybody else.

EMMA

She came to you. You helped her. She trusted you.

RODNEY

I knew she couldn't stay here.

(beat)

I asked her to marry me. She said no. Her baby wasn't mine... but I didn't care. I knew she didn't have feelings for me.

(beat)

She was scared. I saw it. She didn't say she was, but you could tell. She wasn't in a good place. I called a doctor-friend of mine. He could do an abortion for her. When I came back to tell her... she was gone. I never saw her again.

Emma's focus stays on him.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I heard she ran away to America. She found somebody... got married... that was that. Never heard anything after that. Then you showed up.

(beat)

I tried to forget about her... for the longest time. I don't think a day passes without me thinking about her.

EXT. DUBLIN/ COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Cristo emerges. Makes his way up the street. He goes to cross the street, but is suddenly struck from behind and drops to his knees. His coffee shoots out across the road. He is grabbed by the scruff of the neck and pulled --

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Cristo is dragged along the coarse pavement, then slammed into the brick wall.

This is where the kicks and punches come into play. He wants to defend himself, but is at a loss to how. Raises his arm to shield himself from the blows that come too fast.

Between kicks his eyes catch sight of --

Emma's fury which overwhelms him.

CRISTO
-- Goddamnit! All right!

EMMA
You fucking bastard!

She strikes him, again.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Back off!

Her strikes don't let up.

Cristo rolls to one side. The attack suddenly ceases.

CRISTO
(bemoans)
Fuck! What is it with you? They
won't stop. You hear me? You
insane?

EMMA
You tell them that. This is what it
means to me!

Cristo doesn't even have the strength to get to his feet.

CRISTO
You will go back. That's a fact!

EMMA
If they want to come, let them
come.

CRISTO
That's not a good thing to say.
They control you.

EMMA
Not anymore.

Emma leaves.

CRISTO
You can't do anything. You hear me?
You're done!
(sotto voce)
It's coming.

Does his best to compose himself.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
Shit!

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

Emma makes her way in from up the street. Out of the corner of her eye she sees --

An Audi Sedan is parked across the street.

A set of headlights from a delivery truck comes up from behind the Audi Sedan -- the light beams indicate two figures in the front seats.

Emma plays it coy, but remains wary. She turns back up the street from which she came. As she passes The Dublin Inn front window --

Nessy talks with Rodney at the bar.

Emma keeps on.

The Audi Sedan starts up and cautiously makes its approach. It keeps a safe distance back --

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Audi Sedan moves closer.

Emma rounds the corner --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The Audi Sedan comes around the corner. It slide forward a few more beats, then stops.

INT. AUDI SEDAN - NIGHT

A vacant alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A tall man (Hal) emerges from the Audi Sedan. He continues on foot. His partner, in the Audi sedan, follows him from behind.

Hal suddenly stops. Hand raised. Shrugs at his partner. His focus zeros in on the dumpster at he far end. He casually waves for his partner forward.

Hal arrives at the dumpster. He goes to raise the lid when --

He is jumped on from behind. While on his knees, he spins.

A legs kick strikes his head. He drops to his hands.

The Audi Sedan revs and races forward.

Emma pulls out her Sig Sauer and aims it at the Audi Sedan that races in. It doesn't stop.

Emma fires off a few rounds through the windshield.

The Audi Sedan brakes hard. Tires squeal.

A standoff.

Emma has direct aim and slowly approaches the Audi sedan.

The Audi Sedan doesn't move. Then --

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Emma fires shots and shatters the Audi Sedan's windshield.

Instantaneously -- the Audi Sedan's tires spin like wild --

It's as if The Audi Sedan wants to shoot out of its body frame as it reverses -- down the alleyway --

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Audi Sedan jets out from the alleyway and hits the tarmac.

It slams into the curb and spins 180 degrees before it collides into the storefront glass display case across the street.

Shattered glass plumes out like a bomb went off.

Emma races out from the alleyway and fires out rounds at the Audi sedan.

The Audi Sedan jets off down the street.

Emma lowers her firearm. Refocuses her attention back to --
Hal on the ground in the alleyway.

Emma reloads her Sig Sauer and makes her way back down the alleyway.

A dump truck passes across the alleyway from behind. This stops her.

Hal still moves, but barely.

Emma hesitates, then turns to where the dump truck has stopped --

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Emma emerges from the alleyway and tosses her sidearm into the open end of the dump truck. She turns the opposite direction and walks away. She only gets a few steps when something stops her.

Nessy is half a block ahead of her. She's with a friend. There is a dubious exchange between the two.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Cristo appears a little worse for wear. The affects from the previous night. He's just purchased his coffee. Turns for the door when --

Emma walks in.

There is a hesitant pause between the two.

Cristo raises his hand up. A reflex of protective measures.

CRISTO
Hey...

EMMA
Hey, back.

CRISTO
We good?

EMMA
We'll see.

CRISTO
You know, word got back home about
your scene last night. Nobody's
happy about it.

EMMA
No reason to be happy about it.

CRISTO
You know you've got control issues
that need attention. You should see
somebody about it.

EMMA
(could care less)
I'll look into it.

CRISTO
No morals. No ethics. No
conscience. Must be nice.

EMMA
It keeps me alive.

CRISTO
OK, but if I were you... I'd be
careful. It's a good thing you
don't trust anybody.

EMMA
Trust only gets in the way of
things.

CRISTO
You know, you're your own worst
enemy.

EMMA
(affirms)
I'm all I got.

CRISTO
That's scary.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - DAY

Sam's voice is heard through a phone receiver:

SAM'S VOICE
Why won't you tell me where you
are?

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm OK, Papa. There's just a lot
going on right now.

SAM'S VOICE
Is it work?

Emma gets up from her bed.
The hardline receiver pinned between her shoulder and ear.
She moves to the window to have a look outside.

EMMA
It's busy.

SAM'S VOICE
I worry about you. You coming home?

EMMA
I can't right now.

SAM'S VOICE
Where are you?

EMMA
I'm staying with a friend. I'm OK.

Emma's voice is calm, but there is concern.

SAM'S VOICE
You sound funny...

His tone is tentative.

EMMA
It's nice here, Papa. The people
are good. Don't worry about me.

SAM'S VOICE
I want you to come home.

This makes Emma smile.

EMMA

I will.

SAM'S VOICE

Soon.

EMMA

I'm going to have to go, Papa. I'll
get back to you soon.

Static comes through the receiver.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Papa? Papa...

The line goes dead.

Emma loses her smile. The receiver is gently replaced back on
its cradle.

EXT. DUBLIN/ GROCERS - DAY

Emma steps out, grocery bag in hand.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - DAY

Emma comes around the corner to take the side metal stairs to
her upper flat. She suddenly stops.

Nessy appears out of nowhere. Bill is right behind her.

Emma is taken aback by Nessy's arrival.

NESSY

Emma, come with me.

Emma follows.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - DAY

Back alleyway. Nessy stops and takes the groceries from Emma
hand hands them to Bill.

NESSY

Here... Leave them behind the bar,
Bill.

Bill walks away.

NESSY (CONT'D)

OK, I know what you do is none of my business. I get it. But what's happening around you and what goes on here... right here, right now, is.

(beat)

I don't want it here. Do you understand?

Emma nods, quietly.

NESSY (CONT'D)

I can't have this here. You can't stay here anymore.

EMMA

Understood.

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I need a favor.

NESSY

What?

EMMA

I need documents.

NESSY

Documents?

EMMA

I have to change who I am.

NESSY

Where are you going with this?

EMMA

That's my problem.

NESSY

Look, I know you're not who you say you are. I figured that one out. Who do you want to be next, an Irish dancer?

EMMA

I'm carrying my mother's name. My dead mother's name. It's exposed me to a world I want gone.

NESSY

And I'm going to help you?

She laughs at the thought and shakes her head.

EMMA

I know you can.

NESSY

No.

EMMA

They tried to hide my mother from me. They didn't think I'd find out about her.

NESSY

That worked out well.

EMMA

I don't expect you to understand what I'm going through. I'm not seeking redemption.

NESSY

Redemption is the least of your problems. You're problem is taking those around you with you.

EMMA

I want a new identity.

NESSY

How simple do you think that is?

EMMA

I know you can do it. You've done it before.

This is not what she expected to hear. It unnerves her.

NESSY

I'm better off throwing pixie dust on you and crossing my fingers.

(beat)

You are a riddle, my dear. It's not my place to solve you.

Emma doesn't response.

NESSY (CONT'D)

At least your mother was someone willing to be redeemed. That is something you lack.

(MORE)

NESSY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm not having this one come back
at me.

EMMA

It won't.

NESSY

Easy for you to say.

EMMA

I need this.

Pause.

NESSY

You are unconscionable.

EMMA

It won't come back to you. I
promise.

NESSY

This is a dangerous game, child.

EMMA

I'll deal with the consequences.

NESSY

Care must be taken here. An
identity can be changed... a person
cannot.

Emma remains silent.

NESSY (CONT'D)

Do you even know who you are?

EMMA

I know what I'm not.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

Emma and Nussy stand by the dumpster behind the complex.
Nussy has Emma's purse in hand.

NESSY

Everything here?

Emma nods.

Nussy pulls out a lighter and ignites a strip of cloth. The
cloth is soon engulfed in flames.

It is placed inside the purse. The purse now smokes and is tossed into the open dumpster. Nussy slams the lid closed.

Smoke starts to billow out from the dumpster. There is a hint of a spark which triggers a larger flame.

Emma and Nussy stand away from the dumpster.

Nussy gets on her cellphone.

NESSY (CONT'D)
(into cellphone)
I'd like to report a fire.

EXT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

A fire hose now dowses what remains of the scorched structure.

Firefighters linger around the scene.

Nussy speaks with the Fire Chief. Nussy leaves his side and arrives before Emma, who waits near the street.

NESSY
(to Emma)
I told him it was a bunch of kids.
I didn't see who.
(beat)
It's not the first time.

INT. NESSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nussy is on the phone. Emma stands by the closed door.

NESSY
(into receiver)
How long will it take?
(listens)
Are you sure?
(listens)
Let me know then.

Her eyes stay on Emma.

NESSY (CONT'D)
(into receiver)
OK. Call me when you know, Robert.
Either way.

Hangs up.

NESSY (CONT'D)
 There may be a wait.

Emma notes the certificate on a small table behind Nussy. She steps closer to it. Takes it in hand.

Insert of certificate: Nicole Patrick.

This holds Emma a moment.

Nussy hesitates, then answers:

NESSY (CONT'D)
 My daughter.

EMMA
 We have the same birth year.

NESSY
 She was a stillborn.

She notes Emma's interest. Cautious with her response.

NESSY (CONT'D)
 I had the certificate made up.
 (beat)
 I never got around to telling to anyone... ever.

Emma's sorrowful eyes hold on her.

NESSY (CONT'D)
 It happened.

EMMA
 I'm sorry.

NESSY
 Not necessary. She lives... as far as I'm concerned. No one knows... and no one will know.

She gets up from behind her desk and walks out.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Nussy enter from behind the bar.

EMMA
 You helped my mother when she really needed someone. When she was pregnant, pregnant with me.

Nessy starts to wipe down the bar.

NESSY

Your mother was not what you've been told. She had a kind soul, despite her reputation. She did what she thought was right. She didn't want what she was to be a burden... to anyone... most of all to you.

No response.

NESSY (CONT'D)

She had a conscious. It bothered her. She always saw the best in those around her. Even through the ones that mistreated her.

(beat)

All she wanted to do is what was right.

(beat)

So, this is where we find each other.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Cristo has a coffee in hand as he walks. He stops.

CRISTO

Shit!

EMMA

Still here.

CRISTO

You are. I'm not. I have a red-eye tonight.

EMMA

You're doing me a favor first.

EXT. CROPPIES ACRE MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Emma and Cristo walk along Wolf Tone Quay.

EMMA

I need a Sig Sauer.

CRISTO

OK. P232 or P238?

EMMA

A two thirty-eight. A long barrel.
But something I can hide on me.

CRISTO

That might take some time. That's
special.

EMMA

Not for here, for back home.

Cristo hesitates, pulls out his iPhone.

CRISTO

(into iPhone)

Hey, it's me, I'm coming in on the
red-eye tomorrow. I need a favor.
Get Te'Ou to call Enos. Tell him I
need a couple of plants.

(beat)

Tell him it's for the floral
arrangement outside The Coffee
Studio.

(beat)

No, I'll call him on that.

(beat)

We'll need a couple of boxes of
seeds.

(beat)

Yeah. OK.

Hangs up.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

(to Emma)

You better be sure about this.

No response.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

You know the flower display out in
front of The Coffee Studio?

EMMA

Uh-huh.

CRISTO

All right. Then we're done here.

Emma turns to leave.

CRISTO (CONT'D)

Hey...

Emma stops.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
You do this... you can't go back.

Emma leaves.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

The usual clientele. Rodney and his friend are at the bar. Nussy is behind the bar in an active conversation with Rodney.

Emma enters and beelines to the bar.

NESSY
And speak of the devil. We've been talking about you.

EMMA
I'm honored.
(an aside)
I need those documents.

Rodney is acute to this.

NESSY
It's not the time to start getting antsy. These things take time.

EMMA
Something came up.

Nussy responds with a disgruntled sigh. Then:

NESSY
It's going to take some time. Too many things are in play right now. Those in the know have eyes and ears on them.

Frustration gets the better of Emma.

RODNEY
What do you need?

NESSY
-- None of your business, Rodney.

Rodney ignores her. His focus is on Emma.

RODNEY
Maybe I can help.

NESSY
No, you can't.

This shuts Rodney down. He goes back to his beer.

Nessy draws Emma over.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Give me a couple of days.

EMMA
I don't have a couple of days.

NESSY
It's not as easy as you think.
Maybe back in Chicago they roll
them out like a deck of cards, but
you're here now.

Rodney gently taps Emma on the arm. It gets her attention. He turns away.

NESSY (CONT'D)
Let me see what I can do.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

Emma walks out and runs into Cristo.

CRISTO
C'mon...

There is desperation in his strides.

Emma holds back.

Cristo stops and gestures for her to cross the street with him.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
C'mon!

Beat.

Emma soon follows --

EXT. DOWNTOWN DUBLIN/ STREET - NIGHT

Cristo is nervous. He turns to face Emma which stops her dead in her tracks.

CRISTO
What did you do?

EMMA
A few things, but I have a feeling
you're going to narrow it down for
me.

CRISTO
The guns that came here... for
you...

Emma is all ears.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
They've left.

EMMA
OK.

CRISTO
No, it's not OK.
(beat)
That text you got at the motel...
with that golf pro... Remember
that? It told you to "get out"...

Emma has a pregnant pause. Then:

EMMA
That was you.

Cristo acknowledges this with his silence.

CRISTO
They know you're done here.

Emma shakes her head in disbelief.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
Your ass has a bullseye on it, for
all the wrong reasons.

EMMA
It's my ass.

CRISTO
Absolutely. And they own it! This
shit you've created... it's the
talk back home.

Beat.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
They know you're coming.

Emma has no reaction.

CRISTO (CONT'D)
Ready or not, it's on.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN - NIGHT

Emma arrives and leans over to whisper something to Bill.

Bill nods. He gestures to her to come behind the bar as he busies himself with the patrons.

INT. THE DUBLIN INN/ BEHIND THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Emma arrives before Nussy's office door. She knocks.

No response.

She knocks again.

Still no response.

Emma tries the doorknob. It's locked.

EMMA
(calls out)
Nussy. Nussy!

INT. NESSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A soft breeze blows in from the open window.

The door opens. Emma walks in, door lock key in hand.

The office is vacant. A few papers flutter across Nussy's desk. Emma nears the open window --

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN/ BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Emma looks out from the window. Her eyes locks onto --

Nussy who lies on the rough pavement below. She lies still.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN/ BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Emma arrives at Nussy's side. She turns Nussy's head in order to get a better look of her. Blood pours out of her mouth. Blood has seeped out from her mouth and stained her chest a deep, blood red.

EMMA
Nussy... Nussy...

Nussy's eyes gaze into Emma's. Her words gurgle. She has no tongue.

NESSY
Stay here... Stay...

A forced smile as her eyes freeze open. She's gone.

INT. NESSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Emma removes the birth certificate from it is. A space now stands in its place.

EXT. THE DUBLIN INN/ MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Emma arrives at Rodney's side. Rodney is still cognitive, though drunk.

EMMA
I can't stay here, Rodney.

RODNEY
Come with me. C'mon...

Extends his hand out to her. Emma takes it and is taken away.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Emma is sound asleep. The birth certificate at her side. She slowly stirs. Eyes open.

It is an apartment, but not hers. It is worn and the walls need paint.

Emma's vision is blurred as she sees Rodney walk in with a breakfast tray. He places the tray on a nightstand. He stands back and watches her. Concerned. Emma sits up.

RODNEY
I didn't make breakfast, I bought
it and brought it up... so...

EMMA

It's OK.

He takes the airline ticket from the tray and extends it out to Emma.

RODNEY

(shyly)

Here.

Emma takes the ticket in hand.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

It's the soonest I could get it. It leaves late tonight. I have a taxi coming for you. It'll be here soon.

EMMA

Thank you, Rodney.

Rodney is melancholy.

RODNEY

Police have cordoned off the inn.

(beat)

I'm sorry about Nesity.

Shakes his head at the thought.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

It's not safe here for you.

A taxi horn sounds from outside.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Time to go...

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

The grand city skyline.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURB - DAY

A serene, rural community.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

A city cab sits curbside as Emma walks up to the front door.

EXT. BUNGALOW/ FRONT DOOR - DAY

Emma knocks.

Beat.

The door opens. It is Sam, overjoyed at the sight.

SAM
Oh, my goodness!

Emma smiles.

EMMA
Hi, Papa.

His frailty is evident.

SAM
Come in, come... !

INT. SAM'S BUNGALOW/ DEN - DAY

Sam sits in his easy chair as Emma places a mug of hot chocolate and plate of cookies before him.

SAM
You don't have to do this.

Emma sits in the couch across from him. A warm smile.

EMMA
I missed you, Papa.

SAM
Have you seen your mother?

Takes a sip of his hot chocolate.

EMMA
Not yet. I just got in this morning. I thought I'd come see you first.

Sam is at a loss to this.

SAM
You should go see her.

EMMA
I will.

SAM

I love your mother. I loved her the first time I saw her. She was so beautiful. Sweet. Kind.

A comforted smile.

SAM (CONT'D)

She could make me smile. She's everything to me. Even when she got upset with me. She made me smile. It was my fault... I know...

EMMA

It's not your fault, Papa.

SAM

She's my everything.

Takes a bite of his cookie.

SAM (CONT'D)

I remember the first time I met her... at the airport.... Did I ever tell you about the first time I saw her?

Emma smiles.

EMMA

Uh huh.

Sam is overwhelmed at the thought.

SAM

She took my breath away. I was like -- wow! Who is this beauty?! Like nothing I've ever seen. Everybody was captivated by her. Complete strangers always complimented her. "You're so lucky", they'd tell me.
(beat)
You wouldn't remember, you were just a baby.

Emma is captivated as he reminisces.

SAM (CONT'D)

The only bad things she ever talked about was from where she came from. She'd have one too many glasses of wine and her Irish would come out.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
I'd tell her she didn't have to
worry anymore... "You're with me!",
I'd say. "I'll protect you!"

Shakes his head at the thought.

SAM (CONT'D)
The last time I saw her was before
she went off to the store. She was
upset. That's when she got into the
accident.

He goes silent now.

INT. COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Emma stands off to the side as Sam places flowers by Emma's
mother's plaque. He places a gentle hand on her engraved
name, then steps back.

Emma steps forward. Her eyes locked on the plaque for the
longest time.

EXT. COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Emma and Sam get into the car and drive off --

EXT. ROAD/ CAR - DAY

Emma drives. Sam stares out the window. Emma's eyes check on
her rearview mirror --

A Black BMW follows. It is noticed off to one side. A pickup
truck obscures its full view. The Black BMW pulls into the
next lane.

Emma's eyes hold on the Black BMW.

Sam speaks through this:

SAM
I'm tired. We should go home. I
want to watch a little bit of the
game before I take a nap. You
should cal Jessica. She's been
asking for you.

The Black BMW turns down a side street.

INT. SAM'S BUNGALOW - NEAR DUSK

Sam sits in his easy chair. He watches the game on the wide screen TV before him.

INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma hovers over the sink. Her smartphone is pinned between her shoulder and ear as she checks on her father --

INT. TE'OU'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Te'Ou's iPhone lies on the kitchen countertop. It buzzes continually. The call goes to voice mail:

TE'OU'S VOICE MAIL
I'm busy. You know what to do.

Phone beep.

EMMA'S VOICE
Hey, I'm back. Give me a call when
you get the chance.

Hangs up.

A large, ominous shadow of someone eclipses Te'Ou's iPhone.

EXT. NEAR EMMA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Emma makes her way in from up the street.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Travel bags lie open on the floor.

Emma sits on the bed. Smartphone on her ear. Pensive.

EMMA
(into smartphone)
Te'Ou, call me back. It's
important.

Checks the digital clock by the bed.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'll be at our usual at two.

Hangs up.

EXT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Emma walks in --

INT. THE COFFEE STUDIO - DAY

Emma waits at the usual table. She's been there for some time. Exasperated, she gets up and leaves --

EXT. SOUTH CHICAGO/ TOWNHOUSES - DAY

Emma walks along the street. She checks the numbers on the units. She stops before one. Steps to the front door.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE/ FRONT DOOR - DAY

Emma rings the buzzer.

No response.

Emma presses the buzzer, again.

No response.

Emma knocks on the door --

The front door nudges open.

This perplexes Emma. She enters --

INT. TE'OU'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Emma has grown wary. She stops.

EMMA

Te'Ou!

Silence.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Te'Ou!

Moves slowly.

All is in its place. All is neat.

The shower is heard from the bathroom.

Emma draws in on it.

Steam billows out from the partially closed door.

Emma lightly taps on the door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Te'Ou...

Down at her feet, water has seeped out from the bathroom onto the shag carpet.

Emma steadies herself and pushes the door open --

INT. TE"OU'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The steam is thick.

Emma is barely visible as she takes another step.

Te'Ou legs hang over the bathtub edge. Shower curtain is drawn open.

Te'Ou's upper body lies in the bathtub, which has filled with hot water. A wire wrapped around his neck with a syringe stabbed to one side of his Adam's apple. Eyes wide open. He's dead.

Emma is stilled by this.

EXT. CHICAGO/ SUBURBAN STREET - DUSK

Emma's walk of urgency turns into a run --

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Emma drops to the floor, by her window. A familiar sight. As when we were first introduced to her. Her breaths shutter. She has to take deep breaths to control her emotions. Focus veers to --

The birth certificate on the table to one side. Emma snaps it up.

Emma glares at the name on the certificate: Nicole Patrick.

A controlled, cold, calculated embodiment of rage envelops her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO/ THE COFFEE STUDIO - NIGHT

Vacant. Quiet.

Emma arrives before the circular flowerbed in front of the cafe. A tall tree stands amidst the flowers. Emma digs out the flowers along with the dirt. She has to reach deep into the flower bed --

It is a struggle, but the semi-automatic rifle is pulled out, in separate pieces. Emma reaches back in the dirt and re-emerges with a Sig Sauer. She brushes off the dirt.

She checks to see if anyone has seen her. She leaves --

EXT. ROAD/ EMMA'S CAR - DUSK

It makes a hard turn down a side street --

INT. EMMA'S CAR - SAME

Emma spills the bullets out from the box onto the passenger seat as she drives.

Her smartphone buzzes. It continues to buzz. She checks the number. Concern. Then answers:

EMMA

Papa?

No response.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Papa, it's me...

A dead tone now comes through on her smartphone. Concern envelops her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DUSK

Emma's car picks up speed --

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

Emma's car races in from up the street. It pulls in curbside, hard. Emma jumps out and darts to the front door --

EXT. SAM'S HOME - NIGHT

Emma stops at the front door. She takes in the residence. Wary.

No lights are on.

Emma places her hand on the door lock. It doesn't turn. She reaches for the house key on her --

INT. SAM'S BUNGALOW - DUSK

The front door slowly swings open.

It is vacant.

Emma appears from one side of the door. Sig Sauer clenched between both hands. Eases her way through the darkness in silence --

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Emma eases past the open door. Checks inside. Nobody. Moves through --

EXT. SAM'S BUNGALOW/ BACK YARD - DUSK

Emma slides the patio door open and steps outside. Surveys the area. It isn't obvious to her, at first, but only after a few steps does she see --

Sam.

He hangs with a noose around his neck from a tree.

Emma's eyes locked on the sight. Her stillness is scary.

Sam's phone rings from inside the house.

It rings again.

And rings.

And rings.

INT. SAM'S BUNGALOW - DUSK

Emma arrives at the phone, which continues to ring. She takes the receiver in hand.

The telephone display indicates: Private Number.

Emma places the receiver on her ear. Silence. Then:

TYLER'S VOICE
Nobody... nobody's home.

EMMA

-- Tyler. Tyler, it's auntie!

Her tone is calm and cool.

TYLER'S VOICE

Auntie... Auntie, I can't find Mommy.

EMMA

Tell me where you are, Tyler. I'll come get you.

TYLER'S VOICE

Mommy left with a man. I don't know where she is.

EMMA

Tell me where you are, Tyler.

TYLER'S VOICE

I don't know. I don't know where I am.

EMMA

Let Auntie talk to who is there with you, Tyler.

Beat.

A MAN'S COARSE VOICE comes on line:

MAN'S COARSE VOICE

You should never have left.

Emma's anger builds, but remains calm.

EMMA

I'm here.

MAN'S COARSE VOICE

You should have known better. See what happens when you don't listen?

EMMA

I'll find you.

MAN'S COARSE VOICE

Too late.

Hangs up.

Emma's eyes harden on the receiver in hand and reads the display.

EXT. CHICAGO/ SOUTH SHORE - DUSK

A quiet, residential neighborhood.

A Black BMW pulls into the driveway of a small, nondescript house that sits in the middle of the street.

A BIG THUG gets out of the Black BMW, walks around to the passenger side and opens the door.

Jessica steps out. Nervous. She looks to the Big Thug, who gestures to the front door of the house.

Jessica quickly steps over to the front door --

INT. NONDESCRIPT HOUSE - DUSK

The front door opens.

Jessica's frayed condition says it all. She rushes over to Tyler and quickly wraps her arms around him and picks him up. Tears flow.

BIG THUD #2 stands across the room. His exchange with Big Thug #1 is a daunted one.

JESSICA

Let me look at you.

Gives her son a tearful smile.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You OK?

Tyler nods, as if to assure his mother. He embraces her again.

Jessica carries him to the couch and has a seat.

The two big thugs have a secret exchange.

BIG THUG #1

We gotta do this fast.

Big Thug #2 nods.

BIG THUG #1 (CONT'D)

(to Jessica and Tyler)

We're gonna go.

JESSICA

Why? You said we were going to wait here...

BIG THUG #1
-- Plan's changed.

The house phone rings.

The two big thugs have a questionable exchange.

The house phone continues to ring.

And ring.

And ring.

Big Thug #2 suddenly picks up before there is another ring.

BIG THUG #2
(into receiver)
-- Yeah?

A pause.

Big thug #2 turns to the large window before him.

Then --

Two shotgun blasts shatter the large window open.

Big Thug #2 is blown off his feet and crashes onto the small table behind him.

The table collapses.

Jessica shields Tyler as she turns him away from the chars of glass the spew across the room.

Big Thug #2 lies motionless on the table. Two large bullet holes through his chest. Phone still in his grasp. Dead.

Big Thug #1 -- Glock in hand -- stands by the front door.

He braces himself as he is about to open the door --

EXT. NONDESCRIPT HOUSE - DUSK

The front door opens. Big Thug #1 steps outside. Ready for anything. He scans the perimeter. Takes a few steps forward, then stops.

A woman clad in black tights and cap drops on him from the roof.

Her legs wrap around his shoulders.

Big Thug #1 struggles.

A garrote is quickly wrapped around his throat.

Big Thug #1 fires off shots, randomly.

She won't let go.

Big Thug #1 drops to his knees.

Struggles with the garrote around his neck, then goes limp and drops down -- face first. Dead.

The woman in black tights hovers over the mountain of a man.

It is Emma.

Emma searches the big man's pockets and emerges with the car keys. She turns to the house --

INT. NONDESCRIPT HOUSE - DUSK

Emma enters and hands the car keys over to Jessica.

EMMA

Leave. Now.

Jessica is clearly in shock at the sight of Emma. She does her best to shield Tyler from her.

JESSICA

I don't understand.

EMMA

You don't have time.

She hands Jessica a black, mini handbag.

JESSICA

Why are you giving me your designer bag?

She opens it up --

The mini bag is packed with fifty-dollar bills, all wrapped up!

This confuses Jessica.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to Emma)

What's going on?

EMMA

You and Tyler are going to be OK.
You need to go.

JESSICA

How'd you know where to find us?

EMMA

One of these bright-eyed assholes
made a call on a hardline. It
wasn't hard to trace.

JESSICA

What have you done, Emma?

EMMA

Give me your coat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

Emma's car races through the city streets.

EXT. NORTH CHICAGO - NIGHT

High end homes and mansions align the vacant street.

The headlights from Emma's car come in from a distance.

EXT. NORTH END STREET - NIGHT

Emma's car pulls over. Emma gets out. She wears Jessica's
black, bomber jacket. She reaches back inside the car.

She arrives before the Delaney gate. The speaker button is
pressed:

MAN'S VOICE ON SPEAKER

Yes?

EMMA

It's me.

A long pause. Then:

Click!

Prongs rise up from the concrete barrier to release the gate.

The large, steel gate swings open.

Emma walks through --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Emma's overcoat is open. She saunters through. A purpose in her strides. She stops halfway. She wants to be seen.

Cameras located all along the perimeter keen in on her.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The monitors on show Emma.

Don's focus holds on Emma on the screens.

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Hal and Gary approach Emma.

HAL
(cordial)
Greetings.

EMMA
Hi.

Gary questions Emma's presence.

GARY
(smiles)
What's with the get up? Ready to
get a sweat on?

He gestures Emma's attire -- the black tights, top and bomber jacket.

EMMA
Oh, yeah.

HAL
(to Emma)
Can we help you?

EMMA
Yes you can.

GARY
What do you want?

EMMA
Emancipation.

HAL
What?

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

DON
(to guard)
See if you can get more men down
there.

The guard nods.

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT GROUNDS - NIGHT

EMMA
I'm here to see Mr. Delaney.

She goes to take a step forward, but is immediately halted by Hal's large hand.

HAL
Hold on... you're getting ahead of
yourself.

GARY
Yeah. You have an appointment?

EMMA
No.

Offers a sweet smile.

HAL
(to Gary)
Call it in.
(to Emma)
We'll see.

Gary gets on his side-mic:

Emma and Hal have a stare-down while Gary waits for a reply.

GARY
(into side-mic)
Not from what I can tell.
(into side-mic)
OK.
(to Emma)
Come back tomorrow. Mr. Delaney
will see you then.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Don stares at the monitor that views Emma at the front gate. He lowers the mic from his mouth. This holds deep interest for him.

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT GROUNDS - NIGHT

The guards wait on Emma.

Emma takes back steps to the gate, slowly.

Hal and Gary watch her. Curious.

Emma stops.

 HAL
 (to Emma)
 What?

Emma turns slightly, as if to leave, but quickly reaches into her bomber jacket and shoots both guards down, point blank --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Don's eyes glare at the monitor. No reaction.

A YOUNG GUARD beside Don witnesses the scene.

 YOUNG GUARD
 -- Holy shit!

 DON
 Move!

Three guards push for the door --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Emma stands over the downed guards. Neither one moves. Her focus turns to the mansion before her. She races to it --

Gary stirs. Raises the automatic rifle in his grasp on Emma.

Instantly --

Emma spins back and fires a shot that goes through Gary's head.

Emma tears off her bomber jacket.

She takes hold of the two-piece automatic rifle strapped to her back. The rifle is quickly pieced together.

A shooter tears around the corner of the estate -- sidearm aimed at Emma --

Emma, suddenly, takes aim with her automatic rifle and fires.

The shooter is blown back and hits the pavement hard.

Emma continues to the front doors of the estate. She straps her rifle around her shoulder, then unexpectedly turns to the brick wall with ivies. She starts to scale the brick wall like a spider --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Don watches the monitor and sees Emma scale up the wall. His eyes shift to the next monitor as Emma moves --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

Armed guards scramble down the corridor and into various rooms.

Hell has broken loose.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

An ASSOCIATE walks in.

ASSOCIATE

Don?

Don doesn't turn to face him.

DON

She doesn't get out.

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE - NIGHT

Emma is practically to the rooftop. Her moves are efficient and smooth. She kicks a leg up and lunges over --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Two guards burst out the front doors. They race to where Hal and Gary's body lie. They take aim at Emma on the roof --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Bullets whiz by Emma. The bullets chip away at the roof's edge. Emma has to jump to one side --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Three guards race across.

Emma scrambles for coverage.

Two guards take cover: one behind brick-laden barriers, the other behind a smoke pipe.

Both waste no time and fire at Emma --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Emma has to sprint across.

Shots ping and ricochet off concrete and mortar, close to her.

Emma stays low behind a chimney pipe.

Emma is quick to fire with her Sig Sauer.

Guard #1 is struck on the shoulder. He flinches back.

Guard #2 fires off rounds at Emma with his automatic rifle.

Emma has to reload her rifle. She readies to shoot --

A rifle-barrel appears at the back of her head.

Emma freezes.

It is a Third Guard:

THIRD GUARD

Don't move.

With seconds, Emma fires off rounds from her Sig Sauer from underneath her.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Third Guard drops with a thud.

Emma turns to the downed guard. Blood streams from him. She quickly takes the rifle from his dead grasp. She darts away --

Guard #2 waits. Then:

A rifle-barrel is placed behind his head.

Guard #2 slowly raises his hands and bows his head.

He quickly spins to attack Emma.

Emma shoots him through the head.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

Delaney storms down the corridor.

Four protective guard race to him.

DELANEY
What's going on?

HEAVY GUARD
We have an intruder.

Don makes his approach from behind the guards.

DELANEY
Don... ?

DON
Go back in the library.

DELANEY
Do we know who it is?

DON
I'll handle it, Ron.

Turns away.

DELANEY
Call it in!

DON
(to Short Guard)
Take Mr. Delaney back to the
library. Stay with him.

The Short Guard nods.

DELANEY
How many of them are there, Don?

Don is hesitant to answer.

DON

One.

Delaney now knows.

DELANEY

It's her... it's her!

DON

Lock yourself in.

He turns away.

DELANEY

Don't do this!

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Emma scrambles across.

Guard #4 peers out from around a brick pillar. He shoots at Emma with his rifle --

Emma is struck on the shoulder. She drops, rolls and loses her Sig Sauer.

Guard #4 now fires repeated rounds at Emma.

The bullets scrape the rooftop surface around Emma.

Emma, now, has to scramble like a spider, over to a low pillar at the far edge.

Guard #4 reloads.

Emma pops out from behind the low pillar and fires --

Bullets strike Guard #4, consecutively:

On his neck and head.

He drops out of sight.

Silence.

Emma peers out from behind the low pillar.

Emma arrives at Guard #4's side. He doesn't move. Blood covers his head and shoulders.

Emma exudes an exasperated sigh. She's not finished.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ LIBRARY - NIGHT

Delaney paces. Anxious. Frustrated.

Two guards are stationed by the large window and door.

There is a knock.

The guard by the door cautiously opens to door. He lets the door swing open --

Don enters with the Heavy Guard.

DELANEY
(to Don)
Sounds like a rampage.

Don is not pleased with what has erupted.

DON
It's under control.

DELANEY
Whose control?

Voices are heard through Don's side-mic:

GUARD'S VOICE
Tony... Tony! Talk to me, man!

TONY'S VOICE
She's on the roof! Get over there!

Delaney shoots Don a questionable look.

TONY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Get guys over there! Now! Now!

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Emma is sits beside the downed guard. Composed. Worn. Blood stains her shoulder. Gathers herself together and stands --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FAR END OF ROOF - NIGHT

Two young guards arrive. Both hold semi-automatic rifles. Ready to fire. They cautiously make their way around their downed colleagues.

Young Guard #1 is wary.

A sudden, quick, whistle.

Young Guard #1 spins -- fires --

A bullet torpedoes between his eyes.

He drops.

Young Guard #2 spins at the sound of the shot fired.

Emma shoots --

Bang! Bang!

Young guard #2 drops hard.

Emma moves in. She hovers over both guards.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ OUTSIDE LIBRARY - NIGHT

The library door opens. Delaney is about to step out.

Toney arrives.

TONY'S VOICE
Go back inside, sir.

DELANEY
You have to let me go, Tony. I know
who she is. It'll get worse before
it stops.

Tony is skeptical.

TONY
I can't allow you to do this, sir.

Don steps out from the library.

DELANEY
Find her, Tony. Bring her to me.

TONY
I don't think that's possible.

DELANEY
Make it possible.

TONY
(to Don)
It's out of control.

Don has no response.

DELANEY

(to Tony)

Listen to me... let me talk to her.
I know how to talk to her.

TONY

I don't think she's in a talking
mood.

DELANEY

Bring her to me.

Tony looks to Don for confirmation.

Don responds with a slight nod.

DON

(to Tony)

Do it!

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ LIBRARY - NIGHT

Delaney and Don enter.

DELANEY

It should of never come to this,
Don.

DON

Let them do their job. We're beyond
negotiating here.

DELANEY

She's mine, Don. She's my kid!

Beat.

DON

You've done what you can.

DELANEY

It's me she wants.

DON

And it's my job she doesn't get
what she wants.

Delaney is frustrated with him.

DELANEY

I want her -- alive!

EXT. BACK OF DELANEY ESTATE/ POOL AREA - NEAR DAWN

More guards race through with urgency.

A few disappear to the side of the residence.

A handful take positions near the patio doors.

EXT. BACK OF DELANEY ESTATE/ SECOND LEVEL - NEAR DAWN

Emma scales down a drainage pipe, then leaps over and onto the upper terrace.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ LIBRARY - NEAR DAWN

Three guards burst into the room and dart over to the large window and sliding doors. They take positions, ready to fire.

EXT. BACK OF DELANEY ESTATE/ PATIO - NEAR DAWN

Emma jumps down from the upper terrace onto the concrete surface of the patio --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ LIBRARY - NEAR DAWN

As soon as the guards see Emma --

A maelstrom of bullets hail.

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ PATIO - NEAR DAWN

Emma jumps to one side just as --

Bullets shatter through the glass doors.

Chars of glass blow out onto the patio deck.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ LIBRARY - NEAR DAWN

Now silence.

All three guards stand at the ready. Their cartridges empty.

No movement out on the patio.

Everyone waits.

Then:

Emma jumps in from one side of the patio deck, and fires --

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Each guard taken out with one bullet through the head.

The guards hit the floor, consecutively.

Emma waits out on the patio.

No more shots are fired.

With caution, Emma steps inside, through the now openly shattered window.

Crackles are heard as Emma steps on the shattered glass.

One guard twitches.

Emma quickly fires at his head.

No more movement.

Emma braces herself as she makes her way through the library and to the door before her --

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ MAIN LEVEL - NEAR DAWN

The library door opens.

Emma holds her automatic rifle -- ready. She moves gingerly through the corridor.

Emma is unaware of a GUARD that sneaks up from behind her.

The Guard's automatic rifle directed dead-on Emma's head. He makes no sound. Once he is close enough:

GUARD
(calmly)
Don't-move.

Emma freezes.

The Guard is directly behind Emma now.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Now... slow...

The Guard, slowly, removes the automatic rifle from Emma's hands.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Turn around.

Emma does just that and faces him.

GUARD (CONT'D)
You've done your turn for today.
Let's go.

He gestures Emma to move toward the foyer. Into his side-mic:

GUARD (CONT'D)
I got her.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ KITCHEN - NEAR DAWN

Don steadies himself.

DON
We got her.

Delaney is anxious now.

DON (CONT'D)
(to Delaney)
Go easy.

Delaney leaves.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ NEAR FOYER - NEAR DAWN

The Guard directs Emma forward, the rifle barrel aimed at her head.

Emma's eyes are in direct line to the front doors.

Suddenly -- Emma spins and grabs the rifle barrel.

The Guard is taken by surprise.

A struggle ensues.

A shot is fired, haphazardly.

Emma thrusts the rifle into the Guard's sternum.

The Guard drops back, but still holds the rifle.

Emma kicks the Guard in the groin.

The Guard drops to his knees.

Emma now has the rifle.

Emma kicks the Guard down to his back. She presses her foot on the his throat. The rifle aimed at his head.

The Guard struggles to breath.

INT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FAR END OF CORRIDOR - NEAR DAWN

Delaney and Don step in. Don takes hold of Delaney's arm to stop him.

The Guard now doesn't move.

Emma takes her foot off of his throat.

DON
(to Emma)
You won't get far.

Emma takes aim at Don and Delaney.

EMMA
We'll see.

Beat.

Don reaches for his sidearm and takes aim at Delaney's head.

Delaney doesn't know what to make of this.

DON
I got a plan...

Emma doesn't expect this.

DON (CONT'D)
You put your gun down... I won't
shoot him.

EMMA
You won't when I shoot you.

Don smiles at her.

DON
A bitch with conviction.

He shakes his head at Delaney.

DON (CONT'D)
 She's something.
 (to Emma)
 He did this all for you, you know.

EMMA
 It wasn't necessary.

DON
 I see that.
 (smiles at Emma)
 I like you.

EMMA
 That won't last.

DON
 (to Delaney)
 You were right... she's something.
 (to Emma)
 Just like mom.

Emma has no reaction.

DON (CONT'D)
 She didn't care much for him
 either. She was ready to expose him
 to his business partners about his
 business dealings with his
 financial buddies. People she knew,
 but didn't like. They didn't like
 her either.
 (to Delaney)
 Right?
 (to Emma)
 She was a shit disturber... like
 you.
 (sarcastic tone to
 Delaney)
 We couldn't let her do that, right?

DELANEY
 Stop, Don.

DON
 Never interfere with a man and his
 business.

Laughs at the thought.

DELANEY
 Don't...

DON

He did this all for you. He wanted to clean up your fucking life! He didn't like what you turned into... which was her.

DELANEY

(to Emma)

Don't do this...

EMMA

-- You don't know me.

DON

That's what your last contracts were suppose to do... scare you straight. But you were already a full-time bitch and on your way to becoming a legitimate cunt with attitude.

(beat)

He wanted you back. For what... I don't know...

(beat)

He can be naive... you know? Maybe that's why she ran away off on him. Well, being a fucking cunt with attitude didn't help her any either. She brought it on herself.

(to Emma)

Like you.

Takes aim at Emma.

DELANEY

-- No!

Before Emma has a chance to react --

Delaney grabs Don's arm with the gun and presses it into his own chest.

Don shoots him repeatedly.

Bang-bang-bang!

The shots go through Delaney and blood sprays out his back.

Emma fires at Don --

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Don drops to the floor along with Delaney.

Don lies still.

Emma goes to Delaney, takes his head in her hands. She stares into her father's dead eyes.

Emma stands and takes aim at Don. Her eyes are cold as she aims the rifle and blasts one through Don's head.

Emma drops the automatic rifle to the floor. She turns and staggers to the front doors --

EXT. DELANEY ESTATE/ FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Emma steps out.

Tony races out with two other guards. All armed.

One of the guards goes to take aim at Emma, who quietly makes her way to the front gate.

Emma stops and takes in the estate and the armed guards behind her.

Tony places a calm hand on the guard's rifle to stop him. The guard lowers the barrel.

Sirens are heard in the distance.

Emma and Tony glare at each other.

Emma turns and continues her way through the gate --

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE DELANEY ESTATE - DAWN

Emma stops in the middle of the street.

The sirens scream close in.

Rather than turn to her car, Emma starts to run the opposite direction --

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO/ "L" TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Emma arrives along with the other commuters. She has the dark overcoat donned over her.

Two uniformed officers stand at the far end of the platform.

Emma keeps to herself. Doesn't want to be noticed.

The two uniformed officers make their way over to Emma.

Emma is still. Head bowed.

The two uniformed officers buffer past her.

Emma steadies herself. Her eyes turn from the uniformed officers to the railway tracks before her.

EXT. "L" TRAIN STATION/ MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Emma steps out. She glides past the commuters who file into the station. Her pace quickens as she crosses the street.

A Man-In-A-Cap and leather jacket emerges from the train station. He checks either end of the street --

It is Cristo.

The Beretta in his hand is placed in his jacket pocket. He spots Emma in the distance as she gets away. He heads in that direction...

FADE OUT

THE END