

KAPPA KAPPA HIT WOMAN

Written by

David Lettis

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

EMMA DILLINGER stands with a large knife dripping in blood. Blood is splattered across her pale, petrified face.

Emma is in her twenties, brunette, stylish, and attractive. Not the kind of woman you'd expect to see standing with a bloody knife in the middle of a dark parking lot.

We scan lower and see a DEAD MAN on the ground.

Back to Emma. She looks around, trying not to scream. She looks at her reflection in a car window and is mortified at how she looks.

She attempts to straighten out her hair, but inadvertently rubs blood in it. Mortified, she turns and walks away.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

With blood still on her face, Emma is now in the middle back seat of a Suburban. Two large MEN in black suits are on either side of her. One of them holds a Ziplock bag out and Emma places the knife inside.

A man, BENSON, in the front seat with burns and bandages on his face, turns and begins laughing.

BENSON

Did you seriously do it?

EMMA

Ye, yeah, it's done.

Emma turns and looks behind her, but we don't know what she sees.

MAN WITH ZIPLOCK

That's badass...

Emma cuts him off by vomiting into his lap. The scene FREEZES mid-vomit.

EMMA (V.O.)

I'm not going to lie, when I graduated college, I honestly thought I was going to be an English teacher.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Emma, cleaned up and dressed in jeans and a nice shirt, sits at the table with SANCHO. Sancho is nine years old and Mexican. He looks horribly mis-dressed in khakis and a pink Polo shirt. They're both looking at his grammar homework.

SANCHO
After... dog?

EMMA
Good! And?

SANCHO
And?

EMMA
Remember, the Oxford comma.

SANCHO
Oh, cat!

EMMA
Yes! You got this. All right,
you're going to do great.

SANCHO
Thanks, Emma.

They bump fists and pretend to "blow it up."

EXT. OUTSIDE MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Emma walks toward the movie theater, shielding herself by looking at the ground and hiding behind her shoulders.

EMMA (V.O.)
Ok, so my new bra is actually for a
date I arranged with myself. I've
never seen a movie on my own, but
it can't be worse than seeing one
with my recent spate of men.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Emma approaches the ticket booth. A YOUNG MAN, maybe a freshman in high school, waits.

EMMA
Heh... Hi.

YOUNG MAN
Welcome to Livingston Cinemas! How
can I help you?

Emma hands him a ticket.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Just you?

EMMA
Um, excuse me?

YOUNG MAN
Meeting someone?

EMMA
No.

YOUNG MAN
Ah. I could've guessed.

Emma looks pissed as she takes the ticket back.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma approaches another young man in front of the popcorn machine. He smiles at her as though he knows her. It takes a moment for Emma to realize it's THOMAS MARON, her boss's high school son.

THOMAS
Hi, Emma!

EMMA
(clears throat)
Hiya, Thomas!

THOMAS
Are you here on your own?

EMMA
Yep.

THOMAS
Good for you. I don't see why that
should be such a big deal.
Actually, I'm seeing a lot of women
your age coming in alone these
days.

Emma just glares at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
So what'll it be?

EMMA
A popcorn... large. And a Diet
Coke... large. And... Junior Mints.

THOMAS
Big appetite!
(rings it up)
That'll be 22 dollars.
(takes her credit card)
Oh, say hi to my mom for me. I
think she's at the bar today.

EMMA
Oh, I will.

Emma looks at a LITTLE GIRL with her hand in a bag of
popcorn.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma has her hands full with her purchases. She reaches for
the door to the theater and realizes she can't open it.

MAN (O.S.)
Oh, allow me.

The attractive MAN rushes to the door and opens it. Emma
momentarily ogles him, but then his GIRLFRIEND enters and
stands next to him, knocking Emma out of her fantasy.

EMMA
Thanks.

MAN
Lord knows I've had that problem.

Emma is humiliated as she enters in front of them.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Emma has settled into her seat and has her food properly
nestled in the right places. The man and his girlfriend
approach.

MAN
Oh, I think you actually are in my
seat.

EMMA

Oh, um, no, see, G-5.

The man accepts the ticket and then nods. Hands it back.

MAN

Yeah, see, it's actually for
tomorrow.

Emma is mortified. She immediately begins packing her things.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, no no, look, theater's empty.
Stay there.

Emma just smiles and takes her giant popcorn, giant soda, and Junior Mints and walks out.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - LATER

Emma enters with her movie theater food. The bar is a typical sports bar with 15 or so PATRONS.

JARROD, a loud, large, boisterous gay man is behind the bar. Just in view is JANICE, a middle-aged woman who looks exhausted, having a somewhat heated discussion with a man of Indian descent, GERALD DALTON.

Emma ducks under the bar entrance as Janice sends Gerald on his way. Emma's so intrigued by the encounter that she walks right past a MAN sitting at the bar. Janice walks toward Emma.

EMMA

Who was that?

JANICE

No one important. You're here
early. What's all that? I thought
you had a date.

EMMA

Your son says hi.

She looks at a few of the MEN sitting at the bar and we get the feeling they're regulars. Emma takes a sip of her soda and then carefully pours popcorn out onto napkins along the bar. The men voraciously dig in.

JANICE

If they don't order food, it's
coming out of your tips. And if
you're here, you're working.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)
(picks a flyer up)
What do you think of this flyer?

Emma accepts the flyer from Janice and reads it: **Join the First Street Bar and Grill to keep Livingston local! Tell East Bay Mutual they can't have our downtown!**

EMMA
They should be it. But looks good
otherwise. Still fighting?

JANICE
Always. You hear Peter's Books is
closing.

EMMA
No!

JANICE
Chuck went rogue and sold his
interest. It's going to be a sister
bar to a fancy San Francisco bar.

EMMA
Chuck? You mean Peter?

JANICE
No. There is no Peter.

Emma tries to understand the logic when Jarrod approaches excitedly. He wiggles his fingers together as though he has a great idea.

JARROD
Dibs.

EMMA
What?

Emma follows his eyes and turns around. Her face goes pale. We see REEV for the first time. Reev is her age, exceptionally handsome with a chiseled jaw and well-built body. Emma turns back around, unsure what to do.

Jarrod pulls at her bra strap.

JARROD
Oh my God, you slut! You have a new
bra on! Bleh. Fine, you can have
him.

Jarrod now wiggles his fingers outward, shooing her toward him. Reluctantly, she turns and begins walking toward Reev. On her way, she spots an empty glass.

EMMA

Tommy Boy, Jarrod's going to get
you a new one.

When she looks at Reev, he's wagging his glass in the air.

REEV

I could use one too.

Emma stops in front of him and shakes her head.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Emma is on the other side of the bar and has her legs wrapped
around Reev as they hug each other.

REEV

Hey there.

She drops her feet but they remain standing with their hands
on each other. Emma's clearly teary-eyed.

EMMA

What are you doing here?

REEV

My orders were up. I had to re-
enlist or retire.

EMMA

But why are you here?

REEV

Fate, I guess. Caught the bus in
and thought I'd get a beer before
figuring out where to go.

Emma sighs. They both take a stool. In the background, the
guys at the bar are eating popcorn and watching.

EMMA

You didn't call me. You... You
disappeared.

REEV

In my defense, I was at war.

(beat)

So, your tits look, like, unreal.

JARROD

Right?!

EMMA

Thank you, Jarrod.

JARROD

(whispering)

New bra.

REEV

(laughing, to Emma)

So is it too soo. To suggest we disappear for a couple weeks.

JARROD

O.M.G., yes! It's like a movie!

EMMA

A movie where I get abandoned.

Reev nods his head as though he was expecting that, but isn't happy about it.

REEV

Maybe we can start with drinks?

In the background, a man comes and sits next to Reev. The man, BENSON, dressed in a black suit and close in age to Emma and Reev, slides a card across the bar.

BENSON

Sorry, overheard. Check out my new club, east of here a few miles.

Reev turns and seems surprised. He picks up the card.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Grapefruit juice, please.

REEV

Gravitas. Benson. What kind of name is Benson?

BENSON

The kind my father gave me. How about you?

There's awkward tension between them. Janice reappears and throws her hands in the air. Emma sighs and gets up.

EMMA

I have to get to work.

Reev seems like he's under Benson's spell.

REEV
(holds the card up)
Drinks when you're off?

JARROD
She's in. She's off at midnight.

REEV
Well I'll see you out front.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR - NIGHT

Emma walks out of the bar. Reeve is leaning against an Uber waiting for her. He pops the door open and waits for her to enter. She shakes her head and hops in.

INT. CAR - LATER

From the backseat, Emma and Reeve look at a seemingly abandoned warehouse. A few PEOPLE are outside smoking.

REEV
Maybe we should just go to your place.

EMMA
Oh, smooth. Come on, you're the one who dragged me here.

They get out.

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They both stare at an ominously large steel door. **Gravitas** is written in paint across the front. Reeve looks at the smokers, shrugs, and then pounds on the door. A slot slides open and we see EYES. The eyes are fixated on Reeve.

EYES
What?

REEV
(gulps)
Uh, Benson sent us.

The eyes look suspicious, but the slot closes and the door pops open. A man in jeans with a tucked in Hawaiian shirt keeping his large gut in place stands in front of them. The man, VINCE, has a long white ponytail. He has a slight smile on his face and holds a lit cigar in his hand.

VINCE
Benson sent you, huh?

REEV
Yep.

Vince nods and puffs on his cigar.

VINCE
Well you kids have fun then. Don't
get into too much trouble.

He steps aside as Emma walks past. Reeve and Vince share a moment before Reeve joins Emma.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Reeve walk down the hallway. The walls are covered in maroon curtains.

EMMA
For the record, we don't allow
these curtains in our bar because
they are highly flammable.

They stop walking and Reeve stares at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What?

They continue. We follow them out of the hallway and into the main warehouse. The MUSIC is loud and PEOPLE are dancing. Emma and Reeve try to understand what they just walked into as they wander through the crowd.

They make their way closer to the bar when Benson finds them. Benson has a large smile and grasps Reeve by the shoulders.

BENSON
Friends! I knew you'd make it.

Reeve puts one hand on Benson's shoulder to reluctantly embrace him back.

REEV
What is this place?

BENSON
A little place we hope will put
Livingston on the map.
(beat, to Emma)
So, you have treated me so well,
everything is on the house.

Benson turns and motions to the bartender, who acknowledges.

BENSON (CONT'D)

They're on the house all night!

The bartender gives a thumbs up as Benson reaches over the bar and pulls over two shots for Emma and Reev. They accept, cheers, and take them.

EMMA (V.O.)

That's the last thing I remember.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma is in her bed. She's in her bra and underwear and tangled in the covers. She looks like she had a rough night. Her phone on the bedside table rings and jolts her awake. It hurts to open her eyes, so she feels for the phone and pulls it over to her. She cracks one eye open to see her mom's (CAROL) face on the phone. She answers it.

EMMA

Hi.

CAROL (O.S.)

What's wrong?

EMMA

What? Nothing. I just had a long night.

CAROL

Are you spiriting?

EMMA

Mom, Jesus, stop calling my period spiriting. But, yes.

CAROL

(laughs)

I know my daughter.

EMMA

Reev showed up last night.

CAROL

Reev? High school Reev? What does that boy want?

EMMA

That boy is a man.

CAROL

And let me guess. You were up all night crying.

EMMA

Mom! Jesus. Stop talking to me like I'm a crazy person. What do you want?

CAROL

You live ten minutes away and I never see you. Is it too much to want to talk to you?

EMMA

Ugh, don't remind me. And I see you at the library every Thursday.

CAROL

That doesn't count!

EMMA

Ok, bye, mother.

CAROL

I love...

Emma hangs up. Her clock says 7 AM.

Through one eye, she looks up an Uber receipt and sees she got home at 4:13 AM. Disgusted, she drops her arm. She double checks to make sure she's alone, the rolls out of bed.

She stumbles to the bathroom and looks at herself in the mirror. She's horrified. She looks down at her legs and clearly wonders where her pants are.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma, still nearly naked, walks out of her room. She's driving a palm into her forehead because of the pain. She stops walking when she sees Reeve passed out in a sitting position on the couch. His face is caked in dry blood. Wadded up toilet paper sticks out of his nose.

EMMA

Reeve? Reeve! What happened?

Reeve slowly comes to and opens the one eye that isn't swollen shut. It takes him a moment to focus. When he finally sees Emma in just her underwear, he smiles and giggles.

REEV
You're super hot.

EMMA
What happened?

Reev reaches up and yanks the toilet paper out. The blood has dried, so he grimaces as it rips out nose hairs. He tries to breathe through his nostrils.

REEV
Aaahhh, fuck.
(beat)
We got wastey pants. I got beat up.

EMMA
Why?

REEV
You had a drink, I had a drink. I don't know, it happens.

EMMA
Reev!

REEV
I don't know, I... I played cards.
Yeah. You were there.

EMMA
I, what? Wait, you played cards
with what money?

Reev thinks about it. He makes a face like he messed up.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh shit. Do you owe money or something? Is that why you got beat up? How much do you owe?

REEV
Fuck if I know. Who cares? They can't find us.

EMMA
Reev, they know who I am. They know where I work. I can't just leave.
Jesus Christ.

Emma begins pacing and is on the verge of a complete meltdown.

REEV
Ok. So what do we do?

Emma is livid, but can't think straight.

EMMA

I don't know. I need to get dressed.

Emma begins to storm off but stops.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where are my pants?

Reev thinks about it and smiles.

REEV

Oh, now that I do remember. They're at the club.

EMMA

What? How?

REEV

Who cares. Just get some more.

EMMA

Reev, my pants had all of my... My credit cards. My cash. I have to go get them back.

REEV

What? No. Just cancel your cards.

EMMA

That can't be right. Where are my pants?

REEV

I told you.

EMMA

Fine. Then get dressed. We need to go back.

Reev looks at her for a moment and then drops his head back on the couch.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Emma and Reev, both in sunglasses and looking hungover, sit in the car in front of Gravitas, which looks even more like an abandoned warehouse. Reev pulls out a pack of cigarettes and brings one to his mouth.

EMMA

Don't even think of lighting that
in this car.

Reev clenches his jaw but sighs and puts the cigarette away.

REEV

You don't smoke anymore?

EMMA

Ew. I've never smoked.

REEV

You smoked one time.

EMMA

Biggest mistake of my life.

REEV

You enjoyed it.

EMMA

And then you left.

(beat)

Let's get this over with.

EXT. GRAVITAS FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

They stand in front of the door that says Gravitas and wait
for the other to move.

EMMA

Will you at least pretend that
you're actually a Marine?

Reev, with his eye swollen shut, just laughs and pounds on
the door. The slot immediately opens. Vince sees them, closes
the slot and opens the door.

VINCE

You have pants on. I like you
better with no pants.

Reev can't keep a straight face and then nods in agreement.

EMMA

May I please have my pants back?

VINCE

Benson has them downstairs.

He steps out of the way.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Reev and Emma make their way across the empty floor and both recognize the door to the downstairs. They stop in front of it.

EMMA

Now what? Do we knock?

Reev reaches out and opens it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, thanks. Kind of weird that
Livingston has illegal warehouse
clubs, huh?

REEV

That contributed to me not wanting
to return.

EMMA

Makes sense.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Reev and Emma emerge from the stairwell. The room has a bar and several tables set up for poker. Several men in black suits are lounging around, but rise when Reev and Emma appear. Benson is looking over some papers, but grins broadly when he sees them. He puts the papers down and approaches them.

BENSON

Woaaaa! Look what we have here.
The slutty bartender and the
Marine.

(beat, to Reev)

God damn, what happened to you?

EMMA

Look, we just want to know what
happened. Or...

BENSON

Or what?

EMMA

Where I left my wallet.

Benson smiles, cocks his head to the side, and rubs his chin.

BENSON

And what about what you owe?

REEV

What we owe?

BENSON

Yes, what you owe. I handed your girl here a note that says specifically what you owe.

EMMA

What note?

BENSON

The one I shoved in your pocket.

EMMA (V.O.)

Of the pants I am no longer in possession of. I really am the slutty bartender.

All of the men laugh as Benson turns and heads behind the bar, motioning for Reev and Emma to follow. They stop at a television monitor and Benson hits play.

A video of Reev playing cards begins to play. In the video, Emma stands behind him. It appears that Reev loses a hand and Emma sneakily tries to steal chips from another player. The player gets mad and Reev punches him.

Benson stops it as Reev turns, shakes his head and laughs. Benson hits play on another monitor.

In the second video, Reev and Emma are dragged out of a door. Five men pummel Reev for about ten seconds while Emma is forced to watch. Benson walks out with a business card in his hand. He tucks the card into her jeans and two men throw Emma to the side of the alley. She stands up and tries to claw the card out of her pocket, but she's so distraught, high, and drunk that she's unable to. She takes her jeans off and throws them at Benson.

Benson hits stop. One of the men steps forward and hands Emma her pants, which she accepts. She takes the note out of the pocket. It says, **7K. 1 week.**

EMMA

We don't have seven thousand dollars.

BENSON

Then we'll find a way to make things even. Isn't that just a perfect arrangement, Reeve?

EMMA

Who are you, like the mob?

REEV

This isn't on her. This is entirely my debt.

BENSON

Reev, are you really going to play this game? Yes? Well, sorry. This is on both of you. I've found I have a much better chance of getting paid when the stakes are doubled.

Reev is growing angry, but Emma pulls him away.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

They're both fuming and scared.

REEV

Fuck. Why'd you make us go back!?

EMMA

I don't just have seven thousand dollars laying around.

Reev pulls out a cigarette and takes a drag. He hands it to Emma who also takes a drag. She passes it back. Reev smokes it, but when Emma doesn't accept it back, he flicks it toward the curtains.

Emma begins to protest, but he grabs her shirt and forces her into the hallway. They pass Vince as they exit.

INT. MANSION STAIRWELL - DREAM

Emma, 8 years younger, is dressed in a beautiful gown. She is being escorted down a stairwell by a COLLEGE MAN close to her age. They stop a few steps from the bottom. Before them, dozens of college-aged MEN and WOMEN dressed in gowns and suits watch.

COLLEGE MAN

(to the crowd)

Sisters of Kappa Kappa Gamma and brothers of Sigma Nu, now presenting, Emma Dillinger!

The crowd begins to clap and Emma blushes.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma awakes with a jolt. She's feeling better than the day before and is able to hop out of bed. She approaches the mirror and looks at herself.

EMMA
(to the mirror)
Now presenting, Emma Dillinger.
(beat)
Special lady day, take two.

INT. BARRE STUDIO - MORNING

Emma is in workout clothes following along to a workout with several other WOMEN.

INT. NAIL SALON - LATER

Still in her workout clothes, a VIETNAMESE WOMAN is giving Emma a manicure.

INT. LIBRARY CLASSROOM - LATER

Emma, still in her workout clothes, is sitting in front of ten YOUNG KIDS. There's a white board with some random sentences written out and all of the nouns underlined. One of the kids, MANUEL, raises his hand.

MANUEL
Yo, Ms. D?

EMMA
Yes, Manuel.

MANUEL
Why all us Spanish folk needa learn
on this white folk stuff?

EMMA
Learning how to speak proper
English is important, just like
learning proper Spanish. Some day,
when you make something of
yourself, you'll thank me for
learning how to communicate.

INT. HAIR SALON - LATER

ANGELA is working on Emma's hair. Angela is what might be considered a local. She has big hair, big nails, and her clothes are too tight for her out of shape body.

ANGELA
Paying in ones and fives again?

Emma laughs.

EMMA
Sorry.

ANGELA
You want your roots re-dyed?

EMMA
I can't afford it, I have to come up with... I can't afford it.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma is sitting in her car in the driveway of her mom's house. CAROL opens the front door and waves. She has a bandana on and looks like she's been doing house work. Emma waves back.

The house is farther outside of town and abuts a large park, vineyards, and open space. When Emma steps out of the car, she noticeably looks at the driveway before she sets her foot down.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Carol hug. When they part, Emma looks at her mom's bandana and Carol looks at Emma's hair.

CAROL
Love the hair. Angela?

EMMA
Yep.

CAROL
I love Angela. What a treasure. Did you check for snakes when you got out of the car?

EMMA
Of course I did.

CAROL

Your dad would be so proud. Did you go to the library today?

EMMA

Yes.

CAROL

Did you work out?

EMMA

Yes.

CAROL

Good girl.

EMMA

What's with the bandana?

CAROL

Ah, well, I have some news. I am selling the house.

Emma starts to respond, stops when something occurs to her, and then smiles.

EMMA

You're not moving, mom. You're just bored.

CAROL

Hey, take that back!

Emma rolls her eyes.

EMMA

Fine, I take it back.

CAROL

I was considering remodeling. Your dad and I had some plans. But, Emma I'm getting old. I don't need all this.

EMMA

Wait, you're being serious? You can't sell our house! This is, this, this is dad's house.

CAROL

Yes, I am. Emma-girl, your dad's been gone for four years. It's time.

Emma makes a sad face and looks around the house. She nods.

CAROL (CONT'D)

So, listen, you have to clear your things out. Anything you don't take is getting tossed. Come on.

INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Carol are standing in a room with no furniture. Almost everything is boxed up. Emma is stunned.

EMMA

Jesus, mom, my stuff.

CAROL

I've been busy.

EMMA

Where's my bed?

CAROL

That dumpy thing? I had it hauled off yesterday.

Emma steps forward and begins rummaging through a box. She picks up a Magic 8 Ball.

CAROL (CONT'D)

K, I'm going to go make a delicious and nutritious lunch. Take what you want, but, Emma-girl, most of it's trash. Just take stuff with meaning.

Emma frowns as her mom walks away. She puts the Magic 8 ball back and picks up a few other random objects.

She sees a box with picture frames and pulls some out. One is a picture of her and her dad, another is one of her and her sorority sisters, and a third is of her and Reev. She decides all she wants are the pictures. She picks up the box and wanders out.

We follow Emma as she walks through the house, which is extremely outdated. She makes her way into the kitchen where Carol makes sandwiches.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emma plops the box on the central island and takes a seat on a stool. Her mom slides a sandwich in front of her.

EMMA
Mayonnaise?

CAROL
Of course not.

Emma picks up a half and takes a bite.

EMMA
Do you ever miss dad, mom?

Carol looks at Emma and then smiles lovingly.

CAROL
Everyday. But, he's gone.
(she laughs)
He was always fighting for some
cause. Keep Livingston local!
Dragging me to meetings. My social
life dropped significantly, I'll
tell you that much.

EMMA
Huh, I never knew that. Sounds like
Janice actually.

CAROL
Yeah, she was involved. Oh, that
reminds me.

Carol picks up a manila folder and slides it to Emma. Emma
opens it and pulls out certificates.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Found those when I cleaned out the
office. Old bonds your grandma
would give you. I forgot about them
to tell you the truth.

Emma flips through them.

EMMA
Oh my God. There's tens of
thousands of dollars here.

CAROL
Yeah, your lucky day. They're all
matured. There should be an
address. Just send them in.
Registered mail, please.

Emma continues to hold the folder and smiles. She forces
herself to take a bite.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Can you believe that fire? So terrible.

EMMA
What fire?

CAROL
What fire? Emma-girl, you need to stay active in the news.

She slides a newspaper to Emma. On the front page, the headline reads: **Livingston Blaze at Underground Club Gravitas Claims 14 Lives**. Emma spits her bite out across the counter. She picks the newspaper up to look at it closely. She now holds the newspaper and the folder of bonds.

EMMA
Mom, I have to go.

CAROL
What?

Emma stands up and quickly runs out of the house.

INT. CAR - LATER

The sun is high in the sky and the heat seems unbearable. As Emma sits in her car a block away from the smoking warehouse, we can see the heat rising from the road. COP CARS and FIRE TRUCKS are on the scene. Emma looks at the scene. Her eyes are glazed over. She pulls the newspaper up to look at it.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma drives in a daze down a local neighborhood street. She sees an open garage door. Inside the garage, a MAN is on a couch watching a television. She continues to drive another block and then pulls into her driveway.

She stares at the closed garage. She pushes the garage door opener and we can tell that she's hoping she sees someone sitting inside. It's completely empty. She pulls the car in and closes the garage door behind her.

She turns the car off and pulls her phone out. She dials a number and listens to it ring. She begins to cry when she hears Reev's message. She puts the phone down.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma sits in her car in the garage. Based on the reduced sunlight coming through the garage windows, we understand she's been sitting there for hours. Finally, she opens the door and gets out.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Emma enters her bedroom and climbs under the covers on her bed with all of her clothes on. She pulls the covers up tight and shakes. She's in shock. Then her phone rings. She excitedly answers it.

EMMA

Reev!

SANCHO (O.S.)

Emma?

EMMA

Oh. Hiya, Sancho.

SANCHO

Hey, Emma! Guess what? I aced my English exam!

Emma sits up. It has legitimately taken her mind off the fact she killed 14 people.

EMMA

That's fantastic! Congratulations! See, what'd I tell you? If you work hard, you can do it. You're so smart. Sometimes I think too smart for your own good.

SANCHO

So, I guess I'll see you next semester?

EMMA

Yes you will. Have an amazing summer.

SANCHO

K, you too. And Emma, I'm going to miss you.

EMMA

I'll miss you too. Bye, Sancho.

She hangs up and sinks back into the pillow.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma, still dressed in her clothes from the day before, gets out of bed. She appears numb. When she looks in the mirror, she barely looks at herself.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - LATER

Emma stands in the shower. The water is scalds her skin.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Emma puts clothes on as though nothing is wrong.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Emma takes several vitamin supplements and eats a yogurt.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Six years earlier.

Emma and her SISTERS stand around a table. One of the sisters, ASHLEY, holds up a vitamin bottle.

ASHLEY

It's very important to maintain good vitamin health. Good vitamins means good skin, good hair, and good brains. There may come a time when you think it's not important, but make time. Vitamins are life.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Back to present.

She picks her phone up to check for any calls. When she sees no calls, she sticks the phone in her pocket.

EXT. FIRST STREET BAR PATIO - LATE MORNING

Emma approaches the bar, which is dark and empty. She pulls on the door, but it's locked. She keeps her hand on the door in frustration. She hears footprints behind her and tenses.

JARROD

Either you forgot your key, or this
is the saddest walk of shame I have
ever witnessed.

Emma turns and can't hold back the tears.

JARROD (CONT'D)

Oh no! Honey, what's wrong?

They hug. Jarrod is both concerned and mildly amused.

EMMA

I've had a long couple of days.

JARROD

Uh oh, tell me everything.

They separate. Emma wipes her eye while Jarrod looks at her
hair and seems stunned.

JARROD (CONT'D)

Oh my God, your hair!

EMMA

What!?

JARROD

It's fabulous! Angela?

Emma realizes it's a happy exuberance and forgets she's sad.

EMMA

Yep!

JARROD

Mmm, I love Angela. What an angel.
Now come on, help me with the door.

Jarrod slides a key in and Emma opens it. They ENTER.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Jarrod throw their things on the bar and begin
setting up for opening.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - LATER

JARROD

So what happened with mystery man?
I can't believe you didn't come in
and tell us. We've all been betting
on if you boned him.

EMMA

Jarrood! Wait, who's been betting?

JARROD

Honey, everyone. Except me of
course. I know you're a good girl.
I know you wouldn't give it up so
quick, even if he is an immaculate
specimen of male testosterone and
sexuality.

EMMA

Ew.

Emma pulls a chair off a table but notices the curtains.
She's momentarily stunned, which Jarrod notices.

JARROD

What on earth happened to you? Look
at you, all lost in thought.

EMMA

Nothing, I'm just tired.

JARROD

Oh, did you hear about that fire?
So crazy. So horrible. Those poor
people. Burning to death is like,
just awful. So scary.

Emma has to take a deep breath and purposely avoids making
eye contact so he doesn't piece together that she was there.

EMMA

So what do you do outside of work?
I mean, other than taking home nice
men every weekend or getting
beautified by Angela?

Jarrood walks over clearly suspicious as several WAITRESSES
begin to straggle in the door in the background.

JARROD

What happened these past couple
days?

EMMA

Reev just... stirred up emotions.

JARROD

Reev. Mmm. Even his name is sexy.
Well, if you must know, I've been
volunteering at the local Boys and
Girls Club.

Emma turns, impressed.

EMMA

That is so fantastic. I had no
idea. How are you, you know,
received, over there?

JARROD

(eyebrow raised)

It just so happens there are a lot
of little boys out there who are
very confused and can use mentors
of varying experiences.

A waitress, ELENA, approaches Emma. Elena is young and
beautiful, possibly in college.

ELENA

Hey, Em, um, Emma. People are
starting to line up at the door. We
still have a couple minutes, but
can we just let them in?

EMMA

Because eleven isn't early enough
to start drinking. Sure.

Elated, Elena runs off to the door to let them in.

JARROD

Why do you hate her so much?

EMMA

Eleanor? The young, beautiful
waitress?

JARROD

Elena. Elena.

(beat)

The young, beautiful waitress.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - LATER

Emma fixes a drink and laughs with one of the local PATRONS. We see her in her element. She's simply a local girl working at a bar and everyone loves her.

A MAN in a suit enters and Emma tenses. He sees his friends and smiles. Emma eases up.

JARROD

You ok?

EMMA

Yeah. Sorry.

Reev enters and sits at the bar. Emma tenses again.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Jarrood looks at his beat up face.

JARROD

Hello. The plot thickens.

REEV

Can you get me a beer?

Emma implores Jarrood with her eyes to get Reev a beer.

REEV (CONT'D)

I'm just checking on you. Sorry. I care.

EMMA

Since when?

Jarrood puts a beer in front of Reev.

REEV

I'm not leaving until I walk you to your car.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The sun is low in the sky when Emma and Reev leave the bar. They walk to her car, looking around cautiously as they move. They stop when they see --

-- Benson and another man leaning against the car. Benson smiles as a black Suburban pulls up next to them.

BENSON

Don't make this more difficult than
it has to be.

Emma looks at Reev, who nods.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma sits in the backseat of a Suburban between two large MEN
in suits. Benson sits in the passenger seat. Reev and two
more men are in the third row.

Benson turns and we bandages on his face to cover burns.

BENSON

Hiya, Emma. Isn't that what you
like to say? Hiya?

EMMA

What is this?

BENSON

Here's the thing, Emma. I tried to
be nice. Your boyfriend wants to
play cards? Sure. You treat me
well. I know you're good for it.
Then you go -- then you go and burn
down my club? You killed my men,
Emma. You killed them.

EMMA

(starts crying)

I didn't do that. I swear. This is
all a mistake.

BENSON

Admittedly, I'm not a monster. It
was probably a mistake. Here's the
thing, though. Those men you
killed, they were kind of
important. So, I have a proposition
for you. I either turn you and the
video footage of you burning down
my club to the police, or you and
your incompetent boyfriend do me
some favors.

REEV (O.C.)

What kind of favors?

There's a loud thump as an elbow meets ribs. Emma turns to
look at Reev.

BENSON

Did you get your haircut? My God,
you are one cold-blooded bitch.

REEV

Holy shit, you did get your hair
cut.

BENSON

Oh, classy. Boyfriend doesn't even
recognize it. Took at least three
inches off.

EMMA

You look different yourself. It
almost looks like you were in a
fire. I hope no one got hurt.

REEV

(laughing)
Holy shit.

Another CRACK in the ribs.

EMMA

Ok, what kind of favor?

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma, Benson, Reev, and the other five men are sitting in the
parked Suburban. A short ways away we see a restaurant.

BENSON

Emma, let me ask you something.
When you tossed that cigarette
under the curtains, did you know
it'd burn the place down? Did you
mean to kill my men?

Emma doesn't respond. Benson smiles.

BENSON (CONT'D)

That bar right there, a new bar in
town. The Sky Bar. Ridiculous name,
but that's beside the point.
Tonight they're hosting the annual
Tri-Valley development fundraiser.

Benson holds a picture out of a man.

BENSON (CONT'D)

This man, Jacob O'Dowd, is one of
the guests of honor.

(MORE)

BENSON (CONT'D)

His car is in that parking lot across the street. It's a black Mercedes.

EMMA

You want me to steal his car or something? That's absurd. I don't know how to steal cars.

BENSON

(smiling)

He's going to come out of that fundraiser in about five minutes. When he does, I want you to be waiting for him, and then I want you to stick this knife into his back.

One of the men next to Emma holds out a 12-inch hunting knife with a serrated edge that looks like it belongs to Rambo. Emma looks at it, shakes her head, and then laughs.

EMMA

Like, kill him? What?

BENSON

Yes, like kill him. Here's the thing, one of those men you killed was supposed to be killing Jacob O'Dowd in about four minutes. He's dead, you killed him, so now you're going to go do it. And if you get killed in the process, so be it. And if you go to the police, so be it. We'll go spend life in prison together.

EMMA

Is this a joke?

REEV

Let me do it. We were only there because of me.

BENSON

You have four minutes. If you don't do it, I'm going to drive up to the hills and we're going to kill your boyfriend.

Emma goes pale. She turns and looks at Reev. One of the men is holding a gun to his head.

REEV

Don't do it, Emma. They're bluffing.

Emma turns back to Benson and gulps.

BENSON

Do you think I'm bluffing, Emma?
How much is his life worth to you?
You burned down my club and killed
my men. Now you will pay me back
for every one of their lives. Three
minutes.

The man next to Emma opens the door and slides out. Emma looks at him and grows frantic.

EMMA

This is a joke, right? I'm not
going to, I can't... Benson,
please.

BENSON

Time's ticking.

REEV

This isn't part of the deal! The
deal is... the money!

Benson smiles. Reev understands his efforts are futile.

REEV (CONT'D)

Emma, look at me.

Emma turns.

REEV (CONT'D)

Just run.

The man hits Reev with the gun. Emma's in shock, but she nods slightly and exits the car.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Emma steps onto the sidewalk holding the picture. The man who had gotten out before her hands her the knife.

MAN

He's big. Use two hands.

He laughs as he gets back in the car, leaving her alone. Emma shakes, but she tries to conceal the knife and walks into the parking lot.

EXT. DARK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Emma stands in front of the Mercedes. She thinks about what to do and takes a few steps to duck behind some shrubs. She looks at the picture and then holds the knife directly out from her body.

Emma looks around, but still holds the knife up. She's clearly terrified, looking around searching for ways to get out of this. She looks at the knife and sees that one of her fingernails is chipped. She holds her nail up to examine it and is pissed.

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

Six year earlier.

Emma is in a salon with her sisters. Ashley leans forward.

ASHLEY

The nails make the woman, don't forget it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Back to present.

EMMA

Oh what the hell!? Just perfect.

In the distance, Emma sees a drunk JACOB O'DOWD emerge from the bar. He wears a Tommy Bahama shirt and feeding himself grapes. He enters the parking lot and approaches the car.

He pops a grape in his mouth. As he does, Emma's phone rings, forcing him to turn. When he turns, he chokes on the grape and begins clutching at his throat, simultaneously clinging for life while terrified by the knife-wielding Emma.

Emma's phone rings again and she continues to kneel, completely petrified. She stands in concern as he chokes.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Six years earlier.

The sorority sisters watch Emma perform the Heimlich maneuver on an instructor. At first she's very gentle.

INSTRUCTOR

Oh come on! I'm choking! Rescue me!

She does it harder, pulling him off the ground. At first she's frightened, but he's proud of her. Emma's sisters SCREAM in excitement.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Back to present.

Jacob is choking to death. Emma finally pops out of her kneeling position and grabs him, turning him around. With the butt of the knife, she performs The Heimlich, but is too late. Jacob is lifeless in her arms.

Emma's face is horrified. She's literally holding up dead weight. They both collapse forward.

Emma's knife impales his chest. She tries to be polite as she peers underneath him. When she sees the knife, she gags again and pops back.

She looks around the car to see if Benson and company could see her, which they could not.

Deep breath as she rolls the man over. Sees the knife sticking out of his chest. Several deep breaths and --

-- she yanks the knife out. Blood spatters across her face. It's so jarring that it doesn't even draw a reaction.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Emma approaches the car. The back door opens and the man gets out to let her in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Benson is staring in shock when he sees the bloody knife. The man next to Emma holds open a Ziplock bag and Emma places the knife inside of it. Emma's jaw is jittery and no one knows what to think.

BENSON

Did you seriously do it?

EMMA

Ye, yeah, it's done.

She turns to look at Reev who is in angered disbelief. She turns back to Benson. He nods and gulps as though they did something wrong. Emma then vomits into the lap of the man sitting next to her.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Emma and Reev sit at her dining room table. All of the men from the Suburban are hanging around. The doorbell rings and Benson answers it. Vince ENTERS and walks to the table. He looks at both of them individually, takes a deep breath, and then sits across from them.

VINCE

Well, Emma Dillinger, the
Livingston assassin. I have to
admit, when you came to my club the
other night, I didn't know to
expect. I didn't know I was staring
at a specialist. Who trained you?

Emma and Reev both look at him like he's crazy.

REEV

No one trained her. I'm a Marine.

VINCE

You might be the Marine, but she's
the talent. Do you know who I am?

(beat)

I'm sorry, you're scared. Benson
sometimes struggles with manners.
My name's Vince. I run certain
aspects of a very large business.
Which is why you should believe me
when I say, you and your boyfriend
have placed me in quite the
conundrum.

EMMA

Sorry.

VINCE

You're sorry? My niece spilled
orange juice this morning. I can
say she was honestly sorry.

REEV

Your niece?

VINCE

Yes, my niece. So, did Reev put you
up to it? Or are you just
psychotic?

EMMA

I don't understand what you mean.

VINCE

When you burned my club down, when you killed my men, were you acting alone or did Reev put you up to it?

EMMA

Why do you both keep asking me that?

VINCE

Because, something doesn't add up and I want a fucking answer.

EMMA

Ok. I don't know what you want me to say. Benson trapped me in this position.

VINCE

You want me to believe a drunk Marine and his miniature girlfriend trapped fourteen of my men in their own club, lit a fire, and left without anyone noticing? There's no way. There's no way a tiny little girl can kill one of our enemies with her bare hands without intensive training in hand-to-hand combat. So either you were trained, or there's more to this story. And I want to know what it is.

EMMA

Your curtains were highly flammable. They would have gone up regardless of where they were lit. But I didn't start any fire.

He turns to look at Benson.

VINCE

I fucking told you to change those ridiculous curtains, God damn it. Now look at your face.

(beat, to Emma)

Ms. Dillinger, you appear to be highly adept at killing people, and that happens to be in high demand with scarce supply at the moment.

EMMA

What does that mean?

VINCE

You will kill for me. You will kill
when I say kill.

EMMA

What?

REEV

Aren't you the bouncer?

VINCE

Owner, of a club that no longer
exists.

EMMA

I can't kill.

VINCE

You can kill. You have killed. It
was heartless and in cold blood.
You will kill. You need to come to
terms with the fact that this is
now your life. You will kill.

EMMA

(shakes her head)

I'm an English tutor. I'm good with
words! I can work on reports or
whatever you need written.

VINCE

(laughing)

I'll keep that in mind.

(hands envelope to Emma)

Here're your first official
targets. No more tests. No more
challenges. They're home every
night. I want it done on Tuesday.

EMMA

I work on Tuesdays.

VINCE

You know why I like Hawaiian
shirts? They remind me of what I
don't have. This is your job now.

EMMA

I... I need to make money. I can't
just not work.

(beat)

What about Reev?

VINCE

Oh I'm sure he'll be lending a helpful hand. And Emma, I'm sure your mother would be very upset if you opted to skip town. By Tuesday, this will be done. Then we'll take it from there. Say you understand.

EMMA

(gulps)

I, I understand.

Vince smiles and rises.

VINCE

Reev, you're quite the feminist letting her take the heat. I respect that. You'd like my niece.

Reev glares at him as he and the rest of the men EXIT.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Emma is bandaging up a cut on Reev's face. He sips a beer and cringes when she dabs ointment into a cut.

REEV

Did you do it? Kill that guy?

EMMA

Reev, do you for one second think I killed that guy?

REEV

Actually, no. But you have them convinced and unless you fooled everyone, that guy is dead. And that blood on your cheek isn't ketchup. I'm fairly certain you didn't tickle the guy to death. So how'd you do it?

EMMA

He choked on a grape. I think I startled him.

Reev starts laughing but immediately grasps his face. He can't help it, though, and continues to laugh.

REEV

Oh my God, that is fantastic. How'd you startle him?

EMMA
My phone rang.

REEV
You brought your phone with you?

EMMA
Oh, so sorry if I didn't have time
to think through my belongings.

REEV
Who called?

Emma begins to answer but realizes she doesn't know. She
pulls her phone out.

EMMA
Huh. Betty. I wonder what she
wanted. Probably butt-dialed me.

REEV
Betty. Is she hot?

EMMA
Betty's my, no, what? Shut up.

REEV
And the blood?

EMMA
He fell on the knife.

Reev just laughs again, but at this point he accepts it.

REEV
Are you ok?

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA
Reev, I can't kill people. I can't,
I'm not... Have you killed anyone?

Reev looks at her from the corner of his eyes. She makes a
gesture to apologize.

REEV
No, it's fine. I was a Marine in
Afghanistan. I killed my fair share
of Towel-Heads and terrorists.
You're not going to kill anyone.

He opens the folder. Pulls out a picture of the next target.

REEV (CONT'D)
I'm going to be the one to do it.

EMMA
So we're going through with it? We should call the cops.

REEV
Do you think we have a choice here?

Emma's scared, but she nods her head.

REEV (CONT'D)
Look, I'm going to have another beer and then go to bed.

EMMA
You're staying here?

REEV
Do you want me to leave?

EMMA
No. Guest room. Couch. Wherever you're comfortable.

REEV
Anywhere but your room?

EMMA
Obviously.

Emma gets up to go to her room.

EXT. PORCH - DAY - DREAM

Emma sits on the porch with BETTY, her old sorority sister, and several other WOMEN. Suddenly, a rattlesnake appears and begins slithering towards Emma. All hope seems lost as the snake is about to strike, but a shovel swings down and kills the snake.

Emma looks up and sees her DAD holding the shovel. He thinks nothing of it and returns to grilling hamburgers. When he turns, blood from the shovel splatters across Emma's face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma awakes in a jolt. She's sweating. She looks at the clock and sees that it's 3:45 in the morning. She's wide awake at this point.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Emma is still in bed. The clock says 5:15. She's awake and the light is on. She's reading a book called **7 Habits of Successful People**. She closes it and sets it on the bedside table.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - LATER

The sun shines through the window. Emma is still laying in bed. The clock reads 6:45. She decides sleep isn't going to happen so she swings her legs out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma stands in front of the mirror in her bra. We can see a small BUTTERFLY TATTOO on her hip.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Emma lets the scalding hot water run off her skin.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Emma stops outside the guest room. The door is closed. She wants to knock, but chooses not to and walks past.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Emma takes multiple vitamins and supplements. She pours coffee into a mug.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Emma and her mom sit in camping chairs on the sideline of a field. A large group of INDIAN-AMERICANS start a cricket game. Emma can't hide how bizarre she finds it.

EMMA

So we're watching Cricket?

CAROL

Emma, it's important we stay up to date on what's happening in our society. Cricket is coming to America.

EMMA

And Indians are apparently coming to Livingston.

CAROL

Good for them. You know, they come to this country and get great jobs at these "tech" companies, and then we just expect them to give up their culture? No. They bring their culture with them. It's great.

(beat)

And I think you're great.

EMMA

I feel like you're mocking me when you say things like that.

CAROL

Mocking you? Emma-girl, Your degree, the way you take care of yourself, your volunteer tutoring at the library and helping troubled youth with English. You turned into such an incredible woman. I can't even tell you how proud I am.

EMMA

Don't say that.

CAROL

You know what? Your dad was incredibly proud of you too. He would tell me that everyday.

The crowd starts cheering and Carol stands up to cheer. She sits again. Emma puts her head on her shoulder.

EMMA

Mom, what do you do if you get yourself into something and you can't get out of it?

CAROL

I kind of feel like I can record our conversations and just play them back.

EMMA

What? Oh. No, not that.

CAROL

Well, I've been thinking. I've decided where I'm going and I want you to come.

EMMA

Where?

CAROL

Bend, Oregon.

EMMA

Bend? What?

CAROL

New start for both of us. Tons of schools for you to teach at. Beautiful outdoors. We'll love it.

EMMA

Are you being serious?

CAROL

I think we can both use a change. I think when your dad died you got trapped here. Just think about it, ok? You and me starting a new adventure together.

EMMA

(nodding)

I'll think about it.

Emma smiles and puts her head back on Carol's shoulder.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma's driving down her street and sees a random MAN sitting on a chair in his garage reading the newspaper. She shakes her head. She continues driving until she pulls her car into her driveway. Through the windshield, we see Reev sitting in a lawn chair in the middle of the garage. He's drinking a beer and reading a document.

EXT. GARAGE AND DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma gets out of her car and approaches the open garage. She stops and looks at Reev.

EMMA

Making yourself at home?

REEV

I am. Met several of your neighbors who wanted to know about Emma's new mystery man. It literally seems like they have never seen a male presence in this household.

Emma's disgusted, but as she frowns at Reev, MRS. BAKER, an affable yet rotund stay-at-home mother from a few houses down, appears on the sidewalk.

MRS. BAKER

Hi, dear!

Emma turns.

EMMA

Hello, Mrs. Baker!

Mrs. Baker is clearly waiting for an introduction, but it doesn't come.

MRS. BAKER

Ok, have a lovely Saturday!

Emma nods and waves as she continues on her way. At that moment, several MOTORCYCLE RIDERS roll down the road.

REEV

(laughing)

I fucking love it here.

Emma turns and pulls out a chair to sit next to him. There's a book on the ground next to him. Emma picks it up. **How To Take Charge of Your Own Life**. Emma rolls her eyes and drops the book.

REEV (CONT'D)

One of several self-help books I found on your shelf. It does make me question the benefits of a Berkeley English degree.

EMMA

(rolling her eyes)

What are you doing?

REEV

Figuring out how to kill these people.

EMMA

Jesus! Don't... You can't... Don't be nonchalant about it.

Reev looks at her like she's crazy.

REEV

Sorry.

(whispering, dramatic)

Figuring out how to kill these people.

(normal)

Look at these. Lots of info.

He hands her photos and she looks at them. It's a man and a woman. They look like anyone she might pass on the street. She can't look and averts her eyes.

REEV (CONT'D)

It'll be easy...

EMMA

Easy! Easy? Not easy.

REEV

Well, getting past the obvious, the actual plan should be easy. And the best part is you don't have to do any of the dirty work, barring the unexpected.

Emma doesn't respond.

REEV (CONT'D)

Their house is only five minutes from the bar. I'll pick you up during one of your breaks. We head over there. All you have to do is ring the front door. I'll sneak around back and when they're distracted, I'll pop the first and then pop the second.

He looks at her when she doesn't respond.

REEV (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

EMMA

No, I'm not ok making plans to assassinate two people who probably frequent my bar.

REEV

Whatever you need to do to adjust to your life, make the adjustment.

(MORE)

REEV (CONT'D)

I don't know why this happened or why it's happening, but it's time to change our thinking. This is the reality. Responsible or not, we have the blood of fifteen people on our hands. Get on board. I cannot do this without you.

EMMA

You're going to shoot them?

REEV

Yes.

EMMA

With what?

REEV

(sips his beer)

We need to take a drive.

INT. CAR - LATER - DAY

Emma and Reeve are in the car. They're driving over the Altamont Pass, which are golden hills covered in large white windmills.

INT. CAR - LATER - DAY

Emma pulls the car down a long dirt driveway. They come to a stop in front of a very decrepit house. The house looks condemned, with broken windows and missing side panels. Reeve looks at Emma and makes a face that acknowledges the scene.

EMMA

You grew up in Tracy?

REEV

Yep.

EMMA

In this shithole?

REEV

Yep.

EMMA

I didn't know that.

Emma looks at the thermometer on her car and it says **102.**

EXT. FRONTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Reev leads the way to the house. Emma is a step behind, but very uncertain. They walk up to the front porch and have to avoid holes in the wood.

Reev knocks on the door. The door opens and a MAN appears. The man, Reev's dad, is middle-aged with reddish, pock-marked cheeks and a nose that looks like cauliflower. He has on a stained wife-beater and blue sweats. His eyes look blank. His face glistens with sweat underneath the oppressive heat.

DAD
(slurring)
The hell do you want?

REEV
Hi, dad.

DAD
Oh, right. So the fuck do you want?

REEV
I just came to get some of my
things from the shed.

DAD
Your things? This is my fucking
house. Ya mean my things?

REEV
No, I mean my things. We'll only be
a minute.

DAD
(to Emma)
Oh yeah, lookie what we have here.
So what'd you do, knock her up?
Isn't that what you Marine boys do?
Go sleep with one another and head
overseas on the gov'ment dolla and
find you-selves some foreign baby-
mamas?

REEV
This is Emma, you twisted
motherfucker. From high school.

DAD
Oh yeah, ya were the one who liked
ta talk. I remember ya. I remember
when ya used ta talk and I'd knock
yo ass to the ground ta shut ya the
fuck up. Ya remember that?

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

Ya'd say something smart and I'd
whoop ya ass. Then ya go an' run
off ta da Marines. Big tough guy.
Yeah I remember ya. So what now? Ya
back to show how's tough ya are?

With a swift upper cut, Reeve connects with his father's gut.
His father grunts and keels over.

Reeve, seemingly without a raised heartbeat or labored breath,
takes his father by the back of the head and knees him
squarely in the face. His father's body shoots upward and he
falls back onto the floor. He's knocked out cold, blood
already dripping from his nose and lip.

REEVE

Come on.

Reeve steps over his father. Emma, with wide eyes, follows as
closely as possible.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Reeve stand in overgrown weeds and staring at an old
shed. The yard is overgrown, but it's enormous and extends
into the wooded hills behind the house.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Total blackness is broken when the door to the shed slides
open. A cloud of dust skews our view of Emma and Reeve.

Reeve waves the dust away as he steps inside. There are two
large gun lockers in the back of the shed. One is open and
empty. The other is closed, but is clearly damaged from
someone trying to get in. Rusted handguns,, M-4s, AK-47s, and
ammunition sit on tables and on the cement floor.

Reeve and Emma approach the lockers. Emma looks horrified.

EMMA

What is this? The family arsenal?

REEVE

(grunts)

Pretty awesome, right? One thing my
dad actually taught me were
survivalist principles. When the
zombie apocalypse hits, the ones
with guns survive.

(beat)

(MORE)

REEV (CONT'D)
I wonder how many times he tried to
break into mine.

Reev opens the safe. It contains dozens of guns. He pulls a duffle bag off of the bottom and begins throwing some of the handguns in.

REEV (CONT'D)
These are burner guns. There are no
identifying marks. Cops can trace
bullets to the gun, but only if
they have the gun. And even then,
they would only trace it to us if
they find it in our possession.

EMMA
Why do you have these?

REEV
In case I have to shoot someone.

Emma's turned on.

REEV (CONT'D)
Have you ever shot one?

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Five years earlier.

Emma shoots a gun at the range. Behind her, some of her sorority sisters SCREAM. Emma looks at her shot, fires again.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Back to present.

EMMA
My sorority had target practice.

Reev laughs. He hands a handgun to Emma. As she's coming to terms with the fact she's holding a gun, he hands her a box of ammunition. The ammunition is significantly heavier, though, and it makes Emma's hand drop nearly to the ground.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Reev and Emma are standing together ten feet from a tree. Reev is behind her and has his arms around her. Together, they are holding a gun and pointing it at a tree.

REEV

This button here drops the clip.

He takes her thumb and pushes the button and the magazine falls out of the gun. Reeve catches it, slides it back in the gun, and then takes Emma's hand and slaps it back into place.

REEV (CONT'D)

Now, rack a bullet into the chamber.

Reeve takes her hand and yanks the top of the gun back. A bullet slides in as the rack pops back into place.

REEV (CONT'D)

Now, there are two sights, the front and the back. Look through the front, line it up, and bring the back sight into focus. Once you have your sights, squeeze the trigger.

Reeve removes his hands and places them on Emma's shoulders. Emma pulls the trigger and jumps when it fires. It's far noisier than she expected and the gun nearly jumps back into her face. She's slightly stunned.

REEV (CONT'D)

We have no ear protection on. Guns are loud and scary. The more you shoot, the less scary they are.

Emma fires again. And then again and again. She likes it.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma's asleep. Her phone rings. Without opening her eyes, she slaps the bedside table. Instead of finding her phone, though, she picks up a gun. It takes her a moment to understand what's happening. She puts the gun on top of *Little Women* and picks her phone up.

EMMA

Hi, mom.

CAROL

I have done it again. One year in every ten, I manage it. A sort of walking miracle, my skin..."

EMMA (V.O.)

(smiling)

It's my favorite poem - Lazy
Lazarus - by my favorite poet -
Sylvia Plath - who killed herself
in the most inventive of ways -
stuck her head in the oven. My mom
hasn't woken me up to a poetry
reading since before my dad died.

CAROL

Ash, ash, you poke and stir. Flesh,
bone, there is nothing there. A
cake of soap, a wedding ring, a
gold filling. Herr God, Herr
Lucifer, beware beware. Out of the
ash I rise with my red hair, and I
eat men like air.

EMMA

Yay. Bravo.

CAROL

Thank you, thank you. How's my
girl?

Emma looks at the gun.

EMMA

Tired. I'm not sleeping much.

CAROL

Oh no! Because of Reev?

EMMA

What? Mom. No.

CAROL

Well he's staying there, isn't he?

EMMA

It's complicated.

CAROL

Well, you're my daughter and I take
your word for it. But, stay on top
of your health. It can help get you
through these situations. Now get
out of bed, sleepy-head! It's going
to be a great day! Woo!

Carol hangs up and Emma drops her phone to the bed.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma walks out of her room in her pajamas. Her hair is a mess. We hear MUSIC.

She walks from the hallway into the family room, we see a shirtless Reeve working out with MUSIC playing from his phone.

Emma momentarily stops, trying to compute what's happening, then continues to the kitchen island bar and picks up the morning paper. There is a bottle of champagne and orange juice sitting on the island.

REEVE

Throw some shorts on and join me.

EMMA

I need coffee first.

REEVE

I have mimosas. Fix one up.

EMMA

Why are you working out in here?

REEVE

Because it's already about 95 degrees. Supposed to hit 106.

Emma grimaces and then reads the paper. The top story reads, **No Leads in Livingston Warehouse Fire.**

She puts the paper down and picks up an envelope. She's intrigued by who it's from and opens it.

The letter reads, **Dear Ms. Emma Dillinger, Thank you for applying for the Library Studies Fellowship in Cairo. Unfortunately, you have not been selected as a top finalist.**

She puts the letter down in frustration. She looks at Reeve, shirtless and sweaty, doing burpees. She shakes her head and pours herself a glass of champagne. Reeve joins her and finishes off his own mimosa.

REEVE (CONT'D)

Don't drink too much. We have a big night tonight.

Emma just nods and slams the whole glass.

EMMA (V.O.)

Ash, ash, you poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there.

INT. CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Emma sits in her car. We can see the heat emanating from the pavement. The thermometer on the car says 106. She opens the door and the heat washes over her like a flame.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - TWO MINUTES LATER

Emma is sweating profusely when she walks in. The bar is completely packed. Emma is disgusted by the sweat and annoyed by the crowd, but she puts on a ridiculously fake smile and begins to weave her way through until she ducks under the bar. Jarrod is talking to a female CUSTOMER.

JARROD

Just so you know, my shift is over.
No need to close out, but Emma here
will be taking care of you.

EMMA

Hiya!

The customer looks at her new sweaty bartender and seems less than delighted. She nods and returns to her food.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What a madhouse.

JARROD

It's cray cray today. What's going
on with you?

EMMA

What do you mean? I'm fine.
Everything's fine.

Elena walks by and Emma smiles and nods a hello.

JARROD

You smiled at Elena. Talk to me.

Emma picks up a drink ticket and begins preparing it. Jarrod picks her up by the waist and shakes her playfully. Emma tries to fight him off, but the crowd begins to cheer. He finally puts her down, but now she's even more sweaty.

EMMA

Bleh.

JARROD

Jesus you're sweaty.

EMMA

It's hot.

JARROD

No, you seem nervous, like you're hiding something. Did you sleep with gorgeous Reev?

(beat)

Well, whatever it is, I'm on to you and I'm going to figure it out. You know, I was at the Boys and Girls Club, cuz remember, I volunteer, and this little angel says to me, "Jarrod, you got yaself a girlfriend?" And you know what I was thinking, I was thinking, if I had a girlfriend, I would want her to be just like you.

Emma blushes and starts making the drink again.

EMMA

You're ridiculous, but thank you. That's actually very sweet.

JARROD

You're very welcome, now stop messing around and give yourself to that dreamboat of a man. Oh, speaking of which, some friends and I are going to that new rooftop bar for happy hour. You should come.

EMMA

Ew, no.

JARROD

Pleeeeeease. And bring Reeeeeeev. Come on, get out of your comfort zone. When's the last time you did something bad?

It strikes Emma right in the heart. She takes a deep breath.

EMMA

Fine.

Jarrod starts clapping like a dolphin.

JARROD

Yay! Oh, honey...
(he grabs her hand)
Nails.

He drops her hand and walks away.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - LATER

Emma's making drinks. The bar is still crowded. A couple of PANAMANIAN MEN find some bar seats.

PANAMANIAN #1
Excuse me! Excuse me!

Emma turns and leans into hear.

PANAMANIAN #1 (CONT'D)
Can you put the soccer game on?

EMMA
What soccer game?

PANAMANIAN #1
The Gold Cup.

EMMA
We don't really watch soccer here.

PANAMANIAN #2
This is kind of a big game.

Emma nods and looks at the televisions playing baseball. She takes out a remote and aims it at one of them. She finds the soccer game and puts the remote away. Janice appears.

JANICE
Emma! Come here!

Emma sighs and walks to the back of the bar.

JANICE (CONT'D)
What are you doing? We're a sports bar, not a soccer bar. We can't afford to lose customers because we have on soccer. Now who told you you could change the channel?

EMMA
I'm the bartender.

JANICE
Just ask me next time, ok.

EMMA
Janice, a customer wanted to watch soccer. I'm just trying to make everyone happy.

JANICE

Well, if you want to have a job,
you should worry about keeping me
happy, and you do not have
privileges to change the TV.

EMMA

Did you just threaten my job
because I changed a channel?

JANICE

No, I threatened your job because
new bars are opening and they're
not part of our... And we have to
keep up our character and charm.

Emma just nods and walks back out.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - LATER

The bar is far more empty. Emma looks at a clock and then
ducks under the bar and heads out.

EMMA

(to no one specific)
I'm taking a 15.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Emma walks out and sees Reev sitting in her car. She looks
around to see if anyone is watching and then quickly gets in
the passenger seat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reev looks at Emma, who stares straight ahead.

REEV

You ready?

EMMA

No.

REEV

Good. Now where is this place?

EMMA

You don't know where it is? I only
have fifteen minutes. Jesus. Hang
on, let me put it in Waze.

REEV

Emma! I'm kidding. You can't put the address in Waze, are you crazy? Use your head. I was being funny.

EMMA

You're making jokes right now?

REEV

So let's go over this. Your two guns are loaded and under the seat in the back. I'll park a block away. I'll head to the house thirty seconds before you. After thirty seconds, you get out, get your guns, and head to the front door. You ring the doorbell. When someone answers, I'll go in. You shouldn't have to do anything.

Emma puts a hand to her mouth as she gags.

REEV (CONT'D)

If you have to act, it's just a paper target, just like you practiced. Another tree that you'll blow into smithereens. And when it's all done, do not wait for me. You walk casually back to the car and get in and wait for me. You understand?

Emma's beginning to panic. She clenches her hands into fists.

EMMA

Will you listen to what you just said? Why are we doing this?

REEV

Because, I don't have any other answers, and if this gets you out of this mess, then let's just go through with it.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Emma stares down the street. Reeve stares at her.

REEV

You can do this. Thirty seconds.

Reeve gets out of the car and we see him walk in front of the car and down the sidewalk before disappearing into a hedge.

Emma looks at her watch and places her hand on the door handle. She's counting the seconds, but she's frozen. She shuts her eyes and begins shaking. Suddenly...

... GUNSHOTS! Emma snaps out of it and sees Reev emerge from the hedge. He's running at first, but then slows to a walk and casually re-enters the car. He doesn't say a word as he swings the car around.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car disappears down the street.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Reev parks the car in the same spot that they had left. When he puts it in park, they both lean back and take deep breaths. It actually happened.

EMMA
(not looking at him)
You did it?

REEV
(laughing)
No, I did not.
(laughs harder)
Those bastards shot themselves.

EMMA
Wait, what?

REEV
It was crazy. I was waiting for you in the backyard. I look in the house and I hear them arguing about the fucking air conditioner. He wanted it on and she thought it was too expensive or some shit. He called her a cunt and then they just start firing.

EMMA
So, you didn't kill them?

REEV
Nope. And the job is still done. We got angels on our side.
(beat)
Ok, fourteen minutes. Not too bad.

EMMA

Yeah. I guess I'm going back to work.

REEV

Yep. I'm going to get a beer and walk home.

EMMA

Ok.

They both nod and get out of the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Reev and Emma are about to enter the bar. Reev stops.

REEV

You never got out of the car, huh?

Emma smiles sheepishly. There's a transformation in her. She's almost embarrassed she didn't help.

REEV (CONT'D)

That's good. That's good.

They both start laughing as they enter.

INT. MANSION STAIRWELL - NIGHT - DREAM

Emma is in her gown and being escorted down a stairwell by the college man. They stop a few steps from the crowd.

COLLEGE MAN

(to the crowd)

Sisters of Kappa Kappa Gamma and
brothers of Sigma Nu, now
presenting, Emma Dillinger!

The crowd begins to clap and Emma blushes. Then she calmly pulls her gun out and shoots the man in the head.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma awakes with a jolt. She is perfectly alert and immediately gets out of bed.

EXT. FRONTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Emma opens the front door and power walks to the driveway. She picks up the newspaper and begins reading it right there. She searches it frantically. She stops on one headline:
Police Investigating Licit Bank Funding in Connection to Gravitas Fire.

She drops her hands in frustration as the paper crumples against her legs. Then she sees the dark, ominous silhouette of Reeve returning from a jog. His shape becomes more clear until he stops in front of her. He's breathing deeply.

EMMA
Out for a jog?

REEVE
(smiling)
How exciting was last night?

EMMA
Neverminding the fact you sound like a psychopath, what is it with you working out so much?

REEVE
Like you have that sexy ass body without working out.

EMMA
(blushing)
Certainly not lately. I feel disgusting. My chi is all out of whack. I need to go to yoga.

Reeve straightens up and gets serious.

REEVE
Emma, what would you have done if that big guy had spotted you and didn't choke to death?

EMMA
I, I don't know. Why?

REEVE
How about last night if you had actually gone to the door and they fought back?

EMMA
What is this?

Reev takes the paper and tosses it on the driveway. He points to his nose and then points to his respective body parts as he speaks.

REEV

You need to accept that we're in this. You left me high and dry last night. It worked out, miraculously, but it can't happen again. The more we do this, the more likely it is you'll encounter a man who isn't choking to death. You have to be able to defend yourself. Ok?

(Emma nods)

Nose, chin, throat, chest, stomach, nuts. The center is your friend.

He takes her hand and lightly slaps the bottom of her palm. Then he takes her wrist and directs the palm into his nose.

REEV (CONT'D)

Bottom of the palm, thrust directly up into the nose. Then take your knee and aim for the nuts. That's where you survive.

Emma is fascinated. She nods and does the routine slightly faster. After a few tries, Reev nods his approval and they begin walking inside. Emma feels playful and begins ducking and weaving and pretending to punch him.

REEV (CONT'D)

Is your bar hiring? I need a job.

EMMA

You're looking for a job? Woo! That's great! I mean, I forbid you from working at my bar, but, taking the initiative. Proud of you. So you're staying then?

REEV

What's not to love about Livingston? It's like Afghanistan, only whiter.

She laughs as they enter the house.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Emma and Jarrod walk arm-in-arm behind a small group of waitresses. Emma smiles, which makes Jarrod suspicious.

JARROD

Honey, the smiles on your face
these days are concerning. What's
going on?

EMMA

Do you ever feel like you're in
over your head and things still
just seem to work out?

JARROD

Mmmmm, young love.

They turn a corner and there's a small protest occurring. The
signs say **Keep Livingston Local!** and **No Big Banks!**

JARROD (CONT'D)

What is happening to our town?
First that big fire, then did you
hear, some murder suicide last
night. And now a protest. I swear
it's like we're living in Oakland
in the eighties.

EMMA

You heard about the shooting?

JARROD

Uh, yeah! That's why Janice wasn't
in. I guess they were friends.

They approach the protesters and Elena turns to Jarrod.

ELENA

Jarrod, up here?

JARROD

Yep, through the crowd.

PROTESTERS

Don't do it! Don't go in!

They ignore them as they ENTER a door and go up a stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

A large BOUNCER checks the IDs of the waitresses. When Emma
and Jarrod get to him, he just waves them through. Emma rolls
her eyes, but Jarrod looks at the bouncer suggestively.

INT. NEW BAR - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Jarrod enter the bar. It's big and flashy and looks plucked right out of Manhattan.

JARROD
Honey, I don't think we're in
Kansas anymore.

They walk out to the patio that overlooks Livingston and are thoroughly impressed if not taken aback. They walk back in.

JARROD (CONT'D)
Oh my God, we can go dancing in
Livingston! Come on.

Jarrod goes to the bar where a BARTENDER waits for them. The bartender could probably be a male model. Emma has remained noticeably silent.

JARROD (CONT'D)
Will you make me something fun and
fruity?

BARTENDER
Fun and fruity? That happens to be
my favorite kind of cocktail.

While Jarrod swoons, a 20-something-year-old man, LOUIS, approaches behind them. Louis is dressed like a traditional hipster. Tight jeans rolled at the ankle, fedora, gray blazer over a t-shirt. He touches Emma on the shoulder.

MAN
Um, excuse me, can I...

Emma immediately twists and punches Louis in the face. He falls backward and his nose immediately begins to bleed. Everyone, including Emma, is stunned. Jarrod throws his arm around Emma and makes her walk toward the door. The bouncer lets them walk right past.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Jarrod burst out the door and walk through the protesters. Jarrod is practically dragging Emma until they turn down the next block, out of sight of the bar.

JARROD
Honey, you are crazy. Are you still
going to try and play it off as
nothing is going on? Or is this
just who you are?
(MORE)

JARROD (CONT'D)

Some sort of secret feminist anti-hero?

(beat)

Where'd you learn that stuff? Did you take a self-defense class? I told you I want to take one so if you took it without me, I'm going to be pissed.

EMMA

Jarrodd, just drop it. I'm sorry.

(beat)

Are you going back in?

JARROD

Oh, honey, I think we're both banned. Whatever. It was kind of gay. Did you see that bartender? Like, don't make it so obvious. I like our bar just fine.

Emma wraps her arm in his and puts her head on his shoulder.

EMMA

Is something wrong with me?

JARROD

Wrong with you? No. Something going on? Yes. But, if anything, you're kind of my hero. Some hot, literary, stands-up-to-men badass chica. Next thing I know you'll be killing off the criminals in the night. We'll call you the Feminist Crusader. Or Captain Cali-Girl.

EMMA

Oh, I like that one! Captain Cali-Girl, to the rescue.

Emma begins to prance like a fairy super hero.

JARROD

Ok, I'm going to go scour Tinder. What are you going to do?

EMMA

I want to go home and make dinner and use my new facial peel and relax to whatever Real Housewives is on and try to forget I have a crazy monster inside of me?

JARROD

I love it. Can I trust you can get
home without, I don't know,
murdering anyone?

Emma reacts like someone punched her in the stomach.

EMMA

I'll be fine.

JARROD

K. Tata!

INT. CAR - LATER - LATE EVENING

Emma drives down her street and sees a large GATHERING in
front of her house. She stops the car to verify it's hers.

She pulls over to the side of the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emma walks down the street and tries to understand why
there's a party in her driveway. She recognizes some of her
neighbors like BIG BOB the motorcycle rider. She stops when
she sees Reev and Vince running a barbecue and making drinks
for everyone. Vince sees her and holds a beer out.

VINCE

Welcome home, sweetheart.

Emma stops in her tracks and looks livid.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Take the beer. Smile for your
guests. Reev, give your girlfriend
here a sausage.

Beat. Emma reluctantly takes the beer. Mrs. Baker approaches.

MRS. BAKER

Emma! Hi! I have Earl whipping up a
batch of his famous potato salad. I
don't know where that man is, but
he should be here anytime.

Mrs. Baker runs off. Reev hands Emma a sausage. She just
looks at it with disgust.

EMMA

I, I don't, I don't eat that!

VINCE

What don't you eat? The hotdog? Or the bun?

EMMA

Any of it!

VINCE

But you'll drink beer.

EMMA

What is this?

REEV

I pulled the barbecue out and was cooking and someone came by and started a conversation and people just kind of started showing up. And they brought meat!

Vince grabs Reev's arm.

VINCE

Don't get mad at your boyfriend.

(beat)

God almighty, son! You are built like a linebacker. You should really come work for me.

REEV

What would I do?

EMMA

Reev!

BIG BOB

Everything all right, Emma?

Everyone looks at Big Bob, who is in fact big and in a leather biker vest and with his biker BUDDIES. Vince holds up a pitcher of margaritas.

EMMA (V.O.)

Even Vince the gangster isn't immune to Big Bob the biker.

VINCE

Here, let me top you off big guy.

Vince fills his cup.

BIG BOB

Great party, Emma. Let me know if I can... help out.

Big Bob walks away.

VINCE

God I love it here!

(beat)

You certainly know how to build a crew. I realize our relationship started off on less than auspicious circumstances. There's no reason we can't be cordial, though. I honestly came by to congratulate you two. Very impressive work.

EMMA

Thanks.

Vince smirks at Reev as though he's up to something.

VINCE

I do have some business to discuss with you. Reev here says you tutor kids in English. My niece, she's having a hard time. You think you could work with her a bit? Help her get through some books? It'd really mean a lot. Not just to me.

EMMA

It's a business expense on your part. Is there another name?

VINCE

God almighty, sweetheart, these names don't grow on trees.

EMMA

What do you want from us?

A POLICE CAR rolls to a stop. The crowd turns and looks. The car lingers for a few seconds and then quickly speeds off.

VINCE

You have cops come by often?

EMMA

I don't have front yard parties.

Vince analyzes her and then looks at Reev. He instinctively reaches out and again grabs Reev, this time by the shoulder.

VINCE

Well, no need to get your panties in a twist, I'm sure I've worn out my welcome.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, we'll be in touch.
Reev, think about what I said.
Emma, behave. I wouldn't want to
have to get your mother involved.

Vince winks and walks off.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Emma and Reev enter carrying supplies from the party. They
put them down on the kitchen island.

EMMA
So you and Vince are besties now?

REEV
Emma, give it a rest.

Reev leaves the kitchen to the family room. Emma follows.

REEV (CONT'D)
Vince is... This is just business.

EMMA
I need you, Reev. I just, I need
you.

REEV
You don't need me. You just need a
companion.

EMMA
What did you say to me?

REEV
Don't pretend this is anything more
than it is. If we weren't in this
fucked-up situation, you know I
would have already been gone.

EMMA
Well then why the fuck don't you
just leave!

Emma runs up to him and begins punching him in the chest. At
first, Reev takes it. But then he pulls her close and begins
to kiss her. At first she struggles, but then she kisses him
back.

He picks her up from the butt and she wraps her legs around
him. He carries her to his bedroom and lays her gently on her
back.

They both remove their clothes. The sex starts off gentle, but it grows progressively rougher as years of sexual frustration come out.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Reev and Emma lay in bed. She's wrapped in his arms.

EMMA
Are you awake?

REEV
No.

EMMA
Can I ask you something?

REEV
Okay.

EMMA
The night the club burned down. Did I flick the cigarette, or did you?

Silence. We hear Reev BREATHING.

REEV
I don't remember. They say the tape shows it was you. Does it matter?

EMMA
I guess not. I guess I just --

REEV
Emma?

EMMA
Yeah.

REEV
Can we just enjoy what just happened?

EMMA
Yeah.

She nuzzles into his arm and closes her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma wakes and rolls on her back. She realizes she has the entire bed to herself.

She pops her head up and looks around the room. Reev is nowhere in sight and it appears all of his belongings are gone. She wraps the sheet around her and looks around. Only her clothes are on the ground.

She grimaces and reaches between her legs and then ducks her head down to walk across the hallway to her room as though she's going through a walk of shame.

She sits on her bed and opens her bedside table drawer. She sees two guns. She sits on the bed and tries to understand. She falls backward onto the bed and begins to cry.

Then her phone rings. She bounces up and answers it.

EMMA

Reev? Where are you?

CAROL

Emma-girl? What's wrong? What happened?

Emma sighs and plops onto the ground.

EMMA

Hi, mom. Nothing.

Emma begins crying.

CAROL

Ok, ok, settle down. You need to talk to me.

EMMA

Mom, am I a loser? You can tell me the truth.

CAROL

No. Hey. No you are not. I do not like when you make those kinds of comments. Remember what your father used to say? Hmmm?

EMMA

We are what we make.

CAROL

We are what we make. You are not stupid. Whatever happened yesterday, today is a new day. You are a strong, independent woman. Now tell me, what happened?

EMMA

I slept with Reev. And now he's gone.

(beat)

Mom? Are you there?

CAROL

(laughing)

Oh, Emma-girl, that was pretty stupid. I mean, I'm very sorry. That wasn't very nice of him.

EMMA

Thanks.

CAROL

Emma-girl, you're not a loser. You're in love. And love can hurt. You'll be fine. Are you coming by the library today?

EMMA

I guess.

CAROL

Good! Now stop crying. You are what you make! See you soon. Love you!

Emma drops the phone and sighs.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARRE STUDIO - MORNING

Emma looks depressed as she walks down the sidewalk to her barre class. She stops a short distance from the entrance.

As she's psyching herself up, three young, attractive WOMEN walk past and enter. She rolls her eyes.

She looks down the sidewalk and sees a boxing studio. Intrigued, she heads over.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Emma looks around and sees a very different CROWD than she's used to. She begins nodding her head.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - LATER

Emma is punching a bag and loving it.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Emma walks into the library and enters her mother's office. She is in a noticeably better mood. Carol looks up.

CAROL

Oh, hey, Emma-girl. What are you doing here?

EMMA

Tutoring, like every week.

CAROL

It's the summer. There's no tutoring.

Emma's face drops.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I'm actually glad you came by. I want you to look at these.

She hands Emma a folder. Emma looks at it skeptically, but doesn't open it.

EMMA

If they're head shots of possible suitors, I won't be happy.

CAROL

No, better. They're job listings at a high school in Bend. They're looking for English instructors!

Emma tries not to roll her eyes or laugh.

EMMA

You're still on this?

CAROL

It'll be so fun. I'm surprised you're pushing back. All you ever talk about is leaving. Is something making you feel differently. Not Reev. You're not secretly being held hostage are you?

Emma is speechless.

INT. FIRST STREET BAR AND GRILL - DAY

We come in to Benson's smiling face. As we pull out, we see he's talking and laughing with Jarrod.

Emma ENTERS behind them in the front door. She tries not to react when she notices Benson talking to Jarrod. She walks over and ducks underneath the counter.

BENSON
(smiling)
Hiya, Emma!

JARROD
Tell me how you guys know each other again? He's been asking about you for hours.

EMMA
What are you doing here?

BENSON
Is that anyway to treat a patron?

JARROD
It absolutely is not. Honey, where are your manners?

BENSON
It's fine. I come bearing gifts. You left your purse that night and I have come to return it.

EMMA
My purse?

Benson places an Hermes purse on the bar. Jarrod grabs it, smells it, and hugs it.

JARROD
Oh. My. God. Emma, Hermes! I'll tell you, she is full of surprises.

BENSON
She certainly is.
(beat, to Jarrod)
Hey, gorgeous, why don't you go fix me another vodka soda.

Jarrod swoons. He hands the purse to Emma, pokes at the air to Benson, and then walks away. Emma contorts her face.

BENSON (CONT'D)
What, club owners can't be queer?

EMMA
(shrugs acceptingly)
What is this?

BENSON

A gift... from your boyfriend.

EMMA

You know where Reev is?

BENSON

At the moment, I imagine he's
getting fitted for a very expensive
black suit.

EMMA

Can I see him?

BENSON

There's a gift in the purse for
you. Call it a token of good faith.
And instructions. You understand.

Emma backs away as Jarrod flirtatiously places a drink on the bar. She opens the bag and sees a bloody knife and tape inside. She snaps the bag shut.

Benson smiles at her over Jarrod's shoulder.

EMMA (V.O.)

God this is a nice bag.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Emma is sitting at the dining room table holding up a picture of GERTRUDE MALONE. The picture is a flyer from the Friends of Livingston Preservation Society.

The bloody knife (in a plastic bag) sits on the table in front of Emma. A Kappa Kappa Gamma duffle bag is behind it. She puts the picture down and holds her hand in front of her to inspect her nails. The nail polish is chipped. Emma rolls her eyes. Suddenly --

-- there's a KNOCK on the door, making Emma jump. She looks at the criminal paraphernalia on the table. Another KNOCK. Emma quickly throws the knife and picture into the duffle bag, which we see contains the two guns. She zips it up.

DETECTIVE LOUDON (O.S.)

Mrs. Dillinger, this is Detective
Loudon!

Emma goes to the door and looks through the peep hole. She sees a MAN in a suit, a WOMAN in a suit, and a uniformed POLICE OFFICER. She pulls back and considers her options, but then reluctantly opens the door.

DETECTIVE LOUDON (CONT'D)
Emma Dillinger? I'm Detective
Loudon, with my partner, Detective
Momsen. This is Officer Bryant.

Loudon is a middle-aged white man who should probably retire.
Momsen is a young black woman who seems eager to prove
herself. Bryant is a stereotypical overweight cop.

EMMA
Hi.

DETECTIVE MOMSEN
Mrs. Dillinger, you are very adept
at defending yourself.

Emma begins to nod in understanding.

EMMA
The bar. The man grabbed me. I'm
capable of defending myself when I
feel attacked.

DETECTIVE LOUDON
No charges were filed. That's not
why we're here. May we come in?

EMMA
I would prefer if you tell me what
this is about.

DETECTIVE MOMSEN
(looking inside)
Going somewhere?

Emma looks and sees the duffle.

EMMA
The gym.

Loudon holds a picture of Jacob O'Dowd. Emma gulps.

DETECTIVE LOUDON
Do you know this man?

EMMA
Doesn't ring a bell.

DETECTIVE LOUDON
No? He died a few weeks ago when he
choked on a grape.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE LOUDON (CONT'D)

What's interesting is that he had bruising on his stomach that suggests someone was trying to save him, and he had a post-mortem stab wound in his chest. He also had a long, bleach-blond hair on him, very similar to yours.

EMMA

Ok.

DETECTIVE LOUDON

(holding up two more pictures)

And these two people killed themselves, but an eye witness saw a white male run from the property and drive off in a green Subaru. You have a green Subaru, right?

EMMA

Did Jarrod put you up to this?

OFFICER BRYANT

He your boyfriend? Is he here?

DETECTIVE LOUDON

(ignoring him)

I agree. Under other circumstances, I wouldn't think twice. But then Officer Bryant told me that he saw this man...

(shows picture of Vince)

... at this very house. Now, yes, this seems circumstantial, but when Ray Ferlucci, a renowned criminal-for-hire with a record of working with organized crime, is suddenly an acquaintance, facts begin to fall into place.

DETECTIVE MOMSEN

Would you be willing to submit to a forensic analysis of a hair sample?

EMMA

A hair sample?

DETECTIVE LOUDON

Just to put this to rest.

EMMA

(with confidence)

That man, he told me his name was Vince, was at my house because he's looking for a tutor for his niece. I haven't had a chance to meet her yet. And even though you think the facts - if you can call them that - might add up, my gut tells me that if you could have convinced a judge, you would have come here with a warrant. And even if it was my hair on whoever that was, I'm a bartender. There are a thousand ways he could have picked it up. And if you actually think I have anything to do with whatever it is that you're getting at, I seriously question your capability as detectives. I mean, really, I'm where your trail has led? Really? If that's all, then I'm going to have to ask you all to leave.

Loudon gulps and smiles uncomfortably at Momsen. He takes a business card out and hands it to Emma.

DETECTIVE LOUDON

Fair enough, Emma. If you do know anything, or if you're under duress, please call me. And, Emma, if I do come back here, it will be with a warrant.

Emma closes the door. She stays with her hand against it and it seems as though she's thinking about the situation. Then she runs to the bathroom and we hear her VOMITING.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Emma sits on her couch watching The Real Housewives. She has a mud face mask on, a glass of rose in her hand, and a salad in front of her.

As she listens to the woman screaming on the television, her eyes wander to the picture of Gertrude that sits on the coffee table. She picks it up and turns it over. There's writing that reads **Saturday. Wellerby Winery Estate Room. Prior to end of ceremony.**

She sips her wine.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Emma still has her face mask on, but now looking at a computer screen. She still has her wine.

She types on the computer and an event comes on the screen.
**Come join Wellerby Winery as it celebrates new ownership!
Gerald Dalton wants to meet the community!**

She types some more and articles about Gertrude come up. She scrolls and finds a picture. It's a picture of Gertrude and her father, MIKE DILLINGER. She looks intently. The caption under the picture reads: **Gertrude Malone and Mike Dillinger lead a Livingston rally outside Town Hall to demand City Council rejects the new Downtown plan.**

EMMA (V.O.)

The new downtown plan. My dad was always talking about that monstrosity. He died fighting, that's for sure. I don't recall Gertrude showing up to his funeral.

She slams the computer shut.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Emma washes the mud off her face and looks in the mirror. The mud is half caked on and drips off. She looks like a monster.

EMMA (V.O.)

Now how do I kill someone? Poison? The ultimate woman's weapon. Where the hell do you get poison? I could shoot her, but that would be loud. I'll stab her.

She takes a deep breath as she realizes how insane her thoughts are. She shakes her head and sips her wine. This time, the wine tastes awful. She turns and vomits.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Emma exits the bar, when Jarrod and Benson enter. They're holding hands. Jarrod is in heaven. Benson smirks at Emma. Emma doesn't know what to think and continues on.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - DAY

Emma is working out with a TRAINER.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma is helping Carol move boxes.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Emma sits down to a nice but lonely homemade dinner.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma is in bed and drifting off to sleep.

EMMA (V.O.)
If I didn't know any better, just
another boring week in Livingston.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma is wide awake as the sun peeks through the window. Her alarm goes off, telling her its time to get up. She grabs her phone to shut the alarm off and then checks the weather. **103 degrees**. She puts the phone down and sighs.

EMMA (V.O.)
Ash, ash, you poke and stir. Flesh,
bone, there is nothing there. A
cake of soap, a wedding ring, a
gold filling. Herr God, Herr
Lucifer, beware beware. Out of the
ash I rise with my red hair, and I
eat men like air.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma stands in front of her closet. What do assassins wear?

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma stands in front of the mirror holding different outfits up in front of her.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Five years earlier.

Emma and a SISTER hold clothes up in front of a mirror.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Back to present.

Emma is in front of the mirror dressed in jean shorts and a light blouse. She suddenly gets nauseated and covers her mouth with her hand, but this time she doesn't vomit.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Emma sips coffee as she takes the knife out of her Kappa Kappa Gamma duffle and places it in her Hermes purse. She thinks for a second, shrugs, and sticks a gun in the back of her pants.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma drives down the street. The Hermes bag is in the passenger seat. She pulls to a stop at an intersection. Two signs are in front of her. One says **Downtown**, the other says **Freeway**. She sighs and heads toward downtown.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma passes a sign for Wellerby Winery. Pulls the car into the empty parking lot.

She parks her car and looks around, expecting a much larger event. She looks at her purse and considers what to do with it. She pulls the gun out from her jeans and places it in the purse. As she begins to put the purse in the backseat, she thinks better of it and takes it with her.

INT. WELLERBY TASTING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Emma enters the tasting room where a few EMPLOYEES lounge behind the bar. She approaches one of them questioningly.

EMPLOYEE

Welcome. Here for a tasting?

EMMA

Uh, no, actually. I was expecting a bigger crowd. Is the big celebration today?

EMPLOYEE

Oh, Mr. Dalton's community festival. No, you're a week early.

(MORE)

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
It's next Saturday. Second Saturday
of July.

Emma's shoulders slouch as she realizes that not only is she a week early, she now has to endure another week of waiting. She opens the purse, ensuring no one can see inside, and pulls out Gertrude's picture. Sure enough, it says **July 13**. She puts it back in the purse and closes it.

EMMA
I'm such an idiot.

EMPLOYEE
No! Nonsense. You're here. How
about a tasting on the house?

EMMA
Um, tempting, it is.

Suddenly, the front door opens and a GROUP OF GIRLS enter.

BETTY
Emma? Emma!

Emma turns to look at who is calling her. It's BETTY, her former sorority sister.

EMMA
Betty? Hi!

Betty runs to her and hugs her.

BETTY
(very fast talker)
I didn't think you were going to
come. You didn't return my calls.

EMMA
Wait, what?

BETTY
It's Ashley's engagement party.

EMMA
Oh, right. Of course.

Emma leers past Betty and sees Ashley. Pregnant Ashley.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Is she... pregnant?

BETTY

Yes! Can you believe it? I'm seriously so happy you're here. Um, cute bag! Wow, Hermés. I didn't know you had it in you.

We hear a scream. Ashley comes bounding over and hugs Emma.

ASHLEY

You're heeeeeere! Betty told me you weren't coming!

EMMA

I wouldn't miss this for the world.

ASHLEY

Ok, no more of this nonsense. You're moving to San Francisco. I'm being serious. I'm moving out to move in with Kenny...

EMMA

Kenny?

ASHLEY

Yeah, my fiancée. You should take the room. It's with Shannon, Meg, and Donna. Your dad died four years ago. It's time to move on.

Emma is taken aback, but before she can respond, Ashley gets distracted and walks away.

BETTY

Relax. She's pregnant and hormonal and crazy. I can't believe how much I missed you. Why don't you ever come see us anymore?

(contorts her face)

What are you wearing? You seriously need to get out of Livingston.

INT. CAR - DAY

Emma pulls into her mother's driveway. She sees Carol open the front door and wave while she sips some wine. Emma waves back and opens the door, making an obvious effort to check the driveway for snakes.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Emma enters the house and Carol drapes her arm over her shoulders.

CAROL
Hiya, Emma-girl.

EMMA
Hiya, momma.

CAROL
You've turned into such an amazing woman. Do you know that?

Emma turns to look at her. As the words sink in, Emma can't hold it together and bursts into tears. Carol is obviously concerned and starts to console her.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Hey, are you crying. Emma-girl, hey. What's going on?

EMMA
(sniffling)
Mom... Mom, what would you say if I told you that I'm a killer?
(beat)
That I've killed?

Emma goes pale when she realizes what she just said. Carol, though, laughs, sighs, and takes Emma by the chin.

CAROL
Emma. Your father died. He had kidney cancer. He refused, ok, he refused to accept one of your kidneys.

EMMA
No, mom...

CAROL
No, listen. You did not kill your father. That's the end of it. You have been punishing yourself for years. You live in this city as though it's your own personal prison cell. It has got to stop. You did not kill your father. You are not a killer.

Carol's words work and Emma nods acceptingly.

EMMA

Don't know where that came from.

CAROL

Speaking of your father, I raided his old wine. I'll get you a glass.

EXT. BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Carol opens the sliding glass door and stomps on the porch.

CAROL

Snake!

Satisfied, she and Emma walk out and sit on the outdoor couch.

EMMA

You're such a dork.

CAROL

Just keeping us safe. The weather is warm. Snakes have been sunning themselves.

Emma sees a yearbook on the table.

EMMA

What is this?

CAROL

Oh! I found it when I was cleaning out the library.

Emma rolls her eyes and begins flipping through it. She immediately flips to Reev's picture.

CAROL (CONT'D)

That boy really cast a spell on you.

EMMA

Why do you hate him so much?

CAROL

Why do I hate him? Emma, you have a very selective memory. And I get it. You were in love - you are in love - but don't ignore reality.

EMMA

Which is, what?

CAROL

Boy barely passed high school, only because you tutored him, and he sweeps you off your feet just as his deadbeat father submits plans to the planning commission to build a crazy gun store downtown. And then he tries to convince you not to go to college when your father turned down the application. Your father and Gertrude whatever-her-name-is.

EMMA

Malone.

CAROL

Wow, good memory.

EMMA

Dad was on the planning commission? I didn't know that.

CAROL

Well, yes you did, but it's not surprising you don't remember. You weren't exactly interested in our lives at the time. Until your dad got sick.

EMMA

Wait, dad was on the planning commission and turned down Reev's father for a business permit?

CAROL

You knew that, but yes.

EMMA

And you hate Reev because you thought he was in on it and then tried to get me not to go to college before ditching me when dad turned his father down?

CAROL

I mean, yes to the first part, but, I mean, Emma, you kind of ditched him. Thank God! But, give credit where credit's due.

EMMA

(epiphany)

I went to Georgetown.

CAROL

And came back when your dad got sick. Reev was long gone by then.

EMMA (V.O.)

Reev didn't leave me. I left Reev.

EMMA

Reev left me, mom. I remember crying in bed.

CAROL

Well, ok, yes, he had to leave before you, but only after you told him you're going to college. You cried and cried. Such innocent love. You felt so bad that you broke his heart and ruined him. At least twice I had to stop you from running away and joining him down in San Diego. I thought for sure you were going. Frankly, I was just happy you could love with such passion and intensity. My little girl had a heart.

Emma is speechless.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Emma, now's as good a time as any to tell you, I received an offer on the house and I accepted. It's an all cash offer above asking. We close in two weeks.

Emma is wide-eyed in disbelief.

EMMA

Wait, you're actually selling the house?

CAROL

Yep! Some investment guy from Silicon Valley. I guess they're all moving out here. Get a little bit more space for their dollar.

EMMA

Ok, so now what?

CAROL

Movers are coming tomorrow to take my stuff to Bend. I'm doing it.

EMMA

Mom! You can't drop these
bombshells on me!

CAROL

I found a little place right on the
river. Walking distance to
downtown. I already spoke to a
bookstore and I'm going to help run
the inventory.

EMMA

(considers)

Can I still come with you.

Carol beams and they hug.

INT. CAR - DAY

Emma sits in her car, same hit woman outfit as before, Hermes
purse in the passenger seat. She's parked at Wellerby Winery
and it's packed.

EMMA (V.O.)

But, Emma, why go through with it
at all? Aren't you leaving? And I
respond. Yes, I am leaving, but not
for two more weeks. What happens if
I don't go through with it and they
punish me? If that means one more
victim in my wake of destruction,
so be it.

(beat)

And this is my kill. I can accept
that. I can accept that's who I am.

(beat, to the mirror)

Sisters of Kappa Kappa Gamma and
brothers of Sigma Nu, it is my
honor to introduce Emma Dillinger!

EXT. WELLERBY WINERY PLAZA - DAY

Emma walks into a large CROWD. Two different bands are
playing and there are lots of wine tasting stations. Emma
starts looking around for Gertrude and approaches a bar.

EMMA

Glass of Rose.

Louis approaches. Louis still has bruising on his face from
when Emma hit him in the bar.

LOUIS
That's on me!

Emma turns and sees him. She smiles sheepishly. He puts his hands up defensively.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I'm not touching you.

EMMA
I'm sorry... but the wine is free.

He holds his hand out and she accepts.

LOUIS
Louis.

EMMA
Emma.

LOUIS
Are you here with anyone?

EMMA
Friends.

LOUIS
Ah, well, I'll let you get back to them. If you give me your number.

Emma smiles again and takes his phone and puts her number in.

EMMA
Are you here with anyone?

LOUIS
I work for East Bay Mutual. This is my boss' party.

EMMA
Lucky you.

Now he smiles sheepishly.

LOUIS
It's a job.

EMMA
K. Well I'm going to get back to my friends. I'll hear from you?

LOUIS
You will.

They shake again and linger, but then he walks away.

EXT. WELLERBY WINERY PLAZA - LATER

Emma walks through the crowd. She's trying to appear casual, but then she spots Gertrude.

Gertrude is saying her goodbyes and beginning to walk to the parking lot. Emma casually follows her from a distance. When they are a good distance from the crowd, Emma speeds up.

EMMA

Mrs. Malone! Hey, Mrs. Malone!

Gertrude stops and turns and waits for Emma to catch up.

GERTRUDE

Emma? I'll be. Emma Dillinger. This is a surprise.

EMMA

I know. Can I walk with you?

GERTRUDE

Of course!

As they turn to walk, though, Detectives Loudon and Momsen cut them off. They both flash badges.

DETECTIVE LOUDON

Excuse us. Hi, Mrs. Dillinger. We need a moment.

GERTRUDE

What's this about?

DETECTIVE LOUDON

Oh, just need a word with her. No concerns at all.

Gertrude nods and excuses herself. She doesn't want anything to do with this situation. Emma watches her target walk away and sees no way of making this right.

DETECTIVE MOMSEN

Something special about her?

EMMA

Who, Gertrude? Are we still doing this? She's an old family friend and I wanted to say hi. Arrest me for my egregious offenses.

DETECTIVE LOUDON

We don't want to arrest you, Emma.
We want to prevent you from doing
something stupid.

EMMA

Like drinking too much wine?

DETECTIVE MOMSEN

This is your second Saturday here.
Scoping it out?

DETECTIVE LOUDON

Make this easy on yourself. Just
help us out here.

In the distance, there's a SCREAM and both detectives turn. A WOMAN begins backing into the parking lot and both detectives turn and run. Emma casually walks to her car and gets in. Reev is in the passenger seat. Emma barely reacts. She simply gets in and drives off.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Reev are driving. The winery is not in sight.

EMMA

Did you do it?

REEV

What was your plan? Let everyone
watch you walk away with her and
then shoot her? Are you trying to
get caught? What are you even doing
here?

EMMA

What am I doing here? What are you
doing here!?

REEV

Jesus Christ. Were you actually
prepared to go through with it?
Have you become a psychopath? Emma,
leave. Leave town. You have the
knife back. There is nothing tying
you to this place.

EMMA

You left me. How could you do that?

REEV

I thought it would help. I knew you wouldn't agree so I left.

EMMA

So you killed her today?

REEV

Please leave, Emma. I can't keep you safe here. Get in your car and leave.

EMMA

And you?

REEV

I know what I am. Just pull over. I'll walk.

Emma reluctantly pulls the car over. Reeve gets out and then looks at Emma.

REEV (CONT'D)

Did you watch the tape?

EMMA

No. Why would I?

REEV

It shows me flicking the cigarette.

Reeve closes the door and walks away. Emma feels herself spiraling into darkness, but after a few deep breaths, steadies herself.

EMMA (V.O.)

I decided right then and there that I'm leaving. I'll just meet my mom in Bend.

She reaches behind her and pulls the gun out of her pants because it was jabbing her in the back. She grimaces and sticks it under her seat.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Emma throws clothes in duffle bags. She's not frantic, but not taking her time. She zips two of them up and looks around. She looks at the things she has accumulated over the years. She walks out of the room and into the family room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma walks slowly, analyzing her belongings. She picks up a single framed photo of her with her parents. She enters the attached kitchen and puts it on the island next to the Kappa duffle and the yearbook.

She begins flipping through the yearbook. First she flips to her freshman year photo. It's a nightmare. She laughs and keeps flipping. She finds a photo of a very young Reeve and stops.

At first she smiles, but then she deadpans and looks closer. The photo is of Reeve with a much taller boy with his arm around him. The caption read, **Ben Thompson and his younger brother, R.V. Thompson.** Emma starts to hyperventilate.

EMMA (V.O.)

Ben. Ben. Ben. Ben. Ben. I know this Ben. This Ben is Benson. Benson and his younger brother, R.V. Short for Raymond Vincent. Reeve for brevity and to not sound like a vehicle for a family vacation. How did I not know it? How did I not see it? I knew Reeve had an older brother, but I had never met him. He had spoken about Ben before, but never Benson. This was all a setup. This was no accident. Reeve targeted me.

Suddenly, the doorbell RINGS and Emma SLAMS the book shut. She approaches the front door and opens it. Vince stands there with a giant smile.

A young girl, MARTI, maybe 8 or 9 years old, holds his hand.

EMMA

Vince. Or is it Ray?

Vince lets go and begins clapping, then pushes his way into the house. Emma closes the front door behind them.

VINCE

I have so many names, Emma. But for your tutoring sessions, you'll just be Ms. Dillinger. Marti, sweetie, why don't you go play outside. I need to talk to Ms. Dillinger for a minute.

MARTI

But I'm thirsty.

EMMA

There's sodas in the fridge,
sweetie.

Marti gets a soda and goes outside. She finds a spot in the shade and sits down.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Vince sit across from each other at the table. Vince has the palms of his hands flat on the table.

EMMA

I meant to tell you how much I like
your Hawaiian shirts.

VINCE

(laughing)

Nice work on Gertrude. Very
impressive. I thought for sure
without Reeve you would lose your
nerve, but you certainly continue
to amaze. Choked a woman to death.
Talk about hitting the papers fast.
Usually it takes a day for me to
confirm, but there was no messing
around today. It's different, isn't
it, taking a life with your hands?
Feeling the heart beat actually
stop? There's something so... alive
about it.

(beat)

Emma, let's bring this to an end.

EMMA

What does that mean?

VINCE

My boss is putting together a plan
to purchase a number of downtown
establishments and we'd like you to
run one of them.

Emma looks at him like he just spoke Chinese.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Emma, in this world, you're
rewarded for good work. Now my boss
would like to reward you. No more
killing. You'd be brought on as an
official employee in a legal
enterprise.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

You'd run a business under your own
auspices, under the umbrella of a
taxed corporation.

EMMA

No more killing?

VINCE

Well, one more just to tie up some
loose ends.

(beat)

But, as a show of good faith, I'm
going to take care of it for you.

Emma is suspicious.

EMMA

Your boss is buying downtown
businesses?

VINCE

He is.

EMMA

What, do you work for Gerald Dalton
or something?

VINCE

Who signs my checks isn't
important.

EMMA

You work for Gerald Dalton?

VINCE

Emma, your debts are paid. Your
family's safe. Your career
flourishes. This is an easy
decision.

EMMA

Why did Reev go work for you?

VINCE

Oh, I suppose deep down, every son
wants to work for his father.

Vince flashes an evil smile. Emma pieces everything together.

EMMA

What is that, a bad Star Wars
reference? I know that's not true.
I've met his dad.

VINCE

Did you now?

EMMA

Yes, and Benson is his brother.

VINCE

Half-brother. By law, I can't deny it. That's what they don't tell you when you join the military. You leave for a year and your wife goes and fucks other men. Kinda funny, huh? I didn't know Reev existed until I found out he had been raised by that half-beat jackass.

Marti opens the door and comes back in.

MARTI

It's hot.

VINCE

(lovingly)

I know it is, precious.

EMMA

Wait, so is this...

VINCE

One last gift from a drug-fueled death in labor. Incidentally, my bitch wife still had me as her emergency contact. Pretty amazing when I show up and find out that not only do I have high-school-graduate of a son running off to the Marines, but he has a sister.

EMMA

This is Reev's sister?

VINCE

She needed a home as well. Come on, Marti, no tutoring today.

He slides an envelope across the table.

VINCE (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, he never wanted to hurt you. Family loyalty is, well, a burden. You should hate me, not him. Don't worry, I'm keeping his sister safe for him.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

(beat)

In case you're wondering, this is the last obstacle to putting this plan in action.

EMMA

No one else needs to die.

VINCE

No, Emma, someone's going to die. But relax, like I said, it's on me. You just think about things. I'll be in touch.

Vince winks at her and walks out with Marti.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma is sitting on her bed with the envelope. She looks at her bags and then back at the envelope. She finally tosses the unopened envelope on her bed.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Emma throws her duffle bags into the trunk and about 10 books. She takes the Kappa duffle with the weapons inside and walks it out to the trash along with another bag of trash. She places the duffle in the trash can and then the bag of trash on top. She tosses the envelope in the passenger seat. She gets in the car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Emma is in the driver's seat when her phone buzzes. She looks at it and sees a text. **Hi! It's Louis. Nice meeting you today. Sorry it's so soon, but I just wanted to check that you're ok. It was crazy here today!** Emma sighs and texts him back. **Hi, Louis. I'm fine. Thanks for texting. I should have told you, I'm leaving town. It would have been nice to get to know you.**

She puts the phone away and pulls the car out of the garage. She pauses for a moment as the garage closes behind her. She takes one last look at the house she has known for so long. Her eyes move to the rearview mirror. She barely recognizes the woman staring back.

EMMA

I am Emma Dillinger, and I'm a hit woman.

She begins driving down the road. She arrives at the signs for the freeway and downtown. She can no longer resist. She reaches for and opens the envelope. Her eyes grow wide when she looks at a picture of Janice. Without hesitating, she turns the car to go downtown.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma is parked on the side of the road looking around her. She's staking out a house. She looks at the rearview mirror.

EMMA (V.O.)
I am Emma Dillinger, and I'm a hit woman.

She reaches under her seat and pulls the gun out that she had placed there earlier in the day.

EMMA (V.O.)
Which is why I didn't get rid of all of my guns. And no one threatens my boss.

She sticks the gun in the back of her pants as she gets out.

EXT. FRONTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Emma walks up the path to the front door. She knocks. When there's no answer, she knocks again and reaches for her gun. But then the door cracks open and Janice peers through. When she sees it's Emma, she opens it, but she seems very nervous.

EMMA
Is everything all right?

Janice looks beyond Emma to see if anyone is there. Finally, she nods and pulls Emma inside.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They walk through the foyer and into the Kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Janice closes the door to the kitchen. Her whole body is tense. Emma looks at her questioningly. We almost get the sense she recognizes that panicking is kind of pathetic.

JANICE

Emma, this is going to sound crazy,
but I think someone is trying to
kill me.

EMMA

Wh, what?

JANICE

I know. I know. I mean, I know.
It's crazy. I don't know. Maybe I'm
losing my mind.

EMMA

Ok, Janice, I need you to slow down
and talk to me.

JANICE

Emma, have you seen what's
happening around here? Look, this
is the current downtown around
First Street.

She leads Emma to the kitchen table where they look at
schematics of the downtown area. Janice flips a sheet of a
much more updated downtown.

JANICE (CONT'D)

This, this is the future of
downtown.

She touches the schematic like it's a valuable prize.

JANICE (CONT'D)

This could be the future. I was
planning on talking to you about it
later today, but you stopped by.
So, that's fortuitous, huh?

EMMA

Talk to me about what exactly?

JANICE

About being a part of this! Emma,
me and four others have been
working on a plan to keep the
character of Livingston alive and
local.

EMMA (V.O.)

Me and four others? Me and four
others? Seriously, what has
happened to the English language?

JANICE

Livingston is going to change. It is. I accept that. We have to decide if we're just going to let the change happen or if we're going to take control of our destiny.

EMMA

Ok. So what do I have to do with all of this?

JANICE

My team, the five of us, I'm the only one still living.

Emma makes a face as though finally understanding the puzzle. Janice starts ticking the names off with her fingers.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Jacob O'Dowd died from choking. But, Emma, he also had a stab wound in his chest. The Smiths, Tom and Jackie, shot one another in, if I may say, suspicious circumstances. You heard about Gertrude I'm sure, who got strangled to death a few hours ago! That leaves me.

EMMA

(unconvincingly)

That, you know, is probably just a coincidence. Janice, have you called the police?

JANICE

To tell them what, exactly? You don't believe me. They'd laugh me out of the station.

(beat)

We were going to pitch it to the City Council. I guess they're considering a larger development from some bank. It'd totally destroy the neighborhood. Actually, that's how I want you to be a part of it. It's what I wanted to talk to you about later today. I want you and Jarrod to be my partners.

As she finishes, the door on the opposite side of the kitchen bursts open and Thomas Maron appears. Startled, Emma grabs the gun tucked into the back of her jeans. She is very clumsy and struggles to pull it out. She finally pulls it free and pulls the trigger three times.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Emma, noooooooooo!

The room is deadly still as the shock of the gun blast seems to have frozen the very air. Janice is cowering in the corner with her hands over her ears.

Thomas is stunned and staring petrified at the floor. Three bullet holes are in the wall about three feet to the right of his head.

Emma's hand begins to shake uncontrollably when she realizes it's Janice's son. Thomas wets himself. Janice rises slowly.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(gently)

Emma. Emma, I need you to put the gun down. Emma. Emma, please stop pointing a gun at my son.

EMMA

I'm sor, I'm sor, I'm...

(looks to Janice)

I'm sorry. I don't, I'm sorry. I thought your life was in danger.

JANICE

How would you know that?

EMMA

You were right. Your life is in danger. Call the police.

JANICE

Ok, I will. Are you here to stop someone?

EMMA

(to herself)

Yes, I said no more killing, and he said...

Emma's phone rings. Startled, she pulls it out of her pocket and answers it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hello.

VINCE (O.S.)

Emma, sweet Emma. I thought you and I had an understanding. Making gestures in good faith.

EMMA

We did. I said no one else had to die.

VINCE (O.S.)

And I said someone is going to. You just decided it won't be Janice.

Vince hangs up. Emma considers the words. It dawns on her what Vince meant. She looks at Janice apologetically and then runs out.

EXT. FRONTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Emma comes tearing out of Janice's house. She crams the gun in her front pocket and her phone in the back of her pants.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Emma gets in her car, turns it on, and peels out.

INT. CAR - LATER

Emma pulls the car into her mother's driveway. She doesn't bother with a snake check and bolts out.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Emma bursts through the front door. She has her gun drawn, but is clearly no professional. She doesn't know how to properly check a room and doesn't have her arms extended.

She's nervous and begins to slowly look for her mother in the silent house. She checks the bedrooms. There isn't a sound. She begins to make her way through the house. We follow her through the kitchen and to the back door.

Through the sliding glass door, we see her mom tied up gagged in a chair on the porch. Benson stands behind her and has a large knife to her throat. Emma keeps her gun on Benson as she opens the door and steps out.

EXT. BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Benson smiles as Emma steps onto the porch.

BENSON

That's far enough.

EMMA

Let her go!

BENSON

Spare me the terrified sorority
girl act.

EMMA

Take me. Kill me. She has nothing
to do with this.

BENSON

I want to believe you. I do. But,
Emma, you are anything but stupid.
I never understood how you got into
my brother's head the way you did,
but now that I've seen you in
action...

EMMA

What? You've seen me in action?
What do you think you've seen?
(beat)
Did Vince send you here?

BENSON

Vince? Who cares about Vince? This
is between you and me, and, Emma, I
know your secret. I know you
haven't killed anyone. That's what
makes you so dangerous. Your
ability to manipulate. But, hey,
you took everything from me, now
you're giving it all back. Once I
take care of you, I'll be the star
again.

(beat)

I actually like your friend. Once I
kill you, I'm going to take him on
a trip. It's going to be so
romantic. We're going to talk about
your death over a nice bottle of
champagne.

EMMA (V.O.)

There's a little know secret among
Livingston residents that live near
open space. We share the territory
with rattle snakes.

Emma looks down as a snake coils right by Benson's feet. When
it rattles, Benson looks down and instinctively jumps out of
the way.

His knife swipes Carol's throat, but he is entirely exposed. Emma raises the gun and fires, hitting Benson in the chest. He dies instantly.

Emma is momentarily stunned, but then looks at Carol, who is bleeding from her throat. Carol's eyes are wide with fright. Emma steps to help her, but a bag goes over her head. We hear a struggle and then silence when Emma is knocked out.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

Blackness. Emma is blinded and in a dark location. We hear her moving around and we hear what sounds like a car driving down the street.

EMMA (V.O.)

They say when a lion catches a gazelle and wraps its jaws around its throat, the gazelle stops fighting. Its body goes limp and it enjoys a final euphoric acceptance of death. I can fully appreciate the sensation. Once my mom died and they trapped me in the metaphorical monster's jaws, I stopped fighting.

The sound stops and car doors open and shut. Light floods the blackness when the trunk opens. We hear grunts and the blackness appears to move, as though maybe Emma is being dragged. Another door opens and the light changes again, from direct sunlight to artificial light.

INT. WELLERBY WINERY WINE STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

The image suddenly comes into view when the blindfold is yanked off Emma's head. She's sitting down, has duct tape across her mouth, and several men are looking at her. Beside her are the two men from the Suburban.

Vince smiles at her from across the room in his Hawaiian shirt. Gerald Dalton leans against a table and has his arms crossed as he analyzes Emma.

Then she sees Reev. Her eyes settle on him. She wants to both smile and cry. Reev is stoic in a black suit. Emma finally looks around to get her bearings and sees barrels of wine stacked along the walls.

GERALD DALTON

Ms. Dillinger, my name is Gerald Dalton and I've waited many weeks to finally meet you.

(MORE)

GERALD DALTON (CONT'D)

The wolf of Livingston in the flesh. The suburban assassin. The sorority hit woman. I barely believed it myself, but if there's one thing business has taught me, never underestimate what an employee can bring to the table. You have amassed an impressive body count, including, I might add, Mr. Thompson's brother.

Emma's eyes shoot to Reev and one of the men rips the duct tape from her mouth.

EMMA

Reev.

Mr. Dalton begins walking around the back of her. He walks deliberately, as though every step is with a purpose.

GERALD DALTON

Did you know that East Bay Mutual has one of the best veteran placement programs in the country? It's true. Real jobs for American patriots. None of this minimum wage rent-a-cop nonsense. Real training and real jobs. A simple background check, though, helps me identify vets with more unique talents.

(pats Vince on the back)

Mr. Ferlucci, for example. A fine American with a checkered past who just needs an opportunity.

(beat)

And his son, Raymond Vincent, another fine American just looking for an opportunity in a country that tossed him aside.

EMMA

Reev, you're better than this.

GERALD DALTON

You know why I like veterans, Ms. Dillinger? Veterans are loyal. Veterans have skills. Veterans are trained in strategy and operations. So, say, when I have a problem that requires outside-the-box thinking, who better than a soldier literally trained to do just that?

(beat)

(MORE)

GERALD DALTON (CONT'D)

You want to know what requires outside-the-box thinking, Ms. Dillinger? Livingston. Don't get me wrong, the economic potential here is too good to pass up. But you rednecks seem to be the only people in the state of California that don't want to partake in the renaissance. So you know what I have to do? I hire someone innovative like Mr. Ferlucci.

(smiles)

I hire Mr. Ferlucci here and I tell him my problem and he comes up with a plan that - I am a humble man - I simply never would have thought of on my own. You know who makes good executives, Ms. Dillinger? People that surround themselves with good people and take good advice. Find a citizen of Livingston, one who both embodies the old and the new. A modern-day citizen who connects with the people. Someone who can open up eyes and perspectives. That's what Mr. Ferlucci told me. You were a win/win prospect for me, do you understand that? You see, on one hand, you take out my competition and then I come in and I have a beautiful face to lead my efforts. A daughter of Livingston. An urban millennial. If you failed, if you got caught, then Livingston can no longer trust their own and I come in the conquering hero.

EMMA

That's literally the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

GERALD DALTON

I see what you mean, Mr. Ferlucci. She has spunk. I do see what your son saw in her.

(to Emma)

Unfortunately, you took the third option. We were going to set you up, you just had to pass one last loyalty test. Now where does that leave me?

EMMA

I guess you'll just have to leave
Livingston.

GERALD DALTON

No.

He turns and pulls a gun out from inside his coat and points it at Vince. Vince's face changes when he sees his boss turn on him. He holds his hands up defensively.

VINCE

Hey, boss.

GERALD DALTON

Allowing failure to sit idly in an
organization is a tacit
acknowledgment of apathy towards
success.

Dalton pulls the trigger and Vince collapses in a heap, the blood staining his white hair. Emma yelps and begins to shake and cry as her eyes move from Vince to Dalton who remains standing over him with his gun drawn.

She looks to Reev begging him for help. He stands stoically, not allowing any emotion to corrupt his placid demeanor. Dalton finally lowers his weapon and walks to within a step of Reev.

GERALD DALTON (CONT'D)

I assume that you're okay with
this, Mr. Thompson?

REEV

I am.

GERALD DALTON

Good. He was a bad man. I didn't
like what he was doing with your
sister. I'm sorry it took me so
long.

Gerald walks behind Emma and cuts her binding. He pulls her up so she's standing.

GERALD DALTON (CONT'D)

Vince was a pawn. Benson, a pawn.
Pawns are expendable. You, you're a
queen. You and Reev are two lions.
California might be progressive, it
might have welcomed my father from
India, but racism is inherent.
Nativism can't be rooted out.

(MORE)

GERALD DALTON (CONT'D)

A son and a daughter of Livingston locals, now that has a feel of good ole' fashioned, homegrown blood. You and Reev. You'll run operations. You'll oversee the development of the largest economic expansion since Silicon Valley. Vince's plan failed, but he was right about you. I am an excellent judge of character. Just say yes.

EMMA

My sorority sisters would never forgive me for selling out to a madman like you. Why don't you just kill me and get it over with. I mean, seriously, what are you like some sort of creeper who likes to intimidate innocent women? Ew.

GERALD DALTON

Shame. But I respect your decision. Mr. Thompson, kill her.

Dalton and the other two men walk behind Reev. Reev immediately pulls a gun out and points it at Emma.

EMMA

(nodding)

Reev. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry I hurt you. I'm sorry about your father. I'm sorry about Marti. I'm so sorry. You deserve better. You are better. You can be better.

REEV

I'm sorry too.

INT. BLACK - CONTINUOUS

Emma closes her eyes and the scene goes black. We hear one gun SHOT, and then two more gun SHOTS, and then two more gun SHOTS. Someone collapses.

INT. WELLERBY WINERY WINE STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Emma opens her eyes and looks down. Blood begins to soak through her shirt and pants. She touches it, unclear exactly what happened or what the blood is. She's in shock.

REEV

Emma! Emma, run!

Emma looks up. Reeve fights with one of the men. Dalton lays sprawled on his back across Vince with blood from a gunshot wound seeping out of his forehead.

The second man stands and had clearly gotten punched. He pulls a gun out. Reeve continues to punch the other man and gets punched in return. They tackle one another.

REEVE (CONT'D)

Emma, run!

Emma's still in shock and casually turns for the door. She's bleeding and having a hard time walking. She's very close when the second man cuts her off with a gun.

She instinctively screams and knees him in the groin and then punches him in the nose, exactly as Reeve taught her.

The man stumbles back and loses his gun. Emma picks it up and turns to look at Reeve. She's too confused to help. She turns for the door and opens it. The sunlight splashes across her face.

EXT. WELLERBY WINERY PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Emma stumbles down the plaza and tries to make it to the road. She's working on adrenaline. The road is too far, though, and she's lost too much blood.

She falls and leans back against a tree. Both of her hands are applying pressure to gunshot wounds. She's covered in blood, exceptionally pale, and clearly dying. The gun sits beside her and a trail of blood leads from her to the winery.

She looks at the windmills in the distance atop the hillside filled with vineyards.

We hear MUSIC, at first faint and then louder. Emma diverts her attention and sees a BIKE RIDER on the road with a radio. He has no shirt on, a straw hat, and looks homeless. Emma just shakes her head.

A phone RINGS. Without thinking, Emma pulls her hand from a wound and momentarily looks at her fingernails covered in blood.

EMMA (V.O.)

I need to remember to put a
copyright on this color. I'll call
it Assassin's Blood Red.

She reaches behind her and pulls a cellphone out from somewhere behind her. The picture is of Betty.

She let's the phone fall to the ground, too weak to hold it up. Suddenly, we see a BLACK SILHOUETTE of a man emerge. We can't distinguish who it is, but he looks ominous.

Emma picks up the gun beside her and points it at the man. Her attention briefly looks back at the biker, who has turned back and is now watching the scene. Emma looks back at the silhouette.

Then another silhouette emerges. We see that the first man is clearly Reev. The gun is shaky and her vision is fuzzy. She aims for the second man. She pulls the trigger...

... There is suddenly a barrage of gunfire. COPS appear and surround Reev. The second man is no longer standing...

... Then Louis appears kneeling next to Emma.

LOUIS

Emma! Emma, hey, stay with me!

EMMA

Louis?

Louis pulls his phone out and dials a number.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry I punched you. It was rude of me.

LOUIS

Emma! Hey, stay with me! Hello, this is Agent Louis Rodriguez. I'm at the Wellerby Winery in Livingston and I need immediate emergency assistance for a gunshot victim.

Emma giggles and then closes her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

A phone RINGS. The scene is black. The phone RINGS again. We hear a hand SHUFFLING around looking for the phone.

CAROL

No, no, just relax.

The scene comes into view when Emma opens her eyes. She looks at her mom, who she thought had died. She's trying to understand what's happening.

How is her dead mother looking at her?

Carol looks exhausted as she comes to the side of the bed. The phone rings and Carol pulls it out and silences it.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Hiya, Emma-girl. Sorry. You've been asleep for nearly three days.

EMMA

But you died. I watched you die.

CAROL

No, Emma-girl. No, no. He nicked my throat. Mrs. Bregner down the street heard the gunshots and called the paramedics. Fortunately, the cut wasn't too deep.

EMMA

But I thought you died.

CAROL

But I didn't. And neither did you.

The door opens and a NURSE enters.

NURSE

Well well, welcome back.

CAROL

You scared me, Emma-girl.

EMMA

I know. I'm sorry.

CAROL

No, I'm sorry. You tried to tell me that you were in trouble but I didn't listen. I should have been there for you and I'm so sorry.

NURSE

Ok, ladies, none of that now. Back up now. Go on. Back on up.

Carol's eyes water as she fights off a laugh and obeys the nurse's command.

The nurse pulls the cover down and begins to inspect Emma's wounds. The silence makes Emma drowsy and she drifts back to sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Emma awakes with more vigor. The drugs must be wearing off. Jarrod is sitting next to her. He's painting her nails.

Emma tries to sit up but her stomach doesn't work, so she cringes in considerable pain.

DOCTOR

No, no, hang on.

The DOCTOR pushes a button and the bed begins to rise. Then she puts some painkillers into the IV.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There, that's better.

Emma looks around. Behind Jarrod, she sees Carol and Janice. She looks embarrassed with Janice. Janice approaches.

EMMA

I'm so sorry.

JANICE

You have nothing to apologize for.
You saved my life. I'm safe. My son
is safe.

EMMA

And petrified.

JANICE

(laughing)
My offer stands by the way. You get
healthy and we'll talk.

Emma nods and looks at Jarrod.

EMMA

Jarrod, Benson...

JARROD

I know. Your mom told me. It's ok.
I mean, it's not in any way, shape,
or form ok, but it's ok.

EMMA

I wanted to tell you.

JARROD

I know. I'm not mad. I loved him.
And you know what, I'm glad I have
the capacity to love.

(MORE)

JARROD (CONT'D)
(beat, finishes the nails)
There. Beautiful.

Emma nods and smiles. She looks at the door and sees Big Bob and some other bikers.

CAROL
They refuse to leave. At least one of them is standing guard at all hours, worried someone's coming to hurt you. And it seems like your whole sorority has been by. Betty comes every day.

JARROD
Those girls are cray cray. Talking about how harm to one sister is harm to all sisters. I feel like they're all about to go on a killing spree.
(beat)
Too soon?

EMMA
How much do you guys know?

CAROL
Enough.

DOCTOR
So, Emma, the bad news is, I couldn't save your tattoo. The bullet went right through the center of it and the scar will damage the rest.

CAROL
Don't worry, Emma-girl, we'll discuss the fact you had a tattoo when you're feeling better.

JARROD
A hidden tattoo. I never would have guessed, you slut.

Emma laughs and looks back at the doctor.

DOCTOR
The good news is, both bullets went in and out without damaging any major organ. You lost blood, but, the baby should be fine.

EMMA

What?

DOCTOR

The baby.

EMMA

I'm pregnant?

CAROL

(elatedly)

Can you believe it? Dare I ask?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emma is recovering. She's alone watching television and going through a stack of mail. She settles on one letter and opens it. It's a check for the bonds she cashed in. **\$27,652**. She puts the check down. She has an idea.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE LIVINGSTON EDUCATION YOUTH CENTER - DAY

The Livingston downtown is under heavy construction. The cars parked on the road are a perfect representation of Livingston, with Teslas and electric BMWs parked in between large pick-up trucks. We focus on the sign of the education center, right beside the First Street Bar and Grill.

EMMA (V.O.)

I used my money to establish the Livingston Education Youth Center, or LEYA, which incidentally means lion in Hindi. I told my mom I didn't want to leave Livingston and she agreed to stick around. My office has acted as the unofficial headquarters of the Livingston Downtown Revival.

INT. LEYA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Emma, Jarrod, and Betty sit around a table strewn with calendars and financial statements. Emma is nursing a small baby, ANNABELLE.

BETTY

The Livingston Shakespeare Festival wants to get on our calendar about teaming up for some kids' camps once the outdoor theater is completed.

JARROD

Sweetie, your mind is on vacation,
do you know that?

EMMA

Sorry. Shakespeare sounds great.
I'll call them tomorrow, set it up.

BETTY

Everything ok?

EMMA

Yes, sorry. Seriously, we can't do
these at the end of the day
anymore.

BETTY

Let's just go over the balance
sheet tomorrow morning. Everything
looks good. Only in Livingston do
people want their kids taught by
the Kappa Kappa Hit Woman.

JARROD

It's seriously so sexy. I curse God
for making me gay.

BETTY

Don't forget to go over your
speech.

JARROD

Speech?

BETTY

Guest speaker for Berkeley's Greek
night.

JARROD

Seriously so sexy.

INT. LEYA FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

The three walk down the hall to the front. Emma waves at
Sancho in one of the classrooms. Elena works the front desk.
Carol is waiting in the front with Marti. When they see Emma,
they rise and Carol takes Annabelle.

EMMA

So you'll take Annabelle and Marti
here. I should be home for dinner.

MARTI

Are you going to get my brother?

EMMA

Yes I am. I'd like it if you still stayed with me, though. But only if you want.

Marti smiles and nods.

CAROL

We'll be fine. Are you sure you want to do this?

Emma kisses Annabelle on the head. She nods.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Emma drives down the freeway and exits when she sees a prison.

EMMA (V.O.)

Reev took the fall, but there was no evidence to tie him to any murders and I refused to testify. He spent one year in prison for conspiracy. I figured the least I could do was pick him up.

EXT. OUTSIDE PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Emma pulls the car up and Reev is waiting for her. She stops and he gets in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

They both stare straight ahead. Emma begins to drive.

EMMA

How are you?

REEV

I'm good. You didn't have to come get me. How's Marti?

EMMA

Good. I'm growing on her.

REEV

How's... How's Annabelle?

EMMA

She's beautiful.

Reev smiles and tears up.

REEV

Emma, you need to know, I never meant for this to happen. When Vince showed up at the hospital, my mother was comatose. I took Marti home and Benson started to raise her. Vince kept showing up, though, and told me I was his son and he wanted to be in my life. I didn't know what to do.

EMMA

I know.

REEV

You say you know, but I still want to say it. Vince was going to hurt her unless we helped him with his plan. Benson gave Vince your name to hurt me. I honestly didn't think anything bad or dangerous would happen. I barely even knew Marti when I left. She was only a few months old. My father kept showing up and trying to get to know me. The only thing I could do at the time was leave.

EMMA

That's why you joined the Marines.

REEV

But when Benson said my father took her, I had to figure something out. Benson blamed me since it was my dad. To Benson, you... You seemed like the best option. I thought it would have been relatively innocent.

EMMA

So you did target me.

REEV

I tried to protect you.

EMMA

You were a little angry at me.

REEV

It was nice having you back in my
life.

Emma is silent, but accepts it. She looks at him and nods.
She reaches over and takes his hand. She nods again.

EMMA

Do you want to meet your daughter?

He tears up again. Then he smiles and nods.

REEV

If you think it's a good idea.
There's a bus stop you can drop me
at if not.

EMMA

You want to leave?

REEV

Should I?

EMMA

I guess that's par for the course.
Cut tail and run.
(beat)
Sorry.

REEV

No, I want to meet my daughter.

They pass a sign for a bar. Reev points at it.

REEV (CONT'D)

Want to get a drink first?

EMMA

Sure.

EMMA (V.O.)

How much harm can come from one
drink?

THE END

FADE OUT.