

VIXEN

Written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. ISOLATED TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY - THE PRESENT

Blue sky and empty grasslands surround the midwestern oasis. A Mack truck BELTS black soot as it lumbers towards the open road.

A bell CHIMES as the front door of the diner swings open and out steps EMMA FOX (late 30's, early 40's).

Strands of hair break loose from a sloppy ponytail and drift across a face adorned with scars left over from time spent on the wrong side of someone's fist.

She throws on a light brown canvas jacket with a military sense about it and heads towards a row of parked cars with the confident gait of a gunslinger.

Loose gravel CRUNCHES beneath her boots. In the distance a jet engine RUMBLES.

She stops to pull out a lighter and she screws a filter-less cigarette between her lips. A snap of fingers, a flash of sparks, a quick exhale of smoke.

The sound of the jet engine grows LOUDER.

EMMA

Well, aren't you a crafty devil.

She turns.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY - THE PAST

Emma turns to look out a living room window. The sound of a jet engine CRASHES and disappears quickly, leaving behind a low RUMBLE, soon overtaken by cackling LAUGHTER.

Now in the past, not a single hair on Emma's head strays out of place and her make-up flawlessly accents a scar-free face.

Emma turns back to a group of SUBURBAN WOMEN of varying ages and types. They talk over each other, discussing the latest neighborhood gossip.

A book, adorned with Oprah's seal of approval, rests on Emma's lap. Copies of the same book lie about the room, all ignored. Emma abandons her copy on the coffee table.

She listens to the swirl of conversations around her. Laughter cues Emma to force a smile.

Anyone paying attention would see the smile for the fraud that it is.

Luckily for her, no one is.

EXT. GAUDY SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Emma says a quick goodbye and walks to the sidewalk. She stops when the ROAR of jet engines consume the entire neighborhood.

She looks skyward just in time to see two Thunderbird F-16 fighter jets streak by at low altitude. She marvels at the jets as they disappear from view.

BOOK CLUB WOMAN #1 and BOOK CLUB WOMAN #2 approach. Though older than Emma, they desperately try to look younger.

BOOK CLUB WOMAN #1

Ugh, I will be so happy when the Air and Water Show is over.

BOOK CLUB WOMAN #2

I know! I don't understand why they have to fly so low. They're so loud.

They pass Emma without noticing her.

BOOK CLUB WOMAN #1

I'm just thankful my kids don't take naps anymore.

Emma walks away in the other direction.

INT. DARK BAR - EVENING

ROY CLAYTON (late 30's) stands near the front and stares out the window. He is clean-cut, and though pushing forty, retains a boyish charm that could disarm the most suspicious minds.

Behind him, several GOONS are scattered throughout, none of whom seem to pay Roy any mind.

Roy paces a bit and checks his watch. He looks at the GOONS. One of them has the courtesy to give him a shrug.

Roy's eyes drift to a booth in the back. A worn deck of playing cards are laid out in an unfinished game of solitaire.

Roy checks his watch again.

ROY

Dammit.

He pulls out his cell phone but the sound of a door in the back opening catches his attention. He turns.

Enter VICTOR RHODES (late 50's), smartly dressed. As he walks in the GOONS keep their distance. These are the smart ones. The dumb ones are dead.

Roy pockets the phone. A quick, deep breath, and then he walks over to Rhodes. He flashes his most charming smile.

ROY (CONT'D)

Mr. Rhodes, thank you for-

Rhodes silences Roy with a raised hand, a hand spattered with blood. Rhodes reaches to the side and is handed a wet towel. He wipes his hands.

RHODES

I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Clayton.

ROY

Quite all right.

RHODES

No. It isn't. We had an appointment and it was rude of me to keep you waiting. But don't worry, you'll be home in time to have dinner with the misses.

ROY

Oh, don't worry about that. She's used to it. Wife of a lawyer and all.

Roy smiles. Rhodes does not.

RHODES

I'm sure.

Rhodes gestures to the booth where the cards wait.

RHODES (CONT'D)

Please.

Rhodes and Roy sit in the booth with the deck of cards. Rhodes picks up the deck and resumes his game.

ROY  
Well, shall we?

RHODES  
I'm listening.

Roy clears his throat and gestures to the cards.

ROY  
It's just that-

Annoyed, Rhodes looks up from the cards.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm not trying to be disrespectful, Mr. Rhodes. But I don't think I need to remind you of the jail time you're facing.

RHODES  
The case against me hinges on one informant, Mr. Clayton. One. Without Mr. Myers they have nothing. I was under the impression you'd been briefed.

Roy leans in.

ROY  
I was, Mr. Rhodes. By a team of very, very stupid lawyers. It's amazing you weren't strapped to an electric chair years ago.

Roy leans back.

ROY (CONT'D)  
But at least someone had the sense to call me.

Rhodes flashes a venomous smile. Roy knows he's on thin ice.

RHODES  
Aren't you presumptuous.

ROY  
Presumptuous?

RHODES  
*Someone* didn't have the sense to call you.

(MORE)

RHODES (CONT'D)

I had the sense to call you. See, I'd been hearing things about a local lawyer who can charm the pants off a jury, but deep down is cut throat and ruthless. The kind that'd kill to get what he wants-

ROY

That's a bit harsh-

Rhodes raises his eyebrows.

RHODES

Not from what I heard. I mean, what kind of lawyer- hell, what kind of man- would be comfortable enough to even walk in here?

ROY

I'm just a public servant.

Everyone but Roy BURSTS into laughter.

RHODES

It's okay, Mr. Clayton! You may drop the act. You're amongst your own kind. We're all killers here.

ROY

I'm hardly a killer.

RHODES

Metaphorically speaking!  
Metaphorically speaking! Truth is, I need a killer, Mr. Clayton. Are you a killer?

Beat.

ROY

Yes. Yes, I'm a killer.  
Metaphorically speaking.

Another smile from Rhodes. This time, no venom. He sets the cards aside.

RHODES

Then you have my full attention, Mr. Clayton.

ROY

Okay then. Like you said, their case hinges on one informant. But sometimes one is all it takes.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I've seen men get locked up with less. Hell, a jury might convict you on your reputation alone.

RHODES

Is that a compliment or an insult, Mr. Clayton?

ROY

It's the reality we are facing. Our best option is to discredit this Myers guy. Smear him. Ruin his credibility. I'll need names of who he worked with. Family, friends, whoever. I need to get to know this guy.

RHODES

You haven't met him yet?

ROY

Not yet. He's in protective custody.

RHODES

Do you know where?

ROY

Nobody knows where.

RHODES

Somebody knows. Somebody always knows.

ROY

Well, not me. But when I get my chance I want to make sure I can rattle his cage.

Rhodes thinks.

RHODES

Start with Jolene. That's his ex-wife. I heard she left him recently so it won't be hard to get her to turn on him.

Rhodes snaps his fingers at a goon, who instantly produces a notebook and a pen. Rhodes begins writing.

RHODES (CONT'D)

Though I did hear he took the break-up pretty hard. You'll understand why when you meet Jolene.

(MORE)

RHODES (CONT'D)  
She was... Let's just say I  
wouldn't kick her out of bed for  
eating crackers. He must be  
heartbroken.

Rhodes tears out the note and slides it to Roy.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
She's at this address.

Roy picks up the note.

The front door opens. Roy looks over his shoulder as HARKER  
BARTON (mid 30's) enters.

Harker stands silhouetted against windows, more shadow than  
man. His dark skin and large frame seem to absorb all the  
light around him.

Roy's blood runs cold at the mere sight of Harker. He turns  
back to Rhodes.

ROY  
Do I want to be here for this?

RHODES  
You most certainly do not.

Roy looks back towards the front, but Harker has disappeared.  
Roy rises from the booth.

ROY  
I'll look into Jolene. In the  
meantime-

Roy points at the front door.

ROY (CONT'D)  
-as your lawyer, I advise you to  
cancel your meeting with whoever  
that was. I guarantee he'll only  
cause you more problems.

RHODES  
Don't worry, Mr. Clayton, I've been  
doing this a long time. My best to  
the misses.

Roy grabs his briefcase and exits.



EXT. DARK BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Roy exits the bar and looks around. Harker is still nowhere to be seen. He checks his watch.

ROY

Dammit.

He pulls out his cell phone, dials, and walks down the street.

ROY (CONT'D)

(to the phone)

Hey, babe, it's me...

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A clock TICKS. The décor has a modern, clinical feel - all right angles and boxes.

Quaint potted plants, nestled in rope baskets, hang from the ceiling. They are the only things that give the home any life.

She drops the book and the rest of her belongings on the couch when a muffled CHIME rings out from her coat pocket.

She pulls out her cell phone and hits a button, which initiates a voicemail.

ROY (O.S.)

Hey, babe, it's me. Just calling to let you know I'm not going to be home until nine, maybe ten-

Emma pushes the button again to silence the voicemail. She heaves a HEAVY sigh.

One of the hanging plants drops from the ceiling and CRASHES to the ground. Soil and ceramic shards fly across the room.

Emma YELPS. She stares wide-eyed at the broken pot, then looks up at the ceiling to find the circular hole where its hook used to be.

EXT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Harker leans against a distressed brick wall in the alley behind the bar.

His eyes reflect a quiet sadness and remain fixed on the filthy concrete beneath his feet.

An iron door CREAKS open and Rhodes exits the bar with a large envelope in his hands.

Behind him is DELVIN RORY (mid 40s), wiry and oozing with the charm of a used car salesman. He flicks a toothpick between his teeth and never takes his eyes off of Harker.

RHODES  
You're early.

HARKER  
Yeah, well, if you're on time  
you're late.

Rhodes chuckles and reaches out the envelope.

RHODES  
Here. Might be hard to find, but it  
needs to be done quickly.

Harker takes the envelope.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
I assumes it won't be a problem.

HARKER  
No.

RHODES  
He's in police custody.

Harker shrugs.

HARKER  
Makes it easier. Cops are mouthy.

Rhodes smiles.

RHODES  
That's why you're here.

Rhodes turns back to the bar.

HARKER  
Who is he?

Rhodes turns back, smile gone.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
I mean... What'd he do?

Beat.

RHODES  
Why would you ask me that?

HARKER  
I think I have a right to know.

RHODES  
A right?

Harker nods.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
A right?

Rhodes looks to Delvin and is met with a raised eyebrow. He looks back at Harker and eyes him up and down.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
You going soft on me, boy?

Harker's eyes narrow at the word "boy."

HARKER  
No.

RHODES  
Then don't ask stupid fucking questions.

Rhodes steps in.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
It doesn't matter who he is, or what he's done. All that matters is what you're going to do. Understand?

Harker nods.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
Good boy. I like having you around, Harker. Best you keep it that way.

Rhodes turns away and disappears into the bar. Delvin flashes Harker a grin and two-fingered wave before doing the same.

The iron door slams shut with a loud CLANG.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. TOOL SHED - EVENING

Emma enters. She picks up a clay pot and finds it cracked.

EMMA

Shit.

She looks back, out of the shed, at the back deck of the house, where the broken plant waits for a new pot.

She digs through the mess until she finds a pot that will fit the bill. She dusts it off and gives it a quick once over.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You'll do.

She reaches for a spade and a pair of gardening gloves from an old tool box. She stops. Once hidden, a pack of light cigarettes now lay revealed.

She hesitates.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BACK DECK - DUSK

The broken plant has been re-potted.

Emma sits on the steps of with a cigarette resting between her lips. She strikes a match and lights it.

She inhales deeply then exhales with a SIGH, relishing the smoke.

She takes another drag.

A small COUGH brings her attention to MRS. NELSON (80's), who wears attire that suggests she's trapped in the 1950's. The old woman frowns at Emma from behind a wooden fence.

Emma lowers the cigarette like a guilty teenager.

EMMA

(smiles)

Hello, Mrs. Nelson. Just indulging an old habit.

MRS. NELSON

I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't do that while I'm outside.

EMMA

Oh. Um. Yeah, of course.

Emma drops the cigarette to the ground and stomps it out.

EMMA (CONT'D)

So, how are things?

Mrs. Nelson gives her one last sour look before heading inside. Emma's smile fades.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Oh, you've gotta be fucking kidding me.

She looks down at the nearly full, stomped out cigarette.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roy enters and flops onto the couch. He rubs his temples, but stops when he sees the new hole in the ceiling.

ROY

Damn it.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Roy folds up a step stool and picks up a small tub of spackle and a putty knife before exiting the room. He leaves behind a freshly patched ceiling.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roy creeps into the room from the bathroom, freshly showered. Emma lays in bed with her eyes closed.

He slips into bed.

She opens her eyes.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

A coffee maker SPUTTERS as it forces water through the filter.

Roy pulls creamer from the refrigerator.

Emma sits at the table in her pajamas, lost in a daydream. A bowl of barely touched oatmeal sits in front of her, as does Roy's briefcase.

A smirk crosses Emma's face. Roy notices.

ROY

What are you smiling at?

Emma snaps back to reality.

EMMA  
Huh? Oh, nothing.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The sound of exploding firecrackers echo from outside.

ROY  
For the life of me I will never  
understand why people light off  
firecrackers in the daytime.

EMMA  
Welcome to Chicago. First time?

ROY  
(smirks)  
Smart-ass.

Roy crosses to the briefcase and snaps it shut.

EMMA  
I'm going to the market later  
today. Do you have any special  
requests for dinner?

Roy makes his way to the door.

ROY  
Uh, I don't know. It's probably  
going to be another late night.  
There's just so much to do before  
my trip to Boston. I'll just order  
out.

He opens the door.

EMMA  
You said you'd try.

He freezes, then slowly closes the door and turns back to  
face her.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You said you'd try. I thought last  
night...

ROY  
Do we have to do this now?

EMMA  
I thought we already did.

They stare at each other. Eyes locked, both unblinking.

He lets out a heavy SIGH.

ROY

Ok. You're right. I'll do my best,  
but I don't want to make you a  
promise I can't keep.

EMMA

I'm not asking you to.

He nods.

ROY

Maybe those chicken puff pastries?  
I like those.

EMMA

Ok. Puff pastries.

He gives one last nod then exits.

She pokes at her oatmeal.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma exits the front door wearing tight running attire and  
pulls out her ear buds.

The RUMBLE of a distant jet engine fades in.

She looks skyward, but sees nothing. She puts in her ear buds  
and jogs away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Emma jogs down the street. Her foot falls in line with her  
music, her eyes a little brighter.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Emma, now hot and sweaty, slows to a stop. She checks her  
pulse. She looks to the corner store.

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Emma enters. No one waits behind the front counter. She walks  
down the aisle towards the coolers in the back.

IN THE AISLE

Emma pulls open the door to one of the coolers. She grabs a bottle of water and stands in the open door, letting the cold air wash over her.

AT THE COUNTER

A bell CHIMES as the front door swings open. A BEAT COP (50's) enters. A frown crosses his face when he sees no one behind the counter.

BEAT COP  
Hey! Pete! Where you at?

IN THE AISLE

PETE HAMPTON (30's), who sports a stained tank top, enters from the back. His flip-flops FLAP against the floor as he approaches Emma.

Earbuds still in, she doesn't hear him approach.

Pete eyeballs her, admiring the curves of her runner's body.

As he walks past her he reaches down and grabs her backside.

Emma jumps and stares at Pete in wide-eyed disbelief. He struts down the aisle as if nothing happened.

She puts the water back in the cooler and closes the door.

AT THE COUNTER

Pete slides behind the front counter and chats with the beat cop.

EMMA  
Excuse me.

The two men continue to chat.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

The beat cop turns to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, officer, but this man just grabbed me.

BEAT COP  
Grabbed you?

EMMA  
He grabbed my behind. He groped me.



BEAT COP  
Was it a grab or grope?

Emma is taken aback by the absurdity of the question.

EMMA  
Both.

The beat cop looks at Pete, who gives him an innocent shrug.

PETE  
Maybe I brushed past her in the  
aisle or something. The aisles are  
pretty narrow.

The beat cop looks to Emma for a response.

EMMA  
No, sir, it was a grab. Not a  
brush, a very deliberate grab.

The beat cop looks back at Pete. Again, Pete merely shrugs.

BEAT COP  
All right.  
(points at Pete)  
Keep your hands to yourself, all  
right?

PETE  
Yessir.

He turns back to Emma.

BEAT COP  
We good?

He turns back to Pete, not waiting for a response.

Emma stands in place, speechless.

The two men resume their conversation having already  
forgotten that she is there.

Defeated, she exits.

EXT. CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Emma emerges from the store and fights to keep her composure.  
Losing that fight, she works up to a jog, then a run.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma enters, breathing heavily. She slams the front door closed and leans against it. She slides down the door and fights back tears.

She raises her hands in front of her. They shake violently and she desperately tries to steady them.

EMMA

Pull it together... pull it  
together... pull it together...

Eventually, she calms down and regains some control.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - DAY

Harker leans against the side of a rooftop access door.

He stares down at a cigarette burning between his fingers. He rolls the cigarette between his fingers and watches the smoke dance this way and that.

He raises the cigarette to his lips, but hesitates before he takes the last drag of a cigarette. He squeezes the burning cherry out of the butt and smothers it with his foot.

He puts the butt in his jacket pocket.

The access door BURSTS open. KEVIN MYERS (40's) steps out onto the roof. He is frazzled, with the look of a man who hasn't showered in days.

Harker moves behind the access before Myers can spot him.

A DETECTIVE (40's) appears in the doorway behind Myers.

DETECTIVE

Myers! Get your butt back inside!

MYERS

For the love of god I just need a  
moment away from you fucks!

DETECTIVE

Keep up the attitude, mister, and  
I'll put an end to your rooftop  
visits! You're not even supposed to  
be up here.

MYERS

Where am I gonna go? It's a roof,  
asshole!

DETECTIVE  
That's it! Inside, now!

MYERS  
(insincere)  
Okay, fine! You know what? I'm  
sorry! Is that what you want to  
hear? I'm so fucking sorry. Just  
gimme five fucking minutes for a  
smoke or you can tell the D.A. I've  
had a change of heart.

The detective frowns.

DETECTIVE  
Five minutes.

MYERS  
Thank you, dip-shit!

DETECTIVE  
(under his breath)  
Fucking prick.

The detective disappears and the door closes.

MYERS  
Fuck!

Myers pulls a cigarette out of a soft pack, but struggles to  
light it in the wind. Harker comes out from behind the access  
and silently moves towards Myers.

FLICK. FLICK. FLICK. The lighter refuses to obey.

MYERS (CONT'D)  
Mother fuck.

Harker stalks closer.

The lighter relents.

MYERS (CONT'D)  
Finally...

He lights the cigarette.

Harker is within arms reach.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Emma walks down the street. She carries a few re-usable  
grocery bags and wears the light brown canvas jacket.

She stops at a produce stand set up in front of a grocery store.

MR. DIAZ (late 60's), the stand's vendor, approaches and speaks in Spanish.

(Note: All instances of the Spanish language shall be indicated by being enclosed in brackets.)

DIAZ

[Good morning, Mrs. Fox. You're looking as lovely as ever. Does your husband know how lucky he is?]

She forces a smile.

EMMA

[Flattery will get you everywhere, Mr. Diaz.]

He sees past her smile and into the trouble in her eyes.

DIAZ

[Is everything okay, young lady?]

EMMA

[Just fine, Mr. Diaz. Just fine.]

Emma's cell phone BUZZES. She digs it out of her purse.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(to Diaz)

[Excuse me.]

Diaz gives her a smile and approaches another CUSTOMER. Emma steps away from the stand and answers the phone.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hey.

ROY (O.S.)

Hi.

EMMA

I'm at the market right now. What time do you think you'll be home?

ROY (O.S.)

About that...

Emma freezes.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You there?

EMMA  
No. Yeah. I'm here.

ROY (O.S.)  
I tried. Babe, you got to believe  
me, I tried. But Alan just sort of  
took off and dumped a bunch of shit  
on me.

Emma fights back tears.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I promise I'll make it up to you.  
Once I get back from Boston, things  
will be easier. It's just... bad  
timing right now.

EMMA  
Uh-huh.

ROY (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. I really am.

EMMA  
Yeah. Ok. Bye.

Emma hangs up.

She straightens up and takes a breath.

A BODY falls to the pavement across the street behind her,  
hitting the ground with a loud THUD.

PEDESTRIANS SCREAM and YELL.

Emma turns and sees Myers's broken body on the sidewalk. His  
lifeless eyes stare out from a skull split open.

Emma looks up. She spots Harker on the rooftop.

They make eye contact.

He quickly vanishes from view. Emma looks back down at Myers.

GAWKERS gather as SIRENS fade in.

Despite the horror, Emma does not look away.

INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

The car doors of a subway train RATTLE open.

Emma stands on the platform in front of the doors lost in a daze.

Annoyed COMMUTERS shuffle past her. She snaps out of it and enters the car.

INSIDE THE SUBWAY CAR

Seats filled, Emma stands near one end of the car and holds onto a rail.

Her eyes drift from face to face, then lands on Harker, who stands at the opposite end of the train car. He meets her gaze.

Her blood runs cold.

She snaps her head forward. Her breathing intensifies. Disappointment consumes his expression.

Harker makes his way through the crowded car and comes to a stop just behind her. Emma trembles but remains in place. He leans forward and whispers.

HARKER

So you know who I am?

Emma doesn't respond.

HARKER (CONT'D)

You know who I am?

EMMA

Yes.

Beat.

HARKER

You know, of all of those people,  
you were the only one to look up. I  
wish you hadn't.

Emma turns and looks him in the eye.

A CLANK and a gust of wind announce the arrival of a METRO COP entering from the adjacent train car.

Harker looks at the cop, then back to Emma.

HARKER

(whispers)

Say nothing. It won't help.

He slides away from Emma, but not before sticking a small

electronic bug on the back of her canvas jacket. She doesn't notice.

The cop moves down the car.

He passes Emma.

She says nothing.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

The doors of the car open.

Emma hurriedly exits the car and heads to the stairs at a brisk pace.

Harker exits behind her and follows.

Emma looks over her shoulder and sees Harker following. She picks up the pace.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Emma exits the subway station.

She looks back but to see Harker has not yet emerged from the subway. She bolts for an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Emma's pace quickens. She looks over her shoulder.

Nothing.

She crashes into a stack of broken shipping pallets, knocking a few wooden boards loose.

EMMA

Shit!

She picks herself up and hurries away.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Emma comes out of the far end of the alley. She looks left and right before heading left.

Harker rounds the corner in front of her.

Both come to a stop and lock eyes.

Emma backs up. Harker takes a step forward. He shakes his head.

She turns and bolts back into the alley. He chases.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Harker rounds the corner of the alley. He falters, surprised to find no sign of Emma.

HARKER

Fuck!

He picks up the pace. He passes the shipping pallets when Emma jumps out from behind a dumpster swinging a wooden board.

She strikes him hard in the chest!

Harker GASPS for air, wind knocked out of him. He reaches behind his back.

Emma swings the board again, this time cracking him in the head.

He crumples, unconscious.

She hovers over him with the board raised.

Harker doesn't move.

EMMA

Are you dead?

She kicks him.

Nothing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

She drops the board.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

She runs away.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Emma runs down the street.



EMMA  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

She pulls out her cell phone and dials.

ROY (O.S.)  
You've reached Roy Clayton, leave a  
message.

BEEP!

She SCREAMS and hangs up. She runs away.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Harker opens his eyes to see AL WILSON (60's), looking down at him. Al's clothes are as disheveled as his mangy hair and beard, the result of many nights asleep in a cardboard box.

AL  
You all right, son?

Harker GROANS as he rises to his feet.

AL (CONT'D)  
Boy, she sure gave you a good one.

HARKER  
I'll live.

Al points.

AL  
She went that way. She took your  
wallet, though.

Harker checks his pockets. He checks his waistline.

HARKER  
Tell you what. You give me back my  
wallet, I'll let you keep the cash.

AL  
Me? I ain't got your wallet.

HARKER  
You give me back my wallet, I'll  
let you keep the cash.

Al points again.

AL  
You don't understand, that lady-

HARKER

That lady would not have taken my wallet, but leave the gun behind.

AL

What gun?

Harker stares him down. Al's eyes go wide. He pulls out a wallet and hands it to Harker.

Harker pulls out all of the cash. He hands it to Al.

AL (CONT'D)

Nah, I don't want it.

HARKER

A deal's a deal.

AL

That's okay, I-

HARKER

Take the money.

Al takes the money.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Now, can you tell me what happened here tonight?

AL

Nothing. Ain't nothing happened here.

HARKER

I'm glad you and I could come to an understanding.

Harker walks away.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Emma hurriedly makes her way through a maze of deserted cubicles.

She comes to a closed office door and opens it.

IN THE OFFICE

Emma enters. She freezes when confronted by Roy's thrusting bare ass.

He MOANS with a YOUNG INTERN (20's) bent over the desk in front of him. It takes him a few more thrusts before he realizes that Emma stands behind him.

ROY  
Jesus! Fuck!

The Intern SCREAMS. She and Roy scramble to cover themselves.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing here!?

Emma exits.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma, barely holding back tears, frantically pushes the down button.

Roy rounds the corner.

ROY  
Emma? Emma wait!

DING! The doors open. Roy grabs her arm.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Emma!

She yanks out of his grasp, spinning to SLAP him in the face. She backs into the elevator, keeping him at bay with tear-filled eyes.

The elevator doors close.

Roy fumes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

He repeatedly pounds his fist on the elevator door.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The muffled BANGS from Roy's punching echo through the elevator shaft.

Emma tries to maintain her composure. The walls of the elevator seem to close in.

DING!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma bursts out of the elevator into the parking garage. She stumbles forward, unable to restrain her sobs.

HARKER (O.S.)

Hey!

She wheels around. Harker, still several paces away, levels a pistol at her head.

She freezes.

He takes a few steps forward.

They lock eyes.

She nods.

EMMA

Okay.

Harker pauses, confused.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's okay.

The pistol lowers slightly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do it.

His arm stiffens, bringing the pistol back to eye level.

His finger tightens around the trigger.

He drops the pistol to his side and exhales sharply.

HARKER

Fuck.

He tries to look away from her wet eyes.

He fails.

INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - NIGHT

The greasy spoon is nearly empty.

Emma and Harker sit in a booth next to a window. A WAITRESS (50's) approaches carrying a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS  
Anyone care for a warm up?

Harker slides over his mug. The waitress fills it.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
How 'bout you, hon?

EMMA  
(quietly)  
I'm fine.

WAITRESS  
You're going to have to speak up,  
young lady.

EMMA  
(louder)  
I'm fine.

The waitress walks away.

Harker reaches for a packet of sugar. He keeps his eyes on Emma, who prefers to look out the window. He shakes the packet, tears it open, and empties it into his coffee.

He picks up his spoon and stirs slowly, the spoon CLINKING on the side of the mug. He sets the spoon aside and takes a sip.

HARKER  
He was fucking someone, wasn't he.

Emma's nod is barely visible.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
His secretary?

EMMA  
Intern, I think.

HARKER  
Fucking the intern, huh?

EMMA  
Could you not say that?

HARKER  
Say what?

EMMA  
Fucking.

HARKER  
What do you want me to say?

She pauses, looking for a better word.

EMMA  
No, 'fucking' is the right word.

HARKER  
Well, sorry for-

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I'm glad you're alive.

HARKER  
Huh?

EMMA  
I thought I killed you.

Harker smirks.

HARKER  
You did?

The look on her face forces his smirk into full retreat.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Oh.

Harker looks down at his coffee.

EMMA  
Why didn't you kill me?

He looks up.

HARKER  
Do I have to?

EMMA  
I could go to the police.

HARKER  
I'd advise against it.

EMMA  
Did he deserve it? The man you  
threw off that roof. Did he get  
what was coming to him?

HARKER  
Does it matter?

He meets her unwavering gaze.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Yeah, he deserved it.

She nods.

EMMA  
Then I won't go to the police.

HARKER  
Good. That's good.

He pulls out his wallet and flags down the waitress with a credit card.

WAITRESS  
Oh, sorry hon, we're cash only.

HARKER  
Oh.

He looks down at his empty wallet, then to Emma.

EMMA  
Really?

HARKER  
Well...

She digs in her purse and hands a hundred dollar bill to the waitress.

WAITRESS  
I can't break a hundred,  
sweetheart.

EMMA  
Keep it.

WAITRESS  
Well, thanks, hon!

The waitress walks away. Emma shrugs at Harker.

EMMA  
It's his money anyway.

HARKER  
Right. So, you gonna be okay?

Emma nods.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
You sure?

Emma nods again. He rises and puts on his jacket.

HARKER  
This is goodbye, then.

EMMA  
Sorry for hitting you in the head.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
I'll get over it. Sorry for  
pointing a gun at your head.

EMMA  
I didn't mind.

HARKER  
Oh. Well, people usually do, so,  
sorry anyway.

EMMA  
It was kind of nice, actually.

HARKER  
Come again?

EMMA  
It's just that, I was certain you  
were going to shoot me. Blow my  
brains out. Whatever.

She shrugs.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
It made me feel alive. That's the  
best time to die, isn't it? When  
you feel alive?

HARKER  
I wouldn't know.

Emma looks out the window.

EMMA  
(whispers)  
Of course you don't.

Beat.

HARKER  
Well. You take care of you.

He walks away.

After he is gone, she pulls out her cell phone.



AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
You have. ZERO. New messages.

She hangs up the phone and stares at the empty booth in front of her. Her jaw clenches.

EXT. GREASY SPOON DINER. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Harker opens the door to an old, dark, CROWN VICTORIA. He turns at the sound of quickly approaching FOOTSTEPS.

He barely has time to react before Emma plants a kiss on his lips and wraps her arms around him.

He doesn't stand a chance. He submits to her.

She breaks away from him as quickly as she pounced and disappears into the night. He is left alone and speechless.

INT. HARKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keys JINGLING from the hallway precede the front door GROANING open.

Harker enters and leans against the door. He takes a moment, but can't stifle a laugh.

HARKER  
(chuckles)  
Fuck!

He empties his coat pockets on an end table near the door.

He checks his waistline.

Panic sets in. Then anger.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding  
me!

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roy SNORES loudly in bed.

Emma stands over him, Harker's pistol gripped tightly in her hand, barrel hovering less than an inch above his temple.

She holds her breath.

She lowers the pistol.

Roy SNORES.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Several potted plants hang from the ceiling and bring some life into the otherwise modern, almost clinical décor.

Emma, now undressed, lays on the couch and pulls over a blanket.

She closes her eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Emma sleeps on the couch.

ROY (O.S.)  
Emma? Emma?

Emma opens her eyes. Roy stands over her, already dressed for work. She sits up as he takes a seat on the coffee table. Her eyes remain fixed on the floor.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Look. It was a mistake. I didn't mean for it to happen. You've got to believe me that it was only the one time. Don't think this is an ongoing thing, or anything. I'm not having an affair. I don't know what I was thinking.

He checks his watch.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I've got to go. But we'll talk this out when I get home, okay? We can talk this out. We can. I don't expect you to forgive me right away, but... this can be fixed.

She does not respond.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I understand.

He rises.

EMMA  
How did you sleep?

ROY  
Huh?

She looks up at him.

EMMA  
How did you sleep?

ROY  
I don't know what you mean.

She looks back down.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'll see you tonight.

He exits.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma exits the house wearing loose-fitting running attire. Her cell phone is tucked into an elastic arm band. She stops at the sidewalk for a final stretch.

She jogs away without noticing a dark CROWN VICTORIA parked just down the street.

Beat.

Harker steps out of the car.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DING! The elevator doors slide open. Devlin steps out, blending in with the smartly dressed BUSINESS PROFESSIONALS around him about as well as clown would at a funeral.

He makes his way to Roy's office. He is nearly there when he has to step aside to make room for the Young Intern, who marches past him, upset and carrying a cardboard box of belongings.

Devlin watches her go, then spies Roy standing in the doorway of his office.

Roy frowns at Devlin and disappears into his office.

IN THE OFFICE

Devlin enters finding Roy already behind his desk.

DEVLIN  
You know you're supposed to fire  
them end of day on Fridays.

ROY  
Sometimes you've got to clean up a  
mess right away.

DEVLIN  
Speaking of which.

He eases the door shut and walks to one of the chairs  
opposite Roy.

ROY  
Don't sit.

DEVLIN  
(confused)  
Oh?

ROY  
No need to get comfortable. This  
won't be long.

DEVLIN  
(smirks)  
Boy, you lose a lot of charm when  
the door is closed. I assume the  
news is good, then?

Roy nods.

ROY  
I got the call this morning.

DEVLIN  
They're dropping the case?

ROY  
More like suspending. But you can  
think of it that way.

DEVLIN  
So that's it then?

ROY  
For now.

DEVLIN  
I'll pass it along. Good seeing ya,  
Roy.

Devlin flashes a smile and crosses to the door.

ROY

Tell you're guy he's good.

Devlin pauses, door partially open.

ROY (CONT'D)

Real good. The police don't have a clue.

DEVLIN

Guy? What guy? Poor Mr. Myers committed suicide.

ROY

That's real cute. Just let Mr. Rhodes know that if I can see through this, it's only a matter of time before someone on the other side of the fence does too.

Devlin slowly closes the door. He approaches as he speaks.

DEVLIN

A bit of advice, Mr. Clayton. Our organization has levels. See, you're up here...

Devlin holds his hand in the air.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

Right where you're supposed to be. All nice and clean. But don't be making assumptions, or poking your nose into the levels below you. The ones in the dark. Down there shit gets dirty. Messes that can't get cleaned no matter how quick, or how hard you scrub. And Mr. Rhodes ain't got no use for a dirty layer. There is no 'guy.' There never was. Okay?

Roy nods.

ROY

Of course. But if you'll indulge me a moment.

Roy rises and pulls a handkerchief out of the suit jacket draped across the back of his chair.

He walks around the desk to Devlin and holds out the handkerchief.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Mind holding this?

Confused, Devlin complies. As soon as he grasps the handkerchief Roy pops him in the nose!

Before Devlin can react, Roy grabs the hand with the handkerchief and forces it over Devlin's bloody nose and pushes him down into one of the chairs.

Roy looms over Devlin.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You bleed on my fucking carpet and Mr. Rhodes will never find you.

DEVLIN  
What the fuck!

ROY  
Shut up and listen! You do not walk into the office I fucking built and throw around threats. That shit may work for you out there but in here you will treat me with the respect I fucking deserve. Clear?

DEVLIN  
Crystal.

ROY  
Good.

Roy backs off. Devlin keeps the handkerchief clutched to his nose.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You can keep the handkerchief.

Roy returns to the chair behind his desk.

DEVLIN  
Holy shit, Mr. Rhodes pegged you right.

Devlin starts to rise.

ROY  
Sit. You can leave when you've stopped bleeding. I don't need you to cause a scene.

Meekly, Devlin slides back into the chair.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma enters the front door, hot and sweaty. She checks her pulse as she steps deeper into the house.

She freezes.

The house has been turned inside out. Couch cushions have been tossed on the floor, drawers are open and emptied.

Emma cautiously takes a few steps backwards. She moves over to a potted fern hanging in front of a window.

She reaches up and digs Harker's pistol out of the fern's leaves. She holds the pistol up and ready.

She cocks back the hammer.

She takes a breath.

She walks forward towards the hallway leading to the rear of the house. She moves slowly and deliberately, doing her best to minimize the CREAK of the floorboards beneath her feet.

She stops at the mouth of the hallway.

EMMA

Hello?

Silence.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I have a gun!

Nothing.

Keeping the pistol up with one hand, she pulls her cell phone out of the elastic arm band with the other.

Her hands tremble as she keys in the unlock code.

A CREAK from a floorboard behind her.

Emma spins quickly, the barrel of the pistol flying into Harker's face.

Reacting on instinct, Harker bats the pistol up and away and delivers a blow to the side of Emma's head with one swift motion.

BANG! The pistol goes off as she falls backwards, ripping a hole in the center of the living room ceiling.

Emma hits the ground already unconscious.

Harker stands over her, arms still raise in a defensive posture, slightly in shock.

HARKER  
(whispers)  
Shit!

Emma remains motionless.

Harker collects himself, grabs the pistol, and disappears down the hallway.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Emma jolts awake at the sound of Roy entering the house.

ROY  
Oh, my god, Emma!

Roy runs to her.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Are you okay!? What happened!?

The room comes into focus.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

DETECTIVE ALISON BURKE (early 40's) stares at the bullet hole in the ceiling. She has an unkept look about her, with long work hours written into a permanent scowl.

She looks around the room.

The TV remains mounted to the wall.

A laptop rests on the coffee table.

She looks back up at the bullet hole.

DETECTIVE BEN TROTTER (early 60's), approaches chewing relentlessly on a pen cap. He carries a worn notebook.

TROTTER  
Wife's in the ambulance but she's  
refusing to go to the hospital.  
(MORE)



TROTTER (CONT'D)  
Seems coherent enough if you want  
to see about getting a statement  
from her.

Burke points at the bullet hole.

BURKE  
What do you make of that?

Trotter looks at the hanging plants.

TROTTER  
Plant used to hang there, maybe?

BURKE  
It's an odd place to hang a plant,  
don't you think? Right in the  
middle of the room?

Trotter shrugs.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
You don't have any plants, do you?

TROTTER  
I could kill a cactus. You wanna  
talk to the wife or not?

BURKE  
Yeah. Tell Mrs. Fox I'll be right  
out.

TROTTER  
Clayton.

BURKE  
Huh?

TROTTER  
The wife. Emma Clayton.

BURKE  
No, the husband's Roy Clayton. The  
wife is Emma Fox.

TROTTER  
That's weird.

BURKE  
No it isn't.

TROTTER  
It's a little weird.

BURKE

It's weird that a woman doesn't  
take her husband's name?

TROTTER

Most wives do, is all.

BURKE

What decade do you live in?

TROTTER

Which one had Donna Reed?

BURKE

That's not even clever.

TROTTER

(shrugs)

I'm okay with it.

She rolls her eyes and brushes past him.

He grins as she walks out the front door.

I/E. AMBULANCE - EVENING

An EMT checks on Emma in the back of an ambulance parked in  
front of the house. A bandage wrapped around her head holds  
an ice pack in place.

Burke appears at the rear of the ambulance.

BURKE

(to EMT)

Give us a minute, will ya guy?

The EMT nods and exits. Burke climbs in and sits across from  
Emma.

BURKE (CONT'D)

How's the head?

EMMA

I'll live.

BURKE

Ms. Fox, my name is Detective  
Burke. You sure you don't want to  
go to the hospital? Get checked  
out? Be on the safe side?

EMMA

No, I'll be fine. I've survived harder hits.

BURKE

What's that supposed to mean?

EMMA

Huh?

BURKE

You get knocked unconscious a lot?

EMMA

No, it was just a joke.

BURKE

It's not very funny, Ms. Fox. Things could have gotten real bad for you. You understand?

EMMA

Sorry.

BURKE

What do you remember?

EMMA

Nothing. I was out for a run, I just walked in the door, and then nothing. I woke up on the floor when my husband came home.

BURKE

So you didn't see who hit you? You didn't hear anything?

EMMA

I must have surprised a burglar.

BURKE

Why would you think that?

EMMA

The place is a mess.

BURKE

Ms. Fox, the thing is, burglars tend to burgle. You know, steal things. You're right, the place is a mess, but nothing seems to be missing. TV, computer, your purse, cash, all still there.

(MORE)

BURKE (CONT'D)

Now, in my experience, there's only two ways something like this happens. First, whoever broke in was looking for something specific. Just one thing that's worth the trouble while ignoring the rest of the valuables. Did you or your husband have anything like that?

Emma thinks then shakes her head.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, your husband couldn't think of anything either. So that just leaves option two. Someone staged the whole thing to make it look like a burglary.

EMMA

Who would do that? Why?

BURKE

You tell me, Ms. Fox. Usually when someone stages a robbery it ends up being the homeowner trying to cover up something else.

EMMA

I would never-

BURKE

I'm not suggesting you would.

Burke doesn't blink.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Who knocked you unconscious, Emma?

EMMA

I don't know.

Burke waits for a better answer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't know.

Burke pulls out a business card.

BURKE

Here's my card. If you find anything that's gone missing or if you think of something else, you give me a call, okay?

Emma takes the card. Burke climbs out of the ambulance.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
By the way, how'd that hole get in  
your ceiling?

EMMA  
Hole?

BURKE  
The one in the middle of the living  
room.

Beat.

EMMA  
News to me.

BURKE  
Okay. Well, you give me a call.

Emma watches Burke walk away.

I/E. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Trotter climbs into the passenger's seat. Burke, behind the  
wheel, consumes a stack of notes and statements.

TROTTER  
Okay, that just about does it.  
We're good to go.

Burke doesn't respond.

TROTTER (CONT'D)  
Burke?

BURKE  
You seen these witness statements?

TROTTER  
What about them?

BURKE  
Officers Matthews and Vasquez  
canvassed the block but no one saw  
anything. No strange activity, no  
unusual vehicles, utility vans,  
trucks-

TROTTER  
Doesn't mean they weren't there,  
just means they weren't seen.

BURKE  
Block full of nosy busy-bodies like  
this? I don't think so.

She gets lost in the notes.

TROTTER  
Burke. Burke? Hello?

She looks up. He gestures at the road.

BURKE  
Huh? Oh, right.

She places the notes aside and reaches for the keys in the  
ignition. She pauses, caught up in a new thought. Trotter  
grumbles.

TROTTER  
What?

BURKE  
Huh?

TROTTER  
What are you thinking?

BURKE  
Nothing.

TROTTER  
You've got that look.

BURKE  
What look?

TROTTER  
*The* look.

BURKE  
I have a look?

TROTTER  
Several, actually, and none of them  
are pleasant.

BURKE  
So what *look* do I have now?

Trotter raises his eyebrows, kicking off a staring contest.

TROTTER  
It wasn't the husband, Burke.

BURKE

You can't rule it out!

TROTTER

You got proof detective? Because I'd love to hear this one.

BURKE

Nothing stolen, nothing missing, no witnesses, husband fine, wife knocked out cold. You tell me, smart ass!

TROTTER

Wife walks in and surprises a burglar, he knocks her out, panics, runs away without taking any loot.

BURKE

Oh, come on! Who the hell gave you a detective's badge?

TROTTER

I *earned* this badge, thank you very much.

BURKE

He doesn't take one thing to make it worth his while? Not the laptop sitting out in the open, or her purse? Nothing?

TROTTER

He panicked!

BURKE

And disappears like a ghost?

TROTTER

Or a ninja. You can't rule out a ninja.

BURKE

You're an idiot.

TROTTER

Is it *always* the husband?

BURKE

Yes!

He rolls his eyes.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
No! Sometimes! Maybe.

TROTTER  
Yeah, well, until Mrs. Clayton-

BURKE  
Fox!

TROTTER  
Until Mrs. Fox says otherwise, it  
wasn't the husband.

BURKE  
Oh, she'll talk. Trust me. She'll  
talk.

Burke fires up the engine.

TROTTER  
You hungry?

BURKE  
I was thinking tacos, I don't know  
why.

TROTTER  
Yeah. Tacos.

Burke puts the car in gear and drives away.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room has been somewhat cleaned up.

Emma sits on the couch, staring off into space. Roy enters  
the room carrying a portable gun safe with a keypad on it.

ROY  
Emma?

She does not respond.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Emma?

She snaps out of her daze. He sits on the coffee table,  
resting the gun safe on his lap.



ROY (CONT'D)  
I talked to Alan. He still expects me to be on a plane to Boston in the morning. I don't like it, but, that's how it is.

Emma points at the gun safe.

EMMA  
What's that?

Roy punches a code on the keypad. A lid pops open, revealing a pistol and a box of ammunition.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
We have a gun?

ROY  
I got it a few years ago. I didn't want to tell you because I thought it'd make you upset. But after today, I think it's time. You're going to have to learn how to look after yourself. The combination is 6-4-6-1.

Roy lifts the pistol out of the safe.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Have you ever held a gun before?

Beat. She shakes her head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Here.

He hands it to Emma.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now, the safety is here-

He disengages the safety.

ROY (CONT'D)  
And it's as simple as point and shoot.

She raises the pistol, inadvertently pointing it at him.

He pushes the barrel aside.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Be careful. Don't point it at anything you don't intend to shoot.

EMMA  
It's heavier than I imagined.

ROY  
Look, the likelihood of you needing  
to use this is next to nothing, but  
you need to be prepared.

She hands it back to him.

EMMA  
(sarcastic)  
Thanks for caring.

Roy puts the pistol away.

ROY  
Look, I know you're still upset,  
you have a right to be-

EMMA  
I have a right?

ROY  
-But right now it's best that you  
get some rest.

He rises.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We'll talk it out as soon as I get  
back from Boston. And trust me,  
we'll get things back to normal.

He walks to the hallway.

EMMA  
Fuck you.

He stops.

ROY  
What?

EMMA  
Fuck. You.

ROY  
Don't talk to me like that-

She rises.

EMMA

Don't act like this is *our* problem that *we* need to work out. I wasn't fucking around, Roy, just you.

He sets the gun safe aside.

ROY

I wasn't *fucking around*, it was just-

EMMA

It doesn't matter, Roy! You think it makes it better that it was only once? The fucking ego on you-

ROY

Don't talk to me like that-

EMMA

Do you have any idea how fucking bored I am? Huh? Day in and day out the same boring shit, the book clubs, the block parties, shit I fucking hate, but I put up with it because it's the life *you* want. I do what you want from me because I'm a good wife. A faithful wife. And what do I get? Huh? What do I get in return? I get to walk in on you... Whatever! So, no. Fuck normal and fuck you.

She stabs a finger into his chest. He reacts quickly, grabbing her wrist and pinning her against the wall.

ROY

Don't fucking talk to me like that!

EMMA

(shocked)  
Let go!

ROY

Shut up!

He raises a fist.

EMMA

ROY!

Reason takes over. He releases his grip and backs away, shocked by his own actions.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Jesus fucking Christ, Roy.

He turns away from her and collects himself.

ROY  
You tell me, Emma. You tell me.

He turns back to her.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Huh? Tell, me. What am I supposed to do? You think I wouldn't take it back if I could? In a fucking heart beat. But I can't. What's done is done and, and all we can do now is move forward.

He approaches.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We will move forward.

He reaches to caress her face. She responds instinctively, quickly raising her arms to defend herself.

EMMA  
Don't!

He freezes, hands raised in surrender.

Beat.

ROY  
Okay. Fine. Think about it while I'm gone. But we are working this out. We are *not* going our separate ways. I've invested too much... We've invested too much. So think about it. You tell me.

He exits, leaving her alone to process what just happened.

INT. SILVER HAND TAVERN - NIGHT

Trotter sits at the bar and motions to the bartender.

A hand slaps him on the back. Trotter smiles as Harker takes a seat next to him.

HARKER  
Look who it is.

TROTTER  
Hey! What are you doing here?

HARKER  
Just meeting up with some old  
friends.

The bartender sets a beer and shot of liquor in front of  
Trotter.

TROTTER  
(to bartender)  
Get this loser whatever he wants.

The bartender looks at Harker.

HARKER  
Club soda.

TROTTER  
Staying strong, huh? Good for you.

The bartender moves off.

HARKER  
Long day?

TROTTER  
(shrugs)  
Same as always.

HARKER  
Heard you had a B-and-E.

TROTTER  
Eh, no big deal.

HARKER  
What's the story?

TROTTER  
Husband came home, found his wife  
unconscious and the place turned  
inside out.

HARKER  
Jesus, she okay?

TROTTER  
She's fine. Refused the hospital.  
Not much to make of it, though.  
Nothing appeared to be missing, at  
least not that the couple could  
tell.

HARKER

Nothing, huh? Odd. The wife have any details on the attacker?

TROTTER

Nope. Wife didn't see whoever did it. Of course, Burke's got this crazy theory that it was the husband, but you know how Burke is. It's always the husband.

HARKER

Could lead somewhere.

TROTTER

Not if the wife keeps her mouth shut.

The bartender places the drinks in front of them.

HARKER

So what's the follow up?

TROTTER

Put the case in the move-the-fuck-on file right next to a stack of who gives a shit.

Trotter downs his shot. Harker smiles.

HARKER

I'll get the next one.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A black town car waits outside the house. Roy exits the house carrying luggage. A DRIVER quickly approaches and takes the bags.

As the Driver tosses the luggage in the trunk Roy hops in the car without looking back.

Emma stands in a window, watching him.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BACK DECK - DAY

Emma sits on the steps of the deck smoking a cigarette.

A COUGH.

Emma sees Mrs. Nelson in her yard.

Mrs. Nelson COUGHS again, even more sarcastic and obnoxious.

Emma takes a long, deep drag off of the cigarette, glaring at Mrs. Nelson with eyes that could burn a hole through steel.

Mrs. Nelson is taken aback. She opens her mouth to speak, but thinks better of it as Emma blows smoke in her direction.

The dumbfounded old lady retreats into her house.

Emma takes another pull off the cigarette, then flicks the butt into Mrs. Nelson's yard.

She opens the pack of cigarettes, but finds it empty.

EMMA

Fuck.

She crumples the empty pack. In the distance, a jet engine RUMBLES. Emma looks to the sky.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Emma, hair tucked under a baseball hat, sits on a bus-stop bench.

She watches the corner store where Pete grabbed her.

She walks to the store.

INT. CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Emma enters. Pete sits behind the counter reading a magazine. She stares at him, but he doesn't look up.

She walks towards an aisle, her eyes drifting throughout the store.

IN THE AISLE

Emma walks slowly, scanning the environment. She especially takes note of the ceiling and corners.

She reaches the coolers and grabs a bottle of water. She takes a breath.

AT THE COUNTER

Emma approaches the counter and sets down the bottle.

Pete rings her up without raising his eyes.

The register CHIMES. He looks at her.

PETE  
Buck fifty.

Beat.

EMMA  
Can I get a pack of Marb Silvers  
too?

Pete grabs the pack, tosses it on the counter, and rings up the new total.

PETE  
Fourteen dollars.

He stares at her blankly.

Emma pulls out a twenty without breaking eye contact. Pete nonchalantly takes the money and retrieves her change. He holds out the bills.

She raises her hand to take the money.

EMMA  
Do I know you?

Pete shakes his head.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Huh.

Emma takes her change. Pete returns to his magazine, already forgetting she is there.

Emma exits.

EXT. CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Emma walks away. A smile crosses her face.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A dark leather jacket hangs on a clothing rack.

Emma takes it off the rack and examines it for a moment before walking away.



EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. PARKING LOT - DAY

Emma loads the shopping bags into the back seat of her car. She slams the door shut and moves to the driver's door.

She stops.

She sees a crotch-rocket motorcycle parked in the opposite row. An unattended helmet sits on the seat.

She looks around.

She crosses to the motorcycle.

She gives one last look up and down the row before she plucks the helmet off the seat and makes a hasty retreat back to her car.

She only manages a few steps before...

BIKER (O.S.)

Hey!

Emma turns and sees the BIKER, rough around the edges and looking none to pleased.

EMMA

Shit.

Emma bolts.

BIKER

What the fuck!?

The chase is on.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Emma leads the Biker on a wild foot chase, dodging TRAFFIC and PEDESTRIANS alike.

Through it all, Emma loses ground.

She ducks into an alley, the Biker close on her heels.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Emma runs. She desperately tries to find another gear.

Halfway down the alley, the Biker reaches out and grabs a fist-full of Emma's shirt.

The Biker yanks back and the momentum sends the two into a spin.

Emma hurls into the side of a dumpster. Her back takes the brunt of the impact and she falls to the ground. The helmet drops away.

The Biker is above her in an instant. Emma is pulled up by the collar and the Biker cocks back the other hand in a closed fist.

Emma braces for a punch.

It doesn't come.

BIKER

The fuck are you thinking!?

The Biker drops Emma back to the ground and scoops up her helmet.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch.

The Biker marches away and out of sight.

Emma lays on the concrete.

EMMA

Shit.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Emma enters with the shopping bags and heads straight for the closet. She flings the door open and throws the bags in.

She slams the closet door shut and leans back against it.

She WINCES.

She moves away from the closet door and rubs her shoulder and back.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma stands in front of the mirror and gingerly removes her shirt.

She turns to get a look at her back in the mirror and sees a large bruise has already formed.

She frowns.

She notices that her hand trembles. She shakes it out.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Fireworks echo from outside.

She pauses.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma appears at the mouth of the alley.

She spies several TEENAGE BOYS. They light firecrackers.

She smiles.

MOTORCYCLE CLERK (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

INT. MOTORCYCLE SHOP - DAY

Emma stands before a wall of motorcycle helmets. The MOTORCYCLE CLERK stands by her side.

She turns to him.

EMMA  
I'll take the black one.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Emma opens the closet door.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma enters with the shopping bags. A black motorcycle helmet and firecrackers wait on the coffee table.

She empties the contents of the shopping bags on the couch.

Out falls the leather jacket, dark cargo pants, a black balaclava, velcro strips, scissors, and sewing supplies.

She picks up the cargo pants and scissors. She cuts up the outer seam.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Emma reaches under the bed. She pulls out the small gun safe.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Emma steps in front of a full length mirror.

She wears the helmet, leather jacket, cargo pants, balaclava, gloves, running shoes, and a fanny pack.

She flips up the visor on the helmet.

She zips open the fanny pack and pulls out Roy's pistol. She holds it at her side.

She checks herself out in the mirror.

EMMA

The fuck am I thinking indeed?

She snaps the visor down.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

Emma walks down the alley and flips open the lid on every dumpster and trash can she passes.

INT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Pete sits back with his feet on the counter and talks on his cell phone.

The bell on the front door CHIMES.

Emma, in full disguise, rushes to the counter and thrusts the pistol in his face.

PETE

Oh, fuck!

He drops his cell phone as he rises and puts his hands up.

PETE (CONT'D)

Please don't shoot! Please don't shoot!

EMMA

Shut up! Empty the register!

PETE

It ain't worth it, dude! There's barely two-hundred dollars in there.

EMMA

I don't give a fuck how much is in there. All I want is a reason to shoot you in the face.

PETE

All right, all right! Take it easy!

Pete opens the register. He stuffs money into a plastic bag. He hands it to Emma.

EMMA

I'll take a pack of cigarettes too.

He grabs the cigarettes and puts them in the bag.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Set the bag on the counter.

He complies.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You have an alarm in this place?

PETE

No.

EMMA

Cameras?

He shakes his head. Emma cocks the gun.

PETE

No! Jesus Christ, no! I ain't lying!

TRICKLING.

Beat.

Emma leans over the counter and sees that he is pissing his pants.

EMMA

Pick up your phone.

He remains still.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Pick up your phone!

The cell phone lays in the puddle of urine. He picks it and shakes it off.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Call the cops.

PETE  
What?

EMMA  
I said, call the cops.

PETE  
I don't understand-

EMMA  
The number is 9-1-1.

Pete dials 911.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Put it on speaker.

He complies.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
9-1-1 what's your emergency?

Pete waits for instructions from Emma.

EMMA  
Tell them you being robbed.

PETE  
Hello? Yes, I'm being robbed!

EMMA  
At gun-point.

PETE  
At gun-point.

EMMA  
Give them your address.

PETE  
I'm at 2600 West Iowa Street-

EMMA  
Please hurry.

PETE  
Please hurry.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Okay, sir I have a unit on the way.  
Are you someplace safe? Is the  
robber still in there with you?

EMMA  
Tell her you pissed yourself.

He hesitates. Emma steps forward, bringing the gun closer.

PETE  
(crying)  
I pissed myself!

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Sir?

PETE  
Jesus fucking Christ I pissed  
myself! Please hurry! I pissed  
myself!

EMMA  
Hang up.

He hangs up. He turns his face aside.

PETE  
Please, please, please!

EMMA  
Look at me.

He looks up at her. A SIREN fades in.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I want you to always remember this  
moment, when you learned just how  
small and pathetic you really are.  
You're going to tell everyone you  
know how you pissed yourself. I'll  
be watching, and the day you stop  
telling this story is the day I  
come back and kill you.

She grabs the bag off the counter and backs away. She stuffs  
it into her fanny pack, along with the pistol.

She takes one last look at the crying Pete, then then turns  
to the door.

Outside, the lights from a SQUAD CAR grow brighter as they  
approach.

Emma takes a few deep breaths as red and blue lights reflect off the visor of her motorcycle helmet.

She pushes the door open.

EXT. CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Emma bursts outside just as the squad car, lights and sirens BLARING, pulls up to the curb.

PATROL OFFICER #1 (20's) jumps out of the passenger side drawing his pistol. PATROL OFFICER #2 climbs out of the driver's side.

(Note: Patrol Officer #2's face is not seen.)

PATROL OFFICER #1  
Police! Freeze!

Emma runs down an alley.

Patrol Officer #1 gives chase on foot while Patrol Officer #2 jumps back into the squad car.

PATROL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Go around and cut him off!

Patrol Officer #1 runs to the alley as the squad car peels away.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Patrol Officer #1 rounds the corner.

PATROL OFFICER #1  
Police! Stop!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Patrol Officer #1 dives for cover behind a dumpster.

More CRACKING echoes throughout the alley.

He pokes his head out and sees a string of fire crackers exploding.

He sees no sign of Emma.

PATROL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Shit!

The Firecrackers stop.



He rises and cautiously moves down the alley with his gun drawn.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Emma, full sprint, dashes from one alley to another.

A block away, the squad car speeds parallel to her.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Emma loosens the chin strap on the motorcycle helmet as she runs.

The squad car lurches out from a cross intersection and SCREECHES to a stop.

Emma tries to avoid the car, but bounces off the hood. She tumbles to the ground and the helmet falls off her head.

Patrol Officer #2 jumps out of the car.

She pushes off the ground to rise, but Patrol Officer #2 dives on top of her.

She struggles to free herself from his grasp, but she ends up on her back with him straddling her.

PATROL OFFICER #2  
That's enough!

He rips off the balaclava.

REVEAL: Harker is Patrol Officer #2.

They stare at one another in disbelief, panting heavily.

HARKER  
Wha-

Emma hits Harker on the side of the head with the motorcycle helmet. He YELLS and falls back, clutching his face.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Emma springs to her feet.

She runs as fast as she can. She rips off her jacket, revealing a jogging shirt, and throws it in an open dumpster.

She rips off her pants via velcro seams, revealing jogging pants, and throws it in the next open dumpster.

She strips off her gloves and tosses them into the last garbage can before the end of the alley.

Harker regains his senses and rises.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Stop!

She stops. They stare at each other from opposite ends of the alley.

Harker doesn't move.

Emma jogs away.

Harker leans back on the hood of the patrol car and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

Patrol Officer #1 runs in.

PATROL OFFICER #1

What happened!? Did you see him!?

Harker places a cigarette between his lips and shakes his head.

PATROL OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Jesus! What the fuck happened to your face!?

Harker walks away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A patrol car races down the street, lights and sirens BLARING. It screams past Emma, who jogs normally in the opposite direction.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma enters and slams the front door closed.

Having held her emotions in check for the entire jog home, she finally lets them spill out.

She slides down the door and begins laughing with excitement.

She hold her hands in front of her. They shake violently and she waits for them to steady.

EMMA  
Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Burke kneels in front of the exploded firecrackers.

Behind her, the street is aglow with flashing blue and red lights.

She smirks.

EXT. CORNER STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Burke meets Trotter, who examines his notebook. Two EMTs escort Pete out of the store, wrapped in a blanket.

BURKE  
So? What do we got?

TROTTER  
Perp made off with a hundred forty-seven dollars and a pack of cigarettes.

BURKE  
What? That's hardly worth our time much less his.

TROTTER  
Hers.

BURKE  
Huh?

TROTTER  
Clerk swears the perp is a *her*.

BURKE  
That's refreshing.

Pete calls out to Trotter and Burke.

PETE  
I pissed myself! I pissed myself!

The EMTs escort him away.

BURKE  
You got to admit that's pretty funny.

TROTTER  
Real professional, detective.

She looks over at the Harker and Patrol Officer #1.

BURKE  
Hey officers!

She gets their attention and points down the alley.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
You're saying the perp ran down  
that alley and disappeared?

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Yes, ma'am.

BURKE  
So which one of you two got scared  
by the firecrackers?

Harker looks confused as Patrol Officer #1's eyes widen.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
Never mind, I already know.

PATROL OFFICER #1  
It sounded like gunfire, detective!  
(to Harker)  
It did!

BURKE  
(to Harker)  
And what were you doing, high-  
speed?

HARKER  
Circled around the block in the  
cruiser. Didn't see anything.

BURKE  
What happened to your face?

HARKER  
Sparring at the gym.

Harker silences Patrol Officer #1 with a look.

BURKE  
(to Trotter)  
Take a statement from clowns one  
and two.

Trotter holds up a fist. Burke rolls her eyes. They pump their hands in a quick bout of rock-paper-scissors. Trotter loses.

TROTTER  
Dammit!

BURKE  
Do as you're told.

TROTTER  
Yes, dear.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A KNOCK.

Emma opens the door. Harker stands in darkness, dressed in plain clothes.

EMMA  
You here to arrest me?

HARKER  
No.

EMMA  
Then come in.

She opens the door wider and walks deeper into the house.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Harker enters, closing the door behind him.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Thanks for knocking this time  
instead of sneaking your way-

She turns to face him. The bruise on his face shows more prominently in the light.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Jesus, your face!

She gently touches the bruise.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Does it hurt? I'm sorry about that.  
I really am. Do you want an ice  
pack or something?

He takes her hand away from his face.

HARKER  
What the fuck are you doing, Emma?

She smirks.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Answer me.

EMMA  
No.

HARKER  
You could have been hurt.

She shrugs and fetches her wine glass from the coffee table.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
You could have been killed! For  
what? A couple hundred bucks?

EMMA  
(chuckles)  
Not even.

He scowls.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I'm not sorry so you can stop  
fishing for remorse.

HARKER  
What about that poor clerk? You  
scared the fucker so bad he pissed  
himself.

She laughs.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
It's not funny, Emma!

EMMA  
He deserved it!

This surprises him.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
He deserved it. And that's all you  
need to know.

Beat.

HARKER

What if it wasn't me, Emma? What if another cop nabbed you in the alley?

EMMA

Oh, so you're a cop? I thought you killed people for money.

HARKER

This ain't about me. Don't change the subject.

EMMA

God, why the fuck do you even care?

HARKER

It doesn't matter why I care. It matters that I do.

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA

Bullshit.

She leans in.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Bull. Fucking. Shit!

Beat. She turns away.

HARKER

Feels good, doesn't it?

EMMA

What's that?

HARKER

Anger. That anger feels real good. I get it. I know. But I also know that anger's gonna get you into some real trouble, Emma. Trouble you can't walk away from. Trouble that's gonna keep you prisoner. You don't want that.

Emma's eyes get misty.

EMMA

You wanna know what I want?

Harker waits patiently.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Anything. Anything other than this.  
I just-

She stops herself then shakes her head.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Forget it. It doesn't matter. Why  
am I even talking to you?

He crosses to her.

HARKER  
Because you got to talk to  
somebody. Might as well be the guy  
that can make sure the police are  
looking in the wrong direction.

He looks down and touches her arm. He looks up and into the  
depths of her eyes.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
I'll help, but you've got to  
promise me you'll stop now, while  
you still can.

She nods.

EMMA  
(quietly)  
Okay.

HARKER  
Anything else you need. You let me  
know.

He releases her arm and starts to turn, but she stops him.

EMMA  
Harker...

He waits patiently.

She kisses him. He doesn't resist.

She steps away.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
See yourself out, won't you?

Without another look, she exits the room.



I/E. HARKER'S CAR - LATER

Harker slumps into the driver's seat. He stares at Emma's house.

His eyes go wide.

In a scramble, he checks his waistline. He pulls out his pistol and exhales in relief. He fires up the engine.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Burke and Trotter pull up in an unmarked squad car.

IN THE SQUAD CAR

Burke puts the car in park.

TROTTER

We're wasting our time.

BURKE

Will you knock it off? We're doing a follow up.

TROTTER

You know they've invented these things called phones right? Why do we have to make a personal house call?

BURKE

You got a hot date or something?

TROTTER

Maybe I do.

She bursts into laughter.

TROTTER (CONT'D)

What? It's possible.

She exits laughing.

TROTTER (CONT'D)

Burke! It's totally possible.

He follows.

TROTTER (CONT'D)

Why is it not possible?

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BACK DECK - DAY

Burke and Trotter enter from the gangway. They find Emma on the back deck. She kneels over a lawnmower that has been taken apart and spread carefully across the wooden planks.

BURKE

Ms. Fox? Hi. Detectives Burke and Trotter. Sorry, there was no answer at the front door, so we thought we'd-

EMMA

No, no. It's okay. What can I do for you?

BURKE

Is your husband home?

EMMA

Um, no. I'm sorry. He's away on business. Do you need him for something?

TROTTER

Oh, no. We're here to follow up with you about your case. The burglary.

EMMA

Oh. You could have called.

Burke ignores the sideways look from Trotter.

BURKE

We wanted to check up on you too, Ms. Fox. Make sure you're okay.

EMMA

I'm fine. Thanks. So, the case?

TROTTER

Unfortunately, with nothing stolen, no witnesses, and well, frankly no leads, we're going to have to drop the case. It can be re-opened at a later date should anything come to light but, for now there's nothing we can do. So, sorry.

EMMA

Okay.

Burke and Trotter exchange glances.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Was there something else?

Burke nudges Trotter.

TROTTER  
I'm sorry, ma'am, but is it possible I could use your rest room?

EMMA  
Uh, sure. Down the hall on your left.

TROTTER  
Much appreciated. It'll take just a second.

He enters the house. Burke steps forward.

BURKE  
Problems with the mower?

EMMA  
Yeah. Not sure what just yet.

BURKE  
Pardon me for saying so, but you don't strike me as the type who knows their way around an engine.

EMMA  
My dad was an Air Force mechanic. I guess I picked up a few things along the way.

BURKE  
Air Force brat, huh?

EMMA  
Yeah.

Burke points at herself.

BURKE  
Army brat.

EMMA  
No shit?

BURKE  
Both parents. It's probably why I enlisted myself. Didn't know any other way of life when I was 18.

EMMA

Oh. Well... Thank you for your service.

Burke shrugs.

BURKE

No problem. Honestly, I never know how to respond to that. What about you? No aspirations to join the Air Force like your dad?

A rueful smile crosses Emma's face.

EMMA

I wanted to be a fighter pilot once.

BURKE

Really?

EMMA

F-16s. My dad fixed them. But I wanted to fly them.

BURKE

But you didn't?

EMMA

Color blind.

BURKE

Oh. Bad eyes, huh? Well, nothing you can do about that.

EMMA

20/10, actually.

BURKE

Damn! Was your mom a falcon?

EMMA

Could've been. I don't remember her.

Burke pauses.

BURKE

I'm sorry.

EMMA

Don't be.

Burke nods.

BURKE

How are you feeling? Head okay?

EMMA

It's fine.

BURKE

No nausea or blurry vision?

EMMA

No. Seeing clearly.

BURKE

That's good. You know I got knocked unconscious once. Got a concussion. I was seeing double for a week, it seemed.

EMMA

One of the dangers of your job, I suppose.

BURKE

Oh, no, not work related. My first husband knocked the living crap out of me because I wouldn't give him a blow job.

Burke's bluntness gives Emma pause.

EMMA

Oh.

BURKE

It was bizarre, you know? He'd never done anything like that before, but there were signs. There always are. But I suppose you've gotta have pretty sharp vision to see them. He'd get aggressive when he'd drink. It started verbally, then moved to shoving. He had a real mean streak but I just chalked it up to stereotypical man machismo B.S. But then, wouldn't you know it? My own husband put me in the hospital.

The back door opens and Trotter exits the house.

TROTTER

Thank you, ma'am.

He stands next to Burke.

BURKE  
Okay, Ms. Fox. You still got my  
card?

EMMA  
Yes.

BURKE  
All right then.  
(to Trotter)  
Let's go, Detective.

TROTTER  
Have nice day, ma'am.

Trotter walks around the side of the house. Burke follows.

EMMA  
Detective?

Burke stops.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
What happened to your husband?

BURKE  
I put that fucker in prison.

Burke disappears.

Emma looks down at the disassembled lawn mower.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Roy enters with his luggage. He leaves it at the front door  
and removes his suit jacket.

ROY  
Emma?

No response.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Emma? You home?

He walks deeper into the house.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BACK DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Roy walks out onto the back deck, still covered in lawn mower  
parts. He steps up to the array of machinery, not sure of  
what to make of it.

EMMA (O.S.)  
Don't worry about that.

Roy turns. Emma sits on the roof smoking a cigarette, having crawled out of a second floor window.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I'll get rid of it tomorrow.

Roy looks back at the lawn mower with a nod.

ROY  
I can get somebody to look at it.

EMMA  
Don't bother. The thing's fucked.

ROY  
Well, I can still get somebody.

EMMA  
Some things can't be fixed, Roy.

Roy's shoulders sink. He turns to her slowly.

She takes one last drag from the cigarette, then flicks the butt into Mrs. Nelson's yard.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
How was Boston?

ROY  
Emma-

EMMA  
Don't. Just don't.

ROY  
I said we'd talk-

EMMA  
And *I'm telling you*, we won't.

ROY  
Emma-

EMMA  
Jesus, this isn't hard, Roy. What we had was already on thin ice. Then you fucked an intern-

ROY  
Keep your voice down-

EMMA  
No I will not!

Roy notices a Mrs. Nelson peeking out her window.

ROY  
Emma-

EMMA  
I can say what I want-

ROY  
Emma-

EMMA  
When I want-

ROY  
Emma!

EMMA  
Because YOU! FUCKED! AN INTERN!

Silence. Roy fumes. He marches into the house.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Roy stomps his way to the base of the stairs. He stops when he sees Emma standing at the top. They stare at each other.

He takes a step.

ROY  
You think you can talk to me like that? Huh?

He takes another step.

EMMA  
Stay right there, Roy.

ROY  
No. I'm the master of this house. This? Everything in it? Belongs to me.

His pace quickens.

EMMA  
Don't come up here.

ROY  
Even you...



EMMA

I'm warning you, Roy, don't come up here!

ROY

...darling.

She bravely stands her ground. Roy grabs her and pins her against the wall. To his surprise, she laughs.

EMMA

What are you going to do, Roy? Actually hit me this time? Go ahead. I'm sure the judge would love to know why your soon-to-be ex-wife has bruises all over her face. Battery and an affair? Shit, I might get the car as well as the house. So, come on, Roy. Give me everything you've got.

He shakes his head.

ROY

Of all the girls.

EMMA

We all make mistakes.

He relaxes his grip and backs away.

ROY

Some bigger than others.

EMMA

I guess we'll see. Now, get the fuck out of *my* house.

INT. ROY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy stands in front of the window and stares out across the sprawling metropolis. He is lost in thought, eye's burn with rage.

He digs his cell phone from his pocket and dials.

He holds the phone to his ear and waits.

ROY

We need to meet.

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

A limousine and a town car are parked side by side.

INSIDE THE BACK OF THE LIMOUSINE

Roy sits.

ROY

I'm not stupid. I fucked another woman, I get it. But I'm not entirely to blame here. She thinks she's been such the perfect wife, but she hasn't. If she was, I wouldn't have- Whatever. Fuck it.

Roy rubs his eyes. REVEAL: Roy sits next to Harker. Behind the wheel, Devlin eyeballs Harker in the rearview mirror. Rhodes sits across from Roy. Rhodes is mildly amused.

RHODES

Go on, Mr. Clayton. Take all the time you need to convince yourself.

ROY

You think this is funny?

RHODES

We're just here to help.

ROY

Well, I don't need convincing.

He turns to Harker.

ROY (CONT'D)

Mr. Rhodes tells me that you can make it look like suicide?

Harker gives Roy a nod.

ROY (CONT'D)

You're the one who took care of Myers?

Harker nods.

ROY (CONT'D)

Good. That was good. I don't need to know the details. I don't care.  
(to Rhodes)  
What happens now, Mr. Rhodes?

RHODES  
We'll call you, Mr. Clayton.

Roy nods.

ROY  
Fine. But make it quick. That  
fucking cunt gets nothing from me.

Roy exits the limousine and enters the town car. He drives away. Rhodes watches him go.

RHODES  
I love it when they fucking  
monologue. Think you can handle it?

Harker's expression produces a squint from Rhodes.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

HARKER  
Nothing.

RHODES  
Good.

Rhodes dismisses Harker with a wave. Harker exits. Rhodes watches him go.

DEVLIN  
Not for nothing, but I think I  
should keep an eye on him.

Rhodes's nod is barely visible.

RHODES  
Better make that two.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma enters, hot and sweaty from a run. She removes her earbuds and takes a moment to stretch and catch her breath.

She walks towards the kitchen.

Harker hides in one of the rooms just off the hallway, pistol in hand.

IN THE KITCHEN

Emma enters and gets a pitcher of water out of the refrigerator.

Harker appears in the hallway behind her. He watches as she pulls a glass out of a cabinet.

She pours herself a glass of water and takes a long drink.

She presses the glass against her forehead.

Harker disappears from view.

She finishes the drink and turns back to the hallway.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma enters and takes off her clothes, passing the slightly cracked open closet door.

She enters the bathroom. A SQUEAK of a faucet proceeds the shower being turned on.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma HUMS to herself from inside the shower.

Harker slips into the bathroom. His hand tightens around the grip of his pistol.

He sits on the toilet. He rubs his face, then stares at her silhouette.

He rises.

Emma turns off the water. She opens the shower curtain.

She's alone.

She grabs a towel and turns to the mirror. She freezes.

Written in the steam are the words, "4927 W Div St, Now, H"

She wipes away the message and stares at her own reflection.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Emma approaches. An old wooden door has been left open.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma maneuvers down a narrow hallway, looking through every opening she passes. The floor CREAKS with every step.

In the distance, the FLUTTER of a pigeon's wings.

The hallway empties into a large open space. She pauses at the end of the hallway to examine the room. Debris clutters the floor, pigeons COO in the rafters.

She enters. As she nears the center of the room a pipe CLANKS, drawing her attention.

HARKER (O.S.)

Emma.

Emma wheels around. Harker stands some paces away.

EMMA

Harker? What's going on?

He gives her a stern look.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Harker? What is it?

HARKER

Your husband wants you dead.

EMMA

What? How would-

Her eyes go wide and she takes a step back.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's you, isn't it? You're the one who's supposed to...

She begins to tremble. Breaths become deeper.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(frightened)

What are you going to do?

His eyes soften and he walks forward. She flinches but remains in place. He reaches her and plants his lips on hers.

HARKER

I'm going to get you out of here.

He kisses her again.

Then, he freezes. He looks into her now fearless eyes.

Slowly, his head tilts back, being pushed upwards by the barrel of a gun under his chin.

Beat.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
You're right. I do feel alive.

She glares at him.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Put the gun down. You're not going  
to kill me.

EMMA  
What makes you so sure?

She cocks the hammer.

HARKER  
Fine. This is real simple, Emma.  
You can kill me now but you'll  
still need to get as far away from  
here as you can.

EMMA  
I have a life here.

HARKER  
A life you don't want.

EMMA  
I'm not running if it's on his  
terms.

HARKER  
This isn't just about you. Things  
will go very badly for me if I  
don't execute my contract. But I  
can make them think you're dead so  
long as you leave and never come  
back.

She shakes her head.

EMMA  
Not going to happen.

HARKER  
You're not listening!

EMMA  
I am not letting that fucker  
control my life any longer!

HARKER  
There's no other way out of this.  
Put the gun down. Let me do what I  
do.

Beat.

Emma lowers the gun.

EMMA  
This isn't going to happen your  
way, or his way, or any other way  
but my way.

HARKER  
Emma-

EMMA  
Shut up!

She thinks.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Listen to me very carefully.

He waits.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

Emma exits and gets into her car. She drives away quickly.

Moments later Harker emerges. He walks away.

In the distance, Devlin sits in an unremarkable car and watches them go. He frowns.

Then smirks.

INT. DARK BAR - DAY

Rhodes sits in his booth going over the books. Devlin approaches.

DEVLIN  
I think we have a problem.

Rhodes puts his pen down.

EXT. GROCERY STORE. ALLEY - DAY

Al sits in front of a makeshift shelter and empties a paper cup filled with loose change into his hand.

He counts out the change. A shadow falls over him. He looks up, then holds up the paper cup.

A wad of cash lands in the cup.

Stunned, Al pulls out the wad of cash and fans it out. There are hundreds of dollars in his hand.

AL  
Whatever the catch is, you got  
yourself a deal.

INT. ROY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy types away at his computer. His phone RINGS. He picks it up.

ROY  
Roy Clayton.

HARKER (O.S.)  
Are you ready?

His blood runs cold.

ROY  
Who am I speaking to?

HARKER (O.S.)  
Are. You. Ready? Think real hard  
about the next word that comes out  
of your mouth.

ROY  
(quietly)  
Yes.

HARKER (O.S.)  
Speak up, Mr. Clayton.

ROY  
Yes. Yes I'm ready.

HARKER (O.S.)  
After work you are to go to the  
Silver Hand Tavern and wait for me  
to call you.

ROY  
Wait, why are you sending me to a  
bar?

HARKER (O.S.)  
Do you not understand your  
instructions?



ROY  
I understand.

HARKER (O.S.)  
Good.

The line goes dead.

INT. SILVER HAND TAVERN - NIGHT

Roy enters. He spies an empty stool by the bar and snakes his way through the crowd to get to it. A BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER  
What's your pleasure?

ROY  
Vodka gimlet.

BARTENDER  
Preference on the vodka?

ROY  
Whatever. Top shelf.

The bartender nods.

Al, cleaned up and wearing a suit, sits in the stool next to Roy. He calls to the bartender. The bartender returns and places the vodka gimlet in front of Roy.

AL  
Barkeep! Let me get a whiskey,  
neat.

BARTENDER  
Sure thing. You got a preference on  
the whiskey?

AL  
Gimme the most expensive thing you  
got.

Al eyes at Roy, then turns back to the bartender.

AL (CONT'D)  
And get the same for my friend  
here.

ROY  
I got a drink, thanks.

AL  
I insist!

ROY  
Whatever it is you're selling, I'm  
not buying.

AL  
All I sell is life, my friend!

ROY  
I'm not your friend, all right? So  
you can just give it a rest.

Al raises his eyebrows.

AL  
(to the bartender)  
I guess he's not my friend.

Al pulls out a wad of hundred dollar bills and lays one on  
the bar.

AL (CONT'D)  
(to the bartender)  
I'll get his drink anyway.

The bartender scoops up the cash and disappears.

ROY  
You are persistent, I'll give you  
that.

AL  
I am a man of charity, and I help  
those in need.

ROY  
I don't need your help.

AL  
Of course you do!

ROY  
You think I need your help?

AL  
More than anyone.

ROY  
You don't know me.

AL

I took one look at you and learned  
all I need to know.

Roy snorts and shakes his head.

ROY

You're so full of shit.

AL

Maybe. But that'd make us brothers,  
don't you think?

Roy smirks.

ROY

Oh, I get it. You're saying I'm...  
Well you can just fuck right off.

Roy turns away, ignoring Al.

AL

Look at me, son.

Roy does not move.

AL (CONT'D)

I said, look at me.

Al's tone compels Roy to look back.

AL (CONT'D)

This morning I woke up in a hole  
mess a shit. The kind of shit your  
privileged ass knows nothing about.  
But now look at me. Today is a new  
day, and tomorrow? Shit, I'm  
actually looking forward to it. For  
the first time in a long time, I am  
*actually* looking forward to  
tomorrow. Can you believe that? You  
know why? Because change is a  
beautiful thing, my friend. It's a  
beautiful thing. And deserves to be  
toasted by the most expensive  
whiskey this shit-hole has to  
offer.

(to the bartender)

Oh, no offense, my friend!

(to Roy)

So drink with me. For we are  
brothers full of shit! But not  
mired in it.

The bartender places the whiskey in front of Roy.

ROY  
Actually, my whole world is about  
to change too.

AL  
Then I envy you.

Al picks up his drink.

AL (CONT'D)  
And I drink to your new life.

Roy hesitates, then picks up his whiskey.

ROY  
I'm Roy.

AL  
You can call me Al.

They touch glasses and take a drink. Al turns to the bartender.

AL (CONT'D)  
Barkeep! Bring me the whole damn  
bottle!

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands before the mirror. She meticulously applies make-up.

FOOTSTEPS approach from the bedroom. She turns as Harker emerges from the darkness.

HARKER  
Are you ready?

EMMA  
Almost.

HARKER  
Are you sure you want to do this,  
Emma?

He waits for a response that isn't coming.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Emma? Emma, I have to ask.

She looks at him.

EMMA  
No you don't.

He fidgets uneasily.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
What?

He balks.

HARKER  
Nothing.

EMMA  
(forcefully)  
What?

He shakes his head.

HARKER  
I'm not sure I'm comfortable with  
this plan of yours.

EMMA  
Why, because you didn't think of  
it?

HARKER  
No. Because you did.

Beat.

EMMA  
Just do your part, and everything  
will be fine.

HARKER  
I wish I had your confidence.

EMMA  
You don't need my confidence. I do.

He nods, then disappears into the darkness of the bedroom.

She returns to the mirror.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harker exits and walks to his car.

Across the street, Rhodes and Devlin sit inside a dark town car. They watch Harker jump in his car and drive away.

DEVLIN

Several times now he's been with her and done nothing. Thought you should know.

Rhodes frowns and gives Devlin a nod. Devlin puts the car in drive and pulls out to follow Harker.

EXT. SILVER HAND TAVERN - NIGHT

Loud PARTY NOISES spill out from inside the bar.

Harker's car pulls up across the street.

INT. SILVER HAND TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The bar has grown a little rowdier with a larger crowd.

Roy and Al have their jackets off, ties loosened, arms around each other, and are very, very drunk.

Roy's cell phone RINGS. He digs it out of his pocket and steps away from the crowd.

ROY

Yeah? Roy, this is Roy.

No answer.

ROY (CONT'D)

H-Hello?

HARKER (O.S.)

Go home.

Roy's smile disappears.

The line goes dead.

Roy takes a moment, then collects his jacket and briefcase.

He makes for the exit.

AL

Roy? My friend, where're you going?

ROY

To start my new life.

Al holds up his drink.

AL  
May it be long and prosperous!

Roy gives Al a smile and exits.

Al's ear to ear grin disappears. He looks over his shoulder, towards the back of the bar, and makes eye-contact with Harker.

Harker gives him a brief nod before disappearing out the back.

Al breathes a sign of relief.

EXT. SILVER HAND TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Roy stumbles out onto the street. He reaches his car and fumbles with the keys.

RHODES (O.S.)  
Mr. Clayton.

ROY  
(surprised)  
Mr. Rhodes? What are you here- what are you doing here?

RHODES  
I don't think you should be driving in your condition.

ROY  
I'm fine, I-I-

Rhodes approaches and holds out his hand.

RHODES  
Let me give you a ride home, Mr. Clayton. I insist.

Roy places the car keys in Rhodes's palm. Rhodes leads him away.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
We need to have a little chat about your wife.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet. Nearly all lights are out in the house.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roy stumbles into the house, still heavily intoxicated.

He tries, and fails, to close the door quietly behind him.

ROY

Emma?

Silence.

ROY (CONT'D)

Honey, I'm home!

He takes a few steps in and stops to listen.

ROY (CONT'D)

Honey?

He walks forward.

IN THE KITCHEN

Roy tip-toes into the kitchen.

ROY (CONT'D)

Emma? Where are you, you fucking-

EMMA (O.S.)

I'm in here.

Roy wheels around. Emma sits on the dining room table wearing a silk slip and short robe.

IN THE DINING ROOM

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm right here waiting for you,  
baby.

She holds out a hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Come. Touch me.

Roy stumbles forward and reaches out his hand. She takes it, delicately bringing his hand between her legs.

Roy mumbles, both confused and aroused.

She kisses his neck.



ROY  
(slurs)  
Now touch me.

EMMA  
Speak up, baby.

ROY  
I want you to touch me.

She stands and slowly loosens his belt. She slides her hand down his pants.

EMMA  
Like that?

He moans and nods.

He pulls her in close.

She kisses his neck.

INTERCUT:

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Roy can be seen getting intimate through the dining room window.

Harker watches from the shadows of the back yard.

The kissing gets more intense. Emma looks out the window. Harker makes eye contact with her. Her face reveals nothing.

Harker's mouth curls into a frown.

BACK INSIDE

Emma looks at her own reflection in the dining room window, the outside not being visible. She turns her attention back to Roy.

She pulls his hair back to get a good look at his face.

EMMA  
Don't play nice, Roy.

She kisses him again, only this time biting down on his lip.

Roy GRUNTS with pain and tries to wrestle his lip free.

He picks her up, spins, and slams her against the wall.

OUTSIDE

Harker shifts uncomfortably.

BACK INSIDE

She releases his lip with a giggle.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
That's it Roy!

ROY  
You think I'm stupid? Think I'm  
stupid? Fucking bitch?

He kisses her. She squeezes her legs around him.

He grabs her by the wrists.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You think I don't know?

They kiss. She bites his ear.

EMMA  
Know what, baby?

ROY  
About the cop.

She stops.

She looks into his eyes.

He grabs her by the throat, keeping her pinned to the wall.

OUTSIDE

Harker has had enough. He starts to rise.

Devlin, quickly upon him, pistol-whips him in the head and  
knocks him unconscious.

DEVLIN  
Fucking prick.

Devlin grabs him by the ankles and drags him away.

BACK INSIDE

Roy has Emma firmly pinned against the wall.

ROY  
You fuck him? That how you  
convinced him to kill me?

EMMA  
Not exactly.

Roy's eyes go wide and he inhales sharply. He screams and tries to pull away but she has a hand down his pants with a solid grip.

ROY  
Fuck!

EMMA  
You like that better, Roy!?

ROY  
Fucking bitch!

He hits her across the face, knocking her to the ground.

He clutches at his crotch. Emma rolls over.

EMMA  
You call that a hit?

ROY  
The fuck you say?

Roy looms over her. He raises a fist but hesitates.

She spits at him.

He hits her again, much harder.

EMMA  
You fucking pathetic, weak, sad  
little boy! I can't believe it took  
me so long to see you for who you  
really are!

ROY  
Fuck you!

He picks her up and throws her against the wall.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You think you're better than me!?

EMMA  
C'mon, baby, show me! Show me what  
a man you really are!

Roy charges.

ROY  
Shut the fuck up!

He hits her.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes's town car waits across the street.

INSIDE THE CAR

Harker lays in the back seat. His eyes open and the world slowly comes into focus.

Rhodes sits across from him.

Harker jolts up, but freezes at the sight of Devlin's pistol being pointed at him from the front seat.

RHODES  
Ah-ah-ah, Mr. Barton. You'd be  
doing yourself a favor if you were  
to sit back and listen.

Harker leans back, but keeps a firm glare on Rhodes.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
Don't look so cross, it doesn't  
become you. You know, I never took  
you for the type to fall for a  
pretty face.

HARKER  
I'd prefer you just get this over  
with.

RHODES  
Oh, you think...? No, no, I'm not  
going to kill you. You are far too  
resourceful to give up on just yet.  
There are few that are willing to  
do what you do and fewer still that  
are policemen. I'm sure we can move  
past this little lapse in judgement  
on your part. You're just here to  
clean up after Mr. Clayton in  
there. And I have a feeling what  
you're going to find inside that  
house will be punishment enough.

Harker looks at the house.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma falls to the ground, face bloodied and GASPING for air.

ROY  
You hear that? You hear that  
sweetheart?

EMMA  
Fuck you.

He delivers a swift kick to the ribs.

ROY  
Fucking listen! You know what I  
hear? Nothing! Nothing's out there,  
sweetheart. Your boy-toy ain't  
coming! Ain't no knights in shining  
armor comin' to save the damsel in  
distress! It's just you and me!  
It's just you and me!

EMMA  
You think you're so fucking smart.

ROY  
Shut up!

He pounces, getting face to face.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What was your fucking plan, Emma!?  
What were you going to do to me?

EMMA  
So fucking smart-

He strikes her, then grabs her by the neck.

ROY  
What was your plan, Emma!? You  
think you could just have him kill  
me and the two of you could run off  
together without anyone knowing?  
That it?

EMMA  
No! I never asked him to kill you!

ROY  
Bullshit!

He tightens his grip. She gasps for air.

ROY (CONT'D)  
That's exactly what you were gonna do! But it wasn't gonna work, babe! Shit ain't gonna fly! Because I matter! People look out for me, people need me! But ain't no one gonna miss you!

She grins at him, revealing bloodied teeth.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You think this is funny!?

EMMA  
Fuck you!

He hits her.

ROY  
Tell me the fucking truth! I want to hear you say it!

EMMA  
Make me say it!

He strikes her repeatedly, screaming with each hit.

ROY  
Tell me you were gonna have him kill me! Tell your plan!

Desperate to escape, she claws at his face.

Roy SCREAMS and falls backwards, allowing her to squirm out from underneath him. She rises and runs away.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

She disappears.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Emma! You're fucking dead!

IN THE HALLWAY

Roy stumbles forward. He makes it to the base of the stairs just in time to see Emma dart around the corner at the top.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Emma! C'mere bitch!

He bounds up the stairs.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Roy rushes the bedroom door.

IN THE BEDROOM

Roy throws the door open.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You're fucking-

BANG! A gunshot.

Roy lurches.

Blood soaks through his shirt. His eyes go wide with shock.

Emma stands before him, holding his pistol. Smoke trickles out of the barrel.

He falls backwards. He gasps for air, but each breath becomes more GURGLED than the last as his lungs fill with blood.

INT. RHODES'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes looks out the car window.

DEVLIN  
That was a gunshot, boss.

RHODES  
That fucking idiot!

Rhodes watches a neighbor's light turn on.

Then another.

And another.

DEVLIN  
What do you want to do?

RHODES  
Drive. That son of bitch just made his own bed.

Devlin puts the car in gear and drives away.

Harker looks back at the house. A smile crosses his face.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma walks over and stands over Roy. Blood pools out of his mouth.

ROY  
(weakly)  
Emma? Emma?

EMMA  
This was my plan, Roy.

His eyes mix with shock and confusion.

Then, they go lifeless.

Emma takes a few steps back and drops the gun on the floor.

She picks up the phone on the night stand. She catches sight of herself in a vanity mirror. She looks herself up and down. Her face is bloodied, bruised, and already swelling.

She breathes heavily, getting herself worked up. As soon as she's ready, she dials.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
9-1-1 what's your emergency?

EMMA  
Please help me! I've shot my  
husband! Oh, god! HELP!

INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Burke and Trotter walk with a quick pace. Ahead of them, DETECTIVE CLIFF SCHAFFER (40's) and DETECTIVE ED CROSLY (40's) exit a hospital room.

BURKE  
Crosley! Schaffer!

CROSLY  
What the hell are you two doing  
here?

BURKE  
Heya fellas. What's the story?

SCHAFFER  
Domestic turned fatal. Wife shot  
and killed her husband. Why the  
interest?



TROTTER

We had a B-and-E involving the same couple a few days ago.

BURKE

She in there? She awake?

SCHAFFER

Yeah, but she's not in great shape. Physically or mentally.

Burke peers through the room's window. Her face grows sullen.

TROTTER

So what's the deal on your end? DA pressing charges?

CROSLEY

Are you kidding? Look at her face.

Schaffer flips through his notebook.

SCHAFFER

DA isn't going to waste their time on this one. Wife beat to shit, weapon was legally registered to the husband-

Schaffer shrugs and snaps the notebook shut.

SCHAFFER (CONT'D)

It's self defense. Open and shut.

TROTTER

Nothing like closing a case on the first night.

CROSLEY

You got that right.

BURKE

(to Trotter)

Come on. Let's close ours.

INT. HOSPITAL. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma sits up in bed and stares blankly at the wall in front of her. Her bandaged face is now fully swollen and bruised, looking much worse than earlier.

She doesn't seem to notice Burke and Trotter enter.

Trotter hovers by the door. Burke pulls up a chair.

BURKE  
(softly)  
Hi, Ms. Fox. How are you holding  
up?

Emma remains motionless.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
We heard what had happened, we  
talked to the detectives outside,  
but we wanted to-

Emma looks at Burke.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
Do you think you can answer a few  
questions for me? You think you're  
up for that?

EMMA  
(weakly)  
The other detectives already asked  
me a bunch of questions.

BURKE  
I know. I just have a few more. It  
won't take long. Scout's honor.

Emma nods.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
Do you remember our conversation in  
the ambulance?

Tears rush into Emma's eyes.

BURKE (CONT'D)  
Do you know what I'm going to ask  
you?

EMMA  
Yes.

BURKE  
Do you know who knocked you  
unconscious that day?

Tear well in Emma's eyes.

EMMA  
Oh god, what have I done?

BURKE

Were you surprised by a burglar, or  
did your husband knock you  
unconscious?

Emma sobs.

BURKE (CONT'D)

I need you to tell me, Ms. Fox.

EMMA

Yes.

BURKE

Yes, what?

EMMA

(sobs)

Yes, my husband knocked me  
unconscious! He... He...

Emma's sobs keep her from speaking.

BURKE

Let me just spell it out, okay? You  
and your husband got into an  
argument, he knocked you  
unconscious, then staged a robbery  
once he realized he was going to  
have to call an ambulance. Does  
that sound about right?

Emma nods.

EMMA

(weakly)

Yes.

Burke looks over her shoulder at Trotter. He gives her a nod.

BURKE

How long has he been abusing you,  
Ms. Fox?

EMMA

Oh god, Roy!

BURKE

I need you to stay focused. Can you  
stay with me a little longer?

EMMA

I killed my husband!

BURKE

I know you did. But he left you no choice. Do you understand? You had no choice. If you hadn't done what you did, you'd be the one in the morgue.

EMMA

What's going to happen?

BURKE

You're not going to be arrested, you're not in trouble. Okay? This isn't your fault, it's his.

EMMA

That doesn't make me feel better.

BURKE

You're not alone, Emma. There are a lot of great resources for women who've been in your shoes. I'm going to drop by your house in a couple of days to bring you some information on support groups and check up on you, okay?

EMMA

Thank you, Detective Burke. For everything.

BURKE

Okay. You get some rest now. We'll be in touch.

Burke walks to the door. Emma lays down and faces away from them.

Burke stops at the door and gives Emma one last sympathetic look. She turns to Trotter, who raises his eyebrows.

TROTTER

(quietly)  
Open and shut.

Burke nods. They exit.

Emma's eyes have gone dry.

She brings her hand, clenched in a fist, up to her face. She rolls it over and opens the fist until her fingers are fully outstretched.

They are still and unwavering, as if made of stone.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Harker walks up to a pay phone. He nervously looks over his shoulder, then picks up the phone. He plugs in a few coins then dials.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
The number you are trying to reach  
has been disconnected.

The line goes dead.

He stares at the phone in disbelief, then hangs it up.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Harker pulls up in his car.

A moving truck is in front of the house. Several MOVERS unload furniture under the guidance of a SUBURBAN FAMILY.

Devlin suddenly appears at the driver's side window.

DEVLIN  
It's been so long I thought maybe  
you'd forgotten about her.

Harker remains silent. Devlin smiles at him.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)  
You're a slippery fucker, you know  
that? Too bad for you I'm good at  
what I do.

He looks over at the suburban family and movers.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)  
You got soft, right? Ah, don't beat  
yourself up. Fiery piece of ass  
like that would make any man trip  
up. You fuck her?

Harker frowns.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)  
You fuck her?

Harker glares at him. Devlin starts laughing.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)  
Oh my god! No way! Bitch causes you  
all that trouble and you didn't  
even get to punch the clock! Holy  
shit. You're fucking idiot, Harker.  
You know that?

HARKER  
What do you want, Devlin?

DEVLIN  
C'mon. Mr. Rhodes wants a word. You  
can follow me.

Devlin walks back to his car.

Harker turns back to the house and watches for a moment, then  
follows Devlin.

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

A limousine is parked under the overpass.

BACK OF THE LIMOUSINE

Harker sits in the back seat across from the Rhodes. Devlin  
sits in the driver's seat.

Rhodes gives Harker a hard stare. Harker's eyes are glued to  
the floor.

RHODES  
Devlin tells me you keep trying to  
give him the slip. Just so we're  
clear, he will be baby-sitting you  
from now on, so get used to it. At  
least until you and I can rebuild  
trust. Are we clear?

Harker does nothing.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
I'll just take that as a "yes."

Rhodes picks up an envelope and tosses it on Harker's lap.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
Now that things have settled down I  
expect you to pick up where you  
left off.

Harker doesn't respond.

RHODES (CONT'D)  
Pay attention, Officer Barton.

Harker shakes his head.

HARKER  
I quit.

RHODES  
What?

HARKER  
I quit the force. I'm not a police  
officer anymore.

Despite a chuckle and a smirk that crosses his face, Rhodes's  
eyes flood with rage.

RHODES  
You. Fucking. Idiot! The reason  
you're here is because your a  
fucking cop! After all the shit you  
pulled you're telling me you went  
ahead and doubled-down on stupid,  
and turned in your badge and your  
gun!?

HARKER  
Nah. Just the badge.

A cold look from Harker and the smirk disappears from Rhode's  
face.

OUTSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

A MUFFLED GUNSHOT rings out from inside the limousine. There  
is a SCREAM before a second MUFFLED GUNSHOT cuts it short.

Silence.

Harker exits and walks away.

EXT. ISOLATED TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY

Emma's car is parked in the gravel lot.

INT. ISOLATED TRUCK STOP DINER - CONTINUOUS

Emma sits in a booth and finishes up a sandwich. Her face has healed, but left behind are the scars that will always remain.

Her canvas jacket is draped over the booth bench across from her.

Emma focuses her attention on a road map sprawled out on the table. A TRUCK STOP WAITRESS (50's) approaches.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS  
Fill ya up one more time?

EMMA  
Please.

Emma slides a coffee cup to the edge of the table. The waitress fills it up.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS  
Where ya headed?

Emma looks up from the map. She thinks, then smiles.

EMMA  
Honestly, I have no idea.

The waitress chuckles.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS  
Well, look at you. I gotta say you  
are far more adventurous than I.

EMMA  
Any suggestions?

The waitress thinks.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS  
You could go to the Corn Palace.

EMMA  
The Corn Palace?

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS  
It's a palace. Made of corn.

The waitress points at the map.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
It's a hike up north. In Mitchell I  
think.



The waitress gives Emma a shrug.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Kinda neat.

EMMA  
Okay, thanks. I'll check it out.

The waitress leaves with a smile. Emma returns to the map.

EXT. TRUCK STOP DINER - LATER

Emma walks towards her car. She stops, and lights a cigarette.

EMMA  
Well, aren't you a crafty devil.

She turns.

Harker stands in the parking lot a few paces away from her.

He takes a few steps forward.

HARKER  
You know, you could've said  
goodbye.

EMMA  
I could've.

He smiles and nods.

HARKER  
Where you headed?

EMMA  
Corn Palace.

He laughs.

HARKER  
Sounds fun. Well, if you're looking  
for some company, you could ask me  
to come.

She smiles.

EMMA  
I could.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END.