

LOCK THE DOOR

FADE IN:

INT. DUSTIN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Tiny. Messy. Beer posters on the wall.

DUSTIN, 20, lies naked in bed. Good-looking. Unruly hair. His eyes never leave the

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

who lies, face-down, next to him. He draws his finger from her bare shoulder, down the perfect line of her back, to linger just north of her behind.

DUSTIN

Your skin is so smooth.

EMMA, 19, mumbles, half-asleep. Flawless skin the color of steam. Dark hair plunges over the pillow.

EMMA

Mmm... I like it when you do that.

DUSTIN

You know what would be cool?

EMMA

Breakfast in bed.

DUSTIN

I was actually thinking more of this... at your place.

EMMA

My place is lame.

DUSTIN

Lamer than mine? I seriously doubt that. The bed barely fits in here.

Emma turns over. Stares at him with huge blue eyes.

EMMA

That's all we need, right?

DUSTIN

Are you gonna invite me over, or do I have to beg?

A quick kiss shuts him up.

EMMA

Tell me again what you like about me.

DUSTIN

Ego, much?

EMMA

We are courting, good sir. A lady must be wooed before she opens her nether regions.

DUSTIN

She said lying naked next to her boyfriend after a night of love-making.

She smacks his chest.

EMMA

I'm serious.

DUSTIN

(clears his throat)

Your eyes are amazing. I could get lost in them for days.

EMMA

Snore. Cliche.

DUSTIN

Now I'm the one being serious, and you're mocking me.

EMMA

You like my eyes. My skin. My butt. Whatever. What about me?

DUSTIN

Alright.

(thinks)

I like the way you order your coffee. Black, half a sugar. Who orders half a sugar?

She laughs.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

And I like the way you sing to the songs on the radio. You're so out of tune it hurts... but you just don't give a shit.

EMMA

You're right. No shit given.

DUSTIN

And I like the way you look at old people. Like you're trying to guess their life story just by how they look.

She gets serious. Runs a hand through his messy hair.

EMMA

Will you stay with me... forever?

DUSTIN

I can't wait to grow wrinkles with you.

EMMA

That's not what I asked.

A quick kiss on her nose.

DUSTIN

Sure I will. I'll stay with you forever. Sounds like fun.

She looks away. Cuddles up against him. A long moment passes.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

And, once again, lovey-dovey talk brings the veil of silence.

EMMA

Never let me go.

DUSTIN

Jesus. What is it with you? You think every person in your life is just gonna pack up and move away?

EMMA

I've got... bonding issues.

DUSTIN

You're in luck. I don't even own a suitcase.

She laughs. In the distance, a BABY CRIES. Soft.

She sits up.

EMMA  
Did you hear that?

DUSTIN  
What?

EMMA  
A baby crying. I thought -- you  
don't hear anything?

Dustin traces his fingers up her back.

DUSTIN  
It's nothing. You're hearing  
things.

But she can't relax. Her eyes dart around. She's sure she  
heard... something.

EXT. ST CATHERINE'S PRIVATE SCHOOL -- DAY

The end of the school day. BOYS and GIRLS dressed in school  
uniforms rush out. PARENTS and TEACHERS try to corral them.  
Happy chaos.

A stretch limo pulls up. The rear door opens. A man steps  
out. WALTER FREEMAN, 40. Expensive suit. More expensive  
haircut. He looks annoyed as he dodges screaming children and  
enters the school.

INT. 3RD GRADE CLASSROOM -- DAY

Walter fidgets. Can't get comfortable in a chair built for  
children. MISS SOPHIA, a stern-looking woman with a hair bun  
too tight for her face, peers at Walter over reading glasses.

MISS SOPHIA  
Selfish, Mr. Freeman. That's the  
only word I can use to describe  
your daughter.

WALTER  
(through gritted teeth)  
Thank you for bringing that to my  
attention.

MISS SOPHIA  
She only ever thinks of herself.  
I've never once seen her share  
anything with another child. And  
today, to lash out like that--

WALTER

--I agree. Completely unacceptable.

Walter looks at the back of the classroom.

MADISON FREEMAN, 8, sits alone. Cute, but way too serious for a girl her age. She draws a picture with a crayon. Works so hard the crayon is little more than a stub.

MISS SOPHIA

Madison's mother--

WALTER

--Died in childbirth. I never remarried.

MISS SOPHIA

So there's no strong female presence in her life? No aunts? Older cousins?

WALTER

No. Not really.

MISS SOPHIA

Find someone, Mr. Freeman. Having no mother and a globe-trotting millionaire father is no way for a girl to grow up.

WALTER

Billionaire.

MISS SOPHIA

Excuse me?

WALTER

I'm a billionaire. With a 'B.'

MISS SOPHIA

(if looks could kill)

Your daughter has a report due on the Titanic by Friday. Make sure she mentions all the billionaires who drowned.

EXT. ST CATHERINE'S PRIVATE SCHOOL -- DAY

Madison bursts out the front door. Down the steps in a flash. Walter jogs to keep up.

WALTER  
Slow down, young lady!

MADISON  
Last one to the car's a rotten egg!

Walter sighs. Madison races for the limo.

EXT. UP THE STREET -- SAME

Someone watches from a distance. A telephoto lens zooms in on Madison. Takes a picture. Then Walter. Another picture.

EXT. CAPITOL APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Shitty. Crack-ville. HOOKERS gather on the front steps. A police car sails by, SIRENS blare.

No one cares.

INT. SCAZZ'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

WHAM! Fist meets face.

SCAZZ, 25, a skinny loser in a Star Wars T-shirt, sits in a chair. Wrists bound with plastic zip-tie. Face bruised and bloody.

WHAM! Another fist says hi. Scazz spits out a tooth.

SCAZZ  
Stop... please...

TIMMS, 30, looms over him. A wall of muscle with a simpleton's smile. He licks the blood off his knuckles.

KEIKO, 30, watches him work. Annoyed. A deadly beauty with curves in all the right places. She commands her team with just a look.

Keiko glances at a photo. Then quickly folds it, puts it away.

KEIKO  
Timms, stop taunting him and get the money.

TIMMS  
Yes, Ma'am.

Another PUNCH. Scazz fights back tears.

KEIKO

Garcia?

GARCIA, 35, digs through Scazz's dresser. Wife-beater. Gold Cross around his neck. Tear drop tattoo under one eye.

GARCIA

Why's the Mexican always gotta dig through a punk's unmentionables?

Timms slaps Scazz. Scazz winces, but holds his ground.

PANELLI (O.S.)

He's a tough one, ain't he?

TIMMS

Hardly. I ain't even broken a sweat.

Timms CRACKS his knuckles. The next punch nearly knocks the chair over.

PANELLI, 30, leans against the apartment door. Shaved head. Forever chews gum. Wears shades, even inside. Sawed-off shotgun against his shoulder. Amused by pain.

SCAZZ

Please... I don't--

PANELLI

--Use these.

Panelli tosses Timms a pair of pliers.

TIMMS

Happy birthday to me.

SCAZZ

No no no... please, God no...

KEIKO

Stand down.

Timms backs up without question.

Keiko approaches, all sex and swagger. She leans over Scazz. Makes sure he gets a good look at her cleavage... and the hunting knife strapped to her hip.



KEIKO (cont'd)  
You're running out of time. Where's  
the money, honey?

Scazz checks out her knife. Gulps.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
I'm so lonely without it.

SCAZZ  
I'm good for it. Honest. I got  
bearer bonds and shit. Just let me  
get to the bank. You'll have your  
money in the morning.

Keiko pinches his cheeks.

KEIKO  
It's not nice to keep a woman  
waiting. You'll learn that, far in  
the future, when you finally build  
that robot girlfriend.

GARCIA  
Bedroom's clean.  
(holds up pair of boxers)  
Relatively speaking.

Keiko licks his ear.

KEIKO  
Who are you gonna be, Scazz? A good  
boy... or a naughty boy?

SCAZZ  
I--I'll get you the money. I swear.  
I just don't have it on me right  
now.

TIMMS  
Let me rip out his tongue. Oh how I  
loves me some tongue rippin'.

KEIKO  
There are two guarantees in life:  
the power of a woman... and the  
certainty of death.

SCAZZ  
Please... you gotta believe me.  
(looks down)  
Oh shit, lady. You made me piss my  
pants.

TIMMS

Whoops. Better get Star Wars here  
some diapers.

Keiko goes to a pack around her waist. Unzips it. Pulls out a  
syringe.

KEIKO

Something for the pain, Scazz?

SCAZZ

Yeah. Yeah! Sounds good. Shoot me  
up.

KEIKO

Nah. I'm not wasting good drugs on  
something like you. I want you to  
feel it.

Keiko shrugs. Puts the syringe away.

KEIKO (cont'd)

He's all yours, Panelli. No  
wounding him. Make it quick.

PANELLI

You take all the fun out of my job.

Panelli levels the shotgun.

SCAZZ

The mirror! The bathroom mirror...  
behind the shelves. I was gonna buy  
some H. Maybe turn a profit. I'm so  
damn stupid! Shit shit shit.

KEIKO

Holding out makes Baby Jesus cry.  
(to Garcia)  
Quickly.

Garcia heads to the bathroom. Scazz sobs.

PANELLI

So I don't get to shoot him?

SCAZZ

I'm sorry. I won't do it again.

KEIKO

Of course you won't. You've learned  
your lesson. You're a changed man.  
Does that about cover it?

Garcia pokes his head back in.

GARCIA  
I've got the Golden Ticket.

KEIKO  
Timms...

Timms moves behind Scazz. Puts a huge arm around his neck. Squeezes. Scazz struggles for breath.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
No one holds out on me.  
(in Scazz's face)  
NO ONE!

Timms bears down. Panelli chuckles. POP. Scazz's neck cracks at an unnatural angle.

Without emotion, Keiko closes his eyelids.

Keiko moves to the window. Looks out on Crack Alley. Panelli joins her. Grabs her ass.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
Stop.

PANELLI  
You're hot when you unleash the demon.

He traces a tattoo on her shoulder: a red-faced samurai warrior.

KEIKO  
The demon hates this small-time bullshit. We're a step above repo men.

PANELLI  
You're always saying we should go into business for ourselves.

KEIKO  
Enough of this ghetto level enforcer crap. I'm saying we put on our top hats and go big time.

PANELLI  
Whatcha thinking?

Keiko pulls out the photo. Unfolds it. She and Panelli stare at a photo of Walter and Madison outside the school.

KEIKO

A father would pay anything for his  
daughter's safe return...  
especially if he's a billionaire.

INT. DUSTIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dustin sleeps. Emma, wearing one of his oversized T-shirts,  
sits at his computer desk and surfs the Net.

She clicks past Want Ads for housekeepers, cooks and full-  
time nannies. She stops at an ad seeking "Babysitter for 8-  
year-old girl."

EXT. INTERSTATE -- DAY

Clear sky. The Sun is merciless. A modest two-door winds its  
way through traffic, heads away from the city.

POP MUSIC blares from the radio. Emma SINGS along, not caring  
about hitting the right notes.

INT. EMMA'S CAR -- DAY

Emma SINGS at the top of her lungs. Steers with one hand.  
Looks at a Google Maps printout with the other.

Her cell phone RINGS. She turns the music down. Answers it.

EMMA

Well, if it isn't Mr. Sexy himself.  
Too busy with your other  
girlfriends to call me back?  
(wicked smile)  
You promise?

A giggle. The phone BEEPS: Low Battery.

EMMA (cont'd)

Shit. I'm about to die.  
(laughs)  
The phone, moron. Remember, no  
showing your pretty face until  
seven. Dad should be at the airport  
by then. It's my first day... gotta  
make a good impression. Maybe he'll  
be my sugar daddy.  
(laughs)  
Of course I'd dump you. He's  
freaking rich!

(MORE)

EMMA(cont'd)

(kissy noises)

Alright, handsome. See you tonight.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Empty apartment. A table, few chairs. Crappy lighting.

Keiko and the others gather around an open file folder. Blueprints for a mansion. Distant, peeping Tom photos of Walter and Madison.

Panelli stands back. Polishes his shotgun like a baby.

PANELLI

Kidnapping is new territory for us.

TIMMS

That's what makes it exciting.

KEIKO

Freeman's got a two-day business trip to Hong Kong. Plenty of time to get the target to the safehouse.

(finger on Madison's picture)

Gentlemen... the target. Madison Freeman. Age eight.

TIMMS

Oh, I could have some fun with her.

KEIKO

Keep it in your pants, sicko. You touch the girl, I'll gut you myself.

Timms ignores her. Wiggles his eyebrows at Garcia.

TIMMS

I'm gonna take it real slow.

GARCIA

I got kids, cabron.

TIMMS

Yeah? What're you gonna do about it, wetback? Maybe I'll take one of your litter. Your old lady's got enough to spare.

GARCIA

And maybe I'll make tamales out of your back fat.

Keiko pulls the knife from her belt. Stabs the table... right between Timms' middle and ring finger. He freezes.

KEIKO  
You done?

TIMMS  
Damn, Keiko. I'm just playing.

EXT. FREEMAN'S MANSION -- DAY

Fly-over of a gorgeous estate. Worth millions. Laid out on several manicured acres. The best modern architecture money can buy.

EXT. FREEMAN'S FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Emma knocks.

Walter opens the door. The sight of Emma brings a smile to his face.

WALTER  
You must be Emma.

They shake hands.

EMMA  
Nice to meet you, Mr. Freeman.

WALTER  
Walter, please.

EMMA  
I've seen you on TV.

WALTER  
They never shoot me from the right side. What do you think?  
(moves his head each way)  
Left, or right?

EMMA  
Left. Definitely.

WALTER  
Hmm. You may be right.  
(with a laugh)  
Or left.

He ushers her inside.

WALTER (cont'd)  
Come on in, please. Let me show you  
around.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Keiko points at the blueprint.

KEIKO  
For starters, it's way too much  
house for one man and his little  
girl. But I guess that doesn't  
matter when you're richer than God.

EXT. FREEMAN'S MANSION -- DAY

Another view: the back of the estate.

PANELLI (V.O.)  
What about neighbors?

KEIKO (V.O.)  
Miles away.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Walter leads Emma past a grand fireplace. She is stunned by  
the furniture. The artwork. The huge windows. Way beyond any  
house she's ever seen.

WALTER  
Having lots of money sometimes  
means buying things just to buy  
them. This painting, for example...

They stop before a huge abstract canvas. It looks like a  
puppy, ripped apart, with blood dripping on the ground.

WALTER (cont'd)  
...I don't get it. I'm pretty sure  
I don't even like it.

EMMA  
It's morbid. Disgusting. Perfect  
for a home with an eight-year-old  
girl.

He senses her sarcasm... and smiles.

EMMA (cont'd)

I really appreciate you giving me a job, Mr. Freeman... Walter. The starving college student is such a cliché, but it's true. I'm literally starving.

WALTER

Happy to contribute to the Top Ramen fund. I must say, your references were impeccable. I've never hired someone without meeting them first, but... I got a good feeling from your voice.

EMMA

I sing, too. Not well, but...

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Garcia points at the blueprint.

GARCIA

What's that funny-looking peanut thing?

KEIKO

The outdoor/indoor pool.

INT. POOL -- DAY

Light shimmers off the surface of the pool. Outside the windows, Emma stares at an outdoor pool that connects with the one inside.

EMMA

That's cool.

WALTER

I designed it myself. Madison loves to swim between the two. Which reminds me... she's a good swimmer, but keep an eye on her.

Walter gestures to a first aid kit hanging on the wall.

WALTER (cont'd)

First aid, should you need it. Even comes with flares and an inflatable raft. And no, my daughter is not allowed to use the raft.



EMMA

Speaking of that, when do I get to meet her?

WALTER

Her majesty is probably holding court in her bedroom. We shouldn't interrupt, lest we face her wrath.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Keiko points at the East Wing of the estate.

KEIKO

More bedrooms in this wing. Hell if I know what Freeman uses them for. All the hired help goes home in the evenings.

PANELLI

More rooms. More places to hide.

TIMMS

Check out Mr. Positivity over here.

INT. AT THE STAIRS -- DAY

Walter and Emma stand at the bottom of the grand staircase that leads from the living room up to the East Wing.

EMMA

What's up there?

WALTER

Empty rooms, mostly. Madison and I stay in the west side of the house. My wife had an art studio up there. It doesn't get used, so it's a little dusty. Keep Madison away if you can. She's got some nasty allergies.

EMMA

I read about your wife. I'm sorry.

Walter smiles. Starts to get teary-eyed... then gets back to business, brings Emma again to--

THE FRONT DOOR

--where they stare at a Security Panel.

WALTER

Keep it locked once I leave.  
Anybody tries to breach the  
perimeter, the police will be here  
in a flash.

EMMA

I feel safer already.

WALTER

The code is one zero one six.  
October sixteenth. Madison's  
birthday.

EMMA

Ten-sixteen. Got it.

Next to the security panel: an intercom system. Walter  
presses "transmit."

WALTER

(to Emma)

I had the intercom wired all over  
the house. Otherwise, it would take  
me hours to find her.

(into the intercom)

Madison Freeman, you have thirty  
seconds to report to the kitchen.

EMMA

Cool.

The intercom CRACKLES.

MADISON (O.S.)

I don't wanna.

WALTER

(into the intercom)

Now. With a capital 'N.'

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Keiko, Garcia and Timms analyze the blueprint. Talk strategy.

Panelli goes to the window. Sunlight blinds him. He shields  
his eyes with one hand.

INSERT PANELLI'S POV: An OLD MAN looks up at him from the  
sidewalk below. He smiles at Panelli. A creepy, frightening  
smile like death itself.

Panelli draws the curtains.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Madison roars into the kitchen. An energy drink in Dora the Explorer pajamas. She wears a shiny plastic tiara with pride.

She pushes past her dad and comes to a stop in front of Emma.

EMMA

Hi. I'm Emma.

Emma puts her hand out. Madison just stares at her.

MADISON

You're pale.

WALTER

Madison, be nice--

EMMA

--It's okay.

MADISON

Do you like my crown?

Emma kneels down. Beams a friendly smile.

EMMA

A real princess would know that it's called a tiara.

MADISON

Tee-air-uh.

EMMA

(just between them)

But you can call it a crown if you want.

Madison almost smiles... before tearing into the living room.

MADISON

Emma Emma Emma!

Walter rolls his eyes.

WALTER

Sorry.

EMMA  
I like children with lots of  
energy.

WALTER  
That makes one of us.

Walter writes a phone number on the refrigerator's message board.

WALTER (cont'd)  
That's my cell. It'll work, even in  
China. Call if the house burns  
down.

From the living room, Madison SCREAMS with laughter.

EMMA  
How many years until Supergirl is  
off to college?

WALTER  
Not enough.

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

Panelli drives in silence. Weaves in and out of traffic.

Timms sleeps in the back, snoring loudly. He sits on a wooden crate marked "Caution: Grenades."

Garcia holds his golden cross. Reads from the Bible.

Keiko sits in the passenger seat. Looks through her file at pictures of Madison.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Walter grabs his coat off the kitchen counter.

WALTER  
I should be back around noon,  
Tuesday. There's ice cream in the  
freezer... if you think she's  
earned it.

Madison leans in from the living room with a wicked smile.  
Ice cream!

Walter glances at his watch.

WALTER (cont'd)  
I'm late.  
(calls out)  
Maddy, be good for Emma. I mean it!

MADISON (O.S.)  
Yeah, yeah.

Emma follows Walter as he goes to--

THE FRONT DOOR

--where he grabs his keys and a small suitcase.

EMMA  
Have fun. Sell lots of whatever it  
is you sell.

WALTER  
Thanks again.

EMMA  
My pleasure. Really.

Walter exits.

Emma closes the door. Locks it. As she punches the code into  
the security panel:

EMMA (cont'd)  
Ten... sixteen...

The green light turns on.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Walter's Mercedes speeds away. Emma watches from the window.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Emma enters. Scowls.

Madison spoons ice cream directly out of the carton. Melted  
chocolate all over her mouth.

Madison looks up, mid-bite.

MADISON  
What?

EMMA  
You gonna hog it all for yourself?

Emma grabs another spoon. Digs in.

Madison watches her. Wary. Can hardly believe her luck.

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

Keiko watches the road. Expensive homes fly by.

INT. WALTER'S MERCEDES -- DAY

Walter steers the car around curves. CLASSICAL MUSIC on the radio.

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

Panelli squints. Walter's Mercedes comes around the corner. Panelli drives straight for him.

PANELLI  
Rich prick.

INT. WALTER'S MERCEDES -- DAY

The van bears down! Walter swerves to the side.

WALTER  
Shit!

TIRES SCREECH! He recovers as the van shoots by.

WALTER (cont'd)  
Jesus... what the hell?

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

Panelli watches the Mercedes in his side mirror. Amused.

PANELLI  
Dumb-ass.

Timms laughs. Garcia makes the Sign of the Cross.

KEIKO  
(to Panelli)  
You cool?

PANELLI  
Just having a little fun.

Keiko watches him. Not convinced.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Madison sits in Emma's lap. She flips through a book about the Titanic and transcribes onto a notepad. Emma uses pink scrunchies to style her hair.

MADISON  
What's sos?

EMMA  
Sauce?

Emma glances at the book.

EMMA (cont'd)  
Oh... S.O.S. It means "save our souls". If a ship was in trouble, they'd send out a signal so other ships could come and help them.

MADISON  
So they just get on the phone and say S.O.S. over and over?

EMMA  
They didn't have phones like we have today. You might be surprised to know that they didn't even have TV's!

MADISON  
That's dumb.

EMMA  
I know. Lame, right? In emergencies, they could send out a series of dots over a radio. S.O.S. would be dot-dot-dot, then dot... dot... dot, then dot-dot-dot.

MADISON  
S.O.S. Weird.

Madison closes the book.

MADISON (cont'd)  
Homework is dumb. Tell me a story.

EMMA

What do you like, Madison? Princess stories... or -- wait a minute -- I bet you'd like a good monster story.

MADISON

I don't like scary stories. If you scare me, I'm gonna tell.

EMMA

A monster story doesn't have to be scary.

MADISON

All monsters are scary.

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

The gang prepares for the job. Silence. Everyone focuses on the task ahead.

EMMA (V.O.)

Let me tell you a secret about monsters: they're a lot like people. There are nice people and mean people right?

MADISON (V.O.)

Yeah.

EMMA (V.O.)

Monsters are just like that. There are nice ones and mean ones.

Timms flexes. Checks out his muscles. A man obsessed.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Emma fashions Madison's hair into a cute ponytail.

EMMA

If you ever run into a mean monster, I'd save you.

MADISON

What if he's really big and mean? Who would save you?



EMMA  
Well... I happen to have a very  
handsome boyfriend.

Madison's eyes go wide.

MADISON  
You do? Do you kiss him?

EMMA  
If he's lucky.

MADISON  
I bet you kiss him all the time.

EMMA  
A lady saves her kisses for special  
occasions.

MADISON  
When I grow up, I'm gonna kiss  
every boy I see.

EMMA  
(with a laugh)  
Don't let your dad hear you say  
that.

Madison makes a kissy face. Emma attacks her with tickles.

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

The van pulls into the driveway. They all look out the  
window.

GARCIA  
My guess: whoever's with the  
girl... they're young.

TIMMS  
You psychic now?

GARCIA  
(points)  
The bumper sticker on that car.  
KQEZ... local Hip Hop station.

PANELLI  
So what?

GARCIA  
No way Freeman listens to 50 Cent.

TIMMS  
Housekeeper? Babysitter maybe? Oh,  
please let it be babysitter.

Keiko opens the door.

PANELLI  
Where the hell you going?

KEIKO  
I don't like to guess.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Madison brings her foot high behind her head.

EMMA  
Very good. You can pick your nose  
with your toes. Come on, back to  
your report.

MADISON  
Maybe I'll be in the Olympics.

EMMA  
One piece of advice--

The doorbell RINGS.

EMMA (cont'd)  
--cut back on the ice cream.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Emma looks through the peep hole. She inputs the security  
code. The green light turns off.

Emma opens the door a crack. Keiko smiles.

KEIKO  
Hello.

EMMA  
Hi. Can I help you?

KEIKO  
Oh, sorry... is Walter home?

EMMA  
I'm afraid Mr. Freeman can't come  
to the door right now.

KEIKO

Really? Gosh darn it. I drove all this way. I'm Kim Yamada... Rick's assistant, from the office. He told me to come by. I have some papers for Walter.

Emma looks her up and down. Wary.

EMMA

I'm sorry you came all this way. Would you like to leave a message?

KEIKO

You know what? I have his number. He'll be expecting my call. Sorry to bother you. You and Madison have a great evening.

Keiko notices her surprise at Madison's name.

KEIKO (cont'd)

Oh, I've met the little angel. She probably wouldn't remember me, but I might as well be her Aunt Kim. Anyway... take care.

EMMA

Drive safe.

Keiko turns away from the door. Emma starts to close it.

Keiko suddenly turns back. Emma startles.

KEIKO

That your car?

EMMA

Why?

Keiko turns up the Valley Girl.

KEIKO

I was just admiring your bumper sticker. KQEZ. I love that station. Bump and grind, right?  
(demonstrates)  
Raise the roof?

EMMA

(amused)  
Right. Have a good night, Ma'am.

Keiko gives her a friendly nod. Walks away.

Emma shuts the door. Locks it. Inputs the security code again. Walks into--

THE LIVING ROOM

--where Madison does splits on the floor.

MADISON

Someone from Daddy's work?

EMMA

Do you know someone named Kim Yamada? Aunt Kim?

MADISON

Daddy doesn't talk about work. And I don't have an Aunt Kim. I have an Aunt Cathy, but she lives in Montana and I hardly ever see her.

EMMA

Do you think it's normal... for her to come all the way out here to deliver some papers?

Madison shrugs. Does another split.

MADISON

Daddy has people from work over sometimes. I dunno.

Emma watches Keiko jog down the driveway. She closes the curtains.

EMMA

Why would your dad invite someone to the house... when he knew he'd be flying to China?

MADISON (O.S.)

(strained)

...I think I'm stuck.

INT. UNMARKED VAN -- DAY

Keiko climbs in.

KEIKO  
A babysitter, probably nineteen or  
twenty, and the girl.

TIMMS  
Cha-ching.

PANELLI  
Easy payday.

KEIKO  
Adults are predictable. Teenagers  
can be... bothersome. You're the  
one that wanted to proceed with  
caution.

Panelli fires up a smoke.

PANELLI  
That was before I knew we were  
dealing with a couple-a rugrats.

GARCIA  
I didn't sign up to waste little  
girls. God don't forgive that.

Garcia fingers the Cross around his neck as Keiko straps a  
knife to her leg.

KEIKO  
Cut them off from help. Eliminate  
the babysitter. Take the girl.  
Couldn't be any easier.

They each grab a walkie-talkie. Timms COCKS his gun.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
Garcia, bring down the wall.  
Panelli, the basement. Timms, go  
west. I've got east.  
(to all)  
In and out. No surprises.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Madison draws with crayons. Emma checks her watch.

EMMA  
I want half that Titanic report  
done before dinner.

MADISON

I'm not hungry.

EMMA

Oh, no no no. Chocolate ice cream  
is not dinner, young lady.

MADISON

You're mean.

EMMA

Your dad's not paying me to be Mary  
Poppins.

(sighs)

You like to draw?

MADISON

(holds the picture up)

Do you like it? It's me and you in  
"High School Musical." Sorry, but I  
get to kiss Zac Efron. Not you.

EMMA

He's all your's. Let's go... you're  
not leaving your room until half  
the report is done.

MADISON

NO! I'm telling.

EMMA

Who ya gonna tell?

Emma hefts Madison up, but she holds on to her artwork. She  
SCREAMS as they exit.

MADISON

Put me down!

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE -- DAY

Garcia approaches a fuse box. He opens it... and stares at a  
mess of colored wires.

GARCIA

Enie, meenie, miney... blue.

He places two clips on the blue wire. They run to a small  
plastic box in his hands.

A digital readout displays a series of changing numbers. After a few seconds, the code pops up. Garcia inputs the number.

GARCIA (cont'd)  
(into radio)  
The wall is down.

INT. AT THE FRONT DOOR -- DAY

The green light on the security panel blinks yellow.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Emma carries Madison. The little girl rests her head on Emma's shoulder. SINGS softly.

EMMA  
(softly)  
And three, two, one... sugar crash.

Sleep takes her. Madison drops her picture. It floats to the kitchen floor like a leaf.

EMMA (cont'd)  
Best. Babysitter. Ever.

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Madison's room is an explosion of Disney characters. Emma places Madison on the bed. Lifts off the tiara.

EMMA  
Sleep tight, little princess.

Madison breathes softly. Fast asleep.

Emma kisses her forehead.

Somewhere, in the distance, a baby CRIES. Emma stares into nothing. Lets the memory take her.

Just as quickly, the sound dies.

She goes to the window. Open just a crack. She pulls the curtains closed... then stops.

The unmarked van is still in the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Emma enters, full speed. Goes to the fridge. Looks at Walter's number.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE -- DAY

Garcia opens another fuse box. Cuts the big black wire.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Emma grabs the phone on the kitchen wall. Dials.

EMMA  
Kim Yamada...

Listens.

Nothing.

She quickly dials 9-1-1. Listens. Still nothing.

Emma grabs her purse. Pulls out her cell phone.

She dials 9-1-1. It's dead.

EMMA (cont'd)  
Perfect.

She looks out the patio door. Is someone out there? A dark figure walks behind a tree.

The figure steps into view... grins right at her.

Timms!

He steps toward the house.

Emma flies to the glass door. Locks it. Looks around the house. The windows! She runs into--

THE LIVING ROOM

--where she checks the window latches. Panicked. She dares to peek through the curtains.

Keiko and Panelli exit the van. Armed. Heading toward the house.



EMMA

No...

A quick look to the sky... at the sun still well above the horizon. The light blinds her. She CURSES under her breath.

She runs to--

THE FRONT DOOR

--where she rushes to the security panel, enters the code. Nothing. She pounds the panel. No luck.

EMMA

Ten sixteen... come on!

Emma faces the patio door. Timms gets closer.

EMMA (cont'd)

Madison...

In a flash, she runs upstairs.

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Emma kneels at her bedside. Shakes her.

EMMA

Madison honey, wake up.

Madison rolls over. GROANS.

MADISON

Sleepy.

EMMA

You gotta get up. No more naps.

We're gonna play a game.

(thinks)

Let's play house... in the attic.

Your house has an attic, right?

MADISON

The attic? Why? My bed's here.

EMMA

Sorry, honey. Time to go.

Emma picks her up. Carries her to the door.

MADISON  
(half asleep)  
I don't like you.

CRASH! Glass breaks somewhere downstairs.

Madison SCREAMS. Fully awake.

MADISON (cont'd)  
What was that?

Emma carries her to the--

HALLWAY OUTSIDE MADISON'S ROOM

--where she runs. Madison in her arms.

EMMA  
Probably just a dog. You have to be  
quiet...  
(whispers)  
Whisper, like me. Okay, honey?

MADISON  
(whispers)  
Okay.  
(puzzled)  
We don't have a dog.

INT. AT THE PATIO DOORS -- DAY

Timms steps over broken glass, gun ready.

TIMMS  
(into radio)  
The babysitter saw me. Took off.  
Probably ran upstairs with the  
girl.

KEIKO (O.S.)  
You know what to do.

Timms steps on Madison's picture with wet boots. The water  
soaks through, distorting everyone's faces.

INT. AT THE FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Keiko and Panelli enter.

KEIKO  
(into radio)  
Garcia, cover the perimeter. No one  
leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE -- DAY

Garcia shields his eyes from the Sun.

GARCIA  
(into radio)  
Copy that.  
(to himself)  
Why's the Mexican always gotta be  
outside?

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Emma pulls Madison by the hand. Quickly.

EMMA  
Where's the attic?

MADISON  
Up ahead. Why are we running?

INT. AT THE STAIRS -- DAY

Timms listens. Looks up the stairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Madison spots something in the ceiling.

MADISON  
There!

The hatch to the attic. Emma jumps for the string. Pulls. The  
attic entrance opens. Stairs fold down.

Emma lifts Madison onto the stairs.

EMMA  
Up we go. Move.

MADISON  
Bossy.

INT. AT THE STAIRS -- DAY

Timms ascends.

TIMMS

Here, girls... I got some candy for  
ya.

INT. ATTIC ENTRANCE -- DAY

Emma pushes Madison up. Then follows, right behind.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Timms stalks toward the end of the hall. Gets closer.

INT. THE ATTIC -- DAY

Emma grabs the string. Pulls. The attic stairs fold--

EMMA

Come on...

--then stick. Halfway shut.

EMMA (cont'd)

Shit.

MADISON

Bad word. I'm telling.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Timms reaches the corner. Gun pointed.

INT. THE ATTIC -- DAY

Emma gives a final yank. The stairs fold up.

Emma looks: a broom. She grabs it, sticks the wooden handle  
in one side of the stairs. An improvised lock, but good  
enough.

Madison holds her breath. Below them--

INT. ATTIC ENTRANCE -- DAY

--Timms walks under. Stops. Oblivious.

The string on the attic door swings back and forth two inches above his head.

Timms continues down the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT GAME ROOM -- DAY

Panelli surveys the room, gun out. Plush chairs. Pool table.

He stares at a Big-Mouth Billy Bass hanging on the wall. Presses the red button. The fish activates. Belts a scratchy version of "Take Me To The River."

Panelli laughs like a crazy person... then destroys it with the butt of his shotgun.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

CRACK! Timms kicks in a door. Checks the room.

He moves down the hall. CRACK! Another door breaks in half.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

CRACK! Madison jumps.

MADISON

What was that?

EMMA

Listen. I'm going to tell you something... and you have to promise not to cry. I need you to be a big girl, okay?

Madison nods. Chin up.

EMMA (cont'd)

There are people in the house. Bad people. I don't know what they want, but if they find us...

(careful)

...we'll be in big trouble.

MADISON  
I wanna call my dad.

EMMA  
I do too. But something's wrong  
with the phones.

MADISON  
(big smile)  
That's okay. We can use my phone.

EMMA  
That's sweet, honey, but I think we  
need more than your "High School  
Musical" phone.

MADISON  
(duh)  
"High School Musical" phones have  
candy in them. My cell phone is in  
my room. Dad says I'm only s'posed  
to use it for emergencies.

Emma's jaw drops.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Keiko enters. Looks at the open Titanic book on the couch.  
She spots the "dead puppy" painting and freezes. Mesmerized.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Timms checks under the bed. His radio CRACKLES.

KEIKO (O.S.)  
Give me an update.

PANELLI (O.S.)  
Basement's clear.

Timms transmits.

TIMMS  
(into radio)  
Still checking. This place is huge.  
We are seriously under-staffed.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

Madison crawls closer to Emma.

MADISON

What are you--

Emma gestures at her to "shhh." Then lies on the attic floor, ear pressed to the wood.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Timms opens the closet.

GARCIA (O.S.)

Perimeter's secure. I hate it out here. You wanna trade places, Panelli?

KEIKO (O.S.)

Cut the chatter...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Keiko looks at a framed picture of Walter and Madison.

KEIKO

(into radio)

Find them. Asking for ransom is pointless without the target.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

Emma sits up. Determined.

EMMA

Four intruders. Three men, one woman. One of them is still outside. They're here...

(looks at Madison)

...for you.

Madison starts to cry. Emma goes to her. Gentle arm around the little girl.

EMMA (cont'd)

Shhh. Come on, Madison, stop crying. It's going to be alright.

MADISON

(between sobs)

Are they gonna kill me?

Emma kneels down, looks her in the eyes. Her face resolute, determined. Strong.

EMMA

I would never let anything happen to you. Do you understand me?

MADISON

Yeah.

EMMA

Who's my big girl?

MADISON

I am.

Emma rubs her shoulders. Gives her a smile.

MADISON (cont'd)

My dad calls me Maddy... sometimes. I like it.

EMMA

Yeah?

MADISON

You can call me that. If you want.

EMMA

Maddy and Emma. I like that. Sounds like a good team.

INT. STAIRS -- DAY

Timms descends. Panelli waits at the bottom.

TIMMS

Second floor's clear.

PANELLI

Nothing?

TIMMS

Like I said... clear. What, you not hear too good?

PANELLI

Did you check the attic?



TIMMS  
Of course I did.  
(confused)  
If, by attic, you mean...?

Panelli pushes Timms aside, sprints up the stairs.

PANELLI  
Christ, Timms.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

Emma and Madison stand at the open attic window. The steep roof beckons.

EMMA  
Okay... your room is three rooms  
down. The window's still open. And  
the cell phone...?

MADISON  
In my top left drawer.

EMMA  
Stay here. Be quiet... stay in the  
corner. You'll be safe.

Madison grabs onto her sleeve.

MADISON  
Don't leave me alone. Please.

EMMA  
You promised to be brave. A  
princess is always brave.

INT. ATTIC ENTRANCE -- DAY

Panelli rushes down the hall, eyes on the string. Timms comes up behind, breathes heavy.

Panelli grabs the string. Pulls.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

Emma jumps as the stairs snap against broom handle. CRUNCH!  
Again. Handle about to break.

EMMA

It's them.  
(quick glance at Madison)  
I can't leave you here.

Madison wraps her arms around Emma.

EMMA (cont'd)

Grab around my neck. Hold tight.  
That's it--

CRUNCH! They're almost through.

EMMA (cont'd)

--Whatever you do, don't let go.

MADISON

Never.

Madison closes her eyes. Emma takes a step onto the--

ROOF

--where Madison holds tight.

RAT A TAT! A hail of gunfire bursts through the attic door and rips the broom to shreds. CRUNCH! The stairs fall open.

ATTIC ENTRANCE

Broken broom handle rains down.

Panelli and Timms leap onto the stairs. Charge up.

ROOF

Emma takes a careful step. Madison hangs on tight.

Panelli charges up the attic steps.

Emma closes the attic window... just as Panelli tops the attic stairs. She scoots to the side. Out of view.

ATTIC

Panelli scans the darkness. Nothing but old boxes.

He looks out the window. Nothing but Sun and empty roof.

ROOF

Panelli appears at the window. He doesn't see--

--Emma and Madison, flush against the roof, inches from the window frame.

ATTIC

Timms, halfway up the stairs, peeks in.

PANELLI

Clear!

TIMMS

See? They weren't even here.

PANELLI

Yeah, and who stuck that broom handle in the stairs? Santy Claus?

TIMMS

The only place they could have gone is out the window.

PANELLI

You think?

(into radio)

Garcia, re-check the perimeter. The girls have gone outside.

(to Timms)

Let's re-group with Keiko. Sweep the other wing. Smart money says they're already back inside. Hiding somewhere... waiting for Daddy to save them.

ROOF

Emma peeks in. Panelli disappears down the steps.

EMMA

Okay. Here we go.

Emma steps. Slowly. Nothing but steep roof between them and Madison's room.

Madison shuts her eyes.

MADISON

Don't look down... don't look down.

Past one room. Then another.

Suddenly, a tile comes loose! Emma loses her footing. She slips! They land on their sides with a painful THUD.

They slide.

MADISON (cont'd)

Emma!

EMMA

Hold on!

Emma grabs at the roof, her hands flailing. Nothing to grab on to. The edge of the roof comes up fast.

BELOW

Garcia patrols the yard. Ear to his cell phone.

ROOF

Emma and Madison tumble over the edge--

--until Emma grabs the gutter with both hands. Madison grips around her neck. Holds fast. They dangle two stories above the ground.

GARCIA

stops below their feet. Oblivious. Cigarette dangles from his mouth.

GARCIA

(into phone)

No... I told you. I'll be home when  
I get home. I'm busy, Mama. You  
know I love you.

EMMA

holds tight. Madison grabs the gutter, uses Emma's shoulders, and pulls herself up. Emma winces from the pain, but hangs on.

GARCIA

sucks a cigarette. He disappears around the back of the house. Still chatting into his phone.

GARCIA (cont'd)  
 (into phone)  
 When you put the girls to bed, give me a call. I wanna sing to them.

EMMA

pulls herself up. She and Madison crouch on the ledge outside Madison's window.

Emma stares at the horizon. The Sun is sinking. The sky turns orange.

EMMA  
 I'm going inside now to get the phone. But I'm coming right back. Ok?

Madison nods. Scared beyond words.

EMMA (cont'd)  
 You know... you're the bravest girl I've ever met.

MADISON  
 Nope. You are.

Smile between them.

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM -- DAY

The window opens halfway. Emma peeks into the empty room.

No sound.

Emma crawls in. Jumps down. The only sounds are her muffled steps on the carpet.

She goes to Madison's dresser. Top left drawer. She tugs it open. There, on a stack of neatly folded T-shirts: the cell phone.

Emma grabs it. Pockets it. Takes a step toward the window.

KEIKO (O.S.)  
 Have you found them yet?

TIMMS (O.S.)  
 Negatory.

Emma freezes. His voice is coming from the hallway!

OUTSIDE MADISON'S BEDROOM

Timms pauses.

TIMMS

They're here somewhere.

KEIKO (O.S.)

Don't come down until you have them.

MADISON'S BEDROOM

Emma crouches behind the dresser. Hidden from the hallway. Her eyes go wide when she notices: the window wide open!

Timms steps into view. His massive frame blocks most of the light from the hallway.

He steps into the room. Goes to the dresser. Opens a drawer. Takes out a pair of Madison's underwear. He smiles, tucks the underwear into his pocket... then exits.

Emma looks at Madison's bedside table. The clock reads 6:30PM.

EXT. ROOF -- DAY

Emma sits next to Madison, takes out the cell phone.

MADISON

Gonna call my dad?

EMMA

And the police. But first: Dustin's coming over. I have to warn him.

MADISON

Dustin's your boyfriend? He can help us!

EMMA

Not unless he brings a thousand ninjas.

Emma watches the Sun, ever so slowly, kiss the horizon. She presses buttons on the phone.

Nothing.

MADISON  
I love ninjas.

EMMA  
How do you turn it on?

MADISON  
Press the green button.

EMMA  
I am pressing the green button.

Madison shrugs.

MADISON  
I dunno.

EMMA  
When was the last time you charged  
it?

MADISON  
Charged?

Emma laughs as her mind slips.

MADISON (cont'd)  
What's so funny?

EMMA  
Nothing. I guess I forgot you're  
only eight.

Madison wipes away fresh tears.

MADISON  
Don't get mad at me. I'm almost  
nine.

Emma puts her arm around the frightened little girl.

EMMA  
Aw, Maddy. I'm not mad at you.

Emma stands. Grabs Madison's hand.

EMMA (cont'd)  
Come on. Let's get you inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

SMACK! Keiko slaps Panelli across the face.

Timms stays back. First time the big man looks nervous.

KEIKO

An eight-year-old girl! A skinny babysitter! The fact that we don't already have them tied up says plenty about my choice of associates.

TIMMS

We'll get 'em. They ain't leaving this house.

KEIKO

They already left! Crawled out of the attic that you neglected to check.

TIMMS

They won't get far. Garcia's got the perimeter covered.

Keiko draws her knife. Flips it in one hand. An expert move. In a split second, the blade is against Timms' throat.

KEIKO

Give me one reason why I shouldn't give you a new breathing hole?

PANELLI

We'll get 'em. They got lucky is all... and luck runs out.

TIMMS

I'm sorry... please...

Keiko relaxes. Pulls the knife back.

KEIKO

A couple of dead bodies ain't worth squat. Without the girl, alive, we have nothing.

TIMMS

Yes, Ma'am.



KEIKO  
 Don't call me Ma'am. I'm not your  
 Mother.

Timms opens his mouth to say something.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
 FIND THEM!

Timms exits, looking like he might piss his pants.

Keiko looks at Panelli. A moment... and they fly into each other's arms. Lips lock in frenzied kissing.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
 I'm sorry I hit you. Work before  
 play.

PANELLI  
 You know what violence does to me.

KEIKO  
 Why do you think I did it?

More kissing. Hands grope at places unmentionable.

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Emma and Madison make camp. Emma pushes a trunk to block the door. Madison looks over her late mother's art supplies. Brushes. Paintings.

MADISON  
 How long till Dustin gets here?

Emma glances at her watch.

EMMA  
 Could be anytime.

Madison spots something in one corner.

MADISON  
 I have a plan.

EMMA  
You have a plan. Really?

Madison rushes to a drafting table with big sheets of paper and several markers.

MADISON

My mom liked to draw. That's what my dad told me. I think she was turning this into a studio.

EMMA

Awe, honey. I know you miss her, but now's not a good time--

MADISON

--I don't really miss her. I never met her.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

MADISON

If we can't talk to Dustin... maybe we can make him a sign.

Madison takes a black marker. Starts to draw.

EMMA

How do we get his attention? If we yell, they'll hear us.

MADISON

We make the sign big enough... and hope that he looks up.

Madison holds up the paper. In big black letters, she's written: "DUSTEN HELP! 911!"

EMMA

You spelled Dustin wrong... but you're still a genius.

INT./EXT. DUSTIN'S CAR -- DAY

Dustin steers into the Freeman's driveway. Speakers blast ROCK MUSIC.

He pulls his car to a stop behind the unmarked van.

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Emma hears a car outside. Runs to the window.

EMMA

It's Dustin! Quick!

Madison rushes over. Holds the paper against the glass.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Dustin walks toward the house. The sign in the window clearly visible, but his attention's on the van.

Garcia approaches. Whispers into the radio.

GARCIA

Looks like the babysitter's got a boyfriend. Stay off the radio. I'll bring him in.

Garcia slips his gun in his belt, covers it with his jacket.

GARCIA (cont'd)

Whassup, man?

DUSTIN

Hey. I... didn't expect to see anyone. But here you are, strange dude with tattoos.

GARCIA

Private security. Mr. Freeman hired us last week. Something about people creeping around the property. You know how it is. The super-rich: no one leaves them alone, man.

DUSTIN

Sure, yeah. Is Emma here?

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Emma and Madison hold the sign up.

EMMA

Come on, baby. Look up here.

Garcia comes into view. Emma drops the sign.

EMMA (cont'd)

Shit.

MADISON

He might still see it.

EMMA

No. They've got guns. Maybe they'll just lie to him... get him to leave.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Garcia leads Dustin away from the van.

GARCIA

Emma? Oh... the babysitter. I think they were having dinner in the kitchen. She was trying to get little Madison to eat her veggies but the girl wouldn't budge.

Garcia laughs. Way too loud.

GARCIA (cont'd)

Women, right? Loca!

DUSTIN

Yeah. Loca.

GARCIA

You're free to come inside if you want.

DUSTIN

That'd be awesome.

INT. GUESTROOM -- DAY

Emma draws back, about to pound the glass. But stops.

EMMA

No, no, no. Dammit.

Another glance out the window... at the Sun partly below the horizon.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Garcia enters. Dustin on his heels. Keiko, ample cleavage and all smiles, greets him with a friendly handshake.

KEIKO

Kim Yamada. I work for Mr. Freeman.

GARCIA  
(winks at Keiko)  
Head of security.

Dustin returns the handshake. His eyes wander to her cleavage.

DUSTIN  
Dustin. I'm a friend of Emma's.

KEIKO  
Emma... the babysitter. Excellent.  
Give us just a minute and we'll be  
out of your hair.

DUSTIN  
Listen... Miss Yamada...  
(on the down-low)  
Just between you and me, Mr.  
Freeman doesn't know about me...  
coming here. It's kinda private,  
between me and Emma... if you get  
my drift.

Keiko pours on the cheese.

KEIKO  
Oh. 'Course. Drift received. I'd be  
lying if I said I never invited a  
boy over during my babysitting  
days. Nothing sweeter than young  
love, right?

DUSTIN  
Yes, Ma'am.

Keiko scans him with contempt.

KEIKO  
Oh my... so polite.

DUSTIN  
My mom taught me how to treat a  
lady.

KEIKO  
Life's too short for such  
formalities, trust me.

Keiko, with a sexy sway of her backside, leads Dustin to the--

KITCHEN

--where Dustin looks around. It's empty.

DUSTIN  
I thought the other guy said they  
were here?

KEIKO  
The girls went upstairs. Something  
about doing each others' hair.  
Here, let me take your coat.

Dustin hands her his coat. She stares at his large shoulders.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
My my my... you're quite large,  
aren't you?

DUSTIN  
I work out--

Dustin notices the broken glass door leading outside.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
--Whoa... what happened?

KEIKO  
We're here to kidnap little  
Madison. We didn't have to break  
the glass, but Timms here thought  
it would be more dramatic.

DUSTIN  
(with a laugh)  
What? Who's Timms?

Timms appears behind Dustin. WHAM! He cracks Dustin's skull  
with the butt of his gun. The boy drops like a rock.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Dustin awakens. GROANS. The room comes into focus.

TIMMS  
Looks like pretty boy finally woke  
up.

Timms holds the barrel of his gun between Dustin's teeth.

TIMMS (cont'd)  
How's your head?

KEIKO  
He can't talk with your gun in his mouth.

TIMMS  
I woulda settled for a muffled groan.

Timms pulls the gun out.

Dustin looks around, panicked. Finds himself strapped to a dining room chair, plastic zip-tie around his wrists and ankles.

Panelli sits on the stairs, chews gum, and grins at him.

DUSTIN  
Wha--what the hell is this? Who are you people? Where's Emma?

KEIKO  
So many questions. I like to be the one asking questions, don't I?

TIMMS  
She does.

KEIKO  
So, Dustin, can I ask you a question?

DUSTIN  
Screw you, lady.

Timms attacks. A vicious punch to his mouth splits Dustin's lip.

KEIKO  
Don't talk back. Timms here is bound to get punchy.

DUSTIN  
Look, I'll do whatever you want, alright. I have money, I have a car. Take it, I don't care!

Dustin waits for any sign of acceptance. No deal.

Keiko grabs his chin, looks him in the eye.

KEIKO  
Tell me how to motivate Emma and  
Madison to come out of hiding.

Dustin yanks his chin free.

DUSTIN  
You don't even know where they are?  
There's no way I'm helping you,  
bitch.

Keiko steps aside.

KEIKO  
Timms?

Timms points his gun. FIRES!

The bullet rips through Dustin's shoulder. He SCREAMS to high  
heaven.

DUSTIN  
Oh God--Oh God--Oh God! WHY?!

TIMMS  
Oops. I musta shot his jerk-off  
arm.

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Emma holds a crying, hysterical Madison.

MADISON  
Was that a gun? Did they shoot him?

EMMA  
I don't know.

Emma rubs Madison's shoulder.

MADISON  
I'm scared.

EMMA  
Me too. Me too.

But the look on Emma's face is more anger than fear.

MADISON  
Your hands are cold.



INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Keiko digs through Emma's purse.

Dustin groans. Blood pours from his shoulder.

KEIKO

No license. No ID of any kind. Tsk  
Tsk. Your girlfriend drives her car  
without a license. That's illegal,  
you know.

DUSTIN

So is shooting people.

PANELLI

Cry me a river.

KEIKO

She doesn't carry a driver's  
license. And she's managed to elude  
us for over an hour. Tell me  
Dustin... is your girlfriend a spy?

DUSTIN

Give her a gun and find out.

Dustin spits blood her direction.

KEIKO

My shoes!

WHACK! Keiko punches him in the mouth.

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Emma presses her ear against the door.

MADISON

What do you hear?

EMMA

Talking. Laughing. I think I hear  
his voice.

MADISON

He's alive?

EMMA

Not for long.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Keiko waves her knife around. Calls out.

KEIKO

Emma! I hope you can hear me. It's time to come down now. And bring the little girl with you.

Dustin MOANS in pain. Nearly passes out.

KEIKO (cont'd)

That moaning you hear is the result of a hole in your boyfriend's shoulder. You've got one minute to get your co-ed ass down here.

(shrugs)

If not... I'll make a new hole. Perhaps in a location you intimately care about.

Keiko points the knife at Dustin's crotch.

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Emma kneels before Madison.

EMMA

Keep away from the window. Keep the door blocked. They won't find you. I promise.

Emma grabs Madison's shoulders.

EMMA (cont'd)

As long as I'm here, you're safe. Understand?

Madison cries. Emma hugs her.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Keiko paces. Checks her watch.

KEIKO

Forty seconds! Time's running out!

EXT. ROOF -- DAY

Emma runs across the roof. Careful, but fast as possible.  
Madison steps back from the window. Locks it.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Keiko checks the time. Smiles.

KEIKO  
Ten seconds. Looks like you're out  
of luck, handsome.

Keiko runs her blade along Dustin's cheek.

EMMA (O.S.)  
Leave him alone.

Panelli spins around, gun out. Timms and Keiko flank him.  
Emma stands at the top of the stairs. Defiant.

DUSTIN  
Emma... no...

A quick glance out the window. Emma watches the Sun sink  
lower. Almost gone now.

She smiles.

KEIKO  
Hi, Emma. Nice to meet you. My  
name... is not Kim Yamada.

EMMA  
Shocker.

KEIKO  
Wow. You have REALLY pissed me off  
this evening, you know that?

DUSTIN  
(through the pain)  
Jesus, why did you come? You  
shoulda escaped.

Timms slaps Dustin upside the head.

TIMMS  
If you talk less, we might let you  
live a few more minutes.

EMMA  
(to Dustin)  
It's okay. You're gonna be fine.

Keiko approaches. Waves the knife in her face.

KEIKO  
You're right. I'm a compassionate  
woman. We're not monsters--

TIMMS  
--Speak for yourself.

KEIKO  
All we came for is the girl.  
(looks around)  
But I don't see her. Do you? I  
don't think Freeman will give two  
shits about the babysitter and her  
boyfriend. But his own flesh and  
blood...

Emma holds her ground. Keiko steps up, nose to nose.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
Where is she? WHERE'S THE GIRL?!

Emma stands her ground. Summons strength we didn't know she  
had. Looks Keiko in the eye.

EMMA  
You'll never find her... not while  
I'm alive.

Keiko smirks. Goes to slap her... but Emma's hand grabs her  
wrist in half a second. An amazing move. Keiko can't believe  
it.

But it was all a ruse. Emma's eyes widen. No time to react--  
--as Keiko stabs a syringe in Emma's stomach.

KEIKO  
Nighty night.

The world tumbles away.

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Madison leans against the door. Tries to listen.

Nothing.

She stands, resolute. Goes to the window. Sees a car drive by on its way up the road.

Madison runs to the closet. Yanks it open. She rifles through boxes of old art supplies.

MADISON

Come on... come on...

There! She grabs a FLASHLIGHT. Runs to the window. Opens it.

Click-click-click. Light shines in three quick bursts. Then, three more clicks. Slower this time. Finally, click-click-click, three fast bursts again.

MADISON (cont'd)

S.O.S... S.O.S... somebody see  
me... please...

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE HOUSE -- DAY

An SUV roars past. Madison's light in the upstairs guestroom... the S.O.S. message hard to miss.

But the SUV flies by. Lost behind trees.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Emma wakes. Finds herself tied to a chair with plastic zip-ties. Dustin's mirror image.

A crackling fire burns in the fireplace. Timms tends to the logs with an iron poker.

Keiko runs her fingers through Dustin's hair. Pushes her cleavage against his head. Makes sure Emma watches.

KEIKO

Dear diary. It was a dark and stormy night. A crazy gang of kidnappers tried to kill me. It was the worst night ever.

DUSTIN  
Emma... it's okay. I'll get us out  
of here.

PANELLI  
(incredulous)  
No, you won't.

Keiko plops herself on the couch. Sips a diet soda.

KEIKO  
I love diet soda. Helps me keep my  
figure. What about you, Emma? You  
work out? Or do you just stick your  
finger down your throat like every  
other girl your age?

Timms steps toward Emma as he unzips his pants.

TIMMS  
I got something you could stick  
down your throat.

EMMA  
Go ahead and try. I promise I won't  
bite.

KEIKO  
It's simple, chica. If you don't  
deliver the girl, Timms here is  
going to destroy every inch of the  
house looking for her. Eventually,  
he'll find her. Maybe you don't  
grasp the gravity of what I just  
said but there are much worse  
things than dying.

A quick glance out the living room window. The Sun is nearly  
gone below the horizon.

EMMA  
If you touch one hair on her head,  
I will kill every one of you.  
(to Keiko)  
And I'll save you for last.

Timms looms over Emma. Smacks her across the face. Emma  
SCREAMS, more anger than pain.

DUSTIN  
Leave her alone!

Timms smacks her again. Splits her lips open. Emma laughs.

PANELLI

Jesus. Babysitter is tougher than she looks.

Behind her back, Emma strains against the plastic zip-tie.

Keiko straddles her. Slow-kisses her on her split lip.

KEIKO

Where's the girl? Tell us now... or I'll give you a home-made nose job.

EMMA

Never.  
(with a smile)  
Fuck. You.

KEIKO

(exhausted)  
Young people today. Such attitude.

Keiko flings her knife without looking -- STAB! Right in Dustin's heart.

His eyes go wide. Breath leaves him. Dead.

Emma SCREAMS... in anger.

EMMA

Dustin... NO!

KEIKO

Oops. Butterfingers.

EMMA

You killed my mate!

The room goes silent.

KEIKO

What did you say?

INT. ART STUDIO -- DAY

Madison clicks the flashlight. S.O.S. S.O.S. She leans out the window.

MADISON

Somebody see me...

The flashlight slips! Falls from her hand.

MADISON (cont'd)

No!

EXT. FRONT YARD -- DAY

The flashlight falls just as... Garcia steps around the side of the house.

CRACK! Flashlight impacts driveway. Glass and plastic break.

Garcia jumps. Fires! BANG BANG BANG!

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Panelli and Keiko rush out. Guns drawn.

KEIKO

I told you not to shoot her!

GARCIA

Something fell.

Keiko kneels. Inspects the broken flashlight. She looks up at the closed window of the second floor art studio.

Panelli points at the window.

PANELLI

She's up there.

KEIKO

(into her radio)

Timms, second floor, third room.

TIMMS (O.S.)

On my way.

KEIKO

Garcia, try not to shoot anymore plants.

GARCIA

Hardy har har.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Timms COCKS his handgun. Grins at Emma.



TIMMS

Stay put, sweetheart. The little girl and me gonna have a tea party.

He charges upstairs. The sound of his footsteps disappears.

Emma glances out the window... and watches as the Sun disappears below the horizon. The sky goes dark.

Emma breathes in. Her eyes seem to darken. Before our eyes, her split lip begins to heal!

With a sudden burst of strength, Emma stands. Completely free. The ripped zip-tie falls to the floor. She goes to Dustin, eyes filled with sadness.

EMMA

Dustin... I'm sorry I never let you in. Never trusted you. Never showed you the real me.

Emma mounts him. With one swift motion, she pulls the knife from his chest and licks it clean. Drops it.

INT. THE STAIRS -- NIGHT

Timms THUNDERS upstairs.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Panelli and Keiko enter. They rush over to--

LIVING ROOM

--and stop fast. Emma is gone. Plastic zip-tie on the floor.

PANELLI

Where the hell did she go?

Panelli inspects the empty chair.

PANELLI (cont'd)

She musta snuck a knife in or something.

KEIKO

Impossible. This is... something else.

(into radio)

(MORE)

KEIKO(cont'd)

The babysitter is M-I-A. You know  
what to do.

In the background:

PANELLI

Why did she pull your knife out?

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Timms scans the hallway. Gun at the ready.

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Madison curls up in a corner. Eyes dart around. Terrified.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS come down the hallway.

MADISON

Emma... please... help me.

The heavy footsteps halt. Someone tries the doorknob.

MADISON (cont'd)

(softly)

Emma?

WHAM! The door cracks open. The trunk holds... just enough  
for Timms to peek in.

TIMMS

Hi, cutie.

Madison SCREAMS. Runs for the closet.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Keiko looks out the window. Night falls. She straps her knife  
back on her hip.

KEIKO

Something's wrong... there's blood  
in the air.

PANELLI

Jesus. Drama queen.

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Madison retreats inside the closet. She peers out, terrified, through the wooden slats.

Timms slams his shoulder against the door. WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

The door opens wide, trunk pushed aside. Timms enters.

TIMMS

Come out, come out, wherever you  
are...

Over Timms' shoulder, SOMETHING is in the hallway... crawling along the ceiling. It's Emma!

Emma hops down, quiet as a cat. Sneaks up behind Timms. Her mouth opening to expose HORRIFIC FANGS.

Timms approaches the closet, oblivious to the threat.

TIMMS (cont'd)

Come on outta there. I wanna play a  
game.

EMMA

Me first.

Timms spins. Alarmed.

Shadows fly across the room. Blood spatters the walls. Horrible NOISES. Flesh rips... Timms tries to yell but only manages MUFFLED SOUNDS of pain.

Madison covers her eyes and SOBS.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Panelli scoffs. Fires up a smoke.

PANELLI

So, we gonna kill the babysitter or  
what?

KEIKO

You always rush into battle without  
knowing your enemy?

PANELLI

Hundred and ten pounds of sorority  
girl? Yeah, I'm real scared.

Keiko shoots him a look that says he better get serious.

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Madison covers her eyes. Blood spatters the closet door.

THUD! Timms' body drops to the floor. We catch glimpses of Emma as she feeds on Timms.

Madison WHIMPERS.

Emma hears her. She looks up from her kill. Sniffs the air. Smiles. Slowly, she crawls toward the closet.

Madison backs up.

MADISON

No... please...

Madison keeps her eyes shut.

Emma RIPS the closet door off its hinges.

Madison freezes.

Emma leans in. SNIFFS. Bloody nose and mouth only inches away from Madison. She opens her mouth. Fangs bare.

Suddenly, the fangs retract. Her eyes return to normal.

Emma kneels down in front of Madison.

EMMA

Maddy? It's me. Open your eyes.

Emma quickly wipes most of the blood from her mouth.

Madison slowly opens her eyes and as soon as she sees it's Emma, runs into her arms.

Then Madison looks over Emma's shoulder to see what's left of Timms. Madison SCREAMS.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Keiko paces.

KEIKO

(into radio)

Timms... bring her downstairs.  
Quickly.

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Timms' radio crackles to life.

KEIKO (V.O.)  
Timms? Timms! Do you have the girl?

Emma grabs the radio. Listens.

KEIKO (V.O.) (cont'd)  
TIMMS! Answer me!

EMMA  
(into radio)  
Timms can't come to the phone right  
now...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Garcia freezes in his tracks. Listens.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Panelli and Keiko stare at the radio in shock.

EMMA (V.O.)  
...I'm afraid his throat has gone  
missing.

Keiko looks ready to explode.

PANELLI  
What? What's she talking about?

GARCIA (V.O.)  
What the hell's going on?!

KEIKO  
(into radio)  
Garcia, get your ass in here!  
Double time.

Garcia runs in.

GARCIA  
Was that the freaking babysitter on  
the radio? What's she talking  
about?  
(near tears)  
(MORE)

GARCIA(cont'd)

What did she mean his throat has gone missing? What happened to Timms?

KEIKO

Get a hold of yourself!

GARCIA

Where's his throat? Huh? Where'd it go?

Keiko slaps him.

KEIKO

Focus, Garcia!

PANELLI

Forget this shit. It ain't worth it. I say we load up the van and put this fucking house in our rear view.

Keiko grips Panelli's throat. Shoves him against the wall.

KEIKO

She may have wounded one of our own. We don't leave a man on the battlefield... or fail to take vengeance on our enemy. Clear?

PANELLI

But--

KEIKO

--CLEAR?!

Panelli swallows. Nods.

PANELLI

(soft)

Clear.

Keiko storms upstairs. Panelli and Garcia follow, but shoot each other looks. Neither wants to be here.

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Madison recoils in fear.

MADISON

What did you do to him?

EMMA

He was going to hurt you. They  
forced me... to change.

MADISON

What are you talking about?

Madison looks at the body on the floor.

MADISON (cont'd)

You're not gonna eat me... are you?

EMMA

No. Never.

(to herself)

I can control it... now that I've  
fed.

Emma pushes Madison's head into her chest. Picks her up.

EMMA (cont'd)

We gotta go. Keep your eyes closed.  
Try not to look.

MADISON

What are you?

Emma cradles Madison. She steps over Timms and exits fast.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Keiko makes it up the stairs. Storms down the hallway.

KEIKO

I don't care what she is. If she  
hurt Timms, I'll put so many holes  
in her she'll be begging for death.

PANELLI

Slow down! We gotta think this  
through. We don't know what she  
is... or if bullets--

KEIKO

--I never met anything bullets  
couldn't kill.

Panelli and Garcia follow. Guns scan the hallway.

Panelli looks at the Cross around Garcia's neck.

PANELLI

Garcia... let me borrow your Cross.

GARCIA

No way, Jose.

PANELLI

Can I just hold it for a minute?

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Emma carries Madison inside. Locks the door.

Madison sits by the sink, her legs curled up. Scared. Wary. Watching Emma's every movement.

Emma grabs a towel. Cleans off the rest of the blood.

EMMA

Maddy, look at me. Look into my eyes.

Madison tries, but shakes with fear.

MADISON

I can't... I'm scared...

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Keiko, Garcia, and Panelli stand over Timms' body. Garcia stumbles out of the room. Vomits.

Keiko kneels beside the body.

KEIKO

His throat's been torn out,  
windpipe with it.  
(horrified)  
Poor bastard suffocated long before  
he bled out.

Panelli shines a light around Timms' body.

PANELLI

He couldn't have bled out. Where's  
the blood?

Garcia appears in the doorway, the gears of his mind spin.  
His brow furrows.



KEIKO  
She drank from him.

GARCIA  
Come again?

KEIKO  
I thought it was just a story.  
Something you see in the movies. In  
Japan, we call them obake. In the  
west... they're known as vampire.

PANELLI  
The babysitter... is Dracula?

Panelli laughs.

KEIKO  
You have a better explanation? She  
bit his neck and drained his blood.

Panelli stops laughing.

PANELLI  
Screw the guns. Shouldn't we carve  
a wooden stake?

GARCIA  
Wait a minute... don't vampires  
sparkle in the sunlight or  
something?  
(off their looks)  
My wife made me watch those stupid  
movies, man.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Emma sits on the edge of the bathtub. Madison curls up next  
to the sink.

EMMA  
Some of the stories are true.  
Garlic, not our favorite thing.  
Crosses, neither. Sunlight sucks,  
literally, as it takes our strength  
away. But it doesn't kill us. We're  
weak... normal... until the Sun  
goes down.

INT. ART STUDIO -- NIGHT

Keiko tries to hide the fear building within.

KEIKO

Garcia, get to the van. Start her up. Panelli and I'll drag Timms downstairs and meet you outside.

(to Panelli)

You were right. We're leaving.

Garcia nods compliance. Makes the sign of the Cross. Heads out.

Keiko and Panelli grab Timms on either side.

PANELLI

Yuck. I got blood on my hands.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Emma cleans blood off her hands. They both sit in front of the mirror. Only Madison reflects.

EMMA

We don't normally feed on humans.  
It's forbidden unless...

Emma makes sure Madison meets her eyes.

EMMA (cont'd)

...Unless they try to hurt me or someone I care about. I don't want to hurt anyone. I really don't... I just want to be normal. I wanted to fall in love. Be with someone... forever. That was Dustin. He was the one. I was going to turn him. We would have spent eternity together.

Madison WHIMPERS as Emma gently strokes her hair.

EMMA (cont'd)

They started this. And now... it's up to me to finish it.

Madison dries her eyes. Looks Emma up and down.

MADISON

How old are you?

EMMA  
(with a smile)  
I've been nineteen... for a really  
long time.

MADISON  
So you babysit for fun? That's  
weird.

Emma gaze drifts off, lost in a memory.

EMMA  
I... had a family of my own once. I  
lost them. I lost... her.

Emma throws her arms around the little girl. Holds her close.

INT. RAMSHACKLE APARTMENT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

SUPER: "Chicago, 1934"

A series of dark, soundless images...

A dank, Depression-Era apartment on Chicago's south side.  
Wall to wall poverty. More roaches than furniture.

THOMAS, 40, storms out of the back bedroom. He holds a baby  
wrapped in a blanket. The infant screams.

Emma staggers from the back room dressed in period clothing.  
Eyes red and puffy from hours of crying.

She reaches for her baby. Thomas pulls away.

Emma falls to her knees. Grabs at her father's trousers.  
Pleads.

Thomas eyes her with disgust.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT -- DAY -- CONTINUE FLASHBACK

SLAM! Lock.

Emma claws at the door. Bangs on it.

Emma collapses. Hyperventilates with sobs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO -- NIGHT -- CONTINUE FLASHBACK

Emma staggers down a dark alley. Head spins in a daze. Oblivious to her surroundings.

VINCENT steps from the shadows. Pale skin. Exquisitely dressed for a young man of twenty. Yet there's something... different about him.

She cries. Vincent comforts her, ready with a handkerchief.

He never blinks, stares at her like she's the only thing in the world.

Vincent offers his arm. She takes it. They continue down the alley.

From out of darkness, a dozen other people move into the alley. They are all dressed like something from a dream. Move in fluid motion not of this Earth.

This is their territory. They watch Emma. Curiosity mixed with hunger.

INT. GOTHIC HOUSE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUE FLASHBACK

SUPER: "Eight years later"

Emma kneels before Vincent. She looks different now. Changed. One of the undead.

The cavernous room lit by candles. Gory, disturbed paintings on the walls. In the dark corners, VAMPIRES feed on human VICTIMS.

Emma kisses Vincent's out-stretched hand.

EXT. GRANT PARK -- DAY -- CONTINUE FLASHBACK

Peaceful acres of green on the shores of Lake Michigan. Run-down, Depression-era shelters mar the scene.

Children run about, observed by happy attentive parents. An eight-year-old GIRL runs along, faced filled with sunshine, chases nothing.

A happy Thomas watches her go. Chin up with pride.

On the edge of the park, under a shelter, Emma watches the young girl. Emma's face obscured by a hood.

She pulls the hood down. Smiles.

The girl stops running. Looks at Emma. Gives Emma a look like she recognizes her.

Emma raises her hand. Waves.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Emma awakens from her memory. Finds Madison still in her arms. Smiling through tears, she kisses the little girl on the head.

Outside the window, Emma hears FOOTSTEPS on the driveway. Someone runs. She leaves Madison. Watches Garcia jog to the van.

EMMA

Stay here. Keep the door locked...  
no matter what you hear.

Madison nods, too frightened to speak.

EXT. AT THE VAN -- NIGHT

Garcia opens the driver's door.

Over his shoulder, Emma crawls down the side of the house. She approaches. Quiet. Stalks him.

GARCIA

Screw this, man.

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

Garcia hops in. Finds the keys still in the ignition. Starts it up.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Emma approaches the van on all fours, like an animal. Fangs bare.

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

Garcia pauses to light a cigarette, then puts the van in Reverse.

Suddenly, the engine SPUTTERS and dies.

GARCIA

Come on!

He turns the key. Nothing.

GARCIA (cont'd)

Perfect.

(into radio)

Hey... uh, your van's a piece of shit. Engine's dead. Grab college boy's keys and we'll take his ride.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Keiko and Panelli drop Timms at the bottom of the stairs. Rush to the window.

Emma, no more than a shadow, disappears around the back of the van. Broken fluid lines drip on the ground.

KEIKO

(into radio)

Garcia, get back in the house! Now!

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

Garcia grabs his gun from the passenger's seat.

GARCIA

Loco idiots...

SCRAPE! A horrible sound, like nails across a chalkboard. Garcia covers his ears.

GARCIA (cont'd)

Chinga tu madre!?

More scraping, as the sound moves around the van. Garcia looks in his side mirror.

KEIKO (V.O.)

It's her! Lock the door!

Garcia sees nothing reflected in the mirror. The horrible SCRAPING sound continues. Gets closer.

Garcia LOCKS the door. Jumps over, locks the passenger side.

GARCIA  
What the hell is this, man?

He yanks the golden Cross from his neck. Holds it close to him. Shuts his eyes tight and quietly PRAYS.

The scraping stops.

Garcia opens one eye. Looks around.

EXT. VAN -- NIGHT

Garcia steps out cautiously. Gun in one hand.

GARCIA  
(into radio)  
Do you think she's--?

A hand reaches out from beneath the van. Grabs Garcia's ankle. Pulls him to the ground. THUD! Drags him under.

The movement so fast, Garcia has no time to scream.

EXT. UNDER THE VAN -- NIGHT

Emma pulls him to her. Smiles with razor sharp fangs.

Her hands move fast, like an animal. She snatches his cell phone and SMASHES it on the ground.

EMMA  
No calling for help.

Garcia swings the gun at Emma's head, it hits with a sick metallic thump. Emma recoils. HISSES with anger.

GARCIA  
Get off me!

Garcia shoves the golden Cross in her face. Emma hisses. Recoils, her face burns.

WHAM! A kick to her face. Garcia gets free! He crawls out. Hands tear on the driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Garcia sprints for the front door of the house.

Emma crawls out from under the van. Walks toward him. Blood trickles from fresh facial wounds.

GARCIA  
Open the door!

He looks back. FIRES! Bullets rip through Emma's shoulder. Her leg. She HOWLS in pain. Staggers.

But she keeps coming.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Keiko and Panelli run for the door.

KEIKO  
Stupid son of a bitch!

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Garcia never ran so fast. He glances behind.

INT./EXT. THE FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Panelli yanks the door open. Emma is almost on Garcia.

PANELLI  
Faster! MOVE!

Garcia jumps through. Emma three feet behind.

BOOM! Panelli unloads a shotgun round into her stomach... then SLAMS the door.

WHAM! Emma tries to break through. WHAM! WHAM! Panelli holds the door with all his strength. Keiko and Garcia join him, straining against the door.

CLICK! Panelli throws the dead-bolt.

GARCIA  
The babysitter... HAS FANGS!



KEIKO

Focus! We need to find a way out of here... or maybe a way to hold her off until the Sun comes up.

Panelli checks his watch.

PANELLI

Eleven more hours? Shit! There is a creature outside from the ninth level of hell... and she wants to eat us.

KEIKO

We barricade a room somewhere. Make some Crosses. Carve some wooden stakes. Say the fucking Lord's Prayer. I'm Buddhist, but I'm open to anything.

GARCIA

Little bitch smashed my cell phone.

KEIKO

Can you repair the land line?

PANELLI

Yeah! Call Monroe. His crew would come running.

GARCIA

It would take me at least three minutes to re-wire the box. Three minutes, outside, with her. No way, man.

Garcia rests against the wall. Tries to catch his breath. Panelli chews on a fingernail.

KEIKO

What about an exchange?  
(nods upstairs)  
Something she's trying to protect?

EXT. FREEMAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Emma winces. Staggeres around the side of the house. Holds the gaping shotgun wound in her gut. Her wounds begin to heal... slowly.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Madison watches the bathroom window.

MADISON  
Emma... please come back...

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Emma leaps onto the house. Climbs for the roof.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Panelli loads a shotgun shell.

PANELLI  
How do we know the daughter isn't  
one of those things too?

KEIKO  
If she looks at your neck, put a  
bullet in her head. Let's move.

They head for the stairs.

EXT. ROOF -- NIGHT

Emma sprints, light as a cat.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Madison sits near the sink, shivering with fright.

Emma slips through the window with ease.

MADISON  
Emma!

She goes to the little girl. Holds her tight.

EMMA  
I promised I'd come back.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Garcia reloads his handgun.

GARCIA

Ready.

KEIKO

I want a full sweep. Every room.  
Every closet. Every place the  
little shrimp could hide.

Panelli holds his shotgun tight to his chest. Stares into nothingness.

PANELLI

What if she comes back in? What if  
we can't get out?

KEIKO

Then I hope you have a full clip...  
and you save the last round for  
yourself.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Madison shivers. Emma opens the door an inch. Peeks out.

MADISON

What's wrong?

She hears commotion downstairs. Talking. Emma closes the door.

EMMA

They're hunting.

MADISON

What?

EMMA

You. They think I'm outside.

INT. AT THE STAIRS -- NIGHT

Panelli climbs the stairs with cautious steps. Chews gum like a maniac. Shotgun out.

Garcia right behind him, handgun ready.

Keiko brings up the rear. The guys look to Keiko for orders. She signals two fingers right, one finger left.

Panelli nods. Heads right. Keiko follows.

Garcia heads left. Alone.

They disappear down separate hallways.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Emma lifts Madison off the counter.

EMMA

We have to move. Who's brave?

MADISON

I am.

INT. LEFT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Garcia stalks along. Gun pointed. Senses heightened.

He steps in front of a closed door. KICKS it open. Nothing.  
He is oblivious as--

EMMA

--peers out around a corner. Madison at her side.

MADISON

(whispers)

He's coming.

EMMA

(whispers)

Stay here. Be as quiet as you can.

Emma moves around the corner. Through a shaft of moonlight,  
Dust particles float through the air toward Madison.

INT. RIGHT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

WHAM! Panelli kicks a door in. Takes aim. FIRES -- BOOM!

Keiko reacts. Knife out.

KEIKO

What the hell are you doing?

PANELLI

Preemptive strike. You saw what  
happened to Timms.

KEIKO

Jesus. Save your ammo. We can't afford to hurt the little girl.

PANELLI

Sorry for thinking self preservation.

INT. LEFT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Garcia peers into the room.

Suddenly, SWIFT FOOTSTEPS down the hall. Garcia spins. Someone runs into a room.

GARCIA

Gotcha.

He steps down the hallway. Cautious, light steps. Gun out.

GARCIA (cont'd)

Come on out, little girl. Pretty please?

INT. GUESTROOM -- NIGHT

Garcia enters. Sweeps the room. Gun barrel follows his gaze.

The room is dark.

GARCIA

You'll be fine. I promise no one'll hurt ya. I give you my word... as a father.

EMMA

Crouches in a corner of the ceiling over his shoulder.

Garcia doesn't see her.

INT. LEFT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Madison sits against the wall. The dust particles float down to her nose.

Suddenly, Madison SNEEZES!

INT. GUESTROOM -- NIGHT

Emma hears the sneeze. So does Garcia. He looks back toward the hallway.

Emma drops down. Lands as light as a ghost... right behind him.

GARCIA  
Ah. Snuck back out, did we?

Garcia steps toward the hallway. Suddenly, behind him, the floor CREAKS. He stops.

As he turns...

GARCIA (cont'd)  
What the--

Emma's shadowy figure whips around him. He sets up a shot--

WHAM! A blow to the head knocks him to his knees. Gun skitters across the floor.

He crawls toward the door, frantically scans the dark corners of the room. Where the hell is that gun?!

Emma strikes from the darkness. Slashes him across the back. Garcia falls to the floor, HOWLS in pain.

GARCIA (cont'd)  
Please... don't kill me! I swear I  
wasn't gonna to hurt the girl... I  
have a daughter, man. Same age.

A SOUND from the corner. Garcia slowly rises to his knees and pushes his Cross forward. Swallows hard.

EMMA (O.S.)  
(whispers)  
So did I...

GARCIA  
Por favor, have mercy on my soul.

Suddenly, Emma thrusts forward from the darkness. Bloodthirsty eyes, vicious fangs. A monstrous vision.

Garcia backpedals, eyes wide with fear.

Emma knocks away the Cross. Garcia freezes. Emma smiles.

Garcia SCREAMS!

INT. RIGHT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Panelli prepares to kick in another door.

KEIKO  
(into radio)  
Garcia? Did you find her?

WHAM! Panelli kicks the door frame to splinters.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
(into radio)  
Give me a sit rep.  
(static)  
Garcia? Come in, Garcia. GARCIA!

PANELLI  
The babysitter... she's inside.

He runs back the direction they came. Keiko right behind.

INT. LEFT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Keiko and Panelli stalk down the hallway. Weapons out. Scan both sides. Swift, cursory glances into open rooms.

PANELLI  
Clear!

Madison crouches just around the corner. She covers her mouth, but terror remains. Eyes wet with tears.

Keiko stops in front of an open door. She GASPS.

PANELLI (cont'd)  
What is it?

INT. GUESTROOM -- NIGHT

Keiko stares down at a pool of blood.

Garcia's gun is on the floor next to his golden Cross with a broken chain. A smeared blood stain leads to the closet.

PANELLI  
Where did she take him?

KEIKO

The lioness protects her kill.

Keiko grabs Garcia's gun. Puts a bullet in the chamber.

Panelli approaches the closet with caution. He reaches for the handle. Nods to Keiko. She nods back.

Panelli pulls the door open. Aims. Nothing.

The closet is huge. Bigger than expected. At the far end, a spiral staircase leads to the lower floor. Blood stains lead to the stairs.

Keiko motions with two fingers. Panelli leads them down.

INT. LEFT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Madison scrambles back toward the bathroom.

MADISON

(through tears)

Don't leave me, Emma. You promised.

INT. POOL -- NIGHT

Panelli and Keiko descend the spiral staircase. The pool water shimmers in the darkness.

Keiko tries the light switch. Up, down. Nothing.

Panelli scans the tile around the pool. Suddenly, a blur passes across his face.

PANELLI

Did you see that?

KEIKO

See what?

Keiko looks at the wall. The First Aid Kit hangs open. Items missing.

Emma jumps down... face to face with Panelli. Before he has a chance to react--

--Emma IGNITES a flare! Panelli SCREAMS! Emma thrusts the flare in his face.

His eyes spark and burn. He fires his shotgun blindly. BOOM!  
BOOM!



Emma SNARLS. Leaps away. Her claws dig into the wall.

Keiko SCREAMS with rage. Opens fire with Garcia's gun! BANG BANG BANG! Shell casings rain down.

Emma leaps from ceiling to floor to wall in a flurry of movements. Supernatural speed. Too fast to hit.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
Hold still, bitch!

CLICK! Panelli reacts with panic... the shotgun empty.

Emma swoops down. Uses him as a shield. Bites his neck!

Keiko SCREAMS. She takes careful aim at Emma. FIRES a single round.

The round strikes Emma's thigh. She SHRIEKS, runs, and jumps into the water.

Keiko doesn't stop. She reloads and keeps firing. Round after round pierce the water.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Emma swims through a hail of bullets. Two more rounds hit their target. Her shoulder and leg. The water turns red with blood. But Emma keeps going.

She swims for the outside pool. Bullets keep coming.

KEIKO

stops firing. Smoke rises from the gun barrel. She watches Emma emerge from the outside pool and limp into the trees. Keiko's face red with rage.

Keiko goes to Panelli. Cradles him.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
I'm gonna kill her. Even if it  
takes my last breath... she'll die.  
I promise you that.

Panelli wheezes. Blood drains from him. Seconds from death.

Keiko looks back up the stairs... back to the second floor.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
She was on the second floor.

PANELLI  
(through the pain)  
Protecting... the girl...

EXT. ROOF -- NIGHT

Emma sits on the edge of the roof. Moonlight shines down.

Gritting her teeth, she digs into the wound in her thigh. She grimaces. Her fingers go deep.

She pulls out a bullet. Drops it over the edge.

THE WOUNDS

begin to heal themselves. Tissues mend. But she still looks like a gory mess.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Madison sneaks, hugs the wall. The door to the bathroom just ahead. She grabs the doorknob.

Keiko's hand comes from the darkness, covers Madison's mouth! Keiko whispers in her ear as she struggles.

KEIKO  
Hi, cutie. I've been looking for  
you.

Madison squirms. Tries to kick free.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
I'm here. Follow the sound of my  
voice.

Panelli lumbers from the shadows. Madison stares into his burned eyes. Bloody rag against his neck.

Madison SCREAMS.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Emma paces. Frustration builds... she has a clear escape but she can't leave. Not without the girl.

She walks to the rear of the van. Opens the door.

Her eyes widen.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Panelli sits on the closed toilet lid, Keiko kneels in front of him. Madison cowers in the corner.

Keiko pulls a syringe from the pack around her waist.

KEIKO

You're not going to feel a thing,  
baby. I promise you that.

She injects him. Panelli stares blankly ahead. Keiko stands and kisses him on the forehead.

Keiko grabs Madison, vicious fingernails dig into the little girl's arm.

Madison SCREAMS.

KEIKO (cont'd)

That's it... make as much noise as  
you want.

EXT. FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

Emma hears Madison scream. She runs from the van to the front door. Scales the front of the house to the second story window.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Emma jumps down from the window. Panelli sits on the toilet, barely clings to life.

EMMA

Where's the girl?

PANELLI

I was in Iraq, you know. Killed me  
a whole mess of rag heads. They got  
a few of my buddies, sorry to say.  
But what do you think we did when  
one of us went down?

Emma grabs him by the neck.

EMMA

I don't care. Tell me where the  
girl is... or I'll drain you.

PANELLI

We didn't bring them back. That's just public relations bullshit. No, we took their dog tags and left them there. Left them there with a surprise for the lucky sumbitch that found 'em.

EMMA

Enough.

Emma bares her fangs. Lunges forward. She latches on to his neck and drinks deep. Panelli LAUGHS.

Something's wrong. Emma's vision goes fuzzy. She loses her balance and stumbles backward.

PANELLI

What's wrong, feeling a little under-the-weather? That's my fault. I'm a big guy and you can inject a whole lot of morphine in me. Now... about that surprise...

A grenade rolls from Panelli's open hand. Emma sees it and barely has enough time to close the bathroom door on the way out.

Panelli LAUGHS like a mad man.

Then -- BOOM!

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The explosion blows the door off its hinges and throws Emma into the guest room across the hall. She lies motionless beneath the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

BOOM! They hear the explosion.

Keiko drags Madison down the stairs. The little girl tries to be brave, but her eyes fill with tears.

MADISON

Emma... no...

KEIKO

Babysitter's dead. My man is dead. I'd say we're even.

(MORE)

KEIKO(cont'd)

Now, we're gonna drive on outta here and find a nice safe place to stay for a few days while your daddy wires me a heaping pile o' money.

MADISON

That's it? All this just to kidnap me?

Keiko advances on her. Threatens to smack her. Madison can't help but stifle a laugh.

KEIKO

Shut up!

Keiko draws her knife. The blade against Madison's throat shuts her up.

A tense beat.

MADISON

If you hurt me, she'll find you.  
She'll never stop.

KEIKO

She's dead!

MADISON

Is she?

Keiko pinches the girl's cheek hard.

MADISON (cont'd)

(pained)

Ow! Ow!

KEIKO

(overlaps)

You... you...

(calms)

You think you're such a smart little girl, don't you? Smart little girls don't live too long, paid ransom or not.

GARCIA (O.S.)

Let her go!

A beaten and battered Garcia limps into the room. A thick bandage around his neck is soaked through with blood.

KEIKO

Surprise surprise. Look who found  
the will to live.

GARCIA

She let me live. I don't know  
why... but she's not a monster. I  
overheard what you did to Panelli.  
There's only one real monster in  
this house.

KEIKO

I did what I had to do. He  
understood.

GARCIA

Then you're insane and this sick  
game has gone on long enough. My  
daughter's the same age, Keiko. I  
told you before, I didn't sign up  
to waste no kids. I'll kill you  
myself if that's what it takes.

KEIKO

You have no loyalty. Which means  
you were never part of my team.

Garcia picks up the iron poker from the fireplace.

GARCIA

You ever get tired of that car  
alarm you call a voice?

INT. GUESTROOM -- NIGHT

Emma wakes up. She pushes the door off with her right arm.

Emma pulls her left arm over her chest. Her fore-arm is split  
at a forty-five degree angle.

She grabs her wrist with her right hand and pulls the fore-  
arm straight with a CRUNCH.

She SCREAMS!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Everyone hears Emma's SHRIEK. Momentarily distracted--

GARCIA

My God, what did you do to her?

--Except Keiko. Who uses the distraction to thrust her hunting knife deep into Garcia's chest.

Garcia swings the iron poker, but Keiko easily dodges.

Garcia's mouth moves but nothing comes out. His eyes roll back. Dead.

KEIKO

Sorry. I don't have time for Boy Scouts looking for their moment of glory.

She pulls the hunting knife from his chest. Storms to the intercom on the wall.

KEIKO (cont'd)

Change of plans. Seems she's hard to kill.

(into intercom)

I know what you are. I know what you drink. It ain't milk, sister.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Keiko's voice BOOMS through the halls. Emma stands.

KEIKO (O.S.)

I know you can hear me.

Emma limps to the intercom. Presses the talk button.

EMMA

(into intercom)

You sure do talk a lot for someone staring death in the face.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

KEIKO

Yeah? Seems to me I've got a ticket out of here... and her name is Madison.

Keiko hauls Madison to her feet. Brings her to the intercom.

KEIKO (cont'd)

Say hi, princess.

MADISON

Emma? I'm sorry. I hid, like you said...

Emma listens to Madison CRY and looks away. Game over.

KEIKO

It's simple really. You get the girl, I live to kidnap another day.

Emma can't find the words.

KEIKO (cont'd)

My oh my. For the first time in history, a teenaged girl is speechless. No "you suck" or "I'm gonna like totally kill you"?

Emma blinks back tears.

KEIKO (cont'd)

We've got a bit of a ticking clock here, Emma, now be a good girl and let's make a deal.

Emma presses the intercom.

EMMA

I'm coming down. Please don't hurt her. I promise I'll let you go.

KEIKO

The girl for my freedom. Say it.

EMMA

(swallows)

Madison... for your freedom.

Madison glares at Keiko.

Keiko blows her a kiss.

MADISON

I hate you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Emma comes down the stairs. Looks around.



EMMA  
(calls out)  
You're free to go.

Emma freezes. Stares at a horrific sight--  
--Keiko with her knife close to Madison's eye.

KEIKO  
I thought I'd keep her close till I  
got to your car.

Madison CRIES. Keiko LAUGHS.

Emma watches the fireplace... still burning. Strangely, she  
keeps her hands behind her back.

EMMA  
You okay, Maddy? Did she hurt you?

KEIKO  
Come any closer and she'll be  
wearing an eye patch for the rest  
of her life.

EMMA  
Let her go. We had a deal. You hurt  
her... I'll drain you.

KEIKO  
Step away from the door.

Emma doesn't budge.

EMMA  
(softly)  
Maddy... close your eyes.

Madison shuts her eyes. Emma has just a moment to smile at  
Keiko before-- she pushes the button on the small remote  
behind her back.

BOOM!! The van EXPLODES in the driveway. Living room windows  
SHATTER. The front door blows inward.

KEIKO  
What was that? WHAT THE HELL WAS  
THAT?!

EMMA  
You should have locked your van.  
You left a whole crate full of  
grenades in there.

Keiko notices that Emma's car is completely destroyed as well.

KEIKO  
You're one clever little bitch.  
I'll give you that.

Keiko flies at her. Eyes wild. Knife out.

Emma dodges under the knife...

Emma and Madison lock eyes.

EMMA  
RUN.

Keiko cuts Emma across the back. Emma screams and falls to the floor.

Madison runs for the front door.

Keiko throws! The knife STABS the wall, barely misses the little girl as she runs.

Madison reaches the open door. In a flash, she's gone.

EMMA (cont'd)  
It's over.

They circle each other. Gladiators about to do battle. Keiko notices: blood drips from Emma's mouth. Breathing ragged.

KEIKO  
Bullets. Grenades. You're wounded.  
You're weak, like me.

Keiko LAUGHS. Grabs the leg of a broken chair. BREAKS it off, creating her own personal wooden stake.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
You're almost... human!

WHAM! Keiko hits Emma across the head with the stake.

Emma flies back, CRASHING through the coffee table. Blood pours from fresh wounds.

Keiko stands over her. Smiling down at the helpless girl.

KEIKO (cont'd)  
Sucks to be normal, right?

Keiko kicks her in the ribs. CRACK!

Emma GROANS in pain. Tries to crawl away over broken glass.

KEIKO (cont'd)

I wonder... when was the last time  
you had your ass kicked?

Emma struggles to her feet. Dazed. Uses the couch for support.

Emma swings. A lazy punch, far too slow. Keiko grabs her by the neck, flips her against the stone fireplace.

Emma can barely stand. She's in bad shape. As wounded and hurt as any human would be. Keiko delivers a devastating roundhouse kick. It sends Emma SPRAWLING into the kitchen.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Madison sprints. Bare feet on driveway. She races for the road.

Something makes her stop. Something makes her turn.

Something makes her run back to the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Emma climbs to her feet using every ounce of strength she can muster. She staggers forward. In front of her... the FOUR-BURNER STOVE.

She quickly turns on each burner. Flammable GAS shimmers into the air with a LOW HISSING SOUND.

Emma notices on the kitchen floor: Madison's picture with Timms' wet boot print.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Emma ROARS in. A new-found, violent energy. Tackles Keiko, sending both of them to the floor.

Keiko swings. A miss! Emma counters with a punch to her mid-section.

EMMA

I wonder... when was the last time  
you had your ass kicked?

WHAM! Keiko returns with a punch to her face. Emma SCREAMS in pain.

Emma and Keiko trade powerful blows. Kicks. Slam each other into furniture. Tear the place apart. It's the Rocky of girl-fights.

Keiko pounds her with the wooden stake. Emma bleeds from cuts to her face.

KEIKO

You didn't think I would let you live. You're nothing but an animal.

Keiko high-kicks her face, sends her to the floor.

Keiko sits on her heels next to Emma's head. Emma writhes back and forth.

KEIKO (cont'd)

Look at me. Look at me!

Emma opens her eyes, weakly.

KEIKO (cont'd)

I want you to see it coming.

Keiko raises the wooden stake above her head. Brings it down--  
--as Madison jumps in from out of nowhere and throws her body in front of the stake! STAB! Keiko runs the wood through Madison's chest.

EMMA

No!

Keiko pulls it out. Madison drops like a rock.

Keiko looks to Madison... then Emma. Her face turns white. Shock overwhelms her.

KEIKO

I didn't mean... I didn't see her.

Emma staggers to her feet.

EMMA

What did you do? WHAT DID YOU DO?

Keiko can't find the words.

Gas fumes enter the room--

--Emma notices. She picks Madison up. Cradles her.

EMMA (cont'd)  
I would give my life for this  
little girl...

Keiko freezes. She looks at the gas, then the fireplace.

EMMA (cont'd)  
... Would you?

Then...

TIME SLOWS as-- A massive wall of fire ROARS through the room  
in an instant.

Keiko closes her eyes. Flames tornado around her.

Emma runs, still carrying Madison, as the inferno consumes  
the house.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE -- NIGHT

KA-BOOM!!! The house explodes!

Debris shoots out every direction, along with something else--

-- a fiery mass. Emma holding Madison. Hurlled from the  
explosion and into the nearby trees.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Emma flies toward a tree. She turns, mid-air, and absorbs the  
IMPACT with her back.

Emma falls helpless to the ground. Madison's body flies from  
her arms.

In the distance, the house burns.

Emma rushes to her side. Scans the girl's body. The life...  
the color... already gone.

Emma holds Madison close to her chest. Tears come like rain.

EMMA  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MADISON  
(weak)  
Emma?

EMMA  
 You're alive? Oh God! Oh God oh God  
 oh God...

Madison's eyes roll back. Breath leaves her.

Emma wipes Madison's hair away from her face. Rocks her back and forth, tries to coax her back to life.

Madison doesn't respond.

EMMA (cont'd)  
 So young. So much to live for...  
 (resolute)  
 No. Not again.

SNICK! Emma's fangs appear.

A brief second of hesitation... and she BITES DOWN on Madison's neck. The little girl convulses.

Emma drinks.

CUT TO:

EXT. OAK HILLS CEMETERY -- DAY

SUPER: "One week later."

Walter sits next to Madison's closed casket. Flowers adorn the lid as PALL BEARERS ready it to be lowered. A huge picture of Madison rests on an easel.

He's joined by a hundred FAMILY and FRIENDS. Tears all around.

PRIEST  
 ...ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. We  
 commit you, Madison Grace Freeman,  
 our little sister, to the Lord...

LATER

The sun disappears below the horizon.

Walter stands at the grave. Alone. He watches the last bit of sun fade away. Madison's gravestone lies, side-by-side, with her mother's.

Walter tears a few blades of grass... watches them fall and spin on the breeze.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMA, PERU -- NIGHT

Crowded streets. Stars twinkle in the night sky. So many colors. So many people bustle along the packed sidewalk. Peruvian MUSIC fills every corner.

The mass of humanity parts enough to glimpse two girls holding hands. Emma leads a familiar young girl through the crowd. Madison.

Madison's skin is pale, but there's a sparkle in her eyes. She looks healed. Confident. Happy. Maybe even... hungry.

As they pass, the sidewalk crowd reflects off a store window.

Everyone reflects... except them.

FADE OUT.