

EMERSON

I'm doing pull-ups, Sally. Gonna kick some boy ass by the end of summer.

Emerson flexes her skinny arms and Sally giggles.

17 INT. EL TRAIN - DUSK

17

Paul sits looking out the window. With every rattle along the tracks he winces.

The train rounds a bend and a view clears, the downtown skyline shimmering in the distance.

Paul cranes his head to keep the skyline in sight but the train turns again and it's gone.

A building blocks the setting sun and the train car is plunged into shadow. The lights of a station flicker past and Paul squeezes his eyes shut.

18 EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - DUSK

18

Emerson exits Sally's two-flat and walks down to the street where she sees the SUV still parked in Sally's handicapped spot.

From the back pocket of her jeans, she slips out a small folding leatherman pocket knife, and then bends down to pretend to tie her shoes.

With a darting look to either side, she stabs the SUV's tire repeatedly.

The sound of air whistling out of the punctures fades behind

19

19

START INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KITCHEN

As Paul gingerly opens the door, Emerson is busy baking something at the oven.

EMERSON

Where were you? Is it raining yet?

PAUL

No, looks fine, actually.

EMERSON

Can you put these away for me?

She hands him some sugar, flour and baking soda. He does his best to hide a grimace as he takes the items and puts them back in the cabinets.

PAUL  
What is all this? I smell  
chocolate?

EMERSON  
Yes you do.

PAUL  
What is it?

EMERSON  
Vegan chocolate cake

She shoves a forkful of cake in his mouth.

PAUL  
That's not vegan.

EMERSON  
It is.

PAUL  
Well, I suppose if you put  
chocolate in the breakfast hash  
that would make it more palatable.

Paul eases into a chair.

EMERSON  
We got another city added to the  
tour. Omaha.

PAUL  
Nebraska?

EMERSON  
Yeah. Indianapolis, St. Louis,  
Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines.

PAUL  
Rock n' roll.

EMERSON  
It's a start.

PAUL  
Do you end up back here?

EMERSON  
Yeah, of course.

PAUL  
Then it's a dead end. You know I  
directed Macbeth at the Majestic in  
New York city.

EMERSON  
In what, 1959?

PAUL  
You were just born actually.

EMERSON  
Back with Evil Uncle Tony?

Paul nods.

Emerson brings another slice to her father.

EMERSON  
One last bite before I let it cool  
properly before frosting.

She returns to the sink and starts washing dishes.

EMERSON  
He married some Italian woman you  
know. It was in the tabloids. He  
has a step-son now.

PAUL  
He could help you. All the big  
shots in L.A. know one another.

EMERSON  
Fuck Evil Uncle Tony. I don't want  
his help. How long has it been?

PAUL  
14 years.

Emerson scoffs.

EMERSON  
Closest he's ever come to me is  
flying over Chicago in his private  
jet.

A rumble of thunder rolls in the distance.

They both look up.

PAUL  
Bad night for flying.

EMERSON  
I'm going to make sure all the  
windows are closed.

Paul regards the remaining bites of cake.

PAUL  
A dead tree, a rope, and a last  
bite of cake.

The metal prong of the fork pierces the soft cake like a  
syringe.

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END