



***No Surrender***  
***(aka Never Surrender)***

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&  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

BEGIN CREDITS

1 EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY 1

Several shots of city life.

2 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 2

Establish the apartment.

3 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 3

AMELIA DAVIS (mid 30's) tall, long dark hair - strikingly beautiful, walks from the front door holding a large courier envelope.

She rips open the envelope, which is filled with other smaller, personal correspondence type envelopes.

She sifts through them and finds the one she is looking for, a plain enough envelope but instead of a return address it is just marked embarrassed. She pulls out the letter and starts reading as she makes her way to her desk.

JENNY (V.O.)

Dear Amelia. Reading your column has assured me I'm not alone. It gets me through the day. But at night when I try to close my eyes, the fear consumes me. How do I end this? Signed, Embarrassed.

Amelia opens her computer and begins typing. Her voice is charged with emotion, her words of advice are sincere.

4 OMITTED 4

5 EXT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 5

Establishing.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

AMELIA (V.O.)

Dear Embarrassed. I admire your  
courage, and pray for your safety.

6 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

6

Start on a shoe box lying open on the bed. Its contents of cut out news paper articles & a stamped opened envelope with a letter are strewn in a line across the bed leading to JENNY REARDON 30's fair skinned, blonde hair and calm eyes. She is sitting on the bed reading an article that has been cut from the Sentinel Newspaper. There is a picture of Amelia at the top of the article.

AMELIA (V.O.)

You must find a way to leave.  
Someway. Somehow. Surviving is the  
start of your journey. Living is  
the finish line. Never Back Down.

7 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

7

Amelia is back at her desk reading the latest "embarrassed" letter.

JENNY (V.O.)

Dear Amelia. Your words continue to  
give me strength.  
I need to get out but feel trapped.  
Signed Embarrassed.

Once again Amelia begins to type her reply.

AMELIA (V.O.)

Dear Embarrassed. My heart goes out  
to you. I know how hard it is but  
you must go to the police.

8 EXT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

Establishing the house at night.

9 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

Jenny reading another article from the shoebox.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (V.O.)

There are support systems in place to help you. Your husband should never lay a hand on you again.

10 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

10

Amelia is back at her desk reading another "embarrassed" letter.

JENNY (V.O.)

Dear Amelia. Going to the police is too dangerous. What do I do to stop this?

11 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

Jenny reading another article from the shoebox.

AMELIA (V.O.)

Dear Embarrassed. The answer to your question is both simple and difficult. Whatever it takes...

TREVOR (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Jenny whips her head around to see Trevor standing behind her with rage in his eyes. She's been caught.

TREVOR

I can't believe this. No matter what I do you just keep pushing me.

He grabs the shoebox and throws it toward her, scattering the articles to her feet.

TREVOR

Pushing me to do things I don't want to do.

JENNY

You can't do this. It's not right.

TREVOR

Don't you tell me what's right.

11 CONTINUED:

11

With blood shot eyes, Trevor clenches a small table lamp over his head, about to hurl it in Jenny's direction.

JENNY

So you're threatening me?

TREVOR

I'm done making threats.

JENNY

What is that supposed to mean?

JENNY

(calmly)

Put it down, Trevor.

TREVOR (V.O.)

What are you going to do about it?

AMELIA (V.O.)

Whatever it takes...

We see the lamp SHATTER against the wall behind Jenny. BANG! The DEAFENING ECHO of ONE SINGLE GUNSHOT.

END CREDITS

11A	EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY	11A	*
	Office towers overlooking the waterfront.		*
	A hot muggy summer day. The soft murmur of the city.		*
12	EXT. HOTEL - DAY	12	*
	Establish the hotel.		
13	INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM- DAY	13	
	Amelia Davis addressing a diverse small crowd of women from a podium at the front of the small, nondescript hotel function room.		

(CONTINUED)

It's not her striking beauty that makes her words effective to the audience. It's her confidence on stage, the candor to express her feelings and make herself relatable.

AMELIA

Sometimes when we go through a traumatic experience, the fears that linger are undetectable even to ourselves. And we need to take a step back and remember what it was like before. Who we were before. Before you lost your job, before the death in the family, before you caught him cheating.

(a beat)

Before the violence.

She waits for the CLAPPING to subside knowing this is personal to her.

AMELIA

I want to thank everyone for coming. It gives me hope to know that our shared experiences can bring strength. We learn from our past, we refuse to let it define our present and we build our own future. Never Back Down.

\*

Everybody STANDS UP to CLAP again at the now familiar tag-line and begin to disperse.

Amelia collects her suitcase and is approached by Jenny, shy, reserved but determined to talk to her.

JENNY

Just want to say thank you. Your column guided me through the worst.

(a beat, smiling)

You're my touchstone every morning.

Amelia nods, knowing there must be some story behind Jenny's forced smile. But now isn't the time to pry.

AMELIA

Thank you. It works both ways. Your appreciation gives me my strength.

JENNY

You should write a book.

Amelia is flattered by all this praise.

AMELIA

Actually I just started a blog,  
it's called Never Back Down.

(a beat)

You know it would be great to have  
some more strong voices on the  
site.

\*  
\*

JENNY

Count me in!

Amelia hands her a business card.

AMELIA

Link's on the bottom. What's your  
name?

Jenny extends her hand to introduce herself properly.

JENNY

Jenny Reardon.

AMELIA

Nice to meet you.

Amelia shakes her hand and is about to walk away but Jenny  
taps her on the shoulder.

JENNY

There's something else I wanted to  
tell you. I'm embarrassed.

A smile from Amelia puts her at ease.

AMELIA

Please don't be. I'm here to  
listen. Everyone has a story.

JENNY

You've already heard mine. I am  
(pronouncing slowly)  
Embarrassed.

CONTINUED:

Amelia gives her an embrace as if they are long lost friends.

FADE OUT.

14 CONTINUED: 14

**Superimpose - one year later.**

FADE IN:

15 EXT. DECCA 77 - RESTAURANT - NIGHT 15

A trendy bar/restaurant with a black awning and a few terrace tables out front.

16 INT. DECCA 77 - RESTAURANT - NIGHT 16

The restaurant is bustling with YOUNG PROFESSIONALS sipping cocktails. Soft lounge music in the background. Amelia and Jenny at a corner table bond over tapas and wine.

Jenny holds up a woman's magazine with Amelia's face in a small upper corner box.

IN BOLD "**Amelia Davis. Empowering women to take back control**"

JENNY

(raising a glass)

To the cover girl!

Amelia shoos away the attention.

AMELIA

It's not a big deal.

JENNY

Yes it is. This is what you've been working for.

AMELIA

What we've been working for.

Amelia leans towards her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(honestly)

It is pretty cool.

JENNY

We need to capitalize on the attention. I know you're busy with the speaking gigs and all but the blog is your future.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny pulls out some pages from her purse.

JENNY

Here's a list of all the e-mail addresses who have created a member profile. And here's a list of people who have actively posted. Ninety two percent. That's unheard of in the industry.

(a beat)

The problem is nobody else knows it exists.

AMELIA

I'm not sure the newspaper would want me to drive people away from my column.

JENNY

Screw the Sentinel! Nobody wants to get ink on their hands. I can get you primo placement on the search engines.

AMELIA

On a shoe string budget?

JENNY

Don't get me wrong. If you gave me two million dollars to spend, I could spend it. And spend it better than any other Search Engine Optimizer and still get you better placement on a web search. A few structural tweaks to your page, maximize the keyword density and....

She realizes her techno babble is going over Amelia's head.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Bottom line is, if someone is looking for help or advice the first name they'll see is Amelia Davis. All you have to do is give me the go ahead.

\*

Amelia outlines the rim of her glass, contemplating.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

What do you have to lose?

Amelia finally raises her glass. Jenny gives her a huge smile and follows. They clink and sip.

FADE TO BLACK.

Pre-lapping - Louder music than before

FADE IN:

Half empty wine bottle to the side, glasses are full again.

Lights have dimmed. The room is getting more crowded. Jenny glances over at the bar.

JENNY

Hottie at 9 o'clock is checking you out.

Amelia does a quick glance over - notices CARLO ROSSI (mid 30's). Casually dressed in designer jeans and white fitted button down. His dark long hair fits the whole European enfant-terrible motif.

AMELIA

I doubt it.

He catches Amelia's glance, smiles.

JENNY

Toldja!

AMELIA

You made me look there!

Carlo stares over at their table. He heads over to the bar and orders another drink.

JENNY

Who says it's important to meet new people and not shut yourself off from new relationships?

(a beat)

Oh, right. You!

AMELIA

Meeting guys at a bar... never a good idea.

JENNY

And you met Darryl at a bookstore in the home and garden section.

AMELIA

Good point.

They share a laugh, but Amelia can't laugh much about her ex before having darker thoughts. Jenny regrets mentioning his name.

JENNY

Sorry. I didn't mean to...

AMELIA

Darryl? Forget it. He's locked up for two more years.

Carlo, drink in hand starts walking over. Amelia notices.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(trying to keep cool)  
He's coming over.

JENNY

Better focus sister.

Carlo stops at their table, his smile oozes with charisma.

CARLO

I'm sorry to bother you, but I noticed you looking my way... and laughing. I couldn't help but find out what's so funny.

The girls put up a front.

JENNY

I don't remember talking about him, do you?

AMELIA

We were talking about gardening.

They both try to hold in the giggles. Carlo nods politely and starts to walk away, but stops.

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

(whispers to Amelia)

Oh by the way I know what you said.  
I can read lips.

The girls share a skeptical glance.

AMELIA

You're bluffing.

CARLO

Your name is Amelia.

They are caught off guard. Until he points to the magazine cover. His laugh gives him away but it's captivating.

AMELIA

That's a pretty good trick.

CARLO

I've got another one.

He pulls up his sleeves a bit as if he's a magician.

CARLO

All I need is your phone number.

AMELIA

(amused)

Nice try but I'm not in the habit  
of giving my number out to a guy  
I've just met for the first time.

She looks him in the eye. The flirtatious banter has turned into something more. They have a connection. Both of them know it. Neither wants to deny it.

CARLO

Do you know what every great love  
story ever told has in common?

AMELIA

No. What?

CARLOS

At one point they also met for the  
first time.

They share a flirtatious smile. Carlo takes out his business card, giving one to each of the girls.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

Carlo walks away. The girls share a glance, eyebrows raised.

17A EXT. BOSTON - DAY 17A

Establishing shots of the city.

18 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 18

A major metropolitan hotel in Boston. Cars pull in and out of the valet.

19 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 19

In a much larger venue than before, Amelia is closing her lecture to hordes of loyal fans - women of all ages.

AMELIA

(into the microphone)

Thanks for listening. And I'll look forward to hearing from each and every one of you online. And as always: Never Back Down.

\*  
\*

The room erupts in wild applause and eventually into a STANDING OVATION.

Jenny clapping from behind the curtain. Amelia puts her hands together and bows her head in humility.

On the brick wall behind her - a vinyl banner with the words "Never Back Down"

**A picture of a butterfly. The blog's logo.**

20 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 20

The conference has ended. Amelia is surrounded by fans wanting to shake hands.

Amelia manages to pull herself away - makes her way through the crowd when she gets tapped on the shoulder by BERNICE FRANKEL, bookish but professional.

She excuses herself from the crowd so they can have some sort of privacy.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Were you here the whole time?

BERNICE

And loved every minute of it. Even the Q & A. They didn't want to let you leave.

AMELIA

I hope you weren't charging me by the hour.

BERNICE

Of course not kiddo.

(a beat, winking)

I just take five percent off the top. Speaking of which, I have something big in the works.

AMELIA

(excited)

In the works? As in Modern Media Works?

BERNICE

Now don't jinx us. Let me do my thing and when the time is right I'll need you to win over a tougher crowd.

P.O.V from the back of the room of SOMEONE WATCHING.

21 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

21

Amelia walks out of the conference room. Passes a billboard with the event schedule.

STOP ON THE BILLBOARD - AMELIA DAVIS. "Never Back Down".

P.O.V of someone following her.

22 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

22

Amelia waits for the elevator. It's not coming. She rummages through her purse, trying to find her elusive lipstick. Doesn't notice someone standing next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

(re: elevator)

Party on the 15th floor. They've  
been holding it up all day. \*

A startled Amelia turns around.

CARLO

We met a while ago at the bar... \*

AMELIA

I remember.

CARLO

I've been back there a few times  
hoping to see you again. \*

AMELIA

I don't have much of a social life  
these days.

CARLO

I know. You work too hard.

Amelia straightens up. What is he talking about?

CARLO (CONT'D)

I found your site. It posts your  
event schedule.

AMELIA

Listen I'm not into these kind of  
games.

CARLO

I wanted to see you again. So here  
I am... No games.

His sincerity is refreshing. His charm hard to resist. She  
looks him over, smiles.

CARLO

Listen, probably not the best idea  
showing up unannounced but that  
still doesn't change the fact that  
I would like to take you out.

Carlo takes out his card. Hands it to her.

CARLO

In case you lost the first one.

(beat)

Call me.

Carlo walks off in the opposite direction.

The elevator arrives, Amelia lets it go. Still reeling from seeing him again. Jenny arrives, snaps her back.

AMELIA

Where have you been? I've been looking all over for you.

JENNY

(smirks)

Working the room. Where else? More importantly who was that you were just talking to?

AMELIA

Remember Romeo from the bar...?

JENNY

Get out of town! So what happened?

AMELIA

Wants me to call him.

JENNY

Ha, I love it! Do it. Call him up. Set a date. Take charge. Isn't that your motto?

AMELIA

Dating is the last thing on my mind right know.

Jenny sees right through Amelia. Yeah right!

Amelia looks at Carlo's card. Contemplative.

A maximum security prison facility surrounded with barb wire.

24 INT. STATE PRISON OFFICE - DAY 24

DARRYL DEVINE (40ish), chiseled features, receding hair line that he wears well- stands in front of the PAROLE BOARD- three hard-nosed government lifers.

Darryl is serene. Even in his prison garb.

CLOSE ON a manila file labeled Devine #24567 opening on the desk in front of them.

The Board Member in the middle takes one last look at his file and presses the Department of Corrections STAMP down.

**PAROLED**

24A EXT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY 24A

Establishing.

25 INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY 25

A scraggly PAROLE OFFICER (mid 40's), a skinny fat guy, bad dye job and all. Stacks of disorganized files on his desk. Darryl sits across from him.

PAROLE OFFICER

You check in with me three time a day by phone. 9am, 3pm and 9pm. Number's at the bottom.

Officer hands him a card.

PAROLE OFFICER

And that last call means you're in for the night. No exceptions. Got that?

Darryl nods.

PAROLE OFFICER

You will start looking for a job. If you need assistance finding work we have a placement program.

He nods, listening.

(CONTINUED)

PAROLE OFFICER

You will keep your nose clean at  
all times. (beat)  
Is all of this clear, Mr. Devine?

DARRYL

Perfectly.

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

A handsome modern brick apartment complex in the upscale  
Beacon Hill neighborhood.

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amelia, dressed down in comfortable clothes, typing at her  
computer. Pensive, stop and go, plays with the ends of her  
hair - nervous.

Stops typing. Stares at her cell phone. Picks up Carlo's card  
on the night table. Deep breath.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD -

*Carlo Rossi.*  
*Architect*  
*Bianci, Conti and De Luca Inc*  
*202 (555) 1212*

Pops open the lap top and opens a search engine browser.  
Types in his name. "Carlo Rossi, architect".

Clicks on the first link, his WORK PROFILE.

The photo is a quintessential contrived headshot, but even  
the lifeless pose can't hold back Carlo's good looks.

She scrolls. Reads about his degrees from Italian colleges,  
his accolades and awards. A professional.

Satisfied with what she sees, Amelia picks up her phone and  
dials. Straight to voice-mail.

CARLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Please leave a message after the  
tone.

AMELIA

(talks fast out of nervousness)

Hi. It's Amelia. From the bar. And the conference.

(a beat, slowing)

How about dinner tomorrow night? I know a place on Beacon street. Eight thirty. Let me know if that works for you. My number is 202-555-0152

\*

She quickly hangs up and exhales in relief. Goes back to her computer. Back to work.

Office buildings glow in the afternoon light.

A KNOCK at the door. Not expecting anybody, Amelia, dressed casually in jeans and a white t-shirt, tepidly walks over and checks the peephole.

She sees - DETECTIVE HANK WILSON (50's), tall, wide jawed. A no-nonsense veteran. He's slightly overweight, some grey hair. The stress of the job.

DETECTIVE WILSON

It's Detective Wilson.

Comforted by the sight, she opens the door.

AMELIA

You keep telling me to call you Hank and then you call yourself Detective Wilson.

She gives him an emotional hug.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I never know who is behind the door.

\*

She gestures for him to come in.

AMELIA

This is a pleasant surprise. How's the family?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Great. My youngest is off to college at the end of the summer. I'm hoping to spend some time with them at the lake, but with work...

AMELIA

Still putting in fourteen hour days huh? Please send Cindy my regards. So what brings you here?

He puts his arm around her, a dour expression.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I wish I had better news.  
(a beat)  
Amelia, Darryl's been released.

The information stuns Amelia. She fights her emotions, stays calm.

AMELIA

When?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Last Thursday.

Amelia's eyes go wide.

DETECTIVE WILSON (CONT'D)

The paperwork got to my desk today. I came straight over.

Amelia paces around the living room.

AMELIA

(softening)

I know it's not your fault, but how is this possible?

DETECTIVE WILSON

I've been working domestic abuse for twenty years and this is the worst I've ever seen it.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

DETECTIVE WILSON (cont'd)

Over-crowding, cut-backs. The state is broke. Domestic abuse offenders are the first ones to receive a get out of jail free card.

AMELIA

Great. How am I supposed to feel safe now?

DETECTIVE WILSON

I made sure the restraining order is in effect. One slip up and he's right back in prison.

AMELIA

That's if you catch him. You can't protect me 24/7 Hank.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I'll check in with his parole officer every day. This guy won't hurt you again.

She wants to believe him.

30

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

30

Amelia sees Detective Wilson to the door. She moves to the windows and pulls the curtains shut. As he pulls away, she shuts the blinds.

Checks the time on the clock. 5:00 PM.

Rushes to the bathroom to get ready.

31

OMITTED

31

32

INT. DOLCE FRESCA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

32

It's early evening. The kitchen is a frantic ballet of activity. Amelia and Carlo quietly eat their well presented meals, sipping from the almost untouched bottle of red wine. Neither of them look comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

I have a confession. I read your blog. It's fascinating. So raw and emotional.

AMELIA

I don't edit my words. I write what I feel. And lately, I've been...

CARLO

Venting.

(a beat)

I'm sorry I didn't mean...

He puts his hand over hers. She swiftly pulls it back.

AMELIA

No, I'm the one who should apologize. It's been a long week and I'm not very good company right now.

CARLO

You could talk to me.

AMELIA

(a beat)

My ex-husband Darryl was just released from prison.

CARLO

Really.

AMELIA

Listen, I know I invited you but....

CARLO

No, no, please. I understand.

She gets up, puts down her napkin. Takes out some money from her purse.

Carlo pulls out his credit card.

CARLO

Please...

AMELIA

I insist.

32

CONTINUED:

32

Carlo backs down. Knows better than to argue.

CARLO

You must promise me two things.  
Next time, I pay. And even though  
we both have our cars, you will let  
me see you home.

She forces a smile.

AMELIA

I'd appreciate that.

33

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

Carlo's black BMW is on the street right behind Amelia as she steps out of her car.

She waves to him, smiling. He nods chivalrously. She enters the building.

33A

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

33A

Amelia climbs the stairs to her apartment.

33B

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33B

In the dark, a P.O.V of an unseen and unidentifiable person watching AMELIA'S apartment window, her slender silhouette moving without knowing she is being watched.

34

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

Amelia is pacing back & forth. She stops as if she has decided something. She goes to her bureau and grabs a key.

35

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/ STORAGE - NIGHT

35

A hallway of storage units located in the basement of Amelia's apartment building draped in eerie blue fluorescent lights.

CLOSE ON A PAD LOCK.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

PULL BACK to reveal Amelia fidgeting with the key. The sudden clang of water pipes rattling startles her. She keeps trying the lock, it finally clicks open.

Still in the hallway. A flickering light from a bulb on its last legs. O.S. Grunting.

Amelia struggles to pull out a heavy packing box. Rips open the flaps.

She removes case files labeled Amelia Davis vs. Darryl Devine.

Amelia digs deeper into the box. Finds A HANDGUN - the CLIP separated.

Puts the two pieces of the handgun into her purse and closes the box.

36

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Sitting in the dark. Still dressed in her date attire Amelia types furiously on her laptop.

AMELIA (V.O.)

False starts....one must take all the time one needs. Healing operates on its own time. False starts and setbacks are part of the long hard road to recovery.

37

EXT. MODERN MEDIA WORKS CORPORATION OFFICES- DAY

37

A shiny glass office building in the heart of the Back Bay district.

38

INT. MODERN MEDIA WORKS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

38

Amelia and Bernice enter the modern workspace of a huge media corporation. They are escorted into the room and greeted by COLIN GROSSLIGHT (late 50's), the smooth no-nonsense CEO of Modern Media Works

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

MS. Davis... Ms. Frankel, A pleasure to finally meet you both.

(CONTINUED)

Colin shakes hands with Bernice and Amelia. She is impressed by the efforts.

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

Colin Grosslight. Please follow me,  
the team is eager to meet you.

LATER - Amelia and Bernice sit down at the conference room table across from the three EXECUTIVES ready to agree with whatever Colin Grosslight says, one of whom is a woman.

A sampling of artwork on display boards in the background.

All caricatures of a Cosmopolitan girl, very Sex In The City. Butterflies of every color litter the images.

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

In this business, you have a small window to turn a spark into a flame. Your audience is small but growing.

(leans in for affect)

If you want this to become more than a niche blog, you're going to need our help.

BERNICE FRANKEL

A niche blog? Marginalizing Amelia's audience is condescending and frankly not the best way to start off a new partnership.

\*

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

(apologetically)

That was not my intent. We know the numbers are strong given the circumstances and we love the demo. We wouldn't be sitting here otherwise. The women who read your blog trust you, and that is invaluable to us.

BERNICE FRANKEL

You mean to advertisers.

Grosslight smiles. These guys are putting on a show for Amelia. How important they are to her.

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

We already have the majors ready to commit.

(to Bernice)

All you have to do is say the word.

Bernice Frankel is about speak, but Amelia stops her by placing her hand on Bernice's arm.

AMELIA

Slow down, guys. What about content?

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

We don't care what you write. As long as people are reading.

MALE EXECUTIVE

And clicking every now and then.

The Media team laughs. Amelia looks at the lone female executive, Jody (early 20s) pretty brunette, hair pulled back.

AMELIA

Jody, right?

Jody is slow to react, surprised to be called on.

JODY

Right.

AMELIA

I'm guessing that you haven't been vocal in the meeting because you didn't work on these mock-ups.

Caught off guard, looks to Colin Grosslight for an answer. He doesn't have one for her.

JODY

I've reviewed them, but no, I didn't work on them.

Amelia stares down Colin Grosslight.

AMELIA

So she's here because you thought  
another woman in the room would  
make me feel more comfortable.

Exec #1 quickly jumps in, trying to do damage control.

MALE EXECUTIVE

I know all about your blog.

She ignores him. Turns directly to Colin Grosslight

AMELIA

You have a small window to impress  
a prospective client. That window  
is about to close.

(to Jody)

What do you think of the  
presentation?

JODY

There's a visual flair that's  
familiar but it's missing your  
imprint.

AMELIA

I think it's a Carrie Bradshaw rip  
off.

Jody smiles. Expressing what she can't say in front of her  
boss. They are on the same page.

AMELIA

I'll be back next week to hear your  
pitch.

Amelia shakes hands with her first. Bernice grins at Colin  
Grosslight on their way out.

AMELIA

Oh and by the way.

(re: the logo)

It's one butterfly.

\*

Amelia walks out.

40 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 40

Establish the apartment.

41 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 41

6:45 PM - Amelia saunters through her front door, shuffling mail. Plops down on her living room couch, exhausted. Shuts her eyes momentarily.

Silence, save for the motor of the ceiling fan. The WHIZZING sound has a hypnotizing effect.

HIGH ANGLE CLOSE-UP of Amelia's face - eyes closed - HOLD on her for a moment. And then... eyes BURST wide open.

PULL BACK - Standing behind her, a figure in black, face concealed by a ski mask.

Before Amelia can react she's grabbed around the head. She holds still, not wanting to antagonize the perpetrator.

With the perpetrator arms still wrapped around her head he forces Amelia to the ground on her stomach. Amelia fights the urge to show any emotion, trying to stay strong.

Perp stands over her, dangling a sharp kitchen knife. He then goes over to her desktop computer and rips out the keyboard from the console.

CLOSE ON Amelia's terrified face as the keyboard falls in front of her. She lets out a startled scream

A black rock climbing boot comes into view. Tramps on the keyboard - destroying it to smithereens.

Close on Amelia as she lays on the floor, suddenly a knife drops in front of her, its blade sticking into the floor. Her stoic facade gone. Tears start to flow.

A few seconds pass, SILENCE. She gets the nerve to look up. He's gone.

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

ACT TWO

42

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

Establish the apartment building police cars outside.

43

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

43

A team of uniformed POLICE OFFICERS collect all the evidence they can find. Amelia sits motionless, still in shock - holding a cup of tea.

Detective Wilson sits by her side, comforting her.

DETECTIVE WILSON

There are no signs of forced entry.  
We'll check with the neighbors and  
see if anyone saw anything but so  
far, no luck.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMELIA

So much for the 100 yards.

He takes out his note pad.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Have you received any threatening  
messages? On the computer, maybe?

AMELIA

I get a negative post on the blog  
every now and then. Usually angry  
husbands. But this is obviously  
Darryl.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Darryl is the most likely suspect.  
And if it was him, we know he'll  
slip up eventually. But you're a  
public figure now. We can't ignore  
the possibility that the attack is  
connected to the blog.

AMELIA.

I highly doubt that.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WILSON

Obsessed fans, angry husbands... I want to make sure we look into every possibility.

Amelia can't believe what she's hearing.

AMELIA.

Wonderful. So you're basically telling me I have to be afraid of everybody.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Is there anywhere your address is listed?

AMELIA

(shaking her head)

I don't ever give it out.

DETECTIVE WILSON

What about neighbors. Any disputes recently?

AMELIA

I keep to myself.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Maybe you should take off for a few days, visit your parents out west.

AMELIA

No. I'm not running away. What can I do to help you out?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Is there anyone new in your life?

Amelia walks over to the kitchen table, finds Carlo's business card and gives it to Wilson.

AMELIA

We went on one date. But he seems really nice. I just can't imagine it was him.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Doesn't hurt to check him out. And if you don't mind, I'll have the tech guys at the station look into your website. See if that leads to anything.

Wilson kneels down next to her and places his hands over hers.

DETECTIVE WILSON

(to Amelia)

We'll catch this guy.

AMELIA

I know.

44 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

44

In the middle of a row of replica townhouses.

45 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - OFFICE/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

45

Two bedroom townhouse. Decor is simple, less stylish than a practical blend somewhere between Costco and Ikea.

Jenny watches Amelia place her small rolling bag next to the bed.

AMELIA

Thanks for having me. I just couldn't stay there until the new alarm system is in.

JENNY

Don't even mention it. I could use the company.

Jenny opens the closet door and takes out a pillow.

JENNY

This should make it more comfortable for you.

AMELIA

Thanks.

46 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

46

MOMENTS LATER - They are seated at the kitchen table sipping hot tea with the honey close by.

JENNY

Do you think it was Darryl?

AMELIA

I don't know who else it could be.

(a beat, sipping)

After the first time he hit me, I knew when it was coming. When he was drinking, or when we'd argue. This is different. Not knowing where or when it might happen again. But it's like that feeling in the pit of my stomach is the same. Does that make any sense?

Jenny nods sympathetically.

AMELIA

(a beat)

What bothers me most is how everything I've worked to overcome, can be taken away...

Amelia snaps her fingers for effect.

JENNY

No one can take back the progress you've made or what you have achieved.

AMELIA

How did you do it? Fight back?

Jenny sips. Takes a deep breath.

JENNY

It was a long build up. Martial arts helped me build confidence but it wasn't until I started writing to you that I could see that there was the possibility of a better life. And then one day I just snapped. It didn't feel real until I saw the blood. That's when everything changed.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

I'm not sure I can do it.

JENNY

You fought back too. You did it once you can do it again. We don't even know who is doing this but whoever it is, you're strong enough to do what it takes.

AMELIA

I'm not sure I have that kind of courage anymore.

\*

JENNY

Neither was I. But you were there for me. And now I'm here for you.

Jenny gives her a comforting hug. Amelia accepts it.

AMELIA

I needed that. Thanks.

47

EXT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

47

Old government style building.

PAROLE OFFICER (V.O.)

I get your personal interest in this case...

48

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE- DAY

48

Detective Wilson stands above the officer. The stacks of files on his desk are still there. The Parole Officer is frustrated but respects his presence.

PAROLE OFFICER

... but like I said on the phone, there hasn't been anything out of the ordinary with your guy....

The Parole Officer rummages through the files to find his name.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Devine. Darryl Devine.

(CONTINUED)

PAROLE OFFICER  
 (writing it down again)  
 Right. Devine.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
 Look, Amelia Davis was attacked in  
 her home and he is our prime  
 suspect. I'm not asking you to  
 break any rules. All I want is the  
 information you have.

He sighs, digs through a pile to find his log book. It's a  
 mess. Finds it, opens it up, flips through pages.

PAROLE OFFICER  
 What day you looking at?

DETECTIVE WILSON  
 For starters, Wednesday the 7th.

The Parole Officer flips through pages. Wilson notes the top  
 of the line desktop with flat screen monitor.

DETECTIVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
 Don't you keep the log-ins on  
 computer

\*

PAROLE OFFICER  
 I'm behind on my data entry, ok.  
 (a beat, flipping)  
 Here it is. Wednesday the 7th.  
 Devine. Checked in at nine PM.

DETECTIVE WILSON (CONT'D)  
 In person?

The Parole Officer gestures to the piles of paperwork on his  
 desk.

PAROLE OFFICER  
 I've got a hundred and fifty open  
 cases. The only guys who need to  
 show their face here are murderers  
 and serial rapists. So unless  
 Devine fails a drug test or gets in  
 trouble, he phones it in.

Wilson tries to keep his cool but is charged up.

DETECTIVE WILSON

This guy was one punch away from making that cut. And he knows how to manipulate the system. So if he's so much as two minutes late checking in, you call me.

The Parole Officer nods. Gets it.

PAROLE OFFICER

Ok.

EXT. SLEEK OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A sleek urban building befitting an architecture firm's offices.

INT. BIANCA, CONTI & DE LUCA ARCHITECTURE FIRM- DAY

Carlo across a room full of desks. He notices Detective Wilson with the receptionist, she is pointing in Carlo's direction. He moves to meet Wilson half way.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Mr. Rossi?

CARLO

(startled)

Yes.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I have a few question. Won't take long.

Wilson enters, sizes up Carlo.

CARLO

Is this about my work visa? I renewed through the mail this year.

Wilson looks around the office. Not answering just yet.

DETECTIVE WILSON

No.

CARLO  
(impatient)  
Well then what can I help you with  
Officer?

DETECTIVE WILSON  
It's Detective.

They reach the conference room door.

CARLO  
Please come in.

They enter the room, Carlo shuts the door and they sit down.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
I need to know your whereabouts  
this past Wednesday in the evening.

CARLO  
Why?

DETECTIVE WILSON  
I'll ask the questions Mr. Rossi.

Wilson takes out his pad and starts to tap with his pen.  
Carlo checks his smartphone.

CARLO  
Wednesday... I was at Dusty's bar.  
I was meeting someone at 5 for  
about an hour and I stayed after it  
ended.

\*  
\*  
\*

DETECTIVE WILSON  
Until what time?

CARLO  
Not sure. Ten maybe.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
Maybes are no good with me Mr.  
Rossi. I need you to be sure.

Carlo thinks. On edge now.

CARLO  
Yes, ten.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Who were you with?

CARLO

The meeting was with some potential clients. Then I stayed afterwards and had a burger and a beer.

DETECTIVE WILSON

So you were by yourself.

CARLO

I ate at the bar. I'm a regular there.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Can anyone corroborate your story?

CARLO

I'm sure the bartender can.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Do you have name for me?

CARLO

I can't remember who was working that night. I think it was Meagan.

\*

Wilson jots down a note in his pad.

CARLO

Can you at least tell me what this is all about?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Amelia Davis was attacked on Wednesday evening.

CARLO

Oh my god! Is she all right?

(Wilson doesn't answer)

You think it was me?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Just asking some questions. I'll be in touch, Mr. Rossi.

51 EXT. DUSTY'S BAR - DAY 51

Wilson enters a no frills watering hole. An "open" sign hangs out front.

52 INT. DUSTY'S BAR - DAY 52

Detective Wilson walks into the empty bar save for the cute bartender, Meagan (early 20s) pretty, blonde, behind the long sleek glass bar drying martini glasses.

Wilson walks up to her, flashes his badge. Takes out his note pad. Flips a page or two.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
(reading his pad)  
Meagan?

MEAGAN  
That's me.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
Need to ask you a few questions.  
Were you working last Wednesday  
night?

MEAGAN  
Wednesday's my night off. The  
manager saves me for the weekends.

She rubs her index finger and thumb. All about the money.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
So who was here?

MEAGAN  
Eamonn. He's the manager.

Wilson pulls out a photo from the inside pocket of his coat

DETECTIVE WILSON  
I'm trying to get some information  
on this man.

MEAGAN  
(grabs the picture)  
Carlo.

She hands it back to Wilson.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WILSON

How well do you know him?

MEAGAN

Enough to tell you his name. What's this about?

DETECTIVE WILSON

I'm conducting a criminal investigation. Mr. Rossi is a potential suspect.

MEAGAN

He's in here a couple of times a week.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Where does he usually sit?

MEAGAN

Depends. If he's with his work buddies he grabs a table. Alone, he's usually at the bar.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Does he pay with cash or credit card?

MEAGAN

Credit card. Everytime. Good tipper.

DETECTIVE WILSON

How come you know so much about the guy?

MEAGAN

When Carlo opens that door, any woman with a pulse notices. Just like you noticed me when you walked in.

DETECTIVE WILSON

(looks around the room)

You're the only one here.

(beat)

Were you two ever involved?

\*

\*

MEAGAN

That's a bit personal, isn't it?

(beat)

(MORE)

52

CONTINUED:

52

MEAGAN (cont'd)

No. But not from a lack of trying.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I'm going to need to see the receipts from Wednesday night.

MEAGAN

I only swipe the card. Eamonn takes care of the rest. He's in at six.

Wilson hands her his card.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Have him give me a call.

53

EXT. DARRYL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

A run down apartment building in a less than desirable area of town.

DARRYL (V.O.)

You know I'm not going to answer a thing without my lawyer.

54

INT. DARRYL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

54

A bare bones studio, a pull out bed and kitchenette making up the entirety of the space.

Detective Wilson stares down Darryl as he eats his fried chicken take out.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Lawyers cost money. And by the looks of this place, you're better off talking to me yourself.

Darryl finally looks up at Wilson.

DARRYL

You look old.  
(with disdain)  
Detective.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I'd look even older if you had been locked up for the full five years.

(CONTINUED)

DARRYL

I'm not saying I was a choir boy  
but I didn't deserve all that time.  
Losing Amelia was enough of a  
punishment.

Wilson gets in Darryl's face.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Losing Amelia? Was that before or  
after you threw her down a flight  
of stairs? Or the time you put her  
in the hospital with your fists.

(a beat)

It's too bad I don't get to hand  
out sentences.

DARRYL

(at his gun)

Tough guy with your badge and your  
piece. Truth is you couldn't  
protect her then and from the looks  
of things you can't protect her  
now.

Wilson lowers closes the lid of the take out meal and slides \*  
it across the table. \*

DETECTIVE WILSON

I'll be watching every move you  
make.

Darryl leans across the table to retrieve his meal. He begins \*  
to eat, turning his back on Wilson.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

ACT THREE

55 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - MORNING 55

Row of townhouses.

56 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE, OFFICE/GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING 56

Amelia tidying up. Fresh out of a shower. Wet hair - her white bathrobe falls off her neck line.

Her bag is packed.

Her cell phone blinks indicating voice mail.

CARLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's Carlo. Again. Where are you?  
Are you okay? Do you know why the  
police came to see me?

(a beat)

Please, call me back.

His voice causes her to pause. She presses a key on the phone. Jenny knocks on the bedroom door.

JENNY (O.S.)

You're going to be late.

Amelia checks her watch sitting on the table. She's running late. Time to get dressed.

57 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY 57

Amelia looks sharp for her meeting. Has her bag with her.

JENNY

Call me after the meeting.

Amelia stops at the door and pauses. Her breathing gets shallow.

JENNY

What's wrong.

AMELIA

It's too soon. I'm not sure I'm  
ready to be in a room with anyone  
and not have an anxiety attack.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

You'll be fine.

AMELIA

I'm used to knowing who the enemy is. Not knowing is the worst part, it's making me paranoid.

JENNY

You can do this.

They hug again. It's comforting. Amelia exits.

JODY (V.O.)

We want to brand Amelia as the next Oprah...

Another boardroom pitch. This time Jody stands in front of a large white board with more subtle mock ups for the web-site logo.

JODY

...uniting and inspiring women of all kinds. Your words will comfort them, your message will empower them.

Amelia trying to focus, but her mind is elsewhere.

Her eyes catch one of the male executives tapping his pen on the desk. She closes her eyes.

The sound becomes LOUDER to her and takes her back to:

QUICK FLASHBACK SNIPPETS OF THE ATTACK. - Amelia on the floor powerless. The CRUNCHING of the KEYBOARD.

BACK IN THE BOARDROOM

Amelia tries to concentrate on the presentation.

Jody (CONT'D)

They can read the blog from the workplace, keep your book next to their bed, listen to your podcast and if things progress as we expect, they will soon be watching your tv show.

\*  
\*

Amelia notices one of the Execs staring at her.

ANOTHER FLASHBACK - The KNIFE landing in the floor.

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

Never Back Down will be the place women go when they feel threatened, or feel like they have lost control.

Now Jody has Amelia's attention. Talks right to her.

Jody (CONT'D)

You will help get them back to who they were.

Colin Grosslight senses an opportunity. He looks to Bernice. Even she is impressed.

Bernice and Amelia walking through the midday pedestrians shopping and talking on phones. Amelia closes her eyes and takes a deep breath of fresh air.

BERNICE

I got them up to a four fifty a year for three years, guaranteed. Plus the signing bonus.

(a beat)

One point three million.

AMELIA

The money isn't the issue.

BERNICE

I thought you liked the presentation.

AMELIA

I did. They have a vision. It's not exactly my vision, but it's bigger and it might be better.

BERNICE

Then what's holding you back?

They stop at an intersection. Red light. Amelia turns to Bernice, a moment of reflection.

AMELIA

The book tours, corporate speaking engagements. And me on tv? It's a lot to think about.

Bernice listens.

BERNICE

I know you're worried about selling yourself out. But this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, Amelia. And I don't mean the money. You'll have a platform to reach millions of people and really touch their lives. A bigger audience won't change who you are.

AMELIA

I know. I just need some more time to think.

BERNICE

Sure. But don't take too long. These companies have a short attention span.

AMELIA

Ok.

The light turns green. People start to cross, but they haven't moved.

BERNICE

Are you sure you're ok to go back home?

AMELIA

I have to practice what I preach,  
right. Go back to the life you  
know.

Amelia's cell phone rings. She looks at the caller ID-  
"blocked". She answers.

AMELIA

(to the phone)

Hello.

Intercut Wilson sitting at his desk on the phone.

DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)

Amelia, when you have a moment can  
you stop by.

BACK TO AMELIA & BERNICE ON THE STREET.

AMELIA

I'm on my way.

Amelia hangs up the call.

BERNICE

Everything ok?

AMELIA

Yeah. I'll call you later.

Bernice crosses the street by herself, barely beating the  
changing light.

Amelia turns around, walking back in the direction she came  
from.

Old police precinct with the number 12 engraved in concrete  
above the entrance.

62 INT. PRECINCT 12 - DAY

62

A bustling old style police precinct. Amelia sits across Detective Wilson who has one of the bigger desks.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Darryl's been walking the straight line. Checking in with his PO. Staying out of trouble. But he still has no alibi the night of the attack.

AMELIA

Can you arrest him?

DETECTIVE WILSON

I need something concrete.  
(off her frustration)  
Amelia, you know I would bring him in if I could.

AMELIA

I know.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I also talked to Carlo Rossi. Says he was at Dusty's bar that night. The bartender doesn't remember specifics, but his credit card was run twice  
(checking the report)  
5:36 and 7:04 PM. You said the attack took place at approximately 6:45, right?

\*

She nods.

DETECTIVE WILSON

It's six miles from the bar to your place. I doubt he's our guy.

She starts gathering her stuff.

AMELIA

It's Darryl, I'm telling you.

DETECTIVE WILSON

If it is. We'll get him.

(CONTINUED)

## AMELIA

What I don't get is why did he focus on my computer during the attack? It was always about control with Darryl. What is he trying to say?

## DETECTIVE WILSON

The blog is you telling the world that you fought back and you won. With each new level of success you represent a threat to Darryl's manhood but that also goes for every husband of every woman that reads it.

63 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

63

Amelia enters the building.

64 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - DAY

64

Amelia reaches her front door. On the doorstep, a gift wrapped box.

She lets go of her overnight bag. Picks it up. No Card.

A moment of anxiety. She enters her apartment and punches the code into the alarm keypad.

CLOSES the door behind her. Locks it.

She rips open the packaging. Takes out a wrapped picture frame.

She slowly unwraps the paper.

And then... she lets it go. It drops to the floor shattering the glass.

ANGLE ON THE FRAME- a DEAD BUTTERFLY with its WINGS CLIPPED.

In red marker across the white picture frame border "sell the blog and you too shall die"

Amelia paces in contemplation. She steels herself

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

On the couch, she takes out her phone and dials.

AMELIA

(to the phone)

Bernice. (beat)

Make the deal.

65

OMITTED

65

END OF ACT THREE

\*

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

ACT FOUR

\*

66

EXT. MODERN MEDIA WORKS CORPORATION OFFICES - DAY

66

Establish the building.

67

INT. MODERN MEDIA WORKS CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

67

TIGHT ON a fancy banner with the words "**NeverBackDown.com**" a **Modern Media Works Company**. The conference room has been dressed up for a press conference announcing Amelia's big sale.

Colin Grosslight addressing the group of press corps, and Modern Media Works employees while Bernice stands next to Amelia who looks dazzling in an elegant black dress.

COLIN GROSSLIGHT

I won't waste any time. It is with great pride that we welcome Amelia Davis into the Modern Media Works family and letting us be her megaphone.

\*

Colin gestures for her to come to the microphones. She makes her way to the microphones.

Amelia looks out over the crowd trying to find the confidence to speak. She spots Jenny at the front in an elegant black gown. It puts her at ease.

AMELIA

I have to confess, I had my doubts about selling. I wasn't even sure it was mine to sell. And then I remembered why I started my first column. Because I was scared. And alone.

(a beat)

Well, I'm not alone anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

AMELIA (cont'd)

I look forward to collaborating  
with Modern Media Works and their  
talented marketing team and  
together I hope we can reach more  
women and making sure they never  
have to feel scared or alone ever  
again.

\*

The group CHEERS in approval, captured by her sincerity.  
Camera flashes from the press.

MOMENTS LATER - Amelia comes down from the podium.

Jenny comes over as people mill about and gives her a  
congratulatory hug.

JENNY

(looking around)

I guess you don't need me anymore.

AMELIA

Yeah, I wanted to talk to you about  
that. NeverBackDown.com needs a  
writer for a weekly article on self  
defense.

(regretfully)

I know you prefer to work for free,  
but this one is a paying job.

Jenny puts her hand over her heart in a gesture of gratitude.

AMELIA

You didn't think I would leave you  
behind did you?

68

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

68

Establishing.

69

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

69

Amelia drinks the last of her orange juice dressed in  
athletic gear- tank top, jogging shorts, sneakers and a hat.

70

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

70

Amelia starts her jog. A look of determination.

(CONTINUED)

She turns down the empty sidewalk to get out her frustrations.

Doesn't notice SOMEONE WATCHING HER FROM ACROSS THE STREET-

She has yet to break a sweat but the pace has accelerated.

**O.S.** The sound of breathing from another runner creeps in. Someone is trying to catch her. Gaining.

Amelia oblivious until he's right behind her.

It's Carlo.

Amelia stops running abruptly. She's angry.

AMELIA

Why are you following me!?

CARLO

I'm worried. The police showed up to question me about an attack, you don't return my calls...

AMELIA

I've been busy.

CARLO

I understand. But I still deserve to know what's going on. I mean do you really think I could have attacked you?

She faces him, looks him in the eye to show she is not scared.

AMELIA

I'm sorry. They asked who was new in my life. I never thought it was you. But I barely know you.

CARLO

That's not my fault.

AMELIA

I know. Look I...

CARLO

(cuts her off)

You're forgiven. Now, if my memory serves me right, you owe me a make up date.

(off her hesitation)

I said yes when you asked me.

She thinks about it. Searching for a reason to say no.

CARLO

Is that a yes?

For the first time in a long time, she smiles. But stops herself quickly.

AMELIA

No more following me.

CARLO

You are too fast for me anyway.

Establishing.

Establishing.

Amelia is dressed to impress. Enticing summer dress, high heel pumps.

A KNOCK on her door.

AMELIA

Coming.

She checks her hair one last time in a mirror by the front door. Satisfied she puts it into her clutch purse and opens the door.

Carlo is standing there but he's dressed in jeans and a t-shirt.

CARLO

You look incredible.

AMELIA

So do you....

CARLO

I know you suggested that place in  
Beacon Hill but I had something  
different in mind.

\*  
\*

An outdoor market where you can buy everything from fresh produce and specialty foods.

Carlo picks up a tomato, squeezes it, closes his eyes and smells it - it's perfect. Brings it to her nose. She breathes in. The experience intoxicating.

He puts it tenderly into their basket. They move to the herbs.

AMELIA

Where did you learn so much about  
produce?

CARLO

My mother. She loved to cook. And I  
was the only child, so she taught  
me.

He examines the basil. Knows what he's looking for.

CARLO

Come closer.

Amelia leans in next to him.

CARLO

Close your eyes and breathe in.

She does.

CARLO

What do you smell?

AMELIA

It's peppery. A little like black licorice.

Amelia holds the basil but looks at Carlo, struck by his passion.

AMELIA

Now what?

CARLO

Now we take it home.

He takes the basil from her and puts it in the cart. Keeps pushing. She catches up.

Carlo and Amelia stand at a cheese counter served by a man in a white apron passing over samples of rich cheese.

Carlo samples it and obviously enjoys it. He feeds her a sample. Amelia can't help but make a sour face.

Establish the high rise apartment building.

Sleek modern furniture. Minimalist decor.

Romantic music coming from the stereo. An empty bottle of red wine. The last of a rack of lamb and bowl of salad between them.

The chairs have been moved close together. Amelia and Carlo are talking, really talking.

AMELIA

Why did you leave Italy?

CARLO

My father remarried. Our family was broken. I wanted to start over. Be invisible.

AMELIA

I can relate to that.

CARLO

Why did you stay? After he went to jail?

Amelia goes over to the window & stares down at the city lights below.

CARLO

I'm sorry. We don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

AMELIA

It's okay. I thought about moving back to San Francisco. The ocean, the fog... I love it there. My parents practically begged me to come back home. But something didn't feel right. Like my experience here wasn't finished.

Carlo slinks up behind. Grabs a hold of her. Catches her by surprise.

They start to move together. The dance slow, seductive. She isn't comfortable yet.

AMELIA

Will you come with me to this benefit Friday night?

(justifying)

I know I'm the one who keeps making the plans. I hope you're comfortable with that.

He holds her tighter until she relaxes in his arms.

CARLO

I have plans for us to. You would love Naples. The food. The architecture. Shopping. I would love to take you there.

\*

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

I've heard summer is....

He interrupts her by putting his finger over her mouth. Then moves in slowly and kisses her on the lips. It's short. Sweet.

She smiles, moves in to kiss him again.

She opens them again. They stop.

AMELIA

Does that mean you're coming  
Friday?

He smiles at her, nods. Goes in for another kiss. This time the kiss turns into all out passion.

80 OMITTED

80

81 INT. CARLO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

81

MOMENTS LATER - They fall onto the couch. His lips find hers- brushing them gently until he delves into her mouth.

He caresses her tenderly, even tentatively, until she pulls him on top of her. Amelia immediately starts unbuckle his belt, unbuttoning his jeans.

He doesn't move as quickly, slowly bringing her summer dress up her body, stopping at her waist, kissing her again, then raising it over her head.

Their hands explore each other, teasing. She kisses his neck, his mouth explores her upper body.

Down to their underwear, her kisses more and more intense until she is in control, on top of him.

He lets her guide him, gliding smoothly over his body.

Their breathing is rhythmic, their bodies glistening, rising by the second- moving faster but not forceful-, arching, quivering to a shuddering release.

FADE TO BLACK.

82 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY 82  
Establishing shots of the city.

83 OMITTED 83

84 EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL - DAY 84

LATE DAY - Amelia walks out of a town car dressed in a beautiful black evening dress, high heel pumps accentuating her long legs.

A door man tips his cap to the affluent crowd entering through the main lobby. Amelia enters the hotel.

85 INT. UPSCALE HOTEL, PRIVATE BENEFIT PARTY - DAY 85

The hotel function room is hosting a benefit event for a Children's hospital with the city's influential movers and shakers.

Through the sea of bodies, Amelia looking for someone. CATERING STAFF passes out hors-d'oeuvre and champagne. She politely declines.

PULL BACK TO P.O.V of someone WATCHING from across the room.

Finds her cell phone in her mini black purse.

ANGLE ON cell phone screen. Chooses the contact - Carlo.

She texts:

"WHERE ARE YOU"?

The text comes back almost instantly.

"ALMOST THERE. SEE YOU SOON"

Jenny spots her through the crowd. Gestures for her to come over.

Amelia makes her way through the crowd, saying hi. Jenny has a table near the bar, prime location.

JENNY  
(re: the table)  
Not bad, huh.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (cont'd)

Prime location for people watching.  
Where's your date? \*

AMELIA

He's on his way.

JENNY

Good. So we have some time for you  
to spill.

AMELIA

(self conscious)

We had a good time.

JENNY

You blog endlessly about your most  
intimate feelings and 'we had a  
good time' is the best you can do?  
I'm living vicariously through your  
love life here.

AMELIA

Ask me again after I've had a few  
drinks.

JENNY

(raising her glass)

That's more like it.

Jenny touches Amelia's glass with her own spilling a drop on  
Amelia's dress.

JENNY

I'm so sorry. I can't believe I  
just did that.

AMELIA

It's fine. Some club soda and it'll  
come right out. I'll be right back.

Amelia has rubbed out the stain. Completely gone. She stares  
into the mirror over the sink, applies a refresher coat of  
Angel Red lipstick.

The door to one of the stalls CREAKS.

She turns. Nobody there. Must be her imagination.

She exits the bathroom, passing through the POWDER ROOM.

DARRYL

Still a looker. And those legs...

Sitting in the love seat is Darryl. Startled, she tries to make a run for the door. He steps in front of her.

DARRYL

Can't afford to go back to jail,  
now can I?

He moves closer to her, trying to intimidate without force. It's working.

AMELIA

What's this about Darryl?

DARRYL

I'm not here to hurt you. I just  
want my cut.

Stares at her looking for a reaction. Nothing.

DARRYL

I know you're making millions off  
this deal. You know what I got out  
of it? That cop of yours tracking  
my every move. Reporters knocking  
on the door of my trashy studio  
hole to get an exclusive on the  
prick who turned you into a poor,  
wounded puppy. Calling my work non-  
stop!

Darryl stops mid rant. His eyes now glazed over, on the verge  
of a total break down.

DARRYL

I was fired. Did you know that?

AMELIA

That's not my fault. And I'm not  
giving you a thing.

Amelia pulls out her cell phone, trying anything not to  
engage.

He grabs at her hands, ripping the phone from her. Now just  
inches from her face.

DARRYL

(whispers in her ear)

You're going to listen to me. For  
once.

She lets him have the phone, backing away. Darryl tries to  
calm himself down.

DARRY

I paid my debt to society. Now it's  
your turn to pay.

He leans in and whispers in her ear.

DARRYL

You have no idea how much I loved  
you.

AMELIA

(resigned)

You sure knew how to show it.

DARRYL

Never your fault, right?

(a beat)

I hope you reconsider.

He walks out. As the door closes Amelia slumps to the floor,  
letting go of the strength that was keeping her up.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL - NIGHT

The hustle and bustle from earlier is no more.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - LOBBY/ CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Carlo holds Amelia's hand as they sit with Jenny and Detective Wilson on a couch.

CARLO

Can't you arrest him?

DETECTIVE WILSON

I already talked to the DA. Since it happened in a public place like this, we need a witness other than Amelia to put him at the scene.

AMELIA

How is it possible that with all these people, nobody saw him?

DETECTIVE WILSON

I showed his picture to every single person who left. No luck.

JENNY

I should have gone to the bathroom with you.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Hopefully the surveillance cameras caught him going in and out and Darryl will be back behind bars where he belongs.

AMELIA

How long will that take?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Once I can put him at the scene, he'll be in custody an hour later. In the meantime, I suggest you stay somewhere safe.

Amelia looks at Jenny and Carlo. Grateful to have choices.

89 EXT. CARLO'S APARTMENT - MORNING 89

The quiet morning streets.

90 INT. CARLO'S APARTMENT - MORNING 90

Amelia enters from the bedroom, in one of Carlo's shirts. The couch has been slept on but Carlo is awake, at the stove making eggs.

CARLO

Good Morning, how'd you sleep.

He leaves the stove area and pours her a cup of coffee and hands it to her.

AMELIA

Great thanks. And thanks for giving me space.

(a beat)

I haven't had a good night sleep since Darryl's been out.

He kisses her forehead, back to the stove. Amelia finds her cell phone, checks. No missed calls.

CARLO

Any messages?

AMELIA

No.

She sits down at the table with her coffee. He flips the eggs perfectly in the pan.

CARLO

Whatever you want to do today, we do.

AMELIA

Anywhere with fresh air.

The eggs are done. He slides them onto a plate, takes two forks and brings it to the table for them to share.

AMELIA

Do you have ketchup?

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

You do not eat these eggs with ketchup.

She tastes them. Intrigued.

AMELIA

Is that truffle?

CARLO

It is.

(beat)

Do you still want ketchup?

\*  
\*

AMELIA

I love ketchup. I'm sorry.

He shakes his head and brings her a new plate and the bottle of ketchup. Cuts the omelet in half and gives her a portion.

CARLO

You pollute your own plate, not mine.

Her phone rings. She moves quickly to answer it.

AMELIA

Bernice.

(to the phone)

Hey, listen can I call you back.

I'm in the middle of something...

90A

EXT. BERNICE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

90A

Establishing.

91

INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - DAY

91

INTERCUT - Bernice is behind desk.

BERNICE (O.S.)

(interrupting)

This can't wait. You're being sued.

92 EXT. MODERN MEDIA WORKS CORPORATION OFFICES - DAY 92

LANA GREY (V.O.)  
Gentleman, I believe both parties  
are after the same thing...

93 INT. MODERN MEDIA WORKS OFFICES - DAY 93

A large mahogany table engulfs this very impressive  
conference room.

On one side Bernice, Amelia in a black power suit and WILLIAM  
CROSS (50s) a lawyer. On the other side Darryl and his  
unscrupulous attorney LANA GREY (40s). She is stylish- to her  
appearances are everything.

LANA GREY  
... a quick and non-complicated  
resolution to this matter.

WILLIAM CROSS  
This matter got complicated the  
moment your client filed this  
frivolous law suit.

LANA GREY  
My client's character has  
repeatedly been attacked in Ms.  
Davis' blog.  
(beat)  
I thought we were here to  
negotiate. Obviously I was wrong...

Lana Grey theatrically starts to pack up her files.

WILLIAM CROSS  
What are you proposing?

LANA GREY  
We believe one million is a fair  
number.

BERNICE  
That's ridiculous!

LANA GREY  
That's our offer. Considering the  
circumstances I would suggest your  
client seriously think about it.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM CROSS

Circumstances? You have to be kidding me, you barely have a case. We'll see you in court.

LANA GREY

Suit yourselves.

This time Lana Grey packs up her things for real. But she keeps a MANILA FOLDER in her hand. Drops it on the desk.

LANA GREY (CONT'D)

I'm sure a jury will find Ms. Davis' choice of company quite interesting.

Cross opens the folder. CLOSE ON a MUG SHOT OF Carlo.

Grey and a smiling Darryl walk out.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Establishing.

INT. PRECINCT 12 - DAY

Amelia is standing over a copy of the mug shot in front of Detective Wilson at his desk.

AMELIA

This has to be a mistake.

DETECTIVE WILSON

The mug shot looks real. I don't know any specifics about the crime yet.

AMELIA

You said he had a clean record.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Nothing came up in my database. I've put in a call to my FBI contact to see if he can find anything from Interpol.

AMELIA

I finally meet someone I like...

95

CONTINUED:

95

DETECTIVE WILSON  
Did you talk to Carlo yet?

AMELIA  
No. I cancelled our date for tonight.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
Good. And I want you to stay away from him until we know exactly what he is hiding.

AMELIA  
What about Darryl?

DETECTIVE WILSON  
The hotel is sending over the tapes this afternoon. They have fifteen active cameras. I assigned two guys to start going through them. As soon as I know something I'll call you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMELIA  
Thanks.

96

EXT. CARLO'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

96

Carlo drives out of the building's garage door.

P.O.V OF SOMEONE WATCHING Carlo.

As he drives away.

97

EXT. AMELIA'S CAR/ CARLO'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - NIGHT

97

Carlo's car passes by followed shortly after by Amelia's.

98

OMITTED

98

99

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

99

- BMW parks beside a pick-up truck in a big empty parking lot. Amelia a safe distance away.

- Carlo steps out of the BMW and walks over to the pick-up.  
DARRYL steps out of the pick-up.

(CONTINUED)

- Amelia's P.O.V. She sees Carlo's hand extend out of his car and hands over a large envelope.

- Amelia can't believe her eyes.

Amelia starts her car and drives away.

100

EXT. PRECINCT 12 - NIGHT

100

Establish the police station.

101

INT. PRECINCT 12 - NIGHT

101

Amelia sits at the familiar desk with Detective Wilson. This time it's Jenny at her side.

AMELIA

I know it was stupid.

DETECTIVE WILSON

You're lucky they didn't see you.

AMELIA

At least I finally know the truth.

DETECTIVE WILSON

There's more. While you were playing private eye, my contact in Italy called. Carlo Rossi has no arrest record.

(a beat)

But under the name Carlo Mancini he was arrested on four counts of fraud and extortion four years ago. Charges were dropped.

\*

AMELIA

How come?

DETECTIVE WILSON

Turns out Carlo's family owns some major real estate in Naples and they carry a lot of influence over there. The guy I talked to didn't even want to get into it on the phone.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WILSON (cont'd)

I'm going to speak to the investigating officer late tonight to get more details. And I put a call in to Homeland Security to check on the conditions of his working visa.

AMELIA

How could I have been so stupid!?

JENNY

You couldn't have known.

AMELIA

He and Darryl must have been planning this the whole time.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Just promise me you'll stay far away from him until after we sort this all out. I already have the paperwork for a restraining order here for you.

He reaches for papers from his desk. But Amelia has something else in mind.

AMELIA

You want to know what works better than a restraining order? A gun.

\*

DETECTIVE WILSON

That isn't a way to strike back or reclaim power. It's a means of defending yourself when there's no other alternative.

AMELIA

I don't want to rely on some judge to protect me. Now that I know who it is...  
I can protect myself.

Establishing.

103 INT. AMELIA APARTMENT - DAY 103

Amelia at her desktop computer types the words:

"Carlo Mancini Naples, Italy in a Google page.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN.

First few search results are in Italian. The cursor finally clicks on a BBC News Article.

AMELIA (V.O.)

It's impossible to feel safe and protected all the time. In one way or another we are all vulnerable.

HEADLINE - "SON OF ITALIAN FINANCIAL TYCOON ACCUSED OF STEALING MILLIONS."

Clicks on an Associated Press article

HEADLINE -"ITALIAN PLAYBOY STEALS FROM GRIEVING WIDOW."

Amelia has seen enough. Closes the browser window.

104 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 104

Amelia writing her blog.

AMELIA (V.O.)

Those that we let in know where we hurt the most, our worst fears, our insecurities.

105 EXT. ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN OFFICE - DAY 105

Establishing.

106 INT. BIANCA, CONTI & DE LUCA ARCHITECTURE FIRM- DAY 106

Carlo on the phone at his desk.

AMELIA'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not here to take your call right now.

Carlo slams the phone at his desk. He knows she's avoiding him.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

AMELIA (V.O.)

Those who want to get in but can't  
look for cracks in our armor.

107 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY 107

DETECTIVE WILSON (V.O.)

(to the phone)

Why wasn't he prosecuted?

108 INT. PRECINCT 12 - DAY 108

Detective Wilson is on the phone at his desk with the phone  
call he has been expecting.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Is your investigation still  
ongoing?

Wilson writes down some notes.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I would appreciate it if you would  
send me the file.

109 OMITTED 109

110 INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY 110

Amelia takes aim at a Paper Perp twenty yards away.

AMELIA (V.O.)

But it is how we deal with our  
vulnerabilities that we define our  
strengths and our weaknesses.

Hands shaking.

AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And while I know I can't change the  
past or heal old wounds, I believe  
that being a victim is a state of  
mind.

(beat)

I am going to change my state of  
mind.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a deep breath. Aims and FIRES.

AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Never Back Down is only the  
beginning. The end is when we are  
confident, secure in who we are,  
able to defend ourselves.

She steadies her hand and FIRES again. And AGAIN. And AGAIN.

She flips a switch activating the pulley mechanism bringing  
the target closer to her.

The Paper Perp has 3 HOLES in his chest.

END OF ACT FIVE

110 CONTINUED: 110

ACT SIX

111 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 111

Establishing

112 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT- DAY 112

Bernice and Amelia are at the kitchen table. Amelia opens the manila envelop. Reads the lawsuit.

AMELIA

Defamation of character,  
intentional infliction of emotional  
distress... This is all lies.

BERNICE FRANKEL

From a legal standpoint, they're  
going to lose. But I've gone up  
against Lana Grey before and she'll  
take this all the way just to keep  
seeing herself on tv.

Bernice hands her a series of photos.

-Amelia and Carlo holding hands.

-Amelia kissing Carlo in his car.

-Carlo's mug shot. His stare is intense, grimy.

Amelia throws the photos across the table.

BERNICE FRANKEL (CONT'D)

Pictures of you with a convict  
won't go over well with your  
audience or the advertisers. Even  
if it was all a setup.

AMELIA

This is my private life. I didn't  
do anything wrong here.

BERNICE FRANKEL

No, but that doesn't matter in the  
court of public opinion. If you  
lose your credibility, you lose  
everything.

(CONTINUED)

112

CONTINUED:

112

She walks over to the window. Looks down on the somber city.

BERNICE

Modern Media Works is willing to  
put up all the money to make this  
go away quietly. It won't cost you  
a thing.

AMELIA

Yes it will.  
(beat)  
I'm tired of being pushed around.

112A

EXT. PRECINCT 12 - DAY

112A

Establishing

113

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

113

Detective Wilson paces the room. Carlo seated at the table,  
arms crossed.

CARLO

My papers are in order. I still  
don't know what you want from me.

Wilson slaps down fax copies of a crime report.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Says here, you're a lying thief who  
extorts grieving women for money.

CARLO

This is out of your jurisdiction.  
And all those charges against me  
were dismissed.

BEHIND THE TWO WAY MIRROR....

Amelia watching. A look of disbelief.

DETECTIVE WILSON

What about your involvement with  
Darryl Devine?

CARLO

I'm not talking without a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WILSON

Seems like you two guys have a lot in common.

(a beat)

You know what I think? I think you read about Ms. Davis' upcoming payday and are looking for a quick score.

CARLO

That's a lie.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I know all about your family back in Italy. Seems your portfolio isn't what it used to be. You have a history of taking advantage of women for money, you conveniently show up right when Amelia sells her blog and you've been seen associating with her ex-husband who is suing her and using you as leverage. I think it fits perfectly.

Wilson holds up a copy of the passport and visa.

DETECTIVE WILSON

One phone call to immigration about a potential extortion on US soil and neither Carlo Rossi or Carlo Mancini will ever set foot in this country again.

CARLO

Federal crimes. Out of your...

CARLO

DETECTIVE WILSON

\*  
\*

DETECTIVE WILSON

For an innocent man you seem to know an awful lot about the judicial system.

CARLO

I came to this country to start over. That is why I changed my name. This has nothing to do with you!

DETECTIVE WILSON

That's where you're wrong... Ms. Davis has everything to do with me.

CARLO

I was trying to protect her!

DETECTIVE WILSON

How? By plotting with her abusive ex-husband to extort her?

Finally Carlo shows a BURST OF ANGER.

CARLO

I tried to pay him off. So he would leave her alone.

Carlo SLAMS his hands down on the table and STANDS up. Wilson does not back down.

CARLO

(pointing at Wilson)

It's you. You who can't protect her! She's in danger. I am trying to keep her safe.

Wilson gets in Carlo's face.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I'm keeping an eye on you.

CARLO

Isn't that what you told Darryl?

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Amelia backs away - spooked.

Establishing.

Amelia and Jenny sit at her kitchen table, a pot of tea between them. Having a heart to heart.

AMELIA

It was like I was looking at a complete stranger.

JENNY

You couldn't have known.

AMELIA

But I should have. When things went bad with Darryl I was young, naive. Now I know what people are capable of and I still opened myself up to this.

JENNY

You took a chance on someone.

AMELIA

I barely knew him. I just can't trust anyone.

JENNY

If you closed yourself off after Darryl you would have never gotten your life back on track. You wouldn't have started the blog, you would have never met me.

Amelia pours herself some tea. Makes her feel better.

AMELIA

I know you're right. And I know this is all their fault. But I'm tired of being victimized.

JENNY

What about the lawsuit?

AMELIA

The thought of them walking away from this with one cent makes me sick.

JENNY

Whose decision is it?

AMELIA

Mine. But Modern Media Works can terminate my contract.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

JENNY

That won't happen.

AMELIA

At this point, I don't care about the job or the blog or the money. Darryl and Carlo think they can exploit me.

JENNY

Is there anything I can do?

AMELIA

Can you stay over tonight?

JENNY

Of course.

116

EXT. OVERLOOK OF BOSTON FROM ZAKIM BRIDGE - DAY

116

The reflection of the sun bounces brilliantly off the Charles River.

117

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

117

Amelia and Jenny are having breakfast over coffee. Amelia's phone rings. She check, answers.

AMELIA

This is early for you, Bernice.  
(a beat, listening)  
What channel?

Amelia grabs the remote, turns the small flat screen in the corner of the kitchen on.

ANGLE ON TV

Darryl is surrounded by reporters answering questions.

DARRYL

I paid for my crimes. But this media pressure, this hounding I've been exposed to has inflicted extreme emotional distress on me. And that is because of Amelia Davis. Media darling.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

REPORTER (O.S.)

Don't you think three million  
dollars is bit excessive?

DARRYL

What's excessive is the vindictive  
& unjust way that I've been  
treated. It's not about the money,  
it's about justice & doing what's  
right.

AMELIA

(to the phone)

What the hell does this mean  
Bernice?

117A OMITTED

117A \*

118 INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - DAY

118

Bernice talks on the phone while at her desk.

INTER-CUT BETWEEN THE BOTH OF THEM.

BERNICE

Just scare tactics. But it worked.  
Modern Media Works wants to settle.

AMELIA

No way.

BERNICE

Don't worry, Grosslight has deep  
pockets.

AMELIA

I don't care. Let them try to take  
this to court, let them release the  
photos. But I'm not agreeing to  
anything.

She closes the phone.

AMELIA

It's like my life is completely out  
of my hands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (cont'd)

(a beat)

Wilson called. Said they caught  
Darryl on the surveillance tapes.

JENNY

That's amazing. Can they arrest him  
right away?

AMELIA

The DA needs to sign off on the  
warrant. But it won't be long.

She sits back down, exhales.

AMELIA

I need to get out of the city for a  
while.

JENNY

What about that spa you took me to  
on my birthday last year.

AMELIA

Now you're talking. That's exactly  
what I need.

JENNY

What we need.

AMELIA

You'll come with me?

JENNY

You think I'm letting you go  
anywhere alone?

Amelia grabs her laptop.

Amelia and Jenny drive off in her Red Mazda.

Amelia speeds down a deserted two lane highway. Wants to pass  
the slow car in front of her.

Turns the left signal on, checks oncoming traffic.  
Accelerates. Passes the car, checks her rearview.

A car comes into the left lane behind her to do the same.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I think someone's following me.

JENNY

It's probably a coincidence.

Amelia is alarmed, checks the rearview again.

Carlo in his BMW. Pulling back into the right hand lane.

AMELIA

It's Carlo.

Jenny turns around. He catches her gaze.

JENNY

Oh my God!

Inside the purse on the back seat, Amelia's CELL PHONE RINGS.  
We see the caller ID - Carlo. The sounds of the engines drown  
it out.

Another car in front of them.

Amelia hits the gas pedal to pass another car. All clear.

She passes and goes back to the right hand lane.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

See him?

Jenny turns back.

JENNY

No.

After a few seconds, Carlo's car appears in the left hand  
lane.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(panicked)

He's coming.

Carlo passes the car but stays in the left hand lane. Closing  
in fast.

(CONTINUED)

120

CONTINUED:

120

Her Mazda in no match for his BMW. He pulls up along side her within seconds.

121

INT/EXT. AMELIA'S CAR - DAY

121

ANGLE ON the speedometer. 120. The needle won't go any futher. Carlo signals for her to pull over.

CARLO

Pull over! I just want to talk!

She shakes her head.

AMELIA

(yelling)

Leave me alone!

An on-coming car. On a direct path with Carlo's car.

JENNY

(pointing)

Car coming!

Carlo doesn't see until it's almost too late.

Amelia keeps going.

Carlo SLAMS on his brakes at the last second. Swerves behind Amelia. CLOSE CALL. He's on Amelia's tail.

He moves back to the left hand lane and is beside her again. Lowers his window and starts shouting something.

A CURVE ahead. Looks clear, but as they turn, an ON COMING motorcycle is close by.

\*

HONKS its HORN. On a direct path with Carlo. Amelia slows down to let his car come back into her lane.

But at the high speed around the bend, Carlo can't control the vehicle.

LOSES CONTROL

The BMW slides off the road, down along the shoulder ditch, catching the gravel and FLIPPING OVER, landing upside down.

Amelia pulls over to the shoulder and turns around to see Carlo's car badly damaged.

(CONTINUED)

END OF ACT SIX

121 CONTINUED:

121

ACT SEVEN

122 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - AFTERNOON

122

Police and Paramedics have arrived. The mangled BMW in background. Carlo has been removed from the wreckage onto a stretcher and into an AMBULANCE that drives off with SIRENS BLARING.

A PARAMEDIC walks over to the side where Amelia is comforted by Wilson.

AMELIA

How is he?

DETECTIVE WILSON

It doesn't look good.

Amelia sobs. Detective Wilson speaks softly, sympathetically.

DETECTIVE WILSON

We had to let him go after the interrogation. Didn't have enough to hold him.

Amelia unresponsive.

AMELIA

I just want to go home.

JENNY

I'll drive.

Amelia gives her the keys.

123 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

123

As the car pulls up the apartment a the press are camped out in front of the building. They RUSH toward it.

REPORTER

There she is!

(a beat)

Ms. Davis, what is your relationship with Mr. Mancini? Were you romantically involved with him?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

JENNY  
Leave her alone!

FLASH, FLASH, FLASH

Jenny helps Amelia out, as they shield themselves from the light bulbs.

124 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 124

Amelia and Jenny walk into the apartment. She drops her bags in the front entrance and punches the code into the alarm keypad. Exhausted, emotionally drained.

JENNY  
I'll take the couch.

125 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 125

Unable to stay on her feet any longer - Amelia plops onto the bed. Out cold within seconds.

126 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT 126

Establishing.

127 INT. PRECINCT 12 - NIGHT 127

Detective Wilson is filling out the report when a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER shows up at his desk holding a sheet of paper.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER  
This just came in. You better take a look at it.

Wilson reads through it.

DETECTIVE WILSON  
No wonder they didn't prosecute him. The case was frivolous. Guess those women were trying to shake him down.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER  
Based on these bank statements, I can see why. Unfortunately all that money isn't going to help him now.

(CONTINUED)

127

CONTINUED:

127

Wilson nods his thanks to the Officer who walks away. Wilson picks up the phone and dials.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Amelia. I have some news about Carlo.

128

EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

128

Amelia walks out of the building to the Reporter. She is determined.

AMELIA

No questions. But I have a statement.

The guys get set up with the Camera.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Tell me when you're ready.

Amelia composes herself. Looks into the camera.

AMELIA

I had a relationship with Carlo Rossi. Carlo Mancini - that ended because I chose to believe information that turned out to be untrue. I pray Carlo recovers and that I will have a chance to speak with him again, to apologize for doubting him. But I will not apologize to my ex husband, whose allegations against me are just another attempt at intimidation. Abuse disguises itself in many forms. It can be physical or psychological, it feeds on our insecurities and aims to strip us of our identity and self worth. But I know who I am and I know who you are Darryl.

(into the cameras)

You are a selfish, arrogant pathetic excuse for a human being. And if you want to up your lawsuit for defamation because I said that, go right ahead.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

AMELIA (cont'd)

Because no matter what you threaten  
to do. I will NEVER. BACK. DOWN.

Amelia turns. Walks back inside the building. The Reporter  
nods to the Cameraman. Good stuff.

128A INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 128A

Amelia enters, Jenny is waiting for her.

JENNY

I'm so proud of you.

They hug.

129 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY 129

A line of squad cars parked on the street.

130 INT. PRECINCT 12 - DAY 130

Wilson at his desk. The same uniformed police officer as  
before comes rushing over holding a piece of paper.

DETECTIVE WILSON

What do you got?

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

That warrant you've been asking  
for, Darryl Devine? D.A. just  
signed it.

Wilson rips it from his hand on the way passed him.

131 OMITTED 131

132 OMITTED 132

133 INT. DARRYL'S APARTMENT - DAY 133

A team of POLICE led by Detective Wilson BANG on the door. No  
answer.

DETECTIVE WILSON (O.S.)

Mr. Devine, open up. Police!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 133

No Answer. Police storm in, guns raised. Scope out the place. The place is empty. He pulls out his cell phone.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Yeah it's me. He's gone. Put out an APB on him and his truck.

Wilson pounds the wall in frustration.

134 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 134

Establishing.

135 INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 135

Amelia opens the bedroom door, already dressed. Jenny is drinking a store bought Latte at the table.

AMELIA

Darryl's on the loose again.

JENNY

It never ends.

She notices the coffee.

AMELIA

Did you go out?

JENNY

Your tv appearance only made things worse. There's a horde of reporters out there.

AMELIA

This is getting ridiculous.

JENNY

You're coming to stay with me.

AMELIA

They'll just follow us.

JENNY

I'm a step ahead. I parked my car in the back.

136 EXT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 136

Jenny's car exits by the alley, unnoticed past the DOZENS of people waiting for her outside the building. \*

Amelia ducking in the back seat.

From the apartment we see Jenny's car drive down the alley.

137 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY 137

Old dilapidated hotel. The neon sign out front advertising rooms for \$29.99 and free cable.

138 INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM- DAY 138

Darryl is watching the news on the old tube television.

AMELIA giving her warning.

DARRYL  
(to himself)  
Bitch!

139 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 139

A pizza delivery car drives away from the house.

140 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE, OFFICE/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 140

Amelia is lying down on the bed, typing on her laptop. Jenny knocks and opens the door.

JENNY  
Work time is over. Dinner is served.

AMELIA  
I'll be out in a minute!

141 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 141

Amelia and Jenny relax outside. The pizza box is empty, Amelia offers Jenny more wine. She shakes her head.

Her phone BUZZES.

(CONTINUED)

141

CONTINUED:

141

AMELIA

Every time I try to relax...

She checks the ID.

JENNY

Who is it?

AMELIA

Bernice.

JENNY

Voicemail.

Amelia laughs, and answers.

AMELIA

(to the phone)

Hey Bernice. What's up?

141A EXT. BERNICE'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

141A \*

Establishing.

142 INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

142

Bernice is behind her desk. Where she does most of her business.

\*

We CUT BACK and FORTH on the conversation

BERNICE FRANKEL

After your tv performance, the server went nuts from the traffic. Shut the whole thing down. But it's back up.

AMELIA

Are the responses good or bad?

BERNICE FRANKEL

Your fans are showering you with love.

AMELIA

What about Darryl and the lawsuit?

(CONTINUED)

BERNICE FRANKEL

Modern Media Works is backing you one hundred percent. They don't want to settle. Darryl's a footnote.

AMELIA

That's fantastic.

BERNICE FRANKEL

It gets better. I've had fifty calls for interview requests. And I don't mean affiliates. I'm talking the ones that go by one name. And Random House wants the book rights.

AMELIA

This is unbelievable.

BERNICE FRANKEL

Call me in the morning and we can strategize.

Amelia hangs up, and falls on the couch astounded. Jenny joins her.

AMELIA

Darryl is out of luck on all fronts.

JENNY

Modern Media Works is taking their settlement offer off the table?

AMELIA

For good.

JENNY

Things are finally starting to look up for you, lady.

Jenny gives her a big hug.

AMELIA

I feel I should write something for the blog. Do you mind if I head upstairs.

JENNY

Of course. I'll finish cleaning up.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

Amelia makes her way to the bedroom.

END OF ACT 7

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

ACT EIGHT

143 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 143

In the pitch darkness, headlights approach the row of townhouses.

As the car parks in front of Jenny's place, the lights are extinguished.

144 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 144

Jenny is emptying the clean dishes and glasses from dishwasher.

145 INT. DARRYL'S CAR - NIGHT 145 \*

Darryl, disheveled, steps out of the car. Knocks on the door.

146 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 146 \*

Jenny puts the last of the glasses away, checks her watch. Walks to the door, looks through the peep hole.

Sees Darryl.

Takes a deep breath and as he is about to POUND on the door again, Jenny opens it.

Darryl. He is angry. He pushes past her. \*

DARRYL \*

I need a beer. \*

He moves to the fridge and pulls out a beer. \*

JENNY \*

What the hell do you think you're doing? \*

DARRYL \*

The lawsuit is dead.

(CONTINUED)

He shuts the fridge door to reveal Jenny standing with a gun and silencer aimed straight at him. \*

JENNY

One more step and it will be the last one you'll ever take.

He's not afraid.

DARRYL

Put it down. Stop fooling around. \*

She unlocks the safety.

JENNY

You are not going to screw this up for me.

Jenny has a different look in her eye. She is sly, cunning. In control.

DARRYL

For you? I thought we were in this together? **We** were going to get our sweet Amelia.

JENNY

Yes we were. But that boyfriend of hers screwed everything up.

DARRYL

So what do we do now?

JENNY

Like you said. The lawsuit is dead. And so are you.

Jenny SHOTS him without hesitation. The SILENCER mutes the noise.

Darryl SLUMPS to the ground, dead.

Amelia lies on the bed typing on her computer which is on a pillow on her lap. She stretches her back out in obvious discomfort. She looks over to the closet.

AMELIA (V.O.)

Every instance of abuse has two victims. The second is trust. When the person you trusted more than anyone turns on you and destroys that trust you think you will never let anyone in ever again. I've recently allowed myself to have faith in someone. For the first time in a long time I can say, I have a friend and I trust her.

Amelia reaches into the closet to take another pillow. As she reaches for it - A SHOE BOX falls down onto the floor, opening up.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

HER COLUMN - the letters to embarrassed.

At the bottom of the stack is a white stamped opened envelope addressed to AMELIA DAVIS.

She opens the computer printed letter. Reads.

JENNY/ TREVOR'S VOICE (V.O.)

Dear Amelia,  
Your words have given me courage.  
She has pushed me around too long.

FLASHBACK - Close on the computer screen as the words of the letter are being typed. Widen to reveal Trevor is at the computer composing the letter.

JENNY/ TREVOR'S VOICE

I was "embarrassed" because my abuser is my wife. But tonight, I stand up for myself. Tonight I tell her that it is over. I am leaving her for good. Thanks for guiding me through the hurt.  
Trevor.

Trevor takes the letter from the printer and puts it in a stamped envelope and then into the shoebox.

149 INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 149

Jenny reading another article from the shoebox.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

Jenny whips her head around to see Trevor standing behind her with rage in his eyes. She's been caught.

END OF FLASHBACK

150 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 150

Jenny pours the coffee into the mug. Calm, cool and collected.

Amelia comes out holding the letters. She can't see the body. Jenny cuts her off and hands her the coffee.

JENNY  
What are you doing? I thought you were working.

\*  
\*

Amelia hands her the letter.

AMELIA  
It was all a lie wasn't it?  
(a beat)  
You were never embarrassed, Trevor was.

Jenny is holding the letter.

JENNY  
He was definitely an embarrassment.

AMELIA  
You were the one abusing him.

JENNY  
I knew I should have thrown that away. But I just couldn't do it.

\*

AMELIA  
Everything you ever told me is a lie.

Jenny opens the drawer and picks up the gun.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

Talk about the pot and the kettle.  
Your whole life is a concoction.  
You're no heroine. You're a coward  
who hides behind her keyboard and  
mouse.

Jenny turns around to face Amelia. Her true colors in full force.

Amelia spots the gun. Instinctively takes a step back.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I mean, come on! Darryl pushed YOU  
around?

Jenny gestures to the corner of the kitchen- Darryl's dead body.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You should have done that years  
ago.

Amelia stares at Darryl, emotions running wild.

AMELIA

I'm not a killer.

JENNY

No, you're not.

Jenny cocks the gun for effect.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You're a victim.

AMELIA

I trusted you.

JENNY

Then I guess you're also a terrible  
judge of character.

AMELIA

What did I ever do to you?

JENNY

You ruined my life is what!  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

150

CONTINUED:

150

JENNY (cont'd)

Yeah I pushed Trevor around a little. But it worked for us. We were happy. Then he starts reading your garbage. Never Back Down. What a crock! Got him all fired up.

Jenny grabs the pile of letters and throws them at her sending them flying all over the room.

JENNY (CONT'D)

His letters.

FLASH BACK TO:

151

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

151

Trevor stands in front of Jenny who is on the bed leafing through the letters.

JENNY

(laughing)

And you believe this garbage?

TREVOR

Yes. This is it. We're through.

JENNY

That's your big stand? You don't have the balls to fight back.

TREVOR

You don't know what I'm capable of.

JENNY

Unfortunately I know exactly what you're capable of.

She opens the drawer. Takes out the gun.

With blood shot eyes, Trevor clenches a small table lamp over his head, about to hurl it in Jenny's direction.

JENNY

(calmly)

Put it down Trevor.

SCREEN GOES TO BLACK.

O.S. The Shattering of a LAMP followed by a loud SHRIEK.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

JENNY

Look what you made me do!

The DEAFENING ECHO of ONE SINGLE GUNSHOT.

152 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

152

Jenny gets closer. The gun by her side. Amelia can't take her eyes off of it.

JENNY

I didn't have a choice. And thanks to you, the police assumed I was the victim. All I had to do was show them the letters.

(at Trevor's letter)

Not that one of course.

(a beat)

When you think about it, it's your fault Trevor died.

AMELIA

You're sick.

JENNY

(shrugs her shoulder)

Yeah.

Jenny lifts her arm and AIMS the gun at Amelia's head.

Amelia backs away. Resigned to the fact that she's going to die.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Want to know the funny thing? Darryl was the one who cared about the money. All I wanted was to make you suffer. But then you offered me the writing job. And now I'm going to have everything you have. Come to think of it I guess you can call that the sweetest kind of revenge.

AMELIA

You'll never get away with this.

JENNY

Oh how wrong you are my darling.

(a beat, sighing)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

152

CONTINUED:

152

JENNY (cont'd)

When the world finds out I killed  
Darryl while trying to save you- in  
vain, of course- Modern Media Works  
will pass the torch on to me. To  
continue the fight on behalf of our  
fallen martyr  
(a beat)  
Amelia Davis.

Jenny cocks the gun about to shoot when Detective Wilson  
BUSTS OPEN the front door.

With Jenny in his sights, he doesn't hesitate.

SHOOTS Jenny on the spot.

153

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LATER

153

Amelia escorted out of the home by Detective Wilson, his arms  
around her with a blanket over her shoulders, flanked by two  
other uniform police officers.

A coroner's van is parked out front is handling the two body  
bags on gurneys.

Wilson opens the front door to his squad car for her.

She passes it by, choosing to sit on the fender instead. He  
sits down next to her. The trauma is still fresh.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I wish I could have gotten to you  
sooner. Lucky you sent the text  
when you did.

Her eyes are cold, numb.

AMELIA

Nice to be lucky for a change.

DETECTIVE WILSON

I bet.

AMELIA

You were shooting to kill, weren't  
you.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WILSON

I didn't want you to have to rely  
on some judge to protect you.

AMELIA

Thanks.

DETECTIVE WILSON

Carlo woke up. He's going to be  
fine.

(a beat)

He asked about you.

Amelia nods, lets out half a smile. Maybe now her life  
begins.

A REPORTER truck pulls up to the house. They are looking for  
her.

DETECTIVE WILSON (CONT'D)

I'll go deal with the press.

AMELIA

Thanks. Now I can get on with the  
rest of my life

Amelia stands up. She starts to walk away.

She goes off by herself. Wilson watches her. She breathes the  
fresh air. She's not afraid. Not anymore.

FADE OUT.