

EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAZA – LATE AFTERNOON

Glass towers glare. Office crowds drift like tide. Amare waits under a sycamore, duffel at his feet, eyes on the sidewalk. HELLEN appears in a blazer, coffee in hand—on her break, professional and sharp. She spots him, forces a smile, steps into the light.

HELLEN
(low, careful)
Hey Amare. You good? You sounded rather strange on the phone.

AMARE
(quick)
Need to ask you something about the house you rented to me. Who owned that place before you?

HELLEN
Why do you ask?

AMARE
Just curious.

HELLEN
(carefree)
It was my mom's house from her first marriage.

AMARE
(half joking)
Oh ok. My sister said something about a mob or something crazy like that. I knew she was buggin.

Hellen's smile fades. She takes a breath, looks around before she answers. The whole mood suddenly shifts to something much darker and sinister.

HELLEN
My moms first husband didn't work a 9 to 5. He was in the streets so he couldn't put the house in his own name.

AMARE
(uneasy)
What do you mean, "in the streets"?

HELLEN
(soft, steady)
He was an underboss in the Irish mob. When they were young it was... exciting.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELLEN (CONT'D)

The money rolled in. But then she found out the other shit—the tortures, the hits. She couldn't stomach it. She walked away and he let her go. I guess he knew she wasn't built for that kinda life. Before you moved in the house had been vacant for years, I kinda think my mom forgot that she owned it, but when she passed I kinda inherited by default.

Amare's jaw tightens. The plaza noise dims in his head.

AMARE

Do you think they're still around?

HELLEN

Who?

AMARE

The Irish mob.

HELLEN

(doesn't hesitate)

Oh hell yeah. Those organizations don't just vanish. They move in plain sight, much quieter and smarter. It's too much money and power involved for them to just disappear... wait... did something happen?

AMARE

Nah. I was just curious. I saw a white dude in a car outside the house and it kinda creeped me out. It's been on my mind even since.

HELLEN

(leaning in, deadly serious)

If you even think you spot one of those Irish guys — don't stare, don't ask questions, don't try to be brave. Get the hell away. They're calculated, ruthless—everything is planned before it starts. Bottom line: they don't fuck around.