

Suddenly, the loud, rusted, oil spewing, Murphy's Iron Works truck rolls to a stop right in front of the Skillpa House. Emma watches a filthy Neil, smoking, and an IRONWORKER exit the truck and head up the walkway.

KNOCK

KNOCK

Emma opens the door.

NEIL

Good morning ma'am. Is the man of the house here?

EMMA

Who are you?

NEIL

I'm here about the train.

EMMA

What about it?

NEIL

Your husband hired me to remove it.

Emma steps into the doorjamb, leans against it and defiantly folds her arms.

EMMA

Did he?

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER, carrying an arm full of lumber, walks into the backyard.

NEIL

Yes, ma'am.

Emma's speech becomes pointed.

EMMA

I'm sorry to say, but the train is staying right here. My husband was mistaken. We are hosting the rally.

NEIL

(getting angry)

And I'm sorry to say that he promised me three hundred dollars in cash.

Neil pulls the work order out of his pocket and shows it to Emma.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I have it in writing. Do you see your husband's name on the bottom of this contract?

EMMA

Yes.

NEIL

Do you see three hundred dollars?

Emma is totally caught off-guard.

EMMA

Well, as I said before he's not here. I will speak with him about--

FANNY (O.S.)

(a bit frantic)

Is Maggie with you?

Emma, the Ironworker and Neil look down the walk path to see Fanny exiting her car and darting towards them.

EMMA

(concerned)

No, why?

NEIL

(to Emma)

Ma'am, I will be back here tomorrow at eight thirty. You better have that three hundred dollars or you'll be meeting my attorney.

Neil waves the contract in Emma's face, then he and the Ironworker leave.

Fanny reaches Emma at the door.

FANNY

Who was that? Is everything okay?

EMMA

(nervous)

Yes, it's fine. Why?

Fanny glances at Neil as he jumps in his truck, then she quickly turns back to Emma.