EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - MORNING

EMMA FRANZ, late 20s, Black, unlocks a five-by-ten storage unit. Her mall-security uniform has been pressed with care.

Beside her sits a battered 2002 Toyota Corolla. The driver's seat is reclined. A folded blanket, travel pillow and toiletry bag fill the passenger footwell.

Two school photographs are clipped to the dashboard.

Inside the storage unit: an armoire, a laundry basket, a battery lantern and boxes marked TEDDY and SYLVIE. Everything fits exactly.

Emma opens the armoire and chooses a clean blouse for later.

Her phone rings. She answers at once.

EMMA
Hey, babies.

TEDDY, 8, and SYLVIE, 6, erupt down the line, both trying to speak first.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hey, hey. Teddy, you answered first yesterday. Let your sister have a turn.

Sylvie commandeers the phone.

SYLVIE (V.O.)
Nanny says you're taking us to the movies.

EMMA
Oh, she did, did she?

Sylvie squeals her confirmation.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You and Teddy think about what you want to see. You can tell me over dinner.

SYLVIE (V.O.)
At the food court?

EMMA
At the food court.

Both children cheer.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Now, is your homework done?

The line goes abruptly quiet.

Distant footsteps pound away from the phone.

Emma laughs.

EMMA (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

She hangs the clean blouse inside the car, beside the children's photographs.

Then she closes and locks the storage unit.