**Too late**

Too late. The truth of their involvement had dawned on him far too late. Scarlett was there when he finally came to, though. She saw the flash of understanding in his eyes and she knew; he understood his blunder. She decided to drop the charming, happy-go-lucky, dumb blonde façade that she’d used to get to this point. Right now she was going to show him the real Scarlett Reicer.

Then she pulled the trigger. The two bullets left the chamber of her silenced pistol within milliseconds of one another, each perforating his skull and leaving a trail of high velocity blood spatter on the wall behind him.

Life, as the man in front her had just learned, was a game of social manipulation. One played, alternately, between fast thinking chess players and the fools who thought themselves as such. It didn’t take the wisdom of a grand master to understand who was whom in this scenario.

**Security breaking / the gun**

There were three ways Scarlett could have approached this contract: don’t be seen, don’t be noticed or don’t be discovered. The first would have been simple with the support of her regular team but not as simple now, while the third involved far too much improvisation – her good looks and charisma were no substitute for a plan.

So she had chosen the second option and had observed the target, falling into his nightly routine when she was ready. The man was a womanizer, a fact which had made getting close to him that much easier.

Scarlett had already taken care of the security cameras by the time they were alone. Her old teammates would have given her a hard time about using a “chick’s gun” for the mission, were they around to see it, but she didn’t much care. The job was done.

**No humans Involved**

In total, Scarlett had expended 8 rounds across her three victims for the evening. She felt no sympathy for the target or his bodyguard but she would have preferred to have left the concierge alive. Under normal circumstances, she hated leaving collateral damage behind but, in this case, it was necessary.

The golden rule of her trade was simple: targets – and those who would defend them - were not human. They were part of the mission and needed to be eliminated. It was a pity that the concierge had chosen that exact moment to come up to the target’s suite. Scarlett regretted having to fire the 2 bullets that pierced his cranium because, in truth, the man’s only crime was being good at his job.

**Meeting Jacen**

It was neither his looks nor the suit that drew Scarlett’s interest, though both were sufficient to attract her gaze, so much as it was the man himself. He was standing outside the hotel wearing full black tie: a black suit with shawl lapels, an evening waistcoat, a butterfly bowtie, a white pocket square and a red boutonniere. Classic and tailored to his frame.

What really interested her about him was his body language, and the fact that he was standing alone, his arms folded and his shoulder drooped with a thousand yard stare on his face. Scarlett was sure that he was supposed to be at the event she’d passed on her own way out.

**The gun room**

Scarlett Reicer’s personal gun collection – spanning assault rifles, sniper rifles, shotguns, sub-machine guns and pistols – was perched on the walls of the most heavily secured room in her house. The woman herself sat at the table in the center of it, cleaning the .22 semi-automatic handgun she had used the night before.

Scarlett was almost done when she heard a distant knock. Using the remainder of last night’s ammunition, she loaded the gun and moved towards the door. She took it off of safety and wrenched the door open with her right hand, pointing the weapon with her left. There was nothing there.

The knocking still persisted. It must have been the front door. She thought about unloading the gun, putting the ammunition away and packing up her cleaning kit but her instincts got the better of her. Scarlett flicked the safety back on and tucked the firearm inside of her pants, throwing her shirt over the visible section, before letting the door close behind her. She made sure, though, to set the alarm and check that the finger print scanner was operational.

The morning after

The decision

**Notes**

*Overall message*: Don’t give in to your baser instincts. Jacen does, Scarlett doesn’t and he ends up losing.

* The story should be told from two perspectives. One in first person and the other in third person (Scarlett).
* This is meant to be my Bond narrative so I hope to have glamour and intrigue here.
  + I want the illustration to be like the poster of Spectre
  + I may want to go back to the idea of Scarlett having green eyes
    - Basically being Amber Heard
  + Jacen is most likely John Boyega

*Scarlett-Hope Reicer*

[It would be great if Scarlett’s asides had their own character arc for her – she has to realize that people are not objects and that she has feelings too. She is remorseful in the abstract be really has to feel a course of action. She has to have a moment of choice]

* Scarlett has a sense of honor
* She was the only woman on a team of assassins (Brett Everkin, Xan)
* Scarlett’s crisis should be emotional
* Does she like what she does?
  + She has made a moral compromise to do this.
  + She doesn’t love it
  + This is just the best way to utilize her skills
    - It’s the only thing she knows how to do
    - If she can use her skills to make enough money to retire then great
* She is someone who would extend a professional courtesy to someone else

*Jacen Caan*

* Jacen is feeling guilty for getting an award that he didn’t earn – though nepotism and manipulation – not knowing that he will be presented with an opportunity for the glory that he has always wanted. He has to choose between glory and lust. He wants to earn something for himself
  + His descriptions of her have to go from beautiful and poetic to base and down-right pornographic
* It’s becoming clear to me that the best place to pick up from is the award ceremony as far as Jacen is concerned – I may have to start a new document just for him
* Jacen comes to question her – I like the idea of Scarlett answering the door with a loaded gun in her hands

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