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FADE IN:

**EXT. SEATTLE CITYSCAPE - DAY**

A foggy day in Seattle town as we cruise over landmarks of the city like the fog off Puget Sound.

**INT. STUDIO - DAY**

Paint, sculptures of human skeletons litter the room.

SERBIA, a young naked pierced girl, 22, sprawls artfully across a sofa. She's posing for a group of ART STUDENTS from all walks of life.

MARNIE TOUSSANT, 30s, a Hitchcock blonde, saunters the aisles, inspecting work, offering advice. *An English woman, looks like a schoolteacher, is apt to get into a cab with you and, to your surprise, she'll probably pull a man's pants open.*

Marnie regards a conspicuously EMPTY STOOL to her right. A LONGING in her eyes.

**EXT. CROW'S NEST - DAY**

"The CROW'S NEST BAR & SEAFOOD NOOK", a cozy little waterfront restaurant.

A FERRY glide across the placid Sound, and -

MOUNT RAINIER towers majestically over it all.

**INT. CROW'S NEST - DAY**

Among the hurly burly of the lunchtime business set.

ARTEMESIA SCHERZINGER, 50, Kate Beckinsale type, alone, with a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, Armani skirt suit, but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

JOE DAVIS, 30s, enters. Consummate Hollywood douchebag. Artemesia waves at him -- Joe spots her and his whole demeanor changes.

You know exactly what he's thinking -- I am so gonna hit that. He sleazes over to Artemesia's table.

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CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Joe, I'm Artemesia Scherzinger.  
Thanks for meeting me.

JOE

Wow. Just... wow. You are  
incredibly hot. Is it okay if I  
say that?

ARTEMESIA

(smiles)

I think I'll get over it.

He sits, looks over at Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

As I explained to your assistant,  
I'm an attorney. You use to be  
married to Beverly Wickmire.

JOE

How's the bitch?

ARTEMESIA

There's a slight problem with the  
paperwork. You never signed your  
entry of judgment. So you're  
still married.

She retrieves documents from a Bosca leather briefcase.

ARTEMESIA

So I have some new divorce papers  
for you to sign.

He moves closer, puts his hand on the seat of her chair.

JOE

Here's an idea. You. Me. Let's  
have dinner tonight.

ARTEMESIA

Uh-huh. I don't date married men.

A beat. Joe sits back.

JOE

Aw, man. God dammit. Are you  
kidding me?

ARTEMESIA

You understand you two are no  
longer in a relationship, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Blah, blah, blah, and--?

ARTEMESIA

Well, this is a no fault state.  
You will be divorcing Beverly.  
It's just a matter of time.  
You promised to file the papers,  
didn't you?

JOE

I changed my mind.

ARTEMESIA

Too late. Oral agreements are  
valid and enforceable in the state  
of Washington. Amounts paid in  
reliance to an oral contract are  
recoverable under state law.

JOE

And?

ARTEMESIA

Do you like my shoes?

She brings her sexy leg out from under the table,  
modeling for Joe. He is now totally disarmed.

JOE

Uh... yeah. Louboutin "fuckme"  
pumps. They're hot.

She brings her foot closer to Joe. Trails a toe up his  
calf. Her foot disappears in his lap. He's into this,  
smiling.

ARTEMESIA

Her wedding must have cost a  
fortune. And you're on the hook  
for half. Do you even have that  
kind of money?

Joe's eyes suddenly BUG OUT OF HIS HEAD. He chokes.

JOE

Gaggaahgghh --

He is writhing in pain -- she is quite obviously crushing  
his nuts under her shoe. Alicia takes his hand, forces a  
pen into it, speaks gently --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

Shhh, Joe. I'll subpoena your sorry ass, then rip you to shreds in a court of law. Can you afford the court fees. And trust me, there will be plenty. There's an old joke that "an oral contract isn't worth the paper it's written on." But in this case...it is.

He scribbles his signature. She pulls her foot away and stands, straightens her skirt and walks away.

Joe can only fold into a ball and moan.

JOE

I hate fuckin' lawyers.

**INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER & SCHERZINGER - DAY**

A small, prestigious law firm. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES.

Artemesia strides through the busy nerve center.

POPPY HARLOW, 30s, Artemesia's Miss Money Penny appears at her side; pretty, put-together - despite her professional tone, there's an implied sexual mischief.

POPPY

Um, staff meeting'll probably go past one, so I pushed back my deposition with Margulies to Tuesday. And don't forget you're two o'clock with Linda Graham.

ARTEMESIA

(no idea)

Who?

POPPY

A friend of Julia Scott. You're suppose to look over her settlement agreement.

ARTEMESIA

Oh, yeah.

**INT. HYATT REGENCY - ELEVATOR - DAY**

Artemesia *in an elegantly-cut, sexy double breasted mini blazer dress, on her cell. She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,*

Through the GLASS DOORS of the elevator, she watches the floors whip by, punctuated by stretches of black.

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a three Martini lunch. We'll get acquainted properly.

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice.

(off her look)

Just remember to have fun with it.

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

She abruptly hangs up.

**INT. HYATT REGENCY - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT**

A spacious, upscale venue, with great views. A black-tie soiree. Servants circulate among the well-heeled guests, proffering delectables on silver trays.

A few play a skewed version of "*SNIFF and STRIP*" *pass-the-orange-without-using-your-hands* game, It's a pretentious, hilariously gaudy affair.

BEVERLY, 40s, maneuvers expertly through, holding a tray of drinks. Sexy, tight clothes, jewelry, could be a '*Real Housewife of Beverly Hills*' if she weren't divorced.

MORT, 30, a dashing, strong, opinionated man of few words. He doesn't need many. Plucks a drink from the tray. The doorbell rings.

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CONTINUED:

MORT

You've gotta handed it to you,  
Beverly. You sure knows how to put  
on a circus.

BEVERLY

I heard you got married.  
Congratulations.

She dismisses JOHN-JOHN, 20s, a muscular Nigerian in a  
white servers jacket with a wave.

BEVERLY

I got it.

She shuffles down the hall to get it. It's Artemesia.

BEVERLY

Where've you been? Oh, I don care.  
Just give me a kiss.

Kisses to both cheeks. She ushers Artemesia in.

She hands Beverly a document. Looks at Artemesia. *Is it  
done?* Artemesia holds up two cigars.

ARTEMESIA

Normally I don't offer these to  
expectant mother's, but yours is a  
special case.

Beverly shrieks with joy, giddy.

BEVERLY

Here she is, woman of the hour,  
she did a hatchet job on my  
husband. I'm officially paroled.

Laughter and applause as they make their way through.  
Something catches Artemesia's eye --

Marnie stuns in a white backless gown that fits like a  
glove, and WILLARD, 20s, charming, suave, confident,  
admiring the art work on display.

Willard is not at all impressed with what he's seeing,  
but he loves Marnie's company. Looking at modern art...

WILLARD

I see better stuff than this on  
walls in pawn shops. Ug-lee...

They pause before another painting

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLARD

This is really marvelous... such passion... a hint of danger... I sense both qualities in you, Marnie. Perhaps that's why I find you so attractive.

MARNIE

You don't take no for an answer. Do you?

WILLARD

Sometimes no means no. Then again sometimes it means yes.

MARNIE

No means no.

WILLARD

We had a moment. End of moment just like that?

MARNIE

We had nothing. A few drinks. A few laughs. That's all. Anything else you read into it it's your problem.

WILLARD

I know you're thinking about Max. So you've got scruples. Don't worry about them I've had them once or twice myself.

Willard can't resist a surreptitious smile.

MARNIE

Nothing gets beyond all that conceit, does it? Well I have a news flash for you -- don't squander your charm on me. I'm immune.

Artemesia appears. Willard turns his charms on Artemesia.

WILLARD

(a total come-on)

You know, Jack Kennedy used to have affairs at this hotel. He'd meet a woman at some shindig and take her right upstairs.

ARTEMESIA

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

ARTEMESIA

If it'll make you feel better  
about yourself, yeah.

Artemesia touches Marnie's elbow, guiding her to the next art work. It's one of VAN GOGH'S HAUNTING SELF-PORTRAITS.

ARTEMESIA

Excuse us, please...

Their faces remain placid to anyone watching, but their low voices fire with intensity --

Marnie indicates the brushstrokes on the canvas. It's clear she has a genuine appreciation of the work.

MARNIE

Those brushstrokes. Look at them.  
Furious, desperate. In a mad rush  
to pour himself onto the canvas. As  
if he were running out of time.

ARTEMESIA

He was. Shot himself within a  
year.

Marnie plucks two glasses of Champagne from a passing waiter's tray, gives on to Artemesia.

**EXT. PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT**

A beautiful night. A measuring stare between two formidable women. *Always a juicy who's-playing whom dynamic between them.*

Despite this, Artemesia finds it hard not to look at Marnie. She's absolutely stunning.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you're my client's  
wife doesn't necessarily make us  
friends. Maximilian returned from  
Atlanta?

MARNIE

He's do back tonight.

ARTEMESIA

He may expect you to be home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I won't sit here and listen to  
this --

ARTEMESIA

-- Yes you will. Because there  
must be a shred of decency in you,  
or Max couldn't have fallen in  
love with you.

MARNIE

After being married for ten years  
I don't have to me reminded of my  
duties as a wife.

ARTEMESIA

You're married to a good man.  
Maximilian's respected in this  
town as a person and a  
businessman. I think you should be  
very careful not to do anything  
that may harm him.

MARNIE

You're trying to warn me about  
something. What is it?

ARTEMESIA

You can't chase after younger men  
around this town without starting  
gossip. Especially when the man is  
well known as Willard.

MARNIE

Don't be a hypocrite. You've never  
forgiven me because of Max. It's  
not my fault he decided to marry  
me. You may still be after him for  
all I know.

As Marnie walks off, she looks back at Artemesia.

**I/E. PORSCHE 911 TURBO - NIGHT**

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo mows down curves. The  
cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

*It's Marnie, a speed demon, drives. She punches it into  
5th. Pushes 80. Rain pounds the windshield.*

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S MANSION - NIGHT**

An upper class neighborhood of Seattle with hills and views of Lake Madison.

An opulent glass home, which offers a voyeurs view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior, immaculate garden, and a fountain.

Security lighting comes on as the white Porsche races in.

*Marnie climbs out, heels in hand, and dashes barefoot through the pouring rain, towards the front door.*

Close by, a TWIG SNAPS. She freezes, listens hard.

Another TWIG SNAPS, this time closer. Marnie spins around to face the noise -- can't see anything out there.

ARTY O'DELL, 20s, lurks behind some shrubbery, watching as Marnie disappears inside.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

Marnie comes in. She's wearing that white gown, and since it's completely wet, you can pretty much see everything. She's naked underneath it. Naughty

She turns off the lights as she heads up the stairs.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer curtains.

A lush, romantic suite. Lit candles are set up near the bed. A bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; two glasses nearby. An ice-pick.

Marnie, just out of the shower, in a towel, sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below. The doorbell rings, steps into sexy shoes.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Lightning flashes, thunder, rain falling.

Marnie flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thrash open her long silk robe, revealing she's naked underneath.

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CONTINUED:

At the SOUND of a knock, she pauses, goes to the door.

MARNIE

Just a minute.

She gets to the door and, standing aside, opens it slightly...

Marnie reacts in fright as Arty forces his way inside, and we sense Marnie's struggle without actually seeing it... The door is slammed shut.

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

A SHOUTING MATCH. They're silhouetted in shadow. We hear it, but can't make out the words. The SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS escalates into several THUMPS.

A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them into darkness.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

He forces her into the romantic suite, she pulls away...

Arty pulls her toward him, opening her robe. The swell of her breasts. Marnie, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

Arty throws her onto the bed, her robe flies open. The swell of her breasts. She screams but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

He unbuckles his pants, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his size and strength. She gasp or is it a moan?

Arty thrusts himself into her. He's focused, intense, eager to please. His guttural grunting, moaning...

They FUCK. Her legs wound around him. His intensity feeds not only on passion, but also on his inner turmoil, and it's explosive.

Their eyes locked. He is with her. This, long a crucial part of their attraction...or Is it...

Marnie looks away, her arms reaching for something... curls her hand around that ice-pick on a bedside table...

Stabs him in the back, he stiffens, a stunned reaction on his face --

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CONTINUED:

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, she moves obviously fucking him, her ERECT NIPPLES akimbo, the bloody ice-pick in hand,

He looks surprised and confused, before he can open his mouth in respond... Flashes of steel...

The ice-pick plunges downward... again and again and...

His strangled cries of pain and pleads of mercy drowned out by THUNDER... pleased moans as Marnie shudders with an explosive orgasm...

Blood splashing everywhere...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

It's nice, expensive.

*HELIO STAGLIANO, 30s, Italian, handsome, in a chair, in post-coital relaxation. Pants back on, off, with the finely carved features of an Aztec god.*

He's holding Artemesia's mini blazer dress. He's peering into the bathroom, where she's tidying up, topless, black silky panties

HELIO

How did I get so lucky to find you?

ARTEMESIA

You have the money, means, and power, and I was eager to exploit it.

A freshly-fucked Artemesia comes out, topless except for black silk panties. She goes to take it from him. Slips it on. Buttons it up.

ARTEMESIA

It's satisfying to know we can count on your support. Kaplan & Reeder and Scherzinger will continue to provide the service which you've--

HELIO

--Artemesia, look, I'm a reasonable man. I've got no complaints. Your firm always do good work. I won't pull my business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She bends down and kisses him as she fumbles on her sexy heels. Grabs her briefcase it's sexy.

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate the loyalty.

As she catches her breath and checks her beeper, we cut away on her muttered: "*Fuck.*"

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT**

Artemesia bursts inside, looks at the aftermath, careful not to disturb the crime scene.

ARTEMESIA

Marnie! Marnie!

MARNIE (O.S.)

Artemesia.

Artemesia looks up towards the second floor railing. Marnie stands there, robe hangs open. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle.

Artemesia races up the stairs.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Artemesia steps in. The body of Arty lies half-naked amidst the blood-soaked silk sheets on the bed, as if asleep.

A long beat. Artemesia's measuring Marnie. Judging her. She inspects Marnie's face, it's practically unscathed.

She BACKHANDS HER, sends Marnie reeling to the floor. She's curled up, robe around her waist, bare ass and tits AKIMBO.

Marnie - composed, smiling through bloody teeth, her eyes burn with hatred

Artemesia's eyes engage Marnie's, searching for a sign that Marnie understands.

Marnie nods, sits up, covers herself with her robe.

ARTEMESIA

Now call the police!

Artemesia slaps on latex gloves, careful not to disturb the scene. Marnie is suitably stunned.

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CONTINUED:

MARNIE

You're not thinking of going --

ARTEMESIA

No, I was gonna actually do it --  
Did he have a weapon?

MARNIE

I didn't see one.

ARTEMESIA

Go.

Artemesia notes his pockets have been turned inside out, as if some one searched Arty's pockets.

**EXT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT - NIGHT**

MAX DANKWORTH, a greying-templed 50's, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch. The picture of corporate stewardship, dashes toward the exit.

A classic (1973 Corvette Stingray) in mint condition races up. A beat. Artemesia jumps out.

MAX

What happened?

ARTEMESIA

I'll fill you in.

MAX

I should have been there. How could I let this happen?

ARTEMESIA

Don't go blaming yourself. C'mon.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The body of our would-be Rapist lies just as we left him.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER, 50's, mild mannered and cordial, making annotations. Behind him, a small contingent of SFPD CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS are at work.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

First wound -- no fatal. Got him  
in the back.

DET. ERNIE DWYER, 40's, gregarious, the type of person who talks to strangers in elevators, steps over.

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CONTINUED:

DET. DWYER

Lotta blood here -- don't want you  
to end up wearing any of it.

Joining him is DET. ISAIAH SMITH, African-American, 50's,  
salt and pepper hair and an air of having seen it all,  
twice.

He hands Dwyer a cup of coffee. Dwyer sips.

DET. DWYER

This isn't Starbucks?

DET. RUBY

(sarcastic)  
You noticed.

DET. DWYER

Any ID on our mystery guest?

DET. RUBY

Nope. Not yet.

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

Alive with LIGHT and CRIME SCENE TAPE and CURIOUS  
NEIGHBORS being held back by PATROL COPS.

Artemesia and Max pull up to the usual - REPORTERS,  
CAMERAMEN - preparing for the assault. The minute they  
exit the car, a camera FLASHES.

Artemesia ushers Max to the house - without making a  
comment.

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Artemesia and Max exits the house in mid-conversation. As  
they move towards a fancy patio deck where --

Marnie sits in chair, staring out at the ocean. She's in  
a mini T-shirt, some tight grey sweats. Her hair is up in  
a ponytail. All this only makes her more sexy.

She smokes. Max rushes towards Marnie, solemn. Matter of  
fact. Sees her childlike innocence. They embrace.

MARNIE

I thought you'd never get here.

MAX

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I'm alright. Now. You?

MAX

I've been worried half-sick about you. You still smell the same.

MARNIE

I hope that's a good thing.

MAX

(nods)

It's you. I'm here now. You're safe. Try not to think about it.

Off this emotionally intense reunion, She pulls him into a deep sensual kiss.

ARTEMESIA

Are you up to talking to the police?

MAX

Look, Artemesia, she's in no condition to talk. Can't it wait?

ARTEMESIA

No, it's best to do it now while it's still fresh in her head. And to avoid any hiccups.

Max scowls.

MAX

What's that suppose to mean?

ARTEMESIA

Someone was killed in your bedroom.

MAX

It's not like she did it on purpose.

ARTEMESIA

Of course not, but that's what they need to find out. Trust me, Marla, the sooner the better.

Marnie takes a deep breath. What choice does she have now? A beat, Artemesia caves.

Detectives Dwyer and Ruby anxiously approach. Artemesia corners them.

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CONTINUED: (2)

DET. DWYER

I'm sorry, but we have to question her at a time like this, Ms. Scherzinger --

ARTEMESIA

--I don't think so. Tomorrow. First thing. She'll be available. Girl scouts honor.

**INT. BEACH HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

An enormous kitchen.

Max's straightening his tie. Marnie, barefoot, hands him cufflinks. Despite the sweater and boxer shorts it's impossible to downgrade her class.

MARNIE

I polished them for you while you were gone.

MAX

Thanks. Maybe I should take a few days off.

MARNIE

Nonsense. I know how much this deal means to you. I'll be fine.

MAX

You sure?

A soft KNOCK on the door frame.

ARTEMESIA

Yes, she's sure. The last thing we need is you there.

MAX

I think I should be there.

ARTEMESIA

No, that's a bad idea. Max, you're a client. I can't always be your friend. You hired me to represent Marnie. I know what I'm doing.

MARNIE

Go. I know how much this deal means to you. I'll be fine.

He gives her a kiss and is gone.

**INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY**

Marnie saunters in, lifting her hair off her nape.  
Artemesia follows...

MARNIE

It'll only take a minute.

Marnie slips into her boudoir, leaves the door half-way open. Artemesia catch glimpse of Marnie changing in a sex mirror in the bedroom.

MARNIE

Isn't there something you should ask me?

ARTEMESIA

What's that?

MARNIE

Whether I'm guilty.

ARTEMESIA

What's the difference? I'm not a judge, I'm your lawyer.

Artemesia moves closer for a better view... staring at Marnie's naked backside.

Marnie seems unfazed by Artemesia's voyeuristic interest in her, but Marnie is not unaware of it, and it is hard to believe she is not courting Artemesia's attention.

Marnie steps into a sleeveless white turtleneck dress, slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put together woman.

She zips up, doesn't bother to put on any panties.

Marnie exits, sporting Sharon Stone's "Basic Instinct" updo. She *looks radiant, innocent, and Artemesia feels a wave of tenderness wash over her.*

She struggles to slide into her sling back high heels.

ARTEMESIA

Don't rush with your answers. And no matter how hard he comes at you... stay calm.

MARNIE

Stay in control, got it.  
Eloquent and concise. Don't worry, I'm gonna be great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I'd settle for adequate.

MARNIE

I'm ready.

She grabs Marnie's over-sized ivory trench coat off the bed, and helps her into it, much to Marnie's surprise.

**INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY**

A LIVE-IN ARTIST'S STUDIO-- a total wreck of materials. Stacks of unframed paintings and photos litter the place along with piles of gear. Unfinished canvasses.

Det. Dwyer and Det. Ruby have an interesting look around. A RATTY FUTON lies in the corner.

YARA LYNX, 30s, Iranian-American, pretty, Prada suit, expensive jewelry, looks on. She's obviously been crying.

YARA

Arty was no god damn alter boy,  
but he wouldn't harm a soul.

DET. DWYER

Did he ever mention her name?

YARA

He didn't have to, but I have my  
suspicions.

Yara holds up her folded newspaper, the headline:  
*"Socialite Kills Intruder" with a photo of Marnie.*

DET. DWYER

Do you have any evidence linking  
them together?

YARA

I told you everything. What more  
do you need.

DET. DWYER

So you're...guessing?

YARA

Arty was a good artist. Shortly  
after he stopped going to those  
art classes his behavior changed.  
Talk to his therapist.

**INT. SEATTLE PD - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY**

The sudden silence is unnerving. The eavesdropping cops and clerks exchange looks as Artemesia escorts Marnie.

Yara braces herself, looks at Marnie, eyes wet --

YARA

What kind of woman are you -- what  
kind of human being -- ?!

She backhands Marnie. Marnie wasn't expecting that. Artemesia runs to defend her as a tardy OFFICER appear.

ARTEMESIA

Hold her, we'll be pressing --

Marnie restrains Artemesia with a gentle hand.

MARNIE

No, we won't, no -- take her --  
get some fresh air, please.

Officers escort Yara out, she yells and screams.

YARA

You liar! You killed my husband!

The reveal shocks Artemesia to the core. Dwyer catches the tell end of the commotion.

ARTEMESIA

I'm sorry, Marnie, she had no  
right.

DWYER

I didn't expect her to go off like  
that?

ARTEMESIA

Who? Ms. Lynx? That was low and  
unnecessary --

DWYER

Hardly, counselor. Schedules got  
crossed. I apologize.

A PROSECUTOR, LEE WEINMAN, a thick, self-assured man in his 40's, joins them.

DET. DWYER

Thanks for coming. I'm Detective  
Dwyer, this is Detective Ruby, and  
that's Deputy ADA Lee Weinman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An exchange of pleasantries.

ARTEMESIA

My client is under no obligation to speak with you. Even this much is a courtesy.

**INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Classic basic instinct set up.

Artemesia sits nearby Marnie, who's some ways across the table from Ruby, Dwyer, and Len lingers in the backdrop.

Ruby takes copious notes.

DET. DWYER

A couple things aren't quite adding up. Normally rapists wear gloves and are cognize not to leave any DNA. Especially if theirs is on file. And his was.

ARTEMESIA

You've got a name?

DET. DWYER

Arty O'Dell. He had a wrap sheet. B&E. Nickle and dime stuff. But never anything a serious as this.

ARTEMESIA

Just a natural progression for criminal like him.

DET. DWYER

O'Dell in his right mind wouldn't attempt a job like this without a weapon. He always carried one.

A beat, then -

DET. DWYER

Yet he had none, wore no gloves, no mask. Hell, didn't even make an attempt to hide his identity.

ARTEMESIA

Excuse me, detective. Is there a question somewhere in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Van Gogh cut off his ear. Edvard Munch hung half of his paintings in the woods, where they ended up rotting. Gauguin abandoned his family and went to Tahiti. Art would be much more pleasant if we didn't have to deal with artists.

The men trade looks, the coldness of her remark.

DET. RUBY

Mrs. Dankworth you claim to never have met Mr. O'Dell.

MARNIE

I don't know him from Adam.

DET. RUBY

Mr. O'Dell was a painter. As I understand it, you're an art teacher. Think hard. Could he had been one of your students?

MARNIE

I dunno. I guess it's possible. My classes are open to the public. It was a revolving door. They come and go.

Dwyer references a police report.

DET. DWYER

A witness heard the screaming match. I'm quoting, *"it sounded like a lover's quarrel."*

MARNIE

I can assure you detective, it was no lover's quarrel. He was ranting and raving because I wouldn't take it lying down.

LEN

According to the forensic's report.

MARNIE

Does anyone ever read that shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEN

I'll summarize. A large amount of milky fluid containing a high quantity of prostate-specific-antigen (PSA), fructose, and glucose -- a similar composition to seminal fluid -- enough to soak the bed and Mr. O'Dell.

MARNIE

Ah, Mr. Weinman, what are you asking?

LEN

(swallows hard)  
Did you cum?

ARTEMESIA

That's none of your business.

Artemesia just glares at him, offended, as Marnie grins.

MARNIE

The term is arousal non-concordance, meaning your physical and mental state don't align, such as getting hard or wet during rape.

LEN

You think we're jerking around here, Mrs. Dankworth? We're not here to play some game!

MARNIE

I'm not playing any game, I just telling the truth. I came twice.

LEN

So you enjoyed it?

ARTEMESIA

Let me stop you right there. The body's arousal response is no more an indication of guilt or mental illness than an elevated heart rate would be under the same circumstances. Oh, if this ever goes to trial I'll call a dozen experts to teach the jury that arousal does not mean that the rape was enjoyable or that the victim was asking for it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

Listen to me you fat shit, he shoved his penis in me. After about five minutes, I had what I think is the most powerful/best orgasm of my life. He knew I came and it was humiliating. He told me he knew I liked it and that my pleas for him to stop were just me being dramatic.

(reminiscing...)

The second time I was literally shaking and unable to speak from the intensity of it. It sent him over the moon. I came on his penis after telling him no! He must've felt like a sex god.

Artemesia glares at Marnie -- *what the fuck does she think she's doing?*

MARNIE

When the body is threatened with death, we go into survival mode. We as women have anti rape defense mechanisms. One being our orgasm. That's right, her body is lessening the mental anguish, making the vagina more lubricated so that the act of sex is less painful, and grips the assailants penis to bring him to orgasm faster. My body did this to help save me, my body knew what would get me out of there alive and did it. I spent the past few weeks thinking this wasn't a rape or that my vagina was broken to enjoy that, but it worked as designed.

And the way Marnie now looks at them -- a mix of disgust and rage -- makes these grown men cower.

ARTEMESIA

We're done here. Let's go.

They grab their things, Artemesia turns back to them.

DET. DWYER

We noticed your surveillance cameras weren't working?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARNIE

They've been out for sometime. Max  
been meaning to get them fixed.

**EXT. SEATTLE - DAY**

Overcast skies, the threat of rain.

Artemesia's stingray zips through traffic.

**INT. STINGRAY - DAY**

Artemesia drives. Marine next to her, dress riding  
recklessly high, catches Artemesia admiring her legs.

ARTEMESIA

What the hell were you thinking?  
Never volunteer information.

MARNIE

Did I make the grade?

ARTEMESIA

Better than I had hoped.

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

A local landmark. A divey restaurant/bar on the wharf  
with colorful lobster buoys hung from the ceiling along  
with other Nautical decor.

The clientele ranges from commercial fishermen to some  
ELITE to families to college kids on summer break.

Max sits alone at a table, devouring a plate of fish and  
chips. Marnie arrives. They share a warm embrace.

MAX

How did it go?

MARNIE

Great.

Artemesia stands there. Max seats Marnie.

MAX

You're not staying.

ARTEMESIA

Raincheck. You've got a beach  
house in Malibu.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

It's just sitting there. Empty. Go there, FUCK, forget about things for awhile. Let me do the worrying.

A couple, GEORGE and BETHANY nearby, staring.

ARTEMESIA

Do you need something?

GEORGE

Your language is a bit vulgar.

ARTEMESIA

Sounds like you'd be happier a few booths down.

GEORGE

I'm going to go speak to someone.

ARTEMESIA

Do that, thanks, that'd be great.

George gets up, heads up front. Artemesia departs.

MAX

That's Artemesia for you. I'm just glad she's on our side.

MARNIE

Your side. Not mine. I don't think she likes me very much.

MAX

Are you kidding? Have you seen the way she looks at you?

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

A gorgeous minimalist office. Awards on the wall, one, in particular; *"the Woman Trial Lawyer of the year for her outstanding performance."*

Artemesia sits with GEORGIA, 47, attractive, well put together.

ARTEMESIA

First divorce?

She's surprised by Artemesia's cavalier attitude

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA

I never thought it would come to this.

ARTEMESIA

You don't look naive.

She's taken aback, but decides to continue on.

GEORGIA

Ted and I... We dated for five years, lived together for three... Then one day my husband came home and told me he's no longer in love with me. Like that, my life is over.

ARTEMESIA

Your life is fine. Your marriage is over.

She's horrified by Artemesia's insensitivity.

GEORGIA

You have terrible bedside manner.

ARTEMESIA

I'm not a doctor. I'm a lawyer. How was your sex life?

GEORGIA

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

You say the divorce took you by surprise. When was the last time you had sex?

It hits Georgia.

ARTEMESIA

When you argue as many divorce cases that I have, you start to get cynical. I've seen tons of crazy reasons, I had one client divorce his wife after she broke her jaw in a car accident because she could no longer give head.

That makes Georgia smile, relaxes her some.

GEORGIA

It's been a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

It's not your fault. You had a fifty-fifty shot at winding up in my office. The good news is you're in my office and not him.

GEORGIA

So what happens now?

ARTEMESIA

I hate drawn out divorces. The paperwork is mind numbing... You don't have kids. Give me a week.

Miss Harlow hurries in with a stack of files.

ARTEMESIA

Miss. Harlow? This Sinclair deBois. Did he say what he wanted?

MISS HARLOW

Only that it was important. I left several messages on your phone.

**INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY**

Somewhere in Chinatown, Artemesia enters a dark, cluttered pawnshop, filled with stacks of musty books, antiques.

She studies the art on display, not impressed. Her eye is caught by a movement nearby. She turns.

SINCLAIR deBOIS, 40s, a gaunt man, striding towards her. He smiles, all dark charisma and dangerous appeal.

SINCLAIR

Ah, Ms. Scherzinger. I'm sorry I startled you. Sinclair deBois. Happy to meet you.

The feeling isn't mutual.

SINCLAIR

I must say you are prompt.

ARTEMESIA

I was expecting a detective.

SINCLAIR

I told your associate I was a detective and I was. She assumed I was a police Detective.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

It was an assumption I let her retain. Actually I retired to go into the fine arts.

SINCLAIR

For the past few weeks I've been holding a painting for keepsake... didn't think much of it until the other night. I thought before I discussed it with the police it would be mutually for us both if we discussed it first...

He just smiles, as if he knows something she doesn't.

SINCLAIR

You an art lover?

ARTEMESIA

I didn't come here to buy.

SINCLAIR

You might after you see what was hanging over there.

He taps his fingers on a bare wall.

ARTEMESIA

Let's cut to the chase. Shall we.

SINCLAIR

Ah, yes. Shall we.

Sinclair leads Artemesia to a bookshelf against the wall. Drum roll... he removes a cloth draped over a canvass.

SINCLAIR

Ta-da! Recognize it?

Artemesia eyes a WATERCOLOR painting of a nude woman who bears a striking resemblance to Marnie.

Sinclair points towards the printed name on the canvass. It says "Arty O'Dell."

Once the shock wears off, Artemesia can't deny the beauty of the painting, but the depths of O'Dell's passion makes her realize he was madly in love with Marnie.

SINCLAIR

Ms. Scherzinger, you may be interested to know Arty and myself go way back. He was always trying to hock his works.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

But this was the best of the bunch. It's a good thing to, luckily for your client.

Artemesia turns. Sinclair stands there, almost grinning.

ARTEMESIA

So you brought me here to extort us?

SINCLAIR

That's a legal term, I'm not a lawyer. I'm here like a Fuller Brush man, hopin' you'll buy what I got to sell.

ARTEMESIA

Extortion is a serious crime. You can go to prison for it. Up to twenty years. If you want, go to law school and after three years and a bar exam we can have this chat or you can just take my word for it.

SINCLAIR

No need for the theatrics. I'm a dealer in fine arts. I'll put whatever price I want on the items in my gallery.

ARTEMESIA

All this junk.

SINCLAIR

I hardly call the one of Mrs. Dankworth junk. You client lied about not knowing Mr. O'Dell.

As Sinclair takes in the painting some more...

SINCLAIR

After a finish a portrait people invariably say nice things.

ARTEMESIA

I'm sure they're deserved.

SINCLAIR

Sometimes.

ARTEMESIA

What? He underestimated his work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SINCLAIR

Don't misunderstand me. With Arty, it was never the case of false modesty. He knew when his works were good, and when it wasn't.

ARTEMESIA

I don't quite follow.

SINCLAIR

Follow it this way. Everyone wears a mask. Society and convention requires it. The job of a real artist is to get between that mask to bring to the surface the real man, or woman.

ARTEMESIA

And in this particular case do you think he succeeded or failed?

SINCLAIR

Do you really want to know? Yes, he failed. That's the portrait of a beautiful mask. He was never able to get beneath it. An enigmatic character. He would stare at it for hours but it's always eluded him.

SINCLAIR

Don't worry about the portrait everyone's going to like it. It'll sell for one hundred thousand.

ARTEMESIA

Well, you came to the wrong place, our office doesn't participate in blackmail or extortion.

SINCLAIR

Okay. Well, again, I'm no legal expert but I think you got some kind of duty to take the offer to your client.

She freezes for just a moment, bested.

He walks off, Artemesia alone, grabs her head-- *Argghhh*.



**INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER&SCHERZINGER - DAY**

Marnie sits in the waiting area outside Artemesia's office. She's been here awhile. Looks at her Rolex. Heads for Miss Harlow.

MARNIE

Do you know how much longer she's going to be? My appointment was for eleven.

MISS HARLOW

I'm sorry. She's still in her meeting. If you'd like me to interrupt her, I can.

Marnie considers. Is that a good idea. Probably not.

MARNIE

No. That's okay. I'll wait.

Just then, Artemesia approaches, smiles apologetically.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

The meeting over, Marnie sits casually on a couch as Artemesia brings her a coffee. There is an unmistakable sexual chemistry between them.

ARTEMESIA

Are you sure you've never meet him?

MARNIE

No!

ARTEMESIA

I got a call. From an unsavory pawnshop curator Sinclair deBois. It seems he has a painting. He's trying to blackmail you.

MARNIE

Blackmail?

ARTEMESIA

It's a nude done by Arty O'Dell. Of you.

Marnie doesn't answer. Her silence speaking volumes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

That's absurd. Maybe he took a picture, or saw me some where --

ARTEMESIA

When you're a defense lawyer you get sensitive to people's reactions. You know when they're lying.

She studies Marnie. Is this gal for real? Calculated?

ARTEMESIA

You did know him. It's too much of a coincidence the man who forced his way into your house was the one you chose to do the painting.

Marnie's heart SLAMS in her chest. The jig is up.

ARTEMESIA

I'm you're lawyer, If we can't start from a primitive concept of honesty, then this isn't going to work. When did you first meet him?

MARNIE

My art studio. He was one of my students. He was different from the other's in the class. Arty had talent... a real passion for art. I saw his potential so I started having him show up after class to hone his skills.

Marnie rises, moves to the huge window, stares out.-

MARNIE

You know what an art lover Max is. Our anniversary was coming up and I wanted to do something special. And that's when I broached the subject of Arty doing a nude of him. I didn't see any harm in it.

(reminiscing...)

After a few sittings, Arty expressed his feelings towards me so I ended it. Then he started stalking me. I threaten to go to the police If he didn't stop. I hadn't seen him again until that night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Why did it have to be a nude?

MARNIE

You've seen the painting, the one he keeps above the fireplace -- he's always raving about it. The way he looks at it, as if it was some living, breathing thing. I wanted to give him something else to talk about.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you tell me?

MARNIE

I knew him. But uh... I had just killed the man, I... I was afraid to tell the police. I... I thought, I dunno, I panicked, I thought it would look bad if... so I lied. Then I was trapped. I couldn't admit the truth and get caught in a lie, then I really would've... I was trapped.

ARTEMESIA

Look, it's a simple case of you just knowing him. There's nothing incriminating in your story. He tried to rape you and you killed him in self-defense. First we tell Max, then go to Dwyer and correct this.

MARNIE

Not yet. It's best if I talk to Max alone. Then we'll go.

ARTEMESIA

The sooner, the better.

**INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY**

The whirlwind that is Marnie rushes in, a scarf, sunglasses, incognito. Sinclair puts up the closed for business sign.

SINCLAIR

Mrs. Dankworth. I'm glad to see someone has come to their senses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

You still have it?

SINCLAIR

Of course.

MARNIE

How much? My lawyer mentioned  
fifty-thousand.

SINCLAIR

A hundred grand.

MARNIE

No!

SINCLAIR

Yes. Seeing just how valuable the  
piece is.

MARNIE

How much time do I have?

SINCLAIR

You might not have any. Another  
party is interested.

MARNIE

Who?

SINCLAIR

Ms. Lynx.

Marnie looks at Sinclair for a long moment, realizing  
what this all means.

**INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

Marnie molds the clay bust; then stops, staring at the  
image. As she reaches over and squeezes the clay with her  
fingers, destroying her work.

**INT. BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Artemesia paces on her cell.

MARNIE (O.S.)

You want something to drink?

Marnie, barefoot, saunters in in a ridiculously short  
slouchy grey frock; its high neckline, long sleeves,  
barely covering her long tan legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It looks super-casual until Marnie moves towards the bar, a back so deep plunging, a peek of her bum cleavage.

Artemesia stares, doing a terrible job of hiding her lust. Marnie sense it - handles an ice-pick. Breaks blocks of ice.

MARNIE

I tried to reach you out your office but you had already gone.

ARTEMESIA

I have morning arraignments -- three clients with whom I've spent a grand total of thirty minutes with. What's wrong?

MARNIE

DeBoise raised the price.

ARTEMESIA

What? When did you find this this?

MARNIE

This afternoon. I went to see him.

After a moment... Marnie hands Artemesia her drink.

ARTEMESIA

Do you realize if the police found out you were trying to suppress evidence --

MARNIE

I had to take the chance.

ARTEMESIA

It makes you look guilty. Or maybe you are guilty.

MARNIE

I swear it happened like I said!

ARTEMESIA

For Godsakes Marnie. This isn't a plea bargain. You can't see him again. Or Ms. Lynx. The worse that can happen is you lose Max but if you try another stunt like this could mean your life.

MARNIE

Stop. Max must never see that painting. Isn't that enough?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

He didn't deserve this.

MARNIE

Don't you think I know that? The only thing that keeps me going is the thought I can keep it from him, and I'm not about to give up now.

Marnie sips her drink, starting to realize how much power she has over Artemesia, and knows how to use it, then:

ARTEMESIA

We got time. Sinclair went go to the police -- he wants money.

MARNIE

There's another interested party, Yara. Now she'll go to the police.

ARTEMESIA

No, she wants revenge. She wants Max to see it.

MARNIE

All the more reason to get that painting.

A moment between the women, finding common ground.

A charged moment between the two as Artemesia tucks a piece of Manie's hair behind her ear...

MARNIE

You want to kiss me, don't you?

ARTEMESIA

I wasn't going there.

MARNIE

Oh...I just thought. Guess I got a big head listening to Max.

ARTEMESIA

I didn't mean it to sound like that either. Like I'm not interested. I'd mess around with you in a flash if you weren't married -- to Max.

The front door opening and closing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAX (O.S.)

I'm home.

MARNIE

We're in here. You're a bad liar,  
Artemesia.

The two exchange forced smiles, before turning their attention to Max.

Ad-lib greetings. Max kisses Marnie, amused, and gives Marnie an affectionate squeeze, lots of love here.

The three exchange a look before --

MAX

Everything okay?

MARNIE

Yes, darling.

ARTEMESIA

Just discussing the case.

MAX

Should we be worried?

Without taking a beat, Artemesia lies --

ARTEMESIA

No.

MAX

Good, Can't wait to get all this behind us.

Artemesia polishes off her second Martini.

ARTEMESIA

I've only had two.

MAX

Two drinks my ass.

ARTEMESIA

Martinis are like breasts, one's not enough. Two is just right, and three is too many.

They share a laugh. After a moment, she realizes -- it's gotten awfully quiet.

Artemesia is getting off the couch, finding her sexy heels and putting her papers in a briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTEMESIA

It's almost ten. I, uh...better  
get going.

**INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

An expensive townhouse. The decor and furnishings are aggressively modern, flaring into what we would consider contemporary: sleek surfaces, a spare, almost stark use of color.

The mantle is crammed with photos of Yara and Arty.

Yara is pacing, obviously very upset. She goes about lighting candles. Sinclair looks on.

SINCLAIR

I had an interesting talk with  
Mrs. Dankworth this afternoon.  
Pretty sure she'll pay.

YARA

Yes, she will. May way.

SINCLAIR

(under his breath)  
Yara, no...

YARA

Screw you. This is personal.

SINCLAIR

Going to the police. There's no  
profit in that.

Yara holds his stare, not backing down.

SINCLAIR

Maybe you aren't aware, but  
possession is nine-tenths of the  
law. Your lover pawned the  
painting to help with wedding  
expenses. He's failed to make the  
payments. In cases such as this,  
ownership falls to the store  
owner. ME.

YARA

Then I will go to the police.

On second thought --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

What a fool I was.

YARA

I understand he's a very jealous man, possessive, given the right circumstances anybody's capable of anything, even murder.

She turns back to Sinclair, thoughtfully. After a beat...

SINCLAIR

You're right. What was I thinking?

YARA

The circumstances is right. It's a win-win. You get what you want, and I get my revenge.

SINCLAIR

I see our interests are aligned.

**INT. BEACH HOME - NIGHT**

Marnie enters in a sheer robe that definitely makes us look twice, but Max is preoccupied, drafting floor plans.

She stand over him at a drafting table.

MAX

Our dream home in France.

MARNIE

And these hatchmarks?

MAX

Landscaping. Bushes, rocks.

MARNIE

And this?

MAX

A coffee stain.

MARNIE

A beauty. When does construction start?

MAX

Don't know. We plan this for three years. Business too slow now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

How much will this cost, if you don't mind me asking?

MAX

Hey, when all the sudden you become concerned about money?

Max is thoughtful. He returns to the blueprints.

MAX

Let me do all the worrying.

She's pulling Max into a passionate kiss. Their lips and hands are everywhere - his neck, her chest - clothes fall to the floor - and then, just as he's about to push inside her, she pulls back, just far enough to see his face--

WHICH HAS MORPHED INTO ARTY'S FACE...

Marnie closes her eyes, getting lost in fantasy...

**EXT. BEACH HOME - DAY**

Max loads his suitcase into the trunk of his Mercedes. Behind them, Marnie approaches.

MAX

I hate to leave you alone like this.

MARNIE

I'll be fine.

MAX

Last night was fun, right?

MARNIE

Definitely.

He kisses her. She kisses back.

**INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

No class today. Marnie is painting an enormous expressionistic portrait of Arty when she hears some one enter.

She turns, surprised to see it's Yara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

What do you want?

YARA

Sorry I didn't call. I know how much I hate it when people drop by unannounced.

She examines Marnie's work in-progress.

YARA

It's a wonderful likeness of Arty. You know, if you went to Forest Lawn, you'd find the resemblance quite amazing. You've captured that tortured quality during the last six months of his life.

Yara draws closer, not missing a beat.

YARA

Artists have their great periods. Picasso had his blue -- now, you'll have yours blind.

And just like a switch was flipped, from to zero to pissed--

MARNIE

GET. THE. FUCK. OUT.

**EXT. APARTMENT - DAY**

A SWANK HI-RISE CONDO in Seattle, Artemesia escorts Marnie to the door. A DOORMAN immediately makes way for them.

DOORMAN

Evening Ms. Scherzinger.

ARTEMESIA

Hey Henry.

She hands the doorman a large bill.

DOORMAN

Thank you kindly.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY

Modern. Large. Airy. Impeccably decorated with fine art. Some erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus. The place screams money.

Marnie lays down her clutch, takes the tour, impressed.

MARNIE

So...this is your place.

(murmurs)

Wow.

ARTEMESIA

I bought it from some Italian gigolo. He had all the walls covered in velvet.

MARNIE

Nice update.

(then)

Oh my god. Gustav Klimt.

She's noticed a beautiful painting of two nude woman embracing above the fireplace. Marnie heads over for a closer look.

MARNIE

You have a good eye.

Artemesia smiles, stands next to her. They look at the painting together. Silent. Yet completely connected.

She fidgets with her wedding band; platinum, lots of diamonds. Artemesia darkens a suspicion forming. As gently as possible --

ARTEMESIA

You fucked him, didn't you?

Marnie considers. Decides to come completely clean --

MARNIE

We couldn't keep our hands off each other. We would go out to dinner and not even make it home from restaurants; we had to pull over to the side of the road. On a busy street! Sometimes four times a day when Max was out of town. Sex in public places. Sodomy. Viewing of pornography. Vibrators and other mechanical devices.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Sex with him was like a nuclear explosion in a very tight space. He was one of the most incredible fucks I've ever had.

Artemesia's anger hangs in the air like napalm. Thick. Pungent.

ARTEMESIA

So you murdered Arty?

MARNIE

No. Of course I didn't murder him.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you two were intimate has thrown an entirely different complexion on this case.

(then)

A good prosecutor would say you were intimate with O'Dell and lied about it. It could be you asked him to your house, if he came at your invitation then it could also be true it wasn't self-defense. And if you killed him for any other reason the charge just might be murder.

ARTEMESIA

Did anyone ever see you two --

MARNIE

We took in a Mariner's game once in a while, but no, we were always careful. Wore dark glasses... hats...wigs... pre-paid phones... took some crazy chances.

Marnie turns to Artemesia, impassioned, almost pleading -

MARNIE

It's the truth! I don't know what else to say, Artemesia. If you choose not to believe me I can't blame you.

Artemesia holds her look, debating whether to trust her. A long moment passes.

ARTEMESIA

Take a lie detector test.

A beat. She's suddenly thrown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

A polygraph.

MARNIE

I thought...aren't they inadmissible?

ARTEMESIA

In court.

She measures Artemesia, then:

MARNIE

For you? Take a polygraph for you?

ARTEMESIA

I'm a better lawyer when I believe in my client. So it's in your interest. If what you're telling me is now the truth.

Artemesia looks her square in the eye. What's it gonna be? A beat, then Marnie nods, fine.

MARNIE

Set up your damn polygraph.

Off Marnie, biting back the anger, the humiliation.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - BACKROOM - NIGHT**

In a hazy room, under a bare hanging bulb, a painting is facedown on the desk, as Sinclair pulls out a sling blade, SNAPS it open, expertly cuts the canvass from its frame.

He carefully rolls the canvass and slides it into a tube.

**EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY**

A familiar, gray cityscape from Pike Place Market through the parks and into the hills of the Magnolia District

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artemesia stands back as BEN WILLIS conducts the polygraph test with Marnie in a simple but elegant-cut white dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN  
Is your hair black?

MARNIE  
No.

BEN  
Were you in love with him?

MARNIE  
No.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - NIGHT**

A cozy sound of rain on the roof. The view through the windshield distorted by thick FOG and rain rivulets.

Artemesia switches on the wipers -- just a single stroke back and forth -- clearing the view for a moment.

Marnie catches Artemesia admiring her legs.

MARNIE  
So how did I do?

ARTEMESIA  
You could've have fooled the test?

MARNIE  
It is so unlikely. I heard the only way you can beat that machine is with a stick.

ARTEMESIA  
One in a million but...some people are icy enough to fool the machine.

MARNIE  
Do I fall into the catagory of a person who can do that?

ARTEMESIA  
Maybe. You seem pretty cool. Whether you're that pathological, it's anybody's guess...

Suddenly - Marnie realizes something... Artemesia's taking a scenic route along the coastline. Marnie grins.

MARNIE  
Don't be a hypocrite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

A hypocrite?! How am I--?!

MARNIE

You sanctimonious, self-righteous bitch -- you haven't exactly lead an exemplary life. You compromised your firm, you compromised that client -

ARTEMESIA

So you dredged up some old rumors.

MARNIE

What is the miss appropriation of a clients trust fund? That's grand theft, isn't it. The passing of information to a juror.

ARTEMESIA

Whatever you heard or think you know about me is just conjecture. If you went to the DA or the bar association --

MARNIE

-- They'd welcome me with open arms... you're not exactly popular in either circles...

Artemesia pulls up in front of the house. The rain comes down harder.

MARNIE

So tell me, what do you see? You believe I'm a cold bloodied murderer?

She removes her sexy shoes, taking them in one hand.

MARNIE

You wanna come in for a nightcap?

ARTEMESIA

No.

MARNIE

No!

ARTEMESIA

No. I mean...it's a bad, bad idea.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Perhaps would like to cross-examine me some more.

ARTEMESIA

You remind me of my ex-husband. We were either fucking, or fighting, and neither was no longer worth the other.

Beat. Marnie senses Artemesia's hesitancy, then...

MARNIE

Well I'm pretty sure you didn't take the scenic route to fight.

Marnie scampers barefoot through the piss-wet pavement -- Artemesia stammers a bit, unsure of how to proceed.

But we STAY HERE, watch Artemesia dash through the rain, hurrying to pull off her heels... heads after Marnie.

**INT. BEACH HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Dark, shadowy, intermittent flashes of lightning.

Marnie stands there, as if waiting. He white dress, is completely wet, you can pretty much see everything. She's naked underneath it. Naughty.

Artemesia drops her sexy heels. Their eyes connect. Each realizes desire for the other. Artemesia's defenses are all gone.

Now she charges Marnie, PINNING her against the glass wall, so full of rage and desperation.

ARTEMESIA

I'd like to say, maybe its my own sense of guilt, but I have an unpleasant feeling I'm going to be made to pay the piper for what I'm doing. I'm jeopardizing my career and I have to rely on your discretion. But the truth is I'm morally bankrupt. I have been for some time... Stop with all the lies!

Marnie takes in her fury. But if she's scared, she isn't showing it. Instead she speaks calmly, coolly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I never lied about how I feel  
about you.

They're suppressed passion explodes and they're ON EACH OTHER, as Artemesia pushes her up against a glass wall, kissing her hungrily, Marnie kissing her back. They tear off each other's wet clothes, we move to...

**INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In a tangle of cream-colored satin sheets, Marnie and Artemesia, are having slippery, sweaty, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian SEX...

MARNIE

(under her breath)

Omg you're going to make me cum  
again!

There's rough, intense passion here...

**INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marnie lies naked on top of Artemesia, tracing her finger along Artemesia's face, studying her. Her wedding rings lie on the bedside table.

Artemesia's unsettled by the storm of emotions raging within her. She looks regretful, ashamed.

MARNIE

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

ARTEMESIA

First thing they teach you in law  
school is never ever fall in love  
with a client.

MARNIE

They don't teach you that.

ARTEMESIA

Well they should.

MARNIE

What're going to do?

ARTEMESIA

I distinctively remember saying,  
we should have told him

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie opens her mouth to protest, but Artemesia holds up a stern hand.

ARTEMESIA

He would have just brought the painting. Sure he'll be upset, but he'd eventually forgive you. He loves you that much.

MARNIE

And what about us? Pretend this never happened?

ARTEMESIA

I'm serious, Marnie. He must never find out -- It would kill him.

MARNIE

Don't you think I know that.

ARTEMESIA

Does it ever bother you?

MARNIE

Mm-hmm. I can see that it bothers you. Maybe we should just forget this ever happened. A one on one off. And leave it at that.

Marnie goes to get out of bed, Artemesia grabs her, almost desperate, kissing her. Marnie smiles as she kisses back.

**INT. BEACH HOME - DAY**

Just after dawn. Marnie remains on her side studying Artemesia as she awakens. At first disoriented, it takes a moment for Artemesia to realize she's died and gone to heaven. Beneath this sheet is one beautiful, naked woman. She grins. Then:

ARTEMESIA

What time is it?

MARNIE

A little after six. Sleep well?

ARTEMESIA

Like a baby.

Marnie grins. She begins to caress Marnie's shoulder and breasts. Proprietary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie's hands explore down below the sheet, gently caressing. For Artemesia, her touch is an aphrodisiac.

As she touches Artemesia:

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

The office has emptied out for the night. FIND Artemesia, lying on a sofa, heels off, a file open on her lap.

She looks up, surprised to see the firm's senior partner, MRS. KAPLAN, early 50s, the Stealth Bomber, like a librarian, reading glasses on a cord.

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, Mrs. Kaplan?

KAPLAN

What a PR nightmare for the firm, huh?

ARTEMESIA

I'm sure it is. Look, you got something to say, say it.

KAPLAN

You really wanna do this now?

Artemesia gestures, giving Kaplan the floor while she lifts a post-it off her desk laptop.

KAPLAN

Ok. You're a great lawyer, Artemesia. Everyone knows it. I just think...you're too close to them. Well, him. It could cloud your judgment.

ARTEMESIA

It's pure trash. Don't let it bother you.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY**

Her boudoir rivals a designer boutique. Akin to a professional men's wardrobe, a few suits, but -

A plethora of silk blouses and skirts; blushes, taupes, and creams teamed with blacks, olives, and browns on the bottom. Shelves Of sexy shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia drops to her knees, removes the false plasterboard. Inside the wall, stacked between the studs -  
- BUNDLES OF SHRINK-WRAPPED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

MARNIE

Holy shit!

Artemesia yanks out a briefcase and starts throwing some money inside.

ARTEMESIA

At one time I was a respectable lawyer. I've always looked at myself as an honest woman, you're asking me to do something that's no better than bribing a juror. A lawyer has a duty to his or her profession, to himself or herself. And I've abused everyone of them with you. But most things I do are unethical.

ARTEMETIA

You can be flippant about your crimes but don't be flippant about mine.

**INT. A DIVE BAR - DAY**

Dark, seedy, with shadowy alcoves allowing for total intimacy. All deals are done here, high class whores are brought here. The clientele is mainly shady characters but some Arab. A few topless dancing girls. Soft music.

In a dark corner booth, Sinclair, in a brooding mood, drinks as he sits across from Artemesia and Marnie.

SINCLAIR

My motives are simple. However, Yara's are more deadly. At the moment, the nude is in my hands, but if she ever gets ahold of it.

ARTEMESIA

Are you purposely trying to make this unpleasant?

SINCLAIR

The thing about art is that it's very temporal. What's in demand today is out of fashion tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

But it's not tomorrow. It's today.

SINCLAIR

Affection manifests itself in so many ways. With me, at times, I can be overly familiar. Flippant, even. And if I was the other day it wasn't my mood. It was just casual regard. My point: I consider you a friend, Ms. Scherzinger, which is why I can't bring myself to sell you the piece.

Artemesia grabs a briefcase, entering the combination. Opens It -- inside are STACKS OF CASH. Crisps \$100 BILLS.

ARTEMESIA

Two hundred thousand. And I'm not paying a dollar more.

A beat, she slams it shut.

SINCLAIR

The opposite. What you're offering is far too much. The lack of interest from any other buyer tells me O'Dell's work lacks true fascination in the market.

ARTEMESIA

I'm happy to buy it for less.

SINCLAIR

And I would gladly sell it for less, but Arty's fiancé sets the sale price. Not me. Yara won't lower the price. She still believes her shit tastes like strawberry wine. She will learn. I take no pleasure in that, but she will learn. When she does, you may have it at a fraction of what she is currently asking.

MARNIE

What does she want.

SINCLAIR

Don't you know?

Artemesia and Marnie just sort of nod - neither doesn't appear very happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR

Don't look so disappointed. If you wish to spend, spend. Have you considered a Soulouque?

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT**

A key turns, the door opens, and Artemesia and Marnie fumble their way into her darkened condo. Between kisses, Artemesia switches on a light...

MARNIE

What the hell was that about with Sinclair?

ARTEMESIA

Hard to say. A message. Maybe.

MARNIE

Which is?

She kisses Marnie again. Marnie reaches down, pulls off one high-heel.

ARTEMESIA

Think about it, he wants to sell, she doesn't. Ms. Lynx. She's an albatross around his neck. One he has to get rid off.

(beat)

Maybe. That's the message. I'm just guessing.

Her other shoe. Artemesia reaches down, takes it off. As the two kiss, back up, fall onto the sofa.

ARTEMESIA

Sinclair's asking for time. And Max is out of town. We have time.

**INT. YARA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Yara drives, smiling. She throws a look to her rearview mirror. Her smile fades.

IN HER REARVIEW: a CAR trails her, headlights off. A little unnerved, Yara changes lanes. So does the car behind.

Yara makes a SUDDEN TURN. The car follows. She quickly pulls over. The car pulls behind her. She squints in the rearview - can't see the driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, Yara gets out.

So does the DRIVER, Artemesia walks towards her. Dressed to kill or thrill in black; leather jacket and pants, a turtleneck, killer heels.(imposing)

ARTEMESIA

You don't strike me as the type.

YARA

And what type am I?

ARTEMESIA

Blackmail. Bribery.

YARA

You're judgmental.

ARTEMESIA

I prefer perceptive.

YARA

To be fair, I'm more of a marketmaker than a collector. But there's enough of a market for this piece that someone's willing to kill for. And I think you know you that someone is.

Then - a switch flips. Rage flares in Artemesia's eyes. She gets in Yara's face.

ARTEMESIA

My law degree is just the beginning of what I can do to you.

Yara draws in a breath, silenced. But Artemesia holds up her hands, as if to illustrate she's not harming her.

ARTEMESIA

You stay away from Mrs. Dankworth. Or I'll see you again very some.

Artemesia backs away from her, disappearing into her car and driving off. Off Yara, finally exhaling...

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

It's the perfect time of day here -- almost dusk.

...landing on a blanket on the beach, our amorous couple in their sexy bikinis.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

They roll around, kissing passionately, their own little *From Here to Eternity* scene.

**INT. ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

A sleek, mid-level firm. Lots of glass and steel, open floor plan, a panoramic view of downtown San Francisco.

Max pops out of the elevator. EMPLOYEES scramble to look busy and inconspicuous. Max is on the phone, concerned...

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT**

It's drizzling, windy. A sleek Mercedes glides down a mostly deserted waterfront street, pulls beside an abandoned warehouse.

Max stands by his car. Pacing a little. Wound tight. After a beat, Sinclair walks up behind him.

MAX

You said it was urgent.

SINCLAIR

I've got a friend who has something that you would pay handsomely for.

MAX

Who is this friend of yours?

SINCLAIR

Let's just say, an old school chum we were expelled together.

MAX

What is it that you think I'd want to pay for?

SINCLAIR

A painting, Mr. Dankworth.

MAX

Let's have a look at it.

SINCLAIR

Ah, now, you almost had me, but I don't just happen to have it with me at the moment. And I suppose you don't have the fifty G either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max twists upward on Sinclair's arm, and Sinclair winces. But he still won't talk. A beat, Max let's go.

MAX

When will you have the paining?

SINCLAIR

When will you have the cash.

MAX

It might take sometime.

SINCLAIR

With your connections. Anyway, I'm afraid time is the one thing my friend can't afford.

**INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

Max, alone at a corner table, brooding over a Mai Tai. Artemesia slides in across from him.

ARTEMESIA

You look pretty down. Want some company?

Max shrugs. He's so depressed he almost doesn't notice how incredibly hot Artemesia looks. Almost.

She removes the Mai Tai from his hands and takes a sip

MAX

(glum)  
Wonderful, isn't it?

Artemesia winces at the sweet taste.

ARTEMESIA

I'm more of a scotch girl myself.

She cuts to the chase, knows what's really bugging him.

ARTEMESIA

I believe her.

MAX

You cannot know that with certainty.

ARTEMESIA

I can. It's a gift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

I appreciate that, but sometimes my job... I get a little too far away.

ARTEMESIA

Isn't that the story of every marriage? Just takes a little extra work to find a way back.

MAX

You talking hypothetically or from experience?

ARTEMESIA

All of us drift a little further than we want to. I was married once. A disaster of space shuttle Challenger proportions.

MAX

Some shady pawn shop owner, deBois contacted me.

Her jaw tightens, back stiffens: clearly news to her.

ARTEMESIA

What did he want?

MAX

To sell me a painting.

ARTEMESIA

Have you seen it?

Max shakes his head, no.

ARTEMESIA

Max listen to me. Marnie's freedom is at stake. He was friends with Mr. O'Dell. He's dangerous. If he contacts you again, ignore him.

Max can't stand it, he's dying to know -

Silence. The expression on Max's face says she's right.

**INT. OYSTER PLACE - DAY**

A crowded Fisherman's Warf-side seafood joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia pushes through the throng to find Marnie nursing a Martini at a booth among the hurly burly of the lunchtime business set.

ARTEMESIA

Sorry I'm late.

MARNIE

I ordered you a martini.

Marnie slides the drink towards Artemesia, who smiles in appreciation.

MARNIE

Have you heard anything yet?

ARTEMESIA

Patients. Oh, um... don't panic.  
DeBois approached Max.

Marnie's smile falters, visibly shaken by that.

MARNIE

Have Max seen it?

ARTEMESIA

Not yet.

MARNIE

If I don't hear back soon I'll go to her myself.

ARTEMESIA

*Pendejo*. No, you want. I mean it.

MARNIE

Shit -- I'm sorry, Artemesia, I'm fucking untethered here..

ARTEMESIA

It's okay. You have a right to be.

MARNIE

The thing I can't get past is...  
What is Sinclair up to.

ARTEMESIA

I use to be one, a prosecutor, going after bad guys -- drug dealers, paid assassins, elected officials, CEOs -- you broke the law I was coming after you -- Prosecutors like things black and white.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

You took the money, you sold the drugs, you shot the man. Defense attorney's wants to take all the black and white stuff and make it gray. I hate it. But I love the black an white. I love its clarity.

MARNIE

What are you getting at?

Artemesia kisses her cheek. She takes Marnie's hand, lacing her fingers in Marnie's so that their hands make one fist.

Marnie merely nods, lets a moment of silence linger. They sip drinks, Marnie nods towards Artemesia's Martini.

MARNIE

Dry enough?

ARTEMESIA

The problem is...is it wet enough.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - DAY**

Artemesia and Marnie are hungrily kissing. She maneuvers herself off the passenger seat and onto Artemesia's lap. Artemesia jams the seat backwards. Now it's a bed.

Even though we can't see them we can still HEAR them as the last of their clothes come off...

**INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

Dark. Quiet. We hear keys jingle in the lock. The door opens and Sinclair steps in. Heads for his desk, but as he crosses the darkened space, something pulls him up cold -- lying on the desk is a GUN.

With a FIGURE behind it, shadowed, sitting silently in the darkness.

SINCLAIR

Do you always wander into people's offices? It isn't here.

A beat. Sinclair shifts uncomfortably, feeling eyes sizing him up from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

I suspected something might be afoot, so I took the necessary precautions in case of my untimely demise. Why if something were to happen to me --

The figure shifts in the darkness, leaning forward -- the gun within easy reach.

Sinclair slides a slip of paper onto the desk.

SINCLAIR

That's an account number for a bank in the Caymans. Fifty thousand deposited by noon on Friday and we'll talk. Noon. Or the window closes. Understood?

The figure abruptly steps forward, aims the gun at the side of Sinclair's head -- and FIRES point blank.

BLOOD SPATTERS onto the desk lamp and nearby books, creating a gruesome still life. We hear the BODY FALL onto the floor.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

There's yellow tape roping off the office, which looks like a tornado hit it. The killer was obviously looking for something.

Len enters the room, buzzing with DETECTIVES and CRIMESCENE PERSONNEL. Dwyer looks up and sees him.

DET. DWYER

Counselor.

Len stares at Sinclair lying in a pool of blood, with the handgun next to him.

GINA

Homicide?

DET. DWYER

Suicide.

DET. RUBY

One shot to the head. Close range. Upward trajectory. A witness passing by heard the shot. Called 911.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. RUBY (CONT'D)

When the responding officers arrived they found the door dead-bolted from the inside.

Gina looks bummed.

**INT. BEACH HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Marnie comes in, wrapping a bathrobe around her. Max sits at the table. His drafting tools are out. He's fully immersed in a sketch.

She takes a container from the fridge smells it, makes a questioning face, puts it back - grabs another container and opens a cupboard, pulls out a loaf of bread.

She places a sandwich in front of him and takes a seat.

MARNIE

Eat... you must be hungry?

Max doesn't look up, his tone is flat, removed.

MAX

I'm not hungry.

MARNIE

You want to talk bout it.

MAX

No.

**INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY**

Max's work space is a large drafting board full of drawing tools. A swing-arm architect lamp hovers over blueprints. A single framed PICTURE. Of his wife, Marnie.

Max is conferring with Artemesia as they enter.

ARTEMESIA

I don't know what you're making yourself so crazy for, Max. It's standard in murder cases.

They sit.

ARTEMESIA

Look. Him and O'Dell had some dealings. They just want to ask Marnie a few more questions, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max double takes --

ARTEMESIA

Was she with you last night?

MAX

Yes.

ARTEMESIA

Good...nothing to worry about.

MAX

Do I have anything to worry about?

ARTEMESIA

First. Your prenup is iron clad. I know this because I wrote it. Which means the only thing a divorce can do is bruise your ego. Second. I realize you're under a lot of stress, but if you call your wife a bitch in front of me again, you'll have to find another lawyer. And we both know there is no one out there as good as me. Now. Go one about your business and let me take care of this.

**INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

The class today. Artemesia strides in, whips off her sunglasses. She beelines towards Marnie, putting the finishing touches to a clay bust;

Artemesia studies the bust's head; it's Artemesia's. Even she's impressed.

She wraps her arms around Artemesia.

MARNIE

You know sometimes at night, when I'm lying in bed...I try to picture every detail of your face...and it's perfect. And then I see you in person, and you're even more beautiful than I remember.

ARTEMESIA

I can imagine what you do when you lie in bed, Marnie.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Artemesia looks into her eyes, realizes she really means it. Gets a bit uncomfortable for a second, and recovers.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY**

A lush room, done with a feminine touch.

Artemesia's propped up in bed, watching Marnie, who stands gazing at a WEDDING PHOTO of ARTEMESIA AND HIS EX-HUSBAND, and their daughter.

She's wearing only Artemesia's satin shirt, and looks languid and sensual.

MARNIE

When I look at you two. It's like you've known each other their whole lives. Were you two high school sweethearts?

ARTEMESIA

College...roll tide.

MARNIE

It shows.

She turns to give Artemesia a soft smile, then drifts back to sit on the bed beside her, Artemesia trails her hand lovingly through Marnie's hair.

MARNIE

He stepped out on you?

ARTEMESIA

No, It was the other way around.

This stuns Marnie.

Artemesia slowly withdraws her hand, looks for the words to bridge a painful subject.

ARTEMESIA

Marnie...this isn't easy to talk about. She chose to live with him. Still to this day, she blames me for everything.

Artemesia struggles with how to respond. Then, emotional -

ARTEMESIA

There's two sides to every story. Kaylee was only interested in his.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

The last seven years I've been trying to have some sort of relationship with her. Can't say I blame her...I ruined a happy home.

MARNIE

I'd imagine the police will want to talk to me.

ARTEMESIA

Of course. I'm very good at what I do, and assuming you hold your shit together, it'll be alright.

**INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Dwyer and Ruby are questioning Marnie. Artemesia is by her side.

DET. DWYER

So you lied about knowing O'Dell?

Marnie weighs her response, wondering how much they know and can prove.

GINA

It's a yes or no question.

MARNIE

Yes. He was a student of mine. Our anniversary was coming up and I asked him to do a nude of me. After the second sitting he expressed his feelings towards me. I rebuffed them and told him it's best he finds another teacher.

DET. DWYER

And?

MARNIE

That's it until the night he showed up at my house.

GINA

You two had an affair?

MARNIE

No!

GINA

You're lying! Just like you've lied about not knowing Mr. O'Dell!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

It's the truth.

DET. DWYET

Where is this painting now?

MARNIE

I have no clue. But if I did have it-- I wouldn't be here.

GINA

Now that I can believe.

ARTEMESIA

Find who has the painting, you'd probably have your murderer.

DWYER

Your whereabouts on the night in question?

MARNIE

With my husband. He'll vouch for me.

ARTEMESIA

Unless you're planning on charging my client -- we're done here.

**INT. SEATTLE PD - DAY**

Gian, Ruby, and Dwyer enter... to find LIEUTENANT CATHERINE PORTER, 42, African-American, waiting.

DET. DWYER

We can get her on obstruction.

GINA

Artemesia would plead it down to a fine, probation, and community service. And the DA would most likely sign off on it.

LT. PORTER

Oh, I didn't know you were on a first name bases with Ms. Menounos.

GINA

We met at Berkley. She was my maid of honor, and I was hers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

No, I want her for the murder of Arty O'Dell. She lied about not knowing him, what else has she lied about.

LT. PORTER

You still on that kick?

GINA

She did it. Let her go.

LT. PORTER

Have we released their house back to them?

DET. RUBY

Nope.

LT. PORTER

The go over it again before we do. Maybe the third time will be a charm.

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICES - DAY**

Len enters amidst a flurry of office activity as Det. Dwyer appears at her side; as he enters her office, Dwyer follows.

DET. DWYER

Hey, Len.

GINA

Detective Dwyer, a wonderful morning, huh?

**INT. LEN'S OFFICE - DAY**

A well appointed office, carved wood walls, leather chairs, large desk in front of a large window, books shelves of law books.

He tosses her briefcase in her desk chair. As she quickly scans the report.

DET. DWYER

Autopsy confirms a single, self inflicted gunshot wound. Labs on our suicide. Like I thought, gunshot residue on the victim's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

What do you have on the weapon?

DET. DWYER

It's a nine-millimeter Walther P38, but the serial number was filed off.

GINA

A street sale.

**INT. CRIME LAB - DAY**

ROGER, 30s, a LAB ANALYST, the kind of guy who probably has his boxers starched, watches Gina fire a blank from the gun found in Sinclair's hand into a barrel.

Nearby, Det. Ruby does too.

Roger SWABS Gina's hand for gunshot residue. Gina and Det. Ruby watch him examine the residue under an electron microscope.

**INT. SEATTLE PD - HOMICIDE - DAY**

Roger, holding a report, briefs Dwyer, Ruby, and Gina on his findings.

ROGER

According to a preliminary analysis, the firearm expelled 1,200 unique particles of gunshot residue onto your shooting hand, give or take.

GINA

Our victim only had sixty on his hand. From the exact same weapon.

DET. RUBY

It's microscopic dust. That's why there were particles on the victim even though he wasn't the shooter.

DET. DWYER

How come nobody else noticed this?

GINA

Because detectives search for patterns of evidence to support their theories.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

One person heard a gunshot. The room was locked from the inside. Explain that to me. How did the killer get out?

A long beat, they're stumped until...

DET. RUBY

Once I read an Ellery Queen book where the murderer used a magnet to lock a door from the outside. Maybe our suspect did it.

GINA

Magnets don't go through wood doors. Do they?

DET. DWYER

Actually, it all depends on the density of the wood. C'mon Ruby, let's test my theory.

ROGER

Now you need suspects. A motive.

GINA

Mrs. Dankworth.

**INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Max sits in his dark office, alone, listening to Marnie's phone ring and ring. He's about to hang up when he hears Marnie pickup. She's too numbed and lost to speak, but he can hear her breathing. After a beat --

**EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SEATTLE - NIGHT**

A handsome VALET opens the door of a Stingray.

Artemesia climbs out -- as if called from the Oscar's after party in a naked dress. She moves to the passenger side and opens the door.

Marla climbs out, stuns in a backless lurex mini dress, not tight, clingy. All arms, legs, and hotness.

ARTEMESIA

You know the difference between a good lawyer and a great lawyer? A good lawyer knows the law -- a great lawyer knows the judge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

And we're going to need one if  
this thing ever goes to trial.

MARNIE

Trial?

ARTEMESIA

Just in case.

Artemesia escorts her inside.

**INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SEATTLE - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

A black tie cocktail fundraiser to elect Attorney General ANNABELLE SANCHEZ FOR GOVERNOR. Seattle's elegant and elite are in attendance. Everyone is beautiful, everything is perfectly lovely..

They look at JUDGE INGRID BAXTER, 40s, a handsome, distinguished woman chatting it up with several gentlemen.

ARTEMESIA

The tall, elegant woman is Judge Ingrid Baxter. She's the supervising judge. Yea, last year she attended some swank Christmas party. A officer interrupted her lesbian tryst... back seat of her car. Her one phone call was to me.

(Off Marnie's look)

*As he described it, "I looked in the car and Baxter, the person I observed with her legs bent and laying with her back against the back seat, pulled her pants up from mid-high and pulled down her blouse."*

They share a laugh.

ARTEMESIA

They wanted to get her on a misdemeanor charge of having physical control of a vehicle while under the influence of alcohol. Got it thrown out that night on a technicality. So you can imagine how grateful the judge was when she learned she wouldn't have to explain things to her husband and two young daughters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I want you more right now than I  
ever have.

ARTEMESIA

Really? Excuse me.

**MOMENTS LATER...**

Find Artemesia and Judge Baxter at the banquet tables.  
The atmosphere is a bit awkward; we've joined them in the  
middle of something.

JUDGE BAXTER

I distinctly remember you saying  
on multiple occasions -- I was no  
better than any of the other wives  
who cheat on their husbands?

ARTEMESIA

Your Honor, I say a lot of things  
after a pint of Häagen-Dazs.

JUDGE BAXTER

You can't negotiate with the judge  
without the opposing counsel.

ARTEMESIA

Where does it say it's against the  
law to have a private chat with  
the judge?

JUDGE BAXTER

How about the Washington  
Attorney's Code of Professional  
Conduct.

ARTEMESIA

I've always looked at that as more  
of a guideline. Seriously, that's  
it on 'flaccid'?

JUDGE BAXTER

So let me guess, you think there's  
a chance your client could  
possibly be headed for trial.

ARTEMESIA

I need a Judge.

JUDGE BAXTER

I assume counselor you have  
someone in mind.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Artemesia tosses her a poker chip, which she catches it. Judge runs it across her fingers, debating....

JUDGE BAXTER

Artemesia, I won't win your case for you.

ARTEMESIA

I'll win the jury. C'mon, what do you have to lose?

JUDGE BAXTER

The tiny, miniscule shred of dignity I have left.

Artemesia moves off through the crowd to find Marnie.

Meanwhile, Marnie's offered champagne by a waiter, sips it, her eyes scanning the room for familiar faces.

She spots Willard per usual, all suave and dapper in a tie, not a hair out of place.

She moves through the crowd trying to dodge him. No dice, he catches up to her.

WILLARD

You shouldn't invite strangers to your house.

MARNIE

Fuck off. My affairs are none of your business.

WILLARD

No it is?

MARNIE

What the hell is that suppose to mean?

WILLARD

Ms. Lynx has retained my services.

Marnie's shocked.

WILLARD

Do you have any idea how many times I've jacked off to that painting?

Offended, Marnie slaps his face -- HARD.

Having witness that, Artemesia approaches Marnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

Are you alright?

WILLARD

The other night, my client said  
you threatened her.

ARTEMESIA

Your client?

WILLARD

Ms. Lynx.

A beat. Artemesia gazes at him, a look of dull surprise  
on her face.

ARTEMESIA

I did no such thing.

WILLARD

Stay away from my client or I'll  
be considering many legal avenues.

Artemesia immediately gets in his face - she's small, but  
way tougher than she looks.

WILLARD

Makes you uncomfortable, doesn't,  
counselor?

ARTEMESIA

Uh-huh. Listen here you son-of-a-  
bitch! If you're looking for  
trouble, you got a while heap of  
it from Artemesia Menounos.

There's a mass of movement to the dance floor.

Marnie smiles at Artemesia who leads Marnie onto floor.  
They're slow dancing, Artemesia's leads. They're awfully  
close, definitely looks like an affair.

ARTEMESIA

When I was twelve, I went to a  
supermarket with my mother. We  
didn't have much money, couldn't  
really afford any non-essentials.  
I knew this, and I suppose that's  
how I justified shoplifting the  
latest copy of Wonder woman. On  
the car ride home, my mom  
discovered what I'd done. Like  
you, she had a moral compass.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

She knew the right thing to do was return the merchandise.

A beat

ARTEMESIA

When we arrived back at the store, she sent me in. She thought it was important that I face the music on my own. I learned a valuable lesson that day.

**INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT**

A mix of unusually good art, contemporary paintings by obscure artists hang between Van Goh's and Monte's. They're aren't many customers.

A blonde in black mourning (her own sexy version) comes through the door, nods to the GALLERY STAFF, and begins to browse. It takes us a moment to realize this is Yara. Woman's a chameleon.

A beat later Max comes in, as casually as he can, looks around. Yara moves up to him.

YARA

No warm and fuzzy welcome?

MAX

Not sure I'll be very good company.

YARA

I don't mind.

She smiles at him, encouragingly.

YARA

I didn't come to bury the hatchet.

YARA

It's strange that a man can live with a woman for ten years and not know the first thing about her. It's rather - frightening.

A slight feeling of dread creeps up on Max...

YARA

I hear you're an art lover. Art was too. Tell me, have you ever seen any of his works?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA (CONT'D)

(off his look)

I'll admit most of it is B-grade junk, not worth protecting, but there's this one piece. I think you'll find it interesting.

MAX

I have no interest in buying any of his crap.

YARA

Crap? Mr. Dankworth, really? I know you'd make such a lovely buyer. I understand your aesthetic sensibilities are impeccable.

YARA

Perhaps you care to see the piece.

MAX

I don't think that's such a--

YARA

I don't think we can afford not to.

**INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Yara offers Max a tumbler of whiskey.

MAX

No thanks.

Max takes a seat on the couch. Awkward pause.

She pours a shot of bourbon, pushing it in front of Jean.

MAX

This isn't --

YARA

It's better. Trust me.

YARA

Better enjoy this while I can.

MAX

What do you mean?

YARA

I've been dreaming about this moment for so long, I never thought it would actually happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

I want you to know, I take no  
pleasure in what I'm about to do.

She grabs a huge tube and pulls out a canvass, then hands it to Max. A beat, his hands shaking, as he unrolls the nude painting of his wife.

This hits Max with nuclear impact. His world spins...

**EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

Max is charging down the street. Lost of people everywhere. His face is a mask of tangled thoughts. He's carrying the tube. His brain desperately trying to wrap itself around everything he's seen and heard tonight.

**INT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - NIGHT**

Out on the water, a boat glides by. Marnie steps out to the railing - in BG, Artemesia studies her, that dress as she speaks on her cell phone...

Finishing, she puts her cell away, and for a moment, they both stand there looking out, unaware of each other, the same expression on their faces...

ARTEMESIA

We tell them about the painting,  
the affair, and the blackmail.  
You'll plead guilty to  
obstruction of justice. I'll work  
out a plea deal, no jail time,  
probation, a fine, then hopefully  
you and Max can go away some where  
and work on your marriage while  
Yara rot in prison for conspiracy.

A beat,

ARTEMESIA

Why do you think they haven't  
arrested you yet? They have no  
smoking gun-- so say by some off  
chance they decide to go to trial,  
any reasonable jury would come to  
no other conclusion but self  
defense without proof that you  
invited O'Dell to the house that  
night. And the DA's office knows  
it.

INT. BEACH HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Max suddenly hurls his phone across the room.

He erupts, tears the place apart, kicking over furniture, ripping pictures from the walls, sweeping framed photos of him with Marnie from the mantle -- sending the artifacts of a life together crashing to the floor.

KNOCK-KNOCK. The door. Max stands for a beat, wild-eyed, gasping. KNOCK-KNOCK. He finally goes to the door, opens it.

Artemesia stands there, past Max into his ruined den.

MAX

You knew all along.

If anything, it pains her to see him this desperate.  
Still --

ARTEMESIA

Max, you know I couldn't --  
Attorney client privilege --  
The same curtsy I extend to all my  
clients, including you. Things you  
still don't want her to know.

A strange beat. Marnie fills the silence --

MARNIE

Don't blame Artemesia. She wanted  
me to tell you. I thought not  
telling you was best.

MAX

And this was better. How long?

MARNIE

Who are we kidding. We're just  
two people living under the same  
roof. It's been that way for a  
while. Too long for me to care to  
remember. If it wasn't him it  
would have been someone else.

MAX

What's the matter with you?  
You know how I feel about you.

MARNIE

Do I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Unless you're a fool. Everything I'm doing is for you. Us.

MARNIE

I don't want to be married to you anymore.

MAX

Excuse me?

MARNIE

I've tried so hard, so desperately, hard to believe I do. But i don't.

MAX

How long have you felt like this?

MARNIE

For sometime I've been keeping an emotional diary. Everybody should do it, they can be quite revealing.

Marnie slides open a desk drawer, pulls out her personal diary, unlocks it with a key, hands it to him.

Max flips through the pages rather quickly...

MAX

There's nothing in here.

MARNIE

That's right, I've lead an emotionally blank life. I didn't laugh, I didn't cry, I didn't feel until I met Arty.

MAX

Did you love him?

MARNIE

No, but he made me laugh, he made me cry. I'm not your life, Max...

(then)

I'm sorry, it pains me to tell you as much as it hurts for you to hear it. Oh, I'm not blaming you, Max. I just want you took look at it from my perspective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Do up the divorce papers -- I  
won't fight it.

MAX

Hey, where you headed?

MARNIE

I'm turning myself in.

Artemesia grabs the tube containing the painting.

ARTEMESIA

They'll need this to convict Yara.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Emerging from the courtroom, W

MARNIE

I can't take this much longer.

ARTEMESIA

It's almost over.

MARNIE

How we doing?

ARTEMESIA

It's close... you'll have to  
testify.

MARNIE

We knew that going in, didn't we?

ARTEMESIA

We assumed it, but there was  
always the chance they couldn't  
make their case.

MARNIE

And you think they have?

ARTEMESIA

Not motive really, but ... if you  
had stabbed him once, I'd rest  
right now. But the other stab  
wounds... you gotta get up there  
and explain that.

A beat

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARNIE

To the jury or you?

ARTEMESIA

My job is to get you off.

MARNIE

No, it's just ... maybe I should just stop watching the news. The things they say about me.

ARTEMESIA

Look, people have been talking' since the whole thing began, they'll talk long after it'S over.

MARNIE

Yeah.

ARTEMESIA

Look, we're almost done. The psychiatrist testifies. Then you. And we're done. It'll be fine.

MARNIE

Okay.

They hold another look, kiss softly.

**EXT. COURTROOM - DAY**

A handful of reporters and photographers lingering on the steps, are galvanized by the arrival of Artemesia and Marie

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

The courtroom is filled to capacity, all the trimmings of a high profile murder trial.

Ana and Len sit at the prosecution table. Shermichael sits next to Marnie at the defendant's table.

Artemesia questions a witness, DR. VIRGINA FIELDSTONE forties. JUDGE EMILY WHEELER, 30s, attractive presides

ARTEMESIA

You treated the victim for how long, Dr. Fieldstone?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Just under a year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

And during the course of your therapy sessions with Mr. O'Dell, did he ever talk about my client?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Occasionally.

ARTEMESIA

Do you remember what he said about her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Not really. He just mentioned she was his art teacher.

ARTEMESIA

Okay. You've heard the prosecutor's suggestion that the victim, Mr. O'Dell, was perhaps having sexual relations with my client.

DR. FIELDSTONE

I heard the suggestion.

ARTEMESIA

Do you have a response?

DR. FIELDSTONE

My response would be it's ridiculous. I knew almost every detail of Mr. O'Dell's life. There was no such affair.

ARTEMESIA

Well, is it possible he would've kept this from you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Frankly, no. Arty would pour out his deepest intimacies in my office. If he were having an affair with somebody, I surely would've known about.

WOMAN

Are you positive?

DR. FIELDSTONE

The only relationship he had with your client is student and teacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN

Thank you, Dr. Fieldstone.

A good direct, the prosecution's motive theory was just severely cripple. ADA XXXX knows it...

ANA

What were you treating Mr. O'Dell for?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Originally it was for mild manic depression. He was pretty well heeled from that and since it's been ongoing maintenance therapy.

ANA

I see. Do you remember how he first came to you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes.

ANA

Do you remember who?

MAN

His fiancee, Yara Lynx.

Angle on Yara.

RESUME SCENE

ANA

And how did she know of you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

She's been a patient of mine for three years.

ANA

I see. So you would have kind of a confidential relationship with her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes.

ANA

In fact, three years... I'd imagine you two have built up quite a trust?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. FIELDSTONE

We have.

Artemesia knows where this is headed and doesn't like it.

ANA

And given that trust... if you knew somebody to be betraying Yara Lynx, wouldn't you feel some obligation to tell her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

I didn't know of --

ANA

Please listen to my question. If you knew Mr. O'Dell to be cheating on your client, a client you'd established a three year trust with, would you tell her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

It's not so easy. If I learned of it from another client ... there would be tremendous conflicts of interest, Counsel.

ANA

You're a very good witness.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained. Strike that.

ANA

It's not so easy, you say. So ... there would be some pull on you to tell, wouldn't there? I mean, Yara Lynx trusts you, if you were to find out she were being betrayed, there would be some pull on you to tell, whether you end up doing it or not. Right?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Of course.

ANA

Obviously. And this would be obvious to Arty O'Dell too, wouldn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DR. FIELDSTONE

Perhaps.

ANA

Perhaps. So... couldn't it be... Arty O'Dell thought it best not to tell you he was fucking Marnie Dankforth?

ARTEMESIA

Objection@

JUDGE

Overruled.

ANA

Isn't it at least possible, given your conflicts of interests, your fiduciary relationship with his wife, Arty O'Dell chose not to tell you he was committing adultery with that woman?

DR. FIELDSTONE

I don't think that was the case.

ANA

Is it your testimony that such a scenario is impossible, Doctor?

DR. FIELDSTONE

No. I'm not saying it's impossible.

ANA

Thank you, doctor Virginia Fieldstone. The truth isn't so painful after all, is it?

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained.

INT. WITNESS ROOM - DAY

XXXXX.

MARNIE

How long will it take?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

It won't be quick, Marnie. This could be a long day.

She sighs.

MARNIE

Okay.

ARTEMESIA

Just tell them what happened. You'll do great.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

The room is again packed, this being the day everyone has salivated for. Marnie is at long last in the hot seat, now telling her story, her nervous voice shaking through her husky voice... throughout...

MARNIE

I set for him while he painted.

ARTEMESIA

But on this occasion, Mr. O'dell showed up at your home at eleven o'clock at night?

MARNIE

Yes.

ARTEMESIA

And what happened?

MARNIE

I went to open the door and that's when it happened. It caught me by surprise, once I got my bearing I tried to stop... I said no. It was like he couldn't hear me. I tried to shove him away, but he was too strong and just got angry. We argued. And I could feel his hands pulling at my robe...I wanted to shout but I couldn't move...I thought..he's actually going to do this to me.

The audience is rapt.

ARTEMESIA

And what did you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

He kept saying he was in love with me. At first I laughed it off, I thought he was joking. But then it became clear he wasn't joking. I...I was thinking to myself do I negotiate out of this with the least amount of embarrassment. I figured maybe he'd been drinking before he came over and that tomorrow he'd be mortified. So I... I don't know, I think I tried to save him from himself a little...

ARTEMESIA

Ok, go on.

MARNIE

By laughing it off, pretending not to be as uncomfortable as I was. He then uh ... he told me uh ... that when he was with Yara ... he would often think of me.

With an upset yara

ARTEMESIA

What did you say to that?

**FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT**

Arty and Marnie are in a heated argument. She tries to extricate herself, Arty pushes in, tearing open her robe, the swell of her breasts, nipples erect, grabs them--  
HARD.

She tries to moves his hand away--he won't move. She tries to push him back, he gets rougher, grabs her ass, pulls her into him, grinding.

Marnie wrestles free. He forces her HARD into a counter. She's trapped for a moment, but she manages to escape--

MARNIE

You're crazy. Have you been drinking?

ARTY

Is that why you think I'm saying this? Because of alcohol?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I don't know why you're saying it,  
but...

ARTY

I'm saying these things because  
I'm in love with you.

MARNIE

Arty. We're friends. I'm your art  
teacher. And I'm also married. And  
this is making me really  
uncomfortable and I think you  
should leave.

**INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY**

Xxx

ARTEMESIA

And did he go?

MARNIE

No.

**FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT**

Arty's hand grabs her ankle. Marnie kicks, crawling  
backward up the stairs, before throwing a high heels,  
catching him in the face...

MARNIE (V.O.)

Somehow I manage to get free.

A second is bought and Marnie spends it separating  
herself -- two feet, three, four -- from Arty before  
spinning to run.

But his hands grope for her, missing her heels by inches  
as she ascends the stairs.

MARNIE (V.O.)

But he caught me as I got to the  
bedroom.

And then, suddenly -- Arty plummets into her like a  
train, tackles her!



**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

And suddenly he pulls her toward him, She tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress. She is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful. He moves her to the bed, her robe flies open, the swell of her breasts, ERECT NIPPLES, starts to rip off his pants. She goes to scream, but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

**INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY**

Everyone is frozen, rivited.

ARTEMESIA

And then it happened.

**FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

He's on top, FUCKING Marnie, looks more like a rape in progress. Tears cover Marnie's face. RUMBLE. The rain is a genuine deluge. The crashing sounds of water and thunder drown out all other noise.

She seems to nearly convulse with the ice-pick, repeatedly stabbing Arty...

**INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY**

MARNIE

I don't really even remember the other wounds. I remember the first one in the back. But not how many times.

LATER.....

LEN

Your story seems so traumatic, Mrs. Dankworth. I'm a little struck by how poised and dramatic your answers seem.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Overruled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEN

You talked about a rape. Then stabbing a man, repeatedly, to his death. And you seem so-- unaffected by it all.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

ANA

It goes to demeanor.

JUDGE

The objection is overruled with the suggestion that it not be renewed.

ANA

Would it be fair to characterize your personality as icy?

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

This one is sustained. Hop to it, Ms. Guilfoyle.

ANA

It's your testimony that the victim came to your home on many occasions?

MARNIE

Yes.

ANA

Sometimes late at night?

MARNIE

Yes.

ANA

And is it your testimony there was nothing sexual between you too?

MARNIE

That's correct.

ANA

In the last, say two years, have you had a romantic relationship with anybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

As a matter of fact, no, I haven't.

ANA

Gee. Such an attractive affluent woman. You would think there would have to be somebody.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained.

ANA

You testified that you screamed that night. Anybody hear those screams to your knowledge?

MARNIE

Not to my knowledge.

ANA

Ah.

MARNIE

It was late, and no one was nearby.

ANA

You would know this?

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE

Overruled.

ANA

Had you ever screamed in the company of the victim before and not been detected, excuse me, heard?

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE

Sustained.

(to Ana)  
Stop it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANA

Did Mr. O'dell keep pursuing you after you stabbed him the first time?

MARNIE

I don't really remember. I just recall revoving the ice-pick... and then seeing him lying there.

ANA

You don't remember rolling him over?

MARNIE

I was in shock, Ms. Guilfoyle. I don't remember a lot of what happened.

ANA

Do you remember dialing nine-one-one?

MARNIE

Yes.

ANA

When?

MARNIE

Right after it happened.

ANA

Right after? Seconds after? Minutes?

MARNIE

Minutes after. I called my husband's lawyer first.

ANA

Why your lawyer first?

MARNIE

He was already dead. Then I picked up the phone and called.

ANA

All while you were still in shock?

MARNIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANA

At this time Your Honor, I'd like to play the recording of the "nine-one-one" call.

The Judge nods. Ana activates the recording. We hear the VOICE of the dispatcher.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Slow down. Say that again.

MARNIE'S VOICE

(even, not hysterical)

A man just tried to rape me. I stabbed him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Where are you calling from, Ma'am?

MARNIE'S VOICE

I'm at the my residence --

Ana turns off the recorder.

ANA

That's the sound of your voice in shock?

MARNIE

I don't know what I sound like. I do know I was in shock at that time, yes.

ANA

I see, and while in shock... you had the presence to assert your legal claim of self defense.

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE

Overruled.

ANA

Shall I play it again, Mrs. Dankworth?

MARNIE

I said self-defense as a descriptive way of what happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I wasn't asserting any legal claim, Ms. Guilfoyle. It just came out that way.

ANA

It just came out that way. Funny thing.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

A

ARTEMESIA

You were great. You really did.

MARNIE

You heard the tape. I did sound calm, Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

You sounded shut down, That's normal under the circumstances.

A beat.

ARTEMESIA

I think we had a good day, I say if I thought otherwise.

MARNIE

I remember stabbing him the first time but not...maybe the reason I don't remember the other ones is 'cause I bloked them out. Maybe those others'...maybe they were deliberate. And that's why I bloked them out.

ARTEMESIA

Don't start going down that path.

MARNIE

I don't know anymore, when I was testifying... I could start to see the image of it in...maybe those last few stabs... maybe it was vengeance.

ARTEMESIA

Marnie, the man tried to rape you, he might have killed-you.

And she nods slightly agreeing with him.

**INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT**

*At the bar, Artemesia dinks alone. Gina breezes in, takes up an adjoining stool.*

GINA

Has your client stabbed you in the back yet?

Artemesia reacts, thrown-- recovers quickly:

GINA

What you saw on the stand was a cold, ice cold killer who figured the perfect crime was to invite the victim into her house, stab him, and claim self defense. No witnesses. Perfect. A few artificial bruises on her body.

ARTEMESIA

She's not a killer. I defended plenty of murderers and I know them when I see them. She is innocent.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE/LAW OFFICES - DAY**

Dark, not well-lit. As Artemesia and Miss Harlow leave her office and walk towards to her Stingray, she mulls over something, totally lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly - a muffled CLANGING NOISE.

Both looks up. They don't see anything, but it hits them - the poorly lit garage, they're very much alone until --

Sinclair steps out of the shadows. He looks ragged, his eyes bloodshot (drugs?)

BAD MAN

Excuse me, Ms. Scherzinger. Eddie Watts.

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you?

BAD MAN

Actually I'm here to help you. I live across the street from your client. I got some information.

Artemesia and Miss Harlow exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAD MAN

I want waste your time 'cause I know it's gotta be runnin' at a premium.

(laughs)

Here's the thing. I'm sort of a security nut, I live by myself, got this recurring nightmare of someone breaking in late to give me a lobotomy. Anyway, I got this neat surveillance system, and..I got to thinking maybe my mini cameras picked something up that night. Sure enough...

Artemesia rolls her eyes, not again. Eddie pulls out a UB DRIVE.

BAD MAN

Wanna look?

ARTEMESIA

You got a video of the night's murder?

BAD MAN

Just the beginning.

Miss Harlow pops open a laptop, plugs it in...ON SCREEN; Outside Dankworth's home; Arty has just emerged with Marnie half-wrapped in a goodbye-kiss kimono...

BAD MAN

That would be your deceased, Arty O'Dell.

Artemesia stares. Not stunned, but the extortion, at how blatant the guy is. A beat. The screen goes dark.

BAD MAN

Goes by real fast. We can play it again.

She stares at him, Who is this guy? She should probably tell him to fuck off -- and the longer she looks at him, the more David thinks she's about to.

ARTEMESIA

How long have you had this?

BAD MAN

Long enough. It's getting too hot.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Why don't you go to police?

BAD MAN

It had crossed my mind, once or twice. Then last night, ding dong. Timing is everything I hear. I'm willing to sell it to your client, hundred thousand, nice round number. I bring the offer to you since I'm not sure she can be trusted. Besides there's the chance she could stab me in the back.

He chuckles, but Artemesia's not amused, not one bit.

BAD MAN

You keep that, It's a bootleg.

(goes to leave)

Oh, since you say it's illegal...maybe I should go to the D.A. But you should probably keep in mind if that lead prosecutor springs this in court, you'll be hard pressed to claim unfair surprise. Since I came to you first. I've probably complicated things, I'm sorry for that. It's the street lawyer in me.

ARTEMESIA

Mr. Watt... You had to know about this video the night of the killing, otherwise you wouldn't have known to save it.

BAD MAN

So.

MISS HARLOW

So the police questioned you, I got the reports. You withheld evidence, that's obstruction of justice, Mr. Watts. You could go to jail.

BAD MAN

Gee. Maybe I should turn myself in now. We all got cards to play, don't we?

He goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

Find out everything you can on him.

MISS HARLOW

Does that mean you're not taking me to lunch now?

ARTEMESIA

After lunch.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

MAN

What now?

ARTEMESIA

I don't know. I guess everything depends on this Walters guy and that stupid tape.

SHERMICHAEL

Probation pulled his sheet for me. He's got a prior on insurance fraud. He was also indicted in some travel agency scam, that one hasn't gone anywhere yet.

ARTEMESIA

Oh no.

MARNIE

Why is that bad...

ARTEMESIA

Because it gives him a reason to come forward. He can use the tape as currency, horse trade, for a deal on his other charges...

MARNIE

Maybe we should just buy it from him like he wants.

SHERMICHAEL

Thanks. But I can't afford to get disbarred for sometime.

MARNIE

So what happens now? You're starting to scare me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Nothing happens; Tomorrow, we put on the E.R. doctor, he testifies as to your shock. Then we rest. The prosecution can put on rebuttal witnesses if they have any. We just hope like hell they don't call Mr. walters to the stand.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

All parties are present, including Walters sitting in the back row. She's finishing up with DR. XXX , who on the stand....

ARTEMESIA

And from her symptoms I concluded that she was in a mild state of shock, yes.

DR. EVANS

Thank you, sir.

Artemesia sits as Gina rises.

GINA

Doctor Evans. You examined the defendant how long after the killing?

DR. EVANS

I think a couple hours.

GINA

Can you really diagnose shock to a medical certainty?

DR. EVANS

It's a judgement thing. And I made the call.

GINA

I see and would it be possible for someone to go into shock by committing a heinous crime as well as being the victim of one?

DR. EVANS

(hesitating...)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

So it's possible Doctor, the symptoms you saw in Marnie Dankworth, they could have been triggered by her committing murder, right?

DR. EVANS

It's conceivable.

GINA

I see. So at the end of the day, Doctor Evans you don't really stand behind your prior testimony, do you?

DR. EVANS

I don't know what you mean.

GINA

I think you do. Thank you, Mr. Evans.

And Gina sits. Artemesia shakes her head to the judge, she's done.

JUDGE BAXTER

The witness may step down  
(To defense)  
Counsel?

ARTEMESIA

The defense rests, your honor.

JUDGE

Ms. Mendoza?

Gina rises. For a second, time freezes. As she looks at her notes, Artemesia search for a tell. Artemesia flashes glances at Walters...is he poised to come forward?

After what feels like an eternity--

GINA

The prosecution rests, your honor.

Marnie and Artemesia swallow their respective hearts in relief. No otape will be introduced. Artemesia looks to Marnie to privately share the victory.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Gina is standing before the jury with an ice-pick, she's in the middle of her closing.

GINA

You see this? You don't just stab no one over fifty times. It was up close and personal. This was rage, It was personal. Haith have no fury like a woman scorned... She says she "only remembers stabbing him once in the back then had the gall to rollover on top and continue stabbing. He was long dead after the first. Overkill. And she's asking you to swallow her self-defense.

She retreats, drops the ice-pick on Artemesia's table, then sits at hers.

JUDGE BAXTER

We'll now hear from the defense.

ARTEMESIA

There's no evidence of a motive waightsoever. Oh, they suggest there must have been some affair. They have to suggest that, otherwise they're licked. But where's the proof? You hear any proof, did I miss something? You hear any testimony establishing an affair? Even Arty O'dells own psychiatrist... she got up here and she told you, there was no such affair.

ARTEMESIA

And the lady over here? I suspect she knows it's ridiculous. But she has to suggest it anyway, 'cause she's stuck. Stuck for a motive. Did the prosecution put on a single witness to contradict what Marnie Dankworth told you? Anybody? There was no such affair, of course not. You have testimony before you that Arty O'Dell raped her. Evidence that she defended herself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

No evidence, none to the contrary, other than the multiple stab wounds and an ice-pick. Reasonable doubt.

GINA

What you saw on the stand was a cold, ice cold killer who figured the perfect crime was to invite the victim into her house, fuck him, claim rape, stab him with an ice pick that was conspicuously nearby, and aim self defense. No witnesses. Perfect. But no screams either. No bruises on her body. Just shock.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

OVER the faces in the room, the jury filing back in. A FOREMAN is present. Then,-

JUDGE BAXTER

Have the jury reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, your Honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

The defendant will please rise.

(re: foreman)

What say you foreman?

FOREMAN

In the matter of the State of Washington ton vs Marnie Dankworth on the charge of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant... not guilty.

Reactions all around. But Marnie remains stoic, almost expressless...

JUDGE BAXTER

Members of the jury, the court thanks you for your service, which is now concluded. This matter is adjourned, the defendant is free to go.

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

A car is parked in the darkness across the street, obscured by trees and away from the streetlight's illumination.

From the drivers seat, Yara, in black, watches as the last light in the house goes out.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

Max, drink in hand, peers through the glass, surprised to see Yara standing there. A long beat, he opens up.

MAX

What do you want?

YARA

To talk.

Max turns away from Yara, who reaches inside her jacket cracks his skull with the butt of a gun.

Max hits the ground, bludgeoned. His drink SPLASHES across the floor.

A beat, Yara grabs him by his shirt collar and drags him towards the stairs, leaving a trail of blood.

She strong for her size...

**EXT. DANKFORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

Headlights sweep the house as Artemesia corvette stingray races up the driveway. Marnie stumbles out, giggles. Moves to the drivers side.

They kiss. Too passionate for a public, but they're rather tipsy.

ARTEMESIA

'K bye.'

Artemesia peels off, burning rubber. Marnie fumbles through her clutch for keys.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

Marnie lets herself in. The place feels and sounds empty. Or at least empty of anyone living. Instinctively, she moves toward the back of the house..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Max?

Then she freezes, eyes the blood on the stairs. She rushes up the steps...

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Marnie comes in. Max. Eyes open. In a tub full of bloody water, skin as white as whalebone, wrists open to the world. She hurries to him.

She grabs towels from the rack and starts bandaging his arms.

MARNIE

Max? Max?

Is he dead? His eyes seem to be focused on something over her shoulder. She knows it's meaningless, but she can't fight the instinct to turn and look...

Yara JABS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE INTO REBECCA'S NECK. On Marnie's wide and frightened eyes.

Yara drags Marnie's limp body next to Max, drops Marnie to the floor.

As she begins to remove Marnie's clothing...

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - NIGHT**

Artemesia drives, as she fishes for her ringing cell. She answers..

ARTEMESIA

Yea, Miss Harlow.

MISS HARLOW (V.O.)

Ms. Lynx. She was released this afternoon.

ARTEMESIA

What?

MISS HARLOW (V.O.)

Her lawyer, Willard Prescott got her off on a technicality.

Off Artemesia who does a u-turn, and races back towards the Dankworth's home.



INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Manie's CELL PHONE RINGS. It's on the floor where it fell -- next to Max paralyzed body. It RINGS and RINGS as...

Yara wrestles Marnie's body over the edge and carelessly drops her into the tub.

Marnie slides under the water. Stays there. Yara takes a moment to wipe the splashed water from her face and catch her breath.

She glances over at the ringing cell phone. Annoyed.

She picks up the phone and looks at the display screen:

YARA

Hey -- it's your lawyer.

Marnie doesn't answer because she's under water and paralyzed and stuff.

Yara turns off the phone. Then returns her attention to--

Marnie, still laying below the surface of the water. Yara stares at her; considers leaving her there. Then--

YARA

Nope. Gotta do it right.

Yara rolls up her sleeves, reaches into the water and pulls Marnie back above the surface by her hair.

Marnie's face is as still as death; but we know she is listening to Yara's words.

YARA

You only have yourself to blame for this.

Yara opens a fresh pack of razor blades.

Marnie's wrist stretched out against the edge of the porcelain bath tub...

Yara holds Marnie's hand in an almost sisterly fashion. In her other hand she holds a razor blade

YARA

Now, the cuts in the first arm have to be very deep, so it's gonna hurt like hell..

Marnie stares up at Yara in wordless, helpless terror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

But hey, no one ever said suicide was painless. Except for that guy who wrote the MASH theme.

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT**

Artemesia races in. Jumps out. Bee-lines for the front door. Immediately followed by an unmarked police cruiser, lights flashing, screeches to a halt.

Detectives Ruby and Dwyer jump out, guns drawn.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The razor blade. Light glints off it as...

Yara brings the blade down against the tender skin of Marnie's wrist. Then, with strong and steady force--

Yara bears down on the razor blade, carving into Marnie's flesh. She draws the blade down along her arm, opening the wound more and more. It's excruciating to watch.

Blood flows out of Marnie's arm; onto the tub, into the water...And Marnie doesn't move a muscle.

Marnie's face. Still. Composed. A single tear rolls from the corner of her eye..

YARA

Good. One more cut and then we can start on the other arm.

The blade comes down again. It touches Rebecca's skin as...

**THE BATHROOM DOOR BURSTS OPEN!**

Dwyer is in first. Her body slams Yara, smashing her down onto the cold tile floor as--

Artemesia slips in, goes straight to marnie, wraps her bleeding arm in a towel, applies pressure as--

Ruby, gun out, moves into the doorway. He tries to cover Yara with his gun but--

Dwyer and Yara wrestle on the floor. It's awkward; Dwyer tries to pin Yara, but he's still holding his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yara thrashes and howls like a wild animal denied her kill. She's a lot stronger than she looks and she slashes at Dwyer.

Dwyer momentarily manages to pin her arm down, but Yara pulls loose and slashes him across the knuckles.

Dwyer instinctively jumps back.

Yara swipes the blade at Dwyer's face; Dwyer brings his gun up and empties it into her torso, knocking her back like a rag doll.

Her arm is bandaged and she clearly only has partial use back.

Max reopens her diary and goes to write a note when he notices writing indentations on it. A beat, he shades it with a pencil to bring out the contrast...

It's a letter. Max reads it..

MAX

It's a pity you wrote it in pencil, the impression usually goes through - a fact which has dissolved many a happy marriage.

MAX

You should have took several sheets or slipped a cardboard between them.

-----END HERE-----

ARTEMESIA

You never really told me... what happened in your marriage? Is that okay to ask?

MARNIE

You know that spark you felt when you first met that someone - the one two people feel when they spot each other across a room -it's what everyone's out there looking for, hoping for. Even if only for a night. Well, when the spark is gone, you're in trouble.

ARTEMESIA

Lots of people go through that, don't they? It doesn't end every marriage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Some people, they learn to pretend they don't miss it. Or that they don't crave it every day. Maybe they wait around long enough to stumble across it again, years later. But in some marriages... well, maybe somebody's not patient. Maybe they find it somewhere else.

ARTEMESIA

Jeffrey..? Had an affair?

MARNIE

Yes. And even though I want to kill him sixteen times a day, the truth is, he probably did us both a favor. We were never going to be happy again. And once it's over... it's over.

**EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - DAY**

Artemesia, sweaty, in tight workout clothes, walks up to her car with a water bottle in one hand, keys with remote in the other. Clicks the car UNLOCKED -- on the CLICK --

Yara approaches at a fast clip. Artemesia stands there.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE/LAW OFFICES - DAY**

Dark, not well-lit. As Artemesia and Miss Harlow leave her office and walk towards to her Stingray, she mulls over something, totally lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly - a muffled CLANGING NOISE.

Both looks up. They don't see anything, but it hits them - the poorly lit garage, they're very much alone until --

Sinclair steps out of the shadows. He looks ragged, his eyes bloodshot (drugs?)

SINCLAIR

No one saw me.

Artemesia pulls him aside, whispers:

ARTEMESIA

If it were up to me I'd tell you to go to the police. So my client lied. No criminal record.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

I'll plead it down to a fine, one year probation, no jail time. Done.

ARTEMESIA

On the other hand, you and Ms. Lynx are looking at significant time for one, extortion, two, obstructing an official police investigation.

Sinclair, feeling more and more like a cornered animal -

ARTEMESIA

And since it is an on-going investigation, you can't do anything with that painting, but sell it to me...

YARA

Shoulda thought of that before you made the deal.

Sinclair drifts off, realizing the futility of the situation.

Sinclair suddenly stands, brutally grabbing Yara by the neck. He smiles, examines her

SINCLAIR

Ms. Menounos is not one to bluff. She will go to the police like she said, tell them about us. Do you know the jail time for conspiracy?  
(tightens his grip)

I don't wanna play anymore, now get this through your head, without money, I'm not interested in living! Are you interested in dying?

She shakes her head; he releases her grip.

Marnie and Artemesia, they're getting steamy. Hands under clothes

Artemesia approaches Marnie. Artemesia holds her hand, the way they used to do when they were little. Michelle breaks...

MAN

Can we talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN

I'm due in court in ten minutes.

Reluctantly, she leaves. Artemesia scoops up two glasses and a brandy bottle from behind the bar. She pours -

She hands him a brandy glass..

You gotta admire his straight-up ballsiness, and Rachel does. If we're paying attention, we'll also remember seeing her in the courtroom.

**EXT. GINA'S BEACHFRONT BUNGALOW - PATIO - NIGHT**

A light on inside, revealing a swank living area, a feminine touch.

Artemesia and Gina sit on chairs overlooking the ocean. Finished dinner plates and glasses of wine. Candlelight and the gentle sound of the surf. Megan wears a bikini and sheer wrap.

s\*xy physique

We PUSH IN on Artemesia's face -- wheels beginning to turn, and idea forming. A beat, then -

Max pulls out a photo of Marnie and him, from about ten years ago. Artemesia examines it.

JUDITH BENNER (50s) approaches. Firm handshake as -

Detective JACKIE LEYLAND (37) has a Hilary Swank vibe about her. even her British accent is sexy....She likes the question -

ROBBIE BROOKS (30s), a tough-looking guy with a MASSIVE beard, sits - alone - in an ill-fitting VINTAGE SUIT

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate your time, your Honor. I know you're busy.

JUDGE BAXTER

Willard tells me you're one of the best tax attorney's in the state.

ARTEMESIA

Well, that might be a slight exaggeration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE BAXTER

*So was my last one -- and I warn you, he took one look at them and turned to stone..*

ARTEMESIA

*I'm sure I can straighten things out...*

ARTEMESIA

I represent some very dangerous people. They won't like it if you make me late.

Margot's involuntary sigh seeps through the line. As if she was hoping the conversation wouldn't end up here

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY**

Modern. Large. Airy. Impeccably decorated with fine art. The place screams MONEY. Some erotic paintings of lesbian coitus.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The ALARM CLOCK blares -- even though it's 4 A.M. TWO FIGURES are asleep in bed, their sexy clothing and heels scattered around the room.

A woman's HAND shuts off the ALARM.

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 50s, sits up. Kate Beckinsale type, but she's too intelligent and determined looking to be just sexual eye candy.

She snags her phone. 50 new messages. 100 new emails. She scans them quickly, then --

She rises, sexy physique, grabs a legal documents from a bedside table, tosses on the bed, disappears into the bathroom.

Even her slight British accent is sexy.

ARTEMESIA (O.S.)

Hey, I gotta go to work early.  
Sign those papers. Lock the door  
when you leave, okay.

The CAMERA lands on a PICTURE on the wall: Artemesia and her ELEVEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, smiling like it's the best day ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She emerges in a towel. Moves to the bed, picking up her sexy heels. A woman, ELIZABETH (30s, Italian/American, suburban/sexy) is still asleep. Unacceptable.

She smacks her ass -- HARD. She jumps up, squeals in delight. Satisfied, she kisses her.

Elizabeth looks over the documents.

ELIZABETH

"Dissolution of Marriage." Looks so final. Like "Death Certificate."

ARTEMESIA

Take your time. Look it over. Your husband already signed.

She checks the last page. Sure enough. Signed. It's unreal.

ARTEMESIA

You can still change your mind.

Elizabeth nods, considers it. Second thoughts?

ARTEMESIA

As we discussed, your husband has set aside your prenuptial agreement and acceded to your terms. In exchange, he's including a strict confidentiality clause.

ELIZABETH

So anything I know about his work--

ARTEMESIA

You're prohibited from sharing. With anyone.

ELIZABETH

After I sign it?

Artemesia nods. Elizabeth picks up the pen. Signs.

ELIZABETH

I thought you British women were suppose to shave. My face feels like sandpaper.

ARTEMESIA

I do. Ask me how my coochie feels.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ELIZABETH

Aw, you're so naughty.

Playfully tosses a pillow at Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

Call me next time you're in town.

ELIZABETH

What if I want to call before?

ARTEMESIA

Restrain yourself.

**INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER & SCHERZINGER - DAY**

A small, prestigious law firm. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES.

Artemesia moves through the busy nerve center, with a look in her eye that says she's earned every strip in her perilously short, Armani skirt suit.

MISS HARLOW, Artemesia's Miss Money Penny appears at her side; 30s, very good looking and would take a bullet for Artemesia.

MISS HARLOW

Um, staff meeting'll probably go past one, so I pushed back my deposition with Margulies to Tuesday. And don't forget you're two o'clock with Linda Graham.

ARTEMESIA

(no idea)

Who?

MISS HARLOW

A friend of Julia Scott. You're suppose to look over her settlement agreement.

ARTEMESIA

Oh, yeah.

a gold, backless lurex mini dress.

**INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sex. Hot, sweaty, passionate sex between Artemesia and Gina. Artemesia is on top. But it's more than sex, it's easy to tell they're very much in love.

**INT. GINA'S BEACH BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Gina is underneath the shower, soap cascades down her, she grimaces. From off her cellphone rings.

She turns off the shower and trying hard not to get water everywhere steps out and grabs the cellphone from where it sits on the sink.

As she answers it, it rings off.

GINA  
(in Spanish)  
Shit!

ARTEMESIA  
What's so important to get you out  
at this hour?

MAN  
An old frien of yours, Mr'  
Winters.

ARTEMESIA  
Red? What he's up to this time?

MAN  
He robbed a bank in LA, killed the  
guard. And we figure he's around  
here somewhere.

ARTEMESIA  
So he's at it again?

MAN  
Thanks to you.

ARTEMESIA  
What do you mean?

MAN  
If you hadn't got him off after he  
killed Officer Johnson he'd be  
where he belongs now -- six feet  
under.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

The jury didn't think so. Besides  
I was juts doing my job. Red was  
my client.

MAN

Well if you're lucky you'll run  
into him and pick up some more  
business.

ARTEMESIA

Thanks for the tip. I'll keep my  
eye open just in case.

MAN

You know you're a pretty smart  
operator -- someday you'll be too  
smart.