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FADE IN:

**EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT**

A cityscape lays before us, sweltering in the midst of what looks like a brutal summer night. Seen, barely, through thick clouds of black smoke and flames, which undulates languidly across the burning sky. The entire city seems to be on fire...

**INT. COZY BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is a small, warm, intimate place, all polished woods and heavy brass railings. They're aren't many customers

At the end of the bar itself, a DRUNK, bearded, slumps over a drink, semi-comatose. He looks like a permanent fixture.

BETH CAMEROTA, pushing 40, in a cheap sheath dress at the bar drinking. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

On a adjacent stool rest her bosca leather briefcase- She's in mid-conversation, enamoured with (PAN TO)

*WALTER HEWITT - 30s, sweaty shirt, tie undone. He's tall, dark, and ugly, But a good ugly, The kind of ugly that gets laid more than many of the good looking brands.*

*Beth half-admonishes, half flirts with him throughout.*

WALTER

You look like you might be feeling slightly promiscuous tonight- ?

BETH

No different than any other night.

WALTER

*At the risk of sounding like a pervert. You look like you could give a man a good footjob.*

BETH

*You're wasting your time. It's the lose of blood that gets you. That half pint, which flows to your dicks -- causes a major short in your thinking.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

Look, they met in a bar, she let him buy her drinks, laughed at his jokes, kissed him, and let's not forget she wasn't wearing any panties.. Well, she even got into his car with him, she was looking...

MAN

Ok, I'll stipulate -- perhaps she should have known better. Maybe not wearing panties to a bar wasn't the smartest thing to do but you know what, Walter? She said no, not had she said it, she screamed it. She screamed so loud he had to hold a knife to her throat to silence her...she maybe guilty of an error in judgement but your client is still guilty of rape.

*His CELL PHONE RINGS.*

WALTER

*Gotta take this.*

*He moves away, whispering into his phone. Beth stares at the bulge in his pants, he's packing some serious heat.*

**EXT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT**

**Beth emerges from the seedy bar, carries her sexy pumps as she tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of a dress. Walter hurries to catch up.**

WALTER

*Now where were we?*

BETH

*We were negotiating a plea deal.*

WALTER

*Ah, yes -- but I think I should warn you -- I drive a hard bargain...*

BETH

*...Mmmm. I think you'll find my offer quite, un -- generous.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

No doubt. You certainly have a lot of assets

BETH

Mm-hmm, do you have an offer that will satisfy me?

WALTER

Well -- let's just say, I've never had any complaints.

Beth contemplates, maybe, not sure, then...

BETH

Mmmm. I'll let you know as soon as you make a firm offer. Are you firm, Adam?

WALTER

I wouldn't know. I haven't seen your bottom line, yet.

BETH

Let's put the deal to bed, shall we.

She climbs into her fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition...

**EXT. DARK APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT**

Just about everyone is in bed. Our view RISES UP to the rickety fire escape of an apartment where the lights are on..

EXT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Off in the short distance, the mushroom clouds of thick black smoke and flames have grown substantially.

MOVE IN THROUGH open patio door leading into the bedroom.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large fan CREAKS, looks old, as it woefully strains to circulate sweltering air. It's hot in here, we can sense the heat as we pan across a dump gone smoggy with smoke, towards the dingy bed where...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beth's lying on her stomach, *clutches the sheet* beneath her with a death-grip. Just out of shot, Walter behind, on top of her. It is suggested he's sodomizing her. She struggles to take him, overwhelmed by the size of his cock. Their sweat differs from the run of the mill sweat, it's the sheer volume.

BETH

That's it, make me take it... Make me take it...

Both are lying still and breathing hard. Catching his breath Walter rises, snatches up a warm can of generic of an end table, moves to the patio, gazes absentmindedly at the flames.

Beth grabs a pack of cigareetes of the bedside table, lights up, blows smoke rings at the sagging ceiling.

BETH

*You do drive a hard bargain.  
Consider our deal consummated.*

WALTER

*I must say, it was a pleasure  
doing business with you.*

The naked Beth, nipples erect, hops out fo bed, grabs Walter from behind, caressing his cock. Her speech is slurred.

RACHELINA

What's wrong, Walter? Did the heat melt your popsicle?

WALTER

Swear to God - feels like it's gonna fall off. What's gotten into you?

RACHELINA

It's too damn hot, everything has started looking good...even you.

He holds out scissored fingers. Beth passes him the cigarette. He takes a drag.

RACHELINA

It's the Big Sleazy motel.

WALTER

Fond memories I take it.

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CONTINUED: (2)

RACHELINA

Yea, when I was in my lustful twenties. Back then, when I was up for some hot, sleazy motel sex...I'd meet up during lunchtime or what have you's with some guy, or girl I'd had my eye on. I'd flirt and smoke and get sloshed. Take the afternoon off. We'd end up there.

(half-smirking)

One of your clients probably torched it. Probably that Zachetti guy.

Walter laughs in spite of himself.

WALTER

You got him all wrong. He's not an arsonist, just careless with matches.

*INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY*

*Beth stirs awake, bare-ass NAKED, alone... She eyes the alarm clock...*

BETH

Oh, man. Oh God, is that clock right? Please tell me it's not 9:15 I'm gonna be late for court.

*She jumps out of bed, heads for the bathroom, taking a whore's bath at the sink. Naughty bits and arm pits. Her figure is far from girlish but her curves are in all of the right places.*

*Beat, she comes out, grabs her sheath dress, and puts it on, it clings to her body. She zips up, doesn't bother to put on any underwear. Naughty,*

*Fluffs her hair in the mirror with dubious results...*

*She fumbles on sexy/classic pumps which elongates her well-toned legs. Grabs her keys, briefcase- cell - Takes the walk of shame.*

**INT. '72 MUSTANG - DAY**

Rachelina speeds through a small coastal town, oozing big Southern Charm. And for the record, it's hot.

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CONTINUED:

The heat is a character: it lives in your clothes, in your hair, you can feel your dreams evaporate as you sleep.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Classic Perry Mason set-up. Mostly deserted. For the defense, JAKE CAVANAUGH, 20s, beside a WEALTHY MALE CLIENT.

JUDGE EMILY PIRRO presiding. A stunner in her forties. She's quickly browsing paperwork,

EMILY

Are we ready to proceed ladies and gentlemen?

WALTER

Defense counsel, your honor.

EMILY

The people?

The young paralegal rises, nervously.

MAN

It would appear, Ms. Camerota's been unavoidably detained, your honor. Under the circumstances, move for a continuance --

Just then, Beth comes barreling in, runs well in her heels, her DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S BADGE hangs 'round her neck. Hurrying to the prosecutor's table.

BETH

Beth Camerota for the prosecution, your honor.

EMILY

Tick tock, counselor.

BETH

I apologize for the delay.

EMILY

Any reason I shouldn't hold you in contempt?

BETH

Approach, your honor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

*(waving her up)**That better be a note from your mother.*

BETH

*I'm doing sixty -- tops seventy -- when this cop who doesn't even shave yet pulls me over for an unsafe lane change. I explained to him that i was late for court. I further explained --*

EMILY

*Let me take a look at that.*

BETH

*That's alright, your Honor. I wouldn't presume to ask the court for any favors.*

EMILY

*And this court wouldn't presume to offer any favors.*

BETH

*Truthfully, I think we've already consumed enough of this court's time with my personal matters.**She gives Beth a look, holds out her hand. Reluctantly, she give it to the Judge. She browses it.*

EMILY

*For the record, Ms. Camerota has just handed me a pink piece of paper, which appear to be, in fact, neither a grocery list, nor a pocket copy of Canon of Ethic but rather a legitimate S.F.P.D. citation.**She hands it to the clerk with the slightest of smiles --*

EMILY

*The people may proceed.***INT. BIG MAMA'S CAFE - DAY***A greasy spoon that hasn't changed much since the eighties, customers fan themselves with menus, as streamer covered fans and air conditioners spread the sweaty, reeking air to all four corners.*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Across from the cafe, a crummy neighborhood.

At the counter, Walter devours a burger, fries and an ice cold drink

Beth hurries in, skirt, sleeveless silk blouse and joins him. Lay down her briedcase on a neighboring stool.

BETH

Why didn't you wake me?

WALTER

You told me to fuck off.

SALLY, 40s, attractive, but worn, in a cute little waitress dress, sets down a glass of ice tea and a plate of hot food before Rachelina.

BETH

I could kiss you, Sally.

SALLY

My husband wouldn't like it.

BETH

No, but you would.

Sally shakes her head in disbelief, tosses a napkin at Beth.

WALTER

Whatever you two have going on, why don't I delicately extract myself and order us some dagwoods.

SALLY

You want me to poison your food?

WALTER

It taste bad anyway.

SALLY

You're more than welcome to go elsewhere.

WALTER

They don't have you.

RACHELINA

Are you ok? You've been acting really strange lately.

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CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY

Yes, it's 124 degrees and I'm kinda pissed off about it.

As Sally moves to another customer...

WALTER

I was sure Judge *Ratakowski* was going to throw your butt in jail.

BETH

She likes me. Yea, last year after attending a Christmas party at a chic hotel. A officer interrupted her lesbian tryst... back seat of her car.

WALTER

Really--?

ARTEMESIA

Uh-hun. As the officer described it, "*I looked in the car and Pirro, 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. I declined to prosecute. Imagine I grateful Pirro was when she learned she wouldn't have to explain to her husband and two young daughters.

WALTER

Um, you two ever...

BETH

I don't kiss and tell.

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BETH

Oh that it.. oh make me take it...make me take that cock..oh it feels so good that cocks so big...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER

Holy Cow! You forget to pay the electric bill, Sally.

SALLY

AC isn't keeping up with this dang heat, they tryin' to fix it now -- hopefully soon, or we'll be frying the catfish on the sidewalk.

Rachelina and Walter nearly choke on their food. Walter goes to light a cigarette.

INT. RESTURANT - DAY

Next scene.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Only lit by a bedside lamp. It's well-kept, furnished with tasteful flea market and second-hand finds.

A sweaty post-sex Emily in a bodycon midi dress stands before the mirror pinning her hair up. Reflected behind Emily, Beth lounges on the bed. Her black full slip, lace at the hem and bust, dewy with sweat.

EMILY

My hubby was just telling me, he couldn't remember how many people he treated for heat related injuries. He's never seen it this bad.

Beth, barely listening. She's thinking about Marla.

Emily moves bedside, sits on the edge of the mattress, putting on her sexy heels.

Emily picks up a book: "*THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE*," by James Cain.