

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. EVRGREEN MOTEL - NIGHT

A hot and balmy night. Lots of vacancies. The place is in disrepair. Grass shoots up through holes in the concrete. The sign is missing a few of its letters.

INT. EVERGREEN MOTEL - NIGHT

NORM, 40s, an obese, repulsive man stripped to his underwear lies on the dingy BED, sweat runs in streaks down his cheeks... his breathing, ragged and loud, and his eyes open slowly he's burning up...

In the shadows a dark figure lights up a book of matches. Their face grotesque, as if melted by flames, a stocking covers their face.

The figure holds the match up to the ceiling... then there's an ungodly ALARM. Norm's eye go wide with fear as the HIGH PRESSURE fire sprinkler system starts dousing him with water.

With a whoosh and a scream Norm is engulfed in flames, the room, infused with fire, explodes as the flames grow we let them TAKE OVER THE FRAME...

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

A cityscape lays before us, sweltering in the midst of what looks like a brutal summer night, spewing mushroom clouds of black smoke and flames across the burning sky. The entire city seems to be on fire...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Our view RISES UP a seedy apartment complex to see the silhouette of a man in boxer-briefs, standing on his warped balcony.

EXT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

The man, WALTER, 30s, his aura is scrupulous. Sweat drips off his chest. His hand is bandaged. He's gazing absent-mindedly at the flames.

Walter matches a smoke, shakes the match, exhales, reaches for a can of generic beer balanced on the rail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A sweaty RACHELINA joins him, naked, silhouetted in the flames. A young 40, sexy in a bleached brunette trailer trash sort of way, despite her uncombed hair, makeup-less face. A *sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.*

Grabs from behind, lazily caressing his cock. He winces. She slurs her words a little maybe drunk.

WALTER

I'm sorry. It's not gonna happen.

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.

She smiles, holds out scissored fingers. Walter passes her the cigarette. She takes a drag.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

It's the Big Sleazy motel.

WALTER

Fond memories I take it.

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.

Walter laughs in spite of himself.

RACHELINA

Probably that Zachetti guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

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

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - 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, walls show cracks, dubious stains on the carpet. The room gone smoggy with cigarette smoke.

Rachelina, is sweating copiously now, stuffing herself back into a summer dress, Then he glances over-- and sees Walter on the bed, blowing rings at the sagging ceiling.

WALTER

It's not like her husband was in the trunk.

RACHELINA

Oh please, she offered to pass two of her students with failing grades to set fire to her Mustang.

WALTER

It was a ford. I worked out a sweet deal with the DA.

RACHELINA

Uh-huh. They're not the one who has to shell out thousands of dollars.

WALTER

Aw, c'mon. Hasn't anybody tried to chisel on an insurance claim, at least once? Cut me some slack.

Rachelina shakes her head: Jesus. Finally:

RACHELINA

No! If I cut you anymore, you'll probably hang yourself.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

A small coastal town, oozing big Southern Charm. Everyone's down to the bare necessities, moving restlessly about in the incessant dry heat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kind of heat that's in your clothes. In your face.
It's everywhere.

INT. HOME - DAY

Rachelina shifts through charred remains, or what's left of it. Studies her clipboard. The garage is visible, the car too. Scorched and still smoking.

MR. BRISBANE, 40s, an air of entitlement, wipes sweat from his face with handkerchief.

BRISBANE

You've been snooping around for the last hour. You act like it's arson.

RACHELINA

Proving arson isn't very difficult. I've investigated a few deliberately set fires and there are definite telltale signs.

(then)

For instance, the use of accelerants normally leave trails of char that are noticeably heavier than the burn around them. They show up like black lines everywhere the accelerant was spread. There's only one accelerant I know of that doesn't do this. And it's not gasoline -- it doesn't all burn. The gasoline vapor burns, and the liquid residue is pretty easy for investigators to spot.

(off his look)

Also, arson fires tend to have points of origins that simply don't make sense like closets, or in this case a corner, areas with no heat sources or electrical infrastructure.

He stands there with an idiotic look on his face.

RACHELINA

But I knew five minutes after I walked in here -- you don't remove ANYTHING from the house in advance. Family heirlooms, photographs, valuables, and other keepsakes beforehand, etc.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

It all has to burn. I'm just not seeing any valuables.

BRISBANE

So, when do I get my money? I know I'm current on my policies. So don't even think about trying to screw me. I have lots of lawyers.

Rachelina blows a wisp of hair out of her sweaty face.

RACHELINA

This woman claimed she found a dead mouse in her soup at a restaurant we insure. Wanted five hundred grand. Yea, I know it sounds crazy, but I paid to have an autopsy on that damn thing. No soup in the lungs and hadn't been cooked. Now she's doing time in club fed.

INT. WAVERLY INSURANCE - DAY

It's burning hot. An AIR CONDITRIONER REPAIR MAN stands on a ladder, messing with some wires. The place is shabby and run-down. A couple of cubicles...

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

...in the high 100s. I already stripped down to my birthday suit. I can't take off nothin' else. City says there's gonna be rollin' blackouts.

INT. RACHELINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachelina's over-caffeinated receptionist, PHYLIS, 40, bursts into her office, sorting through claims.

RACHELINA

In an attempt to kill a fly, I ran into a telephone pole. I thought my window was down, but found it was up when I put my head through it. Here's one: I was driving along when I saw two dogs copulating in the middle of the road, causing me to ejaculate through the sun roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHYLIS

Um, I think -- he meant eject.
Yeah, that guy was... bad.

RACHELINA

You can't make shit like this up.

RACHELINA

Oh. Yea. That reminds me. Hold
off on this one.

Walter enters, rolls his fedora onto his head, cuts the
brim. Tosses his hat towards a hat rack, misses badly.

Phylis picks it up, hangs it for him.

Rachelina fumbles with a stick of NICOTINE GUM. Walter
offers a cigarette. A little FUCK YOU behind her eyes.

He stares at certificates and plaques on the wall.

WALTER

Top saleswoman four years in a
row.

RACHELINA

Um... yea. I can sell a dead man
life insurance.

WALTER

Lunch?

RACHELINA

You buying?

WALTER

On my meager salary, you kidding?

RACHELINA

Well, if you get yourself a better
class of clients, you can get out
from under that shithole.

INT. BIG MAMA'S CAFE - DAY

A bustling old time greasy spoon. Beyond the windows, a
dilapidated street. Shops boarded up. Windows smashed.
It's hot in here, AC units doing little to combat the
heat. Customers fanning themselves with menus.

At a table, Walter and Rachelina enjoy burger combos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

Pass the ketchup?

RACHELINA

When was the last time you had an honest client?

WALTER

...you?

She shakes her head in disbelief, tosses a napkin at him.

TEDDY joins them, a conservative black police detective in his forties. He's tough, smart -- by the book. Ad-lib pleasantries.

TEDDY

Walter, what the heck happened?

WALTER

A grease fire.

SALLY, 30s, the waitress drops a glass of ice cold water in front of Teddy, wearing an server apron.

SALLY

Hey Teddy. You eating or drinking?

TEDDY

I'll take a coke and a piece of that apple pie.

SALLY

I'd also recommend the prime rib special. Your guys here just had it.

WALTER

Prime Rib?

SALLY

Off the truck last night.

TEDDY

OK Sally, I'll go with the special too.

Sally leaves. Teddy fumbles to open his note-pad...

TEDDY

Is this Brisbane one of yours?

RACHELINA

Uh-uh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEDDY

All you insurance boys would like to prove fraud by arson, wouldn't you.

WALTER

Probably a mechanic.

RACHELINA

Seriously? Using gasoline. Leaving the can. No, it's a pyro. They're idiots.

TEDDY

You think he did it himself?

RACHELINA

No, had someone torch it for him.

TEDDY

You got any ideas?

RACHELINA

I got a few.

TEDDY

Y'know. Never thought I'd say this, but you'd make a good detective.

RACHELINA

Why, thank you, Teddy. I have my moments.

DR. GINA MARTINEZ, 40s, rushes in. Doctor's coat accessorized with designer heels.

She nods in their direction. Pays for her take-out at the counter. Looks at Rachelina, who hasn't taken her eyes off Gina.

Gina bangs out -- with Rachelina hot on her heels.

RACHELINA

Don't run out of here so fast. I want to talk to you.

GINA

I can't. I got to get back.

I/E. CAMERO/STREET - NIGHT

Rachelina, in a cheap sun dress, drives her hot rod, a '79 Camaro still in mint condition. A sheen of sweat on her arms, legs and face.

A generic can of beer between her legs. She cracks it open and takes a sip. Yuck.

EXT. EVERGREEN MOTEL - NIGHT

Through the SMOKE from the smoldering motel, or what's left of it, scorched and still smoking. Just the skeleton remains of fire crews.

Rachelina pulls up toward a cluster of police lights. She climbs out, her sun dress matted to her body in the heat.

TEDDY appears, a conservative black police detective in his forties. He's tough, smart -- by the book.

TEDDY

We got his name of the rental car.
Joe Polanski.

RACHELINA

I've been looking for him for six months.

TEDDY

What's his story?

RACHELINA

-- two counts of wire fraud. Use to work for us -- pilfered four million from his clients' accounts and convinced his girlfriend to take out a one million life insurance policy, then promptly faked his death.

Off his look.

RACHELINA

Uh-huh. He went canoeing -- stuck a suicide note on the paddle with an admission of guilt. Signed it 'JoJo the scam artist.'

(then)

Um, you didn't happen to find no cash lying around, did you?

(Teddy laughs)

I figured as much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARVEY FITCH, 40, a fat hairy sweaty man in his ill-fitted Fire Marshal's uniform approaches -

HARVEY

Rachel. An accelerant was used -- water.

RACHELINA

How does water start a fire?

DRAKE

Aluminum iodine powder mix, just add a little accelerant -- H2O and -- pow. No pyro -- a Torch coated him with it.

Teddy yanks the sheet up, revealing the corpse. She glances at his body, but maybe not all that surprised.

RACHELINA

You can escape comeuppance once...
 (unpleasant thought)
 ...but crime never goes unpunished, and sooner or later... fate has a strange habit of catching up - even if it's for a crime you never commit, just to square things off.

INT. RACHELINA'S HOME - NIGHT

A two-story home is now old and worn, the paint gone. A dilapidated swing-set on the porch. A '79 beat-to-shit Camaro is parked out front. The yard, is overgrown with weeds and littered with rubbish.

INT. RACHELINA'S HOME - NIGHT

It's homey, well-lived in, furnished with tasteful flea market and second-hand finds. Electronic fans blowing, doing little to combat the heat.

INT. RACHELINA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shower runs. Steam pours out the open bathroom door.

Panning across a cluttered bedroom, sheer curtains still. A fan is on full blast -it's blade tapping against metal with each rotation; tack, tack, tack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A stray nylon hangs from the crazy ornamented brass bed that resembles last night's debauchery.

Rachelina has just emerged from the shower: her hair is wet; a bathrobe is open over her naked body coated with a thin layer of sweat. She is moving to the armoire, grabs a pack of cigarette's, lights up.

EXT. RACHELINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On the second floor porch, Rachelina lounges on a decrepit swing set.

Lounges on the bed, blows smoke rings at the sagging ceiling. y white slip that's matted to her body with sweat. flashing cleavage in a full white slip that clings uncomfortably to her body. *A great recreation of the look Liz made famous in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."*

An excruciating beat. Rachelina's furious at herself.

RACHELINA

I've had it. With Gina. You.
It's like looking for a bloody
saint, waiting for the devil to
call.

An urn on a bedside table alongside a bottle of bourbon. Rachelina goes for it, pours herself another drink.

Grabs a rag, spit polishes the urn. The shower shuts off.

In the bathroom, A gorgeous, naked woman is bent over and towelling off her hair.

GINA

Don't know why I bothered to
shower.

GINA, 30s, a bonfire of Southern comfort and joy, comes out, already sweaty. Getting into bra and panties -

Gathers Doctor's scrubs among clothes strewn on the floor. Finishes dressing. She looks strangely unhappy.

GINA (CONT'D)

God, it's so hot...I can't
remember how many people I treated
for heat related injuries. I've
never seen it this bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHELINA

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

GINA

Yes, it's 112 degrees and I'm kinda pissed off about it.

GINA

Look, Rach, I'm just focused on work?

RACHELINA

Gina. What are you afraid of?

Gina shines a penlight into Rachelina's eyes who's not sure what to think. Clicks it off. From her expression, didn't find what she was looking for.

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

GINA

I'll call. I'm borrowing this.

She grabs her stethoscope, the book, kisses her good-bye.

Rachelina in a perilously short towel, moves to the armoire, grabs a pack of cigarette's, lights up. She blows smoke rings at the sagging ceiling.

Rachelina has just emerged from the shower: her hair is wet and tangled; the bathrobe is open over her wet, naked body. She is moving to the armoire, grabs a pack of cigarette's, lights up. lounges on the bed, blows smoke rings at the sagging ceiling.

She is standing in the middle of ALYOSHA's room, holding her iPhone to her ear

Gloria, fresh out of the shower, is framed in the doorway of the bathroom. She has a plush bath sheet wrapped tightly around her shapely figure

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

We're in a bustling town square, with a bandstand. Live music and a Confederate statue. Large CROWDS OF PEOPLE congregating: seated in folding chairs. Booths, food and drink, etc.. Incessant dry heat. The kind of heat that's in your clothes. In your face. It's everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We drift away from all this and LINGER FOREBODINGLY on Haley disappearing into the large CROWD They walk along a pier. Distant FIREWORKS can be seen in the night sky, far away. A stone's throw from the fishing docks.

The center of town is twelve square blocks of storefront businesses, Historical landmarks....

A small coastal town, oozing big Southern Charm. An older America. Churches, little shops, rolling fields bifurcated with idle railroad tracks. A town square with a bandstand and a Confederate statue. It's the deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace.

EXT. RURAL ISOLATED ROAD - NIGHT

Thick smoke and ash billows which every way the wind takes it, as flames and sparks dance across the road, woods and swamps in between.

A '79 beat-to-shit Camaro zips past abandoned vehicles, either engulfed in flames or smoldering from burning up.

More explosions. The toppling of a utility pole.

INT. '79 CAMARO - NIGHT

The pervasive smoke makes the road ahead almost impossible to navigate. It's what we'd imagine driving through actual hell would look like.

Rachelina drives in a cheap sundress. The AC is full blast and still *a sheen of sweat on her arms, legs and face*. A generic can of beer between her legs.

She cracks it open and takes a sip. Yuck.

Then just when it seems as though it'll never end, she drives out of the fire... further down...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The grimy underbelly of this decaying structure, trash strewn. An unseen machine whooshes and hisses. It's hot, unnaturally so.

HORACE, 40, a fat hairy sweaty man bounds down the steps in his Fire Marshal's uniform. Carries a clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sounds of scurrying. He turns, shines his light at the noise, a scattered pack of rats. Dabs his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief.

HORACE

Sweet Jesus..how we suppose to
work when it's so damn hot.

His flashlight illuminates a burnt-out electrical outlet.

Another sound comes from the shadows. A scraping sound like something moving. He looks toward the dark.

A sense of movement, he whirls, someone bashes his skull in with a crow bar. He drops, writhes on the floor in agony as he clutches his wound. He's hit again. Blood FLOWS from his head wound.

In the shadows the Intruder sloshes a can of gasoline across the cavernous space. As the liquid spills over Horace he chokes on it. Clearly it's a chemical. Horace, in agony, mumbles:

The Assailant lights up a book of matches. Their face grotesque, as if melted by flames. A stocking is covering their face.

Tosses the lit matches to the accelerant.

In an instant the room flashes over. His screams drowned out by the crackle of fire as flames overtakes the screen...

The place is dark and forboding, we hear distant sirens.

The Intruder tosses the lit match box to the accelerant. In an instant the space flashes over. His screams drowned out by the crackle of fire as the flames overtakes the screen...

RACHELINA emerges from a late-night bar, carrying clunky heels. She tugs down the edges of her cheap sun dress matted to her body with sweat. She's a young 40, sexy in that bleached brunette trailer trash sort of way. A *sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.*

A sprawling cityscape lays before us, sweltering in the midst a brutal summer night, not a trace of movement, no sign of wind or life, the city seems to be deserted.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

An old fan CREAKS - as it painfully strains to circulate sweltering air... it's blade tapping against metal with each rotation; tack, tack, tack,...

A lot of life crammed into a tiny apartment, sparsely furnished with pre-owned items. It's hot, we can sense the heat in here as we FIND --

A shirtless WALTER, 30s, scuzzy handsome, coated in a thin sheen of sweat, covering all bases in a pair of boxer-briefs

MARLA, 30s, pulls out a pack of Marlboro Reds... smokes. She's stunning, despite her hair, face a sex mess and bed sheet wardrobe,

SID

It's too dangerous.

MARLA

It'll work.

SID

It's murder baby.

Marla considers her, adjusts her approach, softening a bit.

MARLA

It's necessary for us. Look Walter, you know how claims adjusters think. And with any luck you could even get yourself put on the case.

WALTER

It's a longshot.

MARLA

It's foolproof. Please, please say you'll help me. We can have it all. You me, and one million dollars.

Artemesia watches as Marla slips on her panty hose.

WALTER

There's got to be some other way.

MARLA

There isn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

You could divorce him.

She stands and slips on her heels.

MARLA

We've been over that. He's got a lot go money and I'm a very greedy bitch.

WALTER

Fine. Take half the community property.

MARLA

I signed a pre-nup. I get nothing but a lousy ten thousand dollars.

This strikes an unsettling cord in Walter -- exactly the cord Marla wanted to strike.

MARLA

That one million dollars in life insurance would sure come in handy.

MARLA

Walter. I never pretended with you. I'm not sweet and I'm not innocent... I like to live well. If you wanted the girl next door -- then go next door.

For a brief moment, Walter actually seems to be considering this

MARLA

Sooner or later you have to decide... or I'll decide for you.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Modern and cold -- immaculate and sparse decor.

SID, 40s --Italian, Armani suit, *straight out of a Scorsese flick*, smoking a stogie. Presently, he's in the midst of his daily verbal sparring match with Marla, she's subdued

SID

It's two a.m... Where've you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

I thought you were out of town.

SID

Where have you been?

MARLA

Out.

SID

Out where?

MARLA

I went to a movie.

SID

It took you six hours?

MARLA

It was a good movie. I watched it again.

SID

Who is he?

MARLA

Not again.

SID

Who is he?

MARLA

You had too much to drink.

SID

And I've had enough of this.

He knocks her around...

MARLA

If you want a divorce just say so.

SID

You'd like that very much.
Wouldn't you. Get half of
everything I own.

MARLA

Call it severance pay for putting
with your shit all these years.
You should be so lucky I could
take all of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SID

There is someone else, isn't there?

SID

I want us to work it out Whatever it is we can fix it.

MARLA

You couldn't fix a flat tire.

SID

I picked you up out of the gutter, gave you everything, furs, diamonds, jewels. Tried to make you something... decent. Respectful.

MARLA

How would you know what was decent?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Walter enters this small lot. Apparently deserted at this hour. Walter is almost to his beat-up Porsche. When --

MARLA, 30s, in a simple yet elegant summer dress that clings to her insane sweaty body, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling drunkenly. Walter is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into his arms.

WALTER

Whoa!

She looks up into Walter's eyes. Walter smiles his smarmiest smile at this hot MILF. She's stunning, despite her hair, face a little unkept.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. FIREFLIES flutter just outside the window -- a source of light.

Marla lays naked on top of Walter. Their sweat differs from the run-of-the-mill sweating, it's the sheer volume. She's tracing her finger along his face, studying him. Her tennis anklet glints.

At a painstakingly, aching pace, Marla slithers down his body, in a lewd, sexual way, kissing his chest, abs...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Folds her arms over his pelvis, rests her chin in her hands.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The place is a neglected mess. Several fans blow, barely make a difference. Walter moves to his cluttered desk and -- rips a POST-IT from a PAD by the phone.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PEIR - NIGHT

A hot and balmy night. A fog diffuses the narrow strip near a dark area, eerily isolating: A relaxed Marla at the rails, smoking.

A sheen of sweat on Walter's face. He drops a popsicle on the ground.

WALTER

Don't say that. It's just... I've got my own problems these days...

MARLA

You have no idea how much I don't want to get you mixed up in this. But we fought again last night and I -- I think he's going to change the will.

MARLA

No, Walter. I've been through these --these *obsessions* of yours too many times. Not this time. No.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A freshly-fucked Marla stands before a bedroom mirror. She tidies up. Reflected behind Marla we can see a sweaty post-sex Walter dozing peacefully

A post-sex Walter lies naked in bed, tastefully covered by a thin sheet. Marla, in bra and panties, getting dressed, looking for something.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

A bundle is shoved into the back seat. It's Sid. Bound psycho-style with duct tape. Eyes wide with fear. His SCREAMS muffled. Marla is already behind the wheel. Walter climbs into the passenger seat.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Marla drives way too fast for this fog-shrouded road. Visibility is poor. Walter glances in back at Sid.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A dark, cheap bedroom. The AC unit hums, doing little to combat the heat. NORM, an obese man of 40 in underwear lies on the bed, feverish, sweaty. He's burning up.

Submerged in the shadow an Assailant sloshes a can of gasoline across the room. The liquid spills over Norm. He chokes on it. Terror in his eyes:

The Assailant strikes a match. Their face grotesque, as if melted by flames. A stocking covers her face.

Holds the flame up to the ceiling... there's an ungodly alarm as the high pressure fire sprinkler system starts dousing him with water.

A chemical reaction ignites. Like a bomb going off, his body bursts into flames. Norm's howls drowned out by the crackle of fire.

The Assailant tosses the lit book of matches to the accelerant. Gets the hell out of there.

A beat... the room flashes over. A fireball rips through, blows glass and debris as flames overtakes the screen...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A swathe of smoke and flames juts up, ignite the skyline.

An angry blaze. Fire crews battle the rapidly expanding inferno... as the flames overtake the screen..

An angry blaze in a dying industrial park.

an inferno On the outskirts o police tape, onlookers gawk and stare, trying to get a glimpse of the scene.

On a TV; wall-to-wall news coverage. FIRE CREWS deep in the trenches, battling a wildfire.

Heavy traffic: gridlock. Straight road, long line. Move along the line of traffic to BETH in her car, pulling up to the end of the line. Mass evacuations... the freeways clogged with cars....She holds it, and exhales, her body relaxing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She finishes her drink along with the cigarette, pours herself another... opens the blinds, looks out...

The breeze kicks up, and the windchimes goes into a frenzy...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The town is closed up. No cars out except Amantha's Civic which moves slowly through town. Dense fog, poor visibility. it's a very hot summer night.

I/E. CAMERO/STREET - DAY

It's top down, Rachelina drives her hot rod, a '79 Camaro still in mint condition. The AC is full blast and still a *sheen of sweat on her arms, legs and face.*

smoking. Rachelina moves around the smoldering ruins.

MAN

She's an old flame'

WOMAN

Do you get many fake claims?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Some. Mostly dud fires, arson.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How can you tell there fake?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, there's lost of ways. Often a fire has to be prepared. And quite often the floor burns through. And the preperations fall through into the basement and that gives the game away.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Well in that case it would be better to start the fire in the basement. yes and

MAN

Yes, and stick to old fashioned methohds like candles in waste paper baskets..

exits, a young 40, sexy in a sun bleached brunette tra
RACHELINA iler trash sort of way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wears fuckme pumps and a sexy white slip that's matted to her body with sweat. *A great recreation of the look Liz made famous in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."*

The temperature is 130 AND CLIMBING so...they decide to evacuate the city....gridlock everywhere...traffic crawling or not moving at all...blazing sun, suffocating air..pollution...really smart decision folks.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WEST PALM BEACH - NIGHT

Mrs. Hattenbarger and Zoe walk through what amounts to downtown BlueBell. It's super-cute, oozing with southern charm. Little shops. A town square with a bandstand and a statue of a Confederate hero. A stone's throw from the fishing docks and Mobile Bay

VARIOUS SHOTS: Buell, Pennsylvania, a small rust belt river *valley town that hasn't seen good days since the '80s. Gray *day turning into night over: a dollar store -- a dilapidated *diner -- an American Legion -- shuttered storefronts -- once- *nice row houses, many boarded up --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

An art-deco bar done up in a dreamy neon, the place has a faded elegance, she's a relic of an era come and gone. They're aren't many customers, mostly men.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

ROLLING AERIAL SHOT of a mushroom cloud of black smoke. A wildfire seen from miles away, spewing flames across the burning sky. A slow descent down from a HIGH ANGLE shot overlooking the main thoroughfare of town....

EXT. STREETS - DAY

A gorgeous pair of legs, expensive heels...

Sleek nylons, high-heeled shoes

He pauses in the street, glimpsing the back of a WOMAN passing nearby... A STUNNING BLOND, floppy hat, sunglasses, decked out in a clinging dress. A constricting black leather skirt hugs her hips and a low-cut top strangles the rest.

EXT. BATON ROUGE- DOWNTOWN - DAY

Historical downtown Baton Rouge. Cafes, bars, and tourist shops line the street. MOVE IN on one shop in particular.

EXT. LOUISIANA COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

ROLLING AERIAL SHOT of the deep bayou. Swamps and the like. The CAMERA finds Clark's car moving down a long winding road.

It's early. The street is bare. Establish the morning. TA relic of old American values and ingenuity.

Modest, the furnishings look like pieces on loan from the *Salvation Army*.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

A crusty, old cinder-block building. Sign out front missing a few letters: Waverly Insurance.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Mrs. Hattenbarger and Zoe walk through what amounts to downtown BlueBell. It's super-cute, oozing with southern charm. Little shops. A town square with a bandstand and a statue of a Confederate hero. A stone's throw from the fishing docks and Mobile Bay.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

A beat-up '79 Camaro pulls up to a run-down trailer. This hot rod is no less than total piece of shit by any length of the imagination.

RACHELINA exits, not a well-preserved 40, but sexy in a sun bleached brunette trailer trash sort of way. She's wearing a summer dress one would expect to see on a much younger woman, and matted to her body with sweat.

She approaches the rusty trailer. The paint is chipped. The grass is overgrown and is on the outskirts of town with no neighbors insight.

INT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Rachelina makes our way through, we can see that it is cluttered and unorganized. Dirty, in fact, as if it hasn't been cleaned in months.

HORACE, 40, a fat hairy sweaty man in his Fire Marshal's uniform, sits in his recliner drinking beer. Despite fans blowing, it's stifling hot.

Rachelina opens the fridge, grabs a can of generic beer. Cracks it open and takes a tentative sip. Yuck.

HARLEY

Bedeviled by sagging bank accounts and burdensome mortgages, some cash-strapped building owners try to burn their way out of debt. Lighting up spilled gasoline or interior gas lines seems like an easy answer. One flick of a match and the problem is solved. Right? Except that these are amateur arsonists and screw-ups. Natural gas and gasoline are volatile. When lit, they can ignite with more force than TNT. Instead of obediently burning down, buildings can explode with unforeseen impact.

Horace, thrown out of his small spell, seems eerily calm.

HORACE

I'm sorry to hear that.

HARLEY

Tell that to the two firefighters that were trapped and injured as they fought the inferno inside that blazing two-story office building. Which blew out of control after being set by you and your crony to steal insurance money. Yes, I found the hole you drilled into the brick wall, the one you used to spew gasoline into the structure, then lit the mix.

With warning, Horace tilts the glass, staring through the stream of liquid, sheeting down, splashing his face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A chemical reaction ignites. WHOOSH! His body ERUPTS in flames. Rachelina recoils, nearly catatonic. His howls and flails, as tongues of flames overtakes the creen.....

HARLEY

Three felonies - arson with the intent to collect insurance, filing a false insurance claim and murder.

INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

The cavernous room is draped in darkness until the furnace comes to life in a massive cremation oven.

A gloved-hand turns up the temperature gauge..

The dark figure emerged in shadow, struggles to hoist a body wrapped in a sheet into the oven. After some effort, the figure gets it to fit into the oven hatch, then slams the door shut.

The figure gazes through the port-hole window into the incinerator. The fire illuminates the figure's face. It's grotesque, as if melted by flames. But soon it becomes clear, a stocking covers their face.

The figure hears a noise from the back. Then slips back into the shadows, a MAINTENANCE MAN waddles in from a hall and into the cavernous crematorium.

The power's out around here--

Then the power goes out. Another blackout. In the darkness,

Inside the incinerator. Among the flames, a very alive man burns. His howls drowned out by the crackle of fire.

All we're left with is embers of a lit cigarette.

Havest script look at 45 The furnace comes to life in the belly of thee RETORT - a massive, brand-new cremation oven Ben mans the temperature gaugeA MAINTENANCE MANratchets away underneath it, finishing the installation.

Rachelina rifles through claims, as Phylis sorts out files.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The town is closed up. No cars out except Amantha's Civic which moves slowly through town.

EXT. KOPPEL - DAY

Dense fog, poor visibility. It's a hot summer night. The town is closed up. A water tower. "Welcome to Koppel, Population: 756. Rachelina rides with the top down, we see snapshots of an older America. Churches, bait shops, rolling fields bifurcated with idle railroad tracks. it's the deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace...

A relic from the sixties.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

A cityscape lays before us, sweltering in the midst of what looks like a brutal summer night, spewing mushroom clouds of black smoke and flames across the burning sky. The entire city seems to be on fire...

EXT. KOPPEL - DAY

The humid twilight. A water tower. "Welcome to Koppel, Population: 756. As Holden RIDES, we see VARIOUS SHOTS of this small town. Snapshots of an older America. Churches, bait shops, rolling fields bifurcated with idle railroad tracks. Jesus, it's the deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace A relic from the sixties.

A MAN IN A SKI MASK is revealed, methodically applying chloroform to a cloth. Anne SLAMS the scissors into the man's jugular. The man gasps, Anne pivots and grabsthe man's head, and hammers it onto the edge of her bath.

EXT. PLANTATION ESTATE - DAY

Angela pulls up to a plantation-style mansion built in the civil-war years. The grounds are surrounded by dense woods. They climb out.

ANGELA

It's been in his family for generations. We had slaves. Still do.

INT. PLANTATION HOME - DAY

It's beautiful. Angela gives Jack a tour. A staggering mix of 18th century furniture and modern pieces, old and worn, still impressive.

ANGELA

Even though we are a fine old family, settled here and all that, even though there's been a Rodance living in this great big house. Even though you can't keep it warm when it's cold out. Cool when it's hot out, or dry when rain is coming in through the cracks. Fuck the niceties, Angela gets right in Jack's face.

INT. PLANTATION MANSION - NIGHT

Hosting a dinner party for twelve, the guests are the epitome of xxxxxx, well-dressed, conservative and exceptionally wealthy. They're enjoying dessert and after dinner cocktails as a MAID prides the crowd with trays of hors'devours..

.Dark city script...

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Panning across a tiny, run-down apartment, taking in the sagging ceiling, a broken air conditioner, strange stains on the walls and carpet...

A victorian mansion, neatly tended but showing its age.

KATE GRANT awaits them wearing a faded floral housecoat. The house has a tired, 70s-era décor. David puts his basket in the laundry room at one end of the kitchen.

Curtains billow in a light, cool breeze....

Her body is coated with a thin layer of sweat - it's hot in this windowless room

I/E. CAMERO/STREET - NIGHT

Rachelina, in a cheap sun dress, drives her hot rod, a '79 Camaro still in mint condition. A sheen of sweat on her arms, legs and face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A generic can of beer between her legs. She cracks it open and takes a sip. Yuck.

EXT. ROUTE 111 - NIGHT

The air thick with FOG, another hot and balmy night. A '79 Camaro in mint condition barrels down a two-lane road.

I/E. CAMERO/STREET - NIGHT

Rachelina drives. *The top's down, still a sheen of sweat on her face.* The visibility is dropping to zero.

A generic can of beer between her legs. She cracks it open and takes a sip. Yuck.

Rachelina gets blinded by HEADLIGHTS from behind. Adjusts her mirror to see, approaching fast A Mercedes is right up on her bumper.

The other car swerves. The driver of the Mercedes lays on its horn... almost desperate. The Mercedes speeds past Rachelina -- Out of control,

The Mercedes sideswipes a guardrail off the shoulder of the road. The airbags pop. Metal and glass fly, and tinkle on the pavement. Then, silence, save for a tripped car alarm. Radiator steam rises.

A Mercedes is speeding down a two-lane road. Not much traffic, but still reckless driving.

The Mercedes pulls onto the shoulder of the road, turns on the emergency flashers. The door opens. Salacious legs emerging from the car, followed by the rest of her:

MARLA DIETRICHSON, a Hitchcock Blonde in a simple yet elegant white summer dress. She's stunning, mid-forties but could be a bit younger.

Seeing that she is more or less okay, saunters to the front of the car. Her sweaty body, moving fluidly under her dress. A cloud of steam pours from under the hood. She waves the smoke out of her face.

A broken down Mercedes sits on the side of the road. Its emergency flashers on. Smoke pours from the engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens. Sexy legs emerging, followed by the rest of her: MARLA DIETRICHSON, a Hitchcock Blonde in an elegant white summer dress. She's stunning, mid-forties but could be a bit younger.

er virginal white summer dress, she's stunning, classy, probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger...Seeing that she is more or less okay, turns her attention up the road. No sign of life..

A Hitchcock blonde a virginal white summer dress that clings to her insane, sweaty body,

A speeding CAR -- swerving through traffic--Suddenly the car careens towards a stop sign, SNAPPING in half across the hood. Jack swerves but hits it at full speed and loses control.

She's a gorgeous, vibrant woman, elegant, classy, probably mid-forties but could be quite a bit younger,,,urvacious, blue-eyed blonde.We hear SCREECHING TIRES -- A WOMAN'S CRIES OF PAIN --

FLASH TO: A speeding CAR -- swerving through traffic-- Suddenly the car careens towards a stop sign, SNAPPING in half across the hood. Jack swerves but hits it at full speed and loses control. ..

He slams into the guardrail -- and through it. They find themselves teetering on the brink of going over the edge and into a ravine and the water below.

The car rocks. He's freaked. Angela calms her nervous, assess the situation. She shifts her weight, gestures for him to do the same.

PASSERBYERS are suddenly THERE, steadying the car as both clamber out.

She's somewhat relieved to feel a giant cooling fan. Blowing across her face...

The town is closed up. No cars out except Amantha's Civic which moves slowly through town.

Her gaze settles on a Hitchcock Blonde, a little ways down, gets up to leave. Her sweaty body, moving fluidly under her virginal white summer dress that clings beautifully to her hourglass-shaped figure

Her gaze settles on a woman, a little ways down, gets up to leave, her virginal white summer dress clings to her sweaty body. This is MARLA DIETRICHSON, she's stunning, classy, probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger...not particularly interested in making friends.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Dirt, and grime. A greasy Mechanic HARLEN, 50s, a lovable redneck, dismantles a BMW ROADSTER, pulling off its rims, fenders, dashboard

Rachelina in a well-worn cowboy hat, and greasy coveralls, inspects the charred remains of a car.

EXT. AUTO SALVAGE YARD - DAY

On the outskirts of town, a carryover from the seventies. Behind the dilapidated fence, endless rows of old wrecks rusting in the weeds surrounding it.

The stench in the simmering midday heat is overpowering.

A soda can plops down into the well from a pay soda machine. Rachelina retrieves it. She cracks it open.

A Mercedes pulls up. The door opens. Sexy legs emerging, no face visible yet. The woman crushes a cigarette under an expensive heel, followed by the rest of her..

MARLA DIETRICHSON, a Hitchcock blonde, her body moves fluidly under a virginal white and lovely summer dress. She's stunning, mid-forties but could be a bit younger. And not particularly interested in making friends.

Their eyes meet. A faint smile is exchanged. She's distracted by Marla's presence. Marla, as well, finds it difficult not to pay attention to her.

Marla whips off her sunglasses, sizes Rachelina up.

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles..

She gestures towards the charred remains of a car.

RACHELINA

He torched his car for the insurance money.

MARLA

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were a mechanic?

RACHELINA

Here's your man now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lifts the hood, a cloud of steam pours from under the hood. Marla waves the smoke out of her face.

HARLAN

It's your fan belt. It's broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

HARLAN

Yup, especially if you've been driving pretty fast. No worries, I'll get you fixed right up.

MARLA

You have a phone I could use?

Harlan points in the direction of a payphone.

Marla smiles in appreciation, heads that way. She seems unfazed by Rachelina's voyeuristic interest in her, but she is surely not unaware of it...

Marla looks away, coy. Rachelina keeps staring.

The sunlight hit it just right, her dress is translucent, revealing her silhouetted hour-glass figure. Like a black shadow, her salacious legs up to her derriere

And it's clear from the inhale Rachelina takes and the look on her face that Marla's wearing nothing underneath.

RACHELINA

He tried to torch his car for the insurance money, but blew himself up with it. A hole in the gas tank allows the vapors to escape, permeating the air around him. Yea -- he wasn't back far enough when he tosses the match.. Didn't anticipate the high concentration of gas vapors to ignite.

MARLA DIETRICHSON, a Hitchcock Blonde in a subtly sexy-if-casual summer dress. She's stunning, mid-forties but could be a bit younger. And not particularly interested in making friends.

Seeing that she is more or less okay, saunters to the front of the car. Her sweaty body, moving fluidly under her dress. A cloud of steam pours from under the hood. She waves the smoke out of her face.

As she does, drops coins into a payphone nearby.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Wes and Travis follow Fat Man through what we realize now is a chop shop. A small crew of GREASY MECHANICS dismantle a BMW ROADSTER, pulling off its rims, fenders, dashboard An hour after sunrise. A lonely jogger pounds up the sand.

A moment after sand has stopped cascading into his footprints, a woman walks from the sea. Her beauty is arresting and uncalculated. ADRIENNE.

Nearby, a house, a cool two million five if it's a dime. A huge two-story window fronts the sea, and below, a deck and exterior staircase. Retrieving a towel from the sand, Adrienne makes for the house.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A needle drops on a record in the jukebox. Country music sets the mood for the room. Rachelina in sexy club outfit, beaches at an empty spot at the bar.

Her gaze settles on a Hitchcock blonde, a little ways down in an elegant white summer dress, she's absolutely stunning, mid-forties but could be a bit younger...not particularly interested in making friends.

Rachelina glances at the woman's legs, gold anklet. She seems unfazed by Rachelina's voyeuristic interest in her, but she is surely not unaware of it...

The woman, MARLA DIETRICHSON grabs her clutch and heads out. Her shapely, sweaty body, moving fluidly under that dress. MEN gawk as she passes by.

Marla approaches Rachelina, mesmerized. As she passes, shoots Rachelina a look with just enough flirt in it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

a dilapidated street. Shops boarded up. Windows smashed. An abandoned home ablaze, surrounded by police and fire vehicles. The fire untended.

A shabby, beach-adjacent complex, a stunningly sexy but equally low-rent girl sunbathes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When Mt. Vesuvius erupted in 79 AD, the rich of Pompeii were found buried under tons of ash still clutching in death their bags of gold.

''... if the earth were made of gold, men would die for a handful of dirt.'' ~ Garden of Evil (1954 The place, a true "hole in the wall" A small sparse room. A bed, an open bathroom, ugly 70's style Southwestern wallpaper, dirty brown carpet, a big screen television. A dark, cheap bedroom.

Like a thick fog, the steam from the shower fills the bathroom. The shower turns off. A hand reaches out to wipe away the mist The face of BEN CARSON, 4

The hot water in the shower stall is blasting, making steam. Stacia enjoys the shower with almost blissful relief. The doorbell rings persistently.

Sarah emerges from the bathroom, wearing her summer dress, atowel wrapped around her head. Billy wakes up, rubs his eyes.

Sarah, wearing a sexy summer dress, strolls into the livingroom, carrying two glasses of lemonade.

MAN

Have anybody fixed the roof or put in AC?

WOMAN

There he tells her that he is broke and needs a loan against his insurance policy. She arranges same.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

A thick haze of cigarette smoke hangs over a dark, seedy jazz club. There aren't many customers.

Harley sidles up to the bar. Even in a modest skirt and low cut top, her raw sex appeal are obvious.

hen, suddenly, something catches Jim's eye - he tracks it across the room.

A HITCHCOCK BLONDE saunters in - Her sweaty body, moving fluidly under a subtly sexy yet elegant summer dress that frames her hourglass-shaped figure beautifully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEN gawk as she passes by. She's clearly out of place in this establishment as she arrives at a payphone, and makes a call.

Harley eyes her. She hangs up, frustrated. Sits at the end of the bar. She seems apprehensive about something as the bartender approaches.

The woman, MARLA, 30s, lights a cigarette.

BARTENDER

What can I get ya?

MARLA

Gin and tonic.

Harley takes this opportunity to inconspicuously glance at Marla's salacious legs, gold anklet, and expensive heels. Marla seems unfazed by Harley's voyeuristic interest in her, but she is surely not unaware of it...

Harley brazenly walks over to her, takes up the adjoining stool

HARLEY

I saw you on the slopes this weekend.

MARLA

Oh.

HARLEY

Yea, i really like your style. It was great.

MARLA

Thank you.

HARLEY

I also like the way you ski.

Marla laughs...

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm Harley, what's your phone number?

MARLA

My, you hardly give a lady a chance to cath her breath.

HARLEY

Well time is short. Can i get you anoher drink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

Harley I appreciate your interets -
-

HARLEY

It's more than intrest. It's
desire, passion. Your name is --

MARLA

Marla... Mrs. Marla xxx. And
that's my husband over there at
the bar. And i guess that's the
end of that.

RAYMOND, a graying-templed 50's, but a handsome son-of-a-
bitch, walks in... great suit

HAR;EY

That's too bad.

MARLA

What am i missing?

HARLEY

Passion, great sex.. Go on
vacation.

MARLA

And all on my credit card, huh?

She laughs, goes to leave.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't spoil your day.

HARLEY

No, I feel lucky.

Their eyes meet. It's a surprise to Harley. A faint
smile is exchanged. She's distracted Marla's presence.
Marla, as well, finds it difficult not to pay attention
to her.

She grabs her clutch and heads out. She approaches
Harley, who stares, hypnotized. She avoids Harley's
gaze, but as she passes, shoots her a look with just
enough flirt in it.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Stretching along the manicured sands of the Pacific
Ocean...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Restaurants, juice spots and bars. Half-naked TOURISTS. Tons of street vendors and performers. Marla saunters along, but her stride is slow and deliberate

Rachelina races to catch up, runs well in her sexy heels.

RACHELINA

Hey, wait up.

Marla spins. They stare, both feeling the heat and it's not the weather. But Marla plays it cool.

MARLA

I'm sorry, do I know you?

RACHELINA

I'm Rachelina. My friends call me Rachel. And you're...?

MARLA

Marla.

RACHELINA

Come back to Hot Tamales with me.

MARLA

It's too hot. Not to mention the smell of tequila, sweat, and sex.

RACHELINA

What's wrong with that?

MARLA

Everything. If you're a woman like me.

RACHELINA

And what type of woman would...

Marla lights up, her colossal WEDDING RING sparkles. Rachelina knows she should walk away, but she doesn't.

MARLA

You still here?

RACHELINA

I'm not as smart as I look.

Marla laughs.

MARLA

You have the morals and attitude of a man. I like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marla attempts to break the spell she's cast on Rachelina by moving to the rails. Takes both hands, gathers her hair up off her nape.

She gazes out over the ocean, hoping a breeze will cool the sweat staining her face.

MARLA (CONT'D)

That feels good. Call me fractious, but this summer can't end soon enough.

RACHELINA

I know. It's been so hot. Triple-digits everywhere. That's not good for a lot of things. Crops, for one thing. Libidos, another.

MARLA

A cold shower would help you with that.

RACHELINA

Nobody likes a cold shower.

The irony in the remark isn't lost on Marla, who leans back into the rails. Rachelina's eye's feasting on her again.

She resumes her stroll, Rachelina lags behind.

MARLA

Usually I just hang out at a nice little bar in Laurel Canyon. The view is beautiful over here, don't you think?

The lights hit Marla just right, making the back of her dress transparent; a hint of butt cleavage. She wears no panties.

Rachelina - "OOH and AHH. Marla, a discreet smile.

RACHELINA

Back here's even better. You should see it.

MARLA

I'll take your word for it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marla strides across the lot, de-activates the alarm to her sporty Mercedes convertible. Escorted by Rachelina.

MARLA

No. He keeps a tight leash on me. Usually, I skinny-dip by the pool.

RACHELINA

And where would that be?

MARLA

You've seen enough for one day -- don't you think?

RACHELINA

Maybe I could see the rest of it.

Marla stomps out her cigarette with her stiletto heel. Climbs into her car. Rachelina hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

MARLA

You're not too smart. Are you?

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

WOMAN

Talk about anything?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Anything?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Whatever you want. Anything but the heat.

MARLA

I go for the cheap drinks.

RACHELINA

You don't look cheap.

MARITZA

How do I look?

RACHELINA

Good enough to eat.

She laughs...

MARLA

Looks can be deceiving...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

How do you go there?

RACHELINA

Looking for lonely, bored trophy
wives...lonely, bored and horny
milfs

MARLA

Do i look bored?

RACHELINA

No, but you look lonely.

MARLA

Looks can be deceiving...

ROCCO

You look too hot right now.

WOMAN

I'm wearing a t-shirt and yoga
pants

ROCCO

And it's the hottest outfit I've
eve seen you wear.

She laughs spontaneously.

And Rachelina can't help but smile.

RACHELINA

You want to hang out some more, or
you ready to go home?Drunk at bar, arguing with hsband. Meets gut, they go to
his place.. she thinks on the drive up... change of
heart

MARLA

Well, to tell you the truth. I
don't think I should be here at
all. Driving up here gave me time
to remember I'm married.

RACHELINA

I won't tell if you don't.

MARLA

I'm afraid I wasn't inebriated as
I thought I was... I'm afraid I I
used you to get even with my
husband. Don't be angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHELINA

I won't if you promise not to feel bad.

Suddenly, impulsively she kisses Rachelina, a consolation prize. Marla drives away.

ARTEMESIA

Then why do you look at me like that? Come on, let's have a chat.

WOMAN

And have you been with many men?

ARTEMESIA

Are you really interested? It sounds like you're collecting data for a census.

HARLEY

You're not wearing panties.

MARLA

What makes you say that?

HARLAN

I can smell your pheromones. Natural chemicals you emit below the belt that make you attractive to guys. You see, removing the barrier that shields your intimate anatomy, a man has an easier time picking up on the scent. Of course, it also makes you more in touch with your innate sensuality. How it affects your man. Whisper that you're pantyless and his lust level will instantly soar. Even if you don't clue him in, he'll still be burning with desire.

WOMAN

Going pantyless is "empowering," it's risqué; you get a naughty rush knowing you're so exposed.

MAN

Did one day you say "fuck panties" and not wear them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARLEY

I hate thongs, I figure what is worse, me picking my ass all day, or wearing no underwear being comfortable.

MARLA

I wear them with pants almost always but in the summer it is just too hot and I sweat and feel gross. So in the summer when I wear shorts or a skirt I just skip them.

INT./EXT. '79 CAMARO/STREET - NIGHT

Harley accelerates through a cruddy neighborhood. Abandoned buildings. Graffiti, many with windows barred. The road is deserted. A fire hydrant gushes up.

Up ahead, emergency flashers. A Mercedes with its hood propped up, on the side of the road. Smoke pours from the engine. Just then -

Salacious legs swing out of the car. The woman, no face visible yet, drops a cigarette, stumps it out with her expensive heel sandal.

A Hitchcock blonde climbs out, on her cell, her powerful allure is intoxicating. She saunters around to the front of the car. Her insane, sweaty body, moving fluidly under a sexy but classy white summer dress.

The woman waves the smoke out of her face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Harley jams the car in reverse, pulls in front of the Mercedes. Climbs out. The woman approaches, wrapping up a phone conversation. MARLA ENGELBRECHT, 30s,

Their eyes meet. She is distracted by Marla's presence. Marla, also, finds it difficult not to pay attention to her.

HARLEY

Can I help you.

MARLA

I don't know, the radiator's boiling hot, it's never done that before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without thinking, she goes to unscrew the radiator cap, burning her hand. She pivots...

MARLA (CONT'D)

You okay?

HARLEY

Nice going, Harley.

MARLA

That's your name, Harley?

HARLEY

Yea.

Marla pulls out a scarf from her clutch, hands it to Harley.

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Harley nods, goes to unscrew the cap, checks...

HARLEY

It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I've got some antifreeze. It's the best I can do.

Harley pops the trunk of her car and starts scrounging. Grabs some anti-freeze. Marla lights up, surveys the burning skyline that can be seen from here.

MARLA

It's burning pretty good. It was just a wall of fire on each side of me, and I could hardly see the road in front of me.

Harley bends over to refill the radiator and her bare ass sticks out. Marla covers her subtle jaw-drop.

HARLEY

So, um. You live out here?

MARLA

We have a vacation home up north. It's much cooler there. That's where I was headed. You know, to escape this heat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARLEY

Sort of. I have a vacation rental. Well, I did. No big loss, I got what I wanted.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Normally I'd tell you to let it sit, cool off a bit, but given the circumstances...

Harley slides behind the wheel and starts it up. She checks the instrument panel... Marla follows her gaze.

MARLA

I'm glad you noticed the gas...
I'd hate to get stuck in this heat.

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant.

Marla moves towards Harley as if she's going to kiss her, but then she whispers in her ear.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

Marla slithers past Harley and climbs into her car and drives off without saying good-bye.

Marla stomps out her cigarette. Harley hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Maybe you want to hang sometime.

MARLA

Sure, if that's all we want to do.

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

Marco is just about to unscrew the coolant valve when BURNShis hand. At the moment the value BLOWS OFF. STEAM eruptsinto his face. He COWERS in pain.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Messy, old mismatched furniture clashes with a ratty shag carpet. An electric fan blowing. The unmade bed. It's sweltering:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a Hitchcock Blonde is in front of the armoire, dolling herself up, A sexy but elegant summer dress frames her hourglass-shaped figure perfectly.

This is MARLA DIETRICHSON, 30s, despite her surroundings, it's impossible to downgrade her class

Walter comes up from behind, nuzzles her neck.

She plucks a lit cigarette from an ashtray overflowing with butts. She smokes

MAN

I played golf with your husband
the other day.

WOMAN

He told me.

MAN

He said I had a handicap.

WOMAN

Well there's nothing wrong with
your bedroom stroke... Maybe you
could give him a few pointers.

MAN

He might not like what he sees.

WOMAN

Oh yes he would. He wants me to
be happy...

She sprays perfume on her neck.

MAN

God, I'm so in love with you it
makes me nauseous.

MARLA

I'm not in love with you.

WALTER

Then why do you have sex with me?!
I'm not even that good looking.

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

You really don't understand, do
you, Walter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA (CONT'D)

I mean look at this town, I'm lonely, and I needed someone... a lover..

WALTER

You're living in a dumb with some rich cat who treats more like a trophy wief than a treasure..

MARLA

It'll a be different with you I suppose..

WALTER

Yes... you just wait and see.

MARLA

And all on my credit card, huh?

WALTER

Trust me.

MARLA

Why should I?

Marla breaks away, getting back into expensive heels, grabs her clutch, keys... .

he ands him the drink, their glasses clink as she watches him drink...

WOMAN

It's too dangerous.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It'll work.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It'll look like sucide. If they expect anyone it'll be David.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's murder baby.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's necessary for us. Look you know how cops think, xxx. What they think and with any luck you could even get yourself put on the case.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's a longshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's foolproof,,,xxxxx. Please,
please say you'll help me.. we can
have it all. You me, and 50
million dollars...

MARLA

I like you in his robe.

MARLA (CONT'D)

But you are thinking about it.

RACHELINA

There's got to be some other way.

MARLA

There isn't.

RACHELINA

You could divorce him.

MARLA

We've been over that. She's made
a great deal of money...
everything you see is hers... he's
got a lot go money and I'm a very
greedy bitch.

RACHELINA

Fine. Take half the community
property.

MARLA

I don't want half -- I want all.
Every last cent. Including the
insurance money.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Rach. I never pretended with you.
I'm not sweet and I'm not
innocent... I like to live well.
If you wanted the girl next door --
you should have found someone
else.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Sooner or later you have to
decide... or I'll decide for you..
yeah I'm a cold-hearted bitch!
And so is life.....,,

KATE stops at a HOT DOG CART, phone pressed to her ear -
points out a dog, deli mustard. The VENDOR gets to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAN

You said I had a little problem
with my fire insurance...

MAN 2

I've been checking the files.
Seems you had a convenient fire
several years back...

MAN

What're you talking about. I own
the building that burned down
period. The insurance company
paid off with out any questions...

MAN

Yea, I know Ray foster torched the
building...

MAN

I've never heard of know ray
foster.

MAN

C'mon don;t lie to me... he's
name's all over that place. An
electrical applicne rig to set
off the building's power sytem.
Come on a good claims investigator
would have spotted it just like
that... I think you got real
lucky...

MAN

I think its toime you had another
fire.

BOY

Another fire?

MAN

The building has to go. I know
you had to let your workers go
because you couldn;t afford the
reppairs and imporvments...now
empty, it's a big liability. In
ashes, it's worth missions...

BARTENDER

I'm not getting mixed up in any of
that again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAN

You see, you don't have too. I provide the entire insurance package from teh fire to teh insurance. And all i want is a modest 20 percent of the settlement..

BARTENDER

What makes you think I'll sit srtil for that?

MAN

You can;t go to the police... and if the fire report happens to fall into teh wrong hands... you'd be in a pretty big jail cell... we got a deal...

MAN

You'll take care of everything...

MAN

Sure will....

MARLA

Jesus, harley. What's going on. Why did you invite him in...

HARLEY

Relax...

HARLEY

He's an arsonist, but an ametuer. He's gonna blow up with it. That's right, I set it up that way. They fins him, your husband, cased closed;

MARLA

Ohmygod, that's brillant.

Moody. bathed in a red glow above. A haze of Cigarette smoke. they're aren't many customers, squints to focus, waves at the smoke.

MARLA

I've had it. With him. You. It's like looking for a bloody saint waiting for th devil to call..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARLA

I just had a tune-up this morning.

HARLEY

You should ask for your money back.

MARLA

I'll probably just end up going elsewhere next time.

W

It's going to get real hot today.

WOMAN

I stuck my head out the door. You know it's hotter than a bitch toady.

BOY

WOULDN'T THE FIRE DEPARTMENT get here to0 soon.. It looks like it'll take forever to burn

MAN

No, it was made to order, the way it's laid out, it'll go up like fireworks...

BOY

He cases every place for me, tips me on locks, alarms, watchmen...

MAN

Where did you met him at?

WOMAN

New york, after I came back from pargue... spent two years there in the mountain village with the peace corps. I was trying to decide what to do next...and there she was...Artemesia. I guess that's what i decided to do next.

MAN

Whhy did you do it?

MAN

Because the stakes were high and I'm very poor.are

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An ashtray smoldering with cigarette butts. Cluttered, sheer curtains, a large fan CREAKS - it looks old, as it painfully strains to circulate sweltering air. A Vodka bottle is half empty on a dresser.

It's hot in here, we can sense the heat as we move towards a crazy-ornamented brass bed, where a woman lounges, draws hard on a glowing roach, the epitome of sex in a simple white slip that clings uncomfortably to her body damp with sweat. *A great recreation of the look Liz made famous in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."*

HARLEY, pushing 40 - *A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.* She nurses a tumbler of Vodka and ice. wearing a black sequined dress that hugged her curves and displayed ample cleavage.

She moves to the patio door, steps out on a rickety fire escape, a sprawling cityscape lays before us, sweltering in the midst of what looks like a brutal summer day, the entire city seems to be on fire...

INT. WAVERLY INSURANCE OFFICE / XXXX OFFICE - NIGHT

A nice minimalist office. The room is starkly lit by the window behind the desk. Black smoke and flames ignites the fiery sky.

A ceiling fan full speed. Discarded heels on the carpet.

HARLEY, pushing 40, seated at her desk, typing frenetically on a lap top. Looks up as Walter marches in and pulls out a case file. Nearby, an electric fan blowing...

Pushing 40, looking like she just rolled out of bed. She is dressed in her lace bra and cheap skirt, her hair disheveled.

Suddenly, a woman in black with expensive sunglasses, a sumptuous cashmere scarf and fabulous high-heels emerges. This is LEAH DIETRICHSON (40s).

She heads over to Harley with purpose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Any man or woman who doesn't believe in the value of life insurance, ought to have the privilege of dying just once without it. - Will Rogers..

MAN

I couldn't find it, there was no sign here at all.

WOMAN

I'm an independant agent now..

WOMAN

There you to be an all state sign there. Now were an independent company, much more competitive, We're not handcuffed to just one company so we have more felixbility...

MAN

MM

WOMAN

Ms. Dietrichson wants to talk to us about her husband's life insurance policy.

MS. DIETRICHSON

Yes, Charles. You see, as I've already explained to Mr. Branch, he's been gone for five years now, and I thought it might be time to... move on.

HARLEY

By move on you mean...?

MS. DIETRICHSON

...cash in Raymond's policy. I just thought, well, it's pretty unlikely he's still alive.

HARLEY

I understand Ms. Dietrichson, but here's the thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARLEY (CONT'D)

With no actual body, under Florida's statutes a person must be missing for seven years before he or she can be legally declared dead and that's not withstanding an investigation period where concerned parties can take up to another year to file interventions concerning the motion. So, even though your husband's status is undetermined at this point, there's really very little we can do for you.

HARLEY

Of course, you can always file a petition with the court...

MS. DIETRICHSON

Six feet under and he's still screwing me over. I bet he's turning in his grave, laughing.

Rachelina flips through a file on ehr desk... shuts it.

HARLEY

Hot as fuck in here. Central air broken?

WALTER

Thought it was the fuse. Checked the fuse box. Nope. Thought it was a grid thing, maybe the Great Blackout of 2010. Nope. What do you think it was, babe?

HARLEY

The electric bill?

An obese, repulsive man stripped to his underwear lies on the dingy BED, sweat runs in streaks down his cheeks... his breathing, ragged and loud, and hi eyes open slowly, his movements grotesque to behold... he's burning up...

In the shadows a dark figure lights up A BOOK OF MATCHES. THEIR FACE GROTESQUE, AS IF MELTED BY FLAMES. A STOCKING COVERS THEIOR FACE

The figure holds the match up to the ceiling... then there's an ungodly ALARM. Norm's eye go wide with fear as the HIGH PRESSURE fire sprinkler system starts dousing him with water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Someone bashes his skull in with a crow bar. He drops, writhes on the floor in agony as he clutches his wound.

He's hit again. Blood FLOWS from his head wound.

In the shadows the Assailant lights up A BOOK OF MATCHES. THEIR FACE GROTESQUE, AS IF MELTED BY FLAMES. A STOCKING COVERS HER FACE

The assailant holds the match up to the ceiling... then there's an ungodly ALARM. Norm's eye go wide with fear as the HIGH PRESSURE fire sprinkler system starts dousing him with water.

In an instant the room flashes over.

His body bursts into flames. His howls drowned out by the crackle of fire as the flames overtakes the screen...

Sprinkler systems are running, sloshes water every where, him, A darkened room. The silhouette of a woman in the light of a PROJECTOR.

HARLEY, pushing 40 - *A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.* She nurses a tumbler of Vodka and ice. wearing a black sequined dress that hugged her curves and displayed ample cleavage. wearing a simple white slip that clings uncomfortably to her damp body, her body is curvy, sexy... the epitome of sex,

As Holden RIDES, we see VARIOUS SHOTS of this small town lit by a spectacular mid-west SUNSET. Snapshots of an older America. Churches, bait shops, rolling fields bifurcated with idle railroad tracks. Jesus, it's like an Amblin movie, the deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace

A much older, much smaller house, tucked away at the end of a dead-end street... house

A steamy, communal men's bathroom. Half-naked young men come and go in towels, carrying toiletries. A shower curtain dances in the mist.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An angry BLAZE. A plethora of flashing lights. Fire trucks, police cars, an ambulance. Fireman hose down the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clark's car drives past a huge Harley sneaks out of her bedroom window and onto the roof. She lights a CIGARETTE and watches the horizon, flames igniting the firey sky...

We pan across a cluttered bedroom, Ity's dark, sheer curtains still, a large fan CREAKS - it looks old, as it painfully strains to to circulkate sweltering air. It's hot in here, we can sense the heat in the room as we move towards a crazy ornamented brass bed, where a woman is lying. wearing a sexy slip that baely covers her glistening body..The sheets and covers are on the floor..

Her body is coated with a thin layer of sweat - it's hot in this windowless room plantation home with gates.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is messy, old mismatched furniture clashes with a ratty shag carpet. An electric fan blowing. It's sweltering:

HARLEY - pushing 40, lays in a post-coital tangle of sheets with WALTER, 30s, rakishly handsome but his aura is scrupulous. A *sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior*. Neither look particularly happy...

Refiring the stub of a joint, she draws hard on the glowing roach. Holding in the smoke until it burns.

HARLEY

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

WALTER

What's gotten into you?

HARLEY

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

Walter covers the basics with boxers. He pops opens a beer can on a nightstand.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I bet it's still cold.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Get back here and fuck me, you sonofabitch! Get back over here and finish what you started.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I hate cold showers even on the hottest summer nights.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you should take one. Cold shower increase testosterone levels.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

It's an old house. The yard, is overgrown with weeds and littered with rubbish. On the second floor porch, a sweaty WALTER sits on a decrepit swing set, watching the flames, and sips a beer.

Harley, naked, dripping, is bent over and towelling off her hair. She turns to him but the towel covers her boobs and southern region as she resumes drying off.

HARLEY

God, I don't know why I even bothered to shower. A cold one at that.

Harley, looking like white trash in a cheap sundress, holding her shoes...

HARLEY (CONT'D)

It's the Big Sleazy motel. One of your clients probably torched it.

Walter laughs in spite of himself.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Probably that Zingetti guy.

WALTER

You got him all wrong. He' no arsonist, he's just careless with matches.

She turns to go in...

HARLEY

In this heat everyone gets burned.

a derelict, abandoned gas station. The office and garage is boarded up. There's a soda machine and payphone. She's still attractive

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARLEY

This is nothing. Hell, my ex got exhausted from me always wanting it. He couldn't keep up. I drove him nuts. He'd call me a bitch in heat. I'd go through cycles. A two week period where I'd fuck anything that moved. Another where I could take it or leave it. But there was this one week... just the thought of sex make me sick to my stomach. I'd turn into a complete bitch!

MARLA

Well -- my libido was rock hard until I met you...

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

It's an old house. The yard, is overgrown with weeds and littered with rubbish. A beat-up muscle man's car is up on cinder blocks.

On the second floor porch, a shirtless WALTER, 30's, using crutches, an AIR CAST on his foot, hops out of a bedroom. His aura is scrupulous.

He sits on a decrepit swing set, gazing at the skyline just visible through thick clouds of black smoke.

After a soul-searching beat, she sits on the side of the bed, holding a sheet to her breasts. Hastily extinguishes her cigarette. Bottle of Wild Turkey by her foot.

Harley uncaps the bottle, fills a tumbler to the rim.

On the bureau a battered PORTABLE TV. On screen, lies news coverage of fire crews in the trenches, battling a raging grass fire.

ANCHOR WOMAN

It's not just Europe who's in the grip of unusually high temperatures. The south eastern portion of the USA is experiencing a record-breaking heat wave that's left millions without power and likely will be for several more weeks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANCHOR WOMAN (CONT'D)

Since Friday, the extremely high temperatures, some exceeding 117 degrees has been blamed for at least 22 deaths, most of which were from heat-related illness...

HARLEY

Turn that off, would ya?

Walter turns off the TV, extinguishes his cigarette.

BIG MAMA, 50s, black, BBW, sweet as cherry pie, appears.

BIG MAMA

Hey, Sugar, what're you doing back in the 'hood?

HARLEY

Big Mama. I missed you.

Big hug and kiss. Big Mama gives her the once-over.

BIG MAMA

Dang, look at YOU. You've got to find Mister Right...

(turns to Walter)

Cuz. Home boy here is nothing but trouble.

WALTER

Love you to and the ghetto prices.

BIG MAMA

Oh, no, he didn't! He did not go there.

WALTER

Not to mention I only eat at hi-class joints.

BIG MAMA

Liar. But bless you.

WALTER

Holy Cow! It's hotter-than-hell in here, Big Mama.

BIG MAMA

Fo' real--? 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Harley and Walter nearly choke on their food. Behind the bar, a busy waitress, SALLY, 40s, sassy, eyes the TV;

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

A small coastal town, oozing big Southern Charm. An older America. Churches, mom&pop shops, rolling fields bifurcated with idle railroad tracks. It's the deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace.

RACHELINA

Of course, you could go the easy route and just douse everything in a flammable substance, like gasoline, oil, or alcohol,

RACHELINA

Proving arson isn't very difficult. I've investigated a few deliberately set fires and there are definite telltale signs.

(then)

For instance, accelerants normally leave trails of char that are noticeably heavier than the burn around them. They show up like black lines everywhere the accelerant was spread. There's only one accelerant I know of that doesn't do this. And it's not gasoline... it doesn't all burn. The gasoline vapor burns, and the liquid residue is pretty easy for investigators to spot.

-----RACHELINA, is framed in the doorway of the bedroom. sweat rolls langurously down her taut, naked body, silhouetted in the flames.

RACHELINA, her hair's a sex mess, She's a young 40, sexy in a bleached brunette trailer trash sort of way. A *sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.*

RACHELINA, fresh out of the shower, is framed in the doorway of the bedroom. sweat rolls langurously down her taut, naked body, silhouetted in the flames

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CRU is sweating copiously now. It's hot and there's not much air. They are miserable. Sweaty. Looking like extras on the voyage of the damned.

A statue of a Confederate soldier, his rifle held high, beyond. A civil war cannon...

PEN and GARRETT finish having sex, she on him, both sitting up, clinging to each other with something like desperation. She presses her forehead hard against his

Rachelina pulls away from Walter and Teddy and joins Gina paying for her

Sally throws an irritated nod at Walter.

SALLY

Outside your price range.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Top down, Rachelina rides along the highway, morning breaking on a sharp, clear day, it's going to be another hot one...

The ashtray on the night table is filled with crushed butts. She is in bed with RANDY. Under the sheet, he strokes her. She comes, pushing his hand away

Walter gropes her a little. unzips the back of ANGIE'S dress as he turns her around, and as the dress falls away,

Outside of town. A grungy, no-name ROADHOUSE.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A needle drops on a record in the jukebox. Country music sets the mood for the room. Rachelina in sexy club outfit, beaches at an empty spot at the bar.

Her gaze settles on a woman, a little ways down in a simple yet elegant white summer dress, she's stunning, classy, probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger...not particularly interested in making friends.

Rachelina inconspicuously glance at Marla's salacious legs, gold anklet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The woman seems unfazed by Rachelina's voyeuristic interest in her, but she is surely not unaware of it...

The woman, MARLA DIETRICHSON gets up. MEN gawk as she passes by. Her insane, sweaty body, moving fluidly under that dress.

leave, her virginal white summer dress clings to her sweaty body. This is MARLA DIETRICHSON, she's stunning, classy, probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger...not particularly interested in making friends.

Her simple but elegant summer dress clings to her insane sweaty body, This is MARLA DIETRICHSON, , She's stunning, classy, probably mid-forties but could be quite a bit younger...not particularly interested in making friends.

a woman gets approaches, a little ways down, not particularly interested in making friends.

The woman, MARLA DIETRICHSON gets up and leaves, her sweaty body moving fluidly under that dress that clings to her body woman rises, her simple but elegant summer dress clings to her insane sweaty body, This is MARLA DIETRICHSON, , She's stunning, classy, probably mid-forties but could be quite a bit younger...not particularly interested in making friends.

SHARON takes a shower. RANDY talks to her through the glass.

Sweaty and spent, the men enter chatting. Their banter iseasy and mostly good-natured.

Becca trails him in the car, keeping a safe distance.

Becca slows as she sees him head towards the entrance of a public library. She turns to park.

TEDDY

It's hot enough. Why people want to start fires is beyond me.

INT. CITY MORGUE - CORRIDOR - DAY

A chaotic scene. OFFICERS wait. Rachelina and DRAKE, 30s, in scrubs, navigate a gauntlet of body bags on gurney's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKE

Yea, we typically receive about 17 bodies a day, with 222 bays. Monday -- just three days into this freakin' heat wave -- we've exceeded our capacity by roughly two hundred. Relief's in sight through. The county's bringing in a fleet of refrigeration trucks to help store the bodies.

(re: police)

They've been waiting up to three hours for a worker to receive bodies. You should be so lucky.

As they push through the double doors --

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Drake pulls back the sheet to expose the charred remains of a man. Rachelina slips off her heels, relishes the feel of her feet on the cold floor.

She glances one last time at his body, shocked, but maybe not all that surprised.

RACHELINA

Yea, it's him all right.

MAN

Sweet jusus..how we suppose to sleep when it's so damn hot.

RACHELINA

I'm glad to meet you.

MARLA

Yes, I can you tryin to make up your mind.

RACHELINA

Married I see.

MARLA

You look disappointed. And you?

RACHELINA

No I got out of that business a long time ago... cooking and cleaning...

MARLA

And what is your business?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHELINA

Insurance.

MARLA

Interesting.

RACHELINA

Yes, especially when it gets hot like it is, husband and wives trying to off each other.

MARLA

Hard work your job, must be use to getting doors shut in your face.

RACHELINA

And sometime they open and you meet interesting characters.

MARLA

Do you sell many policies?

RACHELINA

Well I do all right.

MARLA

Well, my husband has insurance..

RACHELINA

Too bas I was hoping to do business.

MARLA

You want a drink?

RACHELINA

Thanks by I have a living to earn and since I can't see you anything.

MARLA

You haven't really tried, have you.

RACHELINA

Not really.

MARLA

Then you'll never know if you don't try now will you...

HARLEY

I saw you on the slopes this weekend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

Oh.

HARLEY

Yea, i really like your style. It was great.

MARLA

Thank you.

HARLEY

I also like the way you ski.

Marla...

HARLEY

I'm Harley, what's your phone number?

MARLA

My, you hardly give a lady a chance to cath her breath.

HARLEY

Well time is short. Can i get you anoher drink?

MARLA

Harley I appreciate your interets -
-

HARLEY

It's more than intrest. It's desire, passion. Your name is --

MARLA

Marla... Mrs. Marla xxx. And that's my husband over there at the bar. And i guess that's the end of that.

RAYMOND, a graying-templed 50's, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch, walks in... great suit

HARLEY

That's too bad.

MARLA

What am i missing?

HARLEY

Passion, great sex.. Go on vacation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARLA

And all on my credit card, huh?

She laughs, goes to leave.

MARLA

I hope I didn't spoil your day.

HARLEY

No, I feel lucky.