

**DARK PENANCE**

by  
R. L. Riley

Current Revisions by  
R. L. Riley

Revised Draft  
03.17.2019

FADE IN:

**INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

Extravagant. Sounds of sex a murmur. Artworks look like stolen pieces from the Louver. Golf trophies.

**INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dark & unsettling. Lit candles. Incense burns. Marquis De Sade-esque. A Louis XIV chair. African fetish dolls.

*On the BED, Cinemax-style soft-porn. LINA, 30s, Latina, and a Hitchcock Blonde, just flashes of her face, having hot, sweaty lesbian sex.*

Demented works of art... "*Dante and Virgil in Hell;*" they're watching a fight between two naked damned souls."

And by the time we find our lovers again...

Blonde stands over Lina in Buddha position on the floor.

Blonde throws a piece of cloth off a vintage knife/letter opener with Egyptian symbols on its handle, which lies in the lap of a Buddha statue.

Stabs her. Lina recoils at the force of the blow -- some how manages to get to her feet, screaming bloody murder.

She stumbles, blood pouring from her face, movements grotesque to behold, moving purely on instincts...

Accidentally crashes into an Ancient artifact, a highly lusted stone of a man's naked torso and his erect penis, which shatters...

Blonde, a predatory, stalking its prey, eclipses Lina again. Raises the blade, whereupon --

She lets loose - thrusts the knife down harder and harder - tearing into her flesh... again... and again...

BLOOD SPLATTERS more artwork; "*Francisco Goya - Saturn Devouring His Son.*"

**INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Dark, STAINS on the CARPET. PORN plays on the TV.

*In BED, LEO, 30s, a swarthy guy, lays naked. He's drawn in. Fascinated. Eyes intense, obsessed, watches -*

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A cocksure beautiful Latina wrestles free of the sheets, naked, very sweaty - toned. Messy hair, shitfaced.

Finds her pager BEEPING incessantly. He gropes her prodigious ASS. She swats his hand away like flies...

She rifles through a pricey, sleek leather briefcase with a shoulder strap. Pulls out a thick binder, *the cover has an FBI insignia on it.*

Bypasses condoms, grabs her cellphone, accidentally drops an iconic "**FBI**" shield, which gleams in its badge holder.

QURRAT JAMALZADAH, pushing 40, a hard-ass FBI Agent - a jawdroppingly hot MILF, - a Mom I'd Like To fuck.

LEO

Hey, you remember my name?

QURRAT

I remember not asking.

LEO

I could be a serial killer.

She ignores him, preoccupied with "12 MISSED CALLS FROM (SAIC) WHITE" flashing on her cell. He chuckles at his faux remark. Then...

QURRAT

No. You're just a selfish little fuck and inconsiderate bastard!  
If the sex is going to be this banal, you could at least come up with some decent dialogue...

He studies her face for any hint of sarcasm. None.

LEO

Fuck you, Como una puta.

She smashes his face. It's savage, fast, bloody. He lies there, barely conscious. Grabs pantyhose off the floor, ties his hands to the bed.

Eye-fucks her knuckles, pulls out a shard tooth.

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

*Qurrat, hair neat, polished, flaunting her svelte figure in clinging sheath dress, BELTED, iconic "**FBI**" badge clipped. No visible panty lines to discreetly show she's not wearing any underwear.*

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A very professional look. A stark contrast from the sex fiend with meet earlier. She grabs her shoes, designer "*Fuck Me Pumps.*" *Slips them on.*

A SIG SAUER P226 in its high-gloss black holster with the "*FBI Memorial Star*" monogrammed on it.

Reaches behind her back, clips it on. He lies there, still bound to the bed. Swollen face...

QURRAT

You gonna play nice?

He shoots her a murderous look. BAM, Leo is PISTOL WHIPPED, his lights go out. She re-holsters, unties him.

**EXT. FBI LOS ANGELES - WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

Establishing... Wilshire Boulevard.

**INT. F.B.I. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

There's an American Flag, photos of former FBI DIRECTOR'S. PUSHING through one of the busiest field offices, traditionally-suited FBI agents... CLERICAL WORKERS abound... giving an appreciative eye --

Qurrat, still dressed as before wordlessly passing them. *Dont-fuck-with-me-aviators* gives her a roguish look. *She feels their stares, likes it.*

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE WHITE (50) humorless Fed in a nice suit. Stern professor look, corners her.

WHITE

Agent Jamalzadah. Did I tear you away from a hot date?

QURRAT

Not exactly.

WHITE

What I want is what you promised -- A complete breakdown of the FBI's investigation so far. I want it clear, concise, and now.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Elegant, dark corners. White pulls a personnel file from a cabinet. Qurrat recognizes it.

QURRAT

That me?

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WHITE

Yea, keeps me up at night. Let me tell you this and let me make it as clear -- you're really not anybody's 'friend.' You're sort of a lone wolf. I don't like it and I don't like your methods. You're a rule breaker and I can't finger out the life of me why you think you can operate outside the rules of the Justice Department.

QURRAT

Is that all?

WHITE

For now.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

*A sleek, black CORVETTE with federal plates, zips through traffic; pigtail antennas, smoked-out windows; a plethora of BLUE-and-REDS flashing.*

*Quite possibly the sharpest F.B.I. vehicle on the planet.*

**INT. QURRAT'S F.B.I. CORVETTE - NIGHT**

The cockpit glows. A massive in-dash touch-screen. Hanging in the back, *an iconic "FBI" windbreaker jacket.*

Qurrat a query into an FBI DATABASE. DING. The query finishes its search. No hits. She punches it into 5th.

**EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

BYSTANDERS ooh and ahh as our corvette screeching in a hot, joining a phalanx of black & whites, coroner's van. Qurrat climbs out.

She's met by HOLLY SAPPERSTEIN, 30s, LAPD detective, pretty hot. They fight through a PAPARAZZI of news media.

**INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The place is crawling with cops. Lina is face down in a pool of congealing blood. A GOLD-PLATED VIBRATOR nearby.

The medical examiner, DR. PRIYA LEON, 40s, makes annotations. A middle-Eastern looker.

Qurrat gloves up, notes the strong resemblance between herself and Lina. Holly runs preliminaries -

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HOLLY  
DOA's Lina Diaz, 34.

DETECTIVE JOHN STARK, 30s, edgy handsome, holds up a trophy. An air of hostility between him and Qurrat.

JOHN  
A proud member of the LPGA.  
Lesbian Professional Golf  
Association.

Chuckles. Qurrat rolls her eyes, kisses Priya. There's an attraction between them, perhaps even history.

QURRAT  
Priya.

PRIYA  
Q. Preliminary COD, massive  
hemorrhaging.  
(re: vibrator)  
Hmmm. I wonder how much it costs.

QURRAT  
Roughly \$15,000. We can safely  
rule out robbery.

*CAPTAIN LEE, 50s, black, by the book, solid, joins them. Qurrat inspects the body, to the shock of everyone.*

PRIYA  
It's ok, she's an M.D., too.  
Forensic Pathology.

LEE  
Then what do we need you for?

QURRAT  
Multiple stab wounds to the upper  
quadrant. Defensive wounds noted  
on left and right hands. Left  
carotid artery was punctured. Size  
and depth of punctures are  
consistent with the blade of that  
knife. So, who found the body?

She notes a CRIME TECH, scraping DNA off the patio glass.

JOHN  
The responding officers. A  
neighbor reported a prowler  
fleeing the scene. We canvassed  
the neighborhood. But nothing.

Holly holds up the wallet inside an evidence bag.

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HOLLY

We found this. No identification,  
just three hundred in cash.

QURRAT

Whoever he is, you need to find  
him. The killer has a head start.

LEE

It bares an eerie resemblance to  
the opening of Jade. Only she did  
a hatchet job on him.

QURRAT

Mm-hmm. You're jumping to  
conclusions... don't you think?

LEE

Notta. Third shoe to drop.

QURRAT

OK. She's smart. She's playing a  
game -- catch me if you can.  
Gotta say, she's doing a damn good  
job, or I wouldn't be here.

JOHN

What're you!? A fuckin' fan.

QURRAT

If she did do it, she's a risk  
taker. Believe it or not, it's a  
good thing.

Qurrat TEXT to Marla: "Wrapping up mtg- be there soon."  
They are too shocked to speak.

QURRAT

We're creatures of habit. And so  
are lust killers. Obsessive  
compulsive. When they torpedo  
code of conduct -- it means  
they're growing reckless. That's  
when we catch them. It's always  
darkest before the dawn.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - MARLA'S OFFICE - DAY**

A sign on the door: Police Psychologist: "*Marla Petallides*." In the foreground, a cell is ringing.

*MARLA PETALLIDES, 30s, Latina, curvy. And just flat-out gorgeous. She sees Qurrat's number on her CALLER ID.*

**EXT. TRINA'S BEACH HOME - NIGHT**

An affluent glass home, beautifully lit, which offers a voyeurs view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior.

A Panamera Porsche is parked before the front door with impenetrable mirrored-glass windows. Just then - another Porsche races in and parks. Mere seconds...

*DR. TRINA SHATTUCK, 30s, climbs out. So gorgeous, so sexy, a manipulative edge.*

**EXT. TRINA'S BEACH HOME - POOL-SIDE - NIGHT**

In the bedroom, Trina rushes in, disrobes, a languorous striptease. Qurrat spies on the object of her mad lust.

Naked, Trina kills the lights... even her shadowy outline is intoxicating. She lights a joint, paces. A beat, the blinds are drawn shut. Peep show's over.

Qurrat eyes a text; *"So, what are the chances of my balls slappin' your ass tonight?"*

**INT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The place is immaculate. A glass patio door frames an enchanted view - a beach. Marla sits at the table.

A romantic dinner set for two - candlelight. She finishes off a glass of wine, blows out the candles.

**EXT. QUANTICO - DAY**

"The Yellow Brick Road." A grueling 6.1-mile obstacle.  
**SUPER: FBI Academy, Quantico, Virginia.**

Qurrat, FBI-tee-shirt and khaki pants soaked, scaling rock faces with ropes. Crawls under barbed wire in muddy water, maneuvers across a cargo net...

**EXT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - QUANTICO - DAY**

The neatly trimmed lawns and imposing buildings of the FBI compound hum with activity. A group of TRAINEES in matching sweats jogs by as --

Qurrat walking across the field from a just arrived FBI helicopter. Black ray ban sunglasses, perfectly groomed, simple but striking in her ensemble.

She carries her sleek, leather briefcase. She clips on badge and credentials that says *"Qurrat Menounos, FBI..."*



**INT. F.B.I. ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL - DAY**

Qurrat lectures a CLASSROOM OF F.B.I. TRAINEES. The SUPER tells us -- *F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA.*

QURRAT

Yes. I know most psychiatrists class sociopaths and psychopaths together -- but for criminologist like myself -- we differ based on their outward behavior. For instance, psychopaths tend to be more successful and maintain normal relationships. Psychopaths tend to minimize risk to themselves. They plan their crimes down to the smallest detail... to ensure they don't get caught, and most have contingency plans for every possible scenario. On the other hand, most sociopaths are extremely disorganized. Unable to sustain normal relationships. More susceptible to violent outbursts. Free from guilt, emotional consequences, and moral dilemmas that plague the rest of us.

QURRAT

Sociopaths tend to be more impulsive and erratic. With little or no regard for the risks involved. Or consequences. And it's these kinds of behaviors which increases their chances of getting caught. You wouldn't want to know one, date one, or work with one... though, statistically, you probably do. They don't play by the same rules as we do. They do what they want, when they want.

KARA, a SMART ASS trainee pipes up from the class.

KARA

You think you're setting a good example by hyper-sexualizing herself?

A beat. Qurrat's face is suddenly VERY SERIOUS.

QURRAT

Sure my appearance might be hypersexual but I'm the complete antithesis of that. Um...I think it's important...

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QURRAT (CONT'D)

for young girls growing up to see every representation of a woman. Especially smart, strong women. And they don't all have to be completely buttoned-up or dolly looking to be strong, smart or in control or a position of power. You don't. There are every physical appearance of strong and intelligent women in life and we should see that represented as well.

**INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MEN'S ROOM - DAY**

*WHISTLER GLASSER, 40s, beaten down, wrinkled suit, not looking much like the FBI Agent he is, drinks sullenly from a flask. Qurrat watches with concerned.*

QURRAT

There was a time when I would've laughed about this. You were one of the smartest guys I knew. Funny, full of life. What happened to that guy, huh? I know who you are, Whistler. But this version of you. This self-loathing --

WHISTLER

Harlan Weiss? Long island killings? Weird guy, played with whores.

QURRAT

It was your job to get into the killer's head. Instead you allowed him to get into yours. Tell me what I missed?

WHISTLER

You're just so good at reading people. Hard for me to believe you couldn't read that one. I'm done hunting monsters, Q. I leave it to the professionals.

QURRAT

And give this up for a cushy life?

WHISTLER

All due respect, you haven't been where I'm at. When you do call.

Qurrat ponders this ominous warning. Shrugs it off...

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

A swanky, POSH, girlishly sophisticated, high-glam bachelorette pad with Spanish and Persian furnishing.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - PRIVATE BOUDOIR - DAY**

It rivals a small designer boutique. A killer wardrobe. Cluttered with shelves of shoes that spans the likes of Louboutin, Valentino and Blahnik, (lots of) stilettos in a wide range of metallics, sparkles, studs.

She does Pilates in skimpy Calvin Klein bra and panties.

**INT. DOWNTOWN FLOWER SHOP - DAY**

A SALESWOMAN wraps roses for Qurrat, who ignores a call. CUSTOMERS glare - "answer the damn thing."

QURRAT

Bill collectors.

**INTERCUT with...**

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICES - NADIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

NADIA KOUWABUNPAT, 30s, hot as hell, icy veneer to match, on her cell. The nameplate: "DEPUTY D.A. KOUWABUNPAT." "Can You One Putt."

NADIA

I got assigned the case.

Qurrat screams silently into her cell.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - QURRAT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Neat, and tidy. Mountain of case files. Post-it notes stuck to the monitor of her desktop computer. A yellow brick engraved with FBINA 255.

She swivels her chair around - slips off her heels. Massages feet. They hurt, presumably.

Doesn't seem to mind RUBBERNECKERS admiring her legs.

A peremptory KNOCK - AGENT HANK HOOKAPELLA, 50s, a veteran profiler; likeable. Jeans, t-shirt kinda guy.

A real father/daughter connection between them. Hank eases himself into a chair with considerable pain.

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QURRAT

Hank.

HANK

I'm in so much pain it's sickening. Sciatic nerve on my left side pinched in the hip and at the knee. Had the right side deadened with sympathetic nerve block #6. I'm loaded up on roxicodone and percocets and just took a 2mg xanax to try and relax. Ice not working. So if I offend anyone today -- it might be I'm agitated so pre-apologies.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - QURRAT'S OFFICE - DAY**

A MURDER BOARD; PHOTOS of the victims, along with THUMBNAILED EVIDENCE REPORTS, FIELD INVESTIGATIONS.

Qurrat studies it with laser-like focus. Holly, John, and Lee, enjoy donuts. Marla enters with a cup of java.

JOHN

Sophia Miazek. 30. Bruising on the neck confirms manual strangulation. We did get a hand spread off her neck. Tried her skin for prints. Nothing. A previous partner stated she was into sexual asphyxiation. Wait for it, Dr. Seagrove.

JOHN

No signs of forced entry. A set of prints but CODIS and NCIC came back with nothing. Oh. The victims friends have clear alibis.

LEE

Then your saying there is something to it?

MARLA

As far as I can see, the fact that the victims were Latina doesn't necessarily make for a pattern. It could be just coincidence.

QURRAT

Not likely. The fact that the victims were all Latina suggest a possible displaced aggression.

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LEE

Displaced aggression?

QURRAT

A psychological condition whereby a person, in this case a woman, a killer whose developed a deep seated hatred for a particular woman. But she's not able to carry out her aggression due to some psychological hang up. So she chooses a substitute and kills them instead.

JOHN

Wouldn't it be enough if she just killed one? Why go on killing?

QURRAT

Because even though she kills the substitute, the original object of her hatred still remains alive.

MARLA

Suddenly I have this strong desire to have my hair dyed blonde.

LEE

Any chance she goes cold turkey?

HOLLY

Yes, any possibility that such a person would eventually get it out of his/her system and just stop?

QURRAT

How much do you know about sociopaths? They have no emotions. They don't feel anything. No love, no hate, no jealousy. They tend to be very smart. Their IQ is somewhere in the genius range. They tend to be very methodical and disciplined. Extremely charming... socially adept, hide their illness but when they are violent. They are killing machines without remorse.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY**

Qurrat and Holly on the move.

QURRAT

I didn't want to say anything back there, but talk to Trina Shattuck.

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HOLLY  
 Doctor Trina Shattuck? Sex  
 therapist and best-selling author?

QURRAT  
 Uh-huh. It's her vibrator.

HOLLY  
 Ex-girlfriend?

Qurrat nods, unenthusiastically.

QURRAT  
 She suffers from a borderline  
 personality disorder.

Holly nods, intrigued.

QURRAT  
 Well, if you ask her, she'll tell  
 you I'm the crazy one -- but I've  
 been a trained behavioral analyst  
 for ten years.

As Holly heads off - Qurrat hones in on someone.

**INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE PD - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

A raucous group of men scramble to cover their junk.  
 Qurrat slugs John - strong, violent. It rocks him.

QURRAT  
 Asshole. Most would agree with  
 me. Everyone else can kiss my ass.

John grabs her by the throat, slams Qurrat up against the  
 locker. Just then -- Hank grabs John, belts him. Ready  
 to deck the other's.

John glares at her - this is not over. Qurrat gives Hank  
 an appreciative smile.

QURRAT  
 I'm out. Don't check out my ass.

She glances back at the cops, making sure. They're not.

**INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY**

Qurrat rubs her bruised knuckles, biting back her pain as  
 she devours a donut. Marla has drifted into the hallway.  
 Both doing a horrible job of hiding their lust.

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MARLA

'Morning Q. You went ape of Stark's nose?

QURRAT

He tried to break my fist with his face.

MARLA

Counting to ten isn't just for kids.

(re: donut)

Nice breakfast.

QURRAT

Well, I don't have you cooking for me anymore, do I?

MARLA

I never cooked for you in my life.

QURRAT

You made me that sweet Mexican dish.

MARLA

Um, take-out don't count, Qurrat.

QURRAT

About last night --

MARLA

-- Yeah, 'bout that. In my office.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - MARLA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Qurrat shuts it, notes her lovely flower arrangement.

MARLA(O.S.)

In here. Shut the blinds and sit.

She obliges, can't get comfortable on the antique chaise.

QURRAT

Have you thought about getting a better couch?

MARLA (O.S.)

Why? I'm not the one who has to lie there.

Marla reemerges wearing sexy heels and nothing else. She moves towards Qurrat, strictly business. Qurrat tries to touch Marla, who swats her hand away.

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She props a foot on the chaise, masturbates. But her face is devoid of pleasure. Slips moist fingers into Qurrat's wanton mouth.

MARLA

If it happens again, this will be  
the last time you'll ever taste  
it. Bueno, bueno!

A BUZZ. Qurrat takes a moment, savoring it, then:

QURRAT

Bueno, bueno!

Reluctantly appeased... Marla starts for the bathroom.

MARLA

Get out, Officer.

QURRAT

Special Agent.

Marla turns, smiles apologetically.

MARLA

Sorry, my ex husband is a cop?

**INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY MORGUE - DAY**

Cold, sterile tiles and metal exam tables. Qurrat reads a toxicology report. Priya slices into a BODY, pulls out a kidney and sets them in a scale. Holly walks in --

PRIYA

One part tequila, two parts  
Rohyphnol. Effect probably begun  
to wear off near time of death.

HOLLY

Don't you answer your phone?

QURRAT

Maybe you haven't noticed, but  
this is a dead spot.

Hands Holly an FBI coded folder, who studies a mug shot; HERMAN, 30, an ugly, repulsive man.

QURRAT

Your peeping tom. Herman Sturgess.

HOLLY

Wow. FBI lab got the info lickety  
split! Some sheet. B&E and lewd.  
Stolen guns.

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HOLLY

I'll call his OP, get a current address.

QURRAT

It's his third strike. He ain't checking in.

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

In the pleasant wood panelled doctor's office, RICHARD, 40s, shirtless, holding classic *yet sexy pumps*. Qurrat, *Silk blouse* undone nonchalantly, casually straightening her sexy pencil skirt.

She goes to take her shoes from him. Slips them on.

QURRAT

This wasn't the deal, Rich.

RICHARD

We don't have an arrangement.

QURRAT

We do. We most definitely have an arrangement. When I need re-fills we fuck. When I don't -- no spending time together.

Her cell rings. She answers, none to happy.

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

A gorgeous minimalist office. The nighttime sky beautiful through the windows. Trina holds a tablet/stylus, as she makes notes. SAA MEETING.

PATIENTS sits on chairs in a semi-circle. PHYLIS, 30s, tells a sob story. Qurrat slips in.

PHYLIS

I chose my vibrator over work. Logged anonymous hook-ups in fast-food restaurant's bathrooms. One-night stands. But I couldn't stop. even after one man's wife aimed a gun at my head while catching us in flagrante delicto.

A hushed SHOCK WAVE among the group. Can't decide if they want to laugh or cry - it's comical.

TRINA

Thank you, Phylis. Who's next?

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She singles out Qurrat.

QURRAT  
No, I couldn't possibly top that.

The class erupts in laughter.

**MOMENTS LATER...** Trina relaxes on a plush couch. Despite their hating, a raw sexual energy gyrates between them.

TRINA  
Boy, you just can't stay away from me, can you? So, why did you bother to come?

QURRAT  
You have time for a few questions?

TRINA  
And here I'm thinking you come to get with the program.

Trina uncrosses her legs. And It's hard for Qurrat not to notice she wears no panties. Only saved from blatant exhibitionism by shadows.

A charged look between them.

TRINA  
You know me, if there's one thing I never answer is questions.

Trina gathers her things, senses Qurrat's hesitation.

TRINA  
What--? You don't trust yourself?

QURRAT  
No. I don't trust you.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Dark, beautifully lit by pool waters bouncing off the walls. Trina saunters in from the corridor behind her.

TRINA  
Lock it, baby.

QURRAT  
Why not.

TRINA  
I could be a killer.

Qurrat cases the place. Conspicuously laden on the table, a newspaper headline: "third Latina found dead."

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Trina steps out of her sexy heels, fiddles with the clasp at the back of her dress. Smiles.

TRINA (O.S.)  
 You worried? You could be next.  
 Unhook me.

A chilling remark. Trina turns the clasp to Qurrat.

As the clasp is undone, she catches her dress, glances back at Qurrat. Trina suppresses her smile.

A tattoo above her ass. *"Qurrat" over a rose with thorns.*

TRINA  
 I'd ask you to join me, but you're on duty. Not that its stopped you before. And don't tell me you quit. You drink like a fish.

QURRAT  
 I cutback.

TRINA  
 Yea, right.

Trina lifts a remote. Clicks on the flat-screen TV. *REPORTERS and CAMERAS aimed at Qurrat giving a press conference. Behind her, CITY OFFICIALS mere spectators.*

TRINA  
 Watch a little TV. Be right back.

Trina points towards the bar as she slinks down the hall.

TRINA  
 Drinks are over there. Help yourself. Gin and tonic for me.

**EXT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - POOL-SIDE - NIGHT**

Trina swims in a lighted pool. Back to us, climbs out, naked. Heads inside via open the sliding glass doors.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Trina steps into a slouchy flock with its high neckline and long sleeves. Looks demure from the front until she turns around, it's backless.

Qurrat can't help but stare at the way it clings to her damp body, her legs, the tattoo. Trina senses it -

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Trina can hardly stand in one place, because her flock occasionally flashes a hint of butt crack as she moves.

TRINA

You should have seen the look on their faces. You'd think I was public enemy number one.

She finds her own arrogance amusing. Handles an ice-pick with serrated edges. Breaks blocks of ice at the bar.

QURRAT

They were just gathering all the facts. Like your whereabouts this evening between seven and midnight?

TRINA

Am I still a suspect?

QURRAT

A person of interest, but you're definitely in the running.

TRINA

I, I really rather not involve them in this kind of thing.

QURRAT

I'll be discreet. Their name?

TRINA

You discreet?

She laughs, drops ice cubes into tumblers, pours whiskey. Hands a drink to Qurrat, who doesn't take the bait.

QURRAT

Fine. As far as I'm concerned, you're our main suspect.

Splashes her drink in Qurrat's face, slaps her, hard.

TRINA

No need to make a federal case of it. Unless you're going to arrest me, get. The fuck. Out!

QURRAT

Oh, don't worry, I'll be back.

Trina grabs the ice pick, lunges, ready to gauge Qurrat's eyes out, who grabs her wrist - violently twists her arm back. The pick drops.

Their bodies touching, sexual tension palpable when...

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*DANNY PARKER, 30s, suit and signature BOW TIE, a pit bull in the courtroom, shoots Qurrat an icy glare.*

QURRAT

This doesn't concern you. What're you doing here, anyway?

DAVID

That would be my question to you, Qurrat. This is harassment. I want to make it clear, I've advised my client against --

Trina tosses Danny a SHUT UP look.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dimly lit. It resembles a sexy, pricey hotel room suite. Cluttered with files, police reports, boxes of evidence.

The remnants of dinner for two, takeout on fancy plates, an empty wine bottle. Discarded high heels.

Qurrat and Marla are having wild, wall-pounding sex on an enormous bed with luxury sheets, hot, sticky with sweat.

*Qurrat, panting, furious. Marla, a bit unnerved. They climax. Beat, they settle back, melancholy, reflective.*

It takes a moment for her expression to change to guilt.

QURRAT

God, I'm sorry.

MARLA

About what?

QURRAT

I got kind of... carried away.

MARLA

You're obviously, trying to work something out. You want to talk about it?

It irks Qurrat. Marla switches gears...

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO- BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Post-shower, towel around his waist, Qurrat's seated on the toilet. Her piss hitting the water drowns out the running shower. It shuts off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A very wet Marla steps out of the lavish glass stall, towelling off. Qurrat's piss stops on its own accord. She struggles to re-start her piss...

QURRAT

...oh, come on. Shit.

MARLA

Is everything okay? You seem a little... on edge.

QURRAT

It's just... this case is taking some weird turns, that's all.

Instinctively, Marla rubs her face.

MARLA

Look what you've done to my face. It feels like sandpaper. I thought Persian women were suppose to shave.

QURRAT

I do. Ask me how my choochie feels?

MARLA

You're so naughty. So, is she some fuckin' Hannibal Lector, or what?

QURRAT

No. Characters like him don't exit. Not really.

A mischievous smile crosses Marla's face. She turns on the faucet. Qurrat smirks. Marla saunters out.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - KITCHEN/FOYER - NIGHT**

A sweaty Qurrat walking in, bare feet and FBI sweats, exposing erect nipples in a super sheer top.

She opens the fridge, grabs two Henikens. As she shuts the door the light illuminates Nadia standing there.

QURRAT

Jesus! You stalking me?

NADIA

This use to be OUR favorite hot pot -- maybe you're stalking me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Look, maybe I led you on Nadia,  
but I never promised you anything.  
You have no right to infringe on --

NADIA

Oh. Please.

Just then, Marla joins them, wearing sexy underwear, and a well-worn FBI sweat shirt. Probably Qurrat's.

Nadia holds her gaze. Marla - "a little fuck you" behind her eyes. Qurrat hands Marla a beer, ushers her out.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat does Pilates while admiring her ASS in a mirror. Nadia looks on, drooling...

NADIA

I didn't realize the bureau did  
dope cases. Isn't that DEA?

QURRAT

He was bait to catch Mitch. So.  
Wayne had three felony assaults,  
one arrest for possession.

NADIA

So? Wayne Roake was transferred  
to Sing Sing. Ended up getting  
knifed. Um, yea. John felt bad.  
Wrote a letter of recommendation  
for Mitch's early release.

QURRAT

Felt bad my ass --

NADIA

You do realize, I could put your  
ass in jail, right?

QURRAT

You wouldn't put me in jail?

NADIA

In a heartbeat.

She slaps Qurrat hard across the face.

QURRAT

Not sure what I did to deserve  
that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

I think men appreciate the work you've put into promoting her rear end. But the press, and the Mayor are breathing down our necks. Only if you'd do that in this case, maybe we can catch a killer.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT**

Police vans. Police tape. Flashing lights. Despite the hour, NEIGHBORS have gathered to rubberneck.

Lights and SIRENS as Qurrat arrives. Climbs out in just-rolled-out-of-bed clothes, wearing her "**FBI**" windbreaker.

**INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A pig-stye apartment. A full-blown crime scene. CSIs bagging and tagging.

HERMAN, 30s, an ugly, repulsive man, dangling from a hook in the ceiling. Rigor mortis has set in.

Priya passes a hand-held blue light wand down his legs, glowing with cum residue. Qurrat studies the room.

JOHN

Dead men tell no tales.

PRIYA

Asphyxia due to partial suspension hanging. As for the noose, a professional fit, for Jesus, and the Apostles.

Chuckles. Holly holds up Herman's DL in an evidence bag.

HOLLY

Guess our killer returned it.

QURRAT

Didn't you check out this place?

HOLLY

New address he failed to register.

QURRAT

Spoiler alert. Apparently he told the killer. She wants to be given credit. Wants to challenge the police. And wants everyone to know she killed him... and those women. So who found the body?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JOHN

An anonymous tip from crime stoppers, requesting a welfare check on a man who hadn't been seen for six days.

QURRAT

What was the time of death again?

PRIYA

Off the top of my head, six hours.

QURRAT

Guess the killer got tired of waiting.

Nadia overheard that. She looks slightly annoyed.

NADIA

This is no laughing matter.

JOHN

DA worried about his re-election?

NADIA

The only thing you should be worried about is catching this psychopath before you run out of body bags. Believe me when I tell you -- your troubles are just beginning...

**INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

OFFICERS ogling Qurrat, keenly aware they're watching, as she reads through an FBI binder. *CRIME PHOTOS; a naked Latina woman lies facedown on a bed. Throat slit.*

Holly and Lee on her heels.

QURRAT

I specialize in suicides and worked on hundreds of serious case and I have more questions now than I did at the beginning of this case. Suicide is usually a personal and private event. This was a very public act that happened. It appears aggressive, angry, vengeful. Humiliating. You rarely see women nude. If you think about it... and when people go to hang themselves, they almost always go to think of something to hang themselves from up above.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT (CONT'D)

A showerhead, a pipe in the basement, something in the closet, a hook on the door. They wouldn't think of a bed and jumping off the balcony. And these elaborates knots that are so complex and complicated. Is it possible, yes. Is it probable, no! Looks like overhand and clove hitch knots. Common in nautical uses. Trina's father was a tugboat captain.

But Qurrat's not done.

QURRAT

And there's this. Your second vic. Rosie Martinez. Her carotid artery and jugular was transected. What's odd is how precise it is. Chances are your perp might have some medical training. Trina does.

Holly and Lee exchange a look, "interesting."

LEE

Something I learned a long time ago -- a cop's hunch. Bring her in. Sweat her, but keep an open mind to other possible avenues.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

A lush HONEYMOON SUITE. A beautiful lit vanity cast a warm glow over the room. On the walls, erotic paintings of elaborate coitus.

Trina saunters in, hair wet, in a ratty shirt and boxers. Qurrat follows. Eyes intimate photos of her and Trina.

QURRAT

You shouldn't leave your door unlocked.

TRINA

I knew you were coming. I heard. Most of my patients are cops. There should be two of you?

QURRAT

I thought this would be better --

TRINA

For who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She eyes Qurrat with lusty amusement, slips into her boudoir. Qurrat catches glimpses of her in copious amount of mirrors.

TRINA

I'll only be a minute. Can you get my purse from the kitchen. Please.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Qurrat grabs a clutch off the table. Then freezes...

A kitchen window provides a direct view into Trina's bedroom. Vertical blinds drawn open; Trina, naked as a jaybird, save for sexy heels, pins her hair up.

She steps into an attractive dress that looks demure from the front but as she crosses back, it's totally backless. She doesn't bother to zip up.

Qurrat catches herself staring. Suddenly, Trina looks back at Qurrat. Her reaction inscrutable but she doesn't look away. Neither does Qurrat. Trina tidies up.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Qurrat stands there. Trina exits the bedroom, putting in earrings.

QURRAT

I hope I didn't take you away from your busy day.

TRINA

It's ok. I've got to file a police report, anyway. A prowler outside my home the other night.

QURRAT

Did you get a good look at him?

TRINA

No. But I'm sure they got a good look at me.

Trina goes to Qurrat to get zipped. Qurrat takes in her bare ass and back. In particular, that tattoo.

QURRAT

We have obscenity laws.

TRINA

So fucking arrest me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

You do these things on purpose.  
Don't think I don't know that.

Reluctant, Qurrat obliges. Trina smiles.

TRINA

I hear you're no longer seeing  
that deputy DA. What? Had your  
fun and tossed her overboard, too?

QURRAT

It wasn't like that.

TRINA

It never is. Huh?

Trina grabs her clutch and a nice jacket, crosses back  
towards Qurrat. Their lips touching ever-so-slightly.

TRINA

I'm ready, baby.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Qurrat looks on. Lee notices. Nadia joins them.

QURRAT

She's not going to cop to  
anything.

NADIA

Ask her about Dr. Danielle Mena.

LEE

Why does her name ring a bell?

NADIA

She's a prominent plastic surgeon.  
(re: Qurrat)

I'm sure you've seen some of her  
work first hand.

Qurrat smirks. Nadia hands her a file, the SEAL OF THE  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE on the front.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Reminiscent of the iconic Basic instinct set-up. Trina's  
delight on the hot seat is orgasmic. Danny beside her.

DANNY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

Yes, I knew them. I won't deny it. I'm sorry they're dead. Herman suffered from ED. We tried everything, even sexual hypnosis, but nothing worked. He was kinky. I like a little kink.

HOLLY

So you suggested auto-erotic --

TRINA

No. He did.

HOLLY

But you indulged him?

TRINA

No! I told him to make sure he had a chaperone -- and if he didn't -- I told him to rig a "rescue mechanism. Kinky sex can kill you.

HOLLY

Where were you at last night?

TRINA

With somebody.

HOLLY

Do you have a name?

TRINA

I wasn't interested in his name.

Trina pulls out a gold cigarette case, about to light up.

JOHN

You can't smoke in here.

TRINA

Or I can just walk out?

Beat, she lights a joint. The air goes out of the room as if someone died. Before they can get a word in...

TRINA

Medical Marijuana. Care to see my card?

Holly shows an evidence bag with a gold-plated vibrator.

HOLLY

I understand you knew Lina?

TRINA

Is it a crime?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY  
No. Not in itself.

TRINA  
I don't know anything.

JOHN  
Whoa, whoa, let's back up here.  
We're trying to find a killer.

Trina is suddenly conscious that she could be a suspect.

TRINA  
You guys don't think I had  
something to do with this, do you?

JOHN  
Well, we didn't bring you down  
here to make small talk. So I  
gotta ask, did you kill her?

TRINA  
No, and if I did, you think I'm  
going to FUCKIN' tell you!!!  
Look, Lina was a one-nightstand.  
I meant to go back and get it.

HOLLY  
That night?

TRINA  
No. Someone's playing a sick game.  
You know, trying to frame me.

JOHN  
Oh, come on! You left it there  
the night you killed her.

TRINA  
You get any prints off the murder  
weapon? Nothing usable I take it.  
Under the laws of this so-called  
democracy -- if I'm not charged  
with a crime, then I'm free to end  
this conversation.

Trina's getting to them, and so is her marijuana use.  
Qurrat enters. Holly gestures; "be my guest."

TRINA  
Now I'll talk to you.

QURRAT  
You've got an answer for  
everything, don't you? Rebecca?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRINA

Except why you're bring her up,  
her death was ruled a suicide.

QURRAT

I reopened the case.

TRINA

Shocker. You like to open old  
wounds. Pour salt into them.  
I cared deeply for Rebecca.

QURRAT

The bruising. No suicide note.

TRINA

No time. She heard me pull up.  
Knew I'd try and stop her. She'd  
throw temper tantrums, sometimes  
bang her head against the wall.  
As far as being naked, she was an  
exhibitionist. She loved being  
watched. You like to watch, don't  
you, Agent Menounos?

(a dark beat, then:)

Now Sophia was fun. We met at a  
club, expressed our "shared  
interest" in choking games. We had  
sex. I choked her. She was looking  
for an erotic high...

HOLLY

That night?

TRINA

No!

HOLLY

What did you use to choke her?

TRINA

My hands. I guess she thought she  
was cummin' when she was going.

JOHN

Lady, that's cold.

TRINA

Look, I don't wish to sound like  
I'm suggesting she was the author  
of her own misfortune but it is a  
significant factor. If I wanted  
to kill that girl, I would have  
done it myself, and got away with  
it. Professor Martin Wooley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

QURRAT

What was the nature of your relationship with Danielle Mena? She got a restraining order you.

TRINA

I obtained one against her also. Two can play that game. I told her I'd cut her wide open, if she didn't stop. She was too kinky. Or maybe she's just a *BITCH*.

JOHN

I thought you liked kink?

TRINA

Not that kinky. Dressing as a school girl is one thing, but she wanted me to inject her with succinylcholate -- and have my way with her.

JOHN

You have no alibi.

TRINA

Now why would I need an alibi? Whoever committed these acts is sick and depraved. Maybe you should be spending more time looking for that person and less time persecuting me.

QURRAT

Would your client take a polygraph?

TRINA

Sure, why not. Not like it's admissible in court.

QURRAT

Why did you drop out of med school?

TRINA

I wasn't cut out for it.

Off Trina's devilish grin.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Through one-way glass, Trina's wired to a polygraph. JUDD, the EXAMINER, rapping up. Nadia tears into them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NADIA

You guys got schooled. You don't bring kid gloves to a boxing match. No alibi.

HOLLY

No hard evidence. No motive, either. But, if you think you can make a case with --

NADIA

I would. But Luther's not a risk taker. I often wonder has anybody ever successfully faked it.

QURRAT

The only way you can beat that machine is with a stick.

LEE

I --I thought that some. This surprises me. Some criminologist think certain people with a certain psychological tendency could inadvertently or advertently beat the machine. I mean, in other words, they were not good subjects for --

QURRAT

A well-trained polygraph examiner can detect a pathological liar. And the guilt complex reacting. I just did.

**INT. LAPD - HOMICIDE - NIGHT**

Lee and Holly each have COFFEE. They're looking over Qurrat's shoulder, scanning articles on the life and death of Martin Wooley on a desktop computer.

QURRAT

Yep, it's all there in black white. Martin Wooley. He was her professor at Berkley. She was charged with culpable-homicide after strangling him to death. Told investigators, while they were having sex, Mister Wooley willingly participated in sexual asphyxia. At some point, passed out. Said she had no intention of killing him and it was consensual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

Says here charges were dropped.  
She was diagnosed with "Vasovagal  
Response."

LEE

Huh? What the hell is that?

QURRAT

Apparently it compresses the vagus  
nerve, causing a decrease in heart  
rate and blood pressure. Leads to  
acute hypoxia from low tissue  
perfusion and vasovagal syncope.  
In layman's terms, she's bearing  
down on her orgasms. Which, in  
turn, causes blackouts. It's part  
of her medical history.

HOLLY

Great. So she can use it again.

Qurrat stares at them. Yep.

**INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - DAY**

A seedy, grimy ROADHOUSE TOPLESS BAR. But the GIRLS are  
hot. Qurrat nurses a beer. Hank does a crossword puzzle.  
No interests in the debauchery.

HANK

Over the last few hundred years  
there's been thousand of reported  
incidents of horses jumping over  
towers. Landing on clergy and  
small men. Forcing their removal.  
All these incidents are well  
documented --

QURRAT

-- oh, that's too easy. Happens  
all the time in a game of chess.

Ah, Hank nods, fills in the blanks. A cacophony of a  
POLICE SCANNER echoes. She gestures towards it.

QURRAT

Um...you sleep with that thing?

HANK

Gotta protect my investment.

QURRAT

She's still angry. Can't say I  
blame her. I mean... I just  
walked out. No reason.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT (CONT'D)

No nothing. I tried to call. I wouldn't call me back either.

HANK

You did up the profile for them, your work's done. Let LAPD have first crack at it. I get it. Dr. Shattuck's smart. And beautiful enough to make you stupid.

His comment cuts deep and we see her vulnerable.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Qurrat walks along with Marla. Qurrat's tossing a tennis ball to a golden retriever, playing fetch.

MARLA

We're going to need some ground rules. No trying to change me. I do what I want. No meddling with my life. Social, sex, all off limits --

QURRAT

-- I know what I said.

MARLA

Rant aside, I'm not mad. I love this. It's beautiful, but I don't think I can do it anymore. I was willing to ride it out... ready to give it all up for you. But you have to be willing to do the same.

QURRAT

You don't think I can?

MARLA

I believe you want to, but it doesn't mean you're going to. I mean how many times have we discussed this. Usually when our clothes are off.

QURRAT

You know, Marla, I did mean everything I said to you.

MARLA

That's what makes it so sad.

They share a last look before Marla walks away. Qurrat looks hurt. Emotional... seemingly laid bare...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her cellphone chimes incessantly. She eyes a text, face conflicted: *'Babe: R u coming?'*

**INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Qurrat blows through the halls - her walk of shame. Tousled hair, shitfaced, post-sex disheveled dress.

Trina jokes with officers - gravitates towards her. Clocks Qurrat's appearance. Digs into her clutch, pulls out a vial.

TRINA

You look terrible. Xanax?

Qurrat declines. She hands Qurrat her nice coat, who helps her into it.

TRINA

You reek of booze and sex.  
I thought you were innocent until proven guilty. But you have some animus against me.

QURRAT

I don't think you did it?

Trina eyes her: *Is she fucking with me, or is she serious?* Qurrat's almost seems to be baiting Trina.

**INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - NIGHT**

Wipers work against heavy rain. Trina smokes a joint. Feeds off Qurrat's voyeuristic gaze in the rear-view.

TRINA

It wasn't too bad. You've been much rougher on me.

TRINA

I gotta hand it to LAPD. They need you. They're amateurs in a pro game.

Qurrat absorbs the implications of the remark.

QURRAT

Go on, play your silly games. Just remember -- you're not the only one capable of manipulation.

TRINA

How are you sleeping now days?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Like a baby.

TRINA

Bullshit. Qurrat are you on psychiatric medication?

Qurrat stands there a beat, unreadable, then...

QURRAT

Why would you say that?

TRINA

Because I've dealt with people who are, and know the signs.

Suddenly - Trina realizes something... Qurrat's taking a scenic route along the coastline. Trina grins.

TRINA

Remember when we first met. It was raining too. Much like it is tonight.

(reminiscing)

We both looked as beat-up as we felt. So much of my grief was abstract -- I recognize that my insatiable appetite for kinky sex, which I was pursuing with other men during the same period, was a means of physically manifesting my interior pain, releasing it in a way that my tears couldn't. It's a sexual version of cutting. Shortly thereafter, you came along, and I knew you had a drinking problem. You reeked of vodka, that smell of poison. That medicine. It was a sign of something inside you that needed to be numbed. But I was drawn to you. Grief is so isolating, but with you I didn't feel so alone.

**INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - NIGHT**

Qurrat pulls up in front of Trina's beach house. The rain comes down harder. Trina opens the car door.

TRINA

You wanna come in for a nightcap?

Beat. Trina senses Qurrat's hesitancy, then...

TRINA

I'm sure you have more question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

See that's the problem. We were either fucking, or fighting, and neither was no longer worth the other.

TRINA

Well I'm pretty sure you didn't drive me all around town to fight. Yet here you are, and you turn it down for what? Get out of your own way, Q. You want someone who gets you? Well -- she's here. Don't question it. Just go with it, and be happy.

And there's a vague element of erotic perversity in the way Trina says this...

TRINA

Yes... I got milk.

This is a surprise for Qurrat. Trina removes her hot high heels, taking her shoes in one hand.

QURRAT

I figured you had stopped the treatments?

TRINA

No. It's funny how these murders have brought us back together.

QURRAT

Maybe that's what you wanted. If the murders turned into the work of a serial killer, I'd get dragged in.

TRINA

Whatever helps you sleep tonight.

Trina scampers barefoot through the piss-wet pavement -- Qurrat looks after Trina, fights it, eyes are wet.

She dashes after her, hurrying to pull off her heels.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Qurrat slinks down the corridor. Tina stands there, undeniably fucking excited, naked as a jaybird in Valentino Rockstud stilettos.

Qurrat slams her up against the glass wall. Hard. Trina gasps for breath -- wraps her legs around Qurrat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trina stares with lusty amusement, breastfeeding Qurrat, relishing the milk. She leads Qurrat towards a bedroom, who resists, reality bleeds back into her consciousness. But with one more tug --

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

*Qurrat, on top of trina, grabbing-the-sheets-sweaty-and-gasping-for-air-when-your-done-sex.*

TRINA  
FUUUUUuuuuuuuuck!

Danny stands in the doorway, rapt. Trina's oblivious but him and Qurrat make eye contact. He storms off.

Trina wrestles Qurrat underneath, pins her wrists to the bed. Qurrat struggles against a silk scarf binding her hands to the bedpost...

Trina touches her lips, shushing Qurrat. Qurrat's sense of fear palpable. Trina finishes tying her hands to the bed while Qurrat suckles her nipples.

It's an incredibly dangerous and sexy moment.

Done. Trina kisses her with passion, she moves, obviously riding Qurrat vigorously. And it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly or on purpose, but -

Wraps her hands around Qurrat's neck, crushing Qurrat's throat who struggles, panicking, gasping for air, loosing consciousness. It's violently sexual.

Both climax. Trina collapses on top, sucking up oxygen. She unties Qurrat, flops down on her side of the bed.

TRINA  
So you still think I didn't do it?

QURRAT  
You're a lot of things. But a sadistic pervert. I just don't believe you could be that twisted and not show it...

Instinctively Qurrat grabs her throat. Trina's eyes bore into hers. No way she's fooled by this ruse or is she?

QURRAT  
This can't have happened again. At least not right now. You're still a suspect. And --

TRINA  
It's bad form to screw a suspect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Qurrat feels guilty as hell. Abandoning all thoughts of anything else... rolls back on top of Trina.

QURRAT  
...yeah. Really bad form.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

A conclave of FBI vehicles - suburbans, and Landcruisers. The click-clacking of heels reverberate off the walls...

Qurrat in a sexy power pantsuit that fits like a glove, surprisingly wears nothing underneath. *FBI badge hangs from its breast pocket---*

She carries an attache - runs well in designer heels.

QURRAT  
No. Sex predators' fantasies tend to be detailed. Often one of two things -- past crimes and future acts. It's ok, hang on a sec--

Beep. Incoming call; she answers, not happy.

QURRAT  
What?...when?...now? Why the hell didn't I ever here about this?!

**INT. FBI HELICOPTER - PASSENGER SECTION - DAY**

High above the city. MITCH ROAKE - 30s, in cuffs, angry, unforgiving, in prison overalls. Surrounded by three STONE-FACE AGENTS in full SWAT GEAR.

Qurrat sits across from them - wears her FBI jacket.

MITCH  
Funny, I was thinking about you -- isn't that crazy? The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.

She pushes him into the wall. In his face.

QURRAT  
Wipe that smirk off your face.

**INT. PRISON - PAROLE BOARD HEARING - DAY**

BOARD MEMBERS review a file. Qurrat sits before them. One scribbles notes on an (FBI letterhead) report.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QURRAT

I've interviewed dozens of these monsters. Roake will smile in your face while pouring arsenic in your ice tea.

She's got their attention.

QURRAT

He falls under the term "Machiavellian", considered by some to be the third side of the 'Dark Triad' of negative personality traits alongside narcissism and sociopathy. The Machiavellian type is willing to use lies and deception to accomplish their ends and will feel no guilt about it. They'll promise one thing, all the while intending to do another. He has never admitted to the crimes he was convicted of, never expressed remorse...

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

...he has undergone rehabilitation treatment for sex offenders.

QURRAT

They don't trust the motives of other's either. A deeply ingrained pattern of behavior that is resistant to change; in their arrogance, they see no need to change, merely to do what is needed to get past the obstacle and then revert to their true intentions.

ELDEST BOARD MEMBER

Agent Menounos. Believe me when I tell you that what you have to say to this panel is of immense value... and we are aware of your impeccable reputation, but so --

QURRAT

Just a second. My father was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic with violent tendencies and my mother a narcissistic sociopath. As a child I didn't know there was a clinical diagnosis for their behavior. All I knew was verbal and physical abuse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QURRAT (CONT'D)

It wasn't until years later that I discovered the names for these disorders. It was the sole purpose of why I chose my profession.

**LATER...** Danny, in the middle of addressing the board... and he can barely conceal his tiny smirk.

DANNY

I do not want to get into speculations and conjectures, I can only say that I've never argued a more just claim than this -- Mitch Roake needs to be released. It might not be pleasant for you to hear, but I was taught that the law requires meeting certain criteria in order to be eligible for sentence reduction, and we should follow the law. Mitch Roake meets the criteria and everyone should respect that...

He glances at Qurrat - ready to punch his lights out.

DANNY

...including Agent Menounos.

**INT. MMA GYM - DAY**

After hours. Qurrat, sweaty, kickboxing. Hank greeting every blow with his pads. Seething, going at it, hard. She let's out primal scream.

She tightens UFC FLIGHT GLOVES. Grabs a water BOTTLE, gives herself a much-needed squirt.

**EXT. RITZY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A rear view of Trina seated in a chair naked - discarded heels on the floor. Her reflection in a floor-to ceiling glass wall, superimposed over Los Angeles.

TRINA

This is dangerous for me. You too. If she knew you were here. You could be putting us both at --

A second REFLECTION appears. Behind her own... Marla.

MARLA

You're being a little melodramatic. Don't you think?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

There's quite often a difference,  
in what people threaten and what  
they will actually do.

TRINA

Shouldn't you be having this  
conversation with her?

MARLA

I'm having it with you.

Trina rises, moves to the window. Marla takes the seat  
in her vacated chair. *They watch each other in the wall-  
to-ceiling glass.*

Marla numbly stares at her tattoo. Trina gives her a  
long, probing look, then smiles.

TRINA

You really like her. Don't you?

TRINA

She was the first woman I ever  
slept with, let alone the only  
person I dated with a Madonna-  
whore complex. She was sweet,  
loving, and treated me like  
royalty. But the bedroom, the sex  
was kinky, dirty, it had to be.  
She'd treat me like a whore,  
yelling obscenities. But things  
soured. It was harder for her to  
make love to me, because she was  
caught in a double whammy. It  
seemed like in order to get  
pleasure during sex, she had to  
humiliate me; but its impossible  
to humiliate the woman she loves.

**INT. SEEDS BAR - NIGHT**

A dark, seedy, drinking men's establishment. Qurrat  
drinks alone, feeling sorry for herself. Nothing but  
men, drooling. Grabs her cell, speed dials.

QURRAT

Is the coast clear?

WOMAN (V.O.)

(groggy)

Yea. Come and get it.

Two BUSINESSMEN at a nearby table look at her.

BUSINESSMAN

Care to join us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

I'm good. Thanks.

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

A modest, pleasant-looking suburban home. FAMILY PHOTOS.

Qurrat and Priya lie naked in bed, happily entwined, catching their breath, having finished having sweaty sex.

Priya fidgets with her wedding ring as though weighing the infidelity of this. Qurrat suckles her breasts.

PRIYA

How're you and Marla?

QURRAT

We had a moment. She shut it down.

PRIYA

I thought you FBI mindhunters we're suppose to be good at reading people. This can't happen again.

QURRAT

And you're telling me this -- why?

PRIYA

She's my best friend and I just don't like to kick a girl when he's down.

QURRAT

But you'll sleep with her girlfriend.

Priya slaps her face, hard. Goes into the bathroom.

PRIYA

Drink up. He'll be home soon and I don't want him finding you here.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Out of the shower, Qurrat holds a towel in front of her to mask her nudity. Sips a glass of red wine. Wipes the steamed-up mirrors. JUMPS.

A NAKED TRINA stands behind her in the reflection. The glass shatters on the linoleum.

Qurrat loses hold of her towel. Now naked... too. Trina laughs. She leans against the counter, hyperventilating. The beginning of recognition. She shuts her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After forced deep breaths, opens them. Trina's gone.

Watches red wine spread across the linoleum, like blood. Its an HALLUCINATION, and disconcerting to Qurrat.

She slides open the medicine cabinet, a plethora of PRESCRIPTION MEDS and PAINKILLERS. Anti-depressants; RISPERDOL... CLOZARIL. She pops one.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat crawls into bed with her work. Files, laptop, all in front of her. She peruses them.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - QURRAT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Qurrat stands before the deathboard, eyeing photos. Her silk blouse undone nonchalantly. *FBI shield hangs from its neck chain badge holder.*

Once again, she notices the resemblance between her and Lina. Finally makes a chilling realization.

Hank takes a brand new Rubik's cube out of its package. Gets to work. Qurrat smiles, shakes her head.

QURRAT

You're a dying breed. Hank. I'm the object of her hatred.

He looks at her. A somber, shared beat. Then -

QURRAT

They hate each other. Nadia could be trying to frame Trina.

HANK

You don't think she did it, do you? When it comes to puzzles, the obvious clues are always a trap. We, as criminal profilers need to see the clues nobody else sees.

As Qurrat processes this...

**INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Nadia exits a courtroom, arms full of legal briefs.

Qurrat pushes people aside, grabs Nadia by the arm, ushers her off. Nadia's annoyed with the intrusion, breaks free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT  
Come here?

NADIA  
Come where?

QURRAT  
Don't make a scene.

NADIA  
Too late. You've seen to that.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - TUNNEL - DAY**

Connecting courthouse to jailhouse the tunnel is cold concrete and fluorescent light. Qurrat and Nadia have entered the passage...

QURRAT  
You've been lying this whole time.

NADIA  
Why don't you calm down and tell me what you're talking about.

QURRAT  
Stop with the fucking mind games. I get enough of that from Trina.

Nadia stares... chastened, busted, comes clean.

NADIA  
Keep your voice down. Me and Sophia met for drinks. That's all! I was with Holly.

QURRAT  
Lina?

NADIA  
I was a fan. She signed a few autographs for me. Okay, we had sex. Once. Twice. But I was with John the night of her murder.

NADIA  
Trina, we fucked. That's right. She propositioned me. *"I want to fuck you and pretend your someone else. I don't want you to say another word, because you don't sound like her. Can you do that?"* Her words. I asked if I looked like this girl. She said yes, superficially. No, she didn't mention you by name, but I knew.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA (CONT'D)

So I kept my mouth shut, but then she cooled. She was nice enough to finish me off. I'm thinking what the fuck I do wrong. She said nothing. Then why are you leaving? You're not her.

Qurrat turns - reasonably perturbed by this.

QURRAT

How convenient. And all this just happened to slip your mind? Remove yourself from this case.

MARLA

Maybe you should do the same.

Nadia heads out.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - HOMICIDE - DAY**

Entering the bustling, Lee confers with Qurrat and Holly.

LEE

Where are we with her alibi?

HOLLY

Working on it. Sounds bogus.

LEE

Work faster. 'Scuse me, people.

QURRAT

Well, if she was with you, she couldn't have done it.

HOLLY

I don't remember much though. You know me -- usually I can hold my liquor. But I was pretty wasted that night. She a suspect?

QURRAT

Yes. And to think I had them both sitting on my face.

Qurrat eyes Holly, flashing more cleavage than normal.

QURRAT

Did you get some work done?

HOLLY

Uh-huh! So what do you think?

QURRAT

A big improvement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holly heads off. Qurrat's eyes Marla conferring with a HOT MALE OFFICER. A pang of jealousy. Then feels a tap on her shoulder. She spins.

Trina, a sweet but slightly mischievous grin, hands her a take-out coffee. Qurrat accepts.. pops the tiny lid.

TRINA

Black, no cream or sugar. Just milk. Just the way you like it.

Qurrat sips the piping hot coffee, enjoys it.

TRINA

Eavesdropping again?

QURRAT

You spying on me.

TRINA

That's funny... coming from you. She a suspect?

(grins, then:)

For what it's worth, I had nothing to do with Danny defending Mitch. He did it to push your buttons. Think there's something still between us... and he's right.

**INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - DAY**

Qurrat and Trina making out. She maneuvers herself off the passenger seat and onto Qurrat's lap. They can't get their clothes off fast enough.

Down to sexy lingerie. Trina, in white lace. Qurrat, black lace. She undoes Trina's bra, suckles her nipple while Trina pumps her tit.

TRINA

White is safe, righteous, good... innocence, purity, and virginity. While black is symbolic of evil, always symbolic of the villain. And I'm not the villain here. So don't make me out to be one...

Qurrat jams the seat backwards. Now it's a bed... as the smoke-out glass begins to resemble an equinox sauna, cops stream in and out of the LAPD parking garage.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

Qurrat pulls to a stop in front of a housing project. It's a cruddy neighborhood. Graffiti. She climbs out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Trina exits the building, goes to get into her car. Qurrat jaywalks across the street towards Trina. The sexual tension is thick.

TRINA

To what do we owe this honor?

QURRAT

Just following up on a lead.

TRINA

You're wasting your time.

QURRAT

Look at it this way, Detective Sapperstein and Stark are doing most of the leg work, all I have to do is worry about catching you.

TRINA

You may have more than that to worry about. Just in case you think about going after that animal yourself. A good hunter is never assure of anything except her prey will do the unexpected.

As Trina climbs into her car...

TRINA

I'll be at the club tonight, in case you want to follow me.

**INT. HOUSING PROJECT - SECOND FLOOR - DAY**

Qurrat knocks on an apartment door. Shuffling inside. The chained door opens slightly. An eye peeks out. Her speech is slurred...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes?

QURRAT

It's me, Ms. Cotton. Agent Menounos.

The woman unchains the door. MARY COTTON, 50s, hasn't aged well. Hair unkept, bloodshot eyes.

Qurrat flashes badge and credentials *that says " Special Agent Qurrat Menounos, FBI...*

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The tiny apartment is cluttered with FAST FOOD WRAPPERS and liquor bottles. She sits alone. Mary enters with a tray of homemade sweets and pastries.

MARY

Take some, please. I have more food than I know what to do with.

Qurrat prepares to take copious notes. Hesitates, then:

QURRAT

No thanks.

Mary sits across from Qurrat. Drinks from a bottle of Wild Turkey.

MARY

I noticed your tat. I understand it's a symbol of pride and solidarity among some lesbians and feminists. So which are you? Well, If I were to guess, I'd say you're an unannounced feminist, who pushes through gender norms and misogynistic co-workers to catch serial killers. Because your too fuckable to be a lesbian. Don't look at me like that. I'm a forensic psychiatrist. My work advances my understanding of troubled men and women -- like yourself. Although I'm not sure how I can help you.

QURRAT

Dr. Shattuck?

MARY

That's a part of my life I'd rather forget.

QURRAT

Well, I need you to remember.

MARLA

She was one of my students. As part of their labs, I had them conduct a forensic eval on each other. Trina lucked out, got me. Promiscuous. Unable to form strong emotional bonds with others. Lying, deceptive behavior. Dominant. Blaming others for their actions. Sounds familiar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Qurrat... momentarily stunned at the insinuation.

QURRAT

Well, not everyone with psychopathy- like personality go around killing.

MARY

No, but it does place them at an high-risk for sadistic and sexual violence. Based on Trina's fantasies and past relationships, both played a major role. I'm pretty sure the signs were there and I'd imagine still are.

MARY

I knew a reporter who'd sell her soul to the devil for a story. I, on the other hand would only fuck him. I hear things.

QURRAT

Care to elaborate?

MARY

Look, I know working a case involving the legendary Dr. Trina Shattuck is exciting and new -- just be careful where you let her take you. She won't hesitate to go to the darkest place if she thinks it'll help her win. 'Cuse me.

Mary grabs a remote, clicks. Leaves. Qurrat tosses a few treats into an evidence bag. Just then --

*Jimmy Nash's "I Can See Clearly Now" plays on a stereo. Qurrat listens - "odd." Then it dawns on Qurrat. Shit.*

**INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY**

The song still serenading. Qurrat reaches the door -- it's locked. She pounds on the door.

QURRAT

Mary, open up! Open the door!

She throws his shoulder into the door. Once. Twice -- the door FLIES INWARD. Qurrat stands in horror to see...

Mary, hanging by a belt, swinging from a light fixture. Glassy-eyed, as if smiling, blood trickles from nostril.

**INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

A dwindling down crime scene: Lab TECH's take photos. Mary, still hangs. Rigor mortis sets in. The usual players here.

PRIYA

As little as seven pounds of pressure can collapse your carotid artery.

LEE

Hell, even the best sailor's knots have a nasty habit of slipping. A suicide note?

HOLLY

Not sure yet.

Holly gesture towards the wall; written in RED LIPSTICK is a note in Spanish. Qurrat studies it. A queasy beat:

LEE

Uh...you get an I.D.?

JOHN

Mary Cotton, 57. Used several aliases. Mary Ann Cotton. Mary Sue Cotton.

LEE

Why so many alias?

QURRAT

To escape the stigma. Her real name was Patty Robey. She woke up one morning, made a lavish breakfast. Laced it with cyanide. Took a seat and watched her whole family die. Spent nearly fifteen years at Sutherland Institute for the criminally insane. Under the care of Dr. Shattuck for the last three, who found her fit to return to society. But people like her, there's no coming back, ever...

QURRAT

You see -- Mary Ann Cotton was one of the most prolific serial killers in the nineteenth century. Murdered an estimated twenty-three people. Among them, an unwanted suitor. Most of the deaths were attributed to "gastric fever" until an autopsy on her stepson revealed enough arsenic in his system to kill three men.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT (CONT'D)

She was hanged in 1873, then quickly immortalized in a popular children's rhyme, that one.

(re: note on wall)

*Mary Ann Cotton. She'd dead and she's rotten. She lies in her bed with her eyes wide open. Sing, sing, oh, what can I sing. Mary Ann Cotton is tied up with a string. Where, where? Up in the air. Sellin' black puddens a penny a pair.*

LEE

Any theories?

QURRAT

None I'm willing to share at the moment.

**INT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT**

Trina shines like a dream girl in a stunning backless mini dress, saunters along. She smokes a joint - looks back, as if she senses someone following.

She jaywalks across a street. Studies her reflection in a mirrored building. Behind her on the street is Qurrat.

Trina smiles, then blends back into the flow of foot traffic, slinks into a dark alley.

Qurrat follows, rocks a sexy club outfit. A top and long pants. *We catch glimpses of her ankle holster.*

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT**

Down a grungy, poorly lit. Trina saunters into a dank club. Qurrat follows down the ominous alley.

Suddenly a sports car appears, its blinding headlights. She shields her eyes. The driver STOMPS the gas.

Qurrat dives out of the way - as the car disappears out of the alley. Barely contained fury, she tries to read the license plate, no dice.

**INT. A HOT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

A dark, sexy nightclub. Qurrat, swept up in a sea of gyrating bodies, looks around for someone.

Trina dances, sandwiched between two HOT GUYS, one has his shirt off. The guys lean over her and kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trina sees Qurrat, who eyes her with a heavy dose of suspicion. Trina saunters over. Concerned, or maybe not. Hard to tell.

QURRAT

You look surprised to see me.

TRINA

What happened?

QURRAT

Someone just tried to kill me.  
You hate me that much?

TRINA

I don't hate you. I'm over you --  
us. You should get over it, too.

QURRAT

Is that why you keep those  
pictures lying around?

Qurrat grabs her ass-HARD, pulls her close. Trina GASPS in audible pleasure. They kiss. The passion builds.

Trina bends a leg back, pulls off one high heel, it's sexy, then the other. Throws her arms around Qurrat's neck while holding her shoes.

Everyone dances fast, but they're dancing slow.

TRINA

You've been fucking her for months, then pulled the rug out from under her. She's forced to watch your conquests from afar. Still feeling like one of those conquests herself. Which turned into stalking. Have you stop to consider that the killer is still in a fantasy world stage. None of the victims have been the real object of her obsession. She targets them because they've been with you. Fucks them, then finds interesting ways to kill you by proxy... and she's just been working up to the real thing...

Trina's smile is utterly chilling. She kisses Qurrat.

TRINA

You shouldn't be here.

QURRAT

I'm canvassing for suspects.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRINA

Are you close to catching her?

QURRAT

Closer than she thinks. This is no damn game.

TRINA

You use to like to play games.

QURRAT

Back then, they were fun.

Trina spins, her back to Qurrat, stretches an arm around Qurrat's neck, who nuzzles her ear, their bodies moving rhythmic, together... with the music...

TRINA

Fuck me. Make me come.

Trina moans, her dress riding recklessly high. Qurrat finger-bangs her. Their eyes straying, but it's dark, and everyone's too lost in the moment to notice or care.

Trina's arousal escalates... she's squirting - copious amounts of fluid, splashing, cascading down their legs. Post-orgasmic aftershocks...

A beat - Trina looks back at a darkly amused Qurrat. They're both standing in a small puddle.

QURRAT

Have you always been like --

TRINA

-- only with the right person.

They kiss like they've never had before. There's true love here, even if, across a great divide.

#### **EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT**

The RAIN'S FALLING HARD. Dark, grungy, filthy, trash strewn, swirling in the wind.

Qurrat and Trina - absolutely smashed to bejeezus - stumble out of the club, fighting the WIND and RAIN, holding onto each other.

In a dark corner, they make out hardcore. Trina pulls off her dress, naked. Grins, tugs at Qurrat's pants, as if asking permission. She nods almost imperceptibly...

Trina pulls down Qurrat's pants. She wears no underwear. She moans. Trina goes down on her, its raw and stark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Qurrat, arching lustily, pleasure nearly unbearable, about to cum. Qurrat's eyes darting, no one but them.

TRINA  
Mmm. Smells like heaven, tastes like rain. Tell me you love me.

QURRAT  
What?

TRINA  
Tell me you love me.

QURRAT  
Can we talk about this later?

TRINA  
Say it, or I swear I'll stop.

QURRAT  
Of course I luv you. Bon Appétit!

Trina doesn't believe her. Neither do we.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A messy crack house. A BLACK CHICK, topless, preparing drugs in a kitchen that's been turned into a METH LAB.

Laden on a table, brown heroin on a TIN FOIL SHEET. On a sofa, Qurrat and Trina - who prepares the implements for "chasing the dragon."

She takes a thin pipe, burns the heroine for Qurrat, who inhales a PLUME OF SMOKE. A deep hit. Trina takes a hit of her own. Both feeling the high.

*DOPE DICK DANTE, a scrawny black man, lounges on a couch, shirtless.. And high as a kite.*

Qurrat regards the freakish bulge in his pants. Covers her subtle jaw-drop. He eyes her with a druggy smile.

DANTE  
By the way, I'm Dope Dick Dante.

A smile spreads on Trina's face. She gets it...

Qurrat looks at Dante: meaning what?

DANTE  
Cause I done shot up so much motherfucking dope, the only good vein I got is in by dick... so I shoot up their...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DANTE (CONT'D)  
 that nigga dick swells up so  
 fucking bit that I need help  
 pulling that motherfucker out of  
 my draws.

Trina prepares another hit, each inhale plumes of smoke.

**INT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The place is modest, homey.

A naked Holly in silhouette, doing Tai Chi as she watches the local news on TV. Qurrat speaks to REPORTERS behind several microphones.

QURRAT (V.O.)  
 As of right now my investigation  
 is ongoing. We are using every  
 resource we have to solve these  
 crimes. Until that time comes, I  
 urge everyone not to take these  
 events lightly. I've worked on  
 hundreds of cases... each crime  
 scene tells a different story.  
 And it's my job to help write the  
 ending.

Holly smiles vaguely. Grabs the remote, hits "Mute."

HOLLY  
 Surprising a criminal profiler  
 would fall for a womanizing,  
 manipulative, personality  
 disordered mess. Trina uses  
 everyone, Q learns the hard way.  
 With all the schooling it takes,  
 one would think she wouldn't want  
 to risk her career, let alone  
 freedom.

John lies on the bed. Sips a beer, lifts an intimate photo of Holly and Qurrat.

JOHN  
 You sound Jealous.

She starts to respond but takes a breath - lets it pass.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat and Trina lay entwined, asleep in the dark. The sheets barely covers their nude bodies. Danny just stands there, leering at them, Trina's tattoo.

He quietly backs out, seething.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Dark, pool waters cast bizarre shadows across the room.

The kitchen's glass patio door provides a direct view into a bedroom. Through some slanted vertical blinds covering the bedroom door...

A naked Danny stands there, leering. A freshly-FUCKED Trina crosses the room, showing her naked, sweaty body. She stops to take off her heels.

Suddenly, she looks back at Danny. Her reaction inscrutable but she doesn't look away. Neither does he.

He wheels at the sound of high heels clicking to find --

A post-sex Qurrat, naked in sexy heels, taking a bracing pull off a vodka bottle, not altogether surprised.

QURRAT

What? You going to just stand there with your dick in your hand?

A mutual hatred. Potential for violence imminent.

QURRAT

She likes you to watch, doesn't she? Or our you a perv?

DANNY

I don't need to dignify that with a response. I see what you're doing. You think you can just walk back into her life.

He gathers his clothes off the floor. Dresses.

DANNY

The first thing you should know is that Trina had anything to do with those murders.

QURRAT

You seem to have a theory, Danny. Let's hear it.

DANNY

Nobody knows. But I hope you might be next on her list.

Instantly, he lunges, grabs her gun hand. It goes off, kicks plaster from the ceiling. He maneuvers in back of Qurrat, wraps his arm around her neck-- chokes her...

The gun falls. With all her might, slams her head back hard! Splat! Shatters his nose. He stumbles backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Qurrat swings a chair, crashing it over his skull. He drops. Unconscious.

Trina hurries in. A long, Holy Fuck beat as she takes this in, her face is unreadable.

TRINA

Your phone's been blowing up. Who the hell keeps calling? You better go!

Qurrat meets her eyes, a look of understanding passing between them. Trina kisses Qurrat. Herds her out.

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

Dark, save for a bedside lamp. A nude Richard, facedown, tied to the bed. Matted hair caked in blood. He blinks away blurred vision, to focus on...

Blonde rolls a condom onto the barrel of her pistol. A profound sense of horror on his face.

RICHARD

Don't kill me. Please. I won't tell them anything. I swear...

She splits his butt cheeks, jams the barrel into his ass. He winces. She aims a remote toward the stereo.

A LASER BEAM ignites a compact disc. Sea Of Love, a 1950's rock 'n' Roll tune, serenading...

RICHARD

Oh God. Please.... please...

Through the open bathroom door: Back to the camera, behind the misty glass, Qurrat stands motionless in the shower, letting the hot water wash over her.

Blonde watches nervously, then... wraps a hand around the pistol grip. TWIRP! - TWIRP!

Blood and brain matter splatters the headboard. The shower shuts off. Blonde calmly walks out.

Qurrat exits, wrapped in a towel to find Richard and the sheets a bloody mess. She jumps, stifles a scream, truly afraid.

Looking around quickly, grabs her gun, scans the room for an intruder. Stares in disbelief. Qurrat realizes she's really, totally fucked. Now her mind racing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*In a series of QUICK SHOTS; a frantic Qurrat, gloves on, cleaning supplies, scrubbing everything she may have touched.*

Qurrat pulls out SELLOTAPE and two SHARPIE PENS from her briefcase. Grabs her smartphone - covers the flash with a small piece of sticky tape.

Colors over the tape with the blue pen. Adds a second piece of tape over the first, colors it with a purple pen. Turns on her flashlight app.

Kills the lights, runs her cell, a body fluid tracking tool over the bed, his body, illumining semen, blood... HER HAIR FIBERS.

Uses TWEEZERS to collect them, stuffs them into a trash bag. Grabs a HUMIDIFIER from the closet, turns it on.

The moment's broken by the sound of SIRENS. Qurrat, shaking in fear, runs towards a window, looks out.

A COP car screams down the street, past the building.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A tired-looking Qurrat on the sofa bed. Can't fucking sleep. Eyes open. BEAT. Gets up. Pours WILD TURKEY into a tumbler, takes a hefty swing.

On a low end table - empty pill bottles. Anti-depressants; Risperdol... Clozaril.

Panicked, Qurrat paces. Doesn't know what to do.

QURRAT

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

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

A bustling crime scene. Most are having trouble stomaching it. In fact - a DETECTIVE rushes past Qurrat and vomits into the wastebasket.

Priya can't quite stifle a laugh. Qurrat is uneasy.

HOLLY

Richard POLK, 42. Had his medical license was temporarily suspended three years ago. We opened an investigation on him. Trading sexual favors with female patients in exchange for oxycodone. But nothing came of it. There was a current complaint against him now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIYA

Shrapnel exits wounds. Black Talons.

HOLLY

Cop-killer bullets. Look familiar?

QURRAT

Yea, that Al Pacino movie. Sea Of Love. Eighty-nine I think. Any fingerprints?

HOLLY

No, the place been wiped clean. Whoever she is -- knew what she was doing. Used that humidifier to melt them away.

PRIYA

There are remnants of a subdural hematoma just above the left ear.

QURRAT

He was knocked out.

LEE

The murder weapon, a nine-millimeter Beretta. But the serial number was filed off.

QURRAT

Street sale, maybe.

LEE

Not sure if our ballistics can restore the serial. Maybe a partial.

QURRAT

I'll send it to Quantico..

Lee smiles, hands her the evidence bag with the handgun.

LEE

"Ditto." The murderer's MO has changed. The first three victims were Latina, between the ages of 25 and 45. Polk was a white male. Doesn't fit the profile.

QURRAT

He did when she ceased. He was probably a pawn. Psychopaths often take an elaborate path to get to their targets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QURRAT (CONT'D)

But the fact that the killer has no clear motive makes the case all the more compelling. The murders are pointless to everyone except her, and she ain't talking.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

An audible CHIRP as Qurrat - tipsy, unlocks the doors of her car with a key remote. She HEARS a SOUND. Scans the desolate parking lot.

Mitch smokes. He wears a ball cap, and FOOTBALL jersey. A murderous look in his eyes adds to her uneasiness.

Pumping adrenaline, she heads for him. Mitch drops his cigarette to the ground and heels it.

QURRAT

You following me --

MITCH

-- What? You gonna call the cops? I truly do want to personally thank you. Fact is, you were right to put me in there when you did. No doubt, no telling what would have happened. So I count what you did as a lesson learned. How not to get caught. But if someone were to plant dope on you, like a cop wouldn't you consider that cop as dirty as that crack whore. Maybe even worse. That was a snake move, what you did to my brother. I know you're not officially on this case anymore, but I need to run something by you.

Mitch whips out a switchblade. Qurrat kicks it out of hand. He EXPLODES. They're on the pavement, a vicious street fight.

She jerks up her legs - wraps his neck in a sleeper hold. Hammers his face with jabs. He's losing consciousness. Mitch recoils, blood pouring out.

Finds her footing - smashes him face-first into the hood of car. Its ALARM BLARES. He laughs, throws his arms up in surrender - *Ok, that's it, I give up.*

Qurrat - unsteady and shaken in the heavy downpour. Spins on him -- CONTROLLED, but deadly fucking serious:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

If I see you again I'll kill you.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - KITCHEN & FOYER - NIGHT**

The door slams shut behind Qurrat - dirty, bloody and exhausted. One heel on and the other off, snapped. Drops her keys, badge on a side table.

Pulls off her heels, a noise startles her. Grabs her gun, heads for the kitchen - it's Trina.

TRINA

Jesus - Qurrat. Where did you bury the body?

She sizes up a chagrined Trina. Strips off her bloody silk blouse, and flinging it aside -

QURRAT

Mitch! Tell Danny I owe him.

Douses her face, neck with water. Concerned - Trina fills a tumbler of ice with whiskey, hands Qurrat one. Then grabs towels, cleans Qurrat up.

QURRAT

You know, don't you?

TRINA

Since we've met. Your stream of history since her childhood is a woeful tale, indeed... and oh, what a woeful web we weave when we set forth to deceive. Do they know? The bureau? Your manic episodes. Delusions of grandeur.

QURRAT

What the hell are you talking about? You know I can't.

TRINA

You have a drinking problem -- a nasty temper, a history of violence. I have no doubt you thought he was going to cop a plea deal. In fact, I think that's why you may have snapped, in the heat of the moment. When your anger, your animalistic rage, trumped all logic and reason. Its ok, I don't kiss and tell. No alibi for the time of the murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

When I need an alibi I'll get one.

TRINA

You need re-fills?

Trina waits for acknowledgment. Qurrat eyes her with a heavy dose of suspicion. Qurrat nods. A beat.

Trina smiles with a certain self-satisfied pleasure while she scribbles on a prescription pad.

TRINA

The Clozaril, Risperdol, and Aripizole, right?

QURRAT

Mm hm.

TRINA

I know how your mind works. I made it for a year. It gives you plenty of time to make other arrangements.

QURRAT

Did you FUCK! Nadia?

TRINA

Don't listen to her, baby. She's lying. She's just trying to get between us. She-- she's just a scorned ex-lover who can't let go. You know how some women become obsessed with women they aspire to be... who have what they want.

Qurrat doesn't know who-- or what to believe.

TRINA

In a moment of weakness -- I let Nadia seduce me. She wanted to know about us. The intimate details. She's obsessed with you.

QURRAT

And you're not--?

TRINA

You give yourself way too much credit.

QURRAT

Where were you last night?

TRINA

I had dinner with Danny.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Trina looks at her in surprise, laughs, full of mischief. A sudden desire to strangle Trina convulses her face, but is instantly suppressed, as....

Trina kisses her, grabs her things, about to head out.

TRINA

Oh, by the way, I'm holding a fundraiser tonight. I left your invitation on the bed... along with your tux.

**INT. THE RITZ CARLTON - ENCLOSED ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT**

A chandelier-dripping room. A swanky fundraiser -- black tie. BANNERS read; Gubernatorial Candidate PETE SLATER.

Qurrat - bronzy make-up, flashing ample cleavage in a sexy, black Tuxedo jacket dress, *diamond studs*. Clutch in hand. A drink in hand.

Men try to look away, but it's hard. She's on the heels of JERRI DONG ROTENBERG, 40s - a Chinese businesswoman, elegant, sexy, sipping wine...

QURRAT

You're a hard woman to get a hold of.

JERRI

Huh. It sounds so espionage-y when you say it that way. We were getting our stories straight.

QURRAT

You and Trina make interesting bedfellows.

JERRI

Nowhere near as interesting as you two.

QURRAT

She's a major player in Washington. And you're using her friendship to help you lobby for the construction of a \$100 million Chinese garden at the National Arboretum. Which has stalled.

JERRI

A gift from the Chinese government, a symbol of goodwill between the two countries. No harm in that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

No. It's a national-security risk if it includes the underground bunker, which could potentially be used for surveillance.

JERRI

Please. We have spies for that.

Jerri laughs, takes in Qurrat - sip her drink.

JERRI

She a suspect?

QURRAT

I ask the questions.

JERRI

Let me remind you. I am a diplomat with full immunity. That means ambassadors can commit just about any crime—from jaywalking to murder—and still be immune from prosecution. Or forced to testify.

Jerri SLAPS Qurrat, HARD. In a split-second, seeing Qurrat, eyes widening at the innuendo. Full of rage--

QURRAT

Do that again, and I'll knock your fucking teeth out.

JERRI

Trina was right. Threat of violence only makes you hotter. I invited you here as a professional courtesy. And it's at my discretion as to when I kick you out!

Jerri leaves. Trina, in a jaw-dropping gown *that fits like a glove, thigh-high slits*. Equal parts gorgeous and pornographic.

TRINA

James Bond-- eat your heart out.  
(holds up her drink)  
Buy me another. Get me liquored up. I just might fess up.

QURRAT

Still playing these games, huh?

TRINA

I don't know. Q, games are fun. But head games are dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QURRAT

You haven't changed one bit.

In Trina's hand is a VIAL OF COKE. Offers a bump.

TRINA

Or did you cutback, too?

QURRAT

I've been clean for a year.

TRINA

What a stretch for you! Just like the sex... violence, it's in you genetic code.

Qurrat grabs Trina by the neck, and in one quick, violent motion, slams her to a wall. Trina - turned on by Qurrat's aura of anger.

Danny barrels towards them. A bandage on his nose.

DANNY

Qurrat! I need you to stop interrogating my client and back the fuck up.

Qurrat lets go, gives Trina an amused fuck-you-smile.

DANNY

The next time you interrogate my client without me present -- I'll end her career. I'll put her ass in jail. Will see how you like it.

QURRAT

I don't respond well to threats, Mr. Parker.

With that, Qurrat heads for the elevators.

Mitch, a homicidal intent in his eyes, moving through, aiming his .357 Magnum. Guests scream and run for cover.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The glass wall reveals exquisite views of Los Angeles. Qurrat slips in, Trina follows. DING. Doors close.

TRINA

What makes you think you can just walk away from me.

BAM! Crazy passionate kissing. Too steamy for public. Trina apologizing in-between..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

I've been mean. I'm sorry, baby.  
All of it -- everything. I didn't  
know you felt that way-- you know?  
It started last year. When you  
left. When you cheated. You hurt  
us, in a karmically profound way.

QURRAT

I'm so sorry...

TRINA

I dunno... I guess I wanted to  
hurt you back.

BANG! BANG! Deafening GUNSHOTS. The wall of GLASS  
EXPLODES, showering them, the lobby. They hit the deck.

Gunfire from the adjoining elevator. A yawning gap  
between them and the one which Mitch occupies.

Qurrat reaches inside her jacket, rips her gun from out  
of her underarm shoulder holster.

QURRAT

Trina, are you hit?

Trina checks herself, terrified, doesn't find any.

TRINA

... n-- no... I-- I... I'm okay...

Qurrat fires-- strikes Mitch in the hand. His gun drops.  
She strips off her heels, and jumps across the GAP...

**INT. THE OTHER ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Lands on the other elevator, barley. For a moment she's  
suspended, legs dangling, hanging by her fingertips.

Mitch is SHOCKED, didn't expect it. Fumbles to reload  
with a shattered wrist.

Qurrat muscles her way up, and into the elevator. She  
scrambles to her feet, draws down on him.

QURRAT

I remember a longtime ago, during  
football, they use to fire off one  
of these... to signal the end of  
the game, and here we are.

Unloads her clip, blows Mitch to hell - flying backwards,  
SHATTERING GLASS as he plummets thirty stories or so --

**INT. RITZY HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Terror-fueled guests scream, run for cover as a hailstorm of glass and debris rains down. Mitch's body strikes the floor with horrible crack.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In a heated argument, Trina removes her earrings. Qurrat tosses her clutch on the bed. Both hot and bothered.

TRINA

Wild night, huh? Not as easy killing someone, is it? You almost got us both killed.

QURRAT

Maybe you shouldn't be hanging all over me.

Trina steps out of her gown, naked. Qurrat slides off her jacket, topless underneath, silk panties, FBI shield hangs from her neck chain badge holder.

Shrugs off her shoulder holster - Trina slaps her face.

QURRAT

What lit your fuse tonight?

TRINA

Do you want to analyze it, or do something about it?

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The nighttime skyline through floor-to-ceiling glass, illuminating... Qurrat and Trina hate-fuck; *raw frustration, a hint of pent-up aggression, and a tad bit of anger.*

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat's awake- can't sleep, spooning Trina from behind. Trina stirs, turns to face her. They kiss.

Trina wrestle free of the sheets, grabs her purse, goes naked into the bathroom. Returns, hands Qurrat two pills and a glass of water. Qurrat hesitates.

TRINA

Something for your insomnia.

QURRAT

Um-hm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trina kisses her, seductive, distracting Qurrat from her concern. She kisses back until a noise startles them.

Qurrat slips on a chemise -- a spaghetti-strap piece with lace trim and a slit on the side, barely covers her ass.

She grabs her gun.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Qurrat enters to find Nadia waiting for her. Brushing her hair back, not altogether surprised. Nadia sips wine.

NADIA

You wouldn't shoot me, would you?

QURRAT

In a heartbeat. What're you --

Nadia tosses a spare key on the kitchen island.

NADIA

Just checking in. Wanted to see if you were all right. What is she doing here?

Naked, Trina snakes her arms around Qurrat from behind, kisses her neck, taunting Nadia.

QURRAT

She loves the exquisite views.

NADIA

You're a pretty bad salesman.

TRINA

She's pretty good in bed, though, huh? Check, hot, sweaty, mind-blowing sex off my bucket list.

Nadia lunges at Trina. Qurrat gets between them.

QURRAT

Cool it! Both of you.

Trina nods quietly, heads back into the bedroom.

NADIA

Are you insane? You followed her to the club. A car tries to run you down. Mitch couldn't afford a pricey lawyer like Danny. He did it pro bono, why? He tried to kill you tonight.

The enormity of this registers on Qurrat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT  
I'm aware of it.

NADIA  
Seriously, you're a bad salesman.

**INT. DANIELLE'S LOFT - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT**

Thunder BOOMS. A dark hall. From behind a closed bedroom door, a violent struggle. Muffled CRIES.

**INT. DANIELLE'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

THUNDER and RAIN. Intermittent flashes of lightning illuminates -

A WOMAN IN BLACK straddles a beautiful DANIELLE, 30s, Persian, on the bed. Frightened eyes...a gloved-hand covering her mouth.

The Killer's face, grotesquely disguised by a stocking. A truly murderous look in her eyes - It's Blonde.

She plunges a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into Danielle's neck. Danielle lies still, paralyzed from the drugs. Tears roll down her cheeks.

Blonde unzips her jacket, produces a jagged edged knife, which glints in the moonlight. She thrusts down....

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat sleeps. Wakes from her slumber, to find her cell buzzing. Trina's already up and gone. Checks the time on her pager: 5:31 AM.

Gropes for her cell - reads a text message. Qurrat tears ass through the room, pulling on her clothes.

**INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT**

Qurrat - on her cell, full throttle, lights activated.

HOLLY (V.O.)  
This is Holly. I can't get to the phone right now. You know what to do when you hear --

**INT. DANIELLE'S LOFT - NIGHT**

The door is slightly ajar. Qurrat pushes it open...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Ms. Mena? Agent Menounos. FBI.

No response. Qurrat -gun out - clicks on a pen size flashlight, stealthily down the hall -

**INT. DANIELLE'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Blood everywhere. Danielle lies amid a wreckage of bloody sheets. The words "BITCH" written on the wall in blood, just above the headboard.

Qurrat rushes to her, checks for a pulse. Danielle stirs -  
- alive, but near death. *Shit. Shit.*

Whips out her cell, speed-dial. An imperceptible noise from behind. Before she can react -

A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE smashes against Qurrat's skull--

Qurrat collapses, out cold. Her cell skitters across the floor, rings. Caller ID flashes: "Hot lips."

Blonde stands menacingly over Qurrat.

**INT. DANIELLE'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY**

A crime scene. A CSI marks the evidence bag, containing the knife. Danielle lays there, dead. Priya finishes her initial exam.

PRIYA

I'm envious. Maybe she's a doctor. Massive trauma. Exsanguination. twenty-four sharp force injuries consistent with the jagged edges of that blade.

LEE

Jagged Edge.

HOLLY

Impressive. She's outdone herself with this one. Time of death--?

PRIYA

Based on her body temp, she finally bled out somewhere between four and five this morning.

Qurrat, still feeling the lingering effects, an ice-pack pressed against the back of her head.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QURRAT

The killer used a knife, too...  
the sensation of the blade cutting  
flesh. She didn't want it to end,  
she wanted to prolong the  
suffering.

HOLLY

One thing's for fucking sure: It's  
pretty damn sadistic.

Holly and Qurrat stare at the contents in the needle.

PRIYA

Could be any number of drugs, but  
if I were to take a stab at...

All eyes turn - Qurrat's more embarrassed than anything.

PRIYA

Sorry, I had a similar case in  
London. A woman claimed her  
husband broke his neck falling  
down the stairs. She was a nurse.  
On a wild hunch we ran tissue  
samples. He was injected with  
succinylcholate.

John joins them, after overhearing...

JOHN

...could be. There's a butt-load  
in the fridge.

QURRAT

Oh, did you get a chance to  
interview Danielle?

HOLLY

No, something came up. You think  
the killer hung around to make  
sure she bled out?

QURRAT

No. She left beforehand.

LEE

Why didn't she kill you?

QURRAT

I'm the object of her hatred.  
It's all a game. Buying time.

LEE

For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QURRAT

Hope there's still a chance will get back together. Once she realizes there is none she'll come after me.

And that's when Nadia makes a grand entrance.

NADIA

Just look! She even said it -- "I'll cut her wide open." And she did. You heard her.

LEE

We all did. Anyone one of us could have done it. And Mr. Parker's argument would be one of us is trying to harm his client. And he'd have a good case, too.

HOLLY

Not to mention she'd be announcing herself as the killer.

NADIA

That's what she wants -- she knows no one is going to buy it.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY**

White references a case file. Qurrat here. Hank sits off to the side, working that Rubik.

WHITE

Y'know, judges don't grant warrants solely on conjecture. No witnesses. No prints on any of the murder weapons. Not even a stray fiber from a suspect. So she has no alibi. She's got no motive either.

QURRAT

How soon you forget. Serial killers don't need one.

Off White's well managed, let's just say it, smirk:

QURRAT

Oh, Dr. Shattuck. She's one of our therapists on retainer. I'd like her to take a piss test. But I want her to think it's random.

White and Hank swap looks. White rises, moves to her, staring, probing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

Well. This is all very cloak and dagger, isn't it?

WHITE

Oh. One more thing. Agent Menounos. Your profile, while entertaining, is not admissible in court. NANCY GRACE may build a case on this kind of thing, but I don't care. I want something real. Based on evidence.

Hanks solves the Rubik's, then hands it to Qurrat.

HANK

A case is like a kaleidoscope. You have to keep twisting until the pieces form a pattern.

**EXT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

In the wee hours. Qurrat is the first in a bevy of suited agents in FBI windbreakers moving toward the door. She nods to Hank beside her.

HANK

If we walk in on her getting some, this is all your fault.

Hank starts to pick the lock.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Moments later, Trina, hair wet from her shower, is putting on a silk robe, when the Agents move in.

HANK

FBI! Search warrant! Stop moving, put your hands behind your head.

The robe slides down and away. With her back to the camera, Trina stands naked, hands behind her head, an innocent smile.

Qurrat motions - the Agents back out. She picks up the robe and tosses it at Trina, who gasps at her face. She tries to touch Qurrat - who recoils.

TRINA

I bet you didn't see it coming?

QURRAT

And why would you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

You're usually on top of things.  
You like to be on top.

Their eyes widening at the innuendo.

TRINA

Was this really necessary?

Trina offers Qurrat a BUMP OF COKE, who flights the temptation. Trina backs off.

TRINA

Looks like you could use some.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Qurrat sits across from Trina, jotting notes. Examines phone records. Her lawyer's not present, but Hank is.

HANK

When was the last time you saw her?

TRINA

Is that a trick question? I could get close enough to kill her. Her restraining order states I'm not to go within 1000 feet of her.

QURRAT

Since I can't prove otherwise at the moment, I'll pretend to believe you.

Trina instinctively reaches out for Danielle's photo. But Qurrat yanks it away.

TRINA

Okay, that was... brisk. Is this personal? Did you know her?

QURRAT

I can't say I blame you -- I mean she did reject you.

TRINA

Well, I've been told there's water at the bottom of the ocean, but I'm from Florida. I still gotta see it for myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

According to her and your phone records -- the night of her death - she placed a call to you. It lasted thirty minutes. What did you two talk about?

TRINA

We had phone sex. She wanted me to defeminate her from long distance..

HANK

What time did you leave the fundraiser?

Qurrat, who's already in ass-covering mode. Trina, not sure how much she should say.

TRINA

Eleven-thirty maybe.

HANK

And then?

TRINA

Home.

HANK

Anyone with you?

TRINA

Yeah.

HANK

Does she have a name?

TRINA

I don't remember. We had some relaxed crazy sex. I took Zolpidem. It's a sedative...I couldn't sleep.

HANK

I heard of it. It's also a hypnotic. You can hallucinate on it. Some people on it have engaged in driving, making phone calls, even having sex.

TRINA

It's also a drug that could cause memory loss. Did you know that?

Danny barrels into the room - fuming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

Agents, I need you to stop  
interrogating my client and step  
out for a second.

QURRAT

I was just asking a question, sir.

DANNY

You can finish in a minute.  
Please.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Hank and Qurrat enter. White watches Trina and Danny  
lounging in the interrogation beyond the one way glass.

HANK

Hell, she even coined a new verb -  
defeminate -- the equivalent of  
emasculate. To describe a woman  
who is deprived of sexual  
satisfaction from coitus. That's  
got to be worth a few points in  
scrabble.

But White doesn't share their humor.

WHITE

Kick her loose.

QURRAT

Why? She hasn't asked for a  
lawyer. And the more she talks --

WHITE

-- she's playing you. If she is  
our killer, she already knows too  
much. Kick her loose.

As White exits the room, Hank confronts Qurrat.

HANK

You're fucking her, aren't you?

Hank sees the guilty look that flashes across her face.

QURRAT

It's irrelevant -

HANK

Not by a longshot. You may have  
just destroyed the entire case.  
And if I didn't know you I'd see  
that your suspend right now. Get  
your moral compass correct.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Qurrat steps out of the chilly air, lost in turbulent thought, walking slowly... then faster... faster....

**EXT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

Rain hammering down, Qurrat pounds on the door, peers through the glass... sees Trina just standing there.

She RAMS her shoulder against the door, over and over.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

FRANTIC BANGING at the door gets LOUDER, keeping the tension at a fever pitch. Trina tenses at the sound.

WHAM! There it is again - She backs away, watches the door intently: then, an earsplitting CRASH! The door GIVES WAY.

Qurrat storms in, soaking, full of rage and desperation. Trina takes in her fury. But if she's scared, she isn't showing it.

She backhands her, knocks Trina to her knees. Trina spits out blood. Trina stands.

QURRAT

I woke up. You were gone.

TRINA

I had to smooth things over with Danny. He was pissed.

QURRAT

It gives you a perfect alibi.

TRINA

Yes, it does. Doesn't it? I never lied about how I feel about you.

QURRAT

What did you give me? Zolpidem?

TRINA

No. Xanax. It hasn't been seventy- two hours. Take a urine or better yet a hair sample to the FBI lab if you don't believe me.

QURRAT

You know I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Qurrat lets go.

TRINA  
Um, yes, you can't.

QURRAT  
Why didn't you tell them you were  
with me?

TRINA  
I told you -- I don't kiss and  
tell.

They kiss, make out. Qurrat pulls up - *what the hell am I  
doing?* Qurrat heads out. Trina's enraged.

TRINA  
What're you doing..? What's --  
Fuck you! Fuck you!

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

A seedy bar. Qurrat, alone. Empty shot glasses before  
her. A BARTENDER brings another, fills it. She downs it.

BARTENDER  
Slow down, Miss Muffet before a  
spider comes along and steals your  
tuffet.

She flips him off, redials a number. We hear a recorded  
voice: "The number you are dialing is unavailable."

**EXT./INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE/405 FREEWAY - NIGHT**

Qurrat tears down the freeway, lights and sirens. dialing  
her cell again - from her frustrated reaction, the result  
must be the same.

**EXT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

Qurrat, drunk, a wreck - in yesterday's wrinkled  
wardrobe, banging on the door of Marla's bungalow. Lights  
come on.

Marla open's door in a slinky little nightie.

MARLA  
It's three in the morning.

Qurrat tries to push her way in. Marla stops her.

QURRAT  
Let me in. Please -

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARLA

Stop it - Qurrat.

On second thought, seeing that Qurrat's drunk...

**INT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat lays on the couch, full of self loathing. She nurses a piping hot cup of coffee..

Marla lounges on a chaise, one knee bent to show a lot of leg. A rare moment of vulnerability from Qurrat.

QURRAT

That's all of it. You think I screwed up, don't you?

MARLA

The thought had crossed my mind.

QURRAT

I didn't think you judged?

MARLA

My analyst couch is at the office. This one is for guests.

Qurrat's slightly taken aback.

MARLA

Yes. So it gives me the right to give and offer a little friendly advice. Your reckless behavior almost got you killed, could get me killed. I'm not joking... you're playing Russian roulette with five shells in the chamber.

Qurrat kisses and caresses her leg. For Marla, her touch is an aphrodisiac, but... she ends it, abruptly. Marla hands Qurrat her car keys.

MARLA

I think you're okay to drive...

One last look between them before Marla mouths -- "GO!"

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

Alone in the dark, Qurrat looks terrible, but sober. Listening to *Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto...* serenading from the stereo...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto from 1878, it's one of his best known pieces. Did you know Tchaikovsky wrote it in a somewhat tumultuous time in his life. After experiencing relationship issues and a crisis of confidence in his previous work?

Qurrat takes a hefty swing of coffee, then:

QURRAT

You can hear his roller-coaster of emotions in the concerto, extreme highs and pensive lows, culminating in an uplifting ending, that signifying him coming to terms with his feelings.

Qurrat looks up numbly to FIND a tentative Whistler - nice suit, cleaned up, looks like the FBI Agent he is.

WHISTLER

You look like shit.

QURRAT

You come to gloat?

WHISTLER

No, 'cause you called me. I had to see it for myself.

QURRAT

You're full of it. I saw the smile on your face when you walked in the door.

Whistler screws the cap on a FIFTH OF WHISKEY.

QURRAT

You look good, Whistler. Just like I remember.

WHISTLER

The only thing that's important right now, is when you wake up this morning, 'cause I know what kind of hell you're going through.

**INT. GYM - DAY**

Qurrat kickboxes, wildly, Hank's not egging her on.

QURRAT

Her alibi for Rosie is airtight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

That info on Sgt. Sapperstein. So what are you thinking?

QURRAT

Trying to put myself in your shoes.

HANK

Too big. Why did they higher you? Why do they higher any of us?

QURRAT

For our intellect...  
(remembering...)  
But it's our instincts that guide--

HANK

And what does yours say?

QURRAT

Trina's the logical suspect. But Nadia. And then there is Holly.

HANK

If I emptied my live savings... and told you place your bet --

QURRAT

-- I'd put it on Nadia.

HANK

Ah, the old the butler did it logic.

QURRAT

I know, right, but sometimes the butler does do it.

Bemused looks. But something's eating at Hank.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY**

Qurrat, stripped to Victoria Secret's bra and panties. Removes a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE from her arm. A stocking for a tourniquet... fills a glass vial with blood.

A black case is open that contains vials of CLEAR LIQUID, and one has WHITE POWDER; it's hard to read the labels.

Her cell CHIMES. Reads a TEXT from MARLA: "Not tonight. Can't get a flight out."..

**EXT. SAKS - FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT**

Marla exits, shopping bags, texting. Just then - flashing lights as - FBI SUBURBUNS emerge from now where. Cordon off the block. AGENTS pile out...

One, DOAKES, running toward Marla - whose pleasantly surprised by all the bells and whistles.

DOAKES

Ms. Petallides? Ronaldo Doakes.  
New York Field Office. I need you  
to come with me right away.

Qurrat exits, dressed for a classy night out. A gorgeous gown on a hangar over one shoulder and sexy heels dangling from the fingers of her other hand.

QURRAT

I thought we'd leave from here...

The fear of losing Marla is all too palpable for Qurrat -- Marla senses it, impressed with the bells and whistles.

**INT. PERSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Intimate and expensive. Qurrat and Marla lit up with drinks and laughing, sit at a table with remnants of dinner. The intimacy between them isn't lost on the other guests.

MARLA

I can't believe you're taking me  
somewhere else other than bed.

QURRAT

Crazy I know.

Finally she kisses Marla, who resist slightly - barely.

MARLA

Trina got a key. Nadia got a key.  
Where's mine?

QURRAT

You have the key to my heart.

Marla stares into Qurrat's eyes, they are as earnest as they come.

**INT. FBI LEARJET - PRIVATE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat and Marla having sweaty, passionate sex, neither can take their eyes off the other. They climax together, sated, enjoying the moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

I'm memorializing our moments in  
my internal FBI memos.

Qurrat can't help it -- starts giggling. They both do.  
Marla mouths "Fuck you."

She kisses Marla. Marla kisses back, equally passionate.  
Qurrat rolls off, lies back. Marla snuggles in her arms.

MARLA

I'm worried. I'm real worried.  
Should I die my hair blonde?

QURRAT

Uh, no. I love you just the way  
you are.

And Qurrat leans over and kisses Marla. They are still  
kissing when a cellphone RINGS. Marla checks, presses  
"TALK," lays it down.

MARLA

Got time for one more.  
(offhand)  
How long till we land?

Then -- the landing gear CHIMES, breaks their mood.

**INT. NADIA'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Nadia's incredibly cool TRIBECA loft. Nadia, cell to her  
ear, listening to Marla's moans of pleasure. A quiet  
fury burns in her eyes.

**EXT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A cell buzzes wakes Qurrat. She checks, then turns to a  
half-sleeping Marla, also naked. Qurrat buries her face  
in Marla's ass. Marla murmurs encouragement...

MARLA

Mine or yours...?

QURRAT

Probably mine.

Qurrat grabs it, surprised at who it is.

She shrugs on a silky luxurious blouse, on her cellphone,  
listening and uh-huhing. She ends the call... worried.

QURRAT

Go to my place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marla is about to argue, but something about the look on Qurrat's face makes her reconsider.

QURRAT

I didn't say think about it.

Marla nods, duly scolded.

**EXT. CLU DE SAC - NIGHT**

A flashlight beam splits the dark to find yellow police tape criss-crossing the house.

Qurrat reaches for her gun, unhooks the holster strap.

Tires SQUEAL. A sports car explodes into the driveway, skids to a violent stop. Qurrat - WTF?

Danny hops out in a futile rage. GUN in hand.

The CRACK of gunshots rip past Qurrat who drops, punching holes into the wood, glass shattering.

He gets into his sports car, ROARS off.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

An intense pursuit, Qurrat sprints after the car. Gaining ground. Unloads a crescendo of fire - bullets rip into the gas tank.

Kaboom! The backdraft blows Qurrat off her feet. She's silhouetted in the burning flames of the wreckage.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

A shell-shocked Qurrat overlooks the surreal scene; flashing lights. Fire trucks, black & whites, detectives working. Barely keeping it together.

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marla is asleep, skyline shining in through the window. A DARK FIGURE steps into frame and looms over her lying naked body in bed.

She stirs, wakes, sees a figure.

MARLA

Qurrat...?

She rolls over, momentarily spooked. It's Nadia..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

I see you didn't get my message.

MARLA

What are you doing here?

Nadia, a mischievous grin, pulls out black silk panties, sniffs them, tosses them at Marla.

TRINA

She left those the other night.  
How do you break up with a woman  
who wears shit like that?

Marla jumps out of bed, bedsheet for a wardrobe.

NADIA

If you know what's good for you --  
you'll bail now.

MARLA

She's good for me. And I'm good  
for her. But I'm sure you heard.

Marla's struck a nerve. Nadia moves towards her in a threatening manner.

**INT. TRINA'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Qurrat stalks in. As if waiting for her, Trina just stands there. Wills herself not to lunge at Trina, and rip her heart out.

QURRAT

You hate me that much?

TRINA

I don't hate you. I'm over you --  
us. You should get over it, too.

QURRAT

Is that why you keep those  
pictures lying around?

Qurrat forces her into the wall. Hand at her throat. Trina's words are strangled. If she's afraid, we cannot tell.

QURRAT

You sent Danny to do your dirty  
work?

TRINA

No! I tried to talk to him. But  
he wouldn't listen. He hates you.  
Our night together set him off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Qurrat's cell buzzes, she reacts.

**EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Lights. Qurrat races like a mad woman, but in control. The city in all its nighttime glamour is reflected across her windshield.

**INT. NADIA'S LOFT - NIGHT**

Nadia in an oversized men's dress shirt, and little else, emerges from the back. Hair a sex mess.

Then BOOM... the front door is kicked in. Qurrat enters.

NADIA

Who's blood is that?

She's torn between walking away, and punching Nadia. Grabs her spare key from Nadia's purse.

A PILL BOTTLE falls out. Qurrat picks them up. Reads the label. Nadia snatches it back.

NADIA

After our break up, I've been dealing with insomnia.

QURRAT

You're trying to ruin my life.

NADIA

If I wanted to ruin your life -- I could have. Your manic depression. If the bureau gets wind of it.

Nadia's got a point and Qurrat knows it.

John, in his boxers, charging towards her, gun in hand. Smashes Qurrat in the mouth, who crashes to the carpet.

He shoves his gun in her. Her mouth and nose bleed.

JOHN

Payback's a bitch! Isn't it?

NADIA

No, John!

A woozy Qurrat lumbers to her feet. She spits out blood.

QURRAT

Stay away for Marla.



**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Walls of perfumes, aftershaves and cologne.

Marla, showered, in a sexy chemise, opens a cabinet;  
VIALS OF COKE, shit-load of prescription meds.

MARLA

Whoa. Nice little drugstore you  
got goin' here, babe?

She looks at Qurrat, naked and moist from the shower,  
wrapped in a towel. She looks at Marla, solemn, yeah.

Marla compresses ice-cubes swaddled up in a towel to  
Qurrat's face, who cringes at the cold.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Qurrat strides down the hall, with a file. A LAB TECH,  
TONYA, a 20-something Australian beauty, intercepts her.

TONYA

Q. Test came back on those  
treats. Cyanide in one. The  
other was negative.

Qurrat perusing the report. She looks uncomfortable.

QURRAT

Any word on my tox screen?

TONYA

Give a girl a break. It's only  
been two days.

QURRAT

Tonya, do me a favor. I need the  
results. ASAP.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - QURRAT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Marla's hot dress accessorized with an FBI visitor's  
badge. She eyes her cell, while her and Qurrat devour  
Mexican take-out.

Marla sees Holly coming. Rolls her eyes. This isn't lost  
on Qurrat.

MARLA

I've been in this business a  
longtime, looking around in dark  
corners for people's skeletons.  
You get to know them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

I like to meet people, but she  
wasn't one of them. I hear  
things.

Holly knocks, steps in.

HOLLY

I don't want to interrupt.

MARLA

(lying)  
Actually I was just leaving. Nice  
to see you again, Holly.

HOLLY

As I recall - you made things  
clear.

QURRAT

Did I--?

HOLLY

Crystal.

QURRAT

I mean, you took it pretty hard.  
I can probably wrap this case up  
soon with a few more questions.

HOLLY

That's a little PRESUMPTUOUS.  
Don't you think?

A flash of annoyance flickers across Holly's face.  
Qurrat's a bit rattled, eyes Holly's breasts.

QURRAT

Who did your augmentation?

HOLLY

Danielle, but why do I think you  
already know that.

QURRAT

You said you didn't go see her the  
night she was murdered. Then,  
where were you?

HOLLY

Look -- I was with Nadia. When  
did you stop trusting me?

QURRAT

Oh. Please. That's not fair and  
you know it.

Holly laughs, but there's no humor in it.

**INT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Wee hours. Running late -- they dress while wolfing down breakfast. Literally tripping over each other.

QURRAT

You know, calling Holly out like you do, it's coming off as jealousy.

MARLA

You're seconds away from wearing eggs benedict. You're place or mine?

QURRAT

My place. Your place. It doesn't matter as long as we're together.

Marla pulls on her heels. What the...? Looks at Qurrat - it couldn't be any hotter. A cell RINGS. Qurrat reads a disturbing text.

MARLA

Go. I'll take my car.

Qurrat - on a second thought --

**INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Blonde, only wearing a sexy pair of Valentino Rockstud heels -- she's riding a naked Stark while she ties his hands to the bed with silk nylons...

He kisses her breasts. She moves, resumes fucking him, while reaching back to strip off her heels.

JOHN

(in the throes)

Funny thing is I always figured you for a self-centered bitch. Turns out you really are one of the boys. What was it like; fucking her, I gotta ask, right? What's your obsession with her?

Blonde arches, stops, cums, hard. He stiffens. With sudden, manic intensity --

She stabs him her stilettos in obvious delight. Again and again, blood splatters them... walls... headboard...

Off his BLOOD-CURLING SCREAMS.

**INT. CONDOMINIUMS - ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Qurrat's on the phone.

HOLLY (V.O.)  
Where are you...

DING drowns out her voice. The doors open and -- WHAM! Blonde throws a knockout roundhouse kick, sends Qurrat into the wall, hard, everything goes black.

**INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - NIGHT**

Outside condominiums. Lights flashing. Horror etched on Marla's face. Blonde exits the building, eyes straying.

Marla ducks down, eyes fixed on -

**THE MONITOR:** Blonde stares at Qurrat's car, pulls her gun to fire. INTO TO FRAME...

Marla's fingers clumsily tap dance over the control panel, hitting damn near every switch until **"Record"** FLASHES.

She stalks towards the front of the corvette, fires into the car. The shots ricochet off its BULLET-PROOF GLASS.

Stunned, Blonde melts into the darkness.

**RESUME SCENE.** Marla looks up, something comes over her...

**INT. CONDOMINIUMS - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Marla goes tearing down the corridor. An elevator door opens. Qurrat laboriously gets upright.

**INT. STARK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

In the first rays of daylight. Blood covering the tiles, linoleum. A hive of activity, with LAPD forensics and an FBI EVIDENCE RESPONSE TEAM working

The usual crime-scene personnel. John lays amid the bloody sheets, a broken heel lodged in his eye socket, still tied to the bed.

Priya makes annotations. Qurrat and Hank - FBI-JACKETED, move through the hectic scene, joins Lee and Holly, who look somberly.

PRIYA  
Blunt force trauma. Hmm...  
remarkable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIYA (CONT'D)

It is nearly the same as the opening to Basic Instinct. The manner, in which, the vic was tied to the bed. No ice-pick. Instead, Valentino Rockstud shoes. I'll know more once I get him to the office.

HANK

Captain Lee.

LEE

Agent Hookapella.

Holly holds up an evidence bag with the stilettos.

HOLLY

Valentino Rockstuds.

HANK

Pretty pricey.

QURRAT

It's like I said, she likes taking risks. She wants to get caught and she's going to.

HOLLY

Maybe it was a sex game gone wrong. The killer did exhibit a certain degree of tenderness.

HANK

Yea, right, real tender.

LEE

Keep me tightly informed on this one -- Mayor's office is going to want frequent updates and the press is going to go wild.

QURRAT

Nadia claimed Stark was her alibi. And he conveniently shows up dead.

LEE

Could be coincidence.

HANK

Repeat it now! There is no such thing as coincidence. And neither is luck. And I've got a funny feeling hers is about to run out.

Hank winks at Qurrat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE

Maybe IA can tell us something.  
They had him under surveillance.

Holly turns to Marla - slightly chilled by Holly's stare.

HOLLY

At least we have another witness.

Qurrat shifts her focus to Holly, with suspicion. They trade uneasy looks. Everyone picks up the bad vibes.

HOLLY

If it wasn't for the killer  
calling you -- she would be dead.

QURRAT

She's toying with me, but she  
screwed up this go around.

LEE

Everything all right?

Marla ushers Qurrat out - Holly stares menacingly. Now Holly goes hard after Qurrat.

HOLLY

Hold up -- where were you tonight?

QURRAT

Excuse me?

MARLA

With me.

Marla shakes his head in disgust.

HANK

You're pissin' in the wind,  
Sergeant Sapperstein.

HOLLY

No secret Sgt. Stark was screwing  
her girlfriend. According to Ms.  
Kouwabunpat, you broke down her  
door. Lucky for her, Sergeant  
Stark just happened to be there  
poking around, or you would have  
killed her. Them.

QURRAT

Ex. Oh, God. It wasn't like  
that. They're twisting everything  
around.

HOLLY

Them? As you can see, he's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QURRAT

Yes. What were those guys down at  
IA doing, sleeping on the job?

Hank can't help but smirk.

**INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marla and Qurrat stand in a messy living room as a K-9  
OFFICER and his CADAVER DOG finish their search.

MARLA

Kiss my lips: Then repeat after  
me. One.

Qurrat kisses them.

QURRAT

One.

MARLA

Two.

As they continue, the kisses get hotter. It's working.  
Qurrat calms down... smiling, and focused.

**INT. CORVETTE - DAY**

Marla drives. Qurrat, lost in thought, rides shotgun.

MARLA

She has a black belt, too.

QURRAT

She also has Nadia as an alibi.

MARLA

Is it possible -- they're in on it  
together?

QURRAT

No. There's no honor among  
thieves. Even less among  
murderers'. Hell, Holly use to be  
a girl scout.

MARLA

Not anymore.

Something occurs to Qurrat. She eyes her cell, notes the  
MISSED CALLS FROM HOLLY HIGHLIGHTED.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - TECH ROOM - DAY**

Qurrat is huddled with CRIMINALIST JIM WEST. Both watch surveillance FOOTAGE; fuzzy, static cuts in and out. He manipulates the controls.

Qurrat's disappointed. Hank joins them while he enjoys a snack bag.

JIM

Hmmm...let's see: those bullets did some serious damage.

QURRAT

Did the phone company ping it?

JIM

Yup. Triangulation didn't put her nowhere near the crime scene.

Qurrat somewhat relieved. But it's short-lived.

HANK

So. She's a smart cop. If she's your killer. She probably used a relay. That's what I'd do.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - QURRAT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Qurrat stands in front of the wall of evidence - reports, diagrams, the SUSPECT PHOTOS. Trina, Holly, and Nadia.

She's wracked by TERRIBLE DISTRESS. Her heels on the floor next to her.

QURRAT

Um-hmmm.

Qurrat takes a marker and puts a "X" to Nadia's photo. Then makes a "/" on Holly's photo.

**INT. LOS ANGELES PD - MARLA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Holly walks in to find Marla looking over a PERSONNEL FILE. She slams the door shut. Marla spins, frazzled.

HOLLY

Is that my file?

MARLA

Yes. I was instructed by IAD to conduct another eval. In light of what happened. Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HOLLY

Do we have one?

MARLA

Not that I'm aware off. Can I help you with something detective?

HOLLY

I can't believe you didn't get a good look at her. You're pretty observant.

MARLA

Well, it was dark.

Marla moves behind her desk - knees shaking badly.

HOLLY

Good thing for you, huh? No telling what she would have done, if she had known you were in the car.

MARLA

Maybe she does.

HOLLY

Well, hopefully she don't, or she may just come after you.

Holly leaves. Marla, freaked out, grabs her cell.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Nadia sits in the hot seat, subdued demeanor. Qurrat, in tiger-shark mode. Hank's on the sidelines.

NADIA

Unless I'm still a suspect after you checked my alibi.

HANK

Someone decided it was a good idea to fill it full of holes.

QURRAT

You hated Trina, still do.

NADIA

Don't tell me, she's dead too.

QURRAT

Maybe you're trying to frame her. You need another viable suspect. Trina makes a good one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

That's absurd. If you had that on me, I'd be in cuffs instead of listening to your bullshit.

Nadia holds her hands out in front of them.

NADIA

You going arrest me?

Qurrat wants so badly to believe her, but...

NADIA

That's what I thought.

Qurrat's cell buzzes. Sees its 'Marla' on the screen. Nadia heads out. Jim walks in tox screen results.

JIM

Tox screen results are back.

Hank takes it. He goes.

HANK

Thanks...Hmph.

QURRAT

What's the "hmmph" for?

HANK

Nadia tested positive for coke.

QURRAT

No way. She tried it once. Had severe allergic reaction. Almost died.

Qurrat shifts through the toxicology report...

HANK

Okay, so how did it get introduced into her system?

QURRAT

No toxicology screen is 100% accurate. Have them run it again.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

Qurrat races to catch up to Holly, carrying a box of personal belongings. Very tense beats between these two.

HOLLY

It was just a little friendly advice. I'm sure you'd agree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Did you get fired or what?

HOLLY

Just suspended, pending further investigation. I figured Marla would have mentioned it.

QURRAT

What--?

HOLLY

Yea, failed a random urinalysis. If you can believe that. Capt Lee set on it for a week, trying to figure out what to do. He was just as shocked as you are.

QURRAT

You've never done drugs.

HOLLY

I know. They ran the test twice. Mistakes happen I guess.

Qurrat eyes narrow, starting to connect the dots.

**EXT. TRINA'S BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY**

Qurrat gets out of her corvette. Reveal Trina, exiting the house, sunglasses, on her cell. Ends the call.

QURRAT

Where were you early this morning?

TRINA

None of your business. Why?

QURRAT

Drop the act, "Trina." You're a person of interest, associated with the murder of John Stark.

TRINA

I heard. We had sex -- but you know that, don't you? Only on company time. Yes, I had to ultimately make a recommendation as to whether John should remain on duty. We were just having some innocent fun. Is that a crime?

QURRAT

Obstructing a federal investigation is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shows an evidence bag, containing a bloodied Valentino Rockstud stilettos.

TRINA  
I've got over five hundred pairs of shoes in my closet. Minus a few at his place. Can't say I'm surprised. He had a shoe fetish.

Trina climbs into her car --

TRINA  
You've got no viable prints off the weapons, no motive, no more witnesses but one I hear. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

**INT. NADIA'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Nadia's changing clothes. Reverse to FIND Qurrat standing calmly on the other side of the room.

NADIA  
Oh, this is another good riddance visit where you swear never to darken my bedroom... that it? You feel guilty about your cheating ways? Penance for your sins...

QURRAT  
I'm not coming back, Nadia.

NADIA  
You're quitting me, Q? Bullshit. You're not over me because you're Q and I'm Nadia and we don't get over each other

Qurrat grabs a fistful of her hair, then lets go --

NADIA  
What? You going to hit me, huh?

QURRAT  
No, I'm going to arrest you.

Qurrat walks out, studies strands of Nadia's hair between her fingers. Cant help but smile.

**INT. FBI LOS ANGELES - TECH ROOM - DAY**

Jim examines evidence. Qurrat lays an evidence bag with hair fibers, and a swab kit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Get on this ASAP.

JIM

And what do you hope to find?

QURRAT

Absolutely nothing.

(re; swab kit)

And screen that for scopolamine.

Off Jim's bewildered look.

**INT. NADIA'S LOFT - NIGHT**

POUNDING on the door. Nadia opens up. Holly punches her in the face, dropping Nadia. She locks the door, a weird calm to her demeanor.

Nadia scrambles to her feet, attempts to run, only to be caught from behind and flung down near a coffee table.

**INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - NIGHT**

Cursing along a highway, Qurrat's eyes focused on the rear-view mirror. Concerned. Marla notices, too.

MARLA

Could be anybody.

QURRAT

Sometimes I get this twitch in my asshole... you know, when something just isn't right.

Then an engine SCREAMS, the car rams them from behind. A violent collision. Qurrat fights to maintain control.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Qurrat streaks in and out of traffic. The car -- exotic and fast, mimics her every move.

**EXT./INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - NIGHT**

Pissed, Qurrat takes evasive actions. The car moves to overtake them - sideswipes her rear quarter panel.

Qurrat fish-tails, CRASHES through a guardrail. They sail through the air. SCREAMS. She plunges into the water with a huge SPLASH --

**INT. QURRAT'S FBI CORVETTE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

Sinks in the blackness, moonlight rippling along the surface. They're dazed, a few bruises, but alive.

Qurrat unlatches Marla's seat belt, then hers.

They try the doors. Jammed tight. Water fills the cabin and they're running out of air. Marla's panic escalating.

Qurrat kisses her to calm her, then reaches under the seat, a compartment, grabs a FOLDED SPAS 12 SHOTGUN with clips. Forces Marla down --

A powerful BLAST obliterates a window. Their shoes kicks out the shard pieces of glass that remain in the frame. Marla swims through first.

**EXT. RIVER - NIGHT**

Marla breaks the water's surface. Sucks up air. She looks around for Qurrat, nowhere in sight.

MARLA

Qurrat! Qurrat!

Nothing. Finally, Qurrat pops up, gasping for air. Marla swims over. They cling together - desperate.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Crimson of flashing lights. Cops mill about. Qurrat helps Marla out of an ambulance. Ushers Marla towards an OFFICER. Lee appears, but Holly is conspicuously absent.

QURRAT

See that she gets home.  
(re: Marla)  
Stay there. You hear me?

MARLA

Yes.

LEE

We can't get a hold of Holly.  
I've got officers enroute to her place.

Qurrat's cell buzzes. She answers.

QURRAT

Hey, Jim...okay, thanks.

As she abruptly ends the call... she pumps her fist.

**INT. NADIA'S LOFT - NIGHT**

BAM! The door bursts open. A BATTERING RAM, and a wall of LAPD SWAT GUYS stampede in. Lee in his tactical vest.

LEE

Police. We are executing a warrant.

No response. They search the place. Chorus of voices -- "Clear!" "Clear!" Lee snoops around. SWAT LEADER appears.

SWAT LEADER

Captain Lee. Got one DOA.

**INT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marla locks the door. A noise from behind. Before she can't react, a gloved hand shoves crumpled silk panties tight against her mouth and nose.

Marla eyes go wide in terror. It's Blonde in black. Her face grotesque, as if melted by flames. Wears a stocking. Drops a bottle of chloroform.

BLONDE

Yes, their hers.

**INT. FBI TAHOE - NIGHT**

Lights and sirens. Qurrat's changed into suitable clothes. Tactical vest. Eyes a toxicology report on the screen. Just shakes her head. She guns it.

**INT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

Qurrat crashes through the door. Nadia holds a gun to a terrified Marla's head. The action happens real fast:

QURRAT

Put it down! Nadia.

NADIA

Took you long enough.

Nadia yanks off her mask. Qurrat sweats. There's no good shot. Now buying time --

QURRAT

Gotta hand it to you. You were clever. Where you really screwed up. The Flunitrazepam! You used it to spike John's and Holly's drinks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT (CONT'D)

Not one trace of that shit  
in your system. But in the end, it  
was your stupidity that did you  
in. For the life of me I couldn't  
figure out how the coke got into  
your system. Then I remembered  
what a cum guzzling slut you were.  
So I went back through Herman's  
toxicology report. You should  
have spit.

Her words momentarily paralyzes Nadia.

NADIA

I thought this case would bring us  
back together --

QURRAT

It did. Just not the way you  
wanted.

Marla, a sideways glance at a wall, close enough to-- she  
flicks a light switch, PLUNGING the room into darkness.

**EXT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

Hanks makes his way towards the door, hears the gunfire  
ERUPT from inside! Draws his gun, CHARGES the front door.

**INT. MARLA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

In the darkness, Qurrat and Nadia exchanging a barrage of  
gunfire. Qurrat scrambles towards Marla.

QURRAT

You hit!

Marla frantically shakes her head "no."

Hank DIVES into the room, narrowly avoiding Nadia's  
bullets. Nadia BOLTS, heads for the back.

Qurrat raises her gun, BOOM, BOOM, blasts two rounds into  
Nadia, who drops. Hank scrambles to Nadia.

She's gurgling blood, as all the life drains out of her.

QURRAT

Oh. Hey, Hank. How'd you --

He brandishes his police scanner. Qurrat smiles.



**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Trina and Qurrat walk along.

QURRAT

Yeah, scopolamine. It's also called "The Devil's Breath." A mind altering drug. The second you're hit with it, you'll do anything you're told to do -- and not remember doing it. That's one of the reasons it's so dangerous because you'll still be coherent. No slurred speech or diminished motor skills. We believe Nadia hit Holly with it sometime that morning.

QURRAT

I do wish things could have been different between us.

Trina studies Qurrat - sees she's genuine.

TRINA

Me too. Marla's a good woman.

QURRAT

So are you.

She sees the name 'MARLA' on the screen. Smiles, texts;  
*"U R at the top of my 2 do list."*

**INT. QURRAT'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY**

Dark, rimmed with candles. Qurrat lets her hair down, unzips her formal business dress..

A nude Marla lies on the table, artfully covered with plump ripe strawberries dipped in silky milk chocolate.

Qurrat kisses her, grabs a bamboo skewer, prodding Marla as she indulges in sweet debauchery. It's sexy.

QURRAT

I want you. Oh God, I want you.

MARLA

Shhh...take your time...I'm not going anywhere.

QURRAT

I love you, Marla.

MARLA

I love you, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QURRAT

Mmmmm. I won't be able to eat all  
this.

MARLA

Then lick the platter.

They kiss passionately, Qurrat slips off her sexy heels,  
then carries Marla by the threshold towards the bedroom,  
leaving us here..

FADE OUT: