

BODY HEAT II: THE SECOND WAVE

BY

R. L. RILEY

OVER THE BLACK...

"Faith is the light that guides you through the darkness."

FADE IN:

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

A hot and balmy Florida night. A broken neon sign flashes across an empty lot. The door to a room opens...

...NORM POLANSKI, 40s, a heavy-set man, steps out, flushed, sweating, adjusts his clothes, fights a cloud of mosquitoes in the process, then...

...slides behind the wheel of his sedan, turns the ignition key, and BOOM! The car EXPLODES-- sending flames and smoke rising...

...in the flickering flames, a blur of red satin sheets and naked, glistening bodies, urgent, erotic sighs and moans, a vague hint of sexuality...

...their passion intensifies, so does the flames as cries of pleasure rise to a feverish pitch, we...

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bit of a diva's suit; mini bar, red satin sheets on the unmade bed, sex mirrors... against the backdrop of sheer curtains, and flames which IGNITES THE FIERY SKY...

...ALEXIS TANTAROS, 30s, a dark, alluring sexual creature, with a flirty smile... sad eyes, in a towel, stands before the open terrace doors, mesmerized by the fire.

Fidgets with a beautiful BLACK LABRYS that she wears on a black chord around her neck.

WEATHER GIRL (V.O.)

A heat advisory is in effect until 9 pm tonight. We will be near the hottest temperatures ever recorded in South Florida. If the heat...

...GINA ZAMBRANO, 30s, naked, dripping wet, toweling off her voluptuous body, quiets the stereo with a remote. Vivacious and super hot.

Her voice, an erotic mix of Spanish and FARSI...

GINA

We've just stepped out of the shower and I'm still hot.

As she continues to dry off...

GINA

I can't remember how many people I treated for heat related injuries.

(then)

In all my years of being a doctor, I've never seen it this bad.

A short beat. Gina looks at Alexis, then...

GINA

You know, you can chime in anytime you like... oh what do you care, you're too busy staring at the fire.

ALEXIS

Baby, it's still burning. Looks suspicious.

GINA

Maybe you haven't noticed -- we're in the midst of a heat wave.

ALEXIS

A business exec torched his million dollar home with his ninety-year old mother in the basement. He tried to make it look like she started it herself. It happened during another wildfire.

GINA

The things people will do to get away with murder.

They embrace. Hot. A much deeper connection that they both pretend to ignore. Alexis nuzzles Gina's ear, admiring the REDDISH MARK on her neck.

GINA

Yeah, I seen that little souvenir.

ALEXIS

Hopefully, they wont notice.

GINA

Well, they definitely wont see the other one -- a sore pussy.

They laugh. Something in her face moves Alexis. She kisses Gina deeply, escalating...

GINA

Mmmm...I'm all nice and clean. You trying to get me sweaty and stinky again?

Alexis forces Gina back, they fall on the bed.

GINA

Ow... ow.

ALEXIS

What--? Am I hurting you?

Gina reaches behind her, pulls out a rather large and clear STRAP-ON DILDO. They look at each other and crack up.

GINA

What did I tell you about leaving your toys lying around.

They tear at each other towels.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moodlit, she lights a candle. A solemn expression when her eyes fall upon a PHOTO of an ORDAINED PRIEST (FRANKIE, 20s) that sits on a mantle beside the urn containing his ashes.

Nearby, Gina, in her DOCTOR'S SCRUBS, appears, a concerned look.

ALEXIS

Well--?

GINA

Oh, that. Hmm. Well. That's a uhm... hmm--

ALEXIS

--Gina...

GINA

...please, Alex. Let's not--

ALEXIS

--Actually let's... because I need to understand.

GINA

What--? My mother's Iranian. My father is Spanish. This shit -- right here. Don't play right.

Gina, letting her deepened fear surface. Cell RINGS. Gina GROANS, answers.

GINA

Rocco, hey! Look, um, I'm kinda in the middle of a *thing* here... I'm on my way.

ALEXIS

What are you afraid off?

Gina plucks the PENLIGHT from her breast pocket, shines it in Alexis' eyes, who's not sure what to think. Clicks it off, from her expression, didn't find what she was looking for, then--

Utterly confused, she grabs her stethoscope, brandishes a book: "The Postman Always Rings Twice," by James Cain.

GINA

I'm borrowing this. I gotta go.
Will talk...later.

Alexis looks back towards the flames, a little saddened.

EXT./INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - DAY

The top's down, Alexis drives down Ocean Blvd, in what looks like a brand new Porsche. Trademark dark lenses gives her a roquish look.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BURNED - DAY

DAVID LORENZO, 40s, a power suit, loiters in the backdrop, a bit nervous, sweatin' his ass off as...

...Alexis, in a mini skirt and skyscraper heels, shifts through the chard remains, covers her mouth with a hanky, the stench is overpowering.

DAVID

So... how long til I get my money?
I know I'm current on my policy. So
don't even think about trying to
screw me. I have lots of lawyers.

She ignores him, resumes, very methodical.

DAVID

You've been snooping around for the
last hour. What--? You act like
it's arson or something.

ALEXIS

A year ago. This woman claimed she
found a dead mouse in her soup at a
restaurant we insure. She wanted
five hundred thousand dollars.

Alexis whips off her sunglasses.

ALEXIS

Yeah I know it sounds crazy, but I
paid to have an autopsy on that damn
thing. No soup in the lungs and
hadn't been cooked. Now she's doing
time in club fed.

And with that, she leaves him to ponder.

INT. HARLAN'S SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Dirt, grease, and in dire need of air conditioning. HEELS REVERBERATE off the walls... as HARLAN, 50s, typical red-neck, dirty coveralls, covered in grime and sweat, escorts Alexis.

ALEXIS

Harlan. It's hot as fuck in here.
Central air broken?

He spits a big wad of tobacco into a can.

HARLAN

Yup. This goddamn heat. K'od it.

Leads her to a BMW; It's totaled. Blood on the shattered windshield. She examines it. Harlan hands her a worn out brake line.

HARLAN

Mrs. Dietrichson got lucky. Her car. He was driving.

ALEXIS

Looks like it was cut.

Harlan turns on the TV, starts flipping though channels -- watches baseball scores.

HARLAN

Damn. My Pirates lost again.

ALEXIS

And this comes as a surprise? After what-- thirty years?

They share a laugh. As he flicks off the TV...

HARLAN

Yeah, somethin' like that. Fate is as resolute as history -- you can't change either.

And somehow this statement stops her cold.

INT. MAXIMUM RISK CAUSALITY INSURANCE - DAY

Posh office. WALTER HEWITT, 30s, fedora, good looks, edgy charm, and a eye for the ladies, flirts with - RACINE, 30s, an attractive secretary, professional.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Alexis studies a NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: Scrupulous Insurance Agent perishes in a burning car. Nameplate on her desk: "Claims Adjuster."

Walter barges in, takes a gander at the paper. Clearly an undeniably special bond between these two.

WALTER

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

ALEXIS

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

WALTER

For chrissake, it was a Ford. I worked out a sweet deal with the DA.

ALEXIS

They're not the one who have to shell out thousands of dollars.

He stares at several certificates and plaques on the wall.

WALTER

Top saleswoman four years in a row.

ALEXIS

I can sell a dead man life insurance.

Walter notices her wearing a slight smirk - wipes sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

WALTER

I miss our romantic moments.

ALEXIS

I hardly call what we did romantic. More like hate-fucking. You know, something a staunch liberal like yourself would do the Ann Coulter.

INT. BIG MAMA'S SOUL FOOD - DAY

A small cafe, old school. Even with the portable AC UNITS full blast, customers next-to-naked, roasting. Grill HISSING. WAITRESSES hustling. Short order cooks YELL out instructions.

At their window table, a not so flattering shot of a shabby neighborhood, Alexis and Walter wolf down lunch..

WALTER

Aw, c'mon. Hasn't anybody tried to chisel on an insurance claim, atleast a little bit? Cut me some slack.

ALEXIS

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

That's when -- BIG MAMA, 40s, black, BBW, sweet as cherry pie, appears.

BIG MAMA

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

ALEXIS

Big Mama. I missed you.

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

BIG MAMA

Dang, look at YOU. You've got to find Mister Right...
(turns to Walter)
Cuz. Home boy here is nothing but trouble.

Walter kisses her on the cheek...

WALTER

Love you to... and the ghetto prices.

BIG MAMA

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

At the bar, WILLIE, 50s, a postal clerk, sweats profusely as he devours a bowel of chilli.

WILLIE

Yea he did! Oh, he went there, around the block, and back again.

WALTER

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

BIG MAMA

Liar. But bless you.

Walter grabs some napkins, blot dries his sweaty face.

WALTER

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

BIG MAMA
Mmm-Hmmm, that's why we're frying
the catfish on the sidewalk.

Alexis nearly chokes on her food.

BIG MAMA
So...how you doin'?

ALEXIS
I'm good, Big Mama.

BIG MAMA
Mmm-Hmmm.

Big Mama stares, doesn't believe her. Alexis knows it.

BIG MAMA
Honey, there's no standing still,
you're either movin' forward, or
you're movin' back.

Big Mama sits, places a hand over Alexis', then...

BIG MAMA
Sugar, let me tell you something.
When your times up, it's up. Ain't
a thing in the world can stop that.

EXT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Last drop of daylight. Gorgeous. Gina escorts Alexis up
the sidewalk.

GINA
I was in such a rush--

ALEXIS
--Stop it. It's all right.

At the door, she whips out a CREDIT CARD from her billfold.
Inserts it into the door-jamb. Seconds later, it pops open.

Gina stares at Alexis, gratefully. Takes a beat, struggling
to articulate her torment. Instead-- manages a half-hearted
smile, then...

GINA
I need time.

Gina's PAGER GOES OFF... she watches Alexis go, clearly
concerned and conflicted.

EXT. CINCO DE MAYO - NIGHT

A spacious, two-level yacht with sand, lounging beds, and palm trees on its decks. Music. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE mingle and hang out near the bar where we find--

--Alexis looks scintillating in a backless mini dress, nurses a beer, still reeling.

Checks out her prospects, does a double-take, approaching--

MARITA CANIZALES, 30s, a good-girl wholesomeness, bad-girl edge, in a slinky little dress; all arms, legs, cleavage, clings to her insane sweaty body... ridiculously gorgeous and sexy.

She avoids Alexis' gaze, but as she passes by, shoots her a look with just enough flirt in it, before vanishing into the crowd.

EXT. CINCO DE MAYO - UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Peaceful. The glittering lights of Miami in the distance.

Sweat rolls languorously down a pair of SEXY LEGS as they saunter, confident, seductive. Diamond anklet glittering.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Wait!

She spins - Alexis eye-fucks her. Marita makes a mental note.

ALEXIS

Where are you going?

MARITA

Not that it's any of your business, but seeing where we are -- not too far.

ALEXIS

I spent the better part of an hour looking for you. My feet hurt.

Marita stares at Alexis' shoes, impressed.

MARITA

Well, you could have saved those pretty little feet the trouble -- if you hung out at the ladies room. I went twice.

ALEXIS

Come back to the bar with me.

MARITA

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

ALEXIS

What's wrong with that?

MARITA

Everything. If you're a woman like
me.

ALEXIS

And what type of woman would--

Marita lights up, her colossal WEDDING RING sparkles out of
control. Does a sexy sashay towards the rails, impulsively
brushes her hair aside.

Alexis stares - knows she should walk away, but she's too
floored by Marita's hotness.

MARITA

You still here?

ALEXIS

I'm not as smart as I look.

Marita LAUGHS - studies her, a subtle, but palpable sexual
attraction with Alexis, then--

ALEXIS

I'm Alexis. My friends call me
Alex. And you're...?

MARITA

Rosemarie. But I hate it. Call me
Marita.

Marita turns, faces the ocean. Gathers her hair in both
hands, sweeps it up off the nape, enjoying the breeze.

ALEXIS

They serve good food. You hungry?

MARITA

Not as hungry as you look.

ALEXIS

Have you ever had a wet pussy?

Marita - a little thrown, then...

MARITA

...what?! Excuse me--?!

INT. CINCO DE MAYO - LOUNGE - NIGHT

At a cozy booth, exotic drinks, they're lost in flirtatious banter.

MARITA

You were this close to getting that pretty little face of yours slapped.

(taste test)

Mmmm.

ALEXIS

Tastes like cotton candy, huh?

MARITA

You tell me.

Alexis smiles, liking the sound of it...

MARITA

Usually I just hang out at a nice little bar in Pinecrest.

ALEXIS

Pinecrest. Nice.

MARITA

So... what else do you like to do?

ALEXIS

Have sex.

Marita's surprised at her directness.

MARITA

Sex can be overrated, don't you think?

ALEXIS

Depends on your partner.

They toast, drink without taking their eyes off the other, then--

MARITA

I hate when it gets this hot...I miss listening to my wind chimes.

ALEXIS

Wind chimes--?

MARITA

Yeah...they hold my interest in the bedroom.

INT. CINCO DE MAYO - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Marita pulls some paper towels out of the container then soaks them in water. Wipes sweat from her face and neck.

She props a leg up on the sink, the hem of her dress curving tightly around her thighs. Marita senses someone watching--spots Alexis by the door.

Marita wipes down her calves, only more sensual, she can feel Alexis admiring her legs.

MARITA

You startled me.

ALEXIS

A whore's bath, huh?

MARITA

I hate being all hot, stinky, and sweaty. Don't you?

ALEXIS

Not when I work out. I love to get all sweaty and give it everything I got.

Marita stares - "Mmmm," then... examines a BRUISE on her thigh. Concerned, Alexis takes a closer look.

ALEXIS

What happened?

MARITA

I have these come-fuck-me bedroom slippers that he likes me to wear around the house. I'm clumsy in them.

Absent-mindedly, she runs her fingers softly along Marita's bruise, who shivers and shakes.

ALEXIS

I'm sorry. Does it hurt?

She hikes up her dress, a bit more, looks innocent enough, gives Alexis a languishing, inviting look.

Alexis - "OOH and AHH."

MARITA

No. Just this burning sensation.

Alexis doesn't know if she wants to kiss Marita, or run like hell. Too late -- a COLLEGE CUTIE staggers in, slips into a stall.

Marita hits the hand dryer, bends over, lets the COLD AIR blow wisps of hair out of her sweaty face.

MARITA

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

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marita strides across the darkened lot, escorted by Alexis. The humid night hitting their sweaty faces.

ALEXIS

You spend a lot of time at the beach?

MARITA

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

Marita de-activates the alarm to her SL-CLASS MERCEDES.

ALEXIS

And where would that be?

Marita flops down, flashes lots of cleavage and legs as she stomps out her cigarette with her heel... even in the murky light, her SHEER, WHITE PANTIES are blatantly visible under her dress.

MARITA

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

ALEXIS

Maybe I could see the rest of it.

Marita can't help but grin, swings her legs inside. Alexis hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

ALEXIS

Will I see you again?

MARITA

I don't know if that would be wise.

ALEXIS

Nothing wrong with us hanging out.

MARITA

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

Tires squeal as she drives off, leaving Alexis hooked.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street is eerily silent and still. A certain Mercedes creeps up, and stops at the red light.

INT. SL-CLASS MERCEDES - NIGHT

At the wheel - Marita. The light turns green. She drives through... WHAM! A MAN on a motorcycle SLAMS into the side of her car, topples across the hood. She freezes, somewhat freaked.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Heels clattering on the pavement... Marita strides towards him. The guy sits up and removes his helmet. JACK MILLER, 30s, ex-con, street guy, and to our surprise, doesn't look hurt.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Palm trees sway in a soft breeze. A beautiful Mediterranean villa, lots of glass offers a voyeuristic look of the lavish interior. A GAZEBO, GUEST HOUSE, jacuzzi, and inside a well-lighted pool...

A naked Marita sips wine, on the cordless phone.

MARITA

I thought I was okay to drive... I had to beg him not to call the police... I said I was sorry... luv ya too.

Abruptly ends the call, drains her drink, does laps, her bare ass glistens above the waterline.

EXT./INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE / OCEAN BLVD - DAY

Glass and steel towers gleam... Alexis cruises through downtown, wearing a bluetooth.

ALEXIS

Kids don't need large insurance policies. Saving bonds. Rookie cards of current Philadelphia Phillie Phanatic is a better investment for a while.

A BEEP. She reads a text: "Want to buy me something?"

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

On a leisurely stroll along a strip of coastline on South beach... Marita smokes, she looks cool, slightly sluttish, in a sexy white outfit.

Alexis lags behind, eyes crawling all over her sensual curves.

MARITA

He's an asshole. Hell, my Chihuahua treated me better than he does. At least he'd hump my leg and try to lick my pussy every now and again. At least he showed some fuckin' interest.

(off Alexis' look)

What am I talkin' 'bout. I'm sure you didn't come here to be burden with my marital problems.

ALEXIS

You want a shoulder to cry on. Is that it?

MARITA

Perhaps you were expecting something else.

Alexis - "OUCH!" Marita nods towards her necklace.

MARITA

Do you always wear that?

ALEXIS

Yes. Do you always dress like that?

MARITA

What...? This is Miami. Shorter the skirt, higher the heels, the better.

Long beat, then...

MARITA

Being a skirt chaser, I'd figured you'd enjoy the eye candy.

ALEXIS

I'd rather lick it.

A moment between them, sexual tension escalating... they resume their stroll.

MARITA

Have you always been into women?

ALEXIS

I'm not a man hater. I have been with men before. I just prefer women. I'm more comfortable doing that. You?...

MARITA

...call me an equal opportunity employer. The view is beautiful over here, don't you think?

ALEXIS

(staring at her ass)
Back here's even better. You should see it.

Marita blushes at the innuendo.

MARITA

I'll take your word for it.

They notice a VENDOR selling ice cream, she flicks out her cigarette.

MARITA

There. Chocolate.

A SHORT TIME LATER... they're laughing, trying to devour soft-serve ice cream cones as fast as their melting.

Lots of napkins, licking fingers, it's getting a bit messy.

ALEXIS

Greed. They kill co-workers -- family members -- fake their own death -- fleece the blind. Hell, one guy even ate glass to put money in his pockets.

MARITA

Are you kidding?

ALEXIS

Sadly, but true. Insurance fraud is lucrative, like porn. Net billions.
(then)
It's all good. Will just raise your premiums.

Marita laughs UPROARIOUSLY, clumsily spills chocolate all over her dress, gets chills. Some seep down her cleavage.

MARITA

Shit. See what you made me do.

ALEXIS

Oops! I'm sorry.

They toss their trash in a nearby receptacle. Alexis helps Marita wipe, but they're only smearing chocolate everywhere.

MARITA

We're only making it worse...let me get some wet paper towels. I'll be back.

She walks sexily off. Alexis, eyes firmly planted on her ass. Her Blackberry BEEPS; text... *"can you handle a hot Senorita and cold margarita?"*

Alexis, amazed she texted, now she's conflicted. Shuts her eyes - "SHIT."

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

CLICK-CLICK of high-heels, then... Alexis sees the place is a mess, trash conspicuously overflowing with paper towels. At the sink, water runs...

...Marita stands there as if waiting, hasn't cleaned up a bit, lifts her hair off her nape... a cigarette dangling from her lips.

ALEXIS

I see the maid refused to clean up.

MARITA

Probably.

Alexis moves behind her. Both stare at their reflections in the mirror, as if what they're doing is a dirty task that's unavoidable.

ALEXIS

You all right? I thought you where--

MARITA

--No paper towels.

ALEXIS

I'll grab some out of the--

Marita seems surprised, then...

MARITA

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you wanted to lick it.

INT. LADIES ROOM - STALL - NIGHT

BAM! They're on each other, sucking face, a full out sexual assault. She slips off Marita's dress strap, licks residue off her naked breasts.

Marita grabs Alexis forcefully by her hair, arching Alexis' head back, bites her lip, hard. Alexis grimaces, disturbed but excited.

Marita smiles with an erotic curiosity, wipes blood from Alexis' lips, then forces Alexis to her knees...

...Marita moans, her thighs rubbing, hips thrusting against Alexis' face as she eats her alive...

MARITA

Yes...yes...ohmygodyess.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Marita abandons the stall, blissful, scrubs her hands in the sink. Alexis exits, straightening herself, takes a whiff of the back of Marita's nape, intoxicated.

ALEXIS

Mmmmm...I love your scent. It's like natural heroine.

MARITA

It's the perfume. I only wear it on special occasions.

Marita re-applies lipstick, very sensual.

MARITA

By the way -- nice going. Now I'm a mess.

ALEXIS

When can I see you again?

MARITA

I need some paper towels... can you grab some from the men's room.

ALEXIS

Oh yeah. Be right back.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Messy. Alexis dashes inside. A MAN stands before a urinal, head resting against the wall. She smiles, then--

ALEXIS

Hey, how's it goin'?

Startled, he zips up fast, nearly catches his dick in his fly as he runs out. She laughs, grabs paper towels.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Deserted, except for Alexis, who stares at Marita's lipstick case conspicuously laid on the floor. She picks it up, then clicks out a rhythm on the tile, runs a clawed hand through her hair.

ALEXIS

Shit.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A sleazy, but expensive bachelor pad, backlit by GLEAMING SKYSCRAPERS...

...On the bed, Alexis, ass up, coated with sweat, biting the pillow-- Walter behind, they're going at it like two dogs in heat.

ALEXIS

Oh shit, Walter, when you do it hard like that I'm gonna come...you want this fuckin' pussy to explode, huh?

All of a sudden, Alexis lets out a ear-splitting SCREAM.

WALTER

Sorry. It slipped.

ALEXIS

Don't stop!

WALTER

What's gotten into you? I don't remember you ever being like this.

TEARS of repressed pain rolls down her cheek, smiling through greeted teeth...

ALEXIS

It's this heat...heat always gets me hot and crazy...makes me horny as fuck....but because it's so damn hot everything has started looking good...even you.

Her words sting. A violent thrusts...

ALEXIS

Jesus fuckin' Christ!

WALTER

Y'know...you really shouldn't use the Lords good name in vain.

ALEXIS

And when did you get religious, huh?

WALTER

I'm not a "religious" person, but I am spiritual. I have faith. I'd like to think everything happens for a reason. You know, part of God's "master plan."

ALEXIS

Horseshit! I don't think any of it is God's "master plan." I think it's just a case of getting fucked. Pardon my French.

WALTER

Seems you've lost more than just Frankie that night.

A mood killer. He's right, it shows on her face.

ALEXIS

Get off me. Get off me asshole!

She pushes him off roughly, grabs her clothes, slamming the bathroom door behind her.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

On the sofa, Alexis lies, heels kicked off, transfixed on Marita's lipstick case in her hands. KNOCK-KNOCK. She looks up--

--DETECTIVE MAX DUNCAN, 30s, sharp-dressed, edgier than his good looks suggest, walks in. No love lost here.

MAX

Alex.

ALEXIS

Max.

He stares at her cleavage. She shoots him a scornful eye.

MAX

What's the most important question on the mind of Alaskan lesbians?

(hesitates)

What would you do oh oh for a Klondyke bar.

Off his enigmatic grin -- Alexis looks annoyed. Max pulls out his note pad.

MAX

Where's your lesbian sense of humor at? You know -- tongue and cheek.

ALEXIS

Yeah. Well -- one of these days,
you're going to hear one of those
jokes and die laughing.

(then)

What do you want?

MAX

Heat waves usually spun crime waves.
Tell me about Polanski?

ALEXIS

He was a weasel. I fired his ass
for skimming money from our policy
holders.

MAX

Did you report him to the police?

ALEXIS

No. He returned every penny. Why?
What's going on?

MAX

Someone took the liberty of planting
a pipe bomb under his car.

Not too shocked by the news.

ALEXIS

Knowing Polanski, he was probably up
to no good.

EXT./INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmering off the waterways. As Alexis cruises
through an upper-class neighborhood aligned with palm trees
and million dollar homes.

Passes a sign; "PINECREST." She looks disappointed.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Break of dawn. Alexis is out on a morning jog, in love with
the rush, notices...

...a BEAUTIFUL SOCCER MOM, struggling to hold two
Chihuahuas, vicious snarling, trying to attack each other.

ALEXIS

Ah, they're so cute.

Alexis pats them.

SOCCKER MOM

Thanks. Actually I was only going to adopt one, but they were so adorable and loved to play together...I just had to even though the breeder tried to talk me out of it.

ALEXIS

What--?

SOCCKER MOM

Yes. He said it was best to adopt male and female pups. Apparently adopting two females is like playing Russian roulette, their future may be a question mark, and the risk is truly not worth it.

ALEXIS

What--? Plenty of female dogs get along peacefully.

SOCCKER MOM

And that's what I thought, but after I got 'em home, they started fighting like two dogs in heat. One day it escalated. Gigi here, almost killed Lulu.

Alexis is somewhat surprised.

SOCCKER MOM

Yeah. So I took them to the vet. She said when two female pups are close in age, there's a lot of competition, usually fighting over issues that prove rank, trying to establish alpha status.

(beat)

And me being the owner -- I'm the ultimate pack leader so I have to be knowledgeable of who's the higher rank, and pet her first. Less conflict.

Off Alexis, who lets it sink in.

INT. PINECREST BAR - NIGHT

Small, swank and smoky. In the half dark, SEEDY GENTLEMEN sweatin' their asses off, practically salivating over...

At the bar - Marita, tipsy, but not sloppy, smokes, dressed to fuck another man. FRED, 50s, the bartender, sets down a fan beside her.

She smiles in appreciation.

TOM (O.S.)
Can I buy you a chaser?

She turns - TOM, 30s, handsome, drink in hand, leans against the bar.

MARITA
No thanks. I have one asshole in there already.

Her words sting for a moment, then...

TOM
The third day in a row you've been here. Three strikes, he should be out.

Marita flashes her wedding ring.

TOM
Your mouth says one thing, but that outfit and eyes say another.

MARITA
No. They're pretty much in agreement.

Rejected, he walks off, mumbling under his breath when--

--Marita's LIPSTICK CASE NOISILY rolls across the counter, slams against her glass.

IN THE MIRROR above the bar - she notices Alexis. Both do a horrible job of hiding their lust.

Alexis slides onto the adjacent bar stool.

MARITA
I saw this movie once. A man has the hots for a woman. And she tells him, *"well, some men, when they get a whiff of it, they trail you like a hound."*

ALEXIS
I saw it. Body Heat.

Fred appears...

ALEXIS
Gin and orange.

FRED
Very British, Miss.

She nods in agreement. He leaves. Alexis' eyes cutting back and forth. They're the center of attention.

ALEXIS

There's nothing but men in here.

MARITA

They don't bother me. They know my husband. They know better.

Her comment lingers, then...

ALEXIS

Is it just me, or do you feel so horny at this moment. All I think about lately is sex.

MARITA

Yea...all this heat is making people crazy. How'd you find me?

ALEXIS

Besides this being the only bar in Pinecrest -- I pay attention.

Fred sets down her drink and leaves.

MARITA

Did you miss the part about me being married?

ALEXIS

I have a hot opportunity. And I'm not about to let it go cold.

Marita - "Ummmm." Leans in close, talking low and sexy.

MARITA

I'll make it HOT for you.

EXT. PINECREST BAR - NIGHT

In a dimly lit parking lot, a little tipsy, a little sexy, they stumble in a lusty craze, sucking face, bumping into cars, making their way to her Mercedes.

Marita RIPS Alexis' panties.

ALEXIS

Okay...but just so you know that was my lucky thong.

MARITA

I think it's working for you.

As they continue to move... Alexis, not letting up, all but devouring Marita, who slips the key remote out of her purse, an audible CHIRP, unlocking the doors.

MARITA

If you fuck like you kiss -- I'm in for a real treat.

Alexis smashes her against her Mercedes, slipping her hands under Marita's dress, who pulls away... just for an instant when--

--she HEARS voices. So does Alexis. They stop.

Two MEN staggers their way, seeing them in a compromising position, a possible lesbian involvement.

ALEXIS

Uh-oh.

In a hot flash - Marita breaks it off, SLAPS HER FACE HARD. Alexis recoils. Her eyes engage Alexis', searching for a sign that she understands, then...

MARITA

Are you crazy! Leave me alone.

Marita flops down behind the wheel and drives off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, lit only by the eerie glow of the motel's RED-LIT NEON SIGN. AC full blast, doing little to combat the heat as...

...Marita lies face-down, beaded in sweat, thrashing wildly as Alexis, JUST OUT OF FRAME, servicing her orally... going to town.

MARITA

You're a cunt-lapping genius. You know that, huh?

Her EYES FLIES OPEN... repulsed at first, before a wave of pleasure washes over her. In a nostalgia way...

MARITA

Oh Alex... that's so nasty.
(orgasmic breaths)
I've always wanted a man to do that to me.

Alexis pops her head up.

ALEXIS

You've never--

Marita forces her head back down...

MARITA

--No. He's much too conservative
for that.

...their bodies dripping in sweat, in the throes of hot and steamy lesbian sex; TRIBBING, violently, scavengers feeding off the other. Marita's nails dig into Alexis' back, blood trickles down.

Wildly passionate kisses, a hot, slithery chant...

MARITA

Ohh...I've never felt this hot
before.

SUDDENLY-- the FIRE SPRINKLERS goes off, douses the room and them with water. Ohgooooohhhhd! They squeal with delight...

...the sex continues, more urgent, desperate... something mutually pleasing is occurring.

Post-coital... they're holding, soaking wet, lovers whose last drop of passion has been spent on the other. Marita smokes.

MARITA

You having fun?

ALEXIS

Yeah. Fun is like life insurance,
the older you get the more expensive
it cost.

Marita lingers over Alexis, letting her matted hair drape over her. Kisses her passionately. Alexis chokes on the humidity.

MARITA

Hot enough for you yet?

ALEXIS

Omigod! Yes. Is it me... or is the
AC not working?

MARITA

No, it's just me. I'm constantly
overheated. I mean my body temp's
normal, but I seem to "throw off" my
body heat all day long. Even at
night with the air conditioning on --
I'm constantly throwing off the
covers.

Alexis -- yikes. Marita blows a ring of smoke in the air.

MARITA

Hell -- when I was living up in Montana with my ex-boyfriend, he'd use me to warm up the bed during the cold months. It usually only took me about ten minutes to warm him.

Marita extinguishes her cigarette in an ashtray loaded with butts, then--

MARITA

It wouldn't matter if we were locked in a freezer...you make me so hot!

ALEXIS

(ecstatic)

I can't freakin' believe this.

She crushes Alexis' mouth with hers. Alexis pushes Marita over, slides atop, deep FINGERNAIL SCRAPS are dug into her backside.

ALEXIS

You have that beauty that drives men wild and make women jealous.

MARITA

(pleased)

You like it hot, don't you? The car. The sex. Your women.

ALEXIS

As long as I don't get burned.

MARITA

You're playing with fire.

The cold truth hits home. Marita notices the burning desire in Alexis' eyes, then...

ALEXIS

I want to see you again.

MARITA

Do you think I want things to stop? I want more Alex... like you.

ALEXIS

Good.

Marita grabs her face with such cruelty, then...

MARITA

Listen... don't say nothin', keep this to yourself -- I mean it. If my husband ever found out... promise me...

Alexis notices fear in Marita's eyes, answers her with a kiss as they wrap themselves around each other...

...curtains wide open -- an EERIE SILHOUETTE, cut out in the shape of a woman, leering in at them.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

JANESSA, barely of legal age... sad, enters, makes her way through the pews, finds a CONFSSIONAL, steps inside.

INT. CHURCH - CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

The silhouette of a PRIEST, barely visible through the divided screen. She crosses herself and begins...

JANESSA

Forgive me father, for I have sinned. It's been a week since my last confession.

(sobs quietly)

I've lost my mind, and now I'm loosing my son, and I don't know what to do.

After a short beat...

PRIEST

Don't lose your faith, it is the light that will guide.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Early morning. Alexis runs hard into view, looks back - Walter struggles to keep up, stops to catch his breath.

ALEXIS

Don't tell me you're running out of gas already.

WALTER

You said two miles.

ALEXIS

We still have three more to go.

WALTER

Just call me a Taxi.

Alexis LAUGHS, does a u-turn, runs back.

ALEXIS

How about an ambulance.

Walter makes an "obscene," hand gesture.

WALTER

She wasn't too happy when I broke the news to her.

ALEXIS

For god sake, Walter. It's only a year. Hell, she'll probably be out in six months. Tell her to try doing five.

WALTER

'Bout the other night...

ALEXIS

Yeah. I'm still sore. C'mon.

Alexis suppresses her grin, takes off. Walter gives chase.

INT. JANESEA'S HOME - DAY

Low-rent apartment, decorated with furniture on loan from the Salvation Army. Despite the portable AC UNITS, it's a sweat box.

Janessa puts BILLS into piles on a table. Her mother, WILMA, 40s, watches her sorry state.

WILMA

Why in the hell did you even move out here anyway, huh? And don't say God told you too.

JANESEA

Fine. I got a wild hair up my ass.

Frustrated, Wilma nods her head towards the bills, then--

WILMA

Is he going to pay those?

Janessa grabs her waitress outfit.

JANESEA

Mom, you may not -- but I do believe certain things occur in our lives which in turn down the road can have an impact on us in a certain way.

(kisses her good-bye)

I better get going...see ya later.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - DAY

High-end. Classy. HOT STRIPPERS. Alexis watches Janessa perform. She's not really into it. A half-naked STRIPPER wraps her arms around Alexis.

STRIPPER

Hey, Sugar. Wanna lap dance?

ALEXIS

No thanks. I've seen enough.

She walks off. Alexis flashes a TWENTY. Janessa shimmies on over, puts on a happy face.

JANESSA

Well, hello.

She takes the money. Alexis hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

ALEXIS

I'm here about your slip-and-fall back injury claim. Insurance fraud is a felony. Are you aware of that?

Before she can speak...

ALEXIS

Two counts of worker's compensation fraud, and one count of theft by deception. They're all felonies. You're looking at seven years and about fifteen grand in fines.

MOMENTS LATER... at a private table, she confronts Janessa, who's on the verge of tears.

ALEXIS

I should tell you, I'm an Insurance claims adjuster, not an agent of the law. So you're under no obligation to answer my questions or even talk to me. You do understand?

JANESSA

My son is very sick. He needs an operation. My insurance company won't cover it.

Alexis, skeptical. Janessa's cell rings "*Jesus loves me this I know.*"

JANESSA

Mom, hold on.

ALEXIS

I'm going to check. Don't even think about skipping out on me.

JANESSA

When I'm not here, I'm with him. Room 304.

As Alexis leaves...

JANESSA

Ms. Carranco? Do you believe in God?

She's stymied by the remark, almost gets angry.

ALEXIS

What--? You waiting on a LIGHTNING BOLT FROM HEAVEN? It ain't coming.

JANESSA

Please don't fire him. He was just doing it for me.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

PETE, 20s, a wiry, geeky guy, stands nervously in front of Alexis, who's more disappointed than anything else with him.

ALEXIS

We've paid out thirty thousand in disability and medical benefits.

PETE

Her injuries still prevent her from "changing and standing positions."

ALEXIS

Your friend is a good dancer.

He turns pale as a ghost, breaks down.

ALEXIS

There's three keys to success and the one that amateurs always tend to forget... sheer audacity.

(then)

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't turn you over to the police?

KNOCK... Racine pops her head in.

RACINE

I don't mean to be a pest.

ALEXIS

It's fine Racine. What did you need?

RACINE

An auditor, Selena Koppikar called.

EXT. OUTDOOR BEACH BAR - DAY

Art Deco hotels fills the backdrop. Wide-eyed TOURISTS mill past... at the bar, Alexis and SELENA, 40s, an East Indian looker, sexy, but cold as steel, knock back beers.

ALEXIS

So... how's life down at the State
Insurance Department?

Alexis tosses peanuts in the air, catches them with her mouth. Selena speaks... a slight British accent.

SELENA

Boring. Last time I checked.

ALEXIS

So... what's up?

SELENA

Polasnki. I'm investigating his
books. We've got a shit-load of
complaints.

Selena swallows part of her drink.

ALEXIS

I'm not surprised. What for?

SELENA

He was stealing insurance premiums
from clients, but not buying the
promised coverage.

ALEXIS

How much?

SELENA

Half-a-mil. And no I haven't found
it yet. But I intend to.

ALEXIS

When are you coming to audit us?

SELENA

I'll surprise you.

Alexis - half-hearted smile, drains her drink. Grabs her things.

SELENA

You didn't steal anything did you?

Selena nods towards the TIP JAR. They trade cold looks.

ALEXIS

Fuck you!

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - NIGHT

Dark except for the landscape lights. It's windy, a light drizzle of rain falls. HEADLIGHTS follows...

...Marita drives up. Alexis pulls in behind her. They jump out, back from the nightclub, and absolutely smashed to the bejeezus.

ALEXIS

I love your place.

MARITA

It'll do.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In a frenzy, our MOONLIT lovebirds stumble through, kissing with passion... Marita reaches down, takes off one of her spiked heels...

MARITA

He's gone to visit his parents.

ALEXIS

Left you all alone, huh?

Marita's other shoe... Alexis removes it.

MARITA

So he thinks.

NAUGHTY CHUCKLES. Now Alexis has Marita pinned up against the glass-to-ceiling wall, it looks like a full out sexual molestation until...

...one of Alexis' heels completely breaks off the sole of her shoe, looses her legs, they collapse in a heap on the carpet...

...in each others arms, giggling and laughing. They kiss, more intense, grappling, both jockeying for position. Marita wrestles Alexis under her, then pins her arms to the carpet...

Alexis struggles playfully, trying to get free, but Marita wont let her... she stops.

MARITA

You can't always be in control.

Alexis laughs, they kiss. Marita breaks free, regains her footing, ascends the stairs, in hot pursuit, Alexis.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - NIGHT

A pair of black-gloved hands, belonging to a SHADOWY FIGURE, who stands in front of the glass, lowers their high-powered Cannon.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheer curtains billowing from the open doors, leading out onto the veranda. WIND CHIMES, lots of them, mingle with mute passion in the air...

...in a tangle of sheets, naked and sweating, Marita lies on her stomach, dirty-dogging, giving Alexis her booty, feeding Alexis' craving, who grinds atop...

IN THE MİRRORED HEADBOARD, she watches Alexis, having the time of her life.

ALEXIS

(on fire)

Yes. Yesssss...baby, give it to me.
Lift that ass!

Then... Marita's face contorts in agony. Concerned, Alexis hits the brakes.

ALEXIS

What--? Am I hurting you?

MARITA

No. Just my back.

Alexis moves off, eyes a bruise tattooed on her lower back. If she wasn't suspicious before, she is now.

ALEXIS

I didn't noticed that.

MARITA

We've been kind of busy. I had another nasty fall the other day.

ALEXIS

You walk fine when we're together.

MARITA

That's because I don't want you to know what a klutz I am.

Marita laughs. Alexis tries to laugh with her, but doesn't find it funny. Sensing this, Marita shakes her NAKED ASS, in a suggestive manner.

Alexis - glad she's lightened the mood.

LATER... amidst tangled sheets, they're lying quietly and contentedly in bed, listening to the wind chimes. Marita smokes a cigarette.

MARITA

Feels good.

ALEXIS

Yes... soothing.

On the night-stand, Alexis notices a WEDDING PHOTO of them. Wrestles with her conscience. This isn't lost on Marita either.

MARITA

That's him. Thomas.

ALEXIS

You two look happy.

MARITA

Looks can be deceiving. Does it bother you?

As Alexis fumbles for an answer-- Marita grabs the photo, tosses it in the drawer.

MARITA

Were just two people living under the same roof. I'm sick to death of him.

ALEXIS

If you're not happy, leave.

MARITA

He won't let me. It's all about control.

Marita kisses her long and hard.

MARITA

Hell, even his parents are mean to me. They hate me. I'm the gold digging bitch, who married him for his money.

ALEXIS

Did you?

MARITA

No. I turned down his first two proposals.

ALEXIS

Then why did you marry him?

MARITA

He was sweet. Now he's jealous,
possessive, and--

--DOORBELL RINGS. Alexis panics. Marita puts a finger to
Alexis' lips.

MARITA

Shhh-- you're just a friend staying
the night.

Marita crawls out of bed, pads towards the walk-in, stark
naked. Seconds later...

...reappears, more nude than not in a long, sheer robe and
high-heeled bedroom slippers with POM-POMS.

Alexis - a wanton smile.

ALEXIS

Maybe I should go to your spare
bedroom.

MARITA

You're in it.

ALEXIS

Oh... that's, um... nice.

Marita looks at her - "be right back."

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS strobe the exterior. Marita opens up to
find-- Two POLICE OFFICERS, both loose a bit of breath.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alexis, in a short, silk robe, stands on the veranda, nurses
a martini. Plays with the chimes. In the b.g., Marita
swaps out the sheets.

MARITA

Just the police. Apparently, the
neighbors called. Reported a
proowler... it's probably nothing.

ALEXIS

I noticed your guest house.

MARITA

Our maid lives there. She's out of
town. Death in the family. We keep
this up, I'm going to run out of
sheets.

Alexis grins greedily. Playfully, Marita tosses a pillow at her.

MARITA

Get over here and help me.

Alexis notices a gun lock box with a punch keypad on it near the nightstand. Marita follows her gaze.

MARITA

(sips)

His gun.

She puts down her martini glass, takes Alexis' and puts it down next to hers. Marita undoes Alexis' robe, kisses her breasts.

ALEXIS

I think so.

MARITA

I almost sideswiped a car the other day...thinking about you. It's crazy. You're always on my mind. I even tried to squeeze the images out.

Marita kisses her passionately, then--

MARITA

I haven't felt this way in a long time. You know what I mean?

Alexis, a mixture of happiness and apprehension.

ALEXIS

Yes.

MARITA

Come back to bed.

Marita walks seductively away, peeling off her robe as she goes... it takes Alexis a moment to realize she's died and gone to heaven.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Early morning. Marita walks seductively along the gangway towards the boat slips, looking cool, sexy, but slightly sluttish in her summer dress. An overnight bag slung over her shoulder.

She strides down the floating dock towards--

EXT. ALEXIS' YACHT - DAY

--A small yacht, luxurious sports coupe moored in its slip. Topside, Alexis stares.

Marita gives her a look that would make most men's hearts melt. Alexis helps Marita aboard, who comes straight into her arms for a hot kiss.

EXT. ALEXIS' YACHT - TOPSIDE - DAY

Somewhere on South Beach... idling on the waters. Alexis and Marita lay side-by-side, dripping wet, in the hottest bikinis.

Nearby, a cooler full of beer. Alexis is applying sunblock.

ALEXIS

To tell you the truth, sometimes I don't know what I am. I know I prefer women, I'm more comfortable doing that. But just eight months ago I was in a torrid affair with a man.

Marita takes a swig of beer.

MARITA

I mean having sex with someone you don't love, or you barely know. Like my husband. It feels sort of empty?

ALEXIS

It's me. It's who I am. I've sort of gotten use to it up until...
(off a fond memory)
...recently.

MARITA

And who might that be with?

ALEXIS

You.

And it sounded like a lie. They share a hot kiss.

MARITA

So how did you get into the insurance?

Alexis reminisces - painful. Marita notices.

ALEXIS

I'd rather not talk about it.

Alexis takes a mouthful swig of beer, then...

ALEXIS

For awhile I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. I did a bunch of odd jobs. I use to be a thief.

MARITA

What--? A thief?

ALEXIS

Uh-huh. I was pretty good too.

Marita gives her a surprised look. Sees Alexis is serious.

MARITA

I should have known. You stole my heart.

A tender moment, then... Alexis moves on her, they grope and claw at each other hungrily.

MARITA

I thought the water would cool us off, but it's still hotter than a bitch.

ALEXIS

Why do you hide those bedroom eyes?

MARITA

You like those, huh?

Marita takes off her sunglasses.

MARITA

Is that better?

ALEXIS

Perfect.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

She rifles through shoe boxes, something slides out from behind one of them, falls to the floor. She reaches down and picks it up.

A rusted-out POCKET KNIFE.

QUICK FLASH:

Inside an SUV - Frankie's beside Alexis, who opens a gift wrapped box; the pocket knife.

ALEXIS

(overwhelmed)

Oh, Frankie.

(MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

You're lucky pocket knife. You've had this since you were a kid. I can't--

FRANKIE

--Indulge me. I have no use for it anymore. You might need it one day.

RESUME SCENE. Just before the tears come, Alexis reigns them in.

EXT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE / DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

Throwback from the eighties. On the SCREEN; "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." The top is down. In the back, they sit close, intimate. Marita devours a bucket of popcorn. Alexis is more interested in making out.

MARITA

You're missing the best part.

ALEXIS

(stroking Marita)
Baby, I've seen it six times.

MARITA

Did you know several days into the filming of this, Mrs. Taylor was suppose to fly out to New York with her husband...oh what was his--

ALEXIS

--Mike Todd.

MARITA

Yeah, that's him. I think he was being honored for something, or whatever. Anyway, she came down with a terrible virus, canceled plans to fly with him--

ALEXIS

--Yea...if I remember correctly, the plane crashed, killing everyone on board.

MARITA

Weird, huh? Kinda creepy if you ask me. You think fate had something to do with it?

Alexis stops, clearly uncomfortable.

MARITA

Like the night we met.

(MORE)

MARITA (CONT'D)

You know, I almost didn't go, but a friend talked me into taking that boat ride. Was it just coincidence? Chance? Accident? What do you think?

No good answer, Alexis opts for mischief to deflect; slides her hand under Marita's dress and between her legs.

MARITA

Does your libido ever slow down?

ALEXIS

This is nothing. I can remember when I first started having sex -- it was off the charts. I use to masturbate all the time. Sometimes between my college classes in the bathroom.

Marita moans.

ALEXIS

Hell, my ex got exhausted from me always wanting it. He couldn't keep up. I drove him nuts. He used to call me a dog in heat. It's higher at certain times. You know -- when it really gets hot out. Like it is now.

MARITA

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

Alexis reaches across the front seat.

MARITA

What are you doing?

ALEXIS

What does it look like?

As the top goes up, Marita laughs, leans back, pulling Alexis with her. Popcorn spills.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark, tight, and claustrophobic. Pool equipment strewn about. Moonlight constantly washes over...

Alexis stands naked, drenched in sweat, facing out the small window. Seconds later... a similarly nude Marita rises up behind her, puts her arms around Alexis, and reaches around to her nether region.

ALEXIS

You're killing me, babe.

MARITA

Not yet. C'mon. Let's do it again
and again.

ALEXIS

Gimmie a sec. It's hotter than hell
in here. What's wrong with your
bedroom?

MARITA

I thought we could use a change of
scenery. C'mon lie down.

They fall onto the futon sofa that's been turned into a bed.
As the fooling around begins anew...

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Once again - a shadow falls across the window, spying on our
lovers.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - TENNIS COURTS - DAY

On the blisteringly-hot court, Alexis and Walter, slugging
it out. He laces a wicked ACE past her. Pumps his fist in
victory.

They grab bottles of water. Alexis looks drained.

WALTER

Where have you been? I haven't seen
you in awhile. Its been what... two
weeks?

ALEXIS

Yeah, but it doesn't feel that long.

WALTER

Ah, you've met someone. I want all
the juicy details.

ALEXIS

Just because we're the occasional
fuck buddies... doesn't mean I'm
going to share every little detail
about my private life.

WALTER

You have to admit I was on my game
today.

ALEXIS

No. I was off mine.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - GAZEBO - NIGHT

A torrential downpour. More WIND CHIMES... and they're sitting below rather cozily on the sofa, Marita's legs rests in Alexis' lap, who massages her feet.

MARITA

You've been kinda of quiet today.

ALEXIS

Thinking.

MARITA

About what?

ALEXIS

You... me... us.

MARITA

Us...I love the sound of that.

Alexis's eyes transfixed on her anklet. Marita notices.

MARITA

Don't you want to know what's engraved on it?

Yes. She looks: "Alex." Alexis is falling hard, scared to death. Marita slides into her lap, smothers her mouth with hers.

ALEXIS

Your neighbors--

MARITA

(giggling)

--Were not fooling anybody...you've been here a lot this past week. Besides, this is Pinecrest, no one here sees anything but themselves.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - VERANDA - NIGHT

The chimes are gone. Alexis, showered, in a short robe, notices.

ALEXIS

Hey, did somebody steal the chimes?

And that's when Marita, half wet, naked under an undeniably, and suggestive nightgown, strolls from the bedroom.

MARITA

No, silly, I took them down. No need for them.

(kisses Alexis)

He'll be back tomorrow.

ALEXIS

I know. What happens then?

MARITA

Well, will go on with our normal lives. And see each other when we can.

Not what Alexis wanted to hear.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, Alexis pours tequila, slams it, then pours another. In the b.g., Marita's moisturizing her legs.

ALEXIS

Don't you get tired of this sneaking around?

MARITA

Yes, but what choice do we have?

ALEXIS

Just ask for the divorce again.

MARITA

I told you. He wont let me go. No way. No how. We can just forget that.

Their faces shows frustration.

MARITA

I hate him. I dread going back to him. You do believe me. Don't you?

ALEXIS

Yes, of course.

MARITA

I'm stuck in a loveless, no exit marriage.

Alexis senses Marita wants to ask her something.

ALEXIS

What?

MARITA

I'm thinking about getting some accident insurance.

ALEXIS

I wouldn't recommend it?

MARITA

Why?

ALEXIS

It's just a c'mon some agents use to make extra money. *Unless you plan on starring in a b-movie that depends on your accidental death, than no.*

She kisses Alexis, then turns on the sex appeal.

MARITA

He's prone to have accidents. Last year he broke his leg. I could pay for it myself.

ALEXIS

Without him knowing?

MARITA

Yes.

Alexis searches her eyes, unsure if she heard right, but Marita's gaze is unwavering... she's dead serious.

ALEXIS

You can't getaway with it.

MARITA

(plays dumb)
Alex, what are you talking about?

ALEXIS

You want him dead, don't you?

MARITA

That's preposterous!

A deathly silence. Marita breaks it off.

MARITA

Don't look at me like that. I didn't mean to give you the wrong impression.

They move closer, at an impasse when--

MARITA

Oh, Alex, I don't want to kill him, but if he broke his neck, I wouldn't cry about it.

ALEXIS

How long have you been thinking about it?

MARITA

Every time he beats me the crap out of me. Don't tell me you didn't suspect.

Near the veranda, Alexis' face tightens in anger. She can't argue with that as she stares at the awful moon.

Marita tosses ice cubes into a glass, fixes a cocktail.

MARITA

Hell, I even signed a pre-nup.

ALEXIS

Why did you go and do a crazy thing like that?

MARITA

I loved him at first. And I thought if he could see that, he'd tare the damn thing up.

ALEXIS

You get nothing, is that it?

MARITA

Not one penny. Even his life insurance policy goes to his children.

Alexis paces, relentless, contemplating. Marita sips.

MARITA

All the verbal, mental, and physical abuse. I don't want to walk away empty handed.

ALEXIS

Is everything about money?

Marita EXPLODES, hurls her drink at a mirror, and it explodes in a thousand shards.

MARITA

Call it a goddamn consolidation prize!

A dark silence falls over them. What few pieces of glass remain, reflect their FRAGMENTED IMAGES. Marita softens, her eyes well up.

MARITA

If you want us to be together -- than it's the only way.

Marita falls into her arms, they hold tight.

MARITA

Oh, Alex. I can't take it anymore. Why can't two people who belong together, be together. I'd rather kill myself than live without you. I'll ask him for another divorce.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

Fax machine BEEPS. Alexis, irritable, is feeding things into a shredder, then paces back and forth when--

--Racine barges in, flops down on the sofa.

RACINE
(playful)
Are you a shark?

ALEXIS
Huh?

Racine pats the cushion beside her. Alexis joins her.

RACINE
You've been pacing around in circles for the last hour. You wanna talk about it?

ALEXIS
No. Definitely not.

RACINE
I know that look. You're thinking about crooking the house. Aren't you?

ALEXIS
I don't know what your talkin' about.

Alexis' body language betrays her.

RACINE
C'mon. Who are you kidding? Bank Tellers. Cashiers. Remember... I use to be a blackjack dealer. I still lie awake at night thinking how I can steal from that casino.
(beat)
But the thought of getting caught and what they'd do to me. Forget about it.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - NURSES STATION - DAY

LIZZIE, 40s, a pretty nurse, armload of charts, looks over a large marker board; patient, doctor, stats, etc.

Gina, in her white doctor's coat, flips through a chart.

LIZZIE
So you're going to keep the good doctor dangling awhile?

GINA

Why not? It maybe the only marriage proposal I get.

They laugh. Gina turns to go, something catches her eye.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - ICU ROOM - DAY

The only sound, a gentle HISS of an oxygen feed. Janessa sits beside ANDREW, 6 - hooked up to all sorts of medical equipment. Pale and gaunt, he tries to keep his breathing steady.

In the b.g. Alexis looks on. She turns to go, runs into Gina. They smile, lost in each others eyes.

INT. WALTER'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Messy. Shelves cluttered with books. He enters, fanning himself with his fedora. Marita's casually draped across the dingy sofa.

WALTER

Well -- hello stranger.

Sets his things down.

WALTER

I played golf with your husband last week. He says I have a handicap.

MARITA

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

WALTER

He might not like what he see.

MARITA

Oh. Yes he would. He wants me to be happy. So I heard the old bastard settled.

WALTER

Uh-huh. Two-hundred and fifty grand.

MARITA

I didn't expect him to shell out that much. And what about him? What's his name...?

WALTER

Jack. We have to pay him. And it's way past due.

MARITA

How 'bout another option. I fuck you -- and we split it.

Walter moves towards her, eyes full of lust.

WALTER

He'll sing like a canary if we don't.

Marita massages his crotch.

MARITA

What if he gets busted for a more serious crime...huh? Don't think for a second he wont sing to save his own little scrawny neck.

She unbuttons his pants.

MARITA

Relax... Jack's going to get it much sooner than later.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - CAFETERIA - DAY

At a back table, Gina eats from a TUPPERWARE BOWL. Alexis' mind is someplace else.

GINA

It's an experimental procedure and they wont pay. He's a very sick boy, and he'll die without it. But I wrote a letter. So will see. We're doing all we can. Do you know them?

ALEXIS

No.

GINA

The online donations are helping with some of their medical bills, but that surgery is just way too expensive.

Gina feeds Alexis a forkful of food. She senses Alexis wants to ask her something.

GINA

What--?

Alexis struggles to get the words out.

ALEXIS

I, uh, wanted to talk to you about the other day. I was--

GINA

--Don't worry about it. Maybe it's best this way, huh--?

As both wrestle with her remark...

GINA

You seem more quiet than usual.

Alexis doesn't want to answer; ducks the question.

ALEXIS

I just got a lot going on. That's all.

GINA

Oh, before I forget.

She reaches into her coat pocket, lays down: "*The Postman Always Rings Twice.*"

ALEXIS

Did you finish it?

GINA

Uh-huh. It was only a 100 pages or so. Oh yeah... there was no postman or even one alluded to. Did you know that?

ALEXIS

Yeah. The title, it's something on a non sequitur. Actually it's the subject of much speculation. I dunno, maybe the postman being God, or fate.

(remembering)

The "delivery" meant for Frank was his own death for retribution for killing Nick. But he missed the first "ring" when he got away with the first killing. However the Postman rang again...

GINA

...ah, and it was heard because Frank was wrongfully convicted of Cora's murder, and sentenced to death.

ALEXIS

Uh-huh. The inescapable fate is further underscored when Nick survived Frank's and Cora's first murder attempt, only to be done in by their second.

GINA

Do you think it's true? That he
always rings twice?

Alexis' eyes target-lock on the novel. Gina's PAGER GOES OFF.

GINA

I have to go.

Gina gives her a quick kiss and dashes out. Alexis watches her, longingly.

EXT. ADULT VIDEO STORE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack walks across the dark lot, humming a happy tone, and oblivious too...

...the sound of FOOTSTEPS fast approaching.

A pair of BLACK HIGH-HEELED BOOTS pounds the pavement as a WOMAN, black-skirted and jacketed, lifts a baseball bat--

--Hammers it down across the back of Jack's skull. Brutal THWACK! He collapse on buckling knees. Out cold. She searches his pocket, grabs keys, drags him back towards the store.

EXT. ADULT VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Alarms BLARE. Smoke billowing from the building. Flames glows inside. An EXPLOSION blows out the windows.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Lots of blue sky. Alexis is standing in the parking lot, watching -- Marita jumps out of her Mercedes, sunglasses, and makes a beeline for her.

MARITA

I told Thomas.

ALEXIS

What did he say?

MARITA

It's not what he said... it's what he did.

Marita whips off her glasses - purple and black welt over her eye. Barely noticeable. Alexis' eyes redden in rage.

They cling together. Alexis has wrapped herself in guilt.

MARITA

I was so scared. I thought he was going to kill me.

INT. ALEXIS' YACHT - MAIN CABIN - DAY

Barefoot, Alexis paces; a powder keg of emotion, gets a --
FLASH OF MEMORY:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

--Alexis, 20s, in a heated argument with a MAN. All in silence. He wails on her, tosses her around like a rag doll.

--Alexis, discoloration under one eye, a cut lip, flies at him with a knife... STABS HIM repeatedly.

MARITA (V.O.)

You all right?

BACK TO SCENE

Alexis is jostled out of her reverie. Marita emerges from the back bedroom.

ALEXIS

My husband use to beat me. I damn near stabbed him to death. Did five years. A woman should never have to go through that.

MARITA

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

They share a quiet look of conspiracy.

ALEXIS

There was these two little old ladies... the "Golden Girls."

Alexis mixes cocktails. Marita lights up, lifts her matted hair up off her nape, pauses for a beat, just the way Alexis likes.

ALEXIS

They'd take in homeless men, fix them up, then take out insurance policies on them. Wait two months then knock' em off.

Marita listens intently.

ALEXIS

The problem, they went to the well,
once too often.

(beat)

Another woman enclosed her husband
inside their garage, and tried to
make it look like carbon monoxide
poisoning.

MARITA

What happened?

ALEXIS

An autopsy revealed he was already
dead.

Alexis hands her a drink.

MARITA

I've never been more sure of anything
in my life. About you... about us...
and about him.

ALEXIS

Then -- he'll have to die.

A little thrill runs through Marita.

ALEXIS

It will take a lot of planning and
some resolve.

MARITA

You'll have to do it. I've known
him too long that I know I would
flinch at the last moment and make a
mess of the whole thing.

ALEXIS

I don't mind doing it.

MARITA

But how?

ALEXIS

Killing a man... easier said than
done. Books. Movies. Make it look
too easy. Guns, knives, poison, car
crashes... piece of cake.

MARITA

I don't know shit about cars, but
you do.

ALEXIS

Sure -- tinkering with the braking
apparatus, but there's no guarantee
a crash will be fatal.

Alexis paces... racks her brain.

MARITA

Poison?

ALEXIS

No. That would be the first thing they check. It needs to look like an accident, especially one that's going to include a double indemnity clause.

Marita's eyes light up. Alexis, really getting into it now.

MARITA

Double Indemnity--?

ALEXIS

Yeah...it's a provision whereby the company agrees to pay double the face amount of the contract...on certain accidents that almost never happen. And it needs to be one too...no motive...no connection...everything has to be *DEAD ON*.

MARITA

Thomas, he'll never sign. He's too stubborn. That's why--

ALEXIS

--I know someone. He use to be a prison guard. He'll help us.

EXT. OCEAN BLVD - DAY

Crowded sidewalks. Traffic humming. Alexis and Max walk. They check their cell phones, drink bottles of water.

MAX

Jack Miller. You've heard of him?

ALEXIS

Yeah. He's a petty thief. A master of forgery. He use to help Polanski run his scams. Why?

MAX

He's dead. That adult bookstore that was torched... he was in it.

Max notices her preoccupied gaze, then...

ALEXIS

What? Arson?

MAX

Yep. We found a splinter of wood in his skull. Probably a baseball bat.

ALEXIS

So he was already dead.

Alexis lets it sink in.

ALEXIS

They were probably in on something.

MAX

But what? Is the question.

ALEXIS

I'm not a cop. Am I missing something here?

MAX

My partner is a douchebag.

Alexis smirks, hands him a folded piece of paper. Max checks.

ALEXIS

Can you run a BG check for me. My resources are limited. Don't want us to get blind-sided.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Alone, Janessa sits in the pews, weeping, emotional, a mess. A PRIEST sits beside her, tries to comfort her. She forces a smile.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

Alexis is staring at her laptop screen. Deep breath and clicks. KNOCK-KNOCK. She looks up to see Max.

MAX

What's the leading cause of death with lesbians?
(off her annoyed look)
Hair balls.

ALEXIS

Well--?

MAX

They're clean. Not even a parking ticket.

ALEXIS

Max, you know what your problem is?... you just can't let it go?

At first he doesn't understand, then...

ALEXIS

Susan.

MAX

Aw, jeez. You had to go there, didn't you? The fact that my wife left me for another woman has nothing to do with it... well -- not anymore. We've both moved on with our lives... you should to.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

WAVES crash along the pristine beach. It's paradise.

Our lovebirds walk, heels in hand. Marita seems a lot more relaxed than Alexis.

MARITA

What happened to your friend?

ALEXIS

He's dead.

A short beat, then...

ALEXIS

We've got to be careful. From here on out. But your phone records could be a problem. I mean we can account for a couple of the calls, but--

MARITA

--No. I've been using a hobby phone.

(off Alexis' surprise)

Yeah, I brought it after we met. I knew we had something special.

They share a passionate kiss...

ALEXIS

Tomorrow night. I'll need a witness.

MARITA

Sophia.

ALEXIS

What? Are you sure?

MARITA

Yes. She's never seen you. And besides -- she doesn't want to be deported.

Off in the distance...

A TELEPHOTO LENS is perched up on an abandoned lifeguard tower. Selena, bikini'd, puts photo gear back into a bag.

PRELAP... doorbell RINGS.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Marita, looking fabulous in a body-slimming nude gown with crystals. Upswept hair. A stark contrast from the vixen we've come to know.

She opens up - Alexis, stunning cocktail dress. Attaché case. They AD-LIB GREETINGS, try to keep it professional, but...

...Alexis is unable to avert from looking.

ALEXIS

Versace--?

MARITA

Yes...the crystals are by Swarovski.
(then)
You didn't have trouble finding the place did you?

ALEXIS

No.

Their voices down to a whisper now.

ALEXIS

I so want to maul you right now.

MARITA

(winks)
And I so wish you could. I got him all liquored up.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THOMAS JORGE, 50s, looks imposing, but he's a teddy bear in a tux, mauls over documents. Beside him, Alexis masks her disdain as she makes the hard sell.

In the backdrop, SOPHIA, 20s, a gorgeous HISPANIC WOMAN, a bit nervous, probably illegal, polishes furniture. Marita observes the proceedings.

ALEXIS

We can save you a lot of money, Mr. Canizales.

THOMAS

I like my insurance company. I've been doing business with them for years.

ALEXIS

Loyal. I like that. I tossed in some pretty good incentives that your company doesn't--

THOMAS

--save it. My wife wants to switch.

He's not what she expected. She pulls out a pen, hands it to Thomas. Alexis studies him as he goes to scribble...

MARITA

Thomas?

He looks back.

THOMAS

Yes?

Marita hooks on a pair of earrings. Alexis, cool and calm, swaps the document on the table for another.

MARITA

We're going to be late baby if we don't hurry up.

Thomas signs. Alexis hands him the original.

ALEXIS

And this copy? It's for the main corporate office.

He studies it for a second. Marita and Alexis exchange a discreet glance. Both on pins and needles. Thomas signs.

THOMAS

Anything else?

ALEXIS

No, that does it. Thank you. We're so glad to have your business.

THOMAS

Yes, I see.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Both cross towards the door, watch Thomas disappear down the corridor. Alexis turns to Marita, a flicker of doubt in her eyes.

They steal a kiss, then...

MARITA

You better go before I maul you.

INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - NIGHT

At the wheel - Alexis, face dark with concern. Through the windshield -- the Canizales' SUV.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Ritzy. Chandeliers. Affluent couples, dressed to the nines, enjoy a bizarre menu of foods. Alexis enters, surveys the place.

At a private booth-- Thomas and Marita at the tail-end of a candlelit dinner. Flash of alarm in Marita's eyes.

Alexis waltz's over. Thomas looks up.

ALEXIS

Well, this is a nice surprise.

THOMAS

Ms. Carranco, if I knew you would be here, I would have asked you to join us.

Her and Marita exchange smiles.

ALEXIS

It's one of my favorite restaurants.

THOMAS

Would you like to join us?

ALEXIS

Sure, why not.

He motions for a WAITER. She slides next to Marita, who makes room. Marita mouths, "Are you crazy."

UNDER THE TABLE

She forces Alexis' hand up under her dress, and between her legs.

THOMAS (O.S.)
 Another bottle of your finest
 Champagne.

RESUME SCENE. Thomas nods his head towards her necklace.

THOMAS
 That's beautiful. Does it have some
 meaning?

ALEXIS
 A symbol of pride and solidarity
 among lesbians and some feminist.

THOMAS
 (jokingly)
 Well, you're too fuckable to be a
 lesbian. So you must be a feminist.

ALEXIS
 Especially, when it comes to fucking
revenge.

Her comment hangs in the air. Marita's arousal escalates.
 The Waiter appears, re-fills their glasses, then leaves.

THOMAS
 Are you obsessed with the feminist
 movement as well?

ALEXIS
 No. I have other obsessions.

THOMAS
 That's the problem with obsessions,
 they can kill you. You never know
 what it is...until you cross that
 line.

Marita's eyes close, trying to concentrate, she can barely
 hold onto her Champagne glass, the bubbly liquid swishing.

ALEXIS
 Depends. Most people tend to take
 them lightly. A certain rock star
 or sex. Usually there just saying
 they like these things more than
 others.

THOMAS
 American's are obsessed with money.
 The French, food. Russians, booze.
 Argentinian's, obsessed with their
 looks. Italians with fashion.

ALEXIS
 Now serious obsessions.
 (MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

That's another story all together.
A dangerous preoccupation with a
specific thought, person, or thing.

He turns to Marita, who looks flushed. His hand dips below the table. Her and Alexis share - "a deer in the headlights look."

UNDER THE TABLE

Surreptitiously, her thighs still rubbing, thrusting against Alexis' hand... Thomas' runs along her leg, just inches from Alexis'.

Marita's hand dips INTO FRAME, gently removes his.

RESUME SCENE

THOMAS

Honey, you all right?

MARITA

Yes, it's just the heat. You know
it's been so hot lately. I'll be
all right.

THOMAS

This is my obsession. I'd be lost
with out her. She means everything
to me.

Thomas kisses her. Alexis shoots Marita a suspicious look. This isn't lost on Marita, who's getting nervous.

THOMAS

I have no idea what my lovely wife
seen in me. She's my life.

Alexis flexes her forearm, Marita inhales a sharp pain, jumps with a start... so does the tablewear. Thomas is startled.

All eyes are on their table.

THOMAS

Rosie, you all right?

Discreetly, Alexis removes her hand. It's too much for Marita, who grabs her purse...

MARITA

I'm fine. Excuse me, I need to use
the ladies room.

With her back to her husband, Marita slides over the leather cushions, across Alexis lap, showing off her cleavage, and a look - "beckons her to come."

Marita tracks through the restaurant, Alexis on her heels, ready to stir the pot.

MARITA

You did that on purpose, didn't you?

INT. RESTAURANT - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Deserted until-- Alexis pulls the restroom door shut behind them, locks it. There's a weird calm in her demeanor.

MARITA

What are you doing here?

ALEXIS

You're not happy to see me?

MARITA

Of course.

She kisses Alexis deeply. It's not easy, but Alexis stands her ground. Marita can feel something wrong.

MARITA

What's wrong?

ALEXIS

Thomas seems like a happily married man. One who loves you very dearly.

MARITA

Alex. It's all an act.

ALEXIS

What... you take me for a fool?

Now Marita's demeanor changes, then flatly...

MARITA

No! What's gotten into you?

ALEXIS

I know women like you.

Marita EXPLODES in a fury, slapping, pawing at Alexis, who manages to corral her flailing arms, immobilizes her.

ALEXIS

Stop it! I said STOP!

She calms down, gasping for breath. They stare.

MARITA

...I told you -- it's an act. He's even got you fooled.

ALEXIS

We've just signed your husbands
death certificate. If you play me--

She cuts Alexis off with a steamy kiss.

MARITA

Oh, Alex. I want you more right now
than I ever had.

Forcefully, Alexis grabs a handful of Marita's hair, YANKS
back. Hard. And let there be no fuckin' misunderstanding
either...

ALEXIS

When I walked through those prison
doors...I promised myself I'd never
go back...but if you play me, I'll
be doing twenty-five to life.

MARITA

You're hurting me.

Alexis lets go, a moment between them. She stalks out.

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Marita paces, chomping at the bit. Walter sits in a chair,
twirling his fedora.

MARITA

I was right. Looks are deceiving.
Alex is a helluva lot smarter than
she looks.

He shoots her a look: *toldja*. Takes a generous gulp of his
drink.

WALTER

She's been in this business awhile --
knows peoples motives pretty damn
well. We've got to be careful.
Alexis is a double-edged sword...not
only does she go both ways...but
cuts to...and knows all the tricks
of the trade... more than a car full
of monkeys. Hell--

MARITA

--So do I. She'll do it. I just up
the ante.

WALTER

No. You know I hate that.

Walter, uncomfortable at the thought. She senses it, grabs
him, forces Walter to look.

MARITA

Walter, don't be a wuss. No time for it.

(softens)

Look, I know this is going to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me.

But trust me...

(smiling)

I'll get over it.

Reluctant, he throws a weak punch. It has absolutely no effect. There's a flash of rage in Marita. She controls it, then...

MARITA

Walter?

He spins -- WHAM! She COLDCOCKS him. Walter drops, gushing blood from his nose. Picks himself up, eyes full of rage.

MARITA

There's 50 mil on the table -- and I be damn if you, or anyone else screw things up.

In a flash -- levels Marita with a devastating RIGHT CROSS. She spits out blood, licks her busted lip. She can barely hide her excitement.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - NIGHT

In the dark, Alexis is pacing in the living room, looking uncomfortable. Nurses a drink and doubts. The doorbell BUZZES.

She peers into the fish-eye, not surprised by who it is.

Marita - teary-eyed. Alexis stops short, feels bad. The tension breaks.

MOMENTS LATER... Marita's curled up alongside Alexis on the sofa. Alexis looks off, a little girl lost. Marita follows her gaze-- the PHOTO OF FRANKIE.

ALEXIS

My brother Frankie. He was always the good one. Smart, never got in trouble, or laid.

(laughs)

He was an ordained priest. Saving himself for the right woman.

Marita urges her on, moved by her story.

ALEXIS

I'd just walked out of prison.

(MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

He drove over four hundred miles to come get me. I knew he was tired so I talked him into letting me drive. You know -- just to give him a break.

Alexis - very emotional now, gets up, handles his urn, thoughtful.

ALEXIS

We didn't make it two miles, when I lost control. Flipped several times down a ravine. Unfortunately he took the brunt of it. I couldn't save him.

MARITA

I'm so sorry.

ALEXIS

Come to find out -- he had taken it to a body shop known for cutting corners. Super low prices. They used a clothes hanger to wire his steering wheel together.

MARITA

Oh my god! That's horrible.

ALEXIS

I got a good lawyer and sued those bastards. The settlement was so huge -- it put them out of business.

Alexis kisses his urn, then sets it back down. They share a quiet moment of bonding.

ALEXIS

And that's when--

MARITA

--You found your calling, huh?

Alexis nods in agreement.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the virtual dark - Thomas wipes the sleep from his eyes, as he descends the stairs, doesn't see the THUMB TACK that's clearly been conspicuously laid on the steps. Stumbles on it.

He SCREAMS, falters, misses a step, loses his balance, and tumbles down.

Marita appears, eyes Thomas, who lies at the bottom of the stairs, in excruciating pain. She looks deflated. Starts down, in no rush.

INT. HARLAN'S SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Alexis breezes through, stops to enjoy the AC. Harlan walks from his office, chewing tobacco.

ALEXIS
Harlan. Feels good.

HARLAN
Oh yeah. Now you can kick up your feet and stay awhile.

Alexis manages a faint smile, then something catches her eye. She WHIPS off her sunglasses. Harlan follows her gaze.

Marita's RIGHT-FRONT QUARTER PANEL, lies against the wall.

ALEXIS
Did that come off a Mercedes?

HARLAN
Yea... a woman brought it in a few weeks ago. Nice set of milk jugs. Pretty damn hot too... you'd like her. She's just your type.

She lets the comment simmer, then scrutinizes it - there's a TIRE TREAD.

HARLAN
She wanted a rush job. Paid cash. And left this old geezer a nice tip.

ALEXIS
Did she say what happened?

HARLAN
She said she made a wide turn and swiped a pole.

ALEXIS
Ummm...no way.

HARLAN
Nope. I didn't buy it for a second. I'm thinking--

ALEXIS
--A motorcycle.

HARLAN

Uh-huh. I just happened to glance at her insurance paperwork. Would you like her name?

Off Alexis, who shades her eyes, lets the question linger.

INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE / EXT. WOODS - DAY

Top is down. Alexis behind the wheel, seat reclined all the way back. Marita sits in Alexis lap, kissing her, trying to explain.

MARITA

I let Sophia borrow it. I told you she was illegal.

ALEXIS

That would make sense.

MARITA

What makes sense?

ALEXIS

Nothing.

(off their kiss)

You know, we can't see each other for a while, right?

MARITA

That's the part I don't like. At all.

ALEXIS

It's a necessary evil.

MARITA

Just saying. I don't have to like it.

ALEXIS

Did you bring it?

Marita breaks it off, digs in her purse, pulls out a SPARE KEY, and piece of paper. Alexis examines it.

ALEXIS

Sophia?

MARITA

She's staying with her boyfriend tonight.

ALEXIS

Is that the correct code?

MARITA

Yes. I doubled checked to make sure he didn't change it.

ALEXIS

Before you return home, make sure you pick up the key at the drop off point.

MARITA

Alex, we've been over it a million times.

Alexis hands her an envelope.

ALEXIS

Put it in your safety deposit box. And remember...you never saw it.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

She's immersed in paperwork, tries to concentrate. Grabs a half-drained cup of coffee, her hands are shaking too badly to drink.

INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - NIGHT

Alexis, dressed in black, fingers tapping nervously on the wheel. Her BlackBerry RINGS, startles the shit out of her.

ALEXIS

What are you--?

MARITA (V.O.)

--I think I left my sunglasses in your car.

A bit flustered, Alexis does a quick search...

MARITA (V.O.)

Check the glove box.

She does... her eyes fly open, pulls out a pair of RED LACY PANTIES, it's obvious, their Marita's.

Her mood lightens. Alexis brings them to her lips, happy, inhales her lovely scent.

MARITA (V.O.)

I love you.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alexis stuffs her ski mask inside her jacket. Wipes sweat from her face.

She stares at herself in the mirror for a longtime.

The conflict grows until --

--Downstairs, INDECIPHERABLE VOICES, front door shutting. Alexis' "this ain't good" expression" makes a beeline for the walk-in, flattens herself against a dressing room wall, near the doorway.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas sits on the bed, his arm in a cast. Sad and lonely. LORENA, a young, gorgeous, HIGH-END ESCORT, clutching a drink, shimmies in.

She helps him undress. Clearly they've done this before.

THOMAS

I was surprised you were available.

LORENA

Lucky for you, a client canceled... and he never does. I guess it must've been important.

(beat)

She's poison, you know that, don't you?

Thomas looks away, sad eyes.

THOMAS

I love her.

Lorena - sympathetic.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

By the doorway - a shell-shocked Alexis, face beaded in sweat, transfixed on Thomas' arm in a sling.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Down to his boxers, Thomas pulls out his wallet and lays cash on the night-stand. Lorena starts undressing.

THOMAS

She hasn't touched me in weeks.

LORENA

Maybe she's stepping out on you.

He finds the thought unsettling.

THOMAS

No. My attorney, Walter Hewitt had her followed. Nothing.

LORENA

(skeptical)

Really.

Thomas disappears into the bathroom.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Lorena enters, in a thong and not much of anything else, oblivious to Alexis' presence until...

--Alexis grabs her from behind, cups Lorena's mouth, forces her up against the wall. Lorena struggles mildly until she recognizes who it is -- stunned.

They speak in rushed, hushed voices.

LORENA

What the hell are you doing here--?

ALEXIS

Uh, I'll explain later. Real quick, how well do you know them?

LORENA

You better go. 'Cause we on the clock. Hurry, I'll stall him.

Lorena sprints down the short hall, and enters another room. Alexis throws on her mask, makes her getaway.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Too late -- Thomas exits the bathroom. Their eyes lock.

THOMAS

What the hell!?

She hightails it outta there. Thomas is fast for his size, makes up ground.

THOMAS

Come back here -- you bitch!

In the b.g., Lorena appears, half wet, naked, pulls a towel around her.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Alexis tumbles down the stairs. Before she can get to her feet--

--Thomas is all over her. Alexis struggles under all his weight. No dice, he shouts blasphemies. With his good hand, pounds her face.

In the b.g., Lorena watches the spectacle, unsure if she should intervene, then grabs hold of the ANTIQUE VASE.

Alexis knees Thomas in the groin, temporarily paralyzes him. She scrambles, he lunges, RIPS at her mask--

--The vase SHATTERS against his skull. Thomas goes down, buying Alexis just enough time to flee.

A GROAN yanks them back to reality. Thomas, still feeling the lingering effects, staggers to his feet.

THOMAS

What the hell...?

LORENA

Sorry. It was an accident. I tried to hit her.

THOMAS

I better call the police.

LORENA

No! How are we going to explain this?

Off his second thought.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stripped down to her bra and panties, Alexis stands before the mirror, staring disapprovingly at her swollen and puffy face. It's not too terribly bad.

SUDDENLY-- a look of quiet horror. She's just realized her necklace is missing.

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a tangle of sheets, Walter and Marita lie, wet from sex, catching their breath. A nervous vibe in the air.

WALTER

You're usually a wildcat.

MARITA

You complaining?

WALTER

Just saying. You're not going soft on me... are you?

MARITA

I'm not the one who went soft.

Walter notices her smug look. Her cell RINGS. Checks.

MARITA

It's Alexis.

Marita's jaw tightens as she listen, then--

INTERCUT as needed:

ALEXIS

You've got to find my necklace.

MARITA

You know where?

Alexis paces, relentless.

ALEXIS

The corridor. It has to be there.
But more importantly -- why didn't
you tell me Thomas broke his arm?

MARITA

I didn't think much of it. Why?

ALEXIS

Why--? His accident policy. If it
comes to light we could be screwed.
Shit!

Alexis hangs up. END INTERCUT.

MARITA

Shit! He wasn't alone. Apparently
he has a mistress.

WALTER

Great. Just, great. So what are we
suppose to do now?

Off his concerned look.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alexis lies on the love seat. Gina holds an ice-pack over
her swelling face. Alexis cringes.

ALEXIS

I'm fine. It's not to bad.

GINA

--Yeah -- so you wanna tell me what
happened?

ALEXIS

I got into a fight -- that's all.

GINA

Where's your necklace? You never take it off. It's a part of you.

ALEXIS

I missed place it.

Gina shoots her - "a don't bullshit with me look."

GINA

I have to get back to the hospital, but I'll bring something for the pain.

ALEXIS

How's the boy?

GINA

Worse. If he doesn't get that operation soon... he'll die?

They stare solemnly, then... Alexis eyes Frankie's urn.

ALEXIS

She asked me if I believed in god. Angels, they fell first, but I'm still here.

GINA

Alex, you've got to stop blaming yourself. You've suffered long enough. I'm tired of seeing you like this -- you should be to.

(then)

I dunno, maybe everything happens for a reason. Maybe it's all part of God's "master plan." But what I do know... Frankie's death was just a tragic misfortune. Morn and move on.

The remark resonates with Alexis. Gina heads out... Alexis restrains her with a gentle hand.

ALEXIS

What would I do without you?

A silence stretches between them.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Sophia, naked, is sprawled out in a dream-like state on the bed. Incoherent words float from her lips.

Marita, holding a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, taps the air bubbles out. Sophia flips over, a glazed look, and more mumbling.

She injects Sophia with a lethal dose...

MARITA

I mixed your favorite, heroine.

INT. PINECREST BAR - DAY

At a dark corner booth, Alexis and Marita in the middle of a hushed but heated conversation.

MARITA

I looked everywhere. I couldn't find it. Maybe she has it -- you know, the woman. Do you know who she is.

ALEXIS

(lying)

No.

Alexis hands her back the SPARE KEY.

ALEXIS

Well -- if he doesn't have it, maybe Sofia found it.

MARITA

If he doesn't have it, maybe Sophia.

MARITA

She's dead. We found her this morning. Drug overdose.

Alexis - stunned.

MARITA

Yes. That's why I couldn't get to the safety deposit box.

ALEXIS

It's off. We have to lay low until I can figure things out.

Marita, not happy.

ALEXIS

Thomas needs to stay alive for now. And we can't risk him finding it.

MARITA

Would you relax. You're making me nervous.

ALEXIS

Don't tell me to calm down. His broken arm changes everything. Go to the bank. And call me when you get it.

MARITA

Great. First sign of trouble and you're ready to quit.

Alexis looks up, ready to rip her head off, then--

ALEXIS

Get that policy. Today.

MARITA

Oh, there's some auditor, Koppikar -- she's snooping around.

ALEXIS

She's just fishing. Keep your mouth shut.

And with that, Alexis coldly walks out.

INT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

On her Blackberry, Alexis sprints across the street, a wave of people move past her.

ALEXIS

Max, did Jack have a motorcycle?

MAX (V.O.)

Yeah. It's down at the police impound. There's damage. Why?

ALEXIS

Can I see it?

MAX

Yeah. I'll meet you in an hour.

She hangs up - dials again.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

On her cordless phone, Marita paces back and forth.

MARITA

Change of plans. We're doing it tonight.

(a beat)

My original plan before Polanski backed out.

Max approaches from the main house, crosses towards her.

MAX
Mrs. Canizales?

Marita ends the call.

MARITA
Isn't this getting a bit tiresome,
Detective?

He grins from ear to ear. Phone RINGS. She checks.

MARITA
I can't talk right now, the police
is about to question me.

ALEXIS (V.O.)
What a coincidence. I have some
too. Where's that policy?

MARITA
It could take sometime. I'll call
when we're down.

ALEXIS (V.O.)
Well, see that you do.

Abruptly, Marita hangs up, blows past Max.

MARITA
Make it quick.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND - DAY

Max escorts Alexis, who struggles with Marita's quarter panel.

MAX
You look like shit. What happened?

ALEXIS
Long story. You might want to look
at Walter Hewitt. Jack and Polanski
were clients of his.

He raises an eyebrow.

This brings them to Jack's motorcycle. Alexis compares the front tire tread to the damage.

ALEXIS
It matches. Look.

In a nonchalant way, Max examines.

MAX

I dunno. Maybe. I'll have
forensics take a look at it.

INT. FANCY COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

Alexis sits at the bar. Two empty shot glasses. Stares in self-disgust at her image a mirror. Her Blackberry BEEPS.

ALEXIS

Hey, Jarod, thanks for getting back to me. I need a favor. Can you check Polanski's files. See if he handled any policies for the Canizales'.

(listens)

Yeah, I'll hold.

She motions for the BARTENDER, who sets down a fresh drink.

BARTENDER

Slow down Miss muffet... before a spider comes along and steals your tuffet.

Alexis shoots him a look -- may knock him on his ass. She digs through her wallet. Grabs a credit card. Something falls out.

A photo of GINA. Alexis - a fond memory.

ALEXIS

(into the phone)

Yeah, I'm still here.

She processes the information.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Her place is immaculate. Perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishings. The insistent DOORBELL RING. Gina dashes from the back, in a stunning cocktail dress.

GINA

(hooks on earrings)

All right, I'm coming. I'm coming.

Gina opens up, sees Alexis.

GINA

I was getting ready.

Alexis steps in, shuts the door. A silent beat, then...

GINA

You asked me if I had any regrets about us crossing the line. It's like eating a piece of cake. It tastes absolutely amazing for several bites, but when you're finished, you wish you could take it back.

Sucks the air right out of Alexis.

ALEXIS

Gina, don't say that. I meant everything I said.

GINA

That night. You asked me what I was afraid off...

ALEXIS

Yes.

GINA

You're punishing yourself needlessly and I don't want to be a part of that.

ALEXIS

--No...you're right. I'm trying real hard not too...I guess...well -- I guess it scares me.

(off Gina's look)

I...I haven't been giving you what you want...but I was finally ready to lay it all on the line that day...even more so right now.

(beat)

God knows I can't blame you if you don't...but the truth is...I love you.

Gina touches her lips, shushing her.

GINA

Hold that thought.

She dashes towards the back, returns, shines her penlight into Alexis' eyes.

ALEXIS

I've always loved you.

Gina studies her a beat, Alexis' eyes is as earnest as they come.

GINA

--Oh, Alex, you do. I love you too.

Both break like a cracked damn, a passionate embrace.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They're making mad, passionate love... lots of intimate eye-contact. Gina's in heaven. Clearly a side of Alexis she's never seen before.

LATER... Gina, half-covered in the sheet, sits on the edge of her bed hunched over. On her cell phone. Alexis stares at the ceiling. Inconsolable. Guilty.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

He says the meds aren't strong enough. He wants more. And I told him I can't change it until I speak with you.

GINA

Okay, order a P.E. and add two TPM to his meds. And I'll see him first thing in the morning.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

And I need to find a man. So he says.

GINA

Well, I'm glad to see his charm and wit is still intact.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Sorry to disturb you.

GINA

It's okay, Lizzie. Good-night.

Gina slithers back under the sheet and snuggles up next to Alexis. Gina senses her turmoil.

GINA

Alex, what is it?

She can't bring herself to say it, then--

ALEXIS

It was good. Really good. It's never been like that before.

GINA

(nodding)
I know.

HOLD on their heartfelt moment, then--

ALEXIS

Why couldn't we have had this conversation that night?

Both at a lost for words, then Gina blurts out...

GINA

I dunno. Maybe divine intervention.

It's a bell ringer.

ALEXIS

Can I borrow your stethoscope?

GINA

What for?

ALEXIS

You don't want to know.

INT. LAW OFFICES - INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

FLASHLIGHT BEAM... Alexis, dressed in black with a backpack, approaches a door. She shines the light inside the office. Looks clear.

She examines the lock, produces a LOCK-PICK, NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS, and gets to work.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark. Alexis moves towards the COMBINATION SAFE. Opens up her backpack -- burglary tools. She bypasses a locksmith's lathe, grabs Gina's STETHOSCOPE.

Alexis spins the wheel, listening. Hard. Music blares from the strip bar below. She stops, collects herself, gets back to business.

CLICK! Mere seconds... another... and... it pops open.

She rifles through files, finds what she's looking for. And something else -- a shit-load of CASH.

At the desk - Alexis reads contracts, both Canizales' WILLS. Disturbed, pulls out an INSURANCE POLICY from her pocket--

--Compares Thomas' signatures. Alexis thinks.

ALEXIS (V.O.)

"*Forgery is bad,*" said the pot to the kettle.

She takes the phony will and stuffs it in her jacket along with the money. Noise from the other room. She notices--

--A RENT-A-COP approaching, flashlight, making his rounds.

She ducks behind the desk, heart-racing, a FLASHLIGHT BEAM arcs across the room. She peeks up - Rent-a-cop walks off, when--

--Her Blackberry RINGS. Alexis SCREAMS silently, fumbling through her pocket, goes to silence it, then... on second thought...

...KEYS RATTLING. She slides her Blackberry across the carpet--

--The door flies open. Rent-a-cop steps inside, focused on the ringing.

He flicks on the light, immediately spots Alexis' BLINKING Blackberry. He shakes his head, lightens up, and snatches it.

He checks his watch... contemplates... lays it on the desk and walks out.

Alexis watches him go, grabs it, greatly relieved.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Thomas, in a robe, sits in a chair, nursing a drink. He leans forward, woozy. Something's not right.

He sets down his glass, rubs his eyes, stares out over the the water.

HIS POV: everything's a blur, spinning out of control.

RESUME SCENE. Thomas tries to stand, light-headed, but collapse to the ground. Semi-conscious.

FOOTSTEPS... a familiar pair of BLACK BOOTS glide across the tile. Our killer, a stocking obscures her face, struggles as she drags him towards the pool.

He whimpers, tries to come out of it, his body SPLASHES into the water. Terror etched on his face, he kicks, flails, and thrashes violently.

Our killer returns with a pool brush, uses it to hold him under the surface. Picks up his glass, drops it near the edge... it SHATTERS.

She turns, walks calmly out into the balmy Miami night.

Off his lifeless body -- floating.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Before the window, Alexis stares out, contemplating her next move. In the backdrop, Gina appears, studies her.

GINA

Would you care to tell me what's going on?

ALEXIS

I feel lost, lousy, angry, guilty, embarrassed.

GINA

Mm-hm. About what? Talk to me.

Alexis takes a deep breath - this is hard.

LATER... on the love seat, Gina almost falls over in shock.

GINA

Oh, Alex.

ALEXIS

I know.

GINA

I don't get it. All the money from his will -- why the accident policy?

ALEXIS

Um... I don't... I... maybe it was just a ruse. You know -- get me to kill Thomas.

Gina - oozes sympathy, hugs Alexis.

GINA

You can't blame yourself. They were probably going to kill him anyway.

Alexis eyes the PHONY WILL laden on the coffee table.

ALEXIS

I bought sometime. I need to think.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

Alexis - feeling a little nauseated, watches the muted flat-screen: "*News coverage of Thomas' Death.*" Sick to her stomach, VOMITS in the waste basket.

RAPPING on the door. Selena BARGES in, eyes the coverage.

SELENA

I understand *she* recently took out an accident insurance policy.

ALEXIS

They?

Alexis storms into a small bathroom, cleans up best she can.

SELENA

Did you know he broke his arm,
falling down the steps?

ALEXIS

No.

Alexis - camouflaging her uneasiness again.

SELENA

Strange, huh? You'd figure he'd
cash in.

ALEXIS

Maybe he didn't have time. He's a
busy man.

SELENA

Could it be he didn't know?

ALEXIS

I know where you're going with this.
He did know. Would you like to see
the paperwork?

SELENA

I'm going to look at it now. You do
understand?

ALEXIS

Completely.

Alexis exits the bathroom.

SELENA

How long have you been clam jousting
with Mrs. Canizales?

Rocked, Alexis tries not to show it.

ALEXIS

We know each other socially. That's
it.

SELENA

Now I'm just as confused as three
blind lesbians in a fish market.

Selena rummages through her attaché, smiles ruefully,
thrusts a MANILLA ENVELOPE at her.

A stunned Alexis -- rifles through 8 x 10 glossy photos of
her and Marita's sexual escapades.

SELENA

Would you care to retract your statement?

ALEXIS

Adultery isn't a crime. I know this game. I play it.

Alexis shoves the photos back at Selena.

SELENA

I'm getting closer. Is there anything you'd like to tell me?

ALEXIS

No. Excuse me. I have work to do.

INT. MIAMI PD - HOMICIDE - DAY

Alexis and Max serpentine through a maze of activity. He sips coffee and eats a donut.

MAX

He was drinking, fell in the pool, and drowned. To add injury to insult -- Mr. Canizales couldn't swim.

ALEXIS

What?

MAX

Yup. I'm still waiting on the toxicology report. But at this moment there's no signs of foul play... yet.

Max studies her.

ALEXIS

Any word on the tire tread?

MAX

Not yet. It could take awhile.

EXT. MIAMI CITY STREETS - DAY

Bustling. Alexis walks at a fast clip, on her Blackberry.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walter stands before his safe, mad as hell too. FELICIA, 20s, a hot-looking associate, sets down a stack of files.

FELICIA

Did you hear the offer? Five million.

WALTER

I don't mean to be greedy, but hold out for ten.

His cell phone RINGS.

WALTER

Alex.

INTERCUT as needed:

ALEXIS

You know, there's something that's been bothering me...why would a rich man like him have a shit lawyer with a shitty office...who's an even shittier lover.

Quickly, he shuffles Felicia out of his office, and shuts the door.

ALEXIS

So you changed his will then had Jack forge his signatures. He did a pretty good job.

WALTER

You even took the cash. You thief.

ALEXIS

Once a thief -- always a thief. I'm sure it's the money from that staged accident.

WALTER

How much more do you want?

ALEXIS

Please, you insult me. What we have here is a Mexican stand-off. When you get that policy -- call me. And will make the exchange.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

--Alexis whips off her sunglasses, a vengeful look too.

Marita climbs out of the water, dripping wet, in a sheer bikini. Seductively slinks up to her, tries to kiss her, but Alexis evades it.

She grabs a towel, dries off.

MARITA

They're calling it an accident. I figured you'd be happy for us.

Marita pours a glass of lemonade.

ALEXIS

Well, you're dead wrong.

MARITA

It's what we wanted. Now we can be together. Just the way we planned. And we didn't have to get our hands dirty.

Marita sips a little more of her drink.

ALEXIS

Their filthy dirty. Once he signed on the dotted line, you couldn't wait to see him dead. How did you do it, huh?

MARITA

I think you're mistaken. It was an accident. They happen all the time. And we just caught a break. But it's over. You're about to be rich. Don't fuck it up.

ALEXIS

No. I only wanted you. All you wanted was the money. I was stupid, blinded by my obsession for you.

MARITA

You can't beat yourself up over this.

And Alexis is ready to deck this fucking bitch when she spots her necklace lying on the table.

MARITA

Thomas found it. Threaten to go to the police. We had to kill him.

ALEXIS

Oh, please. For once in your life -- tell me the goddamn truth!

Busted, Marita comes clean.

MARITA

You're right. Lesbians make my hands sweat.

Alexis shoots her an amused fuck-you-smile.

MARITA

Hell, he took nitrates. I slipped him viagra. Tried to fuck him to death. But the bastard wouldn't die.

ALEXIS

Thomas left you half of everything, but you wanted it all. To cut out his own children.

MARITA

What can I say. I'm greedy.

ALEXIS

Playing me off my worst fear. You're rotten. You both are.

MARITA

Rotten to the core.

(then)

The sex was definitely consensual. The plot to murder him was as well. Whether you like it, or not -- we're in this together. Now let's make the best of it, huh?

(sarcastic)

Thanks by the way. I'm alright.

Marita throws back her drink.

MARITA

Now if you'll excuse me -- I need to grieve for my husband.

ALEXIS

Don't worry, I'll be back to offer my condolences.

Suddenly, Marita feels threatened.

ALEXIS

And no. I will not payout the insurance claim. You're going to have to sue.

Her words triggers something in Marita. She PUNCHES her in the face. Alexis recoils, SNAPS!

A cat fight ensues, and they topple backwards into the pool, thrashing. Alexis is choking the shit out of Marita as she holds her under water.

She's drowning. Alexis is going to kill her until-- she lets go, hands shaking bad.

Marita breaks the water's surface, gasping for air. They trade murderous looks. Alexis climbs out.

ALEXIS

Oh, you might want to speak to your lawyer. I picked up a little something.

INT. LORENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Keys turn, Lorena lets herself into a small, and modestly appointed party-girls hangout. Sets down an overnight bag, senses something...

Spins-- not too shocked to see Alexis, waiting patiently.

LORENA

I guess it wouldn't do any good to change the locks, huh?

A long beat, then... Lorena looks at her as if to say "you can chime in anytime you like."

LORENA

We both know why you were there, don't we--? Did you kill him?

ALEXIS

No! I thought he was beating the shit out of her.

LORENA

No! Thomas would never lay a hand on her.

Lorena sits down beside her, beaming, just a little.

LORENA

Who would ever suspect two women of your caliber of having an affair. Brilliant. Man, she out did herself this time.

(then)

How much do you know about her? Did you even do a background check?

A light comes on upstairs.

ALEXIS

What do you know?

LORENA

Sativa Rosemarie Corvea. It's an alias. I thought you were smarter than this.

INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - DAY

She drives fast through Miami... sunglasses, a tad pissed off.

LORENA (V.O.)

During a cruise in Jamaica, her first husband went overboard. Six months later, he was declared dead. One million dollar insurance settlement.

Her jaw tightens...

LORENA (V.O.)

Her second husband fell down the stairs, broke his neck. It was ruled an accident. Five thousand grand. Double indemnity.

Suddenly-- through her dark lenses... a quiet fury burning in her eyes.

ALEXIS

(hushed)

You son-of-a-bitch!

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Door BUZZER goes off. Max emerges from the back, peers through the peephole. He opens up--

--WHACK! She PUNCHES him in the face. Max flies backwards.

ALEXIS

You're in on it!

She goes in for another punch - Max recovers, delivers a devastating blow, knocks Alexis on her ass.

ALEXIS

You've been jerking me around.

A smile plays across his lips. Max stands over her, ready for more.

MAX

And you're goddamn right. She made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

ALEXIS

Nothing better than having a cop on the payroll. Controlling the investigations, huh? A dirty one at that.

MAX

You should have known. We were partners once.

Alexis staggers to her feet, still dazed, collects herself.

MAX

Not like you can go to the cops, huh?. And don't get any bright ideas. I have an insurance policy, Doctor Zambrano.

And if looks could kill...

ALEXIS

Leave her out of this.

MAX

If you even think about going to the police, I'll hurt her real bad. And you know I will.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the middle of a burning argument, Marita and Walter.

MARITA

Please. Tell me you're kidding.

WALTER

No! Damn! I should have seen it coming.

She lets out an anguished SCREAM.

MARITA

Shit! I should have killed that bitch when I had the chance.

WALTER

All she wants is that policy.

MARITA

Can you postpone the reading of the will?

WALTER

A couple of days at the most. Why?

MARITA

I want her dead and buried. Gone and forgotten.

WALTER

Are you crazy! She's not--

MARITA

--You're not listening.

WALTER

I am. But it doesn't mean I have to agree with it.

MARITA

And Max?

WALTER

What about him? He's a cop. If something happens to him, the police will be all over it like flies on shit. We've got enough heat at the moment.

MAX (O.S.)

Yeah-- what about me?

Both startled. Max grabs hold to Marita's arm, she tries to jerk away, but he's got her good.

MARITA

You're hurting me.

MAX

Don't get know ideas. If you double cross me... I'll hurt you bad.

WALTER

STOP! Both of you!

Finally, she breaks free, glowers at him with pure malice.

MARITA

No one is double crossing anyone. We're all in this together. And so is Alex.

MAX

And she will not let it go. There's some lines you don't cross. One of them is her.

MARITA

And what are you, a fuckin' fan?

Max pours himself a drink.

MAX

She's probably reaching into her bag of tricks. As we speak. Fight. Or whatever. You have to get rid of her. And soon.

MARITA

No. She's got something that belongs to us. And I want it.

MAX

And what is that?

Marita and Walter exchange a look, then--

MARITA

(lying)

We need her to payout the insurance claim. Less complications, if she handles it.

Satisfied, Max throws back his drink.

MAX

The hush pussy was good, but I want a bigger piece of the pie. If ya' know what I mean.

INT. GINA'S PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Gina, half dressed, holds up two outfits. Can't decide which one to wear, when--

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Gina! Gina!

GINA

I'm in here.

Alexis rushes in, frantic, out of breath. Gina sees her face. Gasp!

GINA

Alex, what happened to your face?

She holds Gina tight. A bit overwhelmed, Gina melts in her embrace.

ALEXIS

I've got to get out of here.

GINA

What--? Am I in danger?

ALEXIS

Maybe. I'm not sure, but to be on the safe side you should go and visit Sonya.

GINA

No. I'm a doctor. My patients need me right now.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

Not to mention we're short on staff.
Besides my ex is bringing her to
visit next week anyway.

ALEXIS

My life at the moment is a mess and
you shouldn't be nowhere near me.

GINA

Then fix it!

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOMICIDE - DAY

At his desk, Max on his computer surfing the internet, as a
oblivious to the GAGGLEFUCK all around him. His cell RINGS.

ALEXIS (V.O.)

I feel like getting kinky. And I
need a real-life strap-on to play
with.

Max -- suspicious.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two steaks sizzle on the grill. Alexis, barefoot, looking
kinda rough in one of Max's dress shirts, makes dinner.

Max, shirtless, grabs a beer from the refrigerator.

MAX

(jokingly)
You look like crap, you know that?

ALEXIS

Well -- that's a nice thing to say
after a short carnivorous fuck.

Alexis retrieves a bundle of cash from her attaché case and
tosses it down on the counter.

ALEXIS

I took it from her safe. It's the
cash they were going to pay Jack as
a down payment until the money from
Thomas' will kicked in. The one he
forged.

Max stares... counts.

ALEXIS

I got something they want. Thomas'
original will. Did they tell you I
stole it?

From the look on his face -- "hell no."

ALEXIS

She gets nothing. Not one nickel.
So... are you in, or out?

LATER... over a single candle, Alexis masks her contempt, watches him eat. She gathers up her dirty plate. As Max devours a big chunk... dead serious.

ALEXIS

Did you hear about Rosie O'Donnell?
She drowned this morning.

MAX

(stunned)
Uh, no.

ALEXIS

Yeah. Face down in Rikki Lake.

A burst of LAUGHTER. Oops! Max CHOKES on it. He looks at her - eyes pleading. In a split-second, she WHACKS him on the back.

Alexis can barely contain her excitement.

ALEXIS

It was either this, or cut off your
balls and shove them up your hairy
ass.

Max, still choking, collapse to the floor. She moves past him, dials 911.

LATER... two OFFICERS grill Alexis, who balls her eyes out, laying it on thick too. Two ATTENDANTS load his body onto a gurney.

One of the officers gives her shoulders a consoling squeeze.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Behind the glass-doored stall - Alexis scrubs hard. There's something ludicrous about it.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Click-clacking... Alexis walks briskly past the pool and arrives at the patio door. She shoves a BLANK KEY into the lock.

Laden on the patio table, her LOCKSMITH'S LATHE. She grinds the key to size. Then, an afterthought, digs into her cargo pockets, retrieves...

...a piece of paper; *"The Canizales' alarm code."* Alexis pumps her fist, ecstatic.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The unmade bed. Alexis lets down her great mane fall, takes the fancy hair pin, splits it in half; neatly concealed is a LOCK PICK.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Marita sits on the sofa. Walter shuts the door, moves towards the wet bar. Lets out a frustrated sigh.

WALTER
Max. He's dead.

Walter makes herself a drink.

MARITA
(flabbergasted)
What? How?

WALTER
Accident. He was having dinner and choked on a piece of steak.

MARITA
Good. It saves us the trouble.

WALTER
Uh, you don't even know the half of it. Alex was there. Too add injury to insult -- she even dialed 911.

Marita stares a beat. Impressed.

WALTER
What now?

MARITA
I'll handle it. Just make sure you postpone the reading.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

At a table on the beach - Selena sits drinking, in a hot-looking swimsuit. Out of nowhere, Marita slides into a chair.

They're very quiet, until Selena breaks the silence.

SELENA
We don't need that extra mil.
(MORE)

SELENA (CONT'D)

We hit the jackpot on this one.
Make the trade.

Selena's thinking. Hard.

SELENA

And make sure the switch happens at
that remote beach parking lot.

MARITA

Okay, baby.

SELENA

Walter?

MARITA

No. Not until after the reading of
the will. Then dispose of him like
you did to Polanski.

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Alexis preoccupied. A half-drained cup of
coffee close by. Blackberry HUMMS. She steels herself.

MARITA (V.O.)

Tonight. Beach lot. Eight. Don't
be late.

EXT./INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - DAY

Alexis, wearing her bluetooth, full of adrenaline, speeds
along the Miami Causeway, across the bridge.

GINA (V.O.)

They're going to try and kill you.

ALEXIS

Uh yeah. But he left half his
fortune to his children -- and I
intend to see that they get it.

(a smile of irony)

I didn't understand at first, but it
all makes sense now. The night we
fought...meeting Marita...too much
to explain right now, but I have to
do this.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

In the pews, a handful of people. Alexis sits, trying to
find some solace... killing time. Then rises, genuflects.

ALEXIS
I hope Frankie was right.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Well lit. Alexis sits on the hood of her Porsche, attaché case close by. Marita pulls up alongside. Her and Walter hop out.

ALEXIS
I'm disappointed in you Walter.

An hiatus of awkwardness. It's almost comical.

ALEXIS
I expected it out of a black widow,
but you.

Marita saunters over.

MARITA
Well, it's all about the money,
right? Insurance fraud is one way.
Rob a bank is another.

ALEXIS
(scolding)
People are dead because of you two.

MARITA
I think you have something that
belongs to me.

Walter hands Marita a LARGE ENVELOPE. Alexis retrieves the WILL. They make the exchange. Walter scrutinizes it.

ALEXIS
I bet you two would probably set
your mothers on fire.

Marita - a smug look.

MARITA
If it's any consolation -- you were
the best sex I've ever had.

Alexis shoots her a dirty look, slides behind the wheel.

ALEXIS
And if you know what's good for you,
you'll quit while you're ahead.

MARITA
Gracias. It was a pleasure meeting
you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Alexis's car speeds along a deserted back road.

INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - NIGHT

Alexis shift gears, accelerates. Blackberry rings. It's Marita. Short debate, then...

ALEXIS
What do you want?

MARITA (V.O.)
Hasta La Vista!

In the rear-view, she eyes a Lamborghini, riding her bumper. She FLASHES alarm. Suddenly it RAMS her from behind, hard.

Alexis takes evasive action. The Lamborghini pulls up alongside--

--The window comes down. Selena aims a pistol--

--a barrage of bullets RIP through the cabin, ricocheting left and right. She swerves, loses control, flips several times in an open field.

Overhead-- storm clouds steamroll in, move across the sky, quickly.

EXT./INT. ALEXIS' PORSCHE - NIGHT

Upside down. Horrible wreckage. A bloody Alexis is semi-conscious.

FLASHBACK - INT. SUV - NIGHT

On it's roof. Lots of smoke... flames ignite... COUGHING. Frankie, dressed as a priest, is pinned tight. Hysterical, Alexis tries to help him.

FRANKIE
It's no use. Get out. Now.

ALEXIS
No. I'm not leaving you.

FRANKIE
(lying)
You've got to get help.

A peaceful calm washes over Frankie, he's ready to go.

FRANKIE

It's no coincidence. You were
suppose to drive. Call it "fate",
"destiny."

Alexis' face, full of confusion.

FRANKIE

It's God's will that you're still
alive. The only question now is
whether or not you'll accept the
role that fate has created for you.

All the color drains from his face. Alexis is devastated.

FRANKIE

You've just found him. Promise me,
you want loose faith.

Off a THUNDEROUS BOOM!

BACK TO SCENE

She CONVULSES back to life, coughs violently, fights with
the seat belt. No dice. Stuck. Cool and calm, Alexis
thinks, then--

--Produces the pocket knife, starts cutting, shoes kicking
at the shattered windshield. Finally, wrenches herself
free...

...crawls through, shards of glass cutting her all to hell.

The RAIN is coming down harder. Lightning flashes all
around them. Selena appears, gun leveled. Both trade
deadly looks.

ALEXIS

Why am I not surprised. Polanski
was too stupid to run anything.

SELENA

And you would be correct. I need
that policy.

ALEXIS

My attaché case. In the back seat.
You want it. Go fucking get it.

Off her second thought - "fuck it."

SELENA

She sent a message...

Out of Selena's watchful eyes, Alexis realizes sees still
holding that pocket knife.

ALEXIS

Tell them to go to hell. Wait!
Don't bother... WILL make the
"delivery" ourselves.

Selena - a quizzical look--

--she JAMS THE POCKET KNIFE into her foot. The gun drops, Selena follows to the grass, writhing in pain.

Alexis escapes the burning inferno, goes for the pistol, but so does Selena. Both lunge for it, they struggle, fight for control.

Selena's much too strong, with the upper-hand, shoves the pistol point blank at her, goes to pull the trigger--

--She's STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. Falls over, dead on arrival. Alexis gasping for air, eyes wide.

ALEXIS

Omigod!

Glancing heavenward, as if appealing for forgiveness or in recognition of some higher power. The skies start to clear up. Flames engulf her car, she drags Selena's body across the field in a nick of time as...

...the car EXPLODES.

EXT. EVERGLADES - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS illuminate swampland... Selena's Lamborghini parks. Not too far off -- ALLIGATORS patrol the waters.

Alexis exits, pulls Selena's corpse from the car, struggles as she drags her towards--

--Selena's body SPLASHES into the water. Gators swarm in. It's a feeding frenzy.

--Alexis looks on - rage burning in her eyes. She flips open SELENA'S CELL, starts texting...

EXT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - TERRACE - NIGHT

Walter stares out into the night with Marita, who uncorks a bottle of Champagne, and pours. The atmosphere is tense.

MARITA

Walter, relax.

WALTER

I'll feel much better when she's dead.

Her cell BUZZES. She checks a text. Reads. Excited.

MARITA

Yes! It's done.

Relieved, he clutches his fist. Glasses CLINK!

BEEP. Another text... Marita checks.

MARITA (V.O.)

(reading)

We kill him tonight...

She keeps reading, then...

MARITA

Oh, I'm jealous. Your place, a hot bubble bath, and Champagne. Alone.

WALTER

Seeing that she got her hands dirty. I hate to cut this party short. You do understand, don'tcha?

MARITA

Oh, absolutely.

WALTER

Tomorrow's the reading. Don't be late.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Gina, in a sexy bra, pulls up her scrub pants, then makes a call. It rings, and rings, and... VOICEMAIL.

ALEXIS (V.O.)

It's Alex. Leave a message.

GINA

Hey, it's just me. I... I... I'll see you soon.

She ends the call. Sad. Lizzie rushes in.

LIZZIE

Doctor Zambrano--?

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Alexis's being examined by Gina, who's a nervous wreck. Lizzie checks her blood pressure.

GINA

I haven't been this nervous since
the principles office in fourth
grade. You should be dead.

They stare. Lizzie notices the intimacy between them. She
turns...

GINA

I want a chest x-ray.

Lizzie nods and leaves. Gina slides the curtain closed.

ALEXIS

She's the worst move I've ever made.

GINA

Next to dragging your feet with me,
of course.

EXT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

A black-gloved hand gently places a PLASTIC CARD between the
door-jamb. It's Alexis. Mere seconds... it opens.

ALEXIS

Voila!

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the flickering candlelight, Walter soaks inside the bath,
sipping wine. BOOMBOX close by.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Surprise.

He jumps, shocked to see her. Before he can react--

WALTER

How did you--?

With a slight of hand, flashes an AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD.

ALEXIS

I never leave home without it.

Alexis eyes the boombox. Walter too. Great minds think
alike. They go for it, a brief struggle ensues. Alexis
lets go.

ALEXIS

Okay, you win.

He falls back in the tub, boombox follows. His spasmodic
body damn near leaps from the tube as he boils amongst the
frothy mass of water.

ALEXIS
Adios. You son-of-a-bitch!

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alexis ransacks the place, finally finds what she's looking for... opens his briefcase, grabs Thomas' original will.

EXT./INT. LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Miami glittering in the nighttime. At the wheel, Alexis, an intense look, WHIPS OUT her cell.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Inside the pool, Marita floats on her back, stares up at the starry night. Her cordless RINGS. She checks - stunned.

INTERCUT as needed:

ALEXIS
 Surprise.

MARITA
 What the f---?

ALEXIS
Hasta La Vista.

Marita smirks, then...

MARITA
 I'll leave the front door unlocked.

END INTERCUT. Genuinely terrified, she hangs up, dials again. A short beat...

MARITA
 Walter!

ALEXIS (V.O.)
 Oops! Hello. It's me again. I'm
 be there soon.

MARITA
 Shit!

With that that, Marita leaps out of the water, bare-ass naked, sprints towards the house.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet. Marita, wet, naked underneath a silky cover-up, retrieves a gun from under a seat cushion, places it in her pocket.

She does a BUMP OF COKE, then... BASHES her head against the door. Hard. Again. Leaves a TERRIBLE GASH. Blood.

In the backdrop, a LARGE SHADOW approaches the sliding patio doors... knocking on the glass.

Marita spins, sees Alexis standing there, calmly walks over, but leaves the door locked. She unties her robe, it falls open.

MARITA

You want it--? Come and get it.

Alexis picks up a deck chair and hurls it through the door, which SHATTERS into splinters. She kicks out what chard's of glass remains, and...

Storms inside, which is exactly what Marita wanted. She smiles, back peddling. Alexis creeps closer, focused.

MARITA

You look like shit.

ALEXIS

Well, its been coming down so heavy lately I wished I had wore a hat.

A short beat, then...

ALEXIS

When you said you'd make it *HOT* for me... you weren't kidding.

In a blink of an eye - Marita has the pistol pointed in Alexis' face. Real fear flashes in Alexis' eyes, but only for a moment.

MARITA

Hands -- get 'em up!

Alexis complies.

ALEXIS

What are you going to tell the police?

MARITA

What do you care? You want be around to hear it.

ALEXIS

Lemme guess. I broke in and tried to kill you...did I get it right?

Marita rises up, moves closer...

MARITA

Believe it or not -- I did love you. Until he signed on the dotted line.

Alexis laughs, scornful disbelief.

ALEXIS

A admirable sentiment.

MARITA

I know what you're wondering. Why did I need that accident insurance policy.

ALEXIS

The plan being my knowledge of the insurance business, particularly fraud, made me the perfect person who could murder her husband and make it look like an accident.

MARITA

You are much smarter than you look.

ALEXIS

The "*Postman Always Rings Twice*." I heard the first "ring." When I met Thomas -- but I wasn't listening. Hell, probably even tried to avoid hearing it.

(continues cautiously)

But I heard the second "ring". The night I went to kill for a woman, who I thought was being battered. One, who I thought loved me.

MARITA

Ah, yes. I remember watching that one. It's a classic. And if I recall correctly...the postman being God or fate. What-- you playing God here? Killing my conspirators.

ALEXIS

No, they were accidents. If you ever really loved me, put the gun down.

MARITA

I can't do that. Like I said, "I'm rotten to the core." Good-bye, Alex.

ALEXIS
Hasta La Vista!

Marita pulls the trigger - BACKFIRE. A brilliant flash of light captures Marita blown backwards--

--The glass coffee table EXPLODES underneath her weight. Sickening CRUNCH. Broken neck. Part of her face is gone.

Alexis stares, her expression is unreadable.

INT. ALEXIS' CONDO - DAY

Rays of sunlight. Gina, worried sick, curled up on the love seat. Laden on the table, a bundle of cash.

Alexis drags herself in, tired-looking, and emotionally spent. Their faces brighten.

GINA
 Oh God. You're all right. I thought--

--They cling together urgently, kiss in desperation.

GINA
 You've got your life back.

ALEXIS
 I don't want my life back. I want you. And only you.

Alexis notices the money -- Gina follows her gaze.

GINA
 What are you going do with it?

INT. ALEXIS' OFFICE - DAY

Alexis works at her desk. Pete stands in front of her.

PETE
 I appreciate you giving me a second chance, Ms. Carranco. I wont let you down.

ALEXIS
 Don't tell me. Show me.

Pete nods, grateful, goes to leave, when--

ALEXIS
 How's her son doing?

PETE

Real good. An anonymous donor paid for his operation. He'll be going home soon.

ALEXIS

Good.

Pete closes the door behind him. A big smile on her face.

EXT. ALEXIS' YACHT - TOPSIDE - DAY

A beautiful day. Alexis emerges from below, holding that urn, for the first time she looks at peace.

ALEXIS

You were right. I won't let you down again.

Gina appears, snakes her loving arms around Alexis from behind. She kisses his urn, tears of joy stream down her face, then... spreads them across the water.

ALEXIS

I have a few ground rules. I wear the pants. You understand?

GINA

Yes, Captain.

ALEXIS

So did you tell them?

GINA

Not yet. I think it's better if I wait until they get here next week. You know, in case they decide to go into cardiac arrest.

They crack up. Passionate kisses. Gina leads Alexis below deck. The forecast looks like sex.

FADE OUT: