

INSATIABLE

BY

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OVER BLACKNESS... sounds of rush hour traffic... insistent
HONKING... sirens WAIL...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 -- what's your emergency?

FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI - VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

VAROOM! A CAR barrels into FRAME, reckless, swerving in and
out of traffic. Stream of POLICE CARS, in hot pursuit.

EXT./INT. CAR - NIGHT

NORM POLANSKI, 40s, sweaty, look of a dead man, stomping on
the brakes. No dice. Cell phone in his lap. Speedometer:
80mph... climbing.

He sideswipes several cars - sparks fly - careens back onto
the road. Reaches for his cell, a look - "OMFG." That's
when--

A EIGHTEEN WHEELER crosses the intersection -- Norm plows
head on. A massive FIREBALL as mushroom clouds fills the
frame.

INT. RACHEL'S MIAMI BEACH CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doors leading to the terrace is open -- off in the distance,
smoke and flames IGNITES THE FIERY SKY. Further back... an
adult playground, full of sensual colors, mirrors, stripper
pole.

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...

A gorgeous manicured hand grabs a remote, silences the
stereo, which belongs too --

RACHEL ROMAINE, an exotic beauty with a dark sexual aura and
dangerous appeal, stares, drawn to the flames. Dressed in a
SHEER NIGHTSHIRT and panties...

Fidgets with her necklace: a beautiful BLACK LABRYS, hangs
from a black chord. A voice, an erotic mix of Spanish and
FARSI.

GINA (O.S.)
I can't remember how many people I
treated for heat related injuries.

GINA GOLESTANI, 30s, soaking wet, wrapped in a towel, dashes from the bathroom, in a hurry. Half Mexican. Half Persian. Super hot.

GINA

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

She looses the towel, voluptuous, throws on her HOSPITAL SCRUBS.

Rachel blows a wisp of dark hair out of her sweaty face, even her European accent is sexy.

RACHEL

Looks suspicious.

GINA

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

RACHEL

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.

(spins around)

It happened during another wildfire.

GINA

The things people will do to get
away with murder.

Gina, stethoscope, book in hand, snakes her arms around Rachel. They stare, a much deeper connection that they pretend to ignore.

GINA

You mind if I borrow this?

She brandishes: "*The Postman Always Rings Twice*," by James Cain.

RACHEL

Ah, my favorite. You on call?

GINA

Uh-huh. This weekend.

Another embrace. Rachel nuzzles her ear, admiring the REDDISH MARK on Gina's neck.

GINA

Yeah, I seen that little souvenir.

RACHEL

Hopefully, they wont notice.

GINA

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

(laughs)

As much as I enjoy skinny dipping in your waterbed -- I gotta go.

RACHEL

Tomorrow night?

GINA

Oh. Um... I can't. I have plans. A date actually. Sorry.

A slight hint of disappointment on Rachel's face.

RACHEL

It's still burning.

Rachel kisses her... escalating. Gina steals a gander at the flames - fear in her eyes. Rachel forces her back as they...

GINA

God, you've been on fire lately.

...fall back on the bed.

GINA

Ow... ow.

RACHEL

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 laying around?

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Establishing. Sweltering heat wave sweeps across the city. A marquee sign reads: "112."

EXT. HARLAN'S SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Rundown. A PORSCHE, tinted-windows, looks brand new, flies down the road, and parks. The door opens...

A pair of SEXY STILETTOS touchdown... killer legs beaded in sweat. It's Rachel, as usual, she's dressed stylish and sexy.

Her trademark Bvlgari sunglasses gives her a roquish look.
 Attaché case in hand, heads inside...

INT. HARLAN'S SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Dirt, grease, and in dire need of air conditioning. HEELS
 REVERBERATE off the walls... as Rachel shimmies into view.

HARLAN, 50s - redneck, dirty coveralls, slides from under a
 car. Face covered with grime and sweat. Happy to see her.

RACHEL

Harlan. It's cooler outside.

HARLAN

It's this goddamn heat. K'od it.

He spits a big wad of tobacco into a can, leads her to a
 BMW: It's totaled. Blood on the shattered windshield.

HARLAN

Mrs. Dietrichson got lucky.

Rachel looks it over with a fine tooth and comb. Harlan
 hands her a worn out brake line. She inspects.

HARLAN

Her car. He was driving.

RACHEL

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.

She re-shades her eyes.

RACHEL

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.

Harlan COUGHS up a lung.

INT. MAXIMUM RISK CAUSALITY INSURANCE - DAY

Posh office. WALTER HEWITT, 30s, federoa, handsome, flirts
 with RACINE. 30s, a hottie, in a mini-skirt, and towering
 heels.

INT. RACHEL'SS OFFICE - DAY

Executive. At her neat desk - Rachel, on her cell, reads a NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: Scrupulous Insurance Agent perishes in fiery crash. Nameplate: "Claims Adjuster."

RACHEL

I want that waiver claim on my desk by close of business today. Gotta go.

Walter walks in, takes a gander at the morning paper.

RACHEL

Walter.

WALTER

Rachel, it's not like her husband was in the trunk.

RACHEL

No, but she did offer 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. Now if you can just back off.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

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

Walter studies her shit-eaten grin - wipes sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

WALTER

I miss our romantic moments.

Rachel cracks up.

RACHEL

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

WALTER

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

RACHEL

Now this is coming from a guy with his law offices above an adult bookstore.

WALTER

Cut me a little slack.

RACHEL

I'm afraid. If I cut you anymore, you'll probably hang yourself.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

At the counter -- Rachel, sunglasses on, waits impatiently for... DAVID, 30s, a handsome PHARMACIST, shifting through prescriptions.

PHARMACIST

Ah, here we go. Prozac, right?

She shoots him an amused fuck-off-smile. As he rings it up...

PHARMACIST

You're out of re-fills.

He stares at her like a piece of meat, then --

PHARMACIST

You don't look bi-polar?

RACHEL

I don't look bi-sexual either.

She lays down cash, then snatches it out of his hands.

INT. RACHEL'S MIAMI BEACH CONDO - DAY

Great view of Miami. She kicks off her heels, massages her feet - "they hurt." Listens to VOICEMAIL on her cell. Sets her sights on a FRAMED PHOTO off FRANKIE, 20s, a handsome man.

Her face sad.

INT. HOT TAMALES - NIGHT

A heart-pulsating Latin beat... the HOTTEST LATINA BABES - drinking, dancing, making out, in this dark, sexy lesbian nightclub.

WAITRESSES, think "Hooters," wearing sombreros, red shorts, white Tamales tank tops, and stilettos instead, parade the crowd.

Rachel, dressed to thrill, flirts with a waitress, OLIVIA, a Spanish knockout.

MARITA CANIZALES, in a little slinky dress; all arms, legs, and cleavage, clings to her insane sweaty body. Good-girl wholesomeness. Bad-girl edge. Ridiculously gorgeous and sexy.

Rachel does a double-take, notices Marita who shoots her a look with just enough flirt in it, then vanishes into the crowd.

LATER... Rachel, a lost soul, searches --

Marita approaches seductively, avoids her gaze. But as she passes by, her eyes meets Rachel's briefly. Rachel comes out of her hypnotic state.

EXT. BEACH WALK - NIGHT

TOURISTS mill up and down the block. Swanky hotels fills the background. Off in the distance, a FIESTA is in full swing.

Sweat rolls languorously down a pair of SEXY LEGS as they saunter along. Diamond anklet SPARKLING.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Wait!

Marita spins -- Rachel eye-fucks her. Marita can't help but notice.

RACHEL

Where are you going?

MARITA

Not that it's any of your business, but home.

RACHEL

I spent the better part of an hour trying to find you back there. My feet hurt.

Marita stares at her 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.

Rachel - smitten with her. Amused.

RACHEL

Come back to Hot Tamales?

MARITA

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

RACHEL

What's wrong with that?

MARITA

Everything. If you're a woman like me.

RACHEL

And what type of woman would that be?

MARITA

Married.

She resumes her stroll. Rachel, hot on her tail. A dark silence falls over them.

Marita lights a cigarette, does a sexy sashay over towards the rail, impulsively brushes her hair aside. Captivated, Rachel just stares.

MARITA

You still here?

RACHEL

I'm not as smart as I look.

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

RACHEL

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

MARITA

Rosemarie. But I hate it. Call me Marita. You Puerto Rican?

RACHEL

Uh-huh -- grew up in the Bronx. There's a good Mexican restaurant near the Fiesta. You hungry?

MARITA

Not as hungry as you look.

RACHEL

Have you ever had a wet pussy?

Marita - a little thrown, then...

MARITA

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

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

Fancy little place, utterly deserted. They're in mid-conversation and laughing.

MARITA

I thought you wanted to lick it.

Her comment lingers. Marita sips her drink.

MARITA

It taste like cotton candy. What's in it?

RACHEL

Chambord raspberry liqueur, Irish cream, and milk. What were you doing at Hot Tamales?

MARITA

I was thirsty. And it looked real nice. Discreet. Not the sort of place where men would bother me.

They sip, stare. Intense.

MARITA

So... are you exclusively into women?

RACHEL

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

MARITA

Call me an equal opportunity employer.

(then)

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

RACHEL

Pinecrest. Nice.

MARITA

Besides chasing married woman, what else do you like to do?

RACHEL

Have sex.

Marita's surprised at her directness.

MARITA

Sometimes sex can be overrated, don't you think?

RACHEL

Depends on your partner.

MARITA

Long story.

RACHEL

I like stories.

MARITA

Trust me -- this one would put you to sleep.

The lights FLICKER off and on. A WAITER appears.

WAITER

Ladies, last call.

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

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

She stops, senses a presence. Rachel stands in the door.

MARITA

You startled me.

RACHEL

A whore's bath, huh?

Marita props a leg up on the counter, hem of her dress rides recklessly high. Wipes down her calves, only more sensual.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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

Marita just stares - "Mmmm." Then - examines a DEEP BRUISE on her thigh. Concerned, Rachel takes a closer look.

RACHEL

What happened?

MARITA

I have these stripper stilettos that he makes me to wear in the bedroom. I'm clumsy in them.

Absently, Rachel lightly touches it. The sensation is electric for them both.

RACHEL

Does it hurt?

Marita hikes up her dress, a bit more. It looks innocent enough. Rachel's eyes BULGE.

MARITA

No. Just this burning sensation.

Marita - smoldering look in her eye. Rachel doesn't know if she wants to kiss her, or run like hell. Too late --

-- a HOT CLUB CHICK enters.

EXT. BEACH WALK - NIGHT

Rachel and Marita on a leisurely stroll, the humid night hitting their sweaty faces.

RACHEL

You spend a lot of time at the beach?

MARITA

Not as much as you'd think. He keeps a tight leash on me.

They weave past STREET VENDORS.

RACHEL

Can't say I blame him.

MARITA

Usually, I skinny-dip by the pool.

RACHEL

And where would that be?

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Maybe I could see the rest of it.

Marita takes a discreet glance at her watch.

MARITA

It's late. I must get going.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marita strides across the darkened lot, de-activates the alarm to her SL-CLASS MERCEDES. Escorted by Rachel.

She flops down behind the wheel, FLASHES lots of leg and cleavage, as she stumps out her cigarette with her spiked heel.

Rachel stares, unable to avert her eyes. Hands Marita a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHEL

Will I see you again?

MARITA

I don't know if that would be wise.

RACHEL

Nothing wrong with two women hanging out.

MARITA

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

Marita shuts the door -- looks at Rachel - a wicked smile.

MARITA

Oh, by the way, thanks for the wet pussy.

Tires squeal as she drives off, leaving Rachel hooked. Her cell BEEPS; text... *"Can you handle a cold margarita and one hot senorita?"*

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 and topples across the hood. She freezes, somewhat freaked.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Click-clopping... Marita strides across the asphalt.

The guy sits up and removes his helmet. JACK MILLER, 30s, ruggedly handsome, and to our surprise, doesn't look hurt.

MARITA

Are you all right?

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Palm trees. A beautiful Spanish Colonial. Dramatic glass windows - offers a voyeuristic look of the lavish interior.

Marita skirts across the lighted pool -- white-hot/sweaty in a hair turban, short-shorts, and heels. Appealing in a Lana Turner kind of way. Cell to her ear.

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.

Marita kicks off her heels, strips, and climbs into the Jacuzzi. Near the jets. closes her eyes. Concentrates.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

It's much better if you turn around, face it, bend at the knees. And let the jet stream...

Marita shoots a "butt-out," look --

-- SOPHIA, 20s, a MAYRA LEAL CLONE, barely-there bikini, sashays past, and dives into the pool.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Her place is immaculate. Spanish and Persian furnishings. Post-coital. Rachel, half-naked, lying on the rug next to Gina, similarly nude. Blissful. They're laughing, in mid-argument.

GINA

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

RACHEL

Gina...

GINA

No. Absolutely not. My mother's Iranian. My father is Spanish.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

This shit -- right here. Don't play right.

RACHEL

So you're living a lie?

Cell phone HUMMS. Gina GROANS, leans across Rachel's torso, pinning her down. Something in her face moves Rachel.

GINA

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

(listens)

I'll call you back later.

Abruptly she ends the call, drains a glass filled with amber liquid. Rachel kisses her, more desperate, and hell-bent on round two.

GINA

Look, I'm divorced. Married my high school sweetheart -- Marco, who's a stubborn, sarcastic, and egomaniacal jerk. And still is. Took me six years to realize I was living a lie.

Rachel holds onto Gina as she flips her over on the bottom. Lips fused, they're kissing, fondling, and fooling around.

GINA

I'm not complaining. I've got a great daughter: Sonya, she's six and the love of my life.

RACHEL

You know -- after the sex -- too be honest I just wanted them to leave. And it's not their fault. But with you I've never felt that way.

Gina smiles, then gets serious.

GINA

You're a short term girl who doesn't do relationships. You don't fall in love. And I can't count on anything from you but hot sex.

RACHEL

Gina, that's not true. You're unbelievably sexy, smart, witty, and a butt-load of other adjectives I can't think of at the moment.

GINA
Rachel, don't say shit like that?

RACHEL
What--?

GINA
We need to be clear about something.
What we're doing is fun. We're just
girlfriends who have sex. I was
just concerned you might be thinking
it's more than it is.

Rachel rolls off, wrestling with her emotions.

GINA
Those were your words.

Rachel gets dressed.

RACHEL
You're right. I-I'm sorry. I
should go.

GINA
I didn't say that.

RACHEL
No. I did. I'll call.

Grabs her shoes, kisses Gina good-bye. Upset, Gina tries to
settle in, thrusts her head tensely against a pillow.

EXT./INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Glass and steel towers gleam as Rachel cruises through
downtown Miami business district. On her cell.

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

A mysterious BEEP.

RACHEL
Hang on.

She stares at the screen: "Want to buy me something?"

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

A VENDOR hands Marita, in a very tight, very short, and
revealing outfit, a banana split.

Rachel devours a soft-serve ice cream cone. They walk and talk.

MARITA

Sometimes I come out here when I want to be alone. To think about things.

RACHEL

What's there to think about?

MARITA

My life is full of complications.

RACHEL

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

She stops - faces Rachel.

MARITA

Perhaps you were expecting something else.

They resume. Rachel lags behind, eyes crawling all over Marita's sensual curves.

MARITA

The view is beautiful over here, don't you think?

RACHEL

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

She blushes at the innuendo, then...

MARITA

I'll take your word for it.

Marita looks up, lips smeared. Rachel LAUGHS, wipes her face with a napkin. They toss their trash in a nearby receptacle.

Marita lifts her mane off her nape, pauses like that for a long beat. The heat's almost unbearable. Rachel stares.

MARITA

I grew up in Arizona. I've grown accustomed to the hot, hazy, and dry heat there, but this humidity Miami offers, drives me crazy.

She let's her hair fall. On the move again, Marita's eyes fix on her necklace.

MARITA

Do you always wear that?

RACHEL

Yes. Do you always dress like that?

MARITA

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

Long beat, then...

MARITA

There's a small party in Pinecrest next week. Would you like to help me pick out a dress?

INT. BOUTIQUE STORE - DRESSING ROOM AREA - DAY

Insanely expensive. Rachel searches racks of lingerie and steals the occasional glance across the room. Cell phone HUMMS. It's "Racine."

A WHIPLASHED Rachel sees --

-- The door to a dressing room is slightly ajar and inside, Marita, her anklet, thin layer of sweat, and that's all she wears, slithers into a sexy dress.

JEANNETTE, a beautiful saleswoman, *ooh and ahh*, as she catches the tail-end of Marita's act of exhibitionism.

Marita glances back over her shoulder at Rachel.

MARITA

Can a girl get a hand.

INT. MARITA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Rachel fiddles with the zipper of her dress, it's stretched too tight. Marita lifts her hair up off her nape. Rachel takes a whiff of the back of her neck, then slides her hand inside her dress.

RACHEL

I love it when you do that.

They stare at their images in the mirror. Sexual tension rising. Marita tries to break the spell -- models. Looks to Rachel for an opinion.

RACHEL

I like it. I like it a lot.

Her eyes travel past Rachel's shoulder -- Jeannette spies on them.

MARITA

Yeah... I get that. The dress?

Rachel shuts her door. Marita's back peddling, stifling a surprised shriek, as she backs her into the corner. And just like that - the kiss is full of yearning and primal passion.

Marita bites her lip hard. Rachel grimaces, disturbed, but excited. Marita smiles with an erotic curiosity, wipes the blood from Rachel's mouth. And they're sucking face again.

A TIMID KNOCK.

JEANNETTE (O.S.)

How are you two making out in there?

Both share amused smiles. Marita quickly changes.

MARITA

We're fine.

(to: Rachel)

Nice going. Now I'm a mess.

She re-applies her lipstick. Very sensual. Rachel runs her hands all along Marita's fabulous curves, avoids her breasts and ass.

MARITA

You like taking risks, don't you?

RACHEL

I'm in a risky business. It comes with the territory.

MARITA

Well -- if my husband caught you trespassing on his... he'd kill you.

RACHEL

Some things are worth dying for.

Highly aroused, Marita drops her lipstick as if it burned her hand.

MARITA

I have to go.

RACHEL

When things are just starting to get interesting.

And with a considerable amount of effort, Marita extricates herself. In her haste to make a quick getaway, Rachel grabs her shoes.

RACHEL

Wait.

MARITA

(embarrassed)

Yes, thanks. I might need those.

Feeling Rachel's "lust-filled," stare, Marita looks off, slips into her heels. Spots her lipstick on the carpet.

RACHEL

I wanna see you again.

MARITA

If you know what's good for you --
you'll stay away.

Marita leaves. Rachel stares. Then something CRUNCHES under her feet.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - RACQUETBALL COURTS - DAY

Loud grunts and groans... Walter and Rachel in the middle of a competitive game. He's kicking her butt. He jumps up and down, victorious. They grab bottles of water. Rachel looks drained.

WALTER

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

RACHEL

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

They grab their bags and walk off.

WALTER

Is everything all right with you and Gina?

And she doesn't say it with much conviction...

RACHEL

Yeah, we just need some time apart. I met someone though.

WALTER

Really? Is she hot?

RACHEL

Scorchin'. Salma Hayek hot. Even her name sizzles.

WALTER

Wow! That hot. I have to admit I was on my game today.

RACHEL
No... I was off mine.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, in a SEXY CAMISOLE, her thonged-ass, rise and fall as she does lifts and raises with an EXERCISE BUTT BALL.

BAHARA, 30s, very attractive, showered, naked, changes back into her Flight Attendant uniform.

BAHARA
This is nothing. Spend a little
time in Dabai... you'd be loving
this Miami heat wave.

She grabs her rollaboard, kisses Rachel good-bye.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

On the sofa, Rachel 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
Rachel.

RACHEL
Max.

He eyes her lovely breasts. She shoots him a scornful one.

RACHEL
Their not grocery items.

MAX
What's the most important question
on the mind of Alaskan lesbians?
(hesitates)
What would you do oh oh for a
Klondyke bar.

Rachel's eyes roll. Max pulls out his note pad.

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

RACHEL
What do you want?

MAX

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

RACHEL

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

MAX

Did you report him to the police?

RACHEL

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

MAX

It wasn't an accident. Someone
tinkered with his brakes.

RACHEL

Any leads?

MAX

One I'm following up on.

RACHEL

Knowing Polanski, he was probably up
to no good.

INT. PINECREST BAR - DAY

Small, swank, and smoky. BUSINESSMEN, sweatin' like pigs,
eyes raping... at the bar - Marita, tipsy, and dressed to
fuck another man.

FRED, 50s, the bartender, sets down a fresh drink.

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.

As he walks off, mumbling under his breath --

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

IN THE MIRROR above the bar - Marita notices Rachel. Both do a horrible job of hiding their lust. She slides onto a tall 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."*

RACHEL

I saw it. Body Heat.

Fred appears...

RACHEL

Gin and orange.

FRED

Very British, Miss.

Rachel nods in agreement. He leaves. Marita's eyes cutting back and forth.

MARITA

Seems we're the center of attention.

RACHEL

Um, yeah, 'cuz they know we're hot.

MARITA

How'd you find me?

RACHEL

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?

RACHEL

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

Marita stares long and hard at Rachel - "Ummmm." Then --

MARITA

I'll make it *HOT* for you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fleabag. Keys RATTLING. The door flies open - BLAST OF HOT
AIR hits --

-- Rachel SLAMS Marita AGAINST THE WALL, they tare at each
others clothes. Marita reaches down, takes off a stiletto.

MARITA

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

The other stiletto... Rachel is all over her, a full out
sexual assault.

BACKLIT by AFTERNOON LIGHT... they're having ragged, urgent
lesbian sex... their bodies tribbing in unleashed lust. As
Marita hooks a leg around Rachel's waist...

...one hot, slithery chant...

MARITA

I've never felt this hot before.

LATER

On the carpet, bodies roll apart, sweating, lovers whose
last drop of passion has been spent on each other.

RACHEL

Well, I thought it would be much
cooler on the floor.

MARITA

Well, this definitely isn't helping.

Naughty CHUCKLES. Marita rises, crosses over, curtains wide
open, stares out the window - SILHOUETTED.

RACHEL

Modesty isn't your forte, is it?

MARITA

No one's at this fucking shit-hole,
but us.

Still hot and horny, Rachel snakes her arms around Marita
from behind.

Kisses her neck, inhales her scent, strokes her.

RACHEL

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

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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

MARITA

(pleased)
Are you jealous?

RACHEL

Very.

Rachel SLAPS her rump, hard. Playfully, she brushes Rachel
back with her ass, then jokingly...

MARITA

Don't ever slap my ass again, unless
I give you permission.

Marita stubs out the cigarette, Rachel lifts Marita off the
stained carpet, and carries her over towards --

-- Bodies crush the sheets, and the fooling around begins
anew.

LATER EVEN YET...

Rachel, half-naked, touches up her hair and make-up. Marita
does a reverse striptease. Never has one looked so hot.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

As long as I don't get burned. I
want to see you again.

Marita presents her back, Rachel zips her up.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Good.

MARITA

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

She notices fear in Marita's eyes.

RACHEL

...I have the secret affair done.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Early morning. Rachel runs hard, in love with the rush.
She looks back -- Gina struggles to keep up.

RACHEL

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

Gina stops to catch his breath.

GINA

You said two miles.

RACHEL

We still have three more to go.

GINA

Just call me a Taxi.

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

RACHEL

How about an ambulance.

Gina makes an "obscene," hand gesture. Rachel checks her
cell. She looks disappointed.

GINA

I'm sure she'll call.

RACHEL

Uh, do I detect a slight hint of
jealousy?

GINA

Don't flatter yourself bitch!

She notices Rachel smiling, staring at her oddly.

GINA

What--?

RACHEL

Anybody ever tell you -- you look
like Sarah Shahi?

Judging from the look on her face, she's heard it before.

GINA

Oh god.

Playfully, she brushes Rachel aside, takes off in a sprint.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE DAY - DAY

Fax machine BEEPS. Rachel, very irritable, rifles through paperwork. She slides open a drawer, eyes several bottles of PROZAC.

Short debate - closes it. KNOCK... Racine pops her head in.

RACINE

I don't mean to be a pest...

RACHEL

...it's fine Racine.

RACINE

A auditor, Miss Karisma Punjabi is on the phone.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

At the full bar, Rachel and KARISMA PUNJABI, 40s, a striking East India beauty, despite the soft-butch look, drink beers.

Karisma speaks with a slight British accent.

KARISMA

The only reason why you're still a lesbian -- you haven't been laid properly.

RACHEL

Well, I still haven't. You were always too penis happy anyway.

Rachel tosses peanuts in the air, catches them with her mouth.

KARISMA

I have to admit -- we never suffered from lesbian bed death... that's for sure.

RACHEL

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

KARISMA

Boring. Last time I checked.

RACHEL
You come to audit us?

KARISMA
No. Polasnki. I'm investigating his books. We've got a shit-load of complaints.

Karisma swallows part of her drink.

RACHEL
I'm not surprised. For what?

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

RACHEL
How much?

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

RACHEL
When are coming to audit us?

KARISMA
I'll surprise you.

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

KARISMA
You didn't steal anything did you?

Karisma nods towards the TIP JAR.

They trade cold looks. But hating, but below the surface, the sexual attraction is still here.

RACHEL
I left that life behind. And you know it.

KARISMA
Once a thief. Always a thief.

Rachel stalks off.

RACHEL
And you're still a bitch!

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Clothes, heels, scattered about the soiled carpet. A fan on full blast, doing nothing to combat the heat as...

Our lovebirds are in bed, Marita's lying on top of Rachel, half-twisted in the sheet, basking in the afterglow of sex.

MARITA

You're all I could think about the past few days.

RACHEL

You miss me?

MARITA

Couldn't you tell? I was wetter than Niagara Falls.

RACHEL

More like a fucking tsunami.

MARITA

He's gone to visit his parents.

ALEXISW

Left you all alone, huh?

MARITA

So he thinks.

More kisses, blood running out.

RACHEL

They other day, back at that bar. Nothing but men in there.

MARITA

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

Her comment lingers. Marita breaks it off, chokes on the humidity.

MARITA

Oh god! It's Hades in here. I can barely breathe.

Rachel drags herself out of bed, crosses over towards the AC UNIT. She tinkers with the knobs, bangs on it. No dice.

Marita slides between her and the AC unit, seductively throws her arms around Rachel's neck.

MARITA

It wouldn't matter if it was working. You make me so hot!

Lips fused, Marita shoves a hand between Rachel's nether region who squirms in delight. And like that leads her towards...

MARITA

It feels really good to get all hot and sweaty, then get all wet in the water.

...they disappear into the bathroom.

RACHEL

(ecstatic)

I can't fuckin' believe this.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Heels in hand, Rachel and Marita walk, arm and arm. They talk intimately, definitely looks like an affair.

RACHEL

To tell you the truth, sometimes I don't know what I am. I know I prefer women, I'm more comfortable doing that.

(beat)

But just four months ago I was in a torrid affair with a man.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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?

RACHEL

You.

And it sounded like a lie.

RACHEL

I hate motels. Nothing wrong with my place.

MARITA

No. I have to be home at night. In my own bed. You know, not to arouse any suspicions.

She notices Rachel's disappointment.

MARITA

My neighbors are nosey, but I don't think they'd suspect anything if I had a friend over... I mean just for the night.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS sweep across the dark landscape. Marita pulls up. Rachel parks behind her. They hop out. She studies the place.

RACHEL

This is nice.

MARITA

It'll do.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only light comes from the SHIMMERING pool and lit tile. Rachel studies family photos. In the b.g. Marita watches.

MARITA

That's him. Thomas.

RACHEL

You two look happy.

MARITA

Looks can be deceiving.

Rachel eyes the nice, mahogany bar, then --

RACHEL

You mind if I help myself?

MARITA

He keeps it locked up too.

Marita let's her dress fall, glances back over her shoulder - shoots her a come-hither-look.

MARITA

C'mon. There's one in the bedroom.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - WINDOW - NIGHT

In the darkened corridor, Marita and Rachel play "grab-ass." A SHADY FIGURE falls over the glass... black-gloved hands holds up a Cannon.

Captures SNAPSHOTS. PRE-LAP... sounds of female ecstasis serenading --

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- Modest. No family photos. Rachel rolls off, lies on her back, sweating, and blissful. Marita slides atop, eager and hungry.

RACHEL
You're killing me, babe.

MARITA
Not yet. We keep this up, I'm gonna run out of sheets.

Rachel forces a smile.

MARITA
Not to mention, he catches one whiff of that perfume of yours... the gigs up.

Marita nuzzles in next to her. They lie quiet, as they listen to the CHIMES.

MARITA
Feels good.

RACHEL
Yes... soothing.

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

RACHEL
If you're not happy, leave.

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

They share a steamy kiss.

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

RACHEL
Did you?

MARITA

No. I turned down his first two proposals.

RACHEL

Why did you marry him?

MARITA

He was sweet. Now he's all bitter.

The doorbell RINGS. Rachel panics. Marita puts a finger to Rachel's lips.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Maybe I should go to your spare bedroom.

MARITA

You're in it.

RACHEL

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

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Marita strides along, more nude than anything in a SEXY NIGHTGOWN and stilettos. Opens up to find --

-- Two MIAMI POLICE OFFICERS. Both loose a bit of breath.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - VERANDA - NIGHT

Sound of wind chimes waft over... Rachel, in a silky house robe, watches flames off in the distance. Marita returns, hands Rachel a drink.

MARITA

Just the police. Apparently, the neighbors called. They reported a prowler.

Rachel registers her relief.

MARITA

See -- what did I tell you.

RACHEL

Well, there has been a rash of burglaries going on.

MARITA

Were safe. It's probably nothing.

RACHEL

I noticed your guest house.

MARITA

Our maid lives there. She's out of town. Death in the family.

Marita kisses Rachel passionately, pulls her back into the bedroom.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Rachel enters, anything but bright-eyed and bushy-tails, notices --

-- Marita, topless, a thong, dripping wet, bent over, raiding the refrigerator.

Rachel can't help it, tiptoeing up behind...

...snakes her arms around Marita, kissing her neck, fondles her breasts, running her hands towards her nether region, when --

RACHEL

Good morning, why didn't you wake me?

Startled, MAYTE, 30s, whirls, SLAPS the livin' shit out of Rachel. She bares an eerie resemblance to Marita. Rachel recoils, very apologetic.

In the b.g. Marita watches outside the sliding glass door.

RACHEL

Oh, god. I'm sorry, I thought --

MAYTE

Forget it. You must be Rachel.

RACHEL

And you're...?

MAYTE

Mayte. You're looking for my sister.

Marita joins them. Rachel can't suppress her embarrassment.

MARITA

I see you've met.

MAYTE

Yes, we have.

Mayte grabs a beer, shuts the fridge, then exits through the patio doors.

Before she can speak, Marita tries to calm her down.

MARITA

It's okay.

RACHEL

Baby, I got careless.

MARITA

No you didn't. She just wants me to be happy. And you make me happy.

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH - DAY

Sunlight flickers off beautiful turquoise waters. Marita breaks for the shore, emerges from the ocean, in a SKIMPY BIKINI. She sweeps up a towel.

Rachel runs up, grabs her from behind, laughing. Marita twists, falls into Rachel's arms.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

You promised not to talk about the heat.

They kiss passionately. Off in the distance...

A TELEPHOTO LENS is perched up on the lifeguard tower. No face is visible, a BIKINI CLAD WOMAN, takes photo gear out of a bag.

LATER...

They're stretched out on towels. Rachel rubs lotion over her body. Marita's face down, topless. A cooler full of Mexican beer nearby.

RACHEL

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.

They laugh UPROARIOUSLY. Rachel take a generous swig from her bottle.

MARITA

Are you kidding?

RACHEL

Sadly, but true. Insurance fraud is
lucrative, like porn. Net billions.

MARITA

So how did you get into the
insurance?

Rachel reminisces - painful. Marita notices.

RACHEL

I'd rather not talk about it.

MARITA

All right.

RACHEL

I use to be a thief.

MARITA

What--? A thief?

RACHEL

Uh-huh. And a pretty good one.

Stunned, Marita meets her eyes.

RACHEL

Why do you hide those bedroom eyes?

MARITA

You like those, huh?

Marita takes off her sunglasses.

MARITA

Is that better?

RACHEL

Perfect.

Rachel slithers atop, they go at it, hot and heavy.

MARITA

Does your libido ever slow down?

RACHEL

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.

Rachel is getting more turned on.

RACHEL

Hell, my ex got exhausted from me always wanting it. It drove him nuts. He couldn't keep up.

MARITA

Well, my libido was a rock until I met you. Here -- do some work.

She tosses a bottle at Rachel, flips over face down. Rachel strides atop, rubs tanning lotion on Marita's back, when her face contorts in agony.

Concerned, Rachel presses the issue.

RACHEL

What is it?

MARITA

Nothing, just my back.

Rachel moves off, FROZEN at the sight of a bruise tattooed on her lower back. If Rachel wasn't suspicious before, she is now.

RACHEL

I didn't noticed that.

MARITA

We were kind of busy. I had another nasty fall.

RACHEL

You walk fine when we're together.

MARITA

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

She laughs. Rachel tries to laugh with her, but doesn't find it funny. Marita shuts her eyes - "dammit."

MARITA

I can't see you tonight.

Rachel - moderately disappointed.

MARITA

Sorry, I have to spend time with my sister. You do understand?

RACHEL

Yes, of course. I don't want to get greedy.

Another hot embrace.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walter enters. Shelves cluttered with law books. Marita, looking sexy as ever, casually draped across a crappy sofa.

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.

(off his smirk)

She's not what I expected.

WALTER

What did you expect?

MARITA

Not her.

WALTER

Don't tell me your falling for her?

MARITA

(lying)

No. Just saying. I heard the old bastard settled.

WALTER

Yes. 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 joins her - zero resistance. Marita extends a leg, admires her anklet, her feet finds his wanton mouth.

WALTER

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

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.

Marita lays back, a dare to defy me pose. Makes a gesture for him to come. Obedient, he moves atop.

MARITA

Relax... Jack's going to get it much sooner then he thinks.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - VIP ROOM - NIGHT

A sleazy strip joint. Dimly-lit. JANESEA, 20s, porn star gorgeous, gives Rachel, who's all business, the lap dance from hell.

JANESEA

You're not enjoying yourself, baby?

RACHEL

I've seen enough. I'm here about your slip-and-fall back injury claim.

Janessa stops, cringes. Rachel hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHEL

Insurance fraud is a felony. Are you aware of that?

Before she can speak, Rachel puts up a hand to silence her.

RACHEL

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. Talk to me.

Janessa's eyes well-up. She throws back on her top.

JANESEA

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

Rachel, skeptical.

RACHEL

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 Rachel goes to leave...

JANESSA

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

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Gina, in a SEXY NEGLIGEE, asleep in bed. Stirs awake to find -- Rachel strips down to her bra and panties.

RACHEL

Hello, beautiful.

GINA

Hey. How did you...? Never mind.

Rachel goes to crawl into bed, a soft crunch under her feet. It's a CONDOM WRAPPER. Flash of jealousy in her eyes. She suppresses it.

GINA

Look, I just finished a sixteen hour shift and I'm tired. And sore. Can it wait til morning?

Caught off-guard, Rachel crawls under the sheets, spoons up behind Gina.

RACHEL

Gina, don't ever think that.

GINA

So where have you been hiding?

RACHEL

Just busy.

GINA

With who?

RACHEL

Nobody. Just work.

Gina shoots her - a don't bullshit with me look. Anxious to change the subject... Rachel sees: "*The Postman Always Rings Twice*," laden on the night-stand.

RACHEL
Did you finish it?

GINA
Uh-huh. It was only a 100 pages or so.

Gina rolls over, they are face-to-face now.

GINA
Oh yeah... what's up with that?
There was no Postman, or even alluded to. Did you know that?

RACHEL
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.

RACHEL
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
Interesting.

RACHEL
Do you ever regret us crossing the line?

Gina -- unsure how to answer, then...

GINA
And what--? Deny myself all this pleasure.

They LAUGH. Gina snuggles in Rachel's arms.

RACHEL

Marco don't know a good thing when
he sees it.

GINA

(under her breath)
And he's not the only one.

Gina's eyes open, even in the darkness, a smile of irony
creeps across her face, then --

GINA

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

Off Rachel -- eyes travel towards the novel.

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 pounding the pavement, as
a WOMAN, black-skirted and jacketed, lifts a baseball bat.

THWACK! She caves his skull in. 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. Then... an EXPLOSION blows out the windows.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

PETE, 20s, sits nervously. Rachel, tiger-shark mode, slides
over paperwork. He looks it over, tries to settle himself.

PETE

Worker's compensation claim. Slip-
and-fall back injury, she suffered
at Little Havana.

RACHEL

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

PETE

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

RACHEL

Your friend is a good dancer.

His face turns pale as a ghost. Pete breaks down.

RACHEL

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

Rachel, more disappointed than anything else with him.

RACHEL

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

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, claustrophobic atmosphere. Pool equipment strewn
about. Marita, wet, nude, under her long SILK ROBE, leads
Rachel towards a futon sofa.

MARITA

Help me.

They proceed to pull it out into a bed.

RACHEL

What's wrong with your bedroom?

MARITA

I thought we could use a change of
scenery.

Marita pushes her down, topples atop. Intermittent kisses.

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.

Bodies twist and turn. Rachel on top now.

MARITA

I'm scared. I haven't felt this way
in a long time. About anyone. Not
even him. Do you know what I mean?

Marita brings her leg back, anklet glittering. Rachel
kisses her feet affectionately, eyes it.

MARITA

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

She examines the engraving: "Rachel." She's deeply moved.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

A SHADOW creep over the window, someone spies on our lovers.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

They're locked in a passionate embrace. A perceptive noise from outside. Both FREEZE like the proverbial deer.

Marita looks at her - "be right back."

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Plush studio apartment. Sophia's topless, showered, a towel wrapped around her waist. Marita let's herself in.

MARITA

What the fuck are you doing?

SOPHIA

What the fuck does it look like?

Sophia produces a small vial, does a BUMP OF COKE.

MARITA

Sophia, I'm in no mood for any of your shit.

SOPHIA

Did Thomas get a new car?

MARITA

You were suppose to call.

She's loving every minute of Marita's discomfort.

MARITA

What did you hear?

SOPHIA

Nothing.

Marita isn't buying a word of it.

SOPHIA

Unlike you... I'd be willing to give a little here.

MARITA

I don't care what you'll give. What will it take?

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel crams her feet into her heels. Marita escorts her out.

RACHEL

I thought she was out of town?

MARITA

She came back early. Sophia wont say anything. She's here illegally.

RACHEL

What?

MARITA

I told you he was a cheap bastard.

They kiss. Urgent.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Early morning. Marita walks seductively along the gangway towards the boat slips. Sweaty/white-hot again. The HAIR TURBAN, short-shorts, and heels. Overnight bag slung over her shoulder.

She strides down the floating dock to --

EXT. BOAT - DAY

-- A small yacht, luxurious sports coupe moored in it's slip. Topside, Rachel stares. PUSH INTO her eyes and we're...

IN THE FANTASYSCAPE:

-- *A lipstick case rolling across the floor of a cafe towards Frank (James Garfield).*

-- *A pair of nude slim legs in the doorway, Cora (Lana Turner) provocatively sexy and scantily clad in white shorts, white top, and white turban.*

-- *Surprisingly it's not Frank anymore, but Rachel who now looks at all of Marita...*

MARITA (V.O.)

Hey...?

BACK TO SCENE

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

RACHEL
You do miss me.

MARITA
Just thinking about you makes me cum
on demand. C'mon, let's rock the
boat.

INT. BOAT - MASTER BEDROOM -DAY

Amidst the twisted sheets, Marita and Rachel are necking feverishly, in the middle of hot grappling, sweaty pillow fight. Suddenly -- their bodies roll... over the edge of the bed...

THUMP! They land on the floor. The boat rocks. Rachel grimaces as she takes the brunt of it. Marita's on top, genuinely concerned.

MARITA
Are you okay?

RACHEL
I think so.

They're lost in each others eyes. Marita kisses her passionately.

EXT. BOAT - TOPSIDE - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmers off the dark, churning waters. Rachel gazes out into the night. Marita comes up from below.

MARITA
You all right.

Breaks Rachel from her reverie. Another hot embrace.

RACHEL
Thinking.

MARITA
About what?

RACHEL
You... me... us.

MARITA
Us. I like the sound of that.

A quiet moment, then...

MARITA
He'll be back tomorrow.

RACHEL

I know. What happens then?

MARITA

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

Not what Rachel wants to hear. Marita lights a cigarette.

RACHEL

Don't you get tired of this sneaking around?

MARITA

Yes, but what choice do we have?

RACHEL

Just ask for the divorce again.

MARITA

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

Frustrated, Marita stubs it out.

MARITA

I hate him. I dread going back to him.

INT. BOAT - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel and Marita are snuggling on the sofa, sipping wine, watching "**Casablanbca**," on the flat-screen. A quiet beat, then...

MARITA

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

Rachel senses Marita wants to ask her something.

RACHEL

What?

Marita - "Now is a good time." Gathers her thoughts.

MARITA

I'm thinking about getting some accident insurance.

Rachel raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL

I wouldn't recommend it?

MARITA

Why?

RACHEL

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, then no.*

Marita slides into her lap, kisses Rachel, not doubt using her sex appeal as a weapon.

MARITA

I'm worried about him. If something happens --

RACHEL

What do you care? You don't love him.

MARITA

No, I don't, but he's prone to have accidents. Last year he broke his leg. I could pay for it myself --

RACHEL

Without him knowing?

MARITA

Yes.

RACHEL

You can't getaway with it.

MARITA

(plays dumb)

Rachel, what are you talking about?

RACHEL

You want him dead, don't you?

Marita slides off, both hot and bothered.

MARITA

That's preposterous!

Rachel stares at her -- a deathly silence.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

What...? That you want your husband dead?

MARITA

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

RACHEL

But you've thought about it.

MARITA

Only when he beats the crap out of me.

(then)

Don't tell me you didn't suspect.

Rachel's face tightens in anger. She can't argue with that.

MARITA

Hell, I even signed a pre-nup.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

You get nothing, is that it?

MARITA

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

Rachel paces the floor, eyes her reflection in the mirrors.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Is everything about money?

Marita EXPLODES.

MARITA

Call it a goddamn consolidation prize!

Short silence... Marita's eyes well-up. They embrace.

MARITA

Oh, Rachel. I can't take it anymore.

(MORE)

MARITA (CONT'D)

Why can't two people who love each other be together. I'd rather kill myself than live without you.

(off Rachel's look)

I'll ask him for another divorce.

But Rachel isn't listening - she's contemplating.

EXT. OCEAN BLVD - DAY

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

MAX

Jack Miller. You've heard of him?

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

What? Arson.

MAX

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

RACHEL

So he was already dead.

Rachel lets it sink in.

RACHEL

They were probably in on something.

MAX

But what? Is the question.

RACHEL

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

MAX

My partner is a douchebag.

Rachel smirks, then...

RACHEL

Can you run a BG check for me. My resources are limited.

She hands her a folded piece of paper. Max checks.

MAX

Yeah.

RACHEL

They're taking out some insurance policies. And I don't want us to get blind-sided.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - ICU ROOM - DAY

Janessa sits alongside her SON, 6, who's hooked up to all sorts of medical equipment. Strokes his hair.

In the b.g. Rachel looks on. She turns, runs into Gina. Both happy to see one another.

EXT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - TERRACE - DAY

Sunlight fading. Rachel sits, mind someplace else, her face glows with perspiration. Gina walks out, carrying two beers.

GINA

It's an experimental procedure and they won't 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?

Gina sits in Rachel's lap.

RACHEL

No.

GINA

You seem more quiet than usual.

RACHEL

Is it that obvious?

GINA

Uh... yeah. You want to talk about it?

RACHEL

No.

Taps her bottle against hers. Rachel ogling her shirt.

RACHEL

Who's shirt is that?

GINA

Rocco's.

RACHEL

And who is this Rocco?

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

GINA

So what do you think of the Dolmeh Felfel?

RACHEL

It was good. Kinda spicy.

GINA

You being the fitness nut, It has a lot of healthy attributes. So it's good for you... *TOO*.

Rachel tries to read her tone -- when her cell rings. She checks. It's Marita.

MARITA (V.O.)

Come to me.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rachel leans against her car, smoking. She checks her watch, anxious. Marita pulls up, hops out, sunglasses.

MARITA

I told Thomas.

RACHEL

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. Rachel's eyes redden in rage.

They cling together. Rachel has wrapped herself in guilt.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Baby, I'm so sorry. I should have listened to you.

MARITA

I'm not. Gave me an excuse to get out and come see you.

Her words make Rachel melt.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, in a sexy nightshirt and panties, smokes on the bed, when she gets -- in a FLASH:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

-- A *SILHOUETTED COUPLE*, in a heated argument. All in silence. He wails on the woman, tosses her around like a rag doll.

-- A BASEBALL BAT swings into frame, strikes his skull with a brutal blow. It's Rachel. 16. *Specks of blood on her face.*

MARITA (V.O.)

You all right?

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel is jostled out of her reverie. Marita walks from the bathroom, in a *SLINKY NIGHTIE*, joins her, strides atop.

RACHEL

I grew up around domestic violence.
No woman should ever have to go
through that.

MARITA

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

RACHEL

That's another reason why I haven't
got re-married. Too afraid I'd kill
him.

They share a quiet look of conspiracy. Marita plucks the cigarette from Rachel's lips. Takes a long hit.

RACHEL

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

Marita lifts her matted hair up off her nape, pauses for a beat, just the way Rachel likes. Rachel fondles her great ass.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

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

(beat)

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

MARITA

What happened?

RACHEL

An autopsy revealed he was already
dead.

She kills the cigarette in the ashtray.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Then -- he'll have to die.

A little thrill runs through Marita.

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.

RACHEL

I don't mind doing it.

MARITA

But how?

RACHEL

Killing a man. Easier said than
done. Books. Movies. Make it look
so easy. Guns, knives, poison, car
crash... piece of cake.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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

Rachel crawls out of bed, racks her brain.

MARITA

Poison.

RACHEL

No. That would be the first thing they'd check. It needs to look like an accident -- especially one that's going to pay double.

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

MARITA

Double...?

RACHEL

Yeah, double Indemnity. On certain accidents that almost never happen, it pays double. And it needs to be one.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel types on her laptop. Stares at the screen, deep breath, and clicks. Her cell phone humms. She checks. Max.

MAX (V.O.)

They're clean.

INT. COUNTY CLUB - STEAM ROOM - DAY

Steamy as fuck. Slick tiles, wet with mist, benches, and not a soul insight until... Rachel and Marita sit in the moist heat, lying about.

MARITA

Well, you're right. Nobody in their right mind would come in here doing a heat wave.

RACHEL

We've got to be careful. From here on out.

MARITA

Don't you think it's risky too--

RACHEL

-- Sometimes it's best to hide in plain sight. But your phone records could be a problem.

MARITA

No. I've been using a hobby phone.

(MORE)

MARITA (CONT'D)

(off Rachel's
surprise)

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

They kiss passionately.

RACHEL

Tomorrow night. I'll need a
witness.

MARITA

Mayte will be there.

RACHEL

Are you sure?

MARITA

Yes. Besides she's going back to
Mexico the day after. We're good.

Across the room, WE SEE Karisma, just barely, who watches
our lovers leave.

PRE-LAP... doorbell RINGS.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Marita, in a super sexy evening gown, crosses the threshold
and opens the door -- Rachel, shines like a dream girl in a
sexy cocktail dress. Attaché case in hand.

Unable to avert their eyes, they exchange pleasantries, but
keep it professional.

MARITA

You didn't have trouble finding the
place did you?

RACHEL

No.

Their voices down to a whisper now.

RACHEL

I so want to maul you right now.

MARITA

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

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THOMAS JORGE, 50s, imposing, but gentle, in a tux, mauls
over documents. Rachel sits next to him.

Marita and Mayte play SPANISH TWENTY-ONE in the background.

RACHEL

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?

RACHEL

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. Rachel studies him as he goes to scribble...

MARITA

Thomas?

He looks back.

THOMAS

Yes?

Marita hooks on a pair of earrings. Rachel, 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. Rachel hands him the original.

RACHEL

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

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

THOMAS

Anything else?

RACHEL

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. Thomas heads down the corridor.

MARITA
Thanks for coming?

RACHEL
No, thank you. Have fun tonight.

Marita opens the door. They watch Thomas disappear out of sight. She turns to Marita. Flicker of doubt in her eyes, then...

RACHEL
Thomas doesn't seem so bad?

MARITA
He deserves an Oscar.

A silent beat. They kiss. Finally, Marita breaks it off.

MARITA
You better go before I maul you.

RACHEL
No tell motel tomorrow.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

At the wheel - Rachel drives, a bit uneasy. Through the windshield -- the Canizales' SUV.

INT. DIETRICHSON'S ESTATE - DAY

A beautiful Mediterranean villa. COCKTAIL party is in full swing -- catered affair. Affluent, ATTRACTIVE COUPLES, all sorts of undress, mingle over drinks. More make out here and there.

Rachel walks in, surveys the place. SUNG HI DIETRICHSON, 40s - an Asian sex kitten, barely-there dress, intercepts her. Everything about her is fake, from her smile to her breasts.

Not thrilled to see Rachel, but cordial.

SUNG HI
Miss Romaine... this is a private party. I don't remember sending you an invitation?

A SEXY COCKTAIL WAITRESS walks by, a tray of hors-d'oeuvres. Rachel helps herself.

RACHEL
Sung Hi. Excuse me.

Thomas and Marita raid the buffet table. A flash of alarm in Marita's eyes...

Rachel waltz's over. Thomas looks up.

RACHEL
Well, this is a nice surprise.

THOMAS
Miss Romaine, if I knew you would be here, I would have asked you to join us.

Her and Marita exchange smiles.

LATER...

On the love seat, our trio sip bubbly liquid. Her and Marita steal glances. Thomas nods his head towards her necklace.

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

Out of Thomas' watchful eyes, Marita mouths, "Are you crazy."

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

THOMAS
Well, you don't look like no lesbian so you must be a feminist.

Rachel hesitates -- looks him dead in the eye.

RACHEL
Especially, when it comes to fucking revenge.

Her comment hangs in the air.

THOMAS
Are you obsessed with the feminist movement?

RACHEL
No. I have other obsessions.

THOMAS
That's the problem with obsessions, they can kill you.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You never know what it is... until
you cross that line.

Thomas sips.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

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

He turns to Marita, his hand rubbing her thigh. She looks a
little sickly.

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.

They kiss. Rachel shoots Marita a suspicious look. This
isn't lost on Marita, who's getting very nervous.

THOMAS

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

MARITA

Excuse me, I need to use the ladies
room.

She gives Rachel -- "Are you coming," look. Walks off.

INT. DIETRICHSON'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marita, alone, fixes her face. HEARS the door close. Lock. IN THE MIRROR -- sees Rachel behind her, a weird calm to her demeanor now.

MARITA

What are you doing here?

RACHEL

You're not happy to see me?

MARITA

Of course.

Marita kisses her... it's not easy, but Rachel stands her ground.

RACHEL

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

MARITA

Rachel. It's all an act.

RACHEL

What... you take me for a fool?

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

MARITA

No! What's gotten into you?

RACHEL

I know women like you.

Marita EXPLODES in a fury, slapping, pawing at Rachel, who manages to corral her flailing arms, tries to calm her down.

RACHEL

Stop it! I said STOP!

Marita does, gasping for breath. They just stare... Marita begins to calm down.

MARITA

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

An uncomfortable silence. Marita looks like she's about to cry.

RACHEL

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

She cuts Rachel off with a steamy kiss... Rachel is responding, almost mechanical.

MARITA

Oh I want you... I need you.

Rachel is all over Marita, sprawls her out face down across the counter top, dramatic rear-slit of Marita's gown parted; garters, stockings, and no panties.

She grabs a handful of Marita's great mane, YANKS back hard, forces Marita to watch them IN THE MIRROR. Marita grimaces.

MARITA

You're hurting me.

And let there be no fuckin' misunderstanding either...

RACHEL

I spent five years in prison and
have no intentions of going back...
but if you play me -- I'll be doing
twenty-five to life.

She let's go. Marita's terrified. A moment passes between them; their first fight, but the passion is still there...

...they making out with reckless abandonment on the carpet; raw frustration, a hint of pent-up aggression, a tad bit of anger.

RACHEL

I swear to god I'll...

MARITA

I love you.

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

MARITA

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

WALTER

What did I tell ya. She's been in
this business awhile... knows
peoples motives pretty damn well.

He takes a generous gulp of his drink.

WALTER

We've got to be careful.
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Rachel is a double-edged sword. And knows all the tricks of the trade -- and more then a car full of monkeys. Hell...

MARITA

...she'll do it. I just need to up the ante.

WALTER

No. You know I hate that.

Walter, uncomfortable at the thought. Marita senses this, marches over to him, a commanding presence.

MARITA

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

She grabs Walter, forces him to look at her, then...

MARITA

Look, I know this is going to hurt you a lot more then it hurts me. But trust me...
(smiling)
I'll get over.

Reluctant, he punches her in the mouth. Marita staggers back, not hurt, but pissed. Walter - a pained look.

MARITA

You've got to do it harder then that.

Walter drinks. Marita masks her contempt, then --

MARITA

Walter?

He spins -- WHAM! She COLDCOCKS him square in the face. Walter drops in excruciating pain. Busted nose, a fury burns in his eyes.

MARITA

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

In a flash - he delivers a devastating RIGHT CROSS - Marita lands hard on the canvass. She spits out blood, then licks her busted lip.

Marita can barely conceal her excitement.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - NIGHT

In the dark, Rachel nurses a drink and doubts. The doorbell BUZZES. She peers into the fish-eye, not surprised who it is.

Marita - teary-eyed. Rachel stops short, feels bad. The tension breaks. She grabs Rachel's face with much cruelty, then --

MARITA

I love you.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dimly-lit. Fully naked, Marita lies on the bed, hugging a pillow tight. Rachel, still clothed, examines the bruises on Marita's legs.

MARITA

He raped me. I'm so sore. It's raw.

Rachel looks at Marita - a little girl lost, decides to open up.

RACHEL

My Brother. He died in a car accident.

Marita listens intently.

RACHEL

He took it to a body shop that was known for cutting corners and super low prices. Frankie didn't get a mile from the lot when he crashed.

MARITA

I'm so sorry.

RACHEL

They used a clothes hanger to wire her steering wheel together.

MARITA

Oh my god! That's horrible.

RACHEL

We got a good lawyer and sued those bastards.

They share a quiet moment of bonding.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas and Marita are in bed. Asleep. Quiet as a mouse, he gets up, and walk out. Marita's eyes open.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the murky light - Thomas wipes the sleep from his eyes, as he approaches the stairs. Something CRUNCHES under his feet.

He screams -- tumbles down the stairs.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

At the bottom of the steps, Thomas lies in excruciating pain. Marita descends, in no rush. She looks deflated.

INT. HARLAN'S SALVAGE YARD - OFFICE - DAY

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

RACHEL

Harlan. Feels good.

HARLAN

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

Rachel 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.

RACHEL

Did that come off a Mercedes?

HARLAN

Yep. A woman brought it in last week. Nice set of milk jugs. Pretty damn hot too.

Rachel scrutinizes it -- there's a TIRE TREAD.

HARLAN

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

RACHEL

Did she say what happened?

HARLAN

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

RACHEL

No way.

HARLAN

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

RACHEL

A motorcycle.

HARLAN

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

Off Rachel, who shades her eyes, let's the question linger.

INT. RACHEL'S PORSCHE / EXT. WOODS - DAY

Heavy sheets of rain pounds the windshield. Windows are fogged up. Mute passion in the air. In the back seat -- Rachel and Marita, soaking wet, still clothed, making out.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

That would make sense.

MARITA

What makes sense?

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

It's a necessary evil.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Did you bring it?

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

RACHEL

Sophia?

MARITA

She's staying with her boyfriend tonight.

RACHEL

Is that the correct code?

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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

MARITA

Rachel, we've been over it a million times. I got it.

Rachel hands her an envelope.

RACHEL

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

INT. RACHEL'S 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. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Rachel drives, dressed in black, fingers tapping nervously on the wheel.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel stuffs her ski mask inside her jacket. Wipes sweat from her face. She stares at herself in the mirror for a longtime.

She HEARS the door close. Voices. Indecipherable. Much to her surprise.

RACHEL

(hushed)
What the...?

Rachel makes a beeline for the walk-in, flattens herself against the dressing room wall, near the doorway.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas staggers in, drink in hand. Turns on the stereo, flops down on the bed. Sung Hi saunters in, clutching a drink, her fancy dress undone.

THOMAS

Sung Hi, I just need a warm body.
It's been so long since we've had
love.

SUNG HI

Why don't you just divorce that
bitch? She's poison.

Thomas looks away, sad eyes.

THOMAS

I love her so much.

SUNG HI

Did she tell you how she got those
bruises?

THOMAS

Her and Sophia had a catfight.

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

By the doorway - Rachel, sweating profusely, eyes transfixed on Thomas' broken arm.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She helps Thomas strip down. Kisses him dispassionately.

SUNG HI

You know she's stepping out on you,
right?

He finds the thought unsettling.

THOMAS

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

SUNG HI

(skeptical)
Really. How about a shower?

Down to his BOXERS, Thomas heads for the bathroom, and shuts the door.

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

Sung Hi shimmies in, let's her dress fall. She step out of it, stark naked. In the b.g. Rachel - still pressed against the wall, takes it all in.

Sung Hi pins her hair up, walks down the short hall, and enters a bathroom. Rachel throws on her mask, makes a getaway.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel bolts out - Thomas exits the bathroom. Their eyes lock.

THOMAS

Who in the fuck are you!

Rachel high-tails it out of there. Thomas gives chase.

Sung Hi runs out - "What the fuck."

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Thomas is fast for his size, makes up ground.

THOMAS

Come back here -- you bitch!

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

In the b.g. Sung Hi watches the spectacle unfold, unsure if she should intervene. Then something catches her eye --

-- Rachel's necklace lies in the corner.

Sung Hi, more surprised then anything. Thinks. Quickly, grabs hold of the ANTIQUE VASE.

Rachel 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.

They stare. Sung Hi gives her a smug look. A GROAN yanks them back to reality. Rachel seizes the moment and bolts.

Thomas, still feeling the lingering effects, staggers to his feet.

THOMAS
What the hell...?

SUNG HI
(lying)
Sorry. It was an accident. I tried to hit her.

THOMAS
I better call the police.

SUNG HI
No! How are we going to explain this?

Off his second thought.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water runs in the sink. Rachel - stripped down to her bra and panties, inspects her battered face in the mirror. She grimaces, furious at herself. Suddenly -- a quiet look of horror.

She's just realized her necklace is missing.

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter lays in bed, eye-balling Marita getting dressed. A bottle of Champagne on the night table. 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 Rachel.

INTERCUT as needed:

MARITA

Oh, no!

RACHEL

You've got to find my necklace.

MARITA

You know where?

Rachel paces, relentless.

RACHEL

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?

RACHEL

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

Rachel hangs up. Pissed.

MARITA

Fuck! 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. RACHEL'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel lies on the love seat. Gina, in her HOSPITAL SCRUBS,
holds an ice-pack over her swelling face. Rachel cringes.

RACHEL

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

GINA

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

RACHEL

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

GINA

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

RACHEL

I missed place it.

Gina studies her - suspicious.

GINA

I have to get back to the hospital,
but I'll be by to check on you.
I'll bring something for the pain.

She heads out. Rachel restrains her with a gentle hand.

RACHEL

What would I do without you?

GINA

You don't know a good thing when you
see it.

The irony of her remark lingers. Resonating with Rachel.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

MARITA

What was that? I mixed your
favorite, heroine.

Marita injects her with a lethal dose.

INT. PINECREST BAR - DAY

At a corner table, Marita and Rachel talk intimately. But the mood is far from romantic.

MARITA

I looked everywhere. I couldn't
find it. Are you sure?

RACHEL

Of course I'm sure. If he doesn't
have it, maybe Sophia found it.

Rachel hands her back the SPARE KEY.

MARITA

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

Rachel - stunned.

RACHEL

What?!

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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

Marita, not happy.

RACHEL

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

MARITA

Would you relax. You're making me nervous.

RACHEL

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.

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

RACHEL

Get that policy. Today.

MARITA

Oh, there's some detective snooping around.

RACHEL

He's just fishing. Keep your mouth shut.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Rachel drives, cell to her ear.

RACHEL

Max, did Jack have a motorcycle?

MAX (V.O.)

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

RACHEL

Can I see it?

MAX

Yeah. I'll meet you in an hour.

She hangs up - dials again.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

Marita - bikini'd, chit-chats on her cell.

MARITA

You'll have to do it. And it needs
to be done tonight.

(a beat)

My original plan before Polanski
backed out.

Max comes out of the house, crosses towards her.

MAX

Mrs. Canizales?

Marita ends the call. Max eye-fucks her.

MARITA

Isn't this getting a bit tiresome,
Detective?

Phone RINGS. She checks. It's Rachel.

MARITA

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

INTERCUT as needed:

RACHEL

What a coincidence. I have some
too. Where's that policy?

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Well, see that you do.

Abruptly Marita hangs up, brushes past Max.

MARITA

Make it quick.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND - DAY

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

MAX

You look like shit. What happened?

RACHEL

Long story.

MAX

What do you think of Walter?

RACHEL

He's kind of shady, but a nice guy overall. Why?

MAX

Both Polanski and Jack were clients of his.

Rachel raises an eyebrow.

MAX

Polanski handled the Canizales' insurance policies.

Rachel processes the information, then...

RACHEL

Maybe Polanski was going to do up a phony insurance policy and have Jack sign it.

This brings them to Jack's motorcycle. Max looks on. Rachel compares the front tire tread to the damage.

RACHEL

It matches. Look.

In a nonchalant way, Max examines.

MAX

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

RACHEL

Thanks.

MAX

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

Rocked, Rachel tries not to show it.

RACHEL

We know each other socially. That's it.

MAX

C'mon. Rachel, this is Max you're talking too. I can't arrest you for adultery.

Stunned, Rachel takes a moment, then...

MAX

Did you sleep with Walter too?

RACHEL

That's none of your business?

MAX

Now I'm just as confused as three
blind lesbians in a fish market.
Either you did, or you didn't. Now
which is it?

RACHEL

I know this game. I use to play it.

And off that -- she storms off.

INT. FANCY COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

Rachel sits at the bar. Two empty shot glasses in front of her. She stares in self-disgust at her reflection in the mirror.

The BARTENDER sets down a fresh drink. She throws it back.

BARTENDER

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

Rachel 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. Rachel - a fond memory.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Doorbell RINGING. Gina, her dress undone, racy lingerie, opens the door, but leaves the chain secured.

They stare... clearly two people madly in love.

RACHEL

Can I come in?

Gina considers... not sure... maybe.

RACHEL

It was good.

GINA

Yes.

RACHEL

Really good. The sex I mean. It's so good it scares me.

GINA

(nodding)

I know.

RACHEL

I feel close to you, I... it wasn't just the sex, you see... I...

GINA

I understand...

RACHEL

... I wanted to say that --

Gina touches her lips, shushing her.

GINA

Please, Rachel. Let's not...

RACHEL

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

A silent beat as her comment lingers...

GINA

Okay. You asked me did I regret 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.

RACHEL

All bets are off. Meaning I'd like us to have something more.

They just stare - every mix of every emotion.

GINA

Rocco asked me to marry him.

RACHEL

What did you tell him?

Gina backs up, conflicted, says nothing. Rachel breaks like a cracked dam, RAMS her shoulder into the door - popping the chain - it flies open.

Rachel kisses Gina... tenderly... lovingly... then wildly passionate. It doesn't take too long, Gina surrenders.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Their naked bodies writhing in a tangle of silk sheets, deep in the throes of blisteringly-hot, passionate sex... lots of intimate eye-contact.

An Rachel she's never seen before....

RACHEL

You like making tortillas with me?

GINA

I love making tortillas with you.

They kiss, watch their sweaty faces flatline into female ecstasis.

LATER...

-- Gina sits on the side of the bed hunched over, cell to her ear. Rachel lies under the sheets. 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 Rachel. They kiss. Gina senses her turmoil.

GINA

Rachel, what is it?

RACHEL

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

GINA
Mm-hm. About what?

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

RACHEL
I wished we'd had this conversation
three weeks ago.

HOLD on their heartfelt moment, then --

RACHEL
Can I borrow your stethoscope.

GINA
What for?

RACHEL
You don't want to know.

Rachel kisses her, scrambles to get clothes on. Gina looks on, concerned. Suddenly, Rachel stops, a worried look.

RACHEL
What did you tell him...?

GINA
Nothing yet... I was waiting on the
postman.

INT. LAW OFFICES - INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

FLASHLIGHT BEAM... Rachel, 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, and NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS, and gets to work.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Rachel 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 - Rachel reads contracts - both Canizales' WILL. Disturbed, she pulls out an INSURANCE POLICY from her pocket and --

-- Compares Thomas' signatures. Rachel thinks.

RACHEL (V.O.)
"Forgery is bad," said the pot to
 the kettle.

Rachel 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 cell RINGS. Rachel SCREAMS silently. She digs through her pocket, goes to silence it. On a second thought...

KEYS RATTLING... she slides her cell across the carpet --

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

Rent-a-cop flicks on the light, spots Rachel's BLINKING cell on the floor. He shakes his head, lightens up, and snatches it.

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

Rachel watches him go, grabs her cell, greatly relieved.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Thomas wearing a robe, sits in a chair, nursing amber liquor on the rocks. He leans forward, bats his eyes. Something's not right.

He sets down his glass, rubs his eyes, stares out over the the water. His head spinning, everything is a blur.

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

FOOTSTEPS... a familiar pair of BLACK BOOTS, glide across the tile. A woman, in black, drags him towards the pool. Thomas whimpers, tries to come out of it...

...his body SPLASHES into the water. Look of pure terror on Thomas' face. He kicks, flails, and thrashes violently. He can't swim.

She returns with a pool brush and uses it to hold him under the surface. All the color drains from his face.

She picks up his glass, drops it near the edge. It SHATTERS.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Before the window, Rachel stares out, contemplating her next move. In the backdrop, Gina appears, wrapped in nothing but a sheet, studies her.

GINA

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

Gina opens up the sheet she's wearing, drapes it shroud like over Rachel's shoulder. Rachel takes a deep breath - this is hard.

TIME CUT: On the love seat, Gina almost falls over in shock.

GINA

Oh, Rachel.

RACHEL

I know.

GINA

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

RACHEL

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

Gina - oozes sympathy, hugs Rachel.

GINA

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

Rachel eyes the PHONY WILL laden on the coffee table.

RACHEL

I bought sometime. I need to think.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

She's at her desk, clearly distraught, watching the muted flat-screen: *News coverage of Thomas' death.* RAPPING on the door.

Startled, Rachel sees Max. She clicks off the T.V.

MAX

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

RACHEL

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.

MAX

Where were you? With Mrs.
Canizales?

RACHEL

No. Dr. Gina Golestani.

MAX

If I have any more questions, I know
where to find you.

Rachel waits for him to leave. Eyes the blank screen. Sick
to her stomach, she VOMITS in the waste basket.

EXT. MIAMI CITY STREETS - DAY

Bustling. Rachel walks at a fast clip, cell to her ear.

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

Rachel.

INTERCUT as needed:

RACHEL

I understand someone burglarized
your office?

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

WALTER

News travel quick. You daughter-of-
a-bitch!

RACHEL

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

A long silence, then...

WALTER

You even took the cash. You thief.

RACHEL

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

WALTER

How much more do you want?

RACHEL

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.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marita moves through a small gathering of MOURNERS, makes
small talk. It's tiresome, but she's a good sport. She
notices --

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

RACHEL

So tell me about Walter?

MARITA

Is this necessary right now? I need
to grieve for my husband.

Rachel - don't fuck with me look. As they walk...

MARITA

He's a shit lawyer -- with a shitty
office -- and even shittier lover.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Marita sets down her drink, seductively slinks up towards Rachel. She tries to kiss her, but Rachel evades it.

MARITA

Looks like someone's seeing red.

Marita tips a little more of her drink.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

Well, you're dead wrong.

MARITA

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

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

No. I only wanted you. And 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 Rachel's ready to deck this fucking bitch. Off the dresser Marita grabs Rachel's necklace. Hands it to her.

MARITA

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

Rachel - disgusted.

RACHEL

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.

Rachel 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.

Marita sips her drink. Rachel begins to pace.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

You're rotten. You both are.

MARITA

Rotten to the core.

Marita takes a generous gulp.

MARITA

The sex was definitely consensual, but the plot to murder him was as well. And whether you like it, or not -- we're in this together.

(beat)

Now lets 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've got guests who still need to offer their condolences.

RACHEL

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

Suddenly, Marita feels threatened.

RACHEL

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. Rachel recoils.... snaps!

SLAMS Marita VIOLENTLY AGAINST THE WALL. Chokes the shit out of her. She's loosing consciousness. Rachel is going to kill her until --

-- Rachel lets go, hands shaking bad. Marita slumps to the carpet, sucking up air. They trade murderous looks.

MARITA

Oh, you're going to fucking pay. One way or the other.

Marita rummages through her purse, smiles ruefully, thrusts a MANILLA ENVELOPE at her.

Rachel retrieves 8 x 10 GLOSSY PHOTOS, rifling through racy pictures of them together.

MARITA

Our insurance policy. You can keep those. We have the negatives.

Rachel tosses the photos back in her face.

RACHEL

You can keep them. I don't want anything to remind me of you.

Marita's seething. Rachel walks out.

RACHEL

And you might want to speak to Walter. I picked up something.

INT. MAXIMUM RISK - HALLWAY - DAY

Rachel and Karisma on the move.

KARISMA

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

RACHEL

They?

KARISMA

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

RACHEL

No.

Rachel - camouflaging her uneasiness again.

KARISMA

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

RACHEL

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

KARISMA

Could it be he didn't know?

RACHEL

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

KARISMA

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

RACHEL

Completely.

KARISMA

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

RACHEL

No.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY - DAY

Rachel drives, mind racing. Cell phone HUMMS.

RACHEL

Thanks for returning my phone call.

EXT. DIETRICHSON'S ESTATE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Inside the pool, Sung Hi, wearing sunglasses, sunbathing on a raft, sipping a tropical drink. She's on her cordless.

INTERCUT as needed:

SUNG HI

I don't know if I can trust you. We both know why you were there. Don't we? Did you kill him?

RACHEL

No. I was going too. I thought he was beating the shit out of her.

SUNG HI

No! Thomas would never lay a hand on her. How much do you know about Marita? Did you do a background check?

Rachel raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL

What do you know?

And with a smug look...

SUNG HI

A lot. But the question you should be asking is "what do you want, Sung Hi?"

RACHEL

You need to take a short vacation. I told her you were there.

Sung Hi's not looking so smug now.

SUNG HI

She'd like nothing better than to see me dead. Right next to Thomas.
(a beat)
It's an alias. Sativa Rosemarie Corvea.

Rachel'ss stunned.

SUNG HI

I thought you were smarter than this.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

She works feverishly on her laptop, glares at the screen.

SUNG HI (V.O.)

During a cruise in Jamaica, her first husband went overboard. Six months later, he was declared dead. One million dollar insurance settlement.

As Rachel continues to stare...

SUNG HI (V.O.)

Her second husband fell down the stairs, broke his neck. It was ruled an accident. Five thousand grand. Double indemnity.

Suddenly looks up... a quiet fury burning in her eyes.

RACHEL

(hushed)

Oh, that 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! Rachel PUNCHES him in the face. Max flies backwards.

RACHEL

You're in on it!

She goes in for another punch - Max recovers, delivers a devastating blow, knocks Rachel on her ass.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

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.

Rachel staggers to her feet, still dazed, collects herself.

MAX

Not like you can go to the cops. And don't get any bright ideas. I've got an insurance policy. Dr. Golestani.

And if looks could kill...

RACHEL
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.

PRE-LAP...

WALTER (V.O.)
We have a little hiccup in our plan.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

Marita and a concerned Walter, in the midst of a heated argument.

MARITA
Please, tell me you're kidding...

WALTER
No! Damn! I should have seen it coming.

Marita 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

Yeah -- what about me?

Both jump. Max approaches, grabs hold to Marita's arm, and forces her to look. Her face contorts in pain.

MAX

Don't get know ideas.

MARITA

You're hurting me.

MAX

If you double cross me... I'll hurt you a lot worse.

WALTER

STOP! Both of you!

The two are separated by Walter. Marita glares at Max.

MARITA

No one is double crossing anyone. We're all in this together. And so is Rachel.

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

That down payment was nice, but I want a bigger piece of the pie.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - DAY

The doorbell rings over and over again. Gina, soaking wet, wrapped in a towel, sprints from the back. Peers into the fish-eye.

Frantic, Rachel bursts in, out of breath. Gina sees her face. Gasp! Rachel holds her tight. A bit overwhelmed, Gina melts.

GINA

Rachel, what happened to your...

They do more clinging than anything.

GINA

Baby, what's wrong?

RACHEL

My ex-partner is in on it. You've got to get out of here.

GINA

What--? Am I in danger?

RACHEL

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. Not to mention we're short on staff. Besides my ex is bringing her to visit next week anyway.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL (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. Rachel, in nothing but one of Max's oversized men's shirt, and panties, fixes a lavish dinner.

Max walks in, shirtless, grabs a beer from the refrigerator.

MAX

You're still a great fuck. You know that?

Rachel retrieves a bundle of cash from her attaché case and tosses it down on the counter.

RACHEL

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.

RACHEL

I got something they want. Thomas' original will. Did they tell you I stole it?

From the look on his face -- "hell no."

RACHEL

She gets nothing. Not one nickel. So... are you in, or out?

TIME CUT: Over a single candle, Rachel masks her contempt, watches him eat the steak. She gathers up her dirty plate.

Max devours a big chunk. Dead serious...

RACHEL

Did you hear about Rosie O'Donnell? She drowned this morning.

MAX
 (stunned)
 Uh, no.

RACHEL
 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.

Rachel can barely contain her excitement.

RACHEL
 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.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Inside the shower -- Rachel scrubs hard. There's something ludicrous about it.

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Click-clacking... Rachel 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."* Rachel pumps her fist, ecstatic.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The unmade bed. Rachel digs under the mattress, looking for something.

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. Rachel 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. LAMBORGHINI - DAY

Behind the wheel -- Karisma. Marita rides shotgun. Both
 wearing sunglasses.

KARISMA
 We don't need that extra mil. Make
 the trade.

Karisma's thinking. Hard.

KARISMA
 Then I'll kill her. And make sure
 switch happens at Walter's place.

MARITA
 Okay, baby.

KARISMA
 And what about Walter?

MARITA
 No. Not until after the reading of
 the will. Then dispose of him like
 you did to Polanski.

Karisma leans over, kisses Marita chastely on the lips.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Rachel preoccupied. A half-drained cup of coffee close by. Her cell RINGS. She steels herself.

MARITA (V.O.)

Tonight. Walter's place. Eight.
And don't be late.

EXT./INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Rachel speeds along the Miami Causeway, across the bridge. Cell to her ear.

GINA (V.O.)

They're going to try and kill you.

RACHEL

Uh yeah. But he left half his
fortune to his children -- and I
intend to see that they get it.

(a beat)

Not too mention...

GINA (V.O.)

...I know. You have to get your
life back. Be careful.

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Walter and Marita play pool on a fancy billiard's table. Both sip wine and smoke. Marita takes a horrible shot.

MARITA

I suck at this game.

WALTER

Baby, I told you. You need to choke
up on your grip.

In the background - Rachel stands there, attaché case in hand, and a pistol in the other.

RACHEL

I'm disappointed in you Walter.

They break it off. An hiatus of awkwardness throughout the room. It's almost comical.

RACHEL

I expected it out of a whore from
Tijauna. But you.

Marita saunters over.

MARITA

So the pot calls the kettle black.
You were going to kill my husband.
And for what--? All in the name of
love.

Nodding his head towards that pistol...

WALTER

What? You come to kill us?

RACHEL

No. I'm going to try talking to you
two first. Just consider it my life
insurance policy.

MARITA

Well, it's all about the money...
right? Insurance fraud is one way.
Rob a bank is another

RACHEL

(scolding)
People are dead because of you two.

MARITA

I think you have something that
belongs to me.

Walter hands Marita a LARGE ENVELOPE. Rachel retrieves the
WILL. They make the exchange. Walter scrutinizes it.

RACHEL

I bet you two would probably set
your mothers on fire.

Marita strides closer towards Rachel - smug look on her
face.

MARITA

Gracias. For killing Max. How did
you do it?

RACHEL

Didn't you hear? It was an
accident.

MARITA

You were some of the best sex I've
ever had. For old time's sake.
Let's go upstairs and have it again.

RACHEL

If you know what's good for you...
you'll quit while you're ahead.

And with that walks out.

MARITA
That's for playing. It was a
pleasure meeting you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rachel'ss car speeds along a deserted back road.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Rachel shift gears, accelerates. Her cell RINGS. It's
Marita. Long debate, then...

RACHEL
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.

Rachel takes evasive action. The Lamborghini pulls up
alongside --

-- The window comes down. Karisma aims a pistol --

-- a barrage of bullets RIP through the cabin, ricocheting
left and right. She swerves, looses control, flips several
times in an open field.

EXT./INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Upside down. Horrible wreckage. Rachel'ss bloodied, and
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,
Rachel tries to help him.

FRANKIE
It's no use. Get out! Now!

RACHEL
No. I'm not leaving you.

FRANKIE
(lying)
You've got to get help.

A peaceful calm washes over Frankie, who gives her a look.

FRANKIE

You weren't suppose to drive. We missed that turn for a reason. Call it "fate", "destiny" or "God's will", but it's no coincidence.

Rachel'ss 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.

Short beat... Rachel'ss devastated.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel CONVULSES back to life, coughs violently, fights with the seat belt. Stuck. Produces a pocket knife, cuts, shoes kicking at the shattered windshield.

All of a sudden, flames spread. Rachel, in full panic mode, wrenches herself free --

-- Crawls from the wreckage, chard's of glass cutting her all to hell.

Karisma appears, gun leveled. Both trade deadly looks.

RACHEL

Why am I not surprised. Polanski was too stupid to run anything.

KARISMA

And you would be correct. I need that policy.

RACHEL

My attaché case. In the back seat. You want it. Go fucking get it.

On her second thought - "fuck it."

KARISMA

They sent a message...

RACHEL

Tell them to go to hell. Wait! Don't bother... I'll make the "delivery" myself.

And JAMS THE POCKET KNIFE in her foot. The pistol drops. Karisma's curled up on the grass, writhing in excruciating pain.

Rachel snatches up the gun - fills her full of lead.

Flames engulfs the car. She drags her body across the field. It EXPLODES.

EXT. EVERGLADES - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS illuminates swampland... Karisma's Lamborghini parks. Not too far off -- ALLIGATORS patrol the waters.

Rachel exits, pulls Karisma's corpse from the car, and struggles as she drags her towards --

-- Karisma's body SPLASHES into the water. Gators swarm in. It's a feeding frenzy.

-- Rachel looks on - rage burning in her eyes. She flips open KARISMA'S CELL, starts texting...

EXT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - TERRACE - NIGHT

By the rail, Walter paces, worried. Marita uncorks a bottle of Champagne and pours.

MARITA

Walter, relax.

WALTER

I'll feel much better when she's dead.

Her cell BUZZES. She checks her text. Reads. Excited.

MARITA

Yes! It's done.

Relieved, he clutches his fist. Glasses CLINK!

BEEP. Another text... Marita giggles.

MARITA

I hate to cut our party short. You do understand, don't you?

WALTER

Tomorrow's the reading. And 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.

RACHEL (V.O.)

It's Rachel. Leave a message.

GINA

Hey, it's just me. I... I... I'll see you soon.

She ends the call. Sad. A pretty nurse, LIZZIE, 30s, rushes in.

LIZZIE

Dr. Golestani, you're needed in trauma.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel'ss being examined by Gina, who struggles to remain calm. 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.

RACHEL

She's the worst move I've ever made.

GINA

Next to dragging your feet with me, of course.

They hug tight. Loving.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel storms out of the walk-in, drops her backpack on the bed. Rifles through tools and takes out a small black case.

She unzips to reveal - a disassembled GLOCK.

EXT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

A black-gloved hand gently places a PLASTIC CARD between the door-jamb. It's Rachel. Mere seconds... it opens.

RACHEL

Voila!

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Walter soaks inside the bath. BOOM BOX close by. He leans back...

RACHEL (O.S.)

Sorry to drop-in unannounced, but I shot the messenger.

Walter jumps, shocked to see her. Before he can react --

WALTER

How did you --?

With a slight of hand, she flashes an AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD.

RACHEL

Don't leave home without it.

She eyes the boom box. Walter too. Both reach for it. A struggle ensues. Rachel let's go. Walter falls back in the tub.

Boom box follows. His body, kicks, flails, boils amongst the bubbles.

RACHEL

Adios. You son-of-a-bitch!

INT. WALTER'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel 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, Rachel, an intense look, WHIPS OUT her cell.

INTERCUT as needed:

EXT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

Inside the pool, Marita floats on her back, stares up at the starry night. Her cordless RINGS. She checks - stunned.

RACHEL

Surprise.

MARITA

What the f---?

RACHEL

Hasta La Vista.

Marita smirks, then...

MARITA

I'll leave the front door unlocked.

Genuinely terrified, she hangs up, dials again. A short beat...

MARITA

Walter!

RACHEL (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, and grabs a towel.

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Illuminated by an eerie moonlight, shimmering off the pool. On the sofa -- Marita, still soaking wet, sips wine. Cool and relaxed.

She HEARS the door close. Grabs the PISTOL, stuffs it between the seat cushions.

Rachel appears, not frightened, just focused.

RACHEL

When you said you'd make it *HOT* for me... you weren't kidding.

MARITA

You look like shit.

RACHEL

Well, its been coming down so heavy lately I wished I had wore a hat.

MARITA

Gracias for killing Walter. You saved me the trouble.

RACHEL

It was an accident. But I did kill Karisma. Of course in self-defense.

MARITA

I guess all good things must come to an end, huh?.

Marita brandishes her gun. FEAR flashes on Rachel'ss face, only for a moment.

RACHEL

What are you going to tell the police?

MARITA

What do you care? You want be around to hear it.

RACHEL

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.

(paces)

But I heard the second "ring". The night I went to kill for a battered woman who I thought loved me.

MARITA

Believe it or not -- I did love you. Until he signed on the dotted line.

Rachel laughs, scornful disbelief.

RACHEL

A admirable sentiment.

Marita rises, moves closer.

MARITA

I know what you're wondering. Why did I need that accident insurance policy?

RACHEL

You're a black widow. And there's less suspicion if it looks like an accident. Who better then someone who knows all the tricks of the trade.

MARITA

You are smarter then you look.

RACHEL

There's no amount of money that can satisfy you. Is there?

MARITA

No. Just like your appetite for sex... *it's insatiable.*

RACHEL

If you ever really loved me, then prove it. Put the gun down.

MARITA

I can't do that. Like I said, "I'm rotten to the core." Good-bye, Rachel?

RACHEL

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.

Rachel stares, her expression is unreadable.

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - DAY

Rays of sunlight. Gina, face a mess, worried sick, curled up on the love seat. Laden on the table, a bundle of cash

Rachel drags herself in. 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.

RACHEL

I don't want my life back. I want you. And only you.

GINA

Do you have any ideal how long I've waited to hear those words?

RACHEL

Too long.

Rachel lifts her up, Gina's legs wrap her in a scissor-style lock.

GINA

He does ring twice.

Rachel notices the money -- Gina follows her gaze.

GINA

What are you going do with it?

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel is behind her desk, working. Pete stands in front of her.

PETE

I appreciate you giving me a second chance, Miss Romaine. I won't let you down.

RACHEL

Don't tell me... show me.

Pete nods, grateful, goes to leave, when --

RACHEL

How's her son doing?

PETE

Real good. An anonymous donor paid for his operation. He'll be going home soon.

RACHEL

Good.

Pete closes the door behind him. Rachel turns, looks out at the stellar view of the city. A big smile creeps across her face.

FADE OUT: