

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

Across the bay, a THUNDERSTORM sweeps across the SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO... LIGHTNING flashes, THUNDER rolls.

EXT. BEACH HOME - NIGHT

A beautiful beach house stands menacingly on a bluffside by the water in a torrential downpour. The place is dark.

INT. CHURCHWORTH'S RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A romantic bedroom suite, sex mirrors. Lit candles, incense burn near the bed. A breeze blows in from the open veranda, ruffling sheer curtains.

Marla, dripping, having just gotten out of the shower, shrugs on a long, elegant silk robe. She sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

On a bedside table, unopened mail. She slices into one with an antique, razor-sharp letter opener (*The Devils letter opener*), nonchalantly, glances at it,

Sheila jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below. She is almost ready to dismiss the whole thing when she hears a noise. From below.

INT. RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Lights out in most of the home.

The elegance is overwhelming, artworks look like stolen pieces from the Louver.

She moves to the sliding glass door, her sexy legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath.

She checks that it is locked, looks beyond the glass, at flashes of lightning, thunder, rain falling hard.

she turns and jumps back, startled by an INTRUDER in black standing there. He stares down at her. His gloved hands flex in anticipation.

She screams, takes off running

INT. BEACH HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Madison hears the intruder's foot-fall behind her as she picks up the pace heading up the stairs.

And then, suddenly -- the intruder plummets into her like a train, tackles her! Her scream is immediately muffled by a black gloved-hand.

She's held down by a DARK MALE FIGURE, his face looks gruesome, as if melted in a fire. Then it becomes clear. He's wearing a stocking.

The FIGURE raises his elbow to forearm, and smashes her head, and face. It's savage, fast, bloody

INT. BEACH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He throws her onto the bed. Her robe flies open, exposing her beautiful body. Attempting to fight him off, she scratches his face. It's of no use as he pushes her down into the bed. His looks are stone cold. Continues his sexual assault.

The Figure reaches inside his jacket, a flash of steel, thrust a jagged edged knife against her throat. If she's afraid, we can't tell.

WOMAN

No! No! NNNnnnoooooo!

He unbuckles his belt, unzips his pants and grabs Sarah's wrists, pushing up her robe, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his size and strength.

She gasps! Or is it a moan?... A rape in progress,

A frantic Marla looks away, her arms reaching for something... Seizes an antique letter opener on a bedside table...

Stabs him in the back, his body goes stiff, a stunned reaction on his face --

In one gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo.

The opener flashes again and again as she violently stabs him. His strangled cries of pain mix with please of mercy -- blood splashing everywhere...

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dimlight... Incense burns... The room is Marquis De Sade-
esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...

an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked
torso and his penis...

On the bed. A dirty blonde, just flashes of her face, and
ARTHUR, 50, salt and pepper hair. He's working to keep
up. Sex with Blonde is intense, exhausting.

Blonde climbs on top, he's red in the face, sweating,
perpetually on the verge of a coronary. She, meanwhile is
really going for it,

Clutches his chest, as if he were having a heart attack.

She grabs both his hands with one of her hands, holds
them above his head, takes a strong ribbon from under the
adjacent pillow....

He struggles against the silk binding his hands to the
BED. Strains to talk, ERECT NIPPLES grazing his lips.

She pulls a long silk scarf from under the satin sheets
and wraps it around his neck, drapes the slack over the
bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists...

She pulls... ever-so-slightly. It tightens against his
throat.

There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.
Arthur is very frightened and tries to get free.

She moves, obviously fucking him again. She's tugging and
pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it
unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

His body SPASMS violently. *Arthur gasps, struggles to no
avail. Blonde is fucking his brains out.* Pleasured moans
mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate
the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle
someone to death.

*A horrid gurgling sound and then, Arthur stops moving.
HE'S DEAD.*

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

A crash startles her, who looks towards the patio doors --

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INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CREEPING through...Lit candles... Incense burns...

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

On a huge bed, s statuesque brunette and a blonde, just flashes of her face, are having sweaty, slippery, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex.

Brunette's working to keep up. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting. Blonde, meanwhile is really going for it.

A nude piece of artwork on the wall..."Leonardo Da Vinci's "Leda and the Swan."

Blonde pushes Brunette off of her and moves Brunette to her stomach.

Now she's grinding on top of her, ass tribbing Brunette.

Brunette moves a hand between her legs, touch herself, rocking and moaning with pleasure...

The intensity of the sex increases....

There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches Brunette bring herself to orgasm...

And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING --

Blonde GRABS an expensive silk scraf from between the sheets -- wraps it around Brunette's neck from behind

Brunette struggles, GASPS. Blonde is wringing the life out of Brunette, it looks like some sick, lesbian sex frenzy.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds..

A horrid gurgling sound and then... SHE'S DEAD.

Then Blonde collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CREEPING through...in the dim light... Incense burns...

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque. African fetish dolls. an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

On the BED, a gorgeous blonde and statuesque BRUNETTE are having, are having sweaty, slippery, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex.

LEILA, 30s, a hot Latina, working to keep up. Sex with the blonde, just flashes of her face, is intense, exhausting. Blonde, meanwhile is really going for it.

She pushes Leila off of her and climbs on top. More sex. There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches leila...

The intensity of the sex increases....

A nude piece of artwork on the wall..."Leonardo Da Vinci's "Leda and the Swan."

And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING --

Blonde GRABS an expensive silk scarf from between the sheets -- wraps it around Leila's neck. Tight.

Leila struggles, GASPS. And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

And it looks like some sick, lesbian sex frenzy.

Blonde quivers as she rides her hard. A horrid gurgling sound mixing with pleased moans. And then... Blonde's climaxing. Leila stops moving. SHE'S DEAD.

Blonde collapses on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CREEPING through...in the dim light... Incense burns...

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

On a BED, a dirty blonde, just flashes of her face, and ARTHUR, 50, salt and pepper hair, are fucking. He's working to keep up. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting..

Blonde pushes him over, climbs on top, he's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary. She, meanwhile is really going for it,

Clutches his chest, as if he were having a heart attack.

Blonde clamps his hands above his head. Arthur strains to talk, her NIPPLES brushing against his lips, face.

Blonde takes a strong ribbon from under the adjacent pillow... he struggles against the silk binding his hands to the BED.

She reaches under a pillow, retrieves a long silk scarf.

Blonde wraps it loosely around Arthur's neck, then swings the slack across the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists... pulls ever-so-slightly --

There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches Arthur. The man is very frightened and tries to get free.

Blonde moves, obviously fucking him now, throws her head back. PAN up with her to a ceiling mirror above the bed - briefly, watches them having sex, then...

She's tugging and pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

The scarf tightens against Arthur's throat. Arthur GASPS, his body SPASMS violently, an epileptic seizure of sorts. His face distorted, choking.

His body begins to SPASM violently. *Arthur struggles, GASPS. Blonde is fucking his brains out.* Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

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A horrid gurgling sound and then... Blonde's bucking harder and moaning, culminating in a loud orgasm. Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

A crash startles her, who looks towards the patio doors --

EXT. BALCONY OF THE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Herman lands on his ass. He's witnessed it all. Scrambles to his feet, in a haste to pull up his pants... unbeknownst to him, his wallet falls out...

He bolts. The woman, still naked, exits the bedroom. The light inside, throws her face into silhouette.

She lifts his wallet, rifles through its contents. Finds what she's looking for, his DRIVER'S LICENSE.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We stay at a distance --we can't see much of the woman's face. A beat, she takes in the room, her mind racing.

Grabs an overnight bag; slaps on gloves, grabs a HUMIDIFIER from the closet, turns it on.

Grabs cleaning supplies, scrubbing everything she may have touched.

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

Colors over the tape with the blue pen.

Adds a second piece of tape over the first, colors it with a purple pen.

Turns on her flashlight app.

Kills the lights, runs her cell all over the messy bed, his lifeless naked body, illumining bodily fluids, and...

HER HAIR FIBERS. She uses TWEEZERS to collect the fibers, and place them into a zip-lock bag.

The moment's broken by SIRENS.

She runs towards a window, a police car keeps going.

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A beat, she gets back to work.

EXT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

When the door opens and

SERGEANT LETTY "Pippa" ANDERSON, 40s, quickly descends the stairs of the building -- mussed hair, silk shirt undone, pencil skirt, albeit perilously short, struggling to slide into sling back heels, a head turner for either sex.

Despite her appearance, a true police professional: direct, no bullshit, Jack Webb would've married her.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

A POLICE HELICOPTER FLIES over San Francisco.

The never-ending cacophony of the police radio echoes as the ever-present eye of law.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A misty late winter rain slicks the streets.

A MUSTANG BULLITT - the Steve McQueen car. OK, wrong color, a classic, SWERVING AND PASSING cars. Interior FLASHING LIGHTS, side mirrors.

EXT. TOUNHOUSE - NIGHT

A posh neighborhood in Pacific Heights. The street is a full-on crime scene: POLICE TAPE, SQUAD CARS, forensic techs, looky-loos.

Detective BRYCE WALCOT -- mid-40s, rumpled, cynical, receding hairline, ducks under the tape, crosses to --

Pippa, just getting out of the arriving Mustang Bullitt. PO shield hangs 'round ehr neck.

*She reaches around back and clips on a patent leather holstered sidearm with an "**FBI MEMORIAL STAR,**"*

BRYCE

Why is it when I see you I feel
like I wanna scream sexual
harassment.

Pippa almost cracks a smile at this.

(CONTINUED)

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PIPPA

Bryce. Nice to see you.

BRYCE

This one of those situations where you claim to be here to help but you're really just here to step on my toes?

PIPPA

Are you kidding? Not in these shoes.

She tosses on her jacket - an SFPD windbreaker -

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The decor and furnishings are modern: artworks look like stolen pieces from the Louver.

Bryce escorts Pippa through the crime scene, now a hive of activity, with uniformed officers and forensic specialists working.

PIPPA

Whatta we got?

BRYCE

A body.

PIPPA

Pertinent?

BRYCE

DOA's Arthur Remmington, 53, Developer, and CEO of some firm who deal in statistical analyst in data reconfiguration. Whatever the hell that means. Listed in Forbes, Fortune 500. He's got interest in half the San Fernando Valley.

(then)

Body's upstairs. Possible witness.

As they head upstairs, they run into --

CAPTAIN WENDELL LEE, 50, black, conservative, tough, by the book, escorts POLICE COMMISH ROBERT BARNES, 50s, distinguished and imposing.

Barnes stares at Pippa, not happy.

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BARNES

Anderson. I thought you were on
Administrative leave.

CAPT. LEE

Mayor Panabaker had her re-
reinstated her, sir. Probationary
period. We're short handed, not to
mention she's a retired FBI
criminal profiler and we could
really use her help.

PIPPA

You look disappointed.

BARNES

I want that leash kept tight on
her.

Pippa senses the snark, throws him a fuck you smile.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buzzing with CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL. Pippa enters.
Detectives JOHN STARK, 30s, a smug, resentful prick. A
bully, approaches.

JOHN

Look what the cat dragged in.

Pippa takes it in: whatever is between them is intense,
and barely hidden. It's also not her problem.

SAMANTHA (SAMMY) RUBENSTEIN, 40s, steps up behind them; a
gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men,
women, and liquor.

SAMMY

Can you smell it?

PIPPA

Cleaning fluid.

Pippa eyes the humidifier being bagged into evidence.

PIPPA

What's that for?

BRYCE

To wipe away prints.

PIPPA

Clever.

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Arthur lays... just as we left him... dead to the world.

The M.E. *DR. ARCHIE LEONE, a Middle-Eastern, making a graceful transition towards 50, jots down annotations. A slight British accent.*

PIPPA

Archie.

ARCHIE

Pippa. Preliminary C.O.D is traumatic asphyxiation, confirmed by petechial hemorrhaging.

Pippa studies the scene. She's deliberate. Thoughtful.

JOHN

Look all you want, but he's pretty dead and that tends not to change much.

PIPPA

Got a time of death?

ARCHIE

I'd say no more than two hours.

Pippa inspects a boat-load of prescription meds on the bedside table.. an something else, traces of heroine.

ARCHIE

Most of it's Heart medication, would've made him extremely drowsy.

PIPPA

Explains the lack of a struggle.

JOHN

Is it possible he had a coronary?
I mean, maybe he had sex with a lover. Then kilt over. She freaked and ran.

ARCHIE

Anything's possible. I'll no more when I get him on the table.
(re: vibrator)
Hmmm. I wonder how much it costs.

PIPPA

Roughly \$15,000.

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BRYCE

Well we can safely rule out robbery as a motive.

PIPPA

So, who found the body?

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

BRYCE

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

John holds up the wallet inside an evidence bag.

JOHN

We found this. About a grand in cash. No credit cards. No identification.

PIPPA

Bet you the killer has it.

Sammy bags and tags a RUBBER ASPHYXIATION SUIT.

SAMMY

Hey guys, look what I found.

Pippa studies a photo of Arthur and some good-looking blonde, really good-looking. Presumably his wife.

JOHN

At least we have a suspect. His estranged wife, Dr. Katrina Seagrove. Sex therapist and best-selling author.

PIPPA

How convenient.

CAPT. LEE

Do you have an intuitive feeling on this, Anderson? Is that your hesitation?

PIPPA

It's got to be a psycho. A knife, a strangle job. They need a personal contact. The satisfaction of being right in there... They never just stab once. Once they start they can't stop.

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They all turn to see POLICE CHIEF GLORIA FLYNN - 40s, attractive but very good at hiding it - walking in.

CAPT. LEE

Chief,

CHIEF FLYNN

Mayor's not happy. Dead pillars of the community go national. I'll issue a short statement. Send all reporters to the PIO.

Pippa notices something peculiar under the bed. It's just out of reach. FINDS a vial with white powder. Tastes it.

PIPPA

A pillar? Really?

Chief Flynn measures her for a beat...and nods.

CAPT. LEE

Listen up. The Chief? She wants a full court press on this.

CHIEF FLYNN

What do you think?

PIPPA

If the killer is as smart as I think she is -- you'll find prints. She'd be crazy not to. Either way, it's a homicide.

CHIEF FLYNN

You sure about that? What if I told you one of my detectives had other ideas?

PIPPA

Then I'd say you need a better detective.

CHIEF FLYNN

Hear that, John She thinks I should fire you.

SERGEANT LETTY "Pippa" ANDERSON, 40s, a fashionably dressed detective, just getting out of the arriving Mustang Bullit. PO shield hangs 'round her neck. A patent leather holster with an "FBI MEMORIAL STAR," clipped to a BELTED sheath dress. All legs this girl, way hot, cold as steel...A true police professional: direct, no bullshit, Jack Webb would've married her.

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Changing shoes from sensible flats to sexy sling backs. A *LABRYS TATTOO* on her shoulder.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark & unsettling. Lit candles. Incense burns.

Marquis De Sade-esque. A Louis XIV chair. African fetish dolls.

THE BED. A BLONDE TART, naked, sits astride a topless NECAR, a hot LATINA. She's riding her hard and Nekar's hands dig into her ass. They sweat profusely.

Blonde kisses her, ties Nekar's hands to the bed with sexy black stockings. Nekar struggles a bit... moans... suckles Blonde's breasts....

She reaches under a pillow, retrieves a long silk scarf.

Blonde wraps it loosely around Nekar's neck, then swings the slack across the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists... pulls ever-so-slightly --

Blonde moves, obviously fucking her now, throws her head back. PAN up with her to reveal the ceiling mirror above the bed - briefly, watches them having sex, then...

She TUGS and PULLS on the scarf. And it's hard to tell if Blonde's doing it unwittingly or on purpose, but...

The scarf tightens against Nekar's throat. Nekar GASPS, panics, her body SPASMS violently, an epileptic seizure of sorts. Her face distorted, choking.

Nekar struggles desperately to get out from under Blonde, who grinds away on top. It's violently sexual.

Blonde's pleased MOANS mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds. Nekar goes limp. She collapses on top.

A CRASH startles Blonde, who turns towards the PATIO DOORS.

A shock: HERMAN, 30s, a pudgy man, pants down. Him and Blonde make eye-contact. Beat. He bolts. Unbeknownst to him, his wallet falls out...

Roller TURNS RED, starts bucking harder and moaning, culminating in a loud PERFORMATIVE orgasm.

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Extravagant. Sounds of sex a murmur. Artworks look like stolen pieces from the Louver. Golf trophies, photos of a Latina woman on the LPGA tour.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CREEPING through...in the dim light... Incense burns...

...The room is Marquis De Sade-esque. African fetish dolls. an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

a dirty blonde, just flashes of her face, is on the antique BED with ARTHUR a man of 50, salt and pepper hair, fucking his brains out. We can see glimpses of them in mirrors....

He's working to keep up. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting.

She climbs on top. He's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary. She, meanwhile is really going for it,

Clutches his chest, as if he were having a heart attack.

She grabs both his hands with one of hers, clamps them above his head. A pillow being lifted by the hand of the blonde. Underneath, a long silk scarf.

He strains to talk, her erect NIPPLES brushing against his lips, face.

Struggles against the silk binding his hands to the BED.

There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches Arthur...the man is frightened.

She moves again, obviously fucking him...the intensity of the sex increase...

Her hand reaching... reaching under the adjacent pillow.

She holds up a capped syringe.

Arthur tries to get out from under her, but she grinds away on top... taps the glistening tip of a hypodermic needle...*And then:*

QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- jams it into his groin..

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His body SPASMs, like an epileptic having a seizure. *Blonde's* bucking harder, it's violently sexual, Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

He suddenly begins to SPASM, like an epileptic having a seizure. *Blonde's* bucking harder and moaning, culminating in a loud orgasm. It's violently sexual...

A horrid gurgling sound from Arhtur, culminating in a loud orgasm. Then Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

Arthur tries to get out from under her, but she grinds away on top of him until she has an orgasm of her own.

A horrid gurgling sound and then... Blonde's bucking harder and moaning, culminating in a loud orgasm. *Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.*

Blonde's fucking his brains out, about to climax.

There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches him clutch his chest, as if having a heart attack...

Arthur's frightened. He strains to talk...

She moves faster, the intensity of the sex increase....

His body begins to SPASM violently. *Arthur struggles, GASPS..*

And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- Blonde GRABS a long silk scarf -- wraps it around his neck.

He begins to SPASM violently. *Arthur struqqles, GASPS. Blonde is fucking his brains out. Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.*

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

Blonde shudders with an explosive orgqasm. A horrid gurgling sound, then... Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks. Then lies still, sucks oxygen...

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lit candles... Incense burns... sex mirrors...

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

On an antique BED, a hot brunette and a California dirty Blonde, just flashes of her face, are having sweaty, slippery, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex.

. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting.

She climbs on top, strips off her heels, grabs both her hands with one of her hands, clamps them above her head. Her ERECT NIPPLES grazes Brunette's face.

Brunette seems surprised by what is happening to her. The brunette is frightened. She struggles against the silk binding her hands to the BED.

Blonde moves, obviously fucking her. There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches Brunette. Her stilettos on either side of them.

The intensity of the sex increases. She moves faster and faster, nearing orgasm....

She stops, letting the ebb and flow of her orgasm subside. It happens so fast.

Blonde stabs her with her stiletto heels in obvious delight, AGAIN and AGAIN as her strangled CRIES of PAIN mix with PLEAS for MERCY.

Her blood is splashing on the walls, headboard...

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

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality.

CREEPING through...in the dim light... Incense burns...

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque. African fetish dolls. an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

On a huge antique BED, a blonde, just flashes of her gorgeous face, she's straddling ARTHUR, 50, salt and pepper hair.

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Sex with Blonde is intense, exhausting. He's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary. She, meanwhile is really going for it.

There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches him clutch his chest, as if having a heart attack...

Arthur's frightened. He strains to talk...

She moves faster, the intensity of the sex increase....

Reaches under the pillow....

And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- Blonde GRABS a long silk scarf -- wraps it around his neck. Tight.

He begins to SPASM violently. *Arthur struggles, GASPS. Blonde is fucking his brains out.* Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

A horrid gurgling sound and then... Blonde's climaxing. Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

He begins to SPASM violently. *Arthur struggles, GASPS. Blonde is fucking his brains out.* Pleasured moans. A horried gurgling sound and then... *Blonde's climaxing. Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.*

And we see it all. No cut aways. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

A horrid gurgling sound and then... Blonde's climaxing. Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

Emilio crosses to a cabinet. We see Al look at a phone on the cluttered desk. And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- AL GRABS THE cord -- wraps it around Thomas' neck from behind

Marie's POV from behind the blindfold as he thrusts into her violently - the slivers of light that shine through the blindfold jump with each thrust - then he finishes with a coarse groan...

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dim light... Incense burns... sounds of sex...

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque. African fetish dolls... an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

A dirty California blonde, hair obscuring much of her face, and ARTHUR, a man of 50, salt and pepper hair, are fucking on a bed. He's working to keep up. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting.

Blonde maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power position.

There's an erotic perversity in the way blonde watches him. Arthur's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary.

She kisses him, moves, obviously fucking him....

the intensity of the sex increase...

She grabs both his hands with one of hers, clamps them above his head. He struggles mightily, her ERECT NIPPLES grazing his face...

Her hand reaching... reaching under the adjacent pillow.

Blonde palms a syringe, the glistening tip of a hypodermic needle...

Arthur is frightened. He tries to get out from under her, but he's too weak...

Blonde injects Arthur's privates.

He suddenly begins to SPASM violently, like an epileptic having a seizure. She rides him like a pro, crazed, even. It looks violently sexual...

Blonde shudders with an orgasmic explosion...

Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

Arthur jerks for the last time. HE'S DEAD. She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

Across the bay, a THUNDERSTORM sweeps across the SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO... LIGHTNING flashes, THUNDER rolls.

EXT. KATRINA'S BEACH HOME - NIGHT

Somewhere in Sea Cliff, among several stunning homes.

A gorgeous mansion along the bluff facing the ocean. Palm trees, some shrubbery.. *Once home of actress Sharon Stone and, Phil Bronstein.* A black Lotus roadster is parked.

A white Lotus roadster races in, parks alongside it.

DR. KATRINA SHATTUCK, 30s, climbs out, an icy blonde, similar to a Hitchcockian character, looks downplayed under a professional wardrobe.

INT. KATRINA'S BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A romantic bedroom suite. On the bedside table, a good bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath, so does that ICE-PICK.

Katrina, wet, just out of the shower, slips into a long, silky robe. Sits at a vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below. She is almost ready to dismiss the whole thing when she hears a noise. From below.

INT. RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights out in most of the home. The elegance is overwhelming, artworks look like stolen pieces from the Louver.

She moves to the sliding glass door, her sexy legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath.

She checks that it is locked, looks beyond the glass, at flashes of lightning, thunder, rain falling hard.

She turns and jumps back, startled by an INTRUDER in black standing there. He stares down at her. His gloved hands flex in anticipation.

She screams, takes off running

INT. BEACH HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Madison hears the intruder's foot-fall behind her as she picks up the pace heading up the stairs.

And then, suddenly -- the intruder plummets into her like a train, tackles her! Her scream is immediately muffled by a black gloved-hand.

She's held down by a DARK MALE FIGURE, his face looks gruesome, as if melted in a fire. Then it becomes clear. He's wearing a stocking.

The FIGURE raises his elbow to forearm, and smashes her head, and face. It's savage, fast, bloody

INT. BEACH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly the Intruder pulls her toward him, she tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress. Katrina is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He throws her onto the bed. His looks are stone cold.

Her robe open, he stares at her beautiful, naked body. Continues his sexual assault. Attempting to fight him off, she scratches his face. It's of no use as he pushes her down into the bed.

The Figure reaches inside his jacket, a flash of steel, thrust a jagged edged knife against her throat. If she's afraid, we can't tell.

He undoes his pants, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his size and strength. She gasps! Or is it a moan? A rape in progress,

Katrina looks away, her arms reaching for something... curls her hand around that ice-pick on a bedside table...

Stabs him in the back, his body goes stiff, a stunned reaction on his face --

In one gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo.

The opener flashes again and again as she violently stabs him. His strangled cries of pain mix with please of mercy -- blood splashing everywhere...

EXT. BEACH HOME - NIGHT

A beautiful beach house stands menacingly on a bluffside by the water in a torrential downpour. The place is dark.

He looks down at his crotch...then looks away as she INJECTS him in his privates [NOTE: We do not see this]. He smiles, pulls her toward him onto the bed. He suddenly begins to SPASM violently, like an epileptic having a seizure. She JUMPS from the bed. As his eyes meet with hers --and beg for her help -- she backs away toward the door. He JERKS one last time.

WOMAN

My preliminary examination indicates he experienced a cardiac event.

MAN

(re: body)
Looks like quite the event.

WOMAN

Check out his penis.

Jane lifts the sheet, takes a look, drops sheet.

WOMAN

See those needle marks?

MAN

I didn't look that close.

WOMAN

Consistent with treatment for Erectile Dysfunction.

MAN

Mm

WOMAN

His heart condition prohibited it. Injection therapy is very popular.

WOMAN

It appears that Nate injected himself with a 25 gauge needle. But the most recent injection site is lower on the shaft, and the needle is at least a 23 gauge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

Somebody else injected him?

WOMAN

It's possible.

MAN

Something strange. Did Jane tell you about his Erectile Dysfunction?

WOMAN

Nate Murray's tox report came back. There was no sign of Prostaglandin E 1, the E.D. medication he was on.

MAN

But he was injected with some drug. What was it?

WOMAN

I'm running more tests.

WOMAN

I examined his heart tissue under a microscope. I suspect whatever drug was injected into his penis induced the heart attack.

MAN

Maybe the killer knew about Nate's heart. His wife or his girlfriend.

WOMAN

Nate's latest tox panel came back positive for Potassium Chloride.

MAN

Is that what stopped his heart?

WOMAN

Well, that's what was injected into his penis.

MAN

Potassium Chloride mimics the symptoms of a heart attack and is difficult to detect

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark... a huge picture window, the glittering carpet of lights that is the San Francisco skyline.

On the huge bed, ETHAN, 20s, tats, athletic, and a blonde, having intense, sweaty sex, her hair obscuring much of her face.

She climbs out of bed. Finds stockings from a bureau. Smiles, inches toward him.

He shifts back. She's tying his hands to the bedposts. Her erect NIPPLES brushing against his lips, face.

Ethan watches as this powerful force of nature takes charge. He's both scared and turned-on.

Now his legs, girded individually, then ties them to the foot of the bed. Done. She goes down on him, briefly,

She maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power position. Blonde kisses him, pulls a long black silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow...

Blonde wraps it loosely around Ethan's neck, then swings the slack across the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists... pulls ever-so-slightly --

He's excited, but scared. That look of fear excites her. There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

Now she's tugging and pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

It tightens. He GASPS, his face distorted, choking.

His body SPASMS, an epileptic seizure of sorts. She rides him like a pro, crazed, even, it's violently sexual.

Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

A horrid gurgling sound and then... culminating in a loud orgasm. Ethan stops moving. HE'S DEAD. She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

