

(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:

INT. SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fire crews battling raging wildfires on the TV, which cast an eerie glow across a seedy room. Tattered WALLS. STAINS on the CARPET.

NORM, an obese, repulsive man in underwear, staggers into frame, sweaty, feverish, a powder residue covers his skin, he's burning up.

A shadowy figure smashes a lead pipe into his skull.

He collapses on the dingy bed. Dazed and confused, blood flows from his head wound.

Our shadowy shape lights up. A book of matches. Their face grotesque as if melted by flames. A stocking covers their face, holds the match up to the ceiling...

There's an ungodly ALARM.

His eyes go wide with fear as the high pressure fire sprinkler system douses him with water.

A chemical reaction ignites. Whoosh! His body erupts into a fireball. He howls and flails. Everything catches fire as tongues of flames overtake the screen...

, the shape of bodies, sultry music...

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

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

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's an old house. The yard, overgrown with weeds and littered with rubbish.

WALTER, 30s, shirtless with a post-coital calm about him, hobbles out in a walking boot. He's tall, dark, and ugly, But a good ugly, The kind of ugly that gets laid more than many of the good looking brands.

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

He gazes absent-mindedly at the flames in the distance.

RACHELINA, 40, *wet, in a perilously short towel*, joins him. *A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior. And it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.*

It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A sleazy, fleabag motel, with lots of vacancies. A hot and muggy night. The sound of the CRICKETS and CICADAS form a nighttime symphony.

NORM, 40s, sports coat slung over his arm, makes his way towards a town car. He pat dries his sweaty face with a handkerchief. Fights clouds of mosquitoes...

Norm gets in, turns the ignition key, the car starts up. A long beat. He turns on the headlights...

BOOM! The car EXPLODES. He howls and flails as tongues of FLAME overtake the screen, the shape of bodies, sultry music...

RACHELINA, pushing 40, *A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior. And it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.*

She slurs her words a little maybe drunk.

Morning sex is in session. Two people are enjoying each other's bodies and each other's company before they've had a chance to brush their teeth. Lust is in the air.

WALTER, 30s, tall, dark, and ugly, But a good ugly, The kind of ugly that gets laid more than many of the good looking brands. The man's not handsome, but not unattractive either. RACHELINA, 40, *It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.*

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A full service shop. A few old cars waiting for repairs. One vehicle up on the lift in one of the two service bays, MECHANIC under it. A WRECKER sits parked next to the building, "AAA" in bold red type on the door.

A "HELP WANTED" SIGN on the office window..

RACHELINA

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

WALTER

Swear to God - feels like it's gonna fall off. What's gotten into you?

RACHELINA

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

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

It's the Big Sleazy motel.

WALTER

Fond memories I take it.

RACHELINA

Yea, when I was in my lustful twenties. Back then, when I was up for some hot, sleazy motel sex...I'd meet up during lunchtime or what have you's with some guy, or girl I'd had my eye on. I'd flirt and smoke and get sloshed. Take the afternoon off. We'd end up there.

(half-smirking)

One of your clients probably torched it. Probably that Zachetti guy.

Walter laughs in spite of himself.

WALTER

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

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large fan CREAKS, looks old, as it woefully strains to circulate sweltering air. It's hot in here, we can sense the heat as we pan across a dump gone smoggy with smoke, towards...

Walter, drenched in sweat, propped up against the headboard, blows rings of smoke at the sagging ceiling. He savors a beer.

Rachelina throws on a cheap skirt and top, pours herself a Bourbon, slams it, pours another.

WALTER

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

RACHELINA

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

WALTER

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

RACHELINA

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

WALTER

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

Rachelina shakes her head: Jesus. Finally:

RACHELINA

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

RACHELINA, 40, Dresses younger. An eternal teenager. Denim cut-offs, knotted shirt, and clunky heels. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

RACHELINA, 40, *joins him in a perilously short towel. A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior, burning hot interior.*

RACHELINA, 40s, joins him, naked. A *sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior, burning hot interior*. Grabs him from behind, caressing his cock. A beat. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

INT. '79 CAMARO - DAY

Rachelina drives through the deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace. An older America. And hot. The heat is a character: it lives in your clothes, in your hair, you can feel your dreams evaporate as you sleep.

On the radio, we hear -

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.)

It's not just Europe who's in the grip of unusually high temperatures. The south eastern portion of the USA is experiencing a record-breaking heat wave that's left millions without power and likely will be for several more weeks. Since Friday, the extremely high temperatures, some exceeding 117 degrees has been blamed for at least 22 deaths, most of which were from heat-related illness...

EXT. BURNED-OUT WAREHOUSE - DAY

The aftermath of an ANGRY BLAZE. Some smouldering remains. Fire crews packing it in..

A Camero pulls up beside a Fire dept. Sedan. She gets out, sunglasses, simple sheath dress clings uncomfortably to her body in the heat.

INT. BURNED-OUT WAREHOUSE - DAY

The place is scorched and still smoking. Rachelina moves around the smoldering ruins. Trash strewn, the gasoline can - it's warm in this windowless room.

HORACE, 40s, a fat hairy sweaty man in his soaked, Fire Marshal's uniform, jots notes on a clipboard.

HORACE

Is this one of yours.

RACHELINA

Nope.

HORACE

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

He is starting to sweat more. He digs into his pocket, takes out a sodden handkerchief, blots his forehead with it.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Probably a mechanic.

RACHELINA

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

HORACE

Yes, it's 124 degrees and I'm kinda pissed off about it.

INT. BURNED-OUT HOME - DAY

Rachelina shifts through smoldering ruins, coated in a thin layer of sweat - it's warm in this windowless room. The garage is visible, the charred remains of a car.

Studies her clipboard.

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

BRISBANE

You've been snooping around for the last hour. So, when do I get my money? I know I'm current on my policy. So don't even think about trying to screw me. I have lots of lawyers.

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

RACHELINA

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

EXT. VILLAGE GARDENS - DAY

A crusty, small cinder-block building in a once bustling strip mall, many of the storefronts boarded up -- pre-date 1960. A sign out front is missing a few of its letters; WAVELY INSURNCE.

INT. WAVERLY INSURANCE - DAY

Inside it's burning hot. An AIRCONDITIONER REPAIR MAN stands on a ladder, messing with some wires. A couple of cubicles, it could be 1980.

A middle-aged RECEPTIONIST, PEG, a very efficient-looking woman sits behind the desk.

INT. RACHELINA'S OFFICE - DAY

A clingy small office, reflecting Rachelina's non-brilliance in the matter of financial success. A fan is on full blast -it's blade tapping against metal with each rotation; tack, tack, tack.

She fumbles with a stick of NICOTINE GUM.

Walter hobbles in, still wears the air cast, no crutches, offers a cigarette. A little 'fuck you' behind her eyes.

He rolls his fedora onto his head, cuts the brim. Stares at certificates and plaques on the wall.

WALTER

Top saleswoman four years in a row.

RACHELINA

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

WALTER

Lunch?

RACHELINA

You buying?

WALTER

On my meager salary, you kidding me.

RACHELINA

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

INT. BIG MAMA'S CAFE - DAY

A greasy spoon that hasn't changed much since the eighties, customers fan themselves with menus, as streamer covered fans and air conditioners spread the sweaty, reeking air to all four corners.

At a window table, Walter and Rachelina have lunch. Across from the cafe, a crummy neighborhood.

WALTER

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

RACHELINA

Four years is a bargain. When was the last time you had an honest client?

WALTER

...you?

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

Rachelina watches SALLY, 40s, a waitress, attractive but worn, bop from table to table.

Sally appears, refills Rachelina's glass with ice tea.

WALTER (CONT'D)

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

SALLY

AC isn't keeping up with this dang heat, they tryin' to fix it now -- hopefully soon, or we'll be frying the catfish on the sidewalk.

Rachelina and Walter nearly choke on their food.

TEDDY, a conservative black police detective in his mid-forties joins them. Tough, smart, by the book - a firm believer in God, country and the police force.

TEDDY

Walter, what the heck happened?

WALTER

A slipped on a banana peel.

TEDDY

(chuckles)

If it's not one thing, it's another with you.

Sally sets a glass of ice cold water in front of Teddy.

SALLY

Hey Teddy. You eating or drinking?

TEDDY

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

SALLY

I'd also recommend the prime rib special.

WALTER

Prime Rib?

SALLY

Off the truck last night.

TEDDY

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

Teddy fumbles to open his note-pad...

TEDDY (CONT'D)

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

TEDDY (CONT'D)

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

RACHELINA

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

(off his look)

(MORE)

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I knew five minutes after I walked in there -- no valuables. You don't remove ANYTHING from the house. Family heirlooms, photographs, valuables, and other keepsakes beforehand, etc. It all has to burn.

TEDDY

Y'know. Never thought I'd say this, but you'd make a good detective. You think he did it himself?

RACHELINA

No, had someone torch it for him.

TEDDY

I'll make him sweat it out.

Walter goes to light a cigarette.

WALTER

Whatever you two have going on, why don't I delicately extract myself and order us some dagwoods.

SALLY

You want me to break your other leg?
(re: his cigarette)
You crazy, rotting your lungs out with those things. Don't you know what they do to you? Besides, they stink up the place.

WALTER

Gotta run. Thanks for the lunch. Next time it's on me, mate.

Walter hurries out the door.

SALLY

Can I get you anything else?

RACHELINA

Are you ever going to go out with me or what? I can't do this anymore. The food here stinks. OK, I said it.

Sally looks at Rachelina for a beat, processing...

INT. BIG MAMA'S CAFE - DAY

TEDDY, a conservative black police detective in his mid-forties joins them. Tough, smart, by the book - a firm believer in God, country and the police force.

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TEDDY

Y'know. Never thought I'd say this, but you'd make a good detective. You think he did it himself?

RACHELINA

No, had someone torch it for him. But he wasn't a mechanic, it was a pyro.

TEDDY

I'll make him sweat it out.

RACHELINA, 40, nurses a beer. She Dresses younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, tank dewy with sweat, and clunky heels. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

A post-shower RACHELINA, early-40s, in a perilously short towel, suddenly stands behind him. A *sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior, burning hot interior, smokes incessantly.*

INT. A SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On a TV- forest fires ravage bush lands as a JOURNALIST talks over the image, which cast an eerie glow across a seedy room.

NORM, 40, an obese, repulsive man stripped to his underwear, lies on the dingy bed, sweaty, feverish, he's burning up.

A shadowy shape lights up. A book of matches. Their face grotesque as if melted by flames. A stocking covers their face, holds the match up to the ceiling...

There's an ungodly alarm.

Norm's expression, a mixture of sudden shock and horror. The HIGH PRESSURE FIRE SPRINKLER SYSTEM douses him.

And with a WOOSH and SCREAMS Norm's ENGULFED IN FLAMES, the room, infused with fire, As FLAMES GROW we let them overtake the screen,

The shape of bodies, sultry music...

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

A sign reads; The "*Small Town We Love.*" A marquee; Temperature: 112 degrees. We get a quick tour: A small coastal town, oozing big Southern Charm. A stone's throw from the fishing docks. The deep south in all its simple, sluggish grace. An older America.

Everyone's down to the bare necessities, moving restlessly about in the incessant dry heat. The kind of heat that's in your clothes. In your face. For the record, it's everywhere.

INT. BURNED-OUT HOME - DAY

Rachelina shifts through smoldering ruins, coated in a thin layer of sweat - it's warm in this windowless room. The garage is visible, the charred remains of a car.

Studies her clipboard.

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

BRISBANE

You've been snooping around for the last hour.

(MORE)

BRISBANE (CONT'D)

I bet all you insurance boys would like to prove fraud by arson, wouldn't you.

BRISBANE (CONT'D)

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

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

RACHELINA

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

I/E. CAMERO - DAY

Top down, Rachelina drives a '79 Camaro still in mint condition.

There are no blankets, the sheet barely covers his naked body.

dripping with sweat, drying her body, then dropping the towel, stuffing herself in a cheap summer dress, although attractive, it doesn't show off her body to any advantage.

She blows rings of smoke at the sagging ceiling.

She approaches Rachelina. sassy, rushes over, refills their drinks. Walter goes to light a cigarette

TEDDY, a conservative black police detective in his mid-forties joins them. Tough, smart, by the book - a firm believer in God, country and the police force.

TEDDY

Walter, what the heck happened?

WALTER

A slipped on a banana peel.

TEDDY

(chuckles)

If it's not one thing, it's another with you.

Sally sets a glass of ice cold water in front of Teddy.

SALLY

Hey Teddy. You eating or drinking?

TEDDY

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

SALLY

I'd also recommend the prime rib special.

WALTER

Prime Rib?

SALLY

Off the truck last night.

TEDDY

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

Teddy fumbles to open his note-pad...

TEDDY (CONT'D)

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

TEDDY (CONT'D)

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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(MORE)

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

(off his look)

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I knew five minutes after I walked in there -- no valuables. You don't remove ANYTHING from the house. Family heirlooms, photographs, valuables, and other keepsakes beforehand, etc. It all has to burn.

TEDDY

Y'know. Never thought I'd say this, but you'd make a good detective. You think he did it himself?

RACHELINA

No, had someone torch it for him.

TEDDY

I'll make him sweat it out.

SALLY

Sad what happened to Horace, we'll, miss having him around here. Any leads?

TEDDY

Not yet.

WALTER

Probably a mechanic.

TEDDY

Norm Polanski. Got his name of the rental car.

RACHELINA

Yea, that's him, Joe Polanski. I've been looking for him for six months.

MAX

What's his story?

RACHELINA

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

(MORE)

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

(he laughs)

I figured as much. Chances are -- his partner has it.

TEDDY

What puzzles me is how water is used as an accelerant to start a fire?

RACHELINA

Aluminum iodine powder mix, just add a little accelerant -- H2O and -- pow.

TEDDY

Coated himself with it; or someone else did. The majority of these torch jobs are insurance scams, right?

RACHELINA

On average, I'd say seven out of ten are owed to insurance fraud.

DRAKE

And the other three?

RACHELINA

Bad luck. Or human stupidity. But in most cases... murder.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

You can escape comeuppance once...

(unpleasant thought)

...but crime never goes unpunished, and sooner or later... fate has a strange habit of catching up - even if it's for a crime you never commit, just to square things off.

MAX

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

(hesitates)

What would you do oh oh for a Klondyke bar.

He eyes her cleavage. She shoots him a scornful eye.

MAX (CONT'D)

Where's your lesbian sense of humor at? You know, tongue and cheek. Is that him?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fire crews battling raging wildfires on the TV, which cast an eerie glow across a seedy room. Tattered WALLS. STAINS on the CARPET.

NORM, an obese, repulsive man in underwear lies on the dingy bed, sweaty, feverish, a powder residue covers his skin, he's burning up.

A shadowy figure lights up. A book of matches. Their face grotesque as if melted by flames. A stocking covers their face, holds the match up to the ceiling...

There's an ungodly ALARM.

Norm's eyes go wide with fear as the high pressure fire sprinkler system douses him with water. A chemical reaction ignites. Whoosh! His body erupts into a fireball. He howls and flails.

Everything catches fire as tongues of flames overtake the screen, the shape of bodies, sultry music..

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

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

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

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

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

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

- A NAKED COUPLE are on the dingy bed, fucking. The woman, hair covering her face, sits atop NORM, an obese, repulsive man, sweaty, feverish, a powder residue covers his skin, he's burning up.

- A COUPLE are on the bed, fucking. CLARA, 24, completely naked, sits atop CHARLIE, 20, a young and lazy cowboy. He's letting her do all the work - and why not? He's paying for it- and it's costing a whole week's hard labor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

Sounds of scurrying. He turns, shines his light at the noise, a scattered pack of rats.

Dabs his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief.

HORACE

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

His flashlight illuminates a burnt-out electrical outlet.

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

A sense of movement, he whirls, someone bashes his skull in with a crow bar. He drops, writhes on the floor in agony as he clutches his wound.

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

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

Horace, in agony, mumbles:

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

Tosses the lit matches to the accelerant.

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

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A sleazy, fleabag motel, lots of vacancies.

A hot and muggy night. The sound of the CRICKETS and CICADAS form a nighttime symphony.

NORM, 40s, sports coat slung over his arm, makes his way towards a town car. He pat dries his sweaty face with a handkerchief. Fights clouds of mosquitoes...

Norm gets in, turns the ignition key, the car starts up. He turns on the headlights... BOOM!

The car EXPLODES. He howls and flails as tongues of FLAME overtake the screen... the shape of bodies, sultry music...

MAN

There was two sticks of dynamite in the trunk behind the seat where he was sitting. They were hooked to the tail light.

MAN (CONT'D)

What saved him was probably the head rest in the back which stopped a piece of metal that would have gone in his head.. Also the car had a sunroof, which allowed the blast to escape.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A LONE WOMAN, sits road side, her classic 80s Mercedes steaming. This we will get to know as SARA. Late 20s, pretty, vulnerable.

A TOW TRUCK's red lights appear through the night mist casting an eerie glow across the road. The truck pulls up behind the car, the door opens and the driver steps out. This is CHASE JACKSON, 30 to 40, strong fellow. The two approach each other, stopping a few feet short

A cigarette ash glows, casting them in brief amber light, then dies. Not before we glimpse a face, grotesque, as if melted by flames, a stocking covers their face,

Our shadowy shape holds the match up to the ceiling. There's an ungodly alarm.

Norm's eyes wide in fear as the high pressure fire sprinkler system douses him with water. A chemical reaction ignites. Whoosh!

His body erupts into a fireball. He howls and flails. Everything catches fire as tongues of flames overtake the screen, the shape of bodies, sultry music...

The high pressure fire sprinkler system starts dousing him with water. With a whoosh and a scream Norm is engulfed in flames, the room, infused with fire, explodes as the flames grow we let them TAKE OVER THE FRAME...

From outside open patio door, silhouetted in the flames, a couple's nude forms clearly visible...illuminated within, on a dingy bed, she's going down on him.

EXT. BALTIMORE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A 747 accelerates down the runway and blasts into the waning afternoon light.

INT. 747 - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Beth is looking out the window, preoccupied...

PILOT

This is Captain Menounos welcoming you aboard flight 517 to Seattle. Our flying time today... six hours and fifteen minutes...

INT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT - DAY

As Sam comes out of the plane from Seattle and dashes through the concourse, managing to arrive at the plane for New York at the very last moment...

EXT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

As Sam rushes out of the terminal. Desperate.

A cab pulls up. Sam bolts to the head of the line and muscles his way into the cab. The other people in line are irate.

WOMAN

Sorry, it's an emergency.

A very attractive stewardess bends affectionately over Jonah, ensconced in the first-class section. He's got his backpack on his lap and he's holding it

We see a group of people filing off an airport shuttle bus. The sign in front rotates from "Airport" back to "Marina."

Jonah comes down the stairs and steps off with his Mariners backpack. He just stands there a beat, looking around. Then he goes through the glass doors

Claire and Veronica scissored their legs and ground their pussies together, "I love tribbing" Claire whispered in her lover

In one swift motion, Gloria flips Manolo over onto his stomach and climbs on top of him.

Gloria kisses her back, ass

Manolo starts dirty dogging, giving Gloria her ass..

Bill and Rose making love, They are sweating profusely. He turns Rose around to put her lying on her stomach. Rose holds the two sculpted bed posts very tightly. It is suggested that Bill could be sodomizing her. They both moan.orgasm.

An uncomfortable silence. His arm is still around her and their faces are close to one another. Suddenly, they're furiously making out. Within moments, the two of them are ripping each other's clothes off. He grabs her and pushes her against the freezer.

As Jean Baptiste hoists her onto the counter, Lola throws her head back, unleashing a long lustful SCREAM...

As Salvador takes a load off Jean Baptiste in the kitchen,

Lola stares at him from across the way. The kitchen is steaming and the wife beater looks practically painted onto Salvador's muscles. She tries to look away but she can't. She's completely in lust. The heat overwhelming her, she grabs the ends of the counter to prop herself up and finds herself holding A LARGE RIPE PLANTAIN.

She stares at it, then at Salvador. She heads into..

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Locks the door. Her back against the wall, we see the plantain disappear beneath frame, her eyes roll to the back of her head. She bites her lip, to stay quiet as...

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the f.g., the burning skyline is clearly visible the the open patio doors leading onto the fire escape,

A large fan CREAKS, looks old, as it woefully strains to circulate sweltering air. On a muted TV- FIRE CREWS battle an ANGRY BLAZE as a JOURNALIST talks over the image. It's hot in here, we can sense the heat as we pan across a dump gone smoggy with smoke, towards...

Walter, dripping sweat, lounges on the bed, blows rings at the sagging ceiling. He savors a beer

An open door beyond her leads to a modest office where a woman waits anxiously...

RACHELINA, early 40s, showing wear, lying on a bed stripped bare, scantily clad in a sheer negligee, she is very angry and volatile... A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.

And the unmade bed, coming from the bathroom we see (the wet legs) of a woman hastily drying herself, then dropping the towel, then stuffing herself back into a cheap summer dress

Keeping in the shadows , he can both , see and hear what goes on in the room beyond.

Bill is leaning his back against the edge of the pool. Rose is lying on him. She puts her elbows on the edge, folds her arms, rests her chin in her hands. They are still in the water up to their waists

Bill and Rose making love, They are sweating profusely. He turns Rose around to put her lying on her stomach. Rose holds the two sculpted bed posts very tightly. It is suggested that Bill could be sodomizing her. They both moan.orgasm.

them. I generally wear a sheer blouse and sheer bralette so he can see my tits and only has to unbutton my blouse to get to them. Are you kidding me I can't have sex without heels on oh there's just nothing like taking those heels and wrapping my legs around some hot dude and kicking his ass making him Buck me like a bronco... Your questions got me so horny..

Sanders hustles into the office, past the LOGO. PACIFIC ALL RISK INSURANCE. Sees a SEXY WOMAN in a sexy business suit with a mini skirt, and hotter stilettos, headed his way: MEREDITH JOHNSON, 33, a head turn for either sex, the inappropriate snugness of her sexy business attire matches her tightly wound personality.

She studies Walter for second, then saunters past him.. he turns, follows, great ass, hot legs towards her officen

RACHELINA lounges, scantily clad in a Sheer Chemise with Lace Trim & Matching G-string that clings uncomfortably to her naked, sweaty body

WALTER

You've been acting really strange all night.

RACHELINA

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A DARKENED facility. Trash strewn everywhere. Cobwebs.

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

His flashlight illuminates a burnt-out electrical outlet.

Sounds of scurrying. He turns, shines his light at the noise, a few RATS darting across the floor.

He dabs his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief and speaks under his breath...

A sense of movement, he whirls, someone bashes his skull in with a crow bar.

Horace drops, writhes on the floor. He's struck again, clutches his wound.

In the shadows the assailant sloshes a can of gasoline across the carnivorous space. Douses Horace, he chokes on it. Horace, in agony, mumbles:

Our shadowy shape lights up. A book of matches. Their face grotesque as if melted by flames. A stocking covers their face.

Then tosses the match to the accelerant...

In an instant the entire room flashes over. Horace's screams drowned out by the crackling fire as tongues of flames overtake the screen, the shape of bodies, sultry music...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A sleazy, fleabag motel, with lots of vacancies. A hot and muggy night. The sound of the CRICKETS and CICADAS form a nighttime symphony.

NORM, 40s, sports coat slung over his arm, makes his way towards a town car. He pat dries his sweaty face with a handkerchief. Fights clouds of mosquitoes...

Norm gets in, turns the ignition key, the car starts up. A long beat. He turns on the headlights...

BOOM! The car EXPLODES. He howls and flails as tongues of FLAME overtake the screen, the shape of bodies, sultry music...

RACHELINA, pushing 40, *A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior. And it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.*

PANNING across a cluttered room gone smoggy with smoke. A fedora lays on a chair. A large fan CREAKS, looks old, as it woefully strains to circulate sweltering air. It's hot in here, we can sense the heat as we MOVE IN on an unmade bed where

A couple lies naked, Their sweat differs from the run-of-the-mill sweating, it's the sheer volume. WALTER, 30s, sexy side of disheveled, wears a walking boot. Beside him

RACHELINA, pushing 40, *A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior. And it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.*

WALTER, 30s, lounges, sexy side of disheveled, wears an air cast. RACHELINA, 30s, it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features. Their sweat differs from the run-of-the-mill sweating, it's the sheer volume.

RACHELINA, 30s, A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior makes out with WALTER HEWITT, 30s, His scrupulous aura makes up for his lack of conventional good looks, wearing an air cast

RACHELINA, early 40s, showing wear, she is very angry and volatile... and smokes incessantly. A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.

RACHELINA-- early-30s, beaten down MILF("Mother I'd Like to Fuck")she is very angry and volatile... and smokes incessantly.

WALTER HEWITT, 30s, sexy side of disheveled weather-beaten features, gets out of bed naked, sweaty, wears an air cast, throws on boxer briefs His scrupulous aura makes up for his lack of conventional good looks.

A couple lies naked, Their sweat differs from the run-of-the-mill sweating, it's the sheer volume. WALTER, 30s, sexy side of disheveled, wears a walking boot. Beside him RACHELINA, pushing 40, it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

WALTER, 30s, wears an air cast. His scrupulous aura makes up for his lack of conventional good looks. Next to him, RACHELINA, 30s, A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.

RACHELINA, early 40s, naked in bed, she is very angry and volatile. it's hard not to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

smokes incessantly. A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.

A sweaty RACHELINA, 30s, wrapped in a perilously short towel, joins him. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

She slurs her words a little maybe drunk.

RACHELINA, early 40s, A sexually uninhibited woman with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior.

It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

She rises wraps her arms around Walter and tries to pull him back to bed. He's resistant...

RACHELINA is suddenly standing behind him, She's early 40s, sweats copiously, naked, showing wear, she's very angry and volatile, and smokes incessantly.

RACHELINA, 40, nurses a beer. She Dresses younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, low-cut top dewy with sweat, wedge heels. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

The naked RACHELINA, 30s, sweaty, nipples erect, hair a sex mess, grabs him from behind.

It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

RACHELINA

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

WALTER

Swear to God - feels like it's gonna fall off. What's gotten into you?

RACHELINA

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

Grabs his crutches and hobbles over to the patio leading to the fire escape..

On a muted TV- forest fires ravage bush lands as a JOURNALIST talks over the image.

HORACE

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

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

A very sweaty post-sex RACHELINA, early-40s, naked, suddenly stands behind him. A sexually uninhibited beaten down MILF("Mother I'd Like to Fuck") with a frigid, cold exterior and burning hot interior, smokes incessantly.

Rachelina, just out of the shower, *in* a perilously short towel, grabs a pack of cigarette's, lights up. She blows smoke rings at the sagging ceiling. Even though her front was covered, this glitzy dress deserves a spot on the list purely for butt cheek reasons

-----..

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Gridlocked traffic, EVACUEE's trying to escape the raging wildfire seen for miles. There's a growing sense of unrest, a buzzing undercurrent that can be felt more than heard as some pedestrians are getting out of their vehicles and running.

EXT. ROUTE 111 - NIGHT

Thick smoke and ash billows and blows where the winds take it. Cars left abandoned. Flames and sparks dance across the road.

A '79 Camero plows through the heart of a raging wildfire.

INT. '79 CAMERO - NIGHT

The view through the windshield the pervasive smoke is dropping visibility to ZERO. Rachelina, *a sheen of sweat on her arms and legs and face.*

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

Up ahead, a classic 80s Mercedes is parked on the shoulder of the road, its flashers on:

Rachelina slows down...A pair of salacious legs swing out of the car, followed by the rest of her..A Hitchcock blonde, her body, moving fluidly under a sexy, yet elegant white summer dress. She smokes, leans against her car...

EXT. ROUTE 11 - NIGHT

Rachelina does a u-turn and pulls her car up next to it, facing the other direction. Like a two people about to make a drug deal.

The woman, MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, 40s, could be a bit younger. And not particularly interested in making new friends.

Marla flicks her cigarette onto the pavement and then heels it with her sexy shoe.

Rachelina eyes Marla's diamond anklet. She seems unfazed by Rachelina's voyeuristic interest in her, but Marla is surely not unaware of it...

The look at each other that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic?

Marla follows closely behind Rachelina, who lifts the hood, a cloud of steam pours from under the hood.

Marla waves the smoke out of her face.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving pretty fast.

(tinkers under the hood)

Your radiator's just boiling hot.

It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

She grabs anti-freeze from her trunk. Without thinking, goes to unscrew the radiator cap, burning her hand.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

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

MARLA
Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator. Marla smokes and enjoying the view. Sweat rolls languorously down Rachelina's bare legs, daisy-dukes, and crop top.

Even Marla's finds her hard not to look at.

RACHELINA
Lady, you think you got troubles.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)
I was looking over the charred remains of a car the other day -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows.

MARLA
The windows?

RACHELINA
Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA
Perhaps I know what you mean.

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant.

MARLA (CONT'D)
You a mechanic?

She moves to the guardrails, surveys the burning skyline seen from miles.

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

MARLA (CONT'D)
All I could do is look in the rear view mirror and see orange sky and a mushroom cloud and that told me it was hot and to keep going. It was a terrifying feeling.
(then)
It was like being in the middle of hell, and you just have no idea what's coming.

(MORE)

MARLA (CONT'D)

you could hear the trees exploding on the hill and just snapping like firecrackers.

Rachelina slides behind the wheel and starts it up. She checks the instrument panel... Marla follows her gaze. She's low on fuel, too.

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

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

MARLA DIETRICHSON, slides her hot legs out of the car. She's stunning, 40s, could be younger. Despite the sexy red club mini dress clinging to her body, it's impossible to dress down her class. And not particularly interested in making friends.

The two look at each other. A beat that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

MARLA (CONT'D)

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

It's probably your fan belt. I could look under the hood for you.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Your fan belt is broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving fast.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina grabs a rag, unscrew the cap, checks...

RACHELINA

Your radiator's boiling hot, too.

MARLA

It's never done that before.

HARLEY

It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

MARLA

Oh, it's leaking fluid too.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

She gestures towards the charred remains of a car.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

You see that car -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows. Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Are you a mechanic?

RACHELINA

Here's your man now.

MARLA

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

John sits at a bar table with BECCA SCHULTZ, 40s, a colorfulPARALEGAL with a cheap skirt suit.

Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education. They share a pitcher of beer as they talk. John sits at a bar table with BECCA SCHULTZ, 40s, a colorful PARALEGAL with a cheap skirt suit. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education. T

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's forty, She carries her strappy heels. She tugs down the edges of a tight mini dress one would expect to find on a younger woman. This is RACHELINA HUNTER. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

She climbs into her a classic MUSTANG BULLITT

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's forty, She carries her strappy heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her tight mini dress one would expect to find on a younger woman. This is LEE ANNE HUNTER Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A haze of cigarette smoke hangs over a dark, seedy jazz club. There aren't many customers. It's hot and there's not much air. They are miserable. Looking like extras on the voyage of the damned.

Rachelina, in a cheap skirt and top, takes a stool, signals to the BARTENDER

RACHELINA

Whiskey.

Rachelina downs her drink and nods to the Bartender for another. Her gaze settles on --

MARLA DIETRICHSON, a flawless Hitchcock blonde, a few stools down in a sexy, yet elegant white summer. She's stunning. Probably 40s, could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making friends.

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

The Bartender slides Rachelina a BEER and a fresh WHISKEY.

Marla grabs her clutch and heads out, her shapely body, damp with sweat, moving fluidly under her dress. MEN gawk and stare.

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

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

We're in a bustling town square, with a bandstand. Live music and a Confederate statue. Large CROWDS OF PEOPLE congregating: seated in folding chairs. Booths, food and drink, etc...

We drift away from all this and LINGER FOREBODINGLY on Rachelina disappearing into the CROWD. Marla saunters along the pier. A stone's throw from the fishing docks.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Away from the crowd, it's more quite, peaceful. Marla lights up, gazes out over the ocean, hoping a breeze will cool the sweat staining her face.

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

RACHELINA

Hey, wait up.

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

MARLA

I'm sorry, do I know you?

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

Marla.

RACHELINA

Come back to Hot Tamales with me.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

What's wrong with that?

MARLA

Everything. If you're a woman like me.

RACHELINA

And what type of woman would...

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

MARLA

You still here?

RACHELINA

I'm not as smart as I look.

Marla laughs.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

You mind if i walk with you

MARLA

Talk about anything? Whatever you want. Anything but the heat.

RACHELINA

So, you happily married?

MARLA

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

And you?

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

And what is your business?

RACHELINA

Insurance.

MARLA

Interesting.

Marla leans back into the rails. Takes both hands, gathers her hair up off her nape.

Rachelina's eye's feasting on her again.

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

RACHELINA

And sometime they open and you meet
interesting characters.

MARLA

Am I interesting?

RACHELINA

You look too well-tendered to be in a
place like that. Probably pine Haven,
yea, all those fancy homes and cars.

Marla attempts to break the spell she's cast on Rachelina
as she walks.

MARLA

I go for the cheap drinks.

RACHELINA

You don't look cheap.

MARLA

How do I look?

RACHELINA

Good enough to eat.

MARLA

Does talk like that usually work?

MARLA (CONT'D)

Actually my car was overheating. I
thought I'd let it cool down.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Why do you go there?

RACHELINA

Lonely, bored, or horny wives.

MARLA

Do I look bored?

RACHELINA

No, but you look lonely.

MARLA

Looks can be deceiving...

She resumes her stroll, Rachelina lags behind.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Usually I just hang out at a nice little bar, actually the only one in Pine Haven.. The view is beautiful over here, don't you think?

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

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

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

I'll take your word for it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

And where would that be?

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

Maybe I could see the rest of it.

MARLA

You're not too smart. Are you?

Rachelina hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Nothing wrong with us hanging out.

MARLA

Sure, if that's all we want to do. I think you should go.

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

STEPHANIE KAPLAN, early 50s, the Stealth Bomber, like a librarian, reading glasses on a cord, s

" She's a little weatherbeaten, probably someone's mom, but still sexy.

Jackie in her going-out uniform -- tight jeans, tank top, sweat shirt over gun and badge. She slips out the door.

John sits at a bar table with BECCA SCHULTZ, 40s, a colorfulPARALEGAL with a cheap skirt suit.

INT. COZY BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a small, warm, intimate place, all polished woods and heavy brass railings.

At the end of the bar itself, a DRUNK, bearded, slumps over a drink, semi-comatose. He looks like a permanent fixture.

Mallory slides onto one of the bar stools, lays her briefcase and stilettos *the neighboring stool*, runs her hands affectionately over the bar top.

EXT. BAR - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

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

A woman emerging from a club. She's 40s, carries her heelse as she tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA - Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

She climbs into a '79 Camaro still in mint condition.

Rachelina accelerates through a no-man's land of abandoned buildings and freeway overpasses leading away from downtown. She has her top down...a breeze blows back her hair from her sweaty face and drowsiness.

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's 30s, looks 40, carries her wedge heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of a cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA HUNTER. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

She climbs into her fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition

A flawless Hitchcock blonde, her shapely body, moving fluidly under a simple but elegant white summer dress, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling.

Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles at MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, Probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making any new friends.,

Seeing that she is more or less okay,

MARLA

I'm sorry.

RACHELINA

I'm not.

Marla gets out and opens the hood. Stares at the engine.

Rachelina is working on the car engine. Marla stands off to the side smoking.

She gets in the car, it starts. Rachelina closes the hood and comes around to the driver's side.

Rachelina moves to the car. A cloud of steam pours from under the hood. She waves the smoke out of her face.

She climbs into her fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

You know I drive a classic muscle car. The engine is new. It's a Coyote aluminator. I get better gas mileage than most of the cars out there on the highway.

ove it. Enjoyed the characters and dialogue. The premise feels a little familiar, but I'm sure you've got an original take.

GRETCHEN, 30s, exits, terminator shades on. A very good-looking dark-haired woman, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her abit unsettling.

Her sheath dress accessorized with sexy. Classic pumps is carefully arranged to show off the black labrys tattoo on her upper arm.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Dawn just breaking over...

A quiet stretch of beach, waves rushing up and away, in constant motion... soothing and hypnotic.

A woman in a sexy yet simple summer dress walks the shoreline, carrying her heels. Her beauty is arresting and uncalculated. ADRIENNE, 30s.

She skips a few stones.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Marla, hair blowing in the breeze, drives her gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo CONVERTIBLE along a two-lane highway winding up the coast.

Suddenly: BANG! A tire blows out, the car skids, Marla jerks the wheel hard to the right and the car screeches to stop on the shoulder of the road.

She jumps out, sees the shredded front tire. She takes her phone: NO SERVICE. Auugh! Now what?

She looks around for a place to make a call.

Suddenly engines rev, a

A fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition speeds by, much to Marla's disappointment.

A long beat, then she hears a engine rev, turns to see...

The Mustang, driving in reverse, pulls up beside Marla.

MARLA

I'm having a little problem my tire seems to have gone --

Before she can finish her sentence,

The driver pull in front of the Porsche, puts it in reverse, backs up a bit.

A woman exits in a sleeveless sheath dress she wears with sexy/classy pumps that shows of the non-intrusive black Labrys tattoo on her upper arm.

BETH CAMEROTA, 30s, a good-looking brunette, whips off terminator shades, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

BETH
You got a spare?

MARLA
Yea, in the trunk.

Beth grabs the spare and the jack.

BETH
You can wait in my car, it's a lot cooler.

She opens her car door for Marla, who climbs in.

Beth takes off her jacket, sets it on the passenger seat. She leans in, turns on the stereo, they're awfully close, close enough to kiss.

Beth shuts the door. Marla looks back at her, clearly impressed.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Marla clocks herself in a rear-view mirror, and something else, Beth changing her tire.

Moments later...

Beth returns, opens the door, escorts Marla to her car.

BETH
You might want to get a new tire soon.

MARLA
Yea, I'll do it, soon as possible. Oh, your shirt is dirty, I'm sorry. You've been a life saver.

Marla's scarf falls. Beth picks it up, hands it to Marla, opens the car door, and Marla gets in.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Thank you...again.

BETH

No, thank you. It's not everyday I get to come across a damsel in distress.

Beth saunters to her car, climbs in, speeds off.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

An hour before sunset. A lonely jogger pounds up the sand. A moment after sand has stopped cascading into his footprints,

Marla walks from the sea in a sexy bikini.

Nearby, a house, a cool two million five if it's a dime. A huge two-story window fronts the sea, and below, a deck and exterior staircase.

Retrieving a towel from the sand, Marla makes for the house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Marla lets herself in via the sliding door. The place is chic and expensive. Artwork resembles stolen pieces from the Louvre.

She ascends the steps to the second floor.

INT./EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/BALCONY - NIGHT

MOVE IN THROUGH THE BALCONY SHEER CURTAINS... into a lush romantic bedroom suite... where on a massive bed,

MAXIMILIAN, a graying-templed 40's, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch, fucking his hot wife, Marla. She's doing it, not enjoying it, barely participating.

He cums real fast, rolls off. The naked Marla, gets up, nipples erect, hair wild, throws on a sheer robe --

MARLA

I had a flat today. A woman fixed it for me.

MAN

She pretty?

MARLA

Yes, dark, mysterious, stunning. If she had invited me for a nightcap I would have went.

A beat,

MAX

You should've invited her over for dinner.

MARLA

She was in a hurry.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Do you have a girl?

BETH

Yes, statuesque, handsome, great figure, a model. Sometimes seen with a scale in one hand, and a blindfold over her eyes. Name Justice. I've forgiven for flirting, forgive me for being faithful to my girlfriend.

MARLA

Are you faithful?

A woman exits in a slick tux, shirt open, bow tie undone. No pants, short, tight skirt, Her legs look scrumptious; James Bond eat your heart out.

BETH, 30s, a very good-looking brunette whips off her shades, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

BETH CAMEROTA, 30s, a good-looking brunette climbs out, struggling to slide into her other sling back high heel, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling. She wears a short sleeve sheath dress that flaunts the black Labrys tattoo on her shoulder.

MAN

I had her neck on a chopping block and refused to swing the axe.

That legendary haunted hotel - Pfister hotel in Milwaukee and he wanted to stay there I said hell no, I mean I don't believe in ghost but I don't want to find out I'm wrong either...

it's like playing with an Ouija board - I don't believe it works, but I'm also not taking any chances.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Emerging from the courtroom,W

WOMAN

I can't take this much longer.

MAN

It's almost over.

WOMAN

How we doing?

MAN

It's close... you'll have to testify.

WOMAN

We knew that going in, didn't we/

MAN

We assumed it, but there was always the chance they couldn't make their case.

WOMAN

And you think they have?

MAN

Not motive really, but ... if you had stabbed him once, I'd rest right now. But the other stab wounds... you gotta get up there and explain that.

A beat

WOMAN

To the jury or you?

MAN

No, don't be ridiculous.

WOMAN

No, it's just ... maybe I should just stop watching tthe news. The things they say about me.

MAN

Look, people have been talking' since the whole thing began, they'll talk long after it'S over. It's a juicy sexy murder trial.

WOMAN

Yeah.

MAN

We're almost done. The psychiatrist testifies. Then you. And we're done. It'll be fine.

WOMAN

Okay.

They hold another look, kiss softly.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

MAN

You're fucking her, aren't you?

WOMAN

It's none of your business.

MAN

I'm second chair in this trial.

WOMAN

It's personal, not a trial thing.

MAN

Are you on something? A murder trial, she's charged with murder, first degree, and you got a personal thing going with the client?

WOMAN

Look, nothing's happened. Ok, I haven't slept with her...it has no effect on the case, my ability to represent her, and it has no relevance with you or anyone else..

MAN

Fine. First as a lawyer...I don't need to tell you that part. Second, as...Artemesia she did it. She's a killer how could you possibly fall --

WOMAN

She's not a killer.

MAN

She stabbed the man to death. She's a killer...only a gorgeous one who wrapped you around her finger..

WOMAN

She's not a killer. I defended plenty of murderers and I know them when I see them. She is innocent.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is filled to capacity, all the trimmings of a high profile murder trial. Billy is questioning the witness, DR. ROBERT GALE, forties. Eugene sits next to Victoria at the defendant's table. JUDGE KENT presides

WOMAN

You treated the victim for how long, Dr. Gale?

MAN

Just under a year.

WOMAN

And during the course of your therapy sessions with Mr. O'Dell, did he ever talk about my client?

MAN

Occasionally.

WOMAN

Do you remember what he said about her?

MAN

Not really. He just mentioned she was his art teacher.

WOMAN

Okay. You've heard the prosecutor's suggestion that the victim, Mr. O'Dell, was perhaps having a sexual affair with my client.

MAN

I heard the suggestion, yeas.

WOMAN

Do you have a response?

MAN

My response would be it's ridiculous. I knew almost every detail of Mr. O'Dell's life. There was no such affair.

WOMAN

Well, is it possible he would've kept this from you?

MAN

Frankly, no. Arty would pour out his deepest intimacies in my office. If he were having an affair with somebody, I surely would've known about.

WOMAN

On this your positive?

MAN

The only relationship we had with your client is student and teacher.

WOMAN

Thank you, Dr. Welch.

A good direct, the prosecution's motive theory was just severely cripple. ADA XXXX knows it...

WOMAN (CONT'D)

what were you treating Mr. O'Dell for?

MAN

Originally it was for mild manic depression. He was pretty well heeled from that and since it's been ongoing maintenance therapy.

WOMAN

I see. Do you remember how he first came to you?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

Do you remeber who?

MAN

His wife, xxxx.

Angle on his wife.

RESUME SCENE

WOMAN

And how did she know of you?

MAN

She's been a patient of mine four five years.

WOMAN

I see. So you would have kind of a confidential relationship with her?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

In fact, five years... I'd imagine you two have built up quite a trust?

MAN

We have.

Artemesia knows where this is headed and doesn't like it.

WOMAN

And given that trust... if you knew somebody to be betraying Mary Adler, wouldn't you feel some obligation to tell her?

MAN

I didn't know of --

WOMAN

Please listen to my question, Sir. If you knew a spouse to be cheating on your client, a client you'd established a five year trust with, would you tell her?

MAN

It's not so easy. If I learned of it from another client ... there would be tremendous conflicts of interest, Counsel.

WOMAN

You're a very good witness.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained. Strike that.

WOMAN

It's not so easy, you say. So ... there would be some pull on you to tell, wouldn't there?

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I mean, Mary Adlar trusts you, if you were to find out she were being betrayed, there would be some pull on you to tell, whether you end up doing it or not. Right?

MAN

Obviously.

WOMAN

Obviously. And this would be obvious to Arty O'Dell too, wouldn't it?

MAN

Perhaps.

WOMAN

Perhaps. So... couldn't it be... Arty O'Dell thought it best not to tell you he was sleeping with Katrina Trammell?

ARTEMESIA

Objection@

JUDGE

Overruled.

WOMAN

Isn't it at least possible, given your conflicts of interests, your fiduciary relationship with his wife, Arty O'Dell chose not to tell you he was committing adultery with that woman?

MAN

I don't think that was the case.

WOMAN

Is it your testimony that such a scenario is impossible, Doctor?

MAN

No. I'm not saying it's impossible.

WOMAN

Thank you, doctor.

(then)

The truth isn't so painful after all, is it?

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE

Sustained.

INT. WITNESS ROOM - DAY

XXXXX.

ARTENESIA

Don't rush your answers, and no matter how hard she comes at you...stay calm.

WOMAN

How long will it take?

ARTEMESIA

It won't be quick, Vicky. This could be a long day.

She sighs.

WOMAN

Okay.

ARTEMESIA

Just tell them what happened. You'll do great.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The room is again packed, this being the day everyone has salivated for. Victoria is at long last in the witness chair.

ARTEMESIA

He had come over like he had so many times before?

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

What did you and Mr. O'Dell do on these visits?

WOMAN

Well for a lot of them, wife, would come too. we'd play cards, watch just talk

ARTEMESIA

But on this occasion, Mr. Adler came alone. And at eleven o'clock at night?

WOMAN

Yes. He said he was troubled about something and he asked if he could come in.

ARTEMESIA

And you said yes?

WOMAN

Of course. Like I said, we were friends.

ARTEMESIA

And what happened?

WOMAN

At first I laughed it off, I thought he was joking. But then it became clear he wasn't joking, he said other things about my hair and...my figure.

ARTEMESIA

Where was this going on?

WOMAN

We were sitting on the sofa and then he reached over and softly touched my hand.

The audience is rapt.

ARTEMESIA

And what did you do?

WOMAN

I...I was thinking to myself do I negotiate out of this with the least amount of embarrassment. I figured maybe he'd been drinking before he came over and that tomorrow he'd be mortified. So I... I don't know, I think I tried to save him from himself a little...

ARTEMESIA

How'd you do that?

WOMAN

By laughing it off, pretending not to be as uncomfortable as I was. He then uh ... he told me uh ... that when he was with Mary ... he would often think of me.

With an upset Mary...

ARTEMESIA

What did you say to that?

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

Victoria is there with ROBERT ADLER, they're sitting on the sofa.

WOMAN

Have you been drinking?

MAN

Is that why you think I'm saying this?
Because of alcohol?

WOMAN

I don't know why you're saying it, but...

MAN

I'm saying these things because I'm in
love with you.

She gets up.

MAN (CONT'D)

Surely you know this.

WOMAN

Robert. We're friends. I'm friends with
Mary. And this is making me really
uncomfortable and I think you should
leave.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Xxx

ARTEMESIA

And did he go?

WOMAN

No.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

Nnn

MAN

And I think you're in love with me.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

I know your friendship with Mary makes it all kind of prohibitive but ..

WOMAN

Please, leave, Arty.

MAN

I'm not going to leave, xxxx.

WOMAN

Let go of me.

MAN

Let's stop pretending.

WOMAN

Arty, let me go.

MAN

Is this part of the game? The denial, is that what you find arousing?

WOMAN

I'll ask you one more time to let me go. Then I scream.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

WOMAN

But he wouldn't. He wouldn't let me go.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

And suddenly Adler pulls her toward him, tearing off her top. She tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in

progress. Victoria, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful. He has her to the floor and starts to rip off her dress. She's screaming now, but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Everyone is frozen, rivited.

WOMAN

And then somehow..I managed to break free...

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

She gets loose, runs for a counter; as he pursues she pulls a revolver out of a drawer. Turns and FIRES. Hits him. She seems to nearly convulse with the gun, SHOOTING him FOUR MORE TIMES, as he drops to the ground.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

WOMAN

I don't really even remember the other shots. I remember squeezing the trigger. But not how many times.

LATER...

LEN

Your story seems so traumatic, Mrs. Ingerhoff. I'm a little struck by how poised and dramatic your answers seem.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Overruled.

LEN

You talked about a rape. Then stabbing a man, repeatedly, to his death. And you seem so-- unaffected by it all.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

WOMAN

It goes to demeanor.

JUDGE

The objection is overruled with the suggestion that it not be renewed.

WOMAN

Would it be fair to characterize your personality as icy?

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

This one is sustained. Hop to it, Ms. Guilfoyle.

WOMAN

It's your testimony that the victim came over to your apartment alone on many occasions?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Yes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes late at night?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Yes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And is it your testimony there was nothing sexual between you too?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's correct.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

In the last, say five years, have you had a romantic relationship with anybody?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, no, I haven't.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Gee. Such an attractive affluent woman. You would think there would have to be somebody.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained.

WOMAN

You testified that you screamed that night. Anybody hear those screams to your knowledge?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Not to my knowledge.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ah.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It was late, and no one was nearby.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You wold know this?

ARTEMESIA
Objection.

JUDGE
Overruled.

WOMAN
Had you ever screamed in the company of
the victim before and not been detected,
excuse me, heard?

ARTEMESIA
Objection.

JUDGE
Sustained.
(to Guilfoyle)
Stop it.

WOMAN
Did Mr. O'dell keep pursuing you after
you shot him the first time?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I don't really remember. I just recall
squeezing the trigger ... and then seeing
him lying on the floor.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You don't remember seeing him fall?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I was in shock, Ms. Guilfoyle. I don't
remember a lot of what happened.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Do you remember dialing nine-one-one?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Yes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
When?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Right after it happened.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Right after? Seconds after? Minutes?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Immediately after. I saw him lying on the floor, I picked up the phone and called.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
While you were still in shock?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Yes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
At this time Your Honor, I'd like to play the recording of the "nine-one-one" call.

The Judge nods. Guilfoyle activates the player. We hear the VOICE of the dispatcher.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Slow down. Say that again.

MARLA'S VOICE
(even, not hysterical)
A man just tried to rape me. I stabbed him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Where are you calling from, Ma'am?

MARLA VOICE
I'm at the my residence --

Len turns off the recorder.

LEN
That's the sound of your voice in shock?

MARLA
I don't know what I sound like. I do know I was in shock at that time, yes.

LEN
I see, and while in shock... you had the presence to assert your legal claim of self defense.

ARTEMESIA
Objection.

JUDGE
Overruled.

WOMAN
Shall I play it again, Mrs xxx.

MARLA

I said self-defense as a descriptive way of what happened. I wasn't asserting any legal claim, Mr. Weinman. It just came out that way.

LEN

It just came out that way. Funny thing.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A

ARTEMESIA

You were great. You really did.

WOMAN

You heard the tape. I did sound calm, Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

You sounded shut down, That's normal under the circumstances.

A beat.

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

I think we had a good day, I say if I thought otherwise.

WOMAN

I remember stabbing him the first time but not...maybe the reason I don't remember the other ones is 'cause I bloked them out. Maybe those others'...maybe they were deliberate. And that's why I bloked them out.

ARTEMESIA

Don't start going down that path.

WOMAN

I don't know anymore, when I was testifying... I could start to see the image of it in...maybe those last few stabs... maybe it was vengeance.

ARTEMESIA

Vicky, the man tried to rape you, he might have killed-you.

And she nods slightly agreeing with him.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

WOMAN

This is how I see it. He promised her he'd leave the wife, and when he doesn't, she kills him.

MAN

Don't you think she'd have a plan slightly better than stabbing him to death in her own home?

WOMAN

It's a great plan. Reasonable doubt. she's innocent. Walter seems to think she's innocent.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A MAN, fifties, enters...

BAD MAN

Excuse me, Mr. Xxx. I know who you are I recognize you from the news...

MAN

Can I help you?

BAD MAN

Actually I'm here to help you. I live in the home next to your client. I got some information on that night.

A beat

BAD MAN (CONT'D)

I want waste your time 'cause I know it's gotta be runnin' at a premium. Here's the thing. I'm kind of a security nut, I live ~lone, got this recurring dream of somebody sneaking in late to give me a tracheotomy. Anyway, I got all this high tech alarm stuff, including mini cameras and..I got to thinking maybe they picked something up that night. Sure enough...

He pulls out a tape...

BAD MAN (CONT'D)

Wanna look?

MAN

You got a tape of the night's murder?

BAD MAN
Just the beginning.

He takes the tape, plugs it in...

Aryt walks to teh door. As he knocks...

BAD MAN (CONT'D)
That would be your deceased, Arty O'Dell.

A beat, then the door opens. Viccorla smiles, shoots a discreet look to make sure nobody else is in the hallway. She welcomeshim then with a sweet kiss. Much more than friendship here. They enter, the door closes, and the screen goes dark.

BAD MAN (CONT'D)
Goes by real fast. We can play it again.

MAN
How long have you had this?

BAD MAN
Sice the night of. I told you.

MAN
And you never thought to go to the police with this?

BAD MAN
Thought about it, I couldn't think of much. But I couldn't really see much good in it, at least not much good in it for. Then this morning, ding. Timing is everything they say. I'm willing to sell it to your client, hundred thousand, nice round number. I take the offer to you since I'm not sure she's trustworthy. Plus there's the chance she could stab me in the back.

Bobby and Eugene just stare back stunned. Stunned at the tape's content, at the extortion, at how blatant the guy is. A beat.

MAN
You came here to extort us?

BAD MAN
That's a legal term, I'm not a lawyer. I'm here like a Fuller Brush man, hopin' you'll buy what I got to sell.

MAN

Well, you came to the wrong place, this office doesn't participate in blackmail or extortion.

BAD MAN

Okay. Well, again, I'm no legal expert but I think you got some kind of duty to take the offer to your client. You can keep the tape, It's a copy.

(goes to leave)

Oh, since you say it's illegal...maybe I should go to the D.A. But you should probably keep in mind if the district attorney springs this in court tomorrow you'll be hard pressed to claim unfair surprise. Since I came to you first. I've probably complicated things, I'm sorry for that.

MAN

Mr. Waters...You had to know about this tape the night of the shooting, otherwise you wouldn't have known to save it.

BAD MAN

So.

MAN

So the police questioned you, I got the reports. You withheld evidence, that's obstruction of justice, Mr. Walters. You could go to jail.

BAD MAN

Gee. Maybe I should turn myself in now. We all got cards to play, don't we?

He goes.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Xxxxx arms are folded, defensive posture. Inside she's quaking. Bobby CLICKS OFF the tape, glares at her a beat.

WOMAN

What do you want me to say?

MAN

How about the truth!

WOMAN

Okay, we were fucking. But, uh...I had just killed a man, I ...I was afraid to tell the police we were lovers', I...I thought, I dunno, I panicked, I thought it would look bad if... so I lied. I said we were just friends. I probably ..

She shakes her head in self doubt. Bobby just stares back at her

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Then I was trapped. I couldn't admit the truth and get caught in a lie. Then I really would've...I was trapped, Walter.

MAN

Why didn't you tell me?

WOMAN

I was going to, but you basically told me not to.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

Our very first meeting, I remember your words exactly. You said whatever I told you, you were stuck with, you couldn't let me get on a witness stand and say things you knew weren't true.

MAN

That didn't mean lie.

WOMAN

If I had told you the truth, then I would've had two choices at trial. Not testify in my defense in which case I'm gone or testify and admit that I lied to the police, in which case I'd also be gone. Don't deny it, you're the one who steered me to stick to the version I gave the police.

MAN

I never told you to lie.

WOMAN

Because we both know you're not allowed to, but you sure as hell warned me against the truth!

MAN

Well how the ... his shrink took the stand for God sakes, how could you be sure he wouldn't know?

WOMAN

Because Robert said he never told him. He was afraid for anybody to know. The D.A. was exactly right, he was scared the psychiatrist would tell Mary.

A beat

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You have no idea how much I wanted to tell you.

MAN

So you murdered this guy?

WOMAN

No. Of course I didn't murder him.

MAN

Then what happened?

WOMAN

A week before... he'd come over and said he wanted to leave Mary and marry me. I turned him down. The affair itself was fuming out. I had no interest in marrying him. Then... that night he came back, he sorta proposed again, and when I refused, he just went into a rage. The rest was exactly how I said before. He was raping me. I grabbed the ice pick and killed him.

The woman sounds too convincing, he doesn't know what to believe.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's the truth. I don't know what else to say. If you choose not to believe me I guess I wouldn't blame you.

MAN

Take a lie detector.

She's thrown.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

MAN

A polygraph.

WOMAN

I thought ... aren't they inadmissible?

MAN

In court.

She measures him. Then:

WOMAN

For you. Take a polygraph for you?

MAN

I'm a better lawyer when I believe in my client. So it's in your best interest. If what your telling now is the truth.

She glares back. It's a chess game, he's pinned her. A beat. Then, finally

WOMAN

Fine. Set up your damn polygraph.

MAN

Forget about what you read, Vicky. They're deadly accurate.

She laughs...

WOMAN

Set up your polygraph.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Bobby stands back as JOHN HALES conducts the polygraph test with Victoria.

EXAMINER

He raped you?

WOMAN

Yes.

EXAMINER

Is your hair red?

WOMAN

No.

EXAMINER

Were you afraid Robert Adler was about to kill you when you shot him?

WOMAN

Yes.

EXAMINER

Were you in love with him?

WOMAN

No.

EXAMINER

Are you in love with anybody?

Strangely, she shoots a look at Bobby. Then:

WOMAN

I don't know.

Hales saw the glance. Masking his incredulity--

EXAMINER

Might you be in love with somebody?

WOMAN

Yes.

EXAMINER

Are they in the room?

WOMAN

Yes.

EXAMINER

Ms. Keenan. Did you plan to shoot Robert Adler before he attacked you?

WOMAN

No.

EXAMINER

Well, I guess congratulations are in order. To both of you. She's telling the truth.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MAN

What now?

MAN1

I don't know. I guess everything depends on this Walters guy and that stupid tape.

MAN

Probation pulled his sheet for me. He's got a prior on insurance fraud. He was also indicted in some travel agency scam, that one hasn't gone anywhere yet.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh no.

MAN1

Why is that bad...

INT. HOME - DAY

Mmmmm

MAN

Because it gives him a reason to come forward. He can use the tape as currency, horse trade, for a deal on his other charges...

WOMAN

Maybe we should just buy it from him like he wants.

MAN

Thanks. But I can't afford to get disbarred for sometime.

WOMAN

So what happens now? You're starting to scare me.

MAN

Nothing happens; Tomorrow, we put on the E.R. doctor, he testifies as to your shock. Then we rest. The prosecution can put on rebuttal witnesses if they have any. We just hope like hell they don't call Mr. Walters to the stand.

WOMAN

Okay.

MAN

I'm uh... sorry about the polygraph. I just had to be sure.

WOMAN

As a lawyer?

MAN

No.

WOMAN

Look... uh, this conversation can wait till another time but I guess... I dunno, part of me, when this is over...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

All parties are present, including Walters sitting in the back row. She's finishing up with DR. XXX , who on the stand....

MAN

And from her symptoms I concluded that she was in a mild state of shock, yes.

MAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir.

He sits as xx stands...

WOMAN

Doctor xxx.. you examined the defendant how long aftre the killing?

MAN

I think a couple hours.

WOMAN

Can you really diagnose shock to a medical certainty?

MAN

It's a judgement thing. And I made the call.

WOMAN

I see and would it be possible for someone to go into shock by committing a heinous crime as well as being the victim of one?

MAN

(hesitating...)

Yes.

WOMAN

So it's possible Doctor, the symptoms you saw in Victoria Keenan, they could have been triggered by her committing murder, right?

MAN

It's conceivable.

WOMAN

I see. So at the end of the day, Doctor xxxx you don't. really stand behind your prior testimony, do you?

MAN

I don't know what you mean.

WOMAN

I think you do. Thank you, Mr. Xxxx.

And Gamble sits. Bobby shakes his head to the judge, he's done.

JUDGE

The witness may step down
(To defense)
Counsel?

MAN

The defense rests, your honor.

JUDGE

Ms. Gamble?

Gamble rises. For a second, time freezes. As she looks at her notes, Bobby and Eugene search for a tell. He flash glances at Walters...is he poised to come forward? After what feels like an eternity--

WOMAN

The prosecution rests, your honor.

Bobby and Eugene swallow their respective hearts in relief. No videotape will be introduced. Bobby looks to Victoria to privately share the victory

THE PRACTICE page 49 closing...For surely this Lori Loughlin, playing a respectable lawyer, is miscast of the year. Appearing in court with a too tight suit cut too low and a hem up to her kazoo

the solution is for the Federal Government to stop spending, pay down the debt, and increase real GDP. Easier typed/said than done

L.A district court garage.

had the whole railcar to ourselves. The ride is very short, and it costs 1 dollar each way (less if you have a TAP card). You pay at the top of the railway. The bottom of the railway is located across the street from Grand Central Market.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

After work crowd. A full house tonight. YOUNG ASSOCIATES, THIRTY-SOMETHING LAWYERS, PROSECUTORS, SECRETARIES... everybody's drinking, having a good time.

KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 30s, breezes in, a cocksure beautiful brunette. The snugness of her short skirt suit matches her tightly wound personality. She carries a bosca leather briefcase- but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

She's clipping on an Assistant District Attorney's badge.

A Assistant District Attorney's Badge 'round her neck.

At the bar, Artemesia dinks alone.

*KIMBER GUILFOYLE, a smoky-eyed brunette, 30s, breezes in. Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - from the lip gloss to stiletto "f*ck me" pumps. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality.*

She takes up an adjoining stool. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

MARLA GUILFOYLE, 30, hot as hell, icy veneer to match. FOX NEWS GIRL-esque; always dresses like she's going clubbing.

e smiles, shakes the rain out of her chic overcoat. Joins Marla at the bar, takes up the adjacent stool.

INT. COZY BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a small, warm, intimate place, all polished woods and heavy brass railings.

At the end of the bar itself, a DRUNK, bearded, slumps over a drink, semi-comatose. He looks like a permanent fixture.

Mallory slides onto one of the bar stools, lays her briefcase and stilettos *the neighboring stool*, runs her hands affectionately over the bar top.

A non intrusive labrys tattoo on her upper shoulder.

BETH CAMEROTA, 30s, A very good-looking dark-haired woman, the inappropriate snugness of her cute little skirt suit matches her tightly wound personality

WOMAN

Stop telling me I don't have a case. I got a witness, a murder weapon...a Motive.

MAN

You got no motive

MAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you should wear a little bit higher heels..

WOMAN

It's a little informal in my line of work.

MAN

And yet you're always wearing those too tight skirt suits cut too low and the hem up to her kazoo..

MAN (CONT'D)

Tell me about the state's attorney's office.

WOMAN

Each courtroom has three assistant state attorney's that are assigned to one particular judge, and the senior of those are called the first chair. That's me.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

OhmyGod, you got my pussy so sore, it feels like it's on fire.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

OhmyGod, you got my pussy so sore, it feels like it's on fire.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's sweltering hot. The covers bunched at the foot of the bed. Rachelina's chemise is damp with sweat and clings uncomfortably to her body. She tosses and turns on top of the bed.

The air conditioner unit is obviously blowing out hot air. She gets out of bed and turns it off.

A damp cloth pressed to the back of her neck

Heat lightning flashes across the sky. The first drops of rain began to fall... and distant thunder rumbles...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Another bolt of lightning cast strange shadows through the room, the window from the storm blows the curtains...

Abruptly, the lightning STORM DIES. Demon John looks around in confusion. All around them, the LIGHTS of Atlanta start to BLINK OUT, entire grids going dark, one by one

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Through the wall comes a THUMPING SOUND. Ruby ignores it.

The sounds through the wall grow louder. They are clearly SEX SOUNDS. LOUD SEX SOUNDS. Grunting and headboard banging. Miles hears a moan.

Ruby stares at him for a beat. The parental sex noises escalate.

Shondra and Abramowitz are getting it on in bed. They climax, she rolls off of him, and lights up a cigarette.

They are in bed having sex. Straight mish. Blankets over them. His face tucked into the nook of her neck. She looks a little bored. Cut-offs and T-shirts

INT. RACHELINA'S HOME - NIGHT

It's the end of a scorching workday. Rachelina, hot, barefoot and languid, pads through a modest, cheaply furnished and cluttered, but homey.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

The lot almost empty. A sedan waits, engine on, the radio muffled. Another car parks next to it. A young woman gets out, delicate Eurasian features, amber eyes, ivory skin, dancer's figure, sexy legs, wears skirt, climbs into the passenger side of the sedan.

INT. CAR - DAY

Teri Pinto, 35, leans over and kisses Frank Arder, 40. It's a quick, slightly anxious kiss.

Frank turns off the radio, hands her a STARBUCKS coffee.

They sip in silence. Teri searches for something to say.

A flawless Hitchcock blonde, her shapely body, moving fluidly under a simple but elegant white summer dress, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling.

Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles at MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, Probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making any new friends.,

Seeing that she is more or less okay,

MARLA

I'm sorry.

RACHELINA

I'm not.

Marla gets out and opens the hood. Stares at the engine.

Rachelina is working on the car engine. Marla stands off to the side smoking.

MAN

There was two sticks of dynamite in the trunk behind the seat where he was sitting. They were hooked to the tail light.

MAN (CONT'D)

What saved him was probably the head rest in the back which stopped a piece of metal that would have gone in his head.. Also the car had a sunroof, which allowed the blast to escape...

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Rachelina sits alone, doing the only sensible thing a right-thinking citizen should do on a hot, balmy night like this -- she down a bourbon and holds up the glass.

RACHELINA

I'm dry over her.

The barmaid, ALLISON -- a late thirties woman who doesn't look a day over fifty, brings the bottle.

ALLISON

What happened? She stood you up again?

Rachelina stare cracks her facade.

RACHELINA

Pour. More.

INT. '79 CAMARO - NIGHT

Headlights illuminate a rural road, Pervasive pockets of thick smoke from the wildfire swirl and drift across the road, making visibility poor.

Rachelina drives. *a sheen of sweat on her arms, legs and face.* A generic can of beer between her legs. When suddenly --

A woman appears in the mist.

Rachelina swerves and hits the brakes, seeing an 80's Mercedes (fancy once) steaming on the side of the road, with its emergency flashers on.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Rachelina does a u-turn, pulls in front of the Mercedes and jumps out, approaches the car, but doesn't see the woman. A beat, she looks around...

the Woman, her shapely body, moving fluidly under an elegant sun dress barely covering her sexy legs, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling.

Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles at MARNIE DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, mid-forties but could be a bit younger.

Seeing that she is more or less okay,

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving fast. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic? I need a mechanic?

Rachelina lifts the hood, white smoke drifts from the oil caps. Water fizzes from the overflow spout of the radiator.

Marla waves the smoke out of her face.

RACHELINA

Your in luck. Your radiator's just boiling hot. It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

Rachelina pops the trunk of her car and starts scrounging. Grabs some anti-freeze. Marla takes it in, impressed.

MARNIE

Nice car.

RACHELINA

The engine is new. It's a Coyote aluminator.

(MORE)

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I get better gas mileage than most of the cars out there on the highway.

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

MARNIE

You okay?

RACHELINA

Nice going, Rach.

MARNIE

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

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

MARNIE

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, it's leaking fluid too.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles. I was looking over the charred remains of a car the other day -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows.

MARNIE

The windows?

RACHELINA

Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARNIE

Perhaps I know what you mean.

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant. Marnie lights up, moves to the guardrail.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

It's burning pretty good. It was just a wall of fire on each side of me, and I could hardly see the road in front of me. Its almost beautiful to look at, in a sad, tragic way.

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

MARNIE (CONT'D)

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

Marnie stomps out her cigarette.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

Marnie slithers past Rachelina and climbs into her car and drives off without saying good-bye.

Harley hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Maybe you want to hang sometime.

MARLA

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

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

The apocalyptic smog from the raging wildfires undulates languidly throughout the area... I

RACHELINA, 40, nurses a beer. She Dresses younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, tank dewy with sweat, and clunky heels. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A dark, seedy dive bar. There aren't many customers. It's hot and there's not much air. They are miserable. Looking like extras on the voyage of the damned.

Rachelina's dressed younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, tank, wedge heels. She downs a bourbon and holds up the glass.

RACHELINA

I'm dry over her.

The barmaid, ALLISON -- a late thirties woman who doesn't look a day over fifty, brings the bottle. Her gaze settles on --

MARNIE DIETRICHSON, a flawless Hitchcock blonde a few stools down, an elegant sun dress barely covering her sexy tan legs and breasts. She's stunning. Probably 40s, could be younger, and not particularly interested in making friends

Rachelina eyes Marnie's diamond tennis anklet, sweat rolls languorously down her taut skin.

Some schmuck with a SOY LATTE walks over to her

SOY LATTE

Serious book.

MARNIE

I'm a serious girl.

SOY LATTE

That's good because --

MARNIE

So is my husband.

Soy Latte's face falls.

GUY

Really... I'm just gonna...

MARNIE

You do that.

He leaves...

Marnie gets up, grabs her clutch. Her body, moving fluidly under that dress. MEN gawk and stare. As she passes by, shoots Rachelina a look with just enough flirt in it.

Her gaze settles on --a flawless Hitchcock blonde grabs her clutch, gets up to go. Her shapely body, moving fluidly under an elegant sun dress barely covering sexy legs. MEN gawk and stare.

This is MARNIE DIETRICHSON, She's stunning. Probably 40s, could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making friends.

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

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

We're in a bustling town square, with a bandstand. Live music and a Confederate statue. Large CROWDS OF PEOPLE congregating: seated in folding chairs. Booths, food and drink, etc...

We drift away from all this and LINGER FOREBODINGLY on Rachelina disappearing into the CROWD.

Marla saunters along the pier. A stone's throw from the fishing docks.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Away from the crowd, it's more quite, peaceful.

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

RACHELINA

Hey, wait up.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA

Mrs. Marla Dietrichson.

RACHELINA

Come back to Hot Tamales with me.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

What's wrong with that?

MARLA

Everything. If you're a woman like me.

RACHELINA

And what type of woman would...

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

Marla gazes out over the harbor, hoping a breeze will cool the sweat staining her face.

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

MARLA

You still here?

RACHELINA

I'm not as smart as I look.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

A cold shower would help you with that.

RACHELINA

Nobody likes a cold shower.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

You mind if we walk while we talk.

MARLA

Talk about anything? Whatever you want. Anything but the heat.

RACHELINA

So, you happily married?

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

And what is your business?

RACHELINA

Insurance.

Marla leans back into the rails. Takes both hands, gathers her hair up off her nape.

Rachelina's eye's feasting on her again.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

And sometime they open and you meet interesting characters.

MARLA

Am I interesting?

Marla attempts to break the spell she's cast on Rachelina as she resumes her stroll, Rachelina lags behind.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I went there for the cheap drinks.

RACHELINA

You don't look cheap.

MARLA

How do I look?

RACHELINA

Not from around here. You look too well-tendered. I'm thinking Pine Haven.

MARLA

Why do you go there?

RACHELINA

Pick up lonely, bored, or horny wives.

MARLA

Do I look horny?

RACHELINA

No, but you look lonely.

MARLA

Actually my car was overheating. I thought I'd let it cool down.

(MORE)

MARLA (CONT'D)

Usually I just hang out at a nice little bar, actually the only one in Pine Haven.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic? I need a mechanic.

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marla follows closely behind Rachelina, who lifts the hood, a cloud of steam pours from under the hood.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving pretty fast.

(tinkers under the hood)

Your radiator's just boiling hot. It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

She grabs anti-freeze from her trunk. Without thinking, goes to unscrew the radiator cap, burning her hand.

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Marla pulls out a scarf from her clutch, hands it to her. Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I was looking over the charred remains of a car the other day -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows.

MARLA

The windows?

RACHELINA

Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

Marla gets in and starts it up. Rachelina shuts the hood, moves to the driver's side, checks the instrument panel.

Marla follows her gaze. She's low on fuel, too

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

RACHELINA

And where would that be?

MARLA

You're not too smart. Are you?

Rachelina hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Nothing wrong with us hanging out.

MARLA

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

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

INT. '79 CAMERO - NIGHT

A cozy sound of rain on the roof. The view through the windshield distorted by thick FOG and rain rivulets. She switches on the wipers -- just a single stroke back and forth -- clearing the view for a moment.

Rachelina trails Marla's car, keeping a safe distance. She slows as Marla pulls off to the shoulder of the road.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Rachelina approaches the Mercedes, Marla lets down her window.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

I won't tell if you don't.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

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

Suddenly, impulsively she kisses Rachelina, a consolation prize. Drives off...

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I saw you on the Tennis court today.

MARNIE

Oh.

RACHELINA

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

MARNIE

Thank you.

RACHELINA

I also like the way you play tennis.

Is she hitting on me? Marnie seems interested, than quickly pulls back.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I'm Rachelina, my friends call me Rachel. What's your phone number?

MARNIE

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

RACHELINA

I think you're insanely hot.

MARNIE

Thanks, that's so sweet.

RACHELINA

Want to get a drink?

MARNIE

I'm sorry, I'm straight.

RACHELINA

So is spaghetti until it gets wet.

She laughs, genuinely amused, but...

MARNIE

Look, Rachelina. I appreciate your interests -

RACHELINA

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

MARNIE

Marnie... Mrs. Marnie Dietrichson. And that's my husband over there. And I guess that's the end of that.

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

RACHELINA

That's too bad.

MARNIE

What am I missing?

RACHELINA

Passion, great sex. Go on vacation.

MARNIE

And all on my credit card, huh?

Rachelina laughs, gets up to leave.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't spoil your night.

RACHELINA

No, I feel lucky.

A flawless Hitchcock blonde appears in the mist, her body moving fluidly under an elegant sun dress barely covering her salacious legs and full breasts.

A LONE WOMAN, sits road side, her classic 80's Mercedes (fancy once, now rusted out) classic 80s Mercedes steaming. This we will get to know as SARA. Late 20s, pretty, vulnerable.

A TOW TRUCK's red lights appear through the night mist casting an eerie glow across the road. The truck pulls up behind the car, the door opens and the driver steps out. This is CHASE JACKSON, 30 to 40, strong fellow. The two approach each other, stopping a few feet short

EXT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

RACHELINA emerges from a seedy bar, carrying her wedge heel and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her cheap sun dress matted to her body in the heat.

She climbs into her fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's 30s, looks 40, carries her wedge heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of a cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA HUNTER. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

She climbs into her fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Gridlocked traffic, EVACUEE's trying to escape the raging wildfire seen for miles. There's a growing sense of unrest, a buzzing undercurrent that can be felt more than heard as some pedestrians are getting out of their vehicles and running.

E/I. BACK ROADS/'72 MUSTANG - NIGHT

A pervasive thick smoke, a wall of embers making visibility poor as Rachelina accelerates through a no-man's land of abandoned buildings and freeway overpasses leading away from downtown.

The ac on...a breeze blows back her hair from her sweaty face and drowsiness

Up ahead, a car is pulled onto the shoulder of the road with its flashers on. Not much traffic.

Rachelina slows down...

The door opens. A pair of salacious legs swing out, the woman, who's face we don't see, drops a cigarette, heels it with her sexy shoe...

Rachelina does a u-turn, pulls in front of the Mercedes.

She kills the lights, exits. She approaches the car, but doesn't see the woman. A beat, she looks around...

A flawless Hitchcock blonde, her shapely body, moving fluidly under a simple but elegant white summer dress, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling.

Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles at MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, Probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making any new friends.,

Seeing that she is more or less okay,

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving fast. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic? I need a mechanic?

Rachelina lifts the hood, white smoke drifts from the oil caps. Water fizzes from the overflow spout of the radiator.

Marla waves the smoke out of her face.

RACHELINA

Your in luck. Your radiator's just boiling hot. It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

Rachelina pops the trunk of her car and starts scrounging. Grabs some anti-freeze. Marla takes it in, impressed.

MARLA

Nice car.

RACHELINA

The engine is new. It's a Coyote aluminator. I get better gas mileage than most of the cars out there on the highway.

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

MARLA

You okay?

RACHELINA

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

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

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Oh, it's leaking fluid too.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.
I was looking over the charred remains of
a car the other day -- the guy tried to
torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he
doused the inside with lighter fluid then
tossed in a match, Luckily for her he
forgot the windows.

MARLA

The windows?

RACHELINA

Yeah, If the windows aren't open or
smashed, the fire burns itself out. All
fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in
vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

Marla lights up, moves to the guardrail.

MARLA (CONT'D)

It's burning pretty good. It was just a
wall of fire on each side of me, and I
could hardly see the road in front of me.
Its almost beautiful to look at, in a
sad, tragic way.

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

Something passing between them that's charged and
poignant. Marla stomps out her cigarette.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

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

Harley hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Maybe you want to hang sometime.

MARLA

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

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

RACHELINA

I saw you on the golf course today.

MARLA

Oh.

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

Thank you.

RACHELINA

I also like the way you Golf.

Is she hitting on me? Marla seems interested, than quickly pulls back.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I'm Rachelina, my friends call me Rachel. What's your phone number?

MARLA

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

WOMAN

I think you're insanely hot.

MAN

Thanks, that's so sweet.

WOMAN

Want to get a drink?

MAN

I'm sorry, I'm straight.

WOMAN

So is spaghetti until it gets wet.

She laughs, genuinely amused, but...

MARLA

Look, Rachelina. I appreciate your interests -

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

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

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

RACHELINA

That's too bad.

MARLA

What am I missing?

RACHELINA

Passion, great sex. Go on vacation.

MARLA

And all on my credit card, huh?

Rachelina laughs, gets up to leave.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't spoil your night.

RACHELINA

No, I feel lucky.

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

MAN

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

MAN 2

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

MAN

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

MAN (CONT'D)

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

MAN (CONT'D)

I've never heard of know ray foster.

MAN (CONT'D)

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

MAN (CONT'D)

I think its toime you had another fire.

BOY

Another fire?

MAN

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

BARTENDER

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

MAN

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

BARTENDER

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

MAN

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

MAN (CONT'D)

You'll take care of everything...

MAN (CONT'D)

Sure will....

MARLA

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

HARLEY

Relax...

HARLEY (CONT'D)

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

MARLA

Ohmygod, that's brilliant.

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

EXT. AUTO SALVAGE YARD - DAY

The outskirts of town, endless rows of old wrecks rusting. The stench in the simmering midday heat is overpowering. A WRECKER sits parked next to the building, "AAA" in bold red type on the door.

A bottle plops down into the well from a vintage soda machine. Rachelina, in coveralls, retrieves it. She cracks it open.

A classic 80's Mercedes races in, pulls up into the shade. A cloud of steam drifts from under the hood.

A beat,

MARLA DIETRICHSON, a flawless hitchcock blonde hops out. Her hour-glass figure, moving fluidly under a summer dress. She's stunning, late 30's, could be a bit younger. And not particularly interested in making friends.

The two look at each other. A beat that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving fast. I could look under the hood for you.

Rachelina lifts the hood, white smoke drifts from the oil caps. Water fizzles from the overflow spout of the radiator.

Marla waves the smoke out of her face.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Your in luck. Your radiator's just boiling hot. It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

Rachelina pops the trunk of her car and starts scrounging. Grabs some anti-freeze. Marla takes it in, impressed.

MARLA

Nice car.

RACHELINA

The engine is new. It's a Coyote aluminator. I get better gas mileage than most of the cars out there on the highway.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina grabs a rag, unscrews the cap, pours anti-freeze into the radiator. checks...

MARLA (CONT'D)

Oh, it's leaking fluid too.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

She gestures towards the charred remains of a car.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

You see that car -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows. Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Are you a mechanic?

RACHELINA

Here's your man now.

As Rachelina gets out of those coveralls, she wears a sleeveless blouse, slacks, and sensible shoes.

MARLA

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

Marla makes her way towards the payphone.

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

And it's clear from the inhale Rachelina takes she wears no bra and possibly no panties either. It's hard to tell.

MARLA (CONT'D)

You a mechanic? I need a mechanic?

INT. RACHELINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We DRIFT through this space, our eyes adjusting to the dark. It's well-kept, furnished with tasteful flea market and second-hand finds.

The shower turns off. We drift towards the bedroom..

INT. RACHELINA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The POWER is out. Another blackout. A few lit candles.

Rachelina lounges on the bed watching NEWS coverage of a raging wildfire on TV. Her black full slip, lace at the hem and bust, dewy with sweat.

Sally, wet from the shower, stuffs herself back into her cute little waitress dress, pins her hair up in a mirror.

WOMAN

Don't know why I bothered to shower.

Rachelina, barely listening. She's thinking about Marla.

SALLY

My hubby was just telling me, .he couldn't remember how many people he treated for heat related injuries. He's never seen it this bad.

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm borrowing this.

INT. CAR - DAY

Arctor drives on the freeway, deep in thought. Luckman's next to him. Barris is in back grinning in his dark shades.

Arctor chuckles. The car is behind a crawling Safeway truck.

Arctor comes back into focus, picks up speed, passes the truck on the left. As he eases up on the gas, the pedal falls to the floor. The car shoots forward at great speed.

Arctor is panicked. The speedometer is registering eightyfive, ninety, one hundred. Arctor reaches down, tries to fiddle with the gas peddle. The car is rocketing right for a VW van chugging along. Barris and Luckman throw up their hands. Arctor swerves to the left of the van at the last minute. They pass it, but a fast moving Corvette had been about to pass in that lane. It honks, its brakes screech

Luckman grabs at the ignition key, and turns it off. Arctor shifts into neutral, the car begins to slow, and he maneuvers it onto the shoulder. The Corvette shoots by, layson it's horn, continues to do so until it's long gone down the freeway. The three guys just sit in the car, hearts pounding. The VW van passes and honks its VW horn

They all look down at the still-depressed gas pedal. The Safeway truck passes and sounds its own basso horn.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Arctor, Barris, and Luckman are looking under the hood.

White smoke drifts from the oil caps. Water fizzes from the overflow spout of the radiator.

EXT. AUTO SALVAGE YARD - DAY

On the outskirts of town, endless rows of old wrecks rusting. The stench in the simmering midday heat is overpowering. A WRECKER sits parked next to the building, "AAA" in bold red type on the door.

INT. AUTO SALVAGE YARD - DAY

A full service shop. A few cars waiting for repairs. Marla's classic Mercedes is up on the lift in one of the two service bays. A greasy Mechanic HARLEN, 60s, under it. His glory days may be behind him, but he's sharp upstairs.

A "HELP WANTED" SIGN on the office window..

MAN

Your master cylinder is bone dry. Means your hydraulics brakes, no fluid. They don't work.

MARLA

How come no fluid?

HARLAN

Leak right here. A break in the line going to the front wheel.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

It's kind of an unusual place to spring a leak, isn't it?

HARLAN (CONT'D)

It can happen, rare. Look, I've been over this thing pretty thoroughly, yes someone could have tampered with the break line, possibly...hard to say without forensics. My guess you hit a rock or something.

dismantle a BMW ROADSTER, pulling off its rims, fenders, dashboard.

Marla whips off her sunglasses.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A dark, seedy dive bar. There aren't many customers. It's hot and there's not much air. They are miserable. Looking like extras on the voyage of the damned.

Rachelina nurses a beer. She's dressed younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, low-cut top, wedge heels.

Her gaze settles on --MARNIE DIETRICHSON sits alone at the end of the bar A few stools down, A flawless Hitchcock blonde gets up to leave, grabs her clutch. She's stunning. Probably 40s, could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making friends. Her body, moving fluidly under a simple, yet subtly sexy white summer dress. MEN gawk and stare.

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

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

We're in a bustling town square, with a bandstand. Live music and a Confederate statue. Large CROWDS OF PEOPLE congregating: seated in folding chairs. Booths, food and drink, etc...

We drift away from all this and LINGER FOREBODINGLY on Rachelina disappearing into the CROWD.

Marla saunters along the pier. A stone's throw from the fishing docks.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Away from the crowd, it's more quite, peaceful.

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

RACHELINA

Hey, wait up.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA

Mrs. Marla Dietrichson.

RACHELINA

Come back to Hot Tamales with me.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

What's wrong with that?

MARLA

Everything. If you're a woman like me.

RACHELINA

And what type of woman would...

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

Marla gazes out over the harbor, hoping a breeze will cool the sweat staining her face.

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

MARLA

You still here?

RACHELINA

I'm not as smart as I look.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

A cold shower would help you with that.

RACHELINA

Nobody likes a cold shower.

WOMAN

I think you're insanely hot.

MAN

Thanks, that's so sweet.

WOMAN

Want to get a drink?

MAN

I'm sorry, I'm straight.

WOMAN

So is spaghetti until it gets wet.

She laughs, genuinely amused, but...

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

You mind if we walk while we talk.

MARLA

Talk about anything? Whatever you want. Anything but the heat.

RACHELINA

So, you happily married?

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

And what is your business?

RACHELINA

Insurance.

Marla leans back into the rails. Takes both hands, gathers her hair up off her nape.

Rachelina's eye's feasting on her again.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

And sometime they open and you meet interesting characters.

MARLA

Am I interesting?

Marla attempts to break the spell she's cast on Rachelina as she resumes her stroll, Rachelina lags behind.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I went there for the cheap drinks.

RACHELINA

You don't look cheap.

MARLA

How do I look?

RACHELINA

Not from around here. You look too well-tendered. I'm thinking Pine Haven.

MARLA

Why do you go there?

RACHELINA

Pick up lonely, bored, or horny wives.

MARLA

Do I look horny?

RACHELINA

No, but you look lonely.

MARLA

Actually my car was overheating. I thought I'd let it cool down. Usually I just hang out at a nice little bar, actually the only one in Pine Haven.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic? I need a mechanic.

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marla follows closely behind Rachelina, who lifts the hood, a cloud of steam pours from under the hood.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving pretty fast.

(tinkers under the hood)

Your radiator's just boiling hot.

It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

She grabs anti-freeze from her trunk. Without thinking, goes to unscrew the radiator cap, burning her hand.

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Marla pulls out a scarf from her clutch, hands it to her. Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I was looking over the charred remains of a car the other day -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows.

MARLA

The windows?

RACHELINA

Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

Marla gets in and starts it up. Rachelina shuts the hood, moves to the driver's side, checks the instrument panel.

Marla follows her gaze. She's low on fuel, too

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

RACHELINA

And where would that be?

MARLA

You're not too smart. Are you?

Rachelina hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Nothing wrong with us hanging out.

MARLA

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

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

Rachelina eyes the blonde's salacious legs, that diamond anklet, as sweat rolls languorously down the woman's taut skin.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

A seedy gentlemen's drinking venue radiates its distinctive red glow. At the bar, Marla, in a flattering silk blouse and skirt. She nurses a drink.

Fully aware all of them are leering at her, drooling in sexual hunger.

FRED, 50s, the BARTENDER, sets a fan beside her. Marla smiles in appreciation. A CHUBBY GUY at bar, shouts at him.

CUBBY MAN

Hey, Fred, where's my Fuzzy Navel?

FRED

Down around your belt.

Patrons laugh. TOM, 30s, sweaty shirt, leans against the bar, drink in hand - far from nouveau cool.

TOM

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

Marla flashes her wedding ring.

MARLA

No. Thanks. I have one asshole in there already.

TOM

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

MARLA

No. They're pretty much in agreement.

Rejected, he walks off, as Marla's LIPSTICK CASE NOISILY rolls across the counter, slams against her glass.

She looks up to find Rachelina. Both doing a horrible job of hiding their lust. She slides onto the adjacent bar stool.

Marla suppresses her smile, plays it cool.

WOMAN

I think you're insanely hot.

MAN

Thanks, that's so sweet.

WOMAN

Want to get a drink?

MAN

I'm sorry, I'm straight.

WOMAN

So is spaghetti until it gets wet.

She laughs, genuinely amused, but...

MARLA

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."

RACHELINA

I saw it. Body Heat.

Fred appears.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

A wet pussy.

BARTENDER

(grinning...)

Have that up in a minute.

RACHELINA

Nothing like a bit of medicine to lubricate the wheels. To understand them you need to taste one.

MARLA

Well, with a name like that you know its gotta be good. I hate when it gets this hot. I miss listening to my chimes... they hold my interest in the bedroom.

Rachelina is scanning the place; voyeurs... scum...

MARLA (CONT'D)

He isn't here.

RACHELINA

Who?

MARLA

My husband. That's who you were looking for, right?

RACHELINA

And if I wasn't?

MARLA

Well, he still isn't here. But I doubt it'll do you any good.

Fred sets down a creamy, reddish pink in color drink.

MARLA (CONT'D)

So, how'd you find me?

RACHELINA

I pay attention.

MARLA

Did you miss the part about me being married?

RACHELINA

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

Marla holds up her unlit cigarette...

MARLA

Could I trouble you for a light?

Rachelina grabs a book of matches nearby. She eyes Rachelina smiling flirtatiously, offering a light.

Marla holds her hand, steadies the match, but doesn't light her cigarette. Watches the match burn to Rachelina's finger. She snatches her hand away in pain.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I'll make it HOT for you.

Marla's eyes engage Rachelina's, searching for a sign that she understands. Rachelina smiles gamely, strikes another.

She leans in and lights her cigarette. She notices a MAN at the end of the bar, flicking his tongue lewdly.

RACHELINA

There's nothing but men in here.

MARLA

They know my husband. They know better.

RACHELINA

I hate when it gets this hot, too. Some I'Q.'s get higher, but mine seems to drop precipitously lower.

Marla laughs, clumsily spills her drink. Some seep down her cleavage. She makes no attempt to clean up.

Instinctively, Rachelina grabs napkins. Marla looks surprised.

MARLA

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

EXT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

The sultry dampness of a sweltering summer hangs in the air. Marla and Rachelina head for their cars. Clothes clinging uncomfortably to their bodies.

Marla slips a key remote out of her purse, unlocking the doors of her Mercedes with an audible CHIRP...

She slams Marla against her car. It's hot, reckless, and so overpowering - they forget where they are until...

Marla pulls up, spots EDDIE, 30s, hot, menacing, seeing them in a compromising position. He smokes. Marla, FUCK!

RACHELINA

We're not kidding nobody, we've been pretty friendly.

In a hot flash, two sharp slaps explodes across Rachelina's face. Marla's gaze shifts to Eddie.

MARLA

I swear this heat makes people crazy.

Marla climbs in, drives off. Rachelina sees Eddie, well, the embers of his lit cigarette. Beat... she speeds after Marla.

INT. '79 CAMERO - NIGHT

A cozy sound of rain on the roof. The view through the windshield distorted by thick FOG and rain rivulets. She switches on the wipers -- just a single stroke back and forth -- clearing the view for a moment.

Rachelina trails Marla's car, keeping a safe distance. She slows as Marla pulls off to the shoulder of the road.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Rachelina approaches the Mercedes, Marla lets down her window.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

I won't tell if you don't.

MARLA

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

RACHELINA

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

Suddenly, impulsively she kisses Rachelina, a consolation prize. Drives off...

EXT. DIETRICHSON'S HOME -- NIGHT

A fairly sumptuous two-story home surrounded by palm trees and shrubbery, very old Hollywood.

Marla pulls up in front of the home.

Rachelina wheels around, pulls alongside like a drug dealer.

Marla seems a bit surprised, or maybe not to see Rachelina.

Marla heels her cigarette. They jump out. Rachelina's impressed.

RACHELINA

Lovely home.

MARLA

It'll do. It's been in his family for generations. He just had the outside refurbished. We're taking an awful chance, you know. Our housekeeper is liable to be home anytime now.

INT. LAUREL CANYON HOME - NIGHT

Marla gives Rachelina a tour. A staggering mix of Old money elegance, despite generations of use, and modern pieces, old and worn, still impressive.

ANGELA

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

EXT. DIETRICHSON'S HOME - VERANDA - NIGHT

In a balmy breeze, tons of wind chimes twinkle.

A deck and exterior staircase. A lake out back bear a boathouse and gazebo

Patio doors open, sheer curtains billow and swirl... sounds of SEX.

INT. LAUREL CANYON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through a haze of smoke... clothes haphazardly strewn in the heat of passion... spacious, adorned with antique furnishing mixed in with modern touches.

On the bed that resembles last night's debauchery, they're lying naked all over each other, listening to the shuffling wind chimes.

MARLA

For whom the bell tolls.

(kissing)

You know, the idea of doing it in my husband's bed gives me a perverse thrill. Do you have any idea how unhappy I was until I met you, huh? 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. I haven't felt this way in a long time. You know what I mean?

From the look on her face, vice versa. They kiss. Rachelina nestles her face in Marla's cleavage. Marla takes her closer into her arms and holds Rachelina while breast-feeding.

Her CELL BUZZES, Marla snatches it off the bedside table, hits silent mode. Resumes breast-feeding. She kisses Rachelina on the forehead...

Instinctively, Marla grabs her own face.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I thought you Persian women were suppose to shave. My face feels like raw hamburger meat.

RACHELINA

I do. How does your pussy feel?

MARLA

Oh, you're so naughty. Let's shower so I can get you all hot and sweaty again.

INT. LAUREL CANYON HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steamier than a sauna. Walls of perfumes, aftershaves and cologne. Rachelina, naked, wet, a leg propped up on a sink, shaving her naughty bits.

Several deep fingernail scrapes are dug into her backside.

Marla, a blurry form, showering behind somewhat FOGGY GLASS. Occasionally she looks back at her as they talk animatedly.

RACHELINA

It's hard with him always out of town. Not to mention it's a perfect alibi. Uh huh, chances are he hired someone to do it. It's best I follow you. Not sure he'd appreciate me raided his toiletries.

Marla exits, naked, dripping, joins Rachelina. They kiss.

MARLA

Yes he would. Wants me to be happy.

RACHELINA

You're a cold bitch!

MARLA

I never pretended with you. I'm not sweet and I'm not innocent. If you want the girl next door you should find someone else.

Playful, Marla smears shaving gel on Rachelina's face. Grabs a tube of cream, lotions up, rubs Rachelina's back, soothing those scars. It's agonizing for Rachelina.

The doorbell RINGS. Rachelina panics. Marla, shushing her. The look at each other that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

INT. LAUREL CANYON HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

In the strobes of flashing lights, Marla makes her way down the stairs, salacious legs thrashing open the bottom of her silk bathrobe, revealing she's naked underneath.

She opens the door. Two POLICE OFFICERS. Both lose a bit of breath at her near nudity.

INT. LAUREL CANYON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachelina, wearing one of Thomas' dress shirt, and a thong, cases the place. Notes a lock box by the bed. Marla returns.

MARLA

His gun. Keeps it locked up, too. Apparently the neighbors called. They reported a prowler. We're safe. Probably nothing.

Rachelina's fingers interlaced with hers. Can't help but notice Marla's big rock. They kiss.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Does it ever bother you?

Rachelina eyes a WEDDING PHOTO. Marla tosses it in a drawer.

RACHELINA

You two look happy.

MARLA

Looks can be deceiving. Hell, even his children are mean to me. I'm the gold digging bitch, who married him for his money.

RACHELINA

Did you?

MARLA

No. I turned down his first proposal. I use to be his wife's nurse. She was sick. Committed suicide.

Marla grabs fresh sheets from a cabinet, strips the bed.

RACHELINA

You. A nurse?

MARLA

Uh-huh. He was sweet and always nice to me. I guess I felt sort of sorry for him. Now he's jealous, possessive, and --
(re: the sheets)
Help me. I mean it. He sniffs them.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Do you sell many policies?

RACHELINA

Well I do all right.

MARLA

Well, my husband has insurance..

RACHELINA

Too bad I was hoping to do business.

MARLA

You want a drink?

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

You haven't really tried, have you.

RACHELINA

Not really.

MARLA

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

On a leisurely stroll... the brutal heat and humidity, clings to Rachelina and Marla who smokes.

RACHELINA

What's up, dana, what's known insurance

WOMAN

Same old policy for you, Rachel.

RACHELINA

You'll change your mind

WOMAN

You better take another look at the fine print.

RACHELINA

Where's the man?

WOMAN

In his office. He's been looking for you.

RACHELINA

You're talking about life insurance again. All I had in mind was a little personal property policy.

WOMAN

I know exactly what you had in mind.

-----ABOVE HER FOR NOW-----At one point - I thought about going to the concession stand mid movie, and letting people cut me in line, making phone calls. Anything to avoid going back in there. :D.

Reggie left mid point in the movie for bit. Knowing him - he was probably at the concession stand, letting people cut him in line, making phone calls. Anything to avoid going back in there.

Marla gets out and opens the hood. Stares at the engine.

Rachelina is working on the car engine. Marla stands off to the side smoking. The look at each other that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

, followed by the rest of her: MARLA DIETRICHSON. She's stunning, 40s, but could be quite a bit younger, her shapely body, moving fluidly under a simple yet elegant white summer dress. Then just when it seems as though it'll never end, she drives out of the fire... further down...

EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Thick smoke and ash billows and blows where the winds take it. Cars left abandoned. Everything but the road is engulfed in flames.

EXT/INT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD/'72 MUSTANG - NIGHT

Rachelina drives down a winding road in the middle of a blazing forest fire, Flames and sparks dance across the lanes. Thick smoke, a wall of embers before her.

Headlights from behind. Adjusts her mirror to see, a car approaches fast, right up on her bumper.

The Mercedes overtakes Rachelina until its taillights disappear into the fog.

Up ahead, our Mercedes is pulled onto the shoulder of the road with its flashers on. Not much traffic.

Rachelina slows down... clear of the danger area but some smoke still lingers.

The door opens. Sexy legs emerging, the woman drops a cigarette, heels it with her sexy shoe, followed by the rest of her: MARLA DIETRICHSON. She's stunning, 40s, but could be quite a bit younger, her shapely body, moving fluidly under a simple yet elegant white summer dress.

EXT. BACK ROAD- NIGHT

The billowy smoke floating out from the tree line has grown substantially from earlier.

Rachelina does a u-turn, pulls in front of the Mercedes.

She kills the lights, exits. The look at each other that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving fast. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic? I need a mechanic?

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

RACHELINA

You're in luck. Your radiator's just boiling hot. It's this hot spell, that's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

Rachelina pops the trunk of her car and starts scrounging. Grabs some anti-freeze. Marla takes it in, impressed.

MARLA

Nice car.

RACHELINA

The engine is new. It's a Coyote aluminator. I get better gas mileage than most of the cars out there on the highway.

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

MARLA

You okay?

RACHELINA

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

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

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Oh, it's leaking fluid too.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles. I was looking over the charred remains of a car the other day -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows.

MARLA

The windows?

RACHELINA

Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

Marla lights up, moves to the guardrail.

MARLA (CONT'D)

It's burning pretty good. It was just a wall of fire on each side of me, and I could hardly see the road in front of me. Its almost beautiful to look at, in a sad, tragic way.

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant. Marla stomps out her cigarette.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

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

Harley hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA

Maybe you want to hang sometime.

MARLA

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

Marla squeals out of the lot leaving Rachelina hooked.

RACHELINA, 40, nurses a beer. She Dresses younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, tank dewy with sweat, and clunky heels. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

Rachelina's face reflects a myriad of emotions as she zeros in on the wedding ring that still sparkles on her finger...The air thick with FOG, a hot and balmy night. I'm going to cook these together into a stew then distill that stew into a tiny, compact diamond of human thought. I know there is a winner here.

[quote]The operative word there is 'could' but I wouldn't hold your breath, Dave. Andrea's throwing those kisses around like there's no tomorrow. [/quote]

Hahaha! Silly me... it's the thought that counts. 8)

A flawless Hitchcock blonde, her shapely body, moving fluidly under a simple but elegant white summer dress, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling.

Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles at MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, Probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger, and not particularly interested in making any new friends.,

Seeing that she is more or less okay,

MARLA

I'm sorry.

RACHELINA

I'm not.

Marla gets out and opens the hood. Stares at the engine.

Rachelina is working on the car engine. Marla stands off to the side smoking.

EXT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's 30s, looks 40, carries her wedge heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of a cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA HUNTER. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

She climbs into her fiery red classic muscle car ('72 MACH 1 Mustang) still in mint condition

E/I. ROAD/'72 MUSTANG - NIGHT

The pervasive smoke and fog is thick, making visibility poor as Rachelina accelerates through a no-man's land of abandoned buildings and freeway overpasses leading away from downtown. She has the ac on...a breeze blows back her hair from her sweaty face and drowsiness

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

She gets blinded by headlights from behind. Adjusts her mirror to see, approaching fast the Mercedes is right up on her bumper.

The Mercedes lays on its horn... swerves, rips past Rachelina, driving at dangerous speeds -- Out of control,

EXT. ROUTE 11 - NIGHT

The Mercedes slams the brakes, fishtails, smashes into a guardrail at the edge of a ravine, The airbags pop. Metal and glass fly, and tinkle on the pavement. Tires caught in the muddy gully under it.

Then, silence, save for radiator steam rises.

Rachelina hurries over towards the crash. She's almost to the Mercedes. When --

A woman, her shapely, sweaty body, moving fluidly under an elegant white summer dress, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling. Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles her smarmiest smile at MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, despite her hair, face a little unkept. Prob

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

A speeding car approaches. It's a late model Mercedes and it sputters to a stop. The driver tries restarting it. It sputters again then dies.

Marla gets in and starts it up. Rachelina shuts the hood, moves to the driver's side, checks the instrument panel.

Marla follows her gaze. She's low on fuel, too.

MARLA

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

The smoke is thick and embers from the nearby fire fly all around them.

RACHELINA, 40, nurses a beer. She Dresses younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, low-cut top dewy with sweat, wedge heels.

It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

Off in the distance we see something white and wispy floating out from the tree line.

The billowy smoke that's grown substantially from the wisp we saw earlier.

The smoke is thick and embers from the nearby fire fly all around them.

They're soaked to the bone. And since she's wearing that white dress, it's completely wet, you can pretty much see everything.

As a stunned Jarek drops his jaw, her naked body is beautiful.

MARLA (CONT'D)

He's an asshole. Hell, my Chihuahua treated me better than he does. At least he'd hump my leg, suck my toes, and try to lick my pussy every now and again. At least he showed some fuckin' interest. What am I talkin' 'bout. I'm sure you didn't come to be burden with my marital problems.

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

Perhaps you were expecting something else.

Rachelina, a bit embarrassed by her assumption.

They notice a VENDOR selling ice cream. Marla smiles.

TIME LAPSE as... further along in their walk, ice cream cones melting faster than they can devour them. Napkins. It's a bit messy.

RACHELINA

Greed. They kill co-workers -- fake their own death -- fleece the blind. Hell, one guy even ate glass to put money in his pockets. Sadly, but true. Insurance fraud is lucrative like porn. Net billions. It's all good. Will just raise your premiums.

Marla laughs, toss their trash in a receptacle.

FIND Doakes, Debra and Laquerta inside. The stench in the simmering midday heat is overwhelming.

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

Your fan belt is probably broken. I could look under the hood for you.

MARLA

You a mechanic?

Marla follows closely behind Rachelina, who lifts the hood, a cloud of steam pours from under the hood.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving pretty fast.

(tinkers under the hood)

Your radiator's just boiling hot. It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

She grabs anti-freeze from her trunk. Without thinking, goes to unscrew the radiator cap, burning her hand.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

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

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina pours anti-freeze into the radiator. Marla smokes and enjoying the view. Sweat rolls languorously down Rachelina's bare legs, daisy-dukes, and crop top.

Even Marla's finds her hard not to look at.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I was looking over the charred remains of a car the other day -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows.

MARLA

The windows?

RACHELINA

Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

Something passing between them that's charged and poignant.

Rachelina slides behind the wheel and starts it up. She checks the instrument panel... Marla follows her gaze. She's low on fuel, too.

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

I should get going. Thank you.

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

You a mechanic?

She moves to the guardrails, surveys the burning skyline seen from miles.

MARLA (CONT'D)

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

All I could do is look in the rear view mirror and see orange sky and a mushroom cloud and that told me it was hot and to keep going. It was a terrifying feeling.

(then)

It was like being in the middle of hell, and you just have no idea what's coming. you could hear the trees exploding on the hill and just snapping like firecrackers.

After a tragic accident leaves her child fighting for life, a desperate mother tracks down the unique person with a rare blood type that will save her, but it'll take a miracle when she discovers it's the town's reluctant Miss Scrooge.

After an accident leaves her child fighting for life, a desperate mother races against time to track down the one person with a rare blood type to save her, but it'll take a miracle when she discovers it's the reluctant town Scrooge.

A desperate mother races against time to track down the only person with a rare blood type her daughter needs to live, but it'll take a miracle when she discovers it's a reluctant Scrooge, who will decide her fate...

to help provide a Christmas miracle. that will ultimately decide the fate of mAhoy,

Any feedback/suggestions would be greatly appreciated.

When a desperate mother learns her child doesn't have long to live, she seeks help from the one person who has the blood worth it's weight in gold she needs -- the town's Miss Scrooge.

When a desperate mother learns her child doesn't have long to live, she seeks help from the one person who has the blood worth its weight in gold she needs -- the town's Miss Scrooge.

When a child learns she doesn't have long to live, a desperate mother seeks help from the one person that could possibly save her daughter's life -- the town's Miss Scrooge...

When a desperate mother learns her child doesn't have long to live, she seeks help from the one person who has the rare live-saving "golden blood" her daughter needs -- the town's Miss Scrooge.

Or

After a tragic accident leaves her young daughter with days to live, a desperate mother seeks help from the one person who has the blood worth its weight in gold she needs, the town's Miss Scrooge...., who wants nothing more than to be left alone for Christmas...

the help of two priests to save her daughter.

When tragedy strikes, a desperate mother challenges the one person who has the "golden blood" her young daughter needs to survive, the town's Miss Scrooge...., who wants nothing more than to be left alone for Christmas...

A shrewd businesswoman faces a moral crisis finds her life upended when a child needing a life-saving operation in Vietnam faces a moral crisis when confronted with the a child needs a live-saving operation in horrors of war and the duality of man.

his is better overall, but yet a mouthful. I think a shorter one may be more effective.

When a desperate mother learns her child needs the rare live-saving "golden blood" to live, she seeks help from the one person who has it -- the town's Miss Scrooge...

After a tragic accident leaves her child with only days to live,

When a desperate mother learns her child doesn't have long to live, she challenges the one person who has the rare live-saving "golden blood" her daughter needs -- the town's Miss Scrooge.

Or

a gutsy mother challenges the one person who has the live-saving "golden blood" her child needs to live -- a shrewd businesswoman who wants nothing more than to be left alone this Christmas.

When a desperate mother learns her child needs a life-saving operation, she challenges the one person who has the rare live-saving "golden blood" her daughter needs -- the town's Miss Scrooge. In need of "golden blood," to save her daughter,

In order to save her daughter, a desperate mother challenges the one person who has the blood "worth its weight in gold," she needs -- a shrewd businesswoman who wants nothing to do with Christmas.

In need has the blood "worth its weight in gold," she needs to survive -- the town's Miss Scrooge. In order to save her daughter's life, a gutsy mother seeks help from a shrewd and evil businesswoman who wants nothing more than to be left alone for Christmas...

There is a blood type so rare that only 43 people in the world have it, and only nine of them donate blood. The blood, known as Rhnull (

A gutsy mother seeks help from the one person who has the rare life-saving "golden blood" her daughter needs, a shrewd businesswoman, who wants nothing more than to be left alone for Christmas...

A desperate mother seeks help from one of the few carriers in the world with the rare blood type that can save her daughter, the reclusive town Scrooge, to help provide a Christmas miracle

In order to save her daughter in need of a scarce life-saving blood she needs to survive, a desperate mother finds one of them - the town's Miss Scrooge...

seeks help from that only a handful of people on earth has. A desperate mother seeks help from one of only a handful of people on earth have the rare life-saving "golden blood," she needs to save her young daughter -- the town's Miss Scrooge.

As Mosaic reported, golden blood is incredibly important to medicine, but also very dangerous to live with. If a Rh-null carrier needs a blood transfusion, they can find it difficult to locate a donor, and blood is notoriously difficult to transport internationally. Rh-null carriers are encouraged to donate blood as insurance for themselves, but with so few donors spread out over the world and limits on how often they can donate, this can also put an altruistic burden on those select few who agree to donate for others

After he wrongly takes the blame for his father's death, a lion cub grows up in exile and must return with his unlikely friends to reclaim the throne from his evil uncle

EXT. BAR - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

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

A woman emerging from a club. She's 40s, carries her heels as she tiptoes across the asphalt.

She tugs down the edges of her cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA - Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

She climbs into a '79 Camaro still in mint condition.

Rachelina accelerates through a no-man's land of abandoned buildings and freeway overpasses leading away from downtown. She has her top down...a breeze blows back her hair from her sweaty face and drowsiness.

RACHELINA...emerging from a lesbian bar. She's about 40. She carries her heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her dress one would expect to find on a younger woman. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features..

She climbs into a '79 Camaro still in mint condition.

RACHELINA...emerging from a lesbian bar. She's about 40, carries her heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her perilously short dress one would expect to find on a younger woman that clings uncomfortably to her body in the heat. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features..

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's forty, carries her sexy heels. She tugs down the edges of a short, tight dress one would expect to find on a younger woman. This is BETH LESSITER. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful whose figure inspires all the boys' fantasies.

RACHELINA...emerging from a lesbian bar. She's about 40. She carries her heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. A BUTCH-looking bouncer watches as she tugs down the edges of her perilously short dress that clings uncomfortably to her body in thr heat.It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features..

She gets into a used Mustang.

A WOMAN...emerging from a Lesbian bar. She's about 40, carries her heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

A WOMAN...emerging from a thumping dance club. She's thirty, with big, smoky eyes. She carries her strappy heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. A thick-necked bouncer watches as she tugs down the edges of her tight dress. This is LEE ANNE HUNTER. She gets into a used Mustang.

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's forty, She carries her strappy heels. She tugs down the edges of a tight mini dress one would expect to find on a younger woman. This is RACHELINA HUNTER. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

er a classic MUSTANG BULLITT

A WOMAN...emerging from a seedy bar. She's forty, carries her heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

Rachelina accelerates through a no-man's land of abandoned buildings and freeway overpasses leading away from downtown. She has her top down...a breeze blows back her hair from her sweaty face and drowsiness.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

He grabs her skirt in his fists and pushes her against the wall. He can't help but feel her softness, watch her tears and anger spilling over, sense her need to be held. He slowly lets go, begins to walk away.

MARLA

Go to hell!

He comes back to her and suddenly embraces her roughly, kisses her roughly. She answers with her own passion as if it's a fight. They plunge into it -- part need, part anger.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES takes them to the floor as she tears at Marla's clothes and pulls them from her, pulls at her own clothes as they turn and thrash and seem to be lashing out at each other through sex. Sweat gathers, then rolls languorously across taut skin. It softens only after the climax.

They hold each other for a long, long moment. Now she lets her tears come freely. Rachelina holds her.

Prom behind a tree or a clump of shrubbery, Rachelina watches the house, sees her husband's car out frint. all the lights in the house are out, except for the bedroom.

Inside, Marla is speaking to her husband in what appears to be a threatening manner. She looks upset and frightened, making pleading gestures. Her husband makes some final statement and turns to go. Rachelina leaves

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

One hour later.

Drunk at bar, arguing with hsband. Meets gut, they go to his place.. she thinks on the drive up... change of heart

MARLA

Actually my car was overheating. I thought I'd let it cool down.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Do you sell many policies?

RACHELINA

Well I do all right.

MARLA

Well, my husband has insurance..

RACHELINA

Too bad I was hoping to do business.

MARLA

You want a drink?

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

You haven't really tried, have you.

RACHELINA

Not really.

MARLA

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

I offered you a drink, but you turned
me down

RACHELINA

I have a living to earn and since I
couldn't sell you anything.

MARLA

You haven't really tried, have you.

RACHELINA

Not really.

MARLA

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

WOMAN

I'm wearing a t-shirt and yoga pants

ROCCO

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

She laughs spontaneously.

MARLA

I go for the cheap drinks.

INT. '79 CAMARO - NIGHT

Rachelina drives, a sheen of sweat on her arms and legs
and face. Flames and sparks dance across the road. The
pervasive smoke is dropping visibility to ZERO.

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

gets blinded by headlights from behind. Adjusts her
mirror to see, a car is fast approaching, right up on her
bumper.

The Mercedes lays on its horn, jack rabbits around
Rachelina, driving at dangerous speeds -- Out of control,

EXT. ROUTE 11 - NIGHT

Thick FOG. A hot and balmy night.

A Mercedes lays on its horn, swerves, jack rabbits past light traffic, driving recklessly. Out of control,

Our Mercedes slams the brakes, fishtails, SMASHES into a guardrail at the edge of a RAVINE. Airbags pop. Metal and glass fly, and tinkle on the pavement, tires caught in the muddy gully under it, radiator steam rises.

A long beat, the driver's door is forced open

A woman stumbles from the car, shaken, in a simple, yet elegant summer dress, this is MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's absolutely stunning, 40s, but could be a bit younger, and despite ehr situation its impossible to dress down her class.

Seeing that she is more or less okay, moves to the front of the car. A could of steam pours from under the hood. She waves the smoke out of her face.

Rachelina bolts out of her car, looks down the road, notghing but fog and the tail lights of the Mercedes. She runs to the carsh site. When --

A woman, her shapely, sweaty body, moving fluidly under an elegant white summer dress, seems to appear from nowhere. Stumbling. Rachelina is surprised as -- she trips. Literally falling into her arms.

RACHELINA

Whoa!

She looks into Rachelina's eyes. Rachelina smiles at MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's stunning, Probably mid-forties but could be a bit younger.

Seeing that she is more or less okay, Rachelina moves to the car. A could of steam pours from under the hood. She waves the smoke out of her face.

MARLA

I don't know what happened.

RACHELINA

I didn't see you brake once.

MARLA

I tried to.

Rachelina looks under the Mercedes, fluid leaking.

In a cloud of steam, Patrice steps out of the shower and into a bathrobe, slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put together woman

She goes to the mirror and wipes the condensation away. She looks at herself closely, searching herself for the right thing to do

Cigarette smoke fills the cavernous crypt club.

BRISBANE

You've been snooping around for the last hour. I bet all you insurance boys would like to prove fraud by arson, wouldn't you.

RACHELINA

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

(off his look)

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

BRISBANE

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

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

RACHELINA

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Oh, we don't mind paying out as long as it's legitimate. It's being cheated is what they object to.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Thou shall not covet the neighbors wife. That's caused half the murders in history. From David and Bathsheba, downwards. You were in love with her. A thing like that can fester. Wiht him outta of the way you thought you could marry the weathy widow.

MAN

Maybe but I don't think that's a good enough reason for murder.

RACHELINA

There's never a good reason for murder.

MAN

She's an old flame'

WOMAN

Do you get many fake claims?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Some. Mostly dud fires, arson.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How can you tell there fake?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

Refinish some furniture in your garage and leave a pile of oily rags in an uncovered trash can.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

They generate heat and can combust spontaneously. Assist them to do so but be sure to take the source of flame away with you.

RACHELINA

I was in my parents house when the fire alarm in the basement went off. When I went down to investigate I found a flaming pile of laundry next to the hot water heater. After the firemen came and put it out they poked around for a few minutes, then the inspector told me that the culprit was a stray thread from a sheet in the laundry pile had straggled its way under the hot water heater and ignited when the gas flamed up.

MAN

Plenty of people can tell you how to set a fire that doesn't look like arson. The harder problem is the "getting away with it" side

RACHELINA

Moonshine is untraceable, also light a candle and when it burns down POOF!, Giving you time to get away before it goes up, also candle wax is untraceable Do it under you electrical panel, as they will trace the origin, hot spot to there, It will be ruled as an electrical fire i used to know a old wino who would do this for \$100.00, giving you a alibi as you will be a couple hundred or a thousand miles away on a trip He never got caught, doing this drunk, and lived to be 91

EXT. AUTO SALVAGE YARD - DAY

The outskirts of town, endless rows of old wrecks rusting. The stench in the simmering midday heat is overpowering.

A soda bottle plops down into the well from a vintage machine. Rachelina, in a cheap silk blouse and skirt, retrieves it. She cracks it open.

A classic eighties Mercedes races in, stops on a dime. A beat, a A Hitchcock Blonde climbs out.

Her body, moving fluidly under a simple, yet elegant summer dress, Whom will come to know as MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's 40s, could be a bit younger. And not particularly interested in making friends.

The two look at each other. A beat that lasts long enough for us to know this is going to matter.

MARLA

It keeps heating up.

RACHELINA

It's probably your fan belt. I could look under the hood for you.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Your fan belt is broken.

MARLA

Would that make it boil?

RACHELINA

Yup, especially if you've been driving fast.

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

Nice going, Rach.

MARLA

That's your name, Rach?

RACHELINA

Rachelina. All my friends call me Rachel.

MARLA

Careful, it's hot.

Rachelina grabs a rag, unscrew the cap, checks...

RACHELINA

Your radiator's boiling hot, too.

MARLA

It's never done that before.

HARLEY

It's this hot spell, That's what's causing the overheating. I'll toss in some antifreeze.

MARLA

Oh, it's leaking fluid too.

RACHELINA

Lady, you think you got troubles.

She gestures towards the charred remains of a car.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

You see that car -- the guy tried to torch it with his wife inside. Yeah - he doused the inside with lighter fluid then tossed in a match, Luckily for her he forget the windows. Yeah, If the windows aren't open or smashed, the fire burns itself out. All fires need fuel, heat and oxygen, in vehicle fires.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you mean.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Are you a mechanic?

RACHELINA

Here's your man now.

MARLA

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

A flawless Hitchcock blonde climbs out, her insane, sweaty bodu, moving fluidly under a subtly sexy, yet elegant white summer dress, Whom will come to know as MARLA DIETRICHSON, She's 40s, could be a bit younger. And not particularly interested in making friends.

Marla makes her way towards the payphone. Seems unfazed by Rachelina's voyeuristic interest in her, but she is surely not unaware of it.

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

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

She heads into the garage, getting out of the coveralls, revealing boots, bare legs, daisy-dukes, and crop top.

Marla in the shade, smoking and enjoying the view. Rachelina's hard not to look at. showed off her silhouetted figure while wearing the dress and pumping gas into her Bentleygown featured spaghetti straps and a blue and turquoise desig

When the light hit it just right, the sheer dress revealed the outline of the model's trim body. Like a black shadow, her long legs up to her derriere were quite visible.

INT. CAFE - DAY

They're aren't many customers.

Rachelina and Marla sit across from each other over coffee.

RACHELINA

The country club. I saw you on the golf course.

MARLA

Oh.

RACHELINA

Yea, I really like your form. It was great.

MARLA

Thank you.

RACHELINA

I also like the way you golf.

Is she hitting on me? Marla seems interested, than quickly pulls back.

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

I'm Rachelina, my friends call me Rachel. What's your phone number?

MARLA

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

MARLA (CONT'D)

Look, Rachel. I appreciate your interests

-

RACHELINA

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

MARLA

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

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

RACHELINA

That's too bad.

MARLA

What am I missing?

RACHELINA

Passion, great sex. Go on vacation.

MARLA

And all on my credit card, huh?

Rachelina laughs, gets up to leave.

MARLA (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't spoil your night.

RACHELINA

No, I feel lucky.

*a sheen of sweat on her arms and legs and face. Flames
and sparks dance across the road. The pervasive smoke is
dropping visibility to ZERO.*

A small coastal town, oozing big Southern Charm. A
stone's throw from the fishing docks. The deep south in
all its simple, sluggish grace. An older America

INT. CAR - DAY

Arctor drives on the freeway, deep in thought. Luckman's next to him. Barris is in back grinning in his dark shades.

Arctor chuckles. The car is behind a crawling Safeway truck.

Arctor comes back into focus, picks up speed, passes the truck on the left. As he eases up on the gas, the pedal falls to the floor. The car shoots forward at great speed.

Arctor is panicked. The speedometer is registering eightyfive, ninety, one hundred. Arctor reaches down, tries to fiddle with the gas peddle. The car is rocketing right for a VW van chugging along. Barris and Luckman throw up their hands. Arctor swerves to the left of the van at the last minute. They pass it, but a fast moving Corvette had been about to pass in that lane. It honks, its brakes screech

Luckman grabs at the ignition key, and turns it off. Arctor shifts into neutral, the car begins to slow, and he maneuvers it onto the shoulder. The Corvette shoots by, layson it's horn, continues to do so until it's long gone down the freeway. The three guys just sit in the car, hearts pounding. The VW van passes and honks its VW horn

They all look down at the still-depressed gas pedal. The Safeway truck passes and sounds its own basso horn

EXT. CAR - DAY

Arctor, Barris, and Luckman are looking under the hood.

White smoke drifts from the oil caps. Water fizzes from the overflow spout of the radiator.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

A '79 Camaro parked outside a trailer. The paint is chipped. The grass is overgrown and is on the outskirts of town with no neighbors insight.

Rachelina lounges on a decrepit swing set

Electronic fans blowing, doing little to combat the heat.

Rachelina has just emerged from the shower: her hair is wet; She wears a black full slip, lace at hem and bust, She is moving to the armoire, grabs a joint, lights up.

Sally towels off her wet, naked body.

Sally, wet from the shower, stuffs herself back into her cute little waitress dress, pins her hair up in a mirror.

WOMAN

Don't know why I bothered to shower.

Rachelina, barely listening. She's thinking about Marla.

SALLY

My hubby was just telling me,.he couldn't remember how many people he treated for heat related injuries. He's never seen it this bad.

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm borrowing this.

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

INT. RACHELINA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

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

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

INT. RACHELINA'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Then the POWER goes out. Another blackout. In the darkness, a few lit candles.

INT. OYSTER PLACE - DAY

A crowded Fisherman's Warf-side seafood joint.

Artemesia pushes through the throng to find Kimber nursing a scotch at a booth among the hurly burly of the lunchtime business set.

ARTEMESIA

Sorry I'm late. How you holding up?

CALLIE SHIMKUS, 40, a PARALEGAL in a cheap skirt suit, turns back. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

EXT. THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

BETH CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful Latina, Gucci sunglasses, on her cell. She carries a Bosca leather briefcase- The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with sexy pumps matches her tightly wound personality. But too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

BETH CAMEROTA, 40s, Latina, sunglasses, paces on her cell phone. Leather attache case. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with sexy pumps matches her tightly wound personality. She's a little weather beaten, probably some's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MALLORY CAMEROTA, pushing 40, a smoky-eyed brunette, emerges from a porsche, carrying designer stiletto "fuckme" pumps and a Bosca leather briefcase as she tiptoes across the asphalt. The inappropriate snugness of her sleeveless, cleavage-baring sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, but cocksure beautifl.

INT. COZY BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a small, warm, intimate place, all polished woods and heavy brass railings.

At the end of the bar itself, a DRUNK, bearded, slumps over a drink, semi-comatose. He looks like a permanent fixture.

Mallory slides onto one of the bar stools, lays her briefcase and stilettos *the neighboring stool*, runs her hands affectionately over the bar top.

A beautiful black labrys tattoo on her upper arm.

RITA, the bartender, a friendly woman in her mid-forties, sees her.

RITA

Hey, Mallory.

MALLORY

How are you, Rita?

RITA

Can't complain. Yourself?

MALLORY

I could. But won't.

Rita laughs. Mallory smiles for the first time.

RITA

The usual, scotch? With a little ice to wake it up?

MALLORY

Not too wide awake.

She grabs a tumbler, scoops up ice cubes with the glass in one hand and upends a scotch bottle with the other. As Mallory watches Rita's balletic movements, clearly in love with the CRACK of the scotch cap, the SWISH of the liquid, the POP of the ice.

She slides the drink down the bar to Mallory with a flourish, and it nestles into her palm.

but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful

a bit plump and over the hill for the look but pulls it off.

BETH GUILFOYLE, pushing 40, breezes in, a cocksure beautiful brunette. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality. She carries a bosca leather briefcase- but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

She's clipping on an Assistant District Attorney's badge.

BETH GUILFOYLE, pushing 40, Latina. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with sexy pumps matches her tightly wound personality. Carries a leather attache case- she's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

BETH CAMEROTA, pushing 40, a smokin' hot brunette at the bar drinking.

The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with sexy pumps matches her tightly wound personality. But too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

Meet BETH GUILFOYLE, pushing 40, Latina, at the bar drinking. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with sexy pumps matches her tightly wound personality. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

On a adjacent stool rest her bosca leather briefcase- She's clipping on an Assistant District Attorney's badge.

She's in mid-conversation, enamoured with (PAN TO)

SHERMICHAEL - 20s, African-American, mouthwatering handsome, great suit, bares no resemblance to John Boyega at all - ok, his muscular body,

Beth half-admonishes, half flirts with him throughout.

JAREK

You look like you might be feeling slightly promiscuous tonight- ?

MALLORY

No different than any other night.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Shermichael, your client is a sick bastard. First-degree murder while committing criminal sexual conduct and second-degree murder while committing first-degree assault.

JAREK

Look, my client never lied about having sex with Miss Diaz. Not to mention there is no evidence he assaulted her sexually or other wise and he shouldn't be convicted of killing her.

MALLORY

He tried to clean up the blood. Cover his tracks. Rigor mortis was settling in by the time he decided to call nine-one-one. Oh, lets not forget the statements from the ambulance driver... and my peeping Tom, Ruppert Jenkins. He heard Miss Diaz scream no repeatedly as she struggled to push him away. I believe him... and so will the jury.

JAREK

Yet you won't offer me one.

JAREK (CONT'D)

At the risk of sounding like a pervert.
You look like you could give a man a good
footjob.

MALLORY

Look, Shermichael. You're client put
electric clamps on her nipples and
administered shocks to her by turning on
and off a power strip.

JAREK

Something went wrong I'll agree, but
they've been engaging in electric shock
sex for three years...

MALLORY

...and yet something still managed to go
wrong. Who would have guessed. They
should have used a car battery instead.

JAREK

I'll hold out for a better deal.

MALLORY

You're wasting your time. It's the lose
of blood that gets you. That half pint,
which flows to your dicks -- causes a
major short in your thinking.

Marl, a little tipsy here....His CELL PHONE RINGS.

JAREK

Shit. The wife. Gotta take this.

Mallory almost bumps into Adam.

JAREK (CONT'D)

Now where were we?

MALLORY

We were negotiating a plea deal.

JAREK

Ah, yes -- but I think I should warn you -
- I drive a hard bargain...

MALLORY

...Mmmm. I think you'll find my offer
quite, un -- generous.

JAREK

No doubt. You certainly have a lot of assets

MALLORY

Mm-hmm, do you have an offer that will satisfy me?

JAREK

Well -- let's just say, I've never had any complaints.

Mallory contemplates, maybe, not sure, then...

MALLORY

Mmmm. I'll let you know as soon as you make a firm offer. Are you firm, Adam?

JAREK

I wouldn't know. I haven't seen your bottom line, yet.

MALLORY

Let's put the deal to bed, shall we.

MAN

Look, they met in a bar, she let him buy her drinks, laughed at his jokes, kissed him, and let's not forget she wasn't wearing any panties.. Well, she even got into his acr with him, she was looking...

MAN (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll stipulate -- perhaps she should have known better. Maybe not wearing panties to a bar wasn't the smartest thing to do but you know what, Jarek? She said no, not had she said it, she screamed it. She screamed so loud he had to hold a knife to her throat to silence her...she maybe guilty of an error in judgement but your client is still guilty of rape.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A pricey, sexy hotel suite. Messy, clothes strewn everywhere, half-eaten room service

Shermichael and Beth are naked, vvery sweaty and MID-FUCK. he moves Beth to ehr stomach. She clutches the sheets beneath ehr with a death-grip. It is suggested that Shermiachael could be sodomizing her.

She's a screamer. She struggles to take him, overwhelmed by his size and strength, tries to push him back with her ass..

MALLORY

You do drive a hard bargain. Consider our deal consummated.

JAREK

I must say, it was a pleasure doing business with you.

She stares at him, doesn't answer. Climbs out of bed, hunting for her cellphone on the floor.

MAN

Mallory...

Nothing, her back to him, pulling on her sheath dress which clings to her breasts and ass. She doesn't wear any underwear. Zips up.

He reaches across, gently tries to touch her, but she rebuffs him

Callie rolls out of BED, bare-ass NAKED, very sweaty, her body no stranger to Pilates...

WOMAN

Oh, man. Oh God, is that clock right? Please tell me it's not 3:15 I'm gonna be late for court.

Her back to him, grabs her sheath dress, and puts it on, it clings to her naked, sweaty body. She doesn't wear any underwear. Naughty,

Kimber goes to Artemesia to get zipped.

Fluffs her hair in the mirror with dubious results...

*She fumbles on designer "f*ck me pump, which elongates her well-toned legs. Artemesia watches it's very sexy.*

Grabs her keys, bosca leather briefcase- cellphone - a DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S BADGE hangs 'round her neck.

Shades her eyes with Gucci sunglasses. Kisses him good-bye, Takes the walk of shame.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Classic Perry Mason set-up. Mostly deserted.

KIMBER CAMEROTA, a middle-aged Latina, prosecutes. Her look is Fox news-esque - lip gloss, stilettos, sheath dress. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, but still a sexy MILF.

For the defense, JAKE CAVANAUGH, 20s, beside a WEALTHY MALE CLIENT.

JUDGE EMILY RATAKOWSKI presiding. A beauty in her 30s. She's quickly browsing paperwork,

EMILY

Are we ready to proceed ladies and gentlemen?

MAN

The people, you're honor.

EMILY

Defense counsel?

The young paralegal rises, nervously.

MAN

It would appear, Ms. Camerota's been unavoidably detained, your honor. Under the circumstances, move for a continuance --

Just then, she comes barreling in, runs well in her heels, hurrying to the defense tablee.

ARTEMESIA

Artemesia Camerota, your honor.

EMILY

Tick tock, counselor.

ARTEMESIA

I apologize for the delay.

EMILY

Any reason I shouldn't hold you in contempt?

ARTEEMSIA

Approach, your honor?

EMILY

*(waving her up)
That better be a note from your mother.*

ARTEMESIA

I'm doing sixty -- tops seventy -- when this cop who doesn't even shave yet pulls me over for an unsafe lane change. I explained to him that i was late for court. I further explained --

EMILY

Let me take a look at that.

ARTEMESIA

That's alright, your Honor. I wouldn't presume to ask the court for any favors.

EMILY

And this court wouldn't presume to offer any favors.

ARTEMESIA

Truthfully, I think we've already consumed enough of this court's time with my personal matters.

She gives Artemesia a look, holds out her hand. Reluctantly, she give it to the Judge. She browses it.

EMILY

For the record, Ms. Camerota has just handed me a pink piece of paper, which appear to be, in fact, neither a grocery list, nor a pocket copy of Canon of Ethic but rather a legitimate S.F.P.D. citation.

She hands it to the clerk with the slightest of smiles --

WOMAN

The people may proceed.

*her sheath dresses and designer "FUCKME" pumps are colorful and provocative..a tight, sleeveless, cleavage baring dress, designer "f*ck me pumps.*

Transfixed on Maria shapely glams, her stiletto dangling from her stocking feet, lots of shoeplay, and this isn't lost on her either.

JAREK

You want a drink?

MALLORY

No. I wanna fuck.

A smoky-eyed brunette...emerging from a club. She's 40s, carries her designer stiletto "fuckme" pumps and a Bosca leather briefcase as she tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her clingy, cleavage-baring sheath dress. This is MALLORY CAMEROTA, She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, but still a sexy-ass MILF.

MALLORY CAMEROTA, a middle-aged, smoky-eyed brunette, emerges from a porsche, carrying designer stiletto "fuckme" pumps and a Bosca leather briefcase as she tiptoes across the asphalt. The inappropriate snugness of her sleeveless, cleavage-baring sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, but still one sexy MILF.

MALLORY CAMEROTA, a smoky-eyed brunette, emerging from a club. She carries her designer stiletto "fuckme" pumps and a Bosca leather briefcase as she tiptoes across the asphalt. The inappropriate snugness of her sleeveless, cleavage-baring sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, but still a sexy-ass MILF.

A woman emerging from a club. She's 40s, carries her heelse as she tiptoes across the asphalt. She tugs down the edges of her cheap skirt suit. This is RACHELINA - Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

CALLIE SHIMKUS, 40, a PARALEGAL in a cheap skirt suit. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

MAN

Two a day should pep you up just right considerably but I would hate to think you wandering fugly into the bathroom and popping them into yoru mouth like salted peanuts

MAN (CONT'D)

Poison.

MAN (CONT'D)

Nothing in the technical sense. It's again concentrate. Too much would hit the old heart like a sledgehammer..

MAN (CONT'D)

Instantly.

MAN (CONT'D)

Well a matter of 20-30 mminjutes and bang that's that. It not only kills you if you take enough of it, but it leaves no trace. Just a case of heart disease that's all they could say.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

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

Sally looks at Rachelina for a beat, processing...

On the radio, we hear -

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.)

It's not just Europe who's in the grip of unusually high temperatures. The south eastern portion of the USA is experiencing a record-breaking heat wave that's left millions without power and likely will be for several more weeks. Since Friday, the extremely high temperatures, some exceeding 117 degrees has been blamed for at least 22 deaths, most of which were from heat-related illness...

EXT. BURNED-OUT WAREHOUSE - DAY

A seedy two-part run-down industrial park.

Rachelina's Camero pulls up beside a Fire dept. Sedan. She gets out, sunglasses, simple sheath dress clings uncomfortably to her body in the heat.

INT. BURNED-OUT WAREHOUSE - DAY

The place is scorched and still smoking. Rachelina moves around the smoldering ruins. Trash strewn, the gasoline can - it's warm in this windowless room.

HORACE, 40s, a fat hairy sweaty man in his soaked, Fire Marshal's uniform, jots notes on a clipboard.

HORACE

Is this one of yours.

RACHELINA

Nope.

HORACE

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

He is starting to sweat more. He digs into his pocket, takes out a sodden handkerchief, blots his forehead with it.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Probably a mechanic.

RACHELINA

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

RACHELINA (CONT'D)

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

HORACE

Yes, it's 124 degrees and I'm kinda pissed off about it.

SALLY

Can I get you anything else?

RACHELINA

Are you ever going to go out with me or what? I can't do this anymore. The food here stinks. OK, I said it.