

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE CITYSCAPE - DAY

A foggy day in Seattle town as we cruise over landmarks of the city like the fog off Puget Sound.

INT. ABIGAIL'S CONDO - DAY

Modern. Large. Airy. Impeccably decorated with fine art. The place screams MONEY.

INT. ABIGAIL'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ALARM CLOCK blares -- even though it's 4 A.M. TWO FIGURES are asleep in bed, their sexy clothing and heels scattered around the room.

A woman's HAND shuts off the ALARM.

ABIGAIL CANTERBURY, maybe 50, a Kate Beckinsale vibe about her, sits up, but she's too intelligent looking to be just sexual eye-candy --

She snags her phone. 50 new messages. 100 new emails. She scans them quickly, then --

She rises, grabs a legal documents from a bedside table, tosses on the bed, disappears into the bathroom. Even her slight British accent is sexy.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Hey, I gotta go to work early.
Sign those papers. Lock the door
when you leave, okay.

She emerges in a towel. Moves to the bed, picking up her heels.

A naked woman, EMMA CAMEROTA, 47, an exotic and striking British beauty, a Rhona Mitra type-- is still asleep. Unacceptable...

She smacks her ass -- HARD. She jumps up, squeals in delight. Satisfied, she kisses her. Elizabeth looks over the documents.

Emma looks over the documents...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

"Dissolution of Marriage." Looks so final. Like "Death Certificate."

ABIGAIL

Take your time. Look it over. Your husband already signed.

She checks. Sure enough. Signed. It's unreal.

ABIGAIL

You can still change your mind.

Emma nods, considers it. Second thoughts?

ABIGAIL

As we discussed, your husband has set aside your prenuptial agreement and acceded to your terms. In exchange, he's including a strict confidentiality clause.

EMMA

So anything I know about his work--

ABIGAIL

You're prohibited from sharing. With anyone.

EMMA

(giggles)
After I sign it?

Abigail rolls her eyes. Emma picks up the pen, signs.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Paint, sculptures of human skeletons litter the room.

A luscious African American woman named TASHA, 22, sprawls artfully across a sofa. She's posing nude for a group of ART STUDENTS from all walks of life.

MARNIE, 30s, the epitome of the Hitchcockian icy blonde; saunters the aisles, inspecting work, offering advice.

An English woman, *looks like a schoolteacher, is apt to get into a cab with you and, to your surprise, she'll probably pull a man's pants open.*

Marnie regards a conspicuously EMPTY STOOL to her right. A LONGING in her eyes.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - DAY

"The CROW'S NEST BAR & SEAFOOD NOOK", a cozy little waterfront restaurant.

A FERRY glide across the placid Sound, and -
MOUNT RAINIER towers majestically over it all.

INT. CROW'S NEST - DAY

Among the hurly burly of the lunchtime business set.

ABIGAIL CANTERBURY, 50, a Kate Beckinsale vibe - sits alone with a look that says she's earned every stripe in her short, Armani skirt suit.

But she's too intelligent and determined looking to be just sexual eye-candy. Even her British accent is sexy.

JOE DAVIS, 30s, enters. Joe is handsome, yet scumbaggy. Abigail waves at him -- Joe spots her and his whole demeanor changes.

You know exactly what he's thinking -- I am so gonna hit that. He sleazes over to Abigail's table.

ABIGAIL

Joe, I'm Abigail Canterbury.
Thanks for meeting me.

JOE

Wow. Just... wow. You are
incredibly hot. Is it okay if I
say that?

ABIGAIL

I think I'll get over it.

He sits, looks over at Abigail.

ABIGAIL

As I explained to your assistant,
I'm an attorney. You use to be
married to Beverly Wickmire.

JOE

How's the bitch?

ABIGAIL

There's a problem with the
paperwork. You never signed your
entry of judgment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

So you're still married. So I have some new divorce papers for you to sign.

She retrieves documents from a Bosca leather briefcase. He moves closer, puts his hand on the seat of her chair.

JOE

Here's an idea. You. Me. Let's have dinner tonight.

ABIGAIL

Uh-huh. I don't date married men.

JOE

Aw, man. God dammit. Are you kidding me?

ABIGAIL

You understand you two are no longer in a relationship, right?

JOE

Blah, blah, blah, and--?

ABIGAIL

Well, this is a no fault state. You will be divorcing Beverly. It's just a matter of time. You promised to file the papers, didn't you?

JOE

I changed my mind.

ABIGAIL

Too late. Oral agreements are valid and enforceable in the state of California. Amounts paid in reliance to an oral contract are recoverable under state law.

JOE

And?

ABIGAIL

Her wedding must have cost a fortune. And you're on the hook for half. Do you even have that kind of money?

She grips his hand and TWISTS his wrist -- the pressure point causing him to cry out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

Shhh, Joe. I'll subpoena your sorry ass, then rip you to shreds in a court of law. Can you afford the court fees. And trust me, there will be plenty. There's an old joke that "an oral contract isn't worth the paper it's written on." But in this case...it is.

Abigail takes his other hand, forces a pen into it --

ABIGAIL

I represent some very dangerous people. They won't like it if you make me late.

Joe scribbles his signature. She releases his wrist.

JOE

I hate fuckin' lawyers.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Across the glitzy, black tie and diamonds crowd who meander through a modern gallery; cocktails and hors-d'oeuvres. Multiple artists' works on display.

Abigail in a sheer, black mini dress, mingles with guest when something catches Abigail's eye --

A braless Marnie ethereal and gorgeous in a barely see-through dress, and WILLARD, 20s, mouthwatering handsome, suave, admiring the art work.

Willard is not at all impressed with what he's seeing, but he loves Marnie's company. Looking at modern art.

WILLARD

I see better stuff than this on walls in pawn shops. Ug-lee...

They pause before another painting.

WILLARD

This is really marvelous... such passion... a hint of danger...

(a look at her)

I sense both qualities in you, Marnie. Perhaps that's why I find you so attractive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

You don't take no for an answer.
Do you?

WILLARD

Sometimes no means no. Then again
sometimes it means yes.

MARNIE

No means no.

WILLARD

We had a moment. End of moment
just like that?

MARNIE

We had nothing. A few drinks. A
few laughs. That's all. Anything
else you read into it it's your
problem.

WILLARD

I know you're thinking about Max.
So you've got scruples. Don't
worry about them I've had them
once or twice myself.

Willard can't resist a surreptitious smile.

MARNIE

Nothing gets beyond all that
conceit, does it? Well I have a
news flash for you -- don't
squander your charm on me. I'm
immune.

Abigail's eyes track her - Marnie feels her gaze, looks
back. Their eyes never leave each other's... an ineffable
longing. A hunger.

Abigail approaches. Willard turns his charms on Abigail.

WILLARD

The Princess of Darkness herself.
(a total come-on)
You know, Jack Kennedy used to
have affairs at the hotel down the
street from here. He'd meet a
woman at some shindig and take her
right upstairs.

ABIGAIL

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

ABIGAIL

If it'll make you feel better
about yourself, yeah.

Abigail touches Marnie's elbow, guiding her away from
him.

ABIGAIL

Excuse us, please...

Their faces remain placid to anyone watching, but their
low voices fire with intensity --

ABIGAIL

Maximilian returns tonight. He may
expect you to be home.

MARNIE

I won't sit here and listen to
this --

ABIGAIL

-- Yes you will. Because there
must be a shred of decency in you,
or Max couldn't have fallen in
love with you.

MARNIE

After being married all these
years I don't have to me reminded
of my duties as a wife.

ABIGAIL

Maximilian's respected as a person
and a businessman. I think you
should be very careful not to do
anything that may harm him.

MARNIE

You're trying to warn me about
something. What is it?

ABIGAIL

You can't chase after younger men
around this town without starting
gossip. Especially when the man is
well known as Willard.

MARNIE

The rumors of my promiscuity have
been greatly exaggerated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As Marnie walks off, she looks back at Abigail.

I/E. PORSCHE 911 TURBO - NIGHT

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo mows down curves. The cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

It's Marnie, a speed demon, drives. She punches it into 5th. Pushes 80. Rain pounds the windshield.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Palm trees sway. A faux Italian Renaissance home. In an upper class neighborhood of Seattle with hills and views of Lake Madison.

Security lighting comes on as the white Porsche races in.

Marnie climbs out, heels in hand, and dashes barefoot through the pouring rain, towards the front door.

Hidden behind shrubbery, ARTY O'DELL, 20s, a new man's cut body, child-like face, dark features and savage eyes, watching as Marnie disappears inside.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer curtains. A lush, romantic suite. Lit candles are set up near the bed.

Marnie, just out of the shower, in a towel, sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below. The doorbell rings, steps into sexy shoes.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes, thunder, rain falling.

Marnie flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thrash open her long silk robe, revealing she's naked underneath.

Adorned with priceless COLLECTIONS OF MODERN ART, columns, murals, tiled floors, and decorated within an inch of its life.

On an end table, a bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; two glasses nearby. An ice-pick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the SOUND of a knock, she pauses, goes to the door.

MARNIE

Just a minute.

She gets to the door and, standing aside, opens it slightly...

Marnie reacts in fright as Arty forces his way inside, and we sense Marnie's struggle without actually seeing it. The door is slammed shut.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

A SHOUTING MATCH. They're silhouetted in shadow. We hear it, but can't make out the words. The SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS escalates into several THUMPS.

He pulls her toward him, Marnie, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful...

A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them into darkness.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Intermittent flashes of lightning captures glimpses of SEX. Rough. Intense. Kinky. It's hard to tell if she's playing along, or responding.

Suddenly, flashes of steel, as our images become bloody. Violent. We can't quite make it out, but something awful is happening.

The rain is a genuine deluge. The crashing sounds of water and thunder drown out all other noise.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

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

Abigail drinks alone. ADA, 20s, pretty and down to earth, joins her.

ABIGAIL

So what can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADA

Actually, I need some advice. I know something about a client. A sweet old lady who's...slipping.

ABIGAIL

And?

ADA

If I remain silent, I stand to gain personally. But the clients company may suffer. If I speak up, I'll be fulfilling my duties of care, but the CFO will take his revenge.

ABIGAIL

You want to bottom line this for me?

ADA

I'm having a crises of conscience.

ABIGAIL

Screw your conscience. If the board doesn't know, keep your trap shut!

ADA

Yes, but on the other hand --

ABIGAIL

There is no "other hand." You know, this has always been your problem. You're not ruthless enough.

ADA

That's not fair --

ABIGAIL

Is it? I'll let you own a little secret. When you chose Sterling over my firm I was hurt - initially.

ADA

You were hurt when I chose dad too.

ABIGAIL

But now I realize there is no place for you on my team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADA

Mom. You don't mean that?

ABIGAIL

Oh, yes, Ada -- I do. And now YOU
get to pick up the check.

She drains her martini and grabs her briefcase.

ABIGAIL

Weak. Unreliable. Just like your
father!

Abigail checks her beeper, we cut away on her muttered:
"Fuck."

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abigail walks through the ransacked room, surrounded by the aftermath of chaos and death: BLOOD. Everywhere. And drenched in it...

A ice-pick scattered over spilled chunks of ice from the overturned bucket in close proximity of Arty's half-naked, lifeless, butchered body...

Careful to avoid all the dark crimson stains, Abigail checks for a pulse, then rises.

ABIGAIL

Marnie! Marnie!

MARNIE (O.S.)

Abigail.

Abigail looks up towards the second floor railing.

Marnie stands there, splattered in blood. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle. She comes down the stairs.

A long beat. Abigail's measuring Marnie. Judging her. She inspects Marnie's face, it's practically unscathed.

She BACKHANDS HER, sends Marnie reeling to the floor. She's curled up, robe around her waist, bare ass and tits AKIMBO.

Marnie - composed, smiling through bloody teeth, her eyes burn with hatred.

Abigail's eyes engage Marnie's, searching for a sign that Marnie understands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie gets up, stretches luxuriously, adjusts the robe around her.

ABIGAIL
Now call the police!

Abigail slaps on latex gloves, careful not to disturb the scene. Marnie is suitably stunned.

MARNIE
You're not thinking of going --

ABIGAIL
-- I graduated Harvard with a 3.89 GPA and Harvard Law with a 3.99. And between the two of us, I'm the only one with a law license. So what's that tell you? Did he have a weapon?

MARNIE
I didn't see one.

ABIGAIL
Go. Make the call.

Marnie hurries off. Abigail notes Arty's pants pockets have been turned inside out, as if some one went through them, searching for something.

EXT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT - NIGHT

MAX DANKWORTH, a greying-templed 40, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch. The picture of corporate stewardship, dashes toward the exit.

A classic (1973 Corvette Stingray) in mint condition races up. A beat. Abigail jumps out.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The body of our would-be Rapist lies just as we left him.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER, 50's, mild mannered and cordial, making annotations. Behind him, a small contingent of SFPD CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS are at work.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
First wound -- no fatal. Got him in the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. ERNIE DWYER, 40's, gregarious, the type of person who talks to strangers in elevators, steps over.

DET. DWYER
Lotta blood here -- don't want you
to end up wearing any of it.

Joining him is DET. ISAIAH SMITH, African-American, 50's, salt and pepper hair and an air of having seen it all, twice.

He hands Dwyer a cup of coffee. Dwyer sips.

DET. DWYER
This isn't Starbucks?

DET. SMITH
(sarcastic)
You noticed.

DET. DWYER
Any ID on our mystery guest?

DET. SMITH
Nope. Not yet.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Alive with LIGHT and CRIME SCENE TAPE and CURIOUS NEIGHBORS being held back by PATROL COPS.

Abigail and Max pull up to the usual - REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN - preparing for the assault. The minute they exit the car, a camera FLASHES.

Abigail ushers Max to the house - without making a comment.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Abigail and Max exits the house in mid-conversation. As they move towards a fancy patio deck where --

Marnie sits in chair, staring at the lake. She's in a mini T-shirt, some tight sweats. Her hair in a ponytail. All this only makes her more sexy.

Max rushes towards Marnie, solemn. Matter of fact. Sees her childlike innocence. He reaches out, awkwardly hugs her. She nods, stiff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Are you okay?

MARNIE

I'm alright. Now. You?

MAX

I'm here now. You're safe. Try not to think about it.

ABIGAIL

Are you up to talking to the police?

MAX

Look, Abigail, she's in no condition to talk. Can't it wait?

ABIGAIL

No, it's best to do it now while it's still fresh in her head. And to avoid any hiccups.

Max scowls.

MAX

What's that suppose to mean?

ABIGAIL

Someone was killed in your bedroom.

MAX

It's not like she did it on purpose.

ABIGAIL

Of course not, but that's what they need to find out. Trust me, Marnie, the sooner the better.

A beat, Abigail caves.

Detectives Dwyer and Smith anxiously approach. Abigail corners them.

DET. DWYER

I'm sorry, but we have to question her at a time like this, Ms. Canterbury --

ABIGAIL

--Tomorrow. First thing. She'll be available. Girl scouts honor.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

An hour after sunrise. A lone JOGGER pounds sand.

Nearby, a beach home with lots of glass, and below, a deck and exterior staircase, which offers a voyeurs view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Remnants of breakfast on the table. Max shares a cup of coffee with Abigail in a sexy power suit.

MAX

Maybe I should take a few days off. I think I should be there.

ABIGAIL

No, that's a bad idea. Max, you're a client. I can't always be your friend. You hired me to represent Marnie. I know what I'm doing.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Abigail steps outside. A moment later he's leaning on the rail, allowing the wind to caress her. Then she sees:

Marnie, barefoot, saunters from the sea. She's wearing a cropped, dark green sweater and patterned brown shorts... The unique simplicity of her ensemble moves Abigail.

She moves up the beach and doesn't notice Abigail standing on their deck until she is halfway up the steps.

MARNIE

Oh!

ABIGAIL

Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you.

Abigail can't help herself. She's taking in every inch of Marnie. Marnie attempts to break the spell she's cast on Abigail by continuing up the steps.

She has stopped not two feet from her and Abigail's doing a terrible job of hiding her lust. Marnie inches closer, then:

MARNIE

You're blocking my way. To the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stepping out of the way:

ABIGAIL

Oh, Sorry.

Abigail follows her inside...

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Marnie saunters in, lifting her hair off her nape.
Abigail follows...

MARNIE

Let me get into something more
appropriate. It'll only take a
minute.

Marnie slips into her boudoir, leaves the door half-way
open. Abigail catch glimpse of Marnie changing in a sex
mirror in the bedroom.

MARNIE

Isn't there something you should
ask me?

ABIGAIL

What's that?

MARNIE

Whether I'm guilty.

ABIGAIL

What's the difference? I'm not a
judge, I'm your lawyer.

Abigail moves closer for a better view...

Marnie seems unfazed by Abigail's voyeuristic interest in
her, but Marnie is not unaware of it, and it is hard to
believe she is not courting Abigail's attention.

Marnie steps into a sleeveless white turtleneck dress,
slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put
together woman.

She zips up, doesn't bother to put on any panties.

Marnie exits, sporting Sharon Stone's "Basic Instinct"
updo. She *looks radiant, innocent, and Abigail feels a
wave of tenderness wash over her.*

She struggles to slide into her sling back high heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

Don't rush with your answers. And no matter how hard he comes at you... stay calm.

MARNIE

Stay in control, got it. Eloquent and concise. Don't worry, I'm gonna be great.

ABIGAIL

I'd settle for adequate.

MARNIE

I'm ready.

There's a heat, an attraction between them as their faces hover close to each other.

She grabs Marnie's over-sized ivory trench coat off the bed, and helps her into it, much to Marnie's surprise.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A LIVE-IN ARTIST'S STUDIO-- a total wreck of materials. Stacks of unframed paintings and photos litter the place along with piles of gear. Unfinished canvasses.

Dwyer and Smith have an interesting look around. A Ratty futon lies in the corner.

YARA LYNX, 50s, a pretty Chinese-American, looks on. She's been crying.

YARA

Arty was no god damn alter boy, but he wouldn't harm a soul.

DET. DWYER

Did he ever mention her name?

YARA

He didn't have to, but I have my suspicions.

Yara holds up her folded newspaper, the headline: *"Socialite Kills Intruder" with a photo of Marnie.*

DET. DWYER

Do you have any evidence linking them together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

I told you everything. What more do you need.

DET. DWYER

So you're...guessing?

YARA

Arty was a good artist. Shortly after he stopped going to those art classes his behavior changed. Talk to his therapist.

EXT. SEATTLE PD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing SPD. Shimmering steel and glass wrapped in concrete.

INT. SEATTLE PD - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

The sudden silence is unnerving. The eavesdropping cops and clerks exchange looks as Abigail escorts Marnie.

Yara braces herself, looks at Marnie, eyes wet --

YARA

What kind of woman are you -- what kind of human being -- ?!

She backhands Marnie. Marnie wasn't expecting that. Abigail runs to defend her as a tardy OFFICER appear.

ABIGAIL

Hold her, we'll be pressing --

Marnie restrains Abigail with a gentle hand.

MARNIE

No, we won't, no -- take her -- get some fresh air, please.

Officers escort Yara out, she yells and screams.

YARA

You liar! You killed him!

MARNIE

Yes, I did.

The reveal shocks Abigail to the core. Dwyer catches the tell end of the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry, Marnie, she had no right.

DET. DWYER

I didn't expect her to go off like that?

ABIGAIL

Who? Ms. Lynx? That was low and unnecessary --

DET. DWYER

Hardly, counselor. Schedules got crossed. I apologize.

EMMA CAMEROTA, a full figure Mexican-American appears. A Salma Hayek type; well *preserved and still gorgeous in her 50s*. ADA badge 'round her neck, in a skirt suit cut too low and a hem up to her kazoo.

DET. DWYER

Thanks for coming. I'm Detective Dwyer, this is Detective Smith, and that's Assistant DA Camerota.

An exchange of pleasantries.

INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Classic basic instinct set up.

Abigail sits nearby Marnie, who's some ways across the table from Smith and Dwyer. Emma lingers in the backdrop. Ruby takes copious notes.

DET. DWYER

A couple things aren't quite adding up. Normally rapists are cognize not to leave any DNA. Especially if they have a wrap sheet. And his was.

ABIGAIL

You've got a name?

DET. SMITH

Arty O'Dell. 27. He's got a sheet. Mostly petty. Some B&E and lewd. Nothing violent. Likes to sniff the ladies' knickers. O'Dell always carried a weapon with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. SMITH (CONT'D)

Yet he had none, no gloves, no mask. Can you explain that?

MARNIE

Van Gogh cut off his ear. Edvard Munch hung half of his paintings in the woods, where they ended up rotting. Gauquin abandoned his family and went to Tahiti. Art would be much more pleasant if we didn't have to deal with artists.

The men trade looks, the coldness of her remark.

DET. SMITH

Mrs. Dankworth you claim to never have met Mr. O'Dell. He was an artist. A painter. You're an art teacher. Think hard. Could he had been one of your students?

MARNIE

I dunno. I guess it's possible. My classes are open to the public. It was a revolving door. They come and go.

Finally we hear from Emma. She's been quiet up till now. That's her thing -- she's a thinker, an observer, the type of person easy to underestimate.

Emma, skeptical, references a police report.

EMMA

A witness heard the shouting match. I'm quoting, "*it sounded like a lover's quarrel.*"

MARNIE

I can assure you, Ms. Camerota, it was no lover's quarrel. He was ranting and raving because I wouldn't take it lying down.

DET, DWYER

According to the forensic report.

ABIGAIL

Does anyone ever read that shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DET. DWYER

I'll summarize. A large amount of milky fluid containing a high quantity of prostate-specific-antigen (PSA), fructose, and glucose -- a similar composition to seminal fluid -- enough to soak the bed and Mr. O'Dell.

MARNIE

Ah, Detective, what are you asking?

DET. DWYER

Did you cum?

ABIGAIL

That's none of your business.

Abigail just glares at him, offended, as Marnie grins. Even Emma has to roll her eyes on that one.

MARNIE

The term is arousal non-concordance, meaning your physical and mental state don't align, such as getting hard or wet during rape.

DET. DWYER

Stop jerking us around. You think this is a game?

MARNIE

I don't play games, I just telling the truth. I came twice.

DET. SMITH

So you enjoyed it?

ABIGAIL

Let me stop you. The body's arousal response is no more an indication of guilt or mental illness than an elevated heart rate would be under the same circumstances. Oh, if this ever goes to trial I'll call a dozen experts to teach the jury that arousal does not mean that the rape was enjoyable or that the victim was asking for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

He shoved his penis in me. I had what I think is the most powerful orgasm of my life. He knew I came and it was humiliating. He told me he knew I liked it and that my pleas for him to stop were just me being dramatic. The second time I was literally shaking and unable to speak from the intensity of it. It sent him over the moon. I came on his penis after telling him no! He must've felt like a sex god.

Abigail glares at Marnie -- *what the fuck does she think she's doing?*

MARNIE

When the body is threatened with death, we go into survival mode. We as women have anti rape defense mechanisms. One being our orgasm. That's right, her body is lessening the mental anguish, making the vagina more lubricated so that the act of sex is less painful, and grips the assailants penis to bring him to orgasm faster. My body did this to help save me, my body knew what would get me out of there alive and did it. I spent the past few weeks thinking this wasn't a rape or that my vagina was broken to enjoy that, but it worked as designed.

And the way Marnie now looks at them -- a mix of disgust and rage -- makes these grown men cower.

ABIGAIL

We're done here. Let's go.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A local landmark. A divey restaurant/bar on the wharf with colorful lobster buoys hung from the ceiling along with other Nautical decor.

The clientele ranges from commercial fishermen to some ELITE to families to college kids on summer break.

Max, Marnie, and Abigail sit at a table, devouring a plate of fish and chips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

It'll be in the low eighties in Miami.

MARNIE

It'll never stay in the low eighties about time we get there they'll be a hurricane.

ABIGAIL

Huh, it's not the hurricane season.

Marnie wants to shout "*Fuck off*" but instead --

MARNIE

Uh, it doesn't matter. If me and Max went to the Sahara desert they'd be a snowstorm.

MAX

She's right we've had a terrible time on our vacations.

MARNIE

It's the nature of our relationship.

A beat, Abigail gathers her things to go.

MAX

You're not staying.

ABIGAIL

Raincheck. You've got a beach house. Go home, FUCK, forget about things for awhile. Let me do the worrying.

A couple, GEORGE and BETHANY nearby, staring.

ABIGAIL

Do you need something?

GEORGE

Your language is a bit vulgar.

ABIGAIL

Sounds like you'd be happier a few booths down.

GEORGE

I'm going to go speak to someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

Do that, thanks, that'd be great.

George gets up, heads up front. Abigail departs.

MAX

That's Abigail for you. I'm just glad she's on our side.

MARNIE

Your side. Not mine.

The next table over, TOM, on the edge of 50, and charming as sin, turns to them.

TOM

Sorry, I couldn't help but overhear, so you're planning on vacationing in Miami?

MAX

Well. It's more like a second honeymoon for us.

Marnie rolls her eyes.

TOM

Congratulations. WE got back from Paris. Lovely.

MAX

I found this great private resort down in South America.

Marnie looks at her husband, pointed, he holds her gaze.

TOM

Looks like an adventure.

MARNIE

Oh, yes, Max figures if the resort don't bore me to death, the Argentinian will finish me off.

Tom turns back to his wife. They keep their voices down.

MAX

Why do you always got to be like that?

MARNIE

Why do you have to talk about our private life in front of strangers. A second honeymoon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

You make it sound like the first one didn't take.

MAX

I am not going to argue with--

MARNIE

Good.

Off the tension between them, something is very broken in their seemingly perfect marriage--

INT. FANCY HOTEL - DAY

An opulent bar and restaurant near the courthouse. The waitress delivers the drinks to Abigail and Emma, now part of Happy Hour crowd. As the waitress departs--

ABIGAIL

Mmm hmm. What the hell's going on, Emma? You called me. I thought you wanted to talk.

EMMA

We are talking.

Emma smirks, taps her glass against Abigail's:

EMMA

So... catch me up. Last thing I remember, you told the Southern District of New York to fuck off. How do you like working on the other side?

ABIGAIL

The pay's much better. That your problem?

EMMA

I just don't like the class of client you choose. Drug dealers, white collar criminals, pornographers, now a murderer. You should be more discriminating.

ABIGAIL

Does that include you?

EMMA

That's not what I mean.

Abigail considers that. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

What I saw was a cold, ice cold killer who figured the perfect crime was to invite the victim into her house, fuck him, then stab him, and claim self defense. No witnesses. Perfect.

ABIGAIL

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

EMMA

I think it's a possible cover story to tug at heart strings. I think it could be a crime of passion. And I think you gravely, gravely underestimate what people are capable of -- it's a great plan. Reasonable doubt.

ABIGAIL

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

ABIGAIL

You're not going to charge her?

EMMA

Not for now. Hopefully before she stabs you in the back.

Silence. The two women hold a look. Abigail's thrown, but she doesn't flinch. Instead, she deadpans:

ABIGAIL

So who's going to be prosecuting if things go south?

EMMA

Who do you think? Every prosecutor in our office wanted this case. It's personal for them.

ABIGAIL

And you?

EMMA

You realize, I could still come after you for tampering with my witnesses in the Holland case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

You wouldn't put me in jail?

EMMA

In a heart beat.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER&CANTERBURY - DAY

A small, prestigious law firm. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES. Abigail strides through the busy nerve center.

MISS HARLOW, an icily beautiful RECEPTIONIST in a sexy work outfit appears at her side; hands her a slip of paper.

MISS HARLOW

Um, staff meeting'll probably go past one, so I pushed back my deposition with Margulies to Tuesday. And don't forget you're two o'clock with Linda Graham.

Abigail studies the paper.

ABIGAIL

Miss Harlow? This Sinclair Deboise. Did he say what he wanted?

MISS HARLOW

Only that it was important.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

A gorgeous minimalist office. Awards on the wall, one, in particular; *"the Woman Trial Lawyer of the year for her outstanding performance."*

Abigail sits across from GEORGIA, 47, all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't make her look 35, but she pulls off sexy.

ABIGAIL

First divorce?

She's surprised by Abigail's cavalier attitude

GEORGIA

I never thought it would come to this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

You don't look naive.

She's taken aback, but decides to continue on.

GEORGIA

Ted and I... We dated for five years, lived together for three... Then one day my husband came home and told me he's no longer in love with me. Like that, my life is over.

ABIGAIL

Your life is fine. Your marriage is over.

She's horrified by Abigail's insensitivity.

GEORGIA

You have terrible bedside manner.

ABIGAIL

I'm not a doctor. I'm a lawyer. How was your sex life?

GEORGIA

Excuse me?

ABIGAIL

You say the divorce took you by surprise. When was the last time you had sex?

It hits Georgia.

ABIGAIL

When you argue as many divorce cases that I have, you start to get cynical. I've seen tons of crazy reasons, I had one client divorce his wife after she broke her jaw in a car accident because she could no longer give head.

A little joke to put her at ease.

GEORGIA

It's been a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

It's not your fault. You had a fifty-fifty shot at winding up in my office. The good news is you're in my office and not him.

GEORGIA

So what happens now?

ABIGAIL

I hate drawn out divorces. The paperwork is mind numbing... You don't have kids. Give me a week.

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

Somewhere in Chinatown, Abigail enters a dark, cluttered shop, filled with stacks of musty books, antiques.

She studies the art on display, not impressed. Her eye is caught by a movement nearby. She turns.

SINCLAIR DEBOISE, 40s, a gaunt man, striding towards her. He smiles, all dark charisma and dangerous appeal.

SINCLAIR

Ah, Ms. Canterbury. Sinclair Deboise. Happy to meet you.

The feeling isn't mutual.

SINCLAIR

I must say you are prompt.

ABIGAIL

I was expecting a detective.

SINCLAIR

I told your associate I was a detective and I was. She assumed I was a police detective. It was an assumption I let her retain. Actually I retired to go into the fine arts. You an art lover?

ABIGAIL

I didn't come here to buy.

SINCLAIR

You might after you see what was hanging over there.

He taps his fingers on a bare wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

Let's cut to the chase. Shall we.

SINCLAIR

Ah, yes. I want waste your time
'cause I know it's gotta be
runnin' at a premium.

Sinclair leads Abigail to a bookshelf against the wall.
Drum roll... he removes a cloth draped over a canvass.

SINCLAIR

Ta-da! Recognize it?

Abigail eyes a WATERCOLOR painting of an insane beauty
naked in BED. A sheet barely covering her; a side boob, a
calf, who bears an eerie resemblance to Marnie.

Sinclair points towards the printed name on the canvass.
It says "Arty O'Dell."

Once the shock wears off, Abigail can't deny the beauty
of the painting, but the depths of O'Dell's passion makes
her realize he was madly in love with Marnie.

SINCLAIR

Arty was always trying to hock his
works. But this was the best of
the bunch. It's a good thing to,
luckily for your client.

She stares at him, Who is this guy? She should probably
tell him to fuck off -- and the longer she looks at him,
the more Sinclair thinks she's about to.

ABIGAIL

So you brought me here to extort
us?

SINCLAIR

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.

ABIGAIL

Extortion is a serious crime. If
you want, go to law school and
after three years and a bar exam
we can have this chat or you can
just take my word for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR

No need for the theatrics. Like I said, I deal in fine arts.

ABIGAIL

All this junk.

SINCLAIR

I hardly call the one junk. You client lied about not knowing Mr. O'Dell.

SINCLAIR

I'm willing to sell it to your client, one hundred thousand, nice round number. I bring the offer to you since I'm not sure she can be trusted. Besides there's the chance she could stab me in the back.

He chuckles, but Abigail's not amused, not one bit.

ABIGAIL

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

SINCLAIR

Oh, since you say it's illegal...maybe I should go to the D.A. But you should probably keep in mind if that lead prosecutor springs this in court, you'll be hard pressed to claim unfair surprise. Since I came to you first.

Abigail freezes. Sinclair barks a laugh. After a moment:

SINCLAIR

I've probably complicated things, I'm sorry for that. It's the street lawyer in me.

(he grins)

Well, again, I'm no legal expert but I think you got some kind of duty to take the offer to your client.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A hip, small gallery, with soft lighting. Right now, it's owner, Marnie is overseeing the installation of some new canvasses.

MARNIE

I think you can still go higher,
Fred. Just a little, like that.

FRED, 40s, somewhere between artist and construction worker, meticulously adjust a painting.

We notice a WOMAN'S OUT OF FOCUS SILHOUETTE has been watching Marnie through the window.

Marnie suddenly senses someone is watching him and turns but she is gone.

Marnie's phone RINGS! RINGS AGAIN. She finally looks --

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Marnie sits casually on a couch as Abigail brings her a coffee. There is an unmistakable sexual chemistry between them.

ABIGAIL

Are you sure you've never meet
him?

MARNIE

No!

ABIGAIL

I got a call. From an unsavory
pawnshop curator Sinclair Deboise.
It seems he has a painting. He's
trying to blackmail you.

MARNIE

Blackmail?

ABIGAIL

It's a nude done by Arty O'Dell.
Of you.

Marnie doesn't answer. Her silence speaking volumes.

MARNIE

That's absurd. Maybe he took a
picture, or saw me some where --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

When you're a defense lawyer you get sensitive to people's reactions. You know when they're lying.

She studies Marnie. Is this gal for real? Calculated?

ABIGAIL

You did know him. It's too much of a coincidence the man who forced his way into your house was the one you chose to do the painting.

Marnie's heart SLAMS in her chest. The jig is up.

ABIGAIL

I'm you're lawyer, If we can't start from a primitive concept of honesty, then this isn't going to work. When did you first meet him?

MARNIE

My art studio. He was one of my students. He was different from the other's in the class. Arty had talent... a real passion for art. I saw his potential so I started having him show up after class to hone his skills.

Marnie rises, moves to the huge window, stares out.

MARNIE

You know what an art lover Max is. Our anniversary was coming up and I wanted to do something special. And that's when I broached the subject of Arty doing a nude of him. I didn't see any harm in it. After a few sittings, Arty expressed his feelings towards me so I ended it. Then he started stalking me. I hadn't seen him again until that night.

ABIGAIL

Why didn't you tell me?

MARNIE

Uh... I had just killed the man. I... I panicked... so I lied. Then I was trapped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

Look, it's a simple case of you just knowing him. There's nothing incriminating in your story. He tried to rape you and you killed him in self-defense. First we tell Max, then go to Dwyer and correct this.

MARNIE

Not yet. It's best if I talk to Max alone. Then we'll go.

ABIGAIL

The sooner, the better.

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

The whirlwind that is Marnie rushes in, a scarf, sunglasses, incognito. Sinclair puts up the closed for business sign.

SINCLAIR

Mrs. Dankworth. I'm glad to see someone has come to their senses.

MARNIE

Mr. Deboise. You still have it?

SINCLAIR

Of course.

MARNIE

My lawyer mentioned fifty-thousand.

SINCLAIR

One hundred thousand.

MARNIE

No!

SINCLAIR

Yes. Seeing just how valuable the piece is.

MARNIE

How much time do I have?

SINCLAIR

You might not have any. Another party is interested. Ms. Lynx.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie looks at Sinclair for a long moment, realizing what this all means.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Abigail leans against the window of a black BMW, talking to the driver.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

RAY WEISS, 40s, a grim black man, a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, in an expensive suit is leafing through a note pad.

RAY

Yara Lynx, and Sinclair Deboise,
got it.

ABIGAIL

You still have friends in the
police department?

RAY

Burned all those bridges. Do have
one in the DA's office.

ABIGAIL

Ray. Absolute discretion.

INT. BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abigail paces on her cell.

MARNIE (O.S.)

You want something to drink?

Marnie, barefoot, saunters in in a ridiculously short slouchy grey frock; its high neckline, long sleeves, barely covering her long tan legs.

It looks super-casual until Marnie moves towards the bar, a back so deep plunging, a peek of her bum cleavage.

Abigail stares, doing a terrible job of hiding her lust. Marnie sense it - handles an ice-pick. Breaks blocks of ice.

MARNIE

I tried to reach you out your
office but you had already gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

I have morning arraignments --
three clients with whom I've spent
a grand total of thirty minutes
with. What's wrong?

MARNIE

Deboise raised the price.

ABIGAIL

What? When did you find this this?

MARNIE

This afternoon. I went to see him.

After a moment... Marnie hands Abigail her drink.

ABIGAIL

What the fuck were you doing,
Marnie? Do you realize if the
police found out you were trying
to suppress evidence --

MARNIE

I had to take the chance.

ABIGAIL

It makes you look guilty. Or maybe
you are guilty.

MARNIE

I swear it happened like I said!

ABIGAIL

This isn't a plea bargain. You
can't see him again. Or Ms. Lynx.
The worse that can happen is you
lose Max but if you try another
stunt like this could mean your
life.

MARNIE

Stop. Max must never see that
painting. Isn't that enough?

ABIGAIL

He didn't deserve this.

MARNIE

Don't you think I know that?

Marnie sips her drink, starting to realize how much power
she has over Abigail, and knows how to use it, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

Sinclair wont go to the police --
he wants money.

MARNIE

There's another interested party,
Yara Lynx.

A moment between the women, finding common ground.

They've fallen into one of those rabbit holes that happen
between people drawn to each other, sudden and unwitting.

The front door opening and closing.

MAX (O.S.)

I'm home.

MARNIE

We're in here.

They trade forced smiles before turning their attention
to Max.

Max kisses Marnie, gives Marnie an affectionate squeeze,
lots of love here. The three exchange a look before --

MAX

Everything okay?

MARNIE

Yes, darling.

ABIGAIL

Just discussing the case.

MAX

Should we be worried?

ABIGAIL

No.

And it sounded like a lie. Abigail polishes off her
second Martini. Max studies her.

ABIGAIL

I've only had two.

MAX

Two drinks my ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABIGAIL

Martinis are like breasts, one's
not enough. Two is just right, and
three is too many.

They share a laugh. After a moment, she realizes -- it's
gotten awfully quiet.

Abigail is getting off the couch, finding her sexy heels
and putting her papers in a briefcase.

ABIGAIL

It's almost ten. I, uh...better
get going.

INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An UPSCALE APARTMENT with an open floor plan and great
views over Seattle. Unexpected, but tasteful Japanese
Chinese infusions here and there.

The mantle is crammed with photos of Yara and Arty.

Yara is pacing, upset. She goes about lighting candles.
Sinclair looks on.

SINCLAIR

I had an interesting talk with
Mrs. Dankworth this afternoon.
Pretty sure she'll pay.

YARA

Yes, she will. May way.

SINCLAIR

(under his breath)
Yara, no...

YARA

Screw you. This is personal.

SINCLAIR

Going to the police. There's no
profit in that.

Yara holds his stare, not backing down.

SINCLAIR

Maybe you aren't aware, but
possession is nine-tenths of the
law. Your lover pawned the
painting to help with wedding
expenses.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

He's failed to make the payments.
In cases such as this, ownership
falls to the store owner. ME.

YARA

Then I will go to the police.

On second thought --

SINCLAIR

What a fool I was.

YARA

I understand he's a very jealous
man, possessive, given the right
circumstances anybody's capable of
anything, even murder.

She turns back to Sinclair, thoughtfully. After a beat...

SINCLAIR

You're right. What was I thinking?

YARA

The circumstances is right. It's
a win-win. You get what you want,
and I get my revenge.

SINCLAIR

I see our interests are aligned.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie in a silk robe&lingerie that makes you look twice,
moisturizes her legs ready for bed.

Max emerges from the shower, towelling down. A half-look
as they prepare for bed. He eases himself onto the bed
kissing her.

MARNIE

I'm tired now, honey.

MAX

You could at least try and be
civil about this.

MARNIE

My idea of being civil with you is
not biting and scratching. Matter
of fact you can regard anything
calmer than open hostility as a
bonus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Marnie, please, you don't have to play the grand dame with me. If you've already set your mind against this trip then what the hell is the use of it?

MARNIE

You take the trip. I'll take the Persian rug. It's called property, Max.

MAX

I'm trying to be serious about this reconciliation. I thought you were too.

MARNIE

Oh, I am serious about getting a tan. A tan divorcee is always more attractive. You think so too don't you, Max?

MAX

Why do you do that? Take everything I say and try and turn it against me. Punish me.

MAX

I'm trying to say I'm sorry and that I still love you in the only way I know how -- and you want let me get close to you anymore.

MARNIE

You're right about that.

Max. Sad. Turns to head back inside when --

MARNIE

Alright, tell me about the trip.

MAX

It's a new resort, very exclusive, We catch a charter out of Seattle and I thought maybe this Friday. We can fly down there and spend the weekend together...the sun and the sand and the sea and you and me...

MARNIE

Sand and sea. You. Me. Sound like a greeting card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Max looks disappointed. Marnie clocks it -

MARNIE

I'm sorry, I am, It sounds like a wonderful trip...

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY

A familiar, gray cityscape from Pike Place Market through the parks and into the hills of the Magnolia District.

INT. DISTRICT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The courthouse lobby is a madhouse. Abigail takes Emma's arm and guides her through the deluge, into the METAL DETECTOR reading "COUNSELOR ENTRY" --

ABIGAIL

How's the investigation coming?

EMMA

Is that why you come to see me?

ABIGAIL

No, well, not the only reason.

ELEVATORS -- The crowd is twenty deep.

ABIGAIL

Let's skip it.

Abigail escorts her to a doorway marked "DO NOT ENTER" and enters --

INT. COURTHOUSE/BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Abigail leads Emma down an empty hall, leaving the madness behind. Emma knows exactly where they are, a bit reluctant but follows.

They arrive at an ELEVATOR and punches the UP button. Emma notes the sign: "JUDICIAL USE ONLY."

EMMA

This is so not OK.

ABIGAIL

Not if a judge don't see us.

INT. ELEVATOR - PRIVATE - DAY

Abigail and Emma in a heated discussion.

EMMA

In the interest of full disclosure -- they've been questioning students who attended your clients art classes. None of them remember seeing O'Dell. But it doesn't mean he didn't attend one.

Beat... Abigail taking this in.

EMMA

They didn't find any direct communication between O'Dell and your client's phone records -- but they're under the assumption they used pre-paid cell phones.

ABIGAIL

It's a common deductive mistake. Drawing conclusions before you have all your information. You can't judge a book by it's cover --

EMMA

Of course I can. That's why they put the darn picture there -- according to Ms. Lynx he was being stalked by a woman. Harassing phone calls... a letter.

ABIGAIL

A letter?

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

No class. Marnie is painting an enormous expressionistic portrait of Arty when she hears some one enter.

She turns, surprised to see it's Yara.

MARNIE

What do you want?

YARA

Sorry I didn't call. I know how much I hate it when people drop by unannounced.

She examines Marnie's work in-progress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

It's a wonderful likeness of Arty.
You know, if you went to Forest
Lawn, you'd find the resemblance
quite amazing. You've captured
that tortured quality during the
last six months of his life.

Yara draws closer, not missing a beat.

YARA

Artists have their great periods.
Picasso had his blue -- now,
you'll have yours blind.

And just like a switch was flipped, from to zero to
pissed--

MARNIE

GET. THE. FUCK. OUT.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

A SWANK HI-RISE CONDO in Seattle, Abigail escorts Marnie
to the door. A DOORMAN immediately makes way for them.

DOORMAN

Evening Ms. Canterbury.

ABIGAIL

Hey Henry.

She hands the doorman a large bill.

DOORMAN

Thank you kindly...

INT. ABIGAIL'S CONDO - DAY

Marnie lays down her clutch, takes the tour, impressed.

MARNIE

So...this is your place.
(murmurs)

Wow.

ABIGAIL

I bought it from some Italian
gigolo. He had all the walls
covered in velvet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Nice update.

(then)

Oh my god. Gustav Klimt.

She's noticed a painting of two nude woman embracing above the fireplace.

MARNIE

You have a good eye.

Abigail smiles, stands next to her. They look at the painting together. Silent. Yet completely connected.

Abigail fixes drinks.

Marnie making herself busy by admiring the ARTWORK hanging from the walls: Old Masters and Pop Art, a Renoir rubbing elbows with a De Kooning... a melange that's as incoherent as it is impressive.

When Abigail reaches Marnie, she sees that Marnie's admiring a painting that hangs apart from the rest. This one's special.

It's one of VAN GOGH'S HAUNTING SELF-PORTRAITS.

Marnie indicates the brushstrokes on the canvas. It's clear she has a genuine appreciation of the work.

MARNIE

Those brushstrokes. Look at them.
Furious, desperate. In a mad rush
to pour himself onto the canvas. As
if he were running out of time.

ABIGAIL

He was. Shot himself within a
year.

As they head down the gallery-style hallway, Marnie eyes erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus.

ABIGAIL

That painting. It was in his day
bed, wasn't it?

Marnie's taken off guard by that. They lock eyes. A moment passes between them. Then, quiet, raw, a sudden confession--

MARNIE

Right after we made love.

FLASHBACK - INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Part living space, part artist's studio. There's finished and unfinished artwork everywhere. Drawings, Paintings, Wood and Metal sculptures.

All visually interesting. Arty wears drawstring pants. No shoes. No shirt. The guy is good.

A sweaty Marnie lies naked on the DAY BED, barely covered by a thin sheet; her freshly-fucked face notices a huge painting of herself on a wall.

She nearly chokes. A facial shot, smiling at someone.

MARNIE

I don't recall posing for that.

Arty tosses a rose on the adjacent pillow dented, by someone else's head, presumably his.

ARTY

You didn't. I painted them from memory. They were for me. I've never shown them publicly.

MARNIE

It's beautiful.

Arty moves his easel in front of the bed. He chooses a large blank canvas and places it on the easel. He collects up his paints...

ARTY

I want to paint you nude.

MARNIE

I'm sure you would. I'm no taking my clothes off.

ARTY

It's not like I haven't seen you naked.

MARNIE

Then paint me from memory, like you did before.

ARTY

I don't wanna paint a memory. I wanna capture what's happening right now. The raw vulnerability of a woman who knows her husband is cheating on her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTY (CONT'D)

*Waiting for sunrise to see if her
relationship will survive.*

As he begins to sketch Marnie, the birth of the painting.

RESUME SCENE

Marnie flops down in a chair, sips her drink.

MARNIE

We couldn't keep our hands off each other. We would go out to dinner and not even make it home from restaurants; we had to pull over to the side of the road. On a busy street! Sometimes four times a day when Max was out of town. Sex in public places. Sodomy. Viewing of pornography. Vibrators and other mechanical devices. Sex with him was like a nuclear explosion in a very tight space. He was one of the most incredible fucks I've ever had.

ABIGAIL

Why? Because of Max's affair.

MARNIE

(anger rising)
You're goddamn right.

ABIGAIL

Two wrongs don't make it right.

MARNIE

No, but it felt good.

ABIGAIL

So you murdered Arty?

MARNIE

No. Of course I didn't murder him.

ABIGAIL

Let me explain something, Marnie. I'm a defense attorney. That means I'm here to defend you.

MARNIE

Please. Don't patronize me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

No, I don't think you do. Because if you did, you'd be helping me, not lying to me.

A tense beat, then -

ABIGAIL

The fact that you two were intimate has thrown an entirely different complexion on this case. A good prosecutor would say you were intimate with O'Dell and lied about it. It could be you asked him to your house, if he came at your invitation then it could also be true it wasn't self-defense. And if you killed him for any other reason the charge just might be murder.

Marnie turns to Abigail, impassioned, almost pleading -

MARNIE

It's the truth! I don't know what else to say, Abigail. If you choose not to believe me I can't blame you.

Abigail holds her look, debating whether to trust her.

ABIGAIL

Take a lie detector test.

A beat. She's suddenly thrown.

MARNIE

Excuse me?

ABIGAIL

A polygraph.

MARNIE

I thought...aren't they inadmissible?

ABIGAIL

In court.

She measures Abigail, then:

MARNIE

For you? Take a polygraph for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABIGAIL

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

Abigail looks her square in the eye. What's it gonna be?
A beat, then Marnie nods, fine.

MARNIE

Set up your damn polygraph.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie's face. She's lying on her back in bed as Max
clumsily THRUSTS himself into her. She looks like she
can't wait for this to be over.

She turns away, trying to muster up the energy but can't.
A dreamy longing in Marnie's eyes...

*POP FLASH; Marnie, naked atop Arty, her hair obscuring
his face. She comes... hard.*

EXT. BEACH HOME - DAY

Max loads his suitcase into the trunk of his Mercedes.
Behind them, Marnie approaches.

MARNIE

Why don't you just fly, you won't
have to worry about traffic.

MAX

I want to drive. It's just
Portland. I hate to leave you
alone like this.

MARNIE

I'll be fine.

MAX

Last night was fun, right?

MARNIE

Definitely.

He kisses her. She kisses back.

INT. PAWN SHOP - BACKROOM - NIGHT

In a hazy room, under a bare hanging bulb, a painting is facedown on the desk, as Sinclair pulls out a sling blade, SNAPS it open, expertly cuts the canvass from its frame.

He carefully rolls the canvass and slides it into a tube.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Abigail stands back as BEN WILLIS conducts the polygraph test with Marnie in a simple but elegant-cut white dress.

INT. ABIGAIL'S STINGRAY - DAY

The sky is quite dark, a cozy sound of rain on the roof. The view through the windshield distorted by thick FOG and rain rivulets.

Abigail switches on the wipers -- just a single stroke back and forth -- clearing the view for a moment.

Marnie catches Abigail admiring her legs.

ABIGAIL

You could've have fooled the test?

MARNIE

It is so unlikely. I heard the only way you can beat that machine is with a stick.

ABIGAIL

One in a million but...some people are icy enough to fool the machine.

MARNIE

Do I fall into the catagory of a person who can do that?

ABIGAIL

Maybe. You seem pretty cool. Whether you're that pathological, it's anybody's guess.

Suddenly - Marnie realizes something... Abigail's taking a scenic route along the coastline. Marnie grins.

MARNIE

Don't be a hypocrite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

A hypocrite?! How am I--?!

MARNIE

You sanctimonious, self-righteous bitch -- you haven't exactly lead an exemplary life. You compromised your firm, you compromised that client -

ABIGAIL

So you dredged up some old rumors.

MARNIE

What is the miss appropriation of a clients trust fund? That's grand theft, isn't it. The passing of information to a juror.

ABIGAIL

Whatever you heard or think you know about me is just conjecture. If you went to the DA or the bar association --

MARNIE

-- They'd welcome me with open arms... you're not exactly popular in either circles... let's change the subject shall we. Don't want you to slap me.

Abigail pulls up in front of the house. The rain comes down harder.

MARNIE

You wanna come in for a nightcap?

ABIGAIL

No.

MARNIE

Perhaps would like to cross-examine me some more.

ABIGAIL

You remind me of my ex-husband. We were either fucking, or fighting, and neither was no longer worth the other.

Beat. Marnie smiles, then slips off her sexy shoes, taking them in one hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Well I'm pretty sure you didn't
take the scenic route to fight.

Marnie scampers barefoot through the piss-wet pavement --
Abigail stammers a bit, unsure of how to proceed.

But we STAY HERE, watch Abigail dash through the rain,
hurrying to pull off her heels... heads after Marnie.

INT. BEACH HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Marnie stands there, as if waiting. Her white dress,
soaking wet, you can pretty much see everything. She's
completely naked underneath it.

Abigail and Marnie GROPE each other hungrily. They kiss.
Touch. Lost in each other. The SOUND of the rain drifts
from outside.

ABIGAIL

Look. It's not appropriate. You
know it and I know it.

MARNIE

I know. I know.

Marnie throws her arms around Abigail. Overjoyed.
Suddenly, they're pulling off each other's wet clothes.
Clearly mad for each other.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lit by a bedside lamp.

She bites her lip in the throes of intense pleasure as
her naked body arches, Abigail's face buried deep between
her legs -- which drives Abigail crazy -- all her decorum
and steadiness from before, completely gone.

She's like a rabid dog with Marnie.

MARNIE

Oh, yeah -- that's it...

Marnie pulls back Abigail's head and licks Abigail's face
of her, kisses Abigail as she moves on top of Marnie...

Abigail and Marnie going at it, grabbing-the-sheets-
sweaty-and-gasping-for-air-when-your-done-lesbian sex.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A post-coital Abigail lays in bed wide awake, Marnie draped over her, sound asleep. She looks destroyed.

A long beat as Abigail wrestles with something. Then--

She slowly lifts Marnie's arm, slips out from under her. She stands, pauses to watch Marnie sleep.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A nude Abigail is at the sink, drying her face. She eyes herself in the mirror, weighed down by guilt and anger.

Marnie wanders in, also naked, grabs her from behind. They watch each other's reflection in the mirror.

ABIGAIL

This cannot go on. You understand me? You have a husband. I am not going to be that type of person. I cannot do this.

MARNIE

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

They stand there a moment, finally, Marnie steps away.

MARNIE

It's a one-off. Let's forget it.

Abigail impulsively pulls Marnie into a deep sensual kiss. She lifts Marnie up. Marnie wraps her legs around Abigail's waist as they move to the bed.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

It's the perfect time of day here -- almost dusk.

...landing on a blanket on the beach, our amorous couple wet from the sea, sexy bikinis. They roll around, kissing passionately, their own little *From Here to Eternity* scene.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

A tiny DINGHY, tucked in among the larger boats. "TITANIC" painted on its stern. Marnie stares at it,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Well when you told me you had a yacht -- I wasn't expecting the Queen Mary, but this.

Abigail helps marnie into the little dinghy. Abigail REVS its little outboard motor, unties from the dock -

EXT. PUGET SOUND - DAY

Artemesia motors Marnie in the 'Titanic', across the water to a boat yard, close to downtown. It caters to tugs and work boats, but a few sailboats and motor yachts share the dock space.

INT. BOAT YARD - DAY

Abigail pulls up behind a luxury sailing yacht, a speedboat on the water. She helps Marnie up from her little dinghy onto the dock.

They walk over towards --

EXT. SAILING YACHT - DAY

A wide shot of the cabin cruiser. We see its name: The Ada Elizabeth. They climb aboard, Marnie is impressed.

INT. SAILING YACHT - DAY

The small BOAT CABIN, looks like a nice mobile mini vacation home, packed with a lifetime of belongings -- from a fascinating life.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Artemesia's sailing yacht, a speedboat on the water, bobs gently on the waves as it glides toward a gorgeous sunset.

Abigail lies stretched out in a lounge chair, steering her craft. Marnie in a bikini and sarong, emerges from the cabin holding a tropical drink in each hand.

The drinks are topped with lime slices and paper umbrellas. She hands one to Abigail and lies with her on the lounge chair, snuggling close.

EXT. PUGET SOUND - DAY

A ferry heading across the water.

EXT. FERRY - THE TOP DECK - DAY

They're isn't many commuters. A few KIDS throw bread off the side, provoking a huge swooping flurry of GULLS.

Abigail and Marnie impeccably attired, overcoats, stand rather cozily together, watch the receding waterfront in downtown Seattle intently.

Abigail and Marnie impeccably attired. They're awfully close, definitely looks like an affair. Both exchange frustrating looks.

MARNIE

No way Max can't afford it. Why he's got all his capital tied up in that resort. It's a dream project. I won't kill it. I've hurt him enough.

ABIGAIL

I don't mean to pressure you. I just think that's even more of a reason we should tell Max. Sure, he'll be upset, but he'd forgive you. He loves you that much. Then we go to the police and correct the record. Admit that you knew him, the affair, and expose their blackmail.

Marnie doesn't hide her displeasure.

ABIGAIL

You might be charged with obstruction. Have to spend a night in jail. I'll arrange for bail and work out a sweet plea deal while Yara and Sinclair rot in prison.

MARNIE

Well... what do you consider a sweet deal?

ABIGAIL

No jail time, a hefty fine, and probation. What they don't have is a smoking gun. Am I going too fast for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

So they think I invited him over?

ABIGAIL

Why do you think they haven't arrested? And say by some off chance they decide to go to trial, any reasonable jury would come to no other conclusion but self defense without proof that you invited O'Dell to the house that--

Abigail stops abruptly.

ABIGAIL

Unless there's something else you're not telling me that could come back and bite us in the ass.

MARNIE

No.

ABIGAIL

Then as your lawyer right now I'm merely asking you to consider it.

MARNIE

What about us?

ABIGAIL

This was a mistake. My mistake.

MARNIE

All this talk about truth -- should we tell him about us too, huh? His most loyal and trusted friend has betrayed him. Think of what that would do to Max.

ABIGAIL

(snaps)

Oh please give me a little credit.

MARNIE

You're right, that was shitty of me.

Abigail considers Marnie, then finally shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

I have concerns. I voiced them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Your competence is not the issue.
It's a question of objectivity.

ABIGAIL

You're a real piece of work, you
know that?

MARNIE

Because that's the way it works,
Abigail. You're the attorney, I'm
the client. I make the calls. And
if I'm wrong, it'll be me to face
the music.

(sincere)

I appreciate your trusting me, I
mean it.

EXT. BRAINBRIDGE ISLAND - DAY

FLY OVER a small Hamlet, wineries, hiking trails, scenic
vistas, ships come and go, with great views of Seattle.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

A charming, cozy, waterfront cottage; a nice, romantic
getaway. Abigail's Stingray is parked out front.

INT. ABIGAIL'S COTTAGE - DAY

A SLEDGEHAMMER. Presently being carried down the hall by
Abigail, who marches toward her bedroom, resolute.

Marnie follows. She's carrying a duffel bag. They enter --

INT. ABIGAIL'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Abigail goes to the closet, immediately starts pulling
designer clothes racks and dumping them onto the floor.

She lifts the sledgehammer and winds up -- SMASHING the
back wall of the closet. Once, twice. She drops to her
knees, starts ripping back the plasterboard.

Inside the wall, stacked between the studs -- BUNDLES OF
SHRINK-WRAPPED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

MARNIE

Jesus! You rob banks too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abigail yanks out a briefcase and starts throwing some money inside. That pisses her off. She's reminiscing...

ABIGAIL

At one time I was a respectable lawyer. I've always looked at myself as an honest woman, you're asking me to do something that's no better than bribing a juror. A lawyer has a duty to his or her profession, to himself or herself. And I've abused everyone of them with you. But most things I do are unethical.

Abigail stands up, heatedly.

ABIGAIL

You can be flippant about your crimes but don't be flippant about mine.

Seeing that reaction causes a flicker of regret to cross Marnie's face. She throws her arms around Abigail's neck, mouths "sorry."

ABIGAIL

I'd like to say, maybe its my own sense of guilt, but I have an unpleasant feeling I'm going to be made to pay the piper for what I'm doing.

MARNIE

What you're doing is a crime -- isn't it?

ABIGAIL

Yes. I could go to jail. Be disbarred. I'm jeopardizing my career and I have to rely on your discretion.

Abigail impulsively grabs Marnie by the waist, almost desperate. And just like that, they're making out. Just as they start to really get into it --

ABIGAIL

But the truth is I'm morally bankrupt. I have been for some time.

INT. A DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Dark, seedy, with shadowy alcoves allowing for total intimacy. All deals are done here. The clientele is mainly shady characters but some Arab.

A few topless dancing girls. Soft music.

In a dark corner booth, Sinclair, in a brooding mood, drinks as he sits across from Abigail and Marnie, still flushed from their dance.

SINCLAIR

My motives are simple. However, Yara's are more deadly. At the moment, the nude is in my hands, but if she ever gets ahold of it.

ABIGAIL

Are you purposely trying to make this unpleasant?

SINCLAIR

The thing about art is that it's very temporal. What's in demand today is out of fashion tomorrow.

ABIGAIL

But it's not tomorrow. It's today.

SINCLAIR

Affection manifests itself in so many ways. With me, at times, I can be overly familiar. Flippant, even. And if I was the other day it wasn't my mood. It was just casual regard. My point: I consider you a friend, Ms. Scherzinger, which is why I can't bring myself to sell you the piece.

Abigail grabs a briefcase, entering the combination. Opens It -- inside are STACKS OF CASH. Crisps \$100 BILLS.

ABIGAIL

Two hundred thousand. And I'm not paying a dollar more.

A beat, she slams it shut.

SINCLAIR

The opposite. What you're offering is far too much.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

The lack of interest from any other buyer tells me O'Dell's work lacks true fascination in the market.

ABIGAIL

I'm happy to buy it for less.

SINCLAIR

And I would gladly sell it for less, but O'Dell's fiancé sets the sale price. Not me. Yara won't lower the price. She still believes her shit tastes like strawberry wine. She will learn. I take no pleasure in that, but she will learn. When she does, you may have it at a fraction of what she is currently asking.

MARNIE

What does she want.

SINCLAIR

Don't you know?

Abigail and Marnie just sort of nod - neither doesn't appear very happy.

SINCLAIR

Don't look so disappointed. If you wish to spend, spend. Have you considered a Soulouque?

INT. STINGRAY - NIGHT

Abigail and Marnie drink in the majestic view, the mountain shearing down to the Pacific Ocean below, Seattle glimmering in the distance like Oz..

MARNIE

What the hell was that about with Sinclair?

ABIGAIL

Hard to say. A message. Maybe.

Abigail takes out a prescription bottle full of marijuana cigarettes. She lights one. Takes a deep drag.

Marnie plucks it from Abigail's fingers and takes a hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Which is?

ABIGAIL

Think about it, he wants to sell, she doesn't. Ms. Lynx. She's an albatross around his neck. One he has to get rid off.

(beat)

Maybe. That's the message. I'm just guessing.

ABIGAIL

Sinclair's asking for time. And Max is out of town. We can give it to him.

INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yara in an elegant Chinese dress, perusing a wall lined with erotic art and Asian trinkets. She comes across a small Chinese chest. Opens it.

She handles a bundle of old letters tied with a lavender string, signed in a girlish bubble script: "Love you, Arty".

In one of the letters, Yara eyes a picture...

It is Marnie in lacy lingerie -- and there's another, more explicit shot. Yara returns the photo to the letter.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Abigail and Marnie stumble up the walkway. Marnie digs through her clutch as Abigail does an urgent pee-pee dance.

ABIGAIL

Hurry up, I gotta pee.

MARNIE

Hang on, they're here somewhere...

Impatient, Abigail lifts up a PLANTER BOX on the side of their front door, producing a HIDE-A-KEY.

MARNIE

That's for emergencies.

ABIGAIL

This qualifies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abigail dashes inside. Marnie follows her as we PULL BACK FROM THEM -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

To a car, parked on the opposite side of the street. Engine off, lights off - PUSH closer... someone's inside.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Yara watches Marnie disappear behind the door. Her eyes drift to that planter box hiding spot. A dark, sinister smile forms on her lips. Off this -

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lit by a bedside lamp. A sweaty post-sex Marnie lies naked atop Abigail, tracing her finger along Abigail's flushed face, the razor intelligence in Abigail's eyes dulled.

Abigail kisses Marnie's hand, eyes her wedding ring sparkling. It isn't lost on Marnie either.

A long agonizing beat. Marnie slips off her rings and lays them on a bedside table.

ABIGAIL

I didn't say a thing.

MARNIE

Your face did. Don't play a lot of poker, do you?

Abigail is a puddle of lust and conflicted emotions.

MARNIE

I didn't have you brought here at gunpoint, Ms. Abigail Canterbury.

ABIGAIL

I know.

MARNIE

In fact, I told you not to come. So why the hell did you do it? And don't tell me it's 'cause you're in love with me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

You certainly have a high opinion
of yourself --

MARNIE

No, just of my ability to see the
incredibly obvious.

She wrestles Marnie underneath her. They begin to kiss--a deep, tender kiss. She wraps her arms around Artemesia's neck as the kiss deepens.

ABIGAIL

First thing they teach you in law
school is never ever fall in love
with a client.

MARNIE

They don't teach you that.

ABIGAIL

Well they should.

Marnie kisses her. After a moment Abigail breaks the kiss, smiling too much-- she's even more conflicted now, torn by what she's done.

INT. ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY

A sleek, mid-level firm. Lots of glass and steel, open floor plan, a panoramic view of downtown Los Angeles.

Max pops out of the elevator. EMPLOYEES scramble to look busy and inconspicuous. Max is on the phone, concerned...

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Max's work space is a large drafting board full of drawing tools. A swing-arm architect lamp hovers over blueprints.

Max lifts a single framed PICTURE. Of his wife, Marnie.

INT. BAR - DAY

A drinker's bar. People don't come here to see or be seen. Max sits in a secluded booth in back. Abigail joins him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

You look pretty down. Want some company?

Max shrugs. He's so depressed he almost doesn't notice how incredibly hot Abigail looks. Almost.

She cuts to the chase, knows what's really bugging him.

Max finishes his whiskey. Nods to a WAITER for another.

ABIGAIL

I believe her.

MAX

I appreciate that, but sometimes my job... I get a little too far away.

ABIGAIL

Isn't that the story of every marriage? Just takes a little extra work to find a way back.

MAX

You talking hypothetically or from experience?

ABIGAIL

All of us drift a little further than we want to. I was married once. A disaster of space shuttle Challenger proportions.

MAX

I made one mistake. ONE. How much do I have to pay for it before my wife will decide I've suffered enough? I mean, God, have you never done anything you regret?

This hits Abigail right where it hurts. She doesn't answer.

ABIGAIL

Of course.

Abigail, feeling worse than ever.

MAX

Some shady pawn shop owner, Deboise contacted me.

Her jaw tightens, back stiffens: clearly news to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL
What did he want?

MAX
To sell me a painting.

ABIGAIL
Have you seen it?

Max shakes his head, no.

ABIGAIL
Max listen to me. He was best
friends with Mr. O'Dell. The man
who tried to kill your wife. He's
dangerous. Probably wants revenge.
If he contacts you again, ignore
him.

Max can't stand it, he's dying to know -

INT. OYSTER PLACE - DAY

A crowded Fisherman's Warf-side seafood joint.

Abigail pushes through the throng to find Marnie nursing
a Martini at a booth among the hurly burly of the
lunchtime business set.

ABIGAIL
Sorry I'm late.

MARNIE
I ordered you a martini.

Marnie slides the drink towards Abigail, who smiles in
appreciation.

MARNIE
Have you heard anything yet?

ABIGAIL
Patients. Oh, um... don't panic.
Deboise approached Max.

Marnie's smile falters, visibly shaken by that.

MARNIE
Have Max seen it?

ABIGAIL
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

The thing I can't get past is...
What is Sinclair up to.

ABIGAIL

I use to be one, a prosecutor,
going after bad guys -- drug
dealers, paid assassins, elected
officials, CEOs -- you broke the
law I was coming after you --
Prosecutors like things black and
white. You took the money, you
sold the drugs, you shot the man.
Defense attorney's wants to take
all the black and white stuff and
make it gray. I hate it. But I
love the black and white. I love
its clarity.

Marnie merely nods, lets a moment of silence linger. They
sip drinks, Marnie nods towards Abigail's Martini.

MARNIE

Dry enough?

ABIGAIL

The problem is...is it wet enough.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

It's drizzling, windy. A sleek Mercedes glides down a
mostly deserted waterfront street, pulls beside an
abandoned warehouse.

Max stands by his car. Pacing a little. Wound tight.
After a beat, Sinclair walks up behind him.

MAX

You said it was urgent.

SINCLAIR

I've got a friend who has
something that you would pay
handsomely for.

MAX

Who is this friend of yours?

SINCLAIR

Let's just say, an old school chum
we were expelled together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

What is it that you think I'd want to pay for?

SINCLAIR

A painting, Mr. Dankworth.

MAX

Let's have a look at it.

SINCLAIR

Ah, now, you almost had me, but I don't just happen to have it with me at the moment. And I suppose you don't have the fifty G either.

Max twists upward on Sinclair's arm, and Sinclair winces. But he still won't talk. A beat, Max let's go.

MAX

When will you have the painting?

SINCLAIR

When will you have the cash.

MAX

It might take sometime.

SINCLAIR

With your connections. Anyway, I'm afraid time is the one thing my friend can't afford.

INT. SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He turns the dead bolt, sighs. He picks up his mail, moves to the kitchen area. Sinclair sets the plant down. Smiles at it. Starts going through his mail. Junk, junk, junk...

A SHADOW in the DEEP BACKGROUND breaks from a corner. It's A WOMAN in a HOODED SWEATSHIRT. She moves like a whisper, coming up fast behind him. *And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- GRABS a cord -- wraps it around Sinclair's' neck from behind.*

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

INT. SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crime scene tape. The place has been ransacked. Overturned furniture. Broken paintings. CSI's dust for prints and take photos.

Emma ducks under the crime scene tape, approaches Dwyer and Smith, as the M.E. covers the body with a sheet.

DET. DWYER

Mr. Deboise. No witnesses. M.E. estimates the time of death between midnight and 3AM.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Cause of death was asphyxiation from strangulation. The hyoid bone was broken. Who ever did this held on a while...

DET. SMITH

We got his wallet. Three hundred dollars, full set of credit cards. He wasn't robbed.

EMMA

Who found the body?

DET. DWYER

A neighbor. The door was left open.

Emma looks on trouble.

EMMA

You think they found what they come for?

DET. DWYER

It's anyone's guess.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Marnie puts the finishing touches on a clay bust's head; Abigail studies the head; it's one of Abigail. Even she's impressed.

Abigail pulls Marnie's hands over her shoulder, pulls Marnie in and kisses her.

ABIGAIL

Sinclair's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

What?

ABIGAIL

Yes, happened last night.

MARNIE

And the painting?

ABIGAIL

No, they haven't got it.

MARNIE

Christ sake, Abigail. She has it.

ABIGAIL

Hang on, Marnie, no need to get
all bent out of shape - we don't
know that yet.

As Marnie reaches over and squeezes the clay with her
fingers, destroying her work.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A mix of unusually good art, contemporary paintings by
obscure artists hang between Van Goh's and Monte's.
They're aren't many customers.

A blonde in black mourning (her own sexy version) comes
through the door, nods to the GALLERY STAFF, and begins
to browse. It takes us a moment to realize this is Yara.
Woman's a chameleon.

A beat later Max comes in, as casually as he can, looks
around. Yara moves up to him.

YARA

No warm and fuzzy welcome?

MAX

Not sure I'll be very good
company.

YARA

I don't mind.

She smiles at him, encouragingly.

YARA

I didn't come to bury the hatchet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

It's strange that a man can live with a woman for ten years and not know the first thing about her. It's rather - frightening.

A slight feeling of dread creeps up on Max...

YARA

I hear you're an art lover. Art was too. Tell me, have you ever seen any of his works?

(off his look)

I'll admit most of it is B-grade junk, not worth protecting, but there's this one piece. I think you'll find it interesting.

MAX

I have no interest in buying any of his crap.

YARA

Crap? Mr. Dankworth, really? I know you'd make such a lovely buyer. I understand your aesthetic sensibilities are impeccable.

YARA

Perhaps you care to see the piece.

MAX

I don't think that's such a--

YARA

I don't think we can afford not to.

INT. A HOT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A dark, sexy nightclub. Sex in the air.

Swept up in a sea of sweaty, gyrating bodies, Abigail and Marnie. Abigail in a sexy club skirt and top. Marnie, a micro mini with an open back. To die for.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie spins, her back to Abigail, stretches an arm around Abigail's neck, who nuzzles her ear, slides her hands inside Marnie's mini and between her thighs.

MARNIE

Fuck me. Make me come.

Abigail finger-bangs Marnie, who moans, their eyes straying everywhere, but it's dark, and everyone's too lost in the moment to notice or care.

Marnie's arousal escalates, she convulses from her orgasm, squirting - copious amounts of fluid cascading down her legs.

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

ABIGAIL

Have you always been like --

MARNIE

-- only with the right person.

A bell ringer. They kiss like they've never had before.

INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Yara offers Max a tumbler of whiskey.

MAX

No thanks.

Max takes a seat on the couch. Awkward pause.

She pours a shot of bourbon, pushing it in front of Jean.

MAX

This isn't --

YARA

It's better. Trust me.

YARA

Better enjoy this while I can.

MAX

What do you mean?

YARA

I've been dreaming about this moment for so long, I never thought it would actually happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

I want you to know, I take no
pleasure in what I'm about to do.

Yara unscrews the tube, slides out the canvass, then unfurls it to reveal the painting. A beat, his hands shaking.

This hits Max with nuclear impact. His world spins...

YARA

Did you bring check?

Max reaches into his coat pocket and tosses a check at her. Grabs the painting and storms out. Yara can barely contain her smile.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Dwyer drives. Smith rides shotgun, eyes a residential street.

They turn the corner. Through the windshield, see Max exiting Yara's apartment complex. Smith and Dwyer spot him.

DET. SMITH

That's him. Turn around.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Max is charging down the street. Lost of people everywhere. His face is a mask of tangled thoughts. He's carrying the tube.

His brain desperately trying to wrap itself around everything he's seen and heard tonight.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Dark, grungy, filthy, trash strewn, swirling in the wind.

Our lovebirds stumble from the club, holding onto each other. Abigail pulls Marnie into a dark corner. Marnie and Abigail kiss. It's heated, intense.

Abigail's PHONE RINGS... And she stops, frozen. As it rings again.

Finally-- Abigail holds a finger up, one sec -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

(annoyed)

I told you, no work calls--

She listens, her expression moves from anger to concern. She hangs up and lingers on that call for an extended beat. Finally:

ABIGAIL

I just got off the phone with my investigator. Max is with Ms. Lynx.

A silent beat of understanding, followed by:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Abigail's Stingray crests a hill. Seattle looms below them. The smog hangs low, an orange-blue haze in the air.

INT. ABIGAIL'S STINGRAY - NIGHT

Abigail shifts gears, accelerates. She looks at Marnie. *What the fuck?* Her head is spinning. She tries to focus:

ABIGAIL

When I was twelve, I went to a supermarket with my mother. We didn't have much money, couldn't really afford any non-essentials. I knew this, and I suppose that's how I justified shoplifting the latest copy of Wonder woman. On the car ride home, my mom discovered what I'd done. She had a moral compass. She knew the right thing to do was return the merchandise.

She allows herself to get lost in the memory for a sec.

ABIGAIL

When we arrived back at the store, she sent me in. She thought it was important that I face the music on my own. I learned a valuable lesson that day.

Marnie looks at her, nods in quiet agreement. A beat.

MARNIE

You think that's gonna fix things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

No, but it's a start on fixing your marriage.

MARNIE

That ship has sailed.

Abigail looks at her, now. Really looks at Marnie:

MARNIE

You know that spark you felt when you first met that someone - the one two people feel when they spot each other across a room -it's what everyone's out there looking for, hoping for. Even if only for a night. Well, when the spark is gone, you're in trouble.

ABIGAIL

So. Lots of people go through that. It doesn't end every marriage.

MARNIE

Some people, they learn to pretend they don't miss it. Or that they don't crave it every day. Maybe they wait around long enough to stumble across it again, years later. But in some marriages... well, maybe somebody's not patient. Maybe they find it somewhere else.

Marnie weighs going on, then--slowly, softly:

MARNIE

The truth is, he probably did us both a favor. We were never going to be happy again. And once it's over... it's over.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max sits in his dark office, alone, listening to Marnie's phone ring and ring. He's about to hang up when he hears Marnie pickup.

She's too numbed and lost to speak, but he can hear her breathing. After a beat --

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max's sweeping photos of him with Marnie from the mantle -
- sending the artifacts of a life together crashing to
the floor.

He's stunned. Helpless. He paces the floor as if seeking
escape - an outlet - but there is none -

- until he explodes with rage - kicks the door - shatters
the panels - punches the door - once, twice - and again -
and again finally RIPS IT FROM ITS HINGES and - stops.

Seeing Abigail and Marnie. Looking at him. Not with
anger, not even fear - but a sadness that is unendurable.

Marnie's attention is drawn to the painting of Marnie up
against the fireplace.

MAX

You knew all along.

If anything, it pains her to see him this desperate.
Still --

ABIGAIL

Max, you know I couldn't --
Attorney client privilege --
The same curtsy I extend to all my
clients, including you. Things you
still don't want her to know.

A strange beat. Marnie fills the silence --

MARNIE

Don't blame Abigail. She wanted me
to tell you. I thought not telling
you was best.

MAX

And this was better.

MARNIE

You have no room to talk. Susan?

Max knows she's right but he needs to fight it a little
longer.

MAX

My relationship with Ms. Lambroso
was a lapse in judgement.

Marnie gestures towards the painting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

And so was that.

MAX

What's the matter with you?
You know how I feel about you.

MARNIE

Do I?

MAX

Unless you're a fool. Everything
I'm doing is for you. Us.

MARNIE

I don't want to be married to you
anymore.

Marnie clocks Abigail's shell-shocked expression.

MAX

Excuse me?

MARNIE

I've tried so hard, so
desperately, hard to believe I do.
But I don't.

ABIGAIL

I know you're angry, but this
isn't a decision you want to make
in a moment of passion.

MAX

How long have you felt like this?

MARNIE

For sometime I've been keeping an
emotional diary. Everybody should
do it, they can be quite
revealing.

Marnie slides open a desk drawer, pulls out her personal
diary, unlocks it with a key, hands it to him.

Max flips through the pages rather quickly...

MAX

There's nothing in here.

MARNIE

That's right, I've lead an
emotionally blank life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I didn't laugh, I didn't cry, I
didn't feel until I met Arty.

MAX

Did you love him?

Marnie hesitates for a long beat.

MARNIE

No, but he made me laugh, he made
me cry. I'm not your life, Max...

(then)

I'm sorry, it pains me to tell you
as much as it hurts for you to
hear it. Oh, I'm not blaming you,
Max. I just want you took look at
it from my perspective.

As they head out...

MAX

Hey, where you headed?

MARNIE

She's turning herself in.

A sudden BANG! At the door. It startles them. Marnie does
to answer... Abigail turns to Max.

MAX

Leaving me! That bitch is doing
this to screw. Do I have anything
to worry about?

ABIGAIL

First. Your prenup is iron clad. I
know this because I wrote it.
Which means the only thing a
divorce can do is bruise your ego.
Second. I realize you're under a
lot of stress, but if you call
your wife a bitch in front of me
again, you'll have to find another
lawyer. And we both know there is
no one out there as good as me.
Now. Go one about your business
and let me handle this.

Dwyer and Smith and Emma barge in. Marnie brings up the
rears.

DET. SMITH

Counselor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABIGAIL

Detectives. We were just coming to see you.

DET. SMITH

Uh huh.

The boys in blue zero in on the painting.

ABIGAIL

Oh, you might want to pick up Ms. Lynx for extortion.

DET. DWYER

We have.

EMMA

No need for your client to feel left out, she's coming too.

INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Once again, Marnie's in the hot seat, cool and clam. Dwyer and Ruby and Emma are here.

ABIGAIL

My client will speak to you as a courtesy. Or not. Depending on what it is you want to talk about.

DET. DWYER

Arty O'Dell, Mrs. Dankworth Are you feeling courteous about that?

MARNIE

Yes, I did know him. He was a student of mine. We had an affair.

EMMA

Were you telling the truth then -- or now?

MARNIE

It's the truth!

EMMA

Is there anything else?

DET, RUBY

Mrs. Dankworth, did you ever hear of a woman named Susan Lambroso?

Abigail shoots them a look -- but Marnie doesn't blink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

My husband's...girlfriend?

DET. DWYER

You knew?

MARNIE

Yes, he told me. But that was over. Max and I had problems. We were getting beyond them.

EMMA

An affair...that's a pretty big problem.

ABIGAIL

Unless you're planning on charging my client -- we're done here.

EMMA

Yes, I am.

ABIGAIL

Your case is weak.

EMMA

I've convicted people on less circumstantial evidence.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICES - DAY

Emma enters amidst a flurry of office activity as Det. Abigail appears at her side; as they enter her office.

ABIGAIL

Hey, Ms. Camerota.

EMMA

Ms. Canterbury, a wonderful afternoon, huh?

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE - DAY

A well appointed office, carved wood walls, leather chairs, large desk in front of a large window, books shelves of law books.

She tosses her briefcase in her desk chair. As she quickly scans the report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Autopsy confirms a single, self inflicted gunshot wound. Labs on our suicide. Like I thought, gunshot residue on the victim's hand.

Abigail thumbs through the report, not satisfied.

EMMA

The nine-millimeter Walther P38 is... was registered to Max. Case closed.

ABIGAIL

Are we okay?

Emma is too smart and too capable to let this b.s. make her fall apart - but it does hit a nerve that she rises above.

EMMA

Are you seriously asking if it's okay if we slept together? In what regard? Am I okay professionally? Personally? Am I okay with it never happening again? With it happening every day? With it meaning nothing? With it meaning you're still in love with me? Exactly what are you asking?

ABIGAIL

(covering)
...Professionally. Do we need to report--

EMMA

The judge is aware of our pre-existing relationship; we're fine

EMMA

Know this. You're client's days are numbered.

ABIGAIL

If you hold anything back from me I'll bust you wide open. I mean it, it's unprofessional conduct to the prosecutor to fail to disclose to the defense. The Brady Doctrine. You know it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

The prosecution shall disclose all exculpatory evidence whether the defense request it, or not.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - DAY

One of the nicest hotels in Los Angeles. Max sits at one of those little tables in the bar. Abigail comes over carrying two drinks.

ABIGAIL

Max, not everything has a motive. Sometimes things just - happen.

MAX

I just - I thought - y'know - that she might want to come home and be married to me.

ABIGAIL

That might not be possible. Give her some time. Then call her, Max.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dark. Just sparkling skyscraper lights outside. There's paperwork on the desk: legal documents, depositions. Copies of statements of police witnesses, forensics reports, etc...

Marnie saunters in, heels off. Lying on the couch is Abigail, looking over some legal papers.

She scoops up glasses and a brandy bottle. She pours - hands Abigail one. Marnie sits on the couch, removes her sexy shoes.

Abigail unzips the back of Marnie's dress, exposing her sexy back. Marnie lifts a WEDDING PHOTO of Abigail and her ex-husband and their daughter.

MARNIE

He stepped out on you?

ABIGAIL

No, it was the other way around.

The last thing Marnie expected to hear.

ABIGAIL

I was a first year associate at the time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Our biggest client was planning on suing us for defamation, malicious prosecution -- thanks to Reeder. Pull his business. It would have destroyed their little firm. So I set up a three martini lunch to smooth things over.

FLASHBACK - INT. RITZY HOTEL ROOM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Abigail, 35, in a sexy dress, share cocktails with HELIO STAGLIANO, 50's, Italian-American, bloated but still relishes his potency.

ABIGAIL

It's satisfying to know we can count on your support. Kaplan & Reeder will continue to provide the service which you've--

HELIO

--Abigail, look, I'm a reasonable man. I've got no complaints. Your firm always do good work. I won't pull my business.

ABIGAIL

I don't know how to thank you.

HELIO

You know me, Abigail. As long as I'm kept happy... Reeder and Kaplan has nothing to worry about.

Abigail nods slightly, she knows what this means.

RESUME SCENE

Abigail is spooning Marnie from behind on the couch, Her hands explore inside Marnie's dress, gently caressing. For Marnie, her touch is an aphrodisiac.

As she continues to pleasure Marnie:

ABIGAIL

He didn't pull his business and the firm grew into what it is today. How do you think I became managing partner. It's my job to make everything run smoothly. I'm the top biller.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

I sold my soul to the Devil. Hence
the name; "*Princess of Darkness.*"

MARNIE

Was it worth it?

Abigail drains her drink, still haunted by the decision.
She begins to caress Marnie's bare shoulder and a side
exposed boob. Proprietary

ABIGAIL

How you holding up?

MARNIE

(looks for
reassurance)

I'm okay. I guess. Trial seems to
be goin' good, right?

ABIGAIL

Better than expected. You'll have
to testify.

MARNIE

That I could guess.

ABIGAIL

Don't kid yourself. Your at risk
for 20 to life. I need to hedge my
bets, to protect you.

MARNIE

And you think they've made their
case?

ABIGAIL

No, but jury selection is a crap
shoot. I am thinking that reading
a jury requires ESP.

MARNIE

You can tell when someone's lying--

ABIGAIL

-- but I cannot read their minds.

Marnie looks back at Abigail, feeds off her gaze, rocking
and moaning with pleasure. They kiss with passion as
Abigail brings Marnie to orgasm.

Done. They lie their quietly for a sec.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

You stabbed him too many times...
you got to get up there and
explain those.

MARNIE

To the jury or you?

Abigail is getting off the couch, finding her sexy shoes
and putting her papers in a briefcase.

MARNIE

You usually say "my client." You
notice? You avoid my name.

ABIGAIL

When you do the devil's work, it's
best not to speak of angels.

EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

A handful of reporters and photographers lingering on the
steps, are galvanized by the arrival of Abigail and
Marnie.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed courtroom, big media presence.

At the defense table, Marnie and Shermichael. Emma's at
the prosecution table, watching Abigail masterfully
question DR. VIRGINA FIELDSTONE forties.

JUDGE FELICIA BAXTER, 50, African American presides.

ABIGAIL

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Just under a year.

ABIGAIL

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Occasionally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

Do you remember what he said about her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

ABIGAIL

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

I heard the suggestion.

ABIGAIL

Do you have a response?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

ABIGAIL

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

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.

ABIGAIL

Are you positive?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

ABIGAIL

Thank you, Dr. Fieldstone.

Triumphant, Abigail sits. Beat. Emma steels herself - knows her theory has been crippled. She rises...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMMA

What were you treating Mr. O'Dell for?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

EMMA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes. Ms. Yara Lynx.

EMMA

And how did she know of you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

She's been a patient of mine for seven years.

EMMA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes.

EMMA

In fact, I'd imagine you two have built up quite a trust over that time?

DR. FIELDSTONE

We have.

Abigail realizes where this is headed, doesn't like it.

EMMA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

I didn't know of --

A beat of silent, icy tension. Then, more "casually":

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA

Please listen to my question. If you knew Mr. O'Dell to be cheating on your client, a client you'd established a seven year trust with, would you tell her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

EMMA

You're a very good witness.

ABIGAIL

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained. Strike that.

EMMA

It's not so easy, you say. So ... there would be some temptation on your part to tell, wouldn't there? I mean, Yara Lynx 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?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Of course.

EMMA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Perhaps.

EMMA

Perhaps. So... couldn't it be... Arty O'Dell thought it best not to tell you he was fucking Marnie Dankforth?

She holds Emma's hard, inscrutable stare, gauging her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EMMA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

I don't think that was the case.

EMMA

Then it is your testimony that such a scenario is impossible?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

EMMA

Thank you, Doctor Virginia Fieldstone. The truth isn't so painful after all, is it?

ABIGAIL

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

The place is close, but Marnie's going over some work at the front desk. She's lit by the fading sunlight, then a shadow crosses over her.

There's a knock at the front glass window. It's Max.

Marnie futzes with the locks and lets him in.

MAX

We can fix this.

MARNIE

('fuck you')
You never told me. How was 'Milwaukee'?

MAX

I'm sorry.
(no response, pleads)
Just talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves to her. She shoves him away.

MARNIE

God damn you! Why did you have to screw this up?

Max reacts, confused.

MARNIE

I would have never done it.

He tries to take her in his arms; she resists, then lets him.

EXT./INT. STINGRAY - NIGHT

Abigail drives like a madwoman.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Abigail's Stingray skids to an angled stop before the driveway. She leaps from the car, leaving the driver's door agape behind her.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Abigail rushes in to find Marnie pacing back and forth.

MARNIE

Now he's locked himself in his study. I'm worried. Talk to him.

Abigail nods, heads for the study when a GUNSHOT rings out. Marnie and Abigail jump, startled. *What was that?*

Abigail races towards the study. Gathering her courage, Marnie follows her.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abigail reaches the door -- it's locked. She pounds on the door, as Marnie joins her side.

ABIGAIL

Max, open up! Open the door!

MARNIE

(jiggles the knob)

Max!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abigail throws her shoulder into the door. Once. Twice -

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

The door FLIES INWARD. Abigail enters in horror to see Max lying in a pool of blood, with the handgun next to him.

She races to his side, falls to her knees, shakes him. Marnie puts her hand over her mouth, tears up.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Emma enters the room, buzzing with DETECTIVES and CRIMESCENE PERSONNEL. Det. Smith looks up and sees her.

Heading out, she stares at PARAMEDICS loading a BODY BAG onto a gurney.

EMMA

Homicide?

DET. DWYER

Suicide.

WOMAN

You expect us to believe Max did this to himself?!

MAN

Looks that way. Everything's pointing to suicide.

WOMAN

Since when?

MAN

It was staring us in the face. One shot to the head. Close range. Upward trajectory. The door dead-bolted from the inside. Had to kick in the door.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marnie sits in the dark, her tired eyes wet from crying. A devastated Abigail pulls her into an embrace. Holds her close. Marnie begins to sob into her chest.

Finally, Abigail kicks off her heels, sweeps Marnie up into her arms and moves for the stairs.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail puts her into her bed, then pulls the covers up. She shuts off the lights before taking a chair beside Marnie:

Marnie's amazed eyes remain on her awhile. Then sleep.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Gray skies overhead. After the funeral.

People are leaving, heading for their cars. From the distance we see MOURNERS file by Marnie. Abigail is by her side.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail and Marnie's naked bodies writhing in a tangle of silk sheets, they're doing more clinging than anything.

As they roll apart, Abigail stares at the mirrored ceiling... Inconsolable, guilty. Marnie sensing Abigail's turmoil, turns to her --

MARNIE

It wasn't us. He didn't know.

ABIGAIL

You don't know that.

MARNIE

He's been closed off the past few months. Not like usual. He wouldn't come out of it. Not even with you.

Marnie steadies her gaze on Abigail.

MARNIE

It wasn't us.

INT. BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Abigail stares at her phone. But it's no good; she's too rattled to concentrate. She opens a desk drawer. Stares at a pack of cigarettes.

Struggles with herself. Then takes the cigarettes and freezes when she eyes Marnie's diary. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abigail gets no further than the first page when she notices writing indentations. She grabs a pencil, shades over it to bring out the contrast to reveal...

CLOSE ON the handwritten letter:

"Dear Arty, I must see you this Friday, nine o'clock, Max is out of town. Bring this letter. I'm desperate and if you don't come I won't answer for the consequences. Oh, parked down the street.. love Marnie."

Abigail collapses into a chair as if punched.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie's eyes shoot open. She looks for Abigail to find that she's alone in the bed.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marnie slinks down the stairs. It's dark, except for the pink light of dawn which streams through a large picture window.

Marnie makes her way across the room, stops, realizing Abigail's just sitting there, vacant.

MARNIE

I woke up, you weren't in bed, I
came downstairs and --

Suddenly, Marnie's attention diverted to her diary in Abigail's hand.

Abigail looks up from the desk. Marnie sees the pain etched on her face. Abigail unfolds the letter....

ABIGAIL

What did you do with the original
after you searched his pockets
that night?

MARNIE

I burnt it.

Abigail tosses the letter at Marnie, who scrutinizes it for a long beat.

ABIGAIL

You should've burnt your diary
too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

What happened?

MARNIE

Is this conversation privileged?

ABIGAIL

Is it priv--? Of course. Don't play dumb with me.

MARNIE

Murder's like a game of solitaire to be sure of winning it should be played alone... I could see it in his eyes that he intended to go through with it..

ABIGAIL

With what?

MARNIE

He was going to kill Max so we could be together. I couldn't let that happen. So I invite him over to try and reason with him. When argued, it was hopeless. Arty was determined to do it. I didn't see any other way... so I fucked him. It had to be rough, made to look like a rape... Or worse case scenario -- a crime of passion.

Abigail stares, bewildered and angry, at Marnie.

MARNIE

Don't look at me like that -- I let him come first. In a sense I did snap!

Abigail grabs Marnie - drives her backwards. Slams her into a wall. Grabs her throat. Squeezes. Tight.

Marnie fixes her with FEARLESS, BRIGHT, COLD EYES.

MARNIE

What would you have me do? Let him kill Max?

Abigail squeezes harder. One step from murder.

MARNIE

Well, go on. Kiss me. Kill me. Do something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

For a long moment, Abigail considers her options. Then she lets Marnie go.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Marnie leans down over the sink, as she rinses her face with her hands. When she leans up, Abigail is standing next to her, holding out a paper towel.

ABIGAIL

You ok?

MARNIE

...I get nervous with an audience.
It's nothing.

Abigail digs in her briefcase, pulls out a vial.

ABIGAIL

Xanax?

MARNIE

Thanks, no, I'm good.

Marnie retouches her make-up. Minimal make-up.

MARNIE

How long?

ABIGAIL

It could be a long day.

Marnie nods.

ABIGAIL

Just remember what I told you.
You'll be fine.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is jammed. Front and center - exhibit B, the nude painting of Marnie.

In the BOX, Marnie, her nerves shaking through her husky voice... throughout.

MARNIE

I set for him while he painted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

But on this occasion, Mr. O'dell showed up at your home at eleven o'clock at night?

MARNIE

Yes.

ABIGAIL

And what happened?

MARNIE

I went to open the door and that's when it happened. It caught me by surprise, once I got my bearing I tried to stop... I said no. It was like he couldn't hear me. I tried to shove him away, but he was too strong and just got angry. We argued. And I could feel his hands pulling at my robe...I wanted to shout but I couldn't move...I thought..he's actually going to do this to me.

The audience is rapt.

ABIGAIL

And what did you do?

MARNIE

He told me he loved me. At first I shrugged it off, I thought it was some sick joke. But then it became clear it wasn't. 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...

ABIGAIL

Ok, go on.

MARNIE

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 Yara ... he would often think of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABIGAIL

What did you say to that?

Marnie steels herself for the horrible memory she is about to relive --

MARNIE

That you're crazy. How much have you had to drink?

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

Arty and marnie in a heated argument. And we may notice what Marnie's staying on the witness stand is completely opposite of what we're actually seeing.

MARNIE (V.O.)

He wouldn't listen to reason.

ARTY

It's murder baby.

MARNIE

*It's necessary for us.
It's foolproof. You, me, and the money.*

ARTY

There's got to be some other way.

MARNIE

There isn't.

ARTY

You could divorce him. Take half the community property.

MARNIE

We've been over that. I'm a very greedy bitch.

MARNIE (V.O.)

He kept shouting obscenities.

A distraught Arty paces, torn. Marnie gets in his face.

MARNIE

I never pretended with you. If you wanted the girl next door -- then go next door. Sooner or later you have to decide... or I'll decide for you.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Abigail steals a glance at the jurors, then:

MARNIE

I told him we're friends. I'm your art teacher. And I'm also married. And this is making me really uncomfortable and I think you should leave.

ABIGAIL

And did he go?

MARNIE

No. He grabbed me again. Somehow I manage to get free. But he caught me as I got to the stairs.

Everyone is frozen, revited.

ABIGAIL

And then it happened.

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She breaks away, he goes to her, and, taking her in his arms, feverishly kisses Marnie.

MARNIE (V.O.)

I kept screaming for him to stop!

Marnie sinks to the floor, pulling him with her. Pulls her robe open, the swell of her breasts, erect nipples, reaches for her thong..

MARNIE

Rip them off.

Arty obliges, buries himself in her neck. She moans passionately, as they begin to make love.

MARNIE

Bite me. Bite my shoulder.

She watches him do so.

MARNIE

*(whispering...)
Go harder. Harder.*

He grabs her hips and slams himself into her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He thrusts vigorous - His intensity feeds not only on passion, but also on his inner turmoil, and it's explosive.

MARNIE

Oh my God, yes, yes, fuck it feels so good, don't stop!

He's breathing heavy -- he's close -- as he reaches up with his right hand and wraps it around Marnie's neck. Tight.

She gags and her eyes shoot open. Is she scared? She LOCKS EYES with Arty... smirks. She likes this. A lot.

Marnie surreptitiously extends a hand, reaches for that overturned ice-bucket, scattered among ice, curls her hand around the ice-pick...

Arty finishes; his body convulsing and shuddering.

She seems to nearly convulse as she jams the ice-pick into his back. His body stiffens, he looks stunned --

In a flash she straddles him. The ICE-PICK FLASHES in the dark... Arty OPENS his mouth to SCREAM-- the ICE-PICK FLASHES AGAIN and AGAIN as his strangled CRIES and PLEAS of MERCY mix with pleased moans --

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

MARNIE

I don't really even remember the other wounds. I remember the first one in the back. But not how many times.

MOMENTS LATER... *The jury listens to Emma cross, rapt - reacting in all the right places, in her palm. Shit.*

EMMA

You're a real piece of work, you know that?

ABIGAIL

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained. Hop to it, Ms. Camerota.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Hmm, your story seems so traumatic, Mrs. Dankworth. I'm a little struck by how poised and melodramatic your answers seem.

ABIGAIL

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

Overruled.

EMMA

You talked about a rape. Then stab a man, over and over and over, to his death. And you seem so-- chilled about it.

ABIGAIL

Objection!

EMMA

It goes to demeanor.

JUDGE BAXTER

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

EMMA

Would it be fair to characterize your personality as icy?

ABIGAIL

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

That one is sustained.

EMMA

It's your testimony that the victim came to your home on one or two occasions?

MARNIE

Yes.

EMMA

Sometimes late at night?

MARNIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMMA

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

MARNIE

That's correct.

EMMA

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

MARNIE

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

Marnie smiles: so charming. Emma smiles back: *a bit fuck you.*

EMMA

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

ABIGAIL

Objection!

Abigail stares at Emma, if looks could kill.

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained.

Marnie's face hardens, resisting the urge to say any more than:

MARNIE

I don't really remember. I just recall removing the ice-pick... and then seeing him lying there.

EMMA

You don't remember rolling him over?

MARNIE

I was in shock, Ms. Camerota. I don't remember a lot of what happened.

EMMA

But you do remember dialing nine-one-one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

Correct.

EMMA

When?

MARNIE

Right after I called my husband's
layer.

EMMA

Right after? Seconds after?
Minutes?

MARNIE

Minutes after.

EMMA

Why his lawyer first?

MARNIE

He was already dead. There was
nothing I could do for him.

EMMA

All while you were still in shock?

MARNIE

Yes.

EMMA

At this time your Honor, lid like
to play the recording of the "nine-
one-one" call.

Judge Baxter nods. Emma plays the recording.

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)

Slow down. Say that again.

MARNIE'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 (V.O.)

Where are you calling from, Ma'am?

MARNIE'S VOICE

I'm at the my residence --

Emma turns it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EMMA

That's the sound of your voice in shock?

MARNIE

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

EMMA

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

As shock jolts the courtroom -

ABIGAIL

Objection.

JUDGE BAXTER

Overruled.

EMMA

Shall I play it again, Mrs. Dankworth?

MARNIE

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

EMMA

(sarcastic)
Oh, I'm sure it did.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Abigail scribbles on a legal pad. Frustrated, she crumples the paper and tosses it at the trash can. Miss. Ugh.

MAN (O.S.)

Long day.

Marnie enters, holding beers. She offers her one, sits on the edge of her desk.

ABIGAIL

I must say you did better than expected. Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I did sound calm, Abigail.

ABIGAIL

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

MARNIE

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

ABIGAIL

Don't start going down that path.

MARNIE

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.

ABIGAIL

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

Abigail sighs, thoughtfully sips her beer.

ABIGAIL

Tomorrow, I'm going to put the doctor on the stand. He'll testify to your shock. Then we rest. Ms. Camerota can put on rebuttal witnesses if they have any.

INT. CLUB - DAY

A PRIVATE CLUB. Discreet. Well-heeled PATRONS feast on oysters and caviar. Gorgeous STRIPPERS in tiny dresses and fuck-me-heels give guys lap-dances, women too.

Abigail sits with Ray in a leather booth. He's devouring a meal. She's knee deep in a double Martini.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

According to a preliminary analysis, the firearm expelled 1,200 unique particles of gunshot residue onto your shooting hand, give or take.

ABIGAIL

Yea, so?

RAY

So Max only had sixty on his hand. From the exact same weapon.

Off Abigail's confused look.

RAY

It's microscopic dust. That's why there were particles on Max even though he wasn't the shooter.

ABIGAIL

So it's murder.

A beat. Abigail tries to wrap her mind around this.

ABIGAIL

Okay. The room was locked from the inside. Explain that to me. How did the killer get out?

RAY

Once I read a mystery book where the murderer used a magnet to lock a door from the outside. Maybe the murderer did.

ABIGAIL

Magnets don't go through wood doors. Do they?

RAY

Actually, it all depends on the density of the wood. And a big enough magnet.

After a beat, a fork on the table in front of them begins to ROCK BACK AND FORTH. Astonished, Abigail leans closer to look.

The spoon magically SLIDES ACROSS THE TABLE, spilling her beer. Abigail jumps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY

I told you a magnet works through wood! It just has to be big enough. And this was.

He gloats, brings his hand up from the table. He holds up a 15-INCH WOOFER, encapsulated by a CIRCULAR MAGNET.

RAY

It was taken from a disassembled stereo speaker I found in the their garage.

ABIGAIL

Well, if they already killed Max, they might want the murder to look like a suicide. But we heard the shot. Marnie and I. We were there.

RAY

Faking a gunshot is easy. All you need is a firecracker. A bullet squib. And this -- found it in the trash.

He lays the broken pieces of a HANDHELD REMOTE down.

ABIGAIL

The police would have found traces of the explosive device. Nobody had a chance to remove evidence before they got there. I mean, nobody except me and Max's...

Abigail grinds her teeth, grips her martini glass tightly... The glass SHATTERS in her hand. The drink spatters her face.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

All parties are present, including Watt sitting in the back row. Abigail's finishing up with DR. EVAN, 40s, who's on the witness stand

DR. EVANS

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

ABIGAIL

Thank you, doctor.

Abigail sits as Emma rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Doctor Evans. You examined the defendant how long after the murder?

DR. EVANS

Um, a couple hours.

EMMA

Can you really diagnose shock to a medical certainty?

DR. EVANS

It's a judgement call. And I made it.

EMMA

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?

DR. EVANS

(hesitating...)

Of course.

EMMA

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

He swallows hard.

DR. EVANS

It's conceivable.

EMMA

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

DR. EVANS

I don't know what you mean.

EMMA

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

And Emma sits. Abigail shakes her head to the judge, she's done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE BAXTER

The witness may step down
(to defense)
Counsel?

ABIGAIL

The defense rests, your honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

Ms. Camerota?

Emma rises. For a second, eye-fucks her notes.

Abigail flashes glances at Watts... grinning, poised to come forward? After what feels like an eternity--

EMMA

The prosecution rests, your honor.

Abigail swallow their respective hearts in relief.
Abigail looks to Marnie who maintains a poker face.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The jury box is full, every member listening diligently -- Emma, with the ice-pick, in the middle of her closing.

EMMA

You heard the Medical Examiner's testimony, count them --43 post-mortem stab wounds, consistent with this ice-pick found at the scene. The wounds are concentrated in the face, neck, chest, but there were a handful to the abdomen, legs, and crotch. Haith have no fury like a woman scorned. This was rage. It was up close and personal. What Kind of monster does this.

Emma pauses to let it sink in. And from the looks of the jury, it is sinking in.

EMMA

That... that woman says she "only remembers stabbing him once in the back yet had the gall to rollover on top and continue her butchery. It's overkill. And she's asking you to swallow her self-defense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emma holds eyes on the jury... nods... drops the ice-pick on Artemesia's table, then returns to her seat.

JUDGE BAXTER

We'll now hear from the defense.

ABIGAIL

There's no evidence of a motive whatsoever. Oh, they suggest there must have been some affair. They have to suggest that, otherwise they're licked. But where's the proof? You hear any proof, did I miss something? You hear any testimony establishing an affair? Even Arty O'dells own psychiatrist... she got up here and she told you, there was no such affair.

Abigail meets the jury's eyes --

ABIGAIL

And the lady over here? I suspect she knows it's ridiculous. But she has to suggest it anyway, 'cause she's stuck. Stuck for a motive. Did the prosecution put on a single witness to contradict what Marnie Dankworth told you? Anybody? There was no such affair, of course not. You have testimony before you that Arty O'Dell raped her. Evidence that she defended herself. No evidence, none to the contrary, other than the multiple stab wounds and an ice-pick. Reasonable doubt.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is pin drop quiet. Emma looks on, anxious, nervous. Marnie and her defense team stand as the MALE COURT CLERK reads:

CLERK

...on the charge of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant ... not guilty.

The gallery erupts in mostly shock and awe, a few subdued cheers. Abigail remains stoic, almost expressionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE BAXTER

Members of the jury, the court thanks you for your service, which is now concluded. This matter is adjourned, the defendant is free to go.

Marnie stands ready, with a big smile on her face as Abigail gathers her things.

MARNIE

Let's celebrate tonight.

INT. ATTORNEY'S ROOM/COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Abigail looks at Yara uncertainly. We can sense Yara's hostility towards Abigail. She watches Yara closely.

YARA

What're you doing here?

ABIGAIL

You need legal representation.

This surprises Yara.

YARA

What's the catch?

ABIGAIL

None. I'll arrange for bail.

YARA

How? They denied it.

ABIGAIL

Leave that to me.

Abigail slides Yara one of her business cards.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - DAY

The Stingray rolls to a stop in the driveway. Abigail climbs out slowly. Weighted down. She makes for the walkway leading to the side door.

For a long moment Abigail stands before the door, indecisive. Finally she enters.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abigail takes in the room...

MARNIE

I couldn't have asked for a better lawyer. I knew you were sleazy -- I just didn't know sleazy until I saw it first hand. I new you'd get me off. I thought sex with Arty was incredible -- but with you-- words can't even describe it.

MARNIE

You look tired. You want a night cap?

ABIGAIL

I didn't come here to have sex.

MARNIE

I have to work off my legal fees --

ABIGAIL

It's not a barter system, Marnie.

MARNIE

You saved me. This was no speeding ticket we beat today.

ABIGAIL

I came to say goodbye.

MARNIE

Oh. Oh, this is another in a series of good riddance visits where you swear never to darken my door...

Abigail crosses the room, looks out the patio doors. Marnie follows Abigail, tries to find her eyes.

MARNIE

...that it? You feel guilty cheating on Max?

ABIGAIL

You don't get to say his name, Marnie -- that rule still stands.

MARNIE

You're quitting me, Abigail -- there are no rules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

Alicia's worried about me. She thinks I took this case to punish myself.

She fights it, shakes her head, but her eyes are wet, tears welling. Marnie relents, her voice low.

MARNIE

...did you, Abigail?

ABIGAIL

Penance for my sins... and yours.

MARNIE

Mine?

ABIGAIL

Arty was the perfect patsy, wasn't he? With his lengthy criminal history. Apparently he didn't love you enough to go through with it.

ABIGAIL

What? Did he built the remote you used to set off the squib? He built that magnet you used to slide the bolt lock after you shot Max? Should I go on?

MARNIE

I'm not saying a thing. Prove it.

ABIGAIL

Don't have to. Don't play a lot of poker, do you?

ABIGAIL

I'm not coming back, Marnie. I can't.

MARNIE

You going to walk out on this?

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

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

Marnie pulls away, saunters to the stairs, lets her robe slide off her shoulders. Abigail watches as she ascends the stairs only wearing sexy heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A part of her wants to follow her. She hears the door upstairs close before turning and moving for the exit.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Grey clouds pass over the full moon. Lightning pierces the sky. Thunder crashes as rain pelts the city...

The back of a woman in a black raincoat. The woman has climbed the stairs to the second deck patio and peers inside the master bedroom.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steamier than a sauna.

The WOMAN, dripping, steps into frame behind Marnie's steamy showering silhouette. Sensing another presence, Marnie spins around.

Her initial fears fade to recognition-- she knows the person. She opens the glass door to the shower.

MARNIE

What are you doing here? How did you get --

Without warning, an ice-pick is raised in response. Marnie's surprise turns to confusion. Before she can react, the ice-pick plunges downward.

Her screams are drowned out by the THUNDER...

There, on a Persian rug, Artemesia and Marnie roll around naked, kissing. She pours wine on Marnie's belly and licks it off.

EXT. MADISON PARK - DAY

A cozy, city hamlet beside Lake Washington.

MARNIE

What are you doing, dissolving the partnership?

ABIGAIL

What do you want? Alimony. I got you off..

INT. BEACH HOME - NIGHT

Marnie stretched out asleep. Abigail lies awake beside her. She leans over. Double checks to make sure Marnie's out.

Then SLIPS from between the sheets and begins to dress.