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FADE IN:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

The sprawling smog carpet sweeps out from the horizon and swallows Hollywood in one gulp...

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAWN**

The ALARM CLOCK blares -- even though it's 6 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.

ARTEMESIA MENOUNOS, 50, a classical Latina beauty, *sits up, bares no resemblance to Jennifer Lopez whatsoever-- ok, her sexy physique.* But she's too intelligent looking to be just sexual eye-candy

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

Grabs documents from the cluttered bedside table and tosses them on the bed, as she rises, disappearing into the bathroom.

ARTEMESIA (O.S.)

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

The CAMERA lands on a PICTURE: Artemesia and her ELEVEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, smiling like it's the best day ever.

She emerges in a towel. Moves to the bed.

A woman, SARINA SHAHI, a curvaceous Latina in her mid-40s - a yummy mix of Persian/Spanish.

Unacceptable. Artemesia smacks her ass -- HARD. Gina jumps up, squeals in delight. Satisfied, Artemesia kisses her.

Sarina looks over the documents...

SARINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

You can still change your mind.

Sarina nods, considers it. Second thoughts?

ARTEMESIA

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.

SARINA

So anything I know about his work--

ARTEMESIA

You're prohibited from sharing.  
With anyone.

SARINA

(giggles)  
After I sign it?

Artemesia rolls her eyes. Sarina picks up the pen, signs.  
Instinctively, Artemesia grabs her face.

ARTEMESIA

I thought you Persian women were  
suppose to shave. My face feels  
like sandpaper.

SARINA

I do. How does your clit feel?

ARTEMESIA

Awe, you're so naughty.

She playfully throws a pillow at Sarina.

**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.

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CONTINUED:

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. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY**

A VALET moves quickly to a classic (1973 Corvette Stingray) in mint condition, as the driver puts it in park. The Valet opens the door for --.

Artemesia - with a look that says she's earned every stripe in her sexy, Armani skirt suit.

ARTEMESIA

Thank you.

As Artemesia heads inside...

**INT. MEXICAN RESTURANT - DAY**

One of those classic Los Angeles Mexican restaurants where even the photos of the food look gross. Health Board rates it a "C", and they're proud of it.

Dimly lit with flickering fluorescents. Dotted with business professionals.

Artemesia sits, sipping a Michelada. Music plays softly.

JOE DAVIS, 30s, enters. Joe is handsome, yet scumbaggy. Artemesia 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 Artemesia's table.

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

I think I'll get over it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits, looks over at Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

How's the bitch?

ARTEMESIA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

Blah, blah, blah, and--?

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

And?

ARTEMESIA

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 --

ARTEMESIA

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.

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

ARTEMESIA

I represent some very dangerous people. They won't like it if I'm 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.

Artemesia in a sheer, black mini dress, mingles with guest when something catches Artemesia'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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

Artemesia approaches. Willard turns his charms on  
Artemesia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

ARTEMESIA

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

Excuse us, please...

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

-- 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 be reminded  
 of my duties as a wife.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

As Marnie walks off, she looks back at Artemesia.

**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.

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.

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.

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

ARTEMESIA

So what can I do for you?

ADA

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

You want to bottom line this for me?

ADA

I'm having a crises of conscience.

ARTEMESIA

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

ADA

Yes, but on the other hand --

ARTEMESIA

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

ADA

That's not fair --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

ADA

Mom. You don't mean that?

ARTEMESIA

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

She drains her martini and grabs her briefcase.

ARTEMESIA

Weak. Unreliable. Just like your father!

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

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Artemesia 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, Artemesia checks for a pulse, then rises.

ARTEMESIA

Marnie! Marnie!

MARNIE (O.S.)

Artemesia.

Artemesia 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.

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CONTINUED:

A long beat. Artemesia'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.

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

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

ARTEMESIA

Now call the police!

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

MARNIE

You're not thinking of going --

ARTEMESIA

-- 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.

ARTEMESIA

Go. Make the call.

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

**EXT. LAX - NIGHT**

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

Artemesia races up. A beat. Artemesia jumps out.

MAX

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA  
I'll fill you in.

MAX  
I should have been there. How  
could I let this happen?

ARTEMESIA  
Don't go blaming yourself. C'mon.

**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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Artemesia 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.

MAX

Are you okay?

MARNIE

I'm alright. Now. You?

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

Are you up to talking to the police?

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

Someone was killed in your bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

It's not like she did it on purpose.

ARTEMESIA

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

A beat, Artemesia caves.

Detectives Dwyer and Smith anxiously approach. Artemesia corners them.

DET. DWYER

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

ARTEMESIA

--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 Artemesia in a sexy power suit.

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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**

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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 Artemesia.

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

MARNIE

Oh!

ARTEMESIA

Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you.

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

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

MARNIE

You're blocking my way. To the door.

Stepping out of the way:

ARTEMESIA

Oh, Sorry.

Artemesia follows her inside...

**INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY**

Marnie saunters in, lifting her hair off her nape. Artemesia 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. Artemesia catch glimpse of Marnie changing in a sex mirror in the bedroom.

MARNIE

Isn't there something you should ask me?

ARTEMESIA

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Whether I'm guilty.

ARTEMESIA

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

Artemesia moves closer for a better view...

Marnie seems unfazed by Artemesia's voyeuristic interest in her, but Marnie is not unaware of it, and it is hard to believe she is not courting Artemesia'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 Artemesia feels a wave of tenderness wash over her.*

She struggles to slide into her sling back high heels.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

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CONTINUED:

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?

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. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Establishing LAPD HQ. Ten stories of shimmering steel and  
glass wrapped in white concrete.

**INT. LAPD - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY**

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

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

YARA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ARTEMESIA

Hold her, we'll be pressing --

Marnie restrains Artemesia 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 Artemesia to the core. Dwyer catches the tell end of the commotion.

ARTEMESIA

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

DET. DWYER

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

ARTEMESIA

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

DET. DWYER

Hardly, counselor. Schedules got  
crossed. I apologize.

GINA MENDOZA, 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 Mendoza.

An exchange of pleasantries.

INT. LAPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Classic basic instinct set up.

Artemesia sits nearby Marnie, who's some ways across the table from Smith and Dwyer. Gina 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.

ARTEMESIA

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

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CONTINUED:

Gina, skeptical, references a police report.

GINA

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

MARNIE

I can assure you, Ms. Mendoza, 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.

ARTEMESIA

Does anyone ever read that shit?

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?

ARTEMESIA

That's none of your business.

Artemesia just glares at him, offended, as Marnie grins. Even Gina 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

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

DET. SMITH

So you enjoyed it?

ARTEMESIA

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.

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.

Artemesia 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

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.

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia sit at a table, devouring a  
plate of fish and chips.

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.

ARTEMESIA

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, Artemesia gathers her things to go.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MAX

You're not staying.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

Do you need something?

GEORGE

Your language is a bit vulgar.

ARTEMESIA

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

GEORGE

I'm going to go speak to someone.

ARTEMESIA

Do that, thanks, that'd be great.

George gets up, heads up front. Artemesia departs.

MAX

That's Artemesia 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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 Artemesia and Gina, now  
part of Happy Hour crowd. As the waitress departs--

ARTEMESIA

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

GINA

We are talking.

Gina smirks, taps her glass against Artemesia's:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

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?

ARTEMESIA

The pay's much better. That your problem?

GINA

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.

ARTEMESIA

Does that include you?

GINA

That's not what I mean.

Artemesia considers that. Then:

GINA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

GINA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

You're not going to charge her?

GINA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

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

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

And you?

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

You wouldn't put me in jail?

GINA

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. Artemesia 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.

Artemesia studies the paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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."*

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

First divorce?

She's surprised by Artemesia's cavalier attitude

GEORGIA

I never thought it would come to this.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

Your life is fine. Your marriage is over.

She's horrified by Artemesia's insensitivity.

GEORGIA

You have terrible bedside manner.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

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

It hits Georgia.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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, Artemesia 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The feeling isn't mutual.

SINCLAIR

I must say you are prompt.

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia to a bookshelf against the wall. Drum roll... he removes a cloth draped over a canvass.

SINCLAIR

Ta-da! Recognize it?

Artemesia 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, Artemesia 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

SINCLAIR

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

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia's not amused, not one bit.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

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.

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

I represent some very dangerous people. They won't like it if I'm late.

Artemesia turns the cold steel of her eyes on him. Suddenly frightened, Sinclair draws away from her.

**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. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

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

ARTEMESIA

Are you sure you've never meet him?

MARNIE

No!

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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 --

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you tell me?

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

You still have friends in the police department?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

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

ARTEMESIA

Ray. Absolute discretion.

**INT. BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Artemesia 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.

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

What? When did you find this this?

MARNIE

This afternoon. I went to see him.

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

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I had to take the chance.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

I swear it happened like I said!

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia, and knows how to use it, then:

ARTEMESIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

MAX

Everything okay?

MARNIE

Yes, darling.

ARTEMESIA

Just discussing the case.

MAX

Should we be worried?

ARTEMESIA

No.

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

ARTEMESIA

I've only had two.

MAX

Two drinks my ass.

ARTEMESIA

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.

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

ARTEMESIA

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 LA. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Max looks disappointed. Marnie clocks it -

MARNIE

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

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY**

Early morning surfers. The Santa Monica Pier. TRAFFIC.

To establish. The sun rises through the smog. California gold glints over the faded beauty of Hollywood Hills.

**INT. DISTRICT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY**

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

ARTEMESIA

How's the investigation coming?

GINA

Is that why you come to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

No, well, not the only reason.

ELEVATORS -- The crowd is twenty deep.

ARTEMESIA

Let's skip it.

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

**INT. COURTHOUSE/BACK HALLWAY - DAY**

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

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

GINA

This is so not OK.

ARTEMESIA

Not if a judge don't see us.

**INT. ELEVATOR - PRIVATE - DAY**

Artemesia and Gina in a heated discussion.

GINA

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... Artemesia taking this in.

GINA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

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.

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY**

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

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

Wow.

ARTEMESIA

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

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.

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

Artemesia 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 Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

He was. Shot himself within a year.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

ARTEMESIA

Why? Because of Max's affair.

MARNIE

(anger rising)  
*You're goddamn right.*

ARTEMESIA

Two wrongs don't make it right.

MARNIE

No, but it felt good.

ARTEMESIA

So you murdered Arty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

No. Of course I didn't murder him.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Please. Don't patronize me.

ARTEMESIA

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

A tense beat, then -

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia, impassioned, almost pleading -

MARNIE

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

Artemesia holds her look, debating whether to trust her.

ARTEMESIA

Take a lie detector test.

A beat. She's suddenly thrown.

MARNIE

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

A polygraph.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

I thought...aren't they  
inadmissible?

ARTEMESIA

In court.

She measures Artemesia, then:

MARNIE

For you? Take a polygraph for you?

ARTEMESIA

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.

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

MARNIE

Set up your damn polygraph.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

FLYING OVER the lights of the City of Angels at night.

**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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - DAY**

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**

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

**INT. ARTEMESIA'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.

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

Marnie catches Artemesia admiring her legs.

ARTEMESIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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

MARNIE

Don't be a hypocrite.

ARTEMESIA

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 -

ARTEMESIA

So you dredged up some old rumors.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

You wanna come in for a nightcap?

ARTEMESIA

No.

MARNIE

Perhaps would like to cross-examine me some more.

ARTEMESIA

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.

MARNIE

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

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

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

**INT. BEACH HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

It's mostly dark, save for intermittent flashes of lightning.

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

Artemesia and Marnie KISSING. They're removing each other's wet clothes. Both naked, she lifts Marnie up-- Marnie wraps her legs around Artemesia as Artemesia backs her against the wall of glass, then Marnie NOTICES that Artemesia's trembling.

Marnie looks into her eyes, concerned for a moment-- then Artemesia takes the leap-- KISSES Marnie softly at first, then hungrily-- and she GASPS as Artemesia starts to finger-fuck Marnie, Marnie's head falling back-- and we PULL AWAY-from them as they continue-

**INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lit by a bedside lamp.

Artemesia's face buried between Marnie's legs. She grinds Artemesia's face like a feral cat as she pulls Artemesia's hair. She's so in the throes, which drives Artemesia crazy -- all her decorum and steadiness from before, completely gone. She's like a rabid dog with Marnie.

Marnie pulls back Artemesia's head and licks Artemesia's face of her, kisses Artemesia as she brings Artemesia up to her...

MARNIE

That is the sweetest kiss in the world, did you know that?

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

**INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

A long beat as Artemesia 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 Artemesia 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.

MARNIE

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

She plants a kiss on Artemesia's cheek. They stand there a moment, Artemesia frozen in place. Finally, Marnie steps away.

MARNIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia impulsively pulls Marnie into a deep sensual kiss. She lifts Marnie up. Marnie wraps her legs around Artemesia'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. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY**

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

So they think I invited him over?

ARTEMESIA

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--

Artemesia stops abruptly.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

No.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

What about us?

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

(snaps)

Oh please give me a little credit.

MARNIE

You're right, that was shitty of me.

Artemesia considers Marnie, then finally shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

I have concerns. I voiced them.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Because that's the way it works,  
Artemesia. 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. ARTEMESIA'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - DAY**

A multi-level stilt home clinging to the edge of a  
canyon. Artemesia pulls up in her Stingray. We PUSH  
THROUGH the glass into --

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Through the windows, city LIGHTS shimmer in the distance.

A SLEDGEHAMMER. Presently being carried down the hall by  
Artemesia, who marches into her bedroom, resolute. Marnie  
follows.

Artemesia 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?

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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.

Artemesia stands up, heatedly.

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia's neck, mouths "sorry."

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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

Artemesia 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 --

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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?

Artemesia 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**

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

MARNIE

What the hell was that about with Sinclair?

ARTEMESIA

Hard to say. A message. Maybe.

Artemesia 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?

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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**

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

ARTEMESIA

Hurry up, I gotta pee.

MARNIE

Hang on, they're here somewhere...

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

MARNIE

That's for emergencies.

ARTEMESIA

This qualifies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia 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 Artemesia, tracing her finger along Artemesia's flushed face, the razor intelligence in Artemesia's eyes dulled.

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

I didn't say a thing.

MARNIE

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

Artemesia is a puddle of lust and conflicted emotions.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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:

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

They don't teach you that.

ARTEMESIA

Well they should.

Marnie kisses her. After a moment Artemesia 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. Artemesia joins him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You look pretty down. Want some company?

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

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

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

ARTEMESIA

I believe her.

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia right where it hurts. She doesn't answer.

ARTEMESIA

Of course.

Artemesia, 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)

ARTEMESIA

What did he want?

MAX

To sell me a painting.

ARTEMESIA

Have you seen it?

Max shakes his head, no.

ARTEMESIA

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.

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

ARTEMESIA

Sorry I'm late.

MARNIE

I ordered you a martini.

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

MARNIE

Have you heard anything yet?

ARTEMESIA

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

Marnie's smile falters, visibly shaken by that.

MARNIE

Have Max seen it?

ARTEMESIA

Not yet.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia's Martini.

MARNIE

Dry enough?

ARTEMESIA

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.

Gina 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.

GINA

Who found the body?

DET. DWYER

A neighbor. The door was left open.

Gina looks on trouble.

GINA

You think they found what they come for?

DET. DWYER

It's anyone's guess.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

Low lying smog. The HOLLYWOOD SIGN fill the frame.

**INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ARTEMESIA  
Sinclair's dead.

MARNIE  
What?

ARTEMESIA  
Yes, happened last night.

MARNIE  
And the painting?

ARTEMESIA  
No, they haven't got it.

MARNIE  
Christ sake, Artemesia. She has it.

ARTEMESIA  
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles at him, encouragingly.

YARA

I didn't come to bury the hatchet.

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, Artemesia and Marnie. Artemesia in a sexy club skirt and top. Marnie, a micro mini with an open back. To die for.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

MARNIE

Fuck me. Make me come.

Artemesia 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 Artemesia. They're both standing in a small puddle.

ARTEMESIA

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

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

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. Artemesia pulls Marnie into a dark corner. Marnie and Artemesia kiss. It's heated, intense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

ARTEMESIA

(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:

ARTEMESIA

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

A silent beat of understanding, followed by:

**EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT**

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

**INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - NIGHT**

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

When we arrived back at the store, she sent me in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

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?

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

That ship has sailed.

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia 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 --

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 Artemesia's shell-shocked expression.

MAX

Excuse me?

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Max flips through the pages rather quickly...

MAX

There's nothing in here.

MARNIE

That's right, I've lead an emotionally blank life. 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... Artemesia turns to Max.

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

Now. Go one about your business  
and let me handle this.

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

DET. SMITH

Counselor.

ARTEMESIA

Detectives. We were just coming to  
see you.

DET. SMITH

Uh huh.

The boys in blue zero in on the painting.

ARTEMESIA

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

DET. DWYER

We have.

GINA

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

**INT. LAPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

GINA

Were you telling the truth than --  
or now?

MARNIE

It's the truth!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Is there anything else?

DET, RUBY

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

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

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.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

GINA

Yes, I am.

ARTEMESIA

Your case is weak.

GINA

I've convicted people on less  
circumstantial evidence.

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICES - DAY**

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

ARTEMESIA

Hey, Ms. Camerota.

GINA

Ms. Canterbury, a wonderful  
afternoon, huh?

**INT. GINA'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.

GINA

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

Artemesia thumbs through the report, not satisfied.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Are we okay?

Gina 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.

GINA

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?

ARTEMESIA

(covering)

...Professionally. Do we need to report--

GINA

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

GINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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. 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. Artemesia comes over carrying two drinks.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

**INT. ARTEMESIA'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 Artemesia, looking over some legal papers.

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

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

MARNIE

He stepped out on you?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

No, it was the other way around.

The last thing Marnie expected to hear.

ARTEMESIA

I was a first year associate at the time. 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**

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

ARTEMESIA

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

HELIO

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

ARTEMESIA

*I don't know how to thank you.*

HELIO

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

*Artemesia nods slightly, she knows what this means.*

**RESUME SCENE**

Artemesia 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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Was it worth it?

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

ARTEMESIA

How you holding up?

MARNIE

(looks for  
reassurance)

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

ARTEMESIA

Better than expected. You'll have to testify.

MARNIE

That I could guess.

ARTEMESIA

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?

ARTEMESIA

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--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

-- but I cannot read their minds.

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

Done. They lie their quietly for a sec.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

To the jury or you?

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia 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 Artemesia masterfully question DR. VIRGINA FIELDSTONE forties.

JUDGE FELICIA BAXTER, 50, African American presides.

ARTEMESIA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Just under a year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Occasionally.

ARTEMESIA

Do you remember what he said about her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

Are you positive?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Thank you, Dr. Fieldstone.

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

GINA

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.

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes. Ms. Yara Lynx.

GINA

And how did she know of you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes.

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

We have.

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

GINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. FIELDSTONE

I didn't know of --

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

GINA

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.

GINA

You're a very good witness.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained. Strike that.

GINA

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.

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Perhaps.

GINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

GINA

Isn't it at least possible, given your conflicts of interests, your fiduciary relationship with his fiance, 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.

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

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)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)

Just talk to me.

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**

Artemesia 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**

Artemesia rushes in to find Marnie pacing back and forth.

MARNIE

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

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

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

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

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

ARTEMESIA

Max, open up! Open the door!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARNIE  
 (jiggles the knob)  
 Max!

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

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT**

The door FLIES INWARD. Artemesia 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**

Gina 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.

GINA  
 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 Artemesia pulls her into an embrace. Holds her close. Marnie begins to sob into her chest.

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

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Artemesia 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. Artemesia is by her side.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia.

MARNIE

It wasn't us.

**INT. BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Artemesia 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.

Artemesia 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."*

Artemesia collapses into a chair as if punched.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marnie's eyes shoot open. She looks for Artemesia 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 Artemesia'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 Artemesia's hand.

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

I burnt it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ARTEMESIA

You should've burnt your diary too.

ARTEMESIA

What happened?

MARNIE

Is this conversation privileged?

ARTEMESIA

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..

ARTEMESIA

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.

Artemesia 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!

Artemesia 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Artemesia squeezes harder. One step from murder.

MARNIE

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

For a long moment, Artemesia 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, Artemesia is standing next to her, holding out a paper towel.

ARTEMESIA

You ok?

MARNIE

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

Artemesia digs in her briefcase, pulls out a vial.

ARTEMESIA

Xanax?

MARNIE

Thanks, no, I'm good.

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

MARNIE

How long?

ARTEMESIA

It could be a long day.

Marnie nods.

ARTEMESIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I set for him while he painted.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Yes.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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...

ARTEMESIA

Ok, go on.

MARNIE

By laughing it off, pretending not to be as uncomfortable as I was.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

He then uh ... he told me uh ...  
that when he was with Yara ... he  
would often think of me.

ARTEMESIA

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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**

Artemesia 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.*

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

*She watches him do so.*

MARNIE  
(whispering...)  
Go harder. Harder.

*He grabs her hips and slams himself into her.*

*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 Gina cross, rapt - reacting in all the right places, in her palm. Shit.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained. Hop to it, Ms. Camerota.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

Overruled.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

GINA

It goes to demeanor.

JUDGE BAXTER

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

GINA

Would it be fair to characterize your personality as icy?

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

That one is sustained.

GINA

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

MARNIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

Sometimes late at night?

MARNIE

Yes.

GINA

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

MARNIE

That's correct.

GINA

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. Gina smiles back: *a bit fuck you.*

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

Artemesia stares at Gina, 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.

GINA

You don't remember rolling him over?

MARNIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GINA

But you do remember dialing nine-one-one?

MARNIE

Correct.

GINA

When?

MARNIE

Right after I called my husband's lawyer.

GINA

Right after? Seconds after? Minutes?

MARNIE

Minutes after.

GINA

Why his lawyer first?

MARNIE

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

GINA

All while you were still in shock?

MARNIE

Yes.

GINA

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

Judge Baxter nods. Gina 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARNIE'S VOICE

I'm at the my residence --

Gina turns it off.

GINA

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.

GINA

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

As shock jolts the courtroom -

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE BAXTER

Overruled.

GINA

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. Mendoza. It just came out that way.

GINA

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

**INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artemesia 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I must say you did better than expected. Really.

MARNIE

I did sound calm, Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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

Artemesia sighs, thoughtfully sips her beer.

ARTEMESIA

Tomorrow, I'm going to put the doctor on the stand. He'll testify to your shock. Then we rest. Ms. Mendoza 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.

Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

Yea, so?

RAY

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

Off Artemesia's confused look.

RAY

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

ARTEMESIA

So it's murder.

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

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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, Artemesia leans closer to look.

The spoon magically SLIDES ACROSS THE TABLE, spilling her beer. Artemesia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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...

Artemesia 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. Artemesia'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.

ARTEMESIA

Thank you, doctor.

Artemesia sits as Gina rises.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GINA

Doctor Evans. You examined the defendant how long after the murder?

DR. EVANS

Um, a couple hours.

GINA

Can you really diagnose shock to a medical certainty?

DR. EVANS

It's a judgement call. And I made it.

GINA

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.

GINA

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.

GINA

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.

GINA

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

And Gina sits. Artemesia shakes her head to the judge, she's done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE BAXTER

The witness may step down  
(to defense)  
Counsel?

ARTEMESIA

The defense rests, your honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

Ms. Mendoza?

Gina rises. For a second, eye-fucks her notes.

Artemesia flashes glances at Watts... grinning, poised to come forward? After what feels like an eternity--

GINA

The prosecution rests, your honor.

Artemesia swallow their respective hearts in relief.  
Artemesia looks to Marnie who maintains a poker face.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

The jury box is full, every member listening diligently --  
Gina, with the ice-pick, in the middle of her closing.

GINA

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.

Gina pauses to let it sink in. And from the looks of the jury, it is sinking in.

GINA

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:

Gina 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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

Artemesia meets the jury's eyes --

ARTEMESIA

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. Gina 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. Artemesia 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 Artemesia gathers her things.

MARNIE

Let's celebrate tonight.

**INT. ATTORNEY'S ROOM/COUNTY JAIL - DAY**

Artemesia looks at Yara uncertainly. We can sense Yara's hostility towards Artemesia. She watches Yara closely.

YARA

What're you doing here?

ARTEMESIA

You need legal representation.

This surprises Yara.

YARA

What's the catch?

ARTEMESIA

None. I'll arrange for bail.

YARA

How? They denied it.

ARTEMESIA

Leave that to me.

Artemesia slides Yara one of her business cards.

**EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - DAY**

The Stingray rolls to a stop in the driveway. Artemesia climbs out slowly. Weighted down. She makes for the walkway leading to the side door.

For a long moment Artemesia stands before the door, indecisive. Finally she enters.

**INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Artemesia 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?

ARTEMESIA

I didn't come here to have sex.

MARNIE

I have to work off my legal fees --

ARTEMESIA

It's not a barter system, Marnie.

MARNIE

You saved me. This was no speeding ticket we beat today.

ARTEMESIA

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...

Artemesia crosses the room, looks out the patio doors. Marnie follows Artemesia, tries to find her eyes.

MARNIE

...that it? You feel guilty cheating on Max?

ARTEMESIA

You don't get to say his name, Marnie -- that rule still stands.

MARNIE

You're quitting me, Artemesia -- there are no rules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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, Artemesia?

ARTEMESIA

Penance for my sins... and yours.

MARNIE

Mine?

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

Don't have to. Don't play a lot of poker, do you?

ARTEMESIA

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 Artemesia'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. Artemesia 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...

**INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER&CANTERBURY - NIGHT**

The office is dark. Just sparkling skyscraper lights outside. Abigail toward her office, high heels off:

Abigail bypasses her office, pushes open the door to--

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

A nice size corner office. It's vacant, empty filing cabinets, some furniture, but that's it.

A knock on the door, Alicia stands there.

Slightly awkward hug, as Alicia reflexively tamps down the conflicting emotions she feels at seeing her mom. Artemesia expected as much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

This was your idea, Alicia. "*This or therapy*" -- your words?

ALICIA

The judge kept us late. I'm sorry.

ARTEMESIA

I called the office today. I could only get voice-mail.

ALICIA

Yeah, I gotta fire the girl.

ARTEMESIA

Don't. Janet's my conduit into your life. I talk to her more than you.

ALICIA

She's a secretary who doesn't answer the damn phone, mom -- and you can't spy on me if she doesn't answer the phone, can you? No, so -

ARTEMESIA

I won't apologize for keeping tabs.

ALICIA

I can recommend some private dicks --

ARTEMESIA

That was low and unnecessary --

A long beat.

ALICIA

I'm sorry.

ARTEMESIA

So I hear you informed the board. You stuck to your guns.

ALICIA

I had to. Uh, they has much threaten to make sure I never practice law again.

ARTEMESIA

It upsets the delicate sensibilities of your ivory tower colleagues --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ALICIA

It upsets me. I did the right thing.

Artemesia smiles. Alicia takes the lonely space.

ARTEMESIAL

It's yours if you want it.

The thought warms Alicia's heart, but --

ALICIA

I have to be me. I can't be you.

Artemesia goes to her, touches her face lovely, then:

ARTEMESIA

And I don't expect you too.

A woman, GINA MENDOZA, a full figure Mexican-American, is still asleep. Salma Hayek type; well *preserved and still surprisingly gorgeous in her mid-50s.*

Artemesia stops, really thinking now:

Chuck's alone in a corner, nursing a beer, troubled. When-Jack approaches her table. She's surprised.

Carl steps inside with the drinks, and pauses.

Angela is standing with a MAN her age, and there's something cosy about the way they're talking. Almost intimate. CLOSE on the man's hand on Angela's arm...

ON Carl, taking this in. Angela looks up

Slightly awkward hug, as Ada reflexively tamps down the conflicting emotions she feels at seeing her mom. Artemesia expected as much.

He laughs; She heads to her office. Cal watches after her. He may have a lot of bravado, but you can see in his eyes, there's a real flame that burns for her..