

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Monstrous grey clouds SWIRL overhead, enveloping a city.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A COUPLE sit next to each other in a booth at a cozy little restaurant. It reeks of romance - the lighting, the leather booths, the uniformed waitresses.

MARNIE, 40s, in a little sexy black dress. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

ROCCO, 20s, all MUSCLE, GOOD TEETH, reptilian eyes, and as Irish as a Guinness at 10AM.

ROCCO

It's funny how this grows on you --
it knocks all the excitement out
of drinking beer.

They glasses clink.

MARNIE

Hears to my husband and all his
money

ROCCO

I'd enjoy this a lot more if you
stop reminding me who's paying for
it.

MARNIE

Get use to the idea, Buck. It
might go on for sometime.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Suddenly the sky opens in a torrential downpour. THUNDER BOOMS! A MUSCLEMAN'S CAR has been brought around.

Rocco pulls his jacket up over his head and waits by the passenger's side.

Marnie huddled under an umbrella, strides out of the entrance. Surprisingly, she's composed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Let's go.

They get in and he hits the gas. The car screeches out of the lot.

INT. MUSCLEMAN'S CAR - DAY

He drives. She wipes her face. Suddenly, it's intense in the small space... body heat fogging the windshield as rain hammers the car, falling even harder

ROCCO

That was a close one.

MARNIE

And you were a great help. Why didn't you deny it?

ROCCO

Deny what? He didn't accuse me of anything.

MARNIE

You could have at least tried explaining about Ricardo's.

ROCCO

And sound guilty as hell. Darling, we had dinner together. What does that mean.

MARNIE

It means I lied to him. I told him I was spending the evening with Margo. Now he knows I had dinner with you in a restaurant that closes at eleven and I didn't get home 'til one thirty. That's what it means.

ROCCO

Alright, so you drove me home that takes an hour both ways. And before that, he had a drink at bartonss. The Waitress there will life for me if he decides to check.

MARNIE

Please don't bother I'll get us out of this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I'm use to playing the sweet, innocent wife who's misunderstood and would never hurt her husband for the world. I've had plenty of practice.

ROCCO

How did he find out.

MARNIE

Probably the waiter. He knows everyone who goes into that restaurant.

ROCCO

I thought head waiters are suppose to be discreet.

MARNIE

Harry probably tips him more than you do.

She touches up her hair and make up...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The storm is really raging as he drives through a LEAFY NEIGHBORHOOD, FLASHES of lightning illuminate the midday darkness.

INT. MUSCLEMAN'S CAR - DAY

He pulls up to an OPULENT HOME in the midst of AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST PLAYGROUND; ELON MUSK, and others have ESTATES here worthy of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST -

MARNIE

I'm not going to see you anymore. The party's over. No more dinner, no more portraits, no more great sex.

ROCCO

Just like that.

MARNIE

I don't want to be poor, Buck. No matter how much I love you I'm not going to share poverty with you.

BEAT,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

If you had found me when I was an out of work actress who didn't know what luxury meant things might have been different. But as it is I've developed quite a taste for cavier, Champagne, expensive clothes. Quite a lot of things you couldn't afford to buy me,

BEAT

MARNIE

The pennies you make would last us a month. After that where's the cavier going to come from.

ROCCO

What do you suggest I do?

MARNIE

My God, Buck, you know what you've got to do. There's fifty million dollars and me waiting for you, and to get it, you have to kill my husband. It's no risk. He gets drunk and falls off the balcony. He's a blind man and it's all there waiting for you -- you just have to take it.

ROCCO

I may have many scruples, but I do draw the line at murder.

MARNIE

Alright, Buck, if that's the way you feel about it.

As she slips off her sexy shoes - about to get out.

ROCCO

Well don't I get a farewell speech like it was lovely while it lasted.

MARNIE

Sure. It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Or is it?

She goes. He runs after her

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCCO

You will change your mind.

MARNIE

No but if you do you know where to find me.

INT. MOREAU'S HOME - DAY

A fairly sumptuous home, suitable for a best-selling author. The walls are littered with MODERN ART, PICASSO'S, DALI'S, CHAGALL.

Each piece of furniture is unique in design and has NO correlation to the next piece.

Marnie lets herself in. She puts down her clutch and shrugs off her coat.

Marnie heads to the refrigerator and pulls it open.

Grabs a bottle of Champagne. She searches the wet bar for a corkscrew, wine bottle in hand. She turns.

Rocco, is there, holding the corkscrew.

He watches her a bit. Eventually, shakes the rain off his jacket.

MARNIE

You've been very quiet, Buck, what's the matter?

ROCCO

Aw, I feel disgusted.

MARNIE

With me?

ROCCO

No, with myself.

MARNIE

About Harry?

ROCCO

Uh huh. I feel sorry for him.

She finds glasses in a cupboard, reaches up to get them. Rocco watches the dress ride up her long, lovely legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

That's how I felt a couple of years ago. You have no idea what it's like living with some one year in and out when the only emotion you feel for them is pity.

ROCCO

Wouldn't it be kind if you left him.

MARNIE

I suppose it would but I can't. I told you why.

ROCCO

Hmm... money.

MARNIE

Oh, Buck, try to understand.

ROCCO

Oh I understand alright -- I just never had any money. If I did I probably wouldn't want to give it up too easily.

MARNIE

So there we are. You got no money but you are free. I got the money and a jailer.

ROCCO

C'mon I hardly call him a jailer.

MARNIE

What would you call him. He suffocates me. I get to the point where I wish he was dead.

ROCCO

You don't mean that.

MARNIE

Don't I? I'd give anything in the world to be rid of him.

ROCCO

Great. Why don't you drop poison into his coffee. You can say it dropped in by accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

He's always drinking, near the balcony, his friends are always warning him. It would be so easy to just push him over and I'll be free.

INT. MOREAU'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A crackling fire lights this massive master.

Discarded heels. An empty bottle of good champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby.

There, on the carpeted floor...

Marnie rolls off Rocco. Her husky post-coital voice and tussled hair are incredibly SEXY - but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

They're awfully close - definitely looks like an affair. After a moment to catch her breath --

Rocco studies her transfixed face. Her eyes are wide open, rigidly staring into space, entranced.

ROCCO

What are you thinking about?

For a moment she doesn't hear him, then, the entranced look dissipates...

MARNIE

He had become so erratic lately, is writing has suffered.

ROCCO

Really. I read the first book of his. I'm not a critic but the guy could really spin a yarn.

MARNIE

Yes, but it's been downhill ever since. He was never able to write anything comparable after words. Even sellable...it got to the point he had to keep his name alive by publicity stunts...

ROCCO

Why did you decide to marry Harry instead of me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

As with Scarlet O'Hara, I had my fill of poverty and Harry had lots of money and you was a struggling artist and none..

Smirking, takes a drag off his SMOLDERING CIGARETTE.

MARNIE

Rocco, we better stop.

ROCCO

Why?

MARNIE

We have other things to think about.

ROCCO

He won't be home for another three hours...

MARNIE

We have to keep our minds clear. It's not going to be easy for me.

Rocco rolls off, slides down to the floor, his back against her sexy bare legs.

ROCCO

Why don't you just ask him for a divorce.

MARNIE

He wouldn't even consider it.

ROCCO

Have you asked him...

MARNIE

You don't know him.

ROCCO

Ask him and if he don't he'll just have to accept the consequences.

Nevertheless it was an odd thing to say as she surveyed his face in the dark. He takes a drag off his cig.

A beat, she slides off the sofa, joins him on the floor leaning back against the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

If you're trying to get out of this when there's time to do more than just talk...and for the first time you have to give instead of taking. Then go on, walks out the door. But don't come back.

She rises, bristling, but keeping herself under control.

Rocco licks his fingers, extinguishes the joint.

ROCCO

Now wait a minute...

MARNIE

We have to keep our eye on the prize.

HEADLIGHTS sweeps across the room as a car pulls in, interrupting their intimate moment -

Marnie moves to the window, looks out...

MARNIE

(to herself, re: him)
Fuuuuuuck... It's Harry!

He scrambles to get dressed while Marnie gathers her dress, shoes, wine glasses and dashes up the stairs..

Off camera, the jangle of keys can be heard, followed by the front door opening, and then finally the sound of approaching footsteps.

MR. HARRY MITCHELL (60s) silver fox, UNHINGED, entering - catches Rocco -IMPULSIVELY - his interest piqued -

He takes off his overcoat, tosses it aside.

HARRY

Well well, where's your suitcase.

MAN

Excuse me?/Suitcase bit

HARRY

You're around here so often I thought perhaps you decided to move in.

ROCCO

I returned a book Marnie lent me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY

At this hour?

ROCCO

I was in the neighborhood. And I don't appreciate your ---

Gurls, reading a novel, when he approaches....

HARRY

Must be pretty good.

ROCCO

I loved it. The way that mystery was solved. Well I just don't see how you do it.

HARRY

Any one can solve a mystery if they write their own answers. Take me, when I start on a case I've got no answers. I start from scratch with nothing.

A beat, then -

Harry CUTS HIM OFF with a gesture to 'keep him talking' -

HARRY

There's lipstick on your collar.

The two men stare at each other, Harry fixes himself a drink.

HARRY

Where is she?! Freshening up!

There is SO much behind that 'because...' - Harry is FLABBERGASTED by Rocco's clumsy attempt at honesty and OPENNESS -

ROCCO

Maybe I should shut up, now -

HARRY

Yea. Probably.

Just then - Marnie saunters in, a little unkept...

MARNIE

Hey, babe. I didn't expect you home so --

She gets interrupted -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROCCO

Save it. He knows.

Marnie looks at looks to Rocco, eyes her lipstick on his collar then to her husband -

For a brief, awkward moment it's as if no one knows how to proceed. Then:

MARNIE

So I finished your book the other night. Gave it to him.

HARRY

How did you like it?

MARNIE

I figured out who the killer was after the first few pages. And you call yourself a mystery writer? Well the mystery to me is why I ever brought your book. This is what I think of it.

Marnie grabs it, tosses into a wastepaper basket.

From Harry, a microflash of anger, then a smile.

Marnie lets out a bitter laugh. It's all coming out, the seething resentment, a lifetime of pent-up bile...

HARRY

How long?

MARNIE

Six months. We love each other.

HARRY

Traditionally it's the man who does the talking.

ROCCO

I want to marry Marnie.

HARRY

Unfortunately for you that's impossible. At least not while she's married to me. You have a long wait and stolen love dies early on the vine.

Marnie's eyes bore into him. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARNIE

You're a third rate talent masquerading as a best selling author under a cloak with the help of a ghost writer... your reputation as a best selling novelist is laughable.. The fact that your living is deployable... if you spend as much time writing as you do talking, you might hit it big... But I'm not waiting around.. I want that divorce.

HARRY

I'd cut you off without a penny. You'd come back as soon as you needed money.

MARNIE

You have a very high opinion of your wife, Harry.

ROCCO

She wants a divorce.

HARRY

On what ground her infidelity?

ROCCO

If you feel that way why don't you give her the divorce?

HARRY

Let you tell me how to run my life.

MARNIE

You pompous ass -- who are we kidding. We're just two people living under the same roof. Two strangers passing in the night. It's been that way for a while. Too long for me to care to remember. And don't get me started on our sex life.

MARNIE

If you don't give me a divorce we'll kill you.

ROCCO

Marnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARNIE

I just feel pity for you, someone suffering from mental diaper rash..

ROCCO

I love her. And she loves me. And we're going to be together with or without your approval.

HARRY

What she saw in a low-life like you is beyond me.

MARNIE

You hate me because I don't love you any more.

HARRY

You never loved me or anyone - you're in love with my money.

MARNIE

I despise you.

A mindless reaction, Harry pivots to face Rocco who stands across the room, his .357 aimed at Harry.

HARRY

She's acquired other tastes to like Felix and George.

This catches Rocco off guard.

HARRY

Oh, didn't she tell you?

Rocco's face cracks as he absorbs this betrayal.

MARNIE

You son of a bitch!

Rocco eyes Marnie. This HESITATION is all he needs,

Harry beelines for the door.

Startled - Rocco's GUN doesn't drop, but SWINGS WILDLY to the doorway -

BLAM BLAM - Harry's mystified eyes CONNECT with Rocco's - and then he's down. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MARNIE

NO!

The silence is deafening. No motion at all. Finally:

Rocco stands FROZEN - immobilized by death -

MARNIE

You alright?

ROCCO

Yeah -- can't say the same for
him.

Harry lies on the floor in a pool of his PISS and BLOOD.

Marnie and Rocco stand over him. She eases the gun out of
his hand - thinking.

Buckley's HEART STARTS POUNDING like a big bass drum -
the body letting our tough guy know it's AFRAID - and
CONFUSED - and LOST - all at once!

Marnie pulls him ROUGHLY ASIDE, even further from her
husband's dead body -

MARNIE

Get a grip. It's what we wanted,
isn't it?

BEAT.

MARNIE

Listen, it's Black Friday. We wait
till dark and drive the body out
into the hills. On Monday morning
I'll call the Police and tell them
he is late from an out of town
business trip.

He flops back down on the couch as the doorbell DING-
DONGS again - and again - and again -

ROCCO

Who the hell's that?

MARNIE

Well it can't be opportunity -- he
knocks.

Marnie hurries to the window, looks out --

MARNIE

An old frat buddy of Harry's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

The man is nothing if not persistent. DING-DONG, DING-DONG. Rocco hauls himself up -

MARNIE

I got to see what he wants.

Rocco - STRUGGLING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER - shakes his head "no".

MARNIE

It's OK. He's blind as a bat.

Marnie doesn't give him time to argue or question, because she's already on the MOVE -

INT. MOREAU'S HOME - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Marnie abruptly opens the door, to find -- WILLIAMS - (50s), DARK SHADES, SLEEK, pepper-haired, CHARMINGLY EFFECTIVE.

MARNIE

(tense/tries 4casual)
Hey pally - what are you doing here?

The CLICKING SOUND OF A CANE echo through a hallway--

INT. MOREAU'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocco's face shifts - lingering across the room - he's full of nerves and jittery.

Marnie sits across from William, who folds his WHITE CANE. He's trying to keep things light while they wait for her husband.

WILLIAM

Didn't know that. Any chance I can get a coffee?

MARNIE

Um, I'm sorry, we're out.

MARNIE

When'da get to town?

WILLIAM

This afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Had a good flight? Flight was good?

WILLIAM

Last row in coach. Seat didn't recline all the way.

MARNIE

Must have been annoying.

WILLIAM

Yea, Harry should have been here by now.

MARNIE

I know -- I'm worried myself.

WILLIAM

You look - pale.

MARNIE

What - what?

WILLIAM

Sorry, that's one of the difficulties I have. I have to work out people through their voices.

(tense beat)

You have no idea quite how much help you get by assessing people by their clothes, hands, shoes, haircut. All sorts of things like that. To me it's a second sight or listening to the radio every time.

Her eyes finally land on Rocco's - she sees the CONCERN. BEAT. Williams sniffs the hair --

WILLIAM

Something smells fishy.

Marnie shifts - trying to keep it together -

MARNIE

Probably the turkey - I burned it.

WILLIAM

No, his cologne. Are you sure he's not home?

William has not really made eye contact, RELENTLESSLY SCANNING the room - but that comment landed for Marnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rocco starts to SHIVER and SWEAT at the same time -
dangerously close to breaking down -

MARNIE

He coats himself with it --
sometimes it lingers for days.

WILLIAM

Perhaps you're right.

William's eyes settle on Rocco, well, towards his
direction, who now sits nervously in a chair - checking
his WATCH -

WILLIAM

I didn't know you smoked.

MARNIE

I don't.

Marnie catches herself, then -

MARNIE

I lied. I do when Harry's not
around. Don't tell him.

WILLIAMS

Your secret is safe with me.
Scouts honor.

BEAT.

WILLIAM

You're right. I'm not feeling so
well, Marnie. I shouldn't have
come - terrible timing. Bad Moo
Shu last night -

He unfolds his cane, gets up to leave. She helps him up.

MARNIE

Can I call you a cab.

WILLIAM

No, thanks.

Marnie sees her husband's body off to the side, not
wanting to approach - Marnie leads William in the other
direction -

William gives her an ODD LOOK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLIAM

Anything in the room I might trip over?

BEAT.

WILLIAM

I know the way. Tell Harry I'll call him in the morning.

MARNIE

Sure.

Still, Marnie follows him out. Rocco breathes a sigh of relief.

He peeks out the curtains, DISTRACTED. William MEANDERS in front of the mansion, looks back towards the home.

Marnie joins him.

ROCCO

Why doesn't he leave.

MARNIE

Probably waiting on his taxi.

Marnie looks after William, who seems lost, walking off in BLIND GRIEF... until, SOMETHING ODD HAPPENS...

William BREAKS from his slow, MOURNFUL, meandering pace, into a PANICKED TROT, then a FULL SPRINT, making it to a clump of trees, he pulls out his cell.

With Marnie: everything is SPIRALING out of control.

Marnie turns away,

Rocco, a handkerchief over his mouth and nose, approaches the rigor mortis stricken Harry's body.

ROCCO

(re: smell)

Jesus fucking Christ.

MARNIE

I know.

MARNIE

You'll play it over and over in your head - praying for a different ending - but it always works out the same - someone you love is dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROCCO

You weren't going to tell me, were you?

MARNIE

I don't want to hear it.

MARNIE

Give me a second to catch up. Is this a fight? Are we fighting?

MAN

It's like they say in the movies it's all ours as far as the eye can see.

WOMAN

But will we be happy.

MAN

Happiness is for ordinary people. For us it's total bliss...

INT. MOREAU'S HOME - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Marnie opens up, surprised to see Williams back.

MARNIE

Everything alright? You forget something?

WILLIAM

Yes, I forgot to tell you the reason for me coming tonight. It was to pay back money Harry lent me for a medical procedure. An operation to restore my sight, and it was a successful.

And with that, he leaves.

Rocco joins Marnie,

MARNIE

He could see, he could see.

The sound of distant sirens drawing closer....

HARRY

Blindness changes a lot of things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

Only if you let it. Maybe you
thought about so much you lost
that you clean forgot how much you
got left

In the semi-darkness, Rocco and Marnie FUCK on the sofa,
they're naked, sweat profusely. She's into the sex, he's
into her. She thrusts up, burying her face in his neck to
muffle her moans..

Marnie subsides back on the sofa, opens her eyes --

Rocco studies her transfixed face. Her eyes are wide
open, rigidly staring into space, entranced.

ROCCO

What are you thinking about?

For a moment she doesn't hear him, then, the entranced
look dissipates...Her husky post-coital voice and tussled
hair are incredibly SEXY - and UNNERVING

MARNIE

That's his best courtroom technic
doesn't that conclude the evidence
for the prosecution?

HARRY

Not quite

MARNIE

What do you want?

MAN

*Not much. First, stop taking me as
a fool.*

WOMAN

Granted.

MAN

*Second, don't try and see my
cards. If you want to see them
you'll have to pay.*

MARNIE

*I suppose there's no other way.
Very well.*

(then)

*Anything else? In fairy tales, the
evil fairy always asks for three
things. What's your third wish.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

You!

MAN

I got a file on you that goes back further than you'd like to remember and up to where you wish you could forget.

MARNIE

You hypocrite. Coming from a man who spent hours pacing planning his wife's murder... how many times did you talk about killing her so we could be together.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

HARRY

No more painting and no more dinners at Ricardo's.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

An OPULENT MANSION in the midst of AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST PLAYGROUND - ELON MUSK, and others have ESTATES here worthy of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST -

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fairly sumptuous home, suitable for a best-selling author. Discarded heels on the floor.

An empty bottle of good champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby.

A crackling fire lights the room.

Sitting with MRS. MARNIE MITCHELL (30s) - lovely, bejeweled, TROPHY WIFE on a sofa, is - ROCCO SMITH (20s) - all MUSCLE, GOOD TEETH, reptilian eyes, SMOLDERING CIGARETTE.

They're awfully close - definitely looks like an affair.

Smirking, takes a drag off his cig.

Rocco studies her transfixed face. Her eyes are wide open, rigidly staring into space, entranced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCCO

What are you thinking about?

For a moment she doesn't hear him, then, the entranced look dissipates...

Her husky post-coital voice and tussled hair are incredibly SEXY - but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

MARNIE

Buck, we better stop.

ROCCO

Why?

MARNIE

We have other things to think about.

ROCCO

He won't be home for another three hours...

MARNIE

We have to keep our minds clear.

Rocco rolls off, slides down to the floor, his back against her sexy bare legs.

MARNIE

You've been very quiet, Buck, what's the matter?

ROCCO

Aw, I feel disgusted.

MARNIE

With me?

ROCCO

No, with myself.

MARNIE

About Harry?

ROCCO

Uh huh. I feel sorry for him.

MARNIE

That's how I felt a couple of years ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

You have no idea waht it's like living with some one year in and out when the only emotion you feel for them is pity.

ROCCO

Just divorce him.

MARNIE

I suppose it would but I can't. I told you why.

ROCCO

Hmm.. money.

MARNIE

Oh Buck, try to understand.

ROCCO

Oh I understand alright -- I just never had any money. If I did I probably wouldn't want to give it up too easily.

MARNIE

So there we are. You got no money but you are free. I got the money and a jailer.

ROCCO

C'mon I hardly call him a jailer.

MARNIE

What would you call him? He suffocates me. I get to the point where I wish he was dead.

Smirking, takes a drag off his cig.

ROCCO

Ask him and if he don't he'll just have to accept the consequences.

Nevertheless it was an odd thing to say as she survey's his face in the dark. He takes a drag off his cig.

A beat, she slides off the sofa, joins him on the floor leaning back against the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

If you're trying to get out of this when there's time to do more than just talk...and for the first time you have to give instead of taking. Then go on, walks out the door. But don't come back.

She rises, bristling, but keeping herself under control.

Rocco licks his fingers, extinguishes the joint.

ROCCO

Now wait a minute...

MARNIE

We have to keep our eye on the prize.

HEADLIGHTS sweeps across the room as a car pulls in, interrupting their intimate moment -

Marnie moves to the window, looks out...

MARNIE

(to herself, re: him)
Fuuuuuuck... It's Harry!

He scrambles to get dressed while Marnie gathers her dress, shoes, wine glasses and dashes up the stairs..

Off camera, the jangle of keys can be heard, followed by the front door opening, and then finally the sound of approaching footsteps.

MR. HARRY MITCHELL (60s) silver fox, UNHINGED, entering - catches Rocco -IMPULSIVELY - his interest piqued -

He takes off his overcoat, tosses it aside.

HARRY

Well well, where's your suitcase.

MAN

Excuse me?/Suitcase bit

HARRY

You're around here so often I thought perhaps you decided to move in.

ROCCO

I returned a book Marnie lent me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARRY

At this hour?

ROCCO

I was in the neighborhood. And I don't appreciate your ---

Harry CUTS HIM OFF with a gesture to 'keep him talking' -

HARRY

There's lipstick on your collar.

The two men stare at each other, Harry fixes himself a drink.

HARRY

Where is she?!

ROCCO

Freshening up!

There is SO much behind that 'because...' - Harry is FLABBERGASTED by Rocco's clumsy attempt at honesty and OPENNESS -

Just then - Marnie saunters in, a little unkept...

MARNIE

Hey, babe. I didn't expect you home so --

She gets interrupted -

ROCCO

Save it. He knows.

Marnie looks at looks to Rocco, eyes her lipstick on his collar then to her husband -

From Harry, a microflash of anger, then a smile.

Marnie lets out a bitter laugh. It's all coming out, the seething resentment, a lifetime of pent-up bile...

MARNIE

I want that divorce.

HARRY

I'd cut you off without a penny. You'd come back as soon as you needed money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARNIE

You have a very high opinion of
your wife, Harry.

Rocco pulls the .357 from behind his back - aiming at
Harry's head.

MARNIE

You son of a bitch!

Rocco freezes - eyes Marnie. This HESITATION is all he
needs, Harry beelines for the door.

STARTLED - Rocco's GUN doesn't drop, but SWINGS WILDLY to
the doorway -

BLAM BLAM - Harry's mystified eyes CONNECT with Rocco's -
and then he's down. Dead.

Rocco stands FROZEN - immobilized by death -

MARNIE

You alright?

ROCCO

Yeah -- can't say the same for
him.

Harry lies on the floor in a pool of his PISS and BLOOD.

Marnie and Rocco stand over him. She eases the gun out of
his hand - thinking.

Buckley's HEART STARTS POUNDING like a big bass drum -
the body letting our tough guy know it's AFRAID - and
CONFUSED - and LOST - all at once!

Marnie pulls him ROUGHLY ASIDE, even further from her
husband's dead body -

MARNIE

Get a grip. It's what we wanted,
isn't it?

ROCCO

What now?

MARNIE

We wait till dark and drive the
body out into the hills. On Monday
morning I'll call the Police and
tell them he is late from an out
of town business trip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

He flops back down on the couch as the doorbell DING-DONGS again - and again - and again -

ROCCO
Who the hell's that?

MARNIE
Well it can't be opportunity -- he
knocks.

Marnie hurries to the window, looks out --

MARNIE
An old frat buddy of Harry's.

The man is nothing if not persistent. DING-DONG, DING-DONG. Rocco hauls himself up -

MARNIE
I got to see what he wants.

Rocco - STRUGGLING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER - shakes his head "no".

MARNIE
It's OK. He's blind as a bat.

Marnie doesn't give him time to argue or question, because she's already on the MOVE -

INT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Marnie abruptly opens the door, to find -- WILLIAMS - (50s), DARK SHADES, SLEEK, pepper-haired, CHARMINGLY EFFECTIVE.

MARNIE
(tense/tries 4casual)
Hey pally - what are you doing
here?

The CLICKING SOUND OF A CANE echo through a hallway--

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocco's face shifts - lingering across the room - he's full of nerves and jittery.

Marnie sits across from William, who folds his WHITE CANE. He's trying to keep things light while they wait for her husband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

Didn't know that. Any chance I can get a coffee?

MARNIE

Um, I'm sorry, we're out.

MARNIE

When'da get to town?

WILLIAM

This afternoon.

MARNIE

Had a good flight? Flight was good?

WILLIAM

Last row in coach. Seat didn't recline all the way.

MARNIE

Must have been annoying.

WILLIAM

Yea, Harry should have been here by now.

MARNIE

I know -- I'm worried myself.

WILLIAM

You look - pale.

MARNIE

What - what?

WILLIAM

Sorry, that's one of the difficulties I have. I have to work out people through their voices.

(tense beat)

You have no idea quite how much help you get by assessing people by their clothes, hands, shoes, haircut. All sorts of things like that. To me it's a second sight or listening to the radio every time.

Her eyes finally land on Rocco's - she sees the CONCERN.
BEAT. Williams sniffs the hair --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
Something smells fishy.

Marnie shifts - trying to keep it together -

MARNIE
Probably the turkey - I burned it.

WILLIAM
No, his cologne. Are you sure he's
not home?

William has not really made eye contact, RELENTLESSLY
SCANNING the room - but that comment landed for Marnie.

Rocco starts to SHIVER and SWEAT at the same time -
dangerously close to breaking down -

MARNIE
He coats himself with it --
sometimes it lingers for days.

WILLIAM
Perhaps you're right.

William's eyes settle on Rocco, well, towards his
direction, who now sits nervously in a chair - checking
his WATCH -

WILLIAM
... I didn't know you smoked.

MARNIE
I don't.

Marnie catches herself, then -

MARNIE
I lied. I do when Harry's not
around. Don't tell him.

WILLIAMS
Your secret is safe with me.
Scouts honor.
(then)
You're right. I'm not feeling so
well, Marnie. I shouldn't have
come - terrible timing. Bad Moo
Shu last night -

He unfolds his cane, gets up to leave. She helps him up.

MARNIE
Can I call you a cab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLIAM

No, thanks.

Marnie sees her husband's body off to the side, not wanting to approach - Marnie leads William in the other direction -

William gives her an ODD LOOK.

WILLIAM

I know the way out. Unless there's anything in the room I might trip over.

(beat)

Tell Harry I'll call him in the morning.

MARNIE

Sure.

Marnie follows him out. Rocco breathes a sigh of relief.

He peeks out the curtains, DISTRACTED. William MEANDERS in front of the mansion, looks back towards the home.

Marnie joins him.

ROCCO

Why doesn't he leave.

MARNIE

Probably waiting on his taxi.

Marnie looks after William, who seems lost, walking off in BLIND GRIEF... until, SOMETHING ODD HAPPENS...

William BREAKS from his slow, MOURNFUL, meandering pace, into a PANICKED TROT, then a FULL SPRINT, making it to a clump of trees, he pulls out his cell.

Marnie turns away,

Rocco, a handkerchief over his mouth and nose, approaches the rigor mortis stricken Harry's body.

ROCCO

(re: smell)

Jesus fucking Christ.

MARNIE

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARNIE

You'll play it over and over in
your head - praying for a
different ending - but it always
works out the same - someone you
love is dead.

INT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Marnie opens up, surprised to see Williams back.

MARNIE

Everythign alright? You forget
something?

WILLIAM

Yes, I forgot to tell you the
reason for me coming tonight. It
was to pay back money Harry lent
me for a medical procedure. An
operation to restore my sight, and
it was a successful.

And with that, he leaves.

Rocco joins Marnie,

MARNIE

He could see, he could see.

The sound of distant sirens drawing closer....

With Marnie: everything is SPIRALING out of control.

MARNIE

I'm not going to see you anymore.
The party's over. No more dinner,
no more sex.

ROCCO

Just like that.

MARNIE

I don't want to be poor, Buck. No
matter how much I love you I'm not
going to share proverty with you.

BEAT,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

If you had found me when I was an out of work actress who didn't know what luxury meant things might have been different. But as it is I've developed quite a taste for cavier, Champagne, expensive clothes. Quite a lot of things you couldn't afford to buy me,

ROCCO

What do you suggest I do?

MARNIE

My God, Buck, you know what you've got to do. There's fifty million dollars and me waiting for you, and to get it, you have to kill my husband.

ROCCO

I may have many scruples, but I do draw the line at murder.

She rises, bristling, but keeping herself under control.

MARNIE

Alright, Buck, if that's the way you feel about it.

As she goes to leave

ROCCO

Well don't I get a farewell speech like it was lovely while it lasted.

MARNIE

Sure. It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Or is it?

She goes. He runs after her

ROCCO

You will change your mind.

MARNIE

No but if you do you know where to find me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

It's funny how this grows on you --
it knocks all the excitement out
of drinking beer.

They glasses clink.

MARNIE

Hears to my husband and all his
money

MAN

I'd enjoy this a lot more if you
stop reminding me who's paying for
it.

MARNIE

Get use to the idea, Buck. It
might go on for sometime.

She touches up her hair and make up...

ROCCO

Why did you do it? Why did you let
her plan to kill you and not do
anythign about it?

HARRY

Why does a mate of a black widow
spider make love when he knows
he's going to die at the end of
it. And yet knowing it he still
does it. A man like me I had to
see if she'd go through with it.

All from BLIND CORNER William looks at Marnie - "*did you
hear that?*"

A look of terror comes over her face.

Fricke thinks twice about committing himself to a reply.

Rich rises and starts to pace the room like Clarence
Darrow.

HARRY

I won't lie, Marnie. Don't expect
condolences from me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

I don't expect anything from you,
least of all a since of charity..

MARNIE

It's been coming for a while.

They look at each other a moment longer - UNDENIABLE
YEARNINGfrom both, not necessarily for SEX, for someone
who SHARES your pain

Jake CAN'T HANDLE IT - breaks the moment by SLAPPING THE
WADOF CASH on the bar -

We stay focused on the couch as Carly hurries out of
theframe.

The sound of her opening the door, then...

MAN

Can I help you -

Oh boy. By the sound of it...CARLY'S FUCKED. Sure
enough...

Carly enters the frame, but she is not alone. A brute of
a killer, BILL (20's, white) has her by the neck and he
is wringing the life out of her.

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

Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death,
Bill lowers Carly's now lifeless body to the floor.

He stands above her, and stares for a couple beats,
before

his head turns ever so slightly. He's noticed something
off

The sound of her opening the door, then...

MAN

Can I help you -

Oh boy. By the sound of it...CARLY'S FUCKED. Sure
enough...

Harry enters the frame, but he is not alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A brute of a killer, ROCCO SMITH (20s) - all MUSCLE, GOOD TEETH, reptilian eyes, SMOLDERING CIGARETTE has him by the neck and he is wringing the life out of Harry.

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,

Rocco lowers Harry's now lifeless body to the floor.

He stands above him, and stares for a couple beats,

before his head turns ever so slightly. He's noticed something off

WIFE

By tomorrow, I'm going to be the most sought-after girl in this town!"

MAN

Honey, with that figure, I'd say that you've already got the nomination sewed up!

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

An OPULENT MANSION in the midst of AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST PLAYGROUND - ELON MUSK, and others have ESTATES here worthy of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST -

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fairly sumptuous home, suitable for a best-selling author. The walls are littered with MODERN ART, PICASSO'S, DALI'S, CHAGALL. Each piece of furniture is unique in design and has NO correlation to the next piece

Discarded heels on the floor. An empty bottle of good champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby.

A crackling fire lights the room.

Sitting with MRS. MARNIE MITCHELL (30s) - lovely, bejeweled, TROPHY WIFE on a sofa, is - ROCCO SMITH (20s) - all MUSCLE, GOOD TEETH, reptilian eyes, SMOLDERING CIGARETTE.

A crackling fire lights this massive master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie rolls off Rocco. Her husky post-coital voice and tussled hair are incredibly SEXY - but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

After a moment to catch her breath --

Her husky post-coital voice and tussled hair are incredibly SEXY - but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling. Rain pounds a LEAFY NEIGHBORHOOD as FLASHES of lightning illuminate the midday darkness.

A CAR pulls up to a nice and MODEST HOUSE on a pretty SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC.