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FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE CITYSCAPE - DAY

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

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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

GABRIELA, Mexican-American in a sexy summer dress walks the shoreline, carrying her heels. *Well preserved and still surprisingly gorgeous in her mid-50s, who bares no resemblance to Salma Hayek whatsoever-- ok, her full-figure.*

She skips a few stones.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Gabriela drives her Porsche 911 Turbo convertible along the costal road through the Washington landscape. Summer green and Northwest fresh.

As she races toward Seattle.

Suddenly: BANG! A tire blows out, the car skids.

Gabriela jerks the wheel hard to the right and the car screeches to stop on the shoulder of the road.

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

She looks around for a place to make a call.

Engines rev, a classic (1973 Corvette Stingray) in mint condition speeds by, much to Gabriela's disappointment.

Gabriela stops her feet, rattles off a few obscenities in Spanish before she flips them off when--

The driver of the Stingray slams on the brakes. Tires screeching to a halt. The driver revs its engine, LOUD.

Then throws the car in reverse, backs up real-fucking fast; burning rubber, tires squeal, pulls up beside Gabriela.

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GABRIELA

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

Before she can finish her sentence, the Stingray pulls in front of the Porsche.

ARTEMESIA SORIANO, pushing 50, climbs out, looks inscrutable behind DONT-FUCK-WITH-ME-AVIATORS; Like JLO she's a classical Latina beauty, impeccably attired, girl got an ass, a GREAT ASS...

She drums her fingers on her Stingray's top. Slow and sharp. A ticking bomb. Just when she seems about to rip Gabriela's throat out...

ARTEMESIA

You got a spare?

GABRIELA

Yea, in the trunk.

Gabriela pops the trunk, Artemesia grabs the spare and jack.

ARTEMESIA

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

She escorts Gabriela to her Stingray, opens her door for her. Gabriela drops down behind the wheel.

Artemesia leans in, turns on the stereo, they're awfully close, close enough to kiss. She shuts the door.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - DAY

Gabriela looks back at Artemesia, clearly impressed.

She looks over the interior, it nice, clean, smells good.

BEAT. Lowers a visor, checks her face in the mirror, then sees Artemesia in a side-view mirror, changing her tire.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Artemesia returns, to find Gabriela dozing off in the front seat as she opens the door, Gabriela looks up.

Artemesia extends a hand, escorts Gabriela to her Porsche.

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CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You might want to get a new tire soon.

GABRIELA

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

Gabriela's scarf falls. Artemesia picks it up, hands it back, opens the car door for Gabriela, she gets in.

GABRIELA

Thank you...again.

ARTEMESIA

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

Artemesia saunters to her car, climbs in, peels off.

EXT. HEMMINGS HOME - DAY

An upper class neighborhood of Seattle with hills and views of Lake Madison.

Gabriela pulls into the driveway of-

An opulent glass home, which offers a voyeurs view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior, immaculate garden, and a fountain

INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY

A glass enclosed indoor pool. Their impressive home can be seen across the way.

Gabriela climbs out of the pool, sexy bikini, grabs a towel off a nearby chaise.

INT. HEMMING'S HOME - DAY

Gabriela lets herself in via the back patio sliding door. Artwork resembles stolen pieces from the Louvre.

She ascends the steps to the second floor.

INT. HEMMING'S BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

MAXIMILIAN HEMMINGS, a graying-templed 50's, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch, the picture of corporate stewardship, tosses a leather suitcase onto the bed.

He packs and dress at the same time.

Gabriela enters and moves for the bathroom, unsnapping and removing the bikini top as she goes.

Max pulls on a business shirt, buttons the front, starts on the cuffs when Gabriela, wearing nothing but a towel bunched in front of her, steps into the doorway.

MAX

You have fun today?

GABRIELA

Is that a trick question?

MAX

Nope. I hope you did.

GABRIELA

I had a flat. Someone was nice enough to fix it for me.

MAX

He got a name?

GABRIELA

I'm sure she does. If she had invited me for a nightcap I would have went.

Gabriela smiles alluringly. She is the most beautiful, naked, juicy woman imaginable. But Max is a tough guy.

GABRIELA

Make love to me.

MAX

(reluctant)
You'll make me late for my plane.

GABRIELA

Make love to me, Max. Now.

Max kisses her good-bye, heads out.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Paradise. Stunning vistas. Rolling fairways. Impeccable courts.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Gabriela in a tennis skirt, is hitting with ELENA SHAHI, 40s, a curvaceous Latina, lush Persian features. They're both good.

Gabriela responds to her ribbing by hitting a blistering winner into the corner. Elena lunges for it. Misses. As she retrieves the ball,

Gabriela spots Artemesia, wearing a tennis dress, albeit a little too short, passing behind the court, carrying her tennis tote bag.

Their eyes meet. *It's a surprise to Gabriela.*

She's distracted by Artemesia's presence. Artemesia, as well, finds it difficult not to pay attention to Gabriela.

Gabriela runs towards Artemesia who whips off her shades.

ARTEMESIA

(sexy...)

Hey, I know you.

GABRIELA

And I know you. Well not your name.

ARTEMESIA

I should probably introduce myself. I'm Artemesia.

Gabriela gestures towards Artemesia's tennis racket.

GABRIELA

You play?

ARTEMESIA

Some. I'm not very good.

GABRIELA

Me neither. Shall we?

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Gabriela and Artemesia in the midst of an intense game. They dive, fall, grunt.

Break point -- Gabriela serves -- Artemesia drills it back to her. Both come to net -- furious fast volleys -- Gabriela hits a lob -- Artemesia hustles back -- she'll never make it -- but somehow she does and hits a between-the-legs winner. Game, set, match.

Gabriela and Artemesia at the net. Artemesia is gracious -

GABRIELA

You lied. You are good.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Artemesia opens the car door for Gabriela, who smiles in appreciation before getting into her Porsche.

ARTEMESIA

I was thinking maybe, do you want to get a cup of coffee or something...?

Gabriela looks at her Starbucks ice coffee in a place holder.

GABRIELA

I have coffee.

ARTEMESIA

Okay, I don't drink coffee.

GABRIELA

Oh.

ARTEMESIA

Just thought I'd ask, you know,

GABRIELA

I could go for a drink, if you want to.

ARTEMESIA

Here?

GABRIELA

I was thinking at a bar, unless you know some other place....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Yes, but a bar is good. Let's do that.

A tiny beat, before Artemesia shuts her car door. Gabriela can barely contain her excitement.

INT. FANCY HOTEL BAR - DAY

Artemesia sits at a small table by the window with Gabriela, who wears a bemused expression.

GABRIELA

Do you come here often?

ARTEMESIA

I like to get away sometimes.

GABRIELA

Do you live in Seattle?

ARTEMESIA

Occasionally.

GABRIELA

Then where do you live?

ARTEMESIA

Here and there.

GABRIELA

That's a bit mysterious.

ARTEMESIA

What's so mysterious about it. I travel a lot in my work.

GABRIELA

And what is your work?

A beat,

GABRIELA

I'm sorry for probing.

ARTEMESIA

It seems Mr. Hemmings travel a lot in his.

GABRIELA

He's a real estate developer. Has properties from coast to coast. Some in Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CELL PHONE RINGS. Both look for the source.

GABRIELA
Ooh, that's mine!

She finds her phone and answers it at the table.

GABRIELA
Hello? Uh huh.
(a pause)
Tonight? Of course.
(another one)
Okay, bye.

Gabriela hangs up.

ARTEMESIA
Everything okay?

GABRIELA
I should get going.

INT. HEMMING'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabriela and Max are in bed. The light is out. He kisses her shoulder. She doesn't respond. He rolls over.

MAX
We'll go skiing this weekend.
It'll take her mind of it.

He falls asleep. Gabriela is wide awake.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The sun is out, but it's obscured by clouds threatening rain.

Gabriela loads her Porsche with grocery bags. She drops her keys onto the ground goes to pick them up when

A familiar Corvette Stingray pulls up. Artemesia revs its engine, then climbs out, sunglasses on.

ARTEMESIA
Hey!

GABRIELA
Hi,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I'm looking for you. What are you doing?

GABRIELA

On my way home. What do you mean, "looking for me"?

Artemesia takes Gabriela's keys and activates the car alarm. Then leads Gabriela by the hand to the passenger door of her Stingray.

ARTEMESIA

We'll take my car. You wouldn't be able to keep up...

GABRIELA

Uh. I don't know...

ARTEMESIA

(smiles)

I'm not asking you to go to Florida. C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

A beat, Gabriela caves...

GABRIELA

Can I ask you a question? Is this a kidnapping or what?

ARTEMESIA

You can call it that.

GABRIELA

What do *YOU* call it?

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Our Stingray mows down curves. Gabriela rides shotgun. Artemesia punches it into 5th. Pushes 80.

GABRIELA

Where's the fire?

ARTEMESIA

You said you were in a hurry.

GABRIELA

I've got time.

Artemesia lowers the speed, eyes her lasciviously, admiring her sexy legs, curves, her undeniable beauty.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Artemesia has veered into the on-coming lane.

A HUGE SEMI-TRUCK swerves onto the shoulder to avoid them. The two vehicles narrowly miss.

INT. STINGRAY - DAY

Both of them look back at the disappearing truck. The danger is already over.

GABRIELA

Gotta remember to watch the road.

Artemesia can't help but smile.

GABRIELA

So where are we going?

ARTEMESIA

It's a surprise.

Gabriela glances at Artemesia.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

A TINY DINGHY, tucked in among the larger boats. "TITANIC" painted on its stern.

Gabriela stares at it,

GABRIELA

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

Artemesia smiles, helps Gabriela into the little dinghy.

A beat. Artemesia REVS its little outboard motor, unties from the dock -

EXT. PUGET SOUND - DAY

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

INT. BOAT YARD - DAY

Artemesia approaches - pulls up behind a luxury sailing yacht, a speedboat on the water.

She helps Gabriela up from her little dinghy onto the dock. They walk over towards --

EXT. SAILING YACHT - DAY

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

INT. SAILING YACHT - DAY

We're inside a small BOAT CABIN, but it looks more like a nice mobile mini vacation home, packed with a lifetime of belongings --from a fascinating life.

GABRIELA

There's something wrong with this picture.

ARTEMESIA

What picture?

GABRIELA

I'm talking about you.

ARTEMESIA

Me?

GABRIELA

Yeah you. First the tire, then Tennis, and today.

Artemesia's cell rings. She sends it through to voicemail, heads for a tiny wet bar when the boat SHUDDERS.

GABRIELA

What was that?

ARTEMESIA

Probably nothing. Rogue wave.

Artemesia saunters over to THE SHIP'S WHEEL. It's located in the fly bridge, near the captain's chair.

Gabriela pulls a PHOTOGRAPH off the wall, hands it to Gabriela. In the picture, a young Artemesia with her arms around an nine year-old girl, standing on the beach.

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CONTINUED:

GABRIELA
Your daughter?

INT. MEXICAN RESTUARANT - DAY

Elena tucks into a combination plate. Gabriela picks up her tostado...

GABRIELA
I can't remember which happened last: Me writing something good. Or Max and I having sex.

ELENA
So what you're saying is you're blocked in more ways than one.

GABRIELA
Sure.

ELENA
Maybe it's just a phase. I hear men go through those.

GABRIELA
Not a phase. A symptom. Of something bigger.

A beat.

GABRIELA
I'm afraid to hold him too tightly and I'm afraid to give him too much space. Fuck. I don't know.

ELENA
Wow. Your life sounds as fucked up as mine.

GABRIELA
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Gabriela can't help but smile. Elena does the same. They both START GIGLING at the sad irony of their circumstances.

Then there's a pause as Elena summons up the will to say what comes next.

ELENA
Stay away from Artemesia. She's dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIELA

Mmm hmm. Dangerous? What are you talking about?

ELENA

This is not gossip, Gabriela.

GABRIELA

What things?

Elena tries to eat her food but has no taste for it.

Gabriela checks her cell. Smiles to herself as she reads what we can only presume is a text from Artemesia.

EXT. RESTUARANT - DAY

"PEARL'S FISH&CHIPS SEAFOOD NOOK", a cozy little waterfront restaurant. As Gabriela checks it out, she notices -

Artemesia, who sits alone on a tall bar stool at her window table as pedestrians stream by and the tourist trolley CHUGS past.

A FERRY glide across the placid Sound, and -

MOUNT RAINIER towers majestically over it all.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

Gabriela pushes through the throng to find Artemesia waiting among the hurly burly of the lunchtime business set.

GABRIELA

I'm sorry I was late... I was out this morning when you called.

ARTEMESIA

I ordered a martini for you.

GABRIELA

Thank you very much.

Gabriela slides onto the stool, notices a side dish of oysters that Artemesia digs into.

GABRIELA

How was your trip?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

It's there and we're here.

GABRIELA

I had a rather dull time this week. Went to a bunch of places with a friend of mine. Elena Shahi. Do you know her?

ARTEMESIA

No.

ARTEMESIA

Dry enough?

GABRIELA

The problem is is it wet enough. I'm really not that much of a drinker and I'd rather get high without it.

ARTEMESIA

You don't play games.

GABRIELA

It's always been impossible for me. My feelings are like hands on a Rolex watch and you can always tell what time I am.

ARTEMESIA

Well mine stopped working a long time ago.

GABRIELA

I'm sorry. Sometimes it helps if you go to a watch repairman. I go to the grou institiute for therapy and find it very helpful

ARTEMESIA

I know where it is.

GABRIELA

I was going to go there today when you called.

ARTEMESIA

I'm glad you didn't.

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CONTINUED: (2)

GABRIELA

Before we go any further I must warn you...I'm not attached, and I'm not what one would consider a moral woman.

GABRIELA

Well I'm very glad that you told me.

ARTEMESIA

I want to show you where I live.

Gabriela sips her wine... blushes

GABRIELA

But enough about me. What about you?

ARTEMESIA

What's there to know.. Well, I suppose I've been blessed with good genes. On top of that, let's see --

ARTEMESIA

I'm an expert in French, Italian and Thai cuisine. I'm a concert-level pianist. I dance and sing a bit. Swing, tango, salsa, paso doble, sometimes dirty. I adore children, very conversant in music and art. Love literature. I'm rather good at tennis, golf, skiing, billboards, chess. And of course, when it comes to sexual pleasure...

(modest smile)

You'll find there are no gaps in my training.

GABRIELA

Wow!

ARTEMESIA

Well there is one complaint, give me a break.

Gabriela laughs...

EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

Artemesia escorts Gabriela across a SUSPENSION BRIDGE TO a COZY, LUXURIOUS WOOD INTERIOR TREEHOUSE THAT SLEEPS UP TO FOUR tucked away on lush evergreen acres, beautifully lit. A magical retreat.

GABRIELA

Wow!

They step onto the expansive deck surrounding the home.

Gabriela takes in a private outdoor shower, a half bath (toilet and sink) and a hot tube attached to the other side of the treehouse.

GABRIELA

Hmm.

INT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

A warm, intimate, and cozy open-space surrounded by expansive windows with views of the forest and a private pond.

KITCHENETTE

Mini-Refrigerator, microwave, Keurig and basic kitchen supplies, and a cafe dining table that seats three.

She looks up at the comfortable queen bed with high-end linens, a reclining couch, accessible by a ladder.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Artemesia's lovely sailboat bobs gently on the waves as it glides toward an impossibly gorgeous sunset of clouds colored coral, rose, apricot and gold.

ON THE DECK, Artemesia lies stretched out in a lounge chair, steering her craft with one foot lifted to the wheel.

Gabriela in a bikini and sarong, emerges from the cabin holding a tropical drink in each hand. The drinks are topped with lime slices and paper umbrellas.

She hands one to Artemesia and lies with her on the lounge chair, snuggling close.

Artemesia takes a long sip of his ambrosial beverage and turns to look her beloved in the eyes.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Artemesia paddles her surfboard out to an imposing foot wave.

As the wave catches her, Artemesia mounts her board and rides it in toward her yacht. Her eye is caught by something gleaming underwater and she leaps from the board into the sea.

She swims several meters down, grabs an oyster from a coral reef and heads back to the surface.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

Gabriela, in a skimpy bikini, savage tan, generous bosom, suns herself on a towel.

ARTEMESIA (O.S.)

Got you another one, babe.

Artemesia stands dripping over her. She tosses a pearl onto a small mound of pearls beside her towel.

GABRIELA

Oh, Artemesia. All these pearls...

ARTEMESIA

It's for your necklace I'm having made.

She moves on top of Gabriela, kisses her.

INT. BOAT - GALLERY - DAY

Henry prepares a Mexican dish on a burner stove. Gabriela watches, interested, as she sautes some vegetables, then rinses a crab.

Sue nervously sniffs the crab.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Artemesia and Gabriela share dinner and a bottle of wine on deck, watching a pretty sunset.

INT. HEMMING'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Gabriela and her husband are getting dressed in some fancy digs (sexy tight gown and Tux respectively) for some fancy ass party.

She sits, eyeing herself in the vanity, applying light make up. He's standing across the room, in another mirror, working on his bow-tie.

Domestic, marital silence hangs between them, punctuated every few seconds when they catch each other's eye in their respective mirrors.

Gabriela finally breaks it:

GABRIELA
You OK, babe? What are you
thinking about?

She approaches him - starts fixing his tie.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Gabriela sits across the room in a group with her husband, who's talking nonstop. She looks bored. Artemesia catches her eye. She looks back. A moment.

Artemesia makes little dancing-feet gesture with her fingers: an invitation.

Gabriela looks at her husband, but he doesn't look her way, so she gets up, saunters over to Artemesia.

INT. MEXICAN RESTUARANT - NIGHT

It's an upscale, romantic spot. Small tables full of couples, candlelight etc. Artemesia and Gabriela in sexy party dresses are seated.

Gabriela is trying and failing to play it cool. She takes a sip of wine.

She sees the place setting, two plates of something mysterious and toast.

Artemesia slides a plate of toast towards Gabriela.

She takes the toast, hesitates, then takes a bite. It's good. She starts to melt, takes a sip, melts a little more.

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CONTINUED:

GABRIELA

This place is really special. I can't imagine what could be so special that you would bring me to a place like this.

A WAITER, RALPH, brings a bottle of water.

RALPH

Compliments of the restaurant.

Knowing full well, but...

ARTEMESIA

What'd I do to deserve this, Ralphie?!

RALPH

(fervent)
More than you'll ever know. Why?

ARTEMESIA

I was kidding -- Ralph. One thing you can count on -- I always keep score.

Ralph's smile dies; he feels the mild threat. As he nods obediently and retreats.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A sweaty Artemesia and Gabriela post coital. Faces close but not touching. Breath shallow and uneven. Shockwaves of pleasure pulsating through their bodies.

They hold each other like this for a while, kissing each other intermittently.

Gabriela appearing lost in a peacefulness so big it dazes her. Then, out of nowhere, she rolls away, uneasy with the level of intimacy.

The bathroom fogged with steam. JEAN engulfed by warm water.

EXT. THE STERN OF THE BOAT - NIGHT

Another date. Henry and Lucy sit with their legs dangling off the stern of the sailboat. The full moon shines above, and ducks QUACK softly to each other in the water below.

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CONTINUED:

Gabriela looks into Artemesia's eyes. For a long time.

INT. ELEGANT JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A well-heeled crowd enjoy sushi off NAKED MODELS.

Artemesia and Gabriela, mid-meal. A side dish of oysters. ALEXA, a beautiful nude model, lays on their table.

GABRIELA

I was wrong?

ARTEMESIA

About what?

GABRIELA

I thought you'd be having your usual side dish, oysters and asparagus in garlic sauce.

ARTEMESIA

What because their all aphrodisiacs?

GABRIELA

On the contrary. There's no chemical basis for that theory. Uh-huh. Asparagus and banana's are phallic and cause perceived reaction, just as oysters and fig look and smell like female genitals when aroused.

ARTEMESIA

Hmmm. Perhaps I'll have figs tonight. Asparagus is definitely out.

GABRIELA

I'd figure would be having the oysters. So what's the deal, Artemesia? Is this, just sex? 'Cause I've had my share of relationships like that...

ARTEMESIA

-- you're sexy, smart, and a butt-load of other adjectives I can't think of at the moment...

Gabriela thinks for a beat... an idea forming...

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CONTINUED:

GABRIELA

I hope you don't mind me asking, but do you feel that you are being used as a sex object?

ALEXA

Good question. I guess in some ways I am used as a sexual object. But I deal with being objectified A LOT in my life and it has been difficult for me. So why shouldn't I also be able to use it to my advantage? That is one way to think about it.

GABRIELA

Yes, it is. Are your clientele typically polite?

Gabriela averts Artemesia's gaze, unsure what Gabriela's getting at.

ALEXA

Yes, but the sushi chef stands near me, keep an eye on things...

They notice the SUSHI CHEF eye-fucking them to death.

ALEXA

My boss always jokes, if anything happens, he has a big knife.

They find that hilarious. Gabriela feeds Artemesia an oyster, it's sexy. The moment is ripe with sexual tension.

GABRIELA

You're hitting well for a woman who says she's not very good.

A Mercedes pulls up and parks. Seconds later... xx climbs out in a cute little tennis skirt and sunglasses. Reaches inside for her tennis tote bag when...

A familiar fiery red Mustang pull along side and honks it horn. XX spins, surprised to see xxxx.

EXT. THE CLUB - GOLF COURSE - DAY

A small crowd has gathered from nearby holes to watch Deaconplay. He hits a spectacular drive.

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CONTINUED:

It lands softly on the green, a foot away from the hole. Enthusiastic applause. Deacon acknowledges it -- a sucker for an audience.

As Wyman steps up to the tee (obviously feeling the muscle relaxant), Mickey and Diana pull up on a golf cart.

BETH CAMEROTA, pushing 40, climbs out, looks inscrutable behind DONT-FUCK-WITH-ME-AVIATORS; wows in a flattering pencil skirt and silk sleeveless top that shows off the black labrys tattoo on her shoulder.

She whips off her shades, a dark, sinister beauty, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling. A woman in a sexy yet simple summer dress walks the shoreline, carrying her heels. Her beauty is arresting and uncalculated. ADRIENNE, 30s.

A woman climbs out, struggles to slide into her other sling back high heel. She wears a short sleeve sheath dress, not tight, clingy, which flaunts a black Labrys tattoo on her shoulder.

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

A MYSTERIOUS BRUNETTE exits, Looks inscrutable behind DONT-FUCK-WITH-ME-AVIATORS; wows in a sexy skirt and silk sleeveless top that shows off the beautiful black labrys tattoo on her shoulder.

BETH CAMEROTA, pushing 40, wildly attractive, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

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

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

KIMBER

Do you have a girl?

BETH

Yes, statuesque, handsome, great figure, a model. Sometimes seen with a scale in one hand, and a blindfold over her eyes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH (CONT'D)

*Name Justice. I've forgiven for
flirting, forgive me for being
faithful to my girlfriend.*

KIMBER

Are you faithful?

Joe unzips the back of her dress for her. Then he startskissing the back of her neck, expecting that theyâ€™re going to have makeup sex

GABRIELA

Artemesia?

Joan pushes him away. Joe is too grieved to speak. He backsaway and Joan closes the bathroom door on him

As the attendant leans over Joe and delivers his cookie witha pair of tongs, Joe watches with quiet pleasure as herbreasts slide forward inside the silky blouse of her uniform.

Fernanda, Daniela, Josefina, Gabriela, Ana, Olivia, Sofia, Elena MOVE IN THROUGH THE BALCONY SHEER CURTAINS... into a lush romantic bedroom suite... where on a massive bed,

MAXIMILIAN HEMMINGS, a graying-templed 50's, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch, is fucking his hot wife, Gabriela. She's doing it, not enjoying it, barely participating.

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

a self-made millianoare whose single pretense is that he has none,

MAN

While you're sleeping, it'll be in the love eighties in Miami.

WOMAN

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

MAN

Huh, it's not the hurricane season.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

It's the nature of our relationship.

MAN

You could at least try and be civil about this.

WOMAN

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..

MAN

Ana, 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?

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAN

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.

WOMAN

You're right about that.

A beta.

WOMAN

Alright, tell me about the trip.

MAN

It's a brand new resort, it's very exclusive, We catch a charter out of Miami 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...

WOMAN

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

He looks way sad...

WOMAN

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

MAN

So you're vacationing?

MAN

Well. It's mote like a sond honeymoon for us.

BOY

Congratulations.

MAN

I found this greta private resort down in South America...

BOY

Looks like an adventure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WOMAN

Oh yers, Max figures if ghe retort
don't bore me to deatgh, the
Argentinian will finish me off.

WOMAN

Why do you always got to b like
that?

WOMAN

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.

MAN

I am not going to argue with you
on this trip.

WOMAN

Good.

BONNIE SWANSON, late-20's, suns herself on a towel. She
isthe quintessential 70's TV star, complete with
feathered hair, savage tan and generous bosom.

EXT. MADISON PARK - DAY

A cozy, city hamlet beside Lake Washington.

EXT. SEATTLE MADISON PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An upper class neighborhood of Seattle with hills and
views of Lake Madison.

Brian pulls the minivan into the driveway of a fantastic
contemporary home made of wood and glass

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY

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

EXT. RESTUARANT - DAY

"MISS PEARL'S BREAKFAST NOOK", a cozy little waterfront
restaurant. As Henry checks it out, he notices -

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - DAY

Miss Pearl's restaurant is like a pink frame around Henry and Lucy, who talk earnestly in their window seat as pedestrians stream by and the tourist trolley CHUGS past.

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

INT. RESTUARANT - DAY

Henry enters, seeing comfortable-looking Regulars enjoying classic American breakfasts

Henry and Lucy, having long since finished their waffles, share a silent, contemplative moment.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

A TINY DINGHY, tucked in among the larger boats. "TITANIC" painted on its stern.

GABRIELA

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

Artemesia cracks a smile, then helps Gabriela into the little dinghy.

A beat. Artemesia REVS its little outboard motor, unties from the dock, and motors out across the water -

EXT. PUGET SOUND - DAY

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

INT. BOAT YARD - DAY

Artemesia approaches - pulls up behind a luxury sailing yacht, a speedboat on the water.

She helps Gabriela up from her little dinghy onto the dock. They walk over towards --

EXT. SAILING YACHT - DAY

They climb aboard, Gabriela is impressed.

The fly bridge of a cabin cruiser, a speedboat on the water

EXT, BOAT YARD - DAY

Henry helps Sue up from his little dinghy onto the Olsson's dock. Otto ambles over

INT. BOAT YARD - DAY

Henry, in his dinghy, approaches -

Henry pulls up behind a luxury sailing yacht, a speedboat on the water. She helps Gabriela aboard

The fly bridge of a cabin cruiser, a speedboat on the water

EXT. PUGET SOUND - DAY

Henry rows Sue in the 'Titanic', across the water to Olsson's boat yard.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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

Gabriela walks from the sea in a sexy bikini.

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

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

A late autumn day, storm clouds hovering. Jerry struggles to keep up with Howard. And they pass by the..

INT. STRIP JOINT - DAY

A rundown bar where over-the-hill strippers writhe on pool tables for small change. Matt finds a seat, facing away from the action, while Ray, an admirer of the female form, gawks.

INT. HOME - DAY

A tumbler of gin is on top of the piano. Artemesia, sitting on the bench, takes a sip.

She begins tapping on a few keys, tentatively at first. The CHORDS sound vaguely familiar, but it's so slow and soft that it's difficult to make out the piece.

Then she picks up the pace, slowly finding her way. And it soon becomes clear that she's playing the opening CHORDS to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Artemesia's face, once weary, now looks focused. Pissed even. Her fingers pound the keys. Faster. Harder. With venom.

It's clear Herb has talent, but this is not a traditional Beethoven interpretation. This is much more violent.

This is a woman unleashing his sexual frustration on a piano. And then, all of a sudden, she stops playing.

He is drenched in sweat. He looks exhausted. Vaguely post-coital

GABRIELA

For Bill, his illness came quickly, out of the blue, really, when he suffered acute depression followed by a psychotic episode. He spent six months in the psych ward. Some make a full recovery, other's require long term care. Bill's the latter.

ARTEMESIA

He'll be alright.

GABRIELA

I can't help feeling sorry for him, worrying about him, but you wouldn't understand that.

ARTEMESIA

Is that why you married him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIELA

Perhaps. Or maybe it's like he said, for his money.

ARTEMESIA

Paying him back for that?

GABRIELA

I loved him, only he didn't realize it until it was too late.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you leave him?

GABRIELA

I was going to, but he wanted to try again. That's like Bill, he's always breaking something and trying to put it back together. He insisted if we were alone things would be different...didn't work out.

ARTEMESIA

We should have told him before.

She stares at him, then shakes her head, "no."

ARTEMESIA

Then let's run away, I know places down south, so beautiful, Angie, we could live there a long time.

GABRIELA

I don't want to move away, my life is here. I want to stay here.

ARTEMESIA

You can't stay married to him now.

GABRIELA

I don't know what to do.

ARTEMESIA

But you don't love him.

GABRIELA

I do. I do love him.

ARTEMESDIA

But not like this.

GABRIELA

Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Then you can't stay married to him.

GABRIELA

We met when I was seventeen. I was one of his students. We've been together for twenty-eight years. Bill's a part of me. I can't... separate myself from him. No more than I could cut off my arms or my legs. Someone else is going to have to do it.

And that just lingers there in the air for just a second -

ANGELA

That's a murder rap, Jarek. That's a long time. With your record, twenty... twenty-five years... You think you can do that, no need to listen to what I'm about to say.

She grabs him. Pulls him close. KISSES him. This one lasts longer. Steamy. The chemistry undeniable. She finally pulls back. Gazes into his eyes. And SLAPS him again

MAN

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

ANGELA

Do I?

JACK

Unless you're a fool. She means no more to me than Bill does to you.

JACK

He means nothing to you. Say it?

ANGELA

He does though.

ANGELA

Peace and security.

JACK

It's his money than.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELA

Partly. All my life I've lived on other people's money. Now I want some of my own. But there's another kind of security that Bill can give me. Without him I'm afraid of those things I'll do. Afraid of what I might become. Bill is goodness and safety.

JACK

And what am I?

ANGELA

You're strength, excitement, and depravity! There's a certain corruption inside of you that would drive most women away, but not me...

WOMAN

I don't know...this relationship shit... it's like somebody tears your heart out and then kicks you in the stomach. I don't know whether to cry or break something. You know what I mean?

ARTEMESIA

I see this all the time. A woman who has everything, great job. Greta house. Good man. But she still feels like she's missing something...

ARTEMESIA

Truly, I could listen to you talk all day.

GABRIELA

I guessed I've always known, I just repressed it. Look, I've never been with another woman...you know, sexually. And men, I mean...I...I love men. But when it came to the...intimacy, I wasn't present. There was always something missing.

SARA

And throughout my childhood, with women, I think I had...you know, crushes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SARA (CONT'D)

I didn't register them at the time, Just, "I wonder what Nikki thinks of me..." or "I hope Sara will be there."

A beat,

SARA

This is, um, very difficult and embarrassing for me. But I also feel... what...

And she looks for the word and finds it...

SARA

Liberated...

!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Illuminated by a bedside lamp. The room is without character. No photos. No mementoes. Just bare bones, and a naked LATINA is lying down, a white bed sheet casually covering her legs with her GORGEOUS BARE ASS facing the CAMERA. Angela on her side,.....

She looks up at the ceiling, eyes shut, feigning sleep. and her dark sweaty mane strewn around the pillow.

INT. CHÂTEAU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

More artwork, only these are erotic paintings of elaborate coitus... a highly lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his large penis...

WOMAN

After a finish a portraint people invariably say nice things.

MAN

I'm sure they're deserved.

WOMAN

Sometimes.

MAN

Surely you underestimate your own work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Don't misunderstand me. This is not the case of false modesty. I know when my works good, and when it isn't.

MAN

I don't quite follow.

WOMAN

Follow it this way. Everyone wears a mask. Society and convention requires it. The job of a real artist is to get between that mask to bring to the surface the real man, or woman

MAN

And in this particular case do you think you've succeeded or failed?

WOMAN

Do you really want to know? Yes, I've failed. That's the portrait of a beautiful mask. I was never able to get beneath it. You're an enigmatic character. I stood here look at it for hours but it's always eluded me. I better be going before you tell em to take that portrait with me. Don't worry about the portrait everyone's going to like it.

GABRIELA

Here I am just rambling along, and I don't know nothing about you.

ARTEMESIA

I find you more interesting.

GABRIELA

Am I?

GABRIELA

You've ever been poor? I have. Grew up poor. It makes you appreciate the things you have now.

An oak-panelled study. Floor-to-ceiling books, mostly history, biographies of titanic men - Julius Caesar, Alexander The Great, Genghis Khan, Ghandi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jimmy opens a 2001 Beringer Cabernet Sauvignon. Alex watches.

Jimmy takes down a book, The 900 Days: The Siege Of Leningrad(by Harrison Salisbury).

INT. SAILING YACHT - GALLERY - DAY

The intimate forward cabin, mahogany wood panelling, Intimate, loungnicely furnished, finishes

GABRIELA

I'm a strong woman, I don't need a man to feed me, but I still need a man to love me and that I could love.

ARTEMESIA

Don't you get lonely?

GABRIELA

I try not to romanticize things anymore... I was suffering all the time. Sure I have lots of dreams but they are not in regard to my love life or lack thereof... it doesn't make me sad, it is the way it is.,

MAN

Is that why you're in a relationship with a man who is nevr around?

GABRIELA

Yes, I can't deal with the life of an everyday relationship, we have this exciting time together and then he leaves and I miss him but at least I'm not dying inside...when someone is always around me I'm suffocating.

MAN

You said you want ot love and be loved.

GABRIELA

Yes, but when I do, it quickly makes me nauseous. A diasater. Truth is, I feel really happy only when I'm on my own.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

Even being alone is sitting next to a lover and feeling lonely...I want to say it's not easy for me to be romantic. You start off that way and after you've been screwed over a few times you give up on all your delusional idead and you juts take whatever comes into your life. But it's not true -- I haven't been screwed over --I've just had too many blah relationships. They were not mean, they cared for me but there was no real excitement or connection, or at least not on my side....

Before sunset script.. page 50 and beyong*****

GABRIELA

You get use to it after awhile. Besides it gives me time to think.

ARTEMESIA

About what?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Gabriela rushes through the outdoor terrace of a fancy restaurant. This is a woman who's not only very late -- she's deeply unsettled.

She dodges waiters and diners, when she stops: seeing

Artemesia, aviators on, nursing a COCKTAIL. She hasn't seen Gabriela yet. *She looks radiant, innocent, and Gabriela feels a wave of tenderness wash over him.*

She looks up from the menu as Gabriela takes a seat.

GABRIELA

Sorry, sorry...

ARTEMESIA

It's OK.

GABRIELA

I just lost track-- this married life thing, everyone's--

ARTEMESIA

Hey. It's fine. Really. You're here. We're here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles, as a WAITER approaches -- w

ARTEMESIA
Champagne- your best Norwegian.

A SHORT TIME LATER...

Nick, in his dentist coat, discreetly checks his Galaxy in a back corner. Smiles to himself as he reads what we can only presume is a message from Artemesia.

GABRIELA
Oh my God. Are you serious? Of course you are. What a stupid question. I'll... drive up as soon as I can, okay?

Gabriela struggles to keep her emotions in check.

A beat.

GABRIELA
I told him about you. He didn't seem too interested.

ARTEMESIA
Maybe if it had been a man.

GABRIELA
I doubt it.

Tablecloths. Romantic candlelight, a dozen or so PATRONS dine quietly. Artemesia sits by herself, a WAITER, RALPH, brings a bottle of water.

GABRIELA
(coming)
I got your message. Sorry, I'm late. Why didn't you --

ARTEMESIA
-- Evening, Mrs. Hemmings.

GABRIELA
That's a bit formal.

Artemesia pulls out the chair for Gabriela, smiling. Gabriela smiles in appreciation.

GABRIELA
Why didn't I what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She sits, sees the glass of wine in front of her, the place setting, two plates of something mysterious and toast.

As Artemesia pours wine, she slides a plate of toasts towards Gabriela.

She takes the toast, hesitates, then takes a bite. It's good. She starts to melt, she takes a sip, melts a little more.

ARTEMESIA

Go ahead -- ask me anything you want.

Artemesia watches her, pleased with herself.

GABRIELA

(coming)

I got your message. Sorry, I'm late. Why didn't you --