

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

**MOVING THROUGH A DENSE, DARK FOG - NIGHT**

Nothing is visible but a wet, thick blanket around us until we catch GLIMPSES of CITY LIGHTS. Looming. Finally, we emerge from the fog to find --

Independence Hall. Market Street. The Liberty Bell.  
Welcome to *Philadelphia*.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

The street is quiet, empty of people and traffic...

A stocking-faced man in a suit and overcoat, navigates the deserted street, staying close to the walls, preferring the pockets of shadow and concealed area...

*His gloved-hand snapping his Zippo lighter open/shut.*

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

*DR. MARLA MENOUNOS, 40s, walks in a less-than-desirable neighborhood, her looks downplayed under a professional wardrobe. The consummate presence of a tiger pacing in a cage. Ferocious, calculating, and in the end, impossible to take your eyes off of.*

Further back, our would-be "RAPIST" steps from an alley. She thinks she hears another set of footsteps behind her.

After two or three more steps, she pauses, listening. It might be someone, it might not...

She looks back, nothing. Her pace gradually quickening... her paranoia growing... our paranoia growing...

She unlocks the door of her Porsche parked along the curve with an audible CHIRP, reaches for the door handle.

The Rapist grabs Marla who screams: "Hel--" before he clamps a hand over mouth-- drags her into --

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT**

Down the trash strewn alley... He pulls her towards him, Marla tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress. She's strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her skirt pushed up, ass against a wall, white lace panties getting dirtier and dirtier...

She scratches his face, rips off the stocking covering it. They stare at one another a moment. A tense beat.

The absence of adequate light, insures his face remains hidden. From his hungry expression; he hasn't touched a woman in years.

He reaches into his overcoat, jabs his .357 in her face.

This makes her feel the eroticism of her own position, overpowered by an armed stranger, his weight against her.

A BUM stumbles into the alley, holding a 40 oz, crashing against garbage cans. Angela and the Rapist acknowledges the bum's presence.

He swings his .357 through a quick 90-degree arc, fires an inch above the bums head. A brick is shattered, sprays down on him, and the RICOCHET SCREAMS. The bum runs.

Suddenly, Marla seizes the moment, knees him in the nuts, momentarily paralyzes him. He's gasping:

She breaks away, grabs his arm, gives him a judo twist, sends him on his ass, nearly breaking his arm.

And on that, Marla turns ankle and motors for the alley, leaves him, nursing his injured arm.

**EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT**

A very attractive home in a fairly-affluent suburb of Philadelphia. Marla pulls in. She deboards, fumbles through her clutch for keys.

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

The home is modestly upscale, attractive Equestrian trophies on the mantel.

BILL, 40s, ivy-league handsome, wears a bow-tie and sweater, and glasses, watches, as Marla makes her stealthy way into the room

She freezes, spots Bill in his Lazy-boy, grading essays.

She enters the circle of lamp-light, exhaling on the sofa, slips off sexy shoes, massages her feet, presumably they hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

I'm surprised you're up.

BILL

I'm up. You can't sleep when I snore, so I can't fall asleep before you.

MARLA

I could sleep in the guest room.

BILL

No you can't. House guest. He's a former student of mine.

He hands her a file - reluctant, Marla peruses it.

MARLA

Pretty lurid details. Battery on a Person. Resisting an officer. B&E, First-degree robbery: it says here he's a registered sex offender. The list goes on.

She glares at Bill - as if he's got a major screw loose.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A romantic bedroom suite, at the moment, a little untidy. Bill is in bed, grading essays, absorbed in some notes.

Marla stands in the doorway in a sexy white lace slip and white pumps; a great recreation of the look Liz made famous in "Cat On a Hot Tin roof."

She nurses a tumbler of whiskey on the rock.

MARLA

How is his manners? Is he possible?

BILL

He had a football scholarship. Went to a reform school for boys.

She joins him, kisses Bill. He kisses her forehead and goes back to grading papers. Sighs. This is her life.

MARLA

It's okay. You've had a crazy day. You're tired. I am too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Don't do that. Don't start  
psychoanalyzing me.

MARLA

That's my job, Bill.

BILL

You're not at work. Screw you.

MARLA

You never seem to be able to  
anymore.

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

Light from the pool bouncing off the walls, casting  
bizarre shadows across the darkened room.

Marla uncaps a bottle of scotch, pours herself a drink.

A man, silhouetted, seated in a chair, flips the top of  
his Zippo open and shut. Snap. Snap. Snap.

Marla jumps, splashes scotch. The lamp clicks on.

JAMAL SPECTOR, 20s, black, muscular, mouthwatering  
handsome, bad boy grin, plays cat's cradle with a string.

He's good, creating intricate patterns and undoing them.

He smiles up at Marla. Marla doesn't return his smile.  
Her demeanor is all icy, controlled professionalism, but  
there's fury below that surface.

JAREK

Sorry, I didn't realize you were --

MARLA

Oh, um...it's all right, just help  
yourself to anything you want.

She pours herself another scotch.

JAREK

Anything?

MARLA

*Of course.* Since you've made  
yourself at home.

JAREK

Oh, you don't approve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

It doesn't matter what I want.  
He thinks your worth saving.

JAREK

And you don't?

MARLA

I don't mind this little  
experiment. Although I think it's  
a waste of time. But you interest  
him, so I'll do all I can for  
you... whether it's therapy, or  
teaching you proper etiquette, but  
this is my house too, and I won't  
tolerate your shenanigans...

She studies his eyes, overcome with a sense of deja vu.

MARLA

Have we met before?

JAREK

Don't think so.

Jarek squirms like a convict waiting for sentencing.  
Marla isn't satisfied, but lets it go for now.

MARLA

One more and it's time for bed.

JAREK

Is that an invitation.

MARLA

There also needs to be boundaries,  
Mr. Spector. And we both know  
you've never been good at that.

JAREK

I've always enjoyed the challenge  
of self-improvement.

MARLA

Can I offer you some advice?

JAREK

Everyone else is.

MARLA

Don't mistake my kindness for  
weakness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She flops down on the sofa, grabs a pack of cigarettes. Realizes no lighter.

Jarek moves towards her. Jarek flicks his zippo's flint wheel and ignites the celluloid.

Reluctant, she leans in closer as he lights it.

Marla's distracted by the gigantic cock lurking beneath his boxers. A 14-inch anaconda, pushing the underwear's fabric to the limit.

She covers her subtle jaw-drop, far from being deterred by his attitude, she's intrigued. She likes challenges.

JAREK

You're English, aren't you?

MARLA

And you're little Caesar!

His face ices over. He sits down. Marla notes his bruised wrist. How he favors his arm.

There's a flash of recognition on Marla's face, but she stays mum. Bill has stepped into the room.

BILL

I see you two have already met.

MARLA

Twice. Good night.

**EXT. SKYLINE - DAY**

Then, as the SUN RISES over the Philadelphia skyline --

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

A Better Homes & Gardens kitchen. Bill fills his travel mug with coffee. Marla still in her nightgown, woofs down breakfast.

BILL

How's our guest doing?

MARLA

Keeping his hands to himself.

BILL

Oh I told him it was alright if he borrows your Mustang.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)  
 (off her look)  
 He needed wheels.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Classic walnut and with enough marble to rival Caesars Palace. A vanity with a big mirror/separate power room.

Angela slips into the lavish stall. Turns on the shower, *preheated water RAINS DOWN*, as STEAM BEGINS TO MIST THE GLASS. After a beat we realize...

She's joylessly masturbating, brings herself to orgasm. Jarek watches the suds accentuating Angela whose figure still inspires all the boys' fantasies.

Angela feels watched, peers behind her, he's gone. She exits, towels off.

Notes stray nylons sticking out of a clothes hamper. Shakes her head at the untidiness. Goes to tuck them back in. Suddenly stops -

Lifts her white panties with paint and dirt blots. Notes her moist fingers. Nonchalantly brings them to her face and drinks in the smell.

Angela's face ices briefly before she recovers. Tries to contain a terror in her eyes, even if we don't know exactly why.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME- MARLA'S BOUDOIR - DAY**

It rivals a designer boutique. Cluttered with sophisticated, expensive clothes. Tiers of sexy shoes, boots, lingerie, accessories. Mirrors.

Angela, in some kinda hurry, steps into sexy pumps. Feels something "squishing" under her feet. Pulls off a shoe. Copious amounts of semen covers a stocking foot.

MARLA

Ugh...

She shimmy's off her pantyhose, slowly enough to realize she doesn't wear panties. Angela stops herself. Takes a breath. Wills calm.



INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Jarek works under the sink. Angela stalks in, legs on either side of him. She's in such a state that she's oblivious to the fact that she's not wearing any underwear whatsoever under her skirt.

He slides out, freezes, it's clear from the look on his face that she's not wearing panties. Angela holds up her shoes.

MARLA

What is this creamy stuff? Ice cream? Hm, smells funny. Would you like a lick, luv? "Pina Colada" cocktail. Maybe? You've got some nerve, the audacity, WTF are you thinking? Keep the jizz away from my shoes.

He meets Angela's eyes with a slightly embarrassed smile.

MARLA

At least you're self-aware enough to be a little ashamed, I guess.  
(switching gears)  
Lemme know when you finish. I'm thirsty.

JAREK

I'm done.

She holds a glass under the faucet. With a flourish, Jack turns it on. The glass fills with brown sludge.

ANGELA

Way to go, Jarek. Maybe I should just call a plumber.

INT. POLICE STATION - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Her office is modern but not stark. A placard reads: 'Sergeant Rosamund Steiger' PhD - Police and Public Safety Psychotherapist'.

DET. JAKE MALONE, 40s, enters -- African American, rumpled. Cynical. Burnt out, enters to find --

ROSAMUND, 40s, a gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men, women, and booze. We clock her badge and gun clipped to her belted sheath dress.

She pops a couple of tablets, dry-chewing them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. MALONE

What've you got there, Rosa?

DET. STEIGER

Malone. Tums. You give me heartburn. Lunch?

DET. MALONE

No can-do. Gotta see Dr. Menounos.

DET. STEIGER

Now there's a real tiger for you. Just don't let her sink her claws into you. Once she gets a hold, she never lets go.

**INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN - PSYCH WARD - DAY**

Marla escorts Det. Malone through an antiseptic corridor with metal doors either side. A prison ward.

MARLA

The human mind is complex. I often compare it to an Atomic bomb. Whose two elements when kept apart are harmless. So it is with the conscious and sub conscious of the human mind.

(then)

Jimmy has been diagnosed with everything from being a recluse to a schizophrenic with paranoid tendencies. Raging to the bizarre.

DET. MALONE

What does that mean?

MARLA

He's a tough nut to crack.

She opens a hatch. Det. Malone peers into a cell. Iron bars on a window. Jimmy cowers, mumbling to himself.

Suddenly Jimmy jumps up right in front of the hatch!

Det. Malone stumbles backwards, letting out an involuntary scream! Marla smirks, slams the hatch shut.

MARLA

It's OK, if you're not paranoid -- you're crazy.

Marla's PAGER goes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Another consult. ICU. Excuse me--

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY**

Marla escorts Jarek, notices him still rubbing his arm.

MARLA

Hurt yourself?

JAREK

Old rotator cuff injury.

MARLA

Of course, my judo training.

A raspberry-like "chuffing" from a TIGER (her ring tone). Marla checks her cell. Hits ignore, ushers him into --

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MARLA'S OFFICE - DAY**

A pleasant wood panelled psychiatric office. It's dark, windowless, but intimate and cozy. Meditation-Spiritual books line the shelves.

Behind her desk, AN EPIC DEER HEAD MOUNTED ON THE WALL BEHIND HER, grotesque. One of her hunting trophies.

Jarek lounges on a recliner. Marla sits across from him, her legs crossed suggestively. She writes with an Apple Pencil on an iPad Pro.

Catches him admiring her legs. Jarek doesn't register any embarrassment. If anything, his eyes continue to linger.

A psychiatric beat... as they both wait for the curtains to part, and the inner drama to begin to play itself out.

JAREK

I'm afraid I'm not good at this.

MARLA

That's okay. I am.

MARLA

You seem to be pretty occupied with money yourself.

JAREK

Well a petty criminal needs friends and money buys them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

How many crimes the police don't know about have you committed?

JAREK

I'm not a murderer.

MARLA

You tried to kill that bum?

JAREK

No! I just wanted to scare him.

Jarek glances up at the DEER HEAD ON THE WALL.

JAREK

That's what? A ten point?

MARLA

Twelve. There are two drop tines coming off the back. Can't see them from this angle.

JAREK

Nice. Rifle?

MARLA

Muzzleloader.

JAREK

My father use to take me hunting.

MARLA

Big game? Deer? Buffalo? Moose?

JAREK

Naw, Rabbits. Squirrels. But I hated it. My mom would tell me to suck it up and do it for my dad. Hell, that bastard would threatened to shoot and kill my pets.

(reminiscing)

Honestly, I tried to enjoy it, but I always felt guilty from the killing. When I was in fourth grade I threw a rock over a fence at a robin during recess. I thought it would fly away or my aim would just be off, but I hit that fucker and he fell over dead. I still feel bad about it to this day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

Remorse show us we're not a psychopath.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Home from work, a glass in hand, Marla wrestles with a corkscrew and a bottle of Chablis.

Jarek's on a ladder, tool belt on, replacing a lighting fixture. She's surprised.

She catches Jarek's gaze full on- as she starts pulling off her sexy shoes... already sweating.

MARLA

My, you look nice and cool!

JAREK

You don't look so hot yourself.

She looks at him. Understanding pretty quickly -- pours herself a drink. Notices him eyeing her discarded heels.

MARLA

AC broke?

JAREK

Just the fuse box. I shut it off.  
I'm almost done.

She goes. Once the coast is clear,

He grabs one of her pumps, caressing its lines with a reverent index finger. He SMELLS her shoe: the intoxicating aroma of her scent.

Unbeknownst to him, Marla tiptoes back into the room. Wordlessly and without judgement clearly writ on her face, she goes.

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

Marla lounges on a sofa, drinking gin and tonic and commiserating with Bill -- in a Lazy-boy, engrossed in a crossword puzzle.

BILL

What's a five letter word for psychological Aberration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Crazy.

BILL

(amused)

Yea, it fits.

MARLA

Sara want be to keen on us having a criminal as a house guest. I'm not so sure, either.

BILL

What do you think?

MARLA

He's a bad boy with a bundle of anger. But he's far more intelligent than he lets on. And i think frightened under that hard shell of his.

(laughs)

More like frightening. But that's what makes him so interesting.

BILL

If you don't like the idea we can call the whole thing off.

MARLA

Well it's one thing to practice psychology on a prison ward, it's something else to have a patient in idea circumstances. If I can find out what makes him tick I can probably straighten him out. Besides we've never had a criminal for a house-guest. May be interesting.

BILL

Could be dangerous.

MARLA

Quick tempered too. And I'm not a bit scared.

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

Marla saunters back in, The awkwardness is palpable.He lifts a photo of Angela on a horse, holding a trophy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Maybe you could take me for a ride.

MARLA

Perhaps?

Marla curls up on the sofa, fishes out a cigarette.

Jarek flicks his zippo's flint wheel and ignites the celluloid. Lights it for her.

MARLA

*I'm sorry, Mr. Spector, if I gave you the wrong impression. I do hope you're comfortable.*

JAREK

Why?

MARLA

Why? Because you're a guest in my house.

JAREK

No, I'm not a guest, Mrs. Menounos. I'm a prisoner. A condition of my parole was court-mandated counseling. Either this, or go back to prison. Why pretend it's anything else?

MARLA

Bill tells me you found a shorter path from the hot water heater, so there's less waste as it warms. Who taught you how to work with copper?

JAREK

Yea, my old man.

MARLA

He teach you anything about wood?

JAREK

He was a carpenter by trade.

MARLA

What happened to him?

JAREK

(beat, reluctantly)  
He took off when I was sixteen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

Tell me about your mother.

Jarek doesn't answer. His silence speaking volumes.

He sits in front of the piano, begins to riff on something, quietly at first but then the music grows increasingly more insistent.

He plays passionately. Marla listens, caught up in the beautiful music... Then asks the burning question:

MARLA

Would you have raped me if I hadn't gotten away?

JAREK

Yes. Why do you ask? Does it fascinate you.

She pauses, perhaps unsure which direction to go.

As she eases herself up from the sofa, her displeasure is evident, but him as a potential prospect intrigues her.

MARLA

No, it makes me sick. I despise criminals. They're not the one bit glamorous. There just wild, stupid animals who belong in cages. I can respect a rebel if it's intelligent rebellion but...I hate stupidity.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Marla saunters down the hall, looking hot in Equestrian riding outfit that fits like a glove, but pauses outside the guest bedroom door first.

She cracks it just a sliver, enough to peek in at -

Jarek grips a bar, fastened to the doorjam. Pull ups. His shirt off - toned, sweaty. Marla stares at him lustily.

For a second, her and Jarek lock eyes. Marla heads out. Jarek hurries out of his room, catches up with her.

JAREK

Hang on. I'll come with you.

MARLA

If you want.



**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

The stallion jumps the fence, gallops into the field. Marla rides hard, Jarek clinging to her torso.

**EXT. HORSE BOARDING FACILITY - DAY**

Jarek hops off, helps Marla down. Reluctant at first, she accepts. They are a little closer together than is socially acceptable.

Before he can respond, Marla heads for her Porsche.

**EXT/INT. PHILADELPHIA - PORSCHE - DAY**

Marla drivers. Jarek rides shotgun. He casually throws his arms around the back of her seat.

MARLA

That's not necessary, Jarek.

JAREK

(removes his arm)

Oh, I'm sorry.

MARLA

It's neither cute nor innocent. Like back there. But you can't help it. You are what you are.

JAREK

Am I that easy to read?

MARLA

It's really not that hard.

JAREK

You can afford to be smug. Where as I...am the product of a broken home. A child of divorce.

MARLA

Well, that doesn't give you a license to commit armed robbery.

JAREK

It's a mitigating circumstance. Ask any psychologist.

He grins. His arrogance, or rather his acknowledgement of his arrogance, is oddly charming. Marla rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I had no mother to guide me in my formidable years. And when my father was sent to prison for the second term I suffered a trauma. And my aunt tried to bring me out of my acute melancholia schizophrenic tendencies by showing me how to rob stores.

MARLA

And you thought this would cheer you up. And make life rosier for you, huh? You looking for pity?

JAREK

You don't like me, do you?

MARLA

Like? You don't matter to me. You're just a pet project. Here today. Gone tomorrow. What I don't like is what you stand for?

JAREK

And what is that?

MARLA

Something sick.

JAREK

You sound like my parole officer.

MARLA

They think you had a bad childhood. It's just an excuse. Lots of people come from broken homes. I got a raw deal too. Still am. But that hasn't made me bitter. I've learned to embrace everything that happens to me in life with open arms and try to make the best of it.

She pulls into the driveway. He grabs her arm. She tries to pull away, but he holds tight.

JAREK

Mrs. Menuonos, you're a phoney. I know your type so well. Cool, calm, sophisticated, icy and untouchable. But beneath the surface lies an inner fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

Inner fire?

JAREK

Don't get me wrong. I like the updo. It's just that it's a little... tight. Almost like you feel the need to bind yourself up, because you're afraid of what might happen if you just let it all go.

Her face ices briefly before she recovers.

MARLA

Quite the speech. You practice it beforehand? Understand this: I'm your *ticket out*. Remember that!

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

Jarek watches a Sixers game on the TV, he's bored stiff. He flips off the TV with the remote, then rises, paces.

He glances at his watch, debating... In the b.g., Marla studies him from the staircase.

Jarek sits at the piano and plays "*Piano Concerto Number Twenty-four in C Minor*."

Marla curls up on the sofa with a kindle book. She listens, enjoying him play. He stops.

MARLA

Don't stop. I love Mozart.

(Jarek resumes)

Did you know when he wasn't writing one of his masterpieces, he wrote kinky letters. In one to his cousin, he told her he wanted to "shit on her nose" and watch it "drip down her chin.

Marla gestures towards the piece Jarek plays.

MARLA

That's right, the same genius that wrote "*Piano Concerto Number Twenty-four in C Minor*," --

A beat, then - Jarek gets up, moves closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

What? You thought you were the only one with an utterly depraved sex life. When Einstein wasn't sciencing the shit out of everything -- he was pulsating his dick into as many women as humanly possible...

JAREK

So, what'cha reading?

She reads from her kindle, "The Road Not Taken" aloud.

MARLA

*"I shall be telling this with a sigh somewhere ages and ages hence: Two roads diverged in a wood, and I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference."*

JAREK

Ah, Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken." It's about life and taking chances.

MARLA

Ha, Is that what you think? It's about a path in the woods. How is that about taking chances? Ha, that's a laugh. Whatever a fool believes...

JAREK

I take it you don't?

MARLA

It's about... a dirty old perv who leaves his wife for a virgin. *"...long I stood and looked down one as far as I could to where it bent in the undergrowth."* That's his wife. She's old. Bent over. *"Then took the other, as just as fair, and having perhaps the better claim, because it was grassy and wanted wear..."* Grassy and wanted wear. That's the virgin. That's how I look at it.

A beat, Jarek stops playing, moves closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

Not a whore, a virgin. A whore would make no sense. How is a whore a road less traveled?

MARLA

Was. Now she's just a whore...

There's something deeper to that statement.

JAREK

You ever been locked up?

MARLA

Not the way you mean.

JAREK

I don't care what way it is. Some people can stand it and some people can't. The ones who can't would kill themselves and anybody else just to get out for five minutes.

JAREK

Sure, I've hurt people that stopped me from doing what I wanted to do.

MARLA

And what's that?

JAREK

Get away. Escape.

MARLA

Perhaps I know what you're talking about.

She smiles, more at ease with him. There's a boyish quality to Jarek that's unexpected, and very appealing.

MARLA

If you're not back by midnight I'm hunting your ass down, understood?

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marla and Bill are in bed together, she reads a kindle. He grades papers. No eye contact. No words exchanged. Just two people who were once in love, but now merely roommates. Until...

**INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT**

Stolen cars in various states of disassembly are being worked on in the bays. One GREASY MECHANIC is pounding fenders, another is spray painting a hood.

A third - POPEYE, 20s, a beefy/Latino thug, dismantles a Bentley, pulling off its rims. Jarek looks on.

POPEYE

They're caged up. You Man so waddup? Is it me? Or is it we?

JAREK

A guy need a reason. For practice. A man's gotta keep his chops up.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

The buildings are run down. A SUITED MAN passes an alley, a thug grab him. Drag him into --

**INT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Jarek and Popeye. Both are stocking-faced. Popeye pins him against the wall, his forearm pressed hard against the base of his neck.

JAREK

Hey, looks like we got a good one.

SUITED MAN

Take it easy. I'm not putting up a fight.

JAREK

That's good.

Popeye puts him in a full nelson and roughly turns him to face Jarek, who reaches inside the man's jacket, removes his wallet. Pulls out wads of cash.

Popeye punches him, knocks him out cold.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

A seedy dive bar. CAROL BUNDY, 34, at the bar drinking a gimlet. She's dolled up in a short, tight skirt and heels; a bit plump and over the hill for the look but pulls it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's in mid-conversation, enamoured with (PAN TO) Jarek.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marla's awake, hasn't slept well, listening to Jarek and a woman in the throes of some very vocal and savage sex.

Bill, a pillow over his head, blocking out the world.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - UTILITY ROOM - REAR ENTRY - NIGHT**

A laundry room. Tight quarters. A clutter of washers and dryers churning in steady rhythm. The room... Steamy hot.

Barefoot, Marla, unable to get back to sleep, pulls a load from a dryer and places it into a basket.

A washer starts acting like a caged animal, roaring and bucking wildly, trying to escape the closet.

Marla stares at it, melancholy, reflective, flushes as some sort of transitive euphoria pumps through her.

Presses her body into it. Holds onto the washer. Stares at a crack in the ceiling, the sensation overwhelms her.

**INT. MARLA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Rosa in a belted sheath dress, badge and gun clipped, studies an ink blot card, flips it upside down, can't make heads or tails out of it.

Marla in full regalia, a blue lab coat, I.D. tags, stethoscope, and a brass lapel tag bearing her name.

MARLA

So what brings you here?

SARA

Mr. Spector. You should have told me.

MARLA

I knew you wouldn't approve.

SARA

No, I wouldn't say that. It's a condition of his parole.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (CONT'D)

I know of your professional interest in cases like these...in view of his record I thought it would be nice for us to have a little chat.  
Has he been behaving himself?

MARLA

I've kept my eye on him.

SARA

That's not what I asked.

MARLA

Look, if I am to gain his confidence, I can't leave him caged up. He's got to be given a certain amount of freedom.

SARA

Mr. Spector is far too dangerous to be living under your roof.

Sara takes Marla's hand. Their faces inches apart. A kiss imminent.

MARLA

I have you on speed dial.  
He should be here soon. Care to talk to him?

SARA

That won't be necessary. I'm sure I'll see him soon enough.

**INT. MARLA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY**

On her desk, a display of Newton's pendulum have grabbed Marla's attention. She can't resist, grabs the balls and starts playing with them.

A long beat. Jarek enters. She gets up, slams the door shut... none too pleased.

JAREK

Excuse me? Is this where I go to get my head shrunk?  
(off her look)  
Look, I just lost track of time.

MARLA

Not buying it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JAREK

A perceptive woman. You know a fabrication when you hear one.

MARLA

Yea, it sort of comes out like a lie.

JAREK

Precisely, because I told a lie because you expected to hear one. It's human nature as predictable as sunrise and sunset.

MARLA

Boundaries, Mr. Spector. I'm your therapist, not part of your posse. You show up at your appointment times -- not before, not after.

(takes her seat)

Mr. Spector, why don't you have a seat? We should get started.

Jarek gives her a wan smile as he sits across from Marla who subconsciously does lots of shoeplay, heel-popping, heels dangling, it's hot.

JAREK

You know a lot about me. It's only fair I know a little about you. Outside you're a Harvard grad, and bestselling author.

A beat. Jarek looking over to Marla... *your turn...*

MARLA

Well, I was born in the Boston suburb of Medford, Massachusetts, to Greek immigrant parents. Look, I don't want to play games.

JAREK

Neither do I. I don't have the time.

MARLA

Hey, I get it, I do. But you do know why you're here.

JAREK

.... I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

.MARLA

You're hear because you are required to -- might as well make the best of it.

JAREK

It's been four years. I need to built up my resistance.

MARLA

Is that supposed to mean something to me?

JAREK

I want you to have time. To anticipate. Fantasize.

MARLA

... about...

Jarek undoes his belt and pants. He can't believe he's doing this. He whips it out, and off camera, starts to masturbate in front of Marla.

MARLA

I'm a big girl. I can take it.

Marla gets up, locks the door, then sits back down.

MARLA

I never understood what most people will do things in the dark that they would never think of doing in the light.

JAREK

You normally wear heels?

MARLA

Uh, yeah.

JAREK

Is that what you have in your closet? A lot of 'fuckme' pumps?

Marla jots done notes,

JAREK

You're notorious for heelpopping. Just today, more than twenty separate occasions! Seeing your sexy and probably sweaty arches and feet pop out of those heels is fantastic!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAREK (CONT'D)

These aren't just minor heel pops. Some of them are quite deep. It's amazing to think that you know guys are seeing your heel pop and you don't care. Either the shoes you wear are uncomfortable. Or are too big are the only reasons I can think of for why you so consistently do it. Or maybe you're a cock tease.

MARLA

I love heels. The help strengthens my pelvic muscles. Which allows for stronger orgasms. Freudian theory says obsessions are sexual urges that the mind can only partially repress.

Stunned by her directness.

MARLA

Freudian theory says obsessions are sexual urges that the mind can only partially repress.

A shoe dangling from her foot, drops in close proximity to Jarek, tempting him. It's hot.

MARLA

Tell me about your shoe and pantyhose fetish. If you answer the one question. You can do what you want with them.

Jarek looks at Marla. Knows he can't put off the inevitable.

JAREK

*Unggghh!*

He COMES, catching it in his hand. Marla grabs a box of kleenex and hands it to him.

She slips back on her shoe in the most sexy way possible, then shifts through inkblot cards, hands him one.

*This card has a rough "V" shape, looks like faces staring at each other, maybe "bunny ears."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAREK

I don't know why you're showing me such mixed up pictures, and I don't think I want to look at any more.

MARLA

Just one. Girl Scout honor.

JAREK

Well I was a student of art. When I look at them the thing that comes to mind is negative space. Like the image was trying make me see something that ain't there.

MARLA

Humor me.

JAREK

Looks like...um...two females helping each other lift buckets of water with a butterfly flying in between them. Perhaps a fat vagina if you look at it hard enough.

MARLA

I'm a believer in the power of substances to make people more receptive to certain types of personal work. Sometimes it's prozac, sometimes it's ecstasy.  
(crossing her legs)

Marla crosses her legs suggestively, then -

MARLA

Have you ever tried ecstasy?

JAREK

Tablet or power?

Marla smirks, scribbles on a prescription pad.

MARLA

I like it's therapeutic potential for patients with PTSD. Of course, it's a controlled substance so we need to make it legal, on the off-chance you get picked up.

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

Thunder and rain. Angela and Bill lie in bed, asleep. Until there's movement on the bed. Suddenly, a lightning flash reveals --

Jarek, naked, pulling back the covers, pulling up Angela's lacy nightgown. He's on top of her, moving frantically, as fast as he can.

Angela jerks awake. Reflexively pushing him off.

Jarek stands there, a *HYP-NO-TIZED* zombie. No life in his eyes. Then it dawns on her... he's sleepwalking.

Bill snores himself awake. Angela, cool under pressure, with a wave and a "shush" gesture.

ANGELA

(whispering...)

I'm trying to wake him. I need to be careful. He could become angry, violent. Possibly hurt himself or us.

Bill reluctantly nods. Angela turns back to Jarek.

ANGELA

Mr. Spector?

He snaps out of it, seems shocked by her response, by the very fact that she awakened. Stares at her in horrified disbelief.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

A disturbed Jarek in boxers sits on the edge of the bed. Angela returns with a stocking.

JAREK

I swear...I don't even remember getting out of bed. It won't happen again.

ANGELA

How? How can you promise not to do something you can't even control?

She touches his lips, shushing him.

Marla ties a stocking around his wrist before tying the other end to his bedpost. No sleepwalking tonight...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Just for tonight. I'll write you a prescription for benzodiazepine in the morning.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Angela relaxes in a candlelit bubble bath. It's almost working until Bill barges in. Bye bye calm.

ANGELA

Can it wait until I'm not naked?

She smiles, begrudgingly, then addresses his suspicion.

ANGELA

Sorry. I should've told you before, he has a sleeping disorder.

ANGELA

Yes. Parasomniacs like him can do almost anything while asleep that they do while awake. Preparing food, driving, murder! They just won't have no memory of it.

BILL

Wow... Is that even possible? To drive while asleep?

ANGELA

If they're familiar with the route, or if they've been there before. It gets stored in the subconscious. Like a GPS lodged in the mind.

BILL

So he's been in are bed?

A beat. Angela responds with a searing fuck-you glare.

BILL

Did you cum?

ANGELA

Oh my god. I'm not having this conversation.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jarek hits the fridge - after a failed attempt to find a beer, grabs a designer bottle of pomegranate.

**EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - PATIO - DAY**

He stops at something he sees ahead. Takes a hit of pomegranate.

Marla face down sunning herself. Topless. Earbuds in her ear. Napping.

She senses eyes - lifts her head to see Jarek. Starring at her. Taking another slug of juice.

Annoyed, she nonetheless smiles at what he's drinking-

MARLA

How's the pomegranate?

He's not sure what she means. Plus, she's half naked.

MARLA

It's better over ice.

And in a glass, referring to his odd beverage of choice.

JAREK

He was out of beer.

MARLA

Not out, Mr. Spector. Just not a fan.

MARLA

You think maybe you could --

She gestures, "Turn around."

He shifts, allowing her to rise, a towel to her breasts as she slides her feet into sexy clear stripper mules-

Bill comes out to join them. Marla on the move, a towel to her breasts, walks past them and into the house

BILL

You slept with Mrs. Menounos?

JAREK

It was an accident...

Silence. Awkward. Bill shares a look with Jarek, rattled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL  
 (pound it out)  
 Dude. She is totally hot.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Marla heads down the corridor, sexy as hell in casual, equestrian apparel, holding her helmet and a riding crop.

Stops at Jarek's room. Thinks about knocking. Listens. When the door opens, Jarek practically walking into her.

MARLA  
 Oh. Hey. I was just headed... uh --

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

Jarek and Marla riding their horse along a peaceful landscape. Can't make out their conversation but its animated. The air is thick with temptation.

Marla nods, picks up the pace as Jarek races to catch up - alpha female and alpha male trying hard not to compete, but competing just the same.

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

Barefoot, Angela, in a sexy black satin lace trim slip that accentuates her body, stands in the doorway. She nurses tumbler of whiskey.

She's a little bit tipsy. Oh, hell. She's drunk.

Jarek changes the sheets - shirt off - toned, sweaty. Angela stares at him lustily. Her speech is slurred.

JAREK  
 You look like you might be feeling slightly promiscuous tonight- ?

ANGELA  
 No different than any other night.  
 (re: bed)  
 Wet dream?  
 (off his nod)  
 Well, you see me in the morning, you see me at night. So you shouldn't be surprised that I started popped up in your dreams.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jarek, thrown by her directness. Angela blinks - didn't entirely mean to say that out loud.

JAREK

I'd like to talk more about dreams. I think there are more to them than most people think, don't you?

ANGELA

So did Sigmund Freud.

He steps forward, presses his body against hers and kisses her. Angela's eyes open wide, caught unawares.

ANGELA

Wait, what are you doing?

Feeling his erection, she takes a giant step back. Jarek's embarrassed to have so misread the signs.

ANGELA

Goodnight.

**EXT./INT. FREEDWAY - ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY**

Jarek drives. Angela, sipping a fast food milk shake. She laughs, spontaneously. She wears a little white summer dress.

She laughs, spontaneously. Subconsciously, crossing and uncrossing her legs, her dress rides up her thighs.

**EXT. ZOO - DAY**

Uncrowded and overcast. Jarek and Angela stroll the meandering walk-aways between cages and habitats. A mist falls throughout the scene.

They pause before the tiger habitat. The mist has become a drizzle.

A TIGER pacing in its cage - 200 pounds of coiled muscle and rippling haunches. It's beautiful and terrifying.

She's staring back at Angela, mesmerized. Almost like a warning. No fear in its eyes. But none in hers, either.

ANGELA

Have you noticed why they use every space in the cage? They're making it as large as they can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

He's looking for a way out.

ANGELA

It's a she.

Jarek can't hide his embarrassment - manages a smile.

JAREK

I don't usually make that mistake.

ANGELA

Not any more. She's just waiting.

JAREK

For what?

ANGELA

Her keeper.

The day has darkened, a downpour accompanied by a thunderclap. It's one of those showers that comes on fast and strong. They run for cover.

**EXT. REPTILE HOUSE - DAY**

Jarek and Angela wait it out. They're soaked to the bone. And since she's wearing that white dress, it's completely wet, you can pretty much see everything.

As a stunned Jarek drops his jaw, her naked body is beautiful.

And he kisses her -- just like that. Fast. Before she can stop him. The rain around them gets heavier and heavier. So do they until...

She slowly disentangles herself... he watches her for a beat then following.

**INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY**

Angela drives, still soaked. Suddenly, it's intense in the small space... body heat fogging the windshield as rain hammers the car, falling even harder.

They're kissing hungrily. She suddenly SWERVES VIOLENTLY, TIRES SQUEALING, CAREENING ONTO THE SHOULDER. Stops.

ANGELA

Jarek, you okay? I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I'm not. I don't know what to do  
with everything I feel about you.

He tries to kiss her again, Angela abruptly stops,  
breathless, so is Jarek - sexually frustrated.

ANGELA

Not this. Look, I care about you.  
But this can't happen. 'We' can't  
happen. I'm sorry. The answer is  
'no.

Angela feels bad saying it, but not as bad as Jarek does  
hearing it.

JAREK

... Did I get the wrong impression  
last night or... ?

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I just -- had one too  
many.

JAREK

Fucking great. Now you're starting  
to sound like my mom.

She stares. Realizing belatedly... that's the gist of it.

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

Jarek pulls up in. The RAIN is really coming down now.

Angela jumps out fighting WIND and RAIN, shoes in hand,  
runs across the wet lawn and in through the front door.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY**

Angela lets herself in, leans against the wall,....

Suddenly - A noise startles them. They separate as if  
nothing happened, as Bill appears from the study. He eyes  
her wet dress.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - DAY**

Angela gets to the door to find Det. Malone.

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

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

A drunk Marla, or close to it, her legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath. Those sexy clear hooker mules are hot as fuck.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Steam fills the room like a dense fog. The shower runs. Jarek, towel around his waist, shaves before the mirror.

Marla leans back against the door, locks it. Sips from a tumbler of whiskey and ice while commiserating with him.

She's for sure a little drunk already, but she has a look in her eye. A born interrogator.

MARLA

Can I talk to you a minute?

JAREK

Sure. Your house, your rules.

MARLA

Where did you go the other night?

JAREK

Oh, wasn't aware I had a curfew.

MARLA

Seems there's been a rash of robberies. You know anything about them?

JAREK

What do you think?

She sips her drink, catches him staring at her nude body. Marla's eyes bore into him. Finally:

MARLA

I was at the zoo once when I was twelve years old when I saw a tiger escape from his cage. The keepers tried to heard him back in. And he got confused and charged. He really couldn't see them. He thought nothing could stop him. He was magnificent to see. You're like that full of blind arrogance. They had to kill the Tiger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The words hit Jarek like a bomb. He smiles thinly.

She goes to leave, Jarek grips her arm, a bit dangerously. She twists away, her robe sliding up to reveal her bare ass.

Her tumbler falls, crashes to the linoleum.

JAREK

And I don't appreciate being manipulated. Does it give you some kind of perverse thrill to lead me on, always staying just out of reach.

Marla hauls off and slaps the shit out of him. Really lets him have it.

She doesn't have time to turn around before Jarek's hands pins her head down on the sink, his other hand lifts the bottom of her robe.

He towel falls and takes her, doggy style, right there.

Marla lets out a primal MOAN, he's rekindled something inside her she can no longer control. Something hushed, disquieted that arouses her.

It's the first hint of emotion Marla has exhibited.

She catches her reflection in the densely fogged mirror with the humid residue of desire.

JAREK

What's the matter, hon? You were great. Terrific. A tiger.

She looks back at him, shit-faced, a wild, feral look in her eyes as if deciding whether to fuck him or kill him.

She grabs his ass from behind and thrusts him into her.

ANGELA

Go harder...

(whispering)

Harder...Harder.. Ohmygodyes.

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

Books. Awards, framed Doctorates for Education. Bill in robe and slippers, enjoy a tray of milk and cookies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill unscrews caps of half a dozen different bottles of prescription meds - he begins taking them with water.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Dawn just creeping in...

The headboard bangs into the wall, chipping away at the plaster as Marla, has rushed, morning sex with Jarek.

As a middle-aged woman, she's desperate to believe she's still got it. Her esteem has metastasized into a bit of an angry chip on her shoulder. And from here on in, all this comes out when she fucks.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

Marla in a sexy work outfit, trying to juggle a chaotic morning routine; slides bacon onto a plate of over easy eggs and pancakes in front of Jarek.

He shakes salt and pepper on them.

MARLA

They're too runny. I can do them again.

JAREK

It's okay. Pancakes are good.

He takes in Marla's freshly-fucked face, sniffs her, deep, close, a rabid dog ready to pounce.

JAREK

You smell like sex.

MARLA

Um... women usually feel more open and wet and are hotter and smell like sex even if she has washed.

(off his look)

Yep, men are like dogs you'll can tell... But that's not all bad for some men. A lot of women love to have sex with several men in the same day to feel she's being accepted. It is taboo and women love taboo, Jarek -- just like in the garden when Eve went and talked with the devil and let herself get beguiled. Some say that Satan tickled Eve's ass!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

I'm thinking that sex was the  
fruit maybe.

Marla opens a "Morning After" pill box and pops the pill  
out of it's foil. Swallows it down with water.

Bill panting and sweating from his morning jog enters.

MARLA

Good run?

He goes right for the coffee press and finds it empty.

BILL

No coffee?

MARLA

I was busy this morning.

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

Jarek is alone in the driveway, shooting baskets. Badly.

And ogling Marla *as she unloads groceries from her Car.*  
*The damp bottom of one bag falls out, SPILLING ORANGES*  
*and FRANKFURTERS on the ground*

Jarek rushes over to help unload more groceries.

JAREK

I feel really handy right now. Do  
you feel this handy all the time?

MARLA

Nice spin, lover boy, but what's  
the point? I almost put you out.  
You know how I feel about porn.

JAREK

It's normal for men to watch porn.  
You know that.

MARLA

But you watch it all the time.  
It's getting out of hand. Look I'm  
open to new things but when you do  
things that don't include me, in  
my eyes you're cheating.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

Marla unloads groceries, grabs a bottle of vodka, and pours herself a drink. Jarek deposits more bags.

MARLA

What's shocking is how bad you are at hiding what a pervert you are.

Marla kicks off her sexy shoes, puts away groceries.

MARLA

You have no shame. I respect that.

JAREK

So is it -- you know -- great?

MARLA

Beyond.

JAREK

Better than Bill?

MARLA

The best. Ever.

JAREK

If you do decide to tell Bill? You may want to leave that part out.

Marla laughs and rolls her eyes. Grabs an orange out of the fruit bowl. Looking at it, holds it up to his nose.

MARLA

Great sex is about feeling sensual, and indulging our senses switches them on. Start by smelling that orange, strong in scent and taste, to get you in the mood. Sounds bonkers, but arousing your senses before sex helps you be in the moment -

They embrace, kissing like crazy.

MARLA

Thought I'd make meatloaf for dinner.

JAREK

It's my favorite meal. It was the one thing they served in prison that I could tolerate.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Marla sees Popeye, hammering two-by-fours together in the backyard. Jarek follows her gaze.

MARLA

Can we get real for a second?  
Seriously, Jarek. You have shitty  
taste in friends.

JAREK

Popeye. Best buds since grade  
school. He's good people.

MARLA

You mean Benji Garcia. His name  
was in your file. He's the one who  
took you joy riding in that stolen  
car. The one that sent you to  
juvie. What is he doing here?

JAREK

Helping me build your gazebo.

MARLA

I don't want you around him.

JAREK

So now you get to choose my  
friends?.

MARLA

No, just him.  
(softens...)  
Want to work up an appetite?

Jarek grins, takes her by the hand, leads her out.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Marla stuns in a sparking, backless mini dress, not  
tight, clingy. She dabs some perfume behind her ears,  
then knees. There's a knock on the door.

Jarek is in the doorway looking stiff and uncomfortable  
in a new pair of slacks, dress shirt and sportscoat.

Marla sweeps him into a steamy kiss. When they come up  
for air -

MARLA

Nonsense, you look great. Which  
reminds me, I bought you a couple  
of suits as well. They just need  
to be tailored.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marla lifts a glass of wine off the dresser and drinks.

MARLA

I'm wearing champagne in honor of  
my favorite drink.

(modeling)

Is this slutty enough?

**INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT**

A blue collar bar packed, sweaty and full of young, uninhibited PEOPLE who are dancing with abandon. Girls in bare dresses.

Marla and Jarek swept up in a sea of gyrating bodies, dancing; her arms around him, a drink in hand, she's a little tipsy, sexy.

He grabs her up into a kiss, running his hands up her thighs, and under her dress, fondling her ass. She gasps.

MARLA

Are you glad this happened?

JAREK

I'm not depressed if that what you mean.

She laughs, sips her drink. Marla is bumped hard from behind.

MARLA

Hey --

NICOLE, 20s, blonde and beach bum pretty, pushes Marla aside, starts berating Jarek.

NICOLE

What? I turn my back and you start picking up other women?

(at Marla)

You look like someone's mother for Christ's sake. Run along to your PTA meeting, bitch.

Jarek tries to step in between them. Too late.

Marla shoves Nicole to the floor, scattering dancers. Grabs a drink from a nearby table -- and dumps it on her. A catfight. The crowd goes wild.

Jarek struggles to pull Marla off Nicole as a thick-neck BOUNCER wades in, pulling at combatants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marla glances around, feeling foolish and out-of-place.

**EXT. CLUB - NIGHT**

Marla comes out of the club. Jarek rushes to catch up and yanks her by the arm, pulls her into him.

JAREK

What the hell is wrong with you?

MARLA

This was a mistake.

She is not playing. And Jarek's not about to argue.

**INT. MARLA'S OFFICE - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY**

It's drab and decorated with dark colors. The walls are marred by macabre hunting "trophies." A badger, a wild Boar, ect... A desk lamp, the only light.

The room looks like the Bates Motel from Psycho. Jarek pushes the cracked door open.

Marla is behind her desk and Sara in full official regalia -- white coat, I.D. tags, stethoscope, leans over her shoulder, going over a file.

They both look up, startled.

JAREK

Sorry to barge in. But I need some therapy. It's an emergency.

MARLA

Can you give us a minute, Sara?

SARA

Of course.

Once she's gone, Marla turns to Jarek.

MARLA

What seems to be the problem?

JAREK

It's this woman I'm seeing. I can't stop thinking about things I want to do to her. Some of them are really inappropriate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Can you be more specific?

Jarek kissing her. She resists slightly - barely.

MARLA

Therapy is part of this, too. If you don't want help, or to be here, let me know now before I waste any more time.

JAREK

Angie. I want to be here. Face it, you're in love with me.

She smiles as he kisses her neck. Then - a knock on the door. Realizing...

MARLA

Oh, I have a client right now.

JAREK

If you ignore it will they go away?

MARLA

Don't change the subject. I totally get it. But we still need to see some progress here.

The knock on the door again. They laugh, disentangling.

MARLA

How about a rain check? Tonight I'll come tuck you in.

**INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - MARLA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Marla sits in a swivel chair in front of her desk laptop; voice recognition software types everything as she spins idly around and dictates.

MARLA

The patient seems somewhat resistant to therapy. His answers are evasive in general. Nevertheless the third session had some interesting preliminary results. My initial conclusion was right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

Which indicate the patient was a victim of some traumatic event that caused a possible type of dissociative amnesia, which has allowed him to block those events from his memory. The amnesia seems quite considerable, so... it may be necessary to use a different method. To get access to those repressed memories.

**INT. MARLA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY**

LOGAN, 40s, a parole officer, unshaven, - is with Marla. The two stare each other down, icy.

MARLA

Is there any chance -- any chance at all -- that you can let him off with a warning?

LOGAN

No, Dr. Krieger. He missed another appointment. He violated his parole. Those are the rules.

MARLA

How about this? You let him go with a warning this one last time. And I will personally see to it that he gets there on time and early. I'll bring him myself. No harm, no foul, right?

LOGAN

Seriously? Why? I mean -- why?

Logan studies her, something complicated playing behind his eyes. Marla thinks better of it, shakes her head.

MARLA

Here's the thing. May I call you Logan? There's a sleeping tiger. The wild impulses that sleep within us, awaiting to be awakened.

Marla flashes a checkbook. Logan stares, unmoved.

MARLA

All of us are capable of anything given the right circumstances.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

You see -- Jarek was abused as a child and it almost drove him to kill. And I'm trying to destroy his urge to commit crime.

LOGAN

Bribery is a felony in California, punishable by a year in prison.

MARLA

Oh c'mon... there must be something you want.

Logan's already made up his mind. His eyes travel up and down Marla lasciviously.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

Marla slices vegetables. She hears the front door open and close, and then Jarek comes in. She eye-fucks him, not pleased.

Continues slicing. Jarek embraces her from behind. She flinches a little.

MARLA

You have a good day?

JAREK

Mm hm.

MARLA

You do anything special?

JAREK

Nah.

Marla wheels around and Jarek has to jump back to avoid getting gutted by the carving knife.

MARLA

Like, for example, meeting with your parole officer.

JAREK

Oh, shit. I'm sorry. I completely--

Marla stabs the air to emphasize her point.

MARLA

This is the second time this month.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

What's your problem, you're illiterate? How hard is it to make a simple appointment?

Jarek steps back and Marla advances on him with the knife. She's kidding, of course, but it's hard to tell.

JAREK

Could you put the knife away?

MARLA

I'll put the knife away. You want me to put the knife away?

Slam! She SHOVES him up against the fridge, making out furiously... ravenously. Magnets CLATTER to the floor.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT**

A shot-and-a-beer place with a low life look...

**INT. POOL JOINT - NIGHT**

A dark, smoky, honky-tonk with a jukebox. Bad things happen here. Drugs, sex. It's a slice of San Francisco from money side to shady side.

Jarek and Popeye shooting pool, drinking beer.

Marla loiters nearby. An eternal teen-ager. Sexy tight denim skirt, hotter heels, cleavage-baring top. Despite this, it's impossible to downgrade her class.

She throws back some beer, savors the last drop.

Jarek kisses her neck. She squirms but loves it -- him.

MARLA

Your old stomping ground, huh?

JAREK

Yea. I did time with those animals. You feel me?

He notes the hickey's on her neck and shoulders.

JAREK

Sorry, hopefully he won't notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

I doubt it. And, if he does, I'll just tell him their souvenirs that came with my sore pussy.

Popeye plops down on the stool beside Marla and finishes his beer. She eyes him with utter contempt.

MARLA

This is a private conversation.

POPEYE

Not when you're talking that loud. Your language is a little raw.

MARLA

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

Finally, Jack and DIANNA, a beautiful bar-maid lock eyes. Marla smells history, a sexual vibe. Dianne's not happy to see Jarek, or is she?

Dianna walks over. A measuring stare between two formidable women. Dianna smiles.

DIANNA

Could I borrow him for a minute? I promise, I'll give him right back.

Marla smiles tightly: *Of course.*

**INT. POOL JOINT - DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dianna leans against the wall composing herself.

JAREK

How've you been?

DIANNA

How've I been? How've I been?!

Can't help it she pokes him in the chest. Then checks herself.

DIANNA

One minute you're in my life, and the next... You can't just show up on my turf like this. What the f--

JAREK

I'm sorry. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't important.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DIANNA

I spent the last five years  
putting my life back together.  
After you left it in pieces. I'm  
not letting you destroy it again.

JAREK

I'm in therapy.

DIANNA

I'm living with someone now. He  
doesn't know about you. I don't  
want him to.

This is news to Jarek. It's a blow. Even after all these  
years. He nods.

DIANNA

Jarek? I moved on with my life. So  
should you.

She's really torn. He's seen cold feet before.

**INT. POOL JOINT - NIGHT**

Marla reaches into her back pocket, pulls out several  
tickets, hands them to Popeye who grins.

MARLA

That should make it easy.  
courtside Warrior's tickets. With  
parking.

POPEYE

That's nice, but I'm gonna have to  
pass. I'm a Lakers fan.

Popeye can't help but chuckle at his own joke.

MARLA

I have two options. Do nothing or  
do something. And the first one  
isn't really an option.

POPEYE

Whoa, you sound like his mother.

Fuck the niceties she gets in his face.

MARLA

I know right? Here I am busting  
my ass to get him right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)

So, I'm going to need you to stay away from him. Don't you get it. I'm trying to save his life.

POPEYE

Bummer.

MARLA

Look, sleazebag. You really don't want to piss me off.

He gropes her ass. Whack! Marla smashes a beer bottle against his head, shattering it. Popeye buckles.

MARLA

Asshole, that's a tiger tail you're reaching for.

He flashing a nasty-ass blade. Jarek gets between them.

JAREK

Easy, now. Popeye, chill.

POPEYE

If I were you, Jarek, I'd have tranquilizer darts on hand for that type of tiger or she'll end up in a very different kind of cage.

Marla takes Jarek's arm and heads for the exits.

POPEYE

Fuck you and your whore of a mother!

Jarek flies at him and pummels him in a fury. Shit. A brutal prison beat down. There's a crazed look in Jarek's eyes, it scares Marla.

MARLA

You're killing him!

She grabs Jarek's hand and drags him toward an exit. He grabs two beers on the way.

**EXT. AN ADULT DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT**

A hallmark of a 80's drive-in theater, a graveyard of antique INTERCOMS. A classic porn film 'Deep Throat' plays on a giant screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deserted, save for a Porsche, its windows resembles an equinox sauna.

**INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT**

The film quietly sounds from the SPEAKER BOX affixed to the window.

Marla is getting smashed by Jarek in her Porsche. Don't ask us how, but apparently it's possible. She's into the sex. He's into her.

They settle back, exhausted and sweaty.

A glance out the window suddenly gets their attention. Headlights illuminates them briefly, as a car pulls in.

MARLA

Apparently we're not the only ones  
you think up places like this.

JAREK

You're drawn to broken people.

MARLA

I'm a shrink.

JAREK

You don't have to take it home  
with you.

His comment knocks her down a bit, but she covers it well. He studies her reaction for a beat, then --

JAREK

God, I'm so in love with you it  
makes me nauseous.

Marla shakes her head, almost laughs --

MARLA

You love me? What about that skank  
back there?

JAREK

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

MARLA

Do I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

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

MARLA

He does though. Peace and security.

JAREK

It's his money than.

MARLA

Partly. 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.

JAREK

And what am I?

MARLA

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

They look at each other. There's something intimate between them. RAW, SLIGHTLY UNPLEASANT, BUT REAL.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bill's sound asleep and snoring like a lumberjack. With a book on his chest and indestructible glasses on his face.

From an adjacent room. A pounding noise. Rhythmic. A bed hitting a wall. Another noise. Marla's voice. Ecstasy.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

In bed, Marla stares at Jarek as he's dozing, smiling post-coital peace. His eyes open, unnerved, then smiles.

She looks into his eyes, kisses him tenderly. She's really falling for him.

Marla has to work at it to get his zippo to light. Finally it does. And lights up, inhaling the sweet, fleeting carbon monoxide relief

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

(re; zippo)

You might want to pull up the wick  
and trim it.

JAREK

Already did. It running low on  
fluid.

MARLA

I'll just get you a new one.

JAREK

No, it has sentimental value.

She tosses the zippo on a bedside table processing what she just heard --next to a box of green pills, Rohypnol.

MARLA

Baby, relax. I gave him enough of  
that to knockout an elephant.

She passes the cigarette to Jarek. Marla dips a hand beneath the sheets, gently caressing, but his mind is elsewhere.

MARLA

You okay?

She means his dick. It's not getting hard.

JAREK

Thinking about getting a place of  
my own.

MARLA

(alarmed)

This is your home.

JAREK

Two's company, three's a crowd.

A beat. They regard each other --

**EXT/INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY**

An overcast, miserable day. A cold RAIN drizzling down.

Marla speeds along the interstate. Jarek flicks his zippo's flint wheel and ignites the celluloid, again and again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

At this rate, you're going to run out of fluid if you keep that up.

They drive in awkward silence a beat. Finally:

MARLA

I need you to promise me something... you ask for a lawyer. I mean it.

*Jarek is a tad insulted by the direction this is going.*

JAREK

That would make me look guilty.

MARLA

You are. Stay out the fucking register, Jarek. You need money come to me.

**INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Sara stands outside the interrogation room, watching Jarek through the two-way -- being questioned by Det. Malone when Marla suddenly bursts in.

SARA

Jeez, Ang. You shouldn't be here.

Sara mutes the intercom and both just watches for a beat. Jarek shakes his head, *I don't know. Nothing.*

MARLA

Can you get me his juvi file?

Sara nods, Marla mouths "thank you." Kisses her good-bye. Unlike with Bill, it's passionate.

SARA

What was that? No tongue.

MARLA

You lose points for hooking up with that guy riding pine for the sixers.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Marla slides off her sexy shoes, pours herself a drink. She's suddenly conscious of Bill, directly behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

They questioned me. That detective  
Malone. A string of robberies.

MARLA

They're just doing their job.

BILL

You believe that idiot?

MARLA

Please, just... give him a chance.  
Don't ostracize him even more.

A silence stretches between them.

BILL

Do you believe him?

MARLA

It's a little more complicated  
than that.

BILL

What's so goddamn complicated -

MARLA

Language, Bill. Please.

(then)

If they had any actual evidence,  
he'd already be under arrest.  
Let's not jump to any conclusions.

BILL

I'd like a vodka, please. With a  
splash of lemon juice.

MARLA

And maybe a twist of Xanax.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Bill smashes Jarek in the mouth, hard enough to knock him  
unconscious.

THUD. Jarek's face slams into the wall. Bill's behind  
him, forearm around his neck. Bill whispering in his ear:

BILL

You little prick. Don't forget why  
you're here. We better not have  
this talk again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marla, rage in her eyes, gets between them, anger directed at Bill now. Jarek is spitting blood.

MARLA

*Enough*. What the hell is wrong  
with you?

Bill, just stares at Marla. Grabs his keys, and leaves.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATH - DAY**

Marla opens a cabinet and grabs prescriptions meds with "Bill's name on the label.

Maybe we can see the absolute rage and fury burning like molten steel in her eyes. Maybe we can't, but...

She dumps two tablets out, flushes the toilet, watches his pills circle the bowl before disappearing into obscurity.

Then pulls a handful of pills from her pocket and dumps them into the empty bottle. Presumably placebos.

She recaps the bottle and returns it to the cabinet.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S ITALIAN MARKET - DAY**

Jarek and Marla browsing a lively open-air market where VENDORS line the street of gourmet shops and restaurants.

Marla turns to a fruit display, inspecting the peaches. Chatting with the FRUIT VENDOR. But when she turns around - Jarek is gone.

Marla scans the market, a slight tension settling in her jaw. She moves down the street, her eyes landing on -

Jarek is talking closely with a pretty woman, whose back is to us. Marla's pulse quickens.

He sees Marla staring. He waves. The woman turns, it's Dianna who waves also. Jarek heads toward Marla, all smiles.

MARLA

Who was that?

JAREK

A friend.



**INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY**

A locals-only spot. Plastic, checkered tablecloths.

Jarek watches, annoyed, as Marla sips a Diet Mountain Dew. A half-eaten pizza on paper plates in front of them.

MARLA

You never asked me once about that inkblot. Aren't you the least bit curious?

(off his look)

It's supposed to reveal how you really feel about your mother. Virtually everyone sees two girls or women.

Jarek goes to speak, but she cuts him off.

MARLA

Let me finish, Jarek. Please. Your deprecating answers suggest poor maternal relations. Not to mention a vulvar fixation.

A waitress TERRI-JO, 40, a MILF re-fills their glasses.

MARLA

I want you to talk under hypnosis, please cooperate with me.

JAREK

I'm pretty sure hypnosis will not work for me, so don't waste your time.

MARLA

Let me be the judge of how well you perform under hypnosis.

JAREK

I can't be hypnotized.

MARLA

Some are more suggestible than others. There's a test for it, actually. Would you like me to give it to you? If you pass -- you win. If you lose -- you have to go under.

He bites into her slice of pizza, shrugs, agreeing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Follow my lead.

She interlaces her hands as if in prayer, then lifts her index fingers so they're aligned, but not touching. Jarek does the same. Terri-Joy looks on.

MARLA

I want you to imagine a powerful magnetic force is pulling your fingertips together. You're fighting it, but you can't resist. It's getting stronger. Even stronger. It's too strong. *THERE!*

His fingertips close. Jarek shrieks and jumps back.

TERRI-JO

Whoa!

JAREK

That's just -- I was just going along with what you were saying.

MARLA

Exactly. Most hypnosis is self hypnosis.

(off his look)

Besides hypnosis is a hell of a drug. I wanna give you the most mind-bending, dick-splitting orgasm found anywhere on the planet. I'm going to literally blow your mind.

**INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - MARLA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jarek plops into the Eames chair across from Marla who swivels in her chair. She starts to unbutton his shirt.

MARLA

Don't get any ideas. I have to monitor your vitals. A few years ago I had a patient under, while we progressed he starting having heart palpitations. Almost lost him. Since then I've made it a requirement.

A beat, she kisses his chest, as she undoes his zipper and slips a hand inside, smiles conspiratorally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

The side effects can be dangerous. Panic attacks, a distorted sense of self, sexually aberrant behaviors, unexpected trance-like state, delusional thinking. I'm not screwing around. If you're not paranoid, you're crazy!

Jarek nods, settling in. Marla's voice is low and even.

MARLA

Why don't we begin.

MARLA

Take a deep breath. Now, let your eyes close, and imagine you're staring at a wall. Now look down. You're holding a paintbrush. See it? You can re-paint Any color you choose...

Now she stands over him. Clocks his erection. Oddly amused. *'Psycho.'*

JAREK

I choose blue. Like the ocean.

MARLA

Blue. Okay. Start painting.

Marla goes back down on him.

**EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT**

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

MARLA (V.O)

*When the wall is covered in this new shade of blue, you'll be completely relaxed and at ease.*

**INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Back with Jarek, Marla's voice fades down as her inner thoughts become audible in V.O. We cut back and forth between Marla's serene office and the ocean waves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (V.O.)

"Where is the little boy when not awake? Victorious and glorious in his dream state..."

Marla's head moving in and out of focus in front of him.

Beat. Marla looks up from her efforts, wipes her mouth, still gently caressing his cock.

MARLA

And when you awaken, you will be ready to tell Dr. Krieger what she needs to know, without any fear whatsoever. Have you finished painting yet?

Jarek lifts his INDEX finger - their signal.

MARLA

Good.

Marla, calm and confident, Jarek in her hands, slips off her sexy pumps. His eyes move rapidly behind his eyelids, his jaw grows slack.

His heart is beating through his chest.

Marla readies her stethoscope in her ears, checks. His heart races, pounds, flutters. Her concern is evident, she makes a decision.

MARLA

Ok, Jarek, your hypnosis is now concluded; I will count to ten, and bring you out of the trance.

**INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - MARLA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Jarek, back from the dead, dazed, eyes slowly opening. He's awash in the glow, almost dizzy-no, giddy-with enjoyment.

She pours water from the dispenser, drinks. Comes back with another cup, hands it to Jarek, he drinks thirstily.

JAREK

Jesus. It's like being completely sober and on three hits of ecstasy at the same time. Where did you learn that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. Marla's speech is rapid-fire, unemotional; she pauses only to grab breath to keep going.

MARLA

Our mouth, the nerves around our gastrointestinal conduct are connected to the terminations that control sexual arousal and excitement. Uh-huh. Remember the film "Deep Throat?" Linda Lovelace wasn't able to have orgasms until a doctor discovered her clit was where her tonsils should be. As strangely wonderful as it is for a man, deep throating is such an intense, overwhelming experience for me. It pushes me over the edge. So do not ever think that I'm doing it solely for you.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY**

Marla and Sara enjoying, no, relishing Philly cheesesteaks and fountain drinks.

SARA

I just don't think it's healthy to be so obsessed with one patient.

MARLA

I don't think it's healthy, either. But if I didn't help him, no one else would.

She shakes pills from a prescription bottle, pops them in her mouth, takes a swing of her drink.

SARA

First Amphetamines to stay awake and then downers to calm your nerves... what's gotten into you?

MARLA

I'm a doctor. I know what I'm doing.

SARA

Doctor's make their own worse patients.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Oh. My. God. Seriously, Sara. You jealous? Wait, aren't you the one who suggested an affair?

SARA

Yes, but not with him. Just as well. All these pussies I keep eating. I feel so fat right now.

They bust a gut.

**EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY**

The concrete slab is set and the wooden framework is mostly complete for a GAZEBO but there's not even a roof yet.

Marla approaches with a tray of sandwiches and an ice cold beer, Jarek, jeans, tool belt on, gladly accepts.

MARLA

Roast beef on rye. The house specialty.

Jarek gives Marla the grand tour. She smiles, pleased. Right then, rain drops begin to fall.

She kisses him. It starts small, but it builds into something bigger. It becomes so intense that it's a struggle to catch their breath.

THUNDER rolls in the distance. The rain around them gets heavier and heavier. So do they.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - DAY**

Bill enters his study, quietly frantic, cell pressed to his ear, waiting. The dead ring of an unanswered call throbs on the other end of the line.

Bill struggles to stave the violence he feels surfacing within him. He rubs his hands hard through his hair, as if physically trying to hold on to himself.

Marla appears, eye-fucks him.

A beat as he tries to make sense of this, he eyes his wife, fuming. His violence comes closer to the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill SLAMS Marla against the wall. Practically choking her. Jarek tries to stop him, but he's done lost control, his grip too tight.

Sara in full official regalia -- white coat, I.D. tags, stethoscope, a clipboard. She's taken aback.

Marla starts turning red... then white. It takes Jarek and Sara to finally pry Bill, hold him back. Marla struggles to catch her breath.

Sara runs to Marla to make sure she's okay, then turns back to Bill.

SARA

Are you out of your mind?

MARLA

Well, that's not the clinical description, but yes, he is, actually.

**INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Bill, gagged, restrained, thrashes as he's wheeled on a gurney through a corridor. The gurney crashes through the doors marked: *'The Farm.'*

Racing down the hall is Marla, with a bottle of sedative. She preps the syringe. Sara's on her heels.

MARLA

Symptoms of schizophrenia can build for years before a psychotic break.

SARA

When was the last time he had a psychosis episode?

MARLA

Four years I think.

SARA

Well something provoked him into a violent psychotic outburst.

SARA

Honestly, what do you really think is happening?

MARLA

I wished I knew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Um, you're not think about having him committed?

MARLA

You've seen him. He's very unstable, unpredictable...and dangerous to his and my well-being. Hell, his episodes are well documented. I swear he just might do it.

Bill's in shock at Angela's betrayal.

MARLA

Believe it or not, sweetheart, it's for your own good.

He screams as ORDERLIES talk, they gag him. Marla injects him. His face relaxes.

MARLA

If you'd remember to take your pills, we wouldn't have to go through this.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The shower runs, steam pours from the bathroom.

Dark, save for a bedside lamp. Jarek lies naked in bed after a night of heated love-making.

Marla, naked, sweaty, her silk robe hangs open, wipes come off her freshly-fucked face.

MARLA

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.

JAREK

What you did was cruel.

MARLA

What *I* did was cruel?

Her eyes flash with anger for a sec then she backs off.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARLA

Mmm hm. The placebos were already taking effect. All I did was speed up the process.

She sits on the aide of the bed, takes the joint from him, draws hard on the glowing roach, holding the smoke until it burns.

MARLA

If you'll remember, I did it for you, us. It's what we wanted.

Marla looks at him, puzzled.

MARLA

Why would you care?

He's flustered, quickly tries to cover.

JAREK

You can't keep him locked up.

MARLA

Don't worry about it, I can keep him locked away indefinitely. So stop shutting me out. I know that you're scared -- but you don't have to be anymore, if you'll just listen to what I have to say

(kisses him)

Know how much I love you?

JAREK

Of course I love you too.

MARLA

Promise that you'll never leave me.

JAREK

I never will.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marla opens her eyes. Bolts awake. Jarek is gone. In his place, a NOTE: "Had to duck out. Don't worry. Xo J."

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

Jarek, mask on, gun in hand. Behind the counter, an OLD MAN, thin gray hair. He's eating a piece of beef jerky. There's no one else in the store.

JAREK

Empty the register. Put it in a sack. Keep the change, old man.

**INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT**

Popeye watches Jarek in the store. Looks at his watch, then back at Jarek. What the fuck is taking so long?

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

A TEENAGE GIRL exits the restroom unaware of what's going on and startles Jarek, who pivots, the SOUND of a DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUN snapping shut.

Jarek swings back around, too late.

The Old Man has a gun trained on him. He blows one barrel, sending Jarek scurrying under a hail of shot and exploding liquor bottles.

The terrified Teen-age Girl runs back into the bathroom.

Another hail. Jarek ducks. Raises the gun over his head and unloads without looking. Glass and debris settle.

The doorbell tinkles. Popeye hurries in, pops off a few rounds. He approaches the counter, leans over it, looks down. The Clerk lies there motionless.

Jarek rises up from behind the aisle, stands there. Fuck.

POPEYE

I'll be goddamned, Jarek, would you look at this shit.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Jarek runs. Police sirens wail. As the police sirens get closer, Jarek hurls himself into a garbage dumpster and the lid crashes down. The cop cars pass. Jarek opens the dumpster lid and climbs out, dirty.

**INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT**

Popeye drives. Jarek rides shotgun. He fucked up. He knows it. Popeye knows it.

POPEYE

You gonna pout like a bitch all night?

JAREK

Goddammit. You didn't have to shoot 'im?

POPEYE

We. Suck it up, goddammit. It was either him or us.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY**

Jarek lies awake. Shaking, snapping his Zippo open/shut. Marla walks in, staring at him.

MARLA

What's going on Jarek?

Jarek, considering the question.

JAREK

I don't know.

MARLA

I don't know? You run out in the middle of the night and don't come back until eight in the morning, no phone call, no explanation, looking like someone tried to murder you? Don't tell me I don't know.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -DAY**

Marla is transfixed by the TV, scanning news channels: a car chase seen from a helicopter. A store being robbed by two masked men.

For a split second, she hesitates. Then, quickly --

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY**

A panicked Marla cases the room, drawers, closet, the bedside tables, tearing it apart...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

desperately searches for something, while she speed dials her phone with her thumb.

Until she notices the mattress. She looks under it, finds a bundle of cash and a gun.

**INT. MARLA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Marla paces throughout like a caged animal.

A beat as she takes in his face. From her drawer she pulls a bagged gun, cash, throws them at him.

MARLA

You lied to me.

JAREK

Trust me, Angie -- sometimes the truth is worse than the lie.

JAREK

You don't own me.

MARLA

No, but let's just say I invested heavily.

JAREK

Oh, is that all it was an investment?

MARLA

That's what it looks like. And a bad one at that.

Now they're at each other's throat.

JAREK

Shut the fuck up, Angie, you're not my fucking mother!

She looks back at him, unsure how exactly she wants to tear him apart.

MARLA

Shrinks didn't even exist until a hundred or so years ago. You know who people listened to before then? Their *MOTHERS!*

(then)

You're a guest in my house. Don't you talk down to me like you did again. Ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

No, prisoner. I might as well be back in jail.

MARLA

That's exactly where you belong. It's like you don't care. You have absolutely no passion for anything but screwing me to the wall.

She grabs a snow globe, hurls. The globe barely misses the head of Jarek as it explodes against the wall:

Marla has had enough. It's time for some tough love.

MARLA

Tell me. You're going to tell me. Or you can tell it to the police.

That freaks Jarek out.

JAREK

Look, Popeye's in debt to some big time drug dealers. We just needed some quick cash-- shit went south. We've pulled jobs like that a dime a dozen. He went crazy and just shot him -- I swear. I screwed up. You'll fix it. You always fix it.

Marla takes him in, sighs. That's his perspective and she doesn't want it to crumble.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They hate fuck, fast and angry. Jarek looks animalistic, furious, panting, even.

He grabs her around the throat, pressing his thumbs against her windpipe. His face is grim, set, his body rigid. *He is a killer. Her face distorted, chocking.*

MARLA

What're trying to do, kill me?

He stops. She sucks up oxygen. It takes a moment for his expression to change to guilt.

JAREK

Oh God, no. I'm sorry.

MARLA

About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I got kind of... carried away.

MARLA

You're obviously, trying to work something out. You want to talk about it?

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT**

Marla, barefoot, rushes in, looking like she's just rolled out bed in a tank and Grandma panties.

She opens a washer, shifts through the wet load, finds Jarek's shirt. The one he wore the other night.

She takes out and lays it flat. Spattered with blood.

A beat, Marla disappears out the back door.

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

ON A FIRE PIT as it ignites in a fireball with a tremendous. WHOOMF!

Marla stares at the flames for a moment before tossing Jarek's shirt into the fire. It's incinerated in seconds.

**EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT**

A sound. Tires on gravel. A car rolls INTO VIEW. The ENGINE and headlights TURNED OFF. It stops. Silence.

Marla exits, hair in a ponytail, dressed to kill in black; a turtleneck tucked in a leather pencil skirt, Her legs look scrumptious and the leopard print heeled pumps set them off.

All this only makes her more sexy, dangerous, even, as she throws on leather gloves, notes a light on in an upper office.

**INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT**

The doorknob jiggling, the door opens -- Marla gets up from her knees, pockets her lock picking tool. Slips in.

Marla climbs the steps to the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ASTON MARTIN has been almost completely chopped. There's just enough left for us to recognize it.

**INT. CHOP SHOP - OFFICE - DAY**

Dirty, grungy, auto parts strewn everywhere, Popeye snorts coke, looks up when Marla enters. Her presence startles him. .

MARLA

Don't get up. Relax. Door was unlocked.

He rises meekly, pulls out a Glock, aims it at Marla.

POPEYE

Bitch, take your sloppy ass out the room now, before I bust a knuckle on you!

MARLA

Look, I know this isn't my place, but I was hoping we could patch things up.

(re: his gun)

You're the shot-caller, Popeye.

He lowers the gun, sticks it in the small of his back.

Then he buckles and GASPS. Marla has a six-inch blade plunged deep into Popeye's guts.

Popeye's shirt darkens. His eyes go wide as she "runs the gears" up and over to his heart. He tries to talk, gurgles blood instead.

She suddenly releases Popeye and he drops to the floor. As Popeye bleeds out, Marla raises the knife for the coup de grace'.

She reaches behind her back and produces the gun used to kill the clerk in the robbery. She tosses it into a drawer.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

Various shots of the city... mid-day traffic... bustling...

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DUSK**

The sun hangs a little lower in the sky over the city of brotherly love.

**INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT**

Popeye drives the tow truck. Jarek rides shotgun.

POPEYE

Bro, You slept with Mrs. Menounos?

JAREK

It was an accident...

POPEYE

(pound it out)

Dude. She is totally hot.

**EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT**

Popeye and Jarek hitch up an Aston Martin Vanquish. The partners in crime move fast and efficiently.

Jarek throws a lever on the tow truck and the Aston Martin's front tires are lifted off the ground.

**INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Marla gestures towards the vanity in the master bathroom with enough marble to rival Caesars Palace.

MARLA

I won't you to tear it out, put in something else.

JAREK

I don't know. I kinda like it.

Jarek notices a certain, agitated sadness in her eyes.

JAREK

I guess we could all use a little fixing around here.

Marla smiles enigmatically. If he only knew.

She disappears into her boudoir. Of course, he can catch glimpses of her changing in a nice sex mirror by the bed.

He moves closer for a better view.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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

Marla, getting into a hot casual mini dress, doesn't bother to put on panties. Naughty.

She zips up, exits, putting on sexy slingbacks.

**EXT./INT. FREEDWAY - ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY**

Jarek drives - Marla, sipping a fast food milk shake. She laughs, spontaneously. He laughs with her.

**EXT. ZOO - DAY**

Uncrowded and overcast. Jarek and Marla stroll the meandering walk-aways between cages and habitats. A mist falls throughout the scene.

They pause before the tiger habitat. The mist has become a drizzle.

A TIGER pacing in its cage - 200 pounds of coiled muscle and rippling haunches. It's beautiful and terrifying.

She's staring back at Marla, mesmerized. Almost like a warning. No fear in its eyes. But none in hers, either.

MARLA

Have you noticed why they use every space in the cage? They're making it as large as they can.

JAREK

He's looking for a way out.

MARLA

It's a she.

Jarek can't hide his embarrassment - manages a smile.

JAREK

I don't usually make that mistake.

MARLA

Not any more. She's just waiting.

JAREK

For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Her keeper.

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

Barefoot, Marla, in a sexy black satin lace trim slip that accentuates her body, stands in the doorway. She nurses tumbler of whiskey.

She's a little bit tipsy. Oh, hell. She's drunk.

Jarek changes the sheets - shirt off - toned, sweaty. Marla stares at him lustily. Her speech is slurred.

JAREK

You look like you might be feeling slightly promiscuous tonight- ?

MARLA

No different than any other night.

(re: bed)

Wet dream?

(off his nod)

Well, you see me in the morning, you see me at night. So you shouldn't be surprised that I started popped up in your dreams.

Jarek, thrown by her directness. Marla blinks - didn't entirely mean to say that out loud.

JAREK

I'd like to talk more about dreams. I think there are more to them than most people think, don't you?

MARLA

So did Sigmund Freud.

He steps forward, presses his body against hers and kisses her. Marla's eyes open wide, caught unawares.

MARLA

Wait, what are you doing?

Feeling his erection, she takes a giant step back. Jarek's embarrassed to have so misread the signs.

MARLA

Goodnight.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark, tastefully decorated, but much like the woman who lives here, it's dark, no personal touches whatsoever

TWO WOMEN FENCERS in full equipment, masks on, go at it. One wears black. Black lunges. White keeps up with her. A few more lunges and parries, then as Black lunges, white drops and hits her from below. The bout is over.

Black takes off her mask, trying to pretend she's not pissed.

*DR. MARLA MENOUNOS, 40s, The consummate presence of a tiger pacing in a cage. Ferocious, calculating, and in the end, impossible to take your eyes off of.*

The other fencer takes off her mask --

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DOWNTOWN - DAY**

Marla pays for two Philly cheesesteaks with the works from a vendor. She hands Sara one.

As they walk and talk, they're enjoying, no, relishing their sandwiches and fountain drinks.

SARA

When you said you wanted to meet for lunch, I had something more private in mind.

(laughter)

Maybe it's wrong to tamper with people. Maybe he'd solve his own problems if he was left alone.

MARLA

You think he should be left alone?

SARA

You tell me. You're the one with the God-like complex - and don't pretend you don't like winding people up like toys.

MARLA

You think I like to wind people up like little toys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

You say that with your authoritative tone, and even though I know better, I almost believe you. And like a toy that's been wound too tightly, they eventually explode.

She glares at Sara, trying to read the tea leaves.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Marla sits in her Porsche, outside a college campus apartment building. She waits. Bill exits an apartment with HANNA, 20s. *If we've been paying attention she's the hottie, the one Jimmy tried to kill.*

Marla watches them go to his car. They drive off.

After a beat we realize, she's masturbating.

She comes to a noisy climax. She exits, towels off.

DET. ROSAMUND STEIGER, 40s, a gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men, women, and liquor, through an antiseptic corridor with metal doors either side. A prison ward.

Self-assesses herself in a mirror. Not too many flaws on the outside, but it seems she's trying to look deeper.

Jack watches the suds accentuating her lustrous curves. Angela senses something, turns, he's gone. But Angela's lost in thought for a second.

ANGELA

You ain't gettin' off that easy.  
The molding needs replaced in the attic.

**EXT. HACKMEYER'S HOME - NIGHT**

A Dodge Charger(a police ghost cruiser) pulls into the drive way up the driveway. Marla stumbles out, in a sexy backless gown, not tight, clingy. She giggles, moves to the drivers side.

Tugs surreptitiously at her too-tight gown. We hear it RIP. Shit. She does her best to cover the malfunction.

It's Sara. They kiss. Too passionate for a public, but they're rather tipsy. Unlike with Bill, it's passionate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

What was that? No tongue.

MARLA

You lose points for hooking up  
with that guy riding pine for the  
sixers.

They laugh. Best friends? Lovers? Hard to tell, but *the residual sexual tension between them is palpable.*

SARA

'K bye.'

MARLA

Besides...We could use an extra  
set of hands around here