

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO'S TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - DAY**

The old skid row has miraculously hung on to its tawdry appeal.

**INT. STUDIO - DAY**

Paint, sculptures of human skeletons litter the room.

SERBIA, a young naked pierced girl, 22, sprawls artfully across a sofa. She's posing for a group of ART STUDENTS from all walks of life.

MARLA TOUSSANT, 30s, a Hitchcock blonde, an English woman, looks like a schoolteacher, is apt to get into a cab with you and, to your surprise, she'll probably pull a man's pants open -- saunters the aisles, inspecting work and offering advice.

Marla regards a lone vacant stool, a LONGING in her eyes.

**INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT**

A party, laughter, conversation...

An older black PIANIST in a tux, is playing background music for a large, exclusive gallery crowd. Across the glitzy, black tie and diamonds crowd to FIND--

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a dark, sinister beauty, tough as an assassin, With a look that says she's earned every stripe in that sexy Armani skirt suit.

She's all business, briefcase in hand, searching...

GINA WELLER, an exotic young woman in a slim black dress, approaches and hands Artemesia a drink.

GINA

You're an angel.

ARTEMESIA

First divorce?

She's surprised by Artemesia's cavalier attitude

GINA

I never thought it would come to this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You don't look naive.

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

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Your life is fine. Your marriage is over.

She's horrified by his insensitivity.

GINA

You have terrible bedside manner.

ARTEMESIA

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

GINA

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

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

It hits Gina.

GINA

It's been a while. We were fighting a lot.

ARTEMESIA

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

GINA

So what happens now?

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Something catches Artemesia's eye --

Marla, elegant and sexy in a white backless gown that fits like a glove, and WILLARD, 20s, charming, suave, confident, admiring the art work on display.

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

WILLARD

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

They pause before another painting

WILLARD

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

(a look at her)

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

MARLA

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

WILLARD

What can I say, I have a thing for blondes -- especially the cool, regal kind whose pristine exterior might mask startling depths of passion.

Now Artemesia is moving towards them.

WILLARD

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

MARLA

No means no.

WILLARD

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

MARLA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLARD

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

Willard can't resist a surreptitious smile.

MARLA

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

WILLARD

I'm talented, don't make a  
mistake. It's going to be a  
pleasant ride to the top, and  
there's definitely room for you on  
the trip so think about it.

Artemesia appears. A measuring stare between the two  
formidable women. *Always a juicy who's-playing whom  
dynamic between them.*

Despite this, Artemesia finds it hard not to look at  
Marla. Willard turns his charms on Artemesia.

WILLARD

(a total come-on)

You know, Jack Kennedy used to  
have affairs at the hotel down the  
street from here. He'd meet a  
woman at some shindig and take her  
right upstairs.

ARTEMESIA

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

ARTEMESIA

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

Artemesia touches Marla's elbow, guiding her to the next  
art work. It's one of VAN GOGH'S HAUNTING SELF-PORTRAITS.

ARTEMESIA

Excuse us, please...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

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

MARLA

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

ARTEMESIA

He was. Shot himself within a year.

Marla plucks two glasses of Champagne from a passing waiter's tray, gives on to Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you're my client's wife doesn't necessarily make us friends. Maximilian returned from Atlanta?

MARLA

He's do back tonight.

ARTEMESIA

He may expect you to be home.

MARLA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARLA

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

ARTEMESIA

You're married to a good man. Maximilian's respected in this town as a person and a businessman. I think you should be very careful not to do anything that may harm him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARLA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARLA

Don't be a hypocrite. You've never forgiven me because of Max. It's not my fault he decided to marry me. You may still be after him for all I know.

As Marla walks off, she looks back at Artemesia.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo explodes through the hilly, narrow streets of San Fran, Hometown to Maupin, and the Zodiac Killer.

**I/E. PORSCHE 911 TURBO - NIGHT**

A Porsche mows down curves. The cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

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

The car careens, catching air...

**EXT. HASSELBECK'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Somewhere in Sea Cliff, among several stunning homes.

A gorgeous mansion along the bluff facing the ocean. Palm trees, some shrubbery.. *Once home of actress Sharon Stone and, Phil Bronstein.*

Security lighting comes on as the white Porsche races in.

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

A would-be RAPIST lurks behind some shrubbery, watching as Marta heads inside, whom will come to know as ARTY O'DELL, 20s.

**INT. HASSELBECK'S MANSION - NIGHT**

The elegance is overwhelming. The FOYER adorned with priceless COLLECTIONS OF MODERN ART, There's photos of Marta and a handsome man, presumably her husband.

Marla comes in. She's wearing that white gown, and since it's completely wet, you can pretty much see everything. She's naked underneath it. Naughty

She turns off the lights as she heads up the stairs.

**INT. HASSELBECK'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A lush, romantic suite. Lit candles are set up near the bed. Sex mirrors. A bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; two glasses nearby. An ice-pick.

The doorbell rings.

**INT. HASSELBECK'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marla in lacy bra and panties and an open long silk robe, flips on a lamp in her path, peers out the glass, a shadowy figure.

A long beat. Marla opens up, reacts in fright as a would-be RAPIST forces his way inside, slams the door shut.

**EXT. HASSELBECK'S MANSION - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. HASSELBECK'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

He forces her into the romantic suite, she pulls away...

MARLA

Let me --

Arty pulls her toward him, opening her robe. The swell of her breasts. Marla, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He has her on the bed and throws open her robe. She goes to scream, but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He yanks down his pants, she GASPS or is it a MOAN as he thrusts himself into her violently-- His guttural grunting, moaning...

Marla looks away, her arms reaching for something... curls her hand around that ice-pick on a bedside table...

Stabs him in the back, he stiffens, a stunned reaction on his face --

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her ERECT NIPPLES akimbo, the bloody ice-pick in hand,

She rides him like a pro, crazed even, He looks surprised and confused, before he can open his mouth in respond...

Flashes of steel...

The ice-pick plunges downward... again and again and...

His strangled cries of pain and pleads of mercy drowned out by THUNDER... and pleased moans as Marla shudders with an explosive orgasm...

Blood splashing everywhere...

-----

Katrina drops her sexy shoes when she jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below.

She is almost ready to dismiss the whole thing when she hears a noise. From below.

**INT. KATRINA'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marla moves through, flips on a lamp in her path, her sexy legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath.

Marla checks the front door, makes sure it's locked.

Behind Katrina is a glass wall before the ocean. Lightning flashes, thunder, rain falling.

The face, then torso of a man rises from the beach and approaches.

She turns around just as the intruder drops out of sight.

Marla moves to those same sliding glass doors, checks that it is locked. She turns away,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She doesn't see the intruder approach the glass. His face looks gruesome, as if melted in a fire. Then it becomes clear. He's wearing a stocking.

At the window now, our would-be RAPIST's face presses against the glass. He stares down at her. His gloved hands flex in anticipation.

She turns and sees him beyond the glass. marla screams.

The would-be Rapist picks up a deck chair and throws it through the glass, it shatters into a thousand splinters.

Marla retreats to the stairs as the intruder leaps through the gaping hole in the glass and pursues.

**INT. KATRINA'S MANSION - HALLWAY/STAIRS - NIGHT**

One gloved hand grabs her ankle. Another draws the blade whose jagged edge glints from the darkness.

She kicks, crawling backward up the stairs, before one of her stiletto heels, catching the intruder in the face.

A second is bought and Marla spends it separating herself --two feet, three -- from the intruder before spinning to run.

Marla hears the intruder's foot-fall behind her...

And then, suddenly -- the intruder plummets into her like a train, tackles her! Her scream is immediately muffled by a black gloved-hand.

A flash of steel, he thrust a jagged edged knife against her throat. If she's afraid, we can't tell.

MAN

This is going to happen whether  
you want it to or not, you bitch.

**INT. KATRINA'S BEACH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

He drags her in, he's not brutal, but he's not gentle either.

MARLA

(pulling away)  
Let me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And suddenly the Intruder pulls her toward him, tearing open her robe. Marla, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He has her on the bed, the knife in his hands. Her halting, frightened breath..

MAN

If you scream, I'll kill you.

He unbuckles his belt, unzips his pants, and yanks them down, forces her legs apart, She GASPS or is it a MOAN as he thrusts himself into her violently--

His guttural grunting, moaning...

Marla looks away, her arms reaching for something... curls her hand around that ice-pick on a bedside table...

Stabs him in the back, he stiffens, a stunned reaction on his face --

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her ERECT NIPPLES akimbo, the bloody ice-pick in hand,

She rides him like a pro, crazed even, He looks surprised and confused, before he can open his mouth in respond...

Flashes of steel...

The ice-pick plunges downward... again and again and...

his strangled cries of pain and pleads of mercy drowned out by THUNDER... and pleased moans as Marla shudders with an explosive orgasm...

Blood splashing everywhere...

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - DAY**

A small, but prestigious law firm. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES,

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful Latina, saunters through the busy nerve center, with a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit. She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a three Martini lunch.

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice. Just remember to have fun with it.

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

She eye-fucks a smoky-eyed brunette leaving.

Artemesia turns, smiles, *gorgeous legs*. Continues on.

KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40, turns back. A Deputy DA Badge 'round her neck. Sexy. Tough as an assassin. *Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - lip gloss, cleavage-baring sheath dress, stiletto "f\*ck me" pumps.*

Watches Artemesia as heads for her office. Great ass,

GWENDOLYN, 40s, like a librarian, reading glasses on a cord, Artemesia's *Miss Money Penny* appears at her side; stunning once you strip the Hillary pants suit off her. They walk and talk:

GWENDOLYN

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

ARTEMESIA

(no idea)

Who?

GWENDOLYN

A friend of Julia Scott. You're suppose to look over her settlement agreement.

ARTEMESIA

Oh, yeah.

**INT. HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT**

A black-tie soiree is in progress. Servants circulate among the well-heeled guests, proffering delectables on silver trays. A few playing a skewed version of "SNIFF and STRIP" *pass-the-orange-without-using-your-hands* game, *It's* a pretentious, hilariously gaudy affair.

Meanwhile, track a tray to a cluster of people gathered near a lacquered piano. MORT, 30, a dashing, strong, opinionated man of few words. He doesn't need many, helps himself to an hors d'oeuvre and turns to--

BEVERLY, 40s, the evening's host. All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't make her look 35, but she pulls off sexy.

VALERIE HARDING, Mort's sequined wife-ornament, listens with cocktail party intensity

MORT

You've gotta handed it to you,  
Beverly. You sure knows how to put  
on a circus.

A white-jacketed servant, JOHN-JOHN, 20s, a muscular Nigerian, materializes at Beverly's elbow. He speaks with a slight accent.

A late arrival, Artemesia in a sheer black mini dress, saunters in. Beverly goes to her, they embrace.

BEVERLY

Artemesia.

She reaches into her briefcase, hands Beverly a document. Beverly's grin grows as she finishes signing.

Looks at Artemesia. *Is it done?* Artemesia holds up two cigars.

ARTEMESIA

Normally I don't offer these to  
the expectant mother, but yours is  
a special case. Congratulations.

Beverly shrieks with joy, giddy. She ushers Artemesia in.

BEVERLY

Here she is, woman of the hour,  
the hatchet job she did on my ex-  
husband was impressive. I'm  
officially paroled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laughter and applause as they make their way through.

Something catches Artemesia's eye --

WILLARD, 30s, a swarthy guy, nice evening jacket, and Marla, gorgeous and elegant in a stunning white backless gown that fits like a glove.

MARTA

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

WILLARD

What can I say, I have a thing for blondes -- especially the cool, regal kind whose pristine exterior might mask startling depths of passion.

He advances on Marta as she retreats in front of him.

WILLARD

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

MARTA

No means no.

WILLARD

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

MARTA

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

WILLARD

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

Willard can't resist a surreptitious smile.

MARTA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLARD

I'm talented, don't make a mistake. It's going to be a pleasant ride to the top, and there's definitely room for you on the trip so think about it.

Artemesia appears out of nowhere. Willard turns to flirt with Artemesia.

WILLARD

(a total come-on)

You know, Jack Kennedy used to have affairs here. He'd meet a woman at some shindig and take her right upstairs.

ARTEMESIA

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

ARTEMESIA

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

Marta saunters towards the balcony.

**EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - BALCONY - NIGHT**

The glittering carpet of lights that is the San Francisco skyline.

A measuring stare between two formidable women. Despite it, Artemesia finds it hard not to look at Marta in that dress. She's gorgeous.

MARTA

Is that anyway to greet a friend.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you're my client's wife doesn't necessarily make us friends. Maximilian returned from Atlanta?

MARTA

He's do back tonight.

ARTEMESIA

He may expect you to be home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

You're married to a good man.  
Maximilian's respected in this  
town as a person and a  
businessman. I think you should be  
very careful not to do anything  
that may harm him.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

Don't be a hypocrite. You've never  
forgiven me because of Max. It's  
not my fault he decided to marry  
me. You may still be after him for  
all I know.

As Marta walks off, she looks back at Artemesia.

-----

LINDSEY WELLER, an exotic young woman in a slim black  
dress, approaches and hands Valerie a drink.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS, carries a tray full of hors  
d'oeuvres through the throng of people -- hands reaching -  
- plucking food from the tray...



**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Dark, gloomy til the security lights come on as Marta pulls up. She exits, fumbles for her keys, saunters for the front door.

A would-be RAPIST, stocking covered face, lurks behind some shrubbery, watching as Marta heads inside, whom will come to know as ARTY O'DELL, 20s.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer curtains. A romantic bedroom suite. Lit candles.

Marta, just out of the shower, shrugs on a long silk robe, sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

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

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marta flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thresh open her long robe to reveal she's still naked underneath.

She peers out the glass, a shadowy figure. A beat.

Marta opens up, reacts in fright as a would-be RAPIST forces his way inside, slams the door shut.

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

A SCREAMING MATCH. We hear it, but can't make out the words. Suddenly the SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS escalates into several THUMPS and CRASHES.

The SOUNDS OF A BRAWL. A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them in shadows.

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

And suddenly he pulls her toward him, he's now out of control, a rape is in progress. Marta is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He moves her to the floor, her rope is open, the swell of her breasts. She screams but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He unbuckles his pants, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his size and strength. She gasp or is it a moan.

He makes love. He's focused, intense, eager to please. Marta looks away, her arms reaching for something...

Seizes the ICE-PICK lying near the overturned bucket. Stabs him in the back, he stiffens, looks stunned.

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo, bloody ice-pick curled around her fingers, rides him like a pro, crazed even

There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him. A longer beat. He opens his mouth to scream--

The ice-pick flashes again and again. Her would-rapist's strangled cries of pain mix with please of mercy...

**INT. KIMBER'S LOFT - NIGHT**

A key turns, the door opens, and Artemesia and Kimber fumble their way into her darkened apartment. Between kisses, Kimber switches on a light, revealing --

A chic loft space in Pacific Heights--

ARTEMESIA

It was an innocent question.

KIMBER

Nothing with you is innocent, Artemesia. You keep a good poker face: from all those years being a suburban housewife and flirting with the male staff of the DA'S office.

ARTEMESIA

Is there something you want, Kimber?

She kisses Artemesia again. Reaches down, pulls off one sexy shoe.

KIMBER

Attorney-client privilege. What you know about me, what you know about my... "husband" is for us to know. No one else. Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I understand the obligations of my job.

Her other shoe. Artemesia reaches down, takes it off. As the two kiss, back up, fall backwards onto her love seat.

Artemesia's on top, kissing and groping, the last of the clothes coming off...when a CELL PHONE RINGS. As the heat builds, a CELL RINGS.

KIMBER

Mine or yours?

Artemesia raises to see a blinking light.

ARTEMESIA

Mine.

She grabs it quickly, slides out of bed, answers --

ARTEMESIA

(INTO PHONE)

Slow down. Say that again.

Artemesia ends the call, grabs her clothes in a hurry.

Kimber shoots her a look: *you're kidding, right?*

KIMBER

You got my clothes off, now you're gonna leave...?

ARTEEMSIA

What if I come back later...?

KIMBER

I have to get up early. Fly to New York. Paid Fox News contributor, remember?

ARTEMESIA

How early?

She lies there naked, smiles at Artemesia's persistence, offers her an option.

KIMBER

I'm locking the door at midnight.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT**

Artemesia bursts inside, looks at the aftermath, careful not to disturb the crime scene.

ARTEMESIA

Marta! Marta!

MARTA

Artemesia.

Marta appears, a large red slap mark gracing her cheek. Robe hangs open. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle.

Artemesia's measuring her. Judging her. She inspects her face, it's practically unscathed, then -

Without warning backhands Maria viciously. She staggers back, but manages to stay on her feet.

Marta's face is bruised, mouth swollen. Barely noticeable. Artemesia eyes her handiwork, satisfied,

ARTEMESIA

Did he have a weapon?

MARTA

I didn't see one.

ARTEMESIA

Get a knife from the kitchen.

Artemesia slaps on latex gloves, as she eyes the dead body, careful not to disturb the scene. Marta is suitably stunned.

MARTA

You're not thinking of going --

ARTEMESIA

No, I was gonna actually do it --

**EXT./INT. SAN FRANCISCO/PORSCHE - DAY**

A Porsche speeds. Hometown to Maupin, the Zodiac Killer. Fading light paints the usual landmarks: Alcatraz Island, Coit Tower, Fisherman's Wharf.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - DAY**

Somewhere in Sea Cliff, among several stunning homes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marta pulls her Porsche out front of a gorgeous mansion along the bluff facing the ocean. *Once home of actress Sharon Stone and, Phil Bronstein.*

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - DAY**

The elegance is overwhelming. The FOYER adorned with priceless COLLECTIONS OF MODERN ART, There's photos of Marta and a handsome man, presumably her husband.

Marta shifts through the mail when her cell rings. She's barely able to contain her excitement.

MARTA

Where are you?

MAX (V.O.)

Just leaving now.

MARTA

Hurry -- the party's tonight.

MAX (V.O.)

I'm hurrying. I had a narrow escape as it was. Frank wanted me to stay. I've talked him out of it.

MARTA

That's 'cause he has a crush on me.

MAX (V.O.)

True enough, See you in a bit.

**INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY**

The place is busy. Mainly BUSINESS-types.

Artemesia, alone at a dark booth, *with* a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit. She sips from a martini.

JOE enters the lounge. Consummate Hollywood douchebag. Artemesia waves at him -- he spots her and his whole demeanor changes.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Joe, I'm Artemesia Camerota.  
Thanks for coming.

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

(smiles)

I think I'll get over it.

He sits, looks over at Artemesia.

JOE

You've got this like, smoldering,  
Latina, like... sexy tigress  
thing. Caliente!

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

How's the bitch?

ARTEMESIA

There's a slight problem with the  
paperwork. You never signed your  
entry of judgment. So you're  
still married.

She retrieves documents from a Bosca leather briefcase.

ARTEMESIA

So I have some new divorce papers  
for you to sign.

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Blah, blah, blah, and--?

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

I changed my mind.

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

And?

ARTEMESIA

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

ARTEMESIA

Shhh, Joe. I'll subpoena your  
sorry ass, then rip you to shreds  
in a court of law. Can you afford  
the court fees. And trust me,  
there will be plenty.

She hands him a fancy pen.

ARTEMESIA

There's an old joke that "an oral  
contract isn't worth the paper  
it's written on." But in this  
case...it is.

He scribbles his signature.

JOE

I hate fuckin' lawyers.

**INT. REEDER & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - DAY**

A small, but prestigious law firm. Artemesia saunters through the busy nerve center. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES.

GWENDOLYN, 40s, like a librarian, reading glasses on a cord, Artemesia's *Miss Money Penny* appears at her side; stunning once you strip the Hillary pants suit off her. They walk and talk:

GWENDOLYN

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

ARTEMESIA

(no idea)

Who?

GWENDOLYN

A friend of Julia Scott. You're suppose to look over her settlement agreement.

ARTEMESIA

Oh, yeah.

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

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

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a three Martini lunch.

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice. Just remember to have fun with it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful brunette, curvaceous, alone at a table in a sexy Armani skirt suit, but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just eye candy. She sips from a martini.

She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful brunette, curvaceous, alone at a table with a look that says she's earned every stripe in her sexy Armani skirt suit.

She sips from a martini.

**INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artemesia pushes into the PD's office --It's funky-friendly like a Berkeley dorm floor, With a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit.

She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a three Martini lunch.

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice. Just remember to have fun with it.

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

She abruptly ends the call. She sees a woman walking in the other direction. Artemesia turns, smiles, great ass. Continues on.

CALLIE SHIMKUS, 30s, a PUBLIC DEFENDER in a cheap skirt suit, turns back. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

Watches Artemesia as she leaves. Great ass, legs, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

**INT. HYATT REGENCY - ELEVATOR - DAY**

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a smoky-eyed brunette, cocksure beautiful in a sexy double breasted thin blazer coat, on her cell listening and uh-huhing, but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

Through the GLASS DOORS of the elevator, she watches the floors whip by, punctuated by stretches of black.

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a three Martini lunch. We'll get acquainted properly.

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice.

(off her look)

Just remember to have fun with it.

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

She abruptly hangs up.

Artemesia finds her cell to see a blinking light. Grabs it quickly.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Afternoon sun sneaks through the partially closed curtains. It's nice, expensive.

HELIO STAGLIANO, 30s, naked, propped up in the sheets of the disheveled bed, Italian, handsome, with the finely carved features of an Aztec god.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The toilet flushes, Artemesia exits the bathroom, onyl wearing black silk panties, begins pulling her blazer mini dress off the back of a chair.

HELIO

How did I get so lucky to find you?

ARTEMESIA

You have the money, means, and power, and I was eager to exploit it.

She shrugs it on, buttons up. Steps into her sexy heels. He watches, it's sexy.

ARTEMESIA

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

HELIO

--Artemesia, look, I'm a reasonable man. I've got no complaints. Your firm always do good work. I wont pull my business.

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate the loyalty.

Marta in a risqué sheer black, floor-length gown with a long train. *Her take of Rita's Ora's Donna Karen dress she wore at the 2015 Oscar's after party--*

**INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

A spacious and upscale venue, with great views.

FRIENDS in cocktail attire mingle over drinks and finger-foods while playing a skewed version of "SNIFF and STRIP" *pass-the-orange-without-using-your-hands* game. It is a pretentious, hilariously gaudy affair.

BEVERLY, 40s, maneuvers expertly through, holding a tray of drinks. Sexy, tight clothes, jewelry, could be a 'Real Housewife of Beverly Hills' if she weren't divorced.

MORT, 30, a dashing, strong, opinionated man of few words. He doesn't need many. Plucks a drink from the tray. The doorbell rings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

You've gotta handed it to you,  
Beverly. You sure knows how to put  
on a circus.

BEVERLY

I heard you got married.  
Congratulations.

She dismisses JOHN-JOHN, 20s, a muscular Nigerian in a  
white servers jacket with a wave.

BEVERLY

I got it.

She shuffles down the hall to get it. It's Artemesia,  
stunning in a white mini dress.

BEVERLY

Where've you been? Oh, I don care.  
Just give me a kiss.

Kisses to both cheeks. She ushers Artemesia in.

BEVERLY

Here she is, woman of the hour,  
the hatchet job she did on my ex-  
husband was impressive. I'm  
officially paroled.

Laughter and applause as they make their way through.

Meanwhile, WILLARD, 30s, a swarthy guy, nice evening  
jacket, approaches

Marta in a risqué sheer black, floor-length gown with a  
long train. *Her take of Rita's Ora's Donna Karen dress  
she wore at the 2015 Oscar's after party--*

MARTA

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

WILLARD

What can I say, I have a thing for  
blondes -- especially the cool,  
regal kind whose pristine exterior  
might mask startling depths of  
passion.

He advances on Marta as she retreats in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLARD

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

MARTA

No means no.

WILLARD

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

MARTA

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

WILLARD

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

Willard can't resist a surreptitious smile.

MARTA

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

WILLARD

I'm talented, don't make a  
mistake. It's going to be a  
pleasant ride to the top, and  
there's definitely room for you on  
the trip so think about it.

Artemesia appears out of nowhere. Willard turns to flirt  
with Artemesia.

WILLARD

(a total come-on)

You know, Jack Kennedy used to  
have affairs here. He'd meet a  
woman at some shindig and take her  
right upstairs.

ARTEMESIA

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

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

Marta saunters towards the balcony.

**EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - BALCONY - NIGHT**

A beautiful night. The city in the distance glowing and  
blinking like a living thing.

A measuring stare between two formidable women. Despite  
it, she finds it hard not to look at Marta in the dress.

MARTA

Is that anyway to greet a friend.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you're my client's  
wife doesn't necessarily make us  
friends. Maximilian returned from  
Atlanta?

MARTA

He's do back tonight.

ARTEMESIA

He may expect you to be home.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

You're married to a good man.  
Maximilian's respected in this  
town as a person and a  
businessman. I think you should be  
very careful not to do anything  
that may harm him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

Don't be a hypocrite. You've never forgiven me because of Max. It's not my fault he decided to marry me. You may still be after him for all I know.

As Marta walks off, she looks back at Artemesia.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Dark, gloomy til the security lights come on as Marta pulls up. A beat, she exits, fumbles for her house keys, saunters for the front door.

A very sketchy-looking man lurks behind some shrubbery, watching as Marta heads inside, whom will come to know as ARTY O'DELL, 20s.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

The housekeeper scrubs the sink. She's 40s. Even more striking in her flattering uniform. Her name is SELMA.

She sees Marta's reflection in the mirror.

SELMA

Ma'am?

MARTA

Selma, this bathroom can wait. Pedro can't.

SELMA

(confused)  
My boyfriend?

Hands her an envelope. Selma's surprised by the move.

MARTA

Happy Birthday. Dinner for two at Geno's. Reservations at 10.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELMA

Thank you.

MARTA

Order the souffle. And come in  
late tomorrow.

With that, Marta continues down the hall.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The hot water in the glass shower stall is already blasting, making steam. Marta enjoys the shower with almost blissful relief.

She hops out of the shower. Steam now fills the lavish bathroom. She slips on a long, silk bathrobe.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer curtains. A romantic bedroom suite. Lit candles.

Marta sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

On a bedside table, she grabs a stack of mail, slices into one with a razor-sharp letter opener, nonchalantly, glances at it,

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below.

A beat, lays the opener atop the mail on the bedside table, steps into sexy heels.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marta moves through, flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath.

She peers through a peep-hole, alarmed at the sight of a man, his face in shadow. Marta opens up, reacts in fright as an INTRUDER forces his way inside, clamps a hand over her mouth. He slams the door shut.



**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

A SCREAMING MATCH. We hear it, but can't make out the words. Suddenly the SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS escalates into several THUMPS and CRASHES.

A FIGURE making his way as silently as possible through the shrubbery, toward a living room window.

The SOUNDS OF A BRAWL. A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them in shadows.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT**

She twists away from his grasp, A large red slap mark gracing her cheek. Disheveled, Her robe open. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle.

Marta hears the intruder's foot-fall behind her as she picks up the pace heading up the stairs.

He grabs her ankle. Marta crawls backward up the stairs, throwing kicks with her stilettos, catching him the face.

A second is bought and Marta turns to run past him when he grabs her robe, which she slithers out off, leaving her naked in her heels...

But his hands grope for her, missing her sexy shoes by inches as she ascends the stairs.

The bedroom door slams behind her as he gives chase.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marta locks the door and retreats as the Intruder slams into it. The sound changes. Before a shoulder blow, now it is made by a boot.

Marta flinches each time the noise impacts and retreats. Grabs her cellphone. Dead battery, as the jamb begins to splinter. An instant later...

The intruder bursts through the door and throws her onto the bed. Attempting to fight him off, she scratches his face. It's of no use as he pushes her down into the bed.

He grabs her by her throat. Her eyes wide with terror -

He pulls out rawhide, tying her hands to the bed. Once she's tied, He's calm. Unhurried. Yanks down his pants, forces her legs apart,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gasps! Or is it a moan?

A rape in progress. Buries himself in her neck. He's focused, intense, and eager to please.

She discreetly eyes the rawhide, subtly moving her soaking wet hands, trying to extricate herself.

It's loosening, the rawhide that is...

Marta looks away, her arms reaching for something...

Seizes the opener. Stabs him in the back, his body stiffens, a look of betrayal on his face --

In one gut-wrenching motion Marta rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo.

She begins to move, he is still inside her. He opens his mouth and begins to scream--

The opener flashes in the dark. Again and again. Strangled CRIES of PAIN mix with PLEAS for MERCY --

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

Through the windows, city LIGHTS shimmer in the distance.

A swanky condo. POSH. Upscale. A perfect mix of Persian and Spanish furnishings. Expensive artwork. Some erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus.

A cellphone rings. A half-empty bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby.

Sexy dresses, high heels, and lacy underlings have been tossed on the floor in the heat of passion.

A sweaty post-sex Artemesia, bedsheet for a wardrobe, hurries from the back,

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mine or yours?

Artemesia finds her cell to see a blinking light. Grabs it quickly.

ARTEMESIA

Mine.

(INTO PHONE)

Slow down. Say that again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks in the bedroom, sees-- a gorgeous blonde, athletic, roll out of bed, naked, sweaty.

KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40s, a smoky-eyed brunette roll out of bed, naked, sweaty. She's a bit weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

MARTA (V.O.)

(not hysterical)

A man just tried to rape me. I shot him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

In semi-darkness, a woman's apartment somewhere in Pacific heights-- tasteful and well kept.

Artemesia and Callie on the bed. Artemesia's on top of her, still in the buildup, kissing, groping, the last of the clothes coming off.

As the heat builds, A CELL RINGS on the bedside table.

CALLIE

Mine or yours?

Artemesia raises to see a blinking light.

ARTEMESIA

Mine.

She grabs it quickly, answers --

ARTEMESIA

Slow down. Say that again.

MARTA (V.O.)

(not hysterical)

A man just tried to rape me. I shot him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

CALLIE

You got my clothes off, now you're gonna leave...?

ARTEEMSIA

What if I come back later...?

CALLIE

I have to get up early.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

How early?

She smiles at Artemesia's persistence, then rolls out of bed, pads naked towards bathroom, offers her an option.

CALLIE

I'm locking the door at midnight.

As Kimber pads into the bathroom

Sexy dresses, high heels, and lacy underlings have been tossed on the floor in the heat of passion.

A sweaty post-sex Artemesia, bedsheet for a wardrobe, hurries from the back,

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mine or yours?

Artemesia finds her cell to see a blinking light. Grabs it quickly.

ARTEMESIA

Mine.

(INTO PHONE)

Slow down. Say that again.

She looks in the bedroom, sees-- Callie roll out of bed, naked, sweaty.

MARTA (V.O.)

(not hysterical)

A man just tried to rape me. I shot him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

Artemesia's on top of Callie, kissing and groping, the last of the clothes coming off...when a CELL PHONE RINGS. As the heat builds, a CELL RINGS.

KIMBER

Mine or yours?

Artemesia raises to see a blinking light.

ARTEMESIA

Mine.

She grabs it quickly, slides out of bed, answers --

ARTEMESIA

Slow down. Say that again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA (V.O.)

(not hysterical)

A man just tried to rape me. I shot him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

KIMBER

You got my clothes off, now you're gonna leave...?

ARTEEMSIA

What if I come back later...?

KIMBER

I have to get up early.

ARTEMESIA

How early?

She smiles at Artemesia's persistence, she rolls out of bed, offers her an option.

KIMBER

I'm locking the door at midnight.

As Kimber pads naked into the bathroom She grabs it quickly, moves into

Artemesia's on top of KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40s, on the bed. Kimber's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still a hot MILF. They're kissing, groping, the last of the clothes coming off...

Artemesia makes out with KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40s, a smoky-eyed brunette, a bit weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

Artemesia's on top of Callie, kissing and groping, the last of the clothes coming off...when a CELL PHONE RINGS. She grabs it quickly, moves into

Discarded heels. On the Persian rug, Artemesia and Callie. Artemesia's on top, kissing and groping, the last of the clothes coming off...

As the heat builds, a CELL PHONE RINGS.

Teresastands on the balcony, looking out onto the glittering carpet of lights that is the San Francisco skyline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, *brunette, arrestingly cocksure beautiful, makes her way through in a super sexy outfit, appropriate for the office or club, but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.*

*She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,*

*Artemesia makes her way through, ravishing in a sexy double-breasted blazer coat in black, flashing ample cleavage and wears it like she owns it*

ETHAN DARZI, Persian/American, 30's, cocky, in a Zegna suit, sits alone, texting.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

A class full of sweating MILFs – Moms I'd Like to Fuck. Wehear the gentle voice of yoga instructor, GARY WHEAT – trim, annoyingly healthy and radiant.

MAN

Hold...and breathe...relax your  
hips, let your neck stretch and...

PAN til we FIND ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, lush Iranian-American features, *arching yoga poses; her body no stranger to Pilates,* but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

Unlike the other women struggling, she has no problems.

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY**

A class full of sweating MILFs – Moms I'd Like to Fuck. Wehear the gentle voice of yoga instructor, GARY WHEAT – trim, annoyingly healthy and radiant.

MAN

Hold...and breathe...relax your  
hips, let your neck stretch and...

PAN til we FIND ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful Latina, *arching yoga poses; her body is toned and tight,* but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.

Unlike the other women struggling, she has no problems.

**INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artemesia pushes into the PD's office --It's funky-friendly like a Berkeley dorm floor, With a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit.

She's *carrying* a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

**INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY**

The place is busy. Mainly BUSINESS-types.

Artemesia, alone at a dark booth, *with* a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit. She sips from a martini.

JOE enters the lounge. Consummate Hollywood douchebag. Artemesia waves at him -- he spots her and his whole demeanor changes.

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

ARTEMESIA

Joe, I'm Artemesia Camerota.  
Thanks for coming.

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

(smiles)  
I think I'll get over it.

He sits, looks over at Artemesia.

JOE

You've got this like, smoldering,  
Latina, like... sexy tigress  
thing. Caliente!

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

How's the bitch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

There's a slight problem with the paperwork. You never signed your entry of judgment. So you're still married.

She retrieves documents from a Bosca leather briefcase.

ARTEMESIA

So I have some new divorce papers for you to sign.

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

Blah, blah, blah, and--?

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

I changed my mind.

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

And?

ARTEMESIA

Her wedding must have cost a fortune.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

And you're on the hook for half.  
Do you even have that kind of  
money?

ARTEMESIA

Shhh, Joe. I'll subpoena your  
sorry ass, then rip you to shreds  
in a court of law. Can you afford  
the court fees. And trust me,  
there will be plenty.

She hands him a fancy pen.

ARTEMESIA

There's an old joke that "an oral  
contract isn't worth the paper  
it's written on." But in this  
case...it is.

He scribbles his signature.

JOE

I hate fuckin' lawyers.

Artemesia alone at a table, flashing a lot more cleavage  
than normal in a sexy double-breasted blazer dress, and  
even hotter heels. She sips from a martini.

Artemesia alone at a table, With a look that says she's  
earned every stripe in that elegantly-cut, sexy Armani  
skirt suit. She sips from a martini.

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, lush Iranian-American features,  
curvaceous, alone at a table, with a look that says she's  
earned every stripe in her sexy Armani skirt suit.

She sips from a martini.

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, lush Iranian-American features,  
alone at a table in a super sexy outfit, appropriate for  
the office, but too intelligent and determined-looking to  
be just sexual eye candy. She sips from a martini.

**INT. HYATT REGENCY - ELEVATOR - DAY**

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, lush Iranian-American features  
in an elegantly-cut, sexy double breasted thin blazer  
coat, on her cell listening and uh-huhing, but too  
intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye  
candy. She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

Through the GLASS DOORS of the elevator, she watches the  
floors whip by, punctuated by stretches of black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a three Martini lunch. We'll get acquainted properly.

JOHN-PAUL (V.O.)

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice.

(off her look)

Just remember to have fun with it.

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

She abruptly hangs up.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Afternoon sun sneaks through the partially closed curtains. It's nice, expensive.

*HELIO STAGLIANO, 30s, naked, propped up in the sheets of the disheveled bed, Italian, handsome, with the finely carved features of an Aztec god.*

The toilet flushes, Artemesia exits the bathroom, onyl wearing black silk panties, begins pulling her blazer mini dress off the back of a chair.

HELIO

How did I get so lucky to find you?

ARTEMESIA

You have the money, means, and power, and I was eager to exploit it.

She shrugs it on, buttons up. Steps into her sexy heels. He watches, it's sexy.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELIO

--Artemesia, look, I'm a reasonable man. I've got no complaints. Your firm always do good work. I wont pull my business.

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate the loyalty.

in A elegantly-cut V-neck DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER DRESS IN BLACK w

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT**

Artemesia bursts inside, looks at the aftermath, careful not to disturbed the crime scene.

ARTEMESIA

Marta! Marta!

MARTA

Artemesia.

Marta's at the top of the stairs. Artemesia ascends the stairs.

**INT. WILLOUBY'S MANSION - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT**

Artemesia eyes her crazed condition, the blood, idly fixed on her open robe. Measuring her. Judging her.

She inspects her face, it's practically unscathed, then -

Without warning backhands Maria viciously. She staggers back, but manages to stay on her feet.

Artemesia approaches. Marta recoils from her. Marta's face now face bruised, mouth swollen. Barely noticeable.

A longer beat. Artemesia eyes her handiwork, Marta lets her. Satisfied,

ARTEMESIA

Did he have a weapon?

MARTA

I didn't see one.

ARTEMESIA

Get a knife from the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia pulls latex gloves from her clutch, about to head into the bedroom. Marta is suitably stunned.

MARTA

You're not thinking of going in there --

ARTEMESIA

No, I was gonna actually do it --

ARTEMESIA

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

Runyan studies Lonnie for a beat. Knows he's not telling the whole truth.

Runyan wills himself not to lunge at Baily and rip his throat out. Emotions raging behind the cool Runyan mask --

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The crime scene is now a hive of activity, with uniformed officers and forensic specialists working.

The body of our would-be Rapist lies naked on the blood soaked silk sheet on the bed.

The Medical examiner (M.E.), DR. PRIYA LEON, making a graceful transition towards 50, making annotations. A slight British accent.

PRIYA

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

Two Police detectives work the scene. ERNIE DWYER, 40s, an offbeat everyman with soulful eyes, and his slightly unpolished partner, JOE RUBY, a paunchy guy in his 30s.

RUBY

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

(then)

No signs of forced entry. She let him in -- understandably. We're canvassing the neighborhood now for witnesses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dwyer examines the bloody letter opener in an evidence bag.

DWYER

How many times?

PRIYA

Hard to say. I'll no more when I get him on the table.

DWYER

Any ID on our mystery guest?

RUBY

Nope. Not yet. But he ain't no cop.

**EXT. AIRPORT - AIR FRANCE TERMINAL - NIGHT**

Under an AIR FRANCE sign,

MAXIMILIAN WILLOUGHBY, a greying-templed 50's, but a handsome son-of-a-bitch. The picture of corporate stewardship, dashes toward the exit.

A Lamborghini races up. A beat. Artemesia jumps out.

ARTEMESIA

She's home now. She'll be fine.

MAX

What happened?

ARTEMESIA

The details are still a little sketchy. But yeah -- like I told you over the phone she was raped.

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

Don't go blaming yourself. C'mon.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Artemesia hustles Max towards the house, lost in the chaos of REPORTERS and RUBBERNECKERS. She ushers Max inside.

Artemesia, deftly answering some questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

She's fine, Alex... I'll take one more question. Make it brief, please --

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - SUN ROOM - NIGHT**

Max rushes towards Marta, solemn. Matter of fact. Sees her childlike innocence. They embrace.

MARTA

I thought you'd never get here.

MAX

Are you okay?

MARTA

I'm alright. Now. You?

MAX

I've been worried half-sick about you. You still smell the same.

MARTA

I hope that's a good thing.

MAX

(nods)

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

Off this emotionally intense reunion,

She pulls him into a deep sensual kiss. Max lifts her up. She wraps her legs around him as they move to the bed.

A KNOCK on the door. Max and Marta turn to see Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

Sorry to interrupt.

MAX

You're not interrupting.

Marta's flustered, emotional, still trying to process what's happened. She can hardly stand in one place, and Artemesia and Max try not to crowd her.

ARTEMESIA

Are you up to talking to the police?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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

Max scowls, opens the window. Fresh air rushes in.

MAX

What's that suppose to mean?

ARTEMESIA

Someone was killed downstairs.

MAX

It's not like she did it on purpose.

ARTEMESIA

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

Marta takes a deep breath. What choice does she have now? A beat, Artemesia caves.

ARTEMESIA

Tomorrow.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Artemesia peers off down the hall trying to piece things together when she comes across detectives Dwyer and Ruby.

DET. DWYER

I understand she won't submit to a rape kit.

ARTEMESIA

She's been poked and prodded enough tonight, don't you think?

DET. DWYER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

--I don't think so. Tomorrow.  
First thing. She'll be available.  
Girl scouts honor.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - DAY**

Artemesia and Max exits the house in mid-conversation.

ARTEMESIA

Max, you're a client. I can't  
always be your friend. You hired  
me to represent Marta. I know what  
I'm doing.

MAX

I know, I'm sorry I snapped at  
you.

They walk towards a fancy patio deck where Marta sits in  
chair, staring out at the ocean. She wears a cardigan and  
tight sweats. Her hair is pulled back.

Detectives Dwyer and Ruby anxiously approach.

ARTEMESIA

This is Detectives Dwyer and Ruby.

DET. DWYER

Mrs. Willoughby we'll try to make  
this quick.

Everyone settles in. Det. Ruby takes copious notes.

DET. DWYER

Tell me in your own words after  
you got home.

MARTA

It caught me by surprise, once I  
got my bearing I tried to stop...  
I said no. It was like he couldn't  
hear me. I tried to shove him  
away, but he was too strong and  
just got angry.

(emotional)

And I could feel his hands pulling  
at my robe...I wanted to shout but  
I couldn't move...I thought..he's  
actually going to do this to me.

Marta looks back at them, remorseful- vulnerable.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTA

Look -- I didn't want to kill him. But he was violating me. Enjoying it. I dunno, I stabbed him once. Then I just snapped. And kept stabbing and stabbing and.

MAX

Sergeant, she's told you everything she knows. She's been through enough already.

ARTEMESIA

Easy, Max.

(re: Dwyer)

It looks like justifiable homicide to me. Wouldn't you say?

DET. RUBY

You tell me. You're the hotshot lawyer.

A beat,

DET. DWYER

I'd like Mrs. Willoughby to come down to the station in the morning for a written statement.

ARTEMESIA

Of course.

DET. DWYER

Sorry I had to put you through all that, but it's protocol.

(re; Max)

One thing. Why were the surveillance camera's turned off?

MAX

What? They shouldn't be.

DET. RUBY

Well they are. Can you explain that?

MAX

Maybe I accidentally tuned them off before I left. I don't know.

MAN

You talked about an attempted rape.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN (CONT'D)

Then stabbing a man, repeatedly,  
to his death. And you seem so--  
unaffected by it all.

ARTEMESIA

Please.

MAN

It goes to her demeanor.

MARTA

I don't really even remember the  
other stabs. I remember grabbing  
the opener. But not how many  
times.

MAN

Your story seems so traumatic,  
Ms.Keenan. I'm a little struck by  
how poised and undramatic you  
seem.

ARTEMESIA

Please...

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

A dark, sensuous Frenchwoman named LILY-ROSE GIRARDON, is  
in her car, driving fast, sobbing. The storm is raging as  
she tools down lonely Boulevard, barely making the turns.

She looks up and catches sight of her mascara and tear-  
streaked face in the rear view mirror.

She pulls over along a curb. Trying to pull it together.

Then snatches up her cellphone, re-reads a news article;  
*"Socialite Kills Intruder" with a photo of Marta.*

**INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

A bare bones room turned into a mini art studio. Lots of  
unfinished canvasses. Ruby and Dwyer have an interesting  
look around.

A distraught Lily-Rose looks on.

DET. DWYER

Did he sell many of these?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY-ROSE

No, it was mostly a hobby.

DET. DWYER

Did he normally stay out late?

LILY-ROSE

No.

NESS

How long have you two been engaged?

LILY-ROSE

Six months.

DET. DWYER

What time did he leave the house that night?

LILY-ROSE

I don't know, around ten I think. Maybe a little before.

DET. DWYER

Did he ever get violent with you?

LILY-ROSE

Huh? No! Arty was no boy scout, I'll admit that, but he would never rape anyone. He had just gotten out of a bad relationship.

DET. DWYER

Did ever mention her name?

LILY-ROSE

No, but I have my suspicions.

Lily-Rose grabs the folded newspaper and shoves the photo of Marta in their faces.

DET. DWYER

Do you have any evidence linking them together?

LILY-ROSE

Not as such. But I'm very intuitive.

DET. DWYER

So you're...guessing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY-ROSE

Yeah, And I'm right. I'm usually  
always right.

DET. DWYER

I think we're done here.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY**

Max's straightening his tie, adjusting the hanky in his  
breast pocket. Marta, made-up, still in a sexy bathrobe,  
passes him a pair of cufflinks, well polished.

MARTA

I polished them for you while you  
were gone.

MAX

Thanks. Maybe I should take a few  
days off.

MARTA

Nonsense. I know how much this  
real Mansion deal means to you.  
I'll be fine.

MAX

You sure?

A soft KNOCK on the door frame.

ARTEMESIA

Give us a minute alone.

Max kisses Marta, exits. Once Artemesia and Marta are  
alone... their facades are quickly dropped.

MARTA

Isn't there something you should  
ask me?

ARTEMESIA

What's that?

MARTA

Whether I'm guilty.

ARTEMESIA

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

Marta disappears inside her boudoir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The half open boudoir door, Artemesia catch a glimpse of Marta changing in a bedroom mirror. Again, she finds it hard not to look at Marta.

Artemesia moves closer for a better view.

Marta, sporting Sharon Stone's "Basic Instinct" updo, wearing nothing but sexy slingbacks heels.

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

Her back to Artemesia, Marta steps into a sleeveless turtleneck dress, slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put together woman.

Doesn't bother to put any underwear on. Marta saunters out, goes to Artemesia to get zipped.

ARTEMESIA

Is there anything you haven't told me? Anything you think I ought to know?

MARTA

No.

ARTEMESIA

Look -- don't let 'em see you get rattled. You've got to stay in control with these guys.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

I'd settle for adequate.

Marta offers up a thin smile, grabs a nice white jacket from off the bed.

ARTEMESIA

We'll take my car.

**INT. S.F.P.D. - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY**

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

Lily-Rose braces herself, looks at Marta, eyes wet --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY-ROSE

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

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

ARTEMESIA

Hold her, we'll be pressing --

Marta restrains Artemesia with a gentle hand.

MARTA

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

Officers escort Lily-Rose out, she yells and screams.

LILY-ROSE

You liar! You killed my husband!

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

ARTEMESIA

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

DWYER

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

ARTEMESIA

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

DWYER

Hardly, counselor. Schedules got  
crossed. I apologize.

**INT. S.F.P.D. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Classic basic instinct set up. Artemesia sits nearby  
Marta, who's some ways across the table from Ruby, Dwyer,  
and a Deputy District Attorney.

DWYER

Thanks for coming.

MARTA

It's quite alright. I just want to  
get this over with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dwyer

I know you went over all this  
Yesterday, Mrs. Willoughby, but a  
couple things aren't quite adding  
up.

Artemesia

My client is under no obligation  
to speak with you. Even this much  
is a courtesy.

Marta

No, it's okay. I've got nothing to  
hide. Ask anything you need.

Det. Dwyer

Did he have a weapon?

Marta

I didn't see one.

Det. Dwyer

Normally rapists wear gloves and  
are cognize not to leave any DNA.  
Especially if theirs is on file.  
And his was.

Artemesia

You've got a name?

Det. Dwyer

Arty O'Dell. He had a wrap sheet.  
B&E, Lewd. Nickle and dime stuff.  
But never anything a serious as  
this.

Artemesia

Just a natural progression for  
criminal like him.

Det. Dwyer

Have you ever seen him before?

Ruby shows her his mugshot. She glances at it.

Marta

He's good looking, but not that  
good-looking. But no!

Dwyer

Most criminals in their right mind  
wouldn't attempt a job like this  
without a weapon. O'Dell brought  
one with him to all his crimes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA

Maybe he was watching the house.  
Knew your husband wasn't home.

Dwyer references a police report.

DWYER

A witness heard and seen the  
screaming match. I'm quoting, " it  
sounded like a lover's quarrel."

ARTEMESIA

A registered sex offender?

The Detective's look shock she knows about the witness.

MARTA

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

DWYER

Mrs. Willoughby you claim to never  
have met Mr. O'Dell. Are you sure?

MARTA

Why keep asking me the same  
questions? I don't know anything  
about any O'Dell.

DWYER

Mr. O'Dell was a painter. As I  
understand it, Mrs. Willoughby  
you're an art teacher.

MARTA

In my spare time.

DWYER

Think hard. Could he had been one  
of your students?

MARTA

I dunno. I guess it's possible. My  
classes are open to the public. It  
was a revolving door. They'd just  
come. I didn't take any names. Too  
many faces to remember.

(then)

Serbia. I could give you her  
number, maybe she remembers him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DWYER

Yes, it that would help things  
move along faster.

A beat, then -

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S RESIDENCE - FOYER - DAY**

Marta slides open a desk drawer, there's a notepad and pencils. She digs a pack of cigarettes out, tries to pull one out. Max grabs the pack and does it for her.

MAX

Where's Selma?

This gives Marta a moment of pause.

MARTA

Oh, she didn't feel comfortable  
staying here so I sent her back to  
Guadalajara for a few weeks. I  
hope that's okay.

MAX

Of course, I forget how hard it  
must have been on her too.

**INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY**

The moment Artemesia, Max and Marta enter, everything stops. The place is filled with ELITES. All turn to gape at her, as our trio moves through the elegant dining room to a reserved private table.

MAX

Maybe you shouldn't have come  
here.

MARTA

Everything I went through when we  
were in New Orleans. Everything I  
had to do to survive. I'll be  
fine.

ARTEMESIA

Just their own ignorance...

Max seats his wife. A WAITER appears with drinks, places them on the table. He smiles at Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

*Gracias.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Waiter smiles, lays down menus, and walks off.

MAX

You're not staying.

ARTEMESIA

Raincheck, I got a busy day.

(then)

Don't let Dwyer get you down,  
Marta. He hates everybody,  
including her husband and kids.

Artemesia looks at them both, caught in the middle.

ARTEMESIA

You've got a beach house in  
Malibu. It's just sitting there.  
Empty. Go there, FUCK, forget  
about things for awhile. Let me do  
the worrying.

A middle-aged couple, GEORGE and BETHANY sit nearby,  
staring.

ARTEMESIA

Do you need something?

GEORGE

Your language is a bit vulgar.

ARTEMESIA

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

GEORGE

I'm going to go speak to someone.

ARTEMESIA

Do that, thanks, that'd be great.

George gets up, heads over to the checkout stand.  
Artemesia follows as she heads out.

MAX

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

MARTA

Your side. Not mine. I don't think  
she likes me very much.

MAX

Are you kidding? Have you seen the  
way she looks at you?

**EXT. ROADWAY - DAY**

Max and Marta cruise along the coastline. He drives.

We can't make out their conversation but it's animated. She is gorgeous in a floppy hat and flowery dress.

**EXT. MALIBU - BEACH - DAY**

An hour before sunset. Marta emerges from the water, stuns in a bikini.

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

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

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOME - DAY**

Marta lets herself in via the sliding door. The place is chic and expensive.

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOME - DAY**

Max is immersed in work, drafting a floor plan. Marta passes by, slowing to admire his work.

MAX

Our dream home in France.

MARTA

And these hatchmarks?

MAX

Landscaping. Bushes, rocks.

MARTA

And this?

MAX

A coffee stain.

MARTA

A beauty. When does construction start?

MAX

Don't know. We plan this for three years. Business too slow now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

How much will this cost, if you don't mind me asking?

MAX

Hey, when all the sudden you become concerned about money?

Max is thoughtful. He returns to the blueprints.

MAX

Let me do all the worrying.

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

The bedroom where Max works on his tablet. She climbs in bed, moves closer to him, kisses his neck-

MAX

Gimmie a sec.

Marta pulls away smiles. A beat, he lasy his tablet aside, moves on top. They kiss passionately.

MARTA

I want you. Oh God, I want you.

MAX

Shhh...  
(whispers)  
Take your time. I'm not going anywhere.

She yanks down his boxers, pushes up her lacy nightdress.

They MAKE LOVE. A few quick pumps and then he cums super fast. Max kisses Marta, rolls over, selfishly satisfied. She lies there, quietly unsatisfied..

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S RESIDENCE - FOYER - DAY**

Marta slides open a desk drawer, there's a notepad and pencils. She digs a pack of cigarettes out, tries to pull one out. Max grabs the pack and does it for her.

MAX

Where's Selma?

This gives Marta a moment of pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

Oh, she didn't feel comfortable staying here so I sent her back to Guadalajara for a few weeks. I hope that's okay.

MAX

Of course, I forget how hard it must have been on her too.

HELIO

How did I get so lucky to find you?

ARTEMESIA

You have the money, means, and power, and I was eager to exploit it.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - GUEST ROOM - DAY**

The housekeeper scrubs the sink. She's 40s. Even more striking in her flattering uniform. Her name is SELMA.

She sees Marta's reflection in the mirror.

SELMA

Ma'am?

MARTA

Selma, this bathroom can wait. Pedro can't.

SELMA

(confused)  
My boyfriend?

Hands her an envelope. Selma's surprised by the move.

MARTA

Happy Birthday. Dinner for two at Geno's. Reservations at 10.

SELMA

Thank you.

MARTA

Order the souffle. And come in late tomorrow.

With that, Marta continues down the hall.

**INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, Latina, cocksure beautiful, curvaceous, pushes into the PD's office --It's funky-friendly like a Berkeley dorm floor, With a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit.

She's *carrying* a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

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

A swanky condo. POSH. Upscale. A perfect mix of Persian and Spanish furnishings. Expensive artwork. Some erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus.

A cellphone rings. A half-empty bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; two half-filled glasses nearby.

Sexy dresses, high heels, and lacy underlings have been tossed on the floor in the heat of passion.

A sweaty post-sex Artemesia, bedsheet for a wardrobe, hurries from the back,

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mine or yours?

Artemesia finds her cell to see a blinking light. Grabs it quickly.

ARTEMESIA

Mine.

(INTO PHONE)

Slow down. Say that again.

She looks in the bedroom, sees-- a gorgeous blonde, athletic, roll out of bed, naked, sweaty.

KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40s, a smoky-eyed brunette roll out of bed, naked, sweaty. She's a bit weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.

MARTA (V.O.)

(not hysterical)

A man just tried to rape me. I shot him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

**INT. DIVE BAR - DAY**

Mira is bringing a PITCHER OF BEER over to where Jimmy is sitting at a table. From the peanut shells and empty pitchers, it's clear they've been here a while and Jimmy's definitely feeling it. She pours them both another glass.

*KIMBER GUILFOYLE, a smoky-eyed brunette, 30s, breezes in. A Deputy District Attorney's Badge 'round her neck. Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - from the lip gloss to the designer "f\*ck me pumps. The inappropriate snugness of her cleavage baring sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality.*

*She carries a bosca leather briefcase- runs well in her designer "f\*ck me pumps,*

**INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT**

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

*At the bar, Artemesia dinks alone.*

*KIMBER GUILFOYLE, a smoky-eyed brunette, 30s, breezes in. Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - from the lip gloss to stiletto "f\*ck me" pumps. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality.*

*She takes up an adjoining stool. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.*

*MARLA GUILFOYLE, 30, hot as hell, icy veneer to match. FOX NEWS GIRL-esque; always dresses like she's going clubbing.*

*e smiles, shakes the rain out of her chic overcoat. Joins Marla at the bar, takes up the adjacent stool.*

**INT. COZY BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is a small, warm, intimate place, all polished woods and heavy brass railings.

At the end of the bar itself, a DRUNK, bearded, slumps over a drink, semi-comatose. He looks like a permanent fixture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mallory slides onto one of the bar stools, lays her briefcase and stilettos *the neighboring stool*, runs her hands affectionately over the bar top.

A non intrusive labrys tattoo on her upper shoulder.

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICES/WEINMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

It's almost midnight. The offices are pretty empty.

An unkempt JAREK WEINMAN, *20s, JFK Jr. - esque hunk*, is *pulling* an all-nighter.

His office is cluttered with open files folders, books, and a few items of sports paraphernalia.

Jarek looks up from his paperwork when Artemesia strides in, she's in a flattering silk shirt and pencil skirt.

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

Artemesia reads post-it notes on her laptop. Gwendolyn strides in with a legal brief.

ARTEMESIA

Gwendolyn? This Sinclair deBois.  
Did he say what he wanted?

GWENDOLYN

Only that it was important. I left  
several messages on your phone.

**INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY**

Artemesia enters a dark, cluttered pawnshop, filled with stacks of musty books, antiques.

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

SINCLAIR deBOIS, *40s, a small, swarthy, and gaunt man*, striding towards her. He smiles, all dark charisma and dangerous appeal.

SINCLAIR

Ah, Ms. Camerota. I'm sorry I  
startled you. Sinclair deBois.  
Happy to meet you.

The feeling isn't mutual.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

I must say you are prompt.

ARTEMESIA

I was expecting a detective.

SINCLAIR

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

SINCLAIR

For the past few weeks I've been holding a painting for keepsake...didn't think much of it until the other night. I thought before I discussed it with the police it would be mutually for us both if we discussed it first...

He just smiles, as if he knows something she doesn't.

SINCLAIR

You an art lover?

ARTEMESIA

I didn't come here to buy.

SINCLAIR

You might after you see what was hanging over there.

He taps his fingers on a bare wall.

ARTEMESIA

Let's cut to the chase. Shall we.

SINCLAIR

Ah, yes. Shall we.

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

SINCLAIR

Ta-da! Recognize it?

Artemesia eyes a WATERCOLOR painting of a nude woman who bears a striking resemblance to Marta.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

SINCLAIR

Ms. Camerota, you may be interested to know me and Arty go way back. He was always trying to hock his works. But this was the best of the bunch. So naturally I accepted his gift. It's a good thing to, luckily for your client.

Artemesia turns. Sinclair stands there, almost grinning.

ARTEMESIA

So you brought me here to exdtort us?

SINCLAIR

That's a legal term, I'm not a lawyer. I'm here like a Fuller Brush man, hopin' you'll buy what I got to sell.

ARTEMESIA

Extortion is a serious crime. You can go to prison for it. Up to twenty years.

(off his look)

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

ARTEMESIA

A little blackmail I take it.

SINCLAIR

No need for the theatrics. I'm a dealer in fine arts. I'll put whatever price I want on the items in my gallery.

ARTEMESIA

All this junk.

SINCLAIR

I hardly call the one of Mrs. Marta Willoughby junk. You client lied about not knowing Mr. O'Dell. Maybe we'll see her behind bars. It's worth one hundred thousand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

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

SINCLAIR

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

She freezes for just a moment, bested.

He walks off, Artemesia alone, grabs her head-- *Argghhh*.

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - DAY**

Marta in a dressy but classy skirt suit, sits in the waiting area outside Artemesia's office. She's been here awhile. Looks at her Rolex. Heads for the receptionist.

MARTA

Do you know how much longer she's going to be? My appointment was for eleven.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. She's still in her meeting. If you'd like me to interrupt her, I can.

Marta considers. Is that a good idea. Probably not.

MARTA

No. That's okay. I'll wait.

Just then, Artemesia approaches, smiles apologetically.

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

Artemesia paces in front of Marta, who sits on the couch. She has a scotch glass that she continually refills.

ARTEMESIA

Are you sure you've never meet him? Think hard before you answer.

MARTA

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

Blackmail?

ARTEMESIA

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

Marta doesn't answer. Her silence speaking volumes.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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

MARTA

Yes, I did.

ARTEMESIA

Marta, there's no love lost between us. We both know that. But I'm you're lawyer, If we can't start from a primitive concept of honesty, then this isn't going to work.

Marta's not quite sure where to begin.

ARTEMESIA

When did you first meet him?

MARTA

The tenderloin district. My art studio. He was one of my students.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA (CONT'D)

He was different from the other's in the class. Arty had talent... a real passion for art. I saw his potential so I started having him show up after my classes, you know, to hone his skills.

ARTEMESIA

Was Max away at the time?

MARTA

Yes, France.

Marta just stares at her. Okay. Continues:

MARTA

You know what an art lover Max is. Our anniversary was coming up and I wanted to do something special. And that's when I broached the subject of me doing a nude. I didn't see any harm in it.

Time stands still. Then --

MARTA

After a few sittings, Arty expressed his feelings towards me so I ended it. Then he started stalking me. Everywhere I went he seemed to be there. I threaten to go to the police if he didn't stop. It seemed to work. I hadn't seen him again until that night.

ARTEMESIA

Look, it's a simple case of you just knowing him. There's nothing incriminating in your story. He tried to rape you and you killed him in self-defense.

A beat.

ARTEMESIA

First we tell Max, then go to Dwyer and correct this.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

The sooner, the better.

**INT. ROOM - DAY**

ARTEMESIA

Take a lie detector test.

A beat. She's suddenly thrown.

MARTA

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

A polygraph.

MARTA

I thought...aren't they inadmissible?

ARTEMESIA

In court.

She measures Artemesia, then:

MARTA

For you? Take a polygraph for you?

ARTEMESIA

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

Marta glares back. It's a chess game, she's pinned her. A beat. Then, finally--

MARTA

Fine. Set up your damn polygraph.

Now it's Artemesia's who's privately thrown.

ARTEMESIA

Forget about what you've heard, they're deadly accurate.

MARTA

Set up your polygraph, Artemesia.

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

Artemesia stands back as HARRY HALES conducts the polygraph test with Marta.

HARRY

He was trying to rape you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

Yes.

HARRY

Is your hair black?

MARTA

No.

HARRY

Were you afraid Art O'Dell was about to kill you when you stabbed him?

MARTA

Yes.

HARRY

Were you in love with him?

MARTA

No.

HARRY

Mrs. Willoughby. Did you plan to kill Art O'dell before he attacked you?

MARTA

No.

HARRY

Are you in love with anybody?

Strangely, Marta shoots a look at Artemesia. Then:

MARTA

My husband.

Harry saw the glance. Masking his incredulity--

**INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY**

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

SINCLAIR

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

MARTA

You still have it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

Of course.

MARTA

How much? My lawyer mentioned  
fifty-thousand.

SINCLAIR

A hundred grand.

MARTA

No!

SINCLAIR

Yes. Seeing just how valuable the  
piece is.

MARTA

How much time do I have?

SINCLAIR

You might not have any. Another  
party is interested.

MARTA

Who?

SINCLAIR

Ms. Girardon.

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

**INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

Marta molds the clay bust; then stops, staring at the  
image. As she reaches over and squeezes the clay with her  
fingers, destroying her work.

**INT. WILLHOUGHBY'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Artemesia stops at the sliding glass doors which are  
open. Takes a hit of pomegranate...

Marta's face down sunning herself on a lounge. Naked.  
Sunglasses. Napping.

Artemesia takes her in a moment before she exits, walks  
to the rail, looks out to the ocean.



**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - VERANDA - DAY**

MARTA

How's the pomegranate?

Artemesia not sure what she means. Plus, she's naked.

MARTA

It's better over ice.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

I'm sorry.

ARTEMESIA

What's wrong?

Marta rises, a towel to her breasts as she slides her feet into sexy heels --

MARTA

DeBoise raised the price.

ARTEMESIA

What? When did you find this this?

MARTA

This morning. I went to see him.

Artemesia stares Marta down.

Marta saunters into the bedroom, Artemesia follows. Marta wasn't expecting that.

**INT. WILLHOUGHBY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Artemesia fixes herself another drink.

Marta, barefoot, saunters in from a long corridor in a slouchy frock with its high neckline and long sleeves. But as she moves to fix drinks...

It's backless, cut so dangerously low in back, at times a hint of butt cleavage is visible...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia can't help but stare, bare legs and all.

Marta senses it - handles an ice-pick. Breaks blocks of ice at the bar.

ARTEMESIA

Do you realize if the police found out you were trying to suppress evidence --

MARTA

I had to take the chance.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

I swear it happened like I said! He was going to kill me.

ARTEMESIA

For Godsakes Marta. This isn't a plea bargain. You can't see him again. Or Ms. Girardon.

(beat)

The worse that can happen is you lose Max but if you try another stunt like this could mean your life.

MARTA

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

Artemesia is looking at her with a level of intensity that would be uncomfortable if she noticed, but she's still looking at their wedding photo.

After a moment... Marta Takes Artemesia's tumbler and fixes her another.

ARTEMESIA

He didn't deserve this.

MARTA

Don't you think I know that? The only thing that keeps me going is the thought I can keep it from him, and I'm not about to give up now.

Marta hands Artemesia the scotch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA

We need to get that painting back -  
I'm not asking for me-- you know  
what it would do to him. We both  
love him.

A moment between the women, finding common ground.  
Artemesia paces, calmer, but also on edge.

ARTEMESIA

Can you get your hands on that  
type of cash.

MARTA

Not without raising suspicion.

(then)

But you can. You handle all his  
business dealings and finances --  
He trust you.

Artemesia hesitates, wrestling with that. Finally: the  
front door opening and closing.

MAX (O.S.)

I'm home.

MARTA

We're in here.

Ad-lib greetings. Max kisses Marta, amused, and gives  
Marta an affectionate squeeze, lots of love here.

The three exchange a look before --

MAX

Everything okay?

MARTA

Yes, darling.

ARTEMESIA

Just discussing the case.

MAX

Should we be worried?

Without taking a beat, Artemesia lies --

ARTEMESIA

No.

MAX

Good, Can't wait to get all this  
behind us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Artemesia polishes off her second Martini.

ARTEMESIA

I've only had two.

MAX

Two drinks my ass.

ARTEMESIA

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

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

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

MARTA

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

MARTA

I'll walk you out.

**EXT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BALCONY - NIGHT**

Artemesia stands alone at the balcony railing, looking down at the city lights, unsettled by the storm of emotions raging within her.

**INT. LILY-ROSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Very small, cheaply furnished and cluttered, but homey. The mantle is crammed with photos of Lily-Rose and Arty.

Lily-Rose is pacing, obviously very upset. She goes about lighting candles. Sinclair looks on.

SINCLAIR

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

LILY-ROSE

Yes, she will. May way.

SINCLAIR

(under his breath)  
Lily-Rose, no...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY-ROSE

Screw you. This is personal.

SINCLAIR

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

Lily-Rose holds his stare, not backing down.

SINCLAIR

Maybe you aren't aware, but possession is nine-tenths of the law. Your lover pawned the painting to help with wedding expenses. He's failed to make the payments. In cases such as this, ownership falls to the store owner. ME.

LILY-ROSE

Then I will go to the police.

SINCLAIR

What a fool I was.

LILY-ROSE

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

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

SINCLAIR

You're right. What was I thinking?

LILY-ROSE

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

SINCLAIR

I see our interests are aligned.

**INT. BEVERLY'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Marta, looks downplayed under a professional wardrobe, saunters in to find Beverly, sitting at a piano, playing wonderfully.

BEVERLY

Hello, Marta. Recognize this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

Chopin.

BEVERLY

Very good! Did you know he died in Paris? Ah, some people have all the luck.

Marta flops down on a sofa.

BEVERLY

Hold your applause until the final note.

Done. Beverly sits down next to Marta.

BEVERLY

I'm not the meter-maid. Hug me already.

A beat.

BEVERLY

I'm hurt you didn't call sooner. Were friends.

MARTA

Not if you believe what they write in the papers.

BEVERLY

I'm sorry for what happened to you. I probably would have done the same thing. I'm just thankful you're alright.

John-John in his white servers jacket approaches.

BEVERLY

John-John...honey? A gin and tonic for us. And I like mine pretty stiff.

JOHN-JOHN

I know you do.

You can cut the innuendo with a knife. He goes.

BEVERLY

Boy, you look serious. What are you thinking about?

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA - ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artemesia's at her desk, lost in thought, her face troubled and pensive. She reacts with a start when

JOHN-PAUL KAPLAN, fifty, the picture of corporate stewardship, comes in. He's looking at her unbuttoned silk shirt which is pretty much wide open.

JOHN-PAUL

Uh...um...you're blouse.

ARTEMESIA

You are a gentleman, a rare thing around here. Thanks you.

He picks up on her sarcasm, then -

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, John-Paul?

JOHN-PAUL

What a PR nightmare for the firm, huh?

ARTEMESIA

I'm sure it is. Look, you got something to say, say it.

JOHN-PAUL

You really wanna do this now?

Artemesia gestures, giving him the floor.

JOHN-PAUL

You're fond of Maximillian, aren't you? That concerns me.

ARTEMESIA

It shouldn't.

JOHN-PAUL

Perhaps not. You're a great lawyer, Artemesia. Everyone knows it. I just think...you're too close to them. Well, him. It could cloud your judgment.

ARTEMESIA

Don't let it bother you.

Artemesia opens a closet, akin to a professional men's wardrobe; few suits, sheath dresses and designer stiletto heels are colorful and provocative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN-PAUL

Thanks for your help with Helio.

ARTEMESIA

Always eager to help clear up a misunderstanding. I've arranged for a dinner night. We'll get acquainted properly.

JOHN-PAUL

I know it can't be easy: Thought you might want some advice.

(off her look)

Just remember to have fun with it.

ARTEMESIA

That's your advice?

**INT. ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

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

Max pops out of the elevator. EMPLOYEES scramble to look busy and inconspicuous.

Max is on the phone, concerned...

**INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

Max sits alone at a dark corner table, brooding over a Mai Tai.

A woman in a tight, black skirt, one too many buttons undone on her blue shirt, flashing cleavage and black lacy bra, sits down across from him: Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

You look pretty down. Want some company?

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

She removes the Mai Tai from his hands and takes a sip

MAX

(glum)

Wonderful, isn't it?

She winces at the sweet taste.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I'm more of a scotch girl myself.

(beat)

So what's wrong?

A beat, then -

ARTEMESIA

I talked to her. She's not lying.

MAX

You cannot know that with  
certainty.

ARTEMESIA

I can. It's a gift.

Max pulls out a photo of Marta and him, from about ten  
years ago. Artemesia examines it.

ARTEMESIA

When I look at you two. It's like  
you've known each other their  
whole lives.

A beat, then -

ARTEMESIA

Were you and Marta high school  
sweethearts?

MAX

College...roll tide.

ARTEMESIA

It shows.

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MAX

You talking hypothetically or from  
experience?

ARTEMESIA

All of us drift a little further  
than we want to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

I was married once. A disaster of  
space shuttle Challenger  
proportions.

**INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

Marta is in the early stages of sculpting a clay bust.  
The face of a woman.

After reading this and comments, a couple of things struck me. For one, it's not a question of whether or not you can write because you can. It's definitely a little too prose-y here and there for my tastes, but those things are easy fixes. I only agree 50% with the notes you've gotten so far. And I'm comfortable saying it.

I think the real problem here is that you have resigned yourself to painting Katarina in a certain light of depression and it's like you feel the need to not only show that at every opportunity, but to also make the pace of the story match her depressive state.

Depression can take many forms and it can cause people to react in many different ways, but that's also why it's hard to convey it in writing. One can also be depressed and in love and capable of showing love and affection and still be depressed. The point of all this is, it's tricky because if we were watching this on screen and didn't know that Katarina was depressed, how would we know? But if you make it painfully obvious to us that Katarina is down, then it's easy to get into morose-ville and the story drags and gets boring.

Why are you trying to hide that he's depressed? Drama comes from us knowing information, not from us trying to guess.

Yeah I have thought about writing the story without the depression angle. But that does have it's own problems, because then I need a different subplot to replace it. It would be a completely different script then

*It makes me wonder if "depression" is really the best choice here for a main character. I get that you're trying to be symbolic and at some point Katarina probably lifts the fog of her depression, but that also makes me wonder if your want for symbolism is driving your story instead of the other way around.*

*I think you should think about doing this whole script in a non-linear fashion. Start with him grieving over his lost wife.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*We'll think he's depressed about her death, but then through flashback, we'd see that he was depressed before that event and then we'd be hooked into the character and what his goals are.*

Furthermore, by the end of this, I don't have a great sense of your lead, but to the extent that I do have a sense of her, she's not someone I'm particularly interested in getting to know better. Given the title and what you've shown me, I get that this is a story about a girl who's trying to make a better life for herself, to get a chance to get passionate about her life again (and that's the one strength of this script: You have set up your story) but I don't care about her or particularly like her.

What makes this guy deserve a second chance? What makes him someone I want to root for? This is a little deeper than needing a "pet the dog," especially given how strongly you've made him someone totally unlikeable and passive.

And if the two words that leap to mind about your protagonist are "unlikeable" and "passive" that's a problem. Remember that characters have to DESERVE a starring role in your film. What makes this guy compelling?

Okay, I confess it drew me back and made me think some more after another read. I offer a couple of random dumb as rocks thoughts... don't feel obliged to agree or anything.

The following isn't intended as rough or rude, I'm just thinking aloud, trying to figure why I'm not enthralled by these pages

my problem with this is a lack of sympathy for this guy. Giamatti's character in Sideways was a bit of a jerk

t gets us right into the second scene. I like the arguing couple -- they felt real and showed what the protag has to deal with in his job. And the fact he just makes a note and leaves, lets us know he's not engaged with anything or anyone around him.

I also liked the third scene (with a few tweaks) when the other driver hits his car. It again reveals this guy is in a funk, a near-fugue state, behaving robotically, not reacting to the damage to his car, simply snapping a photo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

So now you have your three's-a-charm rhythm. We've got it. We have a good feeling for this protag. But the next clinic scene is where you lose me.

He's again in his "fog" doesn't recognize his own name. Then the camera stays on this fist fight and on-the-nose statements about racism, and your protag becomes an extra in the scene, on camera for only a few seconds. If this was done to set up his therapy sessions and establish something about what happened to his wife, you can do it later, and better. I'd take this scene out entirely.

The scene with his wife goes entirely downhill. It sounds like a daytime soap opera. A trick I use when pondering my own choices -- if the viewer can turn their back to the screen and still figure out what's going on in the scene, there's a problem. That's happening here. She even mentions the ready-made meals so I don't have to look at the screen to see what they're eating.

You could simply have him arrive home finding her loading her suitcases into a cab. A quick bit brief dialogue with subtext before she drives off in the cab will tell us all we have to know. Of course his marriage has died -- we've been watching him through the first three scenes -- who could manage to live with a guy so disengaged? You could even get away with her saying something along the lines of, "Do something." Giving him the chance to change her mind. But he just stands there and lets her go. If the ready-meals are symbolic, you can cut to him eating one later, alone.

Without knowing the whole story, it's hard to say if you have started the story too late or too soon. When does she get killed? I do know you start your scenes too late, and don't get out soon enough.

Maybe you need to start the story sooner and then jump forward in time. I'm not sure. You need to find a way to not only make your protagonist somehow interesting or likable, but you have to make the wife likable as well. And we need to see that they were once happy and madly in love. The audience needs to care that he saves her, them, himself. A wife who doesn't get that her husband is clinically depressed, and has an affair, will make it difficult for us to care that he saves her, no?

Ronaldinho hit on everything I would have commented on, only much, much better. I'll just make some additional random comments as food for thought. As always, I could be wrong

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

know you're going to feel beat up and bruised, my friend. Here's the good news. You're not a bad writer at all; in fact, you have some strong dramatic instincts. However, the posts above were right in their comments. You're too novelesque. (Director's notes/action should rarely call attention to themselves.) And you don't yet know how to create real (as opposed to manufactured) drama. Y

Ughhhh

I'm drowning in sugar sea, and I've just swallowed a mouthful of liquid sacchrine.

I almost threw up four times at the sickly sweetness of it all.

That's not to say it's written badly. In places it shows a great competence, but it's so 'Sunset Beach' that I found myself literally, having to stop and go back every now and then, having composed myself.

I'll start with the bad points, then end with the good. That way you'll be left with a sweeter taste at the end, (kind of like I was), having read the critique. he characters are so one-dimensional you may as well have thrown a card-board cut out into the room and pressed play on the cliché tape recorder. I couldn't care less about any of them. Anyone who spouts this kind of sugary, lovey-dovey drivel shouldn't be allowed behind the wheel of a car to crash the thing in the first place.

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

Artemesia's just wrapped a meeting with a couple of corporate types and is seeing them to the door.

ARTEMESIA

I'll be in touch as soon as we review the material. I think we can settle this without litigation.

AS the clients go OUT, we SEE Marta in the outer office. She smiles, waves her in. Gwendolyn follows her in, so Artemesia and Mart keep it strictly business...

A nice handshake...

MARTA

Guess I'm early.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I think I'm late.

Gwendolyn is cleaning up after the meeting: bone china cups and saucers, a silver coffee service. A touch of class that Marta notices.

ARTEMESIA

'See if you can move my two o'clock to four thirty. Mrs. Willoughby and I will be taking a long lunch.

Artemesia closes the door after her...

ARTEMESIA

How you holding up?

She shows off her wedding band; platinum, lots of diamonds. Finally:

MARTA

I've been married a long time. And I love my husband. But he's just never around.

ARTEMESIA

He works a lot.

MARTA

And even when he is home, he's on his laptop and completely ignores me when I try to talk to him. There's always some deadline he's worried about.

ARTEMESIA

I'm sure he still cares about you. Men -- they feel a lot of pressure to perform at the office.

There's a long awkward silence.

MARTA

I just wish he felt the same way about our marriage.

(Off Artemesia's look)

I want to feel wanted. No one has wanted me in so long.

Artemesia darkens a suspicion forming. As gently as possible --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

You fucked him, didn't you?

Marta considers. Decides to come completely clean --

MARTA

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

Artemesia's anger hangs in the air like napalm. Thick. Pungent.

ARTEMESIA

Did anyone ever see you two --

MARTA

We took in a Giant's game once in a while, but no, we were always careful. Wore dark glasses... hats...wigs... took some crazy chances.

MARTA

I hadn't seen him in awhile. Then a week ago, he showed up here. He wanted to talk, to see if I still had any feelings for him, you know. Before he decided to marry Lily-Rose.

Artemesia nods. A moment between them.

MARTA

We drove to the Malibu beach house. One thing led to another and, well, it was like old times. We stayed the weekend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTA (CONT'D)

Afterwards, we drove back to LA, we were both tired, I felt like I had been hit by a truck. I told him good-bye --for good.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you just say this all before.

MARTA

And say what? We had one for the road.

You could cut the tension with a chain saw.

**INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

They move quickly down the stairs, their footsteps echoing as high heels strike steel. The lighting on the stairs is stark, flashes of white through blackness, giving the scene an almost strobe-light effect.

As the women make their way down to a landing.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you two were intimate has thrown an entirely different complexion on this case.

(then)

A good prosecutor would say you were intimate with O'Dell and lied about it. It could be you asked him to your house, if he came at your invitation then it could also be true it wasn't self-defense. And if you killed him for any other reason the charge just might be murder.

MARTA

It would destroy Max - I couldn't let that happen -- so I lied.

ARTEMESIA

How noble of you.

(then)

Yes, Max would be crushed, but knowing him, he'd probably forgive you -- he loves you that much -- but lying to the police is an entirely different matter.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTA

What do you want me to do?

ARTEMESIA

What else are you hiding? Outside being a whore!

Marta looks like she might explode at those words.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

So you dredged up some old rumors.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

Whatever you have on me or you think you have on me is just conjecture. If you went to the DA or the bar association --

MARTA

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

And that just lingers there in the air for just a second - until she kisses Marta. Hard.

Artemesia and Marta crash against the heavy fire door, all over each other. Keys, cellphones, a briefcase drops. It's very hot... but as Marta undresses, Artemesia stops, suddenly turned off.

Marta freezes too, self conscious now. Artemesia's blouse is gaping open, lacy bra. Marta admires the full swell of Artemesia's breasts.

MARTA

What? Is there a problem?

Artemesia buttons up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA

You want to kiss me, don't you?

ARTEMESIA

I wasn't going there.

MARTA

Oh...I just thought. Guess I got a big head listening to Max.

ARTEMESIA

I didn't mean it to sound like that either. Like I'm not interested, because I am. I'd mess around with you in a flash if you weren't married -- to Max.

MARTA

You're a bad liar, Artemesia.

SOUNDS of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ECHO from above as a man and woman in suits make their way down the stairs.

They scramble to grab their things

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

It's drizzling, windy. Alone in the empty park, Max stands waiting, looking out at the river. After a beat, Sinclair walks up behind him.

MAX

You said it was urgent.

SINCLAIR

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

MAX

Who is this friend of yours?

SINCLAIR

And old school chum we were expelled together.

MAX

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

SINCLAIR

A painting, Mr. Willoughby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Let's have a look at it.

SINCLAIR

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

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

MAX

When will you have the paining?

SINCLAIR

When will you have the cash.

MAX

It might take sometime.

SINCLAIR

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

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - NIGHT**

After hours. Darkened offices. Soft moans emanating from an office, sounds of sex grow louder.

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

A desk lamp is on; there's an empty champagne bottle on a coffee table. Chinese take-out.

*HELIO STAGLIANO, 30s, on a couch, post-coital relaxation. Pants back on, shirt undone, Italian, handsome, with the finely carved features of an Aztec god.*

He's holding Artemesia's purple satin shirt. He's peering into his bathroom, where she's tidying up.

HELIO

How did I get so lucky to find you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You have the money, means, and power, and I was eager to exploit it.

She comes out, dressed in her lacy bra and black pencil skirt. She takes her shirt from him. Slips it on. Buttons it up.

ARTEMESIA

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

HELIO

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

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate the loyalty.

She fumbles on her sexy pumps. He watches, it's sexy.

ARTEMESIA

Helio. I'm planning a hostile takeover --

He reacts, stunned, but not surprised.

HELIO

About time. I never understood why you went in that fat dago fuck!

ARTEMESIA

I need a few high-rollers.

HELIO

Where you go. I go. And my friends are sure to follow.

She bends down and kisses him, but there's more...

ARTEMESIA

(lying)  
Um, I think I've got enough collateral, but...I could use a bit more.

HELIO

How much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Two hundred thousand.

He doesn't flinch.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY**

Max in an immaculate suit, packs a suitcase. Marta stands in the doorway of the bathroom, her towel clinging to her damp body.

MARTA

You really need all that for two days?

He smiles, keeps packing. Marta puts her arms around him, looks at the suitcase. She kisses him. He stops her.

MAX

Honey, I have to get to the airport.

The towel lands at Marta's feet.

MARTA

Okay, bye.

And he's tempted, checks his Rolex, no dice. He smiles apologetically, kisses her good-bye..

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

Artemesia's curled up on the sofa, working, but a bottle of wine is within reach. A man's oversized dress shirt, unbuttoned, sexy panties counts as pajamas. A KNOCK.

Artemesia opens up for

Marta in a very risqué see-through black, floor-length designer gown, showing a lot of butt cheeks.

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

MARTA

Nice layout. I could get use to it.

Marta eyes a PAINTING, A Romantic masterpiece.

*In it, two nude woman stand side-by-side on the edge of a cliff, holding hands, their backs to the viewer, gazing out over a barren, fog-swept waste...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

St. Elizabeth was a virtuous woman who loved all God's creatures. But her husband was a selfish man, full of avarice.

That resonates for Marta, too.

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

MARTA

You got it.

ARTEMESIA

You have any idea who I had to fuck for that?

MARTA

Who's the whore now?

Artemesia's defenses are all gone. She wants this now as much as Marta does.

Suppressed passion explodes and they're ON EACH OTHER, groping, kissing, tugging at each other's clothes...

Marta gets Artemesia shirt off, takes in her lacy bra, the swell of her breasts..

Marta's starting to realize how much power she has over Artemesia and sure enough knows how to use it..

Artemesia bites her neck, shoulders, groping her bare butt cheeks.

MARTA

Rip it.

Artemesia obliges, gets it off, Start kissing like crazy. It's sexy and intense. Finally, Artemesia pulls her into her bedroom.

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

The room is lit by a bedside lamp.

Artemesia atop Marta, they're having sweaty, slippery, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex. *It's not sweet or tender, it's pained and torturous, pure need, two people desperate to feel anything other than what they're feeling...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

Oh, my God...

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

Post-amazing sex, Marta lies atop Artemesia, tracing her finger along Artemesia's face, studying her. Her wedding ring lies on the bedside table.

Artemesia feels guilty as hell for what she's done... and Marta senses it. She kisses Artemesia again, tenderly.

MARTA

Nothing ever turns out the way you expected, does it? I was wrong, it wasn't Max you wanted.

Marta looks at Artemesia, who is still silent. Finally:

MARTA

What did you think was going to happen?

ARTEMESIA

Does it ever bother you?

MARTA

What?

ARTEMESIA

That you're married?

MARTA

Mm-hmm. I can see that it bothers you.

MARTA

One time thing. Never happen again.

Artemesia grabs her, almost desperate, kissing her. Marta smiles as she kisses back.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - ARTEMESIA'S BMW CONVERTIBLE - DAY**

Music pumps from the speakers. Artemesia cruises with the top down. Marta beside her, soaking up the California sunshine.

We can't make out their conversation but it's animated.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

On the beach - Artemesia tackles Marta onto the sand -- she screams in delight -- their sexy bikinis are wet from the water.

MARTA

Why do I end up wet every time  
we're together.

(lying)

I didn't mean that the way it  
sounded.

Once they start kissing, they can't stop.

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOME - DAY**

Just after dawn. Marta remains on her side studying Artemesia as she awakens. At first disoriented, it takes a moment for Artemesia to realize she's died and gone to heaven. Beneath this sheet is one beautiful, naked woman. She grins. Then:

ARTEMESIA

What time is it?

MARTA

A little after six. Sleep well?

ARTEMESIA

Like a baby.

Marta grins. She begins to caress Marta's shoulder and breasts. Proprietary.

Marta's hands explore down below the sheet, gently caressing. For Artemesia, her touch is an aphrodisiac. As she touches Artemesia:

A wrenching motion, Artemesia rolls herself back on top of Marta. Flesh-to-flesh, eye-to-eye:

**EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - NIGHT**

Marta and Artemesia exit the trendy bar noticeably buzzed. Artemesia hands her ticket to the valet and turns to Marta.

Artemesia's brand-new BMW pulls up. The valet exits and holds the door open for her. Meanwhile, Artemesia opens the passenger door for Marta, tips the Valet and gets in.



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

Artemesia drives a dark road, their faces lit up by the approaching HEADLIGHTS of cars

Marta forces Artemesia's hand between her thighs, up under her dress. She shivers, her thighs rubbing, her hips thrusting against Artemesia's hand. Marta's MOANING.

**INT. REEDER & SCHERZINGER LAW OFFICES - DAY**

A small, but prestigious law firm. Artemesia saunters through the busy nerve center. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES.

She sees a sexy woman walking in the other direction. Artemesia turns, smiles, *great ass*. Continues on.

CALLIE SHIMKUS, 40, a PARALEGAL in a cheap skirt suit, turns back. Think Erin Brockovich -- white trash with class, drive, and a touch of education.

Watches Artemesia as she heads for her office. Great ass, hot legs, too.

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - DAY**

A small, but prestigious law firm. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES,

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful Latina, saunters through the busy nerve center, with a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit.

Marta in a risqué sheer black, floor-length gown with a long train. *Her take of Rita's Ora's Donna Karen dress she wore at the 2015 Oscar's after party--*

**INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful Latina, pushes into the PD's office -- it's funky-friendly like a Berkeley dorm floor, With a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit.

She's carrying a Bosca slim leather briefcase,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees a smoky-eyed brunette walking in the other direction. Artemesia turns, smiles, *gorgeous legs*. Continues on.

KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40, turns back. A Deputy DA Badge 'round her neck. Sexy. Tough as an assassin. *Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - lip gloss, cleavage-baring sheath dress, stiletto "f\*ck me" pumps.*

Watches Artemesia as she heads out the door. Great ass,

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

Artemesia lies sleeping. Marta studies her. She rises, careful not to awaken Artemesia, moves for the door.

Marta eyes the carnal lust happening within. It's like Sodom and Gomorrah. AFFLUENT COUPLES fucking and sucking all over the place, on the floor, on tables, standing, sitting, sideways, upside down, every imaginary position. It's the Kama Sutra come to life.

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - DAY**

A small, but prestigious law firm. Artemesia saunters through the busy nerve center. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS hustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES.

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY**

A class full of sweating MILFs - Moms I'd Like to Fuck. Wehear the gentle voice of yoga instructor, GARY WHEAT - trim, annoyingly healthy and radiant.

MAN

Hold...and breathe...relax your  
hips, let your neck stretch and...

PAN til we FIND ARTEMESIA CAMEROTA, 40s, a cocksure beautiful Latina, *arching yoga poses; her body is toned and tight, but too intelligent and determined-looking to be just sexual eye candy.*

Unlike the other women struggling, she has no problems.

**INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Artemesia pushes into the PD's office --It's funky-friendly like a Berkeley dorm floor, With a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, tight, Armani skirt suit.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

It's nice, expensive. *HELIO STAGLIANO, 30s, Italian, handsome*, lies naked in bed after a bout of heated sex - with the finely carved features of an Aztec god.

Artemesia, hair, face a sex mess, still hot as fuck, straightens her dress, sits on the bed, puts on her sexy shoes. He watches, it's sexy.

ARTEMESIA

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

HELIO

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

Her cellphone chimes, she grabs it quickly, answers.

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate the loyalty.  
(INTO PHONE)  
Slow down. Say that again.

MARTA (V.O.)

(not hysterical)  
A man just tried to rape me. I shot him in self defense and I think he might be dead.

**INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT**

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

At the bar, Artemesia dinks alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*KIMBER GUILFOYLE, a smoky-eyed brunette, 30s, breezes in. Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - from the lip gloss to stiletto "f\*ck me" pumps. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality.*

*She takes up an adjoining stool. She's a little weather beaten, probably someone's mom, still cocksure beautiful.*

She lays her briefcase on a chair.

KIMBER

How do you like working on the other side?

ARTEMESIA

The pay's much better. That your problem?

KIMBER

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

ARTEMESIA

Does that include you?

KIMBER

That's not what I mean.

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

ARTEMESIA

And you should be more discriminating filing charges of assault one, which you can't sustain. You haven't got a case, Jarek. You can get a grand jury to indict a ham sandwich, but if you indict Rollins, you're crazy. It was a misunderstanding. Her word against his, drop it.

KIMBER

I'm more likely to up the charge than I am to drop it.

ARTEMESIA

Are you off on Cindy Landis again? You haven't got one thing to link my client to that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

He didn't do anything to that woman she didn't ask for.

KIMBER

Was Mrs. Landis asking for it, too?

ARTEMESIA

That's not what I meant. And you know it.

KIMBER

What about Tina Dawes in LA?

ARTEEMSIA

Who?

Kimber hands her a piece of paper. Artemesia reads.

ARTEMESIA

(it's nothing)

Misdemeanor assault. Three years ago.

KIMBER

She accused him of trying to strangle her. Bad habits die hard.

ARTEMESIA

He'll plead to Assault Three, pay the fine. And he'll promise never to do it again.

KIMBER

(after a moment)

We'll let you know.

ARTEMESIA

You have till Monday. Then I'll move to dismiss.

Artemesia slides off her stool, grabs her things.

KIMBER

Can I finish my drink?

ARTEMESIA

We'll have a nightcap.

Artemesia helps Kimber with her things, escorts her out.

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

A swanky condo. POSH. Upscale. A perfect mix of Persian and Spanish furnishings. Expensive artwork. Some erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus.

The SOUND OF KEYS in the lock... and the door opens. Artemesia enters with Kimber. They drops their things.

KIMBER

I hear you're representing Mrs. Willoughby?

ARTEMESIA

So who's going to be the riding D.A. on this if things go south?

KIMBER

Every prosecutor in our office is gonna want this case. It's personal for them.

ARTEMESIA

And you?

She leans in, kisses Kimber innocently... But then they kiss again. And again. Then another. Building momentum...

KIMBER

You realize, I could still come after you for tampering with my witnesses.

ARTEMESIA

You wouldn't put me in jail?

KIMBER

In a heart beat.

There's no stopping now. They're kissing, groping. She presses Kimber against a wall, pulls Kimber's dress over her head, Kimber wears nothing underneath. And we go

-----

Artemesia kissing a gorgeous blonde, athletic, in a sexy tight dress passionately, Whispering. Just the two...

KIMBER GUILFOYLE, 40, A Deputy DA Badge 'round her neck. Sexy. Tough as an assassin. *Her look is FOX NEWS WOMAN-esque - lip gloss, cleavage-baring sheath dress, stiletto "f\*ck me" pumps.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kneels down, hearing the muffled ringing, as Seattle Chick collects his discarded clothes. Answering the

MARTA

What do you want me to say?

ARTEMESIA

How about the truth!

MARTA

We were having an affair. But uh... I had just killed the man, I... I was afraid to tell the police we were lovers, ' I... I thought, I dunno, I panicked, I thought it would look bad if... so I lied.

MARTA

Then I was trapped. I couldn't admit the truth and get caught in a lie, then I really would've ..  
(urgently)  
I was trapped, Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you tell me?

ARTEMESIA

So you murdered Arty?

MARTA

No. Of course I didn't murder him.

MARTA

A week before he met and he said we wanted me to leave Max and marry him. I turned him down. The affair itself f was fuming out I had no interest in marrying him.

ARTEMESIA

You and Arty did argue that night. About what?

MARTA

He proposed again and when I said no, he just went into this rage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA (CONT'D)

The rest was exactly how I said before, he rapped me, I grabbed the ice-pick and stabbed him.

Artemesia just stares back at Marta. She is extremely convincing.

MARTA

It's the truth!

(off Artemesia's  
doubt)

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

Once again, Marta finds her own arrogance amusing. She slips off her sexy heels, taking her shoes in one hand.

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

The meeting over, Artemesia sits casually on a couch with Helio. On table, Chinese take-out. They're enjoying, no relishing *Martini's*.

HELIO

How did I get so lucky to find you?

ARTEMESIA

You have the money, means, and power, and I was eager to exploit it. Helio. I'm planning a hostile takeover --

He reacts, stunned, but not surprised.

HELIO

About time. I never understood why you went in that fat dago fuck!

ARTEMESIA

I need a few high-rollers.

HELIO

Where you go. I go. And my friends are sure to follow.

ARTEMESIA

(lying)

Um, I think I've got enough collateral, but...I could use a bit more.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HELIO

How much?

ARTEMESIA

Two hundred thousand.

He doesn't flinch.

**INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

They move quickly down the stairs, their footsteps echoing as high heels strike steel. The lighting on the stairs is stark, flashes of white through blackness, giving the scene an almost strobe-light effect.

As the women make their way down to a landing.

ARTEMESIA

What else are you hiding? Outside being a whore!

MARTA

Screw you!

And that just lingers there in the air for just a second - until she kisses Marta. Hard.

Artemesia and Marta crash against the heavy fire door, all over each other. Keys, cellphones, a briefcase drops. It's very hot... but as Marta undresses, Artemesia stops, suddenly turned off.

Marta freezes too, self conscious now. Artemesia's blouse is gaping open, lacy bra. Marta admires the full swell of Artemesia's breasts.

MARTA

What? Is there a problem?

Artemesia buttons up.

MARTA

You want to kiss me, don't you?

ARTEMESIA

I wasn't going there.

MARTA

Oh...I just thought. Guess I got a big head listening to Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

I didn't mean it to sound like that either. Like I'm not interested, because I am. I'd mess around with you in a flash if you weren't married -- to Max.

MARTA

You're a bad liar, Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

What else are you hiding? Outside being a whore!

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

So you dredged up some old rumors.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

Whatever you have on me or you think you have on me is just conjecture. If you went to the DA or the bar association --

MARTA

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

Marta's starting to realize how much power she has over Artemesia and sure enough knows how to use it..

Marta undoes buttons of Artemesia's satin shirt. It's slow, methodical, almost to give her the chance to stop Marta. Maybe she wants Artemesia to say stop.

But Artemesia doesn't. Their eyes are fixed onto each other. Marta continues to unfasten her buttons until finally her shirt hangs open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTA

You want to fuck me, don't you?

ARTEMESIA

I wasn't going there.

MARTA

Oh...I just thought. Guess I got a big head listening to Max.

ARTEMESIA

I didn't mean it to sound like that either. Like I'm not interested, because I am. I'd mess around with you in a flash if you weren't married -- to Max.

Marta eyes her lacy bra, the swell of her breasts.

MARTA

You're a bad liar, Artemesia.

A beat. Another beat.

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

Marta lies atop Artemesia, tracing her finger along Artemesia's face, studying her. Her wedding ring lies on the bedside table.

Artemesia feels guilty as hell for what she's done... and Marta senses it. She kisses Artemesia again, tenderly.

MARTA

Nothing ever turns out the way you expected, does it? I was wrong, it wasn't Max you wanted.

Marta looks at Artemesia, who is still silent. Finally:

MARTA

What did you think was going to happen?

ARTEMESIA

Does it ever bother you?

MARTA

What?

ARTEMESIA

That you're married?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

Mm-hmm. I can see that it bothers you.

MARTA

One time thing. Never happen again.

Artemesia grabs her, almost desperate, kissing her. Marta smiles as she kisses back.

ARTEMESIA

You're not going to pout, are you?  
I hate when men pout.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - VERANDA - NIGHT**

Seen, barely, through a blanket of fog, which undulates languidly throughout the area... tons of wind chimes sway in the gently breeze, palm trees too.

The patio doors leading into the bedroom are open, sheer curtains billowing...

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In the hazy gloom, a lamp is on. The shower shuts off.

Artemesia in post-coital panties sits in a comfy chair, staring out at the veranda, lost in thought.

In the b.g., steam fills the bathroom, where Marta, naked, dripping wet, shrugs on a long sheer robe.

ARTEMESIA

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

She comes out, walks seductively towards Artemesia. She sits on her lap, both watch the wind chimes.

MARTA

They don't teach you that.

ARTEMESIA

Well they should.

MARTA

What're going to do?

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Artemesia's just wrapped a meeting with a couple of corporate types and is seeing them to the door.

ARTEMESIA

I'll be in touch as soon as we review the material. I think we can settle this without litigation.

AS the clients go OUT, we SEE Marta in the outer office. She smiles, waves her in. Gwendolyn follows her in, so Artemesia and Mart keep it strictly business...

A nice handshake...

MARTA

Guess I'm early.

ARTEMESIA

I think I'm late.

Gwendolyn is cleaning up after the meeting: bone china cups and saucers, a silver coffee service. A touch of class that Marta notices.

ARTEMESIA

'See if you can move my two o'clock to four thirty. Mrs. Willoughby and I will be taking a long lunch.

Artemesia closes the door after her...

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

MARTA

You got it.

ARTEMESIA

You have any idea who I had to fuck for that?

MARTA

Who's the whore now?

KIMBER

What were you treating Mr. Arty O'Dell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Originally it was for mild manic depression. He was pretty well healed from that and since it's been ongoing maintenance therapy.

KIMBER

I see. And do you remember how he first came ~o you? Anybody refer him?

MAN

Yes.

KIMBER

Do you remember who?

MAN

Mrs. Willoughby.

KIMBER

And how did Marta Willoughby know of you, Sir?

MAN

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

KIMBER

I see. So. You would have kind of a confidential relationship with Marta Willoughby then.

MAN

Yes.

KIMBER

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

MAN

I didn't know any.

KIMBER

If you knew a spouse to be cheating on your client, a client you'd established a nine year trust with, would you tell her?

MAN

It's not so easy. If I learned of it from another client ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN (CONT'D)

there would be tremendous  
conflicts of interest, Counsel.

KIMBER

It's not so easy, you say. So ...  
there would be some pull on you to  
tell, wouldn't there? I mean, Mary  
Adler trusts you, if you were  
to find out she were being  
betrayed, there would be some pull  
on you to tell, whether you end up  
doing it or not. Right?

MAN

Obviously.

KIMBER

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

MAN

Perhaps.

KIMBER

Perhaps. So ... couldn't it be ...  
Robert Adler thought it best not  
to tell you he was sleeping  
with Victoria Keenan?

KIMBER

Isn't it at least possible, given  
your conflicts of interests, your  
fiduciary relationship with his  
wife I Robert Adler chose not  
to tell you he was committing  
adultery with that woman?

-----  
**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer  
curtains. A romantic bedroom suite. Lit candles.

Marta, just out of the shower, shrugs on a long silk  
robe, sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

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

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marta flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thresh open her long robe to reveal she's still naked underneath.

She peers out the glass, an officer, face in shadow.

Marta opens up, reacts in fright as a would-be RAPIST forces his way inside, slams the door shut.

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

A SCREAMING MATCH. We hear it, but can't make out the words. Suddenly the SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS escalates into several THUMPS and CRASHES.

The SOUNDS OF A BRAWL. A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them in shadows.

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

And suddenly he pulls her toward him, he's now out of control, a rape is in progress. Marta is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He has her to the floor and her robe is wide open, the swell of her breasts. She's screaming now, but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

He unbuckles his pants, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his size and strength. She gasp or is it a moan.

He makes love. He's focused, intense, eager to please. Marta looks away, her arms reaching for something...

Seizes the ICE-PICK lying near the overturned bucket. Stabs him in the back, he stiffens, looks stunned.

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo, bloody ice-pick curled around her fingers, rides him like a pro, crazed even

Covers his nose, mouth with one hand. He's suffocating. There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

A longer beat. Removes her hand, he starts to scream--

The ice-pick flashes again and again. Her would-rapest's strangled cries of pain mix with please of mercy...

-----

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A large red slap mark gracing her cheek. Disheveled, Her dress is torn. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle.

He unbuttons his pants The opener flashes in the dark. Again and again.

Strangled CRIES of PAIN mix with PLEAS for MERCY --

A knocked over lamp, providing the only light. Shadows, thrown by their bodies, slide across the wall.

A lamp flips on. Marla goes to answer, her legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath.

On a table, a bottle of champagne rests in an ice bucket; an ice-pick.

Marla peers through the glass, alarmed at the sight of a man, his face in shadow. Marla opens the door, reacts in fright as he forces his way inside, clamps a hand over her mouth. He slams the door shut, drags her off.

She pushes him away, knocking over a chair. A lamp crashes to the floor. Marla tries to run past him, but he grabs her and wrestles her to the floor.

She fights back -- to no avail, he has the upper hand, Maria's robe getting hiked up, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his size and strength.

In one gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo. The ice-pick flashes in the dark.

The ice-pick flashes again and again as his strangled cries of pain mix with please of mercy -- blood splashing everywhere...

Marla goes pale, quickly makes the sign of the cross.

She slumps against the wall, shell-shocked. A beat, Marla sinks down into a chair, the enormity of it hitting.

MARLA

God, oh my God.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The hot water in the glass shower stall is already blasting, making steam. Marta enjoys the shower with almost blissful relief.

She hops out of the shower. Steam now fills the lavish bathroom. She slips on a long, silk bathrobe.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer curtains. A romantic bedroom suite. Lit candles.

Marta sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

On a bedside table, she grabs a stack of mail, slices into one with a razor-sharp letter opener, nonchalantly, glances at it,

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below.

A beat, lays the opener atop the mail on the bedside table, steps into sexy heels.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marta flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's still naked underneath.

She peers out the glass, an officer, face in shadow.

Marta opens up, reacts in fright as an INTRUDER forces his way inside, clamps a hand over her mouth. He slams the door shut.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

A screaming match. We hear it, but can't make out the words. Suddenly the screaming match and barrage of insults escalates into several THUMPS and CRASHES.

A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them in shadows.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT**

She twists away from his grasp, A large red slap mark gracing her cheek. Disheveled, Her robe open. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle.

Marta hears the intruder's foot-fall behind her as she picks up the pace heading up the stairs.

He grabs her ankle. Marta crawls backward up the stairs, throwing kicks with her stilettos, catching him the face.

A second is bought and Marta turns to run past him when he grabs her robe, which she slithers out off, leaving her naked in her heels...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But his hands grope for her, missing her sexy shoes by inches as she ascends the stairs.

The bedroom door slams behind her as he gives chase.

**INT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marta locks the door and retreats as the Intruder slams into it. The sound changes. Before a shoulder blow, now it is made by a boot.

Marta flinches each time the noise impacts and retreats.

Grabs her cellphone. Dead battery, as the jamb begins to splinter. An instant later...

The intruder burst through the door and throws her onto the bed. Marta fights to no avail as he pushes her down into the bed.

He grabs her by her throat. Her eyes wide with terror -

He pulls out rawhide, tying her hands to the bed. Once she's tied, Pulls down his pants, forces her legs apart, She gasps! Or is it a moan?

He buries himself in her neck, makes love to Marta. He's focused, intense, and eager to please.

She discreetly eyes the rawhide, subtly moving her soaking wet hands, trying to extricate herself.

It's loosening, the rawhide that is... Marta looks away, her arms reaching for something...

Seizes the opener. Stabs him in the back, his body stiffens, a look of betrayal on his face --

In one gut-wrenching motion Marta rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo.

She begins to move, he is still inside her. He opens his mouth and begins to scream--

The opener flashes in the dark. Again and again. Strangled CRIES of PAIN mix with PLEAS for MERCY --

KIMBER

Always a pleasure, Ms. Camerota.

ARTEMESIA

I hear chatter of a surprised witness.

**INT. KAPLAN & CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - NIGHT**

After hours. Darkened offices. Soft moans emanating from an office, sounds of sex grow louder.

-----

MAN

My advice? Sleep with her.

ARTEMESIA

What?

MAN

I'm not sayin' she's guilty or innocent, I don't know, you're closer than me to all this. But you could be clouded a little by pensi envy.

ARTEMESIA

Kimber, I don't have one.

KIMBER

Please. You have a larger clitorous. I know. I use to rub him and lift his hood, he pokes out like a little penis. Fondling makes him harder, the harder I can fondle him.

KIMBER

You know what I'm saying. Women always got kind of a spell which goes away a little after you sleep with 'em. The next day, some of that magic glow is gone and everything... y'know, you see clear.

ARTEMESIA

You think I should sleep with her to gain some objectivity.

KIMBER

Sounds nuts, but we both know it's true. Give this woman a good rattle. Then listen to her story again after you ain't so swollen.

**INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT**

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

*At the bar, Artemesia dinks alone. Kimber breezes in, takes up an adjoining stool.*

ARTEMESIA

I hear chatter of a surprised witness.

KIMBER

Has your client Mrs. Willoughby stabbed you in the back yet?

Artemesia reacts, thrown-- recovers quickly:

KIMBER

Always a pleasure, Ms. Camerota.

MAN

What you saw on the stand was a cold, ice cold killer who figured the perfect crime was to invite the victim into her house, shoot him, and claim self defense. No witnesses. perfect. But no screams either. A few artificial bruises on her body

ARTEMESIA

Could she had fooled the test?

KIMBER

It is so unlikely.

ARTEMESIA

I'm not looking for an apology, Kim, I just want information. Could she had beaten that thing?

KIMBER

It's like one in a million but...some people are icy enough to fool the machine.

ARTEMESIA

Does she fall into the catagory of a person who can do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBER

Maybe. She seems pretty cool.  
Whether she's that pathological,  
it's anybody's guess...

-----Then, she moves her hands slowly to his  
belt buckle. As she begins to undo it, we

...Artemesia In an elegant naked dress-- as if called  
from the red carpet-- rushing down the hall.

And-- ding-- the elevator doors open, a woman exiting.  
SONYARUCKER (35). African-American, a power woman in a  
powersuit. CEO of an internet firm.

HELENA SWIFT, Senior VP of Security &

Compliance, (a lioness in Chanel) briefs the firm's CEO

One toilet walks up to another and asks, "Are you ok? You  
look a bit flushed" "Yea my manager just gave me a big  
shit for not doing the job right" It really isn't, toilet  
humor has been around since the dawn before time. If it's  
done right it can be clever but half of the time isn't.  
It's just filler nonsense. Can't wait for others to shit  
on your opinion. mostly agree, cartoons were filled with  
toilet humor when i was a kid, i hated it

What is this? It feels like (yet another) SNL comedy  
skit. The situation is so ludicrous it can't be taken  
seriously, Humor is such a personal thing, everyone's  
taste is different and often unique. What makes one man  
laugh may leave another man cold, and vice versa. Sorry  
for being such a humorless arse, alas this didn't quite  
ring my bell. Pretty good writing. Good luck with it. I  
know this type of humor isn't for everyone, and that's  
cool, Having said this, I'm pretty damn sure some will  
find this hilarious these pages aren't in the least  
funny.. But because I'm a I don't doubt that other readers  
might find this funny but I found his dumb retard state  
of being too silly and irritating to be funny but  
nevertheless, well poop im sorry Humor is such a personal  
thing, everyone's taste is different and often unique.  
What makes one man laugh may leave another man cold, and  
vice versa. Having said this, I'm pretty damn sure these  
pages aren't in the least funny.. But because I'm a  
masochist, and I've run out of hot candle wax, and I was  
looking for something to read over lunch, I did look at  
your doc file. <slaps head

I regret to inform you that I in the tradition of Mozart  
and Martin Luther enjoy the bluntness and crass  
ludicrously involved with scatological humour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

I am in the patterns of Shakespeare or Monty Python (who admittedly and unfortunately meanders too pensively into penile comedy.)

Originality is facetious and naive. Every creative urge plays or reacts to the dynamicism before it. And since the poop humor is as old as human beings and likely present in pre homosapien species, it is likely more human than you realize.

I would accuse you of poshness, but my boi Mozart would frown at such a declaration. Scatological humor is the bee's knees although some are seemingly too 'high status: to acknowledge it.

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

Artemesia slides paperwork before COURTNEY YOST (35), a fit, pretty, and elegant Pacific heights mom.

She reads the topline and turns to Artemesia who leans against her desk

COURTNEY

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

ARTEMESIA

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

She checks the last page. Sure enough. Signed. It's unreal.

ARTEMESIA

You can still change your mind.

Courtney nods, considers it. Second thoughts?

ARTEMESIA

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

COURTNEY

So anything I know about his work--

ARTEMESIA

You're prohibited from sharing. With anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURTNEY

After I sign it?

Artemesia nods. Courtney picks up the pen. Ready to sign.

COURTNEY

Then before I go...

ARTEMESIA

What?

COURTNEY

I saw the recordings on his computer. That's all I know.

And with that Courtney signs her name.

INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Artemesia enters, closing the door behind her.

ARTEMESIA

Marta?

Again, no answer. She ascends the steps and a moment later descends them.

The billowing drape tells her the deck door is open.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY

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

Marta running from the sea. She wears a skimpy bikini, her hair tussled and sexy. She moves up the beach and doesn't notice Artemesia standing on her deck until she is halfway up the steps.

Artemesia can't help herself. She's taking in every inch of her.

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTA

I'm sorry.

Marta smiles, attempts to break the spell she's cast on Artemesia by continuing up the steps.

ARTEMESIA

What's wrong?

MARTA

DeBoise raised the price.

ARTEMESIA

What? When did you find this this?

MARTA

This morning. I went to see him.

She has stopped not two feet from Artemesia and Artemesia's doing a terrible job of hiding her lust.

Marta inches closer, starting to realize how much power she has over Artemesia, and knows how to use it, then:

MARTA

You're blocking my way. To the door.

Stepping out of the way:

Artemesia follows her inside.

**INT. WILLHOUGHBY'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Artemesia stops at the sliding glass doors which are open. Takes a hit of pomegranate...

Marta's face down sunning herself on a lounge. Naked. Sunglasses. Napping.

Artemesia takes her in a moment before she exits, walks to the rail, looks out to the ocean.

**EXT. WILLOUGHBY'S MANSION - VERANDA - DAY**

MARTA

How's the pomegranate?

Artemesia not sure what she means. Plus, she's naked.

MARTA

It's better over ice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARTA

I'm sorry.

ARTEMESIA

What's wrong?

MARTA

DeBoise raised the price.

ARTEMESIA

What? When did you find this this?

MARTA

This morning. I went to see him.

Marta rises, a towel to her breasts to mask her nudity, as she saunters into the bedroom.

Artemesia stares Marta naked backside, then follows.

INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Gentry watches Adrienne cross the living room to a closet where a short terricloth robe hangs. She pulls it on, turns before his sight can rise. She cinches the robe with finality.

She collapses into herself, burying her head in her arms.

Artemesia struggles with herself. Her professionalism dictates that she retain distance. And yet she crosses towards Marta.

Adrienne turns and buries herself in Artemesia's arms. Startled, She pulls Marta into an embrace. She strokes Marta's hair, but stops inches from contact.

Sensing Artemesia's awkwardness, Marta looks up. Their eyes connect. Each realizes desire for the other. Finally, Artemesia pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK WEINMAN, 20s, JFK Jr. - esque hunk, a mid-level Associate, never withholds his opinion, slides paperwork before Carla.

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

The office has emptied out for the night. FIND Artemesia, lying on a sofa, discarded sexy shoes, a file open on her chest. On the stand: RUSSELL TOLLIVER. 45, well-dressed, snobbish air.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Marta is painting an enormous expressionistic portrait of Arty when she hears some one enter. She turns, it's Lily-Rose.

LILY-ROSE

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

She examines Marta's work in-progress.

LILY-ROSE

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

She moves closer

LILY-ROSE

Artists have their great periods. Picasso had his blue -- now, Arty will have his blind.

PICK UP HERE--

It's late, closed.

Lily-Rose and Sinclair are in a hushed but heated conversation.

LILY-ROSE

Shoulda thought of that before you made the deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sinclair drifts off, realizing the futility of the situation.

Sinclair suddenly stands, brutally grabbing Lily-Rose by the neck. He smiles, examines her

SINCLAIR

Ms. Camerota is not one to bluff.  
She will go to the police like she  
said, tell them about us. Do you  
know the jail time for conspiracy?  
(tightens his grip)

I don't wanna play anymore, bow  
get this through your head,  
without money, I'm not interested  
in living! Are you interested in  
dying?

She shakes her head; he releases her grip.

SINCLAIR

She'll buy it for half a million.  
We take it.

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

Artemesia slides paperwork before COURTNEY YOST (35), a fit, pretty, and elegant Pacific heights mom.

She reads the topline and turns to Artemesia who leans against her desk

COURTNEY

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

ARTEMESIA

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

She checks the last page. Sure enough. Signed. It's unreal.

ARTEMESIA

You can still change your mind.

Courtney nods, considers it. Second thoughts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

COURTNEY

So anything I know about his work--

ARTEMESIA

You're prohibited from sharing. With anyone.

COURTNEY

After I sign it?

Artemesia nods. Courtney picks up the pen. Ready to sign.

COURTNEY

Then before I go...

ARTEMESIA

What?

COURTNEY

I saw the recordings on his computer. That's all I know.

And with that Courtney signs her name.

INT. PARKING GARAGE/KAPLAN&CAMEROTA OFFICE - DAY

Dark, not well-lit. As Rachel leaves her office and walks to her car, she mulls words, lost in her thoughts. Suddenly - a muffled CLANGING NOISE.

Rachel looks up. She doesn't see anything, but it hits her -the poorly lit garage, how very alone she is. She walks a bitfaster.

She's sure she hears something else, but it could be the case fucking with her mind, or the heat, or the --

Wes Williams steps out of the shadows. Time stops. He looksragged, his eyes bloodshot (drugs?) And he's standing tooclose to her.

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

Through the windows, city LIGHTS shimmer in the distance.

A swanky condo. POSH. Upscale. A perfect mix of Persian and Spanish furnishings. Expensive artwork. Some erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus.

MARTA

What is your problem with me?

ARTEMESIA

I don't respect your choices.

MARTA

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

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

MARTA

Of course you have.

MARTA

Really? Because it doesn't seem like you like me very much.

Marta in a mini T-shirt and some tight grey sweats. Her hair is up in a ponytail. All this only makes her more sexy. Artemesia sees this, can't look away

Charlotte smiles, and leans in, planting a huge KISS on Smythe. He can't help but kiss her back

Charlotte leans in and kisses Smythe again, this time deeper. He tries to resist, but she's like a morphine IV.

Charlotte starts to undo his shirt

Charlotte walks forward, stepping out of her high heels, fiddling with the clasp at the back of her dress.

Charlotte turns the clasp to Smythe. As she does, she sweeps her hair back, and Smythe can see a small TATOO of a HAWK on her hairline. Egyptian looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the clasp is undone, Charlotte catches her dress seductively and looks back over her shoulder at Smyth

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max sits in his dark office, alone, listening to Marta's phone ring and ring. He's about to hang up when he hears Marta pickup. She's too numbed and lost to speak, but he can hear her breathing. After a beat --

MAX

**INT. BAR - DAY**

A hotel bar. Nice. After work crowd. Artemesia sits at a table, nursing a drink. Detectives Dwyer and Ruby join her.

Romantic lighting. Dark. Diane is laughing already. McVeigh too. The two sitting across from each other. Casual, feet up on facing chairs

**INT. HYATT REGENCY - ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Marta and Artemesia are alone. Through the GLASS DOORS, the floors whip by, punctuated by stretches of black. They look at each other for a moment.

Artemesia moves closer to Marta, then kisses her deeply and pins Marta against the wall.

Marta grabs Artemesia's hair and pushes her head down. As Artemesia licks her inner thighs, moves between her legs. Marta moans passionately...

Marta is cumming hard. She gasps and screams and grabs the rails, her knuckles white, finally settles.

**INT. A TENDERLOIN DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Dark, seedy, shadowy alcoves allowing for total intimacy. A few topless dancing girls. Soft music. They're aren't many customers.

Sinclair, in a brooding mood, nurses a beer as he sits across from Artemesia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

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

ARTEMESIA

Are you purposely trying to make this unpleasant?

SINCLAIR

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

ARTEMESIA

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

SINCLAIR

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

ARTEMESIA

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

SINCLAIR

The opposite. What you're offering is far too much. The lack of interest from any other buyer tells me O'Dell's work lacks true fascination in the market.

ARTEMESIA

I'm happy to buy it for less.

SINCLAIR

And I would gladly sell it for less, but the artist's widow sets the sale price. Not me. Lily won't lower the price. She still believes her shit tastes like strawberry wine. She will learn. I take no pleasure in that, but she will learn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

When she does, you may have it at a fraction of what she is currently asking. Don't look so disappointed. If you wish to spend, spend. Have you considered a Soulouque?

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOME - DAY**

Just after dawn. Marta remains on her side studying Artemesia as she awakens. At first disoriented, it takes a moment for Artemesia to realize she's died and gone to heaven. Beneath this sheet is one beautiful, naked woman. She grins. Then:

ARTEMESIA

What time is it?

MARTA

A little after six. Sleep well?

ARTEMESIA

Like a baby.

ARTEMESIA

It's time to send Ms. Girardon a message. If she wants to burn my ass, let's light a fire under hers. I'll show her what hell-hot can be?

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

On the beach - Artemesia tackles Marta onto the sand -- she screams in delight -- their sexy bikinis are wet from the water.

MARTA

Why do I end up wet every time we're together.

(lying)

I didn't mean that the way it sounded.

Once they start kissing, they can't stop.

**EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

A handsome VALET opens a new BMW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia exits. She's poured her curvaceous figure into a sexy Dolce & Gabbana cocktail dress that fits like a second skin.

She moves to the passenger side and opens the door.

Marla climbs out, shines like a dream girl in a stunning backless mini dress, not tight, clingy.

Artemesia escorts her inside.

**INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SAN FRANCISCO - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

A fund raising benefit to elect Attorney General THOMAS ALCOTT FOR GOVERNOR. A black tie affair, with tables of San Francisco's wealthiest and most powerful citizens.

THOMAS ALCOTT - Attorney General, white, 47, sits at the dais among prominent San Francisco citizens.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR: Artemesia and Marta slow dance, Artemesia dances lead. They're awfully close, definitely looks like an affair.

MARTA

I want you more right now than I ever have.

ARTEMESIA

Really?

MARTA

Stay close to me, don't leave my side.

ARTEMESIA

And don't get too comfortable -- we won't be here long. I just need to talk a little business.

MARTA

I thought you come for pleasure.

ARTEMESIA

Normally I do, but I want you all to myself.

A beat, then -

ARTEMESIA

You know the difference between a good lawyer and a great lawyer?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

A good lawyer knows the law -- a great lawyer knows the judge. And we're going to need one if this thing ever goes to trial.

MARTA

Trial?

ARTEMESIA

Just in case. Look over there.

They look at two middle-aged women, a distinguished gentlemen, and a younger woman chatting it up.

ARTEMESIA

The tall, elegant woman is Judge Maggie Pirro, she's now the presiding Judge. Thanks in large part to me.

Then -

ARTEMESIA

Last year, Judge Pirro was attending a swanky Christmas party at a chic hotel. A officer interrupted her lesbian tryst... back seat of her car. Her one phone call was to me.

MARTA

What--?

ARTEMESIA

*As he described it, "I looked in the car and Pirro, the person I observed with her legs bent and laying with her back against the back seat, pulled her pants up from mid-high and pulled down her blouse."*

They share a laugh.

ARTEMESIA

They wanted to get her on a misdemeanor charge of having physical control of a vehicle while under the influence of alcohol. I got it thrown out that night. On a technicality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

Imagine I grateful Judge Pirro was when she learned she wouldn't have to explain to her husband and two young daughters.

ARTEMESIA

And the woman next to her is Judge Ainsley Ratakowski. She's the one I need.

**INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

At a table, Artemesia schmoozes JUDGE PIRRO, 40s, over drinks.

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate your time, your Honor. I know you're busy.

JUDGE PIRRO

You can't negotiate with the opposing party without his lawyer present.

ARTEMESIA

Where does it say it's against the law to invite someone to a party?

JUDGE PIRRO

How about the California Attorney's Code of Professional Conduct.

ARTEMESIA

I've always looked at that as more of a guideline. Seriously, that's it on 'flaccid'?

JUDGE PIRRO

Too easy. I hear your client could possibly be head for trial.

ARTEMESIA

Judge Ratakowski.

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

Beads of condensation. Sliding down the side of a chilled martini glass.

Artemesia broods over the drink. She checks his watch. Apprehensive but excited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, Marta in walks. She joins her

SAMUEL, the waiter, arrives and sets a drink before Olivia.

MAN

The lady ordered you a wet pussy.

WOMAN

Samuel, she's no lady.

Samuel departs. Marta lifts her glass. Artemesia lifts his glass. They smile.

-----  
 -----  
 -----  
 -----

Ending scene -----

Marta in a mini T-shirt and some tight grey sweats. Her hair is up in a ponytail. All this only makes her more sexy. Artemesia sees this, can't look away

Charlotte smiles, and leans in, planting a huge KISS on Smythe. He can't help but kiss her back

Charlotte leans in and kisses Smythe again, this time deeper. He tries to resist, but she's like a morphine IV.

Charlotte starts to undo his shirt

Charlotte walks forward, stepping out of her high heels, fiddling with the clasp at the back of her dress.

Charlotte turns the clasp to Smythe. As she does, she sweeps her hair back, and Smythe can see a small TATOO of a HAWK on her hairline. Egyptian looking.

As the clasp is undone, Charlotte catches her dress seductively and looks back over her shoulder at Smyth

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max sits in his dark office, alone, listening to Marta's phone ring and ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's about to hang up when he hears Marta pickup. She's too numbed and lost to speak, but he can hear her breathing. After a beat --

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Marta eyes an expensive painting; *A young woman in renaissance garb, yellowing sunlight.*

The painting is face down on the floor as Sinclair pulls out a sling blade, SNAPS it open, expertly cuts the canvas from its frame.

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

A MAN IN A BLACK SKI MASK, STANDING BEHIND HER, HOLDING A TIRE IRON.

As an unsuspecting Bridget turns around, the man in black lifts the tire iron. Bridget SCREAMS. And just as he's about to strike, she ducks out of the way. The tire iron grazes the CD player, inadvertently turning it back on.

terrified Bridget makes a bee line for the front door. She tries to open it, but it jerks to a stop. She looks up to see that the top chain is still fastened. As Bridget struggles to unlock it...

The man in black goes to strike again. Bridget grabs a two-by-four, blocking the tire iron. But the force of the thrust sends her crashing to the ground. As she struggles to get

up, the man in black hits her knee. Bridget SCREAMS in agony. As the man in black begins to close in, a hysterical Bridget scoots herself backwards down the hallway

The man in black lunges at her. Bridget narrowly escapes each blow. She continues to push herself further and further back until...

There's nowhere else to go. She's cornered at the end of the hallway. As the man in black raises his tire iron again

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And just as he's about to crack Bridget's skull, she deflects his arm, sending the tire iron deep into the wall. The man in black tries to dislodge the tire iron, but it's stuck. It won't budge.

Bridget and the man in black lock eyes in a stalemate, as we..The man in black, now on all fours and ONLY SEEN FROM THE BACK, bashes something against the wall. THE CAMERA TILTS over his shoulder to reveal he's straddling a bloody Bridget.

As the man's mammoth gloved hands cradle her head, it becomes painfully clear what he's been bashing.

Bridget's glazed eyes flutter, on the verge of passing out. But not before uttering:

With one final blow, the man in black brutally SMASHES HER HEAD STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WALL. And just as Bridget is about to lose consciousness, her head falls to the side. From HER BLURRY POV, we see...

THE AU BON PAIN BAG, buried deep inside the wall.

Bridget weakly reaches for the bag. And just as she pulls out the Glock:

Bridget shakily shoots the man in black. As he clutches his bloody chest:

The man in black collapses. A badly hurt Bridget achingly drags herself over to him. She checks for a pulse. Nothing.

As she slowly removes his ski mask, her eyes go wide when she discovers...

IT'S NOT BODAWAY MACAWI. Rather, an UNRECOGNIZABLE FACE. Confused, Bridget digs into his pockets to find...

-----

#### ARTEMESIA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

She knew the right thing to do was return the merchandise.

A beat

ARTEMESIA

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

-----  
ARTEMESIA

Do you know how you got your job, here, son? I mean, have you ever really thought about that question. How did I get a job at one of the top firms in Las Vegas? *I made decent-but-not-great-grades at a decent-but-not-great law school. I have a juvenile record. I was raised in a family of petty criminals..*

The Big Guy sees the surprise on Haden's face.

ARTEMESIA

Didn't think we knew? We know everything. I'm sure you interviewed all over town, all the top firms. How many offers did you get?

CALLIE

One.

ARTEMESIA

We didn't hire you despite your checkered past; we hired you because of it. Here at Kaplan, gamble, and Camerota we're all about winning. Sometimes winning requires people who understand what it means to operate in gray territory. So what's it gonna be? You ready to step up?

Callie takes a long beat. Her head is swimming. Finally...

the firm's intimidating managing partner (50s, think Alec

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Baldwin.) The Big Guy regards Haden.

ARTEMESIA

I've got a relationship with Guidry in the D.A.'s office. He owes me. I got him through contract law. With the plea, they'll recommend 18 months. Good behavior -- you'll be home in a year.

Good behavior 2008 script.

INT. KAPLAN&CAMEROTA LAW OFFICES - DAY

Artemesia strides towards her office when she spots -- Marta seated in the RECEPTION AREA.

Artemesia is thrown. Happy but filled with trepidation. She allows herself to be drawn across the office towards her.

Marta sees her coming and stands.

They gaze into each other's eyes. Artemesia realizes things are getting too close and pulls back.

And before Erin knows what's happening, Mike is kissing her hotly... deeply. It grows in intensity, until Erin finds herself unable to resist, actually responding.

Jack catches her eyeing him in the sideview mirror; she's looking sexy, everything tight, and short.

Max takes out a note pad and goes to write a note when he notices writing indentations on it. A beat, he shades it with a pencil to bring out the contrast...

It's a letter. Max reads it..

MAX

It's a pity you wrote it in pencil, the impression usually goes through -- a fact which has dissolved many a happy marriage.

MAX

You should have took several sheets or slipped a cardboard between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Margot's involuntary sigh seeps through the line. As if she was hoping the conversation wouldn't end up here

MARTA

There was nothing between Arty and me anymore. In case you're worried.

ARTEMESIA

I'm not.

ARTEMESIA

You betrayed Max.

You gotta admire his straight-up ballsiness, and Rachel does.

Rachel looks up, sees ALEXIS BODEN (30s), old friend - but maybe not fully trustworthy, always a juicy who's-playing-whom dynamic between them. If we're paying attention, we'll also remember seeing her in the courtroom.

Despite his lovingness, a glimpse of Rachel's pain. It's deep, but she won't - can't - indulge it

ARTEMESIA

First. his prenup is iron clad. I know this because I wrote it. Which means the only thing this divorce can do is bruise your ego.

ARTEMESIA

Second. I realize you're under a lot of pressure, but if you call a woman a bitch in my office again, you'll have to find another lawyer. And we both know there is no one out there as good as me.

ARTEMESIA

Now. Go enjoy your hundred-million dollar public offering and let me take care of this.

ARTEMESIA

When you argue as many divorces case that I have, you start to get cynical.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

I've seen tons of crazy reasons, I had one client divorce his wife after she broke her jaw in a car accident because she could no longer give head.

ARTEMESIA

During one divorce trial involving adultery grounds, the opposing counsel produces photos of my client wearing lingerie and a long brown wig. In the photo, he's blowing another dude." "I successfully exclude this from evidence on the grounds of relevance because the wife was the photographer."

ARTEMESIA

"It took the couple two hours to decide who would get the groceries left in the fridge. They had an estimated value of about \$40. Two hours of my time, the opposing counsel time, and the mediator's time added up to about \$1,000." "It all came down to a Costco/Sam's Club-sized jar of peanut butter. Who keeps peanut butter in the fridge anyway?!"

ARTEMESIA

And finally, "My mother is a family law lawyer, and she's told some great stories. One of her clients wanted to surprise his wife with a threesome between them both and his guy best friend. The surprise goes fine. She loves it, and life goes on. Eventually, the wife and the best friend retain some sort of connection that they didn't have until the threesome happened. They decide to get together and ditch her husband in the equation. He got divorced by his wife so that she could continue to have sex with his best friend."

Shaun strides past, arm around a hot blonde...

GIRL? She wears post-coital yoga pants and clearly spent henight. Miranda gawks -- well that's unexpected. Shaunkisses Girl goodbye and saunters into the kitchen, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

He's got a pre-nupt and it's iron clad. I know because I wrote it.

MARTA

And what about us? Pretend it never happened.

ANGELA

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

ARTEMESIA

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

ARTEMESIA

I'd like to say, maybe its my own sense of guilt, but I have an unpleasant feeling I'm going to be made to pay the piper for what I'm doing. I'm jeopardizing my career and I have to rely on your discretion. But the truth is I'm morally bankrupt. I have been for some time...

ARTEMESIA

All I want to know is what's needed to save your neck

ARTEMESIA

If they can prove that he came to your house at your urgent calling, a reasonable jury will probably conclude it wasn't self. And that leave murder, justifiable or not.

Clark is before his open closet pondering his flashy outfits, as if saying, "who shall I be tonight?" His PHONE RINGS, he dances toward it, singing to Romeo Void, "Never Say Never."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Late. The office mostly empty. The skyscraper lights twinkling outside.

A non intrusive labrys tattoo on her upper shoulder.

MARTA

Are you gonna cross-examine me,  
counselor?

ARTEMESIA

You shouldn't have come here. We  
need to be careful.

MARTA

I'm always careful. Besides,  
you're my attorney. We could  
account for a couple of visits,  
couldn't we?

ARTEMESIA

I'd be honest with him.

She descends the stairs in a sheer robe that definitely makes us look twice, but he's preoccupied,.

Artemesia splashes a handful of water on her face. He grabs a towel, dries her face off. She looks at his reflection in the mirror.

Marta comes up from behind and slips her arms around her. They watch each other in the mirror. The enormity of what she's gotten herself into hitting. Hard.

MARTA

Uh-huh -- you spent all day  
fucking me and now all of a sudden  
you get an attack of fucking  
morality!

MARTA

Don't tell anybody, ok?

ARTEMESIA

Your secret's safe with me.

He sees shoes and looks up Artemesia can see this and tries to soften her approach..

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

The office has emptied out for the night. FIND Artemesia, lying on a sofa, discarded sexy shoes, a file open on her chest.

CALLIE

What're you still doing here?

Artemesia looks up, surprised to see Callie. She wasn't expecting anyone this late.

ARTEMESIA

Ah, hey -- Just going through an associate's opening for Kaplan.

**EXT. TENDERLOIN - DAY**

The old skid row has miraculously hung on to its tawdry appeal. ARTY O'Dell lurks sees a hitchcock blonde getting out of a fancy Porsche. For some reason this is a painful sight, as she enters a nondescript building:

**INT. DARK BAR - DAY**

A woman sits across from a sleek Italian man.

WOMAN

Normally I would handle the problem internally but in this situation I can't do that. I'm under too much scrutiny. I need your very best cleaner

MAN

What you are requesting is very expensive.

WOMAN

I don't want to negotiate, I just want this situation handled. Soon. I know you'll probably have to import the talent.

MAN

Who is the situation...

WOMAN

Marta Willoughby.

Marta kisses the labrys tattoo on Artemesia's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see only fragments of their  
lovemaking - evocative rather than  
explicit.

They share a look -- a difference of opinion they may  
never get past.

ARTEMESIA

Can I be blunt, Your Honor?

MAN

Finally. Because I never know what  
you're thinking.

The meeting over, Callie sits casually on a couch as Max  
brings her a coffee. There is an unmistakable sexual  
chemistry between them.

MARTY BECKER, 40s, high-paid divorce lawyer, bad comb  
over,,,,,co

She descends the stairs in a sheer robe that definitely  
makes us look twice, but he's preoccupied,.

A young woman of exceptional natural beauty, KATE MOREAU.

MAN

Miss Hendrick, you don't seem  
shocked by the circumstances of  
VictorMore's death.

MAN

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

From the look she exchanges with Marta it's clear there's  
bad history here.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is remarkable opulent, dark, shadowy  
alcoves allowing for total intimacy. All deals are done  
here, high class whores are brought here. The clientele  
is mainly shady characters but some Arab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

I don't think you should be here.

ARTEMESIA

And this is worthy of my time and attention why?

The Co-Ed, nice tits akimbo, is cumming hard. She gasps and screams and grabs at things, finally settles.

Jackie comes up into frame. She lies down next to the Co-Ed, adjusts the pillows so she's comfortable.

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

A blinding rain, sheets of wind slapping the windshield, as Artemesia drives a dark road, their faces lit up by the approaching HEADLIGHTS of cars

Marta forces Artemesia's hand between her thighs, up under her dress. She shivers, her thighs rubbing, her hips thrusting against Artemesia's hand. Marta's MOANING.

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

The windows resemble an equinox sauna. Our amorous couple, dresses around their waists, are screwing like two jack rabbits on methamphetamines, whispering nasty sighs of passion to one another.

Marta's head bangs into the steering wheel. Her knee hits the gear shift. Suddenly, Marta pulls away...

MARTA

Ow, God, I hate this car.

She kisses Artemesia...She reaches bluntly between his legs.

John and Gloria step outside, keeping a respectable distance from each other, casually smoothing their clothes. They head across the parking lot toward their cars.

He is smiling.

Her face is flushed with excitement. Her eyes are brilliant.

They walk in silence for a moment. When they do speak, they don't look at each other.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Artemesia begins to pace. Troubled. Marta thinks --  
Artemesia feels Marta's judgmental glare. Relents --

He looks away. The reality, the pain hitting him.

For once in his life, Artemesia doesn't have an answer.  
She just reaches for the scotch.

Marta walks to the window. Fighting emotion. Cornered. A  
beat, Marta's armor is slipping. He stays where he is. He  
watches her getting dressed, admiring the view from  
behind.

There's paperwork on the desk: legal documents,  
depositions. Copies of statements of police witnesses,  
forensics reports, phone records, etc...

Artemesia scribbles down some details. Artemesia grabs her  
sexy shoes. He goes to kiss her. She is very clear that  
it's no more than a peck on the cheek.

he smiles and puts her hand on Marta's hand. For a brief  
moment, something electric and warm passes between them.

And now their fucking. Their vulvas rubbing, thrusting,  
together. We see only fragments of their lovemaking -  
evocative rather than explicit.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

On a bed, a naked COUPLE are FUCKING.

The woman, a brunette, wears her heels, the man's face  
looks gruesome, as if melted in a fire. Then it becomes  
clear. He's wearing a stocking.

Climbs out of bed. Finds stockings from her bureau.  
Smiles, inches toward her. She shifts back. He grabs her  
wrists. She struggles a bit.

He ties her wrists together. She groans, winces. He  
fastens her bound wrists to the headboard.

Now her legs, girded individually, then ties them up onto  
the headboard, spread-eagle, just like Boti Bliss in the  
film "Ted Bundy" this all new to her

She's excited, but scared. That look of fear excites him.

JACK

Well, if you just play dead,  
bitch, we'll get this over in a  
few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Apprehensive, she obeys. He stares at her stillness.

He pounds away atop. She's still, corpse-like. He's getting off. So is she - she groans.

MAN

You like this bitch, huh?  
 (her eyes open)  
 Don't look at me.

She obeys. He pumps harder. *Then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- He wraps his hands around Leila's neck. Tight.*

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

His awful guttural grunting as he continues to rape her.

*A horrid gurgling sound mixing with pleased moans. And then... he's climaxing. Leila stops moving. SHE'S DEAD.*

She regains consciousness, as a naked Jack has hard sex on top of Angela, who lies spread-eagle, with her hands and legs tied above her head and up onto the headboard of the bed with dirty rags and rope (*RUSSIAN SPLIT-BONDAGE*), just like *Boti Bliss in Ted Bundy...*

Still a bit woozy, Angela studies her predicament. She watches, both scared and turned-on. Jack seems miles away, his face a study in detached stoicism.

Angela studies him, as if she's still trying to understand who he is.

ANGELA

What's wrong, baby?

JACK

*I understand that sex should be peaceful and good and loving, but what about the things that turn me on and are repellent at the same time?*

*Angela summons motherly patience she has left...*

JACK

You don't know me.

ANGELA

I wouldn't say that-- I know how you are in a crisis. How often do you frequent peepshows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

The men who frequent peep shows don't know it, but they are secretly coming to church. They are seeking absolution, acceptance, compassion, kindness, and caring from a willing, friendly woman. They believe themselves to be fundamentally unlovable because of their sexuality. Granting these men acceptance and understanding instead of disgust and ridicule is the single most profound aspect of sex work, and mine, too.

*He makes disgusting sex faces. She looks away - can't hide her repugnance. Yet moans with the violence of her arousal*

JACK

You like this bitch, huh?

ANGELA

Theodore "Ted" Bundy. He was fascinated by necrophelia.

JACK

Well, if you just play dead, bitch, we'll get this over in a few minutes.

*On cue she plays dead, while he repeatedly screams "Fuck you, bitch" Him and Angela, about to finish...together, as she's climaxing. He GRABS an expensive silk scarf from between the sheets -- wraps it around Leila's neck. Tight.*

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

He returns brandishing a butcher knife. Terror floods her face. Before she can peep, his hand covers her mouth. And he

Boti Bliss lying on a bed spread-eagle with her legs tied up on the headboard of the bed while a guy thrusts into her and then stops briefly to tell her what to do before having very hard and intense sex with her

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He does, wants to. Climbs out of bed. Finds stockings in her bureau. Smiles, inches toward her. She shifts back. He grabs her wrists. She struggles a bit. He ties her wrists together.

She groans, winces. He fastens her bound wrists to the headboard. Now her ankles, girded individually, tied spreadeagle to the footboard. This is all new for her.

She's excited, but scared. That look of fear excites him.

Apprehensive, she obeys. He stares at her stillness.

He starts making love to her. She's still, corpse-like. He's getting off. So is she - she groans.

She obeys. He pumps harder. Orgasms. Her too. He's vocal. She's silent. He falls limp. Rolls off her. She exhales.

He returns brandishing a butcher knife. Terror floods her face. Before she can peep, his hand covers her mouth. And he

slices the stockings, freeing her wrists, removes his hand

from her mouth, then frees her ankles. She's about to speak