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(Current Writer, date)

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FADE IN:

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

A swanky condo. POSH, perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishing. Erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus. The place screams money.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ALARM CLOCK blares -- even though it's 4 A.M. TWO FIGURES are asleep in bed, their sexy clothing and heels scattered around the room.

A woman's HAND shuts off the ALARM.

ARTEMESIA MENOUNOS, maybe 50, a classical Latina beauty, *sits up, who bares no resemblance to Jennifer Lopez whatsoever-- ok, her sexy physique.*

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

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

ARTEMESIA (O.S.)

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

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

She emerges in a towel. Moves to the bed.

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

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

Gina looks over the documents...

GINA

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

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ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

You can still change your mind.

Gina 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.

GINA

So anything I know about his work--

ARTEMESIA

You're prohibited from sharing.
With anyone.

GINA

(giggles)
After I sign it?

Artemesia rolls her eyes. Gina picks up the pen, signs.
Instinctively, Gina grabs her freshly-fucked face.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

I do. How does your clit feel?

GINA

Awe, you're so naughty.

She playfully throws a pillow at Artemesia.

EXT. SEATTLE CITYSCAPE - DAY

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

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.

MARNIE, 30s, a Hitchcock blonde but with an icy reserve, looks downplayed under a professional wardrobe, saunters the aisles, inspecting work, offering advice.

Marnie regards a conspicuously EMPTY STOOL to her right. A LONGING in her eyes.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - DAY

"The CROW'S NEST BAR & SEAFOOD NOOK", a cozy little waterfront restaurant.

A FERRY glide across the placid Sound, and -

MOUNT RAINIER towers majestically over it all.

INT. CROW'S NEST - DAY

Among the hurly burly of the lunchtime business set.

Artemesia sits alone, *with* a look that says she's earned every stripe in her perilously short, Armani skirt suit.

JOE DAVIS, 30s, enters. Consummate Hollywood douchebag. Artemesia waves at him -- Joe spots her and his whole demeanor changes.

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

I think I'll get over it.

He sits, looks over at Artemesia.

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ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

How's the bitch?

ARTEMESIA

There's a problem with the
paperwork. You never signed your
entry of judgment. So you're
still married. So I have some new
divorce papers for you to sign.

She retrieves documents from a Bosca leather briefcase.
He moves closer, puts his hand on the seat of her chair.

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

Blah, blah, blah, and--?

ARTEMESIA

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

JOE

I changed my mind.

ARTEMESIA

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

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JOE

And?

ARTEMESIA

Do you like my shoes?

She brings her sexy leg out from under the table, modeling for Joe. He is now totally disarmed.

JOE

Uh... yeah. Louboutin "fuckme" pumps. They're hot.

She brings her foot closer to Joe. Trails a toe up his calf. Her foot disappears in his lap. He's into this, smiling.

ARTEMESIA

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

Joe's eyes suddenly BUG OUT OF HIS HEAD. He chokes.

JOE

Gaggaahgghh --

He is writhing in pain -- she's crushing his nuts under her shoe. She takes his hand, forces a pen into it --

ARTEMESIA

Shhh, Joe. I'll subpoena your sorry ass, then rip you to shreds in a court of law. Can you afford the court fees. And trust me, there will be plenty. There's an old joke that "an oral contract isn't worth the paper it's written on." But in this case...it is.

He scribbles his signature. She pulls her foot away and stands, straightens her skirt and walks away.

Joe can only fold into a ball and moan.

JOE

I hate fuckin' lawyers.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Early evening. In the beautiful Spanish-style setting, an all-out, mojito-fueled wild wedding reception dinner party with a hot salsa band -- well-to-do, expensively dressed crowd.

They watch the attractive GROOM and BRIDE dance.

On the crowd, rapt and nodding -- except for one conspicuous woman who is pushing her way through -- Artemesia, in hot, wedding party dress.

She holds two full cocktails over her head.

ARTEMESIA

Excuse me... con permiso... out of the way... move it, chica...

She downs half of one of the drinks as she skirts around the crowd toward the main house. She stares at someone --

INT. HOME - DAY

An foreboding house. It's impressive as hell, everything is well cared for, fine art on display.

Artemesia slips inside. Across the room, she notices --

Marnie stuns in her sequined bridesmaid's gown that fits like a glove; all arms, legs and cleavage.

She's with WILLARD, a swarthy guy. He's 32, probably a dickhead but handsome as they look at painting...

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

WILLARD

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

They pause before another painting

WILLARD

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

(a look at her)

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

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MARNIE

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

WILLARD

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

MARNIE

No means no.

WILLARD

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

MARNIE

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

WILLARD

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

Willard can't resist a surreptitious smile.

MARNIE

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

Artemesia appears. A measuring stare between the two
formidable women. No love lost between them.

Despite this, Artemesia's distracted by Marnie's
presence. Marnie, as well, finds it difficult not to pay
attention to Artemesia.

Willard turns his charms on Artemesia.

WILLARD

The Princess of Darkness herself.
(a total come-on)
You know, Jack Kennedy used to
have affairs at the hotel down the
street from here. He'd meet a
woman at some shindig and take her
right upstairs.

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ARTEMESIA

Mmm hm. You can forget it.

WILLARD

What are you, gay?

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

Excuse us, please...

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

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

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

He was. Shot himself within a
year. The fact that you're my
client's wife doesn't make us
friends. Maximilian returned from
Atlanta?

MARNIE

Tonight.

ARTEMESIA

He may expect you to be home.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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MARNIE

After being married all these years I don't have to be reminded of my duties as a wife.

ARTEMESIA

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.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Don't be a hypocrite. You may still be after Max for all I know.

As Marnie walks off, she looks back at Artemesia.

I/E. PORSCHE 911 TURBO - NIGHT

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo mows down curves. The cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

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

EXT. DANKWORTH'S MANSION - NIGHT

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

An opulent glass home, which offers a voyeur's view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior, immaculate garden, and a fountain.

Security lighting comes on as the white Porsche races in.

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

Close by, a TWIG SNAPS. She freezes, listens hard.

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Another TWIG SNAPS, this time closer.

Marnie spins to face the noise -- sees nothing.

Hidden behind shrubbery, ARTY O'DELL, 20s, a new man's cut body, child-like face, dark features and savage eyes, watching as Marnie disappears inside.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

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

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

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A breeze blows in from the veranda, ruffling sheer curtains. A lush, romantic suite. Lit candles are set up near the bed.

Marnie, just out of the shower, in a towel, sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

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

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes, thunder, rain falling.

Marnie flips on a lamp in her path, her legs thrash open her long silk robe, revealing she's naked underneath.

On an end table, a bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; two glasses nearby. An ice-pick.

At the SOUND of a knock, she pauses, goes to the door.

MARNIE

Just a minute.

She gets to the door and, standing aside, opens it slightly...

Marnie reacts in fright as Arty forces his way inside, and we sense Marnie's struggle without actually seeing it. The door is slammed shut.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

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

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

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark, save for INTERMITTENT FLASHES OF LIGHTNING that captures a noisy struggle. The SHATTERING OF GLASS.

Arty pulls her toward him, Marnie, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He wrestles Marnie to the floor, her robe flies open, the swell of her breast, her NIPPLES ERECT, She's pushing him away forcefully, pulling his hair, biting his neck.

His GRUNTS. Marnie's SMOTHERED MOANS.

Arty and Marnie make love. Their chemistry very alive. Her legs wound around him, he thrusts into her, vigorous - His intensity feeds not only on passion, but also on his inner turmoil, and it's explosive...

She orgasms; he orgasms - his body shakes. Then, he falls forward, spent, onto her; satisfied.

Their eyes locked. This, long a crucial part of their attraction...or Is it... Arty kisses her,

Her arms reaching for something... that overturned ice-bucket on the floor, scattered among ice, curls her hand around the ice-pick...

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

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

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... pleased moans as Marnie shudders with an explosive orgasm...

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Blood splashing everywhere...

INT. GINA'S BEACH BUNGALOW - NIGHT

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

A lush space with a feminine touch-- Gina kisses her again. Reaches down, pulls off one high-heel.

GINA

We're both Latina babe, this shit right her, it doesn't play right.

ARTEMESIA

It feels right.

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

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

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Artemesia stands in the ransacked room. Careful not to step over the threshold. Careful to avoid all the dark crimson stains splashed across the living room.

She looks towards Arty's dead body, naked from the waist down, the ice-pick lodge in his eye socket.

ARTEMESIA

Marnie! Marnie!

MARNIE (O.S.)

Artemesia.

Artemesia looks up towards the second floor railing. Marnie stands there, splattered in blood. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle.

Marnie comes down the stairs.

A long beat. Artemesia's measuring Marnie. Judging her. She inspects Marnie's face, it's practically unscathed.

She BACKHANDS HER, sends Marnie reeling to the floor. She's curled up, robe around her waist, bare ass and tits AKIMBO.

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Marnie - composed, smiling through bloody teeth, her eyes burn with hatred

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

Marnie nods, sits up, covers herself with her robe.

ARTEMESIA

Now call the police!

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

MARNIE

You're not thinking of going --

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

I didn't see one.

ARTEMESIA

Go. Make the call.

As Marnie hurries off, Artemesia notes Arty's pants pockets have been turned inside out, as if some one them.

EXT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT - NIGHT

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

A classic (1973 Corvette Stingray) in mint condition races up. A beat. Artemesia jumps out.

MAX

What happened?

ARTEMESIA

I'll fill you in.

MAX

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The body of our would-be Rapist lies just as we left him.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER, 50's, mild mannered and cordial, making annotations. Behind him, a small contingent of SFPD CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS are at work.

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

DET. ERNIE DWYER, 40's, gregarious, the type of person who talks to strangers in elevators, steps over.

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

Joining him is DET. ISAIAH SMITH, African-American, 50's, salt and pepper hair and an air of having seen it all, twice.

He hands Dwyer a cup of coffee. Dwyer sips.

DET. DWYER
This isn't Starbucks?

DET. RUBY
(sarcastic)
You noticed.

DET. DWYER
Any ID on our mystery guest?

DET. RUBY
Nope. Not yet.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Alive with LIGHT and CRIME SCENE TAPE and CURIOUS NEIGHBORS being held back by PATROL COPS.

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

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

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Artemesia and Max exits the house in mid-conversation. As they move towards a fancy patio deck where --

Marnie sits in chair, staring at the lake. She's in a mini T-shirt, some tight sweats. Her hair in a ponytail. All this only makes her more sexy.

Max rushes towards Marnie, solemn. Matter of fact. Sees her childlike innocence. He reaches out, awkwardly hugs her. She nods, stiff.

MAX

Are you okay?

MARNIE

I'm alright. Now. You?

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

Are you up to talking to the police?

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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

Max scowls.

MAX

What's that suppose to mean?

ARTEMESIA

Someone was killed in your bedroom.

MAX

It's not like she did it on purpose.

ARTEMESIA

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

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A beat, Artemesia caves.

Detectives Dwyer and Ruby anxiously approach. Artemesia corners them.

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. Menounos --

ARTEMESIA

--Tomorrow. First thing. She'll be available. Girl scouts honor.

INT. BEACH HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

An enormous kitchen.

Max's straightening his tie. Marnie, barefoot, hands him cufflinks. Despite the sweater and boxer shorts it's impossible to downgrade her class.

MAX

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

A soft KNOCK on the door frame.

ARTEMESIA

No, that's a bad idea. Max, you're a client. I can't always be your friend. You hired me to represent Marnie. I know what I'm doing.

MARNIE

Go. I know how much this deal means to you. I'll be fine.

He gives her a kiss and is gone.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Marnie saunters in, lifting her hair off her nape. Artemesia follows...

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MARNIE

It'll only take a minute.

Marnie slips into her boudoir, leaves the door half-way open. Artemesia catch glimpse of Marnie changing in a sex mirror in the bedroom.

MARNIE

Isn't there something you should ask me?

ARTEMESIA

What's that?

MARNIE

Whether I'm guilty.

ARTEMESIA

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

Artemesia moves closer for a better view... staring at Marnie's naked backside.

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

Marnie steps into a sleeveless white turtleneck dress, slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put together woman.

She zips up, doesn't bother to put on any panties.

Marnie exits, sporting Sharon Stone's "Basic Instinct" updo. She *looks radiant, innocent, and Artemesia feels a wave of tenderness wash over her.*

She struggles to slide into her sling back high heels.

ARTEMESIA

Don't rush with your answers. And no matter how hard he comes at you... stay calm.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

I'd settle for adequate.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

I'm ready.

There's a heat, an attraction between them as their faces hover close to each other.

She grabs Marnie's over-sized ivory trench coat off the bed, and helps her into it, much to Marnie's surprise.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A LIVE-IN ARTIST'S STUDIO-- a total wreck of materials. Stacks of unframed paintings and photos litter the place along with piles of gear. Unfinished canvasses.

Det. Dwyer and Det. Ruby have an interesting look around. A RATTY FUTON lies in the corner.

YARA LYNX, 30s, Iranian-American, pretty, Prada suit, expensive jewelry, looks on. She's obviously been crying.

YARA

Arty was no god damn alter boy,
but he wouldn't harm a soul.

DET. DWYER

Did he ever mention her name?

YARA

He didn't have to, but I have my
suspicions.

Yara holds up her folded newspaper, the headline:
"Socialite Kills Intruder" with a photo of Marnie.

DET. DWYER

Do you have any evidence linking
them together?

YARA

I told you everything. What more
do you need.

DET. DWYER

So you're...guessing?

YARA

Arty was a good artist. Shortly
after he stopped going to those
art classes his behavior changed.
Talk to his therapist.

INT. SEATTLE PD - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

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

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

YARA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

Hold her, we'll be pressing --

Marnie restrains Artemesia with a gentle hand.

MARNIE

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

Officers escort Yara out, she yells and screams.

YARA

You liar! You killed my husband!

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

ARTEMESIA

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

DET. DWYER

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

ARTEMESIA

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

DET. DWYER

Hardly, counselor. Schedules got
crossed. I apologize.

Gina hurries in, a Deputy D.A. badge hangs 'round her neck, well put-together in a too tight skirt suit cut too low and a hem up to her kazoo.

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DET. DWYER

Thanks for coming. I'm Detective Dwyer, this is Detective Ruby, and that's Deputy ADA Gina Mendoza.

An exchange of pleasantries.

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Classic basic instinct set up.

Artemesia sits nearby Marnie, who's some ways across the table from Ruby and Dwyer. Gina lingers in the backdrop. Ruby takes copious notes.

DET. DWYER

A couple things aren't quite adding up. 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. Nickle and dime stuff. But never anything a serious as this.

ARTEMESIA

Just a natural progression for criminal like him.

DET. DWYER

O'Dell in his right mind wouldn't attempt a job like this without a weapon. He always carried one.

A beat, then -

DET. DWYER

Yet he had none, wore no gloves, no mask. Hell, didn't even make an attempt to hide his identity.

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ARTEMESIA

Excuse me, detective. Is there a question somewhere in there?

MARNIE

Van Gogh cut off his ear. Edvard Munch hung half of his paintings in the woods, where they ended up rotting. Gauquin abandoned his family and went to Tahiti. Art would be much more pleasant if we didn't have to deal with artists.

The men trade looks, the coldness of her remark.

DET. RUBY

Mrs. Dankworth you claim to never have met Mr. O'Dell.

MARNIE

I don't know him from Adam.

DET. RUBY

Mr. O'Dell was a painter. As I understand it, you're an art teacher. Think hard. Could he had been one of your students?

MARNIE

I dunno. I guess it's possible. My classes are open to the public. It was a revolving door. They come and go.

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

She references a police report.

GINA

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

MARNIE

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

GINA

According to the forensic report.

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CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Does anyone ever read that shit?

GINA

I'll summarize. A large amount of milky fluid containing a high quantity of prostate-specific-antigen (PSA), fructose, and glucose -- a similar composition to seminal fluid -- enough to soak the bed and Mr. O'Dell.

MARNIE

Ah, Ms. Mendoza, what are you asking?

GINA

Did you cum?

ARTEMESIA

That's none of your business.

Artemesia just glares at him, offended, as Marnie grins.

MARNIE

The term is arousal non-concordance, meaning your physical and mental state don't align, such as getting hard or wet during rape.

GINA

You think we're jerking around here, Mrs. Dankworth? We're not here to play some game!

MARNIE

I'm not playing any game, I just telling the truth. I came twice.

GINA

So you enjoyed it?

ARTEMESIA

Let me stop you right there. The body's arousal response is no more an indication of guilt or mental illness than an elevated heart rate would be under the same circumstances.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

Oh, if this ever goes to trial
I'll call a dozen experts to teach
the jury that arousal does not
mean that the rape was enjoyable
or that the victim was asking for
it.

MARNIE

He shoved his penis in me. After
about five minutes, I had what I
think is the most powerful/best
orgasm of my life. He knew I came
and it was humiliating. He told me
he knew I liked it and that my
pleas for him to stop were just me
being dramatic.

(reminiscing...)

The second time I was literally
shaking and unable to speak from
the intensity of it. It sent him
over the moon. I came on his penis
after telling him no! He must've
felt like a sex god.

Artemesia glares at Marnie -- *what the fuck does she
think she's doing?*

MARNIE

When the body is threatened with
death, we go into survival mode.
We as women have anti rape defense
mechanisms. One being our orgasm.
That's right, her body is
lessening the mental anguish,
making the vagina more lubricated
so that the act of sex is less
painful, and grips the assailants
penis to bring him to orgasm
faster. My body did this to help
save me, my body knew what would
get me out of there alive and did
it. I spent the past few weeks
thinking this wasn't a rape or
that my vagina was broken to enjoy
that, but it worked as designed.

And the way Marnie now looks at them -- a mix of disgust
and rage -- makes these grown men cower.

ARTEMESIA

We're done here. Let's go.

They grab their things, Artemesia turns back to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DET. DWYER

We noticed your surveillance
cameras weren't working?

MARNIE

They've been out for sometime. Max
been meaning to get them fixed.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A local landmark. A divey restaurant/bar on the wharf
with colorful lobster buoys hung from the ceiling along
with other Nautical decor.

The clientele ranges from commercial fishermen to some
ELITE to families to college kids on summer break.

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

MAX

It'll be in the low eighties in
Miami.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

Huh, it's not the hurricane
season.

Marnie wants to shout "*Fuck off*" but instead --

MARNIE

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

MAX

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

She glares at Max, who looks pained.

MARNIE

It's the nature of our
relationship.

A beat, Artemesia gathers her things to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

You're not staying.

ARTEMESIA

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

A couple, GEORGE and BETHANY nearby, staring.

ARTEMESIA

Do you need something?

GEORGE

Your language is a bit vulgar.

ARTEMESIA

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

GEORGE

I'm going to go speak to someone.

ARTEMESIA

Do that, thanks, that'd be great.

George gets up, heads up front. Artemesia departs.

MAX

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

MARNIE

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

MAX

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

The next table over, TOM, on the edge of 50, and charming as sin, turns to them.

TOM

Sorry, I couldn't help but overhear, so you're planning on vacationing in Miami?

MAX

Well. It's more like a second honeymoon for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marnie rolls her eyes.

TOM

Congratulations. WE got back from Paris. Lovely.

MAX

I found this great private resort down in South America.

Marnie looks at her husband, pointed, he holds her gaze.

TOM

Looks like an adventure.

MARNIE

Oh, yes, Max figures if the resort don't bore me to death, the Argentinian will finish me off.

Tom turns back to his wife. They keep their voices down.

MAX

Why do you always got to be like that?

MARNIE

Why do you have to talk about our private life in front of strangers. A second honeymoon. You make it sound like the first one didn't take.

MAX

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

MARNIE

Good.

Off the tension between them, something is very broken in their seemingly perfect marriage--

INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER & MENOUNOS - DAY

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

MISS HARLOW, an icily beautiful PARALEGAL in a sexy work outfit appears at her side; hands her a slip of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS HARLOW

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

ARTEMESIA

(no idea)

Who?

MISS HARLOW

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

ARTEMESIA

Oh, yeah.

Artemesia studies the paper.

ARTEMESIA

Miss Harlow? This Sinclair deBois. Did he say what he wanted?

MISS HARLOW

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

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Artemesia sits across from GEORGIA, 47, all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't make her look 35, but she pulls off sexy.

ARTEMESIA

First divorce?

She's surprised by Artemesia's cavalier attitude

GEORGIA

I never thought it would come to this.

ARTEMESIA

You don't look naive.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA

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

ARTEMESIA

Your life is fine. Your marriage is over.

She's horrified by Artemesia's insensitivity.

GEORGIA

You have terrible bedside manner.

ARTEMESIA

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

GEORGIA

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

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

It hits Georgia.

ARTEMESIA

When you argue as many divorce cases that I have, you start to get cynical. I've seen tons of crazy reasons, I had one client divorce his wife after she broke her jaw in a car accident because she could no longer give head.

A little joke to put her at ease.

GEORGIA

It's been a while.

ARTEMESIA

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

GEORGIA

So what happens now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. IRISH PUB - DAY

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

At the bar, Artemesia drinks alone. Gina breezes though the door, joins Artemesia.

GINA

How do you like working on the other side?

ARTEMESIA

The pay's much better. That your problem?

GINA

I just don't like the class of client you choose. Drug dealers, white collar criminals, pornographers, now a possible murderer. You should be more discriminating.

ARTEMESIA

Does that include you?

GINA

That's not what I mean.

Gina takes a sip of Artemesia's drink.

GINA

I heard you were representing Mrs. Dankworth.

ARTEMESIA

So who's going to be the Deputy DA if things go south?

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

And you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

You wouldn't put me in jail?

GINA

In a heart beat.

Artemesia grins, amused by Gina's gentlemanly antics.

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

Somewhere in Chinatown, 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 gaunt man, striding towards her. He smiles, all dark charisma and dangerous appeal.

SINCLAIR

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

The feeling isn't mutual.

SINCLAIR

I must say you are prompt.

ARTEMESIA

I was expecting a detective.

SINCLAIR

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

SINCLAIR

For the past few weeks I've been holding a painting for keepsake... didn't think much of it until the other night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I thought before I discussed it with the police it would be mutually for us both if we discussed it first. You an art lover?

ARTEMESIA

I didn't come here to buy.

SINCLAIR

You might after you see what was hanging over there.

He taps his fingers on a bare wall.

ARTEMESIA

Let's cut to the chase. Shall we.

SINCLAIR

Ah, yes. I want waste your time 'cause I know it's gotta be runnin' at a premium.

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

SINCLAIR

Ta-da! Recognize it?

Artemesia eyes a WATERCOLOR painting of a nude woman striking a sexy pose on the BED, who bears a striking resemblance to Marnie.

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

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

SINCLAIR

Ms. Menounos, Arty was always trying to hock his works. But this was the best of the bunch. It's a good thing to, luckily for your client.

She stares at him, Who is this guy? She should probably tell him to fuck off -- and the longer she looks at him, the more Sinclair thinks she's about to.

ARTEMESIA

So you brought me here to extort us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR

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

ARTEMESIA

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

SINCLAIR

No need for the theatrics. I'm a dealer in fine arts.

ARTEMESIA

All this junk.

SINCLAIR

I hardly call the one junk. You client lied about not knowing Mr. O'Dell.

SINCLAIR

I'm willing to sell it to your client, one hundred thousand, nice round number. I bring the offer to you since I'm not sure she can be trusted. Besides there's the chance she could stab me in the back.

He chuckles, but Artemesia's not amused, not one bit. As Sinclair takes in the painting some more...

SINCLAIR

After a finish a portrait people invariably say nice things.

ARTEMESIA

I'm sure they're deserved.

SINCLAIR

Sometimes.

ARTEMESIA

What? He underestimated his work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SINCLAIR

Don't misunderstand me. With Arty, it was never the case of false modesty. He knew when his works were good, and when it wasn't.

ARTEMESIA

I don't quite follow.

SINCLAIR

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

ARTEMESIA

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

SINCLAIR

Do you really want to know? He failed. That's the portrait of a beautiful mask. He was never able to get beneath it. An enigmatic character. He would stare at it for hours but it always eluded him.

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.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A hip, small gallery, with soft lighting. Right now, it's owner, Marnie is overseeing the installation of some new canvasses.

MARNIE

I think you can still go higher, Fred. Just a little, like that.

FRED, 40s, and another assistant adjust the painting.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

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

ARTEMESIA

Are you sure you've never meet him?

MARNIE

No!

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Blackmail?

ARTEMESIA

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

Marnie doesn't answer. Her silence speaking volumes.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMESIA

I'm you're lawyer, If we can't start from a primitive concept of honesty, then this isn't going to work. When did you first meet him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

My art studio. He was one of my students. He was different from the other's in the class. Arty had talent... a real passion for art. I saw his potential so I started having him show up after class to hone his skills.

Marnie rises, moves to the huge window, stares out.-

MARNIE

You know what an art lover Max is. Our anniversary was coming up and I wanted to do something special. And that's when I broached the subject of Arty doing a nude of him. I didn't see any harm in it. After a few sittings, Arty expressed his feelings towards me so I ended it. Then he started stalking me. I hadn't seen him again until that night.

ARTEMESIA

Why did it have to be a nude?

MARNIE

You've seen the painting, the one he keeps above the fireplace -- he's always raving about it. The way he looks at it, as if it was some living, breathing thing. I wanted to give him something else to talk about.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you tell me?

MARNIE

Uh... I had just killed the man. I... I was afraid to tell the police. I dunno, I panicked... so I lied. Then I was trapped. I couldn't admit the truth and get caught in a lie... I was trapped.

ARTEMESIA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

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

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

The sooner, the better.

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

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

SINCLAIR

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

MARNIE

You still have it?

SINCLAIR

Of course.

MARNIE

How much? My lawyer mentioned
fifty-thousand.

SINCLAIR

A hundred grand.

MARNIE

No!

SINCLAIR

Yes. Seeing just how valuable the
piece is.

MARNIE

How much time do I have?

SINCLAIR

You might not have any. Another
party is interested.

MARNIE

Who?

SINCLAIR

Ms. Lynx.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Artemesia paces on her cell.

MARNIE (O.S.)

You want something to drink?

Marnie, barefoot, saunters in in a ridiculously short slouchy grey frock; its high neckline, long sleeves, barely covering her long tan legs.

It looks super-casual until Marnie moves towards the bar, a back so deep plunging, a peek of her bum cleavage.

Artemesia stares, doing a terrible job of hiding her lust. Marnie sense it - handles an ice-pick. Breaks blocks of ice.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Deboise raised the price.

ARTEMESIA

What? When did you find this this?

MARNIE

This afternoon. I went to see him.

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

I had to take the chance.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I swear it happened like I said!

ARTEMESIA

For God's sake Marnie. This isn't a plea bargain. You can't see him again. Or Ms. Lynx. The worse that can happen is you lose Max but if you try another stunt like this could mean your life.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

He didn't deserve this.

MARNIE

Don't you think I know that?

Marnie sips her drink, starting to realize how much power she has over Artemesia, and knows how to use it, then:

ARTEMESIA

We got time. Sinclair won't go to the police -- he wants money.

MARNIE

There's another interested party, Yara. Now she'll go.

ARTEMESIA

No, she wants revenge. She wants Max to see it.

MARNIE

All the more reason to get it back.

A moment between the women, finding common ground.

They've fallen into one of those rabbit holes that happen between people drawn to each other, sudden and unwitting.

MARNIE

You want to kiss me, don't you?

ARTEMESIA

I wasn't going there.

MARNIE

Oh...I just thought. Guess I got a big head listening to Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

I didn't mean it to sound like that either. Like I'm not interested. I'd mess around with you in a flash if you weren't married -- to Max.

The front door opening and closing.

MAX (O.S.)

I'm home.

MARNIE

We're in here.
(to Artemesia)
You're a bad liar.

They trade forced smiles before turning their attention to Max.

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

MAX

Everything okay?

MARNIE

Yes, darling.

ARTEMESIA

Just discussing the case.

MAX

Should we be worried?

Without taking a beat, Artemesia lies --

ARTEMESIA

No.

MAX

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

Artemesia polishes off her second Martini.

ARTEMESIA

I've only had two.

MAX

Two drinks my ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

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

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

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

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie in a silk robe&lingerie that makes you look twice, moisturizes her legs ready for bed. Max enters, he takes her in, then eases himself onto the bed kissing her. She brushes him off, upset

MAX

You could at least try and be civil about this.

MARNIE

My idea of being civil with you is not biting and scratching. Matter of fact you can regard anything calmer than open hostility as a bonus.

MAX

Marnie, please, you don't have to play the grand dame with me. If you've already set your mind against this trip then what the hell is the use of it?

MARNIE

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

MAX

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

MARNIE

Oh, I am serious about getting a tan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE (CONT'D)

A tan divorcee is always more attractive. You think so too don't you, Max?

MAX

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

MAX

I'm trying to say I'm sorry and that I still love you in the only way I know how -- and you want let me get close to you anymore.

MARNIE

You're right about that.

Max. Sad. Turns to head back inside when --

MARNIE

Alright, tell me about the trip.

MAX

It's a new resort, very exclusive, We catch a charter out of Seattle and I thought maybe this Friday. We can fly down there and spend the weekend together...the sun and the sand and the sea and you and me...

MARNIE

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

Max looks disappointed. Marnie clocks it -

MARNIE

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

INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An expensive townhouse. The decor and furnishings are aggressively modern, flaring into what we would consider contemporary: sleek surfaces, a spare, almost stark use of color.

The mantle is crammed with photos of Yara and Arty.

Yara is pacing, obviously very upset. She goes about lighting candles. Sinclair looks on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

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

YARA

Yes, she will. May way.

SINCLAIR

(under his breath)
Yara, no...

YARA

Screw you. This is personal.

SINCLAIR

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

Yara holds his stare, not backing down.

SINCLAIR

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

YARA

Then I will go to the police.

On second thought --

SINCLAIR

What a fool I was.

YARA

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

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

SINCLAIR

You're right. What was I thinking?

YARA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR

I see our interests are aligned.

EXT. GINA'S BEACHFRONT BUNGALOW - PATIO - NIGHT

Artemesia's lies on a chaise overlooking the ocean. Finished dinner plates and glasses of wine. Candlelight and the gentle sound of the surf.

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

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

ARTEMESIA

How's the investigation coming?

GINA

Is that why you come to see me?

ARTEMESIA

No, well, not the only reason.

GINA

In the interest of full disclosure -- they've been questioning students who attended your clients art classes. None of them remember seeing O'Dell. But it doesn't mean he didn't attend one.

Beat... Artemesia taking this in.

GINA

They didn't find any direct communication between O'Dell and your client's phone records -- but surveillance video shows him purchasing two pre-paid cells at a local wal-mart. They tracked down one -- we're under the assumption she destroyed the other.

ARTEMESIA

It's a common deductive mistake. Drawing conclusions before you have all your information.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Ok, I'm working under the theory it was premeditated. You wouldn't believe me if I did.

ARTEMESIA

What makes you so sure?

GINA

You seem like an intelligent woman.

ARTEMESIA

I'm not as intelligent as I look. Try me.

GINA

They met in her art class. Had an affair. Things turned sour. Only he was the one who ended it. It set her off.

Artemesia's look says: *I don't believe you.*

GINA

According to Ms. Lynx he was being stalked by a woman. Harassing phone calls... A letter...

ARTEMESIA

A letter?

GINA

As far as she knows he burnt it. She overheard one conversation...
(air quotes)
Is it my fault if I don't love you? Dammit, one either loves or one doesn't.

ARTEMESIA

Please, Ms. Yara Lynx has a grudge based on unfounded allegations. It's bs. Merit-less.

GINA

She lured him there under false pretense to kill him.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

It's a great plan. Reasonable
doubt.

INT. PAWN SHOP - BACKROOM - NIGHT

In a hazy room, under a bare hanging bulb, a painting is facedown on the desk, as Sinclair pulls out a sling blade, SNAPS it open, expertly cuts the canvass from its frame.

He carefully rolls the canvass and slides it into a tube.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY

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

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

No class today. Marnie is painting an enormous expressionistic portrait of Arty when she hears some one enter.

She turns, surprised to see it's Yara.

MARNIE

What do you want?

YARA

Sorry I didn't call. I know how much I hate it when people drop by unannounced.

She examines Marnie's work in-progress.

YARA

It's a wonderful likeness of Arty. You know, if you went to Forest Lawn, you'd find the resemblance quite amazing. You've captured that tortured quality during the last six months of his life.

Yara draws closer, not missing a beat.

YARA

Artists have their great periods. Picasso had his blue -- now, you'll have yours blind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And just like a switch was flipped, from to zero to pissed--

MARNIE
GET. THE. FUCK. OUT.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

A SWANK HI-RISE CONDO in Seattle, Artemesia escorts Marnie to the door. A DOORMAN immediately makes way for them.

DOORMAN
Evening Ms. Menounos.

ARTEMESIA
Hey Henry.

She hands the doorman a large bill.

DOORMAN
Thank you kindly.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

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

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

MARNIE
Nice update.
(then)
Oh my god. Gustav Klimt.

She's noticed a painting of two nude woman embracing above the fireplace. Marnie heads over for a closer look.

MARNIE
You have a good eye.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She fidgets with her wedding ring; platinum, diamonds.
Finally: Marnie comes clean --

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

So you murdered Arty?

MARNIE

No. Of course I didn't murder him.

ARTEMESIA

The fact that you two were intimate has thrown an entirely different complexion on this case. A good prosecutor would say you were intimate with O'Dell and lied about it. It could be you asked him to your house, if he came at your invitation then it could also be true it wasn't self-defense. And if you killed him for any other reason the charge just might be murder.

ARTEMESIA

Did anyone ever see you two --

MARNIE

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

Marnie turns to Artemesia, impassioned, almost pleading -

MARNIE

It's the truth! I don't know what else to say, Artemesia.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

If you choose not to believe me I
can't blame you.

Artemesia holds her look, debating whether to trust her.

ARTEMESIA

Take a lie detector test.

A beat. She's suddenly thrown.

MARNIE

Excuse me?

ARTEMESIA

A polygraph.

MARNIE

I thought...aren't they
inadmissible?

ARTEMESIA

In court.

She measures Artemesia, then:

MARNIE

For you? Take a polygraph for you?

ARTEMESIA

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

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

MARNIE

Set up your damn polygraph.

Artemesia's eyes track her - Marnie feels her gaze, looks
back, finding Artemesia. Their eyes never leave each
other's... an ineffable longing. A hunger.

Finally the door closes behind Marnie.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie and Max make love. Tender, yet a disconnect; a
dreamy longing in Marnie's eyes... judging by the look on
her face she's rather be elsewhere...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max comes quickly. He rolls off Marnie, she paints on a pleasing face as Max kisses her good-night.

EXT. BEACH HOME - DAY

Max loads his suitcase into the trunk of his Mercedes. Behind them, Marnie approaches.

MAX

I hate to leave you alone like this.

MARNIE

I'll be fine.

MAX

Last night was fun, right?

MARNIE

Definitely.

He kisses her. She kisses back.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

The office has emptied out for the night. FIND Artemesia, lying on a sofa, heels off, a file open on her lap.

She looks up, surprised to see the firms senior partner, MRS. KAPLAN, early 50s, the Stealth Bomber, like a librarian, reading glasses on a cord.

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you, Mrs. Kaplan?

KAPLAN

What a PR nightmare for the firm, huh?

ARTEMESIA

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

KAPLAN

You really wanna do this now?

Artemesia gestures, giving Kaplan the floor while she lifts a post-it off her desk laptop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAPLAN

Ok. 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

It's pure trash. Don't let it
bother you.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

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

BEN

Is your hair black?

MARNIE

No.

BEN

Were you in love with him?

MARNIE

No.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - DAY

The sky is quite dark, a cozy sound of rain on the roof.
The view through the windshield distorted by thick FOG
and rain rivulets.

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

Marnie catches Artemesia admiring her legs.

ARTEMESIA

You could've have fooled the test?

MARNIE

It is so unlikely. I heard the
only way you can beat that machine
is with a stick.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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

MARNIE

Don't be a hypocrite.

ARTEMESIA

A hypocrite?! How am I--?!

MARNIE

You sanctimonious, self-righteous bitch -- you haven't exactly lead an exemplary life. You compromised your firm, you compromised that client -

ARTEMESIA

So you dredged up some old rumors.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

Whatever you heard or think you know about me is just conjecture. If you went to the DA or the bar association --

MARNIE

-- They'd welcome me with open arms... you're not exactly popular in either circles... let's change the subject shall we. Don't want you to slap me.

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

MARNIE

You wanna come in for a nightcap?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

No.

MARNIE

No!

ARTEMESIA

No. I mean...it's a bad, bad idea.

MARNIE

Perhaps would like to cross-examine me some more.

ARTEMESIA

You remind me of my ex-husband.
We were either fucking, or
fighting, and neither was no
longer worth the other.

Beat. Marnie senses Artemesia's hesitancy, then... She removes her sexy shoes, taking them in one hand.

MARNIE

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

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

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

INT. BEACH HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Dark, shadowy, intermittent flashes of lightning.

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

Artemesia drops her sexy heels, her defenses are gone.

They're ON EACH OTHER...groping, kissing, pulling off each other's clothes, that grows increasingly passionate, the emotion of the day taking hold of them both.

Marnie grabs Artemesia's hair and pushes her head down. She licks Marnie's inner thighs, moves between her legs. Marnie moans passionately...

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Artemesia and Marnie are tangled up in DESIGNER SHEETS. Sex. Hot, sweaty, passionate sex. Marnie's a SCREAMER.

INT. BEACH HOME - DAY

Just after dawn. Marnie 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?

MARNIE

A little after six. Sleep well?

ARTEMESIA

Like a baby.

Artemesia grins. She begins to caress Marnie's shoulder and breasts. Proprietary. Artemesia's hands explore down below the sheet, gently caressing.

For Marnie, her touch is an aphrodisiac.

EXT. OCEAN - NEAR THE PIER - DAY

Artemesia and Marnie walk hand-in-hand with their heels off on the edge of the surf. The view is romantic as it gets.

Artemesia's unsettled by the storm of emotions raging within her.

MARNIE

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

ARTEMESIA

Does it even bother you?

MARNIE

I can see that it bothers you.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

They don't teach you that.

ARTEMESIA

Well they should.

MARNIE

What're going to do?

ARTEMESIA

I distinctively remember saying, we should have told him. He would have just brought the painting. Sure he'll be upset, but he'd get over it. He loves you that much.

MARNIE

And this?

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.

MARNIE

Maybe we should just forget about the whole thing.

Marnie breaks away to go.

Artemesia impulsively grabs Marnie by the waist, almost desperate. And just like that, they're making out. Just as they start to really get into it --

ARTEMESIA

But the truth is I'm morally bankrupt. I have been for some time.

Marnie smiles, kisses back.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Her boudoir rivals a designer boutique. Akin to a professional men's wardrobe, a few suits, but -

A plethora of silk blouses and skirts; blushes, taupes, and creams teamed with blacks, olives, and browns on the bottom. Shelves Of sexy shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia drops to her knees, removes the false plasterboard. Inside the wall, stacked between the studs -
- BUNDLES OF SHRINK-WRAPPED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

MARNIE

Jesus! You rob banks too?

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

ARTEMESIA

At one time I was a respectable lawyer. I've always looked at myself as an honest woman, you're asking me to do something that's no better than bribing a juror. A lawyer has a duty to his or her profession, to himself or herself. And I've abused everyone of them with you. But most things I do are unethical.

Artemesia stands up, heatedly.

ARTEMETIA

You can be flippant about your crimes but don't be flippant about mine.

INT. A DIVE BAR - DAY

Dark, seedy, with 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. A few topless dancing girls. Soft music.

In a dark corner booth, Sinclair, in a brooding mood, drinks as he sits across from Artemesia and Marnie.

SINCLAIR

My motives are simple. However, Yara's are more deadly. At the moment, the nude is in my hands, but if she ever gets ahold of it.

ARTEMESIA

Are you purposely trying to make this unpleasant?

SINCLAIR

The thing about art is that it's very temporal. What's in demand today is out of fashion tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

But it's not tomorrow. It's today.

SINCLAIR

Affection manifests itself in so many ways. With me, at times, I can be overly familiar. Flippant, even. And if I was the other day it wasn't my mood. It was just casual regard. My point: I consider you a friend, Ms. Scherzinger, which is why I can't bring myself to sell you the piece.

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

ARTEMESIA

Two hundred thousand. And I'm not paying a dollar more.

A beat, she slams it shut.

SINCLAIR

The opposite. What you're offering is far too much. The lack of interest from any other buyer tells me O'Dell's work lacks true fascination in the market.

ARTEMESIA

I'm happy to buy it for less.

SINCLAIR

And I would gladly sell it for less, but O'Dell's fiancé sets the sale price. Not me. Yara won't lower the price. She still believes her shit tastes like strawberry wine. She will learn. I take no pleasure in that, but she will learn. When she does, you may have it at a fraction of what she is currently asking.

MARNIE

What does she want.

SINCLAIR

Don't you know?

Artemesia and Marnie just sort of nod - neither doesn't appear very happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR

Don't look so disappointed. If you wish to spend, spend. Have you considered a Soulouque?

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY

Artemesia pours them each a drink. Hands Marnie a glass..

MARNIE

What the hell was that about with Sinclair?

ARTEMESIA

Hard to say. A message. Maybe.

Marnie takes a drink of her whiskey.

MARNIE

Which is?

ARTEMESIA

Think about it, he wants to sell, she doesn't. Ms. Lynx. She's an albatross around his neck. One he has to get rid off.

(beat)

Maybe. That's the message. I'm just guessing.

ARTEMESIA

Sinclair's asking for time. And Max is out of town. We can give it to him.

INT. YARA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Yara drives, smiling. She throws a look to her rearview mirror. Her smile fades.

IN HER REARVIEW: a CAR trails her, headlights off. A little unnerved, Yara changes lanes. So does the car behind.

Yara makes a SUDDEN TURN. The car follows. She quickly pulls over. The car pulls behind her. She squints in the rearview - can't see the driver.

Finally, Yara gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

So does the DRIVER, Artemesia walks towards her. Dressed to kill or thrill in black; leather jacket and pants, a turtleneck, killer heels.(imposing)

ARTEMESIA

You don't strike me as the type.

YARA

And what type am I?

ARTEMESIA

Blackmail. Bribery.

YARA

You're judgmental.

ARTEMESIA

I prefer perceptive.

YARA

To be fair, I'm more of a marketmaker than a collector. But there's enough of a market for this piece that someone's willing to kill for. And I think you know you that someone is.

Then - a switch flips. Rage flares in Artemesia's eyes. She gets in Yara's face.

ARTEMESIA

My law degree is just the beginning of what I can do to you.

Yara draws in a breath, silenced. But Artemesia holds up her hands, as if to illustrate she's not harming her.

ARTEMESIA

You stay away from Mrs. Dankworth. Or I'll see you again very some.

Artemesia backs away from her, disappearing into her car and driving off. Off Yara, finally exhaling...

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...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

It's drizzling, windy. A sleek Mercedes glides down a mostly deserted waterfront street, pulls beside an abandoned warehouse.

Max stands by his car. Pacing a little. Wound tight. After a beat, Sinclair walks up behind him.

MAX

You said it was urgent.

SINCLAIR

I've got a friend who has something that you would pay handsomely for.

MAX

Who is this friend of yours?

SINCLAIR

Let's just say, an old school chum we were expelled together.

MAX

What is it that you think I'd want to pay for?

SINCLAIR

A painting, Mr. Dankworth.

MAX

Let's have a look at it.

SINCLAIR

Ah, now, you almost had me, but I don't just happen to have it with me at the moment. And I suppose you don't have the fifty G either.

Max twists upward on Sinclair's arm, and Sinclair winces. But he still won't talk. A beat, Max let's go.

MAX

When will you have the painting?

SINCLAIR

When will you have the cash.

MAX

It might take sometime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINCLAIR

With your connections. Anyway, I'm afraid time is the one thing my friend can't afford.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A PRIVATE CLUB. Discreet. Well-heeled PATRONS feast on oysters and caviar. Gorgeous STRIPPERS in tiny dresses and fuck-me-heels give guys lap-dances, women too.

Artemesia sits with Max in a leather booth. Artemesia is knee deep in a double Martini.

ARTEMESIA

You look pretty down. Want some company?

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

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

ARTEMESIA

I believe her.

MAX

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

ARTEMESIA

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

MAX

You talking hypothetically or from experience?

ARTEMESIA

All of us drift a little further than we want to. I was married once. A disaster of space shuttle Challenger proportions.

ARTEMESIA

When I look at you two. It's like you've known each other their whole lives. Were you and Marnie high school sweethearts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX
College...roll tide.

ARTEMESIA
It shows.

MAX
Some shady pawn shop owner, deBois
contacted me.

Her jaw tightens, back stiffens: clearly news to her.

ARTEMESIA
What did he want?

MAX
To sell me a painting.

ARTEMESIA
Have you seen it?

Max shakes his head, no.

ARTEMESIA
Max listen to me. Marnie's freedom
is at stake. He was friends with
Mr. O'Dell. He's dangerous. If he
contacts you again, ignore him.

Max can't stand it, he's dying to know -

Silence. The expression on Max's face says she's right.

INT. OYSTER PLACE - DAY

A crowded Fisherman's Warf-side seafood joint.

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

ARTEMESIA
Sorry I'm late.

MARNIE
I ordered you a martini.

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

MARNIE
Have you heard anything yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

Marnie's smile falters, visibly shaken by that.

MARNIE

Have Max seen it?

ARTEMESIA

Not yet.

MARNIE

If I don't hear back soon I'll go
to her myself.

ARTEMESIA

Pendejo. No, you want. I mean it.

MARNIE

Shit -- I'm sorry, Artemesia, I'm
fucking untethered here..

ARTEMESIA

It's okay. You have a right to be.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

I use to be one, a prosecutor,
going after bad guys -- drug
dealers, paid assassins, elected
officials, CEOs -- you broke the
law I was coming after you --
Prosecutors like things black and
white. You took the money, you
sold the drugs, you shot the man.
Defense attorney's wants to take
all the black and white stuff and
make it gray. I hate it. But I
love the black and white. I love
its clarity.

MARNIE

What are you getting at?

ARTEMESIA

It's time to send Ms. Yara Lynx a
message.

Artemesia takes Marnie's hand, lacing her fingers in
Marnie's so that their hands make one fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marnie merely nods, lets a moment of silence linger. They sip drinks, Marnie nods towards Artemesia's Martini.

MARNIE

Dry enough?

ARTEMESIA

The problem is...is it wet enough.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet. We hear keys jingle in the lock. The door opens and Sinclair steps in. Heads for his desk, but as he crosses the darkened space, something pulls him up cold -- lying on the desk is a GUN.

With a FIGURE behind it, shadowed, sitting silently in the darkness.

SINCLAIR

Do you always wander into people's offices? It isn't here.

A beat. Sinclair shifts uncomfortably, feeling eyes sizing him up from the shadows.

SINCLAIR

I suspected something might be afoot, so I took the necessary precautions in case of my untimely demise. Why if something were to happen to me --

The figure shifts in the darkness, leaning forward -- the gun within easy reach.

Sinclair slides a slip of paper onto the desk.

SINCLAIR

That's an account number for a bank in the Caymans. Fifty thousand deposited by noon on Friday and we'll talk. Noon. Or the window closes. Understood?

The figure abruptly steps forward, aims the gun at the side of Sinclair's head -- and FIRES point blank.

BLOOD SPATTERS onto the desk lamp and nearby books, creating a gruesome still life. We hear the BODY FALL onto the floor.

INT. GINA'S BEACH BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gina's eyes shoot open. A nightmare. She looks for Artemesia to find that she's alone in the bed. From off her cellphone rings.

She grabs the cell from where it sits on the bedside table. As she answers it, it rings off.

GINA
(in Spanish)
Shit!

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

There's yellow tape roping off the office, which looks like a tornado hit it. The killer was obviously looking for something.

Gina enters the room, buzzing with DETECTIVES and CRIMESCENE PERSONNEL. Dwyer looks up and sees her.

DET. DWYER
Ms. Mendoza.

She stares at Sinclair lying in a pool of blood, with the handgun next to him.

GINA
Homicide?

DET. DWYER
Suicide.

DET. RUBY
One shot to the head. Close range.
Upward trajectory. A witness
passing by heard the shot. Called
911. When the responding officers
arrived they found the door dead-
bolted from the inside.

Gina looks bummed.

INT. BEACH HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Marnie comes in, wrapping a bathrobe around her. Max sits at the table. His drafting tools are out. He's fully immersed in a sketch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a container from the fridge smells it, makes a questioning face, puts it back - grabs another container and opens a cupboard, pulls out a loaf of bread.

She places a sandwich in front of him and takes a seat.

MARNIE

Eat... you must be hungry?

Max doesn't look up, his tone is flat, removed.

MAX

I'm not hungry.

MARNIE

You want to talk bout it.

MAX

No.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Marnie molds the clay bust; then stops, staring at the image. Artemesia strides in, beelines towards Marnie, putting the finishing touches to a clay bust;

Artemesia studies the bust's head; it's Artemesia's. Even she's impressed. She wraps her arms around Artemesia.

MARNIE

You know sometimes at night, when I'm lying in bed...I try to picture every detail of your face...and it's perfect. And then I see you in person, and you're even more beautiful than I remember.

ARTEMESIA

I can imagine what you do when you lie in bed, Marnie.

Artemesia looks into her eyes, realizes she really means it. Gets a bit uncomfortable for a second, and recovers.

ARTEMESIA

O'Dell's dead.

MARNIE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Yes, last night. They think it's suicide.

MARNIE

And the painting?

ARTEMESIA

No, they haven't got it.

As she reaches over and squeezes the clay with her fingers, destroying her work.

MARNIE

Christ sake, Artemesia. She has it.

ARTEMESIA

Hang on, Marnie, no need to get all bent out of shape - we don't know that yet.

Artemesia pulls Marnie's hands over her shoulder, pulls Marnie in and kisses her. We push past them toward the huge window and the busy sidewalk.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICES - DAY

Gina enters amidst a flurry of office activity as Det. Dwyer appears at her side; as he enters her office, Dwyer follows.

DET. DWYER

Hey, Ms. Mendoza.

GINA

Detective Dwyer, a wonderful afternoon, huh?

INT. GINA'S OFFICE - DAY

A well appointed office, carved wood walls, leather chairs, large desk in front of a large window, books shelves of law books.

She tosses her briefcase in her desk chair. As she quickly scans the report.

DET. DWYER

Autopsy confirms a single, self inflicted gunshot wound. Labs on our suicide.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. DWYER (CONT'D)

Like I thought, gunshot residue on the victim's hand.

GINA

What do you have on the weapon?

DET. DWYER

It's a nine-millimeter Walther P38, but the serial number was filed off.

GINA

A street sale.

INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

ROGER, 30s, a LAB ANALYST, the kind of guy who probably has his boxers starched, watches Gina fire a blank from the gun found in Sinclair's hand into a barrel.

Nearby, Det. Ruby does too.

Roger SWABS Gina's hand for gunshot residue. Gina and Det. Ruby watch him examine the residue under an electron microscope.

INT. SEATTLE PD - HOMICIDE - DAY

Roger, holding a report, briefs Dwyer, Ruby, and Gina on his findings.

ROGER

According to a preliminary analysis, the firearm expelled 1,200 unique particles of gunshot residue onto your shooting hand, give or take.

GINA

Our victim only had sixty on his hand. From the exact same weapon.

DET. RUBY

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

DET. DWYER

How come nobody else noticed this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Because detectives search for patterns of evidence to support their theories.

GINA

One person heard a gunshot. The room was locked from the inside. Explain that to me. How did the killer get out?

A long beat, they're stumped until...

DET. RUBY

Once I read an Ellery Queen book where the murderer used a magnet to lock a door from the outside. Maybe our suspect did it.

GINA

Magnets don't go through wood doors. Do they?

DET. DWYER

Actually, it all depends on the density of the wood. C'mon Ruby, let's test my theory.

ROGER

Now you need suspects. A motive.

GINA

We have the perfect one.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Max's work space is a large drafting board full of drawing tools. A swing-arm architect lamp hovers over blueprints. A single framed PICTURE. Of his wife, Marnie.

Max is conferring with Artemesia as they enter.

ARTEMESIA

I don't know what you're making yourself so crazy for, Max. It's standard in murder cases.

They sit.

ARTEMESIA

Look. Him and O'Dell had some dealings.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

They just want to ask Marnie a few more questions, that's all.

Max double takes --

ARTEMESIA

Was she with you last night?

MAX

Yes.

ARTEMESIA

Good...nothing to worry about.

MAX

Do I have anything to worry about?

ARTEMESIA

First. Your prenup is iron clad. I know this because I wrote it. Which means the only thing a divorce can do is bruise your ego. Second. I realize you're under a lot of stress, but if you call your wife a bitch in front of me again, you'll have to find another lawyer. And we both know there is no one out there as good as me. Now. Go on about your business and let me handle this.

INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dwyer and Ruby are questioning Marnie. Artemesia is by her side.

DET. DWYER

So you lied about knowing O'Dell?

Marnie weighs her response, wondering how much they know and can prove.

GINA

It's a yes or no question.

MARNIE

Yes. He was a student of mine. He expressed his feelings towards me. I rebuffed them and told him it's best he finds another teacher.

DET. DWYER

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

That's it until the night he
showed up at my house.

GINA

You two had an affair?

MARNIE

No!

GINA

You're lying! Just like you've
lied about not knowing Mr. O'Dell!

MARNIE

It's the truth.

DET. DWYER

Where is this painting now?

MARNIE

There's no painting.

DET. DWYER

Your whereabouts on the night in
question?

MARNIE

With my husband. He'll vouch for
me.

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. SEATTLE PD - DAY

Gian, Ruby, and Dwyer enter... to find LIEUTENANT
CATHERINE PORTER, 42, African-American, waiting.

DET. DWYER

We can get her on obstruction.

GINA

I want you to know I derive no
pleasure from this, but no.
Artemesia would plead it down and
the DA would sign off on it.

LT. PORTER

Oh, I didn't know you were on a
first name bases with Ms.
Menounos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

We met at Berkley. She was my maid of honor, and I was hers.

Switching gears...

GINA

No, I want her for the murder. The woman's guilty as sin. Why don't your office investigate further?

LT. PORTER

Because I'm not wasting anymore department resources on a wild, goose chase, that's why.

DET. RUBY

A wild, goose chase.

LT. PORTER

I gave you Dwyer and Ruby. Use your own resources. Right now, my job is to find a missing girl.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max sits in his dark office, alone, listening to Marnie's phone ring and ring. He's about to hang up when he hears Marnie pickup. She's too numbed and lost to speak, but he can hear her breathing. After a beat --

EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SEATTLE - NIGHT

A handsome VALET opens the door of a Stingray.

Artemesia climbs out -- as if called from the Oscar's after party in a naked dress. She moves to the passenger side and opens the door.

Marla gets out in a glittering dress that bares no resemblance to Marilyn Monroe's "Happy Birthday" gown; ok, it's so tight she's unable to wear anything underneath it.

ARTEMESIA

You know the difference between a good lawyer and a great lawyer? 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Trial?

ARTEMESIA

Just in case.

Artemesia escorts her inside.

INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, SEATTLE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A black tie cocktail fundraiser to elect Attorney General ANNABELLE SANCHEZ FOR GOVERNOR. Seattle's elegant and elite are in attendance. Everyone is beautiful, everything is perfectly lovely..

Marnie turning heads, men and women, as Artemesia escorts her through the crowd. That dress is jaw-dropping.

Artemesia directs Marnie towards -- JUDGE INGRID BAXTER, 40s, a handsome, distinguished woman chatting it up with several gentlemen.

ARTEMESIA

The tall, elegant woman is Judge Ingrid Baxter. She's the supervising judge. Yea, last year she attended some swank Christmas party. A officer interrupted her lesbian tryst... back seat of her car. Her one phone call was to me.

(Off Marnie's look)

As he described it, "I looked in the car and Baxter, 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. Got it thrown out that night on a technicality. So you can imagine how grateful the judge was when she learned she wouldn't have to explain things to her husband and two young daughters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I want you more right now than I
ever have.

ARTEMESIA

Really? Excuse me.

MOMENTS LATER...

Find Artemesia and Judge Baxter at the banquet tables.
The atmosphere is a bit awkward; we've joined them in the
middle of something.

JUDGE BAXTER

I distinctly remember you saying
on multiple occasions -- I was no
better than any of the other wives
who cheat on their husbands?

ARTEMESIA

Your Honor, I say a lot of things
after a pint of Häagen-Dazs.

JUDGE BAXTER

You can't negotiate with the judge
without the opposing counsel.

ARTEMESIA

Where does it say it's against the
law to have a private chat with
the judge?

JUDGE BAXTER

How about the Washington
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 BAXTER

So let me guess, you think there's
a chance your client could
possibly be headed for trial.

ARTEMESIA

I need a Judge.

JUDGE BAXTER

I assume counselor you have
someone in mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Artemesia tosses her a poker chip, which she catches it. Judge runs it across her fingers, debating....

JUDGE BAXTER

Artemesia, I won't win your case for you.

ARTEMESIA

I'll win the jury. C'mon, what do you have to lose?

JUDGE BAXTER

The tiny, miniscule shred of dignity I have left.

Artemesia moves off through the crowd to find Marnie.

Meanwhile, Marnie's offered champagne by a waiter, sips it, her eyes scanning the room for familiar faces.

She spots Willard per usual, all suave and dapper in a tie, not a hair out of place.

She moves through the crowd trying to dodge him. No dice, he catches up to her.

WILLARD

You shouldn't invite strangers to your house.

MARNIE

Fuck off. My affairs are none of your business.

WILLARD

Now it is?

MARNIE

What the hell is that suppose to mean?

WILLARD

Ms. Lynx has retained my services.

Marnie's shocked.

WILLARD

Do you have any idea how many times I've jacked off to that painting?

Offended, Marnie slaps his face -- HARD.

Having witness that, Artemesia approaches Marnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

Are you alright?

WILLARD

The other night, my client said you threatened her.

ARTEMESIA

Your client?

MARNIE

Ms. Lynx.

Artemesia gazes at him, a look of dull surprise on her face.

ARTEMESIA

Listen, you moron, I did no such thing.

WILLARD

Stay away from my client or I'll be considering many legal avenues.

Artemesia immediately gets in his face - she's small, but way tougher than she looks.

WILLARD

Makes you uncomfortable, doesn't, counselor? You think it's hot now? I could make it just hell-hot for you.

ARTEMESIA

Do you dare threaten me you son-of-a-bitch! I represent some very dangerous people.

There's a mass of movement to the dance floor.

Marnie smiles at Artemesia who leads Marnie onto floor. They're slow dancing, Artemesia's leads. They're awfully close, definitely looks like an affair.

ARTEMESIA

When I was twelve, I went to a supermarket with my mother. We didn't have much money, couldn't really afford any non-essentials. I knew this, and I suppose that's how I justified shoplifting the latest copy of Wonder woman. On the car ride home, my mom discovered what I'd done.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

Like you, she had a moral compass.
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.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A mix of unusually good art, contemporary paintings by
obscure artists hang between Van Goh's and Monte's.
They're aren't many customers.

A blonde in black mourning (her own sexy version) comes
through the door, nods to the GALLERY STAFF, and begins
to browse. It takes us a moment to realize this is Yara.
Woman's a chameleon.

A beat later Max comes in, as casually as he can, looks
around. Yara moves up to him.

YARA

No warm and fuzzy welcome?

MAX

Not sure I'll be very good
company.

YARA

I don't mind.

She smiles at him, encouragingly.

YARA

I didn't come to bury the hatchet.

YARA

It's strange that a man can live
with a woman for ten years and not
know the first thing about her.
It's rather - frightening.

A slight feeling of dread creeps up on Max...

YARA

I hear you're an art lover.
Art was too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA (CONT'D)

Tell me, have you ever seen any of his works?

(off his look)

I'll admit most of it is B-grade junk, not worth protecting, but there's this one piece. I think you'll find it interesting.

MAX

I have no interest in buying any of his crap.

YARA

Crap? Mr. Dankworth, really? I know you'd make such a lovely buyer. I understand your aesthetic sensibilities are impeccable.

YARA

Perhaps you care to see the piece.

MAX

I don't think that's such a--

YARA

I don't think we can afford not to.

INT. YARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Yara offers Max a tumbler of whiskey.

MAX

No thanks.

Max takes a seat on the couch. Awkward pause.

She pours a shot of bourbon, pushing it in front of Jean.

MAX

This isn't --

YARA

It's better. Trust me.

YARA

Better enjoy this while I can.

MAX

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

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

YARA

I want you to know, I take no pleasure in what I'm about to do.

She grabs a huge tube and pulls out a canvass, then hands it to Max. A beat, his hands shaking, as he unrolls the nude painting of his wife.

This hits Max with nuclear impact. His world spins...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Max is charging down the street. Lost of people everywhere. His face is a mask of tangled thoughts. He's carrying the tube. His brain desperately trying to wrap itself around everything he's seen and heard tonight.

INT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Out on the water, a boat glides by. Marnie steps out to the railing - in BG, Artemesia studies her, that dress as she speaks on her cell phone...

Finishing, she puts her cell away, and for a moment, they both stand there looking out, unaware of each other, the same expression on their faces...

ARTEMESIA

Why do you think they haven't arrested you yet? They have no smoking gun-- so say by some off chance they decide to go to trial, any reasonable jury would come to no other conclusion but self defense without proof that you invited O'Dell to the house that night. And the DA knows it.

It catches Marnie unprepared.

ARTEMESIA

So we tell them about the painting, the affair, and the blackmail. You'll plead guilty to obstruction of justice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

I'll work out a plea deal, no jail time, probation, a fine, while Yara rot in prison for conspiracy. Then hopefully you and Max can go away some where and work on your marriage.

MARNIE

That ship has sailed.

Marnie's smiling, and yet there's a sadness there. Artemesia looks at her deeply. Marnie returns the gaze.

ARTEMESIA

You never really told me... what happened in your marriage?

MARNIE

You know that spark you felt when you first met that someone - the one two people feel when they spot each other across a room -it's what everyone's out there looking for, hoping for. Even if only for a night. Well, when the spark is gone, you're in trouble.

ARTEMESIA

So. Lots of people go through that. It doesn't end every marriage.

MARNIE

Some people, they learn to pretend they don't miss it. Or that they don't crave it every day. Maybe they wait around long enough to stumble across it again, years later. But in some marriages... well, maybe somebody's not patient. Maybe they find it somewhere else.

Marnie moves off, Artemesia follows.

MARNIE

The truth is, he probably did us both a favor. We were never going to be happy again. And once it's over... it's over.

A sweet sadness. Artemesia reaches out, touches Marnie's cheek - Marnie surprised but doesn't recoil. Allows it; enjoys it.

INT. BEACH HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Max suddenly hurls his phone across the room.

He erupts, tears the place apart, kicking over furniture, sweeping photos of him with Marnie from the mantle -- sending the artifacts of a life together crashing to the floor.

KNOCK-KNOCK. The door. Max stands for a beat, wild-eyed, gasping. KNOCK-KNOCK. He finally goes to the door, opens it.

Artemesia stands there, past Max into his ruined den.

MAX

You knew all along.

If anything, it pains her to see him this desperate.
Still --

ARTEMESIA

Max, you know I couldn't --
Attorney client privilege --
The same curtsy I extend to all my
clients, including you. Things you
still don't want her to know.

A strange beat. Marnie fills the silence --

MARNIE

Don't blame Artemesia. She wanted
me to tell you. I thought not
telling you was best.

MAX

And this was better. How long?

MARNIE

Who are we kidding. We're just
two people living under the same
roof. It's been that way for a
while. Too long for me to care to
remember. If it wasn't him it
would have been someone else.

MAX

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

MARNIE

Do I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Unless you're a fool. Everything
I'm doing is for you. Us.

MARNIE

I don't want to be married to you
anymore.

MAX

Excuse me?

MARNIE

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

MAX

How long have you felt like this?

MARNIE

For sometime I've been keeping an
emotional diary. Everybody should
do it, they can be quite
revealing.

Marnie slides open a desk drawer, pulls out her personal
diary, unlocks it with a key, hands it to him.

Max flips through the pages rather quickly...

MAX

There's nothing in here.

MARNIE

That's right, I've lead an
emotionally blank life. I didn't
laugh, I didn't cry, I didn't feel
until I met Arty.

MAX

Did you love him?

MARNIE

No, but he made me laugh, he made
me cry. I'm not your life, Max...

(then)

I'm sorry, it pains me to tell you
as much as it hurts for you to
hear it. Oh, I'm not blaming you,
Max. I just want you took look at
it from my perspective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Do up the divorce papers -- I
won't fight it.

MAX

Hey, where you headed?

MARNIE

I'm turning myself in.

Artemesia grabs the tube containing the painting.

ARTEMESIA

They'll need this to convict Yara.

INT. COURTHOUSE STAIRWELL - DAY

After court, Artemesia ushers Marnie into the stairwell.

ARTEMESIA

How you holding up?

MARNIE

(looks for
reassurance)

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

ARTEMESIA

Better than expected. You'll have
to testify.

MARNIE

Well we knew that, didn't we?

ARTEMESIA

Well, yes, but don't kid yourself.
Your at risk for 20 to life. I
need to hedge my bets, to protect
you.

MARNIE

And you think they've made their
case?

ARTEMESIA

No motive, but... you stabbed him
too many times...you got to get up
there and explain those.

MARNIE

To the jury or you?

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT - DAY

Case files spread out all over the floor.

Artemesia in post-coital crop top and sexy panties, rifles through transcripts from the trial.

Marnie, sultry in a see-through negligee, lifts a WEDDING PHOTO of Artemesia and her ex-husband and their daughter.

MARNIE

He stepped out on you?

ARTEMESIA

No, it was the other way around.

This stuns Marnie. Artemesia looks for the words to bridge a painful subject.

ARTEMESIA

I was a first year associate at the time. Our biggest client was planning on suing us for defamation, malicious prosecution - thanks to Reeder. Pull his business. It would have destroyed their little firm.

ARTEMESIA

So I set up a three martini lunch to work something out.

FLASHBACK - INT. RITZY HOTEL ROOM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Artemesia in a sexy blazer dress, share cocktails with HELIO STAGLIANO, 40s, Italian, handsome, with the finely carved features of an Aztec god.

His wife, ELIZABETH, 30s, Italian-American, suburban/sexy nearby.

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.

ARTEMESIA

It's satisfying to know we can count on your support.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)
Kaplan & Reeder will continue to
provide the service which you've--

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark, except for Manhattan's twinkling skyline.

ARTEMESIA (V.O.)
One thing lead to another. He had
brought his wife along for the
ride.

*Helio and his wife are naked and sweaty and MID-FUCK,
doggy-style as he pound Elizabeth, she turns -- holds
Artemesia's intense stare.*

*She then summons Artemesia with a playful pointed finger.
'Come here'. Artemesia unbuttons her blazer dress, shrugs
it off to reveal lacy bra and panties.*

*She climbs on the bed, kissing Elizabeth while
simultaneously caressing Helio as he resumes fucking his
wife. Off this intense uninhibited threesome...*

RESUME SCENE

ARTEMESIA
He didn't pull his business and
the firm grew into what it is
today. How do you think I became
managing partner. It's my job to
make everything run smoothly. I'm
the top biller.

Artemesia fixes herself another drink.

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

MARNIE
Was it worth it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

She chose him. Over the years I've been trying to have some sort of relationship with her. Can't say I blame her...I ruined her happy home.

EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

A handful of reporters and photographers lingering on the steps, are galvanized by the arrival of Artemesia and Marnie

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed courtroom, big media presence.

At the defense table, Marnie and Shermichael. Gina's at the prosecution table, watching Artemesia masterfully question DR. VIRGINA FIELDSTONE forties.

Judge Baxter presides.

ARTEMESIA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Just under a year.

ARTEMESIA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Occasionally.

ARTEMESIA

Do you remember what he said about her?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

ARTEMESIA

Okay. You've heard the prosecutor's Suggestion that the victim, Mr. O'Dell, was perhaps having sexual relations with my client.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. FIELDSTONE

I heard the suggestion.

ARTEMESIA

Do you have a response?

DR. FIELDSTONE

My response would be it's ridiculous. I knew almost every detail of Mr. O'Dell's life. There was no such affair.

ARTEMESIA

Well, is it possible he would've kept this from you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Frankly, no. Arty would pour out his deepest intimacies in my office. If he were having an affair with somebody, I surely would've known about.

ARTEMESIA

Are you positive?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

ARTEMESIA

Thank you, Dr. Fieldstone.

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

GINA

What were you treating Mr. O'Dell for?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Originally it was for mild manic depression. He was pretty well heeled from that and since it's been ongoing maintenance therapy.

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

Do you remember who?

MAN

His fiancée, Yara Lynx.

Angle on Yara.

RESUME SCENE

GINA

And how did she know of you?

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Yes.

GINA

In fact, three years... I'd imagine you two have built up quite a trust?

DR. FIELDSTONE

We have.

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

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

I didn't know of --

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

GINA

Please listen to my question. If you knew Mr. O'Dell to be cheating on your client, a client you'd established a three year trust with, would you tell her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. FIELDSTONE

It's not so easy. If I learned of it from another client ... there would be tremendous conflicts of interest, Counsel.

GINA

You're a very good witness.

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained. Strike that.

GINA

It's not so easy, you say. So ... there would be some pull on you to tell, wouldn't there? I mean, Yara Lynx trusts you, if you were to find out she were being betrayed, there would be some pull on you to tell, whether you end up doing it or not. Right?

DR. FIELDSTONE

Of course.

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

Perhaps.

GINA

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

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

GINA

Isn't it at least possible, given your conflicts of interests, your fiduciary relationship with his fiance, Arty O'Dell chose not to tell you he was committing adultery with that woman?

DR. FIELDSTONE

I don't think that was the case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GINA

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

DR. FIELDSTONE

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

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Marnie leans down over the sink, as she rinses her face with her hands. When she leans up, Artemesia is standing next to her, holding out a paper towel.

ARTEMESIA

You ok?

MARNIE

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

Artemesia digs in her briefcase, pulls out a vial.

ARTEMESIA

Xanax?

MARNIE

Thanks, no, I'm good.

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

MARNIE

How long?

ARTEMESIA

It could be a long day.

Marnie nods.

ARTEMESIA

Just remember what I told you. You'll be fine.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is jammed. Front and center - exhibit B, the nude painting of Marnie.

In the BOX, Marnie, her nerves shaking through her husky voice... throughout.

MARNIE

I set for him while he painted.

ARTEMESIA

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

MARNIE

Yes.

ARTEMESIA

And what happened?

MARNIE

I went to open the door and that's when it happened. It caught me by surprise, once I got my bearing I tried to stop... I said no. It was like he couldn't hear me. I tried to shove him away, but he was too strong and just got angry. We argued. And I could feel his hands pulling at my robe...I wanted to shout but I couldn't move...I thought..he's actually going to do this to me.

The audience is rapt.

ARTEMESIA

And what did you do?

MARNIE

He kept saying he was in love with me. At first I laughed it off, I thought he was joking. But then it became clear he wasn't. I...I was thinking to myself do I negotiate out of this with the least amount of embarrassment. I figured maybe he'd been drinking before he came over and that tomorrow he'd be mortified. So I...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I don't know, I think I tried to save him from himself a little...

ARTEMESIA

Ok, go on.

MARNIE

By laughing it off, pretending not to be as uncomfortable as I was. He then uh ... he told me uh ... that when he was with Yara ... he would often think of me.

With an upset yara

ARTEMESIA

What did you say to that?

Marnie steels herself for the horrible memory she is about to relive --

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

Arty and Marnie are in a heated argument. She tries to extricate herself, Arty pushes in, tearing open her robe, the swell of her breasts, nipples erect, grabs them--
HARD.

She tries to moves his hand away--he won't move. She tries to push him back, he gets rougher, grabs her ass, pulls her into him, grinding.

Marnie wrestles free. He forces her **HARD** into a counter. She's trapped for a moment, but she manages to escape--

MARNIE

You're crazy. Have you been drinking?

ARTY

Is that why you think I'm saying this? Because of alcohol?

MARNIE

I don't know why you're saying it, but...

ARTY

I'm saying these things because I'm in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Arty. We're friends. I'm your art teacher. And I'm also married. And this is making me really uncomfortable and I think you should leave.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Artemesia steals a glance at the jurors, then:

ARTEMESIA

And did he go?

MARNIE

No.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOME - NIGHT

Arty's hand grabs her ankle. Marnie kicks, crawling backward up the stairs, before throwing a high heels, catching him in the face...

MARNIE (V.O.)

Somehow I manage to get free.

A second is bought and Marnie spends it separating herself -- two feet, three, four -- from Arty before spinning to run.

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

MARNIE (V.O.)

But he caught me as I got to the bedroom.

And then, suddenly -- Arty plummets into her like a train, tackles her!

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

And suddenly he pulls her toward him, She tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress. She is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful. He moves her to the bed, her robe flies open, the swell of her breasts, ERECT NIPPLES, starts to rip off his pants. She goes to scream, but his hand finds her mouth, muting her.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Everyone is frozen, rivited.

ARTEMESIA

And then it happened.

FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's on top, FUCKING Marnie, looks more like a rape in progress. Tears cover Marnie's face. RUMBLE. The rain is a genuine deluge. The crashing sounds of water and thunder drown out all other noise.

She seems to nearly convulse with the ice-pick, repeatedly stabbing Arty...

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

MARNIE

I don't really even remember the other wounds. I remember the first one in the back. But not how many times.

LATER... The jury listens to Gina cross, rapt -reacting in all the right places, in her palm. Shit.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained. Hop to it, Ms. Mendoza.

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

Overruled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

GINA

It goes to demeanor.

JUDGE

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

GINA

Would it be fair to characterize your personality as icy?

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

JUDGE

That one is sustained.

GINA

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

MARNIE

Yes.

GINA

Sometimes late at night?

MARNIE

Yes.

GINA

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

MARNIE

That's correct.

GINA

In the last, say two years, have you had a romantic relationship with anybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

As a matter of fact, no, I haven't.

Marnie smiles: so charming. Gina smiles back: *a bit fuck you.*

GINA

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

ARTEMESIA

Objection!

Artemesia stares at Gina, if looks could kill.

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained.

GINA

You testified that you screamed that night. Anybody hear those screams to your knowledge?

MARNIE

The neighbors.

GINA

You were heard arguing with Mr. O'Dell that night leading up to the murder.

MARNIE

It was late, and no one was nearby.

GINA

You would know this?

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE BAXTER

Overruled.

GINA

Had you ever screamed in the company of the victim before and not been detected, excuse me, heard?

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE BAXTER

Sustained.

(to Gina)

Stop it.

GINA

Did Mr. O'dell keep pursuing you
after you stabbed him the first
time?

Marnie's face hardens, resisting the urge to say any more
than:

MARNIE

I don't really remember. I just
recall removing the ice-pick...
and then seeing him lying there.

GINA

You don't remember rolling him
over?

MARNIE

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

GINA

But you do remember dialing nine-
one-one?

MARNIE

Correct.

GINA

When?

MARNIE

Right after I called my husband's
layer.

GINA

Right after? Seconds after?
Minutes?

MARNIE

Minutes after.

GINA

Why his lawyer first?

MARNIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GINA

All while you were still in shock?

MARNIE

Yes.

GINA

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

Judge Baxter nods. Gina plays the recording.

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)

Slow down. Say that again.

MARNIE'S VOICE

(even, not
hysterical)

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

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)

Where are you calling from, Ma'am?

MARNIE'S VOICE

I'm at the my residence --

Gina turns it off.

GINA

That's the sound of your voice in shock?

MARNIE

I don't know what I sound like. I do know I was in shock at that time, yes.

GINA

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

As shock jolts the courtroom -

ARTEMESIA

Objection.

JUDGE BAXTER

Overruled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GINA

Shall I play it again, Mrs.
Dankworth?

MARNIE

I said self-defense as a
descriptive way of what happened.
I wasn't asserting any legal
claim, Ms. Mendoza. It just came
out that way.

GINA

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

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A,

ARTEMESIA

I must say you did better than
expected. Really.

MARNIE

I did sound calm, Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

You sounded shut down, That's
normal under the circumstances.

MARNIE

I remember stabbing him the first
time but not...maybe the reason I
don't remember the other ones is
'cause I blocked them out. Maybe
those others'... maybe they were
deliberate. And that's why I
blocked them out.

ARTEMESIA

Don't start going down that path.

MARNIE

I don't know anymore, when I was
testifying... I could start to see
the image of it in...maybe those
last few stabs... maybe it was
vengeance.

ARTEMESIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she nods slightly agreeing with him.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

At the bar, Artemesia dinks alone. Gina breezes in, takes up an adjoining stool.

GINA

Has your client stabbed you in the back yet?

Artemesia reacts, thrown-- recovers quickly:

GINA

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, fuck him, then stab him, and claim self defense. No witnesses. Perfect. A few artificial bruises on her body.

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. PARKING GARAGE/LAW OFFICES - DAY

Dark, not well-lit. As Artemesia and Miss Harlow leave her office and walk towards to her Stingray, she mulls over something, totally lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly - a muffled CLANGING NOISE.

Both looks up. They don't see anything, but it hits them - the poorly lit garage, they're very much alone until --

Sinclair steps out of the shadows. He looks ragged, his eyes bloodshot (drugs?)

BAD MAN

Excuse me, Ms. Scherzinger. Eddie Watts.

ARTEMESIA

What can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAD MAN

Actually I'm here to help you. I live across the street from your client. I got some information.

Artemesia and Miss Harlow exchange looks.

BAD MAN

I want waste your time 'cause I know it's gotta be runnin' at a premium.

(laughs)

Here's the thing. I'm sort of a security nut, I live by myself, got this recurring nightmare of someone breaking in late to give me a lobotomy. Anyway, I got this neat surveillance system, and..I got to thinking maybe my mini cameras picked something up that night. Sure enough...

Artemesia rolls her eyes, not again. Eddie pulls out a UB DRIVE.

BAD MAN

Wanna look?

ARTEMESIA

You got a video of the night's murder?

BAD MAN

Just the beginning.

Miss Harlow pops open a laptop, plugs it in...ON SCREEN; Outside Dankworth's home; Arty has just emerged with Marnie half-wrapped in a goodbye-kiss kimono...

BAD MAN

That would be your deceased, Arty O'Dell.

Artemesia stares. Not stunned, but the extortion, at how blatant the guy is. A beat. The screen goes dark.

BAD MAN

Goes by real fast. We can play it again.

She stares at him, Who is this guy? She should probably tell him to fuck off -- and the longer she looks at him, the more David thinks she's about to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

How long have you had this?

BAD MAN

Long enough. It's getting too hot.

ARTEMESIA

Why don't you go to police?

BAD MAN

It had crossed my mind, once or twice. Then last night, ding dong. Timing is everything I hear. I'm willing to sell it to your client, hundred thousand, nice round number. I bring the offer to you since I'm not sure she can be trusted. Besides there's the chance she could stab me in the back.

He chuckles, but Artemesia's not amused, not one bit.

BAD MAN

You keep that, It's a bootleg.

(goes to leave)

Oh, since you say it's illegal...maybe I should go to the D.A. But you should probably keep in mind if that lead prosecutor springs this in court, you'll be hard pressed to claim unfair surprise. Since I came to you first. I've probably complicated things, I'm sorry for that. It's the street lawyer in me.

ARTEMESIA

Mr. Watt... You had to know about this video the night of the killing, otherwise you wouldn't have known to save it.

BAD MAN

So.

MISS HARLOW

So the police questioned you, I got the reports. You withheld evidence, that's obstruction of justice, Mr. Watts. You could go to jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BAD MAN

Gee. Maybe I should turn myself in now. We all got cards to play, don't we?

He goes.

ARTEMESIA

Find out everything you can on him.

MISS HARLOW

Does that mean you're not taking me to lunch now?

ARTEMESIA

After lunch.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Artemesia breezes in, trailed by Marnie and Shermichael, who lifts a thick file on the coffee table.

MAN

What now?

ARTEMESIA

It all depends on this Watts character and that video.

SHERMICHAEAL

Hot off the press. His rap sheet. Mr. Watts got a prior for financial crimes. He was also indicted in some ponzi scheme, that one hasn't gone anywhere yet.

ARTEMESIA

Ooooh, not good.

MARNIE

Why is that bad...

ARTEMESIA

Because it gives him a reason to come forward. He can use the surveillance video as currency, horsetrade, for a deal on his other charges.

MARNIE

Oh great. Just great. Let's just buy it from him like he wants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERMICHAEL

Thanks. But I can't afford to get
disbarred for sometime.

MARNIE

So what happens now? You're
starting to scare me.

ARTEMESIA

Nothing. Tomorrow, I'm going to
put the doctor on the stand. He'll
testify to your shock. Then we
rest. Ms. Mendoza can put on
rebuttal witnesses if they have
any. And pray like hell she
doesn't call Mr. Watts to the
stand.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

All parties are present, including Watt sitting in the
back row. Artemesia's finishing up with DR. EVAN, 40s,
who's on the witness stand

DR. EVANS

And from her symptoms I concluded
that she was in a mild state of
shock, yes.

ARTEMESIA

Thank you, doctor.

Artemesia sits as Gina rises.

GINA

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

DR. EVANS

Um, a couple hours.

GINA

Can you really diagnose shock to a
medical certainty?

DR. EVANS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

I see and would it be possible for someone to go into shock by committing a heinous crime as well as being the victim of one?

DR. EVANS

(hesitating...)

Of course.

GINA

So it's possible Doctor, the symptoms you saw in Marnie Dankworth, they could have been triggered by her committing murder, right?

He swallows hard.

DR. EVANS

It's conceivable.

GINA

I see. So at the end of the day, Doctor Evans you don't really stand behind your prior testimony, do you?

DR. EVANS

I don't know what you mean.

GINA

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

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

JUDGE BAXTER

The witness may step down
(to defense)
Counsel?

ARTEMESIA

The defense rests, your honor.

JUDGE BAXTER

Ms. Mendoza?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

The prosecution rests, your honor.

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

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

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

GINA

You heard the Medical Examiner's
testimony, count them --43 post-
mortem stab wounds, consistent
with this ice-pick found at the
scene. The wounds are concentrated
in the face, neck, chest, but
there were a handful to the
abdomen, legs, and crotch.
Haith have no fury like a woman
scorned. This was rage. It was up
close and personal. What Kind of
monster does this.

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

GINA

That... that woman says she "only
remembers stabbing him once in the
back yet had the gall to rollover
on top and continue her butchery.
It's overkill. And she's asking
you to swallow her self-defense.

Gina holds eyes on the jury... nods... drops the ice-pick
on Artemesia's table, then returns to her seat.

JUDGE BAXTER

We'll now hear from the defense.

ARTEMESIA

There's no evidence of a motive
whatsoever. Oh, they suggest there
must have been some affair. They
have to suggest that, otherwise
they're licked. But where's the
proof? You hear any proof, did I
miss something? You hear any
testimony establishing an affair?
Even Arty O'dells own
psychiatrist...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)
 she got up here and she told you,
 there was no such affair.

Artemesia meets the jury's eyes --

ARTEMESIA
 And the lady over here? I suspect
 she knows it's ridiculous. But she
 has to suggest it anyway, 'cause
 she's stuck. Stuck for a motive.
 Did the prosecution put on a
 single witness to contradict what
 Marnie Dankworth told you?
 Anybody? There was no such affair,
 of course not. You have testimony
 before you that Arty O'Dell raped
 her. Evidence that she defended
 herself. No evidence, none to the
 contrary, other than the multiple
 stab wounds and an ice-pick.
 Reasonable doubt.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is pin drop quiet. Gina looks on, anxious,
 nervous. Marnie and her defense team stand as the MALE
 COURT CLERK reads:

CLERK
 ...on the charge of murder in the
 first degree, we find the
 defendant ... not guilty.

The gallery erupts in mostly shock and awe, a few subdued
 cheers. Marnie remains stoic, almost expressionless.

JUDGE BAXTER
 Members of the jury, the court
 thanks you for your service, which
 is now concluded. This matter is
 adjourned, the defendant is free
 to go.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

A car is parked in the darkness across the street,
 obscured by trees and away from the streetlight's
 illumination.

From the drivers seat, Yara, in black, watches as the
 last light in the house goes out.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Max, drink in hand, peers through the glass, surprised to see Yara standing there. A long beat, he opens up.

MAX

What do you want?

YARA

To talk.

Max turns away from Yara, who reaches inside her jacket cracks his skull with the butt of a gun.

Max hits the ground, bludgeoned. His drink SPLASHES across the floor.

A beat, Yara grabs him by his shirt collar and drags him towards the stairs, leaving a trail of blood.

She strong for her size...

EXT. DANKFORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Headlights sweep the house as Artemesia corvette stingray races up the driveway. Marnie stumbles out, giggles. Moves to the drivers side.

They kiss. Too passionate for a public, but they're rather tipsy.

ARTEMESIA

'K bye.'

Artemesia peels off, burning rubber. Marnie fumbles through her clutch for keys.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Marnie lets herself in. The place feels and sounds empty. Or at least empty of anyone living. Instinctively, she moves toward the back of the house..

MARNIE

Max?

Then she freezes, eyes the blood on the stairs. She rushes up the steps...

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marnie comes in. Max. Eyes open. In a tub full of bloody water, skin as white as whalebone, wrists open to the world. She hurries to him.

She grabs towels from the rack and starts bandaging his arms.

MARNIE

Max? Max?

Is he dead? His eyes seem to be focused on something over her shoulder. She knows it's meaningless, but she can't fight the instinct to turn and look...

Yara JABS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE INTO REBECCA'S NECK. On Marnie's wide and frightened eyes.

Yara drags Marnie's limp body next to Max, drops Marnie to the floor.

As she begins to remove Marnie's clothing...

INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - NIGHT

Artemesia drives, as she fishes for her ringing cell. She answers..

ARTEMESIA

Yea, Miss Harlow.

MISS HARLOW (V.O.)

Ms. Lynx. She was released this afternoon.

ARTEMESIA

What?

MISS HARLOW (V.O.)

Her lawyer, Willard Prescott got her off on a technicality.

Off Artemesia who does a u-turn, and races back towards the Dankworth's home.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Manie's CELL PHONE RINGS. It's on the floor where it fell -- next to Max paralyzed body. It RINGS and RINGS as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yara wrestles Marnie's body over the edge and carelessly drops her into the tub.

Marnie slides under the water. Stays there. Yara takes a moment to wipe the splashed water from her face and catch her breath.

She glances over at the ringing cell phone. Annoyed.

She picks up the phone and looks at the display screen:

YARA

Hey -- it's your lawyer.

Marnie doesn't answer because she's under water and paralyzed and stuff.

Yara turns off the phone. Then returns her attention to--

Marnie, still laying below the surface of the water. Yara stares at her; considers leaving her there. Then--

YARA

Nope. Gotta do it right.

Yara rolls up her sleeves, reaches into the water and pulls Marnie back above the surface by her hair.

Marnie's face is as still as death; but we know she is listening to Yara's words.

YARA

You only have yourself to blame for this.

Yara opens a fresh pack of razor blades.

Marnie's wrist stretched out against the edge of the porcelain bath tub...

Yara holds Marnie's hand in an almost sisterly fashion. In her other hand she holds a razor blade

YARA

Now, the cuts in the first arm have to be very deep, so it's gonna hurt like hell..

Marnie stares up at Yara in wordless, helpless terror.

YARA

But hey, no one ever said suicide was painless. Except for that guy who wrote the MASH theme.

EXT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - NIGHT

Artemesia races in. Jumps out. Bee-lines for the front door. Immediately followed by an unmarked police cruiser, lights flashing, screeches to a halt.

Detectives Ruby and Dwyer jump out, guns drawn.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The razor blade. Light glints off it as...

Yara brings the blade down against the tender skin of Marnie's wrist. Then, with strong and steady force--

Yara bears down on the razor blade, carving into Marnie's flesh. She draws the blade down along her arm, opening the wound more and more. It's excruciating to watch.

Blood flows out of Marnie's arm; onto the tub, into the water...And Marnie doesn't move a muscle.

Marnie's face. Still. Composed. A single tear rolls from the corner of her eye..

YARA

Good. One more cut and then we can start on the other arm.

The blade comes down again. It touches Rebecca's skin as...

THE BATHROOM DOOR BURSTS OPEN!

Dwyer is in first. Her body slams Yara, smashing her down onto the cold tile floor as--

Artemesia slips in, goes straight to marnie, wraps her bleeding arm in a towel, applies pressure as--

Ruby, gun out, moves into the doorway. He tries to cover Yara with his gun but--

Dwyer and Yara wrestle on the floor. It's awkward; Dwyer tries to pin Yara, but he's still holding his gun.

Yara thrashes and howls like a wild animal denied her kill. She's a lot stronger than she looks and she slashes at Dwyer.

Dwyer momentarily manages to pin her arm down, but Yara pulls loose and slashes him across the knuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dwyer instinctively jumps back.

Yara swipes the blade at Dwyer's face; Dwyer brings his gun up and empties it into her torso, knocking her back like a rag doll.

Her arm is bandaged and she clearly only has partial use back.

Max reopens her diary 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.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The gate is open. Artemesia drives through. It closes after her, LOCKS with an audible sound

She drives up to a large, beautiful, house from the 1900s: two full stories, plus three large wings and a number of additional rooms, clearly added later.

Expensive cars, limosines. Artemesia, parks the car, makes her way to the house.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

An elegant space, marble floors and high ceilings. Passed hors d'oeuvre, string quartet. A party straight out of EYES WIDE SHUT. WELL-TO-DO guests are expensively dressed - most not at all - Some chat over cocktails while others have sex in couples, threesomes, but they all wear masks.

Artemesia and Marnie walk through, sipping champagne. She watches Marnie look around, taking it all in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

This is fabulous. I should get out more.

Artemesia and Marnie steps in and walk around the edges of the room to a luxe refreshment table against the far wall -- glasses of champagne, fruit, oysters.

They help themselves.

ARTEMESIA

Judges, doctors, lawyers,
politicians, you name it,

Across the room an attractive woman wearing a masgurade mask is engaged in her own sexual scenario with a beautiful young naked woman.

INT. MEXICAN RESTUARANT - NIGHT

It's an upscale, romantic spot. Small tables full of couples, candlelight etc. Artemesia and Gina in sexy small dresses and fuck-me-heels are seated.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

It's the perfect time of day here -- almost dusk.

...landing on a blanket on the beach, our amorous couple in their sexy bikinis. They roll around, kissing passionately, their own little *From Here to Eternity* scene.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Dawn just breaking over the bay. Ellen walks along the shoreline, her pant legs rolled up. She skips a few stones.

Marnie turns to see Artemesia walking toward her, carrying two coffee mugs. She wraps her arms around Artemesia.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Dark, except for the twinkling skyline.

She pulls Marnie into a kiss - a long kiss, that grows increasingly passionate, their clothes drop hastily on the floor as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They make their way toward the bedroom, naked, still wearing sexy heels. Suddenly, Marnie stops, her attention drawn over Artemesia's shoulder.

Artemesia notices Marnie, rubbing her bare arms

ARTEMESIA

You okay?

We see where her attention went - through the floor-to-ceiling glass wall, a PARTY taking place in another condominium.

MARNIE

Yes.

Marnie kisses Artemesia with lust, pulls her toward the wall of glass.

She spins Marnie around, Marnie's tits pressed up against the glass. Artemesia presses her tits on Marnie's back, conducts her own kinky frisk, hands caressing up and down Marnie's body, between her thighs...

Marnie moans passionately - glances out the glass, aroused by the possibility that they're being watched.

INT. GINA'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Artemesia and Marnie FUCK. Artemesia is on top. The silky sheets, hot and sticky with sweat, barely covering them.

But it's more than sex, it's easy to tell they're very much in love.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

There's no one around. Marnie unclasps her bikini top and tosses it at Artemesia. She then unties her bikini bottoms and runs into the ocean.

Artemesia loves it, loves her spirit. She follows suit, removes her bikini top, then drops her sarong and runs into the water.

Artemesia catches up to marnie, grabs her, pulls Marnie towards her. They kiss passionately.

WOMAN

Are you out of your damned mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERMICHAEL

Am I?

MISS HARLOW

If I were you, I'd be thinkin'
'bout what I'm gonna tell the
Princess of Darkness...

An associate, SHERMICHAEL JOHANSEN, 30s, African-American, sharp suit, mouthwatering handsome, joins her.

SHERMICHAEL

You wanted to see me, Artemesia?

ARTEMESIA

Yeah. You're second chairing the
Winslow case. As of now.

SHERMICHAEL

Why?

ARTEMESIA

Because you're black. The media
and everyone else is turning this
into a race thing, and we need
some window dressing.

SHERMICHAEL

I'm not comfortable with that.

ARTEMESIA

It's not a request. Wolf and
yourself got a motion for a
continuance this afternoon. 1 PM
sharp.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

The place is close, but Marnie's going over some work at the front desk. She's lit by light from the street, then a shadow crosses over her.

There's a knock at the front glass window. It's Max.

Marnie futzes with the locks and lets him in.

=====

MARNIE

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

No, I'm just, well... a little bird told me you might'a had a date last week is all and --

MARNIE

Excuse me?

MAX

Artemesia.

MARNIE

A little birdie? What the hell does that mean?

Then it dawns on her --

MARNIE

-- did you have me followed?

MAX

What?

MARNIE

Did you have someone follow me?

MAX

I didn't say that.

MARNIE

You did. You son of a --

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Marnie in a sexy bikini, runs from the ocean.

Retrieving her towel from the sand, makes for a million dollar beach home. A huge two-story window fronts the sea, below, a deck and exterior staircase.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Unfinished dinner plates on a table:

Marnie doesn't notice Max standing on the deck taking in the setting sun until she is halfway up the steps. He's taking in every inch of her.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

After work crowd. Nice, expensive. Artemesia nurses a drink at the bar.

ALICIA, 20s, pretty and down to earth, approaches; could be the lesbian lovechild of Salma Hayek and Jennifer Lopez.

ARTEMESIA

So what can I do for you?

ALICIA

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

ARTEMESIA

And?

ALICIA

If I remain silent, I stand to gain personally. But the clients company may suffer. If I speak up, I'll be fulfilling my duties of care, but the CFO will take his revenge.

ARTEMESIA

You want to bottom line this for me?

ALICIA

I'm having a crises of conscience.

ARTEMESIA

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

ALICIA

Yes, but on the other hand --

ARTEMESIA

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

ALICIA

That's not fair --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Is it? I'll let you own a little secret. When you chose Sterling over my firm I was hurt - initially.

ALICIA

You were hurt when I chose dad too.

ARTEMESIA

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

ALICIA

Mom. You don't mean that?

ARTEMESIA

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

She drains her martini and grabs her briefcase...

ARTEMESIA

Weak. Unreliable. Just like your dad!

INT. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER&MENOUNOS - NIGHT

The office is dark. Just sparkling skyscraper lights outside. Artemesia toward her office, high heels off, talking on her cell:

Artemesia bypasses her office, pushes open the door to a large corner office. It's vacant, no filing cabinets.

ARTEMESIA

You're out of your mind.

MAX

Am I?

ARTEMESIA

You had your wife followed? Are you nuts?

MAX

She's cheating on me.

ARTEMESIA

Cheating? You got proof?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You're separated; she can do what she wants.

MAX

She can *cheat*? She can't cheat!

SUSAN OPPENHEIM, steely, stunning, and very angry...Dudley-Do-Right upstanding.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A few palms sway in the breeze. Marnie in a sexy nightgown that makes you look twice, looks out, deep in thought. She nurses a drink.

She turns, looks through the sliding glass doors into their bedroom where Max walks towards her.

Marnie is cumming hard. She gasps and screams and grabs at things, her knuckles white, finally settles.

She grabs Artemesia, her legs wrapping around Artemesia as she lifts Marnie up and carries her towards a bedroom..

Marty fails. The Man jerks Strawberry to her feet, pushes her on the bed, mounts her from behind. SLAPS her ass

EXT. BEACH HOME - NIGHT

Marnie's back to the camera. Artemesia's kneels, hands groping her ass, performing cunnilingus. Marnie's a SCREAMER.

In wrecked silk sheets, they're having slippery, sweaty, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex. Great sex too, from the looks and sounds of it.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes litter the floor; there's an empty champagne bottle on the night stand. Artemesia pops from under the satin sheets when her CELL PHONE RINGS.

She grabs it quickly, moves into:

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Artemesia looks in the bedroom, sees Gina roll out of bed, naked, start to get dressed.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - DAY

Surprisingly, Marnie behind the wheel. Rachel riding shotgun, case file in her lap, but that's not what's on her mind. They find themselves looking at each other. Deeply.

-----A post-gym Artemesia, looking particularly hot, sweaty in skimpy Calvin Klein bra and panties... doing pilates.

If we're paying attention, we'll also remember seeing her in the courtroom.

s*xy physique

JUDITH BENNER (50s) approaches. Firm handshake as -

Detective JACKIE LEYLAND (37) has a Hilary Swank vibe about her. She likes the question -

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Artemesia's luxury sailing yacht, a speedboat on the water, bobs gently on the waves as it glides toward a gorgeous sunset.

Artemesia lies stretched out in a lounge chair, steering her craft. Gina in a bikini and sarong, emerges from the cabin holding a tropical drink in each hand.

The drinks are topped with lime slices and paper umbrellas. She hands one to Artemesia and lies with her on the lounge chair, snuggling close.

Marnie takes in her fury. But if she's scared, she isn't showing it. Instead she speaks calmly, coolly...

a classic beauty, but with a hint of steel underneath

BRUNO, 30s, a cocky detective, who not only enjoys conflict, he revels in it

She downs half of one of the drinks as she skirts around the crowd toward the main house. There she finds --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia in an equally stunning dress, eating wedding cake. Gina hands Artemesia a drink.

They share a kiss too steamy for public, but no one's watching. Artemesia finishes her drink.

We spy glimpses of sex. Hot. Rough. Kinky. It's hard to see exactly who - or how many people - are involved. But suddenly, flashes of steel as our images become bloody. Violent. We can't quite make it out, but something awful is happening...

REVERSE POV to see BLOOD. Everywhere. And drenched init... Molly's naked, lifeless, butchered body

Max pulls out a photo of Marnie and him, from about ten years ago. Artemesia examines it. clit on clit rubbing sex

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

MAX

(glum)

Wonderful, isn't it?

Artemesia winces at the sweet taste.

ARTEMESIA

I'm more of a scotch girl myself.

MISS HARLOW, an icily beautiful RECEPTIONISH in a sexy work outfit, appropriate for the club or office appears at her side; She's in her 30's, very good-looking, and would take a bullet for Artemesia.

INT. FANCY RESTUARANT - NIGHT

It's an upscale, romantic spot. Small tables full of couples, candlelight etc. Max in a tux, and Marnie shines like a dream girl in backless mini dress.