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FADE IN:

EXT. BEEHCRAFT KING AIR - DAY

The ROAR of an AIRPLANE ENGINE! A high performance BEEHCRAFT SUPER KING AIR BLASTS into view, 2000 feet above the lush curves of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

INT. BEEHCRAFT KING AIR - COCKPIT - DAY

MARNIE, 30s, a flawless Hitchcock blonde, refined, elegant, sexy in black mourning, sunglasses, sits next to her PILOT, a few years older.

JENNA MOREAU, a statuesque BRUNETTE, looks inscrutable behind terminator shades, all legs this girl, way hot, cold as steel.

We can't make out their conversation but it's animated.

In Marnie's lap a small, polished URN.

Marnie taps Jenna on her thigh, points below.

MARNIE

There.

Jenna nods. The PLANE circles. Marnie raises the urn to her lips and KISSES it: eyes closed, with a look not of grief, but the tender intimacy of a loving goodbye.

Then...Marnie pulls open the cabin window as Jenna cuts the engine. For a moment, there's no sound but the wind.

Marnie SPILLS THE ASHES into the slipstream and blows a final KISS.

MARNIE

Goodbye, my darling.

Then, the ENGINES ROAR to life. Jenna banks away.

EXT. VACATION MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

A secluded, romantic getaway, just big enough for a couple, The lake nearby, moonlight rippling over the water.

INT. VACATION MOUNTAIN CABIN - LANDING - NIGHT

A *charming* vacation getaway, with spectacular mountain views, Its rustic decoration make it feel as if you were in a romantic film.

*CLARK, pushing 40, affable but unscrupulous, dials his phone.*

INT. MARNIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

The walls are littered with MODERN ART, PICASSO'S, DALI'S, CHAGALL. Each piece of furniture is unique in design and has NO correlation to the next piece.

Intercut as necessary

INT. MARNIE'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie in a sexy chemise that barely covers her ass. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

She answers the phone. Marnie sprawls out on the bed, a little tipsy, a little sexy.

MARNIE

Rocky. Where are you? Why aren't you here? I want you right here and right now.

CLARK

Marnie why do you have to make things so difficult?

MARNIE

Rocky, baby, I'm not difficult. I'm easy, always have been. And I made it easy for you so easy. And I'm gonna make it easy for you now.

CLARK

Easy. What do you mean easy?

MARNIE

A way out baby. I'm giving you that.

CLARK

You're not going to do something crazy, are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

No, something smart. Something logical. Simple arithmetic. Three minus one leaves two.

CLARK

Alright now listen to me, Marnie. I'll get there as soon as I can but I'm in the mountains and it'll take me two hours to get there.

MARNIE

Two hours? That'll be nearly midnight. Why not forget it. Stay up there on your mountain top. Chances are you'll never make it any way.

A beat.

MARNIE

Listen to this.

She grabs a prescription meds. Starts shaking the bottle.

MARNIE

You know what this is? It's pills.

CLARK

Marnie stop it.

MARNIE

So if you're not here by twelve o'clock darling.

INT. VACATION MOUNTAIN CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rimmed with candles.

Thru the misty glass doors we can catch a glimpse of his wife's soapy, sensual figure which still inspired all the boys fantasies.

Clark enters, praying that he's doing the right thing. He stands there awkwardly for a moment, watching her.

She senses his presence, as he opens the door, and looks out at him. It's Jenna.

JENNA

In or out, but close the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

I got to run out.

Jenna raises an eyebrow.

JENNA

At this hour?

He smiles, begrudgingly, then addresses her suspicion.

CLARK

It's work. Sorry, can't be helped.

A long beat, Jenna slams the door in his face.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST - DAY

Moonlight creeps onto a beautiful landscape. Pine trees and mountains travel into the distance. Fog hovers over us.

The light slides onto a single road that splits the forest. Soon, a SPEEDING CAR flies along the road.

INT. MARNIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Marnie, a little tipsy, a little sexy, pours herself another drink. She's in a heated argument with Clark.

CLARK

I should have known better than to feel sorry for you.

MARNIE

You are so right. You're the one to feel sorry for. You're the one with everything to lose not me.

CLARK

That's right. For three years I've been willing to risk it for what? Nothing.

MARNIE

You're about to find out how expensive nothing can be.

CLARK

Just send me the bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

I'll make you wish you've never  
been born.

CLARK

I could kill you, you know that.

MARNIE

Go ahead.

Clark can't help it -- he has to kiss Marnie.

And so he does. It's soft, sweet. The kissing gets  
primal, and gone is the moment of logic and reasoning.  
We're in animalistic desire mode.

She grabs at his pants, he helps her- she goes to take  
off the slip. She pulls him onto the bed.

They start to fuck. Her lips are by his ear--

They can't get close enough. And as fast as it started,  
it ends as they ORGASM together.

EXT. MARINA - SAUSALITO - DAY

Small boats, yachts, sailboats, fishing charters, tied up  
at their moorings. Dry storage facilities, fuel dock.

A couple of teenagers are working aboard a yacht,  
cleaning decks, all wear white shorts, deck shoes and t-  
shirts

Marnie comes through the owners gate, her *footsteps on  
the wooden dock as she saunters* towards them. Tight  
shorts, halter top -- heads turn as she passes..

They react at her smiling sexily down at them.

She moves away from the boys, moves to a neighboring  
YACHT, a sporty 40-foot luxury YACHT that's berthed a few  
slips down, a speedboat on the water.

*Clark* extends a hand as she climbs aboard.

MARNIE

I think the boat needs some  
attention.

CLARK

I gotta finish up here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

All work and no play.

She comes aboard and comes into his arms for a hot kiss

MARNIE

Make love to me.

He scoops her in his arms, carries off shot, their mouths fused.

INT. YACHT - MASTER CABIN - DAY

A mid-sized stateroom, cozy, stunning, wall-mounted TV, seating area...portholes.... full mirror behind the bed, where Clark and Marnie is HAVING SEX.

MARNIE

Tell me I'm the only one, xxx.  
Tell me you love me...I'm the only one.

CLARK

You're the only one...

MARNIE

I miss you --

He takes her face in his hands, looks in her eyes--

CLARK

I love you.

Marnie smiles, and they dissolve into each other's arms.

EXT. SPORTY YACHT - DAY

Our sporty YACHT gently bobs in the waves, anchored in the open sea. It's eerily quiet, save for a SEAGULL overhead.

Marnie lies face down on a chaise, sunbathing in the nude. Her face inscrutable behind sunglasses.

A mouthwatering handsome Jamaican JEAN BAPTISTE (30s), a boat hand, salivating as he watches from the cockpit.

She seems unfazed by his voyeuristic interests in her, but clearly she's no unaware of it.

Clark joins her topside, sits on a sofa.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

BUBBLES rise all around. Labored scuba BREATHING.

Enough sediment in the water to make long solid fingers of sunlight.

A WOMAN SUBA DIVER in a shorty wetsuit, a sailor's knife strapped to her thigh, hugs the underside of the boat.

Skirts the viney undergrowth. Finds the HATCH. PULLS it hard as he can. It won't budge.

She LIGHTS an UNDERWATER BLOWTORCH, as --

Directly below, a YELLOW-SPOTTED AMAZON STINGRAY breaks camouflage. Rising from the swampy bottom...

HEADED RIGHT FOR HER. She sees the cloud of dust -- DUCKS in time -- SWIMMING BACKWARDS and away -- into a TANGLE OF VINES.

She tugs to keep from getting caught up in them -- shaking something loose...

A HUMAN BODY SINKS RIGHT ONTO HER BACK! Mostly bones, limply clinging to her.

OFF LINCOLN'S UNDERWATER SCREAM -- SMASH TO:

EXT. SPORTY YACHT - DAY

The diver, resurfaces, drag herself back into the boat. Yoga-slim, triathlon fit. It's Jenna.

INT. SPORTY YACHT - NIGHT

Below deck. Cozy. Lights on. All the comforts of home. Music playing on the boat's radio.

Marnie lounges on a sofa in a party dress barely covering her tan legs and full breasts.

CLARK

I'm sorry, baby, it's the best I can do.

MARNIE

You can do better.

She kisses his him, he gets frisky.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Careful, you're spilling my drink.

CLARK

It's no good.

MARNIE

Why, hon?

CLARK

You know what I mean. I'm married  
to a wonderful woman --

MARNIE

Only she doesn't understand you.

CLARK

She understands me too well.  
Everything was fine until you came  
along.

MARNIE

Well if you want to get rid of me  
that's easy enough to arrange.

She gets on the phone

CLARK

What are you doing?

MARNIE

Well make up your mind, Clark. I  
thought that's what you wanted.

CLARK

I don't know what I want. All I  
know is that we can't go on like  
this. Whenever I'm near you --

She goes to him, lovey-dovey

MARNIE

You could be near me all the time.

CLARK

What I make as a lawyer, looking  
after my wife's interests.

MARNIE

Suppose something happened to  
Alicia.

CLARK

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

Well, let's face it dear accidents do happen.

CLARK

Stop it. What do you think I am?

MARNIE

Now listen to me, you told me you were the sole beneficiary of her estate. Now if anything happens to her.

CLARK

Nothing's going to happen to her..

MARNIE

You wouldn't have to be involved. I know a man --

CLARK

Now you listen to me --

ANGELA

Forget I mentioned it. Just leave everything to me.

CLARK

I could kill you, you know that.

MARNIE

Go ahead.

Clark drinks in her face. He loves her. She feels it.

He kisses her again. She returns the kiss. He is very passionate. Jenna saunters in, breaks the moment.

JENNA

I new he was cheating. I could feel it, but you. What kind of best friend does that?

Marnie fixes herself another drink.

MARNIE

We were never buddies. Like two sharks out in the ocean. They may hunt together but each could eat the other alive. And we both know it.

JENNA

So how long has it been going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARK

At first, I thought it was just a thing, you know...but it wasn't. I don't know how or why, I can't lie to you any more. I've been lying for a year. I've been going crazy. I love Marnie. I'm Sorry --

JENNA

Sorry for who? Sorry for who?!

CLARK

I didn't want to hurt you.

JENNA

Is she a good lay?

JENNA

When we get back you need to pack your things. I want you out of the house.

EXT. SPORTY YACHT - NIGHT

Marnie comes topside, Jenna and Clark are in a heated argument. Jenna breaks away, storms to the back of the yacht.

Marnie whispers to Clark...

MARLA

Sooner or later you have to decide... or I'll decide for you.

CLARK

It's too dangerous.

MARNIE

It'll work.

MARNIE

It'll look like suicide. If they expect anyone it'll be the boat hand.

CLARK

It's murder, baby.

MARNIE

It's necessary for us.

Marnie runs towards Jenna and shoves her. Jenna slips -- falls overboard --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARK WATER --

Jenna surfacing there, Shouts from the shock of the cold water. She's swimming for the back of the yacht.

Finds a handhold and starts pulling herself up when - slam-- her hand -- it's IMPALED BY HER OWN SAILOR KNIFE -- she screams.

Marnie -- right there -- she's just stabbed Jenna -

Jenna falls back into the water, bleeding, struggling to stay afloat the night.

MARNIE

Jean!

Jean comes running....

MARNIE

Get moving.

A beat, a reluctant Jean climbs into the somewhat enclosed cockpit, throws the throttle forward -- full tilt.

THE ENGINE ROARS -- the boat guns ahead.

MARNIE

We're fifty miles from shore. She can't swim. And she's drunk. There's all those sharks.

MARNIE

She'll be right at home...

A beat, they share a deep, passionate kiss, then -

MARNIE

Go, grab the buoy, we'll use it to throw the authorities off.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The yacht moves further away.

Jenna treads lightly, scans the surface.

She turns her head, only to see movement in the water behind her.

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - NIGHT

The harbor lights illuminate this lovely hamlet - who'd ever want to leave it?

INT. SPORTY YACHT - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Marnie is alone with Jean as he wheels the boat into the harbor.

EXT. VANDERVOORT'S HOME - DAY

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

An UNMARKED POLICE CAR pulls up.

A beautiful woman exits. CHARLY CAINE, 20s. She's tough, no-nonsense, sexy as hell --

And her partner, RAY GENTRY, 40s, a real tough old school bulldog of a cop.

They RING the bell and a HOUSEKEEPER answers the door..

INT. VANDERVOORT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Expensive art, designer furnishings. They live beyond their means, but have great taste.

Clark's in mid-conversation with a distinguished attorney, SYDNEY KNOX, 50s, he's a flasher dresser. Both sip whiskey on the rocks.

CLARK

They have two theories, either she fell off the boat accidentally, or I pushed her off. The second theory was unspoken but it was quite obvious in there minds. It happens apparently.

Suddenly Charly, who's been in the hallway, intensely eyeing framed photos of the family, turns around.

CHARLY

How's Jenna been the last few weeks? Did she seem happy to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone looks at Charly, taken aback. Clark swallows his annoyance.

CLARK

She's been a little stressed about work, nothing out of the ordinary.

CHARLY

She ever had a drug problem?

CLARK

Of course not!

CHARLY

What do you think happened to her?

CLARK

We were off the coast of Sausalito, one minute we were laughing and enjoying ourselves. And the next.

CHARLY

Was the water rough?

CLARK

Smooth as glass.

CHARLY

Any sudden change in course?

CLARK

We were on automatic pilot.

Ray looks up from his notes.

RAY

Yes, Jean Baptiste, your boat hand told us. Is it possible she could have leaned over the rail for some reason and fell overboard?

CLARK

No, she was an expert swimmer. Beside she would have called me.

RAY

Could she have gone into the water deliberately?

CLARK

I guess it's possible, but look.

Shows them a pic of them in happier times...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARK

Do this look like the picture of a woman in a suicidal depression.

CHARLY

Were you two on the verge of divorce?

Sydney puts a calming hand on Clark's shoulder. He looks away, upset. Sydney turns to Charly.

SYDNEY

I can assure you that is absolutely nonsense.

CLARK

It's alright, Syd. We separated briefly last year but this cruise was sort of to be a second honeymoon.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE SEDAN - DAY

Ray drives. Charly shotgun. They've been riding in silence. Then --

RAY

You look terrible, Charly. You been up all night?

CHARLY

Search party's still combing the water. Listen, Ray - the Coast Guard gave up the search. At some point gotta call it off.

RAY

What's going on in the head of yours?

CHARLY

We're missing something.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ESTABLISHING

Time passes, the light changes as the day begins to fade...

INT. VANDERVOORT'S HOME - POOL ARE - DAY

A contemplative Clark drinks a glass of wine by the well-lighted pool.

She pulls herself up and out of the pool, dripping wet, string bikini, more naked than not. Grabs a towel.

MARNIE

Marry me?

Clark hesitates.

MARNIE

I said marry me.

CLARK

How is that going to look.

MARNIE

No guilty person would run off and get married right away. As soon as the death certificate arrives we're home free.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Clark in a tuxedo carries Marnie, in a sexy wedding dress, across the room and deposits her on the bed. He unzips the dress and hastily lowers it off her.

As she's about to remove the veil.

CLARK

No, leave it, it's kind of kinky.

Marnie laughs. They stare into each other's eyes as they make love.

INT. VANDERVOORT'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Marnie and Clark have just made love. He is getting dressed, smoking. Marnie lies in bed.

CLARK

I don't see why we couldn't get another place.

MARNIE

I like this one.



INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

The law practice, ARCHER & CRON, is small but respected - 3 or 4 partners, a few associates. Sydney greets Clark. They walk and talk.

SYDNEY

It's good to have you back.

CLARK

It's good to be back.

A lawyer, KIRSTEN MOREAU, 30's, confident, striking and perfectly put together, approaches.

KIRSTEN

Hey, Clark. Did you get a chance to look over the Jacobsen brief?

CLARK

Not yet. Sorry. I had a family thing.

KIRSTEN

Another one? You must have a big family.

She says it lightly -- but nothing about Kirsten can be taken at face value.

CLARK

I went over it. I have some thoughts.

As Kirsten follows Clark to his office, Clark answers his RINGING cell phone.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An insurance firm. Marnie and Clark sits across from PEGGY ARTHURS, poised and seasoned, a file folder under her arm.

PEGGY

Mr. Vandervoort as an attorney I figured you'd be familiar with this types of policies. Clearly you are unaware of the situation.

CLARK

Situation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEGGY

When your wife purchased insurance she choose a second-to-die policy.

(off their looks)

You see in a standard life insurance contract the beneficiary collects after the death of the insured. But in a second-to-die policy covers the lives of two people instead of one. Which means your wife's policy pays nothing upon her death.

He sits there stunned.

CLARK

I'm gonna be sick.

MARNIE

There must be some mistake.

Peggy hands them a copy of the policy - scrutinizes them as they look it over.

PEGGY

I know it's rather unusually but it's all legal. In most cases they're more concerned about a the heirs than themselves. The second to die activates the payment to the beneficiary.

CLARK

That's me. I'm the second person.

PEGGY

At least her sick brother will be well be taken care of if you should happen to die.

This surprises Clark.

CLARK

Brother?

PEGGY

Yes. If you have any questions don't hesitate to give us a call.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hyperventilating, Clark finds a CORNER. That's when he's ambushed by Marnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Get a grip.

CLARK

Jenna never mentioned she had a brother.

MARNIE

Hmmm. I wonder what else she didn't tell you.

CLARK

Jean makes me nervous. What if he talks?

MARNIE

Trust me. He want.

INT. SFPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small room, designed to make one feel claustrophobic and uneasy. Nothing but a table and two chairs.

Jean sits in a chair across from Det. Ray Gentry, as Det. Charly Cain enters and hands Jean a coffee.

CHARLY

Careful now, that coffee's hot.  
You want anything else?  
Cigarettes?

JEAN

I don't smoke.

CHARLY

Okay, state your name.

JEAN

Jean Baptiste.

CHARLY

You know why we brought you in,  
right?

JEAN

Yes, Mrs. Vandervoort's  
disappearance.

INT. SMALL BAR - DAY

A hole-in-the-wall joint somewhere in Fisherman's Wharf.

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CONTINUED:

Jean is mixing drinks, tending to a GROUP OF FISHERMEN while a barmaid in her 20's, stacks glasses on a shelf. This is TAWNY.

She turns to Jean, as..

MAN

I'm gonna get some more highballs  
from the back.

Jean nods as A WOMAN enters in dark shades and sits. She's carrying a small overnight bag, she's clearly been through the ringer.

Jean sets a napkin down in front of her.

WOMAN

Give me a gin and tonic.

Jean nods, pours the drink, as...

Jean sets the drink down. Blindsided, the woman gulps it, throws a penny on the bar and scurries off.

INT. CLARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Clark is behind his desk, trying to catch up on all his cases. He rubs his eyes and gets up from his desk to stretch.

INT. VANDERVOORT'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bedside table, a WEDDING PHOTO of Clark and Marnie. Marnie and Clark are asleep when the PHONE RINGS. She gets it.

In a moment, she hands him the phone.

MARNIE

Some woman.

She goes right back to sleep. He slips into a robe.

CLARK

Jeez. Jealous much?

INT. VANDERVOORT'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clark, on the phone, talking low.

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CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Did I wake you?

CLARK

Who is this?

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

A wide shot of the cabin cruiser near FISHERMAN'S WHARF, the normally packed tourist trap is deserted. The naval battleships, fishing boats - empty, dark, eerie.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

We're inside a small BOAT CABIN, but it looks more like a dumpy mobile home, packed with a lifetime of belongings -- a pile of hollow-point bullets beside a bottle of Jameson. The place is a mess.

Jean moves to THE SHIP'S WHEEL. It's located in the front of the cabin, near the captain's chair, where he sits.

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MAN

You should consider the very good and tried and true policy of secrets secrets are no fun unless you share with everyone. I think that should be your approach.

INT. CLARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah pushes the cracked door open.

Adam is behind his desk and Kirsten is leaning over his shoulder, going over a document. Sarah watches for a beat, unnoticed. Kirsten is once again a little too close for Sarah's comfort. There's an energy between them, and it's discomfiting.

Tom sits across from KYLE ARCHER, 33, Ted Bundy in a thousand

dollar suit. Damien is behind Kyle

She searches his face-- the boyish good looks, the gentle eyes-- his expression troubles her deeply.

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CONTINUED:

ALICIA VANDERVOORT, a young 40, soaks a candlelit bubble bath. A stunner, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

She tries to relax. It's almost working until Clark barges in. Bye bye calm.

ALI

Can it wait until I'm not naked?

CLARK

I got to run out.

Ali raises an eyebrow.

ALI

At this hour?

He smiles, begrudgingly, then addresses her suspicion.

CLARK

It's work. Sorry, can't be helped.

CLARK

I could divorce her.

MARNIE

We've been over that. She's made a great deal of money... everything you see is hers... she's got a lot go money and I'm a very greedy bitch.

CLARK

Fine. I'll take half the community property.

MARNIE

I don't want half -- I want all. I never pretended with you. I'm not sweet and I'm not innocent... I like to live well. If you wanted the girl next door -- you should have found someone else.

CLAIRE LEVINSON, 27, wrapped in a bathrobe, eyes raccooned by

blurry mascara, in a state of numb shock:

Her eyes, watery and emotive. She looks up at Clark, and she's vulnerable, she's beautiful, and she's fucked up.

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CONTINUED: (2)

o Clark does. It's soft and sweet. He loves her. She feels it. The kissing gets primal, and gone is the moment of logic and reasoning.

We're in animalistic desire mode.

Marnie pulls at Clark's clothes, rips off his shirt. He lifts up Marnie's chemise. Pulls down her thong. They FUCK, urgent and visceral.

But he doesn't. Instead, Clark drinks in her face. He loves her. She feels it. He kisses her, hard and hungry. He runs his hands over the chemise.

Clark can't help it -- he has to kiss her.

And so he does. It's soft, sweet. The kissing gets primal, and gone is the moment of logic and reasoning.

We're in animalistic desire mode.

*INT. YACHT - DAY*

*Below deck. Cozy. Lights on. All the comforts of home. Music playing on the boat's radio.*

*INT. SAILBOAT - SHOWER - NIGHT*

*Primary bedroom with an en suite, seating and caramel-coated wall surround. Mid-sized stateroom in deep brown glossy wall surround and a full mirror behind the bed. Small stateroom with a large bed, portholes, built-in seating and plenty of storage space with a built-in desk and cabinetry.*

*CLARK, pushing 40, affable but unscrupulous, and KATRINA TRAMMELL, 30s, a Hitchcock blonde, a body for sin,*

*CLARK, pushing 40, affable but unscrupulous, great shape for his age, showering. It's a tiny, cramped space, almost no room to move in here but he's used to it.*

*Suddenly, KATRINA TRAMMELL, 30s, a flawless Hitchcock blonde, a body for sin, joins him, they embrace and kiss like crazy...*

MARLA

I like you in his robe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

But you are thinking about it.

RACHELINA

There's got to be some other way.

MARLA

There isn't.

RACHELINA

You could divorce her.

MARLA

We've been over that. She's made a great deal of money... everything you see is hers... she's got a lot go money and I'm a very greedy bitch.

CLARK

Fine. Take half the community property.

MARNIE

I don't want half -- I want all. Every last cent. Including the insurance money.

MARLA

I never pretended with you. I'm not sweet and I'm not innocent... I like to live well. If you wanted the girl next door -- you should have found someone else.

MARLA

Sooner or later you have to decide... or I'll decide for you.. Yes, I'm a cold-hearted bitch! And so is life.....,,

A long beat. Marla senses eyes - lifts her head to see Gretchen. Starring lustfully.

Taking another slug from a designer bottle of pomegranate.

INT. YACHY - MAIN CABIN - DAY

XXX nad xxx STILL climbing a mountain, the cabin door bangs open, they react in fright as xxx stand there..



EXT. MARINA CONDO'S - DAY

Expensive

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Monstrous grey clouds SWIRL in off the bay, enveloping San Francisco. Rain pounds the city as FLASHES of lightning illuminate the midday darkness.

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

EXT. MARINA PARKING AREA - DAY

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

The cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

*KATRINIA TRAMMELL, 30s, a flawless Hitchcock blonde, body for sin, drives. She punches it into 5th. Pushes 80. Rain pounds the windshield.*

The car careens, catching air...

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Clark can't help it -- he has to kiss her.

Kevin is 35, husky, and as Irish as a Guinness at 10AM

DEANNA, a young 40, a stunner in a sheer robe that definitely makes you look twice, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

He collapses onto her. She's the first to break the silence.

Joel lifts himself off of Mary. He sits up, pulls on his jeans. Joel stands, looks at Mary, paces the room.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

*CLARK, pushing 40, affable but unscrupulous, lies awake in bed next to his wife, a gorgeous black Native American Creole woman, ALICIA, 30s, asleep, wearing sexy panties and a tank top. the girl got an ass, a great ass.*

Eddie's phone BUZZES. He looks at it, his face darkens; he silences the phone, looks at her, makes sure she's sleep and heads out of the bathroom into--

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Alicia eyes shoot open. A nightmare. She looks for Clark to find that she's alone in the bed.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

She tiptoes down the stairs. It's dark, except for the light from the moon through the large picture windows.

As she makes her way down the stairs, we take in the few adornments on the wall--

Family portrait: Alicia and Clark's WEDDING PHOTO

INT. CABIN - LANDING - NIGHT

*A charming vacation getaway, with spectacular mountain views, Its rustic decoration make it feel as if you were in a romantic film.*

Alicia sees light spilling from a room, the door is ajar, WHISPERS coming from in there. She approaches silently--

Alicia's POV: Clark in the office, whispering on the phone. Alicia, upset, hurriedly turns to go, trips over a toy.

INT, CABIN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Clark hears the sound. He stops talking. He carefully puts the phone down, and makes his way into--

HALLWAY

Clark looks around-- darkness. Must have been the wind. He goes back into the office, CLOSES the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah steps out of the shadows, her hand clasped over her mouth. As the embers of her worst fears start to burn inside her we

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

DEANNA, a smoky-eyed brunette, early forties, still a stunner in a sheer robe that definitely makes you look twice, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

INT/EXT. HELICOPTOR - DAY

Beth flies a helicopter through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Marla's beside her enjoying the ride. We can't make out their conversation but it's animated.

LIZ EGAN a stunner in her forties, relaxes in a charming, romantic cabin with an elegant living room with leather couches, a fireplace, with spectacular mountain views. She is in front of a bottle of white wine, still dressed in work clothes - a pencil skirt and silk blouse. She looks up - It has a beautiful decoration, hardwood floors, exposed wood beams, a king-size bed, and an oversized walk-in shower.

MARLA LOPEZ-SORIANO, 30s, in a tank and sexy panties, a black Native American Creole a head turner for either sex, the girl got an ass, a great ass.

By this point they've both climaxed, a few times, and they're ready to take on the day.

INT. HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

ERIC CARTER making love to his wife, NICOLE. A young couple in their late 20's, early 30's, having uncommonly good lunch hour sex.

Finally, they collapse together, spent, and Carter rolls onto his back. They lie there breathing, sweaty. Happy. With no idea what's headed their way.

INT. HOME - DAY

QUICK GLIMPSES of their married morning. Escher (SFPD BADGE on his hip) folds a perfect omelette, enjoying Timberlake's "Cry Me A River." Elizabeth looks on, sipping coffee, hungover.

She hustles out. Escher nods, getting back to the eggs...

INT. HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Elizabeth rinses her hair in the shower, feeling better. TWO DISTANT POPS ring out somewhere downstairs -- barely audible over the water. She calls out:

WOMAN

Hon, what was that?

No answer. She turns off the water, but isn't greatly alarmed.

INT. HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Wrapped in a towel, Elizabeth heads down to the kitchen. As she descends, she HEARS a DULL ROAR and sees SMOKE ROLLING across the first floor's ceiling.

WOMAN

Fred! Fred!

She rushes forward -- the house is ENGULFED IN A RAGING FIRE.

She looks around, unsure of a path to escape. Then she sees through the flames: Escher lies motionless on the kitchen floor, in a huge pool of his own blood. His eyes are open -- DEAD.

WOMAN

No!

Elizabeth can't get to him -- she's blocked by the fire.

WOMAN

I ran out. I left him -- I left his body. I had no choice. The gas line blew before the fire department even got there. Nobody thought Jon got out. He was dead... I thought he was dead

EXT, FISHERMAN'S WHARF - NIGHT

we can SEE the normally packed tourist trap is deserted. The naval battleships, fishing boats - empty, dark, eerie.

EXT. BENEATH THE DOCK - NIGHT

BLACKNESS - suddenly, a PAIR OF EYES catch the light. A MAN, in a small motorboat, eyes darting, breath short. He's afraid... or excited. This is IRWIN LAZAREV, s. He looks up as BOOTS STEP overhead.

A phone rings, she answers...

MARLA

Oh my god.

MAN

You should have known Marla, I don't kill so easily.

MARLA

Listen

MAN

You're dead, Marla. You and Gretchen both. There's no place you can hide.

-----  
MAN

Are you enjoying your stay,

MARLA

How did you know I was here.

MAN

I told you there was no place you can run. What does it take to convince you.

WOMAN

For God's sake Phil, isn't there some way --

MAN

There's no way. You're gonna suffer baby, you and Gretchen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep calling you,  
falling you, I'm gonna watch you  
sweat until I'm ready to end our  
little game...

MARLA

Phil please...

MAN

You're dead, marla. The beautiful  
part is there's nothing you can  
do -- nothing. After all how can  
you fight a ghost.

MAN

Make a sound and I'll kill you.

MARLA

Oh phil please --

MAN

You're dead, both of you. My  
loving wife and my trusted  
attorney. Behind my back like a  
couple of animals in heat.

MARLA

No, no, it wasn't like that.

MAN

Don't lie to me or I'll kill you  
now. Deny myself the pleasure of  
watching you both sweat.

MARLA

I know how you must feel.

MAN

Oh do you. How I feel in an empty  
ocean fifty miles away from  
nothing. How I feel when a shark  
comes at me. That don't attack at  
first -- I thought I had it when  
that fishing boat spotted me -  
they were pulling me out of the  
water when the first shark hit me.  
Drew blood. You know what happens  
when a bunch of sharks sense blood  
--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

She made me go along with it - I swear it was never my idea...

MAN

Yea, I can beleiev that. But you went along with her all the way togetehr. I figured it out in that hospital in Cuba -- like a bunch of sharks circling, waiting, I'm going to cut you both in little pieces.

MARLA

You want find her not without my help. I love you and I'll prove it.

MAN

Do tell.

MARLA

I'm suppose to meet her

MAN

TO buy your own life?

MARLA

Yes. I don't want to die.

MAN

Get her up there - after that we'll talk.

MARLA

Guess who's coming to dinner?

GRETCHEN

He bought it?

MARLA

No, I sold it. He scared me.. tomorrow night... it's all set up, we'll end the whole nightmare..

GRETCHEN

If it works out he won't know what hit him.

MARLA

Forget aboit it, it's past history.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRETCHEN

Forgotton.

MARLA

I'm tired, it's been a busy couple of days. I just want a bath and rub down. A complete going over.

GRETCHEN

And then --

MARLA

Then we'll have ourselves a terrific time. Adding up his insurance and business,,,

GRETCHEN

You sure are one tough lasy.

MARLA

I can't help how I look but I am a woman, slightly greedy, kniving, and cold bloodied. Does that turn you off?

GRETCHEN

No, that turns me on.

MARLA

Then let's get going, baby.

Marla kisses hee with passion...

-----

MAN

Wher is she?

MARLA

She's the the bedroom sleeping.

Marla kisses him

JENNA VANDERVOORT, a young 40, a head turner for either sex, but her wry half-smile and direct way of looking at people make her a bit unsettling.

(CONTINUED)



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