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FADE IN:

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

A swanky condo. A perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishing. Expensive art work. 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."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Joe is handsome, yet scumbaggy. 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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CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

And?

ARTEMESIA

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

She grips his hand and TWISTS his wrist -- the pressure point causing him to cry out --

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.

Artemesia takes his other hand, forces a pen into it -- Joe scribbles his signature. She releases his wrist.

JOE

I hate fuckin' lawyers.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Sunlight fades, almost night. 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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLARD (CONT'D)

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.

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.

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CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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.

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

Maximilian's respected 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

The rumors of my promiscuity have
been greatly exaggerated.

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.

Modern. Minimalist. Straight out of Architectural Digest. 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.

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, except for INTERMITTENT FLASHES OF LIGHTNING through-out these next scenes which captures their a noisy struggle...

Marnie breaks away. Her robe flies open. The swell of her breasts, erect nipples.

He grabs Marnie, taking her in his arms, kisses her with increasing passion. Marnie tries to extricate herself, he pushes in, grabs her breast--HARD.

Marnie tries to move his hand away--he won't move. She tries to push him back, he gets rougher, grabs her bare 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-

Arty feverishly kisses Marnie, pushing the robe off her shoulders. She sinks to the floor, pulling him with her.

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Arty and Marnie are FUCKING. 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...

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

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 straddles him, he's still inside her, her ERECT NIPPLES akimbo, the bloody ice-pick in hand...

It 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...

Blood splashing everywhere...

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

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

Artemesia drinks alone. ALICIA, 20s, pretty and down to earth, joins her; 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.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ALICIA (CONT'D)

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 has always been your problem. You're not ruthless enough.

ALICIA

That's not fair --

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.

Now that just plain stings. Artemesia smiles, but her distaste is thinly veiled.

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...

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CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Weak. Unreliable. Just like your
father!

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

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Artemesia walks through, surrounded by the aftermath of
chaos and death: Careful to avoid all the dark crimson
stains everywhere. Furniture toppled, broken glass.

She stops to examine Arty's half-naked and butchered dead
body, that 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.

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 gets up, stretches luxuriously, adjusts the robe
around her.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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?

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CONTINUED: (2)

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.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

An hour after sunrise. Marnie, in a skimpy bikini, emerges from the ocean.

Nearby, a beach home with lots of glass, and below, a deck and exterior staircase, which offers a voyeurs view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior.

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

INT. BEACH HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Remnants of breakfast on the table. Max shares a cup of coffee with Artemesia in a sexy power suit.

MAX

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

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 appears, blow-dries her hair. She is wearing a cropped, dark green sweater and patterned brown shorts...

The unique simplicity of her ensemble moves Artemesia. Which isn't lost on Marnie either.

MARNIE

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

He kisses her good-bye, she doesn't reciprocate it.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

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

MARNIE

Let me get into something more
appropriate. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

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

ARTEMESIA

I'd settle for adequate.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 him!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

DET. DWYER

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

An exchange of pleasantries.

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.

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 him... 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. 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.

DET. DWYER

How many times did you stab him?

MARNIE

I remember stabbing him in the back. But how many times, no.

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.

GINA

Your story seems so traumatic, Mrs. Dankworth. I'm a little struck by how poised and dramatic your answers seem. You talked about a rape. Then stabbing a man, repeatedly, to his death. And you seem so-- unaffected by it all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

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

GINA

Do you remember dialing nine-one-one?

MARNIE

Yes.

GINA

All while you were still in shock?

Gina activates the recording. We hear the VOICE of the dispatcher.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

Where are you calling from, Ma'am?

MARNIE'S VOICE

I'm at the my residence --

Gina turns off the recorder.

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.

MARNIE

I said self-defense as a descriptive way of what happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I wasn't asserting any legal claim, Ms. Mendoza. It just came out that way.

Gina, skeptical, references a police report.

GINA

A witness heard the shouting 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.

DET. DWYER

A couple things aren't quite adding up. Normally rapists are cognize not to leave any DNA. Especially if they have a wrap sheet. And his was.

ARTEMESIA

You've got a name?

DET. DWYER

Arty O'Dell. 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 always carried a weapon. Yet he had none, wore no gloves, no mask.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The men trade looks, the coldness of her remark.

DET. RUBY

Mrs. Dankworth you claim to never have met Mr. O'Dell. He was an artist. A painter. 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.

DET, DWYER

According to the forensic report.

ARTEMESIA

Does anyone ever read that shit?

DET. DWYER

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, Detective, what are you asking?

DET. DWYER

Did you cum?

ARTEMESIA

That's none of your business.

Artemesia just glares at him, offended, as Marnie grins. Even Gina has to roll her eyes on that one.

MARNIE

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

DET. DWYER

Stop jerking us around. You think this is a game?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARNIE

I don't play games, I just telling the truth. I came twice.

DET. RUBY

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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

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.

INT. DISTRICT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The courthouse lobby is a madhouse. Artemesia takes
Gina's arm and guides her through the deluge, into the
METAL DETECTOR reading "COUNSELOR ENTRY" --

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.

ELEVATORS -- The crowd is twenty deep.

ARTEMESIA

Let's skip it.

Artemesia escorts her to a doorway marked "DO NOT ENTER"
and enters --

INT. COURTHOUSE/BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Artemesia leads Gina down an empty hall, leaving the madness behind. Gina knows exactly where they are, a bit reluctant but follows.

They arrive at an ELEVATOR and punches the UP button. Gina notes the sign: "JUDICIAL USE ONLY."

GINA

This is so not OK.

ARTEMESIA

Not if a judge don't see us.

INT. ELEVATOR - PRIVATE - DAY

Artemesia and Gina in a heated discussion.

GINA

What I saw 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

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

GINA

It's a great plan. Reasonable doubt.

ARTEMESIA

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

A beat, then --

ARTEMESIA

So who's going to be prosecuting if things go south?

GINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

And you?

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.

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.

MARNIE

It's the nature of our relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat, Artemesia gathers her things to go.

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.

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.

Marnie rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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--

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 studies the paper.

ARTEMESIA

Miss Harlow? This Sinclair Deboise. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

Somewhere in Chinatown, Artemesia enters a dark,
cluttered shop, filled with stacks of musty books,
antiques.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SINCLAIR DEBOISE, 40s, a gaunt man, striding towards her. He smiles, all dark charisma and dangerous appeal.

SINCLAIR

Ah, Ms. Menounos. Sinclair Deboise. 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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?

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. Like I said, I deal 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

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, somewhere between artist and construction worker, meticulously adjust a painting.

Marnie's phone RINGS! RINGS AGAIN. She finally looks --

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 Deboise. It seems he has a painting. He's trying to blackmail you.

MARNIE

Blackmail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Then he started stalking me. I hadn't seen him again until that night.

ARTEMESIA

Why didn't you tell me?

MARNIE

Uh... I had just killed the man. I... I panicked... so I lied. Then 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. 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

Mr. Deboise. You still have it?

SINCLAIR

Of course.

MARNIE

My lawyer mentioned fifty-thousand.

SINCLAIR

One hundred thousand.

MARNIE

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Ms. Lynx.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You what? 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.

MARNIE

I swear it happened like I said!

ARTEMESIA

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

Sinclair wont go to the police -- he wants money.

MARNIE

There's another interested party, Yara Lynx.

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.

The front door opening and closing.

MAX (O.S.)

I'm home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

We're in here.

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?

ARTEMESIA

No.

And it sounded like a lie. Artemesia polishes off her second Martini. Max studies her.

ARTEMESIA

I've only had two.

MAX

Two drinks my ass.

ARTEMESIA

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

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

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

ARTEMESIA

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

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SINCLAIR

I see our interests are aligned.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie in a silk robe&lingerie that makes you look twice, moisturizes her legs ready for bed.

Max emerges from the shower, towelling down. A half-look as they prepare for bed. He eases himself onto the bed kissing her.

There's something hungry about it, intensely needy.

She tries to slow it down, or worse stop it completely. In the intimate emotional eco-system of marriage, Max immediately detects something's off.

He tries to continue - pushing her back, taking more control. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)

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. 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.

Marnie fixes her robe, her hair.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Max looks disappointed. Marnie clocks it -

MARNIE

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

INT. GINA'S BEACH BUNGALOW - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Home from work, Gina saunters in, looks at Artemesia as she slowly undresses and heads for the glass shower.

GINA

Has your client stabbed you in the back yet?

Artemesia reacts, thrown-- recovers quickly:

ARTEMESIA

How's the investigation coming?

GINA

Is that why you come to see me?

ARTEMESIA

No, well, not the only reason.

Artemesia follows her into the BATHROOM, kissing her naked shoulders as Gina goes.

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 they're under the assumption they used pre-paid cell phones.

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 turns on the shower, sheds her outfit, follows
Gina in, kissing her neck.

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

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

ARTEMESIA

A letter?

GINA

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

They kiss. And disappear into a cloud of steam, the water
beating steadily down.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max and Marnie have SEX. She's lying underneath him as he
clumsily THRUSTS himself into her. Marnie looks like she
can't wait for this to be over...

*In the ceiling mirror above the bed, Marnie stares at
herself, at Max, as if she's watching another couple;*

A voyeur curiosity eye eyeing strangers copulating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns away, trying to muster up the energy but can't. Marnie looks away, a dreamy longing in Marnie's eyes...

FLASHBACK - INT. LOFT - NIGHT

The door opens and Marnie sees Arty. He wears drawstring pants. No shoes. No shirt. Not a guy who's usually tongue tied, but..

ARTY

Wow, I... In a million years... I wouldn't have guessed... At my door. Come in.

She's uneasy but there's immediate familiarity.

MARNIE

Were you sleeping? I know it's ridiculously late, but you always used to be a night owl.

ARTY

Still am. Up all night, working. This is a surprise. Pleasant.

He motions for her to follow as he walks further in, wondering what the hell she's doing here.

It's an open loft. Part living space, part artist's studio. There's finished and unfinished artwork everywhere. Drawings, Paintings, Wood and Metal sculptures. All visually interesting.

The guy is good.

Marnie sips her wine. As she does, she notices a huge painting of herself on a wall. She nearly chokes.

She's looking back over her shoulder, bra unhooked, smiling at someone.

MARNIE

I don't recall posing for those.

ARTY

You didn't. I painted them from memory after you were gone. They were for me. I've never shown them publicly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

It's beautiful.

Marnie sips her wine, walks around, admiring some of Arty's sculptures as they talk.

ARTY

I'd love to paint you nude.

MARNIE

I'm sure you would. I'm not taking my clothes off.

She's distracted by the tightness of his pants, the size of what they contain, covers her subtle jaw-drop. The man is packing heat.

ARTY

It's not like I haven't seen you naked.

MARNIE

Then paint me from memory, like you did before.

ARTY

I don't wanna paint a memory. I wanna capture what's happening right now. The raw vulnerability of a woman who knows her husband is cheating on her. Waiting for sunrise to see if her relationship will survive.

MARNIE

I'm not comfortable getting naked in front of one of my students.

ARTY

You want some ecstasy?

MARNIE

No.

ARTY

Then have some more wine.

He refills her glass...

ARTY

I'm an artist Marnie. It's like taking your clothes off in front of a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

*I bet that line has worked on lots
of women.*

LATER...

*Arty and Marnie, naked, hump like jack-rabbits on a
sleeper sofa BED. Good sex too, from the looks and sounds
of it. She wears her sexy shoes.*

MOMENTS LATER...

*A sweaty Marnie lies on her side on the sofa BED, barely
covered by a thin sheet; her hair, face, a sexy mess.*

MARNIE

*Your cock, it's even longer and
thicker than I remember it?*

*Arty grins, nude, moves his easel in front of the bed. He
chooses a large blank canvas and places it on the easel.
He collects up his paints...*

EXT. BEACH HOME - DAY

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

MARNIE

*Why don't you just fly, you won't
have to worry about traffic.*

MAX

*I want to drive. It's just
Portland. 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.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY

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

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 firm's 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.

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

MARNIE

GET. THE. FUCK. OUT.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Marnie exits her studio. As a Taxi passes she sees a MAN
down the street, staring at her. The stare incites a
certain nervousness and dread in Marnie and

She crosses the street, walks quickly. She looks behind
her. Nothing. She looks again. The MAN is back there.

Marnie gets to her Porsche. She looks back. The MAN is
gone. Marnie turns and de-activates her car alarm. As she
is about to open the door...

MAN (O.S.)

Allow me.

She turns with a start as the MAN who has been following
her opens her door. The MAN is scary, his smile devoid of
warmth or sincerity.

Marnie gets in and watches the MAN fade into the distance
as she drives off.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

As they head down the gallery-style hallway, Marnie eyes
erotic paintings of elaborate lesbian coitus.

Marnie 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, 35, in a sexy dress, share cocktails with HELIO STAGLIANO, 50's, Italian-American, bloated but still relishes his potency.

His wife, ELIZABETH, 30s, Italian-American, suburban/sexy nearby, sipping Champagne. Enjoying the festivities.

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. 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.

ARTEMESIA

I don't know how to thank you.

HELIO

You know me, Artemesia. As long as I'm kept happy... Reeder and Kaplan has nothing to worry about.

Artemesia nods slightly, she knows what this means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (V.O.)

One thing lead to another.

Artemesia rises, unzips her dress, shimmy's out of it to reveal lacy bra and panties. She moves towards him.

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?

A long beat...

She fidgets with her wedding ring; platinum, diamonds.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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. PAWN SHOP - BACKROOM - DAY

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.

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.

MARNIE

Do I fall into the catagory 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Artemesia, barefoot, in her dress from the night before, takes in the sunrise. Serene. Heels on the sand next to her. She's feeling low

Marnie appears in the background in a mini terri robe, her breasts almost spilling from above the sash.

Marnie runs up. Artemesia's brooding, does not know what to do. She eyes Marnie, staring, probing, mining for an answer. Artemesia looks away.

Marnie just listens to her silence. Beat.

MARNIE

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

ARTEMESIA

Does it even bother you?

MARNIE

I can see that it bothers you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

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

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 turns, heads for the beach house.

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. There's no one around.

Marnie shrugs off her robe, naked, and runs into the sea.

Artemesia loves it, loves her spirit. She follows suit, steps out of her dress, thong, and runs into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Artemesia catches up to Marnie, grabs her, pulls Marnie towards her. They kiss passionately.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

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.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 paining?

SINCLAIR

When will you have the cash.

MAX

It might take sometime.

SINCLAIR

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

MAX

College...roll tide.

ARTEMESIA

It shows.

MAX

Some shady pawn shop owner, Deboise 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

ARTEMESIA

Patients. Oh, um... don't panic.
Deboise 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

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.

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

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. LAW OFFICES OF KAPLAN, REEDER&MENOUNOS - NIGHT

The office is dark. Just sparkling skyscraper lights outside. Artemesia toward her office, high heels off:

Artemesia bypasses her office, pushes open the door to--

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A nice size corner office. It's vacant, empty filing cabinets, some furniture, but that's it.

A knock on the door, Alicia stands there.

ARTEMESIA

This was your idea, Alicia. "*This or therapy*" -- your words?

ALICIA

The judge kept us late. I'm sorry.

ARTEMESIA

I called the office today. I could only get voice-mail.

ALICIA

Yeah, I gotta fire the girl.

ARTEMESIA

Don't. Janet's my conduit into your life. I talk to her more than you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICIA

She's a secretary who doesn't answer the damn phone, mom -- and you can't spy on me if she doesn't answer the phone, can you? No, so -

ARTEMESIA

I won't apologize for keeping tabs.

ALICIA

I can recommend some private dicks --

ARTEMESIA

That was low and unnecessary --

A long beat.

ALICIA

I'm sorry.

ARTEMESIA

So I hear you informed the board. You stuck to your guns.

ALICIA

I had to. Uh, they has much threaten to make sure I never practice law again.

ARTEMESIA

It upsets the delicate sensibilities of your ivory tower colleagues --

ALICIA

It upsets me. I did the right thing.

Artemesia smiles. Alicia takes the lonely space.

ARTEMESIA

It's yours if you want it.

The thought warms Alicia's heart, but --

ALICIA

I have to be me. I can't be you.

Artemesia goes to her, touches her face lovely, then:

ARTEMESIA

And I don't expect you too.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Sinclair exits his shop, locks up, heads down the forlorn alley. When out of the corner of his eye --

A SHADOW -- not his -- flints against a wall. Just a glimmer. Now it's gone.

He stops, looks around, no one but him. A long beat...

Sinclair continues walking, a little faster, towards his car, a beat-up sedan...

It's when he goes to stick his key in the lock--

THE CAR'S WINDOW REFLECTION. An OMINOUS ASSAILANT creeps up behind him (we don't see much of them, just a black-clad figure)

He whirls -- a jagged edged knife glints fluorescents, as a GLOVED-HAND shoves it deep into his torso.

Sinclair gasps, reaches out with his hand in self-defense.

We're behind his assailant, who with their free hand, clutches Sinclair's wrist -- SLAMS him back against the car -- then drives the knife home.

Wet, gooey, ripping noises.

Sinclair's eyes are wild, painful. Blood dribbles from his mouth. His eyes go glassy. His head slumps forward, DEAD... his body slumps to the pavement.

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!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Police lights FLASH. Wee hours of the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina ducks under the crime scene tape, approaches Dwyer and Ruby, as the M.E. covers the body with a sheet.

DET. DWYER

Mr. DeBoise. Stabbed to death. No witnesses. M.E. estimates the time of death between midnight and 3AM.

GINA

Who found the body?

DET. DWYER

A sanitation worker.

GINA

Robbery?

DET. RUBY

Nope. Seven hundred dollars.

Ruby brandishes an evidence bag with a BANK DEPOSIT bag.

GINA

Any motive?

INT. PAWNSHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Crime scene tape. The place has been ransacked. Overturned furniture. Broken paintings. CSI's dust for prints and take photos.

Gina looks on trouble.

DET. DWYER

We believe the killer was looking for a painting.

Off Gina's confused look.

DET. DWYER

Yea, rumor has it there's one of Mrs. Dankworth. Done by Mr. O'Dell. A nude.

Gina raises an eyebrow.

GINA

You think they found what they come for?

DET. DWYER

It's anyone's guess.

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

Sinclair's dead.

MARNIE

What?

ARTEMESIA

Yes, happened last night.

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.

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. 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 one about your business and let me handle this.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max sits in his dark office, alone, listening to Marnie's phone ring and ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. MANSION - NIGHT

Artemesia drives through a PRIVATE SECURITY GATE, up to a MANSION. A swimming pool, tennis courts, as wealthy as it gets. Expensive cars line the driveway.

Artemesia climbs out in a sexy Tuxedo mini dress and little else. She moves to the passenger side and opens the door.

Marnie exits in a sheer, glittering gown that bares no resemblance to *Marylin Monroe's "Happy Birthday"* dress; ok, so tight, unable to wear anything underneath.

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.

MARNIE

Trial?

ARTEMESIA

Just in case.

Artemesia escorts marnie inside.

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.

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

They move to a luxe refreshment table against the far wall -- glasses of champagne, fruit, oysters.

Both help themselves. Artemesia directs Marnie attention across the room, towards --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE INGRID BAXTER, 40s, a regal beauty, reminiscent of old Hollywood, wearing a mask, flirts with a beautiful naked woman.

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

She grabs hold to Marnie's hand and escorts her out.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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. 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

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA (CONT'D)

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. Like you, she had a moral compass. She knew the right thing to do was return the merchandise.

Artemesia allows herself to get lost in the memory for a moment.

ARTEMESIA

When we arrived back at the store, she sent me in. She thought it was important that I face the music on my own. I learned a valuable lesson that day.

Artemesia looks up, clocking Marnie's concern.

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.

Marnie is stung. Artemesia's right. So she presses on.

ARTEMESIA

So we tell them about the painting, the affair, and the blackmail. You'll plead guilty to obstruction of justice. I'll work out a sweet deal, while Yara rot in prison for blackmail. Then you and Max can go away some where and work on your marriage.

MARNIE

That ship has sailed.

Artemesia tries to read Marnie's poker face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YARA

Better enjoy this while I can.

MAX

What do you mean?

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.

Yara holds up her phone with a pic of the nude painting of his wife. A beat, his hands shaking.

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

MAX

Where's the painting?

YARA

I'll have it in my possession with 24 hours. You can buy it than.

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. 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 holds up his phone, flashes the image of the painting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Where's the painting? Didn't she give it to you?

MAX

No, she didn't have it. But when she gets it... says she'll sell it to me.

A beat, concern evident on her face.

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?

MAX

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

MARNIE

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

MAX

Hey, where you headed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARNIE

I'm turning myself in.

Artemesia grabs the tube containing the painting.

ARTEMESIA

They'll need this to convict Yara.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S STINGRAY - NIGHT

Artemesia drives. Marnie rides shotgun.

MARNIE

Then who has it?

ARTEMESIA

Sinclair was no dummy, he probably hid it somewhere. I don't think he trusted Ms. Lynx.

MARNIE

It could be anywhere.

ARTEMESIA

Soulouque! It's a painting of Faustin Soulouque. He was the emperor of Haiti in the nineteenth century. I seen one in his office. I bet it's there.

A beat,

ARTEMESIA

You stay in the car.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Dark, silent, ominous. The doorknob jiggling, the door opens -- Artemesia gets up from her knees, pockets her lock picking tool.

She slips in - turns on a flashlight, eyes the ransacked place, ducks under crime scene tape.

She turns on a desk lamp, moves across the room. She eyes a painting of *FAUSTIN SOULOQUE* (emperor of Haiti in the nineteenth century).

A long beat. She takes it down to expose a hole in the wall, large enough to fit a tube inside... and that's exactly what Artemesia retrieves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia unscrews one end, checks, a neatly rolled canvas inside. She pulls it out, unrolls it, it's the nude of Marnie. Sighs in relief.

Rolls it up, returns it to the tube when-- she hears the front door, hurries toward it.

A MAN in black closes the door, unaware of her. Then she sees a GUN in his hand. She backs away. The floor CREAKS.

He whips his head around - screws a silencer on to his pistol.

Artemesia searches for another way out, but there are none. Trapped!

Artemesia grabs the only thing she can, an empty wooden frame - and hides in the shadows.

The Man approaches, entering the room gun first...

Suddenly, Artemesia IS ON HIM! The frame around his forearm, bending it back - his wrist almost snaps and he drops the gun -

Artemesia kicks the gun across the room. The Man elbows her in the chest, knocking the wind out of her. He picks her up and tosses her across the desk, she falls hard on the other side. Her eyes - surprise, fear - and then focus.

He grabs her by the foot to pull her out of the corner, and she twists and kicks him across the face with her other foot.

He lets go, Artemesia rolls to her feet - he comes at her again, but she's ready, meets him blow for blow, playing defense, deflecting his rapid volley of punches.

Wait a minute -- this is Artemesia! WTF?

At the front door - Marnie stands there - sees them fighting, and Artemesia turns to her -

ARTEMESIA

Stay in the car!

Artemesia - rusty - tiring - he grabs her - throws her so hard against the wall that the plaster actually CRACKS.

He comes at Artemesia, it takes all the strength she has to roll across the floor - reaches for the gun, but she shoves a chair, driving her back against the wall -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She dives out of the way - decides then and there - no more playing defense.

Artemesia grabs a broken arm chair from off the floor with a sharp edge - wields it like a knife, driving him back with thrusts and slices.

Grabs the picture frame again and uses the corner of it to yank him. He lurches forward with the momentum -

She rolls behind him - kicks his knees out from under him - he drops to his knees - Artemesia grabs a lamp cord and wraps it around his neck.

MARNIE

He's got a knife!

The Man pulls a hidden hunting knife from his boot, the one used to kill Sinclair, and thrusts it back at her!

Acting on pure instinct, Artemesia SNAPS HIS NECK!

A beat. Artemesia stands over the dead body, breath heaving - face in shock - looking down in horror at the dead man at her feet.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

A crime scene.

Dwyer and Gina examine the nude painting of Marnie while Ruby bags the knife.

ARTEMESIA

It's probably the one he used to kill Sinclair.

DET. DWYER

Had no idea you high pricy defense lawyer types got so down and dirty.

GINA

You could get disbarred for this?

ARTEMESIA

Among other things. But I doubt it. Look, we called you, remember? We could have easily just took the painting, never to be seen again.

A beat, then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Oh, you might want to pick up Ms. Lynx for extortion. I suspect when you check him out you'll find he works for Ms. Lynx.

GINA

No need for your client to feel left out, she's under arrest for obstruction of justice.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICES - DAY

Gina enters amidst a flurry of office activity as Det. Dwyer appears at her side; as they enter her office.

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

Cesar Chavez, 37, two prior felony convictions. An assault... and a robbery. Also, the Medical Examiner confirmed it was the knife used to kill Sinclair Debois.

GINA

Any connection with Ms. Lynx?

DET. DWYER

Yes, text messages between them confirmed he was after a painting. One done by Mr. O'Dell of Mrs. Dankworth. Apparently, Mr. Chavez had been following them. Oh, there was also the mention of money. It's all in the report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Ok, so we got his killer. Now Arty O'Dell's.

DET. DWYER

You convicted people on less circumstantial evidence.

INT. SEATTLE PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Once again, Marnie's in the hot seat, cool and clam. Dwyer and Ruby and Gina are here.

ARTEMESIA

My client will speak to you as a courtesy. Or not. Depending on what it is you want to talk about.

DET. DWYER

Arty O'Dell, Mrs. Dankworth Are you feeling courteous about that?

MARNIE

Yes, I did know him. He was a student of mine. We had a brief affair.

DET. DWYER

How brief?

MARNIE

A few weeks.

GINA

Were you telling the truth then -- or now?

MARNIE

It's the truth!

GINA

Is there anything else?

DET, RUBY

Mrs. Dankworth, did you ever hear of a woman named Susan Lambroso?

Artemesia shoots them a look -- but Marnie doesn't blink.

MARNIE

My husband's...girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. DWYER

You knew?

MARNIE

Yes, he told me. But that was over. Max and I had problems. We were getting beyond them.

GINA

An affair...that's a pretty big problem.

ARTEMESIA

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

INT. CORRIDOR BEHIND COURTROOM - DAY

A busy hallway between judge's chambers and courtrooms. Gina walks with the chip-eating District Attorney-- HANK JENKINS, 40s, by the book, distinguished.

DA JENKINS

Lemme see - your case hinges on whether you can prove Mrs. Dankworth invited Mr. O'Dell over, right? Can you prove it?

Gina hesitates a split second but shakes her head NO.

GINA

I can prove an affair though.

DA JENKINS

I know they say evidence is for pussies -- then consider me one. I need meat on the potatoes. I know you have the highest conviction rates in the state -- but if you run with this, and lose. Then down the road evidence is introduced to prove your theory --

GINA

I know. Double jeopardy.

DA JENKINS

And where does that leave me? Out in the cold. We can't afford this kind of a black eye to this office, not in an election year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

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

DA JENKINS

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

GINA

We met at Berkley. She was my maid of honor, and I was hers. No, I want her for the murder. The woman's guilty as sin.

He holds her look. Direct. Unapologetic.

DA JENKINS

I understand she's willing to plead guilty to obstruction. Offer them a plea deal. This way, if some new evidence comes to light confirming your suspicions, you'll have my OK to charge her with murder.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

The place is close, but Marnie's going over some work at the front desk. She's lit by the fading sunlight, 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.

MAX

We can fix this.

MARNIE

('fuck you')
You never told me. How was 'Milwaukee'?

MAX

I'm sorry.
(no response, pleads)
Just talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Can we?

He moves to her. She shoves him away.

MARNIE

God damn you! Why did you have to screw this up?

Max reacts, confused.

MARNIE

I would have never done it.

He tries to take her in his arms; she resists, then lets him.

MAX

You plan on going home any time soon?

MARNIE

Uh-huh. Very, very soon. Make sure you're there.

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

After hours. Darkened offices. Receptionist long gone. Elevator doors part and Artemesia is met by Gina herself.

ARTEMESIA

Is there a deal on the table yet?

INT. ARTEMESIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's dark. Just a desk light. Beautiful cityscape outside. They sit rather cozily on the sofa, having drinks.

ARTEMESIA

Thanks for jinxing me. How close are you to trial so I can return the favor?

GINA

On the O'Dell case? Not. Primary suspect's not even in custody anymore -- investigation's been fun though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

You have an extremely twisted idea
of a good time.

A beat.

ARTEMESIA

So where are we?

GINA

Six months in jail, three years
probation, and a fine.

ARTEMESIA

One night was enough.

GINA

Oh, boo-hoo. You got a counter
offer?

ARTEMESIA

No jail time, three years
probation, and the maximum fine.

Gina stares at her, considers it, as...

GINA

And if I don't?

ARTEMESIA

We play good attorney, bad
attorney. He's your boss. Feel him
up while I play hard to get.

GINA

When do you ever play hard to get?

ARTEMESIA

I'll take our chances at trial.

GINA

Oh. You could've fooled me.

ARTEMESIA

I did fool you.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

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

MARNIE

So what'd the DA say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

A fine, probation, no jail time.

MARNIE

Well that's good isn't?

ARTEMESIA

Just think about it. Don't make any decisions tonight.

MARNIE

Why? You having doubts. This is what we wanted, right?

ARTEMESIA

I think we should go to trial.

This shocks Marnie...

ARTEMESIA

Sometimes the choices we make can come back to hurt us.

MARNIE

What are you getting at?

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 - LIVING ROOM - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Artemesia's stingray rumbles into the drive, marnie silent in the passenger seat, heels in hand. Artemesia shifts into reverse, foot on the brake -

MARNIE

We were going to try.

ARTEMESIA

Is he home?

MARNIE

Yes, I made sure of it. He's car is probably in the garage. Thanks for everything.

Marnie leans over, kisses Artemesia.

ARTEMESIA

Go to your husband, Marnie...

She watches Marnie from her car, as she heads inside.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

INT. DANKWORTH'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Artemesia enters. The muffled DRONE of the shower.
Realizes Marnie's in the bathroom. She sits on her bed,
taking in the room -

She finds herself inspecting drawers, pulls out Marnie's
diary. She gets no further than the first page, goes to
toss it aside when she notices writing indentations.

A beat, Artemesia finds a pencil, shades over it to bring
out the contrast...to reveal "The LETTER."

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a letter. Artemesia reads it...

ARTEMESIA (V.O.)

I must see you tonight to discuss
an urgent matter. Nine o'clock.
Don't be late. And bring this
letter with you-- or I'll Ms. Lynx
about our affairs...

Marnie returns, Artemesia brandishes her diary.

ARTEMESIA

You should have kept it locked up.

Marnie smiles

MARNIE

I did invite Arty over that night.
But I didn't break up with him. He
broke up with me.

ARTEMESIA

He'd had his fun? Tossed you
overboard?

MARNIE

It was over. But not like that.
We had make-up SEX. I wanted it
rough. It had to be for what I had
in mind. I was coming like
popcorn.

ARTEMESIA

Then you stabbed him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

Don't look at me like that. I'm not that cold-hearted. I let him come first.

She moves to the wet bar, lifts an ice-pick, and starts breaking a big block of ice.

MARNIE

I couldn't have asked for a better lawyer. I knew you were sleazy -- I just didn't know sleazy until I saw it first hand. You were great. In and out of bed.

MARNIE

You're the second best fuck I've ever had.

ARTEMESIA

The DA dropped charges against Ms. Lynx?

MARNIE

I needed her out. You've witnessed her rage and anger... the hate in her eyes. I made sure Max got home first.

ARTEMESIA

Lucky you got here in time, huh?

MARNIE

No, I had a plan B if you hadn't. Fortunately I didn't have to use it. I didn't expect the police to actually kill Yara.

MARNIE

His prenup. That infidelity clause. He can cheat, but I can't? It's one sided. That makes it invalid doesn't it? A good attorney can make that case...I had to work around it. I wanted him dead because of the money. Arty was suppose to do the deed, but he chickened out and was going to go to the police if I didn't leave him alone. I couldn't have that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

What're you going to do?
Attorney/client privilege--

ARTEMESIA

I'm tired of being lawyer, I was
thinking about quitting....

As an unsuspecting Artemesia turns to leave, Marnie grabs that ice-pick. Artemesia screams. And just as Marnie's about to strike, she ducks out of the way. The ice-pick grazes her arm.

Marnie goes to strike again. Artemesia grabs a poker from the fireplace, blocking the ice-pick. But the force of the thrust sends her crashing to the floor.

As she struggles to get up, Marnie strikes her knee. Artemesia winces in agony.

Marnie begins to close in, Artemesia scoots herself backwards down the hallway.

Marnie lunges at her. Artemesia narrowly escapes each strike. She continues to push herself further and further back until...

There's nowhere else to go. She's cornered at the end of the hallway. Marnie raises the ice-pick again:

And just as Marnie's about to gouge Artemesia's eyes, Artemesia deflects Marnie's arms, sending the ice-pick deep into the wall.

Marnie tries to dislodge the ice-pick, but it's stuck. It won't budge.

Marnie gets on top of Artemesia to strangle her but Artemesia uses her legs to flip Marnie over.

Artemesia straddles Marnie, pins Marnie's hands under her body, and brings her knees directly onto Marnie's chest.

She kneels on Marnie's chest, using her full body weight and covers her nose and mouth with one hand. Marnie's suffocating.

Artemesia holds Marnie until she passes out -- Marnie's not dead.

She rolls off, collapses beside Marnie, out of breath.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Now a crime scene. Searching speedily, two officers are models of tactics. Gina goes for the desk drawer, pulls out Marnie's diary. Bingo!

Dwyer spins Marnie around, slaps on the cuffs. Gina approaches...

GINA

You're' under arrest for the murder of Arty O'Dell.

(beat)

You're going to need a new attorney.

MARNIE

She told you, didn't she? Attorney/client privilege. I'll sue.

GINA

We had enough for a search warrant. Found this?

Gina opens up Marnie's diary, shows her the page where it's shaded over. Marnie's eyes go wide, pissed.

GINA

Shall I read it for you?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The aftermath. POLICE TAPE and LOOKIE-LOUS.

An EMT applies ointment and bandage to Artemesia. Gina approaches and the EMT finishes.

ARTEMESIA

You're not going to rat me out are you?

GINA

What do you think?

Artemesia kisses her hard, like she owns Gina's lips.

GINA

Your place or mine.

ARTEMESIA

Your place. My place. It doesn't matter as long as we're together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie's being lead out of the house, glares at Gina and Artemesia before she's placed into the back of a police car.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marnie is in the bathroom. Dries her face. Max is in bed. They're in the middle of a discussion.

MARNIE

What's that supposed to mean?

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? 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. PUGET SOUND - DAY

A ferry heading across the water.

EXT. FERRY - THE TOP DECK - DAY

They're isn't many commuters this trip.

A few KIDS throw bread off the side, provoking a huge swooping flurry of GULLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemesia and Marnie stand rather cozily together, watch the receding waterfront in downtown Seattle intently.

ARTEMESIA

You think he knows?

MARNIE

We haven't necessarily been discreet about it.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The ferry arrives and docks, chased by crying gulls.

EXT. BRAINBRIDGE ISLAND - DAY

FLY OVER a small Hamlet, wineries, hiking trails, scenic vistas, ships come and go, with great views of Seattle.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Birds are starting to chirp as dawn breaks on the charming, cozy, waterfront cottage; a nice, secluded romantic getaway.

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?

ARTEMESIA

You're separated; she can do what she wants.

MAX

She can *cheat*? She can't cheat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARNIE

You look tired. You want a night cap?

ARTEMESIA

I didn't come here to have sex.

MARNIE

I have to work off my legal fees --

ARTEMESIA

It's not a barter system, Marnie.

MARNIE

You saved me. This was no speeding ticket we beat today.

ARTEMESIA

I came to say goodbye.

MARNIE

Oh. Oh, this is another in a series of good riddance visits where you swear never to darken my door...

Artemesia crosses the room, looks out the patio doors. Marnie follows Artemesia, tries to find her eyes.

MARNIE

...that it? You feel guilty cheating on Max?

ARTEMESIA

You don't get to say his name, Marnie -- that rule still stands.

MARNIE

You're quitting me, Artemesia -- there are no rules.

ARTEMESIA

Alicia's worried about me. She thinks I took this case to punish myself.

She fights it, shakes her head, but her eyes are wet, tears welling. Marnie relents, her voice low.

MARNIE

...did you, Artemesia?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Penance for my sins... I'm not coming back, Marnie. I can't.

MARNIE

Okay...okay...okay...

...Marnie kisses her cheek, her neck, her breast, sinks from frame. Artemesia stands statuesque, sighs --

ARTEMESIA

I have to go.

-- but she doesn't move as she closes her eyes as we

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A post-coital Artemesia lays in bed wide awake, Marnie draped over her, sound asleep. She looks destroyed.

A long beat as Artemesia wrestles with something. Then--

She slowly lifts Marnie's arm, slips out from under her. She stands, grabs her dress and heels, then pauses to watch Marnie sleep.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Marnie's on the step, wrapped in a cardigan, staring into some middle-distance like there are answers on the air. She's washed by headlights as Marnie pulls up...

WOMAN

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

He comes up the walk -- trench coat and briefcase -- brushes by Artemesia on her way to the door. She frowns --

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Artemesia steps outside. A moment later she's leaning on the rail, allowing the wind to caress her.

Marnie, in a bikini, runs from the sea. Hair tussled and sexy. She moves up the beach and doesn't notice Artemesia standing on her deck until she is halfway up the steps.

MARNIE

Oh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

Artemesia can't help herself. She's taking in every inch of her. Marnie attempts to break the spell she's cast on Artemesia by continuing up the steps.

ARTEMESIA

Marnie...we can't do this anymore.

MARNIE

Why not? The investigation? It'll blow over.

ARTEMESIA

It's not about that. This was a mistake. My mistake. Plus... I need to remain focused.

MARNIE

So we cool it for awhile.

MARNIE

Are you sure?

ARTEMESIA

Yes.

She has stopped not two feet from her and Artemesia's doing a terrible job of hiding her lust. She inches closer, then:

MARNIE

You're blocking my way. To the door.

Artemesia steps aside, follows her inside...

MARNIE

I often take a swim in the morning. The beach is lonely then and the water cool.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The crowded club. Music thumping. Sex in the air.

Decked out club-girls and underdressed dudes.

Marnie, upswept hair, in an embellished micro-mini dress with an open back. To die for, taking a shot at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes are fixed across the room where Artemesia in a sexy club outfit approaches...

She leads Marnie onto the dance floor. Her hands slide up Marnie's thighs and inside her dress. Grabs Marnie's ass and pulls her close.

Marnie gasps, wraps her arms around Artemesia's neck. They're slow dancing. Marnie moans, they kiss, they're getting steamy, too steamy for public...

But it's dark no one's paying attention. Marnie takes Artemesia's hand and guides it under her dress and between her legs.

MARNIE

Make me come...

Artemesia concentrating, Marnie's fluttering, then closing her eyes... Beat, then Marnie looks surprised.

MARNIE

Oh, God...I'm coming.

MARNIE

That portrait of, we had just finished making love in that very bed. He told me to lie still while he sketched me, I fell asleep, When I woke up that morning, he was still up, putting the finishing touches to the painting. My hair, face, a sex mess. I thought it was so hot... We fucked again that morning.

EXT. SEATTLE - NIGHT

The city settles into nighttime.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Dark, except for the twinkling skyline.

A key turns, the door opens, and Artemesia and Marnie fumble their way inside. Between kisses, marnie reaches down, pulls off one high-heel.

Her other shoe. Artemesia reaches down, takes it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls Marnie into a kiss - a long kiss, that grows increasingly passionate, their clothes drop hastily on the floor as

They make their way toward the bedroom, naked. 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.

A woman's orgasm...Marnie, nice tits akimbo, is cumming hard. She gasps and screams and grabs at things, finally settles.

Artemesia comes up into frame. She lies down next to the Marnie, adjusts the pillows so she's comfortable.

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.

INT. BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Marnie enters. She walks through the room into her dressing room/closet.

INT. MARNIE'S DRESSING ROOM/CLOSET - DAY

It's big enough to be another bedroom. Meticulously organized. Her wardrobe, she both wear the minimum quantity of clothing required, as well as keep her style simplistic. Mainly wears Earth-tones, classic cuts, short hemline...

She takes off her shoes.

AT HER BUREAU, she removes her earrings and other jewelry. Places it on a tray.

Artemesia shrugs off her blazer dress, revealing lingerie, silk panties, garters and stockings. She removes her sexy heels.

Artemesia unzips the back of Marnie's dress for her to expose her sexy backside, bare bum cleavage. She nuzzles Marnie's neck, slips her hands inside her dress, conducts her own kinky frisk, fondling Marnie's breasts...

Marnie moans,

Artemesia moves a hand between Marnie's thighs...

Marnie lets out a sharp gasp - arches her back, moans passionately - they watch each other in the mirror, as Artemesia finger-fucks Marnie...

aroused by the possibility that they're being watched.

There, on a Persian rug, Artemesia and Marnie roll around naked, kissing. She pours wine on Marnie's belly and licks it off.

Chastity stands ready, with a big smile on her face as Stan,

hesitant and awkward, removes her dress. Then her shoes. Her stockings and garter belt. He goes around back to open her bra. Then comes back around front when he realizes the catch is in the front. He removes her bra.

Her arm is bandaged and she clearly only has partial use back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGHT ON Soledad's face. She's lying on the floor as a man clumsily THRUSTS himself into her. She looks like she can't wait for this to be over.

HOLM puts TEMPLAR'S hand on her thigh. Then TEMPLAR slides his hand up her leg and underneath the hem of her dress. HOLM moans. TEMPLAR removes her thong. They kiss. Obviously this is not their first time

In Ralph Lauren silk sheets, Artemesia and Marnie untangle, sweaty and exhausted.

Artemesia and Marnie, naked, sweaty, exhausted, and in embrace. Artemesia moves her lips up and down Marnie's body and Marnie arches her back.

ARTEMESIA

You're like a piece of performance art.

A naked woman in bed. A silk Ralph Lauren sheet over her. An insane beauty. Sleepy-eyed. Glimpses; small of her back, side swell of breast, a calf...

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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.

maddeningly sexy. She wears a black mini dress, pearls and heels. The kind of New York style women around the world envy and fall far short of

Bridget and Andrew are in the midst of ransacking Juliet's bedroom. As he empties drawers, she rifles through the closet. Carmen enters with garbage bags.

MAN

Can we talk?

WOMAN

I'm due in court in ten minutes.

Reluctantly, she leaves. Artemesia scoops up two glasses and a brandy bottle from behind the bar. She pours -

She hands him a brandy glass..

You gotta admire his straight-up ballsiness, and Rachel does. If we're paying attention, we'll also remember seeing her in the courtroom.

ARTEMESIA

I appreciate your time, your Honor. I know you're busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE BAXTER

Willard tells me you're one of the best tax attorney's in the state.

ARTEMESIA

Well, that might be a slight exaggeration.

JUDGE BAXTER

So was my last one -- and I warn you, he took one look at them and turned to stone..

ARTEMESIA

I'm sure I can straighten things out...

,stuns in a backless lurex mini dress, not tight, clingy. All arms, legs, and hotness.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

She's putting in earrings.

Artemesia, half-dressed, topless, silk panties, heels. Grabs a sexy double-breasted blazer mini dress from off the bed and slips it on.

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.

WOMAN

Are you out of your damned mind?

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 JOHANSSSEN, 30s, African-American, sharp suit, mouthwatering handsome, joins her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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: (2)

BAD MAN

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

He goes.

=====

-

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Marnie lets herself in via the sliding door. The place is contemporary and expensive. She ascends the steps to the second floor.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

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 in it... 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

Audrey could be the winner of an Illeana Douglas look-alike contest.

ILSA and VICTOR lie in each other's arms after making love.

Outside, it rains

He looks at her. Her robe falls open. He goes to her, and, taking her in his arms, kisses her with increasing passion

HARRISON feverishly kisses, pushing the robe off her shoulders. She sinks to the floor, pulling him with her

They make quick and furious love on the floor. After he's come, HARRISON rolls off her, stunned at what he's done.

ILSA sits up and looks at him.

She gets up, stretches luxuriously, adjusts the robe around her.

HARRISON goes through ILSA'S SUITCASE. Finds a SNIPER'S RIFLE. And a handful of passports, each made out in a different name, each with a different picture of ILSA.

Remains of breakfast scattered on a tray...

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

Arty feverishly kisses, pushing the robe off her shoulders. The swell of her breast, erect nipples.

Marnie sinks to the floor, pulling him with her. They fuck quick and furious. After he's come, HARRISON rolls off her, stunned at what he's done.

He looks at her. Her robe falls open. The swell of her breast, erect nipples. Arty kisses her. CAUGHT off-guard--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marnie tries to extricate herself, he pushes in, grabs her breast--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-

He looks at her. Her robe falls open. The swell of her breast, erect nipples. He goes to her, taking her in his arms, kisses her with increasing passion

Arty feverishly kisses, pushing the robe off her shoulders. She sinks to the floor, pulling him with her

They fuck fast and furious, looks like a rape in progress on the floor. After he's come, HARRISON rolls off her, stunned at what he's done.when she would wear an embellished gold micro-mini dress with an open back. To die for.

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.

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY

Modern. Large. Airy. Impeccably decorated with fine art. 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.

ABIGAIL CANTERBURY, maybe 50, a Kate Beckinsale vibe about her, sits up, but she's too intelligent looking to be just sexual eye-candy --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She rises, grabs a legal documents from a bedside table, tosses on the bed, disappears into the bathroom. Even her slight British accent is sexy.

ABIGAIL (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 on the wall: Abigail and her ELEVEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, smiling like it's the best day ever.

She emerges in a towel. Moves to the bed, picking up her heels.

A naked woman, ELIZABETH CAMEROTA, 47, an exotic and striking British beauty, a Rhona Mitra type-- is still asleep. Unacceptable...

She smacks her ass -- HARD. She jumps up, squeals in delight. Satisfied, she kisses her. Elizabeth looks over the documents.

A naked woman, ELIZABETH (30s, Italian/American, suburban/sexy) is still asleep. Unacceptable.

GINA

(re: donut)

Nice breakfast.

ARTEMESIA

Well, I don't have you cooking for me anymore, do I?

GINA

I never cooked for you in my life.

ARTEMESIA

You made me that sweet Mexican dish.

GINA

Um, take-out don't count, Artemesia.

DET. DWYER

We noticed your surveillance cameras weren't working?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARNIE

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

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.

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.

And suddenly Arty pulls her toward him, tearing open her robe. She tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress. Marnie, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He has her to the floor and throws open her robe, the swell of her breasts, her nipples erect. She screams now, but his hand finds her mouth, muting her...

INT. ARTEMESIA'S CONDO - DAY

Modern. Large. Airy. Impeccably decorated with fine art. They place screams money.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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. 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.

ARTEMESIA

I don't know how to thank you.

HELIO

You know me, Artemesia. As long as I'm kept happy... Reeder and Kaplan has nothing to worry about.

Artemesia nods slightly, she knows what this means. She then gets up, crosses to the door and closes it.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

An aerial shot that PANS from City Hall, Manhattan to Yankee Stadium, The Bronx. It's the World Series.

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.

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

Establish a sprawling, expensive oceanfront property nestled

a hundred feet from the ocean on the Santa Monica boardwalk

SUSAN, steely, stunning, and very angry...

Dudley-Do-Right upstanding...

Ella sits alone at a table for two. A WOMAN slides into a seat opposite her. They stare at each other a beat. A gentle smile crawls across Ella's face. She places her hand in the middle of the table. The woman reaches out for Ella's hand. Their fingers tentatively entwine. Each so sensitive to the other's touch. The woman reaches out and places her hand on Ella's cheek. Ella finds comfort in her touch, leans into it, closes her eyes. Kisses the palm of the hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly he can no longer control himself and neither can she. The attraction between them is an overwhelming force. He kisses her and she kisses back. And once it starts, the fire between them is unstoppable.

In moments they are all over each other. They slide onto one of the empty stainless steel tables, start pulling at their clothes.

Nell and Nate are in each other's arms. It's hot. Desperate. Unthinking. All consuming to the degree that they don't even realize where they are, or hear the sound of footsteps approaching.

And then the door bursts open. Light floods the room. Nell gasps. Nate tries to cover her. Both of them are breathing hard.

They scramble off the table, clutching their clothes, surrounded by body bags, suddenly aware of how bizarre this looks. Three night guards stare in amazement and horror.

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.

GINA

You know? You know she's innocent?

ARTEMESIA

I know when someone's lying to me.

GINA

Yeah... yeah, not a skill I possess.

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