FADE IN:

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Break of dawn. Images of the city, stately and serene until we find...

...JOSEPH FLORRICK, 40s, edgier than his gruffly handsome looks suggest... sad, lonely, and troubled at the moment as he walks aimlessly through a deserted part of town, on his cell.

INT. SHEILA'S OFFICE - DAY

Executive. Manhattan in the backdrop. SHEILA WATSON, late thirties, early forties, elegant, paces on her cell phone, not happy.

INTERCUT with them as needed.

SHEILA

Look, Joseph. You signed a huge contract, for three more books, and got paid in advance for your great track record.

She sips coffee, then...

SHEILA

But your latest one was a flop, hell it didn't make the New York times best-seller list, and you've always been number one.

He snaps!

JOSEPH

I know, Sheila. I don't need you to fuckin' remind me.

Sheila reacts to his combative tone...

SHEILA

Well, let me remind you of this...if you don't come up with something soon, you're going to be in breach of contract.

She she softens, then...

SHEILA

Joseph, I understand why you wanted to get away from the city, but Niagara is only a skip and a hop from

(MORE)
SHEILA (CONT'D)
Manhattan, why there--? Why not your cabin up in Colorado.

JOSEPH
Because Mattie wanted to come here.

SHEILA
That's your problem...another distraction.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
WITH a city marker; Welcome to Niagara Falls, the Honeymoon Capital of the World...

...a sleek porsche, looks brand new, hauls ass through the outskirts, of this beautiful coastal retreat and at the wheel...

EXT. /INT. PORSCHE - DAY
...its top down. RACHELINA LOLLOBRIGIDA, 30s, dark, sultry good looks, with flirty eyes... and dangerous appeal, takes in the awe-inspiring scenery...

...shades her eyes with a pair of Bulgari sunglasses that gives her a roguish look.

In the passenger seat, an ultra-thin James Bond briefcase, and her BLACKBERRY that HUMMS. They only thing sexier is her accent...

She rattles off machine-gun Italian, sounds dirty, then...

RACHELINA
Hey, baby.

EXT. SHERATON - DAY
Establishing... luxurious. Glittering. Directly across from Niagara Falls.

INT. SHERATON - HONEymoon SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY
A sumptuously furnished suite with floor-to-ceiling windows, and a jaw-dropping view of Niagara Falls... and that's where we find the doors leading to the balcony are open...

...MATTIE, blonde, barefoot, traipsing around in a slip dress which accentuates her sensual curves, on the LATEST BLACKBERRY, whispers something lasciviously.
She smokes, laughs, definitely looks like an affair.

Joseph enters, watches her... dark thoughts.

Finally, she spins, notices him.... she's younger, arrestingly beautiful... patterned her whole style and look after Marilyn Monroe.

She looks off, abruptly ends the call. Flicks out her cigarette, and steps inside.

They stare... trouble in paradise. They make an odd couple.

    JOSEPH
    Who was that--?

    MATTIE
    My sister.

And it sounds like a lie. Mattie picks through leftovers on a breakfast tray.

    JOSEPH
    We've been here two days and haven't really seen Niagara. How 'bout we check out the aquarium.

    MATTIE
    I thought I'd go for a walk.

    JOSEPH
    Then I'll come with you.

    MATTIE
    I'm taking the "Maid of the Mist" tour.

He scowls, not liking that one bit. Mattie heads towards the bathroom, wearing a slight smirk.

Joseph fixes himself a drink. Mere seconds, water runs...
Mattie pokes her head in...

    MATTIE
    You need to write. You have a deadline coming up. I mean that was the whole point of this trip, right? To get out of New York.

She's right and Joseph knows it. Dreadful look when he sets his sights on a laptop, on the desk cluttered with two manual scripts...

...one with a big "REJECTION" stamped on it.
INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BATHROOM - DAY

Steamier than a hot sauna. Faint moans serenades...

...Marita is in the shower. We can just make out her naked, soapy body behind the frosted glass... she surreptitiously masturbates.

Further back... Joseph's spying on her, a pang of jealousy.

Suddenly-- she senses him watching, wheels...

...Joseph ducks out. She wipes condensation off the glass, smiling with a dubious smirk.

INSIDE A PRIVATE BOUDOIR

The door is slightly open, Mattie, in a racy bra and a lacy panties, sexily pulls on a pair of sheer stockings.

IN A MIRROR, she catches Joseph watching... it makes her skin crawl.

EXT. TABLE ROCK WELCOME CENTER - DAY

In the heart of Niagara parks. Wild-eyed TOURISTS flood a variety of restaurants, souvenir and tinker shops.

Rachelina, on a leisurely stroll, Red Scarlet digital camera filming everything in sight, in particular...

...in the foreground -- thundering water rushes over the brink of the Horseshoe Falls. She stops, stares, drawn to the area in a weird way.

Mind racing... considering... beaming, then...

BENNIE (O.S.)
First time in Niagara Falls, Miss?

Rachelina turns -- BENNIE, 30s, a suave Argentinian, stands there.

RACHELINA

Yes.

BENNIE
You like it here?

RACHELINA
I hope so.

BENNIE
You're very beautiful.
RACHELINA
Yea. I get that a lot.

Her patients growing thin...

RACHELINA
Look, I'm just a tourist. A few days shopping, sightseeing, you know.

BENNIE
I see. I would be honored to show you around, if you allowed me--

--looking down on the ring on his left hand...

RACHELINA
...aren't you married.

He shrugs it off...

BENNIE
Ah, you know, it's not important where I come from.

RACHELINA
All men are dogs.

And with that, leaves him to ponder.

INT. SHERATON - LOBBY - DAY

Shrouded in luxury. HOTEL CONCIERGE assist TOURISTS from all parts of the world.

Rachelina, briefcase in hand, strides with purpose towards the front desk where-- FRED, 50s, a hotel clerk, smiles in recognition.

HOTEL CLERK
Ah, Ms. Lollobrigida, always nice to see you.

RACHELINA
You to, Fred.

FRED
Fantasy suite--?

RACHELINA
Uh-huh.

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - DAY

Stellar view of Niagara Falls. A luxurious fantasy penthouse suite.
Rachelina enters, followed by a CONCIERGE and BELLMAN, who sets her bags down. She tips them, they nod in appreciation, and leave.

She kicks off her heels, massages her feet, "they hurt."

EXT. CITY STREET – DAY

The streets are full of tourists shopping and in the bunch, Mattie, her shapely ass looks great under her very short, very tight mini skirt...

...with a shopping bag, sunglasses, texting on her Blackberry, turning heads, women too.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER – MAIN FLOOR – DAY

Insanely expensive. Mattie is trolling the floor, going through the motions of shopping, jewelry, shoes, handbags, when-- RING.

Only this time... pulls a CHEAP CELL out of her purse, her eyes light up.

She runs out the door, trying to hail a taxi.

INT. SHERATON – CORRIDOR – DAY

Still on her CHEAP CELL, Mattie sashays along, as fast as her stilettos will allow... so excited.

MATTIE
This is cruel and unusual punishment to be without for so long... where are you at--?

A woman's arm reaches out and pulls Mattie into--

INT. SHERATON – RACHELINA'S SUITE – DAY

--Rachelina, naked except for a towel, backs Mattie against the wall and kisses her, passionately. Mattie's eyes light up, tosses her things aside, playful and adorable.

RACHELINA
Oh, we definitely need to make up for lost time.

MATTIE
When did you get here--?

RACHELINA
This morning.
They kiss, more and more intense. Mattie reaches down, pulls off one of her heels.

RACHELINA
You miss me--?

MATTIE
Ohmigod! Yes. Just thinking about you makes me cum on demand.

Mattie's other heel... Rachelina reaches down, takes it off, and they kiss, tare at clothes.

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bathed in the sanity of AFTERNOON LIGHT... 
...our lovebirds, fully naked, falling onto the bed in each other's arms... kissing with passion, on their way to crazy-love-making.

INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mattie, lying on the bed, in a SEXY NIGHTGOWN, with a glass of wine, reading a ROMANCE NOVEL. Beside her, Joseph types on his laptop.

JOSEPH
"Maid of the mist" and "Cave of the Winds."

MATTIE
Yea, let's go behind the falls.

JOSEPH
"behind the falls," is really quite silly. It's just a mess of mist and white.

Mattie rolls over, sets the book down, a dubious smirk, then...

MATTIE
I've never seen it. I want to see it. I'll go myself.

Kisses him chastely on the cheek...

MATTIE
Goodnight.
EXT. SHERATON - POOL AREA - DAY

Rachelina, bikini'd and a sarong, book in hand, saunters along, surveying the vast array of glistening bodies, then spots the apple of her eye...

...Mattie, dripping wet, more nude than not in a string bikini, lies on a chaise, soaking up the rays.

    RACHELINA
    Hey, baby.

Mattie shades her eyes from the sun to see Rachelina. Both doing a horrible job of hiding their lust.

    MATTIE
    I could kiss you.

Rachelina takes up the adjacent chaise.

    RACHELINA
    Is that all.

Mattie plucks the umbrella from her tropical drink, playfully tosses it at her.

    MATTIE
    Ah, you're a sex manic. Why didn't you call.

    RACHELINA
    I knew I'd find you here.

    MATTIE
    I'd rather be doing it naked on a beach... with you of course.

    RACHELINA
    Soon. In Miami. Where is he?

    MATTIE
    Oh he's in the room... probably still staring at a blank screen.

INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - DAY

Joseph hovers over his laptop, and that's exactly what he's doing... frustration etched on his face.

INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Mattie, in a sexy little number, hooks on a pair of diamond earrings. Joseph comes up from behind, zips her up, kisses her bare backside.
She nuzzles Gina's ear, as she zips her up.

GINA
Thank you.

INT. SHERATON - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT
Joseph slips into a large room, a small but lavish party is in full swing. Well dressed GUESTS sit at tables bathed in candlelight.

He takes the unguided tour, searches for Mattie who's nowhere in sight until he spots...

Mattie, near the buffet table, a little tipsy, a little sexy, chit-chatting it up with - LORENZO, 20s, a womanizer, nouveau cool... he whispers something intimately into her ear... she smiles.

Joseph drifts their way, suppresses his jealousy, and inject himself in the conversation.

JOSEPH
There you are?

MATTIE
Hi honey, this is Lorenzo. He's from Barcelona. Lorenzo, this is my husband, Joseph.

He extends a hand... reluctant, Joseph shakes.

LORENZO
Joe! How in the hell are you?

JOSEPH
Fine.

LORENZO
Good. Good. Mattie was just telling me all about you.

Joseph, not buying a word of it, grabs Mattie's arm, turns back to Lorenzo.

JOSEPH
Would you excuse us?

LORENZO
Sure thing. Who am I to argue...?

Joseph escorts her towards the elevators, his hand has a firm hold to her arm. She tries to jerk his arm away, no dice.
JOSEPH
Come here?

MATTIE
Come where?

JOSEPH
Don't make a scene.

Rachelina stands in a dark corner, sips her drink, she looks ravishing in a mini dress with a deep plunging neckline.

INT. SHERATON/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They're alone. Mattie breaks free of his grasp. His demeanor turns from sociable to darkness.

JOSEPH
No more of this crap.

MATTIE
We're just talking Joe.

JOSEPH
I'm tired of your flirting. Act like you're married for once.

MATTIE
Are we? I'm starting to wonder myself.

JOSEPH
What is that suppose to mean?

MATTIE
You're really going to play dumb?

He can't believe what he's hearing.

JOSEPH
No! And I'm not going to turn a blind-eye. Last time I checked you were my wife. If you want to continue to do so...

MATTIE
...this is so much bullshit!

INT. SHERATON - HONEymoon SUITE - NIGHT

Mattie stalks in, a weird calm to her demeanor, makes herself a cocktail. Joseph fresh on her heels, studies her forlorn movements.
She downs the drink in one gulp, pours another.

JOSEPH
Like that's going to help?

She shoots a glance at him, gulps it down, and pours the chaser.

MATTIE
You're still an ass. You treat me like shit!

Mattie lunges at him, pushes Joseph, slugs him with a fury of fists. He snaps, grabs a hold to her, then tosses her to the carpet.

His words sting. Mattie scrambles to her feet, slips out of her spiked heels, hurls them at Joseph, grazes the side of his face.

He'd like nothing better than punch her lights out, thinks better of it. Mattie gathers her things, storms out. He runs after her.

JOSEPH
And where are you going, huh?

She ignores him, slams the door in his face.

INT. SHERATON - CASINO - NIGHT

At the ROULETTE TABLE -- Mattie places her stack of chips on the number 13. The HANDSOME CROUPIER -- spins the wheel.

More spins of the wheel. More winning numbers for Mattie. A crowd gathers, and in the bunch... Joseph. She turns, sees Joseph who walks off.

Quickly, she gathers her chips and...

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Rimmed with candles... sound of a Champagne cork popping. Mattie enters, starts performing a seductive striptease.

MATTIE
Well, look at you.

Steam billows from the jacuzzi, inside... Rachelina, naked, fills two glasses with bubbly liquid.

RACHELINA
Care to join me?
MATTIE
(grins)
I thought you'd never ask.

RACHELINA
Did he--?

MATTIE
Uh-huh. Just like you said he would.

Naked, Mattie joins her. Glasses clink! And now they're heating up the water together.

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - NIGHT

It's dark, except for the ILLUMINATION OF THE FALLS which floods the room in a rainbow of lights. And bathed in the glow...

...Rachelina and Mattie are having ragged, urgent lesbian sex on the bed. It looks wickedly hot and sexy.

LATER... Rachelina watches Mattie in the middle of a reverse striptease and never has one looked so hot.

MATTIE
(playful)
You're one lucky bitch! You know that?

Rachelina - grinning...

RACHELINA
Relax, he's just some the guy I screw whenever the batteries run out.

INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joseph is passed out in bed. Mattie enters, shoes in hand, watches her husband sleep, emptiness in her eyes.

Reluctant, she leans over and kisses him. He stirs, slightly hungover.

JOSEPH
Mattie--

MATTIE
I was at the casino.

He looks at her, trying to focus.

MATTIE
(lying)
I'm sorry.
JOSEPH

Me too.

A faint smile creeps across his face.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

ROBERTO, 30s, a dark, muscle man, lady killer looks, with a
dangerous appeal, exits the terminal. Rachelina's porsche pulls up to him.

He tosses his bags in the back, slides in next to Rachelina, wearing a mini dress, pearls, and heels. They trade smiles.

ROBERTO

Long time, no see, bee-ch!

RACHELINA

Roberto, I hope you got some sleep.

ROBERTO

What's up with the one-way ticket?

RACHELINA

You're going to be riding the dream of success home.

She kisses him dispassionately, puts his hand on her thigh, then Roberto slides his hand up her great legs and underneath the hem of her dress.

She moans... he RIPS OFF HER THONG. Clearly this is not their first time.

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Backlit by the falls... naked and covered in sweat, Roberto has Rachelina pinned against the glass-to-ceiling window, fucking her furiously from behind. Still wearing her heels and pearls.

LATER... Rachelina sits in the darkness, still naked in her high-heels, a cigarette in her hand, a bottle of vodka next to her, looking out the window at the falls.

ROBERTO (V.O.)

Hey, baby.

She looks over at--

Roberto, sweat-stained, stands there. TOWEL WRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST, his enormous erection sticking out like a pop-up tent.
He places a PISTOL to her forehead... if she's scared we can't tell.

RACHELINA
Are you fuckin' crazy!

ROBERTO
What do you--

Lightening flash -- Rachelina GRIPS Roberto's wrist, twisting it back so that he shoots himself in the face... Roberto shrieks...

...it also hurts like hell. Rachelina pulls the trigger... CLICK!

RACHELINA
Good thing for you, huh?

ROBERTO
Take it easy, I was just joking.

She lets go, bust his balls with her knee, he drops out of sight, rolling around in pain. Places her foot between his legs...

...he writhes in excruciating pain... it's obvious she crushing his nuts with her heels.

INT. NIAGARA FALLS/TUNNEL - DAY

Two women in YELLOW PONCHOS descend worn stairs and into a dark, slippery, and cold man-made tunnels.

It's our lovebirds. They walk and talk, lots of history signs. Rachelina's more relaxed than Mattie, who looks very uncomfortable.

Rachelina senses this... holds her hand.

BEHIND THE FALLS -- fast and powerful, although we can't see much but a sheet of white and...

MATTIE (O.S.)
Walking through that tunnel kinda creped me out.

...further back, Mattie and Rachelina in front of a gate... ten feet or so away, looking out a small opening. They're all alone.

RACHELINA
Being married to Joseph, you should be use to it.

They share a laugh.
MATTIE
Wow! It doesn't even look like water from here.

They walk a bit further, then descend the stairs to get a better view of the falls.

As they make their way, passing a couple necking in the corner.

They advance deeper, Mattie, SLIPPING slightly on the slick floor, but straight in the arms of Rachelina.

MATTIE
Whoa!

RACHELINA
You okay.

MATTIE
Thanks to you.

They look around, no one but them. They steal a kiss... lingering. Oblivious too...

MATTIE
We fuck too much. What will we do when it's done.

RACHELINA
Will do it on the nude beaches of f Venice... in a water taxis... in my favorite sex club.

MATTIE
And what about now, huh? Can we do it in the "Cave of the winds". We can wear those raincoats, but be naked underneath... put our clothes in the bags they provide.

RACHELINA
Yes. I know a private spot in there, we can take off the raincoats and let the water cascade down our bodies as we do it.

More kissing, blood running hot.

MATTIE
Promise me.

RACHELINA
I promise. I love you.

...lurking in the backdrop, a woman, the only one wearing very fashionable, and BLACK RAIN GEAR, spies on them.
She holds up a waterproof camera and captures snapshots.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Late afternoon. At the tail-end of dinner, Joseph and Mattie, in a tiny dress, eat in silence. The mood, far from romantic.

    RACHELINA
    Mr. Florrick--?

He turns, sees Rachelina, giddy, with her arms around Roberto.

    JOSEPH
    Yes. Do I--?

    RACHELINA
    I'm your biggest fan. Oh, where's my manners. I'm Rachelina... my friends call me Rachel. And this is my husband, Roberto. A belated honeymoon.

They trade pleasantries. Rachelina hands him a worn copy of SHADOWS; another airbrushed photo of Joseph, only this time he's smiling.

    RACHELINA
    Can you--?

    JOSEPH

    RACHELINA
    God. I can't believe this.

    JOSEPH
    Thanks. You care to join us--?

He turns to Mattie...

    JOSEPH
    Honey, you don't mind. Do ya?

    MATTIE
    No. Of course not.

LATER... our couples talk, we can't make out the conversation, but it's very spirited. Mattie and Roberto steal glances at each other.

Something definitely going on between them.
INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joseph is asleep, snoring soundly. Mattie crawls out of bed, anxious not to wake him, then steps into--

INSIDE HER PRIVATE BOUDOIR

--She slips into a sexy and undeniably suggestive nightgown, then throws on a long, elegant robe.

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - NIGHT

In the dark, Mattie's lying naked in Rachelina's arms, both sweating and exhausted from sex, smoking a joint... talking and watching...

...ON THE FLATSCREEN: the film noir classic; "NIAGARA."

RACHELINA

You were wetter then Niagara Falls.

MATTIE

More like a fuckin' tsunami.

Naughty chuckles, then...

RACHELINA

I loved this movie. I love how they made full use of the grandeur of the falls and its adjacent areas... as well as the grandeur of Marilyn Monroe.

(takes a drag)

Look at all the terrific camera work they did of the falls back then... now the city is nothing more than a tawdry Canadian answer to Atlantic city.

Mattie takes the joint and inhales deeply, holding her breath, then...

MATTIE

(coy, sexy)

Well - Niagara might not be the best vacation spot to visit under any circumstances -- but the Falls and Mrs. Mattie Florrick are something to see, don't you think?

Rachelina answers her with a passionate kiss. Mattie takes a long toke and hands it back...

MATTIE

Wow, this is strong.
RACHELINA
Ohhhh, yes. This'll definitely take the edge off.

Her comment lingers, then...

MATTIE
You having second thoughts--?

RACHELINA
No.

Rachelina kills the joint... Mattie lingers over Rachelina a moment, they share a conspiratorial smile.

MATTIE
It would be for his own good. As painful as it would be for me to be without my loving husband.

RACHELINA
I'm doing it for the safety of his beloved wife... the selfless act of a devoted friend...

Rachelina wrestles Mattie underneath her... kissing... escalating, then...

MATTIE
...And ten million dollars.

RACHELINA
Can you slip away tomorrow for an extended period.

MATTIE
Yes, I'll tell him I'm going on the "Maid of the Mist." He hates boats, he gets sea sick riding them.

INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mattie stands there, grins wickedly as she watches Joseph still sleeping like a baby. She kicks off her shoes and looses the robe, slides in bed.

EXT. FERRY BOAT / MAID OF THE MIST - DAY

Crowded. Mattie and Rachelina leans against the rails, enjoying the tour.

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

RACHELINA
Well -- you better hope not.

MATTIE
The pressure's getting to him. It's taking its toll. He's doing everything but pulling his hair out. And after his publicist called...

RACHELINA
...let's face it, Joseph is nowhere close to being the young man, who use to put the pen to the paper.
(then)
He's washed up. He's finished and he knows it. It's only a matter of time before he breaks like a cracked damn.

A short silence, then...

RACHELINA
But we can't let that happen. His life insurance wont payout if he commits suicide. But if you hadn't signed that per-nup...things would have been so much easier.

MATTIE
I had too. Joseph had doubts about me -- it was the only I to convince him that I loved him.

RACHELINA
Do you--?

MATTIE
No, you know I don't. I dread going back to him... you do believe me, don't you?

RACHELINA
Yes.

RACHELINA
One more thing -- I suggest wearing a baseball cap. It makes your poncho hood stay on longer.
EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - OBSERVATION DECKS - DAY

The sound of the falls is deafening. Rachelina and Mattie wearing ponchos, getting hammered by the wind, the spray, the fury, and loving every minute of it.

MATTIE
Whew!

RACHELINA
Whew! Is right.

RACHELINA
Be careful. The decks are slippery.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Descending... down through rock. At the back, Rachelina and Mattie making out rather hotly.

RACHELINA
Oh remember to write or scratch on the big wall of rock on the dock to the left with...

From her pocket, Rachelina pulls out a rock, hands it to her.

EXT. SHERATON - POOL AREA - DAY

Once again, Mattie is sunning herself, sunglasses, she looks amazing. Next to her, Joseph is typing away on his laptop.

Roberto and Rachelina, arm and arm, crosses over towards them.

RACHELINA
Hey there, Joseph, Mattie -- how you doing?

JOSEPH
Rachel. Small world.

RACHELINA
What are you two doing later? We've been invited to a small beach party.

ROBERTO
(eyeing Mattie)
Yea, why don't you join us.

He considers... maybe, then...
JOSEPH
I can't. I'm swamped. Plus my agent left me a crazy message.

Rachelina lowers her sunglasses, shoots Joseph a sloppy wink.

RACHELINA
C'mon. It'll be so much fun.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT
Against the backdrop of Niagara Falls...
...a small get-together of COUPLES. A huge tent is set-up, hot dogs, steaks, burgers on a grill. Music emanates from a car's stereo.

Rachelina sips her beer, swaying idly to the music, finding a rhythm. Mattie swaying drunkenly to the music, clutching a bottle of wine.

Both exchange looks. Rachelina runs her hands along Mattie's ass. They watch...
...downing beers, Roberto and Joseph mid-argument, laughing and shouting. A HOT GIRL passes by, dragging their eyes with them.

Joseph catches himself looking, snaps out of it.

ROBERTO
Nothin' wrong with looking.

Joseph excuses himself, walks towards the river. In the b.g., Rachelina whispers something to Mattie, then races to catch up with Joseph.

With Mattie, who notices Roberto eye-balling her impressive cleavage.

Further down the beach... footprints cascading in the sand, it's Rachelina.

RACHELINA
Joseph. Wait up.

He stops, manages a smile. Out of breath...

RACHELINA
Hey, where you going? You seem sad. You want to talk about it?

Joseph - her killer smile, friendly face -- "heck, why not."

JOSEPH
Can I ask you a question--?
RACHELINA
Sure. I must warn you though, I doubt if I can be much help.

JOSEPH
My last book--

RACHELINA
--Kiss me deadly.

JOSEPH
What did you think of it? Honestly.

RACHELINA
Too be honest... your earlier works were better. Sorry.

JOSEPH
Na, it's alright. I figured that based on the piss poor reviews.

RACHELINA
I forgot my purse, give me a cigarette, would you?

Joseph produces one, provides a light.

JOSEPH
I've been in such a funk lately and I'm worried sick about my deadline coming up.

He looks back towards the small party, Mattie is sitting with Roberto.

JOSEPH
Among other things.

RACHELINA
Yeah, I figured that much. Have you thought about hiring a ghostwriter? It might be just the thing you need.

His eyes light up... first signs of life out of him.

RACHELINA
Someone behind the scenes, no one has to know. For a small fee or a certain percentage.

JOSEPH
It feels sort of cheap.

RACHELINA
But very lucrative... it would get your career back on track. Think about it. I know a few.
JOSEPH
You do?

She takes a long drag off her cigarette, nodding...

RACHELINA
Come by the room sometime. We're right next door to you. C'mon let's liven up this party.

LATER... they're all gathered around a small campfire, listening to...

RACHELINA
Trust me, Niagara maybe more famous for its wineries, casinos and waterfalls, but it's blessed with a rich local lore of hauntings and spooky sites too.

LADY
There's a small limestone passageway known as the screaming tunnel. It was originally built as a drainage system beneath the former Grand trunk Railway...only now it's the Canadian National Railway.

LADY
According to local folklore, the tunnel is haunted by a ghost of a girl who escaped a burning farm, only to perish within its walls.

LADY
Several versions exits. One claims the girl's father set her alight after losing custody of his children during a bitter divorce. Another holds that the girl was raped inside the tunnel and her body was burned to conceal the evidence.

LADY
Whatever the version, striking a match inside the tunnel will conjure the gruesome screams of the spectral girl.

RACHELINA
Talk about putting a dark twist on the more tacky and touristy side of Niagara Falls.

RACHELINA
Ah, nothing but an urban legend.
LADY
Chilling.

LADY
The tunnel allowed farm animals to pass safely beneath the tracks while draining the fields of excess water.

LADY
Its located on Warner road which dead-ends near the QEW.

INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Once again, in the glow of the falls...

...amidst tangled bed sheets, Rachelina, sweating, breathless, rolls off Mattie, who slides into her arms. Contented and beyond satisfied.

LATER...

...in front of the window, Rachelina stands, still naked, looking out. From behind, Mattie snakes her arms around her, conducts her own kinky frisk.

RACHELINA
No. It needs to be Sunday evening. Not too many pigeons around.

Short beat, then...

RACHELINA
You'll have to lure him to the Canadian side of the falls... near the edge and accidentally drop your wedding ring. And make sure he's the one who climbs the rail to get it.

Rachelina breaks away, whips up cocktails for them both.

RACHELINA
And when he does attempt to retrieve it... he'll get it right between the shoulder blades.

MATTIE
What--? You're going shoot him?

RACHELINA
(nodding)
All the cameras are going see is you and Joseph enjoying the scenery, and than him slipping and falling eighty-

(MORE)
RACHELINA (CONT'D)

feet to his death, and getting swept up in the Falls.

MATTIE

But the shot...?

RACHELINA

High-powered rifle with a suppressor, no one will hear a peep -- not even you.

(hands her a drink)

You play the grieving widow for a day, or two.

MATTIE

What if they find his body, huh? And that glaring bullet hole?

Mattie, not liking this one bit, but Rachelina's quick to reassure her.

RACHELINA

They wont. And even if his body does turn up, the life insurance still pays out... even in case of murder.

RACHELINA

Besides, will be back across the border in Miami, then Mexico, and on to Venice. They wont be able to touch, let alone find us.

MATTIE

And what about him? What's his name--?

RACHELINA

Roberto. He's just background window dressing.

MATTIE

Window dressing or not, I have no intentions of splitting our money with him.

RACHELINA

Neither do I...I brought him a one-way ticket here for a reason.

MATTIE

You think of everything, don't you?

They share a hot kiss... more and more intense, then...
MATTIE
Come back to bed.

Rachelina stares, she's so beautiful... if there was time, she'd fuck her again, but...

RACHELINA
Not now. You'd better go before he wakes up.

Mattie closes her eyes - "shit." Breaks away, hastily gets dressed.

RACHELINA
If he happens to be up... stick to the line I told you.

...Mattie - stepping into her heels... nods in agreement, they come together for a long, good-bye kiss.

INT. SHERATON - HONEymoon SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joseph's awake, somewhat rigid, shell-shocked to see Mattie gone. He glance towards the alarm; "3:30." Snaps up, eyes burning with rage.

JOSEPH
Why, that sneaky little bitch!

He hears a faint noise. Shuts his eyes. Mattie tip-toes in, heels in hand, stares at his sleeping form. As she undresses...

...He rolls over from his pretend sleep, clicks on the light.

JOSEPH
Where have you been?

MATTIE
I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep so I went for a walk.

His bitterness intensifies. She doesn't even look at him.

JOSEPH
Mattie--

MATTIE
What--? How long have you been up?

JOSEPH
Just now.

MATTIE
Sure ya did.
INSIDE PRIVATE BOUDOIR

A look of vitriolic rage on Joseph's face, as he rummages through Mattie's private boudoir... all her sexy outfits, racy lingerie, sniffing and smelling... grows stronger by the second...

He stops, completely frustrated. In the background -- Mattie tries not to let on how much she's enjoying this, then...

MATTIE
Joe! What's wrong with you.

Mattie storms inside, stares at the mess.

INT. SHERATON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mattie exits the shower, wraps herself in a towel, crosses towards the mirror, and applies facial creams when--

--Joseph appears in the mirror behind her. He's stark naked and his voice is low, intense.

JOSEPH
Are you fucking around on me--?

MATTIE
No.

JOSEPH
Don't lie to me.

MATTIE
Please, Joe, don't do this...

She looks away, he grabs her face, forces her to look at him. If she's afraid, we can't tell.

JOSEPH
Do you love me--?

MATTIE
Joseph! You're hurting me.

A short beat, he lets go.

MATTIE
Of course, I love you. You're my husband...if I was fuckin' anyone else...I sure as hell wouldn't be fuckin' you.

He softens... immediately regrets it. Joseph takes her in his arms, very apologetic... Mattie melts into his embrace, well pretends too.
INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Rachelina, clad in only a SHEER CAMISOLE, paces back and forth. Listening...

...from the adjoining room, a loud pounding noise, rhythmic, their bed hitting the wall, and another... Mattie's screams of female ecstasis.

At the wet bar -- fixes herself vodka, drains it, then pours the chaser, listens... and the more she does... the angrier she gets.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Rachelina, as usual, dressed stylish and sexy, is escorted into the dining room by a HOSTESS. Rachelina spots Mattie sitting alone.

RACHELINA

What happened--?

She saunters over to Mattie's table and sits.

MATTIE

Hey. I'm sorry I wasn't able to come last night...he wouldn't go to sleep. He just layed there...watching me. It was crazy.

RACHELINA

Did you double up on valium?

INT. SHERATON HOTEL - COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

Joseph sits at the bar, deep in thought. He finishes off his SCOTCH and holds out cash for the BARMAID.

BARMAID

It's been taken care of.

She nods towards a table in the corner where Rachelina sits alone sipping wine. Joseph walks over to her.

JOSEPH

Thank you, but that really wasn't necessary.

RACHELINA

You look like you use a friend.

He tries to read her tone... eyes briefly flicker down to her impressive cleavage.
RACHELINA
Oh before I forget.

She digs through her studded Valentino purse, pulls out a folded piece of paper. Joseph studies it.

JOSEPH
I've gotta give it to you -- you got smarts.

RACHELINA
No one ever got ahead without taking a chance.

JOSEPH
Thanks, again.

As he goes to leave... she restrains him with a gentle hand, then...

RACHELINA
You can't go. I haven't cheered you up yet.

LATER... a few drinks in them...

RACHELINA
I don't think your wife likes me very much?

JOSEPH
She doesn't like anything except to spend my money. Where's Roberto?

RACHELINA
He took the ferry. I hate being on boats. I get sea sick.

JOSEPH
(surprised)
You to?

RACHELINA
Yea. You--?

JOSEPH
(nodding)
Sometimes I think she takes it because you knows I wont come.

JOSEPH
Why is she throwing that cat all over town when I given her everything.

RACHELINA
Joe, c'mon. It's not going to hurt you to smile.
JOSEPH
Right now my marriage is painful and I don't know what to do -- shit.

JOSEPH
I outta divorce her, but I don't really want to. But why shouldn't I, when she doesn't love me.

RACHELINA
Come on Joe. This isn't about love.

JOSEPH
Sometimes she just makes me so fucking crazy.

RACHELINA
Have you thought about hiring a private investigator? You know, to ease your mind.

JOSEPH
I did.

Frozen... Rachelina finds this mildly concerning.

RACHELINA
Well--?

JOSEPH
Nothing. Thanks, for listening.

RACHELINA
I'm afraid I wasn't much help really...just a friendly face.

As he walks off...

RACHELINA
Come see me. Anytime.

They stare into each others eyes for a long moment.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Early morning. Joseph looks sad and lonely as he walks along the Canadian side of Niagara falls, towards a four foot high barrier with rock pillars between the metal barriers... DANGER SIGNS.

He stares out... contemplating. In the background...

A pair of BLACK HIGH-HEEL BOOTS creeps across the wet grass as a WOMAN, black-skirted and thin leather jacket that's open to reveal her impressive cleavage, lifts her umbrella--
ARCHIE
You know, it's estimated that twenty to twenty-five people come here each ear to commit suicide.

Joseph whirls around, a bit startled to find...

...ARCHIE KOPPIKAR, an East Indian looker, tough, sexy, a no nonsense forty-something.

JOSEPH
Archie. I wasn't... but thanks for the concern.

She joins him... a quiet beat as they take in the scenery, then...

JOSEPH
Anything to report, yet?

ARCHIE
No.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

JOSEPH
You think I'm wasting your time, don't you?

ARCHIE
No. Just your money.

They stare.

EXT. STATE PARK - DAY

Rachelina orchestrates a photo op with -- xxx stands between Ralph and Joseph, who look irritable.

RACHELINA
Okay, everyone say cheese.

Rachelina lowers the camera,

EXT. MAIN STREETS - DAY

Mattie hustles down the sidewalk as fast as her spiked heels will allow, cell to her ear.

MATTIE
Sorry I'm late.

RACHELINA
I wasn't sure you were gonna make it.
Rachelina takes a moment, letting that sink in.

ROBERTO
How'd you get the lowdown?

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - NIGHT

Rachelina and Mattie are alone in the elevator that's descending...

Rachelina reaches into her diamond studded Valentino purse, pulls out a couple of...

DING-- the elevator stops and the doors slide open...

She rushes out the elevator...

RACHELINA
We have a problem. Seems Joseph hired a private investigator.

MATTIE
What--?

RACHELINA
Yes.

RACHELINA
Look, I'll deal with that when the time comes. Right now we've got bigger problems -- like finding out who this PI is.

RACHELINA
One more thing--

MATTIE
I got it -- plan B. I'm only two blocks away.

Orgasm near... Mattie buries her face in Rachelina's neck.

MATTIE
Baby, come with me.

INT. COCKTAIL - DAY

Joseph sitting in a fancy little bar with Rachelina, a couple of beers in front of them.

RACHELINA
Being in Niagara and not seeing the Cave of the Winds -- is like being in Paris and not visiting the Eiffel tower...
RACHELINA
...okay, maybe it's not that bad.

JOSEPH
You're a very funny girl.

RACHELINA
So have you heard from that PI?
What's his name--?

JOSEPH
Her. She's based out of New York.

JOSEPH
It's selfish and calculated like everything you do.

JOSEPH
And this is coming from a gold digger who said she knew she was going to marry me after our first date.

MATTIE
Because I loved you! What a fool I was.

She tosses her drink in his face. The guest GASP.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Joseph just stares ahead numb. After a long moment he walks to the barriers and stares at the eighty-foot drop. He looks back at her...

...Climbs the slippery pillars, lifts a leg over the railing...

MATTIE
Joe, don't be a fool.

MATTIE
(under her breath)
God, what a drama queen.

Joseph glances back, looking tortured.

Mattie on all fours, looking under the bed-- her panties are blatantly visible under her mini skirt.

JOSEPH
You don't remember where you put them when you came home last night?

MATTIE
Yeah, where I fucking always put them.
JOSEPH  
Well, uh, you were kinda out of it last night.

MATTIE  
No, I wasn't. I can drink most men under the table... you know that.

JOSEPH  
Uh, are you sure--? You did seem a bit tipsy.

MATTIE  
Yes, I'm sure, you dickless wonder.

EXT. QUEEN VICTORIA PARK - DAY

TRACKING THROUGH literally the "Heart" of Niagara parks... steep fallsview moraine... Great Gorge river... beautifully maintained gardens and spot...

...Our lovers walk and talk beside the falls.

...they stop to admire the hybrid tea rose garden and attractive carpet-bedding displays.

INT. SHERATON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mattie approaches a door and knocks. A woman's muffled voice answers.

WOMAN  
It's about time you got here. I ordered dinner--

The door opens to reveal -- Rachelina, once again naked except for a towel wrapped around her.

WOMAN  

RACHELINA  
--An hour ago.

Joseph softens...

MATTIE  
Ever since his stroke, his mobility hasn't been that good.

RACHELINA  
Perfect. It has to be done early, because it gets pretty crowded down there.
MATTIE

Yes.

Dancing in a very explicit way...

EXT. CAVE OF THE WINDS - DAY

Our lovers, in raincoats, walk along the catwalk near the foot of the falls. Breath-taking view of the thunderous, cascading waters.

EXT. SKYLON TOWER/ELEVATOR - DAY

Glass-enclosed "yellow bug elevator." Rachelina's riding to the top, checks her rolex.

RACHELINA

In fifty-two seconds.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

They cross over, climb down a small embankment towards... the SCREAMING TUNNEL just underneath the tracks.

Rachelina, in a sexy outfit, glides across the lobby, beach bag slug over her shoulders. She studies a travel brochure.

INT. RACHELINA'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachelina and Mattie simmer in bed under the sheets, post-coital in a "lazy doggie." A slower and gentler version of the all-time classic. Lovers whose last drop of passion as been spent on each other.

Mattie glances at the alarm; "3:30am."

MATTIE

I better go.

As their bodies disengage...

Amidst tangled bed sheets... Rachelina and Mattie after sex, sweating and exhausted as they stare at the ceiling... Eager, hungry... Mattie pushes her over, slithers atop... their love-fest continues, more and more intense.

Both with a dreamy, satisfied look.

Joseph lies awake as the sounds of RACHELINA AND MATTIE HAVING RAUCOUS SEX waft from the neighboring suite.
INT. SHERATON - RACHELINA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Rachelina reads a copy of COCKSOCKERS - featuring a stone-faced, airbrushed Joseph.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

IMAGES of the city, majestic and tranquil, glittering in glamorous moonlight...

...the SUPER tells us: THREE WEEKS EARLIER.

INT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - NIGHT

Backlit by GLEAMING SKYSCRAPERS...

...a ritzy ultra-modern condo with wall-to-ceiling glass.
Sleek and polished... sumptuous bar spilling out onto the massive terrace, with a jacuzzi, and breath-taking view of Manhattan--

INT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sauna-like heat, the tiles trickling with condensation, and inside the shower-- Rachelina and another woman, making out rather hotly... we can barely see their naked, soapy bodies behind the steamed up glass.

Nearby a CORDLESS PHONE RINGS. Short debate... Rachelina groans, steps out, wraps herself in a towel... answers the beckoning call.

INT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Plastered with memorabilia, and photos of famous actresses from yesteryear; Lana Turner, Gina Lollobrigida, Joan Crawford, etc... predominately Marilyn Monroe... vintage pieces of lesbian erotica.

...padding barefoot, Rachelina, dripping wet, and naked under her short, silk robe, on her CORDLESS PHONE.

RACHELINA
Richard, I think you're missing the point. We have a golden opportunity to snatch away a ten million dollar account from Kline & Associates, and you're giving me some bullshit about goodwill.

She rolls her eyes.
RACHELINA
There is no honor among thieves, Richard. They've stolen accounts from us...me. We need to get some payback.

Enough of this shit!

RACHELINA
Take your balls out of the vault and strap them on. I want the contracts signed, sealed, delivered by close of business tomorrow.

That's when -- PAOLA TOSCANO, 20s, Latin, drop-dead gorgeous, half-wet, toweling off, as she studies the walls.

RACHELINA
Well, you better get to it or seek gainful employment. Ciao.

Abruptly ends the call.

RACHELINA
What a spineless schmuck.

PAOLA
Remember, he's the nephew of the our firms biggest account.

RACHELINA
Please. Don't remind me.

Paola turns her attention to a photo of Marilyn, the one where she's singing "happy birthday, Mr. President."

PAOLA
When you told me you were a film noir buff -- you weren't kidding.

Paola picks up a younger photo of GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA.

RACHELINA
I like her. She was independent and feisty, and had many romances.

PAOLA
God, she has the most beautiful breasts.

Paola GASP in recognition.

PAOLA
Hey, isn't she the one Rock Hudson fell asleep on when they were intimate?
RACHELINA
Uh-huh, it happens, but don't worry sweetheart...

Grabs a handful of ass, pulls Paola close.

RACHELINA
-- I have no intentions of falling asleep.

PAOLA
I can be rough on you older women.

RACHELINA
Gina Lollobrigida once said, "A woman at 20 is like ice, at 30 she is warm and at 40 she is hot."

PAOLA
You're a short term girl who doesn't do relationships. You don't fall in love. And I can't count on anything from you but hot sex.

PAOLA
(playful)
It's okay. I had a great time -- bee-ach!

INT. HIGH-RISE - STAIRWELL - DAY

HEELS REVERBERATE. A pair of killer legs climbs the stairs. It's Rachelina, sporting a short, skirted suit, attaché in hand, on her Blackberry...

RACHELINA
Oh, I agree it's ridiculous to think because a brief lapse in judgment, that you'd have no compunction about fucking up my life.

INT. PIRRO & REEDER - DAY

Bustling. Rachelina strides into a prestigious law firm, lots of glass. She's intercepted by--

--Paola, a paralegal, in a mini skirt and towering heels.

PAOLA
Did you hear the offer? Five million.

RACHELINA
I don't mean to be greedy, but hold out for ten.
She notices... SHEILA WATSON, 30s, quietly beautiful, in a tiny dress, sitting in the reception area. She looks a bit distraught.

   RACHELINA
   Sheila--?

Sheila smiles, they share a big hug and kiss.

   SELENA
   Oh, God. I'm in trouble.

   RACHELINA
   Come.

INT. RACHELINA'S OFFICE - DAY

A large GLASS-WALLED office, well-appointed, with a stellar view of downtown Miami. On the comfy sofa, they sit rather cozily, in mid-conversation.

   SHEILA
   Paperwork requires a show a certificate of my divorce.

   RACHELINA
   Okay.

   SHEILA
   It doesn't exits.

   RACHELINA
   What--? You mean its lost.

   SHEILA
   No. It doesn't exist. Apparently my first husband, Jeff didn't file his dissolution so we're still married.

   RACHELINA
   Well, that's just a simple paperwork problem.

   SHEILA
   It's bigamy.

   RACHELINA
   No. There's no intent. All you need to do is have Jeff re-file. It's no problem. I can file a motion to compel. Where is he at?

   SHEILA
   I don't know. He want talk to me.
LATER... at her desk -- Tanya's on the SPEAKER PHONE.

RACHELINA
Racine, get me Archie.

RACINE (V.O.)
Okay. Anything else before I cut out.

INT. LAW OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rachelina and MARCY, 40s, soccer mom type, sits across the table from her husband PETER, 40s, and his hot shot lawyer, CORMAN JONES, 50s.

CORMAN
I suggest a thirty day cooling off period.

RACHELINA
My client has already made her decision. She doesn't need anymore time.

CORMAN
All right, let's hear your proposal.

RACHELINA
Monthly alimony payments in the amount of thirty-thousand dollars, plus sole possession of the beach front home, and fifty percent of all cash and liquid assets.

CORMAN
Let's be reasonable here?

RACHELINA
Oh, I'm being very reasonable. Your client signed a prenuptial and I'm sure you're familiar with its provisions. And I'm sure you know, the court will rule in our favor.

Rachelina slides over a file.

RACHELINA
Your client plainly violated the agreement.

CORMAN
Her terms are outrageous.

RACHELINA
All right. If there's nothing else, I think we're finished.
PETER
Wait!

RACHELINA
Yes.

INT. RITZY RESTAURANT - DAY
The place is busy. Rachelina sits alone at a table, in a
sexy outfit, wearing strappy high-heels, nurses a drink.

JEFF, 30s, a douchebag, gruffly handsome, in a sharp suit,
Enter, spots Rachelina-- she waves to him. He rocks his
hips a little, in and out...

JEFF
(under his breath)
You gotta hit it.

Jeff sleazes on over to her table.

RACHELINA
Jeff, I'm Rachelina Lollobrigida.
Thanks for coming.

JEFF
Wow! You're absolutely stunning.
You know that--?

RACHELINA
I get that a lot.

He sits, eye-fucks Rachelina. MICHELE, a hot-looking waitress
appears, sets down a whisky.

MICHELE
Jeff, always nice to see you.

JEFF
Same.

She leaves... he turns his attention back to Rachelina.

JEFF
I love Italian women...they are so
voluptuous.

RACHELINA
One of the perks. As I explained to
your assistant -- I'm an attorney.
You use to be married to Sheila
Watson.

JEFF
How's the bitch?
Rachelina masks her disdain, then pulls out a LEGAL DOCUMENT from her attaché case.

RACHELINA
There's a slight problem with the paperwork. You never signed your entry of judgment. So you're still married.
(hands it to him)
So I brought you some new divorce papers to sign.

JEFF
...here's an idea. You. Me. Let's have dinner tonight.

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

He leans back, deflated.

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

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

JEFF
Blah, blah, blah, and--?

RACHELINA
Well, this is a no fault state. You will be divorcing Sheila. It's just a matter of time.

Jeff signals for Michele to bring him another round.

RACHELINA
You promised to file the papers didn't you?

JEFF
I changed my mind.

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

JEFF
And--?
RACHELINA
Her wedding must have cost 50 grand. And you're on the hook for half. Do you even have that kind of money?

RACHELINA
You like my shoes?

JEFF
Uh...yeah. They're nice.

UNDER THE TABLE
She brings her foot closer to him, trails a toe up his calf, buries her foot in his lap, crushing his nuts under her heel.

RESUME SCENE
His eyes go wide... she leans forward, close to Jeff's face, giving him a glimpse of her cleavage...

RACHELINA
Shhh, Jeff.

RACHELINA
I'll subpeona 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.

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

He produces a pen and scribbles his signature.

JEFF
I hate fuckin' lawyers.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT
Click-clattering... accompanies the sight of...

...Rachelina, glittering in a short, tight, and elegant EMILIO PUCCI MINI DRESS. A fashionable jacket that's open to reveal her impressive cleavage as she plows towards--

--A small, nondescript club. Looks like a watering hole with portable AC UNITS.
Her Blackberry CHIMES.

INT. HOT TAMALEs - NIGHT

Hot salsa music is serenading, and sweaty bodies, most of them HOT LATINO BABES in racy outfits, drinking, dancing, and make out, in this dark, sexy Mexican lesbian bar that oozes dirty sex.

WAITRESSES, think "Hooter Girls" wearing sombreros, red booty shorts, and stilettos instead, parade the floor.

At the bar - Rachelina throws back a shot of tequila. Looks around, checking out prospects-- does a double-take when, approaching...

...Marita, in a see-through top, and high-mini that clings to her insane sweaty body, avoids Rachelina's gaze, but as she passes by...

...shoots her a look with just enough flirt in it, then vanishes into the crowd.

INT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The glittering lights of Miami in the distance, CLICK-CLACK, then...

...sweat rolls languorously down a pair of SEXY LEGS as they saunter... seductively, diamond anklet sparkling.

RACHELINA (O.S.)
Wait!

She spins - Rachelina eye-fucks her. Mattie makes a mental note.

RACHELINA
Where are you going?

MATTIE
Not that it's any of your business, but home.

Mattie resumes her stroll, Rachelina fresh on her heels...

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

...on a leisurely stroll along a strip of coastline on South beach... they're laughing, in mid-argument.

RACHELINA
Come back to Hot Tamales with me.
MATTIE
It's hot in there. Not too mention the smell of tequila, sweat, and sex.

RACHELINA
What's wrong with that?

MATTIE
Everything. If you're a woman like me.

RACHELINA
And what type of woman would--

Mattie lights up, her colossal WEDDING RING sparkles out of control. Does a sexy sashay towards the rails, impulsively brushes her hair aside.

Rachelina stares - knows she should walk away, but she's too floored by Mattie's hotness.

MATTIE
You still here?

RACHELINA
I'm not as smart as I look.

Mattie LAUGHS - studies her, a subtle, but palpable sexual attraction with Rachelina, then--

RACHELINA
I'm Rachelina. My friends call me Rachel. And you're...?

MATTIE
Mattie.

Mattie turns, faces the ocean. Gathers her hair in both hands, sweeps it up off the nape, enjoying the breeze.

RACHELINA
You wanna be my friend.

MATTIE
I'm thinking about it.

RACHELIN
But you're not sure.

As they continue to walk, Rachelina lags behind, eyes crawling all over her body.

MATTIE
I toldja... I'm married.
RACHELINA
I know a great Italian restaurant, you hungry?

MATTIE
Not as hungry as you look.

RACHELINA
Do you always dress like that?

MATTIE
What...? This is Miami. Shorter the skirt, higher the heels, the better.

Long beat, then...

MATTIE
Being a skirt chaser, I'd figured you'd enjoy the eye candy.

RACHELINA
I'd rather lick it.

A moment between them, sexual tension escalating... they resume their stroll.

MATTIE
The view is beautiful over here, don't you think?

That's when the light hits Mattie just right, to our surprise, her miniskirt is see-through to-- no panties, part of Mattie's BARE-ASS blatantly visible.

Rachelina - "OOH and AHH."

Mattie can feel Rachelina staring, suppresses her grin.

RACHELINA
(staring at her ass)
Back here's even better. You should see it.

Marita blushes at the innuendo, flicks out her cigarette.

MATTIE
I'll take your word for it.

RACHELINA
Have you ever had a wet pussy?

Mattie - a little thrown, then...

MATTIE
...what?! Excuse me--?!
EXT. OUTDOOR BEACH BAR - NIGHT

At the full bar, nursing a FLAMING COCKTAIL, they're lost in flirtatious banter.

MATTIE
You were this close to getting that pretty little face of yours slapped.
(taste test)
Mmmm.

RACHELINA
Tastes like cotton candy, huh?

MATTIE
You tell me.

Rachelina smiles, liking the sound of it...

RACHELINA
So... what were you doing at Hot Tamales.

MATTIE
Trying to beat the heat.

MATTIE
You sound like a lawyer.

RACHELINA
Uh-huh. Not like he can't afford it-- you look well-tendered.

MATTIE
He's got a lawyer... several.

RACHELINA
Maybe you need one... you know to look after your assets.

MATTIE
I need a good one. Are you any good?

RACHELINA
Very. If I was on trial for murder, I'd defend myself.

MATTIE
Well -- that's kinda arrogant, don't you think?

RACHELINA
Then what are you looking for--?
EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mattie strides across the darkened lot, escorted by Rachelina. The humid night hitting their sweaty faces.

RACHELINA
You spend a lot of time at the beach?

MATTIE
No. He keeps a tight leash on me. Usually, I skinny-dip by the pool.

Mattie de-activates the alarm to her SL-CLASS MERCEDES.

RACHELINA
And where would that be?

Mattie flops down, flashes lots of cleavage and legs as she stomps out her cigarette with her heel...

MATTIE
You've seen enough for one night -- don't you think?

RACHELINA
Maybe I could see the rest of it.

Mattie grins back, swings her legs inside. Rachelina hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

RACHELINA
Will I see you again?

MATTIE
You're not too smart are you--?

RACHELINA
Nothing wrong with us hanging out.

MATTIE
Sure, if that's all we want to do.

Tires squeal as she drives off, leaving Rachelina hooked.

INT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bathed in the TWINKLING skyline... Rachelina and Paola, down to their sexy lingerie are engaged in sensuous foreplay...
PAOLA
You're a short term girl who doesn't do relationships. You don't fall in love. And I can't count on anything from you but hot sex.

Somehow this statement stops Rachelina cold until--

PAOLA
It's okay. Bee-ach! I'm having a good time.

Surreptitiously, reaches into her bra, retrieves a VIAL OF COKE... does a BUMP OF COKE, offers some to Rachelina, who considers... tempted, then--

Paola dumps the rest over her chest... Rachelina snorts, then kisses her neck, licking, working her way down...

Her Blackberry BEEPS... Rachelina groans, breaks it off, her expression changes when she reads a text... "you want to buy me something?"

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Another hot and muggy night... Mattie and Rachelina walk and talk....

MATTIE
He gets mad everytime I want to be me something nice. He treats me like shit and that's all I'm worth to him. I hate him.

MATTIE
He's an asshole. Hell, my Chihuahua treated me better than he does. At least he'd hump my leg and try to lick my pussy every now and again. At least he showed some fuckin' interest.
(off Rachelina's look)
What am I talkin' 'bout. I'm sure you didn't come here to be burden with my marital problems.

RACHELINA
You want a shoulder to cry on. Is that it?

MATTIE
Perhaps you were expecting something else.

Rachelina - "OUCH!" Mattie nods towards her necklace. They notice a VENDOR selling ice cream.
There. Chocolate.

A SHORT TIME LATER... they're laughing, trying to devour soft-serve ice cream cones as fast as their melting.

Lots of napkins, licking fingers, it's getting a bit messy.

MATTIE
Are you kidding?

Mattie laughs UPROARIOUSLY, clumsily spills chocolate all over her top, gets chills. Some seep down her cleavage.

MATTIE
Shit. See what you made me do.

RACHELINA
Oops! I'm sorry.

They toss their trash in a nearby receptacle. Rachelina helps Mattie wipe, but they're only smearing chocolate everywhere.

MATTIE
We're only making it worse... let me get some wet paper towels. I'll be back.

She walks off. Rachelina, eyes firmly planted on her ass.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Click-clopping of heels... Rachelina sees the place is a mess, trash conspicuously overflowing with paper towels. At the sink, water runs...

...Mattie stands there as if waiting, hasn't cleaned up a bit, lifts her hair off her nape... a cigarette dangling from her lips.

RACHELINA
I see the maid refused to clean up.

MATTIE
Probably.

Rachelina moves behind her. Both stare at their reflections in the mirror, as if what they're doing is a dirty task that's unavoidable.

RACHELINA
You all right? I thought you where--

MATTIE
--No paper towels.
RACHELINA
I'll grabs some out of the--

Mattie seems surprised, then...

MATTIE
Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you wanted to lick it.

INT. LADIES ROOM - STALL - NIGHT

BAM! They're on each other, necking feverishly, a full out sexual assault. Rachelina licks the residue clean off Mattie's cleavage.

Rachelina sinks to her knees... Mattie moans, thighs rubbing, hips thrusting against Rachelina's face as she eats her alive.

MATTIE
(in the throes)
Yes...yes...ohmygodyess.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Mattie abandons the stall, blissful, scrubs her hands in the sink. Rachelina exits, straightening her dress. Takes a whiff of Mattie's nape, intoxicated.

RACHELINA
Mmmmm... I love your scent. It's like natural heroine.

MATTIE
It's the perfume. I only wear it on special occasions.

Mattie re-applies her lipstick.

MATTIE
By the way -- nice going. Now I'm a mess.

RACHELINA
When can I see you again?

MATTIE
Why--? I mean you wanted to see the rest of it...

RACHELINA
I wanna see your wind chimes.

MATTIE
I need some paper towels... can you grab some from the men's room.
RACHELINA
Oh yeah. Be right back.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Messy. Rachelina dashes inside. A MAN stands before a urinal, head resting against the wall. She smiles, then--

RACHELINA
Hey, how's it goin'?

Startled, he zips up fast, nearly catches his dick in his fly as he runs out. She laughs, grabs paper towels.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Deserted, except for Rachelina, staring at Mattie's lipstick case conspicuously laid on the floor. She picks it up, then clicks out a rhythm on the tile, runs a clawed hand through her hair.

RACHELINA
Shit.

RACHELINA
Not happily... I know that look.

MATTIE
Do you--?

RACHELINA
I've been married more times than Elizabeth Taylor, Lord, bless her heart.

MATTIE
Hm,

MATTIE
Usually, I just hang out at a nice little bar in Pinecrest.

RACHELINA
Pinecrest. Nice.

MATTIE
So... what else do you like to do?

RACHELINA
Have sex.

Mattie smiles, liking the sound of it...
MATTIE
Sex can be overrated, don't you think?

RACHELINA
Depends on your partner.

MATTIE
Yeah... long story.

RACHELINA
Mmmm, like stories.

MATTIE
Uh, well... trust me -- this one would put you to sleep.

MATTIE
I hate when it gets this hot...I miss listening to my chimes.

RACHELINA
Wind chimes--?

MATTIE
Yeah...they hold my interest in the bedroom.

INT. PINECREST BAR - NIGHT

Dark-ish-- smog of smoke hangs over a SEEDY GENTLEMEN's drinking establishment, a handful of horny MEN, sweatin' their asses off, salivating over...

At the bar - Mattie, tipsy, but not sloppy, smokes, dressed to fuck another man. FRED, 50s, the bartender, sets down a fan beside her.

She smiles in appreciation.

TOM (O.S.)
Can I buy you a chaser?

She turns - TOM, 30s, handsome, drink in hand, leans against the bar.

MATTIE
No thanks. I have one asshole in there already.

Her words sting for a moment, then...

TOM
The third day in a row you've been here. Three strikes, he should be out.
Mattie flashes her wedding ring.

TOM
Your mouth says one thing, but that outfit and eyes say another.

MATTIE
No. They're pretty much in agreement.

Rejected, he walks off, mumbling under his breath when--

--Marita's LIPSTICK CASE NOISILY rolls across the counter, slams against her glass.

IN THE MIRROR above the bar -- she notices Rachelina. Both do a horrible job of hiding their lust.

Rachelina slides onto a tall bar stool.

MATTIE
I saw this movie once. A man has the hots for a woman. And she tells him, "well, some men, when they get a whiff of it, they trail you like a hound."

RACHELINA
I saw it. Body Heat. To come and go was just rude.

Mattie suppresses her grin. Fred appears.

RACHELINA
Tequila.

He leaves. Rachelina' eyes cutting back and forth. They're the center of attention.

RACHELINA
There's nothing but men in here.

MATTIE
They don't bother me. They know my husband. They know better.

Her comment lingers, then...

RACHELINA
Is it just me, or do you feel so horny at this moment. All I think about lately is sex.

MATTIE
How'd you find me?
RACHELINA
Besides this being the only bar in
Pinecrest -- I pay attention.

Fred sets down her drink and leaves.

MATTIE
Did you miss the part about me being
married?

RACHELINA
I have a hot opportunity. And I'm
not about to let it go cold.

Mattie - "Ummmm." Leans in close, talking low and sexy.

MATTIE
I'll make it HOT for you.

EXT. PINECREST BAR - NIGHT

In a dimly lit parking lot, they stumble, sucking face, and
smashed to the bejeezus, bumping into cars, making their way
to her Mercedes.

MATTIE
He's gone to visit his parents.

RACHELINA
Left you all alone, huh?

MATTIE
So he thinks.

NAUGHTY CHUCKLES. As they continue to move, Rachelina, not
letting up, all but devouring Mattie, who slips the key remote
out of her purse, an audible CHIRP, unlocking the doors.

MATTIE
If you fuck like you kiss -- I'm in
for a real treat.

Rachelina smashes Mattie against her Mercedes, slipping her
hands under Mattie's dress, who pulls away... just for an
instant when-- they HEAR voices.

--Two MEN staggers their way, seeing them in a compromising
position, a possible lesbian involvement.

RACHELINA
Uh-oh.

In a hot flash - Mattie breaks it off, SLAPS HER FACE HARD.
Rachelina recoils. Her eyes engage Rachelina', searching
for a sign she understands, then...
MATTIE
Are you crazy... leave me alone...

...Marita looks at the two men.

MATTIE
I sware, all this heat is making people crazy.

Mattie flops down behind the wheel and drives off.

INT. REEDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Size of a basketball court... behind his desk, CHARLES REEDER, 40s, the picture of corporate stewardship, but at this moment, he's in ecstasy...

SUDDENLY, Rachelina pops up from his lap -- jerking him off.

RACHELINA
Charlie, are you close. Cuz' my jaw's locking up.

CHARLES
I'm close, sweetheart, now, get back down there.

Charles forces her head back down...

CHARLES
Nobody likes a quitter.

INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A SWANKY PARTY-- catered affair, AFFLUENT COUPLES mingle over drinks and finger foods. Rachelina-- short-skirted women's tux, searching, looking for someone...

...A SEXY COCKTAIL WAITRESS walks by, with a tray of hors-d'ouevres. Helps herself, immediately spots Joseph and--

--Mattie, upswept hair, shines like a dream girl in an elegant mermaid gown, all arms, legs, cleavage, and skintight...it's a stark contrast from the vixen we saw earlier.

Sensing someone watching, Mattie matches Rachelina's gaze, neither can avert their eyes...

Rachelina saunters over, both masks their emotions, keep it business-like.

RACHELINA
Ah, Joseph.
JOSEPH
Rachel, I'm glad you could make it.

RACHELINA
Me too. It's satisfying to know I can count on your support. Pirro & Reeder will continue to provide the service which you've--

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

RACHELINA
Thank you. I appreciate the loyalty. And you can be sure I'll go the extra mile to make sure you're very happy.

Joseph sips, tries to read her tone, then...

JOSEPH
Oh, where's my manners. Have you met my wife--?

RACHELINA
I'm afraid not.

AD-LIB GREETINGS, then...

RACHELINA
It's finally nice to meet you.

MATTIE
Like wise.
(re: Joseph)
How many lawyers does it take to change a light bulb?

Just then... Sheila appears, grabs Joseph by his arm...

SHEILA
Joe, there's someone I want you to meet. Excuse us.

She whisks him away... Rachelina makes no attempt to hide her blatant desire for this woman.

RACHELINA
Versace--?

MATTIE
Yes...the crystals are by Swarovski.

RACHELINA
I think we're alone now.
MATTIE
How on earth did you manage it?

RACHELINA
I told you I'm good.

As they walk and talk, RIP! The ZIPPER BREAKS on her gown, exposing her thonged ass cheeks...

MATTIE
Shit.

A WHIPLASHED Rachelina -- "OOH and AHH."

Mattie seems surprised, as gracefully as she can, covers up with her purse...

MATTIE
Well -- don't just stand there, do something.

Rachelina takes off her jacket, then wraps it around Mattie.

MATTIE
Thanks. Can you sew--?

INT. HOTEL - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

They're alone... in front of the mirror, Mattie stands as Rachelina, kneeling behind her, stitches the back of her dress.

RACHELINA
Do you always keep a needle and thread handy?

MATTIE
Yes. It's not the first time I've had a wardrobe malfunction. They always seem to happen at the most optimistic time.

Her comment hangs in the air, Rachelina smiles, then...

RACHELINA
All right.

She grabs a handful of Mattie's rear, turns her. Mattie looks down at Rachelina, still kneeling.

MATTIE
Bueno, bueno!

(good, good)
They stare. Rachelina lightly runs her hands up Mattie's legs, looks innocent enough, both look nervous but aroused until...

...RACHELINA
You planned this whole thing, didn't you--?

...MATTIE
(playing dumb)
What--?

...RACHELINA
That night at the club, I know that look... the parking lot, your little peepshow... and it's no coincidence your husband happens to do buisness with my firm... among other things.

Busted, Mattie comes clean.

...MATTIE
If I say yes, will you get mad.

...RACHELINA
No.

...MATTIE
Yes...

...RACHELINA
Why--?

...MATTIE
Why do you think?

...MATTIE
You don't look like no lesbian.

...RACHELINA
What is a lesbian suppose to look like?

...MATTIE
Not like you, you're too fuckable. (off her look)
Have you always been into women?

...RACHELINA
I'm not a man hater, I just prefer women, I'm just more comfortable doing that... and you?

...RACHELINA
Have you ever been with a woman?
MATTIE
No. Lesbians make my hands sweat.

EXT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT
Palm trees sway in a soft breeze. A beautiful Mediterranean villa, lots of glass offers a voyeuristic look of the lavish interior. A GAZEBO, GUEST HOUSE, jacuzzi, and inside a well-lighted pool...
Mattie-- skinny-dipping, bare ass glistening above the waterline.

INT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT
Against the backdrop of sheer curtains that billows in a soft breeze, blowing in from the open French doors, leading onto the veranda...
...A retro 1980s feel, well-adorned with walls of glass and mirrors. Mattie enters, followed by Rachelina.

MATTIE
I'll only be a minute.
And with that, slides open the PRIVACY GLASS door to her boudoir, slips in and closes it. She flips on a switch...
...and the privacy glass frosts over...
...SILHOUETTING Mattie, who changes, resembles a striptease, and looks wickedly hot and sexy.
Rachelina can't help, but to stare.
Mattie's hand slips under her dress, Rachelina watches Mattie masturbate... really getting into it.
Mattie drifts towards her, then runs her moist fingers along Rachelina's mouth.

RACHELINA
I thought lesbians made--

MATTIE
--You don't.
Mattie kisses her passionately. She scoops Mattie into her arms, carries her over--
-- They fall onto the bed, necking feverishly, tearing at each others clothes until...

MOMENTS LATER... there's a chemistry here that Rachelina finds darkly exciting and Mattie is terrified of.
INT. BACK UP SCENE - DAY

Rachelina picks up Mattie and lays her on top of the table, unbuttons her blouse, then gets on the table with her... they kiss for a beat...

They make out, rather hotly. Rachelina slides a hand under Mattie's dress and between her legs.

Mattie looks on, studying him closely in nothing but a short robe... she walks over, loosens the tie of her robe...

The robe falls open, revealing her exquisite naked body and something else... exquisite necklace...

Mattie, in a stunning backless dress, smiles as Rachelina fastens an exquisite necklace around her neck

Mattie removes her backless dress and lets it drop to the carpet, Rachelina, overcome by the sight of her body, drops everything...

She takes Rachelina and leads her towards the bedroom.

They squeal with delight, SUDDENLY-- the FIRE SPRINKLERS goes off, douses the room and them with water.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITORS AREA - DAY

Roberto, in prison orange, sits across from Rachelina at a wide table. Nearby a GUARD watches them closely.

ROBERTO
Well, look at you. This is a nice surprise.

RACHELINA
Can a woman have a change of heart.

ROBERTO
Get me out on the early release program... so we can celebrate.

INT. RACHELINA'S CONDO - NIGHT

...our lovebirds slam into frame, lips fused, pawing at each others clothes... she reaches up under Mattie's dress, grabs a handful of BARE-ASS, lifts her off her feet, Mattie's legs have Rachelina in a scissors lock...

As she spins Mattie around the room... carries towards the back...

MATTIE
Heels and all, I'm impressed.
INT. RACHELINA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

...on the water bed where they ultimately land, Mattie's heels dig into the sheet...

...The bed breaks, Ohgooooohhhhd! Find themselves submerged underwater... they squeal with delight...

INT. RACHELINA'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the semi-darkness-- padding inside, a naked Rachelina, soaking wet, sits on the toilet, goes to pee when--

--Marita enters, equally naked, straddles her lap, leans in for a kiss, they pee.

As Rachelina reaches for some tissue, Mattie grabs hold of her wrist, pulls it back, then grabs Rachelina forcefully by her hair, arching her head back, bites her lip, hard.

Rachelina grimaces, disturbed but excited.

MATTIE

No. You're going to lick it.

Mattie rises, buries Rachelina's face between her legs, subtly groans, but things aren't going well for Rachelina, who pops her head up...

RACHELINA

Baby, you're too short.

MATTIE

No. I want to do it here... we've been in bed all day, I'm sore... stay put.

Mattie dashes out... mere seconds returns, stepping into her skyscraper heels...

MATTIE

Problem solved.

She re-assume her stance, watches her IMAGE IN THE MIRROR as Rachelina services her orally.

MATTIE

Better.

RACHELINA (O.S.)

Much.

MATTIE

I've always wanted a man to do that to me.
RACHELINA (O.S.)
You've never--

MATTIE
--No, he's much too conservative for this.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The only light comes from the motel's broken neon-lit sign, clothes scattered about the soiled carpet... air is filled with mute passion... AC does nothing to combat the heat...

...they're having ragged, urgent lesbian sex; their bodies TRIBBING savagely, scavengers feeding on each other, wildly passionate kisses...

Mattie bites her lips hard... Rachelina winces, disturbed but excited. She smiles with an erotic curiosity, wipes blood from Rachelina's lips...

...they look at each other totally connected...

MATTIE
Oh yeah, come with me.

...more sex, more aggressive, her nails racks Rachelina's back, blood trickles down. She cries out in sweet pleasure and pain...

...something mutually pleasing is occurring, then... a hot, slithery chant...

MATTIE
Ohh...I've never felt this hot before.

MOANS rise to a feverish pitch as they climax together.

LATER... Mattie's cigarette ash glows, casting them in brief amber light, then dies... dripping in sweat, they're entwined like snakes.

RACHELINA
You two look happy.

MATTIE
Looks can be deceiving. Does it bother you?

MATTIE
Were just two people living under the same roof. I'm sick to death of him.
RACHELINA
If you're not happy, leave.

MATTIE
He won't let me. It's all about control.

Mattie kisses her long and hard.

MATTIE
Hell, even his parents are mean to me. They hate me. I'm the gold digging bitch, who married him for his money.

RACHELINA
Did you?

MATTIE
No. I turned down his first two proposals.

RACHELINA
Then why did you marry him?

MATTIE
He was sweet. Now he's jealous, possessive, and--

Mattie does a reverse striptease, and never has one looked so hot...

RACHELINA
Where you going...?

MATTIE
Why--?

Finding her heels, grabs her purse, leaves Rachelina to ponder.

INT. OLD CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

Rachelina, down to her sexy bra, and panties, stands in front of the AC UNIT, full blast, sweats profusely, trying to cool herself off.

From the adjoining room, a loud pounding noise, rhythmic, the bed banging into the wall, a woman screams and screams in ecstasy.

EXT. OLD CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

A crappy three star motel, lots of vacancies. Mattie races in, parks alongside Rachelina's car.
Jumps out, on her cell, looking cool, sexy, and slightly sluttish in a summer dress.

MATTIE
  (giggling)
  Why do you have the don't disturb sign on--? No one's at this shit-hole, but us.

INT. OLD CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

Rachelina paces, hot, horny, and frustrated... Mattie bursts in, her dress WHIPPING UP around her, revealing no panties.

MATTIE
  Ain't you a sight for sore eyes.

Rachelina kisses her long and hard... reaches up under her dress, lifts her off the stained carpet, Mattie's legs have Rachelina in a scissors lock... as she spins Mattie around the room...

...carries her over... they fall onto the bed.

Grabs a handful of ass, pulls Mattie close, lips locked...

INT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - BEDROOM - NIGHT

...Rachelina, naked in bed. Lying beneath her, Mattie, going at it, their hips rubbing, thrusting, grinding in rhythmic succession, kissing with passion...

MATTIE
  Baby, pound that pussy.

And now Rachelina has Mattie arms pinned to the bed, pounding away on top... slamming her pelvis into Mattie's, who screams and screams in sweet pleasure and pain... looks like a sexual assault in progress...

MATTIE
  (on fire)
  Beat the pussy up. Beat it -- beat it-- beat it up!

Her words only fuels Rachelina's desire for her, who obliges.

LATER...

INT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, half tangled in the sheets, Rachelina and Mattie are entwined, having a sweaty sex-filled good time when...
...the CORDLESS RINGS. They try to ignore it, no dice, then...

MATTIE
It's him, I better take this.

Marita tries to move closer towards the phone, hindered by Rachelina's weight, who laughs, kisses her once more, then moves off...

...Mattie leans across Rachelina's torso, pinning her to the bed, and answers the beckoning call.

MATTIE
It was too late to call... a friend... a girl-friend...

Rachelina re-positions, slithers on top... puts her hands underneath Mattie, reaches for her nether region...

MATTIE
...Of course, she's staying the night... she drove all the way from Veracuz, Mexico to see me.

...Mattie MOANS SUBTLY as Rachelina nuzzles the back of her nape, surreptitiously masturbating her in the process.

Abruptly ends the call, off the night-stand, Mattie grabs a glass half-filled with amber liquid, drains it...

MATTIE
What did I tell you.

They're on each other, kissing, groping, tearing clothes off...

Fully naked, they're necking feverishly, bodies grinding on the bed... Rachelina kisses her breasts... stomach... buries her face between Mattie's legs.

She thrashes wildly, hands pawing at the pillows and bed sheets, orgasm near...

MATTIE
You're a cunt-lapping genius -- you know that?

They're face-to-face, sideways, naked, half-tangled sheets. Surreptitiously masturbating the other. Lot's of intimate eye contact.

RACHELINA
And you lie awake at night, wishing he was dead, don't you.
MATTIE
Yes,

RACHELINA
You want him dead, don't you?

Rosemarie seriously contemplate their options, then...

MATTIE
Yes.

RACHELINA
I could help you with that.

A thrill runs through Mattie.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

A run-down, smoke filled room, with the lowest forms of life. Bored, Roberto's lobbing darts at a photo of a SARAH PALIN tacked onto a dartboard when--

Rachelina enters, in a sexy outfit and hot heels, looks out of place, and vulnerable, spots Jack, who meets her gaze.

She saunters over, turning heads, they have a history, then--

ROBERTO
You ain't too smart...are you?

RACHELINA
Well, my first stop was the county jail.

He smirks, takes a swig of his beer.

ROBERTO
Nah. I got a decent lawyer. Hell, everybody deserves a second chance, right?

RACHELINA
Guys like you don't change their colors.

ROBERTO
Mmmm, so what do you want?

RACHELINA
Not here.

Surprised, his eyes rape her... Rachelina nods slightly, she knows what this means.

Without warning, a HOODLUM, a big man, with tattooed arms, grabs her ass when--
--Roberto SNAPS! JAMS a dart into his shoulder, momentarily freezing the hoodlum in his tracks. Breaks a pool stick over his head, he drops to the floor.

One after another, Roberto attacks him, relentless, jackhammer blows to his head and face. Rachelina smiles when an erotic curiosity, then pull him off...

RACHELINA
Roberto. Stop!

Roberto hulks over him, he's bleeding and broken, then spits on the hoodlum. She grabs him, ushers Roberto away from the patrons icy stares.

INT. ROBERTO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the murky light... a dingy apartment. Messy. It's hot and humid. Rachelina's on top of an unseen guy, going at it, hot and heavy...

...as she rolls breathless, sweating, off Roberto, chokes on the humidity.

RACHELINA
Jesus fuckin' Christ! Did you turn off the AC--? It's Hades in here...I can barely breathe.

ROBERTO
I turn if off during the night to save energy and money. You should see my bill.

RACHELINA
Granted, I'm all for saving energy but this is freakin' insane. Either turn it on, or hose me down.

Roberto stares at his knuckles raw and bruised.

ROBERTO
Forgery is bad said the pot to the kettle.

RACHELINA
I need this... and so do you.

ROBERTO
How much we talkin'?

RACHELINA
Ten million, minus your cut off course.

Rachelina lights a joint, studies him-- contemplating.
RACHELINA
What's there to think about? I've never known you to shy away from anything.

ROBERTO
What's my cut--?

RACHELINA
Three-way split. You're the best in the business... and I need the best.

Rachelina crawls out of bed, rummages through her attaché case, retrieves several legal documents. Snuggles up next to him...

As he examines them.

ROBERTO
This could be tricky--?

RACHELINA
What--?

ROBERTO
He's left-handed. It's going to take time.

Off her surprised look.

ROBERTO
You're his lawyer, and you didn't--

RACHELINA
Uh, I'm not sure.

INT. ROBERTO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rachelina, barefoot, naked under one of Roberto's dress shirts, on a CHEAP PREPAID CELL.

RACHELINA
Shit. I didn't know that.

INT. ROBERTO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachelina breezes from the bathroom, blows a wisp of hair out of her sweaty face, then...

RACHELINA
Can you do it--?

ROBERTO
Yeah, but it's going to take some time.
She smiles, straddles him on the bed, in a lewd sexual way, kisses Roberto passionately.

INT. ROBERTO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LATER... at the desk, Jack, shirtless, sweats profusely, as he scribbles Thomas' signature on scrap pieces of paper... it's obvious, he's practicing.

Nearby an ashtray full of butts.

Rachelina, lying on the bed, wearing one of his dress shirts, one knee provocatively bent to show lots of leg... and the ICE-PACK pressed against her nether region... a come-hither look.

In the backdrop - Rachelina, barefoot, and naked underneath one of his dress shirts, paces, hot and sweaty. She smokes a joint.

As he compares his handiwork with several documents which contains Thomas' signature...

INT. SEXUAL HEALING CLINIC - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ultra-modern, sleek, polished, glass, and utterly deserted except for a LONE SECURITY GUARD, who looks up from his desk when--

Rachelina double-times as fast as her heels will allow, towards the elevators.

INT. SEXUAL HEALING CLINIC - NIGHT

--she bursts out of the elevator, goes tearing down a short, empty corridor. A heel snaps off, she bends down takes off her shoes, barely breaking stride--

--Rounds the corner and skids to a stop.

INT. ARIANNA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Not your typical therapists office. Less therapeutic and more intimate. An SAA MEETING in progress. A handful of people, wearing name tags, sit in a circle on comfy chairs, listening to...

MAN

...and when I finally woke up--

Rachelina rushes in, out of breath --
RACHELINA

Sorry.

Her eyes meets the gaze of--

--ARIANNA TANTAROS, 30s-- a Mexican sex kitten, professional, despite the sexy librarian look. You know, so ladylike, yet wild and adventurous.

They share a look, one you don't normally find in a doctor-patient relationship. Arianna removes her reading glasses, then--

Her accent, an erotic mix of Spanish and Farsi...

ARIANNA

Don't forget your name tape.

Rachelina smiles, grabs it off a table full of refreshments.

LATER... PHYLIS, 30s, pretty, in the middle of her sob story.

PHYLIS

I use to choose my vibrator over going to work. I even craved public exhibitionism -- particularly at strip clubs. I even accepted money in exchange for sex -- not out of financial necessity, but for the illicit rush.

Rachelina steals glances at Arianna, who pretends not too notice.

PHYLIS


(beat)

But I couldn't stop... even after one man's wife aimed a shotgun at my head... while catching us in flagrante delicto.

A hushed SHOCK WAVE filters throughout the room

ARIANNA

Phylis, thank you. Okay, who would like to go next?

She singles out Rachelina.
RACHELINA
No, no, I couldn't possibly top that.

The class erupts in laughter, except for Arianna.

MOMENTS LATER... Rachelina lies on the couch, no back, just arms and legs, heels kicked off, watching...

Arianna, transformed, she's let her hair down, no glasses, super hot, stuffs papers into her briefcase.

ARIANNA
That was downright rude, and you know it.

RACHELINA
I was just being honest.

ARIANNA
Why did you even bother to come?

Rachelina shoots her a womanizer's smile, then--

ARIANNA
And here I'm thinking you came to get with the program.

She wants so bad to hate her, but Rachelina's killer smile, makes her melt.

INT. ARIANNA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Backlit by GLEAMING SKYSCRAPERS, her loft is chic. Perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishings. They are curled up on the love seat - rather cozily - sipping margaritas.

ARIANNA
The problem with you is -- you're still using sex as a form of self-medication to obliterate the anxiety, despair, and crippling fear of emotional intimacy that has haunted you since being abandoned as a child.

(beat)
Eventually you're gonna hit rock bottom.

RACHELINA
Well -- if I knew this was going to turn into a "come to Jesus" meeting, I wouldn't have.

ARIANNA
GET OUT!
RACHELINA
In order to soothe the loneliness and the fear of being wanted, you're looking for love in all the wrong places. And the whole time they were standing in front of me this whole time.

RACHELINA
Hell, my ex got exhausted from me always wanting it. He couldn't keep up. I drove him nuts. He used to call me a dog in heat... because I'd go through these cycles. You know -- there was this two week period where I'll fuck anything that moved.

(then)
One week, I could take it or leave it. But that one week...just the thought of sex -- made me sick to my stomach. I couldn't stand it. I'd turn into a complete bitch!

INT. MATTY MOTHER SCENES - DAY

MATTY
I love you, but it hurts to look at you.

MATTIE
Why--? Because you see your self. I'm not like you.

MATTY
Oh, yes you are... you're exactly like me... and I like it, but it'll kill me to see you unhappy...

MATTY
Don't make the same mistake I made... I was miserable... your father was my partner in sex and crime... and as we cooled our naked bodies in the evening breeze under the gentle swaying of wind-chimes... outside of you -- that was the closet to real satisfaction and meaningful connection with another human, I've ever known.

MATTIE
Did you love him?

MATTY
My feelings for your father were as close to real love and affection as I was potentially capable of...
MATTY
...unfortunately for your him, in my twisted moral universe, loving someone didn't preclude murdering them, or leaving them to rot in prison, if there was some advantage to be gained by doing so.

MATTY
Yes, in my own way. I've never found that passion and intoxicating connection with anyone, but him...

MATTY
I spent so many years ruthlessly driving myself, with every once of being, bartering my body and soul in the process... triumphed and against all odds got my dreams of riches and luxury in an exotic locale...

MATTY
I should have been delirious with satisfaction and savoring the fruits of ill-gotten gains that I assiduously devoted so many years scheming, planning, and eventually murdering for... and yet... with a hot-looking young guy, I was miserable...

MATTY
So often in life we yearn, hunger for, and covet things which we are certain will bring us complete satisfaction and pleasure, sometimes for many years, even a lifetime, and when we finally succeed in acquiring what we yearned for... find that the desire and craving for the dream is far more intoxication than the actually realization of it...

MATTIE
There's always an exception to the rule.

MATTIE
For all the wealth and exotic toys that my dreams fruition has bestowed upon me... dissatisfied and utterly alone.

MATTY
Baby, I know... your explosive sexual appetites and complimentary personalities played out against a (MORE)
MATTY (CONT'D)
seething Miami heat... fear, danger, duplicity, risk, murder, betrayal, suspicion, and that blinding sexual hunger is the everyday tableau in your life... traversing the moral razor's edge and committing the ultimate crime... it's a wild, thrilling ride of danger, risk, the explosive sex...

MATTY
Yes, I got my fortune, but lost my life.

Her face buried in one of "SHAKESPEARE'S BOOKS."

MATTY
I've studied Shakespeare in college, fascinated by the themes of his greatest work... especially Mac Beth... who realized gaining power and desires through evil and corruption can never satisfy the human person in the end.

EXT. CARIBBEAN BEACH - DAY

Against the backdrop of a gorgeous sunset, footprints cascade in perfect crescent sand...

...A woman, wearing sunglasses, late 50s, early-60s, still beautiful, and elegant, reads a letter... smiling, then...

...stares out at the ebb and flow of waves, reflecting... a familiar sensation of isolation, and loneliness... maybe creeping over her.

MATTY
My daughter, she wants me to come visit her. The truth is I'd love you too, but hate looking at her...

A devious sexpot

Looks out over the ebb and flow of the oceans waves...

, Warm in the afterglow of sex... Warm in the glow of post-sexual bliss... Rachelina relaxes atop Mattie, in a "lazy doggie." our MOONLIT LOVERS snuggles under the silk sheets.

Our MOONLIT LOVERS are in bed under the sheets, in a "lazy doggie." A slower and gentler version of the all-time classic, doing a sexy-bump-and-grind.
Rachelina on top, and before we know it, their moans rise to a sweet crescendo.

Still dark. Rachelina and Mattie lie in bed under the sheets, post-coital in a "lazy doggie." A slower and gentler version of the all-time classic.

Both with a dreamy, satisfied look. Lovers whose last drop of passion as been spent on each other.

RACHELINA
No! We'd have to be sure his episodes are well documented. Not too mention it has to be corroborated by friends and people outside your marriage. But more importantly, suicide cancels out everything.

RACHELINA
Take' em off.

Mattie, down to her sexy bra and panties, stands artfully up against the glass-ceiling window, caught in the act of doing a sexy little dance.

Her hand slips inside the front of her panties... Rachelina watches her masturbate for a moment, then...

Rachelina shoots her a contemptuous look, then smiles, starts to undress.

Mattie slides her panties down, slips her moist fingers into Rachelina's mouth as they come together.

TANYA
Do you want me to eat your pussy, huh? Lick your clit, your cunt?

Backlit by the falls... Roberto has Rachelina pinned against the glass-to-ceiling window, he's fucking her furiously from behind. Both naked, covered with sweat, she's wearing high-heels.

A LOUD NOISE. Rachelina mutes the flat-screen.

RACHELINA
Mattie--?

Rachelina pulls out a pistol with a silencer attached, aims towards the door...

Roberto wrestles Rachelina under him.

They move back to their side of the bed. Rachelina lingers a moment over him, letting her matted hair drape over him.
As Joseph pours himself a drink... from the back he HEARS sighing and moaning, slapping, a vague hint of sexuality.

    JOSEPH
    What the--?

Mattie's stretched out on a portable massage table, naked except for the towel draped across her butt... as Lorenzo gives her tender ministrations.

Suddenly-- the door flies pen -- both look up to see Joseph standing there with a stunned expression.

    MATTIE
    Joe. You're back early.

    LORENZO
    Mr. Florrick.

Joseph eyes narrowing... nervously, Mattie sits up, wraps the towel around herself.

...he marches over, grabbing her arm, pulling her off the table. To Lorenzo...

    JOSEPH
    Get out! Before I throw you out.

    MATTIE
    Oh, we once broke a water bed in Cacun.

    RACHELINA
    What?

    MATTIE
    Yes, he has this thing for spiked heels.

    RACHELINA
    Dammit.

    MATTIE
    What--?

    RACHELINA
    So you're dumping me in my own bed, huh?

    MATTIE
    Lately, you're the only thing keeping me going... I'm saying we can't do it at your house or my condo.

    MATTIE
    We need to talk about what happened the other day.
RACHELINA
He's not starting to catch on, is he?

MATTIE
No. He doesn't have a clue. Thank God. But I'm thinking from now on when we get together...

RACHELINA
Maybe you need to infuse your life with a little excitement...

Before a floor-length mirror-- Rachelina models an expensive outfit.

EXT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Dark except for the landscape lights. It's windy, a light drizzle of rain falls. HEADLIGHTS follows...

...Marita drives up. Rachelina pulls in behind her. They jump out, back from the nightclub, and absolutely smashed to the bejeezus.

RACHELINA
I love your place.

MATTIE
It'll do.

INT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In a frenzy, our MOONLIT lovebirds stumble through, kissing with passion... Mattie reaches down, takes off one of her spiked heels...

Now Rachelina has Mattie pinned up against the glass-to-ceiling wall, it looks like a full out sexual molestation until...

...one of Rachelina' heels completely breaks off the sole of her shoe, looses her legs, they collapse in a heap on the carpet...

EXT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

It's windy, a light drizzle of rain falls. Rachelina skirts past the pool, notices...

...inside the gazebo, Marita, her back to us, smokes, staring in space...

Rachelina removes her heels, can't help tiptoeing up...
EXT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - GAZEBO - NIGHT

...she snakes her arms around Marita from behind, strokes her, kissing Marita's neck.

RACHELINA
Hey, baby, little Miss Sunshine?

No response, with Rachelina' intentions growing more heated, she spins around, Rachelina screams, jump back. It's not Mattie, but...

...MAYTE, 30s, trashy-sexy, a devilish grin, bares an eerie resemblance to Mattie.

MAYTE
Why did you stop?

Embarrassed, Rachelina gathers her composure, apologetic. In the b.g., Mattie appears, smiling from ear-to-ear.

RACHELINA
I'm sorry, I thought --

MAYTE
You must be Rachel.

RACHELINA
Yes. And you're...?

MAYTE
Mayte. Nice to finally meet you. Mattie's told me so much about you.

Rachelina - surprised by the revelation.

MATTIE (O.S.)
I see you've met.

Mattie joins them. Rachelina can't suppress her embarrassment.

MAYTE
Yes, we have.

Mattie hands her a large MANILLA ENVELOPE, big sisterly hug and kiss, then...

MAYTE
I guess I'll leave you to lovebirds alone.
    (to Rachelina)
    It was a pleasure meeting you.

Before she can speak, Mattie puts a finger to Rachelina lips, tries to calm her down.
MATTIE
It's okay.

RACHELINA
Baby, I got careless.

MATTIE
No. She's my half-sister. She just wants me to be happy... and you make me happy.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A quiet, romantic turn-off, Rachelina's porsche gently rocks back and forth... steamed up windows.

MATTIE (O.S.)
You better stop, or I'm gonna come all over these plush leather seats.

INT. RACHELINA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Mute passion fills the air, they're crammed in the back seat--half dressed, giggling and laughing, making out like hormonal teenagers... sweating profusely.

MATTIE
Does your libido ever slow down?

RACHELINA
This is nothing. I can remember when I first started having sex -- it was off the charts. I use to masturbate all the time. Sometimes between my college classes in the bathroom.

Mattie moans in pleasure.

RACHELINA
Hell, my ex got exhausted from me always wanting it. He couldn't keep up. I drove him nuts. He used to call me a dog in heat. It's higher at certain times. You know -- when it really gets hot out. Like it is now.

MATTIE
Well -- my libido was rock hard until I met you.

(laughing)
You need to be spayed.
RACHELINA
I'm not miserable. Are you miserable?

Re-positioning, but it's no better.

MATTIE
Oh, it hurts... it hurts...

RACHELINA
What?... me?...

MATTIE
No, this damn back seat. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

RACHELINA
I kinda like the idea...

MATTIE
...but you're not sure.

Finally, Rachelina extricates herself, leans back, Mattie pokes her chest with the toe of her stiletto, the one with that anklet.

She notices Rachelina's eyes fixed on it...

MATTIE
Don't you want to know what's engraved on it?

Rachelina reads the engraving; "RACHEL." She's deeply touched. Mattie slides into her lap...

INT. CANIZALES' MANSION - POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Streams of moonlight constantly washes over this dark, tight, and claustrophobic room. Pool equipment strewn about, and...

...on the futon sofa that's been turned into a bed, Mattie's lying face-down, dripping wet, in ecstasy... Rachelina, OUT OF FRAME, eats her alive.

MATTIE
You're a cunt-lapping genius. You know that, huh?

Her EYES FLIES OPEN... repulsed at first, before a wave of pleasure washes over her. In a nostalgia way...

MATTIE
Oh Rachel... that's so nasty. (orgasmic breaths)
I've always wanted a man to do that to me.
Rachelina pops her head up.

RACHELINA
You've never--

Mattie forces her head back down...

MATTIE
--No. He's much too conservative for that.

LATER... Rachelina rises, naked, drenched with sweat, looking out the window.

RACHELINA
You're killing me, babe.

MATTIE (O.S.)
Not yet.

Seconds later-- a nude Mattie rises up behind her, snakes her arms around Rachelina, conducts her own kinky frisk.

MATTIE
Hey, baby, I'm bored, won't you come play with me.

RACHELINA
Depends on what you wanna play?

MATTIE
I like the way you talk. I'll let you choose what we play.

RACHELINA
Gimmie a sec. It's hotter than hell in here. What's wrong with your bedroom?

MATTIE
I thought we could use a change of scenery. C'mon. Let's do it again and again.

They fall onto the futon... the fooling around begins anew.

LATER EVEN YET... Marita lies face-down on the bed, thrashing wildly as Rachelina, JUST OUT OF SHOT, has vigorous sex with her.

MATTIE
Back door!

RACHELINA
(lying)
Sorry. It slipped.
Rachelina, topless, wearing a LEATHER HARNESS, relaxes atop... TEARS of bottled-up pain rolls down Mattie's cheek... through greeted teeth...

MATTIE
Don't stop!

RACHELINA
What's gotten into you?

MATTIE
It's this heat... heat always gets me hot and crazy... makes me horny as fuck... and because it's so damn hot...

Iesmarita and another woman, sitting in the gazebo, they look cozy, intimate.

She barrels towards them... a pang of Jealousy.

EXT. FLORRICK'S MANSION - GAZEBO - NIGHT
The woman whispers into Mattie's ear... she smiles. Mattie looks up, sees Rachelina.

MATTIE
Rachel? You made it.

...MAYTE, 30s, trashy-sexy, a devilish grin, bares an eerie resemblance to Mattie

MAYTE
You must be Rachel.

RACHELINA
Yes. And you're...?

MAYTE
Mayte. Nice to finally meet you. Mattie's told me so much about you.

Rachelina - surprised by the revelation.

She spins a web of illicit sex and murder, all around the inescapable heat

RACHELINA
Who is this, Mattie?

Streams of morning light filter through, wakes Rachelina from her slumber, who feels around the bed for Mattie, but she's not there.

A huge SPLASH. She throws on a silky robe, crosses over towards the veranda and looks out--
--Sunlight glistens off Mattie's bare ass as she does laps in the pool.

INT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rachelina and Joseph are seated in an elegant restaurant,
One of her heels tangles from her stocking feet.

RACHELINA
It's satisfying to know I can count on your company's support. Pirro & Reeder will continue to provide the service which you've--

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

Rachelina lets her heel fall, massages his pants leg with much affection.

RACHELINA
Thank you. I appreciate the loyalty. And you can be sure I'll go the extra mile to make sure you're very happy.

He sips, tries to read her tone, then... Rachelina retrieves a small envelope from her studded VALENTINO purse, slides it across the table, grabs her attaché case, and walks off.

Joseph opens it, a CARD KEY to a room falls out.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, Rachelina's on top of an unseen guy, going at it, hot and heavy... as she rolls breathless, sweating, off Joseph.

JOSEPH
I don't normally do this--?

RACHELINA
Nether do I... but I'd like to handle your business.

... Rachelina gets up, hastily gets dressed.

RACHELINA
Relax, a hard cock has no conscious.

JOSEPH
We haven't had sex in two months.
Digs through her attaché case, tosses a MANILLA ENVELOPE at him. Joseph opens it, pulls out a stack of paperwork.

JOSEPH
You don't waist anytime, do you?

INT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bit of an adult playpen; full of sensual colors, a mini bar, stripper pool, and way too many sex mirrors... standing before a floor length mirror--

--Rachelina, more naked than not in a nude, spaghetti strap mini dress, hugging her body with a vengeance, looks herself over when--

--Flops down on the enormous water bed, slips into a pair of nude skyscraper heels.

EXT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - BALCONY - NIGHT

Steam billows from a hot tub. She looses her robe, slips into the water, her eyes dwelling at a star-filled sky. Nearby a CORDLESS PHONE RINGS. Short debate... groans as she answers the beckoning call.

INT. TANNING ROOM - DAY

A birds-eye view of a double-wide tanning bed, its florescent glow bathing the room in light... inside, Rachelina's lying face-down, wearing goggles. And nothing else.

Suddenly-- the lid of the tanning bed is thrown open, Rachelina looks up to find--

--Mattie sheds clothes.

MATTIE
Bee-ach! What's up?

Fully naked, she throws on a pair of goggles, and lays next to her, then closes the lid.

RACHELINA
I want all of you. It pains me to know your still sharing the same bed with him.

MATTIER
Our bed. He's my husband. Do you wish to break it off?
RACHELINA
No, that's not what I mean at all. He doesn't deserve you.

MATTIE
Do you always wear that?

RACHELINA
Yes. Do you always dress like that?

MATTIE
What...? This is Miami. Shorter the skirt, higher the heels, the better.

Long beat, then...

MATTIE
Being a skirt chaser, I'd figured you'd enjoy the eye candy.

RACHELINA
I'd rather lick it.

A moment between them, sexual tension escalating...

RACHELINA
Don't you get tired of this sneaking around?

MATTIE
Yes, but what choice do we have?

RACHELINA
Just ask for the divorce again.

MATTIE
I told you. He won't let me go. No way. No how. We can just forget that.

Their faces show frustration.

MATTIE
I hate him. I dread going back to him. You do believe me. Don't you?

RACHELINA
Yes, of course.

MATTIE
I'm stuck in a loveless, no exit marriage.

Rachelina senses Mattie wants to ask her something.
RACHELINA
Why did you go and do a crazy thing like that--?
(off her look)
Sign that per-nuptial.

MATTIE
I loved him at first. And I thought if he could see that, he'd tear the damn thing up.

RACHELINA
You get nothing. Not one penny. What about his life insurance--?

MATTIE
No. It all goes to his children.

Rachelina paces, relentless, contemplating. Mattie sips.

MATTIE
All the verbal, mental, and physical abuse. I don't want to walk away empty handed.

RACHELINA
Is everything about money?

Mattie EXPLODES, hurls her drink at a mirror, and it explodes in a thousand shards.

MATTIE
Call it a goddamn consolidation prize!

A dark silence falls over them. What few pieces of glass remain, reflect their FRAGMENTED IMAGES. Mattie softens, her eyes well up.

MATTIE
If you want us to be together -- than it's the only way.

Mattie falls into her arms, they hold tight.

MATTIE
Oh, Rachel. I can't take it anymore. Why can't two people who belong together, be together. I'd rather kill myself than live without you. I'll ask him for another divorce.

MATTIE
I'm thinking about getting some accident insurance.
RACHELINA
I wouldn't recommend it?

MATTIE
Why?

RACHELINA
It's just a c'mon some agents use to make extra money. *Unless you plan on starring in a b-movie that depends on your accidental death, than no.*

She kisses Rachelina, then turns on the sex appeal.

MATTIE
He's prone to have accidents. Last year he broke his leg. I could pay for it myself.

RACHELINA
Without him knowing?

MATTIE
Yes.

Rachelina searches her eyes, unsure if she heard right, but Mattie's gaze is unwavering... she's dead serious.

RACHELINA
You can't get away with it.

MATTIE
(plays dumb)
Alex, what are you talking about?

RACHELINA
You want him dead, don't you?

MATTIE
That's preposterous!

A deathly silence. Mattie breaks it off.

MATTIE
Don't look at me like that. I didn't mean to give you the wrong impression.

They move closer, at an impasse when--

MATTIE
You're right. I want him dead, gone, and forgotten.

RACHELINA
How long have you been thinking about it?
MATTIE
Every time he beats me the crap out of me. Don't tell me you didn't suspect.

Near the veranda, Rachelina's face tightens in anger. She can't argue with that as she stares at the awful moon.

Mattie tosses ice cubes into a glass, fixes a cocktail.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A crappy three-star motel, lots of vacancies. Mattie sits in her Mercedes, kinda girlish as Rachelina exits the office dangling a room key.

INT. BOUTIQUE STORE - DAY

Insanely expensive. Rachelina searches racks of lingerie and steals the occasional glance across the room. Cell phone HUMMS.

WHIPLASHED Rachelina sees--

--The door to a dressing room is slightly ajar, Mattie, her back to us, high-heels, and that's all she wears, slithers into a sexy dress. Not being obvious about the distraction she's providing, but not taking pains to hurry either.

JEANETTE, a beautiful saleswoman, ooh and ahh, as she catches the tail-end of Mattie's act of exhibitionism.

Mattie glances back over her shoulder at Rachelina.

MATTIE
Can a girl get a hand.

INT. MATTIE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mattie presents her back, lifts her hair up off her nape. Rachelina zips her up, takes a whiff of the back of her neck.

They stare at their images in the floor length mirror. Then slides her hand inside her dress.

Mattie tries to break the spell -- models. Looks to Rachelina for an opinion.

RACHELIN
I like it. I like it a lot.

Her eyes travel past Rachelina's shoulder -- Jeannette spies on them.
MATTIE
Yeah... I get that. The dress?

As if what they're doing is some dirty, unavoidable task.

Rachelina shuts her door. Mattie's back peddling, stifling a surprised shriek as she backs her into the corner. And just like that - the kiss is full of yearning and primal passion.

And they're sucking face again. A TIMID KNOCK.

JEANETTE (O.S.)
How are you two making out in there?

Both share amused smiles. Mattie quickly changes.

MATTIE
We're fine.
(to: Rachelina)
Nice going. Now I'm a mess.

She re-applies her lipstick. Rachelina runs her hands all along Mattie's fabulous curves, avoids her breasts and ass.

MATTIE
You like taking risks, don't you?

Highly aroused, Mattie drops her lipstick as if it burned her hand.

MATTIE
I have to go.

RACHELINA
When things are just starting to get interesting.

And with a considerable amount of effort, Mattie extricates herself. In her haste to make a quick getaway, Rachelina grabs her shoes.

RACHELINA
Wait.

MATTIE
(embarrassed)
Yes, thanks. I might need those.

Feeling Rachelina's' "lust-filled," stare, Mattie looks off, slips into her heels. Spots her lipstick on the carpet.

RACHELINA
I wanna see you again.
MATTIE
If you know what's good for you --
you'll stay away.

Mattie leaves. Rachelina stares. Then something CRUNCHES under her feet.

INT. LADIES ROOM - STALL - NIGHT

Rachelina sits on the toilet... Mattie slips off her panties, slides into her lap, lifts her feet up on the rails that run along the bottom of the stall.

They make out, rather hotly. Rachelina slides a hand under Mattie's dress and between her legs.

Someone ENTERS. Their voices down to a whisper.

RACHELINA FALTOYANO, 30s, dark, arrestingly beautiful, with flirtly eyes, driven to succeed, but at the moment a dirty little sex fiend as she has wild sex atop--

INT. SHERATON - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Rachelina, in a tiny dress, which flaunts her sensual curves, eyes a TRAVEL BROCHURE...

A custom sheer Dominique Auxilly dress that leaves little to the imagination, breeze cane by evealing she wasn't wearing any pantis...

Sheer grey skirt and black bondage-style tops- and silver skyscraper heels

PAOLA TOSCANO, 20s, a PETTY LATINA in a sheer, black dress that accentuates her fabulous curves and a hot pair of heels Michael Costello..

They sits across from each other... Rachelina fixated on her dress curving tightly around her hips...

Mattie uncrosses her legs, then re-crosses them in a very suggestive manner, but in the split-second time that it takes her to do it...

...Alexis sees enough to know she's not wearing any panties.

SONJA
You wouldn't happen to have any, um--

JACK
I've got a big payday comin'. So I don't need your money.
Rachelina lies face-down on the bed, slathered with seat as Jack, just OUT OF SHOT, fucks her furiously from behind...

RACHELINA
Oh yeah...beat that pussy up. Beat it -- beat it -- beat it up.

His fingers entwined in her hair, bowing her head back with one and pinning her wrists behind her with the other...

RACHELINA
Oh shit baby, when you do it hard like that I'm gonna come...you want this fuckin' pussy to explode, huh?

ROBERTO
I see some things never change. Re still a dirty little sex fiend, you know that?

She stares at her REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, her shameful desire until...she let's out a blood-curling SCREAM.

RACHELINA
Back door!

JACK
Sorry. It slipped.

Agony etched on her face, through greeted teeth...

RACHELINA
Don't stop!

They pause to catch their breath, he's still inside of her.

JACK
What's gotten into you? I don't remember you ever being like this.

RACHELINA
It's this heat...heat always gets me hot and crazy...makes me horny as fuck....but because it's so damn hot everything has started looking good...even you.

Pounds her in rhythmic succession jack lies naked on the bed, sweating profusely.

Rachelina is face down on a portable massage table, curtains are pulled, lights down low, calming music plays as a FEMALE MASSEUSE works on his back...

Through the hole where her face is resting...
Rachelina is under the sink, working on the pipes, Gina sits on the floor, nearby, takes a swig of wine. Rachelina pops up.

Gina holds a glass under the faucet, with a flourish, Rachelina turns it on... the glass fills with brown sudge.

As she scoots back under the sink,

INT. OPENING IMAGES

ROCCO MYRTLEBANK, 30s, dark, sweat-stained muscle man, lady killer look, edgy charm, and an eye for the ladies like the one who's lying beneath him...

...face-down, ass up, and biting the pillow... he's ape-fucking her...

JACK
Y'know...you really shouldn't use the Lords good name in vain.

RACHELINA
And when did you get religious, huh?

JACK
I'm not a "religious" person, but I am spiritual. I have faith. I'd like to think everything happens for a reason. You know, part of God's "master plan."

RACHELINA
Horseshit! I don't think any of it is God's "master plan." I think it's just a case of getting fucked. Pardon my French.

JACK
Seems you've lost more than just Frankie that night. A mood killer. He's right, it shows on her face.

RACHELINA
Get off me. Get off me asshole!

She pushes him off roughly, grabs her clothes, slamming the bathroom door behind her. As they watch their sweaty images in the glass, clearly an undeniably special bond between these two.

Playfully, he thrusts harder...

He takes a hit off a bong.
--That's when Sonja breezes from the bathroom, high-heels in hand, her hair and face still a little unkempt.

   JACK
   Apparently, three years of detox
didn't do you any good.

Shoots him a "fuck off" smile. Stepping into her heels...

   SONJA
   Your boy, Polanski. You heard?

Jack raises an eyebrow, then...

   JACK
   He had it comin'. We all do.

   JACK
   You still playing doctor with Gina?

Sonja... a trip down memory lane. Jack notices, then...

   JACK
   Hm, I see there's some things you
never get out of your system, huh?

   JACK
   While you're up -- can you throw
this away?

Gives him a nasty look.

   SONJA
   Why do men think it's the woman's
responsibility to get rid of the

Grabs her things, several vials of coke, and leaves. A beautiful women in a SHEER NIGHTIE lies in bed, flipping through a file.

Lying in bed, Lauren, her splendid naked body is wrapped in the sheets. She's looking at a file. We barely recognize her. Hair down, no glasses either, beaming, almost girlish.

Rachelina crawls out of bed, finding her heels, puts that file into a briefcase

Click-clopping... EMILIO PUCCI STILETTOs glide across the sidewalk... ascend a pair of killers legs beaded in sweat, revealing...

...Rachelina, glittering, in a very short, very tight EMILIO PUCCI MINI DRESS and very fashionable jacket that's open to reveal her impressive cleavage, saunters along, moving with a purpose.
Click-clopping of heels... Rachelina, dressed in a stunning mini dress and very fashionable leather jacket that's open to reveal her impressive cleavage, saunters along, with her arms around...

SLYVIA, a MAYRA LEAL CLONE, in a slinky party dress.

Mattie, glittering in an elegant mermaid gown; all arms, legs, and cleavage that hugs her body with a vengeance.

As they head out, RIP! The zipper breaks on Mattie's dress, exposing part of her BARE ASS... she not wearing panties.

MATTIE
(embarrassed smile)
Fuck.

A WHIPLASHED Rachelina -- "OOH and AHH."

As gracefully as she can, Mattie quickly covers up with her purse...

MATTIE
Can you sew--?

MOMENTS LATER... before the mirror, Mattie stands as Rachelina, kneeling behind her, stitches the back of her dress.

RACHELINA
Do you always keep a needle and thread handy?

MATTIE
Yes. It's not the first time I've had a wardrobe malfunction. They always seem to happen at the most optimistic time.

Her comment hangs in the air, Rachelina smiles, then...

RACHELINA
All right.

She grabs Mattie's rear, turns her. Mattie looks down at Rachelina, still kneeling.

MATTIE
Bueno, bueno! (good, good)

They stare. Rachelina lightly runs her hands up Mattie's legs, looks innocent enough, both look nervous but aroused until...

Two HOT GIRLS enter...
SUDDENLY-- Mattie bends over, her SHEER, WHITE LACE PANTIES blatantly visible under her dress, lets

, lets the COLD AIR blow wisps of hair out of her sweaty face.

?

MATTIE
You coming?

Alongcoposterior, enough to see she's not wearing panties.

Exposes her rear and underwear

, quickly covers up with her fiance tuxedo jacket around her waist and dashes back stage

EXT./INT. SKYLON TOWER/OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Click-clopping of heels... a woman dressed in a mini dress and very fashionable fur jacket that's open to reveal her impressive cleavage, saunters along, moving with a purpose.

Don't get me wrong, she's smarter than a whip.

INT. LUXURY RESORT RETREAT - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Dim interior lights. Glass. Plush carpet. Doors open...

Rachelina and Midori, saunters inside, tipsy, but not sloppy.

JOSEPH
You think you can give me a hand.

With her back to him, she rolls her eyes. ,unloads their luggage. Lots too.

She climbed into a pillar overlooking the Canadian side of Niagara falls and slipped over, fell into the Niagara river about eighty feet up from the edge of the falls and was swept over.

The accident occurred at Table Rock near the horseshoe falls on the Canadian side was captured on CCTV. She was taking photographs, then climbed onto a pillar holding an umbrella before standing up for a clear view...

...she lots her footing as she tired to climb down from a block pillar and tumbled fast into the moving river.

From here they view the scenic Niagara falls and the Niagara river gorge... warning signs

A four foot high barrier with rock pillars between the metal barriers... DANGER SIGNS.
Niagara Falls as seen from the Canadian side near the Horseshoe Falls.

At the bar – Mattie tosses ice cubes into a glass, pours herself a stiff drink.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY – NIGHT

Click-clattering... accompanies the sight of...

...Sonja, glittering like a dream girl, in a short, tight, and elegant EMILIO PUCCI MINI DRESS. A fashionable jacket that's open to reveal her impressive cleavage as she plows towards--

--A small, nondescript club. Looks like a watering hole with portable AC UNITS.

Her Blackberry CHIMES. "Alyssa." She smiles.

SONJA
Yes, honey.

ALYSSA (V.O.)
Hi Mom. I need some money.

Closer she gets... a heart-pulsating Latin beat blares from inside.

SONJA
Did you speak to your deadbeat dad?

ALYSSA (V.O.)
Yea... he's broke as fuck.

SONJA
Hey, watch your mouth. You maybe sixteen, but I'll still rinse it out with soap. You hear me?

ALYSSA (V.O.)
Sorry about the potty mouth, but I got it from you.

Sonja smiles in spite of herself.

SONJA
I'll wire it to your account in the morning.

ALYSSA (V.O.)
Thanks, Mom. You're the best. Love you.

SONJA
Love you more.
GINA
No! And I'm not going to turn a blind-eye. Last time I checked you were fucking me. If you want to continue to do so...

Rachelina and Mattie lie in bed, they look a bit spent, talking.

INT. `LADIES ROOM - DAY
Arianna finishes, washes her hands

SOUND OF ANGRY VOICES... Aianna turns... Mayra and her husband in a heated argument. A modern day Gina Lollobrigida; hot and sultry looks, flirty eyes, driven to succeed... but below

...its top down. RACHELINA FALTOYANO, 30s-- sultry looks, with flirty eyes, dark sexual aura, and dangerous appeal, takes in the awe-inspiring scenery... a much hotter-looking Gina Lollobrigida.

...shades her eyes with a pair of Bvlgari sunglasses that gives her a roguish look.

...top down. RACHELINA FALTOYANO, 30s -- a dark, alluring sexual creature with a dangerous appeal... modern day Gina Lollobrigida, takes in the awe-inspiring scenery....

She shades her eyes with a pair of Bvlgari sunglasses that gives her a roguish look.

Dirty, filthy rich and their cabin hand no air-conditioning.

A dark, sexy woman approaches... DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY ARIANNA TANTAROS, 30s, as usual she's flaunts her assets in a revealing, but tasteful way.

INT. RITZY HOTEL - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT
Happy hour is in full swing. At the full bar, Rachelina nurses a drink. A WALL STREET big wig, 30s, approaches, clears his throat.

But before he can get a word out...

RACHELINA
I'm not interested in anything you have to offer.

WALL STREET MAN
You haven't heard the offer yet.

RACHELINA
You have nothing I want. Get lost.
He senses her repulsion towards him, and it pisses him off.

WALL STREET MAN
You arrogant bitch!

She stares in disbelief at his smiling face...

...she then rears back and punches him in the face, sending him reeling... grabs her things, exits, leaving a stunned him clutching in pain.

RECEPTIONIST
Sabrina Stone, attorney at law?

RACHELINA
May I speak with Ms. Stone.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, Ms. Stone is in consultation, may I take a message?

RACHELINA
Tell him it's Ms. Faltoyano. He'll take my call.

RECEPTIONIST
Hold please.

SABRINA
Rachel, darling, what can I do for you?

RACHELINA
Hey, I need a favor. Are you still bangin' that hot as Deputy D.A.? What's her--

SABRINA
--Miss Tantaro? Yes. In fact, we're in consultation right now.

RACHELINA
I assume consultation means she's under your desk, sucking your dick?

SABRINA
Actually she 's been quite naughty. She refused a pal bargain with one of my clients, so now I'm going to have to go to court and waste my valuable time.

Sabrina clicks on the SPEAKER PHONE, then--

SABRINA
There we go. Tell Ms. Faltoyano where you are?
ARIANNA
I'm bent over his desk, Ms. Jin.

SABRINA
And what am I doing?

ARIANNA
You're fucking me. In my little tight ass.

SABRINA
What can I do for you. Just tell little Miss smarty pants here exactly what you want and I'll be sure to drive the point home.

INT. JUDGES CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE ROY BOWERS, 40s, a no nonsense sort of guy, but not at this moment, he's leaned back in his chair, eyes half-closed in ecstasy as...

Sounds of sucking... slurping... spitting... gagging, waft through the room.

Annabella pops up, wearing a sexy bra, short-short skirt, and a tired look.

ANNABELLA
Dude, are you close? Cuz' my jaw's locking up.

BOWERS
How bad do you want that continuance?

INT. ROMANTIC LOG CABIN - DAY

A luxurious two-story villa overlooking a serene lake, surrounded by wooded hills...

..., intimate, and beautifully decorated. A breathtaking view of the surrounding area.

EXT. ROMANTIC LOG CABIN - DAY

Spectacular sunrise... a certain BMW is parked out front a gorgeous cabin. Spacious lawn. And it sits on the edge of a beautiful lake.

Nearby, but not too close, there's several other cabins.

Arianna emerges from the cabin, sipping coffee, and heads for the lake, lulled by the lapping waves and twittering birds.
EXT. ROMANTIC CABIN - NIGHT

Arianna sits on the porch, with a book, sipping wine, awed, as she watches --

-- over the lake... a spectacular deep red sunset.

INT. MIAMI BEACH CONDO - NIGHT

RACHELINA TANTAROS - hair down, no make-up, naked underneath her silk robe, moves through a sleek, ultra-modern condo -- lots of glass. Polished.

At the wet -- tosses ice cubes into a glass, pours herself vodka. Drains it, makes a chaser, steps into--

EXT. MIAMI BEACH CONDO - BALCONY - NIGHT

Steam billows from a hot tub. She looses her robe, slips into the water, her eyes dwelling at a star-filled sky.

Nearby a CORDLESS PHONE RINGS. Short debate... groans as she answers the beckoning call.

Rachelina's stretched out on a massage table, towel draped across her torso as FUJIKO, 40s - Japanese-American, stunning, gives her a shiatsu massage.

Rachelina quietly slips in... spies Frank at the bar and sidles up next to him...

ARIANNA GOLESTANI, 30s, strikingly attractive, professional, confident, even her conservative business attire can't hide her curvaceous body.

ARIANNA ROMAINE, 30s - reclined in a Lay-z-boy, typing away on a laptop. Despite the sexy librarian look; you know, so ladylike, yet wild and adventurous, she's professional, and quietly beautiful.

RACHELINA TANTAROS, 30s, as usual, dressed stylish, flaunting her unbelievable ass(est) in a revealing, but tasteful way. She's a striking brunette, flirty eyes, a biting wit, and nonchalant bisexual.

JEANETTE MORETTI, 30s, a hot and leggy brunette, trashy-sexy, all tits and ass, stands there.

SONJA CARRANCO, 30s, half Mexican, half Persian, and super hot.

Rachelina, in a SEXY LITTLE DRESS, all arms, legs, and cleavage, sashays through, turning heads.
...TANYA TANTAROS, 30s, dark, arrestingly beautiful, with flirty eyes, a biting wit, driven to succeed, but at this moment a dirty little sex fiend, riding him wildly.

Banging lady killer looks SANDRA ROMAINE is atop ROCCO, lady killer looks,. They're fucking on the bed. She throws her head back, arches, gasp, orgasm near, when--

The phone rings. They try to ignore it. No dice.

Moonlight streams through the windows, mingling with female ecstasis...

...TANYA TANTAROS, 30s, dark, arrestingly beautiful, with flirty eyes, a biting wit, driven to succeed, but at this moment a dirty little sex fiend... she's having wild sex atop--

--ROCCO, 20s, dark, lady killer looks, wearing a leather ball & gag harness, and secured inside a STRAIGHT JACKET.

Even her accent is sexy...

RACHELINA
Lift that ass! Give it to me.

Rocco lifts his ass and pumps away furiously. She reaches down, grabbing his hips and jerks them upward, forcing him deeper inside...

...she throws her head back, arches, orgasm near when--

--BLACKBERRY RINGS. She tries to ignore it. Finally rolls off, breathless, sweating, then answers the beckoning call.

RACHELINA
(groans)
What--?

On the night-stand, a half-empty bottle of vodka, several lines of cocaine, and a wad of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

EXT. RACHELINA'S SKY VILLA - TERRACE - NIGHT

--Massive with a jacuzzi, and jaw-dropping view of Seattle where--

--TANYA TANTAROS, 30s - dark, arrestingly beautiful, with flirty eyes, a biting wit, driven to succeed, in a skimpy bikini and high-heels, mixes cocktails.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Damn, all you're missing is the playmates.

She spins -- smiles exultantly at --
--ROCCO, 30s - a dark, sweat-stained muscle man, with lady killer looks, in silk boxers, and an eye for Rachelina.

INT. SONJA'S CONDO - NIGHT

A key turns, the door flies open, and Rachelina and Sonja are coming back from the club, stumble their way through a darkened condo, absolutely smashed to the bejeezus.

RACHELINA
This is nice.

MATTIE
It'll do.

Between kisses, Sonja switches on the light, revealing a chic, expensive loft.

She kisses Rachelina again... reaches down, pulls of one of her high-heels.

Sonja's other heel... Rachelina reaches down, takes it off, and they grope and claw at each other, shedding clothes.

...and we find Rachelina and Sonja, falling onto the bed in each other's arms... fully naked, kissing with passion... starting to shed clothes.

...amidst tangled bed sheets, Rachelina, sweating, breathless, rolls off Sonja, who slides into her arms. Contented and beyond satisfied.

EXT. SEATTLE'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Rachelina quickly walks up to a HOT DOG CART where JONATHAN, 30s, handsome, in a great-looking suit, waits in line.

RACHELINA
Hey, John.

JONATHAN
Rachelina. Lunch's on me.

RACHELINA
In that case...make it a Chicago dog with everything. Onions, mustard, catch-up, relish, you name it.

He turns to the vendor and orders.

RACHELINA
I feel bad. I mean I'm the one who got you two together.
MOMENTS LATER... they're sitting on a small bench, in mid-conversation.

She takes a bite of her hot dog.

RACHELINA
We only got three days of record breaking heat so far and I was starting to get real pissy by the fourth day.

MATTIE
This heat makes me feel like walking around naked, but I can't, my roommate.

EXT. SEATTLE - NIGHT

Images of the city, stately and serene, in the glorious moonlight.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

Outside, there's a steady, pelting rain. A PAKASTANI CABBIE steals glances in the rear view mirror to see--

--In the back seat - Rachelina, hot-looking business suit, chit-chats with her personal assistant, FELICIA, 20s, a hottie in a mini skirt.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

In the pouring rain, the taxi pulls up. Felicia exits, holds the umbrella from Rachelina, who's on her cell phone.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ritzy. The place is busy. Rachelina, alone at a table, dressed to thrill, lots of cleavage showing and wearing high, strappy heels, nurses a drink.

JEFF, 30s, a douchebag, in a sharp suit, enters, spots rachelina -- she waves to him. He sleazes ore to her table.

RACHELINA
Jeff, I'm Rachelina Tantaros. Thanks for coming.

JEFF
Wow! You're absolutely stunning. You know that--?
RACHELINA
Yeah...I get that a lot.

He sits, eye-fucks Rachelina.

JEFF
I love Latin women...they are so voluptuous.

RACHELINA
One of the perks. As I explained to your assistant, my company is interested in investing...

JEFF
...here's an idea. You. Me. Let's have dinner tonight.

He leans back, deflated.

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

She leans forward, close to Jeff's face, giving him a glimpse of her cleavage...takes a sip from her drink, then licks her lips...

RACHELINA
You like my shoes?

JEFF
Uh...yeah. They're nice.

She brings her leg out from under the table, admiring her shoes...

RACHELINA
Shhh, Jeff.

INT. RITZY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

She enters a sumptuously furnished penthouse suite with a jaw-dropping view of Seattle, followed by a CONCIERGE and BELLMAN, who sets her bags down.

She tips them, they nod in appreciation, and close the door behind them.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Super trendy. Dimly lit. At a private booth, they talk intimately over a beautiful candlelight dinner. One of Mattie's heels dangles from her stocking foot.
She lets it fall, massages Rachelina's leg affectionately with her feet.

EXT. KITTYSHACK CLUB - NIGHT

Nondescript exterior. A taxi stops. MAGGIE, 30s, stunning, steps out, eyes the broken neon-lit sign.

INT. KITTYSHACK CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A swank bar with a dance floor. A handful of BUTCH WOMEN congregate in dark booths.

Maggie heads for bar, oblivious to her surroundings. SALLY, 40s, an aging Barbie doll, smiles as she approaches.

She slides onto a vacant stool. Exchange of pleasantries.

SALLY
What will it be?

MAGGIE
A white Russian. I heard they were pretty good.

SALLY
Not really a drinker, huh?

As Maggie takes in the place...

MAGGIE
No, just celebrating the loss of albatross.

She notices-- two WOMEN up close, against the far wall.

SALLY (O.S.)
Alba... what?

Maggie sees the puzzled look on her face.

MAGGIE
Albatross. It's from, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. I guy has to wear an albatross or seagull, I guess around his neck. It's kind of like a metaphor for having something unpleasant in your life you just can't seem to get rid off. In my case, I just finalized my divorce from my scumbag.

SALLY
A man, huh! Yeah, we get them driving a lot of our customers in here.
Maggie studies the smirk on her face. Rachelina turns—

TAWNY, 20s, a blonde knockout, stands there. Naive in a sweet way. She seems a bit nervous.

TAWNY
You mind if I join you?

She gives her the once-over. Tawny takes note, sits on the adjoining stool.

TAWNY
My name's Tawny. And you're...?

RACHELINA
Alex. You're old enough to be my daughter.

TAWNY
But I'm not.

RACHELINA
Have you done this before?

TAWNY
Spanish women hit on me all the time. One time this Puerto Rican girl touched my butt.

Rachelina' eyes firmly planted on her ass.

TAWNY
Would you like to touch it?

She considers... maybe... not sure, then--

RACHELINA
Do yourself a favor. Find Mr. Right and don't look back.

INT. STARLIGHT - NIGHT

A dimly lit, swank lesbian bar. BEAUTIFUL WOMEN congregate in dark booths. Sighs and moans, vague hint of sexuality.

Rachelina, in a sexy outfit, slides onto a stool. A PRETTY BARMAID appears.

RACHELINA
A dirty martini.

She scans the crowd, catches the eye of VIDA, 30s, a Cuban knockout, in a tiny dress. She's more interested in Rachelina than the HOT BLONDE in her arms.

LATER... the Barmaid pours another martini — then another — and another.
On her last one... Rachelina glances back over at Vida, who sits alone, several feet away.

Rachelina drains it, then walks over in a sexy manner.

   RACHELINA
   Do you wanna dance?

Before she can answers, Rachelina grabs her hand, leads her towards a crowded dance floor.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR -- they slow dance, sexually-charged. Rachelina kisses Vida, occasionally looking into her eyes.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Rachelina flips on the light, drunk. Vida follows. She stumbles over to the table, and removes her heels.

   VIDA
   I love your place.

   RACHELINA
   (smiling)
   It'll do.

She forces Vida against the wall, kisses her hard and rough. Vida seems nervous.

With her intentions growing more heated... Rachelina RIPS Vida's dress off, squeezes her bare breasts, bites her neck. She cries out in sweet pain as Rachelina forces her to the floor...

...a sexual assault in progress.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Backlit by the cityscape... Vida's sprawled out naked on the bed. Sleeping soundly. Rachelina sits in a chair by the window, she looks lonely and sad.

She glances at Vida, then gazes back out the window.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They're on each other, kissing, groping, tearing clothes off...

Fully naked, they're necking feverishly, bodies grinding on the bed... Rachelina kisses her breasts... stomach... buries her face between Arianna's legs.
Arianna thrashes wildly, hands gripping the bed sheets, orgasm near...

ARIANNA
You're a cunt-lapping genius -- you know that?

Rachelina slithers up in a lewd and sexual way, kisses Arianna, then sits on her face, clutches the pillow, straddles back and forth in ecstasy.

She stops, climaxes.

LATER... they're rolling around on the bed, hot grappling, a sweaty pillow fight. Rachelina takes Arianna's arms, pins them above her head

RACHELINA
No! You can't always be in control.

Arianna laughs. Rachelina moves wildly, grinding her hips into Arianna, her head arches, she kisses Rachelina's breasts, who reaches down, grabbing Arianna's hips and jerks them upward,

They move in rhythm, faster and faster... rubbing, thrusting into her hard.

Half-tangled in the sheets, they're kissing, hips smashing into each other, grinding and thrusting with unbelievable fury

LATER... they're wound around each other, in a SOFT-CORE SIXTY-NINE, servicing each other orally.

LATER... Rachelina is lying on the bed, eyes half-closed, at the tail-end of female ecstasis.

RACHELINA
You sure you haven't done this before?

Arianna pops her head up, sweating and smiling.

ARIANNA
I'm a fast learner.

RACHELINA
I guess one good turn, deserves another, huh?

Arianna slithers up in a lewd and sexual way, they share a passionate kiss, then--

RACHELINA
Ride 'em cowgirl.
Arianna grins, then mounts Rachelina's face. Grabs the headboard, and rocks back and forth wildly, sighing and moaning. As she does...

ARIANNA
Do you want me to eat your pussy, huh? Lick your clit, your cunt? Or maybe you want to suck my creamy young cunt, lick my soft creamy ass crack, let my hot cunt fill your pussy filled mouth.

ARIANNA
Just as I thought. Sluts like you always want that sticky little pussy glued to their lips...that sweaty little gash fucking their face...the thick slimy goo filling their mouth.

(beat)
You want to be a cheerleader's slut bitch don't you. To take her come in your mouth -- your slutty pussy mouth.

LATER YET... they're having HOT LESBIAN SEX... their bodies slathered with sweat, slithering all over each other. They kiss passionately...

...before we know it, they watch their sweaty faces flatline into female ecstasis.

Arianna lies in bed alone, smiling, she reaches down, after a moment, Rachelina slides out from under the sheets, they kiss tenderly.

RACHELINA
I'm so happy to have you hear.

Arianna lost in thought.

RACHELINA
Hello--?

ARIANNA
Hi.

RACHELINA
Where did you go.

No response...she stares at Rachelina, who seems concerned.

RACHELINA
What's going on?

Arianna looks away, sad.