

# **Rough Diamonds**

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Second Draft: February 13, 2004  
Registered WGA West: November/2003

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

A perfect rainbow is trapped inside two flawless DIAMONDS, glinting in the morning sun.

Mounted on crushed velvet, the identical diamonds are on a glass covered pedal stool in the middle of a vast, marble MUSEUM HALL.

The stunning beauty of the stones is matched only by the breathtaking beauty of the young woman who's admiring them. MARIE CLIFFORD's creamy seventeen year old skin is dappled in the cornucopia of colors emanating from the diamonds...

She reaches out tentatively towards the glass case. Not to touch the diamonds, but to run her fingers over a picture that's mounted in the case below the priceless jewels. It's of a MOTHER cradling her BABY DAUGHTER...

MARIE  
Today's the day, Mom...

CURATOR (O.S.)  
You here again, Marie?

Marie spins round, sees the bespectacled CURATOR, 60's, standing behind her.

MARIE  
Just leaving.

Marie carefully adjusts the sign atop the glass case...

'THE MOTHER DAUGHTER DIAMONDS...'

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Marie fires up her powerful BMW, parked right outside the austere Museum building. The powerful stereo blasts, sending the birds fluttering skywards...

CREDITS appear over...

ARIEL FOOTAGE of a narrow highway, Marie's BMW streaking through the endless tract of Florida wetlands. In the water, GATORS, warm themselves in the early morning sun...

MOVING over the vast tracts of swampland, flocks of tropical BIRDS stretch their majestic wings, locals speed across the stagnant waters in their deafening AIRBOATS...

Through thick trees and foliage to trailer homes and tract housing and into the town of Blue Bay, where the nip/tucked denizens sip three martini lunches and tee off at the local country club.

Marie steers her BMW into the showroom-like parking lot of Blue Bay High School.

INT. MARIE'S BMW - MORNING

Marie guides her powerful car towards her parking spot, when...

SCCCREEEECCCHHHH!

She SLAMS on the brakes as a figure darts in front of her car. Almost gives her a heart attack, throwing her forward, flailing arms crashing into the stereo, then snapped back by her seatbelt.

She sits stock still for a second, then looks up, out of her windshield at the young woman scouring at her, only inches from the front bumper of the BMW.

The sudden jolt has changed the radio station. A newscaster rambles on...

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

... operation, aimed at finally capturing the Black Widow suspect after a six month trail of embezzlement and fraud, once again failed to snare its subject.

ELENA SANDOVAL, 17, stands defiantly in front of the BMW, her don't-fuck-with-me stare in direct contrast with her come-fuck-me clothes.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Blue Bay Police Detective Michael Morrison was able to recover over \$400,000 in stolen money, but the suspect, described as Female, between eighteen and thirty, remains at large...

Marie reaches out with a trembling hand, turns off the stereo, then leans out of the car window.

MARIE

I'm... so... sorry...

Elena smiles wryly.

ELENA

You will be.

And she means it...

INT. BLUE BAY HIGH AUDITORIUM - MORNING

The auditorium is packed with the Blue Bay High student body. The natural order is clear, the pastel flock at the front, the meat headed jocks in the center, and the rejects at the back.

Marie is amongst her sweater monkey friends, but she's still shocked by what happened out in the parking lot...

JENNY

(handing over a present)  
Happy birthday, babe. They ain't diamonds, but you're just gonna have to wait for those...

Marie tentatively opens the gift, sees a pair of OPAL EARRINGS.

MARIE

(unconvincing)  
Thank you. Thank you so much...

JENNY

Are you OK, hon?

Marie looks back, to the far reaches of the auditorium where the freaks and geeks crowd round Elena, worshipping her like the Goddess she is...

MARIE

I...yeah...I'll be fine...It's just...that new girl...I almost hit her in the parking lot...

JENNY

You mean the towel girl, the one who transferred in? Jesus, she's trouble. You know the only reason she's slinging towels is 'cos it's court ordered...

Marie and Elena make brief, electric eye contact, across the sea of hormonally challenged students as Principal LIONEL MOSSTER, his ill-fitting sports jacket coffee-stained, steps onstage.

MOSSTER

We're here today to address a growing epidemic that affects all of you.

He pauses, waits for the student body to quiet down...

MOSSTER

National studies report sexual activity among students at an all-time high.

The students all cheer, naturally.

MOSSTER

We'll see who's cheering when you've got an unwanted pregnancy on your hands, or get slapped with a paternity suit...Or arrested for date rape. But don't take my word for it...

He motions behind him to KRISTEN RICHARDS, early 30's, a natural beauty who's doing her best to hide behind a bland gray suit and glasses, and CHAD BORMAN, late 20s, devilishly handsome...

PRINCIPAL MOSSTER

Miss Richards and Dr. Borman are here to tell you about the pitfalls first hand...

Kristen steps up to the lectern.

KRISTEN

Good morning, my name is Kristen Richards. I'm an officer for the Miami juvenile parole board, as some of you already know...

Quick glance at Elena who rolls her eyes...

KRISTEN

But that's not what brings me here today. When I heard about Principal Mosster's sex education program I thought I'd volunteer my own personal story, in hopes that you might learn from the mistakes I made. Back in High school all I wanted to do was get drunk, stoned and laid...

The students roar their approval.

KRISTEN

By my junior year, my life was a blur of cheap beer, anonymous sex, partying every night of the week...

Elena covers her mouth, as if to cough...

ELENA

(through fake coughs)  
...whore...

Kristen ignores the slur.

KRISTEN

And then, one night at some pathetic frat party, someone slipped a roofie in my drink...and raped me.

This quiets the auditorium.

KRISTEN

There isn't a day goes by my skin doesn't crawl when I think of the violation and humiliation I endured. I can promise you that if you make the same kind of wrong-headed choices I did, you'll be seeing Dr. Borman...

Chad steps to the podium.

CHAD

Thank you, Miss Richards. My name's Dr. Chad Borman. I run the forensics lab at the police department, where my work has helped convict hundreds of sex offenders. Most teens like Ms. Richards never get their lives together. The physical scars may go away, but the emotional damage stays forever.

While Chad drones on, MUDDY, a Gremlin-eyed drooler, sitting in front of Elena, looks back at her shapely legs as she puts them up on the back of the chair. He spots the ugly plastic bracelet locked around one of her ankles.

MUDDY

That's not...what I think it is, is it?

ELENA

Whattchya think it is, bitch?

The words catch in his throat.

MUDDY

One of them...Parole leashes...

ELENA

Bingo.

MUDDY

So you can't, like, go more than ten miles from the cop shop?

Elena taps the flashing red light on the plastic bracelet.

ELENA

Five. I got someone's panties in a bunch.

Back at the podium, Chad leans forward, making sure his words resonate with the student body.

CHAD

And as for the perpetrators of this heinous act, even if you are still a minor, you will be tried as an adult, and, if convicted, you will do hard time.

He pauses to let the impact of this wash over the students.

CHAD

Are there any questions?

ELENA

(calling out)

Yeah, I got one for Miss Richards.

KRISTEN

Ask away.

ELENA

When they found the scumbag who took your precious flower of virginity, you sued his sorry ass, right?

Kristen is taken aback by Elena's insensitivity, stumbles over her words, finally spitting out the sad, sorry truth...

KRISTEN

Uh, no, actually, I was never able to make a positive ID. All I remember was his alcohol-soaked breath whispering in my ear, "You won't remember, but you'll never forget..."

Elena cracks a sideways grin...

ELENA

So what you're really saying is you fucked for free...

Kristen has no answer to that. Principal Mosster does his best to control the situation...

PRINCIPAL MOSSTER

Miss Sandoval. You're on thin ice, young lady!

Like Elena cares. She leans back, nods. Job done.

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH DIVING POOL - DAY

The bright Florida sunshine washes down on packed bleachers by the side of the massive diving pool, where a diving meet is in full swing...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Blue Bay High School would like to  
welcome all participating diving teams  
from the tri-county region...

Breathtaking beauties from teams all over the region, in their school colored bikinis, are scattered around the pool area.

But all eyes are on the home team. Masturbatory fantasies abound as the Blue Bay Girls' Diving Team runs through stretches...

And as exquisite as these girls are, they pale in comparison to absolutely sweet Marie, stunning in her nearly see-through white bathing suit.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
First up, district champion Marie  
Clifford...

The crowd cheers, watching Marie edge out to the diving platform twenty feet above. Jenny right behind, waits on the ladder...

JAY CLIFFORD, Marie's chisel-jawed stepfather in his late thirties, focuses a DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA on Marie from the front row of the bleachers...

JAY  
C'mon now baby, you can do it...

Marie just rolls her eyes.

JENNY  
Your stepfather's just got a lot invested  
in the team.

Marie looks at her stepfather, nods tentatively, but then notices the incongruous figure of Elena, sidling up to him...

JAY  
(to Marie)  
Just try to keep those legs together.

ELENA (O.S.)  
Shouldn't be a problem for Miss teen  
Virgin.



Jay looks round, lowers the camera when he comes face to face with the world's hottest towel girl...

JAY  
Excuse me?

ELENA  
You're Mr. Clifford, right? As in Clifford construction?

JAY  
I am, yes, but...

ELENA  
I'd love to see one of your erections...

Whoa. Jay's lost for words as he diverts his attention to the platform where Marie stands perfectly still before stepping into the air.

It's a spectacular sight as the beautiful Marie completes a double back flip, entering the water with near-perfect form. She quickly resurfaces, climbs out of the pool and exchanges high fives with her teammates before crossing to Jay.

JAY  
Nice take off, gotta work on the landing...

MARIE  
I can't do any better...

Jay shakes a finger at her, silences her immediately.

JAY  
No such word as 'can't. Now do it again. Only better...

Marie takes a deep breath, approaches the ladder once more. As she's about to start the arduous climb, Elena hands her a towel...

ELENA  
Bet you choke.

Stops Marie in her tracks.

MARIE  
What's your major malfunction?

ELENA  
Just wanted to make a wager. Between best friends.

Marie just starts to climb the ladder to the high dive platform.

ELENA

You blow this dive, I get those diamonds  
of yours.

Marie stops, looks down on Elena from the fifth rung of the  
ladder, shakes her head...

MARIE

How'd you know about my inheritance?

ELENA

Talk of the town, birthday girl. Today's  
the day, right?

MARIE

And what, pray tell, are you willing to  
wager when I win?

Elena thinks for a second, glances back at Jay with a big smile.

ELENA

I'll stay away from your stepfather. You  
make it, I won't be your new stepmom  
anytime soon. Whattya say?

Marie just stands there incredulous for a moment.

MARIE

Take your sorry ass back to the swamps.

She ascends the ladder, leaving Elena behind...

ELENA

Choke!

Marie clambers up onto the high dive platform, tries to focus on  
the task at hand. But can't help but notice her nemesis below,  
walking slowly, seductively, up to Jay, intoxicating him...

Marie blocks out the distraction, concentrates at the task at  
hand, stepping to the edge of the platform and the 20 foot drop  
looming beyond...

She slides a ring off her finger, kisses it for luck. It's an odd  
design. Four curved gold ridges, just ready to hold a Diamond...

She throws the ring into the pool ahead of her, the gold glinting  
in the afternoon sunlight as it drops into the water, and a split  
second before it breaks the surface, Marie is airborne...

She twists magnificently through the air, a sight of breathtaking beauty. Thank God this is in slow motion.

And as she gets ever closer to the water's surface, she tucks, does one last back flip, straightening out at the last possible instant, slicing through the water with nary a splash.

Marie surfaces to roaring APPLAUSE. Treading water, she can't help but watch her Jay's smiling face in the bleachers...

EXT. CLIFFORD MANSION - AFTERNOON

Sickeningly expensive POWERBOATS and de-rigged SCHOONERS line the inlet leading to the verdant lawns of the Clifford Mansion...

Banners and streamers wishing Marie a happy birthday decorate the grounds. Partygoers soak in the blazing Florida sun, sip at non-alcoholic punch, and stare out gratefully across the thin stretch of water that separates them from the riff-raff on the mainland...

Marie sits away from it all, lost in thought, as Jenny, in cutoffs and a bikini top, sidles up beside her.

JENNY

What's the matter, sweetie, pissed that one judge only gave you a 9.7?

Marie forces a smile.

MARIE

Nah. I'm cool.

JENNY

Denial ain't just a river in Egypt, babe. You got diamonds on the mind.

JAY (O.S.)

Have either of you seen my video camera?

Marie looks round to her stepfather, shakes her head, bringing a bemused look to Jay's face.

JAY

I had it at the dive meet, I'm sure...

He shrugs, picks up a crystal glass, hits a fork sharply against it, drawing the attention of the assembled partygoers...

JAY

Ladies, Gentlemen, friends, raise a glass to Marie, on her eighteenth birthday.

Everyone raises their fine crystal.

JAY

She's become every inch of the woman her Mother hoped she'd be. Wherever she is now, Julie's looking down and smiling.

Tears well in Marie's eyes...

JAY

And that's why, on your eighteenth birthday, Marie, I know your mother wanted you to have...

He notices, out of the corner of his eyes, two well-dressed MEN standing at the entrance to his house. Whoever they are, Jay's instantly unnerved. He stumbles over his words...

JAY

... she wanted you to have... a wonderful birthday party surrounded by all your friends.

He glances back toward the house, watching the two men enter...

JAY

Please excuse me.

... and hurries after them. Marie is left dumbfounded. So close, but so far...

MARIE

Jay! What about my present?

She chases after him...

INT. CLIFFORD MANSION HALLWAY - DAY

Marie makes her way down the sleek white corridors inside the opulent Clifford Mansion, past framed family photos, of Jay, Marie and the late Julie...

MARIE

Jay?

He's nowhere to be found. Frustrated, Marie finds herself alone in the kitchen. She angrily selects a bottle of Champagne, pops the cork. Before she can swig any alcohol she hears raised voices.

JAY (O.S.)

It simply can't be done...

Marie tentatively edges out of the kitchen, back into the hallway, and down towards Jay's study...

JAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In all construction there's delays.

Marie sidles up to the door jam, peaks through the crack. What she sees makes the blood run cold in her veins...

An imposing Cuban businessman, MR. BARAJAS, stands threateningly over a visibly frightened Jay. Another man, CICATRIZ, dressed in designer silks, stands menacingly in the corner, clearly the brawn of this little operation.

MR. BARAJAS

Four months is not a delay. It's a disaster.

JAY

You have my word, Mr. Barajas, the building is almost finished. Just give me a week, two tops.

Barajas nods to Cicatriz, who moves in on Jay with lightning quickness, holds a Razor sharp KNIFE against his thumb.

MR. BARAJAS

We are long past the negotiation stage.

Cicatriz runs the steel blade across Jay's thumb. Marie has to cover her mouth from screaming as she sees a trickle of blood stain the spotless white carpet.

MR. BARAJAS (CONT'D)

For every day the building goes unfinished, we'll take a finger...

A sinister grin stretches across Cicatriz's lips.

CICATRIZ

Pray, Mr. Clifford, you finish before the eleventh day...

And with that the Cuban men head to the door. Marie scrambles away, her heart pounding...

She's halfway down the hallway when Mr. Barajas and Cicatriz exit Jay's study. She turns, tries to look innocent as the Cuban 'businessmen' stare her down.

Jay appears in the doorway, sweat cascading from his brow.

JAY

Marie! Shouldn't you be with your friends?

MARIE

I was just...

Cicatriz takes a step towards her.

JAY

(to Marie)

I'll be right there. With your gift...  
just... wait outside, OK?

Marie backs away, never taking her eyes off the intimidating Cuban men...

EXT. CLIFFORD MANSION - AFTERNOON

Marie stumbles down the lawns, past the semi-clad partygoers, in a daze, as she takes hits from the bottle of champagne.

Jenny and the dive team wait by the dock, and welcome their lost sheep with open arms.

JENNY

So? Did you get the key? Are you Blue Bay's richest bitch?

Marie's thoughts are drowned out by the ROAR of a powerful engine. All attention turns to a rusted MOTORCYCLE as it streaks across the verdant lawns, leaving a spray of MUD in its wake.

And atop the bike... Elena, in skintight leathers.

JENNY

Holy shit, who invited her?

Marie's slightly drunken eyes narrow. Elena brings the bike to a screeching halt inches from the surprised guests. The ultimate partycrasher...

MARIE

This is a private party...

ELENA

Don't mind me. I ain't here for your stupid party.

She's striding towards the Mansion, towards Jay who's standing at the patio doors, an exquisitely wrapped present in his hands.

MARIE

Get the hell outta here! NOW!

Marie stumbles after Elena, grabbing her from behind, holding her back. There's a tense moment before...

ELENA

Damn girl, whattcha been drinking?

MARIE

Stay away from my stepfather!

ELENA

Make me...

And that's it. Marie lashes out with a haymaker punch. Connects on Elena's jaw and she goes reeling back. But it's ignited the street fighter in her, and she comes roaring back into the fray, ramming into Marie and together they tumble to the ground...

The crowds gather to watch the cat-fight, in equal parts appalled and aroused. It's a hair pulling, teeth gnashing, make up smearing wrestling match, no holds barred. The drunken Marie has the upper hand, the alcohol fueling her rage.

JAY (O.S.)

What the hell's going on here?

And that stops the fight right there and then. Marie looks up to see a red faced Jay standing over her.

MARIE

This...trash is just looking for a meal ticket...

Elena gets to her feet, licks the blood from her split lip.

ELENA

Mr. Clifford. Betcha proud of little Marie now, huh?

He hauls Marie to her feet, thrusts her towards the mansion.

JAY

Party's over.

Groans from the crowd, but Jay's mind is made up.

MARIE

But...what about...my present...

Jay's already walking away.

JAY

I'm going to the condos. Sleep it off, whydontcha?

Elena watches Jay stride away, like a lioness stalking her prey...

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

Work lights illuminate the half finished condo building site, on prime beachfront real estate. These places would sell for millions, if they were ever finished...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING OFFICE - NIGHT

In a concrete makeshift office, on the top floor of the condo building, Jay clicks open the lock on his large metal safe and the steel door swings open.

Inside are stacks of CASH, piled high, along with a shiny new HANDGUN. Jay flicks through the money, shaking his head...

JAY  
(sotto)  
Not enough. Just not enough...

A clanking noise from outside has him quickly snatching the gun from the safe, before closing it once more, spinning the lock...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jay walks out of his office, into the half-finished top floor of the condos. Exposed beams and drying cement reveal how far behind schedule Jay really is...

JAY  
Hello? Anyone there?

He swings the gun round impotently, seeing nothing in the flickering florescent light...

Finally Jay lowers the weapon. It looks like he might collapse, until he catches himself, palms flat against the wall, head down.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Fuck me...

ELENA (O.S.)  
Any time. Any place...

He reels around, sees Elena moving toward him, brushing aside the thick plastic sheeting. She has a bottle of beer in one hand, a video camera in the other. Jay's video camera to be precise...

JAY  
What are you doing here?

ELENA  
You promised to show me your erection...



Elena focuses the video camera on Jay's crotch. Makes him incredibly uncomfortable, obviously.

JAY  
Is that my...camera?

Elena thrusts the bottle of beer at Jay.

ELENA  
Lighten up, Jay.

Jay takes the bottle from her, sets it down on the concrete floor.

JAY  
Enough's enough. I think it's time you left.

This brings a teasing pout to Elena's lips.

ELENA  
Is that any way to treat Marie's new best friend?

Jay's taken aback.

JAY  
You're best friends are you?

ELENA  
Sure. We've been having sleepovers. Talking about boys, swapping tips. She's been teaching me about shopping, I've been teaching her about giving mind blowing head...

Jay's taken aback once more. How much more aback can he be taken? He reaches out and blocks the video camera lens.

JAY  
Gimme the camera back...

Elena saunters slowly past, brushing up against him. Keeps the camera trained on his worried face...

ELENA  
Come get it.

Jay's reaching his elastic limit. He reaches for the camera, but Elena won't let go. They wrestle for control of the video camera. And finally the camera slips from both their grasps, flies across the room and SHATTERS on the concrete floor...

ELENA  
(slyly)  
Ooopppps.

Elena runs her finger under Jay's chin, then turns and walks away, leaving Jay standing there, all taken aback.

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

A drunken Marie brings her BMW to a swerving halt outside the construction site. She takes a swig from the Champagne bottle on the passenger seat for dutch courage...

MARIE  
(sotto)  
It's present time.

She reaches for the car door handle, but comes up short. When she looks back up she's in for some taking aback of her own...

Elena comes walking out of the building site, and the two girls lock eyes. There's an uncomfortable moment before Elena flashes a satisfied smile and walks away...

MARIE  
What the hell...

Marie's about to get out of her car when Jay comes walking out of the site, looks around the lot, sees Marie's car.

JAY  
What are you doing here at this time of night?

Marie stammers to find the words...

MARIE  
I just...wanted to apologize for my behavior earlier. I was out of line.

Jay's mood lightens.

JAY  
When we admit our mistakes we grow.  
You've made an important step.

MARIE  
So...what about my present?

JAY  
Meet me at the Museum. Before school tomorrow. Now go home, get some sleep, I'm gonna finish up here...

He walks away and a smile creeps across Marie's face.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MUSEUM - MORNING

A perfect rainbow is trapped inside the two flawless Mother Daughter DIAMONDS, glinting in the morning sun.

Marie can barely contain her excitement as she paces frantically in the dark marble museum hall, reaching out a trembling hand towards the glass case containing the priceless jewels...

JAY (O.S.)

You really think you're ready for your inheritance?

Marie looks round to see Jay striding into the Museum, still in the same clothes as yesterday...

MARIE

It was...it was what Mom wanted...

Jay looks at her sternly.

JAY

You're the only one who can open that lock, but I'm the one with the key. She wanted you to have the diamonds when you were responsible enough to know what to do with them...

MARIE

I'm...responsible...

Jay shakes his head slowly, deliberately.

JAY

Really? Underage drinking, prying into my personal affairs, fighting...

MARIE

But they're mine. Mom left them to *me*.

JAY

They're yours when I say they're yours. For the time being, I've got some major problems at the construction site. Deadlines have to be met. We'll talk again when you've done some growing up.

Jay puts an arm around his stepdaughter, starts walking her back towards the massive wooden doors.

JAY  
Please, don't fight me on this. We're  
Team Clifford, remember?

MARIE  
(without conviction)  
Team Clifford...

She's stuck in an awkward embrace with her Step Father...

EXT. MUSEUM - MORNING

Jay leads Marie down the stone steps outside the quaint Museum building. But as they approach his car they're hit by...BLUE and RED FLASHING LIGHTS.

The whine of sirens has Jay spinning around in surprise, looking over to see four Police Cruisers come to a screeching halt...

MARIE  
What the hell?

Half a dozen of Blue Bay's finest, lead by the dashing young OFFICER ENTWISTLE, draw their badges, approach Jay.

OFFICER ENTWISTLE  
Mr. Clifford?

JAY  
Can I help you, Officer?

OFFICER ENTWISTLE  
You're under arrest on suspicion of rape.

Jay's jaw drops to the ground.

JAY  
There must be some mistake, this isn't  
possible...

MARIE  
Jay, what's going on?

Entwistle puts a powerful hand on Jay, leads him to the first Police cruiser.

JAY  
Call my lawyer, tell him to meet me down  
the station. This is outrageous...

Entwistle gets into the Police car's passenger seat.

JAY  
I didn't do anything, I swear.

OFFICER ENTWISTLE  
I'm afraid she's got a different story.

JAY  
Who's 'she'?

INT. BLUE BAY PD INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Elena paces the sterile interview room like a caged tiger. She stops in front of the two way mirror, examines her reflection...

Tentatively she reaches out a trembling finger touching the scab on her lip, covering the wound Marie inflicted at the party. And slowly Elena starts to press on the cut, until the blood starts to flow once more...

There's a quiet knock on the door and Elena quickly lowers her hand, looks round...

Kristen Richards, the young Parole Officer who so heart wrenchingly told her story at Blue Bay High earlier, comes quietly into the gray room.

KRISTEN  
Elena.

Elena just looks up at her pitifully.

KRISTEN  
Could you tell me what happened?

Through stifled sobs, Elena states...

ELENA  
It was Jay Clifford. He raped me...

The interview room door swings open and DETECTIVE MICHAEL MORRISON, 30's, enters. He's the personification of the term "overworked, underpaid."

MORRISON  
You understand the seriousness of this allegation, young lady?

Elena nods weakly.

MORRISON  
And you know that we'll leave no stone unturned in the investigation.

MORRISON(CONT'D)

There'll be a battery of forensics tests you'll have to take, humiliating stuff. And background checks, digging up all kinds of dirt. And you'll have to testify in court, face the man you're accusing...

Crocodile tears roll down Elena's cheeks.

MORRISON

You sure you want to go through with this? No harm, no foul, you can just walk away right now....

Kristen interjects...

KRISTEN

Please, Detective, this isn't the right time...

ELENA

I ain't lying. You think I'm lying?

Kristen turns to her young ward...

KRISTEN

If you're telling the truth, you won't find a more sympathetic ear...

ELENA

'If' I'm telling the truth...

KRISTEN

And if you're not, there's gonna be trouble, you understand?

MORRISON

This is already trouble. The man you're accusing happens to be a friend of mine, and when the DNA tests prove you're lying I'm gonna come down on you like a ton of bricks, mark my words...

Elena withers under his glare...

INT. BLUE BAY PD INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jay huddles in the small interview room along with Marie and THEO BLOOM, his sharp suited attorney.

THEO

We're gonna sue their asses til time runs backwards...

JAY

(to Marie)

You've gotta believe me, I would never,  
could never do anything like this, you  
know that don't you?

Marie takes his hand, squeezes it.

MARIE

We're team Clifford.

Jay forces a tired smile...

JAY

That's my girl.

The door swings open and Morrison enters...

MORRISON

Jay. Marie. Mr. Bloom...

Jay stands, shakes Morrison's hand.

MORRISON

(to Marie)

Would you mind waiting outside while me  
and your stepdad have a little chat...

Marie looks to Jay, doesn't want to leave.

JAY

It's OK honey. Michael and I are old  
pals...

Reluctantly she leaves, letting the door swing closed after her.  
Jay sits back down. Morrison takes a chair opposite.

JAY

How's the divorce treating you?

MORRISON

She's taken me for everything I'm worth.  
I swear to God, I'm never trusting  
another woman as long as I live.

Theo intervenes...

THEO

This is most egregious, Detective, my  
client has pressing matters at his  
construction site. He can't afford to  
waste time with this frivolous  
nonsense...

MORRISON

(to Jay)

Look, we're taking her statement right now, gonna run every forensic test in the book. Guarantee the case'll come apart like a \$2 watch...

Jay nods, certain he can beat this rap...

JAY

She had my camcorder. Recorded what happened. It should still be at the construction site. It'll clear my name...

Morrison nods.

MORRISON

You'll be outta here by tonight.

INT. BLUE BAY PD HALLWAY - DAY

Marie waits out in the anonymous hallway, talking a mile-a-minute on her cell phone...

MARIE (ON PHONE)

I can't believe it, Jenny...It just doesn't make sense...I mean, I know Jay...I know he'd never...

When a door down the hall opens she looks up expectantly, only to see Kristen come out, walk towards her, followed by someone. Marie's view is blocked by Kristen until the Parole Officer passes her and reveals...Elena.

MARIE

This can't be...

A look somewhere between horror and shock is etched on Marie's beautiful face. Elena just smiles, blows her a kiss.

ELENA

No such word as 'can't'...

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - DAY

Police cars line the driveway outside the beach front building site. Officers cordon off the road as Forensics teams photograph every inch of the building...

Standing amidst the crowd of onlookers is an irate Mr. Barajas, accompanied, as ever, by Cicatriz. They are both on CELLPHONES, both talking angry, fast Spanish.



INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Plastic sheeting covers the windowless top floor of the unfinished condos. The white suited FORENSICS TEAM work meticulously, led by the tireless Dr. Chad Borman, delicately dusting anything and everything that might yield evidence...

Morrison stands at the edge of an area cordoned off by POLICE TAPE. He's looking at Jay's smashed DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA, now bagged and tagged as evidence...

KRISTEN (O.S.)  
Sexual predators often keep a trophy...

Morrison spins, sees Kristen. He stumbles with his words, not used to talking to beautiful women...

MORRISON  
I'm sorry?

KRISTEN  
Maybe he recorded the rape.

Morrison looks at the remains of the camera.

MORRISON  
And maybe he didn't. We'll never know.  
Tape's mangled. Forensics said it'd take  
months to fix it.

He looks up into Kristen's hypnotic eyes.

MORRISON  
We were never properly introduced.  
Michael Morrison.

She offers her hand, and Morrison shakes it.

KRISTEN  
Miss Richards. Kristen. Miami Parole. Was  
just in town for a couple days checking  
in on some parolees when all this went  
down...

She hands Morrison a BUSINESS CARD, which he absently stuffs into his pocket...

MORRISON  
You think maybe you could lean on the  
girl? Get her to drop this nonsense? We  
all know she's lying. With all this Black  
widow shit going down, we just don't have  
the time or manpower to...

KRISTEN

She might *not* be lying, you know.

MORRISON

What makes you think that?

KRISTEN

Just a look in her eye. I...I have some experience...

Morrison doesn't want to push her further...

All of a sudden the sunlight is blocked from the massive unfinished floor by black sheets erected by the Forensics team, leaving everyone in pitch darkness....

MORRISON

What the hell?

Slowly an eerie ULTRA VIOLET GLOW fills the room. The white suited forensics technicians, glowing under the black light, wait patiently for evidence to show itself...

Suddenly the clear IMPRINTS of hands on the wall become clear, along with the black stains of BLOOD FLECKS...

CHAD

Gotcha...

MORRISON

What is it?

CHAD

Blood, fingerprints, sign of a struggle. I'd say we've got a rape on our hands, Detective, but we won't know for sure until we run the tests...

Morrison's head is spinning...

MORRISON

Fine. Just do it...

INT. BLUE BAY FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

Elena sits on the edge of a gurney in the high tech forensics lab, rubbing her arm where a band-aid covers a fresh needle mark. Chad appears at the doorway and she stares daggers at him.

ELENA

You vampires really need five pints of my blood? That's like an armful...

Chad's surprised by her venom.

CHAD

It's standard procedure in a rape test.  
Test for drugs and such...

ELENA

And such.

She continues to pace as Chad makes his way into the room, rounds the desk and takes down a plastic beaker from the metal shelf.

CHAD

We're going to need a urine sample. Do  
you think you could fill this?

ELENA

From here?

Chad goes red. Puts the plastic cup down on the desk and Elena grabs it.

CHAD

If...you wouldn't mind...removing your  
clothes. I'll leave the room, give you  
some priv...

The breath catches in Chad's throat as Elena takes her shirt off without hesitation. Stands there in just her black bra.

ELENA

Done. Next?

Chad's jaw drops. Not just because Elena's in her underwear, but because of the clear BITE MARKS on her neck and arms...

CHAD

Those are...

ELENA

Bite marks. He chowed down.

CHAD

They're clear evidence markers...

He reaches out, grabs a Polaroid Camera from the desk, starts snapping away like an ornithologist at a bird convention. The FLASH of the camera fills the room...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

FLASHBULBS explode as Marie accompanies her stepfather up the steps of the austere Blue Bay courthouse, surrounded by a gaggle of sound bite hungry pressmen...

REPORTER 1

Any comment, Mr. Clifford?

Jay puts his hand up to block the intrusive lenses. He disappears quickly into the shelter of the courthouse.

REPORTER 2

(to Marie)

Did your stepfather rape that girl? How could he do something like that? \*

Marie stops in her tracks, wheels around and addresses the throng of reporters...

MARIE

Jay...is innocent...

Says it like she means it...

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The packed courthouse is abuzz and the elderly JUDGE WILCOX is forced to slam his gavel down...

JUDGE WILCOX

Order!

Jay sits at the defendant's table, suit impeccable, hair immaculate, game face on. Theo sits beside him, scribbling notes. Marie is in the front row of the gallery, surrounded by her coiffured peers. She tries to smile stoically at Jay...

Kristen sits beside Elena at the prosecution table.

Chad is on the stand as ARLO MEESE, 35, the slick District Attorney, steps forward.

D.A. MEESE

Dr. Borman, do your tests show that Elena Sandoval had sexual intercourse on the night of the 25th? \*

CHAD

Yes they do. \*

D.A. MEESE

Do they show that it was forced? \*

CHAD

Yes. There was extensive bruising and tearing. We found no semen evidence. The latex abrasions point to the use of protection. This is quite common in cases of premeditated rape.

\*

D.A. MEESE

And what can you tell us about Miss Sandoval's toxicology reports, Doctor?

CHAD

Came back positive for Rohypnol, a common date rape drug. Traces were also found on the bottle of beer at the crime scene. Both Mr. Clifford and Miss Sandoval's fingerprints were all over the bottle.

JAY

I took it from her. She was far too young to be drinking!

A slam of the gavel silences Jay.

D.A. MEESE

Dr. Borman I am going to show you what's been marked as state's exhibit number 1.

\*

\*

He nods to the bailiff and a PROJECTOR whirs to life. An EVIDENCE PHOTO that Chad took of Elena's wounds is displayed on a screen beside him.

D.A. MEESE

What does this slide show?

\*

\*

CHAD

Miss Sandoval was found to have numerous bite marks on her upper torso that occurred during the rape.

JUDGE WILCOX

What about those other markings?

Chad looks confused, studies the slide, sees four equidistant dots aligned in a small circle.

CHAD

I wasn't able to determine...Fingernail markings, possibly...

JUDGE WILCOX

(to Meese)

Please continue.

\*

Marie can barely breathe...

D.A. MEESE  
I'm going to show you another slide  
that's been marked as state's exhibit  
number 2.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Meese nods to the bailiff, who dutifully changes the slide. The court goes dark for a second before the next slide is displayed...It's a close up of Jay's teeth mouldings compared to the bite marks...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

D.A. MEESE  
What can you tell us about these  
mouldings?

\*  
\*  
\*

CHAD  
They were made from the defendant's  
teeth, and the tests I conducted show  
there's simply no other conclusion. The  
bite marks on Miss Sandoval's body were  
made by the defendant, Mr. Jay  
Clifford...

\*  
\*

That's it. The Court erupts, flashbulbs exploding. Jay slumps back in his chair, his air of cool gone in an instant. He looks back at Marie, utter disbelief on his face. The tears well in her eyes...

The Judge bangs his gavel in a vain attempt to regain control.

JUDGE WILCOX  
Court's adjourned...

INT. BLUE BAY PD - NIGHT

TV news gleefully reports Jay's trial like a sordid soap opera...

REPORTER (ON TV)  
...in the face of damning evidence, Jay  
Clifford remained defiant. It's thought  
that his stepdaughter, Marie Clifford  
will testify in his defense tomorrow. And  
in other news, officials from the FBI  
gave a press conference today, commenting  
on their involvement in the Black widow  
case...

A walking suit, AGENT MILTON DAMMERS, steps up to the podium.

AGENT DAMMERS (ON TV)  
After numerous mistakes on behalf of the  
local authorities in Blue Bay, the FBI is  
mobilizing its task force...

Click. Morrison tosses the TV remote aside, sits down behind his desk, piled high with files, mostly marked BLACK WIDOW, and reaches down to pick up Jay's broken video camera, still in the evidence bag...

KRISTEN (O.S.)  
It's a long shot.

Morrison looks up, smiles faintly when he sees Kristen at the door.

MORRISON  
Not a fan of 'Hey, how you doing', are you?

Kristen smiles, enters Morrison's cluttered office.

KRISTEN  
Used to play at being a spider when I was a kid, creeping around silently. Guess I haven't grown out of it.

Morrison shakes the broken camera parts in the evidence bag.

MORRISON  
It's the only thing standing between my friend and a ten year stretch...

KRISTEN  
The forensics lab will have time to look at it now...the Feds have taken over the Black widow case...

MORRISON  
Goddamn gloryhounds. They knew I was close. They just want to come in and take all the credit.

KRISTEN  
You got a chance, Detective. To help your friend. Don't let this case slip away as well...

Morrison tightens his jaw, knows what he has to do.

INT. BLUE BAY PD FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

The Forensics lab is crammed with evidence bags and files. Chad is working diligently, painstakingly scanning a stack of \$100 BILLS one by one. He barely has time to look round when the door opens and Detective Morrison comes in...

MORRISON

Chad, I got a rush job for you.

Chad rolls his eyes.

CHAD

No can do, boss. We're sifting through the Black Widow evidence...

MORRISON

Feds are movin' in. They'll be taking over by the case by the end of the week.

Chad's dumbstruck, but dutifully takes the shattered video camera.

MORRISON

You find anything on that tape, you let me know, OK?

CHAD

Whatever you say, boss.

MORRISON

And make sure you get that money back into the evidence locker.

And Chad's left alone with the shattered remains of the video camera, and a whole shit load of work ahead...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - DAY

The early morning sun casts a brilliant orange glow over the smooth-as-glass surface of the school swimming pool.

Marie steps back up onto the high diving platform. Tries to focus. Slides the soon-to-be-diamond ring off her finger and throws it tentatively into the water...

She takes a breath and then dives, straight and true, into the perfect blue water below.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Marie's lithe, taught body comes arcing through the water, darting down to the bottom of the pool to retrieve the ring...

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Marie surfaces, reaches out and puts the ring on the side of the pool, before looking up to see an old pair of sneakers, an electronic ankle bracelet locked around one leg.



ELENA

Nice take off. Gotta work on the landing...

Marie's blood boils.

MARIE

What the hell are you doing here?

Elena just reaches down and picks up Marie's unfinished ring.

ELENA

Looks like your bling ain't blinging...

MARIE

Give me that back. It was my Mother's...

Marie climbs out of the pool, faces down with Elena...

ELENA

Looks like she got ripped off Princess, where's the rock?

Marie snatches the ring from Elena, slides it back on her finger.

MARIE

Is that what this is all about?

Elena reaches out, tries to stroke the wet hair off Marie's face. She recoils before she'll let Elena touch her...

ELENA

You're not a dumb as you look...

Jenny, followed by the rest of the diving team, come marching out of the locker room and see the two arch-enemies confronting each other.

JENNY

(to her team mates)

We got trouble...

Elena won't back down.

MARIE

You're ruining my life, and my stepfather's.

ELENA

It can end. Just like that.

She snaps her fingers and Marie's on the verge of tears...

Jenny and the rest of the diving team approach, stand behind Marie, a seething mass of bikini-clad mindless hate...

MARIE

Why are you doing this?

ELENA

Because I can.

As she turns and walks away...

ELENA (CONT'D)

Good luck in court.

INT. BLUE BAY COURTROOM - DAY

The usual assortment of paparazzi and spectators crowd into the small courtroom.

Marie is on the witness stand, staring straight ahead at her stepfather at the defendant's table. Gone is the immaculate suit, the perfect hair, the poker face. He's looking worried now...

Theo paces in front of Marie, running her through a series of well-rehearsed questions.

THEO

And why did you go to your stepfather's building site that night, Miss Clifford?

MARIE

It was my birthday. Jay left the party before giving me my present.

THEO

And you say you saw Miss Sandoval leaving?

Marie takes a moment, looks to Elena at the Prosecution table.

MARIE

I did.

THEO

And how would you describe her appearance?

MARIE

She was...she looked fine. She smiled at me. Actually smiled...

THEO

No further questions.

He takes a seat next to Jay, whispers in his ear. D.A. Meese starts his cross-examination.

D.A. MEESE  
Would it be fair to say you don't like  
Elena Sandoval, Miss Clifford?

MARIE  
We don't see...eye to eye...

D.A. MEESE  
Is that why you attacked her at your  
party earlier that night?

Marie squirms.

MARIE  
No...I was...she wasn't invited...

D.A. MEESE  
You'd had a few drinks, correct?

MARIE  
(reluctantly)  
I'd had a drink. Yes.

D.A. MEESE  
So by the time you allege to have seen  
Miss Sandoval, could you tell the court  
exactly how much you'd had to drink?

MARIE  
A glass of Champagne. Or two, but...

D.A. MEESE  
No further questions.

Jay sinks a few inches lower in his seat. Going down...

INT. BLUE BAY FORENSICS LAB - DAY

A bleary eyed Chad sits in front of a bank of monitors, working the image enhancement equipment, fighting to get a watchable picture from the fuzzy static in front of him. Kristen sits behind him, fighting to stay awake.

CHAD  
(to himself)  
Take out the chroma, raise the  
luminescence...

He clumsily reaches over the control panel, hitting almost every button on the way. And that does the trick...

Suddenly the picture on the monitors becomes clear. Kristen's eyes snap open.

KRISTEN  
Holy shit...

The pixilated image of Elena smiling comes into focus on the TV...

KRISTEN (CONT'D)  
Call Detective Morrison. Now...

SCENE OMITTED

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS- DAY

The shaky, pixilated image of Elena smiling flickers on the TV. Soon enough though her smile fades...

ELENA (ON TAPE)  
You're kidding right?

Jay's voice can be heard behind the camera...

JAY (O.S. ON TAPE)  
C'mon now baby, you can do it...

The video shows Elena cowering...

ELENA (ON TAPE)  
Please...you can't do this...

JAY (O.S ON TAPE)  
No such word as can't...

A hand reaches out from behind the video camera and grabs Elena, throws her violently against a concrete wall.

JAY (O.S. ON TAPE)  
Fuck me...

A flurry of movement that goes in and out of focus. When the camera steadies again, Elena's hands are pressed against the wall and she's sobbing...

ELENA (ON TAPE)  
Please, Mr. Clifford, don't...

JAY (O.S ON TAPE)  
Just try to keep those legs together...

And then static...

Pulling back from the TV we find ourselves in the courtroom, completely empty, save for Jay, Theo, Meese and Judge Wilcox all staring in shock at the blank TV screen...

\*  
\*  
\*

D.A. MEESE  
If Mr. Clifford would plead guilty to rape, the state is prepared to drop the charges of kidnapping and assault.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JUDGE WILCOX  
(to Jay)  
If I were you I would seriously consider the offer.

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY

In the cold stone jail visiting room, Jay sits behind the wire mesh, an emotion Marie and Theo opposite. The PRISON GUARD waits by the barred door, keeping his beady eyes on Jay.

JAY  
I'm gonna lose this trial.

THEO  
I'm not so sure about that. The tape's a fake, right? So all we need to do is...

Jay holds up a hand, instantly silencing his attorney.

JAY  
You had your chance.  
(to Marie)  
If we're gonna win at all costs, we're gonna have to change the game.  
(to Theo)  
Do you have it?

Theo nods regretfully, reaches into a breast pocket, pulls out a KEY.

THEO  
I'm still dead set against this, Jay.

JAY  
I couldn't care less.

MARIE  
What's the key for?

JAY  
The diamonds...If that's what it takes, then that's what it takes...

MARIE

But...they're my inheritance...

JAY

All my assets are tied up in the condos,  
Marie. We have to pay this girl off, make  
her testify that she faked the tape,  
faked the evidence.

MARIE

But, Jay...they're my diamonds...

JAY

As soon as I'm out of here, you'll have  
them back. I swear. I know people, who  
can...persuade her to hand them over...

Marie shoots an uncomfortable look to Theo, then back at Jay,  
uncertain what to say.

MARIE

It's wrong.

JAY

More wrong than what she's doing to us?  
We're team Clifford, right? You know I'm  
not guilty. You know I could never do  
anything like this. So do the right thing  
and get me out of this hellhole...

Marie's cracking...

MARIE

I can't...

JAY

(tenderly)  
No such word as 'can't.' Please...

The tears well in her eyes.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The key slips easily into the lock below the dazzling Mother  
Daughter diamonds. The alarms disabled, Marie's finally able to  
reach inside the glass case and touch the priceless gems...

The Curator stands behind her in the empty Museum hall, ruefully  
watching his prize exhibit being removed.

CURATOR

I knew the day would come, still doesn't  
make it any easier...

Marie, tears welling in her eyes, takes a hold of the diamonds, carefully takes them from the case.

CURATOR

The offer still stands, Marie. If you ever decide to sell them, please give us a first chance...

Marie turns to him, the emotions overwhelming her.

MARIE

I don't think I'll be able to, I'm sorry...

She scampers towards the door, past the security guards.

CURATOR

(sotto)

Me too...

EXT. THE GATOR TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Theo's SUV drives carefully down the mud path running parallel to the swamp, past countless rusted airboats, and into the 'GATOR' trailer park, finally coming to a halt in front of Elena's rotting trailer. Theo gets out carefully, his \$1000 shoes sinking into the mud. Marie reluctantly steps out of the car...

A blinding PORCH LIGHT flicks on. Theo and Marie spin round, squint through the light to see Elena standing in her trailer doorway...

ELENA

Well, well, well. Look what the cat dragged in...

(to Theo)

DA know you're here?

Theo squirms...

MARIE

We need to talk.

ELENA

So talk.

THEO

Somewhere private, maybe?

INT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

An elderly man, UNCLE MARTY, in a sweat-stained T-shirt and ratty underwear, snores on the tattered recliner, a half-drunk bottle of WHISKY hanging from one limp hand...

Theo freezes when he sees him...

THEO  
Who's this?

ELENA  
Uncle Marty. Legal Guardian. Drunken  
pervert, take your pick. Chill. He's out  
til morning.

Uncle Marty's deafening SNORES confirm the assertion as Elena leads them into her bedroom...

MARIE  
Let's just get this over with.  
(to Elena)  
You won. You got what you wanted...

ELENA  
(mocking)  
I just wanted justice...

THEO  
Tomorrow you'll take the stand, tell the  
jury you faked the evidence, faked the  
tape...

ELENA  
(sarcastic)  
Really?

MARIE  
We are prepared to make it worth your  
while.

She holds the Daughter diamond in front of Elena's greedy little eyes.

ELENA  
(poker face)  
Not bad. But I always wanted a family...

Theo nudges Marie. She sighs, holds out the Mother diamond in the other hand. A broad grin stretches across Elena's face.



THEO

They're yours after you exonerate my client.

ELENA

I'm afraid I'm gonna need that payment up front.

MARIE

No, that's not the deal.

ELENA

It is now. Take it or leave it.

Marie takes a deep breath. It's the most difficult thing she's ever had to do in her young life. Dead silence, except for Uncle Marty's snoring from the front room.

Finally, with a very heavy heart, Marie hands over the diamonds.

THEO

When this is all over, you'll leave town. For good.

Elena points to the ankle bracelet.

ELENA

I go more than five miles from the police station and I'm straight back in juvie...

THEO

I understand your Parole term is up next week.

Elena smiles.

ELENA

You've done your homework. Fine.  
(points to the ankle bracelet)  
As soon as this thing comes off, I'm outta here...

She reaches down and grabs the diamonds. Dances past Marie...

THEO

May I suggest a little discretion, Miss Sandoval. Certain...questions might be asked about this...arrangement if you were to...say...turn up to Blue Bay High wearing a tiara...

Elena winks.

ELENA

I ain't gonna flaunt it, mate. I gots too much class for that shit.

MARIE

You're going to tell the truth on the stand tomorrow, yes?

Elena raises her right hand...

ELENA

I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The court Bailiff nods, takes the Bible from Elena's hands. She's dressed in the closest thing to a modest suit she has in her wardrobe; a low cut jacket and tiny miniskirt...

The courtroom is packed with journalists, TV cameras and nosey neighbors. Everyone wants a piece of this story. At the defendant's table, Jay, slick once more in Armani, watches Theo approach the witness box with a new-found confidence.

Sitting in the front row of the public gallery, Marie is riveted on the action. At the back of the courtroom, Kristen fidgets nervously beside Morrison as Theo steps up, ready to question the newly compliant star witness in this sensational rape trial...

THEO

It's your assertion that my client, Mr. Clifford forcibly sexually assaulted you on the night of the 25th. Is that true?

A hushed silence. Marie, Jay, Theo all wait expectantly...

THEO

Is that what you say happened?

Elena clears her throat.

ELENA

He... He didn't...

A collective intake of breath from the crowd.

ELENA

....just sexually assault me.

Theo's balls shrink instantly.

THEO

What...did you just say?

ELENA

He didn't just sexually assault me. He threatened to kill me if I told anyone...

The court is on the verge of erupting into anarchy. Theo's reeling, caught off-guard, stumbling over his words, trying to give the girl one last chance to make good on her promise.

THEO

Isn't it true that you were inebriated during the assault, that it may not in fact have been Mr. Clifford...Or anyone?

A smirking Meese doesn't even bother to stand up.

D.A. MEESE

Objection. Leading the witness.

JUDGE WILCOX

Sustained. Council will please rephrase the question.

Theo's stumped. His eyes plead with Elena to take the ball and run with it. She does. Unfortunately it's to the wrong end zone.

ELENA

I was messed up, alright. In fact, only two things I remember. One was that bastard Jay Clifford taping me with that Goddamn video camera while he violated me. The other was what he whispered in my ear, right before I blacked out...

She pauses, for emphasis. Judge, jury, gallery, press corps, the town of Blue Bay, the state of Florida hangs on her every word...

ELENA

He said, "You won't remember, but you'll never forget."

That's it. The court goes berserk, flashbulbs exploding, along with the veins in Jay's head.

Kristen's reeling from shock...

KRISTEN

(to Morrison)

What did she just say?

Marie leaps to her feet, screams...

MARIE  
Lying bitch!

Marie has to be restrained, trying to break through the crowds to claw Elena's tear stained eyes out...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

A small Television blares out today's top story...

ACTION NEWS ANCHOR  
The young victim's wrenching testimonial proved to be the final nail in the coffin for Jay Clifford. It took less than an hour for the jury to deliberate and sentence Mr. Clifford to 15 years.

TV cameras witness Jay being led away in handcuffs...

JAY (ON TV)  
You can't do this to me! You can't...YOU CAN'T!

CLICK. The TV turns off. Marie sits huddled in Jay's unfinished concrete building site office, staring at the darkened television set. Mascara laden tear tracks line her perfect face.

MARIE  
(mumbling)  
No such thing as can't...

She lets the champagne bottle slip through her fingers and it smashes on the concrete floor. Strangely the dregs of the champagne start running down the floor...

Marie's heart suddenly skips a beat as she thinks she hears the rustling of plastic from outside the office.

MARIE  
Who's there?

No answer. She steels herself, gets shakily to her feet, stumbling drunkenly toward the door...

EXT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Kristen stands in the darkened doorway of Elena's less-than-welcoming trailer. She knocks.

KRISTEN  
Elena. Open up.

No answer. She tries the door handle. It's unlocked. She takes a deep breath, steps inside.

INT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Kristen flips on a light switch. The room is illuminated for a split second before the bulb surges and burns out, leaving Kristen in the near-darkness...

KRISTEN  
Elena? Hello?

She takes out a FLASHLIGHT, creeps through the front room, stepping over the discarded pizza boxes and assorted detritus.

The beam of light finds a small BLUE PILL nestled in the carpeting. Kristen picks it up, slides it into her pocket...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Marie steps cautiously through the unfinished concrete top floor, past the crime scene tape. In the dim light, her eyes dart to every corner, every shadow.

She lets out a surprised shout as the room is suddenly plunged into darkness. Slowly the eerie forensic ULTRA VIOLET LIGHTS switch on, filling the room with black light.

And with a knot growing in the pit of her stomach, Marie slowly turns, coming face to face with...

Elena, her arch-nemesis...

INT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Kristen moves slowly into Elena's bedroom, shines her light on the walls. What she sees makes the blood run chill in her veins. Barely able to breathe, she takes out her cell phone.

KRISTEN  
(into phone)  
Detective Morrison...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Elena and Marie stare each other down. You could cut the tension with a chainsaw, until...

MARIE  
Who invited you?

A sinister grin spreads across Elena's face as she holds up the breathtaking Mother-Daughter diamonds, reflecting an unearthly glow under the UV lights.

ELENA  
Mother and Daughter...

This brings a mile-wide smile to Marie as she dances into Elena's arms. Their lips come together in a passionate kiss as their hands dance over each other's trembling bodies. When they finally break...

MARIE  
I was sure you'd blow it on the stand,  
going on about forgetting and  
remembering.

ELENA  
Gotta make it seem authentic. God's in  
the details.

And they kiss again, lips locked tighter than Jay's jail cell...

EXT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Morrison's unmarked sedan pulls to a stop beside Kristen's car, and the harried Detective steps out, looking extremely unhappy.

MORRISON  
This couldn't wait 'til morning, Miss  
Richards?

KRISTEN  
Call me Kristen...

MORRISON  
The Feds just arrived to take over the  
Black Widow case, I'm up to my knees in  
paperwork...

KRISTEN  
You remember what Elena said, right at  
the end of the trial. "You won't  
remember..."

MORRISON  
(finishing)  
"...but you'll never forget." What about  
it?

KRISTEN  
Elena's fucking with us.

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Elena and Marie are locked in their carnal embrace, failing to notice the florescent lights flickering back on. Suddenly Elena feels the sharp pain of teeth biting into her neck...

She looks down to see DENTAL ALGINATE MOLDINGS of Jay's teeth being held by a smiling Chad.

CHAD  
Mind if Chad joins?

The girls look up to see a beaming Chad, holding the teeth molding. Elena just shakes her head...

ELENA  
Fuck me...

Chad works the spring hinge of the dentures like a deranged ventriloquist act...

CHAD  
Any time. Any place...

He sets the dentures down on the concrete floor, and takes in the sight of the magnificent diamonds.

CHAD  
(re: diamonds)  
Two beauties...  
(turning to Marie and Elena)  
Two beauties...

He and Elena help Marie out of her blouse while Elena runs her hands all over him...

INT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Morrison and Kristen's flashlights cut through the darkness as they move back into Elena's bedroom.

MORRISON  
Just so you know, this is called  
'breaking and entering'...

KRISTEN  
I know all about it. Especially having  
something stolen...

MORRISON  
Like what?

They get into the bedroom and Morrison's jaw goes slack as Kristen shines her light on the walls...

KRISTEN  
Like my life...

The walls are covered with NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, all concerning Kristen's rape: "Police unable to find frat house rapist," "Teenage victim wants 'justice' in rape case," "'You may not remember, but you'll never forget,' only thing victim remembers"

Kristen tears some of the articles off the wall.

KRISTEN  
Once a thief, always a thief...

They suddenly freeze as the front door swings open, the blood running cold in their veins as Uncle Marty stumbles inside. They hold their breath, praying he doesn't see them, standing in Elena's doorway. Uncle Marty just mumbles something incoherent and collapses face first onto the couch, out like a light...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Chad reaches into an evidence bag filled with BLUE PILLS. He removes three...

CHAD  
Little blue pills. One of the perks of the job.

Laughter as the girl's accept the roofies, swallowing them like candy. Chad gulps down the third as Elena begins to run her hands up and down Marie's back and shoulders. Chad's hands are all over Marie as he helps slip off her bra.

Elena's lips move hungrily across Chad's face, until they find his mouth. They kiss deeply.

When they pull apart, Chad helps Elena pull off her T-top, as Marie runs her hands up and down Elena's bare back. Elena turns back to her with a mischievous grin.

ELENA  
You won't remember...

MARIE  
But you'll never forget.

Damn straight.



EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

The early morning sun illuminates a massive slab of windowless concrete surrounded by barbed wire in the middle of nowhere...

INT. COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Jay takes a seat on an uncomfortable metal chair in front of bullet-proof glass. He's half the man he used to be, broken, trembling, smoking like a chimney. His mind's still a steel trap, just one that's rusted shut. He picks up the TWO-WAY PHONE...

THEO

(into phone)

Mr. Clifford, this is Kristen Richards,  
Elena Sandoval's probation officer.

JAY

She want to pin me for some more crimes?

Kristen takes the phone from Theo.

KRISTEN

No, Mr. Clifford. I just have a few  
questions. I've noticed some  
inconsistencies...

JAY

You've noticed some inconsistencies?

JAY

Here's one big fucking glaring  
inconsistency for you: I was set up!

KRISTEN

Maybe so, but that's not good enough. Why  
were you set up? What would Elena  
Sandoval have gained from all this?

Jay hesitates, unsure how, or if, to proceed. Theo shifts nervously. Jay gives up.

JAY

What the hell. I'm already in jail. How  
much worse can it get? I paid her off,  
okay? My assets were tied up in the  
condos so we used Marie's diamonds.

(defensive)

It wasn't like I had a choice. She had me  
by the short an' curlies, understand?

KRISTEN

But Elena's testimony was damning. Why wouldn't she play ball?

JAY

What is this, the Spanish Inquisition? How the fuck should I know? Manipulative little skank probably figured she could bleed me for some more money down the road. But I'll tell you this much, I'm gonna get those diamonds back, make her wish she was never born.

Kristen's mind is racing, trying to piece together the puzzle.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Elena's airboat blasts through the reeds out into the middle of nowhere. She cuts the engine, lets the boat drift, unwraps the moldings of Jay's teeth from a cloth, as well as a VIDEO TAPE marked "BLUE BAY DIVING MEET/MARIE'S BIRTHDAY", looks them over one last time...

ELENA

Later potato...

And tosses them into the mire, where they're soon gobbled by ravenous Gators...

EXT. GATOR TRAILER PARK - MORNING

Elena glides her airboat to a stop on the muddy banks of the trailer park, stomps over to her trailer, when she sees...

Two sets of tire tracks in the mud.

INT. ELENA'S TRAILER - MORNING

Elena stands in her bedroom, disbelief washing over her. No sign of the newspaper articles. Her walls are barren.

ELENA

(sotto)

Oh shit...

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - DAY

The diving team emerges from the locker room on their way to practice. Lagging behind is Marie. She's about to catch up when she runs smack dab into a panicked Elena.

MARIE

What the...If anyone sees us together...

ELENA

What choice did I have? We got big problems...

Before anyone can see them, Marie pulls her away, to the outdoor shower area, out of sight from her teammates. She turns on all the shower heads.

MARIE

Gotta be careful. Make sure no one's listening. Now what's the 411?

ELENA

I...I think I fucked up...

Marie gently takes a hold of Elena's face.

MARIE

How?

ELENA

I don't know for sure...but I think that bitch Parole officer's made me...she was at my trailer last night...

Marie smiles, pulls Elena close as the steam rises all around.

MARIE

No biggie. You disposed of everything, right? The teeth, the video, all the research...

Elena can't fess up. Not now...

ELENA

I did, but...She's got a hard on for me. Wants to see me back in Juvie...

Marie kisses her softly on the forehead. Her cheek.

MARIE

I won't let the big bad wolf get you. I promise.

Elena's damp tank top clings to her perfect body.

ELENA

I just want outta here.

Marie brushes a strand of hair away from Elena's face.

MARIE

Be patient. I'll call the Museum Curator,  
have him prepare the funds to buy back  
the diamonds...

ELENA

Then we're outta here, right?

A mile wide smile stretches across Marie's lips...

MARIE

Just sit back, relax, enjoy the  
trip...Don't forget to come again.

Their trembling lips come together like wet hot magnets...

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Sunlight cuts through the dark blue surface, illuminating Marie's  
lucky ring gold ring that drifts down gently until...

Marie comes diving down into the crystalline water, plucks the  
soon-to-be diamond ring from the bottom of the pool...

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Marie surfaces at the edge of the pool. She places the ring onto  
the deck, pulls herself out of the water.

She tries not to show surprise when she comes face to face with  
Kristen, who's picked up her ring, runs it around her fingers...

MARIE

Can I help you?

KRISTEN

I was wondering if I could have a moment  
of your time. Ask a couple questions.

Marie glances nervously back at the pool, where other members of  
the diving team go about their workout.

MARIE

I'm in the middle of practice...

KRISTEN

It'll only take a moment, Marie. Might  
even help Jay. Remember your loving  
stepfather? You want to help him, don't  
you?

MARIE

Of course.

Kristen studies the ring for a moment, then ventures...

KRISTEN

Why'd you agree to part with your diamonds?

This time Marie can't hide her shock.

MARIE

How...

KRISTEN

Jay told me. But why? They were your inheritance.

MARIE

Jay needed help. We're a team.

KRISTEN

Team Clifford. Right. It's just...You must've been pretty unhappy when Jay didn't give you those diamonds for your birthday.

Marie's taking a beating, doing her best to remain standing.

MARIE

He said I wasn't ready.

KRISTEN

You're 18. That's heiress payday, no? Must've crossed your mind that Jay might never let you have them...

MARIE

No, of course not.

She's a bad liar.

KRISTEN

And then this little scam artist saunters in and just takes them. With your help, no less.

Kristen moves in for the kill.

KRISTEN

But what I don't get is, why wouldn't Elena do what Jay asked, clear his name? After all, she'd gotten what she wanted.

MARIE

How should I know?

Marie watches in fascination as Kristen presses the top of the ring against the back of her hand. Hard. Winces, then...

KRISTEN

I mean, the only way I can make sense of it is if somehow getting Jay released from prison would spoil the plan.

MARIE

What plan?

She hands the ring back to Marie. Not so lucky anymore...

KRISTEN

You tell me...

INT. BLUE BAY PD HALLWAY - DAY

Chad strolls gingerly down the hallway, opens the door to the forensics lab, freezing when he sees...

INT. BLUE BAY PD FORENSICS - DAY

Kristen, waiting patiently for him.

CHAD

Miss...Richards. Is...Is there something I can do for you?

KRISTEN

I was wondering if you'd do me the favor of running a quick test.

CHAD

Uh, sure, I guess. Whatcha got for me?

She hands him the Blue Pill she found in Elena's trailer.

KRISTEN

Could you tell me what this is?

Chad tries to keep his cool.

CHAD

No problemo. It'll only take a minute.

While Chad goes about his work, Kristen begins nosing around the office. Chad looks over his shoulder.

CHAD

Be careful, I got lots of evidence here.

She starts flipping through EVIDENCE PHOTOS...

KRISTEN

Are these the evidence photos from the Elena Sandoval rape?

CHAD

They are, but...

KRISTEN

Ever find out what caused these markings?

She holds up the photograph of the four circular indentations the Judge questioned Chad about in court...

CHAD

Like I told the Judge, I guess they're finger nail markings...

KRISTEN

They don't look like finger nail markings to me. They look more like this...

She holds up the back of her hand, where she'd made the indentation with Marie's ring.

KRISTEN

Would you say these markings are the same?

CHAD

W-where did you get that?

Kristen smiles.

KRISTEN

Marie gave it to me. But you already knew that, didn't you, Doc?

Chad has no answer to that. He can only blink stupidly and pray his silence doesn't incriminate him further. Kristen heads for the door...

CHAD

(calling after)

The pill. It's Rohypnol. Uh, Roofies.

KRISTEN

Been there. Done that.

INT. CLIFFORD MANSION - NIGHT

The massive front door swings open and Marie crosses the foyer, and is about to ascend the magnificent staircases when she hears the clanking of glass coming from the kitchen.

Her heart is in her throat as she calls out...

MARIE  
Hello?

No answer.

INT. CLIFFORD MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

\*

Marie enters the lavish kitchen, stops in her tracks when she sees Chad standing at the full bar, mixing the strongest drink known to man.

MARIE  
What the hell, Chad?

\*

Chad fidgets nervously.

CHAD  
That parole officer was sniffin' around today.

Marie scoffs, steps up to the bar, gets in Chad's face.

MARIE  
Not you too. She's just trying to prove her worthless excuse for an existence. She doesn't have a thing on us.

CHAD  
Yeah, but she's askin' the right questions. It's only a matter of time. We gotta make our move.

Marie shakes her head, resolute.

MARIE  
No. We stick to the plan. Give the Curator time to come up with the money...

Chad's trembling hands pour the drink, most of the liquid making it in to two MARTINI GLASSES...

CHAD  
We gotta move fast, keep the heat off...

MARIE  
You can't take the heat, get outta the kitchen.

CHAD  
I wanna see 'em. The diamonds. Make sure they're safe.

\*  
\*  
\*



MARIE

They're safe.

\*  
\*

She downs half the drink in one giant gulp.

CHAD

I just wanna see 'em. I thought we were supposed to be partners here.

\*  
\*  
\*

Chad's trembling, looking like he could lose it at any second.

\*

MARIE

You're gonna be the death of me...

\*  
\*

She slugs the rest of the drink, strides away and Chad follows like a lapdog...

\*  
\*

INT. CLIFFORD MANSION - JAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

\*

Nothing's been touched in Jay's office, the drops of blood the Cubans extracted from his thumb as a warning stain the white carpet black...

\*  
\*  
\*

Marie walks over to his desk, opens a draw. Removes a metallic lock box.

\*  
\*

CHAD

Open it. I wanna see those puppies.

\*  
\*

Marie rolls her eyes, takes a key from a delicate chain around her neck and fumbles with the lock. Finally she opens the box, revealing the Mother-Daughter diamonds, resting on velvet lining.

\*  
\*  
\*

The sparkling diamonds seem to have a calming effect on Chad. He stops shaking, his voice becoming more steady...

\*  
\*

CHAD

I called the museum. The deal's goin' down tomorrow. 8 am...

Marie stumbles as she takes a step toward him.

MARIE

What did you...

She looks to the empty glass in her hand, then begins to sway, watching in horror as Chad drops the diamonds into his pocket...

\*

CHAD

I'm sorry, okay? But it's not like I had a choice.

Marie falls flat on her face, her world crashing to BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. EVERGLADES - MORNING

The blinding morning sunlight climbs the horizon, the still water of the endless swampland glistening like diamonds...

Elena sits out on her idling airboat, in the midst of the sawgrass, smoking. The peace is shattered by her ringing CELLPHONE.

ELENA

Yello...

INT. CLIFFORD MANSION - JAY'S OFFICE - MORNING

\*

Marie has the phone cradled between her shoulder and ear, rubbing her aching head, slowly getting her wits back. Nothing like good old fashioned vengeful rage to combat a nasty hangover.

MARIE

(into phone)

Chad fucked us.

ELENA (V.O.)

(deadpan)

I know. I was there...

MARIE

No, I mean he really fucked us. He drugged me an' took the diamonds!

EXT. SWAMPS - MORNING

Elena stands on the edge of the airboat, fear rising in her.

ELENA

Tell me you're kidding...

MARIE (V.O.)

Yeah, it's all a big joke...He stole the diamonds!

Elena lets out an anguished wail.

MARIE (V.O.)

Keep it down, my headache's bad enough as it is.

ELENA

We've gotta stop him.

INT. CLIFFORD MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

Marie's fevered mind is racing as she glances at the wall clock. 7:30. Finally a desperate plan scratches its way to the surface.

MARIE

He's heading to the museum, got himself  
an 8am meeting...

ELENA (V.O.)

He's gonna sell the diamonds...

MARIE

Not if we find him first...

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

The deafening roar of an air boat cutting through dense sawgrass, speeding across the endless swampland expanse. Elena expertly maneuvers the machine, the wind racing through her hair...

EXT. SWAMP ROAD - DAY

Chad's speakers blare out heavy metal as his rusty DAEWOO bangs down the desolate swamp dirt road through the thick trees. Every hundred feet or so, the road runs parallel with the water, then cuts back into the trees.

Chad spots an Air Boat not more than a few hundred yards from him. He does a double take just as the road disappears back into the trees. That wasn't...it couldn't be, could it?

The winding dirt road crosses back to swampside and Chad's worst fears come true...Elena's racing along side of him in the AIRBOAT, fighting to keep up...

ELENA

Pull over!

INT. CHAD'S CAR - DAY

The road runs parallel to the swamp again and Chad's eyes nearly burst from their sockets as he sees the airboat now alongside him, matching his speed.

ELENA

Give us back the diamonds!

Chad's heart stops.

CHAD

Us?

He spins round, looks straight ahead at the BMW RACING RIGHT AT HIM!

CHAD  
FUCKING HELL!

He yanks the steering wheel hard left, swerves his car clean off the dirt road and into the thick swathe of Melaluca trees, Marie's BMW shoots past, missing his car by inches...

INT. MARIE'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Marie slams on her brakes, brings her BMW to a skidding halt on the dirt road. She looks back over her shoulder, at the swaying Melaluca trees. No sign of Chad's car...

EXT. SWAMPSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Elena brings the airboat to rest at swamp side, leaps into the reeds and clambers up to the dirt road. There's no sign of Chad's car, just a hole in the dense undergrowth where it ploughed through...

Marie comes running up to join Elena, a tire iron in hand...

ELENA  
(sternly)  
We're not hurting him, Marie, got it? We just get the diamonds back...

MARIE  
I'm not gonna hurt him. No way...

Marie stalks down the path Chad's car took off the dirt road...

MARIE  
I'm gonna kill him.

Elena's breath catches in her throat. Marie disappears into the trees and she's alone, out on the deserted swamp road...

ELENA  
Marie! Don't do this...

She hears a scream, a girl's scream...

ELENA  
Marie!

Elena sprints into the thick of the trees...

INT. BLUE BAY PD OFFICES - DAY

Kristen is sitting at Detective Morrison's cluttered desk, her brow furrowed as she shuffles through the stack of newspaper articles she pulled from Elena's wall.

Morrison stands in the doorway, watching her.

MORRISON

You look like you could use a drink.

Kristen looks up from the articles, into Morrison's smiling face. She smiles back.

KRISTEN

When this is all over, I'd like that.

Morrison turns and walks right into a suit with an FBI badge identifying him as AGENT MILTON DAMMERS. The buzzcut agent drops BOXES at Morrison's feet.

DAMMERS

More Black Widow leads. I need you to put them in the evidence locker, Morrison.

MORRISON

That's not my job, Agent Dammers.

DAMMERS

It is now.

EXT. SWAMP CLEARING - DAY

Marie is standing in a clearing, staring at Chad's wrecked car, at the top of a small slope, wrapped around a Melaluca tree like a Christmas present.

Her piercing screams force Elena to come running...

ELENA

You okay?

Marie stops screaming, her face contorting in anger...

MARIE

No, I'm pretty damn far from okay...

She points to the front seat of the crashed car...

Elena can barely bring herself to look inside. Marie shoves her in the back, pushing her towards the open driver's side door. Elena gasps when she looks inside the car. Chad's not there.

MARIE

He bolted...

Marie clambers up the wreckage of the car, stands on the roof. She surveys the swamp all around her like the lioness she is...

MARIE

With the diamonds.

INT. BLUE BAY PD EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Morrison grumbles as he scans his key card, opening the wire mesh door to the evidence locker. He picks up a box and enters, Kristen, also carrying a box, a step behind.

MORRISON

I appreciate the help...

KRISTEN

Right back at ya.

Morrison blushes as he absently adds the boxes to the groaning shelves stuffed with Black Widow evidence. Kristen notices the bundles of cash stored in and amongst the Black Widow evidence...

KRISTEN

You could have a helluva holiday on that money.

MORRISON

Recovered from the Black Widow's last score. If I'd gotten to the scene just five minutes earlier, I woulda gotten her as well...

Morrison shakes his head, ruefully, when a sudden sharp beeping has Kristen reaching into her pocket, fishing out a handheld GPS.

KRISTEN

What the hell...

A red flashing dot moves quickly in the middle of the map...

KRISTEN

Elena...

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

Elena runs full pelt after Marie, through dense swampland, the plastic ankle bracelet around her leg silently flashing red...

MARIE

Chad! There's nowhere to run to, you  
little weasel!

She swings around, finally spotting a bloody hand print on one of  
the ashen tree trunks...

MARIE

Gotcha...

She races off in hot pursuit. Elena's about to follow when she  
notices the red light flashing on her ankle bracelet...

ELENA

This can't be happening...

Marie slows, looks back to Elena.

MARIE

What now?

ELENA

I'm more than five miles away from the  
Police station. I go beyond five miles  
and the alarm goes off...

Marie snarls...

MARIE

You telling me your Parole Officer knows  
you're out here?

Elena can barely speak...

ELENA

She knows...

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Chad's face is drained of color as he runs through the dense  
swampland, hugging the priceless diamonds. Sweat cascades from his  
brow, and thick plumes of blood from wounds all over his body  
swirl in the stagnant waters...

Most gruesome of all is a broken TURN SIGNAL embedded in his right  
leg. As the water gets knee-deep, the last of Chad's reserve  
energy goes. He collapses in the stagnant marsh.

Not far off, GATORS circle. It's only a matter of time before they  
notice the blood in the water.

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

The small bit of solid ground gives way to swampland. Elena steps into the water, her Ankle Bracelet FLASHING RED.

ELENA  
Call it off, Marie. We gotta go or  
she'll find us here...

A splashing sound from up ahead silences both girls...

MARIE  
You hear that?

The sound echoes off the dense trees. Marie points left.

MARIE  
You go that way...

Marie heads off in the opposite direction. Elena hesitates, wants to follow, but does as she's told, and goes left, soon enveloped by canopy of trees...

INT. KRISTEN'S CAR - DAY

Kristen blasts down the Blue Bay streets, a siren in the windshield blaring...

The handheld GPS continues to monitor Elena's exact position in the midst of the swamp...

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

Elena stumbles through the thick, stagnant water, scouring the horizon for any sign of Chad...

ELENA  
(sotto)  
Please...

A rustling sound stops her in her tracks. Dead silence, until...

A HAND GRABS HER LEG, AROUND THE FLASHING ANKLE BRACELET, DRAGS HER DOWN INTO THE SWAMP...

EXT. EVERGLADES CLEARING - DAY

Marie hacks her way through the overgrown foliage with the tire iron, like a Prada clad big-game hunter...

MARIE  
(calling out to Elena)  
You see him?



No reply, just her own voice echoing back...

MARIE

Elena?

She rolls her eyes.

MARIE

Useless bitch...

EXT. SWAMP ROAD - DAY

Kristen's unmarked car races across the desolate swamp road.

INT. KRISTEN'S CAR - DAY

She checks the flashing GPS signal. Getting closer...

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

Elena bursts up to the surface of the bloody water, gasps for breath. Looking down she sees Chad, holding on to her like his life depends on it. It does...

He pulls her back down into the water, just as she catches a glance of the circling GATORS...

Using her as leverage, Chad pulls himself out of the swamp, climbing over her writhing body to the relative safety of solid ground...

Elena coughs and splutters, floundering in the blood soaked water. The ravenous Gators approach, sensing a feeding frenzy...

CHAD

Don't move! Don't splash, they can sense you in the water, they'll rip you to pieces...

Elena freezes, looking round at the black eyes breaking the surface of the bloody water, gliding in for the kill...

ELENA

Hel..help me...

She reaches out a hand to Chad, only a few feet away...

He hesitates, then reaches out to her. But stops short of grabbing her trembling hand. Just balls his fist, squeezing every last drop of blood out of the open wounds on his palm...

The dark blood cascades down into the water around Elena...

CHAD

No.

And he smiles as the Gators ease open their powerful jaws...

WHACK!

Chad's eyes roll back into his head as blood flows from his nose, ears and mouth. He falls forward, stiff as a board, and SPLASHES down into the water next to an apoplectic Elena. Behind him stands Marie, the BLOODY TIRE IRON in hand...

Marie reaches out a hand, pulls Elena out of the water. She collapses onto her back and sucks in the stagnant swamp air...

MARIE

What are you doing? Our diamonds are about to become dinner...

Elena can't move, leaving Marie to wade into the swamp...

EXT. SWAMP ROAD - DAY

Kristen approaches a fork in the swamp road at high speed. She checks the GPS scanner. It doesn't show her which way to turn...

KRISTEN

Which way, which way...

Split second decision. Left. She spins the wheel, takes the left hand fork...

Bad choice. Just a few meters down the right fork is an abandoned BMW, an idle airboat, a crashed car, one dead man and two wild, wild things...

EXT. SWAMP ROAD - DAY

Elena and Marie, soaked to the bone, drag Chad's cold, dead corpse out of the trees. Marie drops the body, heads straight for her abandoned BMW. Elena follows, stumbling through the vines, her clothes dripping wet, shivering more from nerves than cold...

MARIE

Get rid of the body. And his car...

ELENA

Where are you going?

MARIE

Where do you think?

ELENA

I don't...I don't have a clue...

Marie spins round, a vicious look in her eyes. She holds the blood soaked diamonds in her hand...

MARIE

Chad made us an appointment to sell these. I'm gonna keep it...

Elena looks down to her flashing ankle bracelet...

ELENA

It's only a matter of time before my Parole Officer finds me...

Marie turns back around, flings open the BMW door and gets in.

MARIE

Then I suggest you get to work...

She fires up the powerful engine, speeds away in a cloud of dust, leaving Elena the most deeply unpleasant task of her young life...

EXT. CHAD'S CRASHED CAR - AFTERNOON

Elena struggles to drag Chad's bloody body back to his crashed car. The tail lights flicker, throwing an ominous red glow over the dense thicket of overhanging trees.

ELENA

(sotto)

Jesus...

With a Herculean effort she manages to stuff Chad's inert body into the driver's seat. She stumbles back, horrified at the grim tableau before her...

EXT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Marie's car comes barreling into the parking lot outside the stone Museum building.

INT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

The Curator paces back and forth, like an expectant father, in front of the empty glass case that used to house the diamonds. Marie bursts into the Museum, and he strides up to meet her, shocked when he sees Marie's covered in blood, sweat and guilt...

CURATOR

Marie? Are you alright?

MARIE

Never better. Got the money?

The Curator nods nervously.

CURATOR

I convinced the board of the extraordinary circumstances surrounding...

MARIE

Good.

She fishes in her bag for the diamonds...

CURATOR

I...I received a call from your 'associate'. He said he would be handling the transaction.

MARIE

Change of plans. My 'associate' got tied up at work. Completely swamped...

The Curator nods, unsure if he inquire further...

Marie finally pulls out two blood soaked Diamonds from her bag, thrusts them at the Curator. He screws up his wrinkled face, afraid to touch them...

MARIE

Calm down. It's just blood.

EXT. CHAD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

With trembling hands, Elena opens the trunk of Chad's crashed car. She pulls out a plastic gas container, sloshing the fuel around inside, then trailing it back across the vine covered ground...

She carefully places the empty container down, standing twenty feet back from the wreckage, fumbling in her pocket for a match...

She can barely control her hands, her whole body shaking in fear...

Finally she pulls out a MATCHBOOK, still sopping wet from the swamp. She strikes match after match, but they won't light, until, finally, one produces a tiny flame that simmers for a second then smoulders out...

ELENA

Don't do this to me, please...

In frustration, she runs back to Chad's car, looking desperately for a lighter, climbing all the way in. Because of the slight slope it's on, the car's flimsy door slams shut behind her.

Elena pays no heed, continues to rummage through the glove compartment.

ELENA

You gotta have a lighter or some...

She's cut off as the WRECKED CAR'S HORN BLARES OUT!

Deafening, the sound echoes around the dense undergrowth. Elena's heart skips a beat. Chad's corpse has slumped forward against the steering wheel.

ELENA

Jesus...

She struggles with all her might to pull Chad's body back off the horn...

Silence reigns once more. Elena takes short, sharp breaths. Looks over at Chad's body slumped to the side, leaning against the driver's side door...

ELENA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

Not as sorry as she's going to be...

The match she discarded outside only seconds ago continues to smoulder for a second, then REIGNITES!

INT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

The Curator carefully examines the diamond, turning it over and over in his hands. Marie stands over him, impatiently tapping her muddy shoe on the marble floor...

MARIE

So?

CURATOR

I...I'm not sure...

MARIE

Can you get the cash or not?

The Curator looks up to her, bemused.

CURATOR

I can get the cash...it's just...

Marie smiles a wicked grin.

MARIE

Then let's have those dead presidents...

EXT. CHAD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

The discarded match has set fire to the surrounding vines on the ground, and slowly the fire edges its way towards the line of gasoline that Elena trailed from Chad's wrecked car...

INSIDE THE CAR

Elena reaches over, carefully closes Chad's bloodshot eyes. Satisfied, she turns to get out, only to find the passenger side door LOCKED...

She tries the handle. Tries it again. Desperately yanks it. Not opening, no sir...

Elena looks over, see Chad's limp elbow on the door lock...

OUTSIDE THE CAR

The small brush fire reaches the pooled gasoline and...WHOOSH!

INSIDE THE CAR

Elena can't help but hear the unmistakable sound of FLAMES CRACKLING. Through the smashed rear window she sees the line of FIRE racing towards the car she's trapped in!

She reaches over, clawing her way past Chad's corpse, trying to reach the door lock. Her bloody fingers slip on the lock, unable to pull it up.

THE FIRE'S SHOOTING towards the crashed car, only a few feet away...

Elena fumbles with the lock, tears streaming down her face.

The line of fire hits the crashed car, and ENGULFS it instantly. Bright ORANGE FLAMES cover the wreckage...

INT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

The Curator carefully sets down the diamonds on the marble floor. Marie looks at him like he's mad.

MARIE

What the hell are you doing?

CURATOR  
One last test...

The Curator hovers his heel over the biggest Diamond. Marie screams out!

MARIE  
NO!

He slams his foot down and the DIAMOND SHATTERS!

INT. CHAD'S CRASHED CAR - AFTERNOON

Elena SCREAMS as the passenger side window next to her SMASHES, SPLINTERING into a million glass fragments.

Hands reach in and grab her, pulling her through the FLAMES...

Seconds later Elena finds herself on the swamp floor, in Kristen's singed arms...

KRISTEN  
You okay?

Elena can barely talk, looking back at the flaming wreckage in front of her...

KRISTEN  
Care to explain?

ELENA  
It was...it was an accident...

The flames reflect in her tear-filled eyes.

INT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Marie stands aghast at the sight of her diamonds, in a million tiny pieces on the museum's marble floor...

CURATOR  
Fakes, I'm afraid. Made of glass. Can't believe they were our top attraction all these years...

Every muscle in Marie's body contracts...She stands before the empty diamond exhibit case, runs her fingers over the portrait of her mother cradling her as a baby.

MARIE  
That's my inheritance is it, Mom? Goddamn Christmas ornaments...

And as the disbelief gives way to anger she rips the portrait from the case and tears it to shreds...

CURATOR  
Marie, please...

There's no stopping her now. Red-faced, she lashes out at the display case with a devastating kick, the glass SHATTERING...

CURATOR  
Marie, stop this instant!

She continues her rampage regardless, ripping a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and hurling it through another display case...

MARIE  
I hate you, Mom! I'm glad you're dead!

EXT. BLUE BAY PD - NIGHT

Storm clouds gather over the whitewashed Police station...

INT. BLUE BAY PD INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Elena sits with her head in her hands, across from Kristen in an anonymous interview room.

KRISTEN  
I told you.

Elena looks up, tears streaking her mascara.

ELENA  
Told me what?

KRISTEN  
That if you were telling the truth I'd back you all the way. If you lied to me there'd be trouble...

Elena slumps back down, her head on the table.

ELENA  
Chad swerved off the road, I swear...

KRISTEN  
Just swerved for no reason. Just decided to take a shortcut through the swamp?

Elena sobs, can't look Kristen in the eye.

ELENA  
It was an accident...



The door to the interview room swings open, and Detective Morrison strides through, a fresh-from-the-printer REPORT in his hands...

MORRISON  
Accident my ass.

He flips the pages of the report...

MORRISON  
Forensics finds the head trauma that killed Chad Borman was inflicted by a single blow from behind.

Elena looks up, through Panda eyes...

ELENA  
The crash. He...he hit his head...

MORRISON  
Was that before or after you dragged him through the swamp?

Elena has no answers as Morrison takes the cuffs from his belt, snaps them on Elena's wrists.

MORRISON  
You got the right to remain silent, which in your case is probably best, cos of the shit you come up with...

Kristen stands up, shaking her head.

KRISTEN  
That's two strikes, Elena. One more and you're out.

Elena looks at her pleadingly.

ELENA  
I'll do whatever you want.

Kristen stops. Thinks for a moment. Nods to Morrison as he drags Elena to her feet.

KRISTEN  
Yeah. Yeah you will.

ELENA  
I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell you what happened. She killed him, and took the diamonds. Marie, it was Marie Clifford...

Morrison just sneers.

MORRISON

Keep bleeting, Missy. All the way to the Judge. I think its time he heard the truth about Jay Clifford's accuser.

KRISTEN

Her arrest doesn't guarantee Jay'll be cleared, you know that. You need Marie, you need the proof they set him up...

Morrison considers this.

KRISTEN

You came so close to nailing the Black Widow, don't let this slip through your fingers, Detective...

He's about to speak, when Elena's cell phone rings. Kristen takes it from Elena, looks at the CALLER ID, sees Marie's name...

KRISTEN

Speak of the Devil...

She holds the phone up.

KRISTEN

You're gonna answer it. And you're gonna say that everything went fine. No one found Chad's body. The plan's still on. Do you understand me?

Elena nods slowly. Morrison turns to Kristen.

MORRISON

You thinking what I'm thinking?

Kristen's patient with him.

KRISTEN

This is your chance. Feds can't take this one from you...

Morrison weighs his options, then finally nods.

Kristen clicks the phone ON, holds it to Elena's ear.

ELENA

Yello...

INT. MARIE'S BMW - NIGHT

Marie speeds wildly down the deserted Blue Bay streets, one trembling hand holding a cigarette, the other her cellphone.

MARIE (ON PHONE)  
The diamonds are fakes. Totally worthless.

ELENA (V.O.)  
No. That can't be true!

MARIE  
Believe it. I'm leaving. Tonight.

ELENA (V.O.)  
You can't...what about...me...

Marie takes a long drag from her cigarette.

MARIE  
Don't you understand? There's no money. Nothing. Zip. Zilch. Zero. How am I supposed to take care of your broke ass?

INT. BLUE BAY PD INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen is listening in on the whole conversation. She cups her hand over the phone, whispers to Elena.

KRISTEN  
Tell her she has to meet you. Tell her she can't leave...

Elena nods and Kristen puts the phone back to her lips.

ELENA  
I...I gotta see you.

MARIE (V.O.)  
I'll send you a photo.

ELENA  
Please. Just one last time.

MARIE (V.O.)  
I'm gone, gone, gonski.

Elena's reeling. Kristen motions for her to continue.

ELENA  
I think maybe...maybe there's a way we could still get some money...

Silence on the end of the line...

INT. MARIE'S BMW - NIGHT

Marie considers this for a long moment. Finally...

MARIE  
Okay, talk...

ELENA (V.O.)  
Not over the phone. We gotta meet.

MARIE  
School swimming pool. One hour.

INT. BLUE BAY PD INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Click. She's hung up. Kristen nods to Morrison...

KRISTEN  
Where'd you keep the wire taps?

MORRISON  
Evidence locker.

KRISTEN  
Gimme the key.

He tosses her his electronic keycard...

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

The Blue Bay High pool is illuminated in the dead of night, casting blue ripples over the bleachers where Elena waits nervously. She can't help but fiddle with the wire hidden beneath her shirt...

ELENA  
(whispering)  
Can you hear me?

INT. MORRISON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Morrison listens nervously to Elena's tinny voice coming in through the speaker...

ELENA (V.O.)  
Is this thing working?

The Detective shoots Kristen a concerned look.

MORRISON  
She's gonna blow it...

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Elena adjusts the mic taped to her chest, wincing as the tape pulls her delicate skin.

ELENA  
I..don't think I can do this...

MARIE (O.S.)  
It's already done.

Elena looks up guiltily. Marie is standing by the side of the pool. How much did she see?

MARIE  
So?

The word's stick in Elena's throat...

ELENA  
I had no choice...

MARIE  
Blah, blah, blah. Get over it. He's dead.  
Now you told me you had a plan. Spit it  
out.

ELENA  
Jay's got cash. At the building site. I  
saw it.

Marie rolls her eyes.

MARIE  
That's your brilliant plan? It's in a  
safe, dumb ass. You a safecracker? Have  
you got magic fingers, gonna pick that  
lock? I don't think so. Next.

INT. MORRISON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kristen winces as she listens to the girls' conversation.

ELENA (V.O.)  
(through the speakers)  
We're gonna go to Jay. Tell him what we  
did.

MARIE (V.O.)  
Like hell we are.

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Elena walks down the bleachers, approaching a skeptical Marie.

ELENA

Listen to me. We go to the jail, tell him we'll come clean, tell the police everything, if he gives us the combination. I'm still a minor, they'll send me back to Juvie. Shit, I could do that time standing on my head...

Marie's wavering.

MARIE

How much money?

Elena reaches Marie, puts her hands on her hips.

ELENA

Enough for you and me.

Grinds against her. Slowly, sensually.

MARIE

We don't have to tell the cops anything. We'll let Jay's videotape do the talking.

ELENA

But, we got rid of the real one...

MARIE

I kept a copy. Never trusted you backstabbers.

Elena tries to pull away, but Marie drags her back until their faces are inches apart.

MARIE

You're trembling.

There's no denying it. Marie slowly draws her hand down Elena's face, down her neck, to her chest. So close to the wire. Finally places her palm over Elena's heart...

ELENA

Marie, I...

MARIE

Ssshhhh...

BOOM BOOM, BOOM BOOM, BOOM BOOM...

INT. MORRISON'S CAR - NIGHT

Morrison and Kristen listen intently in their headphones, unable to breath...

EXT. BLUE BAY HIGH SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Elena and Marie stand there for what seems like an eternity, unblinking...

BOOM BOOM, BOOM BOOM, BOOM BOOM...

Finally Marie smiles...

MARIE

Alright. Let's do it...

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Jay laughs, as he sits across from Marie and Elena, separated by an inch of bullet proof glass. Theo stands by the door.

JAY

Well, well, well. Who'd have thought. What a pleasant surprise. I guess you guys have kissed and made up?

MARIE

Very funny. Did you know the diamonds were fakes?

Jay nods slowly.

JAY

Your Mom hocked them years ago. Boozed it all away. You already know the end of her sorry story...

Marie's jaw tightens. Jay leans back.

JAY

So, to what do I owe the pleasure?

MARIE

We want money. Whatever you've got in your safe at the beach condos.

Jay bursts out laughing again.

JAY

Of course you do. Of course you do.

ELENA

We'll get you out of here...

Jay stops laughing, leans back in to the inch thick glass.

JAY

You will?

Marie holds up a DIGITAL VIDEO TAPE...

JAY

Is that what I think it is?

MARIE

You give us the combination and this goes in the nearest mail box, tied with a pretty pink bow.

JAY

How do I know it's the real tape?

MARIE

You're gonna have to trust us.

JAY

I've been down that road before.

Marie opens the cassette housing, ready to rip the tape apart...

MARIE

This is non-negotiable.

Theo interjects...

THEO

Sir, we have no grounds for appeal. This could be our only chance.

MARIE

What's the combination?

The tortured screams of inmates echo in Jay's ears.

JAY

I can't...

MARIE

No such word as 'can't'...

A PRISON GUARD puts a massive hand on Jay's shoulder...

PRISON GUARD

Time's up, Mr. Clifford.



Jay sighs...

JAY  
(to Marie)  
Fine. 08-20-99.

Marie shakes her head.

MARIE  
The combination's the day Mom died, you  
sick fuck?

Jay's led away in shackles...

EXT. BLUE BAY STREETS - NIGHT

Marie's BMW flies down the deserted Blue Bay streets, blasting through red lights.

INT. MARIE'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Marie handles the car like a Formula One driver, and with twice the intensity. The G-force pins Elena back against the seat.

ELENA  
Slow down!

Marie steps on the gas.

ELENA  
We're in a world of shit!

Marie steps on the gas.

ELENA  
We'll never get away with this. You know  
that don't you?

Marie steps on the gas. She ain't saying a word, and time's running out for Elena...

INT. MORRISON'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Morrison struggles to keep up with Marie's Bullit-esque driving. Kristen stays focused on the one-sided conversation in her headphones...

KRISTEN  
Come on, Elena...Keep pushing...

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Marie's BMW screeches to a stop outside the beachfront condos, and Marie strides towards the construction site entrance.

Elena gets out the car, feeling decidedly sick. She circuitously adjusts the microphone taped to her chest, then follows Marie into the dark, unfinished building

INT. JAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marie enters the makeshift office like a wolf stalking her prey, heading straight for the safe. With a rock steady hand, she works the lock...CLICK...

MARIE  
One down...

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Morrison brings his clunky Police sedan to a halt around the back of the building site.

INT. MORRISON'S CAR - NIGHT

Kristen listens intently to the live feed.

ELENA (V.O.)  
(over headphones)  
Marie! Please, I can't do this...

INT. JAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marie's working the safe combination like a master thief, spinning it nimbly between her buffed nails. CLICK...

MARIE  
Two down.

Elena stands in the makeshift office doorway, trying to coax something incriminating from Marie's perfect lips.

ELENA  
I told you not to kill Chad. I'll tell it  
to the police.

Marie doesn't even look round, concentrating on the job at hand. Elena's reeling.

ELENA

I'll tell 'em you made me lie about your  
stepfather raping me, made me perjure  
myself on the stand, went and killed  
Chad, and now...

MARIE

(sotto)

99. A very good year...

CLICK. Third and final tumbler falls. The safe door swings open,  
revealing a STACK of CASH and Jay's HANDGUN...

INT. MORRISON'S CAR - NIGHT

Kristen shakes her head. It's hopeless, Elena can't get Marie to  
say an incriminating word...

MORRISON

This has gotta end.

KRISTEN

It's gonna end. One way or another...

INT. JAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marie pulls out a wad of crisp, clean bills, draws them across her  
nose like a wine connoisseur.

MARIE

Money. Always in style.

She dances over to Elena, waves the cash in her face.

ELENA

Why'd you do it? Why'd Chad have to die?

Marie slides up against Elena, fluttering the cash over her in the  
world's most expensive shower. Elena couldn't be less interested,  
focused on getting that confession...

ELENA

You killed him, Marie. You murdered him  
in cold blood...

Marie presses up against Elena, pushing her up against the  
unfinished dry wall. Kisses her passionately, finally silencing  
her for a few, brief, electric seconds. And when she pulls away  
her fingers dance down Elena's shirt until...

She rips the microphone from Elena's chest. Stands there with the  
dangling cord in her hands, her face caught in a permanent snarl.  
The blood drains from Elena's face...

INT. MORRISON'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT

A piercing feedback forces Kristen to throw aside the headphones. She looks to Morrison.

KRISTEN  
She's been made...

Morrison draws his gun.

MORRISON  
Stay here...

Kristen shakes her head resolutely.

KRISTEN  
I got us into this...

BANG! A GUNSHOT echoes in the darkness...

MORRISON  
Just stay in the car! Please...

Morrison sprints over to the building site, leaving Kristen in the car, alone.

INT. JAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elena stands with her hands up, an ugly bullet hole in the wall just beside her. Marie keeps Jay's gun trained on her as she unloads the cash from the safe...

MARIE  
You stupid fucking Sherbert. You think you could sell me out?

ELENA  
They made me do it...

MARIE  
Morrison doesn't know his prick from a pogo stick. And that bitch Parole Officer, she hasn't got the balls for this...

Marie takes dead aim once more...

ELENA  
Please, don't...

Marie's finger tightens on the trigger...

INT. MORRISON'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT

BOOM!

Kristen tenses as the gunshot echoes throughout the construction site. She reaches across to the driver's seat, grabs the SHOTGUN...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Elena scrambles across the concrete floor, desperately trying to make it to the relative safety of one of the support pillars. She sees the forensic UV light switch on the floor, reaches for it...

MARIE

stands in the shattered doorway, surveys the expansive, unfinished floor. Is about to unleash a hail of bullets when...

The WORK LIGHTS flicker out, replaced by the eerie ULTRA VIOLET LIGHTS scattered around the unfinished floor...Bathed in the florescent blue glow of the lights, Elena scrambles to safety behind a pillar. Her shirt GLOWS, her eyes like beacons...

MORRISON

Sweeps through the second floor, meticulously checking every corner, every shadow...

KRISTEN

Runs towards the unfinished building, looking up to the UV glow on the fourth floor. She sprints for the INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR...

MARIE

scours the bizarre darkness, hears a sound. BOOM! The orange muzzle flash illuminates the floor briefly as Marie shoots randomly. The flimsy plaster walls EXPLODE...

MORRISON

Enters the third floor from the fire escape, continues his meticulous sweep of the building.

KRISTEN

Stands in the industrial elevator, jabbing the 4th floor button, hyperventilating as more gunshots EXPLODE. She clutches Morrison's shotgun to her chest, getting closer to the top floor.

ELENA

shields herself as plaster rains down on her, unable to see through the cloud of dust under the UV lights, until...

BOOM! A bullet sparks off rebar inches from her foot. She looks up to see the barrel of Jay's gun. Marie's face is contorted maniacally as she squeezes down on the trigger... \*

MORRISON

Runs up the fire escape stairs when a final deafening GUN SHOT rings out. Followed by SCREAMS. He rips open the fourth floor fire\* door, tearing through the building, pushing through thick plastic sheeting until he finds himself under the UV glow.

Thick plumes of blood, black under the UV light, stain the walls and floor. He sees Elena, in a fetal ball, trembling uncontrollably.

Beside her, Marie lies dead, her chest a gaping crimson mess, Jay's gun still clutched tightly in her cold, dead hands.

Kristen looks up at him, almost too shocked to speak. Morrison's shotgun is still smoking in her hands.

KRISTEN

I didn't have a choice. She was gonna kill Elena.

Morrison steps forward, calmly, takes the gun from her.

MORRISON

It's gonna be okay.

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDINGS - LATER

The new crime scene is alive with activity. Cops, reporters, bystanders. Morrison sips coffee as PARAMEDICS wheel Marie's corpse to the ambulance.

One of them hands something to Morrison. A blood-splattered digital video tape.

PARAMEDIC

We found this on the body.

Morrison takes it without a word...

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Just got off the phone with the Parole board...

Morrison turns around, sees Kristen approaching, still visibly shaken.

KRISTEN

They want me to bring Elena back to Miami  
in the morning.

She hesitates...

KRISTEN

I'm... sorry for this whole mess.

Morrison considers this, picks his words carefully.

MORRISON

Don't be. It was my gun that fired the  
shots, so it must've been me who pulled  
the trigger. I'll take the credit on this  
one. After all the Black widow crap I had  
to put up with, I've earned it...

Kristen nods.

KRISTEN

You did the right thing...

MORRISON

We did the right thing.

Kristen smiles, almost, moves in, and wraps her arms around the  
Detective. He closes his eyes, savors the moment. As she pulls  
away, she hands him a card.

KRISTEN

You call me, promise?

Morrison beams.

MORRISON

I will. I will.

KRISTEN

Now that this is all over, maybe we can  
have that drink soon...

She leans in, kisses him sweetly on the lips. Morrison watches her  
walk away. In spite of all the shit that's gone down, he's  
probably the happiest son of a bitch in all of Blue Bay.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Morrison's unmarked Sedan idles outside the barbed wire fences of  
the County Jail. The gate slowly opens and guards lead a dazed Jay  
Clifford outside, wincing from the bright sunlight.

Morrison gets out of the car, meets Jay.

MORRISON  
How you holdin' up, Jay?

JAY  
Been better.

He sure has.

MORRISON  
So what's next?

JAY  
No idea. Everything's gone. Repossessed.  
Guess there's nowhere to go but up.

It's all he can do to keep from breaking down.

MORRISON  
I can't help but feel partially  
responsible. If there's anything I...

Jay shakes his head.

JAY  
I don't think so, but thanks.

MORRISON  
Can I at least give you a ride somewhere?

JAY  
Ain't got nowhere to go...

Morrison watches sadly as Jay stumbles past him, walking to nowhere in particular.

MORRISON  
(hopeful)  
... but up, right?

No reply.

The Detective heads back to his car, stops for a second, reaches into his pocket and pulls out Kristen's already-dog eared card. He can't resist. Dials the number. After four rings there's no message. Just a BEEP.

MORRISON  
(into phone)  
Uh, Kristen, it's Michael again. Haven't  
heard from you. Hope you're doing okay.  
Everything's fine here.



MORRISON(CONT'D)

Haven't been any questions asked that I can't answer, an' no one's brought your name up. So give me a call back and maybe we can go for that drink...

He's cut off by...

RECORDED VOICE

BEEP. The mail box you are trying to reach is full. Your message has been deleted.

Morrison's disconnected. Puzzled, he gets into his car.

INT. BLUE BAY PD - DAY

Morrison gets the shock of his life when he enters the usually quiet police station and finds himself in the midst of utter pandemonium.

Federal Officers are everywhere.

He tries to pick his way through the crowd when he's intercepted by Officer Entwistle.

OFFICER ENTWISTLE

You better come with me, Detective.

INT. BLUE BAY PD - MORRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Entwistle leads Morrison into his office, where Agent Dammers sits behind his desk.

AGENT DAMMERS

Detective Morrison. So good to finally see you.

MORRISON

What the hell, Dammers?

AGENT DAMMERS

I should be asking you the same question.

INT. BLUE BAY PD EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Morrison stands in the middle of the evidence locker, dumbfounded. Dammers watches him, his arms crossed.

MORRISON

It's...gone.

DAMMERS

That's right, Morrison. Every last bit of evidence from the Black Widow case.

DAMMERS(CONT'D)

Not to mention the money you confiscated.  
All \$427,000.

\*

MORRISON

But how...

DAMMERS

I was hoping you'd be able to answer that question.

MORRISON

What in God's name are you talking about?  
I didn't have anything to do with it!

DAMMERS

Well, your key card was the last one that opened this locker.

Morrison's heart is beating a mile a minute.

MORRISON

Holy shit. Kristen...

INT. DADE COUNTY PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

A PRETTY RECEPTIONIST sits behind a sparse desk when the phone rings.

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

Dade County Parole. How can I direct your call?

INT. BLUE BAY PD EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Morrison paces back and forth, on the phone, as Dammers watches, not saying a word...

MORRISON

(into phone)

This is Detective Morrison, Blue Bay PD.  
I was wondering if you had a forwarding number for Kristen Richards...

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST(V.O.)

Who?

MORRISON

Kristen Richards. She's one of your officers. Has cases up here in Blue Bay.

INT. DADE COUNTY PAROLE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The receptionist's fingers nimbly dance across the keyboard in front of her.

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Detective. There's no one here by that name.

MORRISON

No, of course there is. I worked with her personally. I...

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

I have no record of a Kristen Richards ever working here. Besides, Blue Bay's out of our jurisdiction...

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

Morrison struggles to control his emotions...

MORRISON

Oh no. No, no, no...

EXT. PARADISE - DAY

Soft waves lap against a pristine beach. Palm trees sway in the warm breeze. A steady WHIRRING is the only sound that disturbs the serenity. Is it a lawn mower? A leaf blower?

There's a gorgeous beach house with a patio looking out onto this idyllic scene. The swimming pool glistens in the bright tropical Caribbean Sunlight.

And stretched out on a recliner in the sheerest of bikinis is none other than Kristen Richards, soaking up rays.

At her side is a PAPER SHREDDER, and between sips from a piña colada, she feeds document after document, each one stamped BLACK WIDOW EVIDENCE in red ink...

Kristen looks over at Elena, equally stunning in a matching bikini.

KRISTEN

I can't believe Morrison just handed me the key to the evidence locker...

A broad grin stretches across her lips as Elena empties the contents of a velvet pouch onto a table.

The Mother-Daughter diamonds are radiant in the bright sunlight.

KRISTEN

These are...genuine?

Elena nods.

ELENA  
Nothin' like the real thing. Switched  
'em for the fakes right after Marie tried  
to pay me off...

KRISTEN  
They're...So beautiful.

Elena picks up the bigger diamond, hands it to Kristen.

ELENA  
The mother.

Kristen picks up the smaller diamond, hands it to Elena.

KRISTEN  
The daughter.

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDINGS - DAY

Morrison paces the infamous crime scene, at wit's end. Dammers stands off to the side, just watching him with a bemused look etched across his face.

MORRISON  
She was the Black Widow. Her and that  
little...

He tries to think of an appropriate slur for Elena. Can't come up with anything, continues pacing frantically.

MORRISON  
Played me like a fool.

Dammers shrugs.

DAMMERS  
Hind sight's 20-20. No need to be so hard  
on yourself, Morrison...  
(beat, smile)  
That's my job.

MORRISON  
You smug son of a bitch. It's not like  
you knew who she was anymore than I did.

Dammers nods slowly.

DAMMERS  
That's the God's honest truth. But at  
least I didn't give her my evidence  
locker keycard.

DAMMERS(CONT'D)

And I didn't lie about who fired the  
shots that killed the Clifford kid.

Morrison's heart sinks. He looks like he's going to faint.  
Steadies himself, placing both hands against the wall, just as Jay  
did that fateful night seemingly a lifetime ago...

EXT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDINGS - DAY

Dammers leads Morrison to his awaiting car. They pass MR. Barajas  
and Cicatriz. Mr. Barajas is in his usual foul mood...

MR. BARAJAS

Un pinche sink hole! No lo puedo creer!

Morrison stops, regards Barajas...

MORRISON

What did you say?

CICATRIZ

The foundation is sinking. The entire  
site is a sink hole. It's completely  
worthless.

MR. BARAJAS

I'm going to kill Jay Clifford...

MORRISON

You and me both...

EXT. PARADISE - DAY

Elena and Kristen lay side-by-side on loungers, soaking in the  
sun, when a voice rouses them...

JAY (O.S.)

Poor Detective Morrison. It's hard to do  
that to a friend. Especially one going  
through such a nasty divorce.

They look up to see Jay, standing before them in a pair of  
colorful shorts, no shirt, sipping at a martini...

JAY

Told me he'd never trust another woman as  
long as he lived. And then along came a  
spider...

KRISTEN

A black widow.

Jay glances at Elena, as he downs the last drops from his drink.

JAY

More like widows... Gotta say I was a little taken aback when you wanted to snuff Marie, but you know what, I'm over the bitch...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Elena suddenly gets to her feet.

ELENA

You want me to top you off?

JAY

That'd be fine, just fine.

He hands Elena his empty glass, then kisses Kristen tenderly. When they break...

JAY

She's got a good head on her shoulders.

Kristen doesn't reply. Just smiles, watches Elena over by the outside bar, mixing Jay's drink...

JAY

You two got me out of a mountain of shit, I'll tell you that. Craziest Goddamn scheme I've ever heard of. But hell, you played it perfectly.

KRISTEN

My job was easy. It was Elena who had to keep it all together...

ELENA (O.S.)

We've had some practice along the way...

Jay turns around, smiles at Elena as she holds out his drink.

ELENA

Here you go, Mr. Clifford.

Jay takes it from her appreciatively, sips at it as he sidles off to the swimming pool.

JAY

Well, all that nasty business, it's behind us. Forever. From here on out, it's the good life.

He starts to climb the high dive. When he gets to the top, he looks down at Elena and Kristen, smiles.

JAY

You two look so good, it's difficult to tell which one's the mother and which one's the daughter...

Kristen calls back up at him.

KRISTEN

That's just the roofies talking...

Says it so sweetly, it takes a moment for Jay to register the sinister implications...

JAY

What did you say?

His eyes are blood shot. He starts to sway atop the high dive.

KRISTEN

Delta Chi, class of '88. Hellova party. I'd never really tasted cocktails like that.

Jay's swaying uneasily on the high dive platform...

JAY

I don't...whattya talking about?

KRISTEN

It was like being awake though an operation. I could feel everything happening, but I couldn't do anything to stop it...

JAY

Oh...shit...

KRISTEN

You took something from me that night. But you left something behind...

Jay's head is spinning as he looks to Kristen, to Elena.

KRISTEN

Your daughter...

He can't quite get his mind around it. Everything's becoming blurry.

JAY

I don't remember...

He looks at the martini glass, thinks he sees blue residue, before it slips from his fingers, falls 20 feet to the concrete below, shattering into a million pieces like so many fake diamonds...

Elena and Kristen stand side-by-side below him.

KRISTEN

You may not remember...

A broad grin stretches across Elena's lips as she finishes...

ELENA

...But you'll never forget.

Jay tries to take a step forward. He stumbles. Tries in vain to regain his balance. It's too late. He falls. 20 feet to the unyielding concrete, exploding like a paper bag filled with vegetable soup...

ELENA

Nice take off. Gotta work on the landing.

They stand back, watching Jay's pancaked body draining its precious blood into the ice blue pool...

KRISTEN

Let's go get our money.

They gather the diamonds, walk away as the pool turns crimson red...

THE END

As the credits roll....

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

An anonymous, luxurious office. A fat, balding, semi-conscious MAN lies curled up on the floor as Elena, half undressed and wearing a black wig, shovels cash into her oversized purse...

There's a crackle on her WALKIE-TALKIE...

KRISTEN (V.O.)

We got problems...

From outside, she can hear the wailing of SIRENS. Getting closer.

ELENA

Almost done here.

KRISTEN (V.O.)

Leave it. Come on!



Elena gets hesitantly to her feet, slides a stack of \$100s in her pocket for good measure.

KRISTEN (V.O.)  
He gonna be able to make an ID?

Elena glances at the Man on the floor, his puffy eyes glazed over like a jelly donut.

ELENA  
Not on your life. I gave him enough roofies to make an elephant forget.

EXT. OFFICE - MORNING

Elena gets into a waiting car outside the bank. The getaway driver...Kristen, of course...

ELENA  
I can't believe we just gave up all that cash.

KRISTEN  
Forget it. The Black Widow's finally got an angle on our real prey. \*

ELENA  
We goin' to Blue Bay? \*

KRISTEN  
He won't know what hit him. \*

A smile crosses Elena's perfect lips... \*

ELENA  
'bout time... \*

And the car pulls away from the curb just seconds before a fleet of police cars screeches to a halt in front of the bank.

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - JAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jay carefully places the stacks of cash into the wall safe in his unfinished office.

KRISTEN (O.S.)  
That's an awful lot of money...

Jay spins round, flabbergasted that someone's watching him.

JAY  
Who the hell...

KRISTEN

Not enough though. Gonna need those  
Diamonds if you're gonna ride out this  
disaster...

JAY

What? What the hell do you mean?

Kristen calmly reaches into her purse, pulls out a handful of marbles. Throws them onto the ground, letting them roll towards Jay...

But they stop, change direction, all coming rolling back in a small circle, until they come to rest in the middle of the concrete floor...

KRISTEN

The building's built on a sink hole, Jay.  
You know it, and I know it. Gonna need to  
think fast if you wanna keep the Cubans  
off your back...

Jay's tiny mind can't take it all in.

JAY

How'd you...how'd you know all this...

KRISTEN

It's what we do.

JAY

We?

Elena walks seductively into the unfinished office. It's on.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Marie sits in the bleachers by the side of the school dive pool, looking at her Mother's soon-to-be-diamond ring through teary eyes...

MARIE

I just want what's mine...

Elena stalks the bleachers behind her.

ELENA

The diamonds are your inheritance. You  
deserve them...

MARIE

My fucking Step-Monster'll never give me  
the Goddamn key...

Elena jumps down the bleachers, sits down next to Marie.

ELENA

So you take it, one way or another...

INT. CHAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind closed doors, Chad's completing yet another dubious transaction, handing over a bag of roofies. The buyer this time...Marie...

MARIE

You take a check?

CHAD

Money talks, bullshit walks. I got strippers to feed...

Marie fishes out the money from her purse.

MARIE

How'd you like to make some real cash?

CHAD

Chad likes the sound of that.

And it's that simple...

INT. TEAM CLIFFORD BUILDING - NIGHT

Chad uses Jay's teeth mouldings to bite Elena, as Marie trains Jay's video camera on her, wailing on her in a drunken stupor.

ELENA

Hey, that hurt!

MARIE

Shut it, bitch. No pain, no gain...

Elena's face is pressed against the concrete wall...

INT. BLUE BAY FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

Chad sits at his video console, all alone, expertly manipulating the audio and video footage.

CHAD

We'll put you right here, and...

Chad presses play. On the video screen a frightened Elena is huddled against the wall.

JAY (V.O.)  
C'mon now baby, you can do it...

INT. ELENA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Elena watches as Marie and Theo drive away, then turns to the glistening Mother Daughter diamonds. She opens a case with two identical GLASS REPLICAS, and replaces the diamonds...

All the while, Uncle Marty SNORES his head off...

ELENA  
(to Uncle Marty, irritated)  
Will you knock that off? They're gone.

Uncle Marty's eyes snap open.

EXT. BEACH PARADISE - DAY

Kristen and Marie are sunning themselves on the crystalline beach when someone stands before them, casting a shadow over their sizzling bodies.

KRISTEN  
You're blocking our sun...

Looks over her sunglasses at...Uncle Marty...Only all cleaned up, in a pair of Bermuda shorts that show off his milky white legs... He clutches a briefcase...

UNCLE MARTY  
Ladies. Hellova job back there. Your best ever if I might be so bold...

KRISTEN  
This is our biggest score. You sure you can move it?

UNCLE MARTY  
Not a problem.

Kristen nods to the briefcase in Uncle Marty's hand.

KRISTEN  
Let's see the green...

Uncle Marty lays the case down on the lounge, opens it, revealing stacks of cash...

UNCLE MARTY  
Got another lead, if you're interested. Was just up in Boston, surveying a mansion that's just been sold.

UNCLE MARTY(CONT'D)

Termites already eaten most of it.  
Owner's shitting bricks. There's gotta be  
an angle for the Black Widows...

Kristen and Elena look to each other.

KRISTEN

It's over. We had a good run.

Uncle Marty shrugs.

UNCLE MARTY

Shame. Guess all good things come to an  
end. So, the diamonds...

Elena reaches down, pulls the diamonds from the sand. Hands them  
over and is about to take the case of money when...

UNCLE MARTY

How do I know these are the real thing?

Elena looks to Kristen. They smile.

ELENA

You're going to have to trust us...

Like fuck.

THE END. AGAIN.