

DIRTY HANDS CLEAN CONSCIENCE

Created and Written

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Based up a story by
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"Sometimes, betrayal is the best motivator in life"

CONCEPT 13 STUDIOS
NEW ORLEANS MOVING PICTURES Co.

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DIRTY HANDS CLEAN CONSCIENCE

In a world...

FADE UP:

SFX: WATER TRICKLING INTO A SINK...

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM / VANITY SINK - NIGHT

Crystal clear water trickles from a bright, shiny faucet into a clean, white porcelain sink. The drain begins to choke with red-tinged water. Drop by drop. Deeper. Deeper red.

A woman's perfectly manicured hands reach for the water. Her wedding band seeks salvation from the blood stains.

JULIET (30's), long blonde thrashed hair, glistening with sweat, cross necklace, mascara blown, wearing only a white bra and panties, looks up from the baptismal sink.

A pristine WHITE WASH CLOTH becomes her co-conspirator. She wipes her hands and face of the evidence.

Stares dead into the vanity mirror.

JULIET (V.O.)

In the beginning, I had no idea what I was doing. What I created. It was all me. No idea how I got started. Not even where I was going. My life was a wreck. I had everything... I thought. I really had nothing. But...

She kills the water flow, tosses her used rag into the sink. Walks away, drops her bra and panties.

JULIET (V.O.)

I won't be lied to. Betrayed. By the end, I could have written a fucking book.

EXT. WHISPERING LAKES GOLF COURSE - DAY

The bright sunny day for golf is not what Juliet wants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits in their GOLF CART, BAGS at the ready. Hot, sporty white golf outfit and all.

Her husband, WESLEY (30's), sharp, handsome, the golf pro look, sets-up at his ball in the fairway. His backswing...

SFX: JULIET'S PHONE RINGS

She grabs at it before the second ring.

WESLEY

(indignant, staccato)

What the fuck... Is your problem?

How can you not turn your damn phone off for just one round of golf? One round? Huh? Disrespect the game? My game?

He tries to reset. She grabs her throbbing, crushing head.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Juliet's golf outfit lies flung on the floor, traded for a white tank top, panties and a ponytail.

She violently grabs a GARBAGE BAG, stuffs the golf outfit into it. One bloody piece at a time.

A BLOODY GOLF IRON, she tries to stuff. Too long.

EXT. WHISPERING LAKES GOLF COURSE - DAY

The games continue on another hole, Juliet texting away on her phone. Wesley in full-on pro golfer mode.

SFX: CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. TYPES AWAY.

Wesley attempts a putt on the green.

WESLEY

Really? This is what I married?
Don't you want me to be successful?

JULIET

No. YES! Sorry. I just--

WESLEY

(cutting her off)

Just nothing. I have to get out of the office sometime. This is my time alone. Don't you get it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wesley looks back down at his putt. Strokes...

Juliet raises her PUTTER as if to strike him.

Misses a three foot putt.

WESLEY (cont'd)

FUCK!

She turns away. Smiles. Evilily.

He snarls at her. If looks could kill.

INT. JULIET'S CAR - NIGHT

Dressed in a white jumper and ball cap, she drives with her ponytail and that garbage bag.

The on-coming lights flash her sweat.

Her heart is racing faster than the car.

The lights keep coming. And, coming.

SFX: SHE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES!!!

EXT. DESERTED SWAMP ROAD - NIGHT

Her bright red brake lights won't give up. She doesn't even want to get out.

The passenger window motors down.

Out flies the garbage bag into a shallow, watery ditch.

CU: THE BAG AND GOLF CLUB STICK THEIR LANDING

Juliet escapes, tires spinning. Crimes unseen.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

A typical morning in the house. COFFEE brewing. Paper reading. No life to be found. Miles separate them in a kitchen.

Wesley is hidden, reading the NEWSPAPER, in his customary work uniform. A smartly tailored suit. Juliet, only in her white college sweat shirt, silently drinks her mojo MUG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY
Hey, hun? Coffee, too?

JULIET
(coming out of it)
Oh, yeah. Sure.

Save for the pot brewing and paper rustling, not a sound is heard.

JULIET (cont'd)
(sotto voce)
What happened to us?

She pours a CUP. Too full.

Slowly walks it over. Two hands. Bare feet.

Setting it down, a tiny drop splashes onto WESLEY'S PHONE.

WESLEY
Hey!
(pause)
My phone...

JULIET
Sorry! Sorry!

She desperately wipes away at the table with her sweat shirt sleeve.

He picks up his phone. Examines the horrible damage.

WESLEY
Just got this.

JULIET
I didn't sleep well last night. I--

WESLEY
(cutting her off)
That's okay. This is supposed to
have that waterproof stuff...
Thing. Whatever.

Sets his phone down. Goes back to his reading. Dead silence. She stands there.

JULIET
What happened to us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY

(oblivious)

I don't know. They say it's suppose to be waterproof. Sure not going anywhere near a toilet.

JULIET

I had a dream.

SFX: INCOMING TEXT MESSAGE ON WESLEY'S PHONE

He slyly scrapes it off the table without even looking. Palms it into his pocket.

WESLEY

Great. Office again. If H-R doesn't get better staff, I'm going to take a year off. Try the golf route. I got game. Fuck them.

JULIET

Can't you read the news on your phone?

Stops dead. Tilts the newspaper down to burn her with his eyes.

WESLEY

(indignant)

My dad read the paper in the morning.

He fondles the pages. Stares at her for... One... Second... Too... Long...

Back to his paper.

JULIET

I slept on the sofa last night.

WESLEY

You should make an appointment with Dr. Balashing. Get something for that.

JULIET

He takes my clothes off.

WESLEY

Sure they've, he's, got something to fix that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIET
He touches me.

SFX: INCOMING TEXT MESSAGE MUFFLED ON WESLEY'S PHONE

WESLEY
Damnit!

Juliet is startled as he throws his newspaper onto the kitchen table.

WESLEY (cont'd)
I pulldown a cool million a year
for these bastards... Read my
fucking newspaper. I gotta go.

JULIET
He uses his fingers.

WESLEY
(kisses her on forehead)
I know. Tell him to give me some of
that, whatever, he writes for you.
Think I'm stressing too much
lately.

And with that, out the door he goes.

She watches, face against the window, as he drives off.

JULIET
(sotto voce)
I'm just garbage to you.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wesley sits behind a HUGE DESK, in a beautiful office. A king's office. The OFFICE TRAFFIC in the hallway is brisk.

Furiously texting away. His OFFICE PHONE beeping-in. Ignored.

SFX: KNOCK AT HIS DOOR

WESLEY
I'm coming!

Comes open the door and in steps RACHAEL (30's), six-inch heels, legs for days in a skirt, sheer blouse, and flashy GLASSES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY (cont'd)
Uh, yes? Can I help you?

She closes the door behind her, strolls over to his desk, and sets down a PILE OF PAPERS. Newspapers.

RACHAEL
I was told these are for you.

WESLEY
Ah, more reading.

He undresses her up and down. And back. Poorly hides it.

She sits down in front of his desk and leans back. Seductively. Takes her glasses off.

RACHAEL
H-R sent me over. Said you needed fresh help.

Slowly, she parts her legs to reveal skin and lace under her skirt, with the glasses helping.

WESLEY
(smiles, sotto voce)
Oh... My... God...

She runs the glasses down her blouse to reveal her bra.

WESLEY (cont'd)
That Helena Robert. She sure knows how to pick 'em. God bless her.

RACHAEL
Helena said to tell you 'this one's on the house.'

WESLEY
Damn right! I sent her enough work. She should take me out sometime. Golfing--

SFX: OFFICE PHONE BUZZES IN

Wesley hits the button.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Yeah?

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)
Your wife is here for lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY
Uh, wow. Tell her one sec.

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)
He said one--

Wesley hangs up on her.

WESLEY
Tell H-R she scored today. Uh, tell her maybe a two-for-one next time? She's included.

RACHAEL
I'll pass the offer along to her. She's damned good at what she does.

WESLEY
I can tell.
(pause)
I approve.

He picks his phone up, shaking it, teasingly.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Tell her same routine. Show you.

Rachael gets up to leave.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Just leave it open. Wide.

RACHAEL
(smiles)
Like my legs?

With that, she blows a kiss, and the new 'secretary' is gone.

Moment later...

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Wesley grabs his notepad.

In comes...

JULIET
Hey... Oh, sorry. I'm not interrupting?

Wearing that hot little golf number, Juliet pushes the door shut. Leans back on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WESLEY

(oblivious)

Fucking H-R. Hires looks, no brains.

JULIET

Who's that?

WESLEY

New secretary. See her?

JULIET

Uh...

WESLEY

She just left.

JULIET

She pretty?

WESLEY

H-R can't get it right. Told them one more time and I'll take it up to the board. Fucking bash their heads together.

JULIET

Really? Maybe H-R has her hands full?

WESLEY

Fuckin' tits and ass. We're trying to run a damn business here. Not a call girl ring.

JULIET

(mockingly)

Then she must be hot.

(changes gears)

You want to go to lunch with a hot chick?

WESLEY

Yeah, I already did. Oh, hey, can we do dinner?

JULIET

(disappointed)

Tonight? Yeah. Sure.

WESLEY

She has to wear glasses to see the damned thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULIET

Maybe you should get some, too.

He looks puzzled.

Juliet slowly leaves, flirting with her golf skirt, but lets the door stay open.

Wesley watches her walk away.

Looks down. His notepad is upside down.

INT. NEW ORLEANS CAFE - NIGHT

A nice, cozy cafe. Dim lights. Hushed conversations.

Juliet sits with her childhood friend BRITTNEY (30's), gorgeous, high heels, tight jeans, squeezed into her top, and red hair. Red lips.

It's just coffee talk between girls.

Brittney applies her hot, red lipstick. Pops them.

BRITTNEY

Fuckable lips, huh? I binged-watched the whole first season.

(pause)

Don't worry. No spoilers.

JULIET

Spoiler alert. Wesley's cheating on me.

BRITTNEY

Wait. What?!

JULIET

I think.

BRITTNEY

(a little too loud)

Holy shit!

(softer)

Holy shit. How do you know?

JULIET

Come on, Britt. You've known me since first grade.

BRITTNEY

Yeah, I know. But...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long awkward pause.

BRITTNEY (cont'd)
You have any--

MONTAGE:

- WESLEY AND RACHAEL HAVING SEX ON HIS DESK
- ON HIS SOFA
- AGAINST THE OFFICE DOOR
- AGAINST THE OFFICE WINDOW

JULIET (V.O.)
(cuts her off, stumbling)
It's her friend. Her secretary. His
secretary.

(pause)
I could tell by those heels. He
doesn't like me... When I wear
heels. Taller than him. I told him
my doctor raped me. Didn't give a
shit. Only you knew, Britt. No one
else.

BACK TO CAFE...

BRITTNEY
Holy crap.
(pause)
Juliet... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
You never told him?
(thinking)
How could someone do this? Don't
they know he's married?
(pause)
Wait. You know this for sure?

Juliet just stares deep into her. Burning stare. She knows.

BRITTNEY (cont'd)
Fuck. Me.

JULIET
He did. I bet. In his office.

They sit there for a little too long.

The WAITER drops the check off. Juliet reaches for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRITTNEY

No! I got this.

(pauses)

What you've been through... Wait.
This is just too much for me to
process. What are you going to do?

JULIET

I know what I have to do.

BRITTNEY

The waiter's too cute.

Brittney signs more than the CHECK. A little note...

EXT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Very late. Barely a light on in the house.

Wesley pulls up. Wobbly gets out of the car, heads to the door.

He looks down. The DOORMAT says "Home Sweet Home."

Attempting to straighten himself out, he reaches down his pants and rubs his junk.

Smells his hand. Yuck.

WESLEY

(sotto voce)

Shower.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wesley covertly closes the door. Sets his BRIEFCASE down and lightly lays out his KEYS. Slips off his shoes.

She must be asleep.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wesley walks into the dark bedroom, sees Juliet under the covers.

He goes to the bathroom, pulls the shower curtain back, and turns on the water.

Backs up. Feels for the knob, while looking at his phone. Closes the door and turns on the light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE'S STARTLED. JULIET IS SITTING ON THE TOILET. PEEING.

WESLEY

Holy fuck! You scared the shit out of me.

JULIET

(nonchalantly)

Sorry. I had to pee. Too much coffee.

She gets up, wearing nothing but a white tank top, and doesn't even flush.

Heading back to bed, she closes the bathroom door.

A shaken Wesley, gets ready to shower. Puts his phone on the back of the toilet. Jumps in the shower.

Juliet is comfy in bed.

SFX: INCOMING TEXT MESSAGE

ECU: HIS PHONE "I CAN STILL TAST UUU"

CU: REACHES FOR HIS PHONE FROM THE SHOWER; KNOCKS IT IN THE TOILET

WESLEY

(sotto voce)

Fuck.

ECU: JULIET'S EYES POP OPEN; SHE SMILES

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun has long since come through the window. Juliet stretches awake. Wesley has already left for the office.

She rolls over. Spies a pile of Wesley's suits on the floor.

There's a note on top of them...

ECU: NOTE "GET TO CLEANERS THANKS W"

Well, good morning to you, too.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Juliet is piling up the suits, to get to the cleaners. As requested/ordered.

She shoves them into a GARBAGE BAG. A HOTEL KEY CARD and PAPER NOTE fall onto the tile floor.

Staring at the hotel key card, she grabs at it...

ECU: IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO HOTEL DE BIENVILLE

Picks up the note...

ECU: I CAN STILL TASTE U

Crushes it and tosses into the trash.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE / DESK - DAY

Wesley leans back in his chair, while texting. Smiling. Devilishly.

Sets his phone on the desk, looks at his laptop.

Realization.

Starts to dig in his pockets. Goes to his jacket.

The hotel key card is not there!

WESLEY
(sotto voce)
Shit.

He gets up. Reaches inside his pocket for his keys.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Wesley points his key towards the front door knob.

Oddly, slightly open.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Wesley steps inside hesitantly. Is the coast clear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY
Jules? Hun?

SFX: RUNNING WATER IN THE SHOWER

JULIET (O.S.)
Hey! Doing my hair. Be out in a
bit.

Now's his chance. Starts searching for the hotel key card.

WESLEY
Hey, forgot my phone. Had to come
back.

Still searching. Slowly turns down the hallway.

MS: LOW AND FROM BEHIND; JULIET IS WEARING THAT SAME WHITE
BRA AND PANTIES

Works his way back into the bedroom. She stalks him.

CU: JULIET'S MASCARA IS BLOWN; SWEAT BEADS ON HER FACE

Wesley turns to the steamy bathroom.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Did you get my suits to the
cleaners?

WS: FROM BEHIND, JULIET IS DEATH-GRIPPING A GOLF CLUB

Wesley knocks...

The running shower says nothing.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

He slowly opens the shower curtain. No Juliet.

WESLEY (cont'd)
(yells)
Juliet?!

JULIET (O.S.)
Yes, fucker?!

WESLEY SPINS...

Juliet is defiant in the doorway. Bra, panties, blown
mascara. And a five iron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SFX: WHOOSH GOES THE IRON; WESLEY'S HEAD EXPLODES

MS: BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER SPLATTERS THE SHOWER

He falls into the watery porcelain grave.

Juliet whacks away. And, away. RAGE!

WS: DOLLY BACK SLOWLY FROM THE RETRIBUTION

SFX: PHONE RINGS. AND RINGS. AND RINGS.

ECU: BRITTNEY'S PHONE

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BRITTNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brittney grabs at her phone on a counter full of trash.

BRITTNEY

Hello?! Juliet! What happened?!

JULIET (PHONE)

We...

(pause)

He told me.

BRITTNEY

What did he tell you?!

JULIET (PHONE)

I ended it.

BRITTNEY

Wait. What? Slow down. Ended what?
I mean--

JULIET (PHONE)

Told him I wanted a divorce.

BRITTNEY

That's great! I mean... Wait. I
don't know what I mean.

JULIET (PHONE)

I know what you mean. It was tough.

BRITTNEY

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIET (PHONE)

He just...

(long pause)

Just decided to go play golf.

BRITTNEY

Golf?

(pause)

Did he say who it was?

(pause)

I mean...

JULIET (PHONE)

I know what you mean. Want to come over later? Girl's night? Have some wine? I need the company. I need my bestie.

Brittney stares at her phone.

ECU: JULIET SETS HER PHONE DOWN ON THE COUNTER

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Juliet sits at the kitchen bar, BOTTLE OF WINE, or two, opened.

She wears that white jumper, ponytail and ball cap.

Her mascara is blown.

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

BRITTNEY (O.S.)

Jules?!

JULIET

It's open.

In comes Brittney. Peeking. A GOLF CLUB leans next to the door.

BRITTNEY

Holy crap. You poor thing. Look at you.

Brittney rushes to her bestie. Hugs a frozen Juliet. No emotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITTNEY (cont'd)

I can see you got a head start.
Good for you, girl.

JULIET

Was waiting. Poured you a glass.

She pushes a GLASS OF WINE to Brittney. Her best friend takes a sip.

BRITTNEY

Wow. The good stuff. Celebrate. I mean... What happened?

JULIET

Trust. My trust was betrayed.

BRITTNEY

He's such a bastard. Fucking men.

JULIET

When you trust people... Your husband... People you love... You expect the same in return.

BRITTNEY

He was screwing that secretary, huh?

JULIET

You could say. Or, just business.

BRITTNEY

Can she get fired from her job?

JULIET

Doubt it. Probably get a promotion.
He was tired of fucking me.

(pause)

So he fucked me. I fucked him first.

BRITTNEY

Why do men do this crap? We know.
We can always tell. Jules--

JULIET

(cutting her off)

I could smell it on him. It was the perfume. The stench of... Fuck.

(pause)

The betrayal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRITTNEY

If he was tired of fucking you...
(catches herself)
I mean, why didn't he just ask for
a divorce?

JULIET

His fuck bag ratted him out.

BRITTNEY

Wait. What?! What fuck bag? The
secretary?

JULIET

The sloppy wet spot he put his dick
in.

BRITTNEY

She told you this?

JULIET

Straight to my face.

FLASHBACK:

- BRITTNEY AND JULIET SITTING AT CAFE
- BRITTNEY LAUGHING
- BRITTNEY POINTING AT JULIET
- BRITTNEY SIGNING CHECK, THE CUTE WAITER NOTE

JULIET (V.O.)

She sat right there.

BRITTNEY (V.O.)

Holy crap! Shit. She was here?!

JULIET (V.O.)

She laughed in my face. Told me she
stuck his dick in her fuck bag.

BRITTNEY (V.O.)

Oh my god! What did you say?

BACK TO KITCHEN...

JULIET

I asked her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Juliet fumbles inside her jumper, pulls out the crushed note and Brittney's check/note from the cafe.

She slowly pushes the evidence across the counter, slides it right under her abandoned WEDDING RING.

JULIET (cont'd)

I asked her... Why would you fuck my husband, you cunt?

Brittney is... Stone. Cold. Busted. Frozen.

BRITTNEY

(coming to realization)

Jules... I--

JULIET

(cutting her off)

Would never stick his dick in your fuck bag?

BRITTNEY

(starts to cry)

I... He...

JULIET

Came onto you? Or just came on you?

BRITTNEY

(crying)

It wasn't like that. I'm sorry... I...

JULIET

He gave you money?

BRITTNEY

Yes... I'm sorry.

JULIET

He made you do it?

BRITTNEY

Yes... I'm--

JULIET

Sorry?

(hesitates)

Don't be. It wasn't your fault, Brittney. You're my bestie.

BRITTNEY

It wasn't my fault. I needed--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULIET

The money?

BRITTNEY

No! Yes. I'm... I...

Juliet stares at her. Elegantly sips her wine.

MONTAGE:

- WESLEY'S CAR IN THE PARKING GARAGE
- WESLEY COMING OUT OF THE ELEVATOR
- BRITTNEY IN THE BACKSEAT
- WESLEY STEPS INSIDE
- BRITTNEY AND WESLEY THROBBING

BACK TO KITCHEN...

BRITTNEY (cont'd)

He would call me. At the office.
His office.

(pauses, sniffles)

Make me come down there... I had
keys to your car... I would wait
for him, out of the elevator... He
would slip into the backseat...

JULIET

And you would talk about me?

BRITTNEY

Yes. No! I mean...

(cries more)

He would make me go down on him...
Until I choked...

JULIET

So what does a parking lot blowjob
go for these days... Bestie?

Long pause.

BRITTNEY

Two hundred... Three hundred if
I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Brittney slouches her head onto the counter. Collapses.
Juliet caresses her hair.

JULIET

Look. You've been through a lot,
Britt. I understand. I trust you.
You did it for the money. Not
because you loved him.

BRITTNEY

No! I mean... Yes.
(sobs)
I'm... So... Sorry.

JULIET

It's okay. I'm over him now. Come
on. Let's get you cleaned-up.
You're staying here tonight. You've
had a very hard day.

Juliet helps her 'bestie' down the hallway to the bathroom.

Brittney is slouching along as she's held up.

INT. JULIET AND WESLEY'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Juliet flips the lights on. Turns the sink water on.

Turns the shower water on behind the curtain.

JULIET

The best thing for you right now is
a hot shower.

BRITTNEY

I don't know what to do.

JULIET

I know. Let's get you out of those
clothes. You've had a long, and
hard, day. At the office. That
taste...

Juliet slowly undresses Brittney as she whimpers.

One piece of clothing after another hits the floor.

Brittney stands bare at the shower curtain.

WS: JULIET FLIES THE SHOWER CURTAIN BACK TO EXPOSE...

Wesley's lifeless body in the drain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WS: BRITTNEY SPINS TO HER BESTIE IN HORROR

SFX: WHOOSH GOES THE GOLF WEDGE

It finds a home in her head. She falls into the porcelain grave.

MS: BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER SPLATTERS THE SHOWER

Juliet whacks away. And, away. RAGE!

WS: DOLLY BACK SLOWLY FROM THE RETRIBUTION

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. JULIET'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DUSK

On the kitchen counter...

ECU: WESLEY'S PHONE; WESLEY - "CAN'T MAKE IT 2NITE...IF I PAY 2 4 1 SPECIAL WILL U FUCK MY WIFE???"

The phone just sits there. Waiting.

ECU: WESLEY'S PHONE; RACHAEL - "SURE 4 U ANYTHING 2 4 1 SPECIAL"

Juliet's hands reach for Wesley's phone. She types...

ECU: WESLEY - "WEAR THAT NUMBER YOU WORE WHEN WE FIRST MET...NOTHING UNDER"

ECU: RACHAEL - "4 U I SHAVED"

Juliet types...

ECU: WESLEY - "SHE LIKES IT CLEAN"

Juliet stands in her kitchen. Smiles. Devilishly.

POWER... Six-inch black heels, black bra and panties to match with that ponytail and cross necklace.

She grabs TWO GLASSES and a BOTTLE OF WINE. Slowly descends the hallway to the bedroom.

FADE TO WHITE:

EXT. JULIET'S HOUSE - DAY

Bright sunny day in front of Juliet's.

A real estate rep JERRY BLUME (50's), business suit and all, is hammering a FOR SALE SIGN in the front yard.

Juliet looks out her window. It's time.

JULIET (V.O.)

In the beginning, I had no idea
what I was doing. What I created.
It was all me. My life was a wreck.
I had everything... I really had
nothing. But... Sometimes, betrayal
is the best motivator in life.

She walks out of the house in a hot black silk blouse and short skirt, high heels, and high power.

JERRY

Oh, hey there. Jerry Blume. I'll be
handling your sale. I was--

JULIET

(cutting him off)

Hi, Jerry. My name is Helena
Robert. Very pleased to meet you.

They shake hands.

JERRY

(flirting)

Helena. Like the goddess?

HELENA

Please, my friends call me H-R.

JERRY

(gawking)

H-R. It. Is.

HELENA

Here's the keys. Go right in. The
place is all cleaned-up.

Jerry undresses Helena with his eyes. She can tell.

The small talk continues...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA (V.O.)

I found my life's passion through trust. Or, the lack of. Finally knew what I was doing.

Rachael stands at a RED CONVERTIBLE CAR, DARK GLASSES, high heels, hot and ready.

Helena walks over to her. Kisses her. Wipes the lipstick smudge away.

They strut into their ride.

HELENA (V.O.)

Sex is either love, or a business. Wesley and Brittney? Well, he thought it was love. I made him my business. She? Was just his business. They didn't understand the basic concept of trust. Which makes me a killer business woman. Trust me. I tell my clients... Dirty hands, clean conscience.

And with that, they ride down the road to the next job.

THE END