

START BY  
DOING THE ACTION  
OF BRINGING  
THE BEER  
(NO SEX)

It is sweaty, slippery, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex --

Pungent and potent --

And when it is over, neither woman can move.

Finally, Corky's eyes flutter open.

**CORKY**

I can see again.

Violet smiles.

Slowly, Corky gets up and goes to the fridge. She grabs a beer and presses it to her sweating forehead.

After a moment, she lowers it, gently pressing the cold can elsewhere. Eyes closed, she lets out a long "Ahh."

Violet hears the sizzle-pop of the beer as Corky returns to the bed.

She holds the beer to Violet's lips and tilts the can, watching Violet's throat as she drinks.

Violet's eyes open.

**VIOLET**

... I needed that.

**CORKY**

Tell me about it.

Corky hands her the beer as Violet sits up a bit.

**CORKY**

Caesar's Mafia, isn't he?

**VIOLET**

You have to ask?

**CORKY**

No.

**VIOLET**

Funny, nobody calls it that anymore. Caesar calls it "The Business."

**CORKY**

How did you meet him?

**VIOLET**

They took over a club I was working at. Caesar started managing it.

**CORKY**

He's a launderer?

**VIOLET**

Basically.

**CORKY**

How long have you been with him?

**VIOLET**

Almost five years.

**CORKY**

Five years is a long time.

**VIOLET**

Yes, it is.

Corky stares at her beer. She knows what Violet is thinking.

**CORKY**

The redistribution of wealth.

**VIOLET**

What?

**CORKY**

Isn't that what you wanted to know?  
What I did time for?

**VIOLET**

The redistribution of wealth?

**CORKY**

That's what I tell someone when I'm  
trying to get them in my bed.

**VIOLET**

I'm already in your bed.

**CORKY**

My cellmate would say she did her  
time for getting caught. She was  
always more honest than me.

Corky sips her beer.

**CORKY**

I started stealing when I was little.  
We were piss-poor, which is not an  
excuse, just a fact.

It isn't like her to talk about this, especially with someone  
she just met.

**CORKY**

The first time I remember so vividly.  
A bunch of us kids were at Waxman's  
Drugstore, when Mr. Waxman, who was  
a mean old prick, always worrying  
about us robbing him, dropped a roll  
of quarters.

We can almost hear the coins tinkling on the tile floor.

**CORKY**

I can still hear that sound, those  
quarters, because right then something  
clicked inside of me. Some instinct  
took over and as everyone, including  
Waxman, dove down, I reached up and  
emptied the cash register.

Violet smiles. She likes this woman.

**CORKY**

I gave most of the money to my mom.  
I told her I found it at the  
trainyard. She was so happy she  
cried, calling me her lucky charm.  
Fifteen years later, I guess my luck  
ran out.

Sbe swallows that with beer.

**CORKY**

Sometimes I tell myself that I didn't  
have a choice, that stealing was  
surviving. Usually I can admit that's  
bullshit. I did it because it was a  
way out. It was easy and I was good  
at it, real good.

She glances at Violet.

**CORKY**

I don't usually talk this much. I

guess I have been rehabilitated.

Violet laughs.

**VIOLET**

You didn't have to tell me if you didn't want to.

**CORKY**

I guess I wanted to.

**VIOLET**

I'm glad you did.

**CORKY**

So am I.

**EXT. PARKING LOT DAY**

Corky gets out of her truck carrying her tools. Grinning like someone who has been well-laid, she whistles off to work.

**EXT. LOBBY - DAY**

Between the main doors she sees a man. His name is SHELLY and he is an overdressed accountant.

He is very nervous, talking to someone through the intercom.

**SHELLY**

I know he's gone. Please. I have to talk to you.

Fiddling with her keys, Corky recognizes the voice that answers him.

**VIOLET (V.O.)**

What do you want, Shelly?

Shelly glances over his shoulder at Corky, answering in a hushed voice.

**SHELLY**

I have to leave. Tonight.

For a moment the intercom is silent. Then the door buzzes and Shelly pushes inside. Corky follows him to the elevator.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Corky glares at Shelly and begins pumping the trigger of her circular saw.

Shelly hides behind his sunglasses, watching the elevator numbers go up. The doors open and he scurries out.

**INT. HALL - DAY**

She watches him enter Caesar's apartment, her smile now completely gone.

**INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - DAY**

It is later. Through the wall we listen to the same sound as before of two people making love. We drop down and find Corky's brush, still wet with paint, abandoned in her tray.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Her face glistening with sweat, Violet climaxes, letting the orgasm spread through her like melting butter.

**VIOLET**

I had this image of you, inside of me ...