

BURN

Written and Created By

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Television Series Pilot Script / Registered WGAw

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BURN

The combustion between men and women in the world of sexual politics.

Characters from our dreams and desires.

Pure guilty pleasure with an irreverent style of naughty fun.

Stylish and subversive stories of heat and adventure that move like a bat out of hell.

An antidote to depressing times and circumstances with no apologies for being sexy.

BURN is a **multi-platform project** -- anchored as a television series – but also a magazine, graphic novels, gaming, novellas & webisodes for additional access.

A retro romp with a modern twist keying on the type of provocative art of Norman Saunders in Men's Adventure & Detective magazines of the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s.

The stories are endless – its own wide-open genre – the subject matter can be from anywhere and any time period – yet the stories are contained for production purposes because *more importantly* they center on the razor's edge of sex in all its complexity.

The **BURN** series franchise and the stories are designed to be the perfect platform for *inviting feature writers and directors* to bring their unique voices and styles to a project without the time commitment of a feature film. This adds an additional enticement for *stars* to work with directors they admire and to show a different side of themselves by digging into a character they may never get the opportunity to play in a feature film.

BURN provides a Distribution Versatility of one-hour, half-hour or two-hour episode packages. The series episodes can be aired in any order, thus bringing the true power of anthology to an adventure series whose main character action centers on the heat of sexual combustion and the politics of foreplay. Who doesn't want to watch that?

BURN

Pure guilty pleasure – irreverent, naughty, sexy, fun -- a true subscriber magnet.

BURN

FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE

A rhythmic, pulsing, sensuous rush of IMAGES and SOUNDS.

We are INSIDE a dark, clandestine, BASEMENT WAREHOUSE.

The windows, up at street level, are crusted over with dirt. Condensation on the walls glistens from the dull glow of the street lamps outside. Dust SWIRLS through the air because--

An old PRINTING PRESS spews ink and dust as it CHUGS and HUMS rhythmically, slinging pages along its metal teeth and skin.

A sense of danger lurks in the darkness as a rugged, rogue of a MAN, bare-chested and covered in seductive sweat, feeds the machine while a salaciously sexy WOMAN, lace Versace blouse torn open, bundles the pages exiting the press.

They work feverishly -- tensely eyeing the windows -- their subversive activity has drawn the "heat" because--

POLICE SIRENS fill the air, tires SCREECH to a halt, and flashlight BEAMS crash across the dirt-encrusted windows!

The man slips into an unbuttoned shirt and the woman slings her purse onto her shoulder just as--

The COPS break down the door and charge down the stairs, their flashlight BEAMS stabbing at the darkness.

The man and woman grab the finished pages -- bundled as four piles of magazines -- and race through the warehouse to a rear EXIT! As they barely escape OUTSIDE into the darkness--

A SINGLE MAGAZINE slips from one of the bundled piles and falls END OVER END, hitting the floor with a SLAP that draws the BEAMS of flashlights ARCING toward it.

The BEAMS capture their target and the CAMERA RUSHES IN to the emblazoned, freshly minted magazine cover entitled:

BURN

The cover art is garishly illustrated in that pulpy Norman Saunders style typical of a 1960's men's adventure mag:

But this COVER ART depicts a CONTEMPORARY seedy motel BATHROOM just off a Southern back road on a sweltering night.

It's entitled: "*Savannah's Hot And Wet*"

burn

JULY

STILL
ONLY
35¢



Savannah's HOT and WET !

SAVANNAH JAMES, a sultry, sexy Southern blonde stands dripping wet from a shower. She's barely wrapped in a short, skimpy towel that hangs precariously from her full breasts.

Clouds of steam from the shower encase and caress her body. Her head is turned toward the window, her face etched in horror, as a man with a gun is halfway through the window!

This OPENING FRAME cover art is FROZEN in mid-action until --

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

-- in a breathless moment, the screen bleeds from illustrated drawing into live action!

The nasty-faced son of a bitch, DALTON, steps through the window pointing his gun right at Savannah as she GASPS and backs up against the sink -- frightened and defenseless!

Hot steam pouring from the shower stall is the only thing separating them! He leers at her with disgusting delight.

DALTON

You're goin' back, bitch.

SAVANNAH

Please...

With lascivious intent, Dalton points the gun at her towel.

DALTON

Why don't you dry off.

Suddenly the door to the bedroom JERKS OPEN and a greasy, craggy-faced bastard, VAUGHN, points another gun at her!

VAUGHN

Yeah, let's see what he's payin' us to bring back.

She's trapped between both men, with no escape. An electrical BUG ZAPPER hanging in the corner ARCS from frying a bug.

They both watch beads of steamy sweat roll over the curve of her breasts and disappear down into her cleavage behind her only defense -- her skimpy white towel.

She looks intently at their eyes and where they're staring.

SAVANNAH

Alright...

Her fingers slowly slip between the towel and her sweaty, dripping cleavage. Dalton and Vaughn's gaze is riveted, their breath suspended with hot anticipation.

She lets the towel slip away from her body and dangle from her finger -- her nakedness exposed, then hidden, then exposed again in the swirling hot steam. The men squint through the billowing white clouds trying to see more.

The bug zapper ARCS again and Savannah suddenly whips her towel toward Dalton and SLAPS IT around his gun arm! She YANKS on the towel and jerks Dalton's gun arm toward Vaughn!

Dalton's gun goes off and a MUZZLE FLASH ERUPTS in the steam!

The puffy white steam is SPRAYED RED as Vaughn is struck!

A MUZZLE FLASH ERUPTS in the swirling whiteness as Vaughn's gun jumps in a reflex retort. Dalton takes a THUDDING hit.

Both men drop stone, cold dead at Savannah's feet.

She stares at them as the bug zapper ARCS repeatedly. She holds out her towel -- drops it -- and it floats down IN SLOW MOTION, covering their faces.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bed lies a Gucci gym bag -- open -- crammed with stacks of bills -- a lot of money. Savannah zips it shut.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Savannah tosses the Gucci bag into a blood red Mustang GT convertible with the top down. She slips behind the wheel.

She's now poured into a pair of Guess jeans and a Versace blouse -- because Versace knows how to make a woman look sexy without feeling trashy -- they push that limit right to the edge. Her Jimmy Choo pumps hit the gas!

INT. MUSTANG GT CONVERTIBLE - TRAVELING - NIGHT

A full moon carves a ribbon of light along the humid, sweating pavement that winds through the drooping willows. Savannah's blonde hair floats behind her in the rush of wind.

Suddenly -- up ahead -- TWO COP CARS with LIGHTS FLASHING crest a rise. Savannah kills her headlights and peels OFF the road onto a dirt patch surrounded by billowing swamp grass.

She plows deeper into the tall reeds... and waits... the FLASHING LIGHTS FLOAT BY on the road above and DISAPPEAR.

They did NOT see her. Savannah breathes a sigh of relief.

She grabs the Gucci gym bag. The trunk pops open. She tosses the bag inside, closes the lid. She checks her watch... listens... and decides to wait until it's clear.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

In the dark room, FLASHING RED LIGHT SPRAYS over the bodies of Dalton and Vaughn from the open door to the outside. Each man still has a literal death-grip on his gun.

DEPUTY CALVIN (O.S.)
Could be those Northern boys based
on that Chevy's plates outside.

Deputy Calvin's grizzled and gray and doesn't much care. With one glance he's ready to wrap it up and chug back a beer.

DEPUTY CALVIN (CONT'D)
I think these two dumb bastards
shot each other.

But Calvin's boss, CLAY TANNER, is a young, strapping Deputy Sheriff with a keen eye and is in no rush. He moves with a seasoned intent that's all the more sexy because it's so damn casual. He watches the bug zapper ARC a bug.

CLAY
Gotta get me one of these.

He surveys the bathroom, then kneels down and peels away the towel over the faces of the dead men using his gun barrel.

CLAY (CONT'D)
They might've had a little help.

DEPUTY CALVIN
Is it her?

Clay slides the gun barrel to his face, the towel dangling in front of his nose. He slowly inhales the scent...

EXT. DIRT PATCH & SWAMP GRASS - NIGHT

Savannah checks her watch again. She's waited long enough. But just to be safe, she leaves the Mustang GT convertible and steps through the reeds to get closer to the road. She listens... nothing. She's safe and returns to the car, but --

A NOISE stops her cold. Something moved in the darkness. Something big. Her heart beats faster. The misty fog drips through the trees and doesn't help her vision.

She HEARS FOOTSTEPS closing in -- not one set -- many!

The Mustang's only twenty yards away. She bolts through the darkness sweeping the tall reeds out of her way! A heavy bank of fog is all that separates her from her wheels!

Suddenly the thickening fog RIPS APART as a hulking form lurches toward her! She LEAPS SIDEWAYS barely escaping!

Another pair of massive hairy arms THRUST OUT of the fog IN FRONT of her -- snaring her -- pulling her with vice-like force up to the dirty face of a brutishly frightening man with incredibly bad teeth!

Savannah SCREAMS -- twists to her right to break away -- but is held fast -- and now staring into the faces of MORE MEN!

These are the "Bayou Boys" and they're a "Deliverance" nightmare, in-bred swamp rats of dubious morals, and by God are they ugly! Savannah cringes with soul-crushing disgust.

INT. BAYOU BOYS' SHACK - NIGHT

A wild boar's head hangs above the door. The walls are boards of rotting wood and the dirt floor's strewn with beer cans and encroaching moss. There are a few rickety chairs and crooked benches to sit on. Mr. Roger's Neighborhood it ain't.

Several hairy rats scurry among the men unnoticed, then right under a creaky rocking chair where a GNARLY-KNUCKLED DWARF smokes a corn cob pipe. And it all smells like moldy socks!

In the center are a series of CARGO CRATES nailed together -- an "auction block." The rats race right toward --

SAVANNAH

Who SCREAMS as they run between her legs. She's terrified.

Savannah's led through the salivating dentally challenged male horde of expectant suitors as they leer and paw at her. The best-looking one's an old hound dog licking his balls.

She's hauled up onto the "auction block" where she's now surrounded on all sides -- no escape!

A MOUNTAIN of a man pins her arms behind her while a SKINNY, RAT-FACED WEASEL of a man waves his arms to get some order.

RAT FACE

We got a prize!

Raucous CHEERS and SPRAY from popped beer cans fill the air. Rat Face caresses her Versace blouse leaving dirty streaks.

RAT FACE (CONT'D)

Now this is special. A real special one. So nobody be cheap this time!

(a defiant threat)

Y'all hear me now?! I want some real bids -- damn good ones!

The men pipe down to an uncomfortable MURMUR, contemplating. Then JABBA THE HUTT'S UGLY BROTHER stands up confidently.

JABBA

One quarter.

SAVANNAH

(appalled)

Twenty-five cents?!

(more CHEERS)

You stingy, low-life bastards!!

Even more CHEERS and universal agreement.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I am not for sale at any price and--

The Mountain clamps his dirty hand over her mouth MUFFLING her protests. Rat Face puts on thin reading glasses and produces a pair of surgical scissors. Savannah's eyes pop.

Rat Face cuts the TOP BUTTON OFF of her Versace blouse exposing cleavage. A TALL, ONE-EYED BUGGER leaps to his feet!

ONE-EYE

Twenty seven cents!!

RAT FACE

More?

The men pound their beer cans together.

ALL THE MEN

More!!

The cold surgical scissors slip inside Savannah's blouse and she shivers as it touches her skin -- then the scissors slice their way out -- leaving exposed, milky flesh. They go wild!

Savannah's knees weaken and she's held up by the Mountain. A BUG-EYED FREAK with coke bottle glasses leaps to his feet!

BUG-EYE

Thirty cents!!

Now Savannah's revived -- and insulted again -- and pissed!

SAVANNAH

This blouse is worth more than
you'll ever see in your life!

A BURLY BRUTE stands up and yells across the shack.

BRUTE

Hey, Hank, you'd look real pretty
in that!

HANK

I would, I really would.

Hank's got a BUSHY BEARD with left-over CRUMBS from some by-gone meal. He beams in anticipation.

Rat Face RIPS OFF Savannah's blouse and SAILS it over the men to Hank, who wraps himself in the silky softness.

The room explodes with CHEERS, then suddenly HUSHES into STUNNED SILENCE as they take in Savannah's BRIGHT PINK BRA.

She's really beautiful. Breathtaking. An exquisite body.

Savannah's been truly terrified, but for the first time she senses something else, now only faintly... her own power.

The gnarly-knuckled dwarf, DWIGHT, solemnly rises from the rocking chair.

DWIGHT

It's an honor to be in the presence
of such a true beauty.

A HUSHED, almost religious, pause hangs over the men.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Thirty-two cents!!!

A ROAR explodes from their collective throats.

RAT FACE

A new record! This may be it
alright. If there's no one else...

DWIGHT

Now hold on up there...

Dwight, the gnarly-knuckled dwarf, ambles over to the base of the "auction block" and surveys his potential prize.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I don't like the jeans.

Mountain suddenly LIFTS a stunned Savannah up under her arm pits. Rat Face undoes her jean button and zipper. Two EAGER MISCREANTS each grab a leg and yank off the jeans REVEALING--

PINK LACE PANTIES

And an appreciative MOAN of desire RUMBLES around the shack.

Savannah should be feeling totally vulnerable, but she studies the men, who stare at her almost nakedness with open-jawed wonder, and her eyes narrow with steely confidence.

The MOANS of awe subside as everyone awaits Dwight's decision with respectful silence. Finally...

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Better.

The crowd CAT CALLS its approval! Dwight now reaches for her Jimmy Choo pumps and--

SAVANNAH

I will beat you down like a dirty dog!!!

Dwight quickly REMOVES his hand as DOG HOWLS ERUPT! Men jump up signaling they want to be first in line for a beating.

In the center of the howling pack, THREE BUTT-UGLY BROTHERS anxiously pool their pennies into the hand of the ugliest.

BUTT-UGLIEST

(stands up with intent)
Y'all wait right there! My brothers
and me -- we all want a beatin'!!
(thrusts hand up YELLING)
Thirty-five cents!!

Even Mountain is impressed and leans down to Savannah.

MOUNTAIN

Nobody never done gone that far.

RAT FACE

(to crowd)
This is really it!! There can't be
no more -- never done heard of it!!

The Butt-Ugly Brothers cry out in triumph! Savannah's defiance grows stronger and her mind races with ideas.

RAT FACE (CONT'D)

(only to Savannah)
We always let the brothers bid
together 'cause they can't count
real good on their own.

Savannah turns from his foul breath and YELLS out to the men.

SAVANNAH

How about a thousand bucks?!

All eyes are on Savannah in her pink panties and bra...

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I'll pay each one of you a thousand dollars to let me go -- right now!

(shocked SILENCE)

Have any of you poor, dumb bastards ever even seen a thousand bucks?

Most heads slowly shake no... an incomprehensible number.

RAT FACE

That's it then -- you heard her right -- a thousand bucks. Now I wanna know what you want. I will stop the bidding, right here, right now, shut it down --

(points to a closed door)

No trophy room -- but we get a thousand bucks! Mind you, that's each one of us gets a thousand bucks. That's a might handy.

Savannah stares them all down, feeling her new-found power.

ALL THE MEN

Trophy room!!

RAT FACE

I got thirty-five cents on the prize! If there's no more, that's it, the brothers take this fine young thing to the trophy room! Going once...

SAVANNAH

(appalled and terrified)

Oh my God...

RAT FACE

Going twice, going--

CLAY (O.S.)

One dollar.

All eyes turn to the BACK of the shack at the entrance. Deputy Sheriff Clay Tanner stands alone framed in the door.

RAT FACE

One whole dollar?

CLAY

That's right.

Dismay spreads like a virus among the men. Savannah beams -- she's going to be saved by a handsome man with all his teeth!

CLAY (CONT'D)
Anyone got more than a dollar,
let's see it.

No one has that much, not even close.

RAT FACE
Sheriff, she's yours. One dollar.

Clay strides through the men who eye him suspiciously. He hands one dollar over to Rat Face. Mountain then releases Savannah to Clay. She clings to him as the men move closer.

RAT FACE (CONT'D)
You know the code now, right?

CLAY
That's right, I do.

Savannah sticks right by Clay, feeling safe until he leads her through the door marked "TROPHY ROOM."

INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

A bed with a mangy mattress, dirty sheets -- and a full length mirror next to the bed to watch... whatever.

SAVANNAH
What're we doin' here?

CLAY
I paid a dollar.

SAVANNAH
Yes, but a gentleman would've spent more to make a lady feel better.

CLAY
A gentleman would've, but then a lady wouldn't leave a motel room with dead bodies behind.

SAVANNAH
I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

Clay leans close and smells the scent of her hair.

CLAY
That's alright, I do.

SAVANNAH
Fine, then what do we do now?

CLAY

According to the Bayou Code I get to have my way with you, and when I'm done, the boys get their turn.
(off her shocked look)
Only until the sun comes up.

SAVANNAH

You dirty little--

CLAY

Take your bra off.

SAVANNAH

I will not!

CLAY

That's what I thought.

Clay spins her around, unhooks her bra with pickpocket-quick hands, then slips it off before Savannah even inhales. She's actually more impressed than pissed off.

CLAY (CONT'D)

If they don't think something's happening in here, they're gonna be comin' through that door to make sure it does.

He tosses her a T-shirt hanging off his gun belt, then OPENS the door and tosses her bra out into the shack -- a ROAR of approval is heard -- then he CLOSES the door.

Savannah turns to face him, now wearing the T-shirt that says: "*Property of the Sheriff's Department.*" An IMAGE of painted HANDCUFFS is right over her breasts. Her erect nipples press through the center of the handcuffs.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Now that's a good look. And it'll keep off some of the mosquitoes.

SAVANNAH

Mosquitos???

Suddenly a LONG PLANK of the OUTSIDE WALL PRIES OPEN --

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

Oh my God!

The men IN the shack room SCREAM their approval.

Another plank PRIES OPEN and a hulking brute with teeth so hideously ugly it's a sin against nature pokes his head INSIDE! Savannah's horrified!

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
(points at Clay)
He's not done with me yet!

CLAY
This is Parnell. He doesn't want you.

SAVANNAH
He doesn't? Why not?

CLAY
We've got a deal.

Parnell holds back the planks as Savannah and Clay slip OUT.

EXT. BAYOU BOYS' SHACK - NIGHT

Clay hands Parnell a DOLLAR and hauls Savannah off into the swampy, misty night.

SAVANNAH
You're awfully handy with those dollars.

Parnell goes around to the front of the shack. Clay drags Savannah hurriedly along.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I can't move that fast in these heels, or didn't you notice? Besides you're supposed to be ravaging me for awhile back there, so what's the rush?!

CLAY
Right about now, to cover his ass, Parnell's tellin' his buddies that we busted through the walls.

HOWLS of PROTESTS ERUPT from the direction of the shack.

CLAY (CONT'D)
They'll be wantin' you back.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS pierce the dripping fog BEHIND them as the Bayou boys HOWL and advance on their quarry.

SAVANNAH

I will not let one of those
miscreant, toothless, bug-eyed,
bayou bastards...

She motors right past Clay INTO a FOG BANK.

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

...lay one dirty little finger on
me so help me God almighty.

Clay follows the SOUND of her protests into the fog bank.

EXT. DIRT PATCH & SWAMP GRASS - NIGHT

Thick fog SURROUNDS Savannah's GT Mustang convertible and
Clay Tanner's patrol car which is now right next to it.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

If men think I'm just some piece of
property they can plant their
filthy hands on...

Savannah plows OUT of the FOG BANK toward the cars.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

...and stake their claim any time
they want they're gonna wake up and
find their teeny weeny pee-pees
stuck in the glass with their teeth
and a fine good-mornin' that'll be!

CLAY

Get in the patrol car.

But Savannah heads for the Mustang.

SAVANNAH

I've got a bag in my car.

CLAY

No time.

Flashlights FLICKER behind the wall of fog that dissipates
with the breeze -- the Bayou Boys are closing in!

SAVANNAH

But I can't--

CLAY

You can and right now!

Clay jerks her toward the patrol car! The Bayou Boys HOWL!

CLAY (CONT'D)
(re: howl)
That's an all together different
kind of Southern hospitality.

He stuffs her in the front seat.

CLAY (CONT'D)
And I don't want my T-shirt all
dirty and torn.

Clay scrambles into the driver's seat, fires up the car,
peels out in a 360, spraying dirt all over the Bayou Boys who
ERUPT out of the mist in an animal rampage, clawing at them.

INT. PATROL CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

The car BURSTS OUT of the reeds onto the Southern back road
and glides along the ribbon of moonlight on the asphalt.

CLAY
(re: moonlight)
Actually, it's a rather pleasant
evening. Quite beautiful.

Savannah throws him an incredulous glare.

SAVANNAH
I'm real sorry I have no mint
juleps to serve you right now.
(pointed)
I need my car.

CLAY
You mean Frank's car.

Savannah goes stone cold.

SAVANNAH
Whatever do you mean?

CLAY
Did you know your New York license
plate was stamped out right here in
Georgia by the fine work of those
boys up in the Atlanta Federal Pen?

SAVANNAH
Is that so?

CLAY
Yeah, and those little numbers tell
me that a Mr. Frank Stanton owns
that pretty little red Mustang GT.
(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

And he lives in the Hamptons, that swanky place with all those Wall Street wonders and Hollywood folk.

SAVANNAH

How nice for them.

CLAY

And for you. Seeing that Frank wants you back. Seems upset that you left him so suddenly.

SAVANNAH

I left him alive -- and that was a kindness.

CLAY

Well he's rather intent that you kindly come back. Paid some nice fellas to help you out with that.
(looks right at her)
But you checked out of your motel and left them with the bill.

The cat's out of the bag. She needs new tactics -- fast.

SAVANNAH

My name's Savannah, Sheriff, after our fine city. My roots are here. Deep roots. I'm a Southern woman.
(with wounded pride)

And this Frank Stanton is a Northern boy who knows nothing of our ways or how to treat a real woman. Anything from the South is still just a conquest for him, something acquired, something he thinks he owns. He feels superior to us because of where he was born.

CLAY

Seems you agreed to marry him. He wants to come collect you.

SAVANNAH

I said yes so I could leave without him being suspicious. He's a monster. I won't go back. You must believe me -- look who he sent to bring me back to "home sweet home."

CLAY

I've looked very carefully at them and it doesn't look good for you.

SAVANNAH

Then consider I'm also a business woman and will make you a deal.

CLAY

Miss Savannah, you already did.

To her shock and dismay, he pats her GUCCI BAG in the back.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(ala Elvis)

And I thank you very much.

She swings her arm to slap him, but he stops her.

SAVANNAH

I thought we understood each other.

CLAY

Oh I understand you, and you understand our Southern ways. And this--

(re: Gucci bag money)

--is just enough to prove those poor dumb bastards shot each other.

SAVANNAH

That's a lot of proof, for you.

CLAY

Inflation's a bitch. And you... are a Southern woman.

SAVANNAH

Who's going to jail.

CLAY

Oh no. Just to my home, to get cleaned up.

INT. CLAY TANNER'S HOME - NIGHT

A Southern mansion with a sweeping curved staircase that leads upstairs from the foyer. He's done well as a sheriff.

A ravishing Creole-African-American young woman, DELILAH, carries a silver tray with a single SPONGE and a MINT JULEP.

At the top of the stairs, she heads down a hallway and INTO--

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT

Luxuriously appointed -- with a sunken bathtub now filled with hot water and suds -- and Savannah.

burn

STILL
ONLY
35¢

APRIL

NASCAR NUNS
are a
BAD HABIT



More Stories to **BURN**

Harry Stone never figured he'd win more than his life in a knife fight with Mexican bandit, Chaco Torres. But when the *banditos* hand him a beautiful runaway bride and a head start to the border, he suddenly sees the upside to an arms deal gone south... until the girl decides she has plans of her own and Harry discovers he's on the run in ... ***"HELL HATH NO FURY!"***.

Abducted on her wedding day by the men she swore she'd put away for good... a beautiful Mob-busting D.A. is forced to entertain her captors in the City's sleaziest underground strip club. But this girl's about to give the Mob "Baci de Tutti Baci" as she divides and conquers from within during a stage show they'll never forget in... ***"THE BRIDE AND THE BRASS POLE!"***

Mitzy Morris was a beautiful but broke pin-up girl forced to work in Grade D movies until the O.S.S. came calling. Now she's part of a covert assassination plot that could win the war if she can just put on the performance of her life. She's a good girl forced to do bad things for her country because... ***"TONIGHT SHE SLEEPS WITH HITLER!"***

A bad girl biker chick offered up as a peace offering between two warring gangs... a highly addictive pheromone-based "sex" drug about to hit the streets... and an undercover cop fatally attracted to both as he escorts them to a rendezvous with fate in... ***"LETHAL LOVES OF A BIKER BITCH!"***

A young and cocky C.I.A. agent stationed in Berlin is charged with recruiting an East German model with ties to Soviet intelligence. But it soon becomes unclear who's recruiting who and a slam dunk mission quickly spirals into a lesson in East / West relations that threatens both his career and his life in a place where... ***"DEATH WEARS A THONG!"***

A lonely insurance investigator tackles a series of spectacular high-rise heists – all of which point to a mysterious escort service specializing in circus performers. But as she goes undercover to nab these big top wannabes, she develops a taste for working the other side of the law – until she falls hard for one of their victims in... ***"SEX CLOWN POSSE!"***

You know you want more *pure guilty pleasure...*

Stay tuned next week... for there's always more *heat* to **BURN!**