

CATWOMAN

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Current Revisions By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BRISTOL - DAY

CLOSE ON: PATIENCE, 9, big eyes, full of concentration, singing a lullaby to a KITTEN in her arms. The kitten: shockingly black, but for two distinctive white circles around its eyes, purring, belly exposed. Interrupted by-

VOICE

(O.S.)

Patience!

PATIENCE

Coming!

Reveal that Patience stands high up in an old OAK TREE, wobbling her way back and forth across its uppermost branch. The kitten clings to her neck as Patience climbs with great agility halfway down the tree and jumps to the ground.

See Patience in full: approximately one hundred BARRETTES decorate her head, tufts of hair going every-which-way. And on her body, mismatched homemade clothing, bursting with almost as much color and energy as the child herself.

INT. PATIENCE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

CONSTANCE, Patience's mother, beautiful underneath the wayward hair, the general clutter, is running through the house frantically, one shoe on her foot. Patience enters, and immediately locates the missing shoe.

CONSTANCE

You're so smart.

PATIENCE

So are you.

CONSTANCE

Your mother can't even dress herself, honey.

PATIENCE

Brilliant inventors don't need to get dressed, remember?

Throughout the house, appliances and unidentifiable gadgets sit in various states of assembly. Also, see several sketches and DESIGNS scattered throughout. Most notably, various drawings of a DISHWASHER.

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Meanwhile, Constance has made her way to the front door.
Then she turns around.

CONSTANCE
I can't do it.

PATIENCE
Mr. Greenaway, my design, c'mon-

CONSTANCE
(by rote)
-Mr. Greenaway, my design has
revolutionized the appliance...

PATIENCE
And I deserve - no I'm entitled.

CONSTANCE
I'm entitled to a share of the profits.
Don't ever be like this, honey.

PATIENCE
Like what?

Constance crouches low to the ground, eye-to-eye-

CONSTANCE (cont'd)
Even if the world thinks you're a
complete nutjob, be confident, be proud,
stand up and say it. Just because you
break the mold doesn't mean they can
break you for it. You wanna join the rat
race fine. But tell 'em, even if you win-

PATIENCE
-you're still a rat.

CONSTANCE
Good girl. Now what do you do?

PATIENCE
I love you.

They hug, kiss.

CONSTANCE
I love you too.....Now where's Ray?

The door opens. RAY, Black, twenties, decent, enters. He
wears a ZOO UNIFORM.

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CONTINUED: (2)

RAY

Sorry, disagreements over the temperature of the penguin pool again. Zoo politics. You know the story.

CONSTANCE

Maybe I shouldn't go.

RAY

You're going. C'mon, Constance. Out.

On Constance's way out the door-

PATIENCE

Mom, your designs.

Patience brings a mess of PAPERS to Constance.

PATIENCE

And I'm entitled-

CONSTANCE

-to a share of the profits. I'm-

EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Constance, determined.

CONSTANCE

-entitled to a share of the profits.

A chilly night. Clutching her papers to her chest, Constance makes her way down the Promenade -a quaint Ma & Pa stretch which determines the center of Bristol. She passes a SIGN on her way:

BRISTOL. POP. 9,273. HOME OF THE GOOSEBERRY.

Constance keeps moving. Her destination: a disorderly, somewhat-dilapidated shop: GREENAWAY & SON APPLIANCES. When she gets there-

CONSTANCE

Who are you kidding? You're not entitled to anything.....Nutjob. Stupid-weirdo-nutjob-stupid-weirdo-nutjob...

MR. GREENAWAY

(O.S.)

You too, huh?

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CONTINUED:

SIMON GREENAWAY SR., fifties, disheveled, what hair remains on his head is surely out of place. He wears a cardigan that hasn't been washed in years and carries two large TRASH BAGS.

CONSTANCE

Mr. Greenaway, hi.

MR. GREENAWAY

You need something, Constance?

Now see the main DISPLAY WINDOW of the shop. Inside, a DISHWASHER. And the promotional BANNER strung above: 'DISHWASHER OF THE FUTURE: HAVE DESSERT ON THE DINNER PLATES' and 'FLASH CLEANING ACTION WITH THE AMAZING NEW REVERSE IONIC CHIP.'

CONSTANCE

Yes. I was hoping to talk to your son.

- See SIMON GREENAWAY JR. twenties. In utter contrast to the jumbled mess around him, Simon is meticulous, not a hair out of place. At the moment, he is demonstrating the dishwasher to his CUSTOMERS.

Constance stares at Simon. He looks up; sees Constance. Stares back.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A piercing SCREAM.

Which comes from Patience's kitten, Spooky, who is crying at the top of her little lungs. Reveal that she is suspended over a tub of water - Patience and Ray at the other end of this attempted washing.

PATIENCE

I thought cats wash themselves.

RAY

Not when they roll around in a puddle of mud they don't.

The DOORBELL rings. Patience gets up.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Patience answers. At the door: a POLICEMAN in uniform. SID POST, kind face, avuncular. But deeply sad at the moment.

PATIENCE

Hi, Sid. My mom's not here.

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CONTINUED:

Sid crouches down to Patience's level. As he searches for the words - deeply troubled -

SID POST

I know.

PATIENCE

Something happened.

SID POST

Yes.

PATIENCE

Something bad.

SID POST

Patience. It's your mom. She-

EXT. BRISTOL - NIGHT

Dark. Overcast. The sky rumbling. And Patience - numb, stunned - leaves her house, clutching Spooky to her chest. As Patience gets into the car-

RAY

C'mon, Sid. She should be with me right now. I'm more family than this woman.

SID POST

Legally you're not. C'mon, let's get this over with.

They get into the car. As they pull away, Patience stares out the window, watching her home recede in the distance.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightning. The crack of thunder. Pouring rain. At the doorstep, Ray and Sid stand on either side of Patience, attempting to comfort.

RAY

I'm gonna take you to the zoo every Sunday.

(whispering)

I'll let you pet Sara, the tiger, okay?

Finally, the door swings open. Meet AUNT ESTELLE: a huge, cigarette-smoking, slovenly nightmare of a woman.

SID POST

Hi, Ms.-

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AUNT ESTELLE

(re: Spooky)

I didn't say she could have a pet.

RAY

This is Patience's kitten, ma'am. Her mom gave-

AUNT ESTELLE

Can't the girl talk for herself?

SID POST

She's been through a lot.

AUNT ESTELLE

Thanks for the newsflash. C'mon.

As Estelle grabs Patience by the arm and pulls her inside-

RAY

Hey, you don't have to be so-

Estelle slams the door in Ray's face.

RAY (cont'd)

-rough.

INT. DILAPIDATED HELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Another clap of thunder. Inside: piles upon piles of newspaper, garbage in the hall. Cigarette butts everywhere.

AUNT ESTELLE

I give you a roof over your head-

See the roof leaking everywhere. Rain dripping throughout.

AUNT ESTELLE (cont'd)

-three meals a day-

Used pizza boxes litter the place. Empty soup cans filled with cigarette butts and ashes.

AUNT ESTELLE (cont'd)

-and you bring a pet here on top of it.

At which point, a cat arrives at Patience's foot. Reveal that the house is filled with them. CAT upon cat upon cat. Swarming. Open cans of catfood and litterboxes cover the kitchen counters, the top of the refrigerator, the floor.

One cat stands out from the rest: a huge black one, curiously with the same distinctive white circles around its eyes as

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CONTINUED:

seen on Spooky. This is the leader of the pack - the BUDDHA-CAT if you will - and at the moment, she is carefully considering Patience from the top of the refrigerator.

AUNT ESTELLE (cont'd)

You know, your mom sucked her thumb when she was kid. Figures she'd end up sucking on a tail pipe.

Estelle dumps a can of cat food on the floor and starts using the empty container as her ashtray. As she does-

PATIENCE

(meekly)

She didn't do it.

AUNT ESTELLE

You say something?

Louder, more forcefully-

PATIENCE

She wouldn't do that. She would never kill herself.

AUNT ESTELLE

Wrapped her lips around that tailpipe like it was the last fudgesicle in July.

At which point, Patience has lost her patience. She charges her aunt - punching, kicking, little fists flailing.

PATIENCE

Shut up, you fat pig!

AUNT ESTELLE

We'll see about that.

With one hand, Estelle secures the struggling child by the scruff of her neck. With the other, she grabs Spooky. Then turns, opens a door, and tosses Patience down a pitch-black flight of stairs. Followed by the kitten.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patience goes flying down the stairs. Then Spooky..

AUNT ESTELLE

You can just stay there until you learn how to behave.

The door slams. Then locks. Patience looks around, horrified, as a flash of lightning reveals rain pouring in, and the basement knee-deep in water.

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CONTINUED:

A clap of thunder. Patience screams, runs up the stairs, pounds on the door.

PATIENCE

Let me out! Let me out of here!

INT. DILAPIDATED HELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Estelle lights a new cigarette off the one she's got going-

AUNT ESTELLE

(mimicking)

Let me out! Let me out of here!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patience is crouched at the top of the stairs - wailing.

PATIENCE

Mommy. I want my mommy!

INT. DILAPIDATED HELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Buddha-cat turns her ear, listens for a moment, and stands. All the other cats turn, one by one, and watch, as the Buddha-cat stretches and leaps to the floor.

The cat pads over to the doorway of the stairs, walking through a LITTER BOX as she does. In the box: see a NEWSPAPER lining the bottom. GOTHAM CITY'S CATWOMAN CONFIRMED DEAD. Once out of the box, the Buddha-cat reaches out a paw and scrapes at a small opening in the wall. In a moment, all the cats are moving, swarming.

Estelle eats and smokes, oblivious, while several of the smaller cats slip through the crack. Others pad down the hallway, finding other entrances to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patience is at the top of the stairs, sobbing still.

Then a different SOUND. See Spooky, almost submerged in the water, struggling for her life. Frightened, but determined, Patience slowly goes down the stairs, reaches into the water.

Meanwhile, the cats have found their way into the basement. They watch - still, focused - as Patience retrieves Spooky.

Patience returns the top of the stairs, Spooky in her lap. In a moment, several cats are rubbing against her legs. She looks up. Cats are everywhere. Coming in through the walls. Snuggling against her. Comforting her.

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Patience leans back, closes her eyes, accepting the friendship. PUSH IN on Spooky in her lap as we-

TIME CUT TO Spooky. Twelve years later. Same rings around her eyes, but aged now. And reveal that Spooky is-

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

-trotting down a sidewalk, passing a sign that reads: THE GREENAWAY JUBILATION TOWN CENTER VILLAGE PROMENADE. And:

BRISTOL. POP. 33,927. HOME OF THE GREENAWAY CHIP.

A far cry from the Ma & Pa stretch from years ago, the Promenade is now a main street like many main streets in America, populated with the familiar stores. See them as Spooky makes her way: JAVA HUT, PINEAPPLE NATION (i.e. Banana Republic), THE WEDGE (the Gap), AND SHEDS AND REGALS (Barnes and Nobles). Also, see GREENAWAY & SON APPLIANCES, not even a glimmer of its former self. -Twelve years later it is - clean, pristine, with perfectly-stocked shelves. Still the Dishwasher of the Future in the window display, however.

As Spooky completes her tour, we come to the edge of the Promenade. And just beyond it, we find the one 'what-doesn't-belong-in-this-picture' establishment. It's a slightly run-down, yet quaint spot - PATIENCE'S DOG & CAT GROOMING SALON. Spooky hops through a doggy/cat-door-

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - DAY

-where we find Patience, all grown-up now, lovely, if not slightly disheveled, a bit self-conscious. Much like her mother, in fact.

And see Patience's shop: the expected combination of feline/canine decor. Dog beds and scratching posts generously fill the room. A pink NEON SIGN reading 'PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE' dominates one wall. Halloween decor throughout.

At the moment, Patience is obsessively combing and shaping the hair of a contented gray PERSIAN, while SERENA, 9, addresses the tail.

PATIENCE

Good work, Serena. You're a natural.

Meanwhile, Patience sees Spooky scampering in.

PATIENCE

There you are Spooky. Get Serena the green ribbon, would you?

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CONTINUED:

SALLY

(O.S.)

She's a cat. She doesn't speak English.

See SALLY, twenties, Patience's feisty assistant. Whereas Patience has managed to hide her figure behind baggy clothing, Sally leaves not one detail to the imagination. And there are plenty of details.

As Spooky brings Patience a white ribbon-

PATIENCE

I just keep thinking I can speak cat.

SALLY

You say things like that and I understand why you sit home alone on the weekends.

PATIENCE

I don't sit home al-

SALLY

Cats, dogs, and amphibious reptiles don't count. Same with trips to the zoo with Ray and Serena. No offense, sweetie.

SERENA

That's alright.

SALLY

But tonight you're coming with me. I don't care what you say.

In perfect unison-

PATIENCE & SALLY

I'm not coming.

SALLY

Yes you are, cuz Detective Hotty's gonna be there, and you're gonna talk to him.

PATIENCE

Well, I can't. I don't-

In perfect unison-

PATIENCE & SALLY

-have a costume.

SALLY

I knew you'd say that too.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Sally produces a COSTUME from behind the counter. It's one of those drugstore-bought kid-costume numbers. And it's a CAT, complete with tail, ears, and whiskers.

PATIENCE
I can't wear that.

SALLY
Why not?

PATIENCE
It's a leotard.

SALLY
Patience Price, I can't tell you how much I look forward to the day when you take a look at yourself in the mirror and say, oh my god, I have a phenomenal ass.

PATIENCE
Sally-

SALLY
Pardon me, Serena.
- (to Patience)
Know what I'd do if I had that body? I'd walk around naked year-round. In the winter I might wear socks.

The door JINGLES. It's Ray, twelve years older now.

RAY
Sorry I'm late. Problems with the turtle tank chlorinator. I gotta get right back. How's my sweetie?

Ray goes and kisses Serena, his daughter.

PATIENCE
She's been earning her keep.

SERENA
Sally just said 'ass.'

RAY
(glaring at Sally)
She did, did she?

Seeing Spooky-

RAY (cont'd)
Hello, old lady. You hanging in there?

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PATIENCE
She's not that old, Ray.

RAY
Sorry. Say goodbye, Serena.

PATIENCE
Bye sweetie.

Serena kisses Patience, then whispers in her ear-

SERENA
Wear the lectard, Patience. Bye, Sally.

Sally distractedly waves goodbye, her attention occupied by the TELEVISION. On it: SIMON GREENAWAY standing behind a podium - thirties, perfectly polished, precisely-tailored suit. Twelve years later and still not a hair out of place.

SALLY
Bye, hon.

Ray and Serena leave.

SALLY (cont'd)
Is it just me or is Simon Greenaway
getting cuter every year?

PATIENCE
It's just you.

SALLY
Look at him. He's so clean and
unattainable, so distant....I find him
incredibly attractive.

Patience rolls her eyes.

SALLY (cont'd)
You'll see, one day, thanks to him, we'll
be sitting out on our brand-new Neo-
Colonial style porches sipping lemonade,
enjoying the lifestyle we all deserve in
our city of the future.

PATIENCE
You sound like the brochure.

SALLY
That is the brochure.

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PATIENCE

Well I won't live in one of those things.
Celebration. What's to celebrate?

SALLY

It's called Jubilation, and what's to
celebrate is a better quality of life.

PATIENCE

It's a cookie-cutter, Disneyland prison,
where people can't even choose the color
of their own curtains. For godsakes,
just look what he did to the Promenade.

SALLY

What? He made it gorgeous? He made it
clean?

PATIENCE

Too gorgeous, Sally. Too clean. Where's...
the character?

SALLY

In my studio walk-up with a shower in the
middle of the kitchen.

PATIENCE

He's a thief, Sally. I saw the sketches
myself. My mom designed that chip.

SALLY

Right, and my Uncle Harry invented the
pentium processor.

And Sally goes.

PATIENCE

Hey, your shift's not-

The door shuts.

PATIENCE (cont'd)

-over yet.

And Patience is left alone, staring at Simon Greenaway.

EXT. NEW BRISTOL - PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a large LOGO for the Greenaway Chip decorating a
podium. Behind it: Simon Greenaway, who is mid-speech-

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CONTINUED:

SIMON

-a privately-run, precisely-planned city of the future where every blade of grass is accounted for. Water so pure, it'll be like having Evian from the sprinklers.

Cheers from the crowd. See the BANNER above Simon's head: GREENAWAY CORP: CLEANING UP BRISTOL. And: JUBILATION. FOR SALE: A NEW WAY OF LIFE. Also see a large WATER TOWER on the horizon (the Greenaway Chip logo decorates that too).

SIMON (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, future residents of Jubilation, welcome home. Lily.

LILY VILLANOVA, early thirties, Simon's assistant, tall, blonde, beautiful, perfect, is manning the controls. She tugs at a wire, at which point-

-A HUGE CURTAIN hanging behind the podium parts in the middle, revealing-

-a MODEL JUBILATION HOME. Pristine. White so white it makes you squint. The lawn - hyper-green, every blade of grass accounted for - standing at attention. And the building itself, a mishmash of American architectural cliches: the obligatory WHITE PICKET FENCE and GINGERBREAD AWNINGS. The requisite PORCH with the requisite PITCHER OF LEMONADE set out by the requisite PORCH SWING.

The crowd moves closer, the oohs and aahs multiplying with each step. Simon makes his exit, shaking hands as he goes.

At which point, we see GIGI WELLS, late twenties, ace reporter, skeptic, pushing her way through, screaming questions as she goes.

GIGI

Mr. Greenaway, by privately run, don't you mean that you own everything?

Simon signals for SECURITY.

GIGI (cont'd)

He says every blade of grass will be accounted for like it's a good thing. It's not a good thing!

And Gigi is gone. Meanwhile, see a TODDLER approaching Simon, reaching out to him with his half-eaten LOLLIPOP stuck to his palm. Simon dodges the little one and get into his waiting car. Lily follows.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Lily hands Simon a large bottle of HAND SANITIZER. As Simon starts to furiously scrubs the people of Bristol away and Lily retrieves a fresh HANDKERCHIEF-

SIMON

I thought it might maul me.

LILY

It's different when they're your own -
I'm told.

INT. BAI TO STUDIOS - DAY

A room of sweating, hopping, roundhouse-kicking women. It's Bai To and it's serious. Move down the line of participants: first Patience - punching awkwardly, timidly - her body lost beneath a baggy sweatsuit. Then Sally, dressed skimpily, attempting to sex up the martial-arts moves. Then Gigi, intent, as aggressive in her kicking as in her reporting. Then Lily, looking perfect in a thong.

And go to the front of the room, where we find BOBBY BRASCO, Black, two-percent bodyfat, ageless, leading the charge.

BOBBY

One more for that pint-of-ice-cream-I-know-you-ate-standing-by-the-freezer-in-your-pajamas-right-out-of-the-carton-last-night-even-though-you-swore-it-would-be-just-a-spoon. Except for you, Lily. You're just fine.

Go to Lily, just fine, kicking higher than high. Meanwhile, Gigi is kicking her way close to Patience. Then-

GIGI

I've got sources who say he wants to control more than just the color of the walls, if you know what I mean. You'll see in the article. I would tell you details, but it's highly confidential.

PATIENCE

Of course. I understand.

INT. LOCKERROOM - DAY

Now Patience and Gigi are post-shower, getting dressed. Without missing a beat-

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CONTINUED:

GIGI

He keeps his dad in the basement.

PATIENCE

What?

GIGI

Calls him his file clerk. Makes him live in storage - literally underground. I'm playing with that metaphor in my article.

PATIENCE

What do you mean, a file clerk?

GIGI

I mean, all the paper pre-computer-age stuff is down there. Simon tossed in his dad in with the other relics.

As Patience considers this, Gigi does a few aggressive Bai To moves directed toward an imaginary Simon in the mirror.

GIGI (cont'd)

Evian from the sprinklers, my ass. Evian spelled backwards is 'naive.' Boom.

Now Lily walks by. Showered and dressed, her LONG BLONDE HAIR still wet, Lily heads out.

GIGI (cont'd)

Look at her. Tall, blonde, leggy and she can air dry.

PATIENCE

It doesn't seem fair.

And both Gigi and Patience turn on their HAIR DRYERS.

EXT. BRISTOL ZOO - DAY

CLOSE ON: Patience - confiding.

PATIENCE

My mom would want me to do it, Sara. I mean, if there's some kind of paper trail, copies of her designs maybe, I could blackmail him ... Don't give me that look. I know perfectly well how to blackmail... Anyway, I bet Sally does.

Reveal that Patience is talking to SARA, a tiger. She sits on a small STOOL in her cage, brushing her friend/stand-in therapist's coat. At which point, Ray arrives.

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CONTINUED:

RAY

Patience, what are you doing here?

PATIENCE

Visiting Sara. Like every other Tuesday.

RAY

Patience, the sale went through. Zoo's gonna be leveled in less than a week. Sara's off to some place in Singapore.

PATIENCE

What are you talking about? It was gonna take forever to get that through.

RAY

It's done, sweetheart.

PATIENCE

No, we can fix it. It's just temporary.

At which point, we see a WRECKING BALL being driven in. Also, WORKERS removing the SIGN for the REPTILE HABITAT.

RAY

So was the reptile habitat.

EXT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - DAY

Patience walks with determination toward the entrance of a large OFFICE BUILDING. The Greenaway Chip logo dominates the front. Patience gets to the door, then abruptly turns around. After much pacing back and forth, she enters.

INT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - DAY

A sleek, modern lobby. Manned by a large SECURITY GUARD. Patience approaches, her GROOMING SUPPLY BAG with her.

PATIENCE

Pet Grooming Salon for Lily Villanova.

As the Guard looks at his list, Patience speaks rapidly-

PATIENCE (cont'd)

Could you hurry that up? I got an urgent page regarding Lily's poodle, whose curl tends to frizz in this humidity and I need to get to her before the moisture reaches the follicle - the poodle, I mean, not Lily-

In no mood for this, the Guard abandons his search.

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CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD
Please, lady - just go.

INT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

Patience makes her way through the few SUITS, then bypasses the elevator bank, in favor of the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

A narrow, dimly-lit affair. Patience cautiously goes down. She turns a corner of the cramped hallway, which-

INT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - BASEMENT - DAY

-reveals a huge football-field sized space, filled with FILING CABINETS, loose PAPERS, boxes upon boxes of DOCUMENTS. Taking in the sheer volume-

PATIENCE
Holy moly.

As Patience ventures forth, notice a small SECURITY CAMERA.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Guard mans his post, reading the stock quotes. Just beyond his newspaper, see Patience on one of his several SECURITY CAMERA MONITORS. When the Guard turns the page, he does a doubletake.

SECURITY GUARD
What the-

INT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - BASEMENT - DAY

And back to Patience, who is closing yet another file drawer and moving on. Then she stops. Ahead of her, see a closed door. Light coming from beneath. Patience goes toward it.

INT. GREENAWAY SR'S ROOM - DAY

The mess in this room makes the storage space look orderly. And then there's Simon Greenaway Sr., sleeping on a COUCH in the middle of the room, still wearing the same cardigan from twelve years ago.

Patience enters. Behind Greenaway's couch, see the one FILING CABINET in the room. Quietly, tiptoeing, Patience moves toward it. She methodically climbs over a chair, silently hurdles a stack of papers, and quietly sidesteps a mess of appliance parts. Then she climbs up to the edge of Greenaway's couch. She opens the top file drawer. Slowly.

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Inside: a drawer BURSTING with FILES. Patience quickly rifles through them, then comes to the one marked CONSTANCE PRICE. Barely able to contain herself, Patience grabs the file, opens it. See a glimpse of a picture of Constance. And then - just a glimpse of DESIGNS behind it. In her excitement, Patience loses her balance. She tumbles off the couch, landing with a noisy crash. Greenaway comes to.

MR. GREENAWAY

Who are you?

Followed by the Guard-

SECURITY GUARD

Poodle emergency, huh?

PATIENCE

I, I'm-

And with that, Patience drops the file and runs out.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: dozens of empty WATER BOTTLES surrounding a BATHTUB. Reveal Simon, soaking in the gourmet tub. And Lily, who sits perched on the toilet, handing item after item to her lover/boss: the soap, the bath salts, the industrial bottle of antibacterial sanitizing wash. The usual.

LILY

Just once.

SIMON

No.

LILY

I still don't understand why.

SIMON

This is still water, Lily. You might as well gather up all the toxins in your system, put them in a vial, and inject them directly into my veins.

LILY

I just thought it would be romantic. I thought we could add bubbles. Like a normal couple.

As Lily scrubs Simon's back with antibacterial cucumber-scented exfoliating cream-

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CONTINUED:

SIMON

We are a normal couple. We're the epitome of normal.

Interrupted by a VOICE on the intercom-

SECURITY GUARD

(O.S.)

Excuse me, Mr. Greenaway, I think you should take a look at something.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: the tape of Patience at work. Pull back to reveal Simon, dressed now, watching with Lily and the Guard.

LILY

It's that dog and cat lady. She's in my Bai To class. Sucks big time too.

SECURITY GUARD

Here's what she was after.

The Guard produces the FILE for Simon. Refusing to touch the dust-covered item, Lily takes it herself.

SIMON

Thank you. That's all.

The Guard leaves. Meanwhile, Lily is looking at the file.

LILY

Who's Constance Price? What are these drawings?

Quickly, Simon snatches the file away, goes to his SAFE.

SIMON

Constance is her mother. Was her mother.

LILY

She worked for you?

SIMON

Classic nutjob, so I had to get rid of her. Like mother, like daughter.

LILY

Well what should we do?

SIMON

A little preventative medicine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The safe opens. Simon shuts Constance's file inside.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Patience's CAT COSTUME hanging on her closet door. See Patience, eating a DINNER FOR ONE in front of the television, taking furtive glances at the leotard ensemble.

Finally, she gets up, puts the costume against her body and goes to the window. In the apartment directly across: see BILL LONE (A.K.A DETECTIVE HOTTY), twenties, easy on the eyes, eating his own dinner in front of the t.v.

PATIENCE

Oh, hi Detective...No, please, I look silly...No, don't put yourself down in the first sentence...Hi, Bill...Thanks, I just threw it together today...No, too breezy, too fake....Hi, Bill-

But this time, as Patience waves her mock-hello, she gets a wave back from Bill himself.

Immediately, Patience drops to the floor. See Lone go closer to his window, looking for Patience, confused.

Followed by a BUZZING from Patience's INTERCOM. Patience crawls across the room to answer it, using a mop handle to press the button so she can stay out of sight.

PATIENCE (cont'd)

Sally, I changed-

SALLY

(O.S.)

You can't change your mind. I need a wingwoman.

PATIENCE

I'm telling you right now, under no circumstance are you're getting me in that outfit and out to that party.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

On the precinct steps, where we find Patience in the outfit (a trench coat over it, at the moment) and out to the party. Sally wears a FRENCH-MAID costume, complete with fishnets and THIGH-HIGH BLACK STILETTO BOOTS.

SALLY

Okay, count of three. One, two-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Sally gets to three, she pulls off Patience's coat.
Reveal the leotard/tail ensemble beneath.

PATIENCE

I feel stupid.

SALLY

You look great. What about me? Hot,
right?

PATIENCE

Yes. Although I don't know if french
maids actually wear thigh-high stilettos.
They're not great for mopping.

SALLY

Good thing I'm not going for accuracy,
then. C'mon.

PATIENCE

Just promise me you're not gonna do what
you usually do.

SALLY

What do I-usually do?

PATIENCE

Hump with some guy in the middle of the
dance floor while I stand by the punch
bowl. Please don't do that.

SALLY

That's ridiculous, Patience.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Where we find Sally gyrating with SOME GUY in the middle of
the dance floor and Patience standing by the PUNCH BOWL. And
next to Patience, Sid Post, the cop from her childhood, gray
now. At the moment, Sid is trying to recruit another cop,
DETECTIVE MADSEN, as a dancing partner for his friend-

SID POST

Just one song.

MADSEN

I think my niece just went trick-or-
treating in that exact costume, Sid.

As the negotiations continue, Patience makes her exit. She
goes through a back door, which leads to-

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DOG QUARTERS - NIGHT

Five GERMAN SHEPARDS, three ROTTWEILERS, and one PIT BULL. They bark ferociously until Patience enters and lets the canines smell her hands. Immediate silence, slobbering.

PATIENCE

Hey, Buster, are you a good boy? Oh, Hector, look at you, you're filthy. How about a nice bath next time I come?

VOICE

(O.S.)

That sounds great.

And lovelier words could not be spoken. Because they're coming from the lovely mouth of the lovely Detective Bill Lone. Get a better look at him now: kind face, zen-like calm about him.... And he's creamy.

Which prompts a flurry of nervous talk from Patience-

PATIENCE

Oh, well, you look pretty...clean, to me.

LONE

I like your costume, Patience.

PATIENCE

No, I look silly, Detective.

LONE

How long have we known each other, Patience?

PATIENCE

A long time.

LONE

Long enough that you should call me Bill, don't you think?

PATIENCE

Okay. Bill. You can call me Patience.

LONE

I already call you Patience, Patience.

PATIENCE

Oh. Right.

LONE

I'm sorry about the zoo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

The zoo. The city. Everything.

LONE

Of disasters - none is greater than not knowing when one has enough. That's Te-Tao Ching.

PATIENCE

Oh....Smart guy.

LONE

Te-Tao Ching's actually the text. Lao-Tzu's the guy.

PATIENCE

Right. So what else does he say?

Looking at Patience's costume-

LONE

I don't think I've seen your legs since free swim in the eight grade.

PATIENCE

Lao-Tzu said that?

LONE

No, I did.

PATIENCE

Excuse me.

At which point, Patience flees.

EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

Patience walks quickly through the Promenade, securing her trench coat tightly around her. See a good number of SIGNS for the FIRST ANNUAL JUBILATION GALA as she goes.

PATIENCE

(to herself)

Then you can keep on calling me Patience then....Stupid. Weirdo. Nutjob. Stupid-weirdo-nutjob-stupid-weirdo-nutjob.

Patience arrives at her shop.

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - NIGHT

Patience makes her way in. Suddenly, Spooky leaps onto the front counter, seemingly from nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

Oh, Spooky. You scared me.

The cat rubs up against Patience's hand. She bats her hand around, causing her to dance and play. Soon ANOTHER CAT joins them. Then, suddenly, they stop. Completely still.

PATIENCE (cont'd)

Hey, you guys, what's the ma-

Interrupted by a GLOVED HAND over Patience's mouth. It belongs to a MAN IN A SKI MASK, and he is dragging Patience into the store. The LIGHTS go out. Patience looks around, terrified, eyes darting, as the shop seems suddenly overrun with THUGS. Patience kicks and screams, momentarily clinging to the counter, the shelves - anything she can hold on to.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

As the Thugs pass Patience up the fire escape - rung by rung-

PATIENCE

No, wait, stop it-

But they continue.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

TWO MORE THUGS wait on the rooftop, receiving Patience in their arms and dragging her to the other side of the roof.

PATIENCE

Why are you doing this? Stop - please.

And without ceremony, the faceless strangers push Patience off the side of the building. She falls.

And falls. And f

a

l

l

s

some more. Until

THWACK. The inevitable. Patience lands with a sickening thud. In death, splayed out lifelessly on the concrete, Patience stares blankly above her. On the roof, the punks look down at their hardiwork. In the distance, hear sounds of Halloween merrymaking, incongruously cheerful. Interrupted by one piercing-

-MEOW. From Spooky. The cat runs out, stands over Patience's dead body. Calling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Which brings more cats. More still. Soon, cats everywhere. Rubbing against Patience, licking her. Preparing her-

-for the breath of life. Which Spooky initiates. Releasing the mystical force which they have held for years, knowing in their psychic, catlike, we-were-worshipped-by-the-Pharaohs-in-ancient-Egypt wisdom that this moment would come.

Until finally, we are witnessing a strange and mystifying 'feline CPR ballet.' The breathing of the spirit of Catwoman into the body of Patience.

Nothing at first. Just an eerie silence. And then, with one deep gasp, Patience jolts into frame. Suddenly sitting up, looking around her. Confused.

EXT. BRISTOL - NIGHT

Patience staggers down the street - disoriented, hair a mess, clothes torn. Suddenly, she stops, looks around her.

See what she sees: the colors are strained, vibrant. The landscape hyper-real. A quick movement at the corner of her vision alerts her, and she moves with lightning speed. Then she looks down.

See a BIRD in Patience's grasp. Patience considers the animal, a hungry gleam in her eye. She raises it - ravenous - to her mouth. Patience is about to bite, when she catches a glimpse of herself in a window nearby. Horrified, she lets the bird go, then backs her way down the street.

EXT. BRISTOL - NIGHT

Patience moves briskly now, passing groups of Halloween PARTIERS as she goes (including one discreet Batman and Catwoman couple). She comes to a SEEDY BAR, where several BIKERS hang outside. Hear a WOLF WHISTLE, then-

BIKER

Nice rack, pussycat. Mee-owza!

Patience, still in her Halloween cat costume, walks faster.

BIKER (cont'd)

Hey, I'm just being friendly.

The Biker grabs Patience by the arm. In an instant, Patience turns, swiftly knocking him with a skilled kickboxing move.

BIKER (cont'd)

What the hell-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, out of nowhere, Patience swats at the Biker's face, her nails slicing deep into his flesh. Like claws. As the Biker holds on to his fresh wounds, in agony-

PATIENCE

Guess I'm not looking for friends.

And Patience turns to go. ANOTHER BIKER calls after her-

ANOTHER BIKER

Hey, where'd you learn to do that?

As Patience looks down at her claw-like nails, her suddenly-capable legs-

PATIENCE

I...I don't know.

Now terrified, Patience starts to run.

EXT. BRISTOL ZOO - NIGHT

Patience comes to a GATE, tries it. Locked. She starts to paw at the wrought iron, rubbing up against it. Then she climbs it, then gracefully leaps off the top and lands inside. Now she runs off, disappearing into the night.

EXT. THE BRISTOL ZOO - DAY

Patience is curled up very contentedly in a big fur tiger-patterned rug. Only, it's not a rug.

Pull back to reveal that Patience sleeps soundly in the arms of Sara, the tiger. Patience wakes up. She stretches her arms above her head, arches her back. Then she notices her surroundings. Quickly, she gets up - confused, scared.

EXT. OLD BRISTOL - CONTINUOUS

Running now, Patience heads down the sidewalk of a simple neighborhood. She comes to a neat, but worn-out bungalow.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Anxious, impatient, Patience knocks on the door. Hear ARGUING coming from within. Patience knocks more rapidly. Finally, Ray opens it, sees the state of Patience-

RAY

Patience, what happened to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

Well, let's see. First some guys pushed me off a roof. Then I woke up, tried to eat a bird, found I had retractable claws-

At which point, AUNT LUCINDA, a terror of a woman - a skinnier version of Patience's Aunt Estelle - is pulling a PET CARRYING CASE away from a wailing Serena.

SERENA

But it's my guinea pig!

LUCINDA

And it's my house and I won't have that thing in it. Period.

PATIENCE

What's going on, Ray?

RAY

Serena's going to Lucinda's for a while. Now, what happened? Are you okay?

PATIENCE

Why is Serena going?

RAY

Because this is zoo property, which means it's now Greenaway property and guess who's evicting all the tenants? He's already started tearing some places down.

PATIENCE

He can't do that. There are laws.

RAY

There are loopholes. I can't explain this right now, Patience....Lucinda, let her keep the guinea pig, for godsakes.

PATIENCE

So you guys will stay with me.

RAY

Honey, you live in two rooms over a grooming shop. It's okay. Like you said, it's just temporary. Now what were you saying before?

PATIENCE

No, it's nothing. I'll be fine.

As Lucinda tries to push Serena in the car-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERENA

Daddy! I don't want to go. I want to live here.

Ray takes his sobbing child aside, holds her hands.

RAY

We're gonna find an even better house when daddy gets a new job.

SERENA

But I like this one.

RAY

C'mon, sweetheart.

And Ray puts Serena in the car. As the car pulls away, see Serena staring out the rear window, watching her childhood home recede in the distance just like Patience once did.

And go to Patience, who is watching, eyes full of pain. Anger. And determination.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Patience marches down the Promenade at a good clip. She comes to the back of the Greenaway Department Store. It's the delivery area. Large TRUCKS filled with CLOTHING. An EMPLOYEE rushes by, pushing a GARMENT RACK filled with BLACK VINYL SLICKERS. Patience decisively grabs one.

EXT. GREENAWAY DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a WINDOW featuring SHOES. Including THIGH-HIGH BLACK STILETTOS - the kind we saw Sally wearing. Patience is staring in the window, touching her fingers to the glass.

And Suddenly, she screeches her nails/claws to the glass, along the length of the pane, making a clean cut. Then she raises her fist and punches through in one swift motion. The glass shatters. Patience grabs the boots. The ALARM sounds.

Patience makes her way calmly, but quickly down the Promenade as WITNESSES to the strange robbery just stare.

INT. JAVA HUT - DAY

As the USUAL SUSPECTS drink their lattes, Patience unloads CARTON upon CARTON of milk from a small refrigerator and places them onto the countertop before a confused CASHIER.

PATIENCE

What? I'm thirsty.

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - DAY

Patience backs into her shop, already chugging from one of the milk cartons. Drinking so much so fast that the milk can't keep up.

See a NEWSPAPER on the counter. A PHOTO of Simon with the HEADLINE: BRISTOL'S HOT TICKET: GREENAWAY JUBILATION GALA. Next to the headline, see a hand-written note from Sally:

'Wanna crash? Call me! xo-Sally.'

PATIENCE

Yes, Sally. I think I would like to crash. But I don't have a thing to wear.

Patience leaps effortlessly up to the second-floor landing - catlike. She looks surprised - but pleasantly so.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

In a frenzy - almost a trance-like state - Patience is ripping apart her apartment. All of the childlike touchy-feely decor is disposed of. The sweet knickknacks tossed.

Next her closet. Nothing frilly will do.

Now Patience is ripping off her Halloween costume. Then biting off the silly kitten-ears with her teeth. Then tearing away the limp tail, holding it up for inspection.

Now Patience is rifling through a box of old DOG LEASHES, CAT COLLARS, and other PET PARAPHERNALIA, expertly weaving several items together.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON: a PHOTOGRAPH of Constance on the wall, looking down over-

-Patience, who is hard at work - cutting, sewing, trimming, tearing, ripping, stitching, weaving. Sweating, determined.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

EMPTY MILK CARTONS everywhere. And the BATHTUB, filled with milk right up to the top. Quiet, still, until-

-Patience pierces through the milky white surface of the tub, gasping for breath.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Patience gets out of the tub, milk dripping everywhere. When she passes the mirror, she does a double-take.

PATIENCE

Oh my god, Sally's right: I do have a phenomenal ass.

EXT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - PORCH - NIGHT

A figure emerges, leaping gracefully up to the porch railing. We see the silhouette of a woman that looks like Patience.

Yet Patience is no longer Patience. More like a creature, - decked out in an ultra-form-fitting concoction of black vinyl slicker, childlike cat costume (not so childlike anymore), and thigh-high black stilettos, with a magnificent and lively TAIL attached to her rump (it moves). Also, a MASK now covers a portion of her face, while the woven compilation of pet-leashes forms a WHIP at her side.

Meet Catwoman: the body to end all bodies dressed in the bodysuit to end all bodysuits.

As she looks out at the horizon, see two large SEARCH LIGHTS shining in the distance. They come from the zoo, where the Jubilation Gala is in progress. And Catwoman is studying the view, reaching for Spooky and petting her. As she stares out, arching her back, enjoying her new getup, she has but one thing to say-

CATWOMAN

Purr.

EXT. BRISTOL ZOO - JUBILATION GALA - NIGHT

What was the Bristol Zoo just hours ago is already on its way to being dismantled. Now we find a makeshift PARTY SPACE, bedecked in lights. And the PARTYGOERS - dripping black tie, jewels, mules. Screaming money. As Simon greets his guests-

SIMON

Let me first extend a special welcome to the people who worked so tirelessly to approve the sale of the zoo and get Phase One underway. Your city council members - they're each wearing a gold star for the good job they've done.

See the COMMITTEE MEMBERS: the richest of the bunch. All wear distinguishing GOLD STARS on their dresses/lapels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (cont'd)
Matter of fact, I think I'll wear one.

Friendly cheers from the partygoers. As Simon slaps a star on his expensive suit, we go to-

-Detectives Lone and Madsen, in the corner, working security for the event. While Madsen enjoys the open bar, Lone looks uneasy, eyes darting, as just for a split second, he sees something like a SHADOW on the ceiling, then a slight movement of the CURTAIN behind the podium.

LONE
Something's not right.

MADSEN
(drinking)
I'll say. This scotch is watered.

As Lone goes to scout the place, Simon proceeds.

SIMON
So let's have a look, shall we? Ladies
and gentlemen, your city of the future:
Jubilation.

Lily ceremoniously pulls a cord to lift a large CURTAIN DRAPING suspended in the middle of the stage.

But no model city. Just one furious feline. Catwoman - center-stage, right where she belongs, addresses her audience-

CATWOMAN
Ladies and gentlemen, the cat is out of
the bag.

And she is. Catwoman tosses the draping away, then violently CRACKS her trademark whip.

Which brings us to her trademark tumbling: a dazzling combination of Olympic-calibre gymnastics, Cirque-de-Soleil aerial stunts, and yoga-master limberness. For our first taste: Catwoman does a double-flip off the stage, runs fast toward the central BANQUET TABLE and vaults off the surface with her hands. Her momentum carries her high in the air, where she brandishes her claws and gives a quick, yet productive swipe to the ELECTRICAL CABLES.

And in an instant, it's PITCH BLACK. Hear screaming, shouting, general tumult.

And see a startling SET OF EYES - fully dilated, almost glowing. They belong to Catwoman, who is darting quickly,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

stealthily around the room. She is sliding under chairs, between sets of legs, slithering her way this way and that.

And see it as Catwoman sees it: dazzling night vision eight times as sharp as the human kind. See a PRIEST praying in the darkness, making the sign of the cross over his chest. Catwoman flips her way directly to him, grabs him by the collar, and makes her confession-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Forgive me Father, for I am about to sin.

And Catwoman begins to. Her targets are the gold-star-wearing partygoers and they are about to lose their valuables. Necklaces are unfastened, bracelets are unlinked, and earrings are removed.

Now see Lone, trying to make his way through the room, doing his best to follow Catwoman's trail. Catwoman sneaks up behind him, covers his eyes with her hands, and whispers-

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

You're getting warmer.

Then Catwoman gives a quick lick to the detective's ear. Lone makes his move to grab her, but she has already leapt-

-right into the path of Simon himself. He holds a glass of CHAMPAGNE in one hand and a FLASHLIGHT in the other.

SIMON

I don't believe I saw your name on the guest list. But in that suit, you can crash my party anytime.

As Simon shines his flashlight somewhat editorially over Catwoman's body-

CATWOMAN

My face is up here, Mr. Greenaway.

Catwoman forces the flashlight up from her chest to her face.

SIMON

Please, call me Simon. Anytime. For instance, tomorrow. My office. Midnight.

CATWOMAN

Dogs may come when they're called, Mr. Greenaway, but cats take a message and get back to you.....In the meantime-

Catwoman takes Simon's CHAMPAGNE GLASS, holding it up-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Enjoy the rest of the party. It's almost over.

And Catwoman downs the champagne, then snaps her whip, latching on to a large tree. In a flash, she is gone. Leaving Simon, undeniably smitten.

Now the lights go back on. Revealing several dazed and confused GOLD STARS, stripped of their valuables.

GOLD STAR #1

My ring!

GOLD STAR #2

My necklace!

GOLD STAR #3

My cufflinks!

GOLD STAR #4

My hair!

#4 is, in fact, missing a good portion of her HAIRDO.

And go to Lone, who is walking outside the tent, where he has spotted Catwoman running toward Sara's cage.

EXT. ZOO - TIGER CAGE - NIGHT

Sara gobbles up a large quantity of MEAT taken from the gala buffet table and recently delivered by Catwoman. Lone passes by, spots Catwoman scaling the wall of a nearby building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The rooftop. As Catwoman sifts through her bag of jewels, she removes two of the gold stars that she swiped. # 4's HAIRPIECE also comes out.

CATWOMAN

Oops.

From behind her-

LONE

(O.S.)

You're under arrest.

Catwoman turns to find Lone, moving toward her.

CATWOMAN

I can't wait for the handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONE
Name's Lone. Bill Lone.

CATWOMAN
Woman. Cat-woman. You're a detective.

LONE
You're a feline.

CATWOMAN
Where's your gun, Detective?

LONE
I don't think I'm gonna need it. I see
you don't carry one.

CATWOMAN
Well I would, but where would I put it?

Catwoman indicates her skin-tight outfit. Lone nods - not
without some appreciation. Then he makes a move toward
Catwoman, who double-flips her way out of Lone's reach.

LONE
Impressive.. But can you do this?
Lone delivers a series of kicks that send Catwoman down.

CATWOMAN
Apparently not.
(vulnerable, teary even)
Do you always beat up on small,
physically-inferior girls, Detective?

As Catwoman tries to get back onto her feet (wobbly), Lone
(guilty) goes to help her.

LONE
I'm sorry. I guess I just got carried
away for a-

Now Lone himself gets carried away - literally. Catwoman
pounces, pinning the detective against a nearby wall.

LONE (cont'd)
-moment.

Catwoman rockettes up her leg. Lone snares it by the ankle-

LONE
Nice leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATWOMAN

Thank you, Detective. I have two.

Using her held leg as leverage, Catwoman spins the other half of her body into the air, finally chopping Lone's skull with her free limb. Catwoman lands on her feet.

Lone lands in a heap. As the Detective fumbles for his HANDCUFFS, Catwoman snaps her whip. In the blink of an eye, she has retrieved the shackles and is cuffing Detective Lone himself. As Catwoman gets over her prisoner, frisking him-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Since you don't carry a gun, I'm going to have to assume that bump in your pocket is something else altogether.

LONE

And how, then, should I feel about the current state of your tail?

See that Catwoman's TAIL is pointing STRAIGHT UP.

CATWOMAN

Flattered.

LONE

What are you after Catwoman?

CATWOMAN

In the short term, fresh tuna on demand.
In the long term, truth and justice.

LONE

Is that all?

At which point, Catwoman crouches low to the ground, gets just an inch away from Lone. Whispering.

CATWOMAN

Can I tell you a secret, Bill Lone?

LONE

Please.

CATWOMAN

Ginger Rodgers did exactly what Fred Astaire did, but backwards and in heels. Just think what she might have accomplished moving forward in a pair of flats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONE

So you're a feminist?

CATWOMAN

I'm an individualist. I'm for me. And for all of the other wonderful weirdos who break the mold only to find that people want to break them for it. You see, unlike our generous benefactor, I don't believe that we all want to wear the same clothes, drive the same car, live in the same house, and drink the same coffee. Simon Greenaway seems intent on taking the 'i' out of 'Bristol.' I'm not gonna let him.

LONE

How noble. What's in it for you?

CATWOMAN

I knew a Ginger Rodgers once. She got pushed around cuz she was different. It's time she took the lead.

LONE

Even if she has to break the law along the way?

CATWOMAN

Good girls may go to heaven, detective, but bad girls go everywhere. Speaking of which-

Catwoman executes a double handspring back-flip, lassoes her whip around a tree branch, and swings off the roof. Lone runs to the edge to watch Catwoman disappear into the night.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Behind the grated window, the PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE, a wiry young Black man, reads a COMIC BOOK. Suddenly, Catwoman herself drops into frame, hanging upside down just beyond the window. She drops a bag of JEWELS on to the counter.

CATWOMAN

Drop off.

The Employee takes this in, startled for the moment. Then, a man of business, he sets to work.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MOVING BOXES all around him, Ray sits at a small table, miserable. A KNOCK. Ray gets up, opens the door. No one there. Just a large BAG on the doorstep. Ray looks around. Seeing no one, nothing, Ray opens the bag-

-to find stacks of MONEY inside. The sight of it actually makes him stagger for a moment. More and more excited and bewildered, Ray start to count it. Quickly. Then he rushes outside, looks around.

RAY

Hello? Is anybody there? Hello?

No answer. Ray scrambles inside, gets the phone, dials-

RAY (cont'd)

Lucinda? It's Ray. You believe in angels? Well I think I do. - I'm coming to get my little girl.

And Ray closes the door. Reveal Catwoman on the other side.

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - DAY

The next morning. Patience comes downstairs, hair mussed, body sore - the look of a hangover. See Sally already at work on a GREAT DANE. When she sees Patience-

SALLY

What happened to you last night? I thought we were going to the party.

PATIENCE

Oh, right, the party. I went.

SALLY

You what? You went to Simon Greenaway's gala function without me!

The door JINGLES. MRS. LINDLEY, a customer, enters.

PATIENCE

Hi, Mrs. Lindley. Mitzi's all ready.

Patience hands Mrs. Lindley her freshly-groomed SIAMESE.

MRS. LINDLEY

There you are, my beauty. Aren't you a precious one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE
If I may, Mrs. Lindley-

MRS. LINDLEY
Yes?

PATIENCE
You recently switched Mitzi's food?

MRS. LINDLEY
Well, yes, actually. Just for a change.
How did you-

PATIENCE
She finds it fishy.

And Patience goes to the back, leaving Sally and Mrs. Lindley watching her, both a bit thrown.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

A madhouse. Phones ringing off the hook. MEDIA TYPES clamoring for information. The FORMERLY BEJEWELED GOLD STARS filing theft reports.

And Lone and Madsen sitting shame-faced in Sid Post's office, as their lieutenant stares at a PHOTOGRAPH of Catwoman at the party. It's a printout from a SECURITY CAMERA. Finally, Sid puts the picture aside. Then-

SID POST
So let me get this straight. You're telling me that some girl in a cat outfit comes into the party, cuts the lights, takes everyone's jewelry, cuffs my best guy, and removes Mrs. Samuel's wig?

Quiet, no explanation. Then-

MADSEN
It was really more of a hairpiece.

Sid Post simply glares at his underling. Then-

MADSEN (CONT'D)
It's like I said at the beginning of the party - I knew something was up. Call it a sixth sense-

LONE
She's not a girl in a cat outfit, Sid.
This one's the genuine article.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADSEN

Catwoman's dead, Lone. Nine times over,
in fact. Been there. Done that.

LONE

And I'm saying we've got a new one.

SID POST

Why would they do that? The first one
made her point. Besides, who's gonna be
crazy enough to try to follow that act?

At which point, OFFICER WILLIS, twenties, rookie,
enthusiastic, rushes in. He holds a PLASTIC BAG at his side -
containing a CHAMPAGNE GLASS much like the one Catwoman drank
out of at the party. In one quick, breathless burst-

WILLIS

We ran the comparison on the prints that
Gotham sent over. No match.

SID POST

Good. So who is she?

WILLIS

Well that's just it, Lieutenant. They
don't match anybody.

SID POST

What do you mean? We've got all of
Bristol - thousands of prints - on file.

WILLIS

Lieutenant, they're paw prints.

And Willis holds up a SHEET of Catwoman's PRINTS - PAWS.

INT. AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a set of PAWS. Really Catwoman's hands, but they
leave the imprint of paws as they make their way through a
dirty air shaft (i.e. Catwoman climbs as if she has pads on
her hands, applying pressure at the center of the palm and
the tips of the fingers).

INT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Catwoman slides gracefully out of the air shaft to find
herself back in the storage room. Catwoman leaps gracefully
from the top one filing cabinet to another. She swings from
pipe to pipe near the ceiling as if her own set of parallel
bars. Then she lands silently outside of Greenaway's room.

INT. GREENAWAY SR'S ROOM - NIGHT

We find Greenaway Sr. right where we left him - snoozing on the couch, dead to the world. Catwoman retraces Patience's steps to the filing cabinet, yet this time, she does it with feline flair. Catwoman collapses her back, slithering beneath a low armchair. Then, from a standstill, she leaps high atop a cabinet. Then sinking down into a split, she slides her body across an impossibly narrow shelf. Finally, she gets to the file cabinet - Simon Sr. none the wiser. Catwoman slides open the drawer. But this time, it's empty.

EXT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - NIGHT

Catwoman climbs in through a window - several stories high.

Simon Greenaway's office: a plush, yet spare setup. On Simon's neat-as-a-pin desk, we find just a PICTURE of...Simon Greenaway. Catwoman rifles through the drawers - the perfectly arranged office supplies, perfectly-spaced BOTTLES of HAND ANTISEPTIC, and BOX upon BOX of his SURGICAL GLOVES.

Just as she spots the SAFE on the wall, starts heading there-

SIMON-

(O.S.)

You came.

See Simon on the other side of the room. Quickly covering-

CATWOMAN

You noticed.

Now Simon is moving closer to Catwoman, seducing-

SIMON

May I make a confession?

CATWOMAN

You can make two.

SIMON

I haven't been able to get you out of my head, Catwoman.

CATWOMAN

I'm sorry to hear that. There are so many places I'd rather be.

SIMON

I've never met anyone quite like you:
smart, witty, deliciously wicked, clean
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (cont'd)
as a cat....And then there's the matter
of that suit-

CATWOMAN
You should see me out of it. You just
might propose.

At which point, Catwoman goes to lick Simon on the ear. But
Simon intercepts her, kissing her on the mouth instead. A
beat. And then, suddenly, Simon lets out a vivid CRY.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

As Simon wipes a few drops of blood from his mouth-

SIMON
Take off your mask, Catwoman.

CATWOMAN
Not until at least the third date.

SIMON
It's easier from behind that thing, isn't
it? And yet I wonder who you are
without it.

CATWOMAN
I wonder who you are without the hand-
washing, the antiseptic sprays, and the
rubber gloves.

SIMON
Touche.

At which point, Catwoman gets close, whispers in Simon's ear-

CATWOMAN
Mr. Greenaway, did you know that cats
devote nearly thirty percent of their
time on earth to grooming?

SIMON
I devote fifty.

CATWOMAN
So when I say that I'd like to freshen up
first, I assume you'll understand.

SIMON
I can't wait. Would you like to use my
bathroom? I have eighteen kinds of soap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATWOMAN
I don't need soap. I have this.

And Catwoman unrolls her TONGUE. If Simon wasn't turned on before, he is now.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)
You go.

SIMON
You think I might get some kind of reaction out of that tail of yours before the night is through?

See Catwoman's tail - limp.

CATWOMAN
That's entirely up to her.

SIMON
I'll be quick.

And Simon rushes toward his bathroom. As soon as the door shuts behind him, Catwoman scampers back toward the safe. She begins to turn the lock.

INT. SIMON'S BATHROOM - THE SHOWER

Steam fills the stall. Simon's estimate of eighteen kinds of soap was conservative. Sees dozens and dozens of SCRUBS, VIALS, POTIONS, and BRUSHES. And see Simon, who is scrubbing his body with great intensity. Lather everywhere.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Catwoman works hard at the safe. See her EAR TURNING. Experience her acute cat senses as we hear the distinctive CLICKS of the safe.

INT. SIMON'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now Simon is flossing. Every last tooth accounted for.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The last click. And the safe comes open.

INT. SIMON'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now Simon is removing a single speck of dirt from under a fingernail with a special TWEEZER.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman stares into the safe. Reveal the contents: strangely enough, no files. Instead, see VIAL upon VIAL of liquid. Catwoman looks curiously, look toward the bathroom, then slips a vial into her suit. Now she pushes the vials back. See a compartment beneath. Catwoman opens it, to find-

-the file labeled 'Constance Price.' And now, Catwoman's tail points straight up to the sky.

Catwoman anxiously removes the file. See Constance's old EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION for the Greenaway Appliance Store complete with PHOTOGRAPH and hot dog grease stains. Catwoman smiles sadly, tenderly touching her mother's picture.

Then see fragments of Constance's written application:

'I will dedicate myself to the Greenaway Team with hard work.' Then-

'Next of Kin: The most beautiful daughter in the whole wide world.'

And see Catwoman, tears rolling from her eyes, getting caught behind her mask. Now she turns the page-

-where she finds a PATENT APPLICATION. Along with Constance's original SKETCHES of the DISHWASHER and its IONIC CHIP. Catwoman stares in disbelief.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - LATER

Simon finally exits his bathroom. With a flourish-

SIMON
Freshly groomed.

But no Catwoman. Just a message scrawled across the perfectly-white walls accompanied by the trademark 'C'-

I AM CATWOMAN....HEAR ME ROAR.

Then Simon sees his safe - wide open and empty.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

We find Catwoman urgently wading through boxes upon boxes, old furniture, and the like. Until, finally, under a pile of crap, she locates-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-CONSTANCE'S DISHWASHER. It sits sadly in the corner, alone for years now, layer upon layer of dust having accumulated, rust having taken over.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

A path cleared now, Catwoman drags out the dishwasher. She clears away the grime, and gets to work. She removes the side panel, revealing the mechanism now known as the Greenaway Chip.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

Parts strewn everywhere. And find Catwoman covered with grease. Sweating, breathing fast, she dexterously disassembles and reassembles the chip, working off the DESIGNS from CONSTANCE'S FILE. Catwoman's eyes are darting, dilated, intense.

Now Catwoman puts the final piece in place. And hear a slight, yet distinctive humming from the object. It is a sound that only a cat could hear: the sound of energy. The sound of its lifeforce.

Now Catwoman slips the assembled chip into the dishwasher. Taking a deep breath, she presses the POWER BUTTON.

A beat. Then the appliance comes to life. The distinctive humming sound grows stronger. Catwoman releases her breath, all choked up now - her mother's design works.

CATWOMAN

I knew it, mom. You're not a nutjob, after all.

EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Catwoman, staring with anger, intensity. And see what she sees: the Greenaway Appliance Store with its anthem emblazoned proudly across the front window:

Greenaway Appliance Store: Where It All Began.

Next to the store, see a full-scale STATUE of SIMON GREENAWAY himself with a WATER FOUNTAIN sprouting from his head into a small wading pool below. And reveal that Catwoman is standing on a LAMPPOST high above the shop, looking down.

EXT PROMENADE - LATER

Now Catwoman is scraping furiously at the letters on the Greenaway's shop window. Now she is scrawling her own

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

message on top. When she's finished, she steps back to reveal the store's new anthem:

Greenaway Appliance Store: Where THE LIE Began.

Catwoman methodically turns around, scanning the rest of the perfectly-pristine, perfectly-white Jubilation Village Town Center Promenade. Her eyes flash.

EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

Now we find Catwoman in the midst of a massive redecoration: First, the paint: bright, vibrant colors fly onto the concrete, the asphalt. Large, bold brushstrokes.

Now Catwoman is hopping from streetlamp to streetlamp, pouring a bucket of bright color as she goes.

Now she is using her claws to slice and dice the conventional shrubbery that punctuates the Promenade.

Now she is scanning the Promenade shops. In an instant, she has embarked on an ambitious tumbling pass. With each flip and back handspring, she builds up momentum, finally hurling her body through the glass wall of the Java Hut.

EXT. JUBILATION PHASE ONE - DAY

Daybreak. See the fruit of Catwoman's labors.

Beginning with Jubilation's model house: no longer pristine white, but now actually a stunning collection of vibrant PASTEL STRIPES. And the picket fence is no more - the slabs of it having been used to spell out one big MEOW.

And the lawn: where we once found traditional SHRUBS, we now have a stunning array of TOPIARY - different versions of CATS in various action poses. At which point, an early-morning JOGGER runs by. Keeps running - out of frame - then, suddenly, back. As he removes his HEADPHONES-

JOGGER

Whoa.

EXT. THE PROMENADE - OUTSIDE THE GREENAWAY APPLIANCE STORE

A crowd stares at a headless Simon Greenaway statue. The missing body part sits on top of the dishwasher in the window

THE JAVA HUT

SHOP OWNER #1 enters, sliding on his milk-flooded floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

See that his FRAPPUCCINO BLENDERS are stuffed with CAT NIP. And the elaborate drink menu has been changed to read 'Small,' 'Medium,' and 'Large' rather than 'Tall,' 'Grande,' and 'Venti.' Along with the message:

DARE TO BE DIFFERENT: DRINK INSTANT. Signed with a 'C.'

SHOP OWNER #1

Oh my lord.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

See the Shop Owner running at breakneck speed across the Promenade, directly into-

ANOTHER JAVA HUT

The exact same coffee shop with the exact same wreckage. When Shop Owner #1 sees SHOP OWNER #2-

SHOP OWNER #1

You too?

#2 nods incredulously.

THE WEDGE

-where a hysterical TEENAGE EMPLOYEE is screaming.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE

EVERYTHING'S BEEN UNFOLDED!

See the disturbed clothing piles, and the message:

LET YOURSELF UNFOLD. Signed with a 'C.'

THE PINEAPPLE NATION

ANOTHER EMPLOYEE - in full khaki regalia-

ANOTHER EMPLOYEE

I don't get it.

The message:

KHAKI = CONFORMITY. UNIFORMITY IS FOR SOLDIERS. Signed with a 'C.' Which brings us to-

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - NIGHT

Patience's shop. See that her neon sign has been altered to read 'NO Patience.' Also, several PEOPLE are gathered in the shop. A makeshift community meeting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

I agree with Catwoman. What's next with Greenaway? Laws about how many kids you can have, what books you can read? You remove enough of the spices from a soup and you know what you're left with?

No answer, and Ray can't remember the rest of the saying. Finally, a ATTENDEE offers help, raising his hand timidly.

ATTENDEE

Bad soup?

RAY

Yes! Really bad soup.

SALLY

What's Simon Greenaway have to do with soup? Catwoman's a criminal, people.

Interrupted by a quiet voice from the rear-

PATIENCE

(O.S.)

If I may.

The crowd turns its collective head. Patience stands up.

RAY

Yes, Patience?

Now the crowd is looking to Patience, waiting. Patience clears her throat, takes a deep breath. Then-

PATIENCE

With all due respect, Sally, I believe that Catwoman is telling us to fight for our individuality, for the qualities that distinguish us from one another and make us human.

When the clapping starts-

SALLY

Individuality, my ass. It's an excuse to wear a rubber body mold.

As Sally adjusts her TUBE TOP-

SALLY (cont'd)

And it's degrading to women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATIENCE

Maybe it's just that the outfit is conducive to her work. I mean, she engages in a lot of ..physical activity.

SALLY

The outfit's conducive to showing her tits.... Besides, she looks hippy.

Go to a few Crowd Members, amused by the exchange, quietly chanting, 'Catfight, catfight, catfight.' Ray breaks it up.

RAY

Greenaway's tearing this community apart. We've got to at least try to take it back. The question is, what do we do?

PATIENCE

We protest.

EXT. JUBILATION REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: the slogan 'FOR SALE: A NEW WAY OF LIFE,' which has been adjusted to read: 'FOR SALE: 20 YEARS TO LIFE.' A very angry Simon walks into frame, removes a perfectly-starched HANDKERCHIEF from his breast pocket and starts scrubbing the spray paint. But to no avail.

Meanwhile, a PACK OF REPORTERS has surrounded him, barking their questions. Without a word, Simon turns around, makes his way to his LIMOUSINE. As he goes, see GROUNDS CREWS replacing all the topiary in the background. PAINTERS painting manically over the hot pinks and pastels.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Simon gets in. Lily hangs up her phone.

LILY

Sources tell me there's gonna be a protest at the zoo tonight.

Simon looks out the window, thinking out loud-

SIMON

People say they want a better quality of life. You give it to them, and suddenly, they're pining for the hole-in-the-wall pastry shop owned by Mama Vincentelino with her stupid Gooseberry pies. Goddamn Catwoman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

I'll have Bobby get into it. We'll stop it before it starts.

SIMON

No, let it start. Have the guys break it up and I bet the cat comes. Then have Bobby give her a personal training session. On me.

LILY

I know it's upsetting, sweetheart, that people misunderstand your genius, your passion, your brill-

SIMON

What's the news on our girl reporter?

LILY

- Not very favorable.

SIMON

How not very favorable?

LILY

The source couldn't get anything specific. She hasn't even shown it to her editor.

SIMON

Do you love me, Lily?

LILY

Very much, Simon.

SIMON

Then you'll handle it.

INT. BAI TO - DAY

Kick. Lily is back at the gym, venting-

LILY

Do you love me, Lily?

Big kick.

LILY (cont'd)

Then you'll handle it....Handle this.

Even bigger kick.

INT. BAI TO - LATER

As the class files out (Gigi among the group)-

LILY

Excuse me, Bobby, I was wondering if we could discuss my carbohydrate intake after class for a minute.

BOBBY

Sure thing, Lily.

The last student leaves. Just as the door closes behind her-

LILY

(suddenly crying)

I'm stupid. I'm so stupid. I'm fat and ugly and stupid.

Bobby takes Lily into his arms, comforts her.

BOBBY

It's okay. Everything's gonna be okay.

LILY

I went to B-school at Harvard-frigging-University and he had me unveiling the model home like one of those goddamn Price-is-Right girls.

BOBBY

Leave him, Lily. Be with me.

LILY

I can't.

BOBBY

Why not?

LILY

Cuz I love him. And because you teach gym. Isn't that something? You love me, I love him, he loves himself. It's the modern love triangle.

Lily pulls away. Collects herself. Then, back to business-

LILY (CONT'D)

Tonight there's gonna be a protest at the zoo. Protest back, and I bet a certain angry feline shows up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

And?

LILY

And - declaw her.

Her usual poker-face restored, Lily hurries out.

INT. LOCKERROOM - DAY

Hair wet, Gigi goes to get her blow-dryer. As Lily passes-

GIGI

Lily.

LILY

Gigi.

And Gigi plugs in her blow-dryer. Too busy watching Lily leave, she doesn't notice the FRAYED CORD on the appliance. Once Lily is out the door-

GIGI

Bitch.

Gigi turns on her hair dryer. See the frayed cord hovering dangerously close to a WET SPOT on the counter. And finally, when Gigi reaches for her MOUSSE it skims the surface.

And Gigi is electrocuted. Her hair flies straight up, and the girl falls straight down.

INT. BOBBY'S BAI TO GYM - DAY

As Lily moves briskly to the exit, she a DESK CLERK swiping in membership cards. His name is DICK and he is one.

DICK

Hey, Lily.

LILY

Dick.

At which point, Lily's reprimands resume-

LILY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Bad person. Fat, stupid, ugly, terrible-

INT. CATWOMAN'S LAIR (I.E. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Patience stands in front of the mirror, doing a little bit of positive self-image therapy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

Smart woman. Strong, smart, kind-
hearted, wonderfully-weird woman.

Each word is spoken with just a little more conviction.
Then, Patience lovingly feels her hips-

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Hippy, my ass....Speaking of which-

Patience turns her body so she can admire the perfectly-
rounded hunk of flesh known as her ass.

PATIENCE (cont'd)

Hello beautiful.

EXT. BRISTOL ZOO (WHAT'S LEFT OF IT) - NIGHT

PROTESTERS fill a high set of BLEACHERS at the zoo, chanting.

Soon, about a dozen SKI-MASKED MEN materialize and begin to
attack. As the unarmed protesters attempt in vain to use
their PLACARDS as weapons (at best producing paper cuts),
Patience runs away, BACKPACK strapped on.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Patience runs as fast as she can - looking for a private
place to change. She sees a PAYPHONE BOOTH.

INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

It's a feminist revision of the classic Superman motif. As
Patience struggles in the cramped space to wiggle out of her
clothes and into her catsuit-

PATIENCE

How in the world did he do this?

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Now Catwoman is leaving the booth. Unlike Superman's
familiar smooth exit, this door gets jammed and Catwoman has
to nudge it with her hip. Finally, she is out, and she is
running back to the site of the attack - in full outfit now.

Almost. Catwoman stops, looks down. See Patience's sensible
shoes on her feet.

CATWOMAN

Shoot.

Catwoman quickly flings them off and retrieves her boots.

EXT. THE ZOO - NIGHT

The melee at its height. Many protesters lie flat on the bleachers. Some flee. Interrupted by a reverberant, shrill-

CATWOMAN

(O.S.)

EEEEEEEE-OOOOOOOOOWWWWWW.

The fighting comes to a halt. See Catwoman standing tall on the top of the bleachers. She flips and spins her way down, level-by-level, taking down several Henchmen as she goes.

As HENCHMAN #1 comes charging toward Catwoman, she reacts with her fast feline reflexes - kicking him, grabbing his arm, and flipping him easily. He rolls down the bleachers.

Now HENCHMAN #2 and HENCHMAN #3 are charging Catwoman from either side, double-teaming her. She stands firm, until the very last moment, when she steps casually back a row, thus allowing #2 and #3 to ram into each other with all the force they can muster. Two and three down.

Now HENCHMAN #4 charges from behind her. Catwoman swivels her head just in time to see him, leaps up, and gouges the Henchman in the eye with a swift snap of her tail. As he rolls on the bleachers in agony, hand over his eye-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

What? You didn't think it was just for show, did you?

Now Catwoman is making her way to HENCHMAN #5, who is beating the crap out of a PROTESTER. Catwoman lightly taps the Henchman on the shoulder - mock Betty-Boop coy-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Um, excuse me.

#5 turns. But by the time he's repositioned his head, Catwoman has flipped high into the air and landed on the other side of him. She blindsides him, decking him with her fist, knocking him out cold. Standing over his body-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

There's something about a big strong man, beating up helpless innocent nobodies. I just can't keep my hands off you guys.

Which incites plentiful thank-you's from the 'helpless innocent nobody' whom Catwoman has just saved. As he lifts his body off the ground back onto his feet-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROTESTER (A.K.A.: HELPLESS
INNOCENT NOBODY)

Thank you, Catwoman. Thank you so much-

CATWOMAN

Enough. You just got rescued by a girl.
Shame on you.

And Catwoman knocks the helpless innocent back down.

Suddenly, a look of panic suddenly overcomes the feline. Her eyes flash, her ears turn. And see the world from her point of view: a great RUMBLING SOUND, a significant SHAKING of the bleachers. A noticeable VIBRATION of her body.

And Catwoman races toward the epicenter - specifically to the space underneath the bleachers. She slithers her way between the rungs, contorting her body into an impossible shape.

Underneath the bleachers, Catwoman fluidly swings and flips her way down. And finally, we see Bobby and DICK, whom we recognize as a TRAINER/DESK CLERK from the gym. At the moment, Dick is swinging a large AX at the METAL BARS buttressing the bleachers.

Meanwhile, Catwoman has dropped down behind Bobby and Dick. Although the space is dark, Catwoman can see perfectly.

DICK

Tell me again how we don't get caught
under here when the bleachers fall?

BOBBY

I told you, we've got five seconds lead
time once you knock through the cross-
bar. Anyway, the point is to attract the
attention of Catbitch.

DICK

I get it - like we're the slice of cheese
in the mousetrap, huh? Cool.

Catwoman is crouched down with them, looking over their shoulders, enjoying their argument.

BOBBY

For chrissakes, Dick, let me do it.

DICK

You never let me do anything, Bobby.

BOBBY

That isn't true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK

Oh really? Who gets stuck taking the membership cards at the front desk while you get to work the steam room for chrissakes? Everytime, Bobby.

BOBBY

Just give me the goddamn ax, Dick.

DICK

Oh, I'll give you the ax alright.

Just as Dick moves in to threaten Bobby with his weapon-

CATWOMAN

I'll take it.

And Catwoman does. She proceeds to wield the weapon, swinging it to and fro, making the men jump, leap, and hop at will. A strange dance of terror, choreographed by Catwoman.

Dick grabs the handle of the ax. Just when he thinks he's got her, Catwoman clubs him in the face with his own hand.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Note to self, men. Never bring a dick to a catfight.

And Dick is down. Now Catwoman runs out from beneath the bleachers. Bobby follows. See Catwoman's ears perk up.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

You'd better make it snappy, gym boy.
Cops are on their way.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

Now our human ears hear the sound of approaching SIRENS.

CATWOMAN

I forgot. It takes you a bit longer.

Bobby leaps at Catwoman. She sidesteps him, stretching out her arms and leaning against a lamppost - almost bored. Bobby tries again. Just before he reaches her, she snares her whip around the upper arm of the lamppost and lifts herself out of Bobby's reach. Bobby slams into the lamppost.

Catwoman drops back into frame, hovering over Bobby's ailing body. She grabs his leg and extends it inhumanly high (even for an aerobics instructor) above his head, using her bodyweight to pin it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY

You bitch!

CATWOMAN

Thank you....Hurts, doesn't it?

BOBBY

Yes. Very much.

CATWOMAN

Do me a favor-

BOBBY

Anything.

CATWOMAN

Until a large amount of estrogen flows
through your system and you feel
compelled to eat five Snickers bars in
one sitting every twenty-eight days, lay
off the ice-cream-at-the-freezer jokes.

VOICE

(O.S.)

- Hands on your head, Catgirl.

The command comes from Madsen, who stands by, gun pointing.
Catwoman turns around, dead serious-

CATWOMAN

Catwoman. Mind your manners, officer.

MADSEN

I said, hands on your head.

CATWOMAN

Like this?

Catwoman flirtatiously puts her hands on her head -
centerfold-style, not under-arrest style. Moves forward.

MADSEN

.Don't come any closer.

CATWOMAN

Cops have the neatest toys. I just have
to settle for this-

And Catwoman whips out her whip - faster than the human eye
can register - and snaps away Madsen's gun. She gets his
hand as well, which he clutches to his chest. Meanwhile-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLIS

(O.S.)

Here kitty kitty kitty.

See the rookie, Willis. Tentative. Gun shaking slightly.

CATWOMAN

Are you sure?

WILLIS

(trick question?)

Yes?

CATWOMAN

Oh c'mon, you can do better than that.

This time with confidence. Are you sure?

WILLIS

(with confidence)

Yes.

CATWOMAN

Okay.

Now Catwoman lets out a FELINE CRY. Loud, piercing, and shrill. And before you can say-

WILLIS

What the-

-the CATS are coming, led by Spooky. They come from everywhere. Some even drop down from the lamppost above. And soon the place is flooded.

As the felines scratch and bite their way through the crowd, Catwoman's opponents find themselves painfully immobilized.

Catwoman casually saunters away from the yelps and screams, lazily picking stray strands of CAT HAIR off her catsuit.

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - DAY

CLOSE ON: Patience - crying, wiping the tears away with her sleeve. And Sally next to her, hunched over a newspaper. The HEADLINE: REPORTER DIES IN FREAK ACCIDENT.'

SALLY

Poor Gigi. Do you realize her naturally frizzy hair killed her? You get it - she died because she couldn't air dry. Now is that an ironic commentary on the condition of modern women, or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Patience isn't there.

SALLY (cont'd)
Patience?

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - THE BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patience is pacing back and forth, staring at the newspaper headlines as she does. And now she's pissed-

PATIENCE
Accidental death, my ass.

Also, Patience is nervously eating CATNIP.

PATIENCE (cont'd)
C'mon, Patience. Get it together.
C'mon. Think.

Sally enters.

SALLY
Patience, I-

Sally stops in her tracks.

PATIENCE
What?

SALLY
Is that catnip?

Patience looks down to her hand. Caught.

PATIENCE
No.

As Patience wipes the catnip off-

SALLY
If something extraordinary was going on
your life, you would tell me, right?

PATIENCE
What are you talking about?

SALLY
If you were doing stuff that was wild and
crazy, you would include me right? Like
the way I include you when I've got
something to do. Bai To, for example.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE
Yes, of course.

Meanwhile, Patience is gathering up her things, heading out.

SALLY
Where are you going?

PATIENCE
House call.

Patience runs toward the front. Sally watches her go.

SALLY
I think I'll make one myself.

Sally heads upstairs toward Patience's apartment.

EXT. BRISTOL NEWSPAPER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

See Catwoman scaling the side of the building. See WINDOW WASHERS hanging a few floors below - oblivious.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Catwoman slides in the window. See Gigi's office - the expected clutter. Inspirational SLOGANS cover her walls (various go-getter cliches plus one hand-scrawled 'Lily Villanova is a stuck-up bitch.').

Catwoman turns on the computer and begins her search. After the obligatory typing and disk-searching, a file comes up on the screen - the notes for Gigi's article. Catwoman's eyes flash. See her scarning. We get glimpses. Such as:

'Greenaway Corp. owns water tower - WHY?????'

and: 'Tasteless, odorless chemicals...Dexathorzine?..'

Catwoman backs away from the desk: two-plus-two have just made four. She walks to the window, sees the Greenaway Corp. water tower on the horizon.

CATWOMAN
Evian spelled backwards is 'naive.'

INT. GIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Moving quickly now, Catwoman saves the file on a DISC. Now she is pressing PRINT. Only there isn't a printer in the office. Catwoman gets up, looks out the glass window. See a COMMUNAL PRINTER in the middle of the room. Catwoman scouts the scene, looking for her best path.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman walks out of Gigi's office - plain as day. She boldly strides across the room, not a care in the world.

And nobody sees her. It is an intricate choreography of turning heads and diverted glances. Finally, Catwoman gets to the door - nearly a clean getaway. Go to a WRITER at his desk, who looks up, just in time to see a TAIL making its way out the door. He does a doubletake.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

We are in Patience's apartment/Catwoman's lair.

And so is Sally. Watch her as she takes in the drastic transformation: gone is the pink, fluffy girly pad. It's now more of a love den - mostly black, leopard-print carpet, sleek, sinuous furniture.

SALLY

Well, Martha Stewart it ain't.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sally pulls back the shower curtain to find milk cartons lining the tub and the remains of a recent milkbath. Meanwhile, one of Patience's cats rubs up against Sally's feet, looking up, expecting some of the milk. Not getting anywhere, the kitten heads out and finds her way through the cat door out onto the back porch.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally sticks her head out the cat door, watching the kitten scurry to the end of the porch.

EXT. PATIENCE'S PORCH - DAY

The kitten has found her way to a bowl of FOOD. It sits atop a small wooden TOOL KIT. Sally arrives, opens it.

A BLACK CAT MASK stares up at her.

INT. ZOO BUILDING - DAY

See EMPLOYEES packing up. Patience paces in the hallway. Finally, Ray comes out of the lab.

PATIENCE

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY
And where did you get this?

Ray hands Patience the VIAL from Simon's office.

PATIENCE
What is it?

RAY
Dexathorzine. We use it for the rats.

PATIENCE
For what?

RAY
To stop them from making more rats.

PATIENCE
You're saying it makes them sterile?

RAY
If they get enough of it, over time -
definitely.

Without a word, Patience runs down the hall.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Patience rushes in to Lone's office, finds him at his desk.

LONE
Hi, Pa-

PATIENCE
Let's take a walk, Detective.

LONE
I thought that was my line.

PATIENCE
I don't have time for jokes right now.

Lone gets up, looks hard at Patience - surprised, but
strangely attracted.

LONE
Yes, ma'am.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally stomps her way into the apartment putting on the mask
as she goes. And she is furious-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

I said, you would include me, right!
Isn't that what-

At which point, Sally sees herself in the mirror, Catwoman's mask covering her face. She looks - transfixed. Then-

SALLY (cont'd)

Hubba hubba hubba.

INT. DINER - DAY

Patience and Lone sit in a booth. Patience drinks a large glass of MILK.

LONE

So you're saying he's gonna put this Dexa-

PATIENCE

-Dexathorzine.

LONE

-in Jubilation's water supply?

PATIENCE

That's what I'm saying.

LONE

And you think Gigi knew this. You think her death wasn't accidental.

PATIENCE

I know she knew it. I know her death wasn't accidental. Simon was behind it. Same way he was behind my mom's.

LONE

Patience, I understand that you're upset about Gigi. And god knows how hard it must have been to lose your mom. I can't begin to understand that but, sometimes-

PATIENCE

-people just die and it's terrible, but it's nobody's fault and you just have to move on. I've been hearing this speech my entire life, Detective.

LONE

I'm sorry. It's just this all sounds-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

-far-fetched, right. Please, Simon
levels the zoo in two days. Just look.

Patience slides the copy of Gigi's notes to Lone. He looks at them. Meanwhile, Patience slurps her milk. See her lick some liquid off her hand - in a highly odd, yet strangely magnetic gesture. For a split second, Lone is distracted. Then back to the issue at hand-

LONE

Where did you get this, Patience?

Interrupted by a VOICE from his RADIO-

VOICE

(O.S.)

Detective.

Lone speaks into the transmitter.

LONE

I'm here.

VOICE

(O.S.)

We've got a Catwoman sighting down at the
Promenade. Greenaway Department Store.

For just a split second, Patience thinks they're talking about her.

LONE

I'm on my way....Listen, Patience, I'm
gonna have to-

See Patience's seat - empty.

LONE (cont'd)

Patience?

EXT. THE PROMENADE - GREENAWAY DEPARTMENT STORE

Patience is hauling ass to the department store. A large CROWD has formed. Patience pushes her way through to find-

-Sally, dressed in catsuit (too tight) and mask (too loose) strutting back and forth on a FIRE ESCAPE of Greenaway's Department Store, proudly displaying her stolen BAG of BOOTY. The crowd is eating it up, which only encourages Sally. Now she is pushing her palms up (i.e. raising the roof)-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
Catwoman in the houuuuuse!

The crowd goes wild. And Patience goes-

PATIENCE
Oh...my...god.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Patience runs inside, pissed off, fuming, stripping out of her day-job clothes as she goes. Seeing Sally's mess-

PATIENCE
Goddamnit, Sally....Women!

Patience forges her way to the back of the closet, where she pulls out a BOX marked 'Emergency Mask and Suit.'

EXT. PROMENADE - MOMENTS LATER

The hooting and hollering continue. Go to specific Crowd Members, starting with the INSENSITIVE BOYFRIEND.

INSENSITIVE BOYFRIEND
You can scratch my itch anytime,
Catwoman!

Which prompts a good SLAP across the face from his PISSED OFF GIRLFRIEND. Followed by the PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE from earlier-

PAWN SHOP EMPLOYEE
You go girlfriend!
(turning to a neighbor)
C.W.'s a friend of mine.

Back to Sally, who is gesturing toward the cops now, holding up her hand in a paw-like shape-

SALLY
Talk to the paw, fuzz! Talk to the paw!

EXT. GREENAWAY DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Pumped up by the crowd, our copycatwoman attempts to do some kind of leap trick - only problem is she doesn't know any. Sally loses her balance, slips and falls. She grabs at the edge of a fire escape, and flails about.

EXT. PROMENADE -, CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Lone is working his way up through the crowd. His eyes narrow, confused, at the precariously-dangling Catwoman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The POLICE arrive. They fan out, some of them heading into the building. Willis and Madsen remain outside, the latter speaking through a BULLHORN:

MADSEN

Catwoman! You are surrounded! Come down with your hands up!

Lone pushes his way over to them.

LONE

That's not her.

MADSEN

Yeah, it's a different chick who scales buildings in a tight pair of pants. Jesus, Lone.

BYSTANDER

(yelling, from the crowd)

Look! There's two of them!

See THE REAL DEAL standing in bold relief on the roof.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Catwoman grabs Sally's hands just as she's about to fall.

CATWOMAN

I thought you hated Catwoman. I thought the outfit was degrading to women.

SALLY

Please, I'm gonna fall.

CATWOMAN

No you're not.

With a superhuman effort, Catwoman lifts Sally up. The crowd goes wild as Catwoman pulls her friend to safety. Meanwhile-

MADSEN

Move it! Come on, let's go.

Madsen directs the officers toward the building. High above them, Catwoman considers the situation-

CATWOMAN

Twenty of them, one of me. That's fair.

SALLY

There's two of me! You, I mean. Us, two of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jumping in protest, Sally almost falls off the building again. Catwoman catches her.

CATWOMAN
Just let me handle this.

See a FLAGPOLE just above them. Catwoman slices through the ROPE, ties it to her waist, and snaps her whip around the pitons holding up a billboard across the alley. She swings, suddenly, with her heels out, kicking several cops in the head as she does. At the last second, she lands on a window ledge of the building across the street.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, Madsen sticks his cut the window, aiming his gun.

MADSEN
Hello, Catbabe.

CATWOMAN
Catwoman.

And she kickboxes the gun out of his hand, then wallops him in the face. Catwoman climbs into the building, waving back at Sally to follow her down the rope.

SALLY
What? No-

CATWOMAN
Come on.

Meanwhile, the crowd is getting into it-

CROWD
Go! Go! Go!

Sally closes her eyes and leaps on to the rope. At the end of her journey, Sally barrels into Catwoman. The two women go sprawling, then crashing through a window.

INT. GREENAWAY CORPORATION OFFICES - SECRETARIAL POOL

Catwoman and Sally fall to the floor, glass everywhere. See that they have landed in Greenaway Corporation's headquarters - a room filled with rows of identical TYPISTS. Then-

FIRST TYPIST
You can't do that here.

CATWOMAN
Ladies, what exactly can you do in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catwoman grabs Sally by the arm, and bolts. The secretarial pool turns its collective head to watch the two felines go.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman and Sally race down a hallway. See a dozen cops at the other end. The women turn, run in the opposite direction, only to find another gang of cops. Desperate, Catwoman pulls Sally into the Ladies' Room.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sizable SOFA sits in the sitting room outside the ladies' room itself. As Catwoman drags it in front of the door, Sally pulls a WEDGY out of her butt.

CATWOMAN

You are never to try this again. Do you understand?

SALLY

Hey, you're the one who went off and turned yourself into Catwoman behind my back. And did you even ask if I wanted to come along? Nooooo!

CATWOMAN

I'm sorry if you felt excluded-

SALLY

Well, I did. I do. I mean, I'm the one who's always looking for a good time, a life a little bit less ordinary. And here you're the one who gets to wear the cool outfit, live in the cool Batcave-

CATWOMAN

Catcave.

SALLY

Anyway, it doesn't matter. I got my fifteen minutes. Although I could only really grab stuff from the bargain bin.

And Sally opens into the bag she's been slinging around. Inside: a host of CHEAP KNICKKNACKS and pieces of COSTUME JEWELRY. Holding up a pair of plastic EARRINGS to her lobes-

SALLY (cont'd)

These 'are kind of cute, though, right? With my red pantsuit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATWOMAN

Are you insane? You're a pet gnomer.
You've never gotten a parking ticket.

SALLY

I'm not the first one in this ladies'
room to put on a cat suit and break the
law, so I wouldn't talk if I were you!

CATWOMAN

I break the law so I can help people,
Sally. Big difference.

SALLY

Most of Bristol is hot pink right now.
How does that serve mankind?

CATWOMAN

I also break the law if I'm in a bad
mood.

SALLY

So what - you're like Robin Hood with
P.M.S.?

CATWOMAN

Yes, as a matter of fact.

EXT. LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the cops descend upon the ladies' room, they all pull
their weapons, surrounding the doorway. Madsen and Willis
push to the front of the crowd, look at the door, nod.

MADSEN

I'm bringing in the pussy...cat.

Madsen barrels through the door, six cops with him. In a
moment, hear the sound of fighting, kicking, slugging. The
other cops look at each other, afraid. After a moment,
silence. Finally, Willis pushes the door open.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All six cops, plus Madsen, lay on the floor, bruised and
bloodied. There is a window directly above, wide open.

WILLIS

Damnit.

Willis runs to the window. Below: see Sally and Catwoman
dropping from the fire escape into the alley behind the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

office building. Sally stumbles, giving Willis half a second to fire on them. He does.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman rolls away from the flying bullets, lands on her feet, and springs down the alley. Sally follows, screaming. Finally, they take cover behind a DUMPSTER.

Now the cops run through the alley, quickly passing the dumpster. Once they're out of sight, Catwoman gets up. See that they are right near the back door of Pineapple Nation. Catwoman uses her claws to pick the lock, grabs Sally's stolen jewelry, then pushes her friend in toward the shop.

CATWOMAN

Go on, Sally. Get yourself something to wear and go.

SALLY

What are you doing?

CATWOMAN

I'm fixing this. Now go on.

Just before Sally is though the door-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Wait, Sally?

SALLY

Yeah?

Catwoman produces the cheap earrings that Sally admired.

CATWOMAN

Here - you're right. They would look great with the red pantsuit.

SALLY

Thanks. Hey, you think maybe you'll show me how to use the whip sometime? You know, to swing on things?

Catwoman carefully considers this, then-

CATWOMAN

No.

She pushes Sally, in the store, then begins to scale the wall.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Sally emerges from the store in full khaki. It does the trick. As a new batch of cops come swarming, they proceed right past her. Sally sees them pass, then casually makes her way into Java Hut for some refreshment.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Meanwhile, Catwoman is padding her way across the roof of the Greenaway Department store. She finds a pinion where the flag used to be. She ties a rope to it, then rappels down the side of the building. She reaches a window, goes in.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Catwoman removes the grating over an air duct. She hoists herself to the opening, then considers the very small, tight space. She raises her tail to compare lengths. The duct width and her tail length are exactly equal.

CATWOMAN

Length equal to tail, never fail. Or is it length equals tail, better bail? Oh, screw it.

Catwoman slides in.

INT. AIR DUCT - LATER

Now Catwoman is crawling - swiftly, elegantly - through the tunnel of an air duct, despite the confined space. See the dark shaft as she sees it - that is, relatively well-lit. And hear a conversation taking place nearby, echoing through the air duct, slightly muffled, but captured by Catwoman's acute sense of hearing-

ADOLESCENT

(O.S.)

You sure my but doesn't look big in this?

MOTHER

(O.S.)

I said no, honey.

Reluctantly, Catwoman stops crawling.

INT. FITTING ROOM - DAY

An ADOLESCENT scrutinizes her backside in a pair of pants, while her MOTHER sits helplessly in the tiny corner chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

It looks nice and round.

ADOLESCENT

It looks round? That means big, mom.

MOTHER

Well, no, I didn't, I just meant-

Now Catwoman drops through the grate in the ceiling.

ADOLESCENT

Catwoman?

CATWOMAN

Once and for all, let's get this settled. One, your mother's right - your ass does look round. It's supposed to look round. If it didn't, you would be a prepubescent boy. Two, in ancient Egypt, the Goddess of Fecundity had a nice big ass and she was worshipped. And three, to quote the 1992 rap classic, 'Baby Got Back': 'My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns hon.' And finally, if the goal of this department store is to actually sell their merchandize, then they really shouldn't punish the customer with lighting that magnifies every imperfection tenfold.

And Catwoman suddenly flicks her whip up at the FLUORESCENT overhead, eliminating the harsh glare.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

That's better. Have a nice day, ladies.

And Catwoman hops back up through the open grate. A beat of silence between mother and daughter, then-

ADOLESCENT

(re: the pants)

I think I'll take these, mom.

INT. AIR DUCT - LATER

Catwoman moves down the duct. She stops at the last grate.

INT. GREENAWAY DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

YELLOW POLICE TAPE everywhere. DETECTIVES milling about, dusting for fingerprints. Willis and Madsen scurrying about,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

arguing procedure. Meanwhile, Lone, calm as usual, is scouting the place. Eyes open.

Now we notice a grate being removed from the ceiling. Then a bag of jewels being dropped from the opening directly on to the jewelry counter. A DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEE stands directly by, sees this, then attempts to alert the arguing detectives.

DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEE

Excuse me, detective. Detective?

MADSEN

Not now.

DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEE

But dete-

MADSEN

Are you trying to sabotage this investigation?

Meanwhile, Lone has stood witness to the drop off. In fact, he is watching as Catwoman puts the grate back into place.

EXT. GREENAWAY DEPARTMENT STORE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Getting dark now. Catwoman comes out the air duct and on to the roof. As she wipes the dust off her catsuit-

LONE

(O.S.)

Come here often?

Catwoman turns, sees Lone.

CATWOMAN

Detective Lone, you know what? You're cute, but you're starting to bug me.

LONE

I might say the same thing about-

Catwoman cuts him off with a sudden, aggressive series of kicks, and the fight is on. As they tussle-

LONE (cont'd)

You've been practicing. I'm flattered.

CATWOMAN

I'm going.

And Catwoman climbs down a ladder off the roof. She leaps on to A NEWSPAPER TRUCK as it passes.

EXT. BRISTOL - THE STREET - NIGHT

But Lone is right behind her. He climbs down the same ladder, gets to the ground, and chases after the truck. When it stops to make a paper drop-off, Lone hoists himself up.

EXT. NEWSPAPER TRUCK - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

But no Catwoman. As the truck starts moving and Lone clings to the rooftop, looking around, confused-

CATWOMAN

(O.S.)

It's Friday night, Detective. Shouldn't you be on a date?

Catwoman climbs up from the side of the truck, joining Lone.

LONE

You mean, this isn't a date?

CATWOMAN

How does the Tao Te Ching put it?
Ordinary men hate solitude-

LONE

-but the Master embraces his aloneness.

CATWOMAN

Yadda. Yadda. Yadda.

LONE

How did you know I read-

CATWOMAN

I'm a cat, detective. I'm intuitive.
Some even say psychic.

Suddenly, the couple is doused in WATER from a nearby hose. Catwoman lets out a disturbed yelp and falls. Lone leaps toward her. They roll for a moment, toward the front of the truck, landing on the windshield. The driver is looking over his shoulder, backing up momentarily, and does not see them.

LONE

You don't like water, do you?

CATWOMAN

Got me, Detective. Shhhh. Don't tell.

EXT. BRISTOL - NIGHT

A stack of newspapers lands on the ground. A large PHOTO of Catwoman on the front, with the headline: WHO IS SHE? WHERE IS SHE?. As the NEWSSTAND MAN picks up the pile, he also sees the cat-in-question on top of the departing newspaper truck. In shock, he weakly points his finger at the feline.

EXT. NEWSPAPER TRUCK - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman is on top of the truck now, gripping Lone in her clutches - his head trapped between her knees - vice-like.

CATWOMAN

You like your classic Chinese philosophy, don't you? You take great comfort in it.

LONE

Got me, Catwoman. Shhhh. Don't tell.

CATWOMAN

And yet I wonder if your slogans keep you warm in bed at night.

LONE

What's that supposed to mean?

Lone delivers a tough elbow to Catwoman's gut. She takes a swipe at him with her claws. Lone dodges it. Catwoman ends up slashing her own neck.

Now the truck turns. The couple loses their balance, falls into each other's arms. Face-to-face, intimate, without missing a beat in their conversation-

CATWOMAN

It means: shouldn't you be working on making some little Lones by now? Or do you plan on living up to your last name?

LONE

Being alone doesn't mean you're lonely.

CATWOMAN

How poetic...It's also a crock. Haven't you ever noticed that Soup for One is eight aisles away from the party mix?

LONE

Are you volunteering?

CATWOMAN

I'm not the girl for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONE

Why not?

CATWOMAN

For one, I break the law and you enforce it. And two, I'm part cat. But maybe that's why you like me.

LONE

How's that?

CATWOMAN

The impossibility of the arrangement makes it a safe choice. It's textbook.

The couple is just inches apart now, and the sexual energy is smoldering. And so, the inevitable occurs: Lone grabs Catwoman and kisses her. And kisses her. After-

LONE

Was that textbook?

CATWOMAN

No. Although I generally prefer a good licking. However, I liked it so much, I'm seriously considering letting you touch my tail.

Snapping out of his daze-

LONE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. It was wrong.

CATWOMAN

Yet so pleasant.

LONE

Catwoman-

CATWOMAN

Yes, Detective?

Followed by the SOUND of snapping handcuffs.

LONE

You're under arrest.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Detective Lone leads Catwoman - still in handcuffs, still in her mask and catsuit - into the precinct. Everyone stares-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESK SERGEANT
Holy mackerel.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Madsen sits in his office nursing a BLACK EYE. An OFFICER sticks his head in, urgent-

OFFICER
Lone brought in Catwoman.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Lone enters, Catwoman is smiling at the one-way glass-

CATWOMAN
Hello boys.

Handcuffed, Catwoman blows a kiss to the DETECTIVES and D.A. on the other side of the barrier. Then she gets comfortable in her seat, beginning to preen. When Lone takes his place, he hands Catwoman a TISSUE for her bleeding neck wound.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)
Thank you.

LONE
You want something to drink? Cup of coffee? Soda?

CATWOMAN
Milk.... Whole milk. In a bowl.

LONE
Of course.

Lone goes to the observation window, knocks on the glass.

LONE (cont'd)
Bowl of milk, please. Whole....

Lone takes a seat, looks Catwoman in the eye.

LONE (cont'd)
Okay, way I look at it, this is your opportunity to help yourself. You come clean, explain yourself, people look well-

CATWOMAN
You want me to explain myself? And how am I supposed to do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONE

Good first step - take off the mask.

CATWOMAN

Which does what?

LONE

Tells us who you are.

CATWOMAN

Isn't it more enticing simply to project your desires on onto a faceless woman in a catsuit?

The door opens. Willis enters, carrying a bowl of milk. He nervously sets down the drink before Catwoman.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

WILLIS

You're welcome.

We watch Catwoman lap up the milk with her tongue. It is a precise, involved procedure. And it is impossible not to watch. Go to Willis - feet glued to the floor, frozen. And Lone - eyes fixed with curiosity more than lust (Catwoman's gestures are strangely similar to those of Patience earlier).

WILLIS (cont'd)

(under his breath)

Thank you.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

And go to Sid, the D.A., and Madsen - slack-jawed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finally, Catwoman downs the rest of the milk, letting several drops slide down her neck, her hands. After she licks the liquid off her skin, Catwoman hands the bowl back to Willis.

CATWOMAN

Show's over.

Snapping out of it, Willis stumbles out. Lone resumes.

LONE

Where was I?

CATWOMAN

Drooling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONE

Before that.

CATWOMAN

You wanted me to explain myself.

LONE

There are some things we need to talk about. Several counts of grand larceny, significant damage to public property.

(beat)

You didn't do all that stuff, did you?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OUTSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM

D.A.

This is how he goes for a confession?

MADSEN

What the hell is he doing?

SID POST

Just give it a minute.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LONE

These are serious charges, Catwoman, but if you come clean now-

CATWOMAN

You kiss nice, Detective.

A beat, then-

LONE

I do?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OUTSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM

The last straw-

SID POST

That's it. Send him into my office and put her in holding.

Sid marches out. Madsen gleefully enters the I.R.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lone is in with Sid, arguing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SID POST

I'm not saying it's permanent, but for godsakes, I didn't know if you were trying to interrogate her or date her.

LONE

I think me might have bigger fish to fry.

SID POST

What fish would that be?

LONE

Simon Greenaway.

Right on cue, Madsen and Willis come in.

MADSEN

Oh, jeez louse.

LONE

Shut up, Madsen. Sid, I have some documents you need to look at.

Lone hands Gigi's papers to Sid. Madsen looks too.

LONE (CONT'D)

Think about it, Sid. Why does a private businessman own public utilities like a water-tower? A water-treatment plant?

SID POST

Gigi thought he was gonna tamper with Jubilation's water supply?

LONE

Yes, and given that she was gonna print that, I think we have to seriously reconsider the nature of her death.

A beat, then-

MADSEN

Man, that's pretty serious stuff.

LONE

Yes, Madsen. It is.

MADSEN

Golly, have you told the rest of the A-Team yet?

(to Willis)

Fire up the Batmobile, Robin. We need to skedaddle!

(CONTINUED)

WILLIS
In a jiff, boss!

LONE
Shut up, Madsen.

SID POST
Enough, Madsen.

MADSEN
I'm just saying-

SID POST
Listen, Greenaway may be a crappy men
with crappy values, but tampering with
the water supply, murdering reporters -
it's a little bit far-fetched. This is
Bristol. Gotham, we ain't.

Now Madsen affects a deep booming voice as he pantomimes the
twirling of a long villain-style mustache-

MADSEN
(booming voice)
I AM SIMON GREENAWAY! I WILL TAKE OVER
THE EARTH AND ALL ITS PEOPLE. BEWARE THE
WRATH OF GREENAWAY! HA-HA-HA-HA!

Now Willis is laughing hysterically.

LONE
May I remind you, we're currently holding
a half-cat, half-woman who can scale tall
buildings. I'd say very little is out of
the question at this point.... To hell
with you guys.

And Lone storms out. Calling after him-

MADSEN
Well don't get your panties in a knot.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman paces behind the bars - prowling, angry. As she
tries to climb the walls, rub up against the bars, Madsen
and Willis arrive. They stare at Catwoman with a combination
of lust and evil intent. Then-

MADSEN
(singing, with sudden verve)
What's new, Pussycat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIS
(accompaniment)
Whooo ooo oo ooooooh.....

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Lone makes his way into the bowels of the building. Shelves of EVIDENCE - tagged and stored - line the walls. Lone finds the bag holding Gigi's blow dryer. He examines the evidence - specifically, the dryer's cord, which is severely frayed.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Sitting watch alone now, Willis leans against the bars, offering his own interrogation of Catwoman-

WILLIS
So, like, what do you do when you have to go to the bathroom? Do you have a special flap or something?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Lone is poring over Constance Price's twelve-year old file. He is looking through the statements, flipping back and forth, confused. Something's not sitting right. He gets up, goes to the FILE CLERK-

LONE
This file's incomplete. There's no statement from Simon Greenaway Sr.

FILE CLERK
What you see is what you get.

LONE
You don't have copies? Computer backups?

FILE CLERK
I don't think we had computers back then.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The interrogation continues, but now Willis is blushing.

WILLIS
I was wondering - are you seeing anybody?

INT. GREENAWAY OFFICES - BASEMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Simon Greenaway Sr. He sits at a cluttered desk covered with broken appliances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. GREENAWAY
Who is it?

See Lone in the room.

LONE
Mr. Greenaway, my name is Detective Bill
Lone. I'm-

MR. GREENAWAY
You have kids, Detective?

LONE
No.

MR. GREENAWAY
Don't. People who say it's the most
rewarding thing in the world - they're
lying.

LONE
Mr. Greenaway, I'm here because I'd like
to ask you a few questions about
Constance Price.

Without even looking up, head buried in his work-

MR. GREENAWAY
I know why you're here, Detective. What
I don't know is what took you so damn
long.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Catwoman sits alone now - trapped, dejected - untouched
prison DINNER in front of her. Then she smells something.
See her sniffing, quickly, deeply. She hops to her feet,
sticks her head through the bars, and, sure enough, there's-

-HECTOR, one of the prison dogs, down the hall. See Madsen,
Willis and other cops playing cards in a room nearby.
Catwoman gives a light WHISTLE. The dog looks up.

CATWOMAN
Hey, Hector. C'mere, sweetheart.

The dog slowly pads down the hall. He looks at her, sees the
cat garb, and bares his teeth, growling-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)
Hector. It's me. It's Patience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catwoman extends her hand toward Hector, who suspiciously sniffs it. Then, immediately, he starts to whine and stick his head through the bars. Catwoman pets him.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Good boy. I need you to do something.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Hector goes toward the police kennel, where Patience sat with the dogs. He pushes the door in with his nose. As he whines, several other dogs come out and get to work.

Hector closes the door at the end of the hallway. BUSTER, another dog, goes to Catwoman, sticks his nose through the bars of the cell-

CATWOMAN

Buster, I need the key.

Buster pads off to the card room. See him retrieve the KEYS from Madsen's pocket. Meanwhile, Hector goes from room to room, closing the doors.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Buster returns with the keys. Catwoman unlocks the cell. The dogs are milling around her now. Inside the closed card room door, Madsen gets up to leave, but can't. He looks at Catwoman through the window. She simply smiles.

INT. POLICE - PRECINCT - CARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MADSEN

She's getting away!

Madsen takes out his gun, smashes the glass with the butt, and reaches through to unlock the door. Hector, who waits on the other side, bites Madsen.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman races down the hall, looking for a way out. The dogs swarm around her as she climbs the wall.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The commotion has now reached Sid's office.

SID POST

What the hell is going on?

The Desk Sergeant runs in-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESK SERGEANT
Catwoman's escaping!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Having scaled the wall, Catwoman opens the high window and starts to swing out. Beneath her, Sid heads down a stairwell. At the same time, Lone pulls up in his car, gets out, sees the commotion. Now Madsen leans out the window, raises his gun to shoot. Lone sees.

LONE

No!

Madsen shoots anyway. The BULLET flies. Catwoman's eyes flash. See it as she does: a quick movement at the corner of her vision alerts her, a vibrant silver distinguishing itself from the rest of the landscape. And Catwoman moves with lightning speed, quickly whipping her head around toward the bullet, and in a millisecond, leaping high into the air, legs outstretched, such that the bullet whizzes by just a fraction of an inch beneath her pelvis.

Another bullet. And another piece of feline reaction time and astonishing acrobatics. Catwoman twists her body, tucks her legs, and swivels effortlessly through the air, the bullet flying harmlessly past.

Catwoman lands. Madsen is out on the fire escape now, about to shoot again. Just before he does, the dogs come - leaping on Madsen, knocking him down. Catwoman flees.

MADSEN

Hey, you're dogs! She's a cat! What the hell is the matter with you!

Lone chases Catwoman, stopping when she leaps up on to a building. As she makes her getaway-

CATWOMAN

Thanks for the date, detective. Call me.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Catwoman leaps onto a rooftop. See Spooky there, waiting.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

There you are. You think maybe next time you could show up before the gunfire?

And they trot off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Catwoman swings off the building and runs down the street. Behind her, in the shadows, Lily watches. After a moment, she emerges and follows her.

EXT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - LATER

Catwoman climbs through the upstairs window of Patience's apartment. Through the window, see Catwoman go to the fridge, drink from a bottle of milk. Then take off her mask.

Reveal Lily, across the street, still watching.

LILY

Well, well, well. The cat-lady's a Catwoman.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lone paces nervously in front of Sid's desk. See the Lieutenant looking over a thick FILE.

SID POST

It's a patent application.

LONE

Constance Price's patent application.

SID POST

For a dishwasher - so what?

LONE

Sid, the dishwasher ran on the chip. The Greenaway Chip - which, according to this, she designed.

SID POST

Where did you get this?

LONE

The father.

SID POST

Jesus christ. Do we even know if this thing's authentic?

LONE

I'm waiting on the patent office....Sid, there's motive here. Even if nothing's definitive, you have to at least-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SID POST
You're right.

LONE
What?

SID POST
I said, you're right, Lone. It's time we
talked to him.

Sid picks up the phone, dials.

SID POST (cont'd)
Simon Greenaway, please.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Simon slams down the phone - enraged.

SIMON
This idiot backwater policeman has the
nerve. Tells me to come to the station,
better bring your lawyer, he says-

Lily enters.

LILY
I have good news and bad news. You
remember the dog and cat lady.
Apparently, the roof she fell off wasn't
high enough. She's alive.

SIMON
What's the good news?

LILY
She's got a split personality and a taste
for catnip.

Simon looks stunned. Then, suddenly, he embraces Lily.

LILY (CONT'D)
You're happy about this?

SIMON
Don't you see? Before it was about
business, now it's just personal. It's
about her whack-job mother. That makes
everything so much easier.

And Simon kisses Lily - tender, affectionate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (cont'd)
Sometimes, Lily, I think you're the most
wonderful woman on earth.

And Simon goes bounding down the hall, a bounce in his step,
leaving Lily - less content.

LILY
(to herself)
What about the other times?

EXT. SID POST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid pulls up to his house. He grabs an armful of files from
the passenger seat along with his fast food dinner bag, and
goes inside the house. The door shuts behind him.

At which point, a familiar limousine pulls into the driveway.

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - DAY

Patience blow dries a BASSET HOUND. She wears a BANDAGE and
a scarf around her neck wound. Soon, Sally rushes in, turns
on the t.v. to the morning news.

SALLY
It's all over the news. They're saying
Catwoman escaped with the help of the
dogs and how could that happen - it
defies the natural order and all that -
and I'm thinking - of course they helped
her. She's been taking care of those
dogs since they were puppies. What
happened to your neck? Hickey?

PATIENCE
No, nothing. Claw mishap, okay?

SALLY
What's your problem?

PATIENCE
Things aren't going particularly well,
for your information. And that stunt you
pulled didn't exactly help matters.

SALLY
No, that's not it. It's a boy problem.
I know, that look. Definitely a guy.

Patience turns off the dryer, finally looks at her friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

He kissed her, Sally.

SALLY

Who kissed who - whom?

PATIENCE

Lone. Detective Hotty. He kissed Catwoman yesterday....With tongue.

SALLY

Well that's great. Right?

PATIENCE

Are you joking? It's terrible.

SALLY

I don't follow.

PATIENCE

Where does that leave me, Sally? He likes her. Catwoman. She's his type. I can't compete with that.

SALLY

Pardon me, Patience, but wake up and smell the nip...You are that.

PATIENCE

What?

SALLY

You are Catwoman. Patience is Catwoman. Catwoman is Patience. And so on.

PATIENCE

Listen, I wouldn't expect you to understand the complexity of alter egos, okay, but she's not me. I mean, just look at that suit.

SALLY

Catwoman's not the suit, Patience. She's an attitude.

(indicating Patience's head,
her heart)

In here. Here. And it's yours. Trick is giving her a little airtime when you're, not wearing lycra. Letting the feline stretch her legs a little when Patience Price is wearing her oh-so-sensible shoes. I mean, isn't that the whole point?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Patience considers this, we hear the news report. See the GRAPHIC in the corner of the screen change from one on the Bristol Zoo Demolition to a PHOTOGRAPH of Sid Post.

NEWS REPORTER

And as Bristol says goodbye to its zoo tomorrow, today it bids farewell to one of its most beloved citizens.

Patience and Sally turn to the television.

NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)

In shocking news, we have just learned that longtime Lieutenant, Sidney Post, has been murdered. Sources tell us that his body was delivered to police precinct early this morning. The box was marked with a 'C.'

Patience and Sally stand frozen, stunned.

SALLY

Oh my god.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Chaos. Cops and media types everywhere. Lone and Madsen are screaming at each other in an office.

LONE

Yesterday Sid calls Simon down for questioning. Today he's dead.

MADSEN

She signed his goddamn body, Lone.

LONE

Anyone could've done that.

MADSEN

For chrissakes, she's a criminal. Not a freedom fighter - a criminal. And maybe you'd see that if you stopped thinking with your-

LONE

That's enough.

And Lone storms out.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Patience, tears rolling down her cheeks, as she talks to her mother's photograph.

PATIENCE

All I wanted was a simple life. To make people's pets look and smell a little bit better, that's all. I didn't ask for this. I don't want it. I can't do it. Do you hear me, mom. Everything I touch turns to crap.

Patience is sobbing now. She stumbles to her closet, takes out her catsuit and repeatedly bashes it against the wall. Soon, she is on a tear much like the one we saw her go through during her Catwoman transformation. Only now she's undoing her work. Violently flinging her catsuit to and fro, kicking it under her bed. Disposing of all things leopard-patterned or remotely feline.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Patience lies on her bed, clinging to her pillow, crying still. Her apartment is a mess. Now a KNOCK on the door.

PATIENCE

Leave me alone, Sally.

The door opens anyway.

PATIENCE (cont'd)

I said, leave me-

See Lone.

LONE

It's me, Patience. I'm sorry-

Patience sits up, tries to collect herself.

PATIENCE

Detective. What are you doing here?

LONE

I wanted to make sure you're okay. I don't think you are.

PATIENCE

I'm fine, really. I'm fine.

At which point, Patience returns to sobbing. Lone holds her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

I'm not fine.

LONE

I'm so sorry about Sid.

PATIENCE

It's my fault.

LONE

What are you talking about?

PATIENCE

Everyone I love ends up dying. I try to help, I just end up making things worse.

LONE

No, Patience, you do help. I wanted to tell you - what we talked about before - I think you may be right.

PATIENCE

About what?

LONE

Simon. I can't say anything for sure yet, but-

PATIENCE

You believe me?

LONE

Yes, Patience. I do.

Patience breaks into sobs - a moment of relief, catharsis.

PATIENCE

Do you have any idea how it feels for me to hear that?

At which point, Lone moves the hair away from Patience's eyes, wipes away a tear.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing, detective?

LONE

I'm touching your face. Beyond that, I'm not sure.

Lone continues with the tender touching.

Interrupted by his BEEPER. Loud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATIENCE

Is that your beeper or my heart?

LONE

Beeper have a way of beeping at just the wrong time, don't they?

PATIENCE

You should get that.

Lone looks at his beeper.

LONE

It's urgent.

PATIENCE

It's okay. Go.

LONE

But I want to continue this.

PATIENCE

Me too. The Master will just have to embrace his aloneness by himself.

LONE

What?

PATIENCE

You know, the Chinese philosophy.

The PHONE rings. Meanwhile, Lone looks confused. The wheels are turning, for Patience has just quoted a conversation he had with Catwoman. That's when Lone notices the bandage.

LONE

Patience, what happened to your neck?

PATIENCE

Nothing. Nervous Beagle.

(re: phone)

I should get that.

And Patience guides Lone out the door, closes it.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lone stands still in the hallway, pondering. His beeper goes off again. Reluctantly, he leaves.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Patience answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATIENCE

Hello.

SIMON

(O.S.)

Have you ever wondered what her last moments were like?

Patience freezes, scared.

PATIENCE

Excuse me?

SIMON

(O.S.)

She came to at the last minute. I stood there watching her, carbon monoxide filling the car, as she beat her fists on the window, pounding, crying, 'Let me out. Please, I have a little girl.'

PATIENCE

You bastard.

SIMON

Tomorrow we demolish the zoo, and today I woke up saying, Simon - why put off 'til tomorrow what you can do today? I've decided to let the zookeeper and his daughter participate. Tiger too. Poor thing missed the bus to Singapore. Fabulous city. So clean.

PATIENCE

What do you want me to do?

SIMON

Simple. Trade places. One zookeeper and his daughter for a feline. Tell your cop friend about it - any cop for that matter - the bomb goes off ahead of schedule. You have until midnight, Patience. Or is it Catwoman?

Patience considers this. Then, see the eye of the tiger (literally) once again. With great resolve-

PATIENCE

It's Catwoman.

And Patience hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patience walks over to her mother's photograph, stares at it. Finally, she echoes the words that sent her mother out the door so many years ago-

CATWOMAN

One more time: Mr. Greenaway, I am entitled.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A flurry of activity now, Patience retrieves her balled-up kicked-around catsuit. Does her best to smooth it out.

She digs her stilettos out from the back of her closet. She lovingly picks up her tossed-aside feline garb and rehanges a shirt, as if in apology.

INT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patience makes a phone call. After a beat-

PATIENCE

Sally, it's Patience. What are you doing tonight? Because I've got something wild and fun....Yes, better than Bai To....and I'd like to include you.

EXT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - PORCH - NIGHT

Catwoman stands high on the porch railing, surveying Bristol below. Spooky hops up next to her.

Now Catwoman begins to slide slowly down. Her legs are moving apart as she slides into a perfect split right on top of the railing. Spooky hops aside a couple of inches at a time as Catwoman's legs move out. As this transpires-

CATWOMAN

You know what they say, Spooky: it's not over-

Now in a full split, Catwoman pushes her arms on the railing, heaving her body into the air, flipping her way below, using a lamppost to swing her body around like on a set of parallel bars, and landing perfectly on the ground below.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

- 'til the catlady sings....Let's sing.

Then she runs off into the night.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Lone gets out of his cop car, rushing as humans do up the steps of the building. Willis intercepts him at the door.

LONE

What is it?

WILLIS

The P.R.O. called....Man, I love saying that - 'P.R.O. called' This is why I went to cop school.

LONE

The Patent Registration Office, Willis-

WILLIS

Right. So the application's authentic. However, it was only the preliminary paperwork - which expires after twelve months - which is why Greenaway could register for it himself.

LONE

Did you tell Madsen yet?

WILLIS

No, he's just on his way in. Where are you going?

Now Lone is running back to his car.

LONE

To tell a girl she was right. Then I'm gonna see what comes after the part where I touch her face.

A beat, then-

WILLIS

Can I come?

EXT. BRISTOL ZOO - NIGHT

The zoo is eerily dark, desolate, mostly packed up. Catwoman heads toward the main building. She scouts the place for ways in, but then tries the most obvious - the front door.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

The main building is now bursting with the contents of the zoo (minus the animals). It is one big storage locker in preparation for the demolition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catwoman leaps her way around the room. Then, hear the sounds of Ray and Serena offscreen. She runs to them.

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

Catwoman is bounding through the halls, following the pleading voices. She comes to the ELEVATOR. The car is caught between two floors. Hear Ray and Serena screaming from the shaft below.

Catwoman wiggles her way beneath the elevator car, sliding into the shaft space.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Catwoman drops to the ground. Instead of Ray and Serena, she finds a SPEAKER, transmitting their voices.

CATWOMAN

What the-

And then the elevator locks back into its correct position. The shaft goes dark. And then the water comes.

And not just the usual amount from the sprinkler system. This is more like a deluge, care of Simon. Catwoman shrinks into an arched back, as any cat in water.

Next she searches for a way out. She attempts to scale the wall, but her nails have nothing to grip against the metal.

Meanwhile, the water is collecting around her feet - quickly. Catwoman wraps her body around a cable.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

The water level has risen significantly. Several feet below her now, Catwoman climbs up the cable.

Just as she is making progress, an ELECTRICAL CABLE comes loose above. It hangs over Catwoman, sparks flying, dangling dangerously, daring the water to come closer.

CATWOMAN

Oh great. Anything else?

Yes, as a matter of fact: now see the cable Catwoman is climbing begin to come loose.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Of course. Why didn't I think of that?

EXT. PATIENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lone stands beneath Patience's window, throwing pebbles.
Willis watches from the cop car.

LONE

Patience? Are you there? I have good
news. Wake up, Patience.

Lone turns back to Willis-

LONE (cont'd)

Hundred bucks says she fell asleep on the
couch watching the Animal Channel. Big
bowl of popcorn in her lap.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - LATER

But Patience isn't asleep on the couch. See that water fills
most of the shaft now. Sweat dripping from her face, breath
quickenning, Catwoman searches for a solution. Finally, she
finds it: see a small window on the old-fashioned elevator
door above. Quickly, Catwoman pulls herself level.

Meanwhile, the electrical cable is swinging. The water level
is rising. The support cable is coming unhinged.

It is a textbook action sequence and our anything-but-
textbook action hero(ine) has had enough: she uses her claws
to create a crack in the small window. Then she raises her
legs up and gives a severe push, using both of her stiletto
heels to crash through the glass. And it works.

Now Catwoman must slide her body through the small opening.
She leaps from the cable to the bottom of the window. Then
she sticks her head through the small opening, sliding her
body out, getting cut by the jagged glass edges as she goes.

But she is half-way out, almost there.

See the live electrical wire just inches away from the rising
water. And suddenly, Catwoman is stuck. Irony of all
ironies, it is her healthy butt that impedes her progress.

CATWOMAN

Now I know why women want a small ass.

But no matter, because - healthy butt and all - Catwoman
budges her way through. For now, Sir Mixalot is safe.

Catwoman comes crashing down on the floor. And just in time,
because the live wire has just been submerged in water.
Sparks fly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catwoman picks herself up, brushing the glass off her suit. Just then, see a GUN being pressed to the back of her head.

LILY

(O.S.)

I've been looking forward to this.

Catwoman raises her arms in surrender, turns around, starts backing away from Lily.

CATWOMAN

What happened to the agreement?

LILY

Simon lied.

CATWOMAN

Put the gun down, Lily.

LILY

Why would I do that?

CATWOMAN

Because you're pointing it at the wrong person. I'm not the enemy.

LILY

Oh, I get it. This is the part where I turn on him, right? Get the 'smart-women-foolish-choices' speech, realize that I deserve better, get in touch with my inner Catwoman or some such crap?

CATWOMAN

Sounds like you've already put some thought into it.

LILY

Not gonna happen, Catbitch.

CATWOMAN

How is that one man can make a such a smart woman act so stupid?

At which point, the GUN FIRES. A BULLET hits Catwoman in the arm. She hits the ground, clutching her fresh wound.

LILY

Never underestimate the power of an alphamale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And Lily leaps on Catwoman. The feline gives her best effort with one good arm. They roll around, struggling. Finally, Catwoman grabs Lily's gun and holds it to her head.

CATWOMAN

Never underestimate the power of the pussy.

Now Catwoman plants a foot on Lily's throat, exerting her weight. Then she unloads the cartridge from the gun, tosses it in one direction and the gun in the other. Meanwhile, Lily grabs Catwoman's leg and flips her hard to the ground. They tussle. Finally, Catwoman gets to her feet and unleashes her whip.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Fine. We'll do it the old-fashioned way.

And Catwoman attacks. As Lily dodges the whip, backing herself into a corner-

LILY

I've always admired that accessory.

CATWOMAN

It's called whip-envy. It's common.

The whip slashes to and fro. But in the blink of an eye, Lily has caught Catwoman's whip with her bare hand.

LILY

And it's mine.

As Catwoman processes the turn of events, stunned-

LILY (cont'd)

Years of Bai To. Excellent reflexes.

And Lily hijacks Catwoman's whip. The feline backs her way to the wall. See a FIRE HOSE encased in glass. Still under attack, Catwoman painfully thrusts the elbow on her wounded arm at the casing. The glass shatters and Catwoman grabs the hose - now making use of it as a makeshift whip.

CATWOMAN

Days of being a cat. Mine are better.

And after an astonishing display of precise movements and feline reflexes, Catwoman's hose prevails. Lily loses grip of the genuine article and gets backed into the corner. As Catwoman continues her attack, notice Lily turning the water gauge. In a moment, the hose is alive. Water streaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

With Catwoman momentarily flustered, Lily takes over the hose, pins Catwoman to the wall, and holds the nozzle directly in her face. Catwoman struggles for breath, finally pushing Lily off with a kick, then pinning her to the ground. In a flurry of movement, Catwoman turns off the water and uses the hose to tie up Lily. When the procedure is complete-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

There's just one thing I'm curious about.

LILY

They're real.

CATWOMAN

Whether or not you knew about the water.

LILY

What? That he's gonna make it cleaner?

CATWOMAN

That he's putting in Dexathorazine.

LILY

Dexa-what?

CATWOMAN

Dexa-the-chemical-that-can-cause-sterility. Why do you think he bought the water plant? Why do you think he had to build Jubilation right next to it?

LILY

You're lying.

CATWOMAN

Lily, your boyfriend's gonna make things so clean, he's gonna get rid of the kids. No more dirty diapers, runny noses, germ-infested fingers.

LILY

He wouldn't do that.

CATWOMAN

He would kill. Why not that?

LILY

Because we're going to have a family. We picked, names.

CATWOMAN

Let me guess: Simon if it's a boy.
Simone if it's a girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Which prompts a deluge. The flood gates open and Lily is whimpering.

LILY
How did you know?

CATWOMAN
I was joking.

LILY
I used to want so much for myself. How did this happen to me?

CATWOMAN
Little by little, if I had to guess. Until, one day, it's a lot.

LILY
I'm an idiot. I'm big, fat, and stupid-

CATWOMAN
No, Lily. You're not stupid. Your taste in men is. But you can do something good here. Something smart. Now where are they? Please.

Lily looks at Catwoman in earnest. Finally, a moment of collaboration between the two women.

LILY
Reptile habitat.

And Catwoman runs off. A moment later, she comes back, retrieves her forgotten whip.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Catwoman is running with all her might toward the reptile habitat, gripping her wounded arm to her side. See the Promenade's CLOCKTOWER on the nearby horizon. Eight 'til.

INT. REPTILE HABITAT - NIGHT

Catwoman rushes in. See Ray, Serena, and Sara locked in the reptile habitat.

SERENA
Catwoman!

Ray instinctively protects his daughter, unsure of Catwoman's good-guy/bad-guy status.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

What do you want?

CATWOMAN

I'm here to help. I won't hurt you.

Ray looks skeptical.

SERENA

It's okay, dad.

CATWOMAN

First, let's get you out of here.

But the BOMB is strapped firmly across the entrance to the habitat. And the DIGITAL TIMER is at three minutes.

RAY

Door moves, bomb blows.

- - CATWOMAN

So we'll look for another way out.

RAY

What do you think we've been doing all this time - twiddling our thumbs? Man, what kind of superhero are you?

CATWOMAN

A new one. This is my first bomb.

RAY

Well that's great. You know, that suit will only take you so far, young lady.

Now the timer on the bomb is at two and a half minutes.

CATWOMAN

Enough. Alright, I'm gonna have to defuse the bomb.

RAY

That's more like it.

CATWOMAN

There's just one problem.

RAY

What's, that?

CATWOMAN

I don't know how to defuse a bomb. It's not in the feline repertoire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY

Oh, sweet Jesus.

The timer is down to ninety seconds. By this point, Serena is crying. Sara is making noise in response to the little girl. Catwoman immediately softens.

CATWOMAN

Honey, it's gonna be okay.

SERENA

Please, do something.

Catwoman goes back to the bomb, stares at its innerworkings, waiting for some higher feline intuition or guidance-

CATWOMAN

C'mon. Think. You can do it. C'mon.

That's when Catwoman hears it - the distinctive humming of her mother's chip.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

The chip. The bomb's powered by the chip.

RAY

So what? Everything in this town runs on that chip. What's that do for us?

CATWOMAN

Everything. I know how to put it together. I bet I can also take it apart.

And Catwoman gets to work. She deftly uses her claws to unscrew the bomb's outer casing, to reveal the chip inside.

Now see Catwoman follow the procedure she learned up in the attic - but backwards. It is a painstaking process - requiring absolute precision, patience, dexterity, and hardware (i.e. her claws).

The timer is down to thirty seconds.

Now Catwoman removes the final piece of the puzzle. The chip is dismantled and the bomb is disarmed. The timer reads :27.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

I did it. I did it!

RAY

What? That's it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Serena is jumping up and down, celebrating. Ray isn't.

RAY (CONT'D)

It's over?

CATWOMAN

You seem disappointed.

RAY

No, it's just that you sort of expect it to get down to the last second. At least that's always how it goes down with Batman - according to the Gotham papers.

CATWOMAN

Well that's the difference between male and female superheroes. The ladies don't like to wait until the last second in a bomb disarmament situation. C'mon.

Catwoman strips the bomb off the exit door, opens it. Ray and Serena follow her out.

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Simon and Bobby are in an office overlooking the zoo - waiting, champagne glasses in hand. See a digital timer that corresponds with the one in the reptile habitat.

And they count-

SIMON & BOBBY

Five...four...three...two...one.

Nothing.

SIMON & BOBBY (cont'd)

One.

Nothing.

BOBBY

Point five...

SIMON

Goddamnit. Go, Bobby.

Bobby goes. Simon throws down his champagne glass.

EXT. ZOO - BACK WALL - NIGHT

We're at the outer edges of the zoo property and Catwoman is leading Ray and Serena to an opening in the back wall. See a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

deep RAVINE beyond - the water source for Bristol - flanked by the water tower. As Catwoman pushes Ray and Serena out-

CATWOMAN

You should be okay from here.

RAY

I'm sorry about my behavior earlier. I was having some kind of stress reaction. I'm not usually like that.

CATWOMAN

I know you're not, Ray.

RAY

Thank you, Catwoman. Wait a minute, how did you know my name?

Now Ray is getting a close look at Catwoman. As he stares, see a trace of recognition in his eyes. Before the synapses can do their work-

CATWOMAN

What are you waiting for? An invitation? You've got a kid to think of. Get going.

Ray goes. Serena pulls away from him to say her own goodbye. Catwoman crouches down to her height-

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Goodbye, sweetheart. You take care of your dad, okay?

Serena is moving toward Catwoman, leaning in to her ear.

SERENA

You wore the leotard after all.

Catwoman pulls away, stunned.

CATWOMAN

What did you say?

SERENA

I knew you would, Patience. I'm proud.

RAY

C'mon Serena.

Serena goes, leaving Catwoman - overcome...

...until Catwoman is literally overcome - by Bobby - who has snuck up from behind and tackled the elusive feline.

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

Catwoman is locked in a cage, like a featured zoo attraction. Simon circles the room, a hunter admiring his prey, as he talks on his CELL PHONE.

SIMON

This is Simon Greenaway. Send the cops to the zoo immediately. I've just apprehended Catwoman.

Simon hangs up.

SIMON (cont'd)

I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner. If I kill you, you'll just come back about eight more times, but if I lock you up, you'll spend the remainder of my life in jail.

Now, see Spooky jump through the window behind Simon.

CATWOMAN

Do you like riddles, Mr. Greenaway?

SIMON

I fell for you, didn't I?

CATWOMAN

A man is trapped in a room. No windows, no doors. In his possession: just one piece of string. How does he escape?

SIMON

He doesn't. Unless it's a very special piece of string.

CATWOMAN

It is. Because the man takes the string-

Catwoman unfurls her whip, in substitute of the string.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

-snaps it in half.

Catwoman snaps her whip against a cage bar, splitting it into two perfectly even pieces.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

And do you know what happens when he puts the two halves together? He makes a hole. Then he climbs through it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

Clever. Too bad for you his escape
relies on word play.

CATWOMAN

That's what I thought. Until I realized
that my halves could do something too.

SIMON

They gonna dig a hole?

CATWOMAN

No. They're gonna do this.

At which point, Spooky leaps up on Simon, biting him in the neck. He drops his gun, using his hands to grasp his wound. Then, faster than the human eye can register, Catwoman snaps each half-whip around Simon's wrists. Once secured, she pulls Simon toward her, violently knocking his head against the cage bars. Simon immediately sinks to the ground.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

It's not a tunnel, but it will do. Good
work, Spooky. Right on time.

Catwoman leans over Simon's limp body into his pockets.

CATWOMAN (cont'd)

Is that a set of zoo keys in your pocket
or are you just happy to see me?

Catwoman removes a RING OF KEYS from Simon's pocket.

INT. LONE'S CAR - NIGHT

Lone talks into his HAND RADIO as he drives.

LONE

It's Lone. Give me Madsen.

RADIO OPERATOR

(O.S.)

Madsen's not here.

LONE

Where is he?

RADIO OPERATOR

(O.S.)

Everybody went to the zoo. Simon
Greenaway apprehended Catwoman.

Lone swerves his car around in a severe U-turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONE

Damnit.

INT. ZOO - NIGHT

Simon is waking up now. He is now locked in the cage - exactly where Catwoman sat. The difference is that Sara, the tiger, is there too. When Simon comes out of his daze-

CATWOMAN

Some women dream of their wedding day. How it's gonna feel to walk down the aisle, what their dress is gonna look like, what color their bridesmaids are gonna wear....This is the day I've dreamed of Simon. The day you tell me what, when, where, how, and, why.

SIMON

I'm not gonna tell you anything. And if I recall correctly, the cops should be here any minute now.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Bristol's police force is swarming the zoo. Suddenly, see the silhouette of Catwoman in the near distance, darting from tree to tree. Madsen spots her-

MADSEN

She's escaping!

And the army of cops chase the silhouette-in-question.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

The Catwoman-in-question is, of course, Sally. As she runs for her life (she wears jogging shoes instead of stilettos), pumping her arms over her head once again-

SALLY

Catwoman back in the hoouuuse!

And now Sally rips off her mask, disposes of her tail, rips off her long, tight catsuit sleeves.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Behind the battalion of cop cars, a new one screeches to a halt. It's Lone and Willis, and they run into the zoo - toward the correct Catwoman.

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

Back to Catwoman's interrogation of Simon.

CATWOMAN

Why did you kill my mother, Simon? Why
did you steal her ideas? Her life?

No answer. Catwoman cracks her whip. On cue, Sara moves
toward Simon, nuzzling him, nibbling him.

SIMON

She never would have turned that idea
into an empire. She would have used that
chip for dishwashers her whole damn life.
She would have stood in the way.

Catwoman calls off Sara for the moment.

CATWOMAN

Same reason you killed me - or tried to.

SIMON

Yes. You remind me of her, as a matter
of fact.

CATWOMAN

Thank you.

SIMON

It wasn't a compliment.

CATWOMAN

It is to me.

Now, see Catwoman's ear turn. She hears something.
Specifically-

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-Lone and Willis in the hall, moving quietly. Standing
witness.

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

CATWOMAN

And the lieutenant? He got in the way
too?

SIMON

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATWOMAN
So you killed him?

SIMON
Yes.

CATWOMAN
And Gigi?

SIMON
Yes. All of them in the way. None of
them have the vision, the understanding.
You people would prefer chaos to-

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

CATWOMAN
But Jubilation will end all that. The
mess, the question marks, the
uncertainty.

SIMON
Yes.

CATWOMAN
And give us what?

SIMON
Life as it should be.

CATWOMAN
Without kids?

SIMON
I don't like children. Not even when I
was one.

CATWOMAN
When I was a kid, my mother loved me, not
because I was perfect or beautiful or
well-behaved - because I wasn't. She
loved me for the mess, the quirks, the
hundred-and-two barrettes I insisted on
wearing in my hair. She told me that,
because I broke the mold, there would be
people who tried to break me for it. She
was right. But I've come up with a
solution. You see, I'm gonna get rid of
the mold altogether. Starting with you.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Finally, Madsen and the swarm of cops catch up to Sally. Madsen tackles her from behind.

MADSEN

Catwoman, you're under arrest.

SALLY

Catwoman?

See the Sally has shed her Catwoman trappings and now looks like a typical JOGGER in tight black pants and top. As about twenty-five different guns are trained on her-

SALLY (cont'd)

Aren't you guys supposed to protect me from this kind of stuff?

INT. ZOO BUILDING - NIGHT

Now Catwoman and Simon are face to face-

CATWOMAN

The tricky thing about lifelong dreams
...rarely do they live up to the image
you carried in your head all those years.
But I want to thank you, Simon - so far,
this has exceeded my wildest
expectations.

A beat of silence. Then Lone and Willis enter.

LONE

Simon Greenaway, you're under arrest for
the murders of Constance Price, Gigi
Wells, and Lieutenant Sidney Post. For
starters.

Now Madsen and the other cops arrive. Lone takes the cage keys from Catwoman, goes inside and starts to cuff Simon. But Madsen intercepts Lone, putting up a protective arm in front of Simon.

MADSEN

What the hell are you doing, Lone?

LONE

We've got testimony from his father, and
I just witnessed a confession.

WILLIS

I witnessed it too!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meanwhile, Madsen is trying to cuff Catwoman-

LONE

What are you doing? Didn't you hear me?

MADSEN

C'mon, Lone. Even if you're right, she's still broken the law about eight hundred different times. Right, Cat-hon?

CATWOMAN

For the last time, Detective, it's Catwoman.

And before Madsen can finish cuffing her, Catwoman violently jabs her elbow into his ribs. As he doubles over, she smashes him in the head.

Now she uses her whip to latch on to a girder across the ceiling, swing toward the window, and smash through the glass. The cops scurry to take the human way out.

In the midst of this commotion, Simon makes a break for it himself. Half of the cops chase him; half pursue the cat.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Catwoman lands safely, then starts running.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

Madsen and Lone run out the zoo building, chasing Catwoman. Madsen has a slight lead.

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Simon is fleeing his own cops. He is running toward the water tower. See Lily there.

SIMON

Please, Lily. Help me.

LILY

Up in the central line.

Lily opens the door to the water tower base. Simon goes in.

INT. CENTRAL LINE - NIGHT

Simon climbs frantically up the ladder along the wall.

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Lily recedes into the shadows. The cops pass.

Lily goes back into the office connected to the tower.

INT. TOWER OFFICE - NIGHT

A wall full of control gauges. On a wall of MONITORS, see Simon climbing.

Lily approaches the main water line valve.

LILY

You want to control the water supply,
Simon? Better yet, be the water supply.

And Lily turns the gauge.

LILY (cont'd)

No one screws with Lily Viltanova. She
went to B-School at Harvard-frigging-
University.

INT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Hear a low-pitched rumbling from above Simon's head.
Clinging to a ladder in mid-flight, he looks up. And sure
enough, see a wall of WATER coming at him. The water that he
dreamed of delivering to the people of Jubilation will
finally get delivered - with him in it.

SIMON

Oh sweet lord.

And the water engulfs Simon, pushing him with violent many-
inches-per-square-inch-pressure force down the main water
system pipe. He doesn't have a chance.

INT. AQUEDUCT PIPES - NIGHT

See Simon Greenaway free-falling through the water-filled
pipes. It is a violent, suffocating journey.

EXT. ZOO - ROOFS - NIGHT

Madsen chases Catwoman. Lone chases Madsen. The three of
them leap across the roofs of the zoo, closer and closer to
the back wall, near the river.

See Lone gain on Madsen, dive at his feet. Madsen goes down,
grabbing his knee in pain. Lone gets up, continues on.

EXT. ZOO - THE RAVINE - NIGHT

Catwoman stands at the edge of the ravine - staring at the steep drop down to the water. Finally, Lone arrives.

CATWOMAN

What took you so long, detective?

LONE

I can't leap like you.

CATWOMAN

I want you to see that my work is finished.

LONE

Where are you going?

CATWOMAN

I can't be locked up, detective. I'm too good at this superheroine gig. After tonight, I'd say I'm meant for it. Cats have nine lives. This one's done. Do you understand?

LONE

I think so.

CATWOMAN

And as much as I've enjoyed the flirting, the banter, the necking on top of moving trucks, this thing between us couldn't work.

Hear the cops getting closer.

LONE

Right. You break the law. I enforce it.

CATWOMAN

You're a Homo Sapien. I'm a cat.

LONE

It's always something, isn't it?

CATWOMAN

Make sure you pick a girl next time - although it would be okay if she had a little feline in her. Preferable even.

The cops arrive. A fleet of cop cars. Several on foot. Dozens of guns pointing. All of it led by Madsen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADSEN

Hands in the air, Cat...woman.

CATWOMAN

Good boy, Madsen. And with pleasure.

(to Lone)

Goodbye, detective. And thank you.

And before Madsen or the cops can do anything, Catwoman raises her hands high above her head - and then free-falls - hurling her body backwards, arms out, back arched. It is a graceful backwards swan dive - to her death.

Lone races to the edge, watching Catwoman writhe in the water and then disappear beneath the surface.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

A wreck from the night's activities, Lily staggers away from the water tower. See Bobby coming from the other side - a piece of work himself. When they see each other-

LILY

Bobby?

Lily runs to Bobby. They embrace.

BOBBY

Thank god. Are you okay?

As they hold each other-

LILY

Not only am I okay, Bobby. As it happens, I'm available.

EXT. ZOO - BACK WALL - NIGHT

The cops are clearing out now.

Leaving Lone - alone - standing at the edge of the ravine. Sadly staring down at nothing.

EXT. JUBILATION MODEL HOME - NIGHT

Simon's model home. Finally, we go inside, getting a glimpse of the whiter-than-white walls, the dinner table set for four, the perfectly-placed living room furniture. And then we are in the bathroom. Hear a slow, yet methodical dripping. Move in closer, closer still, until we are looking at the faucet. Watch as the beads of water form and fall. Drop. Drop. Drop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. THE PROMENADE - TWO MONTHS LATER

Autumn leaves falling. No trace of summer.

See Lone wandering the Promenade. Subtle changes here. No more 'Jubilation Village Town Center' - just the plain old 'Promenade' now. Also, a few more Ma & Pa shops, including Mama V's pastry shop (with gooseberry pies in the window) where the Greenaway & Son Appliances used to be.

Finally, Lone comes to Patience's shop - a big CLOSED sign on the door. Lone starts to go, when he sees movement inside.

INT. DOG AND CAT GROOMING SHOP - DAY

Sally is back at the counter, cleaning. The door jingles. She looks up, eager, but her expression quickly changes.

SALLY

Detective Lone.

LONE

I've come by a few times. Tried calling.

SALLY

We had to shut down for inventory, and we're not really open yet-

LONE

Pet groomers shut down for inventory?

Suddenly, Sally runs to the door. Outside, see Ray and Serena helping Patience out of the car, her arm in a sling.

SALLY

You made it. You look fantastic.

RAY

Doesn't she look good?

LONE

(O.S.)

She looks great.

And see Lone, coming out of the store.

LONE (CONT'D)

Hi, Patience.

PATIENCE

Hi, Detective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patience moves awkwardly past Lone, avoiding eye contact. She goes inside, brightening almost immediately-

PATIENCE (cont'd)

Oh, look.

Patience ducks behind the counter. Lone follows.

PATIENCE (cont'd)

Spooky. You had babies.

And sure enough, there is a litter of KITTENS (same markings), in a basket behind the counter. As Patience bends down to pet them, Lone joins her.

LONE

So you took a trip, huh?

PATIENCE

We went to visit Ray's mom.

Indicating Patience's arm-

LONE

Accident?

PATIENCE

Rollerblading.

Lone looks hard at Patience - intense.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

LONE

Like what?

PATIENCE

Like - naughty.

LONE

Maybe because I've missed you.

See the others in the background, pretending not to eavesdrop.

PATIENCE

Me?

LONE

Well I'm not talking to Sally....No offense, Sally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

From across the room-

SALLY

None taken.

PATIENCE

But I'm just the girl next door.

LONE

You're not the girl next door, Patience.
Not by a longshot.

PATIENCE

Actually, I am.

(indicating Lone's apartment)

You live right there.

LONE

You know what I mean.

- - PATIENCE

I thought I wasn't your type.

LONE

What's my type?

PATIENCE

I don't know - women who look good in
rubber body molds.

LONE

I'm not opposed to them, but that's not
my main priority.

PATIENCE

I have a dozen cats. I secretly enjoy
the smell of kitty litter.

LONE

I know. You're just about the strangest
woman I've ever met....I love it.

PATIENCE

Some people come with baggage. I come
with four suitcases, three rollaways, two
duffels, and a hatbox.

LONE

You also come with intelligence,
thoughtfulness, and caring, and, if I had
to put money on it, I bet you could pull
off the suit. If you wanted to, that is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Patience looks Lone right in the eye. Open to him at last.

LONE (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

PATIENCE

Like what, detective?

LONE

Like - naughty.

And Patience tells him why. She speaks her mind with confidence, clarity, sex appeal. In fact, it sounds a lot like the voice of Catwoman - minus the lycra.

PATIENCE

Maybe because I'm wondering if you were ever gonna get around to kissing me, Bill Lone.....But then again, I guess I could always just do it myself.

LONE

Yes, Patience. You could.

Patience can and Patience does.

FADE OUT