

Beauty & The Beast

"Pilot"

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2nd Network Draft

01/11/12

TEASER

INT. WESTCHESTER LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

Closing time. Dirty glasses, beer bottles. MUSIC PLAYS, but the LIGHTS are on. A CHYRON tell us it's "**Summer 2003**".

CATHERINE CHANDLER, 19, pretty college girl full of optimism, drive and the innocence that comes with a bright future, is working her summer job, pulling BILLS from the REGISTER --

CATHERINE

Wow, dollar Lemon Drops, and all of Westchester shows up.

Fellow bartender LILA, a hot local, not quite the same sunny future, touches up her eyeliner in the bar mirror --

LILA

Never underestimate the power of cheap booze...

(buttering her up)

...and a hot, new, ivy-educated bartender.

CATHERINE

(seeing right through her)

I said I'll cover for you.

LILA

What, I'm serious. Cat, you had like five guys throwing themselves at you.

CATHERINE

It was two, and one was borderline unconscious.

(can't help being excited)

The other one did seem kinda sweet, didn't he?

LILA

So you sure you don't mind?

CATHERINE

(laughs, she was being buttered up)

Go. You'll get me when I have something waiting other than an LSAT practice test.

LILA

You're the best! If I ever get arrested or divorced, you're the one I'm gonna hire.

(grabs MARASCHINO CHERRIES)

Studler loves these.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

With that, Lila races out. Catherine shakes her head, amused, then starts tossing BOTTLES, and we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WESTCHESTER LOCAL BAR - LATER

Not a bottle in sight. Satisfied, Catherine flips off the MUSIC, the LIGHTS. Suddenly it's DARK and QUIET. A bit too quiet. Unsettled, she grabs two TRASH BAGS, heads out...

EXT. WESTCHESTER LOCAL BAR/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

...locking up. She walks towards a DUMPSTER, when suddenly -- RUSTLING. She jumps, startled. Just a POSSUM. Still, she hurls the TRASH into the dumpster, hurries to her lone car...

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cluttered with LSAT GUIDES, SODA CANS, LIPGLOSS. Puts the KEY in the ignition. It won't start. Shit. She glances around to see why... the VANITY MIRROR'S open, shit again. She grabs her cell, sees the time, 2:25 AM. Cringes as she dials, then, apologetic:

CATHERINE

...Mom...?

EXT. PARKING LOT/CATHERINE'S CAR - NIGHT

VANESSA CHANDLER, 40s, in SCRUBS, pulls out JUMPER CABLES from her CAR --

VANESSA

I'm like Triple A, but with outerwear.  
Here, it's cold out.

-- and hands a SWEATER to Catherine, who guiltily takes it.

CATHERINE

I'm so sorry I dragged you out here.  
Good news is, I made a lot in tips?

VANESSA

Enough to cover tuition?

CATHERINE

Books. At least for one class?

VANESSA

(chuckles, bemused)  
Already a lawyer, like Dad. You're just lucky I was on call. He would've killed you.

Just then, HEADLIGHTS FLOOD the parking lot. They turn to see a beat-up CAR pulling in - who else is out at this hour?

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

CATHERINE  
Uch, we're closed.

But Vanessa's wary. The Driver's door OPENS --

VANESSA  
We're good here.

-- through the HIGH BEAMS, they see a MAN get out --

VANESSA  
I said we got it.

No response. Catherine uneasily turns to her Mom --

VANESSA  
Get in my car.

-- she hesitates but Vanessa shoots her an urgent look. Later she'll wonder, maybe her mom knew something, but for now, Catherine does as she's told, starts towards the car --

VANESSA  
Look, we already called Highway Patrol so--

-- He pulls out a GUN, SHOOTS HER. WHIP PAN to Catherine, who stops, stunned, terrified... barely audible:

CATHERINE  
...Mom...?  
(then, frantic)  
Mom!

Just as ANOTHER MAN emerges from the passenger side. A horrifying beat as she realizes he's headed for her. She TEARS off, DARTING across the parking lot, into...

EXT. WESTCHESTER WOODS - NIGHT

...BRANCHES whip at Catherine from every direction as she runs, tears streaming down her face, gasping for air. FOOTSTEPS GAIN on her as she whimpers in terror. She glances back at her ATTACKER -- TRIPS over a ROOT, falls HARD, hitting her head SMACK on a ROCK --

Catherine's POV: everything's OUT OF FOCUS. She turns to see a FUZZY IMAGE of her Attacker, raising his gun...

CATHERINE  
...please, no...

She closes her eyes, bracing herself when -- a deep, guttural GROWL -- then a DARK BLUR SPRINGS out of the woods with INHUMAN SPEED -- POUNCES on the Man, sending his gun flying --

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Catherine's barely able to make out what's happening but the sounds are clear: RIPPING FLESH, SCREAMS of AGONY. Just as the other Attacker arrives --

ATTACKER #2

What the -- ?

He raises his gun, but before he can shoot -- the BLUR POUNCES again. Catherine's too terrified to move as, more SOUNDS of a MAULING then SILENCE... STILLNESS...

She can just make out a FIGURE, broad-shouldered, muscular, CANINE'S glistening, eyes GLOWING, a Man-Creature, the BEAST.

They lock eyes, is she next? And maybe it's her head injury or the way he looks at her but she knows he won't hurt her. Before she can utter a word, distant SIRENS sound. The Beast takes a beat, almost not wanting to leave. Then takes off, disappearing into the woods. Off Catherine changed forever we HEAR:

CATHERINE (V.O.)

Everyone told me it was a wolf. That this thing I thought I'd seen was the result of my concussion, or PTSD...

PAN UP to the TREETOPS, out over Westchester, Queens, Bridges and Tunnels, to the Manhattan Skyline as...

CATHERINE (V.O.)

...You know, the men who'd killed my mother were beasts, so I'd created him in my mind as a way to deal.

(then)

I believed them, until now.

We DESCEND into the CITY, as we CHYRON UP: "**Present Day.**"

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

You know the saying, what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger? Well, that's Catherine, now 28, her pluck and sense of humor having gotten her through.

We find her running, this time not for her life but for an Adele Concert. She weaves through the CROWD, pulling her hair out of a ponytail, primping when she sees --

CATHERINE

Zeke!

-- ZEKE, 30, handsome Music Exec, waiting under a MARQUEE, turns, surprised to see her. She kisses him, not noticing.

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CATHERINE

Sorry, you know how my boss hates his wife, which means he never wants to leave, which means I don't get to --

ZEKE

-- You didn't get my text.

CATHERINE

No, what?

Zeke takes a beat, almost annoyed, then:

ZEKE

Okay, look, I'm just not into this.

CATHERINE

What, Adele, or that I'm five minutes late? Because I was stuck wrapping up a case --

ZEKE

No, Adele's awesome. It's just, at first your job was kind of a turn on. Now it's kind of a drag. Like tonight, if I wanna smoke some pot --

CATHERINE

You can smoke pot, I don't care --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Z-babe!

Catherine follows Zeke's gaze to a hot, decked-out WOMAN, 20s, all smiles, approaching.

CATHERINE

Z-babe?

ZEKE

Sorry, Cat, this...  
(gesturing between them)  
...has just been stressing me out.

CATHERINE

Really? That's what you texted me?

ZEKE

(shrugs, then)  
We gotta bust.

With that, he heads off to his new date. A beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE

Oh, yeah? Well, guess what "Z-Babe",  
this wasn't working for me either!

(then)

Security! That guy's got pot on him!

INT. CATHERINE & HEATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HEATHER, 20s, Catherine's younger sister/roommate, in silky PJ's,  
reacts as Catherine yanks open the FREEZER, searching --

HEATHER

You got him arrested?

CATHERINE

It's just concert jail, but at least  
I'm not the only one missing Adele. I  
mean, what, he couldn't have hung in  
two more hours? But no, my job is too  
much of a drag -- why don't we have  
any real ice cream?

HEATHER

Skinny Cow's real enough. Besides, Zeke  
doesn't deserve the calories of full fat.  
Sorry, Cat, but I couldn't stand that guy.

CATHERINE

(stops, slightly defensive)

He wasn't completely lame until tonight.

HEATHER

He was pretty lame. He never picked  
you up, it was all about him --

CATHERINE

Heather, I don't need to be picked up --

HEATHER

Are you actually defending him?

CATHERINE

No, I'm just saying, my standards are  
different than yours.

HEATHER

As in, you don't have any. I'm serious,  
you keep dating these jerks. It's like  
you don't feel like you deserve...

CATHERINE

What, love? I'm not looking for love.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

HEATHER

It's just, Dad's engagement party's going to be hard enough with a date, and --

CATHERINE

Dad's engaged?

Heather realizes she put her foot in her mouth --

HEATHER

He just told me.

CATHERINE

Right, I'm sure I'm next on his call list.

Before Heather can respond, Catherine's cell RINGS.

HEATHER

I bet that's him.

CATHERINE

(checks Caller ID)

Nope, just my 'drag of a job'.

EXT. NYC STREET - OUTSIDE ROYALTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Media Vans, Squad Cars. Catherine's partner and friend TESS O'MALLEY, 28, with all the brass and sass that comes from being in a family of cops, reacts, disgusted as she and Catherine stride towards a taped-off crime scene --

TESS

-- You should've tazed him. And what, was he just in it for the handcuffs? I hate it when guys do that. Don't they know they just remind us of work?

CATHERINE

Tess, he never asked for cuffs --

They get to an ND COP, flash their BADGES, and we realize Catherine isn't a lawyer, but rather --

CATHERINE

Homicide.

(as they duck under the tape)

Look, good thing about this job is, there's always someone who's had a worse night than you.

INT. ROYALTON HOTEL - LADIES' RESTROOM - NIGHT

A pretty JANE DOE, early 30s, is splayed out on the floor, bloodied and bruised face.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

CSUs dust for prints, a SNARKY HOTEL SECURITY GUARD talks to a UNI. The girls don GLOVES and BOOTIES as they take in the scene --

TESS

911 got a call off her cell at 8:32 tonight, no recording.

CATHERINE

Blunt trauma to the head, looks like she was attacked. And there's a trail of blood by the door. Maybe it happened outside, then she came in here?

Catherine spies a DESIGNER PURSE, reaches for it as...

TESS

Window's broken from the inside. Perp could've followed her, escaped that way.

CATHERINE

No hotel key, no wallet...

TESS

Robbery homicide?

CATHERINE

(dubious)

And leave behind a Birken bag? You know what this thing costs?

TESS

No, and not every robber knows their Birken.

SNARKY SECURITY GUARD

I knew it was a Birken.

Tess shoots him a look -- who are you? As, to Tess:

CATHERINE

Regardless of the bag, it's a pretty public place to rob and kill someone.

SNARKY SECURITY GUARD

And it's a five-star hotel.

TESS

(done with him)

Can we just get some security footage?

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIGHT ON SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of a DOORWAY by Restrooms:  
HOTEL GUESTS enter and exit, oblivious to our Victim, face  
bloodied, faltering in.

JOE (O.S.)

Injured woman walks through a hotel...

PULL BACK to see their boss, JOE PROFETA, 40s, handsome in a  
TUX, loosening his bow tie as he joins Catherine and Tess.

JOE

...no one even blinks. You gotta love  
New York.

CATHERINE

Sorry we pulled you away from the Mayor.

JOE

It's fine, I was getting tired of my  
own BS. So, what do we got?

TESS

Taylor Webster, Google says she's a  
fashion editor at --

JOE

-- Vogue, I know. DA already texted.  
Pretty white girl murdered in a swanky  
hotel? Nancy Grace should be calling  
any moment. You talk to any of these  
good samaritans on the tape?

CATHERINE

Most of them. They were either too  
tired or too drunk to notice anything.

JOE

She got a husband, boyfriend, lesbian lover?

TESS

Husband, Alex Webster. He's a big  
fashion photographer. They're all  
over Page Six as this power couple.

JOE

Great, more press.

CATHERINE

Haven't been able to track him down yet--

TESS

-- But based on crime scene and missing  
wallet, we're thinking random robbery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

An ND COP hands Joe a FILE, he glances at it, then...

JOE  
Looks like CSU got prints off one of  
the vic's buttons.

CATHERINE  
(goes to her computer)  
What's the name?

JOE  
Vincent Koslow. With a K.

CATHERINE  
(stops typing, confused)  
That's weird.  
(then)  
Says here Vincent Koslow's dead.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - LATER

A FAX MACHINE prints out PAGES, the LETTERHEAD reads "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE." Joe starts reading:

JOE  
Specialist Vincent Koslow, MD. New  
York City. Killed in Afghanistan by  
enemy fire, April, 2002. Rest is re-  
dacted, but there's a picture.

Joe hands them a MILITARY PHOTO of VINCENT KOSLOW.

CATHERINE  
How does a dead soldier's prints end  
up on a fashion editor?

A beat, no one answers. They're all stumped. Catherine moves to her computer, starts TYPING as...

TESS  
Maybe the military made a mistake?

JOE  
I'd say talk to his family, but  
according to this, two brothers, mom,  
dad, they're all dead too.

TESS  
All of them? It say from what?

JOE  
Not here.  
(to Catherine)  
You got something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

He was a doctor, right?

(then, off her computer)

Here: ER resident, NYU hospital, '99  
to 2001. It's not family, but...

TESS

Sadly, I spend more time with you guys  
than my family.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - ER - DAY

A male HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR sits in front of a COMPUTER as  
Catherine and Tess show him Vincent's PHOTO --

TESS

We just want to talk to anyone who knew  
him well, colleagues, friends...?

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

Honey, it's a hospital database, not  
a Facebook page.

Catherine spots an older NURSE, clearly been here forever,  
venting to another RN --

NURSE

-- Again with the Jello rationing? They  
want budget cuts, they should talk to me.

We FOLLOW Catherine as she peels off towards her --

CATHERINE

Excuse me --

NURSE

-- Intake's down the hall.

CATHERINE

I'm a homicide detective.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - TIME-CUT

Catherine and Tess are mid-conversation with the Nurse.

NURSE

...You see a lot of things in this job,  
but that day... Koslow's brothers were in  
the towers, he kept waiting for them to  
be brought in... Never came to work  
after that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Right, he enlisted, but you haven't seen him since?

NURSE

For a Detective, you don't know very much.

TESS

No, we know he's supposedly dead.

NURSE

Supposedly? There's a plaque in the lobby with his name on it.

CATHERINE

You remember who he hung out with, anyone he might've reached out to?

NURSE

Koslow wasn't exactly social, he was all about the patients. Wish he were running this place... But you know, he did have a roommate. Researcher, always coming down here to get samples. Haven't seen him since around the time Koslow quit. Kinda doughy, PJ, JD, it was initials...

Catherine and Tess share a look -- could this be a lead?

TESS (PRELAP)

You sure this is it?

INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Catherine and Tess pull up in front of an abandoned industrial building. If the CHAINLINK FENCE isn't enough to keep you away, SIGNS warning "BIO-HAZARD" should do it.

CATHERINE

According to IRS, Koslow's former roommate JT Forbes works for Straker Pharmaceutical. And we know he was a medical researcher, so maybe chemical plants are his thing?

They get out, head towards the dilapidated building as...

TESS

Or it's a meth lab.

CATHERINE

My sister would say he's just my type.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TESS

A little Zeke rebound. Perfect, you can make out in that.

Tess points to a BEAT-UP HATCHBACK --

CATHERINE

Unless he's married. Then you can have him.

TESS

Very funny, but we broke up. NYPD!

No answer, but it's unlocked. They head inside...

INT. ABANDONED CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

...cavernous, full of rubble and rusting equipment.

TESS

This is where he lives?

CATHERINE

Hello? Anyone here?!

No response. They move through the creepy space, cluttered with BIKES, UMBRELLAS, CONTAINER of BASKETBALLS/FOOTBALLS...

TESS

He needs a new decorator.

...as Catherine spies a stack of BOOKS: "William Blake."

CATHERINE

Poetry?

TESS

A romantic.

Then the faint sound of ALTERNATIVE ROCK...

CATHERINE

Except for his musical taste.

They follow it to a DOOR labelled "OFFICE". Catherine knocks:

CATHERINE

Hello, Mr. Forbes?  
(then, louder)  
Mr. Forbes, NYPD.

Beat. The DOOR OPENS slightly to REVEAL a Jonah Hill type, 30's, JT FORBES peers out, clearly not used to visitors, let alone Cops.

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CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

JT Forbes? I'm Detective Chandler,  
this is Detective O'Malley --

JT

Uh, this isn't about that speeding  
ticket, is it? Because I'm gonna pay --

CATHERINE

No, we're here to talk to you about a  
former roommate, Vincent Koslow?

JT

Whoa, haven't heard that name in awhile.  
Sucks what happened, you know, so young.

CATHERINE

Look, this may sound odd, but you haven't  
heard from him recently?

JT

Like voices or -- ?

TESS

No, like him.

CATHERINE

His prints just showed up at  
a crime scene.

JT

Oof. Sounds like you need new  
fingerprint guys.

INT. CHEM. WAREHOUSE - LIVING SPACE/BEDROOM - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

As a MAN hides behind a DOOR. Broad shoulders, square jaw,  
piercing eyes -- VINCENT KOSLOW! He stops, sensing something as:

CATHERINE

Unless, is there any reason Mr. Koslow  
might want people to think he's dead?  
Maybe he was in trouble, or --

Vincent peeks out at the Detectives, his gaze lands on Catherine.  
He's utterly taken aback as --

JT

-- He was in Afghanistan, of course he  
was in trouble.

CATHERINE

He ever write to you, indicate some  
sort of plan -- ?

Vincent CROSSES to a DESK covered with SCIENCE EQUIPMENT, rifles  
through a DRAWER as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JT

You think he faked his death? Koslow was a stand up guy, never broke a rule in his life, including speeding. But look, I really gotta get to the office. Still paying off Christmas shopping.

-- Vincent finds what he's looking for: a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING --

TESS

It's September.

JT

Lotta cousins.

CATHERINE

(handing JT her card)

Well, if you think of anyth --

But JT has already shut the door on them. A beat --

CATHERINE

That was weird.

TESS

Guess no backseat romance for you.

Catherine smiles. They head out, but she can't help glancing back, suspicious, her gut telling her there's more here as...

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S ROOM - DAY

JT marches towards a door, YANKS it open, dumb-guy facade gone --

JT

What the hell did you do?

-- Vincent, stunned, just hands the CLIPPING to JT, who looks at it: ANGLE ON a HEADLINE: "*Murder Victim's Daughter Claims 'Beast' Saved Her,*" with a PHOTO of Catherine, 2003.

VINCENT

That was her.

Off the two of them, Oh my God, we...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - LIVING AREA/KITCHEN - DAY

A bachelor pad/man cave complete with SECTIONAL and FLATSCREEN. JT's pacing as Vincent tries to calm him down --

JT

Oh my God. Oh my God.

VINCENT

You want a beer?

JT

No, I don't want a beer!

VINCENT

Look, I didn't know it was going to be her case.

JT

But you knew she was a cop? What, have you been keeping tabs on her?

Vincent reacts -- he clearly has, but he deflects --

VINCENT

This had nothing to do with her. I was trying to help some woman.

JT stops, looks at him, wondering...

VINCENT

Don't even.

JT

I didn't say anything.

VINCENT

JT, I haven't hurt anyone since --

JT

-- I'm not saying you did, but the police were just at our door, asking if you were alive. You broke every rule --

VINCENT

I'm allowed to go out!

JT

-- no entering a building, no interacting with anyone, no attracting attention --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Stop talking to me like I'm a child!  
I'm not new to this. But it's like  
I'm a prisoner here.

JT

Really? What prisoner do you know has  
a Wii? And by the way, you're the one  
who stopped working on an antidote.

VINCENT

(exploding)

-- Because you know what the  
definition of insanity is? Doing the  
same thing over and over again, and  
expecting a different result!

JT sees Vincent's nearing his boiling point. Backs off:

JT

Okay, okay...

A long beat, as Vincent struggles to regain control.

JT

All I'm saying is that if this...  
(off the Clipping)  
...Catherine Chandler starts asking  
questions again, alerting Muirfield that  
you're alive, that I'm hiding you... We're  
both dead men. And I don't mean on a piece  
of paper dead. I mean dead. Like dead  
dead.

VINCENT

I'll lay low.

JT

Just give 'em time to figure out their  
case.

Vincent nods, knowing he's not going anywhere for awhile --

CATHERINE (PRELAP)

Tell me you've got something.

INT. PRECINCT - MORGUE - DAY

Medical Examiner EVAN MILLS, 30s, nerdy-hot even in scrubs and  
hair-net, is mid-autopsy on Taylor when Catherine enters --

EVAN

Other than dashing good looks and a  
wicked sense of humor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

These two have a fun, flirtatious dynamic. It's clear he digs her. And PS, if she weren't into jerks, she'd be into him too.

CATHERINE

Which I totally appreciate, but right now, all I have are a dead guy's prints, and Joe whining about Nancy Grace.

EVAN

Did you see her boob in 'Dancing with --?

CATHERINE

No! Evan, come on, you're my secret weapon. You have DNA? Cause of death? And don't you see boobs all the time?

EVAN

Dead boobs.

CATHERINE

What happened to The Stewardess?

EVAN

Flight Attendant, and she's been relocated to Dallas. Okay, head wounds were too superficial to have killed her. No other signs of major trauma, but she does have dark postmortem lividity, which you get with low oxygenation.

CATHERINE

So, suffocation, strangulation...?

EVAN

Or maybe poisoning, she's got some rash. But here's the weird part. Bruised sternum, cracked ribs. You see that from CPR sometimes.

CATHERINE

So someone tried to save her? Why wouldn't they have stuck around?

EVAN

Hey, that's your job. But your Secret Weapon did find a hair.

CATHERINE

Did he? Well, lemme know when he's done analyzing it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVAN

Yeah, then maybe you and him, or me,  
could see a movie.

CATHERINE

Yeah, totally. We can all go.

EVAN

Good, because I think the three of us  
deserve a break from dead --

CATHERINE

-- Don't say boobs.

Evan smiles, just as Tess enters with news --

TESS

Well, you were right about it not being  
a robbery. Guy at the newsstand near  
the Royalton turned in a cosmetic bag  
and Taylor's wallet, filled with cash.

CATHERINE

So she was attacked outside, that's why her  
stuff spilled out.

TESS

If only that five thousand dollar  
purse came with a zipper.

EVAN

Five thousand dollars?

TESS

And the husband just surfaced an hour  
ago.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

...we meet the "Vic's husband" -- photographer ALEX WEBSTER,  
gorgeous, obviously distraught, reeling over his loss...

ALEX

I was in my studio working on a shoot...  
(gestures to a pile of PRINTS)  
I turn my phone off in there. Taylor  
would always say, "what if I need to  
reach you?" I never thought...

CATHERINE

When's the last time you spoke to your  
wife?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

During the day. We always touchbase at lunch.

CATHERINE

How'd she seem?

ALEX

Busy. Stressed. Normal. She'd just landed this promotion, Managing Editor. Finally gotten what she'd been working so hard for...

TESS

You two were high-powered. That can be hard on a marriage.

(re: PRINTS of a MODEL)

And you're clearly surrounded by a lot of beautiful women.

ALEX

You think -- ? This is nothing, it's just work, but Taylor... my life doesn't work without her...

CATHERINE

Mr. Webster, you said Taylor just got a promotion. You think that might've earned her any enemies?

ALEX

I guess, it's fashion, but you should talk to her assistant Emily. Taylor and I tried not to bring work home.

TESS

Smart.

CATHERINE

Uhm, one more thing. Do you recognize this man?

Catherine hands him Vincent's MILITARY PHOTO.

ALEX

No, why? Who is he?

CATHERINE

Just following up on a lead.

Alex hands it back as Catherine clocks a SMILEY FACE STAMPED on his hand. Off this --

ALEX

Oh, you're looking at this? It's from a fund-raiser for Operation Smile.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Before I went to my studio, I stopped by.  
Taylor and I are -- were, on the Board.

CATHERINE

I've heard of it. Amazing  
organization. I'm so sorry for your  
loss.

Off Catherine, knowing what it's like to lose a loved one...

INT. PRECINCT - CATHERINE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Taylor's teary-eyed assistant EMILY SILBERT, 20s, rummages  
through her PURSE, searching as Catherine slides a BOX of  
TISSUES towards her.

CATHERINE

Seems like they were a great couple.

EMILY

Taylor adored Alex. And I would know,  
I was privy to everything...

...pulls out MAKE UP BAG, GUM, SALTINES...

CATHERINE

You have a sleeping bag in there?

EMILY

I probably should, it's a 24-7 gig.

CATHERINE

So, Emily, did Taylor have any rivals,  
enemies?

EMILY

No, everyone loved her. Here it is...  
(handing over...)  
Datebook, I also downloaded her hard  
drive.

CATHERINE

Thank you. Because Alex mentioned she  
just got a big promotion. Was anyone  
jealous, or up for that job too?

EMILY

I don't know, maybe the Beauty Editor,  
but everyone else was really excited  
for her.

CATHERINE

The Beauty Editor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Chloe London. She thought she deserved the job, but I'm sorry, Taylor was the Fashion Editor.

CATHERINE

I'm not really familiar with Vogue hierarchy...?

EMILY

Okay, Taylor oversaw the clothing, the shoes, the handbags. Chloe was just in charge of make up and products. That's like at Playboy, being in charge of the articles.

CATHERINE

Got it. So, did Chloe ever threaten her or --

EMILY

They argued all the time, but I can't imagine Chloe would actually...

Just then, Evan interrupts --

EVAN

Sorry. Can I talk to you for a sec?

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Evan hands Catherine a DNA REPORT as:

EVAN

It's from that hair sample on Taylor. I'm sure it doesn't mean anything, the Mass-Spec's probably just dirty, but I know what you told me about the sample from your mom's case --

CATHERINE

(stunned)  
...can I keep this..?

EVAN

Sure, but Cat, it's nothing. I just wanted to give you a heads-up.

INT. CATHERINE & HEATHER'S APT - CATHERINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine clearly doesn't think it's nothing. Armed with the REPORT, she cross-references PAPERS, FILES, the SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE on her LAPTOP when Heather enters, all dressed up --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

Okay, Brian cooked, and I left before  
dessert, so this better be good.

CATHERINE

(pausing the PLAYBACK)

It's really good. Turns out, I'm not  
crazy. Here.

Catherine hands her a DNA REPORT.

HEATHER

I have no idea what this is --  
(re: surveillance footage)  
And what is that?

CATHERINE

Surveillance footage from my case.  
(excited)  
But that is a DNA report from a hair  
sample on the victim.

HEATHER

And Mom's files are out... why?

CATHERINE

Because it's the exact same animal-  
human DNA they found on Mom's killers.

Heather's concerned, realizing where this might be going:

HEATHER

So, it's contaminated too...?

CATHERINE

That's what everyone thinks but --

HEATHER

-- They don't think it, Cat, they know  
it. The sample from mom's killers was  
taken from the woods after a wolf attack.

CATHERINE

But the percentages aren't kind of the  
same, they're exactly the same. What  
are the chances?

HEATHER

I don't know. Maybe Taylor encountered  
a wolf too --

CATHERINE

In the City?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEATHER

So it's more likely some man-creature's on the loose in mid-town?

(re: Cat's computer)

Is that why you're looking at that footage? Waiting to see some guy in a bear costume?

CATHERINE

I was trying to find a link --

HEATHER

What, between Mom's case, and a Vogue Editor, and... Bigfoot? All I see a guy in a hoodie.

CATHERINE

You know what, you suck. I was so excited to tell you, and now you're making fun of me --

HEATHER

-- I'm not, but you have to know how it sounds.

CATHERINE

I know, crazy, but I also know what I saw. I mean, nothing about Mom's murder made sense. A car-jacking? Those guys came at us like hired killers.

HEATHER

Maybe it's easier to think that, because then you're not...

CATHERINE

What, to blame? I'm not trying to let myself off the hook.

HEATHER

That's just it, you should. That's what I was saying about you not feeling deserving --

CATHERINE

-- Heather, this isn't about boys.

HEATHER

But you blame yourself. Accidents happen, no one blames you.

CATHERINE

Except Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HEATHER

He's gonna call. He's just...

CATHERINE

Forget I even said that, this isn't about Dad. Look, I know you hate to talk about it but what if there really is this... thing out there?

HEATHER

Just stop it, okay?! You have to get past this. You're ruining your life with this crazy obsession.

Catherine stops. It's like 9 years ago, the reactions, disbelief.

CATHERINE

Right. You're right.

HEATHER

I'm sorry, but --

CATHERINE

(tearing up the REPORT)  
Just a fluky coincidence that pushed some buttons. Sorry. Call Brian, see if he saved you dessert. He deserves the calories. I gotta work on this case anyway

HEATHER

Okay. But you might feel better if you call Dad yourself, tell him he's a shmuck for not calling.

Catherine manages a smile. Heather heads out. Alone, she turns back to the torn REPORT, starts picking up pieces when she notices something on her LAPTOP. Crosses to it...

ANGLE on the FROZEN IMAGE: through the hotel doorway, we see the beat up HATCHBACK, parked just outside. Stunned:

CATHERINE

JT's car.

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR/CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Cat pulls up, the now taped-together DNA REPORT in hand, starts to get out when -- RING! She jumps, startled, grabs her phone --

CATHERINE

Hello?

(then)

Dad. Congratulations...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Oh, it's fine, I know you must be busy planning the big party, I didn't even think twice about it... I will try to be there, but I actually gotta run. Kind of a stake-out situation. Tell Hilary, "yay" for me. Okay, bye!

She clicks off, glad that's over with. She steps out, when RING again! She answers, assuming it's Dad again --

CATHERINE

I know, no jeans --

But it's not Dad, it's...

INT. PRECINCT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Tess, pouring herself coffee as, into cell:

TESS

Who doesn't want you in jeans?

Catherine growing quiet as she approaches the warehouse --

CATHERINE

Tess, hey. My Dad -- actually his future bride, long story. What's up?

TESS

JT's car, you left me a message. Nice catch, by the way, but I just spoke to his boss. He says JT was at his office that night. And it's nowhere near the Royalton.

CATHERINE

Really?

TESS

Yeah. Why are you whispering?

Cat stops, see there's no Hatchback here today as...

CATHERINE

Oh, uh, I'm here.

TESS

(glances at Cat's cubicle)  
Where? I don't see you.

CATHERINE

Uh, JT's warehouse. Couldn't sleep, thought I'd check it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TESS

Check out what? You got something  
else on him? Hello? Cat?

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Catherine KNOCKS at the "Office" door --

CATHERINE

NYPD, I've got a warrant.

Nothing, until a faint CREAK from a floorboard. She stops.

CATHERINE

Mr. Forbes?

(then)

Mr. Forbes, I know you're in there, I  
can hear you.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

He's at work.

CATHERINE

O-kay... So, who're you?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(beat)

A friend.

CATHERINE

You have a name?

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S LOFT - INTERCUT

It's Vincent. He stands there, frozen, a deer in headlights.

CATHERINE

Okay, look, you clearly don't want  
people to know you're here, but you  
don't open up, there's gonna be a  
whole squad of us.

Finally, the door OPENS. Vincent stays hidden behind it as  
Catherine enters, surprised to find a normal living space --

CATHERINE

Anyone else here?

-- she glances at him, but he's stepped back into a shadow,  
avoiding being recognized.

VINCENT

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around, assessing the danger level as...

CATHERINE  
Any idea why your friend's car was at  
the Royalton Hotel last night?

He watches her, muscles tensing...

VINCENT  
He didn't do anything.

She turns at this, he knows about the case. Then --

CATHERINE  
How do you know?

-- he averts his gaze, heart pounding, brow sweats...

CATHERINE  
Sir?  
(a beat, no response)  
I asked you a question.

He could kill her and avoid discovery, but instead -- he  
steps into the light. A beat as she realizes, oh my God --

CATHERINE  
You're Vincent Koslow.  
(then)  
Why aren't you dead?

Obviously too loaded a question. Vincent deflects:

VINCENT  
I didn't kill her.

CATHERINE  
But your prints...

VINCENT  
I was out driving. Saw her trip.  
She fell, hit her head.

Catherine looks at him, it's consistent with what they know.

VINCENT  
She was bleeding, disoriented.

CATHERINE  
So you followed her. You're the guy  
in the hoodie.

VINCENT  
I tried to resuscitate her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE  
The CPR. You were a doctor.

VINCENT  
I called 911. She'd been poisoned.

CATHERINE  
Poisoned? How do you know that?

VINCENT  
Your phone.

She stops, realizes her cell is BUZZING in her pocket. She looks at him, intrigued he could hear it, then answers:

CATHERINE  
Hey, has tox come back yet?

INT. MORGUE - INTERCUT

It's Evan.

EVAN  
Our telepathy is working. Positive for lethal levels of nicotine, and she definitely wasn't a smoker.

CATHERINE  
(looking at Vincent)  
So she was poisoned.

VINCENT  
Ask about truffles.

CATHERINE  
(confused)  
Uh, any sense of what she ate? Maybe chocolate or --

Vincent shakes his head as:

EVAN  
No, but her stomach contents showed some kind of mushroom --

CATHERINE  
(quietly, to Vincent)  
That kind of truffle --

EVAN  
-- but I don't think that's the source of the nicotine.

CATHERINE  
Thanks for the update.

EVAN  
'Update?'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Just trying to make sense of this case. Call you later.

With that, she CLICKS OFF, looks at Vincent:

CATHERINE

How do you know all of this if you didn't kill her?

VINCENT

Good sense of smell.

CATHERINE

You could smell what she ate?

VINCENT

(intently)

I didn't hurt her.

Catherine sees something in his eyes, an honesty.

CATHERINE

And you couldn't stick around because everyone thinks you're dead.

(then)

There was a hair, matches DNA from a murder case nine years ago. Last night, did you see anything... strange or...?

Vincent looks away. She follows his gaze, then stops, noticing the NEWSPAPER CLIPPING -- moves to it -- Vincent quickly tries to beat her to it --

VINCENT

I was just cleaning up --

-- But before he can pull it away, she sees it.

CATHERINE

Why do you have that?

He searches for an explanation, just as --

TESS (O.S.)

Catherine!

It's Tess, from outside. Vincent looks at her, pleading.

VINCENT

No one can know I'm here.

CATHERINE

Then tell me why you have that clipping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TESS (O.S.)  
(nearing)  
NYPD!

VINCENT  
Please. I didn't kill her.

She looks at him, desperation in his eyes. Makes a decision:

CATHERINE  
We're not done yet.  
(then, to Tess)  
All good!

She heads out. On Vincent, overwhelmed by what this means...

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Catherine hurries to intercept Tess --

CATHERINE  
Hey, you were right. Nothing in there.

Tess nods, and they head out. But Catherine throws one last glance back at Vincent's loft, and we know this is just the beginning...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

TIGHT ON a FRAME PHOTO of Catherine and her mom.

CATHERINE (O.S.)  
Hi, I'd like to speak to Special Agent  
Nash?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

INT. PRECINCT - CATHERINE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Catherine's sitting at her desk, holding a frayed BUSINESS  
CARD from the FBI as she talks on the phone --

CATHERINE  
He has? Then who can I talk to about  
a case he covered nine years ago?

Tess pokes her head in --

TESS  
Joe's ready for us.

CATHERINE  
(nods, quiet)  
Be right there.

Tess heads off, Catherine continues into phone:

CATHERINE  
Anyway, I came across a DNA sample  
that might be linked to an old case,  
Vanessa Chandler... Yeah, on my cell.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Tess is building a TIMELINE on the BOARD for Joe.

TESS  
Nicotine, when ingested, kills in nine  
seconds --

Catherine enters...

CATHERINE  
Sorry.

TESS  
-- Security footage alone is longer  
than that, so it must've been absorbed  
through her skin, which gives us a two  
to four hour window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

You tell him about the truffles?

JOE

Truffles?

CATHERINE

We know she ate truffles during that window.

JOE

I've got every media outlet breathing down my neck, and your big headline is truffles?

TESS

Joe, it's not a tuna fish sandwich. You eat truffles on special occasions, like a date.

CATHERINE

But we know she wasn't with her husband, and there's nothing in her calendar. This was a woman who put everything in her calendar, except the day she died.

TESS

Not to mention, there was no activity on her credit cards.

JOE

You think she was having an affair. So much for the perfect couple. So, who's the Other Man? Dead guy?

Catherine stops, unsure how to respond...

TESS

That we haven't quite cracked. Or why his former roommate's car was on the scene --

CATHERINE

Doesn't matter who was on the scene. It's a poisoning.

(gesturing to the TIMELINE)

Now, we know from her doorman she was home until six.

TESS

And was dead by 8:30, so it was probably something in the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

I'll send our guys over, have 'em go through everything. Hate to say it, but perfect husband had perfect access.

CATHERINE

(a lightbulb)

Besides her rival.

(then explaining)

Okay, you know my sister does PR for cosmetic brands? She's always sending products to magazines, where they keep them in these huge closets. So, if you work there, you get it all for free.

TESS

Meaning, whatever Taylor has at home likely came from the beauty closet?

CATHERINE

Which is run by the Beauty Editor. Who happens to be her rival.

JOE

Rival's better than truffles.

INT. VOGUE - BEAUTY CLOSET - DAY

Okay, closet is a misnomer. This is a huge room lined with shelves, packed with every BEAUTY PRODUCT imaginable.

Catherine and Tess talk to CHLOE LONDON, 30s, as her ASSISTANT re-stocks shelves.

CHLOE

Wrong shelf! Kerastase is a hair product, not a body lotion!

(to the Detectives)

Sorry, you were asking?

TESS

Does anyone else have access to the closet?

CHLOE

Besides inept assistants?

(to her expectant Assistant)

What?

ASSISTANT

Make-up needs you to okay the Lancome order --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I okayed it, just sign for me --

ASSISTANT

And Editorial's starting in five.

CHLOE

(back to the detectives)

Look, I gotta get to this meeting.  
Anyone who works here has access, but  
they have to go through me.

Catherine spots a CLIPBOARD hanging near the doorway --

CATHERINE

Is that a sign-out sheet?

-- but Chloe has already taken off. Tess follows as --

TESS

Ms. London, we're not done yet.

Catherine takes the SHEET, puts it in her bag as we go to:

INT. VOGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Catherine weaves past MODELS and POSH EDITORS hurrying to  
catch up to Tess and Chloe, on the move --

TESS

-- What about Taylor's promotion?

CHLOE

You think that's what this is about?

CATHERINE

Well, we know you were gunning for it.

CHLOE

'Gunning for it?' Lemme explain  
something. Beauty Editor is a coveted  
title. My ad revenue was triple  
Taylor's for the past three issues.

CATHERINE

Sounds competitive.

Chloe stops just outside an office.

CHLOE

Look, I may not have loved her, but I  
didn't kill her. These shoes? Don't  
tell anyone, but I bought them because  
of her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

She just had an incredible sense of style. She could always predict what people were gonna wear next season. Used to drive me nuts.

CATHERINE

Used to?

CHLOE

Yeah, up until a few weeks ago when she totally checked out. It's like, she worked her ass off to beat me out of this promotion, then she started missing meetings, taking personal days...

TESS

She say why?

CHLOE

Look, I admired her, but it's not like we shared 'feelings'.

Just then, Emily approaches, holding MOVING BOXES. To Catherine and Tess:

EMILY

Oh, hey.  
(then, to Chloe)  
Where do you want these?

CHLOE

Just set them down in my office.

Emily heads in. Catherine and Tess share a glance.

CATHERINE

Is Emily working for you now?

CHLOE

Finally a decent assistant.

Catherine moves past Chloe, suspicious, into...

INT. VOGUE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

...and takes in what used to be Taylor's office: Taylor's PERSONAL ITEMS are out -- NOTEBOOKS, PHOTO PROOFS, HAND CREAM -- piled up on a COFFEE TABLE and COUCH, ready to be packed. Catherine picks up Taylor's framed WEDDING PHOTO.

CATHERINE

So you got the job after all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Not the way I wanted it. But the first thing I'm doing is putting out a spread dedicated to Taylor.

TESS

All this stuff hers?

CHLOE

Yeah, we're boxing it up for Alex.

Tess notices in Taylor's pile a box of PREGNANCY TESTS, subtly looks in it as we HEAR:

TESS (PRELAP)

Two tests were missing --

INT. VOGUE - RECEPTION - DAY

Just like the CW reception area, but instead of Vampire Shows (and Beauty & The Beast), FLATSCREENS play FASHION SHOWS. Catherine and Tess theorize as they head out --

TESS

-- maybe that's why Taylor was disengaged, she was pregnant.

CATHERINE

Wouldn't the autopsy have picked that up?

TESS

Not if it was early enough.

CATHERINE

And if it was Truffle Guy's, that would put him in a tough spot.

Catherine's cell RINGS. She doesn't recognize Caller ID.

CATHERINE

Hello?

(then, perking up)

Oh, hi.

She steps away as Tess watches, intrigued...

Out of Tess' earshot, Catherine continues by a FLATSCREEN:

CATHERINE

Thanks for calling me back... Of course, when...? Well, I have to go back to my office to get it, but -- Yeah, that works. Should I come to your building or -- ?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(hesitant)

I guess... Oh, of course. Okay, see you there.

Catherine clicks off, excited but trying to cover as --

TESS

Don't tell me, that was Zeke.

Unsure how to respond, Catherine deflects re: flat-screens --

CATHERINE

Are shoulder pads really making a comeback?

TESS

(thinking she gets it)

Fine, but after your Dad's engagement party, you're dumping his ass.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Catherine swipes her Metrocard and heads down a FLIGHT of STAIRS with other COMMUTERS onto a PLATFORM.

She follows ARROWS that lead her through a QUIET HALLWAY, over to another SET of STAIRS, which take her down to...

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Barely-lit. No commuters here, just two STRAGGLERS waiting as a TRAIN PULLS in. They get on, leaving Catherine alone. She pulls out her NOTES -- is this the right place? Strains to read them in the darkness as...

AGENT MCCLEARY (O.S.)

Catherine?

She looks up. A MAN in a SUIT comes down the stairs.

CATHERINE

Agent McCleary.

AGENT MCCLEARY

Thanks for meeting me here, I know it's a little out of the way.

CATHERINE

Not at all. Like you said, it's on your commute. And I don't want to be the reason you're late for your son's birthday.

AGENT MCCLEARY

You have the sample?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Right here...

She goes into her BAG, produces the EVIDENCE BAG with HAIR.

CATHERINE

You'll see, it's exactly the same.

He takes it, then pulls out a GUN with a SILENCER on it -- a terrifying millisecond as she registers it --

Before he can pull the trigger, her cop-training kicks in -- she KNEES him in the groin -- he doubles-over -- she REACHES for the gun, but he GRABS her, her CELL skittering across the platform -- She tries fighting him off, but he OVER-POWERS her to the ground, is about to shoot when--

-- a GUTTURAL ROAR, and IN A FLASH, SOMETHING POUNCES! The Agent's KNOCKED to the ground, and it's just like nine years ago --

-- the SHADOWY BLUR and the sound of SCREAMS, of BONES being CRUSHED, LIMBS being TORN, FANGS RIPPING at FLESH -- and then, just as suddenly, the SOUNDS are cut-short. He tosses the Agent's limp, mauled body onto the TRACK.

Catherine stares, stunned, shell-shocked. There, before her, though it's barely lit, is the Beast from her memories. But before she can speak, he races off into the TUNNELS...

But she's not that same girl she was back then. She's a cop, and she's not going to let him get away this time. She grabs the Agent's GUN, the HAIR SAMPLE and tears after him. And as she disappears into the TUNNELS, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - NIGHT

40 feet underground. An occasional FLORESCENT LIGHT casts a bluish glow on the TRACK. Catherine races along the narrow side path, calling out into the winding tunnel --

CATHERINE

Hey! I know you're in here!

No response. She runs on, arriving at an intersection. RUMBLINGS of TRAINS echo from every direction, disorienting her when -- a SHADOW DARTS across one of the tunnels --

CATHERINE

Hey!

She tears after him, but TRIPS hard, narrowly missing the Third Rail. BLOOD OOZES from her knee. Before she can pick herself up --

-- A LIGHT suddenly upon her, an ONCOMING TRAIN! Catherine's frozen, paralyzed with fear as the train BARRELS towards her when--

-- SOMETHING grabs her from above, yanking her out of the way just in time. His face inches away, body pressed against hers, HEAT between them, the TRAIN blasts past them.

Now that he's this close, and the flickering LIGHTS from the TRAIN passing by illuminate his face, she realizes, even though the fangs and glowing eyes are gone, it's Vincent. She stares, then:

CATHERINE

You're him.

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lights are low, everything's quiet. Catherine watches Vincent doctor her knee, gently covering it with gauze. He applies a last piece of tape. A beat, then:

CATHERINE

So, are we gonna talk about it?

VINCENT

You need to keep this clean and dry.

CATHERINE

Avoidance. One of my favorite techniques.

VINCENT

I think you should go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

How about a drink? Can you drink?

VINCENT

Not such a good idea.

CATHERINE

Maybe not for you --

VINCENT

Look, my roommate's home, and --

CATHERINE

I'll be quiet. It's just, after what happened --

(off him)

Not that we're talking about it. But someone did just try to kill me, and a train almost pancaked me.

VINCENT

I think we've got beer.

CATHERINE

Great.

He heads out to get her a drink, she scans his room. Sees his science equipment, fiddles with a BUNSEN BURNER as --

VINCENT

Just a hobby --

She whirls around, almost caught. He hands her a BEER.

CATHERINE

Oh? Is that what happened (to you)...?

(off him)

I didn't mean to...

(changing the subject)

Just, my mom used to have stuff like this around too. She was a vascular surgeon, used to do research. She's the one --

VINCENT

I know.

She sees he's not giving up anymore. Another awkward beat.

CATHERINE

Sorry. I don't get to talk about her that much.

VINCENT

What was she like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE

She was the best person I knew. Always doing pranks. She'd have us smell what she was baking, and then shove it in our faces. Which is really funny when you're ten. But she was also really demanding. I had to have like five jobs every summer. She wanted us to be self-sufficient.

VINCENT

It worked.

CATHERINE

How about you? What happened? I won't tell anyone.

VINCENT

You can't know.

CATHERINE

I already kinda do.

She sees he's softening. Tentatively:

CATHERINE

Did someone do this to you?

He takes a beat, can he trust her? He takes the leap, nods.

VINCENT

I should've asked questions... but I was too angry.

And we FLASHBACK to...

**INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL ER - SEPTEMBER 11, 2001**

**Vincent, 20s, in SCRUBS, tends to PATIENTS, covered in DUST. In the bg, a TV plays breaking news. An ATTENDING approaches:**

**ATTENDING**

**Any word from your brothers?**

**VINCENT**

**They're still trying to get everyone out.**

**The Attending gives Vincent a sympathetic pat, then moves on to help others. Vincent turns to the TV, as a TOWER comes down...**

**INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S LOFT - RESUME**

Catherine looks at him, moved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE  
So you enlisted.

VINCENT  
Yeah, but once I got over there, I was  
tapped. They said I was gonna have  
the chance to be part of something  
great, that I could make a difference.  
It was called Operation Muirfield.

**INT. MILITARY MEDICAL FACILITY - 2001**

*Vincent waits in line with 10 SOLDIERS, the best of the best.  
A MILITARY NURSE reads from her CLIPBOARD.*

**MILITARY NURSE**  
Koslow.

**VINCENT (V.O.)**  
*They told us they were vitamins --*

*He moves to the front, takes his SHIRT off, sits on an EXAM  
TABLE. The Nurse INJECTS him with a series of SHOTS as:*

**VINCENT (V.O.)**  
*-- antibiotics, steroids that would  
protect us...*

**INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S LOFT - RESUME**

CATHERINE  
What were they?

VINCENT  
Like I said, I should've asked questions.  
All I know is they changed our DNA.

CATHERINE  
Your hair sample. That's why it looks  
corrupted.

VINCENT  
They heightened our reflexes, our senses...

CATHERINE  
You could smell the poison, the truffles...

VINCENT  
They made us stronger, faster, better.  
But something went wrong...

**EXT. AFGHANISTAN VILLAGE - DAY**

*Images of a village decimated by what looks like a wild animal attack: empty streets, SHREDS of clothing streaked with blood BLOW in the WIND, one landing on a mauled body as:*

VINCENT (V.O.)  
We couldn't be stopped.

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S LOFT - RESUME

Catherine doesn't know what to say.

VINCENT  
They gave orders to shut it down...

**EXT. AFGHANISTAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

*Amongst rocks we can just make out Vincent's eyes, which GLOW LIKE A CAT'S as he crouches, hiding. Nearby, the sound of a CONVOY, then GUNSHOTS. Vincent grimaces from fear..*

VINCENT (V.O.)  
...To eradicate all of us...

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S LOFT - SUNRISE

CATHERINE  
How did you survive?

VINCENT  
I'm still not sure.

CATHERINE  
So you've been hiding out here?

VINCENT  
JT's the only one I can trust. I go out sometimes, but...

CATHERINE  
(wryly)  
To come to the aid of people in distress?  
(off him)  
You did, you saved me. And you tried to save Taylor, the CPR.

VINCENT  
Guess it reminds me of who I used to be.

CATHERINE  
A doctor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Human.

CATHERINE

So, my mom --

Just then, the SOUND of a SHOWER RUNNING. Outside, a new day. Vincent's whole demeanor changes.

VINCENT

You have to leave.

CATHERINE

-- I need to know, was she just another person who needed help?

VINCENT

(ushering her to the door)

Catherine, I've told you more than I should. That Agent on the platform was from Muirfield. You're on their radar.

The SHOWER SHUTS OFF --

CATHERINE

But --

VINCENT

You can't come back. It's too dangerous. For both of us.

He CLOSES the door and we STAY with Catherine, holy shit.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The door OPENS. Catherine creeps in oh-so-quietly, when Heather bounds out, cell in hand --

HEATHER

Where have you been?! I've been calling you, and calling you --

CATHERINE

I didn't hear it --

HEATHER

-- and it just goes straight to voicemail.

Catherine rummages through her BAG, then realizing:

CATHERINE

I lost it, I lost my phone.

HEATHER

That's it, I'm done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

What? What are you talking about?

HEATHER

I'm your younger sister, but I'm the one who always ends up taking care of you --

CATHERINE

I never asked you to --

HEATHER

-- No, because you don't care what happens to you, but we already lost a family member, I really don't feel like losing another.

CATHERINE

You're not going to lose me --

HEATHER

Really? Cause all night, I was convinced you were lying in a ditch somewhere...

(starts dialing HER CELL)

...attacked by Taylor's killer. You know I hate this whole cop thing --

(into her CELL)

-- Hey, Tess, no offense --

CATHERINE

You called Tess?

HEATHER

(into phone)

-- You were right. I know that glow.

CATHERINE

(hands fly to her face)

What glow?

HEATHER

The sex glow.

(into phone)

She just walked in, looking like the Zeke Walk of Shame.

HEATHER

Yeah, I'll tell her.

(clicks off, to Catherine)

Apparently, Evan's been trying to reach you too.

CATHERINE

The movie.

INT. PRECINCT - MORGUE - DAY

Evan, surrounded by BEAUTY PRODUCTS, looks at something under a MICROSCOPE as Catherine enters --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE  
Evan, I am so sorry.

EVAN  
Oh, hey. It's fine --

CATHERINE  
-- No, I totally flaked --

EVAN  
Cat, I flaked back. I got called in.

CATHERINE  
(off the PRODUCTS)  
Wait, are those Taylor's? Did you  
find the poison?

EVAN  
No, and my guys have been through  
everything from her apartment.

CATHERINE  
What about a pregnancy test?

EVAN  
Negative, but I do have these,  
straight from our Power Couple's bed.

Evan shows her a JAR of BUGS. Catherine recognizes them --

CATHERINE  
Bed bugs.

EVAN  
Yep. That rash I showed you was  
actually bites, and since they're  
disgusting, and live on human blood --

CATHERINE  
(realizing)  
-- They carry the DNA of whoever's  
been in that bed.

EVAN  
Secrets of a couple's marriage in a jar.

CATHERINE  
Maybe we can track down Truffle Guy.

EVAN  
I know, I'm your secret weapon.

CATHERINE  
You are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She turns, starts to go, when --

EVAN

Hey, you haven't seen that hair sample from Taylor's case, have you?

CATHERINE

What?

EVAN

I want to re-test it. But I haven't seen it since I showed you that report.

CATHERINE

No, I don't have it, why?

EVAN

Just, this case I got called in on last night, guy got run over by the F train --

A sharp intake of breath as Catherine's night rushes back to her.

EVAN

Yeah, pretty intense, but --

CATHERINE

You know who he was?

EVAN

No, waiting on dental records, but... Look, initial testing on some fibers show similar human-animal DNA, and... I know I've been dismissing it for years, that thing you saw with your mom, but --

CATHERINE

-- Evan, it was PTSD. I compared the report you gave me to the one from my Mom's case, it's totally different. You just need to clean your mass specu-thingie.

EVAN

(disarmed)  
Spectrometer.

CATHERINE

There's no such thing as a Beast.

Evan nods, convinced. On Catherine, covering for her Beast --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Catherine marches over to Tess's desk --

CATHERINE  
Found the murder weapon.

-- and sets three bottles of BEAUTY PRODUCTS down.

TESS  
This is why I don't use product.

CATHERINE  
No, it's what's not here that's important. Evan tested everything from the apartment, all negative. But look...  
(re: Beauty Closet Sign-Out)  
Taylor signed out four products the day before she died. Our guys only found these three, the killer probably took the fourth.

TESS  
So someone put poison in Taylor's...  
(off the Sign-Out Sheet)  
...L'Oreal Sunlit blonde?

CATHERINE  
(off the label)  
It sits on your scalp for thirty minutes, plenty of time for the nicotine to be absorbed. Taylor would've had no idea.

TESS  
Who did her hair? She didn't have an appointment on her calendar.

CATHERINE  
I checked her phone records. Cindy Moynihan's listed on the masthead as hair stylist, Taylor called her twice that morning.

The two Detectives look at each other. Finally a lead.

INT. VOGUE - PHOTO STUDIO - HAIR AND MAKE UP AREA - DAY

CINDY MOYNIHAN cleans up after a MODEL, snapping off GLOVES as she talks to Catherine and Tess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

When I got here at 5:30, she already had a bottle out and ready.

CATHERINE

You don't happen to know where that bottle is now, do you?

CINDY

Probably still in her apartment where I left it.

TESS

You always do Taylor's hair at her place?

CINDY

Fashion editor at Vogue? She didn't have time to come down to the studio.

CATHERINE

Anyone know you were coming over? Work, her husband?

CINDY

I don't know, it was a last minute appointment. I was completely booked, but she said she needed to look extra-fabulous.

TESS

(quietly to Catherine)  
Truffle Date?

CATHERINE

Cindy, did Taylor say where she was going or who she was meeting?

CINDY

No, she was actually sort of coy about her plans, but her Pilates instructor was just leaving when I got there.

MARNIE (PRELAP)

Taylor's core strength was incredible.

INT. PILATES GYM - DAY

Pilates teacher MARNIE is mid-interview with Catherine and Tess, who's distracted by a WOMAN in odd poses on a REFORMER.

MARNIE

She upped her sessions to 5 days a week. That's the Supermodel schedule.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Sound like she was motivated to look good. Think she was trying to impress someone?

MARNIE

You mean other than her husband? God, I hope so.

TESS

Why's that?

MARNIE

Oh, I assumed that's why you're here.

A beat as Catherine and Tess look at her, realizing as --

MARNIE

It was before I knew Taylor. I mean, I knew Alex was married, but I was totally in love with him.

TESS

So he ended it?

MARNIE

Said he couldn't leave her because of their Pre-Nup. I guess if he cheats, he loses everything.

Catherine and Tess share a look: so much for perfect husband.

CATHERINE

Marnie, we think Taylor might've been going to meet a date that night. Did she say anything about where she was going?

MARNIE

She did ask me about a restaurant, something with a number in the name, 52, 57? When you're counting reps, it's kinda hard to focus.

INT. LOUNGE 47 - DAY

Catherine and Tess enter, Tess riled up about Marnie...

TESS

She slept with her client's husband?

CATHERINE

Hey, you dated a married guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TESS

I never hung out with the wife.

...just as Catherine notices the CHALKBOARD SIGN.

CATHERINE

Well, Ms. Pilates may not follow Girl Code, but looks like she got us to the right place. Second appetizer down.

ANGLE ON THE SIGN -- "Truffles Salad". Just as a gorgeous HOSTESS approaches --

HOSTESS

Just two of you?

CATHERINE

I'm Detective Chandler, this is Detective O'Malley. We're wondering if you could check the reservation book for a Taylor Webster? She was in Tuesday night.

The Hostess nods, wordlessly flips through a BOOK --

HOSTESS

Nothing here, sorry.

Catherine clocks a faint STAMP on her hand; Tess follows her gaze.

TESS

And you don't remember her name?

HOSTESS

No, but I wasn't here Tuesday night. I called in sick.

CATHERINE

Why, so you could go to the Operation Smile benefit? Funny you wouldn't recognize her name then, she and her husband are big sponsors.

HOSTESS

(self-consciously covers her stamp)  
Oh, maybe I remember something.

TESS

Me too. Your photograph on Alex's coffee table.

The Hostess stammers, searching for a response...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TESS

Taylor got her hair done, she'd been working out for weeks... That's what you do when you know you're going to see the Other Woman --

Catherine looks at Tess, intrigued as...

TESS

-- You were who Taylor was coming to see. She wanted to confront the woman her husband was having an affair with.

The Hostess looks down at the STAMP, blinks back tears.

HOSTESS

Alex told me not to say anything. Said I'd look guilty. But I didn't kill her, I swear.

CATHERINE

No, you're just his motive.

INT. PRECINCT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Catherine and Tess fill Joe in as he takes his dinner out of the MICROWAVE and settles in --

TESS

We talked to the bartender who served her the truffles while she was waiting. Said Taylor started feeling sick, left around 8:15.

CATHERINE

Just over two hours after she'd gotten her hair done.

TESS

Ten minutes later we have her on security footage stumbling into the hotel.

JOE

So you have a time-line --

CATHERINE

-- We have bed bug DNA --

JOE

I'm eating --

CATHERINE

-- from seven different women. The guy was a pathological cheater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

I keep telling Carla, no such thing as a perfect husband.

TESS

Yeah, but you're not a killer.

Joe shoots Tess a look as --

CATHERINE

Joe, the guy had access and motive. He couldn't get out of his marriage because of the Pre-nup. I say we bring him in.

JOE

Except there was no Pre-nup.

(then)

I re-read the forensic accounting report. Nothing. If he wanted out, all he had to do was file for divorce.

With that, Joe walks off. On the two of them, frustrated...

EXT. PRECINCT/CITY STREET - LATER

Catherine heads out alone, lost in thought as she starts down the street when she stops at the sight of a MILITARY VAN parked at the LOADING DOCK. She watches as TWO SOLDIERS carry a BODY BAG out of the Precinct.

She approaches, forcing a smile as they LOAD it onto the VAN:

CATHERINE

Hey, don't see you guys around here too often. What's going on?

No response. She flashes her BADGE.

ARMY GUY #1

Just following orders, Detective.

He shows Catherine TRANSFER ORDERS. They're for "Agent McCleary" -- holy shit, when she HEARS a POP --

She looks up, sees a silver-haired gentleman in a suit, SILVERFOX, stepping out of the passenger side, who 'pops' his gum.

SILVERFOX

Of course, we're going to need to take that back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Of course. Just making sure you're not stealing a case.

SILVERFOX

It's not polite to interfere with other people's affairs, Detective Chandler.

With that, he steps back into the van. Catherine watches them pull away, utterly rattled. How'd he know her name?

EXT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Catherine, armed with a FLASHLIGHT, sees JT's HATCHBACK -- Vincent's not alone. She's about to leave, when --

VINCENT (O.S.)

Hey.

CATHERINE

(jumping, startled)

Oh my God, you scared me.

VINCENT

You're the one snooping around my place.

CATHERINE

Some military guys just showed up to take that agent from the platform away.

Vincent stops at this --

VINCENT

You didn't talk to them, did you?

CATHERINE

I just asked what they were doing, but I didn't tell them anything, I came straight here.

VINCENT

You shouldn't have done that.

CATHERINE

I wanted to warn you. I lost my phone on the platform, what if they have it? The guy knew my name.

VINCENT

This is why you have to stop all contact with me.

(brow starting to SWEAT)

I knew last night was a mistake. I never should've let you stay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

You could've thrown me out if you really wanted me to go.

VINCENT

I tried.

CATHERINE

(levels him with a look)

Did you?

VINCENT

Look, it was one night, now you have to forget about me.

CATHERINE

And my mom?

VINCENT

(through gritted teeth)

I told you, I don't know anything.

CATHERINE

I don't believe you!

VINCENT

You don't get it, do you?!

CATHERINE

I do, you can't tell me the whole story, which is fine, I don't need all the answers. It's just, last night was the first time since my mother was killed that I haven't felt... crazy.

That's it. Vincent snaps, his eyes GLOW, CANINES appear --

VINCENT

You are crazy! Showing up here alone? I'm a monster, I could kill you in less than a second!!

And to prove it, he picks up a RUSTED PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, HURLS IT with INHUMAN SPEED and STRENGTH, a BLUR of MOTION -- it TEARS through the CONCRETE with a sickening CRUNCH.

She stands there, frozen. He turns to her with a roar:

VINCENT

Go!!!

Catherine runs off, scared, humiliated, hurt, and we...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Catherine sits across from Alex, who's flanked by his LAWYER.

CATHERINE

I know guys like you. I usually date  
guys like you. Handsome, successful...  
You're even philanthropic.

LAWYER

Are you hitting on my client?

CATHERINE

But you're really just a jerk. A  
monster.

ALEX

I didn't kill my wife --

LAWYER

Alex, you don't have to respond to  
name-calling.

CATHERINE

How about hard facts? I know of two  
women you slept with during your  
marriage, and I have a jar of bed bug  
DNA proving at least seven more.

LAWYER

Since when's adultery against the law?

JOE (PRELAP)

What the hell is she doing?

INT. PRECINCT - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - INTERCUT

It's Joe, who joins Tess at the one-way mirror.

TESS

Cracking the case.

JOE

What'd she bring him in on? I told her --

TESS

Just listen.

Joe turns to watch, skeptical but intrigued. BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

You probably made every one of your women fall in love with you, and believe you loved them back. That the only thing standing in the way of their fairy tale ending was this "Prenup".

(then)

And what I realized last night is, when you've fallen for someone, you can do crazy things. Mr. Webster, you gave every mistress you ever had a motive. I don't think you killed your wife. But you are the reason she's dead. Pretty monstrous in my book.

This lands on Alex. Catherine reaches for PEN and PAPER.

CATHERINE

I need a list. Everyone you've ever slept with during your marriage. You owe it to Taylor.

Alex nods, shaken, ashamed, he starts writing, Tess turns to Joe --

TESS

You were saying?

Joe shrugs, impressed. He's not saying anything now.

INT. VOGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Catherine and Tess stride down the hall with purpose. Emily, in front of Chloe's new office, sees them approach.

EMILY

Hey. Chloe's upstairs going over Taylor's tribute pages.

CATHERINE

Actually, we want to talk to you.

INT. VOGUE - CHLOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Catherine and Tess settle in as Emily nervously busies herself, neatening up.

EMILY

Can I get you something? Pellegrino? Soda?

TESS

We're good, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Look, Emily, we appreciate how helpful you've been, but one thing you forgot to mention is your affair with Alex.

Emily stops, stunned.

TESS

The missing pregnancy tests, we assumed they were Taylor's, but you used them, didn't you?

CATHERINE

That's why you had saltines in your purse. And like you said, you were privy to everything. Her office was your office, her key was your key, which you used to get in and out of her apartment, and forging her signature, part of the gig, isn't it? You're probably good at Chloe's by now.

EMILY

I don't know what you're --

CATHERINE

The Sign-Out Sheet.

(shows it to her)

I'm pretty sure if we showed it to an expert, they'd confirm this was you signing out Taylor's hair color.

EMILY

...No, Chloe ran that closet...

CATHERINE

You wanted us to think it was her. And with Taylor gone, you and Alex could run off into the sunset. But you fell for the wrong guy. There was no Pre-nup.

EMILY

(her world caving in)

...that's impossible...

CATHERINE

(compassionate)

He lied. Just like he lied to all his women, including the one he was with the night you killed Taylor.

(then)

We know your cousin works for a fertilizing company. Major ingredient is nicotine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

He said he loved me... I have nothing,  
I'm not even pregnant anymore... I  
lost it...

CATHERINE

Tell us where the bottle is, and we'll  
make sure the DA knows how remorseful  
you are.

Emily nods, breaking down. Catherine approaches, puts an arm  
around her as Tess CUFFS her...

INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - DAY

Elevator doors open. Tess and Catherine step out, bump into Evan --

EVAN

Hey, it's Devil and Prada. Nice work.

TESS

As long as I get to be Devil.

(to Catherine)

I'm gonna go call sanitation. See if  
they can find me some Sunlit Blonde.

A sentence I never thought I'd utter.

With that, Tess peels off, Evan turns to Catherine:

EVAN

I'm not letting you celebrate your big  
case alone at your Dad's engagement  
party.

CATHERINE

You gonna come up with some great  
excuse to get me out of it?

EVAN

No, I cancelled my plans and I'm  
volunteering to be your plus one.  
What's the dress code?

CATHERINE

Evan, you don't have to do that.

EVAN

Oh, come on, free drinks and I'm  
assuming vapid step-mom insisted on a  
really good caterer.

She stops, looks at him, sensing something. Gingerly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE  
(this isn't a date, right?)  
You're just doing this out of --

EVAN  
Charity. Poor little single girl.

CATHERINE  
Tess told you about Zeke?

EVAN  
No, Joe did.

CATHERINE  
Joe? How does Joe know?

EVAN  
I don't know, but wouldn't ask him now.  
He's digesting the fact the department  
has to shell out for a new mass-spec.  
(off her look)  
You were right. As usual. I took a  
look back at some cases. Six samples,  
all with the same corrupted DNA.

INT. PRECINCT - CATHERINE'S CUBICLE - DAY

CLOSE ON a computer SCREEN of DNA REPORTS (charts with columns of numbers and symbols). Catherine's at her desk, looking at the corrupted cases -- moved by what she's reading as Tess arrives --

TESS  
I have something of yours.

CATHERINE  
Oh, hey.

Catherine subtly blocks the screen as Tess hands over her CELL.

TESS  
One of the guys investigating that  
subway case found it on the platform.

CATHERINE  
(flooded with relief)  
Oh my god, thank you so much.

TESS  
It's just a phone. Are we okay?

CATHERINE  
What? No, of course. I'm just happy  
to get it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TESS

You've been having secret conversations,  
you executed that search without me, and  
what were you doing on the F train?

(off Catherine fumfering)

You know what, you don't have to tell  
me. I just want you to know I'm here,  
no judgments, if you ever wanna talk.

Catherine nods, grateful. Tess heads off. A beat, then:

CATHERINE

Hey, did you tell Joe about Ze --

She trails off, seeing Tess join Joe, an intimate look  
between them as they head out. Off Catherine, hunh. She  
then turns back to the DNA REPORTs and we go to...

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Catherine, all dressed up, KNOCKS on the "Office" DOOR.

JT (O.S.)

Hello?

CATHERINE

It's Catherine.

(no response, then)

Detective Chandler?

The door OPENS just slightly. JT stands there, baffled.

CATHERINE

I need to talk to Vincent.

Before JT can manage a response, Vincent approaches --

VINCENT

Let her in.

Catherine pushes he way past JT, into...

INT. CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE - VINCENT'S LIVING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

...and walks up to Vincent.

CATHERINE

Hi.

Meanwhile, JT stands there, reeling at their familiarity.

JT

Hi? Hi? Did I miss something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT  
JT, you mind?

JT, head about to explode, heads off. Vincent's distracted, taking her in. She's beautiful.

VINCENT  
You look...

CATHERINE  
I have an engagement party.  
(then)

Look, I know you're gonna try to kick me out. I get it. I get what it's like to hide out and push people away because you don't feel deserving.

(then)  
You know why I keep asking about my Mom? Because I'm the reason she's dead. I left the stupid vanity mirror open that night. If I hadn't been putting on lipgloss, she'd still be here today.

(then)  
But Vincent, I just found six cases of you trying to save victims around the city, even though you're putting yourself at risk. You're not a monster. And I would know. Plenty of guys out there are, but you... you're like a superhero.

Vincent laughs.

CATHERINE  
You are. You saved me. Twice.

VINCENT  
You're not the reason your mom's dead. They were tracking her. I don't know why, but...

Catherine fights back tears.

VINCENT  
It wasn't the vanity mirror.

They look at each other, and for the first time, feel understood, and seen. MUSIC RISES, Adele's "Someone Like You", and we go to:

INT. NYC FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TWINKLY LIGHTS, FLOWERS. Catherine's just entered, alone. She takes in the party, in full swing, GUESTS having a good time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
Sometimes it feels like everyone's  
moved on...

Evan approaches, two DRINKS in hand, smile on his face. She smiles back, but he's not Vincent.

She sips her DRINK, looks around, spots Heather with her sweet nerdy boyfriend BRIAN by her side --

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
...Heather...

-- Catherine approaches, apologetic look on her face. Heather waves it off, gives her a warm sisterly embrace, when they're interrupted by their father, STEPHEN CHANDLER --

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
...Dad...

-- Catherine congratulates him. Both of them trying. He's happy she made it...

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
But they all miss you in their own way...

...and nods 'congrats' to his much younger FIANCEE, and we...

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
...And there's not a day that goes by when  
I don't think about you.

DISSOLVE to: The Dance Floor. Catherine lets Evan lead her out...

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
...The good news is, I know now I'm  
not crazy.

She starts moving to the music, but as she glances out the window, we know she's distracted, thinking of Vincent.

CATHERINE (V.O.)  
I was saved by a Beast...

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Catherine, still dressed for the party, is at Vanessa's HEADSTONE where we ground her VOICEOVER:

CATHERINE  
...I just wish he'd gotten there in  
time to save you.

She sets FLOWERS from the party down on her mother's grave...

**"Beauty & the Beast" - Pilot Episode - 2nd Network Draft 65.**

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

...In bed, she turns OUT a LIGHT, and we PUSH OUT HER WINDOW...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

...there on the BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY is Vincent, watching her, protecting her. EYES GLOWING in the dark...

END PILOT