

Comic-Con

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN, CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Morning fog smothers Manhattan's Central Park.

ROBERT CHANDLER, 50s, runs the trails wearing a rubber weight-loss suit. He listens to an ipod, sings along. His breath, a crisp reminder of the December cold.

Creedence Clearwater Revival's '*Fortunate Son*' sets his pace.

ROBERT

"Some folks are born,
Silver Spoon in hand...
It ain't me, it ain't me-"

THWACK!

A hooded figure rips him off the trail with lightning speed.

Robert claws and kicks as the attacker pulls him into the bushes.

He strangles Robert with his own rubber top. The rubber conforms to his face with each airless gasp for life. After each breath, the sadistic attacker's grip loosens, torturing Robert with a taste of air in each desperate heave. Finally, the attacker cinches Robert in an agonizing death embrace.

Robert's body convulses and his flailing stops.

The attacker snatches the watch from Robert's wrist and stands over his victim.

Robert's face is frozen in a haunting shroud of his last breath.

INT. JACOB JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER, COMIC BOOK CONVENTION

A stack of comic books slams onto a table. The cover of '*Couturina Haute #2*' shows a dark villain standing over his suffocated victim. The victim's face is frozen in a haunting shroud of his last breath.

A banner above the tables reads "New York Comic-Con."

KATE CARLYLE, 20ish, fashionable beauty with a brain, scrambles to set up comics and a suggestion box on her display table.

The convention is off the hook. Freaks, geeks, fanboys and fangirls shout questions at Kate in rabid anticipation.

FAN 1

Who would win in a fight between the Tailor and the Joker?

FAN 2

The Joker would crush him!

FAN 3

No way. The Tailor would alter him, stuff him in a garment bag and slap a receipt on his ass before he could even crack a smile. He's the shizzle!

FAN 2

That's whack.

The three fans stare at Kate.

KATE

Well... on one hand, the Joker is totally psycho and deviously brilliant, not unlike The Tailor.

FAN 1

So they cancel each other out?

KATE

Hmm-mm. The Joker exists to create havoc. It's all just sport to him. But the Tailor is far more primal. He's willing to die for his goal.

FAN 1

But the Joker has got an army of criminals. What's one man against thousands?

FAN 3

But you said a fight between them. That's one-on-one.

KATE

One-on-one, I'm going with The Tailor.

Fans 1 and 2 shake their heads.

KATE (CONT'D)

Not to be biased, but when it comes to blades, there's no one deadlier.

FAN 4

Why does he stalk Couturina though?

KATE

Because-

PETE (O.S.)

Because buried secrets always come
back to haunt you.

PETE, 20s, artful confidant with glasses, climbs behind the
table.

KATE

Where have you been?!

PETE

Good things come to those who wait.

Pete opens a suitcase to reveal hundreds of issues of
'Couturina Haute #7'. On the cover, the Tailor wields a
large pair of tailor's shears as he and Couturina face off.

KATE

No. Way! You are the man!

PETE

Let's rock 'n roll.

Kate and Pete accommodate FAN AFTER FAN with smiles, photos,
and autographs. Fans leave them notes in the suggestion box
and fire questions at Kate and Pete.

Next in line, JOSHUA, mid-20s, artistic stud, holds out a
comic for Kate to autograph.

Kate reaches for the comic, drinks Joshua in, toes-to-top.
The CACOPHONY of the crowd drowns to a VACUUM. She is
enamored.

From the crowd, an EDGY GUY, 20s, pasty white insomniac,
watches Joshua and Kate stare into each other's eyes.

Next in line, FATSO and BEANPOLE, 20s, crass card-carrying,
counter-culturists, heckle Joshua and Kate.

FATSO

Tap that ass, playa'.

Kate takes the comic, hovers her Sharpie over the cover.

JOSHUA

To Joshua.

BEANPOLE

"To Joshua..." Come on, Gangsta',
get that weak game outta' here.

FATSO

Step aside, Son.

Fatso takes the comic from Kate, shoves it into Joshua's chest. Fatso and Beanpole shoulder in front of Joshua.

From the crowd, the Edgy Guy watches Joshua drift away from Kate.

Fatso picks up a copy of 'Couturina #7'. He studies the cover, addresses Pete.

FATSO (CONT'D)

Question: where's the boobage?

BEANPOLE

Yeah. All chick super-heroes have chestacular breasts.

KATE

Couturina Haute is a crime-fighter, not a super-hero.

They ignore Kate.

FATSO

Wonder Woman, Storm-

BEANPOLE

Catwoman, She-Hulk-

PETE

Rogue, Scarlet Witch-

Kate glares at Pete. Pete catches himself.

FATSO

Fact: Bitches never save the world without world class guns.

KATE

Bitches? Couturina is not your bitch, Bitch. And she doesn't save the world, she saves the day!

FATSO

Whoa! Miss Defensive, settle. We weren't talking to you. Were we talking to her?

BEANPOLE

We're talking to the creator.

Kate points at the comic book cover: Writer, Kate Carlyle. Fatso looks her up and down, stares at her chest.

FATSO

Oh snap, keepin' it real with the alter-egoooo.

Pete stands up, protective.

PETE
Anything else?

FATSO
Yeah, Spandex.

The Edgy Guy steps to the front of the line, drops a note in the suggestion box.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The taxi blazes through traffic. Kate grips the seat for dear life. She closes her eyes. Sings her mantra to calm her nerves.

KATE
"Three, six, nine,
The goose drank wine,
The line broke..."

Kate settles down, stuffs a large envelope with 'Couturina #7.' The envelope is addressed to Dark Horse Comics.

KATE (CONT'D)
Seventh time's a charm.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT

Kate marches past NEAL, 20s, kiss-ass doorman.

NEAL
Evening, Miss Carlyle, later than usual.

Neal rushes to her, takes a hold of her wheeled suitcase.

KATE
I got it, Neal.

Kate tosses the envelope into the outgoing mail, escapes into the elevator. Neal yells after her.

NEAL
Just watching out for you. It's in my blood.

The elevator doors close in his face.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kate slams the refrigerator door.

KATE

It was amazing! Absolutely
ridonculous. Of course there were
the usual dorks asking their usual
questions.

ANNE CARLYLE, 40s, caring socialite mother, eats dinner with
DR. MICHAEL CARLYLE, 50s, strong, vibrant.

ANNE

Like what?

KATE

Like, "if Couturina fell in love
with the villain, would she really
be capable of serving justice?"

MICHAEL

Would she?

KATE

Really, Dad, seriously.

They laugh. Kate joins them at the dinner table.

KATE (CONT'D)

You know I was thinking, now that
Couturina is really catchin' fire,
I'd like to take her public: graphic
novels, video games-

MICHAEL

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Are we forgetting
something here - college?

KATE

Your grades have been less than
desirable. Stan Lee didn't go to
college.

MICHAEL

You can't be serious, Kate.

KATE

Serious as a fashion alert. This is
big business: Movies, action figures,
cartoons-

ANNE

Kate-

KATE

Mom, you never let me finish!

Anne looks to Michael for help.

MICHAEL

Your mother and I can appreciate your dedication to your comic book, but we feel the arts are... too risky an endeavor for you to pursue-

ANNE

-without a college degree.

MICHAEL

You're smarter than that.

KATE

Smart enough to pursue my dream.

MICHAEL

And smart enough to finish Columbia.

KATE

But-

MICHAEL

No one's saying you can't have your cake and eat it too. I always say, 'Hobbies keep you healthy.'

KATE

Hobby!?

Kate storms out. Anne goes silent.

MICHAEL

She'll be fine, she's still young.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

'Couturina Haute' comic book posters cover the walls.

Kate flops onto the bed. Fumes.

An ominous stack of college textbooks sits on her desk. Kate looks at her textbooks in defiance. The books stare back like a gunslinger.

She opens an issue of 'Couturina Haute', blocks the view of the crate. She throws it down, opens the suggestion box from the convention.

Several fan notes are inside. The first one reads:

"I love Couturina. Can't wait for the movie."

KATE

Yeah. Tell that to my parents.

The next note reads: *"Call me. 212-555-3453"*

KATE (CONT'D)

In your dreams.

She crumples it. Next is a drawing of a heart. She smiles.

KATE (CONT'D)

Aww, how sweet.

She turns it upside down. She gasps, shakes her head. The 'heart' is an upside-down, enormous pair of breasts.

KATE (CONT'D)

Jerks.

She pulls out a folded up taylor's carbon copy receipt.
Written on the receipt:

*"Pull the wool off of your eyes,
Silence the cackle of all the lies.
One sweet day you will see,
That I am you and you are me.*

-The Tailor"

KATE (CONT'D)

Fuh-reak.

She tosses the paper aside.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SWIM CENTER - MORNING

College students swim in an indoor Olympic pool.

INT. COLUMBIA, WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Students mill around in towels and gym clothes.

Kate, wearing a bra, judges her chest in the mirror. Large-breasted girls pass back and forth in front of her. She sneaks a peek at each set of breasts before returning disappointed to her own.

MOLLY, 20ish, goth-punk babe, appears over Kate's shoulder.

MOLLY

Issues?

KATE

What do you think?

MOLLY

Over-rated accessories: Subcutaneous glands, connective tissue, cellulite, droopy FAT-

KATE

Stop, you're gonna make me heave.

MOLLY

Mission accomplished. So, how'd it go yesterday? Did the geek goddess inspire her worshipers?

KATE

To the tune of two hundred issues.

MOLLY

Bravo, Aphrodite. Find any Adonises among the shepherd boys?

KATE

Almost.

MOLLY

That's okay. There'll be flocks at Jackie's holiday party.

JACKIE, JEN, and JULIE, 20ish, all hot, all in towels, approach.

JACKIE

You two have to be there. All the guys from Sigma Delt are coming.

JULIE

The Jonas Brothers might come!

MOLLY

Jeezus, Jules, are you trying to talk us out of it?

JEN

And Roland, that guitarist who looks like the Twilight vampire but with Jared Leto's eyes.

KATE

I'm so there.

JULIE

Kate, you have to get there early to pimp our wardrobes.

KATE

(deflated)
Oh, no.

JULIE

What?

KATE

My parents are all up in my grill
about my grades.

JEN

What!

KATE

I've got mid-terms and I haven't
even started my English Comp essay
which is half my grade.

JEN

We need you!

JACKIE

Those essays are sooooo doucheey.

KATE

Unless...

Kate gives a conspiratorial look to Molly.

MOLLY

What? Oh, no. No-no-no-no.

KATE

Molly, you're brill at those!

MOLLY

No way. You're the writer.

KATE

You're doing yours, I'm doing mine.
We'll do it together. Group project.

All the girls wait for Molly expectantly.

MOLLY

Then I got dibs on Dracula.

KATE

Deal.

Molly and Kate bump fists.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Kate leaves the campus.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Kate heads into the subway with throngs of people. She
arrives at her platform.

A HOODED MAN lurks behind her in the crowd.

The train tracks CLICK-CLACK, signaling an approaching train. Kate steps to the edge.

Through the crowd, the HOODED MAN APPROACHES, UNSEEN by Kate.

Kate leans out to look down the tunnel for the train. A GUST OF WIND blows her hair, headlights appear. The train speeds into the station. The BRAKES SCREECH.

The hooded figure stands behind her. The commuters crowd toward the train behind her and Kate stumbles toward the tracks! She flails her arms for balance.

Her high heel jams into a crack in the platform. It saves her life! The jammed heel keeps her secure on the platform instead of tumbling onto the tracks.

The train barrels by her, inches from her face and body. The train stops. The doors open.

Riders exit. Commuters herd on board.

KATE

Did somebody see that? Somebody pushed me!

Kate searches the crowd. The hooded man is gone, no one responds. People avert their eyes.

Kate steps out of her shoe, kneels, struggles to pry it from the crack.

The train doors start to close. Kate leaps up, shoe in hand. She hooks the heel onto the door. The doors close. The train rolls forward. Kate hangs on to her shoe.

KATE (CONT'D)

No wait, wait! Don't leave me here!

She runs alongside the train. She finally let's go of the shoe. It disappears down the tunnel with the train.

Kate, shaken and alone on the platform, pulls her flip-flops out of her backpack. She puts them on, walks alone through the desolate subway labyrinth.

FOOTSTEPS echo in the distance behind her. Kate turns, a shadow looms on the subway wall. She picks up her pace.

The FOOTSTEPS get louder, closer. Kate glances over her shoulder, the shadow is gone.

She turns, starts to run - SMACK INTO a HOODED FIGURE. Kate YELPS.

HOODED FIGURE

Dang, girl. Watch it!

This hooded figure is just a street kid.

Ahead the sound of a SUBWAY TRAIN SCREECHING TO A STOP. She runs past the kid toward the crowded platform.

Kate folds into the crowd, gets on the train.

INT. TRAIN

Kate sits in a daze.

DR. FRANK (V.O.)

Sooo, that's it? And nothing unusual has happened to you since our last session?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE

DR. EDWARD FRANK, 60s, psychiatrist, studies Kate.

KATE

Hmm... nope.

DR. FRANK

(on her flip-flops)
What's with the sandals?

KATE

I just broke my heel.

Kate stares out the window.

DR. FRANK

Any more brushes with death?

Kate shakes her head.

DR. FRANK (CONT'D)

No more imaginary stalkers?

KATE

Absolutely not.

DR. FRANK

And the dreams?

KATE

Still working on that.

Dr. Frank smiles.

DR. FRANK

It's been rough for you since your sister's accident. Traumas can wreak havoc on the psyche. We know in your case, it has exacerbated an already active imagination.

Dr. Frank writes out a prescription, hands it to Kate.

DR. FRANK (CONT'D)

But our work here, combined with medication, will continue to control your condition and soon you may feel free to move out from your parents and live on campus.

KATE

Thank you, Doctor Frank.

Kate exits.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The professor lectures. Kate daydreams in class. She sketches in her notebook.

CLOSE ON:

Her notebook has many ornate versions of the name, 'Joshua.'

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Kate gets on her bike.

MOLLY

Yo, Lance Armstrong. What gives?

KATE

I need the exercise.

MOLLY

We're still on tonight?

KATE

Yeah. Later.

EXT. SKILLED CARE FACILITY - DAY

Kate locks up her bike next to a brownstone.

The sign on the brownstone reads:

"Sunshine Manor - Skilled Care Center"

INT. TORI CARLYLE'S ROOM - DAY

TORI CARLYLE, 23, comatose sleeping beauty, Kate's sister, lies in bed. She's surrounded by photos.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS:

Tori and Kate ski together. Tori wins a blue ribbon at an equestrian event. Tori and Pete at their engagement party. Anne, Michael, Kate and her at Christmas.

Kate enters, sets a bag on the bed.

KATE

Tori, I brought you somethiiiiing!

A white cat, SNOWFLAKE, jumps onto the bed, startles Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)

Snowflake!

Kate rubs its ears. It PURRS. It burrows under the sheet between Tori's feet.

IN THE DOORWAY

Pete steps in, unnoticed. He watches Kate care for her sister. He smiles.

Kate takes magazines out of the bag.

KATE (CONT'D)

We've got Vogue, Marie Claire-

Kate puts the stack aside, holds the last one.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh! What's this?! My goodness, could it be, 'Couturina Haute', issue number seven? What evil trap has The Tailor set for Couturina now?

Kate takes a breath, tries to hold herself together. Pete places his hand on Kate's shoulder. She jumps.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, you scared me.

PETE

Sorry.

KATE

It's not your day to be here, is it?

PETE

No, I just thought-

KATE

You don't have to do this, Pete.

PETE

What else can I do? She means everything to me.

DR. SMITH, 50s, caring physician, enters.

DR. SMITH

Afternoon, Troops.

Kate and Pete gather themselves.

KATE

Anything new, Doctor?

DR. SMITH

She showed some increased brain activity this morning.

KATE

What! Really?

DR. SMITH

We're not jumping to any conclusions-

KATE

That's the best news ever!

DR. SMITH

We still have a ways to go, but keep up the enthusiasm, it's contagious.

NURSE CONRAD, 40s, enters.

NURSE CONRAD

C'mon, we need to let the Doctor do his work.

Kate and Pete each kiss Tori on the forehead. They leave.

INT. DINER - DAY

Kate and Pete sit at a table, eat.

PETE

You seem quiet.

Kate shrugs.

PETE (CONT'D)

What's up?

KATE

Nothing much, someone just tried to kill me yesterday.

PETE

Not again.

KATE

I swear. Someone tried to push me in front of the train.

PETE

Kate, you're one-hundred percent sure that someone deliberately tried to assassinate you?

KATE

I swear on the entire Armani winter collection.

PETE

Did you tell Dr. Frankenstein about it?

KATE

If it wasn't for my Jimmy Choos stuck in the platform, I wouldn't be here.

PETE

Your imagination never sleeps.

KATE

So my imaginary friend didn't push me?

Pete pulls 'Couturina #5' out of his backpack. On the cover, the Tailor pushes his victim in front of the subway train.

PETE

Talk about blurring the line between fantasy and reality.

KATE

Whatever.

Kate pulls the suggestion notes from Comic-Con out of her Gucci bag. She tosses the notes in front of Pete.

PETE

"More bosom, Couturina Cleavage, Let those puppies breathe." They're right. Gotta show, in order to grow.

KATE

Neanderthals.

Pete picks up the Tailor's receipt. He reads the note.

PETE

"...One sweet day you will see,
That I am you and you are me.
-The Tailor." Gotta love that.

KATE

A wannabe Tailor.

PETE

There's only room for one Tailor in
this town and you're looking at him.

Pete crumples the note, tosses it in the trash.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Kate rides her bike through Central Park. Wind in her face.
It's dreary, overcast.

Suddenly, a man on a bike in full racing gear, blows by her
at breakneck speed. Startles her.

KATE

Jeez.

Another racer blows past her. She GASPS.

VOICE (O.S.)

Behind you! Move! Move! Move!

She looks over her shoulder. Thirty bike racers ride her
off the road.

Kate loses her balance, tumbles off the bike. Checks her
knees and elbows. She's ok, just bruised.

She flicks the bird at the bikers. They're long gone.

KATE

Roadtards!

Kate hears a FOOTSTEP IN THE BUSHES behind her.

OBSERVER'S POV

Kate spins, startled. She stares through the bushes into
deep shadows.

She picks up her bike. Hops on.

KATE'S POV

Another FOOTSTEP IN THE BUSHES. Louder. Closer.

She tries to pedal. The rotor GRINDS against the chain.
The chain is off!

She hears a MOVEMENT FROM THE BUSHES, a CRACK OF TWIGS, Kate drops her bike and lunges forward to get away.

Too late! Someone is on her!

She inhales to scream. Breathless. Kate falls to the ground. She tries to push and kick the weight off.

A sloppy wet tongue smothers Kate's face. It's a dog. A Saint Bernard.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bernie!

Kate scrambles up, gathers her wits.

The MAN, 40s, trots through the bushes with a leash in hand.

MAN

Are you all right? He got off-leash.
Did he make you wreck? Bernie, did
you make her wreck!? Did you make
her wreck?

KATE

No, no. He's sweet. Good boy, good
boy. It's okay.

The man helps Kate get the chain back on.

She rides away. Her bike tires pass within a couple yards of Robert Chandler's dead body sprawled in the bushes.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate and Molly lay on the floor working on their essays.

KATE

Ugh! I hate this. I just can't
focus.

Kate rolls onto her back. Stares at the ceiling dreamily.

Molly digs into her backpack.

MOLLY

What do you need? Ritalin? Adderal?
Rockstar?

Kate throws a pillow at her.

KATE

Not like that... It's a guy.

MOLLY

What! When? How? Where!

KATE

The comic convention.

MOLLY

A guy? Y-chromosome, pubic hair,
whole nine yards?

KATE

Pubic hair? I didn't see his business
for God's sake.

MOLLY

You didn't look at it, but he's old
enough to have pubes, right? Not
one of your little troglodytes
throwing themselves at you like a
suicide bomber?

KATE

No! Like, hot. Man-hot.

MOLLY

Get the digits?

KATE

No.

MOLLY

Email?

KATE

No.

Molly covers her face with a pillow, SCREAMS into it.

MOLLY

Did you even get his name?!

KATE

Joshua.

MOLLY

Joshua, the mysterious, man-hot man...

PING

A Yahoo mail alert pops up on screen. "Joshua has requested
to be added as a friend on Facebook."

KATE AND MOLLY

(Twilight Zone Theme)

Do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do.

KATE
Wait, how'd he get my email address?

MOLLY
Einstein.

Molly holds up a copy of Couturina. Kate's email address is printed on the back cover.

Kate approves Joshua as a friend. Clicks on his profile. There's no picture. She reads the profile aloud.

KATE
Trailblazer, Pioneer, Visionary...

MOLLY
That says a whole lot of nothing.

A Yahoo Messenger pop-up window opens:

"Joshua has invited you to chat. Click OK to accept."

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, it's business time!

Kate clicks 'yes.' The message window opens.

THE CHAT READS-

JOSHUA SAYS: *Hey Kate, art exhibit tonight. Join me?*

KATE
Un-freaking-believable, the one time
I get asked out by a hottie, and I
gotta do this!

JOSHUA SAYS: *Kate?*

Kate starts to type: *Can't tonight. Rain check?*

MOLLY
You can't tell him that!

Molly deletes it.

KATE
I can't go!

MOLLY
You have to go. He's the one dude
you've ever met who's hot, loves
comics, and is within the legal age
range set forth by the statutory
guidelines for the State of New York
in regards to child molestation.

Molly starts typing.

KATE SAYS: *I'll be there. What time?*

Molly hits send. Kate is shocked.

JOSHUA SAYS: *9 PM. 562 Grand.*

Molly types.

KATE SAYS: *See you then! Xoxoxo*

KATE

You just sent him kisses!

MOLLY

No, YOU sent him kisses. Get ready.

Molly yanks Kate off the bed.

KATE

Molly, even if I could leave, I can't get past my parents.

MOLLY

Parents? Pleeeeease. Grow a pair, girl. This is your verifiable fortune cookie opportunity. Every love story has a defining moment. This is yours.

Kate looks at the textbooks, the blank essay... The posters of 'Couturina Haute' on the walls, fighting crime in various fashion disguises. Kate's eyes widen and she smiles.

KATE

Give me your clothes.

Kate leaps to action. She starts to strip.

MOLLY

Genius. Like Couturina number four, 'The Undercover Cover-Girl Caper!'

MOMENTS LATER-

Kate wears Molly's Hello-Kitty-meets-Deftones ensemble.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You've never looked better.

KATE

When I get there, I'll change.

Kate stuffs a separate outfit in a Gucci backpack.

MOLLY

Remember, do exactly as I told you.

Molly opens Kate's bedroom door, Kate steps out. Molly yells.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

G'night, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle!

MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE

Bye, Molly!

PARENTS' LIVING ROOM POV:

'Molly' leaves the apartment.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT

Kate, hair in her face, talks on a cell phone.

KATE

Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

She walks past Neal's desk.

NEAL

Miss Molly, Mistress of the Dark...

She FLICKS THE BIRD right in Neal's face with her fingerless mittens. It prevents a clear view of her. Neal LAUGHS.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi speeds through traffic as INDIAN MUSIC BLARES. Kate's knuckles turn white as she grips the seat, starts HUMMING her mantra.

The cabbie turns the radio dial.

ON THE RADIO:

RADIO NEWSMAN (V.O.)

...A body was discovered in Central Park, the victim of an attack. No suspects have been identified-

The cabbie changes the station. The radio plays Creedence Clearwater Revival's '*Bad Moon Rising*.'

JOHN FOGERTY (O.S.)

"Don't come around tonight,
It's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise..."

The taxi skids to a stop at the gallery. Her backpack flies to the floor. Shaking, Kate hurries to pay. She gets out.

EXT. SOHO GALLERY - NIGHT

The taxi speeds away.

A moment too late, she realizes... her backpack! Oh no!
She runs after the cab. The taxi is gone.

Kate sees her reflection in a store-front window. She's
Nightmare on Molly Street.

KATE

Oh, crap.

Kate looks at the gallery crowd. It's a black-tie affair.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm a freak, I'm a freak. I can't
go in like this.

She paces the sidewalk, unsure what to do, checks her
reflection one more time in the window.

KATE (CONT'D)

Come on, Couturina, we're on.

She takes a deep breath.

INT. SOHO ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Kate slinks through a gauntlet of celebrities, art dealers,
curators, and artists.

A large abstract canvas is on display. Kate is captivated.

Joshua approaches, stands next to Kate, takes in the painting.

JOSHUA

Dark, convoluted, afraid to express
oneself to the world.

Kate turns to Joshua, alights with a smile, tongue-tied.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Don't you think?

KATE

Oh, n-n-no. Actually, the spatial
aspects give the piece light. The
artist's self exposure is giving
birth.

JOSHUA

So you're an optimist.

KATE

I think the artist has struggled with their true identity and has won the battle.

JOSHUA

You think so?

KATE

Well, maybe I'm a little too passionate, but I think this artist is the bomb.

JOSHUA

I'll be sure to tell him that.
(to himself)
She thinks you're the bomb.
(to himself)
Cool.

KATE

You did this?

JOSHUA

Guilty.

PETE (O.S.)

It's past your bedtime young lady.

Kate spins. It's Pete. She hugs him.

KATE

What are you doing here?

PETE

Art exhibit, I'm an artist, duh.
Wow, Kate, you look... fierce.

KATE

Long story. But if you tell my parents that you saw me here, I swear to God, I will remove your skin with a nail file, chop you into kibbles, and feed you to the polar bear at the Central Park Zoo.

JOSHUA

(to Pete)
Lucky you.

PETE

Welcome to Kate's world. Life and death, that's the way we roll.

KATE

Pete, this is Joshua. Joshua, my partner in crime, Pete.

Pete shakes Joshua's hand. On the back of Joshua's hand is a large band-aid.

PETE

(on the band-aid)
What happened?

JOSHUA

Hazards of the trade. You draw 'Couturina', don't you?

PETE

That I do, and-

KATE

Joshua painted that.

Kate points to Joshua's painting. Pete absorbs the work.

PETE

Roll over, Basquiat.

JOSHUA

Roll over, Frank Miller.

PETE

The old lips to ass ploy. I'm on to you, buddy.

GALLERY OWNER, 40s, flamboyant, interrupts.

GALLERY OWNER

Joshua, chop-chop.

Joshua nods, addresses Kate.

JOSHUA

Gotta hustle. Can you hang?

Kate nods.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you, Pete.

Kate and Pete watch as admirers gush over Joshua. They shake his hand, pat his back, compliment his art.

EXT. STREETS OF SOHO - NIGHT

Kate and Joshua stroll side-by-side. They go to hold hands.

KATE

Ohmygod, you're bleeding!

Blood bleeds through the bandage on his hand.

JOSHUA

It's nothing.

KATE

Let me see.

She peels off the band-aid.

KATE (CONT'D)

That's pretty deep.

PETE

That's what I get for shaking so many hands.

Kate digs in her purse. She finds what she's looking for. It's a make-up removal pad.

KATE

So where do you live?

JOSHUA

Dumbo.

(on her blank stare)
...over on Plymouth.

KATE

Sure...

JOSHUA

Under the bridge. You know the area?

KATE

Oh yeah, of course. I mean, I know where it is, I mean it's under the, down under the... bridge... Brooklyn?
(gives up)
No.

Joshua chuckles. She applies the alcohol pad.

JOSHUA

Ssst!

KATE

Stay still.

He watches her healing hands work magic on his wound.

JOSHUA

How about you?

KATE
Eighty-second and fifth.

JOSHUA
Whoa, nose-bleed.

Kate pulls out a tube of nail glue.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Glue?!

He tries to jerk away.

KATE
Chill. My dad's a TV repairman.

Joshua frowns.

KATE (CONT'D)
Just kidding, he's a doctor.

She pulls out a needle and thread kit.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on the needle)
Old school...?
(on the glue)
Or new school?

JOSHUA
New school.

She seals the cut. He checks her handiwork.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Look at that, you saved the day,
just like Couturina.

Joshua brushes her hair off of her face. Their lips inches apart. Their sexual chemistry is unmistakable.

She closes her eyes, her lips part to kiss him.

Joshua places a motorcycle helmet on Kate's head, tightens the chin-strap.

Kate, mouth agape, composes herself, gawks at his motorcycle.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Let's take a ride before it's time
for Cinderella to go home.

KATE
On that?

JOSHUA

You've never ridden on a motorcycle?

KATE

No... I've got vertigo.

Joshua is stumped... vertigo?

KATE (CONT'D)

Serious.

MOMENTS LATER, Kate, eyes shut and scared to death, clenches Joshua's waist as she rides on the back of the motorcycle. Car HORNS BLARE, people yell obscenities.

They ride through traffic at a snail's pace.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Joshua and Kate pull up to the curb.

JOSHUA

I had fun tonight.

KATE

Me too. So... I guess I'll just-

Joshua pulls Kate close, kisses her on the lips. She melts.

KATE (CONT'D)

...just, get going.

JOSHUA

Good night.

KATE

Wait!

Kate snaps a picture of Joshua with her iphone. She winks at him. Joshua watches Kate saunter inside.

AT THE NEWSSTAND ACROSS THE STREET

A stack of New York Posts lands on the sidewalk. On the cover, the headline reads "*Runner Runs Out of Time.*" A man picks up a copy, pays for it.

The man is the Edgy Guy. He watches Joshua drive away.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT

Kate walks past a sleeping elderly doorman.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate steps inside. Her parents are standing right there. Busted. Michael looks her up and down.

KATE

Mom, Dad-

MICHAEL

This is not the night.

KATE

But, Dad, I can explain-

ANNE

Kate, something terrible has happened.

Kate looks up, confused. Anne chokes up.

MICHAEL

Your Aunt Beth and Uncle Robert...

KATE

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Uncle Robert's been murdered.

KATE

Murdered?

ANNE

Right here in Central Park.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate enters. Molly is asleep in Kate's bed.

KATE

Wow, murdered.

PING

A Yahoo Messenger pop-up window opens:

"The Tailor has invited you to chat. Click OK to accept."

Kate frowns. She clicks 'OK.'

THE TAILOR SAYS:

*Little child, no silver spoon,
Left to die under the blood red moon.
No mother, no father, no warm embrace,
I am the Tailor, you know my face.*

KATE SAYS: *Who are you?*

THE TAILOR SAYS: *I'm watching you.*

Kate looks out the window.

On the corner below, the silhouette of a hooded man stares up at her. His dark shadow paints the sidewalk before him. In his hand, a long pair of shears.

Molly puts her hand on Kate's shoulder, startles her. Kate ducks down pulls Molly down with her.

MOLLY
What're you doing?

KATE
Oh my God, there's someone down there.

Molly rises. Kate pulls her back down.

KATE (CONT'D)
Don't do that!

MOLLY
What is wrong with you?

Molly sees Kate is shaking. Molly unpeels Kate's grip and looks out the window.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Where?

Kate peeks over the windowsill. The street is empty.

KATE
He was just there!

MOLLY
Chill Kate.

KATE
But Molly, look at this.

Molly reads the chat window on Kate's laptop.

MOLLY
Come on, Kate, it's one of your
Troglodytes.

Kate stares at her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Truth.

Kate sighs, half-believing.

KATE

Y-Yeah. Yeah, I guess.

MOLLY

So, how'd it go tonight?

Molly's question gets Kate to crack a smile.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete is on his computer. Opens the art gallery invite.

He googles 'Joshua Cain'. Results flood the page. Pete clicks the first one.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAY

Kate, dressed for school, walks by her parent's bedroom.

INT. CARLYLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Anne sits on the edge of the bed, holding a keepsake box. Kate enters.

KATE

Mom?

Anne looks up, startled. Kate sits next to Anne. Hugs her.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about last night.

The hug knocks the keepsake box off the bed. Kate and Tori's birth certificates scatter onto the floor.

Kate and Anne jump down to clean up the mess. Kate picks up the birth certificates. Anne takes them from her.

ANNE

It's alright.

Anne composes herself, shields Kate from the box. Picks up a hospital baby bracelet.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'll clean it up.

KATE

Let me do it-

ANNE

I've got it! Go, you'll be late for school.

Kate gets up.

KATE
 Mom, I finished my essay.

Anne, her back to Kate, only nods. Kate exits.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

The priest leads a funeral ceremony. Dozens of people attend. A PHOTO of a bald Robert Chandler sits above the coffin.

Robert's widow, BETH, late 40s, cries in the front row.

Anne, Michael and Kate sit apart from the rest of the family.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ, 40s, worn homicide gumshoe watches the proceedings from the back pew of the church.

The eulogy ends. One by one, the rows empty. The people pass the open casket to pay their last respects.

Kate and Pete are nearly last in line. Pete takes off his glasses, studies Robert's face.

KATE
 (whispers)
 What are you doing?

Pete looks up at her. She looks at him.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, do you have two different
 color eyes?

PETE
 Yeah, slightly. It's hereditary,
 Split-gene.

KATE
 We should use that in Couturina.

A man CLEARS HIS THROAT behind them. Kate nudges Pete on.

INT. ESTATE - DAY

Michael and Anne approach Beth at the funeral reception. Beth takes one look at Anne, walks away.

ANNE
 Beth?

Kate and Pete watch as they wait in line at the buffet.

PETE
 Why'd your Aunt diss your mom?

KATE

Don't know. All I know is that they haven't spoken in years.

Kate and Pete fill their plates, OVERHEAR A CONVERSATION:

MAN #1

So, his watch was stolen but his wallet was left behind?

MAN #2

I read in the Post, he was suffocated with his polyester running shirt.

MAN #1

Tight ass, he should have bought the Nike air-dry, it breathes.

KATE

Pete, did you hear that? My Uncle Robert was strangled to death with his own running shirt.

PETE

Tough way to go.

KATE

Remember 'Couturina' number two?

PETE

Yeah, so?

KATE

That's how The Tailor murdered Louis Bersacci.

PETE

Here we go again-

KATE

But what're the chances of him being murdered that way? Maybe there's a crazy copy-cat comic book killer.

PETE

Say that five times fast.

KATE

It's not a joke. Think about that poem we got, not to mention the one I got the other night.

PETE

Let's not forget about the guy that tried to kill you on the subway.

KATE
Point being, maybe-

PETE
Maybe Kate needs to take her meds.

KATE
Maybe he's leaving us clues.

PETE
Maybe it's a conspiracy. Come on,
relax, it's a party.

Pete gestures to the crowd of mourners.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

A crowd of students exits campus. Molly watches Kate ride away on the back of Joshua's motorcycle.

Joshua drives slow.

KATE
Faster.

JOSHUA
You sure?

KATE
Go for it.

Kate holds on tight. Joshua takes off. Kate smiles, wind in her face.

MONTAGE:

Days and nights pass. Kate and Joshua fall in love.

A) Kate and Joshua tour The Metropolitan Museum of Art's exhibit called, "Superheroes: Fashion and Fantasy."

B) Kate models outfits for Joshua in chic boutiques.

C) Joshua hams it up, models for Kate in high fashion clothes that just don't suit him. Kate laughs.

D) Kate and Joshua attend a concert with Pete and Molly at the Knitting Factory rock'n roll bar downtown.

End Montage.

INT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete, Molly and Kate party in Joshua's apartment. Pete stares at a large unfinished canvas near a roll-about of paints. Joshua hands Pete a beer, they CLINK bottles.

PETE

Have you guys played 'Meet the
Carlyles' yet?

KATE

Sunday dinner. Wanna come?

PETE

Oh, no. I wouldn't want to deprive
Joshua of his time in the hot seat.

KATE

Shut up.

PETE

Word of advice, Bro', play it real
sweet with Mom.

They drink and laugh into the night.

INT. TORI CARLYLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tori lays comatose in the dark.

CLOSE ON:

A man's hands pulls the plunger of a syringe, filling it
with a drug.

The syringe injects the drug into Tori's I.V.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

An instant message from 'Haute-Style New York' appears on
her screen. She reads it.

ON SCREEN

Second-Reminder: Top Designer's trunk show, 90% off. Prada,
Alexander McQueen, Gucci, and more. Pre-sale, by invitation
only, 5-8 PM, December 12th.

KATE

How'd I miss this?!? Who cares?
Too school for cool.

Kate prints out the invite with the address and gets dressed.

INT. TAXI - EVENING

Kate matches the address of the dilapidated warehouse with
the address her invite.

KATE

Thanks!

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - EVENING

Kate gets out of a taxi, and heads inside.

INT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT BUILDING

It's quiet. A freight elevator awaits. Kate gets on.

INT. ELEVATOR

The rickety elevator SCREECHES and RATTLES to the sixth floor. The doors open.

INT. HALLWAY

Kate exits the elevator. The hall light above her cuts off. It's dark.

She hears BREATHING down the hall. She freezes.

KATE

Hello?

In the darkness ahead, movement!

KATE (CONT'D)

Hello? Is someone there?

Kate hears WHISPERING. Her skin prickles. She turns and runs back to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

She hits the ground-floor button. Nothing.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO from the hall. She pushes the button over and over again. The FOOTSTEPS speed up.

The elevator revs to a start. The wooden doors start to close. Gloved hands grab the doors, try to pry them open. Kate takes her Prada shoe and pummels the man's hands. He jerks his hands away.

The man POUNDS the doors. Kate closes her eyes and covers her ears.

KATE

Go away, go away, go away.

The pounding stops. The elevator descends.

5TH FLOOR... 4RD FLOOR... THE ELEVATOR JOLTS TO A STOP!

The lights flicker off. She mashes the buttons. It won't move. She tries the doors. They won't budge!

It's eerily quiet. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN. She hears FOOTSTEPS on the stairs adjacent to the elevator shaft.

Kate shudders. Steps back, feels for something, anything. She finds the safety release latch! She pulls it.

The doors swing open. Staring her in the face is red graffiti, written between the floors. It reads:

"Someone is going to die tonight"

Kate gasps.

She rolls out of the elevator into the third floor hallway. She lands hard with a THUD.

She stares into the darkness down the three story drop of the elevator chute. She starts to hyper-ventilate, her vision spins.

VERTIGO.

She takes a deep breath, rolls away from the open chasm... comes face-to-face with a CRAZY-EYED HOMELESS MAN.

Kate SCREAMS.

She leaps up, escapes through the fire exit door. Rats SQUEAK and scurry at her feet.

Kate runs down the dark stairwell.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT BUILDING

Kate bursts out the door, sprints down the street.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT

Kate arrives home frazzled. She walks to her parent's bedroom. Her mother is asleep. Kate starts to say something to wake her, but swallows her words and tiptoes away.

INT. BATHROOM

Kate pulls a bath towel out of the closet. She starts a hot bath to calm her nerves, strips off her clothes.

Moments later, the bath is full. She steps in, soaks to let the steaming water unwind her tension. The tub spout DRIPS.

She lays back, meditates on the dripping tub spout.

DRIP-DRIP-DRIP.

With a sigh of release, she closes her eyes, drifts to sleep.

LATER

Computer sounds, PINGS, replace the drips, disturbs her sleep. Kate opens her eyes. She hears it again and again.

PING-PING-PING-PING...

Kate gets out of the tub, wraps the towel around her.

INT. HALLWAY

Kate follows the noise through the dark to her bedroom.

Her computer screen is awash with Instant Messenger pop-up windows. Each pop-op window reads: "*The Tailor has sent you a message.*" In the message box there is a youtube link.

Kate clicks the link. Youtube.com opens, the video starts.

ON SCREEN

Through a crack in a door, we watch as a girl gets into a tub. The door crack opens wider, allowing us to see the rest of the bathroom... IT'S KATE'S BATHROOM!

THE GIRL ON THE VIDEO IS KATE FROM MOMENTS AGO!

FROM THE CAMERA'S POV, Kate drifts asleep and the unseen voyeur exits the towel closet and stands over Kate. He films her from only inches away! He starts to pan down her body.

IN THE BEDROOM

Kate stands frozen in terror. Trembling, she HEARS FOOTSTEPS in the hall.

Kate ducks into the closet, closes the door. The FOOTSTEPS stop outside her bedroom door. The bedroom door squeaks open. Kate holds her breath, watches as a shadow creeps toward the crack under the closet door. The intruder stops, inches from the closet.

The closet doorknob starts to turn. Kate grips her mouth to not make a sound.

A THUD sounds from afar. The doorknob snaps back. The intruder leaves the room. Kate breathes a sigh of relief. After a beat, she sneaks out of the closet.

Step by excruciating step, she tiptoes to her parent's room.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM

Kate makes it inside, locks the door. Anne is asleep, the sheet covers her face. Kate rushes to her, pulls back the sheet. Horrified at what she sees, Kate starts to scream.

Suddenly, in the doorway, the Tailor stands face-to-face with Kate.

INT. BATHROOM

Kate startles awake with a gasp. Water splashes out of the tub.

She looks around, the towel closet is closed. She's been asleep in the tub the entire time.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Just to be safe, Kate checks her computer, nothing is there. It was a dream.

KATE

They're right. I've lost it.

She pulls a jewelry box from her dresser. Inside are several bottles of untouched prescription pills.

She opens one of the bottles, holds up a pill. She trembles, drops the pill onto the trunk show invitation.

Kate stares at the invite, goes back to her computer, searches her email for the initial invite. There is none.

Kate picks up the jewelry box, dumps all her pill bottles in the trash.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy. Someone's out to get me, but I gotta get them first.

Kate researches Uncle Robert's death on the NY Post's website.

CLOSE ON:

"...asphyxiated by his running top ...wristwatch was stolen."

Next to her computer is 'Couturina Haute #2', the dark Tailor stands over his suffocated victim.

Kate pores over old issues of Couturina. On the covers of issue #5, Couturina saves the Tailor's victim from an oncoming subway train; of #3 Couturina wields her spiked heels at the villains hands prying open the elevator doors.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT, KATE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Kate jolts awake at her computer amongst all her comics.

Anne answers the door. It's a man's voice. Kate looks out into the hallway.

At the front door, Detective Sanchez shows his badge to Anne.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Anne Carlyle? NYPD Homicide.

KATE
(to herself)
There is a god!

Kate hurries to get dressed.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT - MORNING

Detective Sanchez talks to Anne. Kate listens from the hall.

ANNE
It just sounds impossible.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Forensics doesn't lie. Chandler's DNA matches the Y-chromosome found in the trace evidence left by his attacker. Since Chandler was the sole surviving male of his family, the only possibility is that the killer is his son.

ANNE
This is crazy.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Is it?

ANNE
But when Beth married Robert, she found she was unable to carry a child.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Well, someone carried his child, and it came back to haunt him.

Anne lowers her eyes, shakes her head.

ANNE
Poor Beth. I wish I could help her.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Perhaps you can. Sometimes the past holds the key to solving murders in the present.

ANNE
I don't understand.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

According to sources, Mr. Chandler used to be quite the ladies man. Perhaps he had an affair during the time he was engaged to your sister?

Kate enters the living room with her headphones on. She stops, fakes surprise.

ANNE

Kate, this is Detective Sanchez.

She takes her headphones off.

KATE

Detective?

ANNE

He's working on-

KATE

-Uncle Robert's case. So glad to meet you.

She shakes his hand.

KATE (CONT'D)

I've got a theory about his murder.

ANNE

Kate, not now.

KATE

Detective Sanchez, I write comic books.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Okaaaay.

KATE

My uncle's murder mirrors an obscure technique that I used to kill a character in my comic.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Obscure technique?

KATE

It can't be a coincidence.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Verrrry interesting.

KATE

My thoughts exactly. So what I've determined-

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
However... we're following a different
lead right now.

KATE
But I have the-

ANNE
Kate, what's gotten into you?

KATE
But-

ANNE
Enough.

Kate stands defiant. She takes a handful of her comic books
out of her bag, hands them to Detective Sanchez.

KATE
See for yourself. On the house.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Okay. Thank you.

Kate exits.

ANNE
She's... enthusiastic.

He nods.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
So about the affair?

ANNE
Excuse me?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Did you know of him having an affair?

ANNE
No. We were never that close.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Okay. Is it possible Mr. Chandler
had a baby before he was married?
Perhaps, gave it up for adoption?

ANNE
I don't know. Shouldn't you be asking
my sister these things?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I already did. Well, If you think
of anything...

Detective Sanchez searches his pockets for his card, finds it, hands it to her.

ANNE

May I ask you a question?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Shoot.

ANNE

Hypothetically speaking, if there were an affair, why do you think it happened back then?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

It's a hunch. I'm guessing his son is in his twenties. Mr. Chandler was no push-over, at six-two, two hundred-thirty pounds. The man had to be very strong to kill him.

ANNE

I see.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You've got my card.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A splash of spaghetti sauce hits the plate.

Anne, Michael, Kate and Joshua eat dinner.

ANNE

Joshua, did you grow up in the city?

JOSHUA

Unfortunately, not. I'm a fugitive from Massapequa.

MICHAEL

We have a summer home in the Hamptons. Not far from your neck of the woods.

KATE

You can come this summer.

ANNE

Do your parents still live there?

JOSHUA

No.

MICHAEL

Kate tells us you're an artist.

JOSHUA

I try.

KATE

Try? You gotta see his Soho exhibit.
He's a genius.

JOSHUA

I'm sharing an exhibit with four
other artists, but thanks for the
vote of confidence.

MICHAEL

So, no college?

Kate kicks her dad under the table. He frowns at her.

KATE

He doesn't need it, Dad.

JOSHUA

Actually, I did a year at The Cooper
Union. When my career started to
take shape, I heeded the call.

KATE

Did I say he's a natural? Everyone
wants him.

MICHAEL

What kind of art do you do?

JOSHUA

I always feel on the spot when I'm
asked that. It's...

Joshua points to an abstract painting on the wall.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

It's in the same vein as that. Who's
the artist?

KATE

Confess, Mom.

JOSHUA

Mom?

KATE

She feels the same way you do.

JOSHUA

So, you have secrets of your own.

ANNE

I guess so, but I stick mainly to the cooking.

JOSHUA

I'm sure anything you conceive is brilliant.

Kate kisses Joshua on the cheek. Michael rolls his eyes.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT - MORNING

A garment bag ZIPS shut. Anne hands it to Michael. She is teary-eyed. He pulls her close.

MICHAEL

You okay, honey?

ANNE

I always hate it when you leave.

MICHAEL

Me too. But they need our care down there.

Kate enters.

KATE

Where you going?

MICHAEL

You remember, the orphanages, same week every year.

Kate nods. Michael kisses Anne goodbye. Kate stares at him expectantly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What? Don't worry, you'll get a goodbye kiss too.

KATE

Dad! Not that. Sooooo, what did you think?

MICHAEL

I think I have a plane to catch.

Michael smirks to Anne.

KATE

No! What did you think of Joshua!?

MICHAEL

Welllll... He's an interesting fellow.

KATE
Interesting? That tells me a whole
lotta' nothing!

MICHAEL
And polite. Verrry polite.

Kate GROANS at him. Michael LAUGHS, hugs Kate good-bye.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
See you in ten days.

KATE
Yeah, hasta la vista.

Michael leaves.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

Kate sits alone on the front steps of Campus. She looks at her watch. Dials Joshua on the phone. No answer.

Kate tries to hail a cab. Traffic is bumper-to-bumper. She stares at the subway entrance, pauses. She swallows her fear and marches down the steps.

EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN, DUMBO - DAY

Kate exits the subway, turns the corner to Joshua's building. She stops.

Joshua talks to a woman on the front steps. Kate watches. The woman is blonde and beautiful.

Joshua leans in toward the woman.

Kate retreats behind the corner. Presses her back against the wall. Gathers her strength.

She uses her compact mirror to peek around the corner.

IN THE MIRROR POV, the embrace ends.

The woman gets in a taxi, waves to Joshua. Joshua waves back, smiles.

Tears well up in Kate's eyes. She runs back to the subway.

Heartbroken.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kate paces. Pete sketches.

PETE

Kate, there's nothing wrong with him being with another girl.

KATE

There is when he kisses her!

PETE

Oh.

KATE

Yeah, "oh."

Pete considers it.

PETE

Where did he kiss her?

KATE

I don't know, I looked away.

PETE

I think you're reading too much into this. What were you doing anyway - spying on him?

KATE

No, we were supposed to meet on campus.

PETE

Death to the infidel! Maybe he forgot. This girl could be anyone.

KATE

Like who?

PETE

A sister, a friend, a fellow artist... you and I kiss goodbye all the time and we aren't dating.

KATE

You think?

PETE

Unless I'm reading Joshua wrong, I think he'd scale Mount Everest, blow-up buildings, even kill for you.

KATE

Very dramatic, Pete.

PETE

Take the noose off his neck.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Give the guy the benefit of the doubt.
Hey, what if it was a hug?

Kate weighs his suggestion.

KATE

Yeah, maybe it was a hug.

She flops down on the couch.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm so stupid.

PETE

'The Case of the Harmless Hug.' We
should use that in 'Couturina.'

KATE

Nice one. Jerk.

PETE

Hey, you just reminded me. I've got
this cool twist for the Tailor.

KATE

What is it?

PETE

I'll tell you when I'm done fleshing
it out. But I must warn you,
Couturina, you may not get out of
this one. Mua-Ha-Ha-Haaaa!

Pete holds his sketch up for Kate to see.

ON THE SKETCH PAD, The Tailor holds a pair of shears to the
throat of Couturina bound to a chair.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

An unseen man arranges Polaroid photographs on the floor.
In each photo, there is a graphic murder scene. There are
pictures of a dead Robert Chandler.

In one photo, an elderly Nun lies dead in a garment bag. A
Tailor's receipt and a pair of shattered rimless glasses are
next to her.

EXT. SKILLED CARE FACILITY - NIGHT

Pete exits Sunshine Manor and walks up the street on this
dark, gloomy night.

EXT. BROOKLYN COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Joshua and the beautiful blond woman from the stairs exit a coffee shop. They argue. She turns away. Joshua grabs her arm, pleads with her.

Pete turns the corner and happens upon the confrontation. Joshua looks up... dead into Pete's eyes.

Pete spins, hurries down the block. He turns down a dark city street. His pace quickens.

Suddenly, a dark figure blocks his path. It's Joshua.

JOSHUA

Are you following me?

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Anne opens the door. Neal awaits with a stack of mail.

NEAL

Good afternoon, Mrs. Carlyle, I walked the mail up for you.

ANNE

Thank you, Neal.

She starts to close the door.

NEAL

So, when is Dr. Carlyle coming back?

ANNE

Thank you, Neal.

She closes the door on Neal.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Anne sorts the mail over the trash can, throws away the junk mail. She stops on a letter, reads the address intently.

CLOSE ON:

It's a letter addressed to Kate from Dark Horse Comics.

Anne, holds it over the trash can, tempted...

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Anne opens the door, hands the letter to Kate. Kate looks at it, lights up, looks back at her mother.

KATE

Don't frown, it causes wrinkles.

Anne smiles, closes the door.

Kate crosses her fingers, closes her eyes, tears the letter open.

She opens her eyes, scans the letter.

KATE (CONT'D)

"...would be very interested in discussing Dark Horse Comics publishing future issues of Couturina Haute! Please fill out enclosed forms... include proof of citizenship and age, and return by... "

Kate jumps up on the bed, dances, sings in celebration.

KATE (CONT'D)

(sings)

'It's my birthday, Uh-Huh! Uh-Huh!
Shawty get low, low, low-'

Kate leaps off the bed, grabs her cell phone, dials Pete. No answer. She dials again. No answer. Voice mail.

INT. HALLWAY TO PETE'S APARTMENT

Kate knocks and knocks on Pete's door. No answer.

EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN, DUMBO - DAY

Kate hurries toward Joshua's and rushes past an alley closed off by yellow police tape. Our attention lingers IN THE ALLEY.

Policemen work around a dumpster. Coroners zip up a body bag with a dead body inside.

INT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kate enters.

JOSHUA

Kate! Nice surprise.

Joshua hugs Kate. Kate's body stiffens.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

KATE

Yesterday, after school?

JOSHUA

Yesterday? Oh, shit, I forgot.

KATE

And...

JOSHUA

Paula had an emergency-

KATE

Paula?

JOSHUA

My mind went blank, I told her to
come over.

KATE

So, who's Paula?

JOSHUA

She's a friend.

Kate shakes her head, laughs.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What is it?

KATE

I came over and saw you with her-

JOSHUA

-And knowing your imagination, you
convinced yourself that I was guilty.

KATE

Yeah, my imagination is a bitch.

JOSHUA

Kate, you mean the world to me.

Joshua kisses Kate.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Forgive me?

He peers into her eyes. She kisses him back.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You're beautiful when you're mad.

He slowly unbuttons her blouse, she grabs his hand.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I'll stop.

Kate places Joshua's hand back onto her blouse.

KATE

It's alright.

They kiss, long and heated. Joshua lifts Kate onto his bed.

KATE (CONT'D)

Do you have protection?

LATER

Joshua lays next to Kate, studies her while she sleeps. He kisses her awake.

KATE (CONT'D)

Was it a dream?

Joshua smiles. They're lost in each other's eyes.

JOSHUA

I have a surprise for you.

Joshua leads Kate, semi-naked to a large canvas. She stops. Before her is a contemporary painting of her.

KATE

Is that...?

JOSHUA

You.

KATE

Oh. Oh my. It's gorgeous, it's so beautiful. I mean, it's not like I'm narcissistic or anything-

JOSHUA

It's the centerpiece for tonight's exhibit. Only thing is, I need to finish you.

Kate kisses Joshua. He pulls back.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

We'd better stop. The sacrifices we make for the sake of art.

KATE

Oh my God, I almost forgot to tell you, Dark Horse Comics wants to publish Couturina!

JOSHUA

Congratulations, baby! After tonight's exhibit, it's you and me, dinner. I'll take you anywhere you want.

He hugs her, smacks her butt on the way to the shower. Kate gets dressed.

Kate walks to his painting. She leans toward the canvas, knocks an open can of paint into a drawer.

KATE

Klutz.

She cleans the objects in the drawer, picks up a watch. She wipes it, an inscription is on the back. She reads it.

CLOSE ON:

"To Robert, Love Beth"

MEMORY HIT:

MAN AT FUNERAL (V.O.)

"So, his watch was stolen..."

KATE

Uncle Robert.

Kate hears the SHOWER TURN OFF.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Kate, I have an idea...

Kate, rattled, hides the watch back into the drawer and rushes out of the loft.

Joshua enters the empty loft.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Kate? Kate?

He eyes the spilled paint at the drawer.

EXT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Devastated, Kate staggers down the block.

MEMORY FLASHES - VOICES:

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (V.O.)

"...only possibility is that the killer is his son."

Kate drifts into the crosswalk.

MOLLY (V.O.)

"No mother, no father, no warm embrace, ...you know my face."

A taxi swerves around Kate, missing her by inches.

KATE (V.O.)

"...if 'Couturina' fell in love with the villain, could she really be capable of serving justice?"

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Would she?

The traffic SCREECHES to a halt. Kate jumps out of the way, stumbles down the street.

KATE

I can't believe this is happening. Joshua killed Uncle Robert. This can't be real. Hold it together, Kate. Deep breath.

Kate pulls out her cell. She dials Pete.

KATE (CONT'D)

Come on, Pete. Pick-up, pick-up.

Voice mail. Kate hangs up. She dials Anne through tears.

KATE (CONT'D)

Mom-?

INT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joshua feverishly paints his large canvas.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK on the door.

Joshua walks to the door, looks out the peephole. Detectives Sanchez and GOMEZ, 40s, pit-bull detective, stare back through the fish-eye view.

Joshua opens the door a crack, looks past the security chain.

JOSHUA

Can I help you?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Joshua Cain?

JOSHUA

Depends.

Detective Sanchez shows his badge.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

NYPD homicide.

JOSHUA

Yeah?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
We'd like to take a moment of your
time.

JOSHUA
For what?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
We have reason to believe you may
have evidence pertaining to an open
murder investigation.

Joshua stonewalls him.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
If you refuse, I'll have a search
warrant here in thirty. Your call.

Joshua eyes the detective, closes the door, unhinges the
chain, steps aside.

JOSHUA
Mi casa, su casa.

Detective Sanchez and Gomez enter with two UNIFORMED OFFICERS.
Gomez searches all of the drawers in the art supply cabinet.

There is no watch.

Gomez shakes his head to Detective Sanchez. The officers
shake the paint cans, search the shelves and look behind the
canvases. They spread out to search the loft.

Detective Sanchez takes in the large painting of Kate.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You do this?

JOSHUA
A part of me did.

The officers scour every inch of the loft.

Detective Sanchez sees a copy of 'Couturina Haute #7.' The
Tailor wields a pair of shears, faces off with Couturina.

JOSHUA'S LIVING ROOM

Detective Sanchez picks up a large pair of shears.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Quite a pair of shears you got here.
What're you looking to cut?

Joshua motions to a large roll of Belgian linen canvas.

JOSHUA

I stretch my own canvases.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Hands-on kinda' guy. So am I.

Detective Sanchez motions to Gomez.

GOMEZ

Sir, please hold your hands out wide,
spread your legs.

Joshua hesitates, stares holes into Sanchez. Sanchez stares back. Joshua reluctantly spreads his legs, raises his arms.

Gomez pats down every inch of Joshua's body through the stare-down. Gomez pats down his privates, steps back.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Clean.

Detective Sanchez motions the three cops to the door. He turns to leave. He steps on a loose floor board-

It SQUEAKS.

He moves his weight off. It SQUEAKS. It's very loose.

Detective Sanchez pulls up the loose floor board. A mouse races out from under the board.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Whoa! I hate those things.

Detective Sanchez nods to Gomez. Gomez grimaces, reaches his hand into the dark subfloor. Feels around.

CLOSE ON:

Gomez's hand misses a tailor's receipt book.

He pulls out a SQUEALING BABY MOUSE. He puts the mouse back under the floorboard.

JOSHUA

Satisfied?

Detective Sanchez scans the apartment.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Sorry for the inconvenience. We get
a lead, we follow it.

EXT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Kate pleads with the cops in front of Anne.

KATE

I saw it with my own two eyes. It said "To Robert, Love Beth." And not only that, since I met Joshua at the Comic-Con, I've been getting creepy messages which mimic the way The Tailor-

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

The what?

KATE

The Tailor. The super-villain who taunts the heroine in my comic book.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I see, just like the way your uncle's murder resembles the way your 'Tailor' murders his victims.

KATE

Exactly!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Miss Carlyle, this isn't one of your fantasy comic books. You can't make up the story-

KATE

I'm not making it up!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

These are real people and real people's lives we're dealing with.

KATE

I'm not crazy! I saw the watch!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I need evidence. Hard, tangible evidence.

He KNOCKS on the roof of his car to drive the point home.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

My advice to you, stay out of it. Let me do my job.

(to Anne)

Good bye, Mrs. Carlyle.

He gets in the car. The two men drive off. Anne turns toward Kate.

ANNE

Kate, I think it might be best for you to take a break from 'Couturina.'

KATE

You don't believe me!?

ANNE

I don't believe you can differentiate
your comic from the real world
anymore.

Kate chokes back her tears.

KATE

I can differentiate. I'm not in
love with Joshua in my comic.

SIX FLOORS ABOVE THE STREET, Joshua stares down at them.
Kate spins, storms away. Her mom stands alone.

INT. JACKIE'S UPTOWN PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie's party is off the hook. Fraternity boys party with
all of Kate's friends.

Kate walks through throngs of partiers, distraught. She
sees Molly embracing her 'DRACULA', 22, Goth-hottie, the
object of Molly's desire.

Kate pulls her away.

MOLLY

Kate, not now! Are you nuts?

Molly takes Kate in, sees her distress.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, Kate. What's wrong?

Dracula tries to intervene. Molly shoos him away.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're dismissed.

'Dracula' is left speechless.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The party rages in the other room. Kate paces, runs her
hands through her hair, stressed.

MOLLY

You really think he did it?

KATE

That's not all. I overheard the
detective say that the DNA evidence
proves the killer is my uncle's son.

MOLLY

That makes you... cousins. You didn't give him your cherry, did you?

KATE

I'm so not going there.

MOLLY

To be continued.

KATE

Molly, this is no joke. I have to do something!

MOLLY

Do something? If you're right, it's too dangerous to do anything. I mean, keeping a watch as a trophy from a kill? Hello? Serial killers do that shit.

KATE

All the more reason to stop him.

MOLLY

Kate, you know I love you. But don't you think-

KATE

I'm imagining this? I'm not waiting for someone else to die. I'm going to get tangible, hardcore evidence that proves Joshua murdered my uncle.

MOLLY

How?

KATE

Remember 'Couturina' number five?

MOLLY

'The Heir to the Hair Empire.' The paternity test?

INT. CAFE, ACROSS THE STREET FROM JOSHUA'S - NIGHT

Molly sits with Kate in a dark corner of the cafe. Empty coffee cups and a DNA test kit litter the table between them.

KATE

Five days, and it's a ninety-nine point ninety-ninety-ninety-nine percent certainty. All I need is a DNA sample from Uncle Robert and Joshua.

GIRLS' POV - Joshua walks out of his apartment building carrying a canvas.

KATE (CONT'D)

There he is.

Kate gathers herself, swallows.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You ready?

KATE

Game on.

They bump fists.

Molly stands lookout as Kate runs across the street.

EXT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kate enters the alley wearing her backpack. She climbs on a dumpster and takes off her Chanel belt. She flings her belt at the ladder. The signature buckle wraps hold of the bottom rung. She pulls down the ladder and climbs up.

With each floor she ascends, her tension grows. She hazards a look down six stories to the alley...

VERTIGO.

Her vision spins, she grips the metal in fear. Closes her eyes. Breathes deep.

KATE

"Three, six, nine,
The goose drank wine,"
...Come on, Kate. You can do this.

She reaches Joshua's apartment window. She climbs inside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Joshua carries a canvas to a van parked a block away. He slides the canvas in and ties it down.

INT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kate tiptoes into the bathroom, looks at his toothbrush.

EXT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Joshua closes the van doors. He doesn't get in the van. Instead, he walks back to his apartment!

INT. CAFE, ACROSS THE STREET FROM JOSHUA'S - NIGHT

Molly panics.

MOLLY

Oh-no, oh-no, oh-no.

She fumbles for the phone, drops it.

INT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate enters the kitchen. On the counter, Joshua's used drinking glass. She holds it up to the light. Sees lip prints. She unfolds a ziplock bag and puts the glass in it, puts it in her backpack.

Kate turns the corner, sees the large painting of herself. She stops in her tracks. Tears wells in her eyes.

A JIGGLE OF KEYS at the door. Kate is jolted out of her reverie.

Nowhere to hide, except... the painting of her! Kate hides behind the large canvas. Silent. Still.

Joshua enters, he admires his canvas.

He pulls up KATE'S NAME ON HIS CELL. HE HOLDS HIS THUMB OVER THE CALL BUTTON. Joshua lingers.

Kate stands behind the canvas, cell phone in her hand.

RINGGG! Joshua's phone rings. Kate startles.

JOSHUA

Hello? I'm on my way.

He walks straight to the large canvas. He spreads his arms wide, grabs both sides of it.

BEHIND THE CANVAS

In fear, Kate watches his fingers grip the frame. He pulls it away. The space where Kate was is now empty.

Joshua adjusts his grip, tilts it sideways, to get it through the door, until-

He notices his window is open, puts down the painting. Joshua walks to the window. He leans out. Looks down, left and right. Nothing.

He slams the window shut. Locks it.

EXT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Kate is pressed against the wall on the fire escape above Joshua's window. Her world spins around her.

KATE

(whispers)

"-The monkey got choked,
And they all went to heaven
In a little row boat..."

Kate slowly inches to the roof and climbs down another fire escape.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Molly watches Joshua drives away in the van. Kate trots across the street.

Molly hugs Kate, relieved.

KATE

One down, one to go.

They head to the subway.

EXT. BETH'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate rings the doorbell. She waits. No answer. She stands on her tiptoes, looks in the small window. No one home.

She rings again. DING-DONG. Peeks in the window. GASP!

A face appears, inches from her own! Startles her. The door opens. MARTA, 40s, plump Hispanic maid, greets her.

MARTA

Si?

KATE

Hi, I'm Mrs. Chandler's niece. Is
Beth home?

Marta stares at her blankly.

KATE (CONT'D)

This is Molly Malone from the funeral
home.

Molly steps into view holding a ceramic cremation urn. Her goth outfit lends itself perfectly to a Mortician. Molly takes over in horrible Spanish.

MOLLY

Pardon Moi, Mademoiselle. Yo tengo...
Roberto de muerto... En fuego.

Molly holds out the cremation urn to hand it to Marta. Marta waves her hands in refusal.

KATE

Don't you worry. We'll find a place for him.

Marta opens the door wide.

INT. BETH'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marta cleans. Kate and Molly wander the house. There is no trace of Robert anywhere.

Kate enters Robert's office. What's that? On a side table by his reading chair. A half of a coconut shell?

MOLLY

What is that?

It's a toupee! A dandruff-covered, oily, disgusting toupee.

KATE

Yes!

Kate picks it up. Cringes.

Molly looks on, realizes what it is. Her gut wrenches. She heaves forward, tries not to vomit.

KATE (CONT'D)

Moll-?

Molly spins away from Kate and the toupee, heaves again.

Mouth full, Molly rips the cap off the urn. PUKES in the urn. Molly wipes her mouth, catches her breath, looks up...

...straight into the horrified, disbelieving eyes of Marta. Marta crosses herself, scurries away.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Exhausted, Kate and Molly ride the train.

Kate looks up, at the end of the car Fatso and Beanpole walk through the door into their car. Beanpole beat-boxes while Fatso raps. They wander toward the girls looking for a seat.

Kate slinks down in her seat, hides behind her jacket collar.

KATE

Molly, do not look up, do not make eye contact, do not breathe.

MOLLY

What is it?

The train comes to a stop. The doors slide open.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Move, move!

Kate leaps up. Molly follows her out the door.

Fatso sees Kate, makes a move toward her, but the doors close.

Fatso raises his shirt, presses his man-boobs against the glass as the train starts to move. He mouths 'Boobs'.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Molly gawks.

MOLLY

Troglodytes?

KATE

Worse.

Unseen by the girls, the Edgy Guy follows them out.

INT. CARE FACILITY, LOBBY - NIGHT

The clock reads 3:00 AM. The NIGHT NURSE hums as a dark figure approaches from behind with a syringe. Injects her neck. She slaps at it. The nurse loses consciousness.

Tori's door opens. She lies helpless in bed.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT, KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate unpacks the DNA contents. Couturina Haute comics are spread out on her desk.

Kate holds the toupee. Her iphone rings.

KATE

Hi, Mom.

ANNE (O.S.)

Hi, Baby, what are you doing?

KATE

Having a bad hair day.

PING - an instant message appears on her computer screen. It reads: "*The Tailor has sent you a message.*" In the message box there is a youtube link.

ANNE

I was thinking...

Anne's VOICE DROWNS OUT as Kate clicks the link.

On screen, an old grainy video of a child's birthday party plays out. Michael holds the camera while Anne sets a birthday cake in front of her oldest daughter, YOUNG TORI, 6. YOUNG KATE, 4, looks on expectantly.

The other kids sing 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' to Young Tori.

ALL KIDS

"...happy birthday dear Tori. Happy birthday to you!"

She blows out the candles. The KIDS CHEER.

IN KATE'S ROOM - Kate watches, frozen in shocking recognition.

ANNE (O.S.)

Kate? Kate? Don't tell me you forgot. Today is Tori's birthday.

Kate sprints out, knocks 'Couturina #6' off the desk. It falls open to the 'Tailor,' holding a blade, standing over his next victim. She is frozen in fear, her body covered in dotted lines, mapping out the Tailor's alterations.

INT. TAXI

Kate grips the seat as the taxi speeds through traffic.

KATE

Faster, faster!

INT. CARE FACILITY - DAY

Kate races into Tori's room. Tori lies peaceful. Kate breathes a sigh of relief.

From the shadows of the connecting bathroom, an unseen intruder watches Kate tend to her sister.

She sees a lump under the bed sheet by Tori's feet. She pulls back the sheet.

KATE

Come on, Snowflake.

Kate backs up, frozen in terror! Tori is in a garment bag, only her head shows and Snowflake is covered in blood.

KATE (CONT'D)

TORI- AHHH!

The scream wakes the cat, it jumps, startling her even more.

Kate trembles, unzips the bag. What she sees is shocking.

Her sister's body is mapped in dotted lines. Every seam-line is prepared for 'alterations,' exactly like the 'Tailor.'
Small incisions cover the lines on her legs.

Blood oozes from her leg's Femoral artery. Kate SCREAMS, tries to stop the bleeding. Nurses rush in.

NURSE CONRAD
Code Red! Code Red!

Kate faints, hits the ground. The medical staff tends to her sister as ALARMS BLARE.

In the commotion, the intruder disappears.

INT. CARE FACILITY - LATER

Kate lurches awake in a hospital bed, I.V. in her arm. She's groggy.

KATE
Tori!

Nurse Conrad is at her side.

NURSE CONRAD
We stopped the bleeding. She's going to be okay.

KATE
Where is she?

NURSE CONRAD
Your mother took her to Bridgehampton where your father's arranged twenty-four hour security. I'll be taking care of her, so you can ride there with me.

Kate tries to get up, still woozy.

NURSE CONRAD (CONT'D)
You took a nasty fall. You need to rest for awhile.

Nurse Conrad leaves.

KATE
I'll rest when I'm dead.

Kate pulls the I.V. from her arm.

INT. KATE'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Conrad enters. Kate's bed is empty.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Two issues of 'Couturina Haute' are on Sanchez's desk.

Detective Sanchez courses through Joshua's history and teen incarceration photos. Joshua's parole officer is listed.

Her name is Paula Franklin.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT, KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate rushes into the apartment, enters her room, opens the DNA testing kit. Her iphone rings, Joshua's photo appears. She ignores the call, deletes Joshua's phone number.

Kate takes Joshua's glass out of the zip-lock. She swabs the lip marks on the glass, places the swab in the bag.

Kate grabs the toupee. She cringes.

She SCRAPES the detritus off the inside of the toupee with a dinner spoon, stops to avoid puking.

Kate rolls the swab in the spoonful of dander, puts the swab in the bag and seals the 'Paternity Experts' envelope.

Kate turns to leave when she sees her Dark horse comic forms.

KATE

Oh no, this has to go out today!

She picks up the page. She needs to send a copy of her birth certificate.

INT. CARLYLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate searches the armoire for her mother's keepsake box. She finds it, opens it. Inside is her birth certificate.

She takes it out to reveal:

THREE INFANT HOSPITAL BRACELETS

Two are pink and one is blue. She looks at the two pink ones. Both last names Carlyle.

She picks up the blue bracelet.

The name of the facility is written on top. Plus, two last names: Fontaine-Chandler-1983.

KATE

Aunt Beth.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate copies her birth certificate on the copier, puts it in the Dark Horse Comics return envelope, seals it.

She looks at the bracelet. Types into Google.

"Oyster Bay Saint Anne's Convent"

ON SCREEN:

"Saint Anne's is dedicated to aiding unwed mothers..." Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York.

Kate calls the convent.

INT. CONVENT - DAY

SISTER GERTRUDE, 70s, venerable nun, answers.

Intercut as needed:

SISTER GERTRUDE

Saint Anne's.

KATE

I need to locate a family member.
He was born there about twenty-five
years ago.

SISTER GERTRUDE

You'll want to contact Sister Francis.
Be prepared to leave her all your
information and she'll get back to
you within six months.

KATE

Six months?

SISTER GERTRUDE

All the records are in the archives.

KATE

You don't have computers?

SISTER GERTRUDE

No, but thanks to the generosity of
the archdiocese we should have them
by year's end.

KATE

But, I need help now.

SISTER GERTRUDE

Have faith, child, "God always sends
an angel when we need help the most."

Kate hangs up.

KATE

Yeah, and "God helps those who help
themselves."

She gets online. She googles 'Archdiocese of New York.'

She enters her closet. There is a section labeled "Halloween
Costumes." She sifts through costumes, finds what she's
looking for.

She pulls on a nun's costume over her clothes.

IN THE KITCHEN

Kate snatches her father's car keys.

INT. 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

Kate drops the Dark Horse forms and DNA kit into the outgoing
mail. The return address on the DNA kit reads:

"NYPD Homicide, c/o Detective Sanchez"

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Kate gets in her father's Range Rover, crosses herself, looks
out the rear window, spins the wheel, backs out. CRUNCH!
The front of the SUV swings into a pillar.

KATE

Ffff-ooey!

Kate does a 6-point turn to back out of a one-point parking
space. She inches the SUV toward the garage door. It opens.

Kate programs the address in the car's navigation system.

NAVIGATION VOICE

Turn left onto 5th avenue.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK/INT. KATE'S RANGE ROVER - DAY

Kate hits the gas. She speeds out of the underground garage.

The Range Rover blows past a man standing on the street
corner, observing Kate's apartment building.

The man is the Edgy Guy. He doesn't recognize her.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Kate weaves through traffic. Cars swerve to avoid her.

NAVIGATION VOICE

Turn left onto 42nd Street.

She's in the far right lane! Kate cuts across three lanes of traffic, gets on 42nd street. Cars SKID. HORNS BLARE.

NAVIGATION VOICE (CONT'D)

Continue onto Long Island Expressway.

Kate's stress abates as she gets on the open road.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joshua rides in the passenger's seat of a car, turns to face the unknown driver.

JOSHUA

Thanks for your help. I think it's just one big fat misunderstanding.

EXT. CONVENT - DAY

Ominous storm clouds begin to darken the sky.

An engraving above the entrance reads '*Beata Anne Conventus Cruentas Luna*'. Beneath the engraving is a translation:

'Saint Anne's Convent of the Blood Red Moon'

Kate walks inside dressed as a nun. A string of Rosary Beads hangs from her waist to her ankle. They CLACK as she walks.

INT. CONVENT - DAY

Kate approaches SISTER FRANCIS, 80s, gatekeeper. Behind Sister Francis is a plaque, Kate reads it:

"The Charlotte Fontaine Memorial Hospital
In honor of her generous support
Of Saint Anne's Convent"

KATE

Grandma Fontaine...?

SISTER FRANCIS

May I help you?

KATE

Oh, oh yes. I'm Sister Katherine.
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I've been summoned by the archdiocese
Inter-Parish Community Records Office
Beacon of Hope Division, to facilitate
your integration-

SISTER FRANCIS

Inter-Parish Beacon of... what?

KATE

I'm here to organize the archives
for computerization... Sister.

INT. CONVENT, BASEMENT ARCHIVES - DAY

Sister Francis opens the door. Piles of boxes fill the room.

KATE

Holy shit!

Sister Francis gawks, wags her finger at Kate.

SISTER FRANCIS

Tsk, tsk, tsk-

Sister Francis leaves. Kate rolls up her sleeves.

INT. DETECTIVE STATION

Detective Sanchez courses through Joshua's file. Gomez walks
by, throws a file on his desk.

GOMEZ

We finally got an ID on that Jane
Doe in the dumpster.

Sanchez opens the file.

CLOSE ON: "Victim: Paula Franklin... decapitation."

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

(searches his memory)

Paula Franklin? Paula Franklin...?

He tears through Joshua's file to find Paula Franklin was
Joshua's parole officer.

Detective Sanchez eyes 'Couturina Haute #1.' On it's cover,
a victim lays decapitated at the feet of the Tailor.

Detective Sanchez runs out.

INT. CONVENT, BASEMENT ARCHIVES

Boxes are strewn everywhere. Kate is exhausted, covered in
dust. Kate finds the file labeled, Fontaine-Chandler, 1983.

She pulls the birth certificate out, reads it line-by-line. Kate gasps. Her eyes well up with tears.

Kate gathers her composure. She reads further.

She types into her iphone.

CLOSE ON: Wikapedia.Com

She starts typing: h e t e r-

She reads the content. Her body shakes in recognition.

INT. KATE'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Kate races east toward the Hamptons. The storm pelts her windshield with icy rain.

Kate dials her mom. Her phone's 'Battery Low' warning flashes. STATIC CRACKLES over the line.

KATE

Mom?

ANNE

Kate? Kate... Joshua-

The phone dies. She dials again. The battery is dead.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Kate races through darkness and the driving winter storm.

EXT. BRIDGEHAMPTON - NIGHT

Kate drives through the center of Bridgehampton. It is completely dark due to the ice storm.

Kate drives down the dark road into the woods. She parks on the shoulder. Through the woods, a huge home on a hill.

She takes off her nun's costume.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Kate shivers as she walks through the trees toward the house.

EXT. CARLYLE'S BRIDGEHAMPTON HOME - NIGHT

She peers in the window. She sees her mom and Joshua talking in the kitchen.

She sneaks around to the side. Quietly inserts her key into the lock. She slips inside.

INT. CARLYLE'S BRIDGEHAMPTON HOME - NIGHT

Kate silently closes the door behind her. She tiptoes down the hallway.

IN TORI'S BEDROOM

Kate enters. Tori lies in her bed. The metal I.V. stand holds an intravenous drip bag.

Kate goes to her, WHISPERS in Tori's ear.

Kate looks around the room for something... anything. There's nothing of use. She runs out-

IN THE HALLYWAY

-right into her mother.

ANNE

Kate, where have you been? I've been worried sick. You were supposed to-

KATE

Mom, where's Joshua?

ANNE

In the bathroom. He's not feeling well. I'm getting something for his stomach.

Anne hurries away.

Someone grabs Kate's shoulder. She spins, startled. Pete hugs her.

PETE

Kate, I can't believe this-

She pulls back.

KATE

Pete, there's no time. Listen carefully, Joshua killed Uncle Robert.

PETE

This isn't one of your-

KATE

I found Uncle Robert's watch in his apartment.

PETE

Joshua's a killer?

KATE

Yes.

PETE

Kate, are you sure about-

KATE

He did this to Tori.

Pete pauses for a beat, boils.

PETE

That son of a bitch.

Pete charges forward. Kate grabs his arm, stops him.

KATE

Pete, he's dangerous. Look at me.

Pete looks at her.

KATE (CONT'D)

I need you to call the police and
then contain Joshua down here while
I go find my dad's gun.

Pete cocks his head.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

PETE

Yes.

Kate, turns to leave. She looks over her shoulder.

KATE

And Pete, be careful.

Kate hurries past the bathroom. She hears the FAUCET RUN,
TOILET FLUSH.

Kate sprints upstairs on her tiptoes.

IN THE BATHROOM

Joshua rinses his face, stares in the mirror, opens the door.

Movement above CATCHES HIS EYE. Kate's feet ascend the last
two stairs to the second floor.

UPSTAIRS

Kate sneaks down the hallway.

IN KATE'S FATHER'S OFFICE

Kate races to the desk, picks up the phone, dials 911. The line is DEAD. She clicks the receiver a few times, still NO DIAL TONE.

Kate turns to the credenza, tugs on the drawer. It's locked. She runs to the desk, scours the drawers, finds the key! Kate rushes to the credenza, trembling, unlocks the drawer.

INSIDE THE DRAWER: A gun box.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Kate.

Kate gasps. Spins. Joshua approaches her.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Kate, you made a big mistake...

Kate opens the gun box. It's empty.

THWACK!

Joshua heaves forward, holds onto Kate- a huge pair of tailor's shears impaled in his back. He collapses to reveal-

PETE, wild-eyed. He brandishes her father's gun.

PETE

Looking for this, Kate?

He yanks the shears out of Joshua's back. Blood bubbles from the wound.

PETE (CONT'D)

Kate, my advice, stick to the writing. Acting isn't one of your strong suits.

Kate drops to Joshua's side, cradles him.

KATE

Joshua!

Joshua coughs blood. Collapses in Kate's arms.

KATE (CONT'D)

You killed him!

PETE

Uh, yeah. He's the bad guy, isn't he? That's how we save the day.

KATE

You're crazy!

PETE

I'm only doing what any loving,
protective brother would do for his
sister.

Kate stares at him.

PETE (CONT'D)

You don't seem surprised.

KATE

I know about the convent and your
heterochromia.

PETE

Look at the big brain on Kate. I
knew my eyes would give me away. I
have good old Robert Prescott to
thank for that.

Pete advances. Kate pulls perfume out of her purse, sprays
it into Pete's eyes like Mace. Pete SCREAMS, covers his
eyes. She strikes him in the face with her purse. The
contents scatter across the floor.

She sprints through the connecting bathroom.

INTO THE GUEST BEDROOM

Kate looks out the bedroom window. In the cul-de-sac below,
the security guard car! The car is on, the windows are
fogged.

She BANGS on the window, tries to get his attention. She
tries to open the window. Stuck.

KATE

HEY! HELP! HELP!

PETE

Clears his eyes, hears her screams, leaps up.

KATE

Bangs on the window louder.

KATE (CONT'D)

UP HERE! HELP!!!

She runs out the bedroom door.

IN THE HALLWAY-

Kate runs down the hallway and down the stairs.

EXT. BRIDGEHAMPTON HOME - NIGHT

Kate bursts out the front door, sprints to the security car.

KATE

HEY!

She rips the door open.

KATE (CONT'D)

There's-!

A hand snatches her wrist. KATE SCREAMS.

Pete climbs out of the driver's seat. The security guard lies slumped next to him, his throat cut ear-to-ear.

PETE

Dead men don't talk.

Kate rips her arm away, she falls back. She tries to get up. Pete kicks her forward. She scrambles up the porch.

He pushes her back inside the foyer with his foot. She slides into the banister with a CRUNCH.

Pete SLAMS THE DOOR behind him, locks it.

PETE (CONT'D)

You know, I could have been a good brother to you.

KATE

You're no brother to me.

PETE

Tori, on the other hand, had to be sacrificed for the good of the whole. Someone always has to be sacrificed. Been there, done that.

KATE

So, I wasn't imagining any of it. You were behind everything, including the accident!

PETE

No shit, Sherlock. Not to mention hooking the bitch up with a healthy dosage of barbiturates.

KATE

That's why she couldn't come out of the coma.

PETE

Oh, she'll come out of it. I haven't given her any in a couple days. Only problem is no one will be alive to witness it. But, that's part of the fun Kate. Speaking of fun, what do you say we play a little game of hide and seek?

KATE

What have you done to my mother?!

PETE

I'll be 'it' and you hide. Now you'll feel what it's like to be me. When I find you, I promise we'll go see Mom, share some quality time. Cross my heart, hope to die.

Kate gets up.

PETE (CONT'D)

Now, I'll count to thirty and... oh, I almost forgot.

Pete FIRES a single shot. The bullet hits Kate's shoulder in a splatter of blood.

KATE

Aaaghh!

Kate crumples against the wall.

PETE

You know the family house, I don't. You should have a handicap.

Kate clutches her shoulder. CRIES. Pete grabs her injured arm, pulls her to her feet.

PETE (CONT'D)

It's only fair. One, two, three...

Kate stumbles away.

PETE (CONT'D)

...ten, eleven, twelve...

Kate struggles through the halls.

PETE (CONT'D)

...twenty, twenty-one... thirty. Ready or not HEEEEERE I COOOME!

Pete marches after her.

KATE

runs through a wing of the house. Family photos cover the HALLWAY walls.

She clutches her shoulder. Blood streams down her arm. Kate climbs the back stairs. A trail of blood follows.

PETE

turns down the hall. He slows to view FAMILY PHOTOS:

PETE (CONT'D)

Wow... like walking down memory lane!

PHOTOS OF THE FAMILY:

At Christmas, in Hawaii, on a ski vacation, at Disney World.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey, whattaya' say we go on a family vacation? You, me, mom... oh, wait, I forgot. Poor Joshua, so distraught over losing Kate, he killed her and her entire family. What a shame.

PETE follows the blood trail up the back stairs.

PETE (CONT'D)

Kate, Kate, Kate, you're leaving a trail. 'Couturina' would never have made it this easy for 'The Tailor.'

KATE

rushes into the bathroom. Looks at the bleeding hole in her shoulder. She sees a heated curling iron on the counter.

She cups a glass over her wound. Blood fills the glass.

Kate bites down hard on a hand towel. She takes a pair of long-nosed tweezers and pulls the bullet out. She pushes the curling iron into her wound to cauterize it.

It SINGES with smoke. She SCREAMS into the towel.

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

Come on now, Kate. Wrangle up some of that good ol' Fontaine gumption. I know you have it in you.

Kate grabs a make-up brush, runs into the activity room. Across from the room is a hall closet.

She dips the brush in the glass of blood.

PETE

climbs the stairs, follows the blood trail to the hall closet.

PETE (CONT'D)

Am I getting warmer?

Blood paints the floor under the door, splatters the doorknob.

PETE (CONT'D)

I think I'm red hot! Kaaaate!

Pete opens the closet door. No Kate.

Kate jumps out of the activity room, swings the Rosary Beads over Pete's head and strangles him.

He gasps for air until-

The string snaps. Beads scatter to the floor. Pete spins.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hallelujah! You're it!

Pete SLAPS her hard. Kate collapses to the floor.

PETE (CONT'D)

Play time's over; let's go find Mommy.

Pete grabs Kate by the hair.

KATE

Aggh!

Pete drags Kate down the hall. She clutches his wrists to relieve the pressure on her hair.

PETE

Mom! Kate got blood on the floor!

He pulls her down the stairs behind him. She lets go of his wrist and grabs the banister.

Kate's HAIR-WEAVE DETACHES! She WINCES in pain.

PETE

tumbles down the stairs head over heels, hair in hand. BOOM! Pete hits the bottom floor hard. He is stunned, woozy.

KATE

races toward the back stairs, runs down, finds the power sub-panel in the hallway.

She shuts off the power. The lights go out.

PETE

regains his senses. He charges upstairs in the dark.

PETE (CONT'D)

Kate? Come on now, Kate? Oh, I get it, you wanna play a different game. Marco...?

He feels the walls through the darkness to guide him. Knocks the family pictures off the wall.

PETE (CONT'D)

Marco...?

Kate tiptoes through the dark to Joshua's body. She searches his pockets for his cell phone.

PETE (CONT'D)

Damn it, Kate. I say 'Marco', you say 'Polo!' Marco!

Kate freezes in the shadows as Pete passes by the office door... just a few feet away!

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

Say 'Polo'!... No fair, Kate! I'm gonna' tell Mom.

She digs through Joshua's pockets.

KATE

(whispers to self)
Where's your phone?

Nothing.

DOORS SLAM and Pete's feet POUND THE HALLS.

Kate tiptoes to the adjacent bathroom. She pulls small hair-cutting scissors from the drawer. Puts them in her pocket.

On the wall, a laundry chute door. She opens it. It CREAKS. She freezes.

Pete, far away, didn't hear the sound. Kate climbs in.

IN THE LAUNDRY CHUTE

The chute DOOR SLAMS shut above Kate.

IN KATE'S FATHER'S OFFICE

Pete hears the SLAM. Runs inside. He looks. No Kate.

Pete sneaks INTO THE BATHROOM. No Kate.

Barely visible in the darkness, a bloody hand-print on the laundry chute door.

IN THE LAUNDRY CHUTE

Kate inches her way down using her legs and one good arm.

Pete opens the door above her.

PETE

POLO!

She GASPS. He swings the shears at her. She drops down the chute. The shears CLANG off the metal.

PETE (CONT'D)

Aw, just like Chutes and Ladders.
Remember playing that? I don't.

Kate lands in a laundry basket on top of-

A DEAD NURSE CONRAD, her throat is cut. Kate SCREAMS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She scrambles into the kitchen. Anne is at the table, bound and gagged to a chair.

KATE

Mom, where's your cell phone?!

Anne motions to her purse. Kate scrambles to the purse. She digs through it. She finds the cell phone!

Kate dials 911. It RINGS.

911 OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

KATE

My name is Kate Carlyle, I've been
shot! There's a killer in my house-

ANNE

(muffled by tape)

Kate!

Pete slaps the phone out of her hand, onto the floor.

INT. 911 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The OPERATOR, 40s, calls back. It goes to voice mail. She pulls up the number on her screen. Anne's account appears.

INT. JOSHUA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Detective Sanchez and Detective Gomez climb Joshua's stairs, guns drawn. Their walkie-talkies crackle to life.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
All units, 10-71 in progress, code 3-

INT. BRIDGEHAMPTON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

At gunpoint, Pete forces Kate to sit at the dinner table.

PETE
Sit. Down.

Kate sits. Pete sits opposite of Kate, Anne to his left.

PETE (CONT'D)
Well, well, well, this is a moment
I'll cherish forever. Our first
family dinner.

Pete motions to the darkened lights.

PETE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Kate, for the... ambiance.

Pete lights the candles on the candelabras on the table.

Pete sets the gun down on the table in front of him. Folds his hands in prayer.

PETE (CONT'D)
Kate, would you like to say Grace?

Kate stares at him with hatred.

PETE (CONT'D)
No? Anne? No? Okay, I'll do the
honors. Bow your heads.

Anne and Kate do nothing. Pete points the gun at Kate.

PETE (CONT'D)
I said, BOW YOUR HEADS!

Kate and Anne bow their heads. Pete sets his gun down.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A policeman looks in the peephole of the door. The policeman counts to three on his fingers.

PETE (V.O.)
Dear Lord, thank you for bringing us
together...

Cops ram the door. Detectives Sanchez and Gomez run inside...
...KATE'S 5TH AVENUE APARTMENT.

Cops flood the apartment. It's empty.

PETE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
On this memorable day, in this blessed
home...

AGENT RON BROWN, late 20s, the "Edgy Guy" from before, enters.
He approaches Detective Sanchez, flips open his I.D.

AGENT BROWN
Agent Ron Brown, Behavioral Science
Unit, Quantico.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Profiler, huh?

INT. BRIDGEHAMPTON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

PETE
...Amen.

Pete smiles at Anne.

PETE (CONT'D)
Mom, I'm home.
(beat)
What? You thought your secret would
stay buried forever?

Pete puts the gun in his belt, pulls out his shears.

PETE (CONT'D)
Now it's time for you to receive
retribution for your sins.

Anne trembles and cries.

PETE (CONT'D)
Oh, don't cry, Mommy. I can't stand
to see you cry.

Pete mocks her tears, traces a tear line down his cheek with
the tip of the blade. Blood drips from his cheek.

PETE (CONT'D)
Don't you know, tears stain the soul?

Pete leans close to Anne's face.

PETE (CONT'D)
Now I see who I got my nose from.
Certainly not Robert.

Pete rips the tape off Anne's mouth, puts the blade of the shears to her throat.

PETE (CONT'D)

Do you have any last words?

ANNE

I didn't know.

PETE

You didn't know what?! That Grandma's donations ensured those sanctimonious bitches would keep your secret hidden?

ANNE

I didn't know-

PETE

Don't lie to me, not at your hour of penance!

ANNE

I'm so sorry.

Pete strokes Anne's hair.

PETE

Sorry? For what, throwing me away?

Pete cuts another tear down his cheek.

ANNE

I was young!

PETE

Not good enough.

Pete slices another tear down his cheek.

ANNE

I couldn't defend myself-

PETE

Not good enough.

Pete cuts another tear. Blood pours from his cheeks.

ANNE

They-

PETE

Not good enough!

Pete places the blade under Anne's eye to cut her.

ANNE
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

PETE
I WANT YOU TO MAKE IT STOP! I WANT
YOU TO TAKE THE PAIN AWAY!

ANNE
I kept your baby bracelet. I kept
it, I kept it-

He starts to cut Anne's face.

PETE
Then, why? Why?

Kate POUNDS the table.

KATE
WHY?!

Pete stops cutting, turns to Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh! My! God! You're pathetic.
Don't you get it?

ANNE
Kate, don't-

Kate glares at Anne.

KATE
Mom, you never let me finish!

Anne freezes, nods.

PETE
What are you saying?

KATE
She never wanted you in the first
place!

PETE
No, no, she kept my baby bracelet.

KATE
Wooooow, she kept your baby bracelet.
I think I'm gonna' cry. How
sentimental of you, Mom.

PETE
Shut up!

KATE

The fact is, you never could have been one of us, Pete.

PETE

I am one of you.

KATE

You are not! You're a bastard child!

Pete points the shears at Kate.

PETE

I'm family! My birth certificate proves it-

Kate reaches in her pocket, pulls out his birth certificate she took from the archives.

KATE

What? This decrepit piece of paper...

Kate gets up, keeps the table between her and Pete. She grabs a candle from the candelabra, holds the birth certificate over the flame.

PETE

They have records-

KATE

No! They don't! All they have is this! This piece of trash-

The birth certificate CATCHES FIRE.

KATE (CONT'D)

-This piece of ASH! It's your only legacy to family.

The burning paper lights their faces. Pete is aghast. He leaps up. RAGES. He kicks the table over. Tackles Kate.

They struggle for the birth certificate. She holds the certificate out of reach.

It's GONE! Burned to ashes.

Pete straddles her, his face contorts in pain.

PETE

Ahhh!

He looks down. Kate stabbed him with the hair-cutting scissors. Pete pulls the scissors out of his stomach, throws them aside.

He puts his shears to her throat!

PETE (CONT'D)
So much for saving the day.

The blade cuts into Kate's flesh! Until-

WHAM!

Pete is stabbed by the hook of the I.V. bag holder, swung by-
Tori!

The metal hook SQUISHES into the back of his neck.

Pete tumbles over, Kate rolls on top of him. The gun slides across the kitchen floor.

Tori sinks to the floor, atrophied and spent.

Kate scrambles for the gun. Pete does too. Kate gets to the gun first! Pete claws at her.

They struggle. She rolls toward him. He digs his fingers in her shoulder wound, she SCREAMS. He grabs the gun.

PETE (CONT'D)
End of the road, 'Couturina'. The
Tailor is triumphant!

She musters the strength, clenches his nuts with her other hand. He spasms. She squeezes harder.

KATE
Not in this issue!

BANG!

The gun goes off. He rolls to his back. Blood flows from Pete's stomach. He lies dead.

Kate crawls to Tori.

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh my God, oh my God, Tori...

Tears of joy stream down Kate's cheeks. Tori is weak. She smiles at Kate.

They look at Pete, lying still on the floor, in a pool of his own blood.

KATE (CONT'D)
Is he dead?

Kate hovers over him, reaches to check the pulse on his neck.

BOOM! Kate jumps.

Pete's brains spray across the floor.

TORI

Yes. Very.

Tori holds the gun. Pete's hand drops the shears. He was going to stab Kate. Tori's shot saved the day.

The tailor's shears lay harmlessly open in a pool of blood.

Police break in the front door. The cops flood the house.

EXT. BRIDGEHAMPTON HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Police cars and ambulances pack the driveway. Paramedics treat Kate and Tori.

Joshua, barely conscious, is wheeled out on a gurney by paramedics. He passes by Kate. Kate approaches Joshua.

JOSHUA

Kate, the watch... I was framed.

KATE

Shh, it's okay, I know. I love you.

Kate kisses Joshua on the lips. The paramedics load Joshua into the ambulance, drive off.

Pete, in a body-bag, is wheeled out. Anne walks to the body as the coroner wheels Pete away.

ANNE

I'm so sorry.

KATE

Mom, it's all right.

ANNE

No, it's not. You need to know the truth. When I was fifteen, your Uncle Robert raped me.

KATE

Mom-

ANNE

He was drunk. Beth and my mother refused to believe me. I, I-

KATE

You got pregnant.

ANNE

The Fontaines were big on family secrets. So, to hide the shame I was sent to Saint Anne's.

KATE

Oh, Mom, you were so young and you had to go through that all alone.

Anne breaks down.

ANNE

The birth was hard. I was sedated. When I woke up, they told me the baby died. They lied to me. I can't believe they lied. I never would have abandoned him. Never, never...

FADE OUT.

EXT. MANHATTAN, MORNINGSIDE PARK - DAY

A jogger exits the park near Dark Horse Comics Headquarters.

INT. DARK HORSE COMICS, OFFICE - DAY

MR. REED, 40s, hip, creative executive, stands next to Kate while she signs her name on the dotted line.

MR. REED

We're all really excited about this.

Kate hands the pen back to Mr. Reed. Her arm is in a sling. The sling is a Hermes scarf.

MR. REED (CONT'D)

Welcome aboard.

They shake hands and she smiles wide.

MR. REED (CONT'D)

First order of business is to have you meet some of our illustrators. I'll hope you don't mind, I've arranged for them to come by this afternoon-

KATE

Actually, I have to get to class.

MR. REED

Oh, that's right. You're still in school.

Kate nods. Mr. Reed smirks, tries to entice her.

MR. REED (CONT'D)

You know, Stan Lee didn't go to college.

KATE

You don't say.

MR. REED

It's true.

KATE

I had no idea.

MR. REED

You really believe you can deliver a new issue a month with a full course load?

KATE

With my imagination? Not a problem.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Intercut as needed:

Kate's iphone rings. It's Tori, she's healthy and vibrant.

TORI

Congrats! I heard the good news.

KATE

How'd you find out?

TORI

Mom. She said you're staying in school too.

KATE

It's true. I can't believe I'm getting the best of both worlds. Who ever would've thought Mom and Dad were right?

TORI

That'll be our family secret.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Kate awaits the elevator, a hand grips her shoulder. Kate turns. It's Detective Sanchez.

KATE

Hey, what are you doing here?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Wrapping up some loose ends.

They enter the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL, SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator door opens. Kate and Detective Sanchez exit as a group of doctors enter the elevator. They walk down the hall. Kate pulls an issue of 'Couturina #8' out of her bag.

Detective Sanchez takes in the comic. On the cover, a HUGE-BREASTED Couturina, in a spandex nun's outfit, strangles The Tailor with Rosary Beads.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Dios mio. She's grown up a bit.
Any new gruesome murders in here I
need to know about?

KATE

You better believe it.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You're not going to make my job any
easier, are you?

They share a laugh.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I gotta hand it to you, though. You
really put the nail in Pete's coffin.

KATE

What do you mean?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You know, the DNA test you sent me.
It came back positive. He was the
son of Robert Prescott.

KATE

What?

MEMORY HIT:

Kate in Joshua's loft. She swabs Joshua's glass for DNA.

Kate is shaken to her core. They enter Joshua's room.

INT. JOSHUA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The room is empty. On the bed is a tailor's receipt. Kate
picks it up. IT READS:

"Here comes Kate, she took the bait,
Alas too late, to stop her fate.
-The Tailor"

Kate's cell rings.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Joshua exits the elevator with the group of doctors, wearing a doctor's smock, talks on the phone.

Intercut as needed:

JOSHUA

Truth is stranger than fiction, isn't it? Don't be too hard on yourself, so many details, so little time. The notes, the trunk sale, subway, et cetera, et cetera... Look at the bright side, you defeated the villain.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Joshua exits the hospital.

JOSHUA

I owe you one, Kate. I truly don't know if I could have found it in my heart to murder my own twin brother.

KATE

Twin?

JOSHUA

The funny thing is, he never knew he had a brother. Pathetic sap. All he wanted was a mommy. Me, I enjoy the sport of the kill. Take Robert, I didn't think twice. That was like taking out the garbage.

KATE

You won't get away with this.

JOSHUA

I just did.

KATE

Your time will come.

Joshua pulls up his sleeve to reveal Uncle Robert's watch.

JOSHUA

Speaking of time, gotta' go. Until we meet again 'Couturina Haute...'

A taxi drives up to the curb.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Oh, Sis', one last thing...

SIX FLOORS ABOVE THE STREET, Kate stares down at Joshua.
Joshua takes off his smock. He pulls a hood over his head.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I didn't wear a condom.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kate lurches up from her nightmare, sweating in fear.

KATE

No!

She's in a hospital bed. Her arm is in a cast, suspended in traction above her. Sitting next to her is Joshua in a hospital gown, an I.V. stand next to him.

JOSHUA

Another nightmare?

Kate settles back, nods.

KATE

My imagination is a bitch.

SMASH TO BLACK.