

INT. SELINA KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small, run down apartment is lit only by slashes of moonlight. The symphony of a city ghetto fade in. Car horns, drunken arguments, cats yowling. The sound of keys. The front door swings open, accompanied by a flood of flickering light. The strobe of the hallway fluorescent partially reveals a young woman with long, messy blonde hair wearing skinny jeans & a tight Ramones T-shirt. This is SELINA KYLE.

Selina kicks the door closed with her motorcycle boots and throws her keys on a nearby table. They fall off, to the floor. Annoyed. Takes off her jacket and throws it over the couch. It too falls on the floor. Really annoyed.

Selina trudges over to the bathroom and turns on the light.

INT. SELINA KYLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stretching out her tired body, SELINA crouches toward the sink and clutches it in support. Her head is heavy.

SELINA KYLE (V.O.)

Uh! Why do you do it Selina?

Selina lifts her head slightly and looks at herself in the mirror.

SELINA KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Every night its the same clubs and
the same bands and the same god-
damn people.

Suddenly a cat meows from the other room. Selina reacts to the noise and when she returns her gaze to the mirror CATWOMAN is staring back.

She shakes away the false vision and with her teeth clenched, Selina curses the intruder.

SELINA KYLE (CONT'D)

Cats! I hate...

Selina storms out of the bathroom on the prowl.

INT. SELINA KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SELINA KYLE

...Cats.

An open window catches Selina's attention. The meowing is coming from outside.

SELINA slams the window shut. Resting her forehead on the glass Selina snorts angrily on the window pane.

SELINA KYLE
Good riddance.

A whip cracks and Selina falls to the floor, clutching her leg.

CATWOMAN (O.S.)
Now, I know you don't mean that.

Perplexed and pissed off, Selina looks up from her injury.

CATWOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You always were a bitter drunk
Selina...

A shiny black boot steps out of the darkness and nudges Selina's jacket out of the way.

CATWOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A dirty one too.

Selina is speechless. Her eye follows up the boot until Catwoman has fully stepped into the strip of moonlight.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
Look at you, playing nice with the
little people. Trying to fit in
with your Rock Chic uniform.
You and I both know you prefer
something a little less comfortable
to slink around in.

Selina sits below the window in shock.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
They have missed you, you know. The
Bat and his circus troupe. Ivy
hasn't bloomed since you left and
don't get me started on Harley!

Catwoman throws a recent edition of The Gotham News at Selina. Batman is on the cover in a compromising position with Harley Quinn.

CATWOMAN CONT (O.S.)
And you've missed them haven't you
kitten? Especially him.

Selina gingerly touches Batman's picture.

CATWOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No matter how hard you party you
can't forget, can you? You miss the
rush of the hunt, you miss being
chased!

Catwoman wraps up her whip and puts it away.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
You miss the perks. The city is a
playground and you just want to sit
there and stick your head in the
sand. You can't stay here Selina,
the slums are no place for a queen.

Catwoman begins to back up into the darkness.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
When you remember who you are, I'll
be waiting.

And then she is gone.

But the newspaper remains. Selina pulls herself off the floor
and throws the newspaper into the garbage. She misses.
Furious she kicks the empty basket, which hits a nearby
trunk. It springs open.

Selina contemplates closing it, but instead she reaches
inside and pulls out...a bullwhip.

A cat begins to purr softly.

MONTAGE: SELINA SUITING UP

INT. SELINA KYLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Looking in the mirror, Selina is suited up. All that is left
is her mask.

Selina stands in front of the mirror and looks her reflection
straight in the eye.

CATWOMAN (V.O.)
Say goodbye to the ghetto, Selina.

Selina pulls on her cowl and completes the transformation
into CATWOMAN.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
Now lets go give those fat cats
some heart attacks.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Whip crack, followed by a meow.

CREDITS ROLL