

BITCHES
(series pilot)

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN holding a glass of wine, looks out over the city. Her full length evening gown shimmers in the moonlight. An expensive string of diamond earrings drip from her lobes. The sound of the traffic reverberates up from the streets.

DILLON (V.O.)
Why do the most beautiful women in
the world all live in New York
City?

She turns and walks towards the open patio doors. The slit down the front of her dress exposes her long sultry legs.

INT. ROOFTOP PENTHOUSE - DILLON'S DESK - NIGHT

DILLON CAPELLI (45) a modern day Truman Capote with Tom Cruise looks sits at his desk, sipping expensive Scotch. A laptop computer screen glows in the dark. A \$20 Cuban cigar smolders in the ashtray as he types;

DILLON (V.O.)
Is it the fame..? The wealth..?
The power..? The glitz..?--Or is it
fame... wealth... and power...
exists only for them?

The Beautiful Woman approaches from behind, placing her glass on the desk beside his. Her elegant long fingers draw his attention for the moment.

DILLON (V.O.)
Chanel. Gucci. Dolce & Gabbana...
would merely be rags without their
beauty, essence, and charm.

Words spread across the computer screen.

DILLON (V.O.)
I am a connoisseur of all things
precious.

The thin straps of her gown slowly slip from her shoulders.

DILLON (V.O.)
 Fine wine. Expensive cigars. Rare
 Porcelain figurines.

Dillon looks down at her dress on the floor around her feet -
 and smiles.

DILLON (V.O.)
 And of course, the hearts of
 beautiful women.

His eyes rest on 5 framed photographs on his desk, each one
 containing the image of five beautifully stunning women.

DILLON (V.O.)
 They are my swans... The very
 meaning of the word swan, is to
 sing.

He drifts to a collection of PORCELAIN SWANS on his mantle.

DILLON (V.O.)
 But unlike real swans - they rarely
 mate for life.

Dillon picks up one of the elegantly cast PORCELAIN SWAN.

DILLON (V.O.)
 Yet for all their faults and
 frailties, they are truly amazing
 birds; graceful, powerful, and thou
 highly in demand... they are very
 short in supply.

He places it gently back down.

DILLON (V.O.)
 And though she can be quite
 expensive, she can also be very,
 very unpredictable...

His eyes focus back on each of the photographs. Admiring them
 one by one. HAILEY HOUGHTON (42) a beauty of perfection, but
 aging fast.

DILLON (V.O.)
 Like my, Hailey--mother of two--and
 Queen 'Pen'.
 (a female swan)

His eyes move to the next photo: AMANDA STONE (39) but looks
 a decade younger.

DILLON (V.O.)
Amanda... My beautiful, Amanda. The
years have been kinder than most.

MELANIE STONE (20) Amanda's daughter, new to the corporate
world, but already tired of sleeping to the top.

DILLON (V.O.)
Melanie... So much like her mother.
But the apple never falls far from
the tree.

KRISTY MARTINEZ (29) young, bright successful real estate
agent, with a secret past.

DILLON (V.O.)
Kristy... Fragile, and ever the
optimist, she is the most easily
broken, yet the hardest to handle.

He reaches for his cigar, and leans back in the chair. The
naked woman gently kisses his ear.

DILLON (V.O.)
I thought my collection was
complete, until I found my
beautiful, precious 'Signet',

PAIGE LINDBROOK (20) tall, sexy, voluptuous; came to New York
via Nebraska tomboy, willing to do anything to be discovered.

DILLON (V.O.)
Paige--If there was ever a diamond
in the rough, she is the envy of
all men's dreams, including mine.
Though she still isn't aware, she
belongs only to me..!

Ignored, the naked woman picks up her gown, and with the
slamming of the apartment door, she is gone. A smile curls on
the corner of his lips, as he takes another sip, his eyes
locked on the photograph of Paige.

INT. PIER 26, N.Y. - FASHION RUNWAY - DAY

FASHION MODELS strut the length of the catwalk to a heavy
'fashion show' beat. PHOTOGRAPHER'S cameras flash!

DRESSING ROOM:

PAIGE is surrounded by a throng of DRESSERS. The HEAD STYLIST finishes last minute adjustments to her stunning, sheer, see-through wedding dress. Everyone rushes about.

HEAD STYLIST
Hold still, Child!

PAIGE
I'm so nervous. I don't know if I can do this?

HEAD STYLIST
It's not everyday someone gets to wear a "Cary Delaney" original.

Paige nervously stands beside Dillon, looking at herself in the full length mirror.

PAIGE
How do I look?

DILLON
Like a present about to be opened.

FASHION RUNWAY:

Paige steps onto catwalk. Her eyes immediately fix upon CARY DELANEY (40) chiseled features, cut-body, wearing a formal tux. Their eyes lock with magnetic attraction as he escorts her down the aisle to a standing applause; her almost naked body shimmering beneath the flowing 'see-thru' wedding gown, to the envy of all in attendance. Cameras flash.

DILLON (V.O.)
Cary Delaney, legendary stylemeister, fashion mogul, darling of Fifth Avenue; the Cob among the flock.

Seated along the front row are: HAILEY, AMANDA, MELANIE, and KRISTY, applauding.

DILLON (V.O.)
After all--this is Paige's day.

The techno-beat reverberates into wedding bells...

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Paige, wearing the very same see-thru wedding dress walks down the isle to stand at the front of the church next to Cary.

DILLON (V.O.)
My young Swan is getting married.

Before the REVEREND and ALL they take their vows.

CARY DELANEY
I, Cary Matthew Delaney, take you
to be my lawfully wedded wife.

Hailey, Amanda, Melanie, and Kristy are seated next to Dillon at the front of the Chapel. To their dismay they have each worn the identical blue dress.

DILLON (V.O.)
And who ever said, "hell hath no
fury like a woman scorned", has
never met an angry Pen.

REVEREND
I now pronounce you man and wife.

A forced smile of discontent etches across Dillon's face, as Cary and Paige kiss. The WEDDING SONG fills the chapel...

EXT. FRONT OF WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

...as the beautiful bride and groom whisk away in a white limousine.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY (RAIN)

Paige sits alone in the back of the BLACK LIMOUSINE dressed in black. A veil covers her tear streaked face.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (RAIN)

Dressed in black and holding umbrellas, everyone has gathered on this solemn day for the funeral of Cary Delaney.

REVEREND
I am the resurrection and the life;
he who ever believes in me, though
he die yet shall he live...

Tears pour from Paige's eyes, as the casket is lowered slowly into the ground.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

Amen.

Hailey, Amanda, Melanie, and Kristy; a hint of a smile cracks across each of their faces.

Paige turns and walks back to the awaiting limousine.

DILLON (V.O.)

But like I said, this is Paige's day. And what began as a joyous occasion, has now turned to tears.

Dillon stares down at the grave of Cary Delaney.

DILLON

Goodbye, old friend.

A sincere look of sadness across his face.

DILLON (V.O.)

But then I'm starting to get ahead of myself.

Dillon's eyes look across as Paige climbs into the back of the black limousine. The CHAUFFEUR closes the door.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

Paige glares angrily at Hailey, Amanda, Melanie, and Kristy. A crack of thunder as the black limousine slowly pulls away.

DILLON (V.O.)

And our story has hardly even begun.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUING

Paige stands in her underwear looking out between the upper dressing room window, down to the GUESTS as they arrive. Her eyes follow to Hailey, Amanda, Melanie and Kristy as they enter the church. A look of scorn tears across her face.

PAIGE

BITCHES!

DILLON (V.O.)

There's only one thing I love more than weddings and funerals - it's secrets. Especially dark, dirty, secrets.

INT. DILLON'S DESK - NIGHT - CONTINUING

Dillon types.

DILLON (V.O.)

And everyone has their secrets--
Even me.

Dillon pauses, taking a sip of Scotch from his glass, rolling a cigar tightly between his fingers...

DILLON

So, where do I start this tale of mistrust and deceit? And, oh yes... murder... You didn't think he died during the throws of passion, did you? I know for a fact Paige is very good in bed... But not that good!--No... Cary's Delaney's life came to an abrupt halt at the end of a steel blue 45, to be exact. But there I go again, getting ahead of myself.

He takes another sip.

DILLON (CONT'D)

But a day, like a story, each have their beginning and their end... And this tale begins, as with all confessions--at the beginning...

The laptop screen glows with the word: "CONFESSIONS"

FADE OUT.

END TEASER