

MADAM 12

PILOT

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EXT. THE LONG ROAD

It's a sunny day, but not good sunny. It's annoyingly sunny. It's one of those cloudless high sun, relentlessly beating up the back of your neck nowhere to hide days.

But lining the road, acting as a merciful shield from the punishing rays are trees. Tall, old, spooky trees, thick forest bordering the road to nowhere.

Leading somewhere that ain't too interesting.

Until a car goes tearing by. Noisy rattle like an over tuned hot rod but banged up like a junker and smoking like a chimney. Leaving a long cloudy wake.

As it tears down the road swerving side to side. Tires screeching, skid marks staining the road.

Barely avoiding running off the road and into the trees, like a race car careening too close to the wall.

This goes on for a few more seconds until it ends up driving past a billboard we didn't see coming.

It reads, "A brighter future, a new development by Bruce Bucks." Chrome buildings, world of tomorrow type art.

A retro-future look, the coming year reads "2157."

But it's visibly weather worn as if it's falling into disrepair.

A cut to it out of nowhere, framing up -- A 1950s police car. A stark contrast to the 70s junker we've been watching try to keep it together.

Two officers are sitting inside eating their lunch, a bright cartoonishly pink donut in the hand of **Officer Turk**, a heavy set guy. Shaved head, a look akin to Curly Howard who is riding shotgun. Wearing a black 1920s police uniform, buttons from his knees to neck.

Picking up on this visual time play yet? Stay tuned there's a lot of it. Behind the wheel is **Officer Rule**, bowl cut, like a black Moe Howard in an ill fitting police uniform. Mainly his pants high, tall white socks.

Rule is gripping a newspaper, *dated: February 3rd, 2163, headline: the blue scare comes to Russia.*"

But as the car flies by it startles him and he drops it in his lap.

Rule looks at Turk, Turk nods and flips the siren.

They peel out and chase after the junker.

Officer Rule gets on the radio.

OFFICER RULE

Car 14 to dispatch, in pursuit of some sorta' jalopy, swerving all over the place outside of Woodsville.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Roger that 14. Standing by.

They put the pedal to the medal. Both vehicles roaring down the open road, engines straining and doing all they can to keep their respective drivers in this thing.

The old police car seemingly has it on the newer model hunk of junk, it starts to catch up to this clear public menace. A love tap to the bumper but somehow the junker hangs in there. Shakes it right off.

OFFICER TURK

Gotta try something else.

OFFICER RULE

Get on the blower.

OFFICER TURK

Don't say on it, get on it!

OFFICER RULE

Who the fuck's driving asshole?

OFFICER TURK

Oh yeah, you're right. My apologies but don't yell at me. It messes with my equilibrium.

Rule gives Turk the side eye.

OFFICER RULE

Oh I'll mess with your equilibrium!

Rule reaches over and tries to smack Turk on the back of the head, Turk puts his hands up and they get in a two hands to one slap fight, the police car starting to swerve. Until dispatch chimes in.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Get it together!

The two knucklehead cops stop their fight and get back to business. Turk speaks into the mic.

OFFICER TURK
(loudspeaker)
Pull it over buddy! You're gonna get
killed! Or get us killed! This is
monotonous!

But as they both imagined there was no way this asshole was going to start listening now.

The car kept pushing it to the limit with all that smoke billowing out of it.

Giving each other one more good look. They knew what they had to do, time to try a pit maneuver. Turk reaches over and gives Rule a fist bump. Go time.

If any further "oomph" could be put into this chase, Rule found a way to gain just enough speed to knock into the rear right quarter panel of the junker.

Pulling the wheel hard to the left, determined to take this thing off the road and he somehow pulls it off!

The smoking vehicle loses control and spins around and goes flying into the ditch and down an embankment.

It goes down and it goes down hard, dirt and grass kicking up and the front end crushing into a ditch near the tree line but not into the woods.

Officer Rule skids to a stop and goes back to the radio.

OFFICER RULE
Car 14 to dispatch, suspect vehicle
disabled, requesting an ambulance and
backup. We're checking it out.

Turk picks his donut up off the floor and crams it in his mouth, Rule shakes his head and they climb out and rush to the crash site.

The two slowly approach, weapons drawn. Turk has an old school revolver, Rule has a modern handgun.

OFFICER TURK
If you can move, let me see some hands!

OFFICER RULE
Preferably two!

They wait, but don't get anything. Just a whole lot of silence and more smoke billowing out of the vehicle.

Rule motions for Turk to go in. Turk shakes his head.

OFFICER RULE (CONT'D)

Check it out.

OFFICER TURK

You check it out.

OFFICER RULE

I'm the boss, check it out.

OFFICER TURK

You ain't the boss, you just worked here longer. That don't mean *nuttin*.

Rule gives up the argument and moves in, cautiously with his gun out. The smoke is still too thick to see into the vehicle. He decides to be the hero and go ahead and try to pry the door open. Putting away his weapon but Turk has his drawn and aimed at the vehicle.

Rule is tugging at the door.

OFFICER RULE

It's stuck.

We see Turk's face turn to fear, he sees something. Rule looks back at him, then back at the car.

The door flies open and into Rule, hitting him square in the face with inhuman strength. Blood flies everywhere. **He's dead.** Turk is still frozen with fear we finally get a look at what he sees. A giant apelike creature.

About 7 feet tall, dark mangled fur, it looked like it stunk to hell. Broad shoulders, no discernible neck or facial features. Thing was built like a tank with fur that hung like a weeping willow tree.

Its' swinging arms were the only thing that gave you any inkling of what it might have been thinking.

Rule was now laying on the ground, his face looking like it'd been hit with a shotgun.

Turk's out stretched arms started to shake, squeezing the trigger of his revolver he emptied out all six shots in quick succession. -- He misses every shot.

But he breaks the trance and turns to try to get the hell away, swiveling on his heels and noping out of the situation. Speed walking back towards the squad car, comically shaking his head side to side.

We stay focused on Turk and hear one heavy footstep, then a shadow cast over Turk by the time he's back at the police car. **It was right behind him.**

His blood runs cold and he doesn't have a second to turn around this time. The creature pins him up against the car, Turk starts screaming and we hear violent tearing sounds.

But we don't see anything below frame just the creature looming over his form, making no sound until blood starts pouring out of Turk's still screaming mouth. Old school horror type blood gushing.-- It's to sell the power of the creature, exerting so little effort that it barely has to put elbow grease into killing you.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MARCELLI RESIDENCE

A rhythmic slapping sound welcomes us to the room, before we see the cause but it sounds lewd. Panning across the room, it's very mid century modern but not loud about it.

Like a grandmother's house in the 70s, big bed, clothes strewn on the floor and then it becomes obvious.

It's **Kat Doll**, our heroine. A 30 something blonde. 70s Styled hair, blonde bombshell. Think any woman you'd see on the poster of a skin flick way back when.

She's wearing nothing but a button down highway patrol shirt, knee high motorcycle police boots and is fucking an older black woman doggystyle.

The older woman is **Martha Marcelli**, the lady of the house and a fuck buddy of Kat.

Martha has that classic sitcom grandma look, sort of 1980s, she's is dressed in a green polka dot house dress, a thick pearl necklace, and matching earrings.

Dress pulled up to the arch of her back so her ass is visibly bouncing off Kat's hips as Kat gives it a smack.

MARTHA

Yes, yes, yes, that's it honey. Give it to me. Almost there!

Kat still hasn't said a word, she's just plowing. Hands on Martha's hips until the phone rings.

She reaches for the phone, retro styling all it's own. Teal and made of a whole bunch of plastic but Martha looks back as Kat's hips are still moving.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Don't you dare.

KAT

I gotta...

Leaning to the side trying to grab the phone. The visual here is meant to key in on the fact that Kat is almost sideways but still hitting it regardless of how annoyed Martha is that Kat's full attention isn't on her.

Kat gives her a little extra hump and gets a moan out of her as Kat's thrusts slow and Martha is throwing it back so they're meeting in the fucking middle.

KAT (CONT'D)

Hello?

Whoever is on the other end is silent. Kat stops fucking Martha and looks at the phone but it keeps ringing.

MARTHA

(moaning)

Bitch you better!

She gets Kat's attention but Kat really has to answer the unseen phone. Kat fed up with Martha moves her hands to her shoulders and just starts speed fucking her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Ooooh yesss! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!

I'm gonna--

Martha keeps moaning and it quickly turns into her eyes rolling back and an over the top orgasm.

Kat sees that as good enough, she pulls out and unhooks the strap on. Revealing the bright pink strap on as she tosses it to the floor as Martha collapses prone, riding out her aftershocks and afterglow.

Reaching under a pillow, pulling out a gigantic vintage cell phone, extending the big ass antenna. It's as ridiculous looking as the sex toy if not more.

KAT

What is it?

DEBBIE DISPATCH

You need to get to the long road, past the Bucks sign. Turk and Rule are dead! FUCK! FUUUUCK! The caller said something ripped his guts out his ass. They're waiting for you on scene!

Kat hangs the phone up and flops down to the bed next to Martha, exhaling in clear frustration. The two of them laying on their stomachs, inches away from each other for a close conversation.

She didn't want to deal with whatever that was and a part of her wasn't taking it seriously. Who would?

KAT

I gotta go.

MARTHA

I thought you said you had a few hours? I wanted to go again before you left.

KAT

We went enough, I'm not used to using my hips that much.

MARTHA

You're a motorcycle cop, you use your hips all the time.

KAT

I'm not a motorcycle cop I just like the boots. Getting you off is like angrily slamming a door that won't shut.

MARTHA

Now you sound like my husband.

KAT

I got the job done didn't I? I don't even get the free food like he does.

MARTHA

You can eat anything down there you know that already.

KAT

I don't eat left overs.

MARTHA

Yes. You really do.

Kat's jaws tightened, trying to center herself after realizing what she'd just said.

The rub being Kat had gone down on Martha post hookup with her husband and she really didn't like having that thrown in her face one way or another.

So as Kat's inner rage uncoiled she scoots a little bit closer from Martha's face, feigning intimacy.

KAT
(whispering)
Hey, hey you.

MARTHA
What?

KAT
Shut the fuck up.

POP! Martha smacks Kat on the cheek. Kat grabs her face and weakly smacks Martha's shoulder as they both sit up on the bed. Slumber party stare-down over.

KAT (CONT'D)
You don't hit a cop!

MARTHA
I hit you all night.

KAT
That's different!

Kat pauses, anger welling up inside her, her other hand a clenched fist. Holding back, she likes Martha but not enough to let that go that damn easy.

KAT (CONT'D)
Listen, I come here because I need an escape sometimes but if you're gonna start treating this like more than what it is I'm not coming back.

Martha appears ready to say something, something rash but bites her tongue only to start smirking and go with it anyway.

MARTHA
You know what, fine. Don't come back. Things are complicated with me and him but that doesn't mean I'm going to keep putting up with biker barbie's mommy issues.

KAT
You mean grandma issues!

MARTHA

You can't throw my age at me. We've done too much. Oh I'm old, oh you're a nasty white girl half my age that eats ass. What's more of an insult?

KAT

Fair play but -- Hey you know what's really complicated?! Hmmm?

Getting your guts ripped out your back!

Martha's eyes go wide, staring at Kat in absolute bewilderment. Trying to make sense of that.

MARTHA

Did I hit you too hard? Are you having a damn stroke? What are you talking about?

KAT

No! It's what I gotta go deal with!

Finally she climbs out of bed, her boots catch the top blanket and an array of purposefully comical sex toys fall out. Like an avalanche out of a closet.

She steps over them and takes off her boots, putting on her highway patrol pants. They're as tight as you imagine they'd be but Martha's turning her mood back.

MARTHA

Come on. I didn't mean it get back in bed.

KAT

We aren't dating. It can't be all that.

Continuing to redress, buttoning up her pants.

MARTHA

It can, I'll leave him.

KAT

And do what? Live in my house and oh tell your daughter who's my age I'm your new step-sister-mom? She'll kick my ass and you'll have to help her.

MARTHA

I wouldn't help her hurt you stop being a dumbass.

KAT

Then you're a bad mother.

That gets Martha to snap, she tosses Kat's big ass phone right at her head. Kat tries to dodge it but can't because of all the toys on the floor. It breaks over her head and she falls to the floor.

MARTHA

Oh shit.

Lover or not, arguing or not. Martha just knocked out a police officer in her house a few hours before her husband gets home and that's a problem.

Martha hops out of the bed and rushes to check on Kat who somehow came to rather quickly, probably wasn't out just stunned. -- Kat pushes Martha away and starts to gather her things after getting her pants buttoned.

Starting with her phone and gun belt as Martha tries to grab at her hip but it's of no use.

Kat bends down picking up her signature weapon, slamming it into her holster. It's a 1955 colt python.

A shout out to a Sheriff from Atlanta who found his family.

Kat heads for the bedroom door, she turns the corner and we follow. -- Kat heads down the stairs into the foyer and just as she is about to step through the front door.

FREEZE FRAME: On Kat from the waist up on tilt, mid walk, disheveled hair, looking disinterested and tired.

TITLE OVER: MADAM-12

America's "A horse with no name" plays.

...I've been through the desert on a horse with no name...It felt good to be out of the rain...

The freeze frame ends, the title fades and she keeps walking.

...In the desert, you can remember your name...Cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain...

The music fades.

EXT. FRONT OF MARCELLI RESIDENCE

It's a bright afternoon, idyllic.

In the driveway is a green 1953 Packard, matching Martha's dress for some on the nose connection.

Parked behind it is Kat's patrol vehicle.

A black and white 1969 Dodge Polara with "Highway Patrol" on the door along with enormous push bars on the front.

As Kat heads towards her car a neighbor waves from across the way, he's bringing a whole lot of grating energy, in a sweater and dance shoes while manning a push mower.

TOM THE NEIGHBOR

Hey Kat!

She stops at the door of her car and turns her head, his voice is grinding her gears but she's so done with this day the annoyance doesn't garner the reaction it would otherwise.

All Kat does is raise her hand, acknowledging him, adding a single nod for good measure.

TOM THE NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Still giving it to Mrs.Marcelli Huh?!

Of course he's yelling this.

Kat doesn't hide from her sins, what she does is what she does and she owns the fact.

KAT

Yep!

TOM THE NEIGHBOR

He's gonna kill you when he finds out you know?!

A playfulness in his tone.

KAT

He's gotta catch me first.

Kat's car peels out and roars down the block like she's showing off.

INT. MADAM 12, KAT'S CAR

One hand on the wheel as she starts to lay off the gas and just cruise through the neighborhood. We get more of a look at the neighborhood. Establishing the blurring of time in our universe. Very 1950s, atomic and retro future blending together.

"A horse with no name," creeps back in softly.

...On the first part of the journey...

...I was looking at all the life...

White picked fences, kids playing outside, sprinklers and cars of that era. It looks like Kat and her 69' are driving through a time warp but it isn't that.

It just is this.

In a Twilight Zone type of abrupt surreality.

...*There were plants and birds and rocks and things...*

...*La, la, la, la, la, la...*

This dusty police cruiser, with its still mostly disheveled driver contrasting with the round edges of the 40s and 50s vehicles parked in their driveways as prim and proper housewives are speaking among each other while their kids play cowboys and Indians in an old fashioned politically incorrect manner.

....*La, la, la, la, la, la....*

The song fades a final time.

Kat slows the car down and offers them a look of almost disgust, but one shoots back a wink.

Kat's been there and done that, it isn't just Martha she's messed with around here. She's a bit of a womanizer. That's her swagger.

Duty meets doing as she pleases.

But today isn't one of those days, she shakes her head and turns off the street.

The police radio in the car chirps static at first.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Dispatch to MADAM 12, dispatch to MADAM 12.

They sound a lot calmer now so she goes ahead and picks up the in car radio, the other phone Martha threw and broke with Kat's head is resting in the seat.

KAT

Go ahead dispatch.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Sorry about earlier, I was frazzled to say the least.

KAT

Yeah it sounded bad but kinda crazy so --

DEBBIE DISPATCH

I know it sounded crazy but it happened, get down here.

KAT

Can't you get the Chief to send somebody else?

DEBBIE DISPATCH

I would but she's gone too so you can see why this is a problem and why I was losing my mind earlier.

Nobody is even on scene.

KAT

Fuck you mean nobody is on scene?

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Exactly what I said. We got the call about two officers down and the car number, they're just out there rotting in the sun.

KAT

That ain't right but at the same time, who knows if it's true. Could be a set up and you're sending me right into it.

Kat hangs up on dispatch and hits the siren, we follow after her through the streets, out of town and up into the wooded area where we last saw Rule and Turk.

EXT. THE LONG ROAD

Coming back on the scene, the junker is no longer smoking. The body of Rule is still laying near it with crows around pecking at it.

Up a ways by the unoccupied car 14, the 1950s throwback where a white sheet is over Turk's body with the blood is stained through but there's no one around.

Kat rolls to a slow stop down wind of the scene, the disbelief coming and going as she hurries to get out of the car.

She breaks into a full sprint towards Rule getting a good look at his crushed face. -- She of course realizes immediately he's gone but has to go check on Turk. -- Rushing to him like basketball player trying to get back down court on defense, pulling the sheet off.

Kat nearly vomits right away, dry heaving.

KAT

What the hell could have done that?

Her focus is broken by woman jogging down the road, in a clear sweat but not huffing and puffing.

The woman is in a leopard print track suit with pink hair in an updo. She's somewhere over 40 and under 60.

JOGGER

Oh my god those his guts? It looks like sausage links you see at a meat store.

Kat swivels around and goes for her gun like it's second nature causing the woman to put her hands up.

KAT

Get back this is a crime scene and what are you doing here? Who are you? Name!

JOGGER

Jeeze! What do you want me to do and answer first?

KAT

Get back and state your fucking name.

JOGGER

Tammy LaRue.

After Tammy backs up. Kat begins to calm down and look a little more at ease but her hand remains on the butt of her gun.

Sweaty or not Tammy didn't look as if she could have been involved in this mess. No traces of blood, hands don't look like she'd been doing much of anything like yanking a fellas guts out and for now that would be enough.

Kat turns back around.

KAT

Looks like somebody shoved a \$45 red velvet candle in...did it rip his guts out his back and shove em' up his ass?

TAMMY

Did they melt it? What's all that white shit?

That was enough for Kat, she threw up, hurling as Tammy kept staring until Kat was able to get it together and wipe her mouth.

KAT

Hold on, hold on. That's weird. Really, it's thick, like glue? That can't be jizz. That doesn't make sense. Wouldn't it dissolve? Who would...And who the fuck put a sheet on him? Were they trying to get the sheet to stay in place?

Kat was picking up a lot very quickly, this made no sense who called it in? The killer, scenarios were running through her head rapid fire.

TAMMY

You're the cop, why you asking me? Maybe it doesn't when there's a lot of it?

KAT

That or it's synthetic. This is kinda an easy call here, think this is staged.

This is laying the ground for what's behind this, there's a payoff connecting it all, trying to trope break by not stringing the obvious along too far.

TAMMY

Who has synthetic cum?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MARCELLI RESIDENCE

Kat walks into the bedroom wearing a black satin robe, with what appears to be a rather large sex toy hanging out from between her thighs. For comedic affect.

KAT

Look what I bought.

Martha is sitting on the bed reading.

MARTHA

What is that?

KAT

Watch this.

She hits a button on it and a spray of ejaculate fires off as Martha screams and uses the book as a shield.

END FLASHBACK

KAT (CONT'D)

You can get it places, refills...

Rustling noises start coming from the woods.

The two freeze and look at each other, then the noises turn to growling, human screams and inhuman grunts.

HUMAN VOICE

OOOOOOOH!

Think of anytime Trey Parker does a scream on South Park.

What Kat is putting together before our eyes is whoever called 911 is being killed.

The screams shift to a death wail and silence is followed by birds rushing out of the forest into the air.

KAT

Let's go. Get in the car!

Kat hustles back to her car and Tammy runs after her.

TAMMY

Shouldn't you do something?!

KAT

Bitch please!

INT. MADAM 12, KAT'S CAR

KAT

It's something out here, I don't know what and we're not finding out.

Kat turns the car on and starts to pull out but they are heading up the road towards Car 14, past the junker.

As Kat starts to pull around Car 14 and Turk's body the monster steps out of the woods. Classic bigfoot footage gait into a stop.

Not all the way onto the road, but just out of the woods enough to scare the hell out of Kat. She swerves without needing to, eyes locked on this gigantic creature.

It's standing there, ominously, looking their way.

TAMMY

It's coming right for us!

It wasn't.

KAT

I ain't going out like that!

Kat takes her hand off the wheel, draws her colt python and starts firing out of the window at the creature.

She lands every shot out of a moving vehicle. The difficulty of that is to press the fact she can shoot.

It staggers back and starts to run back into the woods but the sound of the bullets striking it sound oddly metallic. -- Kat's gun fires to empty as they speed away to safety, she truly didn't want to leave her brothers in blue like that but she wasn't about to end up like them for a recovery mission. Dead is dead. Living is living.

Nothing to be done for them.

EXT. POLICE STATION

The parking lot is full of an array of police cars that could date anywhere from the 1910s to the 1970s but no later. Further setting the surrealism of the reality of this story. She pulls up right out front.

KAT

You good to get home?

TAMMY

Sure, you could have dropped me off but who am I to complain?

KAT

I don't even know what I was thinking, I need you to give a statement wait here. There's a drink under the seat.

Kat jogs inside.

But we see Tammy reach under the seat and pull out a half empty bottle of whiskey.

TAMMY

Damn.

She shrugs, pops the top and takes a long sip.

INT. WOODSVILLE POLICE STATION

It's a decent sized office, but undersized for a town this size. Looks like the set of a 1940s noir film in color, desks crammed inside with not a ton of room to spare. Huge American flag on the wall missing 10 stars to keep the odd framing of this universe. --- Nobody to be seen until a woman walks out of back room.

A black woman, very 1970s, the first person we've see so far that visually fits the same style Kat is rocking.

They're the two obviously 70's leaning characters in this hodgepodge of period visuals.

Her voice instantly recognizable. It's **Debbie Dispatch**.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

So it was for real?

KAT

Yeah, it's...it's really bad you're gonna need to call in the FBI or animal control or something it was some kind of fucking monster and I don't mean the usual man monster piece of shit scumbag. -- I mean it ripped his guts out like you do a turkey for thanksgiving. I don't know what has that kind of power. -- Then to top it all off it ate every round I put in it.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

I was hoping I overreacted and you were gonna assuage my worry.

KAT

Not this time, pal.

Kat plops down at the closest desk, not her own but right now it didn't matter at all.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

I don't think I'm gonna be able to sleep tonight.

KAT

You! You're telling me? I saw the shit.
All you did was hear the story, I'm the
one over here questioning reality.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

So Turk and Rule are dead? For real? Like
really really dead?

KAT

I think Rule got the easy way out because
Turk got his back blown out once and for
all.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, fucking Jesus.

KAT

You got anything to drink in the office?

DEBBIE DISPATCH

You know your ass doesn't need anything
else to drink. All you do is drink, fuck
and drive.

KAT

Don't shame me. That's my life choice.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Want me to tell you everything wrong with
what you just said...

Debbie trails off. Like she'd seen the ghost of sudden
realization.

DEBBIE DISPATCH (CONT'D)

...Oh shit.

KAT

What?

DEBBIE DISPATCH

We gotta call their families. Nobody
knows but us, you know how bad that is?

KAT

Good luck with that.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

This isn't something to dismiss, look at
us. Look at this place.

Debbie motions to the entirely empty room, desks, papers,
nobody near a damn phone.

KAT

What? It always looks like this.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

That's my point, two of our coworkers are dead. We're just sitting here like we're waiting to clock out.

KAT

I didn't say that wasn't what I was doing.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Listen busty boots.

Kat starts cackling laughing.

KAT

I like that one.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

You would but that's not the point, you saw them. You got eyes on, you go tell their families.

KAT

You're the talker. Dispatch ass.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

And as you may have noticed today I'm not great under duress. Two officers died today and you're in here laughing up a storm acting like it's no big deal.

KAT

Because what the fuck is happening!? What I saw! How was it real. What the hell is this day dude? This shit is crazy.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Yet somehow you have a job.

KAT

Are you intimating something?

Debbie approaches Kat, looking down at her, not a fighting stance exactly but definitely getting there.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

How do you still have your job? Running around town barbie dicking every married woman you can.

KAT

Hey.

Kat is trying to act offended, leaning forward in her seat adding all sorts of tension to her tone.

KAT (CONT'D)

I like to have fun! Sue me what do you do but sit in here and scratch your ass. I'm out there working. I shot a monster today, that's a lot.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

I won't sue ya but them families might once they realize you left their loved ones up there alone. -- I mean really they been dead hours, we ain't said a thing to nobody.

KAT

Why are you putting that on me I don't even know their families, Rule had somebody but I don't know what the hell Turk did at home -- som' bitch was probably fucking critters before this!

Her southern accent flaring up a little.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Where did that come from?

KAT

I don't know, I think this is my last day. This job became too much in a 25 minute window.

Chief Evelyn Jackson bursts out of her office door, asian woman, somewhere between 50 and 70.

CHIEF JACKSON

What are you two knuckleheads jawing about?

KAT

You didn't tell her.

CHIEF JACKSON

Tell me what?

KAT

Turk and Rule are dead.

CHIEF JACKSON

Dead? *Forreal* for real?

KAT

They gone man.

CHIEF JACKSON

You wanna clarify?

KAT

Not particularly.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

See Chief, I don't know the specifics.
But what I do know is Kat left them to
rot in the sun because she thinks she saw
a monster.

Kat doesn't get up at first but the impact of Debbie's
dismissiveness hits her and she begins to protest.

KAT

Oh fuck you! Oh fuck you, no! I am not
going this road you are not gonna start
acting like i'm crazy. The shit is.

But i'm not.

That man's innards were stacked up on his
chest like ground beef and I'm crazy?

Even if somehow it's not real, what has
that kinda power? What human being you
know can just disembowel a motherfucker?
But news flash I have a witness!

CHIEF JACKSON

Where?

KAT

She's outside...

Kat sighs and sits back down.

KAT (CONT'D)

...drinking.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

That'll go great in court. You really
shouldn't have even said that.

We can bullshit a report but not when
you're telling me things that'll fuck me
on a lie detector!

Kat hops up to her feet, and places her hands on her hips
brushing past Debbie to talk to the Chief face to face.

KAT

This isn't going any farther. Even if what I saw, isn't what I know I saw. They're dead. Somebody did it and I'm not going back up there alone especially now as it's getting late.

CHIEF JACKSON

We can't leave them up there though, it's not right. I don't think it's hit me yet that they're gone plus the families.

We're in a jam here ladies.

The chief pauses, looking around the empty room as Kat sits back down.

CHIEF JACKSON (CONT'D)

I think we gotta go up there and get our boys. Together.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Aw I knew you were gonna say that.

Debbie sighs herself yet seems resigned to it, but Kat unlike every character in every Jurassic Park ain't having it.

KAT

No. I refuse. If you wanna fire me, go ahead. I saw what I saw. I saw Rule's face crushed in. I saw Turk's body.

Whatever is up there, handled those men.

I emptied my gun into it and it didn't go down and you know my colt is a damn hand cannon. It isn't a pea shooter. I carry it because ends a problem immediately.

So we're gonna what? -- Go up there and wait for it to make Neapolitan fuck sandwich out of us? Bet it'll love that.

I'm not even saying that to be funny I'm saying it because I care about you.

We play this smart and leave what we lost. They're gone, what's done is done.

Hell this doesn't even have to get worse. The fuck is it gonna do come down here and get us?

A back door flies open. The loud slam draws everyone's attention. All three scream, Kat pulls her empty gun.

In comes **Barbara "Babs" Barns**, the secretary, full figured, rockabilly style. A lot of pastels, pink sweater, teal capris, red flats, hair up-done with a big ass bow and matching cat eye glasses but likely the toughest woman in the room and that's saying something.

BABS

Scream much?

Babs is carrying a box of donuts on top of a stack of a box of papers. We can see through the box, brightly colored cartoonish style donuts reminiscent of what Turk was eating back on the road.

CHIEF JACKSON

You're late.

BABS

I'm always late and you still haven't gotten anyone else.

CHIEF JACKSON

We should talk about that at some point.

BABS

We can talk about it right now, newsflash it's not changing. Nothing ever happens that you need me for that Debbie doesn't do. Nothing ever happens at all.

KAT

Turk and Rule are dead and there's some sort of monkey monster fucking people to death in the woods.

Babs stops and sits the boxes down on a desk neat Kat.

They all pause.

BABS

See. Exactly what I said. You didn't need me for that.

Kat leans back and puts her boots up on the desk, Debbie heads right for the donut box and takes two as Babs sits down and the Chief starts to pace the room.

CHIEF JACKSON

I'm really at a loss here, I'm surprised with myself. What do you mean it fucked someone to death?

KAT

Not really but seemed like it ripped him up pretty good and it may have shoved his guts back up his ass. Turk specifically, Rule just had his face knocked in.

I just knew fucked to death was going to get your attention.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

At least it isn't aliens.

KAT

Very good point. At least it isn't motherfucking aliens. Goddamn right. More of ya gotta think about the other side of the glass...table? I fucked that up.

CHIEF

No we have to do something, we're the police.

KAT

I agree to disagree.

Babs laughs.

BABS

See this is what happens when you hire a bunch of morons and expect a different result. I mean look at her.

KAT

What's that supposed to mean?

BABS

I mean you look like a cheerleader about to peg somebody.

CHIEF JACKSON

Stop with the shtick.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Nobody expects a monster either. Which I'm still not sure I believe.

KAT

Don't start in on that again, I saw it, I shot it. Maybe it was real, maybe it wasn't but it was huge and scary, didn't look like anything i'd ever seen. Fur looked like a trucker's pubes I saw.

BABS

You fuck men now? Since when?

KAT

I said saw.

BABS

I'd contest that too, you goddamn liar, the 5 years you been working here I've had to run interference for at least 15 people looking to kick your ass for sleeping with their wives, girlfriends, mothers. Not one about a guy. You're like a --

Babs starts coughing and laughing, trying to get her joke out.

BABS (CONT'D)

-- A wind up jockey.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

That really what you were going for?

BABS

No I was going to say lawn jockey but I remembered that's offensive nor did it really make sense.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

That's progress then.

BABS

Either way she's a menace that needs to be stopped.

KAT

Would ya'll shut the fuck up?!

BABS

Notice how the southern accent comes out when she's upset. Debbie starts laughing too, the Chief still seems lost in thought but the Babs goes on.

BABS (CONT'D)

(imitating Kat in a southern accent) Look at me, i'm officer *catcall*, I try to fuck every older woman I meet cause' my mom and sugar mama threw me out, I tell ya what!

The Chief bursts out laughing, as do Debbie and Babs.

BABS (CONT'D)

Now I think if I crush enough pussy it'll
stack into believing I'm good enough!

The laughter intensifies, it's turned into a roast. Kat's head falls into her hands. The Chief and Debbie start scream laughing and Babs falls to her knees out of her chair.

BABS (CONT'D)

But she's not! She's a piece of shit and
she's always gonna be!

KAT

Fuck this!

She gets up and storms towards the exit.

DEBBIE DISPATCH

Oh come on, you're our piece of shit! We
love you dumbass!

BABS

I think I peed!

They all continue to laugh.

EXT. POLICE STATION

The sun is starting to go down.

Kat walks back outside at a pissed off clip, it's been a hell of a day and it's not even over. She stops just outside of her patrol vehicle, looking it over as she starts to think about the situation.

It's those two officers bodies still being up there,
crossed with what Babs had forced her to remember.

TAMMY

What's wrong.

Kat places her hands on the windowsill of the car.

KAT

Nothing.

She's clearly trying to force back some form of emotion,
tears, something heavy is trying to get out.

Tammy places her hand on top of Kat's and the emotional wall breaks, her eyes red, tears flow.

KAT (CONT'D)

Fuck.

TAMMY

What is it really?

KAT

My mom.

She didn't even like considering the woman to be that.

KAT (CONT'D)

I was a teenager, I knew I liked women. My mom was religious, understand? Then just this whole other thing with a woman who took me in right after.

TAMMY

Sounds like there's more to it...but I'm not gonna pry. I can't say I understand either but what I can do is say uhhh--

She hangs her head and lifts up the bottle, barely anything in it.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

I'm drunk. Real drunk. But, um, I understand why it's fucked up.

KAT

Thanks.

TAMMY

Can you take me home now? I need to get something to eat. Soak up some of this liquor and maaaaybe try to forget what we saw. You know if you need a *mama* that is.

Of course Kat picks up on the irony, this is exactly what Babs was joking about and she knows she's about to fall into the cycle once again if it's to happen

Tammy rubs at Kat's arm, trying to urge her to accept the offer. She gives into her urges and heads around the front of the car, climbing in and driving off.

INT. MADAM 12, KAT'S CAR

Kat picks up the radio.

KAT
Madam 12 to Dispatch.

A long pause as they pull out of the station and are heading quite a ways down the road.

DEBBIE DISPATCH
Go ahead Kat.

KAT
I'm out of service.

DEBBIE DISPATCH
Hey hold on--

Kat shuts the radio off and reaches over, and puts her arm around Tammy. Pulling her in as she keeps one hand on the wheel. The gesture is Kat trying to claim her, as her girl for the evening and Tammy goes with it.

She drops her head against Kat's chest and they speed off as music begins to play.

Jimmy Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower," begins.

*There must be some kind of way outta here...
Said the joker to the thief...
...There's too much confusion
I can't get no relief...*

MONTAGE OF THEIR EVENING/NIGHT:

Business men, they drink my wine...

- Tammy runs into a liquor store and back out with two bags full of liquor bottles as Kat nods approvingly.

Plowmen dig my earth...

- Kat on top of Tammy in the backseat, Tammy's legs wrapped around Kat, grinding as the car gently rocks.

- A stop at a corner store for beer. Kat runs out carrying two cases.

...None will level on the line

- Tammy topping Kat, who's bent over the hood of her own car. Some emotion shown here, Kat wants to feel wanted.

Is letting Tammy use her, bottoming. Tammy grinding herself against Kat's ass.

This is symbolic of where Kat is mentally right now.

Hey, hey...

- Tammy orgasms, Kat starts crying.

*No reason to get excited...
...The thief, he kindly spoke.*

- Kat sitting on the ground next to the car as Tammy comforts her and they keep drinking.

*...There are many here among us...
...Who feel that life is but a joke...*

- Tammy and Kat dancing around the car in the middle of the night. Still drinking, the empties piling up.

- Pee break in the bushes.

*...But you and I we've been through
that...and this is not our fate...*

- They're driving again, Tammy is behind the wheel, siren and lights on. Kat is laughing, they're drunk as hell and swerving all over the road.

- The car parked on the side of the road rocking again. More fucking.

*...So let us stop talkin' falsely now
The hour's getting late....*

- Kat's car pulling into driveway outside of a rather nice house but it's as old school as every other home we've seen. Only more 1980s than anything else, the garage opens Tammy pulls all the way into the garage.

MONTAGE ENDS.

The music fades.

TAMMY

Come on!

Kat appears to be passed out in the passenger seat, hair covering her face, leaning against the window.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

It's food time.

She wakes right up upon hearing food, popping the door and falling out of the police car, with a pile of beer cans and glass bottles reminiscent of the toy avalanche from earlier as she collapses among them.

KAT

Gonna stay here...

TAMMY

You can't my daughter will find you and ask questions. Not ready for that talk.

KAT

Aw gross you got a spawn.

But Kat still doesn't move, she drank a lot more than Tammy and is in that heart pounding haven't slept it off I drank too much phase.

Tammy has it a bit more together and comes over to Kat, pulling her up off the ground and somehow somehow getting her up over her shoulder to carry her into the house.

INT. TAMMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Tammy dumps Kat onto a floral tan couch, with a plastic slipcover on it and Tammy collapses on the floor.

Nobody's going anywhere. They're both out and lucky they made it this far.

The next morning arrives, sun beaming into the living room. Kat wakes up to the smell of bacon and the sound of retro cartoons on the television but is immediately greeted by a jug of orange juice being shoved in her face. Kat tries to push it away.

VERONICA

No, my mom said you had to drink this before you throw up on her floor.

Kat looked up and saw who was Tammy's daughter, **Veronica**. Somewhere between 18 and early 20s.

Dressed in a classic poodle skirt sort of outfit minus the shoes. Barefoot on the shag carpet that was covering the floor.

She starts to sit the jug on Kat's chest because she's so done with this task.

Forcing Kat to grab it. Kat sits up and starts to chug the orange juice as Veronica walks away into the kitchen.

Veronica takes a seat at the table where breakfast is currently laid out, apparently Tammy recovers like nobody's business there is an array of food from the bacon to scrambled egg.

It looks like a good housekeeping catalog photo as Kat took her seat at the table.

TAMMY

So Kat, this is my daughter Veronica.
Veronica this is Kat. She's a police officer.

VERONICA

I would have never guessed.

Of course because of the disheveled uniform Kat is still wearing.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

So gonna go ahead in ask, why is tits mcgee in our fucking house?

TAMMY

She needed to sleep off a night of drinking and i'm a good person.

Veronica is still in between knowing and assuming her mom puts up a front but isn't ready to call her on anything so it's mainly a suspicious glance shooting her way.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Let's change the subject, Kat mind
livening up our morning with the details
on that woman you mentioned.

Kat really didn't expect that, was opening old wounds right back up, she gave Tammy some serious side-eye but she was the guest, fuck it.

KAT

(sighs)

Alright, after my mother kicked me out. I wound up living with someone. An actress.

VERONICA

Oh now I'm fucking interested.

TAMMY

Ease up on the F-bombs, damn.

KAT

She took me in, for a few years. Had sort of a complicated story. Mother figure I wanted...

(kat burps)

After my mom treated me how she did. I was a teenager, she looked after me...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

A younger/teenage Kat is walking along, you guessed it. The long road. Carrying an army green duffle-bag.

Dressed quite a bit more tomboyish than she appears now. Classic red sneakers, rolled up jeans, she basically looks like a gal greaser without the jacket.

A silver 1940s limousine looking like a big ass space ship with pointy edges but sleek as could be. It pulls up alongside her as the back window rolls down.

Looking at Kat is **Lily Gabor**, a glamorous silver screen type movie star. Very specific in all her mannerisms like a Queen with a bag of secrets or the ghost of old Hollywood still kicking.

LILY GABOR

Hey there.

Billie Holliday's version of "Any old time," is playing on her car radio, faintly but enough to it begin.

...Any old time you need me...

...I'll be there with love that's lasting darling...

Kat's a lot more naive around these times, but as a girl who just got thrown out by her mother, she's on serious guard and as up front as she is today.

KAT

Are you gonna kidnap me?

LILY GABOR

Do you want me to?

Kat smirks but keeps walking.

LILY GABOR (CONT'D)

That you playing hard to get?

KAT

It just might be.

LILY GABOR

You look like you could use a place to lay your head, I got that, why fight it?

What are you going to do dear? Sleep in the woods? Come along, stop being silly and stop insulting my kindness.

Kat relents quickly and gets into the car. Part of Lily's charm is mixed into an entitlement, reading Kat, generalizing her and making such quick demands. It's purposeful mind fuckery disguised in a pleasant mask.

...All through the years we'll stand together...

...Sharing the tears and stormy weather...

END FLASHBACK

KAT

Got older, it got romantic so it was like having a mother with benefits.

TAMMY

Oh now I feel bad about--

VERONICA

-- About what?

KAT

I uh...

She almost blamed herself but switched on a dime.

KAT (CONT'D)

Your mom fucked me.

Getting her back for making her reminisce about Lily.

Tammy gasped and damn there knocked over her orange juice but Veronica just started laughing.

VERONICA

You know, I was really assuming that and I'm glad I know. Just getting it out there, maybe mom will stop acting like an uptight asshole.

KAT

Don't call your mom an asshole.

TAMMY

Thank you.

VERONICA

(sarcastically)

What you my daddy now? Oh God the handcuffs are gonna come out.

TAMMY

No, they aren't.

Tammy leans in towards Kat.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

I lost your handcuffs, I'll pay you back.

KAT

Don't worry about it.

VERONICA

So, what happened? She just let you live with her?

KAT

No.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. GABOR MANOR

The music begins again.

...And the sunshine will be yours and mine...

The house is enormous, palatial and vintage, Gaudy furnishings. An in house dressing room late in the evening, Lily has Kat standing in front of a mirror. She's done her makeup, put her in a high end gown.

Something ridiculously expensive a prolific actress from those days would have. Lily was the type of person who would own something on par with the hope diamond.

So Kat was slaying it in this golden Monroe style dress, admiring herself as Lily did the same in a gown of her own, house sash sort of look and a pair of heels.

LILY GABOR

You look lovely darling.

KAT

Thank you. I've never worn anything this nice before.

LILY GABOR
Would you like to keep wearing them?

KAT
Of course.

LILY GABOR
Forever?

KAT
Yes, silly.

LILY GABOR
Forever and ever?

Lily reaches for Kat's jaw, turning her towards her, getting closer, a clear hint towards some intimacy.

KAT
Forever and ever.

LILY GABOR
Then I'd like to learn you something.

Kat appears curious but confused as Lily puts some pressure on her shoulder, urging her down to her knees. Kat wilts and kneels down.

LILY GABOR (CONT'D)
Nothing in this life is free, kitten.

Kat understands, and we hear the rustling of clothing before focusing on Lily's face as she takes a deep breath as Kat gets to pleasing her.

...Any old time you're blue...

...You'll have our love to chase away the blues...

The music fades.

END FLASHBACK

VERONICA
Oh my God fuck her. She's disgusting, how old were you?

KAT
I don't know, probably your age.

VERONICA
I'm twenty two.

KAT

Yeah, something like that. Might have been more like 18 or 19. It's a blur.

TAMMY

I'm so really sorry Kat, I thought you were just some fast ass police officer I could have some fun with I didn't know I was taking advantage of you and your broken wings.

KAT

God don't make me feel. Broken wings? Fuck. No it's fine.

It's just like it was with her as much as you don't want to hear it. I choose. If I didn't want it I'd have stormed out of there. I liked making her happy.

VERONICA

That's what i'm saying she fucking groomed you.

KAT

I don't know about all that.

VERONICA

I do.

TAMMY

She does, she's taking a criminal justice class oh! Maybe she'll work with you one day!

KAT

No she's taking classes, she's already too qualified to work in that shit hole.

TAMMY

Stop that, you're a police officer that means something.

KAT

I agree to disagree.

TAMMY

Some people find that attractive.

VERONICA

Gross, I mean but I can see it.

Kat's expression shifts, she's trying to gauge if there was anything behind what Veronica said.

She's basically considering trying to hook up with Veronica too or both of them at the same time.

The point here is to reaffirm what Babs said that Kat is kind of a whole and entire piece of shit that is really motivated by what she wants generally or Lily has just changed her that's the onion we're peeling back as we go.

KAT

It's too much time and effort for not enough pay.

VERONICA

Of course you'd say that you were in the money with Lily, she's won every acting award there is but apparently she's a scumbag.

KAT

See I just can't cosign that, I loved her. You can't judge someone off a moment. We lived like a married couple, sure she pressured me but we lasted for years. It was romantic.

VERONICA

See you admit it. She took advantage of you.

KAT

Well what else was there? Be a hobo?

TAMMY

Stop pushing her, she's sad.

KAT

I'm not sad anymore, I was sad. This is something else.

VERONICA

Anger?

KAT

Sounds about right, acceptance, depression, whatever? I'm here.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

The music begins once again.

...Any old thing you do I'll see you through...

...So just remember that I am waiting dear...

INT. GABOR MANOR

Kat is in the master bedroom, in a flowing black robe, almost like a satin ball gown. Hair in an updo, diamond earrings and a necklace that would burn out your retinas if you hit it with a light. Lily walks in looking rattled but resigned as she approaches.

LILY GABOR

You look lovely kitten, as always.

KAT

Thank you.

LILY GABOR

But I need you to listen now, all stories must come to an end and ours has come up. It's time for you to go.

Kat almost loses it, it's like she's just been told someone she loved died. An instant tremble, catch in her voice and trying to move towards Lily who seems to fight with her natural inclination to be of a comfort to Kat.

KAT

(weakly)

Why?

LILY GABOR

Gracious, that hurt. I was expecting anger, not that. I taught you well.

KAT

Please, I'll do whatever you want. I'll beg, don't--

LILY GABOR

Never beg. Never. Never what?

Lily grabs Kat by the face, trying to get her together as the tears fall. Shared between them but Lily is holding it together much more firmly.

KAT

(sobbing)

Ever.

LILY GABOR

I taught you to be strong, you do not beg, you do not give up, you do not kneel. You do things because you choose to. That is power.

(MORE)

LILY GABOR (CONT'D)

Do nothing because you are told, do all because you crave it and only then my dear but this. This has ended.

KAT

Tell me why then.

Kat was choosing anger now, crying yes, but speaking through clenched teeth in a growl almost. Lily smirked, enjoying the fire she was getting out of her girl.

LILY GABOR

Legacy. I accepted an engagement. I'm married dear.

She flashed the ring. That was almost the last crushing blow, Kat grabbed her chest and damn there collapsed.

She was sobbing in a rage.

Lily looked concern but chose to power through the explanation because what was done, was done.

LILY GABOR (CONT'D)

I married Bruce Bucks.

Kat straightened up, the rage shifting to bewilderment.

LILY GABOR (CONT'D)

It's about legacy my dear. He promised me things, wonderful things, things that will make sure i'm remembered.

Statues, movies, an entire development named after me. A skyscraper...a city.

You're young kitten. I'm not old but having an entire city named after me? Come now. That's too much.

KAT

I love you.

One last play.

LILY GABOR

I know but your love isn't worth that.

That was enough, Kat took a swing at Lily and caught her jaw. Lily went down, but the door flew open. It was **Bruce Bucks**, think a past his prime greasy Clark Gable who is very into botox. Wearing a penguin suit and shoes.

Classic old money style but too egotistical to let himself go. Still a very suave guy you would compliment if you didn't know him. Bucks sees Lily on the floor holding her face, Kat in a rage.

BRUCE BUCKS

You see dear, I knew she wasn't going to take this well.

KAT

You son of a bitch!

BRUCE BUCKS

No that's my father, my grandmother was a real spoil sport unlike myself.

He turns to the door.

BRUCE BUCKS (CONT'D)

Boys!

Two police officers, working for Bucks stormed in. It was Turk and Rule, both looking younger.

They had their billy clubs at the ready as if they were about to beat Kat into compliance.

Lily couldn't stomach the idea and jumped back to her feet, getting in between them.

LILY GABOR

Nothing has changed! Don't touch her.

It had most definitely changed, but this exchange was still theirs. Lily took Kat's face in her hands and pressed her forehead against Kat's, whispering.

LILY GABOR (CONT'D)

You leave here with dignity, get your things, take everything you can fit in your bags and the money I put under your bed. It's more than enough.

KAT

I never wanted your money. You only think I did. I just wanted you.

That caught Lily off guard again. Her chin quivers.

Lily could be a very poised actress, she sees herself as someone very in control and matter of fact. Conniving and prideful of that. But with Kat it's fallen out of her control quickly and much more than she knew until now. She thought she could do this clean but Kat had her.

LILY GABOR

You have me.

KAT

You think you taught me something, you think you taught me a lot.

But I was always like this. You just let me do it well.

Lily lifts her head from Kat's as a tear runs down her face, Turk, Rule and Bucks stand back even Bucks look a little touched as much as he wants to be a prick.

KAT (CONT'D)

That's why this hurts so bad.

She's so upset she seems wobbly on her feet, arms down at her sides, listing back. Drunk on pain.

KAT (CONT'D)

Because I know ain't nobody gonna love you like I did but ain't nobody ever hurt me this much. Not even my mother.

Lily turns away, of course she knows the situation with Kat and her mother. Turk and Rule are trying to keep it together. Bucks is looking anywhere but right at them.

Lily fights off her emotions but the two seem resigned to this open crying farewell.

KAT (CONT'D)

So this will be pointless, you'll regret it and this won't come back.

Kat motions between them. "This" is what they had as she steps away from Lily and wipes her eyes, fixing her dress, giving Bucks a nod in a sportsmanlike manner.

Bruce though really fucking Kat's life up, is touched.

BRUCE BUCKS

Escort this lovely girl out once she's packed her things.

Kat heads for the door, Lily's hand tries to clasp her wrist but it slips free.

She heads past Bucks who respectfully bows his head as if saluting a worthy foe, he's returning that sportsmanship.

Kat heads out of the bedroom. Descending the stairs like Cinderella, robe flowing.

Turk and Rule follow behind their future co-worker to help her pack.

LILY GABOR

That girl was three relationships in one.

BRUCE BUCKS

Don't worry, once you see what i'm building you, you'll forget all about her.

LILY GABOR

I won't.

BRUCE BUCKS

I know I was trying to make you feel better dear. I can't fix this. If that was real she deserves an award. I couldn't even begin to write that.

...If ever you want me i'll be near...

...Any old time and any place you may be...

END FLASHBACK.

VERONICA

Oh this fucked my whole day up, that's so sad. What the hell dude? That is sick to my stomach sad. I'm so sad and angry i'm nauseated. There's got to be a word for this emotion.

TAMMY

Can I adopt her? Veronica do you care?

VERONICA

If you're my new sister mom we're killing that Lily bitch. Ride or fucking die! Let's go!

KAT

Calm down...but thank you both, you're good people. It felt good just talking about it. I gotta get outta here though. I haven't been home in a day and a half and my coworkers are still dead.

TAMMY

You could really stay here. Seriously.

VERONICA

I mean Jesus Christ, so sad dude.

KAT

Don't worry about it, like I said it was nice having someone listen.

With that, Kat gets up from the table and heads back through the living room to the garage door. Ignoring the mess of bottles they'd left the night before.

Kat pushes the passenger door shut and walks around to the driver side and backs out, we follow her on another ride but this time back to her place.

It's a house up a hill, slightly wooded area. The house itself is what you might call a Frank Lloyd Wright knockoff, looking way too unique and way too nice for her to afford but the money Lily let her ride out with had something to do with it.

She pulls up outside, parked crooked in the driveway. Making her lazy way to the front door, unlocking it only to be greeted by her dog **Biff**. He's a moody shiba inu.

INT. KAT'S HOUSE, LATE EVENING

KAT

How you doin' sir?

Biff just stares at her as Kat goes into the kitchen to get his food. It's anything but canned dog food. She goes into the refrigerator and pulls out what looks like no less than a half of an entire ham. Peeling away a few sheets to chuck it on the floor with a thud.

Biff goes ham. Ham goes Biff.

Kat takes a beer out of the fridge and heads for the living room. Plopping down on the couch, boots go right up on the messy coffee table as she grabs a television remote that looks like it comes straight out of the Jetsons to turn on a television that appears the same.

The news is on.

REPORTER

Are you prepared for world war 4? After the devastating third world war in 2077, less than 100 years ago, we face an emerging threat in--

She changes the channel.

A familiar face is on screen.

BRUCE BUCKS

I'd like to introduce you to a man who
needs no introduction. ME! Bruce Bucks.
Banker, Magnate, all around success,
renown the world over.

Kat looks as if she'd seen a ghost, he was a presence,
famous, known, everything he said like a local
Mr.Monopoly. She'd been aware of him even before that day
with Lily which made the sting worse. Seeing his
billboards, his branding, his products but this was the
first time seeing a commercial of his.

BRUCE BUCKS (CONT'D)

Behind me, is the location of a
groundbreaking new development in honor
of my lovely wife, known formerly as Lily
Gabor but now Lilian Bucks.

The camera on the television switches focus to the
billboard from the long road and that same long swath of
trees the chaos of the early part of the day.

Kat's face goes through a slow but affirming realization,
losing her focus on the television. He's behind this.

BRUCE BUCKS (CONT'D)

An all new city, right next to
Woodsville. Bucksridge. Just flows right
off the tongue doesn't it? Sounds like a
million bucks but worth far more!

Revealing the fact that he lied to Lily about naming it
after her specifically. Using their shared last name.

His. Kat's feelings about Lily coming back to surface.

The commercial comes to an end and Kat leans back on the
couch, drawing her revolver, aiming it at the television.

A tense few moments waiting for the loud shot of the colt
python but we only get the click of an empty chamber.

FADE TO BLACK.

Diana Ross' "Love Hangover" plays us out.

*...If there's a cure for this I don't want it, don't want
it...If there's a remedy, i'll run from it, from it...*

*...Think about it all the time, never let it out of my
mind...cause I love you...*

*...I've got the sweetest hangover...I don't wanna get
over...The sweetest hangover...*