

Detective Agatha Catsy

In...

"The Cat and the Raven"

An Adult Animated Comedy Noir

By Erika June Smith

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A glass of milk rests on a table. FORBODING ORCHESTRATION plays.

Shaky credits dissolve in: "Detective Agatha Catsy in... The Cat and the Raven."

A paw reaches into frame and lifts the milk out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY OF BIG MILK - NIGHT

UPBEAT JAZZ MUSIC fades in.

The metropolitan city of Big Milk is bustling with night life. Its citizens are an eclectic mix of animals and humans à la Bojack Horseman.

The city's pier is lit up by their bright ferris wheel. Its lights sparkle over Lake Honey. CHILDREN giggle in its cars.

TOURISTS wander up Honey Ave. They point at towering skyscrapers and pristine architecture. Some horses beat on pots and pans with their hooves. A CROWD throws them apple chips as tips. There's an electric energy in the air.

One street over, Molasses Street is much less wholesome. Honey Ave's pristine buildings melt into decaying convenience stores, pawn shops, and 24-hour wedding chapels. HOMELESS PEOPLE camp on the street. PEDESTRIANS ignore them.

A junker car whizzes past the pedestrians. Detective Agatha Catsy's Black "Catillac" Deville chases after it. One lone police light flashes on the roof of her car.

CATSY is tough and resilient... the kind of unrelenting cat detective that a city like Big Milk demands. She gains some distance on the junker.

POLICE CHIEF GRUMBLES talks over her radio.

GRUMBLES (V.O.)
Catsy, I'm sending backup.

Catsy grabs her radio.

CATSY
No, I've got this.

The junker veers off down an alley. Inside the car, a greasy STREET RAT snickers to himself.

CATSY
Oh, Mother Hen.

Catsy pulls a sharp turn after the rat. He spots her in his rearview mirror.

STREET RAT
Rats.

The rat pulls out of the alley and onto a busy shopping street. Traffic is just spaced out enough for him to weave through.

Catsy pulls out shortly after him and zips through the cars. They HONK at each other.

The rat passes a sign that says "street closed."

GRUMBLES (V.O.)
(over radio)
For the love of Dog, Catsy. Tell me
what's going on.

CATSY
(into radio)
He's headed for the Milk and Honey
Street Fair.

The rat drives into the street fair. He whizzes past the booths. FAIR-GOERS jump out of his way.

Catsy parks sharply just outside the fair. She jumps out of her car and runs after the rat on foot.

The rat sees Catsy. He SNEERS.

CATSY
(shouting)
Stop!

The rat is too satisfied with himself to notice he's barreling towards a giant jar of honey.

CATSY
Get out of the way!

The fair-goers move just in the nick of time. The rat crashes into the jar of honey, sending it toppling over. He reverses, hoping to avoid the sticky substance, but it's too late. His wheels are coated in honey. There's nowhere he can go.

Catsy flings open the door. She handcuffs the rat.

CATSY

Renoni Thatcher, you are under arrest for the attempted assassination of Mayor Pearl Utter. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of paw.

She drags the rat through the fair. People gather to take pictures. A few video tape the scene.

The rat shouts at the crowd.

STREET RAT

You don't understand. I was trying to help you. This city is evil. The milk is unsafe. Beware the milk. Beware the milk!

Catsy shoves the rat into the back of her car. He pounds on the window.

STREET RAT

Beware the milk!

CATSY

(to the crowd)
Move along. Enjoy the fair.

She drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION - THE NEXT DAY

A Channel Skim News broadcast plays on an overhead TV. BIG MILK P.D. OFFICERS are gathered around the TV together. They sip from whiskey style glasses of milk.

Channel Skim airs cellphone footage of Catsy shoving the rat into her car. News anchor MARY MOCKINGBIRD (a mockingbird) talks at a newsdesk.

MARY MOCKINGBIRD

(on TV)

Renoni Thatcher allegedly planted a bomb in Mayor Utter's office Tuesday night. But that's not what's making headlines. The detective shown in this video bears a striking resemblance to Elizabeth Tabby - one of Big Milk's most notorious cat burglars. Big Milk P.D. has declined to comment.

CATSY
 Alright, turn it off.

BRICK THE INTERN (a boxy robot who talks like a Google Maps navigator) turns off the TV.

BRICK
 Let's hear it for Detective Agatha
 Catsby.

The officers CHEER. They take a swig of milk.

OFFICERS
 (singing)
 "99 bottles of milk on the wall, 99
 bottles of milk, take one down,
 pass it around, 98 bottles of milk
 on the wall. 98 bottles of milk on
 the wall..."

Catsy motions for them to stop.

CATSY
 That's enough milk.

OFFICER GARY "THE GOOSE" GARRISON (a lanky mongoose) yells--

THE GOOSE
 Oh yeah, then what's that in your
 paw?

Catsy holds a gallon of milk.

CATSY
 Alright, you caught me.

OFFICERS
 (chanting)
 Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

Catsy gulps the entire gallon. The department CHEERS as Catsby
 wipes the milk from her lips.

OFFICERS
 Catsby! Catsby! Catsby!

CATSY
 I don't feel so good.

Catsy stumbles to the back of the room. She passes OFFICER
 HENRY ARMSTRONG (a beefy hammerhead shark) who wipes a tear
 from his eye.

ARMSTRONG
I'm so proud of you.

Catsy briefly stops to pat Armstrong's back.

CATSY
Thanks, bud.

ARMSTRONG
(sniffing)
You inspire me everyday.

Catsy pushes past Armstrong, but just as quickly, she's stopped by Brick (the intern).

BRICK
Hey, Detective Catsy. Could I pick your hardwiring sometime? We could get coffee.

She keeps walking.

CATSY
You can't drink coffee. You'll short circuit.

BRICK
Can't blame a bot for trying.

Police Chief Grumbles stops her. He's a gruff and thick bulldog who's been toughened by years in the service.

Grumbles's human son, JUNIOR GRUMBLES stands beside him. Junior is 24, but he looks like he's still in high school.

GRUMBLES
That was impressive, Catsy. Too beaver dam impressive.

Catsy pulls Grumbles aside.

CATSY
They're talking about Elizabeth Tabby on the news, Chief.

GRUMBLES
Don't worry. Everyone will forget about Tabby by tomorrow.

He pulls Catsy over to Junior.

GRUMBLES
Have I ever introduced you to my son Junior?

CATSY

Your son?

Catsy looks Junior up and down. He is 100% human.

GRUMBLES

He's my pride and joy. My flesh and blood.

JUNIOR

I'm adopted.

CATSY

Ah.

JUNIOR

Could I ask you something if you have a moment, Detective?

Catsy holds back a baby barf.

CATSY

You have 30 seconds.

JUNIOR

Uh, okay. Well, as an aspiring detective, I was just wondering... What's your secret?

CATSY

(smirking)

Milk.

Catsy baby barfs in her mouth. OFFICER CHARLOTTE MONROE (a seductive lemur) comes to her rescue.

MONROE

Hey, what do you say we head out? It's 2% off night at Honeybee's Milk Bar.

CATSY

The night's young.

They leave together.

INT. CATSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Monroe helps Catsy into her downtown apartment. It's a surprisingly spacious studio with touches of exposed brick. It could be stylish if it weren't so rundown.

CATSY
(groaning)
Thanks for skipping the bar.

MONROE
I didn't want to go. I was just
trying to save you from that party.

CATSY
That's why I love you, work wifey.

Catsy sloppily leans into Monroe. They stare at each other.
There's a spark.

MONROE
Okay, you should lay down.

Monroe lays Catsy down on the couch.

MONROE
You know, you do look like
Elizabeth Tabby. Are you related?

CATSY
I don't have any family.

MONROE
Relax. It's a compliment. Tabby's
hot.

CATSY
I didn't know you're into
criminals.

MONROE
Maybe you don't know me as well as
you think you do.

Monroe winks as she sets a glass of water down.

MONROE
Drink up. I'll see you in the
morning.

She walks out. Catsy takes a few sips of water before quickly
falling asleep.

INT. CATSY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Catsy wakes up with a pounding headache. She leans up to
drink the rest of her water. Catsy rubs her temples as she
stumbles to her bathroom.

INT. CATSY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Catsy turns her clawfoot bathtub's faucet. She watches the water pound into the tub.

Catsy reaches for the water, but she quickly pulls her paw away. She swipes at the water again. She pulls away just as quickly. Finally, Catsy relaxes her paw in the water.

Catsy unbuttons her trench coat. She lets it fall to the ground. She gets in the tub carefully.

A single black feather sits on Catsy's window sill. She sniffs it, closes her eyes for a moment, then sets it back down. She leans her head back.

Soon, Catsy slips back to sleep.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. FAMILY CAR - NIGHT [DREAM SEQUENCE]

Catsy sits in the backseat of a station wagon. Her FATHER and MOTHER sit up front. They're around Catsy's age, but in this dream, she's still her present self.

Catsy's parents LAUGH. She watches them be happy. A voice comes over the radio --

RADIO JOCKEY

And now for this week's top soul hit...

A SOUL SONG plays.

CATSY

Hey, I love this song.

Catsy unbuckles. She leans into the front seat to turn the radio up.

CATSY'S FATHER

Lizzie, keep your seatbelt on.

CATSY'S MOTHER

Come on, sing along. You know you want to.

Catsy's mother SINGS. Her dad SIGHS and joins in. The whole family SINGS together. They LAUGH.

Catsy is on cloud nine, but out of nowhere, HEADLIGHTS shine into their car. It's too quick for her dad to react. The car slams directly into them.

Catsy is thrown from her seat...

INT. CATSY'S FOSTER HOME - NIGHT [DREAM SEQUENCE]

...She lands on a THICK HARDWOOD FLOOR. Her foster siblings JO (a wide-eyed sugar glider) and CONSTANCE (a small bear) run through the room.

Jo and Constance are young, around 8 or 9. Nothing like the adult Catsy before us. Jo glides over to Catsy.

JO
Come on, Lizzie. Play with us.

Catsy takes Jo's hand. She starts to get up, but SHARP HIGH HEELS kick her back down. An ALLURING, FEMALE VOICE booms over the room --

THE RAVEN (O.S.)
Are you sure you want to do that,
Lizzie?

Catsy flips over. A TALL, SLENDER RAVEN wears the heels that pinned her down. The roof over the home dissolves. The Raven grows taller until she is a giant towering over Catsy.

CATSY
It's you.

THE RAVEN
Hello, Lizzie.

The Raven lifts Catsy up. She grows to the Raven's size.

CATSY
I missed you.

She stares down at the home. Jo and Constance stare back up.

CATSY
It's beautiful up here. Everything
is so small.

THE RAVEN
I know. Now, crush those ants.

CATSY
I can't.

THE RAVEN

Coward.

The Raven lifts her massive heel. Its shadow covers the kids. Catsy SCREAMS as the foster home dissolves away...

EXT. SPADE NEBULA - NIGHT

...Catsy SCREAMS, but no noise comes out. She floats with the Raven in an eerily quiet, blue space nebula. Their bodies caress each other like twin fetuses.

CATSY

Why would you do that? I thought you loved me.

THE RAVEN

And I thought you loved me.

The Raven's body melts away. Catsy floats alone. A feather drifts back to her. She tries to grab it before it melts away too.

THE DREAM ENDS.

INT. CATSY'S BATHROOM - AS BEFORE

Catsy has fallen asleep underwater. She opens her eyes to water overhead. It SWISHES around her with a THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

Catsy GASPS for air. Her downstairs neighbor POUNDS the floor with a broom. The bathtub, still running, has overflowed. It leaks through a small crack in the floor.

Catsy stops the water. She jumps out, grabs her coat, and thrusts it over the crack to soak up water.

Catsy eyes the feather on her windowsill. Somehow, it's the only dry thing in the room.

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The Big Milk P.D. Officers (including Armstrong, Monroe, and The Goose) CHATTER around the briefing room. Catsy is noticeably absent.

The chief's son Junior sneaks his way into the back of the room just before Brick the intern pushes the door open. Brick carries a large box of donuts. The officers swarm him.

BRICK
Special delivery.

MONROE
Ugh, finally.

ARMSTRONG
Did you get any of the ceviche donuts?

BRICK
I don't know what everyone likes, so I got two variety 12-packs.

MONROE
Okay, who reset the intern?

The officers turn to The Goose.

THE GOOSE
The Goose wanted a fresh opinion on his erotic novel.

The room GROANS.

MONROE
You can't keep doing that. We have to reinstall our orders every time.

ARMSTRONG
I had just taught the guppy how to say ceviche.

BRICK
What's SA-VUH-SHEE?

Armstrong looks to the sky.

ARMSTRONG
Jaws take the wheel.

THE GOOSE
The Goose acknowledges your concern, but he will probably do it again.

OFFICERS
(ad lib)
Come on. He's always doing this. His novels never sell, etc.

Chief Grumbles swings the door open.

GRUMBLES

Take a seat. I have big news this morning.

The officers settle in desks around the room.

ARMSTRONG

(gasp)
Are you pregnant?

MONROE

That's not how that works.

ARMSTRONG

It is for seahorses.

MONROE

Does he look like a seahorse to you?

ARMSTRONG

Be kind, I'm color blind.

GRUMBLES

No, this is bigger than that. We finally have a facial composite of the public park pisser.

Grumbles projects a sketch of the Public Park Pisser (P.P.P.) at the front of the room. The officers CHEER.

THE GOOSE

Score 357 P.P.P, Score 1 Big Milk P.D.

The officers HIGH FIVE.

GRUMBLES

We can now identify the P.P.P. as a male guinea pig around 2.3lbs, but let's not get too comfortable. The PPP's getting bolder. Yesterday he peed straight into a drinking fountain. Stay vigilant. He's always hydrated, and he was never litter-box trained.

(switching gears)

Second order of business. We have a new detective starting today. I'd like everyone to welcome my son, Junior Grumbles. Let's give Junior a little round of applause, huh?

The officers CLAP halfheartedly. Junior stands nervously.

JUNIOR

Hi everyone, I just want to say it is an honor to be working with such a dedicated task force. Together, we can take the P out of the P.P.P.

The officers SNICKER at Junior.

THE GOOSE

You can't take the P out of P.P.P. That's just EE-EE-EE.

GRUMBLES

It's a nice sentiment Junior, but Garrison --

THE GOOSE

The Goose.

GRUMBLES

-- is right. No one can take the piss out of the Public Park Pisser. Take a seat.

Junior sits back down.

GRUMBLES

Junior will be shadowing Detective Catsy until he gets his sea legs.

The Goose SCOFFS.

THE GOOSE

The Goose wishes you luck.

MONROE

Catsy's kind of a lone wolf.

ARMSTRONG

Be strong, little minnow.

The door swings open. Catsy walks in.

CATSY

Alright, the party can start now.

The officers exchange pained looks. Catsy wanders over to the box of donuts.

CATSY

Where are my milk donuts? Did The Goose reset Brick again?

She pulls out a sprinkled donut.

CATSY
 Why's no one talking? Cat got your
 tongue?

Catsy LAUGHS at her own joke. She takes a bite of her donut.

CATSY
 Uchk, Sprinkles.

OFF MORE STARES --

CATSY
 What the gazelle? Who died?

The Goose stands.

THE GOOSE
 Detective Agatha Catsy, my
 sincerest condolences. The Goose
 presents... your new apprentice,
 Junior Grumbles.

He presents Junior with a flourish. Catsy puts her half-eaten
 donut back. She glares at Grumbles as she walks out.

INT. GRUMBLES'S OFFICE - SOON AFTER

Catsy paces around Grumbles's office. Grumbles CHOMPS on a
 squeaky toy that's shaped like a cigar.

GRUMBLES
 I introduced you yesterday.

CATSY
 How was I supposed to know that
 you'd assign your son to shadow me?
 This is nepotism.

GRUMBLES
 This is law enforcement.

CATSY
 What if I refuse to train him?

GRUMBLES
 We both know that refusing my
 orders violates your parole deal
 with Secretary Hamilton.

CATSY
 Why am I doing detective work for
 parole anyway? There are lots of
 other things I could do.

(MORE)

CATSY (CONT'D)

Like take in a family of starving bunnies. No, they'd double in size everyday... How about a cat & rat diplomacy program?

GRUMBLES

Catsy, I know we have our differences, but you're the best beaver dam detective I've ever worked with. I want my son to learn from you.

CATSY

Really? You'd want him learning from a criminal?

GRUMBLES

You're a reformed criminal. Give yourself some credit.

Catsy looks Grumbles in the eye. She half-smiles.

EXT. GRUMBLES'S OFFICE - JUST AFTER

Junior paces outside his father's office. When he hears the knob turn, he races for a seat.

Catsy walks out. He stands to salute her.

CATSY

Alright, follow me, but not too close.

Junior lights up. He follows Catsy A LITTLE TOO CLOSE. She walks faster to gain some distance.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Brick mans the reception desk. He reads a printed manuscript of The Goose's erotic novel "The Goose and 3 Hot Blondes Who Need Help."

The phone RINGS. Brick grabs it eagerly.

BRICK

(into phone)

Big Milk P.D. What's the skim? Uh huh. Slow down. I can only compute so fast. Yes. I see. On the corner of Tinkle Street and Leak Avenue? And your name is? Taika Wizz?

(Realizing)

I'm sorry, could you give me directions? I'm not quite sure where Tinkle Street is.

The Goose wanders by with a BIG GULP SLUSHEE. Brick waves him down.

THE GOOSE

You short circuiting or something?

BRICK

(whispering)

The "PPP" is on the line.

THE GOOSE

Gotta take a whizz? Sorry I deleted your route to the bathroom. Needed room for opinions on my epilogue.

As Brick and The Goose bicker, MISS MARGO SPADE (an elegant Komodo dragon) enters the police station. Sunglasses disguise her perfectly symmetrical face.

BRICK

No.

(into phone)

I'm sorry, is that close to the public park and Piss Ave?

Brick scribbles "PPP" in big, bold letters across a manuscript page. He holds it up to The Goose.

THE GOOSE
Hey, you're defacing the Goose's
manuscript.

BRICK
(yelling)
I'm talking to the Public Park
Pisser!

THE GOOSE
What'd you call The Goose?

The other line GOES DEAD.

BRICK
Oh geez, he hung up.

Miss Spade CLEARS her throat. Brick and The Goose finally
notice her.

THE GOOSE
Brick, why are you ignoring the
lady? Our apologies. You know how
intern bots can get.

MISS SPADE
No matter that.

She removes her sunglasses.

THE GOOSE
Oh, Madame Spade, enchanté.

The Goose bows with a grand flourish.

MISS SPADE
I'd like to speak with Chief
Grumbles with the utmost haste.

THE GOOSE
Brick, sign Miss Margo Spade in as
the Goose's guest.
(then)
And maybe if the lady's feeling it,
she could be The Goose's guest at
dinner tonight?

MISS SPADE
(very polite)
That sounds perfectly awful.

She walks into the precinct.

THE GOOSE
(to Brick)
The Goose is so resetting you.

Brick's eyes light up with fright.

INT. GRUMBLES'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Spade pulls a squeaky hamburger from her handbag.

MISS SPADE
My dear Grumbles, I brought you a
new toy.

GRUMBLES
You're too kind.

He CHEWS on the hamburger.

GRUMBLES
(between bites)
To what do I owe this pleasure,
Miss Spade?

MISS SPADE
It's not exactly a pleasure. My
jewelry store has been broken into.

Grumbles stops mid-chomp. The toy lets out a long
SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAK.

GRUMBLES
My Dog.

MISS SPADE
I was shocked myself. I think they
were after my crown jewel, the Mona
Lapis Diamond Ring.

GRUMBLES
That's a big ticket item.

MISS SPADE
It is. That's why I've come to you.
The detective I saw on the news is
making quite a name for herself:
Detective Agatha Catsby. She works
here, does she not?

GRUMBLES
I'm not sure this is the best case
for Catsby.

MISS SPADE

How so? I know she looks like Elizabeth Tabby, but surely she isn't a jewel thief herself.

Grumbles shifts awkwardly.

GRUMBLES

Of course not. I'll send her your way.

Miss Spade smiles.

INT. CATSY'S CATILLAC - DAY

Catsy drives Junior downtown in silence. He sits in her back seat. A JAZZ TUNE plays over the radio.

JUNIOR

So how'd you get into detective work?

Catsy turns the music up.

JUNIOR

(louder)
Hey did you hear me?

Catsy turns the music up louder. Junior turns it off.

JUNIOR

Please Detective Catsy. My dad says you're the best detective he's ever met. I've wanted to work with you since I was in high school.

CATSY

So, yesterday?

JUNIOR

I'm 24.

CATSY

Huh, you look like you went to prom last week.

JUNIOR

That was with my cousin. She didn't have a date.

CATSY

Gross. We're here.

They pull up outside "Spade & Family." It's one of Margo Spade's extravagant uptown jewelry stores.

INT. SPADE & FAMILY SHOWROOM - DAY

Junior and Catsby enter a lavishly embellished diamond showroom. Junior spots an expensive necklace.

JUNIOR

Woah, how much do you think something like this costs?

CATSY

12 million dollars.

MISS SPADE (O.S.)

You have quite an eye.

They turn to face Miss Spade.

CATSY

Megan Robin wore it at the Birdie premiere.

MISS SPADE

Good memory.

Catsy and Spade size each other up. Not sure how to break the ice, Junior reaches for a handshake.

JUNIOR

Nice to meet you, Miss Spade. This is Detective Agatha Catsby, and I'm Detective in training Junior Grumbles at your service, ma'am.

MISS SPADE

(chuckling)

Oh no, do not call me ma'am. I feel like my mother. Come with me, I have something to show you.

She leads Catsby and Junior to an empty diamond case.

MISS SPADE

This is where we normally keep the Mona Lapis, but Sunday night, when the break-in occurred, I decided to wear it out on a whim. The thief emptied out the rest of the case, and only left behind this...

In the middle of the case, there is a silk ring pillow. Sitting, neatly placed in the middle of the pillow, is a single black feather - identical to the one in Catsby's bathroom.

Catsy's heart beats faster. Her breathing grows shallow. She runs out.

EXT. SPADE & FAMILY - CONTINUOUS

Junior follows Catsby outside. She clutches her chest against a display window.

JUNIOR
Detective Catsby, is something wrong?

CATSY
I'm fine. I'm just in heat.

JUNIOR
You really are strong. I couldn't work during that time of the month.

CATSY
Stop glorifying me. You shouldn't respect me. I don't respect you. If your dad wasn't a police chief, you would be on traffic duty right now.

JUNIOR
I would be honored. Traffic cops keep our city running smoothly.

Catsy grabs her chest harder.

CATSY
Holy Gazelle, you're making it worse.

JUNIOR
You're just stressed. Let's get some milk and wind down. It's buzzy hour at Honeybees.

CATSY
What?

She checks her watch.

CATSY
I have to go.

Catsy rushes to her car.

JUNIOR

Wait, where are you going? You're my ride.

CATSY

Call your dad. He'll pick you up.

Catsy drives off. Junior notices an electric scooter station beside him. He grabs one and follows Catsy.

EXT. BIG MILK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - EVENING

Catsy parks outside Big Milk Correctional Facility. It's a tall lean skyscraper that from the ground, could pass as any standard municipal building. The rooftop's barbed wire courtyard is the only thing that gives its identity away.

Junior rolls up on his electric scooter. He hides behind a tree as Catsy speed walks inside.

JUNIOR

(sotto)

What are you doing, Catsy?

INT. POLICE STATION. BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Catsy gets coffee with Monroe and Armstrong in the station's break room. She eats from a tray of homemade coffee biscuits.

CATSY

I would rather get declawed than spend another day with that kid.

(to Armstrong)

Excellent biscuits.

ARMSTRONG

Oh good, I substituted wheat flour.

MONROE

Maybe you should give the kid a shot?

CATSY

I work alone. My work wife should know that.

MONROE

I'm just saying, you might be stuck with the kid. You should probably try to tolerate him.

CATSY
That's it. I'm divorcing you.

MONROE
I'll never sign the papers.

ARMSTRONG
Is the case going well, Catsby?

CATSY
I've got a lead. I'm doing a stakeout at Margo Spade's apartment tonight. She's been keeping the ring there.

Junior walks in.

JUNIORS
Woah, we're doing a stakeout?

CATSY
I'm doing a stakeout alone.

JUNIOR
But I'm shadowing you. Shadows follow.

CATSY
Well, today Peter's losing his shadow.

Catsy walks out. Junior looks at Monroe and Armstrong. They shrug apathetically.

ARMSTRONG
Homemade coffee biscuit?

Armstrong passes Junior the tray.

INT. GRUMBLES'S OFFICE - LUNCH

Junior paces around his dad's office while Grumbles chews on his squeaky cigar.

JUNIOR
Detective Catsby's been acting really strange. Yesterday I saw her at the Big Milk Correctional facility. I think she was visiting Elizabeth Tabby.

GRUMBLES

What Catsy does on her own time is her business. Here, chew on something. It'll clear your mind.

Grumbles slides open a drawer of chew toys. He tosses one at Junior. Junior squeezes it like a stress ball.

JUNIOR

This is really bothering me. Catsy's doing a stakeout tonight too, and she won't let me come.

GRUMBLES

I remember my first steak out. My father took me to his favorite steakhouse. He showed me how to order the perfect cut. Medium rare with just enough blood to make a sauce.

JUNIOR

So you'll talk to Catsy?

GRUMBLES

Oh Dog no. If Catsy doesn't want you at her thing, she's got a reason.

JUNIOR

I can handle it. I'm not a little kid anymore, Dad.

GRUMBLES

I'm not your dad in here. I'm your chief, and I said no.

JUNIOR

I don't get it. You said you want me to learn everything I can from Catsy.

GRUMBLES

You'll just have to sit this one out. How 'bout we do something together instead? Maybe I could take you to Fernando's. We can finally have our first steak out.

JUNIOR

Yeah, I'll be there.

GRUMBLES

(overjoyed)

Oh my Dog. I've been waiting for
this day since you were born.

Grumbles picks up the phone.

GRUMBLES

(into phone)

Get Fernando on the line. My boy's
getting his cherry sliced with Al
Sauce.

Junior walks out with a scowl.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FERNANDO'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Grumbles wears a tuxedo in a fancy restaurant. He's at a table for two, but the other chair's empty. WALTER THE WAITER approaches.

WALTER THE WAITER

Good evening, Chief. Can I get anything started for you?

GRUMBLES

Give me two of the usual, Walter.

WALTER THE WAITER

Oh, big appetite tonight?

GRUMBLES

My boy's having his very first steak tonight. He'll be here any minute.

WALTER THE WAITER

Ah, a traditional steak out. The time-honored custom of a father taking his son out for his first steak. This is a big moment. I'll let the chef know.

Walter walks away. Grumbles smiles as he waits.

INT./EXT. MARGO SPADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Junior knocks on the door of Spade's expensive penthouse apartment. He wears a poor paperboy disguise and carries some dry cleaning.

Miss Spade opens the door.

MISS SPADE

Yes?

JUNIOR

Your dry cleaning ma'am?

MISS SPADE

Ah, set it on the couch.

Miss Spade rushes into another room while Junior sets the dry cleaning down.

Junior opens and shuts the front door loudly. He quietly searches the room for a place to hide. His eyes land on a large armoire. He crawls inside.

The doorbell RINGS. Junior watches Miss Spade rush to the door through a crack in the armoire. She opens the door to Catsby.

MISS SPADE
Detective Catsby. A pleasure.

CATSY
(quick)
Yeah, you too. Where's the best place to hide?

MISS SPADE
Behind the couch perhaps?

Catsy crouches behind a couch.

Miss Spade opens the curtains to a tall, long window that covers her entire living room wall. The apartment has a dazzling view of downtown Big Milk.

MISS SPADE
Should I turn off the lights as though I'm not home?

CATSY
Stop talking. They'll know someone else is here.

MISS SPADE
Right.

Miss Spade leaves Catsby and Junior alone in the apartment.

INT. MARGO SPADE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Time passes. Junior dozes off. Catsby lies in wait.

SUDDENLY, the BLACK RAVEN from Catsby's dream CRASHES through the window. But this isn't Catsby's dream. This is real.

The crash wakes Junior up. He almost falls out of the armoire, but he catches himself.

The Mona Lapis Diamond Ring sits in plain sight on a coffee table. The Raven saunters over to the ring. She delicately picks it up as she scans the room.

THE RAVEN

Here, kitty kitty kitty.

Catsy rises to meet the Raven face to face.

CATSY

You were luring me here?

THE RAVEN

Some call it luring. Some call it enticing.

CATSY

Just tell me what you want.

THE RAVEN

I had to see the great Detective Agatha Catsy for myself. That was quite a show you put on at the Milk and Honey Festival. When were you going to tell me about your new job?

CATSY

Cat's out of the bag I guess.

THE RAVEN

I've missed your wit, Lizzie.

CATSY

Don't call me Lizzie. I'm Catsy now.

THE RAVEN

You'll always be Lizzie to me.

The Raven caresses Catsy's cheek. Catsy pulls away.

CATSY

You didn't miss me. You want something.

THE RAVEN

Fine, since you are so insistent on discussing work, I'm brokering a deal for Pearl Utter, and I could use someone with connections to Big Milk P.D. on my team.

CATSY

You're working for the mayor?

THE RAVEN

That's classified. Unless you're in?

CATSY

No, I don't want anything to do with you.

THE RAVEN

Lizzie, don't be hurtful.

CATSY

You think I'm hurtful? You're a leech. You sucked everything good out of my life.

THE RAVEN

You had nothing before you met me.

CATSY

I may have been living in my car, but I had Jo and Constance. You took them away from me.

THE RAVEN

I didn't do anything. You did. If it weren't for you, Jo wouldn't be locked away, and Constance wouldn't be... well, you know.

CATSY

That's not true.

THE RAVEN

Oh, but it is. You could have chosen any way off the streets you wanted, but you chose me. And you dragged those poor little kids into your life of crime.

Tears well up in Catsy's eyes.

THE RAVEN

Was that too much? I'm sorry, Lizzie. Come here.

The Raven tries to pull Catsy close, but Catsy pulls out a gun instead.

CATSY

Don't touch me.

THE RAVEN

Oh Lizzie, you won't shoot me.
You're still in love with me.

CATSY

I never loved you.

THE RAVEN

Then do it.

The Raven puts her hand on Catsby's gun. She directs it towards her own heart.

THE RAVEN

Shoot me right here.

CATSY

I want to kill you. I dream about burying you in a grave, 3 feet under, shallow enough so the rabid wolves can still smell you, just like you did to Constance.

THE RAVEN

We know that's not what you dream about, Lizzie.

CATSY

Stop calling me Lizzie.

Catsy pulls her trigger back slowly, but it's too much. She shoots at the ceiling instead. Catsby falls to the ground. The Raven reaches for her.

THE RAVEN

Elizabeth.

Junior topples out of the armoire.

THE RAVEN

(pulling back)

I should have known you'd bring a child. Looks like you found someone else's life to ruin... Lizzie.

The Raven swoops out.

JUNIOR

She's getting away with the ring!

Catsy pulls a pillow off the couch. She SOBS into it.

JUNIOR

Hey, it's okay. I'll talk to my dad. He'll understand.

He approaches Catsy.

CATSY

Why are you here? I told you not to come.

JUNIOR

I didn't understand why.

CATSY

I wanted to protect you.

JUNIOR

From what?

CATSY

That was The Raven. She's the most ruthless criminal in this city. She will eat you alive and leave nothing in your place. Just a hollow shell of nothing that no one can break through.

JUNIOR

Why did she call you Elizabeth?

Catsy looks up at Junior. His eyes widen.

JUNIOR

You're Elizabeth Tabby.

CATSY

Don't say anything. Just leave me alone.

Junior joins Catsy on the ground.

JUNIOR

I'm not going to leave you. I don't know who Jo and Constance were, but you loved them so much. When you love that strongly, you want to be loved back.

CATSY

That's pretty deep.

JUNIOR

I took a psychodynamic therapy course in college.

CATSY
So, yesterday?

Catsy and Junior LAUGH together weakly.

CATSY
After my parents died, I lived in a terrible foster home with Jo and Constance. They were these happy, joyful kids. Always laughing. I wanted to save them, but I made everything worse. Constance is... gone, and Jo is serving 17 years at the Big Milk Correctional Facility.

JUNIOR
That's who you were visiting yesterday.

CATSY
You followed me?

Junior looks at Catsy sheepishly.

CATSY
You're a better detective than I thought.

JUNIOR
Thank you.

They share a quiet moment of understanding.

JUNIOR
What do you think the Mayor's doing with The Raven?

CATSY
(under her breath)
Milk.

JUNIOR
I don't think they're drinking buddies.

CATSY
No, the rat who tried to bomb Mayor Utter said to beware the milk. Maybe he was on to something.

Junior helps Catsy up.

JUNIOR
Sounds like a case for Detective
Agatha Catsby.

CATSY
And... you.

JUNIOR
(overexcited golden
retriever energy)
Really? Oh my Dog. You won't regret
this. Can we find a booth to take
commemorative photos?

CATSY
Settle down, boy.

Junior and Catsby half-laugh as they leave.

EXT. MARGO SPADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The street is filled with police cars and flashing lights.
Monroe, Armstrong, and The Goose are gathered upfront.

ARMSTRONG
Hold on tight, baby river otter.

THE GOOSE
The Goose wants to place a bet. 5
bucks says she comes out with a
drug lord's head on her shoulder.

Catsy and Junior exit the building together. Monroe runs to
hug Catsby.

MONROE
Where's the bad guy's head?

CATSY
Oh I never carry them out.

Chief Grumbles runs to Junior carrying takeout.

GRUMBLES
What happened, son? Were you
kidnapped?

JUNIOR
No.

Junior and Catsby exchange a glance.

JUNIOR

I followed Catsy to her stake out even though she knew I wasn't ready. She was right. I shot for the burglar and missed. They got away with the ring.

GRUMBLES

Your steak got cold. I raised you better.

JUNIOR

I know. I'm sorry, Dad.

GRUMBLES

Don't say sorry to me. Say sorry to the cow who gave her life for this immaculately seared Wagyu. Her name was Mary.

Grumbles climbs back into his car with the takeout. He drives away. Catsy nods Junior towards her car.

INT. CATSY'S CATILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Catsy turns on her radio. It's the same SOUL SONG that Catsy sang with her parents in her dream.

JUNIOR

Oh, I love this song.

CATSY

Really?

JUNIOR

Let's turn it up.

Turning up the radio, he SINGS off-rhythm. Catsy shakes her head. He's so bad, but she joins him anyway. They SING as they drive into the streets of Big Milk.

The music continues as the Catillac disappears among the skyscrapers and night life of Big Milk...

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Brick walks towards a donut stand in a park.

BRICK

Monroe likes banana nut donuts.
Armstrong likes ceviche donuts. The
Goose likes Boston Creme donuts.
See? You got this, Brick. You don't
need a list.

A GUINEA PIG walks past Brick, but we don't see its face.

GUINEA PIG (O.S.)

Hey, sa-WHEET nuts and bolts.

BRICK

Oh, uhm, thanks.

GUINEA PIG (O.S.)

Almost as good as these nuts...

A stream of urine FLOWS O.S.

BRICK

It's the public park pisser!
(running)
Stop! You're under arrest by the
Big Milk P.D. intern!

Brick slips on the PPP's puddle of pee. He hits his head.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Resetting.

Brick sits up.

BRICK

Where was I going?

He spots the donut stand.

BRICK

Oh, donuts. I wonder what everyone
would like.

He happily trots to the stand.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW