

**SHE
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Written by

James F. Robinson

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Registered with the WGAw, #2161112

JFRobinson@mac.com

Tel. 213 308 0550

SHE MONSTER

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - EARLY MORNING

A MAINTENANCE GUY attaches a thick HOSE to a WATER SPIGOT on a wall.

THE NOZZLE - a STRONG JET OF WATER shoots out.

SCATTERING TRASH - as the water sweeps the trash towards a wall. We follows the tumbling trash until in runs into a LARGE GOOEY, HAIRY MOUND.

The Guy looks at the mound - it's a glistening, PUKEY-PILE OF GREY HAIR, about six feet around and knee-high. From the look on the Maintenance Guy's face, it SMELLS FOUL. He sprays it with the water jet.

CLOSE, THE MOUND - As the JET CUTS INTO THE HAIRY goo. It slowly cleaves the mound, opening it up. The Guy is repulsed, but he can't stop himself. He walks closer.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the mound, as it OPENS UP. The water is frothing up the SLIME as it digs down. It starts to reveal something, is it a HUMAN NOSE?

MAINTENANCE GUY

Eaaagh...

The jet washes off the remaining goo and hair. It reveals a SEVERED HUMAN HEAD, that of a YOUNGISH MAN with a HIPSTER BEARD. Actually, the head is not exactly "severed" - more like CHEWED-OFF - there are dangling bits of shoulder and tendons. As the water sprays the last of the hair off, we see that the EYES on the head are FROZEN OPEN IN ABJECT TERROR.

INT. A BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

An ALARM CLOCK is BUZZING... and BUZZING... and BUZZING.

THE FLOOR - a WOMAN'S FOOT, clad in a fluffy slipper. CAMERA moves up her leg to reveal an empty BOX OF CHOCOLATE nearby. The woman is KATE CHANDLER (16), who is deep asleep on the floor. She is wearing mom-panties and a T-shirt and her face is slightly smeared with chocolate.

DANIEL'S VOICE

Mom... It's almost six. Mom!! MOM!!

DANIEL (14) stands at the door, irritated. He has a "Beaudry Swim Team" T-shirt on and swim goggles around his neck.

DANIEL
MOM! YOUR ALARM! It has been
buzzing for like twenty minutes!
It's almost six. Coach said anyone
not in the water by 6:15 has to
swim 20 extra laps. Why are you
sleeping on the floor? Mom! MOM!

KATE
I'M UP! What time is it?!

DANIEL
Almost six! Coach said if we are
not...

KATE
(to herself)
Wow, I feel GREAT. How is THAT
possible?

She regards the empty chocolate box.

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh, DAMN! What happened? I was
saving those...

DANIEL
Mom! FOCUS! It's almost six, Coach
says if we are...

KATE
Okay... Yes. (yelling) ASHLEY, ARE
YOU UP?

INT. ASHLEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Daughter ASHLEY (16) is in her bed. Her pillow is over her
head. She lifts it to yell,

ASHLEY
YES!

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM

KATE
(putting on sweatpants)
I'LL BE BACK TO GET YOU - EAT
SOMETHING. (to Daniel) Are you
ready?

DANIEL
Yes! Jeeze...

EXT. HILLS OF ANGELINO HEIGHTS - MORNING

Kate's elderly SUV is speeding down the hill. Downtown L.A. hunkers massively below. The neighborhood overlooking Downtown is home to many old Victorian mansions in various states of restoration.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PUBLIC POOL (ECHO PARK POOL) - MORNING

Kate pulls up to the pool. Son Daniel

DANIEL

(looking at his phone)
Six eighteen! I KNEW we wouldn't
make it. Three minutes late.
Coach said anyone NOT IN THE WATER
by...

KATE

...Tell him it was MY fault.

DANIEL

"No excuses," he said. "Excuses get
you five MORE laps."

She sighs.

KATE

Daniel, this won't seem so
important later. And, you know,
it's all my fault. Getting upset
when things go wrong doesn't make
anything better.

Silently, he gets out with his bag and SLAMS THE DOOR. She
rolls down the window.

DANIEL

Then why do YOU do it? YOU get
upset all the time.

KATE

Yeah. I'm sorry. Really.

DANIEL

You still have chocolate on your
face.

She looks in the mirror, wipes it off with her finger and
tastes it.

EXT. ANGELINO HEIGHTS STREETS - MORNING

Kate's SUV is hurrying back up the hill. She parks in front of her old house, a massive old pile that needs painting and is wrapped in scaffolding.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - STAIRS - MORNING

Kate is rushing up the stairs, she YELLS.

KATE
ASHLEY - I'm back, we will leave in
10 minutes - are you eating?

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Ashley is looking at her phone, eating CEREAL.

ASHLEY
(yelling back)
I've been waiting on YOU.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM-BATHROOM - MORNING

She rushes in the room and KICKS SOMETHING - an EMPTY BOTTLE goes spinning across the floor.

THE BOTTLE - It's an oddly-shaped antique LIQUOR BOTTLE, with a weird foreign label.

KATE
(remembering last night)
Empty? Oh, god.

She heads to the shower, ripping off her clothes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

We see now that this is a very old house, and it looks like things are falling apart. There are boxes of tiles and repair-related stuff piled here and there.

Ashley is taking her cereal bowl to the sink. She then goes to the DOOR, She scoops a cup into a plastic tub of dry cat food from a shelf and opens the door.

EXT. HOUSE - KITCHEN DOOR - MORNING

Ashley tosses the cup of cat food on what used to be a lawn.
A half-dozen FERAL CATS scramble to get at it.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM-BATHROOM - MORNING

Kate non-stop:

- Scrubbing her face in the shower.
- Using a hairdryer.
- Brushing her teeth.
- Throwing on work clothes.
- Putting on sensible work shoes.

EXT. STREET DOWNTOWN L.A. - MORNING

Kate and Ashley are in the SUV. Ashley is peering at her PHONE.

ASHLEY

They ACTUALLY found this guy's HEAD
in a giant mound of gooey hair in
an alley. Oh my god, that is the
grossest, sickest thing I have ever
seen. Mom, look. A HUMAN HEAD!

She shows the phone to her mom.

KATE

I can't really look at that right
now.

(quickly glances)

Ewww. God! It looks like that
hairball I stepped on in the back
yard. Some cat coughed up a bird
head it couldn't digest.

As Kate thinks about what she saw, something bothers her.

ASHLEY

Gross. Mom, we have to do something
about those cats.

KATE

I had to throw those flip-flops
away.

ASHLEY

Wait, HERE'S a video. Oh. God,
they are poking it with a stick!
Disgusting!

VIDEO ON THE PHONE SCREEN - The severed HIPSTER-HEAD is indeed being POKED with a STICK. Next, the stick is forced up the nostril.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(delighted)

Sick!

EXT. STREET BY HIGH SCHOOL (GRAND ARTS HIGH) - MORNING

Kate's SUV drives by, CAMERA drifts down to the gutter. It reveals some kind of FURRY BLOB there. A STUDENT WITH A BACKPACK wanders over for a look. He bends over to see...

THE FURRY BLOB - It is a DEAD GREY CAT, but just barely a cat. The carcass is greatly distorted and misshapen and you can barely make out a cat's face. The EYES are JET BLACK and OPEN. The mouth is set in a snarl, and one of his FANGS is MISSING.

STUDENT

Ewww...

He takes out his PHONE and takes a PICTURE.

On the street, a STREET-SWEEPER VEHICLE is now headed toward him. He steps back to watch the show, his phone now video recording the event. The Street Sweeper ROLLS OVER THE CARCASS, consuming every bit of the cat, leaving only a wet spot.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

(delighted)

EWEEEEEE!

He looks at the VIDEO REPLAY on his phone.

INT. L.A. CORONER'S AUTOPSY SUITE - DAY

A SHEET is PULLED AWAY revealing the gnawed-off HIPSTER HEAD, on a steel table. The eyes are still wide-open, sightless. We notice the skin is somehow warped and oddly textured. What looks like RANDOM PET HAIRS are stuck to his face.

DR. KIM'S VOICE

The first severed head of the month
always goes to the new guy.

A youngish man in a lab coat sits at the table. He is ROB WILTON, a new L.A. Deputy Coroner. He's appalled. DR. KIM, his boss, holds a computer tablet.

DR. KIM

And it looks like you have a kind of interesting one.

ROB

How many severed heads do you get, uh, normally?

DR. KIM

In L.A. County... Oh, gee. More than you would think, I'm guessing we had one about 3 weeks ago. We usually have a backlog of them around Christmas.

ROB

Where is the rest of him?

DR. KIM

(consulting his tablet)

I dunno.

Dr. Kim looks towards the door. There's a cop-ish guy in a suit, standing there with an irritated look, DETECTIVE WILLIS.

DR. KIM (CONT'D)

Rob, come and meet Detective Willis.

Rob follows Dr. Kim as he walks towards Willis.

DR. KIM (CONT'D)

Dave, this is Dr. Rob Wilton. Rob, this is Detective Willis' case.

Rob extends his hand. Willis doesn't.

WILLIS

Hey, no offense, I don't shake hands with people who work in this building.

ROB

None taken.

WILLIS

You're new, right?

ROB

Yeah.

WILLIS

(to Kim)

Kim, why I gotta get a new guy on something like this? There are already photos out there. You know how things get.

DR. KIM

You know the rules, first severed head of the month goes to the new guy. Rob knows what he's doing.

WILLIS

That's not a rule, its a prank.

(to Rob)

Wilton, don't fuck it up, okay? I've got vacation coming in two weeks.

DR. KIM

(patting Rob on the shoulder)

Welcome to L.A.

INT. SAMURAI PEST CONTROL GARAGE - DAY

It's a big warehouse/garage. There are multiple PEST EXTERMINATOR TRUCKS, painted WHITE with RED LETTERS that say, "SAMURAI PEST CONTROL." On the back of the trucks sits a big plastic SAMURAI MASCOT with a RAISED SWORD, about to smite a cringing GIANT PLASTIC RAT with bulging eyes. WORKERS are loading the trucks with supplies, some drive away. Kate is in a heated discussion with EXTERMINATOR DAN.

KATE

You KNOW we are not using rat poison anymore. How much did you use?

Exterminator Dan shrugs.

KATE (CONT'D)

Dan, listen to me... You killed the rats, AND the customer's CAT, AND the NEIGHBOR'S TWO CATS, and TWO RACCOONS and an UNKNOWN NUMBER OF SQUIRRELS. It looks like Jonestown over there. I got a hysterical voice-mail when I got in today. I gotta go over there and try to fix this mess. That means MONEY.

EXTERMINATOR DAN

They had LOTS of rats. They were eating and crapping on the dining room chairs. Never seen that before. If their cat was doing his job they wouldn't have had rats in the first place. So no loss.

KATE

Dan - Look, we said NO MORE RAT POISON, only snap and glue traps - unless specifically authorized by Mr. Kashiwagi or me. Remember? Jeez Dan, this is a major shit-storm.

EXTERMINATOR DAN

Snap traps is a pain, and the rats outsmart them. I'm here to get the job done.

KATE

Remember all the fuss about the Griffith Park Mountain Lion getting sick from rat poison? I got calls about that for two months. NO RAT POISON - that's our policy now.

EXTERMINATOR DAN

Where is Kashiwagi? I'd rather hear it from him. Poison works.

KATE

Golfing somewhere. Maybe in Hawaii. Don't change the subject.

Her PHONE buzzes with a TEXT. What she reads angers her. She dials,

KATE (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Marcos. What? No... that's NOT acceptable. Those trucks were supposed to be back last night. I am two trucks short! I have guys sitting here! You are going to have to get them here in one hour - how much time does it take to change the oil and rotate tires on two trucks anyway? I could do it myself in that time. ONE HOUR.

During this tirade, MONICA, the Bookkeeper and Kate's friend, appears. She stands studying Kate. Kate HANGS UP.

KATE (CONT'D)

Auuurgh!

MONICA

Definitely a Monday.

KATE

Gotta talk to you.

They walk.

MONICA

Is this about the cat-n-rat
massacre on Occidental?

KATE

No...

MONICA

Pencil Boy?

KATE

Oh god - No, but he was texting me
ALL DAY yesterday! I'm calling the
Police on that little douche.

MONICA

Did he send any more pictures of
his, you know, little pencil thing?

KATE

He wanted me to join him downtown at
some pottery-walk. How many times
do I have to tell him I HATE HIM!?
What is it with these young guys?

MONICA

The don't listen to that if you
still have sex with them.

Monica clinches a bit.

MONICA (CONT'D)

If he sends any more pictures of
his pencil-thing, don't erase them.
I want to see it.

KATE

I want to strangle him!

MONICA

Seriously, DON'T erase them.

Kate motions for Monica to follow her.

INT. POISON ROOM - DAY

Kate drags Monica in the room and closes the door. High shelves are stacked with BIG CONTAINERS of INSECTICIDE, complete with skull & crossbones warning labels.

KATE
(earnestly)
Do I look okay?

MONICA
(shrugs)
Yeah...

KATE
Well, I'm not. I'm NOT okay at all!
I had the weirdest night and
something good... or terrible
happened. I have no idea. But I
feel GREAT, but weird. At the same
time.

MONICA
Okay -- back up.

KATE
You know after the kids go to bed,
I have my little routine: music, a
glass of good red wine and...

MONICA
Chocolate, I know, that dark
chocolate from that little shop.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Kate IN THE KITCHEN, looking for something. She's wearing the same T-shirt, mom-panties and fluffy slippers she woke up in.

KATE (V.O.)
Well, there was no wine...

Kate finds a WINE BOTTLE, with a half-inch left in it. She finishes it all, right from the bottle.

KATE (V.O.)
...At least hardly any. So I go
looking, I mean, four generations
of drinkers in the house, there has
to be booze hidden somewhere.

She gets a TEXT on her phone.

KATE(V.O.)
And then Pencil Boy texts me again
about 2 am.

KATE
Bootycallista.

He sends me this stupid picture of
his stupid face in a stupid heart.
Like he is twelve years old.

The message is a picture of the same HIPSTER FACE found in
the alley, except still connected to his neck.

INT. POISON ROOM - DAY

Monica and Kate.

MONICA
Ehwww. Why don't you block him for
god's sake?

KATE
I DON'T KNOW HOW!

MONICA
Kate! You are such an old lady!
I'll show you!

INT. VARIOUS PARTS OF KATE'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

PHONE SCREEN - A photo of the HIPSTER MAN. She pushes "erase".

KATE'S (V.O.)
I erase everything immediately
anyway. I don't have time for stuff
like this anymore. I need my
routine or I can't sleep.

PANTRY - She's digging through stuff on the shelves, urgently.

KATE (V.O.)
Now, I know my Dad used to hide his
vodka in the pantry...

THE GARDEN SHED - She's searching, using her PHONE as a
flashlight.

KATE (V.O.)
...And Grandpa used to keep his
whiskey in the garden shed. Behind
the hedge clippers.

From the dark, a GREY FERAL CAT is startled. It SHRIEKS and jumps in panic, angering her.

KATE
SHIT!

BASEMENT - Kate going through the basement, REALLY ANGRY now.

KATE (V.O.)
But I never found Great-Grandpa's
stash of home-made booze. My
parents used to talk about it like
it was some magic potion. I looked
in the basement...

ATTIC - There are several generations worth of junk in the attic. She is digging into an OLD TRUNK, by PHONE-LIGHT.

KATE (V.O.)
...and the attic.

INT. POISON ROOM - DAY

Monica's irritated face.

MONICA
Why didn't you just go to the
freakin' store and BUY some wine
for god's sake?

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - FLASHBACK- NIGHT

Kate is angrily coming down the LADDER from the attic with her phone still providing the ONLY LIGHT. She walks into a BEDROOM that is used as storage.

KATE (V.O.)
Because I was dressed for bed, I
already washed my face... and this
was NOT going to beat me! I'm tired
of getting BEAT by EVERYTHING. My
marriage, work, my house... my kids
think I'm a loser... I was NOT
giving up.

A SPARE BEDROOM - Kate stands, furious, looking around.

HER POV - as her PHONE-LIGHT scans the dark room. There is a built-in bookcase, and piles of boxes, chairs & clutter. The light passes a heating grate, then returns to it.

CLOSE - THE GRATE - She is on her knees with a SCREWDRIVER. The last screw comes out and the grate pops off.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE VENT - looking towards Kate. The silhouette of an OLD BOTTLE is REVEALED. She smiles.

KATE
Hellooo Great-Grandpa!

INT. KATE'S BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

She washes decades of dust and grime off the old bottle, the same bottle we saw before with the weird foreign (Cyrillic) lettering. She looks at the label.

KATE (V.O.)
It was was full and sealed and REALLY old. The label was in a weird language I couldn't read. But it looked pretty okay.

MONICA (V.O.)
Don't tell me you were going to DRINK THAT?

KATE (V.O.)
Oh yes.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Her room is lit by one CANDLE. Kate's bedtime ritual is in progress. Her box of fancy chocolate is by her side, and relaxing MUSIC is playing on her phone. She opens a jar of FACE CREAM and rubs it on her face methodically. She opens the bottle and cautiously sniffs at it. So far, so good. She pours a tiny bit in a glass. Slowly, she lifts the glass. She gingerly tastes it. She has no reaction. She sniffs it again. She tastes again. She pours a glassful. Then she takes a CHOCOLATE out of the box reverently. It is dark and shaped like a pyramid, with red on top. She sniffs it. Heaven! She takes a bite.

HER PHONE GETS A TEXT - She grabs it and looks, by her expression we can tell it's another "Pencil Pic". She angrily punches buttons, dropping the chocolate in the process. She TOSSES THE PHONE and SCREAMS SILENTLY in pure, exasperated RAGE.

She grabs the liquor bottle, fills the glass and takes several full gulps. She finds the chocolate piece and tosses it in her mouth.

At THE OPEN WINDOW - a CAT jumps up on the sill. It's the GREY CAT from the shed. The cat looks at Kate, as if it hates her.

KATE
What do YOU want?

INT. POISON ROOM - DAY

Monica is staring at Kate.

MONICA
(beat)
So... what happened?

KATE
(sighs)
I don't REMEMBER. Maybe I KINDA remember some kind of bizarre and vivid dream, but it was a GOOD dream in some strange, horrible way. I was ANGRY. I was flying or something, it felt GREAT. I felt strong and in-control. I was on a MISSION. Then I had the DEEPEST sleep. I have not slept like that in YEARS. Next thing I remember I woke up on the floor, with an empty chocolate box.

INT. BEDROOM FLOOR - FLASHBACK - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE - Kate is dead asleep on the floor as before.

DANIEL (O.C.)
Mom! MOM! MOM!

KATE (V.O.)
...and Danny yelling at me that we were late for swim team.

INT. POISON ROOM - DAY

MONICA
On the floor? Hungover?

KATE

No, NOT hungover, amazingly. It's crazy. I feel GREAT.

MONICA

Wow.

KATE

My parents weren't kidding about the old man's moonshine. Holy shit...

MONICA

I need me some of that.

KATE

And I have not heard from pencil-boy all morning. Maybe the pottery-walk exhausted him.

MONICA

You feel "great?"

KATE

Good enough to deal with Exterminator Dan's Cat Massacre.

MONICA

Kate. Listen. This is BAD BEHAVIOR. I mean, running around the house tearing up things just to get a drink? That's some classic out-of-control hard-core alcoholic shit. You need help.

KATE

But I never have more than one glass of wine and one or maybe two chocolates! I swear.

(eyes Monica, serious)

I gotta get control of SOMETHING, I can't keep letting life "happen" to me, I wanna "happen" to it.

Monica nods.

MONICA

Amen.

INT. DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE - DAY

AN OFFICE GUY with glasses walks to a car parked at the edge of a office garage.

The garage is close to the wall of another OFFICE BUILDING. He BEEPS open the car door. As he approaches, he notices a small puddle of DARK, STICKY LIQUID on the front hood of the car.

HIS FINGER - as he TOUCHES the liquid and lifts it to his nose. What he smells is not good.

THE HOOD - another DROP hits the puddle. He LOOKS UP.

A WATER PIPE - Slightly outside the building is covered with ugly red goo. Another DROP HITS -- Splattering another drop on the CAR HOOD.

The man walks to the edge and LOOKS UP.

HIS POV - Something bulky is jammed between the garage and the office building next door.

HIS FACE - Trying to see what it is - A DROP OF BLOOD SPLATS ON his glasses.

CAMERA FLIES UP from his disgusted face UPWARDS through the tight gap between the garage and the building, twenty feet or so, coming to rest on a MAN'S VERY DEAD HAND, dangling and covered with blood. ONE DROP is on the END OF A FINGER, and as THAT DROP OF BLOOD FALLS OFF, the CAMERA FLIES DOWN along with it -- and as it SPLATTERS ON THE MAN'S GLASSES IN SLOW-MOTION, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE ON OCCIDENTAL - DAY

Kate is walking from her "Samurai Pest Control" Pickup Truck to a modest house. A variety of MOUNDS are spread around the yard, the bigger ones covered with old TOWELS, the smaller ones with PAPER TOWELS. An older woman, the HOMEOWNER, peers out of a window, scowls.

Kate walks to a lump, and lifts a towel to look at the remains.

HOMEOWNER O.C.

Sorry -- there are no more animals
to kill! -- You got them all!

Kate looks at the Homeowner.

HOMEOWNER

I hope you brought your fuckin'
checkbook.

Kate SIGHS.

EXT. THE TOP LEVEL OF THE DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A CRANE is pulling A HEADLESS MALE BODY up from between the buildings. A CABLE is wrapped around one of the headless man's LEGS. He SWINGS at the end of the CABLE, BLOODY ARMS DANGLING - FLUID OOZING from the GASH where his head used to be.

ROB is standing by the CORONER VAN, watching. A POLICE OFFICER is standing next to him. Rob is wearing a hazard suit and gloves.

POLICE OFFICER

That's going to be a mess... I'm not cleaning that up.

The crane roughly FLOPS the TORSO on the concrete.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You got the rest of him?

ROB

Yeah, in the fridge. Looking for an I.D.

Rob and the officer approach the body. It is facedown (well, not exactly "facedown" - since he has no face). Rob checks the back pockets - nothing there. He turns the torso over. More FLUIDS OOZE OUT of the GAPING ESOPHAGUS. Rob digs his hand into a front pocket.

ROB (CONT'D)

This can be awkward...

POLICE OFFICER

Why?

ROB

(casually geeking out)
Sometimes in cases like this, there is a priapism which causes a "post-mortem erection" -- sometimes called "Angel's Lust." It's more common in hanging cases -- happens in one in three... but also can be caused by sudden trauma to the cerebellum or spinal cord -- Oh, THERE is it!

He means the WALLET... he pulls it out, it's rather gooey.

ROM
 (pulling a I.D. out of the
 wallet)
 "Gregory Nederbach." Okay - well,
 identity issue solved.

POLICE OFFICER
 What did he look like?

Rob shows him the I.D. - WE SEE his now-familiar hipster
 face, as originally attached.

ROB
 Hey, here's something...

He bends over the body, SOMETHING IS PROTRUDING from his
 collarbone, something HARD AND MILKY WHITE.

Rob gets his CAMERA out of his bag, and takes several photos.
 He gets a set of PLIERS and grabs the thing in his chest,
 pulls gently... the giant bony thing is slowly extracted.
 Rob looks at it for a moment, it's unmistakably a GIGANTIC
 FANG. JUST THEN, the body makes a SMALL GURGLE from the HOLE
 where the fang was.

CLOSE - THE FANG, glistening with goo.

POLICE OFFICER
 That's unusual.

EXT. THE OCCIDENTAL HOUSE - DAY

THE BED OF THE TRUCK, as a CAT CARCASS is roughly tossed on
 top of a dozen or so DEAD RATS. Most have DRIED BLOOD caked
 around their nostrils.

KATE -- wearing RUBBER GLOVES, is holding a DEAD RACCOON
 which she also TOSSES on top of the pile of corpses. She
 looks at them, frowning - grinding her teeth.

THE FRONT SEAT as she writes out a CHECK. The Homeowner
 approaches. She takes the check from Kate.

KATE
 Very sorry again about your pet.

HOMEOWNER
 (studying the check)
 Ehh, It was a rescue.

INT. L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

CLOSE - Rob, head resting on his hand, LOOKING AT SOMETHING.

CLOSE - The decapitated HIPSTER HEAD is LOOKING BACK.

Dr. Kim ENTERS.

DR. KIM
Any progress?

Rob hands him the GIANT FANG from the table. Kim studies it.

DR. KIM (CONT'D)
A Halloween thing? Movie prop?

ROB
There is real, natural tooth enamel on
the surface. The tartar is protein
common in commercial pet food.

Rob shows him some PRINTOUTS, Cats, fangs and geometric
measurements.

ROB (CONT'D)
The curvature and ratio from the
widest to the narrowest matches the
ratio from fangs of domestic cats.
Normal domestic cats... not tigers
or cougars or bobcats even.

DR. KIM
It's gotta be fake.

ROB
I tested for plastic and
fiberglass. No metal or porcelain.

DR. KIM
Okay, I didn't hear any of that. I
don't want to know anything in case
the press gets wind of this. I have
a Board of Supervisor's meeting in
90 minutes. Did you inform next of
kin?

Rob nods.

DR. KIM (CONT'D)
You're going to need to get those
eyelids closed for the family.
(MORE)

DR. KIM (CONT'D)

The needle-nose pliers are in that drawer over there.

CUT TO:

INT - L.A. MORGUE WAITING AREA - DAY

HEADLESS HIPSTER'S FAMILY is sitting waiting -- they look up. HEADLESS HIPSTER DAD (beaten down), HEADLESS HIPSTER MOM (suburban diva) and HEADLESS HIPSTER SISTER (gothically introverted) watch Rob approach. He is hesitant. This is the very worst part of being a Coroner.

ROB

Mr. and Mrs. Nederbach? I'm Deputy Coroner Rob Wilton. I am very sorry for your loss. I can show you Gregory's body now.

THE SISTER - is that a spark of excitement in her eye?

INT. L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

A body is on a table, covered with a sheet. The family gathers around, they know how this is done because they have seen it on TV. Rob gently pulls down the sheet.

THE BODY - The HEAD is approximately aligned with the body. There is a FOLDED TOWEL covering the gap in the neck. The eyelids are closed, but in an unnatural, slightly mangled way. It's a creepy, freakish display.

HEADLESS HIPSTER MOM

That's my baby Gregory.

HEADLESS HIPSTER DAD

Some motherfucker cut his head off?

ROB

We don't... Investigation is, uh, pending. There will be an official autopsy today.

HEADLESS HIPSTER MOM

Terrorists. My god. Those animals...

HEADLESS HIPSTER DAD

What did HE do to THOSE bastards? Nothing!

HEADLESS HIPSTER SISTER
(reaching for the towel)
Can I see the neck?

Rob stops her.

ROB
It's not best.

She is disappointed.

INT. SAMURAI PEST CONTROL GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The shop is mostly empty. Kate is lowering the garage doors and locking the place up. A BIG LEXUS PULLS UP into an open bay. We notice a "SAMURAI PEST CONTROL" bumper sticker on the back. The window rolls down to reveal an elderly man, MR. KASHIWAGI.

MR. KASHIWAGI
Kate! Kate come here. Please now.

Clenched, she walks over to him.

KATE
Hi Mr. Kashiwagi. It's good you are here, there's some things to discuss.

MR. KASHIWAGI
(looking around)
Okay, okay. Is Dan here?

KATE
He's gone. We had a big problem today which was...

MR. KASHIWAGI
...Okay, okay. (to back seat) Get up now.

A OVERDRESSED YOUNG WOMAN pops up in the back seat, LACY.

LACY
(looking around)
Is this one of your businesses?

MR. KASHIWAGI
Lot's of profit in killing bugs and rats. Believe me.

KATE
...I think Dan, your *brother-in-law*, will be here soon.

LACY
(seeing a truck)
...Look at that cute Samurai Man,
and the scaredy-rat!

She giggles. Kate stands patiently.

KATE
...You *wife's brother*.

MR. KASHIWAGI
I thought of that Samurai! MY IDEA!
And this is my employee.

KATE
I'm Kate - the General Manager.

LACY
I'm Lacy.

KATE
Mr. Kashiwagi, speaking of Dan, I know he is your brother-in-law and everything, but he cost you a lot of money today, he used rat poison at a client's house and there was major collateral damage. I'm worried about our license.

MR. KASHIWAGI
What? That's YOUR FAULT! The manager is supposed to manage employees.

KATE
I do manage them - everyone knows the rat poison is to be used only on extreme infestation in an environment with no pets and only with your or my approval. Dan is lazy.

MR. KASHIWAGI
You are not doing your job.

On Kate's SCOWL,

CUT TO:

INT. SAMURAI PEST CONTROL OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Kashiwagi is twirling a combination lock on a BIG SAFE. Kate is facing away from the safe, but she is talking rapidly,

KATE

Liability insurance was just raised by eleven grand, and if they hear about Dan's pet massacre, it's going to go through the roof.

Kashiwagi is failing at the combination, CURSING under his breath.

MR. KASHIWAGI

Get new insurance!

KATE

There are only a half dozen companies that insure businesses like this, and we are with the cheapest one.

MR. KASHIWAGI

(to the safe)

Open, safe!

KATE

(relentlessly)

This IS a high liability business. Westlake Exterminators closed down last month... You remember our deal to let me buy you out? Did you get the agreement documents? My Lawyer emailed it to you.

He finally gets the SAFE OPEN. Kate turns back towards him. Kashiwagi is grabbing stacks of CASH and putting it into his pocket. She turns back to the wall.

MR. KASHIWAGI

I didn't get it.

He CLOSES THE SAFE DOOR. Kate turns to face him.

KATE

Mr. Kashiwagi. Are you serious about this or not? You would have a long-term revenue stream without the risk, I assume all the risk. It's a good deal for you.

MR. KASHIWAGI
Sure, I'm serious.

KATE
Because I have other opportunities,
and you don't nearly pay me enough
for what I do.

MR. KASHIWAGI
Sure! Relax.

KATE
You'd have to pay TWICE as much to
replace me - Your brother-in-law
Dan makes more than me!

MR. KASHIWAGI
He is my wife's brother!

KATE
HE POISONED PETS AND COST YOU A
FORTUNE TODAY. It's NOT FAIR!

MR. KASHIWAGI
You get so EMOTIONAL! Relax!

Kate takes a breath.

MR. KASHIWAGI (CONT'D)
And you don't have "another
opportunity." I won't fall for
that.

EXT. SAMURAI PEST CONTROL - DUSK

Kate is watching Mr. Kashiwagi drive his Lexus away. Lacy is
now in the front seat. She waves. Kate instinctively waves
back. Then she catches herself... and SIGHS.

EXT. L'ARBRE SEC CHOCOLATE SHOP - EVENING

A small shop in Silverlake. Kate rushes in the store.

INT. L'ARBRE SEC CHOCOLATE SHOP - EVENING

Kate at the sales case which is full of chocolate truffles
and squares.

KATE
You're still open, right?

A youngish CHOCOLATIER is sweeping up.

CHOCOLATIER
Yeah, you made it.

KATE
(scanning the chocolate)
Do you have any more of those
pyramid chocolates?

CHOCOLATIER
Uh, let's see...

He motions towards a pyramid-shaped chocolate.

CHOCOLATIER (CONT'D)
Here they are... milk chocolate.

KATE
(agitated)
No, no - it was DARK chocolate I
got last time. DARK.

CHOCOLATIER
Ummm... That's all we have in the
case.

KATE
I bought a box just a week ago.
Really DARK with a red top.

CHOCOLATIER
Uhhh... Oh, I remember. No more of
those. That was a special
Ethiopian cocoa. There's no more
of it. We are not getting any
more. It didn't sell very well.

KATE
No, it was AMAZING. You have to get
more. I'll buy them all.

CHOCOLATIER
Yeahhh... That probably won't
happen.

He grabs a plastic bag from a shelf with just a little black
powder in it, and shows her.

CHOCOLATIER (CONT'D)
See, this is all we have left.

Kate digs in her purse, produces a small stack of \$20 bills.

KATE
I'LL BUY IT! Look, here. Sixty,
EIGHTY dollars.

Now she's scaring him.

CHOCOLATIER
Yeah, we don't sell the powder, the
owners a stickler for like,
process. He has this organized
archive of all the cocoa he has
ever used. He's Swiss, if you know
what I mean. I have to put this
away tonight.

Kate gets tough.

KATE
Look. You'll sell me just a little
of that, leave enough for *him*. You
take the eighty dollars for your
self, I mean, com'mon, what's your
name?

CHOCOLATIER
Eric.

KATE
Eric - Eighty bucks - it's not
nothing. Eric? ERIC - Please? Help
a girl out...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

She ENTERS, loaded down with GROCERY BAGS.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She is putting GROCERIES away, we notice a large box of WINE.
She puts a sizable stack of FROZEN POT PIES in the freezer.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE - THE BEDSIDE TABLE, Kate triumphantly drops the tiny
BAG OF COCOA powder on the table, she goes to the bathroom to
change clothes.

INT. THE SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

She has jammed herself in the air vent, wearing GOGGLES and tapping on the inside of the vent with a RUBBER Mallet, listening carefully. ASHLEY stands at the doorway, watching her mom. Finally, Kate notices her, looks.

ASHLEY

You are not tearing THAT apart too?

KATE

Oh, uh, of course not honey.

ASHLEY

Because, you started remodeling when Dad left, and most of the house is still torn apart.

A mother-daughter eye-to-eye exchange of unspoken meaning commences. Finally,

KATE

No, I'm, uh, on it...

Ashley exhales.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to do that lease-buyout deal at work, and the foundation work on the house cost so much...

ASHLEY

...because your goal in life is to own an extermination company?

KATE

(focused on HITTING the wall)

Oh, Honey, it's a good steady business, there are always things that, uh, need killing in a city like this.

Ashley SNORTS, then LEAVES, teen drama style...

INT. KATE'S HOUSE -- LIBRARY - NIGHT

The room was once a library, with lots of built-in BOOKCASES. Now it's just a room where STUFF is piled; including BOXES and REMODELING MATERIALS. Kate sits in a VICTORIAN CHAIR, drinking some of her BOX WINE out of a WATER GLASS.

She stares at the bookcases, which has elaborate moulding. After a moment of blank thought, she NOTICES something.

HER POV - She's comparing one corner of the MOLDING, which is elaborately curved, the other, which is a plain RIGHT ANGLE.

Kate gets up with her GLASS OF WINE and RUBBER Mallet. She puts the mallet in her mouth and pulls a CHAIR over to the bookcase and stands on it. She starts TAPPING on the bookcase, listening. Eventually, behind one shelf, she finds a hollow sound - "THUNK". She starts rapidly pushing and pulling shelves and pieces of molding in the vicinity, occasionally whacking the shelves with the mallet. Finally, she TURNS a loose PIECE OF MOLDING. A SPRING RELEASES, a shelf POPS LOSE and Kate lifts it up to reveal a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT.

KATE
Good ol' great grandad...

She pulls out a bottle, a similar WEIRD LIQUOR BOTTLE as the one she found before.

KATE (CONT'D)
...You crafty old bastard!

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate settles into bed like a thirteen year-old settling into a roller coaster. She wears a baggy t-shirt. She has the bag of COCOA on her lap. She pours the mystery LIQUOR into a shot glass.

KATE
(to herself)
To moderation...

She downs the drink, shudders, licks her finger and sticks the tip into the cocoa bag. She ceremonially places the brown-tipped finger in her mouth. She smiles. She lays back. Closes her eyes. She waits. Nothing. She re-arranges the pillows and lays back. Eyes close. Waiting. Waiting. Waiting...

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE - A MICROWAVE. A "PING" and a frozen CHICKEN POT PIE is done. Kate removes it with a towel.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate is back in bed, eating her pot pie and watching TV.

THE TV -- It is the POOL SCENE from "CAT PEOPLE"(1942). Jane Randolph in the darkened pool, treading water. We HEAR the ominous GROWLING of the big cat. She SCREAMS.

Unimpressed, Kate takes the REMOTE and starts to channel-surf.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

It's DARK. CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the twisted bedsheets, past Kate's sleeping face, past the mostly-eaten chicken pot pie on the side table, to the OPEN WINDOW.

THE OPEN WINDOW - AN ORANGE FERAL CAT appears at the window sill, sniffing at the pot pie. She jumps to the side table, and starts nibbling at what is left of the pot pie. As she eats, her tail sways happily moving back and forth, brushing against Kate's face. THEN, suddenly with a JOLT...

Kate jumps, GRABS THE TAIL - THE CAT SCREECHES.

With some kind of other-world dexterity, Kate FLIPS THE CAT AROUND, grabbing it FORCEFULLY by the BACK OF THE NECK.

THE CAT FREAKS - it is HYSTERICAL - CLAWING and HISSING and TWISTING.

KATE'S EYES have TRANSFORMED. She now has ORANGE LIZARD-LIKE EYES IN HER SKULL, with a single UNDULATING VERTICAL SLIT.

She FORCES THE CAT TO LOOK INTO HER EYES.

THE CAT - TWISTING FRANTICALLY. SHE FINALLY LOOKS AT HER.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE THE 101 FREEWAY - VERY LATE NIGHT

PEERING DOWN from a HIGH ANGLE onto the 101 FREEWAY and the Grand Avenue Bridge. The OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE CATHEDRAL is adjacent.

TRAFFIC IS SPARSE - An occasional car drives by.

LOOKING UP - By the Freeway is the GRAND ARTS HIGH SCHOOL that Ashley attends.

A TOWER-LIKE STRUCTURE is topped with a huge STEEL CUBE, and on top of that, perches the ORANGE FERAL CAT, now GIGANTIC. HER BODY IS TWICE THE SIZE OF A SCHOOL BUS. The cat's feet are tucked under her on the box-like structure, which seems too small to support her. The cat watches the scene below with a detached feline malice.

THE CAT'S POV - A lone figure is crossing over the freeway on the Grand Avenue bridge.

THE BRIDGE - It is a HOMELESS WOMAN pushing a SHOPPING CART. Behind her we see the TOWER and the enormous CAT GAZING AT HER.

THE CAT - Her EYES TRACK THE WOMAN - they have the same LIZARD-SLITS and creepy ORANGE COLOR as Kate's eyes earlier.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate is PERCHED ON THE SIDE OF THE BED, staring at the floor - EXACTLY IN THE SAME POSE as the cat on the top of the school. It's as if she is operating the MONSTER-CAT remotely, like a drone. She has a distinctly feline manner.

EXT. ARTS HIGH - GRAND AVE - CONTINUOUS

The GIANT ORANGE CAT seems uninterested in the Woman with the cart, who passes onto the other side of the bridge towards the CATHEDRAL.

The Giant Cat drops silently from its vantage point, scampers across the bridge and leaps effortlessly over the outside wall of the Cathedral.

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL PLAZA - NIGHT

The GIANT ORANGE CAT silently walks through the courtyard. A SECURITY GUARD scrolls on his PHONE as the monster silently walks by him and LEAPS OVER the far wall.

EXT. GRAND PARK - WILL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

The Giant Cat stops to get a drink from the FOUNTAIN across from the MUSIC CENTER. We see CITY HALL behind. A MAN walks nearby. TEXTING, he doesn't see the cat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - 4TH AND SPRING STREETS - NIGHT

The Giant Cat silently walks up 4th street, crouching under the STRING LIGHTS that are hanging above the street. As she comes to the corner, she stops as she hears a NOISE.

WOMAN

I SAID GET AWAY FROM ME!

EXT. MAIN STREET, AT 4TH - NIGHT

A WOMAN IN A NICE COAT is terrified, being harassed by an AGGRESSIVE LOW-LIFE MAN with a prominent lower-lip STUD.

WOMAN IN A NICE COAT

Just leave me alone!

AGGRESSIVE MAN

I was just complementing you baby,
Don't you know what a complement is?

THE GIANT CAT'S HEAD appears around a corner. It SNARLS, SILENTLY. It's DARK CAT EYES FLASH.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate in on the floor, peering around the corner of her bed.

KATE'S ORANGE LIZARD EYES are FLASHING. She snarls.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

AGGRESSIVE MAN

Don't you know what a COMPLEMENT
is, YOU STUPID BITCH?

He GRABS HER ARM. She pulls away.

AGGRESSIVE MAN (CONT'D)

Calm down! You gonna make me do
something I don't wanna!

He GRABS HER PURSE, on a strap around her neck. She twists and turns violently, SCREAMING.

REVERSE - We see the Giant Cat CREEPING UP behind the man. She BARES HER TEETH.

THE WOMAN - Hysterical, finally twists free from the strap, pulling so hard she FALLS DOWN. THE MAN GRASPS AT HER.

AGGRESSIVE MAN (CONT'D)
CALM DOWN BITCH, COME HERE!

THE WOMAN - JUMPS UP - RUNS AWAY.

REVERSE - THE MAN - He decides not to chase her.

AGGRESSIVE MAN (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
BITCH! I KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE! I
want that sweet ass!

He CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF as the Giant Cat creeps closer and CLOSER. Then, in a sing-song voice...

AGGRESSIVE MAN (CONT'D)
(singing toward her)
I waaaaaant -- that sweeeeet
AAAASSSS!

He CHUCKLES AGAIN and LOOKS INSIDE the PURSE. The Giant Cat is a FEW FEET BEHIND HIM. She OPENS HER MOUTH.

The Man DIGS THROUGH THE PURSE. He shoves a WALLET, PHONE and some OTHER VALUABLES into his pockets. He tosses the purse and chuckles again. He turns and...

IS IMMEDIATELY SNATCHED BY THE JAWS OF THE GIANT CAT in a move so blinding quick it seems impossible.

AGGRESSIVE MAN (CONT'D)
WHAT?!

THE CAT - the Man's legs are now protruding from the Giant Cat's Mouth, KICKING WILDLY. The Cat TURNS, and BOLTS.

AGGRESSIVE MAN (CONT'D)
(muffled)
MUTHER-FUCKER!

EXT. STREETS DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

THE GIANT CAT SPRINTS DOWN 4TH STREET - the legs of the man still dangling from her mouth. At SPRING STREET SHE BOLTS STRAIGHT UP the Art Deco TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST BUILDING.

EXT. TOWER - TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST BUILDING - NIGHT

The Giant Cat bounds up the side of the building, scampering up the buttresses to the TOWER AT THE TOP OF THE BUILDING. The Cat looks casually over the city, the Man's feet still dangle from the cat's mouth, kicking only occasionally now.

EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Across Hill Street is a ROOFTOP RESTAURANT, on the same level as the top of the building where the cat is. PATRONS are drinking and talking. No one notices the dark silhouette of the Giant Cat perching on the top of the tower just one hundred or so yards away. Now the Cat DROPS DOWN OUT OF SIGHT.

EXT. ROOFTOP - TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST BUILDING - NIGHT

The Cat LANDS ON THE MAIN ROOF LEVEL. She settles, and SPITS OUT THE MAN. The Cat retreats a few yards, curls up on her haunches and watches her victim. The Man, amazingly, is not dead. His head and upper body is DRENCHED IN CAT-SALIVA and he is BLEEDING from his CHEST. He OPENS HIS EYES under the goo, and with some horror, realizes he is still alive and that the cat is watching him. He opens his mouth but no sound comes out. PINK BUBBLY FOAM starts to trickle from the side of his mouth.

The Cat watches the man as he slowly gains his wits and starts to move. The Cat doesn't seem to care. CRAWLING ON HIS BELLY, the Man GLANCES BACK AT THE CAT who watches him placidly. He stares at the cat, trying to figure out if he can escape. The Giant Cat RESTS HIS HEAD ON HIS PAWS and appears to be about to go to sleep.

The Man slowly and painfully TRIES TO STAND. There is MORE pink bloody milkshake liquid flowing from his mouth. He SPUTTERS and COUGHS.

THE CAT EYES HIM.

The MAN FREEZES.

THE CAT WATCHES.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

KATE is perched on her KITCHEN TABLE, her body is in the EXACT SAME CROUCH as the GIANT CAT Her ORANGE LIZARD EYES stare intensely into nothingness.

EXT. ROOF - TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST BUILDING - NIGHT

THE CAT - Her EYES ARE EXACTLY LIKE KATE'S.

THE MAN - He is STANDING NOW - HIS LEGS WOBBLY.

HIS POV -- He sees a DOOR marked "EXIT" a dozen or so yards away.

THE CAT - STARES BLANKLY.

THE MAN - He TAKES A SHAKY STEP SLOWLY towards the door.

THE CAT - It doesn't move.

THE MAN - Wheezing now, gurgling. More PINK MILKSHAKE. He gathers his courage. Looks at the CAT. Looks at the DOOR. Looks at the Cat again. HE waits, waits, WAITS... THEN HE RUNS.

THE CAT POUNCES - FAST.

THE MAN is just a few steps from the door when A GIANT CAT PAW SLAMS DOWN ON TOP OF HIM.

THE SOUND of ALL THE AIR LEAVING HIS BODY as he hits the rooftop. BLOOD AND CAT SALIVA FLY EVERYWHERE.

THE PAW - CLAWS EXTENDED - THEY PULL THE STRUGGLING MAN BACK TO THE CAT. He tries to SCREAM but what comes out is a pathetic, gurgling WHINE.

THE CAT SNIFFS ITS VICTIM - Her nostrils inches from the Man's battered head.

WHAT IS LEFT OF THE MAN'S SENSES tell him only to get away, he DRAGS HIMSELF TOWARDS THE DOOR. The Cat watches, nonchalantly. The Man is WEeping.

He makes progress. There is a TRAIL OF BLOOD behind him. Is the Cat tired of torturing him?

No, she isn't. The Cat POUNCES AGAIN.

SHE SLAPS THE MAN back and forth with her paws.

The Cat rolls on its back. SHE HOOKS THE MAN WITH HIS CLAWS -- TOSSING AND SLAPPING THE MAN AROUND LIKE A TOY.

The Cat GRABS A LEG OF THE MAN with its mouth, and leaps in the air with an exuberant feline joy. She spits out the man, sniffs at him, then again batters the man with her paws playfully.

EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

WELL-DRESSED PATRONS are drinking and talking. No one notices the dark silhouette of the Giant Cat playing with the carcass of the Man.

EXT. ROOF - TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST BUILDING - NIGHT

The Cat has SETTLED again, staring at the man who lays limp on the rooftop. A small GROAN slips from the Man's mouth. The Cat stands up and wanders away, ignoring the Man. He starts to clean herself, licking her paw, then stroking her face with it.

HE MAN - STIRS SLIGHTLY, tries to OPEN HIS EYES.

He can't see the cat. He attempts to MOVE HIS ARM.

THE CAT IS THROUGH PLAYING - SHE POUNCES. She CHOMPS ON THE MAN'S HEAD and drags him to the corner of the rooftop.

The cat settles down, MANEUVERS THE MAN'S HEAD TO THE BACK OF HER MOUTH, despite the Man's final pathetic attempts at KICKING AND PUNCHING at the Cat's face.

The Cat's face transforms into a look of almost beatific satisfaction. The Man gives a last kick as the Cat applies pressure. There is a SICKENING TEETH-THROUGH-BONE CRUNCH.

The MAN'S LEGS go limp.

EXT. KATE'S BACKYARD - DAWN

A (yet another) FERAL CAT MEOWS at the back door of the kitchen.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Kate is asleep on the Kitchen floor. It would be impossible for her to look more disheveled. The MEOWING WAKES HER.

She rises and goes to the door. She is still wearing her baggy t-shirt. She grabs the CUP on a shelf, dips it into a BAG OF CAT FOOD, opens the door and tosses the it out onto the dirt. The feral cat and several others rush after the food. Kate closes the door without even looking at them. She sees a BODY out of the corner of her eye and SHRIEKS. It is DANIEL, ready to go to swim practice.

DANIEL

You okay?

KATE

(pulling herself together)

Sure! I FEEL GREAT!

She DOES feel great, she has a big smile on her face.

DANIEL
Let's go - we can be early.

INT. KATE'S SUV - L.A. STREETS AND ECHO PARK POOL - DAY

Daniel is looking at his phone.

DANIEL
Did you know a cougar was spotted
at Dodger Stadium?

KATE
The mountain lion from Griffith
Park? He died.

DANIEL
Theres a new one, P-120.

DANIEL'S PHONE - Security video of a full-sized COUGAR
wandering by the ticket window. It wears a bulky RADIO
COLLAR. They cut to a PARK SERVICE GUY holding a bulky
antenna.

PARK SERVICE GUY
(on-screen)
We track P-120 with a state of the
art GPS collar, we know where he is
at all times.

DANIEL
He was pretty close to the house.

KATE
You have other problems. Why do you
have a "C" in History?

DANIEL
Because it is boring and I don't
care.

KATE
That's crazy -- History is like a
user's guide to Human Behavior.

DANIEL
Ugggghhh...

KATE
What are you studying now?

DANIEL
Something called the Cotton Gin.

KATE
The Cotton Gin changed the world!

DANIEL
Oh, please - didn't it pick seeds
out of something?

KATE
It was the internet of the early
1800s - it created new economies,
killed old ones and unfortunately
created mass slavery and the Civil
War. It made the two worst things
to ever happen in America. Not
insignificant.

DANIEL
I'm not growing cotton.

KATE
It lets you see how technology can
change everything and not always
for good.

DANIEL
Jeez Mom...

They arrive at the SWIMMING POOL.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(still looking at his
phone)
Hey, remember that guy's head they
found downtown? He now is the star
of a web series.

THE PHONE - An IMAGE of the DISMEMBERED HIPSTER HEAD is atop
an ANIMATED DANCING TORSO... An ANIMATED PIE slams in to the
face followed by "WaWaWa" CARTOON MUSIC.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Kate's SUV pulls in the driveway - she HONKS. Ashley
appears.

INT. KATE'S SUV - L.A. STREETS - DAY

Kate is driving, Ashley is looking at her PHONE with EARBUDS.

KATE
(looking at the clock)
So early today. Feels great!
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
I slept so WELL last night. I
forgot how GOOD that makes you
feel!

Ashley LAUGHS.

KATE (CONT'D)
What is so funny?

ASHLEY
You know that hipster guy's head
they found in the gross goo? He's
now in this cartoon series...

KATE
(WAVING IT OFF)
...KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!

HER PHONE - it's the same clip, PIE IN FACE - Ashley SNORTS.

EXT. GRAND ARTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Kate's SUV is in the "drop off" line.

ASHLEY
You are coming to the Career Day
thing?

KATE
Of course! Thanks for setting that
up.

ASHLEY
Don't be boring.

KATE
Right -- I'll see you there.

ASHLEY
Room B57.

INT. CLASSROOM - GRAND ARTS HIGH - DAY

Kate is talking to a CLASSROOM OF KIDS. Every seat is filled.
A TEACHER stands in the back. Ashley sits nearby. A SCREEN
looms behind Kate showing an EXTERMINATOR in GOGGLES and
GLOVES with a red tank & hose on his back spraying around a
window. A title says "HUMANE EXTERMINATION."

KATE

...And it's not, well, all about killing things, you know termites, roaches, silverfish, etc. And the Rats...

A TEEN GIRL in a pentagram choker raises her hand.

CHOKER GIRL

I heard when you poison a rat, it vomits its guts out, and there's bloody intestines coming out of its mouth and nose. True or just a rumor?

Kate glances at Ashley, who SMILES.

KATE

Well, actually... funny thing, rats cannot vomit. They just can't do it. So vomiting up "bloody guts" is not a thing. I have to tell you, we generally don't like to poison rats any more -- at my company at least -- and we only do so in very specific circumstances, because of the risk to predator mammals like cats and dogs, and wild animals like coyotes and even exotic predators like mountain lions. Research shows that every Southern California mountain lion that has had samples taken has shown ingestion of some amount of rat poison.

The kids in the class are paying close attention now.

KATE (CONT'D)

Rat poison is what is called a anticoagulant and it works slowly. Usually rodents have to ingest multiple doses, because, well, rats can't vomit, like I said, so they are cautious about what they eat. If a food is strange to them, they only nibble, so they usually have to eat it more than once for it to kill them. And if there are rats with small amounts of anticoagulants in their system and a coyote eats several of these rats, they are going to get a serious dose.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

Then you can have a mountain lion
eat several coyotes and they get
dosed. Not good.

CHOKER GIRL

So -- EXACTLY how DO they die?
Sloooowly?

KATE

(to the teacher)

Uhhh -- is this okay to talk about?

TEACHER

(brightly)

SURE -- the workshop IS called,
"DEATH JOBS" - our most popular
event this year -- Go for it!

KATE

Okay -- so two things happen; the
chemicals keep the blood from
coagulating. You know when you cut
yourself...

CHOKER GIRL

Oh, yeah...

KATE

(regretting the phrase)

...And it stops bleeding after a
short time? The blood is
"coagulating", which means it
thickens and stops the bleeding
automatically. It's a great design
feature. Well, if a rat has a big
enough dose of anticoagulant the
blood will not stop, it keeps
bleeding.

CHOKER GIRL

So you just hope it cuts itself?

KATE

No, and this is kinda gross, the
chemicals also cause tiny blood
vessels to rupture, which create
internal bleeding and eventually it
becomes so severe -- the blood
pooling inside the body -- that it
becomes weak and anemic, because
the blood is not flowing properly.

The class is listening, nodding.

KATE (CONT'D)

The rodent becomes exhausted and eventually it collapses, and dies, relatively peacefully. In theory, that is better than the snap-traps, but the collateral damage to other animals from poison is massive.

Several STUDENTS raise their hands enthusiastically.

KATE (CONT'D)

But sometimes we solve problems, uh, peacefully. Without death.

The SLIDE CHANGES behind her, showing a cute BABY BAT.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's not uncommon that say, a bat is caught inside a house, which causes anxiety for the residents and the Pest Control Technician uses some clever tricks and techniques to coax the bat outside without hurting it. So, the job is really not all about killing things, although it kinda, mostly is.

The Teacher walks towards the front of the class, CLAPPING.

TEACHER

Let's all thank Ms. Chandler for her fascinating talk. It's time for the next speaker.

The KIDS CLAP. Ashley SMILES. Kate is relieved, she walks to the back and sits on a stool next to her daughter.

THE CLASSROOM DOOR - We now see that Rob has been standing at the door. Kate notices him.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Our next speaker is here, Mr Rob Wilton. Mr. Wilton is a Deputy Coroner from the L.A. County Department of Medical Examiner-Coroner. Mr. Wilton...

The Teacher and students clap. Rob walks to the front of the class, takes out a PAPER and reads:

ROB

(stiffly)

The L.A.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

County Department of Medical Examiner-Coroner's mission is the determine the circumstances, manner and cause of all violent, sudden, or unusual deaths occurring within Los Angeles County.

He smiles a bit, feeling accomplished.

ROB (CONT'D)

Any questions?

Almost every HAND in the room SHOOTs UP. He points at one ENTHUSIASTIC BOY.

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY

That severed guys head they found in a pile of goo in that alley? Seriously, WHAT KILLED that dude? It was SICK!

ROB

That case is still under review, I can't comment.

A CHORUS OF MOANS rise from the kids.

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY

I heard the head was cut off with a CHAIN SAW.

ROB

Uh, next question.

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY

(suspicious)

You know!

He pulls out his PHONE and starts to TEXT. Other kids are TAKING PHOTOS of ROB as if he is a celebrity.

CHOKER GIRL

Have you SEEN it?

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY

...The HEAD.

ROB

Uh, I was the reporting coroner on that case... I can't really give any details...

He is drowned out by a WAVE OF EXCITED STUDENT VOICES. Rob looks around, he's trying to find the Teacher, but his EYES LOCK with KATE'S. ASHLEY NOTICES, and notes her Mom noticing. Rob tries to pull himself together. He looks at the paper.

ROB (CONT'D)

Let me tell you about the various volunteer opportunities that are available at the L.A. County Department of Medical Examiner-Coroner.

(the kids moan)

What is a Volunteer? A county volunteer is an individual who: A) Performs a voluntary service in a county department for civic, charitable or humanitarian reasons and without promise or expectation of receipt of compensation for services rendered... B) Offers such voluntary service freely and without...

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - GRAND ARTS HIGH - 30 MINUTES LATER

The Teacher, Kate, Ashley and Rob are talking -- the kids are gone.

TEACHER

You certainly were a HIT with the kids today Mr. Wilton.

ROB

Please, "Rob." Yeah -- not used to that. I hope they don't put any of those photos on the Internet.

ASHLEY

Oh, that would never happen...
(under her breath)
...Hashtag "HeadlessHipsterhead."

KATE

You handled it well.

And KATE TOUCHES HIS ARM as she says so. Ashley NOTICES.

ROB

I don't know, I'm not used to high profile cases, I'm new to the department. I don't know why they sent ME to do this.

ASHLEY

Hey, Mrs. Purcell, you know what would be AMAZING, a field trip where Mr. Wilton could give a tour.

TEACHER

Good idea Ashley...

ROB

I don't know, I guess that could be arranged... Maybe...

ASHLEY

You don't understand... Kids at this school never get excited about anything. Once there was a shooting at the bus stop outside and most kids didn't even look up from their phones.

TEACHER

They were interacting today...

ASHLEY

Of course you will need chaperones, Mom would do it, wouldn't you Mom?

Kate gives her daughter a look. Then she looks at Rob, who is already looking at Kate.

Rob GETS A TEXT -- He looks at it and his EXPRESSION CHANGES.

ROB

Hill and Fourth... That's near here right?

EXT. GRAND ARTS HIGH - DAY

Rob rushes down the BIG STAIRWAY to his official Coroner Truck and takes off. Kate is walking down behind him and watches him leave. Her PHONE DINGS.

HER PHONE - It's a PHOTO from Ashley. A candid shot of ROB LOOKING AT KATE as she is talking to the teacher. He seems slightly SMITTEN. TEXT says: "HE'S CUTE!"

EXT. THE TOP OF THE TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST BUILDING - DAY

Rob walks onto the roof carrying his CORONER BAG. A gaggle of police and medical examiner folk crowd around something on the ground. A PHOTOGRAPHER is TAKING PHOTOS. Dr. KIM looks up and motions to ROB to come over.

The Photographer pulls back to reveal what is left of the AGGRESSIVE MAN'S HEAD. It's a gelatinous, bloody mess, chunks of skull and teeth are here and there, BRAINS, an EYEBALL partially in a SOCKET, and his INTACT CHIN, complete with the lower-lip STUD. KIM hands him a steel tray.

DR. KIM

Let me know when you get him back
to the lab.

Kim is interrupted by a SHOUT...

POLICE OFFICER II

Dr. Kim!

A POLICE OFFICER (II) has found something behind an AIR CONDITIONER UNIT at the far end of the rooftop.

AT THE AIR CONDITIONER - the cop has found a LARGE BLOODY LUMP. Dr. Kim, Rob and the Photographer ARRIVE. The Photographer starts SNAPPING PHOTOS. The lump is what is left of the Aggressive Man's body. His TORSO is COVERED WITH DRIED BLOOD, and his STOMACH HAS BEEN OPENED UP, and chewed-up INTESTINES are spread around.

DR. KIM

Keep this away from the press.

ANGLE - HIGH ON THE GOTHIC TOWER ABOVE - CAMERA DISCOVERS a WITHERED CAT TAIL dangling over the edge. The shot lifts to reveal the misshapen body of the ORANGE CAT -- now back to its ORIGINAL SIZE. Its OPEN EYES are PITCH BLACK. CAMERA RISES HIGHER to reveal the rooftop below, and a CORONERS GURNEY being wheeled towards the corpse.

EXT. KATE'S BACKYARD - KITCHEN DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

As another CUP OF CAT FOOD is flung in the air, landing on the ground. A half dozen FERAL CATS rush towards it to eat. ONE CAT HISSES at another to protect its meal.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Kate puts the cup back on the shelf. She walks back to the kitchen island where Monica is nursing A glass of wine.

MONICA

And I had to drive all the way out to Santa Anita to get Mr. Kashiwagi to sign paychecks this afternoon. He just doesn't care. When are you going to take over? I mean you already HAVE taken over, but all the money goes to him.

KATE

I've been trying to get him into a meeting with his and my lawyers for weeks. The contract is ready to sign.

MONICA

He's never going to sign it -- he's just stringing you along.

KATE

If he does that, I'm gonna KILL HIM. Or at least QUIT. What would he do then?

MONICA

...Make ME do everything. Don't you dare quit, unless you start your own shop and take me along. You know all the clients. They would go with you. Take the best people with you -- everyone hates him.

KATE

I can't. I've run the numbers, it would take a fortune to start from scratch, rigging out new trucks, inventory, insurance -- and leasing a facility. It's insane. I've got every penny in this house.

MONICA

Get a loan.

KATE

With two kids headed for college and all this house debt?

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS charging down the stairs. Ashley bursts into the kitchen, phone in hand. She opens the REFRIGERATOR, looks at her PHONE. She LAUGHS.

ASHLEY

Oh god -- Mom, your new boyfriend is EVERYWHERE.

She shows her the phone. A PHOTO of Rob in class, looking overwhelmed. It reads, "This guy is the Severed Hipster Head Coroner."

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Just hashtag "HeadlessHipsterHead!"

MONICA
New boyfriend?

ASHLEY
Inevitable. He is hot for mom.

KATE
Not true. This is the guy who spoke
at Ashley's school with me.

ASHLEY
A fellow "Death Jobs" panelist.
He's the coroner that handled the
"Headless Hipster!"

INT. AUTOPSY SUITE - NIGHT

Rob has the Aggressive Man's EYEBALL in some FORCEPS and is examining it. He makes some notes on a nearby PAD. Dr. Kim approaches.

DR. KIM
So, What do you know?

Rob sits up straight, puts down the eyeball. He looks at notes.

ROB
The skull was crushed, there are
teeth marks on skull fragments, the
clavicle, scapula, acromion,
sternum, and ribs 5, 7, 8, and 9.
Punctures in chest through to
lungs. He was still alive when the
cranial cavity was violated.

DR. KIM
You say, "TEETH MARKS." But there
are no "teeth" that size - what
made those marks was something that
was made up to LOOK like teeth. Not
even a lion or tiger has teeth that
size. Carlos pulled research for
me.

ROB

Well, the marks match feline tooth *forms* and there are tartar traces from the teeth on the bones, just like the last case. I had it analyzed and it matched the same commercial pet food proteins.

DR. KIM

Is it the same tooth size as the other case?

ROB

No, look...

Rob retrieves the Headless Hipster GIANT FANG from a plastic bag.

ROB (CONT'D)

This was the object we recovered from the first victim.

He picks up a portion of Skull with a HOLE IN IT.

ROB (CONT'D)

And this is the latest victim's skull fragment. This entry point has a similar oval shape...

He slides the tooth into the hole in the skull fragment. The tooth is noticeable smaller. Willis continues to stare, silently.

ROB (CONT'D)

Whatever killed the latest victim was way bigger.

DR. KIM

It could have been some kind of mechanism that WANTED us to think it was a giant cat, and the so-called "tartar" is planted.

ROB

(skeptical)

Well... what about this tooth? It is a real tooth with real enamel and doesn't match any living organism.

DR. KIM

Have you checked sea mammals?

ROB

So maybe an Orca ate a guy's head
in an alley off Hope Street?

DR. KIM

Look Wilton, I have been at this a
long, long time. And the one thing
I know for certain, and believe
with every fiber of my being, is
that Los Angeles County has a more
deeply disturbed and aberrant
populace than any city in the
world. I once had a case where a
woman took 2 years to slowly poison
her husband...

INT. WIFE/MURDERER HOME - SOMEWHERE IN L.A. - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS of a MURDERER-WIFE and her VICTIM HUSBAND
as they INTERACT, she COOKS, the EAT TOGETHER, have SEX, GO
TO WORK.

DR. KIM'S VOICE

...and dosed him in such a
sophisticated, incremental way that
the husband never got really ill,
never went to the doctor because he
felt only slightly tired and weak --
and the toxins built up and were
timed to...

INT. TOKYO HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Victim Husband dead on the floor, a spot of blood at his
nostril, as a SLASH OF LIGHT hits him from an OPENING DOOR.

DR. KIM'S VOICE

...have him die in the middle of
his annual business trip to Asia.
We only pieced it together when...

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

A POLICE TECH is looking through screens on a laptop - an
ONLINE CALENDAR.

DR. KIM'S VOICE

...the police found her toxicology
research on her online calendar,
where she scheduled the doses.

CLOSE -- THE WIFE'S DULL FACE as she is arrested.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - SOMEWHERE IN L.A. - NIGHT

A MURDERER-HUSBAND is behind the controls of a CONSTRUCTION CRANE, he has an odd, twisted SMILE on his face.

DR. KIM'S VOICE

Another guy, in another case -- he planned to CRUSH his ex-wife...

A GIANT, CRUDELY-MADE STEEL FOOT swings at the end of the crane. We HEAR a CAR approaching.

DR. KIM'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...with a 20 foot long replica Godzilla foot he had welded from scrap iron over a 6-month period, and he suspended it on a chain from a crane and dropped it on her as she got out of her car late at night coming home from a bar.

DRIVEWAY - a VICTIM WIFE drunkenly gets out of a CAR and walks towards the HOUSE.

THE GIANT STEEL FOOT HANGING IN THE AIR - A CLICK and it DROPS. A DREADFUL IMPACT SOUND.

FRONT YARD - A FEW WIFE-EXTREMITIES stick out from the edges of the GIANT FOOT... And a growing POOL OF BLOOD.

INT. L.A. CORONER LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Lee finishes his story.

DR. KIM

The police caught him at 4AM trying to drive the crane on public roads back to Chatsworth.

ROB

...Pretty inefficient way to murder someone...

DR. KIM

He couldn't stop laughing when the cops stopped him.

ROB

Jeeze.

DR. KIM

So making some contraption to crush a skull like a "giant cat" and painting some kind of cat food mash on fake teeth would be no problem for these kind of people. Think about it? Which is more likely? One industrious and REALLY fucked-up serial killer? Or a gigantic murderous cat, a species missing from the historical record, never discovered, hiding itself in urban Los Angeles, unseen by millions of inhabitants? And now, suddenly deciding to reveal itself, by walking the streets of L.A., crushing random people's heads?

ROB

Yeah... You make sense. So what are the Police doing?

DR. KIM

Looking for a connection between the two victims, which is the most obvious thing 99% of the time. Whoever is connected to both is likely the killer. We will figure out how he did it after we catch him.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Kate is on the floor LAYING TILE IN A CORNER. She doesn't like her handiwork and takes up several tiles she just laid.

THE REFRIGERATOR - Kate opens the DOOR. The BIG BOX OF WINE is there. She fills a GLASS.

INT. ASHLEY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Ashley is laying on her bed, looking at her phone. Kate appears in the doorway with her glass of wine.

KATE

Hey...

ASHLEY

(looks at her, sees the wine)
You didn't REALLY buy that giant box of wine I saw in the fridge.

KATE

...Guilty.

ASHLEY

Mom. That's what alcoholics drink.

KATE

(tips the glass)

Just this one box...

ASHLEY

You don't have a "problem", right?

KATE

Yes, I do. I have a problem. I have two ungrateful teens that won't help me lay tile in the kitchen.

ASHLEY

Last time I helped you, you complained I was doing it wrong.

Kate silently takes a sip from her wine.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I heard from my teacher, she set up the field trip to the morgue and requested Mr. Hunky-Hunk McCoroner to give us the tour.

KATE

Don't you think he is too young for me?

ASHLEY

Too dorky for you maybe, but all you old people seem the same to me.

INT. DANIEL'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Daniel is playing a VIDEO GAME, sitting on a small inflatable couch. Kate sits down next to him, puts the glass of wine on the floor. She picks up a CONTROLLER.

KATE

Can I play?

Daniel, regards her, sees the glass on the floor and smelling the wine on her breath. He keeps his thoughts to himself.

DANIEL

Sure, let me lose this life...

She watches as he plays. He is so serious. After a moment, she gently lays her head on his shoulder. He doesn't mind.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kate uncovers her HIDING PLACE for Great-Grandpa's MYSTERY BOOZE and the rare COCOA POWDER she bought. She eyes it.

KATE
(singing to herself)
Moderation, moderation...

She re-hides the stash and takes a drink of the WINE.

INT. HALLWAY - L.A. MORGUE - THE NEXT DAY

Rob is talking, nervously, referring to a card.

ROB
L.A. County has about sixty
thousand deaths annually, which
sends about twenty eight decedents
a day to this facility.
(off their confusion)
A "decedent" is a dead person.

We see he is speaking to Ashley's class on the field trip. Ashley is in the front, along with Choker Girl and Enthusiastic Boy.

ROB (CONT'D)
Anyway, every sudden, unattended,
suspicious or accidental death is
investigated by the office of
Medical Examiner/Coroner.

Kate is there too, in the back, standing next to the Teacher.

ROB (CONT'D)
Of the sixty thousand deaths
annually, Uh... a little over one
percent are drug-overdoses, three
percent are homicides, and two
percent are suicides.

He pauses, trying to think.

ROB (CONT'D)
The other 94 percent are, uh, other
kinds of dead people. Heart
disease, cancer, you know... pretty
ordinary stuff.

The kids nod.

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY
(raising hand)
How do you get your job, some
special school or something?

ROB
Well, after High School, and after
an undergraduate degree in forensic
science or something related, and
medical school...

Ashley elbows her mother.

ASHLEY
Ka-ching...

ROB
...then a physician's license of
course, then you get certified in
forensic pathology... THEN you can
look for a job.

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY
Oh...

He is disappointed. Choker Girl raises her hand.

CHOKER GIRL
Can we see that dude's head you
found in a hairball?

TEACHER
Guys, we talked about this!

ROB
All of our cases are confidential,
obviously...

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY
One question only... chewed off or
chainsaw?

TEACHER
Justin!

ENTHUSIASTIC BOY
Just confirm or deny!

ROB
Okay... Moving on. I was able to
arrange us to see an intake room,
and even an autopsy suite.
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

That's unusual, because they are almost always busy.

The kids are excited.

INT. MORGUE EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The kids silently stare at an empty stainless steel table. Kate and the Teacher stand at the back.

ROB

This is a typical examination room. This table is actually a rolling cart, so we can move the decedents around. There is a scale under the floor so the bodies can be weighed.

The kids all look under the cart at the scale mechanism. Some of them are looking a little white.

ROB (CONT'D)

The decedents come in through that door over there, where it comes from a covered garage to provide privacy, in case a body that comes in is a celebrity or something like that. Usually the staff from the transporter or funeral home transfers the decedents to our cart, but people are uh, heavier these days, so we have this "body lifter" to lift the body up and move it. We don't want someone hurting their back.

He gestures to a massive pair of MECHANICAL ARMS with giant curved clamps hovering over the cart.

ROB (CONT'D)

We call it "Jaws."

The kids just stare at it.

ROB (CONT'D)

Okay. So we weigh the decedents, take fingerprints and tag them. If the case calls for an full autopsy, it goes to one of the autopsy suites, over there.

INT. MORGUE COOLER - DAY

Rob leads the group into the Cooler Room, the classic-style refrigerated room with small doors to store bodies.

ROB

This is the cooler. We have room for 120 residents, as well as freezer space for long-termers and the decomposed bodies. There are a lot of those in the summer.

He notices some of the group sniffing and making faces.

ROB (CONT'D)

Yeah, that smell never leaves you...

INT. AUTOPSY SUITE -

It's a room with several steel tables, laptops, scales, sinks, etc. And a huge beige machine against a wall.

ROB

This is our number one autopsy suite - Here we do whatever it takes to find out what killed someone.

CHOKER GIRL

(raising her hand again)

Could you be more specific?

Rob looks at the Teacher. Her eyes say "no."

ROB

No. But I can show you Mr. Rogers.

TEACHER

Mr. Rogers is here?!

CHOKER GIRL

You cut open Mr. Rogers?!

ROB

No, "Mr. Rogers" is what we call our full-body, low-dose radiation scanner.

He gestures towards the large beige machine.

ROB (CONT'D)

This guys saves us a lot of cutting and probing.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

It does a full body scan of a body in just a few minutes. And we can see bullets or foreign objects that might have found their way inside the body through some, uh, well... orifice. It's great for decomposed cases, you don't have to take them out of the body bag, which can suck.

Everyone is looking at the beige monster - it takes up half a wall.

ROB (CONT'D)

This was developed for South African diamond mines. They needed to check their miners after shifts to make sure they didn't try to sneak out diamonds by swallowing them in the mine. It's "low-dose" so it doesn't kill them. Let me tell you, you don't want to be a diamond miner caught with several hundred thousand dollars of uncut diamonds in your large intestines.

Rob looks at the teacher again, he can't exactly read her expression, but it is NOT good.

ROB (CONT'D)

Anyone want to see the drying room where we dry the bloody clothes?

INT. HALLWAY - L.A. MORGUE - DAY

The group is heading towards the parking lot. Kate and Rob are walking together behind the group. Kate is thinking of what to say.

KATE

...That was interesting.

ROB

Thanks. My first tour.

KATE

Uh, Do you want to get something to eat?

ROB

You are hungry after that?

Kate shrugs.

KATE
Do you know Philippe's?

ROB
No.

KATE
We have to fix that.

Kate catches Ashley looking back at her talking to Rob.

INT. PHILIPPE THE ORIGINAL, LINE - DAY

The oldest of old-school L.A. eateries. They stand in line to order a sandwich.

ROB
How did you become an exterminator?

KATE
I'm not a licensed exterminator. I just manage the business. I needed to pay the bills after I got divorced.

ROB
I am divorced too.

KATE
Okay. I could say "good," but that would be tasteless.

ROB
It's part of the reason I moved to Los Angeles.

KATE
From?

ROB
Omaha. "Go Big Red."

KATE
Is that a soft drink?

ROB
No, it's the religion of Nebraska.

The line moves forward. She looks at the counter.

KATE
You have to get the pickled beets, they make them here.

INT. PHILIPPE THE ORIGINAL, TABLE - DAY

Rob and Kate are eating.

ROB

So I guess dead things don't bother you?

KATE

No, I just collected sixteen cadavers yesterday from a yard on Occidental. Over-enthusiastic rat poison usage.

ROB

Ooops.

KATE

You just wash your hands good afterwards.

ROB

I wash my hands around 30 times a day.

KATE

You have to try the mustard. Be careful, it's hot.

He puts some mustard on his sandwich.

ROB

I had a case of rat poison last week. In a human. Dead human.

KATE

Oh...

ROB

Not the way I would choose to go.

They are silent for a moment.

KATE

(teasing)

...I love our little talks...

ROB

Sorry.

KATE

I started it.

ROB
(gesturing with his
sandwich)
On a non-poisoning topic, I love
this place. It's real.

KATE
If you become a regular, you get to
sit in the back room with the model
trains.

ROB
People told me L.A. was going to be
fake.

KATE
That's the Westside... We have too
much 'realness' here Downtown. We
are trying to get rid of some of
it. Maybe Omaha would like some.

ROB
You make a joke out of everything.

KATE
Fancy dates make me nervous.

ROB
This is my first non-Nebraska date.
I have noticed women out here don't
look you in the eye.

KATE
Yeah.

ROB
Or speak to you. Or answer when you
say "hello."

KATE
Oh, I see... "Mr. Entitled..."

He takes her seriously.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. You appear to be non-
evil, which is a very unique male
classification out here. Don't you
realize there is a war going on
between men and women? We need a
signed treaty of non-aggression
before "hellos" are handed out
willy-nilly.

ROB
You're being funny again.

KATE
Not really. Do you want pie?

ROB
Sure.

Rob smiles. Kate looks him in the eye, she smiles too.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - SAMURAI PEST CONTROL - AFTERNOON

Exterminator Dan is at the door.

EXTERMINATOR DAN
You wanted to see me.

KATE
I just wanted to make sure you took
all those carcasses to L. A.
Sanitation. They are in the back of
the pickup.

EXTERMINATOR DAN
I can't - I got Laker tickets.

Kate stares at him, dead eyed. He stares back, blankly.
After a beat, he holds up the two tickets in his hand.

KATE
Those are Mr. Kashiwagi's tickets,
right?

EXTERMINATOR DAN
Yup.

KATE
You know he bribes you, don't you?

EXTERMINATOR DAN
They're two rows off the floor!

KATE
You are really going to make ME do
it after you killed them all?

He shrugs.

KATE (CONT'D)
...and cost us FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS?

EXTERMINATOR DAN
If you call Sanitation, they'll
come and get 'em.

KATE
Yeah, NEXT WEEK! Do you know what
they will smell like then?

EXTERMINATOR DAN
Tip-off's in 20 minutes...

He leaves. Kate sits at her desk, fuming. She picks up the
phone and speed dials. Monica pokes her head in the door.

MONICA
Are you on the phone?

Kate hangs up.

KATE
L. A. Sanitation's voicemail is
full.

MONICA
I'm going you-know-where, you wanna
come?
(seeing her face)
You look like you could use it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. GUN RANGE - DAY

Kate and Monica walk towards the door.

KATE
I never shot a gun before.

INT. DOWNTOWN L.A. GUN RANGE - DAY

Kate and Monica approach the counter. There are guns
everywhere. An ATTENDANT smiles.

MONICA
My girlfriend needs to shoot stuff.

ATTENDANT MAN
Has she shot before?

KATE
No, and I hate guns.

ATTENDANT MAN

There's nothing to be afraid of.
(he puts a pistol on the
counter)

This is a great first handgun for
the ladies, the SIG Sauer P365.
9mm. Small enough for a purse and
can tote up to 15 rounds. She's a
darling.

KATE

I'm, not buying, I'm just trying
target shooting with my friend.

ATTENDANT MAN

You'll love her.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Kate is shooting a few rounds. She closes her eyes when she
pulls the trigger.

MONICA

That's not bad.

She pushes a button and a motor whirs - a target comes
gliding back to them. Kate puts down the gun and takes off
her ear protectors. Monica removes the target.

MONICA (CONT'D)

That's good for your first time.
You got it here, and here and here.
How did it feel?

KATE

Okay I guess, I just slightly
squeeze and it goes off.

Monica takes something from her bag.

MONICA

This is better than a regular
target.

She produces a large printout of a photo - it is of a SMILING
MAN standing by a truck.

KATE

What? Where did you get that?

MONICA

You missed erasing it from your
feed.

KATE

You want me to shoot at my ex-husband?

MONICA

Shoot his balls off, I had to look hard to find a full-body shot.

Monica clips the photo to the target-holder, and pushes the button to send it out into the range.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Have fun.

Kate puts on her hearing protectors and raises the gun. She squints and fires a round. Then again, and again and again and again...

THE PHOTO-TARGET - a pattern of holes where his crotch used to be.

Kate fires again, but the ATTENDANT MAN approaches her and taps her on the shoulder. She puts the gun down and takes off her ear-protectors.

ATTENDANT MAN

I'm sorry, you can't do that.

KATE

Do what?

ATTENDANT MAN

Shoot at people.

KATE

It's a picture.

ATTENDANT MAN

Yeah, It's a rule you have to shoot at targets.

MONICA

It's not a person, it's her ex-husband.

ATTENDANT MAN

Yeah, you can't do it. We have targets for sale.

MONICA

Why not?

ATTENDANT MAN

It's not cool. What if you saw men
here shooting the boobs off women?
It's not a good thing.

MONICA

That's sick.

ATTENDANT MAN

So is shooting men in the dick.
We try to have a family environment
around here. Violence don't solve
anything.

KATE

I see.

The Attendant leaves and Kate pushes the button. The photo
travels back and Kate retrieves it. Her Ex is still smiling,
but he has no crotch.

INT. AUTOPSY SUITE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE WILLIS is staring at the table. There is a sizable
lump under a sheet. Dr. Kim and Rob are next to the table.

WILLIS

Okay, let me have it.

Rob removes the sheet - we don't see what it is, just the
reaction on Detective Willis' face.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Did someone take a sledge hammer to
it? Erh, him?

DR. KIM

Chewed up and spit out.

WILLIS

So now it's a fucking serial killer
- I HATE serial killers.

ROB

I'm not sure you can say it's the
same killer - these teeth were
about 600% bigger than the other
case...

DR. KIM

Yes Detective, it's again, the
appearance... of another giant
animal mouth, uh, cause of death.

WILLIS

Why do I always get the fucking nut jobs? This is a Homicide Special Section thing now you know, a nightmare. Three times the paperwork.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate is in bed, watching TV. She is finishing a POT PIE. She puts the plate on side table, turns off the TV and gets out of bed.

HER DRESSER - Kate reveals her stash of COCOA POWDER and GREAT GRANDAD'S BOTTLE. It's been a stressful day.

THE BED - She takes a finger-full of the dark powder and chases it with a shot of the liquor.

LATER - in the darkness, she looks at the CLOCK: 12:51 AM. She turns over.

STILL LATER - She looks again, 2:34 AM. She gets out of bed and puts on a BATHROBE. She takes a step and KICKS SOMETHING.

THE FLOOR - the Great Granddad bottle has been kicked across the floor. The liquor is POURING OUT EVERYWHERE.

KATE

Oh my god...

She rushes to pick it and accidentally kicks it again. By the time she gets the bottle, most of the contents are all over the floor.

KATE (CONT'D)

Aaargh!

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DOOR - LATE NIGHT

Kate is sitting on the back porch stairs. She has a CUP OF WINE in her hands. She stares at the moon.

A MEOW catches her attention. She sees several FERAL CATS hiding under the bushes, watching her. She gives them a KNOWING LOOK - Things are clicking in her head.

A SOUND IN A SMALL TREE turns her head. The tree is shaking unnaturally, and she eventually sees a BLOB OF FUR clumsily making its way down the trunk. It is a FAT RACCOON. The cats ignore it the way people in a bar ignore a loud drunk. The Raccoon casts a glance at Kate but doesn't seem to care.

It heads towards the fence where the TRASH CANS sit and scampers up the fence, she leaps onto the top of the BLACK TRASH CAN.

KATE

Hey...

The Raccoon sniffs around the edges, and smelling something it wants, goes to the edge of the bin where the hinge is. It grabs the hinge in its tiny hands and HANGS FROM IT, TIPPING THE BALANCE so that the bin FALLS BACKWARDS. The Raccoon deftly jumps out of the way as it falls to the ground, with its top open.

KATE (CONT'D)

So THAT'S why they get in...

The Raccoon scampers inside, and makes a ruckus digging through the trash.

INSIDE THE TRASH BIN - as the Raccoon pigs out on some old pizza crusts. It FREEZES as FOOTSTEPS are heard. A large shadow covers the animal as something appears at the opening. The raccoon drops the pizza - she sees...

KATE, HISSING ANIMAL-LIKE at the Raccoon. Her eyes are jet black with orange lizard-style slits.

The RACCOON JAMS HERSELF INTO THE BACK OF THE BIN IN TERROR. She SNARLS. Kate crawls INTO the trash bin, arching her back. The bin starts to SHAKE VIOLENTLY.

Kate tumbles out. The bin FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN, the open part on the ground. There is an unholy sound coming out of the bin, like a RIPPING and WAILING mixed together. More shaking, and a GIANT RACCOON'S FOOT shoots out, ugly thick black finger-like toes with twisted black pointy fingernails.

More SCREECHING. The FOOT BALLOONS UP IN SIZE and another foot follows, the plastic bin rips apart, like a horrific episiotomy as a GIGANTIC RACCOON is birthed out of the bin.

The growing monster RISES and RISES to an almost impossible height. ONE SINGLE RACCOON FOOT NOW FILLS THE ENTIRE BACKYARD. Kate scampers back into the kitchen and watches through the screen door, through her lizard eyes.

The gigantic Raccoon is now towering over the house, at least three stories tall. Her orange lizard eyes scan the horizon. The battered trash bin sits on her head like a tilted cap. She gives what would be a giant roar if she were not a Raccoon. What comes out is a very loud and very angry Raccoon "trill."

Car alarms throughout the neighborhood start wailing in unison.

THE KITCHEN - Kate is deep into her lizard-eye trance, but seems pleased.

EXT. EAST L.A. - PIGGYBACK RAIL YARDS DOWNTOWN - LATE NIGHT

A large train yard with the freeway running by. It is very late and there is almost no traffic except for Interstate 5. CAMERA singles out a GRAIN HOPPER CAR.

A GIANT PAIR OF WEIRD, HAIRY HANDS WITH BLACK PALMS GRABS THE GRAIN HOPPER CAR.

IT'S THE GIANT RACCOON (of course) and she's still PISSED OFF. She SLAMS THE GRAIN CAR over on it's side with a COLOSSAL BANG. The TOP OPENS and GRAIN SPILLS OUT on the ground. She greedily rushes to it and starts shoveling grain in her mouth with both hands.

The Raccoon chews a big mouthful and swallows. HER NOSE TWITCHES. She raises her head, sniffs and tilts it to the East. Her eye seems to have a GLEAM in it.

CAMERA FLIES THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS THE SCENT SHE HAS PICKED UP... OVER THE TRAINS IN THE YARD... towards the FREEWAY... UNDER THE INTERSTATE FIVE OVERPASS AT MISSION STREET AND TOWARDS THE SIGN in front of a complex that reads "LOS ANGELES COUNTY DEPARTMENT OF MEDICAL EXAMINER".

EXT. CORONER'S COMPLEX - NIGHT

CAMERA COMES TO SETTLE on the unaware face of ROB, and he walks towards his car in the darkened PARKING LOT. HE STOPS, feels his pockets, realizes he forgot something, and turns around to go back to the morgue.

INT. THE MORGUE AUTOPSY SUITE - NIGHT

Rob enters the Morgue, a lone LAB TECH is working on a CADAVER, he looks up at Rob.

ROB
Forgot my phone...

He walks over to a LARGE OBESE CADAVER covered by a sheet on a table. There is his PHONE perched on the apex of the Cadaver's giant belly. He GRABS IT.

ROB (CONT'D)
G'night!

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 AND MISSION ROAD - NIGHT

The GIANT RACCOON is scampering towards the freeway, deftly hopping over train cars as she goes. Ahead of her we see the L.A. Coroner's complex.

EXT. CORONER'S COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Giant Raccoon enters the complex, and approaches Rob's car, sniffing. She hears a door open, Rob is leaving the building. The Raccoon retreats behind the edge of the main building, behind the back of Rob's car. She's so huge, her curved back sticks up above the top of the building.

Rob is walking to his car, looking at his phone.

The Raccoon is watching Rob from the edge of the building, her nose twitching. Now for the first time, we see her facial expression, it faintly resembles Kate's.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She is on the floor on all-fours, peering around the edge of the stove, deep in a trance, lizard eyes glaring. Her nose is twitching just like the Raccoon's.

EXT. CORONER'S COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Rob walks to his car door, as he takes out his key, he notices in his driver's side mirror...

THE MIRROR - The REFLECTED FACE OF THE GIANT RACCOON watching him intently.

ROB freezes, then turns around slowly.

THE BUILDING'S CORNER, the Raccoon is GONE.

WIDE, THE COMPLEX, the Giant Raccoon is now ON THE TOP OF THE BUILDING. Rob doesn't look up, and doesn't see her. He looks around quickly, then gets in the car and drives away.

ROB'S CAR DRIVING - as he looks in the rear-view mirror nervously.

THE ROOFTOP - The Giant Raccoon is watching him leave. Her expression seems sad, then a new thought seems to dawn...

EXT. A HILLSIDE DRIVEWAY, ENCINO - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN on a Lexus, Mr. Kashiwagi's Lexus, parked in a driveway of an expensive home. MUSIC is heard. A Samurai Pest Control bumper sticker is visible.

REVEAL THE GIANT RACCOON CREEPING UP THE DRIVEWAY, crouching low and sniffing.

CLOSE - RACCOON FACE - Orange lizard eyes again, and an unmistakable hint of Kate's scowl.

EXT. KATE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Kate is creeping along in the dirt of the backyard, eyes orange, scowling. She's sniffing.

FERAL CATS - Hiding where they can, watching her in fascination.

INT. HILLSIDE HOME - NIGHT

MUSIC is loud. Mr. Kashiwagi, in a swimsuit and Hawaiian shirt, is pouring himself a scotch. Lacy, in a bikini, has a VR headset and passes by and heads for the back yard. Beyond some glass doors we see a POOL.

LACY

I'm going to play in the pool.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Lacy walks to one end of the pool. There is a gaudy, inflatable POOL FLOAT CHAIR, it looks like a cartoon version of a royal throne. She awkwardly gets in and settles, putting on her VR headset and headphones.

LACY

This will be fun.

Kashiwagi walks out, with his scotch and phone.

MR. KASHIWAGI

Don't get that wet, it's expensive.

With a foot, Lacy pushes off from the side of the pool. She slides the VR cuffs on each wrist and turns the set on. Kashiwagi sits on the other end of the pool, his feet in the water. He takes a sip and looks at his phone.

Lacy starts playing a video-game, she looks left and right, up and down.

LACY
(giggles)
This is so cool!

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

The massive Raccoon is inching up towards the back fence trying to be as inconspicuous as she can. She looks over the fence.

HER POV - She sees Lacy on the float, splashing around waving her arms, moving her head back and forth. The Raccoon sees Kashiwagi as well, his back to her.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

CLOSE, LACY - shrieking happily as she plays.

LACY'S POV - INSIDE THE VIDEO GAME. Giant Monsters are attacking. Lacy is shooting them with lasers. The game sounds are so loud, Lacy can't hear anything else.

Kashiwagi takes another sip of the scotch.

In the background, we see a MASSIVE WALL OF GREY FUR appear. It is so huge we only see grey fur and one giant, black raccoon hand.

LACY - Frantically shooting monsters in her VR game.

KASHIWAGI - In SLOW MOTION - As he takes a drink, the amber scotch glides into his mouth. He swallows.

WIDER - A GIGANTIC RACCOON NOSE IS JUST INCHES FROM THE BACK OF KASHIWAGI'S HEAD.

THE SCOTCH GLASS - in Kashiwagi's hand.

CLOSER - THE GLASS - There in the glass is a REFLECTION OF THE RACCOONS FACE. SHE'S ANGRY.

What happens next is seen only from Kashiwagi's POV and the Raccoon's POV.

KASHIWAGI DROPS THE GLASS.

RACCOON HAND GRABS KASHIWAGI - HE'S UPSIDE DOWN.

UPSIDE DOWN VIEW OF THE RACCOON'S FACE AND TEETH.

KASHIWAGI IS DUNKED IN THE WATER.

POV AS KASHIWAGI IS RAISED TO THE RACCOON'S MOUTH.

KASHIWAGI'S FOOT IS BITTEN OFF AT THE SHIN.

A CRUNCH AND SCREAM.

RACCOON CHEWS AND SWALLOWS.

KASHIWAGI IS DUNKED IN THE WATER AGAIN.

THE DUNKING MAKES WAVES - TOSSING LACY ON HER FLOAT CHAIR.

LACY LAUGHING, SHE THINKS IT IS PART OF THE GAME.

KASHIWAGI'S OTHER FOOT IS BITTEN OFF AT THE SHIN.

BLOOD EVERYWHERE.

LACY IS STILL SHOOTING MONSTERS IN HER GAME.

MONSTER RACCOON GRABS A LEG STUMP IN EACH PAW.

KASHIWAGI LOOKS INTO THE RACCOON'S EYES.

THE RACCOON SPREADS HIS LEGS APART.

THE RACCOON'S TEETH BARED.

THE RACCOON TAKES A MASSIVE BITE OF HIS CROTCH

LACY ON HER FLOAT CHAIR - A FINAL WAVE JOSTLES HER.

THE POOL - KASHIWAGI SINKING, TRAILED BY GALLONS OF BLOOD.

WIDE SHOT - It's quiet now, the RACCOON IS GONE.

LACY - She lifts her headset and looks around...

EXT. CORONER'S PARKING LOT - EARLY THE NEXT DAY

Detective Willis has parked his car, exits and heads for the door.

INT. CORONER'S AUTOPSY SUITE - DAY

Detective Willis enters, he looks grim. A body is covered by a sheet, Rob and Dr. Kim are standing by. Willis sits on a stool.

DR. KIM
Let's start at the beginning.
Victim one.

WILLIS
Cause of death...

DR. KIM
Getting his head ripped off. Or
chewed.

WILLIS
Uh, huh.

DR. KIM
By something big with sharp teeth.

WILLIS
Uh, huh.

DR. KIM
Something that resembled a giant
house cat.

Willis SIGHS.

ROB
We retrieved a cat fang from the
body.

DR. KIM
Alleged *fourteen inch* long house
cat fang.

ROB
With residue from commercial cat
food.

WILLIS
Right.

ROB
And the head spent at least two
hours in a "theoretical" cat's
stomach, causing significant facial
disintegration due to the stomach
acid.

KIM
Then it was puked up in a giant
hairball - where it was found
Downtown.

WILLIS
I know all that.

DR. KIM
Victim Two. Also pissed off a
giant house cat.

ROB
This one 600 percent bigger than
the first one.

WILLIS
So not the same murderer...

DR. KIM
Cause of death, skull crushed like
a peanut. By giant cat molars.

ROB
On the top of a twelve story
building.

DR. KIM
Indentations from a similar, victim-
one cat fang, but much larger.
Same proteins from the tooth on the
first skull. Victim Three, last
night in Encino. This is where it
gets interesting.

WILLIS
It's not interesting already?

DR. KIM
For one thing, this one's head is
intact.

WILLIS
Cause of death?

DR. KIM
Victim was nibbled to death.

WILLIS
Another cat?

ROB
I don't think so.

DR. KIM
The bite marks are complex and
different, but it was something huge.
And precise. And probably a omnivore.

ROB
Meaning not just a meat-eater. The
shape of the teeth-marks...

WILLIS
You are fucking with me. Lemme see.

Rob raises the sheet. Detective Willis takes it in.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
So what do you think happened to
the crotch?

DR. KIM
It's in that bucket over there, it
was spit out in the front garden.
We haven't processed it yet.

WILLIS
"Spit out?"

ROB
Covered in saliva - we are running
DNA on it.

WILLIS
Tell me how this can happen.

DR. KIM
It can't happen.

It really CAN'T happen. The men look at each other, wheels
turning in their heads.

ROB
It's NOT possible. No land mammal
has ever been this big in earth's
history. The woolly mammoth was as
close as we could find but they
last one died about ten thousand
years ago.

DR. KIM
And a woolly mammoth never tore
anyone's head off.

ROB
...at least not with his mouth.

Rob replaces the sheet.

WILLIS
So someone is faking this somehow,
some really sick fuck.

ROB

We need to get the DNA report. The results from victim one and two were confirmed, *Felis Silvestris Catus*, common house cat.

DR. KIM

Back to the first case - if we decide the killer is human - they need to be able to reproduce at least ten liters of an exact match to the gastric acid of a house cat, soak a severed head in it for at least 2 hours, then simulate the puking up of a giant hair ball? And this resourceful homicidal maniac manufactured over seven thousand perfectly precise giant cat hairs that could pass a DNA test and then wrapped the acid drenched head in them. Really?

ROB

And those hairs were also identified as being from a common house cat, but each hair is about *nine inches* long.

DR. KIM

We even compared them to sabertooth cat hair fossils from the Tar Pit Museum, not a match.

ROB

Not even close.

DR. KIM

And now THIS new case - everything is completely different.

Detective Willis lifts up the sheet himself, notices the cadaver's legs.

WILLIS

Where are his fucking feet?

DR. KIM

Not here.

WILLIS

So what am I supposed to do? I have to file a report tonight.

(MORE)

WILLIS (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to say we have giant angry furries eating the citizens of Los Angeles? The Mayor has started asking for a press conference. Which you guys *will be* doing with me.

Kim and Rob react, they probably would prefer to decline.

DR. KIM

These last two victims, you're keeping that quiet, right?

WILLIS

Have you seen the "Hipster Head" cartoon series? It's on Hulu now.

INT. SAMURAI PEST CONTROL - LATER THAT DAY

Detective Willis enters the front door. Monica is at her desk. He pulls out his badge.

WILLIS

Are you Kate Chandler?

MONICA

No. I'll get her.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - SAMURAI PEST CONTROL - DAY

Willis sits in front of Kate's desk. He looks at his phone.

WILLIS

You work for Mr. Kashiwagi?

KATE

Yes, he's my boss.

WILLIS

I'm sorry to inform you that Mr. Kashiwagi is deceased.

KATE

He's dead?

WILLIS

Yes, he passed away last night. He was murdered.

KATE

What! Did the girl do it?

WILLIS
You mean Lacy Schaeffer?

KATE
I just knew her as Lacy.

WILLIS
She found the body, she's not a likely suspect.

KATE
The wife?

WILLIS
We don't know where Mrs. Kashiwagi is, do you?

KATE
She's at a spa in Cabo, I booked it for her. She's supposed to come back Sunday, but sometimes she stays longer.

WILLIS
Does she go there often?

KATE
Fairly often.

WILLIS
Do you have the name of this place?

KATE
Sure. I'll give it to you, it's on my computer.

KATE (CONT'D)
Where did this happen?
(it's sinking in)
Oh my god.

WILLIS
At an AirBNB he rented in Encino.

KATE
Encino?

WILLIS
It's a nice place.

KATE
What the hell. I saw him just a few days ago. How did this happen?

WILLIS

Well, I can't release any details like that until we notify next of kin.

KATE

Was he shot?

WILLIS

No.

KATE

Knife or something?

WILLIS

No.

KATE

Uhhh... Poison?

WILLIS

No.

KATE

Thank god.

Willis looks at his phone, reads.

WILLIS

Do you know Gregory Nederbach? 28? IT guy?

KATE

(she becomes
uncomfortable)

Uh, maybe.

Willis produces Nederbach's driver's license.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh him, yes I know him.

WILLIS

He sent you about 60 texts over the last 10 days. Most of them photo messages.

KATE

I dated him a few times. It was a mistake, I broke it off but he kept contacting me. But I haven't heard from him in a while.

WILLIS

That's probably because he is
deceased. Murdered in the same way
as Mr. Kashiwagi.

KATE

What? Murdered!?

WILLIS

Well, not exactly the same way, the
same general way.

KATE

And you think I had something to do
with it?

WILLIS

You knew both of them, maybe you have
some information that can help.

KATE

I don't know...

WILLIS

Did they know each other?

KATE

I don't think so, I doubt it.

Willis looks again at his phone.

WILLIS

Do you know a man named Maurice Johnson?

KATE

No.

WILLIS

46 years old, about 6'2", sometime
transient, criminal record?

KATE

No. Did he text me too?

WILLIS

Not as far as we know.

KATE

Okay.

He eyes her, pauses.

WILLIS

He is also expired. In a similar way.

Kate stares blankly at Willis. She's trying to put things together.

KATE

Let me get you that information on Mrs. Kashiwagi's hotel...

EXT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Monica is sitting in her CAR by the curb. Kate walks to the car and gets in. Monica drives.

INT. MONICA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

MONICA

Holly shit, what happened in there? You were there for hours and hours.

KATE

They asked a lot of questions, about Kashiwagi, his wife, the girl, the business, Pencil Boy.

MONICA

Are you serious, Pencil Boy's really dead too?

KATE

Yes.

MONICA

Fuck.

KATE

"How did I meet him, where did we go, what did we do..." Horrible. They think him and Kashiwagi are connected somehow.

MONICA

Holy shit. How did they die?

KATE

They won't tell me.

MONICA

Oh my god.

KATE
Not by poison.

MONICA
Thank you Jesus.

KATE
Monica, I can't believe it, and I
have this *weird* feeling.

MONICA
Did you cry?

KATE
No. Did you ever have a feeling
there is something important you
should remember, but can't?

MONICA
Not since Spring Break days in
school. Cheer up. I never knew
anyone that was murdered. You got
two in one day.

Kate looks out the window, thinking.

INT. CORONER'S AUTOPSY SUITE - DAY

Rob is digging inside what can only be described as a
COMPLETELY BURNT CADAVER. He's frustrated and sets his
scalpel down. He looks towards the door.

THE DOOR - Detective Willis is a bit horrified at the roasted
corpse.

ROB
Oh, Detective Willis.

WILLIS
You have the DNA results for victim
three?

Willis is obviously not coming close to the autopsy table.
Rob picks up a folder and approaches Willis.

ROB
(handing Willis the
folder)
Just got it his morning.

WILLIS
Why didn't you email it?

ROB
Dr. Kim wanted me to give it to you
in person.

WILLIS
So?

ROB
Raccoon. Or at least the saliva
samples' DNA matches a raccoon.

WILLIS
(losing it)
A Raccoon? Fuck me! Seriously! I've
got to get off this case. What am I
supposed to do with this? A giant
man-eating Raccoon! Maybe he is in
charge of the man-eating kitty-
cats. Maybe he's the mastermind.

ROB
Wasn't there a witness?

WILLIS
Yes, useless. I need something. You
have any ideas?

FLASHBACK - Rob re-plays the brief view he had of the
Raccoon's reflection in his car mirror.

ROB
No, I got nothing.

WILLIS
Well, there is actually a lead, we
found a woman that knew both Victim
1 and 3.

ROB
Really?

WILLIS
A woman named Kate Chandler. Dated
the first guy, worked for the last
guy. Didn't seem to like either.

ROB
"Kate Chandler?"

WILLIS
Yeah, why?

ROB

I know a Kate Chandler, she works
at an pest control company.

WILLIS

That's her.

ROB

Her daughter goes to the High
School I spoke at - the class came
here for a tour. She dated that
first guy?

WILLIS

Anything weird about her?

ROB

How would I know?

WILLIS

Well, she's kind of hot in a
slightly unhinged way. Maybe
you...

ROB

You think she could be a suspect?

WILLIS

Sure, as soon as you can explain to
me how a single mom can rip the
heads off two guys with her teeth,
THEN stuff his body in a space
between 2 buildings, and chew the
genitals off another guy and leave
a lot of animal saliva everywhere.

ROB

Right. She's probably harmless.

FLASHBACK AGAIN IN ROB'S BRAIN - THE RACCOON FACE IN THE CAR
MIRROR, closer. Her expression seems Kate-like.

ROB - He's trying to process it all.

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kate is back at installing kitchen floor tiles. Her phone
RINGS. She looks at the screen and answers.

KATE

Rob?

ROB'S VOICE
Hey, what are you up to?

KATE
I'm tiling the kitchen floor of the
falling-down money-pit house I own.

INT. ROB'S CAR - CORONER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ROB
Oh, I re-tiled two of my Mom's
bathrooms after my Dad died. It
cheered her up.

KATE'S VOICE
How'd you like to make another old
lady happy?

INT. KATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

ANGLE on a TILE being expertly placed.

Rob taps it down with a trowel.

KATE
Wow. Nice work.

Kate and Rob are on the floor, working together. They are
surrounded by tiles and tools and a bucket of grout.

KATE (CONT'D)
Do you know how to cut tile?

ROB
Of course.

KATE
I have tried and failed on this
door jam until I wanted to murder
someone.

Rob looks at her.

ROB
I get it.

KATE
I have too much money in this
house, I don't want it to look like
an idiot did it.

ROB
Do you have a nipper?

KATE
(flirting)
Why yes I do, thanks for asking...

She rumbles around in a pile of tools and hands Rob a pincher-like thing, a TILE NIPPER.

KATE (CONT'D)
It hasn't been getting much use lately.

Rob nervously ignores her suggestiveness and works on measuring the jam and cutting a tile that fits the door jam perfectly.

ROB
So, how was your day?

KATE
Bad. Completely surreal and upsetting. That's why I came home and started tiling.

ROB
What happened?

KATE
I got a visit from the Police at work. A HOMICIDE Detective.

ROB
What?

KATE
Who informed me that my boss had been MURDERED. And another person I knew, but just barely, had been MURDERED also. And because I knew them both, they made me go to the Police station and questioned me for hours.

ROB
That's horrible. How were they killed?

KATE
They refused to say until they notify next of kin. Hey, you work at the morgue, do you know anything about it?

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I mean my Boss - I have worked for him for years, and we was pretty much a jerk, but no one deserves to be murdered. I have been trying to buy the company from him. Now I don't know what I am going to do.

ROB

We get a lot of murder cases, and I'm not supposed to say anything anyway.

KATE

Why do you use the word, "kin?" Who says that? Hillbillies? Why not just say "family?" As in, "We have to inform the family." Why is the whole world as difficult and stupid and confusing as it can possibly be?

ROB

I don't know.

Kate is quiet, staring at the tiles.

ROB (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KATE

I could use a drink.

INT. HALLWAY - THE STAIRS - AN HOUR LATER

Ashley comes down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ashley looks around the door, she's startled.

Her POV - Rob and Kate are sitting on the completed tile floor.

ASHLEY

Wow!

KATE

Rob helped... You remember Rob.

ASHLEY

Yeah.

ROB

Hi.

ASHLEY

Hi. I was going to ask if you needed help.

KATE

Right.

ASHLEY

Well, I guess I'm going to bed.

KATE

And your brother?

ASHLEY

Playstation.

ROB

Goodnight.

Ashley smiles.

EXT. KATE'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Kate and Rob are sitting on the back steps, they hold glasses of wine. The box wine is sitting by them. Some FERAL CATS are loitering under some bushes, watching. Rob eyes them.

KATE

(regarding the wine)
It's not great wine. Sorry.

ROB

No, it's good.

He smiles.

ROB (CONT'D)

You have quite a house here.

KATE

A never-ending project.

ROB

But it will be worth a lot of money. When it's done.

KATE

My Great Grandfather bought this house when he got married - it cost 6500 dollars.

ROB
I'll double that price tomorrow.
Do I get the cats as well?

KATE
(glares at the cats)
Yeah, I don't know how to get rid
of them.

ROB
Maybe stop feeding them?

KATE
Yeah...

ROB
A dog?

KATE
They'd probably beat up a dog, they
are mean as hell. I paid to have
them trapped and fixed, but they
always come back.

ROB
(thinking)
Cats... How big do they get?

KATE
Normal size.

ROB
Like HOW big?

She holds her hands a cat's length apart. She obviously has
no clue what he is referring to.

KATE
You probably think I'm a crazy cat
lady. They won't even let us pet
them, you know.

In the bushes, two cats are HISSING and SCREECHING at each
other.

KATE (CONT'D)
See, they are psychotic.

ROB
I know a good exterminator if you
need one.

Kate takes another sip.

KATE

I couldn't do that. I feel sorry enough for the rats. And it is illegal.

Rob picks up the huge box of wine, fills up her cup.

KATE (CONT'D)

So Coroner Robert from Omaha - what do you do for fun?

ROB

Work, watch college football. I play ping pong. I'm in a league.

KATE

Oh! There's something. I bet you look good in your, what do they wear? Short-shorts?

ROB

I wear sweat pants and a t-shirt.

KATE

Okay...

ROB

What do *YOU* do for fun?

KATE

You mean besides work? Oh, it's a life of glamour. I put out pest-control related fires, raise two teenagers and try to keep this house from falling down. Daniel's on the swim team, so I have been getting up before dawn for years, Ashley goes to the Arts High School as you know.

ROB

There must be something you do for you.

KATE

Well, yes, I have a nightly ritual. It is THE BEST.

ROB

I'm looking for a new evening ritual.

KATE

Well this one is about finished,
I'm having supply chain problems,
but it was good while it lasted.
Hold on.

Kate gets up and disappears in the house. Rob takes a sip and watches an angry-looking CAT watch him. Soon Kate returns with the bottle and the baggie. She sits.

KATE (CONT'D)

(holding up the bottle)

This is the family legacy part of
the story. This bottle of hooch or
moonshine or whatever was made by
my Great Grandfather. The one that
bought the house.

ROB

(reading the bottle)

What is that language?

KATE

He was Bulgarian I understand. I
have no idea what it says. He must
have made a lot, because he even
had labels printed. Unfortunately
this is the last bottle in
existence. Trust me, I've looked.

ROB

You DRINK that?

KATE

It seems okay...

She holds the bottle up, there is about two inches left in the bottom. Rob gets his phone, activates a TRANSLATION APP. He points the phone at the label.

ROB'S SCREEN - The Cyrillic letters transform to English, it reads, "Rakija"

ROB

It says, "Rakija." What does that
mean?

KATE

I don't know, like Bulgarian
Brandy? Vodka or something?

ROB

It's strong?

KATE

Oh, yeah.

Rob opens the bottle and sniffs it.

KATE (CONT'D)

But the ritual is a two-step process. THIS is the magic combo I discovered...

She holds up the baggie of dark chocolate powder.

ROB

What is THAT?

KATE

It's chocolate, nothing illegal. I bought it in a chocolate shop in Silverlake.

Rob takes the baggie, opens it and sniffs.

ROB

...Go on.

KATE

It's really rare chocolate from Ethiopia.

ROB

Do they *make* chocolate in Ethiopia?

KATE

Obviously so, but maybe not so much, hence the rarity. And it's kinda nasty-tasting.

ROB

As all good things are...

KATE

So you take some chocolate and chase it with the hooch and wait.

ROB

And what...

KATE

Well, all I know is you wake up oddly liberated and powerful and ready to conquer the day.

ROB

I was expecting hallucinations and bright colors or something.

KATE

Trust me, it's enough. And you get the vague idea you can't remember a lot of drama of some sort.

(holds up the bag and bottle)

Alas, this is the last... of it.

There's funny look in Rob's eye. He takes the baggie, licks his finger and sticks it in. He takes the chocolate in his mouth, makes a face. He takes the bottle and takes a swig.

ROB

(to the cosmos)

Do your worst!

Kate follows, she pours the last amount of chocolate powder into her mouth direct from the baggie, and finishes off the bottle. She dramatically wipes her mouth.

ROB (CONT'D)

You missed a spot.

He takes a finger, and wipes a splotch of chocolate off her face. She opens her mouth and he places his finger in it.

KATE

You're kinda fun after all.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

A CAR drives by, with a LOUD RADIO, when it is gone, it's middle-of-the-night quiet.

EXT. KATE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Kate and Rob are still on the back steps, they are MAKING OUT LIKE TEENAGERS. It's clear they are out of practice, judging by the awkward flailing and general clumsiness.

A BLOOD CURDLING CAT SCREAM interrupts them. It's coming from over the fence.

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rob and Kate enter the alley through the BACK GATE. Kate has a broomstick.

THE ALLEY - A female COYOTE has an almost-dead cat in her mouth.

KATE
YOU BITCH!

Kate takes off after the Coyote, whacking it with the broomstick. It falls to the ground, the cat still in its mouth.

ROB
KATE - WHAT THE HELL. STOP!

Kate is now on the ground with the Coyote, her hands around the Coyote's neck.

KATE
LET IT GO!

ROB
KATE, STOP!

He grabs Kate and tries to pull her off, the he SEES HER ORANGE LIZARD EYES and tumbles back. He's freaked out.

KATE IS STARING INTO THE COYOTE'S EYES. THE COYOTE'S EYES TRANSFORM INTO THE ORANGE LIZARD-SLIT EYES, matching Kate's.

ROB - IN THE DIRT, STARING.

THE COYOTE'S BODY STARTS TO SPASM and DEFORM, then it STARTS TO GROW, LARGER AND LARGER.

KATE IS ON HER HANDS AND KNEES, WATCHING WITH HER LIZARD EYES.

THE COYOTE IS STILL GROWING, IT STILL HAS THE DEAD CAT IN ITS MOUTH - with one CHOMP, it SWALLOWS IT.

THE COYOTE IS NOW FULL GIANT-SIZE. It looks at Rob, it GROWLS.

Rob is terrified, he now has the broomstick, holding it like a weapon.

Kate is still in the dirt, now SMILING.

Then the COYOTE LOOKS - DOWN THE ALLEY.

THERE AT THE END OF THE ALLEY, IS A FULL-SIZED COUGAR. It wears a RADIO COLLAR. P-120. It SNARLS.

Rob turns aggressively towards the cougar - WE SEE THAT ROB'S EYES ARE NOW BRIGHT ORANGE WITH LIZARD SLITS. He SNARLS back. HE RUNS STRAIGHT AT THE COUGAR.

The Coyote and Kate are BOTH WATCHING, they are amused.

THE COUGAR IS NOT AMUSED - he has never had a human attack him. He FREEZES.

ROB HITS HIM LIKE A LINEBACKER - He and the big cat tumble in the dirt.

The Coyote and Kate are STILL WATCHING. WE HEAR COUGAR SCREECHING AND THE HORRIBLE SOUNDS OF THE TRANSFORMATION.

THE COUGAR - Is growing to MASSIVE SIZE. But the radio collar is NOT GROWING, AS THE COUGAR GROWS THE COLLAR GROWS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER ON THE BIG CAT'S NECK.

THE COYOTE IS WATCHING, panting like a dog, it seems to enjoy the Cougar's dilemma.

THE COUGAR is frantically scratching at the collar. HE'S GASPING - CAN'T BREATHE. He's about to pass out.

Finally, a CLAW GETS UNDER THE COLLAR AND RIPS IT OFF.

THE SMALL COLLAR FLIES ACROSS THE ALLEY - AND INTO THE OPEN MOUTH OF THE GIANT COYOTE. SHE SWALLOWS IT. NOW, SHE'S ANGRY.

THE COYOTE GLARES AT THE COUGAR AND GROWLS. THE COUGAR DOESN'T TAKE THIS WELL. He SNARLS at the Coyote.

The Coyote has become aware that SHE IS NOW THE PREY. She turns tail and RUNS DOWN THE ALLEY away from the Cougar.

The Cougar narrows his eyes and TAKES OFF AFTER THE COYOTE.

Rob and Kate are left in the dirt, smiling like idiots. Their animal encounters have left them scratched and disheveled. Their orange lizard eyes are SEEING SOMETHING WE CAN'T, and they are deep in their trances.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE 101 FREEWAY NEAR EDGEWARE - NIGHT

There's still plenty of traffic.

SUDDENLY, THE GIANT COYOTE APPEARS AND BOUNDS ACROSS THE FREEWAY. CARS VEER and HONK and some RUN INTO EACH OTHER. A MOTORCYCLE splitting the lanes CRASHES. A BUS GRINDS INTO THE MEDIAN. The Coyote is off, heading Downtown.

The traffic is stopped. People are in shock, DUDES from one car get OUT ON THE FREEWAY and HIGH-FIVE EACH OTHER.

THEN, THE COUGAR APPEARS, TWICE AS BIG AS THE GIANT COYOTE AND QUICKLY IN PURSUIT, AND RUNS ACROSS THE FREEWAY.

ONE PAW LANDS ON ONE OF THE HIGH-FIVE DUDES, SQUASHING HIM.

INT. A DARK BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

Loud BEEPING. A PHONE SCREEN LIGHTS UP, illuminated some guy's face who was asleep. It's the PARK SERVICE GUY from that video about the Cougar at Dodger Stadium. He puts on his glasses, looks at the phone.

PARK SERVICE GUY

Oh, shit...

He dials.

PARK SERVICE GUY (CONT'D)

Joann? Did you get an alert? Yeah, P-120 is out of the zone.

(looks at the screen)

Shit, he crossed the 110 going south. That's not like him. I'll get the truck and head your way.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - NIGHT

The Giant Coyote is running east on Temple, as fast as she can.

A TACO STAND - CUSTOMERS are standing at a "pop-up" taco stand, as the Coyote runs by - CARS SQUEALING AND CRASHING as she goes.

INSIDE A BUS - a SOLITARY WOMAN is texting as the Coyote runs past the window. The bus SLAMS TO A STOP as the driver sees it, SENDING THE WOMAN FLYING.

BACK TO THE TACO STAND - Some of the customers have gone back to eating their tacos. Now we HEAR distant POLICE SIRENS.

TEMPLE STREET - HERE COMES THE COUGAR - Orange eyes glaring - running at top speed.

THE TACO STAND CUSTOMERS WATCH THE COUGAR AS IT GOES BY. The giant cat passes like a freight train. Some Customers calmly walk into the street to get a better look as the cat heads Downtown.

EXT. MUSIC CENTER PLAZA - NIGHT

The GIANT COYOTE trots onto the Music Center Plaza. A lone SECURITY GUARD sees it and freezes. He grabs his radio.

The Coyote stops at the fountain and LAPS AT THE WATER squirting up through the pavement stones. She seems relaxed, as if she has escaped the Cougar. She drinks some more, and then decides to LEAP TO THE TOP OF THE MARK TAPER FORUM, a circular theater next to the fountain. She YAWNS and lays down.

The Security Guard is now joined by SIX OTHER GUARDS. They ALL talk on their radios as they watch the Coyote.

The Coyote closes her eyes.

The COUGAR NOW ENTERS THE PLAZA, with a cool feline grace. We now see how truly big this giant monster is. He could eat 4 elephants for lunch. He looks around and sees the Coyote on the top of the Mark Taper. Is that a *lustful* look in his orange lizard eyes? Something about his face resembles Rob. He LEAPS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE THEATER TOP.

But the Coyote has SEEN HIM FIRST. She is off the theater in a flash.

THE COUGAR LANDS ON THE ROOF. His weight is too much and the ROOF STARTS TO COLLAPSE. His HIND LEG PUSHES THROUGH THE ROOF. HE SCREECHES IN ANGER.

The Coyote bounds down to Grand Avenue, and turns, heading south. The Cougar follows.

EXT. GRAND AVENUE - NIGHT

The Coyote scampers south on Grand. The Cougar is right behind her. There ahead, is the iconic outline of the DISNEY HALL.

EXT. DISNEY HALL - NIGHT

The Coyote scampers up the stairs from Grand to the Rooftop Garden. The Cougar follows. This is no longer life or death, this is a MATING DANCE.

THE MONSTERS CLIMB ALL OVER THE CONCERT HALL. THEY FIGHT. As they battle, they create LOTS OF DAMAGE, all punctuated by GROWLS and WHELPS. As they continue, the famous architectural detail is getting SMASHED TO HELL.

The resemblance in the monster's faces to Rob and Kate has become more pronounced. The battle rages on. Finally the COUGAR PINS THE COYOTE AGAINST THE TOP PINNACLE of the hall, from behind. She HOWLS and BITES AT THE COUGAR.

THE MONSTER MATING BEGINS (doggy-style of course).

There is CREAKING and GROANING from the structure and GROWLING and SNARLING and YELPING from the monsters.

THIS IS HARD, TAKE-NO-PRISONERS, MONSTER-ON-MONSTER SEX.

GRAND AVENUE - ABOUT 50 POLICE CARS have surrounded Disney Hall - a lot of police are watching. A civilian crowd has gathered. Some are cheering them on.

Now the TV NEWS TRUCKS arrive and the crews start shooting the vigorous animal copulation. HELICOPTERS hover above them.

A PARK SERVICE truck arrives. The PARK SERVICE GUY jumps out followed by a PARK SERVICE WOMAN. She has the tracking antenna. She gazes, open-mouthed, then nods. The Park Service Guy looks embarrassed.

The copulation has REACHED IT'S APEX. There is a COYOTE HOWL FOR THE AGES.

The CROWD applauds.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

WIDE SHOT of the house. We HEAR Daniel.

DANIEL'S VOICE
MOM! It's 5:30. We are gonna be late!

The DOOR - Daniel exits, upset.

DANIEL
MOM, WE GOTTA GO - I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO SWIM EXTRA LAPS!

CAMERA RISES, up, up from the front porch, above the roof line, up to the gables of the old house.

THERE, ON A FLAT PART OF THE ROOF, ARE KATE AND ROB - CURLED TOGETHER - BLISSFULLY ASLEEP. Kate is in her bra and mom panties, Rob in just his jockey shorts.

DANIEL'S VOICE
MOM! MOM! WE GOTTA GO. NOW!

KATE WAKES UP WITH A START.

KATE
I'M UP!

THE END