

COLD OPEN

EXT. ALLEY BETWEEN WAREHOUSES - DAY

CATHY ADDISON (aka Chats aka Catherine aka CC), a 20-something, thin, small, pony-tailed red-head, is running down an alley with a crazy-wild look in her eyes.

It's a sunny day in L.A. -- a great day for a crazed run from...

Two POLICE OFFICERS... they appear at the end of the street rounding the corner into the alley and hot on Cathy's trail.

The moment freezes on wild-eyed Cathy...

CATHY (V.O.)  
I stole a baby! I admit it!

But admittedly Cathy does not have a baby with her -- still that's her voice over her paused face.

And the action starts up again. Cathy is further down the alley, but the police keep coming.

CATHY (V.O.)  
That's why the police came after  
me...

Cathy bursts through a door to an abandoned warehouse. Seems like she may have done this before given her familiarity with her surroundings.

INT. WAREHOUSE BACK ROOM WITH HIDEY HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Cathy enters the warehouse back room, and it looks abandoned.

Still moving fast, she slams the door behind her.

She quickly pushes open the opposite door on the wall next to an empty shelf but she doesn't exit; instead, she spins like a cheetah and slides under the shelf beneath a mat that covers a hidey hole that's just big enough for her to lay down in.

Quick like a flash she covers herself with the mat as she goes under it. Oh, she's done this before.

Cathy is completely hidden when the police crash through the door from the alley. They immediately see the open door that is starting to close after a slam-bang opening.

The Police Officers run through the open door -- they're sure Cathy went that way.

CATHY (V.O.)

I think that's why they were after  
me - or it could be the drugs. I  
got away with my secret hidey  
hole...

Cathy, under the mat, pops her head out as she hears the officers run away from the building.

She gets up and slips out the alley-side door, the way she just came from.

EXT. ALLEY BETWEEN WAREHOUSES - CONTINUOUS

Cathy closes the door to the warehouse ever so quietly, then sashays casually down the alley as he sings a song she just made up (to the tune of "Hooray for Hollywood").

CATHY

Hooray for hidey hole... na na na  
na na... Hidey hole... na na na na  
na...

A voice crashes into Cathy's reverie. It's VERA BRYANT, an almost 40 year old Black woman who happens to be Cathy's counselor and takes her job and Cathy seriously, much to Vera's frustration.

VERA (V.O.)

Cathy, are you telling me the  
police are looking for you?

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

INT. VERA'S COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY

Vera is sitting at her desk and Cathy sits in a chair facing Vera. Vera has the height advantage, but Cathy has the bigger personality.

CATHY

What?

VERA

Are the police after you?

CATHY

A little, yes -- but I have immunity right? You being my psychiatrist and all--

VERA

I'm your counselor, not your psychiatrist and there is no such thing as immunity--

CATHY

oh--

VERA

-- and I certainly won't interfere if they are getting a baby -- and you stole a baby?! Cathy--

CATHY

-- oh right -- I put it out there with Jen--

VERA

You gave a baby to my assistant?!

CATHY

Yeah, she loves kids. A real natural mother that one--

Vera immediately grabs the phone and dials a number.

VERA

Jen.

JEN (V.O.)

Yes, Vera?

A BABY is making giggling noises that can easily be heard over the phone by Vera and Cathy. Cathy smiles.

VERA  
Can you please call Child  
Protective Services?

JEN (V.O.)  
Sure, I'll call them shortly.

More baby cooing noises.

VERA  
Now please, Jen.

JEN (V.O.)  
(disappointed)  
Aww...

Vera hangs up.

CATHY  
I think that baby has really taken  
to her--

VERA  
Who's baby is that? Is it from one  
of your illegal drug contacts?

CATHY  
Oh no no, ma'am. This is not from  
one of my people. I only work with  
professionals -- and very  
enthusiastic suppliers. And I only  
deal in natural stuff.

VERA  
I thought you said you also sold  
LSD?

CATHY  
It's on 100% natural paper --  
usually -- that baby's mother is a  
total meth-head, not one of my  
distribution chain folks.

VERA  
But you know her through your  
people?

CATHY

Oh yeah. And other situations. Some of those people -- they are into some scary stuff. Like the baby's mother. She's all--

Cathy contorts her face and shakes her head rapidly as a way to visually describe what a meth-ed up person might look like.

VERA

Cathy, do you remember our last discussion?

Cathy un-contorts.

CATHY

Yes, Ms. Bryant, yes I do and I feel like we really hit it off, don't you, real chemistry--

VERA

That's not what I meant -- I asked you to be prepared to tell me about your parents and what you went through as a child, and I have a sneaking suspicion this baby episode has something to do with your experience with your parents.

CATHY

No. No! I saw a problem and I attempted to fix it.

VERA

You really need to give more thought to how you solve problems. Now, about your parents--

Cathy lifts her head up, opens her eyes wide and suddenly...

INT. CATHY'S HEAD - BUBBLE LAND - DAY

Cathy is sitting balancing on a bubble. The place is filled with what looks like large and small soap bubbles.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, a thin, British man in his 70s or 80s, impeccably dressed in a black, formal British suit circa 1950, appears pushing himself through the bubbles to get to where Cathy is sitting.

Cathy looks worried.

CATHY

Bertie, she's asking about my  
parents again.

He tries to calm her down... with logic.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Catherine, let's think about this  
logically--

CATHY

(she groans at that)

Ugh.

Bertrand Russell attempts to seat himself on a large bubble  
opposite Cathy, but he is having an awkward time of it.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Your grandmother paid for these  
sessions because she does not feel  
you are over that whole childhood  
experience--

CATHY

Yes.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

And if you make no progress in  
these sessions, might Vera indicate  
that to your grandmother.

CATHY

Can she? I don't know.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The point of all this, at least for  
your grandmother, was for you to  
get past the whole kidnapping  
episode when you were a child...  
The cult... The deprogramming...

Cathy winces.

CATHY

I...

He flounders on the bubble then decides to stand up.

He looks at her with concern and sympathy.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Yeah.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

So why not say something? It does not have to be a large something.

CATHY

Oh! I could lie.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Catherine, no lying. I think you will find it is always better to say nothing rather than to lie.

CATHY

Oh! Good one.

The bubbles pop as Cathy stands, and -- wham! -- she's back sitting in...

INT. VERA'S COUNSELING OFFICE

Cathy blinks.

CATHY

(confidently)

I plead the fifth!

VERA

Were you just -- in your head?

CATHY

Maybe...

VERA

Talking to the British philosopher Bertrand Russell? The dead British philosopher Bertrand Russell? The one who's been living in your head for years? That's who you were just talking with?

CATHY

A little.

VERA

And did he tell you to plead the fifth?

CATHY

Not in so many words. He's really all about honesty.

VERA

Cathy, childhood trauma can make people believe a lot of things. Could it be that what you think is a British philosopher - one who spent his whole life focusing on logic and rational thought - might just be your subconscious telling you to face things more rationally yourself?

CATHY

Oh no, ma'am. I'm sure it really is Bertrand Russell.

VERA

Really? Why do you think that?

CATHY

Because, if it is just my subconscious, why is it smarter than me? And why is it speaking in a British accent? Huh? Uh?

Suddenly, Jen buzzes in on the phone.

JEN (V.O.)

Vera, the police are here.

Cathy quickly moves to the window.

CATHY

Good sesh, Doc--

VERA

Not a doctor -- and our session's not--

Cathy opens the window and steps onto the ledge.

VERA (CONT'D)

Do not go out the window again  
Cathy--

CATHY

Sorry, Ms. Bryant--

Cathy waves as she slips along the ledge and away.

Vera shakes her head.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

EXT. CORLEONE DILAPIDATED BACK LOT - DAY

Cathy enters through a sliding gate that, along with a tall solid fence around it, keeps this warehouse back lot area private. There's a heavy, metal door from here that leads into the back of the warehouse.

The lot seems to be a waiting area and there is a ratty, circular outdoor table with a few chairs around it.

A large, Black man in his 30s, JAKE MILLS, stands guard. He's a little heavy-set, but in pretty good shape. He definitely looks like "the muscle" here.

When he sees Cathy he smiles.

She closes the gate behind her.

JAKE

CC...

She prances up to him.

CATHY

Jake-o, Jake-o...

She pinches his stomach with both hands and he laughs and grabs her hands to defend from tickling.

JAKE

How's it goin', CC?

CATHY

Oh you know - it's like a warm, furry dream every day. How's the wife?

JAKE

Still telling me to get a real job.

She looks around and stretches out her arms.

CATHY

What? With all this -- the promise... of this... I guess?

JAKE

Yeah. I keep telling her if she can think of a way to make more money legally and that doesn't have me going back to school to get a programming degree--

CATHY

What? I did not know you did that - I tried a programming degree for a while--

JAKE

Yeah, and I tried film production, and audio engineering --

CATHY

Oh my gosh! This is me!

JAKE

- and journalism - and somewhere in there I was pre-law -

CATHY

We were in the same program!

JAKE

The never-ending studies program!

CATHY

(sing-songs)  
The never-ending studies...

They laugh together.

She takes two bags out of her pockets and holds them up.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Well, I have some more fun stuff - think the big-little man will want it?

In one hand she has a bag of old postage stamps, in the other a bag of psychedelic mushrooms.

JAKE

Not sure - and not so loud on that "big-little" thing. Corleone's in there and he's in an extra pissed off way today.

CATHY

I'm actually looking for a trade. Harder stuff.