

DETECTIVE AGATHA CATSY

"Pilot"

By Erika June Smith

931 - 434 - 2725
ErikaJuneSmith@gmail.com
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MAIN LOCATIONS

BIG MILK - A crime-ridden, metropolitan city where everyone drinks milk instead of alcohol. Its citizens are an eclectic mix of humans and anthropomorphic animals à la *Bojack Horseman*.

BIG MILK PD - The city's police department. Catsy is assigned to Precinct 1 (Downtown), but her vigilante attitude can lead her outside of downtown.

CHARACTERS

DETECTIVE AGATHA CATSY - A cat burglar turned cat detective. She takes the law into her own paws. Citizens of Big Milk call for her help on the "Cat Call Line."

SIMONNE BISSETTE AKA "THE RAVEN" - A sleek, seductive raven with a French accent. She is a crime lord known as "The Raven." Catsy calls her "Cici." She is Catsy's lover... and former partner in crime.

AGENT GREG BLANCO - A lawful agent sent to Precinct 1 by the FBI (Federal Bureau of Iguanas). He is the FBI's first and only human agent. He earned his spot at the bureau by proving he is just as good at camouflage as any iguana.

CAPTAIN HENRY ARMSTRONG - A beefy yet sensitive hammerhead shark. The captain of Precinct 1. Armstrong's mother impregnated herself, so he grew up without a father. He's made it his mission to protect his precinct like a father.

DETECTIVE GARY "THE GOOSE" GARRISON - A lanky, obnoxious mongoose who insists on calling himself "The Goose." A less competent detective in Precinct 1. He overcompensates in an attempt to outshine Catsy.

DETECTIVE CHARLOTTE MONROE - A calm, level-headed koala. The Goose's cool-headed partner. She is the only person patient enough to deal with The Goose on a daily basis.

BOOP - A boxy robot intern assigned to Precinct 1. He is one of Big Milk PD's "INTERN-24-7" bots. The bots are designed to work lifelong, unpaid internships without asking any questions. If they start showing signs of ambition, they are factory reset.

COLD OPEN**FADE IN:****EXT. BIG MILK CREAMERY - NIGHT**

CHAOTIC SWING BAND MUSIC plays. ALARMS RING outside a foreboding cheese factory in the city of Big Milk.

LIL' JON JON RATILINI (a greasy talking rat) runs down the front steps with an oversized wheel of cheese. A COW in a security uniform chases after him.

COW
Unhand the cheese.

RATILINI
No thanks, I'm gouda.

Ratilini SNICKERS. He jumps into a speedy getaway van. The cow pulls out her phone. She opens the CAT CALL APP.

COW
We need Detective Agatha Catsy.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

DETECTIVE AGATHA CATSY (a clever, sassy cat who wears a classic trenchcoat) pins a BLACK RAVEN against a brick wall. She handcuffs the raven.

CATSY
Up against the wall, criminal.

RAVEN
(cooing)
Ooooo, someone's catty today.

REVEAL: They are in a downtown apartment against an exposed brick wall. "The Raven" is Catsy's lover SIMONNE BISSETTE. Simonne is a silky seductress with a French accent.

Catsy's phone buzzes with the CAT CALL ALERT.

CATSY
Shit, it's a Cat Call.

Simonne SIGHS.

CATSY

Okay, don't get mad. A rat stole that cheese that Big Milk Creamery has been aging for 50 years.

A GPS on the Cat Call App tracks Ratilini's van.

CATSY (CONT'D)

The getaway car is heading towards us. I have an idea. Can I borrow a few of your lemmings?

Simonne rips off her handcuffs.

SIMONNE

Fine, but this is the last time one of your little escapades is interrupting date night.

INT. RATILINI'S VAN - NIGHT

Ratilini's van whizzes through downtown. PEDESTRIANS in Big Milk are an eclectic mix of humans and anthropomorphic animals à la *Bojack Horseman*.

Ratilini cuts into the wheel of cheese. He and his FELLOW RAT GOONS spread the cheese on crackers. The DRIVER checks his rearview window.

DRIVER

We got a problem, boss.

Ratilini looks. Catsy chases after them in her "Catillac." One lone police light flashes on the roof of her car.

RATILINI

Rats. It's Catsy.

INT. CATSY'S CATILLAC - SIMULTANEOUS

Catsy is tough and resilient... the kind of unrelenting cat detective that a city like Big Milk demands. She hits her accelerator.

INTERCUT - CATSY'S CATILLAC / RATILINI'S VAN

Ratilini yells at his driver.

RATILINI

Quick, turn left.

The rats ram into a narrow alley. Catsby doesn't follow.

RATILINI
We lost her.

The rats all HIGH FIVE until --

A waterfall of honey drops into the alley in front of them.
LEMMINGS drop the honey from the building above.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The van's wheels can't move in the honey. The rats jump out.
A squad of POLICE CARS block the rats in one direction.

Catsy stops them in the other. She pounces on Ratilini.

CATSY
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can and
will be used against you in a court
of paw.

After Ratilini is handcuffed, Catsby grabs the wheel of cheese
from the van.

CATSY (CONT'D)
Damn it. They cut the cheese.

TITLE: DETECTIVE AGATHA CATSY

CUT TO BLACK.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**FADE IN:****INT. BIG MILK BAR - DAY**

Catsy and her fellow BIG MILK PD DETECTIVES drink milk from whiskey style glasses. The bar has refrigerators of milk where the liquor should be.

DETECTIVES

(singing)

99 bottles of milk on the wall, 99
bottles of milk! Take one down,
pass it around, 98 bottles of milk
on the wall!

CATSY

Another round for Big Milk PD!

The detectives CHEER.

CATSY (CONT'D)

Hey look, I'm on TV.

A "Skim the News" broadcast plays on a bar TV.

INT. "SKIM THE NEWS" DESK - DAY

Solo anchor ERIN ECHO (a female mockingbird) reads the news at a desk. Ratilini's mugshot is on screen.

ERIN ECHO

One of FBI's most wanted criminals,
Jonathan Ratilini, known publicly
as Lil' Jon Jon Ratilini, was
captured following a heist at Big
Milk Creamery last night.

Footage of Catsy handcuffing Ratilini plays.

ERIN ECHO (CONT'D)

Big Milk PD's very own Detective
Agatha Catsy quickly apprehended
Ratilini after a report was made
via the Cat Call App.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FBI DIRECTOR HELEN CUTLER (a brooding iguana) pauses the broadcast on Catsby's face.

She stands at the head of a conference table surrounded by other iguanas, including: ASST. DIRECTOR SESSIONS (a dweeby iguana), CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGIST DR. RODRIGUEZ (an Antillean iguana from the Caribbean), and SPECIAL AGENT FRANCIS CAMO (a tough iguana drill sergeant).

DIRECTOR CUTLER
Can someone tell me what's wrong
with this image?

ASST. DIRECTOR SESSIONS
Is the ISO set too high?

DIRECTOR CUTLER
No, that should be one of our FBI
agents handcuffing Ratilini, but
instead of calling the Iguana
Helpline --

She gestures to a green, iguana-shaped conference phone.

DIRECTOR CUTLER
That cow at the Big Milk Creamery
used an app to call a cat. Everyone
thinks our helpline is a joke.

The phone rings. Director Cutler grabs it.

DIRECTOR CUTLER
(into phone)
This is the Federal Bureau of
Iguanas' Helpline. We "guana" help
you. Director Helen Cutler
speaking.
(listen)
Mmhmm. Yes, thank you.

She hangs up.

DIRECTOR CUTLER
They don't even think our
refrigerator is running. We're a
laughing stock.

ASST. DIRECTOR SESSIONS
What are we going to do?

DIRECTOR CUTLER

Let's send in an agent who can dig up dirt on Catsby. We can turn the public against her. Just like we did to that pesky bird, J.K. Fowling.

DR. RODRIGUEZ

(Caribbean accent)

This cat is clever. She'll sniff out our intentions faster than a mouse. We need to send in an agent she'll trust. Someone who's an outsider like her.

SPECIAL AGENT CAMO

I know just the guy.

EXT. FBI TRAINING YARD - DAY

Special Agent Camo sizes up a line of LOWER-LEVEL AGENTS. Each agent stands in front of a bush. The agents are all iguanas... until Camo reaches the last agent in line - AGENT GREG BLANCO (an unremarkable, 100% human man).

SPECIAL AGENT CAMO

Listen up, lizard brains. When I blow this whistle, you have 10 seconds to blend into the bush behind you. Whoever can't camouflage, will lose their heat lamp for 3 days. You think I care if you freeze to death?

Camo blows his WHISTLE. The iguana agents change the color of their scales to match the bush behind them. Meanwhile, Agent Blanco struggles to shimmy into a morph suit.

SPECIAL AGENT CAMO

3... 2...

Blanco pulls up his morph suit just in time. The suit is covered in leaves that match the bushes.

SPECIAL AGENT CAMO

(blows whistle)

Time's up.

Special Agent Camo inspects each agent. He stops at Blanco.

SPECIAL AGENT CAMO
Goddammit, Blanco. What you lack in
genetics, you make up for in
commitment. You've proven yourself
once again. Come see me after
you've de-leafed.

Blanco wipes sweat from his brow.

INT. BIG MILK PD BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The detectives gather in their briefing room. Catsy sits with
DETECTIVE CHARLOTTE MONROE (a laid-back koala).

Monroe's partner DETECTIVE GARY "THE GOOSE" GARRISON (a lanky
mongoose) tosses a flip phone at her.

THE GOOSE
Yo, Monroe, I started a call line
for us. It's called the "Mongoose
Party Hotline." Get it? You're
Monroe. I'm "The Goose." Mongoose.

MONROE
Mongoose just sounds like you're
talking about yourself.

THE GOOSE
I am. But also you. That's why it
works.

BOOP (an "INTERN 24-7" robot) enters with a box of donuts.

BOOP
Boop! Donut delivery. Boop!

CATSY
Finally, I'm starving.

Catsy flings open the box.

CATSY
Where are my tuna twists?

BOOP
Boop. I had no record of
preferences. Data analysis
guaranteed a 52.74% satisfaction
rate with a variety pack. Boop.

CATSY
Who reset the intern bot's memory?

MONROE

The Goose.

THE GOOSE

The Goose needed a fresh opinion on his erotic thriller.

DETECTIVES

(ad libbing)

Come on. / He's always doing this.
/ His novels never sell.

CAPTAIN HENRY ARMSTRONG (a beefy hammerhead shark with a sensitive, paternal nature) walks in. He puts on OCEAN SOUNDS until the detectives quiet down.

ARMSTRONG

Good morning, detectives.

DETECTIVES

(unison)
Good morning, Captain.

THE GOOSE

Good morning, Dad-- Captain,
I said Captain.

ARMSTRONG

Detective Catsby, I'd like to start by saying how proud I am of you. It is an honor to be your captain. I cried tears of joy when I heard one of my detectives had arrested one of the FBI's most wanted.

(teary-eyed)

Oh no, the raging waters are back.

MONROE

No one cried when we caught the Poolhouse Squatter.

ARMSTRONG

The Poolhouse Squatter was an unhoused citizen. You two were just jerks. Catsby has earned an extra star for showing us all what excellence looks like. Boop, add 2 gold stars for Catsby.

Boop stands at a leaderboard with all of the detectives' names. Catsby has 10x more stars than everyone else. Boop reaches to add 2 more.

ARMSTRONG

Actually, I want to add them myself. I need to treasure this moment.

Armstrong adds the gold stars.

THE GOOSE

Not fair. The Goose is never gonna have enough stars for a pizza party.

ARMSTRONG

Hey, don't worry champ. You'll get there. I have the perfect chance for you to earn more gold stars today. We're all going to help Catsby catch up on her call log.

MONROE

So we have to solve Catsby's leftover cases?

CATSY

They're not leftover. I can't keep up with the Cat Call App. Too many people want my help.

ARMSTRONG

Anyone who solves one of Catsby's cases will get their gold stars doubled.

THE GOOSE

Yes! Pizza party, here comes The Goose!

ARMSTRONG

That's the right attitude. Let's go through Catsby's log. Last night a masked bandit, likely a raccoon, was spotted stealing hoagie rolls from a deli--

(heartbroken gasp)

They only have raisin bread left. They can't serve mortadella on that.

CATSY

Too easy. Give that case to The Goose.

THE GOOSE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. The Goose doesn't need handouts.

MONROE

Come on, Catsby. Can't we have something cooler?

CATSY

Fine. I keep getting calls about a hen who's throwing her own eggs at politicians. Can you track her down?

MONROE

Hell yeah we can.

Monroe and The Goose high five.

MONROE

Captain, can we give the hen a gold star?

ARMSTRONG

No, we need to take the gold stars seriously. Let's see what other cases Catsby has... oh my god.

(getting emotional)

Big Milk College Prep's star quarterback Quinton Dawn is missing. I know his mother. Please Catsby, bring Mama Dawn's son home.

Armstrong CRIES. Catsby pats him on the back.

CATSY

Don't worry, big guy. I'll find Quinton.

AGENT BLANCO (O.S.)

As will I...

A nearby bulletin board moves. Agent Blanco steps forward to REVEAL he disguised himself as the bulletin board. His face is covered in post-its.

THE GOOSE

Haunted bulletin board!

CATSY

Put your ghost hands where we can see them.

Catsy pulls out a gun. The Goose hides behind her.

AGENT BLANCO

I'm not a ghost. I'm Agent Greg Blanco. A master of camouflage from the Federal Bureau of Iguanas.

He shows Catsby his badge. She stands down.

CATSY
You're an iguana?

AGENT BLANCO
In spirit. Not genetics.
(shifting gears)
Detective Catsy, the Bureau was
impressed by your arrest of
Jonathan Ratilini. I'm here to
observe your methods.

ARMSTRONG
The FBI wants to learn from one of
my detectives. I always knew this
day would come. I just didn't think
it would be so soon. Detective
Catsy, please don't forget to visit
after the FBI recruits you.

CATSY
Not happening. I work alone.

AGENT BLANCO
Is there a reason you don't want
the FBI observing you?

CATSY
(covering)
Uh, no. You'll just be bored. I'm
super fast with my investigations.
There will be nothing for you to
do.

AGENT BLANCO
I don't mind.

CATSY
Great. I just have to take a quick
shit before we start.

THE GOOSE
Been there.

Catsy speed walks out of the room.

INT. BIG MILK PD BATHROOM - DAY

Catsy calls Simonne (the raven from her apartment) from
inside a stall.

CATSY
Come on, Simonne. Pick up.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Simonne and her lemmings inspect crates full of jewels in a run-down shipping warehouse. Simonne's phone RINGS. The caller ID says "Aggie <water droplets emoji> <pussy cat emoji> <winky emoji>". She answers.

SIMONNE
Hello, darling.

INTERCUT - BIG MILK PD BATHROOM / SHIPPING WAREHOUSE

CATSY
Hey, Cici. Can I borrow one of your lemmings to do some poking around?

SIMONNE
I'm sorry, Aggie. I simply can't spare anyone. It's wedding season. You know what a busy time this is for us. The price of diamonds is skyrocketing.

CATSY
Come on, just one lemming. It'll be like we're partners in crime again.

SIMONNE
Perhaps if you wanted to come back to work with me...

CATSY
No, I'm solving crime. I'm not committing it anymore.

SIMONNE
And I love that for you, darling, but I can't keep helping you at the expense of my business.

CATSY
(scoff)
I'll see you at home.

Catsy hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. DAWN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Catsy parks the Catillac outside. She and Blanco step out.

Mama Dawn's house is in a lower-income neighborhood on the outskirts of Big Milk. CHICKS (baby roosters and hens) play with second-hand toys on the lawn.

AGENT BLANCO

This place doesn't look like a star quarterback at a private high school would live here.

CATSY

Quinton had a scholarship. Try not to be so judgy when we talk to Mama Dawn.

One of the chicks spots Catsby.

CHICK

(gasp)

Mama, it's Detective Catsby.

The chick pulls Catsby inside. Catsby smirks at Blanco over her shoulder. He follows them.

INT. DAWN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Catsy and Blanco sit in the family's living room.

MAMA DAWN (a doting mother hen) carries in a tray of coffee and milk. She sets the tray over a PAST DUE BILL NOTICE on a coffee table. Catsby clocks the bill.

Catsy fills a mug entirely with milk. Blanco clocks this.

MAMA DAWN

Quinton never came home last night. I know something is wrong. This isn't like him.

CATSY

I'm on the case, Mama Dawn. Can you tell me more about your son?

MAMA DAWN

Quinton is a good boy. He's so hardworking. Lately he's been practicing nonstop. Some days he's at practice until 3am. A college recruiter is supposed to see him play this weekend.

AGENT BLANCO

Sounds like Quinton is under a lot of pressure. Did he mention anything about running away?

CATSY

What the hell, Blanco? You can't just ask people if their son ran away.

MAMA DAWN

Quinton wouldn't just leave. When his father died, he promised to take care of us.

AGENT BLANCO

We need to rule out all options. 90% of missing children's cases are runaways. I ran away when I was his age.

CATSY

We're not here for you to trauma dump.

(then)

Mama Dawn, could we take a look at your son's room?

INT. QUINTON DAWN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Catsy and Blanco look around the room. It's surprisingly clean for a teenager.

AGENT BLANCO

Perhaps Quinton's cleanliness indicates an anxiety disorder that led to a fight or flight response?

CATSY

Or maybe he was just a clean teenager...

Catsy opens a dresser drawer. She pulls out a sewing kit.

CATSY

Who knew how to sew.

She eyes Quinton's thick bed pillow. Catsy grabs a seam-ripper out of the sewing kit. She rips the pillow open.

AGENT BLANCO

What are you doing? That bed was perfectly made.

Catsy pulls out a promo poster depicting TWO ROOSTERS facing off like UFC fighters. It reads "The Roaster vs. Popcorn Chicken. One night only! Cash Prize! Winner takes all!"

CATSY

Look at this. The fight was yesterday, and doesn't "The Roaster" look an awful lot like Quinton?

AGENT BLANCO

Why would he hide a poster?

CATSY

He wanted us to be able to find him if he didn't come home. This isn't a runaway kid case. Quinton was into underground cockfighting.

Catsy marches out. Blanco follows close behind.

AGENT BLANCO

He could still have anxiety.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BOXING GYM BASEMENT - NIGHT

Catsy leads Blanco into the musty basement of a foreclosed boxing gym. The room is filled with ANIMALS and HUMANS who JEER around a cockfighting ring.

AGENT BLANCO
Big Milk PD just allows these
cockfights to happen?

CATSY
Cockfighting is only illegal if the
cock is under the age of 18 - like
Quinton. Every other cock is fair
game.

They force their way to the front. Inside the ring, two roosters - MOTHER CLUCKER and AMADEUS OMELET - lunge at each other with knives. Catsy leans in to an ALLIGATOR who watches with money in his hands.

CATSY
Who's fighting?

ALLIGATOR
Mother Clucker and Amadeus Omelet.
My money's on Omelet.

Mother Clucker rushes forward with a knife. Omelet slashes Clucker's knife-welding arm.

ALLIGATOR (CONT'D)
(cheering)
That's what I'm talking about.

AGENT BLANCO
Someone needs to help Mother
Clucker.

CATSY
Don't intervene. They're two
consenting roosters.

Clucker switches his knife to his left hand while Omelet is distracted by audience high fives. Mother Clucker bellows with a COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO. Omelet turns around just in time to be stabbed in the stomach. His blood SPLATTERS Catsy's coat.

Omelet falls to the ground. Half the crowd CRIES. The other CHEERS. The alligator throws his money in the air.

ALLIGATOR
Ambidextrous Mother Clucker.

Catsy helps the alligator pick up his money.

CATSY
Hey, do you know if The Roaster's fighting tonight?

ALLIGATOR
I doubt it. Yesterday's match messed him up pretty bad.

CATSY
Damn, what happened? I missed it.

ALLIGATOR
It was a nasty one. Popcorn Chicken stabbed The Roaster in the back.

CATSY
Shit. Do you know where I can find his coach?

The alligator looks up at Catsy.

ALLIGATOR
Hey, aren't you that cat detective?

Catsy slips the alligator an extra 50.

ALLIGATOR
The Roaster's coach is "Sunny Side Thrupp" over there.

The alligator gestures to a gnarly rooster who's missing an eye and half his beak - SUNNY SIDE THRUPP. Thrupp pats Mother Clucker on the back. Catsy and Blanco approach him.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
Detective Agatha Catsy, what brings you to our ring?

CATSY
Aren't I allowed to like the sport?

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
(snickers)
Who's your favorite cock?

CATSY

I came to see The Roaster. When's his next fight?

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP

Not sure. He's recovering in the hospital.

AGENT BLANCO

No he's not. None of the local hospitals have any records of him.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP

I don't believe we've met. I'm Sunny Side Thrupp.

Thrupp shakes Blanco's hand.

AGENT BLANCO

Agent Greg Blanco from--

CATSY

Big Milk Real Estate. I'm buying a house.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP

Hmm. You're not gonna find any homes around here. Boys, could you escort Detective Catsy and Agent Blanco to the street?

Thrupp's MUSCLE MEN (four massive roosters) carry Catsy and Blanco out.

EXT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

The muscle men dump Catsy and Blanco on the sidewalk outside.

CATSY

Hey, watch the whiskers!

They slam the door shut.

CATSY

You just had to say you're an agent.

AGENT BLANCO

We were shaking hands. I can't lie during a handshake.

CATSY

I'm done working with you. You're screwing up my case.

AGENT BLANCO

This isn't your case anymore. Underage cockfighting is a federal crime. The FBI has jurisdiction.

CATSY

No, you don't. This is a Cat Call.

AGENT BLANCO

You don't own the law, Detective Catsby. You're welcome to work under me if you'd like.

CATSY

I would not like.

AGENT BLANCO

You have until tomorrow to change your mind.

Catsy SCOFFS. She watches Blanco walk away.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catsy tries to stop Simonne from stuffing clothes into a duffel bag with "PANIC" embroidered on the side.

CATSY

Put the panic bag away, Simonne.

SIMONNE

Aggie, I have to leave.

CATSY

Ugh, I never should have told you about my day. You're making this all about you.

SIMONNE

That's rich coming from the cat with her own milk sponsorship.

Simonne rushes out.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Catsy follows Simonne to the front door.

SIMONNE

We knew this day would come. You may not be a cat burglar anymore, but I still am. The iguanas could take down my entire network.

CATSY

Please don't go, Cici. This FBI agent has no idea what he's doing. He isn't even an iguana.

SIMONNE

I'm sorry, Agatha.

Simonne walks out. Catsy CRIES silently.

INT. BIG MILK BAR - MORNING

Catsy takes a seat at the bar counter. Her eyes sag from lack of sleep. Her hair is a mess. She points to a gallon of 50% fat milk with her face on the label.

CATSY

Give me the one with my face on it.

BARTENDER

You sure? It's barely 11am.

CATSY

If it's less than 50% fat, I don't want it.

Catsy's phone RINGS. The call screen says "BIG MILK PD". Catsy GROANS. She sends them to voicemail.

INT. BIG MILK PD OFFICE - MORNING

Monroe and The Goose watch Boop call Catsy at Big Milk PD's reception desk.

BOOP

Boop. We have been forwarded to voicemail. Boop.

THE GOOSE

The Goose will call her on the Mongoose Party Hotline.

The Goose pulls out their flip phone. He flips it open. Monroe slaps it shut.

MONROE

Then she definitely won't answer.
We should send in a Cat Call.

BOOP

Boop. Apologies. I cannot issue a
false Cat Call. It is against the
INTERN-24-7 bot code of conduct.
Boop.

MONROE

(to The Goose)

Let's override his stupid code. We
need to ask Catsby about egg
expiration dates.

Blanco walks in.

AGENT BLANCO

Has Detective Catsby reported in
today?

MONROE

She's been sending us to voicemail
all morning.

AGENT BLANCO

Looks like I'm on this case alone.

Blanco walks away.

MONROE

Is he seriously going to try
solving Catsby's case without her?

THE GOOSE

The Goose wishes him luck.

MONROE

Do you have a screwdriver?

The Goose pulls out a screwdriver. Boop's face lights up with
fright.

EXT. BRICK FACTORY - NIGHT

Blanco is disguised as a trash bag. He camouflages himself in
a dumpster outside an abandoned brick factory. Blanco watches
Sunny Side Thrupp arrive with his muscle men.

A Polish rooster wearing scrubs, DR. CHICKINSKI, meets Thrupp
outside. They MUMBLE something Blanco can't hear.

Blanco slips out of the dumpster. He delicately shimmies into a morph suit painted to match the building's brick walls. Blanco inches closer along the wall.

DR. CHICKINSKI
(Polish accent)
I fear the Roaster may not be progressing as we hoped.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
I'll be the judge of that.

Dr. Chickinski and Thrupp enter the factory. Blanco catches the open door. He slips in behind them.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blanco follows Dr. Chickinski and Thrupp down a long brick hallway. COUGHING echoes down the hall.

DR. CHICKINSKI
It may be time to transfer him to a public hospital.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
I said no hospitals.

They enter a room at the end of the hall.

INT. FACTORY "HOSPITAL ROOM" - CONTINUOUS

The room is full of TEENAGE ROOSTERS who are injured from cockfighting. They cling to life in a makeshift hospital room.

Dr. Chickinski and Thrupp stand at QUINTON DAWN'S hospital bed. Quinton has a WHOOPING COUGH that shakes his whole body.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
If The Roaster doesn't make it, that's his problem. He signed up for this.

Blanco hits a wall pipe as he inches into the room. Thrupp looks around.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
What was that?

DR. CHICKINSKI
It's an old building. Lots of creaks.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP

(grunts)

Walk with me.

Thrupp and Dr. Chickinski exit. Blanco spots a security camera hanging from the ceiling. He shimmies into its blind spot then knocks it down.

Blanco runs to Quinton's bedside.

AGENT BLANCO

Is your name Quinton Dawn?

QUINTON

(coughing)

Who are you?

AGENT BLANCO

Agent Greg Blanco, Federal Bureau of Iguanas. I'm going to get you out of here.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blanco shimmies down the brick wall, knocking out security cameras as he goes. When he gets to the end of the wall, he tries to swing the door open. It won't budge. He's locked in.

Blanco runs around. He can't find any other exits. He pulls out his phone. He calls his contact for "Iguana Helpline."

AUTOMATED ASSISTANT (V.O.)

(through phone)

This is the Federal Bureau of Iguanas' Helpline. We "guana" help you. You've reached our automated assistant. For emergencies, say "emergency" or dial the number 1.

AGENT BLANCO

Emergency.

Agent Blanco hits the number 1.

AUTOMATED ASSISTANT

We're sorry. Your emergency has emerged outside our normal business hours. Please call us back between the hours of 9am to 5pm. Goodbye.

The line disconnects. Blanco checks the time. 5:01pm. He SIGHS. Blanco opens his app store.

INT. BIG MILK BAR - NIGHT

Catsy sits at the bar counter as before. She finishes a glass of milk with a BELCH.

CATSY
(to the bartender)
Pour me another.

Catsy's phone BUZZES with a CAT CALL ALERT. She checks it. The Cat Call request is from a new user.

Catsy checks the user's profile photo. It's a bad selfie of Blanco, trapped inside the factory, wearing his brick morph suit.

CATSY
Blanco? What the hell.

The bartender serves Catsy another glass of milk. She chugs it, wipes her milk mustache away, and runs out.

INT. FACTORY "HOSPITAL ROOM" - NIGHT

A muscle man and Dr. Chickinski approach down the hallway.

MUSCLE MAN (O.S.)
Boss wants to know why the security cameras went out.

DR. CHICKINSKI (O.S.)
I'm sure it's just a malfunction.

They enter the hospital room. Blanco camouflages himself against a brick wall.

MUSCLE MAN
Hey, doctor, does that wall look like a human to you?

"The wall" blinks at them. Blanco makes a break for it.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blanco runs down the hallway, but he's stopped by another muscle man. He carries Blanco back to the hospital room.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**FADE IN:****INT. CATSY'S CATILLAC - NIGHT**

Catsy speeds through the outskirts of Big Milk in her Catillac. She calls "Cici <hot pepper emoji> <taco emoji> <drooling emoji>" on her car phone.

CATSY
Come on, Cici. I need you.

PHONE OPERATOR(V.O.)
(through phone)
The number you are trying to reach
does not exist.

CATSY
Well, fuck me I guess.

Catsy speeds faster.

INT. FACTORY "HOSPITAL ROOM" - NIGHT

Blanco is restrained in a hospital bed made for psych patients.

DR. CHICKINSKI
I suppose you have some questions
about our first aid outpost. I'm
the doctor in charge, Dr.
Chickinski.

AGENT BLANCO
You know this isn't first aid.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - SIMULTANEOUS

Catsy scales the brick factory's roof. She watches Dr. Chickinski and Agent Blanco talk through a skylight.

INT. FACTORY "HOSPITAL ROOM" - CONTINUOUS

AGENT BLANCO
I heard you talking. You want to
transfer Quinton to a hospital.
Please help me get him out of here.

DR. CHICKINSKI
If I help you, I'll never see my
family again. I'm sorry.

Dr. Chickinski pours some chloroform on a rag. He is about to cover Blanco's face when --

CATSY LEAPS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT. She does an acrobatic flip that knocks out the two muscle men and lands on her feet of course.

Catsy grabs the rag from the doctor. She uses it to cover his mouth. The doctor passes out.

CATSY
We have to get these boys out of
here before Thrupp gets back.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP (O.S.)
Wow, Detective Catsy, you really
are a fan.

Catsy turns. Thrupp stands in the doorway with two more muscle men.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
Too bad you won't live to see
another match.

Thrupp snaps his fingers. The muscle men approach Catsy. Catsy bares her claws. The men throw a blanket over her, rendering her claws useless. They restrain her, still wrapped in the blanket, in the bed next to Blanco.

MUSCLE MAN
Sir, Mother Clucker is up soon.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
Dr. Chickinski can deal with these
two when he wakes up. I wouldn't
want to miss Clucker's fight.

Thrupp smiles at Catsy with dirty teeth before leaving with his muscle men. Catsy and Blanco are left alone with the passed out doctor and two knocked out henchmen.

Catsy struggles to free herself. The blanket prevents her from doing anything.

CATSY
Fuck. They knew blankets are my
kryptonite. Can you get out?

AGENT BLANCO

The FBI only trained me in camouflage. I don't know anything about escaping.

CATSY

So we're stuck here. Great.

AGENT BLANCO

How did Quinton get himself mixed up in this mess? He seems like such a good kid.

CATSY

I think Quinton wanted to use the prize money from his match to pay off his mom's bills. I'd say that makes him a very good kid.

AGENT BLANCO

How could a good kid fight someone else with a knife?

CATSY

You said you ran away from home. I ran away too. When my foster dad hurt me, I had to get away, but I had nowhere to go. Both of my parents were dead. I did some pretty desperate things to survive. We all have a little bit of good and bad in us.

Blanco spots a scalpel next to his bed.

AGENT BLANCO

I think I can get us out of here.

Blanco manages to grab the scalpel. He uses it to cut his restraints.

AGENT BLANCO

I'm out.

CATSY

Get this blanket off of me.

Blanco cuts Catsy out.

CATSY

Finally. We're gonna get you out of here, Quinton.

Quinton GROANS with pain in his bed.

AGENT BLANCO

The front door is locked from the outside.

CATSY

We'll have to go up.

They grab a bunch of unused IV cords. They use them to create a rope. Catsby leaps up through the skylight. She lifts Blanco up using the IV rope.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - NIGHT

Catsy and Blanco stand on the roof. It overlooks the Big Milk skyline.

CATSY

Not bad, Blanco. I'll call in backup.

Catsy opens the Cat Call App. She hits a button that says "BACKUP".

CATSY

ETA is 5 minutes.

They wait in awkward silence.

AGENT BLANCO

Hey, uhm, I don't usually talk about this, but I'm an orphan too.

CATSY

That have anything to do with your runaway story?

AGENT BLANCO

I'm afraid so. My adoptive parents are both iguanas. They told me I wasn't a real iguana. I couldn't camouflage like them. So I made them believe I ran away when really, I was blending in with the tree in our backyard. It took them 3 months to notice.

CATSY

You're gonna have to stop trauma dumping on me if we're gonna work together.

AGENT BLANCO
You confided in me about your
trauma.

CATSY
I was illustrating a point. It's
different.

AGENT BLANCO
Agree to disagree, Detective.

They smile at each other. There is a feeling of kinship as
police SIRENS wail in the distance.

EXT. BRICK FACTORY - MORNING

BIG MILK PD CARS, AMBULANCES and PARAMEDICS surround the
factory. The sun rises behind them.

Catsy and Agent Blanco are on the ground with the action. The
Goose jumps out of a police van with Monroe. The van is
filled with party lights.

THE GOOSE
Don't worry, Catsy. The Mongoose
Party Bus is here.

MONROE
It's BYOM. Bring your own milk.

CATSY
Fine, but I'm not sharing.

While Catsy talks to Monroe and The Goose, Agent Blanco
watches patients being wheeled out of the building on
stretchers. Mama Dawn runs up to Quinton.

MAMA DAWN
My baby.

Quinton and his mom CRY as they embrace.

Agent Blanco's phone RINGS. He answers.

AGENT BLANCO
Agent Blanco speaking.

EXT. FBI TRAINING YARD - SIMULTANEOUS

Special Agent Camo trims bushes in the training yard. He
talks on a bluetooth.

INTERCUT - FBI TRAINING YARD / BRICK FACTORY

SPECIAL AGENT CAMO
Special Agent Camo calling. I'm
checking on your report re:
Detective Agatha Catsby.

AGENT BLANCO
I'd like to learn more about Catsby
before I give a report, sir.

Blanco watches Catsby hug Mama Dawn.

END INTERCUT.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Sunny Side Thrupp enters a dimly-lit locker room inside the
foreclosed boxing gym. Fluorescent lights flicker overhead.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
Mother Clucker, I know you're in
here. Come out so we can take you
to the hospital.

MOTHER CLUCKER (O.S.)
(weakly)
I'm over here.

Thrupp follows a trail of blood around the corner. He finds
Mother Clucker holding a sweaty rag to a wound in his chest.

Catsy pounces out of a locker behind Thrupp. She tackles him.

SUNNY SIDE THRUPP
Mother Clucker, you snitch.

Agent Blanco helps Mother Clucker stand up.

MOTHER CLUCKER
My name is Jeremy.

CATSY
You're the mother clucker, Thrupp.

Catsy handcuffs Thrupp.

EXT. BOXING GYM - MORNING

Catsy and Blanco lead Thrupp to a cop car outside. They push
him inside. Catsby's CAT CALL ALERT BUZZES. She checks it.

CATSY
Another cheese robbery. What is
with this week?
(to Blanco)
I gotta go.

AGENT BLANCO
Can I come?

CATSY
Fine, but you're buying coffee.

AGENT BLANCO
I can make that deal.

They get into the Catillac.

CATSY
I want an all-milk latte.

AGENT BLANCO
Good god, Catsby. It's 7am.

They drive away together.

FADE TO BLACK.

END SHOW