

Crazy Cat Lady: Murder Solver

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CRAZY CAT LADY: MURDER SOLVER

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

The copier is making print-outs that have the word "REMINDER" across the top in large font. The door opens. Two bodies tumble into the room. DAVE and SCARLETT (30's, good-looking for corporate) are all over each other, kissing, pulling at each other's clothes.

DAVE

You taste good. Like breakfast.

SCARLETT

I was eating a blueberry mini-muffin when you texted.

He lifts her onto the copier, still making out.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be on a call right now.

DAVE

Couldn't wait. You were gone too long this time.

SCARLETT

Aw. He almost cares.
(pulling her underwear down
from underneath her skirt)
I got you something.

DAVE

I hope it's your panties.

SCARLETT

(handing him the panties)
It is!

WOMAN'S VOICE

(can't take it anymore)
Okay, hi.

Dave and Scarlett yelp. Pull back to reveal: Dave and Scarlett are pretty much making out right on top of FRANCES RIGBY, just now 30, skinny, small, practical, and a little bit frowny. People make her uncomfortable.

FRANCES

Hello, hi. I'm here. Hi.

DAVE

Jesus!

SCARLETT

Oh, my God!

During the following, Dave is pacing the room nervously as Scarlett awkwardly gets herself down from the copier.

FRANCES

I felt like you had to have known I was here, since I'm the only person in the room, but then when you handed him your underwear I thought, "I should check, because this is feeling like a personal moment." Plus, you're on my copier.

Dave realizes he's still holding Scarlett's panties and drops them like they're on fire.

DAVE

Um, what's your name?

FRANCES

I'm Frances. Fran. I work in accounts receivable. You e-mail me your travel expenses every month. You call me Fern.

DAVE

Oh, Fern. Right.

FRANCES

Right, so it's Fran.

DAVE

Fran. Sorry. Um, listen, I hope you don't mind not telling anyone what you--

FRANCES

Yeah, no, I was going to say the same thing to you guys. This never happened.

DAVE

Great.

SCARLETT

Well, I mean, if you accidentally tell a couple of people, it wouldn't be the worst thing.

DAVE

Scarlett!

SCARLETT

What, Dave? I like that we're dating.

DAVE

My wife won't!

FRANCES

Please stop talking private words. I don't care what you guys are doing. As far as I'm concerned, people are always doing something wrong or bad or selfish. But nobody likes getting busted.

Frances grabs the pages from the copier.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(confession)

I was printing a personal memo.

She hands them each a copy.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

It's a reminder for my party tonight. It's a birthday party. For me.

SCARLETT

Oh, okay. Well, thanks for the invite.

FRANCES

This is the reminder. I sent the invites two weeks ago. Paper and email. Email subject line: "You're invited to Frances Rigby's 30th." The paper invite had a cat dressed like an old lady.

SCARLETT

Right, sure, of course.

FRANCES

I invited everybody. Well, not Dave's wife. I don't know her. But I wouldn't invite her. Not in light of recent events.

They stare at the panties on the ground.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I probably wouldn't wear those now. Mark dropped his moo shu pork in here earlier.

A beat. Then:

DAVE
Happy birthday.

FRANCES
(brightening)
Hey, thanks!

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE HALLWAY / BULLPEN - A LITTLE LATER

Frances makes her way down the hallway, taping reminders to each office door and cubicle wall.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S CUBICLE -- A LITTLE LATER

Fran is at her computer, headphones on, cuing up iTunes. She finds and selects her "Birthday Playlist."

MUSIC CUE: Mozart's Requiem - "Rex Tremendae Majestatis"

Fran begins watering her tiny row of plants, head moving to the music like she's the conductor.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)
(yelling)
Headphones aren't plugged in!

Fran is startled to see this is true. Her music is blaring and everyone is staring at her. Fran quickly mutes her music. She looks to the next cubicle, where her co-worker CORY is already back to work.

FRANCES
(to Cory)
That was embarrassing, huh?

Cory doesn't look up from his work. She grabs one of her reminder flyers and tries to hand it to him.

CORY
(still not looking)
Already got one.

FRANCES
Oh. Do you think you're coming tonight?

CORY

I don't know you. This is the first time
you've talked to me in six months.

FRANCES

Okay, well, I hope you can make it.

CUT TO:

INT. NICE RESTAURANT PRIVATE ROOM -- NIGHT

The room is tastefully decked out for a party. There are
a few balloons, flowers, a cake. In the corner, a DJ
spins, so impressed with himself, lost in his own world.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Frances sits alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICE RESTAURANT PRIVATE ROOM -- LATER

The room looks exactly the same. Frances is still in the
same place. The music suddenly STOPS. The DJ begins
packing up his stuff. Frances checks her watch and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frances comes home to her apartment, holding her
untouched birthday cake. Her two cats TAYLOR (old, grey
and white tabby) and CAL (extremely fat, brown and black
tabby) greet her at the door, meowing, pacing in circles.

FRANCES

I know, I'm late.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Frances is splitting a can of cat food into two bowls.

FRANCES

How was your day, guys? Mine sucked.

(in a high-pitched voice)

"Oh, no, Frances! Don't worry; you're
still awesome."

(then, in her own voice)

(MORE)

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Thanks, Cal.

(in French-Canadian voice)

"And also, mademoiselle, may I just say,
I might be just a cat, but I love you."

(in her own voice)

Aw, Taylor. I love you, too.

She sets down two bowls of food. The cats eat hungrily.
She administers a shot of insulin into Taylor's scruff.
She watches them eat.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You turn thirty, you have a party.

That's what you're supposed to do, right?

So you have this great memory. But no.

Not me. I even hired a DJ. Invites. E-
vites! Nothing. I hate people, you guys.

They always let you down.

Frances hears a male voice MOANING on the other side of
the wall.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Gross.

She bangs on the wall. The moaning INCREASES. Frances
bangs harder. More moaning.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Ew. Now I'm just a part of it.

Frances grabs a fork and leaves the room, furious.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frances flops down onto the couch and starts eating her
birthday cake. She's trying to hold back tears.

FRANCES

This is what I get for leaving the
apartment. Never again. I'm staying in
forever, just me and Netflix and you
guys. We will live here the rest of our
days as I slowly wither away into a--

TAYLOR (O.S.) (V.O.)

(deep male voice)

Okay, that's it.

Frances shrieks as she jumps up, grabbing the fork and
the remote as weapons. She looks around.

There's nothing. Just Taylor, staring at her. We hear his voice. Straight-forward. Very Patrick Warburton.

TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I can't take this crap anymore. All the complaining, the whining. New game plan. You're not in charge anymore. We are. Well, I am. That other cat's an idiot.

Frances realizes she was listening to a cat, and shakes herself out of it. She looks again for whomever must have said that. She checks the windows. The front door.

TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's not someone else talking, Fran. It's me. Taylor. The cat.

Fran keeps walking around her apartment, searching.

TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fran. Look at the cat. It's the cat, Fran. The cat is talking to you.

But the cat's mouth isn't moving. Fran is growing increasingly anxious, looking under the furniture.

TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now, who could fit under there? Come on, lady. Little hint: the voice you're looking for is coming from the cat.

From the other room we hear a HIGH-PITCHED VOICE.

CAL (V.O.) (O.S.)

Oh, no! Taylor! Not yet! Too soon!

Cal comes running full-on CAT SPEED into the room, skittering onto the table.

CAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let me get to my assigned place if we're going to tell her. Oh, I'm so nervous!

Cal immediately begins to HEAVE, about to throw up. Frances is now staring at both of her cats. Their mouths don't move, but it is unmistakable: the cats are communicating with her. Taylor makes eye-contact.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Yeah, Fran. This is happening.

Frances PASSES OUT. Cal pukes on the birthday cake.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. FRAN'S LIVING ROOM -- A LITTLE AFTER SHE FAINTED

Fran is starting to come to. Cal is sitting on her chest, staring at her. She looks into his eyes.

CAL (V.O.)
She's awake! Taylor!

Cal JUMPS OFF Fran and runs out of the room. As Fran grabs her chest in pain:

CAL (O.S.) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, no, I used my claws! Soooooorrry!

Frances sits up and holds her chest. Taylor is sitting on the opposite couch, watching her.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
Good nap?

FRANCES
This is... so unfair! I'm so young! Do you understand what I thought I'd have accomplished by thirty? I was supposed to be heart surgeon, or an astronaut...or God, at least own a coffee shop or something. Maybe have a husband. A kid. A house. But no. Thirty years old and dying of a brain tumor. This is tragic!

We hear Cal frantically running down the hallway.

CAL (V.O.) (O.S.)
Hey, where is everybody?! Hello?!

TAYLOR (V.O.)
He gets lost sometimes. He's okay. As are you. You don't have a brain tumor.

FRANCES
Well, see, the thing is I can hear my cats talking, so if that's going to keep happening, it'd better be because I have a FREAKING BRAIN TUMOR.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Frances walks into the bathroom and heads straight for her medicine cabinet. She goes through pill bottles, checking the labels. Taylor jumps up onto the toilet.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Look, Fran. We're here to help.

Frances holds up two bottles.

FRANCES

Then tell me which one of these will knock me out the fastest.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

The one on the left.

FRANCES

Really?

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Lady, I can't read.

Frances drops two pills into her palm and sucks water directly from the faucet.

FRANCES

Good night.

She heads to her bedroom. Taylor follows.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frances turns on the light to find Cal sitting on her pillow, blinking.

CAL (V.O.)

Bright! Bright! Bright!

FRANCES

Oooh, sorry, Cal.

(catching herself, upset)

Ugh! I'm not talking back to my cats! I am not a Crazy Cat Lady!

Frances begins changing into her pajamas.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Oh, really? Because I do recall you just now saying you've got nothing. No accomplishments, no friends.

CAL (V.O.)

No true love!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Just cats, middle age and a social disorder. Face it, Fran. You are one fuzzy pink robe away from being the ultimate Crazy Cat Lady.

Fran freezes, one arm in the closet.

ANGLE ON: just out of Taylor's view, she's holding a fuzzy pink robe. She stuffs it back into her closet.

CAL (V.O.)

Let's solve murders!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

No, we discussed this. We let Fran hear our voices so she can make friends.

CAL (V.O.)

"Boom!" "Aaagh!" Murrrrrder.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Fran, did you really think people were going to come to that party tonight?

FRANCES

Uh, I invited them, didn't I?

TAYLOR (V.O.)

What about Martha? She wouldn't miss it.

FRANCES

I didn't invite her. Martha's not really my friend. Plus, she's a little weird. It'd probably be awkward for her.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Yes, you are the expert when it comes to social interactions. That's why you invited a ton of strangers to a party.

FRANCES

What difference does it make? People go to parties because they're obligated.

(MORE)

FRANCES (CONT'D)

That's why you make sure there's cake and booze. To pay them for their time.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Okay, you have a small point. But still.

CAL (V.O.)

"Boom!" "Aaagh!" Murrrrrder.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Cat! Zip it.

Sound of a DOORBELL. Frances smiles.

FRANCES

(surprised, yet smug)

Well, excuse me. It would appear I have a friend at the door.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Could be a serial killer.

FRANCES

Company is company.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Fran opens the door to find MARTHA (30's, sweet, might have an emergency cupcake in her purse). Fran notes the cats won't talk when someone's around.

MARTHA

(singing, dancing in place)

"Iiiiiit's your birthday! It's your birthday! Hello, hello, hello, I hear your birthday is here. Hey-ya, hey-ya, hey, I hope you're glad I am here. Cause it's your birthday. It's Frannie's birthday."

She trails out. Sighs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I see why we all stick with that one song. This feels like too much.

FRANCES

Martha! So glad to see you. Come on in!

Fran grabs Martha's hand and pulls her into the living room. Taylor watches from the couch. We should see again how Frances is different around real people. Itchy.

MARTHA

What? Why? Your sink again? You need my fist down your drain, clean some gunk? Your fear of garbage disposals is kind of one of my favorite things about you.

FRANCES

No, the sink is fine, I just... it's nice to hear another human voice.

Martha beelines over for Taylor and grabs him. Taylor squirms. He doesn't like to be held.

MARTHA

Heeeellooooo, Mister Fuzzyface! I gotcha in my clutches!

Taylor jumps out of her arms and flees the room. Martha begins to chase after him, but then stops.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, my God! Did you hear that?

FRANCES

Yes! Thank you. You hear it, too?

MARTHA

How could I not? But I'm not sure I heard what I think I just heard.

FRANCES

I know. But that's what it is, and I'm freaking out. I don't know what to do.

MARTHA

What are you supposed to do, talk back?

FRANCES

Well... I mean, I kind of did.

MARTHA

Hee-hee! Okay.
(to wall, groaning)
"Unnh. Unnnnh! Uuuunh!"

FRANCES

Oh, right. Him.

The groaning gets louder. Frances bangs on the wall.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(to neighbor)

I don't need to know your life!

MARTHA

I think it's kinda sexy.

FRANCES

It's not. He's old and never leaves his apartment. He's probably masturbating.

MARTHA

Okay, well, I gotta go. Want to get to my mom's before she takes her Lunesta. I like watching her sleep-eat. She looks like a drunk baby.

FRANCES

You just got here.

MARTHA

I'm sorry. Once you said you weren't celebrating your birthday, I made plans.

Taylor appears in the doorway, staring at Fran.

FRANCES

Did I say that? I don't remember saying that. That doesn't sound like me.

MARTHA

Really? This doesn't?

(Fran voice)

"Uh, birthdays are ridiculous, self-congratulatory wankfests."

(her voice)

You said don't even bother calling, but everybody deserves hearing "Happy Birthday." Even grumpy people.

(pointing at coffee table)

Hey, where'd you get the cake?

Martha looks down and gasps.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Look, look! Look how much he loves me! This never happens!

Taylor is smugly rubbing his head along Martha's ankles.

FRANCES
Imagine that.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S LIVING ROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

Fran shuts the door as Martha leaves. A wave of exhaustion hits Fran.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
You know you're a terrible person.

FRANCES
Shut up, Taylor.

Cal runs in.

CAL (V.O.)
Was Martha here? I smell Martha.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
The only person who's actually nice to you, you practically un-invite to your birthday party. What a nasty, nasty, lonely lady you are.

FRANCES
Hey, how come you don't sound like the voice I use for you? You're supposed to talk like:
(French-Canadian voice)
"Ello! I am zee cat! Bonjour!"
(her voice)
Is it my brain tumor making you mean?

TAYLOR (V.O.)
No, it's because this is my actual voice. But what is up with that accent?

FRANCES
It's French-Canadian. You're Taylor DeJardin. You used to... play hockey... as a goalie.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
It is a mystery as to why you're alone.

FRANCES
Okay, that's it! Out! Everybody out.

Fran opens the front door and pushes both cats outside.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
So soon? But we were just getting to
know each other.

CAL (V.O.)
I'M OUTSIDE!

Cal takes off.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
Let's pick this up in the morning, after
my insulin shot. You wouldn't let this
old cat go into a diabetic co--

Frances SLAMS THE DOOR in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Frances wakes up to the sound of MEOWING.

ANGLE ON: the bedroom window, where we see Cal looking
very cat-like, batting at the screen, wanting to be let
in. He MEOWS again. Frances smiles, relieved.

FRANCES
Okay. Now, that's more like it.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S APARTMENT -- SECONDS LATER

Frances opens the front door. The cats come racing in.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|
| CAL (V.O.) | TAYLOR (V.O.) |
| FOOD! FOOD! FOOD! | Feed us, lady! We are starving. |

Frances thinks, then SLAPS HERSELF in the face.

CAL (O.S.)(V.O.)
I found the kitchen! It's right here.

TAYLOR (O.S.)(V.O.)
My god, cat. You are so stupid.

Frances goes into the quiet cry.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. FRANCES'S KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Frances is feeding the cats while also trying to block out the sound of their voices. She hums, sings, cocks her head to one side to smash her shoulder into her ear, etc.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Fran, we are only trying to help you.

FRANCES

I don't need your help because I'm fine.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Let me ask you something. Why did you want a birthday party in the first place?

FRANCES

Well, I thought it'd be nice to feel like a normal person for one day. And maybe be the center of attention. Parties look like what normal people do. For fun.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

What if I told you that your next party, one year from now, could be filled with all sorts of friends? Imagine that.

CAL (V.O.)

And imagine you solve murders!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I said no! Fran, here's the deal. If you make some friends by next year, we'll stop talking. Okay? Won't that be worth--

She puts down the food bowl.

TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--Oh, hey, what's this? Mmm.

Taylor is immediately silenced, eating. Frances jams an insulin needle into his neck, then runs from the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S LIVING ROOM -- FIVE MINUTES LATER

Frances is as ready for work as she can be in five minutes. She finds her keys. The cats come running.

CAL (V.O.)

Keys! Keys!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Wait! You need your first assignment.

Taylor has food on his nose.

FRANCES

I need to get to work. Where people ignore me and I like it that way.

CAL (V.O.)

(impersonating a human)

"Work, work, work! All I do is work! I'm busy! My report! Computer."

FRANCES

And where I can call my doctor.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Today's assignment is a good one. Ready? Socializing. Don't eat lunch alone.

FRANCES

How do you know I eat lunch alone?

TAYLOR (V.O.)

You have no concept of how much you talk to us, do you? Speaking of, can you start closing the door when you're in the bathroom? That'd be super.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S CUBICLE -- LATER THAT MORNING

Frances is on her cell phone while tending to her plants.

FRANCES

As soon as he can possibly see me. Next Thursday? That's eight days from now. Did I mention it's a brain thing? Fine.

Frances sighs, hangs up and writes "DOCTOR" on her calendar. She flips pages and sees it's the ONLY THING in her calendar. She looks up and notices Cory sitting at his cubicle, typing. She leans over.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Hey, Cory. Wanna get lunch with me today?

CORY
(not looking up)

No.

FRANCES
No, of course not, that's stupid.

Frances quickly goes back to her computer.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - A LITTLE LATER

Frances sits on top of a flattened box she's using as a protective seat on the toilet. She tries to read a book.

Suddenly there are SOUNDS in the next stall. A slam. A scuffle. A giggle.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
We've got to stop meeting like this.

DAVE (O.S.)
We only meet like this. That's why it's fun. That's why it's staying like this.

Frances realizes she's next to Dave and Scarlett again. She mouths, "Crap!" There's a BANG against her stall wall. We stay focused on Fran through the following:

SCARLETT (O.S.)
Hmm. I don't know. What if I went...

DAVE (O.S.)
Scarlett. Whoa! How are you doing that?

SCARLETT (O.S.)
Okay, now pull here! Now! Now!

DAVE (O.S.)
Oh, OH, OH OHHHHHHHHHHH!

There's the sound of high heels scraping against the metal wall. Fran curls up, spine shivering.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - A LITTLE LATER

Frances checks the clock -- almost lunchtime. She looks around the bullpen.

All are strangers, just weird hair and clothes she doesn't understand. Pictures of children she doesn't know. Flowers from spouses she's never met.

She hears LAUGHTER coming from one of the cubes. A small huddle has formed around a monitor. Frances wanders over, curious.

FRANCES

Hey, other people. Looks like you're enjoying something funny. Cool.

They inch some room for her and we see: they're looking at ICanHazCheezburger.com, laughing at a Photoshopped image of a cat talking to another cat in LOL-speak.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

They don't actually sound like that.

When people turn to look, she shrugs.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Anybody wanna go to lunch?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE LUNCH/KITCHEN AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Frances is sitting at a table with the people from the bullpen: MARK, PAULA, JAMES and NIKKI (20's and early 30's, not quite pretty enough to be as catty as they are). They are mostly talking around her.

PAULA

I can't believe that. Secret gays?

NIKKI

That's so not right. In this day and age, you shouldn't keep your gaydom secret. It's not fair to the straights.

MARK

James said he saw both those boys leave the bar together. Didn't you, James?

JAMES

I saw them, but I didn't say I saw them. You can say you heard I saw them, but I never said I saw them. You see?

NIKKI

Oh, I see, I see. Si, si, senor, I see.

Frances is staring at the next table, where CORY eats his lunch alone. They make eye-contact. She looks away, straightens up and tries to join the conversation.

FRANCES

Now, what are you guys talking about?

MARK

Oh, just who's up to no good. You must have some dirt, Accounts Receivable.

FRANCES

I don't know. I don't really care about that stuff. I'm sure I know nothing.

PAULA

Plus it's not like anybody around here gets to keep a freaking secret.

NIKKI

Seriously, we know them all. Drug addicts, bulimics, only a racist when they're online...

FRANCES

People are generally bad, I find.

JAMES

So then tell us something good. Like, who's charging their hookers back to corporate? And please say it's Brandon Myers-Smith, because I hate that guy like I hate Paula's ass.

PAULA

Hey, I have a nice ass.

JAMES

That's why I hate it.

PAULA

You love it. Look at it. Hit it.

Paula stands up so James can spank it. He does.

FRANCES

Oh, don't. Don't, please. Oh.

Frances finds all this to be rather icky. It makes her shoulders roll, her face squinch. She kind of coughs.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(blurting)

Scarlett and Dave make out all the time.
And Dave has a wife. Is that news?

The group has frozen still. Yeah, that was kind of news.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I mean, I heard that from somebody,
maybe, I don't know, whatever. It was my
birthday yesterday. I guess that's news.

The group immediately disperses to spread the gossip.
Frances looks at Cory, who shakes his head with judgment.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Get out of my lunch, Cory.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S CUBICLE -- A LITTLE LATER

Frances is entering some numbers into a spreadsheet when a HAND enters her view. It grabs one of her plants and dumps it out onto her. Dirt falls all over Frances.

FRANCES

Hey!

It is SCARLETT, who is red and puffy and scary. She throws the pot on the carpeting, where it lands without a satisfactory smash. She grabs another plant and dumps this onto Frances as well. In the back, Cory's watching.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Hey, stop!

SCARLETT

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you like dirt!

Scarlett wrestles a bit with Frances as she grabs the remaining plants and dumps them over Frances's keyboard.

FRANCES

I'm sorry! I didn't mean to; I was
squirmy and it came out! Please stop!

Scarlett pulls Frances's wrist. Frances is sincere here.

SCARLETT

You stop. What is wrong with you?

FRANCES

But you did say you wanted people to find out. I heard you say that. Remember?

SCARLETT

Are you being funny?

FRANCES

No, I really don't try to be funny. But look, everybody knows now, so maybe that's a good thing. You got what you wanted. So, now what's going to happen?

This is too much for Scarlett to handle. She walks off. Frances sees the PEOPLE in the bullpen staring at her.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

She's just mad.

Frances sits down, wiping dirt off herself. Suddenly Frances's boss JAMAL appears in his doorway, holding several of Frances's reminder flyers. Dave is with him.

JAMAL

Frances Rigby? Can I talk to you?

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FRAN'S LIVING ROOM/APARTMENT -- HOURS LATER

ANGLE ON: Frances's front door. We hear her keys jingling in the lock. Taylor and Cal run to the door, pacing.

CAL (V.O.)

Fran! Fran! It's Fran! It's Fran!
Fran! Fran's home! Fran! Fran's--

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I know! Jesus.

Frances yanks open the door, pissed off. She's got mud streaks down her cheeks from crying, dirt on her clothes. She's holding the flyers and a PERSONAL REPRIMAND.

FRANCES

Oh, hi.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Shit!

The cats BOLT past her, down the stairs, onto the street.

FRANCES
 (mutters)
 Yeah, you'd better run.

The door at the other end of the hall opens. It's Martha.

MARTHA
 I thought I heard you!

She heads out of her apartment toward Frances, dancing.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 "It's still your birthday week! It's
 still your birthday week! We can go and
 celebrate and have some fun! Come on,
 come on! Come on, come onnnnn!"

She reaches Frances and sees her dirty, messed up state.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 What the F, G and H, girl? You look
 crazy.

FRANCES
 Bad day.

MARTHA
 Oh, no, bad day, look at that!

Martha grabs the reprimand out of Frances's hand.

FRANCES
 Wait! Don't--

She flips through and finds... the party reminder. She reads it. It's awkwardly quiet as Martha understands what happened and Frances doesn't know what to say.

Martha nods, hands the pages back to Frances, and walks back to her apartment. To her back, Frances yells:

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 Nobody came!

MARTHA
 Good.

Martha slams the door behind her. Frances is alone.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR.

INT. FRANCES'S APARTMENT -- THE NEXT MORNING

Frances is still in her pj's as she opens the door.

FRANCES

Not. One. Word.

The cats run in, ears down, straight to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCES'S KITCHEN -- MINUTES LATER

It's quiet as Frances feeds the cats, insulin shot. She sits down with her coffee and a muffin. Finally:

TAYLOR (V.O.)

If I could just say one thing--

Frances THROWS her muffin at the cat, who goes running, hissing. Frances hisses back.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S BATHROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

Frances gets ready for work. Cal jumps onto the sink.

CAL (V.O.)

Hooray! Fran juice.

He licks the drain. Taylor enters.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Everything's okay, you know.

FRANCES

Why did you make me talk to them? I said all the wrong things and now they hate me. And I got in trouble. I never get in trouble, Taylor. I got written up!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I don't know what that means.

FRANCES

They squirted me with the water bottle.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Oh. You must've been very bad.

CAL (V.O.)

Bad Fran! Get down!

FRANCES

Then when I was trying to make lunch friends I got itchy and gossiped. So now there's all this drama. I hate drama.

CAL (V.O.)

I like drama. "Boom!" "Aaagh!" Murrerder.

FRANCES

Cal, get down off the sink.

CAL (V.O.)

Muuuuurrrrderrrrr!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Actually, there is a mystery to solve.

Frances leaves the room, unamused.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Fran grabs her keys, purse and phone. The cats follow.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I'm serious! Next Door Guy normally puts out food for us at night. He hasn't.

CAL (V.O.)

It's been two days! He's dead.

FRANCES

He's not dead. I heard him being nasty with himself again last night.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Something's wrong. He always feeds us.

FRANCES

Did you ever think that maybe it's none of my business? Just like all those people at work. None of my business! Why did I even try to make friends? Now I've got to worry about all these people and these problems. It's hard!

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 Don't get discouraged, Fran. Things have
 to get messy before they get better.

CAL (V.O.)
 Like the litter box!

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 Today's assignment--

FRANCES
 GOODBYE. I'm not listening to you.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 It's easy. All you have to do is stay
 quiet. Be like a cat! Just keep your
 ears down, listen good, and keep your
 mouth shut. Can you do that?

Fran sarcastically zips her lips and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN -- A LITTLE LATER

Fran arrives to see people are staring at her, whispering
 with each other about her. She takes a deep breath, but
 keeps her mouth closed as she heads to her cubicle.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S CUBICLE -- CONTINUOUS

It's still a dirty, plant-covered mess here. Fran grabs
 her book and her flattened box top and heads to--

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL -- MINUTES LATER

Fran sits with a book. Someone in high heels enters the
 bathroom and walks into the next stall. Fran's quiet.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
 I didn't sleep last night. I kept
 thinking about what you did. How you
 embarrassed me like that. So mean.

Frances opens her mouth to defend herself, then puts her
 hand over her mouth. Let's try silence this time.

SCARLETT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look, Fran, you're a weird person. I don't get why you're so weird, but maybe it's so you don't end up in these ridiculous situations like the one I'm in. I can respect that. I mean, I was dumb enough to think -- well, hope -- that if everyone at work found out about Dave and me, he'd have to make a choice. And choose me. But he was never going to choose me. I knew that, too. You pulled a total bitch move yesterday, but you were oddly trying to help. Anyway, it made me do what I should've done a long time ago. I ended it with Dave.

We hear Scarlett snarfing her nose into a tissue.

SCARLETT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm not going to kill you, weird one.

Scarlett's hand appears from under the stall. Frances gently takes it and shakes it. She never said a word!

Scarlett leans her face under the stall into Frances's.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

But, from now on, out there? They're gonna think I want you dead. It'll get ugly. Hope you understand.

Frances nods. She does.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S CUBICLE -- A LITTLE LATER

Frances returns to her cube to find a bag from In-N-Out on her desk with a Post-It: "EVEN PARIAS NEED TO EAT."

Frances looks around. Who did this? She looks over at Cory's cubicle. He's also eating from an In-N-Out bag. She is about to say thank you, but he turns even more away from her. Okay, then. She cleans some dirt off her desk and sits down to eat with a small smile.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S CUBICLE -- END OF BUSINESS DAY

Fran's cleaned her desk of all dirt and re-potted her plants. She stacks some paperwork and grabs her things.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Fran is walking past her boss's door when JAMAL appears.

JAMAL

Hey, are you okay? I'd never seen someone get so upset about a reprimand.

Frances starts to say something, but turns it into a shrug like, "Yeah, I guess. I care about my job."

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Those things are mostly bullshit. Dave was pissed and I wanted to shut him up. If he ever hits on you, let me know? I feel like you would let me sue him.

Fran nods. Jamal hands her a birthday card.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Happy birthday. Sorry I didn't make it to your party. My wife said no.

Jamal boss-pats Frances on the shoulder and then heads back into his office.

As Frances continues, she passes James, Nikki, Mark and Paula, who are gossiping. They nod at her, wave goodbye. She waves back, surprised. People actually see her.

She passes Dave. He raises his right hand, points a finger gun at her, and shoots. Frances stops, raises her hand and shoots him the finger. She heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANCES'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Frances is walking up the steps to her apartment when she sees the closed door of her next-door neighbor. She stops. Takes a breath. Knocks. Nothing. Knocks again.

FRANCES
Hello? Mr. Lanclos? Hello?

She knocks harder. Bangs on the door. Puts her ear to it and listens. She gasps, and then runs down the hall to Martha's front door. She knocks on Martha's door.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Martha! Martha!

We hear Martha through the door.

MARTHA (O.S.)
I'm not talking to you.

FRANCES
I need your help!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANCES' NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT -- SECONDS LATER

Martha has her ear pressed to Mr. Lanclos' door.

MARTHA
Oh, my God.

FRANCES
I think he's in there! Do you think he's going to be naked? If so I don't want to-

MARTHA
Stand back.

Martha slams herself into the door. It opens.

ANGLE ON: MR. LANCLOS, the elderly neighbor, trapped under a fallen bookcase. He faintly MOANS.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
(grabbing her cell phone)
Holy crap! I'm calling 911.

FRANCIS
(quietly, shocked)
"Boom. Aaaagh."

MR. LANCLOS
(quietly)
Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

Frances is with the cats on the bed, who are lying on most of the mattress. Fran's curled around one pillow.

FRANCES

Can you believe it? I'm like, totally a hero! Nice work, Cal!

CAL (V.O.)

Murder solved!

FRANCES

Well, not really. He's alive. And it was a bookcase, not a murderer.

CAL (V.O.)

Murder solved!

FRANCES

Okay.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

You did a good thing, getting involved.

FRANCES

Once they all stopped being mad at me, they were sorta grateful. Why is that?

TAYLOR (V.O.)

It's the hardest part about being a cat. You want to help, but you can't talk, so all you can do is make a mess, and then sit and wait for them to figure out why you did it. People are morons, Fran.

FRANCES

Three days ago nobody spoke to me, today I was all anyone could talk about. Well, that was fun. Experiment over. Now you guys go back to being cats.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Nope. Not done by a long shot. You need to go to Martha's and say you're sorry.

FRANCES

What? I thought the secret of being a friend is that I don't say anything.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 Jesus, why didn't we start talking to you
 sooner? Birthday party apology. Tell
 her you were a total asshole. Go!

FRANCES
 But what if she won't answer the door?

CAL (V.O.)
 Pee on it.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 Or wait. She'll answer. She likes you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANCES'S APARTMENT -- MINUTES LATER

From Fran's front door we see Frances at Martha's door
 with a bottle of wine. She knocks. She knocks again.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAN'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Taylor and Cal are sitting on the back of Fran's couch,
 watching this through a window.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 Cal, this was a good idea. We're going
 to make her life so much better.

CAL (V.O.)
 I puked in her bra.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 Mostly better.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANCES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We see Martha open the door. Fran says something we
 can't hear. After a beat Martha nods, laughs, and steps
 back to let Fran inside.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW.