

GABBY AND THE CAT:
Message In A Bubble

November 20, 2019

COLD OPEN

FADE IN-

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

An old hearse is parked in-front of a fast-food joint, Chunk's Meat. Chunk, the mythological proprietor, is immortalized on the sign as a neon cartoon: big gut, butcher's gown, porcine. It displays Chunk cutting a pig in half with an oversized cleaver. The pig is happy and whole. Then the cleaver bisects its horror-stricken piggy body, and then the pig's ghost gives a thumbs up. Repeat. It's classically cartoonish.

There is a man dressed all in black with heavy eyelids, ABE (38, shifty, overweight, always tired from binge-watching kung-fu movies until three am, doesn't like Vincent Price) waiting in the driver's seat of the hearse. He Ubers dead people. They never give him any stars. His black suit sleeves are too short. His new partner, BUFFY (28, female, adventurous, single, moved to a crappy apartment in a small town/colony to get away from her home city with a comfy desk job.) comes out from Chunk's Meat, wearing a secondhand, black pant suit. She drops the two grocery-sized bags of greasy, meaty goodness onto the dirty drsolesbot cement. The bag sneezes rendered pig fat everywhere. Her dingy, pant suit is speckled with grease that will dry to look like cum. She points at the hearse and shouts!

BUFFY
He's alive!

A vampire's (68, was once Stewart, dressed for death) face is squished against the hearse's rear, side window.

ABE jams a red switch on the dashboard, folding his thumb into a reverse L. The hearse's back door swings open, and then a spring-loaded coffin shoots out. The vampire is sizzling from the sun's rays. His arms are flailing in panic.

STEWART
AAAAHHHHH!

BUFFY grabs a wooden broom from the rear of the hearse, and she stabs the vampire through the heart with the sharp end, which has been manually sharpened with a blessed buck knife. They use the other end for sweeping. The vampire collapses into a pile of ash. ABE comes

around the car to the scene. BUFFY is hyperventilating and frozen while holding the broom in a coffin full of ash.

ABE
Overkill.

ABE pokes BUFFY on the shoulder to see if that unfreezes her.

ABE
Is that your first immortal, Buff?

BUFFY
It was... immortal.

ABE's tummy knots up for a spasm..

ABE
Was immortal?

BUFFY perks up and takes her phone out. She starts texting.

BUFFY(cont'd)
I have to tell my Grandma!

ABE kicks the coffin.

ABE
"Why don't they just make coffins that lock shut?"

(optional) BUFFY is standing there texting and ABE is walking over to check on the food. He squats down, and grabs a soggy, flappy falling apart pork sandwich. An onlooker (42, guy that has an opinion on everything) scoffs. He mumbles to himself.

ONLOOKER
Opiate of the masses.

Then he scoffs at BUFFY.

ONLOOKER
Can't people just live their lives, and not be on their
phone all of the time.

(optional end)

END: Scene

OPEN CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. "NATURE" PARK - DAY

There is an old woman, GABBY (77, intimidating, braless, fought in a war against "supernatural" monsters 50 years ago, heavy makeup) , sitting on a park bench. Next to her is a short-haired, blue cat, HERMES (67, sick, A.D.D., needy). GABBY is wearing green sweatpants and a huge, red shirt with a happy jellyfish on it. The bench is old. A plaque shows it was donated by Socialist Scum. GMO trees are behind the bench. Nobody has done landscaping for a couple weeks. GABBY looks right to left. Then she farts.

GABBY's phone yells "message!". She picks up her phone, and looks at it.

BUFFY (text)
I slayed my first vamp! :)

GABBY(text)
So exciting!
It's like a movie.

Another fart sounds and the phone screams "Message!"

BUFFY(text)(something wait)
Monster Killer starring Buffy

GABBY
Please don't make the movie start with super
Action, and then it says "Two Weeks Earlier",
And then it's an hour of boring story.

BUFFY
I'm not an asshole, Grammy

-----maybe-----

GABBY (text)

(sends a gif of strong, empowered singer/(songwriter?) BIOyonce' (Beyonce').
It's Beyonce', but she is bio robot. Her arm is a metal skeleton or something.)

GABBY

Exciting. I'm done with that.

GABBY puts her phone away.

Fade to black

TEXT: white

TWO WEEKS EARLIER

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NATURE PARK - DAY

There is a small park in the middle of an old, rural town. It is taking up business real estate. GABBY is sitting on the park bench with her cat. She's wearing a floral shawl, pink shirt, and green sweatpants stained from using her thigh as a dish for deep-fried clumps. The bench is older, and all of the nature is behind the bench, so when you sit down, you can only enjoy watching all the commerce happening from across the street. The park has been landscaped recently. The town looks like an old fishing village, but it's all created with new, synthetic material. It doesn't matter. You can't tell, but there are sometimes mango-sized spiderbots scuttling around the walls and sconces doing house repairs. People are sauntering along the storefronts. They are looking for meals and good feels. Some people are carrying plastic bags with cartoon, blue hearts. One extremely fat family is dragging a new, refrigerator-sized Monster Juicer 9000 down the sidewalk.

GIANT JUICER GUY

No more pesky chewing!

Fade out:

Fade in: white

TEXT: black

TWO WEEKS LATER
PRESENT DAY

Fade out:

FADE IN:

EXT. NATURE PARK - DAY

There is no wind. There are no nature park enthusiasts enthusing. No birds are chirping. Cars aren't even driving down the road. The plastic bag isn't floating down the sidewalk.

GABBY
The void.

It's so quiet that you can hear mouth noises of a cat about to yawn. HERMES yawns. GABBY stares unfocused into space. Her mind is trying to grasp for something. Time passes, but nothing happens. GABBY gets the same, old memory turrets.

GABBY
.Werewolves three O'Clock! Silver grenade! Quick! Throw it!
Throw it! ROBEEEEERT!.

HERMES quickly looks back and forth to see what the commotion is about.

GABBY
Breathing exercise. Breeathing exercise.

HERMES

Meow. Breh. Kah. Kah!
(coughs up black ooze ball)

GABBY

They only fed us brown loaf in the war. It's packed full of
Protein, fiber, and amphetamines. (bran flakes and balogna)
(sewer rats and meth adderall)

QUICK CUT: indoors, basement lab

A Walter White scientist is packing blue meth and rats into a meat grinder. A box of bran flakes and a tube of balogna rest alongside the piles of other ingredients.

QUICK CUT: outdoors, park

Gabby's phone makes a ding sound.

GABBY

It's medicine time, Hermes.

GABBY is elbow deep in her saggy purse, rummaging around to find a giant pill bottle.

GABBY(sounding like Martha Stewart)

When I run out of pills, I can use
This bottle as a cereal bowl. Isn't that nice.

HERMES looks very sick with black ooze dripping out of his mouth. GABBY opens the bottle and pops a pill in her mouth. She shakes the bottle. Only a few are left.

GABBY

Your medicine is getting low.

GABBY's heart is deflated like a balloon, and it looks like pale, chewed gum that lost it's flavor decades ago. HERMES is leaking black ooze out from his mouth. He is a fountain cherub of illness, but hairier and with a better sense of smell. GABBY's heart jiggles and farts out a little blood powder. Hermes needs saving.

GABBY

Get a job!

GABBY back-hands HERMES so hard he flies into the air and disappears over the horizon.

The drugs kick in fast. GABBY, momentarily, has whiskers, and she is kneading on her own thighs.

GABBY
Meow.

HERMES bounces in-front of GABBY, and then lands on the bench. He spins and curls up defeated.

HERMES
Sneeze!

GABBY
Bless you.

GABBY looks normal again.

GABBY(cont'd)
I'm going to have an aneurysm if that kid doesn't
Stop looking at me.

GABBY looks at the child with the curse of a witches gaze. There is a family thirty yards away near a birdhouse. A kid (9, wearing expensive designer clothes that he'll grow out of in two months) is standing unamused behind his parents, who are facing the other way. He is playing his hand-held game system. His fingers are still playing the game while he's looking at the old lady with his soulless eyes. He's not paying attention to the damn game. The game proclaims "Victory!".

VIDEO GAME CONSOLE
Victory!

GABBY
Viral spawn.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY?

A far-off comet shoots past leaving a faded streamer. Music plays very softly, but gets progressively louder. A U.F.O. approaches quickly, and the music gets louder. The music is E.D.M., and it's synth with no drums.

The U.F.O. comes to a screeching halt in space. It makes anti-matter skid marks. Round lights protruding from the metallic surface light up one by one until all of them are lit, and then they turn off. Then they repeat. Maybe it's performing calibrations, or maybe it's an aftermarket customization like a neon light spoiler on a Corolla. The music drops into an offensive dub-step drop, and a purple beam blasts out from the bottom of the U.F.O.. spurts of purple plasma floats away into space. The powerful energy beam rocks the U.F.O. back and forth.

EXT. NATURE PARK

HERMES is splayed out dead, being pecked at by a vulture. GABBY is talking to HERMES.

GABBY

Tell me about it.

It's weird how you can steal kidnap Marty McFly, put
him in a synthetic formula, and people pay to see him
Like it's a curios. It's like you didn't make a new sandwich, you
Put bacon and chili sauce on an already...

A purple beam zaps GABBY and HERMES. The most offensive dubstep plays as this happens. The beam levitates GABBY and HERMES a foot off of the bench. Yellow arcs of electricity spew out purple plasma. GABBY is riding it out, and she is still in a slouching sitting position. The vulture is unwilling to stop trying to pluck HERMES eyeball out. They are stuck in the beam for a while. Is something going to happen? Seriously, is there a point to this? They are just levitating there. It doesn't even tingle.

GABBY

(dubstep sample)

Wha wha what's going on?

Don't feel it.

Going on?

Feel it.

The purple beam stops. GABBY and HERMES plop down onto the bench. Steam rises off of their bodies. The vulture flies off with the eyeball. Their bodies are freshly toasted from mystery beams. GABBY looks up.

GABBY

Hmmm. I hope this isn't a religious experience.

HERMES
Meow. Mee.

GABBY
Don't be a baby, Hermes

HERMES looks possessed, but not by a devil. It's like an angel is sending an urgent message.

HERMES
(a deep, man's voice)
(probably John Benjamin)
Meow. You are chosen. Only you
can save the world.

The child stares at GABBY. He still has soulless eyes. The very unusual event that just occurred is not interesting to him. His parents tug on his leash. They leave. He is still playing his game without looking. The video game yells again.

VIDEO GAME
Helicopter Parenting! Next level: Therapy! Increased Dosage!

GABBY looks at HERMES.

GABBY
Huh?

HERMES
You must save the world.

Gabby pokes Hermes to make sure he isn't a hologram.

GABBY
No.

HERMES
Save the world.

GABBY
No.

HERMES
Meow, save the world

GABBY
No.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT?

The U.F.O. hovers gently over the world. Then it rattles from the pilot yelling in alien noises. A light on the U.F. Object glows brightly. Then it pops.

EXT. NATURE PARK - DAY

HERMES
Save the world.

GABBY
No

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

GABBY is using her credit card to buy bran cereal, a plumbus, chunks, cough medicine, batteries, and some milk. HERMES is on the counter with the items, getting scanned by a robot-ball-clerk with a dumb clerk hat.

HERMES
Save the world.

GABBY
No.

INT. FISHER'S RETIREMENT HOME BATHROOM- NIGHT

Cat poop is next to the litter box. GABBY is frustrated and scooping it into a trash bag. HERMES is in the corner looking embarrassed and confused.

HERMES
Save your world, please.

GABBY
No.

(pause)

Couldn't you know where to poop instead of learning to talk?

INT. FISHER'S RETIREMENT HOME GAME ROOM - DAY

GABBY is sitting at a cheap folding table with other retirees: DUKE (87, likes sweaters), JAMES (83, old-man-suave, undiagnosed liver cancer). They are playing a game of poker. HERMES is on the table frustrated. Old folks are scattered around behaving like mental patients on lithium, but with less energy and inner-ear functionality.

GABBY
No.

HERMES
Save your world.

GABBY
No.

One of the retirees, JAMES, peeks over his hand of cards.

JAMES
She has lost her damn mind. That's the
fourth dementia sufferer this week.

Cut to black.

JAMES
I win. Aces paired. Take off your colostomy bag, sexy.

DUKE
"My pleasure!"

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Some plastic chairs line the porch of Fisher's Retirement Home. It's a stairless porch with an awning. No stairs means no ramps, and that is just good money saving knowsits. A couple plaques with fake alien fish are displayed on the fake wood slat wall. If you replace the batteries, they sing "It's The End Of The World As We Know It". Concrete walk-ways split the front lawn into squares. Buildings contain stores that look like they all could sell salt-water taffy, but they don't. It's fast-food and nanobox material suppliers. The church is just for show. No

robed figures will sermonize the flock. It's now a test-tube pet store. You can buy the monsieur crab; they start out as a caterpillar, turn into a chrysalis pickle, and then a crab with a tophat..

HERMESE
Save the world.

GABBY
No.

HERMESE
Save the world.

GABBY
Fine. What's the mission?

HERMES
Finally, you stubborn ass!

Possessed HERMES finally breaks his angelic siren schtick. Now he's just irate.

HERMES(cont'd)
Mission? There
was a whole process of initiation! You aren't ready. We had to
go out and ambush the beast with a special weapon crafted in the..
A bunch of stuff. It's a lot, but now it's too late. It's here.
The reckoning is here.
Stay here and die.

GABBY
Easy. Done.

HERMES
Meow. Gormungus is here. It'll eat all living things.

At the horizon, a massive cuttlefish-faced jellyfish rises like a hideous sun. A space-traveling jellyfish opens it's cuttlefish face and screams so loud a shockwave crashes over GABBY, and rattles a burp out from her tummy..

GABBY
Less bloated.

EXT. SPACE - AFTERNOON?

It is revealed that GABBY lives on a moon colony, and the town is under a dome. Domes speckle the moon like acne on a pizza delivery driver with a skin condition known as acne vulgaris. You see the full scale of Gormungus. It is twice the size of the moon. Tentacles flail in anticipation for snack-time.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

GABBY lifts her glasses and squints the beast into focus. Her eyes make out a giant apple with worms squirming out of it. She stands up with her sore knees and elbows. Her back cracks. She takes some of HERMES's pills.

GABBY

You aren't sick anymore.

She slowly creeps a smile that's resisted by her perpetually frowning jowl.

GABBY

More pills for me.

GABBY reaches deep into her purse, and yanks out a laser cannon the size of an anti-aircraft turret. It flies through the air like a palm tree being flung by a tornado. The gun automatically releases a tripod, and then slams down onto the pavement. The pavement cracks into big triangular chunks when the turret bashes into it. It's ready to use. She doesn't even take aim. She pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. The laser cannon charges for a second. GABBY sticks her thumb out to line up the shot. She moves the turret over a scotch. Then the turret blasts a red-hot, thick beam of laser hurt towards Gormungus. The laser-beam vaporizes the corner of a church. Flying monkeys escape. The beam then passes effortlessly through the translucent dome. The laser rips through Gormungus. Flesh flies off like tissue confetti. Gormungus is limp, and glides towards the moon. Its cuttlefish face dangles overhead, and its tendrils brush the surface. Massive craters and mountains are turning into grand canyons. The tentacles are dragging violently to a stop. The moon reverses its orbital spin. A group of police batonning the shit out of protesters protesting police violence stumble from the momentum shift. Their batons land in the hands of the protesters, and the "Stop Police Violence" pickets land in the hands of the police. The protestors look confused and try to hand the batons back.

Police
“They’ve got a weapon!!!”

The police start shooting the protestors.

Gormungus eventually floats in sync with the rotation of the moon.

People are running around in terror.

GABBY turns around to HERMES. The bones in her legs crack like thin ice supporting a fat piggy. Her spine curls up like a frightened pill bug. She groans and rubs her buttcheek instead of her spine, because she can’t reach her back. She regrets not going to those tai chi classes. They were free.

GABBY
Lemon squeezy.

HERMES
What was that?

GABBY
That is my antique, exodimensional ripperbeam. Long story.
Wait. You have magical talking cat technology, but you don’t
know ripperbeams? It’s time to explain..

GABBY looks up.

HERMES
We are only messengers.

GABBY
So annoying.

HERMES shrugs his shoulders.

GABBY
Why did you choose me?

HERMES
It was random. But, that is being chosen by fate.
You are special.

GABBY

You're as bad as junk mail. Chosen to
Go on an all paid cruise vacation.
To where? Brain slug slave planet Nothowrman is where.
Go away.

HERMES

We can't until you destroy Gormungus's source of power. It
will regenerate soon if you don't.

GABBY

.Are you going to pay me? I got bills. This feels more
like a hostage situation. What are those things?
It's like an ultimatum, but one option is dying. Hostage Is it?

HERMES

We will reward you handsomely.

GABBY

That's vague. Pay me some up front. I'm not
doing anything until then.

EXT. SPACE - DUSK?

The U.Flying.O. rattles and shakes from the driver punching the wheel. Purple plasma spurts
from the ship's bottom for a moment.

EXT FISHER'S RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

A gentleman in a black suit and white collar (34, white privilege) walks up with a glazed look in
his eyes and hands GABBY a small bank stack of money. It's a few grand. The gentleman
opens his mouth wide, and he delivers some drunken puppet words.

SUIT

Lowly desires.

The suited gentleman stands there staring at her.

GABBY

You can zap another...
For some additional lowly desires.

GABBY looks disappointed in the cash.

GABBY

Paper money? Only criminals use this. It's
Not as easy to trace as crypto.

HERMES(interrupts)

We exhausted the last of our energy for the smelly, hair animal who
Licks his buttohole. That was a
Temporary link with the less hairy animal that licks other's buttoholes..

GABBY twitches in pain. Her elbow strains to lift her purse. She stuffs the money into her saggy purse. The suited gentleman snaps back to reality, looks at the old lady, looks at the cat, and then back at the old lady. GABBY points at him.

GABBY

You said anything goes. Let's pop some 40's and go to
Town on each other..

The gentleman in a black suit and white collar fumbles for words. He checks his breath for alcohol.

BLACK SUIT GUY

I am a man of integrity.

The gentleman in a black suit walks away.

CUT TO: inside, suited gentleman's home

The suited gentleman gets home. Puts his briefcase down. It has a cross insignia. He sits down at the dinner table and tells his wife and kid about his strange day. His wife and child listen patiently until he is done, and then he asks about their day. They tilt their head slowly, and then start screaming. The child cries about the space monster. The wife yells about how it's all gone. The roof caves in exposing that half of his church/home is blown to pieces. Dogs with dragon wings fly around. Snakes with turtle shells and a duck bill hop away like rabbits. You get the idea.

CUT TO: outside, Fischer's retirement home

GABBY looks at Hermes. She hesitantly picks up her purse. She holds it in-front of her with both hands delicately.

GABBY

We're stopping at Chunk's on the way.

HERMES and GABBY slowly strut towards Gormungus's tendrils that are slung across the moon like tendrils across a rocky globe, or like linguini across a meatball if you didn't envision it the first time and second time I described it. The Star is setting.

HERMES

Are you just going to leave that there? You
Might need it later.

Behind them the laser turret is glowing orange. Smoke rises out from the metal seams, and all the grass on the lawn is burnt in a circle from the power of superfluously destructive weapon powers. It falls apart like a sugar cube being hit with a sledgehammer. HERMES coughs. GABBY's phone dings.

GABBY

It's medication time, Hermes.

HERMES starts to run away.

HERMES

We don't like that one!

GABBY

The worms are worse than a suppository.
Trust me.

GABBY doesn't chase HERMES as he's running away, but they are both heading in the same direction, outside the dome.

Two old men are slowly chasing each other with their pants down in the front yard of the retirement home.

OLDMAN

Royal flush. Royal flush

FADE TO FUCHSIA:

END CREDITS