

Kathy's Big Day

by

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INT. CAR - EVENING

KATHLEEN—5'10", 150 lbs, green hair, wearing cutoffs and a turtleneck and a fishing vest and combat boots (untied with no socks) and a very silly hat, extremely codependent, autistic, sober alcoholic—driving down a winding mountain highway.

The ancient, dilapidated muscle car is clearly not firing on all cylinders and struggling to maintain whatever speed it is traveling at, which the broken speedometer claims is three miles per hour. The temperature gauge shows that the car is overheating and a bright yellow slime-mold takes up much of the passenger seat.

Kathleen shifts directly from third gear to fifth with a sound like a rhinoceros having an orgasm, then flicks a singed cigarette filter at the ashtray, which bounces off of a 30-year-old piece of gum and falls through a hole rusted through the floor on the passenger side of the vehicle; this seems to upset the stereo, which immediately eats her cassette copy of "Devo's Greatest Misses", slowly halting "Mongoloid" mid-chorus.

Phone buzzes on the cracked dashboard and Kathleen groans loudly. She picks up the phone—the lock-screen displays the notification:

Angela <3

So when can I expect you??

It buzzes again:

Angela <3

So when can I expect you??
you forgot again, didn't you?

KATHLEEN

Oh fuck, shit, fuck! Kathy, you
fucking idiot! God fucking fuck!
Fucking balls! Fucking—

Kathleen looks up from the phone and slams on the breaks.

KATHLEEN

(eyes wide)
Shit!!!

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - EVENING

f.g. cracked cellphone buzzing on the tarmac, screen reads:

Incoming Call:

Angela <3

b.g. out of focus, inverted muscle car in flames sizzles in the pouring rain. Sirens in the distance.

f.g. steps approach and bloody hand reaches for phone, grabs phone which stops buzzing—short-circuited by the rain.

Kathleen holds the phone to her ear anyway. Her hair is sticking up at an angle—matted with blood and broken glass.

b.g. Car continues to burn as flashing lights approach down the highway

KATHLEEN

Hello? Hello?

(lowers the phone)

Fuck.

Kathleen spits out a mouthful of blood and turns to walk towards car, notices approaching emergency vehicles.

KATHLEEN

Fuck!

Kathleen half-jogs to a steep embankment at the edge of the highway, spotting and scooping up her filthy backpack on the ground on the way.

She throws her leg over the barrier.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Kathleen sitting at the back of the bus, soaking wet and covered in her own blood and various bits of car, highway, and nature.

She is trying to decide what to do next, but her brain won't work and we can hear her ears ringing—she probably has a concussion.

She looks down at the broken cellphone in her hand.

KATHLEEN

I guess I should probably just
show up at Angela's and hope
Angela's not too mad this time.

(turns to DRUNK asleep in
seat next to her)

What do you think?

DRUNK

...

KATHLEEN

That's what I thought.

Kathleen groans and slumps down in her seat, crossing her
arms. After a tenth of a moment (9 seconds), she begins
to cry.

Bus begins rocking and slowly comes to a stop on the
shoulder as the rain suddenly picks up.

Kathleen's sobs turn to primal scream—sustained until she
runs out of breath.

DRUNK

(groggily)

Nice one, lady.

Slowly, panting, she gets up, walks to the front of the
bus, and forces the doors open, the driver's protests
drowned out by the increasing sound of her tinnitus.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

Kathleen stands in the pouring rain outside the bus,
gripping her shattered cellphone in one hand and the
strap of her filthy backpack in another.

She begins walking along the shoulder, dazed, muttering
to herself about love and abuse and sobriety and nihilism
and Angela and irony. We only catch a few words over the
sound of the rain, most of it sounding like a cartoon
prospector swearing.

She comes to a stop and falls over at the waist, head and
arms dangling like a doll for a beat. She sighs, erects
herself, and looks to the sky.

KATHLEEN

(screamed)

Fuck it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Kathleen has stopped in front of a liquor store in a tinily depressing mountain town—the kind of town where it's still 85° at 7:30 p.m. in mid-january in the pouring rain.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Kathleen enters the store and the door jingles and beeps several times. She walks past the snacks, inspecting them with feigned interest that she half-buys herself. She passes the beer and stops, staring at a case of Lagunitas.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

MONTAGE

1. Kathleen and ANGELA—5'2", 250 lbs, blonde, wearing white socks, leggings, and a sequined shirt, ADHD, BPD—eating steak and lobster on the floor of a filthy yet spacious yet "featured on an episode of 'Hoarders'" apartment. Kathleen looks like a personification of the apartment.
2. Angela screams at Kathleen.
3. Kathleen chugs bottle of champagne.
4. Kathleen cries in mirror.
5. Kathleen chugs bottle of vodka.
6. Kathleen watching Lagunitas bottles rain down across the apartment, from the loft; one heads toward her face.
7. Kathleen looks in mirror at new black eye, stoic.
8. INT. LIQUOR STORE, NIGHT

Kathleen's current bloody face.

END MONTAGE

Kathleen walks away from the beer, settling in front of a display of handles of Gilbey's.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

MONTAGE

1. Kathleen, wearing same outfit she wears in the present, though much dirtier somehow, holds a handle of Gilbey's in living room of different, slightly less messy apartment.
2. Shoes fly into the room from the foyer.

ANGELA

You're an alien! You're all
aliens!

(screams incoherently)

KATHLEEN

Put your glasses on!

ANGELA

Raaaaaggghh!

3. Kathleen takes a swig from the bottle of Gilbey's.
4. Kathleen throws Angela's glasses into foyer.
5. The shoes have stopped and Angela crawls into the living room wearing boxer shorts and an oversized shrek shirt and white socks (and glasses).
6. Angela hugging Kathleen, who is just trying not to drop the gin.
7. INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Kathleen holds handle of Gilbey's, puts it back.

END MONTAGE

Kathleen steps a big step to the right and then another and another and so-on around a corner and down the counter until she is facing the heavily tattooed, heavily depressed cashier BARNEY.

BARNEY

Will that be all for you
tonight, sir?

KATHLEEN

No, I-What? No, Gimme a pint of
Taaka.

BARNEY

Aalrightey...

KATHLEEN
And a pouch of American Spirit.

BARNEY
What color?

KATHLEEN
No, a pouch.

BARNEY
Oh. What color?

KATHLEEN
Blue... no, dark blue—no, not
that one—the—

BARNEY
Teal.

KATHLEEN
Yeah! That's what it's called.

BARNEY
Well, why didn't you just say
so?

Barney places the vodka and the tobacco on the counter.

BARNEY
Need papers.

KATHLEEN
Yeah, uhhh... a pack of the RAW—er—
uh—hmm—buh—organic hemp.

BARNEY
Matches?

CUT TO:

FLASH FANTASY

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

Kathleen's car burns.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

KATHLEEN
Yeah, sure.

BARNEY
Ho-kay, with tax your total is
gonna be \$27.33—that gonna be cash
or card?

Kathleen pulls a moist wallet from her disgusting bag.

KATHLEEN

Card.

BARNEY

Credit or debit?

She pulls a credit card from wallet and wipes it on her sweater.

KATHLEEN

Uh-credit.

Kathleen looks down at the credit card and realizes that, while it is marginally drier, it is also much bloodier than it was before she wiped it on her sweater.

She quickly licks the card clean while the cashier sneaks a shot of peppermint schnapps behind the lotto ticket display.

Kathleen pays and the machine beeps, signaling for her to remove the card, which she does. Barney reappears.

BARNEY

Aaand-you're good to go. Have fun-stay dry out there.

KATHLEEN

Thanks! You too!

Barney raises an eyebrow as Kathleen turns and walks away, slipping the Taaka into her inside breast pocket and popping off the plastic packaging of the tobacco by slamming the pouch against her leg, throwing this away while deftly rolling a cigarette, and poising a match, still attached to the book, against the striking-surface.

She reaches the door.

KATHLEEN

(muttered through
unlit cigarette.)

Still got it.
(Sighs.)

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Kathleen exits the store and immediately strikes the match with one hand, lighting the cigarette with the initial chemical flame, before the wind quickly blows the match out.

KATHLEEN

Gross. well, still tastes better than a Zippo.
What are you talking about,
Kathleen? Who are you talking to?
Why are you still talking? Shut up!

Kathleen walks around the corner to the side of the liquor store and unceremoniously sucks as much liquid out of the plastic bottle as possible without removing it from her pocket; it comes away from her lips with a conspicuous [POP].

KATHLEEN

That bitch is probably blowing up
my phone as we speak.

Kathleen walks out into the rain.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathleen approaches and throws a half-empty vodka bottle and a lit cigarette into the bushes in front of the house.

Kathleen examines herself in a shattered mirror she draws from her filthy moist bag, spits blood into the mirror, closes it, and puts it back in its sodden, disgusting home.

Kathleen pulls her broken phone out of her pocket and looks at it—a mixture of anxiety and habit—then knocks on the door, then waits.

Angela, 150 lbs, wearing a tank-top, pajama bottoms, and white socks, opens the door.

ANGELA

(With self-righteous
indignation.)

You know, I've had some time to think—sitting here, waiting for you—like I need you, like I don't have anything I could be doing, like my time isn't important—well, I guess it isn't: if there's one thing life has shown me, time and time again, it's that my time—me—I'm not important. You fooled me into thinking you were this wonderful person who would finally treat me with respect, but my eyes are wide open now. So, I was thinking about what you said the other day, and if her highness can't handle a little verbal sparring, then, fuckin', whatever, but calling me abusive, when I'm definitely not, is a dealbreaker for me. You like the idea or the attention of being abused, or something. During this relationship, you have made me absolutely miserable most of the time. Your emotional manipulation and mind-games are too much for me. You are an inherently selfish person, and being in a relationship with you is detrimental to my mental health. I don't think you're capable of healthy love right now. I've put too much work into myself to let myself get dragged down by you. You make a better friend than a girlfriend. I hope we can be friends someday, but right now I can't talk to you.

Angela slams then reopens the door.

ANGELA

Oh, I'm breaking up with you, if that wasn't clear.

Angela slams the door.

Kathleen continues to stand, staring expressionless at the door inches from her face, then turns and rolls a cigarette and lights it. She walks out into the rain and reaches into the bushes, pulling out the vodka and brushing off the cigarette butt melted into the plastic. She takes a drag off the cigarette and looks down at the flask.

FADE OUT:

FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT, EVENING

Slightly-less-messy living room from before—Kathleen and Angela on couch watching a very degraded VHS home recording of some film from the '90s. Angela adjusts the blanket and lays Angela's head in Kathleen's lap. Kathleen slowly puts her arm around Angela's shoulder. Angela smiles and closes Angela's eyes. Kathleen sighs, smiles, and takes a swig from a pint of Taaka.

FADE OUT:

END.