

# *BERTA!*

Pilot

Original Screenplay by

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COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

INT. BERTA'S LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING (DAY 1)  
(BERTA)

FLORAL CURTAINS AND VERTICAL-STRIPED WALL-PAPER  
ADORN THE HOUSE TRAILER WALLS. A CROCHETED BLANKET  
COVERS THE SOFA-BACK. FURNITURE/FURNISHINGS ARE  
COMFORTABLY OVER-DONE. BERTA IS SITTING ON THE SOFA  
WEARING A TERRY-CLOTH HOUSE-COAT, A BOX OF  
CHOCOLATES ON HER LAP. FAT CAT STANLEY IS LYING ON  
HIS BACK BESIDE HER. A GLASS JUG OF STRAWBERRY  
DAIQUIRI SITS ON THE COFFEE TABLE BESIDE HER SPLAYED  
FUZZY-SLIPPED FEET. WITH A SIPPY-CUP IN ONE HAND  
SHE RUBS STANLEY'S BELLY WITH THE OTHER. OFF-SCREEN  
WE HEAR A JERRY SPRINGER SHOW. SHE CHUCKLES  
FREQUENTLY AND GUFFAWS OCCASIONALLY.

SFX: TELEVISION (V.O.) YELLING AND SCREAMING

BERTA

Oh, for Pete's sake lady, pull your T-  
shirt down! Nobody wants to see those  
things!

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGING

BERTA REACHES BEHIND HER HEAD FOR THE CORDLESS PHONE  
WHILE MUTING THE TV.

BERTA

Hello? Oh, hi, Walden! How are you?  
Uh-huh. And Zippy? Still there, huh?  
And Jake?

(MORE)

BERTA (CONT'D)

Yeah well, colleges and universities  
are pretty-much full anyway. So  
what's up? (LISTENING) Uh-huh... uh-  
huh... uh-huh... uh-huh... not a  
chance! Sorry, Walden, I gave it a  
shot but I've retired from the  
glamorous life of a Malibu mop-jockey.  
(LISTENING) Oh, you'll survive. Sorry,  
Walden. Keep in touch, okay? Bye.

BERTA TRIES TO PUT THE PHONE BACK IN ITS CHARGER  
CRADLE. SHE FUMBLES WITH IT UNSUCCESSFULLY.

BERTA

Ah, screw it! (TOSSING IT BEHIND HER)

SHE REFILLS HER SIPPY-CUP, SETTLES BACK ON THE SOFA  
WITH A LOUD HAPPY SIGH AND PUSHES THE MUTE BUTTON  
AGAIN.

SFX: TELEVISION V.O. - YELLING AND SCREAMING  
CONTINUES

BERTA (CONT'D)

Whoa, lady! Pull your pants up. This  
is The Jerry Springer Show, not, Ugly  
Fat Girls Gone Wild!

DISSOLVE TO:

END OF COLD OPENING

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. BERTA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER  
(BERTA, DAISY)

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGING (MUFFLED)

BERTA (CONT'D)

Oh for Pete's sake!

BERTA STRUGGLES TO GET UP. STANLEY BOLTS. SHE DIPS  
BEHIND THE SOFA THEN STANDS WITH THE PHONE AT HER  
EAR.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Hello? (LISTENING) Oh, it's you,  
Daisy-Ray. What do you want? Make it  
quick 'cause I'm real busy!  
(LISTENING) What?! No, you can't come  
live with me! No! I just got moved  
in myself and I like living alone.  
No... no... no... no, you can't.  
Because I said so, that's why!

SFX: KNOCKING ON DOOR AND DOOR CHIMES.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Oh, for Pete's sake! No, not you,  
Daisy.

(MORE)

(CROSSING TO THE FRONT DOOR WHILE TALKING)

BERTA (CONT'D)

No, you can't! How many times do I  
have to tell...

BERTA (CONT'D)

(OPENING FRONT DOOR) ... you!

DAISY'S STANDING OUTSIDE WITH ONE HAND HOLDING A  
CELL PHONE TO HER EAR, THE OTHER A LARGE SUITCASE.  
THREE MORE LARGE SUITCASES ARE AT HER FEET.

DAISY

Sorry, but I got no place else to go.  
It'll only be for a few days, Berta,  
honest.

BERTA

You sure you're not Alan Harper in a  
Daisy suit? Come in if you must and  
close the door, I don't let Stanley  
out.

DAISY

Berta! You got married?!

BERTA

Stanley's my fat cat, Daisy. He's an  
indoor cat so hurry up and shut the  
damn door.

(MORE)

DAISY DRAGS HER SUITCASES INTO THE HOUSE.

SFX: SUITCASES LOUDLY SCRATCHING A WOOD FLOOR

BERTA SHAKES HER HEAD, SQUEEZING EYES AND MOUTH  
SHUT.

BERTA (CONT'D)

(SOTTO) Lord, she's only just crossed  
the threshold, and already I want to  
kill her!

DAISY

Did you say something, Berta?

BERTA

No, no, never mind. The spare room's  
down the hall. That way. (POINTING  
WITH HER THUMB)

SFX: SCRATCHING WOOD FLOOR, DIMINISHING IN VOLUME  
AS...

DAISY (O.S.)

(DRAGGING SUITCASES DOWN THE HALL)

Thanks, Berta. I really appreciate  
this. Oxyquatzal, Warrior Priestess  
of the Aztec people will reward your  
generosity.

BERTA GLARES UP AT GOD WHILE BITING HER TONGUE.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - LATER  
(BERTA, DAISY)

FOUR SUITCASES ON THE BED IN VARIOUS STAGES OF  
UNPACK. DAISY'S PUTTING CLOTHES AWAY, HUMMING A  
HAPPY TUNE.

SFX: KNOCKING ON DOOR

DAISY

Come in, Berta.

BERTA ENTERS AND SEES ALL THE CLOTHES.

BERTA

Holy Lord, Daisy-Ray! A few days?!

You got more clothes than Fruit-of-the-  
Loom has underpants!

DAISY

(POUTY) I like to look nice.

BERTA SHOVES A SUITCASE ASIDE AND SITS ON THE BED.

BERTA

Daisy, we need to agree on a few  
ground-rules. Okay?

DAISY

Sure, fine. Such as?

BERTA

Actually, there are just two rules.  
Rule number one: I make the rules!  
Rule number two: You follow them!

DAISY

Jeez, you're beginning to sound like  
Mom.

BERTA

Yeah, well, I'm beginning to feel like  
Mom... under-appreciated and over-  
screwed.

DAISY CROSSES AND SITS BESIDE BERTA.

DAISY

Don't you worry, Berta. I think it's  
going to be a whole lotta fun, you and  
me living together.

BERTA

Sure a whole lotta fun, but only for a  
few days, right?

DAISY

Sure, Berta. Don't worry. I've got  
it covered.

BERTA CROSSES TO THE DOOR, PAUSES AND LOOKS BACK.

BERTA

You know, an old boyfriend said that  
to me once... nine months later Naomi  
popped out.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:



ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. BERTA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON  
(BERTA, DAISY)

BERTA, AT THE STOVE WITH HER BACK TO US IS COOKING DINNER. STANLEY, ON THE TABLE IS EATING FROM A DINNER PLATE. DAISY ENTERS FROM THE HALL, CROSSES THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND EXITS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

BERTA

(TO DAISY) Well, did you get  
everything put away?

SFX: TELEVISION (V.O.) AUDIENCE CLAPPING AND DR.  
PHIL'S VOICE WELCOMES US TO THE SHOW.

BERTA (CONT'D)

(LOUDER) Did you get everything put  
away okay?

STANLEY BOLTS. BERTA FLIPS A TEA-TOWEL OVER HER SHOULDER AND CROSSES TO THE LIVING ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BERTA STOPS IN THE DOORWAY, A DISGUSTED LOOK ON HER FACE. DAISY'S STRETCHED OUT ON THE SOFA WITH BERTA'S CROCHETED BLANKET PULLED UP TO HER CHIN.

BERTA

Hey, slack-ass! You could come and  
help with dinner!

BERTA!  
Pilot

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1/B

DAISY

I'm really tired, Berta. Can you just  
bring it in when it's done? Thanks,  
Berta. You're the greatest!

BERTA LOOKS AT GOD AND SHAKES HER FIST AS SHE EXITS.

RESET TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BERTA

(SOTTO) Yeah, I'm the greatest  
alright! The greatest patsy on the  
planet!

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER  
(BERTA, DAISY, ELLA-MAY)

BERTA ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN WITH TWO PLATES.  
DAISY'S ASLEEP ON THE SOFA, MOUTH OPEN, SNORING  
LOUDLY. BERTA PAUSES AND GIVES GOD A BLACK LOOK.

BERTA

(SHOUTING) Hey!

DAISY

(JUMPING AWAKE) I didn't do it! Oh,  
it's just you.

BERTA

(HANDING DAISY A PLATE) Yeah, it's  
just me! Here!

DAISY

Thanks, Berta. Hey, I'll make dinner  
tomorrow night. What would you like?

BERTA

What I would like, Daisy, is for you  
to stay the hell out of my kitchen  
except to clean up and do the damn  
dishes -- but cook? No!

DAISY

Okay, fine -- you cook and I'll clean.

There that was easy, right? (DAISY  
LOOKS DOWN AT HER PLATE) Uh, Berta?

BERTA

What?

DAISY

This is baked beans, bacon and fried  
eggs!

BERTA

Yeah... so?

DAISY

Well, I was just wondering... will we  
be having breakfast for dinner every  
day? Or will we be having dinner for  
dinner sometimes?

BERTA

Perhaps tomorrow night you'd like  
pâté de foie gras, coq au vin and  
chocolate soufflé?

DAISY

I have no fucking idea what the hell  
you just said, but wow, Berta! Would  
you do that for me?

BERTA

(SMILING) Why, Daisy, of course I  
wouldn't.

(MORE)

BERTA!  
Pilot

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1/C

BERTA (CONT'D)

Now get your flabby ass off my sofa!

(POINTING TO THE ARMCHAIR) That's

where you sit!

DAISY ROLLS OFF THE SOFA AND CROSSES TO THE ARMCHAIR  
CARRYING THE CROCHETED BLANKET. BERTA GRABS THE  
BLANKET AND YANKS IT PULLING DAISY OFF BALANCE.

BERTA

BERTA

My blanky!

DAISY

Hey! You don't have to yank my head  
off!

BERTA

(CONCILIATORY) You're right, Daisy

(SOTTO) But it'd be sooo much fun!

SFX: DOOR CHIMES

BERTA

Now who the hell is that!

BERTA OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. HER DAUGHTER, ELLA-MAY  
IS HOLDING AN ADORABLE LITTLE FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL BY  
THE HAND, TWO LARGE SUITCASES ARE AT HER FEET.

ELLA-MAY

Hello, Mom.

BERTA

Oh, my Lord! (CALLING BEHIND HER)

Daisy-Ray! Come here and look at  
this!

DAISY JOINS BERTA AT THE FRONT DOOR.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Ella-May? Oh, my God! Is it really  
you?!

ELLA-MAY

Hello, Aunt Daisy.

BERTA, DAISY AND ELLA-MAY GROUP-HUG IN THE DOORWAY.  
ELLA-MAY PULLS AWAY AND BRINGS THE LITTLE GIRL  
FORWARD.

ELLA-MAY (CONT'D)

Mom, Aunt Daisy, this is Kat, my  
little Angel. Say, "Hi", to Grandma  
Berta and Aunt Daisy, sweet-heart.

KAT HIDES BEHIND ELLA-MAY'S LEGS.

DAISY

Oh, she's adorable, Ella-May! Come  
in, come in!

DAISY PULLS ELLA-MAY INTO THE KITCHEN WITH KAT  
CLINGING TO HER MOTHER'S LEG. THEY STUMBLE PAST  
BERTA WHO'S LOOKING AT THE TWO LARGE SUITCASES. SHE  
GLARES UP AT GOD AND SHAKES HER HEAD.

BERTA

(TO GOD) You just can't leave me be,  
can you?!

BERTA PICKS UP THE SUITCASES AND CROSSES TO THE  
HALL.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER  
(ELLA-MAY, BERTA, DAISY)

ELLA-MAY AND KAT ARE ON THE SOFA, DAISY IS ON THE ARMCHAIR. BERTA ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN DRAGGING A CHAIR BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HER SOFA IS OCCUPIED AGAIN.

ELLA-MAY

(MAKING AS IF TO GET UP) Oh, Mom --  
you sit here.

BERTA

(WINKS AT KAT) No, no you're good  
there... for now.

DAISY

Isn't Kat just as cute as a bug's ear,  
Berta?

KAT FLOPS BEHIND ELLA-MAY TO ESCAPE THE ATTENTION.

ELLA-MAY (CONT'D)

She don't talk none. Not since...

BERTA

Not since what, Ella-May?

ELLA-MAY SHAKES HER HEAD AND HUGS KAT.

DAISY

Come on, Ella-May, Kat. Let's go get  
you unpacked!

(MORE)

BERTA!  
Pilot

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1/D

DAISY, ELLA-MAY AND KAT EXIT TO THE KITCHEN. DAISY  
POKES HER HEAD BACK THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

DAISY

It's gonna be fun, living together,  
one big happy family!

DAISY EXITS. BERTA SLUMPS DOWN ON THE SOFA AND  
EXHALES, LOOKING UP AT GOD WITH A GESTURE/EXPRESSION  
THAT SAYS, WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU?! SHE  
THROWS THE CROCHETED BLANKET OVER HER HEAD SEEKING  
ESCAPE.

BERTA

(MUFFLED VOICE) That's better.

DISSOLVE TO:



ACT TWO

SCENE A

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING DAY 2  
(BERTA, ELLA-MAY)

BERTA, AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, SIPS COFFEE, AND SAVORS THE PEACE. SHE SEES KAT STANDING IN THE HALL DOORWAY.

BERTA

(SOFTLY) Good mornin', Sweetheart.

KAT STARES UP AT BERTA.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Would you like a glass of milk,  
Darlin'?

KAT STARES, THEN BLINKS THREE TIMES. BERTA FROWNS AND BLINKS THREE TIMES. KAT BLINKS THREE TIMES. BERTA BLINKS THREE TIMES. KAT RUNS BACK TO HER MOTHER'S BEDROOM.

BERTA

(SMILING) Well, what do you know about  
that?

RESET TO:

INT. ELLA-MAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON ELLA-MAY, ASLEEP IN BED. ONE EYE OPENS:

ELLA-MAY'S ONE-EYED P.O.V.:

KAT, CLUTCHING A WORN TEDDY-BEAR, STARES DOWN AT US.

ELLA-MAY

Good morning, Angel. You okay?

(MORE)

BERTA!  
Pilot

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2/A

KAT BLINKS. THEN SHE BLINKS THREE TIMES.

ELLA-MAY (CONT'D)

Something in your eye, Angel? Let Mama  
have a look.

KAT SHAKES HER HEAD, LIFTS THE CORNER OF THE BLANKET  
AND SNUGGLES UNDER THE COVERS WITH ELLA-MAY.

ELLA-MAY (CONT'D)

Maybe we should get up, Angel and help  
Grandma Berta and Aunt Daisy. What do  
you think?

KAT NODS.

AND WE:

RESET TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE B

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS  
(ELLA-MAY, DAISY, BERTA)

ELLA-MAY AND KAT ENTER FROM THE HALLWAY. KAT IS  
HOLDING HER TEDDY AND HIDING BEHIND ELLA-MAY'S LEGS.

ELLA-MAY

Mornin' all. Any coffee left?

DAISY

Mornin', Ella-May. Mornin' Kat.

How'd y'all sleep?

ELLA-MAY

Like two ticks on a hound-dog's back-  
side.

ELLA-MAY SITS AT THE TABLE WITH KAT HIDING BEHIND  
HER.

BERTA

Morning, Kat. Would you like to sit  
here beside me?

ELLA-MAY

She won't sit at the table, Mom, she  
never...

BERTA

(TO ELLA-MAY) Shush!

(MORE)

BERTA (CONT'D)

(TO KAT) See this pillow, Kat? (HOLDS  
UP A THICK, ROUND, CROCHET-COVERED  
PILLOW) I made this magic pillow for  
your mama when she was about your age.  
When she sat on this, she was tall  
enough to see nearly the whole world.  
I could put it on this chair, and see  
if it works for you, Kat. Would that  
be okay?

KAT LOOKS AT THE PILLOW AND PINCHES IT. BERTA BLINKS  
THREE TIMES. KAT CLIMBS UP AND SITS ON THE PILLOW.

ELLA-MAY

Holy crap look at that! She never  
sits at the table!

KAT SMILES AT ELLA-MAY, TURNS AND SMILES AT BERTA.

BERTA

(LEANING IN TO KAT) Hungry?

KAT NODS.

ELLA-MAY

(TOUCHES PILLOW) Funny but I don't  
remember...

BERTA

(TO ELLA-MAY) Shush!

ELLA-MAY

Huh? Oh... yeah.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER  
(BERTA'S RECORDED VOICE, EARL)

CLOSE ON TELEPHONE ON THE TABLE BEHIND THE SOFA.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

BERTA'S RECORDED VOICE

Berta here. At the beep, leave a  
message... or not. I probably won't  
call you back anyway.

SFX: BEEP

EARL (V.O.)

Hi, Berta, it's Earl... your brother-  
in-law. Hey, listen... ah, I just got  
out of jail... and I'm wondering if I  
can crash at your place... just till I  
get myself sorted out, like a couple  
of days. Anyway, ah, I'm on a pay-  
phone, so you can't call me back... so  
I'll just bring my stuff by this  
afternoon, okay? Bye, and hey, Berta,  
thanks a bunch!

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE B

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON  
(DAISY, BERTA, ELLA-MAY, EARL)

BERTA AND DAISY AT THE KITCHEN TABLE CHATTING.

DAISY

I guess Charlie up and dying like that  
pretty-much drop-kicked your career  
into the crapper, huh?

BERTA

Yeah... didn't help his a whole lot  
neither!

BOTH LAUGH ALOUD. ELLA-MAY ENTERS AND CROSSES TO A  
CHAIR.

ELLA-MAY

What 'chall laughin' about?

SFX: FRONT DOOR CHIMES

BERTA

Get that for me, would you, Ella-May?

ELLA-MAY CROSSES AND OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

ELLA-MAY (O.S.)

Mom, Aunt Daisy... you're gonna want  
to come here!

BERTA AND DAISY CROSS TO THE FRONT DOOR, ELLA-MAY  
STEPS ASIDE AND WE SEE EARL STANDING IN THE DOORWAY  
WITH ONE SMALL SUITCASE IN HAND.

EARL

Hey, Berta (BOBS HIS HEAD) Hey,  
Daisy... (BOBS HEAD AGAIN). Did-jall  
get m' phone message?

BERTA

What message? What in hell you doing  
here, Earl?!

EARL

(LOOKING/POINTING PAST EVERYONE TO THE  
PHONE ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER) Maybe  
the message that's makin' that there  
little red light go blink-blink? I  
called this mornin' and asked if I  
could crash here for a few days 'till  
I got myself squared 'way.

BERTA

(HANDS ON HIPS) And what was my  
answer, Earl?

EARL

Well, ah, I figured that since we're  
family an' all, you'd-a said t' come  
right over and bring your stuff.

BERTA SIGHS, LOOKS AT GOD AND PURSES HER LIPS.

BERTA

Sure, Earl, that's what I said... word-  
for-word. Come in and close the damn  
door before Stanley gets out.

EARL

(ENTERING THE KITCHEN) You got  
married, Berta?

BERTA

Stanley's my fat cat.

EARL

Ah, a cat. Love cats. Just a mild  
allergy is all.

KAT ENTERS FROM THE HALL, KNUCKLING HER EYES.

ELLA-MAY

There's my Angel! How was your nap  
darlin'?

EARL

That your young'n, Ella-May? Last  
time I seen you, you was hardly  
bigger'n a toad's stool yourself!

DAISY

Don't you mean a toadstool, Earl?

EARL

(LAUGHING) Nope... a toadstool is way  
higher off the ground than a toad's  
stool! It's kinda like frog sh...

BERTA

Oh please, not guy-humor! Not in my  
house! Earl... there are just two  
rules in my house. Rule number one:  
Feces, Farts, and Yeast Infections are  
not funny!



EARL

(CHUCKLES) Sorry. And rule number  
two?

BERTA

Rule number two is: Don't screw with  
rule number one!

EARL NODS AND SMILES -- HIS SUITCASE IN HAND.

ELLA-MAY

Ah, Mom... there's only three  
bedrooms. Where's Earl gonna sleep?

BERTA

Ah, crap!

EARL

Hey, I'll be fine on the sofa... don't  
worry 'bout me!

BERTA

No! That sofa is out of bounds to  
everyone but me... (TURNING AND  
SMILING AT KAT) and Kat.

EARL

I don't want to be no trouble... I can  
sleep anywheres.

DAISY

Well, ah... I suppose the most obvious  
thing is for me and Earl to share.  
You know... a room.

BERTA

There'll be none of that, Daisy-Ray!  
I like the Jerry Springer Show, but  
not enough to be a featured guest!

DAISY

Okay... then he can stay in your room!

BERTA

(GIVING DAISY A WITHERING LOOK) No!  
We'll put a cot in the laundry room...  
just shove the detergent and bleach  
aside. It'll do for now, and in the  
mean time, we got ourselves a live-in  
laundry boy!

KAT LAUGHS OUT LOUD. EVERYONE STARES AT HER IN  
SHOCK.

ELLA-MAY

Kat, Honey? Is Grandma Berta funny?

KAT NODS HER HEAD YES.

ELLA-MAY (CONT'D)

That's the first sound she's made  
since...

BERTA

Well, maybe with a little exercise  
those vocal chords just might cough up  
a word or two. What do you think,  
Kat?

BERTA MAKES TICKLING GESTURES WHILE MOVING CLOSE TO  
KAT'S TUMMY. KAT LAUGHS OUT LOUD AGAIN.

BERTA!  
Pilot

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3/B

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE C

INT. BERTA'S BEDROOM - EVENING  
(BERTA, KAT)

BERTA ESCAPES TO HER BEDROOM FOR A FEW MINUTES OF  
QUIET TIME, AND FLOPS ONTO THE BED.

SFX: (V.O.) SOUNDS OF PARTYING IN THE OTHER ROOM...  
LAUGHING, GLASSES CLINKING, MUSIC PLAYING.

BERTA

(SOTTO) Yuk it up, people. Yuk ...  
it... up.

BERTA CRUSHES A PILLOW OVER HER FACE, THEN GRADUALLY  
PULLS IT ASIDE AND PEEKS OUT.

CLOSE ON BERTA. ONE EYE OPENS:

BERTA'S ONE-EYED P.O.V.:

SLOWLY COMING INTO FOCUS, WE SEE KAT STANDING BESIDE  
THE BED LOOKING DOWN AT US.

BERTA

Hello, Darlin'. What's up?

KAT SHRUGS AND POINTS AT THE BED. BERTA SMILES,  
PATS THE BED BESIDE HER AND KAT EAGERLY JUMPS UP AND  
SNUGGLES INTO THE CROOK OF BERTA'S ARM.

BERTA (CONT'D)

My Lord... it's been a whole lotta  
years since I've had a cute little  
smidgen like you to snuggle with.

(MORE)

KAT GIGGLES.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Would you like me to tell you a story,  
Kat?

KAT NODS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Once upon a time, there was a crabby  
old woman named Auntie Matilda who  
lived all by herself in a big old,  
dusty cardboard box. One day her  
niece, who was a beautiful young  
princess climbed into the box and said  
three magic words to crabby old  
Auntie Matilda. Suddenly the dusty  
old cardboard box turned into a  
beautiful house with pink lace  
curtains, fluffy pillows and sunny  
windows. Matilda became the happiest  
old auntie in the land.

KAT SLOWLY POINTS AT BERTA THEN AT HERSELF.

BERTA

What?! You think I'm Auntie Matilda  
and you're the beautiful young  
princess?

KAT NODS YES AND GIGGLES.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Smart little smidgen aren't you. But  
can you guess what the three magic  
words are?

BERTA!  
Pilot

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3/C

KAT NODS YES. BERTA WAITS EXPECTANTLY.

KAT

(WHISPERS) I... love... you.

BERTA WIPE TEARS AWAY WITH THE EDGE OF HER PILLOW.

BERTA

(WHISPERS) I love you too, Kat.

BERTA AND KAT HUG.

DISSOLVE TO:

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING DAY 3  
(DAISY, ELLA-MAY, EARL, BERTA)

DIRTY DISHES, EMPTY GLASSES, BEER CANS, AND PIZZA BOXES LITTER THE KITCHEN. DAISY ENTERS AND CROSSES TO THE COFFEE POT ABSENTLY SCRATCHING HER LEFT BUTT-CHEEK AS SHE POURS A CUP OF COFFEE.

DAISY

Damn, that party was fun! I wish I  
could remember it!

SHE PLUCKS A PAIR OF PINK LACE PANTIES FROM THE SINK.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Maybe it's best I don't!

ELLA-MAY ENTERS AND CROSSES TO THE COFFEE POT. SHE POURS A CUP OF COFFEE WHILE SCRATCHING HER SCALP.

ELLA-MAY

Mornin', Aunt Daisy. (YAWNS)

DAISY GRUNTS AS EARL ENTERS, CROSSES TO POUR A CUP OF COFFEE WHILE ABSENTLY SCRATCHING HIS CROTCH.

EARL

Mornin' ladies. (LOOKING AROUND)

There they are!

EARL SCOOPS UP THE PINK PANTIES AND EXITS, LEAVING ELLA-MAY AND DAISY STARING OPEN-MOUTHED.

RESET TO:

BERTA!  
Pilot

31  
TAG

INT. BERTA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KAT IS SOUND ASLEEP IN THE CROOK OF BERTA'S ARM.

BERTA

Not like my past coyote ugly problems,  
darlin'. But I'd sooner chew my arm  
off than disturb your sleep!

KAT SHUDDERS AND STRETCHES AND TOSSES THE COVERS OFF  
AS SHE SITS CROSS-LEGGED ON THE BED LOOKING AT  
BERTA.

BERTA

Grandma Berta needs a cup of coffee  
bad, darlin'.

KAT NODS. BERTA HAULS HERSELF OFF THE BED, STOPS  
AND LOOKS DOWN AT KAT.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Darlin', I can hardly wait to see the  
look on your mama's face when I tell  
her you can talk.

KAT CLUTCHES BERTA'S NIGHTGOWN AND SHAKES HER HEAD  
EMPHATICALLY, NO! BERTA IS SURPRISED.

BERTA (CONT'D)

You don't want me to tell your mama  
you can talk?

KAT SHAKES HER HEAD SLOWLY -- LEAVING NO DOUBT.

BERTA (CONT'D)

And... will you tell me why, Kat?

KAT SHRUGS AND SWIVELS HER RIGHT HAND 'MAYBE'.

BERTA (CONT'D)

(SMILING) You know what I think?

(MORE)



BERTA (CONT'D)

I think there's a whole lot more to  
you than meets the eye, Sweetheart.

KAT SHRUGS.

BERTA (CONT'D)

And it's gonna be a whole lotta fun  
gettin' to know you!

KAT SHRUGS AND GIGGLES.

BERTA (CONT'D)

Okay, sweetheart, it'll be our little  
secret for now... but, you and me...  
we got a whole lot of talking to do...  
okay?

KAT SMILES AND THOUGHTFULLY NODS YES, SHE STANDS UP  
ON THE BED AND KAT AND BERTA HUG.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW