

Katie's Hades

A short film written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Blackness. Cockroaches scamper across the dirt floor and up a damp stone wall. The glow of white noise off a big screen T.V.

An African-American MAN wearing a zoot suit and fedora, strikes a match, lighting his cigar. The flames illuminate his weathered face and age lines.

Across the room the lifeless body of a WOMAN lies slumped in the corner. Her tangled long locks encase a stressed face once filled with life and vitality.

Satisfied the cigar is lit, the man tosses the match on the ground. He taps the woman's foot with his shoe.

MAN

It's time, Katie. Rise and shine.

The woman, KATIE, wearing a drab PRISON GOWN, stirs awake. Her eyes flutter open.

MAN

The show's about to begin.

A cockroach scurries across her leg. She YELPS, then flings it off, grabs a rock, and beats the insect to death.

KATIE

I hate bugs. Hate! Hate! Hate!

Fear grips her. She scans the room, sees the dark figure of a man and backs further into the corner.

KATIE

What is this place? People will be looking for me.

MAN

I hardly doubt that.

KATIE

They will. You need to let me go, if you know what's good for you.

Katie grips the rock in her hand, threateningly.

MAN

You don't remember, do you?

KATIE
Remember what?

MAN
This happens all the time with lethal
injection. The drugs mess with your
brain. It's only temporary though.

KATIE
What are you talking about?

MAN
Amnesia from the sodium thiopental,
Pavulon, and potassium chloride.

Katie touches a bruise on her right forearm. A
realization spreads across her face.

KATIE
I'm dead.

Katie drops the stone.

MAN
Sort of seems that way, doesn't it.

MAN
If you notice, you're wearing diapers.

Katie lifts up her gown, revealing an adult diaper.

MAN
You're lucky. Most people shit or
piss themselves. Or, both.

The man rifles through his pockets.

MAN (Cont'd)
Now, where did I put that darn remote
control?

He fishes the remote out of his breast pocket.

MAN (Cont'd)
Found it!

KATIE
And you're... you're Satan?

The man scowls. He takes a large drag on the cigar and
exhales.

MAN/GOD
Why does everybody think that? It's
the suit isn't it?

Katie waves the smoke away. She sits upright.

KATIE

No. It's just... I'm here.

GOD

There is no Satan, Katie. That's a midrash--a story I made up--like the boogie-man.

KATIE

Then, you're...? You're not. Are you?

Katie stands.

GOD

I am that I am. I am Elohim. Also known as El Shaddai, Yahweh-Shalom, El-Gibhor, HaShem... the list goes on. But you can call me the one and only God.

KATIE

You don't look like God.

GOD

Why? Because I'm black? So you're a racist too?

KATIE

I don't have anything against blacks. I mean African-Americans--it's just.

GOD

You didn't expect God to be black. You do understand I can decide what color, race, age, or sex I want to be, depending on the circumstances.

KATIE

You can shapeshift, I get that. What I don't get is... Why I'm here?

GOD

You're here so I can pronounce my judgment upon you.

KATIE

That doesn't make any sense. I confessed my sins. Father O'Brien prayed for my soul.

GOD

Do you think using some fucking intermediary can give you absolution? Only I can grant that.

KATIE

God wouldn't use the word "fuck."

GOD

Fuck is just a word, Katie. I'm the almighty, so I can pretty much say or do whatever the fuck I want.

THUNDER CRASHES. Katie shudders.

GOD

Let me spell this out to you. You spoke to a mortal man and bypassed me--the big guy upstairs.

KATIE

Okay, I should've confessed to you. I screwed up. But... I have remorse. I'm sorry for what I did.

GOD

I don't think you are. You remember Derek, don't you? The love of your life. The man you wanted to spend the rest of your life with.

KATIE

My husband.

GOD

Yeah, that's the one. Let's find out what he thinks.

KATIE

That's not fair.

God clicks the remote. A large flat-screen T.V. turns on. He waves Katie over.

GOD

Oh, it's fair. You transgressed against him. He deserves to have his say.

INTERCUT WITH:

INSERT - VIDEO ON T.V.

DEREK, wearing a blood-splattered torn shirt, streams live. Bitterness conceals his once-handsome face.

DEREK

Are we recording? Can you see me?

GOD

You're coming through loud and clear,
Derek.

Katie gasps.

KATIE

Derek?

GOD

And I have Katie here with me.

Derek's face sours.

DEREK

What does she want? Take another
stab at me?

GOD

Good one, Derek. Actually, she wants
forgiveness so she can enter into
the pearly gates. As her recently
deceased husband, I thought it might
be a good idea to get your opinion
on this.

DEREK

I would love to.

Derek rips open his shirt, revealing multiple stab wounds.

DEREK

See this? Do you see this?!

Katie turns her face away. God waves his hand.
Mechanically, her face returns to the screen.

DEREK

You plunged my hunting knife into my
gut and continued to slice upwards
filleting me. Then you drove the
knife deep into my heart.

KATIE

It was in the heat of passion. A
mistake. I didn't mean to--

DEREK

You didn't mean to stab me forty-
seven fucking times?

KATIE

I didn't want to lose you.

DEREK
That's really fucked up, Katie.

KATIE
I was upset.

DEREK
No shit!

KATIE
I loved you so much and you were
spending so much time with her!

DEREK
You crazy bitch! She was our goddamn
realtor, not my lover.

KATIE
Then what about Georgina? I saw the
way you looked at her.

DEREK
She had facial hair. Who wouldn't
stare?!

KATIE
And Sophie?

DEREK
Sophie's a lesbian. She eats pussy!
Pussy!!! Goddamn it!!
(to God)
Sorry, God.

GOD
No problem.

God turns to Katie.

GOD
Did you hear that, Katie? She was a
carpet-muncher.

KATIE
I heard. It's just...
it kills me to think
of him with anyone
else.
(to Derek)
I'm sorry, Derek.

DEREK
(under his breath)
It kills you?! Jesus
Murphy!

DEREK
No. It's me that's sorry. I'm sorry
I ever met you.

GOD

So I take it that you don't forgive her.

DEREK

Forgive her?! I will never forgive her! Do you hear that, Katie? Never! Hell is too good for you. You stole my life. You stole--

God mutes the T.V. while Derek continues to rant. Tears stream down Katie's face.

GOD

I think you get the point I was trying to make.

KATIE

He hates me. Do you think he'll ever forgive me?

GOD

Does it look like it? I mean, how can you blame him.

Katie looks at the T.V. Screen. Derek's still going ape-shit.

KATIE

I didn't mean to.
(between sobs)
I just lost control.

GOD

Katie. You went freaking berserk.

God puts the T.V. on pause. Derek's frozen in the middle of a rant.

KATIE

Can you forgive me?

GOD

You stole a life. A life that I created.

KATIE

But, I was a good person. Doesn't that count for something.

GOD

Not a damn thing. You broke my commandments. You can't spend your whole life ignoring them and me.

KATIE

But, I went to church. I taught
Sunday school. I sang in the choir.

GOD

A smoke screen. You never believed
in me.

Tears stream down her face.

GOD

Your true God was your career, your
house, your fucked up marriage. You
should've cherished me and held me
deep within your heart, but you never
did. You should've loved me. If
you had, you never would've killed
Derek.

KATIE

So... What's my punishment?

GOD

You're going to live your eternity
watching reruns. And I'm not talking
about the Andy Griffith show or
Friends or all that other shit white
people watch. Reruns of all the
things you've done in your life.

KATIE

Please. I don't want to stay here.
I'll do anything. Besides, I hate
reruns.

Katie holds onto God's shins.

GOD

It's too late, Katie. You had your
chance.

God pushes her away and clicks on the remote. The T.V.
streams live. The show title reads, "Katie's Hades."

GOD

Good-bye, Katie. Sit back and enjoy
your show.

God butts his cigar into the dirt then vanishes. Katie's
eyes turn toward the T.V. screen.

INSERT - VIDEO ON T.V.

Katie straddles Derek asleep in bed. Her eyes gleam. A knife gleams. It plunges down, repeatedly. Ripping flesh.

Katie's blood-splattered face turns. Her eyes crazed.

RESUME

Katie covers her ears. SCREAMS of anguish echo.

FADE TO BLACK.