

A stylized illustration of a black cat's face, rendered in solid black. The cat's eyes are closed, and a single, thick, orange tear is falling from its right eye. The background is a vibrant orange, speckled with small black dots. The text is written in a hand-drawn, orange, uppercase font, centered on the cat's face.

BEFORE  
THE  
END  
OF  
THE  
WORLD...

LOS ANGELES.

CHATEAU MARMONT.

OCTOBER 31, B.P.  
(BEFORE PLAGUE.)

Is it okay  
if I record  
this?

Be my  
guest.

Now, then,  
Mr. Blankenship.  
Where would you  
like me to  
begin?

How  
about with--

--when  
were you  
born?

...  
Sure,  
why not? The  
Beginning.

According to  
my birth certificate,  
I was born in 1906...

...why are you  
smiling?

Well, I mean,  
look at you,  
Ms. McCoy.

Lots of  
sunblock.

Also, I  
never drink...  
alcohol.

You can't  
be older  
than--what,  
seventeen?  
Eighteen?  
If you were  
born in 1906  
and *still*  
look like a  
mouseketeer...  
what's your  
secret?

...

Ms. McCoy, you and the Pussycats went from being a high school garage band to being *mega-stars*, you've just dropped a new album, you're about to launch a world tour, you're playing the Superbowl this year--

"The public *devours* your songs--you outsell Katy Perry, Lady Gaga, Taylor Swift, Adele--but, for all that success, in this age of information overload, we know next to *nothing* about your private lives..."



In a perfect world, isn't that how it should be?

Shouldn't the work--the music--stand on its own?

Maybe. But we don't live in a perfect world.

We live in a world with TMZ.



You requested this interview. Your manager promised me *full transparency, full access.*



And so you shall receive it.

You asked me when I was born...

...I'm telling you, it was 1906.





My father deserted my mother while she was pregnant with me.

Josephine? What's wrong?

Oh, Lord, is it happening? Is it coming?

...ho... hospital...



I was born in an alley on the way to the hospital.

Shh-shhh...

That's alright, you're alright...

My mom died six minutes after I took my first breath.

From an acute loss of blood.

I was named for her: Josephine.



At that point, I might've been put in a trash can to die. (Sometimes, I wonder if that wouldn't have been better...)

But no, I was left on the steps of an orphanage.



Run by a monster.



Just what I need. Another screaming, crying brat to feed...



Her name was Alexandra Cabot.

So far, this all sounds very... Dickensian.

Hmm. I wish my early years were so romantic and well-written.

Miss Cabot put me to work as soon as I could walk.

I want to be able to eat off that floor, Ms. Fancy-pants Josephine.

She hated that I had such a 'sophisticated' name.

I shared a room with three other girls: Melody Valentine, Valerie Brown, and Pepper Smith. Orphans, like me.

Over the years, we became each other's family.

Here you go, Val. Ginger soda, your favorite.

Please don't listen to what that chump boy says. You're better than a dozen o' him.

As we got older, we discovered we all shared a mutual love...of singing.

Joe and Jane were always together  
Said Joe to Jane, I love summer weather!  
So let's go to that beautiful sea,  
Follow along, Say you're with me!

A bonus:  
It made the work go faster.

Ms. Cabot tried to beat it out of us.

Oh, you girls think you're special? You think you're going to be stars?

Over! My! Dead! Body!

...until one of the deadbeats she was 'dating' realized they could maybe, possibly, make some money off us.

Any thing that Joe would suggest to her, Jane would always think it was best for her.

What's this now?

Those disrespectful, disobedient brats--

You got singing girls here?