

Holy Cat!

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A couple is chatting on a path leading to a suburban house. GARY (38) carries a bag full of goods, while AMY (34) takes her keys out her purse.

GARY

-- as he was stuttering to get his words out I said: "If you walk the way you talk, you won't go very far..."

AMY

(smiling)

That's a good one Gary.

She opens the front door. She's about to enter when she notices Gary's face. He has turned white as he stares inside the house.

Amy turns her head --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everything in the living room is inside out. It looks like a tornado has passed through the room.

The lamps lay broken on the floor. The curtains and the sofa cushions have been ripped. And there are feathers everywhere.

Sitting on the fireplace, a large Main Coon cat licks his hair.

On the threshold, Gary drops his bag.

GARY

Holy shit!!

AMY

Gary, please.

Furious, Gary enters the house.

GARY
(shouting)
I'm fed up with this fucking cat!
I'm gonna kill it!

The cat stares at him with innocent eyes.

GARY
(shouting)
This time --

He paces to the cat, grabs him by the skin of the neck, and walks back to the main door.

AMY
Gary, no!

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary opens the door of a sedan, throws the cat on the passenger seat, and sits behind the wheel.

Desperate, Amy stares at him from the doorstep.

Gary starts the car.

GARY
This time, buddy, I'll be
merciless!

The cat purrs and quietly lies on the leather seat.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Tires screeching, the sedan speeds away in front of Amy's sad eyes.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary nervously drives.

GARY
Two years! Two years you've been
shitting on me! Two years you've
been playing with my nerves!

On the passenger seat, the cat doesn't mind at all. He keeps licking his hair.

GARY

Two years I fight with my
allergies! Crying, sneezing,
scratching!

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Gary's car drives fast through different streets. He turns to his left, his right, through several rotaries --

The sedan enters the city limits. The traffics gets denser.

INT. CAR - DAY

His hands squeezing the wheel tightly, Gary looks for some place to park with reddish eyes.

GARY

I won't kill you. Amy would never
forgive me.

He notices a parking lot and drives in.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Gary's car parks between two others cars.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary sighs and presses a button. The window goes down.

GARY

I'll show some mercy somehow.

He grabs the cat.

GARY

Adios amigo.

He passes the cat through the window and lets him drop on the ground.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The cat stands on the concrete ground, looks around, and finally disappears under a car.

GARY

Good riddance.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary pulls on the gear lever and drives on, a large smile on his face.

LATER

Gary whistles. He turns his head to the passenger seat and starts to dust the hair off the seat with a grimace.

Looking ahead, he has just enough time to hit the brakes. The car stops only three inches from a WOMAN pushing a stroller.

The woman gives him a dark look. Gary excuses himself with an embarrassed smile.

As the woman passes by, Gary accelerates.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Gary parks his car in front of the house. He stops the engine, takes his keys, and turns to the house with a satisfied smile.

Gary freezes.

On the doorstep, Amy stands, caressing the cat in her arms.

Gary gets out of the sedan, frantic, and approaches Amy.

GARY

What the Hell is he doin' here?

AMY

My treasure found his way back to mummy. Isn't he lovely?

Without a word, Gary grabs the cat from Amy's hands and moves back to the car.

AMY

Gary!

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary opens the door of his car, throws the cat on the passenger seat, and sits behind the wheel.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Screeching the tires, the sedan speeds away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary nervously chuckles. His eyes are reddish again.

GARY

(to the cat)

I don't how you made it, but I
guarantee you won't again!

He snuffles.

The cat sits on the passenger seat, serenely sniffing at the car's air conditioning system.

GARY

Enjoy the fresh air.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Gary's sedan drives fast through different streets. He turns to his left, his right, through several rotaries --

INT. CAR - DAY

The landscape is now urban, with factories and warehouses. Big trucks cross Gary's car.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gary's sedan stops in front of a large abandoned warehouse. The place is deserted.

Gary opens the door, gets off the car, the cat in his arms.

He steps to the wrecked door of the warehouse.

GARY

You'll like it there. The place
should be alive with thousands of
rats --

(cynically)

-- Treasure.

He puts the cat in front the door. There is a hole on the bottom part. He pushes the cat inside with his foot.

Once the cat has disappeared inside the warehouse, Gary sprints to his car, slams the door, and drives away in a shrieking tires noise.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Just like he did before, Gary's car parks in front of the house. He stops the engine, takes his keys, and turns to the house.

Once again, on the doorstep, Amy stands, caressing the cat in her arms.

INT. CAR - DAY

The cat is roughly put on the passenger seat.

GARY

Did you swallow a compass?

He pulls on the gear lever --

INT. CAR - SUNSET

Gary drives on a deserted forest path. The inside of the sedan is shaken.

Gary pulls on the hand brake and turns to the cat. His eyes has turned red and fluffy. He sneezes and nervously scratches the back of his head.

GARY

(to the cat)

Welcome to your new kingdom, His Majesty. Stupid squirrels, stupid raccoons, and stupid birdies will be your new stupid subjects.

EXT. FOREST - SUNSET

The cat in hand, Gary gets out of the car.

He steps on a few feet when he stops. He can hear the giggling of a nearby river.

He grins.

Gary paces to the direction of the noise, crosses several bushes, and finally faces a river.

He raises the cat over the waters --

and hesitates.

He lowers his fluffy eyes to the animal.

GARY

Oh, and what the fuck.

He drops the cat on the ground and, wordless, quickly disappears into the forest.

The cat leans over the riverside and laps some water.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy sits in an armchair by the window under a reading lamp. Outside, night has come.

Telephone rings. She quietly picks up the receiver.

AMY

(on the phone)

Yes, Gary?

GARY
(filtered, in the phone)
Tell me. Is the cat home?

At Amy's feet, the cat is laid on his side, purring.

AMY
(on the phone)
Yes, Gary.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gary is on the cell phone, in the sedan.

He tries to remain calm.

GARY
(on the phone)
Would you please put him on the
phone, I'm fucking lost and I
simply need fucking directions.

FADE OUT: