

CAT

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN... Cat eyes appear through the darkness.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Gorgeous secluded house. It's quiet except nature. The sun is about to go down. A cat relaxes on the porch.

The cat sits up as it hears a car.

A mild-mannered woman, BRACY SMITH (30), gets out the passenger side. Her amusing husband, RICHARD SMITH (30), hops out the driver side, wearing Pee Wee Football coach gear.

He looks around at the house and woods.

RICHARD

Cody was right. This place is incredible... Expensive but incredible.

She smiles. They grab bags out the trunk. The cat walks up to her. She drops the bag and runs, panicking. He rushes to her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa. What's wrong?

Her shaky finger points at the cat.

BRACY

They didn't say anything about a cat.

RICHARD

It's probably just a stray.

BRACY

Can you...

He hurries to the cat, and it runs away.

RICHARD

Your knight in shining armor -- No!
Your dog in shining armor!

She frowns, confused.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Dog in shining armor. I chased the cat away.

She shakes her head, smiling.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homey house. A laptop sits on a chair. "*How to start an animal rescue*" is in the search engine. A cellphone lies on an end table by the chair.

Clutching her shirt, Bracy watches the cat through a window. It rests on the front porch.

Richard drives up. She hears him enter the house and put bags in the kitchen.

He strolls into the living room. She keeps her eyes on the cat. He hugs her from behind, and they watch the cat.

RICHARD

Go pet the cat.

She spins around, shocked.

BRACY

What?

RICHARD

Go pet the cat.

BRACY

No.

RICHARD

Come on. It'll be the "get over your fear by facing it" kinda thing.

BRACY

(firm)

No.

She faces the window, stares at the cat.

BRACY (CONT'D)

I hope our kids don't want a cat.

RICHARD

They'll probably want a dog.

Her face lights up. He smiles, kisses her cheek.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Ah, man. I forgot the wine.

BRACY

It'll be fine.

RICHARD
Dinner without wine is not fine.
I'll be back.

He moseys towards the doorway --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Oh, check this out.

He pulls a strange object out his pocket, something ancient.
He gives it to her.

BRACY
What is this?

RICHARD
I dunno. I bought it from some man.
He said he was a traveling
salesman, but he dressed weird.

She frowns at the object, disturbed.

BRACY
Why did you buy it?

RICHARD
It looks cool.

She raises an eyebrow ("*Really?*").

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Be back in a little bit. Love you.

BRACY
Love you too. I'll start dinner.

She watches him drive off. She looks at the object, turns it
over. Old writing is on the back.

BRACY (CONT'D)
"I will become what you fear."

She shivers, puts the object down.

She looks at the cat outside. It's staring at her. She jumps,
startled. She makes sure every window is locked.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

FIRST-PERSON POV: Something huge and wicked stomps up to the
house, breathing heavy.

The cat hisses at the something. The cat's eyes turn menacing, possessed.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bracy gets dinner ready, dicing ingredients on a cutting board. She spots the cat through a window.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

The cat glares at Bracy, shooting terror into her soul.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bracy makes sure the window is locked, shuts the curtain.

LIVING ROOM

Bracy enters and stops in her tracks. She throws a hand on her chest.

The cat sits on her laptop.

Her heart bangs against her chest, ready to burst.

She cuts her eyes to the windows. One window is open now.

She sees her phone on the end table. She goes the long way, avoiding the cat as she sneaks to the table.

The cat follows her with its eyes.

Her trembling hand reaches for the phone -- the cat slices her forearm with its claws. She screams, backpedals.

She surveys the large scratches on her arm, scratches too big for a cat.

The cat glowers at her.

She flees from the room. The cat watches her, not moving from its spot.

FOYER

Bracy races to the front door. The cat sits by it. She screams, breaks for the staircase.

STAIRCASE

As Bracy bolts up the stairs, the cat sprints along the ceiling above her.

UPSTAIRS HALL

Bracy runs off the stairs. The cat drops on her shoulder, latches on her neck with its teeth.

She goes berserk and bangs into walls, trying to pull the cat off.

She gets the cat off, throws it down the hall. It lands on its feet.

Bracy runs for the staircase. The cat spits disgusting hairballs.

As she reaches the stairs, the hairballs hit her legs.

She touches her burned legs, grimaces in pain. Her legs sizzle. She sees the hairballs on the floor.

She looks up. The cat prowls towards her, closing in.

STAIRCASE

Bracy rumbles down the steps.

FOYER

Bracy runs in. The cat waits at the front door. It spits a hairball, and she ducks.

DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Bracy flies into the hall, brakes. She looks around frantic, trying to figure out what to do.

She sees the cat creep into the hall. It stands frozen, eyeing her.

Bracy rips through the hall, and it chases her.

She knocks over a table so it'll slow down the cat.

BASEMENT

Bracy slams the door, locks it. She stands on the steps, listening for the cat. She doesn't hear it...

The cat's claw reaches under the door, swipes at her feet. She backs up.

The claw slashes from side to side a few times, disappears under the door.

She stands on the last step, watching the bottom of the door.

The door shakes viciously, startling her. The door shakes like it's going to be torn off.

The shaking stops. She watches the door... Nothing.

She runs through the basement, looking for an exit.

She finds a window, opens it -- a monster claw swipes at her from outside. She jumps back, avoiding the claw.

She looks up. The cat's a man-sized monster. Vile and ferocious. It's on all fours.

CAT

(deep, nightmarish voice)

Meow.

She howls in terror. The monster climbs through the window. She backs away, crying.

The monster gets all the way inside, faces her. It shows its razor teeth.

She keeps backing up as she shakes her head.

The monster stomps towards her. She trembles and breathes erratically.

Bracy bolts to the door before the freak reaches her.

DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Bracy bursts through the basement door, slams it shut. She sprints away...

The monster charges out the basement, releasing a horrifying scream that spreads through the hall.

She sprints for her life, never looking back.

The monster appears in front of her, spits a wave of hairballs. She ducks, runs by the monster as it spits.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Bracy beelines to the front door. She reaches for the doorknob --

She looks back, sees the monster in the hall. She stares at it. The creature watches her, confused.

Bracy stares at the doorknob. Everything in her body and soul screams "Go!" "Leave!" "RUN!" But...

KITCHEN

Bracy snatches open a drawer, grabs a sharp knife.

She watches the doorway, trembling but ready to face the monster... It stomps in, claws brandished.

She grips the knife. The monster charges at her.

It swings a claw. She ducks and stabs the monster. It screams.

Bracy looks at the knife, shocked by what she did. The monster touches its wound, whining.

She stabs the monster again. It knocks her into a counter.

The monster roars, charges at her.

She snatches up the cutting board and uses it as a shield.

The monster claws at the board.

Once the monster stops clawing, she hacks its body over and over, incensed. Blood and fur shoot everywhere.

The monster drops to the floor dead. She kicks it a few times to make sure, knife dangling to her side.

Bracy covers her mouth, cries. She uncovers her mouth, revealing it's a happy cry.

Richard dances in with a bottle of wine, humming. He sees the monster and jumps back, almost falling. The wine shatters on the floor.

He races to Bracy, checks her for injuries.

RICHARD
Are you hurt!?

BRACY
I'm fine.

Bracy stares at the monster.

BRACY (CONT'D)
I'm fine.

END