

CAT

Written by

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

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A cat relaxes on the porch of the secluded house. The sun's about to go down. 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...

Richard hurries to the cat, and it runs away.

RICHARD

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

Bracy 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 entering the house and putting grocery bags in the kitchen.

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

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.

Bracy faces the window and 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 and 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 to the doorway --

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

Richard 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.

Bracy 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 and turns it over. Old writing is on the back.

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

Bracy shivers and puts the object down. She looks at the cat outside. It's staring at her. She jumps, startled. Bracy 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 makes biscuits, hands and apron covered in flour. 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 and shuts the curtain.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bracy strolls in and sees the cat sitting on her laptop. Her heart bangs against her chest ready to burst.

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

Bracy 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 hand with its claws. She screams and backpedals.

She checks her hand and sees large scratches. Scratches too big for a cat.

The cat glowers at her.

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

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

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

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

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

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

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

She goes berserk, bumping into walls as she tries to pull the cat off her.

She gets the cat off and flings it down the hall. It lands on its feet.

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

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

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

Bracy looks up. The cat prowls toward her, closing in.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Bracy rumbles toward the front door. Where the cat waits. The cat spits a hairball, and she dodges it. She turns and runs.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Bracy flies into the hall and 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.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bracy slams the door and locks it. She stands on the steps, listening for the cat. No sound. Too quiet.....

The cat's claw swipes at her feet under the door, and she backs up. The claw disappears under the door.

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

The door shakes like it's going to be torn off. Bracy jumps, startled.

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

Bracy runs through the basement, searching for an exit.

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

The cat's a ferocious, man-sized monster on all fours. Glowing eyes, deformed body, massive claws, and slimy fur.

CAT
(deep, nightmarish voice)
Meow.

She howls in terror. The cat quickly climbs through the window and grins at her, showing its twisted razor teeth.

Bracy backs away, sobbing. The cat stomps toward her, claw raised to slice.

She bolts to the door before the monster reaches her.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Bracy bursts out the basement and slams the door. Takes off down the hall.

The cat charges out the basement, releasing a horrifying scream that shoots through the hall.

She sprints for her life, never looking back.

The fiend appears in front of her and spits a wave of hairballs. She ducks and crouch-runs by the cat as it spits.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

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

She looks back and sees the cat 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...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bracy snatches a sharp knife out a drawer and grabs a handful of flour from the bag.

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

She grips the knife. The beast charges at her.

The cat swings a claw. She ducks the claw, throws flour into the monster's eyes, and stabs its chest.

The cat backs up, screaming and wiping its eyes.

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

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

The creature roars and charges at her.

She snatches up the cutting board and uses it as a shield. The fiend claws at the board.

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

The beast drops to the floor dead. She stabs it twice and kicks it a few times to make sure it's dead.

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

Richard dances into the kitchen with a bottle of wine and car keys. He sees the monster and drops the wine. It shatters.

He races to Bracy and checks her for injuries.

RICHARD

Are you hurt!?

BRACY

I'm fine.

Bracy stares at the cat.

BRACY (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

END