

SCAREDY-CAT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONELY HOUSE - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV

of a house in the middle of nowhere. Through a window, SCARLET -- 17 (certainly not 30) and nubile -- wanders through the living room in her bathrobe.

RING-RING. Scarlet grabs the house phone.

TROUBLE THE TABBY

watches her. Fixated. She's two years old and the utter definition of feline perfection.

VIC-VIC-VIC-TOR-TOR-TOR

It's a WHISPERING SOUND. Omnipresent. Trouble hears it, turning her attention to--

THE BAGGED MAN sneaking around the side of the house, a PITCH-FORK clutched in his hands. His name is VICTOR.

Victor disappears through a side door into the house.

Trouble's eyes flash back to the window -- Scarlet is gone!

Trouble shakes her butt, revving up... absolutely has to get this right...

She CHARGES forward, building speed... barrels up a ramp and dives, SMASHING through the window and going head-long

INSIDE THE HOUSE

where she, of course, lands perfectly on her paws.

But there's no one in the room. No one to appreciate her. Where is Scarlet?

SCREAM!!!!!!

Upstairs.

Trouble flies up the staircase, fast as her little legs will carry her.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Trouble bounds into the hall. She freezes -- there are shadows at the other end--

There's a BOOK CASE just in front of her. Trouble digs deep and LEAPS -- just managing to drag herself to the top of the case. Phew.

SCARLET

finally appears in the hall. Holding a bloody butcher knife.

Well, she was. Scarlet tosses it.

Scarlet starts down the hall. Slowly. In shock.

Trouble watches and waits. Wait for it... wait for it...

VICTOR

launches into the hall!

Scarlet screams and bolts down the hallway, Victor right on her tail--

Screw it. Trouble leaps with her best RE-OWWW--

And ends up diving between them, neither Scarlet or Victor ever noticing her.

Trouble spins around in time to see Scarlet making for the attic stairs...

Crap. Trouble swats the book case in frustration, then shimmies out the open window.

EXT. LONELY HOUSE - NIGHT

Trouble leaps and manages to catch the awning. She pulls herself up... then finds herself in front of the attic window.

Inside--

Scarlet takes Victor's pitch-fork and jams it in his heart!

Trouble paws the window-door open. With masterful precision she slinks

INTO THE ATTIC.

Scarlet takes a breath...

Victor springs up, one last scare!

SCARLET DRIVES THE PITCH-FORK THROUGH HIS SKULL. Game over.

Scarlet cries.

Has no idea Trouble is stalking behind her.

Trouble is momentarily distracted by the SWELLING VICTORIOUS MUSIC. What the hell?

Scarlet drops the pitch-fork. Letting the fear shed off her.

Trouble's butt shimmies...

Scarlet turns...

And Trouble LEAPS, high enough to look Scarlet in the eye.

SCARLET'S POV

Big yellow eyes. Rabid fanged teeth. Razor-sharp claws.

TROUBLE

lands (gracefully). Never touching Scarlet.

Scarlet backs into the wall. Eyes wide. Face ghostly pale. Her breathing quickens -- shallow, like she's choking--

Then she clutches her heart. Utter pain. And finally...

Scarlet collapses. Dead of a heart attack.

Trouble PURRS.

SMASH TO BLACK.

And then--

PURRING. Growing louder. Enveloping us. Digging into our very souls.

She's out there. Waiting.

THE END
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