

ALLEY CATS

by

Barry John Terblanche

(+27) 079 6469 246 (South Africa)
scriptwriter.barryjohn@gmail.com
secondary email; opm7bjt@gmail.com
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FADE IN

EXT. CITY - ALLEY - NIGHT

Dim lit. Quiet. Back of restaurant - garbage cans. Ten battle scarred alley cats in bins, on bins, strolling around... Ruff mean GANSTER street cats you don't want to mess with!

Their leader, a fluffy dirty white PERSIAN. A distinctive battle scare cut above his right eye. He's flanked by his two lieutenants, SLICK and TOM.

Across the alley stand three street HOBOS sharing a bottle between them. Of them, is LIAM, 40's, 6 foot. He's staring at... fixated on Persian.

Persian stares him back. A fresh bottle of milk in hand, he flicks out a paw to reveal a long sharp nail that he spirals around the aluminium cap of the bottle. Flips the cap.

He takes a swing of the bottle, then runs the back of his paw across his wet mouth.

Liam, bottle in hand, he takes a swing, then runs the back of his hand across his mouth.

Tom, tin of pilchards in hand, give Persian a nudge...

TOM

Say... That dude over there staring you?

PERSIAN

Yeah...

TOM

He disrespecting you, boss? Me and the boys can go take him out?

PERSIAN

No its cool... Fucken drunken humans.

Liam takes another sip. HOBOS #1, to his right, takes the bottle from him, taking a swing...

HOBOS #1

Hay man... What you checking out that pussy for?

LIAM

I've seen that cat somewhere... I just can't place where!

HOBO #1

(Sarcastic)

Well, go say hi... Hello Kitty, do I know your sorry ass.

Liam grabs the bottle from him.

LIAM

Yeah, you are drunk. Those KITTYS... Will rip the shit out of us!

EXT. CITY - ALLEY - NIGHT

SUPER: - NEXT NIGHT

Dim lit. Quiet. Back of restaurant. Alley cats one side. The three hobo's on the other side.

Liam standing, staring Persian, who's staring back NERVOUSLY. Liam has a piece of paper before him. The other two hobo's either side of him, also looking at the paper. Then up to Persian - back down to the paper...

HOBO #1

...Sure does look like him. A bit off-white, but yeah, street life hay.

Persian is uneasy. His two lieutenants by his side. The other seven cats are pacing behind.

SLICK

I say we take them on boss. Rip the paper to hide the evidenc...

Persian swings around - connects a paw punch solid to Slicks jaw. Slick falls... Gets back up. Rubbing his jaw.

PERSIAN

(To Slick)

...You don't think there's more posters out there! NO... I gotta leave town.

TOM

Slick is right boss. We been living here a year now... Those wash-outs are the first to identify you. I say we take them out!

PERSIAN

You right!

SLICK

...Say what?

PERSIAN

Yeah okay... Sorry Slick.

...Guy's, I can't go back there. I can't! Been locked-up like that... Having to shit in a box! The fucken pellets you fed!

The cats cringe in horror to the thought.

TOM

FUCK THIS! You not going back boss! Guys... Get ready, we going in!

Cats HISSING... Deep shrieking meows.

Liam folds the paper as he puts it in his back pocket.

LIAM

Now remember guys... Don't kill the white one!

Liam turns around and picks-up an old dented "CAT CAGE". Hobo # 1 picks up a PLANK. Hobo # 2 holding a BOTTLE by its neck... He smashes it against a wall.

The cats have likewise armed themselves... Serrated TIN'S, SKEWER'S, broken GLASSES. Their CLAWS are out...

Cats take a step forward. Hobo's take a step forward. The tension is high... SHOWDOWN!

They storm each other - middle of the alley way. Man-on-cat, cat-on-man... Its BLOODY!

- Hobo down... Cat on his face. Swift left-right left-right claws slice him open.

- Cat cage hits cat flat across the face... Gob sprays from his mounth as he goes flying against a wall.

- Two cats, in-sync, cartwheels ninja style... Connecting hobo to his chest, sending him down.

- Hobo down... Cat claw on his balls.

Ultimately, the PLANK reins victory... SLAPPING cats, sending them flying all across the alley. The three battered hobo's stand victorious over scattered WHIMPERING cats.

Persian has retracted into a corner. His back against the wall - shit FEAR in his eyes! Liam limps up to him... Cat cage in hand.

EXT. SUBURBIA - HOUSE - DAY

Up market. Smart homes with immaculate gardens and trimmed trees... The sore thumb to the picture, three scruffy hobo's standing at the front door of a home. Liam, holding the cat cage with a very PISSED-OFF Persian in it.

The door is opened to an old grey haired LADY that goes into shock EXCITEMENT to see her cat, SMOOCHES, in the cage.

LADY

(Excited)

SMOOCHES...! YOU HOME. My baby. I thought I lost you for...

LIAM

(Cool)

...Yeah. Look lady, we need to be on our way.

From his back pocket, he takes out, giving her the PAGE...

CLOSE ON - The page.

MISSING:

(Picture of cat / Persian)

Goes by name of SMOOCHES.

REWARD \$1,000

TEL: 079 555 216

LADY

Of course... yes... Let me go get it for you. Just wait here a bit.

She walks off back into the house.

LADY (O.S) (CONT'D)

(Cheerful)

My baby is home... Smooches is home...

Liam puts the cage on the ground as he kneels down to look Smooches in the eyes. Smooches stares back with dagger eyes.

LIAM

Who da mommy's little kitty.. kitty
now.

SMOOCHES

(*CENSORED - EXTREME
VULGAR LANGUAGE*)

MEOW... HISS... MEOW... HISS...

FADE OUT

- END -

* No Cats where harmed in the writing of this script.