

Cats
by
Steven Clark

© 2014

This work may not be used, in whole or
in part, without the express written consent of the author

Phone 631.456.2752
Email SAClark69@verizon.net

FADE IN:

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Too dark to see well. The whimpering cries of --

JESSICA (14), scared, alone -- echo about the small space.

She fumbles about for something, anything. Something falls to the floor. She reaches for it. It's nothing.

FOOTSTEPS are heard from outside, growing closer... closer.

She puts a hand to on the door. It opens.

The adjoining room is dimly lit. A MAN is revealed -- he's in his sixties, thick glasses, gray hair flipped in a comb over. Wears nothing but a blue bathrobe and slippers --

This is CARL GOTTLIEB. He smiles and steps in with her.

Jessica tries to scream. A hand covers her mouth, she struggles until --

CARL

I'm gonna kill your parents if you
scream. You hear me. Now, shhh...

She stops fighting, out of breath.

JESSICA

Don't hurt me.

Only his BREATHING is heard...

JESSICA

What do you want?

CARL

You're so pretty and sweet. So
innocent. Do you realize how beautiful
you are?

No answer. Beat. He strikes a match, lights a candle and places it on the floor.

CARL

When I saw you sleeping I -- I knew I
had to save you. Save you from the
demons who'd try to take you from me.
Do you understand?

She can do nothing but look at his leathery face, his icy pale
blue eyes.

From outside, a cat *MEOWS*.

JESSICA

You have cats?

CARL

Oh yes. I have three. They watch over
her.

Jessica's eyes dart back and forth. A tear runs down her
cheek. The light flickers.

JESSICA

I have cats. I miss them so much.

CARL

My cats are very friendly. They're my
babies. You can get to know them.
They're all that I have left now...

Carl gazes over her head. He's lost in thought --

Jessica grabs the candle, stuffs it wick-first in his face.
She pushes it deep inside his mouth.

Carl's arms flail, eyes wide. He falls back. The door swings
open. Jessica falls on top of him.

He reaches out, grabs her hair. She kicks at his head. *THUMP!*
THUMP! THUMP!

He lets go, gags on the candle. Vomit oozes from his mouth.

Jessica finds her feet. Grabs onto a bed post.

On the bed, covered with a blanket -- a human form. Two feet protrude -- black skin, cracked yellow nails. Wetness surrounds the body... almost like it's melting.

A CAT sits on the bed, alert. Looks at Jessica.

She scrambles out of the room. Footsteps down the hall.

Carl's gurgles are heard off screen, then stop.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door flies open. Jessica sprints out, her weak legs trying to support her.

She runs into the street. Approaching headlights appear from off in the distance.

She runs towards the car.

FADE OUT.