

MR. KITTEN

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INT. KITCHEN-STUDIO - NIGHT

Carry, early 40's and of fading attractiveness, sits in front of a laptop with her head buried in the hands. A sudden knock on the glass dispels her fragile dream. She peers at the darkness behind the French unshuttered window - two glowing eyes are peeking into the room. A cat is pacing on the ledge. Carry stretches and rolls back in her chair.

CARRY

Hey, Mr. Kitten!

Carry opens the window to welcome the unexpected guest. The cat looks lean, has a black glossy fur and big yellow eyes.

CARRY

Hello-o! Where do you come from?

Carry checks a belt on the cat's neck, but finds nothing. She looks around silhouettes of dark bushes - the garden, sprinkled with a mist, is utterly quiet and sullen.

CARRY

So, goes alone, Mr. Kitten?..

CAT

Meow!..

CARRY

I see..

You look so similar to my lovely Moony  
- the spit and image of him.

Maybe a bit slimmer,  
but in the rest - totally the same!

The animal puts his paws on Carry's knees and sniffs her.

CAT

Meow!..

CARRY (laughing)

...And as pushy as he was!

Oh, I wish Moony was here...

Nine lives weren't too much for such a good cat.

The cat tenses all his body and gazes at the room.

CARRY

What's there? Heard something...or sniffed?  
I guess you're hungry.

Carry strokes the cat's head gently.

CARRY

Stay put, I'll check my fridge.

She is searching for food while the cat is stepping inside. He has quietly crossed the room and stood still in the light of lamp where a dark zone of corridor begins.

CAT

Meow!.. Meow!

CARRY

Hey! You have no manners, little thief!  
Wait right here, I've got some milk...just need a pan.

Carry opens the drawer and grabs a little plastic pan with the bold print on it saying 'Me-ow'.

CARRY

Ohh, look what I've found: Moony's stuff.  
I think he'd share it.

Carry pours milk into the pan. In the meantime, the cat draws no attention on her - something attracts him in the corridor.

CAT

Meow!.. Meow! Fuff!

CARRY

Hey, calm down! Who are you crying at?  
Drink your milk and go away. I can't host you.

Carry approaches the animal, trying not to splash milk. The cat proceeds meowing into the darkness.

CAT

Meow!.. Fuff! Fuff!

CARRY

What drives you crazy? Really...

Carry peers at the long corridor. Nothing strange is around. She puts the pan down and strokes the cat. A dirty spot on the shaded floor catches Carry's eyes.

CARRY

What's here?..

She touches the spot and raises her palm to the light. The fingers are bloody. Carry stands up and slaps over the switch. The lamp dazzles for a moment and dies down because of short circuit. In a brief flash Carry notices a dark figure in the doorway of a distant bedroom. She covers her mouth with her palms not to shriek.

CARRY

Whew! I've got the shock of my life.

The bedroom door creaks and slams loudly. The cat sneaks forward, along the corridor.

CARRY

That was just a shade of...something,  
and a draft closes the door. That's all.

Trembling from a sudden fright, Carry goes back and steps on the pan.

CARRY

Jeez!

The cat is fuffing somewhere in the corridor. He turns back for a moment to show his glowing eyes and vanishes again. Carry looks beneath. Splashed milk is mixing with blood.

CAT

Fuff!

CARRY

What's the hell?..

Carry stares at the red-white pool with disgust, then sets her eyes on the dark corridor.

CARRY

Who's there?.. Do you hear me?  
I'll call the police!

Carry rushes to the workplace and searches for the cellphone.

CARRY

Damn... Where is it?

The bedroom door creaks again and slowly opens. Carry peeks out that way. The dimmed light of the cellphone mirrors on the walls; a vibrant sound goes, then - the ringtone. Despite the gloom, Carry is able to make out that something is moving there.

CAT

Meow!

The cat slips into the bedroom, having glimpsed in the doorway. The cellphone goes down, as well as the rest of light.

CAT

Meow! Meow! Meow!

CARRY (whispering)

Please, shut up...shut up!

Carry leans on the wall to pluck up her courage. After a few deep breaths in and out she goes to the kitchen and grabs a knife. Then she fishes around in the drawer, finds a plastic zipper and returns to her ready position.

CARRY

Hey! Police is coming! I'm warning you!  
I have a gun, so go away!

Carry wipes her sweaty forehead, pointing the knife forward. From the third time she has managed to light up the zipper.

CARRY (whispering)

...I'm crazy to go there.  
I hope, I'm dreaming.

CAT

Meow! Meow!

CARRY (whispering)  
I'm coming Mr. Kittles...

Carry has approached the bedroom close enough to enlighten the gap in the doorway - there is a woman's feet on the floor.

CARRY (whispering)  
Jeez!

CAT  
Purr-purr-purr!!!

Drawing no attention on Carry, somebody in a black hood is hanging around the room and throws things into a rustling bag. Carry lights out the zipper and leans on the wall gasping.

CARRY (whispering)  
Oh damn! Damn it all...

Somebody knocks on the glass. Carry hears the short creak of opening window. The heavy steps go down somewhere in the garden. Carry lights up the zipper again - the flame is trembling on a draft. She steps into the room with the knife pointed forward.

CARRY  
Where are you, bastard?

The figure in hood has vanished among bushes outside. Carry illuminates the body on the floor. Her face distorts with shock and the knife falls down from her hands. She gazes at herself on the floor, but unconscious one, with a pale skin and bloody rivulet on the left temple. The cat is licking the lips of her body and purring.

CAT  
Purr-purr-purr!!!

The cat turns to a shocked Carry, gives her a short look with his glowing eyes.

CAT  
Meow!

CARRY  
Ahhh...Moony...you?

Moony turns back to a lying Carry and proceeds kissing her lips in a cat's manner.

Carry kneels near her own body and touches it.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

pens her eyes and sees the cellar of the bedroom - a draft toys with her loose hair.

There is nobody in the room.

She hardly returns her head on the one side - the cellphone lies in the distance of her hand. She reaches it and dials 911.