

Kitchen Impossible

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Draft - very much so

Contact information - only supplied if people like it!

INT. LARGE KITCHEN-DINING AREA - DAY

A two-level kitchen with a step down between the upper dining section and the lower kitchen section.

The bottom kitchen area is dominated by an ancient cooker, range style with dual ovens, six rings on the hob. One gas ring is still on, frying pan to the side of it.

The top dining level holds an old and battered oak dining table surrounded by four mismatched chairs. An iRobot vacuum cleaner navigates awkwardly around the chairs.

The table holds a plate with two burgers and a pile of burnt fries on it. A block of shiny cheese, fried onions and a ketchup bottle wait to be added to the burgers.

From a toilet in the house comes HUMMING, badly bouncing over the beats of the Mission Impossible theme as the hummer tames the porcelain beast.

From nowhere, TOM, a scrawny grey cat leaps onto the table.

Tom sniffs the burger. A deft paw flick sees bread gone and the burger exposed, his tail twitches in delight.

Another excited tail flick accidentally pushes the cheese to the edge of the table. One more pushes it over the edge.

BANG, the cheese lands on the top of the iRobot.

The cheese moves away from the table, bangs into a chair, wobbles slightly, but otherwise looks pretty secure.

Tom turns back to the burger, but not before he spies...

A snout appear from a gap in the skirting board, sniffing the air with a twitch of mousey whiskers.

The smell of cheese tempts LIAM, out of the shadows.

NOEL follows him out. Both mice scan the surreal scene.

One large block of cheese, now mobile, vacuum cleaner doing it's thing - no human or other threats apparent.

DUN, DUN... DUN-DUN, DUN, DUN... DUN-DUN...

The mice hesitate at the humming.

Tom carefully pulls back from the edge of the table, waits for the overwhelming lure of dairy gold to kick in.

He's right, it's just too much cheese to ignore.

Noel skitters forward, pushing ahead of his brother.

Liam, ever competitive, and hungry, charges after.

They both stop as the vacuum makes another erratic turn.

A moment of hesitation. A silent agreement. Then LEAP!

Tiny legs, full commitment.

Noel's jump is straight into the cheese, snout first.

Liam, isn't as lucky, misses his target and skids alarmingly across the black plastic. As he's about to slide right off, the vacuum takes another sideways lurch that throws him into his brother instead.

Noel bares his teeth in defense of 'his' cheese.

The mice square up to each other, fromage lust rising.

Noel moves to push his brother away, as Tom leaps, and the vacuum cleaner zags left.

Tom dives.

Misses completely.

SMACKS the floor.

The iRobot rolls right over his tail, dragging him a foot along the floor before spitting it out leaving the tip bald.

He MEOW-YELPS and jumps onto one of the chairs.

Noel and Liam look at each, then the cheese, then Tom.

The cheese wins.

They stay atop the vacuum, surfing it under Tom's chair.

His gaze follows their progress beneath the seat, head hanging upside down, and swiveling to track them.

Liam and Noel watch the cat. Don't see the vacuum approach the perilous step down into the kitchen area.

Tom does.

Pounces.

The vacuum's AI kicks in before the step - panicked calculations. Too fast. Too close. EMERGENCY LEFT TURN.

Tom crashes into the vacuum rather than landing on it.

It tips precariously, the jaunty forty-five degree lean only balanced by two terrified mice and a block of cheese.

The vacuum skitters along the top of the step.

Noel and Liam's little claws scratch into the tough plastic as they scamper to the highest point of the vacuum in an attempt to tip it back down.

The cheese starts to slip the other way.

Their tiny brains SCREAM: Save yourself! Their tiny bellies SCREAM: Save the cheese!

The vacuum lean increases as Tom finally times a jump well.

He lands on the vacuum as it's lean becomes a fall.

SLOW MOTION: Three bodies. One block of cheese. Pure chaos. Fur, tails, and paws FLAIL in mid-air. Tom, upside down, wide-eyed. Mice, spiraling, limbs akimbo.

Liam and Noel land in the frying pan.

Tom lands on it's handle, tail just avoiding the lit ring.

There's something missing...

The cheese crashes into Tom's head, tipping him backwards.

WHUMP. His tail lands right in the flame.

Tom HOWLS.

Spins like a possessed tornado.

Tail on fire!

He catapults off the cooker, a HOWLING fireball.

Which sends everything else CRASHING to the floor.

The humming stops, heavy footsteps POUND towards them.

Liam and Noel drag the cheese towards their hole as Tom spins in a circle trying to bite his own flaming tail.

The door to the kitchen flies open, a SHADOW LOOMS...

FADE OUT

THE END