

KITTENS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An expensive cell phone sits on a table. It RINGS.

Though we can only see his hand (that's all we'll ever see of him), JAKE, 34, answers, sets it to: SPEAKERPHONE.

JAKE  
Hey, Kitten.

LISA  
How's Memphis?

JAKE  
Eh, you know. Same as always. I'm getting ready to grab some shitty food from the hotel bar.

LISA  
How was the flight? On time?

JAKE  
Yeah, it was fine. Those seats on Southwest. Ugh. Am I right?

LISA  
Cut the crap.

JAKE  
Excuse me?

LISA  
You left your location services on.

Jake scrambles to check his settings. Location services: ON.  
He taps them: OFF.

LISA  
Bit late for that.

They sit in silence, until...

LISA  
I'm not angry, you know? I've actually been seeing a therapist about it.

A second phone RINGS. Jake sets it next to the first. This one's cheap.

LISA  
Don't answer that. Please.

JAKE  
It's work. I've got to.

LISA  
You didn't used to be so comfortable lying.

JAKE  
It's work. I swear.

LISA  
Then leave me on speaker.

JAKE  
I can't -- I --

LISA  
I'm gonna go.

She hangs up. Jake answers the second phone.

JAKE  
Hey, Kitten.

CORA  
I'm running late. Wait for me.

JAKE  
Look, I don't know. Maybe we should just --

CORA  
She's pretty when she sleeps.

JAKE  
Who?

CORA  
Your wife. As soon as I'm done here, I'll be over.

JAKE  
Done? What -- Cora? Cora!

She's already hung up. He scrambles to dial the first phone.

LISA  
I told you, I'm not angry, but I'm done Jake. Let's just leave it at that.

JAKE  
Lisa, listen. You gotta get outta  
there.

Someone in the background YELLS.

SHERRY  
Leave her alone, asshole!

JAKE  
Sherry's there?

LISA  
Yeah. Sorry. She's not as forgiving  
as I am.

SHERRY  
You selfish jerk!

Jake hangs up, scramble-dials the second phone. Cora answers.

CORA  
You have no patience.

JAKE  
Where are you?

CORA  
I told you. I'm at your house. With  
your wife. It's cute how she  
snores. So gentle.

JAKE  
You don't even know where I live.

CORA  
I followed you home. Last week. I  
don't share, you know. I probably  
should have told you that. I can be  
a bit -- selfish.

He throws a third cell phone on the table, frantically dials.

AMY  
Hello.

JAKE  
Amy. You awake?

AMY  
Walking the dog. Why? You wanna get  
together?

He hangs up, sets a fourth cell phone on the table. Dials.

Not only does it RING on the phone he's dialing, but there's RINGING audible in the background on the second phone. Crazy Cora's phone.

JAKE  
Wake up. Wake up!

On the second phone, still open...

CORA  
Who are you talking to? Are you  
trying to warn her, you naughty  
boy?

Someone answers on the fourth phone. She's groggy.

MELISSA  
Jake?

JAKE  
Melissa, get out of there!

She SCREAMS. The fourth phone goes dead.

Still, the sounds of a STRUGGLE emanate from Cora's phone. It's brutal. A fight to the death... followed by silence.

Then...

CORA  
See you soon, Jakey baby.

She hangs up.

The four phones sit on the table.

Finally, after what feels like an eternity, Jake sweeps the phones into a trash can.

He pulls out a fifth phone. Dials.

DIANNE  
Hello?

JAKE  
Hey, Kitten. I'm gonna need a place  
for the night. You available?

FADE OUT.