

S SHAD UL WS II

SOULSHADOWS II: THE PUSSY AND THE HOUND

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THE PUSSY AND THE HOUND

FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

We enter the alcove -- and finding it empty -- move in towards the display case. The doors are ajar this evening.

AT THE DISPLAY CASE

We scan the items within -- a rare opportunity to peruse this odd collection of items kept by Tanis.

A baseball. A small wooden cross. Opera glasses. A rusted syringe.

Our eyes come to rest on a small figurine -- a cat -- a tuxedo cat with a white-tipped tail, four white paws, and markings on its face that form a permanent Cheshire grin.

Suddenly, a fierce O.S. FELINE HISS from above us.

We look up -- to a snarling black cat that leers down at us from atop the display case.

The cat leaps -- and disappears over our shoulder.

INT. THE ALCOVE

We turn -- searching for the cat -- but the animal has disappeared.

Then a soft voice behind us.

TANIS (O.S.)
You been pokin' where you do
not belong.

We turn to find Tanis.

TANIS
You play with the cat, sometimes
you gonna get scratched.

Tanis reaches into the cabinet and extracts an item -- the figurine of the cat.

TANIS
That 'cause all cats be
leopards in they hearts.

She holds the figurine out in her palm, presenting the item for our inspection.

ON THE FIGURINE

As we gaze upon the item, the soft sound of OCEAN WAVES can be heard, growing louder.

TANIS (O.S.)

In times long past, cats be
worshiped as gods...and the cats,
they have not forgotten this.

Moving in close on the figurine -- then closer still -- and its green eyes reflect the rise and fall of moonlit waves CRASHING upon some distant shore.

TANIS (V.O.)

Some men like to think the
same of themselves. This be
a story 'bout such a man...
and this tale be called...
"The Pussy and the Hound."

SUPER: THE PUSSY AND THE HOUND

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Gentle waves lap against the white sand beach underneath a starry sky. The bright full moon hangs low in the sky over the black ocean.

Luxury beach houses line the shore.

Tall sea oats sway in the calm breeze.

A pair of bright green eyes glimmer in the tall grass. The eyes belong to a CAT. A very big tuxedo cat with a white tipped tail and four white paws. The white markings on its face makes it seem like it has a permanent Cheshire grin.

The cat moves with furtiveness towards a large contemporary house in stucco and glass.

It moves along the edge of the pool deck past the infinity pool and on towards the wall made of glass doors that face the ocean.

The cat stops by a set of glass doors, gazes into the--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

--where KEITH CARNEY (30) gives his best to MELISSA (22) to the sound of loud moans and groans of pleasure.

Keith is one of those rare men who's physique awe both men and women. A god sculpted by an artist. Add to that a movie star face, sparkling green eyes and a bright white smile that can melt glaciers from afar.

Melissa, although smoking hot is nothing more than another body for Keith to use for his own entertainment and pleasure.

Keith turns to a large mirror above the bed. He smiles.

A camcorder is mounted behind the mirror.

CAMCORDER P.O.V

Keith smiles then winks at the camera.

KEITH

Oh baby...get ready...

MELISSA

Give it to me Keith. Give it to me.

KEITH

Oh Tanya, I am.

A moments pause in the action.

MELISSA

I'm Melissa... not Tanya.

The action picks up again.

KEITH

Of course baby. I meant Melissa.

END CAMCORDER P.O.V

The cat watches through the glass door from outside. Its tail twitches. Its eyes narrowed.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Keith and Melissa kiss in the stone tiled foyer. Keith reaches for the door, opens it.

Outside in the circular drive a cab awaits.

Keith and Melissa break away. Melissa has stars in her eyes. Keith flashes her a fake grin.

MELISSA
Promise you'll call me?

KEITH
Of course baby.

Melissa digs into her purse for a piece of paper and a pen. She writes her name and number on it, hands it to Keith.

MELISSA
In case you forget my number.

Keith takes it, kisses her then guides her out the door. He shuts it as soon as she's outside then walks into the--

KITCHEN

--and tosses Melissa's piece of paper in the trash.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a mess from last night's activities.

Keith stands naked in front of a floor to ceiling mirror. He admires himself from all angles. He flexes his muscles, his pectorals, left then right, left then right. He smiles at himself.

KEITH
I'd fuck me too if I could.

He puts on a pair of jogging shorts then walks out into the--

LIVING ROOM

--where he grabs a pair of cool shades. He puts them on.

The living room is like a picture out of a magazine. Very modern and stylish in marble, glass and leather.

Keith struts over to one of the huge glass doors that lead to the pool area and the blue water beyond.

Through the glass he notices the cat who lounges on one of the pool chaises.

Keith opens the door, steps out.

EXT. POOL DECK - DAY

Keith strolls up to the cat on the chaise, pets it.

KEITH

Hello kitty. I think you're at the
wrong house.

The cat pins its ears, a slight growl.

Keith gazes out at the beach.

People lay on towels in the sun, walk along the edge of the
water and swim.

Keith beams with self-satisfaction then runs off barefoot
down the dunes down to the waters edge.

He doesn't just jog, he runs like a real athlete. Head held
high, shoulders back, chest out.

Men and women alike watch him as he runs by.

Keith passes two girls in their early twenties in very small
bikinis. He flashes them a sexy smile.

The girls smile back, giggle.

Keith turns, runs backwards for a few moments so he can
continue to ogle them. They do the same.

Keith continues his run along the beach.

LATER

Keith has worked up a good sweat. He's tired, but still has
that spring in his step. He takes the wooden steps up the
dunes to his house three at the time until he reaches the--

POOL DECK

--where he stops, checks his watch then dives into the pool.

The cat watches from the chaise with narrowed eyes as Keith
swims. A content purr switches to a low growl.

Keith pulls himself out of the pool. He walks over to a
chair, grabs a towel.

He notices the cat.

KEITH

You're still here kitty?

The cat yawns, stretches. Its eyes follow Keith who heads inside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The huge black marble and mirrored bathroom is steamed up.

Keith has a towel around his waist. He wipes the mirror over the sink with his hand then combs his hair.

There's a faint sound of a woman laughing.

Keith stops combing his hair. He listens. A look of confusion on his face.

The woman speaks, but it is too faint to make out the words.

Keith's brow furrows.

KEITH
Susannah? Is that you?

He leaves the bathroom, pads across the--

BEDROOM

--and into the--

LIVING ROOM

KEITH
Susannah?...Susannah?

Keith glances around the room. He notices the cat sitting in the middle of the room.

The cat has it's green eyes fixed on Keith.

Keith is confused. He walks around the house.

The cat stays.

KEITH (O.S.)
Susannah, is that you?... Susannah,
where are you?

Keith comes back into the living room. He heads over to the cat. Pets it.

KEITH
How did you get in? Did you see
anyone in here?

The cat gets up, rubs against his legs, eyes narrow, ears pinned back.

Keith glances at the glass doors to the outside. They're shut.

Keith goes to the--

FOYER

--checks the front door. It's locked. He opens the door, peeks outside.

No one's there. He shuts and locks the door then heads back to the--

LIVING ROOM

The cat is still there. It watches Keith.

KEITH

How did you get in?...

He bends down to pick up the cat. It leaps out of his way at the last moment. Keith follows it, but it avoids him.

KEITH

You can't stay here. You have to go home to your owners.

The cat sits down, eyes him in an alluring way while it slowly licks its front paw.

Keith stares at it then chuckles.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A large opulent office. A killer view through the windows. Gorgeous big city skyline with the turquoise ocean beyond.

Architectural drawings of commercial real estate litter the room. Numerous awards hang on the walls.

Keith sits at his desk. He studies an artist's rendering of a high-end shopping center.

SIMON (30) cute, but short and stout stands next to Keith with some documents in his hand.

SIMON

How did last night turn out?

KEITH
It was alright.

SIMON
Nothing special?

Keith shrugs.

KEITH
Very few are truly special.

SIMON
You're spoiled man! I'd be happy
just having one of your leftovers.

KEITH
You're welcome to them. I have no
use for them.

There's a knock at the door.

KEITH
Come in.

AMBER (20) enters. She's tall, slim, has long black hair that cascade down her shoulders and back. She's dressed in a short skirt and white button shirt that isn't quite buttoned up.

She seems nervous as she strides on her high heels across the room to Keith. She hands him some papers.

Keith and Simon both feast on her with their eyes.

AMBER
Here's the construction schedule
for the Ocean Drive complex.

Keith gives her his most charming smile.

KEITH
Thank you Amber. You're doing a
great job.

She smiles back at him then leaves the room with Keith's and Simon's eyes fixed on her ass as it sways its way out.

SIMON
Whoa! Who was that?

Keith chuckles.

KEITH
Just a new intern

SIMON

Your leftovers on that one would be a fancy feast for me. Go for it Keith.

KEITH

You had any doubt that I would?

SIMON

(laughs)
Of course not. You're a natural born hound dog.

Keith looks up from his papers.

KEITH

Aren't you taking Kendra out this weekend?

SIMON

Yeah. I'm looking forward to it too. Gonna have to be a simple day at the beach though.

KEITH

How so?

SIMON

That trip to Vegas left me low on cash.

Keith thinks for a moment. He pulls out a drawer, retrieves some keys. He hands them to Simon.

KEITH

Take her out on my boat.

Simon stares at the keys then at Keith.

SIMON

You serious?

KEITH

Of course. You're my friend. I want you to have a good time.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Laughter is heard from outside then the door is opened. Keith and Amber stumble in. They obviously have had quite a bit to drink. They giggle and kiss.

Keith guides Amber into the--

LIVING ROOM

Amber's eyes go wide as she takes in the impressive house.

She notices the cat that lies on the couch. She hurries towards it.

Keith pour some drinks from the bar area.

AMBER

What a beautiful cat.

Keith makes a face.

KEITH

He's not really--

AMBER

I love cats.

She sits down next to the cat, pets it. The cat purrs, rubs against Amber. They get along great.

Keith puts two drinks on the coffee table, sits down next to Amber and the cat.

AMBER

What's its name?

KEITH

...uh...Tom.

Amber picks the cat up, lays it on its back in her arms then studies it between its legs.

AMBER

I think you better rename it. It's a girl.

Keith smiles.

KEITH

No wonder it likes me.

He shoves the cat down on the floor, hands Amber her drink. They both drink. Keith puts their glasses on the table. He kisses Amber. Easy at first then harder, more intense.

The cat watches. Its ears pointed back, eyes narrow. A low growl followed by a hiss.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning light provides slight visibility.

Keith sleeps on his back covered by a sheet. Amber lies next to him on her side.

A smile emerges on Keith's face.

He moans out of pleasure. His eyes still shut.

KEITH

You didn't get enough last night?

He opens his eyes. Peers down at his crotch only to see...

The cat kneading his crotch. White paws massages rhythmically up and down, up and down.

Its green eyes fixed on Keith's green eyes. The Cheshire grin taunting.

Keith gets mad, attempts to swat at the cat, but it leaps off the bed before Keith gets anywhere near it.

The cat struts out of the bedroom with its tail up.

Amber wakes up. She stretches, turns to face Keith. Her hand slides up his thigh. She smiles at him... purrs.

AMBER

How about some breakfast?

Keith pulls her on top of him, kisses her.

There's a sound of moans and groans from people having sex emanating from the living room.

Keith and Amber both quit what they are doing. They turn their heads to the doorway.

KEITH (V.O.)

Oh baby...get ready...

MELISSA (V.O.)

Give it to me Keith. Give it to me.

KEITH (V.O.)

Oh Tanya, I am.

Keith pushes Amber aside, jumps out of the bed.

KEITH

What the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Keith enters in a hurry. He's got a sheet wrapped around him.

On the giant plasma screen on the wall the video from Keith's and Melissa's night plays loud and clear.

The cat sits in the middle of the floor. It watches Keith.

Keith looks over his shoulder, sees Amber draped in a sheet enter the room. In a panic he grabs the remote on the coffee table. He pushes the buttons, but the video plays on.

Amber stares at the big screen. A look of disgust and horror crosses her face then she storms off into the bedroom.

Keith manages to turn the video off. He notices the cat.

KEITH

Fuck are you looking at?

He takes off after Amber.

The cat stretches, arches its back. It seems very content...

INT. FOYER - DAY

Amber marches to the front door. She's sloppily dressed, carries her shoes in her hand. She cries. She's pissed.

Keith, with the sheet wrapped around him stumbles after her.

KEITH

Amber, please. Listen to me. It's not what you think. I've never done that before.

Amber spins around, slaps him in the face.

Keith stops in his tracks. He's stunned. He touches his cheek.

Amber swings the door open, steps out then slams the door shut behind.

KEITH

Fuck!

He turns around, heads back into the--

LIVING ROOM

--where he slumps down on the couch. He sits there for a moment, stares at the plasma screen then his gaze shifts over to the cat with the annoying Cheshire grin.

KEITH

YOU need to get the hell out of here.

The cat gazes at him. Eyelids half open, pupils narrow. A hypnotic stare.

The cat crawls out from under the couch, takes a quick bath.

Keith gets up, heads over to the big sliding glass doors. He opens them all up.

He circles around the cat so it ends up between Keith and the open doors. The cat watches with interest.

Keith moves closer to the cat in an attempt to chase it out. When only a few feet away he reaches down to grab it.

The cat dashes off towards the kitchen.

Keith tries to grab it, but misses.

He trips on the sheet. The sheet falls off.

Keith is naked, pissed off.

He sprints after the cat into the--

KITCHEN

--where the cat jumps up on the counter.

Keith throws himself to the counter to grab it.

The cat runs off along the counter.

It knocks down a big ceramic sculpture. It shatters.

Keith tip toes around the ceramic shards.

The cat jumps down on the floor. Watches Keith.

KEITH

Fucking cat! Get out of here!

Keith moves closer to the cat. It's almost within reach.

The cat pins its ears back, hisses then with teeth and claws bared it leaps up, digs in, attaches itself to Keith's crotch ALIEN creature style.

Keith screams on top of his lungs.

He fights to pull the cat off. It won't let go.

Keith stumbles backwards. His hands around the cat's neck.

He falls down, lands on his ass in the shards on the floor.

The cat lets go, takes off.

Keith screams in agony, anger.

He looks down at himself, reaches with his hand. He stares in horror at his bloody hand.

His angry eyes searches for the cat. It's gone.

KEITH

I'm gonna fucking kill you!

He gingerly lifts his butt off the floor, gently wipes the shards off his butt cheeks. He grimaces in pain.

He gets up. He's bloody both in front and back.

Keith reaches over the kitchen counter, grabs a vicious looking knife from a wooden knife holder.

His eyes are wild with anger.

He turns around, scans the room.

KEITH

Here kitty kitty.

He sneaks into the--

LIVING ROOM

The doors are still open. Keith shuts them while his eyes sweeps the room for the cat.

KEITH

Where are you you little pussy?

The sound of a woman yelling is heard.

Keith's head snaps towards a staircase that leads to an open loft above.

KEITH

Nadja?

NADJA (V.O.)
I can't believe you did this to me!

Keith is confused. He moves closer to the stairs.

KEITH
Nadja, are you up there?...

The cat emerges at the top of the stairs.

Keith gets an evil look on his face.

The door bell rings.

Surprised Keith turns, stares at the front door in the foyer.

Someone bangs on the door then the door opens.

ANGELA (25) steps in. She looks a mess. She's been crying a lot. Her eyes are red, puffy. Her long hair tousled. On her middle finger is a ring with a heart shaped stone.

ANGELA
Keith? Are you home?

Keith snaps to, searches for the sheet.

Angela enters. She snuffles, dabs her eyes with a tissue. Her eyes go wide in confusion and shock when she sees the bloody naked Keith with a vicious knife in his hand.

Keith grabs the sheet from the floor, wraps it around himself. He hides the knife behind his back.

KEITH
Angela! What are you doing here?

Angela's nervous. She glances around the room.

ANGELA
What's going on?

KEITH
Nothing. Just some animal... What are you doing here?

She sits down on the couch. She cries.

ANGELA
I have to talk to you.

KEITH
Okay... What about?

She blows her nose

ANGELA
I'm...I'm pregnant.

Keith is confused.

KEITH
What does that have to do with me?

Angela stares at him.

ANGELA
The baby is yours Keith.

Keith recoils.

KEITH
Whoa! Hold on just a second. What makes you think it's mine?

ANGELA
You're the only one I've been with in the last ten months.

Keith paces back and forth. He notices his bloody hand with the knife. He puts the knife away on a bookshelf, continues to pace.

Angela watches him.

The cat comes down the stairs, strolls up to Angela. It rubs against her legs.

Angela pets it.

Keith sees the cat, glares at it with hatred.

ANGELA
I didn't know you had a cat.

KEITH
It's not mine.

Angela snuffles. She gazes up at Keith.

ANGELA
I've been thinking about this a lot. I don't have the money to raise a baby by myself... and--

He cuts her off.

KEITH

Of course Angela. Don't worry about it. I'll pay for the abortion, no problem.

Angela's jaw drops.

ANGELA

I'm not having an abortion Keith. I'm keeping the baby. Our baby...

Keith paces. He rubs his temples then turns to her.

KEITH

You can not have the baby!

Angela stands up.

ANGELA

You can't tell me what to do!

KEITH

Yes I can. You just said it's my baby too and I'm telling you to get rid of it.

The cat jumps up on the table, steps on the remote control.

The video of Keith and Melissa starts to play.

Keith glares at the cat then hurries to the table to grab the remote. He pushes buttons again. The video plays on.

Angela watches the video in disgust.

ANGELA

What kind of horrible person are you?

She starts to leave then turns to Keith.

ANGELA

I guess the court will decide how much you'll have to pay for having a baby.

Keith gets angry. He rushes after her, grabs her. The sheet falls off.

KEITH

You are not going to some fucking lawyer about this!

She breaks free.

ANGELA

Oh yes I am! You're gonna pay for
this... for being an asshole pig.

Keith yanks her back. She slaps him.

ANGELA

Let go of me!

Keith slaps her hard across the face.

Angela flips out. She bangs her fists on his face and chest.
He grabs her wrists. They wrestle violently.

They fall onto the floor.

The cat watches. The video plays.

Angela screams on top of her lungs.

ANGELA

Help!... Help me!

Keith covers her mouth with his hand. She writhes underneath
him, hits him, screams.

KEITH

Shut up!

Keith bangs her head against the marble floor.

She continues to scream.

He continues to bang her head against the floor.

Eventually her body goes limp. Blood seeps out on the floor.

Keith breathes hard. He backs away from her, stares in horror
at what he's done.

He checks her pulse on her neck.

KEITH

Om my god... Angela... I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry...

He gets up, paces while his eyes are fixed on Angela's body.
What to do, what to do?

A phone rings.

He stares at it, lets it ring.

The answering machine picks up.

SIMON (V.O.)

(on answering machine)

Hey Keith, it's me Simon. I'm on my way over to your house. I got the Barnum documents with me. They wanted you to sign them before the end of the day... See you in about five.

Panic Grows. He stares at the corpse then at the phone.

The cat strolls over to Angela's body. It rubs against her cheek, licks it with affection.

Keith gets angry. He shoos the cat away.

KEITH

Get the fuck away from her!

Frantic, Keith looks around the room for ideas.

He picks up the sheet from the floor, wraps Angela's body in it. He lifts her up, carries her into the--

BEDROOM

--and on to the big walk-in closet where he dumps the body. He shuts the door then rushes into the--

BATHROOM

--where he turns on the shower, gets in, washes off the blood. After just a short moment he hurries out to dry off then grabs a pair of jeans and puts them on.

In a panic he runs into the--

LIVING ROOM

His eyes narrow when he sees the cat sitting in the pool of blood on the floor.

He sprints towards the cat.

KEITH

I've had enough of you!

The cat waits until Keith is near before it scoots away.

Keith watches in horror as the cat jumps up on the couch then continues a wild dash around the room leaving bloody paw prints in its wake.

KEITH

Fuck!

Keith hurries to a broom closet in the--

FOYER

He grabs some rags, a bottle of cleaning solution then rushes back into the--

LIVING ROOM

--where he starts to wipe the bloody mess away.

When most of the blood is wiped away the door bell chimes.

Keith hides the bloody rags under the couch then sits down.

KEITH

(hollers)

C'mon in!

After a short moment Simon enters. Keith tries to look casual on the couch. He smiles his trademark "shark grin".

Simon scans the room, whispers.

SIMON

Am I interrupting anything?

KEITH

Nothing that can't wait.

SIMON

Okay. I'll only be a minute.

He hands Keith a couple of sheets of paper and a pen.

SIMON

(whispers)

Who is it this time?

Keith takes the documents and the pen. There's some blood on his hand. Simon notices.

SIMON

Someone wild? Into weird shit?

KEITH

Yeah, she likes it on the rough side.

Simon lets out a quiet whistle.

As Keith signs the papers, the cat strolls into the living room from the bedroom. It has something in its mouth.

Simon sees the cat.

SIMON

I didn't know you had a cat?

Keith snaps his head around to the cat. His eyes go wide.

The cat pads straight up to Simon, drops the item in its mouth at Simon's feet.

Keith and Simon both stare at the object. It's Angela's bloody middle finger with the ring on it.

SIMON

Is that... a finger?

Keith's nervous. He gets up, hands Simon the papers.

KEITH

It's just a cat toy. Looks pretty real doesn't it?

Simon takes the papers. His eyes fixed on the finger.

SIMON

...yes... it sure does.

Keith ushers Simon to the--

FOYER

--where he opens the door, sends Simon outside.

SIMON

Thanks for signing the documents
Keith...you being busy and all.

Keith smiles another fake one.

KEITH

No worries man.

Simon leaves. Keith shuts the door, locks it.

An evil mad look spreads across his face. He heads back into the--

LIVING ROOM

Keith scans the room for the cat. It's nowhere to be seen.

KEITH

You fucking little pussy. I'm gonna
get you...I'm gonna get you good.
I'm going to fucking kill you!

Keith grabs the bloody knife from the bookshelf.

He checks the sliding glass doors, makes sure they are
locked. He moves stealthily into the--

BEDROOM

--where he checks the glass door to the outside and the
regular window as well. Everything's closed, locked.

He turns around, pure madness in his eyes. He grins.

KEITH

Pussy cat...come out to
plaaaaayy...

Keith creeps out of the bedroom into the--

LIVING ROOM

Keith's eyes roam the surroundings. No sign of the cat.

KEITH

Here pussy pussy.

He checks under the couch. Bloody rags, no cat. He moves on
near a fireplace, checks inside. No cat.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees the cat! It's outside.
It lounges on one of the pool chaises. It licks its front paw
while teasing Keith with its green eyes and mocking Cheshire
grin.

Keith does a double take.

KEITH

How the hell did you get out there?

Keith sneaks up to one of the glass doors. He opens it, slow
and silent. He steps outside.

EXT. POOL DECK - DAY

Keith exits the house through the glass door like an assassin
closing in on its prey. His eyes fixed on the cat.

The cat sees Keith, but doesn't seem to care.

Keith moves closer, closer.

When Keith is only a few feet away, the cat pins its ears, hisses, growls.

Keith fakes it big time, but his madness is clear.

KEITH

Hello little pussy... don't be
afraid. I'm only going to pet you.

Keith takes another step closer.

The cat recoils then leaps up to Keith's face. Attaches itself to his face. Its claws and teeth penetrates, punctures his skin.

Keith screams. He stumbles towards the pool, tries to pull the cat off.

The cat squeals, growls.

Keith falls into the pool, the cat stuck to his face.

Under water, Keith has his hands around the cat's neck.

The cat lets go of Keith's face. It rips Keith's hands and forearms with its back feet in desperation.

Keith grins. Big bubbles roll out of his mouth.

The cat goes limp. Keith squeezes its neck hard an extra time then lets go.

The cat floats to the surface.

Keith laughs with satisfaction then swims to the surface.

When the cat reaches the air above it springs to life, swims to the pool's edge, grabs the edge with its paws then manages to climb out.

Keith surfaces. His face bloodied and scratched. He sees the cat scamper away.

Keith swims to the edge, pulls himself out. He's insane with anger.

He runs towards a storage cupboard, yanks the door open, pulls out a shovel.

He marches towards the "drunken" cat with the shovel raised.

The cat watches him. At the last moment before Keith slams the shovel down, the cat takes off. It runs down the dunes down to the beach

Keith is in hot pursuit, shovel raised above his head.

People notices the wet cat that runs along the beach with a full grown buff man with a "weapon" in his hands hot on its tail. Everyone's appalled.

The girls from the previous day in the tiny bikinis watch in horror as the cat runs towards them with Keith behind.

One of the girls steps forward, reaches down to grab the cat. The cat jumps into safety in her arms.

Keith comes to a stop in front of the girl.

The girl's friend stand by her side. They both glare at the bloodied scratched up Keith in disgust.

GIRL #1

Stop it!

GIRL #2

What are you doing?

GIRL #1

Don't hurt a defenseless animal!

GIRL #2

Asshole!

The girls turn their attention to the cat.

The cat peers over the girl's shoulder at Keith. The Cheshire smile mocking him.

GIRL #1

Poor kitty cat.

GIRL #2

Was that bad man trying to hurt you?

Girl #2 kisses the cat. Both girls baby the cat.

KEITH

(mutters)

Fucking PETA cunts!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sun is on its way down.

Keith enters the room. He opens the door to the closet. He looks inside at the body wrapped in a sheet.

He pulls the body out of the closet. Stares at it. He picks the body up. He heads towards the door.

A woman's voice is heard from the other room.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Keith... do you love me?

KEITH (V.O.)
Yes, Angela. I love you.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Do you like my body?

KEITH (V.O.)
Oh yes...

AMBER (V.O.)
You don't think I'm fat?

Keith turns his head to the sound of the voices.

KEITH (V.O.)
No, you're not fat. I love your
body. I'd die a happy man with your
body next to mine.

The sound of Angela's giggle.

Keith is confused, has a suspicious look on his face.

He moves with caution to the doorway that leads to the living room. He carries Angela's body over his shoulder.

He casts nervous glances around the living room.

There is sound of more voices. They seem to come from all directions.

Keith steps into the--

LIVING ROOM

He spins around. Tries to get a fix on the voices. It's dizzying.

SUZANNAH (V.O.)
Keith... do you love me?

KEITH (V.O.)
Of course Suzannah. You're the only
one for me.

MELISSA (V.O.)
Am I the only one?

KEITH (V.O.)
Of course Melissa. You're the only
one.

Keith is disoriented, don't get what's going on.

The cat sits in the middle of the living room. It gazes in an
evil manner at Keith. Its ever lasting grin teases, taunts.

TANYA (V.O.)
Are you just using me for sex?

KEITH (V.O.)
Of course not Tanya. I love you.

The voices go on and on. They echo, reverberate throughout
the house, they're distorted.

Angela's voice comes from the loft.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Up here Keith... come.

Keith stares up the stairway to the loft. He dumps the body
on the floor without care. He climbs the stairs.

KEITH
Who's up there? That can't be you
Angela.

He reaches the top of the stairs.

All the voices surround him, get louder, seem to close in on
him. He covers his ears with his hands.

KEITH
Stop it! Stop it! Who's doing this?

He spins around. He's disoriented, can't take the voices.

He stumbles near the stairs.

The cat sits on the railing. It watches Keith.

ANGELA (V.O.)
 You killed the baby Keith. You
 killed me and the baby. Your baby.

Keith turns to run back down the stairs.

The cat leaps down right in front of Keith's feet.

Keith trips, tumbles down the stairs.

The voices are loud.

Keith ends up at the bottom of the stairs next to the body.

His neck in an odd angle. His and Angela's glassy eyes only
 inches from each other.

Silence. The voices are gone.

The cat struts down the stairs. It sits down by Keith's head.
 It licks its paw, slow and deliberate then turns around,
 strolls away with its tail high. It purrs.

The cat walks towards the glass doors. It never stops. It
 continues straight through the glass then disappears.

THE FIGURINE OF THE CAT

Still nestled in Tanis' palm.

Its Cheshire grin mocks us.

TANIS (O.S.)
 When a man be followin' the
 scent of many women, some
 say he be tom-cattin'...

WIDER
 Tanis glances down at the figurine
 in her palm, then she turns to the
 cabinet -- returning the figurine
 to its proper spot in her
 collection.

TANIS
 ...and that be makin sense
 to Tanis, 'cause in the eyes
 of the cat...all things belong
 to the cat.

A SOFT MEWING behind us.

We turn to find that the black cat has returned -- it watches us from a secluded corner of the alcove.

TANIS (O.S.)
They will always be doin' as
they please...and like a woman...
they only be tamed so far as
suit their needs.

And we turn back to Tanis -- but she has vanished!

Our eyes return warily to the cat in the corner.

ON THE CAT IN THE CORNER

Tanis' voice echoes in our ears -- from everywhere and nowhere all at once.

TANIS (O.S.)
And what the cat be thinkin'?
Ain't no tellin' that. For even
if a cat could talk...

The tail of the cat begins to twitch -- its fiery green eyes luminous with secrets kept.

TANIS (O.S.)
...it wouldn't.

FADE OUT: