

TITLE 4 CAT MOVIE

Written by

Lia Tsur and Neekie Salehi

1299 Bryant Ave, Mountain View

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT, AFTERNOON.

CHARLIE is a person with paint stained clothes who's painting a portrait of a cat by the window. The blinds are down and the painting has an extra light shining on it. He puts a brush down and begins searching for a different one that's behind his ear. He's walking around his apartment looking for his paintbrushes.

CHARLIE:

Where did I put that stupid thing??

He walks into his living room, where a cat, FRED, sits on the couch.

CHARLIE: (CONT'D)

Hey Freddie! Have you seen my brush?

He walks into the kitchen, look at the oven clock and grabs a can of cat food for Fred.

CHARLIE: (CONT'D)

I completely forgot to give you your lunch, can you believe me?

CHARLIE goes to the couch to get FRED, but he doesn't move.

CHARLIE: (CONT'D)

Hey Fred? Freddie? It's food time.

FRED is still. CHARLIE puts his hand in front of Fred's nose to feel for air. He feel nothing.

CHARLIE: (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Cut to the clock showing 1:00pm

CUT TO:

LATER THAT EVENING.

The same clock has shifted to 10:30 at night. Charlie is still sitting on the couch, motionless next to Fred.

GEORGE, a young man with a light corduroy jacket and a white t shirt walks to the apartment door with bags of groceries. He looks very put together.

Knocks on door.

GEORGE:  
Charlie? I brought you some  
groceries, I know you were low on  
them.

No response.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)  
Charlie? Are you here?

Knocks on door again, door open. GEORGE walks into the  
apartment.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)  
Hey, your door was open! How many  
time have I told you to lock the  
door, man?

CHARLIE is sitting on the couch.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)  
Woah. What happened?

CHARLIE:  
I think Fred is dead.

GEORGE:  
Oh, crap. I'm sorry. Are you ok?

CHARLIE stays quiet

GEORGE: (CONT'D)  
Charlie?

CHARLIE:  
What? Yeah! Yeah, I'm fine. It's  
all good. Anyway, got a funeral to  
plan, catch you later!

GEORGE:  
Wait, what?

CHARLIE:  
You heard me! A funeral! That's  
what people do when someone dies  
right? I think Fred would enjoy a  
funeral.

GEORGE:  
Yeah, we should bury him as soon as  
possible, I can even make the  
arrangments if it's too much. But  
is an entire funeral the best idea?

CHARLIE:  
Yep! Funeral time.

GEORGE:  
Are you gonna need help?

CHARLIE:  
Nope I got it. Take it sleazy,  
Georgie!

George walks away, visibly confused.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT MORNING

EXT. GRAVEYARD BY FUNERAL HOME.

CHARLIE is walking around a graveyard with the FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
I'm very sorry for your loss. May I  
ask who's loss you're mourning?

CHARLIE:  
My cat.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
Your cat?

ANGEL:  
Yup.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
We don't do pet funerals here.

CHARLIE:  
No, I'm organizing the funeral  
myself. I just need a plot.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
No, sir. I don't think you  
understand. I cannot sell you a  
plot of land for your cat.

CHARLIE:  
That's a stupid rule. I'm mourning  
a close family member and you won't  
let me bury him??

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
Sir, with all due respect, that's a  
cat. Not a family member.

CHARLIE:  
Fred was the only family I had!!

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
We only do human services.

GEORGE is on the street corner near the funeral home. He sees  
CHARLIE and the FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR arguing

GEORGE:  
Woah, everything alright Charlie?

CHARLIE:  
No. This jackass won't let me bury  
Fred. Can you make an exception for  
me and fred?

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
(To George) Sir, can you explain to  
your friend here that I cannot let  
him bury a cat in a human cemetery.

CHARLIE:  
How much would it cost?

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
It wouldn't. I'm not giving you the  
plot.

CHARLIE pulls his wallet out and grabs a 20 dollar note.

CHARLIE:  
What if I sweetened the deal for  
you?

GEORGE:  
Charlie, what the hell are you  
doing?

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
I do not accept bribaries, and even  
if I did, 20 dollars would not be  
enough to sway me.

CHARLIE:  
But that's all I have on me.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:  
Then I suggest you leave.

GEORGE:

Tugging Charlie away  
Dude let's go.

CHARLIE:

Oh come on! I'm trying to bury my  
cat, man! Have a heart!

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR:

I wish you a good day sir.

GEORGE and CHARLIE start walking away.

CHARLIE:

Don't forget! My offer is still on  
the table!

GEORGE:

Knock it off!

ANGEL and CHARLIE walk away from the funeral home.

ANGEL:

It's getting pretty late. What do  
you say we take a break for now and  
meet again tomorrow to get the last  
few things. I can print out the big  
picture of Fred when I get into  
work.

CHARLIE doesn't respond.

ANGEL: (CONT'D)

Is that cool with you?

He sounds sad.

CHARLIE:

Sure. I'll see you tomorrow then.

CHARLIE begins to walk home. His head is down. He breaks down  
in the middle of the street, sobbing the rest of the way  
home. He goes into his apartment, leaving the door open and  
heads to his bedroom.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT DAY

ANGEL is heading to charlie's dark appartement. He knocks on  
the door to no response. He pushes the door slightly and sees  
it open completely.

ANGEL:  
Charlie? The door was open again!

No response.

ANGEL: (CONT'D)  
Jesus, it's dark in here. I got the materials for the funeral! I'm putting them by the couch.

Still no answer. He sees that CHARLIE'S bedroom door is open slightly. He knocks and goes in.

ANGEL: (CONT'D)  
Hey bud! Ready for another day of funeral prep?

CHARLIE grunts slightly.

ANGEL: (CONT'D)  
Did you get any sleep last night?

CHARLIE shakes his head.

ANGEL: (CONT'D)  
Hmm. Not good. You need to get up, though. There are a few more things that need to be done before 5. We gotta get some food for the service, the invitations, the materials. Oh, I also talked your landlord into letting us bury Fred down-

CHARLIE cuts him off

CHARLIE:  
I'm not going.

ANGEL:  
What?

CHARLIE:  
I'm not going to the funeral.

ANGEL:  
What do you mean? You have to be there. You were his owner.

CHARLIE:  
I don't care! I'm not going.

ANGEL:

We've been running around all day yesterday for this! You can't give up now. This is the last send off you're going to get for Fred, you have to be there.

CHARLIE:

Just go away, George

ANGEL:

You know what? Fine. But I'll be down there at 5 burying YOUR cat. All I can do is hope you're going to be there. For your own sake.

CHARLIE rolls over to turn away from the angel. He walks away, leaving a funeral invitation by the picture frame.

CUT TO:

4:50 THAT SAME DAY

CHARLIE is still in bed. He rolls over and sees the invitation at the side of the bed. He reaches for it, Sits up and reads it. At the top is a picture of Him and Fred. He sits up and opens the blinds, looking out his bedroom window. He sees ANGEL standing by the tree digging a hole. He gets up and runs downstairs, hoping he's not too late. GEORGE looks up at CHARLIE through the window and smiles. He sees his portrait unfinished of FRED by the tree in the garden.

CHARLIE gets out of bed, grabs a hoodie on a chair and bolts for the door. He locks the door behind him and runs down the stairs.

AT THE GARDEN

ANGEL:

(Without turning around) I knew you'd come.

CHARLIE:

I couldn't bare knowing I missed an oportunity to say goodbye to him.

They both sit beside each other in silence.



CHARLIE: (CONT'D)  
 He was a great cat. He took care of  
 me just as much as I took care of  
 him. I'm gonna miss him.

GEORGE:  
 Yeah, I know.

They lay the painting of FRED by the tree. They finish  
 putting the dirt on the hole. CHARLIE and GEORGE walk away  
 side by side, heading into the building.

CHARLIE: (DISTANTLY)  
 Did I really try to bribe a funeral  
 home director??

They both laugh.

CUT TO: BLACK

TIME SKIP: A MONTH IN THE FUTURE

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT

CHARLIE is standing by the same window from before, finishing  
 his portrait of FRED. This time, all the blinds are up.  
 Natural light floods the apartment. GEORGE is sitting on the  
 couch, with a new cat on his lap.

CHARLIE:  
 I think i'm done.

GEORGE:  
 Can I see it?

CHARLIE turns the easel to face GEORGE.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)  
 It's really great. What do you  
 think, Marnie?

MARNIE meows.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)  
 I think she

ANGEL turns away and smiles

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END.**