

KITTY LITTER

Written by

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EXT. LULU'S HOUSE - MORNING

Birds chirp, the sun is shining onto the quaint, peaceful veranda of a small terrace house on a tree-lined street.

LULU (20s) bursts out the door in office attire, clutching a document folder and handbag. Her phone rings. As she pulls it from her bag, multiple documents fall from her folder and her bag spills onto the floor.

Exasperated, she answers the phone and sandwiches it to her face with her shoulder as she bends to gather her things.

LULU  
Good morning Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON (ON PHONE)  
Big day, big day.

LULU  
Yes sir.

JOHNSON  
You ready? Good to go?

She picks up her keys, noticing that a FRAMED GLASS PENDANT KEYRING OF A CAT has cracked.

(beat)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Lulu!?

LULU  
Yes, yes, of course, sorry si/

JOHNSON  
I'm taking a big risk here Lulu.

LULU  
I know, and I want to thank you again for the opport/

JOHNSON  
This is a huge opportunity.

Lulu stands up with her papers and rushes out into the street through the gate.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

She careens down the footpath.

LULU

Yes sir.

JOHNSON

You think you're ready to swim with  
the big fish?

LULU

I am ready. I am.

JOHNSON

Pfff, you're gonna have to do  
better than that. You sound like a  
pussy, is that what you are?

LULU

No sir.

JOHNSON

Are you a pussy?

LULU

I'm not a pussy.

JOHNSON

Or do you have a big, swinging set  
of balls???

LULU

Um... yes.

JOHNSON

A magnificent pair of coconuts.

LULU

Yes, big... strong...

JOHNSON

The question is, Lulu, could your  
nuts kill Keith Richards?

LULU

Yes, ah, definitely.

JOHNSON

Coz they're the kind of nuts you're  
gonna need, rock-star assassin  
nuts, and you've gotta wield 'em  
like fucking wrecking balls!

The sound of Johnson doing a line.

LULU

Yes sir.

JOHNSON

But there's one thing you're not going to with your nuts isn't there you fucking psycho!

LULU

Is there? Um, no, yes, that...

JOHNSON

You're not going to fuck me are you?

LULU

Sir, no sir, of course no/

JOHNSON

Coz if you fuck me I'll fuck you right back, I'm the Godzilla of fucking, whoo!!! Fuck I'm jacked! This gonna be awesome!!!

LULU

On my wa/

Johnson hangs up. Lulu struggles not to drop things as she puts her phone away.

Suddenly, the sound of a car skidding and a cat screeching. She looks to the road and sees a DEAD CAT.

She looks around, no one else is there, the car has sped off. She looks down a lane and sees some CARDBOARD amongst bins and other trash. She checks her watch, decides she has time, grabs the cardboard and scoops up the cat.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAX (30s) walks through her house in tracksuit pants carrying an open tin of cat food.

MAX

Whiskers... Whiskers...

She walks past a messy dining room table upon which there is a FUNERAL PROGRAM picturing an old, immaculately presented woman in a power suit.

MAX (CONT'D)

Here girl, here... breakfast...

She looks out her kitchen window and sees Lulu awkwardly putting the cat into a bin.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Whiskers?... Oh God!

She drops the cat food and storms towards the door.

EXT. LANEAY - MOMENTS LATER

Max turn the corner into the lane as Lulu is coming out, disinfecting her hands, blocking her exit.

MAX  
What did you do to Whiskers?

LULU  
Whis..? Oh, your cat? I'm so sorry,  
she's...

MAX  
What kind of person kills a cat?!?

LULU  
What? No, I/

MAX  
Kills a cat and just tosses the  
body into the trash?!

LULU  
I didn't/

She checks the time.

LULU (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I've got to go.

Lulu tries to step around Max who blocks her way.

MAX  
You're not going anywhere. You  
don't just throw away dead things,  
like, like no one ever loved them!  
Like they didn't love you and... I  
didn't get to say goodbye.

LULU  
(awkwardly)  
I'm sorry, cats can be a little...  
distant, but, I'm sure she loved  
you.

Max is very upset.

MAX

I didn't get to tell her why... she was alone... but she did it to herself!

LULU

I'm sorry, I really do have to go.

MAX

The greed, it ate her soul. Sure, I was number one on paper but... I'm not like her.

LULU

Ok... excuse me.

MAX

You're not going anywhere! I'm calling the police!

LULU

The police?!?

MAX

Yes. The police. Murderer.

LULU

This is ridiculous. A car hit your cat, I tried to do the right thing, and this is what I get.

MAX

What, you expect a reward do you you corporate whore? It's people like you, grinding your boot heels on the little people, killing their dreams, killing their... fucking cats!!! It's people like you...

Lulu checks her watch.

LULU

I don't have time for this shit.

MAX

Well, you're not getting away with it this time!

Max blocks Lulu's path again.

LULU

Get out of my way! Your cat died, it's sad, but don't be such a pussy about it! Grow some balls!!!

MAX  
Shut up Mum!!!

Max slaps Lulu in the face.

LULU  
What the fuck?

Lulu tries to shove her out of the way, Max grabs her arm, twist her around, pins her against a fence and starts punching her repeatedly in the kidneys.

Lulu elbows her in the face with her free arm.

The fight escalates in brutality until Lulu breaks a plank of wood over Max's back, throws her headfirst into the trash, kicks her onto her back, then stabs her with the jagged broken plank. Blood squirts all over her face as she grinds the wood around. As Max dies she sees Whiskers in the trash next to her and smiles.

Lulu stands up, covered in blood. She has the focus and confidence of a hunting panther.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - LATER

Lulu stands in front of the final slide in her power point presentation, it shows SOARING PROFITS with exaggerated clip art arrows. She has cleaned most of the blood from her face, but it is still caked around her hairline. She exhales and stares with vacant intensity at the crowd.

(beat)

We stay on Lulu as the crowd erupts in applause. Confetti, streamers and balloons fall from the roof. Johnson can be heard singing Lulu's praises and taking credit. Champagne bottles pop. The strippers are coming, the rack is out. Someone hands Lulu a glass of Champagne.

The improvised sounds of a party continue over the CREDITS.