

The Good, the Cat & the Ugly

By

J.J.Watts

EXT. CITY FLAT

The sound of cars and heavy traffic. Footsteps can be heard on the pavement, the person's shoes sound as if the soles are wooden, like cowboy boots, accompanied by chains and leather rubbing. The sound of paper rustling, indicating the person is holding a note. He has a deep, raspy voice.

HARRY

This is it. 45 Elmore Street. Let's get this over with.

INT. FLAT

A woman humming can be heard as scratchy classical music plays. The sound of spraying, immediately followed by wiping. The doorbell goes. The woman gasps.

HILDA

He's here, Tobias!

A cat meows as Hilda shuffles across her carpet to her front door.

EXT. OUTSIDE HILDA'S FLAT

The sound of birds and traffic indicating we're back outside.

HARRY

Hmm. Odd. The caller said this was a hen party, but where's the sound of intoxicated cougars desperately trying to recapture their lost years?

She unlocks ten different locks and chains before slowly and loudly creaking the door open ajar.

HARRY

Excuse me ma'am, but I heard there was trouble around these parts.

HILDA

Come in. I've been expecting you.

Hilda opens the door all the way and we hear Harry entering the flat.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Err...

The door slowly creaks shut and Hilda locks it behind them.

HARRY

Where are the hens?

HILDA

Foxes must'a got 'em, Mr. Sheriff.

Hilda shuffles across the room. The sound of Harry's chains can be heard as he flinches as she passes him and the sound of her leaning against the far wall can be hear.

HILDA

Why don't you join me in the kitchen? I've prepared a meal befitting of a law man.

HARRY

(thinking)

Okay. This is weird. But you've done private performances before. Just do what you're paid to do.

Harry takes one step forward but the cat suddenly screeches and Stripper shrieks.

HILDA

Oh, be careful of Tobias. He gets anxious around strangers, poor thing.

HARRY

Oh, many pardons, Tobias.

Tobias hisses. Harry moves forward again.

HARRY

Heh, looks like old Tobias scratched up your skirting board pretty bad over there.

HILDA

Oh no, that's from my last gentleman caller.

HARRY

Say what?

HILDA  
Dinner is served!

The sound of lids being lifted off meals is heard.

HILDA  
I hope you're hungry.

HARRY  
(thinking)  
Okay, I'm officially disturbed.  
Time to speed this up.

HARRY  
Erm, I'm sorry, ma'am, but I don't  
eat on the job. In fact, the steam  
from this meal is making me all hot  
and sweaty...

The sound of Harry ripping off a piece of clothing.

HILDA  
NO! Not yet! Dinner first!

HARRY  
Look lady, I think there's been  
some confusion. I'm a stripper. I  
come in, make some bad puns, do  
some terrible dance moves, rip my  
clothes off and then go home and  
try to wash away the shame. I think  
what you want is an escort.

The sound of a gun being cocked.

HILDA  
Sit down.

HARRY  
Whoa! What the hell? Are you crazy?

HILDA  
I lured a male stripper here under  
false pretenses, cooked him a meal  
and then pulled a gun on him. I  
think you already know the answer  
to that question. NOW SIT DOWN!

The sound of Harry slowly taking a seat and the chair  
creaking as he settles into it.

HILDA

Eat your chipotle sweet potato  
black bean quesadilla.

Sound of soft yet heavy breathing as Harry pick up his fork,  
the sound as he does clearly indicating his hand is shaking.

HARRY

(thinking)

She's poisoned it. I know she has.  
It's going to make me unable to  
fight back, and then I dread to  
think what she'll do. But even if I  
do fight back she'll shoot me. I  
can't die like this. Imagine how  
angry and embarrassed my parents  
would be with me if they had to  
plan such an awkward funeral. Is my  
only chance of survival to submit?

Harry eats some quesadilla and chews it.

HILDA

Well? How is it?

HARRY

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

HILDA

Oh I'm so glad you like it! I got  
the rescipe from  
CookingForCowboys.com. But I  
couldn't resist including some  
"ranch dressing"!

Hilda laughs, snorting as she does. She almost chokes on her  
food but manages to clear her throat.

HILDA

Oh dear. Ahem.

Drinks some water before eating some more.

HARRY

You know, before I became a  
stripper I was up for a role in a  
cowboy film that's coming out soon.

HILDA

Really?

Sound of Hilda putting more food into her mouth.

HARRY

Mmm. It's called 'The Sun'. It's set in the west.

Hilda starts laughing and begins to choke on her food.

HARRY

I think cowboys could've solved a lot of their problems if they'd just built the towns big enough for the both of them in the first place.

Hilda can't help but laugh even harder while choking. She stands up, knocking her chair over, choking and laughing uncontrollably at the same time.

We hear her knocking things over and plates smashing as she staggers about the kitchen, her choking fit getting worse as she desperately gasps for air. Eventually she hits the ground and we hear the sound of the gun hitting the kitchen floor followed by a long silence.

Harry slowly gets up and drags the gun away from Hilda with the sole of his boot. He picks it up and opens the barrel.

HARRY

(sighs)

No bullets.

Throws the gun in the bin and walks out the kitchen. As he walks into the living room a floorboard creaks and Tobias hisses at him.

HARRY

Many pardons, Tobias.

Harry undoes all the locks on the door and exits the flat.