

BAD CAT IN HOT PARROT PIZZA

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FADE IN

ANIMATION - MONTAGE: all manner of CUTE KITTENS with their happy MOMMY CATS; litter upon litter; CALICO'S, TABBIES, LONG HAIRS, SHORT HAIRS; the thing they have in common are FLUFFY ORANGE AND WHITE STRIPED TAILS - then, a big grinning RED TOM presenting a huge pizza full of PARROTS, their legs in the air..

BAD CAT

in

HOT PARROT PIZZA

PULLING BACK we note his big orange and white striped tail, and

MIX

Title Sequence: A Taste of Things to Come

EXT. SKYSCAPE - SUNSET

High above MOUNTAINS approaching a SPRAWLING METROPOLITAN CITY; we circle, descending over a FOOTHILL NEIGHBORHOOD full of beautiful old homes surrounding a large PATCH OF GREEN.

It is a VACANT LOT, overgrown with bushes and weeds, pierced by a STAND OF TALL TREES; we come in, joining the CIRCLING BIRDS.

We SWOOP, landing in the treetops joining the FLOCK OF CROWS; they are building their nests; we go down into the thick leafy foliage; it is darker here; we pass a watchful YOUNG OWL and follow SQUIRRELS down the trunk into the thick undergrowth.

We pass squabbling blue SCRUB JAYS; soon, daylight is far above us down here in the NETTLES AND BRUSH; thorny vines hang from thorny branches in the gloom as the winding path leads deeper into the murk, FRIGHTENING SHAPES IN THE SHADOWS

This is THE VERITABLE JUNGLE!

It is busy; RODENTS scurry out of our way we get extremely brief, though vivid, visual introductions to MICE, RATS, LIZARDS, A SKUNK, POSSUM then a SOLITARY YELLOW EYE. It narrows and fearlessly approaches scrutinizing us. SILHOUETTE Hackles along its spine ears back We retreat, go deeper into the shadows; again the solitary YELLOW CYCLOPS EYE shows, blocks our path we freeze, note SCRAGGLY SHAPES OF FERAL CATS quietly moving with great stealth, stalking a YOUNG COYOTE PUP. They stop, lay in wait - GLITTERING WATER shines through the trees, beside it, motionless, a little KITTY CAT lurks...

CUT TO

EXT. POND IN LEAFY GLADE - SUNSET

An Idyllic scene; the nearby mountains loom large over the treetops and REFLECT IN THE WATER; a pretty BIRD alights on the mossy bank, starts pecking around: EATS WORM - the cat pounces!

The bird SCREACHES and the cat lopes off with bird in mouth.

The coyote SPRINGS, gets cat in jaw - before it can kill cat a BLOOD CURDLING SNARL OS stops it! TERRIFIED, it backs off, runs into wood in opposite direction - and into a trap.

CUT TO

EXT. DARK WOOD - SUNSET

CATS EYES in the gloom narrow; FLASHES OF PREDATORY SILOUHETTES close to the ground STREAK IN; hackles along spines, ears back, the feral cats leap; the startled coyote drops his prey..

ON FIERCE SHRIEKS CUT TO

EXT. LEAFY GLADE POND - SUNSET

- the little cat reemerges, shaken, trembling, runs to safety. The NOISE stops; the coyote staggers out, collapses on the bank; sunset on the water runs the color of blood..

The solitary yellow eye watches as scavengers smell food; JAYS tentatively circle the dying coyote; CROWS alight to join them as WE TURN AWAY - we look through the trees across the long wild grass to see the ROW OF BEAUTIFUL OLD HOMES, and

CUT TO

INT. BLUE ANGEL'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The long wild grass gently waves in the soft evening breeze; we are PULLING BACK past fluttering drapes into AN OPEN WINDOW..

An elegantly furnished room full of antiques; we drawn to a BEAUTIFUL CAT sleeping in a luxurious basket; THE SHADOWS CREEP OVER HER, she awakens, her eyes open, glow in the dark, SHINE AZURE; we see her soft creamy white collar of ruffled fur at her throat; BLUE ANGEL is a very female feline; she yawns delicately, stretches, arches her back; if she were human she would be a match for Nicole Kidman.

Her coat shimmering deep iridescent blue in the twilight, she goes to the window with a sultry walk, and with exquisite lightness deftly jumps up onto the side table, wafts around the porcelaine figurines and sits wistfully gazing out over the clipped lawns and flower garden:

The SUN SINKS RAPIDLY; the sky turns pink, burned orange then star speckled indigo. She smiles up at Mr. MOON, she likes him - he likes her; he has a half-moon face and seems to smile back at her; she turns to the ornate clock as if she can tell the

time, like she is waiting - her gaze returns across the tangle of wild brush through the long waving grass to A BIG BUSH - the music becomes SPIKED WITH RUMBUNCTUOUSNESS!

TRACKING IN ON BUSH - beneath it, the shape of another SLEEPING CAT against the final rays of the setting sun...

CUT TO

EXT. NEARBY TREE - SUNSET

- with Mr. Moon on high enjoying the SONG, from the ROOSTING BIRD - something is wrong - he looks down, SUDDENLY ANXIOUS!

CUT TO

CLOSER ANGLE - AS THE CAT SLOWLY AWAKENS!

He is a big, solid, MARMALADE RED TOM with A WHITE AND ORANGE STRIPED BEACON TAIL - after CHORD PROMPTS from the music he opens one eye, then the next; his big bold peepers glow deep amber. He yawns, revealing big, sharp white teeth, then stretches; a back leg, then front.

The BIRDSONG inspires a thought; grinning, he POPS HIS CLAWS!

He checks them one at a time; the MUSIC TAKES ON AN URGENCY as he sharpens them on the the bush stem, it is worn away; testing his work, he SLICES THROUGH THIN LEAF, draws in his claw and grinning wider, disappears into the long waving grass...

CUT TO

EXT. BENEATH TREE - TWILIGHT

The little bird is LOST IN RHAPSODY, singing his heart out.

Below, in the long waving grass, something appears in the darkness - TWO LIGHTS, glowing, like beams from an approaching car - it is the cat's eyes - with surprising agility for his bulk he swiftly climbs, disappearing into the foliage.

A FLUFFY LITTLE CLOUD skitters across the sky, covers the Moon's concerned frown THROWING THE SCENE INTO DARKNESS.

With a 'SPLUTTER & CHOMP' the BIRDSONG ABRUPTLY CEASES! The cloud passes; MOONLIGHT AGAIN and resigned look from Mr. Moon as a FEATHER FALLS, spinning down out of the tree.

CUT TO

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

As Bad Cat jumps down and sets off into the long grass,

CUT TO

INT. BLUE ANGEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She still patiently waits at window watching; the tip of a ORANGE-AND-WHITE STRIPED TAIL appears moving through the long waving grass, approaching at a fast clip:

She jumps down, slips out of the room; passing through THE KITCHEN turns her nose up in disdain REFUSING BOWL OF PETFOOD and in one fluid, practiced movement is up over the sink and OUT OF THE WINDOW! Free, she looks over her shoulder and is up over THE HIGH GARDEN WALL.

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - NIGHT

In the overgrown lot, her movements take on the overtly different quality; she is a WILD CREATURE as she stealthily slinks through the foliage - her tail erects with pleasure as she spots the approaching tomcat's tail...

CUT TO

EXT. CAT'S TAIL DANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT - NIGHT

Mr. Moon smiles as the two cat tails approach each other above the long grass; her slim, elegant light blue tail; his, thick orange and white stripes - they nonchalantly pass each other but come back, and INTERTWINE LIKE FINGERS, and touching, teasing, sensuality

MIX

INT. CAT'S LAIR - NIGHT

PULL BACK from their entwined tails - Blue Angel is now holding the little freshly caught bird; it is a COSY den decorated with multicolored feathers, through an opening in the leafy canopy the moon looks in; the couple become aware of CAMERA:

BLUE ANGEL

Good evening everyone - please permit me to introduce the star of our show - the fabulous and felonious feline hero - the true voice of wild animals everywhere - the one and only 'Bad Cat'.

FEINT APPLAUSE; there are other CAT'S EYES in the shadows:

BAD CAT

(Smiles ruefully.)

Howdy, can't help being bad - I'm a cat.

BLUE ANGEL

'Bad Cat' - now if the name makes you suspicious, you have every right to be. He was named by the humans and known by the humans as 'Bad Cat' - and not for nothing- as his story will shortly tell.

BAD CAT

Humans tend to think of us cats as people you see.

BLUE ANGEL

Don't understand us at all.

(Begins to daintily pluck bird.)

So be prepared a ninety-minute trawl through the other side of the animal kingdom that isn't quite so cutesie-pie as your regular exploitation cartoons.

BAD CAT

Yeah. We are going to show you things that will make you wonder why we cats still love you humans.

BLUE ANGEL

You'll see things that you humans have done to creatures great and small, in the jungles of South America to whales of the Asian Pacific - quite a story - but it isn't really mine to tell.

She gestures to Bad Cat - he scratches his head:

BAD CAT

Where to begin, are you sitting comfortably? It started when I was a tiny kitten in the pet store. I guess you think being a cat can be a lot of fun, you get to have nine lives, get to eat and sleep a lot - we do, but - you have to play by the rules.

BLUE ANGEL

The human's rules - and be a pet.

BAD CAT

Me, I didn't want to be no pet, no, not me! The price was too high -

(Genteelly scratches crotch.)

too much to lose if you get my meaning.

BLUE ANGEL

I thought life was going to be comfort and fun with a lot of sleep in between, that's all he knew, he was only a little kitten - life for a real cat, not a pet cat, doesn't turn out that way.

BAD CAT

Fortunately I met a real cat who warned me about the vet, the real price of being a pet - pets are toys he told me - and humans can be pets too!

BLUE ANGEL

Exactly dear, pets of the system.

BAD CAT

Yeah, but we don't want to get ahead of ourselves with animal rights and human rights issues. The story started when my best buddy and I were tiny kittens in the pet store. One night we met this beaten-up old stray cat who was on the run from Santa for stealing pizza.

BLUE ANGEL

That's perfectly true. That's how our Hot Parrot Pizza story started.

BAD CAT

We saved the old cat and he became our friend. He wasn't stray but feral, he chose to live in the wild, rather than be a pet of the humans. I escaped the vet and survived in the wild. I became a mighty hunter - but a total bonehead - and I made this stupid brag to her.

BLUE ANGEL

That's was when he met me - and I told him I liked parrots..

(Proudly)

A cat is only as good as his word..

BAD CAT

A promise is a promise I guess.

BLUE ANGEL

And pizza is a pizza, and a parrot is a parrot, and Bad Cat promised to bring me Hot Parrot Pizza.

(A woven parrot feathers.)

BAD CAT

I didn't set out to change the world, or even see the world - rob a few neighborhood petstores but what did I know. Start from the beginning -

From dark

FADE OUT

Act 1
The Veritable Jungle

FADE IN

EXT. STREET OF SANTAS - A DARK WINTER'S DAY

We are at DOG & CAT LEVEL trotting along a CROWDED SIDEWALK storefronts bright with color; through refrains of 'JINGLE BELLS' we hear many jovial 'YO, HO-HOs' here, there and everywhere: there are SANTA'S EVERYWHERE, promoting everything!

We arrive at our destination, A PET STORE with ANIMALS in the window. No, it's next door, a PIZZERIA, we sneak round back:

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT

It's SKUZZY down here; a MANIC FELINE SHADOW moves with alarming dexterity in the trash; pizza boxes FLY OUT OF THE DUMPSTER; a sliver of light from window falls across a truly repulsive, ugly, MOTH-EATEN CAT.

CUT TO

INT. PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT

SANTA

What's going on out back!

CLERK

(At window)

It's that cat in the trash again.

SANTA

Again! Right! I'm ready this time!

(Picks up baseball bat)

I'll get him - this'll be his last time.

CUT TO

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The BACK DOOR slowly opens; Pizza Santa emerges wielding the bat, spots CATS TAIL UNDER PILE OF BOXES and tip-toes forward; on the MIGHTY SWING FROM HIS BASEBALL BAT -

CUT TO

INT. GARBAGE PILE - NIGHT

The cat has pizza in its mouth, munching a slice when CRUNNNCH! - the boxes are COMPACTED DOWN on him - a SECOND BLOW turns his expression from surprise to AGONY:

TRASHCAT

Meow-agggghhh-yeoW - my tail!

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The dazed cat emerges pizza in mouth clutching tail; Santa chases him with CRUSHING BLOWS - as the wily feline ESCAPES,

CUT TO

INT. PET STORE - NIGHT

TWO TINY KITTENS in a cage watch the CAT SNEAK IN and hide the pizza slice under the aquarium. He has large patches of bare scalp showing pink against his matted gray-brown fur; he is a very ugly creature, until we see his BIG COMPASSIONATE EYES; he looks round the cages CROWDED WITH ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

TRASHCAT

(Looking around, muttering)

Plaintive meows and from cats, whimpers from dogs and twitters from birds - take me home, take me home - pathetic pets!

Santa enters wielding his baseball bat - starts looking around - the two cute little kittens look up innocently, SENSE DANGER.

RED KITTEN

(Whispers urgently)

Pssst! - hey, you, cat - over here!

BLACK KITTEN

Hide there, nobody will find you there.

TRASHCAT

(Obeyes)

Thanks.

MIX THROUGH

ANGLE past SIGN on cage: SANTA'S CHRISTMAS KITTEN GIVAWAY - 50% OFF! - Again, the human's faces are hardly seen, they are merely ANONYMOUS GIANTS in this world of small animals.

HUMAN ADULT VO

Look. Cute little kitties on special.

BRAT

Don't want kittie, want new computer games.

ADULT

You can play new games with a kittie.

BLACK KITTEN

I'm not a toy, pal. I'm a kitty cat!

ADULT

Choose a kitten now Rickie!

BRAT

Oh, okay, I'll take the fat red one.

RED KITTEN

I'm not fat.

ADULT

Yuk, look at that disgusting cat. It's got fur missing, you can see its skin.

BRAT

It's gross! It's got a weird head.
Let's get out of here!

As they EXIT,

MIX THROUGH

INT. PET STORE - NIGHT

Friendly Mr. Moon shines through the pet store window:

RED KITTEN

You can come out now -

TRASHCAN

Has the fat pet in the red suit gone?

RED KITTEN

Yeah, it's safe - that thing you were carrying smelled so good?

Trashcan scampers over and retrieves his pizza slice.

BLACK KITTEN

What was that?

TRASHCAN

Pizza.

(Retrieves the slice)

Good job I hid it.

RED KITTEN

Can you eat it?

TRASHCAN

Sure can - its the best man-made food made by man. And its called pizza, okay. Wanna bite? I owe you. You guys saved me back there. Go on, take a bite!

BLACK KITTEN

This is good - where'd you get it?

RED KITTEN

From that fat pet in the red suit with the big stick?

TRASHCAN

Howdya guess, kinda found it behind his store.

RED KITTEN

That why he chased you?

TRASHCAN

Hey, I'm a cat. Cats steal things.

BLACK KITTEN

(Looks at him)

They do?

TRASHCAN

Yeah, we do. I'm a real cat, not a pet.

RED KITTEN

Whats the difference?

TRASHCAN

You helped me so I owe you - here, have some more pizza - how you enjoying kittenhood in the pet store guys - what if I told you you's been taken away from your mommies to be sold for profit?

BLACK KITTEN

No - who told you that?

TRASHCAN

It's true, heard from the big two-legged pets - yep, the ones that feed you.

RED KITTEN

What does it mean?

TRASHCAN

(Points to 50% OFF sign)

It means you are just product.

BLACK KITTEN

But we are a good product - I overheard the big two-legged pet say - you won't find a better product than us.

RED KITTEN

I thought we were kittens - who are the big, smelly two-legged pets who feed us?

TRASHCAN

Humans. And they are pets too - pets of the system! Pets are Toys - for pet store read toy store - live toy store!

The two kittens look at the weird raggedy cat, mouths open in astonishment: 'What is he talking about?!'

TRASHCAN CON'T

You are a brash dramatization of the consumerization of Christmas - yes, two neighborhood kids are about to be bought cute feline toys - you two - we never get to see the kids; they are merely ciphers, as are all humans. Who am I? I meow, therefore I am - a cat. I am a postmodern voice of cat consciousness, I

(Suddenly sensitive)

- what are you looking at?

RED KITTEN

Did they do that to you, the human pets?

TRASHCAN

How do you think I got this way - kitty cats don't grow up looking like this in nature you know. With metal implants for connecting their brain to computers sticking out of their craniums!

RED

Human pets did that to your head?

TRASHCAN

Yeah - and if you think its looks bad on the outside, its worse on the inside - my brain was experimented on. I was a lab animal but I escaped - yes, I was one very lucky lab cat.

BLACK KITTEN

Will we - be lucky lab cats?

RED KITTEN

Will that happen to us?

TRASHCAN

No, you will sold to become living toys - pets - thanks for helping me guys, I'll see you around, gotta get home.

BLACK KITTEN

Where do you live?

TRASHCAN

The jungle, the veritable jungle, when you grow up and get a home of your own, escape and drop in and visit some time.

With that, Trashcan EXITS...

BLACK KITTEN

What's a jungle?

RED KITTEN

- where the human pets live I guess.

MIX THROUGH

INT. CHRISTMAS IN THE RED KITTEN'S NEW HOME - DAY

The little kittie sits watching the GIANT HUMAN FEET go pounding back and forth; he goes up to the little boy; he is friendly and wants to play but the child pushes him away.

FAT BRAT VO

I want something new - I'm bored.

MOMMY VO

Play with your new kitten.

FAT BRAT VO

I wanted a new computer games, not a stupid kitten. I want a new computer.

MOMMY VO

Play with your new kitty.

FAT BRAT VO

I want candy.

MOMMY VO

I'll give you candy if you play with your new kittie.

The brat gets the candy:

BRAT

Go away! Cats don't eat candy!

CUT TO

INT. WAK'S HOUSE - DAY

More huge HUMAN FEET surround the tiny black kitten as he chases and whacks the Christmas tree bauble:

KID VO

What shall we call him?

MOMMY VO

He's cute - the way he bats things with his paw!

DADDY VO

(Laughs)

Whacks them more like!

KID VO

Whack! See that, he's funny!

DAD VO

Whack - yeah, that would be a good name.

The black kitten pounces:

KID VO

Hey! Wak!

The black kitten looks up, pleased with the attention, grins -

KID VO

That's it Dad - he recognizes his name.

DADDY VO

Whack, yes, that's it - - Black Wak!

As we leave Wak basking in the warmth and praise of his owners,

CUT TO

INT. RED KITTEN'S HOUSE - DAY

But for this kitty, things are different; he is lonely and very unhappy; all his humans want to do is watch TV and eat.

MOMMY VO

The food is here!

DADDY VO

Chinese take-out - great!

FAT BRAT VO

Chinese, not again! I want pizza!

They are all fat - including the kitten.

FAT BRAT VO

I don't want any more!

DADDY VO

I can't eat any more!

MOMMY VO

Give it to the cat!

The kitten makes a mess:

FAT BRAT VO

Bad cat! Go away!

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Left to his own devices he starts exploring the house. He looks into the kitchen to see the fat brat stealing cookies - the brat sees the kitten, STARTLED, DROPS JAR:

BRAT VO

(Wails tearfully.)

The new cat's broke my new cookie jar!

MOM

Bad cat!

CUT TO

INT. BACK DOOR - DAY

The brat throws the red kitten out into the yard:

BRAT VO

(Whines.)

Mom, that bad cat has escaped outside.

MOM

I don't want that cat outdoors.

CUT TO

EXT. YARD - DAY

Mom's hand comes in, scoops up the red kitten.

MOMMY VO

Gotcha!

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MOMMY VO

There - eat, and be happy!

She pushes the kitten at the food dish, he goes sliding along floor ends up nose in the goo - lick as nose starts eating..

CUT TO

INT. TV - DAY

He mopes about about, WATCHING TV - sees other cats in the commercials - eating.

BAD CAT

Is that all cats are supposed to do - eat? It that who I am, an eater?

CUT TO

INT. WAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Wak watches a BLACK PANTHER in a TV show. BOING! - a LIGHT BULB GOES ON IN HIS HEAD. He springs over to the mirror - studies his black glossy fur and sleek shape:

WAK

That is what I am, a panther? - Yes! -
I'm a panther - a baby black panther.

REVEAL The family watching TV, and Wak:

GIRL VO

(Laughs)

Wak thinks he's a Black Panther.

DADDY VO

Wak is having lots of fun as a panther kitten dear - his climbing and stalking and leaps and pouncing and killing of cushions and shoes are fun to watch.

MOMMY VO

And the children like to play with him.

DADDY VO

Hey, so do I - Wak is a fun little guy.

CUT TO

INT. BAD CAT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The little fat red kitten approaches father's feet:

DAD VO

Pet your new kitty son.

BRAT VO

No, he wants food is all.

DAD VO

He wants company, some affection.

BRAT VO

No dad, he wants food - and I'm busy.

MOM VO

Did you feed your kitten?

BRAT VO

He's always bothering me for food.

MOM VO

That's because he's always hungry.

DAD VO

He has nothing else to do but eat - the
pizza is here.

CUT TO

EXT. BAD CAT'S HOUSE - DAY

The PIZZA DELIVERY car stops; a BLUR; it is Trashcan following
it - he lurks as THE DRIVER gets out rings doorbell, and

CUT TO

INT. BAD CAT'S HOUSE - DAY

BRAT VO

Hope you ordered enough for me mom!

MOM VO

Oh yes dear, I ordered an extra two
pizzas for you.

CUT TO

NEW ANGLE

The red kitten watches the humans pig-out, they inhale the
pizza, toss the crusts

BRAT VO

Don't want any more - the sight of it
makes me sick - give it to the cat - put
him outside with it - the sight of it
makes me sick..

CUT TO

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Bad Cat is gently tossed out of the back door.

DADDY VO

Sorry Bad Cat - but he's your supper.

A piece of pepperoni follows him - the kitten grabs it.

TRASHCAN

Wow, pepperoni - mind if I join you?

BAD CAT

Be my guest - you look really hungry.

TRASHCAN

(As he chomps - chows down)
I know you - from the pet store.

BAD CAT

Yeah - what are you doing here?

TRASHCAN

Pepperoni - your human's ordered in.

RED KITTEN

How'd you know that?

TRASHCAN

I know every pizza joint in town. I can smell Pepperoni pizza three blocks away, seriously; I followed the scent!

RED KITTEN

Wow, that's way cool sir.

TRASHCAN

You get a name yet kitten?

RED KITTEN

(Innocently)

They call me Bad Cat.

TRASHCAN

(Laughs)

That's not a proper name.

RED KITTEN

(Hurt)

It's the only name I've been given...

TRASHCAN

Actually, its better than those sopy pet names like fluffy or tiddles - yeah, Bad Cat! - I like it!

BAD CAT

What's your name?

TRASHCAN

Trashcan, er - Mr. Trashcan to you.

BAD CAT

Nice to see you again Mr. Trashcan - what's it mean, what's trashcan?

TRASHCAN

A trashcan is a place where pizza can sometimes be found, and as I love pizza and am always earching for it in trtashcans, the other cats called me - -

BAD CAT

Lucky I met you Mr. Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

Lucky they eat a lot of pizza here!

BAD CAT

How would you know that?

TRASHCAN

Your house is on my old pizza patrol.

BAD CAT

You know a lot of stuff - I wish I did.

TRASHCAN

Next time you have pizza, come visit me in the jungle Bad Cat, we'll talk, eat.

TRASHCAN

But they'll notice I've gone and I'll be punished.

TRASHCAN

No - you'll soon be abandoned for lack of interest - computer games and candy have more allure.

BAD CAT

How could you know all of this?

TRASHCAN

Because you're fat and I'm a genius. I told you the human's experimented on my brain but I escaped from the University.

You are fat because your curiosity about life and need for company is seen as hunger, every time you affectionately approach the humans you are given food, your meows of greeting seen as requests for food - your eating for comfort will mean you will soon grow up into a clumsy fat pet - just like them.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

WAITING FOR SPRING

MUSICAL SEQUENCE CUTTING BETWEEN BAD CAT & WAK'S HOMES:

The two kittens are indoor cats. They look outside from their windows as winter frosts the yards of their homes as WILD ANIMALS & BIRDS short of food struggle for survival - but they are pets and well fed. The weeks pass; Wak is becoming a cherished pet but life is darker for Bad Cat; he gets fatter and fatter learning to ignore his humans as they ignore him.

All life is life is for him is sadly staring out of the window, and eating - but one day he sees a bright green shoot in the back yard sprouting out of the dark earth -

BAD CAT

Where did that come from?

THE NEXT DAY it is bigger. His curiosity is to save him. What is it? And there are other shoots in the nearby gardens.

HE ESCAPES outdoors the next day to check out the bulb, which blossoms into a beautiful GOLDEN DAFFODIL.

BAD CAT

Do you talk? Why don't flowers talk? I wish I had someone to talk to. I have to find old Trashcan...find the jungle.

As Bad Cat sits watching - the FLOWERS OPEN ONE AT A TIME - he looks up the Migrating birds return

CUT TO

INT. WAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Wak is winding himself around the woman's legs.

GIRL VO

Wak wants to go out Mommy.

MOM VO

I don't think so dear, Wak is going to be an an indoor cat.

BOY VO

I think Wak wants to go hunting Mom.

MOM VO

He'll calm down - your father did.

Wak looks up at them innocently, trustingly.

CUT TO

EXT. WAK'S YARD - DAY

The back door opens slightly, A MAN'S HAND puts Wak out:

DAD VO

(Whispered)

Good hunting Wak, don't tell them it was me who let you out.

Wak, cheered by the BUSTLING OF SPRINGTIME, makes off into the bushes. He finds a way out of his neat yard. IN THE ALLEY he is immediately attracted by the ANIMAL NOISES coming out of the overgrown foliage behind the HIGH WOOD FENCE.

CUT TO

EXT. THE VERITABLE JUNGLE

Timidly, Wak squeezes through a gap; he has found the Veritable Jungle. Unaware he is being followed by a lethal predator, the glowing YELLOW CYCLOPS EYE!

CUT TO

INT. BAD CAT'S HOUSE - DAY

Jeering, the Fat Brat chases Bad Cat, SWIPING WITH A TOY SWORD.

BRAT VO

He's just a scaredy cat - little fat
scaredy cat, scaredy cat!!

BAD CAT

I'll show him, the bully!

Bad Cat rushes into the DINING ROOM - a blow from the sword misses him but sends a vase CRASHING into pieces.

BRAT YELLS VO

Mom, Bad Cat's broke your favorite vase!

Bad cat frantically escapes from the window, and

CUT TO

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The kitten balances across the top of window, slides clawing down the glass, tumbles - FALLS INTO BUSH, slinks off across yard - CROSSES THE ALLEY and ventures up to the TALL FENCE.

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

Darness, shadows, the tiny fat red kitten pokes through the fence and squeezes through. This does not go unnoticed - the glowing YELLOW CYCLOPS EYE emerges as the kitten sets off:

BAD CAT

(Frightened, repeats to himself.)

I am not a scaredy cat! I'm not! I am
not a scaredy cat! I'm not! I am not a-

Every time he turns around, the yellow eye DUCKS OR DISAPPEARS!

CUT TO

OLD FRIENDS REUNITED - the two kittens startle each other, stare at each other in disbelief:

BAD CAT

Hey! - I know you - remember me?

WAK

Of course! - We were in the same cage in
the pet store! Great to see you!

BAD CAT

What are you doing here?

BAD CAT

I can ask the same of you - I live in that house back there, the big one.

WAK

Me, I live across the other side of the jungle, way over there behind the trees.

As they prowl off into the Veritable Jungle their conversation is OVERHEAD BY THE CYCLOPS following them:

BAD CAT

Wow, how did you get here - on your own.

WAK

I'm a panther. We panthers are great trackers you know. What are you?

BAD CAT

I'm a bad cat.

WAK

Oh - okay - my names Wak - what's yours?

BAD CAT

Just told you - they keep calling me 'Bad Cat' so I guess that must be it. What I am is what I'm called. I'm a bad cat who is called Bad Cat.

BLAK WAK

Cool - Bad Cat the bad cat - I like it.

BAD CAT

What does it mean?

BLAK WAK

I wish I knew - it's cool though.

BAD CAT

What does cool mean?

CUT TO

NEW ANGLE: Trashcan sits watching, a pizza crust in paws, impervious to the impending danger of the approaching Eye:

TRASHCAN

Ahh, the other elders of the Veritable Jungle watch the new young little kitties with interest.

EYE

(Speaks VO from shadows)

Yeah, they dream of great things.

TRASHCAN

Yeah, they dream cat dreams.

EYE

Wak, the black kitten, believes that he is a black panther and the fat red one - he believes he is bad -

TRASHCAN

But our two little cats hardly realize they are in danger - owl, coyotes and blue jays - grave danger.

EYE

- that this is the jungle!

TRASHCAN

And the single menacing yellow eye that silently slinks through the shadows following them is secretly King of the Jungle, ha ha ha, ho ho ho -

(A WHITE BLUR)

Hey, you stole my pizza!

CUT TO

EXT. SPRING/EARLY SUMMER

BUDS along a branch POP OPEN; the next branch follows, soon the tree is ablaze with PINK BLOSSOM - REVEAL BAD CAT'S YARD - Black Wak is growing, sleeker, longer, stronger; he moves with a lithe elegance through the long grass, pauses, scrutinizes the house with caution.

The fatties are moving around inside - he calls out quietly:

WAK

Bad Cat - you coming out to play?

Bad Cat appears at window:

BAD CAT

I'm locked in.

WAK

Right! I wondered where you'd been for the past few days.

BAD CAT

Yeah, well - the fat pets have been keeping the kitchen window closed.

WAK

I noticed a bedroom window open.

BAD CAT

Upstairs? Hey, I couldn't. It's way too high to get down from.

Wak leaps and with great dexterity, MAKES IT UP TO THE SILL. He looks in - then jumps down again over various points.

WAK

You can do it, the bedroom doors open.

BAD CAT

How will I climb down? I'll get stuck!

WAK

I'll meet you up there and help, I'll show you the easy way down.

BAD CAT

You will?

WAK

I keep telling you, I'm a panther.

As Wak effortlessly springs up on the window ledge again,

CUT TO

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Wak is waiting on the sill. It is a small high window that is open. Bad Cat leaps, fails; tries again, fails and falls, knocking over A VANITY MIRROR. IT FALLS, AND SHATTERS WITH A

SOUNDFX: Craashhh!

HUMAN VO

Bad Cat!! - that clumsy fat kitten has broken something again!

BAD CAT

What am I gonna do? They'll punish me!

WAK

Escape. Climb up the drapes!

BAD CAT

What?!

WAK

You've got claws, climb!

The little red, fat kitten desperately claws half way-up up the drapes the FAT WOMAN ENTERS:

MOMMY VO

You bad, bad cat, you've broken my new
mirror! I'll teach you, you bad cat!
Come back, I'll show you, you bad cat!

Bad Cat escapes the flailing angry swipes and SCRAMBLES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND FALLS: there is nothing Wak can do to save him and he tumbles down off the roof and falls into rose bush.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDER ROSE BUSH - DAY

Petals rain down as Wak helps Bad Cat gather his wits:

DADDY VO

Bad Cat - you've smashed my prize roses!

The kittens flee through the grass, FAT HUMAN FEET IN PURSUIT,

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

It is a beautiful bright day; white fluffy clouds on blue:

WAK

(Running at speed)

Freedom.

BAD CAT

Wow, its cold - its freezing!

WAK

Hardly!

BAD CAT

Well, it is very cold!

WAK

You're getting soft Bad Cat - come on,
you'll soon warm up.

(Runs faster, Bad Cat follows him)

What more could a cat want. A blowy day
in April.

BAD CAT

Yeah - I like the wind.

They bound along, overgrown bushes brim over the tall fence:

BAD CAT

The jungle - are we going in?

WAK

'Course - c'mon, we haven't got all day.

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

A BIRDS EYE VIEW looking down at the kittens; Bad Cat is breathless keeping up with Black Wak as he skillfully prowls the leafy trail through the long grass whose panther exercise and cavorting has given him a fine, sleek, strong young body.

WAK

(Pauses to wait)

Stop falling behind Bad Cat. There are other animals in this jungle

BAD CAT

(puffing breathlessly)

Yeah - is that right?

WAK

Yeah, and I'm tracking them - look, I can see the signs - and follow their scents - because I am the panther tracker - so come on, hurru up...

BAD CAT

Where are we going?

WAK

Who cares? This is fun.

BAD CAT

We'll get lost!

CUT TO

EXTREME CU:

A mean, BEADY EYE; it glints evilly, watchfully..

BOSS JAY

That red kitten is a silly fat blob.

REVEAL TREETOPS: the nasty, big old JAY looks down maliciously with ominous concentration - he is interrupted when a smaller YOUNGER JAY lands on the branch beside him:

YOUNG JAY

It's cold Dad - and I'm hungry.

BOSS JAY

'Weather ain't good for our food supply on, 'bugs are keeping out of the scold.

YOUNG JAY

(Whines)

But I'm hungry.

BOSS JAY

Find something else t'eat then - - that little red kitty is growing up into a fat blob, he's so weak he's breathless keeping up with his black buddy, we could get him and eat him. Get the gang.

CUT TO

EXT. GLADE - DAY

The kittens innocently play in the dry leaves with much flapping the mean Blue Jay's cohort's land - unaware they too are under observation:

CUT TO

EXT. OWL - DAY

The Owl is lowly awakened in his leafy haunt by the Jay's noisy chatter as the kittens play below; he blinks watchfully.

BOSS JAY

Hungry boys?

BOSS JAY

Yeah - we're famished boss.

BOSS JAY

That fat red kitten is a ripe meal.

JAY

He would just run away and he is heavier than us - we couldn't stop him.

BOSS JAY

I'll blind him first - peck his eyes out! He won't be able to run - then we can kill easily and have a hot meal.

CUT TO

ANGLE FROM IMPENETRABLE THORNY BUSH - DAY

The yellow glowing Cyclops eye witnesses the ambush:

CUT TO

EXT. JAYS ATTACK KITTEN - DAY

BOSS JAY

Lunchtime - okay lets get the kitten!

SCREECHING they descend on Bad Cat, CIRCLING AND PECKING!

CUT TO

EXT. WAK - DAY

Hears commotion, electrifying him - HIS EYES FLASH RED and,

CUT TO

EXT. JAYS ATTACKING KITTEN - DAY

Bad Cat is surprisingly agile - BUT NO MATCH FOR THE BIG JAY who gets the kitten on his back, about to strike his eyes when,

CUT TO

EXT. SAVED BY BLACK PANTHER ATTACK!

A BOLT OF BLACK LIGHTENING flashing white fangs and claw - SNARLING: FLASH SHOT OF REAL BLACK PANTHER - Wak strikes the Jay with a powerful POUNCE.

BLACK WAK

Nobody eats my friends!

CUT TO

TIGHTER: Wak's jaw CLAMPS THE JAY'S NECK! The bird SHREIKS as Wak shakes and claws: CRUNCH - broken neck, the Jay falls limp! Bad Cat gets the idea; slashes out at OTHER JAYS who back off.

BAD CAT

You saved me Wak! He would have blinded me - killed me! He - wanted to eat me!

Wak realizes he has made short work of the big Jay as the OTHER BIRDS FREEZE, surprised that their leader is dead.

JAY

You killed him, you killed my dad.

WAK

(Recovering, wuth bravado)
Your dad would have eaten my friend pal
- so go fly away before I eat you!

Trashcan wanders in to join the two kittens; the jays fly away.

TRASHCAN

Ah, the changing ecology, all the pesticides causing aberrant behavior in animals have a harmless little kitten killing a fierce jay - or is it that you have taken it upon yourself to become a feline superhero?

WAK

No - just a black panther!

BAD CAT

He saved my sight Trashcan, that Jay would have blinded me, killed me - but this wasn't a game Wak, this Jay isn't gonna get up and fly away.

WAK

(Bewilderment)

What shall we do with him?

BAD CAT

I didn't get dinner - are you hungry?

WAK

Kinda, all this hunting is hungry work.

BAD CAT

He would have eaten me so I am going to eat him.

WAK

Ee-ewwww, gross!! I meant -

BAD CAT

Hey - it's what cat's do! As true hunters we eat our prey.

Like some fresh Jay Mr. Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

I am the victim of human exprimenation so I only eat pizza - but if you ever happen to take out a turkey buzzard on one of your hunting trips, I would be delighted to dine with you.

As Trashcan wanders off the Eye blinks in the shadows:

EYE

(Chuckles approval)

It's what cats do.

WIDER: as the 2 young cats start to chow down on the Jay,

MIX THROUGH

MATCH IMAGE with 2 LOINS feasting on CARCASS OF IMPALA, and

MIX THROUGH AGAIN

EXT. SAME ANGLE - NIGHT

The kittens have gone; Mr. Moon looks on from the starry sky; the Jays's CARCASS IS NOW SKELETAL. Trashcan enters, picks at the bare bones curiosuly; in the shadows, the eye blinks.

EYE

Collecting feathers again Trashcat?

TRASHCAN

You should have seen it Eye - Wak, pumped with courage from all the junk he has seen on the TV, goes into roaring panther mode, and Bad Cat -

EYE

But I did see it Trashcan - Bad Cat was lucky, Wak was luckier - those jays would have been pluckier if it wasn't their leader that went down. Those two kittens are now fair game for a lesson in real hunting.

TRASHCAN

And you're gonna give it 'em, right?

CUT TO

EXT. BLACK WAK'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Mr. Moon shines peeps over the rooftops - Bad Cat squeezes through a gap in the fence, dodges along in the shadows - taps on kitchen window:

WAK

What are you doing here, it's night?

BAD CAT

Cat's go out at night - c'mon, we can go on patrol - maybe do some more hunting.

WAK

But I'll get into trouble.

BAD CAT

Only if your human pets catch you.

WAK

Right - and - cat's do go out at night! There has to be window open somewhere in the house - wait here.

Bad cats stares up at the moon, winks - it winks back at him, after a few seconds Wak materializes.

CUT TO

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The kittens slope along in the moonlight - a DOG HOWLS.

WAK

What was that?

BAD CAT

Dog, coyote, wolf, who cares - we've done it Wak, we're out on the prowl.

WAK

Prowl, what's prowl?

BAD CAT

Prowl - It's what cat's do.

WAK

I think its because we're nocturnal -

BAD CAT

Yeah - what's that?

WAK

I dunno, yet. But we are. Something about being night creatures I heard on TV. Where are we going?

BAD CAT

Were do we usually go?

WAK

The jungle - at night? I don't think so.

BAD CAT

Hey, you killed the big boss jay!

WAK

Yeah - I did, didn't I? Kill!

He pauses, thoughtfully

BAD CAT

Yeah, it's what cat's do - let's go.

CUT TO

EXT. BLUE ANGEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two young cats move past pn the trot - a SEXY FELINE SILOUETTE through a window STOPS THEM.

BAD CAT

Wow - just look at that!

WAK

(In awe)

It's that blue kitten! She is - just - I'm lost for words - an eyeful!

BAD CAT

(In awe)

Yeah, ain't she - isn't this great being a cat - out at night - on the prowl!

A punch is thrown with joy - the cats fight in play...

INSERT: Blue Angel peeks past the drapes and watches them:

As they chase up and down trees yowling with glee -

WAK

Being a cat, a cat, cat, cat, cat.

BAD CAT

Lets go to the jungle.

Wak follows him hesitantly - they EXIT, completely unaware that Blue Angel emerges from her house STEALTHILY FOLLOWS,

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As the two kittens arrive at the high fence, the HOWL of coyote again - only LOUDER...

WAK

It's kinda getting late.

BAD CAT

What have we got to be frightened of Wak? We defended ourselves against the jay, ay least you did - we can defend ourselves against anything! You are a panther remember!

WAK

Right!

As they DISSAPEAR THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE FENCE, Blue Angle pops out and again, follows them, and

CUT TO

Act 2

The Ghost of Old One-Eye

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Shadows TAKE ON FRIGHTENING SHAPES as the two kittens move along the path - unseen to them, THE YELLOW EYE FOLLOWS...

BAD CAT

It's different at night.

WAK

Yeah, scary.

BAD CAT

Scary, yeah, but I really like it.

WAK

You like scary?

BAD CAT

I'm not a scaredy cat.

EYE

(whispers to self)

We'll see about that..

(The now-familiar spine chilling snarl.)

Schnarllll-Yahhhh -llll!!!

WAK

What was that!?!

EYE

Grrrrrsnarllllyahhhh!!!

WAK

It's that eye, the cyclops..

BAD CAT

It's after us. Run!

WAK

It'll get us.

CYCLOPS

Nhi-hi-hi-hi, he he he he..

Wak is frightened - Bad Cat is enjoying himself

BAD CAT

That was great!

They flee, Bad Cat smiling, Wak understandably worried, then

CUT TO

EXT. COYOTE - NIGHT

It appears directly in their path! They FREEZE, HAIR STANDS ON END! Bad Cat now equally TERRIFIED!

BAD CAT

This is it, he's gonna eat us!

The Coyote means business - runs at the kittens head-down, FANGS BARED, JAW READY TO SNAP!

SHOCK CUT

EXT. SNARLING ONE-EYED DEMON - NIGHT

The two kittens FROZEN IN TERROR a split second from death when it LEAPS OVER THEM IN A BLUR - FANGS FLASHING - CLAWS SLASHING COYOTE FUR FLIES - it turns runs, YELPING with pain..

The kittens SHAKE WITH FEAR as DIABOLICAL CANINE SCREAMING permeates the undergrowth - followed by an OMINOUS silence - bright CAT'S EYES to LIGHT UP AROUND THEM IN THE DARKNESS.

WAK

W-what - what happened?

BAD CAT

(Looking around at the eyes)
What was that? Whats happening?

TRASHCAN

(Entering nonchalantly)
Howdy Boys.

WAK

H-h-help, we are being chased by a - a -

BAD CAT

- A one-eyed monster - who - just saved
our lives - I think.

Trashcan is amused:

WAK

Trashcan thinks this is funny. We are
lost. The jungle is different at night.

TRASHCAN

Follow me boys.

CUT TO

EXT. CAT'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Trashcan ambles along leading the two kittens through obstacles
in the DARKNESS; finally MOONLIGHT as they enter a clearing - a
small CAMPFIRE smolders; CATS sit around it...

BAD CAT

Cats don't have fire.

TRASHCAN

That's right - we are hardly civilized
enough for that - come the day we don't
need our fur coats and roam the world
naked in clothes like humans.

We didn't light this fire though - some
human hobo left it burning - come sit
you both down, get your selves toasty...

The other cats lounge, some tough and feral, others well-fed
domestic breeds, including a fat Persian, this is HAIRBALL.
Trashcan avoids him. Then they pass the PRETTY LITTLE KITTEN
sitting alone, curiously taking in the scene - she looks at
them knowingly, like: what kept you boys?

Trascan stops beside a scrawny OLD BEDRAGGLED WHITE CAT who is
sitting staring up into the stars, captivated by Mr. Moon.

TRASHCAN

Hey, moonstruck - we got new visitors!

The white cat finally turns. Startled, the kittens back off!
He only has ONE EYE - a stitched-up scar covers the other.

BLACK WAK

You only have one eye!

BAD CAT

It was you - you're the one-eyed monster
- that has been tracking us - that just
saved us from the coyote - hey, thanks.

OLD ONE-EYE

You're welcome - yes, I know you two. I
know what you've been up to for the past
few months. I saw you kill that jay.

WAK

You did?

BAD CAT

You were there, you saw it, who are you?

OLD ONE-EYE

Just Old School cats - we were trying to
let you fend for yourselves - Law of the
Jungle - t'develop your instincts.

The kittens look at the old, white cat in astonishment:

TRASHCAN

Though he won't admit it he wouldn't
have let that old jay kill you Bad Cat,
he was ready to pounce.

WAK

That's, er, I don't know your name?

OLD ONE-EYE

My name is One-Eye. You must be hungry
after that ordeal with the coyote?

BAD CAT

Hungry, yeah. We're always hungry.

OLD ONE-EYE

Like some fresh bird?

TRASHCAN

Bird, you've been holding out on me -
what kind of bird - buzzard?

BAD CAT

No. Crow - I thought I could smell crow.

OLD ONE-EYE

(Hauls out a crow.)

You've got a good nose on you kitten.

BAD CAT

How come you couldn't smell this crow
Mr. Trashcan, it has a delicious aroma.

TRASHCAN

All I can smell is pizza - and buzzard -
that's what they did to me, the humans!

On sight of the bird, the other cats edge closer.

CUT TO

EXT. ANGLE PAST OWL FROM HIGH ABOVE:

The owl listens; his ears twitch, he moves along the branch:

HAIRBALL

So, who are you lubbly likkle puttie
tats then?

BAD CAT

We are just kittens I guess...

WAK

But I'm a Black panther kitten.

HAIRBALL

(Sarcastically)

Is that right? A cuddly toy black
panther kitten - ahhh, I'm sure all the
kiddies lub to play with you.

WAK

Of course - all kids love animals,
humans love animals -

But Hairball laughs at him, moves away to sit next to the
pretty little female kitten; she ignore him, cocks her head
listening attentively to the older cats as she and the other
cats watch the argument go back and forth.

TRASHCAN

All kids love animals - don't fool
yourself Wak, humans exploit animals all
over the world - animals are even killed
mercilessly for financial gain.

(Wak looks agahst)

Sorry to disappoint you little kitten,
but its true. Not all humans are, but
there are a few who genuinely care...

OLD ONE-EYE

Cruelty - I can tell you about cruelty because I've seen it. There is big money in animals -

(He looks up)

And birds.

ONE-EYE

Like some desert?

BAD CAT

Thank you sir, don't mind if I do.

WAK

Mmm, smells good - what is it?

OLD ONE-EYE

Morning Dove - caught it myself only this morning.

They settle down MUNCHING, Wak finally talks to Trashcan:

WAK

How are you tonight Mr. Trashcan?

TRASHCAN

How am I, who am I - I think therefore I meow! I meow, therefore I am.

The two kittens stare at Trashcan, dumbfounded - Hairball is interested in the young female kitten but she is indifferent, listening to the old cats with concentration:

OLD ONE-EYE

(To kittens)

Have patience boys, the Trashcat is in one of his riddling moods tonight.

BAD CAT

Er - really, how are you Mr. Trashcan?

TRASHCAN

I am a cat, that's how I am. Alive and well despite all. Humans pay lip service to conservation, have mock concern for ecology - they take animals for granted - humans they don't think for themselves anymore - they are just pets of a system that does everything for profit.

(Stands up on his hind legs)

Pets for profit, all of us - people and animals alike!

OLD ONE-EYE

Listen to Trashcan the Cat Philosopher.
You'll learn a lot - phhhhtt!

Trashcan looks at One-Eye with a hint of anger:

TRASHCAN

Now don't you be a silly pet, One-Eye.

OLD ONE-EYE

Pet! Don't you call me a pet Trashcan -
if you value your dictionary!

Trashcan isn't threatened and replies with a low hiss:

TRASHCAN

Pets are spayed ex-animals made into
living organic four-legged comforters
for the petting convenience of humans!

WAK

(Innocently)

Pet! Is that such an insult??

TRASHCAN

Sure! Don't be a silly pet boy. Think
for your self. Be a cat.

(He gets in Wak's face)

We all are pets, both humans and cats
alike; pets of a system that uses humans
for profit just the same as it uses
animals - you can see that, can't you.

OLD ONE-EYE

Keep politics out of this Trashcan!
Real cats don't do politics - real cats
hunt - and I am a real cat!

TRASHCAN

You accuse me of not being a real cat -
because I don't hunt live game - because
of my pizza addiction - hunting pizza
might not be as noble a calling as
hunting buzzards and eagles and crows
but I know my rights!

Human rights and human hypocrisy, how
about animal rights, how about hunting
rights - for cats!

One-Eye is amused by Trashcan but Blue Angel is impressed:

BLUE ANGEL

Hunting rights for cats - a great idea!

ONE-EYE

Yeah - cats kill! More importantly perhaps, we cats have a right to kill - to hunt and kill our own food. Breed that out of us and you have less than pets. What would happen if there were a plague of rats? I saw that once when I was in Asia. A flood of rats boys -

TRASHCAN

Listen to the Old World Traveler!

ONE-EYE

(Old One-Eye glares at him)

It's true - and cats don't kill for fun boys. Cats only kill to eat!

TRASHCAN

But cats are confused - and humans have confused them.

WAK

But the humans love us - they take care of us.

TRASHCAN

Pet-think, that's all that is - puerile pet-think! And humans are victims too - victims of Pet-think!

BAD CAT

C'mon, being a pet ain't so bad.

OLD ONE-EYE

No? A pet, I'll tell you what a pet is Bad Cat! Pets are no more than organic live toys!

(Makes fist, shows claws)

They got no claws, they got no balls, they live well - they live in luxury - but purely for their humans convenience!

(Produces empty catfood can full of bones, points to label.)

Boys, pets are fed man-made petfoods manufactured from parts of dead animals deemed as unfit for humans to eat.

Bad Cat and Wak look at each other.

BAD CAT

Wow! Is that right?

WAK

We eat inferior meat to humans - gross!

TRASHCAN

Gross but true!

(genuine enthusiasm)

They taste good though -- right Boys?

WAK

Yeah - especially the delux kitty gourmet brands for top class cats.

TRASHCAN

Me, I'd rather eat pizza - so you two go eat yourself into being a gooie good pets with all that gooie petfood lads.

The kittens look at Trashcan endecided to be hurt or angry..

OLD ONE-EYE

He's in a bad mood tonight boys. He hasn't had found a pizza in the trash for a week, even a crust to suck on - and he hasn't had turkey buzzard for months - and he's very partial to pizza - aren't you Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

Pluck off and die you old feather-sucking ratfink aphid! Pizza is the food of top class cats!

OLD ONE-EYE

No way! Pizza is pet food for humans catwad! Convenience food served to their doors so they don't have top go out to get fat - they can get fat sitting on the sofa watching TV!

TRASHCAN

(A long pause - concedes with a chuckle)

Yeah, you're right 'eye. But pizza is the most delicioso dish known.

BLUE ANGEL

I will have to find out about pizza.

Bad Cat wanders up, sits beside her, opposite Hairball.

BAD CAT

I know what Pizza is - a fabulous human food almost good enough for consumption by cats - it tastes okay!

BLUE ANGEL

Really - I must try some then.

HAIRBALL

(With lascivious innuendo)

I'll get you some pizza kitten. I can do things for you that you just wouldn't believe - just you wait and see.

Blue Angel turns and looks at Hairball with repulsion:

BAD CAT

Yeah, you look as if you eat a lot of pizza - and nothing else!

HAIRBALL

Shut up! What do you know about anything little fatso? You are hardly old enough to be let out on your own at night!

METAMORPHOSIS! - For an INSTANT, the kitten FLARES into the FEARLESS TOMCAT he is to become, but RESTRAINS HIS ANGER; this touch of control doesn't go unnoticed by the watching wise owl.

BAD CAT

Do you think we are old enough to go in the jungle by night yet Mr. Trashcan?

TRASHCAN

Are you a pet or are you a cat?

Bat Cat scratches his head 'dunno' at the trick question:

WAK

We are pet cats I guess.

TRASHCAN

There you go, a sample of perfect 'Pet-think'! You're not real cats then, real cats would know without having to ask.

HAIRBALL

(Scoffs)

Such profound wisdom from such a distinguished looking feline as your self - ha ha ha - I don't think so.

TRASHCAN

Do not let my appearance deceive you - many a sleek pusser has been fooled by my sartorial insouciance Hairball, you latent deviate lump!

HAIRBALL

(With a lecherous glint at kitten)
What is that silly cat talking about?

BLUE ANGEL

(Dismissingly with a flourish of her tail)
But I understand Mr. Trashcan perfectly
well, don't you speak English Hairball?

HAIRBALL

Please don't call me that name baby, I'm
Claude. You can call me Claude baby.

She turns away to ignore him:

TRASHCAN

So you see, Hairball - your thick skull
hasn't gone unnoticed by others - your
limited vocabulary is indicative of your
limited IQ.

HAIRBALL

(To Blue Angel)
When you get through feeling sorry for
this loser baby - by talking to him - we
could find time for real communication.

BLUE ANGEL

I'm booked for conversation right
through summer Hairball - sorry.

Nodding to his CRONY CATS, Hairball EXITS - they follow:

TRASHCAN

Not impressed with the Hairball huh?

BLUE ANGEL

No - nothing impresses me - except -
perhaps - the moon, yes, I really like
the moon - goodnight Mr. Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

Good night my dear.

Blue Angel wanders off into the trees staring up at the moon -
Trashcan notices Bad Cat staring after her with a soft look:

TRASHCAN CONT'D

(Quietly, to One-Eye)
She's gonna be a real heartbreaker when
she grows up dontcha think?

OLD ONE-EYE

Should I last so long to see it?

TRASHCAN

C'mon 'Eye - y'got years in you yet.

OLD ONE-EYE

I've had my nine lives Trash, and then some...

TRASHCAN

An' now you're talking like a silly pet.

OLD ONE-EYE

A pet, me? Careful what y'say Trashcan. I'll come back as a ghost to haunt you.

On the old, white, one-eyed cat looking gloomy in the center of the happy gathering of cats...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MUSICAL SEQUENCE - NIGHT & DAY

An UP-BEAT change of mood; BAD CAT AND WAK GROW, loosing their cute, fluffy kittenishness, rapidly EVOLVING INTO YOUNG MALE CATS; prowling the neighborhood by NIGHT and the Veritable Jungle by DAY having a lot of FUN. They are noticed by a good many other animals, including CATS - amongst them Blue Angel - she too is growing up and BECOMING VERY FEMALE.

WAK

Here comes summer - we'll go hunting every day..

BAD CAT

Here comes summer - it's already the end of May..

WAK

Here comes summer - all we have to do is play..

MIX THROUGH

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

Bad Cat in tree, in ULTRA-STEALTH MODE, stalks the BIG BLACK CROW below foraging innocently in the long, soft grass. He springs in an ACCURATE POUNCE - black feathers fly.

OLD ONE

(Enters)

Y'caught a nice crow there Bad Cat.

BAD CAT

(Senses slight tone of admonishment)

Yeah! So?

The big bird STRUGGLES HELPLESSLY with Bad Cat on his back.

OLD ONE-EYE

Why'd you'd do it - are you hungry?

BAD CAT

I'm a cat, we do this - we catch birds.

OLD ONE-EYE

I know that, why y'toying with him - I hope you're gonna kill the poor thing!

(Meaningful stare)

Are you hungry?

BAD CAT

No - I just had a great lunch - I -?

OLD ONE-EYE

If not t'kill him, why y'catch him?

BAD CAT

I'm a cat - we kill birds.

OLD ONE-EYE

So kill him.

BAD CAT

It's kind of big - er -

OLD ONE-EYE

And y'don't know how? Didn't your mother teach you anything?

No, guess not - seeing as how you're a store-bought pet taken away from its mother before she had chance to show you - I'll teach you how to kill, Bad Cat - but you have to eat your prey.

BAD CAT

Why?

OLD ONE-EYE

The Law of the jungle!

BAD CAT

I'm not hungry.

OLD ONE-EYE

Real cats don't kill for fun Bad Cat - only for food mainly - think about that.

Old One-Eye wanders off and drowsily sits sunning himself as Bad Cat thinks for a few seconds - then RELEASES the terrified crow - it LIMPS INTO THE AIR and flies away.

Bad Cat tentatively strolls over to join the older feline:

OLD ONE-EYE

(Without opening his singular eye)

Go away - I'm busy.

BAD CAT

No you are not!

OLD ONE-EYE

Go choke on a vole! - Go away!

BAD CAT

Vole! What's a vole?

OLD ONE-EYE

You know nothing - go away.

(Bad Cat doesn't move)

Okay, so you are obstinate.

BAD CAT

What's obstinate?

OLD ONE-EYE

Okay! - A vole is a little mouse, a breakfast mouse.

BAD CAT

A breakfast mouse - that sounds good.

OLD ONE-EYE

And delicious too - but not as sweet as shrew - a shrew is a courageous little fighter mouse. Shrew a la mode, now -

TRASHCAN

(Entering)

What ridiculous stories are you telling Bad Cat - about how you got your Gopher Stew and Water Rat Pudding recipes?

OLD ONE-EYE

Pluck off and fry, Trashcat! Mouse-hole!

TRASHCAN

Mouse-hole! That's fine language to use when you are mentoring an impressionable young kitten!

(Turns to Bad Cat)

Has he been telling you tall tales of the world from when he was a ship's cat?

OLD ONE-EYE

(Finally opens his eye)

I was a ship's cat Bad Cat, and I did travel all over the world - and the Trashcat is jealous because all that ever happened to him is the humans shaved his head and pumped his brain full of human.

BAD CAT

What's a ship?

TRASHCAN

Didn't you go to school?

WAK

What's a school?

BAD CAT

Cats don't go to school.

TRASHCAN

...Only the school of life.

OLD ONE-EYE

But Cat's know stuff naturally.

TRASHCAN

Know the right stuff, unless humans get to 'em first.

A FEMALE CAT (admirer of Old One-Eye) ENTERS distracting the older felines - the kittens wander off.

WAK

Guess there's a lot we don't know.

LADY CAT

(Whispers. as they pass)

And curiosity killed the cat dear.

MIX THROUGH

EXT. LIFE IN THE BIG CITY - DAY

TRUCKS, TRAFFIC, FUMES: the kittens sit watching the sunset,

MIX THROUGH

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Mr. Moon smiles through the trees; MOONLIGHT dapples the grass.

BAD CAT

Isn't this great, being out on patrol?

WAK

Yeah, it's like being in the wild.

BAD CAT

I don't think so - but it's good being a cat, isn't it?

WAK

Sure is cool being a panther, real cool.

BAD CAT

I'm glad I'm not a dog.

(They stop to look out over the view)

Do you really understand all this stuff about being a pet though?

EAVESDROPPING, the Owl silently follows them as they EXIT, and
CUT TO

EXT. VERTIABLE JUNGLE CAT H.Q. - NIGHT

The cats are relaxing, sitting in a huge EMPTY PIZZA BOX.

BAD CAT

(Entering)

Some feat of strength hauling that pizza box in here Mr. Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

Thank you. After I'd licked it totally clean I realized I'd made it inhabitable - it is very comfortable and has a wonderful lingering pepperoni aroma that reminds me such pizza isn't a dream, and that one day the Great Cat In The Sky will smile down on me with the genuine article - would you like to join us?

The owl looks down bemusedly as Wak and Bad Cat join the other cats - who all look smug and pleased with themselves - as they sit with contentment in the giant-size pizza box:

WAK

Is there anything else you can eat other than Pizza and buzzard Mr.Trashcan?

TRASHCAN

I'm rather partial to Albacore tuna - but even a juicy fresh rat from the wild would go down well right now.

BAD CAT

Mmmm - ain't seen too many rats around lately 'Can - ain't seen or heard or had a sniff of one in fact...

OLD ONE-EYE

(Looks up)

You won't - the silent swooper's back at it again.

BAD CAT

Silent swooper - what's that?

WAK

An owl, right? I've heard about owls. Great hunter killers.

OLD ONE-EYE

Yeah, their wing feathers ain't like other birds' - they don't flap or make even the smallest sound - lethal.

WAK

So you can't hear him coming. Wow!

OLD ONE-EYE

An' when you do, its too late, y'dead!

BAD CAT

Hey, you can't fool me One-Eye - why would a wise old owl want to eat cats?

OLD ONE-EYE

(Chuckles)

Because he gets hungry like the rest of us - and a cute little fat kitty like you - is sweet meat for a wise ol' owl!

TRASHCAN

'An he ain't so wise because he ain't so old - that goddam young teen-owl thinks he owns the jungle.

WAK

Would he hunt us?

OLD ONE-EYE

A cute little kitty like Bad Cat maybe - he might easily mistake Bad Cat for a yummy little rodent dumpling scurrying along in the moonlight - watch for the owl's shadow - especially when you are crossing open spaces - get under cover quick - move fast!

BAD CAT

That right, so why didn't he catch you One-Eye - you old slow poke?

OLD ONE-EYE

I'm tough old meat, me - too big'n heavy
for the young Owlie to bother with...

They LAUGH, cat style, and

MIX THROUGH

JOYFUL MONTAGE - as the days pass they SHARE A LOT OF DINNERS.

CUT TO

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD FENCE - TWILIGHT

The two old cats are hidden high atop the old wooden fence
BENEATH THE OVERHANGING FOLIAGE; Old One-Eye and Trashcan lurk
furtively; they can see the world but the world can't see them.

A row of very SEXY FEMALE FELINES check out Bad Cat and Wak:

TRASHCAN

The boys are about to discover girls.

OLD ONE-EYE

Or, the girls discover Bad Cat and Wak.

QUICK MIX THROUGH

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Mr. Moon's smile is ironic tonight; CATS EYES shine in the
shadows; somewhere a LONESOME FEMALE CAT calls out for a mate;
Bad Cat CRUISES ALONG, LOW TO THE GROUND, DRAWN TO THE SOUND...

CUT TO

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

There are MANY CATS out tonight:

GIRLIE CAT

Hello.

BAD CAT

(Pausing)

Hi.

CUT TO

EXT. CAT FIGHT - NIGHT

A beautiful YOUNG FEMALE CALICO at window.

HAIRBALL

(Arrogantly)

What are you doing here?

BAD CAT

Same as you I guess - looking at girls.

HAIRBALL

As long as looking is all you're doing -
The calicos mine!

BAD CAT

Yeah - says who?

SHOCK CUT

HAIRBALL

(STRIKES - his claw CUTS Bad Cat's face.)
Says me - punk!

CUT TO

CU BAD CAT: gingerly lifts paw to his cheek, sees BLOOD.

Hairball waits for Bad Cat to back off, but METAMORPHORIS!

In electrifying second Bad Cat's lips draw back in a TERRIFYING
SNARL! He springs at Hairball's throat! Hairball is fast but
not fast enough - FANGS FLASH! - CLAWS RAKE! - FUR FLIES!

Hairball SCREAMS FOR MERCY and flees, leaving a TRAIL OF BRIGHT
BLOOD on the sidewalk.

Bad Cat is dazed - sits checking himself for damage, hardly
noticing the Calico appear beside him:

CALICO

(Hot, breathless)

I am so full of admiration for what you
just did I had to escape from my house
to be with you - you brave little cat.

(Full of admiration)

How'd you do that, beat up Hairball -
and why, just for me?

BAD CAT

Dunno what came over me.

CALICO

It is so exciting to see a real tomcat
fight for a girl - 'like my perfume?

He sniffs - METAMORPHORIS he fills with LUST - CHASES HER OS:

CALICO OS

No, please, Bad Cat! Ohhh, you bad, bad-
- on ORGASMIC YOWLS and OTHER CAT NOISES IN THE NIGHT,

CUT TO

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

GIRLIE CAT

Over here.

BAD CAT

Hi Honey!!

He CHASES HER OFF - more YOWLS, SCREAMS OF CAT PLEASURE, and
CUT TO
EXT. ANOTHER FEMALE FELINE in the darkness:

BAD CAT

Hey baby!!

More CHASING AND HOWLING and
CUT TO
EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Head down, Hairball limps past the cats.

OLD ONE-EYE

Another job for the vet I hear?

TRASCAN

Yep, Bad Cat's sent Hairball to the vet.

WAK

What's a vet?

OLD ONE-EYE

Where humans take cats when cats fight.

WAK

Why do cats fight?

BAD CAT

(Entering)

It's what real cat's do!

OLD ONE-EYE

(Beaming approval)

She was the first cat you fought over
Bad Cat - there will be others!

CUT TO

TOMCATTIN' AROUND MUSICAL SEQUENCE

Bad Cat FIGHTS OFF OTHER MALE CATS - and now moves with a new confidence - ADMIRING FEMALES batting eye lashes at Bat Cat as he passes - no sooner has he met them than they are seen with KITTENS - with STRIPED ORANGE-AND-WHITE BEACON TAILS.

TRASHCAN

Can't blame him, it's his male instinct.

OLD ONE-EYE

- and theirs too, their female instinct.

TRASHCAN

He is a tomcat alright.

OLD ONE-EYE

And so am I - on good days.

TRASHCAN

(Looks wistfully at
Me, I'm just a neuter-freak lab
experiment gone wrong.

OLD ONE-EYE

You're still a cat - and a good friend.
Here - I've got you something.

As he unearths a pizza slice, start a

LONG DISSOLVE THROUGH

EXT. THE VERITABLE JUNGLE IN FALL - TWILIGHT

LEAVES FLUTTER to the ground; a GOLDEN BLANKET covers the wood,
a 'V' of MIGRATING GEESE flies high above; Bad Cat and Wak
chase each other, having great fun burrowing under the leaves.

OLD ONE-EYE

Feelin' melancholic Trashcat?

TRASHCAN

Yeah, the glorious run of fun nights of
summer are over 'Eye - 'soon be winter.

The two young cats come up for air, join the oldsters:

WAK

Where has everyone gone?

TRASHCAN

Many of the animals leave for their
annual migration - some are getting
ready for hibernation - us, we're-

BAD CAT

Migraternation - whats all that mean?

Old one-Eye doesn't get time to answer. A HEAVY GUST of wind
howls in churning up the leaves as the SKY DARNENS - the cats
run for cover as it STARTS TO RAIN.

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - DARK RAINY DAY

Water literally falls out of the sky; the beautiful leaves are
now mush. Wak doesn't like them underfoot and is clearly ill-
tempered as he follows Bad Cat through the dripping foliage:

WAK

This filthy weather is miserable.

BAD CAT

C'mon - we'll soon be there.

WAK

But why do we have to bother?

BAD CAT

'Keep telling you - we haven'r seen 'Eye for days, and my instincts keep telling me something nasty is in the wind.

CUT TO

INT. CAT'S LAIR - DAY

The WET young cats ENTER, shake them selves off; Old One-Eye and Trashcan are comfortably curled-up, dozing.

WAK

All this rain - we were worried about you both - thought you might be -

OLD ONE-EYE

(Yawns)

We're warm and dry - t'ain't winter yet.

They settle, curl-up joining the others to watch the rain sheeting down outside: the RHYTHM IS RELAXING, HYPNOTIC; they are almost falling asleep, when:

OLD ONE-EYE AGAIN

Its time to remind our two young friends about the vetnarian again, eh Trashcat?

TRASHCAN

I think you're right 'Eye.

(Turns to the young cats)

This is the right time for the humans to 'fix you' as they call it boys...

OLD ONE-EYE

Yep, because now you are old enough, both of you young pet cats will gathered up and taken to the vets and -

(Gestures into his crotch)

- and snip-snip - you'll be true pets!

WAK

(Yawns)

Thanks - for trying to tell us - to escape from the vet, but -

His eyes droop and Wak is asleep - Bad Cat looks at One-Eye, then Trashcan: they LOCK ONTO HIM WITH A SERIOUS STARE.

BAD CAT

(Quietly)

Okay! I know! I heard you guys, clearly!
The vet - snip-snip! I have been warned.

The two old cats nod to each other with satisfaction, their eyelids droop; Bad Cat is the only feline awake; FROWNING with thought, his AMBER EYES GLOW in the dark as we slowly

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. WAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sky is dark, low, ominous; no moon, no stars; all is HARD, MONOCHROMATIC as Bad Cat slinks through the DRIPPING FOLIAGE. Gone is the fat kitten; he's chunky, solid; a small robust cat.

BAD CAT

(Taps rear window pane)

Wak. Coming out for a hunt?

WAK

(Appears from under drape)

Too wet. Too cold. No.

BAD CAT

Come on Wak, just a quick hunt.

(Wak is hesitant)

We might get a rat, a mouse - and I need to talk to talk to you about something!

WAK

Nah - I'm staying home tonight.

CUT TO

REVERSE ANGLE: INT. WAKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Wak watches Bad Cat go off into ther darkness, then settles down with his humans to watch TV:

MOMMY HUMAN VO

Could you drop the cat off at the vet on your way to work in the morning honey?

DADDY HUMAN VO

What's wrong with him - he seems full of life to me - he's not sick is he?

MOMMY HUMAN VO

No, he's fine, he is being fixed tomorrow - then you can pick him up on your way home.

CUT TO

INT. BAD CAT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A bedraggled and wet Bad Cat ENTERS:

MOMMY VO

Ah, finally, there's the Bad Cat - I've booked it for the vet tomorrow morning.

Bad Cat looks up suspiciously on cue hearing the word 'vet'.

FAT KID VO

It'll get well on its own Mom.

MOMMY VO

It isn't sick - it is going to be fixed and its your cat - you have to take him.

FAT KID VO

I'm busy tomorrow mom, you know that.

MOMMY VO

Oh, okay - I'll take him myself.

On BAD CAT looking highly concerned, start to

MIX THROUGH

INT. VET'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

DOGS, BIRDS, all manner of ANIMALS sit with their HUMANS - Wak is sitting on his owner's lap being petted - Bad Cat's owner ENTERS with a carrying cage and sits down to wait.

WAK

Bad Cat! What a coincidence. Glad you changed your mind!

BAD CAT

(In Cage)

I didn't. I was asleep. They threw a blanket over me, captured me and then locked me in here. This is it then?

WAK

It's nice place don't you think?

BAD CAT

Gives me the creeps. I had a nightmare about the vet last night - all the girl cat's laughing at me after I came out.

WAK

I don't know what you're worrying about
- its only like having our shots - its
what's best for us, humans love animals,
you have to believe that Bad Cat.

BAD CAT

What about all the stuff Old One-Eye and
Trashcan told us Wak, they don't lie?

WAK

But Bad Cat, I don't want to leave home,
I like being a pet - a nice pet panther...

HUMAN DADDY VO

(Handing Wak to VET HUMAN in white coat)
Bye Wak old buddy - I sure wish it
didn't have to be like this.

A forlorn glance is exchanged between the two feline friends -
then, Bad Cat's CARRYING CAGE IS OPENED.

BAD CAT

I'm outta here!

Bad Cat EXPLODES with energy, and BOLTS for his life!

HUMAN MOMMY VO

Bad cat! Come back you bad bad cat -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. WAK'S HOUSE - A BRIGHT SHINY NIGHT

Bad Cat slips through the fence and slinks across the yard:

BAD CAT

(Whispers)

Wak, Wak...

(Louder)

Hey, Wak, are you there.

Wak finally comes to a window:

WAK

(A small, plaintive voice)

I'm here.

BAD CAT

Come out.

WAK

I don't feel like it.

Bad Cat peers in: Wak's BANDAGED BUTT AND PAWS tell all!

BAD CAT

What happened?

WAK

I don't know.

BAD CAT

What does it feel like?

WAK

I'm still a cat, almost. What about you?

BAD CAT

I can't go home! Not after I escaped from the vets offic - not that it was home anyway.

MOMMY VO

Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty c'mere.

WAK

I gotta go.

BAD CAT

Got anything worth snacking on in there?

WAK

I'll see if I can sneak you a morsal.

CUT TO

EXT. WAK'S HOUSE KITCHEN WINDOW - NIGHT

Wak is caught! The food literary taken out of Bad Cat's mouth.

MOMMY VO

Ssshoo cat! Shoo, go away! And you Wak, you are naughty boy. No more going out for you, you are an indoor cat now.

Wak is picked up, cuddled and petted as Bad Cat, sad and hungry, trudges through the wet yard to EXIT.

CUT TO

INT. ONE-EYE'S DEN - NIGHT

Bad Cat looks forlorn as he ENTERS:

TRASHCAN

Ahh, look at what the cat's dragged in - poor lad - just look at him.

OLD ONE-EYE

Eat crow boy!

BAD CAT

I didn't do anything 'Eye, other than not go to the vet - in fact I escaped.

OLD ONE-EYE

Good thing too - here, I meant this - fresh crow. Eat!

TRASHCAN

If y'gonna eat crow - eat fresh crow - you saved your cathood - well done.

BAD CAT

But now I'm out on my own Mr. Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

Ahh, poor Bad Cat kittie critter can't return to the only home he knows with the humans, and given a good Crow dinner by Old One-Eye the poor liddle kitty.

BAD CAT

But they got Wak, Trashcan - snip-snip, fixed - they even took his claws too.

OLD ONE-EYE

(Aghast)

His claws, you saw this Bad Cat?

(Bad Cat nods gravely)

TRASHCAN

Very cruel a cat being declawed - be grateful that you listened to us and didn't end up like Wak.

OLD ONE-EYE

Now you are now a free cat Bad Cat, with claws and balls and spirit and years of prowling ahead of you.

TRASHCAN

I envy you. Me - I'm just an anomaly.

BAD CAT

All these big words Mr. Trashcan - can't you just use normal words?

OLD ONE-EYE

You know the Trascat's not normal because Humans got him -

BAD CAT

I suppose Wak won't be normal any more either now - - am I normal?

TRASHCAN

Possibly, you are not a pet, and you like crow - that's normal for a cat.

BAD CAT

I feel really sad for Wak though - he saved my sight and he saved my life.

TRASHCAN

And now his great climbing days over, probably feels weak and sick and knows that his dreams of being a panther king with a queen and panther kitten princes and princesses, are also dead.

OLD ONE-EYE

Yeah, that's right, now Wak is just a pet! But he is still a cat, albeit a pet cat! - And you can still still be friends - eat!

The moon smiles as Bad Cat regains his appetite.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. WAK'S YARD - DAY

A bright sunny fall morning; the BACK DOOR OPENS and Wak is let out. He tentatively walks into the shrubs, putting his front paws out before him CLUMSILY AND GINGERLY...

BAD CAT

(In a bush)

Psssst Wak - over here - pssst.

WAK

(Innocently sits nearby, staring at house)

Don't let 'em see you Bad cat - I don't wanna lose my new outdoor priviledges.

BAD CAT

Okay - howya doin Wak?

WAK

Okay.

BAD CAT

Whats it like without claws - do your front feet hurt?

WAK

Kinda, yeah - I really miss my claws.

BAD CAT

How about the other bits they cut off?

WAK

My girl-chasing equipment? Well I try to tell myself what I never really had I will never really miss.

(Sits, tentatively)

'Least I can sit without pain again.

BAD CAT

Feel like going out? A rowdy bit of good mischief might just raise your spirits...

CUT TO

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SUNNY FALL DAY

Up to no good, the two friends CRUISE FAST AND LOW along the bottom of the fence - without warning Hairball BLOCKS THEM:

HAIRBALL

Snip-snip! - Who got to the poor likkle kitties then?

Hairball's cronies are behind them - IT IS AN AMBUSH!

BAD CAT

Back off Hairball - the vet might have taken Wak's claws but he didn't take mine - I am warning you - I will defend my friend.

HAIRBALL

(Laughing, gloating)

We are going to teach you a lesson that will make you remember you are pets.

Hairball and co makes their move - but not fast enough - BLOOD FLIES as Bad Cat spins in a LIGHTENING DIBILITATING ROUNDHOUSE SLASH scratching both cronies before LEAPING ON HAIRBALL!

The Cronies SHREIK WITH PAIN CLUTCHING THEIR BLEEDING NOSES as Bad Cat completely loses it in a RED BLUR - Hairball SCREAMS with agony and runs off. Bad Cat watches him go, HISSING.

Wak bends down and tentatively picks up a SMALL FURRY ITEM from the sidewalk that flew out of the catfight!

WAK

Wow, you sent Hairball to the vet again Bad Cat - you bit half his ear off - you're getting good cat, unbeatable!

BAD CAT

Yeah, King of the Jungle - it's life in the wild I guess.

INCLUDE ANGLE FROM SECRET PERCH ON TOP OF FENCE UNDER FOLIAGE:

The old feline friends watch Hairball slink off humiliated and bleeding, leaving Bad Cat and Wak to enjoy the autumn sun.

TRASHCAN

Bad Cat and Wak are still best friends despite Wak's surgical procedure - this is good - but paradoxically Wak is now the indoor cat and getting fat, whereas Bad Cat has slimmed down and is becoming a muscular feline hunk.

OLD ONE-EYE

Who'd have thought, an the girls like him too.

TRASHCAN

Come springtime and he'll some real fights on his hands.

OLD ONE-EYE

(SHIVERS - then with resignation)

Springtime? It's getting cold, the sun lives low in the sky and the trees are bare, we gotta do winter first Trashcan.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE TO WHITE

EXT. SNOW - DAY

Bad Cat is in a tree watching KIDS playing with a snowman. Old One-Eye picks his way through a nearby DRIFT:

FAT KID

Ahh, the one-eyed kitty wants to play!

SNOWBALLS bombard the geriatric white cat.

NICE KID

Stop, he's old - you'll hurt him.

FAT KID

Nah, he is vermin and I'm pest control!

As the fat kid begins to throw more snowballs at Old One-Eye, Bad Cat runs along the branch hissing, and springs in a SPECTACULAR LEAP taking the snowball out of the Fat Kid's hand.

SAVED, Old One-Eye watches the fat kid run away in tears, his hand BLOODY FROM A CAT SCRATCH.

FAT KID

(Crying)

It was Bad Cat who did it, the cops'll
get him, shoot him for assaulting me!!

CUT TO

INT. CAT'S LAIR - NIGHT

The two cats come in from the snow - Trashcan is dozing:

TRASHCAN

Well here we are all safe and warm.

Old One-Eye collapses with a sigh, curls up beside him.

BAD CAT

You okay 'Eye?

OLD ONE-EYE

Sure - guess - but you are seeing signs
of weakness from this old cat.

BAD CAT

You are teaching me a lot 'Eye.

OLD ONE-EYE

You think so huh? At least you know
what its like not being a pet, but you
still have a lot more to learn if you
are to survive in the wild. I'm getting
old - might not survive winter.

TRASHCAN

Dah, y'said that last winter, yet you
managed to sire a litter of kittens!

OLD ONE-EYE

'Probly my last - I've had a full nine
lives - but the circle of life Bad Cat -
it turns to the end for all of us.

BAD CAT

(EXITS)

I'll go hunt us down some fresh food.

TRASHCAN

Cheer up 'Eye, it'll be Christmas and
then winter will over and gone.

OLD ONE-EYE

C'mon, we got to keep an eye on that
young cat - an 'sniff out some fresh
bird for the larder

CUT TO

EXT. CATS IN SNOW - NIGHT

Looking for food, the cats traverse the snow-covered wood; they arrive at the pond. Bad Cat spots the solitary DUCK - unaware that he is food for the COYOTE tracking them.

BAD CAT

That's luck - a duck for dinner.

ONE-EYE

(Totally aware of coyote)

Stop - thin ice. Wait, let the coyote take the duck - then we move.

BAD CAT

Coyote - I didn't see him - thanks 'Eye.

Coyote and duck SKITTERS ACROSS THE ICE. The ice cracks. As the Coyote falls through to meets its end - the duck pauses at the bank - Old One-Eye pounces: QUACKKKK!!

BAD CAT

Wow! Some pounce One-Eye - Well caught!
- Take it home and I'll see if I can catch a juicy rodent for starters.

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT glistens on the snow-covered wood; all is eerily silent - small movement - with infinite patience Bad Cat waits behind a tree stump, watching a HOLE - unaware that he is under observation from the owl - a RODENT finally emerges:

CUT TO

INT. CAT'S LAIR - NIGHT

The duck awaits plucking as Bad Cat slinks in, bristling:

OLD ONE-EYE

What's wrong with you Cat?

BAD CAT

(Angrily.)

I was tracking our delicious rodent rump steak after patiently stalking it, even had to stop myself licking my chops in anticipation in case I made a noise and frightened it away. I made my final pounce - when it was snatched right out from under my claws!

That owl got there first - by a split second - and flew off with our rodent rump steak in its talons.

ONE-EYE

(Shrugs)

Law of the Veritable Jungle Bad Cat,
first come first served!

BAD CAT

(Seething)

But that owl was fudding with me 'Eye!

TRASHCAN

'Cat ain't amused 'Eye.

OLD ONE-EYE

(Chuckles)

All he can think about is his dinner;
the Owl has it up in its hole, and is
eating it right now!

TRASHCAN

Law of the -

BAD CAT

Law of the veritable jungle, law of Bad
Cat! He who steals my dinner becomes my
dinner! If they taste even vaguely
palatable and I'm hungry enough - that
Owl is going to be dinner one night!

ONE-EYE

Hey, eat! Dining on duck ain't everyday
in winter, so think y'self lucky - gonna
be times when we tighten our belts.

As they begin to CHEERFULLY TUCK IN,

MIX THROUGH

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The three cats dart in from the street, pause to rest:

BAD CAT

There's nothing to hunt, nothing to eat.

TRASHCAN

No pizza, no scraps - nothing.

ONE-EYE

And through no want of trying.

BAD CAT

I'm so hungry I could easily be forced
to go round to Wak's n'scrounge dinner.

ONE-EYE

Okay, it's three days since we last ate
- so lead the way.

CUT TO

INT. WAK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wak knocks the big bag of kibble over in the darkness.

WAK

Chow down guys. Human-made pet food,
not much to chew, gobble it up quickly.

The three hungry cats begin to eat:

BAD CAT

Old One-Eye, in all of your nine lives
have you ever had Owl patties? - Or an
Owl burger? - Or an Owl sandwich?

The old cat ignores him - Trashcan chuckles to Wak:

TRASHCAN

I guess we know what Bad Cat plan's to
have for dinner real soon.

CUT TO

EXT. CAT'S LAIR - DAY

BAD CAT

I feel sick to the stomach from that
human cat chow last night - which makes
me even angrier at that owl.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BLUE ANGEL'S HOUSE - SNOWY DAY

She watches from window - a HINT OF RED; it is Bad Cat stalking
a bird, without much luck - as she jumps from the window sill,

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - SNOWY DAY

She ENTERS, cleverly STEALS a COMPLETE CHICKEN from the kitchen
table, cleverly OPENS BACK DOOR, and pulls it through.

CUT TO

EXT. BLUE ANGEL'S YARD - SNOWY DAY

BLUE ANGEL

Psssst - over here!

(Bad Cat pauses)

I've got something for you.

BAD CAT

For me - how'd you get it?

BLUE ANGEL

I might be living in the lap of luxury,
but I am still a cat - I stole it!

OWNER VO

(Laughs, scooping up Blue Angel)

Blueie c'mere - and you - scat!

From her owners arms Blue Angel watches Bad Cat run off through the snow, HEFTING THE CHICKEN CARCASS ALONG BESIDE HIM.

OWNER VO

Mmm, a young tomcat eh? I'll have to watch you with him Blueie. Steal a chicken for him now, 'hate to think what you would do for him next spring...

CUT TO

INT. CAT'S LAIR - NIGHT

The chicken carcass is now a bare SKELETON; the cats sit around washing their whiskers and preening.

TRASHCAN

I have decided that after pizza and buzzard, baked garlic chicken is my now third favorite food.

BADCAT

How would you like to try baked Owl?

CUT TO

EXT. OWL - SNOWY WINTER'S DAY

The owl is aware of the two old cats sitting beneath his tree looking up, watching him.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON THE CATS:

ONE-EYE

I couldn't talk him out of it.

TRASCAN

I'll bet you didn't try.

With that, from a high bough, BAD CAT POUNCES on the owl.

A flailing BALL OF FUR, FEATHERS, TALONS AND CLAWS cat and bird fall from the tree branch into the soft snow:

BAD CAT

Die owl, you thieving slimebeak!

OWL

You jumped me cat - that was an unfair
advantage - leggo you feline freak!

BAD CAT

You should haver thought about that when
you were stealing my dinner - and now
you are my dinner!

OWL

I don't think so!

BAD CAT

- agghhh!!! Youre a good figher bird,
I'll give you that -

SCREAMS OF AGONY from both bird and feline as fur and feathers
fly in FLASHES OF TALONS AND CLAW, TEETH AND BILL:

CUT TO

NEW ANGLE One-eye and Trashcan watching the combat:

TRASHCAN

A grim fight to the death!

A SPLATTER OF BRIGHT BLOOD across the snow:

BAD CAT

Whose blood is that!

A strange MOMENT OF CALM A strange MOMENT OF CALM descends -
CLAWS AT OWLS THROAT, BILL AT CAT'S THROAT:

OWLIE

- ours. Mine, yours -

BAD CAT

So we both die - we will be so badly
wounded whoever wins won't get dinner -
we will both lose - both bleed out, both
die of our wounds.

OWLIE

Yes, this is that fateful moment of
mortal combat where it comes to that we
both die - or both live! And don't
steal each other's food - deal?

BAD CAT

It's a deal.

CAUTIOUSLY release each other - BACK OFF from the death cut.

TRASHCAN

A wise choice.

OLD ONE-EYE

Well, now I've seen it all - owl and cat bonded with blood.

The two oldsters EXIT, leave owl and cat panting in the snow:

OWLIE

A truce then Bad cat, no more stealing each others dinner!

BAD CAT

Yes, truce er - I never knew your name?

OWLIE

I wasn't given a name. My folks died before -

(Chokes up, decides he can trust the attentive cat)

They where poisoned - pesticide - I have to watch what I eat.

BAD CAT

We all have to get a name - how about Owlster, Owlex is good - no, Owlle - plain ol' Owlies nice, sounds friendly.

OWLIE

I gotta name - thanks - you're okay - for cat - see you around.

BAD CAT

Yeah, okay - take care Owlle.

As they LIMP OFF off in opposite directions,

BAD CAT

(Turns)

Hey, what are you doing for Christmas?

MIX THROUGH

JINGLE BELLS SEQUENCE - CATMAS IN THE VERITABLE JUNGLE

EXT. CAT'S LAIR - DAY

A jovial mood; the cats are all cozy when Wak appears, he has a GIFT in his mouth, which he leaves at the door:

WAK

Yo-ho-ho - Merry Catmas - Merry Catmas!

OLD ONE-EYE

And a very Merry Catmas to you young Wak - how are you enjoying your new life of luxury as a pet?

WAK

Yo-ho-ho, no, not really One-Eye. I miss my claws and I'm getting fat. Panthers aren't fat - - not that I believe I'm a black panther anymore.

BAD CAT

Remember last Christmas Wak?

WAK

Yeah, we were just innocent little kittens in the pet store - I was gonna be a panther and you were fat...

Wak goes to the entrance to retrieve his Tupperware package:

BAD CAT

What's this?

WAK

Fresh, sliced, roast turkey breast.

BAD CAT

How'd you manage it, there gotta be pounds of the glorious stuff?

WAK

They took my claws but they didn't pull my teeth! 'Stole it of course - stalked it after they had carved it and put it away, gripped it hard and here I am.

OLD ONE-EYE

Wow - strong jaw Wak, strong jaw!

WAK

Cat's adapt. Happy catmas everyone.

BAD CAT

Yeah, it is isn't it - Happy Catmas!

TRASHCAN

Why'd you steal turkey when you could have stolen pizza.

WAK

I did - just or you.

(Pulls slice from beneath turkey)

Merry Catmas Mr. Trashcan.

They all laugh - even the owl - PULL BACK out of the warm lair passing BARE BLACK TREE BRANCHES AND COLD WHITE SNOW, and

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SPRINGTIME IN THE VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

Another day in paradise for the ANIMALS as little GREEN BUDS pop and others BLOSSOM; Owlie sleeps through CHORUSES OF RAUCOUS BIRDSONG; the BIRDS have returned from their wintering places and are busy NESTING ON HIGH. The SQUIRRELS are industrious; all of the animals are alive and well as they wake up from hibernation.

Nearby, ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET, Bad Cat is out on patrol enjoying the sunshine; PRETTY YOUNG FEMALE CATS bat their long eyelashes at him as he passes..

CUT TO

EXT. TOP OF FENCE - DAY

Old One-Eye and Trashcan are in their customary roost BENEATH THE OVERHANG OF FOLIAGE watching the world from anonymity:

LADY CAT

(Below, on sidewalk)

Hello boys, mind if I join you?

OLD ONE-EYE

Be our guest - howya-doing Susiecat?

She springs up beside them to watch Bad Cat and the females:

LADY CAT

(To Old One-Eye, suggestively.)

Soon be the height of the mating season, and we'll have a neighborhood full of kittens with orange and white striped beacon tails this year.

OLD ONE-EYE

Bad Cat is only being a tomcat - doing what tomcats do.

LADY CAT

And very well too so I hear - he is notorious in the neighborhood!

OLD ONE-EYE

You like him though, eh?

LADY CAT

You incorrigible old mouser you...

Trashcan becomes irritated - or embarrassed - as she comes on to his old friend - as he jumps down off of the fence,

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

- Following TRASHCAN moving along the fence, he stops when he comes to Wak, sitting motionless, looking FORLORN AND CONFUSED.

TRASHCAN

What's wrong Wak ol' kitty-buddy?

WAK

I dunno - what's wrong with Bad Cat? He doesn't want to speak to me.

TRASHCAN

Oh - that's only spring madness Wak.

(Wak looks at him with miscomprehension)

It's mating season Wak, and our friend Bad Cat is being kept very, very busy being the great heartbreaker. He can't help it Wak - once he gets the magic scent, he's gone - it effects his brain.

WAK

Oh. I think I understand Mr. Trashcan. Because he hasn't been fixed, it's always mating season for Bad Cat?

TRASHCAN

(Kindly)

Kinda, something like that; come on Wak, join me for a nice easy stroll and we'll talk about it. You'll see - he is a real bad tomcat but still your good friend.

CUT TO

EXT. A LAZY STROLL - DAY

The neighborhood is filled with KITTENS of all colors and markings but bearing Bad Cat's TRADEMARK ORANGE AND WHITE STRIPED BEACON TAIL.

MIX THROUGH

EXT. ON THE PROWL OUTSIDE WAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bad Cat lets go of a WILD SCREECHING YOWL as he lurks in the shadows - Wak shortly appears:

WAK

That was loud! What are you trying to do Bad Cat, wake the whole neighborhood? It's the middle of the night!

BAD CAT

Cat's are nocturnal - at least, I am!

WAK

So? I'm a pet, and I need my sleep.
What the cat are you doing here?

BAD CAT

'Felt like a midnight cruise, thought
you might wanna come - got something I
want you to see Wak. C'mon, the night is
young and there is prowling to be done.

WAK

Okay - I guess need the exercise.

CUT TO

EXT. BLUE ANGEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two cats MATERIALIZE OUT OF THE SHADOWS - Wak looks at the
house, sighs:

WAK

'Should have guessed, this is about sex.

BAD CAT

No. It's much more than that -

(Springs up tree trunk)

Isn't she cool? I think she is so -

WAK

But I can't see her.

BAD CAT

Well, get up here then. C'mon Wak, it
is only a six-foot jump; you can do it.

WAK

I need my claws. I don't have claws. I-

BAD CAT

You got paws. C'mon Wak, cats adapt.

Mr. Moon and Bad Cat watch Wak spring: he gets traction from
rear claws but NO GRIP FROM FOREPAWS, almost makes it; FALLS!
Immediately he TRIES AGAIN, gets higher - Bad cat extend his
front limbs and helps Wak onto the branch.

WAK

(Excited)

I did it.

BAD CAT

It's what cat's do - climb. There she
is - isn't she great?

CUT TO

THEIR POV: Blue Angel at home through window.

BAD CAT

Isn't she cool? They won't let her out.

Wak looks at his friend compassionately, the CRAZED EXPRESSION in Bad Cat's eyes burns brightly, ignites - Wak's HAIR STANDS ON END at a sudden DIABOLICAL SCREECH as Bad Cat calls out:

CUT TO

EXT. BLUE ANGEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIGHTS in the BEDROOM go on as the HORRENDOUS NOISE continues. A WINDOW OPENS, Wak tumbles down out of the tree and runs away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. VERTITABLE JUNGLE HUNTING MONTAGE - MUSICAL SEQUENCE

Bad Cat is on a run hunting for Old One-Eye and Trashcan, who doze contentedly with dinner laid out before them; HIS TROPHIES GET BIGGER AND BIGGER; he slopes in again, deposits a rodent morsel to add the larder before them:

BAD CAT

Aren't you hungry Trash?

TRASHCAN

I know I can't expect you to track pizza
Bad Cat - if you see a turkey buzzard?

Trashcan wanders off dejectedly; Bad Cat turns to Old One-Eye:

BAD CAT

Any advice about finding buzzard 'Eye?

CUT TO

EXT. THE DEMISE OF THE CONDOR - DAY

The HUGE BIRD comes dejectedly loping along above the endless SUBURBAN ROOFTOPS - he is looking very unhappy and hopelessly lost, searching for somewhere to land - as he begins to circle,

CUT TO

EXT. HIGH IN THE TREETOPS - DAY

Bad Cat, STALKING A PLUMP SQUIRREL, spots the circling bird:

BAD CAT

(Smile becoming wider and wider)

A most delectable dilemma - feather or
fur? A taste of buzzard would certainly
cheer up the Trashcan at dinner tonight!

He moves along the branch, soon near Owl's hole, who is also watching THE CONDOR CIRCLE, AND MISTAKENLY DECIDE TO LAND.

OWLIE

That is one big bird up there Bad Cat.

BAD CAT

Yeah, a buzzard. Big enough for dinner for the whole gang. Are you hungry?

OWLIE

You don't think he is maybe a little too big for you Bad Cat?

BAD CAT

Bit on the heavy side, but buzzards are easy - and Trashcan is very partial to Buzzard - thinks they taste like pizza, because they are scavengers or some idea like that about human junk food.

OWLIE

Yeah? So that is a buzzard you think?

BAD CAT

What else could it be but just a regular fat ol' turkey buzzard - you telling me you think I can't take him down Owlie?

OWLIE

You don't have to prove you're the King of the Jungle to me Bad Cat.

CUT TO

EXT. VERITABLE JUNGLE GLADE - DAY

OTHER ANIMALS watch the big old Condor descend and land on the bank next to the pond - Bad Cat has an AUDIENCE as he makes a MIGHTY POWER POUNCE from the tree.

CUT TO

EXT. CONDOR - DAY

Too late to defend himself, Bad Cat takes the condor by the neck dispatching him with a 'CRACKKKKK!!! and steps back from the bird stunned by its size, and his lethal handiwork.

BAD CAT

Wow, its - way bigger than I thought!

Old One-Eye ENTERS:

OLD ONE-EYE

Bad Cat, you - you - killed a condor!

BAD CAT

It didn't look so big from up there on that branch - it's humongous!

TRASHCAN

(Aghast, entering)

But you killed a condor!

BAD CAT

So One-Eye just told me - so?

TRASHCAN

Why'd you do that!

BAD CAT

I'm a cat. I gotta eat! We've talked about this. We cats do all that stuff. Kill birds and all.

TRASHCAN

Well, I hope you're gonna eat it!

BAD CAT

But I caught it for you Trash. You like buzzard, it's your third favorite.

TRASHCAN

Isn't buzzard, it's condor; you eat it!

BAD CAT

Condor, buzzard, what's the dif - it's kinda big, I can't eat it on my own, I -

The old ship's cat looks at Bad Cat sternly:

OLD ONE-EYE

It's a kinda special bird Bad Cat.

WAK

(ENTERING, piping in)

Special? We should have a party then! A midnight feast. Invite everyone, there's enough meat on this big ol' bird to feed the whole jungle for a week!

Old One-Eye and Trashcan share A RESIGNED SHRUG - all are happy, except Trashcan, who is fascinated by the strange device around the condors ankle. IT IS A RADIO TRANSMITTER.

DISSOLVE THROUGH

IDENTICAL ANGLE - NIGHT:

The condor is now a SKELETON, bones shining white in the moonlight. Mr. Moon is bright, the sky full of stars, the animals and birds dine off of the huge carcass, finishing morsels - all of the cats are there - there is much MEOWING, SINGING AND PURRING as their banter goes back and forth:

TRASHCAN

Don't be shy Bad Cat - - talk to her,
man. She's really very nice.

BAD CAT

I'm kinda tongue-tied 'Can - can't think
of anything to say to her.

TRASHCAN

Engage her in conversation - find out
what she is interested in - after all
she is only a cat, as are you - all cats
have stuff in common.

Or are you afraid?

ANGLE ON BLUE ANGEL

Bad Cat sidles over to her.

BAD CAT

So you managed to finally escape from
your humans.

BLUE ANGEL

So it was you who caught the condor?

BAD CAT

A mistake really, mind if I sit down?

BLUE ANGEL

Mmm, not at all - the moon is rather
sublime tonight, don't you think?

Awkward silence, at least, for him.

BAD CAT

Guess so - er - - um - what is your
favorite bird?

BLUE ANGEL

Strange question, are you trying to make
conversation?

(Inane silent grin from Bad Cat)

Mmm, okay, the parrot I think. I rather
like parrots. Sweet bird the parrot.

BAD CAT

Parrots - grey, noisy little things?

BLUE ANGEL

Oh those, no, they are parakeets, very
friendly and really quite nice - but the
birds I like are the really big, highly
colored parrots.

BAD CAT

I haven't seen too many of 'em around, don't suppose they are much bigger than a crow?

BLUE ANGEL

Mmm, maybe a little, I just adore the fabulous big green, red and blue ones.

BAD CAT

They should be easy, then - I got a red tailed hawk last week.

BLUE ANGEL

A hawk? Oh really - so it must be you who fought the owl too?

BAD CAT

Well, we are friends now.

BLUE ANGEL

So I heard - you are Bad Cat - the mighty hunter - Star of the Jungle

Her subtle slight of disdain goes unnoticed by Bad Cat:

BAD CAT

Well, I do have a certain reputation, but tell me - did you have pizza yet?

BLUE ANGEL

Pizza? - Of all the human food I've tried, I actually like pastry. Cats normally don't - but I do, especially with cream. Pizza is something I should like to try.

BAD CAT

Okay. It's done. Parrots and Pizza - how about that? How would you like a Hot Parrot Pizza?

Now Bad Cat really has got her attention:

BLUE ANGEL

Hot Parrot Pizza!?

BAD CAT

I can do that for you - parrots or pepperoni, what's the difference - its only pie. The next time I see you I will be proud to present you with a big fresh, hot parrot pizza!

She looks at Bad Cat as if either he, or she, is completely nuts as she backs off and EXITS - Trashcan sidles up:

TRASHCAN

(Nervously licking lips)

'Somebody mention pepperoni?

BAD CAT

You gotta do something about your pizza habit Trash.

TRASHCAN

You told her you got pizza, what kinda pizza? Where is it - I gotta have it!

BAD CAT

You are so pathetic Trashcat.

TRASHCAN

Just a slice, please? It's been days - even if its just crusts, crusts outta the trashcan like usual - don't hold out on me Bad Cat - don't do this to me!

BAD CAT

There is no pizza, Trashcan.

TRASHCAN

I heard you talking about it just now.

BAD CAT

That's all we were doing, just talking.

TRASHCAN

Oh okay - what kind of pizza where you talking about - tell me, please.

BAD CAT

- Parrot.

TRASHCAN

What! Parrot? Parrot pizza?

BAD CAT

Yeah, right - Hot Parrot Pizza.

TRASHCAN

But there's no such recipe!

BAD CAT

Well, there is now Mr. Trashcan. I just promised to get one for Blue Angel.

TRASHCAN

How could you do that?

BAD CAT

Easy - steal a piecrust and hunt down some parrots to fill it - Blue Angel was just telling me she really likes the big green and blue ones.

TRASHCA

(Pauses to reflect, then)

She was talking about the Great Green Macaw, they live in Central America - huge bird, over forty inches in length and extremely endangered due to deforestation - along with all the other South American Parrots.

Bad Cat tries to comprehend this as Old One-Eye ENTERS:

OLD ONE-EYE

What's this about Central America?

BAD CAT

Yeah, this Central America - what is it?

TRASHCAN

(Ignoring Bad Cat)

This idiot, the King of the Jungle, has just promised Blue Angel he would get her a Hot Parrot Pizza; can you imagine: a big pizza pie topped with Macaws?

OLD ONE-EYE

(Laughs)

Well, he'll have to keep his promise then - but finding those birds - he won't get enough of 'em in the local pet stores - maybe he will have to go south of the border to find them...

TRASHCAN

(Turns to Bad Cat)

Least they have great cats down there Bad Cat - you might get lucky and meet a jaguar - excellent swimmer and climber, revered by Indians, but hunted to near extinction in the 1970's, threatened by poaching and deforestation.

BAD CAT

(Stares at Trashcan in rapt stupification)

Where do you get all these facts?

TRASCAN

Same place I get pizza - from humans!

BAD CAT

Why though?

Trashcan doesn't answer, but turns away and tentative examines the device on the condor's ankle:

BAD CAT

(Repeats question to One-Eye)

Why all the facts about extinction?

OLD ONE-EYE

Because Animals don't have any rights with humans - and it pisses Trashcan off the way the humans take advantage of it.

As Bad Cat thinks this through watching Trashcan with the skeleton the condor,

MIX THROUGH

IDENTICAL ANGLE: SKELETON OF CONDOR

A COLUMN OF HUMANS come into the jungle, TRACKING with a RADIO DEVICE - the fat kid with a scratched hand tags along behind them with his dad - YELLOW EYES watch from the shadows:

INSERT: Bad Cat whispers with growing dismay.

BAD CAT

Another day in paradise, the hunting is good, our Veritable Jungle full of easy kill for a cat, now these feather-plucking humans show up - what do you think they want Trash?

TRASHCAN

Their condor - and - well, we ate it.

HUMAN

The signal is getting stronger, and the condor was last sighted near here..

The device leads them straight to the transmitter.

2nd HUMAN

(Examining Condor's remains)

Who did this? How did the condor die?

FAT KID

Cat's mister - cats killed it, and then ate it. There's lot of dirty wild cats in this wood. They are vicious!

3rd HUMAN

Neck broken - yes, the work of a cat.

FAT KID'S FAT DAD

This place is filthy with feral cats.
Those disgusting scavengers are a health
hazard; you saw what they did to my poor
little boy.

MIX THROUGH

INT. CAT'S LAIR - NIGHT

The cats gather beneath a serious Mr. Moon; the mood is SOLEMN:

BAD CAT

The human's weren't exactly purring with
joy when they found I'd killed their
condor.

BLUE ANGEL

(Corrects him)

You? - 'We' all ate their condor - you
didn't know the poor condor was an
endangered species Bad Cat.

TRASHCAN

Well, well old One-eye's honorable
hunting theories didn't go down well
with the humans either. The fact we had
gratefully picked the bones clean was
hardly seen as a sign of respect.

OLD ONE-EYE

The human's want revenge and mean to see
it won't happen again.

WAK

(Bravado)

What can they do - they can't hurt us!

As the older cats sadly turn to look at Wak,

CUT TO

EXT. THE VERITABLE JUNGLE DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE - DAY

The TRANQUILITY and calm of the undergrowth is suddenly
shattered by a BELCHING ROAR. Commotion as BIRDS SQUAWK, take
to the air - animals flee: MICE, RATS, LIZARDS and CATS run
from the BULLDOZER pluming black diesel exhaust.

OWLIE

(Arrives with urgency)

The humans are coming! Quick, run!

Bad Cat, Wak and Trashcan RUN FOR THEIR LIVES!

TRUCKS loaded with humans in FLUORESCENT UNIFORMS arrive.

Bad Cat, Wak and Trashcan ESCAPE THE NETS, watch with horror from street as the more cats are trapped; in BG FIRES START.

TRASCAN

We are vermin, pests, that's what the humans call us just so they can do to our jungle what they do to all the other jungles in the world - they say they are clearing it when they are destroying it.

Owlie lands COUGHING, yet relieved:

OWLIE

Finally, I found you guys.

BAD CAT

We escaped with our lives Owlie, but where's Old One-Eye, have you seen him?

OWLIE

I tried to help him, but the smoke, he was caught in the flames, he -

Owlie nods gravely. Bad Cat moves towards the lot.

TRASHCAN

(Stopping Bad Cat, gently)

He isn't coming out Bad Cat. Old One-Eye is gone, otherwise he would have shown up by now - Old One-Eye is dead.

BAD CAT

The humans have killed old One-Eye! Killed our friend and destroyed our home, where will we live - Owlie, where will you live?

OWLIE

I'll be okay Bad Cat, they haven't hurt the big trees, but what about you cats?

BAD CAT

(Dazed, wobbly on his legs)

I need to walk, think this through.

He EXITS - as they follow,

CUT TO

EXT. LONGSHOT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Through PLUMES OF SMOKE: all that remains of the Veritable Jungle are the old trees - with the three cats walking along the CENTER MERIDIAN OF THE FREEWAY heading DOWNTOWN,

MIX THROUGH

EXT. DOWNTOWN SKID ROW - NIGHTFALL

The OLD WINO watches the cats wind through the encampment.

BAD CAT

We are homeless - like them - lost,
without hope, or cause.

TRASHCAN

No, we don't have to live like this - we
are cats - we adapt. We'll get through
this. But as I see the truth, the
humans murdered Old One-Eye.

WAK

And you blame yourself.

TRASHCAN

Eating their endangered condor got the
humans to clean up our vacant lot, we
know that but I knew about that tracking
device. I could have done something -
now the Veritable Jungle is no more.

WINO

Kitty, kitty, kitty - am I seeing treble
or are there really three of you?

(The cats PAUSE in front of him)

You mousers look mis'rble - wan' drink?

The bottle slips from his hand as HE FADES, Wak catches it.

WAK

Eh, smells good - what is this, catnip?

TRASHCAN

No, its wine - human booze. It's what
humans drink when they feel unhappy.

Wak tilts the bottle and drinks:

BAD CAT

Gimme. It smells sweet...

TRASHCAN

Cats don't like booze!

BAD CAT

No? - hey, this is good.

(Drinks long and hard)

TRASHCAN

Don't drink it all - lemme try.

The bottle is soon empty; the three cats WOBBLE around, DRUNK:

TRASHCAN

If only old One-Eye were here - I miss him! One-Eye, where are you?

(Begins to wail)

Oh, One-Eye, please come back...

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

(Materializing)

Whooo-oooo - I'm here!

TERRIFIED, the three cats back off, HAIR STANDING ON END!

TRASHCAN

Y-y-you're alive - y-you're dead - you're a - a ghost!

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

Yep. It's a rule with ghosts, some ghosts - only come when we are summoned - and you summoned me Mr. Trashcat sir, called me up from the dead.

BAD CAT

No, no - it can't be -

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

Manners and ghost etiquette, you'll understand - when you're dead - if you decide to come back as a ghost - I'm still getting used to it myself...

BAD CAT

I'm sorry I killed you 'Eye - you dying was all was my fault.

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

You didn't kill me Bad Cat, that big old bulldozer stunned me - then the smoke knocked me out - didn't know what happened. Its okay my young friend - I'm buried in the place I loved most.

BAD CAT

But if I hadn't caught that feather-fluckin' condor you'd be alive today.

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

Y'got that condor with a world class hunting pounce Bad Cat - and it made good eating - can't think of a tastier meal I'd had in my all of my nine lives - and I wouldn't have that to remember if you hadn't got him.

TRASHCAN

(Through tears)

Was getting killed painful 'Eye?

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

Didn't feel a thing.

BAD CAT

(Wobbling around, fighting his tears)

But you're dead and it is all my fault -
I'm a failure as a cat - I should just
turn my self into the vet and become a
pet - for all the good I've done to my
fellow cats.

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

That's just self-pity and you're drunk!

WAK

(Slurred, in Bad Cats face)

Being a pet is a job too Blad Clat -

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

You are drunk too Wak!

TRASHCAN

As a spokesman for True Feline Values I-

(Staggers, slumps over)

The room is spinning, I feel sick.

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

We are not in a room Trashcan! Being a
ship's cat taught me a thing or two
about drunken sailors - leave 'em alone
to sleep it off - so I'm gonna leave you
guys to sleep it off.

CUT TO

BAD CAT'S POV:

SCENE SPINS IN VERTIGO-FX as the ghostly cat EVAPORATES - the
inebriated Trashcan and Wak FALL OVER, COMATOSE eyes closed:

DISTURBING RIPPLE DISSOLVE

WAK'S REVENGE - DRUNK DREAM SEQUENCE

THE CATS WAKE UP - relaxing in overstuffed leather armchairs,
in a LUXURIOUS PRIVATE CLUB.

WAITER

(Hairball in flunky-mode)

Your drink, sir.

Bad Cat takes his drink from the silver tray - THIS IS THE KEY IMAGE - a large BRANDY SNIFFER WITH A GOLDFISH IN IT.

BAD CAT

So this is what it is like to be human?

WAK

These smoke salmons are a rather fine smoke, what?

BAD CAT

Absolutely - and how are your new claws and gonads working out Wak old cat?

WAK

(Unsheathes gleaming new fore claws)

Excellent, thank you - prosthetics razor sharp and new gonad glandular implants almost as good as my originals. Now I've got the good ol' cat-testosterone coursing through my blood again I'm ready for anything - any new mischief planned?

BAD CAT

Yes, now that you mention it old friend. Give the humans a taste of their own medicine - and make the vet a pet!

WAK

Bad Cat - You can't mean - do unto him what he did unto me?

(Laughs, drinking his Sparrow cocktail)

De-claw and de-ball him, fix the vet to make him a pet - yes, I like it!

VERTIGO MIX

EXT. VET'S OFFICE - NIGHTFALL

The vet is about to leave for the day but is AMBUSHED by felines acting like 2-legged folk - and RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY A BLACKJACK wielded by Bad Cat.

ANOTHER WOOZEY MIX

THE VET as he WAKES UP strapped to the operating table.

VET

Agghhh, no! You stole my pants!

WAK

That's not all we stole - Snip! Snip!

(The Vet reaches down, GASPS)

We fixed you - stole your manhood just like you stole mine, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

TRASHCAN

(Waves BLOODY PLIERS)

And while we were about it we stole your claws too, ho, ho, ho! - Just like you stole Wak's - ha, ha, ha - ho, ho, ho!

BAD CAT

Now you're a pet Mr. Vet - howdya like it huh? With no claws and no balls, huh!

DANCING around the poor man the cats take up the CHORUS: 'The vets a pet, the vets a pet' LAUGHING GHOULISLY waving bloody SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS - the vet's SCREAM ECHOES as he sees his FINGERTIPS DRIPPING RED WITH BLOOD!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SKID ROW - DAWN

The three cats AWAKEN in the cold light of day beside the SNORING wino.

WAK

(GROGGY, opening eyes)

My head hurts! - So this is what the humans call a hangover - let's go home.

TRASHCAN

I feel awful - I gotta have pizza.

BAD CAT

I'll get you a pizza when we get home.

TRASHCAN

We ain't got no home - 'humans burned it down remember - and killed ol' One-Eye.

WAK BAD CAT

But we ain't no place else to go - come on Trash, I'll get you a nice big pizza.

As the cats WEARILY SET OFF through the homeless encampment,

MIX THROUGH

THE GREAT PIZZA ROBBERY

EXT. PIZZERIA IN HOME NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Bad Cat's amber EYES GLOW IN THE DARK as he waits in the shadows outside - NARROW OMINOUSLY as the PIZZA DELIVERY GUY comes out with his big sack going to his car.

SNARLING and HISSING Bad Cat launches in a MIGHTY POWER POUNCE!

TERRIFIED by the SCREAMING FELINE DEMON in his face, the Pizza guy DROPS THE PIZZA SACK and backs off - PIZZA BOXES FLY OUT!

Bad Cat is a RED BLUR searching, frantically OPENING BOXES.

The delivery guy recovers, KICKS OUT AT BAD CAT trying to save his pizza - the feline retaliates with a FLYING LEAP - avoiding FLASHING FANGS AND CLAWS the delivery guy falls on his ass.

OLD ONE-EYE MATERIZES amidst the SHOWER OF FLYING PIZZA PIES and watching it all go down, begins NODDING SADLY.

Bad Cat finally finds a pizza that meets his requirements as the delivery guy STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, AND NOTICES OLD ONE-EYE sitting watching Bad Cat calmly fold the pizza in half and run away with it in his mouth.

DELIVERY GUY

Help! Cats! I'm being robbed! Police!
Cats! I hate cats! I'll -

WITH A MIGHTY KICK the delivery guy's BOOT GOES SAILING THROUGH THE GHOSTCAT - losing his balance the delivery guy FALLS DOWN AGAIN as Bad Cat runs away with the pizza in his mouth, and

CUT TO

EXT. THE CITY DUMP - NIGHT

A depressing scene amongst the PILES OF GARBAGE in the moonlight - deathly still, Trashcan stiffly lays on his side, vacantly looking up at Mr. Moon - he finally croaks a moan:

TRASHCAN

I'm dying Mr. Moon, I've gotta be - I've never felt this bad - I really miss Old One-Eye, don't know what I'll do without him - I won't survive. One-Eye, where are you, come home - you can't be dead.

ONE-EYE

(Materializing)

I'm not dead in spirit Trashcat!

TRASHCAN

I thought - I was drunk, I thought you - no, it can't be - I smell pepperoni - pepperoni! I'm dead too One-Eye, in heaven with you, and the Big Cat in the Sky has ordered in pizza to welcome me.

Old-One Eye HIDES BEHIND SOME JUNK as Bad Cat ENTERS with his cargo of pizza - REVITALIZED, Trashcan staggers to his feet:

TRASHCAN

Bad Cat are you dead and in heaven too?

BAD CAT

Eat Trashcan - you'll soon feel better.

TRASHCAN

This is so good and hot, thanks Bad Cat.
'Burn your mouth getting it back here?

BAD CAT

Kinda, look, I gotta ask you a question.

TRASHCAN

Hey, this is real good pizza - you steal
me a whole pizza it's got to be some
important question.

BAD CAT

I thought I saw Old One-Eye.

TRASHCAN

(Between chewing)

So? You did! So did I. It's no big
deal. Eat some pizza.

BAD CAT

I thought I saw Old One=Eye as a ghost.

OLD ONE-EYE

(Comes out of hiding)

You did - I am a ghost.

BAD CAT

Right. And I am King of the Jungle.

HAPPILY POUNCES on One-Eye to hug him - HUGS GARBAGE instead!

ONE-EYE

Bad Cat, this thing with fixing the vet,
declawing his fingernails, and then
attacking the poor pizza delivery guy -
there is a much bigger issue here than
revenge on humans you know.

BAD CAT

You are a ghost, but how would you know
about the vet - it was in my nightmare?

GHOST OF OLD ONE-EYE

Ghosts can get in nightmares anytime
they like Bad Cat - anytime, any night!
Perhaps you are being over-indulgent in
your your feelings of anger and grief
for me - and wallowing in pity - for
yourself.

TRASHCAN

(Happily munching second slice)
This is real good pizza Bad Cat, but you attacked the pizza guy to get it? Well, that ain't good - attacking humans is really aberrant behavior for a cat.

BAD CAT

Aberrant - what does that mean?

ONE-EYE

It means what we cats do when the humans screw with our natural habitat - so don't feel too bad about it - but there are greater jungles being destroyed in the world as we speak.

BAD CAT

I don't know what to do about that 'Eye. I don't what to do any about anything, I don't know anything, I -

ONE-EYE

You still have your honor - at least try to make good on the promise you made to Blue Angel - and go find parrots!

BAD CAT

But why?

TRASHCAN

Because the world is crammed full of 'been nowhere know nothing people' -

BAD CAT

I'm not a person Trash, I'm a cat.

ONE-EYE

Exactly, a fully-fledged tomcat! That's why you have to do go! To be a real cat!

As Trashcan picks up a third slice, nodding his agreement,

CUT TO

EXT. THE VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

The verdant green has been RAZED TO THE GROUND, all that remains in the expanse of ROUGH PLOUGHED DIRT is the tall stand of OLD TREES that once pierced the roof the forest.

Bad Cat ENTERS, looks around suspiciously, HESITANT before furtively picking his way through the ashes and burned trash, he springs, DISAPPEARING UNDER THE COVER OF FOLIAGE:

CUT TO

EXT. TOP OF BIG OLD TREE - DAY

Bad Cat CLIMBS STEADILY to a fork in the boughs STOPS AT HOLE.

BAD CAT

You in there bird?

(Extends paw into hole)

Hey - yoewww! That hurt!

OWLIE

Sorry - you surprised me - woke me up -
can't this wait until tonight?

BAD CAT

Howya doing Owlie ol' bird?

OWLIE

Okay Bad Cat, and you?

BAD CAT

Not good. How you enjoying life now our
jungle has been burned down.

OWLIE

Miss it a lot - but dunno what to do.

BAD CAT

Ever wondered what the real jungle was
like Owlie - the mighty jungle?

OWLIE

(Stares long and hard at Bad Cat)

Can't this wait until tonight, it's the
middle of the day - I need my zzz's!

BAD CAT

(Bad Cat looks really pathetic)

I need to talk Owlie. It's important.
You are wise and I've been nowhere and
know nothing.

OWLIE

I know that, but look Bad Cat - what's
this really about?

BAD CAT

Parrots - it's all about parrot's.

OWLIE

Parrots? Don't you mean girls?

(Gets in Bad Cat's face)

You wake me up in the middle of the day
to talk about girls?

BAD CAT

Not girls Owlle, parrots. I need to talk about the promise I made; I have to find parrots; it's the only thing that will save me. Do you believe in ghosts?

OWLIE

Huh? I've never seen one, but I like to think I'm open-minded.

BAD CAT

I've seen a ghost - in fact I had a conversation with it - about parrots.

OWLIE

(Yawns)

Is that why you woke me up, to tell me you've gone nuts?

BAD CAT

The ghost told me I gotta find parrots.

OWLIE

A ghost, sure. I'm depressed. Go away.

BAD CAT

You don't believe me - hey, One-Eye, you around ghostcat?

Old One-Eye DRAMATICALLY MATERIALIZES beside the owl:

OLD ONE-EYE

Whoooo-ooo-ieooo, meow-oooo.

OWLIE

(Laughs)

Howdy 'Eye - how's it goin' being dead?

OLD ONE-EYE

Cool - you bird, how's life in the sky?

OWLIE

Not so good - kind of aimless and hungry most of the time - so you're the ghost who told the Bad Cat here he had to find parrots or go nuts and die?

OLD ONE-EYE

Either that or be a pet, y'saw what they did to Wak when they gave him a home.

OWLIE

Right - so go find parrots then Bad Cat.

BAD CAT

I searched the local pet stores and only found two of the big Macaws Blue Angel described - they were so old and tough I couldn't bring myself to - well, you know, turn them into pizza pie filler.

OWLIE

Yeah, I Iknow. I'm a wise owl, I know everything - that's a joke - if I'm gonna survive I have to leave here myself - what with the jungle being burned down, how will I eat?

Hunting garbage rodents out of the human's back yards? I don't think so!

(A POIGNANT moment passes between them)

The condor's death my fault too Bad Cat. I goaded you on. I challenged you to kill that big ol' bird.

(Brightens optimistically)

So I'm coming with you to find the parrots - it'll be our rite of passage.

CUT TO

BCU: BLUE ANGEL - NIGHT

Looking O.S. IMMENSELY SAD - REVEAL: Trashcan sitting beside her in a small DEPARTURE CEREMONY as THE SUN GOES DOWN.

TRASHCAN VO

If cats cried there would be a tear in your eye.

She waves to Bad Cat as he leaves - a long SOFT MOMENT of eye contact between them - then he and Owlie turn and set off:

BLUE ANGE

But why is Bad Cat leaving?

TRASHCAN

Well, to quote the humans: a mans gotta do what mans gotta do dear, so a tomcats gotta do what a tom's gotta do!

Mr. Moon shines down on the dirt lot that was once the Veritable Jungle as the animals watch owl and cat EXIT.

QUICK MIX

EXT. HARBOR - DAWN

The sun comes up; exhausted, they ARRIVE at a FRIEGHTER, start

A LONG FADE OUT

Act 3

Extinction - a Fate Worse than Pet

FADE IN

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN HARBOR - DAY

TUGS TOOT as they haul the freighter into dock.

OWLIE

(Looking around)

Well, we are here - now what do we do?

BAD CAT

We get a train to the mighty jungle and
go track down some parrots.

CUT TO

EXT. THE MIGHTY JUNGLE - DAY

- A CACOPHONY OF NOISE from ANIMALS AND BIRDS; a deeper RUMBLE from A MACHINE CLEARING TIMBER - from the treetop a PARROT watches the destruction with a sad droop to his head - COLUMNS OF BLACK SMOKE rise up from unwanted burning green foliage.

CUT TO

EXT. JUNGLE RAILROAD - DAY

The LONG FREIGHT moves at a lumbering pace filled with its ENDLESS CARGO OF LOGS - passes an EMPTY TRAIN going in the opposite direction; beneath it Bad Cat and Owlie RIDE THE RODS: THEIR POV: CGI-DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE of JUNGLE BEING CLEARED!

CUT TO

EXT. JUNGLE RAILHEAD - DAY

The cat and bird pause - look back towards the railhead - turn to resume only to face a FEIRCE, SPOTTED FELINE WITH BIG TEETH.

OWLIE

Wow, you are one weird looking cougar.

JAGUAR

Speak for yourself flat-face; you are a weird looking parrot! What happened to you, somebody punch you in the beak?

OWLIE

Funny, a comic cougar; I'm an owl, what are you, a cougar with king-size zits?

JAGUAR

Spots fool, not zits! - I am a Jaguar.

BAD CAT

I thought Jaguar's were cars.

JAGUAR

We came first cat - why are you here?

OWLIE

Parrots. We're looking for parrots.

A few momenta pass in NASTY PAUSE - the big cat LICKS HIS LIPS:

BAD CAT

Owlie, I think this Jaguar is seriously thinking about having us for dinner - One-Eye ol' buddy, you around?

ONE-EYE

(Materializing)

Whooooooooo-cool, this jaguar is okay - he is an endangereoued species - so cut him some slack for not being too friendly.

JAGUAR

What do you know bout endangered, ghost?

ONE-EYE

The humans burned down our own little jungle, thats why I'm dead - and I'm not happy about it - that's why I'm a ghost.

OWLIE

Plus, we've witnessed huge deforestation and destruction of wildlife homelands on our way up here...

JAGUAR

Okay - but what's the connection with wanting to find parrots?

(They shrug, HELPLESSLY)

I've got nothing better to do - perhaps we can reach the inner jungle - one of the few safe places left for parrots.

DISSOLVE THROUGH

EXT. MIGHTY JUNGLE - DAY

It is very beautiful here; FLORA AND WILD CREATURES abound. The cats and bird have been joined by two PARROTS who are curious, friendly, but keep their distance as they move along:

OWLIE

Bad Cat, you don't look good.

BAD CAT

I feel sick Owlie - must be that strange rodent I caught for lunch.

A parrot SWOOPS DOWN, PLUCKS LEAF, drops it near Bad Cat:

PARROT

Eat that, it'll fix your bellyache.

BAD CAT

What is it?

PARROT

Medicinal herb - it'll soon help.

OWLIE

Big words, how do you know 'em?

PARROT

Fleabag told us; it is true, it works!

BAD CAT

Who is Fleabag?

PARROT

Fleabag is King of the Jungle.

OWLIE

Strange name for a king.

PARROT

You'll see why when you meet him - it will only take us a day to get there...

DISSOLVE THROUGH

EXT. MIGHTY JUNGLE - DAY

They stop beneath a GIANT TREE - surrounded by MORE PARROTS.

PARROT

Now all you cats have do is to climb.

CUT TO

EXT. ROOF OF JUNGLE - DAY

They emerge - an extremely RATTY LOOKING PARROT with FADED, FRAYED FEATHERS with PATCHES OF BARE SKIN showing through is looking out over the SPECTACULAR VIEW:

OWLIE

(Astonished by bird's skuzzy appearance)
Are you the King of the jungle?

FLEABAG

Hey, look, I didn't want the job okay.
You want the king job, you got it.

BAD CAT

So why are you King of the Jungle?

FLEABAG

(Cackles with a shrewd glint)

Whose asking, little puddy cat?

BAD CAT

My name is Bad Cat, and this is my good friend Owlie.

FLEABAG

Ah, owl and cat - so I see. Where'd you leave your pea-green boat?

Joke, okay, you don't get it - where you from and what do you want?

BAD CAT

We are from the U.S. sir.

FLEABAG

Ah, a Cat American and an Owl American - I've been to the USA - good place all considered, so what exactly do you want?

BAD CAT

We are looking for Parrots - er - regarding pizza manufacturing jobs.

FLEABAG

Yeah, that makes sense; you eat a lot of pizza up there in the USA. But hey, we parrots don't want to get into the illegal worker immigration thing - like what work exactly would we do?

BAD CAT

(Grins inanely, stupidly)

Like - er - be in the pizza?

FLEABAG

You are joking? - I mean - we're parrots and you want to put us in pizza pies? Are you nuts - like psycatic?

BAD CAT

I'm not sure. The human's burned our home jungle down so nothing makes sense anymore. I probably might be a little psycho now that I come to think about it...

Fleabag is about to get in Bad Cat's face - Owlie interjects:

OWLIE

(Points towards distant smoke)
Burned down like over there, your royal
parrotness sire.

INSERT: the distant columns of smoke from jungle clearing.

FLEABAG

Yeah, okay - so you come all this way to
get parrots for a pizza pie?

(Bad Cat shrugs: ???)

Don't you think you're confused, like
need some psychiatric help?

(Turns to Owl, sternly)

That was a joke. You guys are dumb -
and you are an owl! Owls are supposed
to be wise. What new wisdom do you have
to impart on all of this pizza nonsense?

OWLIE

I don't think we owls are born wise, Mr.
Fleabag sir - matter of fact I think I
have grown a more little more stupid
every day since I have been out of the
egg.

The decrepit, faded old parrot stares at the young owl:

FLEABAG

That is a very wise observation my young
owl friend.

(Turns to Bad Cat)

And you catface, this Hot Parrot Pizza
idea, where I did you come by it, hmm?

The circle of the parrots CLOSE IN ON BAD CAT.

BAD CAT

Bragging to a girl cat - sir.

(Whispered, with fear and respect.)

She said her favorite birds were
parrots, and I knew she liked pizza so I
thought well - make a new recipe - I was
trying to impress her, sir.

(Parrots almost in his face)

Old One-Eye - h-h-help!!

Old One-Eye MATERIALIZES wafting around Bad Cat:

OLD ONE-EYE

Wooooo-hoooo-ooooohhhh!

FLEABAG

Ghosts don't frighten parrots bub!

OLD ONE-EYE

Whoooo-oooo, is that right?

FLEABAG

Yeah, I have seen ghosts before! So who are you then, some kinda bogus Halloween dead cat impersonation? You look insipid in daylight, you know that? - You pallid spookless jerk Halloween Catwad!

OLD ONE-EYE

Halloween! Whadya you know about Halloween? You don't got no Halloween in the jungle you skuzzy old beak-freak! So whaddya you know about anything huh?

FLEABAG

I been around - I seen the world!

OLD ONE-EYE

Yeah, what were you, some kind of joke pirate's pet shoulder parrot.

FLEABAG

I ain't no pet. So go pet yourself, pal! I ain't no shoulder parrot either - I was a real circus parrot, but I escaped.

OLD ONE-EYE

Yeah, that right? Well, I'm ninety-two!

FLEABAG

So, you're dead - but I'm a hundred and twenty - and I'm alive.

OLD ONE-EYE

Yeah, well you look almost dead, you scruffy old featherbrain.

POLLY (GIRL PARROT)

But that's why great-granddad looks like an old fleabag - because he is so old.

FLEABAG

Shut up Polly - what do you guys want?

Owlie and Badcat are surrounded by A THICK CORDON OF STRANGELY QUIET AND INTIMIDATING PARROTS as they quietly confer:

OWLIE

What are we going to do? What will they do to us?

BAD CAT

Maybe Cat'n Owl Pizza is on the menu?

FLEABAG

(ENTERING, overhearing)

Nah, parrots don't eat animals - we only hunt nuts, fruits and shoots. Animals have a bad enough time as it is - not that we parrots mind cats and owls eating other animals of course, we respect Mother Nature's food chain.

(Bad Cat and Owlie relax)

Now you guys seem very bright, getting into the middle of the jungle and all -

OLD ONE-EYE

Bright? - well, our friend Trashcan can read maps and human writing. We've taken the stance that animals, both wild and domesticated, have been commercialized as pets and agribiz commodities.

FLABAG

That's a mouthful but I know what you mean - the destruction of the environment for commercial profits.

OLD ONE-EYE

Right! And do you have any idea how many millions of dollars humans spend on pet food every year - on dog food, cat food, bird foods - there's money in pets!

OWLIE

Don't forget birds! The Peregrine Falcon the world's fastest bird once inhabited most of the US is down to 325 pairs, the Brown Pelican has nearly had it too!

BAD CAT

Back in the cat department, the Margary, your little tree cat, is almost extinct; fur hunters and deforestation in Mexico to Argentina - and the Clouded Leopard is Asia declining has dangerously!

FLEABAG

You guys really know your stuff!

OLD ONE-EYE

I can go on and on; the Northern White Rhino in Africa, only about 30 survive - the Black Caiman Crocodile in the Amazon, largest predator in world, hunting has reduced it numbers 99% in past 50 years. The Green Sea Turtle, common once, now only 200,000 remain -

FLEABAG

Are you saying we parrots could stop them - do our part! What could we do?

BAD CAT

Blow up one of the human's big machines that are killing your jungle!

FLEABAG

Even if we knew how, it won't stop them.

BAD CAT

But it would be fun trying - - when they burned our little jungle down we came up with some ideas.

FLEABAG

Since when did animals become anarchists?

BAD CAT

Since Trashcan became addicted to pizza.

FLEABAG

You'd better start from the beginning...

- As they continue talking and plotting we FADE DOWN and

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING WORK SITE - SUNSET

The SHIFT HORN SOUNDS. The huge EARTH MOVING MACHINES stop work. The DRIVERS get down from their cabs and leave for the day with the other WORKERS.

BAD CAT

It's safe now - c'mon guys, lets do it.

Cat, owl and parrots SNEAK OUT from behind the PILE OF LUMBER and sneak UNDERNEATH THE HUGE EARTHMOVING TRACTOR:

FLEABAG

Are you sure you guys know what you are doing with all that technical stuff?

ONE-EYE

Sure. Trashcan got the idea on TV, then stole a laptop computer'n checked all the details on the internet, then gave me instructions. We stole this cable out of the store last night now all we gotta do is wire up the gas tanks.

FLEABAG

I don't believe it!

ONE-EYE

Trashcan wants the humans to regret they experimented on his brain - it'll work!

BAD CAT

Yeah. Everyone down! Fire in the hole!

THEY ALL DUCK except Fleabag, who is curious to watch:

CUT TO

RAPID INTERCUTS - A HUGE BLAST - The trucks EXPLODE SKYWARD! Fleabag is BLOWN BACKWARDS, at least his FEATHERS. He is STRIPPED NAKED, completely de-feathered, his BALD PINK BODY follows TO LAND IN A TREE!

BAD CAT

Where's Fleabag?

Cat, owl and parrots pop up to see FLEABAG ON BRANCH - he falls, hits ground in a SICKENING THUMP.

POLLY

Oh great-granddad, you're still alive!

MIX THROUGH

EXT. TREETOPS - DAY

The OLD, BALD PINK PARROT convalesces on a bed of leaves:

BAD CAT

I am so sorry Fleabag.

FLEABAG

It was my own fault, cat. Have a bite.

BAD CAT

No thanks, cat's don't eat fruit.

OWLIE

Some stubble you got there Fleabag.

FLEABAG

Itchy, it's my new feathers growin' in.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. TREETOPS - DAY

Fleabag is NAPPING IN THE SHADOWS - Bad Cat and Owlle ENTER.

BAD CAT

Fleabag, you a porcupine or a parrot?

Fleabag pulls himself up - he is covered in a LONG STALKS.

OWLIE

C'mon out Fleabag - your new feathers
need to dry in the sun.

The decrepit old parrot shuffles into the BRIGHT SUNSHINE - as
if ON CUE, 'POP' a long TAIL FEATHER unfurls - then POP-POP-
POP-POP, more new feathers follow!

BAD CAT

So cool! Just look at Fleabag! Wow!

Fleabag looks round at his new brightly colored tail GLEAMING
in the sunshine.

FLEABAG

(Joyously cawing with laughter)
Yes, they soon popped - it is hot today!

Attracted by the caws of excitement, the flock of Macaws ARRIVE
to WITNESS the METAMORPHOSIS. Fleabag flexes, straightens his
wings to help them along: POP-POP-POP-POP! Within seconds he is
TRANSFORMED into a DAZZLING EXOTIC MACAW just like his younger
fellow parrots.

OWLIE

Fleabag, now you have plumage truly fit
for king and you really do look like the
King of the Jungle - regal, majestic -

(As Fleabag proudly puffs his chest,
Owlle turns to the flock)

Good parrots - bow to your great leader!

PARROTS

(Chorus: bowing, bobbing, very happy)
Yay! Fleabag, King of the Jungle! Yay!

FLEABAG

(Thinks hard for a long second)
Okay, okay, cool it you guys - this was
meant to be - I was given this new
outfit - by Mother Nature - so I could
go back out in the world again.

A conspiratorial look passes between owl and cat:

OWLIE

Right! Strong new flight feathers you have there your royalness..

BAD CAT

Perfect for leading your Attack Parrots!

FLEABAG

What are you talking about Bad Cat! Parrots don't attack other creatures - we are friendly fruit and nut eating birds -

BAD CAT

(Interrupts)

Once, talking with One-Eye, he gave me some advice for a new lease of life -

ONE-EYE

(Materializing)

Whoooie-oo, someone call me?

BAD CAT

Just tellin' the parrot king here how your advice kinda helped me fight back.

FLEABAG

(Admiring his shiny new wing plumage)

Mmmm, well, I must admit that fighting back against the humans has given me a new lease on feathers.

ONE-EYE

And given me a new lease on being a ghost. I'm ready to take on the human scourge of the greenhouse effect to save animals.

BAD CAT

Yeah - save the planet for animals!

OWLIE

And you parrots can help - you can talk to humans when we fly home - serve as an interpreter for Bad Cat -

BAD CAT

But how do I get back, see my 'wings' -

(Stands on hind legs, extend 'arms'.)

- They ain't got no feathers!

CUT TO

EXT. THE MIGHTY JUNGLE - DAY

Rising from the treetops the birds set off - they are hauling a GONDOLA woven from leaves carrying Bad Cat.

FLEABAG

This is a good cruising altitude -
Parrot Squadron even out, fly straight.

As the birds obey,

MIX THROUGH

EXT. HIGH IN SKY - DAY

FLEABAG

Okay, Parrot Squadron - change places.

Fresh birds deftly slip into the harness and take the strain.

BAD CAT

Wow! The weather is perfect, not a cloud
in the sky - but - it smells like rain.

(One little FLUFFY WHITE CLOUD drifts past)
An' cats don't like getting wet.

OWLIE

Shall we turn back Fleabag?

FLEABAG

Perhaps we should land and find shelter.

CLOUDS SKITTER PAST as the birds begin to get blown around.

POLLY

Wow - a wind, a tail wind.

PARROT

This is great. We'll make great time.

OWLIE

But we don't want to go this way; we are
heading north, not west.

PARROT

Wow, that was a gust!

OWLIE

Oh no, a storm!

POLLY

What shall we do?

FLEABAG

(As the wind buffets them all)
Parrot Squadron close formation.

BAD CAT

A storm - I knew I smelled rain!

(The SKY DARKENS dramatically)
Don't drop me!

PARROT

We're done for - we will all drown.

FLEABAG

Parrot Squadron close around the cat.
Go with the wind, don't fight it, stay
on the thermals and keep calm - we can
fly through this!

DISSOLVE

EXT. BIRDS IN STORM - DAY

The TURBULENT RAIN lasts through the NIGHT in a SERIES OF SHOTS
until DAWN - when we find them all NEAR EXHAUSTION:

OWLIE

Finally, first light - where are we?

FLEABAG

(Looking around)
Completely lost - miles from anywhere.

BAD CAT

Maybe we can land and rest?

PARROT

Yeah - I am so weak.

POLLY

And my poor wings are falling off.

On that a SUDDEN GUST surprises the birds, Bad Cat topples,
FALLS from the sky, TUMBLING OVER AND OVER.

OWLIE

(Glances back)
Hey, we've dropped Bad Cat!

Sweeps his wings and goes into a SPECIAL OWL POWER-DIVE,

CUT TO

ANGLE ON BAD CAT: upside-down, limbs FLAILING:

BAD CAT

Meeee-owww-eeelll-helppp-hellllp!

OWLIE

Hold on - stop spinning your tail!

Using EXTENDED TALONS, Owlie grabs hard on Bad Cat's TAIL.

BAD CAT

Yeee-owwwll - my tail!

Owlie's wings FLAP WILDLY as AIR BRAKES giving the parrots just enough time to get beneath Bad Cat before they all hit water!

POLLY

Wow, strong wings Owlie!

BAD CAT

That was close - thanks Owlie. Hey, we are beneath the storm!

OWLIE

Land ahoy! We're saved! It's a group of islands - but - they're - moving?

FLEABAG

It's a school of whales - heading south.

CUT TO

CLIMAX - WHALE WAR!

EXT. WHALE - DAY

Fleabag swoops in, flies alongside the LEAD WHALE:

FLEABAG

Excuse me sir, would you mind if we rest on your backs for a while?

WHALE

(BIG, DEEP VOICE from beneath water)

Sure, be our guest; take a load off.

CUT TO

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The birds and cat RELAX on the whale's back, chat with the OTHER WHALES swimming alongside them.

BAD CAT

What's that out there on the horizon?

WHALE

Whaling ships.

LEADER WHALE

We are trying to outrun them - they have already killed three of our school.

OWLIE

But you guys are an endangered species!

WHALE

So what, and how would you know that?

BAD CAT

A long story, from my friend One-Eye -
you gotta fight back Mr. Whale, or die!

WHALE

Whales don't fight - we are pacifists.

ONE-EYE

(Materializing)

Whooooieooooie-ooo, you call me cat - hey
Mr. Whale, know how many of your people
have been slaughtered? - Billions!

WHALE

What do you know; you're only a ghost.

OLD ONE-EYE

Yeah? Well whale-brain, I was a ship's
cat once - I've seen the world!

WHALE

That right? I knew a ship's cat one
time, so I guess you could be okay.

BAD CAT

You're gonna be extinct if you don't
fight back, we can help you-

(A distant explosive BANG!)

What was that!?

2nd WHALE

Harpoon gun; probably the whalers caught
one of our seniors straggling behind.

CUT TO

CGI ENHANCED DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE: EXT. WHALING BOAT - DAY

The harpoon gun FIRES AGAIN, the cable snakes after it securing
the whale - the WHALERS mill around with glee, then PANIC!

JAPANESE WHALER CAPTAIN

(SUBTITLE as boat begins JOLTING)

We are under attack! Call for help!

As ROLLING DRAMATICALLY, the boat starts to HEAVILY LIST,

CUT TO

EXT. U.S. NAVY PACIFIC FLEET BATTLEGROUP - DAY

The carrier forges through the heavy swell - 2 PLANES TAKE OFF:

CUT TO

INT. CARRIER BRIDGE - DAY

SAILOR

Recon-strike aircraft launched sir.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Whaling fleet now on Infrared from
satellite feed sir.

All heads turn to the screens display above:

CAPTAIN

Impossible! The whalers are under
assault from over twenty submarines.

2nd COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

The subs are signaling to each other - I
know that whales sing sir, but?

CAPTAIN

But whales don't do synchronous
swimming! This is a coordinated military
attack - a variation of a maneuver
straight out of submarine warfare
textbooks - who can be behind this?

CUT TO

C.U. BAD CAT - DAY

REVEAL: five whales SURFACE BENEATH WHALING BOAT tipping it
over - soon the harpoon gun on the prow is SLIDING UNDERWATER.

BAD CAT

Next we take out their big factory ship!

OLD ONE-EYE

Hang on, I'll ask Trashcan for advice.

(Disappears for a few moments)

Use tame tactic, but more whales, and
come up only on the one side.

CUT TO

EXT. WHALING FACTORY SHIP FROM SKY - DAY

The NAVY AIRCRAFT arrive to see FORMATIONS OF WHALES come
speeding in like TORPEDOES JUST BENEATH THE WAVES, and

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Twenty whales come up at the same time, PUSHING UP ONE SIDE OF
THE SHIP'S HULL - as it almost tips over,

CUT TO

EXT. FACTORY SHIP - DAY

The huge creatures break surface beside the rocking ship:

BAD CAT

Again whales! Crash dive and try again!

Gathering their resolve the whales submerge, and

CUT TO

EXT. CIRCLING NAVY AIRCRAFT - DAY

The aircrew watch the whales regroup and come in again:

NAVY PILOT

They shouldn't have been hunting those whales - they've almost been hunted to extinction. This is highly illegal, and no one would ever have known, the whalers would have got away with it -

NAVY CO-PILOT

They didn't - this time sir, the whales fought back.

The factory ship KEELS OVER, TAKES WATER, CAPSIZES and begins to sink - the whales leap from the ocean jubilantly:

NAVY PILOT

Goodboy2 to Big Momma - arrived too late to assist whaling vessels, whales sank factory ship. Hey, throttle back - what is that? No, it can't be - parrots don't do precision formation flying - 'must be fifty parrots - in five ten-bird wings - and a transpo group - carrying - a cat?

RADIO

Goodboy2 come on home to Big Momma - a psych-unit is waiting on flight deck.

As the whales dive and swim down into the deep,

CUT TO

EXT. BIRDS IN SKY - DAY

The plane departs wiggling its wings..

ONE-EYE

North birds, we make land by nightfall!

Bad Cat, I have been saving some good news for you - our Veritable Jungle has sprung forth into a mighty weed kingdom once again - you have a home again!

FADE OUT

THE FINALÉ - HOT PARROT PIZZA

EXT. THE VERITABLE JUNGLE - DAY

Title: TWO MONTHS LATER - The vacant lot has grown back, albeit thinner, but the long grass and bushes are growing in.

PAN TO: Wak perched in the topmost branches looking out over the city; somewhat clumsily and breathlessly Trashcan ENTERS:

TRASHCAN

Wak, I'm amazed how you have managed to climb this tree every day.

WAK

Cats adapt Trash, you know that, I still have my rear claws - and I have to keep watch for Bad Cat. Are you sure he will be coming home tonight?

TRASHCAN

Yes, I told you Wak - I have it on good authority from One-Eye's ghost.

WAK

And Owlle too.

TRASHCAN

Yes, Owlle too - tonight!

CUT TO

EXT. THE LEAFY GLADE - NIGHT

All of the cats are gathered - Trashcan and Wak ENTER.

HAIRBALL

What are you doing here fat panther?

BLUE ANGEL

Don't be mean to Wak, Hairball, you are hardly thin yourself - not that I would dream of mentioning it for fear of offending you.

HAIRBALL

Wak has been spreading word that Bad Cat is coming back - with Parrot Pizza. We heard about his stupid promise to you.

Blue Angle turns, ignores Hairball - a SILENT BLUR RUFFLES HIS FUR - he ducks, spins as OWLIE LANDS WITHOUT CEREMONY.

BLUE ANGEL

(Delight)

Owlie - you're back!

Hairball looks stunned, then bristles:

HAIRBALL

(Dripping with sarcasm)

Wonderful - just like old times.

BAD CAT VO

Pizza delivery ma'am.

As all of the animals TURN,

CUT TO

BAD CAT (KEY ART IMAGE)- struggling in with a huge PIZZA PIE - it is filled with PARROTS, feet up and eyes closed:

BLUE ANGEL

(Happily)

Bad Cat - you're - you're home!

BAD CAT

Yes, with your Hot Parrot Pizza - just as I promised - just like you asked for!

BLUE ANGEL

(Suddenly angry)

I did not! I never actually asked you to go hunt parrots - that was your own stupid macho idea! You simply asked me which were my favorite birds and I told you - why did you go out and kill them?

Bad Cat's wide Cheshire cat falters only an instant:

BAD CAT

C'mon, try a bite - you won't get fresher than this.

Blue Angle is aghast, but the pizza is too much for Hairball:

HAIRBALL

(AWESTRUCK, inching closer, DROOLING)

Hot Parrot Pizza! Wow, you did it Bad Cat! - All these yummy parrots!

BLUE ANGEL

(Quietly, suspiciously)

So fresh they're still moving!

Hairball can't stop himself, bites:

PIZZA VOICE#1(FLEABAG)

Aggghh - my butt, someone bit my butt!

HAIRBALL

The pizza talks - what's going on here!

PIZZA VOICE#2

Yowl - my wing, it's cramping!

PIZZA VOICE#3

Don't do that! - You've got your claw in my beak you sleaze! It's too hot here!

PIZZA VOICE#1 (FLEABAG)

The pain - this cramp - can't keep still any more - and that furball bit my butt!

The pizza EXPLODES of a gusher of bright color as the parrots crash into the air SQUAWKING WITH RELIEF - Fleabag RETALIATES against Hairball - beneath them is a HUGE, PIZZA PIE CRUST.

BLUE ANGEL

Why, they are all alive! Bad Cat you did keep your promise - you did bring me a hot parrot pizza! You clever cat you.

(Turns to the birds as they settle)

Who are you guys?

FLEABAG

It's a very long story maam - but needless to say we are all truly good friends of Bad Cat.

BLUE ANGEL

Start at the beginning - we have all night - mmm, this piecrust is goood - where'd you steal it, Wholefoods?

The pretty cat and old parrot share a long moment, then all suspicion between felines and birds evaporates - Hairball looks on with jealousy as the cats and parrots begin to have fun:

FLEABAG

You've got a TV - and in the jungle too.

TRASHCAN

It's more than TV, it's a computer, I'm online; could use it as a telephone too.

FLEABAG

Mmm - you use it - so it works?

OLD-ONE EYE

'Course it works - howdya think Trashcan was able to hack in and steal all that info from the Navy to help the whales?

Blue Angel senses Fleabag isn't convinced:

BLUE ANGEL

Humans experiment on animals, and they got Trashcan when he was a kitten and experimented on his brain, so he can do that human technical stuff - he was a lab cat, poor dear - but he escaped.

FLEABAG

Really? I escaped from the humans too.

BLUE ANGEL

Yes, he escaped from the university and-

TRASHCAN

(Irritated)

- And became a pizza addict!

BLUE ANGEL

He doesn't like people talking about him, do you dear? He is so humble - but really Trashcan is the world's first animal Animal Rights Activist.

TRASHCAN

You make me sound noble; I only do it for the pizza.

FLEABAG

Hey, I'm interested - I got to see a lot of weird stuff when I was traveling around the world working for the humans as a shoulder parrot.

WAK

You were a shoulder parrot, wow!

TRASHCAN

(With sudden respect)

You mean you were a pet, but escaped?

FLEABAG

Yeah, kind of, but what happened to you?

TRASHCAN

I ran away from the lab and became a pizza addict on skid row - Old One-Eye found me, and I ended up here.

(Suddenly furtive)

You parrots can talk human - right?

FLEABAG

Right - speak any language you want.

TRASHCAN

That means you could order in pizza.

(Fleabag is bemused)

Like pepperoni, the whole works, extra cheese - on the telephone - just call in and get it delivered.

FLEABAG

'Guess we could do that - but we have more important things to discuss.

TRASHCAN

I discuss stuff better on a full stomach - a stomach full of pizza.

FLEABAG

But we can only talk human - we can't read human, like phone numbers - and we can't work the phone to make the order.

TRASHCAN

I can read human - I can work the phone.

BAD CAT

But how would we pay for the pizza?

OLD-ONE EYE

Put it on my credit card.

(They all look at him)

Being a ghost has its advantages - makes it easy to steal credit card numbers.

TRASHCAN

(Reaching for phone book)

Then the best pizza in town is mine!

BLUE ANGEL

You guys! We are presented with a great communications opportunity and all you can think about is conning free pizza!

BAD CAT

Well no, it means that we can talk directly to humans, about stuff other than pizza delivery - but I am hungry!

With Trashcan looking at pizza menu working the laptop, and all of the cats and birds intently watching over his shoulder,

MIX THROUGH

EXT. THE FINAL SCENE - NIGHT

The cats and parrots sit eating SURROUNDED BY PIZZA BOXES:

OLD ONE-EYE

Stop gobbling pepperoni and think for a second - this is highly illegal.

TRASHCAN

Now Old one-Eye's dead he's gone all philosophical on us all.

TRASHCAN

Who would ever suspect parrots of ordering pizzas? They were paid for, left at the front door. It's okay all the cruel criminal stuff they've done to us and one - one of the big Corporate Pizza companies man.

BAD CAT

(the Bad Cat's back, he's just stolen a pizza - set up on-going threat sophisticated crime

BLUE ANGEL

What's your name Strange name?

FLEABAG

(Holds up wing, it reflects light)

I looked like a fleabag before I met Bad Cat - all this flashy plumage is new. I looked kinda ratty before I lost all my feathers in an explosion that Bad Cat all new feathers grew in really, I'm old Yeah, I could get used to pizza.

PARROT

Me too.

BLUE ANGEL

How are you going to get home - is it a long flight?

FLEABAG

Two thousand miles.

PARROT

We don't have to leave - we have enough birds to start our own flock here

PARROT

Our mission isn't over

PARROT

We do like it here.

TRASHCAN

Just what we need - a bunch of big fat
pizza eating parrots prowling the skies.

FLEABAG

(Gets in trashcan's face)

You and me cat - we need to talk.

PARROT

You've really upset the Fleabag cat.

TRASHCAN

No - plot to The mentality of the ex-
pet, ex-domesticated animals who choose
to go feral and take a walk on the wild
side

The tips of their tails touch - they glint, they have other
things on their mind..

FADE OUT

THE END

- at least, for the time being -

CREDIT SEQUENCE The following snippets of material give a
flavor of the development potential of Bad Cat and his fellow
characters in follow-up executions of Ecology and Animal Rights
themes as the anarchist feline continues adventures dream
sequences when the appetite

The die has been cast for the subversive cat, owl and parrots
to mount combat missions against the exploitative humans with
savant Trashcan working the intelligence angle at home base
with the ghost running communications between them in the
ether. Travel world wide

A former lab-animal captive of neuro With the help of data and
resources he steals from the university He The Ghost has the
run of the ether showing taking date The parrots can mimic
Feminine wisdom