

"Ménage Aux Chats"

[Script]

Bryony Bingle

Editing
Notes

Arzlover

+52

+27

+8

budget

+13

-93

0

In The Cat House

128

1.0

500 x 500

"Getting Ready"

00 The story begins in a town neither big nor small,
Nothing eventful, nothing at all.
Here people lived at a pace rather slow
Never in a race, moved by ebb, drawn by flow
A suburban wasteland of the mundane
No compulsive behaviour – always the same
However there was one thing Brian really did know...
Was that these infernal cats had to go!

He spent his youth forcing himself into various departments of the arts,
But things always turned a little dark,
The teacher calling his parents for a talk,
About how they'd been watching him like a hawk,
They questioned his parents about life at home,
As he always seemed to sit alone
At break, at lunch, and in class, -
He didn't fit in with the mass -
Sweaty group of hormonal youths,
The art he depicted had no normal artistic truths
There was no beauty, love and happiness, but instead overbearing mothers,
Mentally scarred children, and, sometimes, sexually ambiguous lovers.

Next he tried the Academy of Sensationalist Talent,
Where he found some mental balance.
He also made his first friend Jim,
A functional connection where they went to the gym
And discussed the nutritional properties of gin... there was none.
But soon Jim was gone,
He died filming the struggles of an individual mosquito in a society
Where even Londoners are inflicted by a variety
Of a mozzy subculture in their underground
Death by malaria, how profound.
Here Brian could not refuse the dying wish of mosquito Jim,
To bestow on Brian his cat, a decision made on a whim
Instead of Jim's frail old mother,
Alas! Brian did not shudder,
Accepting ownership of this small Bengal cat,
All because of one tiny gnat!

"Great Cats by"

:50

Brian did not know the name of his new pet,
 He didn't feel the need to take it to the vets,
 He knew it had a constant need to wet its little paws
 And curl up in his bedroom drawers.
 He did not know the sex
 Or the exact age of that simple little feline that vexed
 His usually complicated and tortured thoughts
 And pleasures of cheese, wine and lemon torte.
 Still this cat hadn't a name or a gender
 He thought it small, slight and slender
 With the definition of a clouded leopard
 A personality a little shrouded, often staring like a shepherd
 Without sheep,
 And then it would fall asleep
 What is this kitty? This tiger? Not a Mittens,
 Or a Whiskers, he hoped it wouldn't have kittens,
 One mouse catcher was enough,
 His clothes forever covered in fluff,
 When humans came for dinner and all he could offer
 Was a tin of tuna, litter and a furrball cougher,
 Or simply a sleeping cat on your lap,
 In every door a perfectly placed cat flap
 Every morning, brought a dead rat
 He couldn't be that guy with six cats!

Yoga

In life, he felt, he never truly made a start,
 When it came to dating and falling in love, he never really got that part,
 As he forever lived under the thumb of his thumb-less cat and it's purring heart.
 Always the understudy, never the lead,
 His life mainly consisted of morning feeds,
 Or the mid-evening munch,
 Never talking business at lunch,
 Or taking holidays or weekend city escapes,
 Because his heart would simply break
 To leave his cat alone
 With the cattery owner who looked like Sylvester Stallone,
 With a mole on her lip with one stray hair
 An attribute he really wished wasn't there
 Uncomfortably, trying not to stare,

Jump cut
 to show
 time passing
 /communicate
 the events

His gaze fixed on that one thick, long black hair.
 It was only in the cat Brian placed his trust,
 The only creature he'd fuss
 Great Catsby, the cat was named,
 A cat so gentle, he could not be blamed
 For adoring the feline
 When the city, the sound, the overcrowded skyline
 And the overwhelming pressure of a sociable society
 Caused him to tremble and bring bouts of anxiety,
 A crushing sensation that was only solved
 Only comforted by a cat he could easily hold.

So he moved to a town that was neither big nor small
 Nothing went on there, nothing at all
 He never had to race or move with the ebb or be drawn by the flow
 Here he could live at a pace rather slow
 And live in this suburban wasteland of the mundane
 No compulsive behaviour - everyday the same
 He could work on his pastiche of art or film or a book or whatever,
 And here he could live happily forever...

And what is this? Where did this moggy come in?
 The doors and windows are all locked from within,
 And the blood began ringing in his ears,
 He was becoming the man he always feared.
 All the cats will flock to his house alone,
 The only sound you could hear was the rumbling moan
 Straight from his ten cats. But no, he wasn't quite there,
 It wasn't more than he could bear,
 This cat was quite friendly and rather pretty -
 Such a beautiful face, oh, Brian fell in love with this kitty,
 His heart trembled like a double bass - a princess he would treat her,
 She being purebred would obviously concur,
 A best friend she became, she'd sit on his lap all day,
 And purr and be stroked, her tail would dangle and sway
 To the rhythm of his heart until she'd fall asleep,
 He'd place her down and away he would creep,
 Leaving Cleocatra to her docile slumber
 Only ever waking at the sound of thunder

And on that one fateful night the thunder did roar,
 The lightning did flash, like a dramatic score,
 Cleocatra was lost...Where would she be?
 Cat with eyes bright blue and fur so silky
 Great Catsby took refuge under the table,
 She wont be outside, she wouldn't have been able,
 She'd been sick at the time, she couldn't have gone far,
 He then came across a door slightly ajar,
 And there the cat lay,
 Breathing heavily, barely able to say,
 One meow or even a purr,
 Cause there was a kitten buried deep within her fur.
 She was pregnant? How did he not know?
 He thought she was getting fat, not starting to show
 But who got her pregnant? A house cat was she,
 It must've been that genderless Great Catsby,
 As he pointed the finger,
 His thoughts did linger,
 That this kitten was white,
 So maybe it was that night,
 She climbed into the house,
 Quieter than a mouse,
 That she was escaping some purebred treachery,
 The thoughts of inter-family lechery
 Sending shivers down his spine,
 Forcing him closer to his beloved family feline.

It had been several months from that date,
 When Cleocatra had given birth to his third soul mate,
 Sir Pussington, he called him, ended up hand reared,
 He had not become the man he admittedly feared,
 No-one came round, no-one not ever,
 He thought himself rather clever,
 Never dealing with human issues or strange behaviours,
 These cats were his saviours,
 Key to a pure and simple life,
 He had no quarrel, no strife,
 He adapted and became more like a cat,

Cat "porn"
 ↓
 Cat video



He stared out of windows, in strange places he sat,
He enjoyed the bathtub but without the water,
And when he walked, he would saunter
When on the bed he'd curl up like a ball,
And pretend there were no outside, no curiosity at all.
Some days he'd manage to provide sustenance for his kindle,
But food for himself soon did dwindle,
He noticed he was getting quite thin,
It had been almost ten months since he'd been to the gym,
But who needed treadmills, weights and protein shakes,
When all you needed was a soft purr to wake,
To get you up and start your day with a sachet,
Of beef, or chicken or fish fillet ...

Preparing
~~Eating~~ Sandwich 5
+

ONE LONG SHOT
ROCKY 'Egg' scene

He spread it on toast, just like paté!

The story began in a town neither big nor small,
Nothing eventful ever happened to Brian, nothing at all.
Brian lived in a pace rather slow
Never raced, moved by ebb, or drawn by flow
He wasn't part of the suburban wasteland of the mundane,
"He exhibits strange behaviours" the neighbours complained,
However there was one thing Brian really did know,
Was that these infernal cats had to go!

z; 25 He began picking at the fur from his sweater,
It was the first of the steps to making him better,
He pushed off the cat lying dormant on his lap,
Outraged, it yowled, disturbed from its nap.
He trembled like a volcano about to erupt,
His mind felt poisoned and incredibly corrupt
Were these cats, he finally did see,
He screamed and wailed and fell to his knees,
The cats circled as if he were their kill
A behaviour he remembered, a behaviour to thrill
Him right to the core and the memories splattered,
His ears began ringing, his reality shattered,
That these cats were the beginning and end to his story,
Gruesome death of a man, incredibly gory,

mental collapse

As Great Catsby looked into his eyes,
He remembered the truth; he unravelled his lies,

That Brian brutally skinned poor Jim alive!

Brian remembered the sound as the blade dug in,
Into Jim's flesh, deep into Jim's skin
Cause all Brian wanted was to go to the gym,
And discuss the nutritional properties of gin,
Just for once, just to be informal,
Instead of the monster, this man abnormal,
He remembered Jim's screams, when the wail grew thin,
He remembered the silence, as Death slipped in
And when he looked up, everything was still,
Including the cat sitting on Jim's windowsill.
How long had it been there? What had it seen?
It looked into his soul and licked its paws clean.
He took all the evidence, including the cat,
Then left in a hurry, the blood sodden flat.

0

Psychedelic cat sequence
room spin
overlap with face
Slow down breathing face

30

overlapping cat face to
Combo with Brian
"Cat + Brian becoming one"

As he left Jim's apartment, in blood he was soaked
He bumped into Jim's mother and he went for her throat
As soon as she noticed the cat in his arms,
And before she could even raise an alarm,
She fell to the floor, hitting her head
He checked her pulse, made sure she was dead
As Great Catsby was his cat now,
(It was easy taking the life of a homophobic cow.)

He swooped up the corpse and was out the front door,
Into his car, pedal to the floor,
Glancing at the cat who stared straight back,
He shivered, then, strangely began to laugh,
Politely he drove her corpse to her lair,
Where he dropped her body from atop the stair,
Taking a tumble and breaking her bones
Evidence showing she died at home, all alone,
In strolled her cat that he immediately adored,
He already stole one cat, what was one more?

overlap walking down
stair + ~~at~~ the
bottom

Great Catsby for the brown one, it was Jim's favourite book
And for the other cat he impulsively took,
Cleocatra he called her, such a regal name,
A beautiful trophy from his murderous game.

1-30

In a life of such horror, misery and woe,
He realised that these cats were all he had to show,
Of a normal existence, it was all that he had,
The only thing daily that would make him glad,
The only beings that understood his soul,
And the only thing that calmed him when the darkness took control,
He needed these cats, and they needed him,
They didn't need normal people like Jim
Or his mother, there would be no others
To separate Brian and his cats from one another.

He looked at the clock; it was time for dinner!
Tuna fish or chicken liver?
But as Brian sat up a pain shot through his torso,
He looked down to see all his life had to show,
His cats gathered round him, licking their lips,
As Sir Puss, Cleo and Catsby tucking into his hips,
As they grazed on his flesh like a lamb for the slaughter,
The only thing that came across his thoughts were,
What goes around, comes around, I suppose this is normal,
And what he did to these cats was truly awful,
He took their families and homes, and ate all their food,
Brian hadn't realised that he was completely screwed,
When they went for his wrists and then for his neck,
Brian's life had always been a bit of a shipwreck,
A deluge of disappointment, disarray and distress,
It was only at this point his sins he confessed,
And as his vision went blurry and his mind fogged,
He said with his last gasp: "I wish I had a dog."