

FELINE

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TITLE: HOW TO TRAP A FELINE

CLOSE - HAND INSIDE COAT POCKET

CLOSE - FEET, WALKING WITH ANTICIPATION

CLOSE - HAT, OLD FASHION DETECTIVE HAT, BEING ADJUSTED

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

They call me Mr.Felix. or by the moniker, The Trapper. I'm what they call a bounty hunter.

CLOSE - HAND PULLS OUT PIC OF FELINE,

A gorgeous woman in a CAT SUIT. She looks dangerous, sexy, like she'd do anything to crush you.

CUT TO CLOSER SHOTS of this picture to emphasize THE WOMAN.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

You see, I'm paid a bounty, or a premium if you will, offered by a client to capture and deliver an individual, this one goes by the name of THE FELINE. Strange name, sure, but that means nothing to me. I deliver live bodies to clients. The names are irrelevant.

WIDE SHOT OF DETECTIVE

WE SEE HIM, partially. This is SHOT IS WIDE, not revealing his face, but his body. It's very DARK.

NOTICE, his FLASH LIGHT... one of TWO SOURCES of LIGHT. The other being his CIGARETTE.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

This particular damsel is 5"8, 135 lbs, 24 years old, brunette. Deadly combat skills, such as but not limited to...

(the way he pronounces the following should be far off)

... Judo, Jiu Jitsu, Tae Kwan Do, Hap Ki Do and Khmer Kick Boxing.

REVEAL HIS FACE

MR.FELIX has done it all, seen it all. His face is the mask of life experiences -- trauma, divorce, death in the family, some happiness, but mostly pain, and most of all, loneliness; this is a man who works to avoid asking the real questions.

Like any hardcore detective types. He was probably once a cop - or worked for the government in some capacity.

WE REVEAL He's walking inside a WAREHOUSE. With CRATES piled everywhere.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

So, how did I trap this "The Feline," you're asking yourself. Wisdom. I'm a 45-50 year old man. I've lived through Nam, Nixon, Aids, the Star Wars Program, Bush Senior and Junior, September 11th, cordless phones, wireless phones, car phones and smart phones. I've been divorced twice. I have 4 illegitimate children. Two dogs (one at the vet). A mortgage the size of my prostate.

WE BEGIN TO HEAR the SOUND of CHAINS. A struggle, a constant CLINKING of CHAINS...

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

I can trap a sorority sister on a Daddy vendetta.

THE TRAP

MR.FELIX arrives at the CONTRAPTION. Which we can't clearly see. It's a CRATE, much like the other crates. But this one is trembling from the person inside struggling to get free.

MR.FELIX

What's the matter? Daddy can't come to rescue?

MR.FELIX crushes his cigarette. Lights up a new one.

THE CRATE stops moving. WE HEAR the woman inside, she's COUGHING.

THE FELINE

You stupid old man. Don't know you know nicotine will kill you?

MR.FELIX laughs.

MR.FELIX

2 packs a day since I was 17.
Still going strong, sweetheart.

INSIDE THE CONTRAPTION

WE SEE THE FELINE. She is more gorgeous than the picture. A sinewy, feral woman, arms chained on each side. Unable to cover up her face from the nicotine smoke. Coughing.

THE FELINE

Two packs a day? Are you crazy?

MR.FELIX

That's what my first ex-wife always asked me, baby.

THE FELINE

Each cigarette contains 4,000 chemicals that releases rogue cells inside your lungs that deprives oxygen and over years, mutates into cancers cells that eats through your chest until there's a hole inside and kills you very, very slowly. When was the last time you had a check up, old man?

MR.FELIX

Begins to looks worried. He tosses his new cigarette, stomps on it. Then, coughs himself.

MR.FELIX

I'm not going to listen to no young broad with some fancy liberal arts degree! You're trapped, and I outsmarted you. Now, we're going to wait for the cavalry and I'm going to collect on your ass. Ha, ha, ha.

He reaches into LONG COAT and PULLS OUT a DIET SODA, which he CLICKS open. CA-CHUCK!

You can hear the SUDS ECHO all over like in a COMMERCIAL. The sounds have to make you want a soda yourself.

He takes a GULP -- glook, glook, glook -- and gasps in the REFRESHMENT.

MR.FELIX (CONT'D)

You're a thief. And you stole from the wrong people.

(MORE)

MR.FELIX (CONT'D)
 That diamon is a fake. But that
 trap is real and you fell for it.
 You hear that music.

WE HEAR SIRENS from afar.

MR.FELIX (CONT'D)
 That's my favorite song.

He takes another GULP from his DIET SODA. Aaaaahhhh.

THE FELINE (V.O.)
 Is that diet soda?

MR.FELIX
 Yes it is, sweetheart. And you
 aint getting any. Not a one drop.
 Aaaahhh.

THE FELINE (V.O.)
 I don't want any of that poison.
 The only thing more deadly than
 cigarettes is diet soda.

MR.FELIX
 It says "diet" on it, baby. Can't
 you read. You got all these skills
 but you can't read no four letter
 word.

MR.FELIX gulps more of his DIET SODA.

THE FELINE (V.O.)
 Your grammar is really horrible,
 Sir, but I digress... I'm more
 worried about your health. The
 soda instury inserts the word
 "diet" precisely to trick into
 drinking its product.

MR.FELIX
 Shut up!

THE FELINE (V.O.)
 Do you suffer from chronic
 depression?

MR.FELIX
 Shut your mouth, sweetheart, or
 I'll shut it for you!

MR.FELIX looks ill. Sweating. Walking backwards, away from
 the CRATE, where THE FELINE is speaking from.

Meanwhile, the SIRENS are growing LOUDER and LOUDER.

THE FELINE (V.O.)
Your beverage contains artificial
sweeteners, which pollutes the
cleansing organs - your liver,
kindeys and pancreas - with
mutagens.

MR.FELIX
WHAT THE HELL ARE MUTAGENS!

THE FELINE

She continues explaining calmly, like a teacher about the
sodas. Her voice is calming and motherly. Not at all
threatening. He can't help but hear her.

THE FELINE
Aspartame, sorbitol, sucralose or
saccharin, otherwise known as

MR.FELIX

Sees the INGREDIENTS on his DIET SODA can and tosses it away
in panic. WE HEAR it SPILL.

THE FELINE (V.O.)
Equal, Splenda, Nutrasweet, Sweet-n-
Low. They infect your blood with
synthetic carcinogens, which is
never released from your body!

THE FELINE

Speaks to him with even more conviction.

THE FELINE
This causes central nervous system
disorders and makes you hungrier -
and depressed because you want to
eat all the time!

MR.FELIX

Collapsed. In his coat, we notice a vareity of different
snacks. All of which, he was going to eat tonight. He looks
depressed - and COUGHS too

MR.FELIX
SHUT UP, SWEETHEART!

THE FELINE (V.O.)

I ask you again, when was the last
time you had a check up?

He PULLS OUT his GUN and darts into

THE CRATE

Even though he's the one with THE GUN, THE FELINE looks calm
and like she wants to help him.

THE FELINE

You haven't had a check up in
years, have you?

He cocks his gun like he's going to shoot her.

MR.FELIX

I lost my medical insurance after I
left the force. So what? Now, I
do this for a living. And you're
going away for a long time, while I
collect and relax in Acapulco.

THE FELINE

But, your lung, liver, kindeys and
pancrease could all be failing you.
You could be gone tomorrow or in
five minutes. You may never make
it to Acapulco.

The SIRENS are getting very, very loud.

THE FELINE (CONT'D)

I can give you a check up right
now. Just release one of my hands.
I have a Phd. You can check my
files.

MR.FELIX

Ha, ha, ha, now I know your full of
it. No 24 year old broad has a
Phd.

THE FELINE

I'm 34!

MR.FELIX

(scowls)

Oh.

THE FELINE

I'm a practicing physician. Looks
at my files.

MR.FELIX double checks her files. Since she is indeed 34 and
has DOCTORATE IN MEDICINE from BERKLEY.

MR.FELIX

You're 34. You look incredible.
My second ex-wife looked nothing
like you at 34.

THE FELINE

Because she smoked and drank diet
soda. Just like you.

MR.FELIX

(realizes)

She's sick all the time. She
drinks a six pack of that stuff
every day.

MR.FELIX unlatches her left hand. But keeps the gun on her.

MR.FELIX (CONT'D)

I'm freeing your left. I know
you're a righty. See, you won't
outsmart this old man.

THE FELINE

Of course. I'm just trying to save
your life.

THE FELINE inches toward his chest.

THE FELINE (CONT'D)

Uh huh.

Then, SHE feels PULSE on his wrist.

THE FELINE (CONT'D)

Hmmmm.

MR.FELIX

What is it?

She puts her hand on his chest.

THE FELINE

Heh.

MR.FELIX

What Doc? Tell me.

THE FELINE

I have to check one more area to be sure.

She reaches for his BALLS.

THE FELINE (CONT'D)

I'm a doctor. I have to.

But she does this without looking. Him too. He looks away. This is when she rapidly reaches for his keys.

Tosses to HER OTHER HAND. The right.

With THE LEFT. She SLUGS his NUTS.

NOTE: UPON each HIT, we SEE the WORDS superimposed.

TWACK!!!

Then she HAMMERS his chest.

BAM!!!

The, his THROAT.

GLAAAAP!!!!

He goes down.

OUTSIDE THE CRATE

We see the SHADOW of MR.FELIX and THE FELINE about to attack each other.

MR.FELIX

Why you naughty feline, you think I'm scared of you. Just because you struck my neck, solar plexus and testicles?

THE FELINE

That's right.

They go at it. WE SEE THE CRATE RUMBLE. And the following LETTERS GO WILD superimposing each other.

TWACK! - DONG! - BING!- KA-CHING! - DANG! - WOW! - YES!

LAST SCENE

THE CRATE

Suddounded by AUTHORITIES. Sirens lights glowing in the b.g.
A HAND reaches in and opens it.

They find MR.FELIX, crumpled on the ground, bleeding and
bruised, but smiling. Why?

MR.FELIX

She gave me a clean bill of health.
I don't have cancer. I don't have
cancer.

END OF EPISODE