

TALES OF AN ALLEY CAT

written by

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EXT. STREETS - SMALL TOWN - MORNING

a small, green cricket sips water from a street gutter.

rubber tires squeel past, almost running the cricket over. on the bicycle is a human-like black cat. The cat hauls a cart, attached at the rear. the cart is full of water and fish.

A fish sloshes out and plops down beside the cricket. He doesn't notice. It rides away.

Cricket sniffs the fish-

YUCK!

Cricket hops away.

ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

An old, homeless, alley-cat named AJ directs his attention at the fish.

He lifts himself onto his bare paws. he dashes towards the fish.

He picks it up.

He flips the fish over, to reveal the other side of it is completely missing, eaten by bugs.

Annoyed, he rolls his eyes. he takes a bite.

AJ scarfs down the fish through TITLE CREDITS and-

TITLE CARD: TALES OF AN ALLEY-CAT

AJ belches so loud people across the street react in disgust. he smirks.

His stomach rumbles; still hungry.

He heads the same direction the black cat just went.

FADE OUT

TOWN MARKET - DAY

An array of vendors are lined up side-by-side. all of them wear nice, shiny suits with long, slicked-back hair. They sell cat delicacies like: fish, homemade shampoos, cat nip, etc.

He approaches a fish vendor/stand. A chalk board menu reads:
FRESH TROUT \$5.

He digs in his pocket, and pulls out some junk: a few coins,
a button, and some lint.

AJ bows his head and sadly walks away.

He walks to another vendor selling fish; vendor 2 waves him
away.

To no avail, AJ leaves.

He limps along the sidewalk, passing many store fronts;
mostly closed and abandoned.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

A sign on the door reads: no shoes, no shirt, no service.

A fat customer glares at him from inside. AJ walks away.

STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

He kicks an aluminum can along the sidewalk.

Another biker flies by hauling a cart.

It turns only inches away from AJ, basically cutting him off.

The biker rides into the entrance of a nearby TUNA PACKING
FACTORY.

TUNA PACKING FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Biker hops off. He approaches the front door.

AJ watches. The biker enters, and AJ keeps walking, but keeps
his eyes glued to the factory.

He notices large trash barrels used for factory dump.

The trash barrels sit a few feet from a large retractable
garage door, sitting ten feet high, on the back end of the
factory. The door is open and a factory employee stands there
with a slimy metal bucket.

Factory employee grabs another bucket, full of chopped-up
fish parts.

He tosses the remains into the large trash barrel.

Some bits and crumbs fall below, between the factory and barrels.

The crumbs fall into the mouths of homeless cats begging for food below.

When full, a trash truck hauls the waste away.

ANOTHER ALLEY WAY - LATER

AJ is face first in a large trash can. Only his feet are sticking out.

He falls in.

He retrieves a snack cake— still sealed!

He smiles from ear to ear. He rips it open.

He savors the snack cake, only taking tiny bites.

AJ hears a door open. And quickly directs his attention across the alley way.

An old lady exits the back of her brick business building; a yarn shop. She holds a large box.

She approaches the trash can.

AJ hides in the corner.

She struggles, but eventually tosses the box into the trash can.

She goes back inside.

AJ digs through the box— it's only string and yarn. He is disappointed.

He stares at the box when suddenly, an idea...

He digs through the box, until he finds a thin but durable string. The spool is halfway empty. He grabs it.

AJ hops out of the trash can.

He scurries through the alley-way, picking up every stick he passes. He measures and weighs them by hand.

He finds one.

AJ begins creating something.

He's excited about his invention— a fishing pole.

POND - LATER

He sleeps along the bank, with the fishing pole lodged in between his thighs.

He dreams:

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

--He catches a lot of fish, he becomes rich.

--Vendors are jealous of his newfound success at the Town Market.

--He buys himself new clothes, and new shoes--

A YANK wakes him up.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

He pulls the fishing pole, begins reeling.

He reels more, and more...

...and some more.

The line never comes to an end, and appears to be of infinite length.

He never gets the fish; only a bawled up mess of fishing line behind him and his homemade fishing pole.

LATER

The sun sets. Eventually, he gets tired and gives up.

He stares at the ball of line and at the fishing pole, and back and forth.

Suddenly, an idea.

He finds the end of the line and neatly starts wrapping it around nearby sticks and stones.

He creates spools out of the new magical fishing line.

He begins reeling in more line again.

A magical, mechanical, spool-spinning machine appears behind AJ. The line is fed behind and through the machine and it creates tightly spun spools.

He reels through the night.

He wheels the spool-spinning machine away, into the dark night.

TOWN MARKET - NEXT MORNING

It's not very crowded but the same sellers from last week are present.

AJ appears, he stands at the entrance of the "Town Market," holding a large cardboard box.

He walks to an empty vendor stand.

He lays the cardboard box under the table.

One by one, he places the homemade spools along the table top.

Vendors watch.

After removing every spool, he folds the box up into a rectangle sign.

He grabs a pen, and writes: HOME-MADE SPOOLS \$2, on the folded up cardboard, and places it on the table beside the spools.

He sits down in the chair.

A group of locals line up at his table, waving money over head.

FADE OUT.

THE END