

SAVE THE CAT

Written by

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September 12, 2024

EXT. DYSTOPIAN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The scorching sun beats down on a desolate landscape. The ruins of what was once Los Angeles stretch as far as the eye can see - the Hollywood sign tilts precariously on a barren hill, palm trees stand like charred sentinels, and the twisted metal of the 405 freeway snakes through the wasteland.

KRISTA (early 30s), a Korean-American woman with fierce eyes and sun-weathered skin, moves cautiously through the wreckage. Her armor, a patchwork of scavenged materials, includes a faded Dodgers cap and remnants of LAPD body armor.

At her side, connected by a long leather leash, walks her scrappy orange tabby cat, BOO, wearing a metal-studded collar that glints in the harsh sunlight.

Krista pauses, her eyes narrowing at an oddly arranged pile of debris. A glint of metal peeks out from beneath, too clean to be accidental.

KRISTA
(softly, to the cat)
What do you think?

Boo's ears perk up, and lets out a low GROWL, confirming Krista's suspicions.

KRISTA (CONT'D)
Think you're right, girl.

She carefully sidesteps what's most likely a trap, her eyes scanning the surroundings. Suddenly, her posture tenses.

KRISTA (CONT'D)
Hear that, Boo?

Without warning, two BANDITS emerge from behind a rusted-out car. The uglier one levels a dusty shotgun at Krista.

BANDIT 1
(sneering)
Well, well. Where you think you're going, cat lady??

BANDIT 2
How'd she spot the trap?

KRISTA
(calmly)
Is that what it's supposed to be?

BANDIT 2
(eyeing the cat)
Looks like dinner to me. Haven't
even any mammal besides rat in
months.

Krista's eyes narrow, but she remains calm.

KRISTA
You don't want any part of this.

The bandits LAUGH, not taking her seriously.

BANDIT 1
And why's that, sweetheart?

Krista's lip curls slightly at the condescension.

KRISTA
(To the cat)
Off.

To the bandits' surprise, the cat immediately raises its left paw and, with a practiced motion, removes its studded collar.

BANDIT 1
Cool trick. Does she roll over?

In a lightning-fast move, Krista grabs the leather leash, now a makeshift whip with the metal studs as a deadly tip.

She cracks it once in the air - a warning.

KRISTA!
Last chance.

BANDIT 1 fires, but Krista's already moving.

She dodges the shot and lashes out with her improvised weapon!

The studded tip catches Bandit 1's hand, making him drop the shotgun with a cry of pain!

Bandit 2 rushes her, but Krista's ready. She sidesteps, using the bandit's momentum against him.

As he stumbles past, she wraps the leash around his ankle and pulls, sending him crashing to the ground.

With precise, brutal efficiency, Krista subdues both bandits. They lie groaning on the ground as she calmly retrieves the cat's collar.

KRISTA
That's my Boo.

She kneels and gently replaces the collar on her beloved cat.

Then, methodically, she searches the bandits, taking their supplies - water, ammunition, a knife.

KRISTA (CONT'D)
Next time, you fuckers listen when
someone tells you 'no'.

Krista stands, adjusting her newfound supplies.

With a gentle tug on the leash, she and the cat continue their journey across the wasteland.

As they walk away, the camera pans up to the sky, and the title fades in:

"SAVE THE CAT"