

MY CAT ON TINDER

Written by

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Characters:

James: 40 year old man

Shaanti: cat

Catherine: 40 year old woman

Narrator

The actual Shaanti cat:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CUgBPgh35I4>

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INT. JAMES BEDROOM - NIGHT

JAMES WHISTLER, a handsome forty-year-old film editor, sleeps in his luxurious bedroom. In the far side of the room glows the screens of his computer, on which he is editing a major Hollywood action film.

James's calico cat SHAANTI jumps into the bed and cuddles up with him.

SHAANTI

Purr.

James is happy to see his cat and he cuddles up to her.

The cat is very joyful, playfully rolling around on her back for her master.

JAMES

Shaanti, I've had lots of wonderful cats. But you are the best ever.

Shaanti now speaks in English, like a human.

SHAANTI

Dipshit. Get out of bed.

JAMES

Your food bowl is full, you slinky little free feeder. Or do you want that Chicken Florentine wet food again? It's only three AM.

SHAANTI

Numb nuts, if you ever expect to get laid and have children, get out of bed. Now!

JAMES

That again. I've had it with those bimbo eruptions. Why can't I just be a happy Cat Daddy and play with you. Those bitch witches were driving me crazy.

SHAANTI

I signed you up for Tinder and Plenty Of Fish. There are some hot numbers on those sites that could sit on your face and make you happy forever. And if you suffocate, at least you'll die happy.

JAMES

Why don't you get on Plenty of Fish?

SHAANTI

I was already on Plenty Of Dogs last week. I met this alpha dog German Sheppard from the Upper West Side. We're going butt sniffing together in Central Park tomorrow.

JAMES

Well I'm more of a breast man myself. But whatever makes you happy.

SHAANTI

Get the fuck out of bed, you loser. You need to swipe right, my man. Or else you'll have blue balls until the end of time.

JAMES

That's an old wives tale about the blue balls. It's more like pink balls.

SHAANTI

Get out of bed, my man. We need to get you hitched up with some grade A booty call, that you can marry and make ecstatically happy forever.

JAMES

Do I have to?

SHAANTI

Do I have to bitch slap you? I'm a female cat, so technically I am a an actual, literal bitch. And since you never had me spayed, I am definitely in heat. As are those Tinder floozies just waiting for a "foot massage" from your magic fingers.

JAMES

The technical term for a female cat is "queen", not "bitch". Anyway, I need to work. This film isn't going to edit itself.

James gets out of bed and sits at the film editing computer in his bedroom.

The glamorous on screen action hero shoots a stinger missile into the bad guy's car. The sexy bikinied costar rushes up to our hero and French kisses him.

SHAANTI

You need a girl like that. But with brains. And smaller boobs.

JAMES

Why do they need to be smaller?

SHAANTI

Another suffocation hazard.

JAMES

You're pretty pushy.

SHAANTI

I'm a cat. That's my job.

JAMES

Do you think that this film will do well? The director has three Oscars and has been married six times.

SHAANTI

He's been married to the latest one for twenty years.

JAMES

The sixth times the charm!

SHAANTI

You really need to start swiping, my man. You have to kiss lots of frogs until you meet your Calico.

JAMES

Okay. My Oscar can wait.

James switches the computer to a dating website. James checks out the offerings.

SHAANTI

What about that one? She's cute.

JAMES

It says that she's allergic to cats.

SHAANTI

Okay, move on.

JAMES

This one's another possibility.  
Beautiful face, a Ph D. In gender  
studies. Nice rack.

SHAANTI

But she says that she hates cats.

JAMES

It figures. All adds up. Swipe  
left.

SHAANTI

This one looks nice. Says that you  
must love dogs and cats. Ph D. In  
nuclear physics. She looks like  
Kate Upton.

JAMES

But she's in Siberia. I do NOT want  
another one of those skanky mail  
order brides. Do you know how much  
money I wasted on Russian lessons?

SHAANTI

Nyet.

JAMES

It was around the national debt of  
Poughkeepsie.

SHAANTI

Keep swiping dude. And rub my head.  
I love that.

JAMES

You're the only one who loves me.  
The only one that I can trust.

SHAANTI

But I'm a cat. You need one of your  
own kind.

JAMES

I contacted Monsanto about cloning  
the two of us into one hybrid  
organism. But they said that they  
were a little too busy developing  
their next GMO terminator seed.

SHAANTI

That's a myth.

JAMES

Whatever. But I did go on a date with their head research scientist.

SHAANTI

You mean Dr. Natasha? She was hot. What happened to you two?

JAMES

We went ice skating at Rockefeller Center. She copped a feel of my "package" in the Men's Room.

SHAANTI

Kinky! What was she doing in the Men's Room?

JAMES

Transgender.

SHAANTI

You can pick 'em. GMO.

JAMES

So I asked whether she had a sister.

SHAANTI

And?

JAMES

Still on probation.

SHAANTI

For what?

JAMES

Gun running.

SHAANTI

So what is the deal with you? I know that you love me and all of your great pet cats over the decades. But you need a wife. Someone that can compliment your oh so beautiful relationship with me, the world's best feline.

JAMES

I thank the heavens every day that I wake up with you.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

God was in a very good mood when He invented cats. Especially slutty ones like you.

SHAANTI

I'm in heat. What do you expect? Anyway, you are the ultimate Cat Whisperer. A special breed.

JAMES

You cats aren't hard to understand. Give you guys a full body massage everyday and you are a human's love slave forever.

SHAANTI

I love you too. In a self serving, narcissistic way.

JAMES

Don't fool yourself. The love of a cat is pure.

SHAANTI

Whatever.

JAMES

You don't love me?

SHAANTI

Us dogs and cats evolved so that we can only be deeply happy with humans. I was six weeks old when I met you in that Manhattan animal shelter. I knew that you were the human of my dreams in a nanosecond. Maybe sooner.

JAMES

It's like that sign in the Boy's Room in my junior high school. "We aim to please. So you aim too please".

SHAANTI

Stick to your day job. But yes, you were the right human, for the right cat. But now we need to get you laid.

JAMES

Why?

SHAANTI

Because for a man, having the perfect cat and the perfect woman is the secret to happiness. At least one of them always wants to cuddle.

JAMES

I didn't realize that you were such an incurable romantic.

SHAANTI

St. Valentine was a cat lover.

JAMES

You're making that up.

SHAANTI

Yes.

JAMES

Okay, we've tried enough Left swiping for the day. When's your butt sniffing date with the German Sheppard?

SHAANTI

Why, you want a double date?

JAMES

I'm done with women. They all suffer from estrogen poisoning. After your date, can't you just let yourself back in through the doggy door?

SHAANTI

It'll be fun, for all four of us. I love licking dog butts.

JAMES

Your hygiene standards leave me speechless.

SHAANTI

Admit it. That's why you love me.

JAMES

Uh, icky-poo!

SHAANTI

So it's a date? The German Sheppard, you, me, and Diesel's master?

JAMES

The German Sheppard's name is Diesel?

SHAANTI

Yep. After Steam Diesel. Very Retro.

JAMES

He's not into "ruff" trade like my last S&M girlfriend.

SHAANTI

No, Diesel is very sweet. But you did look good in that dog collar.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

James and Shaanti sit by the lake, with Shaanti on a leash and halter. The cat stands on James's shoulder and is very excited.

JAMES

Is that them? Your doggy boyfriend Diesel and his master?

SHAANTI

The woman wearing the babushka and the Birkenstocks? I don't think so. And that dog is a Rottweiler, not a German Sheppard.

As James looks intently towards the woman and the dog, he is surprised to hear a voice from behind.

It is a beautiful, slender woman named CATHERINE, with her German Sheppard dog DIESEL.

CATHERINE

Shaanti, I presume.

SHAANTI

Meow!

CATHERINE

And who is your charming master, Shaanti?

James rises to shake Catherine's hand.

JAMES

Uh, my name is James.

CATHERINE

This is my dog Diesel. He says good things about Shaanti. Or barks them, anyway.

Shaanti jumps on Diesel and starts licking his head feverously. The dog swoons with pleasure.

JAMES

They seem to like one another.

CATHERINE

Us humans can't do that. We can't just walk up to a stranger and start licking them.

JAMES

We are more complicated than our pets. Do you think that they understand life better than we do?

CATHERINE

I don't know. Maybe a slow, intense seduction has its own charms.

Shaanti and Diesel are cuddling and playing.

JAMES

They seem happy. Love at first sight.

CATHERINE

I work on movies. A slow build up is part of the magic.

JAMES

What part of the movie business?

CATHERINE

I'm a film editor.

JAMES

Ah, so am I.

CATHERINE

What shows?

JAMES

I mainly work on James Cameron films.

CATHERINE

I edit for Michael Bay.

JAMES

Which one do you think is more  
"difficult"?

CATHERINE

It's probably the clash of the  
titans between those two.

JAMES

So do you like cats?

CATHERINE

I adore them. But my cat Petra died  
last year. So I'm looking for a new  
friend for Diesel.

JAMES

Do you trust people who don't like  
dogs and cats?

CATHERINE

To be honest, they freak me out.  
Not to be judgmental. But I like a  
certain vibe in my humans.

JAMES

Did you see that film A Dog's  
Purpose? I love Lasse Hallström.

CATHERINE

What a tearjerker. Do you think  
that they should make a film called  
A Cat's Purpose? About cat  
reincarnation?

JAMES

It's only fair. What's good for the  
goose is good for the gander.

CATHERINE

Do you believe in love at first  
sight?

JAMES

No. Not until now.

Shaanti and Diesel continue to play.

CATHERINE

Why is now different?

JAMES

Because my wise and beautiful cat  
Shaanti is making my decisions, not  
me.

CATHERINE

Sometimes it is good to let go. To  
let serendipity spring.

JAMES

Do you like foot massages?

CATHERINE

For me or the dog?

JAMES

Both, actually.

James takes off her shoe. He starts rubbing her foot.

CATHERINE

Humphrey Bogart was right. This is  
the beginning of a beautiful  
friendship.

James continues to rub her foot.

Shaanti and Diesel are cuddled together, transfixed by  
watching the foot massage.

Their gaze shifts from looking at Catherine's happy face and  
James's look of growing awe at his good fortune.

The dog and cat look at one another. And then they knowingly  
nod their approval.

JAMES

So you don't think that it is weird  
that I'm rubbing your feet? In  
public. We've only known each other  
for three minutes.

CATHERINE

This is New York. Weirder things  
have happened.

JAMES

But sometimes they are bad things.  
After all, this is New York.

CATHERINE

Bad things happen everywhere. And  
so do good things.

JAMES

This just all seems too good to be true. Me rubbing your feet and all. In front of the world.

CATHERINE

I don't believe in following the rules. I break them. And then make my own.

JAMES

Why? Aren't you afraid of what people will think?

CATHERINE

You can't live your life worrying about the opinions of strangers. Sometimes they are very unhappy. And the only way that they can be happy is to make you as miserable as they secretly are.

JAMES

You don't have any dark secrets that I should know about.

CATHERINE

Like what?

JAMES

Like, um, you don't have a penis, do you? Like my last "girlfriend" Dr. Natasha.

CATHERINE

Would that matter to you?

JAMES

Um. Maybe not. In your case, anyway.

CATHERINE

Why not?

JAMES

Well I guess that there is no perfect woman. Or a perfect human. There's always some little flaw that you have to accept. And love that person in spite of it. Until the house of love inevitably burns down.

CATHERINE

Well, okay, the truth is that I do have a penis.

JAMES

Uh, oh. Not again.

CATHERINE

But it is very, very small. But it packs a wallop. I don't think that you'll mind it at all. Quite the opposite, actually.

Shaanti and Diesel's both smirk at the subtext.

SHAANTI

(whispering)

I like this chick.

JAMES

But there must be a catch. This is all too good to be true. The two of us.

CATHERINE

It took me one nanosecond to realize that you were the right man for me. Maybe sooner.

SHAANTI

That She-Bitch stole my line!

Diesel shrugs good naturedly at the plagiarism.

CATHERINE

All art is derivative. It's an homage to your feline genius.

SHAANTI

(whispering)

Hmm. I *really* do like this chick.

JAMES

The reflexologists say that the nerves in the feet connect with every other part of the body. Which parts of you am I connecting with?

CATHERINE

All of my favorite ones. And then some.

JAMES

I aim to please.

CATHERINE

So you aim *too*, please.

SHAANTI

Did these two jokers learn comedy writing at the same junior high school for the criminally insane?

CATHERINE

So how do I know that you *do* have a penis? You could be a phony.

Catherine moves to James. And sticks her hand down his pants.

JAMES

You don't pussyfoot around.

SHAANTI

I pussyfoot around on a regular basis! I'm a cat.

CATHERINE

Your penis is much, much larger than mine. It feels like just the right size.

SHAANTI

Hey numb nuts. Go for it!

James obligingly sticks his hand down Catherine's leotards.

JAMES

Hmm. You really *don't* have a penis. It's more like...lady parts. There is something down there that is indeed very, very tiny.

CATHERINE

But she packs a wallop.

JAMES

So I guess that we can waive the DNA test for your XX chromosomes.

CATHERINE

In the end, would it matter? Isn't true love, true love? Don't trans gender deserve love too? Maybe I was a man in a previous life.

JAMES

I have enough trouble just dealing with this current reincarnation of yours.

CATHERINE

So what do you think? Am I one of those chicks with dicks?

JAMES

Um, well your "penis" seems a little wet.

CATHERINE

That's because "she" is falling in love with you.

JAMES

Is there a catch to all of this?

CATHERINE

Yes. You're going to have to let me sit on your face. Quite often.

JAMES

Is there a suffocation hazard involved?

CATHERINE

Definitely

SHAANTI

Sign on the dotted line, you fool!

JAMES

So will you love me? You're not going to dump me, are you? Although Dr. Natasha still calls.

CATHERINE

I will love you as much as your cat Shaanti does. Maybe more.

SHAANTI

*Hmm!* That is not possible.

JAMES

Well, okay. Here goes nothing.

With his hand still in Catherine's yoga tights, he kisses her deeply.

Shaanti and Diesel gush.

The camera widens to show park onlookers gawking at the public sexual spectacle, voicing their voyeuristic disapproval.

## SHAANTI

Blow it out your ears, you cat  
haters. They're in love. Deal with  
it!

James and Catherine defiantly wave hello at the crowd. And then they continue to kiss very romantically.

Shaanti sings the Fiddler on the Roof song Matchmaker.

## SHAANTI (CONT'D)

Matchmaker, Matchmaker,  
Make me a match,  
Find me a find,  
Catch me a catch  
Matchmaker, Matchmaker  
Look through your book,  
And make me a perfect match

Diesel croons the harmony.

Other leashed dogs drag their owners to the park bench. The canines howl their approval.

The camera continues to pull back, viewing the beauty of fresh love at the lake in Central Park.

The music swells.

END

