

SKETCH: IF PEOPLE WERE LIKE CATS

Written by
Mike Morucci

mikemorucci@yahoo.com

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Standing outside the lavatory, DAVE (20s), an office worker in Dockers and an oxford, impatiently pounds on the door.

DAVE

Stan! Stan! Stan! Stan--

STAN (20s), with a New York Times folded under his arm, whips open the door, clearly annoyed. He brushes past Dave, revealing a massive litter box instead of a toilet.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Dammit, Stan! You didn't cover your
shit!

(beat)

That smell! You know you can't
handle ocean fish!

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Several employees sit at a conference table. In the center: a tray of donuts. ANGELA (30s), the group's project manager, leads the discussion.

ANGELA

We all remember what happened the
last time I used a laser pointer...

Angela yanks a laser pointer off the table and stuffs it into her pocket.

Dave walks in and immediately rubs his head against the side of Angela's face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Not now, Dave.

Dave's persistent. Angela scratches behind his ears. He rubs once more then circles the room. He randomly scatters a neat stack of reports across the table, smirks, then swats at the ear of a coworker.

LAWRENCE (40s), from accounting, sprints into the room. He looks around, has no idea why he's there, and exits all casual-like.

Still circling the team, Dave licks the top of a female coworker's head.

FEMALE COWORKER

Angela.

Angela snaps her fingers to no avail. She shrugs, then points to a graph on an easel and continues.

ANGELA

Our competitors at Greyhound...

The entire staff hisses. One offers a low, guttural growl.

FEMALE COWORKER

Bitches.

ANGELA

We talked about this. Technically half of them are bitches, but that's not animalistically correct.

Lawrence strolls by the conference room doorway. Dave bolts in immediate pursuit.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

Dave tackles Lawrence by the ankles, knocking Lawrence into a cube. The contents of the cube shower the floor.

BRENDA (30s), from HR, briskly walks in and pulls a spray bottle from a hip holster, dousing them both into submission.

Dave rubs the water from his face using the back of his hand. He spots a pile of paper clips scattered on the floor and bats a single clip, back and forth repeatedly between his hands. Brenda watches like she's at Wimbledon.

Still on the ground, Lawrence lifts his leg straight into the air like an Alvin Ailey dancer, stares at Dave and leans in to lick himself.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The place is a wreck. One guy spread eagle on the conference table, stares at his hands. Two others snuggle yin-yang in a corner purring. Another employee with John Lennon sunglasses plays a zitar in his lap. Hopeless, Angela grabs the phone.

ANGELA

Tell Brenda I need her. Now! And lots of coffee. Someone laced the donuts with Cat Nip. Again.

FADE OUT