

Small Acts Of Female Eccentricities

By

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FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The harsh digital display of the alarm clock is the only thing visible in the otherwise completely dark room.

The display changes from '04:22' to '04:23', accompanied by a shrill electronic alarm.

A hand reaches out, vaguely illuminated by the display and feebly reaches around. Strikes the 'off' button on the alarm.

The slim hand stretches up towards a pull-cord, then gives it a firm yank.

The room illuminates, and CAT, early thirties, in a sleeping-bag, lying in the bathtub with a bag of flour for a pillow, stretches and yawns.

CAT
Morning world!

She smiles to herself, and stands suddenly.

SUBTITLE - 'BREAKFAST'

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The small but well kept kitchen flickers into view as Cat, clothed in a dressing-gown and slippers, switches on the light. She holds out her wrist towards her face for a good view of her watch.

CAT
Five... Four... Three... Two...

Cat suddenly lurches forward, and grabs the kettle. She rushes to the sink, then quickly turns on the tap, holding the spout under the running water.

After a second or two, she turns off the tap, then holds the kettle next to her ear, shaking it slightly.

She shakes her head, then pours out a miniscule amount of water.

With a look of satisfaction on her face, she puts the kettle on to boil.

She steps over to the refrigerator, opens the door and removes an egg. She cracks the egg into the tray of the weigh-scales on the worktop.

CAT (cont'd)
Not again. This is getting
ridiculous.

She tuts, then picks up a spoon out of a drawer, painstakingly removing tiny amounts of the egg, systematically checking the weight.

She ignites the hob on her cooker, then places a frying pan over the flame. She pours in a small amount of oil, then adds the egg.

CAT (cont'd)
Lovely. Egg sandwich.

Whilst monitoring the progress of the egg, she rummages around in a cupboard, producing a tea-bag. She sets it down on the worktop, next to a mug.

The kettles clicks 'off'.

CAT (cont'd)
Already?

Cat checks her watch.

CAT (cont'd)
Oh, it's fine.

She pours the steaming water into the mug, adding a huge spoon of sugar. She stirs it, then picks up the tea-bag.

She walks away towards the bathroom, tea-bag in hand.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cat stands in front of the toilet, removing the lid from the water tank.

She tosses in the tea-bag. It joins the numerous other tea-bags floating in the water around the ballcock.

CAT
Thirty-nine! Must soon be March!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cat lurches towards the mug on the worktop, picking it up. She pours the content into a large potted plant on the floor.

The hob is turned off, and the egg carefully placed onto a slice of bread, then topped off with a crust.

She places the sandwich into a bag, then ties the top.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens in the half-light. Cat steps out, bag in hand, then closes it behind her.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Cat strides at a measured pace down the highstreet, occasionally checking her watch.

EXT. BUS SHELTER - LATER

A shopping trolley filled with carrier-bags stands at one side of the shelter. A TRAMP, heavily bearded and clothed, with rags tied around his feet slumps at the other.

Cat approaches, again checking her watch. She mutters to herself, as if counting down.

CAT
Good morning, Sir.

The tramp stirs, groaning and rubbing his eyes. He takes a while to respond.

TRAMP
Hello, funny lady.

CAT
I have something for you!

The tramp eagerly reaches forward, grabbing the bag from Cat's hand.

TRAMP
I don't know what I'd do without you.

CAT
You'll never know... Or have to...

The tramp looks confused by the statement, but rips open the bag regardless, taking a huge bite of the sandwich.

TRAMP
Mmm, thank you, lady.

Cat watches the vagabond eat his breakfast. She pauses for a moment or two.

CAT
Do you... Do you have something for me?

TRAMP
I... I suppose so. I know the score by now!

The tramp leans forward, as Cat crouches down. She produces a pair of scissors from her pocket, and snips off a piece of the tramp's beard.

CAT
Thank you, Sir. God bless.

TRAMP
See ya tomorrow, crazy girl!

He blows her a kiss as she stands. She smiles and walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Cat enters the kitchen, sitting herself down at the dining table. She sprinkles the beard clippings onto a pristine white plate.

She meticulously arranges the clippings into a neat line, leans towards the plate, places her finger over one nostril and snorts the beard cuttings in one swift action.

FADE OUT:

SUBTITLE - 'AFTERNOON'

FADE IN:

INT. SITTING ROOM - LATER

An immaculately tidy room, apart from the myriad of tinned goods piled up on the sofa.

Cat, now fully dressed, stands at the window, peering outside.

A taxi pulls up across the street, then honks its horn. Cat checks her watch.

CAT

Late again. Not good enough.

She continues to watch through the window, tapping her finger impatiently on the sill. She breathes a sigh of relief as she sees the front door of the house opposite open, and an elderly, well dressed LADY slowly emerge.

The lady closes the door, checks the lock, then frailly makes her way into the taxi parked outside.

Cat watches as the cab pulls away. She heads away from the window.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Cat checks up and down the street, before stealthily heading towards the front door of the now empty house opposite.

As she crosses the front yard, she overturns a large rock, revealing a key. She smiles and picks it up.

She checks all around her again, before slipping the key into the lock of the door.

INT. NEIGHBOUR'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A large, tidy kitchen. The floor and surfaces gleam.

Cat heads straight to the drawer at the side of the sink. She pulls it open.

CAT

Sorry, Mrs. Schrapnel.

She reaches in the neatly segmented cutlery drawer, picking up a knife. She swiftly places it in the fork compartment, then gently slides the drawer closed, then exits.

FADE OUT:

SUBTITLE - 'THE LAST JOB OF THE DAY'

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The beach is deserted as Cat stumbles across the sand towards the collection of shells swept in by the sea.

She crouches, picking through a large amount of RAZOR-CLAM shells.

After a short time, she counts the shells that are placed by her feet.

CAT

Eight... Nine... Ten. Perfect!

She sits down heavily onto the sand, and produces a tube of glue from her pocket.

She slowly and methodically sticks the shells over her fingernails.

She turns to face us- breaking the fourth wall-

CAT

Now, you'll have to excuse me. I must go and sweep the sky, or the moon will be late.

FADE OUT