

PUSSY WHIPPED  
EPISODE 2:  
I MISS MY MOM

Written by

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Address

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INT. CLAIRE AND ALEGRA'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Claire and Alegra stand with pots and pans in their hands. They look like they have seen a really big evil roach.

Fireball Smith (the cat) sits innocently on the couch.

ALEGRA

What the FUCK!

CLAIRE

It can talk?

ALEGRA

This is the most scared I've ever been and I ran my car into a haunted house.

CLAIRE

No, you ran MY car into that haunted house.

ALEGRA

Even worse!

FIREBALL

What are you two yappin about?

The girl's scream.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Were you two raised in a barn? Cause I was and you don't see me screaming at my hungover guests.

ALEGRA

Hungover?

CLAIRE

I think I'm gonna pass out.

FIREBALL

The manners of non barn folk never cease to amaze me. No refreshments, no silk pillowcases, you didn't even ask my name!

ALEGRA

Okay... what is your name?

FIREBALL

Wouldn't you like to know.

CLAIRE

Should we guess?

ALEGRA  
Can we! Omg! This is so fun! Is it  
Hot Dog?

Fireball shakes his head "no".

CLAIRE  
Arthur?

ALEGRA  
Meatball?

CLAIRE  
Band aid!

ALEGRA  
Dick "never breaks" Brownstone?

CLAIRE  
I've got it! Grover  
Cleveland!

ALEGRA (CONT'D)  
Grover Cleveland!

FIREBALL  
No. No. No. No. And No.

CLAIRE  
Fish stick?

ALEGRA  
Turnip!

CLAIRE  
Tito?

FIREBALL  
Warmer.

ALEGRA  
White claw?

CLAIRE  
Captain Morgan!

FIREBALL  
Geez you guys suck that this.  
Name's Fireball. Fireball Smith.

Claire and Alegra's eyes go wide.

CLAIRE  
You're name is Fireball?

He nods.

ALEGRA  
We LOVE fireball!

The girls run over to their cabinets and fling them open, they are FILLED with bottles of FIREBALL.

FIREBALL  
Hey, what are the odds.

ALEGRA  
So what were you doing before we,  
uh, found you under that bike tire?  
How'd you get here?

FIREBALL  
I was under a bike tire? Jesus,  
poppers are no joke.

CLAIRE  
Uh,

FIREBALL  
I had just finished a show down at  
one of those Barn Comedy Clubs.

CLAIRE  
"Cow Tippers"?

FIREBALL  
Nah, "Mud Eater".

ALEGRA  
You do stand up?

FIREBALL  
Uh, duh. I'm full of charismatic  
charm?

CLAIRE  
Can we see some?

FIREBALL  
For free? Alright. I guess, twist  
my arm/leg.

Fireball clears his throat.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)  
You, uh, ever six licks deep into a  
saucer of milk and then think,  
"oops. I miss my mom!"

We waits for laughter. They look at him blankly.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

No? Alright. What about... I went to the grocery store the other day to pick up a gallon of 2% and then I realized, I can't pick up a gallon of 2%! I'm just a cat! I ain't got no thumbs!

Alegra leans over to whisper to Claire.

ALEGRA

Why are these all milk related?

CLAIRE

Write what you know, I guess? Can I talk to you in the other room for a second?

FIREBALL

Me?

CLAIRE

No.

FIREBALL

Phew, cause these hemorrhoids are no joke.

They look at him for a sec before they walk out of the room.

CLAIRE

Alegra, this cat has to leave. I'm afraid of him. Like bad. A cat shouldn't talk like that. It's unnatural.

ALEGRA

No! Claire! Come on! We have to keep him! Think of what he could do for our web show!

CLAIRE

Alegra please! I didn't make you live with that ferret I found on Chestnut.

ALEGRA

Found is a strong word and it ate a chunk of my hair the day before my sister's wedding.

FIREBALL

Yeah, I figured that wasn't an intentional style choice.

Alegra reaches for her hair self consciously.

ALEGRA  
That was two years ago.

FIREBALL  
Yeah... no... it looks great.

Alegra and Claire glare at him.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)  
Oop, sorry. I'm getting a call.

He just looks around.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)  
Hello? Nah, I'm not busy, just hanging with some broads.

ALEGRA  
It's too late at night for us to just throw him on the street. Plus, you ran him over.

CLAIRE  
WE ran him over.

ALEGRA  
Right. So, let's just sleep on it and see how we feel in the morning. Okay? Please?

CLAIRE  
Fine.

INT. CLAIRE AND ALEGRA'S APARTMENT- THE NEXT MORNING

Claire and Alegra walk into the living room in their PJs. They GASP at the sight. The living room is DESTROYED.

Fireball sits on the couch in front of a laptop.

ALEGRA  
What the-

FIREBALL  
Oh you're up! What's for breakfast?

CLAIRE  
I just stepped in something wet.

FIREBALL

Yeah sorry, I had a little too much to drink last night. Got a little loose with my aim.

Claire's eyes widen in disgust.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Anyway. I made you guys a little something for letting me crash. I heard you guys talking about making a web show so...

He turns around the LAPTOP in front of him.

INT. FIREBALL SMITH'S VIDEO - BEDROOMS - NIGHT

Little paws hold the camera as it moves at cat level. He turns the camera to look at him.

FIREBALL

Hello. And welcome to a new web show called Broad Sleep. Where we watch broads sleep in Philadelphia. Our first guest, the taller one.

He turns the camera to see a SLEEPING ALEGRA.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Check this out.

He nudges her nose with his tail. She wrinkles it in her sleep.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Next! The shorter one!

A SLEEPING CLAIRE appears on screen.

A hacking sound is heard behind the camera and a HAIRBALL is spat on Claire's head.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Long day.

INT. CLAIRE AND ALEGRA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

The girls watch the video with horror. Claire touches her hair in alarm.

FIREBALL

This is my favorite part!



INT. FIREBALL SMITH'S VIDEO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The camera is pointed at Fireball again.

FIREBALL

Now, let's get a midnight snack!

His paws reach through the cabinets and under the sink.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Perfect! My fav.

He pulls out URINE DESTROYER.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Good ol' Urine Destroyer. Mmm lemon flavored.

He gulps it all down and throws away the bottle.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

What's next.

He turns the camera to see a pile of LIGHTERS.

INT. CLAIRE AND ALEGRA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Claire presses paws (lol) on the video.

CLAIRE

No. You did not eat those lighters, did you? I was starting a collection! For the "Believe it or Not" books!

FIREBALL

Of course not!

Fireball burps and fire comes out.

Claire and Alegra share a look.

EXT. STOOP - MORNING

Claire and Alegra throw Fireball outside and shut the door.

FIREBALL

What! You're just gonna kick me out? Like I'm some cat at some barn comedy club!?

ALEGRA

Mhm.

CLAIRE

Let's get to work.

They turn and leave.

INT. CLAIRE AND ALEGRA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Claire and Alegra collapse on the couch covered in sweat, glitter, feathers, and paint.

CLAIRE

And done! Our first web show!

ALEGRA

Two Gals in the City, semi colon,  
The Claire and Alegra party  
extraVAGanza!

Claire hits a couple keys on the computer.

CLAIRE

And... posted! Now we wait for the  
fame to roll in.

ALEGRA

We've already got two views!  
Hollywood here we come!

They high five. The two sit forward and watch the computer screen.

INT. CLAIRE AND ALEGRA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Claire and Alegra sit in the same place, their eyes bloodshot and their backs stiff. The video has one views and three dislikes.

CLAIRE

How did we lose a view?

ALEGRA

I don't know. Maybe it's missing  
something?

CLAIRE

I knew we should have done a  
shorter title!

ALEGRA

Our title has everything you could ever want! It's an extraVAGanza!

CLAIRE

Maybe thats the problem. Maybe we're not extravagant enough.

ALEGRA

How? I have feathers where feathers SHOULD NEVER BE. How is that not extravagance?

CLAIRE

Maybe it's us? Let's watch it again, but this time let's pretend a bunch of white men were making those jokes.

She clicks around on the computer.

FIREBALL (O.S.)

Six lighters down! One to go! One, two, three!

ALEGRA

That's the wrong one.

CLAIRE

Yeah, I got that.

ALEGRA

Don't snap at me.

CLAIRE

Maybe you should kill yo-

FIREBALL (O.S.)

Listen up Fireballs, that's what I'm calling you now because you watched me eat seven lighters, so we're basically family. I just wanted to get serious for a sec here, before the urine destroyer kicks in and the party starts. I want to say thank you to the broads in this video. The tall one and the shorter one. They saved my life. So, from one street cat to another, me-ow.

Claire and Alegra watch the screen with developing looks of sadness and regret.

CLAIRE

Fuck. That was actually sweet.

ALEGRA

We gotta get that cat back!