

Pizza Quest

Written By

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INT. KITCHEN FLOOR - MORNING

A bowl is shown being set down and dry cat food is dumped into it. The bowl has Monday written on it and this sequence is repeated for bowls with the words, Tuesday-Friday on it.

The Friday bowl is filled and a beautiful brown and white tabby cat, MUFFIN, comes into focus behind the bowl. He crouches down eagerly awaiting his morning rations. Once the human moves away he starts eating.

His HUMAN OWNER shuffles around the kitchen, dishes clink together. They accidentally bump a paper plate off the counter with a tiny bit of pizza left. Muffin looks up from his food intrigued. He notices his owner hasn't seen the fallen object and he slinks over to investigate.

Muffin sniffs curiously at it. He keeps a careful eye on his owner as he leans down and licks it. His eyes light up, clearly excited by the flavor. He quickly takes a bite and chews happily.

Muffin hears footsteps and his ears twitch as he quickly hurries back to his bowl, taking a mouthful of dry food as his human walks right past him, grabs their keys, and walks back. They stop to give him a little pat.

HUMAN OWNER

Goodbye, Muffin! Have a good day!

Muffin looks up as he hears the garage door open and sits there still until he hears it shut again.

He dashes back to the paper plate and eats the last scrap of pizza on it. He leans down for another bite and realizes nothing is left! He stares sadly down at the plate, giving it a lick in mourning.

He glances around at the rest of the floor, but there isn't anything out of the ordinary. In fact, the floor looks fairly clean like it had been scrubbed a few days ago. Disappointed, he walks the length of the counter in frustration.

A napkin slips from it's place on the counter and floats down towards Muffin. He jumps, spooked, and runs behind the closest object. Cautiously, he pads back over to the fallen napkin, giving it a cursory sniff before he gazes up at the counter above.

He sees the edge of the pizza box and he looks determined as he crouches down.

INT. KITCHEN COUNTER - LATE MORNING

He springs, his front two paws land on the counter and he hoists himself the rest of the way up. The image on the box, matches the image of the food he was looking for and he bats the lid open.

The box is completely empty.

Frustrated, he knocks the box to the ground. He decides that if his search is fruitless perhaps he can lick the box afterwards.

He explores the space around him. He begins to walk around the counter knocking things out of his way as he continues his search.

There are dirty dishes in a sink filled with water. He places a paw on the surface of the water before he yanks it back and hisses at the wetness.

He sees an open cabinet door, and uses a few stacked objects as he climbs into the cupboard system. He notices that the cupboards are all connected and makes his way through them knocking everything out of his way, much of it falls onto the floor or counter below him.

He finds nothing of use and makes his way out of the cupboards and back to the counter top.

From his high perch he gazes around the kitchen, as if he were a king. The fridge across from him catches his eye. He remembers that his human occasionally stores things in there and he hops down to the floor in the hopes of another investigation.

INT. KITCHEN FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Muffin tries rubbing against the fridge as he does with humans when he wants something. The fridge did nothing so he paws at it gently. The fridge continues to do nothing.

Angrily Muffin digs his claws into the side of the door and pulls. The door opens.

Cold air rushes out and he fluffs up his coat. The fridge had only two shelves and one drawer.

Muffin opens the drawer first, but scares quickly at the cucumber laying in there. He jumps a few feet into the air before he hisses and closes the drawer.

He jumps up on the first shelf. He finds a cake, but has no

interest and bats it off the shelf and onto the floor.

The next shelf proves to be more interesting. A half eaten chicken carcass sits there. Muffin tries a few bites, but it's old and tough and too cold for his tastes. He pushes it off the shelf. He watches as it falls to the ground in distaste.

The chicken hits the door prompting it to swing shut and traps the cat in darkness.

Muffin blinks a few times. He pushes at the door a little bit, before he angrily rushes throwing his whole weight at it. He sails out of the fridge and manages to land, in shock, on his feet.

He blinks a few times back out in the real world before he gives the fridge an disgruntled glare.

Muffin looks around and gets his barring on the room again. He notices the home phone and remembers his human using it to order things. He pounces back up to the counter.

INT. KITCHEN COUNTER - LATE AFTERNOON

He knocks the phone out of the cradle immediately. It dangles towards the ground.

Muffin looks towards the collection of sticky notes with odd collections of symbols on them and thinks about what to push.

He starts pushing buttons at a controlled random, before suddenly pausing as he hears the garage door open.

Shocked, he slips off the counter and dashes out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

He sits in his human's favorite chair to make himself feel better. He's sad that he didn't manage to complete his mission.

He hears his human walk in and hears their shoes click on the kitchen tile.

HUMAN OWNER

MUFFIN! What did you DO?!

Muffin understands his name, but refuses to go greet his human. The human stalks up to him and looks angry, but sighs and sits next to him in the chair.

HUMAN OWNER

You act like I don't feed you, you know that?

Muffin responds by moving to sit on his owner's lap.

HUMAN OWNER

What am I supposed to eat tonight?
Hmm?! Guess I'll have to order out again.

Muffin doesn't understand what his human says and ignores them as they talk into their cell phone. Muffin continues to ignore them until the door bell rings and they shove Muffin off their lap.

Muffin largely ignores whatever was at the door until the familiar smell hits him. He sits up and smells the air, before dashing into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

He stays in the shadows until his human has selected a slice of pizza and moves back towards the living room. Muffin jumps back up on the counter and moves eagerly towards the new box.

Pizza is there! Muffin leans down to take a large well deserved bite and chews happily.

He freezes as a mysterious new flavor invades. He glances down at the pizza and sees that there has been a new topping added, onions. He looks shell shocked and swallows the bite and decides that this is not a good type of food after all.