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# Cat 's Eye

By Stephen King

Help me. Help me.  
Up here. Look up here.  
Help me.  
You've got to find it.  
It's after me.  
You've got to get back and find it.  
You've got to stop it.  
Please help me. You've got to help me.  
Nice little pussycat.  
You just saved me a trip to the pound.  
What are you so excited about?  
What am I, a cat psychologist?  
Get in there.  
Well, this is the place.  
-I don't know about this, Jim.  
-You said you wanted to quit these.  
But I'd like to know--  
Go on, Dickie, before you lose your guts.  
-Why don't you come up with me?  
-It doesn't work that way.  
It's against the rules.  
What is this, a 'quit smoking' clinic  
or the CIA?  
It'll turn your life around, Dick.  
I guarantee it.  
That's what Jim Jones said  
when he spiked the punch.  
I guess this is where you come  
to quit smoking, right?  
-Fill one of these out, please.  
-No, I have a pen.  
Honey!  
Are you all right?  
Sweetheart....  
No, no....  
Oh, my precious. It's all right.  
You'll be fine.  
-Take me home, please.  
-I will. Come on.  
Hang on to me.  
I've been a smoker for a long time.  
Since I was 16.  
It is very hard.  
Come on, now, sweetheart.

The elevator is down here. One step....

-Excuse me--

-I'll take that.

Actually, I think I've changed my mind.

-Mr. Morrison?

-Yes?

-Sorry to keep you waiting.

-It's all right. I was just....

Come with me.

We're about to change your life.

For the better, I hope.

The founding father?

Please, Mr. Morrison.

I see you have a daughter who's 10.

Alicia.

You left the space for her school blank.

Where my daughter goes to school  
has no connection with...

...whether or not you can help me  
to quit smoking, Mr. Donatti.

-Are we going to get down to it, or not?

-Yes, of course.

In fact, we've already started  
getting down to it.

Do you have cigarettes with you?

Does a bear shit in the woods?

May I have them, please?

Our methods here at Quitters Incorporated  
are rather radical.

As a treatment, Mr. Donatti, they suck.

There's a newsstand down in the lobby,  
they sell all brands.

Availability is only part of the problem.

The fallback rate for reformed smokers...

...is higher than the fallback rate  
for heroin addicts.

You can spare me the Reader's Digest  
lecture, my friend, because...

...I've changed my mind.

Will you open this door?

You've got a hell of a problem,

Mr. Morrison.

But we here at Quitters have developed  
a hell of a solution.

You'll have a hell of a problem  
if you don't open this door!  
Relax, Mr. Morrison.  
Here's something that might interest you.  
Watch closely, Mr. Morrison.  
Nothing up either sleeve...  
...and you will notice at no time  
does my hand leave my wrist.  
The music is part of his conditioning.  
Boogie down, baby.  
What are you doing? Stop it!  
You're killing him!  
Kill the nice kitty? Oh, no, he's fine.  
Maybe a little crispy around the paws,  
but otherwise he's fine.  
Damn it!  
You barbecue all the cats you want.  
If you don't let me out  
inside of 15 seconds...  
...I'll call the cops on you  
faster than you can say 'Marlboro Man.'  
You better listen to the big picture,  
Mr. Morrison.  
Quitters Incorporated was endowed  
by a very important person.  
After he died of lung cancer,  
we realized there were techniques...  
...he had developed  
in the family business...  
...that we can now use  
to stop people from smoking.  
Actually, this is a very nice tax gimmick...  
...but mainly we're interested  
in helping our fellow man.  
For the first month our operatives  
will have you under constant supervision.  
You may see some of them all of the time.  
You may see all of them some of the time,  
but believe me, Mr. Morrison...  
...you'll never see all of them  
all of the time.  
You smoke, they'll see you.  
You'll bring me down here  
and stick me in the old cat room?

No.

We'll bring your wife down here  
and stick her in the cat room.

You get to watch.

I'm a man of medicine.

I'm expected to save lives...

...and ease suffering, and I love people.

Therefore, I would have no choice...

...but to kill the son of a bitch!

'Kill the son of a bitch.' Good idea.

-What did you say?

-What?

Nothing. I was....

I can't believe this is happening.

It's happening, Mr. Morrison.

First offense, your wife gets the juice.

Not too much, just enough to hurt.

Second time,

we bring your daughter Alicia here.

Imagine, Mr. Morrison, your daughter  
in there instead of the cat.

The third offense, I'm afraid I'll have  
to send someone out to rape your wife.

There's a rather disturbed individual  
we keep around...

...just for such distasteful jobs.

In the meantime...

...content yourself knowing

that only 2 percent of our clients...

...ever fall from grace a fourth time.

And if they do?

Then we give up, Mr. Morrison.

Oh, my God!

-What's wrong?

-I spilled my drink.

Dick, as long as you keep using  
your left tit for a coaster, that will happen.

I have no idea what's going on  
in this damn movie. Who writes this crap?

-Dick?

-What?

-What's wrong?

-Nothing.

You're like a bear tonight, what is it?

Nothing! Well, it's everything.

I mean, I quit smoking today.

Since when? Five minutes ago?

**Since 2:**

You haven't had a cigarette in six hours?

Six hours and 23 minutes.

Cindy, I'm trying to get  
some ice cream here. Okay?

What in the world

made you decide to quit?

I'm doing it for you...

...and for Alicia.

That's the sweetest thing I ever heard.

Even if you don't make it,

we both thank you.

I think I'll make it.

Hello?

Is somebody in there?

I didn't smoke it, see?

If you're in there, would you tell Donatti  
that I didn't smoke it?

I actually was just coming to get...

...my golf clubs.

Want some coffee?

Jesus!

I assume that's a 'yes.'

Talk about aversion therapy.

That's it. That's it.

Daddy!

Hi, baby.

Okay, eyes closed? There we go.

Now we're skipping with eyes closed.

We're going to skip over to here.

Are those eyes closed?

I think they're open. Are they closed?

Are they real tight?

We don't want to spoil any surprises.

I think now it's time to open them.

Thank you, Daddy.

I'm glad you like it. You know what?

I love you, Alicia.

What's its name?

I think it's right here on the tag.

Hold on here. Its name is...

...'Norma Jean.'

Norma...

...Jean.

I love Norma Jean.

I'm glad, baby.

You got Norma Jean, you got her shoe,  
and you got her adoption papers.

Now go back with the kids  
and be a good girl.

You love her a lot, don't you?

One of your men was in my closet  
last night. In my home!

-Really?

-Yes, really.

It's possible, I suppose.

Constant supervision for the first month...

...is what we promise,  
and that's what the client gets.

-You're a son of a bitch.

-Yes, I'm a son of a bitch.

It takes a son of a bitch to beat the habit.

People who are unable to turn into  
sons of bitches on their own behalf...

...come to us.

We give them what they need.

Believe me, we do.

I don't know what your hoods told you,  
but I didn't smoke!

If you had lit that cigarette in your mouth,  
you wouldn't be here now.

You'd be down at my office watching  
your wife hop around in the little room.

You love your wife, you love your kid.

Unfashionable these days, but useful.

I think you'll make it, Mr. Morrison.

We'll be watching you.

If an asshole like me  
could stay in business....

I said it wasn't easy,  
but with assholes like him around...

...I got by.

-Not bad?

-No, not bad at all.

So he says, ''What do you think  
the SEC's going to say...  
''...when they hear about this?''

**Two things:**

they'll say they heard it all before.  
Second, they'll say P.T. Barnum was right.  
There's a sucker born every minute.  
Earth to Dick.  
Earth to Dick Morrison. Come in, Dick!  
I'm a little tired, kind of under the weather.  
Have a cigarette.  
No! Thanks, no. I'm sorry, I quit.  
I did, really.  
Sure.  
No, two weeks ago, done.  
Two weeks, two months, two years.  
It doesn't matter!  
A big presentation comes along,  
a make-or-break meeting...  
...a marathon sales conference.  
Boom!  
You'll be right back on them.  
Come on, have a cigarette.  
Come on, have a cigarette.  
No, I gave those babies up.  
Ding-ding, the smoking lamp is lit.  
Dickie.  
Shove it up your ass, Hal.  
What? Lit?  
Shit!  
Cindy!  
Cindy!  
Cindy?  
Hello, Mr. Morrison.  
It seems we have  
some business to attend to.

**Will 5:**

It was just a slip, Mr. Donatti.  
It was just a little slip. I mean, really.  
I swear it won't happen again.  
It's funny, it didn't even taste good.  
-I'll count on you for 5:00, shall I?

-Look, Mr. Donatti--  
Donatti!  
Son of a bitch! Where's my wife, you turd?  
Hello, Mr. Morrison.  
He got smart with his fists.  
Unfortunately he's got dumb fists.  
Where's Cindy?  
Junk, you idiot!  
Oh, fiddly sticks!  
Here, kitty, kitty.  
Here, kitty, kitty.  
Forget the cat, you hemorrhoid!  
Get the gun!  
Get up, Mr. Morrison.  
Let's not have any more of this foolishness.  
I understand your agitation.  
It will not be held against you.  
-At least not by me.  
-Please, Mr. Donatti.  
You be a good boy, Mr. Morrison,  
and don't provoke Junk again.  
I will make this as brief as possible.  
Your wife will not be hurt, this time.  
Watch him, Junk.  
Remember, it's just like  
getting a shot at the doctor's office.  
Would you stop it? You're killing her!  
Take it easy, Mr. Morrison. She'll be fine.  
I think you got some explaining to do.  
Don't you?  
Ain't you going to turn the sound up?  
There's no reason to.  
When you've been in the business as  
long as I have, you get to know every line.  
In 30 seconds she'll either squeeze him  
hard enough to give him a hernia...  
...or she'll slap him in the face  
and walk out.  
-\$10 says that she slaps him.  
-You're on.  
Oh, darn.  
No, no.  
That's eight pounds in six months.  
I don't think that's so bad.

An ounce of prevention  
is worth a pound of cure.  
73 percent of our clients get a weight  
problem when they quit smoking.  
I want you to get dressed,  
and you and I will have a talk.  
Junk, you think eight pounds  
is bad in six months?  
I think it's great.  
So remember...  
...some of these diet pills are illegal,  
so use them sparingly.  
I'm setting your maximum weight  
at 165 pounds.  
If I go over, you'll send a guy  
to my house with a flamethrower?  
I'll send a guy to your house  
and cut off your wife's little finger.  
-You kill me.  
-Have a good day, Dick.  
Cut off my wife's little finger.  
Sorry to keep you waiting.  
I think a toast is in order,  
a toast is in order.  
No throwing the glasses in the fireplace,  
we don't want to wake the kids.  
The ladies are entitled  
to break their glasses.  
To Quitters Incorporated.  
To Quitters Incorporated.  
To Quitters Incorporated.  
To Quitters Incorporated.  
Go on, scat! Go on.  
Come on, Darcy, it's Gobbler time.  
You just sit right there.  
Gobblers is all that Darcy eats  
because it's her most favorite.  
Listen to me carefully:  
It's still looking for me.  
You've got to get back and find it.  
You're my only chance.  
Lucky night, Mr. Cressner.  
Don't jump to any conclusions.  
The night ain't over.

-Good night, Mr. Cressner.  
-Good night, sweetheart.  
-Richard, cash these.  
-You got it.  
Buona notte, Mr. Cressner.  
-Good night, Mr. C.  
-Good night, Harry.  
-Have you spoken to Ducky?  
-Yes, Mr. Cressner.  
He's got my wife and her friend in view?  
She and the tennis guy  
are in a white Mustang convertible.  
Ducky's right on it. Right behind her.  
Good. You're a good man.  
So, folks, what's it going to be?  
Dean Martin is at the Golden Nugget and  
haven't seen him since I was a little girl.  
Have you taken care  
of your domestic problem?  
-I got everything well in hand.  
-Good.  
-The Golden Nugget will be fine.  
-Thank you so much.  
Oh, look at that. A cat.  
My daddy used to say  
that all cats should be drowned...  
...after they stop playing with spools.  
-He said that?  
-He must have been a great humanitarian.  
I bet that cat is going to get run over.  
I got \$2,000 says he can make it.  
-You're kidding?  
-No.  
-You're on.  
-\$2,000 that he can make it.  
-Cat's dead. You're on.  
-Here you go. Okay?  
-You say he makes it, I say he's dead.  
-All right.  
-I can do anything I want?  
-So can I. Anybody can.  
No. I can do anything I want,  
you don't say a word.  
Anybody can do anything they want.

-Watch me.

-I'm watching.

Come on, cat.

Come here, kitty. Come on, kitty.

-You guys would bet on anything.

-Yeah. That's what it's all about.

Come here, little kitty.

Come on, little kitty, come on.

-For \$2,000 you're on my side now?

-Yeah.

You're the one who's father  
was drowning cats, remember?

-Come on, kitty. Come on.

-Come to mama.

Don't worry about these big things,  
that's special effects.

Okay, okay.

Okay!

Now.

Come on!

There he is.

There's the guy.

You were just lucky.

Lucky? I think he knows  
you bet against him.

You win some, you lose some.

You guys go on. Go see Dean Martin.

I'll take this guy home,  
give him a bowl of milk.

I think he earned it. Goodbye, sweetie.

You sure you're not coming?

I got to finish that business I talked about.

-Have a good time.

-You want to get me a cab?

Get Ducky on the radio.

Tell him to nail the bastard.

Good night.

Thanks.

I still don't see why  
you can't come with me.

Because we're broke.

When you decided to leave with me...

...you descended into a whole new plane  
of financial existence, my dear.

I'm trying to make the decompression  
as painless as possible.

-I don't care.

-I do!

The Armbruster Hotel in New York.

I'll see you there.

I've got to wait till the banks open.

I can crack open one of my piggy banks.

We got to have something to live on.

Johnny, you don't know

how dangerous he is.

I know exactly what he is,

that's why you're getting on the bus.

After you give me a kiss.

Darling.

Go.

Hey!

It's for horses. Sometimes for cows.

Pigs don't eat it

because they don't know how.

Get his keys, come on.

You're in grade-A trouble, buckaroo.

Come on.

Move!

Okay, blow.

Come on, kid.

Pigs don't eat it,

because they don't know how.

When Ducky says that, it means shut up.

Does it?

Yeah. It's like a joke, you know?

Close the door!

I've set you up, Mr. Norris.

In 10 minutes, Albert will call the police...

...and tell them a tale of heroin,

1970 Mustangs...

...aging tennis pros with drug records.

You'll be eagerly sought after, Mr. Norris.

Unless I tell you where Marcia is.

With you gone, she'd come back.

She has nowhere else to go.

Now as for you, when you get out of jail...

...you'll be more concerned

with your arthritis than your libido.

Unless you want to take the wager  
I'm offering.  
Hey, come here.  
I want to show you something.  
Now look down there  
and tell me what you see.  
Look, go ahead.  
The street.  
No, there. There.  
A ledge.  
-The ledge.  
-What is all this about?  
The wager I am proposing is very simple.  
The top of the building  
is sort of an architectural monstrosity.  
All little nooks...  
...and crannies...  
...weird wind comes around.  
You walk all the way around...  
...the scag will be removed from the car.  
You get the money and you get my wife.  
You're crazy.  
You lose your balance,  
lose your balance once....  
That's the bet, Mr. Norris.  
You get the girl, get the gold watch,  
you get everything!  
Or you get a lot of straight time  
in Rahway Prison.  
You welsh on your bets?  
I never welshed on a bet in my life.  
Hey, Sebastian.  
Hey, Sebastian.  
Sebastian appears to like you.  
Maybe that's a good sign.  
Good, good. Well begun is half done.  
The ledge is about five inches wide.  
Once you're on it,  
it looks more like three, doesn't it?  
Two, yeah.  
One?  
How the hell would you know?  
Mr. Norris, you know what I think?  
I think you'll stand there

for a while then climb back up.  
If your arms still have the strength  
left to do that.  
I don't think you got the guts.  
I just don't think you got the guts.  
Boogie, boogie.  
You bastard!  
I want to keep you on your toes.  
Get out of here.  
You bastard!  
Just keeping you on your toes!  
What's the matter with you? Knock it off.  
Where's your sense of humor?  
Buzz off.  
Shove off!  
You little pecker!  
Try this...  
...you flying shithouse!  
Mr. Norris!  
What do you think, Mr. Norris?  
Is this more fun than human beings  
should be allowed to have or what?  
I'll kill you!  
No, Mr. Norris.  
But I will most assuredly kill you...  
...if you don't get moving in 30 seconds!  
The valve was only half-opened that time.  
If I open it all the way...  
...I'll blow you out of this hole.  
Move!  
I'll kill you.  
Wait and see.  
Put it in the shopping bag.  
-On top of the money?  
-Put it in the shopping bag.  
Here, put that down there.  
Now you come in when I say,  
'All right, all right, Mr. Norris.' Got that?  
-I got it. 'All right, Mr. Norris.'  
-No. 'All right, all right, Mr. Norris.'  
-I got it. 'All right, Mr. Norris.'  
-Forget it. Go ahead.  
All right, all right, Mr. Norris.  
I told you I don't welsh.

No?  
I'm just an extremely poor loser.  
I promised you three things:  
You have your car, clean.  
You have the money.  
And of course...  
...you have my wife.  
Jesus!  
How do you like that, Mr. Norris?  
God!  
Albert!  
Albert!  
The money, nothing....  
Nothing. Chicken feed.  
I can get you \$100,000.  
\$500,000!  
\$1 million, Norris.  
In a Swiss bank. How about that?  
\$1 million.  
I don't think so!  
\$2 million! \$2 million!  
No.  
I got an idea.  
I'll make you a little bet. It's not a wager...  
...because I'm not a big fancy hood  
like you.  
I'm just an over-the-hill tennis bum...  
...with a dead girlfriend.  
It's a simple little bet.  
\$5 million! \$5 million.  
I'll give you anything you want.  
You're right, Mr. Cressner,  
this is a lot of fun.  
You got to be joking, Norris.  
It's a joke! Tell me it's a joke!  
Tell me it's a joke--  
Don't shoot!  
Just keeping you on your toes,  
Mr. Cressner.  
Keep moving.  
The next one might be a lot closer.  
Move!  
Norris, you son of a bitch!  
Get out of here!

Get out!

Come on, you two. Lunchtime.

A cat!

-Can we keep it?

-No. It probably belongs to somebody.

Amanda, wait until I get a broom.

Wait a minute!

Amanda, don't touch that cat.

It could bite you.

He's won't bite me, it likes me.

I want to keep him. No, don't.

Amanda, we can't keep every single stray  
that comes into this house.

It could have a disease.

But what if we have the vet check him?

If the vet checks him out and says  
there's nothing wrong with him...

...and no one comes to get him,  
then can we please have him?

Please? Pretty please? With sugar on top?

What's your name?

I can't hear you.

Are you going to guard me? I hope so.

-Can't General stay in my room tonight?

-No.

Please?

No, the policy in this house  
does not include bedroom privileges.

-But, Mom....

-Come on now, bedtime.

Good night, General.

Amanda, turn off that TV set.

I'd like to talk to you.

That cat was in your bedroom last night,  
wasn't he?

I found cat hairs all over your bedspread,  
and a lot of your dolls were knocked over.

Was he?

I dreamed he was. Far out.

He'll really be far out if that happens again  
because I'll send him to the animal shelter.

But, Mom, you can't do that!

That's not fair.

Have you given

one minute's thought to Polly?  
General loves Polly. They get along great.  
Birds and cats do not get along great.  
In case you haven't watched  
Sylvester and Tweety Bird on TV.  
General wouldn't do a thing to hurt Polly.  
He's non-violent.  
I think it's really early to decide that.  
I'd just wish you'd understand.  
Also, your mom just happened to have  
a conference call with Nana last evening...  
...and Nana told your mom  
that cats steal kids' breath.  
Why would General take my breath  
if he has his own?  
Well, you have to put  
all the animals outside in the night...  
...especially the cat animals.  
Because if you don't,  
they climb up and sit on your chest...  
...and suck all your breath out like this....  
-That is very helpful, Hugh.  
-Thank you very much.  
-Sit down and have your breakfast.  
-No.  
Jokes about my mother's accent in the  
morning have a way of killing my appetite.  
Non-violent, my ass.  
I'm sorry we laughed at Nana.  
But couldn't--  
No! The subject is closed.  
Bus in 15 minutes.  
Mom, can't General just stay with me  
until I fall asleep?  
No! Don't forget those back teeth.  
That's where most of the food gets stuck.  
Get the back.  
-Hi, doll.  
-Hi, Daddy.  
Amanda, it'd be a lot easier for me  
to get General back in the house...  
...if I knew what these bad dreams  
were all about.  
Why?

Why? Because when you play the violin,  
little girl...  
...everybody listens, including your mom.  
So, come on, tell me.  
I can only remember  
that there's a monster in it.  
A monster? What's he like?  
Do you know that story about the goats?  
The Three Billy Goats Gruff?.  
That's the one.  
Well, this one lives in my wall right there.  
But General kept those dreams away  
last night.  
Can't he come in for good, Daddy, please?  
You know, Amanda,  
your mom is really serious about this.  
I know. Just like getting your back teeth,  
that's where the food gets stuck...  
...and cats stealing kids' breath.  
Well, my making fun of Nana's accent  
at the breakfast table...  
...probably didn't get us off  
to the best of starts, but...  
...I might be able  
to bring your mother around.  
-No promises, but maybe.  
-No promises.  
You know, Amanda,  
there are no real monsters.  
Yeah, I guess I do.  
Okay. Go to sleep now.  
No bad dreams.  
No bad dreams.  
I think she was beginning to cry  
when I kissed her good night tonight.  
Come on, Hugh.  
What do you say we talk about it  
just a little bit, all right?  
Hugh, I just don't trust that cat.  
-What was that?  
-What was that?  
I don't know. I'll go.  
General? Is that you?  
Mandy!

Polly's dead.

The monster in my wall killed Polly.

Oh, no!

I knew it!

I knew it!

I told you this would happen.

Look at this!

It's okay.

-She's convinced the cat didn't do it.

-Yes, I know.

She's convinced it was a troll  
that got tired of living under a bridge...  
...and has moved into her wall.

But she is 8 and you're 38,  
and that cat's tracks...

...were on her windowsill in Polly's blood.

Now, are you going to take care of Polly  
or do you want me to?

Well, here he goes, killer.

I would have thought that  
you'd have cleared out of here by now, too.  
Your welcome is getting pretty threadbare.  
Come here.

What have we got here?

Who did that to you?

Hey, the cat has a wound on his shoulder.

So what?

Seems like a big wound.

Yeah, well, Polly got in one good peck  
before that cat killed him.

Good for Polly.

I certainly never realized  
that Polly had such a big pecker.

You better get ready for work.

You're going to be late.

Stay right there.

Come on.

Look, look. Good food.

Come on, kitty.

Mama has your favorite food.

Come on, you furry little bastard.

Come on.

Going.

Going.

Your bird-killing days are over, my friend.

General!

General!

General!

General!

Tomorrow's your big day, fellow.

Do you think General ran away  
because you thought he killed Polly?

Honey, cats don't think.

General does,

and he knows that you think...

...that cats steal kids' breath!

Hey!

What was that?

Mommy!

-Mommy!

-Amanda!

Get out of my way! Amanda!

Amanda!

Amanda!

Get him, General! Get him!

Hang on.

Oh, no!

Don't let him get away!

Shit!

Please!

Amanda!

It's Mommy and Daddy, we're not angry.

Hugh, what is wrong?

Why won't this door open?

Come on, General. Get him!

Come on, get him!

Get him!

Cream him!

Watch out, General, watch out!

Come on, get him!

Amanda!

General's fighting the monster!

Amanda!

Play it faster!

Play it faster!

General!

Amanda!

Where did he come from?

Where did he come from?

Give me that cat.

Amanda!

-Give me that cat!

-Quiet!

It wasn't General

that wanted to take my breath.

It was the monster, and General fixed him.

You've got to believe me!

Amanda, where did it go?

General played him on the record player  
and swoosh...

...zoom, into the fan and he got smushed.

Oh, my God!

Hugh, what do you think it is?

That's where he came from. There!

Right there in my wall just like I told you.

Amanda, whatever it was

that was in the wall, was it alone?

-I mean, did it have any friends?

-I only saw one.

Hugh? We're not going

to tell anybody about this.

Are you kidding?

Amanda, promise me...

...promise me that you won't tell  
any of your friends about this, okay?

Well, that depends.

Depends on what?

On whether or not I can keep General.

-And sleep with me at night.

-Amanda, that's blackmail.

Hi.