THE HISSFITS: UNSUPERVISED

“WHO LEFT YOU IN CHARGE?”

Episode 1
Sixth reading draft - 22-minute target
November 10, 2026

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

The Pussy Shack is a small two-car garage studio with posters and band shirts covering the walls. A low coffee table runs along a leopard-print couch beside the red rug.

NATI finishes a drum fill with one unnecessary flourish. Her wife, EDDIE, lets the last guitar chord ring while she considers it.

EDDIE
You done?

Nati taps the rim. Once.

NATI
Now I am.

Eddie smiles. She reaches over the back of the couch for her bag. SIMON, long and elegant, catches a strand of her hair with a paw. Eddie waits for them to let it go.

COCO, the size of a cat who should have his own rent agreement, taps Nati's fill against the couch cushion. His paw barely makes a sound. WILLOW'S tail supplies the last beat.

JETT lies beside Eddie's guitar case. Eddie strokes her cheek. Jett closes her eyes and leans into it.

Nati puts her keys down to grab the grocery bags. FINNY follows the movement of the keys, then her hand, then the pocket where she keeps the treats.

NATI
Don't do the face.

He does the face. Nati gives him one.

EDDIE
He has one face, babe.

NATI
He's got a whole fucking repertoire.

CLYDE lifts his head from the sofa. PEEPSY opens one eye from a black velvet loaf by the desk. All seven cats watch the women head out.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - ENTRY GAP - CONTINUOUS

Eddie leads the way through the inner lever door. There is barely a foot of space between the studio wall and the outer shell. From the gap, a damaged corner is visible at the lower left of the inner door, below the handle.

Nati pulls the inner door shut. They step out through the outer door.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Finny shifts his weight back onto his haunches. One front paw lifts. So does the other.

The inner lever moves.

Finny lands on both front paws, extends them into an extravagant stretch and yawns. Nati walks past him to the desk.

NATI
Look at you. Big day planned?

He blinks. She takes her keys.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - DAY

Nati locks the outer door. A thin strip of rubber, tacked across its damaged bottom, curls away from the sill.

Eddie waits at the end of the path with the bags. Nati raises her keys in triumph. Eddie gives her the same look she gave the drum fill.

They head out together. The car pulls away.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Stillness. One ear on Finny rotates.

This time he gets all the way up.

TITLE CARD: THE HISSFITS: UNSUPERVISED

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Willow jumps onto the keyboard bench. The instruments look like Nati and Eddie's gear, scaled to fit the cats who play them. Simon and Jett settle into their guitar and bass straps. Finny reaches for the iPad on the low coffee table.

Peepsy puts a shallow dish of water beside the couch, away from the cords.

PEEPSY
One visitor. One song. I put the water out in case he has notes.

WILLOW
He's going to love it.

JETT
Then we didn't need to invite him.

Clyde adjusts the mic down to his height. He checks the angle with a quiet breath. Behind him, Coco works through one slow curl with the moms' human-sized dumbbells. Two pounds apiece. He gets them halfway up.

CLYDE
We know which parts we like. I want to hear what somebody else hears.

Coco sets both weights down with great care and climbs onto his drum throne. At the keys, Simon smooths the fur along Willow's cheek. She tips her chin up to offer them the other side. Jett checks her bass strings.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Simon sits neatly, one paw resting over the other.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Does anybody actually ask you to fix their hair?

SIMON
Willow does. Finny just keeps putting his head under my paw.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
And everybody else?

SIMON
They eventually stop moving.

A perfectly pleasant smile.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Jett?

SIMON
We have an understanding.

A beat.

SIMON
I understand.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Finny opens the lighting controls. Cyan and magenta wash over the room.

SIMON
Can somebody else hear it in a color where I can see my hands?

Finny restores the working light. He keeps a paw over the preset like a dealer protecting a card.

WILLOW
He comes in, we play, he tells us we changed his life. We get on with our day.

JETT
Can we get that in writing? The getting on with our day part.

Coco clicks his sticks together twice. Everyone falls quiet. On the third click, he taps a short pattern on the rim.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Coco sits on the stool with his paws together. He fills the little cardboard booth. His voice is surprisingly small and sweet.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Who started the band?

COCO
I started a noise.

He thinks about the distinction. We cut to the side while his eyes remain on the front lens.

COCO
The band took a while.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Nati taps that same pattern on the rim of her full-size kit. On the couch, Coco watches the stick rebound.

After rehearsal, Nati scrolls YouTube on the iPad at the coffee table. A news video about Trump's White House ballroom announcement catches her eye.

NATI
Ugh. Why does that man need a ballroom?

Eddie sets her guitar down. She leans in to see the image of the grand room.

EDDIE
More room for people who won't tell him no.

Nati huffs a laugh. She lets the video play for a few seconds longer. Jett's ears point toward it from Eddie's case.

NATI
We ask for health care. He shows us a chandelier.

EDDIE
Imagine how good you have to feel about yourself to think the chandelier is the answer.

Eddie touches Nati's shoulder on her way to the door. Nati pauses the video and goes with her.

The room goes quiet. In the same corner, Coco picks up a pair of sticks that fit his paws. His silver kit is a cat-sized match for Nati's. Animal, the plush drummer, hangs beneath the wall cymbal to the left of the kit. Both are in frame as Coco tries the pattern. The second stick rolls out of his paw. He watches it hit the floor.

COCO
It goes better when you keep both of them.

Jett fishes it out from under the throne and sets it within reach. He tries again. This time she adds two low notes on Eddie's bass. He looks up. They hold it together for a few beats.

Willow studies the paused image. Simon comes up beside her.

SIMON
It's a jewelry box having a panic attack.

COCO
Do regular people get to use it?

SIMON
Sure. Somebody has to dust it.

Willow looks at the image. She looks down at a tiny scrape on the couch.

WILLOW
We get “leave the furniture alone.” Trump gets a ballroom.

Jett follows that thought for a moment.

JETT
Who's actually unsupervised?

Clyde turns from the desk. He tries the words over Coco's little rhythm. Willow finds the chords under them.

SERIES OF SHOTS - REHEARSALS OVER THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOONS

Simon plays a phrase Eddie has been working on. A string buzzes. They change where they put the paw and play it again. Finny answers over the end of it.

SIMON
There was a lovely little space after that.

FINNY
I heard it.

SIMON
I know. You filled it.

Another afternoon. Finny waits. The two guitar parts fit. His eyes go wide for half a second. He plays his next note with care.

Willow adds a keyboard hook. Coco and Jett find the same beat. Clyde tries a melody into the mic, then steps back to listen to how it sits. Peepsy brings her tambourine in on the next pass.

Outside the studio, CHARLIE, a rat, pauses. The kick and bass reach him as a muffled thump. He tilts his head. One foot starts to tap.

Inside, a shaky chorus takes shape. Peepsy hears a harmony and tries it. Clyde gives her room at the mic. Seven parts briefly sound like one thing.

Silence at the end. Clyde offers a high five to whoever will take it. Coco meets it with such force that Clyde has to sit down.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY - PRESENT

Coco lands the same rhythm cleanly. Jett answers with the bass figure. Willow's keyboard hook comes in right where it should.

Clyde takes a slow breath beside a curl of incense.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Clyde settles comfortably into his seat.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
How do you stay so calm through all this? Don't they drive you crazy?

CLYDE
Little incense, man. Couple of deep breaths.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
And that works?

Clyde takes an easy breath and smiles.

CLYDE
I feel great.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY - PRESENT

Finny switches the iPad from the light controls to the paused YouTube video. The same gold room fills the screen.

A rustle in the passage. Peepsy holds up a paw. The music stops.

PEEPSY
That's your opinion at the door.

Finny takes the iPad and heads for the gap.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - ENTRY GAP - CONTINUOUS

Finny opens the inner lever door. At the outer flap, a squirrel's nose appears. Then a rat's.

FINNY
Wait there. I have something to show you.

Finny eases the iPad under the loose rubber, edge first, then follows it out.

EXT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

PABLO, a squirrel, backs up to make room. Charlie stands beside him.

FINNY
Who's your friend?

PABLO
You wanted an honest opinion. Charlie's got one about everything.

Finny looks from Charlie to Pablo. He starts to turn the iPad toward them.

FINNY
I brought something to show you. Hang on.

Finny props the tablet beside the outer door, screen facing away from Pablo and Charlie. They crouch to watch him lift the rubber flap.

FINNY
You go in right here. Watch your --

A YOUNG RACCOON scoops up the iPad. Finny turns. For one beat they both look at the tablet in the raccoon's paws.

FINNY
Hey!

The raccoon bolts. Finny drops to all fours and goes after it.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - CONTINUOUS

The raccoon ducks beneath the back steps with the iPad held tight. Finny slides in after it and comes out at the foot of the stairs, pleased to have cut it off.

The raccoon is already two treads above him. The iPad is nearly as wide as its body. It tries to squeeze between two rails with the tablet sideways.

At the studio, Jett comes out beneath the rubber. She follows the raccoon's movement up the steps. A BLACK-AND-WHITE CAT has stopped on the path to watch.

JETT
Hey! Bottom of the stairs!

The cat looks up. The raccoon loses its grip. The iPad tips over the side, hits the edge of a step and slides.

The black-and-white cat lunges. Two paws pin the tablet against the bottom step, just above the concrete.

Stillness. The raccoon disappears between the rails. The paused gold room is still glowing on the iPad.

Finny scrambles around to the side of the step. He looks from the tablet to the last inch of concrete underneath it.

FINNY
I was going to say watch your head.

Willow comes out behind Jett. A TABBY in a dressy collar and two other neighborhood animals have stopped to see what everyone was chasing. Pablo and Charlie are still at the studio door.

The black-and-white cat looks at the picture, then hands over the iPad. Finny taps the screen dark. Jett starts to say thanks, then sees the cat looking after the tablet.

JETT
You want to hear what we wrote about it? Come with us.

The cat looks up, surprised. Willow looks at Jett too. Jett tips her head toward the Pussy Shack.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Jett sits like a cat, paws tucked beneath her. She watches the front lens.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What made you invite him?

JETT
He caught the iPad.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
That was enough?

JETT
He was all right.

A small pause.

JETT
Better than the raccoon.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - DAY

Finny takes the iPad back under the flap. Jett and Willow follow. The black-and-white guest pauses to size up the opening. Pablo slips in beside them. Charlie is still in the yard.

TABBY
What's happening in there?

CHARLIE
They're playing a song.

TABBY
Can we hear it?

Charlie looks at the outer door. He has seen exactly one invitation become two. This seems to him like a system.

CHARLIE
The entrance is here. I guess the line starts with you.

He points at the door. The tabby sits down where he pointed. The others take their places behind her.

An OLDER TOM strolls over, well fed and freshly groomed, with a gold buckle on his collar. He looks down at Charlie.

OLDER TOM
What's everybody waiting for?

CHARLIE
A band. I've only heard the kick and bass through the wall, but these guys are gonna be huge.

OLDER TOM
How many shows have they done?

CHARLIE
This is the first one.

OLDER TOM
Good. I'm early.

He looks down the line. For a flash, there are dollar signs in his eyes.

OLDER TOM
Do your friends have a sponsor yet?

CHARLIE
Ask Peepsy. She's the manager.

Charlie slips beneath the rubber. The older tom takes his place in line.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

The iPad is back on the coffee table. Finny crouches beside the little corner opening in the studio door. He's drawn a single line under Pablo's name on a scrap of card.

Pablo crosses the narrow gap between the doors and slips through the corner.

FINNY
Pablo. Party of one.

Charlie slips in right behind him.

PABLO
Two.

By the time Finny looks up from his card, Pablo and Charlie are both on the couch. A black-and-white face appears low in the opening.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CAT
Through this?

Finny glances at the card. He squares his shoulders.

FINNY
VIP entrance.

EXT. IMAGINED PREMIERE - NIGHT

A carpet unfurls across a vast plaza. Velvet ropes part for the black-and-white guest. Cameras flash.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

The guest is halfway through the opening. His front paws walk in place. His back end takes a moment to catch up.

A wiggle. A soft POP.

The cat comes all the way through, sits and gives a shoulder one dignified lick.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CAT
Lovely room.

Simon lifts a paw toward a tuft that got flattened on the way in. The guest leans back. Simon stops.

SIMON
May I?

The guest considers, then tips his head toward them. Simon fixes the tuft. He sits a little taller.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Willow sits tall, tail tucked to one side. She smooths it once, then folds both paws over it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
How would you know they liked it?

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Willow shifts a cushion so the black-and-white cat can take one end of the couch. Pablo and Charlie barely fill a cushion between them. A fluffy white armchair sits beside the couch.

WILLOW (V.O.)
If one of them got halfway up a fence and went, “Oh, shit. I'm still singing that.”

Peepsy sets out a bowl of kibble with freeze-dried chicken bits.

WILLOW (V.O.)
I woke up with the chorus in my head and a hair in my mouth. I finished the chorus first.

PEEPSY
Eat up. Those little dry chicken bits are all the rave. If anybody faints during the show, Finny'll think it was his solo.

Finny considers the possibility as he brings up the performance lights. On the edge of his cushion, Charlie dangles both little feet and chews a piece of kibble. His head turns one way, then the other, taking in the bustle.

A knock comes from beyond the inner door.

PABLO
I'll see who it is.

Pablo slips back through the corner.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - DAY

At the outer door, the tabby waits with two other animals. Another paw steps into line behind them.

The back door of the downstairs unit opens. RUSS steps out for a smoke. He looks up. Pablo, just emerging under the rubber, looks back.

RUSS
Hi.

The tabby sits with the air of someone who has been instructed to wait right there.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Charlie hops down from the couch for a closer look at the drums. He crosses the rug and puts an ear to the front of the kick drum.

COCO
Sweetheart, I need to hit that quite hard in a minute.

Charlie backs up exactly one inch. Peepsy waves him back to the couch. Coco picks up his sticks and waits.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - CONTINUOUS

Russ takes out his phone and taps the microphone. Pablo listens from the flap as Russ dictates a text in the exact tone he would use to report a delivery.

RUSS
Hey, Nati. There's a line of animals outside your studio.

He taps send. Gives the line one more look. Goes back in through his own back door.

Pablo turns and slips under the rubber.

INT. MARKET - PRODUCE SECTION - DAY

Nati holds both hands out, an armload of celery balanced across her forearms. Their cart is a few steps down the aisle. Eddie picks two especially big stalks and lays them on top, counting each one.

EDDIE
Eleven. Twelve. Six days. Perfect.

NATI
Yummy celery.

Eddie picks up a bunch of cilantro and parts the stems to check for dirt. She turns it over, then grabs a second bunch and checks that one too.

Nati starts to turn toward the cart. Her phone chimes in her back pocket.

NATI
Babe.

Nati sticks her butt out toward Eddie, both arms still full. Eddie gathers both bunches in one hand and takes the phone out of Nati's pocket with the other. She reads the text.

EDDIE
It's Russ. He says there's a line of animals outside our studio.

Nati chuckles.

NATI
He's probably high.

They both laugh. Nati lowers the celery into the open reusable bag in the cart. Once her hands are free, Eddie hands the phone back.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Pablo slips through the corner and hops straight back onto his cushion.

PABLO
The guy downstairs just told Nati about the line.

Coco lowers his sticks. Finny's paw stops above the iPad.

WILLOW
He told her how?

PABLO
I heard him. He said, “Hey, Nati,” right into his little thing.

Jett looks at Willow. Willow looks past her toward the door.

CLYDE
Lights down, Finn. Nobody play.

Finny taps back to the ordinary rehearsal light. A little color still glows around the drum rims. Without the wash, the room looks like somebody's garage again.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Finny sits on the stool with his belly out, paws beside it, perfectly composed.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Were you responsible for what happened?

FINNY
I think “responsible” is a very judgmental way to say “involved.”

Hold his gaze. Cut to the side as he remains fixed on the front lens.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

In the ordinary light, Willow looks from the couch to the door.

WILLOW
Let everybody in. Then there's no line.

Peepsy looks at the black-and-white cat, then at the little opening he came through.

PEEPSY
And how are you getting everybody out?

Jett looks at the opening too.

JETT
Nati came back for the keys before we even got a note out.

Charlie sets down the bit of food he was holding.

CHARLIE
I told them where to wait. I thought that was helpful.

Willow takes a step toward the door. Jett opens the inner lever for her. Charlie follows.

EXT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Willow and Charlie slip out beneath the rubber. Willow faces the line. Her tail goes up automatically. She draws a breath big enough for an announcement. The tabby straightens up.

TABBY
I wore my good collar.

Willow takes a second to look at it.

WILLOW
It's really pretty.

Willow looks down the line, then back at the tabby.

WILLOW
Give me a second.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - ENTRY GAP - CONTINUOUS

Jett lifts the rubber from inside. Charlie slips in ahead of Willow. Jett holds it up until Willow is all the way in.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Willow comes through the inner corner. The whole band is still there in the working light, waiting.

WILLOW
She wore her good collar. I want her to hear us.

INT. HISS & TELL BOX - INTERVIEW

Peepsy settles into a loaf on the stool. For a moment she looks ready to nap.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Would it have been easier to call the whole thing off?

PEEPSY
Oh, yes. I had a spot on the couch picked out.

She thinks. We cut to the side. She keeps looking at the front lens.

PEEPSY
When they started practicing, I used to wait for the part where everybody got tired. Then I kept hearing a harmony in the chorus. I sang it one day just to see.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What happened?

PEEPSY
They left it open for me the next time.

She shifts one paw out from under her chest.

PEEPSY
Anyway. I wanted to sing it for somebody.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Peepsy looks at the couch. Pablo and Charlie have barely dented one cushion between them.

PEEPSY
Bring them in. Everybody fits. When it's time to go, the little ones go first.

Willow turns to Jett.

WILLOW
Can you help with your guest on the way out?

JETT
Yeah. I know what part sticks.

On the couch, the black-and-white cat smooths the fur on one hip.

Willow goes back for the line. One after another the guests slip in under the outer rubber, then through the inner corner. The tabby tucks in beside Pablo and Charlie. The rest settle on the couch and the white chair.

Coco comes over to check on them. A guest looks up at him. All the way up.

GUEST
Are you security?

COCO
I'm the drummer. Can you see okay from there?

The guest peers around the tabby. Peepsy pats a clear spot on the white chair.

The tabby holds a little kibble between her paws.

TABBY
Can I take some for the gray cat by the steps? She's got three kittens now.

PEEPSY
Three?

TABBY
She comes out when it's me. Otherwise she stays with them.

Peepsy opens a little paper packet. She looks at the bit of kibble she was about to put in it, unfolds the paper all the way and sets a bigger packet of kibble on the coffee table.

The older tom has taken a seat beside the couch. He watches Peepsy tuck a little extra into the packet.

OLDER TOM
I could give you enough to do that all week.

PEEPSY
For her?

OLDER TOM
For any of the strays who need it. My people keep a whole cupboard of it. You know who to give it to.

Peepsy looks at the packet.

PEEPSY
What do you want for it?

OLDER TOM
Say my name before you play. Just a thank-you.

JETT
And where are you planning to use ours?

OLDER TOM
Nowhere. This is just between us and the room.

Jett looks to Peepsy.

PEEPSY
A thank-you for the food. We can do that.

OLDER TOM
I'll get the first bag. It won't take a minute.

He slips out. Finny watches him go.

FINNY
We haven't played a note and somebody already wants to back us.

SIMON
We did tell him there'd be music, right?

FINNY
He talked to Charlie. It probably came up.

Peepsy passes the tabby her packet to look at. The tabby touches the fold and hands it back for safekeeping.

TABBY
She likes the little chicken pieces.

PEEPSY
I put two in there.

The tabby checks. There are three.

LATER. The older tom returns with a small unopened bag, narrow enough to pull through the corner. An enormous gold bow springs back into shape as the bag clears the opening. Coco takes the bag and sets it on the coffee table beside Peepsy.

The tom turns the bow toward the couch. He waits for the last conversation to die down.

OLDER TOM
Everybody, this is the first bag. I'm feeding the strays for a whole week.

The tabby looks from the bag to Peepsy.

TABBY
Can I come back tomorrow? I can bring it down to her every night.

PEEPSY
I'll put some aside for you.

The tabby lets out a little breath. Across the room, Willow is getting a guest situated in the white chair.

OLDER TOM
You got a good seat. This is my first time putting on a show here.

GUEST
Are you in the band?

OLDER TOM
I'm making the show possible.

Willow looks from the tom to Coco at the drum kit, then over to the rest of the band at their instruments.

WILLOW
(to Peepsy)
He's telling them this is his show.

Peepsy leaves the bag closed.

PEEPSY
(to the older tom)
We can thank you for bringing food. The band's putting on the show.

OLDER TOM
Of course. I just like people to know what I'm involved in.

He looks across at Clyde, who's checking the mic.

OLDER TOM
What are you playing, anyway?

The tom motions for a word away from the couch. Clyde goes with him.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - ENTRY GAP - CONTINUOUS

Clyde and the older tom stand just beyond the inner door. Clyde eases it nearly shut behind them. Inside, the guests talk among themselves.

CLYDE
We wrote one about Trump's ballroom. How the people with the money get to decide what matters.

The tom looks down at the gold buckle on his collar.

OLDER TOM
People might think you mean me.

CLYDE
I didn't.

The tom waits for the rest of the sentence. There isn't any.

OLDER TOM
I'd introduce it as a funny song about cats.

CLYDE
It is funny. It's about the ballroom.

OLDER TOM
I mean leave out the name. You don't need to tell people what they're supposed to hear.

CLYDE
We tell them what it's about. They can hear what they hear.

OLDER TOM
Look. I'd hate for this to be the only bag.

Clyde looks at him. The tom waits for the sentence to do its work.

CLYDE
Let's go tell them what you just told me.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Clyde comes back with the older tom. Peepsy is still beside the bag.

CLYDE
He wants to change the introduction.

Finny turns over the scrap of card he was saving for the thank-you.

FINNY
We already said what we'd do.

OLDER TOM
One small adjustment. A funny song about cats. Then you say my name.

Peepsy reaches for the top of the bag. The tom puts his paw on it.

OLDER TOM
After the introduction.

PEEPSY
You promised a week. Can she take some from this bag tonight?

The tabby leans forward a little.

OLDER TOM
If you use my introduction.

PEEPSY
And if we use ours?

OLDER TOM
I'll take it home.

The tabby lowers her eyes to the packet. Peepsy starts to answer and stops. Jett looks at her. Finny waits with his pencil on the card.

Peepsy looks at the little packet, then at how much is left in the shared bowl. She takes a breath. The tom lifts his paw, expecting her to open the bag.

Peepsy puts one paw on the bag and slides it back to the tom. Her voice is as soft as it was when she served the chicken bits.

PEEPSY
Take your food, sweetheart. Go be generous somewhere else.

Charlie stops chewing. Finny looks at Willow. Willow looks at Simon.

COCO
(very small)
Whoa.

The tom waits for somebody to call him back. He takes the bag and goes. The soft sound of the outer rubber settling.

Peepsy looks up. The other six are still staring.

PEEPSY
What?

She straightens the fold on the tabby's packet.

Charlie looks at the little packet on the table.

CHARLIE
I've got some kibble put away. Pablo, can you help me carry it?

Pablo hops off the couch. The two slip out through the corner. The other guests stay in their seats.

Peepsy shakes a little kibble from the shared bowl into a second packet. Willow holds the fold open for her.

A rustle at the corner. Charlie pushes a small bundle through. Pablo follows, nudging it the rest of the way in. Coco brings it over to Peepsy.

Peepsy opens the bundle. Jett divides the kibble between the two packets. Simon folds them shut while Coco offers the shared bowl to the guests. Little paws dip in.

The black-and-white cat catches one of the packets before it slides off the coffee table. Jett sees him do it.

JETT
You do that a lot.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CAT
Only when someone's looking.

Willow hands the tabby the gray mama's packet. It takes both paws now. The tabby sets it beside her seat. Peepsy gives the second packet to another neighbor who can take it to the strays.

PEEPSY
That'll help tonight.

Clyde sets the water dish within reach. The tabby takes a bite from the shared bowl as Coco goes straight back to his kit. Peepsy picks up her tambourine.

Jett straps on her bass as Simon and Willow get into position. Finny catches Coco's eye, selects the iPad preset and hops onto the couch arm on all fours. Cyan and magenta fill the room.

He reaches behind the couch and flips the switch. Christmas lights blink on around the border of the ceiling. The bowl comes to rest on the coffee table as the guests lift their heads toward the band.

GUESTS
Wow.

Finny hops down and gets back to his guitar.

Facing the couch, Simon, Finny and Jett stand upright with their instruments. Willow stands at the keys. Peepsy and Clyde stand at the mics. Coco rises at the kit behind them, sticks ready.

Clyde leans into the mic. Now that he's looking at an audience, he needs a second.

CLYDE
This one's called “Who's Actually Unsupervised?”

FINNY
It's about that scumbag Trump and his stupid ballroom.

CLYDE
(calmly)
All right. Let's fucking rock.

Four clear clicks from Coco. The song starts.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The Hissfits play “Who's Actually Unsupervised?” through. The existing song runs approximately two minutes and fifty-one seconds.

As the beat comes in, Coco's little hind paw works the kick pedal. From across the kit, we see him play with Animal high on the left wall. Jett's paw moves across the bass strings, locked in with him.

Pablo finishes his last bite. One foot is already tapping against the cushion.

Clyde leans into the first verse.

CLYDE (SINGING)
Gold on the ceiling, a throne in your head,
We get in trouble for shredding the bed.
You want applause for the mess that you made--
We want the cleanup crew properly paid.

Charlie leans toward the band. The tabby starts bobbing her head.

CLYDE (SINGING)
Big fancy room, little room for dissent--
Sit. Stay. Fetch, Mister President.

INT. IMAGINED BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The garage light goes gold. The ceiling soars. Columns of gold rope rise like enormous scratching posts. A velvet rope guards an empty gilded throne. A crown lies on the floor beside it. Coco's kit takes up the center of the floor.

Peepsy's tambourine catches the gold light as she plays. She leans into the chorus with Clyde.

CLYDE AND PEEPSY (SINGING)
Who's actually unsupervised?
Big suits, little alibis.
Who's actually unsupervised?
Who let the bullies run the world?

ALL SEVEN (SHOUTING)
SIT! STAY!

The band stops dead on the beat. In the silence, Finny stretches up a gold column and digs his claws in. A strip of gilt curls off like the fabric on the side of the couch. Clyde looks toward the empty throne.

CLYDE
Who left you in charge anyway?

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The riff comes back. The black-and-white cat shifts closer to the edge of the couch. Charlie's tail joins Pablo's foot on the beat.

CLYDE (SINGING)
Put your name on everything,
Still doesn't make you king.
A microphone isn't a crown--
We get a turn; you turn us down.

Peepsy watches Clyde take half a step aside to give her room at the mic.

CLYDE (SINGING)
Big fancy room, little room for
dissent--
Sit. Stay. Fetch, Mister President.

CLYDE AND PEEPSY (SINGING)
Who's actually unsupervised?
Big suits, little alibis.
Who's actually unsupervised?
Who let the bullies run the world?

ALL SEVEN (SHOUTING)
SIT! STAY!

CLYDE
Who left you in charge anyway?

EXT. DUPLEX - STREET - DAY

The song carries over. Nati and Eddie's car turns onto their block. Grocery bags rustle in the back.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

Jett looks over at Willow. Willow is already looking back.

JETT (SINGING)
No little king.

SIMON (SINGING)
No royal seat.

COCO (SINGING)
Just seven voices--

WILLOW (SINGING)
On one beat!

Coco answers with the drum roll. We stay on his paws and sticks through the roll, then come back to the shared mic.

CLYDE AND PEEPSY (SINGING)
Pass the mic. Share the floor.

FINNY (SINGING)
There's room for one voice more.

In the instrumental, Simon and Finny play side by side. Simon's paw moves along the fretboard. Finny plays with his eyes up. Willow's paws work the keys while Coco and Jett hold the beat underneath. Peepsy catches Willow's eye and gives her a tiny smile.

The light blooms gold for the final chorus. Shreds of gold finish have collected at the bases of the columns. At the empty throne, Jett steps up to the crown. She lifts her tail over it, perfectly straight-faced.

On the downbeat, back in the studio. The tabby is bouncing in place. The whole couch is moving. The guest on the white chair is up on all fours, nodding to the beat.

ALL SEVEN (SINGING)
Who's actually unsupervised?
Big suits, little alibis.
Who's actually unsupervised?
Who let the bullies run the world?

ALL SEVEN (SHOUTING)
SIT! STAY!

CLYDE
Who left you in charge anyway?

The band crashes back in. All seven are in view as the hook comes around twice.

ALL SEVEN (SINGING)
Who's actually unsupervised?
Who's actually unsupervised?

The last hit cuts off. A second of quiet while the cats see what the guests are going to do.

The couch erupts. The black-and-white cat is halfway to his feet before he realizes it.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CAT
One more!

Willow beams. Finny sits up a fraction taller. Coco's ears tip forward.

PABLO
Who's Trump?

CHARLIE
What's a ballroom?

Hold on the band. Jett's paw stays on the bass strings. Clyde lowers the mic.

PABLO
When are you doing it again?

Willow opens her mouth. She catches Jett looking at her and takes a second.

WILLOW
I'll come find you when we know.

Peepsy smiles to herself. Pablo heads for the corner. Charlie stretches and takes another sip of water.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - DAY

Pablo comes out under the flap. He stops. At the end of the path, Nati and Eddie are unloading groceries. Eddie takes a bag toward the house. Nati sets hers down, fingers already looking for the studio key.

Pablo turns back under the flap.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - DAY

Pablo pokes his head through the inner opening.

PABLO
They're back.

Clyde clears the mic. Simon sets down the guitar. Jett slips out of her bass strap and waves the black-and-white cat over to the corner. Willow and Peepsy usher the smaller guests through. The tabby takes the gray mama's packet. Peepsy scoops up the food bowl and water dish as Coco sets down his sticks.

Charlie and Pablo slip through with the last of the little ones. The black-and-white cat ducks in after them. Front paws through. The hind end stops.

Jett catches Finny's eye and points at their guest's stuck backside.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CAT
A little help?

Finny puts two paws against the cat's hips. One good push. POP. The guest goes through. Finny pitches forward and lands on his belly.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - ENTRY GAP - CONTINUOUS

The black-and-white cat scoots under the rubber, out into the yard.

EXT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Nati finds her keys and turns toward the studio. The black-and-white cat freezes just outside the door. She sees him.

NATI
Hi, kitty.

The cat bolts. Nati crosses to the door and puts the key in the lock.

INT. PUSSY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Finny scrambles up on all fours and scampers to the inner entrance. Jett makes room beside her. He sits. His tail is still going.

The outer door opens. Footsteps in the gap. The inner lever goes down.

Nati opens the door on seven cats arranged in various poses of absolute indifference. The studio gear is back at its everyday size. Finny immediately washes a paw. Coco has managed to lie down with both front paws tucked under his chest.

Nati takes in the cyan and magenta lights.

NATI
Babe? Did we leave it on party?

EDDIE (O.S.)
You came back for your keys. I think that was your one thing.

Nati smiles. She picks up the iPad from the coffee table and restores the working light. Finny pauses mid-lick.

NATI
Munchkin, Russ said you guys had a line. Did you guys have a line?

Finny blinks at her. Nati takes his front paws in her hands and kisses the top of his head.

Eddie appears behind her, reaching in just far enough for Jett to rub her cheek against her hand.

NATI
Okay, kids. Upstairs. Num nums.

Willow looks over at Jett. Jett's tail taps Coco's first little rhythm against the floor. Willow's tail answers. Finny stays put.

NATI
Finny. Treats.

She shakes the treats. All seven come running on all fours.

EXT. DUPLEX - REAR YARD - DAY

The moms collect their bags. The downstairs back door opens. Russ leans out.

RUSS
Hi.

NATI
Hi, Russ.

RUSS
There was definitely a line.

Nati smiles at him. Eddie holds the door for her as the cats race ahead of them.

INT. SQUIRREL HOUSE - NIGHT - LITTLE WILDS CAMERA

A dark, fixed frame. The little camera light clicks on. Pablo and Charlie settle close together in the hay.

Pablo's hind foot starts tapping. He hums the hook under his breath.

The image closes in a circle, holding his face and tapping foot for a beat. Then black. One last hummed note carries over.

End credits over a brief instrumental passage from the song.