

(Inside the house. The catgirl exterminator unlocks the front door and lets herself in. The moment the door clicks shut, a faint, muffled squeak is audible from inside her)

(Bright, brisk, professional. but with a satisfied weight under it)
Knock knock, mousies! Exterminator's here, by appointment of the very nice gentleman who owns this very nice house. (A soft, occupied bellypat) And before any of you in the walls get cocky... Yes. Yes, that **was** one of your cousins. (Soft laugh) The Henderson place, this morning. He says hi. Well... (Burp) he **SAID** hi.

(To the air, half to herself, half to the homeowner's empty living room)
Right. Down to business. Three traps tripped. One, two, and five. Let's go count my paycheck.

(Slow, casual footsteps across the floorboards)

[SFX: trap creak]
Oh, **hello** you. (Appraising) Look at you. All grey and indignant, like I just interrupted something important. (Soft laugh) For a guy whose evening just ended, sweetheart, you've got a really nice posture. Don't worry. I'm not going to leave you sitting in that thing. That'd be rude.

(Walking)
Trap two... Empty. Rude. Somebody in here got smart. We'll have a conversation about that later, won't we, smartie?

Trap five...
(A slow, delighted inhale) **ohhh**
Oh, now we're friends. One. Two. Three. **Four!** Four little roommates, all signed for, all mine.

(She drags her tongue across her lower lip, audible, slow) Mmh~ Technically the infestation's not over. But a bulging belly sends a **much** louder message than a glue board. Don't you think?

(She gathers her catch, crosses to the couch, drops onto it with a long, comfortable sigh)

You know what? Mr. Homeowner told me to make myself at home. So. (Fabric rustling - she pulls her shirt up and off) I'm making myself at home.

(Stretch — and a small, genuinely surprised "oh" as the bulges from this morning roll lazily across her middle) Oogh. Yeah. Waistband's already losing this fight. (Soft bellypat) Sorry, kids. You're getting some company.

(To the first mouse: fond, like she's about to do him a small favor)
Alright, handsome. You first. You've been **very** patient. (She lifts him over her open mouth, slow, the way you'd lower a grape) Open uuup. Aaaaaahhhh
(Loud Gulp)
(deep, satisfied burp)
(Drawn out, content) Aaahhn~ (Two soft bellypats) There you go. Welcome home, sweetheart.

(A new layer of muffled squeaks joins the chorus inside her. From here on, every gulp makes the interior louder, wetter, fuller)

You don't sound thrilled in there. I know, I know. Being food isn't on anybody's bucket list. (Soft, indulgent burp) But getting **paid** to do this? Sweetheart, that's on **mine**.

(She picks up mouse two. A pause: she actually looks at him)
Come here, chubby. Yeah, you. The one with the white belly. I clocked you the second I opened that trap. You're the main course. I'm gonna be honest with you, big boy... You're going to make a **gorgeous** bulge.
(Open mouth) Aaaaahhhh -
(thick gulp)
(loud burp, mid-word)
-Oogh. (Settling) That's two. And I'm not even halfway. (Soft laugh, thick around the edges) Honestly? The silence is the worst part of this job. I'd make **such** a good villain if any of you could just... Answer me. Just one little "please don't." (Short pause) No? Nothing? Tough crowd.

(Mouse three. Faster now, she's in rhythm)
Your turn, squeaker. Yeah, **you**, the loud one. I could hear you all the way from the trap. Come say hi to the gang.
(Open mouth) Aaaahhh -
(Loud gul)
(Wet burp)
-Aaahhh. (Pleased) Three.
(Her palm drags across the dome of her stomach, slow, possessive)
Officially more of you inside than outside me, sweetheart. This is the belly I get from an all-you-can-eat buffet... And I haven't even touched the entrée yet...! (Small bloated laugh)

(She stops. A long, full exhale. Both hands settle flat against the dome of her belly. The interior is genuinely loud now: squeaks, slow churning, the deep wet sound of a stomach doing real work.)

(Quiet — almost surprised at herself)
Oh.

(Slower, lower)

Oh, **honey**... Look at me. (Soft, breathless laugh) Look at what you all did to me. (Her hands move, tracing, not patting. Bellyrubs are slow, intimate, no big slaps) Hi in there. Hi, hi, hi. (A bulge shifts under her palm, struggling inside her belly) Mmh~ that's **YOU**, isn't it? The fat one. I'd know you anywhere. (Another shift, slower) And oh~, smartie. I **knew** that empty trap was a lie. Look who showed up after all. (Softly pats a spot in her belly) And you, the little one from the kitchen this morning... Mmh~ You've gone all quiet on me, haven't you, baby. (Soft, almost tender) Sorry. That's how it goes.

(To the next mouse, gentler than before. She lifts him slowly. She gets the long look)

Hey. Hey, come here. I want you to do something for me. (She lifts him to her ear first, close, like a seashell) Listen. Just listen. Hear that? That's **home** now. That's where all your friends live.

(And then she presses him flush against the side of her stomach. PoV follows the mouse. Suddenly the interior is huge and close. Squeaks, slow churning, the deep slow drum of her heartbeat. She speaks lower, breathier, lips almost against him/PoV)

Feel that warmth? That's me digesting. (A small, genuine moan, not performed, just real) Mmh. God, that feels nice. (Slower) You know what the wildest part is, sweetheart? (A slow, contented burp) People pay me. People **PAY**... To make me feel like this. To come to a stranger's house, find the prettiest little snacks behind the fridge, and just... (voice drops) Take my time with them. On their own couch. (Soft laugh) Best job. In the world.

(long, low gurgle from inside)

(Slow, full laugh)

See? Even my belly agrees.

(Rhythm is broken. Slower. Drowsier. Every gulp is a little harder.)

(She peels the mouse away from her stomach and dangles him over her open mouth and pauses. Looks down at the dome of her belly. Reconsiders)

Hoo. Okay. Okay, okay. You know what this reminds me of? Those giantess videos people keep sending me. Feels **weird**... being on the other end of one. (Soft laugh) All these little shapes trying to come out from under my skin... (She traces a bulge that's still moving) Yeah. Yeah, you keep that up, sweetie. I love it.

(Back to the dangling mouse)

Right. You. I gotta make some room for you, baby. There has to be... (long inhale, slow exhale) **SOME** room in there, somewhere...

(soft bellydrum, like checking a melon)

...yeah. We'll find you a spot. Down you go, gorgeous. (Open mouth) Aaaahhhh

(slow, thick gulp)

(loud, bloated burp)

-Oooohhh. (Voice now visibly bloated, slightly slurred) Ohhh, that's a tight fit. (Soft moan) Worth it.

(One more. The last one. She's laboring now, pleasantly.)

Last call, beautiful. Just you and me. (Soft laugh, winded) You're gonna be a personal record, you know that? Five fresh, plus the three I came in with. That's **eight** in one shift. (Soft laugh) Olivia is going to lose her mind. (Short pause) Don't look at me like that. Olivia's my coworker. She's **MEAN!** You'd hate her. You're way better off in here (Bellypat), sweetheart, trust me.

Alright. One, (deep breath), two... (Small, quick open mouth) Aaahh-

(long, slow, working gulp)

(loud, settled burp)

(Bloated, triumphant, drowsy)

-oooohhh. I made it. I actually made it. (Soft laugh, both hands cradling her belly) One belly, packed to the brim. Signed, sealed... (Burp) Ogh... delivered...

(Lazy, fishing her phone out of her pocket)

Hold on. Hold on... This needs to be immortalized. Nobody at the office is gonna believe me without a picture. Smile for the camera, ladies and gentlemen. Say cheese.

(SFX: camera shutter)

(She looks at the photo and laughs: long, delighted, bloated)

Oh my **god** I look pregnant. Like... **eight-mice** pregnant. (Soft burp) Olivia is going to **die** (Soft laugh)

(Drowsiness creeping in. She slumps deeper into the couch. A long, slow yawn, almost a purr at the edges.)

Okay, you guys. Settle in. I'm not moving. Mr. Homeowner won't mind... I told him I'd stay till the job was done, and the job is **VERY...** (bellypat) much in progress... (Soft, sleepy laugh) I'll mention the discount when I wake up.

(The interior squeaks soften. Slower. Fewer. Her voice drops into a sleepy hum)

(Almost a whisper now. Fond, sated, half-asleep)

Goodnight, mousies. Take your time in there. You picked the warmest place in the whole house to end up.

(Slow, even breathing of a catgirl falling asleep on top of her dinner)