

THE FINICKY CAT

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A modest home in the suburbs.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

MARY, a fortysomething woman, sits despondent on a plush couch. It appears she's been crying. Her fortysomething husband, JOHN, walks into the room and sits next to her.

MARY  
(sniffling)  
I can't believe he's gone. It just happened so fast.

JOHN  
I know, Mary, I know. These things happen. Everything will be okay.

MARY  
But I miss him so much. Poor little Snickers.

Mary looks up and stares at a framed oil painting above the mantle of a cat wearing a cape.

MARY (CONT'D)  
He's the only cat I ever had that let me dress him up for kitty tea time, and now he's gone.

JOHN  
(puts his arm around her)  
There, there, honey. We never should've left the gate open. He was on a suicide mission when he smacked into that Impala. He's probably having the time of his life at the kitty farm in the sky.

MARY  
You're probably right. I bet he's playing with Fluffy and Buttercup and Mr. Squiggles and Anger. God bless them all.

JOHN  
I have to run a few errands, but I'll be back soon. Are you going to be okay?

MARY  
Yes, I'll be okay.

EXT. PAWS 4 LIFE - DAY

John parks his car outside of an animal shelter called Paws 4 Life. He gets out of his car and walks inside.

INT. PAWS 4 LIFE - CONTINUOUS

A STRANGE MAN with an eye patch greets John.

STRANGE MAN  
May I help you?

JOHN  
Yes, I would like a cat.

STRANGE MAN  
Well, you've come to the right place. Is there one in particular you're looking for?

JOHN  
I don't want a kitten but maybe a cat that's at least a year old. Friendly. Cuddly.

STRANGE MAN  
Ah, I have the purrfect cat for you! Get it? Purrfect?

JOHN  
(not amused)  
Um, yeah.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John follows the man to a back room where a cat named MITTENS sits alone in a cage. Boxes, empty shelves and an empty cage with the nameplate Anthony Michael Hall surrounds the cat.

JOHN  
What happened to Anthony Michael Hall?

STRANGE MAN  
Good question! You and everyone else in world would like to know! But seriously, AMH's owners named the cat after the star.

(MORE)

STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)  
But just like the actor, AMH was  
discarded and forgotten.

JOHN  
(pointing to Mittens)  
Can you tell me more about him?

STRANGE MAN  
Mittens came in about two days ago.  
He was left outside our front door  
without any info. He's very  
affectionate, though. He could use  
a good home.

JOHN  
This is a weird question, but does  
Mittens like wearing capes?

The Strange Man stares at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
No biggie.

John peers inside the cage and locks eyes with the cat for a few seconds. There's an instant bond between the two of them. He pets the cat and it immediately begins to PURR and rub his head against his finger.

John smiles and touches the cat's collar. It reads: "666."  
John backs away.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Why does the collar have that  
number on it?

STRANGE MAN  
Oh, don't be alarmed. You're  
reading it upside down. It reads  
"999." That's his tracking code.

JOHN  
(relieved)  
Thank God. Okay, I'll take him.

STRANGE MAN  
Excellent! Just remember, don't  
feed him after midnight and don't  
get him wet.  
(pause)  
I'm just joshing you!

INT. HOUSE - DAY

John walks into the house carrying Mittens in a cat carrier.

POV of the cat through its cage shows it being carried to the kitchen, where Mary stares out the window with her back toward her company.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John sets the carrier on the kitchen table. Startled, Mary turns around.

JOHN

I have a surprise for you, dear.

MARY

What is it?

John unlatches the carrier and Mittens' head peers out.

JOHN

Mary, meet your new cat--Mittens!

MARY

(surprised and delighted)

Oh, John, I can't believe this!

Mittens MEOWS and pops out of the cage. Mary scoops up the cat and cradles it like a baby.

JOHN

I hope you like him.

MARY

This is the best gift ever!

JOHN

I know this won't make up for what happened to Snickers, but it's a start. We can be a family again.

MARY

Oh, John, I love you.

JOHN

I love you, too.

John leans in for a kiss from Mary.

MITTENS

Meow!

CUT TO:

John and Mary hover over the cat. He refuses to eat any of the wet food they've provided for him. They have puzzled and slightly concerned expressions on their faces.

MARY

I don't understand it. What cat doesn't like Gravy Lovers Beaks and Snouts? He also won't eat the dry food, or drink the tea.

JOHN

Maybe he's a dud.

MARY

(lightly tapping John)  
Don't say that!

JOHN

Or maybe he's into exotic foods like brains or something.

MARY

We should give it a couple of days. After all, Mittens is going through a transitional period. He needs to get acclimated to his new environment, then he'll start eating.

JOHN

Sounds like a plan.

John picks up the cat food lid and cuts his finger. A trickle of blood pours onto the counter and then onto the floor.

While John uses a paper towel to apply pressure to the wound, Mittens runs up and begins lapping up the bloody delight. John and Mary's jaws drop and neither says a word.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John and Mary lie in bed and read. John reads "Ancient Weird Religious Rites" and Mary reads "Knit On! Magazine". Their bedroom door CREAKS.

MARY

(sitting upright)  
What's that?

JOHN  
I don't know.

Mittens abruptly jumps onto their bed.

MARY  
(cooing)  
It's just Mittens! He's come to say  
hello.

Mittens curls up between his owners and begins to PURR. The couple dotingly look at him, content to have him near.

JOHN  
We're so lucky, Mary. This one's  
definitely a keeper.

MARY  
He sure is. Let's be sure to give  
him whatever his little heart  
desires.

Mittens emits a GROWL.

INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS

MONTAGE of joyous cat bliss. A smiling Mary sits at the dining room table with the cat, that wears a dress. She pours him a cup of tea.

John wrestles with the cat in the living room and the cat seems to be winning. John happily picks up the cat and gives it a hug. Mittens licks his face. He places some catnip on the carpet for the cat, and he then proceeds to snort a little into his nose.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary frantically searches the house for something. She calls Mittens' name to no avail. John walks into the room.

JOHN  
What's wrong?

MARY  
It's Mittens. He's missing. I can't  
find him anywhere.

JOHN  
I'm sure he'll turn up. He must've  
gone to the kitty ethereal void.

MARY

No, I feel like he's in trouble.

John glances out the window.

JOHN

Fuck, the gate's open!

With panic in her eyes, Mary grabs her coat and dashes to the door.

MARY

Not again!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

John and Mary walk around the neighborhood calling Mittens' name. At the corner of her eye, a flash of gray runs by her.

MARY

I think I see him!

Mittens runs toward a house down the street where a couple of fire trucks and EMT have gathered. Red lights flash and a small crowd of NEIGHBORS have circled around something on the front lawn.

JOHN

What's going on over there?

Mary and John join the crowd and discover a BODY laying motionless on the ground.

MARY

(to crowd person)

What happened?

CROWD PERSON

It's old man Krueger. He apparently fell from the roof while replacing shingles. He's probably dead.

Mary and John spot Mittens. He runs right up to the corpse.

MARY

Mittens! Come here, kitty!

Mittens sniffs Mr. Krueger's bloody corpse--which is covered in blood--but he finds the exposed brains most interesting. To John's and Mary's horror, Mittens begins tearing and eating Mr. Krueger's bloody cortex.



MARY (CONT'D)  
 (putting her hand to her  
 mouth)  
 Holy crap!

JOHN  
 At least we now know what he likes  
 to eat.

Sensing his owners' presence, Mittens runs up to John and Mary. They don't exactly know how to greet their feline friend.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

John and Mary sit on the couch frozen with their hands at their sides; they watch their docile cat lick blood off its paws. They are bundled by fear and shock of the cat's unexpected behavior.

JOHN  
 Did you see that?

MARY  
 I think so.

JOHN  
 What are we going to do?

MARY  
 I don't know. I really don't know.  
 Maybe we should take him to Dr.  
 Winters. He'll know what to do.

INT. VET OFFICE - NIGHT

John and Mary stand with DR. WINTERS as he takes the cat's heartbeat with a stethoscope. The cat lies on the examination table completely behaving itself.

DR. WINTERS  
 Well, Mittens seems to be healthy.  
 What did you say was wrong with  
 him?

MARY  
 He wasn't eating anything until  
 yesterday when he, um, ate some,  
 um, brains.

DR. WINTERS  
 Brains? What kind of brains?

MARY

Um, the human kind. It's a long story.

DR. WINTERS

I've been practicing for two weeks and I've never encountered something like this. Do you mind if I keep him overnight for observation?

JOHN

Oh, please do!

INT. VET OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mittens sits well-behaved in his cat cage while Dr. Winters observes the cat from a desk. He scribbles some notes on a pad of paper, turns off the light and walks out of the room.

With the doctor out of the room, the cat pokes its paw through the cage door and unlatches the door.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

On the hunt, Mittens stealthily creeps into the hallway where he spots the doctor. Startled, the vet turns around and sees the cat sitting there, staring at him like cats do.

DR. WINTERS

(to Mittens)

How did you get out?

Fearing for his life, the vet begins running down the corridor while Mittens GROWLS and chases him.

DR. WINTERS (CONT'D)

Please, God, no! Don't kill me! I have to see what happens on "Dancing With the Stars" tonight!

The doctor opens a door and slams it shut.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The cat slides its paw underneath the door and begins pawing in a playful manner, not in a murderous way.

DR. WINTERS

So, now you want to play nice.

The doctor opens the door to see the cat obediently standing there.

DR. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
 (sighing)  
 Okay, playtime's over. Let's get  
 you some Beaks and Snouts and then  
 back in your cage for nighty night.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Disliking his options, the cat starts up again and chases the vet down the hall. Not looking ahead, Dr. Winters trips on a squeaky cat toy left on the ground and falls through a window.

EXT. VET OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A sword from a soldier statue underneath the window breaks the doctor's fall and cuts through his chest, turning his white jacket into a bloody mess.

The cat appears at the window and looks at the mess below. He manages to climb down the side of the building via a tree and hops on the statue. He approaches Dr. Winters' head. Dinner has been served.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John and Mary are sound asleep but wake up when the phone RINGS.

JOHN  
 (picks up phone)  
 Hello? Yes, I own a cat. What? Dr.  
 Winters? How? What about "Dancing  
 With the Stars"? Okay, thanks.

He hangs up the phone and relays the news to his half-awake wife.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 There's been an accident.

MARY  
 What happened?

JOHN  
 That was the vet's office. They  
 found Dr. Winters impaled on the  
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
sword of a conquistador statue.  
His brains had been chewed up.  
Mittens is missing.

MARY  
I can't believe this. Is Mittens  
okay? Where is he?

JOHN  
I don't think you heard me. What  
the hell is a conquistador statue  
doing at a vets office?

MARY  
Do you think Mittens is on his way  
over here?

At that exact moment they hear a RUSTLING coming from  
downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John and Mary walk into the kitchen and see Mittens standing  
next to his bowl MEOWING.

JOHN  
I think he's still hungry.

Mittens takes a step toward John and HISSES at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Easy kitty, easy.

MARY  
Maybe you should buy him some cow  
brains. I think that would be a  
good substitute for his insatiable  
appetite for human brains.

JOHN  
It's worth a try, Mary. It's worth  
a try.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Wearing his pajamas, John scans the meat counter and finds  
cow brains. Bingo.

## INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John walks in and unwraps the brains and places them in the cat's bowl. Mittens sniffs the brains but doesn't eat them.

JOHN

Are you kidding me? They were \$20 a pound!

MITTENS

(growling, eyes flashing red)

Braaaains!

The cat and John lock eyes. For the first time, John senses the evil inside of the cat. The cat inches closer to John and swats at him.

Frightened, John backs away from the kitchen and joins Mary, who's seated on the couch in a trance-like state.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARY

I think Mittens wants you to kill his prey for him. I think he thinks cow brains are inferior to human brains. I think you have no choice but to keep him happy--or else.

JOHN

(reluctantly)

We could get rid of him.

MARY

No! That's not an option. Don't mess with my cat. You know what to do, John.

Realizing he has no other choice, John nods his head in agreement.

JOHN

I know, Mary. I know.

## EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Holding an axe by his side, John wanders down a dark alley. He spots a HOMELESS MAN curled up in a pile of boxes and raises his axe up into the night sky.

JOHN  
(crying)  
This one is for you, Mittens!

A silhouette on the brick wall shows the axe forcefully coming down and slicing the homeless man. The man GRUNTS as a shadow of blood spurts out.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Huffing and puffing, John walks in with a bloody axe and a glass container filled with a bloody brain. He sets the axe down and drops the brain into Mittens' bowl.

Mittens runs to the bowl and devours the brain in a few seconds. Mittens looks at John and MEOWS in approval.

JOHN  
Fuck you, cat.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John walks into the half-lit bedroom, his jacket covered in patches of blood and brain bits. He sits on the edge of the bed. Mary lies next to him motionless.

MARY  
How was it?

JOHN  
Horrible. I don't want to talk about it.

MARY  
You know you're going to have to keep doing this every night.

JOHN  
I know Mary, I know.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

MONTAGE of John murdering people. John's axe crashes down on a silhouette of a woman who resembles a PROSTITUTE.

Blood squirts up from a shadowy figure that looks like a MIDGET. The midget SCREAMS and falls to the ground.

An axe stabs a BUSINESSMAN in the head.

EXT. PANTRY - NIGHT

A bloodied John stocks an empty pantry with brains enclosed in glass containers. He arranges five of them on the shelf. As he shuts the door, he jumps when he notices Mittens standing there, waiting.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tired and upset, John plops down on the couch and begins sobbing uncontrollably.

JOHN

Why, God, why? Why must those  
innocent degenerates die?

The cat walks into the room and stands in front of John  
MEOWING.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is all your fault, cat! I  
won't kill for you anymore!

John stands up and steps toward the cat, but the cat's fierce  
GROWLING and Mary walking into the room stops him in his  
tracks.

MARY

John, feed him.

John obliges and walks to the pantry and listlessly removes a  
brain and drops it into the cat's bowl. Mittens gobbles it  
up in a few seconds and GROWLS for more. John grabs another  
canister and gives him another brain.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Mary sits on a couch and talks to DR. LOOMIS. She grips a  
tissue and wipes tears from her eyes.

MARY

It all started a few months ago  
when John left the gate open. We  
sometimes would let Snickers run  
loose in our fenced in yard. He  
loved to chase birds. But one day  
John forgot to latch the gate and  
so the cat got out. Well, Snickers  
saw a robin and chased it into the  
street. An Impala was going kind of  
fast and hit him. He died  
instantly.

DR. LOOMIS

And you haven't forgiven John yet?

MARY

I don't think he did it on purpose. He tried to make it up to me in adopting a new cat, but things have been strange. I can tell he hates the cat. He's always hated my cats, especially Snickers.

DR. LOOMIS

Why do you think he hates?

MARY

He's jealous. We decided years ago not to have kids, so I guess in some ways I project that onto the cats instead of John.

(pause)

I also think he's still made at me for having an affair with a clown two years ago--but that's another whole thing.

DR. LOOMIS

A clown?

MARY

It's a long story. It was Halloween and I was drunk and I've always had a thing for clowns, yada, yada, yada. Anyway, I'm worried about John. He has a lot of rage in him.

DR. LOOMIS

Communication is the key. I'm sure you guys can work it out.

MARY

Can I tell you a secret, doc?

DR. LOOMIS

Sure.

MARY

I think our cat is a killer. He's making John kill for him.

DR. LOOMIS

(serious pause, then  
explosion of laughter)

You got to be joking!

(MORE)



DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

That's ridiculous. Remember, we control our own destiny. No one can tell us what to do, especially a cat.

MARY

It was silly of me to bring it up.

DR. LOOMIS

It's okay, but let's get back to this clown fetish.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

John and Mary eat dinner with their friend BILL. They appear to be in good spirits and eat their medium-rare steaks and carrots. The cat is nowhere in sight.

BILL

Mmm...good steak! Did you get this from Whole Foods?

JOHN

Sure did! I hope you like it bloody.

BILL

Oh, you know I do!  
(wiping his mouth)  
It's really good to see you guys.  
How are things?

MARY

Yunno, crazy as always.

JOHN

Busy, Bill. Busy.

BILL

I was going to say you look a little peaked. You feeling okay?

JOHN

I haven't been sleeping well.

BILL

You better rest up for Saturday's paintball tournament. It's gonna be a blast.

JOHN

I wouldn't miss it!

A loud SCREECHING interrupts the festivities. Mittens sits in the middle of the room HOWLING in hunger.

BILL

What the...I didn't know you got a new cat!

MARY

(smiling)

Yes, this is Mittens, our latest addition.

BILL

He must be starving. You should feed him. I'll give him some of my steak.

MARY

No, he's on a very specific diet.

JOHN

(panicky)

We're actually out of food.

BILL

(chuckling)

Well, you better get some food because he looks like he could tear my arm off.

MARY

Yes, John, you better get him some food.

John and Mary exchange an all-too-familiar look. Defeated, John gets up from the table, grabs the axe setting against the wall and walks out.

Bill gives Mary a bewildered look, but she smiles to cover John's murdering.

MARY (CONT'D)

How's the Psychoplasmic business?

BILL

(burps)

Oh, just great! We're making real progress.

As Bill rambles on about his job, Mary's gaze turns to the cat. He stares deep into her soul.

John reenters the room wielding the axe. He comes up behind Bill, who will not shut up.

John unleashes the axe onto Bill's head, simultaneously putting an end to the talking and to Bill's life.

MARY

John! Why did you do that?

JOHN

I thought your all-too-knowing look meant for me to kill him!

MARY

No, I meant for you to kill one of those vagabonds, not one of the few people we still socialize with.

JOHN

Eh, he was annoying.

Bill's head lays in a mixture of steak blood and his own blood. Mittens jumps on the table and begins feasting on the rare meats.

MARY

While you're at it, maybe you should go out and take care of more business. If you know what I mean.

John nods in approval and walks out of the room with the axe.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John walks into the bedroom, his jacket covered in patches of blood and brain bits again. Mary lies motionless in bed.

JOHN

(shaking)

I can't do this anymore, Mary. If you could just see the look on their faces.

MARY

I don't know what else to do, John. If you stop, he'll turn on us.

JOHN

But I want to stop doing bad things. I'm scared Mary.

John takes off his coat and jumps into bed. He curls up in a fetal position and allows Mary to wrap her arms around him.

MARY

I'm scared, too, John.

The cat JUMPS on the bed and frightens the couple. It inches closer to them, GROWLING, but suddenly becomes calm and lies down and goes to sleep.

JOHN

How can something so cute be such a monster? He isn't human!

MARY

Do you want to have terror sex?

JOHN

Yes, yes I do!

Mary and John start making out and turn off the light.

INT. DINING AREA - DAY

John and Mary nervously sip coffee from their mugs while contemplating the next move. Mittens saunters in and sits in front of his food bowl, staring at them.

JOHN

I think we should call the police and tell them what's been going on.

MARY

They're not going to believe us.

JOHN

I know, but I also want to come clean to all of those murders.

MARY

(grabbing his arm)  
You can't confess to those murders!  
You'll go to jail!

JOHN

I can plead insanity.

MARY

No one cares about those brains you took. Those people were the scourge of society. No one is going to miss a dead Republican hooker. Or 12 of them.

JOHN

I know, Mary, but I can't live with myself anymore. This cat has us under its spell.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Hand me the phone, Mary.

Mary hesitates but then gives him a cordless phone. He dials a number.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)

Hello, this is the police department. How can I help you?

JOHN

(on phone)

I like to report a murder.

(pause)

Okay, 25 murders.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)

Go ahead.

JOHN

My cat has been making me kill people for their brains. I've been feeding him human brains!

POLICEMAN (V.O.)

Are you being serious, sir?

JOHN

Yes. This isn't a joke. I know it sounds weird, but I'm not lying.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)

(burst of laughter)

Well, then, that's the funniest prank I've heard in a long time. That's a good one. More creative than the usual "I killed my wife because she's a whore" tactic. You have a good day, sir.

The phone CLICKS on the other line and John looks defeated and sullen.

JOHN

The policeman didn't believe me.

MARY

No one believes us, John. No one.

The cat begins to GROWL, but John ignores it.

JOHN

I'm taking a stand, Mary. I'm not feeding that cat one more morsel of

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

brain. If he wants to eat my brain, he can go on ahead and do it, but I refuse to kill for that beast anymore.

John stands up and rushes out of the room. The cat runs up to him and swipes at his leg, which causes minor scratches and bleeding.

MARY

John, please don't do this! You don't know what Mittens is capable of!

JOHN

Yeah, I do Mary. He's just a stupid cat. The heat is on, Mary. It's on a 110%.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary and John sit quietly on the couch. The sound of a clock TICKS in the background but otherwise all is silent. Too silent.

MARY

I haven't seen the cat in a while.

JOHN

That's probably a good thing.

MARY

What's your problem with him, anyway? He's a cuddly cat.

JOHN

Are you seriously asking me this question?

MARY

You had the same problem with Snickers. That's why you let him out.

JOHN

(sighing)

Really, Mary? Is Dr. Loomis poisoning you? I told you, it was an accident. And Mittens and Snickers are two different cats-- the former being a murderer.

MARY

You're going to take Mittens down,  
aren't you?

Before John can answer Mary's question, thunder crashes and lightning illuminates the room. The lights flicker and go off for a minute. The room's dark except for a burst of lightning showing the cat in the background--unbeknownst to John and Mary.

JOHN

I should grab a flashlight.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

John walks to the closet and slowly opens it. Since it's dark, John clumsily rummages around not able to see anything. Right as he finds what he's looking for the lights come back on.

JOHN

Oh, here it is.

The light reveals the cat crouching on the closet shelf ready to pounce on John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(startled)

Oh, God, it's just the cat.

(pause then panic)

Fuck, it's the cat!

The cat jumps on John, barely missing him. Landing on the floor, Mittens' eyes flash red and evil. Mary and John SCREAM in terror.

MITTENS

Braaaains!

MARY

You should've fed him today, John.  
He's not a happy camper right now.

The cat lunges toward them.

JOHN

(to Mittens)

Bad kitty, no!

John and Mary run up the stairs. Mary stumbles and falls down a step, but John pulls her up before the cat can get them.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They run into their bedroom and slam the door shut. As soon as they get into the bedroom, the lights go off again.

JOHN  
The cat cut the power off!

MARY  
Somehow I don't think the cat knows  
where or what the fuse box is.

John and Mary guard the door and listen to a RUSTLING. John shines the flashlight on the door to reveal Mittens' paw playfully batting under the door.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Oh, look! Mittens wants to play.  
He's not trying to kill us.

Mary walks toward the door and opens it.

JOHN  
What are you doing?

The cat lies sprawled out on its back with his legs up in the air: The docile position. He stares innocently up at his owners.

MARY  
Hi, kitty!

The cat leaps at Mary and knocks her over. Her head hits the bedpost; she's knocked unconscious.

JOHN  
(touching her head)  
Mary?  
(to Mittens)  
Look what you've done!

The cat runs out and John follows him downstairs in hot pursuit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John grabs his axe and heads to the basement, where the cat has retreated. The lights come back on.



INT. DINGY BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

John walks to a fridge and stands there with the cat staring at him. John opens the door and shows the cat 10 glass jars filled with brains.

JOHN

(to Mittens)

See this? There's a lot more food for you, it's just I don't want to give it to you. I'm not killing for you anymore, cat. This is your last supper.

John takes out a jar and throws a sticky and bloody brain on the floor. Mittens begins gnawing on the brain tissue and is oblivious to what's about to happen.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Good, kitty.

John takes the axe he's hidden behind his back and raises it up, the weapon ready to come down on the unsuspecting cat. The final battle has begun: It's man vs. animal.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Time to go back to kitty hell!

Just before the axe can slice Mittens in half, Mary walks into the room.

MARY

Wait, John!

John stops and looks over at Mary. He sets the axe down and rushes over to comfort his wounded spouse.

JOHN

(kisses her)

You're okay!

MARY

It's just a little bump. If you're going to kill the cat, I'm the one who has to do it. He's my cat.

JOHN

(surprised)

Are you sure? I thought...

MARY

You're right. We need to end this, John.

Smiling, John gives Mary the axe. She stands between the cat and John and glances at the cat, that's still eating dinner. She looks at John, who continues to dumbly smile.

JOHN

Do it, Mary!

MARY

I told you not to mess with my cat,  
John. I'm so sorry.

The axe comes crashing down on John's head instead of Mittens. John immediately falls to the ground, with blood squirting everywhere. He stares at Mary with a surprised and betrayed look on his face and utters three last words.

JOHN

Why, Mary, why?

John twitches then dies on the floor. Sensing a fresh kill, Mittens begins munching on his former owner's brain.

The cat finishes and walks towards Mary while licking his bloody chops. She scoops the docile cat up and slings him over her shoulder.

MARY

(cooing)

There, there, Mittens. Everything  
is going to be okay now. Daddy  
can't hurt you anymore. Let's get  
you dressed up for tea time.

Mary leaves John's dismembered body behind.

POV OF MITTENS

John's body is covered in a pool of blood, his brain half-eaten and his eyes wide open with an expression of terror and surprise instilled in them for eternity.

Mittens MEOWS like a normal feline but flashes "Thriller" eyes.

MITTENS

Braaaains!

FADE OUT.