

THE FINICKY CAT

Written by

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EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A modest home in the suburbs.

INT. DEN

MARY, a thirtysomething woman, sits despondent on a plush couch. It appears she's been crying. Her thirtysomething 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.

JOHN
It wouldn't kill you to eat
something, too.

John gives Mary a hug and walks out of the room.

EXT. PAWS 4 LIFE - DAY

John pulls his car up to an animal shelter called Paws 4 Life, parks and walks inside.

INT. PAWS 4 LIFE

A STRANGE MAN with an eye patch greets John, who looks a little lost.

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. And this is going
to sound weird, but one that
doesn't mind wearing a dress once
in a while.

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

JOHN
(not amused)
Um, yeah.

BACK ROOM

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, but just like the actor, AMH was discarded and forgotten.

JOHN

(pointing to Mittens)
So, was he discarded, too?

STRANGE MAN

Sort of. He 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 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

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.

KITCHEN

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 who 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 retarded

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 lid of the open cat food 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 one says a word.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MARY

(sitting upright)
What's that?

JOHN
I don't know.

Mittens jumps onto their bed, startling them.

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 tiny, little GROWL.

INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS

MONTAGE of joyous cat bliss. A smiling Mary sits at the dining room table with the cat, who 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 then proceeds to snort a little into his nose.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary frantically searches the house for the cat. 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! We need to look for him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

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 towards 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, who runs right up to the corpse.

MARY
Mittens! Come here, kitty!

Mittens sniffs Mr. Krueger's 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)
 Oh my God!

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

John and Mary sit on the couch motionless with their hands at their side while they watch their docile cat lick blood off its paws in the middle of the room. They are bundled by fear and shock of the cat's unexpected behavior.

JOHN
 Did you see what I did?

MARY
 I think so.

JOHN
 What are we going to do?

MARY
 I 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!

VET OBSERVATION ROOM

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 then 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

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

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.

CLOSET

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 then back
 in your cage for nighty night.

HALLWAY

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

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, then manages to climb down the side of the building via a tree and hops on the statue where he chows down on Dr. Winters' brains. Dinner has been served.

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 now?

JOHN
 That was the vet's office. They
 found Dr. Winters impaled on the
 sword of a conquistador statue.
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

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.

KITCHEN

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.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Easy kitty, easy.

MARY

Maybe you should buy him some cow
brains. Wouldn't that 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 - NIGHT

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

John walks in and unwraps the brains and places it 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 and for the first time, John senses the evil inside of the cat. The cat inches closer to John and swats at him.

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

COUCH

JOHN
What are we going to do?

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

John wanders down a dark alley holding an axe by his side. 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 - NIGHT

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.

BEDROOM

John climbs into bed with Mary, who lies on her side awake.

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.

PANTRY

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

COUCH

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 Mittens' fierce
GROWLING and Mary walking into the room stops him in his
tracks.

MARY
John, leave the cat alone and feed
him.

John obliges and walks to the pantry and listlessly removes a
canister of brains 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 out of
the yard and ran 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

In my own way, I have. He brought home a new cat a few days ago but things have been strange. John is trying but he hates the cat. He's always hated my cats, especially Snickers. I think he left the gate open on purpose.

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. I also think he's secretly trying to get me back for having an affair with a clown a few years ago.

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. I hope he doesn't hurt Mittens or himself. 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! That's
ridiculous.

(MORE)

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)
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.
It's been a while. 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 is
all.

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 the fact John is a murderer.

MARY (CONT'D)
How's the Psychoplasmic business?

BILL
(relaxing)
Oh, just great! We're making real progress.

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

John re-enters the room wielding the axe. He comes up behind Bill, who keeps talking non-stop.

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

You told me to get more food. 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 someone we know. We've known Bill since college. How could you?

JOHN

Eh, he was annoying anyway.

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. Mary lies in bed motionless.

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, frightening 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 out the light.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

John and Mary sip coffee from their mugs while contemplating the next move. The cat sits docile next to its food bowl.

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 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.

VOICE (V.O.)

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

JOHN

I like to report a murder.

VOICE (V.O.)

Go ahead.

JOHN

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

VOICE (V.O.)

Are you being serious, sir?

JOHN

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

VOICE (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 police doesn'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 brain.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

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 causing minor scratches and bleeding.

MARY

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

JOHN

Yeah, 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)

Are we really going to do this again? I told you, it was an accident. It wasn't some sort of subconscious thing. And Mittens and Snickers are two different cats, the former being a murderer.

MARY

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

JOHN

I don't know Mary. Tonight the
battle begins.

It starts to storm loudly as the silence is finally broken. Thunder crashes and lightning illuminates the room. The lights flicker and go off for a moment. The room's dark except for a burst of lightning that illuminates the cat in the background, unbeknownst to John and Mary.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I should grab a flashlight.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

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, his eyes flash red and evil. Mary and John SCREAM in terror.

MITTENS

Braaaains!

JOHN

We're fresh out of brains, Mittens.

MARY

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

The cat lunges for them making them back away in fear.

JOHN

(to Mittens)

Bad kitty, no!

John and Mary run up the stairs but Mary stumbles and falls down a step. John grabs her hand and pulls her up as the cat is in hot pursuit of its owners.

INT. BEDROOM

They run into their bedroom and slam the door shut. As soon as they get into the bedroom, the lights flicker and 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 there and stares innocently up at its owners.

MARY
Hi, kitty!

The cat quickly sits up and leaps at Mary knocking her over. Her head hits the bed post and she's knocked unconscious.

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

The cat runs out and John follows it downstairs.

LIVING ROOM

John grabs his axe and heads to the basement where the cat follows him.

BASEMENT

The lights come back on and the dingy basement is dark except for one low light. John walks to a fridge and stands there with the cat staring at him. John opens the door and shows the cat about 10 glass jars filled with brains aligning the fridge.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Mittens)
See this? There's a lot more food for you, it's just I don't want to keep feeding it to you. I'm not killing for you any more, cat. This is your last supper.

John takes out a jar and throws a sticky and bloody brain on the floor for the cat to eat. 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 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 slices Mittens in half, Mary walks into the room.

MARY
Wait!

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 and stands near the cat with Mary standing in between the two. She glances at the cat, who's still eating dinner, then looks at John, who continues to dumbly smile in anticipation.

JOHN
Do it, now, Mary!

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

The axe comes crashing down on John instead of Mittens. With his brain exposed, 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, 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. He can't
hurt you anymore. Let's get you
dressed up for tea time.

Mary walks away leaving 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.

SLOW ZOOM ON MITTENS' FACE

Mittens MEOWS sweetly like a normal feline then flashes red and evil in his eyes.

MITTENS
Braaaains!