

THE FINICKY CAT

By Garin Pirnia

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A modest home in the suburbs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

MARY
(sniffing)
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. LIVING ROOM - DAY

John walks into the den carrying Mittens in a cat carrier. POV of the cat through its carrier shows it being carried to Mary, who still sits on the couch staring at the painting.

JOHN

I have a surprise for you, dear.

MARY

(turns around)

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 carrier. 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 mechanically separated chicken? 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's jaw drop but Mary doesn't notice. John starts to form words but is too shocked to say anything.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John and Mary lie in bed and read. John reads the book "Ancient Weird Religious Rites" and Mary reads "Knit On! Magazine." While they read, 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 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 cat, who wears a baby 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, who rolls in it. John 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 that old bag Mrs. Deagle. She apparently fell from the roof while replacing shingles. She's probably dead.

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

MARY
 Mittens! Come here, kitty!

Mittens sniffs Mrs. Deagle'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 Mrs. Deagle'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 mechanically separated chicken, and then I'll put you back into 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.

CUT TO:

STOCK FOOTAGE OF A MAN FALLING OUT OF A WINDOW.

EXT. VET OFFICE - NIGHT

A dead Dr. Winters lies next to a conquistador statue. Blood squirts out of his head and dyes his white jacket red.

The cat appears next to the doctor and begins to lap up the blood. It approaches the doctor's head--dinner has been served.

O.S. WE HEAR CRUNCHING SOUNDS.

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' dead body next to 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.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Wearing his pajamas, John gets out of the car holding a reusable grocery bag.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John walks in and unwraps what looks like cow brains and places them in the cat's bowl. Mittens sniffs the food 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.

An axe stabs a BUSINESSMAN in the head.

A man wearing a MAGA hat gets axed.

EXT. PANTRY - NIGHT

A bloodied John stocks an empty pantry with brains enclosed in glass containers that are filled with fluids. 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 and John sit far apart on a couch and talk to DR.
LOOMIS. Mary 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

John, why do you hate?

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

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 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.

JOHN

(sighing)

Mary, I forgave you for the clown incident. I know it was a moment of weakness. But you need to forgive me, too.

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

Mary and John stare at one another.

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?

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.

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

POLICEMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
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
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, with Mary knitting. 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.

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 (CONT'D)
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 pantry 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.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm not killing for you anymore,
cat. This is your last supper.

John takes out a jar and throws a 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
(touching her head)
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, who is still eating dinner. She looks at John, who has a dumb expression on his face.

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 spritzing everywhere. He stares at Mary with a flabbergasted 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 Mittens 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 is half-eaten and his eyes are wide open with an expression of terror instilled in them for eternity.

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

MITTENS
Braaaains!

FADE OUT.