

COLD CAT

Written by

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Based on true events

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 1992

PHILLIP (34), a tall man, balding, grabs his home phone on the wall.

He dials a number and places the phone to his ear.

INT. ERIC'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ERIC (27), fit, good looking, lies on a couch, watching television. His phone rings. He rises from the couch to answer it.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ERIC

Hello?

PHILLIP

Hey, it's Phillip.

ERIC

What's up, bud?

PHILLIP

I was wondering if you could stop by to feed the animals while we're gone, and let Arthur out to use the bathroom and stuff.

ERIC

Sure, no problem. How long are you gone for again?

PHILLIP

Thanks, I really appreciate it. We're in Mexico for a week. I'll bring the keys to work tomorrow for you.

ERIC

I leave my locker open, so just put them there. I'll get them.

PHILLIP

Will do. Thanks again.

Eric and Phillip hang up their phones.

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - DAY

A house in the country, surrounded by trees and nestled into it's own little private sanctuary.

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Keys jiggle from outside the front door. A large dog, ARTHUR, runs to it, tail wagging.

The door opens. Eric walks in.

Arthur happily walks to Eric, tail still wagging furiously.

ERIC
Hey, buddy.

Eric vigorously pets Arthur's head.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Come on.

Eric walks into the house. Arthur tags along.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The happy dog follows Eric.

A door at the back of the kitchen, leading to the back yard, has a small cat door on the bottom of it.

Eric opens the door, allowing Arthur to escape into the back yard.

The door closes behind Eric. Two bowls rest beside the back door, one small and one big. There is a small amount of food in both.

Two bags of food, dog and cat food, sit beside the dishes. Eric fills both of the them with their respective food.

He opens the back door and steps out to the yard.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Arthur, squatting down, uses the bathroom on the lawn.

When he's done, he sprints to Eric. Eric bends down to the dog.

ERIC
Who's a good boy? Who's a good
boy?

Arthur's tail wags furiously with delight.

Eric peers at the waste Arthur left behind.

ERIC (CONT'D)
He didn't say anything about
cleaning up your shit.
(beat)
Come on, let's go watch some
television.

Eric gives Arthur one more pat on the head before he walks back into the house, Arthur following beside him.

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Eric opens the front door and steps in. Arthur greets him with his usual delight. Eric kneels down.

ERIC
Hey, buddy. You hungry?

Arthur licks Eric's face.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eric steps up to the bowls of food. Arthur's food is gone, but the cat bowl is still full.

Lost in a quick moment of thought, Eric shrugs his shoulders and fills Arthur's bowl.

Arthur stares at Eric.

ERIC
Not hungry, huh?

Eric opens the back door.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Don't get into any trouble.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Eric watches television, lounging on a lazy boy.

Arthur's barks at the back door stir him out of his seat.

EXT. DOOR TO KITCHEN - DAY

Arthur stands in front of the back door, tail wagging.

The door opens, Eric stands on the other side. Arthur saunters in.

Just as he's about to close the door, something in the yard catches Eric's eye. He squints, but can't make it out.

Eric steps into the back yard, closing the door behind him.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Eric makes his way to the back of the yard, just by the tree line.

He gets closer to the object. As he draws nearer, his eyes widen at the sight of TUCKER, Phillip's cat. He rests motionless on the grass, dead.

ERIC

Shit.

Panicking, Eric picks up the cat and hustles to the back door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eric, with a dead Tucker in his hands, rushes to the freezer in the fridge. Arthur follows him, barking.

Eric opens the freezer door and throws Tucker inside.

He looks down at Arthur and puts his finger to his lips and makes a shush noise.

ERIC

This is our little secret.

Arthur barks.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY**SUPER: END OF THE WEEK**

Eric reaches into the freezer and retrieves Tucker. Arthur stands by his side.

He puts Tucker on a bed of paper towels on the kitchen table.

Eric opens the back door.

ERIC

Come on, time to go outside.

Arthur runs outside as commanded.

LATER

Eric walks into the kitchen, towel in hand. A thawed out Tucker rests a top of the now wet paper towels. Eric uses the towel to dry Tucker off.

He picks Tucker up and walks out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eric rests Tucker down on a cat bed in the middle of the hall.

He steps back and admires his work, nodding his head.

INT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Phillip and his wife, LISA (31), walk through the front door, dragging their bags behind them.

Arthur greets them with his usual delightful demeanor.

PHILLIP

Hey, buddy.

Phillip and Lisa get down to one knee and playfully pet Arthur.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

We missed you big gu...

Phillip peers down the hall, cocks his head.

INT. ERIC'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eric rests on his couch, television on. The phone rings. He rises from the couch and takes a deep breath before he answers.

ERIC
Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

PHILLIP
You got something to tell me?

ERIC
No... why?

PHILLIP
Why is Tucker in his bed?

ERIC
Umm, I'd assume because he's tired?

PHILLIP
Eric, we buried Tucker out in the trees behind the back yard. He died like an hour before we had to leave for the airport.

Eric's face turns white as a ghost.

ERIC
What?

PHILLIP
We were in such a rush that we forgot to tell you.

ERIC
Oh. Shit.

PHILLIP
Yeah, no kidding. What the hell is he doing in his bed?

ERIC
I don't know... zombie?

Phillip shakes his head with disbelief.

PHILLIP
I should have asked Dale.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

SUPER: A FEW DAYS AGO

The back door opens and Arthur escapes into the back yard.

ERIC (O.S.)
Don't get into any trouble.

Arthur strolls around the back yard, nose deep into the grass.

His nose leads him beyond the back yard limit, into the trees.

Just beyond the tree line, Arthur stops, sniffs for a second, and digs.

FADE OUT.