

CHIMNEY

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3rd draft

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INT. POLICE CRUISER- NIGHT

An officer is seated behind the wheel of a ST. PETERSBURG POLICE CAR, typing out a report on his mounted computer.

ETHAN BAKER, 40s, an officer who by his chubby face and husky build, has clearly seen his best years come-and-go in the rear-view mirror.

DISPATCH

*Squad 51.*

Baker hears his unit being paged and picks up the radio mic.

BAKER

Go for 51.

DISPATCH

*Squad 51, can you please respond to 729 Claudine Avenue for a welfare check on a 72 year old female, on the line with 911 when disconnected. Attempts to reestablish contact have been unsuccessful.*

Baker clearly looks annoyed. He looks at his phone.

PHONE: 9:50 pm.

BAKER

Be advised dispatch, my tour ends in less than ten minutes.

DISPATCH

*Understood. But be advised, you are our our only available unit in the area.*

BAKER

(to himself)

Magin that. (to radio) Go ahead and show 51 en route to the scene.

DISPATCH

*Copy en route. Please advise on any need for additional units.*

BAKER

(to himself)

Oh yeah, I'll get right on that.

EXT. 729 CLAUDINE AVENUE- CONT'

Baker pulls his vehicle up and looks at the house. It's dark and quiet.

BAKER  
Go ahead and show 51 on scene. House  
is quiet, no obvious activity noted.  
Stand by for further.

DISPATCH  
10-4

Baker gets out and survey's his surroundings.

The entire street looks dark and quiet. 729 Claudine is the last house at the end of a culdesac.

Suddenly Baker's cell phone starts to ring. He looks at who's calling. It says MOM. He sends the call to voicemail.

TIME LAPSE

EXT. 729 CLAUDINE AVENUE (FRONT PORCH)- CONT'

Baker knocks on the door.

BAKER  
Police department!

No answer. Baker tries knocking once again.

BAKER (cont'd)  
St. Petersburg Police Department!

No answer. He tries turning the doorknob, but it's locked.

Baker uses a large 4D-cell battery flashlight to start looking around.

The Windows near the front door: all sealed and quiet.

Baker clicks his portable radio.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Dispatch. Negative contact at the  
front door. Have you been able to  
reestablish contact with the  
occupant?

DISPATCH  
*That's negative 51. All calls go  
straight to voicemail.*

BAKER  
Copy that. Why don't you go ahead and  
start me another unit heading this  
way.

DISPATCH  
*Code 1 or code 3?*

BAKER  
One for now. If I need lights and  
sirens, I'll advise.

Baker uses his flashlight to move around to the backyard. He  
can hear a CAT meowing loudly inside.

He moves to the backdoor. He knocks again.

No answer. He tries the door. This one is open!

INT. KITCHEN-CONT'

Baker opens the door slowly, the beam from his flashlight  
burning a hole in the darkness.

BAKER  
Police department! Is anyone here?

We only hear the mournful meowing of a cat.

Baker unbuttons the strap over his sidearm. He starts inside  
with caution.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Dispatch be advised I've made  
entrance. Backdoor. No contact made  
as of yet.

DISPATCH  
*Copy, please advise.*

BAKER  
Did caller inform you where in the  
house they might be?

DISPATCH  
*Negative.*

The kitchen is clean and tidy. Nothing out of the ordinary  
to give Baker alarm.

INT. LIVING ROOM- CONT'

Baker moves into the living room. Again nothing out of the ordinary. The room is dark and empty. He sees a hallway with bedrooms.

BAKER  
Police department!

No one comes out.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Dispatch, why don't you go ahead and  
upgrade my backup.

DISPATCH  
*Copy upgrade. Is there anything you  
need me to tell them?*

BAKER  
Yeah... hurry.

Baker pulls out his weapon.

He slowly starts down the hallway.

He opens the door to bedroom and looks in. Nothing. Another bedroom... same thing, nothing.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Baker slowly opens the door.

BAKER  
Police department!

He sees blood on the floor. His flashlight looks around, he sees a OLDER FEMALE laying face down on the bed.

A reading lamp near the head of the bed is on allowing enough light to see that there is blood splattered on the white sheets.

Baker looks around clearing the room.

He moves in cautiously and clears the closet before moving onto the female on the bed.

Baker checks for a pulse.

It's clear that she's dead. He talks into his mic.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Be advised we have a body. An elderly female, approximately in her 60's. Go ahead and get another unit dispatched out here. And you better get the detectives started out here.

That's when we see someone is standing directly behind Baker.

He activates his mic once more.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Let them know we're in the back...

Blood shoots out of Baker's mouth as the air inside his lungs escapes.

We see the long hunting knife that the man standing behind him used.

Baker falls to the ground.

We hear dispatch trying to reconnect with him. Baker tries reaching for his radio.

POLICE (O.S.)  
FREEZE PUT DOWN THE KNIFE!!!

The sounds of gunfire explode into the once quiet surrounding.

Before Baker passes out he hears someone screaming!

POLICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
I NEED AN AMBULANCE HERE NOW! OFFICER DOWN! I REPEAT OFFICER DOWN!

Slow fade to black.

The sounds of someone yelling 'Officer Down' are slowly replaced by the sounds of a woman:

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Get down! Get down from there right now!

TITLE CARD:

THREE MONTHS LATER

Fade In: on the face of a large RUSSIAN BLUE CAT meowing.

We see Baker laying in bed with, a four year old cat named CHIMNEY, sitting comfortably on his chest.

Chimney is a short haired cat who looks to be about 20 or so pounds overweight.

Baker smiles at seeing his cat, but an older WOMAN comes in and chases the cat off.

WOMAN

Ethan please get that cat down.

Ethan ignores the woman and instead reaches over to a bowl of cat treats and puts one in his mouth so the cat can nibble it out.

BAKER

That's a good boy.

We then can see that Baker is laying in a hospital bed at home. The older woman in the room with him is his mother, ALICE, 68.

ALICE

You shouldn't let Chimney climb on you like that.

BAKER

Why? He's my buddy.

Alice shoos Chimney away.

ALICE

Because he does shit like this.

We see a small scratch on Baker's leg from where the cat jumped off.

BAKER

Aw, he doesn't mean too.

ALICE

I know. But I still say we should have gotten him declawed.

BAKER

(insistent)

Absolutely not. You're not taking away my cat's only means of defending himself. Besides, I can't feel anything down there anyway.

Alice pulling out a first aid kit.

ALICE  
That ain't the point.

BAKER  
Well then why don't you tell me what  
the point is then ma.

Alice begins cleaning the small scratch.

ALICE  
The point, is that any little break  
in your skin, opens you up to  
infection. Especially a scratch from  
that nasty little shit.

BAKER  
I think you're just jealous of  
Chimney.

ALICE  
You've let that cat get so fucking  
fat, it's a wonder he's still able to  
lift his body off the ground to jump  
up here.

BAKER  
Well now you're just being hateful.

Alice finishes putting a band aid on his wound.

ALICE  
Just be careful please.

The doorbell rings.

BAKER  
Saved by the bell.

ALICE  
Don't move, I'll get it.

BAKER  
That's hilarious.

ALICE  
That's not what I meant.

Alice gets up and walks to the bedroom door. She opens it  
and passes by the frayed furniture as she starts down a  
flight of stairs to answer the door.



INT. LIVING ROOM- CONT'

Alice opens the door and lets JOY, a large WOMAN in Nursing Scrubs into the house.

The two women hug as if they've both been through the trenches.

JOY  
How's he doing?

ALICE  
Ornery as ever.

JOY  
And you?

ALICE  
Me? Hell, I'm made out of Teflon.  
Nothing sticks to me.

The nurse walks in and puts her purse down as she looks around.

JOY  
Where's the bed?

ALICE  
Still upstairs.

JOY  
Now come on now. You told me last week when I came that you were going to move the thing downstairs.

ALICE  
I know but...

JOY  
But nothing. It's too hard for you to be trying to go up and down those stairs all day long.

ALICE  
I was going to say, with the storm threatening the way it is, the boys I had scheduled to do the heavy lifting, cancelled out on me.

Joy shakes her head.

JOY  
Can't get good help now a days.

ALICE  
Plus the ambulance won't move my son  
from the upstairs to the down.

JOY  
Why?

ALICE  
One way trip I guess. They said they  
can take him all the way back to the  
hospital, but not to the living room.  
Oh, I don't know... I hadn't counted  
on any of this.

JOY  
I know. And his wife?

ALICE  
Soon to be ex-wife. Don't even get me  
started on talking about her.

They both start climbing back up the stairs to Baker's Room,  
which appears to be set up in the master bedroom, with the  
bed set up in the middle.

We see Chimney dash into the attached bathroom as he hears  
them approach.

JOY  
No problems with his pressure?

ALICE  
I've been taking it everyday. It  
stays pretty low, but nothing too  
scary.

JOY  
With his condition, it's normal for  
his pressure to stay fairly low.

BEDROOM: The two women enter.

JOY (cont'd)  
And how's my favorite person?

BAKER  
Still living the dream.

JOY  
Any pain?

BAKER  
Sometimes, but nothing I can't  
handle.

Joy takes the blanket off of Baker and touches his feet. She runs a pen up the bottom of his foot.

JOY

Anything?

Baker watches intently. He shakes his head no.

Joy nods her head silently. She looks at Alice.

JOY (cont'd)

You still turning him like we talked about?

ALICE

Yes. Even though it just about kills me, he helps me readjust.

JOY

That's good.

She lifts Baker up with no problem. She moves his gown and inspects his back and his buttocks. She smiles at Alice.

JOY (cont'd)

It looks good! I seen no signs of ulceration or skin breakdown.

ALICE

Every two hours or so, I try and come in here and move him from one side of the bed to the other.

JOY

Try? What's that about.

ALICE

Shit, I'm 68 years old. I ain't a spring chicken anymore.

Joy looks at Baker's Foley bag. It's half full with dark brown urine.

JOY

How's his liquid intake?

ALICE

It could be better.

JOY

He getting at least 8 glasses of water a day?

ALICE  
Does root beer and Pepsi's count.

Joy looks at her disapprovingly.

JOY  
Look here.

She lifts up Baker's hand.

JOY (cont'd)  
You pinch the back of the hand like this.

CLOSE UP OF JOY PINCHING UP THE SKIN

JOY (cont'd)  
Now it's supposed to snap back into shape. If it stays up like a tent, that's bad. That means he needs water. Not Pepsi's or soda pops. OK?

ALICE  
(repeating)  
If the skin tents, that means he's dehydrated.

JOY  
That's right.

ALICE  
And he needs water.

JOY  
That's right.

ALICE  
(to Baker)  
You hear that? Water. Not coke a colas.

BAKER  
I never drink cokes. And besides, (grabbing his plastic jug) I drink plenty of water.

Joy picks up Baker's urine collection bag.

JOY  
It shouldn't look like this if you were drinking enough water.

ALICE  
I shouldn't have to chase after you  
to take care of yourself.

BAKER  
Please.

ALICE  
Please nothing. It's like the moving.  
Every time it's a knock down drag out  
fight to get him to let me shift his  
position.

We hear thunder and heavy rain starting to come down.

BAKER  
More like cause you're always  
downstairs on the computer playing on  
Facebook.

ALICE  
You have no idea what I'm doing  
downstairs.

BAKER  
Gossiping to all those yenta, you  
gaggle with.

ALICE  
If you only knew what I do  
downstairs.

BAKER  
If I get moved three times a day, I  
consider myself lucky.

ALICE  
Oh, you are such a little liar.

Joy laughs nervously.

JOY  
It doesn't matter. From what I see,  
you're doing a good job. (to Baker)  
And you be a little bit nicer to your  
mama.

We hear something like fabric being ripped. Joy makes a most  
unpleasant looking face.

JOY (cont'd)  
What is that?

ALICE  
Just the cat, running his claws down  
one of my good reading chairs. (to  
Chimney) Pssst... no!

We hear the tearing again.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Goddamn it. If you'll excuse me for a  
second.

BAKER  
RUN CHIMNEY! (laughs)

JOY  
How's your appetite?

BAKER  
Not great.

JOY  
How about your moods.

BAKER  
(flat)  
Not great.

Joy sees the bandage Alice placed on his leg.

JOY  
And what is this?

BAKER  
Just a scratch.

JOY  
May I see?

BAKER  
You're the doctor.

JOY  
Not quite.

Joy lifts up his bandage.

JOY (cont'd)  
Is this from the cat?

Baker sheepishly nods.

BAKER  
Don't worry, it don't hurt.

JOY  
That's not always a good thing.

BAKER  
What do you mean?

JOY  
Pain is there for a reason. It's to alert the body that something is wrong and to do something about it. You get scratched like this, the normal instinct is to stop whatever it is that is scratching you and to clean it up and fix it.

BAKER  
Agreed.

JOY  
Yes, but if you don't know you've been hurt.

The light finally goes on in Baker's head.

BAKER  
Yeah, I can see where that might lead to problems.

JOY  
You're lucky you have your mom to look over you.

BAKER  
You have no idea.

INT. KITCHEN- CONT'

Alice is on the phone.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
If you wish to refill your prescriptions press 1.

Alice presses one.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Joy looks over a few medals Baker has received. She sees a picture of Baker in uniform.

JOY  
Very handsome.

BAKER  
Well thank you.

JOY  
How long were you a police officer?

BAKER  
Almost 20 years.

JOY  
Long time.

BAKER  
Long time.

Joy takes his blood pressure.

BAKER (cont'd)  
How long does it take for bedsores to start being a problem?

JOY  
Not long. You can have cellular breakdown in just a few hours. Maybe less if it's a thin piece of skin being pressed against a bone. Like along the back. That's why I tell you to keep readjusting.

BAKER  
She does her best.

Joy then points to Ethan's diaper.

JOY  
Any problems with the catheter?

Baker shakes his head.

BAKER  
Not so far.

JOY  
I'm going to take a quick look if you don't mind.

BAKER  
Knock yourself out.

Joy looks in his diaper.

JOY  
Looks good. No signs of infection or irritation. That's rare.  
(MORE)



JOY (cont'd)  
Most people can't get used to how it  
feels and start fiddling with it  
until it gets infected.

BAKER  
Never had that problem. It's almost  
like I can't even feel it.

Joy smiles at him and puts his diaper back on.

JOY  
Well, you're doing a good job.

BAKER  
Not me.

JOY  
Well your mom.

BAKER  
Yeah, she seems to be able to hold  
her own.

JOY  
I think your mom might need some  
extra help.

BAKER  
Good luck trying to convince her of  
that.

TIME LAPSE

FRONT DOOR:

Alice is standing with Joy as she is about to go. The home  
health nurse looks at all the locks on the door.

JOY  
Is he sleeping through the night?

ALICE  
Rarely.

JOY  
And the nightmares?

ALICE  
(defeated)  
Pretty frequent.

JOY

Your boy has been through a lot. PTSD is quite common for someone who's gone through the sort of hell he's been forced through.

ALICE

I know, but...

JOY

And then there's you.

ALICE

Me?

JOY

Yes you.

ALICE

I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself.

JOY

Yes, yourself. But now you're being asked to do so much more.

ALICE

I can manage.

JOY

You have to take care of yourself. You must tend to the shepherd before you can tend to the flock.

ALICE

Oh I'm alright.

JOY

I know. But consider getting some help.

Alice opens the door. It's raining cats and dogs.

JOY (cont'd)

Looks like it's going to be a bad one.

ALICE

Be safe driving home.

JOY

Consider what I said, Alice.

ALICE  
I'll think about it.

Alice closes the door. She looks slightly out of breath. She grits her teeth.

ALICE (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
Oh no, not now.

BAKER (O.S.)  
Hey ma did I hear her leave?

Alice shouts up the stairs.

ALICE  
Yes! She just left!

BAKER (V.O.)  
Any chance you can make me a hot dog?

ALICE  
OK! Gimmie just a second!

INT. BATHROOM- CONT'

Alice looks in the mirror. She's sweating and pale. She opens the medicine cabinet and takes out a pill bottle. She takes one out and places it under her tongue.

She waits there for a second before attempting to take a breath. She exhales forcefully out her mouth.

INT. KITCHEN- CONT'

Alice pulls out a wrapper of hot dog buns from the refrigerator when her cell phone rings.

She picks up her phone and sees the name, JANET on the screen. It's obvious from Alice's face, that Janet is not one of her favorite people.

ALICE  
Shit.

She answers the phone.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Hello?

JANET is a middle aged woman who looks like she just got her groove back.

She's standing in a house that looks almost identical to the one Alice is in. Only thing different is the decor.

JANET

Hey Alice.

ALICE

What do you want?

JANET

Well glad to see you're in a good mood.

ALICE

Janet, it's late and I'm trying to deal with Ethan.

Alice puts the hot dog buns down and pulls out a cigarette from her purse and lights it up.

JANET

Well I am too. I need to know if you guys got the paperwork my lawyer sent over to you.

Alice eyeballs a large manila envelope sitting on the kitchen counter.

ALICE

Yeah we got it.

JANET

I need you to have him sign the paperwork.

ALICE

I'll have him sign it when he's strong enough to face the fact that his wife decided to leave him at the point in his life when he needed her most.

Janet takes the blow without losing her temper.

JANET

Mom you know that we were planning this well before he got stabbed.

ALICE

Yeah, well he did get stabbed. He nearly died. And now he's my responsibility again.

JANET  
Mom... I just...

ALICE  
So tell your fucking lawyer he'll get his paperwork signed when we're good and goddamn ready to do so. And another thing, if you ever call this phone number again and refer to me as anything other than Misses Baker, we're going to have problems, do you hear me? Hello? Hello...

Janet hung up.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Bitch.

INT. UPSTAIRS- CONT'

Alice comes upstairs holding a tray. And the divorce papers. She sees Chimney outside the room clawing on a upholstered reading chair. The arms and lower portion are frayed due to constant scratching.

ALICE  
Don't fuck with me today Chimney. I swear, I will yank you by the tail and throw you outside in the rain.

Chimney just looks at her and stretches.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Alice walks in she places the tray across her son's lap. On it is a plate with a hot dog with just mustard, a large glass of milk, and a bowl of potato chips.

She puts the divorce papers on the dresser.

Baker is watching television, professional wrestling. He uses a remote control to change channels and lower the volume, which he does.

BAKER  
Is that you I hear yelling at Chimney?

Baker uses a pull bar installed over his bed so that he can sit himself up.

ALICE  
That little piece of shit has  
absolutely ruined every piece of  
furniture I have in this house.

BAKER  
I'm sorry mom. He doesn't know any  
better.

ALICE  
We should give that thing away.

BAKER  
Are you outside of your mind? He's  
about the only thing in this world I  
can still say is mine. I would never  
do that to my buddy.

Baker whistles and Chimney comes up to him meowing for a  
treat.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Where else are you going to find love  
like this?

Alice decides this might be the time.

ALICE  
Speaking of that, Janet called.

Just hearing the name causes Baker to shut down.

BAKER  
Oh yeah? What'd the bitch want?

ALICE  
You know what she wants.

BAKER  
Yeah, so she can go off and marry  
that piece of shit.

ALICE  
Good riddance to her, I say. Let her  
go off and marry that bozo. We don't  
need her.

Baker drops his remote off the bed. It causes the television  
channel to change.

BAKER  
Goddamn it.

Alice immediately springs into action.

ALICE  
Don't worry, I got it.

She hands the remote back to her son. He takes it from her and smiles up at her.

BAKER  
Just let me know when it gets here.  
I'll sign whatever she wants.

A flash of lightening causes the television and the lights to flicker, followed by a stupendous crash of thunder.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Please god don't let the power go out. Not tonight.

ALICE  
Why, what's so special about tonight?

BAKER  
It's Wrestlemania. The showcase of the immortals.

ALICE  
Spare me the gobbledygook. I'm going to go downstairs and find some candles, in case we lose power.

Alice reaches on the floor for the blankets, that Joy threw on the ground, to cover her son.

Baker shakes his head.

BAKER  
Leave them off. It's hot in here.

Alice drops the blankets back on the ground.

ALICE  
OK, but you're not sleeping like that.

Baker changes the subject.

BAKER  
I'll bet the police are going to be stretched thin tonight.

ALICE  
We'll be alright.

BAKER

In any case, don't open the door for anyone.

ALICE

I know.

BAKER

And make sure the doors are locked.

ALICE

I will.

BAKER

I'm serious mom, all of them.

ALICE

Right. All of them.

BAKER

And I need my gun.

Alice stops.

ALICE

You need what?

BAKER

My gun. Just pull it out where I can get to it if I need to.

ALICE

No.

BAKER

Mom, the police are not going to come fast enough if someone tries to break in.

ALICE

No.

BAKER

They wait for storms like this, in order to do home invasions. Don't you ever watch Forensic Files?

ALICE

Ethan no.

BAKER

At least take it out of the safe.

Alice relents.



ALICE  
I'll take it out of the safe.

She goes to his closet and pulls a gun safe out from the top of the closet.

ALICE (cont'd)  
But I'm not opening it. And I'm  
keeping it over here on the dresser.

BAKER  
But I won't be able to get to it over  
there.

ALICE  
That's OK. If we need it, I'll open  
it up and hand it to you.

BAKER  
But...

ALICE  
(cutting him off)  
That's the best you're going to get.

She places the gun case on the dresser, right on top of the envelope that has his divorce papers in them.

There is a flashlight on the dresser. It's similar to the one Baker had on the night he was nearly killed. She picks it up and takes it to her son.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Here. In case you need it.

He takes it.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Hand me your phone.

BAKER  
Why?

ALICE  
You're not using it right now. I want  
to keep it fully charged, just in  
case we need it.

Baker hands her his phone. Alice looks at it and shakes her head.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Less than ten percent.

Baker takes a bite into his hot dog.

BAKER

Thanks!

She takes the phone and goes to leave.

BAKER (cont'd)

Hey, close the door so Chimney can't get out. According to the Weather Channel it's supposed to get bad out there tonight.

ALICE

Do they have Jim Cantore out there yet?

BAKER

Not yet.

ALICE

Cause that's when you know shit's getting real.

BAKER

Watch the Waffle Houses. If they start to close, we probably better baton down the hatches.

ALICE

I read on the internet that it's not going to stay bad for the next few days.

BAKER

Well we better not lose power. Not tonight. It's Wrestlemania night.

ALICE

God forbid you might have to miss that phony, baloney bullshit.

BAKER

You're a mean woman, mom.

Alice almost has the door closed.

BAKER (cont'd)

And mom!

Alice waits politely.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Can you bring up some food for  
Chimney on your way back up? I think  
he's out.

Alice nods and breaths out heavy.

INT. LIVING ROOM- CONT'

Alice rushes downstairs where her trembling hands light up  
another cigarette. She breaths through pursed lips as she  
tries to steady herself.

INT. BATHROOM-CONT'

Alice reaches for a pill bottle, but it's empty. She reaches  
for another. Same thing.

ALICE  
(breathless)  
You got to be shitting me.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Baker is in bed enjoying his wrestling. He has one hand in  
the potato chip bowl and the other around his glass of milk.

The sounds of the wind and rain outside can be heard.

Suddenly Chimney moves across the bed, stepping on the  
remote, causing the channel to change, right at the climax  
of a match.

BAKER  
NO!

He scrambles to find his remote so that he can right this  
wrong.

Once order has been restored, he looks at Chimney. But  
instead of scolding him, he picks up his front two paws and  
pretends like he's dancing.

BAKER (cont'd)  
(singing)  
*I'm just wild about Chimney. And he's  
just wild about me! I'm just wild  
about Chimney...*

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM- CONT'

Alice turns on the light. She looks ghostly pale. She's still holding Baker's phone in her hand, as she stumbles into her bedroom. She looks dizzy and confused. The phone she's holding falls out of her hand before she has a chance to plug it in.

She then goes to her nightstand and finds an ALBUTEROL INHALER in the middle of a basket of even more pill bottles.

She takes a puff from her inhaler.

And then another.

She tries holding in the medication so that it can reach her lungs. But almost immediately she begins to violently cough. She tries to catch her breath, but the coughing grows in intensity until Alice finally is unable to draw in an adequate amount of air. She looks up to the sky with her mouth agape and falls to the ground dead.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Upstairs, Baker is finishing the last of his hot dog and potato chips.

He is rooting for C.M. PUNK against some jabroni, but Chimney's incessant meowing is ruining the mood.

BAKER  
Hang on, buddy. She'll be right back.

CUT TO:

ALICE- LAYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR

BAKER (V.O.)  
She's probably stopped to do  
something on the computer.

BACK TO MASTER BEDROOM

Chimney is meowing without reprieve.

BAKER  
Oh for the love of Christ, MOM!

Chimney meowing.

BAKER (cont'd)  
MOM!

Baker turns the volume down on his wrestling. He listens intently.

BAKER (cont'd)  
MOM! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Nothing.

BAKER (cont'd)  
(bellowed!)  
MOOOOOOMMM!

Baker looks at Chimney.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Where the fuck did she go?

He tries returning his attention to the wrestling, but it's no use.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Maybe she had to go out to the car  
for something. In the garage.

CUT TO:

ALICE- FOAM STARTING TO COME OUT OF HER MOUTH.

BACK TO BAKER sitting up in bed.

Baker turns the volume on his wrestling down. He listens intently.

Nothing.

BAKER  
Where the hell did she go?

Chimney looks back and meows for food.

BAKER (cont'd)  
MOM!!!

Slowly, a look of fear starts to creep onto Baker's face.

BAKER (cont'd)  
MOM!!!! Mom?

Tears immediately begin to well up in his eyes.

BAKER (cont'd)  
(agonized)  
Mom! Oh god no, mom.

Baker starts to look around his bed. Patting the sheets.

BAKER (cont'd)  
My phone. Holy shit she took my  
phone.

He looks around desperately before screaming!

BAKER (cont'd)  
HELP! HELP!

EXT. BAKER'S HOME- NIGHT

The violent storm raging outside drowns out any chance  
someone might hear Baker's desperate cries for help.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Baker in bed trying not to panic.

BAKER  
Somebody's coming. Somebody's coming.

Chimney is still meowing without letting up.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Shut up!

Baker sees the bowl of treats that Chimney has. It still has  
one treat in it.

Baker whistles for Chimney who comes barreling out of the  
bathroom and leaps up on Baker's chest. He feed his cat the  
treat.

Tears are still streaming down his face. Baker breaks down  
once again.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- MORNING

Baker wakes up with a fright. He looks around.

BAKER  
Mom?

Nothing but the television.

BAKER (cont'd)  
MOM!!!

TIME LAPSE:

Baker watching television bored.

TIME LAPSE:

Baker stomach growling, reaches for the bowl of Cat Treats and sniffs it, uncertain if he's hungry enough to actually eat it.

He is.

He eats almost all of them.

Chimney watches and meows.

Baker looks at him.

BAKER (cont'd)  
I'm sorry buddy. I promise I'll make  
it up to you.

TIME LAPSE:

Baker is vacantly watching the television when Chimney suddenly leaps on his chest.

Baker smiles at the cat and starts to pet him.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Not too much longer buddy. Hopefully  
not too much longer.

Baker nods off into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- BEDROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

The sound of an alarm clock.

Someone turns on a lamp and hits the alarm. The clock reads 5:00 pm.

It's Ethan, waking up with only Chimney in his bed. The cat looks younger and much thinner.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- SHOWER- LATE AFTERNOON

Ethan standing in a shower, letting the water rush over him.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- KITCHEN- EVENING

Ethan dressed in his police uniform, sitting alone at the kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal.

He finishes and puts kibble in the bowl for Chimney who starts to wolf it down.

BAKER  
Ain't nobody going to take it from  
you.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Ethan has his jacket on and is preparing to leave. He opens the door, just as Janet has her keys.

They look at each other, disinterested.

BAKER  
Hey.

JANET  
Hey.

They pass each other like acquaintances.

JANET (cont'd)  
Be careful.

Baker nods.

JANET (cont'd)  
And don't forget to feed the cat.

BAKER  
What?

JANET  
The cat... don't forget to feed it.

We can again hear Chimney's meowing.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- MORNING

Baker opens his eyes, uncertain if he's still in the dream. He hears Chimney and realizes, he's locked in this reality.

He looks around and remembers his mom.

BAKER  
MOM?



CUT TO:

ALICE DEAD ON THE FLOOR

Back to Baker. And the cat that won't shut up.

Baker whistles for Chimney, who tears out of the bathroom and up onto the bed expecting a treat.

Baker reaches for the bowl, but it's empty.

Baker looks back at his cat with sadness in his eyes.

BAKER

I'm sorry buddy. I'll get you  
something as soon as I can.

Chimney meows.

BAKER (cont'd)

Just hang in there with me for a  
little bit longer. OK?

Chimney meows. Baker tries petting him to soothe him, but the cat isn't interested and leaps off, causing a deep scratch on Baker's uncovered legs.

It takes Baker a minute to notice the blood running down his leg.

BAKER (cont'd)

Oh shit.

He looks at Chimney.

BAKER (cont'd)

You see what you did?

Chimney meows at him with hunger.

Baker is forced to lean forward and put pressure on the wound with his hospital gown, in order to get the blood to stop.

By the time he's finished, his leg is smeared with dried blood.

Baker looks at his cat.

BAKER (cont'd)

I didn't survive 20 years on the  
force just to die from an infection.

Chimney meows, obviously hungry.

Baker reaches for his water bottle, a plastic jug with a straw. He takes a drink and shakes the broken ice in his cup. He eats some of the ice, crunching it loudly.

We see that Chimney is watching him with great interest.

BAKER (cont'd)  
I said I'd get you something as soon  
as I can. What do you want from me?

Baker sweating, falls back onto his pillow.

BAKER (cont'd)  
It's so fucking hot in here.

Wrestling is still on the television, which provides a mild distraction for Baker, who starts watching it.

Baker's watching the Road Warriors take on The Fabulous Freebirds from 1985. It's clear from Baker's face, he's a HEEL GUY, rooting on the Birds.

He looks at the thermostat which says: 76'.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Why the fuck does she keep it so  
hot?.

CLOSE UP: Air Conditioner Vent- silent.

BAKER (cont'd)  
I'm going to cook to death.

Baker lies there sweating as his eyes finally start to get heavy. Slowly Baker drifts off into peaceful sleep.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- BEDROOM- DAY

Janet is sitting on the bed. It's obvious she's been crying. Ethan sits on a chair in stunned silence.

JANET  
Say something.

BAKER  
What do you want me to say?

JANET  
Anything! Anything is better than  
this. Which is nothing.

Baker sits there in silence. He reaches for the remote and turns on the television. An old episode of Happy Days is on, which he starts watching.

JANET (cont'd)  
So that's it then?

BAKER  
(flat)  
If you gonna leave, go ahead and leave. But I'm trying to watch something on TV.

Janet looks at her husband with hate in her eyes. She gets up and leaves the room.

We hear the front door open and slam shut.

Baker whistles. And Chimney comes up and sits on the couch with him. He pets the cat who doesn't seem to mind cozying up with his master.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

Baker wakes up. He reaches for the remote, but sees that it's fallen to the floor. Chimney walks by and steps on it causing the channel to turn to a religious station.

BAKER  
Not that... anything but that.

FADE TO BLACK:

FLASHBACK

EXT. PARK- DAY

Baker is walking with his daughter, Logan, a young girl who appears to be around 9. Logan is happily holding a kitten version of Chimney in her hands.

They stop and get an ice cream cone. Logan lets Chimney take a lick.

BAKER  
I dunno if kitty cats like ice cream.

LOGAN  
This one does. See daddy, look... he likes the taste.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- MORNING

Baker opens his eyes. He knows something is wrong. He looks down and sees Chimney licking the dried blood off his leg.

The shock of seeing it causes Baker to bolt up out of his stupor.

BAKER  
HEY!

He tries pushing Chimney off him, but the cat refuses. When Baker tries to be more forceful, the cat HISSES at him.

Baker looks at his cat stunned.

The cat jumps off the bed and sounds as if it is growling.

Baker's leg is bleeding again. He looks around and spots Alice's bandage kit on a nightstand across from the television.

BAKER (cont'd)  
That's fucking great.

He sits himself up and struggles to get his hospital gown off. He then wads it up and places it on the bleeding wound.

BAKER (cont'd)  
You're lucky I can't feel this!  
Otherwise, you're ass would be a  
whole world of shit.

Chimney's meowing continues.

BAKER (cont'd)  
You best just stay in there for a  
while Chimney. I swear, I ain't in  
any mood to play.

Baker's stomach is starting to growl. He looks around, but doesn't see any food in sight.

He looks over his bed and down at the floor. It looks a million miles away.

A chilling realization comes over him.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Holy shit... I'm going to die here on  
this bed.

Just as he says this, the electricity in the house goes out.

BAKER (cont'd)  
This is not good.

CLOSE UP: Air Conditioner Vent- quiet and still.

Thermostat: 76'

BAKER (cont'd)  
This is not good at all.

The thought triggers a memory.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

Baker is laying flat on a hospital bed. He's hooked up to heart monitors and IV medication.

A young doctor comes into the room with his mother.

Baker looks around like he doesn't know where he is. It looks like he's trying to sit up.

The doctor tries to slow him down.

DOCTOR  
Hold on there.

BAKER  
(groggy)  
What's going on?

DOCTOR  
You've been asleep for a long time.

BAKER  
What happened?

DOCTOR  
You are in a hospital. My name is Doctor Frankle. You were seriously injured while performing the duties of your job.

BAKER  
My job?

ALICE  
Policeman, honey.

BAKER  
I know. But why am I here?

ALICE  
Some gutless son of a bitch stabbed  
you in the back.

BAKER  
My back?

DOCTOR  
Yes. You just came out of surgery.

BAKER  
Surgery?

DOCTOR  
Yes. You had us a little worried  
there for a bit.

ALICE  
You almost died, right there in that  
stranger's house.

Baker thinks for a second.

BAKER  
The lady in the bed.

ALICE  
Yes, that one. You found her after  
her son did horrible things to her.

BAKER  
That was her son?

Baker gets a little excited.

BAKER (cont'd)  
What happened to him?

ALICE  
The policeman who was your back up  
shot him. Thank god. He said that  
maniac was standing over you looking  
to do to you, what he did to his own  
mother.

BAKER  
Which was?

ALICE  
He slit her throat that's what.

DOCTOR  
Why don't we let your son rest?

BAKER  
Did he kill him.

DOCTOR  
Kill who?

BAKER  
My backup. Did he kill him?

ALICE  
He's dead. That son of a bitch is  
lucky he's dead! Otherwise I would  
have fucking killed him.

Alice breaks down.

Baker looks as if he wants to go comfort her. And that's  
when he notices something is very, very, wrong.

BAKER  
Doc? Why can't I move my legs?

CUT TO:

BAKER BACK IN BED WAKING UP:

Unknown amount of time has past.

Baker is sweaty. He looks at the thermostat.

THERMOSTAT: 89'

He looks down and sees that his Foley Bag, which collects  
his urine is filled to the top.

Baker looks around to find something to dump his urine out  
into.

He sees his drinking cup on the bedstand next to him. He  
reaches for it and shakes the ice. He takes off the lid and  
before he can drink it down, Chimney jumps up on his chest  
and knocks the plastic jug out of his hands sending it  
crashing to the ground.

Baker snaps and pushes the cat off his body. He looks down  
at the spilled water on the ground beneath him.

Suddenly a stream of dark brownish liquid starts raining  
down on the jug, splashing all over the ground.

It's Baker, forced to empty his urine onto the floor. Once  
he's done, he leans back on his pillow. He's sweating like  
there's no tomorrow.

Chimney is meowing again. He can hear him lapping up some liquid.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- TOILET- CONT'

Chimney is standing on a handicapped equipped toilet seat and lapping up the toilet water.

BACK TO BAKER: looking tired and dehydrated. He pinches the back of his hand. It's tenting.

BAKER

Shit.

He smacks his lips. His lips look as if they are starting to crack.

He hears a young girl's voice in his head.

GIRL (V.O.)

He's absolutely beautiful.

INT. PET STORE- DAY

Baker is there with Logan, they browse through the various bunnies, puppies and kittens the store has to offer.

Baker sees a sad looking bulldog in a cage.

BAKER

How about this one?

Logan shakes her head.

LOGAN

I'm thinking more about getting a kitty.

BAKER

A kitty?

LOGAN

Yes! But one with hair.

BAKER

Come again?

LOGAN

There's a boy in our class who has a cat with zero hair.



BAKER  
You don't say.

LOGAN  
He says his cat looks like his  
privates.

BAKER  
Well I'm sure that's not true.

LOGAN  
God I hope not.

BAKER  
So a kitten with hair.

LOGAN  
Yes! Sally has one at school and it  
is the absolute cutest thing you have  
ever seen.

BAKER  
Really.

LOGAN  
Yes! And guess what she named it!

BAKER  
Mittens?

LOGAN  
Not even close. Hambone! Isn't that  
the cutest?

Logan's unbridled enthusiasm wins her dad over.

BAKER  
Let's go look at the kittens.

Logan claps her hands excitedly.

They walk over to a wall of meowing little fur balls.

LOGAN  
Which one do you think, daddy?

Baker scans the numerous kitten faces who are staring back  
at him. He then spots a scared looking blue-gray cat with  
the most unusual blue eyes.

BAKER  
How about this one?

Logan looks at the kitten.

LOGAN  
If we pick him, what should we call him?

BAKER  
How about ashtray?

LOGAN  
(annoyed)  
Dad, can you please take this serious.

BAKER  
Well I don't know. He looks like he's been playing in the fireplace.

Logan thinks for a second.

LOGAN  
What about Chimney?

Baker looks at the cat, who's no bigger than his hand.

BAKER  
Chimney. I like that.

LOGAN  
Chimney.

BAKER  
So is he the one?

Logan nods vigorously, clapping her hands.

BAKER (cont'd)  
You're going to take care of him, right?

LOGAN  
I promise. I'll clean him and feed him and play with him... everyday, so long as I live.

CUT TO:

BAKER WAKING UP FROM HIS DREAM.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT

Baker looks pale and his hair is drenched with sweat.

BAKER  
(groggy)  
Logan?

No answer.

Baker looks for Chimney, who is meowing off camera.

Baker then notices that the big toe on his left foot has been chewed nearly off.

Baker's eyes go wide as he focuses in on his mutilated toe.

EXT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- CONT'

Rain is still coming down. It stifles the horrific scream Baker lets out.

BAKER IN BED

Baker is understandably upset by this turn of events.

BAKER  
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO? YOU LITTLE  
SHIT!

Baker finds his baseball sized flashlight.

BAKER (cont'd)  
I'll fucking kill you!

Chimney meows.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Fuck you!

Baker heaves the heavy flashlight at the cat, but it lands short. The cat doesn't even seem to perceive it as a threat.

BAKER (cont'd)  
AHHHHH!!!

Chimney stretches out in front of Baker and begins to lick his paws.

Baker can see he's cleaning blood off his paws. His blood.

BAKER (cont'd)  
You motherfucker.

Baker looks at his toe still bleeding slowly. He watches as the blood pools at the bottom of his foot before falling to the ground, where he can't see.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
You got me.

FLASHBACK

Baker and his daughter are sitting across from each other playing chess.

BAKER  
What do you mean I've got you?

LOGAN  
You just took my queen.

BAKER  
Yeah, so?

LOGAN  
There's no way I can win, if I don't have my queen.

BAKER  
Says who?

LOGAN  
Dad, I'm nine, not stupid.

BAKER  
You can't give up.

LOGAN  
It's over.

BAKER  
Logan, it's not over. You have a lot of pieces still left to play with.

LOGAN  
None of which are my queen.

BAKER  
So you'll have to think of a new strategy.

LOGAN  
But I don't...

BAKER  
Play it out. But never quit.

LOGAN  
(not happy)  
OK.

BAKER  
Let me hear you say it.

LOGAN  
I won't quit.

BAKER  
I won't quit.

LOGAN  
I won't quit.

BAKER  
Just think of a new strategy.

LOGAN  
Think of a new strategy.

She moves a rook into a position to check her dad.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Check.

BAKER  
Now you're thinking. Play it out. Who knows? Just don't ever quit.

LOGAN  
I won't daddy.

BACK TO REALITY:

Baker still laying there helpless, bleeding.

BAKER  
Play it out. OK... You've got to stop the bleeding.

His wadded up hospital gown is soiled and useless. He throws it on the ground.

He sees the bandage kit on the bed stand. He also sees the gun safe his mother left on the nightstand near the T.V.

Baker looks at Chimney.

BAKER (cont'd)  
I get my hands on that gun.

Chimney flops himself down to sleep.

Baker takes in a deep breath and struggles to pull himself up with the assistance of his pull bar.

It takes everything in him. His features are sunken and he has dark, unhealthy looking circles around his eyes.

He takes a few seconds to regain his strength. Then he tries to pull himself off the bed. But he has trouble just turning himself over onto his side.

Finally his left arm reaches over to grab the right side bed frame.

Sweat is beginning to bead up on his pasty looking face.

THERMOSTAT: 92'

BAKER (cont'd)  
Please god, help me.

He's out of breath just trying to pull himself over. His back is stuck to the sheets underneath him, holding him down.

He pulls up hard and tears himself from the sheets underneath him. The process opens up three sores that have started to develop on his upper back, and buttocks.

Even with all his efforts, Baker has only managed to lift his torso over. His lower extremities are still flat and unmoved.

Once on his right side, he is forced to rest again. He uses his left hand to desperately search for the handle on the side rail.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Come on. Please.

Finally, mercifully, Baker's hand finds the unlocking handle and he manages to lower the side rail.

Grateful for this small victory, Baker smiles.

He tries to roll himself off the bed. But without his lower half involved, he's not able to move.

He reaches down to the side rail and begins to pull himself slowly off the bed.

He looks down at the ground. It's soaked with piss from where he dumped out his Foley bag.

Suddenly, he can hear the house phone ringing.

PHONE- MOUNTED TO THE WALL (OLD SCHOOL)

The phone is just outside Baker's room. It's sitting on an end table near the frayed pieces of furniture.

Baker listens to the phone ring.

BAKER (cont'd)  
HELP! Please help!

The phone stops ringing.

Baker starts sobbing as he dangles over the side of his bed.

JANET (O.S.)  
You never were worth a shit.

Baker stops crying to see who said that.

BAKER  
Who said that? Mom?

A vision of Janet appears before him.

JANET  
You never forgave me.

BAKER  
I told you not to let her go.

JANET  
We couldn't keep her locked up forever. Eventually she was going to want to do something with someone her own age.

BAKER  
I told you not to let her go.

JANET  
You let us both go, Ethan. And now look at you. Pathetic.

BAKER  
This isn't my fault.

JANET  
All those hours you were gone. You were never at home. I never saw you. What was I supposed to do?

Baker closes his eyes.

BAKER  
Just get out of here... please.

JANET

Don't worry. You're all alone. Just like you always wanted.

Baker opens his eyes again and Janet is gone. He looks confused, almost dazed.

Then he remembers, where he's at and what he needs to do. With great effort, Baker continues pulling himself off the bed.

Slowly we see his lifeless lower half begin to budge. Slowly, tediously, Baker manages to pull his lower half off the bed.

Baker uses his hands to continue pulling himself until his lower half falls to the ground landing on the hardwood with the splat of a man who had just leaped out of a tall building.

The weight of the fall causes Baker to collapse into the puddle of his own piss.

Chimney watching what Baker's doing with tremendous curiosity.

Baker ignores the cat and looks at the door to his room. Freedom!

He lifts himself up with just his arms and forces himself to start inching his way towards the bedroom door.

We see his Foley collection bag dragging on the ground behind him.

Chimney is meowing loudly as he leaps up onto the bed and looks down on Baker wriggling on the floor like an injured bird that had fallen out of a tree.

Sweat is pouring down Baker's pale face as he continues to make his way closer and closer to the door.

Suddenly he feels he's snagged on something. He looks back and sees the Foley bag tangled caught underneath the leg of his bed frame.

Tears well up in Baker's eyes as he finally is able to get his fingertips under the door, but no further.

He looks back at the Foley bag and then again at the door. No choice, he pulls himself forward, causing a gush of piss and blood spill out of his diaper.



But once free, Baker can smell freedom. He pushes himself up against the wall and hoists himself up as far as he can.

BAKER

Yes!

But Baker's moment of victory is short lived. He is forced to use both arms, and every last ounce of strength he has left in his body to lift himself up and reach the doorknob.

He tries holding himself up with just one arm, so the other can try to reach the knob.

He's just barely able to touch it.

The one arm holding Baker up buckles as he tries repeatedly to pull himself up high enough to get the door open. Each attempt ends in failure.

After several attempts, Baker is exhausted and drained. The cat looks right at him.

BAKER (cont'd)

Fuck you.

Chimney hisses at him.

BAKER (cont'd)

Good... at least the feeling's mutual.

Baker looks at the chewed off piece of toe left on his foot. He starts to laugh like a crazed person.

BAKER (cont'd)

(at Chimney)

You think that hurts me? You think I give a shit? Well I don't. I can't feel nothing. It don't hurt! Nothing does! So chew on that for a while you son of a bitch.

Baker looks around defeated. Then he sees the gun safe on top of the dresser.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The AMBULANCE CREW is carrying Baker up the stairs and placing him into his hospital bed.

They raise the railings on each side of the bed once he's in there.

Alice is there smoking a cigarette and watching.

PARAMEDIC

(to Alice)

You mind putting that cigarette out  
ma'am?

Embarrassed, Alice snuffs out her smoke.

ALICE

Sorry... sorry. Still not used to  
having much company.

Baker is laying flat on the bed.

EMT

(to Baker)

You comfortable sir?

BAKER

Not really.

EMT

Let's see if you're able to pull  
yourself up.

Baker tries pushing himself up by placing his hands on the  
bed. No luck.

PARAMEDIC

Go ahead and use the side rails, they  
won't break.

Baker looks at him with a *'easy for you to say pal'* look on  
his face.

Slowly, Baker starts to be able to pull himself up a tad.  
The effort taxes Baker, causing him to start breathing  
heavy.

BAKER

Not as easy as it looks.

EMT

It's going to take some time.

PARAMEDIC

You haven't had to use your muscles  
in long time. But the more you use  
them, the easier it will be.

The paramedic taps on the pull down bar.

PARAMEDIC (cont'd)  
Grab on to this when you start  
getting a little bit stronger.

The EMT looks around the room and then at Alice.

EMT  
Is it just the two of you?

ALICE  
That's all we got.

EMT  
You might want to consider getting  
yourself some help.

ALICE  
I'm retired. So I'll be able to stay  
home with him and take care of him.  
We have a home health nurse scheduled  
to start coming over once a week. So  
I think I think we can manage.

The paramedic hands Alice a clipboard and a pen.

PARAMEDIC  
OK well if you'll just sign here,  
ma'am showing we got Mr. Baker here  
in one piece.

Before Alice signs it she tries to read it over.

ALICE  
Is the insurance gonna take care of  
this?

The EMT and Paramedic look at each other.

BAKER  
Just sign it mom. Everything is being  
taken care of by the department.

ALICE  
Yeah, says who?

BAKER  
The union steward said everything is  
one-hundred percent being taken care  
of. It happened on the job so we got  
nothing to worry about.

Alice signs the clipboard and thanks the medical crew who  
pick up their stuff and leave.

PARAMEDIC

If you need us to come back out,  
don't hesitate to call.

BAKER

She won't. Believe me she won't.

Alice smiles embarrassed.

ALICE

You just lay there and be quiet. (to  
paramedic) Thank you so much. Can you  
shut the door on your way out?

PARAMEDIC

Not a problem, you both have a good  
day.

When they are finally alone, Baker pats his new bed and  
looks at his mom.

BAKER

When did they deliver this?

ALICE

Just yesterday. I was afraid we were  
going to have to keep you in the  
rehab facility for another day, but  
the moving truck arrived with it late  
last night.

Baker smiles and nods.

ALICE (cont'd)

You like it?

BAKER

It's great mom. Thank you.

ALICE

All your stuff arrived yesterday.  
Janet had it all boxed up real nice.

BAKER

You get my gun?

ALICE

Now why do you want that?

BAKER

Because it's my gun.

ALICE

Well here you won't need it.

BAKER

You won't be saying that when some drug addict comes breaking into the house looking to do god knows what.

ALICE

That won't happen.

BAKER

I'm sure that's what that poor lady I found murdered in her bed say.

ALICE

I won't live my life in fear.

BAKER

I won't either. That's why I want my gun.

ALICE

It's in a safe.

BAKER

Where?

ALICE

In the closet. Right where we can get to it if we need it.

BAKER

But what good...

ALICE

(insistent)

Ethan. This is my house and that is my rule.

BAKER

Well as long as it's here, and nearby.

ALICE

It's not more than five feet away from you. I can have it in your hands in less than a minute.

BACK TO REALITY

Baker still groggy looks at the gun safe. A resolved look comes over his face.

With everything he has left in his body, he begins the slow torturous '*scratch and claw*' across the floor towards the nightstand where the gun is.

As he's crawling, we can see the 'bedsore' ulcerations on Baker's back. They are red and swollen.

Then as Baker is nearly halfway across the floor, Chimney suddenly leaps onto his back causing Baker to fall flat onto the floor.

The cat digs his claws into the ulceration on Baker's upper back.

Baker screams at the cat which causes it to jump back off.

BAKER  
(sobbing)

Ow!

He picks himself back up and continues dragging himself towards the gun.

We see his uncovered lower extremities being pitifully dragged behind.

Baker keeps the gun safe in his eyesight, a goal.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Please.

Then he's snagged on something. He struggles to look back and sees Chimney clawing at his feet.

The cat has shredded his right foot and appears to be trying to nibble on frayed pieces of flesh.

BAKER (cont'd)  
HEY!

The cat looks up and hisses at him.

Baker cannot do anything to pull his feet away. We see the cat still pecking at his feet as Baker desperately looks for something to fend him off.

He sees the flashlight thrown on the ground. He makes a break for it. The cat continues to tug at his feet with every movement.

Finally when Baker makes it to the flashlight, Chimney is gone.

He looks at the torn flesh on his feet and the trail of blood he's left across the floor.

JANET (V.O.)  
He didn't mean to hurt you honey.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- BATHROOM- DAY

Janet is washing Logan's hand under the sink. Baker is in the doorway, holding Chimney, watching.

LOGAN

Then why did he bite me then?

JANET

Well he's still just a kitten, so I'm pretty sure he's just teething.

LOGAN

Teething? How long will he do that?

BAKER

I bet it won't be that long.

JANET

But in the meantime we just got to be careful when we're handling Mr. Chimney.

LOGAN

I don't think he likes me.

BAKER

Of course he likes you. He loves you. You're like his mommy.

JANET

Why don't you go into your bedroom and get yourself ready for bed. I'll be in, in just a little bit to read you a story.

LOGAN

(discreetly to Janet)

Did you ask him yet?

She forgets she has a police officer for a father.

BAKER

Ask me what?

Logan looks pleadingly at her mother who looks back at her with confidence.

JANET

Go into your room and let me talk with daddy.

Logan smiles and hugs her parents.

BAKER  
Love you kiddo.

LOGAN  
Love you too, daddy.

Logan leaves.

BAKER  
So what's up?

JANET  
It's the birthday party.

BAKER  
I thought we already decided on that.

JANET  
No, you already decided on that.  
Logan wants to go.

BAKER  
But it's on the water.

JANET  
I know. But all her friends will be  
there.

BAKER  
I'm just not comfortable with it.

JANET  
Ethan, she's nine. You have to let  
her grow up sometime.

BAKER  
And what if something happens.

JANET  
Nothing's going to happen.

BAKER  
You can't say that.

JANET  
No, you're right. But we can't always  
live our lives in fear.

BAKER  
Fear is good. It lets us know we  
should avoid it if at all possible.



JANET

She told me that she would be considered a "freak" if she doesn't go.

BAKER

Well you know I don't want that.

JANET

I know.

BAKER

And she'll hate us if we don't let her.

JANET

Most likely.

BAKER

Swear to me nothing bad will happen.

JANET

I swear! Nothing bad will happen.

BACK TO REALITY:

Baker's feet are mangled. He keeps a hold of the large flashlight and begins to make his way towards the gun safe.

Chimney starts to prowl near him, but Baker waves the flashlight at him menacingly!

BAKER

GET OUT OF HERE!

Chimney runs off.

Baker continues on. When he finally makes it to the nightstand, he tries reaching up for the gun safe. His fingertips can barely touch the bottom of it.

He screams in frustration. Then he remembers his flashlight. He uses it to help him push the gun safe to the edge of the nightstand and then off.

The manila envelope containing his divorce papers falls to the ground along with the small safe.

Baker completely ignores the envelope as he is determined to get that gun.

Baker looks at Chimney staring at him and licking blood off his whiskers.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Enjoy it while you can! Cause you  
only got about two seconds left in  
this world to savor that taste.

Baker opens that safe and pulls out the gun. He points it at  
Chimney who just stares blankly at him.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
You wouldn't really do it would you  
daddy?

Logan walks into the room and looks down at her father.

LOGAN  
He didn't mean to hurt you daddy.  
He's just hungry, that's all. I  
remember how grouchy you used to get  
when you were hungry.

Baker is agonized to see his daughter once again.

BAKER  
Logan?

A loud thunderclap can be heard.

LOGAN  
Oh, I bet he's just scared, daddy.  
Scared and hungry.

BAKER  
Where did you go?

LOGAN  
You know exactly where I went silly.

Baker's eyes are now streaming with tears.

BAKER  
Are you back for good, baby girl?  
Please tell me that you're not going  
away again.

LOGAN  
I'm not going anywhere daddy.

BAKER  
I've missed you so much.

LOGAN  
I missed you too. You and mommy.

BAKER  
I want to be where you are.

LOGAN  
You can't daddy. You can't give up.

BAKER  
What?

LOGAN  
I said you can't give up. Remember,  
that's what you told me. You can't  
give up. Find a new strategy.

Baker looks at the gun. And when he looks back up, Logan is gone.

BAKER  
New strategy.

He points his gun at the window and pulls the trigger.

*'Click.'*

Dry fire.

Baker pulls the trigger again and again.

*'Click... Click.'*

Baker frantically pulls the magazine out of the gun.

No bullets.

Not even one in the chamber.

Baker tears open the gun safe.

BAKER (cont'd)  
No! No! NO!!!

Baker throws the gun down.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Why? It's not fair. It's just not  
fair.

ALICE (V.O.)  
I told you I hated guns.

Baker looks up at his mother.

BAKER  
What happened to you?

ALICE  
Exactly what you think.

Baker starts crying.

BAKER  
I'm sorry mom.

ALICE  
Hell it wasn't your fault. It was  
that piece of shit who stabbed you's  
fault.

BAKER  
Where are the bullets?

ALICE  
I threw them away.

BAKER  
You what!

ALICE  
I've lived in this condo for over 30  
years and have never once needed a  
gun. I figured I'd just let you think  
we had one, so you wouldn't bug me  
about it.

BAKER  
That's wrong mom. That's so wrong.

ALICE  
Well, not much we can do about that  
now can we?

BAKER  
What the fuck am I supposed to do  
now? I'm trapped in here with a  
fucking cat who's trying to eat me!

ALICE  
You do what you have to son to make  
it through this.

BAKER  
But that cat.

ALICE  
Whatever it takes.

BAKER  
And Logan?

ALICE  
She's just a little girl. She'll  
understand what needs to be done.

BAKER  
You should have trusted me with the  
bullets.

ALICE  
And you should have forgiven Janet  
after what happened.

BAKER  
Logan would still be here if she had  
listened to me.

ALICE  
You don't know that. So stop making  
her live with that hanging over her  
head.

Suddenly the sound of Chimney clawing the furniture can be  
heard.

ALICE (cont'd)  
That goddamn cat. Whatever it takes  
Ethan!

Ethan opens his eyes, as if he had fallen asleep. Alice is  
gone. But Chimney is on his right thigh with his claws out.  
Chimney is raking Baker's leg like he did the furniture.

Ethan is able to grab Chimney with one hand, but the cat  
claws at his hand and bites him hard, causing Ethan to lose  
his grip.

Chimney runs and jumps up on the bed so he can look down at  
Baker and clean himself.

Baker looks at the heavy bleeding coming from the deep  
scratches and puts his hand on the wounds to apply pressure.  
He looks around and sees a towel thrown on the ground.

He reaches for it, as fast as he can, and grabs it. He  
quickly wraps it around his leg.

When he's done he looks at Chimney and screams!

BAKER  
FUCK YOU!

That's when Baker sees the manila envelope on the ground  
with his name on it. He opens it up and looks at his own  
divorce papers.

FLASHBACK

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Ethan and Janet are on the couch watching a movie. Ethan tries to get a little frisky.

Janet reciprocates.

JANET

See, it's not always a bad idea to  
let the girl go off with her friends.

They start kissing, when a heavy knock on the door is heard.

Janet and Baker immediately stop.

BAKER

Were you expecting someone?

Janet reaches under her shirt to re-do her bra, while looking at him as if he had just asked the world's dumbest question.

Ethan goes to the door.

A police officer, dressed in the same uniform Baker normally wears while on duty, is at the door.

He looks somber and nervous.

POLICE OFFICER

Officer Baker?

Immediately Baker is panicking.

BAKER

Yes? What is it?

POLICE OFFICER

May I come in?

TIME LAPSE

Janet crashes to the floor in grief.

Baker standing with the Police Officer angrily screams and shakes his head no.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD- DAY

A full color guard of police officers are on hand to help Baker bury his daughter.

Baker and Janet are dressed in black. Alice is sitting next to Ethan. Janet appears nearly catatonic.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Baker and his wife come home.

Baker sees the table where he and Logan used to play chess. The board is set up for their next game. He rushes to it and kicks the table over.

He then starts tearing pictures off the wall and smashing thing in sight.

Janet looks on with a blank stare. She sits down in a chair with a lost vacant expression on her face.

A kitten version of Chimney comes up and starts meowing.

Baker sees the cat and bends down to pick it up. Janet looks up at them.

Baker looks at her and then coldly carries the cat away.

INT. LOGAN'S ROOM- CONT'

The room is your typical 9 year old girl's room. Posters of pretty teen actresses and handsome teen boys hang on the walls where just a year ago Disney Princesses seemed to dominate the space.

Baker goes in there and falls on Logan's tiny twin-sized bed, holding Chimney in his arms.

BACK TO REALITY

Baker laying on the ground, propped up next to a nightstand. He has the flashlight on and is looking through the divorce papers.

He sees a section that says: REASON FOR DIVORCE. And the handwritten answer next to it is: MENTAL ABUSE/  
IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES.

Baker sees the line where Janet has signed her name. He also sees the blank line where he was supposed to sign.

He looks around.

BAKER  
A pen. Come on, there's got to be a  
pen here somewhere.

He doesn't see one.

BAKER (cont'd)  
Fuck it.

He dips his finger into the bleeding mass that his thigh has become and signs his name in smeared streaks of blood.

When he's finished he throws the paper across the room.

Baker finally collapses from exhaustion. His face hits the floor and he is out.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- DAY

Baker's eyes suddenly open.

The features on his face are even more sunken in. Beads of sweat are on his face and forehead.

Rested, he pushes himself over and props himself up against the wall.

He notices that all but one of his toes are now gone. He no longer has the strength to show any emotion. He just stares at the loss of his appendages with a dead flat expression.

He scans the room for Chimney. He doesn't see him.

He does smell something though. A huge pile of cat shit laying right in front of him, just out of reach.

THERMOSTAT: 98'.

Baker is struggling when he hears Chimney in the bathroom lapping up water.

Baker's eyes go immediately to the open bathroom door which is on the other end of the room.

Baker's eyes grow wide. He immediately begins forcing himself towards the bathroom.

TIME LAPSE:



INT. MASTER BATHROOM- CONT'

Chimney is on the sink watching as Baker forces his way into the bathroom. The cat is meowing for food.

Baker ignores him and looks at the high handicapped accessible seat is installed on the toilet, causing Baker to stop for a second.

Then he sees the shower. It's handicapped accessible.

Baker begins to push himself into the cramped bathroom. His lower extremities are caught on the corner, but Baker doesn't notice. He forces himself into the shower with all his strength. It causes a major laceration on his leg as he rips it across the doorframe.

Baker doesn't notice or care.

The shower curtain is pulled off to the side as he pushes himself into the shower as far as he can. He stretches up to turn the cold water faucet on.

But the first few tries he is unsuccessful. Either his fingertips don't reach, or they just do not have enough on them to turn the faucet.

But finally, he gets it to start trickling down on him.

Baker catches what drops he can in his mouth. After a few swallows, he lays his shoulders and back on the shower floor and lets the water sprinkle down on him.

It's like manna from Heaven. He begins licking up the water that's collected at the bottom of the shower.

Chimney jumps down and begins pacing back and forth. Still meowing for food.

Baker is too happy to notice Chimney jump down and start smelling his leg.

Baker's leg is obviously inflamed and discolored from possible infection.

Chimney licks his owner's open wound. Baker is still laying in the water, looking as if he's cooling off.

Chimney licks the wound again, this time tearing off a long strip of skin, which he quickly takes and runs off with.

The water rushes around Baker's head.

FLASHBACK

EXT. LAKE- DAY

Baker stands at the side of a small Florida lake. He watches as people on motorboats speed by.

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME- BEDROOM- EVENING

Baker is getting dressed in his uniform. He hears Janet get home. She doesn't say anything, and neither does he.

She finally comes into the bedroom and looks puzzled at seeing Baker in uniform.

JANET  
Tonight's Saturday.

Baker doesn't bite.

JANET (cont'd)  
We're supposed to go to therapy tonight.

Baker doesn't look at her.

BAKER  
Can't. Picked up an extra shift.

JANET  
That's your second one this week.  
When was the last time you had a day off?

BAKER  
I'm fine.

JANET  
You're not fine. You went back to that lake didn't you.

BAKER  
Everything is under control.

JANET  
Everything is not under control.

BAKER  
(losing his temper)  
I SAID I'M IN CONTROL!

Janet looks at him.

JANET  
I can't take this anymore Ethan.

BAKER

Take what?

JANET

I lost her too. You think you were the only one who lost someone? She was my daughter too!

BAKER

You think I don't know that?

JANET

She wanted to go! What was I supposed to do!

BAKER

TELL HER NO! You should have listened to me! I told you I didn't want her going to that fucking birthday party but you just wouldn't listen.

JANET

And you think this is going to help?

BAKER

Nothing is going to help.

JANET

This is the time when we should be leaning on each other for support. Not isolating ourselves from each other.

BAKER

I've got nothing to say, Janet.

BAKER (cont'd)

Well there's a fucking first.

JANET

(crying)

I know! I should have listened! Is that what you want me to say? Is that what you need to hear? That I'm responsible for our daughter drowning? There! Is that what you wanted? I'm sorry. I'm sorry that you think I killed our daughter.

Janet breaks down.

Baker walks out leaving her there to sob by herself.

JANET (O.S.)  
YOU'RE TEARING US APART!!!

But Baker goes through the screen door without a reply. He walks out into the rain and looks up at the sky.

BAKER  
AHHHHHH!!!

The falling rain turns into the falling drops of water coming out of the shower head above Ethan.

BACK TO REALITY

Baker wakes up to his own version of a living Hell. Chimney has got his head down and is tearing away at Baker's penis!

Blood begins to spurt then spray out of Baker's most delicate of areas.

Baker focuses on what's happening to him and screams!

BAKER (cont'd)  
FUCK YOU!!!

He rips the shower curtain and rod down. He grabs the rod and tries swinging it at Chimney.

The extension rod strikes the cat and breaks in two. The blow causes Chimney to leap off his pelvis.

We see bright red blood coursing out of Baker's severed penis.

It pulsates like a fountain. Spurting out with every beat of his heart.

Chimney growls at him, the hair on his back standing on end.

BAKER (cont'd)  
GET OUT OF HERE!

Chimney leaps at Baker!

Baker has only enough time to put his hands up to protect himself.

He's thrown back, his head hitting the hard shower floor.

Chimney hisses at Baker and claws at his face.

Baker tries knocking off but not before Chimney rakes his claw over his right eye.

Blinded and in a frenzy Baker swings at Chimney, knocking the cat off of him.

Chimney climbs up onto the sink and looks down at Baker. He hisses as he prepares to leap down onto him for the kill.

Baker sees this and braces himself. He grips one end of the shower curtain rod and when Chimney leaps, Baker is ready. He lifts up the jagged piece of steel and swings it at Chimney.

He hits the cat on the side, causing the cat to run off.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ETHAN BAKER'S FAMILY HOME LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Baker and Logan are playing chess once more. Logan finally secures her first checkmate.

LOGAN

Checkmate

Baker looks on with both shock and pride.

BAKER

That is indeed checkmate.

Baker studies the board.

LOGAN

So is it true?

BAKER

(distracted)

Is what true?

LOGAN

What you always told me about losing.

BAKER

And what might that be?

LOGAN

Losing doesn't hurt. Not trying does.

BAKER

Yes that's very true.

LOGAN

(teasing)

Don't worry daddy. It won't hurt.

BACK TO REALITY

Injured and limping, Chimney comes back into the bathroom.

Delirious, Baker tries lifting his head.

He sees Logan standing behind Chimney, who is furiously eating the meaty part of his upper leg.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Don't worry daddy. It won't hurt.

Chimney looks up from where he's feeding, face smeared thick with blood and viscera, and snarls at him. He then lowers his head and continues tearing chunks of flesh off of Baker's leg.

We see that Baker has lost A LOT of blood.

A ghost white Baker tries throwing a bottle of shampoo at the cat.

The shampoo bottle falls out of Baker's hand.

LOGAN  
Don't worry daddy, it won't hurt.

Baker stops and looks up through the falling shower drops and sees Logan.

BAKER  
(weak)  
It doesn't hurt. You can't hurt me.

LOGAN  
Just rest daddy. I promise you'll feel much better.

BAKER  
(barely audible)  
Rest.

Baker puts his head down on the shower floor.

Chimney is still tearing away at the leg. The blood pouring out of his penis has nearly stopped flowing.

Logan is gone.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
When you wake up, maybe we can play another game of chess?

Baker smiles.

BAKER  
OK baby girl.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BAKER'S HOME- MORNING

There are branches on the ground and debris in the street,  
but the sun is shining and the birds are chirping.

A police cruiser pulls up in front of the house. The police  
officer behind the wheel, SAGGS, is a young African American  
who looks to be in the prime of his life.

SAGGS  
Unit 23.

DISPATCH  
*Go for 23.*

SAGGS  
Yeah, go ahead and show me on scene  
at this welfare check.

DISPATCH  
*Copy. Advise on need for additional.*

SAGGS  
Copy that.

Saggs goes to the front door and knocks on it.

SAGGS (cont'd)  
POLICE DEPARTMENT!

No answer.

Saggs knocks again, this time even harder.

SAGGS (cont'd)  
POLICE DEPARTMENT!

No answer.

SAGGS (cont'd)  
(into radio)  
Negative contact at this address at  
the front door. Be advised I'll be  
going around back. Go ahead and start  
me out another unit, code one for  
now.

DISPATCH

*Copy code one.*

Saggs starts to make his way around to the backyard.

DISPATCH (cont'd)

23.

SAGGS

Go for 23.

DISPATCH

*Be advised this address is coming  
back to a former St Petersburg  
Officer. Possibly armed. Please  
proceed with caution.*

SAGGS

10-4.

Saggs takes out his sidearm and proceeds with a bit more trepidation.

Saggs makes it to the backyard. The door is locked. He tries knocking one more time.

No answer.

Saggs takes out a retractable baton and smashes the small plate window on the back door.

He looks in and smells something horrible.

SAGGS (cont'd)

Dispatch, be advised, I detect the  
smell of decay. I'm going to attempt  
forcible entry. Go ahead and upgrade  
my back up to code 3.

INT. KITCHEN- CONT'

Saggs goes in with his gun out.

SAGGS

ST. PETERSBURG POLICE DEPARTMENT! IF  
THERE IS ANYONE IN HERE, COME OUT  
WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



INT. DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM- CONT'

Saggs goes in and reacts to the smell of death all around him. It doesn't take him long to find the decaying body of Alice laying motionless on the floor.

SAGGS

Be advised to all incoming, we have one Signal 7 laying on the ground in the downstairs bedroom.

INT. STAIRWAY- CONT'

SAGGS

ST PETERSBURG POLICE! I'M COMING UP THE STAIRS! IF THERE IS ANYONE UP HERE, COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONT'

Saggs opens the door and cannot believe what he is seeing. There is blood streaked across the the floor.

He sees the gun laying on the ground.

SAGGS

Police department!

Saggs sees the bathroom. He starts towards it. He sees Baker laying dead in the shower.

He sees the chewed up flesh on Baker's lower extremities. He sees the missing toes from his feet, the blood dripping out of his diaper and the huge chunks of missing flesh taken from his body.

SAGGS (cont'd)

Holy Jesus!

Then Chimney comes out and meows.

SAGGS (cont'd)

Hey there little guy.

He picks Chimney up.

SAGGS (cont'd)

What the hell happened here, huh?

Saggs sees the wound on Chimney's side, caused by the shower curtain rod.

SAGGS (cont'd)  
How'd you get injured like this?

Chimney meows.

SAGGS (cont'd)  
I'll bet your hungry. Let's go find  
you some food.

The End