

CHUCK BOOZER: THE MEANEST CAT IN THE WORLD
AN ANIMATED PILOT

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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - THE EARLY 90'S

The American Dream.

BIRDS chirp happy birdsongs -- perch on power lines -- nest in tree tops. While below...

CHILDREN skip rope, roller skate, and ride BMX bikes under the watch of responsible and loving PARENTS.

CLICK CLACK, CLICK CLACK. A YARD SPRINKLER rotates, spitting water across green grass stretching out until it reaches...

A two STORY BRICK HOUSE. A young TABBY CAT sits in the window, licking his paw. This cat's name is CHUCK BOOZER.

And everything is just *purr-fect*.

Chuck Boozer leaps from the windowsill and out of view. Then inside the house we hear...

The CRASH of large furniture toppling.

RWARR! MRARRW! The hellish hissing of a cat.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Chuck Boozer saunters down a hallway. His sassy little walk leads us on a tour of terror and destruction: drops of BLOOD dot the hardwood floor -- a broken VASE -- an overturned BOOK CASE. And finally...

A dead PARAKEET.

Chuck sniffs the carcass, bats it around a bit then takes a seat, licks his paw, and grooms himself.

In case we haven't figured it out yet, Chuck Boozer's a real mother fucker.

WHOOSH! A swinging BROOM slashes at Chuck. He evades -- hisses -- gnashes his teeth at...

MARCIA (50's) -- mother, wife, nerves stretched past their breaking point.

MARCIA

We let you into our home!

Her weaponized broom swings wildly. Chuck scampers off into the...

LIVING ROOM

SWOOSH! The broom misses Chuck, but knocks framed photos from a shelf.

MARCIA

We saved you from the shelter! The
KILL shelter!

SWISH! Another whiff and the broom smashes a window. Shards of broken glass rain down on...

HENRY (9) -- OshKosh B'gosh overalls, tear streaked face, BLEEDING SCRATCH on arm.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Shoulda let you rot!

HENRY

Chuck! Let me protect you!

Henry reaches for Chuck, who responds with a hiss and an evasive maneuver.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I love you!

Henry's father, JERRY, rushes in.

JERRY

You're bleeding goddamnit!

HENRY

He didn't mean it! I petted him
too hard!

JERRY

HOGWASH!

HENRY

I love you, Chuck Boozer!

JERRY

Damn cat's possessed! Got a taste
for the sweetest nectar -- human
blood!

INT. CAR - DAY

In the backseat, Chuck hisses and flails inside a CAT CARRIER, which Henry clutches in his lap.

HENRY
Please, daddy! It wasn't Chuck's
fault.

Jerry drives. Eyes locked on the road. Stoic silence.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

Nothing from Jerry.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What's happening? What's gonna
happen to Chuck?

JERRY
(sighs)
Say your goodbyes, son.

HENRY
Why!?!?

JERRY
You're bleeding, goddamnit! Chuck's
not a pet!

Henry uses a finger to wipe blood from his forearm.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Chuck's a predator!

Through slats in the cage, Chuck gently licks the blood from
Henry's finger.

JERRY (CONT'D)
GODDAMNIT! HENRY!

HENRY
What? You said he has a taste for
human blood.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Gravel crunches as the car rolls to a stop.

Jerry hops from the car, jerks open the back door, snatches
the carrier from Henry, and flings it to the ground.

JERRY
Anything you wanna say?

Henry joins his father.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Any parting words of wisdom for
dear ol' Chuck Boozer?

HENRY
(choking back tears)
I'm sorry, Chuck. I love you!

Chuck steps from the carrier, takes a seat in the dirt and
MEOWS. Henry pets Chuck's head.

JERRY
Alright. Come on, son. Back in
the car.

HENRY
Why?

Jerry puts his arm around Henry, guides him to the car.

JERRY
This is one of life's hard lessons.

HENRY
What's the lesson? What am I
supposed to learn?

JERRY
Don't hold on to anything too
tight, I reckon...

Car doors slam. Spinning tires kick up dust and the car
pulls away.

Chuck trots behind the vehicle, tries to catch up.

Henry's head pops up in the back windshield and Chuck finds
another gear, but it's not enough. Henry waves goodbye.

The dust thickens, obscures Henry's face until it finally
disappears.

Chuck falls to his haunches.

Close on Chuck.

CHUCK BOOZER
Well, shit.

Yes, Chuck Boozer the cat can talk.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

A thunderstorm rages. Chuck Boozer rushes through the forest, desperately seeking shelter.

INT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY - A FEW MONTHS LATER

A little more adjusted to life in the wilderness, Chuck Boozer sneaks into a chicken coop and steals some EGGS.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY - A YEAR LATER

Chuck now walks upright on two legs. He constructs a primitive shelter from logs and leaves.

EXT. DIRT CLEARING - DAY - A FEW YEARS LATER

A gang of FERAL CATS beat the snot out of Chuck. He survives the beating and...

The Feral Cats present Chuck a BLACK LEATHER JACKET.

EXT. CAT ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Chuck and the Feral Cat Gang celebrate Chuck's initiation with cigarettes and whiskey.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - A FEW YEARS LATER

TORCHES surround Chuck. He sits in a THRONE built from a tree-stump and sticks. Wild and feral, Chuck lords over small creatures like Colonel Kurtz at the end of Apocalypse Now.

EXT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT - A FEW YEARS LATER

Profane GRUMBLING as scraps of GARBAGE fly from a rusted out DUMPSTER.

Inside, Chuck digs through the grime. He tosses trash aside, uncovering...

A STACK OF PIZZA BOXES.

Chuck flips open one of the boxes -- DISAPPOINTMENT. Yeah, there's a pizza inside, but it's f'n ruined -- collapsed lid - - cheese, toppings and sauce stuck to cardboard.

Chuck opens another box -- same thing.

Anger and frustration. He goes through the whole stack -- squashed pizza, after squashed pizza, after squashed pizza.

Chuck rages. Thrashes about. Slams heavy garbage around.

CHUCK BOOZER
Bullshit! A box should protect
precious cargo, not destroy it!
There's gotta be a way... There
MUST be a way...

An emotional metamorphosis -- anger becomes inspiration.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Some sort of support...
(gears turn)
Some sort of tripod...

Chuck snatches a stick from the ground, sings one end with a LIGHTER, and begins drawing on the side of the dumpster.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
(as he draws)
Some sort of structure... Some
sort of...

Chuck completes his sketch -- takes a step back and admires his drawing of a...

CIRCULAR TRIPOD DEVICE.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT - EARLY 2000'S

A slick 3D RENDER of Chuck's sketch rotates on a large screen. We recognize his invention as the white plastic support thingie that keeps pizza boxes from collapsing.

In front of the screen, STEVE JOBS stands at a PODIUM.

STEVE JOBS
The Pizza Saver...

Packed house. Tuxedos and ball gowns. Fancy men and women hang on Steve Jobs's every word.

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)
...a marvel of modern design. So
simple. So clean. Precision built
for a single purpose.

Steve Jobs marvels at the projected image -- overwhelmed with awe and admiration.

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)

The embodiment of that elusive perfection we chase but eternally fall short of. At Apple, it's the yardstick we humbly measure ourselves against.

Are those *tears* welling up in Steve Jobs's eyes?

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)

There are few masters. A truly original voice emerges once a generation. *Maybe*. Dieter Rams, Phillippe Stark, Sir Jonny Ives. Tonight, we add a new name to that list. Tonight we're in the presence of greatness. The word "genius" is not good enough, but it's all we have. Tonight I'm honored to present Chuck Boozer...

The camera finds Chuck in the crowd, dressed in a tux and beaming with pride.

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)

...with this MacArthur Genius Grant.

Cheers. Applause. Exploding flashbulbs. A standing ovation as Chuck takes the stage.

Steve Jobs shakes Chuck's hand, pulls him in for a good, long hug.

STEVE JOBS (CONT'D)

(whispering into Chuck's ear)

Enjoy this. Savor the moment because they turn on you... Sooner or later, *EVERYONE* will turn on you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Chuck slouches on a COUCH -- glassy-eyed, out of it, crumbs in his whiskers, ravaged BAGS of CHIPS and CANDY everywhere.

CHUCK BOOZER

...A boy and his cat... Mistakes and regret... followed by the darkest days... Then... I invented the Pizza Saver... HALLELUJAH! Proclamations of "genius!" HALLELUJAH! The great Steve Jobs called ME an inspiration! HALLELUJAH! But what's that even mean -- genius? Am I a fraud?

(burps)

I sure feel like a fraud. But that... That's the story of how I got here-

WIDER. COPS on high alert. Guns drawn. Trained on Chuck.

POLICE SERGEANT

What Kinda pea brain you got rattlin' 'round inside that head, son?

Red and blue lights flash atop POLICE CRUISERS visible through a window.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)

I don't mean "how'd you get here" in the abstract, tell-me-your-life-story sense of the phrase.

Chuck is oblivious to the severity of the situation.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)

What I mean is this, muh fucker...

CRASH! A cop swings in on a rappelling rope, busts through a window.

Chuck doesn't flinch.

POLICE SERGEANT (CONT'D)

How'd you get HERE? INSIDE a stranger's abode?

Chuck pulls a VAPE PEN from his whitey tighties. Before he can take a puff...

COP

Weapon drawn! Weapon drawn!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Officers unload their guns. Bullets zip through the room...

PEW! PEW! PEW!

...ricochet off furniture, walls and fine pottery. The smoke clears and...

Chuck sits on the couch, unharmed.

CHUCK BOOZER

(staring at a bag of
chips)

You're right. I'd never buy Salt
And Vinegar. This is not my
beautiful house.

(to Police Sergeant)

You are not my beautiful wife.

(thinks on it)

I don't even have a wife...
Beautiful or otherwise.

POLICE SERGEANT

Take this nine lives having mother
fucker down!

Fists and BATONS fly. A PEPPER SPRAY fog fills the room.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A cute yet highly armed POLICE ROBOT rushes the scene.

ROBOT

Locked and loaded! Ready to rock
'n' roll!

Too late. Cops drag Chuck, handcuffed and blinded by pepper
spray, from the house.

The Police Robot lowers his weapons, sheds a tear...

ROBOT (CONT'D)

Why oh why do I always miss the
justified shooting incidents?

COP

Next time, friend. There's always
next time.

ROBOT

But I wanna shoot a perp, like,
NOW!

...as Chuck's crammed into a POLICE CRUISER.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Rows and rows of small stacked cages. Inside one...

Chuck lays on his back.

BUZZZZ! ALARM blasts. Cage door swings open revealing...

A CORRECTIONAL OFFICER.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
Looks like you made bail, Chuck
Boozer.

CHUCK BOOZER
Finally!

At the front desk, A CLERK returns Chuck's belongings.

CLERK
One vape pen, two shoelaces...

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Chuck shuffles from the building, his head hung in shame.
Then...

A blinding LIGHT.

Chuck shields his eyes, squints behind his paws, regains
focus and sees...

A news anchor rushing his way.

STEVE STEVENSON
Steve Stevenson! Action Five News!
I'm here outside Leland County Jail
where Chuck Boozer, founder and CEO
of Pizza Saver, Inc has-

HISS! RAWRRR! BLAM! With a single punch to the face, Chuck
drops Steve Stevenson to the ground.

COPS spring in to action, take Chuck down -- cuff him --
rearrest him.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

BLERGG! Same alarm blast. Same automatic door.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
You made bail, Chuck Boozer.

Back at the Clerk's desk.

CLERK

One vape pen, two shoelaces...

CHUCK BOOZER

Sorry about all this. Really, I am.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Chuck shuffles away. Another bright light. Another ambush.

DAN DANIELSON

Dan Danielson! Eye In The Sky Ne-

BLAM! A punch to the face. Dan drops like a piece of shit.

Cops do their thing.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

BUZZ! The cage door opens...

The disappointed Clerk shakes his head.

CHUCK BOOZER

Anger issues. Working on it.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Once more, Chuck's now familiar shuffle.

Commotion. Another NEWS CREW. Cops ready to pounce -- the POLICE ROBOT readies its weapons.

CHUCK BOOZER

(over his shoulder)

Don't worry, fellas. Fight's beat outta me.

And with that, Chuck dashes off on all fours, disappears into the night.

CHARLOTTE PEWTER (30's) turns to her CAMERA MAN.

CUT TO:

INSERT - TV SET

CHARLOTTE

Charlotte Pewter here outside the Leland County penitentiary where local businessman, MacArthur Genius Grant recipient and inventor of The Pizza Saver, Chuck Boozer has just been released from custody for the *third* time tonight...

Wider taking us to...

INT. CHUCK BOOZER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chuck cradles his head in his paws, slumps against the kitchen counter. Behind him, the newscast on the TV.

He adds a drop of RED LIQUID from a VIAL labeled "HUMAN BLOOD SUBSTITUTE" to his coffee.

OWEN (20's) munches cereal. Oh yeah, Owen is a RACCOON.

OWEN

Somebody made the news last night!
ALL the broadcasts: Action Five,
Eye In The Sky Seven, CNN.
InfoWars was sayin' you're a demon
that smells like salt and sulfur...
That true?

CHUCK BOOZER

Ugh... Catnip hit a bit harder
than expected.

OWEN

I'll say!

CHUCK BOOZER

Hand me some sugar.

OWEN

To complement the HUMAN BLOOD in
your coffee!?!?

CHUCK BOOZER

It's *SYNTHETIC* human blood. I'm
not a vampire, but I am addicted.
One drop in the morning keeps the
thirst at bay.

OWEN

And more than that?

CHUCK BOOZER
Well Owen, that is something you
don't want to see. Ever.

Owen grabs a SUGAR CUBE, takes it to the sink...

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Just gimmie the...

...runs the water.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
What? What are you doing?

OWEN
Gotta wash is first, duh!

CHUCK BOOZER
I don't think that's a good-

OWEN
Dang!

The sugar cube dissolves in Owen's hand.

CHUCK BOOZER
...idea.

Owen runs another cube under the faucet.

OWEN
Dang!

CHUCK BOOZER
Why do you do stuff like this?

Another cube. Same result.

OWEN
Shoot!

CHUCK BOOZER
Do you remember, years and years
ago, when I rescued you from
certain death?

OWEN
Of course I do!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

BABY OWEN cowers in fear, shudders in the dirt. His wide, scared eyes see...

Nasty tongues licking dirty lips and rotting teeth.

*FIRE LIGHT reflected on the blades of SHIVS and other
PRIMITIVE WEAPONS.*

A BAND OF HOBOS closes in, encircling the baby raccoon.

HOBO 1

*Raccoon stew! Raccoon stew!
Raccoon stew! Got me a hankerin'
for raccoon stew! How 'bout you?*

HOBO 2

So Young! So Plump! So Fresh!

The Hobo circle tightens.

HOBO 3

No roadkill tonight!

Baby Owen's a goner. There's no hope. Then...

*SKRRRTTTT! A MOTORCYCLE skids into frame. Chuck Boozer hops
from the bike. A cigarette hangs from his lip.*

CHUCK BOOZER

*You know what's best, you'll leave
lil buddy alone.*

HOBO 1

*What's the wittle meow, meow, meow
pussy cat gonna do about it?*

CHUCK BOOZER

Well, if you really wanna know...

*Claws slash! Teeth bite! Blood spills! Hobo flesh tears!
In a tornadic fury, Chuck takes down the Hobo gang.*

*Standing victorious, Chuck pops the collar of his leather
jacket and takes a long drag from his cigarette before he...*

...takes Owen in his arms, returns to his motorcycle.

*The rear tire spins, flings debris into unconscious hobo
faces. The bike peels out, speeds off into the night.*

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)

Smell ya later, rascals!

Owen clings to Chuck's neck.

BACK TO SCENE

CHUCK BOOZER
Sometimes, I regret it.

OWEN
Well, I appreciate it each and every day. That motorcycle ride was pretty sweet.

Owen washes another sugar cube.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Dang it!

EXT. PIZZA SAVER INC. - NIGHT

RAIN pours. THUNDER roars. LIGHTNING flashes.

INT. PIZZA SAVER INC. - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Chuck's mood matches the storm raging outside -- eyes seethe with anger -- claws rhythmically extend and retract.

Pizza Saver Inc.'s glum and zombie-like BOARD OF DIRECTORS -- thousand dollar suits covering bankrupt souls -- surrounds Chuck at a large CONFERENCE TABLE.

HEAD OF BOARD
Based on last night's public meltdown...

Chuck knows what's coming.

HEAD OF BOARD (CONT'D)
...and your history of negligence, insubordination and overall saltiness, we the board, dismiss you, Chuck Boozer from your position as CEO of Pizza Saver, Inc. The decision is unanimous and effective immediately.

Double middle fingers from Chuck. He pulls on his black leather jacket. A patch on the back says, "CORPORATE FUCKS? KILL 'EM ALL!"

CHUCK BOOZER
My company... This is *my* company.

HEAD OF BOARD

I'm sorry to say that's no longer true.

Doors swing open, rattle on their hinges. Enter GARRISON GROUT (40's) -- unquestioned confidence -- type a guy who can sell bacon to a pig.

HEAD OF BOARD (CONT'D)

Garrison Grout will take over as president and CEO.

Garrison settles in at the head of table.

GARRISON

(sighs)

I harbor mixed emotions, Chuck Boozer. I know this is tough, maybe even unfair. Like a child ripped from a parent's arms. But I want you to know, I WILL honor your legacy. Know this: your DNA will remain. I WILL lead Pizza Saver, Inc. into the future. A future you'll be proud of, Chuck Boozer. Your spirit will influence our future greatness. And the future WILL be great.

Garrison clicks a REMOTE. A POWERPOINT presentation appears on a screen.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Pizza Saver XTREME!

A Pizza Saver emblazoned with a MONSTER ENERGY LOGO rotates on the screen.

CHUCK BOOZER

That's a terrible idea.

GARRISON

Beverage Saver!

A simple CUP rotates on the screen.

CHUCK BOOZER

That... That's just a cup. Suck my tit, Garrison...

A SECURITY GUARD busts in, puts Chuck in a tight choke hold.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
 (while choking)
 ...you fat cat corporate fuck.

HEAD OF BOARD
 Please return your parking placard
 on the way out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Chuck, about a dozen drinks into his pity party.

CHUCK BOOZER
 (woe is me)
 My company. I made it. Me. Mine.
 Me. Mine.

Nothing from the BARTENDER.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
 Now I got...

Chuck spins around on his barstool.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
 Nada!

Still nothing from the bartender.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
 Once... a long time ago, I used to
 be part of a family... and
 honestly... it wasn't all that...

Chuck's gaze grows distant.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
 (longingly)
 ...that's not true. *Henry*...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Henry teases Chuck with a FEATHER ON A STRING. Chuck bats it with his paw.

They're both in heaven. Henry scratches Chucks ears. Chuck PURRS.

BACK TO SCENE

CHUCK BOOZER
Henry... I miss you.

BARTENDER
Look, dude. You gotta skedaddle.

CHUCK BOOZER
Skedaddle?

BARTENDER
Skedaddle.

CHUCK BOOZER
OK... OK... Lemme finish my...

Slams drink. Loses balance. Crashes to floor.

BARTENDER
Scrape your sorry ass off the floor
of my bar, man. And SKE. DA. DDLE.

From the floor, Chuck responds with a weak smile.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
You're making mother fuckers sad
and uncomfortable!

WIDER. Patrons laughing, throwing darts, etc. Looks like a
good time?

CHUCK BOOZER
Uncomfortable? Seems pretty upbeat
to me.

BARTENDER
Shoulda seen 'em 'fore yer sorry
ass showed up. Off. The. Chain.
Dang hoot and a half.

INT. CHUCK'S CAR - NIGHT

Chuck struggles with his keys, finally finds the ignition.

The car doesn't start. An ALERT on the dashboard.

ROBOT VOICE
(reading the alert)
ARE YOU DRINKY DRINK DRUNKO? LET'S
FIND OUT! PLEASE BLOW INTO
INTERLOCK DEVICE!

CHUCK BOOZER
 Jesus, Chuck... had to go and get
 that fourth DUI.

Chuck blows into a PLASTIC TUBE attached to the dash.

An alarm SCREECHES. Lights flash.

ROBOT VOICE
 (another dashboard alert)
 OH NO! MR. CHUCK BOOZER, YOU'RE
 TOO DRUNK TO DRIVE! PLEASE SUMMON
 ALTERNATE TRANSPORTATION!

CHUCK BOOZER
 Ugh...

Chuck pulls out his phone, opens UBER.

INT./EXT. UBER - NIGHT

UBER DRIVER
 On one hand, we got the freeways:
 eight lanes, high speed limits, but
 the possibility of congestion.

Chuck sighs in the back seat.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)
 On the other hand, we got the
 surface streets: narrower and
 slower, that's true, BUT could be
 the better bet. I'm gonna leave
 the decision to you, new friend.

CHUCK BOOZER
 Can we just... I don't...
 Freeway's fine.

UBER DRIVER
 As you wish, monsieur!

The UBER zips up a FREEWAY ON RAMP and...

CRAP! GRIDLOCKED TRAFFIC. TOTAL STANDSTILL.

CHUCK BOOZER
 You gotta be shittin' me...

UBER DRIVER
 Looks like we'll be here a while,
 hombre. But fear not, the sweetest
 tunes'll make time fly.

The Uber Driver clicks on the radio. "Sandstorm" by Darude blasts from the speakers.

CHUCK BOOZER

Please...

Several hours pass.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)

Shit.

They have't moved an inch, but at least things can't get any worse. Then...

One lane over, a STRETCH LIMO with a built in hot tub.

A tinted window rolls down, reveals Garrison Grout. He waves like a maniac, SHOUTS for Chuck's attention, but "Sandstorm" is just too loud. Then...

CRASH! Garrison throws a ROCK through Chuck's window.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)

(startled)

WHAA! What the fuck!

GARRISON

Chuck! Thought that was you!

CHUCK BOOZER

Did you throw a rock through the window?!?!?

GARRISON

No worries, my friend! I'll reimburse you!

CHUCK BOOZER

This is an Uber, man. You stole my company. Lookin' to salt that wound?

GARRISON

Well, considering the situation, I just have one thing to say.

(clears throat, takes on a bad British accent)

Pardon me-

CHUCK BOOZER

(interrupting)

Please. Don't.

GARRISON
...do you have any Grey Poupon?

CHUCK BOOZER
 What do you think, Garrison?
 Really, what do you think? I have
 a rock!
 (holds up rock)
 I have a rock now!

GARRISON
 Ahhh, just a bit a that tomfoolery!
 Can you believe traffic's backed up
 for the next seven weeks?

CHUCK BOOZER
 Seven weeks?

GARRISON
 Seven weeks. Confirmed just now by
 the local authorities!

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH! A HELICOPTER hovers overhead,
 drops A ROPE LADDAR.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
 Whelp, salvation has arrived. Wish
 there was room for one more, but,
 you know...

And with that Garrison grabs hold of the ladder. The
 helicopter whisks him away, high into the sky.

CHUCK BOOZER
 (to driver)
 Look, man. I'm just gonna hoof it.

UBER DRIVER
 We're nine miles from your
 destination.

CHUCK BOOZER
 I know.

As Chuck steps out...

UBER DRIVER
 (quietly; under his
 breath)
 What about me? It's late and I'm
 lonely...

CHUCK BOOZER
 What's that?

UBER DRIVER

Oh, uh... nothing. But, um, don't go that way! You're entering the Bog Of Absolute Annihilation!

EXT. BOG OF ABSOLUTE ANNIHILATION - NIGHT

Treacherous terrain. Steam. Craters of boiling mud. Chuck's careful steps.

Gaseous clouds drift from the ground, enter Chuck's nostrils, producing a hypnotizing, druggy effect.

In the distance, running through the mud -- a small DOG.

CHUCK BOOZER

What's a dog doing deep in this bog? This bog's no place for a gosh darn dog!

Chuck follows, deeper into the bog, tries to catch up, but the dog is too quick.

Deeper and deeper. The landscape gets trippier and more fantastical.

He follows the dog. Reaches a clearing. The dog's nearly in his reach when...

POOF! The dog transforms into a LARGE BOG MONSTER.

BOG MONSTER

(booming voice)

Who dares disturb my slumber?

CHUCK BOOZER

Really? You can sleep out here? Unsheltered in a bog?

BOG MONSTER

I mean, this is my home.

CHUCK BOOZER

Huh... Guess you can't miss what you don't know.

BOG MONSTER

What are you talking about?

CHUCK BOOZER

Beds, pillows, heated floors...

BOG MONSTER

I... don't know those words.
Beds?

CHUCK BOOZER

Look, if you don't know, you don't know.

BOG MONSTER

Anyway... um...
(back to business)
He who dares disturb my slumber
must endure an eternity of
imprisonment.

The standoff intensifies then... Chuck rolls his eyes.

CHUCK BOOZER

Just move it jagoff.

Chuck strolls past the Bog Monster, who's so shocked by Chuck's lack of fear he does nothing to stop him. Chuck sees a light atop a hill -- his house.

INT. CHUCK BOOZER'S HOUSE - STUDY

A glowing COMPUTER SCREEN. Chuck's face bathed in unflattering light.

He's lurking on HENRY'S FACEBOOK page.

CHUCK BOOZER

(longingly)
Henry... Why do I ruin everything?

Picture after picture after picture.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)

Never got to see you grow up,
become a man.

Owen enters rubbing his eyes.

OWEN

Dude, it's 4AM.

Chuck HISSES, bares his claws.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Geez, man. Take a chill pill.

CHUCK BOOZER

Let me wallow in peace.

Owen sneaks a look at the screen.

OWEN

Really, Henry's Facebook? You gotta let it go, man.

CHUCK BOOZER

I'll never let this go. Some wounds never heal. And this is one of those... wounds... That never heals.

OWEN

Remember, every dawn is a chance to start over.

CHUCK BOOZER

Where'd you hear that malarkey?

OWEN

Uh... A mindfulness meditation app?

CHUCK BOOZER

Just leave me alone.

Owen sheepishly backs out of the room. Chuck returns to cyberstalking and...

Night passes into dawn. The sun rises. Chirping birds welcome a new day.

INT. CHUCK BOOZER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Chuck ponders his reflection in the mirror. He looks like dogshit.

CHUCK BOOZER

What's wrong with you, you old sack of dookie?

(sighs)

Every new day is a chance to start over...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A rambunctious little dog named WALTER, the dog Chuck hallucinated last night in the bog, dances at the end of a leash -- dashes this way and that.

Chuck grips the other end of the leash, smiles as he watches Walter do his thing.

CHUCK BOOZER
Thought I saw you last night,
Walter. Turns out I was just
trippin' on bog gas.

Walter squeezes out driblets of pee.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Lotta P-Mails today? Lotta replies
to send?

Walter looks up at Chuck, smiles and pants then...

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP! Walter squeezes out a huge dump.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Wow! Soft serve!

As Chuck attempts to scoop the poop into a plastic baggie...

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
CHUCK BOOZER! CHARLOTTE PEWTER
ACTION-

CHUCK BOOZER
ARGGGGGG!

A startled leap and Chuck gets Walter's poo all over his
hands. He's now face to face with Charlotte and her
cameraman.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Jesus! What the hell.

CHARLOTTE
Charlotte Pewter Action Five News.
What do you have to say about-

CHUCK BOOZER
(interrupting)
About this poop on my thumb? Not
much. Leave me alone, lady.

CHARLOTTE
As a disgraced pillar of the
community-

CHUCK BOOZER
No comment!

Chuck storms off, drags Walter behind him.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Walter rushes in, now off-leash. He leaps on furniture, drinks from his water bowl, etc...

Chuck follows, wiping crap off his hand with a large LEAF.

CHUCK BOOZER

Well Walter, looks like you're all pooped and fed. Good to go 'til Danielle gets back.

Chuck bends down, scratches Walter's ears.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)

(baby voice)

I'll miss you, but I'll see you soon. When Mommy gets back. I'll see you soon. Don't go turning back into that bog monster!

Chuck scratches Walter's belly.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)

(baby voice)

I know you're no monster!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Chuck sits on the stoop. Smokes a cigarette. Shoots off a text.

On his phone screen --

CHUCK: *Pupper's all peed and pooped! Answered a lotta p-mails today! LOL! Can't wait to see ya tomorrow.*

Those "typing bubbles" appear.

DANIELLE: *He's good?*

CHUCK: *Ready for your return. I am too!*

DANIELLE: *There's no easy way to say this, but... I'm gonna have to pull the brake on this. On me and you. There's a lot I'm dealing with. A lot to figure out.*

Chuck hurls his phone into the side of the building. It shatters.

CHUCK BOOZER

That was a bad idea...

EXT. BURNING MAN - DAY

DANIELLE (30's, silly steam punk gear) with a large group of "burners."

DANIELLE
Dumped the mother fucker! Woot!
Woot! Free to party without
regret!

High fives as the group enters a large Mad Max-style dome, obnoxious EDM blasting within. Atop the structure, a sign reads: ORGY DOME.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

CHUCK BOOZER
I have that insurance.

Chuck plops his shattered phone on the counter.

CLERK
Uh, sorry, but it doesn't cover
that sorta damage.

CHUCK BOOZER
Then what the hell am I paying for?

CLERK
Uh... Peace of mind?

A stare from Chuck.

CHUCK BOOZER
Really?

EXT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

Chuck exits. Powers up his new phone and...

BOOM! It explodes.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

CLERK
Yeah... That model does that
sometimes.

INT. CHUCK BOOZER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

CHUCK BOOZER

And then Danielle dumped me! I was keeping her dog alive -- walking it, feeding it, all that stuff -- so she could, like, *find herself* at Burning Man!

OWEN

Man, that's a bummer.

CHUCK BOOZER

And then I smashed my phone.

OWEN

But, like, weren't you looking for an out?

CHUCK BOOZER

And then they told me the horse shit insurance I bought didn't cover "that sort of damage!"

OWEN

A way to end it?

CHUCK BOOZER

And then my new phone exploded! A thousand bucks! I mean, yeah... But I like to control those things.

OWEN

Wait? What? Are you talking about your phone or Danielle?

CHUCK BOOZER

Danielle. Duh. The end. I like when things end on my terms.

OWEN

That's pretty messed up.

CHUCK BOOZER

Is it?

(beat)

I'm really gonna miss Walter.

OWEN

Her dog?

CHUCK BOOZER

Yeah... There's a raging volcano bubbling deep inside me.

(MORE)

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
 Not sure I can keep it at bay
 forever. Walter helped.

OWEN
 You know what always gets me out of
 a funk, sets the mind right?

Nothing from Chuck.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 A rave! Lemme throw a rave!

A blank stare from Chuck.

CHUCK BOOZER
 Does "let me" mean "pay for?"

OWEN
 I mean, yeah...

CHUCK BOOZER
 (relenting)
 Fine.

INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Thumping HOUSE MUSIC. RAVERS dance like maniacs inside a
 large WALK-IN FREEZER.

Chuck Boozer in JNCOs and a mid-riff baring T-Shirt with the
 Lucky Charms logo. He savors the atmosphere, grooves to the
 music.

Owen rushes up, fingertips flashing colored light thanks to
 the LIGHT UP RAVER GLOVE thingies he wears. Chuck gets a
 little light show.

OWEN
 Molly's hittin'! Hittin' hard!
 Hittin' good!

CHUCK BOOZER
 In my day, we called it Ecstasy.
 Who'da thought simply rebranding a
 street drug'd combat stagnating
 sales and decreased market share?

OWEN
 Sorry, but, right now, I don't
 understand *words*...

CHUCK BOOZER
 It doesn't matter.

The music intensifies, so does Chuck's 90's-style rave dancing.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Gotta hand it to you, Owen! Put
together a nice little rave!

OWEN
Thanks.

Overhead, the fire sprinklers begin dripping, only they aren't dripping water...

A RED DROP lands on Chuck's shirt.

CHUCK BOOZER
Wait a second... Owen...

OWEN
Yeah?

CHUCK BOOZER
Is this a BLOOD RAVE?!?!

The DJ unleashes the MOTHER FUCKING DROP and...

An unholy barrage of bright red BLOOD spews from the sprinklers.

The ravers lose their shit and Chuck freaks out.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
Jesus, Owen! You know I'm
addicted.

OWEN
I just told 'em to pull out all the
stops.

CHUCK BOOZER
It's too much...

Chuck's body is slick with blood.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
I'm addicted! It's a disease!
It's too much!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FREEZER - NIGHT

Slow focus as Chuck blinks back to consciousness. The first thing he sees is...

Charlotte Pewter standing above him.

CHUCK BOOZER
Aghhh! No comment! No comment!

CHARLOTTE
I'm not here in a journalistic capacity.

CHUCK BOOZER
Then why?

Owen and his glowing fingers join Chuck and Charlotte.

OWEN
You weren't kidding when you said I'd never want to see you after more than one drop of blood...

INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Blood rains down. Chuck loses control, terrorizes ravers, drinks handfuls of blood, smears it on his face and body.

He corners a raver -- salivating -- ready to pounce -- ready to kill! Owen covers his eyes then...

BZZZZ! The DJ tazes Chuck. He drops. Convulses on the floor.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FREEZER - NIGHT

Chuck and Charlotte in the hallway.

CHUCK BOOZER
Look, you can plaster me all over the news. But what's the point? Already lost my company.

CHARLOTTE
I feel bad about that.

CHUCK BOOZER
Ugh... that guy.

CHARLOTTE
What?

Chuck motions to the rave freezer. The rave continues and...

Garrison Grout does the worm across the blood soaked floor.
A crowd gathers.

CHUCK BOOZER
Garrison Grout. He stole my
company.

Garrison jumps to his feet. Applause from the crowd. He
takes a bow.

CHUCK BOOZER (CONT'D)
And those idiots just eat it right
up.

GARRISON
(to Crowd)
Those moves pulled in *ALL* the tail,
back in the day!

CHUCK BOOZER
What an idiot.
(thinks on it)
He's everything I'm not.

CHARLOTTE
He *is* one of a kind.

CHUCK BOOZER
He's, like... *happy*. What's that
even feel like? What's he done to
earn it -- happiness? A vulture...
Feasting on the rotting carcass of
my creation. Stole the only thing
I have.

Garrison leaves the freezer, moves to Chuck and Charlotte.

GARRISON
Chuck! Great seeing you here!

CHUCK BOOZER
Damn it, Garrison.

GARRISON
Haven't been to a blood rave in
ages! Been a while since I've
experienced those...

Garrison does some awkward popping and locking.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
...block rocking beats!

CHUCK BOOZER
What is all... *this?*

GARRISON
What?

CHUCK BOOZER
This... *glee.*

GARRISON
Just, you know... Feeling it! Any-
who, worked up quite the sweat in
there! Gonna step outside. Treat
myself to a cool off sesh.

Chuck does a double take as Garrison kisses Charlotte on the
cheek before skipping away.

CHUCK BOOZER
Uhhh...

CHARLOTTE
What?

CHUCK BOOZER
The hell was that shit?

CHARLOTTE
What?

CHUCK BOOZER
He *kissed* you.

CHARLOTTE
He's my boyfriend.

CHUCK BOOZER
Garrison Grout is your boyfriend?

CHARLOTTE
Yeah.

CHUCK BOOZER
Jesus... I thought we were having
a moment. You know, like,
connecting. Really know how to
twist the knife.

CHARLOTTE
Look, I know Garrison, um, "*stole*"
isn't the word I'd use. But I know
you lost something. And I know
your story.

CHUCK BOOZER

My story?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. Abandoned by a foster family. Raised on wits alone. Invented the Pizza Saver.

CHUCK BOOZER

I'm a fraud.

CHARLOTTE

You created something that didn't exist before. You've had an impact. Not many people can say that.

CHUCK BOOZER

Guess you're right.

CHARLOTTE

I also know you lost someone. Someone that meant a lot to you.

CHUCK BOOZER

(sighs)
Henry...

CHARLOTTE

I think. I think I can help you find him.

A look from Chuck.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

If you'll let me.

CHUCK BOOZER

That wound will never heal, but at least now there's a scab. Why rip it off?

CHARLOTTE

Is there? A scab?

CHUCK BOOZER

(sighs)
I thought... Maybe. But now I'm not so sure.

CHARLOTTE

So you'll let me help?

CHUCK BOOZER

Will you also help me take down
Garrison Grout? Ruin him
financially, professionally and
personally?

CHARLOTTE

Um. No.

CHUCK BOOZER

Had to ask. Let's find Henry.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Establish.

INT. PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY - NIGHT

A MAN (mid-30's) hunches over a whirring MICROFICHE machine,
studies The Pizza Saver Patent. Shadows hide his face.

He removes the microfiche, takes it to the check out desk.

MAN

Need to make some printouts.

LIBRARIAN

(re: the microfiche reel)
Ahhh... The Pizza Saver! More
like the *life* saver!

MAN

Yeah.

LIBRARIAN

I'll need an ID.

MAN

To print?

LIBRARIAN

Yep. Official government
documents. Serious business.

The man hands over his ID.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Engaged in some heavy duty
research...

(MORE)

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
(checks his ID)
Henry Howser?

We see the man's face. It's Henry.

HENRY
Might help me reconnect with a long
lost friend.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.