

Steve and Bonnie (now a human) drive home together after a violent encounter with the family cat at his new girlfriend's parents' estate.

IN THE CAR - NIGHT

BONNIE, gazing out the window, very upset

BONNIE
The cat started it.

STEVE
I don't care who started it. You're a human now, and humans DON'T chase cats!

BONNIE
Why can't I just be myself?

STEVE
Because humans are *never* themselves! We *always* want to be somebody else. We hate ourselves! That's what makes us human!

BONNIE
(whimpers and cries)
I want to be a dog again.

STEVE, feeling very guilty

INT. STEVE'S KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Steve and Bonnie, in their pajamas, gaze into the open refrigerator.

BONNIE
Can I have some cheese?

STEVE
Yeah, sure.
(gives it to her)

BONNIE
I love you, Steve. I love you so much.

STEVE
(beat)
Don't say that, okay?
(turns away)

BONNIE
Why?

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steve enters with Bonnie trailing right behind him.

BONNIE

Why shouldn't I say it, Steve?...
Because I do love you. I love you
more than anything in the world.

STEVE

I know--I know.

BONNIE

(following him)

I'd die for you. I'd fight tigers.
I'd eat grapefruit!

STEVE

Stop following me around, okay?

BONNIE

Why?

STEVE

Because... you're creeping me out!

BONNIE, hurt

Steve gets into bed, pulls the covers up, turns away. Bonnie
climbs in, lies next to him.

BONNIE

(after a moment)

Steve... rub my tummy.

STEVE

Not now.

BONNIE

Please, Steve... Please.

STEVE

(sits up, losing it)

Will you fuck off?

Bonnie snarls at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Don't you snarl at me!
(finger in Bonnie's
face)

Don't you do that!

She snaps at Steve's finger.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(shocked)

You snapped at me!

(jumps up)

That's it! That's it! You're out
of the bed!

BONNIE

(horrified)

What?

STEVE

You heard me! Get out of my bed!

BONNIE

It's my bed, too--it's my bed, too!

STEVE

Not anymore! Get up!

BONNIE

(desperately clutching
the bed)

Not the bed, Steve! Not that! Please
don't kick me out of the bed! Please,
Steve! Please! Not the bed!

(whimpers desperately,
almost starts howling)

STEVE

(relents)

Fine! It's yours! I'll sleep on
the couch.

(gathers a blanket
and pillow)

BONNIE

Me, too.

STEVE

No! You sleep here, and I'll sleep
there. And from now on that's the
way it's going to be!

Steve heads for the door, switches off the light and slams
the door shut on his way out.

CLOSE ON BONNIE, as her whimpers...

Slowly turn into growls.

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. STEVE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON STEVE peacefully asleep on the couch... as his nose twitches... then sniffs... Steve grimaces as...

A really *bad* smell wakes him up.

He sits up, disgusted.

STEVE
What the... ?

He looks down and sees...

A good sized B.M. in the middle of the floor.

STEVE (CONT'D)
OHHHHHH!

INT. THE BEDROOM - A BEAT LATER

Bonnie lies in bed, wide awake, perusing a magazine, as Steve storms in, furious.

STEVE
DID YOU DO THAT?

BONNIE
What?

STEVE
YOU KNOW WHAT!

BONNIE
Maybe you did it.

STEVE
I did it?!

BONNIE
It's by your bed.

STEVE
How do you know where it is, IF YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS?!

BONNIE
What what is?

STEVE
Humans don't do that!

BONNIE
Do what?

STEVE
You clean that up!

BONNIE
No!

STEVE
CLEAN IT UP!

BONNIE
NO!

STEVE
That's it!
(grabs the magazine,
rolls it up)
Clean that up!

BONNIE
No!

STEVE
I said clean it up!

BONNIE
No!

STEVE
(slamming the magazine
on the bed)
CLEAN IT UP! CLEAN IT UP! CLEAN IT
UP! CLEAN IT UP!

Steve SLAMS the magazine as Bonnie yelps, snaps, and cowers.

BONNIE
NO! NO! NO!

The phone rings. Steve grabs it.

STEVE
It's seven o'clock in the morning,
DICKWAD!

EXT. THE HANOVER ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

LLOYD (**his girlfriend's dad**) on his phone

LLOYD
Steve. Lloyd. 'Mornin'!

BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN STEVE AND LLOYD -

STEVE
(cooling it)
Oh... Morning, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Is this too early for you? I know
you unemployed guys like to sleep in
late.

STEVE
No no no. I was just... working
out.

LLOYD
Up for a little golf-a-roo?

STEVE
Sure. When?

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM LLOYD REVEALING Edmund loading golf
clubs into the back of the Range Rover.

LLOYD
Now. And, Steve... **don't** bring your
gal pal.

END OF SAMPLE