

SCENE B

SCENE 2/3

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY (D3)
(Eva, Vic, Dog)

EVA IS ON THE COUCH. VIC ENTERS.

Start ->

EVA

Hey, how'd the job search go?

VIC

Horrible. I'm such a genius I'm
overqualified for everything! Although
I did score a second interview at The
"Roast Beef Hut!" They want me to work
the cash register! Suckers!

AS THEY HI-FIVE, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND A LARGE DOG ENTERS
CARRYING A BOOK BAG WITH HIS TEETH. AFTER A CONFUSED BEAT:

EVA

Did that dog just open our front door?

VIC

He must part of the neighborhood
welcoming committee. (RE: BAG) Look,
he brought us a gift.

EVA

That's not a gift. It's Colby's book
bag. (CONFUSED) But he's at school.

VIC

Unless this canine devoured him on the
way! I mean, Colby is small. I often
confuse him for a groundhog.

THE DOG BARKS. THEY REACT TO HIS BREATH.

VIC (CONT'D)

Hoo! His breath is rancid! It's like a
mix of hot garbage and dead fish.

EVA

Yeah. The last time I smelled breath
like that it was from--

VIC/EVA

(REALIZING, PANICKED) Colby!

THE DOG REACTS, EXCITED THAT THEY'VE CAUGHT ON.

VIC

His power must have manifested.
Colby's a shape-shifter like my
Grandpa! May he rest in peace. Well if
he really is dead. Grandma's convinced
he shape-shifted into a coffin just to
avoid her nagging.

EVA

(RE: COLBY) Well why isn't he shape-
shifting back into himself?

VIC

The sudden shock to his molecular
structure must have created a
disconnect to his neuron-receptors.
(OFF LOOK) He's stuck. (INCREDULOUS)
Do you need me to draw you a picture?!



[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

EVA

What are we gonna do? We can't let our
son stay stuck as a dog!

VIC

Why not? He's a lot more fun like this.

THE DOG NIPS AT HIM.

VIC (CONT'D)

Ow! Okay look, when Grandpa got stuck
he eventually shape-shifted back into
himself. We just have to wait it out.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CELIA (O.S.)

Vic? Eva? Did I hear a dog in there?

EVA

It's Celia! She said no pets. She'll
throw us out if she sees him.

VIC

Shhh. She won't even know we're here.

AS THEY CROUCH DOWN, SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND SEES THEM.

EVA

Oh hey, Celia. We were just playing a
game: "Who Can Go The Longest Without
Answering The Door."

CELIA

(BEAT) That's a stupid game. (THEN) I
thought I made it clear: No pets.

VIC

Well, the truth is... he's not our
dog. We found him and we were just
about to take him to the shelter.

CELIA

Oh. (BEAT) Well now I feel bad. ~~I
mean, he's so cute. The thought of him
spending the night in a cold shelter
breaks my heart. You know, I've always
wanted a dog.~~ I'll take him!

~~EVA~~

~~What?! No! You can't! (THINKS) No pets!~~

CELIA

~~Yeah, for you. I own the place so I
can do whatever I want.~~ (TO DOG)
C'mon, little guy, let's set an
appointment to get you fixed!

THE DOG YELPS. THEY PANIC AS CELIA GRABS HIM AND EXITS.

VIC

Was it me or did she seem unusually
happy about doing that?

<— END

CUT TO: