EXT. STREET - DUSK

FRIDA and JENNIFER walk down the sidewalk together. Frida is mousy and frumpy. She wears glasses and has her hair tightly pulled back into a ponytail. She wears baggy drab clothes -- has no fashion sense and wears flat "sensible" shoes. Jennifer, on the other hand, is trendy, stylish and sexy. She's a head-turner. Men check out Jennifer and ignore Frida.

FRIDA
I have cramps. I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

JENNIFER
Come on, we've been double dating since the fourth grade.

FRIDA
Yeah even then look what happened: Michael Mortenson kissed you and Billy Sullivan threw a worm at me.

JENNIFER
Well that's not going to happen tonight. George said Carlton's a nice guy.

FRIDA
Translation: a total geek.

JENNIFER
Anything's better than Mark.

FRIDA
My shrink says he's not so bad.

JENNIFER
Your shrink always gives you bad advice. He only hears what you choose to tell him. Mark's an asshole, he cheated, he borrowed money and never paid it back, he's never had a regular job.

FRIDA
He's a very talented musician.

JENNIFER
Every woman at some point has to date a musician. I wish you'd get rid of Mark for good. Every time you break up you see him more than when you were going out.

FRIDA
I guess I have a weakness for him. It's those big brown Bambi eyes.

JENNIFER
So don't look in his eyes.

Two guys passing by on the street check out Jennifer. One of them stops in front of her.

GUY
That's the girl who should be havin' my baby.

JENNIFER
Yeah, that's likely.

She rolls her eyes and walks around the gawking guy. Frida and Jennifer continue walking in silence for a moment.

FRIDA
I wonder what it's like being you. Being noticed all the time.

JENNIFER
People notice you Frida.

Another guy gawking at Jennifer, isn't watching where he's going and bumps smack into Frida.

FRIDA
Oh, uh, sorry.

The guy, still not noticing Frida, keeps walking and turns
back around to check out Jennifer's ass.

Jennifer and Frida turn a corner and keep walking. Both a bit embarrassed, for different reasons, at what just happened. They head into a bar/restaurant. Pan up to the name of the restaurant. It's called "Coyote Ugly Saloon."

INT. RESTAURANT/TABLE - NIGHT

Jennifer sits between GEORGE and CARLTON, who both lean in, hanging on her every word. They're all having steak.

JENNIFER
So I asked the bartender what "coyote ugly" meant. It's like the "bagger" system. You know, a two-bagger -- someone so ugly that you need two bags -- one bag to put on their head and another one in case it blows off. Or a three-bagger...

GEORGE
Two bags for them, and one bag for your head in case her two fall off.

Jennifer, George and Carlton laugh.

JENNIFER
But coyote ugly... well it's so totally offensive... it's when a guy wakes up with a girl sleeping on his arm. He looks over, and she's so ugly that he chews through his own arm to get away from her.

Carlton and George crack up. Too much.

PULL BACK to reveal Frida, also sitting at the table, though a bit apart from the other three, picking meekly at her salad. Jennifer looks over and sees Frida's not having a good time.

JENNIFER
Have you heard of that Frida?

Frida looks up from her plate of leaves.

FRIDA
Sorry? I guess I wasn't listening. I just have really bad PMS.

A total mood killer. Jennifer, George and Carlton just stare at Frida. Jennifer puts her fork down and clears her throat.

JENNIFER
Uh, Frida... sorry about the steak house. It's Carlton's favorite.

CARLTON
How come you're a vegetarian?
FRIDA
When I was a kid, we couldn't eat
meat on Fridays. I loved Fridays
because of that. Now I can't stand
the thought of eating bloody flesh.

Jennifer, George and Carlton look down at their rare steaks.
Suddenly they don't look so great.

INT. RESTAURANT/BATHROOM - NIGHT
Jennifer and Frida are in neighboring stalls. We see only
their feet below the stalls and panties around their ankles.
Jennifer's panties are red lace; Frida's are white cotton.

FRIDA
He hasn't said one word to me.

JENNIFER
Maybe he's just shy.

FRIDA
My date always pays more attention
to you than to me.

JENNIFER
Frida, I don't mean this as a
criticism, but you might not want
to talk about PMS around men.

FRIDA
Sorry. It's just so bad lately.
You're so lucky you never get PMS.

JENNIFER
I get a little bloated sometimes.

FRIDA
I'd kill for just a little bloated.

We hear a toilet FLUSH.

INT. RESTAURANT/TABLE - NIGHT
George and Carlton are sitting at the booth, waiting for the
women to return from the bathroom.

GEORGE
It all starts with them going to
the bathroom together.

CARLTON
That many women in one place --
nothing good can come from that.

GEORGE
Sorry about Frida. She's been friends with Jen forever.

CARLTON
What's with her? If they're not bleeding they're PMSing. If they're not PMSing, they're warning you about the impending doom. If you're lucky, you get a sane person one week a month. Then you gotta date three or four women just to get some normalcy in your life.

They laugh.

GEORGE
I'm lucky Jen's not like that.

CARLTON
I don't believe in PMS. Women made it up just so they can be bitchy.

GEORGE
My brother has an answer to PMS. A-S-S: Abundant Sperm Syndrome. A man gets sperm build-up, and if his woman isn't givin' it to 'em, he's gotta get it elsewhere.

CARLTON
Yeah and when your woman says you're an ass, say yes, I have Abundant Sperm Syndrome.

They both laugh.

INT. RESTAURANT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer and Frida are now in front of the mirror. Jennifer fixes her make-up while Frida watches her. ECU of Jennifer putting lipstick on in slow motion from Frida's POV. Jennifer smacks her lips in a sexy way when she's done. Frida avoids looking at herself in the mirror.

FRIDA
I always say the wrong thing. I shouldn't have come.

Frida catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

FRIDA
I'm coyote ugly.

Jennifer looks at Frida through the mirror.

JENNIFER
How about I give you a make-over? You'll feel better about yourself. You're actually pretty, you're just
not bringing it out.

FRIDA
You're just saying that.

Jennifer squints at Frida for a closer look. She pulls Frida's hair out of the ponytail and tries to fluff it up. She takes off Frida's glasses.

JENNIFER
Do you really need these?

FRIDA
Only to see.

JENNIFER
Can't you get contacts?

FRIDA
No, it grosses me out even thinking of putting something in my eye.

JENNIFER
Try to get through dinner without them. You have beautiful eyes.

She snaps open Frida's purse and drops the glasses inside. Frida looks at herself in the mirror. We see her POV and it's out of focus.

INT. RESTAURANT/TABLE - NIGHT

Jennifer and Frida rejoin Carlton and George at the table. From Frida's POV things look blurry. She stumbles as she sits down. She squints, hoping things will come back in focus.

CARLTON
You two must be in sync.

JENNIFER
Excuse me?

GEORGE
He was saying that when women are close friends they get their periods at the same time.

JENNIFER
(sarcastically)
Yeah and when we're mad at each other we're out of sync. It only works if you're on good terms.

FRIDA
Or if there's a full moon.

JENNIFER
Or if your boyfriend's an asshole.
She elbows George in the stomach. Frida tries to take a sip from her drink, but because she can't see well she knocks it over. Everyone stands up and it's a huge ordeal.

FRIDA
I'm so sorry! I'm such a clutz.

She fishes in her purse for her glasses and puts them on as Jennifer helps her wipe up the spilled drink.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frida's apartment is neat and conservatively decorated. She's got some film posters on the wall.

Frida, in a big puffy bathrobe with bearclaw slippers, lounges on her sofa. Sammy, a black cat, sits on her lap purring as Frida reads a script. She nibbles on a chocolate bar. From the way Frida shakes her head and flips through the pages of the script, we can tell it's awful.

INT. FRIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida sits at a claustrophobic cubicle. There's a small stack of screenplays sitting in front of her. Frida's on the phone.

FRIDA
Yes, I do think it's important to tell the Mother Teresa story... but no way can I pitch that to my boss.

MAN (ON PHONE)
Why the hell not?

FRIDA
It won't get the ratings. He only wants "women in jeopardy" stories.

MAN (ON PHONE)
How about if Mother Teresa's being stalked by the Pope?

FRIDA
Only if Jane Seymour plays Mother Teresa and Richard Chamberlain plays the Pope. It's just not for us. I'm sorry. Good luck with it.

Frida hears the phone slam down and a dialtone. She hangs up just as her boss, MR. GRANT, barges in and barks at her.

MR. GRANT
The Nielson's?

FRIDA
On your desk.

MR. GRANT
Script coverage?

FRIDA
On your desk.

MR. GRANT
Coffee and...

FRIDA
Your desk.

Mr. Grant abruptly turns and heads back into his office.

FRIDA
There was a script I wanted to talk to you about... I thought maybe...

She gets up with a script. As she does, she spills her coffee all over the desk.

FRIDA
... I could produce it.

Mr. Grant ignores her and slams the door to his office. Frida wipes up the spilled coffee with the script.

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida's at her SHRINK's office.

FRIDA
I had a dream last night, that I was a doormat.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Frida lies on her back outside the front door of a house, like a welcome mat. People walk over her. We see from her POV: people stepping over her and wiping their shoes on her.

BACK TO SHRINK'S OFFICE

The shrink makes a note.

SHRINK
And what do you think this means?

Frida stares at the shrink for a second, surprised he doesn't get such an obvious reference.

FRIDA
That I'm a doormat of course. The shrink makes more notes.
SHRINK
Oh, I see... interesting theory.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jennifer and Frida sit on a bench surrounded by shopping bags.

JENNIFER
Okay, just one more stop and you'll be all set. Victoria's Secret.

FRIDA
What do I need overpriced fancy underwear for? Shouldn't a guy have already decided that he likes me before he sees me in lingerie?

JENNIFER
It's not about him seeing you in it. It's how you feel. You'll feel sexy in lingerie and it'll show. It's an inner thing.

FRIDA
I don't know.

JENNIFER
There's a sale. It's such a nice place -- classical music, relaxing atmosphere. You deserve to pamper yourself. Come on, it can't hurt.

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET - DAY

Chaos. Hardly the "relaxed atmosphere" Jennifer described. Though there is indeed classical music playing.

CUT TO an overhead shot of a huge circular bin of women's underpants and another bin of bras. All different colors.

Various women's hands pick frantically through the bins, looking for the right size and color. Sometimes hands grab at the same one simultaneously. The atmosphere seems hectic.

WOMAN 1
Give me that. You ain't a D cup.

WOMAN 2
If you're a D cup, I'm Pamela Anderson.

WOMAN 3
Is that a medium?

WOMAN 1
Why do they have large thongs? Anyone in a large ain't gonna be
wearin' no thong.

FRIDA
Where are all the mediums?

JENNIFER
Frida, grab that red one.

Jennifer's finger points to a red panty and Frida snatches it and gives it to her.

WOMAN 2
Large, small. No fucking mediums.

More and more hands pick through the bras and panties, with increasing fervor. Frida's hand grabs a pair of blue panties.

FRIDA
Jennifer, I got a medium!

As Frida pulls the pair of panties out of the pile, she realizes an OLIVE-SKINNED WOMAN is grabbing the other end of the panties. They have a bit of a tug of war over it.

OLIVE WOMAN
That's mine!

FRIDA
No I had it first.

The tug of war continues. Frida and the Olive Woman both refuse to let go. It looks like they're about to rip when the Olive Woman's head comes into frame -- the back of her head fills the frame with brunette curls. Frida screams.

FRIDA
OUCH!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Frida and Jennifer walk down the sidewalk with Victoria's Secret shopping bags among others.

FRIDA
Can you believe she fuckin' bit me?

JENNIFER
And she got the medium.

FRIDA
Even on sale that stuff's a fortune. I worked all week to pay for a bra.

Frida looks at her wrist, which is beginning to swell.

FRIDA
I think she broke the skin.
JENNIFER
What a bitch. You should see a doctor. That can be dangerous. George bit me once and I had to go to the emergency room.

FRIDA
George bit you?

JENNIFER
I kind of asked him to. We were, you know... he got a little carried away...

Frida looks at Jennifer uncomfortably. Jennifer smiles to herself, reminiscing.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida sits, wearing a white hospital gown, on an examining table. She's bored as there isn't much to look at and it's cold in there -- especially in the skimpy gown.

She goes to a mirror and puts on chapstick. She smacks her lips as Jennifer had in after putting on lipstick.

Suddenly the door opens and nearly hits her. Frida backs up, embarrassed, as a male DOCTOR in a white coat walks in. He barely looks at Frida and stares at his clipboard.

DOCTOR
A bite... Where'd you get bitten?

FRIDA
At Victoria's Secret.

The doctor looks up from his clipboard, confused.

FRIDA
There was a sale.

DOCTOR
I mean where on your body?

FRIDA
Oh, on my wrist.

She holds it up for him to see. He takes a look at it.

DOCTOR
A dog at Victoria's Secret?

FRIDA
No, it was another woman.

The doctor seems skeptical. He examines her wrist closer.
This doesn't look human. Did she wear dentures or... damn this is the oddest bite I've ever seen.

The doctor makes a note on his clipboard.

DOCTOR
How's the rest of your health?

FRIDA
Good. Except for PMS.

The doctor resists the temptation to roll his eyes.

DOCTOR
PMS. What symptoms are you experiencing?

FRIDA
It's hard to describe. I get really bloated and irritable and emotional and depressed and...

DOCTOR
That's just part of being a woman. Diet and exercise should help. Avoid salt, sugar, starches, caffeine, alcohol...

FRIDA
What else is there?

DOCTOR
And keep a journal of your symptoms to make sure it's related to your period and not just in your head.

FRIDA
It's not just in my head.

The doctor snaps his folder shut and heads for the door.

DOCTOR
I'll send a nurse in to clean that bite and give you a tetanus shot. And a rabies shot... just in case.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frida chomps on a carrot. She presses PLAY on her answering machine and picks up a framed picture of herself and MARK. They're both smiling. Frida puts the picture back, face down.

FRIDA'S MOM (ON MACHINE)
It's mom. I ran into Herman today. I wish you'd move back home and marry him. He's got a great job at Penneys. I don't know why you're in New York with all those freaks.
Sammy, the black cat, whizzes by with his tail puffed.

Frida enters the kitchen and sees the cat's dishes are empty. She gets a cat food can out of the cupboard and accidentally scratches herself. She notices her nails are surprisingly long. She stares at them, confused, then opens the cat food.

FRIDA
Sammy? Seafood Feast?

Frida sniffs the cat food as though it smells good to her. She nearly eats some -- then shakes her head, realizing it was a crazy thought. She stands up and sniffs around her kitchen.

She searches the cupboards. Then the refrigerator. It's full of fruit and vegetables. The other cupboard has healthy stuff as well. Frida slams the cupboard shut. Obviously not finding what she's looking for.

A MONTAGE with jump cuts as Frida paces in circles. She clips her fingernails and toenails, which are quite long and thick.

She goes to the refrigerator, opens the door, looks in and closes the door. She does this several times as if its contents will change the next time she opens it.

She paces faster and faster in a tighter circle. She feels claustrophobic in her clothes and practically rips them off.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Frida hurriedly shoves several chocolate bars in her basket, which is filled with junk food (frozen yogurt, chocolate-covered pretzels, Doritos), a box of tampons, and some Midol.

Frida senses someone watching her as she grabs a bag of Hershey's kisses. She looks up and sees BRUNO, an intriguing-looking man. They make eye-contact and he smiles at her. Frida is nervous but flattered. She heads for the cashier.

EXT. GROCERY STORE/STREET - NIGHT

We see Frida walking from behind. We're in the POV of someone who's following her. Then CU Frida as she continues walking, holding her grocery bags. She senses someone following her and spins around to look.

She sees Bruno walking behind her. She smiles a tad and then turns back around and keeps walking. She hears Bruno's pace quicken and she quickens her own.

We see Frida from Bruno's POV as he speeds up and is gaining on her. What started out as a briefly sexy moment has suddenly become kind of scary. CU on Frida walking fast. We hear her heart beating fast. Bruno catches up to her -- he's right behind her. Frida can hear him breathing hard.
Frida spins around and stares at Bruno. Her normally blue eyes look oddly bright -- like they're orange. She swipes at the Bruno's face with her fingernails and slashes him. He jumps back in pain and covers his face.

BRUNO
Jesus Christ!

He pulls his hand from his face to reveal large bloody scratches on his cheek. He looks up at Frida, but she's gone.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frida, in her bathrobe, is downing chocolate bars rabidly. Her cat, Sammy, is hiding, frightened under the bed.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Frida's asleep on the sofa with her bathrobe draped over her. She wakes up slowly, in a daze, like she has a bad hang-over. She looks around, squinting -- the light hurts her eyes. Her apartment's in disarray -- furniture moved around. She sits up and puts her bathrobe on, realizing it's ripped.

FRIDA
Sammy?

Frida gets up and notices the cat food dish is empty. She opens a can of cat food. The cat's nowhere to be seen.

INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Frida looks in the mirror. She examines her arms and legs and thinks they look hairy. They look fine, but she's obsessed. She has a quick flash in which they look hairier, but then they're normal again. Is it all in her head?

Frida leans closer to the mirror and scrutinizes her face and "mustache" area. She then opens the medicine cabinet and finds some Neet liquid hair remover and turns on the shower.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Frida takes a brand new bra out of her Victoria's Secret shopping bag. She puts on the bra -- it's clearly too tight. She adjusts the straps to no avail -- she's still bulging out. She pulls on a shirt and blazer.

Frida grabs her coat and briefcase and leaves. As soon as she shuts the door, the cat comes out and goes to its food dish.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY
Frida sits in the sunshine eating chocolate pudding like there's no tomorrow as she reads a script. She wears tennis shoes with her suit. She feels a little hot and unbuttons the top few buttons of her blouse.

GREGORY, a tall, good-looking guy in a suit, stands casting his shadow on her. Frida is startled for a moment. She looks up at him looming over her, but he's hard to see since the sun is right behind him.

GREGORY
Didn't mean to scare ya. It's Frida, right? I'm Gregory. From accounting.

Frida's a little uneasy about him staring at her chest.

FRIDA
I know.

GREGORY
So you're Grant's secretary?

FRIDA
I do development for TV movies.

GREGORY
Oh, a D-Girl. You know... I have a really great idea for a screenplay.

Frida tries to avoid cringing.

FRIDA
(slightly sarcastic)
You're kidding, really?

GREGORY
No, I'm serious. How about we have dinner and I tell you about it?

EXT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY

Two male police detectives, PETER and LLOYD, are getting out of an unmarked car.

LLOYD
Nah, I don't wanna break up with Wanda, I just wanna see Carmen too.

PETER
Man, you're livin' dangerously. Let me ask you somethin', you always have to get women drunk before they'll sleep with you?

LLOYD
You kiddin'? They try to get ME drunk.
PETER
You're some catch Lloyd.

LLOYD
Hey, you hear about the chick that came in today? Said some chick bit her at Victoria's Secret. Bitches are outta control these days.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY
Frida, in her ripped bathrobe, is setting up her new makeup on a table. She hears a knock on the door and heads for it.

FRIDA
Jennifer, you're early...

She opens the door and sees MARK, the guy from the photo she'd put face down. Mark is cute, but a bit of a geek. He does have the nice brown eyes Frida mentioned earlier. He carries a McDonald's bag and is eating a French fry.

FRIDA
What are you doing here Mark?

He pushes his way past her and into the apartment.

MARK
I missed you. I wanted to see you.

Frida's skeptical.

MARK
Hey what's all this stuff?

He shoves aside some of the makeup and puts down his McDonald's bag on the table.

FRIDA
Jennifer's giving me a makeover.

Mark takes a burger out of the bag and unwraps it. Frida sniffs at the burger.

MARK
What, you got a date or somethin'?

FRIDA
Since when do you care?

Frida lustily eyes the burger. Mark sees her check it out.

MARK
Sorry, I know you hate the sight of meat.

Mark looks at Frida for a moment -- for the first time really since he barged in.
MARK
You look different. I mean you look good.

FRIDA
You never say that.

MARK
You do though. You look really...
is that a wonderbra?

FRIDA
No.

He walks closer to her. Frida backs up.

Mark moves in closer, puts his arms around her and tries to kiss her. Frida turns her head away from his kiss. She looks down and sees the burger, which sits on the table behind Mark.

ECU of the burger looking delicious like in a commercial.

Frida sniffs and makes a little moan -- she's completely focused on the burger. Mark thinks she's moaning for him, and he continues kissing her neck. As he does, Frida reaches down, picks up the burger and takes a huge bite out of it.

CLOSE ON Frida's face as we see her sheer near-orgasmic enjoyment of the burger. Suddenly Mark jerks away.

MARK
OUCH! Shit! What the fuck?

He twists his arm to reach around to feel his back. Completely ignoring Mark's pain, Frida takes a few more chomps of the burger as though she hasn't eaten in days.

Mark lifts his shirt, which is ripped. He sees in the mirror that his back has huge bleeding scratches on it.

MARK
Look what you did!

FRIDA
Oh my god, I'm sorry!

MARK
Shit. And you're eating my burger? You don't eat meat.

FRIDA
I can't help it, it smells so good.

Frida finishes the burger with an enormous bite and then runs into the bathroom and gets rubbing alcohol and a cotton ball.

MARK
Fuck you have sharp nails.
Frida dabs his scratches with the rubbing alcohol.

**MARK**
OUCH that stings! Damn, what am I going to do with my back like this?

**FRIDA**
Worried about what all your girlfriends might think?

**MARK**
Frida, you know you're it for me.

**FRIDA**
Yeah right... You better go.

Frida pulls him towards the door. Mark grabs his empty burger wrapper and fries.

**MARK**
Hey wait, I paid three bucks for that burger. You owe me...

**FRIDA**
You haven't even paid me back the thousand bucks you owe me!

**MARK**
I'm working on it...

Frida rolls her eyes. She drags him and pushes him out the door. Mark's surprised by how strong Frida is.

Frida slams the door and locks it.

**INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

ECUs of Jennifer putting make-up on Frida.

**FRIDA**
Why did Gregory ask me out? I mean he's cute -- he probably just wants to pitch his screenplay idea.

**JENNIFER**
Maybe he likes you, ever think of that? It's good for you to go out -- get your mind off Mark.

**FRIDA**
You're so lucky you have George and don't need to go on dates anymore.

**JENNIFER**
What I really hated about dating was the lines guys used to get into my apartment. "Can I use your phone?" "How about a nightcap?"
"I want to meet your cat." And my
all-time favorite, the old standby, "I have to use your bathroom."

FRIDA
Maybe they have to pee.

JENNIFER
Are you kidding? He might as well say, "Can I date rape you?"

FRIDA
I never thought of it like that. I never know what to do on dates. Do guys still pay?

JENNIFER
They better. Of course, trouble is, you never know what they'll expect for it. You gotta know what to order, and what you're willing to do. Like if a guy spends a fortune on you, he's gonna feel like you owe him something.

Frida looks worried. She picks up a big hand mirror on the table and looks at herself.

FRIDA
Oh my god, I have a mustache!

Jennifer looks closely at Frida's face.

JENNIFER
Where?

FRIDA
Where? Where do you think a mustache would be. Look!

JENNIFER
I don't see anything. Maybe just a little.

FRIDA
Holy shit, I'm a freak.

JENNIFER
You are not Frida, we all have a little hair there. I didn't even notice till you showed me. We can bleach that, it's no big deal.

Jennifer brushes Frida's hair. She pauses and looks at Frida's eyes.

JENNIFER
Hey, did you get contacts?

FRIDA
(suddenly realizing she's not
wearing glasses)
Oh, my glasses! Maybe my eyes got stronger from not wearing them.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT
Frida sits across the table from Gregory.

GREGORY
You hungry?

FRIDA
Starving.

A waiter hands each of them a menu.

GREGORY
Have whatever you want. My treat.

They each look at menus. The entrees are listed from lighter fair down to steaks. CU of each menu item and its price.
Frida does a double-take at her menu.

Instead of seeing a dollar amount, Frida reads it like this, "Chef's Salad = French Kissing and Groping; Pasta Special = Heavy Petting and Breast Peel; Chicken Marsala = Blow Job; Steak Frites = Regular Fucking; Surf and Turf Lobster = Kinky Sex till you're sore."

GREGORY
Man I'm starving too, I think I'll go for the Surf and Turf.

FRIDA
I'm not really hungry after all.

GREGORY
You said you're starving. Come on, I can't stand a woman who won't eat.

Frida hungrily eyes a steak the waiter passes by with. She inhales deeply.

FRIDA
Maybe just one little steak...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)
CU of Frida eating. Devouring everything on her plate. Slow DOLLY IN to CU of Frida as Gregory goes on about himself.

GREGORY
My senior year, I was waiting for that letter from Harvard. I'd heard from Yale. Got in. Brown, MIT, got in. But Harvard... here's the suspense... a letter comes...
And everyone knows if it's a thin envelope you don't get in, right?
So I get a thin envelope and I wasn't even gonna open it. I was just gonna jump off a bridge.
Cause it was Harvard or bust...

Frida looks up momentarily as she rips off a particularly tough piece of meat. Her food is much more interesting than her date. Gregory blurs a bit into the background. His voice is slightly altered -- as now we're hearing his subtext.

GREGORY
Okay let's face it, I got into Harvard cause my dad donated $50,000. I barely got a thousand on my SATs and was kicked outta prep school, but hey, that's life. I have a really small penis. Which is why I tell stories about how great I am. I'm also losing my hair and I have no interest in a relationship. I just want you to like my screenplay idea but I do expect you to fuck me later...

The camera's still on Frida as she's eating. She looks up at Gregory again momentarily as he snaps back into focus.

GREGORY
So there I was, hanging from the edge of a bridge, when my mom said, "Son, you got into Harvard!" It took three of them to pull me back!

Frida keeps eating.

GREGORY
Well, whattdaya think?

FRIDA
That's great. Highly original.

Frida cleans her plate with her finger and licks it. Gregory stares at her. He's only half finished -- he's been busy talking, and she's been busy eating. Frida eyes his half-eaten steak and points at it with her fork.

FRIDA
Are you gonna finish that?

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Gregory is walking Frida home. She gets her keys out.

FRIDA
I'd really feel more comfortable paying for my half of the dinner.

GREGORY
Hey, how about a little nightcap?

He leans against the door, blocking Frida as she tries to unlock the door.

FRIDA
I'm really tired.

GREGORY
Come on, didn't all that steak make you thirsty?

FRIDA
No. Really, I'm... I don't feel well. I've got terrible PMS.

GREGORY
They say sex is great for cramps.

FRIDA
Well I have it worse than cramps.
Goodnight Gregory.

She tries to push him aside from the door. He doesn't budge. In fact he leans closer to Frida. She can feel his breath.

GREGORY
Can I use your bathroom?

Frida spins around.

FRIDA
What?

GREGORY
I really gotta pee.

FRIDA
You should have gone at the restaurant.

GREGORY
I didn't have to pee then.

FRIDA
My apartment's just such a mess.

GREGORY
That's okay. I just have to use the bathroom and then I'll leave.

FRIDA
Oh come on. Knock it off.

GREGORY
Knock what off?

FRIDA
You don't have to pee.
GREGORY
Yes I do have to pee!

FRIDA
You're just saying that to get into my apartment and then you're hoping that'll turn into something else.

GREGORY
I wouldn't mind doin' something else, but I do really have to pee.

FRIDA
Uh huh. So pee.

GREGORY
So pee? Here?

FRIDA
Yeah. Whip it out. You want me to see it -- that's what this is all about, right?

Gregory looks at her, not sure if she's serious. Then he takes a step back and looks around to make sure no one's watching. He then unzips his pants and pees. Frida has the urge to laugh for a moment, but then she holds it back.

An awkward moment as Gregory takes a really long time to pee. He looks over at Frida once or twice, and they exchange an awkward glance. Finally he's done and he zips up his pants.

Frida and Gregory look at each other. Frida's eyes seem to glow. She takes a step towards him. Gregory's taken off guard as Frida grabs him and kisses him.

FADE TO WHITE and dissolve into next scene.

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Dissolve down from a bright morning sky and then dolly in quietly on the building.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 31

Move in slowly on a CU of Frida sleeping. She wakes up and squirms around a little. She notices a bloody handprint on her pillowcase and jolts awake. She bolts up and sees blood on her hand. She quickly pushes her sheets down and sees more blood on her white sheets and on her legs. She sighs, realizing she's gotten her period.

FRIDA
Thank god.

Frida looks around and squints. Her vision's blurry. She grabs her glasses and puts them on. She sees Sammy curled up at the foot of her bed, purring. She pets him.
FRIDA
Even you know when PMS is over.

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Frida and Jennifer are each holding laundry baskets full of laundry. Frida is juggling trying to lock her door while balancing her basket on her leg.

FRIDA
It was like I woke up in a murder scene. It took me a few seconds to realize it was just my period. I must have had a bad dream.

Peter and Lloyd are at the end of the hallway looking at Frida and Jennifer, but the women don't notice them.

PETER
We're looking for Frida Harris.

Frida and Jennifer turn and see Peter and Lloyd approaching.

FRIDA
I'm Frida Harris.

Her eyes lock with Peter's. There's some attraction there, but we don't dwell on the moment too long. Lloyd is in no way subtle checking out both women.

PETER
We're police detectives.

Frida feels guilty. She's not sure why. Maybe just cause she's Catholic.

LLOYD
It's about Gregory Jameson. He's dead.

FRIDA
Oh my god, what happened?

PETER
He was found a few blocks away.

LLOYD
Torn apart. Limb from limb. A bloody gruesome mess.

Frida looks down at her laundry and sees the bloody sheet on the top. Peter and Lloyd look down and see it too.

FRIDA
I had a little accident.

Jennifer sees Frida is embarrassed. Both men stare at her bloody sheet. Lloyd clears his throat.
JENNIFER
Jesus Christ she got her period.
Relax guys. It happens.

PETER
Yeah, sorry. Uh... Gregory's
roommate told us you were out with
him last night.

FRIDA
Yes... I... we had dinner.

LLOYD
Did he come home with you? Did you
go to his apartment?

FRIDA
No, it was our first date.

LLOYD
Looks like it was your only date.
Unless you go to his funeral.

Lloyd chuckles. Peter shoots him a look.

PETER
When's the last time you saw him?

FRIDA
We... he walked me home and... we
said goodnight. Um, he kissed me
goodnight and that was it.

LLOYD
A kiss? Did you have sex with him?

FRIDA
No, I said it was our first date.

JENNIFER
How the hell is that your business?

PETER
We're just trying to figure out
what happened.

FRIDA
I wish I could help but last I saw
Gregory was outside my front door.

PETER
Okay, if you think of anything
else, please give us a call.

Peter tries to hand Frida a business card, but she has no
hands free so he puts it on her bloody sheet. Lloyd can't
keep his eyes off the bloody sheet.

LLOYD
Uh... mind if we take those sheets
in for testing? You know, to rule everything out.

Frida turns red.

JENNIFER
You want her sheets?

PETER
We can just take this pillowcase.

LLOYD
We can get a warrant if you like.

FRIDA
No, take it.

Peter slips on a glove and picks up the pillowcase with the bloody handprint on it. He's nearly as embarrassed as Frida. Their eyes lock for a moment, then they both avert their gazes.

PETER
Sorry.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - MORNING

Frida and Jennifer are taking their clothes out of dryers.

FRIDA
He's dead? Am I bad luck or what?

JENNIFER
There you go, blaming yourself for everything again.

FRIDA
And he was ripped limb from limb?

JENNIFER
I'm sure they were exaggerating.

FRIDA
Why would they exaggerate?

JENNIFER
To sound like big macho cops. He was probably just found with a knife in his back.

Jennifer looks up at Frida, who looks overwhelmed.

JENNIFER
So did you do it?

FRIDA
Did I kill him? Of course not!

JENNIFER
No, did you fuck him?
FRIDA
No. I don't think so.

JENNIFER
You don't think so? You either did or your didn't.

FRIDA
I don't remember. We kissed at my door and next thing I knew I woke up with my period. Alone.

JENNIFER
Did you get smashed or what? You have to eat if you're drinking. And not just those little salads.

FRIDA
I ate a burger in the afternoon and a steak and a half with Gregory.

JENNIFER
I guess you're off that vegetarian kick you've been on for ten years.

FRIDA
I couldn't stop eating steak. I felt out of control -- like I was making up for all those years being a vegetarian. I couldn't get enough. And then Gregory walked me home... and he peed in front of me.

JENNIFER
What? Why the hell did he do that?

FRIDA
He was trying to get into my apartment and... I know this sounds gross but I was so turned on. I grabbed him and kissed him!

JENNIFER
And then?

FRIDA
I think I went in and fell asleep. I guess Gregory walked home and got killed! I blacked out.

JENNIFER
At least your PMS is over.

FRIDA
And my bra finally fits again.

Jennifer folds some of George's boxer shorts.

JENNIFER
I thought you were going to stop wearing your glasses.

FRIDA
My vision got worse again.

Frida pulls out a pair of men's briefs from the dryer. Jennifer eyes them suspiciously.

JENNIFER
Are those Mark's?

FRIDA
No, Mark wears boxers. They must have been in the dryer already.

JENNIFER
Uh huh... good thing those cops didn't see that.

Frida picks up Peter's card.

FRIDA
He was cute, huh? Of course whenever I meet a guy, I'm wearing no make-up.

JENNIFER
Rule one: always wear make-up.

FRIDA
I wonder if he's married.

JENNIFER
He wasn't wearing a ring. But you don't want to date a cop Frida. They're so blue collar.

Frida leaves the briefs on the laundry table. She notices they're ripped.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Peter and Lloyd are going over some papers.

LLOYD
I didn't trust her. All that blood on the sheets. She may look sweet, but she could be a wolf in sheep's clothing. Something's weird.

PETER
That dude was torn limb from limb. No way a woman like that could have done it. You never seen blood on a chick's sheets from her period?

LLOYD
Hell no, I'm not into that shit.
The sight of blood makes me sick.

PETER
Oh, so you decide to be a cop?
Seriously? You don't have sex with a woman cause she's on the rag?

LLOYD
No man. Blood is not a turn on.
You sure let that Frida off the hook. You weren't even going to take the sheets. If I didn't know better, I'd think you liked her.

PETER
I can tell she's not a killer. You just don't like her cause you have a hang up about menstruation.

LLOYD
Nah, man, I'm just saying, you should never date a woman who was the last one to see a guy alive.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY
Jennifer is giving Frida a manicure. She's filing her nails.

JENNIFER
Your nails are so tough and pointy.
What is this stuff under them?

Jennifer scrapes what looks like flesh from under her nails.
The phone rings.

FRIDA
Ignore it. It's probably my mom.

The machine picks up.

FRIDA (ON MACHINE)
Hi it's Frida. Leave a message!

The machine beeps.

MARK (ON MACHINE)
Frida, Frida, Frida. I get so hot thinking about yesterday. My scratches have almost healed and I'm ready for more.

Jennifer freezes.

JENNIFER
Gross, so this is Mark's flesh?
When did you see him?

FRIDA
Um, he stopped by yesterday before
you came over.

JENNIFER
Why didn't you tell me? You said you hadn't seen him for a month.

FRIDA
I'm sorry. I didn't want you to think I was still a doormat.

JENNIFER
Frida, I'm your friend. I'm not judging you... You didn't sleep with the creep did you?

INT. FRIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida sits at her desk typing at her computer. A larger stack of scripts sits beside her. Mr. Grant walks by and plops several more on her desk. Frida's looking buried in scripts.

MR. GRANT
Find me that "Woman in Jeopardy" story.

He starts to pass by as usual, then stops, stares at Frida, looking her up and down. He's noticed something has changed.

FRIDA
How about a "Man in Jeopardy" story?

MR. GRANT
Did you change your hair?

FRIDA
A little.

Mr. Grant nods and continues on his way. Frida gives him the look of death.

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida sitting at her shrink's office.

FRIDA
I had the strangest dream -- that I was really hungry, and I was chasing someone... I think I was some sort of animal. And my sex drive... it's embarrassing but I've had these sexual dreams too.

The shrink leans forward eagerly.

SHRINK
Anything about bestiality?
Frida looks back at him quizzically.

FRIDA
What's that?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Peter and Lloyd are walking. Peter's reading a lab report.

LLOYD
Frida's sheets checked out fine. It was just her own blood. From her... you know.

PETER
I told you she was innocent.

LLOYD
Hey, there was a lot of blood.

PETER
She was never a suspect Lloyd. Some animal must have done this.

LLOYD
I checked all the zoos. No missing animals. You think a pitbull?

PETER
Maybe. What about all those hairs they found on his body?

LLOYD
Waiting for DNA tests. He was hairier than Madonna in Penthouse.

PETER
Madonna's in Penthouse?

LLOYD
Back in the '80's. You didn't see the pictures? They were from before she got famous. She was hairy as hell. Her pits, her bush.

PETER
Hairy women are kind of sexy. Women in their natural state.

Lloyd gives Peter a grossed out, horrified look.

PETER
What?

LLOYD
And you think I'm sick?
INT. FRIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida sits at her desk, typing a letter. We hear a VOICE OVER of what she's typing.

FRIDA (V.O.)
Thank you for your submission of "Woman on the Tracks." Although the story of a woman being rescued by Fabio after being tied to the train tracks is indeed the kind of lame ass "Women in Jeopardy" genre that my company seeks, I cannot of sound mind pass this script on to anyone. In a nutshell: it sucks.

Mr. Grant walks by and dumps a few scripts on Frida's desk.

FRIDA
Wait. Mr. Grant.

He keeps walking. Frida rises and speaks with more authority.

FRIDA
Mr. Grant.

He stops in his tracks, surprised at her tone. He turns around slowly.

FRIDA
I can't read any more crap. These women are all victims.

MR. GRANT
Yes, that's what we're looking for.

FRIDA
I think we should do something with strong female characters...

MR. GRANT
I'll make a note of that. Put the coverage on my desk.

Mr. Grant walks into his office. Frida sits down, satisfied and surprised she had the nerve to speak to him like that.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Frida sits across from her doctor as he examines her wrist.

DOCTOR
That bite healed up quickly. It's been about three weeks?

FRIDA
Nearly four.

DOCTOR
How have you been feeling?

FRIDA
Okay, but I'm worried about the next PMS bout. It's gotten worse. I'm not myself during it. I get bloated, irritable, my breasts get huge, my nails turn into claws, my teeth get sharper and I have more facial and body hair.

DOCTOR
Sounds all stress related. Your teeth may feel sharper if you're grinding them at night. You don't seem hairy to me. Is that all?

FRIDA
I get crazy dreams and I black out.

DOCTOR
Diet and exercise, that's all there is. I'm not a big proponent of the PMS craze, but there's a book my wife mentioned called "The PMS Diet," which may be helpful.

FRIDA
Does she have PMS?

DOCTOR
Now it's menopause. She's always hot. I gotta wear a parka around the house cause she keeps it so cold. It's always something.

MONTAGE
of Frida dieting and exercising -- eating carrots and salads. Working out at a gym. Sometimes with Jennifer. Jogging. Showing a passage of time and Frida trying to overcome PMS.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Peter, wearing a "University of Michigan" T-shirt, is standing across the street from the bookstore. Frida walks out of the bookstore with a shopping bag and heads down the sidewalk. Peter follows her.

Frida keeps walking but senses someone's following her. She turns around quickly and sees Peter duck behind a corner. She thinks about this for a second and then turns around and heads for him. Peter realizes he's been seen and faces the music.

PETER
You busted me.

FRIDA
Are you following me?

PETER
No... no... this is embarrassing.
I was returning your pillowcase...
and I saw you cross the street...
and I sort of started following
you. I just find you really
intriguing. I don't know why.

FRIDA
Intriguing?

Someone walks by, walking a dog. The dog barks viciously at
Frida, and the dog's owner has a tough time controlling him.
Frida looks afraid. Peter's a little weirded out too. The
dog's owner finally drags the barking dog away.

FRIDA
I gotta get going.
Peter gets the pillowcase out of his bag.

PETER
At least let me give you this back.
I washed it.

Just as Peter hands Frida the pillowcase, Mark rides by in his
bike. He screeches to a halt, nearly falling off his bike.
Mark stares at the pillowcase.

MARK
What's going on Frida?

Peter checks Mark out. Less like a cop than a jealous suitor.
Mark looks at Peter like he wants to kill him.

FRIDA
Where'd you get the bike?

MARK
I'm kinda borrowing it. Who's
this, Mr. Date-Guy?

Mark, clearly jealous, looks at Peter, then the pillowcase.

FRIDA
No, this is Peter. He's a cop.

Mark suddenly seems nervous.

MARK
Oh, hi, uh, Pete. Gotta run Frida.

He takes off on his bike. Peter and Frida watch him ride off.

PETER
Being a cop has such a warm effect
on people.

FRIDA
That's my ex. He's an asshole. In case you couldn't tell. I think he's been following me.

PETER
There's a lot of that going around.

She starts walking. Peter walks beside her.

PETER
You wanna get some coffee?

FRIDA
I'm trying to stay away from caffeine.

PETER
Some decaf then? That was stupid. Obviously you said you were staying away from caffeine as a nice way of blowing me off.

FRIDA
No. Really. I don't drink coffee anymore. I used to love it but my tastes have changed recently.

PETER
Okay well. Maybe some other time. They continue walking together.

PETER
So what book did you buy?

FRIDA
Oh, it's nothing.

PETER
No really, I love knowing what people read.

FRIDA
It's stupid.

PETER
I can forgive you a bestseller.

Frida takes her book out of her bag. It says "The PMS Diet."

PETER
My mom used to get PMS too.

FRIDA
Used to? Did it stop finally?

PETER
No, she died when I was twelve.

FRIDA
I'm sorry.
PETER
I've had time to get over it. She was killed by wolves they think.

FRIDA
Oh my god, by wolves?

A chill runs down Frida's spine.

PETER
We lived in northern Minnesota. She went for a walk one night and they never found her body -- just her torn apart clothes with her blood and wolf blood on them. Then the town rounded up bunch of hunters and shot all the wolves in the area.

FRIDA
I'm so sorry Peter. Gee, that sure puts my problems in perspective.

PETER
The weird thing is I've had an odd, morbid fascination with wolves ever since.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Frida and Peter are walking across the bridge. The sun begins setting. They look like they've talked all day.

FRIDA
I've read scripts about detectives, but never met one. Must be wild.

PETER
Sometimes it's frustrating. Like this Gregory Jameson case. We don't even know what killed him. I'm putting together little details to see if we're missing something.

FRIDA
Like what?

PETER
You know how moms always tell you to wear clean underwear in case you're in an accident? Well this guy wasn't wearing any underwear.

FRIDA
A lot of people don't wear underwear.

PETER
Yeah but a guy hung like a horse would need briefs to keep things in line.

Frida blushes.

PETER
Sorry. Sometimes I'm a bit frank.

They keep walking for a few moments.

FRIDA
How about you? Briefs or boxers?

PETER
Briefs.

FRIDA
Cool. I don't get guys who wear boxers. My ex wore boxers. I never got how he could wear khakis and not have his boxers bunch up.

PETER
Me neither. That's why I wear briefs... So why did you and... Mark break up?

FRIDA
He's bad news. He cheated on me, he insults me. Now suddenly he gets jealous if I have a date.

They keep walking. CU of Peter and Frida's hands as they accidentally hit a few times as they walk. Peter reaches over and touches her fingers. They hold hands for a moment, then Frida lets go.

EXT. NY CITY - NIGHT

Night shots from throughout NY city. We hear Frida and Peter's dialog over ominous shots.

FRIDA
I really gotta get going.

PETER
Thanks for the walk. Maybe we could... get a bite sometime?

FRIDA
Yeah. Maybe.

PETER
Goodnight.

FRIDA
Goodnight.

We see the moon and it's nearly full.
INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer and Frida, on their way in, plunk themselves down with big shopping bags.

FRIDA
I don't think I've ever actually liked anyone I've dated before. Peter even likes me without makeup.

JENNIFER
Hmmm. Sounds suspicious.

FRIDA
I don't know much about him. How do you know if a guy is decent?

JENNIFER
Give him the tampon test.

FRIDA
What the hell is the tampon test?

JENNIFER
You're at his place, and you come out of the bathroom looking all shy and say, "I'm so embarrassed but could you run out and get me some tampons?" If he says no, he's too embarrassed, then you know he's a wus. If he says he's got some in the bathroom, then you know there are other women around a lot. But if he says yes and goes to get you tampons, well then he's a decent guy. Then, while he's out...

Jennifer's voice over continues into the next scene.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frida is searching through Peter's desk.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
... you search his apartment. Look for drugs in his medicine cabinet, look for pictures of women, look for bank statements.

Frida looks at some framed pictures, one of Peter when he was a boy with his mother. Lots of pictures of Peter as a teenager with wolf-looking dogs.

She searches some drawers and finds just normal guy stuff. His police badge. His bookshelves are filled with wolf-related books: Virginia Wolf, Thomas Wolfe, The Three Little Pigs, Little Red Riding Hood. His CD collection:
and the Silver Bullet Band and Los Lobos.

Suddenly she hears the front door opening. She quickly straightens herself up and spins around as Peter opens the door holding a bag full of tampon boxes.

**PETER**
I didn't know what kind to get.

He dumps out the bag. He got every make and model of tampon.

**PETER**
So I got one of each.

**INT. PETER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Frida sits at a candle-lit dining room table while Peter serves her a dinner he's cooked and pours her some wine. Frida notices some bullets in a glass frame on the wall.

**FRIDA**
What are those?

**PETER**
Silver bullets. A collectors item. These are very valuable. They were melted down from a crucifix.

**FRIDA**
What are they for?

**PETER**
Oh just my wolf paraphernalia. Some people collect beanie babies... I collect silver bullets.

They both eat. Frida takes a sip of wine.

**INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Frida and Peter are on the floor in front of the fireplace. They have a long, slow, ongoing kiss and cling to each other while they have dialog in between.

**PETER**
So... did you rummage through my stuff while I was gone?

He kisses her again.

**FRIDA**
What?

They kiss between sentences.

**PETER**
I'm a cop -- I notice everything.
That drawer's ajar, that picture's
been moved about an inch, the
closet wasn't closed when I left...

FRIDA
Okay, you busted me.

They continue to kiss. Things start getting hot and heavy.
Frida lies back on the ground and gently pulls Peter on top of
her. They kiss for a moment then Peter pulls away.

FRIDA
What's wrong?

PETER
Oh, nothing's wrong. Just... well
don't you have your period?

FRIDA
My period? No.

Peter's confused.

PETER
But... what were those tampons for?

Frida remembers now.

FRIDA
Oh, yes, you're right. I guess I
got carried away in the moment.

Frida straightens herself up.

PETER
I mean we can still... whatever...
Maybe I should get a towel?

FRIDA
No. No, I'm fine. Maybe I should
go. I mean... I don't want our
first time to be like this.

PETER
Frida, wait. Don't go. We can
just sleep. I just want to wake up
with you.

Frida has an itch on her arm. She looks at it and in a quick
flash, her arm looks incredibly hairy -- then it returns to
normal. Frida's freaked out. She puts her arms behind her
back. Peter doesn't get what's wrong.

FRIDA
I have to go. I'm not good at
relationships.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frida wakes up. She squints instinctively and looks for her
glasses. Then she realizes she can see clearly and doesn't need them.

Sammy the cat immediately whizzes by hissing and ducks into the other room. Frida looks insulted.

Frida looks in the hand mirror and notices her eyes have a strange glow. She opens her mouth and her lower teeth look a bit like wolves' teeth. She looks back up at her eyes again and blinks, doing a double take. She looks down at her teeth again and now they seem normal.

Frida inspects her face for facial hair. She touches her breasts, which feel large and painful.

INT. FRIDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frida looks through the "The PMS Diet" book and makes a list. Strange spices, odd and completely unappetizing ingredients.

MONTAGE of Frida coming back into apartment with all the diet regimen stuff -- also bottles of Neet hair remover and tough nail clippers, Midol.

Some ultra-quick cuts -- jump cuts, etc. of Frida working out, trying to stick with her diet. Finally a shot of her covered in chocolate like Al Pacino with cocaine in "Scarface."

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frida, still with chocolate on her face, is on the phone.

    FRIDA
    I'm freaking out. I'm like an animal and totally out of control.
    My arms keep getting really hairy.

    JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
    You have to stop being so self-critical Frida.

    FRIDA
    I looked like an Italian man!

Jennifer laughs over the phone. Frida's dead serious.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jennifer, also on a cordless phone, is getting ready to go out. She wears a tight dress and is putting on red lipstick. George comes up behind her and kisses her neck.

    JENNIFER
    How'd it go with the cop?

    FRIDA (ON PHONE)
    We almost slept together... and...
then the hair started and I booked.

JENNIFER
Frida, this hair thing is all in your head. You're using it as an excuse not to get close to anyone.

FRIDA (ON PHONE)
It's just as well. I'm afraid of getting hurt again. Mark seemed great at first too. I don't want to get too attached to Peter and then find out he's a creep.

JENNIFER
Hey, Carlton's in town -- come out with the three of us.

George hears this, shakes his head and motions to Jennifer furiously with his hands, "No, no!" Jennifer shrugs him off.

FRIDA (ON PHONE)
Carlton hated me.

George glares at Jennifer. She playfully blows him a kiss.

BACK TO FRIDA'S APARTMENT

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
No he didn't. Come on, I don't want to be alone with those two. All they talk about is basketball and it bores the hell out of me.

FRIDA
Okay. I guess so.

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Great. George is meeting Carlton first for drinks. We can meet and go together. It'll be a blast.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter's eating a TV dinner, alone. He's doing a crossword puzzle. CU of the puzzle -- Peter has written the name "Frida" everywhere.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer finishes her make-up and George paces the room.

JENNIFER
Come on, I've been working with Frida. Carlton won't even recognize her now. She's really coming out of her shell.
GEORGE
She's just so... pathetic.

JENNIFER
She's just insecure. Once you get to know her she's fabulous.

GEORGE
She'll talk about PMS and stare at her salad.

INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - DAY

A montage as Frida spreads Neet on her body in the shower. Frida getting dressed. Her breasts are so big that she can't fit into her biggest bra. She improvises with some tape.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

A pair of high heels walk down the street. We hear a guy's whistle. Pan up the sexy legs that wear them. She's wearing a miniskirt and a short jacket. Finally we get to her face and it's Frida! She's a knockout. Beside her walks Jennifer.

Frida's sexier than we've seen her. Even Jennifer looks at her like, "Wow." The PMS starting again makes her sexy.

FRIDA
I started out on that eye-of-newt diet the doctor gave me and wound up in the tub covered in chocolate.

JENNIFER
Well whatever it was, seems to have worked cause you look great.

FRIDA
You're just saying that.

A couple of CUTE GUYS pass by. Jennifer looks at them, expecting them to comment on her as men usually do. Instead, the guys are checking out Frida.

CUTE GUY
Hey there beautiful.

Frida and Jennifer keep walking.

FRIDA
What did he say?

JENNIFER
I think he called you beautiful.

FRIDA
Oh my god. I've never had that before. I've had guys say they
want me to suck their dicks and
gross stuff but no one's ever said
"Hey there beautiful."

Jennifer's obviously a bit miffed that the comment wasn't
directed at her.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CU of Frida eating rare steak. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Carlton
and George on each side of her, hanging on her every word as
they had been with Jennifer on the previous date. Jennifer
sits a bit off to the side feeling slightly left out.

CARLTON
Guess you like those Coyote Ugly
steaks now, huh?

FRIDA
Sorry, don't mean to be wolfing
down. I'm just starving.

CARLTON
Don't apologize. It's great to see
a woman really enjoying her food.
I hate it when I buy a woman dinner
and she won't even touch it.

GEORGE
Yeah Jen here's always dieting and
eating like a bird.

Jennifer is picking at her plate.

CARLTON
No one I've run into knows what
"coyote ugly" means.

FRIDA
Maybe that bartender made it up. I
mean I think coyotes are rather
beautiful. Maybe "coyote ugly" is
really a compliment. Like someone
who's conventionally "ugly" but is
really beautiful.

CARLTON
Yeah that's like a three bagger.
Today a bag is also a condom, so
now a three bagger can be a chick
that's really hot. So hot you
gotta put several condoms on to
dull the senses.

JENNIFER
Charming Carlton.

FRIDA
It is so hot in here.
Frida takes off her jacket which reveals her newly large breasts nearly bulging out of her shirt. Everyone at the table can't help but notice.

FRIDA
Bag means condom now? I can’t keep up with the word "bag." It used to be "No, that's not my bag" -- meaning not my thing. But now "my bag" means "my fault."

JENNIFER
I still thought it was a purse.

GEORGE
You forgot the verb. To bag. "I want to bag her."

FRIDA
Yeah but does that mean fuck her or kill her? Like a body bag?

Frida gulps down her water. Before she has a chance to ask for more, Carlton and George trip over themselves getting the waiter's attention.

CARLTON
Waiter! She needs more water.

GEORGE
Can we get some service here?

Jennifer takes her cigarette pack out and offers one to George. He takes one as does Jennifer. She puts her cigarette in her mouth and George lights his. Jennifer leans over, expecting George to light her cigarette as well, but he's not paying attention to her, so he blows out his match. Jennifer is not amused. Frida's eyes light up at the smoke.

FRIDA
I have to go to the bathroom.

She bolts up, waving away the smoke. Jennifer follows her.

INT. RESTAURANT/BATHROOM - NIGHT
Frida and Jennifer are fixing their make-up in the mirror.

JENNIFER
You might want to tape your nipples down next time. It's really distracting.

FRIDA
I can't help it. My bra wouldn't even fit. I've been going to Victoria's Secret and exchanging bras for bigger ones and still I'm
busting out. It's this PMS.

JENNIFER
Geez, I wish I'd get it like that.

FRIDA
No you don't, believe me.

Frida looks at her arm.

FRIDA
Oh my god, look. My arms are so hairy!

JENNIFER
No they're not.

They compare arms.

FRIDA
Yes they are! Look how much more hair I have than you!

JENNIFER
It's just cause mine is finer. A little bleach'll fix that.

FRIDA
I look like fuckin' Chewbacca.

A shot of Frida and Jennifer's arms and we don't see much difference in them.

INT. RESTAURANT/BOOTH - NIGHT

Carlton and George back at the table.

CARLTON
No way is that the same chick. The other one was a dog.

GEORGE
Jennifer gave her a make-over.

CARLTON
Looks like a helluva lot more than a make-over. Was there surgery involved?

George and Carlton ponder this.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Frida and Carlton walk through a remote area of Central Park.

CARLTON
Sorry I didn't recognize you earlier. You look so different.
FRIDA
I've changed a lot lately.

Carlton stops walking. Frida stops as well. Carlton touches Frida's hair. Frida looks at him like she's tempted. She sniffs, then turns away and keeps walking. Carlton walks too. Carlton lights a cigarette. Frida flinches. Her eyes glow.

FRIDA
You shouldn't smoke. It'll kill you.

CARLTON
Yeah yeah I know. Smoking kills. I'll quit someday. Doesn't it seem like all the cool people smoke?

FRIDA
No.

CARLTON
James Dean, Humphrey Bogart...

FRIDA
Yul Brynner. They're all dead.

CARLTON
Yeah but they looked cool...

Carlton's voice trails off as he rambles on. Meanwhile Frida is feeling strange symptoms. She's scratching like a dog. She smells something and starts sniffing around.

Frida hears snippets of other conversations in various parts of the park: a hold-up, a couple arguing, a couple making out. Frida's head is spinning and she's breathing heavily. She hears Carlton again.

CARLTON
As James Dean said, "Live fast, die young, and leave a good-looking corpse."

ECU of Frida scratching herself with wolfian nails.

FRIDA
What?

CARLTON
Your lips look delicious.

Frida circles him slowly, staring into his eyes. He's turned on and intrigued. She takes off her jacket, breathing heavily. She zones in closer. Finally she's within reaching distance, and Carlton grabs her waist and pulls her toward him.

CARLTON
Wow your body's really hot.

FRIDA
I've been working out.

CARLTON
I mean body temperature. Do you have a fever?

FRIDA
Never felt better.

She pulls the cigarette out of his hand and stomps it out. She grabs his face and kisses him passionately. Then she pulls away violently, which sends him spinning for a second. He looks up and she's vanished. All Carlton sees is darkness.

CARLTON
Frida? Was it something I said?

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

George is lifting some free weights. Jennifer's trying on a wonderbra, trying to make her chest look bigger.

JENNIFER
I wonder how Frida and Carlton are getting along?

GEORGE
Carlton insisted on leaving with her. Maybe he got lucky.

JENNIFER
So now being with Frida is lucky? I thought you said she was a flake.

GEORGE
Well the flake got a lot hotter.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Carlton is still searching in the darkness for Frida. He hears a low growling from somewhere behind him.

CARLTON
Frida? Is this some sort of game? (playfully, as if calling a dog) Here Frida... Here girl....

He turns around but sees nothing. He takes a few more steps. He hears another growl -- a bit louder and seeming a bit closer. Carlton turns around and seems scared by what he sees. He backpedals quickly away and breaks into a jog.

Whatever Carlton sees starts chasing him. We HEAR growling and Carlton looks scared to death. He runs through the park and is chased until he falls down, and we zoom in closer on
his terrified face as he screams. The growling gets louder. Carlton's face is blocked by a shadow.

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

A quiet and serene morning. DOLLY IN towards Frida's window.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Move in slowly on a CU of Frida sleeping -- same as the shot earlier when she woke up with blood on her sheets. She wakes up and sees a bloody handprint on her pillowcase. Frida's not as alarmed, having seen this once before. She quickly pushes her sheets down and sees some more blood and then quite a bit more blood and...

A man's severed arm! Frida bolts out of bed screaming.

Frida goes back toward the bed where the bloody arm is in the center. She circles the bed, wondering what the hell to do.

FRIDA
Holy shit, holy shit.

She picks up the cordless phone and dials, in a panic.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CU of George smiling, leaning against the bed backboard. Pull back to reveal he's sitting up on the bed naked, except for a huge mound of whipped cream that covers his groin. Jennifer is scantily clad and covered in whipped cream, spraying more whipped cream on George's mound. They're giggling.

The phone rings. Jennifer bends down and licks a bit of whipped cream off George's mound.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frida, panicking and putting large boots on, hears the ringing through her cordless phone.

BACK TO JENNIFER'S APARTMENT


JENNIFER
Let it ring.

George reaches over to get the phone and picks it up. Jennifer's disappointed that he answered.

GEORGE
Yeah?
FRIDA (ON PHONE)
George, I need to talk to Jennifer.
It's an emergency.

Out of frame, Jennifer must be doing something to George, cause he starts moaning with pleasure.

FRIDA (ON PHONE)
George? Is she there?

George hands the phone to Jennifer. Her face is now covered with whipped cream as though she's just had a pie in the face.

GEORGE
It's for you. Frida.

JENNIFER
Tell her I'm eating.

Jennifer and George laugh. George hands the phone to Jennifer and accidentally drops it in a pile of whipped cream.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frida hears the muffled sounds of Jennifer and George laughing. Finally she hears Jennifer, still half-laughing.

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Frida, this is a bad time. We're having sex and George actually answered the phone.

FRIDA
There is a man's arm in my bed.

BACK TO JENNIFER'S APARTMENT

JENNIFER
Frida, you are not coyote ugly. Everyone was drooling over you last night. Including George.

Jennifer flicks some whipped cream in George's face. He tickles Jennifer, and she nearly drops the phone.

BACK TO FRIDA'S BEDROOM

Frida circles the bed again.

FRIDA
Jennifer. A severed arm. It's bloody and... I'm not sure but it may be Carlton's.

JENNIFER
You fucked Carlton? See I told you
he liked you.

FRIDA
No! Not fucked him, I think I killed him.

BACK TO JENNIFER'S BEDROOM

Jennifer is laughing. George spreads her legs and sprays some whipped cream on her. From Jennifer's POV -- we see George's upper half as he holds her leg up to the side of frame.

FRIDA (ON PHONE)
Please come over. I'm begging you.
What should I do with the arm?
Should I call the cops or... Peter?

JENNIFER
Frida, you're not making sense. I can't come over right now.

Jennifer hangs up the phone and looks at George.

JENNIFER
Frida's hallucinating. Her PMS is out of control.

BACK TO FRIDA'S BEDROOM

Frida runs in wearing rubber gloves and holding a trash bag and a broom.

She pokes the arm with the end of the broomstick.

Frida wraps the arm in a sheet -- careful to not touch it and obviously grossed out. She opens the trash bag and spreads it out on the floor. With the broom, she pushes the sheet-wrapped arm into the trash bag.

MONTAGE of Frida darting around the apartment, searching for places to stick the severed arm.

INT. FRIDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frida has the arm in her sink and is trying to fit it down the garbage disposal. The phone rings. The arm is standing straight up in her sink -- half shoved down the drain -- fingers side up. Frida runs to get the cordless and brings it into the kitchen. She's a bit breathless when she answers.

FRIDA
Jennifer?

MOTHER (ON PHONE)
No it's mom.

FRIDA
Mom!

Frida recoils from the arm and the sink. Feeling somehow more guilty about it with her mom on the phone.

MOTHER (ON PHONE)
We're worried about you. "60 Minutes" was on same-sex couples.

FRIDA
What does that have to do with me?

MOTHER (ON PHONE)
You haven't mentioned dating anyone since Mark and, well you're not a lesbian are you?

FRIDA
No, I'm not a lesbian. Geez mom.

MOTHER (ON PHONE)
It's okay if you are, we just want to know. I don't want to be expecting grandchildren if...

Frida glances at the arm in her sink.

FRIDA
I gotta go. My sink is clogged.

Frida hangs up. She inches over to the sink and turns on the garbage disposal. It makes a horrid noise and blood spurts about, but the arm slowly makes its way down the drain.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Frida is alone in the laundromat. She shoves the bloody sheets in the washer. Behind her, Peter walks in.

PETER
Frida?

Frida quickly slams shut the washer and spins around, startled. She turns red and looks guilty.

FRIDA
Oh my god, you scared the shit out of me. You following me again?

PETER
(hurt by her accusation)
No. I was doing my laundry.

FRIDA
I'm sorry -- I'm on edge today.

Peter goes to one of the dryers and takes out his clothes.

PETER
Shit, where's my Michigan shirt?

He sticks his head in the dryer looking for it.

PETER
Was there anything in that washer?

FRIDA
No. Nope, nothing in it.

Frida backs up and puts her hand on top of the washer, protecting it.

PETER
You sure? It's my favorite shirt, mind if I check?

FRIDA
NO! I... I checked when I put my stuff in. I always look through the washer first.

Peter backs up, noticing Frida's acting weird. He's a little hurt by her distance.

PETER
Oh... okay well maybe I lost it somewhere...

He goes to his laundry bag. Trying to think of what to say.

PETER
Hey, I'm sorry if things got a little heavy the other...

His beeper rings. He takes a cellular phone out of his pocket and dials.

PETER
Yeah? Uh huh... What? Torn to bits? Jesus Christ. Okay I'll be right there.

He puts the cellular phone back in his pocket.

FRIDA
Everything okay?

PETER
A man killed in Central Park.

Peter runs out. Frida paces nervously around the laundromat.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jennifer looks at Frida incredulously.

JENNIFER
(sarcastically)
So where's this infamous arm now?

   FRIDA
   I put it down the garbage disposal.

   JENNIFER
   And what makes you think you killed a man?

   FRIDA
   Because of PMS, I get hairy, my nails turn into claws, I eat raw meat, I roam the city hunting for flesh. I've become a werewolf!

Jennifer stares at Frida.

   JENNIFER
   You're a PMS werewolf. Of course. Frida, are you on drugs?

   FRIDA
   No, last night I think I chased Carlton around as a wolf and killed him. I woke up with a taste of blood in my mouth and a severed arm in my bed. And my throat hurts.

Jennifer sits down. She shakes her head.

   JENNIFER
   You're delusional. Maybe you had a bad dream and bit your lip -- so you tasted blood. And the severed arm... well I don't see it and... maybe this is all in your head.

   FRIDA
   It took me an hour to clean it up. That was not in my head!

   JENNIFER
   Maybe the blood was from your period like before.

   FRIDA
   I haven't gotten it yet.

   JENNIFER
   Frida, listen to yourself. If I said I was a werewolf, would you believe me?

   FRIDA
   I don't know. You have to take Sammy. He's afraid of me.

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY
Frida sits in her shrink's office.

FRIDA
I think I'm a werewolf.

SHRINK
Let's explore this. What makes you feel you're a werewolf?

The shrink makes notes on his pad, "Insane. Delusional."

FRIDA
I ate a guy last night.

SHRINK
And how did you feel when you ate this guy?

FRIDA
I don't know. I don't remember doing it.

The shrink sits back in his chair. He thinks for a moment while Frida stares at him. Finally he nods knowingly.

SHRINK
Dreams about killing usually signify feelings of guilt. You had sex last night and you feel guilty.

FRIDA
We didn't have sex.

SHRINK
You say you killed a man and don't remember it. Couldn't you have had sex and not remember it? It's sexual. Why did you choose "eating him" as the method of killing?

FRIDA
Cause I'm a fucking werewolf!!

SHRINK
You use the word "fucking." You're sexualizing things. Stop berating yourself. It's okay to have sex.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer stands near the door with the cat carrying case. George opens a window at the other side of the room.

GEORGE
I'm supposed to put up with a fuckin' cat I'm allergic to cause your friend's got PMS?

JENNIFER
It's so bad she becomes a werewolf.

GEORGE
You have some weird friends. What does her thinking she's a werewolf have to do with us having the cat?

JENNIFER
Don't be stupid George. Obviously if she's a werewolf, she can't be around a cat. She might eat it and besides, cats are afraid of wolves.

George sneezes.

GEORGE
Oh great. What the fuck am I supposed to do?

JENNIFER
Take some allergy medicine.

GEORGE
You can't believe this bullshit.

JENNIFER
She's my best friend. I gotta be there for her -- no matter how crazy it sounds. I've been in some bad relationships and she's been there for me. She's lonely. If pretending she's a werewolf helps, then more power to her.

She hears another "meow" from the carrier.

JENNIFER
Do we have any tuna?

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Frida, very tired, goes to sleep.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DUSK

George takes his allergy medicine. Jennifer is opening a can of cat food. The doorbell rings. George goes to answer it in the background as Jennifer feeds the cat in the foreground. George opens the door -- Peter and Lloyd stand there.

PETER
Are you George McCracken?

Jennifer looks over.

JENNIFER
They're police detectives.
George nods. Jennifer starts opening the cat food can.

GEORGE
Yeah, I'm George McCracken.

PETER
We're here about Carlton Fraser.

Jennifer freezes.

LLOYD
Your address was in his pocket.

GEORGE
Yeah, we were out last night. What happened? Was he in an accident?

PETER
He was found nearly ripped to shreds in Central Park.

LLOYD
And he was missing an arm.

Jennifer drops the can opener. Peter looks over. Jennifer picks up the can opener and puts it on the counter.

PETER
When's the last time you saw Carlton?

GEORGE
After dinner, he left with Jen's friend, Frida.

Peter looks at Jennifer, who looks like she's seen a ghost.

PETER
Frida Harris? Was she dating him?

Peter seems jealous. Lloyd looks suspicious.

JENNIFER
No, heavens no. They're just... friends.

Lloyd looks at Peter. Peter changes the subject quickly.

PETER
Uh... do you know any enemies Carlton might have?

Jennifer and George look at each other, shake their heads, "no."

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frida is sleeping. Suddenly she rolls over and opens her eyes. Her eyes have an orangish glow. She's wide awake but looks trance-like.
Fade to Black.

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

OVER DARKNESS, we hear the giggling of Frida and SPENCER.

SPENCER
Is Frida your real name or just what you tell guys you meet at clubs?

FRIDA
It's Frida. Frida the FREAK.

Spencer and Frida laugh. We hear the rattle of keys.

FRIDA
Having trouble sticking it in?

As the apartment door opens, we see (in silhouette) Spencer carrying Frida over the threshold as a groom would his bride. He then flips on the lights of his apartment and kicks the door closed behind him. Spencer is longhaired and sexy.

Frida is dressed very seductively and wears a lot of makeup -- but she looks great. She's busty and curvy -- barely recognizable from the frump of the first few scenes. Frida holds her hand up to block the light from her eyes.

FRIDA
The lights bother my eyes. Can we turn them off?

SPENCER
But you're so beautiful. I want to look at you.

Frida takes a big whiff of Spencer.

FRIDA
Ummmm... you smell good.

Spencer puts Frida down. She immediately starts pacing and circling the apartment, wolflike. She's on the prowl. She's acting different than we've seen her before. Spencer is wearing a Los Lobos T-shirt.

FRIDA
Are all these your guitars?

SPENCER
Are those your real breasts?

She struts over to him.

FRIDA
Why don't you decide for yourself.

Frida puts his hands on her breasts and gives him a deep,
aggressive kiss. She unzips his pants.

FRIDA
You're not too drunk, are you?

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jennifer is on her cellular phone. She's hunched behind a closed door like she doesn't want to be seen or heard. She hears Frida's machine pick up.

JENNIFER
(whispering)
Frida... pick up the phone...

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spencer leads Frida to his bedroom. He turns on the lights. Frida turns them back off. Spencer turns them back on.

SPENCER
It's sexier with the lights on.

FRIDA
I prefer the darkness.

Spencer and Frida start taking off their clothes. Frida turns off the lights before they're completely nude. Behind them, a bit of light comes through the window.

We hear them going at it.

SPENCER
God, your nails are sharp.

Frida laughs. Spencer flips on the light as they make out. Frida turns the light off.

FRIDA
Is this all you have?

SPENCER
Give it a few min... Oh yeah, nibble on my ear.

Spencer flips on the lights again.

SPENCER
The better to see you with.

Frida turns them back off. We hear them going at it again.

SPENCER
I love it when you bite me. Ouch, shit. Damn, that hurt.

Spencer turns the light on. He gets a quick look at Frida -- her eyes glow like wolf eyes. Frida turns the light off.
We hear Spencer freaking out and wolf-like growls and noises. A vicious attack. From the darkness, we see the silhouette of a human figure with wolf-like features get up from the bed and walk off. Spencer is moaning.

The room remains dark for a moment. Then Spencer struggles and turns on the light. He's all bloodied and can barely move as he reaches for the phone. As soon as he grabs the receiver, he dies. The bloody phone falls to the floor.

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Peter and Lloyd are ringing Frida's buzzer. No answer.

LLOYD
I still don't get when you gave her back the pillowcase.

PETER
We only live a few blocks apart.

LLOYD
This is more than fishy, this chick dates a dude and he winds up dead.

PETER
Okay Lloyd, you tell me how she killed them.

Lloyd thinks for a second. He scratches his head.

LLOYD
She's got a hidden pitbull. Maybe she hired someone to kill them.

PETER
She's not a suspect. What is her motive? There's nothing, NOTHING connecting her to either crime except that she dated both guys.

LLOYD
Sounds like you got a conflict of interest.

PETER
You take the cake Lloyd. Come on, she's not here. Let's check out her psycho ex.

Peter and Lloyd walk away. Lloyd glances back at the building.

LLOYD
How do you know about her psycho ex?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
We see Frida's POV as she runs through the streets. Quick glimpses of her growling and panting. Shots of people on the street who are looking at her, frightened. A little boy stares at her as she passes.

BOY
Wolf! Wolf!

Montage culminates with a low angle shot of Frida's silhouette, with wolflike features, howling in front of a full moon.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frida's asleep, disheveled, with scratches all over her. The phone's ringing. Frida stretches like a cat and gets up and sleepily answers the phone.

FRIDA
Hello?

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Frida? I was worried to death about you. I've called you for two days. Where have you been?

FRIDA
I've been here. What day is it?

JENNIFER
Tuesday. Are you okay?

FRIDA
Shit, I guess I missed work.

JENNIFER
Frida, Carlton's dead.

FRIDA
Oh no.

JENNIFER
And he was missing an arm.

FRIDA
Oh my god Jennifer. I should go to confession.

JENNIFER
Relax. Carlton was torn apart. No way could you have done that. Maybe you saw someone kill him and blocked it out... or...

There's a knock on the door. Frida whispers into the phone.

FRIDA
(whispering)
Someone's at my door. Maybe it's
the cops.

More knocks and Frida hears Mark's voice behind the door.

MARK (FROM THE HALLWAY)
Frida? I hear you talking. I know you're in there. Let me in.

FRIDA
(whispering into phone)
It's Mark.

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Get rid of him!

FRIDA
Okay, I gotta go.

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
I'm stopping by later. I'm worried about you. Bye.

Frida hangs up the phone.

MARK (FROM THE HALLWAY)
It's a matter of life and death.

FRIDA
This really isn't a good time.

MARK (FROM THE HALLWAY)
Come on Frida, I'm not kidding. I'm totally fucked. Let me in.

He bangs loudly on the door. Frida opens it and he barges in.

MARK
I did something stupid. I had a courier job -- picking up a package from the airport. It turned out to be money -- so I kind of borrowed it to pay my rent and now these dudes are after me.

FRIDA
So pay them back and apologize.

MARK
These guys aren't the kind that'll take an apology. They're the kind that'll break my thumbs.

FRIDA
You think that story's gonna make me loan you money?

MARK
It's the truth. If you'd just loaned me the money last time this never would have happened.
FRIDA
Somehow this winds up being my fault? You always blame me.

MARK
Come on, I'm your biggest supporter.

FRIDA
My bra is my biggest supporter.

MARK
I just need a place to lay low for a few days. Come on, I know you hate me but you can't wanna see me at the bottom of the East River?

Mark looks up at her with his pleading Bambi eyes that Frida always falls for.

Mark goes to hug her and kiss her neck. She sniffs him. Then sniffs him again more closely -- like a dog. Mark giggles. Frida doesn't like what she smells.

MARK
Do I smell? Can I take a shower?

He lifts his arms and sniffs his armpits.

FRIDA
I'm not feeling too well all of the sudden. Go take your shower.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - DUSK 88

Mark puts his wallet, watch and beeper on the dresser and leaves the room, unbuttoning his shirt. Frida enters and sits on the bed. Her head is spinning. Mark turns on the shower, which we hear off screen. He passes in front of the camera, shirtless. Frida sees him, gets up and walks toward him.

FRIDA
Mark.

MARK
Yeah?

He comes back into frame. Frida grabs him and kisses him on the mouth. He's taken off guard. She then pushes him away.

MARK
Wow.

FRIDA
Take your shower.

Mark leaves frame. Frida goes back into the bedroom. She hears Mark singing, muffled from the bathroom. Frida's about to lie back on the bed when Mark's beeper goes off.
She reaches up to the dresser for the beeper. It's the kind that has a message on it. She presses the message button and sees, "Mark you studmuffin, last night was awesome. See you soon. Sherry." Frida puts down the beeper.

She leans back on the bed and stares up at the ceiling. Her eyes are glowing.

**INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - DUSK**

Mark steps in the shower and pulls the shower curtain closed. CU of the water coming out of the spout. Mark suds his body with soap and continues singing. He starts even lightly dancing in the shower -- looking vain and ridiculous.

A blurry human figure with wolf-like features appears behind the shower curtain -- but Mark has his back turned and doesn't see it. Then he hears a growl over the sound of the water running. Mark turns around and sees the figure.

Then we see from the wolf-figure's POV an attack on Mark. Reminiscent of the shower scene from "Psycho."

After the attack, the blurry, wolfish figure runs off, and the camera stays on Mark as he slumps to the ground. We zoom in on his eye and on the bloody water going down the drain. Dissolve from the eye to a full moon and then back to the eye.

**INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Camera dollies creepily through the apartment as we still hear the sound of the water running in the shower.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

A knocking at the door awakens Frida. She is nearly naked except for some shredded clothing. Her face is scratched. She moves her mouth as though she has a bad taste in it. She blinks a few times and her vision seems blurry.

She sits up, puts her glasses on, throws on her robe and stumbles to answer the door. The shower water is still running, but Frida doesn't seem to notice.

**INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Frida opens the door and Jennifer walks in. Frida looks really out of it, and there's blood on the front of her.

**JENNIFER**

Shit what happened to you? What's all over you?
Frida looks down at her chest and sees blood.

FRIDA
Holy shit, I don't know.

JENNIFER
Did you get rid of Mark?

FRIDA
I don't know... I'm spaced out... he was taking a shower... He must be still in there.

JENNIFER
He's been here all night?

FRIDA
Yeah, I guess. Mark?

Frida heads for the bathroom and Jennifer follows.

INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

Frida and Jennifer are near the bathroom and see a trickle of blood on the edge of the white bathroom tiles.

FRIDA
Oh my god.

They inch closer to the bathroom and see Mark lying dead and bloody, holding onto the shower curtain. Blood is all over the white tiles. Frida flinches and spins out of the bathroom and covers her eyes. Jennifer just stares at Mark.

JENNIFER
Frida, we need to talk.

Frida takes a deep breath and peeks back into the bathroom.

FRIDA
Oh god, did I do that?

Jennifer stares at the bloody mess that was Mark.

JENNIFER
Let's get him into the bathtub.

Frida and Jennifer pick up the still bleeding Mark to lug him back into the shower/bathtub.

JENNIFER
Okay, so tell me again about that werewolf thing...

INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - DAY

The dead Mark sits propped up in the bathtub. Jennifer and Frida are on their hands and knees with scrub brushes and
soap, cleaning the bathroom floor.

JENNIFER
If there's gonna be a bloody mess, at least it's in the bathtub. We'll just hose him off till the blood runs out.

Frida and Jennifer look at Mark. He's missing a tooth.

JENNIFER
What happened to his tooth?

FRIDA
I should call the police. Oh no Peter. Peter is the police!

JENNIFER
DON'T call the police.

FRIDA
Why not? There's been a murder.

JENNIFER
First of all, you're my alibi. I told George I was with you last night.

FRIDA
What? Why'd you do that?

JENNIFER
There's kind of this guy I'm seeing.

FRIDA
You're cheating on George? Jennifer, how could you?

Jennifer looks over at Mark in the tub.

JENNIFER
How could I? I'm helping you clean up Mark's remains and you ask how could I cheat on George?

FRIDA
You're right. It's just, I can't cover up a murder so George won't know you're cheating.

JENNIFER
You say murder, but you have no idea what happened. You don't remember doing it, so it's out of your control.

FRIDA
I think I turned into a werewolf and killed him.
JENNIFER
Why the fuck would you do that?

FRIDA
I could smell another woman on him.

JENNIFER
If you ask me, the fucker got what he deserved. I'm glad he's dead.

FRIDA
That's a terrible thing to say. Frida goes back to scrubbing the floor.

JENNIFER
Okay, let's say that this is PMS-related. You think those male cops are going to understand that? You'll either be locked up for murder or locked up in the looney bin. We have to keep this hidden until we figure it out ourselves.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 95

Peter's driving with Lloyd in the passenger seat.

LLOYD
Nah, East Village poseur was grosser than the dude in the park.

PETER
The park dude was missing an arm.

LLOYD
Poseur was missing a chunk of his neck. And his eyes were open. That always bugs me out. Do me a favor, if some mutherfucker's about to blow me away, remind me to close my fuckin' eyes.

PETER
Deal. And if some mutherfucker's about to blow me away, shoot him.

LLOYD
Yeah okay. I still say Frida's involved. She's the last one to see two dudes alive...

PETER
She wasn't the last one to see them alive. Whoever killed them was.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY
Frida and Jennifer have Mark in a bag in the kitchen.

JENNIFER
At least I finally saw the reason
you couldn't get over Mark.

FRIDA
You should have seen it erect.

They hear the intercom buzzer and stare at each other.

JENNIFER
You expecting someone?

FRIDA
No.

JENNIFER
Ignore it.

The buzzer keeps buzzing. Frida goes to the window and looks
down to the street. Just as she does, outside, Peter and
Lloyd step back from the building and look up at Frida in the
window. Peter smiles and waves. Frida forces a smile and
waves back. Then she ducks back away from the window.

FRIDA
Fuck it's the cops. Peter saw me,
now I have to let him in.

JENNIFER
Tell them you'll meet them outside.

Frida goes to the intercom and presses it.

FRIDA
Uh.... hi!

PETER
Frida, can we come in? We need to
talk to you. It's important.

FRIDA
Uh... the buzzer's broken. I'll be
down in a second.

She releases the intercom buzzer.

FRIDA
What the fuck are we going to do?

JENNIFER
Hide him.

Frida and Jennifer both look around the small apartment.

FRIDA
The refrigerator.
She opens the refrigerator and starts taking everything out. Jennifer helps her. They drag Mark's body over.

**FRIDA**

go downstairs and stall them.

Jennifer goes.

**INT./EXT. FRIDA'S BUILDING/ENTRYWAY - DAY**

Jennifer walks toward Peter and Lloyd, who are standing outside and can see her through the glass door. She swings her hips as she walks and puts on a flirtatious smile. She opens the door and stands in it -- blocking their entrance.

**JENNIFER**

Hi guys. What's up?

Lloyd is especially happy to see Jennifer.

**INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Frida has Mark shoved in the refrigerator and is closing the door. She frantically puts the former contents of the refrigerator into cupboards.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Jennifer, Peter and Lloyd are in the elevator. The doors are about to close when Jennifer sticks her hand between them and pokes her head out into the hall.

**JENNIFER**

I thought I heard someone coming.

She gets back in the elevator and the doors close. She pushes the button for the fourth floor.

**JENNIFER**

Oh shit, wrong floor.

She pushes the button for the fifth floor. The cops eye her suspiciously. She smiles as the elevator doors close.

**JENNIFER**

I was thinking about becoming a cop myself. Do you take a test or something or just sign up?

**PETER**

Why would you want to be a cop?

**JENNIFER**

I don't know, I guess the outfits are cool. And I want a big gun.

She winks at Lloyd who smiles back at her.
INT. FRIDA’S APARTMENT - DAY

Frida is shoving Mark's clothes in the freezer. She hears a knock on the door and Jennifer's voice.

JENNIFER (FROM THE HALLWAY)
Frida? It's us... Jennifer and the nice detectives.

Frida takes a last look around, tries to compose herself, and lets them in.

FRIDA
Hi guys! What's up?

Peter, Lloyd and Jennifer walk in. Jennifer looks around, making sure Frida didn't forget anything.

PETER
We need to ask you a few questions.

There's a weird tension between Peter and Frida. He hates having to ask her these questions.

LLOYD
You heard about Carlton Fraser?

FRIDA
Yes, Jennifer told me. What does that have to do with me?

PETER
You had a date with Carlton?

FRIDA
It wasn't a date. Jennifer invited me along to dinner with them.

LLOYD
Seems you were the last to see Carlton alive. And the last to see Gregory alive.

FRIDA
What makes you think I was the last one?

PETER
He means the last that we know of.

LLOYD
This one walk you home too?

FRIDA
No. We left the restaurant, and... and I felt sick... so... so I took a cab home. Alone.
LLOYD
You got a dog?

FRIDA
No, I have a cat.

LLOYD
How big?

Lloyd looks around. He starts coughing -- like he's choking on something.

PETER
You okay Lloyd?

Lloyd tries to nod his head "yes" but keeps coughing.

PETER
He needs some water.

Peter opens the cupboard to get a glass and sees a carton of milk, some cottage cheese, other products that should be in the refrigerator. Lloyd is not facing the cupboard and is in his coughing fit anyway, so he doesn't see this.

Peter turns to look at the refrigerator and then looks at Jennifer and Frida. He makes eye-contact with Frida and sees she's afraid. He lets her off the hook and just takes a glass out of the cupboard and closes it as though nothing's wrong.

He fills the glass with water from the sink and hands it to Lloyd. Lloyd drinks up and stops his coughing fit.

PETER
We're considering Mark Wilson a suspect.

Frida gulps.

LLOYD
He's got a record. Drug charges. Avoided jail on pleas. Plus a woman four years ago had a restraining order against him.

Frida is genuinely surprised by all this.

JENNIFER
See he was cheating from the get go.

PETER
He's been running money for the Mafia.

FRIDA
No he's not. He's a courier. He picks up packages from the airport.

LLOYD
Packages of money.

PETER
Seems he's stolen money from them. He's desperate and our only lead.

LLOYD
One of our only leads... You had dates with both men right before they were killed.

FRIDA
Am I a suspect?

Lloyd looks at Peter.

PETER
No, no... But Mark -- a jealous boyfriend gone mad. Maybe he kills men you date.

FRIDA
Mark wouldn't hurt a fly.

JENNIFER
Frida, you have to admit, he is a bit cold at times. And last time you saw him, he was quite torn apart.

Jennifer is tempted to laugh. Frida is more serious.

FRIDA
But you said the bodies were ripped to pieces?

PETER
Still haven't figured out how he or anyone else pulled that off. Never seen anything like it.

Frida sees some water leaking from her cupboard. She's increasingly nervous.

LLOYD
Do you know Spencer Hale? East Village musician?

Frida shakes her head no. She looks confused.

FRIDA
No, why?

PETER
He was ripped to shreds also. In his apartment.

JENNIFER
Mark's an East Village musician. He probably knows Spencer.
LLOYD
Interesting. We'll have to check that out.

Peter and Lloyd head for the door.

PETER
This is probably the strangest case we've ever seen.

Frida lets them out. She and Peter exchange a glance. Frida closes the door. She and Jennifer stare at each other.

FRIDA
(whispering)
Peter knows something.

JENNIFER
Well if he does, he didn't give you away. He must really like you.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter and Lloyd driving.

PETER
Spencer's the key here. Frida is in no way associated with him. And her blood hasn't matched with any of the killings.

LLOYD
It's a bit farfetched that Mark would rip guys to shreds just outta jealousy. This makes no sense.

PETER
It's like some fucking monster dropped out of the sky and killed these dudes.

LLOYD
Like a vampire or some shit?

Lloyd looks skeptically at Peter.

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Frida and Jennifer haul Mark's body into the trunk of his car.

FRIDA
Jesus Christ what are we gonna do? We can't bury him around here.

Both women pace.

JENNIFER
Okay, we put him in his car trunk. We drive it to a "No Parking" area where we know it'll be towed. The tow truck will come and take it to a huge lot. No one's gonna claim it. It'll sit there for a long time. By the time anyone discovers a body in it, it'll be all decomposed and we'll have thought of better alibis by then.

INT./EXT. MARK'S CAR - DAY

Frida is driving Mark's car -- she wears gloves. Jennifer, also wearing gloves, sits in the passenger seat. Both also wear dark sunglasses.

EXT. "NO PARKING" AREA - DAY

Frida and Jennifer leave the car in the "No Parking" area. They cross the street and head up the street.

FRIDA
I think I just got my period.

JENNIFER
Does that mean this whole thing is over?

FRIDA
Probably for three weeks or so anyway. I'm not sure -- I don't get how it works.

JENNIFER
Let's do some research. I'll check the libraries. You surf the web.

FRIDA
You're such a good friend.

JENNIFER
So are you. Look, go about your life. Act like nothing's wrong. We'll get to the bottom of this.

Jennifer gives Frida a hug and heads off the other way.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Frida is totally buried in scripts at work now. The phone keeps ringing, but she lets it go to voicemail. She's reading a werewolf book.

Mr. Grant walks by.

FRIDA
Mr. Grant. Did you read that script I was talking about?

MR. GRANT
Uh... yes. Not for us. No woman in jeopardy. Find me Dr. Quinn Medicine Woman. Find me a true story about a crazed killer stalking beautiful women.

FRIDA
No.

MR. GRANT
No?

FRIDA
No. I quit. Take your lame ass ideas, your fake ass toupee, your fat ass wife and your ugly ass kids and shove them.

MR. GRANT
Very well then. Is that all?

He continues walking as though nothing's happened. Frida starts packing up her things.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Frida comes out of the building carrying a box full of personal items from her desk. She runs into Peter.

PETER
Frida. I was looking for you. You changing jobs?

FRIDA
Yeah sort of. Where's Lloyd?

PETER
I need to talk to you. About us. Frida... I... Can I carry your box?

FRIDA
No, I got it. It's okay.

PETER
What happened?

Frida gulps. She's nervous.

FRIDA
What happened?

PETER
I thought we were starting something... and then... I know it's unorthodox, I mean with you
being involved in the case and all.

FRIDA
I just don't know if I should be
dating anyone right now.

PETER
Yeah, every guy you date winds up
dead.

Frida stops walking.

PETER
Except Mark of course.

FRIDA
What's that supposed to mean?

PETER
Did I tell you I have the worst
sense of humor and I make bad jokes
at totally inappropriate times?

FRIDA
No, but thanks for the warning.

PETER
Speaking of Mark -- we've tried to
track him down and there's no sight
of him. Vanished into thin air. I
got a hunch he fled the country.

FRIDA
Interesting possibility.

They're near the subway entrance.

PETER
Lemme give you a ride. You can't
take the subway with that box.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter's driving; Frida's in the passenger seat. We don't hear
the dialog but just see them laughing and having a good time.
Making eye contact from time to time.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frida is surfing the web. Jennifer looks over her shoulder.
She finds a page with PMS symptoms.

JENNIFER
(reading from screen)
Symptoms include loss of emotional
control, compulsive behavior,
cravings, crying spells...
FRIDA
Peter keeps asking me out.

JENNIFER
Maybe you should go out with him.
If you keep avoiding him he'll get suspicious. Besides, what better way to not get busted than to date the cop who's investigating you.

FRIDA
The thing is, I really like him. I finally meet a guy I really like and I'm a fuckin' werewolf.

JENNIFER
We don't know you're a werewolf. It might never happen again. You have to get on with your life.

EXT. ZOO - DAY
Frida and Peter walking through the zoo. Animals start reacting strangely to Frida.

They look at the wolf cages. The wolves stare at Frida. She runs off. Peter chases after her.

EXT. ZOO - DAY
Frida runs out of the zoo with Peter behind her.

PETER
Frida, wait. I thought you were an animal person.

Peter catches up to her.

FRIDA
I don't know what came over me.

They walk for a bit.

FRIDA
I need to tell you something. It's about... PMS. I get it real bad.

Peter laughs.

PETER
That's it? Hell my mom chased my dad around with a knife when she had it. She made us call her a different name. She'd say, "You're talking to Betty now" and we'd leave the house for a few days.

FRIDA
This is a lot worse than "Betty."

PETER
You can't mean that. I'm sure your bark is worse than your bite.

FRIDA
No, my bite's a lot worse.

Peter stops walking. Frida stops as well. Peter caresses the side of Frida's face.

PETER
Whatever it is, we can work it out. Frida, I love you.

Frida's eyes well up. She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. She ends up laughing.

PETER
Is it that funny?

FRIDA
No, it's just... no one's ever said that. And I thought if someone did ever say it, I'd have to say it first and then they'd sort of say "I love you too" cause they felt they had to after I'd said it.

PETER
Is that how you feel?

FRIDA
Like I had to say it? No, I wanted to say it.

PETER
You didn't say it.

FRIDA
I love you too.

They kiss.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frida is opening a bottle of champagne while Peter looks in the cupboards for glasses. He finds some squirt guns.

PETER
What's with the squirt guns?

FRIDA
They're for my cat. I use them to train him not to rip up paper.

PETER
You know, I've never seen your cat.
FRIDA
I loaned him to Jennifer. George
moved out and she was lonely...

Peter takes a squirt gun and squirts Frida. Frida screams
playfully. She grabs another squirt gun and fills it.

MONTAGE of squirt gun fight. Played just like a "real" police
gunfight -- with them creeping through the apartment and
ducking behind furniture, trying to get a direct hit on each
other. And having a great time.

Peter's beeper goes off. He checks it. As he does, Frida
squirts him in the face. She cracks up.

FRIDA
Whatever you do, don't tell me you
have to leave.

Peter heads for the door.

PETER
Okay. I won't tell you.

She walks him to the door. They kiss. Peter opens the door.
From the hallway, we see his POV of Frida as he closes the
door and she looks sadly at him.

MATCH CUT the closing of the door with the opening of the
trunk in the next scene.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

From inside the trunk, the door opens and we see Peter and
Lloyd looking down into it. They hold their noses from a bad
smell.

LLOYD
You think mafia hit?

PETER
Hard to tell. Looks like he's been
cleaned up and he's decomposing as
we speak. This case gets weirder
by the minute.

LLOYD
It has to be Frida. This makes
three guys ripped apart who are
tied to her ass.

PETER
Okay Lloyd. First, no way does
Frida have the physical strength to
tear a guy to shreds. Second, why
would she be so obvious and let it
be known she was the last one to
see these guys? Third, she's the
one in danger. She's a woman in jeopardy and you're layin' a murder rap on her. Fourth, I look in her eyes and know she's no killer.

LLOYD
And fifth, you're dating her.

Peter looks shocked.

PETER
What are you talking about?

LLOYD
I know. I followed you. To the zoo, to her house, to your house...

PETER
What the fuck are you following me for? I'm not a suspect here.

LLOYD
Which brings up an interesting point. I wasn't following you. I was following the suspect. And you just happened to be there...

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer is going through a stack of books on the sofa. Frida's reading a magazine article on PMS. The apartment is filled with werewolf research -- movies, books, articles.

FRIDA
(reading aloud)
"Paranoia, insecurity, depression, changes in vision, feelings of losing control; belief that you have a mental problem..." Nothing about turning into a werewolf.

JENNIFER
Check out what I found.

Jennifer gets a very old-looking book out of her bag.

JENNIFER
I found it in this out-of-the-way used bookstore.

Jennifer opens it up to a page she marked and reads aloud.

JENNIFER
This is from a scientist in France, Madame Sconce. "The original werewolves were females. They became werewolves on the lunar cycle because it corresponded to the woman's cycle. My suspicion is
"that the only cure is true love."

FRIDA
Great so all I have to do is fall in love? Like I haven't tried that for the past 24 years.

JENNIFER
(continuing to read)
"The female-cycle werewolf will only kill men and never kills someone she truly loves." See I knew you never loved Mark.

FRIDA
Who is this Madame Sconce? Let's find her and talk to her.

JENNIFER
She died at age 34 in the 1800's. They thought she was crazy. She was banished from her town. Seems her husband shot her.

FRIDA
Guess she never found true love.

JENNIFER
The weird thing is... he shot her with a silver bullet.

FRIDA
So... she was a werewolf. Do you think we can believe all this?

JENNIFER
What choice do we have?

FRIDA
So what do I do?

JENNIFER
Fall in love.

FRIDA
I think I already have.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A nearly full moon. A dark cloud passes over it.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Dolly through the apartment. We hear the sounds of Frida and Peter making love. Move in on the bedroom as they're finishing. Peter gets behind Frida to cuddle. He cups his hands around her breasts.
PETER
Your breasts feel larger.

FRIDA
They do? Oh no...

PETER
No, it's a good thing. I like it. Everything about you is great. I like how you don't shave your legs. Women are so much sexier when they're natural.

Frida sits up.

FRIDA
I did shave... Do I seem hairy? Peter laughs.

PETER
No. But I don't mind hairy. Are you okay?

Frida nearly flies out of bed, grabbing whatever she can find to cover herself up.

FRIDA
I... I should just get up. I have lots to do today...

Peter stares at her strangely as she darts out of the room.

INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Peter is peeing.

INT. FRIDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frida's furiously cutting her nails which are strangely long.

INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - DAY

As Peter pees, he notices something small and white on the floor. He tries to reach it but can't till he finishes peeing. Finally he's done. He bends down and picks up the object, which is a large front tooth. Peter has a quick flash of Mark's dead face in the car trunk. Missing a tooth.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Frida notices her long nails and thinks she sees tufts of hair on her hands. She hears Peter coming and quickly slips on some rubber gloves to hide her hands.

ECU of Peter sticking the tooth in his pants pocket. He enters the kitchen. Something's weighing heavily on his mind.
PETER
I gotta get downtown.

He goes to her to kiss her, but Frida, self-conscious about possible facial hair, bows her head and he ends up kissing the top of it. She recoils and he looks at her, concerned. She won't let him get a good look at her face.

FRIDA
I have... a lot of... cleaning to do today.

She turns around. Peter shrugs. He knows something's wrong. He heads for the door.

PETER
I'll call you later.

Frida nods. Peter leaves. Once he does, Frida rushes to the calendar on the wall and into an ECU of her eye (at edge of frame). ECU calendar -- panning past Monday, Tuesday, etc. until we see in red ink "the curse."

DOLLY IN/ZOOM OUT of Frida's face, reacting.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Peter takes the tooth out of his pocket and examines it. He looks around, sees no one and throws it down a sewer grating.

INT. CHURCH/CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Frida in one side of the confessional; a PRIEST in the other.

FRIDA
I was just wondering... a person has a choice between killing themselves or killing others, which is worse? I mean you fry in hell either way, right?

PRIEST
If you kill yourself, you won't be around to ask for forgiveness or to make a last confession, whereas if you kill others, you can go to confession, do penance, and be absolved from your sins.

FRIDA
But if the person is killing several people, then maybe it's better to kill oneself cause then the killing stops.

PRIEST
You have a point. Hmmm... I've
never been asked this before...
Who is being killed? Catholics?
Homosexuals? Protestants?

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frida runs into the room to grab her Midol. She downs some and runs into the bathroom -- searches the medicine cabinet for pills. Finds nothing.

She looks at herself in the mirror. She has the strange wolf eyes, nails and teeth.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter is looking at a photo of the crime scene in Spencer's apartment. He notices Spencer wearing a Los Lobos T-shirt. Peter's troubled by it.

INT. FRIDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frida finds a large knife and practices stabbing herself. She tries to slit her wrists but can't. She screams.

FRIDA
Ugh! I can't even kill myself!!

MONTAGE of Frida trying to kill herself.

Frida's on the phone with the yellow pages in her lap.

FRIDA
Yes silver bullets. Do you have any silver bullets? I only need a few. No this is not a joke...

Frida hears a dial tone.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Frida is walking near the edge of a roof, looking like she's preparing to jump. CU of her feet as she leaps out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. FRIDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frida's feet land in frame as though she had jumped here from the rooftop shot. She lands in a squat and is picking up spilled chocolate chips from the floor and eating them.

CUT TO:

A knock on Frida's door. Frida has her head in the oven. We just see Frida's back half sticking out of the stove. She doesn't answer the door. The knocking continues.
JENNIFER (FROM HALLWAY)
Frida? You there? Remember, you gave me a key for emergencies? I consider this an emergency.

Jennifer uses her key and barges in. She looks around and sees Frida sticking out of the stove.

JENNIFER
Oh god Frida, don't do it!

She pulls her out and Frida has rubber gloves on and is holding a SOS pad.

FRIDA
I'm cleaning my stove.

JENNIFER
You scared the shit out of me. I thought you were killing yourself.

FRIDA
I tried to kill myself -- earlier. It doesn't work. I think I need silver bullets. So I got depressed and when I'm depressed I clean.

JENNIFER
You'll get through this. You were fine for over three weeks.

FRIDA
I'm just afraid I'll hurt Peter. I think I love him.

JENNIFER
Remember what Madame Sconce said. If you love him he'll be fine.

FRIDA
But how do I know if I really love Peter? And if he really loves me?

JENNIFER
I guess you'll find out.

FRIDA
No. I can't take that chance. I'd rather kill myself.

JENNIFER
No. I won't let you do that.

FRIDA
The werewolf always dies at the end. Didn't you see "American Werewolf in London?"
INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer and Frida are nailing boards onto the windows to barricade Frida inside. They have put out tons of raw steak and chocolate bars on large plates near the sofa.

JENNIFER
I think George knows.

FRIDA
About Mark? Carlton?

JENNIFER
About Benito.

FRIDA
Did I kill a guy named Benito?

JENNIFER
No, he's the guy I'm having an affair with.

They're done barricading the window. Jennifer picks up some more wood and nails.

FRIDA
I thought you and George were getting married.

JENNIFER
We were -- I was just so tempted... It was sort of a test. I think after sleeping with Benito I know I want to be with George. But now George knows about Benito and he doesn't want to be with me!

FRIDA
I wish I only had your problems.

JENNIFER
Sorry -- I shouldn't go on about myself at a time like this. Are you sure you're going to be okay?

FRIDA
Yes, just check on me once a day for the next three days. Then the PMS should be over.

Jennifer hands Frida the wood and nails.

JENNIFER
Okay, just nail shut this door behind me. I'll call you later.

Frida looks worried.

FRIDA
I don't deserve a friend like you.
Jennifer leans in and kisses Frida on the cheek.

    JENNIFER
    Yes you do.

Jennifer smiles and leaves. After she closes the door, Frida immediately starts nailing boards across the door to shut herself in.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter dials the phone.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frida is resting on the sofa. The door is boarded shut. The phone rings and Frida picks it up.

    FRIDA
    Hello?

    PETER (ON PHONE)

    FRIDA
    NO! Don't come over. Peter...
    I... I don't want to see you anymore. Ever.

    PETER (ON PHONE)
    What? Is there someone else?

Frida hesitates for a moment.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter looks really depressed on the phone.

    FRIDA (ON PHONE)
    Yes, sort of. I mean no, not really.

    PETER
    Yes or no? Frida, can't you just be honest with me?

BACK TO FRIDA'S APARTMENT

Long pause as they each try to think of something to say.

    PETER (ON PHONE)
    You at least owe me the truth.
FRIDA
You want the truth? Remember I tried to tell you something the other day?

PETER (ON PHONE)
Yes, your PMS. Frida I can deal with that.

FRIDA
No you can't. It... it gets so bad that I become a werewolf.

BACK TO PETER'S OFFICE
Peter shakes his head.

PETER
If you don't like me, just say so. You don't have to make up some bullshit like you're a werewolf.

FRIDA (ON PHONE)
I knew you wouldn't believe me! Just go away. Go very far away!

Peter hears a hang up. He puts the phone down and stares at it sadly for a moment.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT - EVENING (DUSK)
Frida is crying. She takes the phone off the hook.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - EVENING (DUSK)
Lloyd walks by Peter's door. Peter calls out to him.

PETER
Hey Lloyd.

Lloyd stops and comes in the office.

LLOYD
My girlfriend's predicting another murder in the next few days.

PETER
What makes her think that?

LLOYD
She says she's on the rag every time I get called in to investigate a murder.

Something clicks with Peter. He flips through a calendar.

PETER
So... they're on some cycle. The
murders... Gregory... then 28 days later... Carlton.

LLOYD
And that was 28 days ago today.

PETER
Did we get those DNA tests back?

LLOYD
Just this morning. Animal hairs were found all over the victims.

PETER
What kind of animal?

LLOYD
Can't figure out the species. Similar to a wolf. They're jokin' at the lab that a werewolf probably killed him. Ain't that the stupidest thing you ever heard?

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Peter walks through the streets, quickly, on a mission. He takes a handful of silver bullets out of his pocket and looks at them. He's wearing a red, hooded sweatshirt.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DUSK*

Peter sees Frida's door open and broken wood and nails on the floor. He walks into Frida's apartment.

The apartment is quiet, no sign of Frida. The plates that had steak and chocolate on them are all empty now. Peter walks around looking for her. He takes his gun out and peers around the corner, expecting to find something. He hears something and spins around facing the front door, pointing the gun.

It's Frida. She stands at the front door with a side of beef so big she can barely carry it. She gnaws at it. Her eyes are glowing orange. She sees Peter and looks embarrassed.

FRIDA
Go away. I might hurt you.

PETER
I'm not afraid. Frida! I love you.

FRIDA
Peter I love you too but...

PETER
I don't think you'll hurt me.

Frida, still gnawing at the beef, circles him slowly. He's
scared but he lowers the gun.

FRIDA
How do you know?

PETER
I don't think you would. No matter what form you take.

FRIDA
I can't take that chance... I couldn't live with myself if I did anything to you.

PETER
I have the silver bullets in case I need to protect myself. Does that make you feel better?

There is a long pause.

FRIDA
A little.

Peter sets the gun on the table. He takes a few steps closer. Frida backs up.

FRIDA
Be careful!

PETER
Can't you bite me and then I'll be like you?

FRIDA
No. It doesn't work that way. Men can't get PMS. Unfortunately.

PETER
I'm staying here with you tonight. There's no getting rid of me.

He steps closer again and now Frida's backed up against the wall. He can see her eyes look strangely wolf-like. He's afraid but inches closer. Frida tries to inch away. It's almost like a dance. Finally they find their way to each other and embrace -- the side of beef between them.

FRIDA
Promise to shoot me if I attack you.

Peter closes his eyes and nods. Frida sniffs the side of beef hungrily.

FRIDA
Can you order up some chocolate?

Peter smiles.
EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A full moon.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter is sitting up in bed reading Madame Sconce's werewolf book. Frida is beside him asleep. Peter looks at her and strokes her hair.

EXT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Same dolly in we've seen a few times.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frida's asleep in bed. Dolly the same as when she woke up with the severed arm. Frida wakes up. She's afraid to look behind her for fear she's killed Peter. All she sees is an empty pillow. She looks under the sheets. Nothing -- just pure white, no blood. Frida smiles and sighs in relief.

From the next room, Frida hears whistling. Peter walks in carrying a "breakfast in bed" tray. On the tray is a huge rare steak and a red rose. Frida sits up.

Peter brings the tray to her and places it on her lap. He sits at the foot of the bed.

PETER
I knew you wouldn't kill me.

FRIDA
Maybe we should have children. I don't think I'd kill the father of my child.

PETER
We can work this out. Other couples have worse problems.

FRIDA
Worse than this?

PETER
Sure. Cheating, lying. What's a little werewolf a few days a month? We can move out to the country where you can feed off deer.

FRIDA
What about... those guys... I might have...

PETER
No way can anything be proved. All they have are some wolf hairs. No
one believes in werewolves.

FRIDA
I'm so sorry... I... I couldn't help it. You know I didn't mean to... to do any of that.

PETER
I know. The important thing is that it stop.

Frida nods as she digs into her steak.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jennifer is eating a chocolate bar. She looks sad and her face is pale and makeup-less. She's headed for her door and opens it to reveal George. He smiles sheepishly at her. She beams.

JENNIFER
Truce?

George pulls out a can of Readi-Whip from his bag.

GEORGE
Truce.

George sneezes.

INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frida's still eating. Peter gets up and kisses her on the cheek.

PETER
I'm going to take a shower.

FRIDA
Okay.

He starts to walk out. Frida continues with her steak.

FRIDA
Peter?

Peter stops at the door and turns around.

FRIDA
Thanks. For everything.

Peter smiles and continues out of the room.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jennifer's dialing on her cordless phone. George is in the background covering his crotch with the whipped cream.
INT. FRIDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frida's still in bed chowing down. We hear the shower running in the background. The phone rings; Frida picks it up.

FRIDA
Hello?

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Frida? You okay?

FRIDA
Never been better. Peter spent the night. I must really love him. He's still alive.

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Oh thank god. Maybe this whole thing is really over.

FRIDA
God I hope so. Hey can I call you later? Peter's still here. He's in the shower.

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)
Sure. See ya.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jennifer hangs up. Then suddenly something occurs to her.

JENNIFER
In the shower?

She looks worried.

INT. FRIDA'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - MORNING

CU of the gun with silver bullets still on the table where Peter left it the night before. We hear Peter in the shower humming the tune from "Peter and the Wolf." The camera dollies from the gun into the bathroom. It continues to dolly in as before when Mark was in the shower. Danger seems imminent... Peter hears Frida calling.

FRIDA
Peter? Peter?

Dolly in close on his face. Behind him, through the shower curtain, we see the blurry figure of Frida. Peter's a bit worried for a moment too. He pulls back the curtain so he can see her. She's standing there holding a towel.

FRIDA
Here's a towel.
PETER
Thanks.

The tension is broken. Peter's completely relieved. Frida hangs the towel on the towel rack and leaves. Peter goes back to soaping himself up.

PETER
Hey Frida?

Frida comes back into the bathroom.

PETER
Wanna join me?

Frida beams. She tosses off her robe and gets in the shower. Frida and Peter kiss and suds each other up.

PETER
Want me to do your back?

Frida turns around. Peter starts scrubbing her back. Frida appears to be enjoying it -- though we can't see her face because she has her head down.

PETER
Doesn't this feel great?

Frida nodes her head. She lifts it and we see her face. Her eyes are glowing. She smiles and we see fangs. Freeze frame on CU of her eyes.