



T H E C U R S E

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T H E C U R S E

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.

DOCTOR

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 ravidly. 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 Feel; 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 subtly 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 you 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: Bob Seeger

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

The phone keeps ringing. Jennifer giggles. George sprays whipped cream on Jennifer.

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? You okay? Look, I think I know what happened to Mark. I want to help. I'm coming over.

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 146

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 nods 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.