

Man vs. Beast
By Audrey Knox

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - EVENING

JORDAN and CLAIRE stumble giddily through the door amid kisses and exploring hands. It is clear that they are in this bedroom for a reason. Jordan looks at himself in the mirror. He can't believe he's made it this far. He glances at Claire and then at the bed, vowing not to mess things up.

Suddenly Claire breaks away from him and dashes over to the desk. She bends down and reaches underneath it. Jordan can't stop himself from ogling. She emerges holding a very fat, very displeased looking MR. WIGGLES.

Claire is beaming.

CLAIRE

Jordan, I want you to meet my cat! This is Mr. Wiggles.

Jordan's gaze narrows. The mood in the room is rapidly becoming less sexually charged and he can tell. He tries to save things, flopping down lazily on the bed and spreading his arms out invitingly.

JORDAN

Nice! He seems friendly enough.
(jokingly)
Does he want to come join us?

Claire laughs appreciatively. Jordan seems to relax and eagerly watches her approach the bed. Crisis averted.

She sits down next to him.

CLAIRE

Here, Kitty! Come here Mr. Wiggles!

Jordan can't believe what he's hearing. She's actually summoning the cat over. He tries to play it off, laughing at the cat as if Claire was just joking. He moves closer to her and puts a hand on her leg.

JORDAN

He doesn't actually want to come over here. Let's not worry about the cat.

Claire looks into his eyes, suddenly breathless and caught up in the moment. They lean in towards each other. The gaze they share is electric. The angle between their heads is past the point of no return when they hear a loud and angry meow from beside the bed.

In unison, both Claire and Jordan turn their heads to look. Mr. Wiggles is sitting on the floor, too fat to hop up on the bed all by himself. Claire's face immediately becomes endearing. Jordan's, exasperated.

The mood is again lost.

She reaches down and picks him up, plopping the bundle of fat and fur onto her lap, on top of Jordan's hand. He wrestles it free as she begins petting the kitty. The moment is lost. Mr. Wiggles glares up at Jordan, challenging him. Jordan looks at Claire's smile, her lips, her figure. He accepts the challenge.

JORDAN (cont'd)

You're right he is a nice cat!

He starts petting Mr. Wiggles, whose hair bristles. Jordan's hand slips off the cat and onto Claire's lap. She turns and looks at him. He finally has her attention. Claire leans back seductively onto the bed, looking up at him. Jordan obediently follows.

They're both breathing heavily with anticipation. Jordan moves his hands up Claire's arms. He's holding the side of her face.

CLOSE ON - JORDAN'S FACE

He's trying to keep himself from grinning. He's finally here. He's made it. Even with the cat in the way, he managed to pull through with some sort of game for once.

A furry paw invades the shot from above.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr. Wiggles is sitting on Jordan's face. Claire starts laughing uncontrollably.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Can't we go to my place instead?

Claire manages to nod through her slightly annoying laughter.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM

Claire and Jordan pull back from a passionate kiss, look into each other's eyes, then go at it again. PULL BACK to reveal Jordan's DOG staring from about six inches away, panting and smiling as they have their happy ending and the scene FADES TO BLACK.