

An Interspecies Exchange of Prisoners and Their Points of View

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. A HUGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Or it could be day, it's hard to tell because the heavy, old curtains are drawn tightly. The light is provided by carved candles and old elegant table lamps with dirty shirts thrown over the shades, making for multiple shadows everywhere.

The once-expensive furnishings are now old and worn- except for the flat screen TV on a milk crate on the floor. There is an antique BIRD CAGE that hangs on a brass stand; the cage slowly rocks but no animals are seen, just a HAMSTER WHEEL and a lining of crumbled newspaper and straw.

Scattered about are dirty clothes and dishes, and empty food containers. There are computer components of all kinds, and a number of lap tops, some of which are being worked on.

A heavy COUCH sits in the middle of the room. A man lies face-down on it with his head under a pillow. Meet JAMES: 22, a street smart computer whiz and chronic underachiever, except when influencing blondes in the wrong direction.

JANELLE (O.S.)

Baby baby. Where is he? We're down to pebbles.

JAMES (O.S.)

I got it dialing him every ten minutes so leave me the fuck alone. And slow down on igniting that shit.

A puff of smoke rises from behind the couch- followed by a too-thin blond with a ponytail coming out of a ball cap. Giggling, she does a very-nice cartwheel, then goes into a handstand on the back of the couch. Meet JANELLE: 21, with near-Olympic level abilities already fading. She is a year past her last meet; she met James a year and a month ago.

Janelle spreads her legs, and giggles as she falls onto James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What the fuck Sweets! C'mon!

James twists his body and Janelle drops to the floor and rolls under the beveled glass-top coffee table, laughing.

JANELLE

You promised to catch me if I ever fell baby, if I stayed with you. That's always been our bond.

JAMES

(still under the pillow)  
Who the fuck just broke your fall?

JANELLE

You baby. My super hero as always.

Mixed in the mess on the coffee table is a bong, a crack pipe or two, several Chinese food containers, one half-full of weed and another with white powder around its base. Janelle takes a hit from the glass pipe in her hand, then watches her smoke roll along the underside of the glass.

A CLOSE ON shot on the rolling smoke blurs, then...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - LATER [DAY]

James paces the room along the walls, mumbling to himself. He's in boxers and a open robe with its hood over his head.

JAMES

C'mon Coach... where are you you  
crotch sucker...  
(giggling, forehead  
against the wall)  
Coach Crotch sucker... Head Coach  
Crotch sucker...  
(walking on)  
Head-of-my member Coach Crotchlicker.

He passes a table with a lap top plugged into an HD monitor; on it are looping videos of Janelle competing. Also on the table are her trophies, one now broken. Tacked, taped, nailed, dinnerforked, scissored, etc to the wall is an unorganized collection of her ribbons AND James' certificates of accomplishment from grade school to high school.

A car door closing is heard. He runs and checks two dead bolts and three chains securing the door, then goes to the curtains and slowly parts them. He shades his eyes against a narrow beam of light as he looks left and right.

JANELLE (O.S.)

Ain't him baby. We never hear him  
coming. Just his ringy-dingys.

JAMES

He is one sneaky monkeyfucker ain't  
he.

JANELLE

It's why he's never been busted and  
the inventory keeps coming.

JAMES

Shit Sweets- you see him or his  
inventory? Huh?

We PAN with the descending sunbeam to the floor. Janelle is on her back with arms crossed on her chest. The beam of light ends on her closed eyes. She smiles.

JANELLE

(hands reaching out)  
Oh fuck baby, there's a kaleidoscope  
of colors dancing on my eyelids...  
blues and yellows.

JAMES

Oh yeah?

He passes his open hand through the sunlight and its shadow slides back and forth over her eyes.

JANELLE

Now the colors are chasing each other,  
like Donny and Marie do.

JAMES

That's called 'after-image' babe.

James' hand slows as it passes through the light, as does the shadow on her eyes.

JANELLE

They're changing now baby, into blues  
and reds, getting darker and darker,  
like your aura when you get pissed.

James' hand stops and the shadow covers her eyes.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Now there's only a deep purple baby...  
that's Coach's aura.

JAMES

When it's black, that'll be my fucking  
aura when I'm all over his fucking  
aura if he doesn't...

A phone rings once- and they stare hard at an old-rotary on a stand. During a short silence Janelle flips onto her knees with her forehead on the floor AND James freezes with the robe's hood closed tightly over his face.

Now TWO rings sound, followed by silence- this was Coach's ringy-dingys.

Beat.

The only movement in the room is the bird cage, now swinging on its stand. Then...

Janelle's fists hit the floor next to her head.

JANELLE

Yes.... yes!

Hooded James softly kicks her on the rear and she crawls forward until he lifts her by the waist and leaves her bending over the coffee table. His arms fly out and the robe falls to the floor as he screams.

JAMES

(fists thrusting)

Magma-tize one of those rocks Sweets.

Janelle tips the smallest Chinese food container over and digs a 'small' (to them) rock out of the rice.

JANELLE

Donny and Marie. Bring our babies to mommy and daddy first.

He works her panties off.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Please. I want our babies to watch.

As James gets the BIRD CAGE, he looks to an old wall clock.

JAMES

Mark the minutes Sweets. Its two thirty-three. Monkeydick called 1 minute ago.

JANELLE

Then it's T-minus fifty-nine minutes to taking our inventory baby.

James sets the bird cage on the coffee table and grabs the pipe from Janelle. He hits it hard and as he blows it out toward the cage he enters Janelle from behind. Her head hits the cage, and she softly calls out between hits.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Donny... Marie... come... to... mommy.

Two MICE appear from under a crumpled newspaper in the corner. Meet DONNY AND MARIE. Janelle taps the cage but they don't move. She drops some fried rice inside, and as they quickly eat it she blows a hit of smoke over them- and they scurry back to their lair.

She tilts the cage, they slide her way, she smokes them again, and then lets the cage drop. This time, Donny and Marie only back up a few steps. When she smokes them again, they press their noses against the cage, close to Janelle's face. Donny and Marie sniff at the smoke and the sex. AND THEN...

As James reaches his climax DONNY grabs the wires and HE begins to convulse too; when James finishes and falls to the floor, Donny falls back as well, spent. MEANWHILE...

As Janelle moans with closed eyes Marie's NOSE touches Janelle's finger- and Janelle's hand jerks and her eyes open with a SHOCKED expression.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Marie... what the fuck?

Janelle AND Marie- and James AND Donny- just experienced the first of several DRUG-INDUCED CONNECTIONS between their minds.

As Janelle slowly slides BACKWARDS off the table, her and Marie's eyes are locked hard. Then...

As Janelle falls to the floor the SHOT PUSHES over her to the MONITOR seen earlier with her doing gymnastics. On it, she does her dismount off the balance beam- a double reverse somersault. As she lands it...

We HEAR Janelle hit the living room floor, then hear the crowd on the monitor cheer the old-Janelle.

JAMES (O.S.)

C'mon Sweets, fuck.

JANELLE (O.S.)

Sorry baby.

JAMES (O.S.)

And whatever you do, don't call Coach a monkeyfucker.

FADE OUT / FADE IN

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER [T-MINUS 30 OR SO]

Janelle sneaks a peak at James, who is lying on the couch, still. She reaches inside the cage, and takes out a hidden rock, and as she crosses to a doorway leading to a darkened room, she lights it. She goes into the darkened room, and seconds later a little smoke drifts into the living room.

Donny is on his back in the corner of the cage, but MARIE is INTENTLY STARING at the DOORWAY [revisited later].

JANELLE (O.S.)

Ohhhh...

She comes back into the living room, dancing and spinning. Her knee hits the coffee table and she stops, laughing. She takes a hit and blows the smoke into Marie's face.

James sniffs the air but doesn't move.

JAMES

What's that!? You holdin' out on me?

Janelle blows a hit into James' mouth, then dances on. Marie continues to follow Janelle around the room.

JANELLE

Chicken scratch baby. I found it in the rug by the couch.

JAMES

I fucking bet you did.

JANELLE

Never mind baby. Coach is on his way.

(sing-songy)

He's gonna rock-a-bye my baby when my baby a-buys that rock.

Back at the cage, Janelle blows ANOTHER HIT at Marie- who WILLINGLY takes it in this time. Janelle's arms go out and she spins like a helicopter- and Marie's head begins to jerk over-and-over in the same direction as Janelle's spin.

[NOTE: Janelle AND Marie now experience their second drug-induced MIND-MELD. This one (and others that follow) are illustrated here with QUICK SHOTS switching between the POINTS-Of-VIEW of the pair involved during the meld.]

QUICK SHOTS:

Janelle sees the room spinning 360's; Marie's jerking-head perspective sees a low shot of Janelle and the cage wires, moving rapidly back and forth. THEN...

Janelle sees QUICK ALTERNATING SHOTS of her AND Marie's POV.

Janelle spins out of control and falls to the floor in a mess; at the same time Marie falls as well. NOW Janelle laughs hard, and Marie's chest heaves in time as she does.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck baby.

(MORE)

JANELLE (CONT'D)

I think I'm going insane in a most beautiful way. I'm seeing things like I never seen them before.

JAMES

Didn't I promise to open your mind to new frequencies Sweetness? I said I'd CHANGE you!

Beat.

Janelle crawls to the curtains and opens them a bit. Suddenly, cat's face appears in the window.

JANELLE

There's that stray again baby. He's gettin' thinner than me.

JAMES (O.S.)

Let him in. We'll bet on which fucking rat he catches first.

JANELLE

Oh don't be mean to my babies.

She runs and jumps on his back.

FADE OUT / FADE IN

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - LATER [T-MINUS ZERO]

James and Janelle are lying still and silent on the floor, as are Donny and Marie in the cage. Suddenly, Donny and Marie sit up and look to the darkened room. When they squeak, and Janelle and James sit up. Janelle and Marie look at each other. Whispering...

JANELLE

It must be T-minus zero.

NOW- Marie turns to Donny and they lock eyes, then Donny turns to James, who turns to Janelle, STILL looking at Marie.

Marie crosses the cage, sniffs the air in the direction of the doorway, then looks back to Janelle, who SNIFFS THE AIR and whispers to James while keeping her eyes on Marie.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

(in a droning squeaky voice)

The monkeyfucker's here.

James gives her an elbow, and she comes out of her trance.

COACH (O.S.)

Well well. It's a good thing we arrived officer. These two look like a crime in progress if I ever seen one.

A MAN rolls in on a non-motorized wheelchair. He taps the floor with a cane as he moves past the monitor on the table. He stops facing the front window; there are many worn NBA stickers on the back of his chair and his ratty-old backpack. MEET COACH: He's black, over sixty but muscular, and wearing a sweatshirt and regular gray sweats and a ball cap, all non-distinct and actually a little worn. He sports a stubbly beard that is trimmed neatly, dark sunglasses, golfer's gloves, and a referee's whistle.

JAMES

Where's Klink?

Coach, still facing the window, points his cane over his shoulder toward the monitor with Janelle on it.

COACH

You had fine moves on the uneven bars there Sweet Thing. But I see you're specialty now... is floor exercise.

James throws his robe over naked Janelle.

COACH (CONT'D)

From gymnastics to JIM... *nasty*.

Coach stands and raps the curtains a few times. Dust falls.

COACH (CONT'D)

MAD DOG, I asked that you not peek out the window when you're expecting a delivery. It makes for nosey, nervous neighbors.

As Coach steps past Janelle he lifts the robe a bit with the hooked end of his cane, irritating James, who does NOTHING except throw Janelle her bra and panties. Coach intercepts the latter with his cane.

COACH (CONT'D)

Say DOG- if you ever wanna make a trade for a player to be named later...

JAMES

She ain't no ROCK STAR Coach and she ain't ever gonna be one of your little pieces of white bread.

Coach holds the panties out for Janelle.

COACH  
 Slice... of *Wonder* bread Dog. White  
 is implied by you. I respect those  
 I do commerce with.

JAMES  
 Bitch. You'll get another fucking  
 lap top before her.

COACH  
 I suppose. You've already supplied  
 my kids with CPU's. My cousins too.

JAMES  
 (low, barely audible)  
 They're all a bunch of bitches.

Janelle sexy-walks over and puts her head on Coach's shoulder.

JANELLE  
 Well... maybe a trade for... who is  
 he? Lawrence... Number 56?

COACH  
 Sweet Thing! Are you serious?

JAMES  
 No she ain't. Now or ever!!

James makes a move toward them. Before he gets there Coach has a container of pepper spray aimed at James and the whistle at his lips. When he blows it- NOTHING is heard, ALTHOUGH Donny and Marie react by covering their ears.

As James reaches for Janelle, a GERMAN SHEPHERD leaps through the doorway and stops in front of James, teeth bared. Meet KLINK. He wears a service dog's vest.

COACH  
 Careful Dog. My deep purple aura  
 Sweet Thing says she sees is about  
 to turn as black as my behind and  
 Klink's disposition. Don't make me  
 whistle once more while I'm at work.

Janelle glides to James, her hand on his crotch. Coach lowers the whistle and snaps his fingers. KLINK goes to cage, sits, sniffs and whines at Donny and Marie, who SCRATCH HIS NOSE.

JANELLE  
 C'mon baby. We're Romeo and Juliet,  
 fuckers not fighters.

COACH

(relaxing, laughing)

You realize Mad Dog the only one we never call 'bitch' is Sweet Thing?

Janelle does a cheerleader move and a curtsy.

COACH (CONT'D)

I ONLY MEANT was Sweetness serious about LT? He was 56 man! That's seven 8-balls? A trade like that would have to include whips and 'cuffs and maybe even Klink.

\*

Klink growls at James. Coach laughs and sits on the couch, then cane-hooks the cage and turns it so Donny and Marie face him.

COACH (CONT'D)

(more to himself)

Any serious trade negotiations would be for a Joe Montana-like quantity, 2 8's, maybe Jim Brown if I'm feelin' good. But LT? Shit.

JANELLE

See baby. Coach is only joking.

JAMES

Give me a another fucking full shipment. For that hot-wired Dell over there. And throw in a hunk of black-as-Klink's disposition TAR.

COACH

(looking to the monitor)

The one with Sweetness doing her thing there? I can do that, especially if her newest floor routines are on it.

James angrily pulls a flash drives from the lap top and the monitor goes dark.

COACH (CONT'D)

Guess that trade wasn't 'as is...'

Coach turns one leg of his sweats inside-out. He reaches under his leg and unzips a hidden pocket (that fits into the hollow of the back of his knee.) He pulls out a small cloth bag with a draw string and lets it fall toward the coffee table. Janelle catches it and hugs it.

JANELLE

Interception! Just like LT baby.

JAMES

Don't forget the fucking tar...  
(mumbling)  
baby.

COACH

Tar what?  
(beat.)  
Yeah, that's what you need Dog. You need to slow it down or you're gonna crash. You're a wagon with very shitty breaks rollin' down a steep hill.

JAMES

No Coach, I'm a fucking race car in the fucking Indy 500 and I'm in the fucking lead bitch.

COACH

The 500? Shit Dog. At best you're a dragster burnin' down a very short track man. And you ain't got a chute to slow you down.

Coach fixes his sweats.

COACH (CONT'D)

And Sweetness here. She was a prom queen and you made her a pipe princess. She's free-fallin' baby and ain't got a chute either. You two are day trippin'- and its lookin' very much like a ONE-WAY trip.

Coach stands, grabs his cane and puts his shades on.

COACH (CONT'D)

But I'll still do business with you bed bugs.

Janelle pulls him back onto the couch and holds a pipe out.

JANELLE

Yeah Coach, do some business with us. Make me some sweet smoke baby.

He grabs her wrist and pushes the pipe to HER mouth.

COACH

Sweet TAIN'T, Coach never puts himself into the game. That monkey on your back always fucks you up the ass. Mad Doggie style.

Coach slides the lap top into a hidden sleeve on the underside of the seat on his wheelchair. He sits, and as he rolls past the door he taps the dead bolts with his cane.

COACH (CONT'D)

Keepin' the unwanted out... You know these things unlock from the inside, right? Huh? No?

James and Janelle don't seem to hear this because they are busy untying the drawstring on the drug sack. BUT...

Donny and Marie have their noses pressed against the cage; they've been watching Coach the entire time.

COACH (CONT'D)

Those two caged rats HAVE MORE OF A CHANCE of going out that door than you two iron lungs. Listen to your head Coach- I ain't just Oprahsizing on you to hear my own vocabulary.

He shakes his head, then pops a metal dome off the hub of a wheel and shakes out a small cube of folded aluminum foil.

COACH (CONT'D)

This is a crime in progress... Here, you might as well be felons. It's on the house... this time.

James catches the cube and sniffs it.

JAMES

H... Here Sweet Thing. You wanna start with a little pony ride?

JANELLE

I don't know baby. You know you said you'd never ask me to do that.

With that, Coach and Klink exit through the doorway.

COACH (O.S.)

Adios... to all you rodents, residents, and ass-fucking monkeys.

Donny and Marie stare at the doorway until...

FADE OUT / FADE IN

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Smoke drifts up from behind the couch, which has been moved a little to indicate a passage of time.

JAMES (O.S.)

Once Sweets. Just this once...

Janelle sits on the floor between the couch and coffee table. She begins to unfold the cube of aluminum foil, but tosses it back on the table. She stares at it, picks it up, sniffs it, then throws it into the small Chinese food container.

She loads a pipe with Chinese food container pot and a rock and lights it, then blows the smoke into a long, half-inch diameter rubber tube that disappears behind the couch.

Unseen, James coughs, then smoke rises from behind the couch.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ahhh fuck Sweetness... You know your  
breath gives me life but my life  
would be better if you'd set that  
HORSEY on fire. C'mon baby.

Her fingers go to the food container but she doesn't touch it. She almost starts to cry, then yanks on the rubber tube, and threads the far end into the cage, and blows more smoke at Donny And Marie, tears running down her cheeks.

James looks at her, then begins to walk pace along the walls.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It'd be our super bowl baby. But  
you just ain't got no fucking  
dedication to me. Never thought I'd  
witness that.

She wraps the rubber tube around her neck and holds the ends up in a mocking gesture. James angrily leaps at her, grabs the tube- but doesn't pull TOO hard on it. His hands are shaking- especially as he tries to unfold the aluminum foil with one hand. She knocks it to the floor, then tries to get up. He pulls her back HARD with the tube.

Donny and Marie cower in the corner.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(in her ear)

And you said we were fucking Romeo  
and Juliet.

He pushes her aside, loads a huge rock, gets up and walks around the room, taking hit after hit while she cries.

When she sits up he ignores her; when she gets up, he pushes past her, knocking her against the table with the now black monitor on it. Janelle stares at it and holds it up.

P.O.V.- JANELLE'S OF THE MONITOR- CONTINUOUS

She sees herself performing on the uneven bars; as she does a dismount with a full-layout she TURNS INTO Marie, who waves to the cheering crowd. As Marie waves the monitor goes BLACK and Janelle sees Marie (in the cage) reflected on the dark screen. Tears fall and she whispers...

JANELLE (O.S.)

You were a prom queen...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janelle lets the monitor fall. She remains motionless as it bounces off the table and falls to the floor. When James pushes past her again, she gives him the finger.

Her foot rolls her skateboard out from under the table and speeds toward him on it. He moves and she skids to a stop, leaving a deep scratch in the floor. He smiles, takes her hand, and pulls her around the room. At first they laugh, until he pulls her so fast the skateboard shoots out and hits the milk crate with the flat screen on it, which falls to the floor.

Donny and Marie run frantically around the cage.

Now James turns in tight circles with Janelle barely staying upright. Her foot hits a stand and the lamp on it breaks when it lands. James lets go, and she stumbles into a corner and falls, crying.

He opens the foil, bites a piece of BLACK TAR HEROIN off and ignites it. He tries, but fails, to get her to hit the pipe. So he takes a hit and tries to force it into her mouth. She kicks him away and crawls to a roll top desk, then takes a decorative crystalline cylinder and throws, showering him with the pens and pencils inside it. James in return throws a wireless keyboard as she rides her skateboard into the darkened room.

Donny and Marie stare at the doorway until...

FADE OUT / FADE IN

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James blows BLACK TAR smoke into the cage- OVER DONNY (Marie is not seen). Donny reacts by burying his head in the straw, and when he looks again, he is clearly stoned and having trouble focusing on James as he walks away.

QUICK SHOTS:

When Donny tries to walk, he falls against the cage and EXACTLY THEN James falls against a wall; When Donny unsteadily moves toward the hamster wheel, James walks drunkenly toward the door; When Donny steps inside the wheel, it turns and he falls forward and EXACTLY THEN James falls against the door and recoils a few steps.

James barely maintains his balance as his eyes rapidly move up and down the door, his head jerking downward over and over.

QUICK SHOTS

toggle between Donny's strobe-light like view inside the spinning wheel AND James similar view of the walls in the room rotating like the wheel: James sees himself walking on the door as it moves under him, then the ceiling, etc UNTIL..

Donny stumbles and then tumbles over and over until he falls out of the wheel. James stumbles backwards onto the couch, which flips backwards. James tumbles into the corner of the room, but never drops his pipe.

A BEAT with silence. Then...

Marie appears and runs to Donny as Janelle appears and runs to James. She kisses and comforts him and uses a dirty napkin to dab at the blood on his chin, but he pushes her away.

JAMES

(head buried in his  
arms)

If I gotta fly solo, so be it.

Janelle cries as she crawls to the coffee table. She grabs the foil, slices a piece of tar off, crawls back and lights the pipe. She tries to blow it into James' mouth but coughs it out.

James kisses her, leaving blood on her face; then he hits the pipe, and gives her a smoke-filled kiss.

FADE OUT / FADE IN

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - LATER [NIGHT]

James walks BACKWARDS around the room, twirling the ends of the robe's cinch. He bounces off the walls in the corners.

JAMES

(singing, drooling)  
Pony pony... ride that pony...

Donny and Marie move around the cage as they watch him with their noses against the sides of the cage.

They're more interested in James than Janelle- because he blows smoke into the cage when he goes by- which they inhale.

Janelle sits on her skateboard, which is on the coffee table. Her legs are around the cage and as she moves back and forth.

JANELLE

Oh Mickey, I love your dickey. Give it to Minnie baby...

She uses a back-scratcher to probe Donny's underside- and James begins to moan with pleasure and massage his crotch.

When James plays with Janelle's ass, Donny turns and sniffs and licks Marie's backside. James lifts Janelle and bends her over the table (again). They each take a hit- then blow tar smoke at the cage- which Donny and Marie willingly inhale.

Now the mice go at it as well, with all four facing each other. Janelle grabs the cage and it slides back and forth, as do Donny and Marie as they continue to go at it.

James roars as he nears completion; Janelle shudders in pleasure and Donny and Marie fall on their sides but never uncouple- even as they get upright.

As James screams Donny's head goes back. Janelle's face hits the cage over and over and Donny and Marie slide away, then back to that side of the cage.

As James and Janelle climax together he pushes hard and Janelle's fingers go between the wires and bend them a little as she pulls the cage against her face. Donny and Marie slide and Marie slams against the wires, her nose going between them. AND THEN...

Janelle and Marie's noses touch. AND...

QUICK SHOTS

illustrate what EACH OF THEM see during this four-way climax: James sees Donny AND Donny sees James; Janelle sees Marie AND Marie sees Janelle.

As their climaxes end the QUICK SHOTS come slower and slower UNTIL the last shot is CLOSE IN on James, still behind Janelle.

His upper body sways, his eyes are closed and he is drooling. And then, with his lips NEVER MOVING we HEAR...

'JAMES' (O.S.)  
 (IN A HIGH-PITCHED,  
 SQUEAKY VOICE)  
 Oh damn Sweetness... That was the  
 best fuck I ever had.

Meet 'JAMES', 'JANELLE', 'DONNY', and 'MARIE'. 'JAMES' is James in Donny's body; 'Donny' is Donny in James' body. Likewise- Janelle and Marie have also switched bodies.

'Marie' turns and looks at 'Donny'. While her lips NEVER MOVE we HEAR...

'JANELLE'  
 (IN A HIGH-PITCHED,  
 SQUEAKY VOICE)  
 Donny? Donny! What just happened?  
 Look at me!!

'James's' mousey eyes and mouth open wide; he looks very frightened as he jumps off 'Marie'. His paws inquisitively feel 'his' new body and face.

'JAMES'  
 What the fuck just happened to me!?

'Janelle' scurries to him.

'JAMES' (CONT'D)  
 Ow fuck!

He pushes her away, grabs his 'tail', and rubs it.

'Janelle' cowers as she moves closer, her nose sniffing away. She grabs some straw and looks at it- and starts to cry. When she looks out the cage- she gasps as she watches...

'DONNY' and 'MARIE' stand up- with some difficulty, holding onto each other, looking around.

'Janelle's' 'paws' reach out for 'Marie'.

'JANELLE'  
 Come to mommy baby.

'Donny' and 'Marie' look at each other, then silently help each other through the doorway and into the darkened room.

'Janelle' stares at the doorway, then at the reflection of the cage on the dark monitor lying on the floor. PERHAPS she sees Janelle staring back, until...

'Donny' and 'Marie' reappear, now dressed in an unkempt manner in James and Janelle's clothes.

They see 'James' trying to open the gate to the bird cage. 'Donny' crushes the aluminum foil over the remaining hunk of TAR, then forces it into the wires so that the gate won't open. ONCE AGAIN- drugs keep James and Janelle prisoner.

'James' runs to the foil and starts licking it. 'Janelle' only stares between the wires of the cage as 'Donny' and 'Marie' go through the front door, closing it behind themselves (making Coach's comment come true.) SO NOW:

The residents who were always free to go are imprisoned AND the rodents held prisoner against their wills are now free.

The door reopens a bit, and the stray cat seen earlier enters and jumps on the coffee table. 'Janelle' back up. But 'James' keeps on lickin'.

FADE OUT / FADE IN

EXT. A DOWNTOWN STREET - AFTERNOON [A LITTLE LATER]

'Donny' and 'Marie' walk slowly arm in arm, clearly fascinated by the sights and sounds.

They go into a deli, and when they exit, they are nibbling on chunks of cheese. They continue on, and at the intersection are pulled back onto the sidewalk and told to wait for the light. Then they cross the street.

The business on the corner is a PET SHOP- and lying in the doorway- is KLINK, sleeping. 'Donny' and 'Marie' stop.

Klink opens his eyes, whines, and goes to them. They scratch his nose and his tail wags excitedly. They continue on, with Klink, and blend into the crowd...

Coach rolls into the doorway and whistles, but Klink never returns. In the window next to Coach is a sign reading "ALL RODENTS HALF-OFF."

COACH

Told you not to be scarin' off my customers, dog.

With that, he rolls inside.

FADE OUT.