

I

~~Last time I left
more than a half hour, he called
911 and told them he was chained
up in a basement and rats were
eating his cheeks. Nine's a
funny age, huh?~~

SHE EXITS.

start

KENNY

(PLACATING JULIE) Listen, if you
still intend to pursue this...
hobby, we'll take the computer.
I'm not sure where we'll put it.

JULIE

Couldn't we make the den my
office? You've got shelves and
shelves of CD's in there. Can't
we put some in storage?

KENNY

(DEFENSIVELY) No! I listen to
them! All of them! No, my CD's
stay put! We'll find you some
other... area.

JULIE

"Area?" All I get is an "area?"

KENNY

It's a small place. (THEN) I
suppose we could set you up in
the pantry.

JULIE

Kenny, that's a cupboard. I
can't write in a cupboard!

KENNY

I thought writers could write
anywhere. Besides, once you move
the canned goods, you've got
oodles of elbow room.

JULIE

Honey, we should bite the bullet
and get a bigger place.

KENNY

You mean, move? I won't move. I
love my abode. It's walking
distance from work, beautiful
view of the plaza. And who could
ask for more ideal neighbors than
Mom and Dad?

JULIE

(REACTS, THEN) Kenny, you're the
one who asked me to live with
you, but you're not considering
me at all.

KENNY

Of course, I am, muffin. I'm
finally making a commitment to
you. I'm inviting you into my
life, my world!

JULIE

You're inviting me into your cupboard! (THEN) I know in your heart you think you're bending over backwards for me, but really you're not budging an inch. You expect me to make all the sacrifices.

KENNY

Like what?

JULIE

(POINTEDLY) You were the one who strongly "suggested" I give up Buster.

KENNY

It's not like he was an überdog. He was a hyper, badly-behaved, foul-breathed, mangy cur.

JULIE

(THIS HITS A NERVE) He doesn't like to be called "mangy." It makes him feel dirty.

KENNY

(REACTS, THEN COMPASSIONATELY)

Listen, Jules, we're both horribly on edge. Co-habiting is a major life change for a person. It's right up there with death.

(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

(OFF HER REACTION) In the, uh,
sense that you don't know what to
expect after it happens.

(CHUCKLES) Sorry if I'm not
making much sense. I'll be much
happier once I'm sipping
chardonnay on that flight back to
K.C.

JULIE

(SMILES AT HIM) I will be, too.
HE HEAVES A SIGH OF RELIEF. SHE BEGINS TO UNPACK.

KENNY

What are you doing?

JULIE

I'm staying.

KENNY

You're not serious!

JULIE

Kenny, you're not ready to live
with anybody. You're too... too--

KENNY

(HELPING OUT) ...too set in my ways?

JULIE

(SHAKES HER HEAD) ...too much of
a baby. Go home and live with
your cat.

KENNY

(REACTS, THEN) I don't suppose I
have to tell you how completely
lost I feel at this moment.

JULIE

It's for the best.

KENNY

(SIGHS, DEFEATED; TO HIMSELF)

Welcome to L.A., Kenny. (THEN)

At the risk of making an utter
ass of myself, do you, uh, still
love me?

JULIE

(THINKS, THEN) I know I loved my
dog. I don't know how I feel
about you.

KENNY

(CUT TO THE QUICK) Well, if
that's the way it is...

HE GOES TO HER, HUGS HER, AS IF FOR THE LAST TIME. SHE STIFFENS.
HE BREAKS THE EMBRACE, STARTS FOR THE BEDROOM DOOR.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I'll go use the other phone to
break the news to Mom and Dad.
Don't feel guilty, but they were
going to re-linoleum my guest
bathroom. (POINTEDLY) Just for
you.

HE EXITS. SHE STANDS THERE, DRAINED, THEN:

JULIE

(SNIFFS HER SLEEVE) You know, he
does smell of cat.

AND WE:

end
CUT TO: