

Domestic Companion

**A One-Act Comedy
By Dawson Moore**

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Domestic Companion

CHARACTERS

- LINDSEY An attractive geneticist in her mid-20s; wears a pants suit.
- CATO Her troubled, energetic boyfriend; dressed casually in loose fitting clothes. Pronounced kay-toe.
- KANE The scientist Lindsey works for. A neurotic, dangerous man, obsessed with Lindsey.

SET

The living room of Lindsey and Cato's home. There are three entrances to the room: the front door, the door to the bedroom, and the opening to the kitchen. There is a ripped up couch with a coffee table. There are numerous packed boxes around the room.

TIME

The present.

PLACE

Lindsey and Cato's home.

(Lights rise on the empty living room. The sound of keys in the front door proceeds LINDSEY entering. She carries two large empty boxes, her lab coat, and a handbag. She drops everything by the door.)

LINDSEY

Cato, I'm home.

(She waits for a reply, then goes to check for him in the bedroom. When she leaves, the largest of the packed boxes opens and CATO peers out of the it, stretching. He looks around the room fuzzily. She reenters.)

Cato, where are... well, hello, Cato.

CATO

Hey, Lindsey. Oh boy, that was a nap!

LINDSEY

I guess so. Did you get outside some today?

CATO

Well, not really, not as such. I was going to, but then I got to thinking about it, weighing the pros and cons, you know, and then I forgot about it completely when I took my nap. You know how that goes.

LINDSEY

I just think some fresh air couldn't hurt.

CATO

Fresh air? No, of course fresh air couldn't hurt, but I can get that by opening a window. And then I wouldn't have to...

LINDSEY

What?

CATO

Well, frankly, Lindsey, I don't trust the door. It seems to operate on its own agenda.

LINDSEY

What are you talking about?

CATO

I know, I know, it's inanimate, but you'll just have to trust me that there are insidious forces at work here. Once I've figured them out, I may be ready for a trip outside. But that portal of death isn't going to find me an easy target.

LINDSEY

The door never attacks me, Cato.

CATO

I think it likes girls. Besides, I like it here, I don't need to go out.

LINDSEY

Okay, I'll make a deal with you. The day is going to come when you have to use the front door, but I'll stop nagging you about it for now. If you will promise to stop rummaging in the boxes and emptying them all over the place. I pack precisely, you unpack chaotically. It slows down the moving process immeasurably. Got it?

CATO

I'll never unpack another box as long as I live.

LINDSEY

Perfect.

(LINDSEY pushes a button on the answering machine and sits on the couch. KANE's voice is heard.)

KANE

(on the machine)

Lindsey, this is Kane. Are you there? Pick up if you're there... you shouldn't hide from me. I'm only trying to help you. Call me right away when you get in. Right away. I'll be waiting for your call. I'm waiting. So call right away. All right, you're not there. Bye.

LINDSEY

(sarcastically)

Bye, Kane, yeah, I'll call you, sure.

(CATO sits next to LINDSEY and rests his head on her lap. She strokes his head.)

CATO

(purring)

Mmmmm... I don't like him.

LINDSEY

Good instinct.

CATO

He hangs up when I answer.

LINDSEY

You know it's him?

CATO

He keeps calling every five minutes until I don't answer and then he leaves his weird message.

LINDSEY

You're right, it's him. Not to oversimplify or cast judgment, but I'm pretty sure that Kane is evil in a Biblical sense.

CATO

It is definitely an evil name.

LINDSEY

Mother Teresa never would have made it as Father Kane, is that what you're saying?

CATO

I think so...

(rises and begins playing with the boxes.)

Hey, Lindsey, I've been meaning to ask you—since we've got all these great boxes just laying around, could we get a fish tank for them?

LINDSEY

What?

CATO

A fish tank. To put on top of them. They're so drab like they are now.

LINDSEY

No.

CATO

Fish would really liven this place up.

LINDSEY

Cato, we're not staying here, so there's not point in livening it up. They're not for fish tanks, they're... Cato, stop playing with the boxes and come here.

CATO

Sorry, I was... just looking at the—

LINDSEY

Cato, focus. Come here and sit down. Look me in the eyes.

(CATO crosses to her and sits down.)

CATO

So the boxes—

LINDSEY

Don't worry about the boxes, Cato.

CATO

We can't use them for a fish tank?

LINDSEY

Focus, Cato.

CATO

But they would be perfect—

LINDSEY

No! Cato, the boxes not for facilitating a fish tank. I'm not getting you a fish tank.

CATO

Why not?!?

LINDSEY

I wish you'd remember anything for more than ten minutes. We've discussed this before. I'm not going to buy you a fish tank because I don't trust you to be alone with the fish!

CATO

How ridiculous!

LINDSEY

Do you remember what happened to that cute little mouse you wanted so much?

CATO

Not... really...

LINDSEY

It wasn't pretty, Cato. Cage knocked over, fur everywhere, that mouse ear in my slipper.

CATO

You are making this up.

LINDSEY

I am not making it up, I assure you. Your memory is failing.

CATO

It is?

LINDSEY

We've talked about it a thousand times.

CATO

We have?

LINDSEY

Yes.

CATO

But, I mean, I have no memory of that at all.

(a revelation)

Aaahhh, I guess that means you're right!

LINDSEY

That's why you have to listen to me, Cato. The boxes are here so that we can move. Kane can find us as long as we live here, and I'd rather he couldn't.

CATO

Won't you see him at work?

LINDSEY

As soon as we're out of here, I'm not going back. Come on. Give me a hand. I want to get the closet cleared out tonight.

CATO

Okay.

(mumbling)

Failing memory? I just don't remember that at all. Huh.

(CATO goes to help, but then has a sudden sharp memory.)

Hey, wait just a minute! My memory is not failing, we were talking about fish tanks and you tried to distract me. Hah! I remember. Failing memory indeed!

LINDSEY
Cato, can we please get going? It's important—

CATO
More important than my fish tank!

LINDSEY
Yes, more—

CATO
More important than my needs!

LINDSEY
Oh, Cato, not now!

CATO
Have you ever noticed how you're a really self-centered person? You, you, you, it is all about you! Not that I mind. Go out all day. Don't have any energy left for me, just nudge me behind the ear a few times, plop some Cheerios in a bowl and call me "taken care of!"

(LINDSEY grabs an empty box and takes it into the bedroom.)

Look at that, off to satisfy MORE of your needs, I suppose! I'm not lonely or anything, don't you worry, I don't have any personal needs or anything, I'll be just fine. I'll just...

(sits)
... sit here. Oh yeah. I'll just sit here.

(CATO sits stoically for a few seconds, but then he notices an empty box. He crosses tentatively to the box. He walks around it. He scratches at it. He gets in the box. It provides him with a strange bliss and he starts dancing. LINDSEY enters to get her handbag. He drops as low as he can inside the box and attempts to be discreet.)

LINDSEY
If you're not going to help, all I ask is that you don't rip up the boxes.

CATO
Say, uh, Lindsey... I know you're busy with... whatever it is that you're doing in there, but I'm hungry.

You haven't eaten? LINDSEY

No. CATO

LINDSEY
Fine. You know, you can eat while I'm not here, I don't have to get it out for you, you don't have to have me around while you eat.

CATO
I just couldn't decide what I wanted.

LINDSEY
Has it been all day again?

CATO
Uh, I think so.

LINDSEY
Cato... get out of the box.

*(He does. She exits to the kitchen.
There is a loud tripping noise from the
kitchen. She is heard from offstage.)*

God! Would you please just leave the pans in the cupboard?

CATO
It's weird how they get all over like that.

LINDSEY
(off)
Cato, you do it.

CATO
I really don't think so. Say, would it be any trouble to get something a little more exciting than just dry cereal, maybe a salmon steak or, or veal in gravy, or—

*(LINDSEY enters and violently hands
him a bowl of dry cereal, then grabs her
handbag.)*

LINDSEY
That's all I've got time for right now.

CATO

Hey, there's no milk on this!

LINDSEY

You want milk? Go pour some milk on it. I'm busy.

(LINDSEY exits to the bedroom.)

CATO

Oh, I bet you think I won't. Well, I will.

(pause)

I'll get it, I know where the milk is... I know where... where the milk is.

(pause)

I'm going to do it!

(CATO exits to the kitchen. There is the sound of a pan being kicked, then a giant clanging battle wages offstage noisily in the kitchen. LINDSEY appears at the bedroom doorway. CATO enters engaged in mortal combat with a large pot. He hurls the pot at the kitchen.)

Stupid pot! All I want is a little milk.

LINDSEY

Fine, I'll get it for you, Cato!

CATO

Oh thank goodness!

LINDSEY

You're going to have to listen to me for a minute first.

CATO

Couldn't I get that milk first instead of listening to you first?

LINDSEY

No.

CATO

Oh, okay. Thought I'd ask.

LINDSEY

Cato, I need your help packing. I'm serious about getting out of here tonight.

CATO

Okay.

LINDSEY

So I'll get you some milk. Then you eat. Then you help. Clear?

CATO

I guess so. Did you tell me why we're in such a hurry?

LINDSEY

Yes, I did.

CATO

What was it again?

LINDSEY

It's not important, Cato.

CATO

It's not?

LINDSEY

Look, it's Kane. He's been getting weirder. He doesn't really scare me, but... we had a fight at the lab today, because he suggested that, well...

CATO

What?

LINDSEY

Look, we just have to get going. What he said... well, it's not important.

CATO

This can't all be unimportant.

LINDSEY

Well... it is!

CATO

You're hiding something from me.

LINDSEY

We just don't have the time—

CATO

You don't want to tell me something, something evil. You—
(sees and grabs her lab coat)

Oh no, no!

LINDSEY

Please keep calm—

CATO

(waving the coat accusingly)

You are taking me to the doctor! Admit it!

LINDSEY

That's just my lab coat, Cato, we've been over that.

CATO

Oh sure, like I'm supposed to believe that likely story. What, I've developed a few idiosyncrasies, a few foibles, a couple of chinks in my otherwise entirely charming personality, and you're all set to take me to the man with the knife!

LINDSEY

Not now, Cato!

(CATO begins running about chaotically.)

CATO

No way! No doctor! I do not want to go to the doctor. I do not want to be stuck with a needle. I do not want them to pull out my fingernails!

LINDSEY

Cato—

CATO

You are after my balls!

LINDSEY

What!

CATO

I can tell, you think I'm a little too wild, so you'll just have them snip me and I'll be all complacent, a nice around-the-house boyfriend. I won't let you!

(LINDSEY attempts to chase CATO, but lacks his manic energy or willingness to exploit strange places.)

LINDSEY

Cato, please, stop acting like this!

(He begins hissing at her.)

You're being paranoid, delusional! You're being stupid is what you're being. No one wants to cut off your balls!

(The phone rings. CATO continues running about hissing after LINDSEY picks it up.)

What? Oh, sorry. Hello, Kane. No, Kane, I really don't think we need to talk about that right now. No, I'm not mad at—

(CATO flees into the kitchen, creating a giant crash. Pots and pans begin flying out of the kitchen.)

Damn it! No, not you... Kane... Kane, no... Kane! We will talk tomorrow. No, tomorrow, Kane!

(There is another horrific crash from the kitchen. CATO emerges, baffled but victorious.)

Kane, I can't discuss this with you right now... No, for the last time, don't come... over... Did you just hang up? You little rat!

CATO

Hey, weren't you making something for me to eat?

LINDSEY

Be quiet, Cato. let me think.

CATO

Huh.

(to himself)

Let her think about my dinner, that's what I say.

LINDSEY

Cato! Please, just... be quiet. Cato, Kane is coming over.

CATO

What?

LINDSEY

That was Kane from work, he's coming over, he can't know that we were running, Cato. That is very important.

CATO

Why can't he know that we're running?

LINDSEY

I'm sorry. Did I say running? I meant packing.

CATO

But why's he coming over? Did you invite him?

LINDSEY

No, of course I didn't invite him. Cato, we have to make Kane think that everything here is calm and normal, and not let him know about the panicking—I mean packing

CATO

Okay.

LINDSEY

We need to straighten up. The place has to look unsuspecting.

CATO

Right.

(LINDSEY starts moving boxes to the bedroom.)

LINDSEY

Come on, Cato, come on, you get the pots and pans and put them in the cabinets, I'll hide the boxes in the bedroom.

(LINDSEY continues moving boxes. CATO stalks the pots and pans, butt twitching, nose sniffing, planning his assault. LINDSEY notices his lack of progress on the pans.)

God! Cato! Okay, I'll get the kitchen-ware, you get the last boxes. Now, Cato. He'll be here any minute. Please be helpful and get the place ready.

(CATO crosses and grabs the box. He starts towards the bedroom when, all at once, the doorbell rings, there is a knocking, and the front door shakes violently.)

KANE

(off)

Lindsey? Lindsey, can you hear me, are you all right? Lindsey!

(CATO empties the box he was carrying on the floor and crawls inside. LINDSEY is horrified.)

LINDSEY

Kane? Damn it, Kane, I said I was fine!

(CATO attempts to move towards the bedroom from within the box. She whispers.)

Cato, stop it!

(CATO's box tips over, making a loud crash to accompany his scream.)

KANE

(off)

Lindsey, open this door or I'm going to bust it down.

LINDSEY

Kane, don't!

(whispering)

Cato, stop it, just put the box in the bedroom!

KANE

(off)

That's it, I'm coming in!

(CATO and LINDSEY stare at the door.)

Here I come!

(giant crash)

Mother pussbucket!

(whimpering)

Oh my, oh my, oh my!

LINDSEY

(whispering)

Cato, get that box into the closet, I'll deal with him. Hide the box and act natural.

KANE

Lindsey!

LINDSEY

Fine, Kane, I'm coming.

(CATO exits clutching his box and watching the door with an untrusting eye. LINDSEY opens the door. KANE, who was leaning on the door, falls in.)

KANE

Ow! Damn it, that's the shoulder I used on the door.

LINDSEY

Well, what on earth were you doing, trying to smash the door in? I should call the police. Where were you calling from?

(KANE gets up and barges in.)

KANE

My car. On the cell. I was parked out front. I had to come.

LINDSEY

I should—Kane, you can't stay.

KANE

I was just in the neighborhood and I was thinking about our fight at the lab today... I feel bad.

LINDSEY

Okay then. Apology accepted.

KANE

It's not an apology, I just want to try and explain it to you again—

LINDSEY

Get out of here, Kane.

KANE

I understand our first attempt to fix things didn't achieve optimum results.

LINDSEY

Optimum results?

KANE

Mistakes were made, yes, but lessons were learned, notes noted, decisions decided.

LINDSEY

You're ranting.

KANE

He's not safe and that's all there is to it. He could snap at any moment.

LINDSEY

You're being ridiculous. He's fine. And if he's not safe, we both know whose fault that is. Yours for having the stupid idea and mine for letting you go through with it.

KANE

It was not a stupid idea.

LINDSEY

What?

KANE

I am still planning on refining the serum!

LINDSEY

You can't be serious!

KANE

Oh yes! I am going to rid this world of snoring with my little injection. The marketing is all in place, "The Cat DNA Laced Anti-Snoring Shot."

LINDSEY

Oh, that's catchy, Kane. So all that's missing is the working product.

KANE

He doesn't snore, does he?

LINDSEY

No, but he does shed now, that's a downside.

KANE

I just need to pull back a few more strands of the feline Deoxy Ribonucleic Acid. Science has casualties. I'm sorry to say it, but Cato is one of those poor unfortunates. We can mourn his misfortune, certainly, but let's not take that too far. Living in the same house out of pity is self-destructive and dangerous to both of you. I can't let you do it.

LINDSEY

Don't try to tell me what I have to do. Got that?

KANE

You're right. Hundred percent. Overstepped myself there. It's just that I'm afraid for you, here, with him. It sounded like he was going crazy while we were on the phone.

LINDSEY

He was... just making a joke, that's all.

KANE

Why are there pans all over the place?

LINDSEY

It was a pan joke.

KANE

A what?

LINDSEY

A pan joke, you know, it, it involved a lot of pans.

KANE

Lindsey, it's no good covering up his problem. He's losing his mind and I can do it, I can help him. Let me help him.

LINDSEY

Stop, Kane. Injecting him with dog DNA is not going to counteract anything.

KANE

I've got it with me!

(KANE pulls out a large syringe.)

LINDSEY

God, Kane, put that away! It's not necessary. He's fine, really.

(CATO enters absentmindedly carrying a box.)

CATO

Lindsey, where did you say to—

(He sees KANE and the syringe, freezes, and then bolts frenetically back to the bedroom, clutching his box tightly.)

LINDSEY

He... likes boxes.

KANE

Likes boxes?

LINDSEY

You know, to crawl around in, to nap in.

KANE

That's "mostly fine?"

LINDSEY

It's eccentric.

KANE

It's psychotic.

LINDSEY

Look, he's fine.

KANE

He's fine?

LINDSEY

He's fine.

KANE

Can I just talk to him for a minute?

LINDSEY

Talk?

KANE

Sure. If he's fine, then he should be able to talk with me for a minute without a problem.

LINDSEY

And then you'll go?

KANE

And then I'll go.

LINDSEY

You swear, you promise, you'll go?

KANE

(casually sitting)

One-hundred percent guarantee. I just want to observe, that's all.

LINDSEY

Just give him a minute to get used to you. And give me that!

(grabs syringe, then calls off)

Cato, come in here and meet Kane.

(pause)

You can bring your box if you want.

*(CATO enters slowly, carrying his box.
He puts it down at a distance from
KANE.)*

CATO

Hello.

KANE

Hello, Cato.

LINDSEY

Kane works with me at the lab, Cato.

CATO

I know.

LINDSEY

I'm going to see about maybe making something for dinner—

CATO

Really? I thought that—

LINDSEY

So I'll just leave you with Kane for a minute. Okay? One minute.

(LINDSEY looks threateningly at KANE and then exits to the kitchen.)

KANE

So...

CATO

So... what do you do, Kane?

KANE

I work at the lab with—

CATO

I know, I know, my memory is not failing! What I mean is, what, exactly, specifically, do you actually do?

KANE

Oh, well, I manipulate the...

(CATO is entering KANE's space bubble and making him very uncomfortable.)

I'm a genetic, uh... engineer...

(CATO brushes very hard against KANE, establishing ownership, then walks away.)

Have you been feeling a little odd recently, Cato?

CATO

No.

KANE

No? No strange, uncontrollable behavior?

CATO

No. So you're, what, a doctor, huh, is that right, huh, a doctor.

KANE

Well, yes, not strictly speaking a—

CATO

You ever snip anyone before?

What? KANE

CATO
You know what I mean, don't play stupid with me. You know!

I actually really don't. KANE

CATO
I'm not some sort of idiot. I understand why you're here.

She told you? KANE

She didn't have to. CATO

KANE
You understand that I'm just here to help you?

CATO
Hah! That's what you guys always say, right before you get out the gas and the scissors.

Scissors? KANE

CATO
Well, you better have brought an extra large pair of scissors and be prepared for a fight. Maybe I'll end up cutting off your balls instead of the other way round! Ever considered that?

KANE
Lindsey!

LINDSEY
(entering)
Okay, that was at least a minute. You have to go now.

KANE
I don't think so. He's dangerous. Did you tell him I was going to castrate him?

LINDSEY
No!

CATO

No, I figured that one out on my own. It was obvious!

KANE

Look, Lindsey, we need to talk about why I'm here and I don't care if he hears it.

LINDSEY

No, that is not a good idea.

KANE

He needs help.

CATO

Cutting off my balls is not going to help me!

KANE

Would you shut up? I am not going to touch your balls!

CATO

What are you doing here then?

KANE

I'm here to—

LINDSEY

Nothing, Cato. Kane just came by to say hello.

CATO

What?

LINDSEY

Kane isn't going to do anything here today.

KANE

Oh, I'm not, am I?

CATO

No?

LINDSEY

No. So just try to relax. Your imagination is blowing things out of proportion. Don't worry about Kane, his being here has nothing to do with you. It's not important.

CATO

(contemplative)

Where have I heard that before?

KANE

Lindsey—

LINDSEY

(pulling him aside and whispering)

Kane, look, there is no rush. No rush. I'm going to still be here tomorrow. Cato will still be here. I'll see you at work tomorrow, we'll talk more; but right now, you have to leave. We'll discuss this in private.

KANE

In private?

LINDSEY

Yes. Cato gets very upset at any mention of the experiment, because his memory's so bad that he has forgotten that he ever agreed to anything so incredibly stupid. He gets upset. He's much better when calm.

KANE

That can't help but be true, but his behavior today leads me to the conclusion that he is in a critical state, in desperate need of a counteragent to the first injection. That's why you have to let me—

LINDSEY

Look, Kane, I have this situation under control. So what I want you to do is go, so that you will stop upsetting him and, frankly, me. We will discuss your idea at lunch tomorrow.

KANE

You'll eat with me?

LINDSEY

Just this once.

KANE

You must be pretty adamant about this.

LINDSEY

You're leaving. We're staying here. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

KANE

I love it when you're impassioned.

It's time for you to go, Kane.
LINDSEY

(He takes the syringe back.)

KANE
All right. I'll go. Against my better judgment. But I trust you, I trust your judgment. If you say everything's all right...

CATO
You said it to me before.

LINDSEY
What, Cato?

CATO
You said it to me before.

LINDSEY
Right. Said what, Cato?

CATO
You said it wasn't important why we were panicking and packing our things in boxes and running.

KANE
What?

CATO
(overlapping)
Does nobody listen to me? Am I not making noise? I said, "You, Lindsey, said it wasn't important why we were running away from—" oh, I wasn't supposed to mention it, was I? Sorry. Never mind me.

KANE
(overlapping)
What's he talking about, Lindsey? Those boxes, they're for you to pack and go? I knew you weren't listening to what I was saying!

LINDSEY
Quiet! Both of you, shut up. Kane, Cato is obviously just confused about the boxes, I told him he could get in them and hide if he wanted to, that's all I said.

CATO
Was that it?

KANE

What?

LINDSEY

While things are obviously not normal here, it wasn't complete chaos until you showed up!

KANE

You like him better than me, is that what this is?

LINDSEY

What are you talking about?

KANE

You like him better!

LINDSEY

Kane, I'm sorry you feel slighted. I'm not trying to hurt your feelings. But get out. You've invaded my house, ignored my polite requests to leave, and gotten Cato all worked up.

KANE

Lindsey, I—

LINDSEY

No! Damn it, Kane, I am telling you to leave! Get out of my house.

KANE

But—

LINDSEY

Out!

(LINDSEY storms to the door and opens it for KANE. CATO is frightened at first, but then realizes he's won.)

CATO

Yeah. Yeah, that's right. This isn't your house, so get out.

LINDSEY

I don't need your help in this, Cato.

CATO

(quietly to himself)

He's outta here. Waxed, eighty-sixed, because it is my house. My house!

LINDSEY

Look, I really am seeing you tomorrow.

KANE

I guess I'll just have to...

(CATO is clawing the couch, muttering to himself.)

CATO

Try to come into my house. My house. It's my house.

LINDSEY

Hard on the furniture, not at all threatening, okay, Kane?

(KANE stands next to her, conciliatory.)

KANE

All right. You win. We'll talk tomorrow. I obviously just don't understand what's going on here.

(looking outside)

You ordered pizza?

LINDSEY

Pizza?

(KANE pushes LINDSEY out the door and locks it. He shouts at the door.)

KANE

I understand perfectly well what is going on here! You're in denial and it's making you irrational! I'm the only one who can help. This is for your own good. I'm doing this because I love you!

LINDSEY

(off)

Damn it! Kane, open this door! Open this door or I swear, Kane, I'll... I'll get you back!

CATO

What's going on?

(KANE turns to CATO and brandishes the syringe.)

Aaaahhhh!

KANE

Don't make this difficult, freak. I'll fix you.

LINDSEY*(off)*

Kane!

KANE

Here, kitty, kitty.

CATO

No way!

(KANE advances on CATO, who flees. They run around the couch twice, then CATO grabs the lamp and holds KANE at bay like a lion tamer.)

KANE

Put that down, Cato. This is for your own good.

CATO

Yeah, this is for yours!

(CATO hurls the lamp at KANE and runs into the bedroom. KANE recovers and heads to the bedroom, but is hit by a box hurtling from the doorway.)

KANE

Pussbucket! Pig snot! I am going to stick you, and then maybe I WILL cut your balls off! Make it easy on yourself, freak!

(KANE charges the bedroom. There is a hissing and commotion, followed by CATO scrambling out of the room followed by the incensed KANE, who has scratches on his face.)

Get back here! This won't hurt!

(There is the sound of glass breaking from the bedroom.)

LINDSEY

(off)

Kane!

(The two men freeze, which gives CATO the opportunity to dive at KANE. The syringe goes flying. They wrestle on the floor, with KANE gaining the upper hand. LINDSEY enters.)

KANE

Lindsey, quick! He just went nuts, get the needle!

CATO

You can't have my balls!

KANE

I don't want your balls! He's mad, get the needle! Hurry!

(LINDSEY grabs the needle and walks determinedly toward the men.)

CATO

Don't do it, don't do it! No needle!

KANE

Just get him in the leg!

(LINDSEY plunges the needle into KANE's behind. He yelps and hops off of CATO, who retreats to the kitchen.)

Mother pussbucket! Why did you do that? What's wrong with you?

LINDSEY

I told you to leave.

KANE

What am I going to do?!

LINDSEY

What, you don't have an antidote?

KANE

What are you talking about? An anti-dog DNA shot? Is that what you're asking me, whether I keep such a thing lying around my apartment just in case of emergency? Is that a joke, are you trying to be funny? What are you, insane? Of course I don't have an antidote!

LINDSEY

Why don't you try some cat DNA, you seemed to think the two would cancel each other out in Cato!

KANE

Oh, what was that, more sarcasm? I bet you think I won't, that it was just some sort of ploy, that I was bluffing. Well I never bluff. It'll work. It'll work, it's going to work just like I said it would.

LINDSEY

Then go.

(KANE begins menacing LINDSEY.)

KANE

All I ever offered you was my love, and this is my repayment. And you seem to think the whole thing is hilarious, don't you? "It sure would be funny if he got fleas!" Right? Funny? Hahhhh.

LINDSEY

Kane, calm down.

KANE

You think it's funny, I'll tell you about funny, what's funny is that I brought a back-up needle! I'll show you funny!

(He pulls out a second needle.)

LINDSEY

Kane... just stop... back off...

KANE

Oh ho ho, you'll be sorry!

(LINDSEY grabs a pan from the floor and threatens KANE with it. He pauses, but then continues to advance on her. She sways the pan back and forth. KANE begins following it with his eyes.)

LINDSEY

(tossing the pan)

Fetch!

KANE

(accidentally giving chase)

Aaaahhhh!

LINDSEY

If I were you, Kane, I'd be getting to work on the antidote!

(KANE becomes very still. He holds the syringe up menacingly.)

KANE

But if I'm going to be a dog, I am going to need a bitch. I am taking you with me. You will be mine. Damn you, I still love you.

(CATO bursts out of the kitchen. His hair is puffed up and he is attempting to look larger than he actually is. He is hissing loudly.)

CATO

Hhhhheeehhhhh!

(KANE growls at CATO, who leaps straight up in the air, making even more noise than before. KANE flees out the front door.)

KANE

(off)

Taxi! Taxi! Get back here!

(LINDSEY runs to the door.)

LINDSEY

Oh God, he's already started chasing cars.

(She turns to CATO, who is still on the edge of hyperventilating. She crosses to him.)

Cato, we still have to get out of here. If he doesn't get run over he'll find his way back.

CATO

I think I understand now. We have to get out of here because...

(running to the front door and yelling)

...that guy's not playing with a full deck!

(back to her)

What a weirdo. You worked with that guy? Whew. I'm gonna go eat something, right now.

LINDSEY

Cato. Wait just a second. Do you... understand what's just happened here?

CATO

Oh yeah, sure. Sure. I understand.

LINDSEY

And you know that I never wanted to do anything to hurt you. The experiment, that horrible injection, it was stupid of me to... well, I just want to make sure you know...

CATO

At least I don't snore any more.

LINDSEY

What?

CATO

At least I don't snore any more. It's why I wanted that one shot. I kept myself up.

LINDSEY

You remember? Cato... you don't mind?

CATO

I don't want any more shots, but nah, I don't mind. I'd mind even less if you could make me something good for dinner.

LINDSEY

But we've got to... we've... oh, I'll see what I can do.

(LINDSEY touches CATO softly, then exits to the kitchen. CATO gets in an open box.)

CATO

Scientists just always make things so complicated... it's not complicated... as long as I get my dinner sometime tonight.

(CATO closes the lid of the box over him as the lights fade out. The end.)