

IN HEAT: BONGO THE DOG

Written by  
Chris Rogers

[crogers@gmail.com](mailto:crogers@gmail.com)  
706-372-6626

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - MORNING

CLICKETY CLACK, CLICKETY CLACK, CLICKETY CLACK...

A cute as hell TERRIER-TYPE MUTT scampers through the apartment -- TOY in mouth, nails clicking against the hardwood floor.

A roll maneuver -- a leap -- a panting tongue.

This is BONGO THE DOG, a tiny senior dog sharing his affections with...

ROSS (30's) who sits in a chair sipping COFFEE. He wears SWEATPANTS and a T-SHIRT. Dude's built like a motherfucker -- definitely lifts. Ross can't help but smile as he watches Bongo's antics.

Ross slaps his thighs...

ROSS

Bongo!

Bongo leaps into the chair and settles in Ross's lap.

Belly rubs, ear scratches and head pats have Ross and Bongo in heaven. Then...

Ross grabs a piece of BACON from a SIDE TABLE and..

Bongo makes a play for the bacon. He barks, begs and pulls out all the stops, but...

ROSS (CONT'D)

You know you can't have bacon,  
Bongo! Remember what happened last  
time? Took forever to clean up  
THAT mess!

EXT. FANCY DOWNTOWN SHOPPING AREA - DAY

A high-octane car engine roars as an ELECTRIC ORANGE LAMBORGHINI screeches to a halt and expertly parallel parks.

The driver's door raises and Ross steps out, looking slick in a nice, fitted SUIT and cool-guy sunglasses.

Ross opens the passenger door and unbuckles Bongo from a DOGGY CAR SEAT. With a click, he snaps a LEASH to Bongo's COLLAR and the pair are off, strutting down the sidewalk like a couple a true bosses.

ROSS

Don't know about you, Bongo, but  
I'm ready to celebrate finally  
closing that Zabrinkski deal by  
blowin' some fuckin' money!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Streets and sidewalks bustle with shoppers. Amid the crowd...

Ross stands at a CROSSWALK holding several large SHOPPING BAGS. Bongo sits patiently beside him as they wait for the light.

BIANCA (O.S.)

Cute dog!

Ross turns towards the voice and peers over the top of his sunglasses, which he's lowered down the bridge of his nose for a better look at...

BIANCA -- 20's, large sunglasses, sporty summer outfit, big purse. She's dressed like a member of the band Haim.

Bianca crouches beside Bongo, scratches his ears.

BIANCE

What's his... or her name?

ROSS

He's a boy. Name's Bongo.

BIANCA

Bongo! Like those fun drums!

Bianca mimes playing some bongos.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

(returns to Bongo)

Sorry for not asking first, but is  
it okay I'm petting him?

ROSS

Go for it.

Bongo's tail slaps the sidewalk.

BIANCA

What a sweetie! Can I hold him.

ROSS

For sure.

Bianca sets her purse on the sidewalk, picks up Bongo and snuggles him in her arms.

ROSS (CONT'D)

He's a rescue. Got him a few years back. Best decision I ever made.

BIANCA

He's so delicate!

ROSS

Bongo's old as hell, but don't get it twisted, he's as tough as they come. Senior dogs rule!

BIANCA

You must feel so lucky.

ROSS

Haven't felt lonely once since I've had Bongo by my side. He's my best friend.

Bianca's hand moves to Bongo's neck, tightens a bit.

BIANCA

Bet it'd be super easy to just snap his little neck.

Ross puffs his chest, steps towards Bianca...

ROSS

That's some true-psycho shit right there.

...reaches out for Bongo.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Don't play around like that.

Bianca takes a step back. Her hand remains on Bongo's neck.

BIANCA

Oh, you best not go and get it twisted... I'm NOT playing around.

Bianca unclasps Bongo's leash, drops it to the ground.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Here's what's gonna happen. First of all, you're NOT gonna make a scene. You raise your voice...

Her hand tightens around Bongo's neck.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
I snap lil' doggo's neck. Stay  
chill. Stay calm. For Bongo.

ROSS  
Please. What do you want?

Bianca nods to her purse, which is open on the sidewalk.

BIANCA  
Nothing much. Just your wallet.  
Your cash. Toss it in my Valentino  
right there and we're good.

ROSS  
Okay. Fine. Whatever.

BIANCA  
Now don't make a big deal out of  
it...

Ross tosses his wallet and cash into the purse.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Who's a good boy! You're a good  
boy! Easy, right?

ROSS  
There...  
(motions for Bongo)  
Can I just---

BIANCA  
Perhaps I go ahead and snap little  
guy's neck anyway? For funsies...

Tears well up in Ross's eyes.

ROSS  
*Please...*

BIANCA  
Good lord, dude. What kinda psycho  
do you think I am? For reals?

With her eyes locked on Ross, Bianca crouches down...

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
(to Ross)  
Now staaayyyy...

She hooks the leash to Bongo's collar, grabs her purse and  
stands.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
BYYYYEEE Bongo! It was nice meeting  
you sweetie! Now, go back to your  
daddy.

Bianca blows Ross a kiss then disappears into the crowd.

Ross falls to his knees, sobbing as he scoops up Bongo and  
hugs him mightily.

EXT. CITY - EVENING

Bianca struts down the sidewalk, pulls Ross's wallet from her  
purse.

She pockets some CREDIT CARDS and a WAD OF CASH before  
tossing the wallet in a GARBAGE CAN.

A WOMAN passes in the opposite direction. She's walking a  
DOG, but something's off -- *is that woman walking Bongo?*

Bianca does a double take...

The dog looks nothing like Bongo, just a trick of the mind.

Bianca chuckles...

BIANCA  
(smiling)  
Bongo...

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lights click on then...

Bianca pulls open a DESK DRAWER filled with CREDIT CARDS.  
Today wasn't Bianca's first robbery. She tosses Ross's cards  
into the drawer.

She then pulls open a LARGER DRAWER and sees...

BONGO CHASING HIS TAIL! The fuck!?!?

Bianca slams the drawer shut. Takes a deep breath, centers  
herself. Re-opens the drawer...

No Bongo, just a bunch of CASH.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca plops down on the COUCH, prepared to chill with an armful of SNACKS. She grabs the remote, clicks on the TV and HEARS...

SKITTERING DOGGIE FOOTSTEPS and PANTING behind her.

She jerks around, sees nothing...

BIANCA

Bajesus Bongo, can't get you out of my dang head!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Bongo pees in the GRASS while Ross, who's completely on edge, stands guard. Suddenly...

WOMAN (O.S.)

What a cute dog!

Ross spins around, sees a WOMAN standing there with her CHILD.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to child)

Isn't he cute?

CHILD

(to Ross)

Can I pet him?

Ross scoops Bongo into his arms.

ROSS

I'm sorry. We've had a rough day.

Ross trots off towards his house.

CHILD

What's wrong with that man?

WOMAN

Most likely, my child, he's a degenerate drug addict jonesing for a fix.

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ross crouches on the front steps. He holds Bongo close.

ROSS  
Never again. I'm never letting you  
leave my sights again.

CUT TO:

PSYCHEDELIC DREAM WORLD - BEYOND TIME AND SPACE

COTTON CANDY CLOUDS drift through a PASTEL BLUE SKY. A picture of peace and tranquility.

*Something* moves on a distant cloud. It's Bongo.

With graceful and elegant leaps from cloud to cloud, Bongo bounds closer and closer until his face takes up most of the screen.

Bongo opens his mouth and speaks...

BONGO  
I miss you. I surely do...

A sad little frown crosses Bongo's face.

BONGO (CONT'D)  
Please take me home. I wanna live  
with YOU!

Bongo opens his mouth and a RAINBOW shoots out.

CUT TO:

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bianca wakes with a GASP, shoots upright in her bed. She's dripping sweat and breathes heavily.

BIANCA  
(out of breath)  
Bongo, you must be mine...

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Under a flickering STREET LAMP, Bianca's head and torso are fully submerged in a trash can. Her legs kick as she digs through the bin, tossing TRASH to and fro.

Moments later, she emerges with Ross's wallet in her hand. She opens the wallet and pulls out...

ROSS'S DRIVER'S LICENSE, which reveals his home address:



801 N Doheny Dr.  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

A sly smile and Bianca pockets the license.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DOHENY DRIVE - NIGHT

Bianca stares into the open trunk of her parked car, which contains an AXE and a BASEBALL BAT.

Several moments of consideration before Bianca snatches up the baseball bat.

INT./EXT. BIANCA'S CAR - NIGHT

Bianca's in stakeout mode -- eyes on Ross's house -- baseball bat in her lap.

A glance to the car's clock -- it's 4:32 AM.

Weary eyes. Bianca tries to resist, but succumbs to sleep.

CUT TO:

PSYCHEDELIC DREAM WORLD - BEYOND TIME AND SPACE

Rainbows shoot from Bongo's eyes as he prances around the psychedelic sky frolicking and jamming the life eternal.

BONGO

My heart yearns to be yours Bianca!

He takes a seat and licks his paw.

BONGO (CONT'D)

Don't blow it...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BIANCA'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Bianca wakes with a lurch. She glances around, gets her bearings -- still in the car -- still has the baseball bat.

The car's clock reads 6:27 AM.

BIANCA

Shit...

Then...

Ross's front door opens. He and Bongo step out.

Bianca tenses up. This is her chance...

Several preparatory breaths.

Her hands tighten around the baseball bat.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Bongo, my heart beats for you.

One final centering breath before the car door swings open and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE - MORNING

DARK RED BLOOD runs through the gutter and gathers into a growing pool, which swirls down a STORM DRAIN.

We back out and follow the stream until it ends at...

Ross, facedown in the grass. Blood pours from a large wound in his head.

His dead hand grips Bongo's leash, but Bongo is gone.

INT. BIANCA'S CAR - DAY

Bianca pets Bongo as he sleeps in the passenger seat.

Bongo stirs, licks Bianca's hand.

BIANCA  
Good boy, Bongo. We'll be at your new home soon. Can't wait for you to see it. But rest up, you've had a big morning.

A smile of pure happiness on Bianca's BLOOD SPLATTERED FACE. Tears of joy roll down her cheeks.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

[NOTE: THE LOOK OF THIS SCENE SORT OF MIRRORS THE VERY FIRST SCENE WITH BONGO AND ROSS]

Bianca sits on the couch, sipping coffee. She wears sweatpants and a T-shirt.

She couldn't be happier as she watches Bongo roll around on the hardwood floor. He plays with a stuffed ball, shakes it around, really gives it a thrashing.

BIANCA  
 (marveling at Bongo's  
 magnificence)  
 Bongo...

A happy tail wag from Bongo.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
 (hardly containing  
 herself)  
 I just love you so much.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Bongo begs while standing atop the dining table where Bianca munches on a sandwich topped with lots and lots of BACON.

BIANCA  
 Want some bacon?

She teases Bongo with a piece of bacon...

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
 Bet you'd like some bacon...

She tosses him a small piece, Bongo lets out a cute bark then snarfs it up.

Bongo's tail wags. He's so happy. Until...

He collapses! Starts convulsing and growling! Foaming at the mouth! Bianca screams! What's happening?!?!

Bongo's body goes through a metamorphosis -- CLAWS enlarge -- TEETH enlarge -- EYES enlarge!

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
 Bongo! What's happening?

Bongo lets out a terrible *SHRIEK*. His body grows -- gets so big the table collapses beneath him.

On the floor, an ungodly creature that was once Bongo pants heavily. The transformation from cute dog to horrific monster is complete.

Red eyes glare at Bianca and hot breath from the monster's engorged nostrils warms her face.

Bianca cowers in fear.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

What's going on, Bongo? Was it the  
bacon? Did the bacon do this to  
you?

Bongo unleashes a bone chilling growl. Then...

HE STRIKES!

Bianca screams as Bongo tears her limb from limb. Blood,  
guts and all sorts of body matter fly around the room.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The ravaged remains of Bianca in a pool of blood.

On the other side of the apartment, the transformed and  
monstrous version of Bongo stands upright in front of the  
open REFRIGERATOR.

He zeros in on a large package of BACON, which he tears open  
and devours.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END.**