

Tomorrow III:

The Ride

by

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See previous Tomorrow scripts for character descriptions

FADE IN:

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD, DOWRA, CAVAN, EIRE - DAY

Overcast, dull.

Black Skoda Octavia whizzes along alone through light rain.

Cows and sheep either side munch on lush green fields.

Car heads fast towards a huge mountain - its top obscured by cloud.

INT. OCTAVIA - CONTINUOUS

Matilda stares out of the passenger window. A bored expression spoils her pretty face. Two donkeys near the roadside hedge startle her. She turns back, but they're long gone. Out of view.

Beside her Hugh concentrates on the road.

HUGH

You want the radio on, or summat?

Glances at her, for a second. She doesn't move.

HUGH

I'll take that as a no, my dear.

Glances again - nothing. Hugh shrugs, speeds up.

P.O.V. changes to that of Matilda's - left side window.

The hedges and ditches fly by in a blur.

BRAKES SCREECH.

HUGH

Jesus Fucking Christ Almighty!
Motherfu...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SECONDS LATER

Car SKIDS to a halt - mere millimetres from a big black cow, stood in the middle of the road.

Hugh and Matilda fly forward.

Only their seatbelts stop them flying through the windscreen. Winces with the force.

Car engine stalls. Smoke steams from the tyres. Silence.

They gape at the cow. Nonchalantly it sniffs, then slowly wanders past the car.

MOO.

INT. OCTAVIA - CONTINUOUS

HUGH

Fuck's sake. Big fecking stupid slab of fucking meat. Moo you too, ya twat. I'm gonna eat your sister tonight, you... you horrible big bovine barstard! BASTARD!

MATILDA

Hugh....

HUGH

See this?
(grabs his leather jacket)
That's yer mam's arse, that is. My shoes are made outta your dad's belly, you big daft black bollocks, ya.

MATILDA

Hugh, calm down. It's okay.

HUGH

No it fucking isn't. It's a long fucking way from okay, right? Bloody thick big cows everywhere. What next, sheep attack? Baaa.
(starts the car)
Revenge of the flies? Pig battle royale? I wanna get the fuck outta here, girl. Right now.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

REVS. Octavia wheelspins to ROAR away.

The cow wanders on, oblivious. MOO.

INT. OCTAVIA - LATER

Sunlight dims as the car moves up a narrow track. Bushes brush the windows.

Matilda glances around her, bewildered again.

MATILDA

Where are we going now, Hugh?

HUGH

Just gonna see a man about a dog.

Matilda huffs with disbelief, checks her watch.

MATILDA

A dog. A dog? Are you serious?

(no reaction from Hugh)

This man, is he going to be sane,
for a change?

HUGH

As sane as it gets round here. This
is County Cavan, home of the
unleashed and the unfettered
instinct. Want conformity and
keeping your head well down? Go
back to the feckin' city, Tilly.
We're getting an Irish dog. And we
are holiday. Cheer the fuck up.

She checks her nails, wraps her tongue round her teeth.
Starts to speak. Stops.

Starts again...

MATILDA

I, I thought we were going to stay
in nice hotels and have romantic
walks by lakes. All that holiday
type stuff, y'know?

Sneers from Hugh.

MATILDA

Instead we spend ages talking to
weird old men who live in hovels,
like it's still the 1950s.

HUGH

This ain't one of yer nice novels,
luv. And in their heads it is the
1950s. Won't be long. They're me
friends, like. You like dogs,
don'tcha?

Car approaches a big black house.

Outbuildings, machinery and old wrecked rusting cars surround
it.

MATILDA

Oh no. It looks like the Bates
motel.

Car pulls up near a very rusty Ford Anglia sat on bricks. Two
wheels are missing.

Hugh gets out, leans in to grab items from the dash.

HUGH

If you don't cheer up soon, you'll
end up in the back of that like
Marion Crane did, in the lough.

Matilda gives him an evil stare. He affects a Norman Bates
accent...

HUGH

Don't really know anything about
birds, miss. My hobby's stuffing
things. Ahem. You know, taxidermy.

Matilda turns away, unimpressed.

HUGH

Just joking. Back soon, with a
republican canine. We can have a
shower together later.

Closes door, approaches the house. Matilda puts on the car
radio. A female Irish voice spookily reads a ghost story.
High violin strings punctuate a passage.

She breathes out a hiss through gritted teeth. Changes the
station - very heavy rock blares. Turns it off.

Checks the dash clock - almost eight.

Heavy rain starts.

MATILDA

Even the weather's unfettered. I
hate this horrible place.

LATER

Dark. Very dark. And wet. The only light is from the black
house beyond.

Matilda tuts as the clock hits nine.

Huffs. The rain slows.

She gets out of the car, with some trepidation.

EXT. OCTAVIA PARKED NEAR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The wind catches the car door - slams it with a bang.

An ungodly howl WHINES out. Echoes. Silence.

The moon shines down. A cloud passes it.

She steps in a puddle. Her shoe sinks in the mud.

MATILDA

Bugger this. I'm not falling over again. Bloody dump of a place.

Determined, she puts her foot back in her shoe, lifts it.

MATILDA

Come on, Tilly girl. You can do this.

SCHLOOOP. Manages it, smiles. Laughs.

Gets back in the car.

INT. OCTAVIA - CONTINUOUS

MATILDA

Well, that was nice. If you don't come back soon, Hugh, I'm bleeding leaving ya, and them, and yer new republican dog to it. God's sake... To, to the local looneys, and I'm getting the fuck outta dodge. You... you dickhead.

A black cow approaches the car. Matilda flinches at the sight of it.

MATILDA

That can't be the same one. Go away!

It doesn't. It gets closer. The rain stops.

Matilda wipes the steamy windscreen clean. She peers at the cow. Notices horns.

It's not a cow - it's a big black bull.

MATILDA

Oh shit. Thank God I didn't wear my red dress.

A shaft of light near the house distracts the bull. Voices. Hugh appears at the front door, holding something.

EXT. BLACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hugh bades farewell to someone in the house.

In his arms he cradles a young black and white sheepdog puppy. The front door closes as he heads towards the car.

HUGH

Oh shit.

The bull and Hugh glare at each other.

He takes one step back, the puppy is practically asleep.

The bull takes one step forward. Exhales through its ringed nostrils. Lowers its head.

Matilda winds down her window.

MATILDA

Hugh, Hugh! Be careful! It's not a cow. It's a bull.

HUGH

(quietly)

I can fucking see that, you dizzy bint.

He takes another step back.

The bull takes another step closer. Silence.

They both maintain eye contact.

The puppy wakes up.

Hugh strokes it, then takes a step forward.

The bull doesn't move.

MATILDA

Be careful, Hugh!

HUGH

(through gritted teeth)

Yeah, right. Fucking dizzy and a gobshite. Right...

The puppy stares at the bull.

Hugh covers the puppy's eyes, lowers his head.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: *To be continued...*