

Bulldog Dreams

by

Wes Chick

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Wes.Chick@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

INT. -- NIGHT

Slowly, very slowly, a blue light illuminates the darkness.

The SOUND of WHITE NOISE sneaks in. Unnoticeable at first.

The blue light goes out.

The WHITE NOISE continues.

A light fades up slowly on BULLDOG. BULLDOG is the skeleton of an English Bulldog made of rusting iron. He has the head of an overweight, middle-aged man. Obese. Canine teeth jut out over the lips of a very small mouth. BULLDOG slobbers. He is somewhat larger than the average bulldog. He stands motionless as his eyes take in the area.

His harsh, gravelly voice breaks into the white noise like a transmission over a two way radio. BULLDOG moves his mouth.

BULLDOG

I am not . . . I am not . . . I am not .
. . I am not . . . I am not . . . I am
not . . .

He moves. Whipping his spine to make his body jerk sideways. There are no joints in his iron legs, no joints in his neck.

He stops. His eyes roll. He moves again. The process is very loud as pneumatic pumps POP and HISS. Loud CLANGING as his legs scrape across the floor.

His face twists in pain. He moves his mouth. A scream . . .

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

ASHAMED!

Darkness. Silence.

Light bursts on revealing BLIMP hovering in the air.

She is about six feet long, three feet in diameter, made of snake skin. Her mouth is a camera iris. An eye on either side. The mouth/shutter opens.

Her mouth opens.

We hear the SOUND of AIR being sucked in. The mouth/shutter closes.

The SOUND of her voice, soft, feminine . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLIMP (V.O.)
 Inner. Mingle. Small dance. Wind
 cadence. Seeking open ground. Should
 not I? No ground, no air.

A rude SOUND from BLIMP as she passes gas. She drifts
 forward.

BLIMP
 I fart in my general direction.

Darkness. Silence.

A light.

INDEX creeps into the light.

INDEX is a left and right hand joined together at the wrist.
 An eye where the wrists join. The hands are connected in a
 manner which allows them to clasp together like praying
 hands. They also must close together in order to allow the
 eye to blink. INDEX may move by either walking on one set of
 fingers or doing something which resembles a cartwheel or
 back flip. Now it is moving on one set of fingers.

INDEX stops. INDEX blinks. An image, a projection fades to
 life. It shows the world from INDEX's point of view.

INDEX (V.O.)
 Sight-touch, like sound-taste. Double
 entry. Oh, my, my, my, my. Creep-dance,
 finger-prance over geometric solid.

SOUND of BULLDOG in an angry frenzy. Snarling, barking,
 pounding on the floor.

Light suddenly reveals BULLDOG whipping sideways toward
 INDEX. INDEX scurries away.

Darkness. Silence.

Warm light illuminates everything.

A human figure, IT, sits at a table. IT is dressed in a
 hooded black robe. His face is hidden.

The table is covered with gadgets, metal parts, tools, and
 pieces of glass. INDEX creeps slowly from under IT's robe.
 The projection comes on again. Again it shows INDEX's point
 of view.

BULLDOG surveys the area. He is turned away from IT and
 INDEX.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The SOUND of HISSING AIR.

BLIMP glides forward.

The sound attracts the attention of BULLDOG. He thrashes, turning his body toward the noise.

INDEX (V.O.)
Slime dog!

BULLDOG
Slime dog I am not.

INDEX (V.O.)
Putrid mind.

BULLDOG
Body of iron.

INDEX (V.O.)
Face of fatted flesh.

BULLDOG
I am the first!

INDEX points upward toward IT.

INDEX
His first? You?

BLIMP (V.O.)
Feed me.

BULLDOG
Feed me.

INDEX (V.O.)
Trapped. Below heaven. Earthbound. With hell.

BULLDOG
Feed me.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Feed me.

INDEX
Echo. Duplication. Double. Ditto.

(BLIMP glides into position over INDEX.)

BULLDOG
Feed me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

INDEX (V.O.)
 You would bite the hands that feed you,
 Created-In-His-Image?

BLIMP uncoils her prehensile tail.

BULLDOG
 Wouldn't lick your face if you had one.

INDEX closes hands together, laying down like a clam.

The projection flickers.

The Projecton replays BULLDOG screaming "Ashamed!" three times over.

BULLDOG HOWLS.

Thrashing and pounding, BULLDOG he works his way toward INDEX.

INDEX springs to life. Doing a series of back flips moving quickly to BLIMP's tail.

INDEX grabs the tail.

BLIMP coils INDEX up into the air.

BULLDOG flips onto his back. Whining, thrashing. Slowly he calms down.

Silence.

BLIMP (V.O.)
 United. We fly.

BLIMP's tail is coiled around INDEX's middle, obscuring INDEX's vision.

The projection dies out.

INDEX hangs in a horizontal position. The two hands flapping hands like wings.

BLIMP (V.O.)
 Sunlight dancing through finger-wings.
 One small rainbow breaking from a diamond thread. So much graceful flight.

INDEX (V.O.)
 Dance, Milady, dance. Feed you for another dance.

BLIMP Looses altitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BLIMP (V.O.)
 Feel an Earth rising in tortured
 weakness? Feel an enemy bound to the
 ground?

INDEX (V.O.)
 Up! Oh up! Such joy I am, transformed to
 one slippery wing.

BULLDOG
 (Howling.) Stop it! Stop it! Teasing!
 Teasing! I smash you all!

Background noise. The SOUND of a dog barking.

IT
 Calm down, Boy.

Without turning, IT throws some metal object over his
 shoulder.

BULLDOG, INDEX, BLIMP
 Feeding time!

BLIMP drops INDEX.

The projection again shows INDEX's point of view.

BULLDOG thrashes toward the object.

INDEX quickly cartwheels to the object and snatches it up.

INDEX scurries back to BLIMP's tail, grabbing it with one
 hand.

BLIMP's tail swings INDEX into the air.

The arcing motion swings INDEX forward to BLIMP's mouth.

INDEX tosses the object into her opening.

BULLDOG HOWLS. Background SOUND of a dog barking.

INDEX swings limply by one hand from BLIMP's tail.

BULLDOG howls again.

IT turns in his chair to face BULLDOG.

IT
 I said, that's enough.

IT tosses another object into BULLDOG's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

INDEX drops onto the table.

IT turns, picks up a hammer, and smashes violently at INDEX.

Scurrying to dodge the blows, INDEX leaps to the floor and runs under IT's robe.

The projection dies out. Silence.

IT returns to his work.

BULLDOG

Snake skin? Monkey bubble? Your friend is dead.

SOUND of BLIMP HISSING.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

I saw it. An eye from the socket. A digit from his hand. Limping bloody anguish into the darkness. His vision is dead.

BLIMP (V.O.)

No, no. You lie to me, Dog. You would lie to me.

BULLDOG

Jealous. I would rather had a hand. In it. Torn him. Thrust a tooth into a socket and split the joints of his mobility in half.

BLIMP (V.O.)

(Moaning.) No. No. No. I'm hungry.

BULLDOG

Trace his life line across his eye flatly with my tongue. And stomp his knuckles into the ground. Pissing on his brain.

BLIMP (V.O.)

Butterfly of my extremities, where have you gone? Died? Hands cast out in broken embrace. Lament. Lament for the loss of two too many lives.

BULLDOG

His and yours. And yours! I will find a way to reach you. Starvation will not make you lighter. Weigh you down within my reach. And I will have a snake skin doggie bed edged with monkey tail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BLIMP glides into a position over IT.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Feed me, Dog One. Allow myself to eat.

BULLDOG
To litter my floor? To play your sewage
tricks on me as I sleep? Your fun is
gone, Gas-passer. Childish tricks return
to you to cause you lasting eternity.

BLIMP taps IT on the head with the end of her tail.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Feed me?
(Pause. She taps again.)
Feed me?

IT reaches up, grabs her tail, and violently yanks her
downward.

The SOUND of BLIMP SCREAMING.

For a second, BLIMP is close enough to the floor that BULLDOG
might reach her. He thrashes wildly toward her, pounding and
screaming.

BULLDOG
Now! Now! Kill you now. Tear into your
roundness and listen to your wind
escaping life.

BLIMP floats out of reach.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)
Gas mass! Tree Snake! Bloated reptile!

INDEX jumps from under IT's robe. The projection comes to
life again.

INDEX (V.O.)
TA DA! Miss me?

BULLDOG
Shadow play!

INDEX (V.O.)
Hey babe! Wanna see me do a rabbit?

INDEX forms the top hand into the shape used to create the
shadow image of a rabbit.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Dog Face said you were dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

INDEX (V.O.)
Man-faced dog. Lies embodied.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Master hurt me.

INDEX (V.O.)
Hurt my effervescent bubble? Hurt you?

INDEX struggles to climb IT's robe.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Yanked my lover's cradle. Careful, handy one.

INDEX (V.O.)
The moving hand rights.

BULLDOG
"Lovers" now, are we?

BULLDOG moves toward IT.

BLIMP moves to position herself over IT.

INDEX stands on IT's shoulder.

We hear the SOUND of a CAT PURRING.

INDEX speaks into IT's ear.

INDEX (V.O.)
Master One. We would speak to you.
Tinker? (Sing-song.) You-who, false God?
I can count to ten, can you?

IT reaches up to pet INDEX as if to pet a cat.

INDEX (V.O.)
No, no, no. Not to bother me now. Time
for listening things.

INDEX crawls on top of IT's head.

INDEX lays down, palms down, much like a toupee.

The projection dies out.

INDEX (V.O.)
Re-dream. Re-think your living. Gestalt
your beings into peaceful wisdom. No?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BULLDOG

Ach! Petty weakness. Dominance to prevail. Stop thinking him those things.

INDEX scratches IT's head

INDEX (V.O.)

Splice you a new hope-thought community.

INDEX moves onto IT's face. The projection returns. A close-up of IT's eye.

INDEX (V.O.)

Can you see me now, Maker?

IT pulls INDEX from his face.

IT throws INDEX to the ground.

BULLDOG HOWLS with joy.

Jumping up, INDEX scurries up IT's robe, wrapping around the back of IT's neck.

INDEX (V.O.)

False! False power, false God! Owner-Master-pet. Liar!

BLIMP wraps her tail around IT's neck. She gains altitude.

BULLDOG takes a mouthful of IT's robe and thrashes away from the table.

The SOUND of IT gurgling.

Slowly IT between becomes suspended between BULLDOG and BLIMP.

IT grabs BLIMP's tail. All are struggling.

BLIMP loses altitude.

SOUNDS of SCREAMING and SHOUTING.

BULLDOG

Have you now! Have you! All of you!

INDEX (V.O.)

By your brain stem. Root of your mind. Stop you. Doling out food like a zoo-keeper.

BLIMP (V.O.)

Feed me! Feed me! Feed me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BLIMP's tail tears from her body, hanging by a shred of fabric.

All fall to the floor.

IT clings tightly to BLIMP's tail.

BLIMP (V.O.)
Earth! I am soiled!

BULLDOG pounces on INDEX, biting into both INDEX and IT's neck.

The projection becomes static. The projection flickers and goes blank.

BULLDOG thrashes, shaking IT's body like a blanket.

BULLDOG
Jaws clench in single embrace. I
lock on to your one and only, Monkey
BLIMP.

Releasing IT and INDEX, BULLDOG whips his way over to BLIMP.

He tears at her with his jaws till her SCREAMS die out.

We hear the SOUND of WHITE NOISE again.

Taking BLIMP's fabric in his teeth, BULLDOG drags her back to IT's body.

BULLDOG stands on top of the pile of snake skin.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)
I am not . . . I am not . . . I am not .
. . .
(Pause.)
Feed me.
(Pause.)
I am not. Feed me.
(Pause.)
I am not. Feed me. I am not. Feed me. I
am not.
(Pause.)
I want my vision.

The projection flickers to life. The image is of BULLDOG screaming "Ashamed" plays over and over.

The projection flickers, goes black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

I am not!

(Lights fade to blue.)

I am NOT!

The light fades to darkness. All SOUND fades to SILENCE.

FADE OUT