

"NO DOGS ALLOWED"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

An empty country road. Dead of night. Hard to make anything out in the darkness.

Headlights of a passing car briefly illuminate a roadsign:

KILLUGH 5KM

EXT. PICNIC AREA - NIGHT

A small picnic area with a few benches and a car park.

Three parked cars are dotted around the car park.

The car from the road, a Fiat, drives in. It parks in a space in the middle of the car park.

As it pulls in, its headlights illuminate the interiors of the other cars. We briefly see the outlines of lone men in the drivers' seats.

The Fiat parks and its engine stops.

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

In the car are AOIFE and EMMET, mid 20s, both attractive. They sit in silence in the dark, waiting. Emmet seems relaxed, Aoife a bit more anxious. She looks out to the other cars in the car park.

AOIFE

Is this the place?

EMMET

This is where the website said.

A beat.

AOIFE

Bit of a weird town.

EMMET

We can go back if you want.

Some seconds pass as Aoife considers this.

AOIFE

We came this far.

A few more seconds pass.

AOIFE

So what's the protocol?

EMMET

Why don't we just get started. See what happens.

He reaches up and turns on the light. Aoife reaches up and flicks it off quickly.

She is tense for a second. She takes a deep breath to relax. She unhooks a chain around her neck, takes it off. She looks at it wistfully - a chain with a small crucifix. She hangs it from the rearview mirror.

She looks at Emmet, smiles. She leans in, kisses him. The two of them wrap themselves around each other.

As they caress, another car pulls into the car park. Its headlights illuminate the interior of the Fiat momentarily as it passes.

EXT. PICNIC AREA - CONTINUOUS

The car finds a space and parks. Its engine goes dead and it waits in darkened silence with the other cars, facing the Fiat.

Inside the new arrival, the red glow of a cigarette hangs in the air, smoking drifting out through a small gap at the top of the window.

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Aoife and Emmet are growing in confidence, getting into it.

Aoife reaches up, switches on the light. With a mischievous smile she climbs into the back seat. Emmet follows. Aoife lies on top of him and they resume their exploration of each other's bodies.

EXT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Car doors open. The occupants move slowly towards the Fiat, its light like a beacon. They circle the car like moths, looking in.

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Aoife removes her top. Emmet fondles her breasts over her lace bra. She unbuttons his jeans.

She looks out and sees the shadowy, hooded strangers looking in. She smiles out, her inhibition departing by the second. She reaches behind her and unhooks her bra.

EXT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The men watch, their hands buried deep in jacket pockets, hunched forward, taking everything in.

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Aoife and Emmet are near naked now - her just in a skirt and him just in his boxers.

Aoife leans forward and presses the button to let the window in front of her down to about halfway. She reaches behind and does the same with the window behind her.

She then returns her attention back to Emmet. His hand slides up her skirt.

And not just Emmet's hand.

A hand from outside comes in and gropes Aoife's thigh. It moves tentatively at first, then smoothly over her creamy flesh. It slides up her skirt and cups her buttocks.

Aoife straddles Emmet harder, getting more excited. Beneath the cover of her skirt he has entered her. They grind rhythmically, Aoife panting, her breast heaving.

A hand comes in slowly from the window in front of her. Aoife looks out at the stranger, smiling permissively. Her tantalizing breasts draw the hand in. It gets closer.

And grabs Aoife roughly by the hair.

AOIFE

Ow!

She winces with pain, shocked.

The hand pulls Aoife's face roughly into the half-rolled down window. Her nose collides with the top of the glass, blood spurting out immediately upon the hard impact.

The hand pulls Aoife's face into the window again, smashing through it. It pulls her head outside the car.

We see a close-up of the stranger's free hand. It holds a massive serrated HUNTING KNIFE.

With a deft move it slits Aoife's throat. Blood pours out freely from the gash onto the ground.

Emmet is in shock, his mouth agape, eyes wide with fright. All this has happened in a frenzied split second.

The stranger pushes Aoife back inside the car. Blood from her wound spills down over Emmet's face and chest.

EMMET
(Hysterical)
What the fuck?

The door at Emmet's feet opens. He looks out and sees a man, face hidden with hood and scarf, holding a pliers.

Hands reach in and grab Emmet by the ankles.

Emmet's face is absolutely apoplectic as he tries vainly to hold on, gripping the front seat with all his might. He screams with all his might as he is dragged out.

EMMET
(screaming)
No. No. No....

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Birds shoot across the moon as the distant sound of Emmet's screams are heard.

The sound of Emmet's screaming merges into the sound of

CHILDREN SCREAMING

EXT. PICNIC AREA - DAY

Troops of young children run around playing, screaming their heads off.

Adults supervise them casually from the benches. A barbecue has been set up and a man dispenses burgers to a small line of chatting people.

There are about 5 or 6 extended families here having a day out. There is a rumble of pleasant neighbourly conversation all around.

ANGLE ON

A sign on the grass by the picnic area, which reads:

NO DOGS ALLOWED

BACK TO PICNIC SCENE

We close in on a family eating at their bench. A MAN and WOMAN, mid 30s. Two toddlers sit with them eating. A model couple, model family.

In the bench opposite them is a larger family, the parents older. The FATHER looks up from his meal. He stares at something off screen, something up in the sky. He's fixated on it.

The model couple see him, turn around to see what he's looking at.

ANGLE ON

In the distance, behind the faraway treetops, smoke spirals up into the sky.

BACK TO SCENE

All the adults are now staring in the direction of the smoke.

Their faces look solemn. A grave, uneasy mood has descended. They watch the smoke rising. At this moment they all seem lost in introspection. They avoid each other's eyes, ashamed. Only the sound of the oblivious children running around remains, but even they seem to have sensed something and are quieter.

Suddenly the FATHER starts talking loudly over to the MAN, forcefully initiating conversation.

FATHER

You see that game last week?

The model man looks at him. A beat.

MAN

Yeah. Looking good for the championship.

The father's prompt works, and casual conversation returns all around them. The hum of neighbourly small talk returns, and everybody turns away from the smoke.

ANGLE ON

The smoke spirals up into the sky.

EXT. FIELD - SAME TIME

The smoke comes from a burning BONFIRE in a remote field.

Two human shapes, wrapped in tarpaulin, have been placed into the bonfire.

ANGLE LOOSENS TO SHOW

One LONE MAN watches the burning bonfire. We see him from behind only, his face obscured, but he has tanned arms knotted with muzzle, workman's clothes and unkempt hair. He smokes a cigarette.

Behind him is the empty Fiat.

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

POV from the driver's seat of the car. Aoife's crucifix still hangs from the rearview mirror. Through the windscreen we see the back of the man, staring at the burning pyre.

After a few moments watching the fire burn, the man throws his cigarette into it and turns and walks towards the car.

He gets in, sits into the driver's seat. He starts the ignition.

He notices the chain with the crucifix. He opens the glove compartment, takes it down and throws it in and shuts it.

He spins the car around and away from the bonfire.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The bonfire burns in the foreground.

In the background, the car drives away down a rough track out of the field, getting smaller and smaller.

Above the scene the sun hangs in the air, burning red.

CUT TO BLACK