FADE IN:
SUPER: 1960
INT. JOHN ROBERTSON'S HOUSE- DAY
At the front door JOHN ROBERTSON (40), slips his coat on.

JOHN
Betsy? Come here dear. Betsy?

Reaches for a leash on the wall.

JOHN
Betsy come on girl, you want to go for a walk or not? It's going to be dark soon. Betsy?

BETSY ROBERTSON (35+)comes wearing a choker chain around her neck. He clips the leash onto her collar.

JOHN
Now Betsy, we talked about this at great length just yesterday. If I am to trust you outside this house I need you to come when I call.

BETSY
I'm sorry John, you are absolutely right.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD- DAY
John walks Betsy along the sidewalk smiling. Other HUSBANDS are out walking their WIVES. Across the street BOB (40) is walking his wife JOANNA (35+).

Joanna notices Betsy and turns to cross the street. Bob jerks the leash reeling Joanna backwards off balance.

BOB
Heel Joanna, come on now.

JOHN
Nice technique Bob!

BOB
Good evening John. Thanks.

John nods and stops to wait with Betsy.

JOHN
It looks like that training school has really payed off.
BETSY
Yeah.

JOHN
I remember when she used to tug that leash all the way to the park.

BETSY
Mm-hm.

Bob crosses the street with Joanna. Joining John and Betsy.

JOHN
I was just saying to Betsy here how well Joanna has responded to that school you've been attending.

BOB
What an improvement. You know when I get home from work now I'm actually excited to let her out of the kennel. I mean it's just superb John.

EXT. PARK- DAY

A sign reads "THIS IS AN OFF LEASH AREA PLEASE PICK UP AFTER YOUR WIFE."

Husbands show up throughout letting their Wives off leash. Wives all gather in the field while the Husbands talk on the sidelines. John and Bob stand together.

JOHN
So, um, have you heard about Arthur Timmons wife?

Joanna fidgets picking the grass. Her and Betsy sit cross legged in the field.

BOB
What about her?

JOHN
She's missing. She ran away?

JOANNA
He took her to the park last week and she ran off into the woods.

BETSY
Oh dear.
JOHN
That's not the worst of it. Yesterday Arthur's Father came to visit him.

JOANNA
He found Arthur in his wife Janine's kennel

BETSY
Oh my.

JOHN
Thirty seven puncture wounds Bob. And his throat was cut open as wide as the Grand Canyon they say.

BOB
My goodness John what is this world coming too?

JOHN
It's these bloody radicals Bob. These types of stories are popping up all over the country. You seen the papers haven't you?

BETSY
It wouldn't do much good if I had. John prefers that I don't learn to read.

JOANNA
Of course he does.

BETSY
Joanna? Do you dare question a man? Let alone my husband?

JOANNA
Janine came to see me here yesterday.

BETSY
And you didn't alert the husbands? Joanna you could be put down for that.

JOANNA
Things are changing Betsy. There are places in this world where women roam free.
BOB
Shh. Don't let the wives hear that John. I can't even begin to imagine such a place. That would be utter chaos.

JOHN
It would be a catastrophe.

JOANNA
It would be amazing Betsy. Think of it. Imagine, we could go to lunch, just the two of us. No more leashes. No more collars, no more-

BETSY
-Just stop it now Joanna. Are you trying to get the big needle?

Joanna pulls out a knife from under her dress and sets it in front of Betsy in the grass.

JOANNA
Janine is here.

BETSY
What are you talking about Joanna?

Joanna pulls another knife out.

JOANNA
You're either with us or against us.

BOB
Come on Joanna!

JOHN
Come on Betsy!

The field full of wives form a wall marching toward the husbands. Each gripping a knife behind their back.

Joanna files in looking back at Betsy.

JOHN
Don't embarrass me now Betsy!

Betsy picks up the knife. She takes a spot behind the wall of wives.

JANINE TIMMONS, (35+) front row in a blood stained dress.
BOB
Is that Janine?

JOHN
Yes it is Bob.

BOB
Oh boy.

JANINE
Ladies! Knives out.

The Wives ready their knives in front of themselves.

BOB
Oh shit.

Husbands turn and run. Wives stab after them. Janine buries her blade in a husband's back. Joanna carves Bob's throat open. Wives all slash their Hubbies to bits filling the air of blood spray.

Betsy saunters up to John who stands his ground.

JOHN
I love you Betsy, come on now. Things aren't so bad.

BETSY
I don't know what's gotten into these women John.

JOHN
Oh thank goodness Betsy, for a second there I thought you were-

Betsy shoves her knife through John's chin through his mouth and into his brain. Blood pours out of his face.

BETSY
But it's gotten into to me too.

THE END