

DOG

Written by
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IN BLACK AND WHITE

FADE IN:

ACT I: THE SALOON

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Dust. Wind. Heat. The kind of heat that can be seen moving on the horizon. The kind of heat that a worn out and beaten down dog stares out at with blank eyes, finding no relief from shade or water. It's a dirty mongrel of a day. The sun is having its revenge on the planet and on mankind.

INT. SALOON

Two storys. Self-playing piano in the downstairs corner plays ragtime.

A woman in a black lace dress with curly locks entertains men in the opposite corner.

The men drink out of stein mugs. They wear bowler hats, black vests and white sleeves. Old fashioned western garb. A world trapped in another time.

More patrons sit at bar stools. Swinging doors at the entrance.

OUTSIDE

a pair of legs walk across the ground. They walk forcefully and with purpose. They wear boots.

INSIDE THE SALOON

a beer mug is slid across the bar top and caught by a thick set of hands.

OUTSIDE

the legs pick up pace. This is GERSHOM (33).

He wears a black sport coat over a black shirt unbuttoned to the chest. Black boots. Black hat covering a clean shaven head. All black. But blue eyes, and cold like a snake's.

Gershom has a manner about him that is: evil, troublesome, untrustworthy, dangerous. Some women would find him attractive.

Gershom enters the town. All the shops are closed. He turns his head from side to side looking for signs of life.

He hears something and turns, his hand instinctively reaching for the gun at his side.

A window with a sign being turned from Open to Closed. A shoe store.

Gershom smiles and walks over. He tries the door and finds it unlocked.

INT. SHOE STORE

The proprietor, an old man named BREEN (66), is by himself. He wears white sleeves, bow tie, and vest.

BREEN
Closed.

GERSHOM
I thought you were---

BREEN
Just now.

GERSHOM
Where is everybody?

BREEN
Saloon.

GERSHOM
Is that where you're going when you close?

BREEN
Are closed, and no.

GERSHOM
Why not.

BREEN
Because it's Sunday.

Gershom's lips curl into a slight smile, amused.

GERSHOM
It's nice to run into people with such old fashioned morals.

Breen turns his back to Gershom.

GERSHOM
Which way to the saloon?

BREEN
Just step outside and listen.

OUTSIDE

Gershom takes something out of his coat pocket and looks at it.

INT. SALOON

Gershom enters. The doors swing behind him.

Men sit at tables playing cards and smoking cigars.

Upstairs on the balcony a couple of ladies ferry some gentlemen inside a row of rooms.

For a second this grabs Gershom's attention.

Eyes back to the first floor.

In the corner the woman in black sings a song. She gesticulates wildly with both face and hands. She makes eye contact with Gershom and stops. Something in those eyes cuts off her voice.

The rest of the room follows suit.

Heads rotate toward the entrance.

Hands wipe at mouths.

Someone shuts off the piano. The woman in the black dress holds her breath.

GERSHOM

Well, I've never caused so much attention in my life.

FINGAL (22) sits by himself drinking a beer. Thick blond curls adorn his crown under a tattered black hat. Light colored beard. He too wears the faux western clothing but no cowboy boots. Black sneakers. White shirt with black vest. Still has some baby fat and a boyish look about him. He is the opposite of Gershom. His manner suggests inexperience.

GERSHOM

I'm looking for somebody. I thought they might be---

Someone in the corner sniffs.

GERSHOM

Well now, you're all starting to make me feel uncomfortable.

VOICE

No one ever comes in here but locals.

GERSHOM

I see. So there's probably no

chance---

PATRON

There's nobody in here that we haven't seen before. Except one.

GERSHOM

I see. Well, since I'm here I might as well order a drink, maybe look around.

Somebody reaches to his side. Gershom's hand is faster.

He whips out his weapon and shoots.

Not everyone in the saloon is armed but enough are. Shooting erupts.

None are a match for Gershom, who tips over a table and takes cover. He shoots black dress straight through the heart as a chandelier hanging above crashes down on her.

Fingal takes cover beneath his table.

Once the gunfire stops Gershom steps out from behind cover.

Someone scrambles for the exit and Gershom shoots him down. He surveys the room.

Fingal is still crouched under his table.

GERSHOM

You can come out from under there.

FINGAL

Are you going to shoot me?

Fingal gets out from under the table and faces him. Gershom indicates he should sit back down. He does.

Gershom pulls up a chair and sits across from Fingal. Gershom motions that he should finish his beer. Fingal picks up his mug.

GERSHOM

Why didn't you run?

FINGAL

I guess I thought I'd be safer if I stayed put. I wanted to see what happened.

GERSHOM

Well, you saw what happened.

Fingal nods. He sips more beer.

Gershom extends his arm across the table. He points his gun at Fingal.

 GERSHOM
If you ran, things might have
turned out better for you.

ACT II: THE WALK

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Gershom leads Fingal outside the town. He shows Fingal a picture of EVONY JADE (29). She has light coco skin, thick shoulder-length black hair, and a pretty face. Not to mention a perfect torso, long legs and busty to die for. The perfect iced latte on a hot day.

 GERSHOM
I'd like to die in her bed.
Dying next to a woman that
Looks like that is the best
way I can think of going.
Compared to just about
anything else.

 FINGAL
Is that who you were looking
for?

Gershom doesn't answer.

 FINGAL
How do you know you'll find
her?

 GERSHOM
I'll find her. She's waiting
for me.

 FINGAL
Are you going the right way?

Silence. Then

 GERSHOM
She's a skank.

 FINGAL
You should be nice to her if
she does what you want.

 GERSHOM
What do you know about it?
You've never been with anyone
like that in your life You'd
probably shrivel up if you
even got close.

Fingal says nothing.

 GERSHOM
Married? Kids?

 FINGAL
No.

 GERSHOM
Didn't think so. You're too
clean.

 FINGAL
I try to wash my hands.

A stray dog runs around in circles. Gershom aims his gun at the dog. He sees Fingal watching him. He lowers his arm.

 GERSHOM
Call him over here.

Fingal makes some clumsy attempts to call the dog.

 GERSHOM
Ever had a dog before?

 FINGAL
No.

The dog comes over.

 FINGAL
He's probably thirsty.

 GERSHOM
Take him with you. He's your
dog now. Treat him the way you
want. Just like you're my dog,
and I'll treat you the way I
want. In fact, I think that's
what I'm going to call you.
Dog.

 FINGAL
I'm not going with you.

 GERSHOM
You don't have a choice.

 FINGAL
I think you're a bad person.
Why did you shoot all those
people?

 GERSHOM
What difference does it make?
You didn't know any of them by
name. That pretty little girl
in the corner I bet you never

once even looked her in the
eye.

FINGAL
Why didn't you shoot me?

GERSHOM
It's too hot out. You're too
Clean.

He looks at the sun.

GERSHOM
We're not going to make it
today.

INT. STORE - SUNDOWN

Gershom breaks the window of a store and unlocks the door.
They enter.

Gershom grabs a bottle of water. Fingal's arms overflow with
bottled waters and cans of food.

GERSHOM
Just water.

FINGAL
What about food?

GERSHOM
Hunger's a good thing. Learn
To live with it.

FINGAL
What about the dog?

GERSHOM
Share.

ACT III: NIGHT

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Campfire flickers. Gershom looks across the flames at
Fingal.

GERSHOM
I need something to tide me
over. Take everything off. I
want to see what you look like.

Fingal removes all of his clothes. He steps out of his
underwear.

GERSHOM
You have a pretty good body,

considering.

Gershom circles him.

 GERSHOM
 You'd make a decent woman.

Gershom moves in close. Fingal feels him breathing but doesn't look at him. Gershom lifts a hand as if to touch him then lowers it.

 FINGAL
 What if I told you to stop?

 GERSHOM
 You won't. And I won't
 believe you.

He unzips his pants. He closes his eyes. He begins to work his member between his fingers.

Fingal looks away. When he looks back Gershom is cleaning himself off. Gershom regards him with disgust.

 GERSHOM
 Put your stuff back on.

He turns and walks away. Fingal stands still. He looks at the dog. The dog is curled up by the fire.

ACT IV: THE NEXT DAY

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Fingal wakes up. The sun is blazing. Sweat has accumulated on his neck under his beard.

Gershom is crouched down looking into the dying fire. He's running his fingers across the gun barrel. He touches the trigger and the hammer.

The dog whines. Fingal sits up, then stands.

 FINGAL
 I'm leaving.

Gershom turns his head. Not to face Fingal, but enough to show that he is listening.

 FINGAL
 I don't want to be around you
 anymore.

Gershom gets up. He and walks up to Fingal.

 FINGAL
 You're a bad person. You're
 not my friend.

Give it.

Fingal shoots him dead. Gershom falls on his back. Fingal stands above him and watches him die. It only takes a few seconds.

The dog comes over and sniffs. No gunshot wound anywhere on the dog.

In reality the dog was never shot. It was just something Fingal put into his mind to give himself the drive needed to kill Gershom.

In reality Gershom never shot the dog. He shot Fingal.

A dark spot of red is splashed on his white shirt. He pours some bottled water on it while squeezing, trying to clean it out. He winces.

Fingal removed everything from Gershom's pockets. He opens his wallet and counts the generous amount of cash. He gathers all the loose change. He finds the picture of Evony Jade. He turns it over and finds a phone number.

Fingal uses Gershom's shirt as a tourniquet, tying it around his girth. He buttons his own shirt back over it and puts on his vest to cover the bloodstain. He starts walking slowly. The dog goes with him.

EXT. NEXT TOWN - DAY

Fingal enters the new town. It is just as deserted as the last.

A phone booth sticks out of the sun-blasted sidewalk.

Fingal leans against the phone booth and holds his side. The dog is at his feet, panting.

Fingal unfolds the picture and holds it against the phone booth with one hand.

He again reads the phone number written on the reverse side of the picture.

He puts change into the callbox. He dials the number. A female voice comes on. It is a recording.

VOICE

"Thank you for calling me.
I'm the perfect lady for
extensive engagements or just
a few hours to unwind. I think
you'll find me insatiable,
providing intimate sessions.
You are just as much a treat
to me as I am to you. Come
experience my legacy and let
me exhaust your---"

BACK UPSTAIRS

Fingal lies down on the bed. He lets out his breath as if setting into a tub of hot water. She gives him the once over.

He sure looks a wreck. Must be still feeling the effects (working off the effects) of the previous night. She'll give him half an hour. Put on her best act.

EVONY JADE

What do you want to do?

Fingal opens his mouth to speak, says nothing.

EVONY JADE

Let's take some of that off.

She sits at the edge of the bed and unties his shoes, slipping them off his feet and letting them drop on the ground next to the bed. She tries to unbutton his shirt but he stops her.

EVONY JADE

Why don't I go in there--

Indicates the bathroom.

EVONY JADE

And when I come back we'll have some fun.

FINGAL

Can I have some water?

She brings him a glass.

He drinks the water. He coughs and some blood comes up. He wipes his mouth on the underside of his shirt sleeve.

He lifts his shirt and moves the fabric tied around his waist. Pours some of the water on the gunshot wound. Covers back up. Closes his eyes and breathes deep like a man come down with fever.

The bathroom door opens. She comes out to him wearing a thong bikini bottom that rides up her perfect ass and bikini top underwear that can't even conceal the tips of her nipples. It's no exaggeration to say how beautifully built she is for the job. She's an irresistible fuck to be sure. She speaks softly to him.

EVONY JADE

How are you?

FINGAL

Good.

She gets on the bed and straddles him. She places both her hands on his shoulders and gently rubs the tension out of his muscles.

Again she tries to unbutton his shirt but he stops her. Undeterred, she moves her hand down to his pants and starts to feel around.

EVONY JADE
(softly)
Like that?

FINGAL
Yeah.

She licks her lips, shuts her eyes, purrs and groans softly.

She unzips his pants. She reaches inside and cups him and starts to massage.

She slithers up and down him, trying to get him to grow in her hand.

He opens his eyes and draws in the full sight of her. A sudden laugh escapes his lips. It doesn't go unnoticed.

EVONY JADE
(softly)
What's funny? What are you thinking about?

FINGAL
Just a friend.

EVONY JADE
Oh, well. . . It's good to have a friend.

FINGAL
Yeah.

Then he closes his eyes again.

She leans over him, the tops of her breasts barely touching the skin on his face.

EVONY JADE
Look honey I'm doing the best I can but you have to help me out.

She touches him and this time he doesn't respond.

She straightens up. His arm drops to his side. She moves his vest aside and sees the bloodstain on his white shirt.

There's a fresh stain on the bedsheet that has started to spread out behind him. She covers her mouth and gets off the bed.

EVONY JADE

Oh shit.

She disappears into the bathroom.

She comes back out wearing a skirt and blouse.

She opens dresser drawers and tosses clothes and other belongings into a handbag.

She slips into a pair of heels and races out the door.

EXT. BUILDING

She comes out to the street and the dog barks.

EVONY JADE

Shoo. Go away.

She runs off down the street. The dog looks forlorn and whimpers.

CIDRO (48) walks by and stops to pet the dog.

CIDRO

Hey fella. Who left you all
alone? It's hotter than hell
out.

Cidro continues to pat the panting dog and gives him some water.

FADE OUT.