

Dog Killer
By
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For Impact 50

INT. CARAVAN - DAY

OS: Somewhere, a dog BARK-BARK-BARKS! Coarse, jarring!

The cramped space is cluttered. Dishes in the sink, clothes everywhere, an overflowing toolbox. TERRENCE (50s), a scruffy loner, awakens sharply.

TERRENCE

Trust that fuckin' dog to ruin
the end of the world.

The TV plays the news. Across the bottom reads: KT-1887 HAS HIT! MAJOR DESTRUCTION/TIDAL WAVES IMMINENT.

Terrence stands... and wavers on his feet. He presses fingers into his temples to relieve a headache.

OS: BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK!

He turns to the window angrily-

TERRENCE (cont'd)

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

His shuffling feet kick over empty lager bottles and an overflowing ashtray. The CLATTER is deafening.

TERRENCE (cont'd)

(muttering)

Christ sake!

He goes to the loo and pees. He doesn't shut the door.

OS: the dog isn't letting up - BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK!

TERRENCE

(muttering)

That's it. Keep it up.

Terrence flushes, steps from the loo and glances around.

OS: BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK!

Terrence SNAPS, grabs a long, lethal-looking SCREWDRIVER.

EXT. CARAVAN PARK - CONTINUOUS

Many caravans in a park near a cliff. They've all seen better days. Weeds and litter are whipped by the wind.

The dog's BARK-BARK-BARK is louder now.

Terrence blunders out, stalks to another caravan. Outside are dog toys and a water bowl, but no dog.

Terrence whirls, listening to the BARK. He stalks away.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - CONTINUOUS

The agitated dog stands on the edge, BARKING out to sea. It bares its teeth at the grey horizon, tail drooping.

Terrence heads straight for it, jaw clenched, knuckles white. The dog takes no notice. It BARKS and BARKS.

Terrence stops on the cliff edge, a few feet from the dog. Taken aback, he points out to sea.

TERRENCE
(to the dog)
Tidal wave.

The dog falls silent and watches Terrence as he takes in the scenery.

He looks at the screwdriver in his hand.

TERRENCE (cont'd)
(laughing to himself)
Dog killer.

The dog looks out to sea and BARKS-BARKS-BARKS again.

Terrence looks out too, lost in thought for a long moment.

Teary eyed, Terrence gathers the energy and breath... and LETS OUT A CRY THAT IS RAW WITH RAGE AND LOSS AND GRIEF.

Exhausted, he sits on the grass.

The pair stare out at their fate.

The grey horizon rises as the sea rears up.

The dog lets out another torrent of BARKS!

Wincing, his head pounding, Terrence looks at the screwdriver in his hand.

FADE OUT