

The Dog

By Chris Miller

FADE IN:

INT RESEARCH FACILITY

The white sterile atmosphere of the underground lab is bathed in the quiet humming glow from the overhead fluorescent lights. At the flip of its switch a centrifuge on a corner table whirs to life. Test tubes filled with dark red blood begin to separate under the watchful eye of a research technician. Her mind begins to wander, the overtime is taking its toll. She reaches deep into the pockets of her lab coat and extracts a small bottle of water to wash down the white pills with crosses that seem to appear from nowhere. Cautiously she looks around to be sure that no one is watching.

The guard at the door is closely monitoring the hallway closed circuit television watching the approaching janitor. The distraction is the opportunity she has been waiting for, her hand quickly raises the pills to her mouth followed by the warm bottled water to wash them down. If they found out about the pills they would fire her on the spot. Or worse, she thought, trying to focus back on her work.

The armed military guard buzzes the janitor through the secure entrance after he has shown the proper identification.

JANITOR

Everyday I come through and
take the trash, and everyday I have
to show the same ID to the same guard.

The Janitor says unsuccessfully trying to start a conversation. After a moment of silence he realizes that it is not going to work and resumes his rounds.

In her corner the lab technician fills a large hypodermic needle with a thick black serum from a vial marked biohazard and resumes preparing for the next round of tests. The centrifuge timer finishes counting down and the machine comes to a stop. Carefully setting the hypodermic needle on the counter she pulls the test tubes free for further analysis and notices out of the corner of her eye that they have another visitor, this one, the General in charge of the project, is now being buzzed through security. Looking up from her work she sees that he appears to be holding a copy of her latest progress report in his hand and that he is headed straight for her.

GENERAL

Ms. Hoffner, I'm going to need
some clarification on a few
of your points in this report.

She pushes herself up out of the rolling chair and her arm accidentally brushes the hypodermic needle off the counter and into the waste paper basket.

MS. HOFFNER
Sure, anything I can do
to be of assistance General.

The janitor finishes collecting another bag from the other side of the room and moves behind Ms. Hoffner to change her trash. He pulls the garbage bag free and ties it off throwing it into his cart under the watchful eye of his armed escort and replaces the bag. Ms. Hoffner is about to speak when the General holds up his hand for silence motioning towards the janitor. They wait in silence as the janitor is buzzed out of the room and the general continues to watch as the elevator doors close.

Alone in the elevator the janitor laughs to himself about the security precautions. He knows when to mind his own business that's why he had this job in the first place. Besides he thought, I'm the last person in the world they would have to worry about. After what seems like several minutes the elevator reaches the ground floor. He pushes the trash bin into the dim hallway and out a locked side door leading to a large open dumpster where some children are playing.

EXT RESEARCH FACILITY

JANITOR
Hey you kids, you better not
get caught playing around here.

The janitor's yell surprises the two kids who didn't hear him open the door. They turn and shoot at him with their toy guns and run away around the corner of the building. The janitor again chuckles to himself as he lifts a bag from his cart into the dumpster. The end of the hypodermic needle filled with the experimental serum is protruding through the bag. A single drop of the serum is hanging from its tip. As he lifts the bag the needle's sharp point comes dangerously close to his face but he doesn't seem to notice.

Just as he is about to throw the last bag of trash into the dumpster the kids come back around the corner of the building and shoot at him with their toy guns. He lets the bag fall from his hand and stumbles back, clutching at his chest as if he had been shot with real bullets. Choking, he maneuvers his way back towards the door he came from pushing the now empty garbage cart ahead of him he lets the door close behind. Gone. The kids smile at one another and at a job well done.

STEVE
He's a lot better than
the other wrinkly old dude.

TIM
Yeah, that other guy has dandruff.

As they laugh Steve brushes the blond hair from his eyes and motions towards the large open topped dumpster.

STEVE

Wanna check out whats in there?

TIM

Last one in is a rotten egg.

They race to scramble up the side of the large brown dumpster and over its edge. Inside they survey the area with guns drawn. Each imagining an alien landscape with danger hidden behind every hill and mound of garbage. They advance slowly through the hostile terrain and without noticing Steve gets his foot caught in the discarded pieces of a broken office chair and trips. The hypodermic needle protrudes from the bag below him, a drop of the serum is poised on the end waiting to penetrate his soft skin.

His head lands next to the needle, barely avoiding it being jammed into his eyes. His sight comes back into focus as he starts to recover from the fall and he notices the needle shining as it catches the disappearing sunlight. Slightly dazed he blinks and focuses on the needle inches from his face.

STEVE

Wow!

Tim stops laughing as curiosity gets the better of him.

TIM

What? What did you find?

Steve gets up and tears open the trash bag, pulling the needle from its hiding place and holding it up for Tim to see.

STEVE

Check it out!

They both admire their new found weapon in awed silence.

TIM

It's full.

STEVE

And heavy.

Steve says feeling its surprising weight in his hand.

TIM

How far do you think it will squirt?

Steve considers the question turning towards Tim with the syringe in hand and an evil look in his eye.

STEVE

I don't know, how fast can you run?

Hesitant, Tim steps back as Steve makes slashing and poking motions towards his friend. Trying to escape Tim falls over backwards while Steve bursts into laughter.

STEVE

(Laughing)
Chicken shit.

Steve climbs out of the dumpster and Tim dusts himself off and follows his friend, wondering what they can do with the syringe.

Outside the dumpster they both pause for a moment of contemplation while staring intently at the needle.

STEVE

How about we stick it in a car tire?

TIM

Nah, Lets play Terminator 2
and put it in a hostage.

Tim mimics the movements from the scene in which Sarah Conner escapes from the mental institution by jamming a needle full of cleaning solution into her psychiatrists neck.

STEVE

We don't have a hostage though.

Steve is quick to answer, secretly not sure about the idea.

TIM

(Joking)

We could flip a coin to see
which one gets to be the hostage.

There is a long pause before Steve speaks up, he isn't sure if Tim is serious or not.

STEVE

Nah, I don't like that idea.

Looking around for ideas they see a dog nosing through a nearby split trash bag, eating a leftover hamburger.

STEVE AND TIM

(Simultaneously)

There!

They both point at the dog and slowly approach to see if it is friendly. It turns towards them and immediately starts wagging its tail as it finishes the burger. They walk with more confidence now and pet its dirty fur. They momentarily forget their task as the dog enjoys the attention and a scratch behind its ears. The dog sniffs at the needle almost poking its nose and Steve pulls it away. Remembering why they came over now.

STEVE

How do you want to do this?

TIM

Like in the movie, just
poke him in the neck.

Tim again makes the motion with his arm. This time his movements aren't so confident. Steve hesitates as the tip of the needle nears the dog's neck close to the base of its skull.

STEVE

But won't it hurt?

TIM

Don't you remember the
movie?... that guy didn't get hurt.

Tim wonders if Steve will do it for real, unsure of what is going to happen. Both are aware that alone they would never do such a thing, but with the other watching they have no choice, they have to do it to prove themselves to each other.

Steve separates some of the hair on the dog's neck exposing its bluish looking skin hidden underneath. The needle nears the dog's flesh, Steve hesitates for less than a second then plunges the needle in.

The dog, in shock at the sudden sharp pain, twists into the thrust bumping the needle's plunger against Steve's leg causing him to inject the contents of the syringe into the dog's neck. Almost immediately the dog drops, knocking Steve down and falling on top of him.

Steve is panicked now and Tim backs away at the unexpected turn of events. Steve pushes the dog off of his leg where it has fallen and stands up shocked. Both boys stare at the twitching whimpering body of the dog and watch its eyelids fluttering.

BANG!

The rear door of the building opens and the older head janitor comes out.

HEAD JANITOR

(Yelling)

You goddamn kids how
many times do I have to tell you...

Before he can finish they are off and running, disappearing around the corner as if the devil himself was on their heels. One of their toy guns clatters to the ground and in their eagerness to escape it goes unnoticed.

The head janitor looks back to where they were standing when he came out and notices the pile. Upon closer inspection he realizes that it is not trash pulled from the dumpster by the malicious curiosity of young boys. It is a dog with something in its neck. The janitor's hard angular face changes from the stern elder to a compassionate healer. As he bends down to pull the syringe out the dog twitches.

CUT TO:

INT TRAILER

Black and white images flash across the mind of the dog, blurred at first. Kids with a homemade flame thrower consisting of a hairspray can and cheap disposable lighter, chasing it, singeing its hair, he can feel the heat. The images go blurry for a second until an angry owner comes into focus. White T-shirt, a beer can in his hand and breath smelling like alcohol.

ANGRY OWNER

(Yelling)

Dog!

The owner strikes the dog again and again with his fists. The beating is ruthless. White powerful flashes arc across the dog's brain with each hit. Anger oozes from the owner and the smell of beer and stale cigarette smoke on his breath overpowers the dog's sensitive nose when he leans in to yell in the dog's ear. The memory goes blurry, it fades in and out. Anger. The owner kicks the dog through the aluminum screen door and grabs a wooden baseball bat propped up in the corner, its handle wrapped in black electrical tape slips in his sweaty hands as he swings wildly. Swinging wildly he manages to hit the dog in the rear end as it tries to flee from the onslaught. The dog falls from the pain in its leg and the

sudden loss of its ability to function. The owner stands above the wounded and helpless dog. One last hit to the head from the baseball bat and the dogs head fills with a painful and intense white flash.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT RESEARCH FACILITY

The janitor tosses the syringe away and bends over to scoop the dog up after determining that it was still alive and might need medical attention. He slides his hands under the limp and twitching body and starts to lift, as he does so the dogs eye opens and with lightning speed it lets out a vicious snarl and sinks its teeth into the janitors neck ripping it wide open. He drops the dog to the hard concrete with a thud and clutches at the gushing wound on his neck. He is trying to scream while watching red bubbles frothing from his neck. No scream, no pain. Only the warmth oozing over his skin as he loses conciseness and stumbles into a puddle of his own blood. The dog, bathed in red, lays next to him, unconscious. The halogen security lights timers click on and buzz to life. Dusk has fallen.

INT TIMS HOUSE

The boys still running slam through the back door of a house, through the kitchen and up the stairs. They shut the door on Tim's bedroom and cautiously peer out the window. No signs of anyone looking for them. No one following. They both exhale a sigh of relief and look at each other.

TIM

Lets not go back there for awhile.

Tim is nervous but trying not to show it. If his Dad finds out he will kill him.

STEVE

Definitely.

(laughs)

I lost my gun

TIM

I almost lost my shit.

They laugh together breaking away some of the tension.

Dawn, Tim's older sister appears at Tim's bedroom door.

DAWN

I thought that storm that tore
through the house was you guys,

dinner will be ready soon Tim.
Would you like to stay for dinner Steve?

Not wanting to go home just yet Steve nods his head yes.

DAWN

Then call your parents and
let them know where you are.
You guys both wash your hands
and come downstairs, Dad will
be home soon then we can eat.

The boys do as they are told and Tim helps his sister set the table while Steve makes the phone call to his parents. As they finish setting the table Tim's father pulls his truck into the driveway. His footsteps sound heavy as he climbs the back stairs and opens the door. Tim and Dawn's father is a quiet, big sort of man in heavy duty work clothes. He sets his empty black lunch box on the counter and lays down his construction helmet. He lets out a chest full of air in one long exhale and looks very tired.

DAWN

Hi Dad.

Dawn does not expect a reply as he sits at the table and she serves him the first plateful of food. She pauses for a moment as if to say something to him but thinks better of it and serves the boys.

Though there are four of them the table is silent except for the quiet muffled sound of chewing and the occasional audible gulp of someone swallowing.

EXT RESEARCH FACILITY

The salmon colored glow from the halogen security light bathes the now cooling body of the janitor. The dog is awake and struggling to stand, whimpering from the pain that courses through its body. Sniffing the air and then the ground he limps over to the dropped toy gun and sniffs again.

The residual smell of the boys left behind on the gun triggers a flash back of being stabbed with the syringe. The dog hears the boys laughing and sees them again in his minds eye. This time they are wearing white T-shirts with cigarettes rolled up in their sleeves.

The dog pauses for a second as if it is about to faint from the waves of pain emanating from its neck. The blood caked on its hair appears brownish maroon under the halogen light. Regaining its stability it then limps in the direction the boys ran off.

INT TIM'S HOUSE

Red, white and blue images flash across the face of Dawn's sleeping father. In his lazy boy chair he has fallen asleep like he does every night, in front of the tv with a beer in his hand. She stands in the doorway contemplating bringing him upstairs yet again and shakes her head. She walks over to his unconscious form reclining in the chair to remove the now warm beer from his hand before it spills. She takes the TV remote from his other hand and shuts the TV off submerging the room in darkness.

EXT TIM'S HOUSE

Outside the rear door of Tim's house the dog staggers up the stairs to the door. The smell of the boys is stronger. Saliva drips from his frothy mouth in anticipation as he begins clawing, biting and trying to pry the screen door open from the bottom. Cutting his paws on the bent and torn pieces of aluminum he leaves bloody paw prints on the stairs. The work is hard and the dog coughs, sputters, hacks and spits out pieces of something caught in its throat. Stepping back from the door the dog collapses onto the small space of the rear stairwell and slides into a deep sleep.

INT TIM'S HOUSE

The father still in his lazy boy chair inhales deeply. There is a long pause before exhaling what sounds like a grunt as he slowly wakes up and rubs some life back into his face. Using his right arm he folds the footrest of the lazy boy closed and it takes all the effort he can muster just to stand. He staggers into the kitchen, half drunk, half asleep. He looks at the clock trying to remember what was he up for? The noise, he remembers through his fog. There was a noise outside.

He checks the back door turning on the overhead exterior light. At first he doesn't see anything looking out into the darkness. Just moths and insects starting swarming around the powerful light. As he is about to shut the light off and go back to sleep, upstairs to his bed this time, he notices the dog laying there on the back stairs below his vision. Remembering a time when they owned a dog, it was a happier time, a happier memory. He opens the door to see if it is all right.

Even slightly intoxicated he can tell that the dog needs help. Bending over to lift the collapsed dog into the house the father's neck comes dangerously close to the dog's jaws. The dog starts twitching a little. He lays it on the kitchen rug beneath the sink rather than the cold tile. Still half drunk he reaches into a cabinet next to the kitchen sink for an old half eaten bag of dog food. He dusts off an old dog dish and fills it with the dry food. He adds a little warm water from the tap and sets the dish on the floor near the dog's head. The only movement from the dog is the brief movements of its paws, dog dreams. The father slides the dish of dog food a little closer and sits next to where it is laying on the floor. In the dim light provided by a street lamp shining through the kitchen window the father passes out.

INT KITCHEN - SOMETIME LATER

CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

The father awakens, unsure of how long he was unconscious, and looks over at the dog eating from the dish. It stands there with one leg slightly lifted as if it is in pain. The dog pauses eating and stares at him. Their eyes meet and there is an unspoken rapport between man and beast. Each understands on a deep subconscious level the others pain. The dog goes back to eating and the father stands to get a washcloth from the sink.

The dog has stopped eating now and is laying down licking its wounded leg. The father bends down and uses the warm wet cloth to begin washing off some of the now drying blood. Rubbing carefully at first he starts to use progressively more pressure until he hits a sore spot. The dog whimpers and pulls back raising his lip to show his sharp teeth. Hearing the low growl the father pulls back, holding up his hands to show that he means no harm.

TIM'S FATHER
Just want to look.

He probes the area on the dogs neck behind its head. When the fathers hand hits the spot where the needle went in the dog winces again and the flashes start.

CUT TO:

The angry owner, violent and abusive. White t-shirt, dark jeans, yelling in black and white. The dog starts to pull away and twitch, losing touch with where he is.

CUT BACK TO:

TIM'S FATHER
I just want to help.

Through the haze of flashbacks the dog doesn't see the man that gave him food and was trying to help him. He hears the voice and sees the image of his owner.

ANGRY OWNER
(Mocking)
I just want to help.

This time the owner is replaced by Tim's father wearing the white T-shirt with a pack of cigarettes rolled up in his sleeve. The dog, confused, imagines him leaning in close and yelling in his ear.

TIM'S FATHER/ANGRY OWNER

Stupid dog!

The dog twitches at the voice in its head.

Tim's father probes the dogs neck again with his hand and immediately hits the painful spot where the needle injected its poison. Intense pain courses through the dogs body like electrified acid. Before it has come fully out of its flashback the dog turns and bites deeply into the fathers exposed wrist.

Tim's father doesn't scream, just grits his teeth and tries to pull his arm away. The inch long incisors have sunk in deep and the father ends up sliding the dog and the small rug it is resting on across the cold linoleum towards the table.

The dog bites again, this time higher up on the wrist. The father stops pulling and the dog bites again. Higher again, more and more bites in quick succession. Though snapping teeth and low guttural growls can be heard from the dog the father still has not made a sound. The dogs yellowing teeth tear at the flesh on the fathers face and arms as he reaches up to the nearby table and pulls down a dinner fork. With all his might he turns the fork against the dog, stabbing. The forks tines penetrate deeply into the dogs soft underbelly but the pressure of the blow bends the fork backwards. Though it has become useless as a weapon the father tries to struggle on, stabbing again.

The dog, in its pain seems to froth even more, sharpening its desire to kill the father. Anger in the dog rises until finally the father starts to lose consciousness from the loss of blood and collapses to the kitchen floor. Even in dying his body does not seem to be resting as it slips into the cold sleep of death.

The dog steps away and looks again at the fathers now unmoving body to make sure he is dead. Sniffing at the air it looks up towards the second floor.

INT TIM'S BEDROOM

From the dark second floor hallway the only light is coming from the slightly open door of Tim's bedroom. Tim is inside resting on the bed deeply absorbed in reading a comic book by the light of a nearby lamp. Steve, who only lives a couple of blocks down the road, had gone home several hours earlier and the days events were almost completely forgotten.

INT STAIRWAY

The dog is at the base of the hard wood staircase sniffing the lowest step. It starts to climb the stairs when the fork, now loose from walking from the kitchen, falls from where it had been jammed in his stomach and clangs loudly against the floor.

INT TIM'S BEDROOM

Tim looks up from his reading at hearing the sound and suddenly the days events return to his mind. The dog, the janitor, the needle. Nervous now he puts down the comic book and peeks out his window through the edge of his curtain. Was it the police? Has his dad let in the police looking for the kids that killed that dog?

A creak comes from the hall. Tim stops breathing and backs into the corner of his bed up against the walls. He presses himself tightly against the world map pinned above his bed and stares apprehensively at the slightly open door. His eyes dart towards the overhead light switch. Why is it all the way over there, he wonders, can't they build one next to your bed for just these types of situations? The light always makes it better, safer.

His door starts to creak open slightly as if on its own. Without warning it swings wide open as Dawn enters suddenly grabbing at him while making a creepy deep laughing sound.

Tim lets out a meek scream in shock and terror. His fear quickly subsides as he realizes that it was just his sister and he starts to feel foolish for being so gullible.

TIM
I hate you!

He pulls the pillow out from underneath his legs to hit her with it. She just laughs.

DAWN
Thought you might need
some company, besides I
couldn't resist scaring you.

Just as she finishes her sentence a growl comes from the hallway behind her where she had just been. Her smile quickly fades and they both swing around to see the blood covered growling dog emerging from the dark hallway. The hair on its cackles are raised and its teeth glistening with saliva catch the light from the small desk lamp to reveal a mouth filled with the blood of their father.

Dawn back peddles in fright towards Tim's bed pushing him behind her. Acting quickly she grabs the desktop lamp and holds it out as a weapon to defend them against the dog. She moves it around to show that she means business, keeping it between them and the dog, trying to hold it back while she can think of something. The lamp becomes unplugged due to her movements and the room is plunged into darkness.

Before the dog can react she swings the lamp around and smashes Tim's bedroom window, using what is left of the lamp to clear away the excess glass jaggedly protruding from the edges of the window. As fast as she is able she manages to shove Tim over the bureau next to his bed and out through the window out onto the fire escape.

She attempts to back out of the window herself, trying to hold the dog at bay by swinging the lamp.

DAWN
(Yelling)
Go Tim, go! Climb down now!

Her voice is commanding yet still has an element of fear to it.

Dawn attempts to follow Tim out the window but the dog grabs the lamp's thin neck as she turns to look for the ladder's first rung. It wrenches the lamp from her hands and lunges towards her now that she is defenseless. Unbalanced and afraid of the snapping teeth drawing closer she stumbles and falls backwards, out the window and down the fire escape. She tries desperately to grab at something, anything to slow her fall. The arm of her shirt snags on the rusted edge of the upper rung and tears.

Dawn hits the ground with a low thud and tries to breathe but the wind has been knocked out of her. She had narrowly missed landing on Tim and he becomes afraid when he sees the tears forming in her eyes as she tries to breathe.

From above the dog snaps and growls, tentatively stepping on the first rung of the ladder as if it is going to climb down after them.

Regaining her breath Dawn rolls and tries to stand. She grabs Tim by the hand and notices that she has been cut by the window's broken glass. Together they run down the driveway and out into the empty street. Dawn is confused about which way to go and starts running blindly down the block.

DAWN
(Frantically)
Anybody, please!

Her yells into the lonely night go unanswered.

Tim pulls at her and points in the direction of Steve's house. They take off running down the middle of the street, periodically looking over their shoulders expecting to see the dog close behind them.

EXT STEVE'S HOUSE

At Steve's house Tim guides Dawn away from the front door where she was headed and takes her around to the side of the house to Steve's bedroom window. Tim and Dawn both bang loudly at the window shaking it in the sill with their urgency.

The light from Steve's bedroom clicks on and the window creaks open. Before Steve can mutter a tired "What are you doing?", or finish rubbing the sleep out of his eyes Dawn is lifting her little brother through the window pushing Steve out of the way. As soon as Tim is in Dawn pulls herself up and through the window leaving a bloody palm print on the white paint.

INT STEVE'S BEDROOM

Tim sits on Steve's bed and Dawn goes over to stand next to him. Steve standing in the corner near the window is looking back and forth between the two thinking about how much trouble he was going to be in if his parents wake up. Dawn recognizes his expression and is about to explain when Tim blurts out in a nervous and scared voice.

TIM

It's the dog Steve, the one
from earlier. It attacked
us in my house.

Dawn turns away from Steve looking questioningly at Tim.

DAWN

What dog? What is this all about?

TIM

Well we...

Tim starts, trying to explain. He looks over at Steve for assistance but he just shrugs and sits back on the window sill, noticing Dawn's bloody hand print for the first time when he feels it damp beneath his hand.

All of a sudden the dog is outside the window and snaps at Steve snagging his pajama top in its teeth. The dog manages to pull him out through the window despite Steve's struggle to hold on to the window's ledge.

Dawn and Tim are both frozen with fear peering out at the darkness that seemingly swallowed Steve. It is impossible to see what is happening from where they are in his room but the sound of biting and snarling mixed with Steve's screams and the sound of his ripping pajamas are enough to convince them that they would rather not be witness to the horror.

It starts to quiet down and there seems to be a pause as if time itself had stopped moving. Neither Tim or Dawn dared to breathe.

The all pervading silence is broken when the dog leaps at the window, once again emerging from the dark. Halfway in, halfway out, its chest resting on the window sill,

clawing at the windows ledge to add to its momentum, trying to and make it through. Dawn realizes that they are once again in danger and snaps out of her paralysis. She pulls a nine iron from Steve's golf bag and draws it back, preparing to swing. The dog in its struggle to get through the window flashes back to the previous owner holding the wooden bat in the same manner.

Dawn swings with all the strength she can muster and hits the dog upside the head. She reels back with the golf club and strikes the dazed dog again knocking it back out the window it tried so hard to get through. She holds the golf club back ready to swing again, breathing heavily. Tim is curled up behind her on Steve's bed with the pillow pulled over his head, afraid.

Dawn stares intently at the window waiting for the next attack. Waiting for the dog to jump again. Tim gently reaches out for her arm looking for comfort but she pushes him back and continues watching the window.

Sounds of movement are starting to emanate from other parts of Steve's house. His parents are talking, lights are coming on. Tim starts crying with his face buried in the pillow and Dawn resists the temptation to comfort him. She stands guard watching the window, golf club still raised ready to strike.

EXT STEVE'S HOUSE

Out the window on the side of the house moonlight gently illuminates the torn and bleeding body of Steve. The dog however is missing. Above the gruesome scene stars twinkle and the full moon continues to shine as the voices of Steve's parents start to become audible. Steve's mom screams and cries out. The sound of distant sirens grow closer.

EXT TRAILER PARK

Daylight. An old fifteen foot rusted out trailer sits amidst piles of long ago discarded automobile parts. Dead grass clumps and patches of dry dirt dot the landscape where there isn't a crushed beer can or broken bottle.

INT TRAILER

Inside the trailer light barely penetrates through the layers of grease that have accumulated on the windows from years of pan fried, greasy meats. Flies buzz around inside the trailer and above the bodies on the floor. The corpses of a man and a dog rotting in the summer heat have been there for several days. Black and bloated, the smell barley contained by the closed trailer.

The mans once white t-shirt is ripped and some parts are soaked with blood now brown and dried. The cigarette pack is still in place, rolled up in his sleeve never to be smoked.

FADE OUT.