

The Dreaded Dog of Ingleby

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FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - MORNING

SUPER: INGLEBY, DERBYSHIRE, 1979

A light wispy fog spreads thin across the virtually empty road. Either side is surrounded by quaint English countryside.

ELIJAH, 12, frail, in school uniform, emerges from the fog, a small backpack on his shoulders.

He pauses at the corner where the road meets a narrow street, houses on one side, hedgerow on the other. He swallows nervously, takes a few steps around the corner, looks at the source of his anxiety.

A WIRE FENCE.

It surrounds the back garden of the second house in. The metal is damaged, turned slightly upwards, creating a small gap at the bottom.

A PITBULL patrols its territory on the other side of the fence, oblivious to Elijah's presence. Elijah takes a deep breath, walks by quietly, trying his hardest not make any eye contact with the hound.

The pitbull sees him, barks furiously. Elijah makes a break for it, SPRINTS down the road as fast as his legs can carry him. The pitbull squeezes himself underneath the gap in the fence and GIVES CHASE. Desperate and afraid, Elijah runs for his life.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MORNING

Elijah jogs, comes to a stop. He puts his hands on his knees in exhaustion, catches his breath and looks behind him, no sign of the pitbull. He looks up, a SCHOOL across the street, many kids in uniform pour into the main entrance.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone sits at separate desks as the TEACHER, 40's stands writing mathematical equations on a blackboard. Elijah sits at the front, making notes.

TEACHER
So with our formula in mind we will
be using pie, which is?

Elijah raises his hand.

TEACHER
Yes, Elijah.

ELIJAH
Three point one four recurring sir.

TEACHER
Excellent, well done Elijah, three
point one four recurring.

The teacher turns back to the chalkboard. A BALL OF PAPER hits Elijah in the back of the head. He turns around, SAM, 13, and PATRICK, 13, giggle to each other. Elijah turns back around. The school bell sounds.

INT. LUNCH HALL - DAY

Half the school is in here, each table is divided into its various cliques. Elijah sits alone in the corner, eats LASAGNE out of a lunch tray with a crappy plastic fork.

Patrick and Sam walk towards him with their lunch trays, they giggle at the sight of him. They stop, look down at Elijah's lunch.

PATRICK
Why do you need all that food for
skinny boy?

ELIJAH
(Reluctantly)
Hi Patrick.

PATRICK
I really like lasagne. Mind if I have
some?

BEAT

ELIJAH

I guess so.

Patrick aggressively puts his hand in the middle of Elijah's lasagne, takes a huge handful and adds it to his own tray. Sam laughs hysterically.

PATRICK

Thanks.

Patrick and Sam walk away, join a group of others, the "cool table".

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - EVENING

Elijah runs as fast as he can, terror in his eyes. The Pitbull chases after him, hot on his heels.

INT. ELIJAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Elijah sits at his desk in candlelight in his small room. He's drawing with various pencils and chalks.

ON THE PAPER: The Pitbull, a wonderful drawing, a ferocious look in his eye, razor sharp teeth that drip with blood. Elijah puts it to one side, picks up another of his creations, it's colorful, a beautiful pastel drawing of the English countryside on a summers day.

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - MORNING

A beautiful sunny morning. Elijah waits at the corner, he adjusts his backpack, begins some light stretching.

He takes a deep breath, sprints passed the fence. The pitbull barks furiously, squeezes himself under the fence, and gives chase.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

It's busy, filled with other students. Elijah walks with his backpack on, head down, blocks out the world.

Patrick and Sam approach. Patrick shoulder barges Elijah, causing Elijah to drop his books.

PATRICK

Oops.

The pair laugh as Elijah picks up his belongings.

INT. ELIJAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Elijah sits on the foot of his bed in his tiny room. He looks at himself in the small mirror on the desk.

ELIJAH
(Quietly, to himself)
Not today.

Elijah picks up his backpack and leaves.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Elijah carries a heavy jagged ROCK in his hands. He tosses it from hand to hand as he walks.

He pauses at the corner, peers his head around the bend and looks at the wire fence. No Dog. He walks passed, ready to sprint at any moment, but he doesn't have to.

INT. LUNCH HALL - DAY

Elijah sits by himself again with a lunch tray, today it's macaroni cheese. He hears some laughter, looks up and sees Patrick and Sam in the lunch line, they point and laugh. Elijah looks back down at his meal.

PATRICK
(Shouting)
Hey poor boy, where'd you get those shoes, the dump?

ELIJAH
(Quietly, to himself)
Leave me alone.

Elijah keeps his head down.

PATRICK
(Shouting)
That looks tasty.

Patrick comically rubs his belly and licks his lips. A rage bubbles inside of Elijah. Patrick and Sam get served their food and approach.

As they walk by, Patrick puts his hand into Elijah's macaroni cheese, clenches his fist but Elijah grabs his wrist.

ELIJAH

No!

Patrick is stunned.

PATRICK

You better take your hand away right now or it's going in your face.

Elijah thinks for a second, RELEASES his grip. Patrick laughs, takes the handful of macaroni cheese, tries to THROW it at Elijah's face but Elijah DODGES. Elijah picks up his own handful of the wet food.

ELIJAH

You want some?!

Elijah slaps his macaroni cheese hand into Patrick's face, half the school sees it happen, a FIGHT ensues.

Elijah tackles him to the ground. Sam watches on and does nothing as the entire lunch hall erupts and watches. Elijah chokes Patrick on the floor, his face, a cheesy, bloody mess.

A SCIENCE TEACHER, 50's, runs over and separates them.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Enough! What's gotten into you two!

ELIJAH

Never touch my food again!

Patrick is stunned, pasta sauce all over his face.

ELIJAH

Never!

The stunned onlookers watch as Elijah leaves.

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - EVENING

Elijah pauses at the corner. He looks down at the rock in his hand and then back to the corner. He peers around, spots the pitbull patrolling it's area, sniffing at the ground.

Elijah takes a deep breath and walks. The dog sees him, barks furiously, squeezes himself under the fence and gives chase once again.

Elijah reluctantly begins to run, but he changes his mind. He STOPS, turns around and confronts the dog with the rock held high above his head, ready to strike if he must. The dog stops.

ELIJAH
If you're going to bite me then bite
me!

The dog pauses in confusion, a little intimidated.

Elijah looks closely at the dog's face, the dog opens its mouth. It has NO TEETH.

Elijah lowers the rock in disbelief. He kneels. The dog is calm now, he pats the dog on the head, inspects its mouth just to be sure, it really doesn't have any teeth.

Elijah pets the dog. The dog licks a small remnant of the macaroni cheese from Elijah's hand. He chuckles, smiles to himself, picks up his backpack and walks away.

THE END