

BITCH'S REVENGE

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FADE IN:

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. A toilet flushes.

The bathroom door opens, spilling dim light into the room.

Asleep on the bed is TYLER O'SHEA (25), mussed hair and beard. Curled next to him, eyes wide open is MILLIE, his Doberman.

Millie glares toward JEN O'SHEA (25), pretty despite bed head, wearing a t-shirt and panties, standing at the bathroom door.

Jen takes one step toward the bed. Millie growls. Jen stops.

Tired and annoyed, she calls to Tyler.

JEN

Tyler. -- Tyler. -- Tyler!

Tyler opens one eye, looks toward Jen.

JEN

She did it again. She took my spot.

Without moving his head from the pillow, Tyler nudges Millie.

TYLER

Down, Millie. Down.

Reluctantly, Millie climbs over Tyler and jumps off the bed. She lays on the floor right below him.

TYLER

That's my girl.

Jen rolls her eyes and climbs in bed.

Eyes closed, Tyler reaches down and pets Millie's head.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Shopping list in hand, Jen rifles through the cabinets, then stops to jot something down.

At the table, Tyler eats his breakfast. He looks down at Millie's sweet, pleading face and melts.

Jen turns around, sees Tyler give Millie a piece of bacon.

In front of an open cabinet, she points to a full shelf of crappy canned dog food.

JEN

That's why there's so much dog food left. Your bitch is gonna get fat if you keep feeding her table scraps.

Tyler gasps sarcastically. He looks at Millie then back at Jen.

TYLER

And you wonder why she doesn't like you anymore.

JEN

She's a dog, Tyler. She has no idea what I'm saying.

(looks at Millie)

Isn't that right? You bitch.

Millie sits up, snarls and growls at Jen.

TYLER

See. She knows. Dobermans are very intuitive, Jen. She senses when you're nervous or mad -- or unhappy.

JEN

Uh huh.

Jen gives him that, "you're a total dick" look, shoves the list in her purse and heads for the door. She turns around.

JEN

You need to work on your senses, Tyler. Let's start now. How do you think I'm feeling?

Jen walks outside and slams the door.

Startled, Millie jumps. Tyler looks at her.

TYLER

I'd say -- pissed? As usual.

He chuckles. Pets Millie.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Millie lays on a big, cushy dog bed and watches as Jen, grocery bags in tow, struggles to open the door.

She finally makes it in, and closes the door with her foot.

Jen glares at Millie, then drops the bags on the counter. She spots a note taped to a cabinet.

"WENT TO THE GYM. BE BACK IN A COUPLE HOURS. SORRY ABOUT THIS MORNING. I WAS AN ASSHOLE. I LOVE YOU. TYLER".

With a slight smile, Jen shrugs. She's over it.

She looks at Millie then reaches in a bag for a box of dog biscuits. She opens it, pulls one out.

JEN

I think it's time you get over our little incident.

Millie sees the biscuit and sits up. Jen smiles.

JEN

Peace offering?

Jen holds out the biscuit. Millie lunges for it, nipping the tips of Jen's fingers as she grabs it.

Shocked, Jen squeals and quickly recoils her hand. She's pissed.

JEN

You bitch! You almost bit my fucking fingers off! You want me to beat the shit out of you again?

With disgust, Jen watches Millie devour the biscuit.

JEN

I catch him looking at puppies when we're at Pet Smart, ya know. Someday he'll replace you with some younger, cuter bitch.

Jen chuckles at her remark. Millie pays no attention.

Jen's cell phone rings. She answers.

JEN

Hello? -- What? -- Oh my God. I'll be right there.

Jen grabs her purse and sprints out the door.

INT. HOLY CROSS HOSPITAL - TYLER'S ROOM - DAY

Tyler lay in a bed hooked to an I.V., cuts on his face and leg wrapped in a large bandage.

Jen sits on a chair next to him, holding his hand. She watches him with concern as he fights sleep. She stands up.

JEN
I'm going to let you sleep.

She picks up a clear hospital bag filled with his belongings; shoes, blood spattered shirt, smashed cell phone.

JEN
Guess you need a new cell. -- And a new car.

His eyelids begin to close. He mumbles.

TYLER
A new -- everything.

Jen leans down, kisses him.

JEN
I'll come back in the morning. Get some rest.

Bag in hand, she heads for the door.

TYLER
What about -- Millie?

Annoyed, Jen turns around. He's awake again, barely.

JEN
What about Mille?

TYLER
Don't worry about her seven o'clock walk. Just let her out back. And -- try to be nice to her.

JEN
Me be nice? Do you know that bitch almost bit my fingers off today? She's getting worse, Tyler. I don't know what her problem is. You really need to --

He's asleep. Frustrated, she leaves the room.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alone at the table, Jen eats dinner.

Millie sits nervously at the door. She scratches.

JEN
Give it up. You're stuck with me tonight. And that means no walk.

Jen gets up, walks to glass doors that lead to the back yard.

She slides the door open. Millie runs out.

Jen slides it shut and returns to her dinner.

One bite of food later, Millie scratches at the door.

Jen attempts to ignore her, but Millie's relentless. Scratch, scratch, scratch.

JEN

This dog's days are numbered.

Jen slams her hands on the table, gets up and lets Millie in.

Millie runs past her, right back over to the kitchen door, scratches.

JEN

No! You're gonna scratch the paint
off my door!

Scratch, scratch.

Enraged, Jen rushes toward Millie. Millie growls. Jen stops.

It's a stand off. After a moment, Jen gives in.

She grabs Millie's leash off a hook then attaches it to her collar.

JEN

This is why I get nothing from that
man. He spoils you. I'm over it.

Jen opens the door, unhooks Millie's leash and lets her go.

Millie takes off running.

Curious, Jen peaks her head out the door. She watches the dog sprint down the road.

JEN

Bye, bye bitch.

Two houses down, Millie turns and runs up the walkway.

Confused, Jen steps out, watches Millie run up the steps and onto the porch.

Jen walks toward the house.

Millie scratches the neighbor's door. Scratch, scratch, scratch.

Jen stands at the end of the walkway, hides behind a tree and watches as the front door opens.

HEATHER JAMES (20), long blonde hair and beautiful with a sweet innocence about her, crouches down and hugs Millie.

Heather looks around.

HEATHER

Where's your daddy? Does he have a surprise for me?

She stands up, scans the area.

Millie scratches at the door. Heather lets her in, takes one last look around, follows her inside and closes the door.

JEN

That cheating mother fucker.

Enraged, Jen heads back to her house.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The contents of Tyler's hospital bag are now scattered on the table. Jen pries the SIM card from his broken phone.

She takes the card out of her own phone and replaces it with his. Seconds later, messages pop up.

She reads text after text between Heather and Tyler.

JEN

You son of a bitch.

A new text pops up.

HEATHER: "WHERE ARE U? I HAVE MILLIE. SHE MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT. WHAT SHOULD I DO?"

Jen takes a deep breath, then texts back.

"CAN U BRING HER BACK?"

She waits impatiently for a reply.

HEATHER: "WHEN IS YOUR WIFE COMING HOME?"

INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Millie has her face in a dog bowl. On the counter is an empty can of premium dog food.

Heather sits at a kitchen island, nervously twirling the ruby ring on her finger as she stares at her cell. A text comes in.

JEN: "NOT TILL VERY LATE. COME NOW".

Heather smiles.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Jen slams the phone down. Paces while she contemplates. Another text comes in. She checks.

HEATHER: "I CAN'T WAIT TILL WE DON'T HAVE TO SNEAK ANYMORE. I LOVE YOU, BABY."

A rage comes over Jen. She throws her phone against the wall. It smashes into several pieces.

She thinks a moment, then turns out the lights.

She cracks open the sliding glass door then walks over and cracks open the other door.

In the darkness she rummages through a drawer, then stands against the wall, next to the door.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Millie sits by the door. Suddenly, her ears perk up.

She jumps up, looks through the window, watches as Jen helps Tyler up the steps.

As they enter, Jen blocks Millie from jumping on Tyler. His leg heavily bandaged with gauze.

TYLER

It's okay. Come here girl.

Millie sniffs the bandage then gently greets Tyler.

TYLER

I missed you too girl.

Jen rolls her eyes as she heads into the other room.

Tyler doesn't notice. He's just happy to see Millie.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Seated at the table, Tyler takes a new iPhone out of a box.

JEN

They couldn't save your card. It was too damaged. Sorry.

Tyler looks toward the sliding glass doors. He watches Millie heaving, like she's trying to vomit but can't.

He gets up, limps over and opens the door.

EXT. O'SHEA HOUSE - BACKYARD

Tyler steps outside. Millie keeps heaving. He looks around, notices several areas where the grass has been dug up.

Jen stands in the doorway behind him. He turns to her.

TYLER

What happened to the yard?

JEN

Oh. She was a wreck while you were in the hospital. She just kept digging and digging.

He stares at Millie. She's in some kind of distress.

TYLER

There's something wrong with her. I'm taking her to the vet.

JEN

There's nothing wrong with her. She's just trying to get your attention.

TYLER

I'm taking her to the vet, Jen.

JEN

Well I'm going out so call a cab.

INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jen mumbles to herself as she walks away.

JEN

I should have killed that bitch too.

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Tyler sits amongst several pets and their OWNERS. Millie isn't with him.

Outside, two police cars pull up.

There is some commotion behind the front desk.

Several POLICE OFFICERS enter.

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The head VET, (40) stands alongside the Police. They all stare at Tyler, seated before them, Millie at his side.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Mister O'Shea, a woman's severed finger was lodged in your dog's throat. How do you think that happened?

Shocked, Tyler sits, mouth agape.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Mister O'Shea? Do you have an explanation for this?

TYLER

I...I was in a car accident. I was in the hospital. I don't know. Are you sure it was --

POLICE OFFICER #1

Are we sure it was a finger? Is that what you were going to ask? Yes, we're sure. It's a woman's finger. A ruby ring still on it.

Tyler's eyes widen in horror as he realizes whose finger it is.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Mister O'Shea. Do you know whose finger this is? Mister O'Shea?

Millie jumps up, front paws on the arm of the chair. She licks Tyler's face.

FADE OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. O'SHEA HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Yellow police tape cordons off the yard.

FORENSIC OFFICERS watch as several sections are dug up.