

OFF LEASH

written by

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REVISION 157

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FADE IN:

SUPER: 1960

INT. JOHN ROBERTSON'S HOUSE- DAY

At the front door JOHN ROBERTSON (40), slips his coat on.

JOHN
Betsy? Come here dear. Betsy?

Reaches for a leash on the wall.

JOHN
Betsy come on girl, you want to go
for a walk or not? It's going to
be dark soon. Betsy?

BETSY ROBERTSON (35+) comes wearing a choker chain around her
neck. He clips the leash onto her collar.

JOHN
Now Betsy, we talked about this at
great length just yesterday. If I
am to trust you outside this house
I need you to come when I call.

BETSY
I'm sorry John, you are absolutely
right.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD- DAY

John walks Betsy along the sidewalk smiling. Other HUSBANDS
are out walking their WIVES. Across the street BOB (40) is
walking his wife JOANNA (35+).

Joanna notices Betsy and turns to cross the street. Bob
jerks the leash reeling Joanna backwards off balance.

BOB
Heel Joanna, come on now.

JOHN
Nice technique Bob!

BOB
Good evening John. Thanks.

John nods and stops to wait with Betsy.

JOHN
It looks like that training school
has really payed off.

BETSY

Yeah.

JOHN

I remember when she used to tug that leash all the way to the park.

BETSY

Mm-hm.

Bob crosses the street with Joanna. Joining John and Betsy.

JOHN

I was just saying to Betsy here how well Joanna has responded to that school you've been attending.

BOB

What an improvement. You know when I get home from work now I'm actually excited to let her out of the kennel. I mean it's just superb John.

EXT. PARK- DAY

A sign reads "THIS IS AN OFF LEASH AREA PLEASE PICK UP AFTER YOUR WIFE."

Husbands show up throughout letting their Wives off leash. Wives all gather in the field while the Husbands talk on the sidelines. John and Bob stand together.

JOHN

So, um, have you heard about Arthur Timmons wife?

Joanna fidgets picking the grass. Her and Betsy sit cross legged in the field.

BOB

What about her?

JOHN

She's missing. She ran away?

JOANNA

He took her to the park last week and she ran off into the woods.

BETSY

Oh dear.

JOHN

That's not the worst of it.
Yesterday Arthur's Father came to
visit him.

JOANNA

He found Arthur in his wife
Janine's kennel

BETSY

Oh my.

JOHN

Thirty seven puncture wounds Bob.
And his throat was cut open as
wide as the Grand Canyon they say.

BOB

My goodness John what is this
world coming too?

JOHN

It's these bloody radicals Bob.
These types of stories are popping
up all over the country. You seen
the papers haven't you?

BETSY

It wouldn't do much good if I had.
John prefers that I don't learn to
read.

JOANNA

Of course he does.

BETSY

Joanna? Do you dare question a
man? Let alone my husband?

JOANNA

Janine came to see me here
yesterday.

BETSY

And you didn't alert the husbands?
Joanna you could be put down for
that.

JOANNA

Things are changing Betsy. There
are places in this world where
women roam free.

BOB

Shh. Don't let the wives hear that John. I can't even begin to imagine such a place. That would be utter chaos.

JOHN

It would be a catastrophe.

JOANNA

It would be amazing Betsy. Think of it. Imagine, we could go to lunch, just the two of us. No more leashes. No more collars, no more-

BETSY

-Just stop it now Joanna. Are you trying to get the big needle?

Joanna pulls out a knife from under her dress and sets it in front of Betsy in the grass.

JOANNA

Janine is here.

BETSY

What are you talking about Joanna?

Joanna pulls another knife out.

JOANNA

You're either with us or against us.

BOB

Come on Joanna!

JOHN

Come on Betsy!

The field full of wives form a wall marching toward the husbands. Each gripping a knife behind their back.

Joanna files in looking back at Betsy.

JOHN

Don't embarrass me now Betsy!

Betsy picks up the knife. She takes a spot behind the wall of wives.

JANINE TIMMONS, (35+) front row in a blood stained dress.

BOB
Is that Janine?

JOHN
Yes it is Bob.

BOB
Oh boy.

JANINE
Ladies! Knives out.

The Wives ready their knives in front of themselves.

BOB
Oh shit.

Husbands turn and run. Wives stab after them. Janine buries her blade in a husbands back. Joanna carves Bob's throat open. Wives all slash their Hubbies to bits filling the air of blood spray.

Betsy saunters up to John who stands his ground.

JOHN
I love you Betsy, come on now.
Things aren't so bad.

BETSY
I don't know what's gotten into
these women John.

JOHN
Oh thank goodness Betsy, for a
second there I thought you were-

Betsy shoves her knife through John's chin through his mouth and into his brain. Blood pours out of his face.

BETSY
But it's gotten into to me too.

THE END