

The Bully Bitch

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A dozen horses roam freely in a grassy meadow. They frolic about and eat the tall grass. The grass is brown and patches of snow are shaded by the trees. It's May month.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

A young boy's eyes, dark underneath, carefully watching the horses. Heart beating rapidly.

Stares down at the thirty-five cents in the palm of his hand. Closes it into a tight fist.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The horses roam about, some becoming wild.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The boy begins walking briskly, watching the horses very closely. He is around the age of nine, skinny and sporting a slight overbite. He keeps a close eye to the beasts while walking slyly on the eroded roadside.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The young boy and an older kid walk the road.

Suddenly a wild black demented horse sprints along the road. Dust flutters into the air.

The young boy and the older kid turn their heads and notice the horse coming straight for them. They both run for cover and the black horse gives chase. Hearts beating like pounding drums.

They run up over a grassy hill. The horse gains on them. Snorting like the headless horseman's beast.

In the distance there's an old shed, weather beaten and unoccupied. The two lads crawl underneath. The horse stomps wildly. The two lads shiver on the damp ground.

The young boy stares at the old floor boards. Staring through the gaps straight to the ceiling of the old shed.

The horse kicks the dilapidated structure. Finally grows tired and wanders off to find more trouble. The two boys don't move or speak.

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The wind blows through the tall grass. The day is like a lonely Sunday. The boy stares down at the road, careful not to make eye contact.

The horses acting wildly.

The young boy breaks into a run and doesn't look back.

INT. STORE - DAY

It's an old store. The setting is back in the early 1980's but the store has seen it share of decades. The storekeeper is a gray bearded man who smokes cigarettes continuously. There's a cloud of smoke in the dark interior of the store.

The boy walks in and a manual bell rings above the door.

The boy begins looking around. The storekeeper looking at him begins a conversation, or tries too.

STOREKEEPER

I can't wait for this damn pack ice to disappear. Seems to bring the cold with it, too goddamn cold for May. Just when you think you're clear of winter, bang, mother nature kicks ya right in the nuts.

YOUNG BOY

Yeah.

STOREKEEPER

I can see you're as interested in the weather as the man in the moon. (Beat) What's your dad doin' today?

YOUNG BOY

I dunno.

STOREKEEPER

Well, you outta know what your old man is at!

YOUNG BOY

He's in the shed, fixin' something.

STOREKEEPER

What's he fixin'?

YOUNG BOY

I dunno.

STOREKEEPER

You say the same thing every day. A boy should know what his old man is doin'. When I was your age I'd be helping my father cut wood, make hay, mend nets. Christ, how are you going to learn anything?

The boy picks up a Pep bar. Ignoring what the storekeeper has to say.

YOUNG BOY

What are these like?

The storekeeper not having a clue, holds up his right hand.

STOREKEEPER

I smoke cigarettes kid!

YOUNG BOY

How much?

STOREKEEPER

Twenty-five cents.

The boy lays the Pep bar on the counter.

YOUNG BOY

What can I get for a dime?

STOREKEEPER

You can get a grab bag or a pack of hockey cards.

YOUNG BOY

Hockey cards.

The old storekeeper hands him the hockey cards and the young boy lays the dime on the counter. All the while puffing on his cigarette with an enormous ash hanging from it.

STOREKEEPER

Thanks kid.

YOUNG BOY

You're welcome, see ya.

He then opens the heavy door and steps out in the fresh air. The old storekeeper chuckles to himself.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)

She'll be waitin' by the light pole...

He stuffs the Pep bar into his coat. Walking along the roadway he tears open the hockey cards.

There's a piece of stiff gum, broken in three places.

Pops the gum into the his mouth and flicks all the hockey cards into the ditch.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)

Maybe that bully bitch won't be there today?

EXT. LIGHT POLE - DAY

A mean looking, over weight girl, around the age of 13 or 14 sits atop of a small hill by a light pole, watching the young boy. She wears clothes that were handed down a generation ago and definitely not dressed for the chill in the air.

He takes notice of her.

She quickly stands up and begins walking towards the boy. The young lad freezes.

She looks as if she could kill.

BULLY BITCH

What do ya got for me?

YOUNG BOY

Nuttin'.

BULLY BITCH

Whattya mean nuttin'? I knows ya got something ya little fucker and whatcha got is mine. Them's the fuckin' rules. You remember the rules right?

YOUNG BOY

Yes.

BULLY BITCH

And?

The young boy doesn't respond to her question so she removes a rusty pocket knife and opens it, with a little difficulty.

BULLY BITCH

You remember what I said?

YOUNG BOY

You'd cut my bird off.

Without warning, the bully bitch pushes him and he falls to the ground, skinning his hand on the road and digging little pebbles into his palm. He begins to pick them out.

BULLY BITCH

You gonna cry now?

YOUNG BOY

No.

BULLY BITCH

What I said was, I'd cut your little Vienna sausage off and make ya eat it. Now what did you buy?

YOUNG BOY

Hockey cards.

BULLY BITCH

Where are they?

YOUNG BOY

I threw them away.

BULLY BITCH

You threw them away?

YOUNG BOY

Yeah.

BULLY BITCH

You're retarded ain't 'cha! Why would you throw them away?

YOUNG BOY

I bought 'em for the gum.

BULLY BITCH
Why didn't you just buy GUM?

YOUNG BOY
I dunno.

Chewing vigorously.

The bully bitch grabs him by the coat and brings him to his feet. She reaches into his pockets and begins searching. The boy watches the knife in her other hand.

She finds the Pep bar.

Holding the Pep bar to his face.

BULLY BITCH
Ya fuckin' liar.

YOUNG BOY
I'm sorry.

BULLY BITCH
Sorry don't cut it. But this does.

She holds the rusty pocket knife near his pecker.

BULLY BITCH
Next time you'll be pissin' blood!
Now get the fuck home out of it.

The young boy walks quickly away from her as she tears open the Pep bar and throws the wrapper on the ground and begins eating it.

The boy stops by a big tree and watches for the horses. They're gone.

INT. BOY'S ROOM - DAY

The boy flops down on the bed, staring at the white ceiling tiles.

BOY'S POV - Following the lines of the tiles and square patterns.

He suddenly stands up in front of the mirror and looks at himself. Removes his Peter Puck T-shirt revealing his scrawny chest. Then he makes a fist and holds it close to his face. Stares at his little fist.

He begins punching wildly at the air, imaging it's the bully bitch's face. He keeps practising. Jumps all around the room like a wild child.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Supper's ready!

The boy exits his room.

THE NEXT DAY

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The young boy gets off a yellow school bus. Quickly walks toward his house.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The boy's mother is not home but he notices thirty-five cents on the counter. He throws down his school bag in the porch, grabs the change and bolts it out the door.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The voice of his father from the shed speaks.

FATHER (O.S.)
Be careful!

YOUNG BOY
Yes dad.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The first thing the boy notices is the horses roaming about the meadow. Gently, he takes the change from his pocket and holds it tightly in his hand. The wind blows freely.

He walks quickly and quietly, keeping his eyes on the horses at all times. As he gets closer he looks straight down at the road, avoiding eye contact with the beasts.

The horses begin to snort and gallop. The young boy becomes very nervous. He breaks into a run.

Soon he realizes he is past them, out of breath and within' reach of the store.

INT. STORE - DAY

The old grey bearded storekeeper is doing some paper work. He looks up from underneath his smudged glasses when the bell clangs.

STOREKEEPER

Good day boy, it's a nice one for a change.

YOUNG BOY

Yep.

STOREKEEPER

What are you at today?

YOUNG BOY

Nuttin'.

STOREKEEPER

It's a funny thing about you; you're always at nuttin'. You hear about ol' Tom?

YOUNG BOY

No.

STOREKEEPER

Poor ol' feller keeled over in the yard this morning. Frank found him out by the dory, stiff as a juniper.

YOUNG BOY

What happened to him?

STOREKEEPER

Heart attack I guess. I'm sure the whiskey didn't help neither. You know, the poor ol' bastard went crazy from booze, got so he was settin' lobster pots in the back yard.

YOUNG BOY

In the back yard?

STOREKEEPER

Y'ip. And you know what was crazier?

YOUNG BOY

No.

STOREKEEPER

He used to check 'em (beat)
faithfully.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Ol' Tom wanders about the meadow checking his lobster pots. Two boys (our young hero) peek from over the tall grass. Both are giggling like school girls.

Ol' Tom walks up to another pot. There's a puzzled look on his face. He rubs his hand across his mouth and mangy whiskers, reaches down, opens the pot and removes a lobster. Holds it up to his face.

BACK TO PRESENT.

The boy giggles.

STOREKEEPER

But, I'm sure a young whipper
snipper like you ain't too keen on
hearin' about ol' stiff Tom. So
what can I get ya?

YOUNG BOY

A grab bag, hockey cards and a
chunk.

STOREKEEPER

Goddamn boy. You got your mind
made up like a pick-up truck.

YOUNG BOY

For once. Can I ask you something?

STOREKEEPER

Fire away.

YOUNG BOY

I got a little problem.

STOREKEEPER

What kinda problem?

YOUNG BOY

A bully.

STOREKEEPER

Hmmm, a bully eh. Did I ever tell you about the time I met the devil?

YOUNG BOY

The devil?

STOREKEEPER

Oh yes indeed. Beelzebub himself.

YOUNG BOY

How?

STOREKEEPER

It started out a normal day. I got up early, had some toast and tea, packed a little lunch and went to the shed and got me old man's single shot and some shells. By this time Gino was barking his head off...

YOUNG BOY

Who's Gino?

STOREKEEPER

That was our setter.

YOUNG BOY

Setter?

STOREKEEPER

Yes boy, an Irish setter; God, he was a beautiful dog. However, I'll tell you a story about Gino another time. So I fetched the dog from the pound and soon enough we were on our way into the country. Takes about an hour to get to the barrens. Well me and that dog walked and walked the whole goddamn day and never saw the one partridge; not the one. Around 2:30 we stopped for a lunch.

YOUNG BOY

What did you have?

STOREKEEPER

I'm seventy years old kid, I'm lucky to remember the story; but I'll tell ya this, it wasn't very much.

(MORE)

STOREKEEPER (cont'd)
 Around three we started walking home and wouldn't you believe it; that ol' dog hooked into a covey of a dozen birds. Well I started pickin' them off one by one. Before you know it the sun was droppin' fast in the ocean and here I was with 8 or 9 birds, wore out and dark approachin'.

YOUNG BOY
 Did you have a flashlight?

STOREKEEPER
 What do you think?

Shakes his head no.

STOREKEEPER
 I picked up all the birds, shoved 'em in me knap sack and said to the ol' dog; "we best get out of here boy". We started walking flat out but it was no use. In no time at all we were in pitch black. There's nothing more nerve wrecking than walking the woods at night. Everything is so goddamned quiet, too quiet. Well we kept trudging through the woods, trippin' and fallin', twigs stickin in me eye balls, cob webs coverin' me face, swearin' and cursin on top of the Lord, but finally we made it to the main path home and it was clear sailin'.

YOUNG BOY
 Was the dog scared?

STOREKEEPER
 Dogs don't get scared of the dark. At the main path we stopped for a wee bit, I was all in. After catching my breath and calming my mind we started walking again. She was still dark as shit but the moon was breakin' out through the clouds a little. Suddenly I stopped dead in me tracks and the dog began barking like a son of a bitch.

(MORE)

STOREKEEPER (cont'd)
I saw before me the figure of a man, a tall feller, but I couldn't make out the face. There was definitely something wrong. Then he spoke...

DEVIL (STOREKEEPER'S VOICE)
Come here!

STOREKEEPER
Who are ya?

DEVIL
Come here!

STOREKEEPER
You come here.

DEVIL
Come here.

STOREKEEPER
Look buddy I don't know who you are, I'm not movin'.

DEVIL
Tell that dog to shut up.

STOREKEEPER
Shut up Gino. The dog bolts it!
Son of a bitch!

DEVIL
Now, come here I wants ya!

STOREKEEPER
I told ya once, I'm not stirrin'.
You wants me, you best come here yourself.

DEVIL
Are ye all this stubborn or what?

STOREKEEPER
The devil starts walking towards me. Let me you this, he's a close talker.

YOUNG BOY
What did he look like?

STOREKEEPER

He was ugly as sin itself. Had a big ol' chin with a mangy whisker and big ol' buck teeth pointy as knives and he had the biggest nose I ever did see, kinda like ol' Tom's liquor nose.

YOUNG BOY

Was he red?

STOREKEEPER

No boy, he wasn't red. However, he did have two big horns stickin' out the side his head. He must've been close on seven feet tall and he didn't have feet, but hooves and a tail. Looked like a retarded man goat, reeked like rottin' fish too. Now, there was one more particular thing that I noticed.

YOUNG BOY

What was that?

STOREKEEPER

Well, being the devil he didn't have any clothes on. So here I was, shaking in my boots, examining this hound of hell, when I noticed something very peculiar.

YOUNG BOY

What? What?

STOREKEEPER

He had nuttin' down below!

YOUNG BOY

What do ya mean?

STOREKEEPER

Oh Jesus boy... he had no gear! I mean, there wasn't a goddamn thing, not even a muss.

YOUNG BOY

Like my Spider-Man doll?

The storekeeper gives the boy an odd look.

STOREKEEPER

Spider what now?

YOUNG BOY
Nevermind. What did you do?

STOREKEEPER
I quickly looked away.

YOUNG BOY
Were you scared?

STOREKEEPER
I was shit baked kid, but at least
I knew the fucker wasn't goin'
bugger me. He did notice me takin'
a peek though.

YOUNG BOY
What did he say?

STOREKEEPER
He said...

DEVIL
What are ya lookin' at?

STOREKEEPER
Nuttin'.

DEVIL
I saw ya lookin', now you know why
I'm so pissed off.

STOREKEEPER
What do you want from me?

DEVIL
Your soul.

STOREKEEPER
I don't recall my soul being for
sale.

DEVIL
When you were desperate and in need
of help.

STOREKEEPER
Satan... fuck right off! My soul
ain't for sale and there's not a
goddamn thing you can do about it.
If you're lurking about the woods
I'm sure the good goddamn Lord is
too.

(MORE)

STOREKEEPER (cont'd)
Move aside, I'm expected for supper
and you don't want to deal with the
old lady if I'm late.

BOY
I'm lost. What's your point?

STOREKEEPER
I know, I talk too much. My point
is... you get one chance to prove
yourself. You can get sucked in or
you can fight. When it boils down
to it, if I can stand up to the
dickless devil in the dark of night
then you my little friend can face
your foe.

BOY
You sure?

STOREKEEPER
Jesus boy. You're goddamned right
I'm sure.

The boy pays the old storekeeper and takes his goods and
leaves. The door bell still chimes as he walks the road.
The old storekeeper strokes his gray beard; thinking.

STOREKEEPER
Hell of a goddamn thing; that boy!

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

First he opens the hockey cards, pops the gum in his mouth,
skims through the cards and throws them on the ground. He
hides the grab bag and chunk in his pockets.

Nearing the turn in the road by the light pole he notices the
bully bitch siting down.

Strangely the boy isn't afraid.

She approaches him quickly.

BULLY BITCH
Whatcha got today?

YOUNG BOY
Nuttin'.

BULLY BITCH
Sassy fucker. You're never gonna
learn are ya?

She grabs him by the coat and removes the grab bag from his pocket.

BULLY BITCH
This looks promising.

Grinning, exposing her neglected teeth.

She tears open the little brown paper bag. Inside is a lollipop, a piece of Bazooka Joe gum, two caramels and some cheap toy made in China.

BULLY BITCH
You got a problem with telling
lies!

With that the boy has enough. He closes his small hand into a fist and connects it with her nose, hurting his hand. She steps back holding her two hands to her face. Blood seeps out between her fingers. She removes her hands and they are stained red as blood oozes from her nose. The boy looks scared.

Her face turns beat red from embarrassment and anger and realizing he's not afraid anymore she throws the grab bag and its contents into the ditch. She takes a few steps back, tries to hold in her tears.

BULLY BITCH
I'm gonna kill ya!

The young boy detours down a little dirt road leading to an old wooden bridge that crosses a tidal river and leads to a wharf by a beach with some old fisherman stores.

The bully bitch stands at the head of the road; yelling.

BULLY BITCH
I'll get ya when ya comes around
the other way stupid. You're
dead!

The boy looks at her as she stands watching him with wild eyes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

He explores the old wooden stores, weather beaten from years of neglect. They lean to one side. He stares at the little wharf, twisted and tilting to one side.

He stares out at the endless maze of white ice covering the ocean.

He keeps walking along the beach covered in flotsam and jetsam.

Looking back he still sees her watching. He continues on, finally takes a break by sitting on an ice pan.

He stares out over the motionless ocean.

Suddenly a man in his early thirties appears out of nowhere and sits down on an ice pan by the boy. The boy stares at him.

His red and curly hair hide his narrow eyes.

MAN

Whatcha doin'?

YOUNG BOY

Nuttin'.

MAN

Pretty isn't it?

YOUNG BOY

Yeah.

MAN

You look like a smart kid; Can I tell you somethin'?

YOUNG BOY

Okay.

MAN

Do you believe in magic?

YOUNG BOY

I guess.

MAN

Hears a little trick I learned. If you lie down on the ice pan, close your eyes and think really, really hard, you can imagine yourself anywhere. Here, let me show you how it's done.

The man lays himself back on the ice pan, his face staring into the sky. The boy watches.

The man closes his eyes.

MAN

I'm on a far away island, far, far
away from here. I'm just drifting
on the ice pan. It's so beautiful
and warm.

The man sits up. Smiles. The boy watching every move.

MAN

Give it a try.

YOUNG BOY

Okay.

The boy lies back and closes his eyes.

Nothing but darkness.

MAN

Are you anywhere?

Darkness.

YOUNG BOY

Yes.

The boy opens his eyes and looks at the man. The man grins
and shows his unbrushed teeth.

MAN

You know, it's a great trick and
all but it gets pretty boring and I
can tell from the look on your face
you're not having much fun.

The sun fades behind the clouds and it grows dark casting
long shadows.

YOUNG BOY

I gotta go.

The boy looks around and notices the horses on the roadway
leading home. His face drops in fear.

MAN

You're afraid! I can tell from the
way your eyes just bulged out.

YOUNG BOY

Yeah, a little.

MAN

I know a short cut through Aggie's meadow. Bring you right past those horses.

YOUNG BOY

You sure?

MAN

Of course I'm sure. C'mon, only take a few minutes. Or you can go back the beach, up to you.

The boy thinks hard.

YOUNG BOY

I'll go the short cut.

The boy and man walk slowly from the beach and up a narrow foot path and climb an old post and rail fence and walk side by side through Aggie's meadow.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The boy and the man stop.

MAN

It's just through here and then you're back on the road.

Pointing in the direction of the woods.

They both enter the woods.

The wind softly blows the branches of the trees back and forth.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The boy and the man walk through a path and suddenly the trees and scenery become that of a twisted fairy tale. The woods is dark and forboding. The boy looks around and then they stop by a little clearing.

MAN

Hold up for a sec, gotta catch my breath.

The boy looks around. The place is silent and empty. An awkward silence ensues.

YOUNG BOY

Okay.

The man begins to breath abnormally. He stands towering above the frightened child casting a long shadow that darkens the boy from the sun. The man almost stuttering, voice becoming shaky. He leans down and whispers in the boys ear then backs away; waiting for a response.

The boy looking down at the ground.

YOUNG BOY

What's that?

The man breathing more and more out of control.

EXT. AGGIE'S MEADOW/WOODS - DAY

An older, mean looking man dressed poorly enters frame with a plaid jacket donned and torn on one arm. He walks briskly into the woods. His steel toe boot laces are undone.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

MAN

It feels really good, I'll even do it to you.

YOUNG BOY

I'm not doing that.

Crying... frightened... not in control. The pedophile walks closer to him and puts his hand around the back of the boys little neck.

MAN

You'll do it, or I'll fuckin' bury you here.

At that moment the older man in the plaid jacket approaches and hits the pedophile hard in the head, drawing blood from his nose and driving him to the ground.

The pedophile wriggles around on the ground like a mouse caught by the tail in a trap.

OLDER MAN

I fuckin' warned ya! Jesus Christ, what is wrong with ya?

(MORE)

OLDER MAN (cont'd)
When your mother departs this earth
I swear to god I'll choke the
fucking useless life out of ya.

The boy stands there, ready to pee his pants, finally he does. The pedophile rolls around the ground moaning in agony.

The older man looks at the boy, pointing his fore finger. He then grabs a stick that fits neatly in his hands.

OLDER MAN
You get the fuck home. Don't ever
come back here again. Now get!

The old man draws attention to the pedophile still on the ground, he raises the stick and brings it down with a mighty blow. The boy runs out of the woods, all the while the screams of the pedophile echo throughout the forest. Once to the road he begins walking.

Crying. The front of his pants soaked.

He nears an old graveyard.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The bully bitch waits by a rusty gate leading to the graveyard. The gate gently rocks in the breeze, squeaking on it's rusty hinges. The young boy sees her and keeps walking.

She eyeballs the young boy and walks toward him. Eyes wide, full of revenge. Fists clenched.

As she nears the boy she suddenly stops and takes notice of his snotty red face and his wet pants.

The revenge in her eyes ceases and she just stands there as the young boy walks past. She tries to say something but knows its useless.

He keeps walking down the road. She watches as he walks past the beautiful horses that roam the roadside. The boy pays no mind to them as they move freely.

She watches until he disappears into his house.

She kicks the dirt by the side of the road and walks into the graveyard past the swinging rusty gate. The wind has picked up.

She sits down on some old neglected headstone from the early 1900's. She zips up her thin wind breaker and shivers from the cold of the pack ice breeze.

FADE OUT.