

IN YOUR BLOOD

by

Mike W. Rogers

mike.rogers67@hotmail.com
401-207-2365

EXT. HALF-ACRE BACK YARD - DAY

Ocean breezes temper a mid-Summer New England day.

Clouds periodically block-out an otherwise perfect scene.

At the the top of the yard sits a five story, stone block base, timber-framed, Stanford White Mansion.

At the bottom of the yard, a garish six-foot chain link fence. Ivy sprouts line the bottom.

Beyond the chain link sits a two story brick home surrounded by a spiked fence.

Two boys, tan from the Summer sun, toss a "Duke" football over the neon green yard.

DAVE MACROURGHY(14) wears shorts and a cherry red, "**EASON**" jersey.

DAVE

Go long!

He waves...

MIKE MACROUGHERY(8) back further, to stretch out his throwing arm.

From the look on his face, Mike's out here for one of two reason,

- 1) Prove to his brother he's not completely useless
- 2) Prove to himself he may someday throw a spiral.

Today, it's still a two handed mess.

More a game of throw and retrieve than catch.

Also in the yard, lounge two full-sized Great Danes.

TESSIE, *the older harlequin*, lays in the grass. Her long boxy frame too large to go unnoticed.

The ball sails through the air--

MIKE

OOF.

--and bounces off Mike's chest.

HAROLD, a young faun, lunges for the football. His developed musculature disguised under his soft puppy skin.

But Mike is quick!

And Snatches the pig skin from Harold's enormous teeth.

SNAP!

Dave's windmill his arm to stretch his shoulder.

DAVE

Let's go! We're loosing light!

Mike collects and throws it back with both hands...

MIKE

Shit. Sorry!

...short.

FROM THE BACK PORCH

MARY-BETH MACROUGHERY (50's) lights a Benson & Hedges, menthol, light, one-hundred cigarette. She wears a navy blue jacket, khaki pants, and flats with elephants embroidered over the toe.

MARY-BETH

Harold, Tessie! Time to eat!

Harold gallops past Mike.

Only his hands are visible, waving for one last pass.

Dave heaves a rainbow thirty yards--

MIKE

I got it!

OOO-- right through his hands.

DAVE

(to himself)

Perfect.

Harold thrusts up the porch stairs,

DUN ,DUN ,DUN ,DUN ,DUN ,

and drops his butt on the porch, **BOOM .**

Mary-Beth grabs Harold by the snout.

MARY-BETH
You hungry, Sweet Boy?

Harold's butt is back up in the air and swings recklessly.

MARY-BETH
Your Father and I are going out to
with the Bowman's.

The boys stand on the bottom step.

MARY-BETH
Pizza's in the freezer.

Dave looks up at his Mother sideways.

DAVE
I guess this means, I'm
baby-sitting?

MARY-BETH
You had other plans?

DAVE
No. Just most people get paid to
baby-sit.

MARY-BETH
You're not most people.

Mary-Beth scans the yard.

MARY-BETH
Tessie, come on, Girl.

Tessie opens her eyes and rises slow from the grass.

MIKE
Is she gonna be okay?

MARY-BETH
She'll be fine. Just needs time,
that's all.

Cigarette stamped out on the porch, Mary-Beth, Dave, and Harold are through screen door.

Mike hold the door for Tessie.

She labors up the stairs, avoids eye contact.

MIKE
Just need time, Tess, that's all.

FADE TO:

INT. FORMAL LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Boys lounge in a formal living room watching T.V..

Dave lay on an ivory white formal sofa, feat up on the cushions, eating from a box of Milk Duds.

He licks his fingers to keep up with the melting chocolate.

Mike lay on the thick carpet covering the LIVING ROOM floor.

FROM TELEVISION (O.S.)
"What you talkin' about Willis?"

Mike **CRACKS-UP**.

A milk-dud sails through the air and bounces off his head.

Dave **GIGGLES**.

MIKE
Hey!

He searches for the Milk Dud, finds it, and fires it back.

It sails past Dave's and **PUP**.

...a perfect chocolate stain on the white sofa cushion.

The Boys both *freeze*.

MARY-BETH (O.S.)
Boys! Were leaving!

Dave leans forward and covers the stain with his shoulder.

Mary-Beth ENTERS, surveys the living room.

MARY-BETH
Get your feet off my sofa.

Dave slides his feet off the couch, not moving his shoulder.

Mike's eyes give the whole operation the stink of sabotage.

MARY-BETH
Whatever your doing, cut it out.
Your Father and I will be back by
eleven.

She points at Mike.

MARY-BETH
You, in bed by 9:00.

She points at Dave.

DAVE
You, up till we get home.

Her eyes remain fixed on the Boys. Waiting for a crack.

WARREN MACROUGHERY (O.S.)
We'll see you a bit later, Boys!
Don't do anything I wouldn't do!

The Boys perk up to their father's voice.

Dave remains mindful of the spot. One slip could send this evening into a tailspin a Navy Pilot couldn't recover.

MIKE / DAVE
Bye, Dad!

Until morning that is.

MARY-BETH (O.S.)
David, did you feed the dogs?

DAVE
Yes!

MARY-BETH (O.S.)
Michael, let the dogs out!

Begrudged, Mike rises - leaves the room.

(BEAT)

And returns with Harold and Tessie in tow. He pushes opens the screen door...

MIKE
Bark when you need me!

...and lets it go.

SLAM!

Mike lay back down on the carpet.

Dave waits for him to settle in , then...

DAVE
Pizza?!

Mike is back on his feet in a shot.

MIKE
Oh, yeah!

The two Boys race for the kitchen. Dave hip checks Mike.

BAM!

Mike crumbles against the dark wood Wayne's coating.

MIKE
Owe.

FADE TO:

THROUGH AN OVEN WINDOW

A pizza sits on a bent, tin disc over glowing heating coils.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dave leans against the counter and reads the back of the frozen pizza box.

Mike sits at the kitchen table- watches a small T.V. on a bill filled desk.

A tomato timer *DINGS*.

Dave open's the oven.

He uses the pizza box to wave away the BLACK SMOKE pluming from the oven.

With an oven-mitt he pulls a half-burnt pizza from the oven.

DAVE
Perfect.

He places the TREY directly on the LINOLEUM counter.

FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

HAROLD (O.S.)
RUFF-RUFF RUFF-RUFF!

DAVE
Let the dogs in while this cools.

Mike leaves the room--

(BEAT)

--re-enters with Harold.

Harold heads straight for the pizza.

DAVE

Hey! No! *You damn Dog.*

Mike wraps his arms around Harold's chest.

Harold extends his nose for the pizza, unfettered.

Dave taps Harold on the nose with a spatula.

DAVE

Back! Back! Fowl beast!

MIKE

Come on, Buddy. I'll get ya' treat.

Out of loyalty, Harold leaves the pizza alone for the promise of a treat.

The round tray POPS and spins as Dave uses two hand to wield a butcher knife to cut a slice out of the hyper-crisp pizza.

CRUNCH!

Mike tries to grab a piece as Dave chops through the burnt crust.

DAVE

Hey, could have cut your fingers off!

MIKE

Sorry.

Mike returns to his seat with a slice.

Dave picks tray up off the counter with his finger tips.

DAVE

Ah! Shit! Hot!

It bounces into the sink. Dave look back at the counter.

DAVE

Oh, shit!

Mike runs back over.

MIKE
What did you do?

A perfect **CHARRED** circle sits burnt into the linoleum counter. Right down to the wood.

The **FIRE ALARM** in the kitchen ceiling activates.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Mike covers his ears and falls to his knees.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Dave looks down at Mike.

DAVE
YOUR USELESS, YOU KNOW THAT?

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Dave grabs a dish towel and waves it under the fire alarm.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Silence...

Mike gets out of his fetal position to rejoin Dave.

DAVE
Shit.

A black, charred circle matches the tin tray perfectly.

DAVE
Hmm?

He tests the tray with his bare fingers.

DAVE
Damn it! Still hot --

Gingerly he picks up the tray with his fingertips, then drops the tray over the burnt circle in the counter.

DAVE
And... Perfect!

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

OVER THE AN EMPTY PIZZA TREY

Mike and Dave sit at the kitchen table, eat pizza, and *LAUGH* at the T.V..

DAVE
Hey, where's Tessie?

MIKE
She didn't want to come in.

INSERT:

KITCHEN PANTRY

In the pantry, Harold sleeps in an over-size dog bed.
An identical bed with a pillow and blanket sits next to his.
A third larger bed than the other sits in the opposite corner. Toys now cover a pillow and blanket.

END INSERT:

KITCHEN

DAVE
Hey, look, American Werewolf in London is coming on in ten minutes and you can't watch it.

MIKE
Oh, come on! Mom and Dad are gone!

DAVE
If it's lame after twenty minutes I'll let you back in.

MIKE
(dejected)
Okay.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike lay on the floor with his face in his hands.

LIVING ROOM TELEVISION
 (Male voice sings)
 'Welcome back, welcome back,
 welcome back...'

The small chocolate circle on the ivory cushion is now a half dollar size grey and brown stain.

FROM THE KITCHEN (O.S.)

SCREECHING, MOANING, YELLING, CRUNCHING are heard under the vocals,

KITCHEN TELEVISION (O.S.)
 (male voice sings)
 'I SEE A BAD MOON RISING...'

Eyes bugged-out of his head, Mike stares toward kitchen.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (terrified screaming)
 Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhhh!

Mike breaths short, fast breath.

He leaps on the couch and covers himself with an afghan.

Huh, huh, huh...

Dave breaths heavy.

Then screams.

DAVE
 ...Ahhhhhh!

Mike's body shakes under the afghan.

MIKE
 Please stop, please stop, please
 stop.

FROM OUTSIDE THE SCREEN DOOR

O.S.
 Whoo Whoo Whoo Whooooo.

Mike uncovers his head and stares out the window.

O.S.

Whoo Whoo Whoo Whooooo.

Stands and squints at the darkness.

MIKE

Sounds like a sick owl?

Opens the screen door.

MIKE

Tessie!

Silence.

O.S.

Whooooo. Who Who Who.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike stands at the kitchen door.

MIKE

There's something in the back yard.

Dave sits up and wipes the tears from his eyes.

DAVE

Don't come in here!

MIKE

I can't get Tessie in.

Dave coughs and clears his throat.

DAVE

Just go in the other room! I'll be there in a second.

HALLWAY - CONT.

Mike walks slow...

O.S.

Awwwoooooh!

The sound has changed....

LIVING ROOM

O.S.
AWWWOOOOOH!

...now the inexplicable **CRY** of a **CRITICALLY INJURED ANIMAL**.
 Mike covers his ears and scream.

MIKE
 Dave!

FROM OUT OF THE KITCHEN

Dave sprints past Mike and out the screen door, **SLAM!**

Mike pushes open the screen door...

AWWWOOOOOOOOO! AWWOOOOOOO!

...but the **BLOOD CURLING CRIES** push him back.

SLAM!

MIKE
 (through the screen door)
 Dave!

Panicked, Mike looks for ... ANYTHING!

The afghan on the couch!

He rolls the afghan into a ball and punches it into his gut.

Fist clenched, eyes shut, BLIND he runs for the screen door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Fast through the screen door.

SLAM!

Fast short steps works him across the porch.

MOOAAAAANNNN!

The bemoaned holler launches him off the porch steps.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

The cool grass under his socks, eyes clenched, body bent over the balled afghan, running, falling, plunging forward into the darkness.

AAAWWWOOOOOOOOO!

MIKE

Dave!

The sound of small feet through grass and the night.

AWWWOOOOOOOOO!

MIKE

Dave!

Then-- **CLANG!** (*BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT*)

...and he's down on his back in the grass.

No choice now, *he has* to open his eyes...

THROUGH A CHAIN LINK FENCE

The white "11" illuminates the darkness.

Eyes BLURRED... then adjust.

Clarifying the situation...

It's bleak...

and unnatural...

*and it smells like something...rank... rotten but no...
antiseptic, like an Emergency Room.*

TESSIE... paws a few inches off the ground...

...floats above a black iron gate.

Four-feet tall with twisted vines topped with tiny leaves.

And broad blunt spikes, spaced a foot apart.

Thick bright blood slow-coats four of the iron pikes now
deep in Tessie's belly.

AWWWOOOOOOOOO!

DAVE

OKAY! ...okay, okay...

Dave works his arms under Tessie.

The latched gate won't hold still,

CLICK-CLACK-- CLICK, CLACK in it's metal notch.

Up to his elbows inside the dog, (*he would later admit*), his elbows thrust backward-- then ooze back under the animal.

DAVE

Okay...

Legs spread knees bent, arms squarely under the enormous dog...three deep breaths... like a Power-Lifter.

DAVE

HUFF- HUFF- HUFF-

Clean jerk, all back.

CLICK, CLACK-- CLICK, CLACK,

DAVE

COME ON! ERRRRR!

..and hoists Tess off the garden fence.

Freed TESSIE GROWLS and **SNAPS** at Dave's face.

RRRR-RRRR!- SNAP, SNAP

RRR-RRRRR-RRR!- SNAP, SNAP, SNAP

Mike rolls into a ball, hands over his ears.

DAVE

(struggling)

Mike- get up.

Mike's head pops up as-

Dave rushes by, his steps, stuttered by the one-hundred and twenty pound female Great Dane in his arms.

Tessie looks oddly content, happy someone finally saved her from the pain.

Mike jumps to his feet.

Eye's on the ground he follows glistening trail of blood, in the thick green grass.

Tessie remains quiet in Dave's arm until--

Mooooooooaaaaawwwwooooo--

As if air and lungs had nothing to do with it.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Teeth clenched, Dave pushes Tessie over the top step.

DAVE
Put down the damn blanket before I
drop her!

Mike throws down the afghan, struggles to spread it out.

Dave drops Tessie on the porch.

Her tongue hangs from the side of her mouth. Panting, an eerie smile on her face.

It's okay, Mike, I just need time.

DAVE
Oh, shit!

Burgundy blood pools on the green porch.

DAVE
We need towels!

Like a shot Mike is through the screen door.

SLAM!

(BEAT---)

SLAM!

Mike stands with a stack of folded towels in his hands.

Dave lays on top of Tessie using the afghan as a tourniquet.

DAVE
I'm holding everything in. You're
going to have to pull the blanket
away while I wrap her in the
towels.

MIKE
I don't wanna!

Mike sets the towels next to Dave.

DAVE
You have to or she'll die.

Mike moves below Tessie, readies his body like a catcher.

Dave pulls back the afghan--

Four jagged puncher wounds line Tessie's belly.

Her labored breaths forces crimson blood from the puncture wounds on to the afghan.

On inhale, a thick layer of flesh flaps open, bloody white, like fat-back bacon.

Dave pulls a green towel over the top two puncture wounds.

Mooooooooaaaaawwwwooooo--

More crimson gushes out the bottom two puncture wounds.

MIKE

Dave!

DAVE

Damn it!

Dave wraps another towel over the top half of her belly.

The dark blood pools in the green towel.

Dave keeps the pressure on with both hands.

DAVE

Grab me another towel!

Mike leaps up and grabs another towel.

Dave yanks the towel tight around Tessie's belly.

AAAWWOOOOOOOOO

DAVE

Call 911.

MIKE

For a dog?

Dave releases the towel and stands.

The top color of the number "11" jersey is a coca-cola red.

But the color beneath...

if it could be called a color....

...had something to do with death.

Is this that primal stuff that makes us all equal when were bleeding-out on a porch somewhere?

Dave was **BLACK WITH BLOOD** from the number "11" down.

DAVE

Does this look like a fuckin' dog
to you!

It didn't.

It was thick and filled with chunks of stuff it seemed she
might need.

Nothing could survive this.

The crusty blood on Dave's bare forearms made his
fourteen-year-old skin look much older now.

Mike runs thorough the Screen door.

SLAM!

LIVING ROOM

Sprints through the living room.

KITCHEN

Stops at the corded phone on the wall.

But before he can dial...

The kitchen is filled with flashing lights of a patrol car.

FRONT HALLWAY

Mike runs from the kitchen.

BANG- BANG- BANG!

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

THIS IS THE POLICE! OPEN UP!

MIKE

Dave!

DAVE (O.S.)

*Damn it, Mike, open the door before
the kick it down!*

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

JERRY... the doors open...

OFFICER JERRY (O.S.)
WE'RE COME'IN IN!

Two **UNIFORMED OFFICERS** (50s) side arms drawn.

Officer #1 weathered with experience, reacts to Mike.

OFFICER #1
 Not another step!

Mike's palms shoot up.

MIKE
 It's the dog!

Their pistols lower, looking Mike up and down.

OFFICER JERRY
Mary Mother...

His **YELLOW** t-shirt is now **BILE** against the blood.

COCA-COLA red edges his fingers.

Nails packed with **BLACK COAGULANT**.

BROWN BLOOD across his forehead,

on his sneakers,

and on phone in his hand.

OFFICER #1
 A dog?

The Officers holster their sidearms.

OFFICER JERRY
 Show us.

PORCH

Dave straddles Tessie's mid-section to keeps the towel tourniquet tight.

Officer #1 step out on the porch, then **FREEZE**.

OFFICER JERRY
 Snap out of it, Joe.

Officer Jerry drops to his knees to relieve Dave.

OFFICER JERRY
Let go, Son. I've got it now.

Officer Joe speaks into the receiver on his shoulder.

OFFICER JOE
We need an ambulance to twelve
Sunny Side Place.

DISPATCH (FROM RECEIVER)
*Copy that. Dispatching ambulance to
your location.*

Dave moves away.

His bloodied fingers stay STUCK IN CLUTCH.

DAVE
Ah..shit! I can't move my fingers!

Officer Joe takes Dave by the hand. He massages Dave's palms
with his thumbs before PRYING his fingers straight.

DAVE
SSSST- ahh...shit!

Fingers straight, Dave exercises his fingers, tears on his
cheeks.

OFFICER JOE
What the hell happened?

MIKE
Tessie's Mom died and she keeps
trying to escape and go find her.

Dave wipes his cheeks and shakes out his hands.

DAVE
Damn Dog jumped a six-foot chain
link fence no problem! But couldn't
clear a four-foot iron, garden
gate.

OFFICER JERRY
Saints in heaven...

AMBULANCE SIRENS approach from a distance.

MIKE
Dave pulled her off the fence by
himself!

As Officer Joe looks down at Dave's shirt.

His face loses all color.

Officer Joe leans over the porch railing and gets sick.

OFFICER JOE

HU-

Tessie starts a whining cry.

WOOOOOO, WOOOOO, WOOOO...

Mike kneels down and pets Tessie's head.

MIKE

Shhh. You'll be okay, Tess.

The lights of the ambulance paint the backyard red.

Mike looks up to Dave.

Right Dave?

Dave shrugs and and shakes his head.

Not a freakin' clue.

SLAM!

Two EMTs (20s) arrive on the porch. EMT #1, obviously the Team Leader, tends Tessie like a trauma victim.

EMT #2, is less astute. He stares slack-jawed at the blood-smeared porch.

EMT #2

Holy shit! That is the biggest damn dog I've ever seen!

EMT #1

Barry! I need large sterile pads, two Aces and a short of Morphine.

BARRY

You can't give a dog morphine!

EMT#1

The fucking dog is bleeding out!
Go!

Barry doesn't move, just stares.

EMT #1

Now!

SLAM!

EMT #1

You're okay, Girl. I got you. Just
give me some time.

Dave and Mike stand against the wall, crusty black arms
crossed over their stained shirts.

The two Officers stand over EMT #1.

EMT #1

(yells over his shoulder)

BARRY!

Barry returns with a kit full of the requested items.

SLAM!

The two Officers back off to let the EMTs work.

OFFICER JERRY

(to Dave)

Where are your folks?

Dave stares at the dog.

DAVE

Out to dinner.

Barry unloads the kit handing the contents to EMT #1.

EMT #1 disappears under Tessie's belly. He emerges as he
wraps an ace bandages around her mid-section.

EMT#1

(to Barry)

I got some butterfly stitch across
her gut to hold her together but
don't expect it to hold.

Barry nods, mouth agape, OUT OF BREATH.

EMT #1

Get the stretcher.

BARRY

I'm on it.

SLAM!

Officer Jerry speaks into the C.B. receiver on his shoulder.

OFFICER JERRY
Dispatch, this is car six escort on
route to Oldport Hospital.

DISPATCH (FROM C.B. RECEIVER)
Right car six.

EMT #1 keeps his hand under Tessie like a plumber holding his finger on a leak. So clean from the chest up. Like a Malt Shop Jerk waiting to take your order, minus the hat.

For the first time he looks up at the Boys.

He studies their discolored cloths, their crusty, brown skin, their distant yet questioning stares.

EMT#1
Hey!

Their eye's move away from Tessie and on to the EMT.

EMT #1 uses his chin and bright eyes to nod up to the sky.

EMT #1
Hell of a night, huh?

The boys both look up.

SILENCE on the porch,

CRICKETS in the yard, PRE-RECORDED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER from the TV in the living room.

Officer Jerry's CB CHIRPS and CLICKS.

SLAM!

The boys are jolted back to the crime scene.

The screen door swings wildly, as the front end of the gurney barrels onto the porch.

Officer Joe and Officer Jerry have to leap out of the way.

EMT #1
Good job, Barry! Now right up next
to us.

Barry pushes the gurney up against EMT #1's thigh.

The gurney lowers...still one foot off the porch.

MIKE
Needs a big spatula.

EMT #1
I wish, Kid.

Bary kneels down ready for action.

EMT #1
This is going to take all of us. We
all need to get our hands
underneath her. We have to keep her
flat or she'll pop the stitch.

The Officer's join the EMTs followed by Dave.

EMT #1 directs the men around Tessi's six foot frame.

Mike approaches the only spot left... her belly.

EMT #1
(to Mike)
Just keep your hands out flat and
lift straight up with us. It will
be over in a second.

As the men get ready, Mike is able to side his small hands
under Tessie's belly.

MIKE
It's HOT!

Not oven hot but like a water-bottle filled with a scalding
viscus substance. It gurgled and twisted in my palms. Like
her guts were trying to find their way around the puncture
wounds.

EMT #1
ONE, TWO, AND THREE!

As the men lift the belly like a bladder is raised in Mike's
hand's, red and black Blood seeps through the white bandage.
Not thinking Mike squeezes to stop the blood from flowing.

Tessie's holler is haunting.

A **PAINED BELLOW** that asked **WHY?**

Mike is crying, he knows he caused her more pain.

EMT #1
Okay, she's down. Get your damn
hands out of the way!

Mike yanks his hands from under Tessie's belly.

Another **PAINED BELLOW**.

Mike is hopeless and falls on his knees in the blood covering the distance between the door and the stairs.

SLAM!

Mike's alone on the porch.

The red lights pull away from the yard, leaving it black once more.

Mike stares into the darkness. In the foreground CRICKETS CHIRP, in the back ground a DOG BARKS to come in. A CELEBRITY sells something ON TV.

SLAM!

DAVE (O.S.)
Hey, you okay?

Mike shrugs.

A pile of towels and a roll of black garbage bags drop on to the porch next to Mike.

DAVE
I'll get the hose. We have to clean this up before Mom and Dad get home.

Mike wipes what tears remain on his cheeks.

PSSSST-T-T PSHHHHHH

A stream of water SPLASHES on the flat deck on the green porch. The water pools and mixes with Tessie' thick red blood.

Mike grabs a towel and starts scrubbing the porch on his hands and knees.

PSHHHHH-T

The hose turns off, Dave climbs the steps of the porch and grabs a towel. He drops on his knees next to Mike, starts scrubbing.

Applause and Laughter from TV in living room as a live audience comedy comes to an end.