

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

While Joe is talking he notices the killer dog he hates. It's crossing the road towards him.

The truck drives off. Fortunately the dog's owner leads it in the opposite direction.

BARNEY (OFF)

Joe!

JOE

Hello Barney.

Barney wheels his vintage racing bike up to the curb. His big powerful legs beneath the baggy shorts suggest a time before the huge beer belly.

BARNEY

How's tricks?

JOE

Seen Shawn recently?

BARNEY

He's not been in the pub of late. Either mending his ways or giving up the drink. Or drinking somewhere else. Perish the thought! Are you two still not on speaking terms then?

Joe sees the killer dog and owner have doubled back and are coming his way.

JOE

I'll see you Barney.

BARNEY

You want news of Shawn, you could ask his lady.

Joe sees Cheryl three shops distant, coming towards them, her eyes on a window, approaching from the opposite direction to the dog.

She is wearing dark sunglasses. Her gaze sweeps across Joe. Her expression doesn't change. When she's ten paces away she abruptly crosses the road.

Joe, taken aback, watches her go.

BARNEY

Well. You're not on speaking terms with either of them!

Joe jumps back. The *dog* is right there at his feet.

Barney warmly greets the owner.

BARNEY

George. You all right mate?

Joe sees another butch-looking dog approaching led by an equally butch-looking owner.

GEORGE

Can't complain, can't complain.  
Yourself? Keeping well?

George's mastiff watches the other dog intently.

To Joe's amazement, it lies down on the pavement and displays its tummy to the other dog.

The other dog and its owner pass by.

BARNEY

Big softy, your dog, isn't he?

JOE

Didn't used to be, did he George?

GEORGE

*(matter of fact to Barney)*  
Sank his teeth into Joe's leg once.  
Didn't he Joe?

JOE

Yes he did.

GEORGE

*(wistfully)*  
But those days are long over,  
aren't they, Roman?

JOE

Yeah? Are they? Why?

George pulls the dog away.

GEORGE

Met a bigger, fiercer dog. Gave him  
the shock of his life. Meek as a  
lamb now, aren't you Roman?.

Joe watches George and the dog go, fascinated.

He marches towards Barney's pub and Barney follows him.

JOE  
Do you have a pair of binoculars,  
mate?

**INT. OLD SHIP PUB - DAY**

Joe sits at a table in the window, peering at something through his binoculars.

Barney sits with him, pint in hand.

We see Joe's view of Cheryl, her back turned to him, serving a customer in the bakery across the street.

She turns around. She clearly has a black eye.

Joe slams the binoculars down and stands up. Barney makes no attempt to question him or waylay him. He only watches with interest as Joe limps out of the pub, with obvious purpose.