The Dog is Dead

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1. Morning, interior, Living room - the house

WIFE walks through lounge into kitchen

WIFE
Morning boy

The dog does not react or respond to WIFE, she backs out of the kitchen and stands infront of the dog.

WIFE
You okay boy?

She leans forward to shake the dog

WIFE
Oh shit, wake up .

She continues to shake the dog.

WIFE
Fuck, fuck, fuck. Oh no.

She stands, turns and moves towards the hallway door

WIFE
(Shouting upstairs)
Hey, can you come downstairs

HUSBAND
(Muffled from upstairs)
What?

WIFE
(Louder)
Come downstairs!

HUSBAND
(Faint)
What? Why?

WIFE
I think the dog is dead.

HUSBAND
(Faint)
What?

WIFE
(Louder)
The dog's dead!

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HUSBAND
(Faint)
You what?

WIFE
Fuck sakes

She takes a deep breath moves to the foot of the stairs

WIFE
(Shouting slowly)
THE DOG IS DEAD!

Title card in time with words being spoken

2. MORNING, INTERIOIR, LIVING ROOM - THE HOUSE

HUSBAND and WIFE and both in the living room in front of the dog. HUSBAND is pacing

HUSBAND
Bollocks, why'd he have to die here?

He continues to pace, periodically looking at the dog.

HUSBAND
I mean, if I would have known I'd end up with a dog cadaver in my lounge I wouldn't have signed up for this.

WIFE
I don't think anyone really wants a dog cadaver to be fair... well apart from taxidermists maybe.

HUSBAND
What're we going to do? We can't keep him there? There's a finite time you can keep a dead dog. Shit, how long until he, you know...

WIFE
What?

HUSBAND
You know, melts like.

WIFE
He's not going to melt you melon.

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He'll probably start to smell in a day or so though.

HUSBAND
Of course he's going to melt! That's what happens, You rot and melt into a goo. Google it!

WIFE
Good thinking Batman.

HUSBAND
And I think you'll find I'm right, goo.

WIFE
No no, I'm going to google what to do with a dead dog.

HUSBAND
Ah, fair enough. Look at his eyes, kind of creepy.

He leans closer to the dog

HUSBAND
Feels like he's watching us. Any luck?

WIFE
Well there's a few interesting craft and cooking suggestions come up, don't think they'll be much use to us though.

HUSBAND
Shit, We could bury him in our garden? Oh can you bury a dog in rental property? Is that allowed?

WIFE
I's an idea, though what if you're parents want the body. Oh no! Your parents, should we tell them?

HUSBAND
(mimes phone to ear)
Oh shit you're right " Hi mum and dad, how's the holiday? That's nice, anyway the dog's dead, how's the weather out there?"

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WIFE
Point taken. We've still got to sort this, when they back?

HUSBAND
Tuesday

WIFE
Two days? That's not too bad, maybe we can preserve the body until then.

HUSBAND
No, next Tuesday

WIFE
Ah, maybe not then.

HUSBAND
Shit, this is serious. What are we going to do with a body for nine days? Keep googling.

HUSBAND paces then stops abruptly

HUSBAND
I got it, remember that episode of Breaking Bad? With the bathtub?

WIFE
Oh no.

HUSBAND
You don't remember? That's classic tv!

WIFE
No, I remember. I'm saying no to disolving the dog in acid. We didn't fucking murder him, it's not like we need to hide the body. We just need to deal with it.

HUSBAND
They were dealing with...

Looking at her phone, WIFE raises her free hand to cut HUSBAND off

WIFE
I got something, there's a pet

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crematorium near by.

HUSBAND
How near? And it's a propper one yeah? Not an enusiastic amateur or soemthing.

WIFE
Two miles, and yeah it's five star on trip advisor. Weird that it's on there. Yelp too.

HUSBAND
Yeah that's unusual. Can we cover him with something, his eyes are starting to weird me out like.

WIFE
Yeah I'll get a blanket, you ring them.

WIFE hands over her phone and makes her way to the stairs. HUSBAND looks at the phone, the towards the stairs.

HUSBAND
Not one of the good blankets yeah?

WIFE
(Muffled from upstairs)
I wasn't going to

HUSBAND
(Loud to hall door)
Shit would they be open at this time of the morning?

WIFE re enters room holding a large blanket

WIFE
It said 24 hour service on the website. Even Christmas.

HUSBAND
No wonder they got five stars.

WIFE
I know right.

WIFE looks at the dog

WIFE

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Night night boy.

She throws the blanket over the dog

3 MORNING, INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - THE HOUSE

The dog is now covered with a blanket, HUSBAND and WIFE are standing over him.

HUSBAND
What if he gets wet?

WIFE
I don't think he'd mind, it's a bit late for that.

HUSBAND
No you egg, can they still burn him? Shall I ring back and ask?

WIFE
Jesus, of course he'll burn. Though we should keep him dry, for dignity?

HUSBAND
Bin bags?

WIFE
Bin bags.

HUSBAND gets bin bags and both proceed to cover dog.

HUSBAND
Right, I'll lift him and you put the bag around his legs. Ready?

WIFE
Ready.

HUSBAND
Fuckin hell!

WIFE
What? You alrigtht?

HUSBAND
Yeah, Jesus he's really stiff! How?! he can only be dead like a few hours! Feel him! You could use him as an ironing board.

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WIFE
(laughing)
Show some respect you knob.

HUSBAND
And how is he so heavy!? He's like a bag of cement!

WIFE
Shut up and keep him still.

The dog is wrapped and HUSBAND and WIFE step back to admire their work.

WIFE
We can't take him like that

HUSBAND
Oh fuck no we can't, it looks like a dead body.

WIFE
Well technically it is

HUSBAND
Ha ha, you know what I mean, a dead child. It looks like a black bag stuffed with a child's corpse. We'll look like child killers!

WIFE
We said we'd be there by six, We'll have to risk it. There won't be anybody about at this time.

HUSBAND
Police! The police! They'll probaly be around!

WIFE
Not at this time, it's a bit early.

HUSBAND
The polie don't close dear, they're not like co-op!

WIFE
Well either way we're going to have to go, we'll miss our slot.

HUSBAND

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Fine, but if we get stopped you know I'll get flustered. They'll ask what's in the bag, and I'll tell them it's a body. And I won't specify what type of body. I'll be too worked up.

WIFE
Just try and make him look less conspicuous, I'll get dressed.

4. MORNING, EXTERIOR - ROADSIDE - CROSSHANDS

(Montage begins)

HUSBAND is holding dog as he and WIFE are walking along side of road. HUSBAND is struggling with weight of dog.

HUSBAND and WIFE are coming out of an underpass, HUSBAND looks distressed.

HUSBAND and WIFE are walking along another stretch of road. HUSBAND still holding dog. HUSBAND squats down to rest, WIFE looks back annoyed.

HUSBAND
(V.O panting)
He's too fucking heavy, he's pure dead weight!

WIFE
(V.O)
He is dead, now keep moving we're not too far.

HUSBAND
(V.O)
How far is not too far? I'm not sure I can go on.

WIFE
(V.O)
About a mile and a half

HUSBAND
(V.O)
You've a sick sense of humour, you know that, don't you?

WIFE
(V.O)
Less gassing more walking please.

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HUSBAND and WIFE continue along road. HUSBAND squats and rests dog on his knees while he fishes for cigarettes in his pockets. While doing so dog falls onto floor, WIFE turns in horror, snatches cigarette from mouth. HUSBAND sheepishly picks up dog.

HUSBAND and WIFE arrive at entrance to cycle path.

(Montage ends)

5. MORNING - EXTERIOR - THE CYCLE PATH - CROSSHANDS

HUSBAND and WIFE are walking along the cycle path, HUSBAND is still holding the dog. He looks weak.

HUSBAND
Seriously now, I know I've said this like a hundred times...

WIFE
Don't say it

HUSBAND
...But I'm fucked. Can we take five minutes here?

WIFE
The sooner we get there the sooner you can rest. Tell you what shall I take him for a while, you've done all of three quarters of a mile to be fair.

HUSBAND
Is that all!? Jesus I feel like we've been walking for days! You sure you can manage him?

WIFE
I'll manage, put him down.

HUSBAND gently places dog on the ground, stands and stretches his back.

HUSBAND
My back is going to be knackered tomorrow.

WIFE walks over to the dog, bends and places him in a fireman lift over her shoulder. HUSBAND looks on agape.

HUSBAND
Well that's my dose of emasculation

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for the day.

WIFE
Come on, let's keep moving.

HUSBAND
Well you're hard ain't you.

WIFE
Harder than you.

HUSBAND
Bet you won't be able to carry him as long as me.

6. MORNING - EXTERIOR - ROADSIDE - CROSSHANDS

HUSBAND and WIFE are walking along the roadside, WIFE is still carrying dog. She is only slightly flustered.

HUSBAND
Well I think you're cheating, you got him further but in a less dignified way.

WIFE
I'm not even going to acknowledge your statement, and besides you bet time not dignity and distance. And we've only taken so long because you made us hide from those cyclists.

HUSBAND
Yeah I got a bit carried away, sorry about that. Point still stands. I win by default.

WIFE
Shhhh, there it is.

Wife points with her free hand toward pet crematorium

WIFE
Now, shut up about bets. We've got to be dignified.

HUSBAND
I can do dignified. Pass me the dog.

WIFE stops and raises an eyebrow to husband.

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WIFE
Why?

HUSBAND
Well I'm a lot redder and sweatier than you. So I don't want to think I'm just unfit.

WIFE
Jesus fine, careful

WIFE passes the dog to HUSBAND.

HUSBAND
You ring the bell and I'll stand here all dignified.

WIFE rings door bell

WIFE
You do that, oh look they sell puppies.

HUSBAND
Arrive with a dead one, leave with a baby one. Solid business plan.

WIFE
(laughing)
Shut it you, dignified remember?

HUSBAND
Couldn't help myself. You love it really.

WIFE
Well it is a solid business plan, shall I ask if they do part ex?

HUSBAND and WIFE attempt to laugh subtly

HUSBAND
(still laughing)
You're worse than me, dignified now yeah.

The door is answered, both of their faces change to a sober expression. WIFE stifles a laugh.

FADE TO BLACK

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