The Dog is Dead

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1. Morning, interior, Living room - the house

The lounge is dimly lit several pictures are on the wall a sofa is next to a door, footstepts can be heard coming down the stairs. WIFE walks through the door into the lounge.

WIFE
Morning boy

The dog does not react or respond to WIFE, she is oblivious to this and walks through to the kitchen. A kettle can be heard switching on, a second door is heard opening and closing. A toilet is heard flushing and a door is re opened and closed. Another door is opened.

WIFE
Come on boy, come for a wee.

There is a pause, then WIFE returns to lounge after the dog does not come.

WIFE
Come on sleepy head

She flicks the light on and makes her way to the dog. She squats down and places her hand on the dog, and recoils almost instantly.

WIFE
Oh no

She stands, turns and moves towards the hallway door

WIFE
Hey, can you come downstairs?

HUSBAND
(O.S)
What?

WIFE
Just come down!

HUSBAND
(O.S)
What? Why?

WIFE
I think the dog's dead.

HUSBAND

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(O.S)

You what?

WIFE
Fuck sakes

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

WIFE
(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 back an forth. WIFE has hands on hips. Both look distressed and have clearly just woken up.

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

He continues to pace, periodically stopping and looking at the dog.

WIFE
You alright? I know he meant a lot to you.

WIFE steps closer to HUSBAND and places her hand on his shoulder. Stopping his pacing.

HUSBAND
Yeah,I'll be fine, it's just 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
Well he was getting on...

HUSBAND
I know, I'll miss him. What're we going to do though? We can't keep him there? There's a finite time you can keep a dead dog.
(beat)
How long before he... you know...

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WIFE
What?

HUSBAND
You know, melts like.

WIFE
He's not going to melt you melon. He'll probably start to smell in a day or so though.

HUSBAND
Of course he's going to melt!And think of the carpet! Google it!

HUSBAND resumes pacing, WIFE takes her phone from dressing gown pocket.

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 squats down and leans closer to the dog, he starts to pet him.

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

HUSBAND stands back up and and moves closer to WIFE

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?

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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 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?"

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

HUSBAND paces then stops abruptly and clicks his finger, the click draws WIFES attention as she was previously looking at the dog.

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

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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 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.

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, WIFE's footsteps can be heard from the stairs. HUSBAND moves to the foot of stairs.

HUSBAND
Not one of the good blankets yeah?

WIFE
(O.S)
I wasn't going to

HUSBAND
Do you reckon they'd be open at this time of the morning?

WIFE re enters room holding a large blanket

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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 and unravels the blanket.

WIFE
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 both are now holding a cup of tea.

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
Of course he'll burn. Though we should keep him dry, for dignity maybe?

HUSBAND
Bin bags?

WIFE
Bin bags.

HUSBAND passes WIFE his mug of tea, he then leavs the room, and returns with the bin bags in hand. WIFE looks on uneasy, sheplaces both cups down. HUSBAND unravels and snaps off a binbag.

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

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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.

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 now mostly wrapped and HUSBAND and WIFE step back to admire their work. They pick up their cups and inhale deeply. There is a pause.

WIFE
We can't take him like that

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

WIFE
Well technically it is

HUSBAND raises his free hand in protest. His tea nealy spills.

HUSBAND
No it looks like a kid's body!

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

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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.

HUSBAND
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.

WIFE moves away and leaves room. HUSBAND sips from his mug and shakes his head.

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.The dog almost slips from his hands

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.

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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.

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 there are trees either side and the path is covered in fallen leaves, HUSBAND is still holding the dog. He looks weak and flustered.

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.

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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. He leans forward over the dog catching his breath.

HUSBAND
My back is going to be knackered tomorrow I'll tell you that.

WIFE walks over to the dog, bends lifts the dog to her arms then places him in a fireman lift over her shoulder. HUSBAND looks on agape. WIFE gives out a grunt then smiles at HUSBAND.

HUSBAND
Why didn't you do that earlier?

WIFE
Didn't want to show you up.Come on, let's keep moving.

HUSBAND
Well you're hard ain't you.

WIFE
Harder than you.

She begins walking off, HUSBAND follows

6. MORNING - EXTERIOR - ROADSIDE - CROSSHANDS

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

WIFE
Hey there it is.

Wife points with her free hand toward pet crematorium, It looks from the outsdide to be a small cottage, to it's left are gravestones. A sign out the front advertises it as the crem.

WIFE
We've got to be dignified now.

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HUSBAND
I can do dignified. Pass me the dog.

WIFE stops and raises an eyebrow to husband and stops.

WIFE
Why?

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

WIFE
Jesus,fine. But don't drop him again.

WIFE passes the dog to HUSBAND.He grunts from the weight and almost drops the body

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

WIFE rings door bell, they stand side by side at the door.

WIFE
You do that, oh look they sell puppies here.

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.

There is a pause, both attempt to wear their most serious face.

WIFE
Shall I ask if they do part ex?

HUSBAND and WIFE attempt to laugh subtly

HUSBAND
(still laughing)
Pack it in now, dignified yeah.

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

CUT TO BLACK

END

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