

YOU CAN KEEP THE DOG!

By

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FADE IN.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

TOM REYNOLDS(44) sits on the sofa and watches TV. He wears a white shirt, tie, boxer shorts and black socks. He mindlessly shovels cereal into his mouth.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN

The Doberman, CASEY, yawns and stands up in the basket. She shakes her fur and walks through the kitchen door into the -

INT. LIVING ROOM

Casey lies down on the carpet and looks up at Tom.

TOM
(Eyeing the dog uneasily)
You've decided to get up have you?

Casey continues to stare at Tom. Tom puts the cereal bowl down on the table.

TOM
Twenty fucking years, Casey. I gave that bitch twenty fucking years and you're all I've got left.

Tom looks at the wedding picture on the table. The cracks on the frame showing Tom's past frustrations.

Tom shakes his head and looks back at the dog.

TOM.
(TO HIMSELF)
I didn't even want the damn dog.
She buys it as a present for me,
then she fucks off to Florida with
a guy young enough to be our son.

Casey walks over to the table. She begins eating the remains of Tom's cereal.

Tom picks up the cereal bowl and stands up.

TOM
(TO CASEY)
You've even got the same eyes as her. Black, void of any emotion except contempt. I didn't think
(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)
when you get a divorce you get a
replacement bitch just to fill in
for the departed.

CASEY(V.O.)
She left 'cause you're a loser Tom.
You've always been a loser. You
know it, I know it and everyone you
meet knows it within the first
pathetic moments of being around
you.

Tom looks solemnly down at Casey without surprise. He's clearly had these imaginary conversations with Casey before.

TOM
Yeah? Well what about you? What's
it make you when the only
conversation you have is with such
a big, fucking loser, huh?

Casey lets out a bark.

TOM
Ha! No answer for that have ya?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The shower runs and Tom stands behind the shower curtain motionless.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM

Casey is on Tom's bed. She bites the pillows and blanket. She squats down on the mangled bedsheets.

TOM (O.S.)
(ANGRY)
You fucking, dirty, filthy...

Tom, just in his shorts, runs around the bed and pulls Casey off. Casey lets out a growl as she stumbles to the floor.

Tom wraps up the blanket and pillows and walks out.

EXT. TOM'S GARDEN

Tom opens the back door and throws the blanket and pillows in the rubbish bin. Picking up a spade that leans against the wall of his house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - HALLWAY

Casey sits in the middle of the hall. Her eyes fixed on Tom as he walks towards her. He holds the spade above his shoulder like a baseball bat, ready to swing.

TOM
(HUSHED TONES)
You've done it this time Casey.
There's only so far you can push a
man. The bitch never learnt that
and clearly you're not going to
either.

He swings the spade at Casey, who runs into the living room. The spade crashes into photo's that hang on the wall. They smash to the ground.

TOM
(RUNNING AFTER HER)
Shit! That fucking dog!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Casey lies down and faces the doorway. Tom walks through it and starts to run towards her. He swings the spade.

Casey runs between his legs as Tom loses balance and crashes into the TV.

Tom gets to his feet. A look of mad rage in his eyes now as he runs after Casey out of the room.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - HALLWAY

Casey runs through, followed by Tom. He walks with a limp and still holds the shovel over his shoulder.

A POLICE SIREN sounds(O.C). It grows louder.

Tom looks down at Casey. She is cornered in the hallway.

He smiles and raises the shovel.

Loud bangs at the door. The door gets kicked in.

TWO POLICEMEN run in and tackle Tom to the ground.

INT/EXT. TOM'S DRIVEWAY - POLICE CAR

One of the policemen pushes Tom into the back seat of the car. He gets in beside him.

TOM
But, you don't understand officers.
It's the dog! That fucking dog is
possessed!

The policemen stare forwards. The car pulls away slowly.

Casey stands outside Tom's house with the neighbours. They are the stereotype of the perfect family.

Casey's eyes dart left and right with menace.

POLICEMAN 1(O.C.)
(sarcastic)
Sure, it's the dog.

The policemen laugh.

POLICEMAN 2(O.C.)
(sarcastic)
Don't worry Mr Reynolds. Where
you're going that bad, old dog
won't be able to get you.

More laughter.

FADE TO:BLACK