

WHERE'S THE DOG?

Written by

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Based on, If Any

INT. ONE BEDROOM STUDIO APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

JACOB, 21, tall, skinny with floppy hair answers the door to  
KYLE, 19, short, shaved head and wearing an anime t-shirt.

Jacob gives him a look up and down, at first Jacob was  
smiling but now he just looks furious.

JACOB  
Where's the dog?

Kyle pulls a face.

KYLE  
Sorry, I couldn't get him.

JACOB  
So you turned up anyway?

KYLE  
I wanted to see how this went. I'm  
excited.

Kyle goes to enter the apartment only for Jacob to put a hand  
to his chest and keep Kyle out.

JACOB  
She's going to be here any minute  
and you've turned up without the  
dog that you promised me you were  
bringing.

KYLE  
Look, it's my Mom's dog. She loves  
the thing. More than she loves me  
and my brother. She changed her  
mind. Don't be mad at me, be mad at  
her.

JACOB  
I'm mad at both of you. I promised  
Mary that there would be a dog here  
she could play with. I can't start  
the night out with a lie. Do you  
have any idea how many times I've  
asked her out on a date already,  
and she's finally said yes and  
she's actually coming here.

KYLE  
Just tell her there is a dog, how  
is she going to know?

Jacob holds up a stern finger to Kyle's face, a warning.

JACOB  
None of those kinds of jokes or  
I'll kick your ass. Understand?

KYLE  
Alright ok, just let me in.

JACOB  
Why would I do that, do you have  
any clue how furious I am with you  
right now?

KYLE  
You need a wingman and I'm your  
wingman.

JACOB  
Really?

KYLE  
(softens)  
There's got to be a way I can help?

JACOB  
You were supposed to be bringing me  
a dog, that's how you were going to  
help. But you failed at that.

Kyle gets down onto his hands and knees, looking up at Jacob.

KYLE  
I'm begging. I'll do anything. I  
can't believe you've finally got  
this girl to agree to come around  
to your place. I just want to see  
how the first twenty minutes of the  
date goes. That's all. Then I'll be  
gone. Tell me what I can do and  
I'll do it.

Jacob stares down at Kyle, suddenly studying him very  
closely. A smile creeps across his lips.

JACOB  
Anything?

KYLE  
(nods)  
Anything.

JACOB  
Maybe there is something you can  
do.

INT. ONE BEDROOM STUDIO APARTMENT - JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kyle sits in a chair wearing a fur coat, furry leggings and fluffy slippers. Jacob then attaches a fluffy towel to his head, then tapes a couple of long thick socks to Kyle's ears.

Kyle looks at Jacob dumbfounded.

KYLE

This is insane.

JACOB

You said you'd do anything.

KYLE

But this?

JACOB

I promised her a dog and you promised me a dog. This way no one actually breaks any promises made. Perfect.

KYLE

This isn't going to work.

JACOB

Now, is that something a dog would say?

Kyle lets out a long deep breath.

KYLE

(like a dog)

Bark, bark, bark.

Jacob reaches down to Kyle's stomach and gives it a rub, laughing.

JACOB

Good dog. Now remember, you're a shy dog. Don't interact too much, and don't let her pet you for too long. In fact, you're a gross dog, a dirty dog, covered in fleas. You just stay out of the way.

Kyle now finds himself smiling, and can see the funny side to this.

KYLE

Bark, bark, bark.

JACOB

Good dog. Now, let's go. She's going to be here any second.

Jacob exits the bedroom. Kyle climbs down from the chair, once again getting onto all fours, in his 'dog costume' he scurries out after Jacob.

INT. ONE BEDROOM STUDIO APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Jacob holds the door open for MARY, 26, stunningly beautiful, with sunglasses on and a white cane that she uses for a visual aid. She's blind. Taking off her sunglasses confirms it, if there was any doubt.

Kyle sits on the floor, still doing his best to act like a dog.

Jacob nervously takes her coat and guides her to the middle of the sofa.

JACOB

So, I've made us both something to eat. And we can maybe go out later if you like, I know a few cool bars we could go to. Or we can just stay here, watch a movie?

MARY

Ok, great. I'm pretty hungry so I'm excited about the food.

Jacob breathes a sigh of relief.

JACOB

Good. I'll get it for right now then. Just stay where you are.

MARY

Are you sure you don't need any help?

JACOB

No, no, no. Just stay right where you are. That's perfect.

Jacob turns and goes to leave. Mary clears her throat.

MARY

So, your dog? Is he here?

Jacob stops on the spot. He spins around to face her, then shares a worried look with Kyle.

JACOB  
Yeah, he's here.

She laughs.

MARY  
Are you sure? Because my dog goes absolutely insane whenever a new person comes into the house. Like, we can't get him to shut up. Is your dog just super laid back or something?

JACOB  
No, just a deep sleeper. He's in the other room. I'll go wake him up now.

Jacob stares angrily at Kyle, then gestures for him to play along.

Jacob goes over to the door, opens it, calling out.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Come here, I've got someone you should meet. Come on. Come over here. Come on.

Kyle then charges at Mary on all fours, barking and growling at her. Bumping his head against her feet. Overly aggressive.

Mary jumps, scared. Even letting out a little scream.

MARY  
Wow, he's fast.

Kyle gets more and more into his new role. Barking and growling as loud as he can, bumping his head harder against her feet.

JACOB  
Alright, that's enough.

MARY  
Wow, he's really not liking me. We should have just left him asleep.

JACOB  
Ok dog, that's enough.

Kyle keeps going. Jacob takes off one of his shoes and throws it at Kyle's head.

Kyle stops. Jacob points at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Bad dog.

Kyle gestures like he's done nothing wrong.

MARY

Oh no, don't shout at him, it's ok.

JACOB

In the corner. Go on dog. The corner. Now. The corner or I bash your head in. Your choice.

Kyle, on all four moves to the corner.

MARY

(confused)

You call your dog, dog?

JACOB

Well, no.

MARY

I would hope not.

JACOB

I just didn't want to confuse you, because he's got a very human name. I didn't want you to think anyone else was here. Because it is just me and you here.

MARY

It's OK. What's his name?

JACOB

(trying to think)

Kyle.

MARY

(laughs)

Isn't that the name of the guy you're always hanging out with?

JACOB

Yeah. It is.

MARY

Your best friend and your dog have the same name?

JACOB

Well, I wouldn't say he was my best friend.

As Jacob says this, Kyle starts loudly whimpering, just like a dog in pain would.

Jacob looks over at him and rolls his eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Alright, well, I suppose he is a pretty good dog.

Kyle stops his whimpering and gives Jacob a thumbs up.

Mary taps a hand against the edge of the sofa.

MARY  
Well, tell him to come over here. I love all dogs, and I wouldn't feel right until we've made friends with each other.

Jacob gives Kyle another stern finger wag.

JACOB  
Alright Kyle, you heard the pretty girl. Go on over and behave.

Kyle slowly approaches.

MARY  
I just think dogs are great. I often prefer them to people.

JACOB  
Yeah, me too.

Mary looks across at Jacob.

MARY  
So why don't you get our food ready and Kyle can keep me company here whilst I wait, like a good dog.

Kyle reaches Mary's feet.

KYLE  
Bark, bark, bark.

Mary reaches down and plays with Kyle's floppy ears. She bursts out laughing.

MARY  
He's lovely. Go on, I'll be OK here.



JACOB

Be a good boy. Good boy's get  
treats. Bad boy's get neutered.

Kyle gives him another thumbs up, winks.

KYLE

Ruff, bark, bark.

Jacob leaves.

JACOB

I'll be right back.

Jacob exits, does the sign of the cross and offers up a  
silent prayer to the heavens.

Kyle nuzzles up to Mary's legs, rubbing his head against her.  
Acting like the best dog he can.

Mary reaches down and strokes his head.

MARY

Well, well, well. Are we friends  
now?

Kyle moans like a dog relaxing.

Mary continues to pet his head, then grabbing onto the socks  
acting as his ears she rips them off and smacks him in the  
face with them.

MARY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I might be blind, but I'm not  
stupid. I know it's you Kyle.

KYLE

(in a scooby-doo voice)

Uh oh.

MARY

I'm beginning to think this date is  
going to be a whole lot of fun.

She smacks him in the face with the socks again.

MARY (CONT'D)

Put your ears back on.

He does as he's told. She relaxes back into her seat.

MARY (CONT'D)

And play along.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END