

A DOG WISH

By:

Simon K. Parker

COPYRIGHT 2018

Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

A room cluttered with toys. SAM, 10, sits up in bed, in a dressing gown. Pale skin with dark rings around his eyes.

On the bedside table beside him there's several different bottles of pills.

LILLY, 30, sticks a thermometer inside his mouth, grabs a hold of his wrist and checks his pulse.

He groans.

She rolls her eyes.

LILLY

How many times to I have to explain to you. You're not like other little boys. You're very poorly.

SAM

I just want to go into the garden and play with Tommy. You can come out there too and watch me. You'll see that I'm fine.

She takes the thermometer out of his mouth and shows it to him.

LILLY

You're a million miles away from fine.

SAM

It's only in the garden.

LILLY

No.

SAM

Tommy's my brother. He wont let anything bad happen to me. I'll be fine.

LILLY

No, do you understand?

SAM

This is so not fair.

LILLY

You're not to leave this bedroom. It's not safe for you out there. If you're ever going to get better you're going to get better right here.

SAM

And what If I never get any
better?

She gets up and turns her back on him. Doesn't want Sam to see her upset.

LILLY

Well we can't think like that now
can we?

SAM

So I've just got to sit here?

Lilly composes herself. She turns back around to face him. Kisses his forehead.

LILLY

It's simply focusing on getting
better and nothing else.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sam's at the window, from here he can peer down into the garden where TOMMY, 15, plays with BLUE, a small black dog.

Tommy throws a ball for blue to chase.

They play together. Both have a lot of fun.

Sam can only watch. His face falls. Jealousy rises up inside of him.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam lays in bed with blue. Pets him. Rubs his head and ears.

SAM

You're so lucky being a dog. You know that right. A dogs life is so easy. All you do is eat and play all day. I wish I could be a dog. I've give anything for your life. But there's no way you'd want mine.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam is fast asleep in bed. Suddenly he blots upright. Wakes up with a start. He breathes fast and heavy.

He jumps up out of bed. Tries his best to hide his cough with his hands.

He comes to the window and from here can look out onto the road outside.

He sees JAKE, 70. Who pushes an old wooden cart out in front of him. Dressed in bright multi colored clothes. Jake looks like he's from another world. From a fairy tale.

Jake calls out over and over.

JAKE

Dreams for sale. Dreams for sale.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam hugs his dressing gown closed. It's cold outside.

He hurries over to Jake. Gets in front of him and his cart. Forces him to stop.

Jake continues to chant.

JAKE

Dreams for sale.

He sees Sam, stops and smiles at him.

SAM

What do you mean when you say that?

Jake looks around. As though he has to double check that it's really himself who Sam says this to.

JAKE

I mean exactly what I'm saying. I have dreams for sale.

Sam's intrigued.

SAM

Dreams?

JAKE

Would you like one? Any dream. I can make them all come true.

SAM

Any?

JAKE

Try me.

SAM

I don't know.

JAKE

You'd rather not say?

Sam smiles to himself. Wants to be brave.

SAM

I want the life of a dog.

Jake is taken aback by this. It's a new one for him.

JAKE

The life of a dog. Are you sure?

Sam nods, confident.

SAM

I'm sick of my life. I don't want
it anymore.

Jake reaches inside his car and takes out a syringe filled
with a bright purple liquid.

JAKE

Inject this and your dream will
come true.

Sam doesn't hesitate. He takes it and injects himself with
the liquid.

In an instant he's transformed into a very happy little
dog. Exactly wags his tale.

Jake smiles. Very quickly he puts a collar and lead onto
Sam, attaches it to his cart and continues to push it down
the street.

There's nothing Sam can do. He's taken away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Dreams for sale.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END