A DOG WISH

By:

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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 art 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