Dash

written by

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FADE IN:

Ext. Street. Day.

A hatchback car pulls up on a street of terraces. A large dog, DASH, looks out through the back window.

KENDRA, 30s, bright orange hair, hat the colour of the dog, t-shirt with a heart shaped picture of the dog's head sitting between her cleavage, with a logo that says 'Canine Arthritis Society' gets out the car and lifts up the boot.

Kendra sits on the boot ledge next to the dog and takes a picture of them both on her phone. It splashes on to a dating agency site.

In the boot is a clear bag with 'Dog Pants Size Large' and red dog pants folded inside.

KENDRA
Come Dash, let's have you out.

Kendra claps her hands. Dash stares at her. Kendra picks up the lead and jingles it.

A tall man, DIRK, Kendra's age, quirkily handsome, office gear, cycle helmet, scurries by on an orange electric scooter, too small for his height.

Kendra's attention is caught, both her and Dash watch the man as he disappears down the street.

She takes a pic on her phone of his back disappearing down the street and a burst of hearts which she sends to a Whatsapp friend.

KENDRA
Come Dash, let's go.

Dash doesn't budge. Kendra groans. She picks up the pants, puts an arm round the dog and another underneath her belly and hauls Dash out the boot. She collapses under the dog's weight, sprawls on the floor with the dog on top.

Dash walks to the house door and waits while Kendra crawls to her across the pavement on all floors.

KENDRA

Wait you! You're not going in
there without your new dog pants.
No pissing on my new twist pile.

She rips open the bag and puts the pants on the dog in the street, who looks like a strange, doggy version of superman.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Kendra bounces into the living room in Lycra and trainers, picks up a lead and jingles it. Dash, snoozing, ignores her.

KENDRA
Come on Dash. Time for a jog.

Dash ignores her.

KENDRA
Walkies Dash, let's show the world
your new pants.

No response from Dash.

Kendra grabs a dog treat and holds it out. Dash gets up. Kendra puts on the lead and gives her the biscuit.

EXT. DAY. PARK.

Kendra jogs around Dash who walks slowly, constantly stopping to sniff. Dirk passes on the orange scooter, Kendra jogs on the spot, pulling the lead, trying to pull Dash along.

KENDRA
Come on Dash, need to get my BMI
down and find some love.... Get a
move on!

Dash ambles along. Kendra jogs almost on the spot. They reach the road, pass a bus stop. Dash collapses.

KENDRA
Dash! Gerrup you daft dog.

She kneels down, lifts up the dogs head. Peers into her mouth. Feels her paw, her chest, puts her ear against it.

JOANNE, stands at the front of the bus queue, 60s, bland polyester, supermarket clothes.

JOANNE
Dog ok?

The few people in the queue peer at the dog.

KENDRA
She's all floppy. Ohh, think she's dead! She's dead!
(she howls)

She puts her head up close to the dog again to check the breathing, tries to give her mouth to mouth.

JOANNE
Was she old?

KENDRA
Yeah.

Joanne tuts.

JOANNE
I had an old dog.

The bus comes, everyone gets on. Kendra tries to pick up Dash to get her on the bus.

BUS DRIVER
We don't take dead dogs, sorry, there's no space.

KENDRA
There's the pram bit.

The driver peers down the bus.

BUS DRIVER
There's a pram in it.

JOANNE
Can we get going?

The bus doors shut and the bus pulls away. Kendra stands up, unsure what to do, looks around, looks at the dog, the pants.

She spots a wheelbarrow for sale outside a hardware store and jogs over. Before she can grab it a man picks it up and takes it inside. The last one. She eyes up rope, crates, saws, then returns to Dash. People walk by, look at the dog, pass on.

She rips the pants off the dog and slings them towards a bin, just as Dirk scoots across. They land on him, he swerves, falls and lands on top of Dash.

DIRK
Oohgh.

He rolls off the dog.

DIRK
Sorry, that your dog? Something hit me. Ah Jesus have I killed it?

He takes off his cycle helmet and shakes his head of wavy brown hair, like a shampoo advert.

KENDRA
Oh...my dog dead. Dead dog....she was already -

She looks at Dirk's scooter.

KENDRA
- Yes. Ooha poor Dash. You've killed her! I need to get her home.

She puts her head to the dog's chest and holds his paw as if taking a pulse. Looks up at Dirk.

DIRK
What you gonna do? You need a vet?

KENDRA
She's gone. Ooha. Vet can't help.
(Beat)
Hold the scooter still will you?

Kendra hauls Dash with great difficulty up on the scooter platform. Dirk throws his jacket over the dog. They walk down the street, the dog balanced, tail poking out.

EXT. DAY. STREET.

Dirk and Kendra pull up with the dog beside the car.

KENDRA
This is me then.

DIRK
What you doing with the dog? You going to bury her in the garden?

KENDRA
We have a yard. Cement.
(Beat)
I'll put her in the car for tonight.

Dirk nods.

DIRK
The vets see to dead 'uns.

KENDRA
Well. Thanks then...perhaps I, um, I should have a send off...Scotch eggs.

Dirk grimaces.

KENDRA
Ham.

Dirk grimaces. Starts to walk off.

KENDRA
Sushi?

DIRK
Want a hand with the dog?

They both struggle to get Dash in the car but finally she's in. Kendra slams the boot shut.

KENDRA
I'll message. What's your -

Dirk gets out his phone and shows it to her. She tootles on her phone, in putting his social media contact.

Dirk pushes off on his scooter. Kendra watches him gliding down the street, then jogs into the house, doing a couple of enthusiastic celebratory star jumps just before she enters the house.

EXT. DAY. STREET.

A small group stand round the open boot of the car. One woman holds a plate of scotch eggs, a man has ham slices and Kendra holds the sushi, dressed in black. Dash lies in the boot. Kendra looks up the road for Dirk.

VICAR
We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of Dash. Would you like to say a few words, Kendra?

KENDRA
(visibly upset)
She was my baby, my sunshine, always happy, always knowing what I wanted, she had a sixth sense did my Dash -

Dirk scoots up. Kendra passes him the sushi.

KENDRA
- a sixth sense. Made it to 112. Dog years.

VICAR
Thank you, Kendra. Beautiful. The lord giveth, the lord taketh away.

DIRK
We better taketh away now, the vet closes at six.

Kendra sniffles and closes the boot. Everyone disperses. Dirk takes the sushi and Kendra’s hand which he squeezes as they walk round to the front of the car.

She takes a selfie with Dirk, puts it online with a heart round it.

As the car drives off Dash sits up, looks out the back window and barks. The car screeches to a halt.

FADE OUT