

DUGS

Written by

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NOTE: All the characters are dogs. When they speak, their mouths don't move, but they can still be heard by the other dogs.

FADE IN:

EXT. A PARK - DAY

On a sunny afternoon, three dogs lie in the shade of a tree carefully licking their balls. CHOCO, a pure white terrier, starts crunching something. The other two, TWA and AULD SWEARY, stop their licking and stare at him, in disbelief.

TWA

What the fuck are ye daein'?

CHOCO

A fund a kibble.

TWA

You have got ta be kiddin'.

CHOCO

Mustae sat on it and it stuck.
Still fresh like.

TWA

Fucksakes.

AULD SWEARY

Yer an animal. A fucking animal.
Eating biscuits stuck to yer cock,
right next to yer fucking arse. An
animal.

CHOCO

Good though. Better than the two of
you have got.

AULD SWEARY

Where's the fucking gravy?

CHOCO

Whit do you mean?

AULD SWEARY

The gravy, you dumb fuck. Where is
the fucking gravy? Don't tell me
you dinnae get gravy wi' yer
fucking food?

TWA

Too right, Sweary, unacceptable.

AULD SWEARY

If that dry thing was put down for me, I'd look up at them and start shouting: 'WHERE IS THE FUCKING GRAVY!'.

TWA

Nae respect fir their dug, some folks.

CHOCO

Look at the two of you, all fucking high and mighty. Ooh, I need my gravy. Do you know who we are? Lord Sweary and Prince Twa, and we only eat our food with gravy... pair of fucking toffs... this is the real world boys, the real fucking world...

A ball lands a short distance away. The dogs look up as two young dogs chase after it. MENTAL JACK, a Jack Russell, is out in front.

MENTAL JACK

It's a ball! It's a ball! It's a ball!

CHOCO

Fuck off Mental Jack!

TWA

Aye, fuck off ya mad fuck!

Mental Jack picks up the ball in his mouth and shakes it madly. The other dog, a young cross, trots up alongside Mental Jack, his tail wagging wildly, as they approach Choco, Twa and Auld Sweary.

MENTAL JACK

Alright boys?

TWA

Do ye no get sick of chasing balls?

MENTAL JACK

Nae chance!

The new dog, JIM, looks at the rest, confused.

JIM
How could you ever get sick of
balls?

Auld Sweary looks at him suspiciously.

AULD SWEARY
Ah'll lick ma fucking baws, but
chase one for no fucking man.

JIM
That's very rude, is that language
really necessary sir.

CHOCO
Rude, I'll give you fucking rude,
ya wee...

AULD SWEARY
State your name, boy.

MENTAL JACK
Gie him a break boys, first day in
the park and all.

Twa and Choco stand up to intimidate Jim.

TWA
Name, boy!

JIM
I'm Jim.

AULD SWEARY
Relax boys, nae need for fighting
with the pups. Right Jim boy, sit
yer fucking arse doon here and
let's fill you in on the way things
work roond here.

Jim goes a sits a few yards from Auld Sweary. Twa and Choco
sit down on either side of him.

AULD SWEARY (CONT'D)
I'm Auld Sweary, because, well,
that's who I am. This is Choco
because he's not. And this is Twa.

JIM
Twa?

AULD SWEARY
Real name Douglas. Doug. Doug the
dug.

CHOCO
Twa dugs. Twa.

JIM
That's actually very clever!

AULD SWEARY
There's nae dumb dugs under this
fuckin' tree, son.

Twa and Choco suddenly stand to attention, tails wagging and sniffing the air.

TWA
I'm getting Dalmatian.

CHOCO
Nah, definitely Afghan.

JIM
What?

AULD SWEARY
The call of the wild, boy. The boys
are picking up a hint of heat.

CHOCO
Bring on the lassies!

Twa and Choco howl in unison.

QUEEN, a majestic rough collie, walks into view.

Twa and Choco get excited when they see her.

CHOCO (CONT'D)
It's the Queen!

TWA
My god, she's a beautiful beast!

JIM
(shouts)
Mummy!

As Jim runs off towards Queen, Twa and Choco stand looking in amazement.

Auld Sweary walks slowly away from the group, squats down and starts to do a shit.

Queen and Jim walk up to Twa and Choco.

JIM (CONT'D)
 ...and this is Choco, because he's
 white and Twa, because he's
 actually two dogs, two dugs...

CHOCO
 My Queen, beautiful as always...

QUEEN
 Choc, so nice to see you! And Twa,
 thanks for looking after this
 one...

TWA
 Didn't know he was yours, but now
 that we know, we'll keep an eye on
 him.

Auld Sweary finishes his shit, wipes his arse on the grass
 and slowly wanders over.

JIM
 And this old guy swears a lot,
 mum...

Queen looks at Auld Sweary as he seems to take an age to make
 his way over. Just before he reaches the group he stops. He
 suddenly realises something.

AULD SWEARY
 (to himself)
 You have got to be fucking kidding
 me!

QUEEN
 James.

AULD SWEARY
 Mary.

Queen walks around Auld Sweary, looking him up and down.

QUEEN
 How's the hip?

AULD SWEARY
 Not bad.

Auld Sweary starts to sniff Queen's arse. She does the same
 to him.

JIM
 Ewww! Mum!

Suddenly both Auld Sweary and Queen are excited, circling each other and rubbing up against each other.

TWA
Hail the master.

JIM
What do you mean?

CHOCO
Pay attention, boy, because every queen...

TWA
...needs her king.

JIM
Come on, this rude old guy?

Auld Sweary stops and stares into Queen's eyes.

QUEEN
I've missed you, you mangy old goat!

AULD SWEARY
You too, darling. Something to tell me?

QUEEN
Look at his mouth, James, it could only be...

AULD SWEARY
Fucking wonderful.

Auld Sweary and Queen both look at Jim. Jim looks back confused.

QUEEN
Son...

JIM
Mum?

AULD SWEARY
Son...

FADE OUT.

