

Dog Years  
By  
Anthony Cawood

Copyright: September 2014

[anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk](mailto:anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk)

FADE IN:

**EXT. STREETSIDE SECURITY BARRIER - DAY**

Two men in security uniforms stride down the street, towards a small blue car.

Behind them is the CERN security gate, a white guard box covered in blue warning signs.

PASCAL, early 20s, is pacing ahead, over eager face and feet to match.

ANTOINE, almost 40, lopes behind with a lackadaisical air that accompanies every swing of a limb.

PASCAL  
C'mon, you gotta see this.

ANTOINE  
Slow down, will ya.

Pascal slows slightly, allowing Antoine to catch up.

They reach the car and stop on the passenger side.

PASCAL  
See, a dog.

ANTOINE  
Yep, definitely.

PASCAL  
So why's it here?

ANTOINE  
No idea, ask it.

PASCAL  
Funny. It's sat there all day.

ANTOINE  
You sure?

PASCAL  
Well the car's been there.

ANTOINE  
But maybe not the dog?

Pascal looks puzzled and strokes his chin, thinking.

PASCAL  
Think so.

ANTOINE  
So what?

PASCAL  
So, so it's weird, is what.

Antoine taps on the window, the dog turns to face him.

The dog is a Labrador of some kind, friendly face,  
intelligent eyes.

ANTOINE  
Just a dog, someone's pet.

PASCAL  
But the sign, the sign...

Antoine, leans in a little and there is indeed a sign round  
the dog's neck.

It's small and looks like a luggage label.

'FROM THE FUTURE'

PASCAL  
See, see, 'From the Future'.

ANTOINE  
I can read.

PASCAL  
Sure, yeah, sorry but, well do you  
think it is?

Antoine stares at Pascal, slowly shakes his head.

ANTOINE  
I think we are outside the Large  
Hadron Collider and someone has a  
sense of humour.

Pascal looks deflated.

PASCAL  
Really?

ANTOINE  
It'll be a junior lab rat who  
thinks he's funny.

PASCAL

Oh...

ANTOINE

(mischievously)

Or maybe, it's reality TV and we're  
on film right now.

Pascal turns 360, and then again.

PASCAL

Can't see anything.

ANTOINE

Maybe you aren't on TV then... no  
stardom just yet.

PASCAL

Me a star, really?

ANTOINE

No, not, at all.

Pascal is deflated, excitement leaching from his demeanor.

PASCAL

Just a dog then?

ANTOINE

Yep.

Pascal turns and stalks back towards the gates without  
another word.

Antoine lingers.

Looks intently at the dog, then over his shoulder, Pascal is  
almost back at the hut.

Back to the dog.

ANTOINE

Idiot, what are you thinking of?

DOG

(quietly)

Bark.

ANTOINE

No, genuinely, not even a tiny bit  
funny.

Dog, drops his head slightly, shamefully.

ANTOINE  
What if he'd figured it out?

DOG  
Bark.

ANTOINE  
Agreed, but even so...

DOG  
Bark, bark...

ANTOINE  
We said I'd do the fieldwork on  
this year, you agreed...

DOG  
Bark...

ANTOINE  
No, it's stupid, we could be  
discovered...

Antoine turns to check where Pascal is, he's safely inside  
the hut.

He turns back.

ANTOINE  
Lucky for...

Antoine stops.

Dog isn't there anymore.

Just the label remains.

ANTOINE  
Stupid dog.

Antoine turns and heads back up the street. Shaking his head  
as he goes.

FADE OUT:

THE END