

Size doesn't matter

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

EDGAR (40), scruffy with droopy abs. Half a shirt-tail flaps over baggy shorts as he shuffles down a sidewalk.

As he passes a fenced-in front yard, he stops, stares at a gate with a posted sign, "Beware of the Bark."

(O.S.) Yaps.

He peeks over the fence, chuckles as he locks eyes with a miniature dog.

He cups his ear, pulls it forward.

EDGAR
Can't hear you.

A high pitched bark from the dog.

EDGAR
What was that?

The dog snarls, bares teeth.

With both hands on the fence, he jerks forward with his yellow teeth exposed.

EDGAR
Woof.

The dog yelps away, stares at Edgar.

EDGAR
That's how you do it.

With a grin, he gets back on the sidewalk.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Bear, where are you?

He turns, lifts his eyebrows as he mouths, "Bear."

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

CLAIRE (60), a doughnut lover with a beehive hairdo and caked on make-up, rolls a suitcase up to a purple car, drops it in a trunk.

CLAIRE
There you are.

The dog leaps into her arms. They hug. She shuts the trunk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Edgar eyes Claire with the dog wrapped in her arms as they enter the house.

With crossed arms, he leans on a car, eyes on the house.

As Claire exits the front door, he pushes away from the parked car, pulls a phone from a pocket, puts it to his ear.

The purple car backs out a driveway, sputters away.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Clouds cruise past a full moon.

Edgar pushes open a window, pauses, gives a thumb up.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Edgar climbs in, he loses his balance, knocks over a lamp.

EDGAR
Shit.

(O.S.) A woof.

Silhouetted in a doorway, the dog barks with his tail high and stiff.

Edgar smirks, raises his arms above his head, lifts his legs as he thumps toward the dog with a monstrous voice.

The dog yelps, hurries away.

BEDROOM

A door creaks open.

With his phone in flashlight mode, Edgar sweeps a dresser stacked with jewelry.

He steps up to the dresser, grins as he scoops up a handful of jewelry.

A bark rumbles through the air.

Edgar drops his phone, freezes.

As he thaws, he tip-toes toward the door.

A growl, followed by a snarl rips through the room with a fierce sound.

He drops the jewelry, runs for his life.

A dog bed sits between two large floor speakers and a subwoofer. The dog sits behind a microphone, barks into it.

LIVING ROOM

The bark reverberates behind Edger as he screams, dives out the window.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Edgar hits a concrete surface hard, grits his teeth as he covers one knee with his hands.

The dog pushes a dog door flap open, struts onto the porch.

As he speed-limps across the front yard, the dog sits on the porch, lets out an arf.

FADE OUT.