

THE DOG WALKER

Written by

Anita Williams

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

It's raining. Wet mist turns to droplets. Before long lightening flashes. Thunder rolls. Sheets of water beat down on the sidewalk.

We HEAR barking. A small pup tries to break free of its leash but it's caught on a drain.

A pair of booted feet appear. The dog looks up and immediately stops barking. A large hand reaches down to lift the pup.

A young MAN (20's), darts up a flight of stairs leading to a

BROWNSTONE

Relentlessly, he pounds on the front door. His broad shoulders and muscular arms cling to his soaked shirt as the rain slams him.

YOUNG MAN
(deep baritone voice)
Hello! Hello!

No one answers. He knocks harder. Finally, a voice calls out to the young man from the other side.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Who is it?

FOYER

SCOTT REIN (late 40's), rushes toward the door, hurriedly pushing his shirt tails into his pants, half-ass closing his zipper and fastening his belt buckle.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Hell--

Scott opens the door. He's perplexed by what's on the opposite side.

BACK TO SCENE

BRICE, the young man holding the pup also brandishes a weapon.

BRICE
This your dog?