

ARGON

written by

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

TERRI HANSON (42), sprawled out on a Queen sized bed, SNORES loudly until the alarm clock RINGS. She reaches to shut it off but accidentally knocks it to the floor.

She sits up, puts her glasses on, pulls her mousy brown hair into a ponytail and shuffles to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Terri flips on the light. POP! It burns out.

CLOSET

She rummages around until she locates the light bulb box. Empty. She sighs.

TERRI

Off to an excellent start today Terri.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Terri pulls a periodic table over a chalkboard. Twenty high school kids stare at her blankly.

In the back of the class, SHAWN RYAN (16), shamelessly flirts with the girl seated next to him.

Terri CLEARS HER THROAT to get his attention.

TERRI

This is Chemistry class Mister Ryan,
not Sex Ed.

The kids snap out of their fog and LAUGH.

SHAWN

I was working some of my own chemistry
Misses Hanson.

The kids LAUGH, Terri isn't amused.

TERRI

That's not chemistry Mister Ryan, those
are hormones. Chemistry between people
is a myth. And it's MISS Hanson.

Shawn's smile fades. Terri addresses the class.

TERRI

Take a good look at the chart behind me. Before the year is over you will know every element on it. We'll start with Actinium through Argon. . .and there WILL be a test on Monday.

The kids MOAN in disgust, a GIRL protests.

GIRL

But it's Friday! That means we have to study over the weekend!

Shawn leans over and whispers to the girl next to him.

SHAWN

I bet the highlight of MISS Hanson's weekend is a trip to the supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Basket in hand, Terri walks up and down the isles.

She stops in front of the light bulbs and picks up a box. She takes out each bulb one by one meticulously shaking them, making sure they're okay.

EXT. TERRI'S HOUSE

Carrying two grocery bags, Terri heads up the front walkway. Suddenly she stops. With a puzzled expression she looks at the dog sitting on her front porch.

TERRI

Hello?

The dog's ears perk up, his tail wags excitedly. She cautiously approaches him and pets his head. He responds with a lick. She reads the tag on his collar.

TERRI

Argon?

Argon's ears pop up and he cocks his head. Terri looks at the information on his tag.

TERRI

Well you only live around the block.
Let me put my bags down and I'll
take you home.

Argon BARKS as if he understands. Terri looks at him,
trying to figure him out.

TERRI

Okay. Stay put for just a minute.

STREET - LATER

With a belt as a leash, Terri walks Argon home.

TERRI

Sorry about the belt. It was the
closest thing to a leash I had.

Argon looks up at Terri as he trots alongside her.

TERRI

Now Argon, that's a strange name for
a dog. Did you know you're number
eighteen on the periodical chart?

Argon BARKS excitedly.

TERRI

And, Argon is a very important gas.
It's used to fill light bulbs.

As they turn onto Edison Avenue, Argon walks faster,
pulling Terri. He leads her right up a driveway and to
the front door of a small house.

Terri rings the doorbell. No answer. Argon breaks
away. He runs through the open gate into the fenced in
backyard. Terri follows.

BACKYARD

Argon stands over an open cellar door. When he sees
Terri he runs down the steps. Terri walks over and looks
down into the dark basement.

Argon BARKS from somewhere inside.

TERRI

Argon?

BASEMENT

She reluctantly walks down the steps, its pitch black.

TERRI

Argon?

Suddenly, light fills the basement, the source, strands of light bulbs hung on every wall.

MAN (O.S.)

YES! Finally! It works!

DREW MITCHELL (45), handsome nerd, appears from around the corner. He's startled to see Terri standing there.

DREW

Hello.

Terri is frozen, her eyes fixated on Drew. Argon BARKS. Terri snaps out of it and blushes.

TERRI

Hi. I found your dog, Argon, on my front porch.

Argon stands next to Drew, his tail wagging wildly. Drew stares at Terri, a sweet, goofy smile on his face.

DREW

I was wondering where he ran off to. I've trained him to fetch me what I need. . .I guess he got sidetracked.

Argon runs over to Terri. She pats him on the head but her eyes never leave Drew. There is an undeniable chemistry between them.

DREW

Thanks for bringing him back.

TERRI

No problem. I live just around the block.

Drew and Terri's eyes are locked. Argon BARKS, breaking them out of their trance. Terri is flustered.

TERRI

Well, I'll let you get back to work
or. . .whatever it is you're doing.

DREW

It's just an experiment. Low energy
light bulbs. I don't want to bore you.

Terri's intrigued, but her nerves get the best of her.

TERRI

I'll leave you to it then.

STREET

Terri walks home. The sun is beginning to set.

She's in a daze and doesn't notice Argon walking next to her. He nudges her hand with his wet nose.

TERRI

What are you doing here?

DREW (O.S.)

I wanted to return your belt.

Startled, Terri spins around and is now face to face with Drew. He hands her the belt.

DREW

May I walk you the rest of the way
home?

Terri lowers her head then looks up at him shyly and smiles.

TERRI

I'd like that.

They walk with Argon between them.

Simultaneously they reach down to pat Argon's head. As their hands touch, the street lights turn on.