

Late Night Hound  
Written by Charley Arksey  
[www.CharleyArksey.com](http://www.CharleyArksey.com)  
[charley.arksey@gmail.com](mailto:charley.arksey@gmail.com)  
Ph#: (402) 672-2904

FADE IN:

LINDSEY WALKS IN THE DOOR OF HER APARTMENT LATE AT NIGHT. SHE IS DRESSED IN A LEATHER JACKET AND JEANS. SHE THROWS HER KEYS ON THE COUNTER, EXHAUSTED. A LAMP CLICKS ON TO REVEAL MILES, HER TALKING GREAT DANE, SITTING IN A CHAIR.

MILES

Where have you been, young lady?

LINDSEY

I was out.

MILES

It is lam. I was worried sick. To prove this, I threw up in your Uggs.

LINDSEY

Ugh, Miles. I ran a little late.  
Whatever.

MILES

You said you were going to be back in 15 minutes. That was a thousand 15 minutes ago -- possibly a million.

LINDSEY

Relax. I had some drinks with the girls.

MILES

You're going to be hung over for work.  
Wait there while I get you a glass of toilet water.

LINDSEY

Miles, I've been working at the restaurant all week. I needed a night out. It was fun.

MILES

Fun? While you were out someone tried to break in, build a death ray, and start a fascist regime. Guess who had to stop him?

LINDSEY

I told you, Paul's not a fascist. He's a mailman.

MILES

Well, I ate your overdue cable bill. So you're welcome. (Miles gasps!) Your lipstick is smudged!

LINDSEY

I met someone, okay... And he rides a motorcycle.

MILES

Oh great, does Evil Kenevil have a name?

LINDSEY

Kyl... Kev... Klevin?

MILES

And does Klevin run with a pack, or is he just some stray?

LINDSEY

I think he's a veterinarian.

MILES

(Horrificed gasp) We are going to talk about this tomorrow at obedience school, young lady.

LINDSEY

I can do whatever I want, Miles. I'm an adult.

MILES

Just because you're 25 doesn't make you an adult.

LINDSEY

You're 4 years old.

MILES

That's 28 in dog years, little missy.

LINDSEY

I'm going to bed.

MILES

Yeah, you go to bed! If you keep going down this path, you're going to end up in the pound.

LINDSEY WALKS INTO HER BEDROOM AND SLAMS THE DOOR. MILES HAS A LEASH IN HIS MOUTH.

MILES

I'm taking myself for a walk. I'll be back in 15 minutes, aka, *WHENEVER!*

FADE OUT: