

Jake rides in on his bicycle. He parks it next to his house and hops off, removing his helmet. A small dog bounds out from under the porch to greet him. Jake kneels down to pet it.

Jake (to the dog): Hey there, little guy. How ya doing? Keeping all the nasty evil robbers away? Good doggy!

Quick zoom over Jake's shoulder through the bathroom window. We see a robber, dressed in black and wearing a ski mask, rifling through the medicine cabinet.

Robber (muttering to himself): Come on, where's the good stuff? Friggin' aspirin, that's crap... ooh, viagra.

He tosses the load of pill bottles into his duffel bag and heads through the door into the living room. He looks longingly at the 60 inch plasma hanging on the wall.

Robber: I gotta get me a bigger bag.

He kneels down beside a shelf containing DVDs. He grabs a handful and shuffles through them, then tosses them in his bag. He reaches for more, when suddenly he hears...

Jake, on the porch, as he tosses his helmet on a nearby chair then leans down to pet his dog again.

Jake: Sorry, you can't come in. (the dog whines.) Aw, don't give me that. It's a nice day out!

Back inside the robber spins around and stands up. In his haste he accidentally knocks over a picture frame from its perch atop the shelf. It lands with a crash, glass skittering across the hardwood floor.

Jake reaches for the doorknob.

The robber looks frantically for a place to hide.

The door opens, Jake steps through... and he immediately senses that something is wrong. The broken glass stands in stark testament to the fact that something is going on...

Jake slowly reaches around to the small of his back and pulls out a tiny, purple, pump-action water pistol. He cocks it, the sound echoing throughout the still house. He starts forward, noting the open cabinet and scattered dental equipment in the bathroom, as well as the missing DVDs. He rounds the corner into the kitchen, pistol at the ready.

It's just as devoid of life as the previous room. He heads toward the pantry, and the camera pans down to reveal the robber, stretched out underneath the table in a convoluted pose in order to avoid attention.

Jake moves by, oblivious.

The robber stealthily slides out from under the table and sneaks toward the front door. He's just about reached it when...

KNOCK KNOCK

Someone knocks on the door!

The robber dives behind a couch just as Jake hurries back into the living room to answer the door. As Jake rounds the couch, the robber slides on his back to keep the furniture between himself and the boy.

Jake opens the door, revealing a salesman.

Salesman: Hi! My name is Elijah Kirk, and have I got a deal for you!

Jake: Wha--

Salesman: For the low, low price of 99.99, not only will you get the revised edition of Getting Rich Quick For Smart People, you'll also receive all the materials needed to start your own--

Jake (interrupting): Whoa, whoa! Listen I'm not interested in buying anything--

Salesman (continuing): --completely legitimate distributed sales network, guaranteed to--

Jake: I'm kind of busy here so--

Salesman: --bring in a one thousand percent return on your investment with three weeks--

Jake: I'm done talking to you, man.

Salesman: This is a one of kind opportunity! You'd have to be some kind of *moron* not to--

Jake slams the door in his face.

After heaving an aggravated sigh, he pulls out his gun again and investigates the bathroom.

The robber, seeing a chance of escape, heads toward the sliding-glass door leading to the backyard. Just as he reaches it he looks out, swears, and jumps behind a nearby armchair.

The salesman appears outside and knocks on the glass.

Salesman: Hello? Anyone home?

Jake storms into the kitchen.

Jake: I *told* you to *go away*!

Salesman: Actually you, uh, never uttered those exact word, and besides this is a really good deal--

Jake: Get out!

Salesman: I am out.

Jake: Get! Off! My! Lawn!

The robber slowly sidles out from behind the armchair and starts sneaking toward the front door.

Salesman: Are you sure?

Jake: Yes!

Salesman: OK, OK, I'm going. But hey! Maybe your friend wants one?

Jake: What friend?

Salesman: That one?

Jake spins around to the sight of the robber, paused in midstep, looking very guilty. Jake's brows furrow in anger, and in slow-motion he raises his pistol, takes aim, and pulls the trigger. The gunshot booms in slow-mo as the muzzle flash spreads to encompass the whole screen, until all we can see is pure white, the blast sound fading to nothingness.

Quick zoom out from Jake's eye. He's kneeling in the grass beside his dog, staring into space. He shakes his head, then grins at the dog.

Jake: Well, that *would* have been cool. (he stands and walks into the sunset.) Maybe I should make a movie of it...