

WOMAN

I don't have a dog.

HARRY

So you did lose it?

WOMAN

No, I've never had a dog.

HARRY

So how could you lose it?

WOMAN

I didn't lose a dog!

HARRY

Then why didn't you say that?!

Harry wheels around and returns to the car, to the Woman's confusion.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- DAY

Harry drives, scanning the street.

EXT. BUNGALOW -- DAY

The toy dog under his arm, Harry rings a doorbell: DINGDONG-DINGDONG-DINGDONG-DINGDONG-DINGDONG-DINGDONG-DINGDONG-DINGDONG-- An angry MAN answers.

HARRY

Is your daughter home?

MAN

Didn't you drive us to the--? What do you want?

Harry leans in the doorway.

HARRY

Angela?

The Man pushes Harry out, angrily.

MAN

Hey! What the hell are you doing?

HARRY

Angela! Did you lose a dog yesterday?

MAN
Could you leave, please?

ANGELA, a little girl, appears behind the Man. Harry holds up the dog.

HARRY
Is this yours?

Angela shakes her head. Harry turns and hurries back to the car, the Man watching him, concerned.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- LATER

Harry drives.

EXT. HOUSE -- LATER

Harry peers through the windows, like a burglar.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- LATER

Harry talks on his phone.

HARRY
...could you ask her to come to the phone? I know she's in class, but it's important. No, I'm not her father. No, I'm not related to her at all. No, but I found a letter from you in the letterbox at her house--

Harry holds up an envelope and squints at it.

HARRY
I assume it's school fees, so I looked up your number, I'm sorry, is this relevant? It's just I can see through her bedroom window that she has lots of toy animals, so it could be her. No, no, no, don't call the police, I already called them and they said they don't deal with lost toys. Hello? Hello?

Harry looks at his phone: they hung up. He sighs.