

A Speck of Dust

An animated short

written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ROCKY, an old black mutt with white paws and a graying muzzle, gnaws a TENNIS BALL on a RUG at the foot of a SOFA.

A VACUUM with a clear dustbin and IN/OUT button in a corner.

Dappled sunlight filters through a half open window illuminating SPECKS OF DUST floating in the air.

ON THE WINDOWSILL

We ZOOM IN from rays of sunshine to the windowsill where two specks of dust, DUSTY and BUNNY, snuggle affectionately.

A gust of wind blows, lifting the two lovers into the air.

They dance, twirl and float alongside other SPECKS OF DUST -- an aerial ballet shimmering in the light. It's breathtaking.

Dusty and Bunny rise higher, aglow in each other's arms.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN walks in, closes the window and plugs in the vacuum. Rocky stops chewing, watches. Her foot hits the ON button.

Vacuum ROARS to life. Rocky BARKS in defiance. The tennis ball rolls under the sofa.

Dancing SPECKS OF DUST careen and collide from turbulent air.

A JOLT OF AIR. Dusty and Bunny cling to each other, desperate to hold on. Fingers slip. They reach for each other --

Bunny floats higher, alights on the windowsill.

Dusty spins and drifts away, falling to the foot of the sofa.

ON THE RUG

Dusty searches for an air current, frantic.

Everything shakes. The vacuum RUMBLES in and out under the sofa -- light -- dark -- light -- dark. Closer and closer.

Vacuum stops.

A HAND drops into frame, dislodges the tennis ball and places it on the windowsill.

Rocky sits on his haunches, staring up at the ball as it rolls. The hand scratches behind his ears.

BUNNY'S POV

The tennis ball rolls towards Bunny. She shrinks back, hands up, defensive. The ball stops, inches away. A sigh of relief.

DUSTY'S POV

Vacuum starts again. Rocky BARKS, paws out, tail wagging.

The air rushes all around Dusty. He clings to the rug as he's pulled toward the light.

He looks to Bunny, desperate. He can't hold on.

She GASPS as Dusty's sucked into a blur of spinning bristles, like the maw of a monster with spinning, bristled teeth.

IN THE VACUUM

The vacuum crescendos to a DEAFENING ROAR as Dusty's caught in the brush, spinning -- light -- dark -- light -- dark -- then sucked into a black hole.

Dusty hurtles through a winding tube, tossed like a child on a waterslide.

A light grows at the end of the tunnel -- POOF!

Dusty flies out of the dark into the clear plastic dustbin.

Dusty spins at cyclonic speeds, terrified. He ricochets off clumps of hair, dodges razor sharp toenail clippings, Legos.

MUFFLED BARKS rise above the vacuum's ROAR.

FROM THE WINDOWSILL

Bunny paces, searching for Dusty. The woman steps on the OFF switch. The vacuum stops. She sets aside.

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS RECEDING. Door CLICKS shut. SILENCE.

Rocky lays down disappointed, eyes focused on the ball.

DUSTY'S POV

Dusty digs out of the debris and clings to the side of the dustbin. Hands and face against the bin, he gazes out at Bunny. Dusty's hands fall. His head droops, forlorn.

He's trapped.

If dust could cry...

BUNNY'S POV

Hands on her hips, Bunny looks from Rocky to the tennis ball, determined. An idea forms. Fingers to mouth, a SHARP WHISTLE. Rocky's ears perk up.

Floating SPECKS OF DUST drift and settle on the windowsill. A layer of dust forms. Bunny motions towards the window. Emphatic nods from the specks of dust.

FROM INSIDE THE VACUUM

Dusty clings to the side of the dustbin, watching.

Rocky cocks his head, alarmed as a GIANT DUST BUNNY forms.

ON THE WINDOWSILL

The giant dust bunny pries open the window with its paws.

A gust of wind blows. The giant dust bunny floats away, dispersing in the air.

The tennis ball teeters on the edge. Bunny pushes with all her might. Another gust of air. The ball falls --

EXT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tennis ball hits the vacuum switch from IN to OUT.

Rocky tracks the bouncing ball, tail wagging, set to pounce. The ball stops at the foot of the vacuum.

Rocky leaps for the ball. His paw hits the ON button. The vacuum RUMBLES to life. He backs away, drops it, BARKS.

A cloud of dust EXPLODES into the air, covering Rocky's face. He SNEEZES.

Dusty shoots into the air, soars. He's free!

ON THE WINDOWSILL

Bunny catches the wind, leaps high into the air to meet him.

IN MIDAIR

High above a whimpering dog and errant vacuum, Dusty and Bunny reunite in a warm embrace.

They dance and twirl alongside the other specks of dust in a splendid celebration, ebbing and flowing in the light.