

BOB THE CYBER PAWN AND HIS CYBER CLOUD BOSS THING  
EPISODE 1: TRAFFIC CONTROL DOGS

by

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FADE IN:

**Note: For your own creative purposes, please refer to the Public Domain Dedication for this and all works in this series: [s.earthbound.io/CyberBobUniverse](http://s.earthbound.io/CyberBobUniverse)**

EXT. PARK--DAY

CYBER BOB, 40, a white man, a mild, goofy, fairly daft pawn of a soul, strolls through the park. He admires a CUTE DOG and MARGARET, 37, a white woman, amicable, mild, curious, and very sharp, who cross his path. She leads the dog on a leash. He smiles at them.

BOB

Hi hello.

DOG

YIP YUP!

MARGARET

Hiii.

They all stop at the sound of MANY DOGS throughout the park who bark in an alarmed frenzy. The cute little dog joins the bark frenzy, as he looks up to the sky.

CYBER BOSS, an ageless, faceless, voiceless cloud that slowly swells and shrinks in size, and which is now the size of a Labrador, descends over the park high in the air and a good distance from Bob.

Cyber Boss stays there mostly motionless. The dogs go silent.

BOB

Oh hey it's my Potentially  
Malevolent or Benevolent Cyber Cloud  
Boss Thing a.k.a. Cyber Boss!

Margaret is fearful, confused and befuddled.

MARGARET

Your hmm hey hwuh? Bwuh?

BOB

Watch.

He holds up his phone toward the cloud. Stereotype sci-fi electric gizmo or radio sounds emit from the cloud, and a stream of blue wavy "radio" lines and small stereotype thunder bolt symbols emanate from it and enter his phone.

MARGARET

Ehm! Whih?!

CYBER BOB  
New instructions! Let's see them!

He holds up his phone and unlocks it, and waves Margeret to come and look at the screen with him. She does so. His phone displays words in a stereotype 50's sci-fi font, which the phone reads aloud in synthetic or "robot" speech:

CYBER BOSS  
EXAMINE potential takeover of  
traffic lights by chihuahuas. Use  
new shrinker-teleporter app.

CYBER BOB  
Would you like to join me in  
following these instructions? Your  
cute little doggy might find some  
new friends!

He smiles at the dog, then at her. She shakes her head and speaks with a fearful stutter.

MARGARET  
Hm-n-hweh huh. Ne, eh, I'm sorry,  
no, thank you.

She scuttles off in a hurry, her dog in tow.

BOB  
Suit yer suture!

He smiles up at the cloud, which vanishes into thin air.

BOB  
Otay!

EXT. SUBURBAN TRAFFIC INTERSECTION--DAY

Bob holds his phone up and manipulates the user interface. His phone displays an app icon which reads:

*"SHRINKER-TELEPORTER."*

He opens the app. Boss' instructions display and read themselves aloud.

BOSS  
Aim your phone camera at a location  
you wish to shrink and teleport  
into. Tap on the precise area you  
want to teleport into.

The app opens a camera view. Bob points it at a red traffic light, and taps on the light.  
FWOOSH!

He turns into abstract blue energy, which races and goes inside the traffic light as the light turns green.

INT. TRAFFIC LIGHT HORIZONTAL BEAM--NIGHT

This large sewer-sized horizontal pipe has a flat floor raised high above the pip bottom, with ample floor space. It has little doggy beds, doggy food, and a water spout that arcs over and falls into a drain grill.

There are SEVEN CHIHUAHUAS, all age 5.

Six of the chihuahuas utter loud "YIP!" barks in turn from first to last and then first again, endlessly. They chase each other in circles in three groups. The seventh dog steps off a lit green floor panel, and stands beside two unlit red and orange floor panels beside it. He stares at a large red LED clock on the wall, which counts down seconds from 2:00.

Bob materializes beside the dog who watches the clock. All the dogs stop, silent, and stare at him. The dog who watches the clock speaks.

DOG

YIP YUP!

Bob's phone buzzes, and he raises it to see that an app has opened which reads:

*"DOG TRANSLATOR"*

It translates the Dog's language into English, which it displays as words and also reads aloud.

DOG

Hey hey!

Bob shouts at the phone.

BOB

Hey! Why are you here?

The phone translates his speech to Dog, on-screen and read-aloud. His screen reads: "YIP YAP! YAP YIP YIP!"

DOG

Why are you here? Eh, it doesn't matter. We've always been here. And you don't have to shout at the phone. I can hear you fine. People so often seem to think they should shout when talking to dogs. It's so annoying.

BOB

What?!

DOG  
What what?

BOB  
You've always been here?!

DOG  
Yep. Well, I mean, not me. Just  
dogs. These guys don't know what to  
do with themselves when it's my turn  
at traffic watch. They drive me  
crazy.

The other dogs bark in turns and run after one another.

DOG  
HEY! Can't you see I'm *talking*  
here?

BOB  
But, but, so, you haven't invaded or  
anything?

All the dogs go silent, and stop and stand and give him a  
blank stare. There's an awkward pause.

BOB  
Well, okay, sorry--I guess if you've  
always been here then, no. Uh. Okay.  
Wait. I have another question.  
Couldn't you just sync those lights  
with that clock so that it controls  
them? Then you wouldn't all have to  
be here.

The dogs still stare blankly at him.

BOB  
Uh, okay.

He fidgets nervously, then "breaks the proscenium" and  
looks at us (or the camera).

BOB  
So, annoying dogs control traffic  
lights! No wonder traffic is so  
annoying!

He emits an utterly nerdy, self-indulgent laugh.

The dog laughs at his laugh.

DOG  
Please visit here often.

BOB  
Rlly? Fer real?! In an awesome  
cybernetic intra-traffic-light realm  
like this?!

The dog is confused.

DOG  
Um, yes.

Bob stares us down in awe.

BOB  
WWWOOOOOOOOOWWW!

The dog laughs at him more, and looks at and speaks to us.

DOG  
Where did this guy come from?

Bob is affronted.

BOB  
(to dog)  
Is that a rhetorical question?!

DOG  
Yes.

Bob sees the dog means no ill, so his anger is defused.

BOB  
Oh.

FADE OUT:

THE END