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# 12 Dog Days of Christmas

By Unknown

Hello, ma'am,  
and happy holidays.  
My name is Jack,  
and I have  
a cleaning product  
that will change your life.  
I'm really  
just not interested.  
Okay, well, let's take  
this stain here for example.  
Please, stop,  
I'm not interested.  
Okay, well, a quick spray,  
and an even quicker wipe...  
and voil, it's gone.  
Wow... I'm impressed.  
As is...  
Oh, Bootsy.  
As is Bootsy.  
You really are something,  
young man.  
Next thing you know,  
you're gonna tell me  
that I can use it  
to brush my teeth.  
No, I wouldn't recommend that,  
but let's say  
little Bootsy here  
has a whoopsie on the carpet--  
Kid, how many times  
have I told you  
not to hustle your stuff  
up here?  
Sir, can I just finish  
this transaction?  
This beautiful lady  
seems enthralled with  
my fine cleaning products.  
You don't get it,  
do you?  
You're not welcome here.  
Sir, I am trying  
to raise money  
for Christmas presents

for orphans.  
This is what happens  
when the parents aren't around  
to put a leash  
on their kids.  
You always have a story,  
don't you?  
But this time, it's true!  
Ma'am, if we could just  
please go across the street  
to finish our transaction  
over there, then maybe--  
Forget it, kid--  
get outta here.  
Don't make me  
call the cops.  
Capisce?  
Yeah, I got it!  
(engine starts)  
(door closes)  
What do you think  
you're doing, kid?  
Giving you a reason  
to call the cops!  
Go on, dial 9-1-1.  
Tell 'em old Jack is here  
waiting for 'em.  
They knome quite well.  
(knocks on door)  
Yes, Joanna?  
Hey, Art, Jack is back.  
Should I show him in?  
Yes, show him in.  
Jack is back.  
Why am I not surprised?  
Hello, Jack.  
Well, now, see,  
this is the part  
where you're supposed to say,  
"Hello, Officer Stephenson.  
How are you?"  
Well, I'll tell you  
how I am, Jack.  
I am very

disappointed in you.  
Why are you always  
so angry?  
Check your fact file there.  
You'll find a full list  
of reasons.  
We have been through this  
over the years, haven't we, son?  
I've been through it.  
With you, it's just age.  
What are you now, 75, 80?  
(chuckles)  
You know, I remember  
when we first met.  
What was it,  
about five years ago?  
Back then, you at least tried  
to be nice to me.  
And look how far  
that got me.  
Do you know  
who you remind me of?  
Here we go again  
about my mother.  
One of your first  
probationers.  
So much potential.  
I've heard it before.  
And how is your mother?  
I don't know.  
Still not keeping up  
with you, huh?  
Nope.  
I must be a disappointment  
to her too.  
Well, you don't have to be  
a disappointment to me, son.  
Trespassing? Destruction  
of private property?  
Arson?  
Come on,  
what is that all about?  
It was barely  
a candle's flame, really.

I really thought  
that we were turning  
things around, Jack.  
There is no "we",  
just you behind that desk  
and then me,  
out here in the real world.  
Sit down, son.  
It says here 1 year  
of intensive probation  
and 120 hours  
of community service.  
Now, do you think  
you can do that?  
Afterschool, maybe  
on weekends?  
Whatever.  
Well, since roadside clean-up  
hasn't done much  
to curb  
your delinquent behavior,  
I got something  
else in mind.  
You're gonna be  
helping people this Christmas.  
How about that?  
So, Jackson, I'm Blair,  
and I'm in charge of this place.  
Oh, it's Jack.  
My name's Jack.  
Jack.  
But your probation  
placement report says  
your name is Jackson.  
Oh, yeah, birth names  
can be outgrown, Blair.  
Duly noted, Jack.  
So follow me.  
So... this is where  
the action happens.  
(dogs barking)  
And this is Hillary.  
Hi, I handle most  
of the paperwork here.

That's my sister Ryan.  
She takes care  
of the pups.  
And this is  
our adorable crew.  
Well, it'll be  
wonderful working  
with such beautiful ladies.  
Our big mission here  
is to clean up  
and close up  
before we all leave for  
the Christmas holidays, okay?  
Sounds like a plan.  
Okay, so you're gonna be  
mostly cleaning up.  
Is that okay with you?  
Oh, it's completely fine.  
I have extensive experience  
in cleaning products.  
Even started my own brand.  
Okay, so we're gonna  
have you clean  
one of the empty enclosures.  
Ryan, do you mind  
showing him how to do that?  
If I must.  
Well, she seems busy with  
that rat creature-looking thing.  
Maybe old Hillary  
could show me around.  
Her name's Petunia,  
and she's a mixed breed,  
not a rat creature.  
(Hillary)  
Okay, Jack, come with me.  
See you around, "Cryan".  
(door closes)  
Jack, you know

**dinner's at 6:**

Why are you always  
so late?  
I was working.

Working?  
Is that what you call it?  
Because I understood  
that it was community service  
for being in trouble again.  
Thanks for informing  
the whole table  
about my life,  
just in case  
they didn't already know.  
Come on, no need  
to get smart, son.  
I'm not your son, Lou,  
and you're not my father.  
Yeah, you've made  
that clear, Jack.  
It's your choice  
being in and out  
of fosters all the time.  
Thanks for reminding me  
of my sad life.  
It really makes me  
feel all warm inside.  
Anyone want to make  
Christmas cookies?  
Finish your food, boys.  
(Trevor)  
We love you, Jack,  
don't we, Ton?  
Of course.  
Thanks, guys.  
Glad to know  
there's some love in this house.  
Jack, as much  
as you disagree,  
we're trying  
to make your life  
better by what we provide.  
I'm just a grocery bill  
to you guys.  
Believe what you want,  
but we're trying  
to build a family here.  
I can feel the overwhelming

presence of love.  
You know,  
you don't have to stay.  
What does that mean?  
I'll be coming  
with you guys when  
you move in a few months?  
That's right, boys.  
Old Lou and Josie  
are moving to Arizona,  
a more arid climate  
for Josie's asthma.  
I overheard you  
talking out back  
the other night,  
so merry Christmas to all,  
and to all, a good night.  
(door closes)  
Hey, going to  
a little holiday  
shindig near campus.  
Lots of cute college boys,  
and from what I hear,  
mistletoe under every doorway.  
You interested?  
No thanks.  
You know, you can't sit  
in your room your entire life  
reading post-feminist  
chick lit.  
I'm reading Stephen King.  
Ugh, same thing.  
Anyway, have a merry  
little yawner at home.  
(dog barking)  
(Ryan)  
This is Titus.  
Definitely no big barker.  
No way.  
What about Mimsy here?  
She's sweet, and good,  
and just dying  
for someone to love her.  
See?



I don't know.  
She's a little bit bigger  
than what I pictured.  
She's not that big.  
Um, I don't think  
she's gonna get much bigger.  
Just look at her feet.  
I just don't think  
she's what I'm looking for.  
I mean, I was really  
looking for a dog  
that I could fit  
in my purse, you know?  
Okay, well, sorry  
we couldn't find a good  
match for you today, Jen.

(...)

Personally, I think  
this dog is perfect  
for you, Jennifer.  
Or do you go by Jen?  
May I call you Jen?  
Well, see, she's quiet  
as a dormouse,  
and that is  
your main concern, yes?  
And you can't really  
hold it against her  
that she's not  
some yappy teacup dog.  
She's still cute,  
and, uh, between you and I,  
all the dogs in here  
are cute.  
But this dog has  
been looking at you  
since the minute  
you walked in.  
Can't you see it  
in her eyes?  
I think you might need Misty  
as much as Misty needs you.  
Mimsy.  
Okay.

She is really cute.  
(chuckles)  
And calm.  
(sighs)  
You're right.  
I'll take r.  
I assure you-- this will be  
the greatest Christmas present  
you have ever  
given yourself.  
(Hillary)  
Okay, right this way, ma'am,  
so we can get  
your paperwork started.  
I think we made  
a sale, "Cryan".  
(scoffs)  
Hey, Jack, you want a ride?  
So I assume  
you know what I wanted  
to talk to you about.  
No, but I bet  
you're gonna tell me.  
You gotta start  
getting along better  
with your foster parents.  
I got a report  
that you've been  
arguing with them.  
Good riddance to them both.  
This is your ninth  
foster home, Jack.  
We can't have you  
getting kicked out now  
when you're so close  
to being out of the system.  
Fine... I'll shut my mouth.  
You gotta get it  
together, son.  
You'll be 18 soon  
and out on your own.  
The day can't come  
soon enough.  
Frankly, I'm not so sure

you're ready for it.  
I'll be fine.  
Well, I'd like to see you  
prove that to me.  
Better yet,  
I'd like to see you  
prove it to yourself.  
You know, I've invested  
a lot of time and energy  
into you over the years, son,  
And I don't want  
to see it go to waste.  
I can't believe you don't  
already have a boyfriend.  
I've had boyfriends.  
Just don't have one  
right now.  
So... you looking?  
Not really, I'm too busy  
applying to colleges.  
Not to mention  
you're a bit young  
for her, don't you think?  
I think you could get  
more work done  
if you worried about  
yourself more and me less.  
I'm on break,  
unlike you,  
who would get more work done  
if you actually did some work.  
Enough, you two.  
But she's right.  
You've gotta get back  
to work, okay?  
We're running out of time  
to get this place closed  
for Christmas.  
(dog whimpers)  
You know, you're like  
that girl they hook you up with.  
Say she's got  
an outstanding personality,  
which really means...

outstandingly difficult

to look at.

No offense.

Most dogs are beautiful.

You, however, have

an outstanding personality.

Hm.

What's up with "Cryan"?

It's Mrs. Rose,

the owner of the shelter.

We just got horrible news.

What happened to her?

It's not her,

it's the shelter.

We just found out

we're not gonna be

opening again after

the holidays.

(laughs)

What are you talking about?

Exactly what

she just said.

The shelter's

closing permanently,

and there's nothing we can do

to stop it.

But what about

the dogs that haven't

been placed in homes yet?

They'll go

to the city shelter.

And those that have been here

for over six months

will likely be euthanized.

That's not right.

The whole thing's not right.

But Mrs. Rose,

who built the shelter,

can't afford

to keep it up anymore.

She was forced to sell.

Why doesn't

she take the dogs?

She loves these dogs,

but she can't really take 'em  
'cause she's allergic.  
Most dogs only last  
a few weeks at the city shelter.  
Then, they'll just kill 'em  
after they arrive.  
We don't do that here.  
That's why I started working  
here in the first place.  
Just the thought of it,  
I can't take it.  
Here, they could  
have stayed forever.  
Over there, they say  
they can't spend  
public money  
on lost causes.  
How many lost causes  
are there?  
At last count, 11.  
And most of them  
have some major issues,  
which is why they've been  
here so long.  
Wait, the dogs still here  
are the ones  
they're just gonna...  
(Ryan)  
Don't say it.  
Well, how much time  
do they have?  
Just under two weeks.  
Until Christmas Eve.  
Won't exactly make  
our Christmas all warm,  
and fuzzy, and merry this year,  
that's for sure.  
Hey.  
I'm sorry about the dogs.  
Yeah, it's so terrible.  
Poor Ryan.  
We would take  
some of the dogs  
home with us if we could,

but we can't 'cause  
our cat's terrified of them.  
Have you ever  
had a dog before?  
I think Ryan used to have one  
when she was younger,  
before my mom  
married her dad.  
It's sad she can't  
have one now  
since she's the real  
dog lover.  
I like them too,  
but I'm just volunteering  
here for my resume.  
Ooh, cute and smart.  
Double threat.  
(giggles)  
Glad I could at least use  
my winning personality  
to find  
old Mimsy a home.  
Jack-- wait.  
Yeah?  
You still have  
more than 60 hours  
left on your service.  
You digging through  
my personal file, "Cryan"?  
Can you be serious for,  
like, one minute, please?  
Fine, what?  
What if you help me  
place all the unadoptable dogs  
before Christmas?  
Why would you want my help?  
Come on, Jack,  
we all know  
you're, like,  
the prince of persuasion.  
Even I have to admit  
you have a certain--  
Charm?  
Persuasiveness over people.

It's a terrible idea.  
I know from experience.  
You can't make people  
take things they don't want.  
(dogs barking)  
Love would really  
have to be blind to find you.  
(dog barks)  
(dogs barking)  
Fine, I'm in, okay?  
In what, Jack?  
Trouble again?  
No, I'm in  
to helping find the dogs  
homes before Christmas.  
Under one condition,  
of course.  
And that is...  
You help me land a date  
with your sister.  
Fine.  
Really?  
Hillary's totally  
into bad decisions  
when it comes to men.  
I should have  
no problem getting her  
to fall for you whatsoever.  
You know what? I'm gonna  
take that as a compliment.  
But are you sure there aren't  
any other reasons  
that you might  
have changed your mind?  
Like...  
All those adorable pups?  
Maybe even Petunia?  
No, not at all.  
The only other reason  
I could possibly think  
is knowing that it's gonna  
torture you  
just as much  
as it'll torture me

having to spend the next  
two weeks together.  
Fine, yay to getting  
tortured then.  
So as Blair said,  
most of the dogs have issues  
that make them nearly  
impossible to place.  
No need to be  
afraid of Titus.  
He's all bark, no bite.  
(barking)  
All sound and fury,  
signifying nothing.  
Quoting Shakespeare.  
I must say  
I'm actually impressed.  
Indeed, smarter than I look.  
Yeah, don't flatter yourself.  
And this is Romeo,  
the complete opposite of Titus.  
All he wants to do  
is hug and kiss.  
Total planter.  
And this is Clementine.  
Need I say more?  
So what's up  
with these two pups?  
They seem fine.  
Yeah, that does seem  
the case  
with Cassie, and Maggie,  
or the twins, as we call them.  
But really, they're going  
100 miles per hour.  
Dogs with ADD.  
Wait, is that so bad?  
They drive people crazy.  
They never stop.  
Plus, they go mental  
if they're separated.  
They've been adopted out twice  
and brought back really fast.  
And Skippy here



obviously has cataracts  
and can't see much  
of anything.  
Can't they be  
fixed or something?  
I don't know,  
can you afford the surgery?  
'Cause we sure can't.  
Well, um, I'm all out  
of stains, sprayed,  
not a penny to my name.  
You know, funny enough, though,  
Skippy can still fetch.  
He wants to play ball 24/7.  
This is Bruno.  
He's super smart,  
but in dog years,  
he'd be our in-house  
senior citizen.  
So no one wants to take him  
'cause he's so old.  
And this here is Boomer.  
He really likes  
to roughhouse.  
Probably belongs  
more in a frat house  
than around children.  
And our little lady Sadie here  
has a ton of skin allergies,  
so whoever takes her  
is gonna have to pay  
for her shots.  
Poor Poppy.  
We think that she was  
abused and abandoned  
by her prior owner.  
And we're pretty sure  
it was a man  
because she's  
terrified of them.  
So she's afraid of all men?  
Yeah.  
That's so sad.  
And finally, there's Petunia,

our longest-running resident.  
She's been here  
for over two years now.  
How did  
she get here anyway?  
It was before I started  
working here,  
but Blair told me that the woman  
who brought her in said  
she saw her and her mom  
in a ditch  
filled with water  
the day before.  
She's pretty sure  
Petunia's mom abandoned her  
because she was too weak  
to climb out of the ditch.  
She nearly drowned in there.  
Well, she's not weak anymore.  
And besides, how was  
she not already adopted?  
She's easily the sweetest dog  
in here.  
Only...  
She's not pretty or perfect?  
Not all of us can be  
like Hillary, huh, Petunia?  
I was actually gonna say  
that she is  
kind of perfect.  
Maybe people are just  
too blind to see it.  
Okay, so I have  
the perfect idea  
for where we can start  
trying to find homes  
for these dogs  
first thing tomorrow.  
You want to come?  
We could really use  
your persuasive skills.  
Huh, Petunia?  
Yeah, sure.  
in need of a home

for the holidays,  
and we thought  
if you would be  
so kind as to let us,  
maybe we could try  
and find homes for them  
by doing some sort  
of doggie adoption day here.  
We? Who's we?  
Me and J-- Jack!  
Oh, no, not you again!  
No way, miss.  
Forget it.  
Any luck?  
Nope, we went 0 for 11.  
Not even a nibble.  
Well, don't let one bad day  
get you down.  
You know, it's Christmastime.  
It's the season  
of miracles and hope.  
You are frighteningly  
optimistic, Blair.  
Well, maybe if we all  
get in the Christmas spirit,  
it might help our chances,  
you know?  
Yeah, just gonna  
be a lot more work  
than I originally thought.  
I guess we'll pick  
a new neighborhood tomorrow  
and see if we can place  
any of the dogs there.  
Jack, you hear  
anything I just said?  
Sure, sure, new location.  
What are you studying?  
It's for  
my AP business course.  
We're learning  
target marketing.  
Target marketing.  
Yeah, you know,

where you target your product  
to a particular market  
that's perfect for it.  
Oh, kinda like what I do  
with my stain spray.  
Yeah, I guess so.  
It's too bad  
we can't target-market  
Petunia into  
a good home too.  
Jack, you're a genius.  
Huh?  
No, we target market  
the unadoptable dogs  
into new homes.  
It's perfect.  
So you're saying we use  
what's keeping them  
from being adopted  
to our advantage.  
Exactly, we turn  
their negatives into positives.  
Guys, these are dogs  
we're talking about.  
I don't think  
it works like that.  
No, no.  
Wait, Hill, they--  
they have a good point.  
Take the twins for example.  
They're super-hyper,  
so maybe we need  
to find a family  
with super-hyper kids  
to keep up with them, right?  
Exactly.  
(Jack)  
Target marketing,  
I love it.  
Thank you  
for helping me spawn  
this amazing idea with  
that book of yours, Hillary.  
I can feel your intellect

rubbing off on me  
as we speak.  
Here, let me  
help you there.  
Wouldn't want you to fall.  
(scoffs)  
What?  
Nothing.  
No, not nothing.  
You did that "pfft" thing  
like you always do.  
Me? No,  
I didn't say anything.  
Why are you  
such a wet spot?  
Why are you such  
a dirty floor?  
You know, you really do  
have a way with people, Jack.  
While some  
might call it charm,  
I'd call it selfish,  
self-absorbed egotism.  
Well, considering  
my parents left me  
when I was a kid,  
I have no real family,  
no place to call home--  
unless you're considering  
the nine different foster homes  
I've been in  
over the last seven years--  
yeah, I guess I am selfish.  
Hard not to be  
focused on yourself  
when all you have  
is yourself.  
I'm sorry, I didn't know  
how rough you had it.  
No, I don't want  
your pity party.  
Just do what you promised,  
and fix me up with your sister.  
Fine, you help us

target-market  
the rest of these dogs  
into the right homes,  
and I'll get you  
your date.  
Good.  
Ooh, ooh, yeah  
I get caught up  
in all the hustle and bustle  
Of holiday glee  
Won't be long  
till we're opening presents  
Under the tree  
(dog snarls)  
I love this time  
of year  
And I know why  
Christmas is better  
with two  
I just want to share  
this moment with you  
Christmas is  
better with two  
I just want to share  
this moment  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, wah, ah, ah, ah  
You came along  
Like a winter song  
Now, I sing  
as the Christmas lights spin  
Around, and around,  
and around  
Oh  
(Blair)  
So you have about 10 more days  
till Christmas Eve,  
and only about seven dogs  
left to find homes for?  
That's not bad, guys.  
I still think the odds  
are against us, though.  
We've got dogs  
with much bigger problems

than the ones  
we placed today.  
It's gonna take  
a Christmas miracle  
to find homes for the rest  
of these pups.  
Well, good thing  
one of us believes  
in Christmas miracles.  
Hey, guys,  
just bringing Boomer back.  
I can't stay, though,  
I gotta run to rehearsal.  
Uh, Jack, would you mind  
taking a picture of me?  
We need a good one for  
the Christmas pageant flyer.  
Boomer, get your big,  
hairy butt out of my picture.  
Guys, I just got  
a great idea  
of how we can get  
these dogs adopted.  
How?  
We host our very own  
doggie adoption day,  
like, a few days  
before Christmas,  
hire a photographer  
to take pictures  
of kids with  
some dogs, Santa,  
maybe even a pretty  
Christmas elf.  
That sounds  
like a great idea.  
That sounds expensive.  
No, wait.  
What if we got it  
at the community center?  
I used to volunteer there,  
so I'm sure  
they'd let us borrow  
the space for an adoption day.

And maybe some of the other  
pageant elves can come too.

What a great idea, Jack.

Hillary, how do  
you always get people  
to do things for you  
for free?

I don't know,  
I guess I'm just--  
Hillary.

And hooray for Hillary!

(dog barking)

(door closes)

Sorry, Jack,  
dinner's already been served.

Are there any leftovers?

We were gonna tell you  
about the move.

We were just trying  
to figure out how.

Moving's my middle  
name, Josie.

Should have been really easy  
for you and old Lou.

It's Trevor and Tony  
that I'm worried about.

So we found a family  
who's interested  
in taking Trevor and Tony.

Really sweet couple.

They live in that fancy  
gated community, Honey Brook?

Even have a cute little pug  
to play with.

So they might be interested  
in taking the boys  
before Christmas.

Wow.

So I won't see the boys  
for Christmas.

Jack, we'd like you  
to think about coming  
with us if you want.

(door closes)



(bully)  
What up, Frankie?  
What you got in the bag?  
(laughs)  
Give him back the bag.  
This don't concern you, Jack.  
Hand over the bag now!  
Look, I don't wanna  
fight you, Jack.  
Come on, Terry,  
make my Christmas.  
Come on.  
Hey, thanks a lot, man.  
Yeah, don't mention it.  
'Tis the season for giving  
and all that mushy stuff.  
Yeah, right.  
So what's your name, kid?  
Frankie.  
Hi, Frankie, I'm Jack,  
nice to meet you.  
Yeah, I know.  
I was always afraid  
to talk to you before.  
But what you did  
was really nice.  
Well, you know, next time,  
I might not be here  
to help you.  
What you need, my friend,  
is some real protection  
'cause those bullies  
are gonna be back.  
What do you suggest?  
Well, my friend, Frankie,  
that is a fantastic question.  
Frankie, meet Titus.  
(dog barking)  
Aw... buddy.  
I'll take him.  
(dog barking)  
Good boy, good boy.  
Very good, very good.  
Well, have a Merry Christmas

to you too.  
Hey, Blair.  
Hey!  
How are you?  
I'm good, how about you?  
It's good to see you.  
Listen, I just came by  
to check on Jack.  
He's been great,  
he's been helping us  
clean up this place and helping  
the last dogs get adopted.  
Really?  
And actually,  
He came up with an idea  
for a doggie adoption day  
at the community center.  
Well, what do you know?  
I actually have  
a juvenile probationer  
who's doing exactly  
what he was asked to do.  
Will wonders never cease?  
Honestly, I think the dogs  
are finally getting to him.  
Well, that's fantastic.  
Well, I guess  
I didn't have any cause  
to worry about anything.  
I'll see you soon, huh?  
Yeah, I'll see you  
at Christmas.  
You better--  
all right, honey.  
Bye.  
Bye.  
before your parents split up.  
Yeah, I did.  
Her name was Jessie.  
She was a big, beautiful  
collie just like Lassie.  
What happened?  
My dad moved into an apartment  
that didn't allow dogs,

so I had to keep  
Jessie at my mom's  
new boyfriend's house.  
One morning,  
he was late for work.  
He didn't know  
I let Jessie out.  
He hit her from behind  
with his car.  
Mom came in, took his side,  
saying he didn't mean to do it  
and it was probably my fault.  
I still can't talk to her.  
Why are you so much  
into dogs?  
What's not to like  
about a dog?  
They're endlessly loyal,  
always in a great mood.  
Huh, Petunia?  
They never,  
ever leave you.  
Hey, look,  
I got an idea.  
Almost.  
I heard that you're helping  
to find homes  
for animals  
down at the shelter.  
It's better  
than roadside cleanup.  
So you are using  
your unique powers  
of persuasion  
for good this time.  
Does it really matter?  
Well, if you're getting  
something from it,  
I guess not, but are  
you getting something from it?  
I don't really  
think about it.  
Well, you know, Jack,  
you're almost an adult now.

Maybe you should start thinking about it.  
Sounds like you need to retire, Art, because you've obviously gone off your rocker.  
Well, you know, Jack, maybe I'll just do that.  
Um, do you think you could give me some Christmas cash?  
Christmas cash?  
What do you need cash for?  
You've got a roof over your head.  
You've got clothes on your back.  
You've got food to eat.  
Oh, wait a minute, wait a minute.  
Is this about that girl?  
(laughs)  
No, it's... personal.  
Really?  
Okay, then, Jack, let's get personal.  
Okay.  
I was going to get some Christmas presents for the little guys... probably going-away presents.  
All right, Jack.  
I'll see what I can do.  
How's the writing going?  
You never told me what you write about.  
They're just kinda short stories, you know?  
All fiction?  
Yeah, mostly.  
Any good?  
I don't know.  
Uh, I guess not.  
You're pretty smart,

they can't be that bad.

(sighs)

Maybe you should  
treat your stories  
like you treat the dogs--  
With a little bit  
of positive thinking,  
you could write something  
really great.

You think?

Yeah.

Isn't that right, Petunia?

So, you know, I talked  
with Jack yesterday.

Yeah?

How is he?

Well, you know, I think  
the community service  
is really making him think  
about things from  
a different perspective.  
I think that he's really  
trying this time.

Finally.

Well, I'll be.

You know, maybe  
all your meetings with him  
over the years  
are finally starting to stick.

Mm, I can't tell.

But you know,  
that kid sure does remind me  
of why I got into this business  
in the first place.

Did you tell him  
about your retirement plans  
after the holidays yet?

No.

I've been trying to figure out  
a way to tell him.

Hasn't come to me yet, though.

Well, honey...

there's no easy way,  
just the right way

and the right time.  
And that time is now.  
What would I do  
without you?  
(both laugh)  
Whoo! Oh, yeah!  
All right, guys,  
let's get out of here.  
And when your jaw  
drops to the floor  
(sighs)  
So I heard you guys  
were having some people over  
to see if they might want  
to adopt you this week?  
Sounds like you might  
have a new mommy and daddy  
before Christmas.  
If they adopt us,  
does that mean  
we won't ever see  
our real mom ever again?  
Well, maybe,  
but these new parents  
will be your new mommy  
and daddy.  
But I still love  
my mommy.  
I know,  
I love my mom too.  
Our moms are nice,  
but they're just not good  
at being moms full-time.  
Like Trevor's not good  
at his math?  
(both laugh)  
Hey, I'm getting better,  
right, Jack?  
Yep, you are,  
and we're gonna work at it  
until you get great.  
Will the new parents be nice  
to me and Tony?  
I'm sure they will.

Cool.

I also heard  
that they're looking  
for good, little boys,  
so you just have to show them  
how good you are.

Like with Santa?

Yes, exactly.

Now, do you guys remember  
what I told you to say  
to parents  
that might adopt you?

Yes.

My name is Trevor,  
and I am a very good boy.

And this is Tony.

I won't say cute,  
but he's smart.

(laughs)

Brilliant--

okay, your turn, Tony.

I'm Tony, and it's  
a pleasure to meet me.

Even better  
than I taught you,  
but you might want to say  
"you" next time, okay?

You guys might  
just have parents  
before Christmas.

(dog barks)

Jack Whitley.

Long time, no see,  
young man.

This is sure unexpected,  
but merry Christmas to you.

Who's your little  
friend there?

Oh, this is Clementine.

She yours?

For the time being at least.

So, um, what's up?

How is everything?

Good-- not too bad,

I guess.  
You staying out  
of trouble these days?  
At least trying to.  
How's your new foster family?  
Eh, not too bad.  
How's Molly?  
Molly?  
Oh, she's great.  
Enjoying junior high.  
That's actually why I'm here  
today, to be honest.  
Why's that?  
Well, uh, I was  
just remembering  
back to when you were  
fostering me  
and how you'd  
always get on my case,  
but you were  
really forgiving...  
you and Molly both.  
And I was just thinking  
I treated you guys really bad,  
and I really just feel  
awful about it.  
I thought maybe  
I'd give you a thank-you gift  
for being a positive  
influence on my life.  
Okay.  
Molly was always  
so inspiring to me,  
and Clementine needs  
some inspiration,  
especially right now  
in her life.  
You brought us  
a three-legged dog?  
Oh, yeah, I guess.  
Kinda-- I mean, no offense.  
I just thought--  
Jack, look.  
I'm sure Molly would love



to have a dog,  
but it's a huge commitment.  
I don't know if we can  
with her being in a wheelchair.  
Come on, Mr. Banks.  
You and I both know  
that Molly  
is one of the most  
capable people that there is.  
And honestly, I don't want  
to beg you or anything,  
but Clementine  
needs a home right now.  
Otherwise, she'll be  
euthanized before Christmas.  
Well.  
Truth is I haven't  
had time to find Molly  
a proper present anyway,  
So... perhaps you might have  
just saved my behind as well.  
Now, why don't you come inside  
for some hot cocoa,  
help me put up this tree,  
and tell me what kind of forms  
we need to fill out  
for your friend here  
before Molly gets back home?  
Thanks, I really  
appreciate it.  
Don't mention it.  
It's just great  
to see the kind of man  
you turned out  
to be, Jack.  
I'm sure Molly'd  
be thrilled to hear it too.  
(phone rings)  
Rose's Animal Shelter,  
happy holidays.  
How can I help you?  
Yeah, we got  
a few grade-A adoptees left,  
but technically,

we're closed.  
Yeah, we could  
drive over there tonight.  
Yeah, it would be a special  
holiday delivery.  
She's smart, wonderful  
with kids, and super nice.  
Yeah, I think she'd be  
a great addition to your family.  
1450 Fairview.  
Be there in, like,  
15 minutes sharp.  
So spill,  
which dog do they want?  
I think we found  
Petunia a home.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
My name's Jack, and this is  
my kennel comrade Ryan,  
and this right here  
is beautiful, old Petunia.  
She's here to spread Christmas  
joy to your family.  
Well, uh...  
She's the sweetest dog ever.  
She's housebroken, smart,  
and great with kids.  
Plus, she does tricks.  
Petunia, sit.  
Petunia, shake hands.  
Petunia, dance?  
I'm sorry, I think  
we're gonna have to pass.  
It's just not the kind  
of dog we're looking  
to surprise  
our children with, okay?  
She's not an it,  
she's a she.  
And what kind of dog  
are you looking to get?  
I don't know,  
maybe a puppy perhaps,

something fluffy,  
something that won't  
scare them half to death  
every time it looks back  
at them, you know?  
At least let me pay you  
for your time.  
Take your money  
and shove it--  
Jack!  
Don't.  
Right back  
into your pocket, sir.  
Come on, Petunia,  
we're leaving.  
(Petunia squeals)  
Hey, what's the point of that?  
I'm angry, okay?  
Well, look,  
you scared Petunia.  
She's shaking, she loves you.  
You shouldn't  
do that to her.  
Okay, I'm sorry, Tunie.  
I didn't mean  
to scare you.  
You forgive me?  
I'm sure she already has.  
Not like you even tried  
apologizing to me.  
So, um, what about  
my date with Hillary?  
Still working on that, or--  
Sorry.  
She's been super swamped  
with that big Christmas play,  
and I've been  
a little preoccupied  
trying to find homes  
for all these dogs, remember?  
Can't it wait till after  
Christmas, Mr. Impatient?  
As long as  
I get to kiss her

on New Year's Eve night...  
I suppose.  
Spare me the details.  
The thought of kissing you  
makes me wanna ralph.  
Why are you such  
a hater, anyways?  
Don't you date boys?  
I'll date a boy when I find  
a decent boy to date.  
I bet you're into those  
hipster types, aren't you?  
No, just preferably  
someone real  
who's into  
the same things as me.  
What? Like, Shakespeare?  
I don't just  
like Shakespeare.  
I'm into other stuff too--  
J.K. Rowling, Sedaris,  
Sybil, Stephen King.  
I have all kinds  
of tastes in books.  
Wait, I like  
Stephen King too.  
Yeah? Better not tell  
Hillary that.  
She thinks anyone  
who reads his stuff  
is prone to violence.  
(scoffs)  
That's kinda silly.  
On the other hand,  
you did see  
what I did to that  
trash can earlier, right?  
Yeah.  
(sneezes)  
Thank you so much  
for everything, Blair.  
I-- I couldn't have kept  
this place alive  
as long as I have

without your help.

Of course, Miss Rose,

we-- we did our best.

We sure tried, didn't we?

Yeah.

Oh.

(sneezes)

Thank you, Blair.

(door opens)

(door closes)

So that's the lady  
that owns the place,  
the one you told me  
was allergic to dogs?

Yeah, that was Miss Rose.

Poor lady, she's a mess.

Oh, even with all the dogs  
almost gone,

I can still  
barely breathe in here.

Maybe this was  
a bad idea.

Just one more breed.

See? No allergens  
with this breed.

Totally hypoallergenic.

I didn't even know  
we had a hairless here.

How precious is she?

The only thing is,

Miss Rose,

she's got just about  
as many allergies as you do.

Do you think  
you're gonna be able  
to keep up her allergy  
shots regularly?

Oh, I've got a deal  
over with Dr. George,  
the local vet?

As much business  
as we've brought him  
through the years,  
it shouldn't be

a problem at all.  
Little miss.  
Sadie... her name is Sadie.  
Sadie... I love it,  
and her.  
Thanks so much, guys.  
You've done so much  
for these poor pups,  
and I'm just never gonna be able  
to thank you enough.  
And I know  
you're gonna find homes  
for all the rest of them  
tomorrow night.  
(sneezes)  
(chuckles)  
Night, Jack.  
Night, Blair--  
night, "Cryan."  
Night, Jackson.  
Jackson.  
Merry Christmas, son.  
Oh, it's good  
to see you.  
Look how big you've gotten,  
you're a man now.  
Hi, Mom.  
So what are you doing  
in this neighborhood?  
Are they fostering you  
around here now?  
No, just grabbing  
some last-minute supplies  
for this dog shelter event  
I'm helping out with  
over at the community center.  
Oh, look at you,  
Mr. Do-Gooder.  
Working for  
an animal shelter?  
You're working on  
some silly merit badge  
or something?  
Real funny, Mom,

mock my progress.  
Great parenting.  
I'm just kidding.  
Lighten up, goodness.  
Hey, I saw your dad  
a couple of months ago.  
Where, jail?  
How'd you know?  
He's still a mess,  
but I'm doing better.  
I've been sober  
for three whole days now.  
What are you going to do  
with the malt liquor  
in your bag then?  
I am celebrating.  
Who are you, my AA rep?  
Goodness.  
(chuckles)  
So how's your foster family  
treating you?  
I don't know.  
They want me to move  
with them to Arizona.  
You're thinking about it.  
But you know, you could always  
move in with me.  
Yeah, right.  
No, no, I'm serious.  
Really?  
For sure.  
Do you have any plans  
for Christmas?  
Well, you know,  
I don't know.  
I've got this party thing,  
So the day  
before Christmas Eve.  
I can do that.  
So, um, where do  
you want to meet?  
Goodness, I don't know.  
Maybe we could meet  
at that old diner

on Seventh?

**3:**

That sounds great.

Merry Christmas, son.

(laughs)

So you guys think

we'll find homes

for our last three friends

tonight at our big event?

I sure hope so

since we haven't had much luck

with these three,

even with all the marketing.

I'm fairly sure

with Hillary at the helm,

with her elf girl costume,

some friends,

we'll have no problem

finding homes for those pups.

Hey, I placed a few dogs

myself in recent days too.

Ryan, dear,

two is not a few.

Look up the definition.

Anyways, I guess

you did all right.

Whoa, you called her Ryan

instead of "Cryan."

Like a whole new side

of Jack we've never seen before.

I suppose I'm trying

to backpedal a bit,

maybe get off

the naughty list

before Christmas Eve.

Fat chance, you can't

backpedal that fast, buddy.

And anyway, I'll place

a few tonight.

Yeah? So why don't

we have a little bit

of an unfriendly wager

over who can place



the most dogs?  
Fine, an unfriendly  
wager it is.  
Hey, can you zip me up?  
Ooh, someone sure is trying  
to look pretty tonight.  
Whatever for?  
I just want to look  
presentable trying  
to find homes for all  
the dogs tonight, you know?  
Mm-hmm, and will  
Jack be there?  
Yeah, but what does  
that have to do with anything?  
You're the one Jack  
has a big fat crush on.  
Yeah, but I haven't been  
around much lately,  
and I guess I just  
thought maybe he'd wise up  
to what a cool chick  
my little sister is.  
Whatever.  
t?ack's a brat.  
But he sure is a cute brat  
whenever he's putting on  
the charm to place  
the pups into homes, huh?  
Now, how about you let me  
do your hair, hmm?  
Fine.  
I don't want  
nothing melancholy  
Just a little eggnog  
and holly  
On this holiday with you  
So hurry up,  
don't keep me waiting  
I'm in the mood  
for celebrating  
Just want a holiday  
for two  
Okay, that's great,

who's next?

As long as I'm with you

I don't care

what we do

A cozy fire or snowflakes

under the moon

Grab some candy canes,

we'll go ice fishing

As long as we're together,

we can only win

When you're around

it's Christmas

The whole year through

Oh, I don't want nothing

(Jack)

Oh, Boomer loves to play fetch

and Frisbee as well.

Frisbee is kinda

like his game.

This dog's

really the dog for you

because honestly, like,

it can do anything

you want it to do.

(Ryan)

This is Bruno,

and he's the greatest

dog in the whole world

and would be a great

addition to your family.

How old is he?

Hey, well,

this is the right place.

He's great with kids,

and he loves all people,

and he's super cuddly.

I love the coloring.

He's just the cutest thing,

isn't he?

(Ryan)

This is Petunia,

the absolute coolest

dog in the entire world,

so you have to have her

in your home.  
She's amazing--  
she's a little bit scraggly,  
but hey, we all get  
a little scraggly sometimes.  
It's just bedhead.  
She loves cuddling,  
and so she'll just  
snuggle all the time.  
She's really good  
at some things,  
and other things,  
she's all right at.  
But you know what?  
If you just have,  
like, some calm,  
and willpower,  
and some determination...  
I'm in the mood  
for celebrating  
Just want a holiday  
So, guess you guys  
will have to call it a draw.  
You each placed pups,  
and now Boomer and Bruno  
have homes.  
Yeah, but I still  
think we both lost,  
and here's why.  
Why is it  
that we're the only ones  
who see the beauty  
in this wonderful dog?  
I think  
we're blinded by love.  
It happens.  
Like your parents,  
for example,  
still love Ryan over there,  
and we all know how hard  
it is to love her.  
You know what?  
Every time I think  
you're starting

to be a decent guy,  
you prove me wrong.  
Okay, it was a joke.  
Don't go crying about it.  
No, it was mean.  
You were mean,  
and I'm over it.  
Okay, I was kidding.  
You shouldn't be  
so tough on her, Jack.  
I didn't think  
she'd take it so personally.  
(Blair)  
Jack, she's a teenager.  
She takes  
everything personally.  
Let's get Petunia back,  
come on.  
(Ryan)  
Hey, did you guys  
see my notebook?  
I can't find it anywhere.  
No, sorry,  
I haven't seen it.  
Is Jack  
not coming in today?  
No, he's working really hard  
to find Petunia a home.  
You know, he can be  
really sweet sometimes.  
I bet you he didn't mean  
what he said last night, Ryan.  
Well, then, he shouldn't  
have said it.  
Yeah, he can be a pain,  
but, I mean,  
he's gotten a lot better  
since he's been here,  
even with you.  
I don't know.  
I guess, but it still  
doesn't excuse him  
for what a jerk  
he was last night.

You know, I bet  
he lashed out at you  
because he saw how cute  
you were looking.  
I mean, I bet  
it made him all nervous  
to see how pretty you are.  
Yeah, guys totally lash out  
on girls they like.  
Men are so predictable.  
Guys, there is no way  
that Jack is into me, okay?  
He made it very clear.  
Mm-hmm, just like  
you've made it very clear  
that you're not  
into him, right?  
Exactly.  
So you're sure  
you're not into him?  
I'm sure.  
Fine-- well, then  
you won't mind  
if I go out  
with him tonight.  
Seriously?  
Well, yeah, I mean,  
if you're not into him.  
No-- uh, I mean,  
that's perfect  
because I told him  
that I would get him  
a date with you,  
so yeah.  
This is a really,  
really good thing,  
and I'll let him know.  
Hillary told me you were  
cleaning up all afternoon.  
This was supposed  
to be my area.  
Somebody had to do it  
since you weren't here.  
I guess you're still angry

about last night?  
I'm sorry.  
What else do  
you want me to say?  
Look, your date with Hillary  
is set for tonight.

**8:**

Really?  
Yes, really.  
There, are you happy now?  
So now, we're even  
and can just leave  
each other alone.  
Cool?  
Fine.  
Whatever you want.  
Oh, and by the way,  
you left this at  
the community center last night.  
Two eggnog shakes, please.  
Oh, no thanks,  
not for me.  
Just a water  
spritzer, please.  
Thanks.  
You don't like eggnog shakes?  
Your sister loves them.  
Oh, no, yuck,  
far too fatty.  
So this is nice.  
It is.  
And you look beautiful  
as always.  
Well, thank you kindly, Jack.  
So very charming as usual.  
I guess it's nice  
we're not old enough to drink  
since I can't really afford  
any alcohol anyways.  
It's all good, Jack.  
I'm good to pay for tonight  
if that's okay for you,  
my treat for all the help

you've been at the shelter.  
But I don't want you to.  
I suggested this place,  
so I insist.  
Thanks, Hillary.  
That's really nice.  
So have you read  
any good books lately?  
Ugh, only these awful,  
never-ending text books  
I'm grossly tired of.  
That's too bad.  
So what do you think  
about this older girl/  
younger guy thing?  
Personally, I don't  
usually go for younger guys.  
I tend to think relationships  
are much stronger when  
both people are about  
the same age, you know?  
Huh, guess I never really  
thought of it that way.  
Do you even know any girls  
your own age, Jack?  
What about Ryan?  
You guys are about  
the same age, right?  
Yeah, but she doesn't count.  
Why not?  
Because she's just  
not the kind of girl  
I would date.  
Besides, she's annoying,  
and she hates me.  
Jack, when I can't  
stand a guy,  
it's usually  
'cause I like him.  
Wow, women really  
are confusing.  
And that's why  
men love us.  
Cheers, Jack--

to a happy holiday.  
Now, you two are ready  
for the big visit  
from your potential parents,  
who should be here  
any time now.  
What does "potential"  
mean, Jack?  
It means maybe.  
So maybe, you'll have  
a nice new mommy  
and daddy by Christmas.  
Aren't you excited?  
Jack, how come  
you never got adopted?  
Well, I guess  
I was never as smart,  
nice, or as sweet  
as you guys.  
But you're nice  
and smart now,  
so maybe you'll  
still get adopted.  
Maybe.  
I don't know,  
I'm a little old.  
No one really wants  
a kid my age.  
We do, Jack!  
I know you boys do.  
But we'll feel bad  
if we leave you though, Jack.  
We don't want you  
to be alone.  
But you don't have  
to worry about me  
because you know what?  
I'm actually going to eat  
with my mom today.  
Really?  
So maybe  
she'll adopt you again.  
I don't know, I've seen  
a lot of miracles



happen this Christmas,  
so we'll see.

Ready, guys?

Hello, I'm Tony, and it's  
a pleasure to meet you.

And I'm Trevor,  
and I'm a very good boy.

This is Tony-- I wouldn't  
say cute, but he's smart.

(Jack)

So where do  
you want to meet?

(Martha)

Maybe we could meet  
at that old diner on Seventh.

**3:**

That sounds great.

(objects crashing)

Jack, what are you doing?

Jack, please stop!

Whatever's upsetting you,  
this isn't gonna help.

Okay, I'm gonna call Art,  
he'll know what to do.

What is it?

Jack, what's wrong?

You're scaring me again.

You don't know

what it's like!

What what's like?

My family, my life,  
my non-family, everything!

Go away, you stupid,  
ugly dog!

No one even likes you!

Petunia!

Blair, grab her,  
she's running out the door.

(horn honks,  
tires screech)

What did you do?

I didn't see her.

I'm so sorry.

(Blair)

Jack, calm down.

Ryan, call the emergency vet.

I can't believe

I did this, is she--

Jack, her heart is beating,

and she's not bleeding,

but she was unconscious for

a bit, and that's not good.

Jack, maybe we shouldn't

move her.

She could have

spinal injuries.

Well, we gotta get

to the vet now.

I can't lose her.

Well, I don't see

any broken bones.

My guess is

she has a concussion.

How long was

she knocked out?

A few seconds,

maybe a bit more.

No, it was--

it was more than that.

Probably 20 seconds.

Did she cry in pain

when she came to?

Not that we heard.

No, she did,

just a little bit, though.

But she's still tough.

Well, that's obvious.

I'd like to keep her overnight

just for observations,

just in case there's

some internal bleeding

I didn't detect.

That's a good girl.

Just lay down.

You're gonna have

to stay here tonight,

but we'll be back

first thing in the morning  
to get you.  
And I'm so, so sorry.  
You're not ugly.  
I was the one being ugly.  
You're perfect.  
Guys, look, I'm so--  
Save it, Jack, okay?  
I didn't want to stress out  
Petunia back there,  
but I have  
nothing to say to you.  
That kind of behavior  
back at the shelter,  
I-- I can't believe  
you would do that.  
That's unacceptable.  
Ryan worked really hard  
to clean up that back room,  
and you ruined it  
with your stupid temper.  
Blair, I didn't mean--  
No.  
We don't have time  
for this.  
We have to go back  
and clean up all over again.  
Come on, Ryan, let's go.  
(door opens)  
(door closes)  
Hey, want me to give you  
a ride home?  
Come on.  
Jack, you've done  
enough work today,  
and it's getting late anyway.  
Come on in here and get  
something to eat, okay?  
Okay, I'm paying you  
for today--  
oh, 'cause if Art paid you,  
it would be a violation  
of professional protocol.  
So you can thank me, okay?

I heard about what happened  
with your mother today.  
You okay?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I'm fine.  
Should have known  
she'd bail on me.  
It's what she's always done.  
Well, she's missing out  
on the wonderful man  
that I've watched you become  
over these years,  
and that's a shame.  
Thanks for that.  
But I worry I'm becoming  
just like her.  
Mm.  
I know you won't  
be like that, son.  
So just take the good memories  
that you have of her  
'cause someone has  
greater plans for you.  
I can feel it.  
Jack, what is going on?  
I thought all the acting up  
and all the destruction  
was all over with.  
I guess not.  
I'm sure I can't  
go back there now.  
Well, who says the shelter  
won't take you back?  
They worked so hard  
to clean up that place...  
and I just ruined it.  
Look, Jack, just go over there  
and apologize to them.  
No way.  
You heard Blair.  
It's over.  
It's done.  
Jack, it's not for you  
to decide.

Go over there  
and apologize to her.  
That's an official order.  
Do you get it?  
Blair... I'm so sorry.  
From the very beginning,  
I've just been a pain  
to you guys,  
and you've always  
been so good to me.  
You really  
scared us tonight.  
Promise me  
no more outbursts.  
If you need help,  
we talk.  
We don't demolish  
things, got it?  
Yeah.  
You're not a pain, Jack,  
at least not  
most of the time.  
It's been really great  
having you here...  
when you're not,  
you know, destroying things.  
And about  
your birth parents--  
you're not the one  
who has the problem.  
They do.  
I didn't grow up in  
the most stable home either.  
You know, I-- I wasn't  
a foster kid,  
but I probably  
should have been.  
My mom passed away  
when I was a kid,  
and that's how I met Art.  
Art was your probation  
officer too?  
Yeah, you got it.  
He, uh, helped me

get a job here,  
and eventually,  
I started running the place.  
I was able to channel  
all of that bad energy  
into helping  
all the sweet animals here.  
So, um, now  
that the shelter's closing,  
what are you gonna do?  
Well, I mean,  
we had a good run.  
We helped a lot  
of dogs.  
You know, doing good  
is a great thing, Jack.  
It's good for you.  
Remember that.  
Yeah, I'm trying to.  
Well, I mean, keep--  
keep trying.  
I mean, I keep trying.  
You know, for someone  
that had it really bad,  
you turned out pretty good.  
Maybe there's  
hope for me yet.  
Mm-hmm, that's the spirit.  
Now, grab a box  
and help me clean up  
the mess you made.  
So, um...  
where is Ryan anyways?  
Oh, I sent her home  
to spend some time  
with her family.  
So, uh, she's still mad  
at me, I guess?  
Nah, I mean, if anything,  
I think she's  
really worried about you.  
She really cares  
about you, Jack...  
which is why it hurts her

when you say mean things.  
All right, come on,  
help me clean up.  
Who are you?  
I'm Ryan. I work at the animal  
shelter with Jack. Is he here?  
Are you the hot sister?  
No.  
I'm the not-hot sister.  
The one who gets on  
Jack's nerves.  
Don't feel bad. I get on  
Jack's nerves sometimes too.  
Uh, Jack,  
a girl's here for you.  
And she sure is pretty.  
Cute kids.  
Good kids too.  
So why are you here?  
I was going to stop by  
your place earlier.  
I just wanted to see if  
you wanted to come with me  
to pick Petunia up.  
And why would you do that?  
I mean, I totally demolished  
the back of the shelter  
you worked so hard to clean.  
Yeah, well, I got a text  
from Blair this morning  
saying that you came  
back in last night to  
help clean it all up.  
And with how angry I've  
been at my mom in the past,  
I can't even imagine  
the emotions you go  
through with yours, Jack.  
Yeah, but that still doesn't  
excuse the things I did.  
I'm so sorry, Ryan.  
So, why were you going to  
stop by my place then?  
I mean, Hillary went to

see her dad, so she's gone.  
I wasn't coming  
to see Hillary.  
No?  
No.  
I was going to go over  
to give you this.  
Merry Christmas.  
It's nothing much.  
Christmas was  
a little tight this year.  
No, Jack, this is  
really sweet. Thank you.  
Don't mention it.  
But why did you get me  
a gift? I mean...  
Okay, it's just a silly  
used book, Ryan..  
No need to make a  
big deal about it.  
All right, fine. Should we  
go get Petunia then?  
You know, you don't give  
yourself enough credit  
as a writer.  
Your stuff is  
actually pretty good.  
You went through my notebook  
when you found it, didn't you?  
Well, it fell open  
with my hand--  
What else was I  
supposed to do?  
Jack, I write those  
stories for me.  
Not for anyone else to see.  
You love other people's  
writing, don't you?  
Maybe you shouldn't be  
so selfish with your own.  
You want to talk to me  
about being selfish?  
Okay. I'm working on it.  
Yeah. I know.



Well, this place  
is officially closed.  
So what do we do  
with Petunia now?  
I guess I'll take her to the  
city shelter before they close  
and hope for the best.  
How long do you think  
she'll last?  
Can we not talk  
about that, please?  
I hope at least  
through Christmas.  
It's not really our decision  
to decide anymore, is it?  
All right.  
I'm gonna go.  
Do you guys want to  
hug her before we leave?  
I just-- I can't do it.  
(yippping)  
Hello.  
You know, you're the first  
real family I've ever had.  
When we get in there,  
we gotta be real quiet, okay?  
Jack, is that you?  
It's Christmas Eve.  
You missed dinner  
with the boys.  
Jack, you're in  
big trouble now.  
You know you can't have  
a dog here, right?  
That's why we gotta be  
super quiet about it.  
Is he our Christmas present  
from you, Jack?  
No-- she has to spend  
the night here tonight,  
but then tomorrow,  
she's gonna stay somewhere else.  
But I already love her.  
She's pretty.

In an ugly kind of way.  
What's her name?  
Petunia.  
But I also like  
to call her Tunie.  
Hello, Tunie.  
I'm Tony.  
Be careful, because she just  
got hit by a car yesterday.  
She's a little fragile.  
She isn't gonna die,  
is she?  
Of course not, Tony.  
She's fine now.  
Right, Jack?  
Yep. But she  
needs some rest.  
And so do you guys. You've  
got a big day tomorrow.  
Christmas and new parents?  
Get to bed, okay?  
Merry Christmas,  
you guys.  
Merry Christmas, Jack.  
Merry Christmas,  
Miss Petunia.  
Merry Christmas, Jack.  
Merry Christmas, Miss Tunie.  
And who is Petunia?  
Uh-oh.  
It's the boys'  
last day here,  
and you just bring  
a stray dog into our house  
without our rmission?  
She didn't have  
anywhere else to go.  
And it's Christmas.  
Jack, you know the rules.  
No pets.  
Where else was I  
supposed to take her?  
To the pound perhaps? That's  
where stray dogs should go.

And then they'd kill her  
within a day or two,  
if not sooner.  
That dog is not our problem.  
But she is my problem.  
The dog can't stay here, okay,  
Jack? Absolutely not.  
It has to go today.  
She's not an it, Lou.  
She's a she.  
And if she goes,  
then so do I.  
Don't be ridiculous,  
Jack. It's Christmas.  
Just find a place for  
the dog and then come  
on back home, okay?  
I can't. I won't.  
If this can't be her home,  
it can't be mine either.  
I have to provide  
for her now.  
And when  
the boys are gone,  
she'll be the only  
family I have left.  
I know how stubborn you are,  
Jack, but this is absurd.  
You don't have to  
worry about it, Lou.  
You don't have to worry  
about me anymore.  
I'm gonna go, you guys.  
And you're not in trouble.  
I just came by to  
give you these presents  
I want you to have.  
Go on. Open them.  
Wow! Talkies!  
Yep-- Now that you guys  
are each going to  
have your own room,  
you're gonna need a way  
to talk back and forth,

you know, when  
it's past your bedtime,  
just so your new folks don't  
catch you sneaking around.  
Thanks, Jack.  
Yeah, thanks, Jack.  
And I want you to know  
that I'm going to visit  
as much as possible.  
We love you, Jack.  
Yeah, we love you, Jack.  
I love you guys too.  
Brothers forever?  
It's a salad tongy thing.  
I saw you broke  
the last one you had.  
It's a sporty magazine.  
I know you're into  
that kind of stuff.  
Jack. Please don't go.  
It doesn't have to be  
like this, Jack.  
You guys are moving  
in a couple weeks, right?  
So I think it kind of does.  
Anyways, I'll be back  
to get my stuff later.  
And Merry Christmas.  
Take care.  
I know I'm going to juvie.  
And I'm okay with that.  
I've been there.  
I can survive.  
Well, you would. But there's  
something I need to tell you--  
Wait, Art, please.  
Just let me finish.  
Anyway, I'll survive there.  
Look, I need you  
to take Tunie.  
At least until I get  
a place of my own.  
Then I'll take her back.  
If she goes to

the city shelter,  
she won't survive.  
I don't think  
I can do that, Jack.  
What I'm trying to say is,  
I don't think  
I can split you and that  
ugly little dog apart.  
You belong together.  
So I'm asking you to come  
home with me for Christmas.  
Wait. But as my probation  
officer, can you do that?  
Isn't that  
a violation of protocol?  
Well, as of yesterday,  
I am officially retired.  
So I'm just a friend now.  
You retired?  
Mm-hmm. I am a free man.  
Just like you.  
If I go home with you,  
what's in it for me?  
Tina's pumpkin pie.  
You drive  
a hard bargain, Art.  
But, uh, I think  
I can suffer through it.  
(Art)  
Sweetheart, are you sure  
you're okay with all this?  
Well, he does eat a lot.  
(laughing)  
Oh, honey, I'm okay with it.  
You know I like Jack.  
And the dog  
is very well-behaved.  
But it'll only be  
for just a little while.  
He can stay as long as  
he needs to. They both can.  
Look, we've taken in  
nieces, nephews,  
and friends of all sorts

over the years now.  
I think I can handle it.  
Besides, with the kids gone,  
we have all this space.  
And I like it better  
when it's not so quiet  
around the house anyway.  
Well, with Jack around, I don't  
think quiet will be an issue.  
(laughter)  
Don't I know it.  
So, what's her name  
again?  
Petunia.  
Oh.  
Her name is Petunia.  
Well, Miss Petunia,  
welcome to the family.  
So do you always  
come here for Christmas?  
Yep, been coming here  
for years now.  
Couldn't imagine being  
anywhere else really.  
And we couldn't think of having  
Christmas without her.  
Blair's like family  
to us now.  
Our kids think of her  
as their little sister.  
Where are your kids  
anyway?  
Oh, they're having Christmas  
lunch with their own families.  
Pretty soon  
they'll come running in.  
Like an army  
of hungry hooligans.  
(doorbell ringing)  
Ooh, Jack, would you  
get that, please?  
It could be them.  
Surprise!  
Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas, Ryan.  
Right back atcha, Jack.  
And what's this?  
Just a few of  
my short stories.  
All edited and cleaned up  
for public viewing.  
You have no idea how happy  
I am to see you, girl!  
You look so good.  
Thank you, Jack. For her.  
Children outside  
making angels in the snow  
Smiling happy faces  
although it's four below  
Soon they will be fireside  
warming up their toes  
Sipping on hot chocolate  
and toasting marshmallows  
There's love in the air  
all the family is near  
Christmas is  
my favorite time of year  
It's Christmas  
Christmas  
Christmastime is here  
It's Christmas  
Christmas  
My favorite time of year  
With joy to the world  
With gifts for  
all the boys and girls  
It's Christmas  
Christmas Christmas  
Hey, Mom, so what's up  
with the white boy  
and that ugly dog?  
Dad says they're  
staying for a while?  
Well, you know  
how your dad is.  
Wrapping up the presents  
we put under the tree  
Hiding all the others

you want no one to see  
Counting down the hours  
till Santa and his sleigh  
Anxiously awaiting  
a joyous Christmas day  
There's love in the air  
All the family is near  
Christmas is my  
favorite time of year  
It's Christmas  
Christmas  
Christmastime is here  
It's Christmas  
Christmas  
My favorite time of year  
With joy to the world