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The Truth About Cats & Dogs

By Audrey Wells

Wait, wait, wait!

(man) Oh, great.

Thanks.

Excuse me.

Don't touch that dial. It's not Texaco's Hour.

It's Dr Abby Barnes with "The Truth
About Cats & Dogs" and you're on the air.

- Hello?

- Hi.

Oh, hi. This is Charles from San Pedro.

My question is... I'm worried about
my basset hound, Clothilde.

- She doesn't wanna seem to eat.

- Well, you know what, Charles?

Basset hounds won't eat what they
can't smell. Does she have a cold?

She is coughing a little bit.

Is it like a dry wheezing type of cough...

...or is it a wetter, phlegm-based cough?

It's like the first one, the wheezy one.

- OK. Can you put her on?

- The dog? On the phone?

- Yeah.

- OK.

Clothilde, come here, baby!

- Here she is, Doctor.

- (wheezing)

Oh, baby! Yeah, she's got a cold, Charles.

You're gonna have to take her to the vet.

- Right now?

- Right away.

- Yes. Hello?

- Hello?

Yes, my name is Dan, OK? And I have a cat.

And he licked me up and down my face
and now I got this awful-lookin'rash.

- You're allergic to his saliva, Dan.

- No, I'm not.

I mean,

I never have been prior to this occasion.

But he licked your face
and now it's all gross, correct?

- Well, yeah.

- OK. How long did this tongue-bath last?

Well, it started at one...

- About three hours.

- Oh, Dan!

No, no, it doesn't seem to hurt him any.

He's a fur person, Dan. He chases imaginary bugs up the wall. Are you gonna do that too?

- Imaginary? No.

- OK, this is a good time to talk about limits.

You can love your pets,

but just don't... love your pets.

You know what I mean? Repeat after me.

Us, them.

Us, them.

Us, them.

Hi, babyhead!

How are you?

Wanna come read with me, huh?

Sweetest of all possible
sweet cats in the world?

Huh? Sweetie?

I think we're gonna paint this weekend. Yes.

You're going to paint, and I'll watch.

Now you can watch me read.

Well, can I have a kiss?

You didn't kiss me when I came home.

Thank you. Thank you, my lovely.

- (knock at door)

- (man) Noelle?

Down the hall!

- (knocking continues)

- Come on, baby. Open up! It's me.

Ass. What an ass.

- You're not Noelle.

- Not today, no. But try again tomorrow.

- Who knows? You might get lucky.

- Is she...?

(cat hisses)

(Noelle) Over here, Roy!

(sneezes)

- (Noelle) Sorry.

- It's OK.

Hello. My fish, he's depressed.

My vet said to bring in a blood sample, so I
tranquillised him in a 10% diazepam solution.

- But he's not moving now. Do I take him out?
- Absolutely.
You're sedating him,
not poaching him. Get him out.
We're gonna take a little break, and then
answer some more calls. Don't go away.
- Ready?
- Bring it on.
Fan mail, fan mail, fan mail...
...horse too fat.
- Oh, my God.
Bad dog, mad dog, sad dog...
...stinky cat problems.
- We're back in 30, Abby.
Thank you.
Oh, my gosh. Hey, Mario. I know her.
- No, you don't. Women like that don't exist.
- Yeah-huh. This one exists in my building.
Abby, you've got a caller on line three
who says his dog is hysterical.
- Hi, this is Dr Abby Barnes. You're on the air.
- (English accent) Brian from Venice.
- Hi, Brian. What's up?
- I've got a dog here that's a bit... out of sorts.
- Um-hm? And what's wrong with your dog?
- This is gonna sound strange.
He's wearing roller skates.
I see. And how did your dog
end up in roller skates?
He's not my dog.
I got him from the pound this morning.
I'm a photographer
and it's part of this shoot I'm doing.
- I thought you said he was a professional.
- He is. He's used to Chihuahuas and poodles.
It's the dog that's unprofessional.
Everyone, it's gonna be fine,
if we all just stay calm, OK?
- You've got to help me here.
- Alrighty. Let's help the dog first, then you.
Your dog is feeling very threatened,
so if you wanna take the skates off...
...approach him in the submissive position.
- I'm sorry?

- Get down on all fours.

You want me to help you,
you have to do what I say.

OK.

(growls)

OK.

Crawl toward him with your head down and
cocked to one side. Do not make eye contact.

Don't make eye contact. OK.

- OK, how are you doin'?

- He seems interested in me.

Now you have to make him feel comfortable.

Soothe him with your voice.

You hear how I can make my voice
sound very soothing?

- (dog barks)

- Yes.

- Good boy.

- (growls)

Now reach out your hand, with your fingers
curled under like a paw, and touch his coat.

(dog growls)

Shit.

Jesus!

Are all your digits intact, Brian?

- Yep.

- OK, now move forward.

Gently stroke his ears, putting pressure
at the tips. That's an acupressure point.

OK, just take it easy.

You're doin' good.

OK, careful. Go for the ears.

Go out to the tips of the ears.

Gently. OK?

- That sounds good.

- It's incredible.

Good boy.

- Thank you, but... we'll be leaving now.

- No, you don't have to leave.

These dogs are in the union now.

They're hard to work with.

- We appreciate it.

- Can you leave the child?

No, I don't think so.

Let's get these things off you.

Who put these on you?

Brian, I'd like to congratulate you on the newest addition to your family.

What? No, I can't have a dog.

- Well, why's that?

- Well, um...

- Well, I live alone.

- Trust me. You're gonna like this a lot better.

- Maybe, but it's a big responsibility.

- Is that a bad thing?

No, not necessarily. It depends on what you want. He's a big dog, which will take a lot of...

Eric will send you some pamphlets on canine dental care.

...which I obviously haven't got time to do if I want to...

- And Brian?

- Yeah?

I forgive you.

Yo, come on, man, let's roll. You've got the shot. You got millions of shots.

No, I think this is better than the thing with the boy.

- Are you gonna meet us later?

- Yeah, maybe.

I've got to make his dinner...

...and he shouldn't spend his first night in a strange place alone.

Don't get too attached to this dog and get weird on me, all right?

His mouth is all juicy, like his gums sprung a leak or something.

It's meant to be juicy.

They dribble when they're hungry.

Hank!

So what do you think? What would a girl find more romantic - tulips or roses?

- Well...

- Forget it. Susan will know.

Messenger just dropped this off.

And line two's for you.

What's more romantic - tulips or roses?

Oh, that's so cute!

This is Abby.

- Hello, this is Brian.

- Yes?

We slept together.

Me and Hank. Did you get the picture?

Yeah, I'm lookin' at it right now.

- He spent the night.

- That's so great. How's it going?

Yeah, well, he snores, which was a problem.

- But we solved it.

- How'd you do that?

He slept on my face

and I couldn't hear him any more.

Good solution.

I'm glad he decided to keep you.

- So am I. I just wanted to say thank you.

- Oh, you're welcome. It was my pleasure.

And I'd really like to say it in person.

How about you meet us for a drink?

Um...

Or a walk. A walk along the canals.

Why would I meet a listener I know nothing about who puts roller skates on his dog?

Good question, good question. Well...

I didn't want to say this upfront,

but I've got this really bad case of mange.

It's terribly itchy and I can't stop licking it.

I wondered if you could recommend an ointment or have a look at it.

What the hell. OK,

how about the Washington entrance at five?

- Great. I'll see you there.

- OK. Me too.

Great. OK. Bye.

No, wait. What do you look like?

Why do you need to know that?

Just so I can recognise you.

Oh. What do you think I look like?

If the voice is anything to go by, you look great.

I'm 5'10", blonde, thin...

Hard to miss.

OK. I'll see you there.

OK.

No, you won't.

(raised voices)

- (man) Get dressed, please.

- (woman) I don't want to. I look fine.

- (man) You look fat.

- Don't be like that.

- Noelle, just shut up and get back inside.

- What are you doing?

- I've already changed my dress three times.

- I know, but you look fat in that thing.

So go in and change the dress and do it now!

- Roy...

- Dumb bitch!

- Did you call me?

- What?

I heard "dumb bitch".

I assumed you wanted me.

- No, I'm talkin' to her.

- You're kidding. That's your name too?

No wonder I've been getting your mail.

Are we related?

- There are a lot of us dumb bitches in LA.

- Hey, cat lady, mind your own business.

Why don't you leave before I use this bow
on you in a way you've only imagined?

Here. Imagine that.

You know what? You're not just
a dumb bitch. You're an ugly dumb bitch.

Oh!

And you...

Later.

Wow. That was, um...

I don't know what that was. You all right?

Yeah.

God, I'm sorry about the violin thing.

I'll buy you another one.

- That was your boyfriend?!

- I go out with him.

- Thing is, he's also my manager.

- You pay him 10 to treat you like that?

Fifteen.

Hey, he says that's normal.

I don't know. He used to be sweet.

What are you supposed to do?

You need a boyfriend.
Otherwise it's just you and a cat.
The next thing you know...
...40 candles on your birthday cake.
- What does that mean?
- Oh, no!
No, I didn't mean you.
Forget it. This is none of my business
and I will not be interfering again.
Sorry.
I didn't mean you.
She's right over here.
Hi.
Hi.
Did you know violin bows were like cars?
- Meaning...?
- They go from your basic, low-end bows...
...something like a Geo or a Hyundai,
which I personally drive...
...all the way to your high-performance,
Porsche-like bows which play like the devil.
I, um... I got you this, uh...
Well, it's like a Toyota, which was...
all I could afford.
Thank you.
Just gimme some time
and I'll upgrade your bow.
Don't worry about it.
It wasn't your fault. This is really nice.
- Wow.
- Yeah. You wanna sit down?
- Can I?
- Sure.
- Promise not to laugh?
- Sure.
I'm taking broadcasting lessons myself.
That's great.
Newscasters. You know, they're so...
dignified. They always know everything.
Yeah, it's the news.
They get the information beforehand.
No kidding. That's why it's so cool.
You find out before everyone.
Usually I'm the last to know.

Hey, how about you play hooky
and we go score ourselves a cappuccino?
All right, that sounds pretty good.
These are leakin' on me.
I'll get a vase. I'll be right back.
Testing.

Good evening, Riverside.
This is the news at five.
OK.

Hey!

- I know that dog.
- I don't think he likes me.
- Can you get him away?
- Come here!

Hey, sweetie!

Why do I know you?

Why do I know your sweet face?

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Um...

You have to help me.

The guy out there. I missed a date with him.

This is his dog. I just want you to be me
when he comes in here, OK?

Sorry, um...

He ran in and the door was locked and...

Brian, right?

- Yeah. Hi. Abby.

- Yeah.

- Hi.

- Hi. Lovely to meet you.

You too. This is my friend... Mado... Donna.

- Hi.

- Hello.

Hank.

You didn't show up yesterday.

No, I'm sorry. We had this...

emergency thing, didn't we, Donna?

- Yeah, cat emergency.

- Dog... It was a situation.

- Feline panleukopenia.

- It happens, but it's OK now.

- What?

- Nothing. Sorry.

It's just you sound

completely different on the air.

Oh!

You should hear me in the shower!

- Microphones, darling. They work wonders.

- I've heard that.

- I didn't want you to think I was a weirdo.

- Oh, no.

And that's why you didn't come yesterday.

It's just that what you said to me on the radio was so... clever and perceptive...

...and if you hadn't said what you said, then I wouldn't have kept Hank here.

And, um...

...I just wanted to say thank you.

- That's so great.

- Yeah, that's great.

Thanks. I've taught him a trick.

Do you want to see it?

OK. Come on, Hank. Up you come.

Yes! Good boy.

Gimme a kiss. Gimme a kiss, come on.

Come on.

Yeah, I'm gonna do something about his breath.

Anyhow, I don't suppose you want the drink now?

- Guess again.

- Great.

How about tonight?

Um...

There's a bar on the corner of Main and Pier.

Meet me there, seven o'clock?

Wild horses couldn't stop me.

See you there.

Come on, Hank.

You like him. Don't pretend you don't.

I don't!

Did you hear what he said to you?

I wish a guy would say it to me.

- He did say it to you.

- No, he really said it to you.

You've confused everything

cos you're a scaredy-cat.

I may be trepidatious. I'm not a big, dumb

dog that bounds after the first guy she sees.

- I'm not dumb!

- I didn't mean that.

- Besides, you're the dummy.

- I am?

Yeah.

Nice guy like that, with that accent, arty,
and you won't even have a drink with him?

He has a preconceived notion: You.

Then he sees me. Over.

I love the way you look.

You've got a pretty face. You're a celebrity.

I don't expect you to understand this.

You burp and guys think it's adorable. You
puke and they line up to hold your hair back.

I can tell you for a fact that's not true.

(rings bell)

(driver) Nice trick, moron!

- What?

- "What?" Oh, my God!

Really? Three years, no sex?

One can survive, you know.

This is the electronic age.

- Cats have more sex than that, don't they?

- Not mine.

- Are you gonna eat that?

- I don't eat.

- You don't eat? You ordered it.

- I love to order, I love menus...

...but I gotta keep the calories down.

- God, how can you live like that?

- I know.

- Do you believe you are what you eat?

- I guess.

See, that's what scares me. I don't eat
anything so I can look good on the outside.

But on the inside there's nothing.

Oh, I see.

Whereas you, on the other hand...

you're very rich.

- Thank you.

- (buzzing)

- Do you hear a buzzing? Bzzzz?

- Just a bee.

Is that a big bee... bee... bee...?

I'll get it.

Hey!

You! Stop!

It's dead.

No kidding.

- I killed it.

- You certainly did.

- You're gonna be all right now, so...

- She's fine. We're fine.

Everybody's fine, right? Great. Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

What's wrong?

Nothing that a rooftop

and an AK-47 won't take care of.

- You OK?

- Mm-hm.

Good. It'll be fun. It'll be easy. No problem.

- Hey!

- Don't want to see him.

Come on!

- It's gonna be fine.

- It's not gonna be fine.

- What is this? Is this cat hair?

- I'm shedding. I'm extremely nervous.

OK, just... head up, be proud.

- Feeling good?

- Yes, sir. This makes all the difference(!)

- Hello.

- Hi.

- Remember?

- Hi.

- Donna.

- Right.

- I'm gonna go and... freshen up.

- OK.

Oh, and Donna's got this...

Ioopy story to tell you.

Actually, it's funny.

Maybe you can help her with the punch line?

OK.

I'll have a J&B and a Corona.

Can I have a J&B and a Corona, please?

Thanks.

Of course. Of course I would do that.

So... what's the funny story?

Oh, I don't know if it's funny,
so much as... interesting.

Men and women and how they interact,
and we have societal pressures and...

...even the media feeds into it
and we have our own insecurities.

Me especially.

You have a...

- Got it.

- Thanks.

- So you're wondering why I'm here?

- No. I mean, y... No, not at all.

- I mean, I think I know why you're here.

- You do?

And it's fine.

That's great, cos I was...

I think it's really nice that

you come along to screen me for Abby.

- Abby. Right.

- There's a lot of very odd people around...

...particularly the types who phone into radio
shows and ask the presenters out for a drink.

It's not something I normally do, but...

- I really... I really like this woman.

- You've just met her.

I know, but you know when you speak
to someone, and then you meet them?

And there's really no choice.

Nothing you can do about it. You just feel it.

So what do you do, Donna?

Do you work at the radio station?

I make cheese.

Cheese? Really? I've never met

a cheesemaker before. What sort?

- Goat cheese.

- The stuff that smells of vomit.

- No, that's Parmesan.

- Of course.

Mine's more of a fromage, really.

And it comes from the south of France,
the Pyrenees...

...where I have acquired a number of goats through a freakish inheritance.

Occasionally I take trips out there and sometimes Abby accompanies me...

...to check on the general health and wellbeing of my goats.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Everything out in the open?

Oh, you mean about...?

Yeah, sure. Totally understandable.

You see? She thought you'd be all bent out of shape about it.

No, friends should look out for each other...

...although flying across the Atlantic to check up on her goats is...

When you come with me to check on the goats for the goat cheese I make for a living?

Her cheese balls make excellent Christmas gifts.

- Here we are.

- Great.

I was mesmerised by his eyebrows.

They say so much about a person.

Did they say "goat cheese" on them?

Why didn't you tell him?

I was staring at him. He was so uninterested in staring back. I don't want disappointment.

- Disappointment doesn't kill.

- Rejection kills, disappointment only maims.

OK, here we are.

Just go through.

- This is it. Chateau Brian.

- (Abby) Nice.

Hi, baby!

The dog really likes Donna.

I can't seem to get ahold of him.

He's just jealous.

Dogs, they can sense... you know.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Oh. These yours?

Yeah. Don't look at those.

They just pay the rent.

There's not a lot of art in a catalogue shoot,
unless roller-skating dogs qualify.

Dada meets Fido.

That was funny.

- Roller-skatin' dogs? I'd like to see that.

- Hey, look at these.

- These are beautiful.

- Yeah. But they don't pay the rent.

Hm.

(Brian) What do you think?

Ask Donna.

She knows more about this... arty kinda stuff.

Brian, this is a beautiful shot.

- This one? Really?

- Yeah.

- I love those textures, right there.

- Yeah? That's one of my favourites.

Yo! Can we come in?

Of course you can. Ed, this is Abby.

- How are you doin'?

- Hi. Abby.

- And Donna.

- How are ya?

Yeah, all right.

Uh... this is my niece, Emily.

- (coughs)

- What? Oh, yeah, you can ask her yourself.

- Is it OK?

- I forgot to ask.

Hi. What is it, sweetie?

Agh!

- I'm sorry.

- No, it's fine.

When they heard there would be a real vet in
the house, I assumed they could come over.

- That's a really beautiful tortoise.

- He's got pneumonia.

We took him to the vet and he gave us
this hypodermic full of antibiotics.

He needs a shot under his arm,

but we can't get him out of his shell.

So we were thinkin' that

you could help us out.

Sure you can. You can do that.

Of course. Um...

Let me just go wash my hands.

Donna?

She is all that and a bag of chips.

- Uh, who's the other one?

- She makes cheese.

- I hate needles. I hate turtles.

- Sh!

Let's tell him now. He was into you
when you were talking about his photos.

He's tolerating my presence
till he can be alone with you.

All you have to do is grab the turtle's leg,
hold it steady and give the shot.

- How do I get ahold of his leg?

- Very simple.

You're gonna poke him
in the butt with your finger.
You want me to stick my finger
up a turtle's ass?

What's this? Your palms are sweating.

- Malls make me nauseous.

- I did the turtle for you.

Yes, you did, and you did a brilliant job.

- Combined, we make the perfect woman.

- No, we make the perfect political prisoner.

What we really do well is
act self-righteous and starve.

- Hello.

- Hi.

OK.

We need the spring-bride blush...

...and the Absentia pore minimiser.

I'd like a pore maximiser if you have one.

Sometimes you just wanna put
loose change somewhere, or keys.

There's this TV station, Riverside.

They're looking for a weekend anchor.

They've asked me to audition next week.

That's so cool! That's great.

Would you listen to my audition piece?

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Wait. OK. Just... cool.

and another 200 were injured...

...when a passenger ferry caught fire

last night off the coast of Scotland.

Stymied by a dense fog, rescuers could only

hear the desperate screams of the victims...

...as their four-mile journey

turned into a tragic and watery end.

That was good. That was really good.

But you might wanna make

the carnage a little less upbeat.

Oh, I know. I just get tense and I...

You're right.

No, it was great.

And you might wanna breathe more.

This is nice, but it's a little bit smelly.

We also have this new face cream which

neutralises free radicals that attack the skin.

Let me ask you... what's your skin regime?

My regime?

From which the radicals are tryin' to get free?

Are we selling face cream or staging a coup?

Let me show you something.

Do you see how dry and discoloured you are?

Do you see the irreversible sun damage?

You haven't been taking care of your skin,

and it's only going to get worse.

God, I can't believe it!

I can't believe I let her do this to me.

I know exactly what she was doing.

Do you have a tissue?

I think she might have put one in the bag,

with your gift-with-purchase.

God! Men don't go around buying all this

expensive crap so women will want them.

If I was a guy,

women would be lining up to go out with me.

I'm smart, I have a good sense of humour,

I make a great living.

- I'd fuck ya.

- Thank you, honey. I know you would.

I'm just confused. One minute she's one

thing, and the next she's something else.

Yeah, but women are like that, though.

There's something off-balance about her.

On the radio, she's confident and articulate.

Then you get her in person,

and she's just... I don't know, she's scatty.

- Oh, she's scatty?

- Yeah.

Anybody that fine,

it doesn't make any difference.

- Yes, it does.

- I'm tellin' ya, it doesn't.

You know what your problem is, right?

You're lettin' your brain

do too much of your thinkin'.

- I've got something for you.

- "Loser guys and how to spot them."

No. "Low self-esteem: Are you a victim?"

- No.

- Wait. Question one...

"Do you feel you need to be

punished for how you look?"

I don't need to be punished. I am punished.

That's why you can't tell Brian.

It's low self-esteem.

I don't even care about Brian. That is history.

- It's more of a current affair.

- What does that mean?

Last night, before we were leaving,

I told him to call me.

To call me? You gave him my number?

Why would you do that?

Why did you do that?

You like him. You like him.

- I have a boyfriend.

- Oh, right.

Who'd want Brian when you could have Roy?

He likes you. You know,

the way you talk, the things you say.

- You're the voice. I'm just the body.

- And what a body it is!

(rings)

Hello?

Hello, this is Brian.

Could I speak to Abby, please?

This is... she.

- What are you up to?

- Nothin'. Just hangin'.

Well, I was thinking maybe I could
come round and take you out for dinner?

How does that sound to you?

Uh... that's not possible.

Right. Go for a walk?

Sorry. Can't do that, either.

Well, how about we just talk?

Talk. OK.

Fine. Let's talk. Could you talk to me in that
radio voice of yours? Could you do that?

- Yeah. Yeah, that I can do.

- Great.

You know what kills me about him? He just
lays there and lets me rub his stomach.

He's totally trusting,
knows I'm not gonna hurt him.

Loves me unconditionally.

That kills me. People are never that cool.

No, they hardly ever
let you pet their stomachs.

Mm-mm. And I really like smelling
his cat breath when he yawns.

- You think that's weird?

- No, not at all. I've done the same thing.

- Probably. Once.

- Your voice is muffled. What are you doing?

I just took my shirt off.

- Really?

- Really.

- Is that portentous or merely noteworthy?

- It's rank, actually.

I went for a run earlier
and I have this remarkably manly...

...animal-like, pungent stench.

Look, I know we're not eating or walking...

...but what would you say to having a bath?

- I was shy too.

- You're kidding.

You don't strike me as the shy type.

No, I was, really.

Painfully and desperately shy.

I suppose that's why
I ended up taking pictures...
... as sort of a detachment thing,
you know what I mean?
Ah, yes.
- (barks)
- He knows you're talkin' to me.
He's probably jealous.
I doubt it.
Salt, pepper, granulated garlic,
mayonnaise, of course.
Of course. Now for the important question.
Do you have a position on pickles?
It's more of a deeply held belief.
Oh, really? A pickle conviction? Go ahead.
When it comes to tuna fish,
I am emphatically anti-pickle.
Do you know, I knew I could trust you.
"My mother leant herself to the photograph.
Fearing refusal would turn to attitude...
...she triumphed over this ordeal of placing
herself in front of the lens, with discretion."
Now you.
So, you are...?
Yes. Are you?
Yeah.
Say something.
I want to make love to you.
Sorry. Never on the first phone call.
Don't. Don't do that.
If you do that, we'll chicken out...
...and we won't do
what I think we're about to do.
OK, just let me do one thing.
(screams)
OK, hi.
Hi.
OK. So where's your hand?
It's nowhere.
Where's yours?
Nowhere.
(Abby moans)
(Brian moans)
Wow.

Hello?

Abby?

Abby?

Abby? Hello?

Sorry. I dropped the phone.

I was afraid you'd met somebody else.

Just give me a second to collect myself.

I've never done that before.

Me neither.

It's almost time for breakfast.

- Yeah.

- I wish you were here.

- I wish you were here too.

- OK.

- (hangs up)

- Brian?

Brian.

Brian!

(screams) Brian, no!

("Bad Idea" by Ben Folds Five)

Pull over the car, pull over the car

I think I see a five-fister

Pull over the car, pull over the car

My dad wants to break up with your sister

I don't wanna, I don't wanna,

I don't wanna, I don't wanna

I don't wanna, I don't wanna,

I don't wanna, I don't wanna

Abby...

- Abby!

- Over here.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Look, I brought some... some breakfast.

- Can I come up?

- No.

Why not?

Because first it will be awkward,

and then strange, and then weird...

...and then... awful.

- What?

- Tonight has been so perfect.

Let's wait for another night to screw it up.

- Can I at least see your face before I go?

- No.

I have a pore-minimising mask on.

Well, then... throw something to me,
something you've been wearing. Then I'll go.

Wow. It's a Ked.

- (woman) Will you shut up?

- What's your problem?

- It's four in the morning.

- You'd better go.

OK.

Good night, sweet Abby.

Pleasant dreams.

and another 200 were injured...

...when a passenger ferry
caught fire last night just off...

(Roy) Sleeping here, Noelle.

Can't you see I'm sleeping?

Sorry, Roy. Sorry.

...just off the coast of Scotland.

Stymied by dense fog, rescue workers
could only hear the desperate screams...

I said shut up, Noelle!

Jesus!

- Hi.

- Hi.

I had the most amazing conversation with
Brian last night. We spoke for seven hours.

- I'm tellin' him today.

- Seven hours!

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

What? Tell me.

It turns out Roy is a loser.

Tell me something I don't know.

Oh, I was kidding. I'm sorry.

Oh, no. Don't cry.

It's OK.

You are no longer allowed
to read this destructive literature.

Don't read that.

Oh, no. Please don't cry.

You're OK.

- How are you gonna tell him?

- God, I don't know.

I was thinkin' all last night. I wish there was a way I could do it without actually doing it.

- Is your show on today?

- Yeah.

I'll go to his house and I'll turn on the radio.

And?

Ever noticed how Superman and Clark Kent are never in the same room at the same time?

Hi.

Hi.

Can I come in?

Yeah, of course. Come in.

- Oh!

- Sorry.

- So... you came over.

- Yep.

- Last night was...

- Yeah, it was, I know.

So...

Buttons?

- What?

- Sew buttons?

- What?

- It's something my grandmother used to say.

- Really?

- Yeah.

So... buttons...

could I get you something to eat?

- Tuna sandwich or something?

- I don't eat tuna.

- Yes, you do. You ate it last night.

- I did? I did.

In the car, on the way over, I quit.

- Dolphins.

- Dolphins. Right.

Well, there's plenty of dolphin-friendly food in the kitchen.

- Good.

- I'll be right back.

- OK. Can I turn some music on?

- Uh-huh.

- OK.

- OK. Bye.

(radio) Afternoon becomes eccentric.

KRWW. Talk radio and more.

(radio plays "Caramel" by Suzanne Vega)

What do you think of that?

What do I think?

Yes.

It's nice.

Mm?

- It's kind of dark.

- Yes. You know...

...I was in a dark mood that day,
when I took that.

If you'd let me,

I'd really like to take your picture.

Maybe tonight.

Maybe.

Or whenever.

This stuff's left over from a shoot that I did.

- I hope you like sweets cos that's all there is.

- (shrieks)

I don't eat that stuff.

I order it, but I can't eat it.

Of course you can. You take it
one bite at a time and it all goes down.

- No.

- No, really.

What I'd forgive of myself

If you don't go

- Mmm.

- Is that nice?

Mmm.

Mmm.

Mmm.

(muffled) That is so good. More?

- Ready?

- Mmm.

I know the way these things begin

But I don't know

How I would live with myself

What I would give of myself

If you don't go

- No more?

- You see what you did?

It won't do

To dream of caramel

To think of cinnamon

I've got something for you. I forgot.

(radio plays "You Do Something To Me"
by Paul Weller)

- It's a book.

- Yeah.

It's the letters Simone de Beauvoir
wrote to Sartre.

What? You haven't got it already, have you?

No, I don't have it already. It's just that, um...

...no one's ever given me a book before
that didn't have pictures in it.

Well, I'm glad you like it.

I love it!

Wow, I mean...

It's, um...

- A book.

- A book!

It's funny how self-conscious we both are,
considering...

What do you mean, self-conscious?

I mean...

...you have to admit you're not the same
person you were on the phone last night.

- That's true.

- Why?

Is it because we did...?

It's because I'm stupid.

Well, me too.

Completely feeble-minded.

All you have to do is get near me
and I turn into this... gibbering idiot.

You're so clever...

and funny and modest and sweet.

And you're so...

You're really so bea...

I mean, my God.

Look at you.

You're an angel.

You do something to me

Somewhere deep inside

- I can't do this. I can't.

- Just try...

...and see what happens.

(announcer) Next, Dr Abby Barnes with
"The Truth About Cats and Dogs".

Oh, no!

- I don't know what I'm doing!

- It's OK.

You've got five minutes.

I can get you there in time.

I've gotta tell you something. I'm...

- What?

- I'm... I'm late.

- What am I doing?

- Should we stop and call?

- No calls!

- OK, OK.

- I've messed up really bad.

- You're only two minutes late.

It can't be that bad.

Let's just see what they're doing.

No! Let me.

Give me that.

- Shit.

- I'm sorry.

It's OK. I can get another one. Leave it.

I can get another one somewhere.

I think they still sell them in Bolivia.

God, you should clean this place up.

Thanks for the ride.

Here's your button.

(Abby) So she's been licking her belly.

Is she sensitive in that area?

- No, not really.

- Not sensitive in her belly...

Sorry.

On Tuesday's show

I wanna talk about potbellied pigs.

Come, come, come.

That was scary.

We started with the show on tape. It's OK.

Uh, Abby? You're on in 60.

Is it OK if I watch?

(both) No!

- You need to concentrate.

- You need to concentrate.

You need to concentrate.

- I need to concentrate.
- OK, I understand.
- I'll see you later, then.
- Bye.

So I guess you didn't tell him?

Take him. I don't want a fight. I refuse to degenerate into some misogynistic cliché.

- How could you do this to me?
- I was gonna tell him.

I was all set to do it.

The show started and I couldn't.

- Why not?
- He wouldn't listen.
- What was he doing?
- Nothing.
- Then why didn't you let him find out?
- Maybe it was all the cake he fed me.

What is that? The Twinkie defence?

- He gave us a book.
- Which one?

Simon somebody's letters
to John Paul somebody.

- Simone de Beauvoir's letters to Sartre?
- Exactly.

He said I was smart.

Nobody's ever said that to me before.

- I couldn't stand to tell him it wasn't true.
- Smart and beautiful, though, right?

I've got two ideas how we can fix this.

We find out how he really feels about us,
but in a roundabout way.

So we go over to his house,
and I casually ask him something like:

- If you were stranded on a desert island...
- Trite!

OK. Um...

- If you were stranded in the Arizona bubble...
- Biosphere?

Who would you take?

Time magazine's woman of the year...

...or Playboy's playmate of the year?

I object to those categories

on both our behalves. What's idea two?

We go over there,

get shit-faced and see what happens.

OK.

Hello. What...?

- Not so fast. Hello.

- Hi.

Thanks.

("World Keeps Spinning"

by the Brand New Heavies)

Don't cheat yourself

Happiness is round the corner

It will come to you

So have faith and feel true love

Cos there's heaven up above

When we think we've reached the end

The world keeps on spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

Don't cheat yourself

Happiness is round the corner

It will come to you

So have faith and feel true love

Cos there's heaven up above

When we think we've reached the end

The world keeps on spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

Round and round and don't you stop

Pick it up where you left off

Like a wheel, the world, it keeps on turnin'

The world keeps spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

The world keeps a spinnin'

The world keeps a spinnin', yeah

("I Can't Imagine" by Aaron Neville)

You know I wonder

where I'd be if not for you

I'd still be wanderin'

through this world without a clue
At night I'd wake up and look across the bed
And you'd never dream the crazy things
runnin' through my head
I can't imagine
My journey through this world without you
I'm lovin' everything about you
I search my heart and soul
How could there ever be
a greater love than ours?
I can't imagine
- That was really good.
- No, it wasn't.
Your eyes...
They're extraordinary.
Thank you. Yours too.
Um...
I'm just gonna have something to drink.
- It's good.
- OK.
What about me? My turn?
Yes. Yeah, just... swap.
I can't imagine
Sharin' my life with any other
Not makin' love with you
I can't imagine
I've forgotten the flash cord.
How could there ever be
a greater love than ours?
Let me tempt you and deliver
Let me make you feel the ocean roar
Hey, do you want a drink?

Question:

for three years, who would you bring?
Time magazine's woman of the year
or Playboy's playmate of the year?
What?
Just a second, OK?
Abby, where are you going?
I am hammered. I gotta go home.
- Oh. I'll go home with you.
- No, you're having fun. He really likes you.
What? What about you?

- No, I don't even...

- You don't what?

Is everything OK?

Yeah.

I just remembered I have to be somewhere.

- Secret rendezvous?

- You know it.

What about you? Are you gonna stay?

Hi. My dog, Casey-Kay,

she's getting kinda old and slow...

... and just not what she used to be.

Is there something...

She's no longer young and attractive,

so you want my approval to put her to sleep?

No, I was gonna ask about vitamins or...

You know who should be put to sleep?

People who only want cute dogs.

I hope your aesthetically unpleasant dog

bites you in the ass and moves on. Next!

(phone rings)

(answer phone) Hi, this is Abby. Please

don't hang up. I hate hang-ups. Leave it.

(Noelle) Good evening.

Welcome to the six o'clock news.

Noelle Slusarsky suffered a major setback

in her quest to become an adult this week...

... when she tried to steal

her best friend's boyfriend.

Abby, please pick up if you're there.

There's something I need to tell you,

but not on the machine, OK?

OK, I'm going out of town on a job. I'll call.

Hi. It's me, Noelle.

Please pick up the phone, Abby.

Abby?

OK, so you're not gonna pick up the phone.

This is what I had to tell you.

I didn't sleep with him.

We started wrestling around and kissing,

but he kept calling your name.

"Abby, Abby, oh, Abby!"

And I could hear it in his voice. He meant it.

So I stopped.

Told him it was all moving too fast for me.

And I haven't called him since.
Hi. Did you ever look in the mirror so long
that your face doesn't make sense any more?
It just becomes all these shapes.
Just shapes. Not good or bad.
Remember when he took our pictures?
You looked really good.
Did I tell you that?
I'm reading two books now,
if you can believe that.
The one that Brian got us, and a dictionary,
so I can understand the one that Brian got us.
I'm avoiding a guy who calls me Abby...
... and I'm afraid I screwed up a friendship
with the nicest woman I've ever met.
When I come home, I'm gonna fix things.
I'm gonna fix everything.
I'm sorry. I just miss you.
- Hello? Hello?
- (dialling tone)
- And deep cleanser.
- I really appreciate you taking this back.
And also your attitude taking this back.
Donna.
Donna... Donna.
- Donna?
- Hi.
- I was calling your name.
- I must be in a daze. I didn't hear you.
Department stores. I get that too.
- Sorry, you were buying something.
- No, I was returning something.
Well, I just bought a present for Abby.
Look at this.
It's a photo album and I had
her initials embossed. See? Abby Barnes.
- That's pretty.
- Do you think she'll like it?
- I do, yeah.
- Great. Are you finished?
- Mm-hm.
- Right. Can I walk you out?
- Yeah.
- Thank you.

Did she tell you
she's not talking to me for a week?

- Is that right?

- Yeah. It's driving me mad.
You see her all the time.
Has she said anything about...?

- She hasn't said a word to me.

- No, of course not.
I heard her on the air today. She was brilliant.

- Brilliant?

- Yes.

- That's a bit much, don't you think?

- Are we getting jealous?

No, trust me, that's not even possible.
Before I listened to Abby, I never really
would have given a cat the time of day.
I think I'm beginning to
understand them a bit more.

- Or maybe not.

- Whoops.
Well, you look like a cat-lover from way back.
I think she likes you, too.

- Do you know much about animals?

- A little bit.
Of course. You've got all those goats.
At college, do you have a thing in England
called the Freshman Ten?

No, we don't.
It's traditionally where most girls
who go off to college gain 10lb.

- Although when I went, I gained 40.

- 40?

- 40lb, and I'm 5'1".

- So four times the required amount?
So you can imagine how popular I was
with all the 18-year-old boys.
What happens is that I meet a woman...
Do you mind me saying this?

- No, sir.

- I meet a woman I'm attracted to...
...and hopefully she's attracted to me.
And it's very exciting, and then I get to
know her and we have nothing in common.
Or the opposite happens.

There's lots in common, fabulous woman,
but there's no excitement, no sparks.
Say you meet one of these no-sparks women
and you take the time to get to know her.
Then you become intellectually stimulated
by her and you enjoy her personality...
...thereby igniting all your lust and passion.

Have you ever thought about that?

Are you gonna eat that?

- Are you cold?

- No, I'm fine.

You're shivering. Here, wear my coat.

So chivalrous. Thank you.

OK.

Seriously. I'll just get the buttons.

- It's fine.

- Your hands are freezing. Come here.

(blows)

Put them in the pockets.

There's nothing disgusting in there, is there?

Who did that? Who put that

piece of chocolate in my pocket?

You're missing it, look.

- Are you warm enough?

- Getting there.

Do you always watch sunsets

with your eyes shut?

- Yeah, it's kind of a religious thing.

- Really?

No.

Do you know, if you listen very carefully...

...you can hear the moment

when the sun hits the hills.

Sh.

Not today, obviously.

- I'm having a...

- What?

- Nothing. I've had a really nice time.

- Oh, me too.

I gotta go.

OK.

OK. Thank you.

- Thanks for the walk.

- Thanks.

Bye.

- Donna?

- Yeah?

If you see Abby... tell her...

Tell her I miss her face.

Yeah.

Abby?

Hi. I just need to talk to you. Ten minutes.

Ten minutes.

So we can clear everything up.

Five o'clock?

Your place. Great, great, great.

All right. See ya. Bye.

Jesus, you scared me!

I thought you'd be coming from over there.

- I was watching you.

- You weren't?!

I was practising looking relaxed.

- You looked relaxed.

- Did I? You look gorgeous.

- It's my job.

- Is it?

Speaking of work...

- This was a little bit too much for me.

- Was it?

I had to read each page three times. I'm more of a mystery kinda girl, or maybe a romance.

- I bet you wouldn't guess that about me.

- No, but that's OK.

I mean, romance would be... fine.

I used to only date guys

who couldn't speak English.

I've missed you.

It took ages to see it wasn't working cos I couldn't understand them.

- I speak English.

- Then I dated this guy Roy.

- I hated everything he liked about me.

- You have the most beautiful mouth.

We have to stop.

Abby, I love you.

You love a girl I could never be.

- You don't love me.

- Yes, I do.

I don't understand. Tell me what's going on.

- You need to know.

- Yes.

So make a list

of everything you love about me.

- A list.

- Oh, I gotta go. I have an audition.

- An audition?

- Yes, I wanna read for the news.

- What about "Cats and Dogs"?

- Oh, the cats and dogs are covered.

So make a list. Bring it.

Five o'clock, my place.

and another 200 were injured...

...as their journey came

to a tragic and watery end...

and another 200 were injured...

(knock on door)

(Brian) Abby!

- (music on radio)

- Coming!

Hang on, I can't hear you!

- It's me.

- (music stops)

Hi.

- Donna. Where's Abby?

- She's not here.

No, I just heard her voice. I know she's here.

Right. She's not here here.

She's in the bathroom, takin' a bath.

- But I will tell her that you came by, OK?

- No, I've got an appointment.

I don't know that that would be

a very good idea right now.

But I'll tell her that you're here

and perhaps she'll come out... eventually.

Brian wants to see you.

(as Noelle) Tell him to come back later!

I don't think he can be dissuaded.

(as Noelle) I'll call the whole thing off!

You're the boss.

What did she say?

She was acting strangely before.

She's a little bit out of it.

I think that she'll call you later.

Abby, it's me.

I wrote down the things that you asked me to.

Listen, could you do me a favour?

She's worried that I don't love her, so...

Sit down. You be Abby.

- I'm Abby.

- I've made this list.

It's a sort of, um, lover's list.

Now, if I could just run it by you once,

to get a female opinion on it...

...then we can make

any adjustments you think it needs.

Sure.

One. I love the way you walk

into a room and it lights up.

Two. I love your eyes.

When they fix on mine, they burn into me,

and I forget what it is that I wanted to say.

Three. I love the way

we think of things at the same time.

Four. I love the way

you make a tuna fish sandwich an event.

Five.

The way you talk to me on the phone and...

Shit, this is ridiculous.

No, four and five aren't bad.

Maybe she's right.

Maybe I am rushing things.

No, I'm not.

Abby...

I love you...

...because I can't stop

thinking about you for one second.

Because I stay at home every afternoon when

I should be working, to hear you on the radio.

Because I want to read you to sleep at night

and wake up to you playing violin every day.

And because you're so beautiful.

You forgot to say

"I love you because you're so beautiful."

No, I didn't.

Yes, she is, but that's not why I love her.

I love her for who she is,

and if she weren't, it wouldn't matter.

- Of course it matters. It always matters.

- No, the truth is...

The truth is Helen of Troy.

- What?

- Helen of Troy. Men die for that shit.

The truth is you would not be
so enamoured with Abby if she looked like...

What? What are you talking about?

You know how someone's appearance
can change the longer you know them?

How a really attractive person,
if you don't like them, becomes ugly?

Whereas someone
you might not even have noticed...

...that you wouldn't look at more than once...

...if you love them, can become
the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?

All you want to do is be near them.

I love Abby.

It doesn't matter what she looks like.

What's the matter?

I'm happy that you said that.

Well, I'm glad you like it,
cos she hasn't said a word.

It was you... on the phone that night.

Yep.

That's your window...

...your violin.

- Yeah.

And that's your cat.

(cough)

Hi.

Is this a joke?

(Abby) It was a mistake.

- Who are you?

- That's Noelle.

- Noelle?

- Slusarsky.

- Who's Donna?

- There is no Donna.

What is this? Is this some kind of
weird game you two play for kicks?

Pick up a guy together

and try to screw him up?

- No, it was just a mistake.
- Um, a practical joke.
- Ajoke?!
- No, not ajoke.
- Not funny ha-ha.
- Funny strange, if anything.
- I get it. You're a comedy duo.
- We never met until...

You're dumb and beautiful
and you're smart and...

I have to go.

Brian!

(Abby) He doesn't wanna see me,
he doesn't wanna see you.

Why send him back to me when
you could have had him for yourself?

I know you wanted him.

Because I wanted my friend back.

Besides, he's got this small personal habit
that just drives me crazy.

What's that?

He loves you.

- Well, how'd your audition go?
- It didn't.

Didn't make the cut.

Still not dignified enough for the news.

Well...

They're lookin' for someone at the station.

It's not the news, but I think it's interesting.

- Are you serious?
- They're expecting your phone call.
- Thank you.
- You should give it a shot.

You should give it one more shot, Abby.

Just go and talk to him...

...you dumb bitch.

- I'm a dumb bitch?!
- That's right.

Well, you're a dumb bitch too, y'know.

Yeah, I know. We're related.

Hi, sweetie. I'm glad you're here.

Hi.

- I came to return your jacket.

- Thank you.

You can just leave it on the stool.

I'm really sorry that I lied to you. It's just the situation got completely out of control.

It's mentally exhausting...

...feeling really bad about something you can't do anything about.

Right. That explains everything.

- No. Brian...

- What? What do you want?

I want you to look at me.

I'm looking at you.

You know the conversations that we've had?

The violin and the radio show,
and that incredible night on the phone...

That really meant something to me.

It was really important to me.

But all of that stuff

doesn't come in a perfect package.

It comes in this one.

Why didn't you say that in the first place?

I didn't feel confident

that you'd give me a chance.

Now we'll never know, will we?

- OK.

- OK.

I'm at the mechanic's and I'm gettin'
my tune-up, and I look up on the wall...

...and there she is, lookin' back at me.

But you know what tipped it off? When she
was dealing with that turtle and she was...

That ain't professional.

You're right.

- But we didn't have much to compare it to.

- You're right. But you know what?

It's not your fault, brother. I mean, who knew?

(woman) My German shepherd is driving
me mad. I left him alone for one day and...

- He peed on your bed.

- No, he peed in my bed.

He pulled back the sheets first.

Very considerate,

but are you sure that's all he did?

- Have you checked in your favourite shoes?

- No.

Hold on, I'll go look over there right now.

Oh, my God!

- Pinky, you bad, bad, bad dog!

- Don't worry. I wanna explain something.

Dogs don't like to be left alone.

It's not like when you leave, he goes

"Great, time to finish writing my novel."

When their humans leave,

dogs get depressed and they show it.

Yeah, in your shoes.

Listen, people are very good

about hiding their misery.

Your dog tearin' up your apartment,

he was tryin' to tell you something.

What?

- I wanna be with you.

- You do?

With me?

No, I don't wanna be with you.

What am I supposed to do about this dog?

Put on my poo shoes and go out shopping?

- I have absolutely no idea.

- Pinky, listen to the doctor!

I have absolutely no idea what to do.

- Wrap it up!

- Oh, wrap it up! We're gonna wrap it up...

...and I will talk to everyone tomorrow.

- I've been waiting 45 minutes!

- Hi. Hi. Do you think he's here?

- I didn't see him.

He could be here though, right?

OK.

(screams)

Stop. Please, please, please.

Oh, my God!

(whistles)

- It's cool, it's cool.

- Sorry.

OK?

- Can I take these off now?

- Yeah, of course. Um...

Over here. I'll help you.

- I'm fine. Thank you.

- Right.

Should I get down on all fours and gently apply pressure to the tips of your ears?

- I won't bite you.

- No.

So is this humiliation on skates staged for your amusement, or am I missing...?

No, of course not. I just wanted to get you out here, in private...

...to discuss a few things.

The humiliation was just a bonus.

What are we discussing?

Well, there's the issue of Hank, who's in a terrible state without you.

Weren't you, Hank? Hank? Come on, boy.

Terrible state.

Oh!

- No, this is beneath you. Never stoop.

- No, really, he couldn't sleep.

And he kept me up all night, wanting to talk about why it took us... why it took me...

...so long to understand

what was really going on.

And then we wrote some extraordinarily bad poetry together.

No, mine wasn't that bad.

Hank's was... pathetic.

And then we fought over which one of us got to carry your shoe around in his mouth.

And...

Abby...

...I only ever loved one woman...

...and I don't want to lose her twice.

I gotta tell you something.

What?

That night on the phone?

Yeah?

I'm pregnant.

Darling...

(Brian) Are you sure it was me?

(Abby) Actually, I don't know.

I made a lot of calls that night.

("For Once In My Life" by Dionne Farris)

For once in my life

I won't let sorrow hurt me
Not like it's hurt me before
For once I have something
I know won't desert me
I'm not alone any more
For once I can say this is mine,
you can't take it
As long as I know I got love, I can make it
For once in my life
I have someone who needs me
Someone who needs me
Someone who needs me
For once in my life
Yeah, yeah, yeah
For once in my life
I won't let sorrow hurt me
Not like it's hurt me before
For once I have something
I know won't desert me
I'm not alone any more
For once I can say this is mine,
you can't take it
As long as I know I got love, I can make it
For once in my life
I have someone who needs me
Someone who needs me
Someone who needs me
Someone who needs me
("This Road" by Squeeze)
She sat at the dressing-room table
He flicked through the channels on cable
While talking of love in low whispers
Voices humming like dusty transistors
Talked about love
In concentrated tones,
they talked about love
- Deep down in the bones
- Talked about love
How it's built on pride,
they talked about love
- A roller-coaster ride
- Talked about love
This road is a lifetime long
Complete engagement

Unlimited passion
Searching with peace in my soul
She sat with her glass overflowing
He knew that his chances were glowing
Together they danced in the driveway
Lovers singing "I did it my way"
Talked about love
In concentrated tones,
they talked about love
- Deep down in the bones
- Talked about love
How it's built on pride,
they talked about love
- A roller-coaster ride
- Talked about love
This road is a lifetime long
Complete engagement
Unlimited passion
Searching with peace in my soul
Built without boundaries
Loving every single breath