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The Dog Problem

By Scott Caan

So Mr. Harrington...

Uh, wait a minute.

Dr. Nourmand?

Yes?

Can you just call me Solo?

Why?

Well, a-aside from the fact
that it's my name, I've...

I've just been coming
here for almost a year now
and, uh, frankly, this could be...
this could be it for us.

So I was just wondering
if we could just end
on a less formal note, you know?

Oh. Uh...

Yeah.

Sure.

- Well...

- Yeah, I... I can call you Solo.

Great.

Okay, good, good.

And you are...

I'm still Dr. Nourmand.

Okay.

I, uh, I got...

I got you this jacket.

Oh... Well...

Thank you very much.

I can't accept it, uh...

but it is a very nice gesture, nonetheless.

Thank you.

I... I think you should just take the jacket.

W- why?

Because I bought it for you.

Well, do you do that often?

I mean, do you buy gifts...

No.

For your... for your friends...

- No.

- Family?

- No. No, no, no.

- No?

Just this.

What about this being it?
Well, I... you know, I just...
I just spend a very large
portion of my time here.
And, uh, you know, to be honest,
I was just walking down the street
and I saw the jacket in...
in the window and...
- Oh, no.
I thought it would look nice on you
I don't know,
I think you just take the jacket.
No, no, no, I...
I... I am.
I'm considering that.
But I meant...
I meant "this", as in our time here.
Oh!
Oh, oh.
Well, yeah, I've just run out of money.
I'm broke.
Five days a week here for almost a year
just added up a lot quicker
than I thought it would and...
Yeah.
How do you feel about that?
Fucked.
I feel fucked.
I mean... No, I feel... no, I feel...
- Fucked?
- I feel better than I did, right?
- Yeah.
But... but now what, right?
Well, what do you think?
Uh, well, you know, I... I mean, I...
I... I could...
I'm going to start writing again.
Try to make a little money.
Well, that's good.
- Yeah.
- Yeah, that's very good.
Yeah.
Yeah, I'll call you when that happens.
Do you ever consider getting a pet, Solo?

What?

Out of the way, jerk-off!

You know, pal, uh...

The best thing about buying a dog
is that, uh, you can always get rid of it.

I mean, if you don't like it.

The dog, I mean.

When'd you get that jacket?

This is Jonesy.

You're listening to Jonesy's Jukebox.

It's a beautiful day in L.A.

Fucking hell.

Why are there so many people here, man?

Well, that's the thing about these places:
a lot of people, you know?

Some good, some not so good,
and some just pure fantasia.

Jesus Christ!

That never happens to me... ever.

Oh, my God!

Hello.

Wait a minute.

She might have been the one.

- I think I need to go back.

- What?

That was the one.

That was the one.

I got to go grab her.

I got to get her.

- I do.

- No, you got to be kidding me.

- Come on.

- Listen, you don't need me.

You don't need me, okay?

Just grab the first one
that looks at you funny.

You ever heard the term
"puppy dog eyes"?

It comes from a place.

That's the place.

I'll be right back.

I love you. You're good.

You're good.

Mom!

You said you were going to get it for me.
All right, here's the thing, Brad.
I just need a... a simple dog, you know?
One that doesn't require a
whole lot of maintenance.
Uh, low energy, uh,
doesn't need a lot of stuff.
You know, I have a balcony,
so one that can use the balcony
to use the bathroom would be great.
Uh, you know, just a...
a dog that doesn't need to
go outside too much. Or ever.
That would be great, too.
Okay, Brad?
What do you say, Brad?
I really should have come in with you.
What's that supposed to mean?
Nothing.
It means nothing.
What?
You don't like the dog?
Oh no, it's a cool dog.
It's cool.
Seems calm enough.
It's just really little.
Well, it's a puppy.
I mean...
No.
I... I know.
No, no, no.
Hey...
Hey, you know what?
It's about... you like her, I like her.
It's a he.
It's a boy dog.
He. Boy. Dog.
Pal, I just want you to be happy.
Okay.
Are you happy?
Look, he likes you.
I... can you hold the dog?
- But he likes you.
- I'm driving the car.

But he wants to go to Daddy.
What's wrong with that?
He doesn't want to be on...
on... on uncle's lap.
He wants to go...
He wants to go in the back, apparently.
Okay.
Is he going to shit?
Okay, you've got to be kidding me.
No! No!
Hi, Brad.
It's Solo.
Uh, yeah, the Tongan terrier.
Well, uh, yeah, you know,
I tried that crate thing
that you told me about
and he just went to the
bathroom all over the bathroom.
Well, yeah, see, that's the thing.
I didn't have a crate so I just...
I thought the bathroom would suffice.
Uh, no, I don't want to buy a crate.
Well, just because I don't
have room for a crate.
Okay, well, I'm sure the crates
are very decorative, Brad, but...
Brad, I don't want to buy a crate.
Stop trying to sell me a crate.
Okay, give me the shoe.
Put the shoe down.
Put the...
Yeah, hi, is this Brad?
Well, Brad, you fucked me, pal.
This little thing is driving me crazy, man.
I mean, I... you know...
Hello? Hello?
Okay, Brad,
he's peeing on the carpet right now.
What the fuck is a wee-wee pad?
No.
I just want him to go on the balcony, man.
Look, you know what?
We talked about this and... and I just...
I don't think this is going to work.

I just...

Well, I don't know.

That's a good question.

What the hell do you want me to do?

I mean, can I just bring him back?

Hello? Hello, Brad?

Brad?

What the hell are you looking at, man?

Casper.

Casper, are you awake?

You up?

I don't know.

Pal, the dog shit all over my house.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I don't... I don't know what to do.

I hate him.

I just...

I don't know what to do.

You want to take him back?

No.

I can't take him back.

There's no refunds.

Well...

I know this girl...

Did I wake you up?

No, no, no.

I just been reading and stuff.

So... I used to date her.

I used to fuck her.

- What?

- I don't know what I did.

I shot her once.

We fucked... something.

Man, what am I doing?

I can't give the dog away.

What am I doing, man?

You're driving the car up to the thing.

Come on.

Don't... don't... don't do this.

This is fine.

This girl does this.

This is what she does.

What do you mean?

Like, for a living?

Yes. No, I mean,

she doesn't make money doing it,

but it's what she does.

Right up here.

Right up here.

- Pull up to the thingy.

- I am!

- Go to the thingy.

- I don't want to hit it.

You're not going to hit it.

Go to the thingy.

Well, what does she make money doing?

Jesus Christ.

Well, her father, um, owns the rights

to, like,

every great rock 'n' roll song ever written,

among other things.

The guy was, like,

a major pimp in the '70s.

Killed people and shit.

- Okay, he didn't kill people.

- Yes, he did.

- No, he didn't.

- Yes, he did.

Okay, you're just making that up.

Okay, somehow this

man ended up owning

a lot of valuable stuff.

- Well, that's obvious.

- Thank you.

I got a train set once.

Oh, he lives here too.

He's just never around.

He's got a place in, what do you call it?

Europe or some shit... Asia.

I don't know.

Would you push the button, please?

- Let's go.

- Push the button.

- Let's just go.

- Push the button.

I don't know.

I'm so bored, I could kill myself.

I don't know, bitch.
Yeah, well, holler later.
I'm supposed to look at
this guy's dog right now.
I'll talk to you later.
Bye.
Hey, bitch!
Hey, Jules.
How you been?
Misery.
My life's impossible.
I bet it is impossible.
What's really good, mama?
Come on.
Nothing is good.
You're lying.
So how'd those pictures turn out?
They are very good.
They're not raunchy, are they?
No, not at all.
You guys want a bevvy?
You want a bevvy?
Uh, what have you... what have you got?
Oh, whatever you want.
Well, do you have any scotch?
I don't know.
Oh.
Hey, are all these dogs your dogs?
That's right, bitch.
Until they get older, they are.
I take care of them
until they're old enough
they don't need caring and
then I give them away.
- Very noble.
- Thank you.
- Uh, who do you...
who do you give them to? - Whomever.
Well, what if you can't get rid of them?
Everybody wants them
when I'm done, bitch.
Hey, can you stop calling me bitch?
- Whoa!
- Yeah.

No, it's just I have a name.

Yeah, but pal... pal...

- She's not... she doesn't mean it...

- No, I know.

- ... like, "Hey, what's up, bitch?"

- I know.

- Or, "Where's my money, bitch?"

- I know.

You know what I mean?

It's like, you know...

- What's it like?

- I don't know.

Endearing.

Okay, well, my name is Solo.

Just in case...

Like Han Solo.

Not, not like Han Solo.

Just like Solo.

Where's the dog, Solo?

Uh, he's at home.

- What do you mean?

- Well, we did make an error.

We didn't bring her.

- Him.

- Him.

Why not?

- Well...

- Well, I... I don't know.

I just figured, you know,

I didn't want to bring him out

of the house for no reason.

I figured you'd have some questions.

Is he cute?

Yeah.

I think so. Yeah.

Maybe not cute so much.

Well...

What does he go with?

What?

Colours.

You... you mean what colour is he?

Yeah, sure.

Did you just ask,

"What does he go with"?

I think so.
I'll be in the car.
One second... pal.
Pal.
I don't know, man.
It just doesn't seem right.
You know, life is a delicate negotiation.
Do you understand that?
So...
What do you want to do?
I mean, seriously, what do you want to do?
All right.
Seriously, what do you want to do?
You want...
you want to give this thing a shot or what?
You... or do you want to end
up in some rich lady's house
with a bunch of other spoiled little dogs?
'Cause, you know, I mean,
if that's what you want, I...
I got you, you know.
I mean, you know,
do you want to shit the house
or do you want to let me love you?
Do you want to let me
learn how to love you
or do you want to shit the house?
Do you want to shit the house?
Do you want to nibble on sneakers?
I got the place for you.
You know what I'm saying?
You're a dog.
Yo, fucko!
Shh!
- Shh!
- Open the door!
Oh...
What the fuck is that?
Thanks a lot, asshole.
Ow! Fuck!
You know, Benny,
I really don't think it's appropriate,
you showing up at my house in
the middle of the night like this.

Shut the fuck up.
Okay, I just wanted to say it
just to keep my side of the street clean.
Can I ask you a question?
- What?
- Who's that?
That's Frank.
Oh, uh, Frank,
can I help you with anything?
Don't talk to Frank, all right.
Frank doesn't even speak English, okay?
Frank doesn't speak English?
Yeah, Frank...
Who else would I be talking about?
Well, I don't know.
Frank just seems
like a very common American name.
Oh, yeah.
Where's he from?
Ireland.
Frank?
Benny, can you just tell
him not to drink that...
- 'Cause it's my last one...
- Well, what is it?
Well, it's just a Snapple,
but that's not the point.
Get outta here.
When did you get this dog?
A couple days ago.
- And how much did it cost?
- Well, he was on sale.
On sale? What sale?
A fucking dog sale?
Yeah, I guess so.
Here's the point, jag-off.
Sale or no sale, you're spending money.
My money!
Well, that's one way of looking at it.
No, that's not one way of looking at it.
That's the way it looks.
That's the way it is.
It's not like the colour fucking blue-green,
where some asshole sees blue

and the other guy sees green.
In order for things to have
an option of appearance,
they have to have a fucking
option of appearance!
You know, this is the way it is.
You did this, and that's that.
And why does that dog
keep looking at me funny?
It's a funny-looking dog.
What's her name?
He. It's a he.
Oh, sorry.
Excu-use me.
What's his name?
Uh, he doesn't have a name yet.
He doesn't have a name.
Oh, so I'll name him.
I'd kind of like to be the
one that names the dog.
And I'd kind of like you to get to work
so you can pay me the
fucking money I lent you.
I'm taking this dog.
Frank, grab the dog.
You're not gonna take the dog.
Don't take the...
- You can't take the dog.
- Yes, I can.
Oh, come on.
What would you do with him?
I'm going to eat him.
What difference does it make?
All right... imagine it like this.
I owe you the money, right?
I don't need to imagine it.
Okay, well, just imagine the rest.
In order for me to pay
you the money I owe you,
I have to get an advance.
And in order for me to get an advance
I have to write something.
And... and you're here and you're...
you're taking dogs and stuff.

And, Benny, I can't do that.
All right?
That... that dog, that little, fragile dog...
that Frank's holding onto
just a little too tightly...
Could you just... ow!
Okay, that's not necessary.
Well, uh,
could you just not squeeze him so tightly?
Maybe... maybe just...
Are you squeezing him?
All right, Frank, give him the dog.
Just give it to him.
Thanks, Frank.
One week you got,
and then I'm gonna come
and I'm gonna take the dog.
I find out you buy any more animals
or see any more fucking doctors,
I'm gonna break your legs.
Okay, Benny, don't say that.
I hate it when you say that.
I'm gonna break your legs, okay?
One week.
Frank, let's go.
Why didn't you just give him the dog?
I knew you'd say that.
Well, that's 'cause it's
the logical thing to say.
There's a reason people say things.
Granted, stupid people just
shout shit for no reason.
Smart people use logic.
Two days ago you were going to
give the dog to what's-her-name.
- What's-her-name?
- Jules.
Look, can we just chalk it up to growth?
Can we just do that?
That's good, right?
Let's just chalk it up to growth.
Life is a delicate negotiation.
What the fuck does that mean?
I've got to keep the dog.

- Why?

- I don't know.

Good.

Keep the dog.

- You really don't understand, do you?

- No, no clue.

Look, I was a very unhappy
person not too long ago.

Hence the 100 or so
thousand on the couch.

Ew!

Are you being shitty?

What?

No.

- No.

- I know how much money I spent.

Was it really that much, though?

- I'm kidding.

- Don't be shitty.

- I'm kidding.

- You're an asshole.

Come on.

Look, I'm just trying to do
the right thing here, all right?

That's cool.

That's cool.

And all I'm saying is,
you don't got to kill yourself.

Yeah, but you're busting my balls.

I'm not.

Hey, hey, hey.

- A little bit. - Listen, in that very
"unhappy time", you sold a book.

- In my opinion, a very good book.

- Don't do that.

I like the book.

I like the book.

Yeah, because it's the
only book you ever read.

Wow!

Now who's being shitty, okay?

Stop that.

Listen, you had money,
you had lots of girls around.

I was miserable.
I was miserable!
I enjoyed it.
Cas, don't you want to be loved?
- Yeah...
- Wait.
You know, give and receive?
I do.
Almost every single night.
I have nothing.
And then I give the dog
away and then I have...
I have negative nothing.
A clean carpet, maybe?
I... I know.
I don't understand.
- Hey, babe.
- Loser.
Can I have some ketch...
Ketchup?
Wow.
What's with her?
I- I don't know.
Um...
I, uh, I took some shots of her,
some nudes, and, uh...
and she's crazy.
I don't... I don't know.
You know what I need?
- Ketchup?
- No, I need a plan.
Everybody has a plan.
We all need plans.
A plan, huh?
Yeah, what's your plan?
I, uh... I have a plan.
Well, what is it?
It's to, um...
It's to sleep with lots of girls,
take pictures of them,
eat three times a day.
Stuff like that.
I need more therapy.
You are a good writer.

No, don't do...
You know, I'm going to do the thing.
La-la-la...
Don't be a child.
Don't be a child.
Stop it.
Okay, fine.
What's your plan?
I have a plan.
What is it?
Uh... I-I, uh...
Love the dog, have the dog love me.
Meet a woman, do the same thing.
Get married.
Kids.
It's a plan.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
Pig.
I did not sell the fucking pictures, okay?
They were stolen from me.
You sold naked pictures of her?
What did I just say?
Cas!
Okay, come on.
Come on.
Go play.
Come on, man, we drove all the way here.
Go play.
What?
You don't want to go play?
Here.
Here.
Look, I got the ball.
I got the ball.
Okay?
Oh!
Ah!
Come on.
Those are your friends.
Go out there.
Come on.
Go get the ball.
Get the ball.

Okay, I'm going to go that way
and you go that way, all right?
Come on, we're here, man.
Come on, man up.
Hi.
Hi.
Do you mind...
Do you mind if I sit down?
Yeah, fine.
Just don't hit on me.
- What's that?
- I don't want to flirt.
I didn't come here to flirt.
So if that's why you want to sit down, no.
But if you're really just looking
for a place to sit, then, fine.
Oh, no...
Yeah, I just wanted to sit down.
Okay.
Oh, man, I need some exercise.
I'm Solo.
What?
Sorry.
Did you just tell me you were Solo?
Yeah, I did.
W- why?
Well, I... I just felt uncomfortable
sitting here next to you
and not saying anything
and I didn't want you to
think that I was flirting so I...
Solo's my name, by the way.
Oh.
Okay.
- See, that's where I got confused.
- Oh yeah.
Yeah, see?
That's how wars get started.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
Miscommunication.
Right.
That's how wars get started.
Yeah, I didn't get that at first

and then I just got it, so then I said it.

Sorry.

Yeah...

It's kind of weird sitting here
not saying anything, though, right?

Then get up.

- Okay.

- No!

Sit down.

Okay.

Hah!

You're kind of crazy, huh?

No, no, no, no, no.

I'm not crazy at all.

No.

I've just had a very long run indoors.
Haven't done a whole lot of socializing
in the last year, so...

Right.

Solo, huh?

- Yeah.

Mm -hmm.

- Your mom give you that name?

- Yes, she did.

- Yeah.

- Why?

Um, it's just a long story.

You want to make it short?

No.

All right.

Well...

- I'm Lola, Solo.

- Hi.

Nice to meet you, Lola.

I'm Solo.

- I know.

- All right.

Okay.

Well, I feel comfortable now.

So if you want to get
back to your book, I'll...

I'll be quiet.

You know, it's okay.

It's a bad book, so...

- Oh, really?

- Mmm -hm.

I wrote one of those once.

- You did?

- Yeah, I did.

Really?

A bad book?

- Yeah.

- I probably read it.

What's it called?

I'd rather not s...

I don't know, I don't know...

I... I don't know.

I'd rather not.

Okay.

Hey, there's a lot of dogs here, huh?

Dog park.

Yeah.

Which one's yours?

Oh, shit!

Vito! Off!

Off!

Oh, my God!

Look you know, I...

I really don't want

to make a big deal out of this.

Then why are you?

Well, under normal circumstances,

I wouldn't be, but here and now

with the financial state that I'm in and...

and, if truth be told,

I sort of feel like you're

responsible a little bit.

- Okay, how do you figure that?

Lady, your dog ate my dog.

He didn't eat him, he bit him.

Several times.

Look, I'm sure he's going to be fine.

Well, I hope so, you know...

No, don't be so dramatic about it.

It's just a couple of scratches.

He was bleeding all over the place.

Look, I'm not paying for this.

I feel like by bringing you here,

I fulfilled all my obligations.
I mean, I... I'm sorry.
I just... I don't feel responsible.
I mean, it... it's a dog park.
Shit happens.
And maybe your dog
just really isn't dog park material.
You know what I mean?
I couldn't agree with you more.
Good.
I'm glad.
Okay, so...
Well, I'm really sorry about her.
What...
He. It's a he.
His name? I...
That's still up in the air.
- You haven't named your dog?
- No, I haven't yet.
- Well, what do you call it?
- I don't call him anything.
Well, when it's over there and
you want it to come here,
- like, what do you say?
- Uh, "come"?
I don't know. I haven't really had
that problem yet, I just got him.
You should...
You should name your dog.
I know I should name my dog.
Okay. Well, Solo...
Once again, I am really sorry about this,
but you know...
I've got to go.
Vito's in the car
and I have to get him home.
Please help me.
Please.
I'm begging you.
Please don't leave me here.
Look, I know we just met and...
and... and there's no reason on earth
for you to trust me, but just do it.
Just... just lend me the money

and I swear to God,
if I have to sell my own body to do it,
I'll pay you back, very soon.
Please just help me.
Okay. I'll help you.
God, I don't know why.
But I'll help you.
They can bill me for the damages.
Uh! No!
- No touch.
- Sorry.
This is my work address.
I'm there every night till 2:00 a. m.
And by the way, I'm going to be taking
your license plate number on the way out.
You don't need to do that.
Nonetheless, that's what I'm going to do.
- Okay.
- Look, don't screw me here.
'Cause I can't afford this.
Okay.
You're a good lady.
Thank you.
You okay?
Tsk...
Excuse me, sir.
We don't allow dogs in the building.
Oh, come on.
You know me.
I'm... I'm just here to see Dr. Nourmand.
I've seen you, sir,
but that doesn't excuse the fact
that we have a "no dog"
policy in the building.
- Well, I...
- Some people are allergic.
I can't just leave him in the car.
Come on, I'll just be a second.
I'm afraid no can do.
Oh, come on, man.
Is that one of those Tongans?
Yeah.
My wife has a thing for those dogs.
You wouldn't want to sell it, would you?

No. No.

I'll tell you what.

I'll hold it for you while you go up.

No.

That's okay.

Okay? I'll wait.

Thank you.

Okay.

Have a good day.

How you doing?

You're hungry, aren't you?

Mr. Harrington.

Dr. Nourmand,

this guy tried to steal my dog.

I was trying to do you a favour,
you fucking nut-job.

Oh... hey, pal,

I saw how you looked at him.

- All right?

- Mr. Harrington, please.

He tried to bring the dog in the building.

- It's fine, Joe.

- Sorry about that.

It's fine.

Good night.

- Good night now.

- Asshole.

- What are you doing?

- No, I just want to...

I just want to talk to
you for just one second.

- No!

- Please? Please?

- No!

- Look, I...

No, Mr. Harrington.

- I just want to talk to you.

- No.

This is completely unorthodox.

I've been waiting for three hours, man.

How long have you been coming to me?

- Uh, almost a year.

- Almost a year.

So you understand the policy of the office.

It's not a big deal.
Don't worry...
It is a big deal, sir.
You're breaking protocol.
You don't need to call me "sir".
That's a little impersonal.
Look, man, I know this is way out of line
for the doctor/patient relationship,
but that's the thing,
I'm not your patient anymore.
Mr. Harrington, you do not...
Solo!
- Solo! Whatever!
- What's your first name?
That is not necessary.
Well, it is if we're going to be friends.
Look, okay, okay.
Look,
I know we can't be friends.
I'm not some nut-job.
I'm not stalking you.
I just... can we just talk for a second?
Please?
I swear to God,
I'm not going to make this into a habit.
Look, look.
I got the dog.
What happened to it?
It got into a fight with a pit bull.
Come on, man!
This can never happen again.
I mean, never.
- I understand.
- It is completely unorthodox
for our purposes here,
or upstairs, wherever.
- I understand.
- I mean, if you want to see me,
you have to make an appointment.
Okay.
I want to hear you say it.
If I want to see you,
I have to make an appointment.
- Thank you. - Look, under

normal circumstances, I would.

But I can't, I'm broke.

You know that.

Is he going to go to the
bathroom back there?

Uh, yeah.

He might.

Look, I'm just going to make this quick,
all right?

Please.

Did I buy this car for you?

- Mr. Harrington!

- Okay. I... just kidding.

I'm kidding.

Look, I'm in a really bad spot here, okay?

Now, you told me to get the dog, all right?

No.

I did not tell you to get that dog.

You kind of did.

I did not.

Okay, you said, "pet".

You weren't implying that I get a snake,
were you?

Listen, in order for what I do
to have any sort of relevance...

Do you have a biscuit or something?

- I mean, the...

- Quiet.

Quiet! Shh!

In order for what I do
to have any relevance,
I never tell anybody what to do
or what not to do.

Okay, fine, doctor.

I got the dog.

Yes.

I can see that.

And I think that's good.

Are you fucking with me?

No!

I would never do that.

Why is it good?

You tell me.

I almost got rid of it three times this week.

I have no idea why it was good.
Why didn't you get rid of it?
Because he's mine.
I don't know.
One second, he's just a dog,
and the next thing I know, he's mine.
I think that's progress.
- Oh, really?
- Yes!
Just tell me what's troubling you.
What's troubling me?
Well, let's see, I'm broke.
Like, food-stamp broke.
The... the dog's looking at me like,
"What the fuck are we going to do?"
I'm looking right back at him like,
"I have no fucking idea. "
I... I just wanted something simple.
This... the whole thing back-fired.
This is the... the furthest thing
in the world from simple.
I... I can't write because
I'm scared to death
that I'm going to...
I'm going to be right back where I started.
But none of that mattered because I...
I was seeing you.
And now I don't even have
that and so I feel fucked.
Life is a delicate negotiation.
What the fuck does that mean, anyway?
Well, it means something
different for everybody.
Can you be more vague?
What do you want?
Man, I just want to be happy.
Can you be more vague?
What's he doing?
Look, sorry.
It's okay.
It's just a dog, man.
Are you robbing me?
Hey, bitch.
What...

What are you doing on my couch?

Chillin'.

How did you guys get in here?

This isn't exactly Fort Knox.

Ted's good with cheap doors.

Oh really?

Ted, did you know that breaking into somebody's house is illegal?

Don't waste your time.

He doesn't speak any English.

Oh, sorry, Ted.

Now bring that little bean over here and let me have a peak-a-boo.

What? No!

No, you guys have to leave right now.

Oh, look at the little bean!

Oh my God, to die.

- Okay, okay.

- Oh...

What happened, lil' bean?

Huh?

What's wrong with him?

Uh... n -nothing's wrong with him.

- He's fine.

- He doesn't look fine.

Does he have something?

What... have something?

What do you mean?

Like hives, scabies, rabies, some undiagnosed disease.

No.

No, no.

- You sure?

- Yes, he...

he got into a fight.

Oh...

Okay, I'll take him.

No, no.

You're not going to take him.

He's no longer for the taking.

He belongs to me.

He's mine.

Look, I appreciate you coming by.

That's really nice.

Thank you, Ted.
But, really, you... you have to leave.
- How much?
- How much what?
How much for the dog, bitch?
- Now I'm gonna break your legs.
- Benny!
What?
Are you selling that fucking dog?
Benny!
No, I'm not selling the dog.
You better not be.
Wait, who's this?
Who's this?
Oh, great, a tough guy.
Ted!
Wait.
Ted, relax, all right?
Yeah, Ted, sit the fuck down.
No, Benny.
Ted doesn't speak any English.
Oh, good.
Neither does Frank.
- Frank!
- Okay, look, everything's fine here.
Jules, this is Benny.
Benny, this is Jules.
Ted, Frank, you guys have met.
That's great.
Everybody just relax, okay?
- All right, what the fuck. Jules?
- Yes, honey?
- You want to buy that dog?
- Yes, I do.
Are you selling this fucking dog?
You better not be.
I'm not selling the dog, all right?
The dog's not for sale.
Everything's for sale.
Not this dog.
That dog belongs to me.
Okay well, that's really not true, Benny.
Shut up, you.
Wait.

The dog belongs to you?

- That's right.

- Well, how much do you want for her?

First of all, it's a he dog.

Okay.

Can you just...

please not tell me to shut up?

I... you know,

I don't want to be rude or anything...

Then shut the fuck up.

Okay.

This guy owes me money.

I'm tired of waiting for it.

- You understand?

- Yeah, I do.

Now, just tell me the sum

of which he owes you,

I'll give it to him to give to you,

then he can give me the dog!

Everybody gets what they want.

You're a very smart lady.

You seem to have picked up

on everything that's going on here.

Oh, my God...

But you know what?

What you're not gathering

is that the money is

not the issue anymore.

A thing has developed

between me and the dog.

- Oh-h...

- I... I can't explain it.

Fortunately, I don't have to.

- I want the dog.

- So do I.

Well, so do I.

- Shut up!

- Shut up!

Okay.

I should warn you ahead of time,

Frank is an undefeated cage fighter.

Ted trained with the Gracies

in Brazil for eight years,

so we're not worried.

So, winner takes the dog?
Winner takes the dog.
Wait, wait, where's the fucking dog?
What the fuck?
My dog.
Fucking psychopaths.
This is Jonesy.
Wake up, you lazy fuckers.
It's time to take in that
miserable L.A. sunshine.
Get up, you fucking cunts.
So, um, what are you going to do?
I- I don't know.
- You need money?
- Yeah.
Yeah, you're fucked.
Hey.
Is it... is it all right if I stay here
for... just for a couple of days?
What do you mean?
What do you mean what do I mean?
Well...
Is the dog going to shit?
Well, not if we don't feed it.
Do we have to feed it?
Do you, uh,
want to go to this place with me tonight?
No, I can't.
I'm supposed to shoot this lesbian tonight
and I've really been looking forward to it.
I have to go here.
Do you know what this place is?
No.
It's just where this girl works
and I have to tell her that
I don't have the money
that I owe her and that I'm
just a complete asshole.
And you don't know this place?
No.
I do.
I better come with you.
No way.
No way.

What?

Okay, she's got to be a cocktail waitress.

No, I don't want to...

- I don't want to...

- Shh...

What can I get you guys?

Uh, yes,

I'd like a shrimp tempura hand roll, please.

What?

It was a joke.

- He was... he's kidding.

- Yeah, a beer.

Any beer would be great.

Thank you.

I don't see her.

I don't want to be here right now.

- Relax.

- Come with me, honey.

Really?

Like that?

This place is a'ight.

I just... no, I...

No, don't worry, this one's on the house.

I...

No, I know that's really nice,

but I'm just looking for somebody.

For real.

I... I... I'm really...

- Just relax.

- Wait!

- It's on the house.

- Oh my God...

- Breathe, baby.

- Stop!

Stop it!

Stop.

Stop! Stop!

Don't move.

Don't move.

Whoa, ho...

Oh... oh my God.

Did you just...

Okay, this is really awkward.

I... I...

All right, let's hear it for Margo.
All right, come on, guys.
If you liked her routine, let her know.
Oh, God.
Now I'm going to feel really dirty
asking for the money you owe me.
Yeah. Well, you can imagine
how dirty I'm going to feel
when I tell you I don't have it.
I'm s... I...
What?
Well, see, that's why I came here.
I just didn't want you think
that I was going back on my word.
Look, just come back when you have it.
Well no, see, that's the thing.
I don't know when that's going to be.
And I just want you to know
that I'm working on it, all right?
Look, I'm here.
Okay, wait.
- Could you just hold on for just a sec?
- What?
Well, I just feel a little stupid.
What?
About that?
Yeah, a little bit.
Yeah.
Don't feel stupid, sweetie.
It happens.
Not often, but it happens.
What happened?
- "Sweetie"?
- He got a little excited.
- What do you mean?
- No. She means nothing.
"Sweetie" makes it a little worse,
don't you think?
Excited how, though?
- Look, shut up!
- Okay.
I see how that can be misconstrued,
But that's not how I meant it.
No, it's just a little condescending.

I get it, but that's not how I meant it.
I... I know.
But you know what I mean.
Totally.
I...
Okay, look.
Uh, you...
you two seem like you have
a lot to talk about, right?
This is clearly not the place.
I say breakfast.
Hi, I'm Casper.
I'll be paying for breakfast.
Um, I'll need a friend, too, though.
So, um,
if you could grab one of your colleagues,
preferably the one dancing
on stage right over there,
that'd be great.
We'll grab a bite.
What do you say, 2:00 a. m.?
Here's your wig.
Let's go.
Shut up.
Her?
Okay.
I'm a...
I'm a fantastic guy.
I want you to know that.
All right.
I'm just going to get a couple of things.
Wait, what?
Like, clean underwear and stuff?
Okay, would you shut up?
I just can't believe that!
Shut up.
It's not funny.
Really?
Like...
Hurry.
All right.
Thank you.
- So, Candy, um...
- Yes, hi.

That's not your real name, is it?

No.

That is my real name.

Oh, so then what...

what's your stripper name?

- Pal!

- What?

I don't know.

What?

"Stage name"?

I apologize.

But everybody's so touchy.

Well...

No, it's okay, um...

My stripper name is Margo.

Margo.

That's great.

Margo, that's good.

And... and Candy would work too,
for your, uh, stripper name.

That's just an opinion.

I'm sorry.

Don't... for what?

Don't you dare...

Don't you dare be sorry.

- Ever. About anything.

- What are you doing?

- What are you doing?

- Come here.

Sorry!

Don't... oh, my God, she feels so good.

Everywhere.

It just feels good.

What?

Pal, come on.

What?

How do we look together?

Seriously, give me an honest answer.

How do we look together?

- Oh, my God.

- Amazing, right?

Good, right?

Really... really good.

Right?

Amazing.

- Right.

- Oh, my God.

Did you see the thing?

- Babe, do you realize something?

- What?

That I...

the puppy that we would have together.

Un... can you imagine?

Can you imagine?

- Really?

- Casper and Candy?

Candy and Casper.

Oh, my God.

It sounds right.

It's like it makes sense.

Right.

It's logical almost!

- You're crazy.

- I love you.

- Stop it.

- It's true.

- Stop.

- I have to show you something, right now.

- Why?

- Well, come on.

Oh, look a goose!

Where'd that come from?

Uh...

Thanks for going along with this.

It's okay.

I'm hungry.

Oh, really?

I hear the osso bucco's just amazing here.

All right.

What's the story?

What, the whole story?

Or what... what...

what story do you want to hear?

No, I mean... we have some time here.

So, let's start with your name.

Why Solo?

Oh...

Well, uh, when I... when I was...

when I was younger...

when I was born my, uh...

my mother considered
giving me up for adoption...
several times.

And then my father wasn't around
and she figured I'd end up alone,
one way or another, so she, uh...
she named me Solo.

That's it?

Mm -hmm.

Hippy shit.

That wasn't a long story.

I mean, the other day you
told me it was a long story.

That wasn't.

That was...

short.

It was nice,
to the point.

I liked it.

Well, I'm glad.

So then what happened?

Are you serious?

Well, I'm hoping that at some point
we're going to get to the money
that you owe me but you know,
- Oh, right, yeah.

I don't want to rush you or anything.

Yeah... is this making your
eyes cross a little bit?

How long have you been a stripper?

How long have you been a writer?

Why are you a stripper?

What's the name of your book?

It just... it just doesn't seem
like you're that kind of girl.

Look, I make a lot of money
taking off my clothes.

You're a writer and you're broke,
so don't judge.

What's the name of your book?

Do you really want to know?

Mm -hmm.

"The Naked Abyss. "
Piece of shit.
Thank you.
You read it.
Yeah.
I read it.
Really bad.
I mean, extraordinarily bad,
exceptionally bad.
That was actually one
of the reasons why it...
it stood out to me.
Well, I'm glad I left a mark.
No.
Actually, there's good news.
Yeah, there is.
I'm no longer a writer,
which is good news for you
and the rest of the book-reading world.
But bad news for me
because I can't even
afford to buy dog food.
No.
I remember reading it thinking:
"God, this guy is actually
a really good writer.
What is he doing writing
such a piece of shit?"
Well, look at that, ladies and gentlemen,
not only can she produce orgasm
without taking a single
article of clothing off,
but she's a critic as well, with insight.
Wow, you're really a pervert.
I know, I know.
Hello!
We just, uh, made out in the parking lot.
He's a good kisser.
Let's get the fuck out of here.
How about that?
Let's go back to my place.
Let's get the food to go.
We'll go back and we'll take some pictures
and do some fun stuff.

What do you say, Solo?

Solo?

Like your... that's your name-name, Solo?

No, honey you... you can't...

Your name is Candy.

You know, so, like, if you
had a name like Pam or Ruth

or even Betsy,

you could say that to him, but you can't
because your name is Candy.

Dude, you're soaking wet.

I'm sorry.

No, it's fine.

You know what I find really boring?

Besides my book?

Yeah, besides your book.

You know, the crazy thing
is that I couldn't agree with you more.

Every... every time

somebody tells me they liked it,

I feel sick to my stomach.

It was a very successful novel,
for the record.

All right.

Can we talk about me for a second?

Okay, yeah.

Sorry.

All these girls who I work with,
they're always talking about
what they're going to do
when they make enough money.

I mean, one's a painter, one's a singer...

Lots of artists.

Open a boutique,
start their own clothing line.

I mean, everybody has something.

I... I don't know if they really believe it
or if it's just some sort of excuse they have
for justifying what they're
doing with their lives.

But the point is...

I don't have an excuse, Solo.

It's what I do.

It's my job.

I was a hairdresser for six years,
a really good one.
And I make more money in one night
than I made cutting hair for two weeks.
So, I'm sorry about the water,
but sometimes people
think differently than I do
and...
it makes me mad.
It bums me out.
You know what?
I'm a loser.
I... I'm... I'm...
I'm no one to judge you.
I...
I watch war documentaries
and I spend most of my
time in my apartment
eating Domino's pizza.
I... I...
I spent an astronomical amount of money
on therapy because I wrote a shitty book.
I owe people money, including you.
I... I... I'm lonely.
I'm tired.
And I'm just trying to figure it all out.
You know, I spent almost a year
in daily psychoanalysis
and the grand, overwhelming conclusion
is that I should buy a pet.
So you bought a dog.
Yeah.
I bought a dog.
Well, I think that's commendable.
Oh good.
Yeah.
The... the highlight since buying him
was when he shit all over the linoleum
instead of the carpet.
But I'm glad you think
that's commendable.
No, I do.
I think you're on the right track.
Yeah well, you know.

You have a dog.
No.
You got me.
I don't.
Well, what about Vito?
Vito belongs to a friend.
I... walk him occasionally.
I mean, I get lonely, too.
See?
I got things, you got things.
Life, it's a delicate...
- Negotiation.
- Yes.
Wait a minute.
Wait.
Is that what you were about to say?
Yeah.
Do you know a Dr. Nourmand?
What's his first name?
Oh...
Pal!
I'm sorry!
She was doing stuff!
Oh, how are you?
Little kibble and bit.
Oh, look at her.
What's her name?
It's a boy.
That's not mine.
Oh.
What do you guys want to drink?
Uh, whatever.
Please tell me you've named the dog.
Uh, yeah, I haven't really had time yet.
I have to shoot pictures of her right now.
You make them drinks, okay?
Well, what do you have?
Nothing, really.
Hey, hey, I know.
He's a cute...
He's so cute.
So...
you haven't had time?
Uh, yeah, things have been really crazy.

You know, he doesn't really have drinks
or anything like that.

- I'm not thirsty.

Oh, that's good.

You should name your dog.

Oh, I will.

I will.

Hey, do you think she wants a drink?

Well, I don't think it matters if there's,
you know...

Right.

I guess not.

Uh, maybe we should go
out and get some drinks.

I mean, we just... you know, I mean...

Well, it's 3:

Yeah.

Let me just go ask them really quickly.

Okay.

What are you doing?

Get out of here.

You know, I think I might
have some drinks at my house
if you want to just go
and maybe we could hang
out and talk and whatever
and have some drinks.

As long as you promise
never, ever to say the word "drinks" again.

- Yes, then...

- Right. Okay.

I'd love to hang out with you.

Yeah.

Okay, great.

Okay.

All right.

Don't look at that.

Hey, baby, right here.

Yes! Yes!

Oh, holler at your boy!

Yes!

This is a sexy party and Candy's involved.
Candy's involv...

Look at that.
Oh my God!
Holler back!
You know,
I've never actually liked small dogs.
I mean, the constant yapping for nothing.
But, I don't know,
he has a big dog disposition.
You know,
he looks at you like he thinks he's tough.
I think I like him.
Uh, can you just give me one second?
You know,
I don't care if your place is messy.
It is.
And I...
I... just give me one second, okay?
Okay.
Whew, your daddy has major issues.
What the fuck?
I don't have drinks.
I said "drinks".
Yeah, you did.
Hey, do you want to just go somewhere?
You know, like,
go somewhere and talk and whatever.
We can talk and...
I'm sorry.
I'm being an idiot.
You're not being an idiot.
Oh, thanks.
It's getting late.
Why don't we just call it a night?
No, it's not getting late.
Look...
I've had a... time.
Yeah, me too.
But I think maybe I should just go home.
Oh, okay, yeah.
Can I come?
Man, that dog can eat.
Yeah, it's been a while.
What?
I'm a terrible master.

You don't feed your dog?
No. I... I do.
I feed him.
Uh, I tried to, you know,
but then I had to go, and then
when I came back to get the food
it spilled all over the place and then...
and, uh... he...
he doesn't like to, uh, eat peanut butter,
and so, uh...
I'm really tired right now.
All right...
Um...
Why don't you relax?
What?
I don't know, like, take your shoes off...
Okay.
Make it comfy.
Relax.
Here, this is good for your
back if you put it betw...
Yeah.
Do you want to lay down next to me?
Not so much.
Hypothetically speaking?
Not so much.
How come?
Let's just relax.
Okay.
I swore myself to celibacy.
Well, I said lay down,
not take your clothes off.
But I...
I also said hypothetically speaking.
I mean, would you like to is more...
the question.
And I said, not so much.
I know. Twice.
- Why?
- It's just not my thing.
Well, it's not really my thing, either.
And that's why I thought... it'd be nice.
No, really.
No, eat, sleep, therapy, repeat.

That's... that's... that's me.
I bet I haven't done the thing
longer than you haven't done the thing.
Two years.
That's longer than me.
Yeah.
No, I mean, I used to see guys
who would come into the club
and each one, I'd think, "Oh, God,
this is different. "
You know, "It's supposed to be. "
And, "It's meant to happen.
It's fate. "
And...
nothing panned out.
Wait, you'd go home with
guys from Cheetah's?
- Don't judge me!
- Sorry.
- You're here.
- That's different!
Yeah.
See what I mean?
Yeah.
Hey...
He really likes you.
There's something that's
special about this dog.
You know, it's funny you should say that.
Not that I would, but I could have sold him
for ten times the amount
of what I paid for him
several times this week and it's only Friday.
It's Thursday.
Yeah.
See?
There are people ready to pay big money
for that little dog.
Really?
Yeah.
You can come with me.
Hello?
Hello, Lola?
Hello?

Doggie?
Casper!
- Casper!
- Freeze!
- Oh, sorry.
- Agh!
I'm sorry.
Don't ever fucking do that again, man!
That was awful.
Fuck!
What is going on?
Your friend's a thief.
That's what's going on, all right?
What?
She's a dog thief.
She stole my dog.
All right.
Please just relax for one second, okay?
I still have a hard-on here.
Tell me what happened.
I went to sleep, I woke up,
the dog was gone.
No Lola, no dog.
Okay, why would she steal your dog?
'Cause she's a thieving stripper!
I wouldn't steal your dog.
Oh, really?
What if you thought
you could get a lot of money for him?
Uh.
Well, then, yeah, I would.
Yeah.
See? See?
No, no, no, just wait.
You woke up where?
At her house.
- Lola's?
- Yeah.
Did you hit it?
No, I did not hit it!
Sorry.
Oh, man, I can't believe this horseshit!
All right,
all right, all right.

Maybe... just throwing it out...
maybe she just took the dog for a walk?
That's interesting.
Why don't you just go
back over there and see?
Yeah, I'm just going to do that.
I'm going to go back to her house,
you know.
The dog's probably there just chilling
and, you know, I'm making... going crazy.
I'm going to go back there.
She won't be there.
What? She's not? Why?
Because she has Legs 'N Eggs today.
Okay.
What the fuck is Legs 'N Eggs?
Legs 'N Eggs is the, uh, the day shift...
at the club.
Oh, so she's at the place?
Yeah.
Okay.
I'm going to the place.
Good luck.
Is that bad that I'd take the dog?
Lola, will you toss me that top?
Hey!
Are you kidding me?
Hi.
Lola, where's my dog?
I took him to your house.
Okay.
I'm going to ask you one more time,
and I sw...
Wait, why'd you do that?
I woke up, I took him for a walk.
When I got back, you weren't there
so I had to go to work.
I...
So I thought I'd just
take him to your house.
And the door was open so I just let him in.
I...
What?
Is there a problem?

No.

Was anybody there?

- I don't know.

- Are you absolutely positive?

No.

That's what I just said.

I don't know.

Right.

What?

Did you think I stole him or something?

- No. No, I was just...

- Okay.

I'm not... I...

I just didn't... I couldn't.

- I don't know where he is.

- Are you okay?

Yeah, I'm okay.

Sorry.

Strange.

Do you want to fuck with me?

Now I'm pissed.

Fuck with me now.

I'm coming, little dog.

Yes, may I help you?

Yeah, I'm here to install the thing.

I don't believe I heard you correctly.

Excuse me.

Jules!

Hey, bitch?

Can I help you, sir?

Jules!

Where's the dog?

- Did you bring him?

- Where is he?

This man would like to know where...

- Go away, Jeffrey.

- Yes, madam.

- Scotch rocks, Jeffrey.

- Right away, sir.

All right, where is he?

And I swear to God

I'm not playing around.

Oh, look, he has testicles.

Where's who, fuck-face?

Okay, you know what?
Don't do that.
Why don't... I... I just want my dog.
I... I want my dog right now.
Yeah, well, I wish I had him
so I could tell you to go fuck yourself.
What the hell is going on down here?
What the hell is he doing...
What are you doing here?
I'll be asking the questions here, fuck-face!
Where's the dog?
All right, what's with the "fuck-face"?
- I mean, really?
- He doesn't have him.
All right, now I'm breaking your legs.
That's it.
All right, pal, put some clothes on.
Oh, thanks, Jeffrey.
Hey, Jeffrey, can you set me up
with one of those omelettes that you do?
Um, I'm starving here.
Right away, sir.
Madam?
Go away, Jeffrey.
Yes, madam.
Hey, baby, be nice to Jeffrey.
He's a good guy.
- Whatever.
- What, she's "baby" now?
She's "baby"?
I mean, give me a fucking break here.
Well, if you must know,
you nosy little prick,
We are now together.
You know, it's difficult in life
to find people with common interests.
- Oh!
- Which is besides the point.
Where's the fucking dog?
He doesn't have the dog, stupid.
He thinks we have the dog.
We don't have the dog.
You really don't have the dog?
What did she just say, stupid?

Hey, where are the bodyguards?

Hospitalised.

Oh.

Oh! Uh!

Uh! A-ah!

- Ah!

- Oh, get up.

I- I really want to apologize
to you for earlier.

I was a complete asshole.

But I had a little bit of a freak-out
because last night when
we went back to my place
and I walked in and there were two people
sleeping in my bed...

Do you mind if I sit down?

I am so sorry.

No, no, no, no.

It's not your fault.

- No, it is.

- No, come on.

I feel like I could kill myself.

Don't do that.

I think I'm going to cry.

Okay, really, don't do that.

I'm bad with that.

I... I would much rather you kill yourself.

Don't you want to cry?

I mean, maybe we should cry together.

I just...

I just can't figure it out.

No, I...

I shut the door.

- I... I put him inside...

- No, no, it's not that.

- and then I shut the door...

- No, I believe you.

I just...

I just feel like somebody's laughing at me.

Like I...

I'm just trying and trying
and it's just impossible.

And I... I don't... I...

I feel like I can't win.

Yeah, it sucks to care about something.
Every time you do,
it has a bad ending.
Come on.
I'll take you home.
Three new messages.
First new mess...
Yo.
What's really good?
It's me.
Tell him I said hi.
Candy says hi.
We're just, uh... we're just sitting here.
I hope you're okay.
Let me know if there's anything I can...
Hey!
Sorry, "we" can do.
And call me right away
if you hear anything.
Message erased.
Next message, se...
Hey, it's Jules.
Yeah, we're just driving around right now
looking for the bean.
Do me a favour, call my cell
and let us know if you
find him or hear anything.
I'm gonna...
What? Oh.
Yeah.
Benny says he's going to fuck you up
for breaking his nose.
Anyway, 310-613-21...
Message erased.
Next message, sent on...
Hey, this is Brad from Petlove.
Look, I don't know what
kind of sick person you are.
I mean,
from the few conversations we've had,
I assumed there was
something wrong with you.
But had I known you were
capable of something this low,

I never would have sold you
the dog in the first place.
You really should consider
some counselling, sicko.
I mean, you don't want the dog, fine.
There's millions of people
that would love to have him.
Here's the deal.
I'm calling the Humane Society.
You want to talk?

I'm here till 8:

Message saved.
End of messages.
What the fuck?
Doggie?
Are you trying to tell me that dog
walked all the way over here by itself?
That's what I'm telling you, Brad.
You're listening to Jonesy's Jukebox.
looks like it's going to rain today
in this fuckin' hole.
I am so fuckin' over
the moon it's not funny.
Well, maybe it's better this way.
Who knows?
I think I might marry this girl.
Candy.
I really like her.
I'll kill you, pal.
I'll kill you.
Oh, get the fuck outta here.
Look at this.
Bang!
Hey!
How'd he do that?
How the fuck did he learn how to do that?
I don't know.
I don't know.
He does it when he hears a horn, too.
I think that when he ran away
he had a close call with
a car or something,
and thought he was dead.

Hey.
Hey you.
- Hey!
- Hey.
Bang!
Not for me.
It's all right.
It's good that you have it and I don't.
Hello.
Ugh!
Really, lady, just relax, okay?
It's just underwear.
Well, I think you're
making the right decision.
- You do?
- I do.
It's not some sort of repeat
abandonment thing or anything?
I don't know.
Is it?
Okay, don't do that.
Don't do what?
Okay, you're still doing it.
Why did you buy the dog?
So... so I could love it.
Okay.
Then why are you doing
what you're doing now?
Just because I think it's
the right thing to do.
Good.
Now out of what place?
Out of what place are you going to do it?
I mean is it, what, fear?
Uh, confusion?
Is it frustration?
I mean,
is just that you simply can't handle it?
No.
Then what is it?
It's love.
It's Howard, by the way.
What?
My name.

Howard.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Oh, you're all wet.

Come... come in.

No, wait... you know,

I wanted to show you
something really quickly.

Oh, my God!

You found him.

Where was he?

Hi, little buddy.

Oh, where was he?

Oh, it's a long story.

Oh, come in.

I totally want to hear it.

Well, uh, actually, I g... I got to go.

I, uh... I'm...

I'm taking off for a little bit.

A friend of mine just

bought a hotel up in...

up in Needles, New Mexico,

and I...

and I thought that, uh...

well, I...

I kind like the way it sounded,

Needles, New Mexico.

It has a nice alliteration.

Anyway, I...

I thought it would be a good idea to...

to, uh... to get away

and try to get some writing done.

Right.

And, uh...

I just wanted to say goodbye and...

thank you.

And, uh...

And what?

Well, I-I want you to have him.

What?

You're wrong.

It's good to love something.

Painful or not, it's worth it.

I think...

I think the only thing worse
than having something
and living with the fear of losing it
is not having it and...
and looking back with regret.
'Cause life is a...
is a delicate negotiation.
And I know it's none of my business,
but I think you should
go back to cutting hair.
I... I...
It's just an opinion.
You can take it or leave it.
I can't take your dog, Solo.
No, you need him.
No.
Why not?
Believe me, I...
I want him but he think he's...
he's much better off with you.
He's safer, anyway.
You can... you can have...
Do you want him?
I do.
Yeah, I do.
I do.
Good.
Good.
That's good.
Well, I'm going to leave
before I start crying, okay?
Okay.
Oh, I... I name...
I named him, by the way.
You can change it if you want,
but I named him Spot.
Spot?
You named him Spot?
Yeah, no, I just thought,
you know, something normal.
Uh, solid dog name, you know.
But he doesn't have any spots.
I know.
Well, you can change it if you want.

Really?
You won't mind?
Uh, no, no, not really.
No.
Thank you.
No, thank you.
I don't know what to say.
No, that's okay.
All right, okay.
I'm... I'm gonna...
- Needles?
- Yeah.
- New Mexico.
- Yeah.
Right.
Bye, Spot.
I love you.
You didn't walk here, did you?
This is Jonesy here from Jonesy's Jukebox.
My neighbour's got this fuckin' dog
that don't stop barking.
I'm thinking of ways to kill it.
The best I could come up with
was you get a bunch
of fuckin' rattlesnakes,
you sling 'em over the yard.
Baby ones, 'cause they really sting
and they don't know
when to stop putting in the venom.
And then one of them's
going to get the fuckin' dog,
is going to kill it and no
one's going to get blamed
'cause they're going think
it's a natural fuckin' thing.
You know what I mean?
It's a snake.
It's not like me going over there
with poison and poisoning the bastard.
I think that's the best one.
I think that's what I'm gonna do.
You're listening to Jonesy.
Take it away, me old son.