

Harry offers the dog to the Young Man, but he refuses it, relaxing now that he understands.

YOUNG MAN

Ex-girlfriend. We... broke up last night. That's why I left it.

HARRY

Oh. Sorry.

YOUNG MAN

Keep it if you want. Maybe there's someone you can give it to.

The Young Man walks towards his front door. Harry looks at the dog.

UBER SUPER: The screen is blank. No passengers today.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Harry breathes deeply as he pulls up to the drive-thru, the toy dog in his hand. He looks up hopefully, but his face falls at the sight of the MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN who is serving.

HARRY

Is Wendy there? I need to ask her something.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

She finished about half an hour ago. But I can pass on a message?

HARRY

Oh. Oh. Um... no. No. Forget it.

Harry looks at the dog.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Harry eats an ice-cream sundae. The toy dog sits on the dashboard in front of him. Harry shakes his head at it.

HARRY

It's probably for the best. She might have said no. It's for the best. Yeah. Sorry, no ice-cream for you. Dogs can't eat ice-cream. I'm glad I'm not a dog, sometimes. OK, seatbelts on.