

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- EVENING

It's getting dark. Harry is sitting, thinking. He remembers something, and starts the car.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Harry stands on a bin to peer into a window.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

Hey!

Harry falls into the bushes, dropping the dog. The YOUNG MAN runs at him. Harry stands and runs around the car to the driver's door, but The Young Man cuts him off and chases him back around and around and around, finally grabbing him.

YOUNG MAN

I know your face!

HARRY

I drove you home last night.

YOUNG MAN

And this is your scam, you get people's addresses and rob them.

HARRY

No! No, absolutely not, that is *definitely* against the rules!

YOUNG MAN

Why were you on my balcony?

HARRY

To see if you had any kids.

The Young Man prepares to hit Harry. Harry wails, weirdly: it turns into a high-pitched squeal. The Man lets go of Harry, scared too. Harry picks up the toy dog, protectively.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, I wondered where I'd left that.

HARRY

It's yours? I've been driving around all day trying to find the kid who'd lost it.

YOUNG MAN

I got it for my girlfriend.

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.