

Börje is waiting at the tram station. The lunch rush hour is in full swing. There are hoards of people all around him. People walk in and out of stores and offices. Gigantic high-rises seem to almost be touching the clouds.

BEEP BEEP! Börje stops looking at the buildings and sees A FANCY CAR parked next to him. One of the windows is rolled down.

BALLARD is in the back seat.

Salming! **BALLARD**

Hi... **BÖRJE**

The dog is in the car next to Ballard.

BALLARD
Where are you going?!

Börje doesn't understand.

BALLARD (CONT'D)
Heading back home?

BÖRJE
Hotell... go.

BALLARD
Back to the hotel? In what car?!

BÖRJE
Car no...

Börje tries to come up with the right word. He points at the bus/tram stop.

On the **BALLARD** (tram?)

Ballard points at the stop.

BÖRJE
Yes...?

Ballard shakes his head in disappointment.

*Cut by the tail
Shot early on*

*Push
Börje
Börje*

Really?!!

*Performance
Further
All knowing
Beyond Appunti*

BALLARD

Not my players. Makes me look bad,
you know! Makes me look greedy!
What car do you want to drive?

Börje looks at Ballard, confused. Ballard tries a more pedagogical approach.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

YOU. NEED. A. CAR, SALMING. These
are modern times! What's your
favourite? MATADOR?! FIAT?!
CAMARO?!

BÖRJE

Camaro?

Ballard gives him a big smile.

BALLARD

So get in!

Just then, a tram that's been halted by Ballard's car starts blowing its horn. THE TRAM DRIVER gestures wildly.

SMOKEY, still at the window, WATCHES as Börje gets in the car. It drives off and leaves way for the tram.

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Börje and Ballard are sat on either side of the dog in the back seat. Ballard pets the dog.

BALLARD

His name is Puck!

Börje looks at Ballard nervously; he's worried about his English.

BÖRJE

Puck?

BALLARD

Puck, yes. Named after the puck.

BÖRJE

After the puck?

BALLARD

Yes...

Ballard feels that the conversation is a bit too stilted for his liking.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

He's a fine dog. Feels like only yesterday he was a pup.

Börje nods, but he doesn't understand.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

He used to piss on the couch and shit on the rug. Mostly just ran around humping strangers' legs.

Ballard pulls out a treat and feeds it to the dog.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

But nowadays he knows what daddy likes and what he doesn't like. He's turned into a great companion. Loyal. Disciplined.

(proudly)

Loyal and disciplined... *→ make it loud*

Ballard looks at Börje hoping he's getting through to him.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

He comes in to the bedroom with the morning paper when there's good news. He leaves it be when there's bad news. Isn't that wonderful?!

Ballard gives Puck another treat. And takes one for himself.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

He has an exceptional sense of smell, even for a dog. You see, he barks at people who lack ambition. I didn't know losers smelled like anything 'til I met Puck.

— I'm telling you Salming - the right dog can take you anywhere. They become an extension of you.

Börje smiles, pretending to get it.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

You can't understand a word I'm saying, can you?

Börje nods and smiles. Ballard looks at Börje, then at Puck. They both look completely lost. Just then, he sees that the driver has missed the exit.

Hyde

BALLARD (CONT'D)

Henry, for Christ's sake, you were supposed to turn right there, you schmuck!

Puck immediately starts barking.

BALLARD (CONT'D)

(to Börje)

You see! Henry gets him going all the time, that's how I know my theory is right!

Börje smiles and turns to look at the enormous buildings and the hustle and bustle of the city outside.