

SHE:
Thats your dog?

HE:
Yeah.

SHE:
What are you doing with a dog?

HE:
Set up, suckered in, pushed around...

SHE:
You're not worried someone might take it?

HE:
Not until now for Christs sake?

SHE:
Sorry:

HE:
I want to sit here.

SHE:
You know he's a little dog. Next time if Brian's not here you can bring him in.

HE:
How old are you? If I was going to guess by your eyes I'd say you were fifty.

SHE:
If I was going to guess by your eyes I'd say you were kind. So much for eyes. But as long as you bring up age, how old are you?

HE:
Not, I'm not-

SHE:
I'm curious. Your brought it up.

HE

Not that you're ugly. I'm saying-

SHE:

(laughs) Easy. I can take the compliment, but my knees start knocking when you turn on the charm. Full blast.

HE:

No but I mean whats with the dark?

SHE:

Dawn patrol. Major dawn patrol. My son had a full blown attack and this time for extra fun they gave us the wrong antibiotic. So I get home -

HE:

No-no-no-no-no... It's for the dog. The bacon's for the dog. Last week I was playing the piano and he liked it.

SHE:

Okay so you're all set here.