

Downward Dog  
Pilot  
"Stay-at-Home-Dog"

Written by  
Samm Hodges & Michael Killen

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

A small mid century brick home sits on a quiet city street. The yard is a little unkempt. The driveway empty. MARTIN stares out the window.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
In retrospect, it's like yeah, it  
wasn't like, a healthy choice...

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTIN, a graying mutt with sensitive eyes sits in the middle of the living room talking to camera.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN  
And maybe it was mostly self-  
destructive, and I'm like...  
painfully aware that this isn't my  
best self. I know that... But  
everyone has a breaking point. A  
point where they say you know what,  
here's the line you can't cross...

And I guess I lost it. I just  
completely lost it and you know,  
I... I ate Nan's shoe. I just... I  
shredded it.

WIDE SHOT of Martin, a tattered boot at his feet. He looks guilty.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But in a way... I feel like Nan put  
me in a position where this was my  
only recourse. I feel like, and I'm  
not trying to shift the blame here,  
but in some ways,

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN  
I feel like she did this to  
herself.

INT. CLARK AND BOW OUTFITTERS - OFFICE GYM

NAN, 30 and looking it, is pit-sweating her way through a workout on a treadmill.

The gym is large and modern - a smattering of people throughout. Beyonce's 'Flawless' is blasting through her headphones.

NAN  
 (between sucking breaths)  
 Post up... flawless...  
 ronanronanit... flawless...

She covertly pumps her left fist on each 'flawless.'

CLOSE UP of the treadmill screen: 0.92 MILES

NAN (CONT'D)  
 I woke up like this... I woke up  
 like dis.

She slaps the stop button, takes a sloppy drink and walks to the pull-up bar. She rubs her hands confidently and jumps up. Just as she starts her first struggling pull-up, a corporate orientation tour walks in behind her.

TOUR GUIDE  
 And here we have Clark and Bow's  
 Community Health Nexus, 24/7, 365.  
 Cardio, Spinning, Yoga classes...  
 which are super popular with...

Nan completes her 2.3 pull-ups and falls to the ground. She puts her headphones back in, avoiding eye contact with the group. As she walks back to the treadmill, A text pops up.

JENN (TEXT)  
*You still around?*

NAN (TEXT)  
*Yah, Just getting my sweat on, why?*

JENN (TEXT)  
*totally predictable clusterfuck*

NAN  
 (under her breath)  
 Jesus fucking... fuck.

A farm-bred looking guy from the tour group looks over at her, shocked. She smiles back.

INT. CLARK AND BOW OUTFITTERS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan pulls open her locker.

NAN (TEXT)  
*Feedback from K?*

JENN (TEXT)  
*He wants to "circle up"*

NAN (TEXT)  
*Tell him I already left. I gotta  
 take care of doofus.*

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

From the bed, Martin looks out at the darkening living room where the boot lies in shreds.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
 The thing is... I'm just... I'm alone  
 a lot.

He walks up to his perch on the couch and looks out.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 And that's fine you know, like, I  
 get that... she has this big  
 wonderful life and that my role is  
 to hold down the fort or  
 whatever... that's what I signed up  
 for and I can do that, for *us*, you  
 know? But then it's like...

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN  
 If five is the time for walking I'm  
 like; great five, is great, even  
 though it's not my preference, but  
 then if it's actually like 6:30 or  
 7 it's like, I'm just sitting  
 around waiting. And I just don't  
 feel super respected, like as a  
 being.

MONTAGE - MARTIN'S AVERAGE DAY

-Martin wanders the house aimlessly. A FLY buzzes by,  
 catching his attention.

-He lies on the living room floor, his feet sticking crazily  
 in the air.

-He stares for a long time at a fly floating around in his water bowl. SOUND OF THE CLOCK TICKING

-He climbs back to the window and looks out.

-He falls asleep.

MARTIN (O.S.)

And then... I just, I feel like we get caught in this super dysfunctional cycle. Because every day I'm like, you know what, that's it. This is, this is just, not an acceptable way to manage a relationship. And I'm like today is the day where I'm going to give her a piece of my mind...

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN

But then, every day she walks through the door and I'm just... I'm smitten by her.

MONTAGE CONTINUES

-Martin wakes up and runs to the door, circling wildly. Nan opens it and tucks into him. His tongue lolls in ecstasy.

-She throws a NEW TOY to him and he scurries after it.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm so excited to see her, I just literally can't contain myself, you know?

I give in to my just... overwhelming love for her and then... And then it's the next day, and she leaves, and the cycle starts again, but you know what?

BACK TO SCENE. In the FOREGROUND a basket full of toys. Martin walks by, sniffs, and moves on.

WIDE SHOT Martin stands in the remains of the shoe.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Not today.

INT. CLARK & BOW - A LITTLE LATER

Nan sneaks through the mostly-dark pit area. Most desks are empty, but in the glass conference room behind her KEVIN, a too-old-for-that-shirt white dude, is talking to a half-dozen younger employees.

As she walks, Nan grabs a cherry pastry from a picked-over spread. Just as she takes a bite, Kevin spies her.

KEVIN

Nan! Hey! Holy shit, look at you, sporty spice...

Nan turns, trying to act casual.

NAN

(mouth full)  
Hey Kev!

KEVIN

You gonna join us?

NAN

(still chewing)  
I was actually just gonna sprint home for a minute to let the dog out...

KEVIN

You know what, can you give us like 10?

NAN

Um sure... totally. Just let me... um, yeah... let's talk.

INT. CLARK AND BOW OUTFITTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan walks in and sits across from JENN. She's has a lingering small-townness to her, but a sharpness too.

KEVIN

OK assholes, I want you to forget everything. Everything you know about our Clark and Bow, about brand story, about the fucking universe, OK? Clear your brains.

Nan takes the last bite of the pastry, spilling crumbs. Kevin hit play.

VIDEO PLAYBACK - ON FLAT SCREEN TV

Young girls play in carefully-styled underwear to sensitive music.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)  
What if we drew all our dreams  
deepest fears on paper and set them  
adrift in old bottles?

One of the girls draws on a piece of paper, puts it in a bottle and sets it out to sea.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)  
What would find in each-other's  
bottles?

Girls, still in their underwear, wistfully overlook oceans, press flowers into books.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin looks at the group enthusiastically and then points to the screen like 'this is the best part.'

VIDEO PLAYBACK

-Girls, still in underwear, run through a field together.

-They laugh around a fire.

-The jump off cliffs into the water.

-They're diverse in every way but one: they're all perfectly gorgeous.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)  
Maybe we'd find that we're so much  
more alike than we ever thought.  
Maybe we'd find that our flaws make  
us beautiful. Maybe we'd ask  
ourselves - What if we stopped  
judging ourselves? What if we were  
already perfect? Be True to the  
True You, from Clark & Bow. No  
photoshop. No supermodels. Because  
you're perfect, just as you are.

VIDEO ENDS on a Clark & Bow Logo

Kevin looks to the group.

KEVIN  
What do you think?

MATT  
Wait - so we're saying - no  
retouching, like at all?

KEVIN  
Yup.

GAVIN  
Like, never?

GWEN  
I think it's really, really brave.

Nan gives Jenn a knowing look. Kevin catches it.

KEVIN  
Nan - what do you think?

NAN  
Cooooool, I think... yeah, I think  
it's cool...

She looks down at her phone. It's 7:15

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin lies on the bed, soundly asleep. The sound of Nan's car wakes him up. Headlights arc across the room.

He listens as Nan's door closes. Suddenly, a LOUD BANG from the garage. His ears flatten.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nan winces as she rubs her leg.

NAN  
Aaaah - damn it!

Nan surveys the motorcycle parts strewn around the garage.

NAN (CONT'D)  
God-damn-it, Jason.

She takes a picture and texts it to JASON.

NAN (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
*Plz don't make me nag you.*

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Nan enters, it's quiet.

NAN  
(calling)  
Martin? Hey Marty! Mommy's home!

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin's tail wags half-heartedly, his ears still back, panting a little. He looks incredibly guilty.

MARTIN'S POV: shreds of the boot lie in the middle of the living room floor

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nan lifts a wine box from the top of the fridge. It's lighter than she hoped.

She tears the box open and shakes the bag - there's enough to squeeze out a single sad glass.

NAN  
Martin... where are you?

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin listens. Nan's steps near the living room and then stop. He whines quietly.

NAN (O.S.)  
God. Damn it.  
(yelling)  
MARTIN!!!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Martin pees while listening to the peaceful NIGHT SOUNDS.

Through the sliding glass door, he watches Nan type furiously between swallows of wine.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nan Googles: 'dog chew anxis dog chwing new why now.' Google does its interpretive job and she chooses a link. The advice begins: '**Step one. NEVER PUNISH YOUR DOG AFTER THE FACT. If you've missed it, you're too late.**'

Nan glances up at Martin who is staring at her through the sliding glass door. She turns back to her screen.

She Googles: 'fix dog anxiety.' The first link reads in bold '**There is no quick fix for your dog's anxiety.**' Nan looks unconvinced.

She Googles: 'dog anxiety medication.' An article pops up recommending 'professional help in your area.' She clicks and finds a result 'Bryce Canine Academy' only a few miles away.

She looks up at Martin who is still watching her through the glass with big sad eyes, his head cocked a little to the left. She stands up.

NAN

Don't push it, bud. Don't push it.

She opens the door. Martin pads inside.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

From the floor, Martin watches Nan sleeping.

MARTIN (O.S.)

In a way, I do feel sorry for her, you know? In the sense that, I think it's just a complete surprise for her that I would ever, like in any way stand up for myself. Because I think Nan, as progressive and accepting as she claims to be she has these just really traditional views about human canine *roles*... like she would never come out and say this, but she kind of just expects that I'll play the like submissive house-dog.

Martin climbs up to his perch and looks out. He watches for a while, then climbs down and ticks back to the bedroom.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 Relationships are just...  
 complicated. Like, I worry  
 sometimes, I worry that, I don't  
 know, maybe I'm compromising? Like,  
 and I hate to even say this, but I  
 mean... is this the best I can do?

Martin looks down at Nan snoring with her mouth open.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Or have I just kind of... given in  
 to the inertia of the long-term  
 relationship and I'm just too lazy  
 or scared to really fight for my  
*best life*, you know?

Martin lays down at the foot of the bed, sighing as he falls.  
 Slowly, his eyes close.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN  
 But I mean, I'm tired of being so  
 passive. I think, if this... if *our*  
*us* is going to be part of our  
 future, it's going to take work,  
 and like, even though it hurts me  
 to hurt her, the thing is, I did  
 this for her, you know. For *us*.

INT. NAN'S CAR - NEXT DAY

Martin's head is out the window. He looks ecstatic. Fully  
 dog. In the car, Nan rubs her eyes. The phone rings through  
 her Bluetooth. It's labeled "JENNITALZ"

JENN  
 Naaaaaaaaannnn.

NAN  
 Jeeeeeeennnnnnnn.

A beat.

NAN (CONT'D)  
 What. What?

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT.

Jenn's eating a yogurt in the kitchen.

INTERCUT BETWEEN NAN AND JENN

JENN

(mouth full)

So aaaaapparently Jason has asked  
Will to keep his super cool-guy  
motorcycle in our garage now...

Jenn takes a bite. In the background, WILL walks out of the  
bathroom naked, a small belly protruding over skinny legs.

NAN

Oh my God, of course. Of course he  
did. What did Will say?

JENN

Oh he seemed super into it...  
they're gonna "rebuild it"  
"together." Which I'm like 90%  
certain is code for fingering each  
other in the garage.

Will flips her off. She returns the favor.

NAN

Are you going in today?

JENN

Yup. So are you - check your e-  
mail.

NAN

Wait, why?

JENN

Kevin is so hyped on this 'be true'  
shit.

NAN

Oh my God, so brave - deciding not  
to photoshop skinny 14-year-olds  
models.

JENN

And Kevin thinks he deserves a  
fucking Nobel Peace Prize.

NAN

You know what, no... I've worked 20  
days straight for that motherfucker  
so... yeah, tell Kevin I'm not  
available... right now.

JENN

Mmmhmm, k I'll tell him that. He'll take that super well...

NAN

Tell him to blow - shit!

Nan's breaks not to miss her turn, Martin looks panicked.

NAN (CONT'D)

Shit - gotta go love ya!

INT. BRYCE CANINE ACADEMY - MOMENTS LATER

Nan and Martin hurry into the training area where KIM is teaching. She's has a no-nonsense look - wranglers. Early 40s, trim with close-cropped hair. She speaks in short bursts with long pauses in between.

KIM

90% of the people who walk through these doors...

She looks up as Nan enters the room.

KIM (CONT'D)

They're looking for immediate solutions. They think their dog has a problem and that problem needs fixed. But let me ask you this. Who has the problem here? These loyal, trusting, beautiful animals... or us?

Nan and Martin find a seat on the periphery of the group.

KIM (CONT'D)

We rob them of their work. We hide them from their pack. We keep them in sterile rooms. Rooms without dirt, without grass, without smells. Rooms where they can't run, they can't play, they can't dig, they can't chew. And when they do, doing only what's natural, we say 'No!' We say 'Bad Dog!'

The dogs flinch.

KIM (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, we're the ones who treat them like dolls. We're the ones putting little outfits on them...

(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)  
dumping our... our *emotions* all  
over them.

Kim looks grossed out by the entire concept of emotions.

KIM (CONT'D)  
And then we ask them to fill all  
our little dysfunctional needs. Oh,  
be my little baby, be my boyfriend,  
be my best friend when I'm  
lonely...

Nan stops nervously petting Martin.

KIM (CONT'D)  
And the thing is - these dogs? They  
have loved us so much, adapted to  
us so much that they don't even  
know who they are anymore. They're  
part human, part wolf and part who  
knows what... and they just have no  
true home to go back to...  
Unfortunately for them, we're the  
best they've got. Jerks like us,  
OK? You and me.

And then, and this gets me, people  
come to me and they say, Kim, Kim,  
what's wrong with my dog, oh, I  
think she needs anti-anxiety  
medication... and I say... you know  
who needs drugs? Me, after  
listening to your bull, OK? Now  
give that dog to someone who's  
actually gonna love it or buck up  
and learn to love it yourself, OK?

Nan's eyes are locked on the ground.

KIM (CONT'D)  
So that's me. This is how I work,  
and let me tell you, there's a  
reason I do these free evaluations,  
OK? Because if you don't want to do  
the work, you're absolutely 100%  
free to leave.

Kim claps her hands.

KIM (CONT'D)  
OK! So let's get to the fun stuff!

INT. BRYCE CANINE ACADEMY - LATER

Nan's attention is on Martin.

NAN  
OK, Martin. Home.

Martin looks up at her, head cocked.

NAN (CONT'D)  
Home, Martin. Home.

Martin sits down.

NAN (CONT'D)  
(her voice artificially  
lowered)  
No... To the mat.

Martin walks over the mat to the other side and sits facing her.

NAN (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
Martin! No. To the mat!

Everyone's heads whip around to stare at Nan and Martin. Kim walks over to Nan.

KIM  
Hey there, what's uh, what's going  
on?

Everyone is still watching them quietly.

NAN  
(to Kim)  
He's just, he's just completely not  
listening to me.

KIM  
OK, let's focus on *your* behavior,  
right? What can we do about that?

NAN  
Um, I don't know, I did exactly...

KIM  
(to the group)  
OK, everyone, great teaching moment  
... OK? What's going on here?

Everyone seems hesitant.

TRENDY GUY

Um, I guess, like, maybe she's kind of sending some mixed signals with her body language?

KIM

Good. What else? Don't be shy, this is how we learn.

BELLY MAN

Improper use of a collar restraint.

WEXFORD MOM

This is more a question, but is it ever OK to raise your voice like that?

FANNY PACK LADY

Yeah, it seems like she was just kind of losing her, like emotional center...

Martin tucks into Nan's leg.

NAN

Okay, this seems a little counter-

KIM

Nan this is a listening moment...

(back to the group)

Where is the dog, folks? Where is his mind? What's the dog needing in this moment?

Kim kneels down to Martin and looks him directly in the eyes  
Martin licks his chops.

KIM (CONT'D)

Home.

Martin walks to the mat lays himself in front of Kim. She touches the side of his face gently, still looking him in eye. Kim stands. The group is transfixed by her.

KIM (CONT'D)

(to the group)

The dog needs to be seen. The dog needs to be known. And if I don't know myself. If I can't see myself, how can I see the dog?

She places her hands on Nan's shoulder. And makes direct, calm eye contact. Nan cheeks are flush with embarrassment.

KIM (CONT'D)

Stop thinking of the dog as an obstacle. Instead, think of the dog as a guide, even when - *especially* when the dog is exhibiting destructive behavior. And what do you think he's guiding you toward?

NAN

(clearing her throat)

Um,

KIM

He's telling you to slow down, Nan. He's saying - if you don't slow down and spend a helluva lot more time addressing the real issues here, unless you change the heart of your situation, nothing's going to change with the dog.

INT. NAN'S CAR - DRIVING.

Nan's lecturing Martin who's wagging in the seat next to her.

NAN

Awesome so I'll just quit my job and dissolve my entire... social... life and we'll be good then? So that's the solution?

Martin looks up her innocently.

NAN (CONT'D)

That's great buddy. You just... you nailed it today.

A beat.

NAN (CONT'D)

Hope she enjoys the review I'm going to leave on her... Yelp page...

Nan hits the gas.

INT. PET STORE

Nan talks on the phone as she rushes through the pet store. Martin sits in the cart looking stupidly happy.

NAN

No, tell him I'm going to be an hour or less.

(pause)

This lady was insane. Everyone was so terrible.

She grabs an All Herbal Calming Diffuser, and looks at the back. She doesn't understand anything, but throws it in the cart anyway.

NAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, no... I found this article on Slate about homeopathic anxiety cures and yeah... it's like there's probably some huge dog-pharma corporation anyway...

She then grabs a kong toy, then something called '100% Natural Chill-Out dog chews.' She grabs five or six more items as she talks. Martin sniffs everything as it lands.

NAN (CONT'D)

Exactly! Exactly. No, I know. Tell him to chill. I'll be there.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LATER.

Martin sits amongst the pile of new toys and treats.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN

It's strange because, there was a point when every little thing Nan gave me, every treat, every rubber squeaky thing - they would just thrill me, because of what they represented, you know? And I would treasure them, and hide them away and just think about them all day... Because they meant that even when she couldn't be with me, she was thinking about me. That like, the thought of me filled her day.

Martin noses through the toys half-heartedly.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Whereas now, when she buys me toys,  
 even super expensive ones... they  
 just feel kind of... like bribes.

MARTIN picks up one of the new toys, holds it limply in his mouth and lets it drop to the floor.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Because I feel like she's doing it  
 out of guilt, you know? Like to try  
 to distract me from how much she  
 hasn't been present in our  
*relationship...*

Martin walks by the misting calm diffuser. On the way to the couch, he walks past a picture of he and Nan in happier times. In the photo he looks stupid happy. He sniffs the diffuser and sneezes.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN  
 And it's hard because you know  
 what, for a minute today... for a  
 minute? I thought Nan kind of got  
 it. I felt like she was, you know,  
 recognizing that she had a problem  
 and stepping up to the plate.

Martin climbs up to the couch and looks out.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Which is stupid, I know, like  
 typical me, thinking the best of  
 people. Honestly, I think Nan just  
 needs things to be kind of spelled  
 out in really obvious ways.

Martin walks back to look at his food, which has been spilled into his water. He noses into it but walks away without eating any. He climbs back to the couch and looks out.

The house is silent for a long moment. Martin whines quietly

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 But of course she's confused. It's  
 my job to make it clear to her  
 that...

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN

...I don't want her *bribes*... I want to be looked at. I want her. Her attention. Her face, looking at my face. Communicating. And you know what? It's my job to make that clear.

That part's on me.

WIDE SHOT reveals the object of his attention: a big stuffed chair.

INT. CLARK AND BOW OUTFITTERS - LATER

OTS Nan walks into the pit where the team is gathered. Matt is talking excitedly.

MATT

Yeah, yeah, yeah, and they take megaphones to, like, market square and say hey, you know what, this is who I am, and I'm not embarrassed

GAVIN

Hashtag #notembarrassed

GWEN

Hashtag #speakout

MATT

Hashtag...  
(a lightbulb)  
#BEAUTYMARK

KEVIN

Holy shit yes. Hashtag #beautymark.  
That's just... yes.

NAN

Hey guys - what's up - what did I miss?

KEVIN

Nan - actually, can I chat with you for a minute?

NAN

Totally.

Jenn shoots her a look.

KEVIN

Don't stop all... this, OK? This  
shit is golden.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin closes the door, but the glass room is exposed.

NAN

Kevin - let me just say - I am, so,  
sorry... my dog just like...

KEVIN

Look Nan, I get it OK? I get it. I  
have a life, right? I have a  
thousand reasons not to be here  
right now, and does Matt, so does  
Gwen, so does Gavin...

NAN

Yeah, I know...

A beat.

KEVIN

This - this seems like something  
where you should be saying - oh my  
god, this is so sick, Kevin,  
please, let me at it...

NAN

No, totally. Absolutely.

KEVIN

But Nan - you're just not, you're  
not showin up you know? Like,  
literally.

NAN

Well I mean, Kevin, this is  
*literally* the first day I've had  
off in a month so I don't think  
it's fair that...

KEVIN

Look, I didn't call you in here to  
bitch you out, OK? I don't like  
being the bad guy, OK? it's just...  
I think this is *important* you know?

NAN

I know it is...It's just...

KEVIN

Look. What I'm saying is - I need you on this. I need to know you're gonna be solid for me. Because if you're not, I'm gonna end up with fucking Matt running a campaign about feminine empowerment, right?

Nan laughs, maybe a little too hard.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

So are you good?

NAN

Yes. Absolutely.

KEVIN

Look dude - this is all you. But if you got too much on your plate, I get it, you know me, I'll understand. But you need to tell me straight up.

NAN

Kevin - I'm on it. I'm absolutely on it.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Martin stands in the middle of the living room, the shreds of what used to be the chair lying around him. It looks like a bomb exploded.

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

Martin looks like he's going to speak, but can't come up with the words.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

CU: Pack of Cigarettes being dug out from the back of a drawer.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - EARLY EVENING

Nan stands in the backyard. She lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag. There is no humor in her eyes.

She looks back over her shoulder at the house, then flicks her cigarette butt to the side.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

WIDE SHOT - STATIC. Martin in the room. He's laying down, his head on his paws, looking incredibly guilty.

From the living room, SOUNDS of Nan stuffing shreds of the chair into a trash bag. Martin stands up a little.

NAN (O.S.)

Damn it!  
Jesus!  
Goddamn it.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With great effort Nan scrapes the chair down the driveway. She stops and looks back at her progress. She's only made a few yards. She's already sweating.

NAN

(to herself)

I quit. I just...That's it. I'm not doing this. I quit.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Martin walks back out to the living room, and climbs up to the window, where he watches Nan's staring down the chair.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nan puts her hands on her hips looking at the chair, breathing slowly, trying to calm down. Sudden anger flushes her cheeks.

NAN

Asshole.

She kicks the chair and it tips a little but rocks back into the exact same place. She kicks it again.

NAN (CONT'D)

Stupid... Asshole...

She kicks again, as hard as she can, jamming her foot.

NAN (CONT'D)  
Ow! God! Aaaaahhhh!

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Martin watches Nan kick the chair over and over again, ineffectively pushing and rolling it toward the curb. He licks his lips.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nan finally reaches the curb, and when she stands, her hair clinging to her face, she sees an approaching U-HAUL.

NAN  
(under her breath)  
Christ.

She drops the cigarette and grinds it out underfoot.

The truck pulls into the driveway. It's JASON. He's small, 30ish, but boyish. It looks like he's newly put forth some minimal effort into caring how he looks. He rolls down the window and looks at her, smiling a little too broadly.

JASON  
Oh hey...

Nan is not non-plussed.

NAN  
Hi Jason.

Jason looks at the chair and then back at her.

JASON  
Everything OK?

NAN  
(fake smiling)  
Fuckin' perfect, why do you ask?

Nan strides back to the garage, hits the garage opener and walks inside.

Jason looks back at the chair, at the yard full of weeds.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nan opens the door and looks at Martin.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jason rolls the motorcycle up to the tailgate and looks at it. He takes a deep breath and grunts the motorcycle up the ramp into the truck.

JASON  
 (groaning under the  
 weight)  
 Oh Shit. Fuckfuckfuckfuck...  
 Maryfuckingjesusgod.

It slides down awkwardly onto its side. Just then, he hears a SCREAM from inside.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nan is sitting on the floor of the living, in the middle of the chair's footprint, screaming into the pillow. She slowly lifts her head up.

NAN  
 (groaning)  
 Maaaaaaartiinnnnnnnn... Why  
 are you destroying my life?

Martin pads over to her cautiously. She looks at him with tears in her eyes.

NAN (CONT'D)  
 (half laughing)  
 Why are you destroying my life?

Martin leans her head down to her and she scratches his ears a little.

A KNOCK at the door. Jason opens it a crack.

JASON  
 Everything OK in here?

Nan stays sitting on the floor.

NAN  
 (smiling)  
 Um... Not sure totally.

Jason looks out back at the chair over his shoulder.

JASON  
 Was that Martin?

NAN

Yup.

JASON

Holy shit.

NAN

Yup...

Jason steps in and sits on the floor too, a little ways from her.

JASON

What are you going to do?

Nan wipes her forehead with the back of her hand.

NAN

Um... murder him. And then, like, find his family and murder them too.

JASON

You need a gun or anything?

NAN

I'm good, I'm pretty good with a knife, so...

Jason laughs and they sit in silence for a bit. Nan snuffles and scratches Martin's head, which is laying in her lap.

JASON

Can I... Can I help with anything?

NAN

No, I mean... I don't, I don't think it's a good idea... I mean, do you?

JASON

Yeah, no... I just. I feel bad, like... yeah, I mean this shouldn't all be on you.

Nan stands up and brushes off. She clears her throat.

NAN

It's OK, thank you for getting your motorcycle.

JASON

(clears his throat too)  
OK, well, I'm serious, OK? If you  
need any help, Like, let me know.

Nan hugs him with the least body contact possible

NAN

I will. Thanks bud.

She closes the door as Jason leaves, pauses for a beat, then  
bends down to Martin. She rubs her eyes and gets close to  
him, nose to nose.

NAN (CONT'D)

Now what the fuck are we going to  
do with you?

INT. BRYCE CANINE ACADEMY - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE-UP of Kim drawing a line across the chalkboard.

KIM

So this is the part many of you  
won't like, OK? This is the part  
where you're gonna feel bad and  
tell me that it's mean and not  
respectful, but you'll be wrong,  
OK? You'll be wrong because to the  
dog...

She looks up at Nan and Martin. They sit among a smattering  
of people in metal folding chairs. Kim picks up a crate and  
sets in on the desk.

KIM (CONT'D)

...to the dog this is not a prison.  
To the dog, this is a den. A safe  
place, if the time is right. So  
what we're gonna do today is we're  
gonna wear these pups out, get 'em  
happy, and get 'em in the crate. Up  
and at 'em.

Martin looks up at Nan obliviously.

EXT. BRYCE CANINE ACADEMY - GOLDEN HOUR

The sun is shining and bugs are buzzing. In the background a  
dozen or so dogs are playing with their owners. Cones and  
pads are set up on the grass.

MARTIN'S POV: A tennis ball sails through the air. He lunges for it, in slow motion... and misses it.

He tries again. Another miss. Again, and a miss. In the background, Nan laughs. Martin runs after the ball snaps it up and jogs back toward Nan. Halfway there he stops, unsure.

NAN  
(laughing)  
C'mon buddy! Oh my God, you're such  
a dork. C'mon Marty!

Martin runs the wrong way and stops a little, looking back. Nan whistles and finally he sprints toward her, dropping a wet ball at her feet.

In the background, Kim calls out.

KIM  
OK! Let's do our rounds!

Martin and Nan walk over to their little area and Nan stops, bends down and looks at him, directly in the eye.

NAN  
OK, Martin. Look. We've had a bad  
week. We've had a really bad week,  
you know. But we can do this OK? OK  
puppy? I feel like we can do this,  
if you just try a little bit. OK?

Martin looks absolutely transfixed by Nan's attention. His tail wags in involuntary spasms.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
And then, suddenly, it was like  
everything just... changed.

Nan stands and points to the Mat.

NAN  
OK, Martin. Home. Home.

Martin looks at her, wags his tail and marches over to the Mat. Nan looks delighted. She gives him a treat.

NAN (CONT'D)  
Good! Good job Martin! Alright!

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN

And it's like, OK, you know. OK. I mean, for better or worse, it's like, something worked.

Nan stands and puts on her best commanding voice.

NAN

OK, now stay. OK, lay.

Again, he obeys, and gets another treat.

NAN (CONT'D)

Woohoo! Good! Good boy!

Kim walks up behind and places her hand on Nan's shoulder.

KIM

OK, some big progress.

NAN

Right!? It's been - Thank you...

KIM

It's all you Nan, all you...

A beat. Kim lowers her hand.

KIM (CONT'D)

So uh, you feel comfortable getting that pup in the crate?

NAN

Right, yes. Starting tonight?

KIM

Starting tonight. And Nan? Consistency. OK? No matter how bad you feel about it, he needs you to be consistent.

Martin lays in the grass happily. In the background, Kim hands Nan the crate.

MARTIN(O.S.)

And am I proud of everything I've done up to this point? I mean... some things happened that weren't like... ideal, you know. And I don't want to deny that or whatever, but it's like I don't know.

(MORE)

MARTIN(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 In some way, I did what I had to do  
 to get her attention, you know?

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN  
 In some way, it's like, for  
 whatever reason, yeah, I mean this  
 worked. Honestly, today has had  
 some rough moments. But overall...  
 overall I think it's been positive,  
 you know. It's been a really,  
 really.... really good day.

CUT TO BLACK

SOUND OF the crate door closing.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CU of MARTIN's eyes, through bars.

WIDE SHOT reveals Martin sitting in the crate. Nan looks down  
 at Martin and laughs.

NAN  
 Oh my God Marty, look at you.

Martin turns in the cage and whines. Nan walks to the kitchen  
 where she pours a glass of wine from a new box.

NAN (CONT'D)  
 You'll be OK dude. I have to ignore  
 you now.

Martin looks up at her desperately.

NAN (CONT'D)  
 Stop it! You'll be fine.

She turns back.

NAN (CONT'D)  
 And also - consequences, OK?  
 Consequences.

Nan walks into the bedroom and closes the door. Martin looks  
 shocked. After a long beat, he lays down. SOUND of clock  
 ticking. Over a long while, he closes his eyes and falls  
 asleep.

MARTIN (O.S.)

I remember, when I was young. I remember it being dark and warm, and it smelled like home...

MONTAGE Martin's POV memories. POV of puppies snuggling together.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And then I remember being taken to another place where it wasn't dark anymore, and there were new faces, just this kind of endless litany of new faces, you know. But then one day, there was Nan's face. And I thought it was like the others like passing by in the like... night of my loneliness.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS OF THEIR LIFE TOGETHER

- A ride in the car, Nan laughing.
- Nan putting her hair in a pony tail while Martin watches adoringly from the floor.
- Her throwing him pieces of bacon from her sandwich. He misses them, snapping at air, and she laughs as he licks them from the floor. Jason laughs.

MARTIN (O.S.)

But then the next day it was her face again. And then again. And then it's like after a while, I started to trust that, you know? That she would be there. That we meant something to each other. That what we had was real, and then I don't know. I guess I let my guard down.

END OF MONTAGE

Martin wakes up in the crate. He stands slowly and turns around, trying to get comfortable.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I guess I thought we were past the point where I should be worried about, like being locked in a cage like some... *animal*, you know. And it's like, what have I done that could be so wrong, you know?

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN

But then, on the other hand... it's like... Right. No. Right. I've been a dick. I have. Like, just a total dick.

INT MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan sits in her bed, typing on her laptop. A glass of wine sits next to her.

CU NAN'S EMAIL She mumbles along as she types:

NAN

Kevin - I wanted to say... thank you... for the... opportunity.

She hesitates.

NAN (CONT'D)

Although I would love to be head up this 'sick' project lol

She deletes the 'lol'

She stares at the screen for a long beat then picks up her phone and dials Jenn. As it rings she takes a big drink of wine. The phone goes to voice mail.

She texts her.

NAN (TEXT) (CONT'D)

About to do something crazy haha...

No response.

NAN (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Call me...

Nan stares blankly into the room. After a beat, she turns back to the computer.

NAN (CONT'D)

To be honest... what you said yesterday has really caused me to do some.... soul-searching. And I think right now... I need to just... figure out what I want.

Nan closes the laptop without sending. She groans and collapses into the bed

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin's ears perk up in the crate, but then he lays back down, defeated.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Nan tosses in her sleep. She turns to the clock. It's 2:30

She stares at her phone blankly, flicking through Instagrams of her friends' babies. She drops her phone on the bed and turns over, pulling the blanket up to her neck. She lies there, watching the clock, then picks up her phone again. She opens her photos, which are almost all of Martin.

NAN  
(under her breath,  
affectionately.)  
Little bastard.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE NIGHT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MARTIN (O.S.)  
When you've been with someone as long as I've been with Nan, you're going to have these moments... where it looks like everything is just... broken between you... Like... over. Final. And like you could never imagine even them forgiving you for what you've done.

Martin lies in the crate. A SOUND from the bedroom perks his ears.

MARTIN'S POV. The door to his cage opens.

WIDE SHOT ABOVE Martin and Nan crawl into bed together. His face looks frozen, like he doesn't want to ruin the moment. She sighs and pulls him close.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING.

Nan is splayed wildly in the bed, mouth breathing, Martin sleeps beside her.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
But the thing is... she needs me.  
And I need her. And of course we're not perfect.  
(MORE)

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Like, not at all, I mean, Nan's  
 just such a deeply *flawed person*,  
 you know...

As he dreams, Martin kicks like he's chasing something,  
 kicking Nan's legs. She shoves him off the bed and groans.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 And I'm sure sometimes Nan get  
 tired of my like, relentless  
 pursuit of perfection... But I  
 mean, even at our worst moments...  
 even at our worst, maybe we're kind  
 of the best thing ever for each-  
 other. Maybe we're the best we've  
 got.

Martin pads out to the front room and climbs up to his perch.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan stares at the e-mail to Kevin on her computer. Just as  
 she's about to send, her PHONE RINGS. It's Kevin.

NAN  
 (froggy voiced)  
 Kev  
 (clears her throat)  
 Hey. Hi.

Kevin is sitting in the passenger seat of his wife's Audi.

KEVIN  
 Nan! Hey! Listen - so corporate  
 loves the idea so much they've  
 called a meeting with the "key  
 players" for 10. You got some  
 thoughts together?

NAN  
 You know I've been thinking about  
 that, I actually...

KEVIN  
 Look, if not, it's NBD dude... I've  
 got Matt all over me about this...  
 I'm just...

NAN  
 Kevin - you know what, no... I'm on  
 this. I'm all over it.

Nan looks around for Martin.

KEVIN

Fuck yeah Nan. Fuck yes. You ready  
to dominate?

Kevin's wife motions for him to quiet down. He mouths 'sorry'

NAN

Ha - yes. Hell, hell yes.  
(wincing a little as she  
says it)  
Total domination, coming right up.

Martin pads back into the bedroom and looks up at Nan.

NAN (CONT'D)

Fuck, Martin. Fuck, fuck, fuck,  
fuck, fuck, fuck.

A beat.

NAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Nan picks up her phone, and brings up Jason's contact. She  
hesitates for a moment and then texts him. We don't see what  
she writes.

MARTIN (O.S.)

And are we there yet? No. No way.  
But I feel like, this weekend it's  
like, Nan changed a little. She has  
a long, long, long ways to go, but  
in some ways, I feel like she  
remembered what matters, you know?

MARTIN TALKING HEAD

MARTIN

Because I mean there are a lot of  
dogs who are just these docile  
little play things who you can just  
like, shove to the side and ignore  
without any real *consequences*. But  
I think Nan learned that you know  
what? That's not me.

That's never gonna be me.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Nan closes the door. Martin is left alone in the cage.