

SONNY JIM: My friends call me Sonny Jim.

SYLVIE: I never see you with your friends.

SONNY JIM: I keep to myself. Work on my models. Got a whole squadron hanging from the ceiling in my room.

SYLVIE: Did you serve?

SONNY JIM: Honourable discharge. Best years of my life. Taught me how to survive. You know the trouble with you civilians? You're not simpatico with your surroundings. No awareness. Numb. Can't sense danger. [*He looks out.*] Look at all these backyards full of dogs doing what their owners should be capable of doing themselves.

SYLVIE: So why do you own a dog?

SONNY JIM: For the company. [*Calling*] At ease, Soldier. As you were. [*He salutes.*] I'm teaching him how to salute. He can put his paw up like this. [*He demonstrates.*] Soldier's an attack dog. Highly trained. He wouldn't lock his jaw on someone unless I gave a direct order. Loves children.

SYLVIE: He sounds delightful.

SONNY JIM: Everyone forgets that dogs are just people too.

SYLVIE: Why were you discharged, Sonny Jim? Was it your leg? Were you shot?

SONNY JIM: The dog bit me. Look missus, I'll save you having to ask. I don't have anything further to offer regarding your loss. I don't fraternise with minors so I didn't know her.

SYLVIE: Don't... diminish her.

SONNY JIM: She may have had a little crush on me. The uniform has that effect. Hence, I was aware of her presence prior to... well...

SYLVIE: You can say it.

SONNY JIM: Her abduction.

SYLVIE: Is that what you think happened?

SONNY JIM: I don't want to upset you.

SYLVIE: I'm beyond that.

SONNY JIM: It does no good to say it.

SYLVIE: Say it.

SONNY JIM: Rape. Murder. Maybe not even in that order. I couldn't live with myself if I was the father.