

START

LISA: Okay?

DAD: A little further.

LISA: Here? Can I open my eyes?

DAD: Hold my arm.

LISA: I'm going to bump into it.

DAD: You won't bump into anything. Keep your eyes closed.  
Now hold my arm, a couple more steps here.

LISA: Can I look now?

DAD: All right . . . Open your eyes right . . . now.

LISA: Is that him, there?

DAD: That's right.

LISA: Why is he covered with a blanket?

DAD: Well, he . . .

LISA: He doesn't look like a pony.

DAD: Well he is, a thoroughbred gelding \$350 Shetland pony.

LISA: Is he laying down?

DAD: Um, yes.

LISA: Why is he laying down? Is he sick?

DAD: Pure strain Kentucky-bred Shetland.

LISA: Why is he laying down?

DAD: Lisa . . . I didn't want to tell you this . . .

LISA: Why is he laying down? He is sick, he is.

DAD: He's dead.

LISA: He . . . he's dead?

DAD: It's a helluva thing to have to tell your daughter on her birthday.

LISA: Dead? A dead pony?

DAD: We've got to face the facts.

LISA: You . . . you got me a dead pony for my birthday?

DAD: I didn't get you a dead pony for your birth . . .

LISA: What happened to him?

DAD: Lisa, I'm going to be honest with you . . .

LISA: What happened to my pony?

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DAD: You're thirteen years old now and I'm going to talk to you like an adult . . .

LISA: What happened to my pony?

DAD: I shot him.

LISA: Y—you shot him?

DAD: About an hour ago, but hear me out.

LISA: Y—you shot my pony? You . . . you shot my birthday pony?

DAD: I told you not to get excited, didn't I? Answer me, did I or did I not say, "Don't get too excited . . ."

LISA: Why did you shoot my pony?

DAD: I did not shoot your pony. He wasn't your pony when I shot him. You didn't even know he existed. He was a pony.

LISA: Why did you shoot a pony?

DAD: He bit me. ]

END

LISA: But you didn't have to shoot him. You didn't have to . . . he's only a little pony. He didn't know what he was doing.

DAD: You weren't there, you don't know the situation.

LISA: My pony is dead. I'm thirteen years old today and you gave me a dead pony for my birthday.

DAD: I told you, he bit me.

LISA: But you gave him to me anyway. You took me out here to show me a dead pony?