

THE DOG SQUAD: 3D

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By

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EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A busy market. A TEENAGE BOY pushes a long row of shopping carts toward the store.

CLINT
(v.o.)
Okay, just stay with the plan.

DONUT
(v.o., excited)
I'm getting Ding Dongs. Can I get
Ding Dongs?

CLINT
(v.o.)
No Ding Dongs.

DONUT
(v.o.)
Suzie Q's?

CLINT
(v.o.)
No. Next to the door is a bag of
food. We're gonna pull it out
together.

DONUT
(v.o.)
Right. Teamwork makes the dream
work...

REVEAL -

The voices belong to TWO DOGS who are riding the bottom shelf of the front shopping cart in the long row of carts the Teenage Boy is pushing toward the store.

CLINT is a beagle; serious, focussed, disciplined.

DONUT is a bulldog; fat, lazy, zero impulse control.

Donut's tongue hangs out in anticipation as the two dogs ride the front cart toward the supermarket's automatic doors.

They get closer and closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT
(anxious)
The doors aren't opening...

CLINT
We're not close enough yet.
They'll open.

DONUT
How do you know?

CLINT
They always open for people.

They speed toward the doors.

DONUT
But we're not people!

Donut ducks his head, his paws over his eyes just before--
Swoosh! The doors open for them.

INT. SUPERMARKET - FOLLOWING

Clint and Donut ride the front cart into the store.

CLINT
Now!

Clint and Donut leap off the bottom shelf of the cart and run to a stack of large bags of dog food. They grab the end of a bag in their mouths and start tugging the bag toward the doors.

But Donut's eyes wander... He looks up, taking in the dizzying variety of food all around him. He drops the bag.

DONUT
Oh...my...God.

CLINT
Come on!

But Donut can't hear him. Donut is gone. Donut lets loose a HOWL OF ABANDON--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT
YYYEAAAAAAAAAAGH!

Donut LEAPS up on the meat counter and RUNS along, shoveling steaks and chops in his mouth. Then he jumps off the counter, sending SHOPPERS SCATTERING.

CUT TO:

The STORE MANAGER gets an eyeful of the commotion and picks up a phone.

CUT TO:

Donut FLINGS his fat body at a snack display, knocking it over and gulping down the snacks.

DONUT (CONT'D)
Ahhh!...heaven!...

CUT TO:

CLINT

Watching it all from outside, looking in through the window.

Clint barks at Donut.

CLINT
You're gonna get us locked up!
Donut!

CUT TO:

DONUT

Bursting from the poultry section, a 20 POUND TURKEY STUCK ON HIS HEAD.

Donut runs, trying to shake off the turkey. He slams into a stack of cereal boxes, knocks over a pyramid of apples.

CUT TO:

CLINT

Running into the store. He runs up to Donut and clamps his jaws on the turkey and tries to yank it off Donut's head. But Donut holds on and the two dogs have a turkey tug-of-war.

DONUT

Leggo! I saw it first!

CLINT

We gotta get outta here!

Clint yanks the turkey away and clamps his jaws down on Donut's collar and pulls him toward the door.

DONUT

No! I can't go back to a normal life now! I've lived the dream!

CLINT

Come on!

Clint drags the struggling Donut out the front doors and--

EXT. SUPERMARKET - FOLLOWING

--right into the waiting glare of a GERMAN SHEPHERD POLICE K9, who GROWLS and strains at his leash, which is held by a K9 POLICE OFFICER (30's).

K9 GERMAN SHEPHERD

(through grinning,
vicious jaws)

Goink somewhere?

DONUT

AH!

Clint and Donut skid to a stop and the nets of two dogcatchers, DOBSON and CLARK (30's), drop over them and scoop them up.

DOBSON

(to Clint, who
struggles in his
net)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOBSON (CONT'D)
You're not goin' anywhere,
fleabag.

The dogcatchers carry Clint and Donut toward the back of their van.

The K9 bares his teeth and his growl becomes a kind of low laugh when Clint and Donut are carried past him.

Clint and Donut are tossed into the van and the dogcatchers slam the doors behind them.

The Cop walks up with his K9. Clint watches from the wire mesh rear window of the van.

COP
Everything under control here?

DOBSON
Yeah, we got it. Strays.

The K9 sees Clint looking at him and growls again. The Cop gives a sharp command in German and the K9 instantly snaps to attention and is perfectly still and quiet.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
That's some dog.

COP
Thanks.

The Cop gives another command in German and the K9 heels obediently as they walk back to their cruiser.

Dobson and Clark watch them. Dobson chews on a wooden match--which he always has between his teeth.

DOBSON
Twenty grand worth of dog, to be precise.

CLARK
That's a lotta dog.

Dobson looks at Clark, then he slaps him in the back of the head for absolutely no reason.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They get in the van and drive off.

EXT. DOG POUND - LATE AFTERNOON

The van pulls up.

INT. DOG POUND - "BOOKING" AREA - DAY

Snap! Snap! Snap! Mug shots are snapped of Clint: front, left profile, right profile.

Snap! Snap! Ditto Donut.

DONUT
My right side is my best side--
Ow!

Donut is turned roughly to the left. Snap!

INT. DOG POUND - TANK - LATE AFTERNOON

BZZZ. The cell door to the tank slides open electronically and Clint and Donut are led in by their collars by Dobson and Clark.

DOBSON
In ya go. Deluxe accommodations.

CLARK
Enjoy your stay.

Dobson slaps his hand down on a big green button and the cell door automatically shuts, locking Clint and Donut in the tank. Dobson and Clark leave.

The tank is a large, dark space, with shadows that extend to the edges of the vast cell, so we can't tell exactly who or what is in there.

Donut sticks his snout through the bars.

DONUT
Don't we get a phone call?

A low, menacing VOICE comes from the shadows behind them, with a Latin accent:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR
(v.o.)
You don't get a phone call. You
don't get a lawyer. You got no
rights in here, *mi amigos*.

Clint and Donut turn and peer into the shadows at the
Voice.

Tick, tick, tick...paws walking around in the darkness.

DONUT
(nervous)
Ah, you should know that my friend
here is a highly trained killing
machine...

HECTOR
(v.o., from the
shadows)
I am SO SCARED. Heh, heh, heh...

Donut hides behind Clint, who stands his ground.

Out of the shadows comes the dog behind the Voice:

Hector, an eight-inch tall Chihuahua.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
BOO!

Donut YELPS and ducks down behind Clint.

Hector laughs with a sneer.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Welcome to the jungle. I am
Hector. Who are you?

CLINT
Clint.

DONUT
(voice squeaky with
fear)
Donut.

Two other dogs emerge from the shadows, flanking Hector.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR
This is Samantha.

SAMANTHA, a female mixed-breed, glares at them.

SAMANTHA
(correcting Hector)
Sam.

HECTOR
And Bert.

BERT, a yellow Lab, shrinks back with a whimper. A puddle forms around him.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Aw, man, Bert, we talked about
this.

BERT
Sorry.
(to Clint and Donut)
I have a bladder control problem.

HECTOR
(to Clint)
So what are you in for, dog?

CLINT
(with a nod toward
Donut)
He went nuts in a grocery store.

HECTOR
Nice.

CLINT
You?

Hector wanders back to a tattered box. He climbs up on the box and rests his head on his paws.

HECTOR
I got warrants in six states.
Expired tags, no leash, felony
escape. No jail can hold me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLINT

I hate to break it to you but
you're in jail now.

HECTOR

I can leave any time I want.

CLINT

So why don't you?

HECTOR

Why should I? I get three squares
a day in here, protection from the
elements...

DONUT

You could get the same thing from
a nice family...plus treats.

HECTOR

I tried the straight life. It's
not for me.

Hector gets a faraway look in his big, buggy eyes.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

They always try to change me...

Somewhere a Spanish guitar plays as we...

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASHBACKS

Hector with various OWNERS, who have all dressed him up:

--Hector looking miserable in a tutu with a Little Girl
dressing him.

--Hector looking miserable in a sailor suit with a Young
Woman cradling him.

HECTOR

(v.o.)

What is it about a Chihuahua that
turns people into fruitcakes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--Hector miserable in a rainbow wig, sunglasses, and platform shoes. Disco dog.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
I have done things no dog should
do; worn things no dog should
wear...

BACK TO:

HECTOR

On his box.

HECTOR
At least in here I can stand on my
own four feet. I don't need
anyone else.
(beat, turns to
Clint)
How about you? You're a killing
machine, eh?

Hector, Samantha, and Bert laugh at Clint.

DONUT
No, it's true. He was with the
Secret Serv--

Clint BARKS at Donut, shutting him up.

DONUT (CONT'D)
What? I was just gonna tell 'em--

Suddenly, the sound of a door opening.

DOBSON
(o.s.)
Visitors!

Samantha and Bert rush to the bars and sit eagerly.

SAMANTHA
How's my fur?

BERT
Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
(to herself, psyching
herself up)
Showtime, girl.

Samantha grins and lets her tongue loll out happily, perking up her ears, looking as friendly and lovable as possible. Bert does the same.

Outside the tank, Dobson leads a MOM and her 6 YR. OLD SON to the bars of the tank. Dobson is twirling a red key on his finger.

DOBSON
Here we go. Got five of 'em to
choose from.

The boy and his mom look over the dogs.

MOM
What do you think, Tommy? Would
you like one of them to be your
dog?

Tommy looks at the dogs as he munches a corn dog. Samantha and Bert are trying to look as friendly as possible.

Hector watches Samantha and Bert.

HECTOR
Look at them, making fools of
themselves.

DONUT
Why are they acting like that? I
don't--

Suddenly Donut sees:

DONUT (CONT'D)
HE'S GOT A CORN DOG!

Donut RUNS at the kid and SLAMS into the bars, his tongue reaching out and LICKING the corn dog.

BOY
MOM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mom, disgusted, takes the corn dog from her son and tosses it at Donut, who swallows it in one gulp.

DONUT

Oh yeah, that's good corn dog...

Donut hacks up the stick, then FARTS LOUDLY.

MOM

(waving away the
smell)

Oh my goodness.

BOY

Ew, Mommy, these dogs stink.

Donut smiles.

BOY (CONT'D)

Let's get a rabbit.

Mom leads the Boy out of the tank area.

Dobson grins down at the dogs, twirling the red key and looking at Bert and Samantha. He laughs. A cruel laugh.

DOBSON

What a bunch. The only thing you
mutts have in common is nobody
wants you.

Dobson laughs and hangs the red key up by a red door and walks out with the Mom and Boy.

Samantha turns to Donut, growling angrily.

SAMANTHA

Way to go, gasbag.

BERT

That was awful.

DONUT

Pork doesn't agree with me.

SAMANTHA

(barking)

Jerk! All men are dogs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Samantha flops down in the corner, on a flea-bitten blanket.

DONUT

I'm sorry. Whenever I see food I lose control...

CLINT

He didn't mean anything by it...

SAMANTHA

Stay out of this, Superdog, whoever you are.

HECTOR

(chuckling)

Heh, heh. Superdog. That's funny.

DONUT

You think it's funny?

(nodding at Clint)

This guy saved my life. Knocked me out of the way of a truck yesterday. He's a trained Secret Service agent.

Hector, Samantha, and Bert crack up, LAUGHING.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, right.

HECTOR

Yeah, show us your badge, tough guy.

Clint waits until they stop laughing. Then he walks over to Hector and puts his front paws on the box Hector is lying on. This is a challenge. Hector stands up, ready for a fight.

But Clint cocks his head, his ears back, revealing a tattoo inside his ear that reads: "U.S. K9 #1126."

Clint pulls back off the box and sits in the middle of the cell as the other dogs approach him, curious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HECTOR (CONT'D)
You really were with the Secret
Service?

BERT
Where did you work?

CLINT
At the White House.

The dogs react, impressed.

SAMANTHA
No way.

HECTOR
What exactly did you do at the
White House?

CLINT
My job was to sniff for
explosives...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Establishing. Several Town Cars and press vehicles are
arrayed for a Rose Garden event.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Clint is working with a Secret Service HANDLER near the
back entrance.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

STOCK NEWS FOOTAGE (from Sept. '08) of PRESIDENT GEORGE
W. BUSH speaking with the press.

PRESIDENT BUSH
...I can tell you with confidence
that there is no financial crisis.
The fundamentals of our economy
are strong...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - REAR ENTRANCE

Clint's Handler leads Clint to a black Lincoln Town Car.

CLINT
(v.o.)
I smelled explosives in a car one
day...

Clint suddenly sits and BARKS. The Handler gets on his
radio immediately.

CLINT'S W.H. HANDLER
(on radio)
Code Red, this is South Entrance,
we've got a bomb...

CLINT
(v.o.)
On my signal they evacuated the
White House...

VARIOUS SHOTS

White House STAFF running from the exits, en masse.

CLINT (CONT'D)
The President, Vice President,
everyone...

A crush of Secret Service AGENTS surrounds the PRESIDENT
(whom we don't see) in a chaotic rush from the White
House.

CLINT (CONT'D)
The Bomb Squad was deployed...

Bomb Squad vehicles race up to the Lincoln Town Car,
lights flashing, sirens blaring, cops and Secret Service
running around, weapons drawn. Bomb Squad deploys a
ROBOT...

The robot pops open the trunk on the Lincoln.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Turned out it was a Congressman's
car, and he had a can of gas in
the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Robot pulls out a small gas can.

CLINT (CONT'D)
An empty can.

Clint's Handler looks embarrassed. He glares at Clint, who hangs his head.

CUT TO:

CLINT, locked in a crate in the back of a Secret Service SUV, his chin on his paws, looking forlorn.

CLINT (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
I was discharged from the Secret Service, but worse...

An OLDER BEAGLE is led by the back of the SUV. The elder beagle stops for a moment and looks at Clint, in the back of the SUV.

CLINT (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
...my father was humiliated.
Three generations of my family had served our country loyally. And now I had brought shame on our family.

Clint stares at his father, then the tailgate of the SUV is SLAMMED shut, and the SUV drives away.

CLINT (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
I was sent to Leavenworth prison for guard duty...

BACK TO:

INT. DOG POUND - TANK - LATE AFTERNOON

Clint continues his story as the other dogs hang on his every word. The shadows lengthen in the tank as evening approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINT (CONT'D)
So I ran off, headed west. Now
here I am, in a prison after all.

Clint lies down, his head on his paws. The dogs are
quiet for a moment.

HECTOR
Man. That's a depressing story.

Dobson enters the guard area, outside the tank.

DOBSON
Lights out!

Dobson shuts off the lights and leaves. All the dogs lie
down but Clint gets up and goes to the bars and stares
out as the others drift off to sleep.

CLINT
I gotta get out of here.

Hector joins him at the bars.

HECTOR
And go where? Unless you have
someplace to go, you'll wind up
back here.

CLINT
I don't know. But there's gotta
be someplace. Someplace...

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL CONTROL HQ - DAWN

Establishing.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG POUND - TANK - DAWN

Clint and the other dogs are asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER
(o.s.)
Calling all dogs...

Clint's eyes open. A small TV plays a morning news program in the guards' area outside the tank.

Clint sits up, watching the TV: a female REPORTER is standing in front of the Sunnydale Police K9 Academy, making a report.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
(on TV)
Today's the start of a new recruiting effort here at the K9 academy. Mayor Lexington made an announcement only minutes ago...

Donut rouses himself, yawning, and joins Clint at the bars.

DONUT
What time's breakfast?

CLINT
Sh!

The other dogs wake and join Clint at the bars, as he watches the TV intently. The MAYOR is flanked by the POLICE CHIEF and K9 DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE, a no-nonsense man in uniform.

MAYOR LEXINGTON
(on TV)
Due to recent budget cuts, I have instructed Police Chief Davis to relax restrictions on all K9 recruits. The traditional German Shepherd is simply too expensive, so we are allowing any and all breed of dog, any shape and size, to come and train to join the Sunnydale Police Department. We believe any dog, with the proper training, can become one of Sunnydale's finest.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAYOR LEXINGTON (CONT'D)
So if you think your dog has what
it takes, come on out at noon
today and sign your dog up for the
six-week training program...

CLINT
That's it. We should join up.

HECTOR
What? At the K9 Academy?

CLINT
Yeah. All we have to do is figure
out how to get out of here.

Clint starts sniffing around the automatic cell door.

DONUT
Why? Hector's right. We got it
made in here.

Donut stretches and curls up to continue sleeping.

DONUT (CONT'D)
I could get used to this.

HECTOR
Don't get too used to it. You got
thirty days here. That's it.

DONUT
What happens after thirty days?

HECTOR
If no one comes to claim you...you
go through the red door.

Hector nods at the red door with a big sign: "AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ONLY." Dobson's red key is on a ring next to
the door.

DONUT
What's behind the red door?

HECTOR
Once you go in, you don't come
back out.

Donut sits up, alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONUT
You mean...?

Hector makes a throat-cutting gesture with his paw.

HECTOR
Adios.

DONUT
Oh, no!

CLOSE on Donut, as he imagines what's behind the red door:

CUT TO:

DONUT'S NIGHTMARE VISION OF WHAT'S BEHIND THE RED DOOR...

(the following is half photo-realistic, half "Fantasia"-inspired animation)

...DONUT is led up a towering staircase to the LOOMING RED DOOR, which creaks open into DARKNESS. Donut tries to scramble away, but his claws gain no purchase on the concrete floor and he is pushed inside the dark doorway...which BECOMES THE MOUTH OF A GIANT, LAUGHING CAT...then disappears as DONUT IS SWALLOWED.

DONUT - IN THE MOUTH OF THE CAT...Donut falls through space, HOWLING. Then, PLOP! Donut lands on a dark, empty plain. Pop! Pop! Pop! BOWLS OF DOG FOOD pop up all around him...Donut runs to them, but the food DISAPPEARS the moment he takes his first bite--

DONUT
AH! WHO TOOK MY FOOD?!

The floor falls out from beneath Donut and he is FALLING THROUGH SPACE AGAIN...we see Donut's favorite things swirling by as he falls, narrated by Hector:

HECTOR
(v.o.)
Beyond the red door is a place
where there is no supper...

SUPPER DISHES GROW WINGS AND FLY OUT OF DONUT'S REACH...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
There are no treats...

DOGGIE BONES AND BACON JERKY TOYS GROW LEGS AND RUN AWAY
AS DONUT TRIES TO CHASE THEM...

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
There are no walks, no riding in
the car with your tongue flapping
out like a fool...

DONUT
YAAAAAA!

Donut falls and LANDS on a vast green lawn, where FIRE
HYDRANTS POP UP LIKE DANDELIONS.

Donut runs happily among the hydrants...

HECTOR
(v.o.)
...a place where nothing is as it
seems...where fantasy becomes
nightmare...

The fire hydrants suddenly OPEN THEIR SPIGOTS AND SHOOT
SUDSY WATER OVER DONUT, then DONUT FINDS HIMSELF IN A
GIANT SINK...

DONUT
NOO! Make it stop!!!

HECTOR
(v.o., echoing)
Heh heh heh...

DOBSON appears in the nightmare and PULLS THE STOPPER ON
THE SINK AND DONUT SWIRLS DOWN THE DRAIN....

Hector's LAUGH MORPHS INTO THE LAUGH OF DOBSON AS DONUT
DISAPPEARS DOWN THE DRAIN and into OBLIVION.

...then we SWIRL-CUT back to...

REALITY...as we know it: Donut, in the dog tank, pacing
around in a circle, panicked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONUT

We gotta get outta here!

BOOM! The door outside the cell slams and Dobson appears with a cart full of dog bowls containing food.

DOBSON

Alright, line up and mind your manners and you get fed. Make me mad and you go hungry. Them's the rules, horse-meat.

Dobson takes a bowl off the cart and holds it out between the cell bars.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

Here ya go, Samantha...this is your bowl...

(taunting singsong voice)

Come and get it...

Samantha comes over to take a bite of her food, but Dobson suddenly yanks it back, teasing her.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

Aw, sorry, mutt, here ya go...

Samantha suppresses a growl and leans forward when Dobson offers the food again. But just as she is about to take a bite, Dobson pulls it back.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

Stupid mutt. Here, take it. Take it. It's yours...

Dobson pretends to put the bowl on the floor of the cell, but when Samantha tries to eat, Dobson reaches between the bars...to tease her again...

...but Samantha has had enough. She BITES Dobson's wrist HARD.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

AAAAAAHHHH!

Dobson screams in pain as Samantha jerks his wrist back and forth in her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Finally, Dobson yanks his hand away.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
MUTT!

Dobson

DOBSON (CONT'D)
Clark!! Clark! C'mere, we got a
biter! Where are you?

CLARK
(o.s.)
I'm busy!

Dobson goes to the red key hanging by the red door--he opens the red door. Then he heads out, snarling at Samantha.

DOBSON
You'll get yours, Mutt. Be right
back.
(grinning, twirling
the red key)
Dead dog walkin'!

Dobson leaves. We follow him out to a hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DOG POUND - FOLLOWING

Dobson finds Clark on his knees with his hand up inside a candy machine. We see Clark's hand through the glass as he tries to steal a candy bar.

DOBSON
The heck are you doin'? C'mon...

CLARK
(reaching for the
candy bar)
Just one second...

INT. DOG POUND - TANK - DAY

Clint looks at Samantha, who is terrified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINT

I'm getting you out of here.
You're not going through that red
door--none of us are.

Clint starts sniffing around the automatic door.

CLINT (CONT'D)

I was thinking of a plan last
night. It'll be tough but if
we...

HECTOR

(o.s.)

Plan? We don't need no stinking
plan.

Clint turns and sees Hector OUTSIDE the cell door.
Hector walks back into the cell, squeezing his tiny body
between the bars. Then he walks back out.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Told you I could leave anytime.
Come on, let's move.

Hector jumps up on the counter and pounces on the green
button that OPENS the cell door electronically.

Clint and the others scramble out of the cell. They run
to the door, which is closed.

Clint tries to turn the knob with his mouth but can't get
a grip.

SAMANTHA

(freaking out)

What do we do?

CLINT

Calm down. Think...

Bert sees a FIRE ALARM on the wall.

BERT

I know!

CUT TO:

INT. DOG POUND - HALLWAY - DAY

We see through the glass as Clark reaches for the candy bar.

CLARK
Almost...

Clark grabs the candy bar.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Got it!

Clark tries to yank his arm out but he's stuck.

DOBSON
What'd I tell you? I told you
you'd get stuck. Trying to save a
buck...

Dobson pulls on him.

CLARK
Ow! Ow!

Dobson looks through the glass and sees Clark is stuck
because he is still holding onto the candy bar.

DOBSON
(pulling on Clark)
Let go of the candy bar.

Clark lets go and they both fall backwards.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
Moron.

AN ALARM RINGS loudly.

CLARK
What's that??

DOBSON
Fire alarm!

They get up and open the door and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--Clint and the others charge out, SLAMMING the door in Dobson's and Clark's faces. The dogs run off down the hallway.

Then the door slowly closes, revealing a stunned Dobson and Clark, who fall over in a heap.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS:

--The dogs trot down a sidewalk. A ragtag pack of misfits. The Wild Bunch.

HECTOR
Now what?

CLINT
We're gonna be K9's.

HECTOR
You were actually serious about that??

CLINT
Yes. We can do it.

HECTOR
You're loco.

BERT
No, Hector, it's like you said.
If we don't have someplace to go
we're gonna wind up right back in
the tank.

CLINT
We've got someplace to go, we just
need to find it.

BERT
This way!

The dogs follow Bert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINT

How do you know the way?

BERT

I trained as a guide dog at the academy.

CLINT

So that's how you knew how to pull the fire alarm.

BERT

Yep.

They reach a corner. Bert rises up on his hind legs and pushes the button for the crosswalk light.

DONUT

Awesome.

They cross the street to a bus stop.

DONUT (CONT'D)

How much farther is it? I'm starving.

Bert stops.

BERT

Not much. We just gotta catch the Number 4.

DONUT

The what?

The Number 4 BUS pulls up at the bus stop and lets off some passengers. Bert leads the dogs into the rear door of the bus.

BERT

C'mon!

They all get on the bus.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BUS - DAY

The dogs, each in their own window seat, hang their heads out the windows, mouths open, ears flapping in the breeze.

SAMANTHA

I used to chase this bus!

Sam pulls her head back into the bus. She looks at Clint.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to Clint)

Hey. Thanks for saving my life.

CLINT

(at a loss for words)

Well...I was saving mine, too.

Each dog has their own, unoccupied seat--except Hector, who is standing on the head of a sleeping drunk guy.

HECTOR

(to Samantha)

What about me? I'm the one who got us out.

SAMANTHA

Thanks, Hector.

HECTOR

(to Donut, cocky)

Heh. She loves me.

CLINT

(to Bert)

So how'd you wind up in the pound?

BERT

I lost my nerve. They train you all about getting around in the human world. But they don't tell you that the human world is very scary and unpredictable...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Flashback. Bert walks along in a GUIDE DOG jacket, on a leash held by a BLIND MAN with a white cane. They come to a corner and stop. Bert presses the crosswalk button.

The light changes and Bert leads his master across the street.

A TRUCK runs the red light and BLASTS its horn, scaring Bert, who dodges the truck and jumps over an open manhole.

But Bert's master is YANKED into the manhole by Bert's lead. He FALLS IN.

BERT
(v.o.)
He wasn't hurt...

Bert pees next to the manhole.

BERT (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
But I just couldn't get over my
fear. So I ran off.

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY

Mayor Lexington waits with Police Chief Davis and Drill Instructor Pike. No dogs have shown up. Pike looks at his watch and mutters to the Chief.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Told you no one would give up
their dog.

MAYOR LEXINGTON
(overhearing)
They'll be here.

POLICE CHIEF DAVIS
Ah, Mayor, maybe we should try a
different approach...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then the Mayor sees our dogs trotting up toward the gate.

MAYOR LEXINGTON
Here we go...
(waving)
Over here! Come on!

WITH THE DOGS

Trotting toward the waving Mayor.

DONUT
Think they have food?

HECTOR
'Course they have food.

The dogs run up to the Mayor and they are petted and made a fuss over.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Maybe this won't be so bad...

DONUT
Yeah, how hard could it be?

CUT TO:

TEN MINUTES LATER

Pike BLOWS HIS WHISTLE.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Paws on the line!

The Mayor and Police Chief are gone. Now it's only our dogs and Drill Instructor Pike. Pike watches the dogs amble over to a painted line on the pavement Pike is pointing at.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
MOVE YOUR TAILS!

The dogs hustle up. Donut is out of line, with his BACK paws on the line, not his front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drill Instructor Pike gets in Donut's face.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
FRONT PAWS!

Donut backs up, muttering to Clint.

DONUT
He didn't say which paws...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
No talking! No whining! No
sniffing!
(grabs Donut's
collar)
What's your name?
(reads the tags)
Donut? You look more like a
cheeseball to me!

DONUT
It's partly glandular...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Quiet, fatbody!

HECTOR
(to Donut)
You gonna let him talk to you like
that, man?

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
SHUT UP! You will speak only when
so commanded!
(pacing before the
dogs)
I am Drill Instructor Sergeant
Pike. From this moment forward,
you are not pets, you are not even
dogs! You are four-legged, flea-
ridden, tail-sniffing rejects.

SAMANTHA
Rejects? Speak for yourself.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
Who said that??

Pike gets in Samantha's face. She GROWLS at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
DON'T YOU GROWL AT ME!

Samantha GROWLS LOUDER. Pike suddenly BARKS VICIOUSLY IN Samantha'S FACE. Samantha backs off.

SAMANTHA
He's nuts.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
I am the alpha male! For the next six weeks I will be your father, I will be your mother, I will be your master. You will not eat, you will not sleep, you will not pee, or poop, or scratch yourselves unless I give you permission! Do you understand?

The dogs BARK.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
I can't hear you!

They BARK LOUDER.

Pike points at a big scoreboard across the field, which has the number 42 on it.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
42 days. That's what you have to prove yourselves. And one mistake is all I need to wash you out.

Pike looks down at Samantha.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
You look like a cross between a collie and a kangaroo. What are you supposed to be, mutt?

SAMANTHA
Don't call me mutt.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Quiet!
(moving on to Hector)
What's your excuse?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Pike picks Hector up and holds him at eye level.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
(reading Hector's
tags)

Hector? Are you about to run for
the border?

HECTOR
Well, actually I was thinking
about it...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Shut your biscuit-hole! You look
like a rat to me. Are you a rat?

HECTOR
No! That's an urban legend--

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Let me hear your war cry!

Hector YAPS.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
You call that a war cry?? You
don't scare me, Rat!

Pike drops Hector.

HECTOR
(muttering to Clint)
His breath is worse than his bark.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
My job is to transform you from
misfits into police officers. I
do not know why God cursed me with
this duty, because you are without
a doubt the WORST group of crotch-
sniffing hydrant hosers I have
ever seen! Most of you will not
make it. ALL of you will not like
me...

DONUT
(under his breath)
I already don't like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Pike stops in front of Clint.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
What's your malfunction, McGruff?

Clint sits up, ramrod straight.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
You look like you've had some
training. Have you had training?
Are you going take a bite out of
crime?

Clint BARKS sharply, eyes front.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE CONT'D)
Do you think you're too good for
this kind of treatment?

Clint doesn't bat an eye.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Do you think I'm unfair? Do you
want to take a bite out of me?

Clint BARKS.

CLINT
Sir, no Sir!

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Dog crap! You look like a--

Pike stops when he sees a trail of pee washing up against
his polished boots. His eyes follow the trail to a
puddle forming around Bert, who is terrified.

Pike gets in Bert's face.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
(furious)
WHAT IS THAT ON MY BOOT? IS THAT
WHAT I THINK IT IS? WELL IS IT???
ANSWER ME! ANSWER ME NOW!!!

Bert shrinks back in terror, whimpering. Pike is red-
faced, about to blow a gasket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
THAT'S IT!

Pike BLOWS his whistle and points to the quarter-mile running track.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
GIVE ME TWENTY! ALL OF YOU!
RIGHT NOW!!

The dogs head for the track and start running laps. Clint runs easily, leading the pack. Donut quickly falls behind, panting.

DONUT
How many is twenty?

HECTOR
A lot.

Donut lags, breathing hard. Suddenly, Pike runs up behind him.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
MOVE IT!

Donut scampers ahead with a yelp. Pike runs along behind him, yelling.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
You just bought the whole pack
twenty more! Move it!
(yelling after each
of them)
You're too slow! You're too fat!
You're too ugly! Move it! Move
it! Move it! Move it! Move
it!...

As they run ahead of the screaming Drill Instructor, our dogs run past five GERMAN SHEPHERD K9's who are resting in the shade, watching our dogs run. The Shepherds are police officers, and they wear badges on their collars. They laugh and sneer at our dogs. They all speak with thick German accents--kind of a cross between Sgt. Shultz and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

K9 GERMAN SHEPHERD #1
Ha! Look at zat fat one! A
beached whale!

K9 GERMAN SHEPHERD #2
Check out ze little one.

K9 GERMAN SHEPHERD #3
He looks like somezing I left in
der litter box zis mornink!

The Shepherds all LAUGH, pounding their paws on the
ground in hysterics.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHING AREA - K9 COMPOUND - NIGHT

Our dogs are in large tubs filled with soapy water, being
washed by HANDLERS. The dogs are miserable, panting,
exhausted, and now covered with suds.

Hector swims around in his tub water, dodging the
frustrated Handler's scrub brush.

HECTOR
Get away from me!

The Handler grabs Hector and soaps him up. Hector growls
at Clint, in the next tub.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Great idea, man.
(mocking Clint's
voice)
"Let's be police dogs!" Pah! I'd
rather be in the slammer.

The dogs are rinsed, then they all SHAKE OFF the water,
spraying the Handlers. Then the Handlers blow-dry the
dogs. The dogs all "bite" at the air coming from the
blow driers.

QUICK CUTS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few minutes later. The clean, dry dogs each have a bulky electronic collar snapped around their necks. A pink bib hangs from the back of the collar, with the word "TRAINEE" on it.

SAMANTHA
(shaking the chafing
collar and bib)
I HATE pink.

Hector looks ridiculous with the bulky collar on his skinny neck, the pink bib draped over him.

HECTOR
This is the ultimate humiliation.

INT/EXT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

An outdoor kennel complex with a tin roof, enclosed in chain link fence.

Our dogs are herded into the kennel by Pike. Then Pike locks the door behind them.

DONUT
FOOD!

Donut is the first to discover his large bowl, brimming with hearty food. He dives into it. The others pick a bowl and eat hungrily.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Eat up, ladies. You're gonna need
it. We start at 0500 tomorrow.

Pike turns on his heel and marches off.

When Pike leaves, Clint notices the kennel across from them, where the German Shepherd K9's are watching our dogs make pigs of themselves.

WITH THE GERMAN SHEPHERDS

Watching contemptuously.

GERMAN SHEPHERD K9
Look at der slobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERMAN SHEPARD K9 #2
Ze fat one iz more pig than dog.

GERMAN SHEPARD K9
(in a mock-scared
voice)
Look out, it's za police pigs!

The Germans chuckle.

GERMAN SHEPHERD K9
Zey von't last five minutes.

WITH OUR DOGS

Our dogs have already finished their food. They walk away from their bowls. Hector's bowl is only half-eaten.

DONUT
You gonna eat that?

HECTOR
Knock yourself out.

Donut scarfs up Hector's food in one mouthful.

Their bellies full, the dogs flop on the ground, stretching and moaning.

SAMANTHA
I am so sore...

BERT
I think I'm gonna throw up.

HECTOR
I am outta here.

Hector tries to squeeze out through the chain link, but his head is too big.

DONUT
I can't take another day like today. I'll have a stroke.

SAMANTHA
What time is 0500?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERT

I don't know but it sounds early.

The dogs mutter and complain. Clint snorts at them gruffly.

CLINT

Are you guys done? Or are you gonna complain all night?

DONUT

Face it, Clint. We're not cut out to be police dogs. Maybe you are...

Clint sits up and looks at them.

CLINT

You're darn right I am. And you can be, too. You really want to go back to the pound and stare at that red door every day? You never know what you can do until you try. I'm gonna make it, and I'll help anyone else who tries.

The dogs are silent, thinking about Clint's words.

HECTOR

(o.s.)

Ah, little help here?

REVEAL Hector stuck--his head is through the chain link but his body won't fit.

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 KENNEL - DAWN

Just before sunrise, the dogs all sleep peacefully.

SUDDENLY--

WAAAAAAAAAH! An AIR HORN BLASTS and the dogs all scramble to their feet. Bert pees.

BERT

What the--?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pike walks up to the gate with a megaphone in his hand.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Let's go! Up and at 'em, ladies!
Move it! Move it!

The dogs moan and groan and stretch as Pike unlocks the gate--

--the instant the gate is open Hector DASHES OUT and tears across the field to freedom.

HECTOR
So long, suckers!

Hector laughs, then suddenly--

BZZT! Hector goes flying, tumbling on the ground to a stop. He lies on his back, paws up, stunned.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Dios mio...

The German Shepherds laugh.

GERMAN SHEPARD K9
Ha! Ze puny one got fried!

GERMAN SHEPARD K9 #2
Now he is unt "hot dog!"

The Shepherds all laugh.

Pike stands over Hector, grinning.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Shock collar and invisible fence,
Rat. If you want to quit, you can
Drop On Request anytime.

Pike tosses his clipboard near Hector.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
All you gotta do is fill out the
D.O.R. form.
(bending over)
Here's a pen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pike drops the pen on the clipboard. Hector bares his teeth at Pike.

HECTOR
You are the devil.

The sound of MILITARY DRUMS play as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - MORNING

The scoreboard across the field reads 41 days.

Our dogs sit in a line as Pike addresses them.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
To become a K9 officer you must first of all be in top physical condition. This course is designed to weed out every slacker and non-hacker who does not deserve to serve on my beloved force. Do you understand?

The dogs BARK.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
I can't hear you!

They BARK LOUDER.

Pike turns and blows his whistle. On command, the five German Shepherd K9's march in lockstep, single file, toward the obstacle course.

Our dogs watch them.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Don't you look at them! Those are police officers. You are not fit to look at them unless you are so commanded.

The German Shepherds line up at the beginning of the obstacle course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
(to the lead
Shepherd)
Heinrick!

At Pike's command, the lead Shepherd starts to run the obstacle course.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
NOW you can look!

Our dogs turn their heads and watch as the lead German Shepherd proceeds with ease over the various obstacles: a low wall which he leaps over like a gazelle, a small field of netting under which he crawls on his belly, a high, narrow balance beam that he crosses confidently, a teeter-totter device that he runs across, and finally a long pipe that he crawls through and emerges from and then sits obediently in front of Pike.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
If you do not master every single
obstacle you will fail. And you
are on the clock. Do you
understand?

Our dogs BARK.

Pike turns and blows his whistle again, and salutes the Shepherds. THE SHEPHERDS SALUTE BACK, then trot off, single file, noses in the air, back to their kennel.

As they pass our dogs, Pike bellows a command:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Company, give our new recruits the
traditional welcome!

On his command, the Shepherds all DROP AND DRAG THEIR BUTTS across the grass, right in front of our dogs, then they pop up in unison and trot off in perfect formation.

DONUT
That doesn't seem very welcoming.

HECTOR
(fuming)
You fool.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

It is the ultimate insult. No one
drops and drags in front of me.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

Now it's your turn, ladies. One
at a time. Ready, McGruff...

(raising a stopwatch)

GO!

-CLINT runs the course: he leaps over the wall easily.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)

(to Bert)

You're next, Puddles.

(clicks stopwatch)

GO!

-BERT goes next, scrambling over the wall nervously.

-HECTOR clears it.

-DONUT runs and leaps and SLAMS into the wall.

Pike storms over as Donut backs up and leaps again,
getting his front paws over the wall, his fat back legs
scrambling.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)

Get over that wall, fatbody! Move
it! Move it! Move it! Do you
think the crook you're chasing
will stop and wait for you? He's
gone! Crime pays if you've got a
fat slob chasing you, doesn't it?

(through the
megaphone, right in
Donut's ear)

MOVE!!

Donut backs up and this time HURLS his fat body at the
wall, KNOCKING IT DOWN.

Pike slams his megaphone down in frustration.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)

You broke my wall!

Donut runs off. Samantha follows, jumping over the
fallen wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SAMANTHA

He got over it, didn't he?

-CLINT crawls on his belly under the netting.

-HECTOR runs under the netting easily, which is way over his head.

-CLINT crosses the balance beam.

-HECTOR trots over the balance beam.

-SAMANTHA crosses the balance beam.

-BERT crosses the balance beam.

-CLINT goes over the teeter-totter.

-HECTOR attempts the teeter-totter. He climbs up, but he is too lightweight to drop the high end. Hector slides back down the teeter-totter and runs off.

-CLINT runs through the pipe and stops at Pike's boots.

-HECTOR pops out of the pipe and runs up to join Clint.

-DONUT, who is running last, makes his way over the balance beam. But he loses his balance and SLIPS--

Donut winds up upside-down, his legs wrapped around the beam, which is a few feet above a water hazard below.

DONUT

Oh man, I hope that water isn't cold...AHH!

Donut FALLS off the beam and into the muddy water, which is only a foot deep.

The Shepherds watch, cracking up:

GERMAN SHEPARD K9

Heh-heh! Zat's vhat you call unt Dunkin' Donut!

They all laugh.

-BERT heads toward the last obstacle--the pipe. At the last second he diverts, and runs around the pipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Get in that pipe, you coward.

BERT
(scared)
It's dark in there!

Bert joins the others at the finish line as Pike makes a mark on Bert's performance review on his chart.

Then Pike looks up.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Where's the cheeseball?

Pike looks down into the pipe.

After a beat, Donut, covered with mud, comes racing out of the pipe and WHAM! Donut bowls over Pike, then shakes off, SHOWERING PIKE WITH MUD.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
AHH!

CUT TO:

DONUT

Sitting sheepishly in a square which is painted on the ground. Donut has five bowls of dog food in front of him.

Pike is nearby, covered with dried mud, standing over the rest of the dogs.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Trainee Donut has dishonored
himself and dishonored all of you.
For that you will all pay by
running this obstacle all day long
without your afternoon meal while
he watches from the Square of
Shame and eats your lunch. Now
MOVE IT!

The dogs all head back to the obstacle course-- all except Donut. Pike pushes the food bowls in front of Donut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Here. They're payin' for it, you
eat it.

But for once Donut doesn't seem to have much appetite.
He hangs his head, ashamed.

A HUNDRED FEET AWAY - parked in their Animal Control van,
Dobson and Clark watch as our dogs run the obstacle
course.

Dobson chews on a match, twirling the red key on his
finger.

After a moment, they get out of the van and walk across
the training course to Pike. They carry nets.

DOBSON
Ah, Sergeant. I'm officer Dobson,
this is Officer Clark. Animal
Control. We're gonna have to
reclaim those animals, by order of
the County.

Clark holds up an official-looking slip of paper with a
county seal stamped on it.

Pike squints at the slip of paper.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
That's a parking ticket.

Dobson glares at Clark with an "I told you so" look.

DOBSON
Irregardless, those mutts are
strays. They escaped from the
Impound and we're here to take 'em
back.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Wrong, double-park. They're
Academy Cadets in training. Which
means they're mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOBSON

Look, Sarge, I don't wanna pull rank on you, but I will if I have to, and I'll come back and get 'em.

Pike gets in his face.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

You and whose meter-maids? Unless and until those cadets wash out or graduate, they stay here and train. Now get off my obstacle course.

Dobson and Clark turn and slink away.

WITH DOBSON AND CLARK

Walking away. Clark looks worried.

CLARK

What're we gonna do?

Dobson chews on his match.

DOBSON

I dunno. I'll think of something.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

PAN across the dog bowls. All are empty except for the one before Donut, who lies there with his head on his paws, looking miserable.

The other dogs are sprawled around the kennel, exhausted. Samantha lies on her side.

SAMANTHA

I've got blisters on my blisters...

BERT

I can't feel my paws...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint walks over to Donut.

CLINT
Hey. You okay?
(Donut doesn't
respond)
You need to eat.

DONUT
I never thought I'd say this,
but...I'm not hungry.

Clint sits beside him.

CLINT
Look, it was your first day on the
obstacle course. You'll get
better.

DONUT
No I won't. I'm too fat.

CLINT
You're already making progress.
You couldn't even resist food
before.

DONUT
I've always had a complicated
relationship with food. When I
was a puppy I was the runt. I
always got shoved aside at feeding
time, so I was always hungry.
Then when I got a family I
couldn't help myself...

CUT TO:

VARIOUS FLASHBACKS

Of Donut.

--up on the dinner table, devouring a Christmas ham while
the FAMILY freaks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT
(v.o.)
I just ate everything that smelled
like food...

--Donut eating his Master's slippers.

BACK TO:

INT/EXT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

Donut continues his story.

DONUT
That's why every family eventually
sent me away.

CLINT
You're a good dog, Donut. And
you've got a family right here
that will never send you away.

Donut sniffs, moved.

DONUT
Thanks...

Clint senses something. He stands up suddenly.

DONUT (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

CLINT
Sh.

Clint goes to the gate and peers through the chain link.

CLINT'S POV - of Dobson and Clark approaching the kennel
in the darkness with flashlights.

Clint goes back to Donut, who sits up.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Stay down.

The dogs flatten themselves against the concrete floor as
the flashlights play over the kennel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT
(sees Dobson and
Clark)
They came for us!

CLINT
Sh!

The flashlights play over the darkened kennel.

From Dobson and Clark's POV they can't see our dogs. It looks like an empty kennel.

Clint and Donut watch as the flashlights play over the German Shepherds' kennel, then Dobson and Clark sneak off into the night, talking in low tones.

Clint and Donut look at each other.

Donut takes a bite of his food.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAY

We catch a glimpse of the scoreboard in the distance: 36 days and counting.

Fifty bags and suitcases are spread out over the parking lot.

Our dogs are in line, each of them on a leash held by their own Handler. Pike addresses them.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
It has been said that dogs are
man's best friend. But what is a
dog's best friend?
(taps his nose)
His nose. A K9's nose is his most
valuable weapon in the fight
against crime. A K9 must trust
his nose. He must follow his
nose. Because his nose is more
powerful and more accurate than
any sensing device, radar, night
vision, or anything else man has
ever devised.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
One of those bags out there
contains trace amounts of
explosives...

Pike holds out a rag for the dogs to sniff.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
...the same scent is on this rag.
When you smell this scent on the
bag, you will immediately signal
to your Handler with a single
bark, do you understand?

All the dogs BARK.

ALL THE DOGS
Sir, yes Sir!

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Ready...and...

Pike BLOWS his whistle and the dogs all run out among the
bags with their Handlers...

...except Clint. Clint won't budge, no matter how much
his Handler tugs on him and commands him.

Pike comes over to Clint.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
What's your problem, McGruff?
This one's right up your alley.
Move it!

But Clint won't budge. He watches the other dogs sniff,
then turns away and walks himself over to the Square of
Shame, which is improvised with four traffic cones in a
square.

Pike looks hard at Clint, disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

Pike opens the kennel gate for our dogs to file in. Clint is the last to enter, but Pike stops him before he enters.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Hold it, McGruff.

Clint stops and looks up at Pike.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
What happened out there today?
(Clint looks down,
ashamed)
I know all about you. The minute
I saw your ID, I looked up your
file.

Pike turns Clint's ear over, revealing his Secret Service ID mark.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Secret Service. Bomb sniffer. I
don't know how you wound up in my
world but I've got no room for
head cases, you understand? Let
me show you something...

Pike rolls up his shirt sleeve.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
I've got a mark of my own.

Pike shows Clint a scar from a dog bite.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Police K9. I used to be on the
other side of the law. I was
seventeen...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Flashback. YOUNG PIKE (17), a greasy-haired juvenile delinquent, runs from a police cruiser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
I was a wild kid, headed for
trouble...

A K9 jumps out of the back of the cruiser and takes Young Pike down, his jaws clamped around Pike's arm.

BACK TO:

EXT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

Pike rolls his sleeve back down.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
That dog changed my life--that and
six weeks at Juvie Camp. After
that I went straight. Now you've
got your six weeks to get
straight. The good Lord gave you
that nose for a purpose. You had
better get over your problem
before graduation because if you
cannot complete any one part of
this course, you will fail the
entire course. And IF you fail, I
am duty-bound to turn you over to
Animal Control.

Pike looks at Clint as this sinks in.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Get in there and get some shut-
eye.

Pike opens the gate for Clint, who slumps into the kennel.

When Clint passes the German Shepherds, one of them speaks to him, low.

GERMAN SHEPARD K9
How long are you goink to keep zis
joke running?

GERMAN SHEPARD K9 #2
Face it, mein hound...you don't
belonk here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint glares at them, then joins his group.

CUT TO:

INT. K9 KENNEL - LATER

All the dogs are asleep except Clint, who lies near the gate, staring out at the night.

Donut snores next to Samantha. Donut FARTS loudly.

DONUT
(dreaming, paws
"running")
Who's a good dog? Who's a good
dog?

Samantha reacts, waking up.

Samantha gets up and moves away from Donut. She sees Clint is awake and goes to him. Sits beside him.

SAMANTHA
Can't sleep?

Clint doesn't say anything.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Look, I don't know what the D.I.
said to you, but I think you're
one of the luckiest dogs ever.

CLINT
Lucky?

SAMANTHA
Yep. Most dogs never get a second
chance. You've got great
instincts, all you have to do is
learn to trust them again. Take a
dog like me...nobody ever takes me
seriously because...well, what am
I? I'm not a bloodhound or a
shepherd...I'm part this, part
that... The nose of a beagle, the
paws of a Shnauzer... I'm a mutt.
I'm nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint looks at her, thinking about what she's saying.

CLINT

How did you wind up in the pound?

SAMANTHA

(regretfully)

I nipped at a kid. He was pulling
my ears, pulling my tail... I
knew it was wrong, I just lost it.
I have anger issues...

QUICK FLASHBACKS:

--Of Samantha, chasing a car and barking furiously.

--Samantha chases a KID, who is retrieving a ball from
her yard. He closes the gate behind him. She rises up,
her paws on the top of the gate, barking aggressively
after the Kid.

--Samantha chasing her tail furiously.

BACK TO:

CLINT

You need to focus that anger, Sam.
Control it. Use it. You can do
this.

Samantha looks at Clint, moved.

SAMANTHA

So can you. Now get some sleep.

Samantha rubs her cheek briefly against Clint's, then
goes back to her spot and lies down.

Clint lies down and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

The scoreboard across the field reads 29 days as our dogs
run the obstacle course. Donut is on the balance beam,
tiptoeing toward the end of the beam, trying hard not to
fall off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT
(to himself)
Easy...easy...

Suddenly, Pike YELLS from behind him, through his megaphone.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
SUPPERTIME!

DONUT
What?!

Donut turns and FALLS...

...into the water below.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Get up and give me twenty!

DONUT
Aw, man.

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAY

The running track. Pike rolls beside the running dogs in a golf cart, yelling through his megaphone.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
I don't know but I been told...

DOGS
I don't know but I been told...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
French poodles are mighty cold.

DOGS
French poodles are mighty cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP

MONTAGE OVER CHANTING - Various scenes of the dogs running the obstacle course, sitting on command, rolling over, sniffing suitcases...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
(v.o.)
I don't want no showdog queen...

DOGS
(v.o.)
I don't want no showdog queen...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
(v.o.)
I just want my M16.

DOGS
(v.o.)
I just want my M16.

Our dogs are now running some obstacles with the German Shepherds K9's. And keeping up. The scoreboard reads 21 days.

SAMANTHA
(v.o.)
What's an M16?

PAN OVER to reveal - Dobson and Clark, sitting in their van parked nearby, watching the dogs.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL HQ - NIGHT

Dobson has a new toy: a long metal pole with a steel band...a collar...looped at one end of the pole.

SNAP! Dobson pulls the trigger on the handle and the steel collar snaps down to a tight loop. He grins.

DOBSON
High tensile-strength compliance collar. We'll see if those dogs can get outta this baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dobson extends the pole and SNAP! He pops the steel collar around an empty soda can, partially crushing it.

CLARK
(nods)
Oh yeah.

Suddenly, they are startled by a loud POUNDING--from behind the red door.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

DOBSON
Lemme handle this.

Dobson goes to the red door and opens it slowly, revealing WOLFF (40's). Wolff is a big, heavily-muscled man wearing jeans, no shirt, leather vest...and a necklace made of dog teeth. Picture Dog the Bounty Hunter, but nastier. Behind him we see the red room, which has an open garage door at one end. Wolff's muscle-truck is backed up to the open garage door. We see five empty dog crates in the back of the truck.

Wolff glances in the empty tank.

WOLFF
Where are my dogs?

DOBSON
(nervous)
They...ah, they ran off,
Wolff...somehow they got out and--

Wolff grabs Dobson by the collar and shoves him up against the wall.

WOLFF
You promised me five dogs. How am I supposed to have my dogfights without dogs?

Dobson doesn't know what to say. Fear fills his eyes.

Clark pulls a possum from a crate and holds it up behind Wolff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARK

How 'bout a possum? He can bite,
I can tell you...

Clark holds up one hand, which has band-aids on every finger.

Wolff snatches the high-tensile dog collar and drops it around Dobson's throat. Dobson chokes, gasping.

WOLFF

Did you forget our understanding?
Every time a dog goes through that
red door, he's mine. That's why
I'm paying you.

DOBSON

(desperate, thinking
fast)

Okay... Listen... I got something
you're gonna really like...please,
Wolff...

(Wolff eases the
collar a little)

How would you like five highly
skilled, vicious police K9's?
Expertly trained right at the
Academy. We just saw 'em, right,
Clark?

CLARK

(unsure)

Uhh...yeah?

DOBSON

They're killers. Champions.

WOLFF

When?

DOBSON

Soon... Real soon, Wolff. I
swear. We won't let you down. I
promise.

WOLFF

You better not. Or this necklace
won't just have dog teeth on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wolff drops the collar and walks out. Dobson slumps back against the wall, rubbing his throat.

Clark watches Wolff head back to his truck. Clark holds up an iguana and calls after Wolff.

CLARK

How 'bout one of these? He's like
a little dinosaur!

(the iguana BITES
Clark's hand)

OW!

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAY

Pike addresses our dogs. The scoreboard reads 14 days.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

You tick-magnets are nearing the
end of your basic training.
Frankly, I am surprised that any
of you are still here. Now comes
the hard part.

Pike gestures at five POLICE OFFICERS waiting next to
their cruisers parked nearby.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)

Each one of you will be assigned
to ride along with a police
officer for their shift. You will
see for the first time what will
be expected of you when and IF you
complete this course. And if I
get one single negative report you
will be expelled from this course
and immediately remanded to Animal
Control. Do you ladies understand
me?

The dogs BARK. Pike blows his whistle.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)

Move out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dogs are leashed and led to the cruisers by the cops.

CUT TO:

QUICK SCENES

Of the individual dogs riding in cruisers:

Samantha hanging her head out the window, enjoying the breeze. The COP driving frowns and hits the window button, rolling up the window and nearly catching Samantha's head. She snorts and sits back.

CUT TO:

BERT belted in, looking worried.

BERT
(thinking to himself)
Don't pee...Don't pee...Don't
pee...

CUT TO:

CLINT

Riding proudly in his cruiser.

CUT TO:

DONUT

Riding next to a HEAVYSET COP. The Cop lets loose a loud FART. The Cop glances at Donut.

Donut lets a LOUDER FART fly. Grins up at the Cop.

The Heavyset Cop leans to the side and FARTS EVEN LOUDER. The Cop grins at Donut, victorious.

DONUT
(thinking to himself)
This guy's alright...

CUT TO:

HECTOR

Sitting in the passenger seat, as a BALD COP drives.

A call comes over the radio:

POLICE DISPATCHER
(over radio)
K-37, we've got a ten-thirteen in
progress at 845 Maple...

The Bald Cop screeches to a stop and Hector goes flying,
slamming into the windshield.

HECTOR
(face pressed against
the windshield)
This guy really burns my biscuits.

The Bald Cop hits the lights and siren and they roar off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

Hector's cruiser pulls up in front of the beauty parlor.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

A HAIR STYLIST is furiously arguing with an ANGRY
CUSTOMER, a woman whose dye job has gone horribly wrong:
her brown hair is streaked with bright orange.

ANGRY CUSTOMER
(screaming, enraged)
I came in for highlights and you
turned me into the Bride of
Frankenstein! Look at me!!

HAIR STYLIST
Well you weren't any prize when
you walked in here, honey!

ANGRY CUSTOMER
How dare you!

The Angry Customer takes a wild swing at the Stylist.

EXT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

Outside, two other STYLISTS are watching through the window of the beauty parlor. One of them comes over to the Bald Cop, as he gets out of his car.

ANXIOUS STYLIST
Thank God you're here. I'm afraid
someone's gonna get hurt...

BALD COP
(goes to the open
doorway of the shop)
Ladies, let's just calm down
now...

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - FOLLOWING

The Angry Customer turns and looks at the Bald Cop.

ANGRY CUSTOMER
Stay outta this, Cueball!

The Angry Customer grabs a handful of the Hair Stylist's hair. As they struggle, the Bald Cop pulls at his pepper spray and starts to enter the shop.

Hector dashes in ahead of the Bald Cop and hops up on the Stylist's chair, near the women. He gives a sharp YAP and the women stop struggling and look at him.

HECTOR
Hey! You know, you don't look so
bad with that orange hair. It
highlights your beautiful eyes.

The women melt.

ANGRY CUSTOMER
Aw, look at the cute little police
doggie...

HAIR STYLIST
...with his little pink Trainee
jacket...

The Customer picks up Hector and cradles him as the Stylist cups his face in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAIR STYLIST (CONT'D)
Are you gonna be a police doggie?
Look at that little face!

The Stylist leans down and kisses Hector.

HECTOR
Hey, cut it out, I'm on duty...

The women continue to make a fuss over Hector.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - A LITTLE LATER

The Bald cop is on the radio.

BALD COP
Dispatch, this is K-37, the
situation's under control on that
ten-thirteen.

POLICE DISPATCHER
(over radio)
Roger that.

The Bald Cop smiles and looks at Hector.

REVEAL Hector in the passenger seat: he has had a complete makeover--a pink bow on his head, a pink fluffy scrunchie wrapped around his collar, pink nail polish on his nails, and a fan of braided pink hair extensions flowing from his tail.

Hector looks at the grinning Cop.

HECTOR
What are you lookin' at?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

A huge Rottweiler has a MAILMAN's trouser cuff in his mouth; he is gnawing and yanking on the trouser cuff as the Mailman runs around the yard, trying to pull free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint's cruiser pulls up. The Cop gets out, with Clint on a leash.

MAILMAN
Get him off me!

Clint and the Cop approach.

CLINT'S COP
Did you try your Mace?

MAILMAN
He ate it!

The Cop speaks into his shoulder radio.

CLINT'S COP
We're gonna need Animal Control.

The Cop pulls out his baton.

Clint walks ahead, toward the Rottweiler. Clint cocks his head.

CLINT
Otis?

The Rottweiler stops, the Mailman's cuff still clamped in his jaws.

ROTTWEILER
Clint?

CLINT
What are you doing, Otis?

ROTTWEILER
This guy walked right into the yard...

CLINT
Of course he did, he's a mailman.

The Rottweiler continues to yank the Mailman's leg around by his pants cuff.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Otis, put the mailman down. Do
you want to go back to jail?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINT (CONT'D)
Otis, you owe me. I shared my
dumpster with you.

The Rottweiler stops, then slowly lets go of the Mailman.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Now I suggest you get out of here
before the dogcatcher comes.

ROTTWEILER
Thanks, man.

The Rottweiler runs off.

The Cop pats Clint on the head.

CLINT'S COP
Good job.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Donut's cruiser is parked in an out-of-the-way corner of
the parking lot.

A distraught WOMAN approaches the police car. She knocks
on the Heavyset Cop's window and he lowers it an inch.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN
Officer, could help me? I locked
my keys in my car...

HEAVYSET COP
I'm sorry, ma'am, we're on a
stakeout.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN
But I'm late for...

HEAVYSET COP
Ma'am, for your own safety, clear
the area.

The Heavyset Cop rolls his window up. The Distraught
Woman walks off.

INT. HEAVYSET COP'S CRUISER - FOLLOWING

The Heavyset Cop turns to Donut.

HEAVYSET COP

Now, there's two ways to approach this. The way I've found best is to lick the icing off first, then eat the donut...

The Heavyset Cop pulls a pink-frosted donut from a large box and hands it to Donut. Donut gulps it down in one bite.

HEAVYSET COP (CONT'D)

Or your way's good, too. Here...
(reaching into the bag)
Try the eclair.

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAWN

Pike addresses our dogs, holding a clipboard. The scoreboard behind him reads 2 days left.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

I have received your performance reviews from your ride-alongs. And it is with utter disbelief that I found you all received excellent reports. As a result, you will be allowed one day's liberty before your final test tomorrow. Let me remind you that you are still police officers in training, and as such you are expected to comport yourselves appropriately. Fall out!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

"BORN TO BE WILD" plays over the following scenes:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our dogs run through the shallow surf. They run up to a guy sailing kites and he runs with them, letting Samantha take the strings to the kites in her mouth as the other dogs chase her.

SAMANTHA
WOOOOO-HOOOOO!

CUT TO:

HECTOR

Riding the front of a surfboard, with a SURFER on back, as they crest a wave.

CUT TO:

DONUT

Riding a skateboard. Bert runs next to him, pulling a ROLLERBLADER with a rope in his mouth like a sled-dog.

CUT TO:

ALL THE DOGS

Riding in the open bed of a Lifeguard truck, singing along with the Lifeguard's stereo:

ALL THE DOGS
(howling/singing)
"Born to be wiii-ild..."

CUT TO:

ALL THE DOGS

DIGGING in a frenzy in the sand...

CUT TO:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

Nearby, on the beach, his usual uniform replaced by Bermuda shorts and a Sunnydale K9 Academy t-shirt. Pike is practicing his Tai Chi.

BACK TO:

ALL THE DOGS

Running away from the hole they just dug...revealing Samantha, buried up to her neck in the sand.

SAMANTHA
(yelling after them)
Hey! Guys! Get back here! There are fleas in this sand!

CUT TO:

Hector spies a HUGE POODLE walking by. Hector trots up alongside the enormous poodle.

HECTOR
Hey. You work out?

CUT TO:

ALL THE DOGS

Riding in the back of the Lifeguard truck.

ALL THE DOGS
"Born to be wiii-ild..."

CUT TO:

ALL THE DOGS

Running along the beach, coming upon two BIKINI-CLAD GIRLS playing Frisbee. Bert LEAPS up and snatches the Frisbee in mid-air, then runs off with it, the other dogs following him, along with the bikini girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL THE DOGS
(o.s., singing)
"Born to be wiii-ild..."

CUT TO:

CLINT

Loving it as one of the Bikini-clad girls leans over and puts her sunglasses on him and kisses him.

Samantha GROWLS as she watches the cute girl kissing Clint.

CLINT
(to Samantha)
Easy...

SAMANTHA
Just remember, it's not you, it's
the uniform they love.

CLINT
You're jealous!

SAMANTHA
You wish.

CUT TO:

ALL THE DOGS

Riding off the beach in the back of the Lifeguard truck...

ALL THE DOGS
"Born to be wiii-ild..."

...except Hector, who chases after the truck and leaps into the back.

HECTOR
So long, Baby!

The big poodle BARKS from the beach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL THE DOGS
"Born to be wiii-ild..."

They ride off into the sunset.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAWN

Dawn breaks over the camp as all of the Handlers assemble the obstacle course and prepare for the final test for our dogs. A Handler changes the scoreboard from 2 days left to 1 DAY.

FOLLOW our dogs as they trot, single file, behind Pike, to the starting line for the obstacle course.

Our dogs line up, paws on the line. Pike holds up his index finger.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
This is it. The final test. Once again, ladies: one mistake and you're out.

Pike takes out his stopwatch.

CLINT
(sotto, to Samantha)
Hey, Sam. You know how you said you're just a mutt...a little bit of this, a little bit of that. You said you were nothing.

SAMANTHA
Yeah?

CLINT
Well you may have the nose of a beagle and the paws of a Shnauzer...but you've got the heart of a lion. You're not nothing--you're everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
(moved)
Thanks.

Pike blows his whistle and the course begins:

Donut goes first. He leaps at the wall...but gets snagged on the top. Donut scrambles, slipping backward slowly.

DONUT
No...no...

Pike watches, his pen poised over his clipboard.

Clint sees Donut struggling. Clint runs to the wall.

CLINT
Get over that wall! You know you
can do it, Donut! Don't you let
me down, dog! Don't you do it!

Donut, inspired, claws his way over the top of the wall.
He lands next to Clint.

DONUT
I did it! I did it! Who's a good
dog? Who's a good dog?

CLINT
Stay focussed.

Donut runs off to continue the course. Clint returns to the line, waiting his turn.

Donut on to the balance beam. He moves across it confidently until...

...Pike opens a Snickers bar. When Donut hears the telltale sound of the candy wrapper, he turns and loses his balance and FALLS into the water below.

Pike SHRIEKS his whistle.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
You're outta there!

DONUT
That's not fair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Move it!

Donut hangs his head and lopes off the course, washed out.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
(yelling at Clint)
What are you looking at McGruff?
You're on the clock! GO!

Pike holds up his ticking stopwatch.

Clint can do nothing but begin the course.

QUICK CUTS:

-Clint crosses the balance beam gracefully.

-Clint comes out of the pipe and crosses the finish line as Pike clicks his stopwatch.

-CLICK! Pike clicks his stopwatch again as Samantha crosses the finish line.

-CLICK! Pike clicks his stopwatch as Bert makes it across the line.

BERT
We did it!

Hector runs the course last. He races up to the teeter-totter.

Clint and the others watch from the finish line.

CLINT
Come on, Hector!

SAMANTHA
Do it, Hector! BE the teeter-totter!

Hector grabs a big stick in his mouth as he approaches the teeter-totter. He drags the stick up the teeter-totter and the added weight of the big stick makes him drop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR
I am awesome.

But when Hector talks, the stick drops from his mouth.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

WHAP! The teeter-totter DROPS and Hector is FLUNG INTO THE AIR--

--right at Pike, who reaches up and SNATCHES HECTOR from mid-air in a catch worthy of the major leagues. Pike looks at Hector.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
You're out, Rat!

Pike drops Hector to the ground.

HECTOR
Let me try it again! I know I can do it!

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
MOVE IT!

With a snarl, Hector turns and trots over to Donut and joins him in the square of shame.

HECTOR
Darn it!

Clint, Bert, and Samantha watch Hector join Donut in the Square of Shame. Hector and Donut sit there, hangdog, washed out.

Clint glances across the field, toward the street, where Dobson and Clark wait in their Animal Control van. Dobson grins around the match in his teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP - LATER

Pike blasts his whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

Next!

Bert stands ready to attack a Handler wearing body padding.

BERT'S POV of the Handler. We can hear Bert's HEART THUMPING FASTER with fear.

SAMANTHA

Come on, Bert. You can do this.

Pike BLOWS his whistle again, impatient.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

MOVE YOUR TAIL!

Bert takes off at the Handler.

BERT

You're going down, pal!

But as Bert closes in on the padded Handler, the Handler turns and we see his face behind a scary hockey mask.

Bert backs off with a terrified yelp.

BERT (CONT'D)

Ah! He's Jason!

Pike blows his whistle.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

You're out, Puddles! Get off my field!

BERT

(heartbroken)

Aw, man...

Samantha watches, enraged.

SAMANTHA

That's not fair!

Samantha suddenly TAKES OFF and RAMS the Handler to the ground and starts ripping and tearing at his padding.

Pike runs over, blasting his whistle and yelling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
You're out, Samantha! You do NOT
attack until so commanded. You're
both OUT!

Bert and Samantha slink over to the Square of Shame,
defeated...

...leaving Clint, the only one left.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - K9 TRAINING CAMP - LATER

Clint sits beside Pike, staring out at the suitcases
spread over the parking lot.

Pike blows his whistle.

Clint doesn't move.

Pike blows his whistle again.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Sniff!

Clint looks back at Donut, Samantha, Bert, and Hector
watching him.

SAMANTHA
Go on, Clint!

HECTOR
You can do it, man!

CLOSE on Clint...

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASHBACKS

Of Clint's bad day at the White House: lights and sirens,
the robot plucking the empty gas can from the car; the
glare of Clint's angry Handler...chaos and shame.

BACK TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAY

Pike leans over Clint and grabs him by the muzzle and gets in his face.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Well what are you waiting for,
McGruff? Are you waiting for your
buddies to help you? You're on
your own now. Now get out there
and FIND THAT CONTRABAND!

Clint looks out at the suitcases, then looks back at his fellow trainees watching him.

Clint hangs his head.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Last chance, McGruff!

Clint doesn't move.

Pike BLOWS HIS WHISTLE.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
IN THE SQUARE!!

Clint slinks over to the square and joins the others.

No one says anything. A moment of collective shame.

Clint sees Dobson and Clark in their Animal Control van, parked. Waiting.

Dobson twirls the red key on his finger.

CUT TO:

INT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

Our dogs are led into their kennel, their tails between their legs.

Pike follows them in, then one by one, Pike removes their electronic collars and their Trainee jackets.

Then Pike leaves, locking the gate behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dogs sit in silence. Finally, Samantha speaks to Clint.

SAMANTHA

What happened to you? Why didn't you finish?

CLINT

I don't know...I just didn't want to leave you all behind, I guess.

HECTOR

Well, I won't have that problem. The minute they open that gate in the morning, *adios*.

BERT

Where will you go?

HECTOR

As far away from that red door possible. And I'd suggest you all do the same.

DONUT

But we can't split up. We're like family now.

HECTOR

No we're not. We're a pack of strays. We're better off on our own.

A sense of doom falls over the dogs in the darkness.

FADE OUT:

INT. K9 KENNEL - NIGHT

The dogs are awakened by Pike, outside the gate to the kennel, unlocking it.

The dogs rouse themselves.

SAMANTHA

(whispering to Clint)
What's he doing? It's the middle of the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINT
I don't know.

Pike unlocks the gate, but hesitates before opening it.
For the first time, we see some human feeling in the man.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
(to the dogs)
You all gave your best.
But...your best was not enough. I
am duty-bound to turn you over to
Animal Control in the morning...

Pike OPENS THE GATE.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
It would be a shame if someone
left this gate open so you could
escape before they get here...

Our dogs look at him.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
I said, it would be a shame if
someone left this gate open so you
could escape.

Our dogs look at each other quizzically.

HECTOR
Is he saying...?

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Oh for cryin' out loud--
(waving his arms)
GET OUT! GO ON! GET OUTTA HERE!

Our dogs all take off in a pack, running from the Academy
training grounds.

Pike watches them leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Our dogs run off. Hector splits off from the group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT
Hector!

HECTOR
(calling back as he
runs off)
Vaya con Dios, my friends!

With that, Hector is gone.

The rest of the group slows to a trot.

BERT
Where are we gonna go?

Just then, Clint stops. The others stop with him.

The dogs look back, at the K9 Training Camp.

DOGS' POV - The Animal Control van pulls up to the dog kennel in the darkness. Dobson and Clark get out and approach the kennel with the compliance collar on a long pole. Clark has five thick T-bone steaks.

BERT (CONT'D)
They came for us!

SAMANTHA
Too late, jerks.

CLINT
Wait a minute...something's wrong.

DOGS' POV - Dobson and Clark walk right by our dogs' empty kennel, and go to the kennel holding the German Shepherds. Dobson picks the lock on the kennel containing the German Shepherds. One by one, Dobson and Clark lure them with the T-bone steaks, then drop the compliance collar around their necks and take the struggling Shepherds out and put them in the back of the animal control van.

SAMANTHA
Why are they taking them?

CLINT
I don't know...

WITH DOBSON AND CLARK

As they load the Shepherds into the van.

Clark looks back at our dogs' empty kennel.

CLARK
Where'd the others go?

DOBSON
Who cares? This is our gold mine.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
(o.s.)
Hold it right there!

Pike appears near the van, shines his flashlight on Clark.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
Just what the hell do you think
you're doing?

Dobson suddenly comes up behind Pike and WHACKS him over the head with the long pole. Pike goes down, and Dobson and Clark pick him up and toss him in the back of the van.

CUT TO:

OUR DOGS

Watching, reacting.

BERT
Oh, no.

SAMANTHA
They got the D.I!

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL VAN - NIGHT

Dobson grins at Clark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOBSON

Five German Shepherd K9's. I'm gonna make Wolff pay twenty grand apiece.

CLARK

Yeah!

They high-five.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What do you think we can get for the Drill Instructor?

Dobson looks at Clark, slaps him in the head, then drives off.

BACK TO:

EXT. NEAR K9 TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Our dogs watch the van drive off.

DONUT

I can't believe they kidnapped our Drill Instructor.

BERT

Who would want him?

SAMANTHA

This is way wrong. Somebody should do something.

She looks at Clint.

BERT

What do you care? You were ready to tear him to pieces yesterday.

SAMANTHA

He let us go. He didn't have to do that. We owe him.

Bert looks at Clint.

BERT

Clint, can you track them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint hesitates. Samantha comes over to him.

SAMANTHA

We may not have the badge but we
still have the duty, Clint. Come
on...trust your nose.

CLINT

(hangs his head)
I...I can't.

SAMANTHA

You've got to have faith in
yourself, Clint. I have faith in
you.

Samantha gently lifts Clint's chin with her paw.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Listen to me: if you can't follow
your nose...follow your heart.

Clint looks up at her. Then, slowly, he lifts his nose
high in the air. He sniffs.

CLINT

(determined, nose
pointing)
That way.

Samantha beams at him.

SAMANTHA

Attaboy.

Clint gives her a quick lick on the cheek, then takes
off. The other dogs race after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

A large site, littered with construction equipment.

The Animal Control van drives onto the site.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dobson parks, then gets out with Clark. Dobson checks his watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Clint leads the dogs as they run down the deserted street.

They reach a fork in the road and Clint hesitates.

SAMANTHA
Which way, Clint?

Clint sniffs around...he seems to have lost the scent. The other dogs watch him, worried.

Samantha sees something. She runs over to the side of the road and picks up a chewed-up wooden match: Dobson's.

She brings it to Clint, who sniffs it, then bolts off.

CLINT
This way!

They follow Clint down the right fork in the road, as he runs ahead, hot on the scent.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The dogs run up toward the construction site, which is surrounded by an electrified fence.

Clint nods at Samantha and she begins to dig under the fence.

When the hole is big enough, the dogs crawl under the fence. They trot toward a netting of re-bar and crawl under it, just like they crawled under the netting on the obstacle course.

Clint leads the others into a large, wide pipe that snakes toward the construction site.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE THE PIPE - Clint leads the others.

Samantha is behind Clint, with Donut next, and Bert at the end.

They approach the end of the pipe. Clint holds up his paw to stop the others. They stop behind him.

Donut FARTS LOUDLY right in Bert's face. Bert cringes, gagging.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

Dobson and Clark hear the loud fart.

Dobson looks at Clark.

CLARK
Wasn't me.

CLOSE on the top of a retaining wall. Clint's head pops up from behind it.

CLINT'S POV - Of Dobson and Clark waiting near the van. Clint can see Pike, in the passenger seat, bound with dog collars and muzzled.

BACK TO CLINT peering over the wall.

CLINT
We need a plan.

Bert's head pops next to Clint's.

BERT
Maybe we should stay here.

Samantha's head pops up next to Bert's.

SAMANTHA
But we gotta save the D.I.

Donut's head pops up next to Samantha's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT

How?

HECTOR'S HEAD pops up ON TOP of Donut's head:

HECTOR
SURPRISE ATTACK!

The others turn and stare at Hector.

BERT
Hector!

HECTOR
What? You think I'd let you go
off on some *loco* adventure by
yourselves? C'mon, Donut. I got
a plan.

Hector runs to a sawhorse. There is a plank leaned
against the sawhorse, with one end on the ground. Hector
sits on the end.

WITH DOBSON AND CLARK as they wait by the van. Dobson
checks his watch again.

WITH HECTOR sitting on one end of the teeter-totter
plank.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Uno, dos, tres...GO!

Donut jumps off a ladder and lands on the other end of
the teeter-totter, LAUNCHING HECTOR INTO THE AIR.

WITH DOBSON AND CLARK, who just heard the noise.

DOBSON
What was that?

Faintly, they hear a WAR CRY...

HECTOR
(o.s.)
YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dobson looks up just in time to see HECTOR FLYING THROUGH THE AIR RIGHT TOWARD HIS FACE--

WHAM!!! Hector SMACKS Dobson in the face. Hector holds onto Dobson's face while he runs around in a panic.

DOBSON
Get it off me!

Clark picks up a two-by-four and raises it to smack Hector. But Hector jumps off at the last second and Clark SMACKS Dobson in the face.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
OW!

Dobson grabs the two-by-four and SMACKS Clark. Clark goes down. Dobson stands over him, grinning.

Suddenly, Hector leaps at Dobson again and bites his crotch. Dobson drops the two-by-four.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHH!

Dobson now has Hector attached to his crotch. Dobson whirls around, as Hector keeps his jaws tight on him.

HECTOR
You like that? You want some more?

Clark once again picks up the two-by-four and raises it to smack Hector. But Hector jumps off at the last second and Clark SMACKS Dobson in the crotch instead.

DOBSON
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

FROM THE WALL

Clint BARKS:

CLINT
NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Clint leads the other dogs in a charge over the wall toward Clark, who FREAKS out.

CLARK
AHHHH!

Clark falls back into a ladder. A bucket falls off the ladder and onto Clark's head. Clark stumbles and trips over a pile of bricks and falls. Clark pulls the bucket off his head and sees Bert in his face.

Bert GROWLS fiercely and Clark screams, a dark stain spreading across his crotch as he pees his pants in fear.

Bert watches Clark run to the van, terrified.

BERT
I made him pee!

Clint prepares to take Dobson down, but Donut stops him.

DONUT
I got this.

Donut TORPEDOES toward Dobson.

DONUT (CONT'D)
(on the run)
Look out, Hector!

Hector releases Dobson, who breathes a sigh of relief, just before DONUT BOWLS HIM OVER.

Clark comes running after Bert with a net. He tries to snatch Bert in the net, but Bert grabs the net in his jaws and pulls back.

Dobson picks himself up from the ground and goes to help Clark.

Samantha grabs the net in her teeth, next to Bert, and then Clint runs to join them. Together they all pull against Dobson and Clark: a tug of war.

Donut and Hector join them, and the dogs maneuver Dobson and Clark around until their backs are to an OPEN TRENCH.

DOBSON
Let go, you mutts!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAMANTHA

One...two...three!

Pike watches from the van as Bert, Donut, and Samantha RELEASE the net, and Dobson and Clark fall backwards into the trench with a SLAM on the hard ground.

Bert rises up and pushes against a portable cement mixer nearby-- Bert TIPS OVER the cement mixer, POURING WET CEMENT ALL OVER Dobson and Clark.

Samantha looks down at the two sputtering crooks.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I am not a mutt.

Bert runs to the Animal Control van. The keys are hanging from the lock on the back door. Bert rises up and presses the "Unlock" button on the key fob and the back door pops open. The Shepherds come bounding out.

DOWN IN THE TRENCH WITH DOBSON AND CLARK.

The two cement-soaked crooks look up at our victorious dogs, as the freed Shepherds join them.

THEN WE CRANE UP, OVER DOBSON AND CLARK, UP TOWARD OUR DOGS AND REVEAL--

WOLFF STANDING BEHIND THE DOGS, HOLDING PIKE WITH A GUN JAMMED IN PIKE'S RIBS.

WOLFF

(to Pike)

Call off your dogs.

ALL of the dogs TURN in unison, and see Wolff and Pike.

A low growl starts in Samantha's throat. Wolff presses the gun harder against Pike's side.

WOLFF (CONT'D)

I said, call off your dogs.

But Pike won't do it. Pike just stares at the dogs, who begin to approach them cautiously. The ten dogs look menacing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Wolff takes a step back.

WOLFF (CONT'D)
(to the dogs)
Stop or he's a dead man!

All of the dogs stop.

CLINT narrows his eyes, raises his nose, and SNIFFS.
Then, slowly, he begins to walk steadily toward Wolff and Pike.

SAMANTHA
Clint, what are you doing?

Clint continues, head low, tail down, teeth slightly bared.

Wolff CLICKS THE HAMMER BACK ON THE GUN.

WOLFF
Don't think I won't do.
(to Pike)
Call 'em off!

Pike is stoic. Clint keeps walking.

SAMANTHA
Clint, stop!

Wolff keeps backing up until suddenly he backs into the fence and--

BZZZZZAPPP!!! WOLFF IS SHOCKED BY THE ELECTRIC FENCE.

WOLFF
AHHH!

Wolff drops the gun as he shakes on the fence. Pike leaps away, drops and rolls up to his feet.

They all watch as Wolff's hair stands on end. Then Wolff DROPS to the ground, stunned but alive. Wolff COUGHS, sending a puff of smoke from his mouth.

Donut picks up the gun in his mouth and brings it over to Pike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Clint and the other dogs form a circle around Wolff, who lies there, coughing out puffs of smoke, his clothes smoking.

Pike looks down at our dogs.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Outstanding.

SAMANTHA
(to Clint)
How'd you know he wouldn't shoot?

Clint sniffs, smiles, and then:

CLINT
(his pride back)
I could smell his fear.

Hector noses around Wolff's steaming body.

HECTOR
I smell bacon.

CUT TO:

EXT. K9 TRAINING CAMP - DAY

Festooned with ceremonial accoutrements.

Mayor Lexington, Police Chief Davis, and Drill Instructor Pike are on the dais. Pike and the Chief are in full dress uniform.

A small CROWD sits on a reviewing stand, as CLINT, DONUT, HECTOR, SAMANTHA, AND BERT sit before the crowd.

Our dogs now wear BADGES on their collars, just like the German Shepherds.

In the reviewing stand sits CLINT'S FATHER...the retired Secret Service beagle we saw in the White House flashbacks-- a little more gray fur, his eyes showing the wisdom of age...but also...a big, proud smile as he watches his son become sworn as a police officer.

Pike addresses the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

I am proud today to present the K9 Academy graduating class. These officers have proven that they have what it takes... They have proven that, although their methods may be unorthodox, they can get the job done. And I would partner with them anywhere, anytime.

(to our dogs)

Today you are no longer pets. And you are more than just dogs... Today, you are police officers.

The CROWD ERUPTS IN CHEERS. But none louder than Clint's dad, who howls and cheers like a puppy.

One by one, our dogs march past Pike at the reviewing stand.

Pike salutes each one of them.

Our dogs each salute back.

But Clint shares a special salute with his father.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Pike, in Bermuda shorts, leads our dogs on a run through the shallow surf.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

(chanting)

K9 paws are on the ground...

OUR DOGS

(answering)

K9 paws are on the ground...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

Criminals are going down..

OUR DOGS

Criminals are going down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
One, two, three, four, one, two...

PIKE AND THE DOGS
(all together)
THREE FOUR!!

CUT TO:

CREDITS ROLL OVER:

EXT. STREET - DAY

HANDHELD DOCUMENTARY-STYLE INTERVIEW of Hector, sitting casually on the hood of a police car, wearing his badge on his collar and Ray Ban cop sunglasses.

HECTOR
(to the camera)
The thing about being a cop is, you get the ladies. They like the look. The attitude. They feel safe with a cop. Say we're walking down the street together late at night and some lowlife comes up to rob you. The ladies know I'll put the ram-a-lam-a-ding-dong on the clown and bingo. Bozo goes to jail... and then it's time for some lovin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

INTERVIEW with Bert, who is escorting a group of PRE-SCHOOLERS across the busy street.

BERT
(to camera)
I like working with people, especially kids... You know how fire stations have Dalmations? Well, I'm kinda like that...except I'm a cop, not a fireman...and also I'm not a Dalmation...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERT (CONT'D)
But the main thing is, I've
finally gotten over my fear...

Suddenly, a taxicab SCREECHES to a stop, right by the kids.

Bert rises up on his hind legs and POUNDS his paws on the taxicab's hood.

BERT (CONT'D)
WE'RE WALKIN' HERE!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE GYM - DAY

Donut runs on a treadmill, talking to the camera.

DONUT
(out of breath)
The thing about my food addiction
was...once I admitted I had a
problem, I took the first step
toward a healthier lifestyle...
(panting, getting
winded)
I watch my weight... I work out
with my partner pretty much every
day... We support each other, you
know? Hey! How much longer?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

The Heavyset Cop holding a Twinkie on a stick in front of Donut's face. Donut is running to catch the Twinkie.

The Heavyset Cop looks at his watch.

HEAVYSET COP
Only five more minutes.

DONUT
How long is that in dog minutes?

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Clint and Samantha, badges on their collars, are curled up together as TEN ADORABLE PUPPIES crawl all over them.

CLINT

It's not easy for a young couple
to balance the job with family
life.

SAMANTHA

I take the night shift so I'm here
for feedings, and Clint takes the
kids on weekends so I can relax,
get some things done around the
house...

CLINT

It's important for Sam to get a
little "me" time...

(making quotation
marks with his paws)

As you can imagine, having ten
kids at once can really run you
down. Your body just doesn't
bounce back as easily...

Samantha looks at Clint.

SAMANTHA

Are you saying I'm fat?

CLINT

No! Not at all!

SAMANTHA

I'll get back to a size four as
soon as I'm not feeding ten
kids...

CLINT

Honey, that's not what I meant...

SAMANTHA

Well, what did you mean?

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE

(o.s.)

PAWS ON THE LINE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The puppies all scamper around PIKE, who strides into his den in uniform. The puppies jump around his legs, barking their little barks.

Pike turns on his heel and marches around the room, with the puppies scampering around him.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE (CONT'D)
(chanting)
K9 paws are on the ground...

PUPPIES
(answering)
K9 paws are on the ground...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
Criminals are going down..

PUPPIES
Criminals are going down...

DRILL INSTRUCTOR PIKE
One, two, three, four, one, two...

PIKE AND THE PUPPIES
(all together)
THREE FOUR!!

THE END