

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - MORNING

Two secret intelligence agents, WILLIAM and JOHN, walk down a rainy cobbled street in 1890's London. William is tall and very serious, while John is shorter and more jolly.

The street is lined with dense buildings and strewn pedestrians. Down the street from William and John, a woman, ELIZA, walks a dog. Unbeknownst to her, the two men are trailing her. William and John discuss their business as they casually follow Eliza from a few dozen paces back.

JOHN

Run the plan past me one more time.

WILLIAM

We grab the dog, and we scam before anything bad happens.

JOHN

You have to wonder what makes a person steal a dog.

WILLIAM

A royal dog, no less.

William and John's conversation is cut short as they turn their attention back to Eliza, who is climbing into a carriage. The carriage slowly moves down the street as the duo jogs beside it and hail the DRIVER.

WILLIAM

We're gonna have to ask you to stop this carriage for a moment.

DRIVER

What for? If you boys need a ride you'd best take another carriage. Mutt on board this one.

JOHN

No questions, pal. Just hold up this carriage.

The driver appears concerned by the actions of John and William, and he keeps the carriage moving, tightening his grip on the reins.

DRIVER

I'm not exactly in the business of holding up carriages. Now, shoo.

WILLIAM

We really don't have time to explain.

JOHN

Just do what we say, it's for the best.

The driver, fed-up with William and John, speeds up the carriage, leaving the pair behind. They quickly stop their pursuit and catch their breath.

JOHN

Damn! There goes our royal dog.

WILLIAM

What do you think the punishment is for not getting back the queen's fleabag?

JOHN

For one thing, that dog would be stuck with the crazy lass that nabbed him.

WILLIAM

I mean, do you think our jobs will be axed?

JOHN

At least it's not our heads.

WILLIAM

Right.

John, finally having caught his breath, inspects the street they're on. The road is straight, and he can still make out Eliza's carriage. Next to John another carriage sits idle. John hops into it.

JOHN

Come along, we can catch up.

WILLIAM

That seems extreme, John.

JOHN

Think of the dog, William.

William makes a face, but reluctantly joins John in the carriage.

WILLIAM

I just want you to know, I'm thinking
of my own wellbeing more than that
dog's.

John whips the horse leading the carriage into action. As
they leave, another carriage driver runs after them yelling
and waving.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MINUTES LATER

Eliza climbs out of her carriage carrying the small dog in
her arms. Only seconds later, William and John run onto the
street. William grabs the dog, but before he and John can
flee, a POLICE OFFICER grabs him. Following the officer, there
is a small crowd, including the second carriage driver.

POLICE OFFICER

I believe you've got something that
belongs to that young lady, mister.

William looks at the officer, and to the dog, and back to the
officer.

WILLIAM

This dog? No, no, I can explain
that...

POLICE OFFICER

Doesn't seem to be much of a need for
explaining, except maybe about why
someone would do something as foul as
steal a dog.

JOHN

Exactly officer! Why would someone
steal a dog? That's why we're here, to
take BACK this dog.

As William and John argue with the officer, the dog wriggles
out of William's hands. He fails to get the dog again because
of the officers interference.

POLICE OFFICER

And just who might this dog actually
belong to, then?

JOHN

The queen.

POLICE OFFICER
That's laughable!

WILLIAM
We have identification, sir.

William and John shuffle around as they retrieve their ID badges. After some grumbling and close inspection, the officer accepts their ID to be real. The crowd starts to dissipate.

POLICE OFFICER
Well, I must say, my bad, boys. I suppose you should be getting that dog.

WILLIAM
Yes, I suppose we should.

JOHN
All cleared up, thank goodness.

The trio turns to where Eliza was standing, and they see that she is no longer there. They all stare for a moment.

POLICE OFFICER
Right, I'll be getting back to work.
Duty calls, gentlemen.

The officer tips his hat and leaves as well. Now, only William and John stand in the street. The pair walks down the street to continue searching for Eliza.

EXT. BAR - EVENING

William and John sit outside a bar to have a drink after failing to locate Eliza again. It is still drizzling outside, and the setting sun reflects off the wet street. While the pair drinks, John notices Eliza in the distance.

JOHN
I've got an eye on the target.

WILLIAM
Oh, indeed? Well, let's get to work,
we've got a mutt to bag.

John hesitates. We see his view of Eliza, she is playing with the dog, who is ecstatic in her company.

JOHN

I don't know that we should do that,
Will.

WILLIAM

Why's that? I like my job, you know?

JOHN

And that dog looks like it likes its
new owner. A lot.

William turns in his chair to see Eliza and the dog playing
in the street.

JOHN

You know, Will, I'd be willing to take
the fall alone on this one.

WILLIAM

Not necessary. If you think it's
really for the best, we can stick it
to the queen together. Cheers.

William and John toast their drinks and sip them while they
watch Eliza and the dog run in the street in the distance.