

Ms. Esme  
Undercover K-9

by

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based on the story by L.A. Maldonado

INT. OFFICE- DAY

ESME, a small dog walks into the office. She trots along with purpose. SAMMY, a black muzzled pug with a curly tail stands next to the reception desk chatting with the RECEPTIONIST.

SAMMY

(loudly)

And then, I took them all on  
single pawed. All eight of them...

He cuts himself short as he sees ESME. Leaving the desk he walks over to ESME with his tail wagging and offers her a smile.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Good morning, Ms. Hot Shot.

ESME

Morning, Sammy.

ESME walks past the reception desk to the stairs and SAMMY follows.

INT. STAIRWELL- DAY

ESME climbs the stairs with SAMMY close behind her.

SAMMY

You look tired, Esme.

ESME

(sighs)

Yeah, it was a rough night.

SAMMY

(barks before speaking)

I have bad news for you.

ESME

(sighs louder this time)

Throw it already.

ESME stops on the stairs and SAMMY comes along beside her. Then they continue upward.

SAMMY

Mr. Thorn wants you to go Downtown  
undercover to investigate a  
property.

ESME  
(growling before  
speaking)  
What, it's not happening again?

SAMMY  
(chuckling)  
Yes, it is.

ESME  
Do you remember what happened last  
time I was undercover Downtown?

SAMMY  
Didn't you and Maggie have to hide  
in some trash bins?

ESME  
Yeah, we were disguised as hot dog  
vendors and some puppies thought  
we looked delicious. It's not  
funny. Stop laughing.

ESME and SAMMY reach the first floor door and exit the  
stairwell into the first floor of the office. They walk to  
the entrance to MR. THORN's door. SAMMY wags his tail as  
ESME knocks on the door.

SAMMY  
Good luck.

MR. THORN  
(off screen- speaking  
with a growl)  
Come in.

ESME nods to SAMMY and smiles as she walks into the office.

INT. MR THORN'S OFFICE- DAY

ESME enters MR. THORN's office. MR. THORN is a basset  
hound. He is sitting at his desk wearing golden glasses.  
His long ears are spread over his desk covering the  
scattered papers on the desktop. ESME crosses to his desk  
and hops up in one of the waiting chairs. MR. THORN takes  
his glasses off and wipes them with his ears.

MR. THORN  
I know it's been a rough work week  
for you, Esme, and I'm sure you've  
heard about this new assignment,  
but I need you to hear me out.

He jumps out of his chair and crosses to a projector in the corner.

MR. THORN (CONT'D)  
You are the best of what I have,  
and I can't entrust this  
assignment to anyone else.

He uses his tail to turn on the projector. A map of downtown flashed on the screen. MR. THORN points his paw on the screen and barks.

MR. THORN (CONT'D)  
This is Mr. Golme's residence.  
It's at 53rd Downtown Street. Mr.  
Golme has reported food being  
stolen from his bowl the last few  
days.

ESME  
(sighing)  
Send some cops over there, they  
can handle the case.

MR. THORN jumps back in his chair.

MR. THORN  
They have been sent already and  
failed to trace any clue. That's  
why I need K-9 to investigate the  
matter.

ESME  
(exasperated)  
Alright, sir. I will team up and  
go there.

MR. THORN  
Good. Now you may leave.

MR. THORN pushes the casefile over to ESME.

MR. THORN (CONT'D)  
Ms. Esme, make sure you have this  
case solved by tomorrow.

ESME leaps out of her chair and takes the casefile. She nods curtly at MR. THORN and exits his office.

INT. OFFICE- DAY

As ESME closes the door to the office she turns and SAMMY is waiting right behind her. She bumps into him and drops the casefile.

ESME  
 (sarcastically)  
 Are you eavesdropping, Sammy?  
 That's a terrible habit of yours.

ESME picks up the file and walks toward her office with SAMMY following close behind.

SAMMY  
 (tail wagging)  
 Eavesdropping? Me? Oh no no...I was  
 just waiting for you.

ESME  
 (smiling)  
 Oh, okay. In that case, can you  
 send Maggie over to me, please?  
 We've got to solve this case by  
 tomorrow.

SAMMY  
 Yes, Ms. Esme.

SAMMY runs off down the hall as ESME enters her office.

INT. ESME'S OFFICE- MID-DAY

MAGGIE, a long brown Yorkshire terrier, enters ESME's office. She crosses to ESME's desk and looks up at her friend.

MAGGIE  
 Sammy said you got a new case and  
 wanted to talk to me.

ESME  
 Yep. You'll never guess where  
 Thorn is sending me.

MAGGIE  
 (shocked)  
 No... Not...

ESME  
 Yep. Downtown. Remember last time?

MAGGIE  
 (yelling- her tail  
 shaking)  
 Do I? Downtown again, oh dog! I  
 want to sign my resignation.

ESME  
(laughing)  
Oh! Come on, stop acting so melodramatic.

MAGGIE  
Are you really saying this, Esme?  
Don't you remember what happened last time?

ESME  
Yes, I do, but a job entrusted is job to be done, and you know it.  
And above all we are K-9. We fear nothing.

ESME walks around her desk and paws at MAGGIE's belly.  
MAGGIE wags her tail.

MAGGIE  
(smiling)  
Alright, alright! Let's do it, but I won't use the hot dog cart disguise again.

ESME  
Yeah, yeah, this time no hot dog business, instead we can sell pedigree.

ESME jumps around MAGGIE.

MAGGIE  
What?!

ESME  
(chuckling)  
Just pupping...

SAMMY enters the office wagging his tail as he walks to the other two.

SAMMY  
So? What's up?

He looks from one to the other.

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Ready for your next assignment?

ESME and MAGGIE smile and glance sideways at each other.

MAGGIE  
 (overly loud and wagging  
 her tail)  
 You know what? The other day our  
 receptionist was saying Sammy is  
 bogus.

SAMMY  
 (upset)  
 What was she saying?

MAGGIE  
 She said that you are just boasts  
 of your bravery, and that you're  
 actually a lousy dog.

SAMMY  
 (shouting)  
 What?! A lousy dog!

ESME  
 Yes. But now you have to show your  
 worthiness. You need to prove her  
 wrong.

SAMMY  
 (shouting)  
 Yeah!

SAMMY hangs his head.

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
 (dejected)  
 But how?

ESME jumps in front of SAMMY and pats his belly.

ESME  
 We have a great plan for you.

SAMMY  
 (looking from ESME to  
 MAGGIE)  
 Really? I hope you're not playing  
 with me.

SAMMY's head is lifted and he is wagging his tail  
 hopefully.

ESME  
 (comforting)  
 No, Sammy.  
 (MORE)

ESME (CONT'D)

We know how brave you are, and we want to give you a chance to rise above your shredding habits and prove to the world that you are the best of K-9.

ESME caresses SAMMY's back with her tail. MAGGIE chuckles and ESME quickly hushes her and scowls at her. She composes herself before SAMMY can see the look on her face. SAMMY begins to hop in excitement.

SAMMY

Tell me what to do?

ESME

Get your stuff and meet us in the basement. We will explain everything to you there.

SAMMY runs to the door, still hopping every other step. He is excitedly barking and wagging his tail as he exits the office.

SAMMY

(off screen)

See you in the basement in fifteen minutes.

As his barking echos down the hallway, MAGGIE and ESME wag their tails and start laughing.

MAGGIE

(laughing)

Please tell me you were thinking the same thing I'm thinking about?

ESME

That Sammy is going to make a wonderful hot dog vendor walking the streets of Downtown.

Both dogs break into laughter again.

INT. BASEMENT

ESME and MAGGIE enter the basement. SAMMY is already waiting for them. SAMMY is dressed in a long trench coat, a fedora, and dark glasses. SAMMY lowers his glasses and peers over the dark lenses at the females.

SAMMY

(trying to sound suave)

Hello there...

ESME  
(chuckling)  
What's wrong with your dress?

SAMMY  
(deflated)  
It's my disguise.

He barks and spins around twice and raises himself onto two feet.

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm like the super agents from the movies. Just like Jack Bond.

MAGGIE laughs and SAMMY gets in her face and barks.

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
What's with the laugh? What's so funny to you?

MAGGIE  
(hiding her chuckling)  
Nothing.

She backs away with her paw over her snout. ESME walks over to SAMMY and takes his glasses off and tosses them to the side.

ESME  
You're not wearing these or any of this stuff.

SAMMY  
(confused)  
Then, oh...I got it. You want me to wear underpants over my legs and the flying robe tied around my neck, just like the 'Super dog'.

Sammy raises his right paw in the air and pushes his left paw in his waist just like the 'Super dog'. Then he huffs, sticking his tongue out of his mouth.

ESME  
Eew...no, and keep your tongue inside your mouth.

ESME motions to a nearby parked van.

ESME (CONT'D)  
Now, follow me and hop in. We'll dress you on our way Downtown.

SAMMY jumps into the van ahead of ESME and MAGGIE. ESME and MAGGIE share a glance and ESME winks to her friend. MAGGIE covers her face again with her paw to hide her laughter. They all get in and ESME nods to the driver.

ESME (CONT'D)

Can you take us Downtown, but stop two blocks away from Mr. Golme's house?

ESME looks back to MAGGIE and SAMMY.

ESME (CONT'D)

That will be our rendezvous point.

INT. VAN- AFTERNOON

ESME, MAGGIE, and SAMMY sit in the back of the van looking over a map of Downtown. SAMMY is dressed in the hot dog vendor outfit.

ESME

So, is everyone clear on the plan?

SAMMY

Esme, what in the name of the dog have you made me? I am not going out selling hot dogs.

MAGGIE

Oh come on, you pug, you are not an ordinary hot dog vendor, you are the super spy out on a mission to save the world.

MAGGIE takes SAMMY by his paws and looks him in the eyes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And what if your receptionist learns that you backed off from a mission?

MAGGIE taps him on his forehead.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Think about it, Sammy.

SAMMY sticks his paw in his mouth and chews on one of his nails.

SAMMY

No. I can't take the risk of her seeing me as a lousy dog.

MAGGIE

So?

SAMMY

(confidently)

So I will save your tails and be  
the hero of the day.

Sammy kicks the van's door open and jumps out of the van,  
pulling the cart behind him. He runs out into the street.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

(off screen)

Hot dogs! Come get yer hot dogs!

His voice trails off and MAGGIE looks at ESME and laughs.  
They wait for SAMMY's cries to quiet as he gets farther  
away and step out of the van.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET- AFTERNOON

ESME pulls out a GPS and after consulting it for a moment,  
she points down the road.

ESME

It's on 53rd street.

MAGGIE

Do you think we parked too far  
away?

ESME

No. I think we can take a shortcut  
by going that way and hopping five  
fences.

MAGGIE

(smiling)

You sure?

ESME

Let's find out?

Both dogs sprint to the nearest fence and hop it easily.  
They continue to jump fences until they arrive at MR.  
GOLME's backyard. They both slow and lower themselves to  
the ground. They slink to the window at the back corner of  
the house, looking into the kitchen. They wait for a  
moment, then MR. GOLME, an old brown blood hound, enters  
the kitchen. He steps up to the shelves and removes a bowl.  
After placing it on the counter, he pours milk and kibble  
in it. He jumps slightly when the doorbell rings, and he  
leaves the kitchen. As soon as he leaves the room MAGGIE  
gasps and points to the ceiling. ESME's eyes follow and

they see a straw peeping out from the ceiling through a smoke chimney. It moves swiftly to the bowl and dips into it. ESME cocks her head to the side and pokes MAGGIE in the ribs.

ESME (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Follow me. I've got an idea.

ESME leads MAGGIE to the side of the house and they take the stairs up to an attic entrance. ESME slowly opens the door and they both slip in silently.

INT. ATTIC- AFTERNOON

ESME and MAGGIE freeze as they see two fat squirrels sipping the food up through the straw. Surrounding them are a periscope, a fishing rod, and a butterfly net. ESME motions to MAGGIE for her to circle around and ESME sneaks up in front of the squirrels. When MAGGIE gets into position, they both jump out and surprise the two squirrels.

ESME  
 (shouting)  
 Gotcha, thieves.

One squirrel sprints above ESME on the roof. The other spits milk into MAGGIE's face. They sprint to the open door and leap towards a nearby tree, but before they land ESME snags them in the butterfly net.

ESME (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Maggie, the rod.

MAGGIE quickly grabs the fishing rod and casts it toward the net, further ensnaring the two squirrels. Both begin to smile at their captives but frown as they hear shouting from the street outside. MAGGIE walks to the door, smiles, and motions for ESME to come over.

MAGGIE  
 (laughing)  
 You've got to see this.

EXT. MR. GOLME'S HOUSE- AFTERNOON

ESME leans around the door and starts to laugh at the sight of SAMMY in his hot dog outfit being chased by puppies. The cart is wheeling around wildly as he sits on top, throwing hot dogs at the puppies.

SAMMY  
 (shouting)  
 Esme! Maggie! Please come help!  
 Help!

MAGGIE leans close to ESME.

MAGGIE  
 (whispering)  
 What do you think, did Sammy learn  
 his lesson or not?

ESME  
 I bet from now on he will stop  
 poking his nose into others'  
 business.

ESME looks around to the surroundings.

ESME (CONT'D)  
 Come on. Let's get back to the van  
 before the locals see us.

She tugs at the mouth of the net and they both sprint back across the yards, hopping fences, until they arrive at the van. As ESME is getting into the van she sees SAMMY running toward a dark alley down the road from them. ESME and MAGGIE close the doors to the van and the driver starts the engine.

ESME (CONT'D)  
 See that alley? Go there.

The driver complies and drives the van to the alley entrance. The hot dog cart is crashed in the middle of the alley. It's contents are gone. SAMMY is hiding in one of the dustbins.

ESME (CONT'D)  
 Honk the horn.

The driver honks and SAMMY peeks his head out from the dustbin. He sprints to the van and runs into the open door.

INT. VAN- AFTERNOON

SAMMY is huffing and drooling as he curls up on the floor of the van. MAGGIE tugs at his tail and smiles at him.

MAGGIE  
 That was really a superb job. You  
 did well, Mr. Super Spy,  
 distracting the puppies out of our  
 way.

SAMMY  
(panting)  
Super Spy my paw. I don't wanna be  
a super spy anymore. Oh dogs! I  
will never trust you two again.  
never ever! You pranked me.

MAGGIE  
Come on, Sammy, just chill.

Maggie poked his tummy.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
We are all friends here. Drink  
some water and eat this.

MAGGIE hands him a water bottle and packet wrapped in  
aluminum foil. Sammy drinks the water and starts to unwrap  
the foil package.

SAMMY  
What's this?

MAGGIE starts to chuckle and winks at ESME.

MAGGIE  
See for yourself.

SAMMY opens the foil completely and sees a hot dog in his  
paw. He rolls his eyes and huffs.

SAMMY  
(yelling)  
I'm going to kill you, Maggie.

INT. BOOKING- EVENING

ESME, MAGGIE, and SAMMY are standing around at booking.  
ESME hands over the struggling squirrels and turns back to  
the other two.

ESME  
This was a hard day, but  
satisfying. Thanks to you both.

MAGGIE  
No problem. We make a good team.  
Any plans tonight?

ESME  
Nope. Just sitting at home eating  
dinner. What about you two?

MAGGIE  
Probably the same for me.

SAMMY  
Well, I hope you two enjoy your evening while I go home and try to get the smell of garbage and hot dogs out of my fur.

They all three laugh. ESME signs a form at the desk and walks to the exit.

ESME  
Yeah, good luck with that. Good night, you two. See you tomorrow.

INT. ESME'S HOUSE- EVENING

ESME sits on her bed with her empty dinner bowl on the nightstand beside her bed. Her room is illuminated by the TV. ESME is flipping through the channels. When it comes to "Dogs Got Talent," her tail wags furiously. SCOTTY, the host, a black Scottish terrier, is on screen prancing back and forth with a microphone.

SCOTTY  
(on TV)  
Good evening, everyone. We've got a good show for you tonight. Some amazing talent, your wonderful judges, and of course me your host...

SCOTTY holds his microphone out to the crowd. ESME and the CROWD respond at the same time

TV CROWD AND ESME  
(ESME whispers)  
Scotty not a yappy!

ESME sighs and lays back. As the TV drones on her eyes drop lower and she drifts off to sleep.

INT. ESME'S HOUSE- MORNING

ESME wakes with the sun shining in from her balcony. She turns the TV off and walks out to the balcony. As she stretches in the sunlight a smile comes over her face. She waits a moment before heading back into her bedroom.

INT. OFFICE- MORNING

ESME enters the reception area and shakes her head when she sees SAMMY chatting with the receptionist.

SAMMY  
(to receptionist)  
And then you wouldn't believe it.  
I was like a super spy.

ESME slips past, still shaking her head. When she reaches the stairs, she coughs. SAMMY looks up and sees her. He lowers his head as he closes the distance between the two of them. They walk a few steps in silence until ESME stops and turns to SAMMY.

ESME  
Oh, Sammy come on, things happen,  
and we are friends. Don't make  
such dying face.

ESME rubs SAMMY's belly, but he squirms away from her slightly.

SAMMY  
I'm not sad. I'm tense.

He rubs his face with his paw.

ESME  
Why?

SAMMY  
I know about you, but I don't  
trust Maggie. What if she mocks  
me?

He tucks his tail between his legs.

ESME  
She won't. Don't worry.

They continue walking and stop abruptly when they get to the first floor. MAGGIE is leaning against the door to MR. THORN's office, clearly eavesdropping. SAMMY hops excitedly and pulls his phone out of his pockets. He quickly snaps a photo of MAGGIE.

SAMMY  
(barking happily)  
Gotchya, Ms. Tricky Pricky.

MAGGIE turns around, oblivious to SAMMY's photo taking, and she hops excitedly as well.

MAGGIE  
Can you guess who's in Mr. Thorn's  
office?

SAMMY and ESME look at each other and both shake their  
heads.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, my dog! Oh, my dog!

MAGGIE hops circles around ESME and SAMMY.

ESME  
(annoyed)  
Bark it already, Maggie!

MAGGIE  
It's Scotty not the Yappy. Oh my!

MAGGIE's face flushed and her ears flapped. SAMMY jumps in  
front of her and places his paw on her snout quieting her  
excited noises.

SAMMY  
(excited)  
Hold on. Hold on... Do you mean  
it's the same Scotty from the Dogs  
Got Talent Show?

MAGGIE nodded her head up and down repeatedly.

MAGGIE  
(excited)  
Yes!

SAMMY twirls around with his tongue sticking out of his  
mouth.

SAMMY  
Oh. My. Dog...

MR. THORN opens the door to his office. He looks at the  
three of them with an annoyed expression on his face.

MR. THORN  
Well, it seems the team is already  
assembled. Get your tails in here,  
now.

INT. MR THORN'S OFFICE- MORNING

MR. THORN scowls as he brings them into his office. SCOTTY  
is seated on a sofa with a worried look on his face. MR.  
THORN leads them into his office. MAGGIE seems to be

holding SAMMY back as he hops and barely contains his excitement. SAMMY leaps forward to stand in front of SCOTTY.

SCOTTY

(annoyed)

Damn dog! You wanna give 'Scotty not a yappy' another heart attack.

SCOTTY flips his mane back away from his eyes.

SAMMY

Mr. Scotty, I have been a huge fan of yours, I can't believe myself, oh dogs! It's really you.

SAMMY twirls again. MR. THORN glares at him and clears his throat. SAMMY stepped back with his head low.

MR. THORN

Scotty, this is my best investigative team.

He glances at SAMMY.

MR. THORN (CONT'D)

Despite first impressions.

He gestures to all three of them.

MR. THORN (CONT'D)

May I introduce Esme and Maggie-two of our brightest and best, and as you've already discovered, this is Sammy. Would you please tell them what you've been telling me about.

SCOTTY nods to each of them as they are introduced. MR. THORN steps back around his desk and SCOTTY leans forward in his seat.

SCOTTY

Scotty not a Yappy's golden bone is stolen, and we have a week to announce the winner and present him the trophy.

ESME

(shocked)

What? The golden bone is missing!

SAMMY falls to the floor and flattens himself.

SAMMY  
(panicked)  
What?

ESME looks to MAGGIE and shakes her head as MAGGIE is still looking doe eyed at SCOTTY. ESME slaps MAGGIE's tail.

ESME  
(whispering to MAGGIE)  
Hey, you listening? The golden  
bone was stolen.

MAGGIE  
What?

MAGGIE immediately goes back to looking at SCOTTY with a vacant expression. ESME looks back to SCOTTY with a concerned look on her face.

ESME  
When did it happen? I was watching  
last night and the golden bone was  
there.

SCOTTY  
Yes. The bone was stolen  
immediately after the show.

SCOTTY combs his paws through his beard.

ESME  
Do you suspect anyone?

SAMMY  
None that I can say. Cops were  
there early this morning, but  
couldn't come up with any clues.

MR. THORN jumps from his seat and sits next to SCOTTY on the sofa.

MR. THORN  
Don't you worry, Mr. Scotty. Your  
case is now in the hands of Esme.  
She is the best K-9 in the city.

ESME  
Yes, Mr. Scotty, don't worry. My  
team and I will find your bone  
before the telecast.

SCOTTY  
(hopeful)  
Thank you, Ms. Esme. I hope you  
find it soon.

ESME  
Yes, Mr. Scotty, we will.

ESME looks around at her team to see SAMMY drooling on the floor and MAGGIE still staring vacantly at SCOTTY. She shakes her head and taps both of them on the tail.

MR. THORN  
Esme, please pull your team together and leave at once for the studio with Mr. Scotty and investigate the crime scene.

ESME  
Yes, sir.

ESME grabs both MAGGIE and SAMMY by the tail and drags them out of the office following SCOTTY.

INT. FIRST FLOOR- MORNING

The four of them exit the office and SCOTTY walks ahead of them down the stairs. ESME spins quickly and stops MAGGIE and SAMMY- both of whom come back to their senses as SCOTTY walks away.

ESME  
Follow me, you two.

SAMMY  
Where to?

ESME  
My cabin. We need to talk.

INT. ESME'S OFFICE- MORNING

The three of them enter ESME's office and take their places around her desk.

MAGGIE  
(awestruck)  
He is so charming. I feel like completely lost in his charisma.

ESME  
(curtly)  
Hold your excitement. You look like you have two tails.

MAGGIE smiles coyly.

ESME (CONT'D)

(intense)

Alright, we have a tough case to solve to keep up the pride of K-9. So we will have to work together to catch the felon.

MAGGIE

(with a bark)

Aye, captain!

ESME

Alright, let's pull our tails together and kick the felon's butt.

EXT. STUDIO LOT- MID MORNING

SCOTTY drives the four of them in his car. The guards at the entrance to the Studio let him pass on sight. As they wind through the lot various dogs acting out scenes, elaborate sets, and craft service tables are displayed. As they reach the sound stage for Dogs Got Talent ESME, MAGGIE, and SAMMY all register shock on their faces. SCOTTY pulls up and stops in a reserved parking spot. They all exit the vehicle and SCOTTY guides them to the entrance to the sound stage.

SCOTTY

This way.

He gestures to the door and holds it open for the others.

INT. AUDITORIUM- MID MORNING

SCOTTY leads the others onto the stage from the back entrance.

SCOTTY

Please, follow me. I'll show you where we kept the Golden Bone for safekeeping.

He walks backstage and the others follow. They come to a room with a red iron door. SCOTTY unlocks it and leads the group inside.

INT. GOLDEN BONE VAULT

The room is simple and small. All four barely fit inside but they spread out as much as possible. There is a CCTV

camera in the corner of the room. SCOTTY gestures toward a carved ivory hanger on the back wall of the room.

SCOTTY

It was yesterday when the golden  
bone was here, lying on this paw  
carved ivory hanger.

SCOTTY places his paw over his eyes and sobs. SAMMY edges himself closer to ESME while SCOTTY talks.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

(talking through  
sobbing)

And now it's gone.

(anxiously)

They have taken Scotty not a  
yappy's bone.

SAMMY

(whispering to ESME)

Esme, do you think Mr. Scotty is  
going crazy? And why the heck does  
he repeatedly say his own name?

ESME puts her paw up to her mouth and shushes SAMMY. SCOTTY is still sobbing and ESME looks around the room. Her eyes land on the CCTV camera. ESME leans out of the door and looks around, then she returns to the group.

ESME

(to SCOTTY)

Mr. Scotty, would you mind taking  
us to the control room from where  
all these cams are monitored?

SCOTTY

Yeah sure, Scotty not a yappy will  
take you there. Please follow me.

SCOTTY pushes through the group and exits the room. The other three follow closely.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

SCOTTY, ESME, MAGGIE, and SAMMY are gathered around the security GUARD. The GUARD sits at a desk surrounded by a bank of monitors all playing their feeds from various points in the studio and surrounding lots. There is a larger screen at the center that is currently displaying a screen saver of puppies playing with a Frisbee.

SCOTTY  
Good morning. These are  
investigators from the K-9  
division. Please cooperate with  
them to your fullest.

GUARD  
(in awe)  
Yes, sir.

ESME  
(to GUARD)  
Do you have the footage from the  
show last night?

GUARD  
Yeah, everything is here.

He taps the monitor.

ESME  
Can you play from the beginning of  
the show to the end? Maybe play it  
at high speed. I want to focus on  
the bone and where it goes during  
the night.

GUARD  
Yes, ma'am.

The GUARD taps keys on the keyboard and the screensaver disappears to bring up a standard CCTV recording database. He types in the search criteria for the previous night and accesses the camera for the main stage at the correct time frame. He taps the enter key.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Bingo.

The display fully renders the previous night's show. In high speed, The Golden Bone is placed at the center of the stage and the participant dog's perform one by one. Scotty's hosting and the judges rating the participants' performances. At the end of the show, a watchdog and SCOTTY roll a trolley with the Bone through the gallery and to the vault. The watchdog entered the room while SCOTTY waited outside. The GUARD switches the monitor to split screen so that the exterior of the room and interior of the room are on the screen at the same time. The watchdog places the Bone on the hanger in the center of the room. He removes a piece of clothing from his pocket and cleans the glass cover over the Bone. The watchdog exits, locks the door, and hands the key over to SCOTTY. The feed from the interior of the room blacks out.

ESME  
 (confused)  
 Why did the cam stop?

SCOTTY  
 (proudly)  
 It's a security feature, once the room is closed the cam powers off so that no intruder can see where the Golden Bone is locked if he reaches the monitoring room. It was Scotty not a yappy's idea.

MAGGIE looks up quickly and glances at ESME before looking back to SCOTTY.

MAGGIE  
 (amused)  
 Yes. We know you're not a yappy.

ESME smiles at MAGGIE

ESME  
 Scotty, take us back to the vault please.

INT. VAULT

Back in the vault ESME inspects the trolley that used to hold the Bone. She slides her paw over the side and pulls it away rubbing her fingers together then she sniffs her paw.

ESME  
 (whispering to herself)  
 Wax?

She inspects the wax closer on the side of the trolley and upon a close up grey hairs are embedded in the wax. ESME stands and elbows SAMMY.

ESME (CONT'D)  
 (to SAMMY)  
 Hey, take a sample of this back to headquarters and run some tests on it.

SAMMY nods and pulls out a baggie and scrapes some of the wax residue into the bag. He seals it and rushes out the door of the vault. ESME continues to circle the room looking into every nook and cranny.

ESME (CONT'D)  
No other way into the room other  
than the door?

SCOTTY  
That's right.

ESME  
(muttering to herself)  
Then, how did they get inside?

ESME stands up quickly and rushes out the room. The others follow quickly.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

ESME burst into the room with the others following close behind. The GUARD spills his coffee in surprise at their arrival.

ESME  
(to the GUARD)  
Play the tape again. When the  
watchdog took the bone from the  
stage to the vault.

GUARD  
(stammering)  
Yes... Yes, ma'am.

He keys up the video and it plays from the moment the Bone leaves the stage until it arrives at the vault. As the watchdog's back is to the camera in the vault, ESME's tail wags quickly.

ESME  
(shouting)  
Pause the video!

The GUARD pauses the video and looks to ESME.

ESME (CONT'D)  
(quiet but excited)  
Can you zoom in right there?

ESME points to the watchdog's back. The GUARD presses a few keys and turns a knob. The image zooms in on the watchdog's back and reveals his tail is bushy and curled into a shape like a question mark. ESME straightens her back and paces the room, stroking her chin.

ESME (CONT'D)  
(muttering to herself)  
Where have I seen that tail  
before?

She continues to pace while MAGGIE, SCOTTY, and the GUARD watch her intently. MAGGIE's phone rings and everyone jumps. She fumbles it in her hands for a moment before answering.

MAGGIE  
Hello?

She cocks her head to the side while listening to her phone.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Ya... are you sure?  
(brief pause while  
listening)  
Oh.. Okay. Thanks. Bye.

ESME  
(eagerly)  
Who was it?

MAGGIE  
It was Sammy. He says that hair  
isn't from a dog.

ESME  
(impatiently)  
Then what is it?

MAGGIE  
It's squirrel hair.

ESME jumps in place and smiles broadly.

ESME  
(excited)  
I knew it! Maggie, call the  
station and ask about our  
squirrely friends from the earlier  
caper.

MAGGIE nods, pulls her phone out, and steps out of the room. She is gone for a few moments then reenters with a worried look on her face.

MAGGIE  
You'll never believe what  
happened.

ESME  
(resigned)  
They got loose?

MAGGIE  
Yep. They tell me that the squirrels never got put in a cell. After booking, they dodged the cops and bolted away. So much for all our hard work?

ESME  
(to SCOTTY)  
If I'm not mistaken, the squirrels have stolen the bone.

SCOTTY  
(disbelieving)  
And exactly how can you be so sure they did it? The watch-dog locked the bone up in front of my eyes.

ESME  
(smiling)  
Watchdog? I doubt it, Mr. Scotty.

She points to the tail of the watchdog on the monitor.

ESME (CONT'D)  
Look at this carefully. Surely this is not the tail of a dog.

SCOTTY jumps on the table and puts his nose against the screen.

ESME (CONT'D)  
(pleased)  
The watchdog was actually the two squirrels in disguise.

SCOTTY hops down and looks back at ESME.

SCOTTY  
But when did they steal it when they locked the bone in front of my eyes?

ESME leans forward and takes the controls from the GUARD. She turns the knob and the frames skip forward until it shows the squirrels cleaning the glass.

ESME  
Are you sure, Mr. Scotty, at this moment the bone was in front of your eyes?

SCOTTY stares at ESME slack jawed.

ESME (CONT'D)

Look at the video. Only the back of the watchdog is seen for the next ten seconds, and when you thought he was cleaning the glass cover, he was actually re-placing the real Golden Bone with the fake one.

(pauses for a breath and continues dramatically)

The one made of wax which melted away during the night. And when you returned in the morning the bone was missing.

SCOTTY's eyes widen and he stares enraptured at ESME.

MAGGIE

Wow, you are brilliant, Esme. Simply brilliant.

ESME winks at MAGGIE.

ESME

Thanks.

SCOTTY

Mr. Thorn was very right about you, Ms. Esme. You really are a smart dog. So where is the bone now?

ESME

(with a bark)

The right question to be asked here is where are the squirrels? And I know who has the answer for it.

SCOTTY

(excited)

Who?

ESME

(even toned)

Soon you will find out, Mr. Scotty; we need to go to the uphill.

MAGGIE and ESME share a glance and a nod.

INT. SCOTTY'S CAR- MID AFTERNOON

SCOTTY is driving with ESME in the front passenger seat and MAGGIE in the backseat.

ESME  
 (to SCOTTY)  
 Please take us to the uphill area.  
 I have an idea we need to  
 investigate.  
 (to MAGGIE)  
 Text Sammy and let him know where  
 to meet us.

SCOTTY pulls the car out of the studio lot and they head away from the studio.

EXT. SCOTTY'S CAR- MID AFTERNOON

SCOTTY's car travels out of the studio district, through downtown, and through the sub urban area. As they exit suburbia, they pass a sign for "Uphill Area."

ESME (V.O.)  
 Scotty, can you pull off at the  
 foot hills? Before the mountain?  
 We'll wait for Sammy there.

EXT. UPHILL AREA- LATE AFTERNOON

The three of them exit the car and wait in a parking lot. The mountains of the uphill region loom in the background. SCOTTY is pacing while ESME and MAGGIE sit on the trunk of the car. ESME is looking annoyed while MAGGIE has evidently lost some of her admiration for SCOTTY.

SCOTTY  
 (excited)  
 So, where are we going? How do you  
 know the squirrels are going to be  
 here? What are you going to when  
 we find them?

MAGGIE  
 (under her breath)  
 Oh. My. Dog. Just stop it.

ESME  
 (annoyed)  
 My answer is the same now as it  
 was the last fifty times you've  
 asked me...

(MORE)

ESME (CONT'D)

(louder)

When Sammy is here and we have the whole team together, I'll go over the plan. Just relax.

SCOTTY taps his foot and paces again. He stops before ESME and faces her.

SCOTTY

So this mountain knows where the squirrels are hiding with Scotty not a yappy's Golden Bone?

MAGGIE

(annoyed)

No, the one who has the answer lives on the other side of the mountain.

SCOTTY

I am so happy that finally, Scotty not a yappy will get his Golden Bone back.

MAGGIE

I am glad, too. By the way, why do you bark so much then claim you are not a yappy? Do you doubt your intelligence so much that to assure yourself you claim every five minutes that you are not a yappy?

SCOTTY

(annoyed)

How silly are you?

MAGGIE

Me? Silly?

SCOTTY

(matter of factly)

Yes, when I already know that I am not yappy then why should I tell myself that I am not yappy? I say these words to those who don't know that I am not a yappy so that they know that I am not a yappy.

MAGGIE

(confused)

But don't you think we are judged by our actions, not by our self-praising barks?

SCOTTY

I'm a video jockey, I am not doing any actions, therefore I'm a dog of bark not of bite.

MAGGIE

I give up! You are right, you are not a yappy but I am.

ESME giggles at the two of them, but hides it effectively. She looks up as the K-9 van comes around the bend in the road leading from the city. She hops off the trunk of the car. Both SCOTTY and MAGGIE look at her.

ESME

Now, both of you, stop yapping and let's get going. Sammy has arrived.

SAMMY's van pulls into the parking lot beside SCOTTY's car.

EXT. MOUNTAIN- SUNSET

The group is hiking up the mountain. They are halfway up the side. The parking lot is visible in the distance as is the setting sun. The three agents are traversing the terrain with ease, but SCOTTY huffs and puffs every few steps.

SCOTTY

(gasping for breath)  
How far is it still? I am already tired. Scotty not a yappy's heart seems ready to jump out from his chest.

MAGGIE growls and jumps on top of SCOTTY, tackling him to the ground. As they roll, she ends up on top and pins him to the path.

MAGGIE

(growling in anger)  
If one more time I hear the word yappy from your beardy mouth, I swear I will push you down the hill.

SAMMY leaps toward them and knocks MAGGIE off. He stands between MAGGIE and SCOTTY.

SAMMY

Calm down, Maggie! What's wrong with you?

MAGGIE

Nothing.

SAMMY looks between MAGGIE and SCOTTY and cocks his head. MAGGIE huffs and turns her back on him and continues up the mountain. SAMMY shakes his head and helps SCOTTY back onto his paws. ESME looks back from the lead and glares at them.

ESME

(shouting)

Hurry up, dogs! We don't have all day.

They spread out with ESME still leading. MAGGIE and SCOTTY are on opposite sides of the path with SAMMY in between them.

MAGGIE

(under her breath)

Not. Another. Word...

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN- DUSK

The group walks up to a wood cabin on the other side of the mountain. ESME walks up to the door and knocks on it rapidly. They hear the noise of someone coming to the door and momentarily it is opened by MR. TROY, a retired K-9 and a German Shepherd. He squints at the group and a smile broadens across his face.

MR. TROY

As I live and breath. Not only do I get visitors, but it is Esme, Maggie, and little Sammy.

He looks harder at SCOTTY.

MR. TROY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't believe we've met.

SCOTTY

(shocked)

You don't know who I am?

ESME

(quickly)

Scotty, this is Mr. Troy. He's one of the best. I'd even say he inspired many pups to join the ranks. Present company included.

(to MR. TROY)

And, sir, it's an honor that you recognized me.

MR. TROY

Ms. Esme, the honor is all mine. You are the new face of the K-9. I hear a lot of good things about you. I am so proud of you.

ESME

(blushing)

Thank you, sir.

MR. TROY

Oh, but forgive my manners. Please all of you, come inside. Let's get you in out of the dark.

INT. MR TROY'S DINING ROOM- EVENING

All five are seated around MR. TROY's dining room table. The walls are wood and the decor is rustic. MR. TROY is serving milk to everyone.

MR. TROY

So what brings you to this old dog?

ESME

We are stuck in a case and we need your help.

MR. TROY

(raising one eyebrow)

Well, what help can an old dog provide? I am too old to teach you new tricks now.

Everyone smiles and laughs a little at his joke.

ESME

Sir, two notorious squirrels are disturbing the peace of the town, and we don't know where to find them.

MR. TROY

Ahh, squirrels.

He leans back in his chair and strokes his chin.

MR. TROY (CONT'D)

(thoughtfully)

Squirrels don't have guts to trespass the boundaries of a dog unless they are backed by a dog itself.

ESME  
I don't get it.

MR. TROY  
Well, dear, it's Tyson who is behind this notorious activity going in the town.

SCOTTY  
(excited)  
Tyson! Who is he now?

MR. TROY squints at SCOTTY again and furrows his brow.

MR. TROY  
First, tell me, who are you?

SCOTTY stands and places his front paws on the table.

SCOTTY  
I am Scotty not—

MAGGIE shoots SCOTTY a glare and she pulls her upper lip back to expose her teeth.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I am just Scotty. I host the TV show 'Dogs Got Talent' and the Golden Bone trophy of the show is missing.

MR. TROY cocks his head while he looks at SCOTTY. ESME barks and gets everyone's attention.

ESME  
Sir, we have evidence that proves squirrels have stolen it.

MR. TROY  
It's definitely Tyson, a black and brown boxer dog. He used to run a gang of squirrels back then when I was in force. He and his gang were captured and exiled to prison. If the squirrels are back in action then I'm sure Tyson has escaped prison.

ESME  
(pleading)  
So what should we do now? Where we can find him?

MR. TROY

(shaking his head)

Don't be so excited, and don't think of Tyson as a soft bone to chew. You have to be very careful if you want to catch him. He is not the kind of dog who easily gets into a collar. You must know his weakness and strength to destroy him.

MR. TROY slams his paw down on the table.

MR. TROY (CONT'D)

And remember, he is not a dog of streets, instead he is a dog who loves to live beneath it.

INT. SCOTTY'S CAR- EVENING

SCOTTY, ESME, and MAGGIE are in SCOTTY's car heading back into town. SAMMY's van is seen in the rear view mirror. MAGGIE leans forward between the two front seats. MAGGIE has a walkie talkie they are using to communicate between them and SAMMY.

MAGGIE

(scared)

I remember my father telling me stories about Tyson. He said that Tyson was the most malicious dog in town. Everyone was scared of him.

ESME

Hmm, I am wondering what Mr. Troy meant when he said that Tyson is not a dog of the streets but loves to live underneath it.

SAMMY (V.O.)

It means he is not a street dog, and he doesn't live in Downtown, so we don't have to go to Downtown again. My tail is shivering at the thought.

MAGGIE

(yelling into the walkie talkie)

Shut up, Sammy. We are dealing with deeper stuff than Downtown.

ESME  
 (confidently)  
 Guys, I know where we can find  
 Tyson.

SCOTTY  
 Where? Please tell me, where is my  
 Bone?

ESME  
 Calm down, now. Just drive to K-9  
 headquarters first. We need to  
 prepare.

INT. MR. THORN'S OFFICE- NIGHT

The crew is gathered in MR. THORN's office. He is seated behind the desk while they occupy the seats surrounding him on the other side of the desk. ESME stands.

ESME  
 ...and that is what led us to  
 believe that Tyson is the culprit.  
 We believe he is back to his old  
 tricks, leading an army of  
 squirrels.

MR. THORN  
 (shocked)  
 Tyson! Are you sure, Esme?

ESME  
 One hundred percent, Sir.

MR. THORN  
 Feed cats to my dogs...if it's Tyson  
 then we are in real danger.

MR. THORN picks up his phone and dials a number. His ears flop while he listens and mumbles into the phone.

MR. THORN (CONT'D)  
 (resigned)  
 Well, that was the prison that  
 Tyson was exiled to. They just  
 confirmed that he's escaped.

Everyone else in the room gasps and MR. THORN wipes his sweaty forehead with his big ears. ESME leans over MR. THORN's desk.

ESME

Sir, I know where he is hiding. I need your consent to get a search warrant and catch him.

MR. THORN

(shocked)

Oh! Do you know where his kennel is?

ESME

I will need they city map of the underground tunnels to locate him.

MR. THORN

So, you are trying to say that he is kenneling in the underground tunnels?

ESME

Yes, Mr. Thorn, indeed he is there. Give your consent to run the search and we will flush him out and bring him to justice.

MR. THORN

Alright, Esme. I will permit you and your team to execute the search, but be aware he is no ordinary street dog.

ESME

Thank you, sir. We won't let you down.

INT. ESME'S OFFICE- NIGHT

ESME, MAGGIE, SAMMY, and SCOTTY are gathered around a map of the city's underground tunnel network.

SCOTTY

(fearfully)

Do you really want to go into those tunnels?

ESME

Not only we, but you, too, have to come with us.

ESME pats him on his shoulders.

SCOTTY  
 (whimpering)  
 But why me? You are the cops. It's  
 your job to go find it.

ESME  
 Mr. Scotty, if you need your bone  
 so badly you will have to come  
 with us. We may be able to use  
 your help. Being a terrier you are  
 a good digger of ground and a foe  
 of squirrels, too.

SCOTTY  
 (resigned)  
 Okay, so what's the plan?

MAGGIE  
 (matter of factly)  
 It's simple, we enter the tunnel,  
 find the dog, collar him to the  
 prison, and we are done.

SAMMY taps the map with his paw.

SAMMY  
 Do you see the map and the maze of  
 the tunnels? It's not a building  
 you have to search, it's a network  
 of dark, horrifying tunnels  
 running under the whole city. He  
 can be anywhere hiding there. It  
 could take weeks to find his spot.

ESME leans over the map and traces her fingers along  
 different routes. Suddenly, she stands up straight and  
 barks.

ESME  
 I know where we need to start.

SAMMY  
 Where?

ESME taps a spot on the map.

ESME  
 Here.

EVERYONE  
 Downtown!

ESME  
 Yes.

SAMMY jumps back away from the table and walks to the door.

ESME (CONT'D)  
Where are you going, Sammy?

SAMMY  
Suddenly, I remember I got an offer for a new job. I am going to put my resignation on Mr. Thorn's table.

SAMMY exits the office and MAGGIE and ESME look at each other and burst out laughing.

SCOTTY  
(nervously)  
So, what now?

ESME  
Now? Now we get ready.

She looks to MAGGIE and smiles.

ESME (CONT'D)  
To the armory?

MAGGIE  
(grinning)  
To the armory.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET- NIGHT

ESME, MAGGIE, SAMMY, and SCOTTY exit the K-9 van from a trap door and are over a doghole cover in the street. ESME uses a crowbar to pull the cover off and all three look down into it.

SCOTTY  
You sure this is the right place?

ESME  
This is what Dog-gle Maps told me.  
We're in the right spot.

SCOTTY holds his nose as he pulls away from the hole.

SCOTTY  
Sweet dogs! What's that smell?

ESME  
(laughing)  
Alright guys, let's hound...

ESME jumps into the dark hole followed by the others.

## INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

The dark and damp tunnels are lit by service lights and the flashlights brought by the team. They all hold their noses as they land in the tunnels. The sound of sewage dropping into liquid pervades the other sounds of the tunnel.

MAGGIE

Oh Dogs! It's so stinky! How the heck does Tyson live here?

SAMMY

Esme, I think we should get out of the tunnel. If Tyson ever lived here, he must probably be dead by now.

ESME

(curtly)

Shut up, Sammy, and just follow my lead and stay alert.

They follow ESME through the tunnels trailing their flashlights back and forth as they walk. The tunnel turns left, then bends right, before taking another slight left again. ESME and MAGGIE lead- SAMMY and SCOTTY follow shivering and tails tucked beneath their legs as they walk paw in paw. The females keep looking back at the other two and snickering. As the tunnel bends another slight left, ESME's ears perk up. The sound of songs being played drifts slightly through the tunnel.

ESME (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Quiet and be still.

The sound of a dog drinking obscures the sound of the music and ESME and MAGGIE turn to see SAMMY drinking the water. He slinks back behind SCOTTY when he sees the two females looking at him.

ESME (CONT'D)

(mouthing)

Quiet. Be. Still.

SAMMY

(mouthing)

Okay.

ESME strains her ears up and the music is heard again. Distinctly pop music wafts through the tunnel. The team crawls forward around the bend and the music grows louder. As they round the bend, they see dazzling lights twinkling and sparkling in the tunnel.

MAGGIE  
 (whispering)  
 Who is partying down here?

They all peer further around the bend and see TYSON, a black and brown boxer, dancing and twisting his body in a semi-circle, moving his butt back and forth and shaking his docked tail. TYSON has a fierce and cunning look, his ears are sharp conical cropped, and he is strong and muscular. TYSON also is wearing the Golden Bone around his neck on a heavy gold chain.

A fat squirrel was on the stereo wearing head-phones and jockeying the music, while another squirrel was grilling some sausage on a barbecue while dancing. Assorted other squirrels are dancing around TYSON enjoying themselves.

TYSON  
 Woo... Woo...

TYSON stops dancing and barks.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Quiet!

The DJ squirrel stops the music and the tunnel quiets down save for the echo of TYSON's shout.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
 (growling)  
 I smell dogs.

A nearby squirrel hops off the dance area, runs up to the DJ and grabs a bottle of perfume. He scampers back to TYSON and starts to spritz some onto TYSON. TYSON kicks the squirrel away.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
 I mean intruder dogs, you moron.

The squirrel flew through the tunnel past ESME and her team. It lands in the water and SCOTTY looks longly at it.

ESME  
 (harsh whisper)  
 Don't you do it. Don't you dare do it.

SCOTTY  
 (whispering)  
 I... just can't help it. I'm a terrier.

He jumps at the unconscious squirrel in the water and holds it in his mouth. MAGGIE makes a gagging noise and SAMMY stifles a laugh at the sight.

TYSON sniffs the air and looks around at his gang.

TYSON  
(grinning)  
Ooby-Dooby, change in today's  
menu. Fire the barbecue, hot dogs  
just arrived.

The fat squirrel hopped in excitement as TYSON's laughter echoed in the tunnel.

SAMMY and SCOTTY shiver and SAMMY leans close to ESME as she is watching TYSON.

SAMMY  
(whispering)  
E..s...me, I think it's time to  
run. Tyson had gone savage. He  
wants us as his meal.

ESME  
(whispering)  
Remember, we are K-9. We fear  
nothing. So what if he is big and  
strong, our intentions are pure  
and our guts are stronger than  
him.  
(raising voice slightly)  
Let's kick his butt and show him  
who we are.

ESME turns back to look at TYSON then leaps out in front of him and his gang.

ESME (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Tyson, surrender yourself, or you  
will be beaten to do so.

MAGGIE, SAMMY, and SCOTTY follow ESME out from cover and stand resolute in a semi circle facing TYSON. They all draw their guns and point them at the gang. TYSON laughs and it echos again.

TYSON  
Well, well, well, look who our  
guests are. My old foe K-9, the  
gang of cowards is here to catch  
me. HA! So funny!

The squirrels laugh along with TYSON.

ESME  
 (barking)  
 Tyson, we know who and what a  
 coward is. Did you forget how you  
 ran from K-9 last time, and it was  
 K-9 who kicked your tail in jail.

TYSON  
 I remember it. How can I forget  
 the way K-9 humiliated my pride?

TYSON walks right up to ESME and barks in her face.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
 And now it's time to repay.

TYSON jumps onto the couch and pulls a lever. A net yanks  
 upward ensnaring ESME and her team. As the fly upward all  
 of their guns fall into the water below.

ESME  
 (strained)  
 Let us free, Tyson and-and  
 surrender to us; or else you will  
 regret this for the rest of your  
 lifetime.

TYSON  
 (laughing and barking)  
 Haha! Be my servant or be ready to  
 be grilled.  
 (to his cook)  
 Ooby-Dooby, watch on them till I  
 come back. The time has come to  
 destroy the reputation of K-9 and  
 exact my revenge.

TYSON puts on black goggles and barks.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Music!

The fat squirrel hops onto the stereo and plays the pop  
 music again. TYSON and the other squirrels dance again.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
 Come on, you squirrels, let's grab  
 some bone.

TYSON and his gang dance down the tunnel out of sight. Only  
 OOBY and DOOBY were left behind. OOBY leaves the stereo and  
 jumps down to the grill with DOOBY. OOBY grabs a sausage  
 from the grill and takes it to the couch where he chews on  
 it. SAMMY whines.

SAMMY

Esme, it looks like he's eating my soft little legs, by dogs. We are all gonna die.

MAGGIE

Shut your barks, Sammy, nobody's gonna die.

MAGGIE digs in her pockets and pulls out a walnut. She winks at ESME and then whistles at the two remaining squirrels. OOBY and DOOBY look up to see MAGGIE brandishing the walnut. They both leave their stations and stand under the net with slack faces watching MAGGIE wave the walnut back and forth.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

Hey you two. Come up here and take this nice, tasty nut. What do you think?

The two squirrels look at each other then scamper up the sides of the tunnel to the top, then climb on the rope securing the net to the ceiling.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Scotty, show us your terrier instinct...here comes the squirrels.

SCOTTY perks up. As OOBY and DOOBY leap to MAGGIE's outstretched paw, MAGGIE pulls her hand back in. The squirrels reach into the net to grab it and SCOTTY catches DOOBY in his mouth. OOBY falls to the ground.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Nice job! Good boy!

(to OOBY)

Hey you fatty fella! Do you want your buddy to be eaten alive?

OOBY shakes his head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Then let us out of this trap, and kill that switch at once.

OOBY leaps for the lever and pulls it. The net releases the team and they land in the water. SCOTTY still holds DOOBY in his mouth. ESME jumps to the couch and tackles OOBY into the water. She pushes his head under then pulls him back up.

ESME

(angry)

Tell us what Tyson is going to do  
so I can I punch his face and stop  
him.

Ooby chitters and squeaks.

ESME (CONT'D)

Does anyone know the squirrel  
language?

SCOTTY opened his mouth to speak and dropped DOOBY. DOOBY  
woke as soon as he hit the water and ran off down the  
tunnel.

SCOTTY

(sheepishly)

No. I don't.

MAGGIE

(irritated)

You fool, why you let him go?

SCOTTY

Well, she asked me a question.  
What was I supposed to do rather  
than answering her?

MAGGIE

Well if you don't know their  
language, you should have kept  
your mouth shut, Mr. Yappy.

ESME

Calm down, Maggie. There's no  
reason to scream now. Dooby has  
already ran away to inform Tyson.

ESME tightens her grip on Ooby's neck.

ESME (CONT'D)

We still have Ooby. Lead us to  
Tyson, or you will be dead.

Ooby tucks his tail up and chews on it while nodding his  
head in understanding. ESME throws Ooby to MAGGIE. MAGGIE  
shoves the nut in Ooby's mouth. Then they all rush to the  
exit.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

SCOTTY and MAGGIE are in the front. ESME and SCOTTY sit in the rear. MAGGIE ties OOBY to the rear view mirror on the dash.

MAGGIE

Point in the direction we need to go. Now.

OOBY leads them down a few streets, deeper into downtown until they come upon Main Street. As they turn onto Main Street OOBY points at the Bank of Doggy.

ESME

(astonished)

Oh my dog. Is Tyson planning on robbing the Bank of Doggy?

SCOTTY

(leaning forward and looking up)

Look. Up there- we're too late.

The team looks up to the high rises and sees TYSON and his gang of squirrels leaping from the higher buildings onto the bank's roof.

SAMMY

Sweet dogs! They are really going to rob the bank and take all the bones; they will steal my pension bones! Esme do something.

SCOTTY

(tearful)

You are worried about some bones, and my whole life's work is already hanging around his neck.

ESME

(shouting)

Will you all shut up and let me think?

The stop light turns red and SCOTTY stops the van abruptly. The jerking of the van causes OOBY to spit out the walnut in his mouth. ESME's eyes brighten as she picks up the walnut and turns it over in her paw.

ESME (CONT'D)

Scotty, turn the van around.

EVERYONE

What?

ESME  
Just trust me.

SCOTTY turns the van around and starts driving away from the bank. ESME is peering through the front two seats intently. As they come up on a nut vendor cart she points to them excitedly.

ESME (CONT'D)  
There. Stop. Now.

ESME jumps out of the van and immediately ties the cart to the trailer hitch on the van. The vendor of the cart comes running out of a nearby building shouting at ESME. She flashes her K-9 card and the vendor begrudgingly backs off. ESME sits on top of the cart.

ESME (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Turn back around and head to the bank. Now.

Before the van can pull off, MAGGIE joins ESME on the cart. SCOTTY drives back toward the bank.

MAGGIE  
What's the plan, Esme? What you are going to do with all these nuts.

ESME  
(smiling)  
Just wait and watch. These nuts will turn those nuts really nutty.  
(shouting toward the van)  
Sammy, open the back!

SAMMY opens the back of the van and ESME and MAGGIE hop in. ESME pulls the cart into the back of the van with the help of SAMMY and MAGGIE.

ESME (CONT'D)  
Sammy, you have shredded a lot of paper, but now it's time to crush some balls.

SAMMY  
(smiling)  
Yes, ma'am.

SAMMY jumps onto the cart and starts cracking open walnuts. MAGGIE grabs one of their big guns and loads it with the shelled nuts from SAMMY. ESME looks up out of the windows.

ESME

Scotty, hurry up. Tyson and his  
goons are almost to the bank.

SCOTTY slams on the gas and the van speeds toward the bank.  
SAMMY throws himself out of the cart and lands on his back,  
his tongue lolling out of his head.

SAMMY

Done. I don't ever want to shell  
another nut in my life.

MAGGIE

You did good.

A nearby construction site has a crane loaded with glue  
being lifted to the upper story.

ESME

Sammy, I need you to get to that  
crane. Get to the levers. Maggie,  
get to that pallet holding the pot  
of glue. Tyson is almost there so  
hurry.

SAMMY nods and leaps from the van. He sprints to the crane  
and hops into the cabin. MAGGIE does the same to the pallet  
of glue. ESME pulls out her radio.

ESME (CONT'D)

(into the radio)

Sammy, lift the crane to the  
zenith of the building. Maggie,  
get ready.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

I already know what you're  
planning.

SAMMY raised the pallet to the top of a roof and MAGGIE  
pulled the strings holding it in place. The liquid glue  
spilled over the roof top glazing over the whole surface.  
TYSON lands on the roof a moment later and skids while  
becoming entangled in the glue. TYSON stands wiping the  
glue from his face.

TYSON

(laughing)

That's all the tricks you are left  
with to stop me. Go home and catch  
street puppies!

TYSON runs to the gap between buildings and takes a leap.  
As he is mid jump, ESME pelts him with nuts from the gun  
they loaded. Her first shot breaks the chain and frees the

Golden Bone. As it falls SCOTTY leaps from the driver's seat to catch it. ESME covers TYSON in the nuts until none of him is visible. TYSON lands on the next roof (the Bank's roof) but cannot move due to the nuts.

ESME runs to the bank and takes the elevator to the roof. She laughs as she exits and finds the squirrels eating the nuts off of an exasperated TYSON. ESME looks to see MAGGIE hanging from the crane smiling at her. She pulls her radio out.

ESME  
(into radio)  
Sammy, bring the van over to the bank, please.

SAMMY (V.O.)  
Yes, ma'am.

ESME pulls out her phone and dials a number.

ESME  
Hello, police? Yes, this is Agent Esme of K-9. I've got someone you need to come pickup over on the roof of the bank... Yep... I'll be waiting. Thanks...

EXT. BANK- NIGHT

The police put TYSON into the back of their van while he struggled against them. Finally, they manage to secure him inside. Before they close the doors, ESME walks over and leans close to TYSON.

ESME  
(calmly)  
I warned you earlier to surrender, but you took K-9 as fun.

TYSON  
(menacingly)  
It's just the beginning. I will be back again. No prison can hold Tyson, for long woo...woo

ESME leaps up and kicks TYSON in the face knocking him backward in the van.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
I will be back, I will be back!

ESME hears him even as the cops drive away with him. MAGGIE walks next to ESME and puts her arm around her.

MAGGIE  
He should be sent to the dog  
asylum rather than a prison.

ESME  
(mumbling)  
Yeah maybe.

MAGGIE points to SCOTTY nearby kissing and licking the Golden Bone while wagging his tail.

MAGGIE  
So finally Scotty got his Golden  
Bone.

SAMMY joins the two of them.

SAMMY  
Papers are signed and delivered to  
the cops, and I gave our official  
statement.  
(pausing and looking  
from ESME to MAGGIE)  
So? What's next? I'm so hungry.  
Let's eat something.

MAGGIE  
(smirking)  
Yeah, I bought hot dogs for you,  
Sammy. Do you wanna eat?

SAMMY  
Come on, Maggie, stop pulling my  
tail. At least hot dogs are better  
than nuts.

All three of them laugh. ESME picks up a stray nut from the ground and throws it at SCOTTY, hitting him in the head. He looks up and dances over with the Golden Bone in hand.

SCOTTY  
(thankful)  
I am so thankful to you all that  
you helped me to get my bone.

ESME pats him on his shoulders.

ESME  
It's okay, Scotty, it's our job. I  
hope you are happy now.

SCOTTY  
Yes, I am Scotty—

He stops short and glances at MAGGIE

SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
(sheepishly)  
And I am happy.

They all laugh again.

INT. OFFICE- NIGHT

ESME, MAGGIE, and SAMMY enter the K-9 office and SAMMY beelines toward the receptionist- puffing out his chest and strutting. MAGGIE grabs him by the tail.

MAGGIE  
(whispering)  
Shall I tell your little story  
about what happened in the sewer?

SAMMY turns back and pulls his phone out. He shows MAGGIE a picture of her eavesdropping at MR. THORN'S office door.

SAMMY  
(amused)  
Do you want me to show this to the  
Boss?

MAGGIE  
(angry)  
What the hell! When did you take  
this pic? Delete it now, Sammy.

SAMMY  
(laughing)  
Nope! Next time, don't mess with  
Sammy, if you ever pull my tail  
again, I swear this snap will be  
on Mr. Thorn's phone.

ESME smiles at the two of them as they walk up the stairs continuing to argue faintly.

INT. MR. THORN'S OFFICE- NIGHT

ESME enters MR. THORN'S office and he beams, jumps up from his chair and crosses the room to her.

MR. THORN  
Oh, Ms. Esme, you are the best.

MR. THORN grabs her by the shoulders and gently shakes her.

ESME  
Thank you, Mr. Thorn.

MR. THORN

You and your team are the breaking news on every news channel.

MR. THORN turns on the TV and the news channel is reporting on TYSON's capture, the thwarted bank heist, and the brave K-9 operatives who stopped it. MR. THORN hands an envelope over to ESME.

ESME

What's this? A new assignment already?

MR. THORN

No, Ms. Esme. It's a holiday trip for you and your team.

ESME's face registers the shock and her jaw won't close.

INT. FIRST FLOOR- NIGHT

ESME exits MR. THORN's office to find SAMMY and MAGGIE waiting for her eagerly.

MAGGIE

How'd it go?

ESME

Good. Really good.

SAMMY

So, what are we going to do now? Do you have any clue? Did Mr. Thorn give you a hint of what's next?

ESME opens the envelope and smiles.

MAGGIE

What? What is it?

SAMMY

What's next for us? Come on, tell us? I can't take it.

ESME

(amused)

What's next? Well, we're going to Doggyland.