

1a EXT. SCIENCE LAB - EVENING 1a

Snow rests on the ground and the roof of the CU campus science lab. Lights are off in all the windows except for one set of them.

1b INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS 1b

A wide lab, grad students lined up with clipboards and lab coats. PROFESSOR RAYBURN, middle aged, but youthful, stands with his hand on a switch of a great big machine. He wears a sweater vest under his labcoat.

PROFESSOR

I guess we'll give this one more try and we'll call it a night. Goggles everyone.

He flips the switch and the machine starts whirring. An oscilloscope flickers and mimics a wave pattern.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

All right, set it to thirty one point zero zero zero one two seven micro-hertz.

JAMIE, one of the students, turns a dial. A blue beam quickly fires at a petri dish on a glass pedestal, then dissipates. The petri dish glows blue for a few seconds and dims slowly. The machine whirs down.

The professor removes his goggles.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

All right, what do we have?

Jamie grabs the petri dish and puts it under a microscope. She turns some knobs and studies it intensely.

JAMIE

No change, professor.

The students moan. BRUCE, one of the students, grabs his backpack.

PROFESSOR

There's only seventy eight thousand more frequency ranges it can be with this crystal intensity. We're almost there.

BRUCE

We'll pick it up after the break.

JAMIE

I thought you had it working on
your demo at home.

PROFESSOR

It cured my dog's rabies.

Bruce and a group of students make their way to the door.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Where're you guys going?

BRUCE

We're heading out, professor. This
project isn't going anywhere just
yet.

PROFESSOR

Well, you don't have to go home
though. Does anyone want to 'hang
in'?

They answer by leaving.

JAMIE

It's Christmas Eve, sir. You
should spend the holidays with your
friends or family.

PROFESSOR

Right. Yeah, you know, I have
plans with my friends AND my
family, so I better get going or
I'm not gonna have enough time.

(a beat)

Is anyone here Jewish?

Two JEWISH KIDS in the back take off their yarmulkes. One
pushes the other towards the door.

JEWISH KID #1

Just go, go.

The rest of the class clears out and the professor is left
alone.

PROFESSOR

Oh...

The door opens up and someone pops in. The professor
lightens up.

SOMEONE

I'm just gonna turn this light off.

The light goes off.

PROFESSOR

Oh...

2a INT. BAR - NIGHT

2a

The professor sits at the bar, a half empty bottle of beer in front of him, several empty bottles surround him.

He SIGHS.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Want me to get some of those bottles out of your way, Professor?

PROFESSOR

No, leave them. They're my only friends.

The BARTENDER, stock character, wipes something.

BARTENDER

Aw, come on. It's Christmas. Don't you have family you should be with? What about your wife?

The professor continues sipping on his beer.

PROFESSOR

My wife? She went to Antarctica four years ago to study penguins or Eskimos or something and told me not to bother calling.

BARTENDER

Women, huh?

He shakes his head.

The professor stares at him.

PROFESSOR

What about them?

BARTENDER

I didn't really have a follow up to that. Just... women.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Yeah... women...

Down the bar sits CHUCK, a scruffy man barely keeping in his chair.

BARTENDER

See, you're not alone... you got me, you got Chuck.

Chuck looks back at the pair with glassy eyes and shakes his head.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

Yeah, he's right, you don't have Chuck. And you don't really have me...

He walks over to the wall and hits some switches. The lights of the bar get brighter.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

Last call. Sober up and get the hell outta here.

The professor MOANS sadly as the bartender dumps the bottles into a garbage can. He grabs the half-full one from the professor's hand and dumps it too.

PROFESSOR

Oooh...

The professor stares mournfully at the floor. The rest of the barflies slowly make their way out.

BARTENDER

No, seriously, get out of here or I'm turning on the hose.

The bar empties. Chuck slips on the pavement as the door closes behind him.

2b

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

2b

The Professor puts his keys in his car, a tiny little Datsun hatchback.

The bartender locks up the door to the bar and notices him.

BARTENDER

Whoa, Professor, I can't let you drive home like that. Come with me...

PROFESSOR

Oh, thank you.

BARTENDER
I'll call you a tow truck.

2c EXT. BAR - LATER

2c

The Professor's car is now being lifted by the tow truck, operated by the TOW TRUCK DRIVER, oddly dressed down for the weather. He pauses for a second.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Oh, you might wanna get in before I raise it too much.

PROFESSOR
I can't ride in the cab with you.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
No.

PROFESSOR
Why not?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
I drive a tow truck... I have to keep a certain level of insidiousness.

The Professor reaches for his door and opens it.

2d INT. PROFESSOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

2d

The Professor hops in his car, he starts his ignition, blares on the heat, and warms his hands over the vents.

From outside, he can see the tow driver making a "cut it" signal over his neck.

With a GROAN, the Professor cuts the engine.

3a EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

3a

The tow truck and car stop before the building. The professor climbs out of his car, shivering. He closes the door and icicles break off.

The tow driver immediately comes out and starts bringing the car down.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
You head inside and get warm, I'll take care of things out here.

The Professor squeezes out a frozen smile, turns and heads toward the door.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (cont'd)
Oh, hey...

The Professor turns back.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (cont'd)
Merry Christmas.

The Professor continues to the door.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (cont'd)
Oh, hey...

The Professor turns again, confused.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (cont'd)
That'll be a hundred and fifty
dollars.

The Professor pulls out his wallet, shovels out the cash and hands it to the driver, who shoves it in his pant cleavage.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (cont'd)
And Merry Christmas.

PROFESSOR
(under his breath)
Merry ChristmASS.

He slams the door behind him.

3b INT. PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

3b

A beam of light pierces the dark room and widens. The professor's silhouette stumbly covers the beam.

CLICK. He hits a switch and illuminates a scene of torn up papers, pillows, cushions and coffee tables. The television plays remnants of some cheesy holiday movie. Off to the side he spots his two dogs, CHUM and MUTT, chewing on something that looks like a trophy.

PROFESSOR
Oh... my Kinsington Award. BAD
DOGS.

They pay little attention and tear hunks off of the trophy. Mutt turns in circles, sniffing the corner of the couch.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 No, stop! Stop! I'll take you guys
 out for a W-A-L-K.

The dogs tails start wagging as they dash toward the professor.

4a EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER 4a

It's begun snowing as the Professor, now dressed a little warmer, exits the building with his two dogs. He puts a wool cap over his head.

The dogs tug in opposite directions, sniffing the ground around them and turning in circles.

PROFESSOR
 Come on, come on.

4b EXT. DOWN THE STREET 4b

The snow falls steadily, but gently. The Professor walks by a ground floor window. Inside, he sees models of a family sitting around a Christmas tree, a fire in the fireplace. Over them, a banner that reads: "This is what Christmas should be."

He looks down at his feet and sees Chum eating some grass growing out of the sidewalk.

The Professor tugs him and they continue down the street.

4c EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE STREET 4c

In front of the Professor and his dogs, a man jumps toward a door. He knocks and waits, bouncing up and down, keeping warm. The door opens and friendly light pours into the street. A woman GREETs the man warmly.

The Professor and his dogs are close now, and the dogs BARK profusely and lunge at the reuniting couple. The Professor holds them back as the couple dashes inside and locks the door.

4d EXT. SUBURBAN STREET 4d

They pass in front of a delicately lit and decorated yard, with a pleasant sidewalk leading up to a cozy looking townhouse. The Professor stops and gazes inside.

A mother walks into the living room, with a tray of cocoa. She passes the first one to Father, who is sprawled out on the floor, watching Son open a train set. Son hugs Father before getting his cocoa.

Mother passes them and places the cocoa tray on the coffee table before Grams and Gramps. They each take one as Mother sits down and takes one for himself.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Gonna pick that up?

The Professor turns to see the POLICE OFFICER, then follows his gaze down to Mutt, who stands from a squat and kicks up some grass with his back legs.

PROFESSOR

Oh gosh... I don't have a bag on me... do you?

POLICE OFFICER

Nope.

The Professor fumbles around with his jacket, groping for something to use. The officer eyes the Professor's hat.

With a nervous CHUCKLE, the Professor pulls off his hat, wraps it around some unseen pile on the ground, and tosses the entire heap into a nearby garbage can.

PROFESSOR

Have a Merry Christmas.

The Officer lets out a telling COUGH. The Professor sees that Chum is now squatting. The Professor takes off his scarf and starts bundling it properly.

Chum stands and walks away, the Professor bends over to clean up his mess. Mutt squats again.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Oh, come on!

5

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

5

The door flies open, revealing a very cold and disheveled Professor, many articles of clothing missing, a sleeve ripped off his shirt. The dogs skip happily into the apartment.

The Professor moans and makes his way to the couch. As he sits, Chum jumps up and sits beneath the professor.

PROFESSOR

No... Chum... get off the couch.

He sighs and scoots over to the other side. Mutt slips under him. He wags his tail.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

It's MY couch. Don't you understand? If only I could make you understand me, I could yell at you properly.

The dogs stare at him.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Fine. I'll sleep on the floor.

The professor slumps onto the floor. He piles up papers to make a pillow and puts his face in it.

TV

Don't you know it's Christmas,
Davy?

(other voice)

Duh.

CANNED LAUGHTER.

The professor digs around for the remote.

He finds it and aims it at the TV. CLICK. Off. He drops it to his side and starts to drift off to sleep.

CLICK. Chum holds the remote under his paws.

The professor grabs the remote and turns the TV off again. He puts the remote on the coffee table.

Mutt jumps onto the coffee table and turns the TV on again. The professor forces himself to a stand and makes his way to the tv.

PROFESSOR

You are the most annoying things in
the world right now.

He grabs the chord from behind the tv and rips it from the wall.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

I don't know why I got that thing,
I swear you watch it more than I
do.

The dogs WHINE.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Deal with it.

He goes to lay back down on his paper pillow, but Chum takes his place and begins scratching and pulling at the pile to his liking.

The professor notices one of the pages. His eyes widen.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Are these my frequency
calculations? I need these for the
grant. Oh God.

Frantically he grabs the papers and brings them to the table, sorting through pieces of them and trying to fit them together.

Mutt walks over and sits between under his legs.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
No, get away from me. This is very
bad.

He stands up to shoo Mutt back to the couch and shakes his finger at both of them.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
BAD DOGS. BAD. DOGS.

He produces a roll of scotch tape and begins taping two pieces together.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
If not for these, you'd still have
rabies, Mutt.

The dogs stare at him.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Assuming you had rabies in the
first place.

He holds up a newly mended piece and looks at another scrap. Placing the scrap over another, he shrugs.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I can't tell... wait a minute...

He gets out a clean sheet of paper and starts scribbling stuff down.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Of course, that's it! Double
 helix... double waves! I can do
 this!

He gets up from the table and the dogs start jumping around him. He works his way over to the kitchen and over the safety gate blocking its entrance from two feet and down.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Ha. At least something works.

6 INT. PROFESSOR'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 6

The kitchen is completely cluttered by random pipes, wires, boxes and lights. Obviously someone takes work home with them.

In a corner of the kitchen is a smaller machine identical to the one at the lab. The professor flips it on as he walks past it to the freezer.

He opens the freezer door and inside are more petri dishes, labeled: CYSTIC FIBROSIS. He grabs one of them and turns.

A beat.

He turns back to the freezer and pulls out a bottle of whiskey. He takes a swig from the bottle.

PROFESSOR
 Let's do this!

He places the petri dish on the table and flips some dials on his machine.

ZAP

With a flash of light, the laser mimics the one from the science lab at school.

The professor moves the petri dish to the microscope.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 I did it!

Another dish labeled: DOWN SYNDROME.

ZAP.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Success.

A dish: SICKLE CELL.

ZAP.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I am the greatest genius in a
world!

He begins laughing maniacally with his arms in the air. He brings the whiskey bottle to his mouth, tilts back to drink, then brings it to his eye.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Drats.

It's empty. He stumbly puts it on the table and staggers back to the machine.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Anyway, we did it, you and me.

He gives the machine a hug and begins to fall asleep. As he slides down, he knocks some buttons and the laser arm. It points to the dogs, who look at it curiously.

The machine hums up.

ZAP.

7a INT. AWARD SHOW - NIGHT

7a

The professor, wearing a tux, is holding some award.

AWARD ANNOUNCER
For inventing the greatest
invention in the world, we've
awarded you the best award.

He waves his award with pride. Bruce and his students approach him.

BRUCE
Wow, you're so cool. Let's hang
out.

A beautiful DREAM WOMAN appears from the crowd.

DREAM WOMAN
I'd like to hang out with you too.

7b EXT. PARK - NIGHT

7b

The professor and the dream woman are holding hands running through a park. They jump and fly in the air.

PROFESSOR

I love you.

DREAM WOMAN

I love you too.

7c INT. HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS - EVENING

7c

In a gigantic mountain lodge, the professor and his dream wife stand near a fireplace and a window overlooking the mountains. The wife is now pregnant looking. She grabs his hand.

DREAM WOMAN

You're gonna be a dad... dad...
dad...

8 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

8

The professor finds himself asleep against his machine, smiling. His eyes are slow to adjust to the morning.

BOYS

(yelling)

Dad! Dad! Get up.

The professor acclimates to the light and discovers a pair of naked boys on the other side of the kitchen gate, on all fours.

PROFESSOR

Agh!

ACT II INTERMISSION: Human Speech to Dog Bark Megaphone. ACT II

9a INT. KITCHEN - DAY 9a

Professor stares at two naked boys, separated by a cheap safety gate.

PROFESSOR
Who are you?

BOYS
Dad! Dad! Food!

He notices tags dangling from collars around their necks. They read "Chum" and "Mutt".

PROFESSOR
What? My dogs? No... that's not possible.

BOYS
Food! Dad. Dad. Hello!

He looks around, baffled for answers, and eyeballs his empty whiskey bottle lovingly. He nudges it.

PROFESSOR
You...

He lifts himself to his feet.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
All right, I'll play along.

He fills two bowls with dog food and lays them down on the floor. The boys dig into them.

BOYS
Food! Yay!

9b INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 9b

The Professor stumbles into the living room, gazing amazingly at the room around him. He's still holding the whiskey bottle.

PROFESSOR
Wow! And the couch looks like a hippo.

The couch looks like a couch.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Kinda...

9c INT. BATHROOM 9c

He twists a knob. The shower starts to SPRAY.

PROFESSOR
WOW, I'm drunk. Gotta sober up.
Stay sharp.

He lifts his hands to lather up his hair (head). He's still holding the whiskey bottle.

9d INT. BATHROOM - LITTLE LATER 9d

Turns off the shower, wraps a towel around himself. Looks in the mirror.

PROFESSOR
Don't need beer goggles to know
that you are one sexy beast.

He winks at himself and turns away.

9e INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM 9e

He takes a deep breath.

PROFESSOR
Much better.

He looks around his living room. The couch looks like a couch. Carpet's a carpet (with a little wet stain).

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
That's how I left it.

He nods to his glass friend and walks slowly toward the kitchen. His mood shifts towards blue.

Two small, naked boys with collars on are crouched over, eating dog food from bowls. One turns and smiles at him, pieces of dog food cling to his teeth.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Agh.

A beat.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Agh.

A muffled CEILING BROOM BEATING from downstairs.

DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

(muffled)

Keep it down up there.

Chum starts sniffing Mutt's butt. The professor rushes in to interfere.

PROFESSOR

Oh god, stop that.

Keeping between the two boys, the Professor grabs the food bowls and puts them up on the counter.

CHUM & MUTT

Aw...

PROFESSOR

I can't feed you this.

The Professor's gaze slowly moves to the laser behind the boys, and notices that the laser is pointed at the safety gate, where the dogs slept all night.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

The laser... I didn't think it was capable of this...

Mutt stares at his fingers awkwardly.

MUTT

Weird.

CHUM

I want that.

Chum grabs at Mutt's hand and tries to put it in his mouth. Mutt shoves his other hand in Chum's face and pulls back.

MUTT

Mine.

CHUM

Mine.

PROFESSOR

Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa. Stop fighting.

The professor looks down and eyes a ding dong before quickly averting his gaze.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Oh god. I don't think I'm supposed
to see that. Let's go get some
clothes on you guys.

10a INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

10a

In front of the professor's dresser, the boys are now wearing underwear and t-shirts. The professor looks them over.

PROFESSOR
Ok, that's better.

Mutt shivers.

MUTT
Cold.

CHUM
Cold.

The professor opens the closet, revealing an assortment of basically the same thing he wears everyday, white collared shirts and sweater vests.

He turns to the boys and gestures back to the closet.

PROFESSOR
Here, I guess, grab some things.

CHUM
Cold.

With a SIGH, the professor grabs everything in the closet and drops it on the floor. He pats his hand up and down on it.

PROFESSOR
Have at it.

10b INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

10b

The boys are now dressed in mismatched, oddly layered clothing.

PROFESSOR
Well, you're certainly easier to
look at.
(MORE)

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 You guys just hang out here, and
 I'll work on turning you into dogs.

The professor starts to walk away, but the boys grab onto his legs.

MUTT
 Hungry.

CHUM
 Put food in me.

With a SIGH, the Professor leads them into the kitchen.

11a INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN

11a

The Professor approaches his cabinets, the boys seated politely behind him. He files through some boxes.

PROFESSOR
 Geez... is it safe to feed you guys
 chocolate? I'm not sure what the
 rules here are...

He turns around to meet two dumb faces. He grabs a random box and opens it.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Rice Pops. Here, see if you like
 this.

He holds the open box down to the boys, who scramble to investigate it. Chum puts a hand on the box and weighs it down while he sticks his nose in.

CHUM
 Mm... food food. Human food.

The professor pours the cereal into two bowls and sets them on the table. He walks to the fridge and pokes his head inside.

PROFESSOR
 Oh shoot, we're out of milk, is
 that gonna be a prob...

When he turns around, the boys are leaning over the table, face deep in dry cereal.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Guess not.

He watches them for a beat.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I'm gonna make a phone call.

He slips over to the phone on the column and dials a number.

INT. JAMIE'S FAMILY'S LIVING ROOM

Jamie sits on the floor, her little sister ripping through a gift, her father standing over them, picking up wrapping paper and shoving it into a garbage bag.

A distant ringing can be heard. JAMIE'S MOTHER enters, holding a cell phone.

JAMIE'S MOTHER
Jamie, honey, your phone's ringing.

Jamie reaches for the phone.

JAMIE
Oh, thanks... hello?

PROFESSOR
Jamie, it's Professor Rayburn, I got the machine to work. Let's call up the troops! So to speak...

JAMIE
The troops?

PROFESSOR
Get the class together, we'll do a phone tree.

JAMIE
But sir, it's Christmas.

PROFESSOR
Fine, a phone Christmas tree... I don't care what you call it. Now, the school directory only had your number and Bruce's number, so I'll call him next. You know Anne, right? You call Anne.

Jamie gives a frustrated look to her family, who are all staring at her blankly. She fumbles for the words.

JAMIE
I don't think this is a good time sir, I... I'm going through a tunnel.

She quickly turns off the phone.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN

A DIAL TONE can be heard over the phone line. The Professor gives a confused look, but then turns and flips through a phone book, dialing as he does.

INT. BRUCE'S HOME

Bruce stands over a bean bag chair, another college student sitting on the floor, playing a video game. Bruce is already on the phone.

BRUCE

I think that's him now... thanks
for the heads up.

He brings down his phone and hits a button.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Hello?

PROFESSOR

Bruce, it's the Professor, I need
you to come into the lab...

Bruce starts waving around the room, gesturing everyone in the area to come in closer.

BRUCE

(interrupting)

Sorry, this isn't Bruce, this is...
Bryce, Bruce's twin brother. Bruce
is unavailable right now.

PROFESSOR

Well, where is he?

BRUCE

He's... scuba diving.

PROFESSOR

Which ocean?

BRUCE

Ant...arc...tic?

PROFESSOR

Shoot... well, what about you? Do
you know anything about genetics?
Specifically dog genetics?

Bruce's phone is now resting on a table, speaker on. A crowd has gathered around it.

BRUCE
 (quietly, laughing)
 Dog genetics?
 (into the phone)
 Um... No, actually. Have you tried
 the dog genetics place?

PROFESSOR
 What? What are you talking about?

The Professor looks behind him to see the boys licking their empty bowls. They see that they've caught his attention.

CHUM
 Done!

MUTT
 Walk! Walk!

CHUM
 W-A-L-K!

The Professor turns back into the phone.

PROFESSOR
 I've gotta go. Have Bruce come
 into the lab when he gets back.

On Bruce's end, the phone clicks off, everyone in the room starts cracking up laughing.

The Professor turns to the boys.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Boys, just... sit tight. I'll have
 you turned back into dogs soon
 enough. Go watch Tv.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The TV plays for itself, it looks like golf or maybe just shots of grass. The boys sit over the back of the couch, noses pressed against the window. Cars drive by.

CHUM
 Bored.

MUTT
 Bored.

Mutt's attention is perked. He sits up straight and pushes his face close against the window.

MUTT (cont'd)
Hey! Hey!

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A man walks down the sidewalk in front of the apartments. He hears the boys YELLING at him.

CHUM & MUTT
(distant, behind glass)
Hey you! Look at me! Look! Look!

The man stops and stares at the boys confused.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boys look down at the man, growling and barking.

CHUM
Hey, you stinky man...

MUTT
Um... he stopped.

CHUM
He's looking.

MUTT
This never happens... they're supposed to walk faster. What do we do now?

The Professor enters.

PROFESSOR
What are you guys doing? Who is that?

Opening the sliding glass door as fast as he can, he runs out onto the balcony.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Hey! Get out of here!

The boys run out and join him.

CHUM & MUTT
Yeah! Move on! We don't need you here!

The man jumps, startled, and quickly dashes away.

13 INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

The professor has leashes around the boys' necks.

PROFESSOR

I don't think this is going to work.

The boys run to the door and get pulled down by the leashes.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Yeah, I'm gonna get arrested for this. Hey! Who wants to learn how to use a toilet?

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER

The three stand in front of the toilet.

PROFESSOR

Now how are we gonna do this...
No!

He stops Chum as his face becomes dangerously close to the toilet water.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

We do not drink from the toilet anymore. Bad dog.

CHUM

Aww....

Mutt runs for the toilet.

INT. APARTMENT, OUTSIDE BATHROOM - LATER

The professor locks the bathroom door and closes it.

PROFESSOR

Maybe we can get some diapers.

EXT. OUTSIDE BULL'S EYE DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A glass window reads "Pre-Christmas Sale!" Inside are mini-trees and mechanical Santas. The Professor bangs on the window.

PROFESSOR
(yelling)
Hello? Anyone there? It's an
emergency.

He spots a chunk of concrete on the ground and looks around suspiciously. Not seeing anyone, he reaches for the rock. A cool, scratchy voice startles him.

DAGGERS (O.S.)
Looking for a Five-Finger Discount?

Surprised, the Professor drops the rock and turns around to meet the gaze of DETECTIVE GARY DAGGERS, a large man, smoking a cigarette and smoky in nature. He paces smoothly around the Professor as he flashes a badge.

DAGGERS (cont'd)
Detective Gary Dagggers. Can I see
some ID?

The professor fumbles his wallet out of his pocket and hands Dagggers an ID card.

DAGGERS (cont'd)
So, Mr... Rayburn, what brings you
out here on this fine Christmas
Day?

PROFESSOR
Professor Rayburn, actually.

DAGGERS
Professor, huh? Professor of what?

PROFESSOR
I teach Invention Science at the
University.

DAGGERS
Mad Scientist, eh? What'd you need
some parts to build your robot,
destroy Christmas?

PROFESSOR
No, it's just... I needed some
things... for my sons. It's an
emergency, I swear.

Dagggers scribbles things down in his notebook, but remains silent. He eyeballs the rock on the ground.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

And, I wasn't gonna break the window, honest. And if I did, I swear, I'd leave money for it... it's really an emergency.

Daggers lowers the pad and points the pen in the Professor's face. As he speaks, he paces toward the Professor, scaring him back.

DAGGERS

Let me tell you something, this is my town. MY town. And when something breaks in my town, I don't like it. Cuz someone's gonna have to fix it. Did you invent the window?

PROFESSOR

Well, no, I mean...

DAGGERS

Well, let me tell you something about windows then. Windows are made of glass. When glass shatters, little pieces get everywhere. On the ground, in the parking, in the store, in the tree... glass particles enter the air. Little children could be breathing that glass, and then what, Professor? And then what?

PROFESSOR

I... I'm sorry.

DAGGERS

Good. Now you head home, light yourself a little yule-tide fire, and tell your kids you were naughty this year... so naughty they got punished too.

PROFESSOR

I'll head home right now. I'm sorry. I won't be a problem again.

DAGGERS

I know you won't. Because I see everything in this town. Know everyone. And I will catch you again, should you want to continue your little Merry Wave of Vandalism.

The professor turns back to his car, but hesitates.

PROFESSOR
You wouldn't happen to know if
there's an open store...

DAGGERS
(interrupting, yelling)
On Dasher!

The professor YELPS and jumps into his car. Daggars chuckles to himself, eyeballs a piece of trash on the ground, picks it up and squeezes it angrily.

DAGGERS (cont'd)
Not in my town!

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

The two boys are squatting on the floor, elbows on knees, chin in hands.

Chum suddenly lifts his head, halfway standing.

CHUM
It's not falling! It's stuck!

MUTT
Rub it off!

Chum starts rubbing his butt on the floor frantically.

MUTT (cont'd)
I can't see it! Are you sure?

CHUM
Oh yeah.

Mutt turns and looks at his behind.

MUTT
Oh no! I can't either.

The two boys scoot around the bathroom frantically. The shower curtain gets ripped down.

INT. PROFESSOR'S CAR - DAY

The professor drives, looking very tired and haggard.

RADIO
Jingle Bells... Jingle Bells...

PROFESSOR
I wonder who wrote this stupid
song...

The professor FLIPS the station.

RADIO
(rappingly)
Jingle Bells...

FLIP

RADIO (cont'd)
(motown)
Jingle...
(rock and roll)
Bells... Jingle...
(country)
Le Bells...
(poppy)
Jingle All the way...

PROFESSOR
ARG!

He slaps the radio off and rubs his forehead.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
NPR.... NPR...

He messes with some dials.

RADIO
(jingle bells)
Woof woof woof. Woof woof woof.

The professor beats his head on the radio...

RADIO VOICE
(foreign)
...closed? Can't find a deal on
Christmas? Nobody open! Come to
Open on X-Mas... we're ONLY open on
one day a year... CHRISTMAS!!!

The professor perks up.

EXT. RANDOM ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The professor's car spins around and darts off in a different
direction.

ACT III INTERMISSION: COMMERCIAL FOR doggie shock diaper. ACT III

EXT. OPEN ON X-MAS - DAY

The store yields a giant sign advertising its name. The professor stares at it as he walks under it through the automatic sliding doors.

PROFESSOR
Don't know how I missed this.

INT. OPEN ON X-MAS - CONTINUOUS

The sliding doors close behind the professor as he walks into the store, staring in wonder at the overstocked, sky-high shelves around him.

CHEAP MUSIC plays from overhead, speakers in between rows of fluorescent lights.

The store's owner, ZERAH, middle aged, possibly Armenian, sitting behind a cash register, notices the professor and darts toward him.

ZERAH
Hello my friend! I am Zerah, you are in my store. How can I help you find?

PROFESSOR
Oh, good. I need some diapers... it's kind of an emergency.

ZERAH
Yes! We have that, right this way.

Zerah leads the professor into the store.

ZERAH (cont'd)
While we wander through aisles, notice fine selection of canned goods and collector frisbees. Maybe you want purchase? Good price.

PROFESSOR
No thanks, just the diapers, please.

ZERAH

Ah ha, but one in need of diapers must also need basketball hoop with picture of elephant on, no? Half-off.

PROFESSOR

Why are we in sporting goods? I need diapers?

ZERAH

Ah ha, you are very noticeable, yes. Zerah wishes to show that he has finest selection in all of city, but only on one special day.

PROFESSOR

You're ONLY open on...

ZERAH

X-mus!

PROFESSOR

Oh boy.

The professor SIGHS, quickly turns and steps out of the aisle. He looks up to read the aisle signs.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

There, maternal.

The professor takes off, Zerah quickly follows behind.

ZERAH

Sir, must have escort. Don't miss out on all the savings!

The professor turns into the maternity aisle, looks up and down to find the diapers.

PROFESSOR

There, we are.

Zerah zips around the corner holding a pile of goods. His hand protrudes from the stack, holding a deck of cards.

ZERAH

My friend, look at this. Lucky cards, all aces. Win every time.

The professor pulls a bag of large diapers, marked HEFTIES.

PROFESSOR

This is it, this is all I need.

ZERAH

But sir, my friend, look, flamingo
neck tie, wear in shower. Bargain
clown noses, 3 for dollar, ninety-
nine cents for three-way hangar.

The professor knocks the pile from Zerah's hands. His face
turns red.

PROFESSOR

(yelling)

Look, FRIEND, I have a pair of
wild, POOPING little boys running
around my house right now, and the
last thing I need is an idiot
entrepreneur who's too dumb to open
his store to make money standing in
my way.

Zerah drops his gaze, defeated. The professor notices
something on the shelf behind him.

"POO IS FUN! Toilet training for the young'ens."

The professor grabs the cassette off the shelf.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

I'll take this too.

ZERAH

Ah, training video. Buy set get
one free.

INT. APARTMENT, OUTSIDE BATHROOM

The Professor opens the bathroom door holding the videos he
bought.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Ok, boys, I've got something for
you to watch... what's that smell?
Oh God!

A SQUEAK of a faucet followed by RUSHING water.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The boys, with towels around their necks and noticeably
thicker seats in their pants, sit before the television.

Chum turns to face the Professor, sitting off to the side at
his table.

CHUM

Why do we have to watch this? I
wanna pee outside.

PROFESSOR

We went over this, you're boys now,
not dogs. Boys don't pee outside,
boys pee in toilets.

CHUM

How long do we have to be boys?

PROFESSOR

Until I finish these calculations,
now watch the movie.

CHUM

I don't wanna...

MUTT

(interrupting)

Shh... I'm trying to watch.

INSERT: Toilet training video.

The Professor begins working on equations again to the sound
of the video.

Chum shuffles in his seat. He turns back to the professor.

CHUM

Dad.

PROFESSOR

What? I... look, don't call me
"dad", that's too weird for me.

CHUM

I'm thirsty.

MUTT

Yeah, me too.

PROFESSOR

What do you want me to do?

CHUM

You took our bowl away.

MUTT

Yeah, and you won't let us drink
from the toilet.

The Professor SIGHS. He stands up and heads toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The professor grabs some cups and fills them with water from the sink.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He puts the cups on the coffee table. The boys stand and scurry over to them.

PROFESSOR

Alright, I guess I can show you how to drink from a cup.

The boys instinctively grab the cups and start drinking.

MUTT

Duh. We know how to drink from cups. We're not stupid.

CHUM

Yeah.

PROFESSOR

Well... when that water goes through you, maybe we'll see if you know what to do with it then. And then we'll see about trying a walk again.

INT. POLICE STATION, DAGGERS'S OFFICE

Daggers stumbles into his office, slumps into his chair. Before him are several evidence bags with balls of paper within them.

He looks each one over quickly and slams his fist down on his desk.

DAGGERS

What does it all mean?

POLICE CHIEF HAWKINS pops her head in.

CHIEF

Anything new?

DAGGERS

Sorry, Chief. I know I'm on the cusp of the solution here.

CHIEF

Look, Gary, I know you're used to the Big City and its Big City crime, but it's not such a big deal here.

DAGGERS

It just sickens me to know that some sicko out there is turning this city into a dumpster.

CHIEF

I admire your devotion, but I'm worried about you. Go home, take a nap. At least get rested up for the Christmas party this evening.

She turns and leaves.

CHIEF (O.S.) (cont'd)

Remember, we're doing white elephant.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A toilet FLUSH. Mutt walks proudly out of the bathroom and zips up his pants, joining the professor and Chum, who has a leash tied around his ankle.

PROFESSOR

Very good... only zip up in there. And wash your hands next time.

He bends over and ties a leash around Mutt's ankle.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

I guess we can give this walk another try...

The boys run towards the door and fall flat on their faces.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Um... I don't think we're ready yet.

The professor leads them back in front of the TV. He produces a stack of videos.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Here, watch some more of these
training movies.

CHUM & MUTT
Awww...

CHUM
Those are so boring.

PROFESSOR
Look, I think I'm really close to
finishing these frequency
calculations and turning you guys
back into dogs. And then we can
walk all over the city with your
leashes on.

The boys don't look super-excited about this. They start
slumping back in front of the TV.

MUTT
I don't wanna watch more movies...
I'm hungry.

CHUM
Yeah, we're hungry. Give us food.

PROFESSOR
I suppose that's reasonable... Ugh.
No dog food though. I can't stand
watching you guys eat that again...

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

The professor pulls a pizza out of the oven. He cuts it up
and carries slices on plates over to the boys, who sit at the
table.

MUTT
Oh boy, human food.

PROFESSOR
Don't get used to it.

He politely serves the boys their meal.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
This is called pizza.

MUTT
Duh.

The boys scarf down the food.

PROFESSOR
Duh? Where do you learn these
words...

A KNOCK on the door. The boys drop their food, turn and
start growling.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Settle down, boys. Who is it?

CAROLERS (O.S.)
Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells

PROFESSOR
Oh holy god...

The boys start BARKING along to the singing.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I'll get rid of the carolers, you
guys stay here.

He rises and marches to the door. The boys silently follow
him.

The professor swings the door open.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Look, this really isn't a good
time, could you possibly come
back...

The boys rush through the crack in the door.

MUTT
Walk!

PROFESSOR
Oh no.

The professor darts after them.

The CAROLERS stand outside the door awkwardly, looking around
the apartment from the hallway. Two of the carolers are
Bruce and Jamie from class.

BRUCE
Was that the professor?

JAMIE
I didn't know he had kids.

BRUCE
His apartment smells like poop.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The boys run out of the door. An oddly familiar guitar CHORD as they freeze in midair.

MUTT
Let's go!

MONTAGE:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mutt swings from a tree branch.

EXT. BUILDING SIDEWALK

Chum picks something off the ground and starts sniffing it.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD

Chum runs around with a stick. Mutt also grabs onto it and tries to take it.

EXT. BUILDING SIDEWALK

Mutt runs, then falls down.

END MONTAGE

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Chuck, from the bar, is peeing on a wall, holding a bottle in his hand at the same time. The boys notice and approach him.

CHUM
Hey! Peeing outside is for dogs.
Boys pee in the toilet.

Chuck turns his head, still urinating.

CHUCK
(slurredly)
What're you talking about? The
outside is a toilet.

MUTT

Really?

Chuck zips up and turns. He chugs the rest of his liquid and starts walking away.

CHUCK

Yeah, boys, have at it. The world
is your...

He trips.

CHUCK (cont'd)

Oyster.

He picks himself up and tosses his bottle into an open dumpster.

CHUCK (cont'd)

Ta, boys! I'm off to seek my
fortune.

He disappears, but Chum's gaze follows the bottle.

CHUM

Hey, what was that? I want that.

Chum rushes toward the dumpster, passing Mutt, who, back turned, is peeing on an old couch.

Chum reaches the dumpster and dives in.

INT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS

Chum starts digging around in the dumpster. A HOBO pops his head out of the garbage.

HOBO

A visitor! Well, I suppose there's
room for one more in here. Gotta
warn you though, most of the good's
stuff's taken.

Chum picks up a bottle and starts chewing on it.

CHUM

I want this.

More HOBO heads start popping up.

HOBO #2

What's he got? That smells like
booze. Hey, kid, why don't you
share a bit?

CHUM

It's mine. I found it.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Mutt pees on the couch.

He turns away as he zips up, running headfirst into FIELD
OFFICER NELSON.

OFFICER NELSON

Is that your couch, son?

MUTT

It is now.

OFFICER NELSON

Do you know public urination is a
crime?

MUTT

No. Do you know the firetruck
song?

Officer Nelson looks at him confused. Mutt stares back with
a blank smile.

MUTT (cont'd)

(singing)

Fire truck, fire truck, so many
lights! WEEEEEE!!!!!!

He runs in a circle, mimicking a firetruck, I guess.

OFFICER NELSON

Why don't you come with me?

Officer Nelson takes Mutt and puts him in the police car.
Chum climbs out of the dumpster.

HOBO (O.S.)

If you're not gonna share, you
can't join our commune.

CHUM

You guys are weird.

He notices Mutt being put in the police car.

CHUM (cont'd)
Hey, that's my brother! Hey!

He starts yelling and running toward the car as it disappears down the street.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
There you are.

The professor runs in holding a bone.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Whoa, you stink. Where's Mutt?

CHUM
He left.

PROFESSOR
Great.

ACT IV INTERMISSION: Doggy GPS

ACT IV

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The professor slaps a collar around Chum. A little blinking read light on the back.

PROFESSOR
Sorry, bud, but I can't take
anymore chances.

CHUM
I'm used to it.

PROFESSOR
Now we need to find Mutt. Where do
you think he could be?

Chum shrugs.

CHUM
I dunno.

PROFESSOR
Hey, maybe he found his way back to
the building!

CHUM
Sure.

PROFESSOR
You check this floor, I'll check
downstairs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR

The Professor opens a supply closet and peeks inside.

PROFESSOR
(loudly)
Mutt? Mutt are you in here?

He closes the door and moves to the next. He KNOCKS.

No answer. He knocks again, louder.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Hello? Hello? I'm looking for my
do... I'm looking for a boy.

No answer still. He drops his arm and accidentally hits the knob, it moves.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Hmm?

He twists the knob and sure enough it opens, he goes into the apartment.

INT. DAGGERS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Professor moves past the half-opened door and looks into the dark room.

PROFESSOR

(whispering)

Mutt... Mutt are you in here?

Mutt?

He steps fully into the room and looks around. There are bookshelves and filing cabinets everywhere, papers fill boxes on the floor and cover every surface.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

I wonder who lives here?

He pulls a book from a shelf and looks it over. It's a book of crime statistics.

The lights come on. He hears the COCK of a gun.

DAGGERS (O.S.)

Freeze! Drop the book.

The Professor's arms fly up, the book falls. Dagggers steps out from behind a bookcase, wearing pajamas.

PROFESSOR

Look, I this is just a misunderstanding I'm looking for my...

DAGGERS

Well if it isn't Doctor Free-loader? Haven't finished your Christmas shopping yet?

PROFESSOR

(frantically)

My dog... in the hallway... you didn't answer... door was open... Nice PJ's.

DAGGERS

Get out.

PROFESSOR

Yep.

The Professor disappears in a flash. Daggers leans on the door, closing it. He rubs his eyes and looks down at his pj's.

DAGGERS

Screw this... I tried.

He rips off his pajamas, revealing his work attire underneath. He grabs some keys and exits the door.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The Professor jumps in the front door, slams it behind him and collapses against it.

He takes a deep breath, and then notices Chum in front of him, sitting on the couch, watching TV. The Professor lifts himself wearily off the floor.

PROFESSOR

Hey, I thought you were looking for your brother.

With an exasperated SIGH, Chum CLICKS off the TV and pushes himself off the couch.

CHUM

Fine.

PROFESSOR

I don't think he's around the building anyway... Do you think you could follow his scent maybe?

CHUM

Sure.

They grab jackets and slip out the door.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Who knows what kind of trouble he's getting me into...

INT. POLICE STATION, ENTRANCE

Daggers walks into the station's entrance, shakes off the cold, and proceeds past the desk.

RANDOM OFFICER
Hey, Gary, you're back soon.

DAGGERS
Yeah, home just wasn't cutting it
for me.

RANDOM OFFICER
Well, if you're looking for
something to do, Nelson just picked
up a kid in the street. We need to
find out where he lives.

DAGGERS
Sure.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Mutt is seated across a table from Detective Daggers, who
stares at him intently, smoking a cigarette.

DAGGERS
All right son, let's just answer
some questions so we can get you
home. What's your name?

Mutt smiles blankly. He COUGHS.

DAGGERS (cont'd)
Son, do you know your name?

MUTT
Mmmm!!!

Daggers sighs and slowly lifts himself from his seat.

DAGGERS
Wait here.

He exits the room.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Daggers joins the officer that picked Mutt up.

OFFICER NELSON
He's a tough nut.

DAGGERS
He's a nut all right.

As they talk, Mutt curiously gets up from his seat and looks around the room.

OFFICER NELSON
What do you mean?

DAGGERS
What's the PC way to say this...
he's special?

Mutt ducks down under the view of the mirror.

OFFICER NELSON
I don't follow you here.

Mutt pops up and makes a face into the mirror.

DAGGERS
He has a handicap.

OFFICER NELSON
He golfs?

DAGGERS
(yelling)
He's RETARDED.

He quickly covers his mouth as looks around to see if anyone saw him.

OFFICER NELSON
He's fireproof?

Mutt starts licking the mirror. They both look at him.

OFFICER NELSON (cont'd)
Oh...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Chum leads the Professor back into the alley with the pee-couch and the dumpster.

PROFESSOR
Well?

CHUM
The trail ends here.

PROFESSOR
This is where I found you. That
was completely useless.

Chum scurries toward the dumpster, noticing a familiar glass bottle on the ground. He grabs it.

CHUM

Mine.

PROFESSOR

What is that? Chum, put it down.

CHUM

But Dad...

PROFESSOR

Don't call me that, I'm not your dad, I'm your owner.

The professor plops down onto the pee-couch. Chum follows.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

This is just the most stressful, awful, horrible day.

CHUM

I'm sorry.

PROFESSOR

It's not your fault... I just want. I want things to be back to normal. Don't you want to be a dog again?

Chum leans up against the professor.

CHUM

I guess.

PROFESSOR

I don't even know if I can do that. And I never recorded the settings from last night. I can't even get the machine to work on human DNA anymore... I'm a failure.

The professor cups his head in his hands. Chum puts his head on the professor's lap.

CHUM

I'm cold.

PROFESSOR

Yeah... let's go home.

INT. POLICE STATION, DAGGERS'S OFFICE - DAY

Mutt spins in Daggers's nice office chair. Daggers opens a cabinet. It's full of toys. He pulls out a firetruck and puts it in front of Mutt.

DAGGERS
Officer Nelson says you like
firetrucks, so... have at it.

Mutt gleefully grabs the firetruck and proceeds to play with it as if it were a rocketship.

MUTT
Blast-off!

Officer Nelson bursts into the office.

OFFICER NELSON
Sir, the witness with the litter
wave is gone.

DAGGERS
Gone?

OFFICER NELSON
His apartment was cleaned out.
Nothing but a few rolled up balls
of paper left in his place.

Daggers slaps the desk.

DAGGERS
Dammit!

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The professor and Chum return from their excursion. Chum has a familiar looking bottle in his mouth.

PROFESSOR
Where did you get that? Give that
to me.

He grabs it and paces into the kitchen.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I guess I'll start working on that
machine. Why don't you check out
the basement? Maybe he found his
way down there.

CHUM

Ok.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The professor starts tinkering. He hears the tv CLICK on. SIRENS and GUNSHOTS are heard. The professor pops his head into the living room.

PROFESSOR

I told you to look for Mutt.

CHUM

I am. Haven't found him yet, though.

PROFESSOR

I don't see how...

CHUM

(interrupting)

There he is. Now he's gone.

The professor looks at the tv. A police car drives through the frame.

CHUM (cont'd)

There... no... lost him.

The police car is cut to the escaping car.

PROFESSOR

Is that what took him?

CHUM

Not that one.

The police car comes back.

CHUM (cont'd)

That one.

PROFESSOR

Of course, come on, let's go.

He turns off the tv.

CHUM

I lost him.

They walk out the door.

CHUM (cont'd)
Are we dogs yet?

INT. POLICE STATION, ENTRANCE - DAY

The professor enters the police station. No one is around.

PROFESSOR
I wonder where everyone is.

INT. POLICE STATION, DANGER ROOM - DAY

Daggers, surrounded by a team of uniformed police officers, stare at one of those maps with the pins in it. The occasional officer is wearing a santa hat or holding a drink. There's streamers and lights and mistletoe decorating the room.

DAGGERS
Ok, the witness lived here.

He puts another pin in.

CHIEF
What does it all mean?

DAGGERS
Hmm... there seems to be a high concentration of litter found around the storefront district...

OFFICER NELSON
Think maybe the stores are helping to cover up?

CHIEF
You know, the center of it all seems to be the Bull's Eye Department Store...

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
Hello? Is anybody here?

RANDOM OFFICER
Uh oh, a customer.

He takes off.

DAGGERS
A customer... on Christmas?

INT. POLICE STATION, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Daggers follows the hallway down into the room, listening to the officer speak to a familiar voice.

RANDOM OFFICER

I'm sorry sir, how can I help you?

PROFESSOR

Ok, lemme think how to explain this... there's a missing child... he's about three feet tall, thinks he's a dog...

Daggers rounds the corner and stares at the professor, his brain cogs churning at an uncanny speed.

INT. DAGGERS'S BRAIN - DAY

Daggers thinks back to the department store parking lot. The professor walks away from him in slow motion. Daggers looks down at the piece of trash.

INT. POLICE STATION, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Daggers tackles the professor.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM

The professor sits in the chair. Daggers tosses a piece of paper in a plastic bag on the table, next to the tape recorder. Note to editor, cut as if in some sorta crime drama.

DAGGERS

Familiar?

PROFESSOR

What? What are you talking about?

DAGGERS

Twenty-two of these have been found around town in the last, oh, I don't know... Twenty-two days. Sounds, fishy, don't you say?

PROFESSOR

I suppose, it seems odd, what?

DAGGERS

And these were all over Charlie Marossey's apartment...

PROFESSOR

Well then maybe he did it.

DAGGERS

Why would he risk that? He was gonna get immunity for naming names, and you didn't want that, did you?

PROFESSOR

What?

DAGGERS

Did you?

The professor is silent. Daggars steps back and thinks for a minute.

A triumphant smile comes over his face.

DAGGERS (cont'd)

Mr. Marossey left town awfully fast, didn't he?

PROFESSOR

Look, I don't know who Charlie Marossey is, ok.

Daggars leans on the table and gets real close to the professor's face.

DAGGERS

Ha! How did you know his first name was Charlie?

PROFESSOR

You told me!

DAGGERS

Nuh uh!

Daggars hits rewind on the tape recorded and plays it back.

DAGGERS (cont'd)

(on recorder)

Mr. Marossey left town...

PROFESSOR

No, before that.

Rewind.

DAGGERS
(on recorder)
And these were all over Charlie
Marossey's apartment...

DAGGERS (cont'd)
Dammit.

He falls defeated into a corner.

PROFESSOR
Look, I just came to get my son
back.

Daggers peaks back to the professor.

DAGGERS
Son?

EXT. POLICE STATION STEPS - DAY

Mutt bursts out the doors like he hasn't seen sunshine in days, followed calmly by Chum, sniffing the firetruck Mutt was playing with. The professor follows them out, relieved.

PROFESSOR
You know, I never thought it'd feel
so good to see you again.

MUTT
You mean like a dog?

PROFESSOR
No, I mean like a boy...

The professor stops and collects himself.

The boys grab his arms and pull him down the road.

CHUM
Let's go home.

MUTT
I'm pooped.

PROFESSOR
So... how would you guys feel about
being... human... for now.

CHUM & MUTT
Yay!

CHUM
Can we eat human food all the time?

PROFESSOR
You'll have to.

MUTT
Can we sleep on the bed?

PROFESSOR
You'll actually get your own beds.

CHUM
Can we pick out our own clothes?

PROFESSOR
Sure.

MUTT
Can we pick out our own noses?

The boys GIGGLE hysterically as they disappear over the horizon.

PROFESSOR
Mutt...

FADE OUT.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Hold on, kids. We're going the wrong way.

END CREDITS

INT. DRY CLEANER'S - DAY

The professor, wearing a surgical mask, throws a bag of laundry on the counter. The CASHIER gives him a strange look.

PROFESSOR
I'd like these cleaned and pressed, please.

The cashier opens the bag slightly, looks inside, and GAGS.

The professor turns to another customer.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
I just potty-trained my sons.