

INT. APARTMENT, PROFESSOR'S BEDROOM

Sunlight filters through the curtains and gently kisses the professor on the face. He slowly opens his eyes and greets the day with a smile.

He slyly looks over at the alarm clock and matching calendar. 7:04 AM, Saturday. He yawns, stretches, and rolls back into bed.

The door bursts open.

CHUM AND MUTT

Dad! Dad!

They jump on his bed.

CHUM AND MUTT (cont'd)

Dad! Wake up! It's a beautiful day!

The professor rolls his eyes and pulls the covers off himself.

PROFESSOR

Fine, fine, I'll get up.

CHUM AND MUTT

Yay!

They dart out of the room.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

The professor, now fully dressed, enters the living room.

The boys are planted on the floor, engulfed by the television.

PROFESSOR

Did you guys want to go out and do something today.

CHUM

Just this.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

We see a beautiful meadow before a majestic mountain range. A field of flowers drips the morning dew. A golden retriever runs through the field, throwing up butterflies.

STATIC. The channel changes to a cartoon.

CHUM

Boring.

The three of them slump lazily on the couch.

PROFESSOR

Maybe we should get out of the house sometime today.

Mutt jumps up and turns to face the professor.

MUTT

Oh! Can we go to the puppy park?

CHUM

Yeah! The dog park! Can we?

PROFESSOR

But you're not dogs anymore.

MUTT

But our friends are still there.

CHUM

Can we? Please, oh please oh please.

The boys drop to their knees in front of the professor and hold their hands together, shaking them back and forth.

INT. PROFESSOR'S CAR - DAY

The car drives down the road. Trees pass over, making pleasant shadows on the car's interior. Chum and Mutt relax in the backseat, amused smiles on their faces.

INT. PROFESSOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car stops. The professor pops his head into the backseat.

PROFESSOR

We're here!

They exit the car.

EXT. DOG PARK, PARKING LOT - DAY

The professor and his sons exit their car. He calls them over to him.

PROFESSOR

Ok now, for comfort's sake, if anyone asks which dog is yours, just point to a group and walk away.

His words bounce off the back of their heads.

CHUM

Oh, there's Ruggles!

MUTT

Oh! Luther has a stick! Where'd he get that stick? I want that stick.

The boys dash into the park.

The Professor approaches the entrance, slips in while another group of people are entering. He pets a random dog, and slips through the other fence quickly.

PROFESSOR

Oh boys! Don't let Braynard run off like that...

He darts away.

EXT. DOG PARK, THE FIELD

Chum and Mutt stand in a line with a group of dogs, EDISON, the basset, and SILO, the collie are there. NORWOOD, the lab, and TINCAN, the bulldog, stand in front of them.

NORWOOD

Um... I'll take Silo.

SILO

Yes!

She trots toward him and stands behind him triumphantly.

TIN CAN

Shoot... ok, I'll take... Chum.

CHUM

Sweet.

They look at Mutt and Edison, the last two to choose from.

NORWOOD

You can take both of them.

TIN CAN

No, you take both.

MUTT

We'll make our own team.

TIN CAN

Fine.

Mutt and Edison shake off anticipation and stretch some.

CHUM

Ok... ready?

Everyone crouches in a ready position.

CHUM (cont'd)

Go!

At once, the dogs and the boys drop to the ground and start rolling around on their backs.

EXT. DOG PARK, UNDER THE SHADE TREES

The Professor stands happily, watching people and dogs play. Behind him, a man watches from behind a tree trunk.

A frisbee flies by, and the Professor waves at someone off screen. The man, TERRY WHITLEY, 30s, slim frame, beady eyes, dressed like a salesman from the 50s, approaches the Professor.

TERRY

Hey, I know you...

The Professor looks him over.

PROFESSOR

Um... I don't think so. You must be mistaken.

TERRY

Yeah... you're that guy the Professor, right? Where's your dog?

The Professor grabs his lab coat tails and tries to tuck them into his pants as he backs away.

PROFESSOR
Must be thinking of someone else...

He turns and darts away.

EXT. DOG PARK, NEAR SANDBOX

The professor stands next to DEBBIE, a dog owner, laughing at the antics of her dog.

PROFESSOR
I can't believe that. That's so funny.

DEBBIE
(between laughs)
I know... I know... I know...
That's why...
(serious)
Oh geez. See, I hate it when people bring their kids here.

She marches over to the sandbox, where Chum and Mutt are swinging.

DEBBIE (cont'd)
Excuse me. EXCUSE ME. Children - those swings are for dogs. Are you dogs?

They slow down to a stop.

MUTT
No.. Not anymore.

The boys obey and get off the swings despondently and sit off to the side with the group of dogs that are staring at the swings.

EDISON
Too bad.

Debbie casually walks back to the Professor.

PROFESSOR
Kids, huh?

DEBBIE
You know, I can't wait to start a family of my own.

He looks at her as if she had just shooed two children off a swingset claimed for dogs. Behind her, he notices Terry eyeballing him from the other side of the playground.

PROFESSOR
Um... Braynard. Get off that dog.
(to Debbie)
Excuse me.

He walks away.

PROFESSOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
I told you NO humping.

EXT. DOG PARK - LATER

The professor stands watching his sons.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Professor! Professor, come here!

The Professor turns cautiously, to see a nice-looking WOMAN calling for him.

PROFESSOR
Can I help you?

WOMAN
I was just calling my dog.
Professor!

PROFESSOR
Oh, that's so funny. I'm a
Professor.

The woman is unimpressed and obviously doesn't want to talk.

WOMAN
Wonderful. Would you mind?
Professor!

The Professor turns away and starts walking.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Professor Rayburn! Come here this
instant!

The Professor turns and runs up to the woman.

PROFESSOR
That's so funny. My name is
Professor Rayburn.

The woman fumbles with her purse and retrieves a can of mace.

WOMAN

You listen to me, you pervert, you
leave me and my puppy alone.

He darts away, afraid.

WOMAN (cont'd)

(sternfully)

Professor Winston Rayburn, come.

A small puppy gallops behind the woman and they march away.

The Professor slows down and sees the woman is gone. He
leans over with his hands on his knees to catch his breath.

PROFESSOR

Phew.

Terry pops out of the bushes.

TERRY

See. You are the Professor. I
knew it.

PROFESSOR

Look, I don't know what you want,
but I really have to go find my
kids... and my dog, of course.

He darts away.

EXT. DOG PARK

As a large, fancy SUV pulls into the parking lot, a cold
chill takes the air.

A gust of wind blows through the park, bringing with it a
familiar yet haunting scent that grabs the attention of every
dog at the park.

They follow their noses to the double gate where in walks
TRIXIE.

Dogs yelp and hide behind their masters. Some quickly turn
and bury bones or sticks they were playing with.

EDISON

Oh God, Oh God, Oh God, Oh God.

CHUM

What?

EDISON
It's Trixie!

MUTT
Waaaaaggg...

CHUM
I thought she was kenneled for
biting that old guy.

EDISON
She was, but her owner got her out
and now she's back.

Edison scans around and finds his master, dashing toward him. The master casually enters the bathroom. The door closes before the dog.

He frantically pounces on the door, but his weight is insufficient to push it open.

TRIXIE
What's the matter, Cakeball? Free
donuts inside the bathroom?

EDISON
T-T-Trixie... hi.

TRIXIE
Looks like you've been walking
well.

EDISON
Yep... all healed up heh heh.

TRIXIE
Too bad, I liked you better with a
limp.

She bares her teeth and rears her head back. Her jaw snaps forward at Edison's foot.

CRUNCH. She comes up with a mouth full of stick.

Mutt stands before her, stick in hand. She GROWLS and takes a lunge at him, but cannot move. Chum stands over her, legs around her hips, hand on collar.

MUTT
Looks like the ball is in the wrong
court, Trixie.

She sniffs the air, still pulled taut in his direction.

TRIXIE

Mutt? Chum? I heard you two became owners. Should've known you'd be such stinky ones.

MUTT

The only thing that stinks here, Trixie, is you.

Chum slaps his forehead.

MUTT (cont'd)

What?

CHUM

Is that supposed to be a witty retort? That wasn't witty at all.

MUTT

Wanna swip?

CHUM

Sure.

Chum holds down Trixie as Mutt takes his place. Chum stands in front of her.

CHUM (cont'd)

Ok, now tell me that I smell again.

GROWL. Trixie lunges forward, past Chum, dragging Mutt to the ground. She sneers at him slyly, then lets out a YELP.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

What the HELL are you doing to my dog?

CLIFFORD, Trixie's owner, storms up to the boys. He's a heavy-set man, shabbily dressed, with a receding hairline and an angry demeanor.

The boys stand together, defiant but terrified.

Edison's owner comes out of the bathroom, coming between Clifford and the boys.

EDISON THE MAN

Oh, hey Cliff. Nice to see you again.

CLIFFORD

These your kids, Eddie?

EDISON THE MAN

No Cliff. Come on, Edison.

They both hurry off, afraid of their corresponding bullies. Chum and Mutt start to sneak away, but two strong hands appear on their shoulders and whip them around. Cliff gets close to Mutt's face.

CLIFFORD

Where's your daddy, boy?

MUTT

Mmmmm!

CHUM

It won't do you any good asking him that.

CLIFFORD

Did I ask you to get smart with me?

The Professor jumps into the fray.

PROFESSOR

Is there a problem, Cliff?

CLIFFORD

Are these your kids, Professor? They've been handsin' on my dog. Ain't you got your own dogs they can hands on?

PROFESSOR

Boys, go get the dogs. We gotta go.

They look at each other, shrug, and walk off.

CLIFFORD

That's a thirteen hundred dollar dog. If those boys harmed her in any way, you're gonna pay.

Further away, the boys walk grumpily, now joined by some other dogs of the park.

MUTT

Stupid Trixie...

NORWOOD

The park's no fun anymore... what do we do?

EDISON

I say we count our losses and get outta here. Now, I'm small, so I can find a hole until it's safe to leave, the rest of you, good luck.

CHUM

No!

They all look toward him, confused and interested. He mashes his fist into his palm.

CHUM (cont'd)

We can't let bullies bully us around.

Tin Can drops his gaze to the ground.

CHUM (cont'd)

Not you, Tin Can.

He perks up again.

CHUM (cont'd)

Everybody, move in, I've got a plan.

The boys and the dogs huddle up and begin WHISPERING between sinister CHUCKLES.

The Professor walks past them, disheveled looking, neck tie missing.

PROFESSOR

Come on, boys, let's go.

Behind them, Clifford wraps the tie around Trixie.

MUTT

Hey, that's your tie.

PROFESSOR

Looks better on her. Let's go.

Trixie YELPS at the Professor, he jumps in fear.

They get in their car and take off.

INTERMISSION: Doggy Pheromone spray.

INT. COLLIEWOOD ELEMENTARY, MISS LUCY'S CLASS

The boys enter and set down their school supplies, setting up a secret area with folders and books. Mutt gives a quick look around and they pull out a poor map of the dog park.

MUTT

Ok, Trixie enters from this side,
and comes down this way.

CHUM

No, this way.

GABY (O.S.)

What are you guys doing?

MUTT

None of your beeswax, Gaby.

CHUM

Yeah, it's a secret plan.

GABY

I'm good at secret plans. Let me
help.

She works her way into their lair and points to something on the map.

GABY (cont'd)

What's that?

CHUM

That's the trap door we're gonna
use to send Trixie down the river.

They laugh wickedly and give each other high fives.

GABY

(yelling)
Miss Lucy!

EXT. COLLIEWOOD ELEMENTARY, OUTSIDE

Kids are playing on jungle gyms, sliding, swinging, you name it.

INT. COLLIEWOOD ELEMENTARY, MISS LUCY'S CLASS

The boys stand attentively next to Miss Lucy's desk.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK on the door.

The professor rises to answer. The door opens to reveal Terry, the creepy man from the park.

TERRY

See, I told you he was here.

As he says it, the room starts being flooded by an assortment of seedy looking men from the hallway, including the bartender and Chuck from the pilot.

PROFESSOR

Who are you?

TERRY

It's me, Terry. Terry Whitley.
From the bar.

PROFESSOR

The bar?

TERRY

Yeah, the Dutchhound. Come on, we
used to hang out all the time. How
could you forget me?

INT. DUTCHHOUND - IN THE PAST

The professor sits quietly at the bar, holding a half-full beer. Terry approaches, much more intoxicated, an annoyed look on his face.

PROFESSOR

Oh, I'm sorry, were you sitting
here?

TERRY

Yeah...

INT. DUTCHHOUND - SOME OTHER TIME IN THE PAST

A sports game is on tv. The professor sits quietly with his beer, surrounded by a standing crowd, all eagerly watching the game.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It's good!

An uproar of CHEERS. Terry grabs the professor and hugs him.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED FROM BEFORE

Terry stands accusingly before the Professor.

TERRY

We used to be best friends, what happened to us?

PROFESSOR

What is this? What are you all doing here?
going on?

TERRY

It's an intervention, Professor.
Disconnect his phones, take his car keys.

PROFESSOR

What're you doing? I need to leave.

CHUCK

You're not going anywhere until you admit that you have a problem.

PROFESSOR

A problem? What problem?

CHUCK

You're a quitter.

THE BARFLIES

Yeah!

PROFESSOR

You're complaining cuz I quit drinking?

CHUCK

...Sure.

PROFESSOR

This is ludicrous. GET OUT.

The Professor drops to the floor and starts banging.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Detective! Detective! Help!

BARFLY #1

I guess this quantifies as Anger
and Insanity.

BARTENDER

Three more steps til Acceptance.

They bend over to peel the Professor off the floor.

INT. DAGGERS'S APARTMENT

The muffled sounds of the Professor's wailing can be heard through the ceiling.

Daggers sits in his recliner with a book. Next to him, a record player pumps out the classical jams.

INT. COLLIEWOOD ELEMENTARY, MISS LUCY'S CLASS

Lucy arranges a stack of papers and looks out her window to see the boys waiting patiently. She flips through a book and sees a phone number and dials.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The phone RINGS. Terry grabs it.

TERRY

Hello?

LUCY

Mr. Rayburn. Do you know that your sons have been waiting for you to pick them up for half an hour?

TERRY

Sorry, Professor can't talk right now.

He hangs up.

INT. COLLIEWOOD ELEMENTARY, MISS LUCY'S CLASS

She hangs up her phone, redfaced.

EXT. COLLIEWOOD ELEMENTARY, PICKUP CURB

The boys wait in front of the school.

MUTT

Is dad here yet?

CHUM
Lemme check.

Chum lifts his head higher to check over the horizon.

CHUM (cont'd)
No.

Miss Lucy comes out and joins them.

LUCY
Boys, do you need a ride home?

CHUM
No thanks. We have a ride home.

MUTT
We HAVE a ride home, but it's not here yet.

CHUM
Well, Dad has a ride and we ride it too.

LUCY
Boys, boys, do you know where your father is right now? He's not answering his phone.

INT. LUCY'S CAR

Lucy steers her car, occasionally checking the two boys in her backseat.

LUCY
So... what are you boys doing today?

MUTT
We're gonna send...

CHUM
(interrupting)
Shh. You can't tell her that. It's a secret.

MUTT
But she's a teacher.

Chum shifts back in his seat, disappointed.

MUTT (cont'd)
We're gonna send Trixie to Africa.

LUCY
Who's Trixie?

MUTT
This stupid mean black dog that
everyone hates.

CHUM
Yeah, we're gonna put here where
she belongs!

Lucy turns around to face the boys, appalled.

LUCY
Where did you get this idea from?

CHUM
Dad.

MUTT
Dad.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The intervention seems to be coming to a close.

BARFLY #1
Ok, so the Professor agrees to come
by the bar at least once every
week.

PROFESSOR
Once every TWO weeks.

BARFLY #1
Right. Once every two weeks. And
we agree never to forcefully enter
your home again.

The Professor sits anxiously in his seat.

BARTENDER
Then this meeting is adjourned.

The Professor jumps from his seat to open the door, the
others slowly rise.

PROFESSOR
Great! We're done! Get out get
out get out get out.

The barflies slowly exit. Chuck stops right before he
leaves.

CHUCK

I'd like to add the addendum that
you promise to take anger
management.

PROFESSOR

Fine. Get out!

He slams the door behind the last barfly. There's a KNOCK.
He opens the door.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

What the hell do you want now?

It's Lucy and his sons. The Professor forces an embarrassing
smile.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Funny story... you see, these guys
gave me an intervention cuz I
wasn't drinking ENOUGH.

Lucy is unamused.

LUCY

Mister Rayburn, your sons waited
for forty five minutes for you to
pick them up.

The Professor looks at the clock on the wall.

PROFESSOR

Really? It felt like more than
that...

The boys look at the clock too. They start getting antsy.

CHUM

Well, Miss Lucy, you've been a real
pleasure.

(to the Professor)

Pay the nice lady.

The Professor looks back at him, confused. Mutt pulls his
wallet from his back pocket. He pulls out some random pieces
of paper, probably receipts, and shoves them in Lucy's purse.

MUTT

Here's a little something for your
troubles.

CHUM

Ta.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lucy HUFFS and storms away.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The Professor grabs his wallet back from Mutt.

PROFESSOR
Boys what was that about?

CHUM AND MUTT
Dog park! Dog park!

PROFESSOR
Ok, ok, geez... let me get a
jacket.

He takes off into his room.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING

The drunks have gathered around the door.

CHUCK
We did something good today.

BARFLY #1
Let's celebrate.

TERRY
Drinks on the house?

They stare at the bartender, ready to cheer.

BARTENDER
No.

DRUNKS
Awww...

Lucy exits the door and breaks through them.

TERRY
Ma'am, would you like to come
celebrate with us?

LUCY
No.

She turns away and storms off.

DRUNKS

Awww...

INT. PROFESSOR'S CAR

Dramatic music plays as the boys press themselves against the car window. The dog park comes into view and the boys have distraught looks over their faces.

MUTT

Oh no...

EXT. DOG PARK, PARKING LOT

The car parks and the boys jump out and run into the park. It's empty, but looks as if a battle ensued without them. In the center of the field, Trixie sits, smiling at the boys sinisterly.

With sneers on their faces, the boys approach her.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

Trixie! Come.

TRIXIE

The park's all yours, boys.

She gives them an evil sneer as she passes by them, trotting to her owner waiting by the gate.

They hear a GROAN nearby. They follow it to find Edison hiding in a ditch, his ears over his eyes.

CHUM

What happened?

EDISON

Chum? Is that you?

He carefully removes an ear from his eye.

EDISON (cont'd)

It is you! Oh, good timing. But no... Bad timing. BAD TIMING.

Norwood stumbles over.

NORWOOD

Where were you guys?

MUTT

Sorry. Our dad was late.

EDISON

We tried to do the plan. The plan didn't work. It didn't work without you guys. And Trixie was mad. Maaaaad... Oh, that's it. I'm never coming back. I'm just gonna stay at home, there's plenty of room at home to just laaaay. Laaaay and not get eaten by Trixie. Yeah, that's what I'll do.

CHUM

No! We can't give up. This is our park, not Trixie's. We have to do something.

MUTT

Well, what do you think we should do?

Chum stops and thinks it over. He thinks harder and harder. Dogs start coming out of hiding and surround Chum.

CHUM

I got it! This time it's fool-proof. Not you, Tin Can.

Tin Can nods in approval.

EDISON

No! No more plans... Trixie HATES plans.

CHUM

I'm not even gonna tell you guys what the plan is. I'll do it myself.

MUTT

And I'll help.

CHUM

No. It's gotta stay a surprise. Surprise is all we got.

MUTT

Ok, but if you tell me, then we can both surprise her, and then it'll be double surprise.

CHUM

Ok, I'll tell you, but only you. The rest of you guys, don't listen, or you'll be in danger.

Chum whispers in Mutt's ear as the rest of the dogs avert their eyes, turn their attention to the ground. Edison covers his eyes again and hums a song to himself.

Mutt GASPS.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The Professor picks up bottles and cans and cups and puts them in a big black garbage bag. He picks up a final bottle, tosses it in with a CLINK and ties up the bag.

Dusting off his hands, he gives the room a nod.

PROFESSOR

There.

Chum comes in, followed by Mutt hounding you.

MUTT

You can't! You're crazy.

CHUM

I have to. It's the only way.

The Professor turns his attention to the boys. Chum crawls onto the couch and flips on the TV. He digs under the cushion he's on and pulls out a beer bottle. He sniffs it and offers it to the Professor.

CHUM (cont'd)

I don't want this.

PROFESSOR

Oh geez.

He grabs the bottle and forces it into one of the bags.

CHUM

What's in the bags?

The Professor lifts one over his shoulder.

PROFESSOR

Bottles. And cans. All the trash really.

MUTT

No! You can't throw those away.

The Professor lifts another onto his bag and strains to hold them both up.

PROFESSOR
What do you mean?

MUTT
You have to recycle it.

CHUM
Yeah. Miss Lucy said there's a place downtown where you can bring all your recyclebles and recycle them.

MUTT
Yeah, you gotta separate them and recycle them.

He lifts a third bag, and it tears, the contents spilling onto the floor.

PROFESSOR
Fine...

EXT. DOG PARK

Chum tricks Trixie into biting him.

CHUM
Dad. That dog bit me.

He points to Trixie. The professor watches as Trixie runs up to Clifford.

PROFESSOR
Hey, look Cliff. You need to keep tabs on that dog of yours. It bit my son.

CLIFFORD
Your son probably deserved it, all handsin' on anything they can get near.

More of the dog owners approach Clifford and join in.

EDISON THE MAN
He's right, Cliff. My dog won't go near your dog.

DEBBIE
Yeah, and she scares the kids too.

She notices something off screen and marches toward it.

DEBBIE (cont'd)
 Hey! That's a dog slide. Are you
 a dog?

CLIFFORD
 Whaddya listenin' to this guy for?
 He ain't even got any dogs.

EDISON THE MAN
 He's more welcome here than you.

TERRY
 Yeah! Learn how to be a team
 player.

CHUCK
 You heard 'em.

Off to the side, the team from the bar joins in. Some of
 them have random pets. Chuck has a toy dog.

A beer can flies at Cliff. He tries to see who did it, but
 is surrounded by angry people.

CLIFFORD
 Ya'll are... stupid! Trixie, come.

Trixie growls at the dogs and the boys standing together.
 They blow her raspberries. She lunges at them, but is called
 again.

CLIFFORD (cont'd)
 Trixie! You stupid dog, get over
 here.

Disgruntled, she runs off in the other direction, but is
 stopped by Edison. He SNEERS at her, she jumps back,
 frightened.

Mutt grabs an end of the tie around her and whips it off in
 one smooth pull, then CRACKS it like a whip behind her, she
 takes off running.

The dog park crowd waves and cheers as Clifford and Trixie
 get into their ultra-nice SUV and drive away.

END CREDITS

CLOSER:

EXT. RECYCLING CENTER

The Professor lugs a giant bin full of liquor bottles. He bumps into a woman.

PROFESSOR
Oh, excuse me, I didn't...

The woman is Lucy.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Oh Lucy, fancy running into you here.

LUCY
I'm here every saturday. Gotta do my part to help the environment.

PROFESSOR
Yeah, me too. I love the environment. Down here every week... you know... I'm surprised I haven't seen you before. I usually come earlier, but I just had to get a run in, you know, the weather was so nice.

As he talks, he's picking up bottles and putting them into a bin.

Lucy looks into the bin and sees the large number of liquor bottles.

LUCY
You're here every week?

The Professor puts the two together. He hides the bottle he's holding behind his back and smiles, embarrassed.

PROFESSOR
Oh, these aren't mine.