

101 DALMATIANS

MARCH 17, 1995

EXT. SKY. FULL MOON

A huge, yellow moon. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO a tiger perched majestically atop a rock outcrop.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH

A FIGURE moves through the dense vegetation.

ECU. BOOT

Breaks a twig with a sharp SNAP!

CU. TIGER

Turns her head in the direction of the SNAP.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH. FIGURE

Kneels and opens a backpack.

ECU. PACK

A rifle stock, muzzle, scope. The parts are assembled.

CU. TIGER

Stands, scanning the landscape.

ECU. RIFLE MUZZLE

It rises INTO FRAME.

CU. FIGURE

Black hat, black coat, dark glasses. Takes aim.

ECU. TRIGGER

A black gloved finger squeezes the trigger

ECU. MUZZLE

A POP! and a burst of propellant.

OVER THE FIGURE TO THE TIGER

She's hit and staggers back. She falls off the rocks.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH

The tiger tumbles THROUGH FRAME.

EXT. ROCK FACE

The Figure rappels down the rock.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH. TIGER

CAMERA MOVES IN on the lifeless tiger.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH. FIGURE. EXTREME UP ANGLE

The Figure looms over the tiger. He tests the tiger's condition with a boot prod to the belly. He kneels.

CU. FIGURE

He takes a black wooden box out of his pack. He opens it.

ECU. BOX

The tools of the fur trade.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH. OVERHEAD ANGLE

The Figure hunches over the fallen cat and begins his repugnant task. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal that the cat is in the London Zoo. CAMERA HOLDS on the twinkling lights of London. AN ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF.

EXT. KENSINGTON. BUILDING

A sagging townhouse in the middle of a residential block. It's early in the morning. THE ALARM CLOCK CONTINUES.

INT. FLAT. BEDROOM

A man is asleep in the single bed. A Dalmatian is sleeping on the floor beside the bed. His name is PONGO. The alarm clock is RINGING on the nightstand.

CU. ALARM CLOCK

The old, wind-up clock vibrates across the nightstand and topples off the edge. We HEAR AN O.S. THUD. The RINGING STOPS.

CU. PONGO

Paws on his stinging head, eyes at half-mast, alarm clock on its side on the floor next to him.

INT. FLAT. BATHROOM

Pongo staggers into the bathroom. He shakes his head.

INT. FLAT. BATHROOM. CU. SHOWER HANDLE

Pongo's paw turns the handle. The water goes on.

INT. FLAT. BEDROOM

Pongo takes the corner of the bed linens in his mouth and walks to the end of the bed uncovering his sleeping human.

CU. ROGER

He's an ex-patriot American, in his early thirties, long and lanky with youthful good looks. He's sound asleep. Pongo rises up behind him.

ECU. ROGER

O.S. we hear Pongo SNIFFING. The SNIFFING ECHOES as...

CU. ROGER

His nose twitches, he grinds his teeth and smacks his lips.

ECU. PONGO

He BARKS!

CU. ROGER

The BARK reverberates in his head. His eyes pop open.

INT. FLAT. LIVING ROOM

Pongo trots out of the bedroom and crosses the living room.

INT. KITCHEN

Pongo enters the kitchen and crosses to the counter. He rises up on his hind legs.

CU. COFFEE MAKER

Pongo pushes the "On" switch with his nose.

ECU. COFFEE MAKER

A stream of fresh coffee pours into the carafe.

INT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR

Pongo walks to the front door, rises up on his hind legs, and presses his paw down on the door handle. The lock disengages.

EXT. BUILDING

Pongo works the door open with his nose far enough to slip out onto the porch. He picks up a bottle of milk with his teeth and goes back into the house. The door slams shut. A POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE COMES UP.

POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE
We're all familiar with the illegal
poaching...

CU. TV SCREEN

Morning news. A somber middle-aged POLICE OFFICER is speaking from the zoo crime site.

POLICE OFFICER
...of endangered animals in the
wild, but never before has an animal
in captivity been slaughtered for
its pelt.

CU. DALMATIAN

A beautiful female sits in front of the television staring intently. Her name is PERDY. She GROWLS and BARKS ANGRILY.

INT. FLAT. LIVING ROOM

A cozy living room. Perdy's watching TV. Her human, ANITA, enters from the kitchen, sipping a cup of tea. She's in her late twenties, very pretty, very elegant, wearing a silk dressing gown.

ANITA
Isn't that horrible? Who could do a
thing like that?

CU. PERDY

She looks over her shoulder at Anita. She WHIMPERS.

CU. TV SCREEN

An elderly ZOO KEEPER, clearly distraught over the tragedy, comments.

ZOO KEEPER
If the illegal fur trade's coming
round the zoos, there isn't an
animal in the world that's safe.

CU. PERDY

She rears back in fright.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. LATER

Roger's sitting on a park bench reading the paper. The headline reads -- ZOO CAT LOSES STRIPES. Pongo is sitting beside him, on the ground, looking out at the park.

HIS POV

A short, squatty MATRON is jogging with her PUG DOG. They run with the same short, rapid gait.

CU. PONGO

He barks a "hello."

HIS POV

The Pug looks at Pongo and returns the GREETING.

EXT. PARK BENCH. ROGER AND PONGO

A PENSIONER in uniform waddles past with his BULLDOG.

CU. BULLDOG

As he PASSES he nods his big head.

CU. PONGO

He sits tall as if at attention. He nods his head.

EXT. PARK BENCH. ROGER AND PONGO

A young MOTHER strolls past pushing a pram.

CU. PONGO

He lets out a YIP!

CU. PRAM

A CHIHUAHUA pokes its head out of a storage compartment in the back of the pram. She returns Pongo's GREETING.

EXT. PARK BENCH. SIDE ANGLE

Roger finishes his paper.

ROGER

Well, boy, I have a meeting this afternoon. I better get home and prepare for it.

He rolls up his paper and stuffs it under his arm. He rises and takes up Pongo's leash. They exit down the path, AWAY FROM CAMERA. CAMERA SLIDES LEFT past a hedge behind the bench to reveal Anita and Perdy on the other side. Anita's reading the paper. Perdy BARKS a greeting to a SHAR-PEI strolling with his elderly and wrinkly HUMANS. The Shar-Pei BARKS back.

EXT. EAST END. STREET

An old lorry comes around the corner sounding like an asthma ward. The fenders rattle, the tailpipe belches puffs of gray smoke. The lorry pulls INTO CAMERA and stops. Through the windscreen we see two men, JASPER and HORACE. Jasper's tall and gaunt with a great beak of a nose, bushy eyebrows, beady eyes. Horace is short and stout with a stubbly double chin and a bulbous snoot. Jasper's in an overcoat, shirt and vest and a greasy tweed cap. Horace is wearing a dirty turtleneck, nappy, tweed jacket, and a snap-brim cap. Jasper's hunched over the wheel, peering ahead.

JASPER

What's the address?

HORACE

I'm afraid to say, Jasper, but it's slipped my mind.

JASPER

You don't have any idea what the number might be?

HORACE

It's somewhere in my head, I just can't seem to shake it loose.

Without a moment's hesitation, Jasper reaches down to the floorboards, comes up with a monkey wrench, removes Horace's cap, and conks him on the head. Instantly, Horace replies...

HORACE

(rapidly)

152 Merton Road, London SW19EH, red brick townhouse, use the back entrance.

Jasper puts the cap back on Horace's head.

HORACE

You need the phone number?

EXT. MAYFAIR. ROLLS ROYCE

A white Rolls Royce pulls up in front of a handsome, old building with display windows featuring a fashion collection. Above the door -- THE HOUSE OF DEVILLE. A young ASSISTANT runs around the front of the Rolls to open the driver's side door.

EXT. BUILDING. FRONT DOOR

A DOORMAN in a black blazer and white trousers hurries to open the door. He smiles nervously.

DOORMAN
Top of the mornin', ma'am.

CAMERA MOVES PAST the Doorman into the building. STAFF comes to nervous attention as CAMERA PASSES. They offer timid greetings. CAMERA STOPS on the elevator.

INT. HOUSE OF DEVILLE BUILDING. UPPER FLOOR. ELEVATOR DOOR

The elevator BELL SOUNDS. The doors begin to open.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. RECEPTIONIST

She's dressed in a crisp black and white suit. She quickly terminates the phone call she's on.

RECEPTIONIST
I have to go. I'll call you back. My boss is coming.

She hangs up the phone. A SHADOW passes over her.

INT. WORK AREA

A large, open space with FASHION DESIGNERS hard at work. All activity suddenly comes to a halt. All attention turns to CAMERA. Anita is at the back of the room. CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the work area, past the nervous Designers and STAFF and stops on Anita.

CU. ANITA

Bent over her table, sketching. She senses a presence and turns to CAMERA with alarm.

HER POV. UP ANGLE

The cold, hard face of CRUELLA DEVILLE. A shocking CLOSE-UP of an aging beauty. White skin, heavy eye make-up, carefully drawn red lips, stark, raw cheek bones. Her hair is white-blonde on one side and jet black on the other. Her slender frame is wrapped in white fur. A cigarette burns in her jeweled right hand. She lets out a puff of smoke and addresses Anita in an earthy voice.

CRUELLA
Good morning, darling.

CU. ANITA

She quickly recovers from her surprise and greets Cruella with genuine warmth. She likes her and is pleased to see her.

ANITA
I'm sorry. Good morning, Cruella. I didn't expect to see you so early.

INT. WORK AREA

Cruella lets out a throaty laugh and takes another drag on her cigarette.

CRUELLA

Varying one's schedule does tend to
keep the little lambs on their toes.

She exhales the remaining smoke and glances at Anita's work.

CRUELLA

Well? Are you finished?

ANITA

Yes, and I think you're going to
love it.

A smile wiggles across Cruella's cheeks.

CRUELLA

Let's go to my office.

Cruella breezes off. Anita rolls up the drawing on her board and looks to her coworkers.

HER POV

The Staff turn away from her with mild contempt.

CU. ANITA

Her delight withers. She assumes a more sober attitude and exits with the drawing under her arm.

ECU. ANITA'S SKETCH

A very forgiving portrait of Cruella in a suit with a black and white polka-dot pattern. Symmetrical dots in three sizes.

INT. CRUELLA'S OFFICE

An enormous, black and white room overlooking the city. The walls are black, the carpet, white. A desk -- half white, half black -- and white leather sofas with black cushions. Cruella is behind her desk. She looks up from the drawing with a dreamy smile on her face.

CRUELLA

Fabulous.

Anita sits gingerly in one of the black chairs across the desk from Cruella, relieved that Cruella likes her design.

CRUELLA

Fur?

Anita's surprised by the question.

ANITA

No, no. Linen.

CRUELLA

It would be stunning in fur.

ANITA

It's funny you should say that. I got the idea for the pattern from my dog. She's a Dalmatian.

CRUELLA

How charming.

(looking at the drawing)

Linen? You're quite sure?

ANITA

You're wearing it to the Chesterton Trials. That's in April. Fur would be inappropriate.

CRUELLA

I suppose so.

She leans back in her chair.

CRUELLA

Isn't this marvelous? I'm taking your advice. You were a hopeless child lost in the most desperate surroundings, pleading for escape. I recognized your talent, swept you from the gutter and introduced you to a world of beauty, comfort and achievement. A few short years, and I'm taking your council. I don't know who's more blessed. Me or you.

ANITA

Me, of course, Cruella.

CRUELLA

But only by a whisker.

Cruella rises and crosses around the desk.

CRUELLA

You've done wonderful work for me.

Anita nods cautiously. Cruella steps around behind Anita. She plants her bony hands on Anita's shoulders.

CRUELLA

You're not very well-known despite your obvious talent.

ANITA

That doesn't matter to me.

Cruella releases Anita and crosses to the window. She looks out on the square.

CRUELLA

Your work is fresh and clean, unfettered, unpretentious. It sells. And one of these days, my competitors are going to figure out who you are and they're going to try and steal you away. I just want you to know that you're very important to me.

Anita is embarrassed by the praise.

CRUELLA

I'll top any offer you get. I want you to stay with me. Forever.

ANITA

Cruella, it's never occurred to me to leave my job. For another anyway.

CRUELLA

(turns to Anita)

What do you mean, "anyway?"

Cruella returns to her desk.

ANITA

I don't know. If I met someone.

CRUELLA

Marriage?

ANITA

Perhaps. Someday.

CRUELLA

More good women have been lost to marriage than to all the wars, famines, epidemics, and disasters combined. You'd be an absolute fool to throw your life away for a kiss on the neck and a wedding ring.

Anita smiles politely. It's very much time to end the conversation.

ANITA

It was nice having this time with you, Cruella. But I really should get to work. Thank you.

CRUELLA

Thank you, darling.

She exits. Cruella picks up the sketch and leans back in her chair. She studies the outfit.

ECU. SKETCH

The polka-dot pattern.

INT. HOUSE

A makeshift tannery. The musky room is crammed with pelts and trophies, stuffed, skinned, and mounted animals, birds, and insects. The macabre tools of an unsavory trade. The bespectacled man in black we saw at the zoo sits at a bench buffing the toes of an elephant foot umbrella stand. His name is MR. SKINNER. CAMERA PUSHES IN on his pale, expressionless face.

INT. HOUSE. REVERSE

Jasper and Horace are standing in the open back garden door. Horace cowers behind Jasper.

JASPER

Oi! Mr. Skinner, is it? I'm here to pick up a parcel for my boss.

INT. HOUSE. WIDE

Skinner rises from the bench and crosses to a cabinet. He takes out a black leather case.

JASPER

Bloody gruesome line of work you're in, mate.

HORACE

The sight of all these deceased creatures puts a mighty shrivel in me chopper.

Skinner crosses to Jasper and Horace. He thrusts the case into Jasper's arms.

JASPER

Much obliged, sunshine.

Horace tips his hat. Skinner examines his hairline. Horace slowly brings his cap down over his eyes. He's uneasy.

HORACE

What?

JASPER

I think he'd like to turn your nob
into a tea cozy.

Jasper chuckles and exits. Horace backs away from Skinner's
peculiar gaze.

CU. LEATHER CASE

Swinging as Jasper carries it. On the side is a cheerful souvenir
sticker that reads -- I LOVE THE LONDON ZOO.

EXT. LONDON. SOHO. AFTERNOON

Pongo is tethered to a bicycle rack outside of a commercial
building. From inside we HEAR ELECTRONIC MUSIC AND VIDEO-GAME
SFX. Pongo is content watching the street life.

CU. TV SCREEN

A prototype video-game, FETCH!, is playing. An animated DALMATIAN
barks. The game starts with a red ball sailing into a dark forest
and a voice saying -- FETCH!

INT. OFFICE

Roger is seated nervously in the cluttered office of a video game
design firm. The managing director, ALLAN, a trendy young man in
his mid-twenties, is sitting behind a desk. His feet are up, he's
sipping a soft drink.

ROGER

Normally, I'd finish the game
completely then bring it to you,
but...I need the money.

ALLAN

I'm not the one you have to
convince.

CU. NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY

He's small and pasty. The sort of kid you'd expect to be a
video game master. He's intently focused on the game.

INT. OFFICE

Roger leans forward and in his kid-friendliest voice asks the
young man...

ROGER

What do you think, Herbert?

Herbert flips the controller aside and turns to Roger and Allan.

HERBERT
Potentially good graphics,
reasonably entertaining premise, the
dog's good, the environments are
engaging.

Roger's excited. He looks to Allan for his reaction.

HERBERT
But I'm not interested in a game
that has a chubby little dog catcher
as the bad guy.

Roger stares at him nervously.

HERBERT
Even girls won't like this. Sorry,
mate.

He gets up from his chair.

HERBERT
I'm late for choir practice.

ROGER
What if it had a better villain?
Someone you'd really hate.

HERBERT
It's not hatred that's important.
It's a desire to annihilate. Have a
nice day.

He exits. Roger sighs in defeat. He looks to Allan.

ALLAN
He's got the best instincts in the
industry. Since he was six, he's
picked the top selling game every
year.

EXT. BUILDING. PONGO

Waiting patiently. Something catches his eye.

HIS POV

Anita on her bike, Perdy running alongside on her leash.

CU. PONGO

His mouth is open. His tongue slides out the side.

HIS POV

CAMERA PANS with Anita and Perdy as they pass Pongo. Perdy takes a look to the side and sees...

HER POV. MOVING

Pongo staring at her.

CU. PERDY

She looks forward, as if struck dumb by the sight of Pongo.

EXT. BUILDING

Pongo leaps to his feet, BARKING. Roger comes out of the building. He crosses to the bicycle rack.

ROGER

Sorry, Pongo. I didn't know I was going to take so long.

Pongo continues to BARK. Roger unlocks his bike.

ROGER

Calm down, boy.

Pongo settles for a moment.

ROGER

If I could sell a game, we might be able to get a car.

Roger mounts the bike and peddles off down the street. Pongo runs alongside, BARKING. His leash is attached to the bicycle handlebars.

ROGER

Pongo! What's the matter with you?

EXT. STREET. FURTHER AHEAD

At the next block, Roger signals a right turn. Pongo goes left, towing the bicycle and Roger behind him.

ROGER

PONGO!

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Anita and Perdy continue on their way at their brisk but safe pace. They turn onto another street and EXIT FRAME

EXT. STREET

The street Anita and Perdy were on. Roger's bike shoots THROUGH FRAME.

CU. ROGER

He's terrified.

ROGER

PONGO!

HIS POV

Weaving in and out of traffic at a high rate of speed. Near misses with autos, open car doors, pedestrians.

ECU. HANDLEBARS

Roger's squeezing the brake handles.

ECU. BICYCLE WHEEL/BRAKES

The worn brake pads smoke down to nothing.

EXT. CORNER

Pongo pulls the bike around the corner at a sharp angle.

EXT. PICCADILLY

Anita and Perdy pedal across Piccadilly.

INT. BURLINGTON ARCADE

Pongo and Roger speed through the arcade, scattering SHOPPERS.

EXT. BURLINGTON ARCADE. PICCADILLY

Pongo bounds down the steps to the sidewalk.

CU. ROGER

Bouncing violently and painfully as the bike chatters down the stone steps.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

A tangle of traffic. A SCREAMING VOICE APPROACHES. A bus CLEARS FRAME revealing Pongo and Roger. Roger shoots past CAMERA, SCREAMING.

ROGER

PONGO! STOP!

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS. PONGO

Racing full-out alongside a bus.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK

Unaware that they're being so vigorously pursued, Anita and Perdy sail through the park, passing a MILITARY BAND leading a troop.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S STREET

Pongo races down the center of the down-sloping street, picking up tremendous speed. Roger drops his feet to the pavement in a hopeless attempt to slow the bike.

CU. ROGER'S FEET

Smoking heels eaten by the pavement.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. MILITARY BAND

Marching in precise formation.

CU. ROGER

He stares ahead in terror.

HIS POV

He's heading straight into the military band.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. MILITARY BAND. OVERHEAD

With sharp footwork, the soldiers step a pace to the side, clearing a narrow path for Pongo and Roger.

ECU. PONGO'S COLLAR

The leash ring is pulling apart. It's only a split second before it gives.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. THE MALL

Pongo and Roger approach. Pongo turns sharply up the Mall.

ECU. COLLAR

The ring breaks, the leash is free.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. THE MALL

Pongo races up the road toward Buckingham Palace. Roger continues straight ahead, across the Mall onto the grass.

EXT. POND

Two OLD-TIMERS are fishing. Various waterfowl decorate the placid waters. An APPROACHING SCREAM is heard.

CU. ROGER

In complete terror, SCREAMING.

HIS POV

He's hurtling toward a great island of shrubbery and a park bench upon which two ELDERLY WOMEN sit feeding pigeons

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. SHRUBS

Roger slams into the park bench. The bike stops cold. Roger vaults over the shrubbery behind the bench.

ELDERLY WOMAN 1

I don't think he wanted to do that.

ELDERLY WOMAN 2

No, I shouldn't think he would.

EXT. POND. WIDE

Roger sails high over the shrubbery, over the old fishermen, and lands in a belly-flop in the center of the pond. The waterfowl scatter and take to the wing.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Anita and Perdy head into Green Park. They CLEAR FRAME. A beat and Pongo races THROUGH FRAME, BARKING.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. LATER

Roger rides THROUGH FRAME on his damaged bicycle. The frame is bent into a V-shape with the seat at the peak. It wobbles violently and SQUEAKS horribly. Roger's sweater hangs to his knees. He's missing a shoe. His flannel pants droop over his feet.

ROGER

PONGO?!

EXT. GREEN PARK. ANITA

She lets Perdy off her leash. She takes a red ball out of her shoulder bag and throws it. Perdy takes off after it.

EXT. GREEN PARK. PONGO

He approaches CAMERA, stops and sits.

HIS POV

Anita in the foreground and beyond, Perdy bounding after the ball.

CU. PONGO

He BARKS.

CU. ANITA

She turns and smiles.

EXT. GREEN PARK. ROGER

He wobbles along on his crippled bicycle. He slows to a stop.

HIS POV

Perdy chasing down the ball.

EXT. GREEN PARK. ROGER

He gets off the bike and flicks the kickstand. It flies into the air and lands with a CLANG! He wheels the bike forward and rests it against a tree.

EXT. GREEN PARK. PERDY

She has the red ball in her mouth and is trotting back to Anita. Behind her, Roger approaches at full limping speed.

CU. PONGO

He lies down and covers his eyes with his paws.

CU. ANITA

She's puzzled. And concerned.

HER POV

Roger gains on Perdy, leaps...

CU. ANITA

She gasps in alarm.

EXT. GREEN PARK

Roger's wrestling with Perdy.

ROGER

I've got you now!

He stands up, gripping Perdy's collar. He attaches the leash and starts back toward his bicycle. Anita rushes toward him.

ANITA

LET GO OF THAT DOG!

ROGER
Stay out of this lady.

ANITA
Stop or I'll...I'll hit you.

ROGER
Today is not a good day to threaten
me, ma'am.

ANITA
I don't care if it's a good day or a
bad day...I'll hit you nonetheless.

ROGER
Whatever.

Anita removes her shoulder bag.

ANITA
I gave you a proper warning.

She draws back the shoulder bag over her head. Roger stops and
turns...

ROGER
I've had just about...

CU. ANITA

She swings the bag down INTO CAMERA.

CU. ROGER

He's whacked on the top of the head. He drops OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. PARK

Roger's on his rump, holding his head. Perdy's next to him
watching curiously. Anita swings the bag back over her shoulder
in the event that Roger requires a second clubbing.

ANITA
Release my dog or I'll hit you
again.

CU. ROGER

Groggy and puzzled.

ROGER
Your dog?

HIS POV

Anita nods.

ANITA
That's my dog. Let her go.

CU. ROGER AND ANITA

He looks up at Anita. Still puzzled. He looks at Perdy again.

ROGER
(to Perdy)
Excuse me.

He leans over and looks underneath Perdy. He slowly rises back INTO FRAME. He looks up at Anita. He's embarrassed.

ROGER
He's a she.

CU. ANITA'S KNEES

Pongo peeks around from behind Anita. He whimpers.

CU. ROGER

He looks from Anita to Pongo.

ROGER
(restrained anger)
Hello, Pongo.

EXT. GREEN PARK. ANITA AND ROGER

Roger releases Perdy. Anita quickly attaches her leash. Roger picks himself up.

ROGER
I beg your pardon, ma'am.

He leashes Pongo.

ROGER
What do you have in that purse of yours? Rocks?

ANITA
Bricks. I'm paving my garden and every time I see a discarded brick, I pick it up.

ROGER
Uh, huh. How many did you find today?

ANITA
Three.

ROGER
That's what I would have guessed.

ANITA
Why are you all wet?

ROGER
(sarcastically)
I went swimming in the pond.

ANITA
The water's filthy.

ROGER
And it tastes like fish.

ANITA
You fell in, didn't you? No one with
their wits about them swims in a
dirty pond in a nice jumper and
slacks. And you lost a shoe. Did you
know that?

ROGER
As a matter of fact, I did. I
noticed it running down the gravel
path. I crashed my bicycle in the
pond. The only part of my body that
wasn't injured was my head. But now,
thanks to you, I have the complete
set of bodily injuries.
(offers his hand)
It was nice being assaulted by you,
Ms...?

She shakes his hand.

ANITA
My name's Anita and yours is Roger.
I read your dog's identification
tag.

ROGER
It looks like we both have a certain
fondness for Dalmatians.

ANITA
And it looks like they have a
certain fondness for each other.

CU. PONGO AND PERDY

They're sitting next to each other.

EXT. GREEN PARK. ROGER AND ANITA

Roger gives a tug on Pongo's leash.

ROGER

Your roving eye's caused me enough trouble today, Pongo. Let's go home.

ANITA

Are you going to be alright? Perhaps you should give your doctor a ring.

Roger's had enough conversation. He and Pongo start away. Pongo looks back at Perdy.

ANITA

If you have a concussion, you shouldn't be alone, you know.

Roger ignores her.

ANITA

Do you have someone who can keep an eye on you?

Roger pays her no further mind.

EXT. GREEN PARK. ROGER

Roger wheels his bike around in the direction he came from.

ROGER

You could have gotten me killed, Pongo. You risked losing your master for a brief frolic with a female.

Pongo hangs his head.

ROGER

Fools aren't born, Pongo. Pretty girls make them in their spare time.

He mounts the bicycle and pedals away. He takes great care to keep the leash well clear of the bicycle.

CU. PONGO

A plaintive look on his face as he searches for Perdy.

CU. PERDY

She trots alongside Anita's bike. She looks back and barks.

EXT. GREEN PARK. ROGER AND PONGO

Pongo returns the bark.

ROGER

Don't even think about it.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. ANITA AND PERDY

Perdy looks back again. Anita does as well.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Roger's rickety bicycle pulls around the Victoria Monument. Pongo trots alongside.

CU. ROGER

He throws a cautious look back.

HIS POV

A hundred yards back, Anita and Perdy are coming down Constitution Hill. Anita looks ahead to Roger.

CU. ROGER

Riding away, he looks again over his shoulder. He sees Anita and turns back quickly. He's not going to forgive or forget.

EXT. MALL

Anita goes into the turn at the Victoria Monument.

EXT. VICTORIA MONUMENT. ROGER

Roger makes an extra circle around the Victoria Monument, secretly hoping to run into Anita again. Roger CLEARS FRAME, Anita ENTERS. They're on opposite sides of the monument, unaware of each other's position.

CU. PONGO

He looks up at Roger. We can presume he's pleased. He BARKS at Roger. Roger looks down at him.

ROGER

You have it entirely wrong, Pongo.
I'm simply trying to decide on a
route home. It has nothing...

He squints in the late afternoon sun.

HIS POV

Anita's gone.

CU. ROGER

A hint of disappointment.

ROGER

(continues)

...nothing whatever to do with
Anita. If that's what her name is.

EXT. VICTORIA MONUMENT. ROGER

Roger turns off the Mall and heads for Birdcage Walk.

CU. PONGO

He looks up at Roger. He's worried. He looks back to the monument
and BARKS.

EXT. VICTORIA MONUMENT. PERDY

She hears Pongo. She returns the BARK.

EXT. BIRDCAGE WALK. ROGER AND PONGO

They continue on their way, passing around behind the Pond.

CU. ANITA

Pedaling at an even pace, looking for Roger. Suddenly, she
jerks back.

EXT. VICTORIA MONUMENT

Perdy wheels around the monument, racing after Pongo.

ANITA

PERDY! STOP!

CU. ROGER

FROM BEHIND. He turns to CAMERA, his eyes wide with surprise.

HIS POV

From Birdcage Walk, across the corner of the park lawn with the
end of the Pond between, Anita and Perdy approach the water at
high speed.

EXT. POND. ROGER AND PONGO

Roger drops the bike. He and Pongo run for the Pond.

ROGER

LOOK OUT!

CU. FIREPLACE. SURROUND

Three old bricks. A roaring blaze crackles and pops.

INT. ROGER'S APARTMENT. HEARTH

Anita's skirt, blouse, and dainties, and Roger's trousers, sweater, shirt and unmentionables are slung across the hearth screen.

INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM

Roger and Anita are sitting in front of the fire. Roger has an ice bag on his head, a mug of tea in his hands, a blanket around his shoulders. Anita is wearing one of Roger's shirts. She has a blanket around her shoulders, a tissue to her nose, a cup of tea in her hand.

ANITA

(stuffy)

I've never been rescued before. It was very exciting. And you were very sweet to give me a kiss.

Roger stares at her.

ROGER

That wasn't a kiss. It was mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

ANITA

(embarrassed)

Oh.

ROGER

But it didn't work very well. You're supposed to lie flat on your back and remain still. I couldn't really do it properly with your arms around my neck.

ANITA

I'm very sorry.

ROGER

It's alright.

ANITA

(after a pause)

You give very good rescue.

ROGER

Thank you.

The conversation dies. Anita sips her tea and looks down.

HER POV

Pongo and Perdy are sitting in front of the fire sharing a blanket which is wrapped around their shoulders.

INT. LIVING ROOM. ROGER AND ANITA

Anita's watching Roger. He's leaning forward, looking down at the dogs. He senses Anita watching him. He looks to her.

ROGER

I think we have a problem.

Anita looks at the dogs again.

ROGER

I think my dog's in love.

ANITA

I think mine is, too.

(pause)

Why is that a problem?

ROGER

They're going to be broken-hearted
when you leave.

CU. PERDY AND PONGO

They look to Roger and Anita with concern.

INT. LIVING ROOM. ROGER AND ANITA

Anita looks at Roger.

ANITA

I don't think I can bear to live
with a broken-hearted Dalmatian.

ROGER

They're miserable when they're
lonely.

ANITA

(setting her teacup aside)
We better think of something.

ROGER

I agree. Would you like another cup
of marriage?

ANITA

Excuse me?

ROGER

Tea. Another cup of tea?

ANITA

You said marriage.

EXT. HOLLAND PARK. MANSION

A foreboding Victorian mansion. Cruella's LAUGHTER CONTINUES.

EXT. CHURCH. UP ANGLE

The ridge cross in the foreground, the steeple and spire rising behind. Doves circle. ORGAN AND CHORAL MUSIC FADES UP.

INT. CHURCH. HIGH ANGLE

Family and guests are assembled in the lovely, old church. Anita and Roger are at the altar. They face each other with hands joined. The MINISTER speaks to the assembled in a VOICE that echoes in the apse.

MINISTER

God the Father, God the Son, God the
Holy Ghost...

CU. ANITA

Resplendent in her bridal wreath and holding a bouquet of snowdrops.

MINISTER (O.S.)

...bless, preserve, and keep you...

CU. ROGER

His eyes shift from the Minister to Anita. He signals her with a subtle movement of his head toward the nave.

CU. ANITA

She's puzzled.

MINISTER (O.S.)

...the Lord mercifully with his
favor look upon you...

CU. ROGER

He repeats his signal.

CU. ANITA

She understands. She sneaks a look to the minister. Then takes a brief look down the nave to....

MINISTER (O.S.)

...that ye may so live together in
this life...

HER POV

Pongo and Perdy are in the open church doors, side by side.

Marriage? ROGER

ANITA
That's what you said. You meant to
say tea, but it came out marriage.

ROGER
I'm sorry. Do you want another cup
of tea?

ANITA
I do.

ROGER
You do?

ANITA
I will.

ROGER
You will?

ANITA
If you ask me.

Roger nervously looks into his teacup.

ROGER
Would you...?

ANITA
Yes.

There's a moment of nervous anticipation. They slowly narrow the distance between their lips. They kiss. CAMERA MOVES OFF THEM to the dogs. They're snuggling. CAMERA CONTINUES to the fireplace surround. Roger and Anita's clothing is ablaze. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION. FIREPLACE

An enormous fire is blazing.

CU. BLACK LEATHER CASE

The London Zoo sticker is on the open lid. CAMERA BOOMS UP AND OVER the case to reveal Cruella sitting on a sofa wrapped in the stunning pelt of the Siberian tiger. A cigarette burns in one hand. She holds a glass of champagne in the other. She throws her head back and laughs with increasing intensity.

INT. MANSION. DRAWING ROOM. WIDE

A massive, dark, lonely room with a 50-foot beamed ceiling. Thousands of animal trophies and pelts. Cruella's maniacal LAUGHTER echoes in the vast space.

MINISTER (O.S.)
...and so fill you with all
spiritual benediction and grace,...

CU. ANITA

She smiles.

CU. ROGER

He smiles as well.

MINISTER (O.S.)
...that in the world to come ye may
have life everlasting.

CU. PONGO AND PERDY

As if the ceremony was performed on their behalf. Pongo's wearing a black silk rope collar with a silver clasp and Perdy's wearing a white silk and lace cord collar with a silver heart-shaped clasp.

MINISTER (O.S.)
Amen.

Perdy bows her head. Pongo bows his.

INT. CHURCH. ALTAR

Roger lifts Anita's veil and kisses her. The CHURCH BELLS RING.
MUSIC COMES UP.

CU. PONGO AND PERDY. TAILS

Pongo and Perdy wag their tails. CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY revealing the church steps, the canine wedding party and hundreds of assorted dogs assembled below, spilling onto the street, and as the BELLS RING, DOGS all over London join in a thunderous CHORUS of BARKS, HOWLS, YELPS and YIPS.

EXT. LONDON. WIDE

From the countryside, the city far off in the distance. CHURCH BELLS and the DIN OF BARKING DOGS.

CU. CRUELLA

The beautiful solemnity of the wedding is vanquished by Cruella's hard, angry face. She's in her office.

CRUELLA
(bitterly)
How could she do this to me?

The narrow, flaming eyes tilt down.

HER POV

A newspaper on her desk, open to the society pages and the announcement of Anita's wedding. CAMERA PUSHES IN on a photo of Roger and Anita, Pongo and Perdy. CAMERA CONTINUES in on Perdy. The newspaper is yanked OUT OF FRAME. Beneath it is Anita's sketch of her Dalmatian-inspired outfit.

ECU. CRUELLA

Her anger gives way to vengeful mirth. FADE DOWN.

EXT. FULHAM ROAD. FLAT. AUTUMN

A small, comfortably worn address. We HEAR VIDEO GAME SFX.

INT. FLAT. FIRST FLOOR

Anita's hanging a picture on the wall of her new living room. It's furnished with her things and Roger's. A staircase leads to a second floor. NANNY, a plump, 60-year-old housekeeper, is dusting blinds.

NANNY

I so loved living with your family
when you were little and now to be
with you again as you start a family
of your own is a dream come true.

ANITA

I'm not sure Roger and I are quite
ready to start a family, Nanny.

NANNY

That's a shame. Well, first the
puppies then the babies...

CU. ANITA

Nanny's last remark suddenly hits her.

ANITA

Puppies?

INT. FLAT. SECOND FLOOR. ROGER'S ROOM

He's working on his game. Pongo's sitting in front of the TV, watching. Roger's controlling it from his desk.

ROGER

If I've done my job right, when this
new villain comes on, you're going
to run from the room in a panic.

CU. PONGO

Focused, attentive, ears up.

CU. TV SCREEN

The animated Dalmatian runs into a hollow log. The screen GOES BLACK for a moment. The end of the log comes into view as the dog moves to a new level. A toothy, slime-dripping Dog Catcher drops INTO FRAME, brandishing a net.

CU. ROGER

Anticipates a terrified reaction from Pongo.

CU. PONGO

He yawns.

CU. ROGER

He flips the control on the desk in defeat.

INT. KITCHEN

Anita is seated on a kitchen chair. Perdy sits before her. Nanny's across the table, paring apples.

NANNY

It's unmistakable, dear. You can see it, can't you?

CU. ANITA

She leans forward and stares at Perdy.

CU. PERDY

A gentle, contented look.

NANNY (O.S.)

It's the look every woman gets when she knows she's going to be a mother. Notice how tranquil she is? Her eyes are soft and warm.

CU. ANITA

As she stares at her dog, she assumes the human equivalent of Perdy's expression.

NANNY (O.S.)

And though you might not see it, you can certainly feel that she's smiling. It's the smile we wear when we're guarding a precious secret.

The corners of Anita's mouth turn up ever so slightly.

NANNY (O.S.)

Now she's living for others as well
as herself. She's eating more.

Unconsciously, Anita takes a bite of an apple slice.

NANNY (O.S.)

And every now and again, for no
reason other than she's so happy
with herself, she sighs.

Anita lets out a sigh.

INT. KITCHEN

Anita gives Perdy an affectionate hug and a kiss. Then she leans
back and turns to Nanny.

ANITA

I think you're right, Nanny. She
does look different.

CU. NANNY

Her smile droops. She sets down her knife and leans forward,
staring at Anita.

HER POV

Anita takes another apple slice. She lets out another sigh and
smiles the smile. She looks at Nanny with sleepy eyes.

CU. NANNY

She lets out a subtle gasp.

CU. ANITA

Puzzled.

ANITA

What is it, Nanny?

CU. NANNY

She puts her hand to her open mouth.

NANNY

Oh, goodness!

She leans to the side.

HER POV .

Perdy leans out from behind Anita and looks at Nanny. She nods her head up and down.

INT. KITCHEN

Nanny puts her hand to her breast.

NANNY

Anita, dear...I think you're going to have a puppy.

CU. ANITA

She stares at Nanny in shock.

CU. PERDY

Looking up at Anita. Her head drops as she follows Anita to the floor. We HEAR AN O.S. THUD!

CU. DOOR. BRASS SIGN

It reads -- DR. E.M. PEALE, OBSTETRICIAN. CAMERA SLIDES RIGHT to another door and another brass sign. It reads DR. M. PARKER, VETERINARIAN.

EXT. BERKELEY SQUARE. TOWNHOUSES

Roger's sitting at the bottom of the steps of the building on the left. Pongo's sitting on the steps of the building on the right. Anita exits the building on the left, shaking her PHYSICIAN'S hand. She walks down the steps and meets Roger. Perdy exits the building on the right. Her VET shakes her paw. She heads down the steps to meet Pongo. Roger and Anita attach Pongo and Perdy's leads and the four head off across the square.

EXT. FULHAM ROAD

Anita and Roger, Pongo and Perdy come up the road. Anita notices something unpleasant.

HER POV

Cruella's white Rolls is parked in front of their house.

EXT. FULHAM ROAD. ANITA AND ROGER

Anita's worried. Roger notices.

ANITA

Oh, no.

ROGER

What?

ANITA
(with dread)
I think we have a visitor.

INT. LIVING ROOM. ENTRY

Anita takes off her coat and sets it aside. She's excited.

ANITA
Cruella!

CU. CRUELLA DEVILLE

From behind. She turns into a startling CLOSE-UP.

CRUELLA
Anita! Darling!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Anita walks into the room to greet Cruella who rises with a flourish. Roger and the dogs step into the entry. Roger has difficulty masking his contempt. The dogs cower behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CRUELLA AND ANITA

Cruella kisses Anita. Suddenly, her grotesque smile fades.

HER POV

Roger's standing in the entry with Perdy and Pongo. Seeing Cruella, they BARK furiously.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Cruella puts on a fresh smile.

CRUELLA
Oh, Anita! What dazzling dogs!
(less enthusiastically, to
Roger)
You must be Rufus.

Roger offers his hand.

ROGER
It's Roger. It's a pleasure, Ms.
Deville.

Cruella blows a puff of smoke in Roger's direction. She ignores the handshake and returns to Anita.

CRUELLA
Don't tell me you married him for
his dog.

She laughs. Anita sneaks an apologetic look to Roger. He bristles as he unfastens the dogs from their leads and shoos them up the stairs. Cruella swoops across to the sofa. She spreads her fur coat and sits down. Anita sits in the arm chair. Roger stands behind the chair.

CRUELLA

I've missed you, darling. I hate that you've taken a leave.

ANITA

I'm still working. You've been getting my sketches?

CRUELLA

It's not the same. I miss the interaction.

(to Roger)

And what is it that you do that allows you to support Anita in such splendor?

ROGER

I design video games.

CRUELLA

Video games?

(to Anita)

Is he having me on?

ANITA

No. He's very good at it. It's a growing business.

CRUELLA

Those horrible noisy things that children play with on their televisions? Someone designs them? What a senseless thing to do with your life.

Roger simmers with anger.

ROGER

Did Anita tell you the news?

Anita tries to signal him to be silent. Cruella's suspicious. She expects the worst.

ROGER

(with relish)

She's going to have a baby.

CRUELLA

(to Anita)

Is this true?

Anita's intimidated. She nods, yes. Cruella tips her ash on the floor.

CRUELLA

Are you mad?

ANITA

I'm excited about it, Cruella.

CRUELLA

I cannot imagine why. But life abounds with mystery.

ROGER

We're having puppies, too.

CRUELLA

(sarcastic, bitter)

You have been a busy boy.

She rises from the sofa and takes a pull on her cigarette.

CRUELLA

I must say that is somewhat better news. I adore puppies.

She collects her purse.

CRUELLA

I hate to run when I'm having fun but I do have a schedule to keep. Be sure and let me know when the blessed event occurs.

ANITA

It won't be for another eight months.

CRUELLA

The puppies, darling.

She crosses to the entry.

INT. STAIR LANDING. PONGO AND PERDY

They're lying on the landing, looking down the stairs.

THEIR POV

Cruella's at the bottom of the stairs. She looks up at them.

CU. PONGO AND PERDY

Perdy scoots back in fear. Pongo snarls.

INT. ENTRY

Cruella throws open the door.

CRUELLA

I have no use for babies.

She exits, leaving a cloud of smoke lingering in the air.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK. LATE AUTUMN. AFTERNOON

The last of the season's leaves blow across the park.

EXT. FULHAM ROAD. DUSK

The trees are bare.

EXT. FULHAM ROAD. FLAT. NIGHT

A FLASH of lightning and a CLAP OF THUNDER. Rain pounds on the pavement.

CU. KITCHEN CLOCK

Tick-tock, tick-tock.

INT. FLAT. DINING ROOM. ROGER AND PONGO

Roger's sitting at the table in his shirt sleeves. Pongo's lying on the floor. Roger's doing a crossword puzzle. He glances up at the clock. Then at his watch. He listens to it, taps it, listens again. He rises and crosses to the kitchen door. He looks back at Pongo.

ROGER

If I'm this nervous about your
puppies, what am I going to be like
when my baby arrives?

He returns to his seat.

ROGER

How can you be so calm?

CU. PONGO

Looks up at Roger with tired eyes. He lets out a deep sigh.

INT. DINING ROOM

The swinging door opens and Nanny rushes out. Roger jumps from his seat. Pongo leaps to his feet.

NANNY

Not yet.

Nanny rushes into the living room and up the stairs.

ROGER
What's taking so long?!

NANNY (O.S.)
These things take time!

Roger and Pongo relax. Roger returns to his crossword.

ROGER
Four letter word for "dome."

Pongo lets out a soft WOOF.

ROGER
Thank you.
(as he writes)
Roof.

EXT. ROGER AND ANITA'S FLAT

Lightning FLASHES. A CLAP OF THUNDER RINGS OUT. Jasper and Horace's lorry rumbles INTO FRAME and stops.

INT. LORRY

Jasper peers out his window.

JASPER
Go peek in the window and see if the puppies come yet.

HORACE
It's pouring buckets, Jasper.

JASPER
(sarcastic)
How could I have not noticed?

HORACE
Might be you was concentrating on your driving.

JASPER
Of course I know it's raining! Go look in the window!

HORACE
Have we got an umbrella?

Jasper reaches down between the seats. He finds a folded umbrella and rudely gives it to Horace.

JASPER
Careful when you open it.

Horace looks at it.

EXT. STREET. LORRY. WIDE

We HEAR A WHOOSH and a SNAP! as the umbrella opens.

HORACE

(after a pause)
Is it bad luck to open an umbrella
in a lorry?

INT. KITCHEN

Perdy's in her dog bed in the corner of the kitchen. Anita's sitting on the floor beside her. Perdy's panting. Anita's gently stroking her head. Suddenly, Perdy lies down. Anita turns in a panic.

ANITA

NANNY!

INT. FLAT. STAIRS

Nanny rumbles down the stairs with an armful of towels.

INT. DINING ROOM

Roger and Pongo jumps to their feet. Nanny barrels through.

NANNY

GANGWAY!

EXT. LORRY

The passenger door opens and Horace slides out. He yanks the open umbrella out of the lorry. It folds over, inside out.

JASPER

Now, look what you done to my
umbrella!

Horace fiddles with the locking device. The umbrella snaps closed. Horace opens it again. The ribs are bent and broken.

HORACE

It should be fine now.
(pause)

I'm sorry, Jasper, I seem to have
forgotten what I'm supposed to do.

Jasper reaches under the seat for his monkey wrench. He bangs Horace over the head.

HORACE

I'll go look in the window and see
if them puppies have been born yet.
And...?

Jasper lets him have it again.

HORACE
Run down to the pub and tell the
missus if I see any.

JASPER
That's right.

INT. DINING ROOM

The kitchen door flies open and Nanny rushes out, SCREAMING.

NANNY
THEY'RE HERE! THE PUPPIES ARE HERE!

She rushes back in.

ROGER
You're a father, Pongo!

Pongo BARKS. O.S. we hear NANNY SCREAM.

NANNY (O.S.)
Two!

ROGER
(to Pongo)
You're a father twice.

Nanny rushes out once again.

NANNY
MAKE THAT THREE!

CU. PONGO

He throws his head back and howls.

INT. KITCHEN. WINDOW

Horace's face beneath an inside-out umbrella appears in the window. He strains to look down. A grin spreads across his cheeks. He sinks OUT OF FRAME.

INT. DINING ROOM. LATER

Nanny pokes her head out the door.

NANNY
(weary but happy)
Fifteen puppies!

Roger rises. Pongo runs circles around him, BARKING.

ROGER
Did you hear that, boy? 15 puppies!

CU. PONGO

As Roger pets him, Pongo is staring ahead in disbelief.

INT. DINING ROOM

Anita comes out of the kitchen. Her sleeves are rolled up, a strand of hair hangs in her eyes. She's exhausted.

ANITA
I'm glad I'm only having one.

Anita flops down on a dining room chair.

INT. KITCHEN

Pongo cautiously pushes open the door and looks in.

HIS POV

Nanny's tidying up the dog bed. She turns to see Pongo.

NANNY
You should be very proud.

She steps aside revealing Perdy and her 15 PUPPIES.

INT. KITCHEN

Pongo crosses to the bed and Perdy. He sniffs his pups and nuzzles Perdy. Nanny tiptoes to the door and exits. Pongo lies down next to the bed and rests his chin on the side. He lets out a big, satisfied sigh.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR

Wind-driven rain pelts the door. Lightning flashes. THUNDER BOOMS. The door opens.

INT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR. UP ANGLE

A massive TRIPLE FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals Cruella DeVille. She looks hideous in the harsh light as she towers over CAMERA. She's wearing a black mink coat and matching hat.

CU. NANNY

She rears back in alarm, issuing a deep gasp.

INT. HOUSE ENTRY

Cruella marches into the house, pushing past Nanny.

CRUELLA

Anita? Anita!

INT. DINING ROOM

Anita bolts to her feet. She looks to Roger fearfully.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Cruella crosses into the dining room. She spots Anita and walks INTO CLOSE-UP.

CRUELLA

There you are. Where are the puppies?

CU. ANITA

She's puzzled. She looks to Roger. Then back to Cruella.

INT. DINING ROOM

Cruella marches in, stepping between Anita and Roger.

CRUELLA

They should have arrived by now.

ROGER

Excuse me!

Cruella pays him no mind.

INT. KITCHEN

Cruella barges into the kitchen. She scans the room.

CU. PERDY

She cowers. Pongo rises and bares his teeth.

HIS POV

Cruella spots the Puppies.

CRUELLA

Marvelous!

INT. KITCHEN

Anita and Roger enter. Nanny follows a moment later.

CRUELLA

Absolutely precious. Put them in a bag. I'll take them with me now.

ROGER

They were just born.

CRUELLA

I can see that.

ANITA

Cruella, they have to be with their mother for several weeks. They're not ready to leave.

Cruella stares at Anita. She has no idea or concern.

CRUELLA

I'm reserving them all.

She opens her purse and takes out her checkbook and pen.

CRUELLA

I'll write you a check.

She crosses to the table.

ROGER

They're not for sale.

CRUELLA

Go play with your games.

(to Anita)

How much, darling?

Anita doesn't know how to answer.

CRUELLA

How many are there?

ANITA

Fifteen.

CRUELLA

Fifteen times...500 pounds?

Seventy-five hundred pounds. Fair?

Cruella begins making out the check.

ANITA

Why would you want 15 puppies?

ROGER

It's irrelevant, Anita. She can't have any. They're not for sale.

CRUELLA

I'm getting very tired of you, Roland.

Cruella tears the check off the pad and offers it to Anita. She looks at it.

CRUELLA

Take it.

Anita looks at Roger. He angrily looks away.

CU. PONGO

He looks up at Anita. He's worried. He looks back at Perdy.

CU. PERDY

She whimpers.

INT. KITCHEN

Cruella rattles the check.

CRUELLA

Take it!

Anita shakes her head, no.

ANITA

Cruella, the puppies aren't for sale.

Cruella stares at her. She's not used to being denied. She's furious. She withdraws the check. She tears it into pieces.

CRUELLA

You're a fool, Anita. I have no use for fools. You're fired. You're finished.

She tosses the torn check at Anita's face.

CU. ANITA

She closes her eyes as the paper bits flutter down her front.

INT. KITCHEN

Cruella shoulds her purse and storms out of the room. Anita bows her head. Roger folds her into his arms. Pongo exits.

ROGER

I'm proud of you, Anita.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR

Cruella exits, slamming the door.

EXT. FLAT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW

Pongo stands up in the window, his paws resting on the sill.

. HIS POV

Jasper and Horace are waiting at Cruella's car. Horace tries to cover Cruella with his damaged umbrella. She yanks it out of his hand and throws it down. Jasper opens the door and bows with an obsequious sweep of his arm. Cruella whacks his across the head with her purse. She jumps in the car and slams the door. The Rolls squeals away. Horace retrieves the umbrella. He stands under it. Jasper snatches it away from him. He looks to the flat.

EXT. FLAT. WINDOW. PONGO

He BARKS FURIOUSLY.

HIS POV. EXT. STREET. HORACE AND JASPER

Jasper mimics Pongo's spirited BARKING. Horace puts his thumbs in his ears, sticks out his tongue and wiggles his fingers. A speeding car passes, blasting through a puddle, sending up a wave of water that washes over the two.

CU. TV SCREEN

The video game Dalmatian is running across the screen.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM. CU. PUPPIES

Fifteen six-week-old Puppies are clustered around the TV. Their heads follow the movement of the video Dalmatian.

CU. TV SCREEN

The video Dalmatian hops across a creek, using turtles as stepping stones.

CU. PUPPIES

Their heads bob up and down in synch with the movements of the video Dalmatian.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM. CU. ROGER

He's working the controller from his desk. He pauses the game and makes a note on his computer. The GAME MUSIC STOPS

CU. PUPPIES

They're leaning to the side, frozen.

CU. TV SCREEN

The game screen is frozen on a shot OVER the video Dalmatian racing down a ravine. The screen is tilted in synch with the Puppies' position.

CU. ROGER

He finishes his note and returns to the game.

CU. TV SCREEN

The game continues with the video Dalmatian zooming down the ravine. The screen tilts in the opposite direction as before.

CU. PUPPIES

They lean to the opposite side.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM. CU. ROGER

He looks over the desk with a grin.

HIS POV

Fifteen Puppies in front of the TV, tails wagging in unison.

CU. ROGER

An impish grin as he presses a button on the controller.

CU. TV SCREEN

The screen view follows a sharp bend in the ravine which ends on a screen-filling CLOSE-UP of a video Cruella DeVille. We hear a SAMPLE OF HER HIDEOUS LAUGHTER.

CU. PUPPIES

Their little ears shoot up in horror. They rear back with a collective GASP!

INT. HOUSE. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The Puppies race out of Roger's room, BARKING and YAPPING.

INT. HOUSE. ENTRY. DOWN ANGLE

From the stairs, looking down. Nanny, Anita, Pongo, and Perdy scramble to the bottom of the stairs. They're startled. The Puppies stream down UNDER CAMERA.

ANITA

Roger!

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. DOOR

Roger pokes his head out of the door. He answers the call sheepishly.

ROGER

Yes, dear?

CU. ANITA

She scolds him.

ANITA

Are you testing villains on the puppies?!

CU. ROGER

Dead caught.

ROGER

What makes you say that?

CU. TV SCREEN

FROZEN on Cruella's wicked face.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM. DESK

A puppy with one white ear and one black ear, WIZZER, is on his back legs on Roger's chair.

ECU. JOY STICK. BUTTON

It reads "FIRE." Wizzer's little paw presses the button.

CU. TV SCREEN

The image of Cruella explodes with an accompanying SFX.

ECU. WIZZER'S TAIL

It wags happily.

CU. WIZZER

He BARKS!

EXT. FLAT. EVENING

Anita, Roger, Pongo, and Perdy exit for the evening walk.

EXT. STREET. LORRY. CU. JASPER

He looks in his outside mirror.

MIRROR REFLECTION

Anita, Roger, Pongo, and Perdy, disappear around the corner.

INT. LORRY. JASPER AND HORACE

Jasper turns away from the mirror and looks to Horace.

JASPER

Alright. We're on.

They peel off their caps and reach to the floorboards coming up with black panty hose. They yank it over their heads and put their caps back on.

JASPER

Let's go.

They open their doors and attempt to exit. They've both put on the same pair of panty hose. Each has a leg over his head. Jasper leans back into the car. He gives Horace a look. He bends down, forcing Horace down with him. He comes up with a second pair of panty hose. He tosses them at Horace.

INT. KITCHEN. DOG BED

Under the sink. The Puppies are all sleeping soundly.

INT. KITCHEN

Nanny's at the kitchen counter, cleaning up after dinner. She picks up an enormous red dog dish.

NANNY

Somebody didn't finish their supper.
We're on a budget. There's no
accounting for waste.

She scoops out the remaining prepared food and puts it in a plastic storage container. The DOOR BELL RINGS. Nanny leaves the dog food uncovered and exits.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR

Nanny opens the door to the extent allowed by the security chain. She looks out.

HER POV

Jasper and Horace. They're wearing pantyhose over their faces and caps on their heads. They tip their caps.

JASPER

Evening, ma'am.

CU. NANNY

She SCREAMS and throws her shoulder into the door.

CU. DOOR JAMB

Jasper's boot stops the door.

EXT. PORCH

Horace leans forward and addresses Nanny in a loud voice.

HORACE
It's alright, lady! We're
professionals!

Jasper elbows him silent.

CU. NANNY

She presses against the door. Her SCREAMS continue.

ECU. SECURITY CHAIN

It rips free from the door.

ECU. FLOOR

A brass screw rolls INTO LENS and stops.

INT. KITCHEN. SINK

Wizzer pokes his head out from under the sink curtain and BARKS!

INT. ENTRY. UTILITY CLOSET

Nanny's locked in the closet beneath the stairs. A chair has been jammed under the door knob. Nanny's SCREAMING O.S. and pounding on the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Jasper and Horace enter, peeling off their pantyhose masks.

JASPER
The old bird put up a good fight. I
admire spirit in a gal.

HORACE
Easy for you to say. You didn't take
a boot up the backside.

Jasper hands him a burlap sack.

JASPER
Hold the bag, I'll get the puppies.

Jasper kneels before the sink.

INT. KITCHEN. BENEATH KITCHEN SINK. CURTAINS

Jasper tears open the curtains.

HIS POV

The Puppies huddle in fear behind Wizzer. He isn't frightened. He's growling.

CU. HORACE

He waits with the bag. Something catches his eye.

HIS POV

The plastic container.

CU. WIZZER

BARKING in a tiny but ferocious voice.

HIS POV

Jasper's hand reaches into CAMERA.

CU. JASPER'S FINGER

Wizzer lunges INTO FRAME and clamps his little teeth down on Jasper's index finger.

CU. JASPER

He winces in pain.

CU. HORACE

He's sniffing the contents of the plastic container. He rather likes the aroma. He picks up the spoon from the counter and daintily samples a small bite. He enjoys it.

INT. ENTRY. CLOSET DOOR

Nanny's still SCREAMING and POUNDING.

INT. KITCHEN

Horace, mouth jammed full, lips smacking, breathing loudly out of his nose, loads another heaping spoonful.

JASPER

The bag!

Horace mumbles an apology, sets the container and spoon aside, and holds the bag open as Jasper quickly tosses Puppies into it.

INT. KITCHEN. SINK. DOG BED

Jasper plucks the last frightened pup from the bed.

INT. KITCHEN

Jasper puts the last Puppy into the writhing burlap sack.

JASPER

That's the lot. Let's get out of here.

Horace hands him the bag and gobbles another bite of dog food.

HORACE

Mmm. Good.

JASPER

What is the matter with you?

HORACE

I haven't et since breakfast.

He offers Jasper a spoonful. Jasper leans back from it.

JASPER

What do you think that is?

HORACE

(chewing)

I don't have to think. I know. It's pat  .

Horace eats the spoonful he's offered Jasper. He sets the empty container aside.

HORACE

A nice Duck pat   with pistachio nuts and fennel.

JASPER

You're a bloody stupid berk.

Horace takes the big red dog dish off the counter and continues to eat.

HORACE

Why would you go and say a thing like that?

He noisily scrapes the edges of the bowl for the last remaining bits. He eats it.

JASPER

Because you're eating dog food.

He exits LAUGHING. Horace looks at the empty dog dish.

EXT. FLAT. WIDE

The Pensioner and his Bulldog pass by on their evening walk.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR

Jasper comes out, still laughing. He has the bag of Puppies over his shoulder. They're whimpering and crying.

CU. BULLDOG

He stops dead in his tracks.

EXT. FLAT. WIDE

The Bulldog turns and barks at Jasper.

JASPER
(tipping his hat)
Evening, General.

Horace staggers down the steps, avoiding the Bulldog.

CU. BULLDOG

Barking ferociously.

CU. BAG

Over Jasper's shoulder, MOVING AWAY FROM CAMERA. The Puppies inside, struggling and crying.

EXT. STREET. PENSIONER AND BULLDOG

He tugs on the leash in an effort to silence the dog.

PENSIONER
Montgomery! Heel, boy!

EXT. FLAT. STREET. LORRY

Jasper opens the back of the lorry and tosses the sack in.

HORACE
You know what I think, Jasper? I think that bulldog knows what we just done.

JASPER
Dogs ain't got the mind to figure things out, Horace. Chances are the mutt's just got a whiff of the horse meat on your breath.

EXT. STREET. BULLDOG

With considerable difficulty, the Pensioner reins the BARKING Bulldog in and continues on his way.

EXT. STREET. LORRY

Jasper secures the back of the lorry. He puts a reassuring hand on Horace's shoulder.

JASPER

The downfall of the canine population is that they're too stupid to realize there's some among us what want to do them harm.

EXT. PARK. ROGER AND ANITA, PERDY AND PONGO

The Bulldog's incessant BARKING rings across the park. Pongo's ears prick up. Perdy BARKS. The leads rip from Anita and Roger's hands as Perdy and Pongo take off.

ANITA

Perdy!

ROGER

Pongo!

ANITA

(worried)
Something's happened!

INT. FLAT. UTILITY CLOSET

Nanny bursts out of the closet.

NANNY

HELP! POLICE!

She runs into the kitchen.

EXT. FLAT. WIDE

Pongo and Perdy race to the steps and HOWL at the door.

INT. HOUSE. ENTRY

Nanny hurries in from the kitchen. She's distraught.

NANNY

Thank God, they're home!

She opens the door. Pongo and Perdy rush in.

INT. KITCHEN. LOW ANGLE

Pongo and Perdy scramble PAST CAMERA.

INT. KITCHEN

Pongo and Perdy skid to a halt.

CU. PONGO

He looks ahead, alert and anxious. His ears drop.

CU. PERDY

She drops her head.

INT. KITCHEN. SINK

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the empty dog bed beneath the sink.

REVERSE

Perdy approaches slowly. She nudges the bed with her nose. She whimpers.

CU. PONGO

He moves slowly toward Perdy.

HIS POV. MOVING

Perdy turns her head and looks back at Pongo. CAMERA MOVES PAST Perdy and tilts down on the empty bed.

INT. KITCHEN. DOOR

Anita and Roger, and Nanny behind, stand in the doorway.

CU. ANITA

She looks down at Perdy with a tear in her eye.

CU. PERDY

She looks up at Anita and WHIMPERS.

EXT. COUNTRY VILLAGE. NIGHT

A tiny village deep in the country. Jasper and Horace's lorry is parked in front of a pub.

INT. PUB

A few besotted PATRONS clinging to their last lagers. Horace is sitting alone at a table. Jasper's on the pay phone.

CU. JASPER

He clears his voice.

JASPER

Evening, ma'am. I hope I ain't disturbing your relaxation but I've got good news.

INT. CRUELLA'S HOUSE. LIBRARY

She's on the sofa. Cigarette in one hand, phone in the other.

CRUELLA

Did you get them? The puppies?
(brightens)
Marvelous!

She takes a drag on her cigarette.

CRUELLA

I thought for sure you and your
corpulent cohort would botch it.

CU. JASPER

A satisfied grin.

JASPER

You're too kind, ma'am.

INT. LIBRARY. CRUELLA

She hangs up on Jasper and exhales a plume of smoke.

CRUELLA

(to O.S.)
They've got the 15.

INT. LIBRARY. WIDE

Mr. Skinner is sitting stiffly in a chair by the fire. He takes out a notebook and a pen from his coat pocket.

CRUELLA

Anita's finally paid me back for all
I've done for her. Poor thing,
she'll never know how much it means
to me.

Her laughter echoes in the enormous room. Mr. Skinner totes up the numbers in his book.

ECU. NOTEBOOK

A column of numbers to which Mr. Skinner adds the number "15," draws a line beneath it, and writes a total -- "99."

INT. LORRY. BURLAP SACK

Wizzer squeezes out of the bag.

EXT. LORRY. BACK DOOR. RUST HOLE

A black nose sniffs at the four-inch rust hole.

EXT. COTTAGE. DOOR STOOP

A Jack Russell terrier, KIPPER, is sleeping in the doorway.

INT. LORRY. CU. WIZZER

He BARKS.

INT. COTTAGE. DOOR STOOP

Kipper's ears prick up. HE BARKS.

EXT. PUB

Horace and Jasper lumber out with bottles in paper bags.

JASPER

I'm gonna fill me snoot and go to
bed. I'm dead tired.

HORACE

I'm hearing dogs again, Jasper.

CU. KIPPER

As Wizzer WHIMPERS O.S., Kipper cocks his head, as if Wizzer is
telling him terrible news.

EXT. PUB. LORRY

Jasper and Horace. We HEAR WIZZER'S WHIMPERS. Jasper draws his
leg back and kicks the rusting hulk.

JASPER

Shut up in there!

EXT. VILLAGE. OUTSKIRTS

The lorry rumbles through town, PAST CAMERA. Kipper is running
after it. CAMERA PANS with him as he follows the lorry out of the
village and down the winding, hilly road.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROAD

The lorry breaks the crest of a hill and rolls down PAST CAMERA.
Kipper stops at the top of the road panting heavily, damp with
perspiration.

HIS POV

The lorry rumbles down the hill into the valley. CAMERA TILTS UP
to reveal against the cold, moonlit sky, a great Victorian pile.
A crumbling country house set arrogantly atop a hill surrounded
by barren, wind-bent trees.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. ENTRANCE. GATES

The lorry pulls off the road and into the estate through sagging pillars and broken iron gates. A limestone inset on a pillar identifies the house as MANOR DEVILLE.

EXT. LONDON. FULHAM ROAD. FLAT

A police car is parked in front. Two OFFICERS are bidding Nanny farewell and goodnight.

OFFICER 1

Keep your chin up, ma'am. We'll give it our best.

Nanny closes the door.

INT. FLAT. LIVING ROOM. PONGO AND PERDY

Perdy and Pongo are lying by the fire, staring into it. Pongo sighs and looks at Perdy.

CU. PERDY

Staring lifelessly.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Roger and Anita are on the sofa. Nanny enters.

NANNY

They're going to do their best.

ROGER

For what that's worth.

ANITA

Do you think they'll find them?

ROGER

How do you find 15 little puppies in a city this size? If they're even in the city. What can the police do? What can we do? What can anyone do?

CU. PONGO

He looks at Perdy.

CU. PERDY

Still staring, lost, oblivious to the conversation.

CU. PONGO

His brow furrows as he thinks...

EXT. FLAT. ROOF. STAIR DOOR. LATER

The door SQUEAKS open and Pongo walks out onto the roof.

EXT. ROOF. STAIR SHED ROOF

Pongo climbs onto the roof and stands silhouetted against a huge, blue, winter moon. He lets out a deep, spirited BARK! Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

INT. FLAT. KITCHEN. PERDY

The sound of PONGO'S BARKING wakes her. She lifts her head.

EXT. ROOF. PONGO

He stops barking for a moment and scans the city, listening attentively. He hears nothing. He BARKS again. And AGAIN.

INT. FLAT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRS

Perdy trots softly up the stairs.

EXT. ROOF. PONGO. UP ANGLE

A SEVERE UP ANGLE on Pongo extending his neck and shoulders beyond the stair shed roof line. Behind him a Bible black sky with pinpricks of starlight twinkling as swirling clouds pass over. He continues BARKING.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Roger stirs. He rises up on his elbows. PONGO BARKS O.S.

ROGER

Anita?

She slowly rolls over. PONGO BARKS O.S.

ROGER

That's Pongo.

Anita sits up.

ANITA

What?

ROGER

(listens for a moment)
He stopped.

CU. PONGO

He listens as he looks across the London skyline.

EXT. ROOF. CU. PERDY. DOWN ANGLE

She's looking up at Pongo on the stair shed roof.

EXT. LONDON. BIG BEN. HIGH ANGLE

Big Ben in the foreground, Westminster, the Houses of Parliament below, the city beyond. We HEAR A DISTANT DEEP BARK ECHO through the cold, damp air.

EXT. BACK GARDEN

The source of the bark is a BERNESE MOUNTAIN DOG chained outside of a dog house. Pongo, O.S., returns TWO SHORT BARKS, a LONG BARK, ONE SHORT BARK, and a HOWL.

EXT. HOUSE. DORMER

A round dormer window bursts open and a black SCOTTIE pokes his head out. He HEARS the Bernese Mountain Dog give TWO SHORT BARKS, a LONG BARK, ONE SHORT BARK, and a soulful HOWL.

CU. PONGO

He's BARKING repeatedly. One after the other.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Roger jumps out of bed.

ROGER

Pongo's on the roof!

He runs out of the room. Anita scrambles out of bed.

INT. NANNY'S ROOM. NANNY

She's HEARING THE BARKING in her sleep. Her snoring turns into WOOFING.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE. CU. COLDSTREAM GUARD

At his post outside the Palace. A CORGI BARKS O.S. The guard turns his eyes up.

CU. CORGI

On the balcony, BARKING the message.

EXT. SLUMS. ALLEY

A MUTT is BARKING. One after the other. Perfectly timed.

EXT. THAMES. BARGE

A barge churns upstream on the moonlit water. A MONGREL stands on the bow and passes the message on. TWO SHORT BARKS, a LONG BARK.

INT. ATTIC

Roger leads Pongo across the attic by the collar. Anita has a hold on Perdy.

ROGER

It won't do any good to wake up the neighborhood.

ANITA

We know how you feel but that won't bring your puppies back.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

TWO SHORT BARKS, ONE LONG BARK, TWO SHORT BARKS, and a HOWL roll across the hills.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROCKY HILLTOP

A BORDER COLLIE listens to the message.

EXT. FARMSTEAD

An old farmstead slouching against a stream in a shallow valley. A house, great timber livestock barn, oasthouse, dovecotes, assorted farm structures, stonewalls.

EXT. LIVESTOCK BARN. WINDOW. SIDE ANGLE

The Border Collie's BARKS ECHO through the woods. A draft horse, PUNCH, hangs his head out the window. He listens attentively.

INT. BARN. BOX STALL. ENGLISH SHEEP DOG

A shaggy, old English Sheepdog, FOGY, asleep on his back in the hay, snoring. His back leg twitches and he snorts.

INT. BARN. PUNCH. UP ANGLE

Punch turns away from the window and looks down. His lips curl back and he lets out a LOUD WHINNY.

INT. BOX STALL. FOGY

In great alarm, he scrambles to his feet and charges into the aisle BARKING in all directions.

CU. PUNCH

He swings his head toward the window and SNORTS.

EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP. BORDER COLLIE

He repeats the message.

EXT. BARN. WINDOW

Punch is looking out the window. Fogey rises up beside him. He listens, GRUMBLING THE SEQUENCE OF BARKS as he hears it.

CU. PUNCH'S HOOF

It slams down on the wooden floor. Lifts and drops again.

INT. BARN. COW STANCHIONS

The JERSEY COWS lift their heads and look down the aisle. They listen to the THUD! THUD! THUD-THUD-THUD! of Punch's hoof.

CU. COW

She lifts her head and MOOS.

EXT. BARNYARD. MUCK HEAP

An enormous GLOUCESTER SPOT PIG sleeps on his broad flanks at the base of a mountain of dung and stall litter. The COWS'S MOOS wake him. He lifts his head with a WET SMACK. He OINKS.

EXT. SHEEP MEADOW

SHEEP rise from their slumber and head down the field.

EXT. FARMSTEAD. TREE

A WOODPECKER pokes her head out of a hole in a dead limb.

EXT. WOODLAND. UNDERBRUSH

A RABBIT peers out from its den.

EXT. FARMSTEAD. JUNKED AUTOMOBILE

The trunk lid opens and three RACCOONS pop up.

EXT. FARMSTEAD. POWER WIRE

Three SQUIRRELS scamper down the wire to the barn.

INT. BARN. STORES CELLAR

CHICKENS are roosting on the lip of a half-over-turned lid of a huge, old 1,000 gallon copper cooker. A faded stencil reads -- MOLASSES. The Chickens look up.

CU. CHICKEN

Looking up. She CLUCKS.

HER POV

The animal stall floor above is rotted away. The hayloft floor, further above has collapsed. A BARN OWL looks over the gap and HOOTS down to the Chickens.

INT. BARN. DOOR. CU. FOGY

He's sitting with his back to the door. CAMERA BOOMS UP to a CAT standing on Fogey's head, reaching for a door catch.

CU. DOOR CATCH

The Cat's paw lifts the door catch.

EXT. BARN. DOOR

Fogey noses the door open.

EXT. FARMSTEAD. HIGH AND WIDE

The animals approach the barn.

EXT. HILLS

Kipper streaks across the horizon.

EXT. SKY. CROW

A CROW swoops down from the sky.

EXT. BARN. ROOF

The Crow lands on the barn above a gaping breach in the roof.

INT. BARN ROOF. UP ANGLE

The Crow peers into the barn.

EXT. BARN. ROOF. OVER CROW

Through the hole in the roof, we see the farm animals gathered in a circle around Fogey. He's WOOFING, GROWLING, SNARLING, and SOFTLY BARKING a distinctive and complex pattern.

EXT. FARMSTEAD

Kipper jumps the gate and runs to the barn.

INT. BARN. DOOR

Kipper runs into the barn and stops. He BARKS.

HIS POV

The meeting of the animals with Fogey at the center of it. The animals turn to the door and Kipper. Fogey WOOFs.

INT. BARN. KIPPER

He snags an empty feed sack slung over a box stall.

CU. FOGY

He WOOFs. He understands.

INT. BARN. KIPPER

He wiggles into the sack and lies down. He WHIMPERS, as the Puppies did.

CU. COWS

A pair of Jersey's watch.

INT. BARN. KIPPER

He's walking on his back legs with the bag in his mouth. He walks out of the barn.

INT. BARN. WIDE

The animals let out their respective CALLS to signal that they understand Kipper. Punch throws his head back and WHINNIES.

EXT. SHEEP MEADOW

Kipper and Fogey run to the top of the meadow.

EXT. SHEEP MEADOW. TREE

The Crow swoops in and lands.

EXT. HILL TOP

With the Crow above in the tree and Fogey beside him, Kipper strikes a pointer's stance.

CU. FOGY

He peers ahead. His ears lift.

HIS POV

The DeVille Mansion several ridges and valleys away. Smoke curls out of one of many chimneys. A few lights are on.

CU. KIPPER

Staring ahead with great seriousness. He looks at Fogey.

CU. FOGY

He looks at Kipper and WOOFs.

EXT. HILLTOP. WIDE

Kipper takes off for the mansion. The Crow takes to the wing, following Kipper. Fogey heads back to the farmstead.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. WIDE

FOGEY'S VOICE BOOMS across the landscape.

EXT. FARMSTEAD. CU. SKUNK

A SKUNK is perched on an old board. FOGY'S VOICE rocks the Skunk with every bark. CAMERA BOOMS UP AND PULLS OUT revealing that the Skunk is on the farm rubbish heap and atop the heap is the large discarded conical spire of a farm building. Fogey is barking into the structure, using it as a massive megaphone.

EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP. CU. BORDER COLLIE

He listens to Fogey's MESSAGE, turns and BARKS.

EXT. LONDON. ALLEY

The Mutt in the alley passes on the MESSAGE.

EXT. WIDE. LONDON

The message is cast across the city.

INT. FLAT. KITCHEN

Pongo and Perdy are in the kitchen, lying together on the rug in front of the sink.

CU. PERDY

She's still awake, staring into the empty puppy bed.

CU. PONGO

He's asleep.

EXT. FLAT

The Chihuahua trots into the street and sits down in front of the flat. He BARKS.

CU. PERDY

She hears the MESSAGE. She lifts her head and nudges Pongo. He awakens.

INT. KITCHEN

Pongo and Perdy scramble to their feet. Pongo looks at Perdy. They BARK excitedly.

EXT. FLAT. WIDE

A second story light goes on. We HEAR ROGER.

ROGER (O.S.)

PONGO!

EXT. DEVILLE MANSION. UP ANGLE

The Crow circles above the old mansion.

INT. MANSION. WINDOW

A broken window. A threadbare curtain. The peeling paint on the sill. Kipper's head RISES INTO FRAME.

HIS POV

An enormous drawing room. A couple of battered sofas, table and chairs, rubbish strewn about. Jasper and Horace are sitting before a dying fire drinking their lagers.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. JASPER AND HORACE

Kipper is in the window behind and between them.

JASPER

Stand up a minute there, mate.
Fire's getting a bit dim.

Horace stands and finishes the last of his lager, tilting his head back. Jasper rises and unbeknownst to Horace, swings the chair out from behind him and tosses it into the fire. He returns to his seat. Horace bottoms his lager, smacks his lips, lowers his rump, crosses his legs and sits back.

INT. MANSION. DRAWING ROOM. FIREPLACE

The chair bursts into flame. O.S. we HEAR A CRASH and a GROAN.

EXT. MANSION. BACK GARDEN. UP ANGLE

Stone stairs leading to a balcony. A crescent window above a set of balcony doors is broken. A tattered shred of valance billows in the wind.

EXT. MANSION. KIPPER. DOWN ANGLE

He's looking up at the balcony.

INT. MANSION. SECOND FLOOR. BEDROOM SUITE

Through the glass we see Kipper position himself on the balcony rail. He leaps...

INT. BEDROOM SUITE. DOORS. UP ANGLE

Kipper sails through the broken crescent window.

INT. MANSION. BEDROOM SUITE. WIDE. UP ANGLE

Great, high ceiling. An armoire has become a pigeon roost. A cracked mirror hangs above a vanity littered with perfume bottles and grooming accouterments. All is tangled in dust spumes. Kipper rips through the rotted cloth of a bed canopy and lands on the mattress, sending up a cloud of dust.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY. BEDROOM SUITE DOOR

Kipper, nose to the ground, exits the room into a hallway.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY

A long hall littered with fallen ceiling, statuary, a slouching suit of armor, assorted threadbare sofas and chairs, sagging, peeling tables and credenzas. All brindled with filaments of dust and spider webbing. Kipper sniffs his way down the hall, dodging the debris.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY. OVER HEAD

A gaping hole in the floor. Kipper ENTERS FRAME and looks over the edge of the hole.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY. CEILING. HOLE. UP ANGLE

Kipper leaps over the hole.

INT. MANSION. OPPOSITE END OF THE HALLWAY. DOOR

Kipper pushes open a door and peeks in.

HIS POV

The household linens room with an attic staircase entrance. The window casing and the wall below it has collapsed inward and the room is exposed to the elements. Burst pipes have veneered the room and its damaged contents with ice. Snow has blown in over the season as well as blackened ivy leaves from the vines on the walls outside. A steady drip from the tar paper in the collapsing ceiling has speckled the snow and ice with ugly black stains. On the far wall, right, is a door. It's ajar.

INT. LINENS ROOM

Kipper enters the room, slipping and sliding on the ice. He pads carefully to the door and pokes his head in.

INT. ATTIC STAIRCASE. DOWN ANGLE

From the attic we see Kipper below looking up the narrow stairwell. He sniffs and turns back the way he came.

INT. MANSION. ENTRY. HIGH ANGLE

An enormous formal entry with a grand staircase. A massive chandelier hangs above the marble floor. Kipper sniffs his way down the stairs.

CU. KIPPER'S PAWS

A oriental stair runner sinks under Kipper's weight.

INT. MANSION. BASEMENT. STAIRWELL

UP ANGLE on the underside of the stairwell. The rotted treads have broken in the middle and slouch away from the center. The runner prevents Kipper from falling through.

INT. MANSION. DRAWING ROOM

Jasper's sprawled out on a sofa trying to get comfortable. His every move is accompanied by the BOING! of a furniture spring. Horace is sitting on the other sofa taking off his shoes.

HORACE

I'll be honest with you, mate. This job is fast losing its charm. The housing stinks, the food's lousy, the lavatory facilities are appalling, and so far we ain't been paid so much as a quid.

JASPER

Aw, quit your crying. It's all over tomorrow night. We gets our boodle and we'll be gone fast as you can say "dead puppies."

He chuckles and rolls over with a BOING!

CU. KIPPER

He's listening at the door. His ears prick up.

CU. HORACE

He bends over to untie his other shoe. He slowly looks up.

HIS POV

The drawing room doorway. Kipper quickly backs into the shadows.

INT. DRAWING ROOM

Horace is worried.

HORACE

Jasper? Did we make sure them
puppies was locked up?

JASPER

We counted every bloody one of 'em.

Not entirely convinced, Horace peels off his jacket.

INT. MANSION. ENTRY. WIDE

Kipper carefully crosses the entry into a vast lounge.

INT. LOUNGE. WIDE

Kipper enters and looks around. Broken furniture, water-damaged paneling, game trophies hanging precariously from the walls -- some fallen to the floor. Rotting carpets, littered with ceiling plaster and lath. He sniffs his way across the room to a set of closed doors. He scratches at the doors.

INT. LIBRARY. CU. WIZZER

Curled up with his brothers and sisters. He hears the scratching. He lifts his head. He lets out a little CRY.

INT. LOUNGE. KIPPER

He looks around excitedly for a way into the room.

HIS POV. MOVING

Across the doors to a great sagging credenza. A MOUSE is sitting on the corner nearest Kipper. He SQUEAKS.

ECU. MOUSE'S TAIL

Using it like a pointer, the Mouse indicates "down."

CU. KIPPER

He looks down.

HIS POV

A heating vent beneath the credenza. A bent grill is lying nearby. It's large enough for Kipper to fit through.

INT. LIBRARY. HEAT VENT

The grill is in place but the wall has been severely damaged by water. It's blistered and crumbling. Kipper presses his paws against the grill.

INT. LIBRARY. HEAT VENT. OVERHEAD

From above we see that the screws holding the grill easily give way and it falls out. Kipper squeezes into the room.

INT. LIBRARY

A once grand library with leather sofas and chairs. Shelves to the ceiling filled with decaying books. Wizzer slowly rises up from behind the arm of a sofa. His brothers and sisters join him. CAMERA BOOMS UP to reveal Dalmatian PUPPIES everywhere. On the furniture, book shelves, tables, window sills. They crawl out from under sofas and chairs. From behind curtains, from shadows and debris they reveal themselves. Ninety-nine Dalmatian Puppies. And Kipper standing amidst them in great surprise.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. HORACE

He's in his undershirt and suspenders and stocking feet. He's scratching his head, leafing through a stack of magazines.

INT. LOUNGE. MOUSE

Sitting on the credenza, watching...

HIS POV

DOWN ANGLE on a line of Puppies emerging from the library through the hole in the wall. CAMERA TILTS UP to see Kipper at the entrance with a horde of pups backed-up behind him.

INT. DRAWING ROOM

Horace rolls a magazine up under his arm and stands.

INT. LOUNGE

Kipper looks back on his pups.

INT. LOUNGE. HOLE IN THE WALL

The last Puppy squeezes through.

INT. ENTRY

Kipper steps around the corner. He freezes.

HIS POV

Horace is lumbering out of the drawing room.

CU. KIPPER

His eyes are wide with terror.

INT. ENTRY

Horace enters. He stops and listens carefully. He looks around.

INT. LOUNGE. DOORWAY

Kipper and the Puppies in the shadows along the wall. Horace steps into the doorway. He scans the lounge suspiciously.

CU. HORACE

He looks across the lounge to...

HIS POV

The library doors. They're still closed.

INT. ENTRY

Horace steps back from the lounge. He thinks for a moment before heading round the staircase and down the entry to the bathroom.

INT. LOUNGE

The line of Puppies continues moving toward the entry.

INT. LOUNGE. END TABLE

A Puppy loses his footing, slips, slides into the table.

CU. TABLE

A shadeless, crystal lamp teeters.

CU. KIPPER

He looks back across the room fearfully.

HIS POV

The lamp rocks. It falls.

INT. DRAWING ROOM

Jasper pops up.

JASPER

Horace?

INT. LOUNGE

The Puppies race back across the lounge.

INT. ENTRY

Jasper cautiously sneaks out of the drawing room. He's worried.

JASPER

Horace?

INT. LIBRARY

Puppies wiggle through the hole.

INT. ENTRY

Jasper crosses to the steps. He yanks a balustrade from the stair railing.

INT. LOUNGE

Jasper enters with the balustrade held over his head.

CU. JASPER

Peering about the room.

INT. LOUNGE. HOLE IN THE WALL

Kipper pushes the last few Puppies through the hole.

INT. LIBRARY. HOLE IN THE WALL

Kipper squeezes through the hole.

INT. LIBRARY. DOORS

They burst open. Jasper marches into CLOSE-UP with the balustrade ready. He suspiciously scans the library.

HIS POV

Puppies everywhere. No Kipper.

INT. LIBRARY. DOORS

Jasper lowers the balustrade and closes the doors.

INT. LIBRARY. PUPPIES

Kipper rises from a crowd of Puppies with one on his head.

INT. ENTRY

Horace returns from the men's room. He flips his magazine on the floor and heads into the drawing room.

CU. STAIRS

The magazine lands at the bottom of the stairs. A fashion magazine featuring Cruella on the cover.

INT. LOUNGE

Jasper hears the magazine hit the marble. He stops on a CREAKY floor board.

CU. HORACE

He hears the FLOOR BOARD CREAK. He freezes.

CU. STAIR RAILING

Horace grips a balustrade and pulls it free.

INT. LOUNGE. JASPER

He stops suddenly. He looks ahead.

HIS POV

Horace's shadow on the entry wall. He's holding the balustrade over his head.

CU. HORACE

His eyes widen with fear.

HIS POV

Jasper's shadow on the lounge wall. He raises his balustrade.

INT. ENTRY. WALL

Holding part of the entry wall and part of the lounge wall, the shadows converge.

CU. HORACE

He's at the stair wall, listening and watching the lounge wall. CAMERA DOLLIES LEFT to reveal on the other side of the wall, Jasper is listening and watching the entry wall.

INT. ENTRY

Horace leaps into the doorway.

INT. LOUNGE

Jasper leaps into the doorway.

CU. HORACE

He SCREAMS!

CU. JASPER

He SCREAMS!

INT. ENTRY

Horace and Jasper simultaneously whack each other over the head, breaking the balustrades, and dropping to the floor.

EXT. MANSION. LIBRARY WINDOW

Through a chipped corner in the glass, the Mouse squeezes out.

EXT. MANSION. LIBRARY WINDOW SILL

The Mouse sits up on his haunches and SQUEAKS.

EXT. MANSION. TREE

The Crow lands in the tree. He CAWS.

CU. MOUSE

He CHATTERS.

EXT. MANSION. WINDOW

Kipper and the Puppies look out the window.

EXT. MANSION. TREE

The Crow takes off.

EXT. LONDON. FLAT. WIDE. MORNING

Roger and Anita with Pongo and Perdy on leash exit the flat for the morning walk. It's dark and cloudy.

EXT. PARK. WIDE

Anita and Roger walk silently through the park.

CU. PONGO AND PERDY

They exchange sneaky looks.

EXT. PARK. PLAY FIELD. WIDE

Roger and Anita release them from their leads. Anita takes a red rubber ball out of her bag. She winds up and heaves it. Pongo and Perdy take off after it.

EXT. PARK. PLAY FIELD. ROGER AND ANITA

They watch the dogs race after the ball.

ROGER
I guess they're feeling better.

ANITA
They might feel better, but they'll
never feel the same.

THEIR POV

Pongo and Perdy overtake the bouncing ball.

CU. ANITA

Something's not right.

CU. ROGER

Shades his brow with his hand.

HIS POV

Pongo and Perdy disappear into the park. They're gone.

EXT. PARK LANE

Perdy and Pongo race at full speed through traffic.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH. PARLIAMENT HILL. LATER

Perdy and Pongo slow as they reach the crest of a rise, the city
spread out behind them. Pongo looks left, looks right. He's not
sure which way to go. O.S. we HEAR A BARK.

CU. PERDY

She looks off...

HER POV

Down the path is a BOXER. He BARKS and takes off.

EXT. CREST. PONGO AND PERDY

They chase off after the Boxer.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH. WIDE

The Boxer runs across the heath followed by Pongo and Perdy.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. AFTERNOON

The Boxer slows and stops, Perdy and Pongo pass him, BARKING
their thanks. The Boxer BARKS in return.

INT. LIBRARY. DOORS

Horace slips inside. He looks across the room.

HIS POV

The Puppies cower at the sight of him.

CU. HORACE

He grins. He's pleased by their distress. He looks down.

HIS POV

A pup is sitting before him with a forlorn look on his face.

CU. HORACE. UP ANGLE

He leans down.

HORACE

You're hungry, ain'tcha?

CU. PUPPY

The saddest face in the Dog World.

CU. HORACE

A large, insincere grin.

HORACE

I brung you something to eat.

He brings his arm around from behind his back and holds into CLOSE-UP a mousetrap with a piece of cheese resting on the trip plate.

CU. PUPPY

He licks his chops.

CU. MOUSE

He's sitting on a library table in the f.g. In the b.g. Horace leans down with the trap. The Mouse scampers OUT OF FRAME.

CU. FLOOR

Horace sets the trap on the floor.

INT. LIBRARY

Horace laughs. Jasper enters behind him.

JASPER

What're you doing? I asked you to check on the mutts. Not keep 'em company.

HORACE
(pointing to the trap)
Look.

Jasper looks to the floor.

HIS POV

The Puppy's sniffing the cheese.

INT. LIBRARY. JASPER AND HORACE

Jasper's not impressed. He grabs Horace by the sleeve and shoves him out the door.

INT. LOUNGE

Jasper slams the door.

HORACE
It was only a joke.

JASPER
It's a waste of cheese.

He pushes Horace ahead. They EXIT FRAME

HORACE (O.S.)
Not too worry. It's a bit old and
smelly.

JASPER (O.S.)
So's your mum.

ECU. PUPPY

He leans forward. He stops.

HIS POV

The Mouse has positioned himself in front of the trap.

CU. PUPPY

He cocks his head in curiosity.

ECU. TRAP. TRIP PLATE

The Mouse's tail very carefully taps the edge of the plate, setting off the trap. The tail whips out of harm's way, the trap bar slams down ejecting the chunk of cheese.

CU. PUPPY

He looks up.

HIS POV

The cheese flies up into the air.

INT. LIBRARY. PUPPY. OVERHEAD

CAMERA SMASHES IN on him. He opens his mouth.

CU. PUPPY'S BELLY

We hear a little SPLASH!

CU. PUPPY

Licks his chops and lets out a tiny BELCH.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. CU. WIRE FENCE. WARNING SIGN

In bold white lettering on a red background -- WARNING! HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRIC FENCE! Bolts of electricity frame the type.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. FENCE. WIDE. REVERSE

Pongo and Perdy approach the electric wire fence.

EXT. SKY

A BIRD swoops THROUGH FRAME

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. PONGO

CAMERA PUSHES IN on him. He lunges to the side as CAMERA CONTINUES PAST HIM.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. PONGO

Pongo crouches as the Bird swoops back and flies over him.

CU. PONGO

He rises up.

HIS POV

The Bird hovers above him.

ECU. PONGO'S SNOOT

The Bird lands on Pongo's nose.

ECU. PONGO'S EYES

His crossed eyes are open wide in surprise.

ECU. PONGO. FROM BEHIND

From between his ears, over his head. The Bird gives him a sharp peck on the head.

ECU. PONGO'S EYES

Squeeze shut in reaction to the peck.

ECU. PONGO'S EAR

The Bird leans INTO FRAME and CHATTERS in his ear. The ear perks up.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. FENCE. SQUEEZE STILE

The Bird lands on a squeeze stile, a v-shaped wooden opening in the fence too narrow for stock to escape. Pongo and Perdy leap through the squeeze stile and continue on their way.

EXT. LONDON. FLAT. SAME TIME

The lights are on. Snow is falling.

INT. FLAT. LIVING ROOM

Anita is curled up on the sofa, staring into the fire. Roger's in the wing chair beside the fire.

ANITA

Pongo and Perdy'll turn up. Won't they?

Roger doesn't answer. Nanny enters with tea.

NANNY

If you ask me, they will. I think they just went looking for the puppies.

ANITA

They won't find them, Nanny. I know they're gone.

NANNY

You can't lose hope, dear.

ROGER

You know who did this, don't you?

ANITA

I know what you're thinking. And you're wrong.

ROGER

I don't think so.

Roger reaches for his tea. Nanny withdraws it unconsciously as she lets forth with her feelings.

NANNY

I, for one, wouldn't be the least bit surprised. I'm sorry, dear, I know you hold a more favorable opinion of Miss DeVille than me but I wouldn't put it past her.

She lowers the cup. Roger reaches for it. She lifts it again.

NANNY

She has an awful temper on her.

CU. ANITA

She's thinking about something. A troubled something.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nanny sits down in the arm chair and sips Roger's tea.

NANNY

The dogs never cared for her. Dogs have a sixth sense about things like that. They can smell ill intentions.

Anita's thoughts have consolidated. She gasps.

ANITA

Roger!

Nanny fumbles the teacup. Anita bolts from her chair.

ROGER

What's wrong!?

ANITA

Nanny! Where's my portfolio?

NANNY

(startled)
In the nursery closet.

Anita dashes out of the room.

ROGER

Anita!

INT. NURSERY

The future baby room. A new baby cot, changing table, shower gifts in boxes, child-themed wallpaper. Anita pulls her leather portfolio out of the closet and flings it down on the carpet. She kneels and throws it open. Roger and Nanny enter.

CU. PORTFOLIO

Anita tears through the loose sheets of drawing paper.

CU. ANITA. UP ANGLE

Fierce look on her face as she searches. The ferocity of her expression turns to shock as she finds what she's looking for.

CU. ANITA

She looks up from the portfolio.

ANITA

Oh, God. She stole the puppies. And
this is why.

She hands the drawing to Roger as she breaks down.

CU. ROGER

With Nanny looking around his side, he looks at the drawing.

CU. DRAWING

The coat she designed for Cruella. The white coat with the black spots.

CU. ROGER AND NANNY

Nanny covers her mouth in horror. Roger looks up from the drawing in distress. He looks down at Anita.

HIS POV

Anita, tears streaming down her flushed cheeks.

ANITA

She's going to kill the puppies.

ECU. KNIFE SET

Shiny, stainless steel surgical knives in black satin. The lid of the case closes.

CU. MR. SKINNER. UP ANGLE

Black suit, glasses, black hat. He grins and closes the box.

EXT. SKINNER'S HOUSE

An old Daimler hearse is parked in front. Mr. Skinner is loading in his equipment.

INT. HEARSE

Spanners, stretchers, chemicals. Mr. Skinner sets his case in the back. He closes the door with a solemn THUD!

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE

The hearse rolls across the bridge.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. RAVEN

Over a raven perched on the wall to the street. The hearse cruises past.

EXT. CRUELLA'S CITY HOUSE

A taxi cab is waiting at the curb.

EXT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR

Roger and Anita are speaking with a gaunt, pale BUTLER.

ROGER

Can you tell me where she's gone?

BUTLER

I would greatly like to oblige you, sir, but I'm not at liberty to divulge information about madam's whereabouts.

ANITA

Cruella knows me. I worked for her. I'm a designer.

BUTLER

Many people have worked for the firm.

ANITA

She's going to do something terrible! Can't you help us?

BUTLER

I'm very sorry. Good evening.

He starts to close the door. Roger puts his hand against it.

ROGER

Will you give her a message?

The Butler puts his shoulder into the door.

ROGER

Tell her...

The door slams shut.

ROGER

(yells)
...tell her we know all about her!
Tell her we're going to the police!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

The silence of the snowy night is shattered as Cruella's white Rolls rips THROUGH FRAME.

INT. ROLLS

Cruella is driving wildly. She's deeply pleased with herself.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. CURVE

The Rolls goes wide on the curve, slips off the macadam and plows through a muddy puddle.

INT. ROLLS

Cruella pulls the steering wheel around.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The white Rolls is spotted with mud. For the moment it is a great, mechanical Dalmatian leaping across the countryside.

EXT. DEVILLE MANSION

The fresh snow does not soften the foreboding exterior of the wicked house. A shaggy mop RISES INTO FRAME.

EXT. MANSION

Fogey heads for the house.

EXT. MANSION. LORRY

Fogey sneaks past the lorry. He CLEARS FRAME. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the lorry grill. We hear COMMOTION INSIDE.

INT. LORRY. ENGINE COMPARTMENT

A Squirrel is gnawing on a wire.

INT. LORRY. PASSENGER COMPARTMENT. CU. DASH BOARD

Another Squirrel pokes its head out of a heating vent.

EXT. LORRY. CU. TAILPIPE

Squirrel paws roll a walnut into the tailpipe.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. FORK IN THE ROAD

Pongo and Perdy slow to a stop. They contemplate the two choices. They don't know which way to go.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. HILL. WIDE

The Border Collie BARKS.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. PONGO AND PERDY

They take off after the Border Collie.

INT. MANSION. DRAWING ROOM

Horace and Jasper have finished their supper. Jasper drains his lager and tosses the bottle into the fireplace. He plants his hands on his knees and lets out a deep groan.

JASPER

I think it's time to let the little yappers have it.

HORACE

We ain't suppose to do it. That's Skinner's job.

JASPER

Why should that little runt have all the fun?

HORACE

Howdja wanna do it?

Jasper crosses to the fireplace. He picks up a poker.

JASPER

I personally favor the fire iron.

HORACE

How's about I shoot my share?

JASPER

You'll spoil the fur, you idiot. And besides...

(reveals a pistol in his waist)

You're not to be trusted with firearms.

HORACE

(rising)

Two excellent points.

He upends an occasional table and tears a leg off.

INT. ENTRY. FRONT DOOR

A series of SHARP KNOCKS on the door.

INT. DRAWING ROOM

Jasper and Horace exchange puzzled looks. The KNOCKING CONTINUES.

JASPER

Must be the missus. Fix your shirt
and tart up your hair.

INT. LOUNGE. KIPPER

He steps out of the shadows. Behind him the Puppies are once again exiting the library through the hole in the wall.

INT. ENTRY. VESTIBULE. FRONT DOOR

Jasper and Horace cross to the door. Horace tucks in his shirt. Jasper straightens his cap and opens the door.

EXT. MANSION. FRONT DOOR

Jasper and Horace with large, phony smiles. The smiles fade.

THEIR POV

The lorry. Countryside. Trees. Sky. There's no one at the door.

INT. ENTRY. KIPPER

He's watching from the lounge entrance.

HIS POV

The entry vestibule. Jasper and Horace are O.S. All we can see of them are their long shadows.

JASPER (O.S.)

Hello? Anybody there?

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS

Kipper slips around the corner and starts up the stairs. The line of Puppies follows.

EXT. MANSION. FRONT DOOR

Jasper and Horace step back inside and close the door. The Woodpecker, clinging to the door comes INTO CLOSE-UP. He POUNDS ON THE DOOR.

INT. ENTRY. VESTIBULE. FRONT DOOR

It whips open. The motor court. Trees. Country. Still no one.

CU. JASPER AND HORACE

Puzzled. They look at each other.

INT. ENTRY

The Puppies are hopping up the stairs.

EXT. MANSION. FRONT STEPS

Jasper and Horace step out onto the porch. Horace looks right. Jasper looks left. They shine their flashlights into the bushes.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS

The Puppies are marching up the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT. STAIRS. UNDERSIDE

The runner undulates as the Puppies cross over the broken treads.

INT. LIBRARY

The last of the Puppies, Wizzer, slips through the hole. CAMERA HOLDS a beat and slides right to the book shelves and a cabinet beneath. CAMERA PUSHES in on the cabinet. Behind a partially closed door a Puppy is sleeping.

INT. ENTRY. VESTIBULE

Jasper and Horace step back inside.

EXT. MANSION. FRONT DOOR

The door closes. The Woodpecker takes off.

INT. ENTRY. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

The flow of Puppies continues.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. KIPPER

Kipper keeps his eyes on the vestibule as the line of Puppies continues up the stairs.

HIS POV

The shadows move across the vestibule floor to the entry. A few more steps and the escape is doomed.

HORACE (O.S.)

Maybe we was hearing things.

A TRUCK HORN BLOWS O.S.

CU. JASPER AND HORACE

They stop dead in their tracks.

EXT. MANSION. FRONT DOOR

The TRUCK HORN is HONKING INCESSANTLY. The front door swings open and Horace and Jasper run out into CLOSE-UP. Their jaws drop.

THEIR POV

A pair of Raccoons are in the truck. They wave.

INT. TRUCK. STEERING WHEEL

A third Raccoon is on his hind legs, bouncing on the seat, BLOWING THE HORN with his paws.

EXT. MANSION. WIDE

Jasper and Horace scramble down the steps.

JASPER
OI! GET OUTTA THERE!

INT. ENTRY

Wizzer rounds the corner. Kipper heads up the stairs.

CU. WIZZER

He spots something and stops.

HIS POV

The fashion magazine Horace was reading is in the debris on the floor. Cruella is on the cover.

EXT. MANSION. DRIVE

The three Raccoons hustle up the drive as Horace and Jasper hurl driveway stones at them.

JASPER
There's plenty more of that if you
choose to come back!

INT. ENTRY. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Kipper is shepherding the Puppies down the hallway. He looks down the stairs. His ears lift in alarm.

HIS POV

Wizzer's lifting his leg on the magazine.

INT. ENTRY. FRONT DOOR

Horace and Jasper step inside. Horace kicks the door shut.

INT. ENTRY

Kipper scrambles down the stairs.

INT. ENTRY

Horace and Jasper come out of the vestibule into the entry. Their flashlight beams swing INTO CAMERA. Jasper steps into CLOSE-UP.

JASPER

I don't believe me eyes.

HIS POV

The light beams come to rest on Wizzer as he starts up the stairs. He looks to Horace and Jasper.

INT. ENTRY. LANDING

The flashlight beams illuminate the mass of Puppies on the landing.

CU. WIZZER

Kipper grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

INT. ENTRY

Kipper charges up the stairs with Wizzer. Horace and Jasper run for the stairs

JASPER

Drop that puppy, you lousy....!

CU. MOISTENED FASHION MAGAZINE

Waiting on the marble floor.

INT. ENTRY

Horace and Jasper slip on the wet floor, and in a flurry of limbs, light beams, and magazine pages, crash to the floor.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY

The Puppies stampede down the hallway.

INT. ENTRY

Jasper stands up slowly. Horace rises with a GRUNT.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY

Kipper urges the Puppies on with SHARP BARKS.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. LOOKING DOWN THE STAIRS

Jasper and Horace march up the stairs.

HORACE

I don't care what you say, I think
we better bloody well be careful.

JASPER

You're afraid of puppies now,
Horace?

HORACE

It ain't about being afraid. It's
about being careful.

JASPER

Careful of what?

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. HORACE AND JASPER

They hit the missing treads. Their weight yanks the runner...

INT. ENTRY. SECOND FLOOR LANDING. COLLECTIONS CABINET

A collections cabinet is resting on the end of the runner. The
pull on the runner brings the cabinet toward the stairs.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. JASPER AND HORACE

Sinking into the hole, they watch the landing with alarm.

THEIR POV

The cabinet slides INTO FRAME and teeters at the edge.

CU. HORACE AND JASPER

Complete horror.

CU. TOP STAIR

The front legs of the cabinet are halfway off the step. The
runner suddenly slips out from under the cabinet and ZIPS OUT OF
FRAME.

CU. HORACE AND JASPER

They DROP OUT OF FRAME.

INT. MANSION. CELLAR

Horace and Jasper burst feet first through the ceiling of a crockery closet with a terrible CRASH!

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. CABINET

The large cabinet teeters forward and the glass doors swing open, spilling a collection of paper weights.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRCASE

A hundred paper weights bounce down the stairs.

INT. CELLAR. CROCKERY CLOSET

The paper weights tumble into the closet through the hole in the stairs, pelting Jasper and Horace.

INT. BASEMENT. CROCKERY CLOSET

A moment of silence.

HORACE (O.S.)

Bloody good thing that cabinet
didn't fall on us.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. CU. CABINET

It's teetering on the edge of the top stair. Wizzer's nose comes INTO FRAME and gives it the slightest nudge.

INT. ENTRY. STAIRS. WIDE

The cabinet topples forward, crashes onto the stairs, and slides halfway down.

INT. BASEMENT. CROCKERY CLOSET. CEILING. DOWN ANGLE

Through the hole in the ceiling we see Horace and Jasper, waist-deep in broken crockery and paperweights, look up slowly and with dread. They turn on their flashlights.

THEIR POV

The lower, solid doors of the china cabinet have come to rest over the hole. The flashlight beams hit the doors as they burst open, spilling silver service for 200.

INT. MANSION. LINENS ROOM

The Puppies slip and slide over the ice. The line of Puppies stretches from the attic stairs, out of the linens room and down the hallway.

INT. ATTIC. STAIRS. DOWN ANGLE

The Puppies trudge up the steps.

INT. CELLAR. CROCKERY CLOSET. SIDE ANGLE

The door swings open. A flood of shattered dishes and cups and tureens and platters and paper weights slide out onto the floor. Horace and Jasper wade through the clutter.

HORACE

You got an aspirin?

JASPER

Shut up!

INT. MANSION. ATTIC

The Puppies cross the vast, dark attic in a long line.

INT. MANSION. ENTRY. STAIRS

A cellar door beneath the staircase opens and Jasper and Horace step out. Jasper's rubbing his back. Horace is brushing china chips out of his hair.

HORACE

I ain't trying them stairs again.

JASPER

If you ain't going up the stairs,
how do you propose to collect the
mutts? Sprout wings and fly?

HORACE

No. I'm going to ride up in a very
nice elevator.

He crosses the entry to an ornate iron and frosted glass door. He opens it.

HORACE

Didn't know we had one of these, did
you?

JASPER

You tried it?

HORACE

I have not, but I'm sure it's going
to be a very pleasant ride, indeed.

Horace offers him entrance. Jasper gives him a snarl and steps
into the elevator.

INT. MANSION. ELEVATOR SHAFT

The car hangs by a single rusty iron strand.

INT. ENTRY. ELEVATOR DOOR

Horace slams the door. The lights go on behind the frosted glass. We see the outlines of Horace and Jasper.

HORACE (O.S.)

Goin' up!

We hear the WHIR of machinery and gears. The elevator car rises up. The glass door goes dark. We HEAR A TREMENDOUS STRING PLUCK and the elevator car HURTLES DOWN, briefly lighting the glass door as it passes.

INT. MANSION. CELLAR. ELEVATOR DOOR

A utilitarian elevator door. We HEAR A HORRIBLE HEAVY CRASH as the car lands on concrete. There's a long pause as the elevator cable spools down noisily onto the top of the elevator car. The elevator door falls forward and slams down on the basement floor. Horace and Jasper are in the elevator with their trousers at their ankles, their hats pressed down over their ears. Their legs are bowed. Jasper lifts a leg. His shoe is stuck to the floor of the elevator. It lifts with a PEELING SFX. He lifts the other.

HORACE

Jasper? Where's your supper?

JASPER

I didn't have any. Where's yours?

HORACE

In my pants.

Jasper leans over and looks down at Horace's trousers.

JASPER

Yep.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROAD

Mr. Skinner's hearse streaks across the countryside, the gloomy black Daimler in sharp contrast to the falling snow.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF

Kipper noses open a service door and leads the Puppies out onto the roof. It's cold and windy. Snow is falling.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF

Kipper peers over the edge.

HIS POV

Fogey's down below in the drive court. He looks up and BARKS!

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. FLASHING

The junction of two sloping roof lines. A Puppy suddenly slides down the copper flashing THROUGH FRAME.

EXT. ROOF. GUTTER

The Puppy lands in the broad copper gutter.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF LINE

The Puppies, in a single file line, walk down the gutter.

EXT. ROOF. KIPPER

He picks up a Puppy by the scruff of its neck and drops him down the roof gully.

INT. LINENS ROOM

The last Puppy slips through the attic door.

INT. MANSION. HALLWAY

Wizzer is returning to the stair landing. He stops as we HEAR...

JASPER (O.S.)

It's your great bulk that caused
that last calamity.

CU. WIZZER

He turns and runs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Jasper and Horace exit the back stairwell at the far end of the hallway.

HORACE

I ain't taking anymore lip from you.

JASPER

Quit your whining. We have 99
stinking dogs to find and kill. Get
to it!

Jasper gives Horace a shove and heads down the hall. Horace slips into a bedroom and WHISTLES for the pups.

INT. BEDROOM. HORACE

He crosses from one suite to the other through an adjoining door.

CU. JASPER

Searching for the pups. A great, nasty grin spreads across his stubbly cheeks.

JASPER

Come here, you speckled lap rat.

HIS POV

Wizzer's sitting stock still in the hallway, his back to the linens room.

INT. HALLWAY

Jasper takes off.

HIS POV. MOVING

IN ON Wizzer. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal that he's sitting on the far side of the enormous hole in the floor.

CU. JASPER

His eyes open wide in terror. It's too late to stop.

INT. HALLWAY. OVER WIZZER

Jasper, arms swinging like propellers, tries to hold himself back. He falls through the hole.

INT. MANSION. GAMES ROOM

Jasper lands on his back on the billiard table. It collapses under his weight. Balls fly into the air.

CU. JASPER

Staring up in alarm.

HIS POV

A water buffalo head teeters on the wall above him. It falls.

CU. JASPER

He SCREAMS.

INT. GAMES ROOM. BILLIARD TABLE. LOW SIDE ANGLE

The buffalo horns pierce the underside of the billiard table. CAMERA BOOMS UP to reveal that the horns have landed on either side of Jasper's head. His lips are jammed against the lips of the water buffalo.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM SUITE

Horace runs through a third suite and crosses to the door.

INT. HALLWAY. BEDROOM DOOR

Horace rushes out of the room. He's bypassed the hole. He shines his light up the hallway.

HIS POV

The light shines on Wizzer as he races for the linens room.

INT. LINENS ROOM

Wizzer hits the ice and slides OUT OF FRAME.

INT. HALLWAY. LINEN ROOM

Horace runs down the hall toward CAMERA.

INT. LINEN ROOM. DOOR

Horace shines his light across the room.

HIS POV

Nothing but snow, ice, tar stains, and the grounds and garden pond out the open wall.

CU. HORACE

He's puzzled.

HORACE

Where've you gone to, you little
bugger?

CU. LINENS ROOM FLOOR

The flashlight beam moves slowly ACROSS FRAME.

CU. WIZZER

On his belly, eyes squeezed shut, the doorway and Horace behind him. The flashlight beam passes over him.

EXT. ROOF. GUTTER. DOWNSPOUT OPENING

A Puppy slides headfirst into the opening.

EXT. MOTOR COURT. DOWNSPOUT

A copper downspout hangs away from the house. A Puppy shoots out of the mouth of the pipe and rolls into the snow.

EXT. MANSION. MOTOR COURT

Fogey is shepherding the Puppies down the drive and into the heavily wooded grounds.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF

Kipper places the last of the Puppies in the gutter.

INT. MANSION. ROOF. CU. KIPPER

Something's not right. He looks across the roof.

HIS POV

No more Puppies.

CU. KIPPER

He barks.

EXT. MOTOR COURT. FOGY

He hears Kipper BARK. He cocks his head in puzzlement.

INT. MANSION. ATTIC

Kipper charges across the attic to the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY

Horace turns away from the door, befuddled, certain that he saw Wizzer go into the room.

INT. LINENS ROOM. CU. FLOOR

Wizzer rises up from the stained snow and ice.

EXT. MANSION. LINENS ROOM WALL

Wizzer appears in the windy opening. He looks out.

CU. WIZZER

He surveys the distance to the ground.

CU. WIZZER. FROM BEHIND

He looks over his shoulder.

HIS POV

Down the hallway, Horace and his flashlight beam, moving away from CAMERA. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the ice. The moonlight sparkles on the slick surface.

INT. LINENS ROOM. CU. ATTIC STAIRWELL DOOR

Kipper pokes his head out of the door. He growls angrily at Wizzer.

INT. LINENS ROOM. WIZZER

He crosses to the door.

INT. ATTIC STAIRWELL

Kipper starts up the stairs.

INT. LINENS ROOM. ATTIC STAIRWELL DOOR. WIZZER

Before he leaves, he puts on his most ferocious face and BARKS!

INT. HALLWAY. HORACE

His eyes open wide with surprise.

INT. ATTIC STAIRWELL. KIPPER

His ears shoot up in alarm.

INT. HALLWAY

Horace spins around and trains the beam down the hallway to the linens room.

INT. LINENS ROOM. ATTIC STAIRWELL DOOR. WIZZER

In the light of Horace's flashlight beam, he's hanging his bottom out the door, wagging it defiantly at Horace.

INT. HALLWAY

Horace runs for the linens room.

INT. ATTIC STAIRWELL

Kipper is on the top stair urging Wizzer on with insistent BARKING.

INT. LINENS ROOM

Horace runs into the room at top speed. He hits the ice, falls on his back and sails out the window.

INT. LINENS ROOM. WIZZER

Peeking around the door, out the hole in the wall. He BARKS triumphantly.

EXT. MANSION. WIDE

A beam of light sails across the night.

INT. ATTIC STAIRWELL

Wizzer charges up the stairs.

EXT. GARDEN POND

A pair of mallards resting in the open center of the pond are startled to the wing by an APPROACHING SCREAM and a beam of light. They CLEAR FRAME and Horace crashes down on the ice.

EXT. POND. OVERHEAD

Horace's light dims as he sinks to the bottom, illuminating the roiling, bubbling water.

EXT. VILLAGE

The peace and quiet is blown away by the sudden and noisy appearance of Cruella's Rolls. With the horn BLASTING, it speeds recklessly through the sleepy village.

EXT. MANSION ROOF

Wizzer slithers down the copper gully.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. KIPPER

He watches Wizzer head to safety. He hops down OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF

Kipper trots back to the roof door. He stops suddenly. He looks up.

HIS POV

Jasper stands over him with his fireplace poker held high. He's a horrible mess of plaster dust, rips and tears, bruises and bumps.

JASPER

It's time to pay the piper.

He takes a mighty swing at Kipper with his poker.

CU. KIPPER

He rears back.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF

Jasper backs Kipper to the edge of the roof.

CU. KIPPER

Snarling, growling, dodging the poker. He lunges at CAMERA.

CU. JASPER'S WRIST

Kipper's jaws close down on his hand.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. JASPER

He drops the poker and pulls his hand away.

CU. KIPPER

Bares his teeth.

CU. JASPER'S WAIST

He pushes his coat aside and reveals his pistol. He yanks it out of his belt.

CU. KIPPER

He backs away.

EXT. ROOF. JASPER

He trains the gun on Kipper.

JASPER

I'm very sorry, but I'm going to
have to bid you adieu.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the pistol. Jasper pulls the hammer back.

CU. KIPPER

Frightened, he backs to the very edge of the roof.

EXT. MANSION. MOTOR COURT. OVERHEAD

The Puppies followed by Wizzer and Fogey are streaming across the motor court. A HORN IS HONKING. Headlights approach the entrance.

CU. FOGY

He BARKS urgently. He can't wait. He turns and takes off after the Puppies.

EXT. ROOF. KIPPER

He can go no further.

CU. KIPPER'S BACK LEGS

They slip off the edge.

ECU. ROOF EDGE

Kipper's paws scrape across the tar.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. UP ANGLE

Kipper hangs, doomed.

CU. JASPER. SEVERE UP ANGLE

He lowers the gun...

ECU. KIPPER'S PAWS

They lose their hold and SLIP OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. MANSION. SECOND FLOOR

Kipper falls THROUGH FRAME.

EXT. MANSION. TREES AND SHRUBS

Kipper's body crashes through the branches.

EXT. MANSION. GROUND

Kipper hits the ground.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. JASPER

Looking over the side. He chuckles gleefully.

JASPER

Stupid mutt...

He scratches the side of his head with the barrel of his gun.

JASPER

...gun ain't even loaded.

A beat and the pistol discharges, blowing Jasper's hat and hairpiece off his head.

EXT. MANSION. MOTOR COURT. FROM FRONT ENTRANCE

Cruella's Rolls grinds to a stop in front of the mansion.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. CU. JASPER'S HEAD

He adjusts his toupee and puts his hat on. He freezes in panic as he hears the APPROACHING CAR.

JASPER

The Missus! HORACE!

EXT. MOTOR COURT. CRUELLA'S ROLLS

CAMERA PUSHES IN as Cruella opens the door and slithers out.

EXT. MANSION. ROOF. JASPER. UP ANGLE

Jasper tips his hat and toupee.

JASPER

Evening, ma'am.

HIS POV

Cruella, leaving her car door open, steps around to the front of the Rolls and looks up at the roof angrily.

CRUELLA

What are you doing up there?!

CU. JASPER

He hesitates. He's afraid to say.

EXT. MOTOR COURT. LOW ANGLE. BUSHES

The Skunk waddles out of the bushes.

CU. CRUELLA'S FEET. SIDE ANGLE

The Skunk scoots between Cruella's feet. Her left toe is tapping nervously.

CU. CRUELLA

She plants her hands on her hips.

CRUELLA

ANSWER ME!!

CU. JASPER

He's terrified.

JASPER

I was fetching the puppies, ma'am.

INT. ROLL'S. FRONT SEAT

The Skunk crawls across the driver's seat to the passenger seat and lies down next to Cruella's black and white fur purse.

CU. CRUELLA

She squints angrily.

CRUELLA

(slow and dangerous)
And where are the puppies?

CU. JASPER

He can't avoid the issue any longer.

JASPER

I'm not entirely certain. I'd have
to check with my associate. Horace?

EXT. MANSION. GROUNDS. POND

Horace is on all fours a few feet from the pond. He's frozen
solid in mid-crawl.

CU. HORACE

He's veneered in ice. An icicle hangs off the tip of his nose.
His eyes are frozen wide open. His hat is frozen to his head.

EXT. ROOF. JASPER

Turned away from the motor court, he cups his hand to his mouth
and frantically calls again.

JASPER

HORACE!

EXT. POND. HORACE

He struggles and breaks the sheet of ice to level his limbs. With
another CRUNCH of breaking ice he stands up.

EXT. MOTOR COURT. CRUELLA. DOWN ANGLE

Down on Cruella. She shakes her fist up at Jasper.

CRUELLA

Get down from there and catch those
puppies or I'll have you stuffed and
mounted!

EXT. LONDON. DEVILLE HOUSE

A couple of Metro squad cars are parked in front. Anita and Roger
are anxiously waiting beside them. A CAPTAIN and a CONSTABLE exit
the house with the tiger skin.

CU. ANITA AND ROGER

She sees the skin and shies away in revulsion. Roger puts his arm
around her.

EXT. DEVILLE RESIDENCE. GATE

The officers approach.

CAPTAIN
(gesturing to the skin)
Your suspicions were justified.
(pause)
According to staff, Ms. DeVille left
earlier in the day for a family
property in Suffolk.

Anita looks up at Roger.

CAPTAIN
I've notified the county. Officers
will be on the lookout for your
puppies and Ms. DeVille.
(pause, grimly)
I hope we're not too late.

CU. ANITA AND ROGER

Roger lets out a troubled sigh. Anita looks away.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. SHEEP MEADOW

The flock of Sheep rest in the snow, their backsides turned
against the wind. Fogey lies with them.

CU. FOGEY

He keeps a careful eye on...

HIS POV

Puppy tracks in the snow. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal that the
tracks run from his position to the road and Cruella's Rolls.

CU. CRUELLA

She studies...

HER POV

The tracks. CAMERA TILTS up to reveal Fogey and the Sheep.

CU. CRUELLA

She stares accusingly at Fogey. No Puppies. Something's not
right. She rolls her window up and eases OUT OF FRAME.

CU. FOGEY

He watches Cruella pull away.

HIS POV

The Rolls slips away down the hill and out of sight.

CU. SHEEP

She stands revealing that she's hidden Puppies beneath her warm coat.

EXT. MEADOW

The Sheep stand and the 98 Puppies are revealed. Fogey barks an order and the trek continues.

EXT. DEVILLE MANSION. LORRY

Horace, trembling with cold, jangling with icicles, climbs into the lorry. Jasper climbs in the driver's side.

INT. LORRY

Jasper's fuming with anger. Horace is sullen. Jasper's trying to turn the engine over. It sputters but won't start.

JASPER

You just had to let them puppies slip away, didn't you? Never paying attention.

HORACE

Where was you?

JASPER

I wasn't splashing about in a pond! You've infuriated the old bag, and if we don't get them puppies back, it's quite literally our heads.

(gives up on the engine)

Go out and check the tailpipe. I think we got a condensation problem.

HORACE

One of these days, I'm gonna be full-up of you!

He turns in the seat with a crunch and slides out.

EXT. LORRY

Jasper continues to crank the starter as Horace waddles around behind the lorry. He drops down on his knees.

EXT. LORRY. UNDERCARRIAGE

From UNDER the lorry. Horace's crotch is in line with the tailpipe.

CU. HORACE

He cups his hand to his mouth and yells.

HORACE
WHAT'S IT I'M LOOKIN' FOR?

EXT. LORRY. SIDE ANGLE

Jasper SCREAMS out the window, continuing to crank the starter.

JASPER
MOISTURE IN THE TAILPIPE, YOU DEEF
OIK!

CU. HORACE

He nods that he understands and turns back to the tailpipe.

ECU. GAS PEDAL

Jasper jams his foot down. The engine fires.

CU. TAILPIPE

An explosion. A walnut blasts out of the tailpipe.

CU. HORACE'S CROTCH

The walnut blows through the loose fabric beneath his fly.

CU. HORACE'S BACKSIDE

The walnut tears through his frozen backside, ripping a considerable piece of fabric away.

CU. HORACE

He gasps and bends down to survey the damage.

ECU. GAS PEDAL

Jasper jams his foot down again.

CU. TAILPIPE

A second walnut fires out the pipe.

CU. HORACE'S HEAD

The walnut ricochets off the top of his head.

EXT. MOTOR COURT

The lorry lurches forward, pulls around the motor court in a full circle, and turns into the main driveway. The back of the lorry lines up with Horace's backside.

EXT. LORRY. SIDE ANGLE

Jasper pokes his head out the window. He looks back at Horace.

HIS POV

Horace is doubled over, rubbing his head, elbows on the ground, rear end in the air, facing the back of the lorry.

CU. JASPER

He calls to Horace.

JASPER

Oi! Horace! Save your prayers for
Sunday!

The engine sputters, threatening to die.

ECU. GAS PEDAL

Once again, Jasper slams his foot down on the pedal.

EXT. LORRY. UNDERCARRIAGE

Another explosion from the tailpipe. We hear a hollow, O.S.
DOINK!

CU. HORACE

His head snaps up. His face is frozen in a look of extreme surprise.

EXT. FARMSTEAD

Perdy and Pongo arrive at the farmstead, weary and cold. The Crow standing guard signals their arrival with a CAW!

EXT. BARN. WINDOW

Punch pokes his head out. He WHINNIES.

INT. BARN. BREACH IN THE SIDING

Pongo and Perdy scoot in from outside.

INT. BARN. AISLE

Pongo and Perdy rush into the aisle, looking around for the Puppies. A Cow leans forward and MOOS.

INT. STALL. DOOR

Perdy looks around the door, into the stall.

CU. PERDY

She BARKS!

HER POV

Her Puppies are suckling at the Cow.

CU. WIZZER

He turns away from the feed and BELCHES.

INT. BARN. AISLE

Pongo and Perdy's Puppies stream out of the stall and charge their parents, YAPPING wildly.

CU. PONGO

He's swarmed by Puppies.

CU. PERDY

She lifts her head as she sees...

HER POV

Puppies timidly peer out from the other stalls.

CU. PONGO

He looks at Perdy. Puzzled.

CU. PERDY

She looks at Pongo. Puzzled.

CU. WIZZER

He looks up at Perdy. He BARKS three times, WHINES twice, and HOWLS.

CU. PERDY AND PONGO

They look at each other for a moment. Then Perdy BARKS and Pongo BARKS.

INT. BARN. AISLE

The Puppies spill out of the stalls and race to Pongo and Perdy. One hundred Dalmatians.

EXT. DEVILLE MANSION. HIGH ANGLE

CAMERA MOVES DOWN on a front window. We HEAR A PUPPY CRYING. The Puppy that was left behind rises up in the window.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROAD. ROLLS

Cruella's hanging out the window.

HER POV. MOVING

CAMERA TILTS UP from a set of tracks leading to the farmstead.

CU. CRUELLA

She grins and takes a puff on her cigarette. She laughs.

INT. ROLLS. PASSENGER SEAT. SKUNK

Still beside the purse. Cruella's cigarette ash lands on him. He looks up indignantly.

INT. BARN. WIDE

Pongo and Fogey are conversing in BARKS, WOOFs, WHINES, and GROWLS. Perdy is with the pups. They're all tired and are resting.

EXT. BARN. BREACH IN THE SIDING

Fogey and Pongo look out of the hole. Fogey continues to GRUMBLE.

CU. PONGO

He looks to...

HIS POV

The lights of the village below.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROAD

The lorry is lurching along. Great, engine-racing leaps followed by a loss of power. The lights are blinking on and off irregularly.

INT. LORRY

Jasper's pounding the wheel, cursing the vehicle. Horace is freezing.

HORACE

Turn on the heat, will ya?

JASPER

Not with this thing acting like she is. I don't want to risk losing power.

HORACE

Well, I can't stand the cold no more! I want HEAT!

He throws a switch. FLAMES SHOOT out of the heating vents.

EXT. ROAD

The cab of the lorry is a fireball. Horace and Jasper are SCREAMING and WAILING. The lorry swerves off the road and grinds to a stop against a snow bank. The doors fly open and Horace and Jasper leap out.

EXT. FARMSTEAD. BARN

Cruella's car rolls to a silent stop outside the barn.

EXT. BARN. BROKEN HAYLOFT WINDOW. CROW

He CAWS.

INT. BARN

Fogey leaps to his feet. He BARKS an ALERT. Pongo and Perdy scramble out from the stalls.

EXT. BARN. CRUELLA

She approaches, being inordinately careful not to get her shoes muddy.

CRUELLA

Filthy, stinky farmyard! Ick!

INT. BARN

Pongo and Perdy herd the Puppies down the aisle. Punch stands with his hindquarters to the doors.

EXT. BARN. HAYLOFT WINDOW. CROW

He swoops down out of the window.

EXT. BARN. CRUELLA

She stops, reaches into her pocket and takes out a tissue. She bends down and carefully wipes a spot of mud off her shoe.

CRUELLA

Mud on my suede pumps!

She rises up. The Crow sails in behind her.

CU. CRUELLA

Her fur hat is ripped off her head. She SCREAMS and clutches her bare head.

EXT. BARN. HAYLOFT WINDOW

The Crow returns with Cruella's hat.

EXT. BARN. CRUELLA. DOWN ANGLE

She looks up in a rage.

CRUELLA

If I had a shotgun....!

She stomps her foot in the mud.

CRUELLA

JASPER! HORACE!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROAD

Jasper and Horace, faces black with soot, hair fizzled, clothes blackened and smoking, pick themselves up.

HORACE

We bloody well better have that heater adjusted.

JASPER

(stalking Horace)

What did I say about the heat? What DID I SAY?!

HORACE

I don't want you yelling at me right now.

JASPER

Because you know you done wrong?

HORACE

No.

JASPER

Because you know you're the stupidest toe rag the European Community's ever gonna produce?

HORACE

No.

Jasper grabs Horace by the lapel.

JASPER

Then tell me why you don't think I oughta yell at you right now?

HORACE

We ain't got the time.

JASPER
Oh? Why not?

HORACE
Because the lorry's gonna blow up.

Jasper stares at him for a moment. He looks at the lorry.

HIS POV

The cab's on fire. There's an ominous HISSING SOUND.

CU. HORACE AND JASPER

Jasper looks at Horace. The two of them separate.

EXT. ROAD. WIDE

Horace and Jasper hurl themselves off the road as the lorry goes up in a ball of flame. Pieces and parts hurtle skyward.

EXT. SNOW BANK

Jasper and Horace lie face-down in the snow, arms clenched over their heads.

EXT. BARN. CRUELLA

She plants her hands on the wooden door and leans forward to peek into a knothole.

INT. BARN. CU. KNOTHOLE

Cruella's beady eye peeks through the hole.

HER POV

The back of Punch. He WHINNIES!

CU. KNOTHOLE

Cruella's eye opens to the extreme.

INT. BARN. DOORS. SIDE ANGLE

The enormous hoofs of Punch slam into the barn doors.

EXT. BARN

The doors burst open blasting Cruella off her feet. She flies ten feet and skids across the muck

EXT. ROAD. LORRY

The flames die down. Debris returns to earth.

EXT. ROADSIDE. HORACE AND JASPER

They roll over and rise up on their knees to survey the aftermath.

THEIR POV

Their lorry is a twisted frame and four burning tires.

EXT. ROADSIDE. HORACE AND JASPER

Jasper is crestfallen. Horace is dumbfounded.

JASPER

(standing)

My lorry's gone. Reduced to a
burning hulk.

HORACE

When are you going to listen to me?
It's the animals! They done this to
us.

Jasper turns to Horace and snarls...

JASPER

I don't want to hear no more of that
twaddle! If this is the work of dumb
animals, then I'll clasp me hands
together...

(he slaps his hands
together)

...turn me eyes to the heavens...

(throws his head back)

...and beg that I'm struck senseless
by our dear...

His final word catches in his throat.

HIS POV

Hurtling down from the clouds is the lorry grill.

CU. JASPER AND HORACE

They're both looking up. Jasper quickly grabs Horace and switches
positions with him.

EXT. FIELD. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There's a loud O.S. CLANG! A beat and Jasper hops the fence.

JASPER

We'll have to continue on foot.

He continues PAST CAMERA. Horace staggers over the fence.

EXT. DEVILLE MANSION

The Daimler hearse is parked in front.

EXT. MANSION

Mr. Skinner's walking slowly up the broken steps..

INT. ENTRY. DOOR. UP ANGLE

It swings open, revealing the shadowy outline of Mr. Skinner. He's carrying his knife case. He walks in with slow, deliberate steps. He bends at the waist, tipping his hat slightly and grinning a ghoulisg greeting.

CU. PUPPY. DOWN ANGLE

He doesn't sense any danger. He lets out a happy YIP.

CU. PUPPY'S TAIL

It wags excitedly for a moment then stops suddenly.

CU. PUPPY. DOWN ANGLE

He shies away.

HIS POV

A gloved hand moves slowly INTO CAMERA.

INT. MANSION. ENTRY. DOOR

There's a dog in the doorway. He limps forward. It's Kipper. He bares his teeth and GROWLS.

HIS POV

Mr. Skinner looks back between his legs. He's startled.

CU. KIPPER

He charges.

KIPPER'S POV

CAMERA MOVES IN on Mr. Skinner's ankle.

CU. MR. SKINNER

He SCREAMS as we hear an O.S. CRUNCH.

INT. ENTRY

Mr. Skinner hops on one foot as he holds his injured ankle. He's SHRIEKING in pain.

CU. KIPPER

He picks his moment and lunges again.

INT. ENTRY. MARBLE FLOOR

Mr. Skinner falls on his back, holding his ankles.

INT. ENTRY. KIPPER

The Puppy runs to Kipper.

EXT. MANSION

Kipper hobbles to the front door with the Puppy in tow. Kipper stops suddenly.

INT. ENTRY. KIPPER. FROM BEHIND

He looks back.

HIS POV

Mr. Skinner's on his back, legs bent at the knees, clutching his ankles. The target is too good to pass up.

CU. MR. SKINNER

He lifts his head and looks between his legs.

HIS POV

Between his open legs, we see Kipper charging.

EXT. MANSION

A resounding SQUEAL comes from the mansion and echoes across the countryside.

EXT. BARN. BREACH IN THE SIDING

Puppies stream out the hole.

INT. BARN. DOORS

Wide open. Cruella stomps into the barn.

CRUELLA

I know a horse who's going to make
one heck of a lot of French
gastronomes happy!

INT. BARN. RAFTER. CHICKENS

They look down.

THEIR POV

Cruella standing with hands on her hips.

CRUELLA

Alright, listen up! You're not
dealing with just anybody here! I'm
tough!

CU. CHICKEN

She bears down.

CRUELLA (O.S.)

I'm ruthless!

INT. BARN

She throws her arms open and shakes her clenched fists.

CRUELLA

And I'm hard-boiled!

A shower of eggs rains down on her.

EXT. BARN

Perdy and Pongo scoot the Puppies on their way.

INT. BARN. CRUELLA

She stands drenched in egg. Her arms drop to her sides. She
clears her throat.

CRUELLA

I have an announcement to make.

A last egg lands dead center on top of her head.

EXT. ROAD. HORACE AND JASPER

Searching the sides of the road.

HORACE

Look! Tracks!

Jasper looks to the snow, then up to the fields along the road.

JASPER

If dogs was so bloody smart, they'd
know not to leave tracks for wary
predators. Such as us.

EXT. FIELD. RABBITS

A horde of RABBITS hop down a hill.

EXT. HILL. OVERHEAD

We see that the Rabbits have left a wide swath of tracks exactly the size of Puppy tracks.

EXT. ELECTRIC FENCE. CLOSE-UP WARNING SIGN

The Rabbits bound over the fence.

EXT. FIELD. OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

One of the Rabbits looks back.

HIS POV

Through the electric fence we see Horace and Jasper, eyes to the ground, come up over the hill.

EXT. FIELD. OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE. RABBIT

Turns and flees.

INT. BARN. STALL. UP ANGLE

Cruella rams a pitchfork down at CAMERA.

INT. BARN. STALL

Cruella's ramming the straw with a pitchfork.

CRUELLA

I know you're in here! As sure as...

Something catches her eye. She brightens.

HER POV

The Pig's tail is dangling over the edge of the hayloft. It's deliberately wagging.

INT. BARN. AISLE

Cruella steps out of the stall. She sets the pitchfork aside. She reaches up and, with both hands, grabs the Pig's tail.

CRUELLA

I GOT YOU!

She gives a firm yank.

INT. HAYLOFT. PIG. OVERHEAD

He slides OUT OF FRAME.

INT. BARN. HAYLOFT. UP ANGLE

The huge ass of the Pig flops over the edge of the hayloft.

INT: BARN. CRUELLA

She SCREAMS. She's swept OUT OF FRAME by a wash of spotted, pink flesh.

INT. BARN. COWS

They all look down the aisle.

THEIR POV

The enormous Pig is comfortably seated atop Cruella, his great, swollen flanks hanging to the floor in thick, sweaty rolls. All we see of her is kicking arms and legs.

CU. PIG

Casually chewing as if nothing's happened.

EXT. FIELD. ELECTRIC FENCE

Horace and Jasper ENTER FRAME, dragging a log.

JASPER

You don't got natural wits. That's your problem. You would have grabbed hold of that fence, given yourself a nasty jolt, set your undershorts on fire and cooked your tongue before ever thinking it was electrified.

Jasper spits on the wire. His saliva pops and sizzles.

HORACE

Point well taken, but what's the log for?

JASPER

We stand upon it and hop over the fence, avoiding painful, electric shock.

HORACE

Sounds like a plan.

Jasper and Horace step up on the log. They steady themselves.

JASPER

Raise the leg.

They raise their legs. The seat of Horace's pants splits.

JASPER

Swing 'er out.

They swing their legs over the top wire.

JASPER
And push off with the other.

Jasper and Horace bend their knees. Horace loses his balance. He leans away from the fence. Jasper leans with him.

HORACE
Careful!

JASPER
Look out!

CU. LOG

It rolls toward the fence.

EXT. FENCE

Jasper and Horace log roll for a split second.

JASPER
JUMP!

They jump off the log.

EXT. FENCE. GROUND

The log rolls under the bottom wire of the fence.

EXT. FENCE. WIDE

Jasper and Horace land on the top wire, a leg on either side.

ECU. REAR END

The wire runs right clean between the legs.

CU. GROUND

Horace's keister slams down on the snow, a crack full of wire. We hear a LOW-FREQUENCY BUZZ. Sparks fly. Veins of blue electricity encircle his buttocks.

EXT. FENCE. ANOTHER SECTION

The wires pull taut.

CU. JASPER

His mouth flies open, his hat and toupee blow off. His tongue shoots out of his mouth and fires a spark.

EXT. ROAD. INTERSECTION. STREET LAMP

It flickers and dims.

EXT. FENCE. WIDE

Horace and Jasper vault up into the air.

EXT. FENCE. OTHER SIDE

Horace, then Jasper, land in the snow with a THUD. They're vibrating. Their teeth are chattering, they're humming at an unnaturally high pitch with heavy vibrato.

EXT. FENCE. WIDE

Jasper rolls to his knees. He scoops up his hat and toupee. He stands up. His hips are pumping back and forth at high-speed. His arms are flapping against his chest. He trudges off. Horace stands up, hips pumping. He follows after Jasper. We continue to hear the CRACKLE and BUZZ of ELECTRICITY as Horace and Jasper disappear into the woods.

INT. BARN. HAYLOFT

Cruella scans the hayloft.

CRUELLA

Useless, disgusting animals.

HER POV. MOVING

Soft hillocks of hay. CAMERA MOVES INTO THE LOFT.

CU. CRUELLA

Something arouses her attention.

INT. HAYLOFT

She stumbles through the hay to an open loft door.

EXT. BARN. LOFT DOOR

Cruella stands in the door, looking out.

HER POV

In the distance, heading for town, is the line of Dalmatians.

CU. CRUELLA

For all her misery, the Puppies have escaped. Her eyes narrow. She grits her teeth.

INT. HAYLOFT

She stumbles back to the stairs. She stops suddenly and turns.

HER POV

Her hat is on the sill of a broken window.

EXT. BARN. WINDOW

Through the broken window, we see Cruella approach. She holds out her hand and disappears.

CRUELLA

Whoa!

INT. CELLAR

Cruella has fallen through the open floor. She drops INTO CAMERA.

INT. BARN. STALL

Cruella DROPS THROUGH FRAME.

INT. CELLAR. MOLASSES COOKER

Cruella's fall ends in the vat of aging molasses. It's too thick to make a splash. She enters with a wet SLUG.

EXT. FARMSTEAD

A phalanx of police cars with their lights flashing is running along the horizon.

EXT. BARN

We hear SQUISHING, then a SUSTAINED SUCKING SOUND.

INT. BARN. CELLAR. MOLASSES COOKER

Cruella is climbing out of the cooker. She's glazed with molasses. As she pulls herself over the edge of the copper vat, she sticks to the side of it at a right angle to the floor. She holds for a moment, then rolls slowly down the side, like a large, slow-flowing drip.

INT. BARN. CELLAR. WIDE

Cruella stands and, with great effort, pulls away from the cooker. The molasses stretches in long, rubbery strands from her back, arms, coat hem, and hair to the vat.

EXT. WOODS. OPPOSITE SIDE

Horace and Jasper, twitching and shaking emerge from the woods. They stop, looking across the fields.

JASPER

Thank the Lord!

HORACE
• We're saved!

THEIR POV

Police cars and a paddy wagon on the side of the road with lights flashing.

INT. PADDY WAGON

The rear door opens to reveal a smiling Horace and Jasper and their POLICE ESCORTS. They gladly climb inside.

HORACE
This looks lovely.

JASPER
Nice and warm.

HORACE
No animals, neither.

INT. PADDY WAGON

Horace and Jasper sit carefully on the bench seat.

HORACE
(to the cops)
Thanks, mates.

JASPER
Much obliged.

THE PADDY WAGON DOORS CLOSE O.S. Horace and Jasper let out relieved sighs and lean back against the wall. They notice something.

THEIR POV

Mr. Skinner is sitting across from them. The top of his hat is chewed-out. The brim is wrinkled and frayed. He has a bloody lip. The seat and a leg of his trousers have been torn away. He's wrapped his chewed ankles with handkerchiefs.

INT. BARN. CELLAR STAIRS

Cruella climbs the stairs, the SLOPPY, SUCKING sound of her FOOTSTEPS preceding her appearance. She's mumbling and cursing.

INT. BARN. HORSE STALL

Punch looks out of his stall.

HIS POV

Cruella reaches the top step. She flicks her wrists, sending off a spray of sticky molasses filaments. She marches forward INTO CLOSE-UP. She wipes the back of her hand across her face, revealing rabid eyes and stained, snarling teeth.

CU. FLOORBOARDS

Cruella's soggy pumps are planted on a loose floor plank.

INT. BARN. WIDE

Cruella addresses the animals in her most wicked and threatening voice.

CRUELLA

Before I depart this bucolic slum I want it to be known in all quarters of the animal kingdom that from this day forth I shall devote the full of my muscle, fiber, and spark to inflicting intolerable pain and suffering upon each and every fuzzy one of you.

INT. HORSE STALL

Punch rears up his hind legs.

CU. CRUELLA

She gasps in fear.

CU. FLOORBOARD

Punch's broad hooves batter down on the floorboard.

INT. BARN. CRUELLA

She vaults UP AND OVER CAMERA.

INT. BARN. HAYLOFT

Cruella rises from the floor, arcing over the loft...

EXT. BARN. WINDOW

Cruella shatters the window.

EXT. BARN. DUNG HEAP. UP ANGLE

The barn in the b.g. Cruella lands on the heap with a WET SQUISH and is gone from sight. The heap erupts with SQUEALING pigs.

EXT. VILLAGE

A police car is slowly cruising through the village. Shining his light into dark corners.

INT. POLICE CAR

Two OFFICERS. They're shining their lights out their windows. One of the officers looks ahead. He sees something.

OFFICER 1

What's that up ahead?

Officer 2 looks.

EXT. VILLAGE. POLICE CAR

It pulls to the curb. The Officers get out. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Officer 1.

OFFICER 1

Will you look at that?!

HIS POV

Perdy leads the trail of Puppies into town. Pongo brings up the rear. Perdy BARKS.

EXT. FARMSTEAD

Police cars surround the Rolls. The paddy wagon pulls up. A Police Officer steps forward. He shines his flashlight.

POLICE OFFICER

Ms. DeVille?

EXT. FARMSTEAD. DUNG HEAP

Cruella's head rises up out of the heap.

CRUELLA

Yes?

CU. POLICE OFFICER

Suppressing a smile and a laugh.

POLICE OFFICER

We have a warrant for your arrest.

CU. HORSE

He whinnies.

CU. CROW

He CACKLES.

CU. PIG

Snoot in the air. He OINKS.

EXT. VILLAGE. SQUARE. LATER

It's buzzing with activity. RESIDENTS have been awakened. They've come out to see what's going on. Police cars are whizzing past with sirens on and lights flashing. Radios are going. Police Officer 1 is on the radio at the car, Officer 2 is counting Puppies in the square.

OFFICER 2

I come up with 98 pups. The two adults makes it 100 even.

OFFICER 1

(to the radio)

We've got 100 here, sir.

CU. PERDY

Something's caught her attention. She rises and walks forward. She stops and BARKS!

HER POV

Kipper is coming up the main road, limping wearily, carrying the missing pup by the scruff of his neck.

CU. PERDY

She BARKS FURIOUSLY.

EXT. VILLAGE. SQUARE. OFFICER 1

He relays the information to his headquarters.

OFFICER 1

(to the radio)

Make that 101 Dalmatians, sir!

EXT. VILLAGE

A procession of police vehicles leaves the village.

INT. POLICE CAR

Pongo, Perdy and the fifteen Puppies happily riding in the backseat.

CU. ELECTRIC WINDOW BUTTON

Pongo's paw pushes down on the button.

EXT. POLICE CAR. REAR WINDOW

Pongo hangs his head out the window and BARKS!

EXT. VILLAGE. HIGH AND WIDE

The parade of police cars pulls out of the village. We HEAR PONGO'S JUBILANT BARKING trailing off into the distance. It's overtaken by FOGY'S DEEP BARK. It RINGS OUT across the still night. A dog in the next valley CARRIES ON THE MESSAGE. The COWS MOO, the PIG SQUEALS, PUNCH WHINNIES, the CHICKENS CLUCK.

INT. PADDY WAGON

Cruella sits beside Mr. Skinner. Horace and Jasper sit on the other side. Cruella's enraged.

CRUELLA

I've never met more incompetent
boobs than you three.

She reaches into her coat pocket and takes out a soggy packet of cigarettes. She looks at it angrily and tosses it on the floor.

CRUELLA

My plans, my business, my life have
been ruined because you fools
couldn't keep track of a bunch of
puppies.

She reaches for...

CU. PADDY WAGON BENCH

...the Skunk. It's next to her on the bench.

INT. PADDY WAGON. CRUELLA

Thinking the Skunk is her purse, she sets it in her lap.

CRUELLA

You call yourselves men. Ha!

INT. PADDY WAGON. CRUELLA. UP ANGLE

The Skunk is on his belly in Cruella's lap. Cruella grabs his tail and lifts it as if it were the purse flap.

CRUELLA

You're no better than the dumb
animals who got the better of you.

CU. CRUELLA

She glances down, looking for her cigarettes. She is about to reach into what she thinks is her purse.

HER POV. CU. SKUNK

He turns his head and looks up at Cruella.

HIS POV

Cruella, bent forward, staring with bulging eyes and a mouth open in horror.

CU. JASPER AND HORACE

Their jaws drop as they realize what Cruella has in her lap.

CU. SKINNER

He gasps.

CU. CRUELLA

She's lost in a cloud of fetid mist.

EXT. LONDON. FLAT. MORNING

A police car pulls up in front of the flat.

INT. FLAT. LIVING ROOM

Nanny's at the window.

NANNY

They're here! Hurry!

EXT. STREET. POLICE CAR

An OFFICER opens the back door. Pongo hops out.

EXT. SIDEWALK

One after another, the Puppies hop down from the police car.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT PORCH

Roger and Anita hurry out. Nanny follows. Pongo and Perdy charge Roger and Anita. The Puppies scramble up the stairs.

ROGER

Pongo, old boy! Perdy!

ANITA

The puppies!

NANNY

The puppies, indeed!

ROGER
(to the Officers)
Thank you, gentlemen. We'll be
forever grateful.

EXT. FLAT

The Officers tip their hats and get back in the car. Roger and Anita herd the Puppies inside. The police car pulls away. A beat and another police car pulls up.

CU. ROGER AND ANITA

Looking back over their shoulders.

THEIR POV

The back door opens and Puppies clamor out.

EXT. FLAT. PORCH

Pongo and Perdy BARK. Anita and Roger exchanged puzzled looks. Nanny's delighted. She taps Roger on the shoulder and points down the street.

CU. ROGER AND ANITA

Almost afraid to look.

THEIR POV

A line of police cars down the street and around the block. The din of YAPPING PUPPIES.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT PORCH

Anita shakes her head, no.

ANITA
We can't. We don't have room. Roger,
please.

ROGER
If I sell my game, first thing we'll
do with the money is buy a bigger
place.

Pongo BARKS his agreement.

NANNY
We have seventeen as it is. What's a
few more?

CU. PERDY

She's looking up at Anita. She WHIMPERS.

CU. ANITA

Looking down at Perdy. Thinking.

ANITA

You'll have dozens of children, you know.

CU. PERDY

She nods her head up and down.

CU. ANITA

She continues.

ANITA

I won't have them chewing up the carpets and barking at all hours of night.

CU. PERDY

She shakes her head, no.

CU. ANITA

She looks at Roger.

ANITA

You're sure you'll sell your game?

CU. ROGER

He bends down OUT OF FRAME. He returns with the newspaper.

ROGER

Who isn't going to want to take a shot at this?

He opens the newspaper. On the front page, a mug shot of Cruella with her molasses hair, black eye, and missing tooth.

EXT. FLAT. WIDE

Puppies charge down the sidewalk and up and the steps.

ANITA

Everybody inside, breakfast is getting cold!

A roar of YIPPING approval from the Puppies. Pongo and Perdy HOWL. As the flood of Dalmatians heads into the flat, the SOUND OF A COOING BABY COMES UP.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. GARDEN. SPRING

A glorious spring in the English countryside. Roger and Anita are stretched out on a lush green lawn in a garden bursting with spring blossoms. Anita's baby is sitting in her lap, happy and content. A little girl. She's a year-old. Pongo and Perdy are lying nearby. Nanny's sitting in a rattan chair.

ROGER

I can barely believe it, darling.
The baby's a year old. We have a new
house. A new life.

ANITA

We have each other.

CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY, SLOWLY WIDENING.

ROGER

We have Nanny.

NANNY

And I have the two of you.

ROGER

We have two wonderful dogs.

The Puppies, now full grown, come into view.

ANITA

And they have their children.

NANNY

And their stepchildren.

We see all 101 Dalmatians. CAMERA CONTINUES TO WIDEN.

ANITA

And their children...have children.

We begin to see Puppies. Hundreds of Puppies.

ROGER

And their stepchildren...have
children.

NANNY

And that reminds me...

A thousand PUPPIES running wild on the grounds of the former DeVille mansion, now restored and painted a bright, happy white. With black spots.

ANITA

Roger, darling, I have some wonderful news....

FADE DOWN

END