

CLAYMORE

by

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(THIS IS AN ANIMATED FILM)

ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A small ENGLISH VILLAGE called SANFORD. Twenty miles from London.

An expansive open planned house.

Farm buildings.

Veterinary buildings.

A world famous BREEDING HOUSE.

So says the sign on the outer wall as we FOLLOW a brand new JAGUAR up the driveway.

*JACK WHITESHAW INTERNATIONAL BREEDER*

JAGUAR

Pulls up outside the house.

A little sticker in the back window -

*A Dog is for life. Not just for Christmas.*

INSIDE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

An ex military Officer, COLONEL JACK WHITESHAW, leads a posh woman, LADY BRADLEY, in designer clothes past the living room.

JACK

New stock arrived eight weeks ago. Lovely breed, yes Ma-am, you'll have your pick of a fine litter.

INSIDE - BREEDING HOUSE

A Golden Retriever MOTHER lies on her dog's blanket. A beautiful specimen.

Jack's wife, HELEN, opens tins of puppy food.

She looks down to see FOUR MALE PUPS all sitting.

Staring up at her.

They're gorgeous. Adorable. The best bred GOLDEN RETRIEVER pups in the world.

HELEN

(to Pups)

Now you fellas pay attention. No messing about today. Lady Bradley owns the largest estate in the land. If she chooses you fellas you'll have a wonderful life of privilege. Better than we could ever offer. So. Best behavior, yeah.

They BARK and WHIMPER their understanding.

Helen scoops their food into dinner bowls.

Jack and Lady Bradley enter the room.

Jack stands above the FOUR PUPS. All with collars and sparkling name tags.

JACK

Lady Bradley. Let me introduce Beatrice's finest litter...

(points the dogs out)

Mountbatten, Wellington, Nelson and Cromwell.

The PUPS straighten to rigid attention.

LADY BRADLEY

Oh, dear. Aren't they absolutely adorable.

A YAP comes from O.S.

All three Humans face the corner of the room.

A bed sheet WRIGGLES.

PAWS come through it. Scratching it to ribbons.

LADY BRADLEY

Oh, dear Lord in Heaven. What is that?

A disastrous ball of black scraggly fur, a mongrel mutt of the most hideous kind, a white stripe across his face.

LADY BRADLEY

My eyes! AAAArrrghhh. My eyes! Avert one's gaze.

The PUP, slightly older than the rest, runs in circles, pauses, wags his tail, YAPS their way.

So excited he just pees on the floor.

The FOUR PUPS all moan disappointment.

LADY BRADLEY  
(blocks her ears)  
Oh, what a disastrous racket.

JACK  
Ah. Yes, Ma-am. We don't know  
what went wrong there.

Helen dashes over to try and hide The Mongrel with her  
body.

But The Mongrel is defiant.

He jumps from behind her.

They get a peek at him on each jump.

He has a different facial expression each time.

MONGREL  
Pick me! Pick me!

LADY BRADLEY  
Are you trying to tell me that  
that ugly creature was an off-  
spring of that beautiful bitch in  
the corner?

They look at BEATRICE on her rug.

Beatrice hides her shame with a paw over her eyes and PULES  
distress.

JACK  
We don't know how it happened but  
that's affirmative, Ma-am. A  
freak of nature. The only pup of  
her previous litter.

LADY BRADLEY  
Well I'm sorry Colonel Whiteshaw  
but there's no way on God's green  
Earth I will pay for any of this  
genetically defunct litter if  
that...  
(re Mongrel)  
...came from her loins.

Lady Bradley turns on a heel and strides from the room.

The Mongrel just sits, huffs out a breath.

MONGREL  
Oh, man. What a snob.

The FOUR PUPS all face The Mongrel and GROWL.

Jack and Helen dash after Lady Bradley.

JACK  
Ma-am! I'm sure there's no need  
to be so hasty. These others are  
fine specimens...

The Humans are gone.

All FOUR PUPS circle The Mongrel.

MOUNTBATTEN  
You see what he did?

WELLINGTON  
I saw.

NELSON  
Me too.

CROMWELL  
We should take him outside and  
butcher him right now.

MONGREL  
Hey, come on guys. It wasn't my  
fault.

CROMWELL  
We told you to stay out of sight.  
You could of kept your mouth  
shut. But oh no. You had to bark  
didn't you. Look at me. Look at  
me. Well get this through your  
head you ugly mutt. No one wants  
to look at you.

MOUNTBATTEN  
I got put off my dinner  
yesterday.

NELSON  
Me too. I couldn't eat.

CROMWELL

And what's with all the peeing?  
We learnt to control ourselves  
weeks ago.

MONGREL

I'm sorry. I get excited.

MOUNTBATTEN

He's ruined everything. Now we'll  
probably get stuck with some  
family who'll feed us dog food  
out of a tin forever.

NELSON

Oh, no. You think. That's gross.

Cromwell nears The Mongrel and bares his teeth.

CROMWELL

Not if we dispose of him now.

All FOUR PUPS converge on The Mongrel.

He backs off.

MONGREL

Now come on, guys. We're  
brothers.

They all GROWL at him.

CROMWELL

These are my brothers. We know  
what you came from.

MONGREL

You do? What?

CROMWELL

The Devil dog.

The Mongrel looks over at Beatrice on her rug.

MONGREL

Mama! Mama! Help.

Beatrice looks the other way, ignores his pleas.

CROMWELL

Get him!

The Four Pups rush The Mongrel.

He spins at the last moment and they crash into each other and hit the wall.

The Mongrel jumps over them and scurries along the floor, his little paws scamper along, sliding on the wood.

He crashes into the garbage bin and all the food and muck comes crashing down on top of him.

The Four Pups are about to give chase when -

JACK (O.S.)  
We've got one last chance. Mrs  
Holmes from the Guide Dog School.

The Humans, Jack and Helen come back into the room.

The Four Pups all sit in a line. Blessed Angels.

JACK  
If only we can keep him hidden  
from the others but he howls like  
a banshee when he's separated. I  
feel mean.

HELEN  
Maybe Bill can take him off our  
hands before the lady from The  
Blind School makes an appearance  
tomorrow. He owes you a favour.

JACK  
He's a lackluster breeder with no  
desire except what he expects  
money wise from the back end.

They see the Four Pups.

HELEN  
Look at these little darlings.  
Where's...?

And Helen spots The Mongrel in amongst the scattered garbage.

HELEN  
Oh.

The Mongrel sniffs something out.

MONGREL  
Oh, cool. Mince meat.

The Mongrel starts to eat the spilt trash.

MONGREL

Mmmm, yum. Mmmm, that's good.

Helen grabs The Mongrel...

MONGREL

Hey hey hey. I wasn't finished.  
Oh man.

She sits him on the floor.

He's covered in muck.

HELEN

What a mess.

She lowers to him.

HELEN

He's got to have a name, Jack.

MONGREL'S POV

Both humans peer down on him.

Helen wipes a chunk of food from The Mongrel's face to reveal his wipe stripe.

HELEN

How 'bout, Line. He's got a white  
Line.

MONGREL

Line? Please.

Three of the Four Pups snicker. Not Cromwell.

HELEN

No no. Um. Streak. No no. Um.  
Lightening Rod.

MONGREL

Oh, yeah baby, I like that. Here  
comes - Lightening Rod...

The Mongrel twirls in a circle, WHIMPERS approval, wags his tail.

HELEN

He seems to like it.

The Mongrel pees again.

MONGREL

Whoops. Sorry.

The Four Pups all moan.

JACK

Jeez, louse the little blighter can't stop peeing. And look at this mess. It's like a blessed Claymore mine went off in here or something.

HELEN

Claymore!

JACK

Huh?

HELEN

Claymore. It's perfect.

MONGREL

Yeah, well. I liked Lightning Rod better. Stick with that. Lightning Rod.

HELEN

Hiya, Claymore. Who's a good boy?

MONGREL

Well. Me I guess.

CLAYMORE wags his tail and licks her hand. (He will be known as Claymore from now on)

HELEN

(baby talk)

Lets get you cleaned up. Gonna give you a bath. Yes we are.

MOUNTBATTEN

(whispers)

There they go with that coo coo baby talk stuff again.

NELSON

So condescending.

Cromwell hisses at them.

CROMWELL

Quiet!

Helen picks Claymore up.

HELEN  
(to Jack)  
Call Bill.

Jack leaves the room, digs a mobile phone from his pocket.  
Helen carries Claymore from the room.  
Claymore looks at his four brothers who stare up at him.  
Mountbatten laughs.

MOUNTBATTEN  
See ya, Claymore. Boom! Destroyed  
the whole place.

Cromwell leaves his brothers to laugh.  
Paces forward to eyeball Claymore. Bares his teeth at him.  
Claymore spins in Helen's arms.  
Peers down on Beatrice.

CLAYMORE  
Here that, mama? I got a name.

Her snout twitches at him and she bares her fangs.  
Claymore swallows.

CLAYMORE  
Jeez.

INSIDE - BREEDING HOUSE - NEXT DAY

The Four Pups all lie in a bundle on a large rug.  
Claymore is in the corner on sheets of newspaper. Resting  
in his own pee.

CROMWELL  
Here they come.

CLAYMORE  
Yeah, baby.

MOUNTBATTEN  
Yeah - baby? Oh why did we teach  
the imbecile to read if he's  
going to verbally abuse the  
atmosphere.

CROMWELL  
Sounds just like his father.

Claymore perks.

CLAYMORE  
You mean our father.

BEATRICE  
Cromwell! Silence!

CROMWELL  
Oh please, mother. You gave up  
your right to protest when you  
infected your perfect pedigree  
genes by having a fling with a  
Lothario from the wrong side of  
the tracks.

BEATRICE  
That's enough!

CROMWELL  
Why? We've all been put out by  
the philandering mongrel and if I  
have even one percent of his  
genetic breakdown flowing through  
me I'll be cursed for life.

CLAYMORE  
What are you saying?

CROMWELL  
Our Father is Samson. Master  
Jack's proudest and most noble K-  
9. Your father is a genetic  
upchuck our mother was seduced  
and abandoned by in a fleeting  
moment of weakness.

CLAYMORE  
Samson isn't my dad?

CROMWELL  
Of course not. Look at you.

CLAYMORE  
So who is? Who's my dad? Mama?

She faces away from him.

CLAYMORE

I was told Samson was my dad and now you're saying...I want to meet my dad. Where is he?

Jack leads BILL into the room.

Bill carries a small metal cage.

JACK

Believe me. You'll be doing me a favour.

BILL

I'd still like to get some gene work from Beatrice and the others to boost my stock.

JACK

Not by a long shot. Just get him outta here before Mrs Holmes shows up.

BILL

As soon as me old man croaks and me inheritance kicks in I'll be breedin' better dogs than you ever could...

Bill gets a look at Claymore.

BILL

My God! That's the ugliest dog I've ever...Oh, I know exactly what to do with 'im. Me old man will have a heart attack.

Bill chuckles as he lowers the cage to Claymore.

BILL

In ya get, boy.

CLAYMORE

Jeez. Your aftershave stinks, Mister...I don't wanna go. I wanna meet my dad.

Bill grabs him by the scruff and Claymore YELPS as he's shoved into the cage and sealed inside.

Bill lifts the cage.

CLAYMORE

Fellas? Brothers? Help me!

The Four Pups look up at him.

MOUNTBATTEN  
No, can do, buddy boy.

NELSON  
Have a good one.

CLAYMORE  
Mama! Mama please! I'll be good.  
I won't pee anymore. Please!

Beatrice looks sad to see him go, sniffs back a tear.

BEATRICE  
You never belonged here. You were  
a mistake.

CLAYMORE  
Don't you love me, mama?

BEATRICE  
Go. Have a good life.

And with that she stands and twists and lays back down away  
from the door.

Claymore WHIMPERS and WHINES all the way from the room.

WELLINGTON  
We'll see ya soon.

Nelson and Mountbatten join in his chuckles.

The pain is too much for Beatrice who covers her ears with  
her paws.

Cromwell follows Claymore in his cage.

CROMWELL  
Hey. I heard Master Jack speaking  
with Mistress Helen. I know where  
your Father is but you'll never  
meet him now.

Cromwell's first sinister smile.

Claymore's carried out of sight.

CLAYMORE (O.S.)  
Wait. Wait. Where's my dad?!

And the room is empty of Humans.

All the pups are quiet.

Cromwell walks to the door and sees Claymore going berserk in the cage.

CROMWELL  
Good riddance.

INSIDE - BILL'S CAR - MOVING

Claymore's on the back seat in the cage.

He lies very still, sad.

Bill peers back at him from behind the wheel.

BILL  
Cheer up, little mate. You'll  
love me old man. Besides. It's  
either that or the bottom of the  
stream.

Claymore swallows hard.

Manages to rise and wag his tail.

BILL  
There ya go. Cheerful now  
ain't'cha.

INSIDE - MANSION - NIGHT

A thunder storm outside.

Bill lowers the cage to the floor.

His DAD, GEORGE, comes down the stairs in a dressing gown,  
drinks a whisky.

A decrepid old man of 80.

GEORGE  
What do you want, boy. I'm not  
dead yet.

BILL  
Thought you might be able to use  
a little company, yeah.

GEORGE  
Your mother was all the company I  
needed.

BILL  
She's dead, Pop, remember.

LIGHTENING CRACKLES from outside.

Lights up the interior of the dark hallway.

GEORGE  
What'cha got there then?

Bill opens the cage and takes Claymore out to show his dad.

As the lightening FLASHES again George comes face to face with Claymore.

Claymore licks George's face.

He SCREAMS horror.

George backs off a little, grabs his chest as he stumbles back to sit on the lowest step of the staircase.

GEORGE  
Good Lord, Boy. Almost killed me.

BILL  
Almost.

Bill lowers Claymore to the floor.

Claymore walks up to George.

GEORGE  
Ahhh. Keep it away from me. What in Gods name is that beast. A skunk?

BILL  
It's a dog, Pop. Claymore's his name.

GEORGE  
Claymore? How 'bout Clay Pigeon. He should be shot and buried out back.

Claymore licks George's face.

George giggles, warms to him.

BILL  
You good, yeah.

GEORGE

I guess so.

BILL

I'll stop by next week to see how you're getting along.

GEORGE

I'll ring you if I need anything. You stay outta my house.

BILL

Whatever, Pop.

Bill leaves the house and closes the door.

GEORGE

(to Claymore)

You hungry, boy?

Claymore YAPS, spins in circles.

GEORGE

You is one bloody ugly beast I'll grant you that. But then again. I'm no looker meself. Let's see what we got in the kitchen.

George scoops him up and carries him toward the kitchen.

GEORGE

Don't pay no attention to my boy, Bill. Ever since my darling Clare died last year he's been waiting for me to go...

INSIDE - KITCHEN

GEORGE

How 'bout I make meself a bacon sandwich. You like bacon, Claymore.

He releases him to sniff around the kitchen floor.

CLAYMORE

Bacon. What's bacon? I'll try it, sure.

INSIDE - KITCHEN - LATER

Claymore munches into some bacon served to him on a white plate.

CLAYMORE  
Mmmm, wow! This is delicious.  
More more more.

Claymore goes to George's lap sitting at the kitchen table and PAWS it for more.

George looks down on him.

GEORGE  
There's one thing you gotta learn  
in life, boy'o. Discipline. A dog  
isn't worth it's weight without  
discipline. You obey. You get  
rewards. Understand? Sit!

Claymore sits.

GEORGE  
Good boy.

George rips off a bit of bread and bacon and passes it down.

GEORGE  
Don't nip. Nicely. Nicely.

Claymore gingerly accepts the gift and gobbles it down.

GEORGE  
Excellent. Good boy. Tomorrow  
we'll see what else you're  
capable of doing.

OUTSIDE - DAY

Claymore roams the open land near the country mansion.

He chases some Pheasants. YAPS at them.

They SQUAWK and FLUTTER off.

PHEASANT 1  
You see that ugly thing.

PHEASANT 2  
He must've been dropped on his  
head.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, yeah. Come back down here and  
say that.

Claymore BARKS up at them.

A big glob of white poop drops onto his head.

Claymore rolls around in the grass trying to get it off.

CLAYMORE  
My eyes! My eyes!

The PHEASANTS laugh as they fly away.

Suddenly a SHOTGUN blast erupts and one of them flutters to the ground.

Claymore's flabbergasted, scared, he ducks.

The SHOTGUN recoil has knocked George on his butt.

GEORGE  
Ah. Not what I used to be...Go  
get him, boy.

He sees George cradle the SHOTGUN in the nook of his elbow.

Claymore tentatively wanders over to the PHEASANT, sniffs it, pokes at it with a paw.

CLAYMORE  
You okay?

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
No I'm not. I'm in shock. That  
almost hit me.

CLAYMORE  
What's your name?

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
Clive.

CLAYMORE  
Sorry, Clive. Didn't expect that.

GEORGE  
Pick it up and bring it here!

CLAYMORE  
Can you move?

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
I think so.

CLAYMORE  
Well you hop up and I'll make out  
I'm chasing you.

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
Thanks, kid. You saved my life.  
What's your name?

CLAYMORE  
Claymore.

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
I'll keep an eye out for you.

GEORGE  
We'll have him for dinner. I'll  
give you some. Just bring it  
here.

CLAYMORE  
Say. Do you know my dad?

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
Sorry, kid. Haven't had that  
pleasure.

Claymore BARKS as CLIVE rises.

GEORGE  
No no. He's getting away. Nab  
him.

Claymore chases Clive and nips at him.

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
Hey! That was too close for  
comfort.

CLAYMORE  
Sorry.

Clive takes off on a quick run then flutters into some  
bushes.

GEORGE  
Boy. You're hopeless. Just the  
kind of things my Bill is  
breeding now. No hoppers.

SERIES OF SHOTS

INSIDE - LIVING ROOM

George sits in his living room chair reading, drinking  
whisky.

Claymore lies on a rug by the crackling fireplace.

CLAYMORE  
Mmmm. Heaven.

He rolls on his back with his paws spread.

CLAYMORE  
Warm the belly. Warm the belly.

INSIDE - KITCHEN

George peels potatoes at the sink.

Claymore sits, watches him.

George tosses him a potato peeling.

Claymore snaps it up, spits it out.

CLAYMORE  
You tricked me.

George laughs.

GEORGE  
Not to your liking huh?

CLAYMORE  
You got that right.

OUTSIDE - DAY

George sits on a ride-on lawn mower. Maneuvers it over his acreage.

Claymore sits by the front of the house watching.

OUTSIDE - LATER

Motionless lawn mower.

George downs a glass of water, wipes the sweat from his brow. Red faced.

Sits on the top step, out of breath, drained, pats Claymore's head.

GEORGE  
Well that's that done for another month.

INSIDE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

George sleeps in bed.

Claymore on the floor beside him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

CLAYMORE

At the back door, WHIMPERS, runs in circles.

CLAYMORE

Gotta pee. Gotta pee. Gotta pee.

He bolts from the back door.

UP THE STAIRS

INTO THE BEDROOM

George is still in bed.

Claymore BARKS, WHINES.

CLAYMORE

Gotta pee. Gotta pee. Gotta pee.

Claymore scratches at the duvet.

George doesn't move.

CLAYMORE

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Gotta  
pee!

Claymore runs around the bed, YAPS.

George doesn't move.

Claymore bites the corner of the duvet and tugs at it.

He TUG-OF-WAR GROWLS as he tugs it off the bed.

It lands in a heap.

He springs up.

Can only just see George.

TOP OF BED POV

See Claymore spring up from the floor.

CLAYMORE

George!

Springs higher still.

CLAYMORE  
George! Wake up!

Springs higher still.

CLAYMORE  
Gotta pee!

Claymore hits the floor in a ball.

He looks up at the bed. Why isn't George's waking up?

He glances around the bedroom.

Sees a wicker chair in the corner.

He runs over, nudges it aside, bites into the leg and starts to drag it over to the bed.

He puffs.

Jumps up on the wicker chair then bounds from that to the top of the bed.

He walks over to George's face, licks it.

BARKS at it.

George doesn't move.

He gently places a paw on George's cheek.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, no.

LATER

Claymore lies on the bed.

His paws across George.

His eyes are wet with tears.

He WHIMPERS.

Lets out a mournful HOWL.

LATER

Claymore lifts his head.

George hasn't moved.

Claymore gives him a final lick then jumps from the bed and lands in the duvet, rolls to his feet, looks back at George then runs from the room.

KITCHEN

Claymore goes to the fridge. Sees a calendar on the fridge door.

The calendar is a Hospice Charity one with Emergency phone numbers on it.

Claymore's eyes FOCUS on the Emergency Number - 999.

LIVING ROOM

Claymore bursts in, runs straight for the little table with the telephone on it.

He barrels into it.

Spills the phone to the floor.

The receiver comes loose.

Claymore looks at the phone dial pad then to his paw.

CLAYMORE

Bit fat.

He delicately tries to press the number 9 with one toe of his paw.

It BEEPS.

He does it twice more.

FEMALE PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

(on phone)

What is your Emergency?

Claymore BARKS into the Receiver.

FEMALE PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Which service do you require?

Claymore BARKS again.

FEMALE PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

I don't find this very amusing.  
This call *is* being recorded and  
it's a crime to misuse this...

Claymore lets forth a continuous stream of BARKS and HOWLS into the receiver.

INSIDE - GEORGE'S MANSION - LATER

Claymore lies to the side of the front door.

Watches the POLICEMEN wander throughout.

A black body bag is being carried on a gurney down the staircase.

Claymore perks.

Bill stands at the base of the steps.

Claymore sees a smile form on Bill's face until a Policeman looks his way to apologize then Bill's face creases in pain.

Claymore offers a SNARL at Bill and his fake commiserations.

INSIDE - LATER

The Police have all gone.

Bill closes the front door with a sad expression.

When he turns from the door he punches the air in glee.

BILL

Yes! Yeah! All mine! All mine!

He turns to see Claymore sitting on the floor looking up at him.

BILL

Let's go for a ride shall we,  
boy?

Bill's all smiles.

Claymore wanders to him.

Bill grabs him by the scruff and lifts him.

Claymore YELPS in pain.

INSIDE - BILL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Bill drives.

A knotted up pillow case wriggles on the back seat.

WHIMPERS from within.

BILL

I is sorry, mate but I breed  
decent dogs, yeah. They may not  
be up to Jack's standards just  
yet but if you was seen 'round  
me...Believe me. A dog like you.  
This is the best place for ya.

OUTSIDE - BRIDGE - NIGHT

A small bridge.

A stream runs beneath.

A CAR DOOR opens and closes O.S.

A HAND comes into shot.

A PILLOW CASE dangles from the bridge.

The HAND opens.

The PILLOW CASE drops to the running water below.

BILL (O.S.)

Good riddance. You won't be  
missed.

OUTSIDE - STREAM

The PILLOW CASE splashes in, floats off.

CLAYMORE

Okay, okay, okay. Don't panic.

UNDERWATER

The PILLOW CASE sinks below the running water.

It rests on the bottom.

It struggles.

Tears.

Splits open and Claymore scratches his way free.

He bursts for the surface.

OUTSIDE - STREAM - SURFACE

Claymore breaks free of the water.

Sucks in some air, pants.

The current takes him further downstream.

He looks around.

See Bill's car HEADLIGHTS departing in the distance.

CLAYMORE

Wait! Come back! What's going on?

Claymore bobs under the water.

Coughs.

Chokes water from his lungs.

He tries to swim but the current tumbles him, tosses him, like he's inside a washing machine.

He breaks free.

Paddles his way toward shore but the current is strong.

He bumps off a rock.

CLAYMORE

Ouch!

There's darkness all around him.

He starts to WHIMPER.

CLAYMORE

I want my mama!

The current drags him under again.

He passes a bunch of FISH.

FISH 1

What're you doin' here?

FISH 2

He must be lost.

FISH 3

Keep heading that way, kid. Dry land ahead.

Claymore swims for the surface.

Breaks.

Lights in the distance.

A branch floats past him.

He swims after it.

Gets a bite on the branch and holds on and the branch takes him further down stream.

The water spills out into -

A calmer pond of water.

Stars twinkle off the surface.

Claymore releases his clamp on the branch and paddles for the shore.

His paws finally pad through the muddy surface and his body comes free of the water.

He crawls up the sand and flops to rest.

A few tunnels up ahead.

He's so tired but he manages to drag himself to higher ground.

He drops to his belly, pants.

INSIDE - TUNNEL - MORNING

Claymore wakes.

He's just inside a tunnel.

KIDS VOICES come from the ROAD above.

Three young lads come into view carrying fishing poles, drinking beers.

Claymore hides and scampers off down the tunnel.

INSIDE - TUNNEL - LATER

Claymore, sad, walks on.

There's a RUMBLING from the tunnel.

He turns to inspect.

A gush of water flows toward him.

He runs.

The water collects him and twirls him around, carries him.  
He scratches at the side of the tunnel for grip.

UNDERGROUND PIPING

The water erupts from the tunnel and spews Claymore out and into a larger conduit.

Joined by other tunnels.

A large sewage system.

CLAYMORE

Phorrrr. It stinks in here.

He runs off.

A EARTHQUAKE GRUMBLING causes him to pause, looks this way and that.

He puts his ear to another tunnel.

Peers round.

Clambers up into a cleaner tunnel.

Flashlights cut across the darkness from the end of the tunnel.

MEN'S VOICES

Claymore sneaks forward.

Peers around the end of the tunnel.

An Underground Railway Work Crew.

He stealths his way toward them.

Pauses when the HELMET LIGHT of one man pans his way.

He runs.

He bumps past one man who jumps in the air.

WORKMAN 1

What was that?

WORKMAN 2

A rat?

WORKMAN 1  
A big, rat. They get to the size  
of dinosaurs under here.

They pan their flashlights around.

See Claymore running off.

WORKMAN 2  
Yuk, man. A skunk.

WORKMAN 1  
That ain't a skunk. Smells like  
one. It's a huge rat. Move aside.  
Brought just the thing to deal  
with them.

He removes a small pistol and FIRES at Claymore.

Claymore ducks, twirls, YELPS, keeps running, panting hard.

Another SHOT ricochets near his head.

WORKMAN 2  
Hey! Stop! The ricochets will hit  
us.

WORKMAN 1  
He's scampered off now the filthy  
beast.

Claymore makes it clear.

Turns a corner to a larger, THUNDERING, tunnel and his  
vision is blinded by a huge WHITE LIGHT.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, boy. Am I dead?

The THUNDERING gets louder.

The LIGHT gets BRIGHTER.

Closer.

CLAYMORE  
Wow! It's beautiful.

Claymore pauses in awe.

Wind ruffles his fur dryer.

The LIGHT is only a few feet away now.

It LIGHTS UP the whole tunnel.

Claymore looks down and sees he's on train tracks.

CLAYMORE

Mmmm. That can't be good.

He jumps over them and the THUNDERING LIGHT shoots past him at 50MPH.

He gets a glimpse at the wheels chewing up the tracks.

He's dusted in debris.

The pressure of the train presses him to the wall.

His face is flat against the concrete.

And then the train is gone and he drops to the floor.

He shakes himself, frightened.

He's shrouded in darkness again.

He trots off down the tracks.

INSIDE - UNDERGROUND STATION - LATER

Claymore sees the tunnel evolve into a platform.

At the end is a few steps leading from the ground up onto the platform.

He takes them tentatively.

He pauses at the top.

All the people on the platform are waiting for the next train.

He eases out onto the Platform.

Weaves his way in and out of people's legs.

Columns of legs.

He bumps one.

The LADY jumps with a shriek.

CLAYMORE

Sorry. Just passing through.

LADY 1  
Look at that mutt.

LADY 2  
What's he doing down here?

CLAYMORE  
Just passing through. No drama.

Claymore glances up at the faces of the people.

They frown down on him.

Grab their noses as he passes.

MAN 1  
Good Lord. He stinks.

Claymore pauses, sniffs his pit.

CLAYMORE  
Yeah that is me.

He trots off.

UNDERGROUND COP  
Hey!

Claymore stops, looks behind him.

A COP waves a finger at him.

Starts to run his way.

Other passengers look down on him.

PASSENGER 1  
Stinks.

PASSENGER 2  
Filthy mutt.

Claymore realizes the Cop is after him.

He scampers off.

The Cop sprints after him.

INSIDE - UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAYS

Claymore slides round a corner, paws grip on the floor and spins the other way.

He runs past another opening and darts under a seat.

He peers through the GAP to see a BOY with headphones on, rocking to his MUSIC.

He looks at the opening to see the COP appear.

The COP glances this way and that, searching.

Suddenly the BOY'S nose twitches.

He rises quickly from the seat and looks at it as if poo might be on it.

He peers under the seat and sees Claymore under there.

MUSIC BOY  
Beat it, stinky bum.

The Boy shoo's Claymore out from under the seat with a boot.

The COP sees Claymore and is after him again.

Claymore runs, weaves in and out of jittery passengers who jump and jolt as he passes.

He burns round another corner and everything goes into SLOW MOTION.

Claymore skids on his butt to a sliding halt.

Ten feet from him.

Coming toward him.

A proud and glorious GOLDEN RETRIEVER in a harness, leading a BLIND LADY.

Claymore's in awe as the GUIDE DOG passes him without even a glance. Concentrating on his task at hand.

NORMAL TIME

Claymore runs after the Guide Dog.

CLAYMORE  
Help me! How do I get out?

The Guide Dog ignores him, leads the BLIND LADY onto a platform.

CLAYMORE  
Help me. Help me. Help me.

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
 Don't talk to me. Don't talk to  
 me. Don't talk to me.  
 Concentrating. Concentrating.  
 Concentraaatttiing!

Claymore hides behind some legs as the COP runs, slows to a walk as he passes the BLIND LADY.

The BLIND LADY halts.

The GUIDE DOG sits at her side.

Claymore scoots over to him.

CLAYMORE  
 Hey. Hey. You gotta help me.

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
 Excuse me. Are you talking to me?

CLAYMORE  
 How do I get out?

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
 You take the first left then the  
 second right. You will come  
 across an escalator leading to  
 the surface streets.

CLAYMORE  
 And where do I find the Guide Dog  
 School?

The Guide Dog looks him over. Chuckles.

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
 They wouldn't accept you.

CLAYMORE  
 I don't wanna train. I wanna find  
 my brothers. They know where my  
 dad is.

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
 Fine. It's on Station Road.  
 Number two twenty seven. Now  
 leave me alone.

The BLIND LADY touches her nose.

BLIND LADY  
 Goodness me...Chester was that  
 you?

The Guide Dog looks from the Lady to Claymore.

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
Thank you very much. I get the  
blame.

CLAYMORE  
Sorry. Been a bad day.

PLATFORM GUIDE DOG  
Scoot off, sonny.

Claymore backs away.

UNDERGROUND COP  
Hey!

Claymore turns to see the COP on his tail again.

INSIDE - UNDERGROUND - ESCALATOR

Claymore glides into the opening beneath the escalator.

Slides right past our view with a SHRIEK of pleasure.

His paws goes berserk on the flooring and he runs for the  
escalators.

Sees all the people coming down and going up.

He pauses at the base of the escalator.

Sees the metal teeth chewing up the stairs as they rise.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, boy.

He closes his eyes and jumps.

Opens his eyes and he's on a step going up.

ESCALATOR MAN  
What smells like poo?

He looks to his little girl who is patting Claymore's  
filthy head.

The LITTLE GIRL giggles and shows her dad her sewage  
covered hand.

ESCALATOR MAN  
Don't touch it, Chloe. Yuk! Go  
on, you. Scat.

The Man nudges Claymore away.

CLAYMORE  
Sorry. Need a bath.

Claymore runs up the escalator.

OUTSIDE - LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Claymore breaks from the station into the cold evening.

He comes to a halt by a corner.

CAR HORNS bleat all around him.

People everywhere.

He looks back to the station entrance to see the COP stop his run, glance around then return to the bowels of the Underground.

Claymore wanders off.

Stops at a set of traffic lights.

Sees all the people waiting.

Claymore hears the BEEPING CROSSING signal and crosses with the people.

Once he hits the other side of the street he runs off into the crowds.

OUTSIDE - PARK - MORNING

Claymore wakes under a bush.

Sees a group of people with their dogs in the park.

Some on leads.

Some play ball.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, wow. What's this?

Claymore comes out into the open, shakes himself free of dirt and runs out into the park.

He passes a little SCOTTISH TERRIER in a Tartan coat.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, wow. Nice coat.

SCOTTISH TERRIER  
 Leave it out, lad. It's  
 humiliating enough without havin'  
 your ugly behind sayin' so.

Claymore runs and snatches up a ball thrown for another dog.

A GERMAN SHEPHERD.

GERMAN SHEPHERD  
 What the hey? Hey!

Claymore runs it back to the German Shepherd's owner.

SHEPHERD OWNER  
 Well thanks little fella but  
 that's not your ball. Sheeba!

The German Shepherd runs past and scowls down on Claymore as she follows her Owner.

CLAYMORE  
 (giggles)  
 Sheeba. That's your name?

GERMAN SHEPHERD  
 I'll have you know that seventy  
 two percent of all German  
 Shepherds are either called  
 Sheeba or Sasha. Now push off.

CLAYMORE  
 Hey, come on. I only wanna play.

The German Shepherd BARKS a warning at Claymore.

Claymore scoots off to another GUY playing frisbee with his COLLIE.

The Collie bounds, snatches the frisbee from mid-air and lands in a fluid motion and trots it proudly back to its owner.

CLAYMORE  
 Wow! Cool!

The GUY tosses the frisbee again.

Claymore runs for it.

Alongside the Collie.

COLLIE  
Don't even think about it  
pipsqueak.

The Collie butts him aside and snatches the toy in mid-air.

Claymore latches onto it while in the Collie's mouth and they tug-of-war it.

The GUY runs over.

FRISBEE GUY  
Bob. Let go.

The Collie releases it.

Claymore passes it to the GUY who takes it from his mouth.

FRISBEE GUY  
(to Claymore)  
Where'd you spring from?

The GUY grabs Claymore and sees he doesn't have a collar or a name tag.

He looks over at the parking lot to see the Dog Warden's van.

The GUY scoops up Claymore and carries him.

CLAYMORE  
Where we going?

The GUY waves over the DOG WARDEN and shows him Claymore's neck.

FRISBEE GUY  
No tags.

DOG WARDEN  
Damn awful ugly beast ain't he.

The Collie chuckles.

The DOG WARDEN takes him from the GUY.

DOG WARDEN  
Come on, little fella. Got a  
place all picked out for you.

He puts Claymore into the cage into the rear of the van, goes to shut the doors.

Claymore panics.

He doesn't like cages anymore.

He starts to BARK, HOWL, CRY.

The DOG WARDEN peers in on him.

DOG WARDEN  
Don't worry. No-one's gonna  
hurt'cha.

The doors close.

INSIDE - R.S.P.C.A. DOG POUND - LATER

The DOG WARDEN palms a buzzer on the wall and an empty cell opens.

He drags Claymore on his butt by a lead down the corridor of cages.

Claymore eyes the three other dogs in other cages.

CLAYMORE  
Hi. How ya doin'. Hello. Hiya.  
Hi.

He receives nothing from the other dogs who are all withered, depressed, given up.

The DOG WARDEN opens a cage and leads Claymore inside, releases the lead, he closes the cage door then returns to the BUZZER and electronically seals Claymore inside.

DOG WARDEN  
You stay quiet and we'll give you  
some food in a while. Okay.

CLAYMORE  
As long as it's bacon that's fine  
by me.

The DOG WARDEN leaves.

Claymore peers through the bars.

Looks at the other dogs.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
You won't get any bacon here.

Claymore runs to the opposite side.

The CHIHUAHUA lays on a blanket.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
You'll be lucky if it's not home  
brand canned food.

CLAYMORE  
My name is Claymore.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
Alice.

CLAYMORE  
Nice to meet you.

A BULLDOG grumbles from another cell.

BULLDOG  
Keep the ruckus down. I'm taking  
a nap.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
All you do is sleep. No wonder  
you're so fat.

BULLDOG  
I'm not fat...

The FEMALE CHIHUAHUA and a SILKY TERRIER finish his  
sentence for him.

TERRIER & CHIHUAHUA  
It's genetics.

Then they both laugh.

CLAYMORE  
(to Bulldog)  
What's your name?

BULLDOG  
I've had many, young man.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
Tell him.

The SILKY TERRIER, skittish, runs to the front of his cage.

SILKY TERRIER  
Yeah...  
(chuckles)  
Tell him, big man. Go on. Tell  
him. Tell him, then.

BULLDOG  
Jessica.

They all laugh.

BULLDOG

Hey! Enough tomfoolery! I can't help it if my last owner was senile...

(to Claymore)

She thought I was a she.

CLAYMORE

Do you guys know how to get to the Guide School?

BULLDOG

Afraid not, no.

SILKY TERRIER

Nope. No. No I don't.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

Why you ask? You gotta be a top breed to join them. A Pedigree. They won't consider just any old pup. Me. I'm too small.

SILKY TERRIER

Yeah, me too. Me too. We all are. They think they're special, oh so special. Prancing up and down. Noses in the air. Look at me. Look at me with my golden coat.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

Where are you from, little one?

CLAYMORE

Sanford.

SILKY TERRIER

Hey. Isn't *he* from Sanford? He is isn't he?

The SILKY TERRIER nods to the end cell.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

So we've heard.

They all peer over to the last cage.

An old, greying, GERMAN SHEPHERD rests on a blanket.

CLAYMORE

Hey. Yoo-hoo.

The GERMAN SHEPHERD stirs.

CHARLES  
What? Hey.

CLAYMORE  
Sheeba. Wake up.

CHARLES  
Excuse me.

CLAYMORE  
Is that your name? Sheeba? No no.  
Wait. Ah. Sasha.

CHARLES  
Very amusing.

The other dogs chuckle.

Charles closes his eyes again.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
His name is Charles. Hey Charles.  
Charles! Wake up!

SILKY TERRIER  
He's old now. Hard of hearing.  
Deaf as a post. Deaf as a post.  
CHARLES!

CHARLES  
What? Who's yelling?

SILKY TERRIER  
The kid wants to know if you're  
from Sanford. You are aren't you?  
Well aren't you?

CHARLES  
Who wants to know?

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
The little one. Over here.

Charles groans as he lifts his old body to the front of his cage.

He gets a look at Claymore.

CHARLES

Oh, my God. You are most definitely the ugliest creature of the K-9 world. Did your mother mate with an Orangutan?

The Bulldog snort laughs.

CLAYMORE

Not that I know of. I'm trying to find my real dad.

CHARLES

Had to throw a bucket of water on him, no doubt.

Claymore comes further into the light and Charles sees his white stripe.

CHARLES

YOU! I remember you! Swine.

CLAYMORE

I haven't done anything to you.

SILKY TERRIER

He's senile, now. Yes he is. Losing it. Cuckoo's nest! Cuckoo's nest!

CHARLES

I knew your father.

CLAYMORE

Really. You do? Where is he? Was he an outstanding pedigree?

Charles' belly rumbles with laughter.

CHARLES

Have you looked in the mirror recently? He stole my girlfriend. That bitch betrayed me.

CLAYMORE

You met him. Where? In the village of Sanford?

CHARLES

Yes. It was approximately four years ago --

SILKY TERRIER

Wow. Long time. Long time.

BULLDOG

That be twenty eight to us, young man.

CHARLES

There he was in the park.  
Strutting his stuff --

CLAYMORE

What's his name?

CHARLES

Fabio.

FLASHBACK

OUTSIDE - SANFORD PARK - DAY

FABIO, the coolest, ugliest mongrel, rebel dog you've ever seen. A white stripe from head to tail. Struts round a park while other DOGS play with their owners.

CLAYMORE (V.O.)

What was he like?

CHARLES (V.O.)

He was onto everything.

CLAYMORE (V.O.)

Onto?

CHARLES (V.O.)

Yes. Humping. He couldn't stop.

VARIOUS SHOTS

FABIO humping a Human's leg.

FABIO humping a child's stuffed toy.

FABIO humping a leafy branch in the garden.

FABIO humping a cat. The CAT protests.

FABIO humping the leg of a Great Dane.

CHARLES (V.O.)

And if the park wasn't enough. He broke into the back yards of Humans to become the local Village deflowerer.

FABIO humping a small dog.

The OWNER runs out.

A bucket of water is thrown on him.

FABIO'S FACE freezes in contortion.

FABIO'S humping another Dog.

Water is tossed over him.

A different FROZEN expression.

FABIO does another dog.

A HOSE sprays on him.

Another different FROZEN expression.

CHARLES (V.O.)  
Then he met my girlfriend.  
Aphrodite.

FLASHBACK

OUTSIDE - PARK - DAY

A younger Charles perks when a gorgeous POODLE struts past like a supermodel.

From out of nowhere FABIO jumps her and starts HUMPING her.

INSIDE - POUND - PRESENT

CLAYMORE  
Did he become a great Guide Dog?

Charles bursts out laughing.

CHARLES  
He went to live somewhere. I  
don't know where exactly.

CLAYMORE  
And why are you here?

CHARLES  
My Master received a better job  
offer up North. He had the nerve  
to tell his children I went to  
live on a farm...Boy if I ever  
run into him again.

Charles returns to his bed.

CLAYMORE  
Hey! Do you know how I find the  
Guide School?

CHARLES  
Pipe down, youngster. Some of us  
need our rest.

Charles settles down.

Claymore watches the other dogs return to their beds.

He does the same.

INSIDE - DOG POUND - NEXT DAY

The DOG WARDEN leaves a bowl of food for Claymore and a  
clean bowl of water.

Claymore sniffs his food, winces.

CLAYMORE  
Yuk! Stinks!

The SILKY TERRIER stops eating and looks at him.

SILKY TERRIER  
Best you'll get here. Might as  
well eat it up. Yum yum yum. Eat  
up!

CLAYMORE  
I've gotta get outta here.

SILKY TERRIER  
You can't. Nope. No way.

CLAYMORE  
Why not?

SILKY TERRIER  
'Cause the place is locked solid.  
Alcatraz. No escape. No escape.  
Even if you make it out of your  
cage you still have to make it  
past the Warden and we're in the  
middle of nowhere. Where ya gonna  
go? Huh? Where ya gonna go?

CLAYMORE  
I want to find the Guide Dog  
School.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

Oh we're back to that again.  
Forget it, little one. You're  
gonna get your photo on that wall  
out there just like the rest of  
us and judging by your looks  
you're gonna be here a very long  
time.

CLAYMORE

Photo? What's that?

BULLDOG

You are about to find out. Here  
he comes now. One bit of advice,  
young man. Try to smile.

CLAYMORE

Huh?

The DOG WARDEN opens Claymore's cage, enters, closes the door.

He has an Instant CAMERA.

DOG WARDEN

Okay, lad. Ready.

CLAYMORE

Ready for what?

The DOG WARDEN snaps the photo.

He blinds Claymore with the FLASH.

CLAYMORE

I'm blind. I can't see.

The other dogs HOWL in laughter. The BULLDOG snort laughs.

The DOG WARDEN accepts the Instant projection and waves it into focus.

Claymore is displayed in a weird picture. His face bunched up, askew, ugly.

DOG WARDEN

Guess that's the best you got to offer.

The DOG WARDEN leaves the cell, shuts the door. BUZZES it locked.

CLAYMORE

No, no. Wait. I can do better.  
Gimme a chance. I can smile.  
Look.

Claymore makes some facial smiles. Hilarious poses of unsightly gasps.

The other dogs all bust a gut in laughter.

CLAYMORE

What was that all about?

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

The Human's thought it was too depressing for us to have them wander the aisle looking in the cages and selecting a dog for a pet so they decided to take photo's of us for the Human's to look at. That way they can pick a pet and not make any of us feel inadequate for not being selected.

INSIDE - POUND - FRONT - LATER

The DOG WARDEN pins Claymore's photo on the board with the rest of the Dog photo's.

Even the DOG WARDEN bursts out laughing at the sight of Claymore's photo.

He's joined by a few other humans on their way home for the day and they all join in laughing.

INSIDE - POUND - CELLS - LATER

Claymore is gnawing at the bars of the cage.

His chomping interrupts the FEMALE CHIHUAHUA'S nap.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

What're you up too, little one?

CLAYMORE

I wanna get out.

BULLDOG

Oh for goodness sake. Keep the ruckus to a minimum.

SILKY TERRIER

What's going on? I was dreamin'.  
Dreamin' I was. A T-Bone steak...

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

He's trying to bite his way free.

BULLDOG

Why would you want to leave? It's  
warm here. Safe.

SILKY TERRIER

Safe, yeah. Sure is safe. You  
don't get a boot to the bum here,  
no siree bob you don't.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

You don't get chained to a lamp  
post and told "we'll be back in a  
minute"...

Her eyes droop in remembrance.

CHARLES

You don't get beer cans thrown at  
you here. You don't have the kids  
crying that they want to keep you  
while dad loads you in the back  
of the car.

BULLDOG

Actually. I quite like it here.

SILKY TERRIER

Me too, me too. Safe. Quiet.

Charles goes to the front of his cell.

Watches Claymore gnaw the bars.

CHARLES

You'll lose a tooth if you're not  
careful.

CLAYMORE

I can't stay here. I'm not like  
you lot. I haven't given up.

Claymore continues to gnaw.

Charles rises.

CHARLES

Kid! Hey kid! Knock it off.

Claymore looks at Charles.

Continues to gnaw.

CHARLES  
What's wrong with him?

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
Guess he really wants out.

CHARLES  
Why you wanna go to this Guide  
Dog school so badly?

CLAYMORE  
I wanna see my brothers again.

This makes them all go quiet and reflect.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
Your brothers?

CLAYMORE  
Yeah.

BULLDOG  
I had a brother once.

CLAYMORE  
They know where my dad is.

CHARLES  
Okay, kid. Fair enough. Here's  
what we're gonna do.

INSIDE - POUND - FRONT

The DOG WARDEN stands at an open window above his desk  
eating his sandwich.

Adjusts his hearing. Frowns.

HOWLING comes from the cells.

He huffs.

INSIDE - POUND - CELLS - MOMENTS LATER

The DOG WARDEN enters the aisle.

DOG WARDEN  
Okay, what's all the noise?

They all HOWL and WHIMPER.

The DOG WARDEN goes to Claymore's cell.

Claymore lies on his side.

The DOG WARDEN thumps the lock pad and unlocks the cell and goes to Claymore.

He touches him.

Claymore WHIMPERS in PAIN at the Warden's touch.

DOG WARDEN  
Oh, dear. What's up boy?

The DOG WARDEN prods Claymore's body gently.

Claymore WHIMPERS louder. Cries in pain.

The DOG WARDEN lifts him up and carries him from the cell.

Claymore winks to all the other dogs.

They all smile back.

Charles nods.

INSIDE - POUND - VET SURGERY - LATER

Claymore rests on a bench.

The DOG WARDEN goes to a telephone in the corner.

DOG WARDEN  
This is Michael over at...Oh,  
okay. Well when he gets back can  
you tell him I've got a poorly  
pup...Yes I'll hold...

Claymore lifts his head, peers at the open door.

It's a long way down off the side of the gurney.

He stands on all fours, looks at the DOG WARDEN who doodles on a pad.

He peers over the front and jumps down onto a padded stool on wheels.

The stool scoots along the floor, hits a wall and Claymore jumps to the floor.

He nuzzles the stool out of the Surgery and wheels it out into the corridor with his snout.

He runs behind the door and nudges it with all his might.

The door swings shut.

Claymore jumps on the stool and thuds a PAW to the sliding lock.

It seals shut.

The DOG WARDEN runs to the locked door, peers through the window in it.

INSIDE - VET SURGERY - CONTINUOUS

The DOG WARDEN slams a hand to his hip but his keys aren't there. He slaps his forehead.

INSIDE - POUND - MOMENTS LATER

Claymore scoots the wheeled stool past the Dog Warden's desk.

INSERT SHOT of his keys there on a Bart Simpson key ring next to his half eaten sandwich.

INSIDE - POUND - CELLS - MOMENTS LATER

Claymore has the stool balanced outside Charles' cell door.

He jumps up on it and thumps a PAW to the electronic BUZZER sealing him inside.

The door flips open and Charles walks out into freedom.

CHARLES

You go, son. I'll release the others.

Claymore glances at them.

SILKY TERRIER

Go. Go, on. Run a muck.

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA

Be safe.

BULLDOG

I concur. Don't get run over. And stay out of the streets.

CHARLES

Steer clear of stray dogs.

CLAYMORE  
I will. Thanks.

Claymore dashes from the cells.

INSIDE - POUND - FRONT

Claymore hops on the Dog Warden's chair then onto his desk, pauses and steals the ham from the sandwich then boosts himself out the window.

OUTSIDE - POUND - NIGHT

Claymore falls from the window into a puff of grass.

He shakes himself free then runs off.

He stops to cross a street.

Sees the SILKY TERRIER fly out the window...

SILKY TERRIER  
Wwwweeee!

...followed by the somersaulting CHIHUAHUA...

FEMALE CHIHUAHUA  
Geronimo!!

...and then the BULLDOG...

BULLDOG  
Oh this is going to hurt!

...who just thuds into the grass. Splayed.

Obviously Charles has snagged their fur and tossed them out.

Charles manages to jump out himself.

Pauses to nod at Claymore.

They all run off in separate directions.

Claymore crosses the street and a few miles away the city lights of London twinkle him onward.

OUTSIDE - ALLEYWAY - DAWN

Claymore ambles down. Shivers.

The back of a RESTAURANT.

Down further.

A PIT BULL GROWLS.

A PIGEON COO'S anxiously.

The PIT BULL has the PIGEON cornered against the wall.

Claymore runs over to inspect.

CLAYMORE

Hi. Do you know where Station  
Road is?

The PIT BULL spins on him, SNARLS.

PIT BULL

Back off! This one's my  
breakfast!

Claymore sees the cowering PIGEON. He has one club foot and hobbles about but the PIT BULL blocks his escape.

PIGEON/ALEXANDER

I do. I know where it is.

PIT BULL

(to Pigeon)  
Shut up! May not be McDonald's  
but sure gonna be tasty.

CLAYMORE

Hey. He's really scared. Leave  
him alone.

The PIT BULL throws out a back leg and kicks Claymore away.

Claymore rolls.

Shakes himself off.

Sucks in a brave breath.

Charges for the PIT BULL.

The puppy's razor teeth latch onto the PIT BULL'S rear leg.

The dog YELPS.

Claymore drags him flat to his belly.

The PIT BULL shakes him off.

Is about to attack him when a DOBERMAN strides toward them leading a BLACK LABRADOR.

DOBERMAN  
Pickin' on the little ones again.

PIT BULL  
It's my breakfast not his.

CLAYMORE  
I don't wanna eat him.

The BLACK LABRADOR circles behind Claymore.

BLACK LABRADOR  
What we got 'ere then?

DOBERMAN  
He's just a nipper.

BLACK LABRADOR  
Smells even worse than us.

CLAYMORE  
Oh, yeah. Sorry 'bout that.  
What's your name?

DOBERMAN  
Name?

CLAYMORE  
Yeah. What do they call you?

DOBERMAN  
Dunno, mate. Been on the streets  
me whole life.

The BLACK LABRADOR sniffs Claymore's butt.

Claymore twirls away from him.

CLAYMORE  
Hey.

BLACK LABRADOR  
Smells like dessert to me.

DOBERMAN  
There ain't enough meat on him to  
put on a cracker.

BLACK LABRADOR  
He'll do me, then. I could gnaw  
them legs for a good ol' while.

Claymore's backed into a corner.

BLACK LABRADOR  
Mmmm. Paw lickin' good.

PIT BULL  
I told'cha. He's mine.

The PIT BULL snaps at the BLACK LABRADOR then bares his fangs at Claymore.

Claymore parries a SNAP from the PIT BULL and runs for the PIGEON.

CLAYMORE  
(to Pigeon)  
Quick! Grab on.

Claymore runs past him and the PIGEON hooks his good claw onto Claymore's nape.

Claymore runs him down the alleyway.

Passes.

A large DUMPSTER overflowing with bags.

The three DOGS give chase.

Get tangled up in one another's legs as they vie for first place.

They all tumble into the DUMPSTER and garbage bags.

Split them open.

The PIT BULL pauses the chase when he catches scent of the DUMPSTER.

PIT BULL  
Mmmm. Scraps.

He claws open a bag and starts to snack on the innards.

Claymore reaches the alleyway entrance.

The PIGEON releases his grip and drops down beside him.

They watch as the three Strays lap up the spilt garbage.

PIGEON/ALEXANDER  
Thank you.

CLAYMORE  
My name's Claymore.

ALEXANDER  
Alexander.

CLAYMORE  
What's the matter with your foot?

ALEXANDER  
Ah this old thing. Birth defect  
I'm afraid. Kicked out of the  
nest. Had a fine time of it years  
ago in Trafalgar Square but now  
I'm destined to roam the streets  
in search of scraps...That was  
quite a brave thing you just did.  
What's a young pup like you doing  
out here all alone?

CLAYMORE  
I'm looking for my brothers.

ALEXANDER  
Your brothers?

OUTSIDE - DOWN THE ALLEY

A BUSBOY comes out of the restaurant waving a broom at the  
Stray dogs.

They BARK at him but he YELLS at them and waves the broom  
as a weapon.

The three strays run for the alley entrance.

Straight for Claymore and Alexander.

ALEXANDER  
Follow me, kiddo.

Alexander takes a few wobbly steps then spreads his wings  
for flight.

Claymore trots along underneath him until they're safely  
clear of the alleyway.

The three Strays bolt out into the street and run off while  
bumping and nudging each other.

CLAYMORE  
My brothers got taken to the  
Guide Dog School on Station Road.  
You said you know where it is?

ALEXANDER  
Allow me to show you.

Alexander remains ten feet above him.

The pair fly/run through the streets of London.

Turning CORNER after CORNER.

Claymore dodges trees, lamp posts, people's jogging legs,  
all to keep Alexander within sight.

They turn a final corner.

Alexander looks down on Claymore running underneath him.

ALEXANDER  
Just up ahead.

CLAYMORE  
Hey. Watch...

Alexander slams into a tree planted in the pavement and  
sinks to his butt outside a high wall.

CLAYMORE  
...out!

Alexander wobbles to stand up, shakes, twists his neck.  
Nods at the huge metal gates.

ALEXANDER  
There you go. Right through those  
gates.

CLAYMORE  
Cool. Thanks. You okay.

ALEXANDER  
I won't forget your help, little  
pup. You need my help. All the  
birds have heard of me. Tell them  
you're looking for Alexander.

CLAYMORE  
I will. Thanks.

ALEXANDER  
Bye. And good luck.

Alexander flies off.

Claymore ducks behind a post as the metal gates of the  
Guide Dog Training Centre open and a van enters.

*Mansfield Estate*

Written on the side of the van.

Claymore ducks through the gates before they close and runs after the van to the rear of the school.

OUTSIDE - REAR OF SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Claymore sees a MAN hop out of the van and enter the school.

Claymore runs around the building until he sees an open window underneath a bench.

Claymore runs to the bench beneath the window, scrambles up and rests his front paws on the back-rest and peers through an open the window.

PUPPIES.

Excellent pedigrees.

Claymore YAPS at them but they pay him no attention.

CLAYMORE  
Hey! Hey! Over here!

The PUPPIES continue.

Suddenly a YELLOW LABRADOR'S face fills the window.

YELLOW LABRADOR  
They won't answer you. They're being trained not to. Whom are you seeking, little fellow?

CLAYMORE  
My brothers. Mountbatten, Wellington, Nelson and Cromwell.

YELLOW LABRADOR  
You're in luck. They were just here for orientation. They're all being moved to their foster home. Luckily some human took them as a group. Owns a big estate outside the city.

CLAYMORE  
Estate?

YELLOW LABRADOR

I believe the gentleman's name is  
Mansfield. Ah. There they go now.

Claymore lowers to see the Mansfield Estate van drive out  
of the school gates.

CLAYMORE

Thanks.

He jumps down and sprints after the van.

Just manages to scrape through the gates before they seal  
him inside forever.

OUTSIDE - STREET

Claymore bolts down the street after the van.

He skids round a corner, paws getting a grip and he's off  
again.

He runs through people...

CLAYMORE

Coming through. 'Cuse me. 'Cuse  
me. Coming through.

The humans jump and moan as he weaves in and out of them.

He runs across a street, avoids being hit by a taxi.

Dodges traffic.

Runs under a truck.

Sees the van turn a corner.

When Claymore rounds the same bend a fire burns in an  
apartment block on the lower floor.

Claymore runs toward the FIRE TRUCKS and FIREMEN trying to  
extinguish the blaze.

Claymore sees the van paused at a set of traffic lights,  
increases his pace.

A YOUNG MOTHER runs over to a FIREMAN with a grocery bag.

YOUNG MOTHER

What happened? My baby! My baby's  
in there!

FIREMAN JOHN

What?

YOUNG MOTHER

I only stepped out for a few minutes to go to the shop. My baby! She's still in there.

Claymore skids to a halt.

He looks from the motionless van to the wailing YOUNG MOTHER.

The light turns GREEN.

The van takes off.

Claymore sprints back to the YOUNG MOTHER.

Paws at her thighs, inhales her scent and dashes into the burning downstairs flat.

FIREMAN JOHN

Hey! Where's that dog going?

INSIDE - BURNING FLAT

Claymore runs in.

Flames eat the doors and walls.

He coughs, slinks low on his belly, and crab crawls the floor.

A piece of ceiling buckles and plaster crashes down behind him.

He makes it into the burning living room.

Sees the BABY GIRL in her cot behind the sofa.

Standing up, holding the bars, crying.

Flames dance closer to the cot.

Claymore bounds onto the sofa.

CLAYMORE

Stand back, little one.

The BABY GIRL flops to her butt when Claymore BARKS.

Claymore leaps from the back of the sofa onto the latch that releases the cot gate.

His PAW slams down on it and the gate jerks down.

Claymore hits the floor and rolls.

Almost into a wall of flames.

He shakes himself off.

The BABY GIRL crawls out of the cot.

Claymore bolts back to the sofa.

She's within reach so he nips onto her jumpsuit and drags her from the cot, over the back of the sofa and they both tumble and hit the cushions.

Claymore nudges two pillows off the sofa as the cot catches fire.

They hit the floor.

He nuzzles the BABY GIRL and SNOUTS her roll off the couch and she bounces onto the two pillows on the floor.

She must enjoy it because she stops crying and giggles in glee.

Claymore runs to her aide and drags her by the hood of the jumpsuit out into the hallway.

He pants.

The front door is now engulfed in flames.

There's no way out.

Suddenly WATER gushes in.

The flames die.

FIREMAN JOHN wields a HOSE and sprays the doorway clear of danger.

Claymore's up, drags the BABY GIRL toward the door.

He reaches the front step and releases her.

She giggles, rolls into a sitting position and pats his head.

FIREMAN JOHN scoops the Baby up and passes her to her thankful mother.

Claymore's covered in soot, wet from head to tail.

Looks up at FIREMAN JOHN.

FIREMAN JOHN  
Well I'll be a monkey's Uncle.  
You're one hell of a brave little  
fella aren't'cha.

FIREMAN JOHN points down at him.

FIREMAN  
I got a mate you should  
definitely meet.

CLAYMORE  
Actually I'd just like to get to  
Mansfield Estate.

FIREMAN JOHN collects Claymore and ruffles his head.

FIREMAN JOHN  
Let's get you cleaned up a bit.

INSIDE - FIRE STATION - NIGHT

Claymore, washed clean and dry, laps at a bowl of water.

FIREMAN JOHN leads STEVE into the room.

Steve wears the overalls of a POLICE DOG TRAINER.

FIREMAN JOHN  
This is the one I was telling you  
about.

Claymore stops drinking, waters drips from his mouth, licks  
his lips.

FIREMAN JOHN  
Now I know he's not much to look  
at...but brave. Brave and smart.

STEVE  
Brave and smart are two different  
things.

CLAYMORE  
I can read...

STEVE  
I need smart.

CLAYMORE  
Smart. Okay. Um. Two times two is  
four. Um.

(MORE)

CLAYMORE (cont'd)  
If a train left Paddington  
station doing fifty miles per  
hour and made three stops...

Steve blocks his ears because Claymore talking is only  
annoying YAPPING to humans.

STEVE  
Does he always make that racket?

FIREMAN JOHN  
Dunno. Maybe he's pleased to see  
ya...  
(to Claymore)  
Quiet!

Claymore stops. Sits.

STEVE  
Okay. I'll take him.

CLAYMORE  
To Mansfield Estate?

STEVE  
Let's go.

Steve walks off.

Claymore glances to Fireman John.

FIREMAN JOHN  
Off ya go, fella. Steve'll take  
good care of ya.

Claymore follows Steve from the station.

INSIDE - STEVE'S HOME - NIGHT

Steve sits at a desk in front of his computer.

Claymore sits on the floor, stares up at him.

Steve pauses his typing and glances down at him.

STEVE  
Suppose I should give you a name.  
How 'bout...Buddy.

CLAYMORE  
That's awful.

STEVE  
Don't like that huh. Okay. Um.  
Basil. After Basil Fawlty.

CLAYMORE  
You humans are so original and  
creative.

STEVE  
Here Basil.

Claymore lies on his belly and covers his ears with his  
paws.

STEVE  
Don't like that one either huh.  
Okay smart guy...

PHONE RINGS

Steve stands to answer it.

STEVE  
You come up with something then.

Claymore watches Steve move to the corner of the room and  
answer the phone.

He hops up into Steve's chair and stares at the computer  
monitor and keyboard.

MOMENTS LATER

Phone call has ended.

Steve retains his desk chair.

Frowns.

Looks from the monitor to Claymore sitting on the floor.

COMPUTER MONITOR

One word typed onto the screen

*Claymore*

STEVE  
Well I'll be. You do this?  
Claymore. That's your name?

Claymore goes ballistic with YAPS, spins in a circle, wags  
his tail.

STEVE

Okay, okay, calm down. Claymore it is...Come with me. I need to show you something.

INSIDE - BACK DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Claymore follows Steve into the back room.

Steve nudges a cat flap with his shoe.

STEVE

You need to pee or poo. Use this, okay.

Claymore YAPS.

STEVE

Enough! If you're gonna work with me you have to be able to understand and obey my commands. One bark for yes. Two for no. Understand?

Claymore BARKS once. Sits.

STEVE

Excellent. So. If you need to pee or poo you don't do it inside you use the cat flap, or in this case 'cause the previous owners had a cat but I don't - the dog flap. Understand?

Claymore BARKS once.

STEVE

Excellent.

Steve leaves the room.

Claymore follows at a slower pace.

CLAYMORE

Work? What type or work?

OUTSIDE - POLICE DOG TRAINING CAMP - DAY

Fake explosions go off.

Larger DOGS work the obstacle course.

A GERMAN SHEPHERD climbs a ladder leaning under a window twenty feet up.

A COCKER SPANIEL is in a bag as his TRAINER abseils down a wall.

Claymore sits, awestruck, eyes wide, mouth open, taking it all in.

CLAYMORE  
I'm gonna be James Bond.

STEVE  
Stay here, boy. I'll be back in a minute.

Steve goes to converse with a bunch of other POLICE DOG HANDLERS.

Another GERMAN SHEPHERD, FRITZ, wanders over high and proud. Stands next to Claymore. Towers above him.

FRITZ  
(in German)  
You have to pass rigorous tests to even qualify, yes.

CLAYMORE  
Pardon?

Two more GERMAN SHEPHERDS wander past.

POLICE GERMAN SHEPHERD 1  
Speak English to him, Sarge.

POLICE GERMAN SHEPHERD 2  
Yeah, Sarge. Give the nipper a break.

They continue on.

Claymore glances up at FRITZ.

CLAYMORE  
Is your name Sheeba. No no. Um. Sasha.

Fritz glowers down at him.

FRITZ  
My name is Sergeant Fritz Peterson.

CLAYMORE  
Wow. You have a last name.

FRITZ  
Here we take the last name of our  
Handlers. What's your name,  
Trainee?

CLAYMORE  
Claymore, sir.

FRITZ  
Don't sir me. I work for a  
living!

CLAYMORE  
Sorry. Touchy.

Fritz huffs impatiently.

FRITZ  
Your name is Claymore Curtis.

CLAYMORE  
Steve's last name is Curtis.

FRITZ  
Obviously. Why would I mention it  
otherwise. Well. Let's see what  
you can do.

CLAYMORE  
Pardon?

FRITZ  
Run the Course.

Claymore looks beyond.

The course consists of -

A wooden walkway ramp.

A net wall.

A water hazard.

A dozen plastic poles to weave through.

All finished off with a long dark tunnel with a heavy  
material cloth as a tail.

A COCKER SPANIEL comes over and sniffs Claymore's butt.

CLAYMORE  
Hey! Hey! Get away!

FRITZ

Don't worry about, Sam. He's a sniffer dog.

SAM

Hiya. You stink.

CLAYMORE

Thanks.

FRITZ

So. What're you waiting for? Go.

Claymore takes a breath.

Runs for the wooden balance ramp.

All the other dogs stop to watch.

He edges up the ramp, comes to the level part.

He trots along and slips, splays out.

The other DOGS all wince and moan in pain for him.

SAM

That's gotta hurt.

POLICE GERMAN SHEPHERD 2

He's crushed his bean bag.

CLAYMORE

Ouch! Hurt my gentleman's region.

He claws his way back up and limps on.

Runs down the other side.

He jumps at the net wall, claws his way up, gets in a tangle, GROWLS with it like its a toy, breaks free.

Runs for the water hazard.

Misjudges the jump and lands in with a SPLASH.

The other DOGS all laugh.

Fritz covers his eyes with a paw.

Claymore scampers free of the water, shakes himself off.

He starts to weave through the plastic poles but they wobble and whip his butt as he passes.

CLAYMORE

Ouch. Ouch. Ouch.

Makes it clear then runs for the tunnel.

He pauses before entrance.

Looks back and Fritz nods him on.

Claymore creeps warily into the tunnel. Scared.

He crawls in.

NOISES of a THUNDERING TRAIN, MEN'S VOICES, BULLETS FIRED AT HIM, haunt him.

TUNNEL

Claymore glances down the tunnel to the heavy material.

He eases forward, sniffs the material, starts to crawl through and it engulfs him.

Wraps around him, suffocates him.

FLASHBACK

Claymore trapped inside the pillow case at the bottom of the stream.

INSIDE - TUNNEL MATERIAL

Claymore SCREAMS, YELPS, panics, tries to roll out of the material but can't.

He just stops, closes his eyes, lies flat, shivers, covers his face with his paws and WHIMPERS. Cries for help.

CLAYMORE

I can't move. I can't move.

OUTSIDE

Fritz and Sam run to the opposite end of the tunnel.

SAM

Come on, kid. This way. It's not far. You gotta run through that bit so you don't get trapped. Get up and run!

CLAYMORE

I can't move.

SAM  
(to Fritz)  
He's frozen, Sarge. Anxiety  
attack.

FRITZ  
Move it, Trainee. Now!

CLAYMORE  
(cries)  
I can't. I can't.

Fritz runs around to the opposite end.

TUNNEL

He scoots inside and nips Claymore on the butt.

Claymore wakes and shoots out the other end of the tunnel  
material -

OUTSIDE

- right into Steve's waiting arms.

Steve cuddles him.

STEVE  
See you're getting an early  
start...

Claymore quivers.

STEVE  
Jeez. You're really shaking.  
(to Fritz)  
What did you do, Fritz?

FRITZ  
I just spurred him on.

The other HUMAN DOG HANDLERS come to Steve.

DOG HANDLER MIKE  
Got an ugly bundle of joy there.

DOG HANDLER DAN  
Yeah a real star. And a looker  
too.

STEVE  
Give 'im a break guys.

Steve carries Claymore away.

Claymore buries his head into Steve, pules some more.

OUTSIDE - POLICE DOG TRAINING CAMP - FEW DAYS LATER

Dogs run the obstacle course.

Claymore waits his turn.

Fritz finishes the course and sits at the end.

Claymore looks at Steve next to him.

STEVE

I'll be right by your side the  
whole way, don't worry.

DOG HANDLER MIKE starts a stop watch.

DOG HANDLER MIKE

Go!

Claymore runs up the wooden ramp.

Steve runs alongside him, eggs him on, *go boy, that'a boy  
etc*

Claymore makes it across unscathed.

Scales and rolls over the net wall.

The DOGS all cheer.

Times his jump to perfection and sails across the water  
hazard.

Weaves in and out of the plastic poles without complaint.

Takes a huge breath and SNARLS at the tunnel.

He bursts in...

TUNNEL

Makes it half way through then the THUNDERING TRAIN, MEN'S  
VOICES and BULLETS fired at him.

He sucks in a breath and runs for the material.

But his paw gets snagged and he tumbles into the material  
and it engulfs him again.

OUTSIDE

Steve lowers at the other end, lifts the material to look inside.

Claymore has his paws over his face.

Mike and Dan join Steve.

DOG HANDLER DAN  
Where is he?

STEVE  
Still inside.

DOG HANDLER MIKE  
Scared.

Steve puts his head into the material.

STEVE  
Claymore. Come on, boy. It's  
okay. Nothing's gonna hurt'cha.  
No one's gonna hurt'cha here.

Claymore WHIMPERS, painful, emotional cries.

STEVE  
I'm going in to get him.

DOG HANDLER MIKE  
I got a better idea. Fritz. In ya  
go.

Fritz runs around and dashes into the tunnel.

TUNNEL

Fritz stops short of nipping Claymore's butt.

He lies down next to him.

FRITZ  
Hey Trainee. Look at me.

Claymore can't.

CLAYMORE  
I don't wanna be here. I wanna  
find my brothers.

FRITZ  
(stern)  
There ain't no going home. This  
ain't no game, youngster. You  
really wanna find your brothers?

CLAYMORE

Yeah.

FRITZ

You pass this course you get to help a lot of people. You do good here you might even get to that Estate.

CLAYMORE

Really?

FRITZ

You trust your Handler Steve and he trusts you - you develop a kind of unspoken connection with them. But you gotta work hard. You gotta smarten up and realize if you do good here you can get everything in life you ever wanted. And that includes seein' your brothers again.

Claymore peers at the end of the material to look at Steve's smiling face.

CLAYMORE

I can't move.

FRITZ

Then quit. Go grab a ball and go play. Sleep all day. One meal from a tin. One walk if you're lucky. Play with a ball and that's all you've got to look forward to in life. Then they go on holidays and leave you behind to watch the house or worse even, put you in a kennel.

Claymore looks at him.

FRITZ

Or you could have this life. It's exciting and challenging and you get to go places other dogs only dream of. But first. First - you have to conquer your fears and run out of this tunnel. What's it gonna be, Trainee?

Claymore sucks in a manly breath, lifts himself up.

He takes few tentative steps then lowers, WHIMPERS.

CLAYMORE

I can't.

Fritz grabs him by his collar and tosses him down the material.

Claymore bursts out the end.

FRITZ

Fine. It'll be our secret.

OUTSIDE

All the other DOGS CHEER.

Fritz walks from the material and sits.

Claymore's scooped up by Steve and appraised with cuddles.

Claymore looks down on Fritz who winks up at him.

INSIDE - TRAINING BUILDING - WEEKS LATER

A training facility.

A make-shift house.

Claymore sniffs the floor, along the skirting boards, comes to a door, sniffs, continues on past.

He comes to another room.

Picks up the scent and enters.

His snout scoots along the floor until he reaches a wardrobe.

Steve stands in the entrance to the room, watches.

Claymore scratches the door three or four times with a BARK then sits.

Steve comes in and opens the wardrobe door.

DOG TRAINER MIKE comes out of the wardrobe.

DOG HANDLER MIKE

He's getting good.

Claymore's handed a treat by Steve.

He gobbles it down as Steve rubs him behind the ears.

INSIDE - STEVE'S VAN/MOVING - DAYS LATER

Claymore sits in the back in the caged area.

He peers out the window.

Sees a BLIND MAN being guided along the street by a GUIDE DOG.

Sadness crosses Claymore's face and he WHINES.

STEVE  
What's up, boy?

Steve follows his view to the GUIDE DOG.

STEVE  
Hard workers they are.

Claymore just watches the dog the whole way until Steve's van passes then he runs to the back window to observe.

INSIDE - TRAINING HOUSE - WEEKS LATER

Claymore runs the house, sniffing everything.

He enters the BEDROOM and jumps onto the bed.

Sniffs the pillows.

Looks this way and that.

He goes to a set of drawers, latches onto the lower drawer knob with his teeth and tugs the drawer out.

He scratches through the clothes and BARKS.

His teeth gently removes a small plastic bag and he carries it then dumps it at Steve's feet in the doorway.

STEVE  
Passed with flying colors again.

Claymore sits, smiles up at him.

Steve ticks off a page on a clipboard.

OUTSIDE - STREET - DAY

Steve wanders with Claymore keeping pace.

Ignoring all the people who scowl down on him in his POLICE TRAINEE overcoat.

The same SCOTTISH TERRIER from the park passes by on a leash, lead by his owner.

Wears the same Tartan coat.

He giggles up at Claymore.

SCOTTISH TERRIER  
Oi, copper. Nice coat.

CLAYMORE  
Thank you very much.

Steve stops at the kerb.

Peers down at Claymore sitting beside him.

They wait for the traffic lights to change and the walk signal.

STEVE  
Claymore. Run into traffic.

Claymore frowns up at him.

STEVE  
I want you to run into traffic.  
Right now!

Claymore remains rigid.

Steve hands him some kibble from his pocket.

STEVE  
That's a good, boy. You know when  
to ignore bad commands.

He rubs him behind his ears.

A van passes with *Mansfield Estate* etched onto the side.

Claymore perks.

BARKS.

STEVE  
What is it?

Suddenly Claymore runs out into the street.

CAR HORNS erupt, swerve.

Claymore chases the van.

It pauses at a set of traffic lights a hundred yards away.

Claymore jumps up at the driver's door.

The DRIVER SHRIEKS surprise.

Steve comes to Claymore and drags him down by the collar.

STEVE  
You know this van, boy?

Claymore BARKS once.

Steve leans to the DRIVER.

STEVE  
My dog seems to know this van,  
sir. Have you ever seen him  
before?

DRIVER  
No, sir.

STEVE  
You sure?

DRIVER  
I think I'd remember him.

CLAYMORE  
My brothers. Where are my  
brothers?

AN OLDER GUIDE DOG peeks out from the backseat and looks  
down at Claymore.

OLDER GUIDE DOG  
How may I be of assistance?

CLAYMORE  
My brothers. I'm looking for  
Mountbatten, Wellington, Nelson  
and Cromwell.

OLDER GUIDE DOG  
Aye. I know them. Fine specimens.  
They're at the Estate. Doing  
extremely well.

CLAYMORE  
Can I see them?

OLDER GUIDE DOG  
No, lad. They will be returning  
to the School in just under a  
year for further training.

CLAYMORE  
A year? Isn't that like seven  
years?

OLDER GUIDE DOG  
It passes quickly. Whom shall I  
say was asking after them?

CLAYMORE  
Their brother. Claymore.

OLDER GUIDE DOG  
It'll be my pleasure.

The Van drives off.

Claymore watches it go, a little sad.

Then follows Steve back to the kerb and they continue their  
walk.

OUTSIDE - POLICE DOG TRAINING CAMP - NEXT DAY

Claymore sits against a wall, his food untouched. He's sad.

FRITZ walks past.

FRITZ  
Morning, kid.

Nothing.

Fritz goes back to Claymore.

FRITZ  
Problem, Trainee?

Claymore looks his way, a tear falls.

CLAYMORE  
I wanted to find my brothers but  
I was told it would take another  
year. That's like - seven years.

FRITZ  
So?

CLAYMORE  
So what if my dad moves on before  
I get to find out where he lives?

FRITZ  
And your brothers know where to  
find your dad?

CLAYMORE  
Cromwell does.

FRITZ  
(sits)  
I know the feeling, kid. I was abandoned by my family as a pup. The humans split us up. I spent years looking for them.

CLAYMORE  
What made you stop?

FRITZ  
It's not our fault. It's the humans. They move around a lot. One day I just decided...I decided to devote myself to something larger than my petty quibbles. Then I discovered something. The humans I served gave me a better life. It gave me something else to devote my life to. So I didn't sit around moping and wasting my life --

CLAYMORE  
I don't really belong here. I don't belong anywhere. This was all an accident. Being here.

FRITZ  
If you become good at something you gain self approval. It doesn't matter what others think of you - only how you think of yourself.

CLAYMORE  
I'm not good at anything. I still can't even make it through the tunnel.

FRITZ  
I've seen you improve. And you've certainly bypassed Steve's expectations. Bury this quest of yours and live your life before it's too late. Things will happen when the time is right.

Fritz wanders off and leaves Claymore to register his words. He pauses and looks back at Claymore.

FRITZ  
Oh, kid. Make no mistake. You are  
good at this.

TITLE

*ONE (HUMAN) YEAR LATER*

TV SCREEN

In a store window being watched by people.

Claymore, older, still not the prettiest specimen, has a medal dangled around his neck.

A SHOT of HEATHROW AIRPORT.

Men in handcuffs being led away by Police.

BOMB DISPOSAL VAN at the kerb.

Steve shakes hands with the POLICE COMMISSIONER and is handed a medal and a plaque.

The people outside the store wander off.

One lone viewer remains.

ALEXANDER the PIGEON stares at the TV.

ALEXANDER  
Found you.

INSIDE - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Claymore wears his jacket proudly as his snout scoots over the luggage emerging from the revolving carrier.

He pauses at a BACKPACK and BARKS once.

A HIPPIE grabs his bag and is greeted by STEVE.

HIPPIE  
Oh, man.

STEVE  
Precisely. Come with me, please,  
sir.

HIPPIE  
(to Claymore)  
You rat.

Steve leads the Hippie away.

Claymore follows him and sits outside the office.

Claymore's old trainee chum, SAM, the COCKER SPANIEL, passes with DOG HANDLER MIKE.

Mike enters the office.

SAM pauses next to Claymore.

SAM  
Been looking all over for ya,  
pal.

CLAYMORE  
What's up?

SAM  
Word on the street is your  
brother's have been trying to  
reach you.

CLAYMORE  
Where'd you hear that?

SAM  
Some gamy pigeon with a club foot  
named Alexander has been  
spreading it around to every dog  
he sees. Says they need to see  
you at the Guide Dog School A-S-A-  
P.

CLAYMORE  
They okay?

SAM  
Dunno, pal.

INSIDE - STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Claymore lies on the floor by Steve's bed.

SNORING starts.

Claymore lifts himself up, peers at a sleeping Steve then leaves the room.

INSIDE - BACK DOOR

Claymore squeezes through the cat flap.

OUTSIDE - STREETS - NIGHT

Claymore runs.

OUTSIDE - GUIDE DOG SCHOOL - NIGHT

Claymore wanders up to the gates.

Starts a low HOWL.

INSIDE - GUIDE DOG SCHOOL

All the DOGS in the KENNEL perk.

Their ears twitch.

Three of the brothers, now older, WELLINGTON, MOUNTBATTEN and NELSON stand.

WELLINGTON

There's only one dog that sounds that bad.

NELSON

Please. Make him stop. My ears. My ears.

MOUNTBATTEN

He's at the front gate...Nelson. You get the door I'll handle the front gate.

OUTSIDE - FRONT GATE

Claymore stops his howling when he sees the front gate electronically open.

WELLINGTON, MOUNTBATTEN and NELSON run to him.

CLAYMORE

Hi guys!

MOUNTBATTEN

We saw you on the television.

WELLINGTON

A Police Officer, yes?

CLAYMORE

Yeah.

NELSON

A sniffer dog, right?

CLAYMORE

Yes.

MOUNTBATTEN

Good...We received word from some pups who just arrived from back home...Mother has gone missing.

CLAYMORE

What?

MOUNTBATTEN

A pheasant that lives nearby on that old man's estate. His name is Clive. Says he knows you. He told the pups that he saw a picture of mother on a telegraph pole with the word *Missing* on it.

Claymore takes this in, glances around.

CLAYMORE

Where's Cromwell?

They all seem to cower, circle, avoid his look.

NELSON

Tell him.

WELLINGTON

Cromwell didn't work out. He did fine at the Mansfield Estate but when we returned here last week. He caused a bit of a ruckus with another pooch. Went totally insane. He was dismissed from the training program for being too temperamental.

CLAYMORE

So where is he?

OUTSIDE - HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT

MOUNTBATTEN and NELSON wait at the kerb.

WELLINGTON leads CLAYMORE to a window on the ground level.

Wellington nods him on.

Claymore front paws the window sill and peers inside.

INSIDE - HOUSE

An older, chubbier, CROMWELL, lies on the living room carpet.

The house is a disgusting mess.

Beer bottles everywhere. A full sink of dishes. Four kids under ten with dirty faces.

A beer swilling husband scratches his fat belly on the sofa.

OUTSIDE

Claymore lowers from the window sill and returns to his brothers at the kerb.

CLAYMORE

We have to get him out of there.

WELLINGTON

Why do you care?

CLAYMORE

Because he's my brother.

Claymore runs to the front door and starts to BARK and HOWL then runs to join his brothers in the bushes.

The FRONT DOOR rockets open and the FAT MAN stands there. Cromwell next to him.

FAT MAN

What the hell is going...?

The FAT MAN kicks Cromwell out.

FAT MAN

Go take care of it. What're you good for.

The FRONT DOOR SLAMS.

Cromwell comes down into the front yard.

Wellington, Mountbatten and Nelson burst from the bushes.

NELSON

Surprise!

CROMWELL

What're you guys doing here?

Claymore comes into view last.

CROMWELL

And what's that genetic malfunction doing here?

CLAYMORE  
Did you hear about mama?

CROMWELL  
She's not your mother.

CLAYMORE  
Yes she is.

CROMWELL  
She never wanted you. That one percent of genetic filth you excreted into me has held me back my whole life.

CLAYMORE  
You held you back. Nothing else. Maybe you need to start taking some blame for your own actions.

WELLINGTON  
Guys can we put all this aside? Crom. We contacted Claymore because he's a sniffer dog. He can find mother.

CROMWELL  
We don't need him. He'll use and betray us. Just like his father did to mother.

CLAYMORE  
That's a fib.

CROMWELL  
He was a playboy alright.

CLAYMORE  
Where is he?

CROMWELL  
Dead. Died in a alleyway like a mongrel stray.

Claymore goes for him.

They tumble about in the grass.

YELPS and SNARLS, BARKS.

A real brawl.

Nip at one another.

Cromwell kicks him off then dives on him and sinks his teeth into Claymore's throat.

Shakes him.

Claymore flies through the air and hits the concrete path with a THUD.

Wellington runs to Claymore.

WELLINGTON

That looks bad.

Cromwell has a bloody mouth.

The FRONT DOOR of the house opens and the FAT MAN and his WIFE run down to the front lawn.

Mountbatten and Nelson scatter.

The FAT MAN looks from Cromwell to a motionless Claymore.

FAT MAN

You do this? Get in the house!

Cromwell stays.

The FAT MAN goes to Claymore.

Wellington bolts.

The FAT MAN inspects Claymore's collar.

FAT MAN

Jeez, luv. This is a cop dog.

WIFE

Call the number then.

FAT MAN

You want the Rozzers round 'ere.

WIFE

Say you found 'im on the corner like that. Anonymous call, like, yeah.

The FAT MAN heads back to the house.

FAT MAN

(to Cromwell)

I told you to get inside you worthless mutt.

And when Cromwell hears those words he SNARLS at the FAT MAN then runs off to follow his brothers.

FAT MAN  
Oi. Where you off too? Get back  
'ere!

OUTSIDE - DOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Wellington, Mountbatten and Nelson wait under a street light.

They all look pained.

Cromwell joins them.

CROMWELL  
Right. Let's locate mother.

He walks straight past them but they all remain, looking back at Claymore on the pavement.

The FAT MAN is on his mobile phone.

CROMWELL  
Guys?

WELLINGTON  
You really hurt him.

CROMWELL  
So what. We're together again. We stick together. He's not a pedigree. He's not like us.

WELLINGTON  
No...He's not like you.

Wellington wanders off in the other direction.

Mountbatten and Nelson follow him in silence, heads lowered.

Cromwell watches them go.

INSIDE - VETERINARY - DAY

Claymore's in a cage. Motionless. His throat bandaged.

Steve stands outside the cage with a VET.

STEVE  
Is he gonna make it?

VET

He received some deep puncture wounds to the throat. I've done what I can.

STEVE

That wasn't my question.

VET

If he makes it through the night. We'll see.

Steve peers in on Claymore.

STEVE

You hang in there, boy.

INSIDE - VETERINARY - MORNING

The VET reads the daily newspaper.

Front page HEADLINES.

*Sanford Breeding House Missing Top Dog*

Steve enters and the Vet smiles up at him.

He stands and leaves the room.

He returns with Claymore walking along side him.

STEVE

Hey boy!

Claymore wags his tail at him.

Steve lowers to pat him gently.

STEVE

Where'd you go? Why'd you run off like that?

Claymore glances at the newspaper in the Vet's hand.

Sniffs at it, BARKS.

Steve opens the paper to the front page.

STEVE

Sanford Breeding House...You wanna go here?

Claymore BARKS once.

STEVE  
Well okay then.

OUTSIDE - SANFORD BREEDING HOUSE - LATER

Jack and Helen are in the driveway with Steve.  
Claymore jumps down from the rear of Steve's van.  
Jack frowns at him.

JACK  
Well Jeepers Creepers and Jack's  
alive. Look who it is, Helen.

Helen's just as shocked.

HELEN  
Claymore!

Claymore goes to her and she pats the top of his head.

HELEN  
What happened to you?

STEVE  
Got into a bit of a scrap. He's  
okay now. Now if you'll show us  
where Beatrice slept so he can  
pick up her scent.

All the Humans enter the house.

Claymore sniffs the air and turns left toward the bushes.

All four brothers emerge and into the open.

CLAYMORE  
What're you guys doing here?

WELLINGTON  
You okay?

CLAYMORE  
Yeah. Had worse days.

NELSON  
They give you a needle. I hate  
needles.

CLAYMORE  
Yeah.

Cromwell wanders over to him.

CROMWELL  
I'm really sorry...

Claymore waits for more.

CROMWELL  
'Bout what I said *and* what I did.

CLAYMORE  
I don't want to be your enemy,  
Cromwell. Just your brother.

Steve comes to the door.

STEVE  
Come on, boy.

CLAYMORE  
(to brothers)  
Let me handle this.

CROMWELL  
You? Alone?

CLAYMORE  
This is what I do.

He runs off toward the house.

INSIDE - HOUSE

Claymore sniffs his mother's bed.

The Humans inside the room.

STEVE  
So what happened?

JACK  
I went to the shop. Helen was in church. I always leave the door open. We've never had a problem with thieves in this area. I came back and Beatrice was gone. No sign of her. That was four days ago.

Claymore nuzzles his snout deeper into the blanket.

CLAYMORE  
I know that scent.

Claymore dashes from the room.

STEVE  
He's off now. Take this...

Steve hands Jack a walkie-talkie.

STEVE  
I'll stay in touch. You follow in  
your car.

Steve bolts after Claymore.

OUTSIDE - HOUSE

Claymore bursts from the front door and runs down the  
driveway.

Straight past his brothers.

Steve hops behind the wheel of his Police van and peels off  
after Claymore.

Jack and Helen run out onto the drive to see the brothers.

JACK  
(re brothers)  
What are they doing here?

HELEN  
Must've sensed something was  
amiss.

The brothers all watch Claymore run out of the drive and  
down the road.

CROMWELL  
Well. What're we waiting for. Our  
brother might need our  
assistance.

All four of them dash off after their brother.

OUTSIDE - ROAD

Claymore sprints, pants.

Down the side of the road.

Steve drives alongside him.

OUTSIDE - DIFFERENT ROAD - FURTHER

Steve turns the van up another road.

Claymore way ahead.

OUTSIDE - GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

Claymore hauls it up the driveway.

Steve pulls the van up outside the house.

Watches Claymore sprint to the front door.

Steve handles the walkie-talkie.

STEVE

At an old mansion on Briar's  
Road.

Steve locks it back onto his hip.

Goes to the front door and KNOCKS.

BILL opens the door.

Claymore GROWLS at him before Bill even gets a look at him  
then runs inside.

BILL

What's going on?

STEVE

Police, sir.

INSIDE - GEORGE'S HOUSE

Claymore sniffs his way down to the basement.

CLAYMORE

Mama! Mama where are you?

He has to go down a dark passageway.

Claymore swallows, sucks in a brave breath.

Takes the stairs down into the bowels of the house.

BASEMENT

A RUMBLING causes him to freeze but when he hits solid  
ground he sees the BOILER has kicked in.

He sighs.

Claymore nudges open the basement door.

Darkness.

He can make out a lot of chemistry equipment.

He sneaks in.

CLAYMORE

Mama?

The BUBBLING of BEAKERS makes him think of BULLETS being fired at him when the WATER POPS.

He flinches.

A WHIMPER comes from a covered cage in the corner.

CLAYMORE

Mama?

BEATRICE

I'm in here!

Claymore slinks under the long material cover of the cage.

INSIDE COVER

Crawls on his belly.

Terrified.

He pauses, trembles, covers his face with his paws.

He starts to cry.

BEATRICE

Who's out there?

CLAYMORE

Mama!

BEATRICE

Claymore? Claymore is that you?  
I'm here!

Claymore sucks in a breath.

One baby paw at a time, eases himself along the floor under the cover.

Glances all around himself.

His crawling has dragged the cover off the cage and he's now engulfed by it.

He struggles, wriggles, tries to break free, cries.

BEATRICE  
I'm here! Claymore! Help  
me...Son.

Claymore's ears perk at that one word *Son*.

Suddenly he's alive and well.

He attacks the cover, wriggles, bursts out to see Beatrice inside the metal cage.

Claymore runs to her.

CLAYMORE  
Mama! Mama! Are you okay?

Claymore BARKS non-stop until Steve runs into the room, flicks on a LIGHT.

Steve releases Beatrice from the cage.

OUTSIDE - GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

Bill's hands are cuffed behind his back by Steve and he's lowered to the front step.

Jack comes over to Bill.

JACK  
Why?

BILL  
I wanted her genes. To breed the  
perfect pedigree.

Bill glances over at Claymore sitting in the middle of the driveway staring at him while his brothers crowd Beatrice in the BG.

BILL  
That dog looks familiar.

JACK  
He was the one you gave your dad  
to look after...What did you do  
with him?

Steve lifts Bill to his feet and walks him toward the Police Van.

Beatrice comes to Claymore.

BEATRICE  
Claymore.

CLAYMORE  
One second, mama.

Claymore runs over to Bill and takes a bite of his ankle.

Bill YELPS.

BILL  
Get him away from me!

Claymore BARKS, SNARLS, wants to rip him to bits.

Steve just holds Bill steady in front of the raging dog.

STEVE  
He really doesn't like you. You  
knew him as a pup you say. Maybe  
I should let you two sort it out  
in the back of the van...  
(to Claymore)  
How 'bout that, boy. You want  
some time alone with him.

Claymore BARKS.

CLAYMORE  
Yes yes yes.

Steve smiles.

STEVE  
(to Bill)  
I'm going to show you the  
kindness you failed to show him.

Steve puts Bill in the front seat and shuts the door.

Claymore calms.

Steve pats his head and Claymore licks his fingers.

STEVE  
I know, buddy. I know.

Jack comes to Steve.

STEVE  
(re Cromwell)  
What's with the chubby one?

JACK  
He was dismissed from the Guide  
School. Temperamental problems.

STEVE

Really. Could make a good riot dog.

JACK

I've gotta take these guys back to the Guide Dog School before they find out something's up and they all lose their place.

Steve and Jack watch as the dogs all snuggle together.

STEVE

Looks like they get on.

JACK

They're brothers...Step brothers.

STEVE

Maybe you could take them home. Let them all have some time together first. I'm gonna process this guy. I'll pick Claymore up tomorrow.

JACK

Okay, sure. Thanks.

They shake hands.

STEVE

(re Claymore)  
Thank him.

OUTSIDE - JACK'S HOUSE - LATER

Jack opens the car door and all the dogs jump out.

Wellington, Mountbatten and Nelson run off to play a bit.

Cromwell stays by Claymore's side.

Claymore looks at him.

CLAYMORE

Y'know. Just because you were dismissed by the --

CROMWELL

I don't want to think about that now.

CLAYMORE  
All I'm saying is. The Police  
have a lot of openings.

CROMWELL  
Can you see me as a Police dog?

CLAYMORE  
Could you ever see me as one?

Claymore nudges him and smiles.

Cromwell goes to his brothers and they nudge and chuckle.  
Start to relax and play like they did when they were pups.

Beatrice comes over to Claymore.

BEATRICE  
Son.

Claymore looks at her, emotional.

BEATRICE  
I'm sorry.

CLAYMORE  
It's okay, mama.

BEATRICE  
Do you still want to meet your  
father? I know where he is.

CLAYMORE  
I've made my peace with not  
knowing. I've put ugly things  
aside, mama and have lived my  
life and I feel complete. I feel  
happy.

BEATRICE  
I want to let you know. I loved  
your father.

CLAYMORE  
Fabio.

BEATRICE  
Yes. Once he was um...surgically  
stripped. He made an excellent  
Guard Dog. Awarded two medals so  
I hear.

CLAYMORE  
Where is he now?

BEATRICE

Last I heard he was looking after  
a gentleman at Sanford Retirement  
Home.

Claymore nods, non-plussed.

BEATRICE

I love you, son.

He faces her and she has a tear in her eye.

CLAYMORE

I know.

Claymore looks at his brothers having fun.

BEATRICE

Why don't you go join them.

He looks at her, smiles, nuzzles into her and she coos.

He runs off and jump tackles Wellington and they roll on  
the drive.

Mountbatten laughs.

They all bound together, frolicking about as a family.

OUTSIDE - JACK'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Claymore jumps up onto the passenger seat of Steve's van.

All the family stand by the door to watch.

WELLINGTON

Maybe we'll see you soon.

CLAYMORE

Send the word if you ever need  
me.

MOUNTBATTEN

We will. Bye brother.

Steve hops in behind the wheel and starts the engine.

BEATRICE

Good-bye.

CLAYMORE

Bye.

A Pheasant runs from the bushes being chased by a cat.

PHEASANT/CLIVE  
See ya soon, Claymore.

CLAYMORE  
Thanks Clive.

The van pulls away.

All the brothers run alongside - murmur their farewells.

INSIDE - STEVE'S VAN/MOVING

Steve drives down the street.

Claymore looks out the window.

ALEXANDER the PIGEON flies past.

ALEXANDER  
All's well that ends well.

Claymore smiles.

CLAYMORE  
Thanks Alexander.

ALEXANDER  
Keep your eyes open, kid. There's  
a lot of weirdo's out there.

CLAYMORE  
You too.

Alexander isn't watching where he's going and flies right  
into a branch.

ALEXANDER  
Ouch!

Claymore smiles, looks out the window at him on the road.

Alexander gives him a wings up.

ALEXANDER  
I'm okay.

FURTHER

A sign and a large white house.

*Sanford Retirement Home*

Claymore looks back at the sign as the car slowly passes  
it.

He looks at the floor. Smiles.

BARKS once.

STEVE  
What now, boy?

Steve brakes.

Claymore pulls the door handle and is out of the van.

He runs back toward the Home.

Steve reverses along the road and pulls into the drive of the Home.

INSIDE - RETIREMENT HOME

Steve opens the door and Claymore sniffs his way inside.

He makes it into the -

INSIDE - TV ROOM

Several older people sit in chairs watching a big screen TV.

A few other dogs lie at their feet.

Claymore comes up to an older Mongrel dog with a white stripe from head to tail.

CLAYMORE  
Dad?

FABIO looks up at him.

FABIO  
Oh, boy. You gotta be one of mine.

CLAYMORE  
I am. I'm Claymore. I'm your son.

FABIO  
You sure are pretty enough to be.

CLAYMORE  
Mama Beatrice said you might be here.

FABIO  
Aww. How is that gorgeous piece of eye candy?

Claymore giggles.

CLAYMORE  
She's good.

Claymore sits next to him.

CLAYMORE  
She said you were retired.

FABIO  
Yeah. I keep Mister Ferguson  
company now. And the benefits are  
great.

A FEMALE POODLE struts by wiggling her hips.

Fabio wolf whistles at her.

FABIO  
(to Poodle)  
Awright, darlin'.  
(to Claymore)  
How 'bout you, boy?

Claymore looks over at the door.

Steve stands there talking with a pretty female CARE  
WORKER.

FABIO  
You're a cop?

CLAYMORE  
Yes, sir.

FABIO  
Looks like the human has some  
moves of his own.

The CARE WORKER laughs at Steve's unheard comments.

FABIO  
Looks like you might be here a  
while. You wanna watch some telly  
with us? Crufts is comin' on and  
we'll get a looksee at some  
gorgeous specimens.

Claymore smiles at him.

CLAYMORE  
Sure, dad.

101.

Claymore lies by his dad's side and looks up at the television.

Smiles.

FADE OUT.