

TURNER & HOOCH

Network Draft 2
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FADE IN on Shaky 80's HOME VIDEO. A title reads "**9/4/1985 - SCOTT'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.**" An adorable baby boy, SCOTT TURNER (1) finishes a tower of blocks. He coos in triumph... and a PUPPY runs over and steals the lowest block. The tower falls. Baby Scott begins to cry. We hear his dad's voice OS...

SCOTT SR. (O.S.)
Scotty... Zingo was trying to help-

CUT TO: Early 90's video. Title: "**Little League Playoffs.**" EIGHT YEAR OLD SCOTT runs for a grounder. Just as he gets there, a DOG runs in like a rocket and snatches the ball. The video bounces as the photographer runs onto the field...

SCOTT SR. (O.C.)
Buster! Buster, no!

CUT TO: More shaky 90's video. Title: "**Summer Fun!**" A ten year old Scott eats ice cream at a party. As his little sister LAURA (3) distracts him, a dog eats the ice cream scoop. She laughs as he brings the empty cone to his mouth:

THREE YEAR OLD LAURA
Doggy ate the ice cream!

CUT TO: Late 90's video; a poster on a door reads "**SCOTT'S SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT!**"

YOUNG SCOTT (O.S.)
Presenting... THE SPACE SHUTTLE!

A hand opens the door to reveal Scott's room, COVERED with the remains of a PAPER-MACHE space shuttle; a dog is in the middle of the mess, finishing the job. There is offscreen yelling as the camera races in, chasing the dog.

CUT TO: A video titled **GRADUATION**. TEEN SCOTT (17) grins at camera as he walks through the house, wearing a cap and gown:

SCOTT
...full scholarship to Cal to study
criminal justice like my dad. But
right now it's time to CELEBRAaa...

He trails off as he sees a HALF-EATEN RUINED GRADUATION CAKE and a DOG COVERED IN FROSTING. Off the mess. FADE TO BLACK.

1 INT. SCOTT TURNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 1

IN ON an IMMACULATE San Fran apartment. The opposite of his childhood home. Peaceful, dog-free, and *Apple-store clean*.

SCOTT TURNER (35) sleeps. Self-improvement books are stacked by the bed - GETTING THINGS DONE, ORDERED LIFE/ORDERED MIND. An alarm goes off. As he rises we see the man he's become - extremely fit, extremely focused, a guy who knows who he is and what he wants.

In MONTAGE he makes his bed tight enough to bounce a quarter. Does pushups. Checks his Fitbit... Does more pushups. Checks his Fitbit again. Satisfied, he heads to the bathroom.

Now clean, Scott grabs a starched SHIRT from a stack, then puts on perfectly pressed pants. He straps on a gun and US Marshal badge. Then to the kitchen, where he does a single shot of espresso, then measures out WHEY POWDER for a protein shake. His phone buzzes. Caller ID reads "Mom."

SCOTT

Hey, mom...

EMILY

Hey, Scotty... glad I caught you.

SCOTT

(checks his watch)

Almost didn't. Just about to head to head out...

He starts the blender for the protein shake...

2

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

2

EMILY TURNER (70) talks on a land-line in the kitchen we saw in the home videos. A lived-in house in tiny Cypress Beach.

EMILY

Do you have a minute? I need to talk to you about something-

SCOTT (O.S.)

Sorry, what!? The blender-

Two DOGS wrestle as Emily looks over at some BANKERS BOXES filled old files and letters. She frowns, speaking up.

EMILY

I've been going through your dad's things since the funeral. It's mostly old police files, but... I found something we need to talk about.

BACK WITH SCOTT. He stops the blender, pours his shake.

SCOTT
Okay, shoot.

EMILY
Well, you know your father loved
you very much, and he-

The phone dings - text. Scott checks it. It reads "Get your
butt down here"

SCOTT
Mom, I'm so sorry... I'm serving a
warrant with Jessica and I've got
to go. Can I try you back later?

EMILY
Yes, but-

A series of emojis come in: Police man, gun, badge

SCOTT
Thanks. I'll call you as soon as I
can. Love you.

Scott hangs up, wiping a stray drip of protein shake from the
counter as he heads out. As the door closes we CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

The car door slams in a Government-issue Chevy Impala. Scott
slides in next to his partner, JESSICA BRANCH (35, African-
American). She's casual, sarcastic... a sharp contrast to his
spit-and-polish, but they get along. Jessica eats a powdered
donut; a box containing a few more sit between them.

JESSICA
Donut?

SCOTT
Seriously? You know what those
things do to your insides?

JESSICA
No. But I know what they're gonna
do to your *outsides*...

She blows powdered sugar at him. Scott frowns, wiping at it-

SCOTT
Hey! I just cleaned this-

JESSICA

You go after my donuts, they're gonna fight back.

SCOTT

Noted. You're early. What's up?

JESSICA

Got a call from the chief. FBI needs help on a witness protection detail. He needs us back by eleven.

Scott picks up a RED FILE, flips through it, frowning...

SCOTT

Doesn't leave us much time to serve this warrant...

JESSICA

Nope. Buckle up.

Jessica grins at him as she guns the motor. As they take off, we pull up to reveal the San Francisco skyline, following the car from the sky as they heads east toward the Bay Bridge...

EXT. OAKLAND HOUSE - DAY

The Impala stops in front of a vintage Oakland home. Scott and Jessica emerge and head up the front walk...

JESSICA

What's this guy's deal, again?

SCOTT

Hacker. Broke into the Social Security computers and sent himself a bunch of checks. Allegedly.

JESSICA

Smart guy...

SCOTT

Well, he had five pounds of red vines and the book "So You're Moving to Mexico!" sent to his grandma's house. So not **that** smart.

They get to the front stoop. Jessica bangs on the door.

JESSICA

US Marshals!

After a beat, the door opens to reveal EDITH (65).

EDITH
Can I help you?

SCOTT
I need to speak to Mr. Leo Betts,
ma'am. Is he on the premises?

EDITH
Oh... Leo? Leo's my grandson. I
haven't seen him in years-

There's a loud CRASH from inside the house. Scott glances at
Jessica - go time.

JESSICA
Step aside, ma'am!

Jessica moves her aside as Scott charges in...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Scott charges into the house, which is decorated in dusty
vintage 1980's decor. Gun drawn, Scott moves to a hallway,
where he sees LEO (30's), still tugging his pants on,
scrambling toward the back of the house as he stumbles over
the smashed side table and an overturned flower vase.

SCOTT
US Marshals! You're under arre-

Leo HURLS the flower vase at Scott, who ducks as it SMASHES
on the wall behind him. Leo scrambles toward a back door...

Annoyed, Scott grabs the hallway rug and YANKS hard. Leo's
feet slide from under him - BAM! He face-plants. Leo moans...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Sorry, but we're kind of in a rush.
(comes over, cuffs him)
Leo Betts, you're under arrest for
violating the Computer Fraud and
Abuse act. You have the right to
remain silent...

As Scott pulls Leo up, his nose bleeding, we CUT TO:

3 INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LATER

3

A bustling law enforcement office; Marshals and support staff
move through a large bullpen area. As Jessica and Scott come
in, they're called over by CHIEF JAMES CLARK (60, gruff,
decent).

CHIEF CLARK
Turner! Branch! Over here...

They make their way over to the Chief, who is with FBI Agent
KYLE LONG (38) - clean cut, a bit self-important.

SCOTT
Sorry, chief. Little hiccup in
Oakland.

CHIEF CLARK
We'll make this quick, then. This
is Agent Long of the FBI. One of
their trials heated up... bureau's
asked for some extra help with
witness security.

Long shakes their hands.

LONG
Thanks for coming in. Chief tells
me you're two of the best he has at
witness protection.

JESSICA
Well, we try not to lose too many.

Jessica chuckles... Long stares at her, concerned.

LONG
Excuse me? How many have you lost?

JESSICA
No, uh... that was a joke. We,
uh... we haven't ever lost one.

LONG
I hope you'll take this seriously.

SCOTT
Of course. Who's the witness?

CHIEF CLARK
His name's Larry Gluck. He was part
of a heist crew, hit twenty two
banks in 2019. He enters witness
protection post-trial. He'll need
24 hour protection until then.

SCOTT
No problem, we're-

Suddenly Scott's phone rings. It's his mom. He hastily silences it. The Chief looks at Scott and Jessica - *what the Hell, guys?* Scott clears his throat, awkward.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We'll make sure he's taken care of.

A beat... finally, Long nods.

LONG

Good. He's in the conference room with his lawyer.

As he leads Scott and Jessica away, we CUT TO:

4

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

4

Scott, Jessica, and Agent Long meet with LARRY (35), a seedy, fast-talking bank robber and his slick lawyer RAY WEXLER (50). He looks them over...

LARRY

So. You two my bodyguards, or what?

LONG

They're US Marshals.

SCOTT

We'll be in charge of your safety during the trial.

LARRY

Hope you're better at your job than these idiots.

(glares at Agent Long)

Feds're all over me to rat - *'Oh, Larry, make a deal, make a deal...'* I keep sayin' if this goes sideways I'm a dead man, but they're all *'No Larry, we're the F-Bee-EYE.'* So I flip, and whaddya know? Two of my old crew get away!

Annoyed, Agent Long turns to Scott and Jessica.

LONG

Two of Mr. Gluck's associates escaped after a shootout with Federal agents.

LARRY

Which means they're out there. If they track me down before Skippy here sets me up with a new name-

JESSICA

That won't happen.

LARRY

Uh huh. I'm just s'posed to take your word on that?

RAY

We'd like to know the *specifics* of my client's security arrangements.

SCOTT

We'll be moving him by armored car, with two decoy vehicles. He'll be guarded 24/7. Beyond that, all I can tell you is we'll take good care of your client.

JESSICA

Shall we?

Jessica gestures to the door as we CUT TO:

5 INT/EXT TRAVEL MONTAGE

5

Music rises as Scott and Jessica prepare Larry, putting body armor on him. The body armor is a little complicated, and Larry puts his arm through the head-hole at first, but they manage to get it on.

Scott and Jessica expertly don their own body armor. Scott pops a clip in his Glock, looking badass as we CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ARMORED LINCOLN TOWNCAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Three badass Lincolns with dark windows emerge from a garage.

INSIDE, Scott drives, focused, head on a swivel. Jessica is in the back with Larry, ready for action...

We follow the cars overhead as they move through the city...

BACK IN THE CAR, Scott has a radio out, as he checks the mirrors, monitoring the GPS, on high alert.

SCOTT

Decoy one, go...

A decoy Lincoln peels off. In the back, Larry looks around, nervous. The cars continue to a bridge...

ANGLE ON Scott's phone. It lights up silently, with another call from his mother. Scott doesn't notice, intently focused on the road as he raises his radio...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Go decoy two...

OUTSIDE, a Towncar peels off. We follow Scott's car as it drives across San Francisco, through Oakland, arriving at...

6

EXT./INT. OAKHILL MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

6

A low-end motel in Oakland. The Lincoln parks in back, out of sight of the road. INSIDE, it's faded, ugly carpet, bad art. Scott and Jessica sign transfer paperwork with Deputy RICO BARRIOS (30's) as Larry sits on the bed, miserable.

LARRY

You gotta be kidding me. This place is like a freakin' petrie dish.

SCOTT

Under your FBI deal, you get a "secure room under \$50 a night." In other words: a **safe** petrie dish.

Larry lifts his hand from the comforter, sniffs it. Grimaces.

JESSICA

Don't look so down. Place comes with a babysitter. Rico?

DEPUTY BARRIOS

Yo. How's it going?

JESSICA

Deputy Barrios take care of you. We'll come back in the morning.

LARRY

I just sit here? What about food?

SCOTT

The Shady Rest Inn's got the finest vending machine in Oakland. Enjoy.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The sun is dipping below the Oakland skyline as Jessica and Scott head out.

SCOTT
I'll call in, make sure the shift
changes are all set...

Scott frowns as he checks his phone...

JESSICA
Something wrong?

SCOTT
I just feel bad... I was supposed
to call my mom. She's going through
my dad's old stuff, wanted to talk
about it. It's fine. I'll finish
up, call her when I get home.

JESSICA
Must be rough, losing a husband all
of a sudden like that. You ever
gonna give her some grand-babies?

SCOTT
My sister already gave her the best
grandkid ever. Besides, I think I'm
supposed to get a girlfriend first.

JESSICA
I told you, man. I got friends. My
husband's got friends. Say the word-

SCOTT
Talk to me after I make director.

Scott winks. Jessica rolls her eyes as he calls in to HQ.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Doris, it's Scott. Can you pull up
the duty roster...? Great...

He continues talking as they head to the car. DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

7

The door shuts as Scott comes into his apartment, tired from a long day. He rubs his eyes, carefully taking off his gun and badge and putting them by the door.

He heads to the kitchen, where he opens the fridge. It's full of containers of chicken breast and broccoli in neat pre-made portions. He grabs one, pops it in the microwave. He gets a glass of water and a knife, fork, and napkin as the microwave dings. He grabs the food, flops down and pulls out his phone, scrolling through the contacts.

KNOCK, KNOCK. He looks over at the door, surprised. Not expecting visitors. He sighs, gets up, and goes to the door. He opens it to find his sister LAURA (34, smart/snarky) is there with her son MATTHEW (7). He smiles, surprised-

SCOTT

Laura? Matthew? What are-

Scott is interrupted by a loud BARK. He looks down to see HOOCH, a very large dog. He startles...

MATTHEW

Uncle Scott! We brought your DOG!

Matthew hugs Scott, excited. Scott is utterly bewildered. As he stammers, Laura gives him a quick kiss, clearly in a rush.

LAURA

Hey, Scotty. Mom wanted to come, but she's tied up at the animal hospital. So, this is Hooch...

She hands Scott a bag as she checks her watch.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There's food, a leash, some toys. I'm sorry to just drop him and go, but it's Zack's night with Matthew tonight and I have to go-

SCOTT

WAIT! Just slow down! What's going on!? What are you **talking** about?

LAURA

Didn't mom call you? She said-

SCOTT

I was tied up all day... I was just about to call her back. She was calling about... **this?**

He looks at Hooch eagerly sniffing him as Matthew jumps in.

MATTHEW

He slobbered ALL OVER THE CAR! Mom called him the **fountain of spit!** It was awesome!

SCOTT

Uh... that **is** awesome, buddy.
(to his sister)
You can't just drop a giant dog off at my house, Laura-

LAURA

I'm not "just dropping him off."
Mom said she was making all the arrangements with you... Like I said, I have to go-

Scott appeals to Matthew, who has an arm around Hooch.

SCOTT

Hey, Mattie! Don't you guys want another dog?

MATTHEW

But he's **your** dog, uncle Scott!

SCOTT

You two seem to have a special bond, though. Maybe if you told your mom-

MATTHEW

Mom said I'll see him when I visit. That Grampa wanted **you** to have him!

LAURA

(pulls out an letter)
It's true. Mom gave me this. Dad wrote it before he passed...

SCOTT

This isn't- you can't do this!

LAURA

C'mon, Scott. Don't be so dramatic. You grew up around dogs.

She hand Scott the letter as she turns to Hooch.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Go on, Hooch! You're home!

With that, she RELEASES Hooch into the house. He DASHES IN.

SCOTT
No! You... WAIT!

LAURA
You're gonna be fine!

SCOTT
I WILL NOT BE FI-

The door closes. Scott watches, horrified as Hooch INHALES the chicken breast and broccoli and jumps on the couch-

SCOTT (CONT'D)
HOOCH! Here Hooch! Over here!

Scott's eyes go wide as he sees Hooch dash for THE TABLE.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
No, no, no! Not that! Not-

Too late. Hooch is on the table, sending Scott's WORK FILES flying. In desperation, Scott grabs Hooch's leash, only to be YANKED across the apartment. Hooch DRAGS SCOTT...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
STOP! SIT! STAY! NO! HEEL! LIE DOWN-

Hooch barks happily as he runs circles around Scott, who looks down just in time to realize his feet are caught in a LOOP OF LEASH as Hooch leaps over the couch...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Wait!

The loop pulls tight. Scott CRASHES to the floor... he crawls across the ground, dragging Hooch with grim determination.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You... will go in... the kitchen!

SLAM! Scott leans against the door, stunned, as we PRE-LAP:

SCOTT (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Mom! You can't just send me a dog!

8 INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - LATER

8

Scott paces, aggravated, on the phone with his mother.

EMILY (O.S.)
I didn't **just send him**. I called-

SCOTT

Yes, I know, I was literally just about to call you back-

9

INT. EMILY'S VETERINARY OFFICE - INTERCUT

9

Emily closes up for the night at her vet practice.

EMILY

Having cases never stopped your father from taking care of **his** dogs-

SCOTT (O.S.)

That's different!

EMILY

Well, your father wanted you to have him. He's a great grand-puppy of your father's first dog-

SCOTT (O.S.)

I don't care whose grand-puppy he is! I can't take care of him-

EMILY

He's perfect for you. Your dad started a special breeding project when you joined the marshals-

SCOTT (O.S.)

Breeding **what?** Hyenas!?

Scott rubs his eyes, changing tactics as he pleads:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Mom. Please. You know I love dogs. I love **your** dogs. **Laura's** dogs. But there's a reason I never got a-

He's cut off by a BANG in the kitchen. That sounds bad...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

Scott goes to the kitchen. He grits his teeth, opens the door-

From his POV: THE KITCHEN IS COVERED IN white PROTEIN POWDER. A ghost-white Hooch sits happily in the middle of several destroyed tubs of the stuff. Scott glares:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hope you're having fun. 'Cause you're leaving tomorrow.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scott sits on his bed, tired, looking at his Dad's letter.

He picks it up. It reads: "For Scotty" in his Dad's neat cursive. He starts to open it but his eyes well up... he can't. Finally, he puts the envelope back on the dresser, lies down, and goes to bed. FADE TO BLACK.

10 INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

10

It's early. Scott's asleep. As he rolls over, we see HOOCH IS IN BED NEXT TO HIM. Hooch snuffles Scott, LICKS HIS FACE. Scott smiles, murmuring...

SCOTT

Nice girl... moving kinda fast...

Another lick. Scott frowns. This is wrong. He opens his eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

AAAAUUUUGH! What- What are you doing here? How-

Scott sits up. The bedroom's destroyed - Hooch's first stop was nesting in Scott's neatly pressed shirts. "The Life Changing Magic of Tidying Up" is torn to pieces on the floor. Scott leaps up-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott scrambles into the living room to see the kitchen door in SPLINTERS. Scott glares as Hooch runs in and settles in happily on the couch, admiring his work. CUT TO:

11 INT. SCOTT'S BMW - DAY

11

Hooch rides in the passenger seat of Scott's car, awkwardly belted in, enjoying the breeze from the open window. Scott, wearing a wrinkled shirt covered in dog hair, talks on the phone with Laura, begging.

SCOTT

You don't get it! If I leave him at my house he'll **destroy** it! Please-

LAURA (O.S.)

Maybe I can come up later and make your place a little dog-friendlier.

SCOTT
 No! No! That is the opposite of
 what I need! I need the dog **removed-**

INT. LAURA'S PLACE - DAY

Laura's place is modest. Matthew's art is on the walls. There are two rescue dogs; one's missing a leg, the other is blind.

LAURA
 Hooch would be way too much, here.
 My puppies are all special needs-

SCOTT looks over at Hooch, panting in the passenger seat. Slobber drips onto the once-pristine leather...

SCOTT
 I have needs too! Please-

There's a beep as a call comes in. Scott sees it's Jessica.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Jessica's calling. Please, just
 think about it. I'll call you back-
 (answers)
 Jess! I'm sorry I'm late, I-

Scott frowns, alarmed as she cuts him off, frantic...

JESSICA (O.S.)
 Scott, we've got an emergency,
 here! The safe house was attacked-

SCOTT
 Wait... *what?* What happened-

12 EXT. MOTEL - DAY - INTERCUT

12

Sirens scream in the background as Jessica hovers over an injured Deputy Barrios, putting pressure on a shoulder wound.

JESSICA
 I don't know! Barrios is down! The
 witness is gone!

Scott is instantly focused, scanning the street - it's clear why he's one of the best Marshals in the department.

SCOTT (O.S.)
 I'm five minutes away. Jessica, can
 you give me a description? Anything-

JESSICA

Three males in ski masks, driving a black Escalade! They went South-

SCOTT (O.S.)

Got it, I'm on my...

WITH SCOTT as he trails off. From his POV: A BLACK ESCALADE runs a red light through the intersection as he approaches.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

2017 Escalade, silver rims?

JESSICA

Yes! How did you-

SCOTT

I see them! In pursuit!

Scott GUNS THE ENGINE... Hooch BARKS, excited. Scott looks over, just remembering Hooch is there-

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not now! No barking!

Hooch barks again. Frustrated, Scott turns on the siren... Hooch is thrilled, and begins HOWLING ALONG WITH THE SIREN.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

NO! No howling either!

Hooch ignores, him, happily singing along with the siren...

MONTAGE - CAR CHASE

It's an exciting, messy CAR CHASE.

Scott tears around a corner, trying to catch up; Hooch slides off the seat into him.

Scott recovers, gaining on the SUV as it turns DOWN A ONE-WAY STREET. Cars honk as they weave through traffic...

IN THE CAR Hooch BARKS at the oncoming cars, scrambling to stay on the seat. Scott desperately tries to get a seatbelt on Hooch as they come around a corner...

...and SLAM into a HOMELESS MAN'S SHOPPING CART! Stuff goes everywhere; Hooch winds up with a filthy SHOE in his mouth.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No! Dirty! Put that down!

There's no way Hooch is giving up his prize, though. Scott turns back to the car chase as the Escalade disappears down an alley a couple of blocks up. Scott guns the motor...

14 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

14

As Scott arrives, he sees that a STACK OF CRATES has been overturned, blocking the way; Scott stops, jumping out, gun ready. Jack-Bauer-focused, as he radios in-

SCOTT (INTO RADIO)
I'm in an alley between 15th and
Elm! Suspects turned right down
Ross! Trying to get a visual-

Scott's bad-ass moment is interrupted as Hooch SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE CAR behind him, excited. Scott grabs his leash...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
NO! Stay!

90 pounds of excited dog is NOT going back in the car. Scott tries to follow the Escalade, but Hooch runs the other way.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This way! We're going... this way-

Hooch disagrees, bounding excitedly toward a dumpster and some trash cans at the mouth of the alley.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
WE ARE NOT PLAYING WITH TRASH NOW!

Hooch BARKS at the trash as Scott drags him down to the mouth of the alley... but the ESCALADE IS GONE.

15 INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LATER

15

Scott and Jessica are in the office with Chief Clark. He's pissed, as Jessica tells the story, animated...

JESSICA
...after the two dudes in ski masks
shot Barrios, they grabbed Gluck
and took off in their SUV...

SCOTT
I IDed the suspect vehicle and
pursued-

CHIEF CLARK

I can read the damn report! The **point** is the witness is **gone!** Also: *why is there a dog in my office?*

We reveal Hooch with Scott. He looks at the Chief with love.

SCOTT

It's... a long story, sir. The animal was given to me, and-

Hooch helpfully licks James's hand, rubbing against him.

CHIEF CLARK

Why is he licking me?

SCOTT

It appears he likes you, sir.

Before Chief Clark has a chance to respond, he's interrupted-

RAY (O.S.)

Where the Hell is my client?!

Larry's lawyer, Ray, storms over, trailed by Agent Long. Hooch turns a low growl rumbling in his throat.

RAY (CONT'D)

Deputy Turner! Didn't I hear you say you 'knew what you were doing'? Maybe you can tell me where my client-

HOOCH BARKS, loud. He's pissed, straining against the leash. Ray yelps, jumping back as he notices the dog.

RAY (CONT'D)

Keep that thing away from me!

Hooch BARKS MORE. Ray backs away, NEARLY FALLING OVER AGENT LONG... Scott struggles mightily as Long glares, annoyed.

LONG

Maybe you should have chosen a different day to bring your dog to work.

SCOTT

He's... not... mine...

Scott braces himself on a desk but Hooch drags both Scott AND the desk, barking. Chief Clark looks at Scott, exasperated.

CHIEF CLARK
 Maybe we should talk in the
 conference room.

RAY
 Yes! First we'll talk about getting
 my client back, THEN we'll talk
 about the lawsuit I'm filing-

The Chief hustles Ray into the conference room.

SCOTT
 I'm sorry-

AGENT LONG
 The Bureau was counting on you.
 Your team blew **our entire case**. The
 dog is the least of our problems.

With that, he goes. Off Hooch, still barking, we CUT TO:

16

EXT. OFFICE - LATER

16

A depressed Scott walks Hooch out with Jessica.

JESSICA
 Hey... you all right?

SCOTT
 I'm fine.

JESSICA
 That's your "I'm fine" face? Coulda
 fooled me.

SCOTT
 I was just thinking about what
 Agent Long said...

JESSICA
 Scotty. Not gonna say this ain't a
 disaster. But no one cares about
 doing the job right more than you.

SCOTT
 Thanks.

JESSICA
 Like, it's **annoying** how much you
 care sometimes.

SCOTT
Is this supposed to make me feel
better?

Jessica shrugs. Just telling the truth.

JESSICA
What are you gonna do about your
new friend, there?

SCOTT
Hooch? Well, obviously I can't keep
him. I have to take him to the pou-

JESSICA
You better not say the **pound**, Scott
Turner.

Jessica takes a step toward him, eyes flashing, pissed. Scott
hesitates, his usual cool confidence shaken...

SCOTT
You saw him in there...

JESSICA
So he hates lawyers. That's a plus,
in my book. You do know happens to
dogs at the pound, right?

SCOTT
Some get adopted! Shouldn't he be
with a family that... y'know...
likes slobber?
(Hooch smiles, slobbery)
What are you looking at!? I didn't
destroy **your** apartment!

Hooch puts a paw out. Jessica sees her partner's desperation.
She frowns, thinking...

JESSICA
All right, listen. I might know
someone you can talk to.

17 INT. U.S. MARSHAL K-9 FACILITY - DAY

17

A chorus of BARKS as we reveal the U.S. Marshal's K-9
facility. Dogs are in enclosures around a central area where
Scott stands with Hooch, talking to ERICA MENDEZ (35), the
chief trainer at the facility. She's cute, a little awkward.
If there's such thing as a "dog nerd," she is it.

ERICA

So, um... we do K-9 bomb detection training for the Marshals. We don't normally work with pets...

SCOTT

Of course, but really, **anything** you can do would be a huge improvement. Please... I'm desperate.

Erica sees the pleading in his eyes and softens...

ERICA

How'd you end up with him, exactly?

SCOTT

My dad left him to me. If I give him away my family will disown me and I'm pretty sure my partner will **shoot** me, so I'm kinda stuck with him. And he's totally untrained...

Erica bites her lip as she looks around at the barking dogs-

ERICA

Are you sure? Because I've never seen an untrained dog so calm in this environment...

(thinks then)

Well, there was one a few years ago, but he was deaf. And also mostly blind? So...

SCOTT

No, it's not... He's not normally like this. He's a maniac. He tried to eat a lawyer-

Erica gives him an uncertain look as she takes the leash. As she speaks to Hooch all her awkwardness goes; she's the BOSS.

ERICA

Sit, Hooch.

(he sits)

Good boy. Roll over.

Hooch rolls over. Scott gapes. She turns to Scott, delicate:

ERICA (CONT'D)

Umm... Usually? Behavior issues in a situation like this are less about the dog than the owner.

SCOTT

So... it's **my** fault?

ERICA

No, no, no. Well... a little bit. Dogs watch us. They read our bodies, our faces. They know our emotions better than we do. They know when we're nervous. Or angry. When we need love...

SCOTT

Yeah, well, Hooch didn't smash my kitchen door because I *need love*-

ERICA

He got in bed with you. So... maybe **Hooch** thought you did?

This registers with Scott - *am I lonely?* Their eyes meet, and it's a **moment**. There's a long, electric, beat... They blush.

ERICA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... you probably don't, uh...

SCOTT

It's fine. Just... can you help me?

Erica smiles, nervous... desperate to break the tension.

ERICA

Sure, uh... How about Wednesday?

18

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - LATER

18

It's evening. Laura and Matthew are over at Scott's place. Scott works at the table as Laura fixes the kitchen door. Matthew happily finishes some Chinese takeout at the table.

MATTHEW

This is good. We've never had anything but chicken breast and vegetables here before.

SCOTT

Well, you can thank Hooch for that. He unplugged my fridge somehow and all my food went bad.

Matthew hops down from the table, gratefully petting Hooch... Scott looks at them, sighs...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

He behaves for everyone but me. I swear he's doing this deliberately-

LAURA

Maybe you should've spent a bit less time in dad's patrol car as a kid and a bit more with me and mom at the animal hospital. Speaking of... Matthew, show Uncle Scott what we found in Grampa's things.

Excited, Matthew brings over a crayon drawing of a young Scott and his Dad in uniform, dog by his side. He puts an arm around Matthew, his expression softening as he sees...

MATTHEW

It's you and poppy. I miss Poppy.

SCOTT

So do I, buddy.

MATTHEW

Mom said you fought all the time...

Scott shoots a look at Laura. She winces: *sorry*. Scott sighs.

SCOTT

We loved each other, but he didn't like that I moved to the city. And he wanted me to have a dog.

MATTHEW

So he won the fight?

SCOTT

It... uh... well, now that you mention it, it appears he did.

Matthew smiles, snuggling next to his Uncle. Scott's not normally the snuggling type, but he loosens up a bit as Matthew points at the dog in the picture...

MATTHEW

Is that poppy's dog? Zingo?

SCOTT

No, that's not Zingo, it's Zingo's grandma, Daisy. Her daddy was the first Hooch.

MATTHEW

Why don't you like dogs?

SCOTT

What? No... Of **course** I like dogs.
I'm just, you know... trying to
focus on my job.

MATTHEW

But Poppy said dogs made him **better**
at his job. That they were smarter
than people 'cause people see what
they think they **should** see, but
dogs just see what's there.

Scott takes this in, struck. He looks over at the crime scene
pics of the motel, Larry, Deputy Barrios... Laura calls over.

LAURA

Hey, monkey. Let your uncle work.

Off Scott, thinking, we CUT TO:

19

INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

19

It's the next morning. The office is bustling as Scott
hurries over to Chief Clark.

SCOTT

Chief, you wanted to see me?

CHIEF CLARK

Yeah. Listen, Turner... I need to
talk to you about something.

SCOTT

About yesterday? 'Cause I went over
it, and I realized - this whole
kidnapping thing doesn't add up.

James frowns, not sure where Scott's going...

CHIEF CLARK

Sounds pretty simple to me. Gluck's
old crew came after him for turning
on them-

SCOTT

But how do we know it was *them*?

CHIEF CLARK

Who else would it be? They had the
same SUVs they used in the crimes.
Same masks, gloves-

SCOTT

But why? Why wear the same outfits?

CHIEF CLARK

Maybe they like 'em. Barrios saw-

SCOTT

That's another thing. Why did they let Barrios live? Look at the files. They killed cops before-

Excited, Scott pulls out some files. They're crumpled and wet. Chief Clark takes them, grimacing...

CHIEF CLARK

What the Hell happened to these?

SCOTT

Oh. Uh... my dog tried to eat them.

Chief Clark looks over toward Scott's office. Jessica struggles to control Hooch, who is trying to eat one of the office plants. Scott shifts, embarrassed...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm still working on a, uh... housing solution, sir...

Clark hands the wet files back to Scott, wiping his hand.

CHIEF CLARK

I need our witness back, Turner. Not speculation and dog spit.
(sighs, then)
The reason I wanted to see you is I'm taking you and Deputy Branch off the case. I spoke to Agent Long... the FBI thinks our office has a leak.

SCOTT

A **leak**? That's ridiculous-

CHIEF CLARK

Well, they found the witness somehow. And until we know how, I'm afraid you're out.

SCOTT

Chief, I'm telling you, I'm on to something-

CHIEF CLARK

Turner, don't make this harder than it has to be. Just get your dog and go home.

Scott's stares, stunned, as Chief Clark turns and goes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Scott and Jessica ride down the elevator with Hooch. Jessica is steaming mad...

JESSICA

This is crazy! A **leak**? How many witnesses have we protected, how many fugitives have we caught!? And we decide to throw it all away for some loser bank robber?

SCOTT

All I know is what the Chief said. The FBI is upset, and...

JESSICA

...we're the fall guys.

SCOTT

That seems to be the idea, yeah.

The elevator dings. As they walk out into the hall...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

...they see Larry's lawyer, Ray, waiting for the elevator. As he sees Hooch his eyes go wide. He yelps, jumping back, wary.

RAY

Why is that thing in the building again!? It's a menace-

Scott looks down at Hooch, who stands there peacefully.

SCOTT

Calm down. We're just leaving.

Ray walks gets in the elevator, far away from Hooch. He presses the button repeatedly as he glares at Hooch, who TOTALLY IGNORES HIM. As the door begins to close, Ray smirks:

RAY

I heard you two got thrown off the case. I guess the US Marshals got **that** right, anyway.

The elevator door slides shut.

Jessica frowns, pissed. She looks down at Hooch...

JESSICA

What happened to you?
 (crouches down with Hooch)
 You got it right the first time,
 Hoochy. Bad man. Bite. Got it?
 (Hooch wags his tail)
 Ugh. You're hopeless.

Off this we pre-lap the SLAM of a door...

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Scott arrives home with Hooch. He sighs. Looks at Hooch.

SCOTT

Well. You ruined my apartment, got me suspended... Anything else in my life you want to destroy?

Hooch looks up at him. Licks his chops...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't answer that.

Scott takes off his gear as he walks through the apartment to the bedroom. Hooch follows...

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Scott slips off his shoes and puts them in the closet he sees: HIS FATHER'S LETTER, still sitting on the bureau.

Scott stares at it for a long moment, then picks it up. Hooch wanders in... Scott looks over, holds up the letter.

SCOTT

You want to read this with me? I guess it's about you.
 (Hooch cocks his head)
 I'll take that as a yes.

Scott sighs, opens the letter and begins to read:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Dear Scotty. I know we haven't always agreed on things... and I know you think you don't want a dog. There was a time I thought the same. But everything I care about in my life started with a dog. Your mom, your sister...

Scott's voice catches in his throat, his eyes moist

SCOTT (CONT'D)

...and you.

This hits Scott hard. He misses his dad. **A lot.** He finishes the letter:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Most of all, I want you to have a dog who loves everyone as much as I love you.

Scott looks at Hooch, choking back emotion. He smiles, sad:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well maybe you don't love **everyone.**
You and that lawyer...

At this, Scott frowns. Wheels turning, he realizes something:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Wait a second... What **was** up with you and that lawyer?

Hooch doesn't respond. He's a dog, remember?

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yesterday I could barely keep you from killing the guy, and today he was less interesting than the *office plant.*

Scott turns this over in his mind, thinking... then:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Unless...

Off Scott, coming to a MAJOR REALIZATION, we CUT TO:

24

INT. U.S. MARSHAL K-9 TRAINING FACILITY - LATER

24

A chorus of barking as Erica trains a beautiful Belgian Malnois, to search a car. When she's training, Erica's cute awkwardness disappears. She's totally focused. A BOSS.

ERICA

Angel, seek! Go!

Angel searches the car, then indicates the trunk, barking.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Good girl.

She pulls the TRAINING AID from the trunk, rewarding Angel with a KONG, a food-filled rubber training toy. As she walks Angel to another car a voice calls over...

VOICE (O.S.)

Erica! Someone to see you!

Erica turns and sees Scott standing with a DESK CLERK. One look at Scott and her cute awkwardness returns, as she puts Angel's leash on and comes over.

ERICA

Deputy Turner. Um... didn't we say Wednesday? Did I get that wrong?

SCOTT

No, no... I'm not here for that.

ERICA

Oh. Okay. So you just... came by?

She nervously fixes her hair... Scott continues, oblivious.

SCOTT

Actually, I have a question. It's kind of, um... sensitive.

ERICA

Sensitive? Um... Okay. What is it?

SCOTT

You know the thing you said before, about dogs picking up on human emotions? Things we don't necessarily know we're doing? I was wondering if they just see, you know... dog-related things, or-

Erica brightens - this is her favorite subject. Angel and Hooch sniff each other happily, making friends...

ERICA

No! They see all kinds of things. There's actually a lot of really interesting research I can show you-

SCOTT

My situation is a little more... urgent than that.

(off her look)

We had a witness get abducted. I think it may have been an inside job. Do you think a dog might be able to, like... pick up on that?

ERICA

Well... a dog could sense someone hiding something. Especially if they're nervous or angry about it.

SCOTT

Yesterday, Hooch was barking at this lawyer in the office. **Hated** him. Then today he didn't care about him at all. And I realized...

FLASHBACK to the day before, as Hooch barks at Ray. We PUSH IN on AGENT LONG, standing BEHIND Ray.

SCOTT (V.O.)

What if Hooch wasn't barking at the lawyer? What if he was barking at the FBI agent **behind** him?

Back to Scott, as he continues...

SCOTT

He knew **everything** about the operation. If he betrayed us...

ERICA

Wow.... you really think an FBI agent would do that?

SCOTT

I dunno. That's why I came to you.

Erica thinks, watching Hooch and Angel, now besties. She bites her lip, thinking... then:

ERICA

When I was nine, my dog tried to bite this boy in the neighborhood.

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

My mom was going to give her away
until the police figured out he was
the one who burned down our garage.

(looks at Scott, serious)

It might be Hooch sees something we
don't.

Off Scott, taking this in...

25 INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - EVENING

25

Jessica is at home with her husband, GRADY (40's) and their
beagle HOWIE. Grady is a salt of the earth Oakland cop. He's
worried about Jessica as he brings her a plate of food.

GRADY

You all right?

JESSICA

(sighs)

How you think I am? Bad enough
Barrios is in the hospital and we
lost the witness. Now I can't even
do anything about it.

GRADY

Baby... You watch. All this is
gonna get sorted out. Chief's gonna
come to his senses.

JESSICA

And if he doesn't?

GRADY

Well... then... the pork chops'll
make you feel better. I promise.

JESSICA

Oh, is that so? This some special
kinda shake-n-bake for getting
suspended.

GRADY

Yep. Said so right on the box. Dig
in.

Jessica laughs, starting in on her food when there's a knock
at the door. Jessica goes to the entry and opens the door to
find Scott and Hooch. Scott looks a little wild-eyed...

SCOTT

Hey.

JESSICA

Scott? What're you doing here?

Scott bites his lip, excited and a little scared.

SCOTT

How would you feel about doing something really stupid that could end our careers?

JESSICA

Of all words I never thought I'd hear come out of your mouth...

(then)

You mind telling me what you're talking about?

SCOTT

I think I know how to find Larry.

Off Jessica, we CUT TO:

26

EXT. MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

26

It's dark. We find SCOTT'S CAR parked across from the US Marshals' office.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

Inside, Scott, Jessica, and Hooch look out at the building.

JESSICA

So... we're just gonna park in front of the building all night?

SCOTT

Agent Long should be leaving soon. I called and checked - he's working late with Chief Clark...

JESSICA

This is insane, Scott! You're the one who's always quoting regulations at me! Now 'cause you got a hunch about your **dog**, we're gonna tail an FBI agent?

SCOTT

It's not just a hunch. You know the alley where I lost the Escalade?

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING - FLASHBACK

In flashback, we see Scott return to they alley with Hooch. He leads Hooch to the dumpsters. Hooch barks...

SCOTT (V.O.)
Remember I told you Hooch wanted to
play in the garbage?

JUMP TO Scott opening the dumpster, fishing around inside. His eyes go wide as he SEES SOMETHING...

SCOTT (V.O.)
Guess what we found in the
dumpster.

INT. CAR/EXT. MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Scott pulls out an evidence bag containing a SKI MASK and GLOVES. Jessica's eyes go wide...

SCOTT
It made no sense for them to stop
in the alley... *unless Agent Long
had to dump his disguise so he
could return to the crime scene.*

JESSICA
That just... seems so crazy.

SCOTT
Think about it. Why did they use
the same car, the same ski masks?
Why did they leave Barrios alive?
They needed him to tell everyone
what happened! So the bank heist
crew would get blamed!

Jessica shakes her head, impressed.

JESSICA
And Hooch figured it all out...

SCOTT
Hooch? What do you mean?

JESSICA
Well, he was the one who knew to
look in the garbage-

SCOTT
That's not... I mean, I actually,
you know, *put the pieces together-*

JESSICA

Uh huh. You wanna take credit, go ahead-

SCOTT

How am I taking credit!? He's a dog-

Scott is interrupted by a BARK from Hooch. ANGLE ON an Impala coming out of the garage. Jessica shoots a look at Scott.

JESSICA

That Agent Long?

SCOTT

Yeah.

JESSICA

Some dog.

Scott rolls his eyes as he pulls out, following.

In a montage, we follow the cars through the night as Scott trails the Impala into a warehouse district in Oakland...

27 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT 27

The Impala pulls to a stop by a small building in a warehouse district. Agent Long gets out, looks around, then goes in. Scott's car pulls up a short distance away, headlights off.

28 INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT 28

Scott, Jessica, and Hooch sit in the car. Scott looks over at Jessica, raising an eyebrow - well? She exhales...

JESSICA

Unless the Feds are setting up shop in janky warehouse buildings... we should check it out.

SCOTT

Alright. We'll leave Hooch here...

Scott starts to tie Hooch's leash to the seat. Hooch growls.

JESSICA

Don't think Hooch likes that idea.

SCOTT

What if he barks?

JESSICA

You think he's gonna stay quiet if we leave him?

Scott sighs, undoing Hooch's leash.

SCOTT

All right. Come on.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Scott, Jessica, and Hooch emerge from the car and creep up to the building. They peek in a small WINDOW. Inside, Agent Long and two rough-looking young guys (DAX and VERN) are in a small front office of the warehouse, interrogating Larry, who is tied to a chair. WHAM! Agent Long hits Larry...

AGENT LONG

You want more? Or you gonna tell us what we want to know?

LARRY

I don't know anythi-

WHACK! Agent Long hits him again as we CUT INSIDE:

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING OFFICE - INTERCUT

Agent Long massages his knuckles, calm and deadly.

AGENT LONG

No more lies. We both know the only reason you flipped on your buddies was so you could rip them off for their cut of cash you took from the banks. Which, by my count, should be five million bucks, give or take. Now tell me where it is.

LARRY

Yeah, and what're you gonna do then? And then you kill me?

AGENT LONG

Listen to me, Larry. I'm not gonna kill you. I just want the money. If you **don't** talk, though...

WITH SCOTT AND JESSICA, outside. They trade alarmed looks as Long pulls his gun. Larry blanches:

LARRY

Whoah! Just... just hang on! I'll tell you, all right? I got it at my mom's place, in a bowling bag in the garage...

AGENT LONG

You sure? 'Cause if it's not there I'll bring your mom here... and then both of you get a bullet.

LARRY

I swear! You gotta believe me...

Agent Long cocks his head, examining Larry. Finally:

AGENT LONG

You know what? I do believe you.

Agent Long checks his clip as he turns to his guys.

AGENT LONG (CONT'D)

Put some trash bags down. I don't want to be cleaning blood up when we're done here.

Long's men get to work. Larry stares at him, horrified.

LARRY

You said you weren't gonna kill me!

AGENT LONG

(laughs)

Larry, Larry... you shouldn't take me so seriously. Of **course** I'm gonna kill you.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Scott and Jessica exchange looks.

SCOTT

(mutters to himself)

Look who's suddenly got a sense of humor.

(then, to Jessica)

We've got to get in there now...

JESSICA

We just run in there, we're gonna get shot.

SCOTT

We don't, our witness is gonna get shot.

JESSICA

I know, I know... give me a second.

Thinking fast, Jessica grabs a BEER BOTTLE from the ground and throws it into the darkness at the side of the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE, Long and the two goons hear the crash. Long frowns.

AGENT LONG

What the Hell is that?

Dax and Vern look at him blankly, in the middle of putting down trash bags.

DAX

Sounds like someone's out there.

AGENT LONG

Yeah, idiot, I got that far! Go check it out!

Dax and Vern go to a side window and peer out as Long turns back to Larry shaking his head...

LONG

Millenials. I swear, you gotta walk them through every little thi-

Suddenly he's interrupted as WHAM! Scott, Jessica, and Hooch CHARGE through the door, guns drawn...

SCOTT

US MARSHALS!

JESSICA

ON THE GROUND!

Nobody's getting on the ground. It's CHAOS, everyone yelling, Hooch barking... Agent Long turns and FIRES at them, nearly hitting Scott. Larry just starts SCREAMING as bullets fly around him...

LARRY

GET ME OUT OF HERE! GET ME OUT-

Larry awkwardly tries to HOP out of the way with the chair he's attached to and winds up falling over...

Dax runs for the door, but he's UPENDED as Hooch charges for Agent Long. Scott tackles him, and the two men fight.

Scott holds his own with a series of badass blows, but Dax is **big**. WHAM! He stuns Scott with a right cross. As he winds up to do it again, though, Hooch bites his arm. He SCREAMS...

Vern pulls his gun and FIRES at Jessica, missing; Jessica charges him and they struggle. The big man gets Jessica in a headlock - WHAM! Jessica FLIPS him with a jiu-jitsu move, and puts him in a vicious arm bar. Breathless, she looks over at Scott...

JESSICA

You all right?

Scott finishes pulling Hooch off Dax; cuffs him as he turns-

SCOTT

I'm fine! Where's Agent Long?

Simultaneously they both look over at a DOOR leading into the warehouse, which hangs open. Larry scowls, incredulous, lying on his side, still tied to the chair...

LARRY

Are you **kidding** me right now? You let him get away!?

SCOTT

Have you not been paying attention!? We just saved your life-

LARRY

Barely. Is someone gonna get me up?

Scott and Jessica exchange a look. Jessica answers for them.

JESSICA

Nope.

Scott gets up, eyeing the door with his gun drawn...

SCOTT

See if you can get us some backup. I'll go after him.

Jessica nods, pulling out her phone as Scott and Hooch head for the door...

JESSICA

This is Deputy Jessica Branch, requesting immediate assistance...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Scott and Hooch head into the dark warehouse; rows of BARRELS loom in the shadows. Scott tries the light switch - nothing happens. He sees the wires have been cut. He turns to Hooch.

SCOTT

Any ideas?

Hooch pulls forward on the leash, sniffing at the ground. He has plenty of ideas. They move past more barrels. As they get to the end of the row, Scott hears a clang of metal in the darkness. Taking cover behind some boxes, he calls:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's over, Agent Long!

A voice calls from the darkness.

LONG (O.S.)

Y'think? Seems like it's just getting started. You should have stayed out of it. Nobody was gonna get hurt that didn't deserve it...

Hooch growls at the sound of Agent Long's voice... Scott peers around the boxes, sees a shadowy figure at the other end of the warehouse.

SCOTT

You're not getting out of here. The police are already on their way-

AGENT LONG

You hear any sirens yet, smart guy? Police response time here's 15 minutes, easy.

Scott frowns... Long's right. There are no sirens. He hears noises in the darkness - the sound of metal clanging, a SPLASHING SOUND...

SCOTT

You don't want to do this-

AGENT LONG

Yeah, I do. Know why? I busted ass for a **year** chasing that scumbag! He walks with \$5 mil and a new life... and what do I get? A pat on the back? Uh uh. Not this time.

Scott looks out and sees a DOOR OPEN. Moonlight streams in. Scott and Hooch move to follow...

Halfway there, however, Hooch stops, smelling the floor.

SCOTT

What is it, boy? Is something...

Scott squints at the floor, sees a liquid spreading across the floor... His eyes go wide as he sees AGENT LONG IN THE DOORWAY, lit ZIPPO LIGHTER in hand. He tosses the lighter.

WHOOMP! The liquid on the floor catches fire, rapidly spreading toward them. In the flickering light, we see the stickers marked FLAMMABLE on the barrels all around...

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica has Dax and Vern cuffed, face-down on the floor. She's on the phone...

JESSICA

I'm not sure the exact address...
we're about five warehouses down,
on the east side-

Suddenly the DOOR BURSTS OPEN and Scott and Hooch run in. FLAMES flicker in the background...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

JUST GET HERE! NOW!

She hangs up. Scott slams the door behind him...

SCOTT

We've got to get out of here! He
just set the building on fire-

DAX

He *what?*

VERN

Son of a-

LARRY

What kind of idiots ARE you-

JESSICA

The kind that are saving your
worthless life! Now shut up!

Jessica starts drags Larry toward the front door as Scott goes to open it... BANG! A BULLET slams into the doorframe right by his head. He jumps back. Looks at Jessica...

SCOTT

He came around the front! He's
going to trap us in here!

There are ominous BOOMS from inside the warehouse as barrels of chemicals ignite... flames curl out from the doorframe, and SMOKE begins to fill the room. Larry coughs...

JESSICA

This smoke's gonna kill us in minutes...

Hooch barks at the door. Scott looks over at him, thinking...

SCOTT

I've got an idea.
(off her look)
Hooch is faster than either of us.
And he'd love to take a bite out of Agent Long. I could follow him out-

JESSICA

Scott, Long's gonna start shooting the second that door opens...

SCOTT

I know. But it's our only chance.

Scott coughs, goes to Hooch, crouching with him, voice gentle-

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy... We're gonna go out there in a sec. And it's gonna be dangerous.

Scott looks Hooch in the eye with real love...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But I'll be right there with you. I know... I **know** you've got my back. But here's the thing: I've got yours too, okay?

His eyes well up with emotion, his voice cracking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Because **you're my dog**. No matter what. Forever.

He wipes away a tear as he kisses Hooch on the head. Hooch licks him. Scott pulls the evidence bag with the glove in it from his pocket, gives Hooch the scent. Hooch barks.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Jessica! As soon as it's clear, get them out of here, okay?

Jessica nods. She's on it. Scott looks at Hooch. Ready? Hooch is ready. SCOTT TAKES OFF HOOCH'S LEASH and KICKS THE DOOR OPEN, ducking back as BANG! BANG! Two bullets hit high, near Scott's head. Hooch is off like a shot...

33 EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

33

Agent Long frowns, confused... Until he sees HOOCH RACING TOWARD HIM. His eyes go wide. He lowers the gun...

But SCOTT bursts out of the building gun blazing, distracting Long as he fires at Hooch! The shot goes just wide. Long goes to return fire at Scott but Hooch comes on like a FURRY FREIGHT TRAIN and leaps into the air, TACKLING HIM...

WITH HOOCH AND LONG as they wrestle. Hooch is all over him, but Agent Long manages to bring the gun up. As he's about to shoot Hooch...

SCOTT (O.S.)

FREEZE!

Agent Long looks over at Scott, gun locked and loaded.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Drop it, or you are dog food.

Long does as he's told, raising his hands as Hooch runs to Scott. SIRENS scream in the distance. Scott looks at Jessica, who's finishing pulling Larry, Dax, and Vern out of the inferno. Scott scratches Hooch's head as we FADE TO BLACK.

34 INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

34

A few days later. Scott and Jessica meet with the Chief, who is sitting with Erica. Hooch rubs against Chief Clark's leg, infatuated. Annoyed, the Chief pushes him away...

CHIEF CLARK

Is he... can we stop this?

Hooch returns to the Chief's leg. Scott tries to pull him off-

SCOTT

I'm sorry, sir, I...

ERICA

Hooch. Off.

Hooch instantly does as Erica says, but continues staring at Chief Clark with unrequited love. The chief sighs.

CHIEF CLARK

I just want to start by saying that in the future, administrative leave means you stop working your cases. Is that understood?

Yes, sir.

SCOTT

Of course.

JESSICA

CHIEF CLARK

Good. All that said? Nice work. I got a message from the FBI. They send their apologies. And thanks.

JESSICA

Their agent tried to burn us alive. They can't spring for some flowers-

SCOTT

Jess, can we, uh... focus here?
(to the Chief, anxious)
Chief, did you decide on-

CHIEF CLARK

The dog situation, right. Well, I checked the regs, and bringing in an outside K-9 unit isn't allowed.

Scott's face falls. Hooch snuffles the Chief. He grimaces.

CHIEF CLARK (CONT'D)

But in light of his service to the department, I'll allow Hooch to continue to work with you two-

SCOTT

Really? Thank you so much-

CHIEF CLARK

...**provided** Ms. Mendez can actually train him to be... less like this.

Chief Clark frowns as Hooch licks him. She smiles, doubtful.

35

EXT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Scott, Jessica, Hooch emerge from the building. Scott's relieved. Jessica crouches down, scratching Hooch.

JESSICA

You get to stay! Yes! Yes you do!
Because you saved everybody...

SCOTT
Well, technically, I helped...

JESSICA
A little. Watch out... my bet is
Hooch makes director before you do.
(winks)
I'll get the car.

As she goes, Scott sees Erica leaving the building. He calls:

SCOTT
Oh, hey... Erica! Before you go, I
wanted to ask you something.

Erica turns, blushing a little.

ERICA
Okay...

SCOTT
You **really** think you can train
Hooch?

Erica's face falls a little. Maybe not the question she
expected. She frowns, then:

ERICA
He needs a lot of work but he's...
he's a great dog. He's just a
little... *a little oblivious to
signals*, so it might take a while.

Scott nods, completely missing the subtext.

SCOTT
Okay. So... where do we start?

ERICA
He got along really well with Angel
the other day at the training
center... Why don't the two of you
meet us at the Presidio dog park
tomorrow at ten?

SCOTT
Sounds good.

ERICA
Well... bye.

She goes. Scott turns to Hooch, scratching his head as
Jessica pulls up.

SCOTT
Hear that, Hooch? You've got a date.

Scott takes Hooch to the car as we CUT TO:

36 INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

36

Scott sits on the couch tired from his day. He looks around his once-immaculate place, now messily dog-proofed.

SCOTT
Well, buddy. I guess we are now roommates **and** co-workers.

Hooch jumps on the couch next to him. Scott sighs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, Hooch? If this is gonna work, we need boundaries. The dog bed? That's for dogs. This is the people couch. Me here. You there.

Scott points. Hooch doesn't move.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Go on. Go, Hooch...

Hooch doesn't move. Scott gets up and, with great effort, drags Hooch toward the dog bed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You... are not... the boss!

Hooch wrestles with Scott, enjoying the game. He ducks between Scott's legs and Scott tumbles into the dog bed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Hooch, I'm serious!

Hooch jumps on Scott, licking his face. Scott begins giggling-

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm... All right! I give up!!

Scott is overcome with laughter as Hooch licks him, pinning him in the dog bed. A moment... and then the phone rings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Unless you're gonna grow hands, I gotta get that.

LAURA (O.S.)
 Scott? It's Laura. I'm with mom...

Scott's frowns a little as he hears her tone...

SCOTT
 Okayy... something wrong?

37

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - EVENING

37

Laura is at Emily's house. Emily is at the kitchen table, going through a banker's box of old files. Laura is there too; she looks through a file folder, clearly concerned.

LAURA
 It's about dad. You know how we've been going through his old things? Well... we found something.

SCOTT
 What kind of thing?

LAURA
 Well, it looks like Dad wasn't quite as retired as he let on. He was working on a case before he died...

SCOTT
 A case? What kind of-

LAURA
 That's just it. I don't know. He had **dozens** of files. Articles, police reports... I think he was onto something big. Something serious enough that he didn't want to tell anyone about it.
 (then)
 Scott... what if that car accident wasn't an accident?

BACK TO SCOTT, as he takes this in, stunned. Finally:

SCOTT
 I'll...
 (looks at Hooch)
 We'll be right there.

Hooch is all business, at Scott's side. Off them both...

END OF PILOT