

Woof

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of a growling wolf. The wolf's snarling white teeth are exposed, and he seems fierce.

LOGO

Grrrr . . .

RIDGE (O.S.)

(Enthusiastic)

That's good. No, that's great. Keep it coming, Logo. Feel it from deep within. Feel it like a wildfire burning out of control!

Logo, the wolf, overemphasizes the growl, giving it all he has.

RIDGE (O.S.)

Good. Now slowly lift your head towards the moon, and let out the greatest, most amazing howl of all time.

PAN OUT to a scrawny wolf pup standing next to a porcupine. Logo angles his head up towards a half moon, opens his mouth to howl, and . . .

Nothing happens.

He hangs his head in shame and turns away from Ridge, the porcupine.

LOGO

It's never gonna happen, Ridge.

The two unlikely friends begin to descend the mountain, weaving through the snow capped trees of Yellowstone National Park.

RIDGE

Well, not with an attitude like that. I do have a few more exercises we could try. You could change your diet. Or, have you ever considered hypnosis? Because I know a guy . . .

(CONTINUED)

LOGO

I already told you, I don't want to be hypnotized.

RIDGE

Ok, then how about hiring a professional howl coach?

LOGO

It's just a lost cause. If I was able to howl I would have done it by now.

RIDGE

You're a late bloomer, that's all. I had a cousin who didn't get his first prickly quill until the age of fifty-four. Whew. Boy was he embarrassed.

LOGO

You're not helping.

Ridge walks through a silky spiderweb, which wraps around his face. He rips it away, and the homeless spider sneaks into his quills.

RIDGE

What's so great about howling, anyways?

LOGO

A wolf's howl is the most important thing in his life. They say a wolf who can't howl is just--just a dog.

RIDGE

(Shrugs)

I always liked dogs.

Ridge struggles to keep up with the young wolf. They turn into WOLF VALLEY, a flat area between two mountains that is lit by scattered lights. Dozens of caves are dug into the mountainsides, some lit by the warm glow of firelight.

LOGO

Come on. Let's get something to eat, then I'll walk you home. And try not to cause a scene this time, ok?

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Logo and Ridge cross through the valley and approach a cave. From within, the crowd sounds raucous.

A GUARD wolf stands at the cave entrance.

GUARD
(To Ridge)
And just who do you think you are?

LOGO
Don't worry. He's with me.

GUARD
(A hungry grin)
Hey Logo, your friend sure looks tasty. And I haven't had my third supper yet.

At the threat, Ridge puffs out into a ferocious ball of quills, and the bouncer steps back.

GUARD
Easy fella. It was just a joke.

RIDGE
I'd hate for things to get messy,
Mr. Tough Guy.

Ridge waddles forward, and the guard retreats, pressing his back against the mountainside.

RIDGE
Not so hungry now, are you?

LOGO
Let it go, Ridge. Come on.

Ridge deflates to his normal state. Logo walks inside and Ridge follows, staring at the guard all the while. Just before entering, Ridge puffs into a ball again, and the guard shrieks.

RIDGE
That's what I thought.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Within the cave is a rowdy crowd of wolves. Wolves are gathered at stone tables, feasting on raw dinner. Others stand around, laughing and talking. Logo is bumped by a few wolves, who are all bigger and stronger than him. He stumbles, but regains his footing. Logo is a little guy, far more frail than the others of his pack.

From across the room, we see Striker. A bone hangs out of his mouth like a toothpick. He is a dominant wolf, and has a crowd of adorers gathered around. Striker looks over and sees Logo.

STRIKER
Hey, little brother!

Logo lifts his head in acknowledgment.

LOGO
(Mumbles)
Great.

STRIKER
Get over here, kid. I want you to meet a few of my friends!

Striker drapes his paw over Logo's shoulder and guides him to a group of attractive females and dominant males. A few of the girls bat their eyes at the little guy, while the males snicker at his stature.

GIRL #1
So this is little bitty Logo.
You're actually kind of cute.

She turns to her friend.

GIRL #1
(Whispers)
He's cute.

GIRL #2
Except he can't howl.

Striker lightly nudges Logo, who blushes in embarrassment.

STRIKER
That's all about to change. Logo, why don't you tell these beautiful ladies about what you'll be doing on the night of the first full moon?

(CONTINUED)

LOGO
I dunno Striker.

STRIKER
Don't be so shy! Tell them!

GIRL #1
Yeah tell us, Logo.

Logo glances at Ridge, who begins whistling and looking in different directions.

LOGO
I'm--well, me and the other junior
wolves will be leading the pack
howl at the first full moon of the
new year.

The girls' eyes grow wide, impressed by the grand opportunity.

STRIKER
That's right! My own little brother
following in the footsteps of the
three-time howl champion! Woo-wee!

With meat and bones falling from their mouths, many of the wolves look up to honor the great feat.

CHORUS
Hear hear!

WOLF #1
Hey Striker, why don't you give us
one of those famous howls!

Striker feigns bashfulness.

STRIKER
I probably shouldn't. Might wake up
the neighbors.

CHORUS
Come on Striker, just one howl!
Come on!

Striker nods his head and motions for the crowd to quiet down. The wolves stop talking and look to Striker with anticipation. He arches his shoulders, tilts his chin, and releases a magnificent howl that shakes the entire room.

Everyone bursts into applause.

STRIKER

Thank you! You're so kind, all of you. I guess I should take this moment to announce that my own little brother . . .

Logo frantically motions for Striker to stop talking, but Striker ignores him.

STRIKER

(Continuous)

. . . will be leading the pack howl at this year's first full moon! How about that?

The crowd bursts into mocking laughter. Logo is nothing more than a joke to the others. His face sinks in humiliation.

STRIKER

(Nodding in agreement)

Sure, he may not always act like a real wolf. And I know he hangs out with this little . . . (To Ridge) what are you again?

RIDGE

(Shocked)

I'm a porcupine. We've already had this conversation like a hundred times.

STRIKER

Yeah, he's got some nerdy friend. But on the night of the full moon, my little brother will finally howl for the first time, and become a REAL WOLF. Isn't that right, Logo?

Striker narrows his eyes at his little brother, offering him little choice.

LOGO

I hope so, Striker, but . . .

STRIKER

Isn't that right, Logo? You're finally going to howl, aren't you?

Logo gulps.

LOGO

Yep.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - NIGHT

Logo and Ridge walk through Wolf Valley, with Logo down and out. He hangs his head as they weave through the trees.

RIDGE

Man Striker's a cool guy. Lots of people say I'm a cool guy, but I'm not nearly as cool as Striker.

Logo doesn't respond, and halfheartedly kicks a rock as they walk along.

RIDGE

Come to think of it, I guess we're equally cool. I can't believe he didn't remember my name. Do you think I should invite him to come over sometime? My mom could make a macaroni casserole.

LOGO

Sorry, Ridge, I'm just not in the mood to talk right now.

RIDGE

No problem. Don't let this howling stuff get to you, pal.

LOGO

Easy for you to say. You're not the one who's going to be humiliated in front of the whole pack.

RIDGE

I'm no stranger to humiliation . . .

Just then, three of Logo's peers step from behind a boulder. They are led by QUAKE, a cocky young wolf with everything Logo doesn't have.

QUAKE

Did I hear someone say 'humiliated'?

RIDGE

(Matter of fact)
Actually, you did. Good ears.

LOGO

What do you want, Quake?

(CONTINUED)

QUAKE

Oh, I don't know. Maybe I want to hear you say that you'll NEVER be a real wolf. How about that?

Three more of Quake's friends step out behind Logo, surrounding them. Two more of Quake's accomplices lie in wait in the tree above, holding a bucket of water above Logo.

RIDGE

Are you guys crazy? Look at him. He's a wolf as sure as I'm a porcupine!

QUAKE

(Taunting)

If he's a wolf, then let's hear a howl.

Quake forcefully pokes Logo's shoulder. Logo moves backwards, but bumps into the others who surround him. He glances around, with no place to escape.

LOGO

(Nervous)

I'll--I'll howl with you guys at the ceremony.

Quake struts in front of Logo, arrogantly swinging his head.

QUAKE

You know what I think? I think you're just a dog.

The other wolves begin to cackle with laughter.

QUAKE

That's right, Logo. You're just A DOG. You'd be better off trying to wag your little tail and bark. I think we ought to start calling you 'woof'.

RIDGE

Listen here Quake, I don't appreciate your tone one bit. Not one tiny bit.

QUAKE

Shutup, prickly pear.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

Ok.

Quake approaches Logo and messes up the fur on his head. He yanks Logo's ears out so they become floppy, and Logo looks more like a dog now than a wolf.

QUAKE

We're still missing one thing.

Quake steps back and glances up at his accomplices, who dump the water on Logo and Ridge. The bullies laugh wildly as they saunter away, leaving Logo and Ridge soaking wet and in shock. Logo looks like a DOG. Ridge blows the water off his face.

RIDGE

At least we don't have to take a shower now.

Thunder rolls and lightning strikes.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - NIGHT

Lightning strikes above as another pack of wolves has gathered around a campfire. The dozens of warriors are fierce, determined. Unlike Logo's pack, this rival pack is BROWN.

Apart from the others, a young wolf and her mother stand in the shadows . . .

Zee looks at Moxie's fur, which is brown with a hint of white.

ZEE

You need a fresh coat, Moxie.
You're starting to show through.

MOXIE, a beautiful wolf Logo's age, averts her eyes. Moxie has one blue eye and one green eye. Her mother, Zee, steps forward.

ZEE

I said roll, Moxie. We can't take
any chances tonight with the storm.

Reluctantly, Moxie bends down and rolls in the dirt. Once Moxie is sufficiently covered with brown dirt, she stands up.

(CONTINUED)

MOXIE

(Defiant)

I'd hate to show the pack who I really am.

ZEE

(Fierce)

Don't you start with me young lady. Sometimes . . . sometimes you do what you must to fit in.

Moxie watches as her mother walks away to join the ring of warriors. She wipes some dirt from her eye and flicks it to the ground. The pack looks to Zee as a leader, and await her instruction on how to raid the grey pack . . .

ZEE

Is everyone clear on what happens tonight? Wolf Valley belongs to us. It's time we take it back.

The brown pack nods in agreement.

ZEE

Good. Everything changes tonight.

The brown wolves scatter from the fire, preparing for the coming raid. Moxie shakes her head in disgust, watching as her mother rallies the troops. Zee glances over and meets Moxie's gaze. She walks over.

ZEE

Don't do anything foolish, Moxie. We'll be back in the morning.

MOXIE

I'd hate to do anything to stand out.

ZEE

We have to do what's best for the pack.

Zee glances up at the coming storm, and a raindrop falls on her forehead.

ZEE

Remember. Do what's best for the pack.

A brown wolf howls, and the warriors begin making their way towards him. The raiding party is set to leave. Zee looks to Moxie as if she's about to say something, but withholds. She turns away . . .

(CONTINUED)

Moxie watches Zee and the others disappear into the dark night. As soon as they are gone, Moxie takes a deep breath. A raindrop falls on her face, leaving a WHITE streak where her brown fur once was.

MOXIE

(To herself)

Gotta do what's best for the pack.

Moxie glances over both shoulders, and sneaks into the forest opposite where the raiders just left.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOGO'S CAVE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Logo lays on his back, looking up at the clouds rolling past the moon. Thunder rolls, but the storm has passed. He throws a rock up and down to himself, deep in thought. His eyes grow tired, and he stops throwing the rock. Finally, he drifts off to his dreams . . .

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - NIGHT

In a dream sequence, we see Logo's family of dominant males through the years--GRAMPS, POPS, Striker, and Logo. They all stand in a line. Gramps turns to Logo.

GRAMPS

(In disgust)

You know, a wolf who can't howl is nothing but a dog . . .

In turn, Gramps howls at the moon.

Popps howls at the moon.

Striker howls at the moon.

Logo lifts his head to howl, but nothing happens. That's when he notices the whole pack is watching, shocked and disappointed. His family members hang their heads in shame.

Embarrassed, Logo scans the crowd for some support. His eyes meet Quake.

QUAKE

You'll never be a real wolf.

The words echo as we fade out of the dream . . .

EXT. OUTSIDE LOGO'S CAVE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A rustling of footsteps breaks through the still night, and Logo awakes with a startle. He glances over to see a rival wolf pack sneaking through the trees, preparing a raid. They are led by Zee.

Scared, Logo lifts his head to howl a warning to the others, but nothing comes out.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Logo rushes through the trees to find someone to help. He trips over an ant mound, tumbles, and keeps going. Out of breath, he finally comes upon a few wolves lounging on the ground beneath some trees. Striker is among them, and stands at the sight of his brother so distraught.

LOGO
(Short of breath)
The--other wolf--there's a raid.
The brown pack is raiding.

The others stand at attention, and scan the treeline.

STRIKER
Are you sure?

LOGO
I just saw them. Just now. Maybe
ten or twelve altogether.

STRIKER
Why didn't you howl a warning?

LOGO
I . . . I . . .

STRIKER
(Ashamed)
Nevermind.

Striker looks to the other 'real' wolves.

STRIKER
Quick, you two gather the others.
When you hear my howl, return the
call. You three come with me. Logo,
you too.

Two wolves go one direction, and the rest go in the opposite. Logo reluctantly follows his brother.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

Logo runs after Striker and the others, who are charged up for battle. They dart through trees, over a small brook, and up the mountain. Logo struggles to keep up with the athleticism of the others. They finally reach a boulder that juts out from the mountain and overlooks Wolf Valley.

From their perch, they can see the brown wolves sneaking through the trees below.

STRIKER

We'll see how brave they are when they know our whole pack is surrounding them. Ready?

WOLF #1

Ready.

WOLF #2

Ready.

WOLF #3

Ready.

They wait for Logo, who stands back. They turn to him, and he is caught off guard.

LOGO

Oh. Yeah. Me too. I mean, I'm ready.

Striker nods at his little brother.

STRIKER

One. Two. Three!

The wolves begin to howl, and are answered by the resounding echoes of howls throughout the valley. The sound is harrowing, as all the wolves of the pack howl in unison--except Logo. He lifts his head, but nothing comes out. He checks to make sure the others don't notice.

In the valley below, the raiding wolves stand at attention, glancing around. They realize they are surrounded, and scurry through the trees to escape.

Looking down at the retreat, Striker and the others celebrate.

STRIKER

(Calling down to the retreating pack)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STRIKER (cont'd)
You'll never take Wolf Valley from
us! This is our land and it always
will be!

Striker howls again in joy, even spinning in circles to
celebrate.

INT. LOGO'S CAVE - MORNING

Logo looks at moon markings on the wall. He has marked
through all but two nights leading up to the full moon,
which is circled.

In the background, we see Pops and MA lounging at a stone
table.

Logo marks through another day, leaving only one more night
before he will have to lead the pack in the howl.

Logo sighs.

A knock echoes on the front of the cave. Logo looks that
way. He walks over to find Ridge standing there.

RIDGE
Well hello Mr. Hero. I heard you
saved the pack from a raid!
Everyone's talking about it.

LOGO
(Hopeful)
Really?

RIDGE
Well, at least one lady was. I
think she had something wrong with
her. She was like . . .

Ridge begins to twitch.

LOGO
I didn't do much.

RIDGE
Oh come on. They say you scared 'em
off! Wolf Valley would've been
raided if it weren't for you.

LOGO
If it weren't for Striker, maybe. I
tried to--

(CONTINUED)

Logo looks over both shoulders.

LOGO
(Whispers)
--you know. Howl. To warn everyone.

RIDGE
Uh oh . . . And?

LOGO
What do you think?

Ridge shrugs.

Striker appears from the back of the cave with a bone hanging out of his mouth.

STRIKER
Hey Logo, who's here?

LOGO
It's Ridge.

STRIKER
Ridge?

LOGO
Yeah my friend. You've met him before.

Striker shrugs, as if the name is completely unfamiliar.

STRIKER
I don't think so.

RIDGE
I'm the porcupine. We've met like a hundred times, dude. We're really close friends.

STRIKER
Whatever. Hey Logo, don't forget that we have a hunting trip tomorrow.

LOGO
I dunno Striker. The other guys don't seem to like me all that much.

STRIKER
They just need to get to know you, that's all. Run down a few rabbits, and they'll be your best friend.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE
(Scoffing)
Ha! Logo catching a rabbit. Have
you ever seen him--

Logo elbows Ridge, who gulps.

STRIKER
Have I ever seen what?

RIDGE
Have you ever . . . seen him do a
cartwheel? He's an acrobat. A real
body bender.

The two friends glance at one another, and Ridge shrugs.
Striker narrows his eyes.

STRIKER
Logo you need to get rid of this
guy and start focusing on the full
moon howl. It may be your best
chance to prove yourself to the
pack. Maybe the other wolves will
stop pushing you around once and
for all.

LOGO
(Quietly)
Or maybe it will make things worse
than they already are.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Logo's eyes are closed, and Ridge moves in circles around
him.

RIDGE
Now, imagine you're standing in the
desert, wearing a bright red cloak.
Got it?

Logo nods.

RIDGE
(With sweeping hand gestures)
And little creatures come from far
and wide to hear you howl. Because
it's MAGIC! And this little bitty
bug with twenty-five eyeballs
crawls across the hot sands, looks
you in the eye, and says (in a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE (cont'd)
nasally voice) 'I've traveled five
hundred miles to hear your magical
howl.'

Logo opens his eyes and glances distrustfully at Ridge.

RIDGE
Keep 'em closed!

Logo closes his eyes again, not sold on Ridge's techniques.

RIDGE
(Still in a nasally voice)
Because if I don't hear your magic
howl, me and my whole family are
going to--we're all gonna DIE! So
howl, or we're all gonna die and--
the world's gonna explode!

Logo takes a deep breath, tilts his chin upwards, and
prepares to howl. Still, nothing.

LOGO
I'm going to have to pretend like
I'm sick.

RIDGE
Man, I really thought the bug bit
was going to work. I stayed up late
thinking of that.

A chorus of female voices can be heard through the trees.
Wolf girls who are Logo's age appear in an opening, and look
towards Logo and Ridge. The head of the pack is Petra, who
Logo crushes on.

PETRA
Logo? Is that you?

LOGO
(Bashful)
Hi, Petra.

PETRA
What are you doing out here?

LOGO
Just--just uh getting some fresh
air. Love that fresh air.

RIDGE

Love that fresh air. I basically survive on it.

PETRA

Ok. Well, me and the girls were going to have brunch on the other side of the mountain.

LOGO

That sounds nice.

RIDGE

Yeah, brunch is great. Brunch, lunch, fruit punch. One time I even had a hunch. My brother in law had a *hunch back*.

Ridge make a hunch in his back.

RIDGE

He died really young.

Logo elbows Ridge to shut him up.

PETRA

You should come with us, Logo. We're meeting Quake and some of the other guys from class.

LOGO

Quake and the other guys? Oh, I--I can't. I'm--uh--uh . . .

RIDGE

He's practicing.

PETRA

Practicing? What for? Oh wait I bet I know. The junior wolves are leading the pack howl tomorrow night!

Logo shrugs. The other girls are impressed.

PETRA

(Playfully)

Do you think we could have a little sample?

The other girls encourage the idea.

(CONTINUED)

LOGO
(Panicked)
I probably shouldn't. I need to
save my vocal chords.

PETRA
Just a small sample.

The other girls continue to voice their encouragement.

LOGO
Oh--ok. Just. . .would you mind
turning around? I don't like
to--just maybe turn around so I
don't get embarrassed.

Petra and the others glance at each other and giggle at
Logo's expense, then turn around.

PETRA
Whatever you say.

Ridge moves in close to Logo to hear a game plan.

RIDGE
(Whispers)
Let's make a run for it.

LOGO
(Whispers)
We can't run away. They'll think
I'm a weirdo.

RIDGE
(Whispers)
Everyone already thinks you're a
weirdo.

LOGO
(Whispers)
Howl for me.

RIDGE
(Shouts)
What?!?

LOGO
(Whispers)
Shh. Shh. Just--just howl for me.
Please.

PETRA
(Still turned around)
We're waiting . . .

RIDGE
Fine.

Ridge clears his throat, puffs into a ball of quills, angles his head up to the sky, and releases a bizarre howl that sounds more like croaking.

The girls turn around, baffled by what they have just heard.

LOGO
That may have sounded a little
weird. It's not always like that.
I'm just--just . . .

RIDGE
Sick! He's got the tuberculosis.
It's going around.

PETRA
(Confused)
Ok. Well, I hope you feel better by
tomorrow. Maybe we'll see you at
the parade?

LOGO
Sure thing. Ok, bye Petra.

The girls walk away giggling, leaving Logo and Ridge alone.

LOGO
Tuberculosis?

RIDGE
It just came out.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - DAY

Zee walks through the camp with the other raiders who returned unsuccessful. She glances around for Moxie, who is gone.

ZEE
(Calling out)
Moxie?

Zee looks around, but to no avail.

(CONTINUED)

ZEE

(To the rest of the pack)

Has anyone seen my daughter?

A brown wolf runs into the camp out of breath. The others gather around to hear what he has to say. Zee looks once more for Moxie, then runs to hear the update.

WOLF #1

Good news, Zee. Our spies say the hunters of the grey pack just left. If we beat them to Avalanche Point

. . .

ZEE

We could ambush them from above. Let's move!

The brown pack sprints out of camp and through the trees. Zee slides to a stop and looks back at the empty camp. Moxie is nowhere to be found.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

Out of breath, Logo struggles to keep up with the dozen hunters. They chase a rabbit through the snow, cutting right and left. The wolves surround the rabbit and begin to close in on him, baring their teeth. Seeing that he is surrounded, the rabbit stands up straight, and faints.

STRIKER

(Disappointed)

Why do they always do that?

Striker picks up the unconscious rabbit and places him in his pouch. Once the wolves have turned their attention elsewhere, the rabbit opens the flap and jumps out.

Logo watches with mild amusement, and says nothing.

Striker turns to his brother.

STRIKER

You got the next one, pal. Let's see that speed.

LOGO

Sure thing, Striker. I got the next one.

Quake jogs up next to Logo and bumps him into a small ditch. Logo faceplants.

(CONTINUED)

QUAKE

Sure you do, Woof.

Quake chuckles and saunters away.

One of the wolves perks his ears to a noise, and the whole group sprints off after a new creature.

STRIKER

Get it!

LOGO

(To himself)

Here we go again.

Logo follows in the wake of the wolf pack, trying to keep up. A mass of snow falls from a tree limb above and completely buries Logo, who struggles to push through to the other side.

Just then, Logo glances up to see wolves from the brown pack sneaking across the mountain at a higher elevation.

He looks to his own pack, and realizes they have no idea the other pack is present.

LOGO

Oh no . . .

Zee and the brown pack positions themselves above the grey pack, and begin to push against a boulder. They are planning a sabotage.

Logo lifts his head to howl, but to no avail. Quickly, he tries again. Nothing. Again. Again. It's no use.

LOGO

Striker! Guys! Look out!

The grey pack cannot hear him through the windy cold. He is out of earshot.

The brown pack has loosened the boulder, and with a heave they push it down the mountain, causing an avalanche of snow to rush towards the grey pack. Unaware of the coming snow, the grey pack is sideswiped by the avalanche and cast down the side of the mountain. Only Logo remains.

One of the brown wolves sees Logo standing alone, and howls at the others. They look to the lone wolf, and begin sprinting down the mountain after him. His eyes grow wide.

(CONTINUED)

LOGO

Oh boy.

Logo runs as fast as he can through the trees, leaping over a fallen log, ducking under low branches, and bouncing off boulders.

The brown pack is right on his tail, ferociously growling at him.

BROWN WOLF #1

Come here kid!

One of the brown wolves snaps at Logo's tail, but Logo flicks it away at the last second.

A second group of brown wolves emerges from the right, causing Logo to cut to the left. He finally reaches a precipice overlooking an icy, rushing river. Logo slides to a stop at the edge of the precipice. Logo turns around to face over a dozen brown wolves, who have him cornered and are growling.

ZEE

Nowhere to go, kid.

BROWN WOLF #3

We'll throw you down the mountain
like your friends. Wolf Valley
belongs to our pack!

Logo glances over his shoulder at the river far below. He inches backwards and his back foot slips off. The brown wolves step forward.

ZEE

Don't do anything stupid.

Logo takes a deep breath, turns, and leaps off the precipice towards the river. He freefalls, screaming at the top of his lungs.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Logo splashes into the rushing tides, and struggles to keep his head above water. He reaches for a boulder in the river but is swept away toward a steep waterfall. Coming towards the edge, Logo tries to swim upstream, but it's futile. The water carries him over the edge, and he is lost in the white foam of the raging river.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - HOURS LATER

Moxie walks along through the forest, with large sections of her brown fur changed to WHITE, making clear that she is WHITE underneath. She is ragged from traveling alone, and tired. She looks ahead at the river and notices something unusual. She squints her eyes, and then opens them wide at what she sees . . .

A tree has fallen across the river, and some grey creature is draped over the tree, saved by the branches.

Moxie runs to the edge of the water and places a paw on the fallen tree. She climbs onto it, and the tree shifts in the river. She takes a deep breath, frightened by her daring. She moves ahead, slowly, one foot in front of the other. The tree shifts again, and she looks down at the rushing water.

A fall might mean her death . . .

She moves ahead and reaches out to touch the grey creature. She turns its shoulder to find it is Logo.

MOXIE
(Narrowing her eyes in
distrust)
A grey wolf?

Just then, the tree breaks off into the rushing water, carried by the tide at breakneck speed. Moxie fights to keep her balance, and sees Logo's body slipping off the limb. She looks ahead to see the point of a cliff stretching over the water.

The tree spins in the river, and Moxie cries out in desperation and fear. Once they reach the overhanging cliff, she leaps out of the water and grips onto it with one hand.

She breathes a sigh of relief as the tree continues flowing down the river.

Only then do we see she holds Logo in her other hand.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

Logo opens his blurry eyes, and blinks to gain clarity. A beautiful face lingers above . . .

Moxie nudges Logo with her snout as her words fade into hearing.

(CONTINUED)

MOXIE

Hey . . . Are you okay? Can you hear me?

Logo takes a deep breath, and then coughs up some water.

LOGO

I--I--what happened? Where am I?

Moxie steps back as Logo struggles to his feet. She is hesitant. He finally sees her fully. She is now completely white, washed clean from the river. Logo squints to see her.

LOGO

Are you . . . a white wolf? I thought all the white wolves were gone from these parts.

Moxie looks down and away, ashamed of her beauty.

MOXIE

Who are you?

LOGO

My name's Logo.

MOXIE

(Suspicious)

And you're a part of the grey pack.

Logo's face sinks.

LOGO

It's complicated.

MOXIE

What do you mean?

LOGO

I wouldn't say I'm exactly *part* of the pack.

MOXIE

Why?

LOGO

(Blunt)

They hate me . . .

MOXIE

(Shocked)

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

LOGO

What happened back there? Last
thing I knew, I was in the middle
of the river, swimming for my life
. . .

MOXIE

You, uh, you got stuck on a tree.

A ruckus of noisy voices rises in the forest, growing louder
and closer.

LOGO

Do you hear something?

Both wolves walk to the edge of the trees, where it sounds
like fifty people are rushing towards them . . .

All of a sudden, four dogs burst through the trees,
slobbering madly and running for their lives. They each
carry a bag in their mouths, full of human food. The dogs
whoosh past Logo and Moxie.

DOG

Ruuuuuuuuunnnnnnn!!!

Moxie and Logo look at one another in panic.

MOXIE

Did he say run?

They look to where the dogs came from and see a maddened
PARK RANGER stumbling through the woods after them. He
carries a large dogcatcher's net. WILBUR, the ranger, is
powerfully built with a classic mustache, wearing a name
tag, his shirt tucked in tight. On sight of Moxie and Logo,
Wilbur becomes all the more impassioned in his chase.

WILBUR

Come here, you dogs!

LOGO

(To Moxie)

Run!

Logo and Moxie run in the wake of the four dogs, quickly
catching up to them. The dogs' ears flop, and drool flings
onto Logo's face. RUMOR is a German Shepherd. CIRCLES is a
border collie. TUESDAY is a Saint Bernard. BACON is a
yorkshire terrier.

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR

Doubleback on the 'ole ranger!

The dogs split into two groups and peel around backwards around the oncoming ranger. He continues running, and now the dogs and wolves are running behind him.

Soon Wilbur stops, looks around, raises his net, and bumbles off into the forest. The dogs bend over in laughter, congratulating one another on a job well done. Simultaneously they turn to look at Logo and Moxie.

BACON

And just who are you?

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - DAY

The hunting party returns home limping and bedraggled from the avalanche. They are missing a few of the wolves, who we must assume were killed.

Striker leads the wounded pack into the valley, and is met by Pops. Striker's eyes sink low.

POPS

Where's the boy? Where's young
Logo?

Striker shakes his head.

POPS

Tell me, Striker. Where's the boy?

STRIKER

I don't know, Pops. It all happened
so fast. The brown pack caused an
avalanche.

POPS

(Sadly)

Is he--is Logo . . .

STRIKER

I don't know. We never found his
body. We looked for hours and
hours, but the avalanche was so
big, and he's just so small.

POPS

My boy Logo.

(CONTINUED)

STRIKER
 (Distraught)
 It must have washed him down the
 mountain.

Hidden in the shadows of a nearby tree, Ridge has heard everything that was said. A tear runs down his face, and he scurries away.

POPS
 (Determined)
 Then we must take revenge! This has
 gone far enough!

Pops lifts his head and howls in honor of the son he believes is dead. The howl seems to carry throughout the entire world as we fade away from Wolf Valley . . .

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

Logo and Moxie are held off the ground by TUESDAY, who is a female Saint Bernard. Circles watches, and Bacon bounces up and down behind the bigger dogs . . .

BACON
 Lemme at 'em! Lemme at 'em!

CIRCLES
 Lay off, Bacon.

BACON
 They're spies, I tell you! Spies!

Tuesday shakes the wolves a bit, threateningly.

CIRCLES
 (To Logo and Moxie)
 What's your business here?

BACON
 They wanna take us back! I can't go
 back there! I won't do it! Ahhh!!!

Bacon lifts his arms and shakes wildly.

CIRCLES
 (To Tuesday)
 Bacon needs his bacon.

TUESDAY
 (Stutters)
 Fa-fa-fa for crying out loud just
 take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

Tuesday pulls out a piece of bacon and extends it towards Bacon, whose eyes widen at the sight of it. His mouth opens, salivating, as he moves towards the treat in a trance. He chomps down on the bacon . . .

BACON

Ohhh . . . So good. The flavors melting in my mouth! (Noticing Logo and Moxie) So who are our new friends?

TUESDAY

We were just trying to fa-fa-fa figure that out.

Logo and Moxie glance at one another.

MOXIE

We live here in these woods. We're wolves. This is our natural habitat.

The dogs nod, as if they haven't considered it.

LOGO

We actually just met when you guys came past telling us to run. So we ran. And wound up here. Then you two picked us up.

Tuesday glances at Circles, shrugs, and lowers the wolves. Circles glances back at her own wagging tail and begins to chase it ferociously.

TUESDAY

Good enough for me. I'm Tuesday. That there is Circles, and you've already met Bacon. And our fearless leader Rumor is around here somewhere, too.

Rumor, a German Shepherd, comes onto the scene. He sniffs Logo and Moxie up and down, and seeming satisfied, pats them on the shoulder . . .

RUMOR

Who's ready for lunch?

EXT. DOG CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The dogs inspect the bags they have stolen, tossing loaves of bread, bananas, granola bars, etc. in every direction. Bacon runs in and out of their legs . . .

BACON

Any bacon? Hey. Hey. Hey. Any bacon?

CIRCLES

Looks like a good loot, boss.

Someone tosses a package of pre-cooked bacon into the air, and Bacon runs around underneath it until it comes down and smashes him on the face.

BACON

Ahh, bacon . . . Gotta cook this bacon.

Bacon begins rubbing two sticks together, and quickly starts a fire to cook his bacon.

BACON

(To himself)

Hot fire means hot bacon. Hot bacon means happy Bacon . . .

The dogs begin to take their choice, scarfing up whatever they desire of the bounty. Tuesday sprays whipped cream into his mouth. Circles glances back at Moxie and Logo, who watch in confused disgust.

CIRCLES

You guys gonna get in on this grub or not?

Rumor tosses a packaged cinnamon bun to Logo, who has never had food like this. He sniffs the package, and recoils. Reluctantly, Logo rips the package open and eats it.

RUMOR

That's the spirit. Gotta carbo-load. We've got another raid coming up soon. And you two are coming with us.

Moxie turns her head, uncertain of what is being said. They all begin to scarf their lunch down.

(CONTINUED)

TUESDAY

(Food falling from her mouth)
So fa-fa-fa four raids last week,
and another
fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa

Circles slaps Tuesday on the back.

TUESDAY

five this week.

RUMOR

We're gettin' around.

CIRCLES

Sure beats dog food at the pound.

Circles begins chasing her tail.

TUESDAY

Hear, hear!

CIRCLES

(To Rumor)

So tell me, boss, what are we
supposed to do with the wolves?

Rumor finishes his lunch and burps. The burp scares Bacon,
who shrieks and jumps in the air.

BACON

Bacon's almost cooked . . . not
enough to share. Maybe next time.
Sorry. So sorry.

RUMOR

(To Logo and Moxie)

Tell me, can you run fast?

The wolves look at each other, and both nod.

RUMOR

You ever stole anything from a
human?

MOXIE

No. Today was the first time I ever
saw a human.

All four dogs burst into laughter at the naivete.

(CONTINUED)

TUESDAY

Never seen a human!

CIRCLES

I thought I'd heard everything!

Moxie narrows her eyes.

RUMOR

There's not much to know. They like taking photos and are scared of the dark. The worst are the park rangers.

CIRCLES

The worst.

BACON

The worst of the worst of the worst.

TUESDAY

'Specially that Wilbur fa-fa-fa fella. He's on to us. Made it his own personal mission to send us back to the pound.

Bacon stands and shakes his arms violently.

BACON

I won't go back there! I'm not gonna do it! I'll DIE first!

RUMOR

Don't worry, Bacon. We're always one step ahead of that rascal.

TUESDAY

Got to be careful.

BACON

So so so careful.

Bacon's bacon is finally cooked, and he scoops it into his mouth one piece after another.

LOGO

So . . . you came from a pound?

Again, the group laughs at the wolves.

CIRCLES

That's right. Busted out, we did. A maximum security joint out Californi-way. Hopped a train headed east and took a spill in the forest. Just so happened to be Yellowstone National Park.

TUESDAY

Been here ever since.

RUMOR

That's right. Now, we do what we have to to survive.

MOXIE

(Unimpressed)

Meaning, you steal things.

RUMOR

(Offended by the term)

'Steal' is an ugly word. We just .
. . do what we have to.

MOXIE

You steal things.

TUESDAY

We just take one or two things here and there. It's fa-fa-fa free living.

CIRCLES

Environmentally responsible.

RUMOR

And we could use a few wolves who know their way around. Besides, you two sure look a whole lot like dogs. We're basically the same thing. Dogs, wolves, wolves, dogs.

BACON

No difference. I'm a wolf.

Moxie elbows Logo.

MOXIE

(To Logo)

Can I talk to you in private?

(CONTINUED)

LOGO

Sure.

Logo and Moxie turn from the group and whisper in private .
. . .

MOXIE

We can't stay with them. They're
thieves. And they called us 'dogs'.

LOGO

That's nothing new.

MOXIE

We're WOLVES, Logo. Not dogs.

LOGO

What else are we supposed to do,
Moxie? I can't go pack to my pack.

MOXIE

Why not?

LOGO

I--I just can't, ok? They don't
want me there. You're welcome to go
back to your pack whenever you
want.

Moxie steps back, off put at the thought of it. She shakes
her head, no.

MOXIE

So we're supposed to what, just
stay with them? What if we get
caught by the ranger? There's no
telling what they'd do to us.

LOGO

We'll just stay with them until we
figure out what to do next.

Logo and Moxie look back at the group of dogs. Bacon is
bounding around, jazzed from his lunch. Tuesday scratches
behind her ears, and bugs jump around her fur. Circles naps
in the sun.

RUMOR

Well, what's it gonna be?

EXT. RANGER TOWER - DAY

Wilbur, the park ranger, climbs up a tall ladder to a lookout station.

INT. RANGER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur sits down at his desk and looks over the beautiful scenery of Yellowstone National Park. Another ranger is in the station with him--a chubby younger woman with thick glasses named Brenda. Wilbur removes his cap and tosses it with disgust. Brenda slowly peeks over his shoulder . . .

BRENDA

Any luck catching the dog pack?

Wilbur slowly turns to her and narrows his eyes.

WILBUR

What do you think Brenda?

BRENDA

I think you ought ta take some painkillers.

She shakes a bottle of medicine in his face.

Wilbur shakes in fury, too maddened to even speak. He turns back to look over the forest below, and takes a sip of coffee, his hand quivering. Brenda has returned to her desk.

WILBUR

Yellowstone National Park is my personal responsibility. I am a ranger, for goodness sakes. And I will NOT! have dogs running loose and terrorizing campers. Do you hear me, Brenda? Do you hear the words that are coming out of my mouth?!?

Silence.

BRENDA

I'm sorry boss was you sayin' somethin? I was workin' my crossword puzzle.

Wilbur's mustache twitches in fury.

(CONTINUED)

WILBUR
(To himself)
I'll catch those dogs if it's the
last thing I ever do. And send them
right back to the POUND!

Wilbur turns to a map on the wall, marked with red 'X's. He has made over a dozen marks on campgrounds hit by the dogs. He takes a pen and makes a new mark. He then circles a campground that hasn't been hit.

WILBUR
You dogs may think you're smart,
but I'll be waiting . . .

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

Ridge sniffs around in the snow where the avalanche occurred. He looks up to the place where the brown pack must have been standing. The snow is washed out, preventing any kind of investigation.

Until . . .

Ridge notices the footprints leading away from the avalanche.

RIDGE
(To himself, investigating)
It looks as if . . . One wolf was
lagging behind the others. Probably
a much smaller wolf. Possibly even
my good friend Logo.

He jumps into the carved out path through the snow, puts his nose down, and follows the path where Logo was chased.

RIDGE
He was in a fright. Running for his
life. Yeah, someone had it out for
him. But he was too smart.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Ridge is led to the precipice overlooking the raging river. He glances down, and a revelation occurs to him.

RIDGE
With only two choices, Logo looked
deep into his heart and mustered
all the courage he had to survive.

(CONTINUED)

Ridge looks into the river, spits in each of his hands, rubs them together, and prepares to dive.

RIDGE

Logo, here I coooooooooomee!!!

Ridge puffs into a ball and leaps into the river.

RIDGE

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!

EXT. DOG CAMP - DAY

Logo watches as the dogs pack up the rest of the food and put out the fire. Moxie rests at the edge of the woods, sniffing a package of cookies. She finally eats one . . . and then another. She catches Logo looking at her, and pretends she doesn't like the cookies.

Rumor sidles up to Logo and lightly nudges him.

RUMOR

So what do you think, Logo? Can you and Moxie hang out with a few stray dogs for a while?

LOGO

We don't really have any place else to go.

RUMOR

(Shrugs)

Maybe we're thievin' pound dogs, but we're a good-hearted bunch.

LOGO

I believe you.

RUMOR

And yeah, maybe we all did a stretch in the pound, but that doesn't mean anything. Now, this park is *home*.

Logo says nothing at the mention of home. Rumor glances at him, and notices the hesitation. Rumor points at Circles, who looks suspiciously at her own tail, and then begins chasing it.

CIRCLES

What is that? Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR

Circles over there was born in the pound. She'd never been any place else. They had her on death row prolly a dozen different times.

We change focus to Bacon, who puts out the fire and burns his paws. He jumps around holding onto his paw and wincing.

BACON

(To himself)

Yowza. Yowza. Yowza.

RUMOR

Bacon over there bit a mailman. That got him a few years. Got out on probation, then bit another one.

We change focus to Tuesday, who snores in the sunlight. Her lips flutter each time he breathes out.

RUMOR

Tuesday got sick on a Wednesday cause she ate a tub of butter on a Monday. Well, her owners decided to give her up on Thursday. By Friday she might as well have been named Saturday, cause on Sunday she was already a pound dog. Poor gal didn't see it coming.

Rumor turns to Logo.

RUMOR

With all this talk about home, I'm surprised you aren't talking about finding your way back to the pack. A normal fella would be missing his family by now.

LOGO

(Determined)

I can't go back.

RUMOR

And why is that?

LOGO

I just--I just can't. I'm not like them. I'll never be a real--nevermind.

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR

Go on . . .

LOGO

(Dejected)

I'll never be a real wolf. That's all. I can't even howl. I'm more like a dog than anything.

Rumor winks.

RUMOR

Then I guess you're in the right place after all. Get some rest, Logo. We're going on a raid tonight.

EXT. WOODS BEYOND TENT CAMPGROUND - AFTER MIDNIGHT

The pack of dogs and wolves look down into a sleepy campground. Smoke rises from the extinguished fires, and most campers are asleep. A few stragglers walk about, making preparations for bed.

RUMOR

You wolves got the plan down?

MOXIE

(Confused)

Wait. What plan?

RUMOR

The plan.

MOXIE

We didn't talk about a plan.

RUMOR

Sure we did. *The plan.*

MOXIE

The only plan I heard was to run into the campground and take whatever looked best.

RUMOR

That's the plan.

Moxie turns to Logo with an unimpressed look, one eyebrow raised higher than the other, as if this is all his fault.

(CONTINUED)

TUESDAY

It's a fa-fa-fa fine plan, boss.

CIRCLES

Best plan I ever heard.

BACON

The plan's to look for bacon.
Bacon. Let everything else alone.
Go for the bacon.

LOGO

What if we get chased?

RUMOR

We run.

TUESDAY

We run.

BACON

We look for bacon.

The whole group turns to Bacon, who quivers with excitement.

BACON

And then we run.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Wilbur and Brenda walk amongst the tents and dying campfires. Hundreds of tents are spread throughout the campground. Wilbur approaches a group of quiet young couples sitting around their campfire. They roast marshmallows.

WILBUR

(Stern)

Good evening, folks. I'm going to
have to ask you to keep the ruckus
down.

One of the men glances around.

MAN

I'm sorry. I didn't realize we were
being loud.

Wilbur bends down and picks up a stick. He points it at the man and other couples.

(CONTINUED)

WILBUR

You're not. But if you decide to
make a ruckus, remember I warned
you to keep it down.

Wilbur breaks the stick in half over his knee and tosses the pieces onto the ground. Wilbur nods, happy with his message. He and Brenda stroll over to a dumpster and find an empty plastic bottle on the ground. A little girl is walking past, and Wilbur whips his arm right in front of her. She glances at him.

WILBUR

Are you the one throwing trash all
over the ground?

Brenda shines a flashlight directly into the girl's face.

The little girl shakes her head, no. Wilbur bends down and narrows his eyes at the little girl.

WILBUR

Are you a liar?

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

The dogs sneak through the darkness amongst the tents, quietly rustling through coolers and grocery bags. Logo finds a steak, and drops it into a satchel. Moxie finds a bag of chips and drops them into her bag.

A tent slightly unzips, and a pair of frightened eyes appears at the entrance, watching the raid.

Bacon runs from cooler to cooler, opening and closing at rapid pace.

BACON

(Opening a cooler)

Nope.

He closes it and moves on to the next.

BACON

Nope.

He moves on to the next, and opens it.

BACON

Bacon!

Bacon dives into the cooler and it closes on top of him.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur continues interrogating the girl.

WILBUR

This bottle didn't just appear out of nowhere. Does trash appear out of nowhere?

GIRL

No.

WILBUR

Then how did it get here?

GIRL

I dunno.

WILBUR

You don't know *anything*.

The girl starts giggling.

GIRL

That's a funny costume, mister.

Wilbur stands and looks down at his uniform.

WILBUR

(Incredibly offended)

What did you say to me?

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

The dogs continue raiding through trash bins, coolers, and grocery bags. They have collected quite a bounty when . . .

The zipper comes all the way down the suspicious tent. A woman sticks her head out and screams.

WOMAN

Thieves! Thieves! Wahhh!

The dogs perk up and look to one another.

RUMOR

Run!

The dogs begin to escape the campground with their bounty of groceries. Bacon emerges from the cooler carrying more packs of bacon than he is able to drag behind.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur holds a rope in front of the little girl.

WILBUR

No I'm not a cop. But I can tie
your hands and take you to jail.

GIRL

Nope.

WILBUR

Why you little--don't you test me!

The girl starts to giggle once more.

GIRL

You're funny, mister.

Just then, we hear the woman's cries of thievery echoing through the campground. Wilbur's eyes widen, and he runs in the direction of the commotion. He stops, and returns to the little girl.

WILBUR

(Hurried)

You're lucky this time!

He and Brenda run between the tents, leaping over campfires, and ducking beneath clotheslines as he slides to a stop next to the crazed woman.

WILBUR

(Frantic)

What is it? What happened?

WOMAN

DOGS! Stole my weenies!

Wilbur clenches his fists, and raises his arms to the heavens, crying out with anguish in the middle of the night.

EXT. DOG CAMP #2 - MORNING

Bacon lifts his arms to the sky and shakes them violently.

Rumor and the others look over last night's bounty. They seem to have a whole grocery store before them--steaks, chicken, chips, crackers, soda. Rumor rubs his hands together.

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR

Get over here Logo. You, too Moxie.

The wolves walk over and stand next to the bounty.

RUMOR

(Proudly)

Look at all we've accomplished. You two are acting more like dogs every day.

The other dogs cheer in praise of the raid, and Circles pops open a two liter of soda. She guzzles the whole thing.

CIRCLES

Well, now I have to pee.

Circles walks off. Logo blushes, but Moxie is still uncomfortable in their presence.

MOXIE

(Hangs her head)

I just feel like a rotten thief.

RUMOR

Oh, come on! We do what we have to, isn't that right?

TUESDAY

Uh huh.

BACON

Youuuuuuuuuu betcha!

Rumor nudges Moxie's head playfully with his paw, causing a slight smile to spread across her lips.

MOXIE

I guess it was kind of fun.

CIRCLES

And that's not all. I've got a surprise for all of you. A little treat to celebrate our victory last night.

Bacon leaps around, spinning in circles. He raises his arms and begins shaking violently.

BACON

(Tortured)

Oh I can't take. Tell me, boss. I can't take a surprise, you know that. Tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR

I called in a favor from a friend
and got us a few tickets to see a
show tonight!

Logo and Moxie glance at one another.

LOGO

(Confused)

What's a show?

BACON

(Shaking with excitement)

I'm gonna explode!!!

The dogs celebrate, woofing to one another and wagging their tails. Logo slightly wags his tail, too, and Moxie notices.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

The river rushes by, and Ridge flings himself out of the water. He belly flops onto the land, rolls over, and spits up a load of water.

RIDGE

(Out of breath)

I did it . . . I--I lived!

Ridge is slow to his feet, and puffs himself out. As he does, the water shoots off of him, and he is now completely dry. Ridge stretches his neck.

RIDGE

I may have a crick in my neck.

Well, great. Just great.

He braces himself, spins his neck both ways, and it cracks like popcorn. He sighs in relief.

RIDGE

That's better.

Ridge inspects the area and stops at the sight of dog tracks. He sniffs down the length of the tracks until his nose meets the leg of a bull ELK. Ridge sniffs up the leg of the bull elk, not realizing what it is. Finally, he stops, and looks up to meet the stern gaze of the elk.

ELK

(New York gangster accent)

Can I help you?

Ridge folds his hands together and takes a polite step back.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

Yessir. My name is Ridge, and I'm just a mere porcupine on a grand adventure, searching for my best friend. Perhaps you've seen him.

ELK

I see lots of things. But there's other things I don't see. You see?

RIDGE

I see.

ELK

A guy can't see everything. If he could, he'd go crazy with it. Imagine, seein' everything. So tell me Ridge, what's this friend of yours look like?

RIDGE

He's a grey wolf, a little scrawny, about yay tall (giving a representation of Logo's height).

ELK

Sure I seen him. I see everything.

RIDGE

(Enthusiastic, rapid fire)
That's great! Which way was he going? Who was he with? Was he alone? Was he scared? Did he ask about me? Did he say he misses me?

ELK

Easy, easy kid! I can give you some information, but it's gonna cost you.

Ridge squints his eyes.

RIDGE

(Suspicious)
Alright. What's the price?

The elk glares at Ridge, as if he is going to demand something grave. Instead, the elk falls to his knees and lays down.

ELK

(Dropping the tough guy act)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELK (cont'd)
I've got this awful itch that I
can't reach, and it's just killing
me. If you could give me a hand.

RIDGE
An itch?

ELK
Hey man, elks get itchy, too.

RIDGE
Fine.

Ridge waddles around the backside of the elk and scratches
the center of his back. The elk groans in delight.

RIDGE
Well, this has been a weird day.

ELK
A little farther back.

Ridge continues scratching, moving his hand a little farther
towards the rear. His eyes shift back and forth, feeling a
bit disgusted.

ELK
Farther.

Ridge hesitates as he scratches farther towards the elk's
butt.

ELK
A little farther. Keep going. Don't
be shy.

Finally, Ridge is scratching the elk's butt.

ELK
There it is. Ohhhh, mama! That's
the good stuff. Woo-wee. Been
needing that spot scratched for a
loooooong time.

Ridge looks away as he scratches, stretching his head away
from the task at hand.

RIDGE
(Looking away)
So about my friend . . .

ELK

Oh yeah. He was knocked out when a white wolf pulled him from the river.

RIDGE

A white wolf?

ELK

That's right. But then they got mixed up with a pack of wild dogs. From what I hear it's a bad bunch. Raid campgrounds and cause havoc.

Ridge stops scratching and darts through the forest.

RIDGE

(Calling back)

Thanks, Mister!

ELK

(In response)

Hey, where you goin'?

RIDGE

To find Logo!

ELK

Say, is there anything else you need to know? I got a few more places I need scratched! Where you goin' so fast?

Ridge glances over his shoulder and picks up speed, following the line of tracks.

ELK

Come back, pal! Let's make deal!

RIDGE

(To himself)

How humiliating . . .

EXT. RABBIT THEATER - NIGHT

Logo and the others sit in the middle of an amphitheater, surrounded on all sides by rabbits. The performers are illumined by campfires all around the stage. The moment is tense and quiet, as all in the crowd are watching the enthralling spectacle on stage. Moxie reaches over and touches Logo's arm.

(CONTINUED)

Dressed in a park ranger uniform, a BLACK BEAR shines his flashlight around, as if looking for something. A MOUNTAIN LION prances behind him, unknown to the bear.

BEAR

(To the crowd)

I've gotten several reports from campers of a dangerous mountain lion in the area. Have any of you seen anything?

The crowd shouts out and points.

BEAR

Behind me? That's impossible!

He whips the light around, and the mountain lion swoops behind his back. When he turns the other way, she does the same, bending her body in bizarre ways to avoid being seen. He spins around, looks between his legs, and jerks his head in different directions, but to no avail. The lion contorts herself out of reach each time.

BEAR

(To the crowd)

Well, if you do see anything, make sure to let me know.

The rabbits cheer, and Logo joins them. At the end of the row, Bacon laughs hysterically, hardly able to control his small body. He lifts his arms and shakes violently.

BACON

So funny!

The bear looks over both shoulders once more, and then addresses the crowd. The mountain lion is still hiding behind him, peeking over his shoulder.

BEAR

In all seriousness, we'd like to thank you all again for being here tonight. And as promised, none of us have eaten any of you.

The rabbits cheer, and the bear bows gracefully.

BEAR

(continued)

But what I'm going to need now is two volunteers.

(CONTINUED)

In the crowd, the rabbits go crazy. There are more rabbits now than before, as they are multiplying. Each time we look back at the crowd, there are more rabbits.

The bear scans the crowd, using his hand as a visor. He looks directly at Moxie, and points at her.

BEAR

You there. The white wolf. You, and the other thing sitting next to you!

Logo sulks backwards. He looks over both shoulders, hoping there is another creature to fit that description. The rabbits are multiplying, and all of them point at themselves, as if they have been chosen.

BEAR

Come on down, sir. You. The grey WOLF!

At this, Logo stands and the growing crowd of rabbits goes wild. Moxie grabs his hand in good fun and leads him out of the crowd.

MOXIE

Oh, come on Logo. Don't be such a sissy.

The dogs howl in approval. Reluctantly, Logo makes his way through the crowd and walks onto the stage. He moves towards the bear.

LOGO

(Whispers)

I'm sorry but you need to pick someone else.

BEAR

Just go with it, kid. Trust me.

LOGO

(Nervous)

I thought I'd just be watching.

BEAR

Well, you thought wrong. Just have a good time.

Moxie nudges Logo and smirks at him.

MOXIE

Just let loose a little, Logo. Have fun.

LOGO

You don't understand . . .!

The bear completely ignores Logo, and addresses the crowd.

GUS

(To the rabbits)

And now I am pleased to present a dance competition. Hit the music, boys!

Logo's eyes grow wide, and his face turns beet red. He waves his arms for the music to stop. Moxie laughs aloud at Logo's discomfort. She extends her hand.

MOXIE

(Playful)

Dance with me, Logo?

On the far side of the stage three identical beavers bang on sets of homemade drums. A mountain goat burps out deep bass tones, and a deer whistles a melody. They play a funky tune, and Moxie begins to move with grace and energy.

MOXIE

Dance with me, Logo.

LOGO

I--I can't! I don't know how.

MOXIE

Trust me. And follow my lead.

Logo reluctantly reaches out and takes her hand. They meet eyes. In a flash, Moxie leads Logo on a wild dance, where he is barely able to hang on. They each face the crowd, and he tries to mimic her advanced moves. He tries to follow her lead, but is a few steps behind. Moxie smiles at Logo, and we feel a connection between the two of them.

On the side of the stage, the drummers pick up the tempo.

Logo trips and is about to fall on his face when Moxie swings him upwards, making it look like part of the act.

The dance continues for a moment, and Moxie spins Logo in a flashy display. He spins out of control and stumbles into the drummers, who push him back into Moxie's expert arms. Moxie swings him around gracefully, and he even breaks a

(CONTINUED)

smile. The music crescendoes, and Logo and Moxie fall into one another's arms.

The rabbits go crazy, and are now so populous that there is hardly any room in the crowd. The dogs bark and wag their tails, and Bacon bounds up and down on top of the rabbits' heads.

Logo looks down into Moxie's eyes.

MOXIE

Like I said. Just follow my lead.

Logo grins again, breathless.

LOGO

How'd you do that?

Moxie shrugs.

MOXIE

Five years of dance lessons.

After the applause dies down, a rabbit heckler calls out from the middle of the crowd . . .

HECKLER

I wanna hear a howl!

Logo and Moxie try to ignore it. They bow, and begin to walk off stage.

HECKLER

Let's hear a real wolf howl! Hey man, let's hear a howl! Yo dude! Let's hear a howl!

The crowd supports the idea, and begins to chant.

RABBITS

Howl! Howl! Howl! Howl! Howl!

Logo's face flushes red.

MOXIE

Just howl for them, Logo.

LOGO

(Quietly)

I--I don't think I can . . .

MOXIE
(Somewhat shocked)
You can't howl?

Logo looks away in shame.

LOGO
I tried to tell you, but . . .

MOXIE
Ok. That's no problem. I'll do it.

LOGO
No. I'm a wolf. I should be able to
howl.

MOXIE
You don't have to. Just walk away.

LOGO
I've been walking away my whole
life. Maybe I can do it now.

Logo turns to walk back onstage, leaving Moxie behind. She watches him walk away, a worried look on her face. Logo gets to center stage, and the crowd noise subsides as they wait to hear a REAL WOLF HOWL. He lifts his head, angles his mouth towards the sky, and tries to howl . . .

but nothing happens.

The crowd is completely silent, offering no feedback.

Until . . .

The heckler bursts into laughter, causing everyone in the crowd to laugh as well. The growing crowd of rabbits all laugh and point at Logo.

HECKLER
He can't even howl! He's not even a
REAL WOLF!

Completely defeated, Logo hangs his head.

The crowd continues laughing as Moxie ushers Logo from the stage. The other dogs glance at one another, and hang their heads, feeling sorry for the puny wolf.

EXT. DOG CAMP - LATER THAT NIGHT

In the camp lit by a campfire, Logo is separated from the rest of the group. The others sit around the campfire, dispersing dinner from their bounty. He lays flat on his back, tossing a stone up in the air to himself. The night's performance weighs heavy on his mind.

Rumor glances over from the campfire, and brings a plate of food to Logo. Logo doesn't even look at Rumor, who sets the plate next to him.

RUMOR

You alright, Logo?

Logo says nothing, but continues throwing the rock up in the air.

RUMOR

You know, I never told you how I wound up in the pound. A long time ago I had a family. At least, I *thought* they were family. But one night my owner drove me out into the woods, and just pushed me out the door. I still remember the look of those taillights moving into the darkness. I wandered around for a long time, looking for a familiar face. And before I knew it, I got picked up by a dog catcher. You follow?

Logo slows his throwing, and nods.

From the fire, we hear laughter and camaraderie. Moxie looks over at Logo, and is worried for him.

RUMOR

(Motioning to the others)

Then I met these folks. And so this place . . . man, what a gift. I say if a fella has a few friends and fresh air to breathe, he's the richest fella in the world. Nothing else matters. Not even if you can howl or not. You promise you'll remember that?

Logo says nothing, and throws the stone up. Rumor catches it.

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR

You promise me, Logo?

LOGO

(Reluctant)

I promise.

RUMOR

Good. Now get some sleep.
Tomorrow's a brand. New. Day.

Rumor wanders off, and nuzzles himself beneath a tree.

Logo throws the stone up, but his eyes become heavy. Soon, he falls into a dream . . .

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - NIGHT

In a dream sequence, we see Logo's family of dominant males through the years. They all stand in a line . . .

Gramps wolf howls at the moon.

Pops howls at the moon.

Striker howls at the moon.

Logo lifts his head to howl, but nothing happens. He looks around, and realizes he is on a stage. The audience is comprised of the whole pack, along with the rabbits from previous performances. The heckler from the crowd stands up.

HECKLER

We wanna hear a real wolf howl!
Howl! Howl! Howl! Howl!

The chant continues throughout the rest of the dream.

Gramps, Pops, and Striker look to Logo.

STRIKER

Howl for them Logo! Howl!

POPS

Don't disappoint me, son. You've got to howl!

GRAMPS

A wolf who can't howl is just a dog.

Embarrassed, Logo scans the crowd for some support. His eyes meet those of Quake.

(CONTINUED)

QUAKE

You're just a dog! That's all
you'll ever be! We should call you
'Woof!'

Quake begins laughing. The tension builds until Logo cries out in agony . . .

EXT. DOG CAMP - NIGHT

Logo sits up in a fright, sweat pouring off his face. He glances around and sees the others sound asleep. He takes a deep breath, grateful it was just a dream, and lays back.

LOGO

I'm just a dog . . .

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

MONTAGE:

Ridge finds the empty dog camp, and rifles through some of the leftover food. He lifts a piece of moldy cheese to his nose, and recoils. He tosses the cheese over his shoulder.

RIDGE

(To himself)

I can't believe humans eat this
stuff.

Ridge walks past 'Old Faithful'. He is unsuspecting when the geyser shoots off, and he leaps off the ground with a shriek.

Ridge watches a beautiful sunset. From behind, it looks like he has his arm draped over a companion. From a frontal view, we see Ridge's arm draped over a tree branch. He takes a deep breath, thoroughly enjoying the grand adventure.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - NIGHT

A full moon shines over the world below.

The somber wolves in the valley have gathered despite the recent tragedy. Pops addresses the crowd, all of whom are crestfallen. We see Petra, Striker, and a few other familiar faces. Quake and the other youths are gathered before the pack to howl, and become known as true wolves.

(CONTINUED)

POPS

On this night of mourning, we also must look to the future, and celebrate all that is to come for our pack. Many of our young wolves have gathered here tonight to howl before the pack, and become known as real wolves. Let's start with you, Quake . . .

Quake steps forward proudly, and winks at Petra in the crowd. Quake howls, and, in response, the whole pack howls back. The passionate howl spreads through Wolf Valley and extends for miles away.

As the wolves are howling, Striker approaches Pops.

STRIKER

(In secret)

I've gathered the warriors. We take vengeance tonight.

POPS

Show no mercy.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - NIGHT

Striker leads twelve warriors from the grey pack through the trees. In his mouth Striker holds an unlit torch. He stops, holds up a paw, and motions for the pack to split up. We sense that they are moving in for some kind of attack.

Through the trees we see the encampment of brown wolves, who rest under a network of ragged canopies. Their home is much more rugged than that of Wolf Valley. Striker grimaces, and prepares to sprint ahead.

STRIKER

(To himself)

It's time to pay for what you've done to Logo.

The brown wolves mill about, with no idea that they are about to be ambushed. We hear laughter and conversation from their encampment.

Striker looks over his shoulder to make sure the others are in place. He nods at the wolf right next to him, who strikes a match against a tree and lights the torch. Once it's lit, Striker rushes through the trees.

The brown wolves look up and howl, but it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

The grey pack is upon them in a heartbeat, and Striker uses the torch to set the canopies on fire. Chaos. Before long, all of the trees and shrubbery have caught fire.

STRIKER

Run! Run!

The grey wolves howl with victory as they escape through the trees.

The brown wolves rush to put the fires out, allowing the grey wolves to escape.

Zee steps out and watches the grey wolves escape

ZEE

(Calling out)

This isn't over! You won't get away with this!

Another brown wolf steps up next to her.

WOLF #1

What do we do now?

ZEE

(Fierce)

Now we take Wolf Valley once and for all.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

Ridge hums and sings to himself as he jogs along a deer trail.

RIDGE

There once was a great big porcupine . . .porcupine . . . porcupine. There once was a great big porcupine who took over the world.

He continues whistling the tune as he moves along.

From a tree, a fierce cougar watches the porcupine move along the trail. The cougar leaps out of the tree, and sneaks up behind Ridge without a sound.

RIDGE

My mother said to wash my ears...wash my ears...wash my ears. My mother said to wash my ears but she has dirty ears.

(CONTINUED)

Ridge stops, sniffs the air, and slowly looks over his shoulder to meet the gaze of the hungry cougar.

COUGAR

Your mother's going to miss you.

Ridge puffs up into a ball, and grimaces menacingly.

RIDGE

I don't think you want any part of this, buster.

COUGAR

On the contrary. All I have to do is flip you over. There's no quills on your belly.

Ridge deflates, and his eyes shift back and forth.

RIDGE

(Shrieks)

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

Ridge runs as fast as he can to escape the oncoming cougar. He climbs up a tree, crosses a limb, jumps to another tree, and scurries down that trunk. The cougar is right behind him all the while, growling.

Ridge darts under some shrubbery, leaps over a creek, and sees a hole in the ground in the distance. His eyes widen with hope.

The cougar is gaining ground and takes a big swipe at Ridge
. . .

And just misses as the porcupine escapes into the hole. The cougar sticks its head into the hole and groans in pain. When the cougar removes its head, we see that it is covered in quills.

RIDGE (O.S.)

Stay back, you! Stay back, if you know what's best!

INT. POSSUM HOLE

In the pitch black, Ridge sighs in relief. A pair of glowing eyes shows up right next to him.

POSSUM

(In a deep urban voice)

Say man, what you doin' in my hole?

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

(Casually)

Just . . . just visiting. I was told my Aunt Beano lived here.

POSSUM

I donno no Beano.

RIDGE

No? We used to have Christmas over here. She always got me sweaters. Ha! Sweaters! And if you can't tell, sweaters aren't the easiest thing for me to get on and off. If I had a nickel for every sweater I've gotten stuck in . . .

POSSUM

Boy, you best start making sense, or I'm gonna have to tell my friends to take you out.

Six more pairs of eyes appear in the hole.

RIDGE

(Trembling)

Would anyone like to play a round of go-fish?

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

The dogs and wolves rest in a circle, lounging in the sun and relaxing. In a tree above, a squirrel glances down at them, and then out at an acorn. He very carefully walks out onto a limb towards the acorn, now right above the dogs on a tight rope. The squirrel takes a few steps forward and hears a crack.

SQUIRREL

(To the camera)

Uh oh.

The limb breaks and the squirrel falls into the middle of the dogs . . .

The squirrel looks at the dogs, and the dogs look at the squirrel, neither believing their luck. Finally, Bacon raises his arms and shakes them violently.

BACON

Squirrel!

(CONTINUED)

The chase is on as the dogs begin barking and running the squirrel all over the open area, barking like mad. The squirrel rushes for a tree, but Rumor leaps in front of him, baring teeth.

The squirrel then rushes towards Circles, who barks ferociously.

The squirrel turns and runs towards Logo, who lets the squirrel run between his legs and escape into the forest. The dogs come to an abrupt stop, shocked by what they have just witnessed.

TUESDAY

(Pointing)

That squirrel just ran between your legs.

LOGO

(Confused)

So?

BACON

You didn't stop it.

LOGO

So?

RUMOR

So don't you like chasing squirrels?

Logo looks to Moxie for support, and she shrugs, just as confused as he.

LOGO

What was I supposed to do? I don't like how squirrels taste.

The dogs are disgusted by the idea of eating a squirrel. They gag and yack.

BACON

(Disgusted)

You're not supposed to eat it!

CIRCLES

I'm gonna be sick.

LOGO

Then why chase after it?

(CONTINUED)

TUESDAY

Fa-fa-fa for crying out loud,
because it's running.

MOXIE

So you run after the squirrel
because the squirrel is running.

CIRCLES

Yep.

Circles glances back at his tail, and begins to chase it.

RUMOR

Uh huh.

TUESDAY

You got it.

LOGO

Then what if you actually catch it?

The dogs are at a loss for words . . .

BACON

Just . . . put it in your mouth for
a while and let it go.

Logo and Moxie look at one another in utter confusion.

RUMOR

Logo, we need to teach you how to
be a dog. You've tried to be a wolf
for long enough.

The dogs surround Logo and begin prodding his body. Rumor
yanks his ears until they become floppy.

LOGO

Ouch!

TUESDAY

Gotta have fa-fa-fa floppy ears.

BACON

And a longer tongue.

Bacon jerks Logo's tongue and hangs onto it like a rope
until it dangles out of his mouth.

CIRCLES

Wag the tail, that's what I always
say. Wag the tail.

(CONTINUED)

Circles takes Logo's tail and shakes it back and forth.

TUESDAY

Now give us all a good sniff.

LOGO

Huh?

Tuesday turns around for Logo to sniff her rear.

TUESDAY

Go on and sniff me. Take a big whiff.

LOGO

(Disgusted)

I . . . I don't think so.

Logo now looks more like a dog than a wolf. Tuesday turns around, bitterly disappointed.

TUESDAY

Fa-fa-fa fine. Have it your way.

RUMOR

Most importantly, you can learn to 'woof'. Just go like this . . .

All four dogs begin to woof at the forest, as if a mailman is walking by.

RUMOR

Now it's your turn. Come on, woof!

The word weighs heavy on him.

LOGO

Maybe next time. I think I'm a little tired.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Logo walks through the forest to a small creek. He bends down and begins filling the jug with water. He looks down at his reflection in the water, and sees the reflection of a dog--not a wolf. The ears are floppy, and his tongue hangs out. Logo paws at the reflection to break it apart. He shakes, and goes back to his normal appearance.

That's when he hears voices. Logo glances up and sees a young boy hiking with his father. The two of them have stopped, and are looking at Logo in awe.

(CONTINUED)

BOY

Look Dad. It's a real wolf!

Logo steps back out of instinct, but doesn't run.

LOGO

(To himself)

A real wolf?

The boy's mouth hangs open in awe. He wears a t-shirt with a wolf on it, and has a crippled hand. The father drapes his arm over his son's shoulder, and grins at him.

FATHER

Count yourself lucky, son. It's not every day that you get to see something this magical. A wolf is a special thing indeed.

Logo takes another step backwards.

BOY

(To Logo)

Don't run! We don't wanna hurt you!

Logo takes a hesitant step forward. The father removes a camera from his hiking pack and snaps a photo of Logo.

BOY

Can you believe it, Dad? I've always wanted to see a real wolf! This is awesome!

Logo can't help but to grin.

FATHER

What will the boys at school say when they hear about this?

BOY

(Ecstatic)

They might even think I'm cool!

The father laughs aloud, and Logo nods at the two of them. He looks back down at the water, and now sees the reflection of a wolf. He turns, and walks back through the brush towards camp, holding his head a little higher.

INT. RANGER STATION - MORNING

Wilbur and Brenda sit in the tower overlooking the forest. Wilbur tosses a pen up and down to himself, contemplating the next move.

BRENDA

So I was watchin' the telervision the other night, and, wouldn't you know it, I see my Urncle Lewis on the Jerry Springer show.

Wilbur says nothing, and scratches his chin.

WILBUR

(To himself)

If you were a dog, where would you be?

BRENDA

(Daydreaming, rubbing her belly)

I'd be curled up somewheres lettin' somebody rub my belly.

Wilbur glances back at her in disgust.

WILBUR

I wasn't talking to you, Brenda.

Wilbur stands and walks over to the map he has marked since his dog chasing days began. His eyes widen at some revelation, and he pops the cap off his pen. He begins connecting the different circles, one by one, and sees they are making a squared pattern. The dogs have one more site to hit to complete the square.

WILBUR

(Devious)

We need to make a trip to the grocery store.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

MONTAGE:

Ridge hesitantly picks a suspicious berry from a bush, and pops it into his mouth. He chews, still not convinced. Then, his face enlivens with the wonderful flavor. He pops another, and another, until he is scarfing the berries with wild abandon.

Ridge is sick, his face green, as he waddles along.

(CONTINUED)

An eagle carries Ridge across a deep ravine. As he flies, Ridge eats a handfull of peanuts.

The eagle drops him on the other side, and he crashes into some bushes.

Ridge tries to walk up a rocky face, and all the stones give way beneath him, causing him to slide down the mountain, tumbling head over heels.

RIDGE
Waaaaaahhh!!!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Absolutely exhausted, Ridge slows to a stop and lays down. He sighs, and his eyes weigh heavy. He is just about to fall asleep when he hears voices nearby . . .

Three brown wolves are gathered together, and speak in devious voices.

WOLF #1
So when is the attack?

WOLF #2
Soon. The wolves in Wolf Valley
won't even know what hit 'em.

WOLF #3
After they burned up our camp, they
deserve everything we're gonna do
to them.

Ridge's eyes widen.

RIDGE
(To himself)
They burned up their camp?

WOLF #2
That's right. This has gone on long
enough.

WOLF #1
We won't leave a single one of them
alive.

WOLF #2
No mercy.

(CONTINUED)

WOLF #3

No mercy.

WOLF #1

No mercy!

Ridge's eyes widen with the information. He watches the wolves wander off, and then stands up.

RIDGE

(Determined)

I can sleep when I'm old. For now,
I've got to find Logo and warn him!

Ridge takes one step, then immediately falls over and begins snoring.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - AFTER MIDNIGHT

The dogs and wolves look down into another sleepy campground, and find it to be a perfect target for another raid. No one stirs, and campfire smoke flutters into the sky.

MOXIE

(Concerned)

I have a bad feeling about this one.

RUMOR

Are you crazy? We'll be in and out.

RUMOR

They won't even know what hit 'em.

MOXIE

Something doesn't feel right. Logo,
what do you think?

Logo glances at all of the eager dogs.

LOGO

Looks okay to me.

RUMOR

(Nods approvingly)

Follow my lead.

Rumor leads the raiders across a small brook and into the campground. Following the previous method, the dogs split up and look for their favorite treats.

(CONTINUED)

Tuesday walks past a tent, and then slowly backs up, still sniffing. He carefully unzips the tent and looks inside. Within the tent is a stash of groceries greater than anything they have ever seen.

Tuesday whistles at the others, who come to her side.

TUESDAY

We hit the jackpot! A whole tent
full of goodies.

The others glance inside, and their eyes widen at the incredible luck.

BACON

Whoa mama!

All the dogs and Logo step inside the tent. Moxie glances over both shoulders, uneasy. Still, she follows.

As soon as the raiders are inside the tent, we see Wilbur crouched outside, holding a rope. He yanks the rope, and the tent is revealed to be a trap that closes around the raiders like a net.

Out of the darkness, Brenda scurries towards the tent and secures the opening.

WILBUR

Victory is mine!

INT. RANGER STATION - MORNING

The dogs and wolves are behind bars in a ranger station, watching as Wilbur walks up and down the hallway before them, his boots tapping on the floor. Wilbur bounces a tennis ball, and Tuesday follows its every bounce. Wilbur rolls the ball down the hallway, and Tuesday runs directly into the bars.

TUESDAY

(In pain)

I gotta stop doing that.

Wilbur chuckles to himself, beyond thrilled at his victory. He whips out a notebook and flips a few pages. Wilbur then puts on a pair of dainty reading glasses.

WILBUR

Let's see here . . . What have we
got? Let's start with Rumor.

Rumor looks down and away.

(CONTINUED)

WILBUR

I see here that you escaped from the Marin County Pound in March. Stole a roadside cantaloupe on September 24th, and resisted arrest the following day. Suspected of marking your territory on a federal building.

RUMOR

(Humiliated)

I didn't see a sign.

WILBUR

And a Mr. Bacon? We have quite the rap sheet on you. Biting a mailman on the kneecap. Biting a second mailman on the pinky finger. Biting a third mailman on the right *buttocks*.

BACON

(Shaking)

I'd do it again!

WILBUR

And a Ms. Tuesday? Well, Tuesday, I see here you're suspected of carrying rabies, along with mange and fleas. The intentional spread of disease calls for an international investigation.

Wilbur lowers the notebook and removes his glasses.

WILBUR

I could go on and on, but what's the point? You dogs are going straight back to the pound. And you
 . . .

Wilbur points at Moxie and Logo.

WILBUR

You should be ashamed of yourselves, running with a *dog* pack like this. You'll be fixed right up when I send you to the zoo.

Wilbur saunters off, leaving the dogs and wolves totally defeated.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - EVENING

Beneath a bright moon, Striker and Pops stand next to one another, looking over the majestic beauty of their valley.

STRIKER

(Contemplative)

You think he's out there somewhere?
You think he'll ever be back?

POPS

Striker, my son, sometimes bad things happen.

STRIKER

I just miss the little guy. That's all. I didn't realize how much I cared about him.

POPS

Howl with me, and perhaps, just perhaps, we can bring him back to us. As you know, a true howl has the power to bring the dead back to life.

Striker and Pops lift their heads and release powerful howls towards the moon. The howl echoes through Wolf Valley and beyond.

INT. RANGER STATION - MORNING

From another room, we see Wilbur tossing the tennis ball up and down to himself. He glances into the holding tank to make sure the dogs haven't gone anywhere.

Moxie and Logo lay next to one another, looking through the bars. Down the hallway is a SMALL WINDOW.

LOGO

This is all my fault. I should have listened to you.

MOXIE

If you were acting like a wolf, you would've had a bad feeling too.

LOGO

Easy for you to say.

(CONTINUED)

MOXIE

What's that supposed to mean?

LOGO

It means you have it easy. You can howl. You can do everything a wolf is *supposed* to do.

MOXIE

I have problems of my own. Believe me.

LOGO

Like what? You're *too* smart? You're *too* clever? You're *too* pretty?

Moxie opens her mouth to say something, but stops when the words register. She blushes.

MOXIE

That's not it. My pack is . . .

That's when we hear a terrible scream, and the sound of buzzing. The wolves and dogs look through the window at the end of the hallway, and see Ridge fighting off a swarm of bees, spinning in circles and screaming for help.

He spins and crashes through the window, sending glass flying.

Ridge stands and keeps spinning, even though the bees are gone.

RIDGE

Bees! Run for your life! Killer bees! Ahhh!!!

The prisoners stand at attention, looking for bees. Logo squints his eyes.

LOGO

(Softly)

Ridge?

Ridge continues to spin in circles until he slams into a wall, and promptly falls backwards.

LOGO

Ridge? Ridge is that you?

Ridge glances up, and hops to his feet. He rushes to the bars.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

Logo! Boy oh boy am I glad to see you!

LOGO

What are you doing here? How did you find me?

Ridge dusts himself off, and glances around at the others.

RIDGE

I just . . . followed my instincts, that's all. I'm a pretty sharp guy, and I have had *quite* the adventure.

Moxie walks over, glancing through the holding tank window at Wilbur. He is still occupied tossing the ball up to himself.

MOXIE

(To Logo)

Who's your friend?

LOGO

Everyone, this is my best friend Ridge.

The dogs nod in acknowledgment.

RIDGE

I have some big news . . .

A bee flies out of Ridge's quills and he shrieks.

RIDGE

I made the mistake of trying to get some honey for breakfast. And the bees around here are not very generous.

LOGO

What's the news?

RIDGE

It's the wolf packs. Things are getting bad back home, Logo. And I overheard . . .

Ridge glances at Moxie, and looks her up and down. Noticing she is a white wolf, he leans in towards Logo.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

How about the cutie pa-tootie?

MOXIE

I can hear you, Ridge.

RIDGE

Just making a harmless observation.
You know, Logo's a good guy. He'd
make some lucky lady very happy.

MOXIE

What did you overhear?

LOGO

Get to the point.

RIDGE

Well, from what I've gathered, the
grey pack burned down the brown
pack's camp. And now they're
planning for revenge.

MOXIE

(Shocked)

Wait . . . what?

RIDGE

Burned it down.

He makes a whooshing noise with his mouth.

RIDGE

Down to the ground.

LOGO

Serves them right after what they
did to us.

Moxie's mouth hangs open in shock. She furrows her brows.

MOXIE

Excuse me, Logo?

LOGO

They deserve it. They've been
messing with our pack for as long
as I can remember.

MOXIE

Uh, I think you have things
backwards. The grey pack has been
messing with our pack for as long
as I can remember.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

The white pack is involved in this?!?

MOXIE

No, stupid.

RIDGE

No need to resort to name-calling.

LOGO

What's going on here? What does this have to do with you?

MOXIE

(Angry)

Everything!

LOGO

Wait, what did I say?

MOXIE

You'd never understand. Just forget it. Ridge, can you get us out of here, or not?

Ridge blows into his hands and rubs them together. He cracks his neck both ways, and releases a long sigh. He stretches his arms, and does a few jumping jacks.

RIDGE

It's going to be very complicated .

. .

Rumor steps up to the bars, and points at a lever within Ridge's reach.

RUMOR

Just pull the lever, pal.

Ridge notices the lever for the first time, and shrugs. He yanks it, and the doors swing open. The dogs and wolves sneak into the hallway and out the broken window.

Outside the holding tank, Wilbur has no idea what's going on.

EXT. RANGER STATION - CONTINUOUS

The dogs scatter for the woods, and Logo calls ahead to Moxie.

LOGO
Moxie?

Moxie ignores him and continues ahead towards the forest.

LOGO
Moxie, wait. Where are you going?

Moxie stops and turns around.

MOXIE
I'm going home. That's where I'm
needed the most. I've got to do
what's best for the pack.

LOGO
Well, where is home?

Moxie steps in close, her eyes fierce.

MOXIE
Home is with the brown pack. My
pack.

LOGO
What?

MOXIE
That's right Logo. I'm a part of
the brown pack.

Moxie darts into the forest, leaving Logo aghast. Ridge
steps up next to Logo.

RIDGE
I think she has her colors mixed
up. Is she, you know, all there up
in the noggin?

INT. RANGER STATION - DAY

Still tossing the tennis ball up and down, Wilbur glances
into the holding tank with a smirk. He sees his prisoners
have escaped, and falls backwards in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

WILBUR

Brenda!

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - DAY

From up on a ridge, Moxie looks down into the brown pack's camp. Evidence of the fires can be seen on all the trees and shrubbery. She takes a deep breath, and hangs her head. She looks down at a patch of dirt.

MOXIE

Whatever's best for the pack.

Moxie lays down and rolls in the dirt, staining her white fur with a brown hue. Once she is covered, she makes her way down to the pack.

From afar, Zee spots her daughter walking towards them.

ZEE

(Shocked)

Moxie, girl?

MOXIE

Hi, mom.

Zee begins running to her daughter . . .

ZEE

Oh, Moxie. Moxie. I thought I'd lost you.

Zee rushes to her daughter's side and embraces her.

ZEE

Welcome home.

EXT. DOG CAMP #3 - DAY

Logo frantically gathers a few provisions for his journey to find Moxie. Ridge and the other dogs watch him. It seems he will make this journey alone.

RUMOR

Where you goin'?

Logo doesn't slow down.

LOGO

To find her.

(CONTINUED)

RUMOR
You know where she is?

LOGO
I think so.

RIDGE
(Romantic)
The elusive white wolf.

LOGO
She's not a white wolf. Well, she
is. But it's complicated.

Logo has gathered all he needs for the journey, and slings a pouch over his shoulder.

LOGO
I wish I could stay.

Logo turns around to look at the others, and sees that they are all prepared for a journey, too.

CIRCLES
Lead the way, Logo.

Bacon raises his arms and shakes them violently.

BACON
I love traveling! Wahhh!

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Striker sits in a booth alone, picking through the bones on his plate. His eyes are red and vacant, as he has been missing his little brother.

A wolf named Marty calls over to Striker from across the room . . .

MARTY
Hey Striker, how about one of those
famous howls! Ahhh--ewwww!

Striker simply acknowledges the request with a nod and slight grin. He returns to the plate before him.

MARTY
(Persistent)
Come on, Striker. Just one for old
times sake!

(CONTINUED)

STRIKER
Not tonight, Marty.

MARTY
(Boisterous)
Aw, don't be a party pooper. Just
cause the little 'Woof' is gone! He
proolly fell in with a dog pack
somewhere. Ha!

The whole place falls silent, and a bone drops from Striker's hand onto the plate, clanking against the porcelain. Every head is turned to see how Striker will respond to the affront.

Striker wipes his mouth with a napkin and stands up. He walks over to Marty.

STRIKER
(Quietly)
My brother was more of a wolf than
you'll ever be.

Striker walks out of the cave, withholding the expected violence. The crowd sighs in relief.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Striker stands in front of the entrance, glances up at the moon, and howls with all of his strength.

STRIKER
(Softly)
Come back, Logo.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - NIGHT

The leaders of the brown wolf pack are gathered in a circle around a map of Wolf Valley drawn in the dirt. Zee points at the map, and traces the attack routes. Moxie watches, her eyes empty of hope.

ZEE
They'll never see it coming. After
what they've done to us, we'll show
no mercy.

The others are enlivened by the idea, and a violent energy arises in their twisted smiles.

(CONTINUED)

ZEE

Our grandfathers fought this war.
Our grandfathers' grandfathers
fought this war. Even their
grandfathers fought this war. But
we . . .

Zee scans the circle of wolves.

ZEE

We will end it.

The others howl in excitement.

ZEE

Two days from now, we'll all be
settling in to our new homes in
Wolf Valley, and nothing is going
to stop us.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - MORNING

Ridge rushes through the underbrush, following Logo.

RIDGE

(Singing to himself)

Gotta stop it. Gotta stop it. Gotta
stop a war!

Ridge stops and huffs for breath. The other dogs pass him
by, and Bacon leaps up and slaps his rear.

BACON

Shape up, porcupine!

Ridge starts up once again.

RIDGE

Gotta stop it. Gotta stop it. Gotta
stop a war!

Ridge bumps into a hive of bees, and they swarm around him
as he runs for his life.

RIDGE

Oh no! Not again! Beeeeees!

INT. RANGER STATION - DAY

Wilbur examines the broken window, with Brenda leaning over him.

WILBUR
We're dealing with a very
sophisticated type of beast, here.

BRENDA
Like an elerphant?

Wilbur glances over his shoulder at Brenda.

WILBUR
There are no elephants in
Yellowstone National Park.

BRENDA
How bout a anaconda?

Wilbur sighs, and leans in close to the window. He finds a porcupine quill, and holds it up into the sunlight.

WILBUR
It seems, Brenda, that we are
dealing with a porcupine. Perhaps
the smartest porcupine I've ever
encountered. He will need to be
approached with skill and caution.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - NIGHT

Ridge burps.

The crew lays flat on their stomachs, looking down over the brown pack's charred camp. A few campfires are scattered across the area, and brown wolves mill about. There's no sign of Moxie.

RUMOR
Whew, those fires did a number on
this place.

TUESDAY
No wonder they're all fired up. Pun
intended.

Bacon begins shaking with laughter, and covers his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

LOGO
Anyone see Moxie?

RIDGE
Who's Moxie?

Everyone turns to glance at Ridge.

RIDGE
Oh yeah. The white wolf.

Logo glances at the others . . .

LOGO
I'm going down for her.

RIDGE
I should go too, in case things get messy.

LOGO
(To the dogs)
Keep an eye on us from up here. If anything bad happens, save yourselves.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - NIGHT

Logo and Ridge sneak through the trees just beyond the open area where most of the brown pack rests. They hear a crunch of leaves, and hide behind trees as a brown wolf walks past. Logo motions for Ridge to keep quiet.

LOGO
(Whispers)
They'll kill us if they find us here.

Ridge gulps.

RIDGE
What exactly do you mean by kill?

Logo takes a few more steps ahead and glances out into the opening. He scans a large group of wolves, but can't see Moxie.

LOGO
I need a closer look.

Logo and Ridge sneak from tree to tree, now at risk of being seen. As they peer around a tree, a shadow rises behind them.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

What are you doing here?

Ridge's teeth chatter as he and Logo turn around to see . . . Moxie. Only, she is now brown. Her eyes are still the same. Ridge doesn't realize it's Moxie.

RIDGE

Oh no, please don't kill us.
Please, please don't kill us. I
have hopes and dreams of running
for the porcupine council. Oh,
please.

Moxie slaps Ridge, and he shakes out of it.

LOGO

Moxie! I've been looking all over
for you.

Ridge looks at her fur, down at the dirt, and wipes his
finger across her shoulder, leaving a trail of white.

RIDGE

(A revelation)

Ahh.

MOXIE

What are you doing here, Logo?

LOGO

I had to find you. About the other
day. Listen, I didn't know . . .

MOXIE

You didn't know what?

LOGO

That--that you were part of this
pack. I guess I didn't understand.
I'm sorry.

MOXIE

Well, it's too late for sorry.
Maybe it was stupid to think we
could ever be friends.

LOGO

Don't say that. We actually have a
lot in common. Both of us are kind
of outsiders.

(CONTINUED)

MOXIE

We don't have anything in common,
Logo. You're part of the grey pack,
and I'm part of the brown pack, and
that's the way it's always going to
be.

Logo hangs his head.

MOXIE

I think you should just go. They'd
kill you if they caught you here.

LOGO

Moxie . . .

MOXIE

Just go!

Logo and Ridge walk away, disappearing into the darkness of
the forest. Moxie watches them disappear, and paws at the
ground in disappointment. Tears well up in her eyes.

Just then, her mother comes up from behind.

ZEE

Moxie.

Moxie turns around, quickly wiping her eyes dry.

MOXIE

Hey mom.

ZEE

You okay?

MOXIE

Yeah, of course.

ZEE

Good. I just wanted to let you know
the plan. We attack at first light.

MOXIE

Ok.

ZEE

The grey pack will be destroyed
once and for all. You'll finally
have the home you've always
deserved.

(CONTINUED)

MOXIE

Right.

ZEE

Get some sleep. You're going to need your rest.

EXT. DOG CAMP #3 - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Headlights of a vehicle illumine the abandoned camp, and Wilbur and Brenda emerge from the diesel truck to inspect the area for clues.

BRENDA

Whatcha think, Wilbur?

WILBUR

I've asked you to call me Ranger.

BRENDA

Sorry. Whatcha think, Ranger?

Wilbur picks up a handful of grass and inhales it deeply. He throws it to the ground.

WILBUR

(Satisfied)

Oh, mama.

BRENDA

What is it?!

WILBUR

Wolf pee.

BRENDA

Huh?

WILBUR

Wolf pee! The answer has been right in front of me all along. The wolves. The key to finding the dogs has always been finding the wolves.

BRENDA

They're practally cousins on the food chain!

Wilbur pauses, considering the statement.

(CONTINUED)

WILBUR

No.

Wilbur makes for the running truck.

BRENDA

Where we goin?

WILBUR

To Wolf Valley!

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight creep over the mountains, and a few streaks of light reach the edge of Wolf Valley. The dogs and Ridge are spread out, snoring and twitching as flies land on their noses.

Logo leans over Ridge, who is snoring heavily, inflating to three times his size and then breathing out, returning to his normal state with a long hiss. Logo nudges him.

RIDGE

Not now Mom!

LOGO

Ridge . . .

RIDGE

Porcupines can accomplish anything they put their minds to.

LOGO

Ridge, wake up!

Ridge's eyes flutter open, and he sits up.

RIDGE

Logo. I was just about to come wake you up. I've been out and about this morning.

LOGO

(Concerned)

I have a bad feeling. Something in me--something doesn't feel right. I want to go see Moxie.

RIDGE

Ok, let me just gather my things.

Ridge falls back and begins snoring.

EXT. BROWN PACK CAMP - DAWN

Logo and Ridge jog through the trees and see that the brown pack's camp is completely empty. Everything is packed up and moved. Logo rushes into the camp and looks around. He turns to Ridge with a frightened look.

RIDGE

Where is everyone?

LOGO

Oh no . . .

RIDGE

Oh no what?

LOGO

What if . . . what if . . .

RIDGE

What if what?

LOGO

I should have seen it . . .

RIDGE

I'm having a hard time piecing together your sentences, Logo.

LOGO

The brown pack . . . they're going to attack us. (Calling out)
Moxie?!? Moxie?!?

RIDGE

She must have gone with them.

LOGO

(Disbelieving)

No. She couldn't. She wouldn't do that.

His eyes widen at the sound of war drums in the distance. They see the remnant of the brown pack marching towards Wolf Valley.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - MORNING

All the wolves of the grey pack are sleeping heavily, scattered across the ground.

Striker snores heavily, an empty bowl resting on his chest.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - MORNING

Logo and Ridge run to where the others are sleeping and slide to a stop.

LOGO
(Shouting)
Get up! Everyone get up!

Rumor sits up, concerned.

RUMOR
What's wrong?

RIDGE
Everything!

LOGO
(Frantic)
I think the brown pack is about to attack.

TUESDAY
Fa-fa-fa for real?

RUMOR
And Moxie?

LOGO
She's . . . she's with them.

The dogs leap up and brush themselves off.

RUMOR
How much time do we have?

LOGO
Not enough. The brown pack is already marching!

RUMOR
Let's go.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - MORNING

The dogs, Logo, and Ridge rush through the forest, darting around trees and leaping over fallen logs.

Bacon rides on Tuesday's back, yanking his ears as if directing a horse.

(CONTINUED)

BACON
Faster! Faster! Faster!

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - MORNING

The rangers' diesel truck fishtails down a dirt road, and speeds ahead towards Wolf Valley.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur grips the steering wheel like a vice, and his face is determined. Brenda is chewing bubble gum, and blows a monster bubble. Wilbur steps on the gas pedal with full force, and in the passenger's seat, Brenda is jolted, the bubble bursts in her face.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - MORNING

Zee leads the brown pack through the trees. The war drums have come to a halt. Dozens of brown wolves creep ahead, waiting on her direction. In the distance, we see smoke rising from the grey pack's camp.

Nothing moves. All is quiet.

They move ahead to the edge of the trees. Moxie is with them, and glances at the others in her pack.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - MORNING

Striker and the others wolves are still snoring the morning away. The sun beams down into his eyes, and they briefly flutter open.

He yawns, rolls over, and falls back asleep.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - MORNING

The dogs, Logo, and Ridge continue running through the forest.

LOGO
Hurry! We have to stop them!

Ridge is slowing down in front of Tuesday and Bacon, and Bacon rips a branch from a tree. He uses it like a whip on Ridge, who speeds up immediately.

(CONTINUED)

BACON
Faster, porcupine!

RIDGE
(To himself)
That little guy is crazy!

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - MORNING

Zee and the others begin to jog ahead, and the war drums begin to beat. They slowly gain speed as they enter the main part of Wolf Valley. Finally, they are in an all out sprint, baring teeth.

On the other side of the valley, a bug lands on Striker's face. He swats at it, and it buzzes off, only to return. He swats at it again, and it returns again. He slaps himself in the face, and sits up in a flush.

STRIKER
(Confused)
What's that noise?

Striker glances around to see the whole pack lying in sleep. Even Pops is snoring the morning away.

That's when he glances up to see a V-formation of brown wolves rushing through the valley, only a hundred yards away. A war cry arises amidst the banging drums.

STRIKER
(Shouts)
Atttaaaaaaackkkk!!!

The other wolves stir awake, and quickly jump into form. In a scramble, they prepare for the coming battle, and join the ranks. Striker directs them, and then leads the disheveled grey pack ahead to defend their land. With a battle cry, they surge ahead to meet the brown pack on the battlefield.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

The dogs, Logo, and Ridge run across a dirt road, and see that Wilbur's truck is barreling towards them.

RIDGE
(Fierce)
You all go ahead. I've got this.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur's eyes widen

WILBUR

Bingo!

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The dogs and Logo cross the road, but Ridge stands firm, waiting on the truck.

RIDGE

I've been waiting on this moment my
whole life . . .

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur furrows his brow, in a game of chicken with the porcupine who set his prisoners free.

BRENDA

(Pointing)

That there's a porkapine!

WILBUR

More like roadkill!

Wilbur speeds up, as he and Brenda scream at the top of their lungs.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck comes closer to Ridge, and it seems like he is going to be smashed. The front left tire is coming directly towards him.

At the very last second, Ridge puffs into a ball of quills.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Seeing Ridge as a ball of sharp quills, Wilbur's mouth hangs open.

WILBUR

Uh oh.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck tire pops on contact with Ridge's quills, and the truck flips end over end into the bushes.

Ridge deflates and blows on his finger like a pistol.

RIDGE

All in a day's work.

He scurries across the road to meet up with the others.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur and Brenda hang upside down in the wrecked truck, and slowly turn their heads to look at each other. Wilbur can hardly catch his breath, and Brenda's eyes are wide.

BRENDA

You ok?

WILBUR

I think so. You?

BRENDA

Uh huh. But I think I made a mess
of my britches.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

The dogs, Logo, and Ridge slide to a stop at a high place, looking down from afar to see the two packs moving towards one another.

LOGO

(Heartbroken)

We're too late.

RIDGE

It's not your fault, Logo.

LOGO

It is. It's all my fault.

The packs are moving closer to one another.

EXT. WOLF VALLEY BATTLEFIELD - MORNING

The two wolf packs draw dangerously close to one another. Striker and Zee meet eyes, and both flare their teeth as they growl. Striker and Zee will certainly meet, as they lead the points of the charging armies.

Striker and Zee leap in the air, their claws outstretched.

Just then, we see a white flash running between the two armies. It is MOXIE. She dives in between Striker and her mother . . .

MOXIE

Noooooo!

Striker and Zee leap forward, and Moxie is smashed between them. Moxie falls limp, rolling from the impact on the ground. A storm of dust rises between the two armies, who come to a standstill at the strange interruption of the white wolf.

Silence fills Wolf Valley, as all look upon the outcast.

The dust clears, and Moxie is lying on her back, coughing for air. Her eyes begin to fade, and it seems as if she may die.

Zee sees that it's her own daughter, and rushes to Moxie's side.

ZEE

Moxie girl? My little Moxie? What are you doing?

Moxie glances up to meet her mother's eyes.

MOXIE

(Struggling for breath)

Hi mom.

Zee wraps her daughter in an embrace.

ZEE

(Stammering)

Moxie, how? What? Where did you ---

MOXIE

I had to do what's best for the pack.

Zee glances up at Striker, who has softened at the sight of a mother and her child. He takes a step back and lowers his head, impacted by the child's words.

(CONTINUED)

A chorus of barking interrupts the tense moment. Both wolf packs look to see the dogs charging ahead, lead by Bacon riding on Tuesday.

BACON

Clear a path, wolves! Make way!

The confused wolves step out of the way, allowing the group to pass. The wolves of the grey pack are shocked to see Logo among them. Logo slides on his knees to Moxie's side.

Striker's eyes widen at the sight of his 'dead' brother. He steps forward, hope restored.

STRIKER

Little, brother. You're alive!

Logo turns to look at Striker.

LOGO

Yeah, Striker. I'm alive. I'll explain everything later.

Logo places a hand on Moxie's forehead.

LOGO

Moxie? Moxie, it's me.

MOXIE

(Dying)

I did it, Logo. I stopped it. You were right.

LOGO

(Desperate)

Please, please don't die, Moxie.
Please. I need you.

Moxie places a hand on Logo's chest. The others have gathered behind Logo.

MOXIE

All my life I tried to live a lie.
It wasn't worth it. Just be who you
are, Logo. Always, and nothing
else. That's what's best for the
pack.

LOGO

I--I promise.

Moxie closes her eyes, and DIES. Zee begins to cry, and Striker hangs his head. Ridge comes over to place a hand on Logo's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE

I'm so sorry, Logo. I'm so sorry.
It shouldn't be this way.

Logo clenches his eyes shut, and a tear rolls down his cheek.

ZEE

It doesn't have to be this way.
She's not gone yet. We can still
bring her back.

Zee looks to Striker, who understands.

ZEE

Will you howl with me?

Striker turns to look at his own pack, who was prepared for war just minutes ago. The pack nods back at him.

STRIKER

As one.

ZEE

As one.

Striker walks up to Logo, who is heartbroken, crying. His chest heaves in sadness.

STRIKER

Logo, will you lead us in the howl?

Logo's eyes open wide. A final tear drips off his face. He shakes his head, no, and stands up to face his brother. He looks Striker in the eyes, finally free from the chains of self-consciousness.

LOGO

Striker, I--I can't howl. I
probably never will.

Both packs begin murmuring amongst themselves. Logo scans the crowd and sees all of the faces that have haunted him--Pops, Quake, Petra, and others. Quake smirks.

STRIKER

(Encouraging)
Yes you can.

LOGO

I can't.

STRIKER

Maybe not like us, but in your own way. I learned something when you were gone. Making a noise doesn't make you a wolf. No, being a wolf is about what's in your heart and your mind. And in my book, you're the best wolf among all of us.

RIDGE

Whew . . . that's like, poetry, man.

Striker glances at Ridge suspiciously.

STRIKER

Who are you again?

Ridge groans.

RIDGE

Dude, you're one of my best friends. Are we having this conversation *again*?

LOGO

(To Striker)

You mean it, Striker?

STRIKER

Yeah, buddy. So howl. In your own way.

Logo glances around at the two wolf packs, who all stare at him, waiting on his direction. He steps close to Moxie, and looks down at her.

LOGO

Here goes . . .

Logo arches his head upwards, closes his eyes, and tries to howl. Nothing comes out, but he holds the pose. The other wolves glance around at one another, and then, one by one, mimic Logo. Before long, every wolf in the valley is howling in silence.

We go to a CLOSE UP of Moxie's face.

All of a sudden, her eyes flutter open. In them, we see a spark.

FADE OUT:

EXT. WOLF VALLEY - DAY

Ridge looks at the camera, and begins walking. He looks at the camera, and bumps into unsuspecting wolves who howl at the prick of his quills.

RIDGE

Well, that's how it all went down. An incredible porcupine journey, if I've ever heard one. You're probably wondering what happened to Moxie. After a few weeks, she was just fine. I knew a doctor up in Idaho who came down to help her out.

Ridge stops, closes his eyes, and breathes in deep.

RIDGE

Feels good to be a hero.

He continues walking.

RIDGE

That park ranger decided it was no use chasing after the dogs anymore. I guess too much bad stuff happened to him. Oh, and it turns out that he married the other park ranger. They've got a little one on the way, named Ranger.

A few brown wolves walk alongside a few grey wolves, laughing and carrying on.

RIDGE

And all that stuff between the two wolf packs, well, that's over too. We're all friends, just as it should be.

Ridge bumps into Circles, who turns, sees her tail, and begins chasing after it.

RIDGE

As for Logo . . . well, he became a pretty popular guy. Turns out, a whole lot of wolves couldn't howl. They were just too afraid to say anything about it.

Ridge turns a corner, and in an open field we see groups of wolves practicing karate, singing, aerobics, etc. Bacon leaps up and karate chops his instructor in the throat.

(CONTINUED)

BACON

Karate!

Logo and Moxie walk among them, bumping into one another flirtatiously.

RIDGE

Logo thought all the wolves who couldn't howl might be good at other stuff. He was right.

Striker strolls by. Ridge holds up his hand for a high-five. Striker just looks at the hand.

RIDGE

What's up, dude?

STRIKER

(Confused)

Do I know you?

Ridge lowers his hand.

RIDGE

Seriously?

Striker shrugs, and saunters away.

RIDGE

Anyways, that's it. The story of a porcupine hero. If you're ever in Yellowstone National Park, let me know. I'll give you a private tour, a package valued at over five hundred dollars.

Logo glances over at Ridge, and they grin at one another.

RIDGE

That's my buddy Logo. He's a real wolf.

Ridge winks.

A black screen begins to circle in on Logo. Moxie's face appears in the shrinking screen as she kisses Logo on the cheek.

Logo's eyes grow wide.

RIDGE

(scoffing)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIDGE (cont'd)
And now I've got to deal with this.
I tell you. Just when a guy thinks
he's got it all figured out . . .

He sighs. His voice begins to fade with the screen . . .

RIDGE
Mom says I'll find a girlfriend one
day, too. But she's lied to me
before. A lot. A whole lot. In
fact, she's just a liar in general.
Welp, I guess this is goodbye. So,
goodbye . . .

ROLL CREDITS: