

JAKE FLUFFY, PRIVATE EYE

By

Michael Hager

michaelhag@gmail.com  
805-460-8301

FADE IN:

INT. PRIVATE EYE OFFICE - DAY

In an office bathed in black and white, spotted mutt and canine Private Eye JAKE FLUFFY wiggles and sniffs at his desk in anticipation.

He wears a tie and a cocked fedora. His office contains an old school desk with a sunny portrait of his family smiling in the background. He twitches and breaks into fervent itching.

JAKE FLUFFY (V.O.)

Did you ever have an itch so bad  
nothing else matters in the world?

The itching continues in earnest.

JAKE FLUFFY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You chase that itch down but then  
another one starts on your  
backside.

All of a sudden the itching halts. He leafs through Gumshoe Monthly, a magazine with a Sam Spade-esque detective on its front.

JAKE FLUFFY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It ain't a bad gig being a dog. Wag  
your tail like a good boy when your  
family is home; the rest of the  
time is yours. Some dogs snooze all  
the live-long day. Not me. I solve  
cases.

He runs to the window and looks out. He wags his tail and barks at movement in the yard.

JAKE FLUFFY

(with a growl)

I see you, Squirrel, one of these  
days you're mine, my friend.

He sits down.

JAKE FLUFFY (V.O.)

It was so quiet that hump day you  
could hear a flea burp. Just then I  
heard a muffled panting outside. I  
was about to growl when she walked  
through my doggy door.

A curly-furred poodle enters through a small door. She wears a tiara-

JAKE FLUFFY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was one stressed out looking purebred. Muffin St. Clair; every mutt in town knew she could lead a dog astray.

JAKE

Muffin, isn't it? Would you like a muffin, Muffin? I swiped it myself.

MUFFIN

No thank you. Aren't you Mr. Fluffy?

She offers her paw for him to sniff.

JAKE

Call me Jake. What's the problem, pooch?

Muffin removes a toy from her petite purse and starts to chew on it.

MUFFIN

It's my collar Jake.

Jake sniffs the air.

JAKE

In my professional opinion, Dollface, I'd say you're not wearing one.

MUFFIN

You're a very good detective Jake. It's a diamond collar and it's gone; my family will be very angry at me if I lose it. Please, Jake.

Jake stares at her and his brow furrows.

JAKE FLUFFY (V.O.)

Even though it would most likely stick me in the pound, I still agreed to help her.

I sat up but I didn't beg.

JAKE

It'll cost you ten dog treats a day. Bacon.

MUFFIN

Thank you so much, Jake. That's just amazing. I so need a spa day right now, it's just bonks.

Jake walks Muffin to the doggy door and rubs her shoulders and sniffs her butt.

JAKE

I'll have it back in no time at all, Doll.

The door opens and reveals a backyard in color, complete with kids' toys and patio furniture.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Bonks, indeed, Muffin.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pounding the streets of his neighborhood, Jake Fluffy is on the case. In a moment he spots a couple of mutts clustered around a fire hydrant.

JAKE (V.O.)

These hounds were doing their business, so I sauntered up to them real cool for a chat.

JAKE

You gents know Muffin St. Clair?

They nod.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well, she's missing her collar. It's kind of special. I'm on the trail. Could you help a dog out?

A feline runs from their midst; the startled dogs feel for something missing in their mouths and run after the cat.

NARRATOR JAKE

They weren't talking, turns out the cat had their tongues.

Jake confronts a small shaky Chihuahua.

JAKE

So, what do you know, FRANKY?

FRANKY  
(shaking)  
I don't know nothing, Jake. Psst,  
Jake?

JAKE  
Yeah, Franky?

FRANKY  
If you're looking for a sidekick,  
I'm available. I'd be a total  
pushover.

JAKE  
I'll keep it mind, Chihuahua. But  
now I need your help.

JAKE (V.O.)  
I loosened his tongue with bacon.  
Or fake-on; we're dogs so we don't  
really know the difference.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jake strolls down the sidewalk and stops at a door decorated with dogs sporting bows on their heads.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Receiving the tip, I headed to a  
place I never wanted to step paw  
into again: Max's Grooming Club. If  
you want some fun, you go to Max's.  
No cops or humans allowed.

He walks through the doggy door of the club and passes a beagle holding a wad of cash. It's a mini-Las Vegas; dogs toss dice and wrestle. Jake eyes the dealer/bouncer of the club:

JAKE  
Hey, CHARLIE, you still darkening  
this dingy establishment?

In the corner, a tall white dog holds cards over its face. The pitbull glowers at Jake:

CHARLIE  
We told you wasn't welcome here,  
Fluffy, now scram.

JAKE

A dame's diamond collar has gone missing. I've been hired.

He casts his eyes around the joint.

JAKE (V.O.)

Then, stepping out from behind the curtain was a nightmare from my past:

CORAL the corgi smiles and wags her tail at Jake. She glitters in crass beauty as she chomps on gum. She's grooming a mullet-topped boxer.

CORAL

Hi there Jake, sweetie. Aren't you going to say something nice about my new bling-bling collar?

The collar sparkles.

JAKE

It's nice, I bet I know where you got it.

The tall patron in the corner roars:

JAKE (V.O.)

And from out of nowhere comes what I thought was a wolf with a sore throat. It was that delicate poodle Muffin St. Claire. She was acting like she saw the postman.

MUFFIN

Give me that collar you b-big thief!

The fur flies; Jake edges out of the club.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A solitary Jake walks down the sidewalk to his house. In the background, people arrive at their homes.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake enters his office, puts his hat on a stand and regards his desk for a moment. A stack of bacon sits on the desk.

Jake runs and takes a leap into the pile of treats that fly everywhere.

Next moment, he's stuffing his muzzle with bacon and, like a tennis fan, he watches and barks at Squirrel who runs back and forth in the backyard.

JAKE

One of these days Squirrel, one of these days, my friend.

FADE OUT.