Isle of Dogs

By Wes Anderson
Ten centuries ago, before the Age of Obedience, free dogs roamed at liberty, marking their territory. Seeking to extend its dominion, the cat-loving Kobayashi Dynasty declared war and descended in force upon the unwary four-legged beasts. On the eve of total canine annihilation, a child warrior sympathetic to the plight of the besieged underdog dogs betrayed his species, beheaded the head of the head of the Kobayashi clan and pledged his sword with the following battle-cry haiku.

I turn my back
On man-kind!
Frost on window-pane.
He would later be known as the Boy Samurai of Legend, RIP.
At the end of the bloody dog wars, the vanquished mongrels became powerless house-pets: tamed, mastered, scorned. But they survived and multiplied. The Kobayashis, however, never forgave their conquered foe.

(WIND HOWLING)
(BANGS GONG)
(LIGHTS MATCHSTICK)
NARRATOR:
The Japanese archipelago,  
20 years in the future. 
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)

NARRATOR:  
has reached  
epidemic proportions.  
An outbreak of Snout-fever  
rips through  
the City of Megasaki.  
Blizzards of infected fleas,  
worms, ticks and lice  
menace the citizenship.  
Dog-Flu threatens to cross  
the species threshold  
and enter  
the human disease-pool.  
(KOBAHAYASHI SPEAKING JAPANESE)  
In a special midnight-session  
at the Municipal Dome,  
Mayor Kobayashi  
of Uni Prefecture  
issues emergency orders  
calling for  
a hasty quarantine:  
the expulsion and containment  
of all breeds,  
both stray and domesticated.  
By official decree,  
Trash Island  
becomes an exile colony.  
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)  
The Isle of Dogs.  
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)  
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)  
It's not fair to the dogs.  
The path favored  
by Mayor Kobayashi  
is cruel and unscientific.  
For a thousand years,
these resilient animals
have loved,
served and protected us.
Now, in their time
of greatest need,
we forsake them again?
A tidal-wave
of Anti-Dog hysteria
has crippled
our moral judgment.
Give me six months,
and I will deliver a serum.
I'm this close, dammit.
Dog-Flu will be eradicated.
Snout-fever will be defeated.
Canine Saturation
will be returned
to sustainable levels
and without mass-neutering!
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
to man's best friend?
(CROWD JEERING)
No, no, no!
The crowd is calling
for the immediate ratification
and approval
of the mayor's proposal.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
gesture of public solidarity,
Mayor Kobayashi
is calling upon
his Assistant Hatchet-Man,
Major-Domo,
to furnish
the personal bodyguard-dog
of the mayoral-household,
Spots Kobayashi,
into the possession
of the Committee
for Canine Desaturation.
Spots will be the first dog
to be officially deported
from the city.
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)
(WIND HOWLING)
(RAT SQUEAKING)
(THUNDER RUMBLING)

NARRATOR:
(BARKING)
(SQUAWKING)

NARRATOR:
of once-domesticated
house-pets, sick and hungry,
rove the garbage canyons
and filthy ravines,
scrounging for scraps.
One hundred per cent
test positive
for the Dog-Flu germ.

Symptoms:
weight-loss, dizziness,
narcolepsy, insomnia,
and extreme/aggressive
behavior.
(GROWLING)
Three-quarters display signs
of early-onset Snout-fever:
high-temperature,
low blood-pressure,
acute moodiness
and spasmodic
nasal expiration.
The exiled dog-population
grows weaker, sadder, angrier.
Desperate.
(ALL GROWLING)
(GROWLING CONTINUES)
Hey, wait a second.
Before we attack each other
and tear ourselves to shreds
like a pack of maniacs,
let's just open the sack first
and see what's actually in it.
It might not even
be worth the trouble.
What do you say?
I'm not sure.
Maybe.
Alright.
A rancid apple core;
two worm-eaten banana peels;
a moldy rice cake;
a dried-up pickle;
tin of sardine bones;
a pile of broken egg-shells;
an old, smushed-up,
rotten gizzard
with maggots all over it...
Okay, it's worth it.

(ALL BARKING)
(HOWLS)
(ALL PANTING)
Get out of here
and don't come back.
Sheesh, Igor. I think
he chewed your ear off.

IGOR:
(SNEEZES)
(FLIES BUZZING)
(RATS SQUEAKING)
(SPITS)
I don't think I can stomach
any more of this garbage.
Same here.
Words out of my mouth.
I used to sleep
on a lamb's-wool bean-bag
next to
an electric space-heater.
That's my territory.
I'm an indoor dog.
I starred in 22 consecutive
Doggy-Chop commercials.
Look at me now.
I couldn't land an audition.
I was the lead mascot
for an undefeated high-school
baseball team. (SNEEZES)
I lost all my spirit.
I'm depressing.
I only ask
for what I've always had:
a balanced diet,
regular grooming,
and a general physical
once a year.
I think I might give up.
What, right now?
Right now.
There's no future
on Trash Island.
(SNEEZES) You heard the rumor,
right? About Buster.

**KING:**
Can you remind me?
Who's Buster?
Uh, my brother
from another litter.
What happened to him?
Suicided.
Hanged himself
by his own leash.
- Hmm.
- Oh, boy.
I want my master.

**CHIEF:**
You make me sick.
(VOMITS)
I've seen cats
with more balls than you dogs.
Stop licking your wounds!
You hungry?
Kill something and eat it.
You sick? Take a long nap.
You cold?
Dig a hole in the ground,
crawl into it,
and bury yourself.
But nobody's giving up
around here,
and don't you forget it, ever.
You're Rex!
You're King!
You're Duke!
You're Boss!
I'm Chief.
We're a pack of scary, indestructible Alpha Dogs. You're talking like a bunch of house-broken... pets.
You don't understand.
Uh, how could you? You're a...
Go ahead, say it.
I'm a stray, yeah.
(RUSTLING)
(SNEEZES) How does she keep her fur so clean?
There's no shampoo on Trash Island.
You heard the rumor, right?
About her and Felix.
What'd they say?
Felix? No.
What happened to them?
They mated.
(KING INHALES SHARPLY)
Ooh.
(Boss clears throat)
Who is Felix again?
All the ones I like: they're never in heat.
Hey, now, that puddle-jumper's flying crooked.
- Oh, you're right.
- Ease up.
Pull up.
He's gonna lose a wing.
(ENGINE SPUTTERING)
(GASPS) Wow.
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(GRUNTS)

NARRATOR:
The Little Pilot."
Small guy.
Not much meat on him.
Yeah, is he dead?
He looks dead.
I have a question.
Are we eating him,
or is this a rescue?
We don't know yet.
Nobody's eating
the little pilot.
Not even the dead body of him.
Dogs don't eat masters.
You're not our leader.
We all are. Let's take a vote.
All in favor of not eating
the little pilot, say "Aye".

**ALL:**

**CHIEF:**
(GROWLS)
First-things-first:
let's open his helmet
so he can breathe
some air if he's alive,
then see if we can pull that
hunk of
broken propeller-clutch
out of the side of his head
if it doesn't kill him.
Does that sound right?

**ALL:**

**KING:**
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(SNEEZES)
(CONTINUES BREATHING HEAVILY)
Spots-u! Spots-u! Spots-u!
We get the idea.
You're looking
for your lost dog, Spots.
- Does anybody know him?
In response to questions regarding the purported disappearance of his ward Atari, Mayor Kobayashi offers no comment and urges reporters to respect the privacy of the mayoral-household. Atari, aged 12, was last seen early yesterday morning rolling a small airplane onto a runway at Megasaki Executive Airport.

**NARRATOR:**
(WHISTLING CONTINUES)
(GROWLS)
I bite.
I beg your pardon.
Ignore that dog.
He's got Snout-fever.
Just please follow us.
(SNEEZES)

**REX:**
but I asked around.
I understand
he made a lot of friends.
He had a very good-natured temperament, I'm told.
Of course, you would know best.
It's just a bit further up here on the left.
Anyway, as I say,
he seemed to have been
an extremely pleasant animal.
Unfortunately, nobody could figure out
how to open his dog-cage.

NARRATOR:

NELSON:
of last week's colossal bullet-train disaster,
a young boy named Atari,
awoke from a deep-coma
early this morning
to learn
of his parents' tragic deaths and also the intention
of his distant-uncle, Mayor Kobayashi,
to personally adopt him as ward
to the mayoral-household.
Upon his release from Megasaki General,
Atari who suffered the loss of his right kidney
and numerous broken bones in the crash
will live in sequestered quarters within the confines of Brick Mansion,
where he will be educated in solitude by private tutors.
Atari has also been assigned a security-detail for his own protection in the form of a highly trained bodyguard-dog named Spots Kobayashi.

(MONITOR BEEPING)
(MAJOR-DOMO SPEAKING JAPANESE)
Um, you're my new master.
My name is Spots.
I'm at your service.
I'll be protecting
your welfare and safety
on an ongoing-basis.

**In other words:**

(MAJOR-DOMO YELLS)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
Bodyguard-dog! Not pet!
(HEADSET BEEPING)
(BEEPING)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(WHISPERING IN JAPANESE)
Master Atari.
(CONTINUES WHISPERING
IN JAPANESE)
I can hear you.
I can hear you.

**DOGS:**
You need a key.
(ALL SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(ATARI SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(WHISTLING)
(CONTINUES WHISTLING)
(RAT SQUEAKING)
(ENGINE STARTING)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(BEEPING)
(RADAR BEEPING)
(SIGHS DEEPLY)
Where'd you get that?
What? I always had this.
I stole it
off the dead skeleton.
(GASPS) Oh, no.
Hey! The wrong dog died!
The wrong dog died!
(SHOUTS)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(PANTING)
The wrong...
The wrong dog died.
He's not Spots.
Who is that?
(SNIFFING)
I can't smell him.
(KOBAYASHI SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(PHONE RINGS)
(SNAPS FINGERS)
(DRONE WHIRRING)
(MAN SPEAKING JAPANESE OVER SPEAKERS)
(SHOUTING IN JAPANESE)
(ALL SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(DOGS WHINING)
(ATARI GROANING)
This is child abuse.
Chief, you fight the robot-dog.
Wait. What?
King, Duke, Boss? You attack the three dog-catchers.

**KING:**
I'll guard the little pilot.
On my command. Ready?
Wait a second!
I am not gonna fight this robot!
I'm against the little pilot, remember?
I don't even believe in masters.
You're the best in a scrap.
We all know that.
You like to fight.
Well, let's take a vote.
All in favor of Chief fighting the robot-dog, say "Aye".

- **ALL:**
- Nay.
Sic 'em.
(DOGS BARKING)
My ward, Atari,
has been kidnapped
against his will
by a pack of disobedient,
contagious, infected animals.
He will be rescued promptly,
returned to safety,
and grounded for the duration
of his childhood years.
His five dog-abductors
have been identified
through the use
of advanced Tooth-and-Tail
Recognition Software:
They will, of course,
be captured
and violently destroyed.

get a check-up, too.
He looks worse than anybody.

spoke his language.

Well, I understood that.
Sit down.
Sit-o!
Chief! Sit!
I don't sit.
You're disobedient! Sit!
No.

NUTMEG:
if I were you.
It's full of toxic chemicals.
How do you know?
Because my sister-in-law
drank it,
and her tongue turned black.
Oh.
You're Felix's mate.
I beg your pardon?
I mean, I think you mated
with Felix,
if I heard it right?
That's none of your business.
No, no, I don't suggest
whether it actually
happened or not.
I'm just saying
that I recognize you
from when I heard that rumor.
(SNEEZES)
I think I'm going
to say good-night.
Wait, wait, wait. No.
Wait. Start over.
Who cares about Felix?
I'm Chief. (CLEARSTHROAT)
That's my name.
I see.
I'm introducing myself.
Who are you?
I thought you knew
all about me.
(CHUCKLES)
No, I don't know anything.
I should've kept
my mouth shut.
It's all hearsay.
Anyway, you're Nutmeg.
So you do know me, after all.
After all? Yes.
You a show-dog, Nutmeg?
I was bred as a show-dog.
I was groomed
for that purpose.
It wasn't my choice.  
I don't consider it  
my identity.  
Anyway, look around.  
What difference  
does it make now?  
So that's a yes.

So that's a:  
yes, I used to be.  
May I join you?  
(NUTMEG GASPS)  
You've been attacked.  
Hmm. What else is new?  
You should see the other dog.  
(CLEARS THROAT) Actually,  
I think he was made  
of stainless-steel.  
I couldn't get my teeth  
into him.  
Who is the little pilot?  
What'd he do?  
Why are they after him?  
Nobody knows.  
You're a stray, aren't you?  
Yes, I'm a stray.  
But aren't we all?  
In the last analysis, I mean?  
Were you trained?  
For competition.  
I was a show-dog.  
You know a few tricks, then.  
A few.  
Can I see one?  
Maybe if I get to  
know you better.  
Fair enough.  
It's not true, by the way.  
About me and Felix.  
For the record.  
I wouldn't bring puppies  
into this world.  
I don't believe in masters.  
I never did.
It's against my principles.
But this is no place
for a dog like you.
You belong somewhere.
You've got papers.
Oh, I'm full-grown,
sweetheart.
You don't have to worry
about me.
Good-night.
I hope I'll see you again.
- Here's one.
- One what?
I'm supposed to be spinning
a nine-pound bowling-ball
over my head at this point,
but you just have to
imagine that part.
Oh.
I can picture it.
Will you help him?
The little pilot?
Why should I?
Because he's
a 12-year-old boy.
Dogs love those.

KING:
might be alive,
and he might be dead,
but one thing's for sure:
he's nowhere around here.
He's not in the dog-community.
There's probably another
500 Japanese hectares
of unmapped waste-land
on Trash Island at least.
Where do we start?
(CLEARS THROAT) Also,
the mental health question:
maybe it's because of that
propeller-clutch stuck
in the side of his head
I can't say, I'm not a doctor,
but I think the little pilot's got a screw loose.
Those are the cons.
You heard the rumor, right?
About the little pilot.
Which rumor?
What is that?
Kobayashi is his distant uncle.
He's the mayor's ward.
- What?

- ALL:
Be that as it may, let's look at the pros.
That boy flew here, all alone, and crash-landed onto this island for one reason;

**one reason only:**
to find his dog.
To the best of my knowledge, no other master, not one single human master, has made any effort to do that.
They've forgotten all about us.
I propose we start tomorrow, first-light.
We'll cross the Middle Fingers.
We'll find the tugboat on the Dune.
We'll go see Jupiter and Oracle.
They'll know what to do.
Let's take a vote.
All in favor say "Aye".

- ALL:

- CHIEF:
Who's the nay-sayer?

- ALL:
- CHIEF:
  That kid is gonna get us all put to sleep. Euthanized.
  We won't find the dog, but we will die trying.
  Not a bad way to go.
  You're out-voted, anyway.
  
  (SPEAKING JAPANESE)
  Science-Party Candidate
  Professor Watanabe
  has been placed
  under house-arrest today
  at Toho Mountain Ryokan
  after offering sharp criticism
  last night
  of the
  Kobayashi Administration's
  Canine Saturation-crisis

**policy:**

(WATANABE SHOUTING)

(SPEAKING JAPANESE)

student Walker.

Thank you, Editor-Hiroshi.

You all know me.

I speak my mind, and sometimes

that ruffles some feathers.

Please, forgive my bluntness.

Mayor Kobayashi is a crook, and I hate him.

Right now, he faces a divided congress during a hotly-contested

re-election year.

Dogs are dying on a miserable island.

Gullible masters have been brainwashed.

The Science-Party Candidate
is being held against his will
with no recourse
to legal counsel.
Somebody is up to something.
(STUDENTS SPEAKING JAPANESE)
a conspiracy theory?
I have a hunch.
I don't print hunch.
(STUDENTS CHATTERING)
Huh?
I'll spell it out.
I believe
Municipal Dome propaganda
has deliberately stoked
irrational, Anti-Dog fear
and suppressed a medically
proven Dog-Flu treatment
in order to promote
a secret campaign
to turn the country against
its innocent house-pets.
There. I said it.
Can you prove it?
I don't know.
To tell you the truth:
I don't know.
(I WON'T HURT YOU PLAYING)

MAN:
I've lost all of my pride
I've been to paradise
and out the other side

NARRATOR:
"The Search for Spots."
With no one to guide me
Torn apart by a fiery wheel
inside me
An untouched diamond
That's golden and brilliant
without illumination
Your mouth's
a constellation
The stars are in your eyes
I'll take a spaceship
and try and go and find you

NARRATOR:
of Trash Island
wind and weave up-river,
inter-stitched
by zig-zagging pipe-lines
and rusty viaducts.
The ruins of
a failed utility-complex
washed-out by tsunami.
The rubble of an abandoned
power-plant
demolished by earthquake.
The remains of a deserted
industrial estate
destroyed by volcanic blast.
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you

NARRATOR:
Athletic Club,
member-less
and long-forgotten.

KING:
What's your favorite food?

REX:
of Doggy-Chop from the can
mixed into a bowl
of broken Puppy-Snaps
with a vitamin
crushed up into it.

BOSS:
for that.
He's the Doggy-Chop dog.

KING:
DUKE:
your daily meal?

REX:
was a school-teacher.
We weren't rich,
you know. You?

KING:
rib-eye, seared,
on the bone,
with salt and pepper.

REX:

KING:
supper. Every year.

BOSS:
yakitori-style.
The snack vendor always
saved me one on game-days.

KING:

DUKE:
My master had a sweet-tooth.
I probably inherited it
from her.
(SNEEZES)
You heard the rumor, right?
About Doggy-Chop.
Remind us again.
What rumor?
Oh, they folded.
Oh, no.
Doggy... Doggy-Chop folded?
How about you, Chief?
What was your favorite food?
Me? Oh, I don't care.
Garbage, trash,
scraps of rubbish.
I'm used to left-overs.
ALL:

REX:

CHIEF:
I wasn't always a stray.
Wait. What'd you say?
I said I wasn't always a stray.

REX:

BOSS:
(CHIEF SIGHS)
I've been hunted by
dog-catchers all my life.
I'm not easy to trap.
I've only got three captures
on my record
where I actually got sent
to the pound, I mean,
and the first two times,
I escaped within 24 hours,
but the third time...
(WIND HOWLING)
I got adopted before I could
finish digging
the break-out-tunnel.
It was a big family.
Five kids.
Two other dogs, already.
They stuck me
in the back of a station-wagon
and drove me out
to the middle of the sticks.
Grass, trees, swimming pool.
Cartoons on TV.
Anyway, one morning
a week later,
the youngest boy,
his name was Toshiro,

woke me up at 6:
bright-eyed, wide-awake,
and he tried to pet me. He didn't mean anything by it. He was just being friendly. Apparently, I bit him so hard, I nearly chewed his hand off. Blood all over the kitchen floor. They rushed him to the emergency room and I got pad-locked out in the tool-shed with the lights out. It gave me some time to think. What happened? Why did I do that? To this day, I have no idea. I guess he scared me. I bite. That night, an old woman, she must've been the grandmother brought me out a bowl of some homemade hibachi-chili. I like to think she cooked it for me, personally — but who knows? Maybe it was just more left-overs. But... You've got a tick. (SPITS) Anyway, that's my favorite food I ever ate. The old woman made a great bowl of chili. What happened after that? I dug my way out by morning, jumped on the back of a dump-truck, and hitched back to Megasaki. I was always a street-dog, let's face it. (RUSTLING) Somebody's stalking us. (SPEAKING JAPANESE)
As you know, we all hate dogs.
Chairman Fujimoto-san,
President of
Kobayashi Pharmaceutical.
You secretly introduced
mega-quantities
of infected fleas
and contagious tick-larvae
into a metropolitan
city center,
creating an unprecedented
animal-disease out-break.
Thank you.
(APPLAUSE)
General Yamatachi-san,
Commander of the Megasaki
Municipal Task force.
You oversaw the deportation
of over 750,000 caged-animals
to a nearly uninhabitable
off-shore refuse-center.
Good work.
(APPLAUSE)
Supervisor Kitano-san,
Director
of Kobayashi Robotics.
You developed the most
promising artificial life-form
in the history
of corporate-technology-
and a powerful new weapon,
to boot.
Well done.
(APPLAUSE)
Yakuza Nakamura-san,
Head of
the Clenched-Fist Gang.
You eliminated
all Pro-Dog opposition
through the use of bribery,
extortion, intimidation,
and violent force.
My compliments.
(APPLAUSE)
Brains have been washed.  
Wheels have been greased.  
Fear has been mongered.  
Now we prepare  
for the final stage  
of our conspiracy-theory:  
the permanent end  
to the Canine  
Saturation-crisis.

NELSON:  
recovered a viable DNA sample  
from this article  
of damaged aviation equipment.  
We're going to check it  
right now  
if you care to observe.  
(BEEPING)  
(NEWS ANCHOR  
SPEAKING JAPANESE)  
(CAMERA CLICKS)  
We call upon  
dog-lovers everywhere  
to harken  
to this transmission:  
(ATARI SPEAKING JAPANESE)  
May-day! May-day!  
Unscheduled Junior Turbo-Prop  
in severe distress  
over Sapporo River.  
Engine-failure, and-  
-detachment of left wing.  
Will attempt emergency-landing  
on Trash Island coast.  
Please, make note  
of the following:  
to my security-detail /  
bodyguard-dog,  
Spots Kobayashi,  
if still living,  
I leave  
all my worldly possessions.  
If Spots has preceded me  
into the next life,
I ask that everything, including my own bones and Spots' carcass, be burned in a crematory furnace, with our ashes scattered to the four-winds. It will not amount to much pollution in this sad land. If I survive, ignore this message. I've gone to find my dog. Young masters

of Megasaki:
Turpentine brandy. It cools the head and warms the dog-bones. It may snow tonight. Really? Thank you very much. Wow.
To whom it may concern.
- She sees the future.
- (SCOFFS) No.
She understands T.V.
(WEATHERMAN SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(SNEEZES)
You seek a dog named Spots.
- Dog-Zero.
- Dog-Zero.
As you know, most of the animals on this island come from human homes with domesticated back-grounds. However, a small population of savage, aboriginal dogs have been scavenging the Metropolitan Dumping-Grounds for nearly a decade. The graffiti on this wall depicts the story. They were born into captivity
on the ends of the fringes
of the most distant reaches
of the island.
They endured
great suffering and cruelty
at the hands
of their former masters.
Finally, in the wake of
an Act of God, they escaped-
to a harsh
and desperate freedom.
Some say they died away
over the subsequent years,
starving and forgotten.
Some say they swam
to the mainland,
but this seems unlikely.
Too far to dog-paddle.
Some say
they're still with us,
in the Far-away Cuticles,
beyond the Middle Fingers.
We know the animal you seek.
He has appeared
in Oracle's visions.
(MAN SPEAKING JAPANESE ON TV)
A prophecy suggests itself:
Spots, if he's alive,
may very well be living,
even at this moment,
as a captive prisoner
abducted into the company
of these wild, savage dogs.
Oracle, what do you think?
What?
Continue your journey.
Have faith in your cause.
Luck and good fortune
be unto you.
You heard the rumor, right?
About these aboriginal dogs.

BOSS:
CHIEF:
Uh, they're cannibals.
So you're telling me they're going to want to eat us?
Well, they're cannibals.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
We're approaching the end of Old Trash Island.

To the west:
and Megasaki City.
(DOGS SNEEZING)

To the east:

To the north:
cause-way
over a noxious sludge-marsh
leading to
a radio-active land-fill
polluted by toxic chemical-garbage.
That's our destination.

BOSS:

KING:
Get ready to jump.
Atari, I'm going to drag you overboard with my teeth, since you can't understand the plan.
After that, we're back on foot.
The next stage...
Where'd they...
- Where'd they go?
- (CHIEF SNEEZES)
What are they doing over there?
How did this happen?
What's going on with this contraption?
If we get separated,
which we are:
rendez-vous at the cause-way!

CHIEF:
What?

CHIEF:
We all are!
Let's take a vote!
(REX GRUMBLIES)
All in favor of my plan,
which is to rendez-vous
at the cause-way...
(ENGINE STARTS)
(ATARI GRUNTS)
Let's go.
No, you can't ride
the Pagoda-Slide.
You're below the safety-limit,
anyway. Let's go.
We made an emergency plan,
even if we didn't get to vote
and agree to it yet:
rendez-vous at the cause-way
to the Far-away Cuticles,
and go find your dog.
Maybe everybody else
just got crushed,
compacted, and incinerated—but we're going to be there.
Let's go.
Don't.

Repeat:
don't.
I am not your pet.
I never liked you.
I don't care about you.
I won't wait for you.
I bite.
Good luck.
(SCREAMS)
(SHOUTS IN JAPANESE)
(CRASHING)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
Oh, do this. Do that.
Our Masters. I'll do what I...
(MUMBLING)
(LAUGHS)
Hmm...
(ATARI WHISTLING)
(CONTINUES WHISTLING)
(CHIEF WHISTLING)

**KING:**

if it was working right,
we'd be dead already.
Don't ask me
to fetch that stick.
Fetch-i!
Fetch-i!

**I'm telling you:**

I don't fetch.
Fetch-i!
I'm not doing this
because you commanded me to.
I'm doing it-
because I feel sorry for you.
Good boy.
Where'd you get that dog?
He looks like me
with a pink nose.
I come from a nine-dog litter,
but they drowned the sisters.
We're not a rare breed:
short-haired-Oceanic-
speckled-ear/
sport-hound-mix.
(STAMMERS)
I'm getting confused now.
My belly feels funny.
(WHISPERS) Biscuit-o.
I can't accept that.
It's for your dog.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
I've never been offered
a Puppy-Snap in my life.
I don't even know
what they taste like.
Okay, I'll try it.
Crunchy. Salty.
Supposedly, it cleans
your teeth.
This is my new favorite food.
Thank you.
(I WON'T HURT YOU PLAYING)

MAN:
My pale blue star
My rainbow, how good it is
to know you're like me
Strike me
with your lightning
Bring me down
and bury me with ashes
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
(OWL HOOTS)
Cold up here tonight.
We'll find him.
Wherever he is, if he's alive:
we'll find your dog.
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
I won't hurt you
(OWLS HOOING)

(WOMAN SPEAKING JAPANESE ON RADIO)
elected leader
of Megasaki City.
For 150 years,
you and your ancestors,
known as
the Kobayashi Dynasty,
a procession of
dog-hating thugs,
stooges, felons,  
and their criminal underlings,  
have betrayed and deceived  
the citizens  
of Uni Prefecture.  
You make me so mad!  
Professor Watanabe,  
Science-Party Candidate,  
deceased.  
The wasabi in your blood  
showed poison-levels  
in excess of ten times  
the maximum dosage required  
to stop the heart of a whale.  
Why'd you do it?  
Atari Kobayashi, adopted ward  
to the mayoral-household.  
You heroically hi-jacked  
a Junior Turbo-Prop XJ750  
and flew it to the island...  
(DOORBELL RINGING)  
(CONVERSING IN JAPANESE)  
You heroically,  
as I was saying,  
stole the little airplane,  
because of your dog and...  
(STAMMERS)  
I lost my train of thought.  
Dammit!  
I've got a crush on you.

NARRATOR:  
"The Rendez-Vous."  
(WHISTLING)  
(both whistling)  
(Door opens)  
(Gasps)  

CHIEF:  
You made it!  
What happened to you?  
I took a bath.  
What? He's got soap?
Just a little.
You're too fluffy.
We played fetch.

**REX:**
With a hunk
of rubber radiator-tubing.
And you brought it back
to him?
Yeah.
He's a good boy.
Don't you tell me that!
I'm the one
that tried to make you
be loyal to him,
in the first place.
Stop. Stop!
This is the rendezvous.
Where's that trash-tram
taking you?
You think we booked this ride
through a travel agent?
We were fighting for our lives
in a high-velocity
trash-processor
while you were getting
scrubbed and brushed.
- Jump!
- Where?
- Here!
- When?
- Now!
- Why?
What?
Let's take a vote.
All in favor of jump...
Who's that?
(SNIFFING)
I can't smell him.
(BEEPING)
(ALARM BLARING)

**SPOTS:**
Master Atari...
Can you hear me?
Huh?
(DOG HOWLING)
(CHIEF SNIFFING)
That dog's real.
What's that thing
in your ear for?
Are you hard of hearing?
You can't be. Um...
Bodyguard-dogs have to have
20/30-Auditory
just to be certified.
No, the ear-piece
is how I receive
my commands and instructions
and so on.
Obviously, I'm privy to
certain sensitive information
due to my position
in the mayoral-household
at Brick Mansion.
Oh, so you mean
somebody could be talking
to you right now?
Well, the range is only about
75 feet or so, I guess, so...
Battery's probably dead,
anyway.
I got a question for you.
How much money
do you think the mayor makes?
(SCOFFS)
I can't tell you that.
That's highly confidential.
Um, anyway, I'm not
the mayor's accountant's dog.
That's Butterscotch,
and she got crushed
in a glass compactor
the day before yesterday.
No, my duties
are, uh, focused entirely
on the protection
of the mayor's ward, Atari.
I'm not supposed
to be his friend,
but I love him very much,
but that's a private matter.
Um, the only reason
I even said that
was because we're all probably
going to die out here
and I'll never see him again.
(Spots sniffling)
That's a tough break.
Well, good luck to you
and watch out
for the cannibal-dogs.
- Hmm?

- Scrap:
- What?
- What?
Watch out for the...?
The cannibal-dogs.
They are dogs that eat dogs.
Start over and repeat again.
You know what?
Don't even worry about that.
I just heard there might be
some wild, aboriginal,
cannibal-dogs
in the area, you know,
but I wouldn't worry
because you're
in an extra-security
lock cell.
Look at it that way.
You're probably safer
than I am.
Except from thirst
and starvation.
It's got an extra-security
lock on it.
You'll never get it open.
Are you going to eat me now?
What did you say?
Are you going to eat me now?
I heard
you were cannibal-dogs.

**Be notified:**
to defend myself
with all means at my disposal.
(LAUGHS)
Hmm.
Who told you that dirty lie?
We resorted to cannibalism
on one occasion,
many months ago,
as a desperate
survival instinct.
We ate one single dog.
His name was Fuzzball,
and he was the leader
of our pack,
and he was already in a coma
from starvation,
so we put him out of his...
his... (STAMMERS)
(HOWLING)
(DOGS HOWLING)
His misery and...
and...
consumed him.
(HOWLING)
(DOGS HOWLING)
We would have dropped dead
in a week or less
without that nourishment.
We were dying.
Do you judge us for that?
Shame on you!
We only brought you here
in the first place
to help you.
(HOWLING)
(DOGS HOWLING)
We've got a Master Pass-Key!
Open his cage.

**PEPPERMINT:**
Fuzzball was his best friend.
Oh, dear.
Uh, I think I offended him.
I'm truly sorry.
I had no idea.
What is this place?
How long have you been here?
I can see
you've been mistreated.
(SNIFFLES)
(SIGHS DEEPLY)
Are you okay?
My name is Spots.
Spots Kobayashi.
How can I be of service
to you?

**SPOTS:**
can you hear me?
Can you hear me, Master Atari?
(GASPS) Spots-u?
You're not safe here!
You shouldn't have
come for me!
I can't
protect you efficiently
under these conditions!
Spots-u!
Here I come.
Sic-'em!
(DOGS BARKING)
Follow me!
(ATARI SCREAMS)

**REX:**
Chief out of the pack
and never speaking
to him again, say "Aye".

**ALL:**
(SPLASH)
How did you do that?
Secret tooth! Military issue!
Technically, I could do it
37 more times,
but I wouldn't be able
to chew my meat!
I assume you're Spots!
We've been looking for you.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
Master Atari-san,
I swore an oath when I assumed
the responsibilities
of official bodyguard-dog
to the mayoral-household!
I could never be persuaded
to break that vow
for any reason whatsoever!
I'll always be loyal to you
as my only
and unconditional master!
But circumstances
have radically changed for me
and all the pets
of Megasaki City!
I have new obligations
which I never anticipated!
I've become the leader
of a tribe of outcasts
who depend on me
for their survival,
and I'm going to be a father!
With deepest sadness

and humility:
I must ask you to relieve me
of the duties of my position,
effective immediately.
You son of a bitch.
If we don't drown, I'm going
to strangle you myself.
I don't care
how many exploding teeth
you try to spit-out at me.
Do you have any idea
what that little pilot
just went through
to try to rescue you?
How dare you?
- You're a stray.
- Yeah, so what?
What's your name?
Who cares?
You're from central Megasaki.
I can tell by the accent.
You're a short-haired-Oceanic-speckle-ear/sport-hound-mix.
You were born in a storm-sewer
on Bamboo-shoot Holiday
six years ago today.
Do you know me?
I... I don't... I don't know.
I'm your older brother
by five minutes.
It's been a long time, Chief.
Was... Was I the runt?
Not anymore.

NELSON:
Security-camera footage
confirms initial-reports
of the deaths of mayoral-ward
Atari Kobayashi
and his five dog-abductors
this afternoon
in a sluice channel
at the threshold
of the Far-Away Cuticles.
A statement from Major-Domo,
live at Brick Mansion:
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
of a promising young orphan
has been cut short
before its prime.
This is a distant-uncle's
worst nightmare.
Mayor Kobayashi asks for your
prayers, your condolences
and your support
for the diligent men and women
of the Municipal Task Force
Dog-Catchers Division:
we salute you for your bravery
and your ongoing commitment
to the continuing punishment
of all bad-dogs.
Originally,
before the volcano erupted
and an earthquake
triggered the tsunami
which obliterated
the facility,
there were over 250
incarcerated animals
here on the premises
being experimented on
against their will.
If you look closely, you may
notice some of these dogs
still bear scars and markings
from the research and abuse.
Actually, it's pretty obvious.
This is my mate, Peppermint.
She's pregnant
with our first litter.
She was due a week ago.
(WHISPERING)
(CLEARS THROAT) Anyway,
the survivors of the disaster
learned to cultiv...
What's he got there?
What's he got there?
Biscuit-o. Biscuit-o.
Biscuit-o.
Puppy-Snaps. (CHUCKLES)
I heard they don't even
make them anymore.
You heard the rumor, right?
About Kobayashi
Pharmaceutical.
I never heard it.
What rumor?
They invented Dog-Flu.
- No.
- Of course.
That makes sense.
Where do you get all these rumors?
I mean, who tells them to you?
I don't know. Anybody.
Dogs talk, and I listen.
Always have.
I, uh, love gossip.

GONDO:
The black owl has a message.
(PANTING)
(HOOTING)
He's come from all the way across the island.
Get him a cup of sewer-water, Chico.
(CONTINUES HOOTING)

SPOTS:
Mmm-hmm.
Yes. We understand.
He has news from the Metropolitan Dumping-Grounds.

ALL:
Shh! Quiet, please.
We're listening, owl.
Tell us your message.
(DOGS BARKING IN DISTANCE)
He's going to poison us.
Re-election Night:
at the moment Mayor Kobayashi is re-inaugurated,
he'll give the order,
and the extermination-process will begin.
Oracle saw the plan in her visions.
(MAYOR KOBAYASHI SPEAKING JAPANESE ON TV)

NELSON:
If the voters choose me again
on Re-Election Night,

I promise:
a final and permanent end
to the Canine
Saturation-crisis.

JUPITER:
Trash Island Camp will die.
It may be too late, already;
but, if the black owl
reaches you
with this message in time:
Go to Megasaki City.
Find our masters.
Appeal to the people.
Stop the mayor.
Save us.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
the river tonight.
Begin preparations
immediately.
You'll meet a bitch
named Nutmeg.
Tell her Chief says:
I'll see you in Megasaki.
(OWL Hoots)
(Drumming)
(BOTH GRUNTING)
(Drumming continues)
(Audience applauding)
(Drumming stops)
Hmm.
Beautiful night.
Peppermint's in labor.
Oh.
Come sit beside me.
It's okay. (Sighs)
Master Atari, are you willing
to accept my brother Chief
as new bodyguard-dog
in personal service to you,
former ward
to the mayoral-household?
Chief, are you willing
to accept
Atari as your direct master,
to serve and protect
his safety and welfare
with all courage, loyalty
and friendship?
I can do that.
Good.

Chocolate milk, cold.
Tracy Walker, Megasaki
Senior High, Daily-Manifesto.
Are you Professor Watanabe's
former Assistant-Scientist,
Yoko-ono-san?
Do I have it?

Do I have it?
Too late.

Do I have the story?
Yes or no? On the record!
I am sorry for your loss,
but we both know:
that was no suicide!
I need to prove
my conspiracy-theory!
Ben is dead.
No future on Trash Island.
I am failure.

Pull yourself together
and act like a scientist!
Professor Watanabe
never gave up.
Is this... Is this the serum?
The Dog-Flu cure?
The Snout-fever treatment?
The end of the Canine 
Saturation-crisis?
Last dose.

**Tracy:**
be careful.

**NARRATOR:**
"Atari's Lantern."

**TRACY:**

**ALL:**

**TRACY:**

**ALL:**

(KOBAYASHI SPEAKING JAPANESE)
There will never be a place 
for Dog-Flu in Megasaki City. 
There will never be room 
for Snout-fever 
in Uni Prefecture. 
The time has come to put 
the violent, intimidating, 
unsanitary bad-dogs 
of Trash Island 
humanely to sleep. 
For their own good;

**and also:**
General Yamatachi? 
Bring out the replacement-pet. 
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING) 
The results are in! 
Stand by for the incoming 
Re-Election Night tally! 
(ANNOUNCER SPEAKING JAPANESE)
TRACY:
He's stealing
the re-election again!
Let's go!
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
(KOBAYASHI SPEAKING JAPANESE)
This landslide re-election
is a massive fraud,
and we demand a re-count!
The mayor is allowing
the unauthorized
Pro-Dog student-protestors
a platform to voice
their dissenting beliefs!
Mayor Kobayashi
has dog's-blood
on his hands! You all do!
Atari was a hero.
Professor Watanabe
was murdered.
The serum works!
The mayor is a crook,
and I hate him.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
This small minority
of dog-lovers
has been sent by overseas
special-interest groups
to agitate disorder
and incite anarchy.
I hereby cancel and nullify
Foreign-exchange
student Walker's
senior high school study-visa.
She will be expelled
from class,
stripped of
her course-credits,
and formally deported
on the next direct-flight
back to Cincinnati, Ohio.
Oh. Hmm.
Mayor Kobayashi has directed Major-Domo to bring him the red button.

(BEEPING)

Nutmeg!

(CHIEF SNEEZES)

(ALL GASP)

(SNEEZES)

(GASPS)

(INHALES DEEPLY)

Holy smokes!

My lungs feel clear.

My equilibrium feels balanced.

My vision is sharp as a tack for the first time in months.

Wow, that's a great serum!

Master Atari, whose death, I think we can say, appears to have been inaccurately reported, has asked to read a statement to the General Assembly.

He will then withdraw from the debate and respond to no further questions.

(SPEAKING JAPANESE)

Dear Editor-Hiroshi of the Megasaki Senior High

Daily-Manifesto:

in a series of first-rate articles by an attractive cub-reporter on your staff, you shine a spot-light on the great injustice that has occurred under the Kobayashi Administration.

I have spent much of my time in recent weeks traveling in the company
of the very kind of animals
our mayor refers to
as "bad-dogs."
They are the finest
living-beings
I have ever come to know
in all my dozen years
on this earth.
To your readers,
the good people of Megasaki,

I say:
always hangs
in a delicate balance.
Who are we,
and who do we want to be?
(CONTINUES SPEAKING JAPANESE)
to try to express my feelings
about the suffering dogs
of Trash Island.
It is also about nature, love,
friendship, eternity,
and a black owl.

I call it:
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(GASPS)
He said a haiku.
(SOBBING) I'll tell you later.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
I dedicate this poem
to my distant-uncle,
Mayor Kobayashi,
who took me in
when I myself was a stray-dog
with nowhere else to turn.
Editor-Hiroshi,
please extend my subscription
for an additional year.
I enclose a check in the
amount of one thousand yen.
Signed, Atari Kobayashi,
former ward
to the mayoral-household.
NELSON:
Not-fair-to-the-boy.
Not-fair-to-the-dog.

He says:
(GROWLS)
Hmm?
(AUDIENCE GASP)

NELSON:
Holy Moses!
The mayor
has just officially
unstamped
the Trash Island Decree!
No kidding!
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
(Both arguing in Japanese)
(Stammering) Major-Domo
is accusing the mayor
of breaking
his campaign promise!
He's steaming mad!
(SHOUTING IN JAPANESE)
(GASPS) It's gonna be a fight!
Spit him with a tooth!
I can't get a clean shot.
Too many innocent protesters.
I'll be right back.
(AUDIENCE GASPING)
(AUDIENCE GASPS)
(MAJOR-DOMO YELLS)
(ELECTRICITY CRACKLING)
(GUN HISSING)
(GRUNTS)
(ALARM BLARING ON TV)
Escape!
Escape! Escape!
Escape!
(SIREN BLARING)
Well, the brain surgery
was a complete success.
But his left kidney failed
due to the stress
of the operation.
the right one?
He lost it in a train-crash
three years ago.
(KOBAYASHI SIGHs)
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
Take my left kidney...
give it to Atari-kun.
(MONITOR BEEPING)
(both speaking in Japanese)
(MONITOR BEEPING)

NELSON:
to a long-standing statute
unique to Uni Prefecture,
in the event of the death,
disappearance,
or felony-prosecution
of the chosen candidate
on, while, during,
or concurrent
with the Re-Election-Night
ceremony,
all powers and authorities
vested in his or her
designated office
transfer forthwith
to his or her
next-of-kin and/or
appointed heir.
In other words,
Atari Kobayashi is the new
mayor of Megasaki City!
You heard me right:
Atari Kobayashi
is the new mayor
of Megasaki City!
Let's hope
that new kidney works.
(SIGHS) Boy, what a night!

NARRATOR:
Life in Uni Prefecture returned to a comfortable tranquility.
The Megasaki Dragons ended their winning streak with a staggering loss to the Honda Goblins. Doggy-Chop re-opened all 11 of its domestic factories—and Puppy-Snaps resumed production with an improved product. Graft and political corruption were reduced to sustainable, acceptable levels. The Dog-Flu serum cured every breathing-animal in the region.

(NARRATOR)

NARRATOR:
a few lost-dogs continue to roam and scavenge on Trash Island. (SNEEZES)
However, these rumors remain unconfirmed. (HIROSHI SPEAKING JAPANESE) Mayor Atari, we all agree it should be a crime to abuse, beat, murder or yell at any dog in Megasaki City. That is not the question.

The question is: what is the appropriate punishment? Exactly. And the answer is:
Death Penalty.
That seems excessive to us.
Possibly. Anyway,
we should make it
at least 30 days
community-service
and a fine
of no less than 250,000 yen.
Meeting adjourned.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
I'm standing-by, Master Atari.

NUTMEG:
to be a former stray?
Hmm. I take it
one day at a time.
Last week, I nearly be-handed
an industrial lobbyist
from West Suzuki.
They had to give him
a blood transfusion.
He probably had it coming.
(CHUCKLES)
Maybe. Learned any new tricks?
Actually, yes. Just one.
Can I see it?
I'm supposed to be juggling
ten bowling-pins
engulfed in flames
over my tail at this point,
but you just have to imagine
that part.
(CHUCKLES)
I can picture it.
You still against bringing
puppies into this world?
I'll tell you
when I get to know you better.
Fair enough.
My friends think
I like to fight,
but it's just not true.
Sometimes I lose my temper
and blow off a little steam,
but I've never enjoyed it.
I'm not a violent dog.
I don't know why I bite.
I'm not attracted
to tame animals.
Thank you.
(GONG RINGING)
(WIND CHIMES TINKLING)
(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)
(DRUMMING)
(SHOUTS)