

**THE FLOOF PATROL**  
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Panel 1: Establishing shot of a calm, nice 2025 [Chicago](#) landscape. The iconic skyline sticks up at the edge of the lake. Innovation is everywhere, like the Ferris wheel!

1. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): In the year 2025, it finally happened. It was bound to, eventually. The universe was too vast, and the Earth was getting too big.
2. CAPTION: Chicago, United States, 2025

Panel 2: [Moscow](#) skyline in 2025. Everything looks just fine! I bet it stays that way forever.

1. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): The Russians were the first to recognize it.
2. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): To translate it.
3. CAPTION: Moscow, Russia, 2025

Panel 3: Shot of Queen Elizabeth II on her [throne](#). Behind her is a gallery wall of oil paintings of herself, each labelled with a different decade, working backwards from 3420.

1. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): It was the Queen, though, who realized it was a warning, but no one believed her...

Panel 4: Pull out from Elizabeth II to show a platoon of corgis in "carbon fiber" (just very sci-fi looking) knight armor. A [few examples](#) for [inspo](#)! It could go any direction, so just have fun!

1. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): ...she retreated to her bunker in scorn, bringing only her prized corgis.
2. CAPTION: London, England, 3420

Panel 5: Wide shot of London, but it has been ravaged by time and attack. The Thames is dried up. Big Ben is crumbling. There are only husks left of the iconic busses. [Inspo!](#) [Photos!](#) [Here!](#)

1. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): She was the only one to survive.

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Panel 1: Shot of Sir Barksalot flying past the wreckage in his armor, **jetpack** wings extended from it. He has a wide smile, and his tongue is dangling out of his mouth like a dog in a car.

1. SIR BARKSALOT (NARRATION): And the corgis with her!
2. SIR BARKSALOT: Come along then, puppies! You've got to earn your wings sometime!

Panel 2: Wide shot of a number of squires attempting to fly. Most are hovering off the ground unsteadily. One is somehow upside down. There is one corgi left, all four paws on the ground, though. That is Squire Yapper.

1. SIR BARKSALOT: Her Majesty's Floof Patrol can't be stuck on the ground! What say you, Squire Yapper?
2. SQUIRE YAPPER: I don't know about this... Can't I just go back to the lab? I'm much more comfortable working on the tech than using it myself!

Panel 3: Shot of Sir Barksalot landing next to the squire.

1. SIR BARKSALOT: Squire, your work with our armor and technology has been absolutely invaluable. If, Liz forbid, there is another attack...
2. SQUIRE YAPPER: I need to know how to defend my Queen, my country, and myself.
3. SIR BARKSALOT: That's right!

Panel 4: Sir Barksalot steps back, and Squire Yapper closes his eyes.

1. SIR BARKSALOT: You know how the jetpack works. You can do this.
2. SQUIRE YAPPER: I can do this. I can do this...

Panel 5: Squire Yapper is in the air! He's steady and in the proper position to fly. He is much more confident than the other squires. His eyes are open, and he has a big smile on his face.

1. SQUIRE YAPPER: I can do this!

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Panel 1: There is a massive crash offscreen, like a bomb going off. The pups who were flying around are tossed about in the air.

1. PUPS: Arf! Awp! Oof!
2. SFX: Crash!

Panel 2: Close shot on Sir Barksalot as he bares his teeth and growls at the camera.

1. SIR BARKSALOT: Grrr...
2. SIR BARKSALOT: I knew this day would come.

Panel 3: Wide shot of Sir Barksalot hovering before the dazed squires. There is a huge UFO dominating the sky behind him.

1. SIR BARKSALOT: Ready yourselves, squires! Defend your Queen! Defend your country! Defend your planet!

Panel 4: Huge shot of swarms of corgis rising up over the London skyline.

Panel 5: In space, the corgis move as a single unit towards the massive flying saucer. They howl their battle cry in unison.

1. THE FLOOF PATROL: Arooooo!