

LAST DOG STANDING

JUNKYARD DOG

by

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*Based on true events with cooperation of both HSUS and ASPCA. This  
and its sequel "City Dog" can segue into a Rescue Reality series.*

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as "Last Dog Standing" in 2015

FADE IN:

**CAPTION:** *"The two most important days of a M.W.D. Handler's life are the day you're given your dog and the day you die. Your goal, is to not have them occur on the same day."*  
*MWD Training Sergeant André Douguèt, Vietnam, 1973*

**INT. CHARLIE TUNNEL - DARK**

YOUNG ANDRÉ DOUGUÈT is nicknamed "DOG" because of his Cajun surname. He is an Army Ranger Sergeant, African-American, 19, in dirty tiger-stripe camos, crawling through a hand-dug NVA tunnel in the dark. *Scraping* sound is heard ahead. He stops.

He screws a huge silencer on his 1973 9mm Browning and waits. Its *crack* is sharp as the muzzle-flash lights up the face of a V.C. SOLDIER, 15, with a surprised-look. Her head *explodes*.

YOUNG DOG (O.S.)  
Rien de personnèl.

Young Dog flicks the spark-wheel of his steel 82nd Airborne lighter. His black shoulder-patch reads *AIRBORNE SCOUT DOG-42 PLT* with its logo red patch underneath, *HELL ON PAWS*. His face, covered in blood, surveys his destruction. He *tears*.

YOUNG DOG  
*Doesn't get any more personal.*

*Rumbling* sound above as dirt falls from the ceiling. Young Dog crawls backwards in a panic. Too late, cave-in. He and his lighter are smothered by Mother Earth. He cries out.

YOUNG DOG (MUFFLED)  
Pas comme ça! Pas Comme Ça!

*Sounds* of Young Dog Superman-struggling to no avail. Silence, then frantic paw-digging at the back of his dirt tomb. Razor-like teeth grab a boot heel to pull him out *Grr-grr-grrring*.

A vintage rotary telephone begins *ringing* somewhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENTS AT NIGHT - FIFTY YEARS LATER**

Same phone continues *ringing* in seedy garden apartments under a full moon. Its parking lot is full of snow-covered cars with dirty snow-piles plowed to one end. Rental Office neon sign letters V, A, C, Y are burnt-out, so flashes *NO --CAN--*.

**CAPTION:** *Three wars later*

**INT. DOG'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Moonlight silhouettes old furniture draped by dirty clothes. A vintage rotary-style phone on bed's nightstand is *ringing*.

ADULT DOG is now a retired K9 Sheriff with a guilty drinking problem. His massive blob under the covers spasms.

DOG (MUFFLED)

*Pas comme ça.*

Dog sits upright. Now 65, obese, out-of-shape, in a torn t-shirt with dirty matted long hair and a greying scraggly beard. He looks like a homeless New Orleans Black Santa.

The phone continues *ringing*. He stares at it like a stranger, blinks several times, recognizes it, then picks up receiver.

MARIE DOUGUËT-THOMAS, his estranged younger sister, is heard.

MARIE (FILTERED)

André?

DOG

Marie? Been a long ...

MARIE (FILTERED)

Elle est partie!

DOG

Who's gone? Dave? I don't ...?

MARIE (FILTERED)

C'est vrai! You never did!

Dog grabs an old jelly-glass off the nightstand to sip its contents glancing at a vintage FM clock-radio. It's 3:00 a.m.

DOG

You woke me up this early, to tell me off this late?

MARIE (FILTERED)

Elle a disparu ce soir et ...!

DOG

"Tonight?!" Jesus sis, only been a couple a' hour?

Dog yanks the receiver away from his ear wincing, puts it back to now hear only its *dial-tone*. He hangs up.

DOG

Thanks, for --reachin' out.

Dog grabs a half-full whiskey bottle off the nightstand and re-fills his glass. He turns on clocks radio. Vintage static rock-music *plays*. He sips sad scanning his "me-wall."

**INT. DOG'S ME-WALL COLLAGE WITH MUSIC - CONTINUOUS**

**PICTURES:** Young Dog, 18, big smile, in new green fatigues, no flash, standing near a wooden sign reading "42nd INFANTRY SCOUT DOG PLATOON" with motto under "IN FRONT OF THE REST." Centered in smaller print under both is "Ft. Benning, Ga."

Then, Young Dog standing beside a wooden sign reading "Camp Eagle." Painted under it is "Phu Bai City - Vietnam." Still a Private, Dog wears dirty fatigues and an Army green-bandana headband. He is kneeling with no smile and one arm draped around the neck of his black M.W.D. German Shepherd, LUCKY.

Next, is a group-picture of Young Dog, now a Sergeant, posed with PLATOON BUDDIES, all 19, dirty, with no smiles and M-16s slung, who stand stoic beside their VARIOUS M.W.D. PARTNERS.

Finally, Law enforcement pictures, plaques, and trophies of ADULT DOG. Here he is clean cut, in shape, smiling, in full Sheriff's uniform with black tactical gear and chest-labeled Canine. He kneels with a different black NEW GERMAN SHEPHERD.

Dog focuses in on a framed newspaper article of both him and his new Canine Partner. Caption reads "DOG SAVED, K9 KILLED."

Dog stands and goes to trace a finger around its frame, then punches his fist through the drywall beside it.

DOG  
Shoulda' been me --both times.

**INT. DOG'S BEDROOM - NEXT NIGHT**

Nightstand lamp is still on. Phone *rings* again. Dog shuffles in wearing an old robe, sipping a drink, and answers gruff.

DOG  
Speak.

MARIE (FILTERED)  
(crying)  
Oh, André.

Dog sits on the bed's edge putting his glass on nightstand.

DOG  
Hey, hey, baby sis --it okay.

MARIE (FILTERED)

No, it not okay, okay?! Dave gone,  
mom and dad gone, my own brother's  
been gone for ...

DOG

Contact your sheriff department?

MARIE

Bien sûr, idiot! J'ai roulé toute  
la nuit et --. Je Suis Seul!

Marie *wails*. Dog grabs his whiskey bottle and stares at it.  
His lower lip curls. TURNING POINT. He puts the bottle down.

DOG

I'll leave in a couple of hour,  
drive all day, be there late  
tomorrow. How you holding up?

MARIE (FILTERED)

Tu, tu viens ici? Ici? --Moi? I, I  
haven't slept since, I keep ...

DOG

Le si, you need rest. Lay down, put  
the receiver on your pillow. I'll  
keep talking till I hear snoring.

MARIE (FILTERED)

(snuggling)

*I, don't, ronflér?*

DOG

Not what Dave said.

MARIE (FILTERED)

(breathing slows)

*Why didn't you like --Dave?*

DOG

Sis? Marie?

(no response, whispers)

*Was coming to his funeral, for you.  
But I hate 'em, so got drunk. When  
I came to, it was too --. I got  
angry, then ashamed, so stayed  
away. Sorry I wasn't there for you.*

Marie is heard *snoring* through his phone. Dog puts the  
receiver under his pillow. His voice echoes resolute.

DOG

I am maintenant.

Dog reaches to turn the lamp off and sees himself in the wall mirror. He throws his bottle at the mirror breaking both. He sits *breathing* heavy like a cornered animal. His breathing slows. He turns off the lamp, then sits in the dark *crying*.

DOG (O.S.)

Je suis so, so sorry --*both time*.

**EXT. DOG'S DRIVING MONTAGE - ALL NEXT DAY**

Dog drives his dirty vintage convertible car with top up from morning to dusk through cities then countrysides.

Dog wears Vietnam-green sunglasses, old jeans, faded Army BDU with 1975 Ranger patches, Master Sergeant patches, various 70's Indochina campaign ribbons, and Army *Expert* badge with *Pistol* and *Carbine* clasps under. He drinks from a new bottle.

**EXT. DOG'S HOMETOWN OUTSKIRTS - DUSK SAME DAY**

His car's convertible top is now down with its boot-cover on.

Dog drives on a one-lane winding country road through cypress trees. He pulls over and takes off his sunglasses. He stares at a *Welcome To* sign with the town's name as "*Painville*."

DOG

"Welcome to" --bumfuck. What the fuck, is dis bum doin'?

(*laughs* crazy)

Drivin' my daisy, 'cause there ain't no airport!

Dog grabs the now near-empty whiskey bottle laying beside him on seat. He spins top off, toasts sign, then drives on one-handed sipping *slur-singing* in French accent a nursery song.

DOG

"This old Dog come roooollin' hooooooooome --!"

**EXT. DOG'S HOMETOWN MAIN STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Dog drives past its Newspaper office, Sheriff Department, and Barber Shop. All windows are dark. He hits his car's diesel *air-horns*. They sound like a *Mack* truck. Dog drives on *laughing* crazy and pounding on his steering wheel.

DOG

Excusez-moi, mais --Je Suis Ici!

**EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog parks at a quaint small house with a white picket fence. He exits wearing green-black Vietnam-era Jungle Boots. He trips over the curb and looks back at it *mumble-cursing*. He walks on then sees a note on the front door and reads it.

MARIE (V.O.)  
"Toujours porté disparu, au  
restaurant."

**TRANSLATION CAPTION UNDER:** *Still missing, at diner.*

Dog crumples note angry and throws it. He walks to his car, stops, then re-traces his steps to police-up his own trash.

**INT. MARIE'S DINER - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Dog enters a 1950-style restaurant and sits at the counter.

MARIE, his sister, African-American, 50s, matronly in floral dress with waitress apron over-top, waits on BOOTH CUSTOMERS.

Standing behind the counter wiping it down is DESTINY, 20s, African-American, model-pretty, in a cowgirl-shirt with a waitress apron over-top. She thinks Dog is a vagrant.

DESTINY  
Sorry, sweetie, no hand-outs.  
Would you like some water?

DOG  
Plutôt avoir Marie.

DESTINY  
I'm your Destiny.

DOG  
Marie's ma soeur.

DESTINY  
Oh, I thought --?  
(grabs coffee urn)  
Hey Marie, it's your bruth-er!

Marie's eyes are blood-shot as she head-motions Destiny to take her Booth Customers. She excuses herself and runs to Dog. He stands. They hug. He lets go, but Marie hangs on, so he re-hugs. She squeezes then pushes him away whispering.

MARIE  
*Heard what you said last night.*  
(punches Dog in stomach)  
C'est pour avoir manqué le service  
de Dave!

DOG

*Oooooof!* Hate to think, what you'd  
done to me, if you hadn't heard?

Marie throws her arms around Dog's neck hugging too tight.

MARIE

Elle me manque!

Dog was never really a big brother, so just pats her back.

DOG

Et moi?

Marie steps back primping her hair snorting in disgust.

MARIE

*Les hommes sont des bébés.*  
(punches Dog again)  
Mangér?

DOG

(doubled-over)  
*Sand--wich?*

MARIE

B.L.T., wheat toast, mustard only?

DOG

(straightens rubbing belly)  
You remembered.

MARIE

You're my favorite brother.

DOG

I'm your only brother?

MARIE

Un frère, that's what I said?

**INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN - NOW MIDNIGHT**

Small and tidy with a basement-door in corner. Curtains hang over sink's window and half-window on outside-door. It opens.

Marie enters *sniffing*. Dog enters behind her holding a faded 1973 Army duffle bag covered with Far East foreign flags. He drops it on the floor to sound of *clinking* bottles inside it.

DOG

S'asseoir, Marie.

Marie throws chair's pillow at Dog. He tilts head. It misses.



MARIE

Tu es revenu seulement à cause  
d'elle!

DOG

Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plaît.

Marie stomps a foot then sits angry at the small round table.  
Dog sits opposite her and slides the table's flower vase over  
so he can see her. He raises an eyebrow at her, And?

MARIE

We were out front. Le téléphone  
rang. When I go back out --?

Marie jumps-up frantic, turns left then right, can't decide.  
Dog stands and grabs Marie hugging her tight as she squirms.

DOG

Sis, Marie, you are not to blame.

MARIE

(pushes away angry)  
Comment le saurais-tu?! You never  
called once to check on us.

DOG

Chipped?

MARIE

(re-sits thinking)  
Town's so small, didn't think  
needed? Mais j'ai mis son nom et  
son numéro de téléphone sur le!

DOG

Tell you what, you draw-up a flyer  
and I'll make copies, then we can  
post them tomorrow. Sound good?

MARIE

I have to ouvert snack --mais  
Destiny est partie! She could help.  
Tu penses vraiment qu'elle va bien?

DOG

(lies)  
Absolument. Positivement.

MARIE

Et toi? Are you okay? I smell the  
booze. Fall off da wagon again?

DOG

Wheels come off now and then --put  
them back on best I can.

**EXT. TOWN'S ANIMAL SHELTER - NEXT MORNING**

Tiny run-down stand-alone building on the outskirts of town. Hand-written paper sign in its window reads "*Animol Sheller*."

Dog parks with his car's top still down wearing same clothes. He reads the window's sign then spits something to the side.

DOG

*Former Spelling Bee champ.*

Destiny is his passenger, now in a different cowgirl shirt, chewing a bubblegum cud. Dog stares ahead interviewing her.

DOG

Been in town long?

DESTINY

Couple a' month.

DOG

What brought you?

DESTINY

Greyhound.

DOG

Drôle --not. From what or whom?

DESTINY

"Whom?!" Aren't you a fancy-pants. Marie said you were an ex-cop. Hard to let go of being suspicious, huh?

DOG

*L'école des coups durs.*

Dog exits car and enters building. Destiny follows carrying an 8 x 10 flyer and a staple-gun.

**INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

Dog and Destiny enter an unfurnished bare lobby. Dog *dings* its counter-bell. CANINES in back *bark*. No one shows.

Destiny *dings* bell harder. Same canines now *bark* louder.

FOREST (O.S.)

Hold yer horsies!

FOREST, 40s, thin and bald Caucasian Redneck with a hairlip, enters from the back room in a dirty smock with "*Warden*" nameplate. He is chewing tobacco. He eyes Dog as homeless.

FOREST  
Need a haircut, hippy.

DOG  
Need a lip-tuck, lippy?

Both lean forward glaring. Forest spits in spittoon, *ding!*

DESTINY  
Got any Beagles?

FOREST  
Just strays. Mutts mostly. Nope, no breeds. Never.

DOG  
Un beau discours, been practicing it long?

FOREST  
May-be. And you be?

DOG  
Last name is D, o, u, g, u, e, t, mais le "e" is long.

FOREST  
Marie sure ain't! Done already called here a bunch a' times!

DOG  
She's understandably --déranger.

FOREST  
Well "understandably" this. I won't never forget her name, *uh-uh*, or your ugly face, *duh-uh*. Vois-tu?!

Dog forms fists *cracking* all eight knuckles.

DOG  
Wanna' see way past beauty --beast?

Destiny removes her gum to give a loud two-finger *whistle*.

Dog and Forest look at her. She puts her gum back in.

DESTINY  
You two finished flexin'?

Destiny *pops* a bubble angry, then fake-flirts with Forest.

DESTINY  
Okay if I put up my flyer, please?

Forest relaxes, then shrugs. Destiny goes to a cork bulletin-board having one other flyer and staples-up her poster. It has a picture of an older white Beagle-face with *MISSING* above and *REWARD* below with "*ANSWERS TO TOMMIE*" beside it. Mary's contact information is at the flyer's bottom.

Dog leans-in to read the board's other flyer. It's child-like hand-written in magic-marker, "*NATE'S SERVICE - Freindlee.*"

DOG

This guy make your signs, too?

FOREST

You a comedy man or a dick-tective?

Forest spits black tobacco juice in floor spittoon, *ding!*

FOREST

Got a good barber in town if you wanna lose da "Bad Santa" look.

DOG

That's a good central gathering place. Sure. What's it called?

DESTINY/FOREST

Frank's.

Dog and Destiny exit. Their car *starts* and drives away.

Forest goes to his bulletin-board to read Destiny's Tommy-poster. He *sneezes* on it, recovers, yanks her poster off, and blows his nose in it then crumples it up throwing in spittoon.

FOREST

Damn fereigners.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - LATER SAME DAY**

Dog enters a two-seater tonsorium. Its over-door bell *dings*.

FRANK ALBO, 50s, comb-over, paunch, round-shouldered, in a Barber's Frock, is meek and prone to over-talking. Think "Floyd the Barber" from *Mayberry*. He sits in a barber-chair wearing glasses reading the local newspaper. He jumps-up, pulls barber-towel off a shoulder, and *slaps* his seat clean.

FRANK

Yes sir, closest shave in town!

DOG

Only shaver in town. Trim the beard, shorten hair, one inch only.

FRANK

Always good to, cut-off loose ends.

Dog sits. Frank throws a black cutting-cape over him.

FRANK

Shampoo? For you, half-price.

DOG

"Half?" Uh, sure, then ponytail.

Frank spins the chair 180° and drops its seat-back too fast so Dog hits the back of his head on Salon Sink's rim, *thunk*.

FRANK

Passin' through?

Dog rubs the back of his hurt head studying Frank.

DOG

Do that again, I'll be passin' out.  
Name's D, o, u, g, u, e, but ...

FRANK

Yeah, yeah, e is long. Marie lives here you know. So you're her long lost brother, thought you be dead.

DOG

Then I'd really be silent.

Both *laugh*. Frank lathers Dog's hair making an icky-face.

FRANK

So what brings you back to life?

DOG

Present I gave her years ago went missing, so she called me and ...

FRANK

Got a coyote problem here ya know.

DOG

Thought they only preyed on cats?

FRANK

One came up on a porch and took a puppy last Summer.

DOG

Ahhh man, that's awful.

Frank starts to reply, but his door opens so its merchant bell, *dings*. Destiny enters *snapping* her gum.

DESTINY

Hung them at the Grain And Feed,  
Post Office, Stop-n-Shop, and the  
Bank. Rest are on pecker-poles.

FRANK

Rest a' what?

Destiny hands Frank her last poster then falls in one of two  
customer-chairs dropping her staple-gun on the coffee table.  
She grabs a magazine off the table to flip through its pages.

DESTINY

Wanted posters.

FRANK

Need a permit for that.

Frank doesn't look at the flyer and floats it into trashcan.

Dog jumps out of his chair to retrieve same flyer, then re-  
sits straightening its paper out under his cape.

DOG

"Permit?!" Who permitted that  
stupid ordinance?

FRANK

"Stupid" Sheriff.

Destiny turns her magazine sideways and its centerfold falls  
open. She studies the model's picture nodding.

DESTINY

Gonna' make Dog look "purty?"

DOG

Good luck with dat!

All Three *laugh*. Frank studies Dog like a sculptor.

FRANK

Let's shoot for --presentable.

DOG

Let's not shoot --at all.

Destiny makes a finger-gun at Frank, then drops her thumb  
*popping* a loud bubble. Frank grabs his chest stepping back  
like "shot." Destiny and Frank *laugh*. Dog does not, he's too  
busy studying Frank.

**INT. TOWN'S SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - LATER SAME DAY**

Dog's hair is now clean and ponytailed with beard shapened.

Dog enters the small police station lobby.

JAMES BARNES, African-American, 40s, in Deputy tan-uniform, is reading Frank's same newspaper with both feet on a desk behind the counter. He jumps up smiling, then "eyes" Dog.

BARNES  
Need help, Flower Child?

DOG  
All I can get, Miss Tibbs.

Dog flip-opens a badge-case showing a *Retired Sheriff* badge.

BARNES  
Retired Sheriff? You? What locale?

DOG  
Mayberry.

BARNES  
Funny --not. And you're in front of me because --?

DOG  
My sister lives here and ...

Barnes grabs a pad and pencil with professional detachment.

BARNES  
Name?

DOG  
D, o, u, g, u, e, but ...

Barnes *slams* pencil on counter then waves same hand once flat over his head for the patois sign of "*I've had enough.*"

BARNES  
Tell Marie to stop calling every hour!

DOG  
I was going to apologize if she'd been a nuisance, but now --.  
(leans-in menacing)  
You just pissed me off, off-i-cer.

BARNES  
Anything else --buddy?

DOG  
Don't know, bud-dee. What with your "don't care" attitude.

BARNES

Don't know, don't care, sound about right.

DOG

Might wanna' try doing both, son.  
Makes the job go down easier.

BARNES

Ask a question or leave!

DEXTER TOWNSEND, Caucasian, 50s, Redneck beer-gut, in full Sheriff uniform, exits his back office holding a large coffee mug. He looks Dog up and down, then at Barnes.

BARNES

Marie's brother, won't say why.

DOG

Didn't get that far Sheriff. We're too busy having concours de pisse.

SHERIFF

That so?

(sips coffee)

Just don't lift a leg on me.

Dog and Sheriff *laugh*, then shake hands. Barnes watches.

DOG

Fair 'nough. I'm here helping my sister.

SHERIFF

After she called, we patrolled the entire town and countryside. Rein. Try the town's rescue?

DOG

First place I went this morning.  
But ole' Poindexter there don't exactly instill confidence.

BARNES

You mean --the Sheriff's cousin?

DOG

(to Sheriff)

Ahhh man, sorry about that. Anyway I could go out and come back in?

SHERIFF

Have to come back in?

All Three *chuckle*.



SHERIFF

Nah, c'est bon. He couldn't find a job, so mon seour commande "make him one!" And well, famille, can't shoot 'em, right?

DOG

Not legally. Town's coiffeur said we need a permit for "lost flyers."

SHERIFF

Frank said that, huh?

DOG

"Frank," yeah, okay. But I mean, is there like a form to fill-out or do you just issue verbal approval?

SHERIFF

Ni. No need to put up papers that'll blow all over. I decide what town-folk need to know.

DOG

Really? How, con-veen-ee-ent. Well, pleased to meet you Sheriff --?

SHERIFF

Townsend, Dexter. Friends call me Dex. You can appelez-moi --Sheriff.

Dog shakes Sheriff's hand again, then extends same hand to Barnes who puts both behind his back. Dog's eyes narrow.

DOG

Careful about not caring, Deputy.  
Bad habit, for un bon gendarme.

Dog exits. Screen door *bangs* closed behind. Barnes winces.

**INT. TOWN'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog enters its small storefront lobby. Door's Merchant Bell *dings* overhead. Antique wooden desk and chair with rotary phone. Supply boxes everywhere, but no one present. He waits, then shakes door again making its Bell *ding* repeatedly.

SOFIA SANTIAGO, Hispanic, 40s, attractive, long black hair, enters from the back wiping her hands on an ink-stained rag.

SOFIA

Pesaroso. Thought you were a student.

DOG  
Hola, cómo estás. You teach?

SOFIA  
'Estoy bien, gracias. Sí, part-time  
Journalism, down at City College.

She offers her hand. Then shake.

SOFIA  
Sofia Santiago, owner, editor,  
reporter, typesetter, and --

They release. Dog sees his hand is now covered with her ink.  
Embarrassed, she hands him her rag to wipe it off.

SOFIA  
*Janitor.*

DOG  
Renaissance woman. Run this as a  
full-page ad, por favor.

Dog hands her back the rag and earlier now flattened-out  
Tommie-poster. She looks at Tommie's picture cooing.

SOFIA  
*Aaawww, él es lindo.*

**INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT**

Dog, wearing full apron, prepares spaghetti dinner on stove.

A new open whiskey bottle is beside him on the counter.

Destiny, dressed-same, mixes salad in a bowl with fixings.

Marie enters kitchen door from work and notices Dog's apron.

MARIE  
Nice outfit. Do windows?

DOG  
Thought you might like someone  
waiting on you for a change.

MARIE  
(sniffs the air)  
Spaghetti, sauce cooked in, more on  
top, lots of Parmesan. Bon?

Destiny puts a bowl of rolls in a cloth napkin on the table.

DESTINY  
With garlic bread and Caesar Salad.

MARIE  
*That was Dave's favorite.*  
(spins angry to Dog)  
Why didn't you like moi l'époux?!

DOG  
I "liked" Dave, sis. It's just,  
this was our home growing up. I'm  
glad you kept it, but it's got a  
lot of memories for me. So when he  
started telling me what to do in  
it, well --didn't sit too well.

MARIE  
He only asked you to take votre des  
choses out of our basement?

DOG  
"Our" --basement. Yeah, well, bad  
timing, on his part.

Marie throws a dinner roll at Dog who moves his head without  
looking. Her roll hits upper cabinet door and falls into his  
cooking sauce. Destiny is horrified.

DESTINY  
Marie?!

DOG  
She always throw tings at me.

Dog picks the roll out of his sauce and begins eating it.

DESTINY  
Dog?!

MARIE  
That why you didn't come to his  
funeral, got drunk instead?!

Marie makes a fist angry touching it to the tip of her nose  
twisting it as if trying to unscrew it. The "drunk" gesture.

DOG  
Already been to too many, sis.  
Again, bad timing, on his part.

Marie picks up another roll. Destiny changes the subject.

DESTINY  
You were in the Vietnam Conflict?

DOG

"La Conflit?!" --*La contradiction.*  
(swallows)

Yeah, we were all conflicted. Mais  
it was a war. Good people die bad.  
We were teen mostly. Kids really.

DESTINY

Marie said the Army trained you as  
a Scout Handler. That why you  
became a Canine Officer?

DOG

You two closer than I tought.

MARIE

She doesn't mean to be nosey. I've  
talked about you, so she's curious.

Dog uses side of a butcher knife to crush a garlic clove,  
then uses knife to shovel crushed garlic into his sauce.

DOG

Know what they say 'bout that.

DESTINY

What happened to your pet?

DOG

Partner!

Dog uses knife to cut-up an onion with fast precision, then  
uses its side to slide onion into sauce and stir with knife.

DOG

We were ordered to leave our  
"equipment" behind. Brass lied to  
us, said our Partners had a  
disease, made us --abandon them.

DESTINY

That's so sad. How many?

MARIE

Three thousand eight hundred.

DESTINY

That many?! What color was yours?

Dog throws "okay" hand-sign with angry look meaning, *Nothing*.

DOG

Black unlucky color in dat country.  
Dey kill 'em. Good thing I name  
him, Lucky. N'est-ce pas?

Dog stabs his knife into the cutting-board splattering its sauce, then spins furious.

DOG

Like all the other Teams, the V.C.  
put a bounty on our heads! But he  
saved hundreds of G.I.'s lives as a  
Scout! Saved my ass more than once,  
and we, I, I --.

MARIE

Then you know how "I" feel.

Dog goes emotionless. Marie tears-up. Destiny changes topic.

DESTINY

How long did you work with a canine  
partner at your Sheriff department?

DOG

Seven beaucoup years.

DESTINY

And it took a bullet for you?

Dog *back-kicks* a lower cabinet door with his heel, hard.

Marie and Destiny are startled.

DOG

We breed them to be so loyal and  
loving, even when we mistreat them,  
they forgive us thinking it's their  
fault, and keep coming back.

MARIE

Tommie's not "coming back."

Dog shrugs shoulders, then grabs his whiskey bottle. Marie  
takes it away and hugs him. He tries to push her away, but  
she holds on. They really do care for each other.

DESTINY

She brought you both --together.

Spaghetti water *boils* over its pot. Its bubbling-burning  
*sound* turns into that of an antique film projector *whirring*.

FLASHBACK TO:

# **EXT. HOME MOVIE MONTAGE - 1973 TO RECENT**

Black-and-white Vietnam archived news-footage of U.S. Army,  
Navy, Air Force, and Marine Handlers, in uniforms, working  
"In Country" with their various breed M.W.D.s.

Then Young Dog and his Platoon Buddies release their Partners on the tarmac to board a cargo plane home. All watch out their plane's windows as Partners run after them *barking*.

All Handlers break down except Young Dog watching Lucky run with the Others. Dog puts a hand on his window to pantomime, "*Rien de personnèl*." His eyes well up with tears.

Black-and-White Vietnam images MORPH to colorized. In color, Adult Dog, now high-n-tight, clean-shaven and in shape, hands a BEAGLE PUPPY with a bow to YOUNGER MARIE who plays with it in her front yard. Younger Marie MORPHS older into Adult Marie as Puppy grows into TOMMIE. Lots of hugs and kisses.

RETURN TO.

**INT. TOWN'S ANIMAL SHELTER - PRESENT NEXT MORNING**

Dog enters wearing his BDU and camo-pants with same ponytail. He *dings* counter-bell. He cocks head listening. No barking? Forest enters from back room wiping hands on a dingy towel.

DOG

Vets don't know why they "ouaf, ouaf," but they do. 'Cept now?

FOREST

County Ordinance says "adopt-out after ninety-six hours."

DOG

"Ninety-six?!" What idiot wro ...?

FOREST

"Idiot" Sheriff.

Dog is speechless. Forest sees and smiles a crooked smile.

FOREST

Don't fret mon ami, some rancher take leftovers to his Sanctuary.

DOG

Animal shelter wit no animal? Surprised taxpayer pay for dat?

FOREST

They don't. We're funded, private-like.

DOG

How's dat work?

FOREST

"Dat" rancher.

DOG

"Leftovers, sanctuary," wealthy  
pàtron? Ouah. What his name?

FOREST

Confidential, pally.

Dog thumbs over his shoulder at the bulletin board.

DOG

Our flyer "confidential" too,  
pally-wally?

FOREST

Must have fallen down.

Dog exits out backwards back-kicking the door open.

DOG

Kinda' like --you be doin'.

Forest goes to the window to watch Dog drive away, *sneezes*,  
yanks Nate's flyer off the board, and blows his nose in it.

FOREST

You should fall down --*permanent-*  
*like*.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - LATER SAME DAY**

Dog enters dressed same. Door's merchant bell *dings*.

Frank, in frock and Barber Chair, reads newspaper as before.

FRANK

Find the bitch?

DOG

Because you never look at our  
poster, how you know its sex?

FRANK

(jumps out of chair)  
What? Uh, 'cause I know everyone  
and everything in this town. Why?

DOG

(falls into chair grinning)  
Hey, ain't that somethin' about  
your shelter always being empty?

FRANK

How do you know how I live?

DOG

Non? I'm talking 'bout the town's animal-less animal shelter. Some rich rancher takes all in.

FRANK

Pets? Don't know, don't care. Never had one.

DOG

"Never?" Parents never gave you a turtle, goldfish --pet rock?

FRANK

Just a hard time.

DOG

Well, since you know "everyone," who is this fat-cat zookeeper?

FRANK

Warden Forest?

DOG

"Forest?!" *Forest*. Should have guessed. No, le boss.

FRANK

You need to move on.

DOG

Excusez-moi?

FRANK

"You need to move on" --to the sink, if you want another shampoo.

DOG

Still wanna' make me "look purty?"

FRANK

Good luck with that.

Both *laugh*.

DOG

Sure, why not? Keep the ponytail. Only a lil' shorter, *just un peu*.

Dog holds a hand behind his head as Frank spins his chair.



**INT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - LATER SAME DAY**

Barnes is not present. Sheriff, in a freshly-pressed uniform, stands reading newspaper on the counter sipping from a huge coffee mug with large printed letters, *Cops Love A Big Bust*.

Dog enters with a shorter braided-ponytail and beard shorter.

DOG  
Nicer look.

SHERIFF  
Back atcha'.

DOG  
You're fast.

SHERIFF  
Try not to be.

DOG  
Talking 'bout our "Missing" flyers.  
They're missing? Awful expeditious  
of you.

SHERIFF  
(spit-takes coffee)  
Uuu-eee! There's a big-city word!  
(wipes chin)  
Gonna' have to carry a dictionary  
around you, boy.  
(snap-finger points)  
Dave! Marie's husband. Died, oh,  
must be going on five year now.  
Didn't see you at his funeral?

DOG  
Great memory, both times. Yeah, bad  
timing, on my part.

SHERIFF  
Why you still here?

DOG  
Excuse me?

SHERIFF  
Don't think I will.

DOG  
Was wondering if been any roadside  
kills? Could've been hit by a ...

SHERIFF  
Nope. You leaving soon?

DOG

Nope. Promised to stay till we find her. Oh, outta' curiosity ...

SHERIFF

Know what they say about that.

DOG

What, yeah, no, seriously. Who's dis Pied Piper of pets?

SHERIFF

Come again?

DOG

County's canine connoisseur.

SHERIFF

Say which?

DOG

Guy who take in all da stray.

SHERIFF

Excuse me?

DOG

"Don't think I will."

(turns to leave)

And thanks, for your support.

SHERIFF

But I didn't --did I?

Dog quick-turns to *snap*-finger point at Sheriff.

DOG

You're right --not that fast.

Dog exits out backwards. Screen door *bangs* shut behind him.

SHERIFF

Only ting missin' --is him.

**EXT. BINOCULAR VIEW OF FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - LATER THAT DAY**

Frank peers out his door's window, then flips its *OPEN* sign over to big clock-hands on back showing "*Back In One Hour.*" He exits carrying a 1950's doctor's satchel, locks the door, and gets in a luxury car parked at curb having a windshield sunscreen of capital letters "*FOR A CLOSE SHAVE, SEE FRANK.*" Frank folds-up his sunscreen, *starts* car, and drives away.

**INT. DOG'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

Dog sits in his now washed and waxed car with convertible top up and engine off a block away. He is watching Frank through new micro-binoculars with its price-tag still hanging. Dog pulls down binoculars, sees its tag, and yanks it off. He starts the car, then puts on his Vietnam-green sunglasses.

DOG

Exactly how close a shave --Frank?

Dog follows Frank at a distance.

**EXT. BINOCULAR VIEW OF NATE'S GAS STATION - LATER SAME DAY**

Rusted, falling-down, two-pump gas station at edge of town.

NATE WILDER, 40s, thin, 1950-crewcut, in a soiled jumpsuit, exits his office followed by Frank who brushes off Nate's shoulders, then drops the neck duster in his doctor's bag.

They shake hands and Frank drives away.

**INT. DOG'S CAR - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog's car is parked on a hill above the gas station with its top down and boot cover on. Dog watches through binoculars.

DOG

A barber who make house call?

(puts down binoculars)

Put on your shoes, kids --we're at  
Gramma's.

Dog starts his car and drives down to the gas station.

**EXT. NATE'S GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog drives over the station's bell-hose. It *dings* twice. He parks at a dirty gas pump, exits, and pumps in ten dollars. Nate exits Service Bay wiping his hands on a red mechanic's rag. He admires Dog's car. Dog reads his name-tag as, Nate.

NATE

Beau véhicule. Sellin'?

DOG

Buyin'. Listen, uh, "Nate," I've  
been driving round better part of  
an hour looking for some Farmer  
Brown who's got land for sale.

NATE

Hear tell got two mountain over?

DOG

Non, seriously. I was getting my hair cut and Frank said some rich rancher who takes in all the shelter's strays has some to sell.

NATE

Frank parle trop.

Dog hits Nate on the back way too friendly. Nate is wary.

DOG

Uuuu-eeee! That he do, son. He surely do.

Dog puts back pump-nozzle, then locks-on car's gas-cap.

NATE

You a' agent?

DOG

"Agent?" Oh, real estate. Nah, dis is for me. So what's Rockefeller's real name and where be his estate?

NATE

Can't help you, l'étranger. Not now, not never.

DOG

So Frank wrong?

NATE

Not usually.

DOG

Then sorry to bother.

NATE

Smartest ting you said all day.

Dog hands Nate a folded-twice twenty-dollar bill. Nate pulls and *pops* the bill, then stuffs it and both hands in his pants pockets. He smiles big showing-off his two gold front teeth.

NATE

Pas de pièce.

DOG

Then you owe me. But be advised --  
(gets in car, smiles huge)  
I always collect.

Dog starts car, revs engine twice, and burns-rubber leaving.

Nate fans away Dog's smoke watching the car go up a hill, then flips *The Bird* after it, and runs into his office.

**INT. DOG'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

Dog sees Nate in his rear-view mirror flip him off.

DOG  
And foutre you too, very much. Bet  
you're calling your boss right now.  
Right, Natey-baby?  
(stares out windshield)  
Someting's not right in Kansas,  
ToTo. Gonna' have to sniff out the  
truth old fashioned Dog way.  
(Bloodhound barks)  
Owu, owu, owu, owu, owu, owu!  
(to no one)  
Dat my other Dog imitation.

Dog *guffaws*, then drinks from his bottle driving one-eyed.

**INT. DOG'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY**

Dog drives up a dirt road, stops, looks at a highway map marked with hand-made red magic marker X's, then looks up scanning the area. He sniffs the air, then *growls*.

DOG  
Woof. --Grrrrrrr.

Dog drives on.

**EXT. WALSH RANCH - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog drives to a closed gate of an eight-foot-high chain-link fence topped with razor-wire, stops, and *taps* his air-horn.

REDNECK ONE, Hispanic, 30s, in a straw cowboy hat and jeans, exits out a rusted school bus made into a house-trailer nearby and walks to Dog cautious.

REDNECK ONE  
Comment ça va, geezer-rider?

DOG  
The Sun, the Moon, just different  
time. Je cherche --Sanctuary.

REDNECK ONE  
Sank, what?!

Redneck One's walkie-talkie comes on. BOBBY WALSH *squawks*.

WALSH (FILTERED)  
Who disturbin' my see-esta!

Redneck One jumps, then keys his hand-held radio *on*.

REDNECK ONE  
Mister Walsh, stranger's here  
asking about a, a statue 'airy?

WALSH (FILTERED)  
Statue, what?!

Dog hand-motions to Redneck One, *Give*. Redneck One glares,  
then hands his radio to Dog who *keys* it.

DOG  
I'm developing land. Heard you have  
some to sell.

WALSH (FILTERED)  
Land Developer?!  
(radio keys *off*, *on* again)  
Laisse-le passer.

Dog hands radio back to Redneck One who opens gate and waves  
Dog through, then closes gate watching and frowning.

**EXT. WALSH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog parks in a grass field on the side of a two-story Ranch  
House by a huge Satellite dish. He exits to see a broken  
toilet, old tires, and a rusted-out junker near the fencing.  
He focuses-in on a large oak growing just outside the fence.

DOG  
High security, *for a junk yard?*

Bobby Walsh, Caucasian, 60s, in new cowboy clothes, stands at  
the side of his freshly-painted white front porch watching.

WALSH  
Mint Julep?!

DOG  
Fresh spearmint?!

WALSH  
Any other kind?!

DOG  
Muddled?!

WALSH  
Any other way?!

Dog walks up on porch. They shake hands, then both sit in matching white wicker-rockers. Walsh picks up radio off matching wicker table, keys it, *barks* order, puts down.

WALSH  
Two Juleps, not too tart!  
(to Dog)  
How much land?

DOG  
Well, I'm new in town, looking to buy my own place, and everybody said you have the biggest spread.

WALSH  
"Every, body?"

DOG  
Sheriff, Frank, Forest.

WALSH  
Oh, so you're the feller that stopped by my shelter twice.

DOG  
Yes sir, was considering getting a pet, but --tu as tout!

REDNECK TWO, 30s, with a goatee, exits house carrying a silver tray with two pewter cups and presents them.

Dog picks up his cup two-handed by its bottom and top edge.

WALSH  
Sees you knows how to drink Julep proper-like.

DOG  
Sees you know how to serve Julep "proper-like." Silver and pewter.  
(scans everything)  
Don't think, you need --mon argent.

WALSH  
Bien sôr. But then a'gin --  
(tilts cup to Dog)  
cain't never have, too much.  
(gives Dog the once-over)  
Dressed as you be, you ain't here to buy no land.

DOG  
No, really, I am --one acre.

WALSH  
(*spit-takes*)  
"One?!"

DOG  
For a cabin, I just love Nature.

WALSH  
And my nature is suspicious of any  
that likes livin' like a ani-mule.

DOG  
Speaking of, I was hoping you might  
have an extra canine to give away.  
You know, free to good home?

WALSH  
Nuthin's "free" in this cruel  
world, boy. You has to take it!

DOG  
You mean, "earn it?"

WALSH  
I mean, "mean" it! Unfortunately --  
(sips, *smacks* lips)  
I screens all potential owners and  
you don't pass my only requirement.

DOG  
Which is?

Walsh's index finger pulls down one eyelid bottom indicating  
he doesn't believe Dog.

WALSH  
I trust 'em.  
(holds up cup)  
Asses-up!

They *clink* their cups, then chug while glaring one-eyed  
around their goblets at each other.

**INT. MARIE'S DINER - LATER SAME DAY**

Dog enters, then freezes not liking what he sees.

REDNECK THREE, light-skinned African-American with freckles,  
30s, shaved-bald, wearing a denim shirt and jeans, sits at  
the counter hitting-on Destiny.

REDNECK THREE  
'Ey toot-toot, for da last time,  
when we going out?



DESTINY

Only in my nastiest nightmare.

REDNECK THREE

There, right there, see how you  
keep on me? Gonna' happen sooner or  
later. How 'bout sooner?!

Redneck Three grabs Destiny and pulls her in. She struggles.

REDNECK THREE

Pickin's are slim in these parts,  
I'm all the man you gonna get.

MARIE

Swine is more like it.

REDNECK THREE

(spins to Marie)

You calling me a pig, piglet?

MARIE

And a bore. Let, her, go.

REDNECK THREE

She may be acting madder than a wet  
hen, but she swimmin' in it.

Destiny struggles more. Marie glares at Dog, *Do something.*

Dog goes to the Juke Box to read its selections and talks to  
Redneck Three over his shoulder.

DOG

A real man knows what "No" means,  
and always treats a cher like one.

REDNECK THREE

Go away ya' bum, 'fore I gives ya'  
the bum's rush!

DOG

Know the difference between being  
ignorant and just plain stupid?

Dog presses a selection button, *click*, then turns to see  
Redneck Three has a confused and silent "*duh*" look.

DOG

So dat would be a, "non."

A record *scratches* on, then plays a *Beach-Boy* surfing song.

Redneck Three releases Destiny who runs to Marie who  
whispers.

MARIE

*Watch dis.*

Redneck Three stands *cracking* all eight knuckles. He's tall.

Dog wags a pointer-finger back-and-forth up in his face.

DOG

Uh-uh-uh. I know what you're thinking, that I'm old and fat.

*(Santa-laugh)*

And you'd be right!

*(mean, serious)*

But don't confuse that --with being faible, ou sans défense.

Redneck Three swings at Dog who ducks and sidekicks Three's kneecap backwards dropping him flat on his stomach. Dog jumps on Three's back in surfer-pose and *sings* along with record.

RECORD/DOG

"Surfin' is the only life the only way for me, now surf *ba-bump* surf!"

REDNECK THREE

Surf the fuck off me!

Redneck Three tries to push up but Dog jumps up and back down flattening him, then *sings* more while still in surfer-pose.

RECORD/DOG

"We'll do the Surfer's Stomp, it's the latest dance craze!"

A red Taser-dot wavers then centers on Dog's chest.

BARNES (O.S.)

Màins!

Dog looks down at his dot, raises both hands, and steps off Redneck Three. Dog side-kicks Juke Box *stopping* its record.

DOG

Gosh, Officer Krupke, self-defense.

BARNES

Exactly when did you stop defending yourself to plain start having fun?

DOG

Only perk of application de la loi?

MARIE

Mon frère was swung-on first, Jim.

BARNES  
(to Redneck Three)  
That true?

REDNECK THREE  
He broke my god damn knee!

DOG  
Just hyper-extended it, ya' big  
baby. Rest and ice all it need.

DESTINY  
Jim, he was bothering me. All Dog  
did was ask him to stop.

BARNES  
(to Redneck Three)  
You like pestering pretty girls?

DESTINY  
"Pretty?!"

Barnes looks up embarrassed then back down at Redneck Three.

BARNES  
Wanna' go to jail or wanna' go  
home?

REDNECK THREE  
Wanna' go to hospital!

BARNES  
Fine, I'll take you. Give me time  
to teach you about good manners.  
(to Dog without looking)  
There someplace you need to be?

DOG  
Yes sir, Occiffer sir. Matter of  
fact, two someplaces.  
(whispers to Marie)  
*Car rental?*

MARIE  
Dealership down in the city?

DOG  
Know Frank the Barber?

MARIE  
Comes in the diner sometimes. Why?

DOG  
He ever see or ask about Tommie?

MARIE

No, don't think so. Think I mentioned you in passing. Why?

DOG

Tell you tonight over leftover.

Dog kisses Marie's cheek, then nods at Destiny who smiles back. Dog side-kicks jukebox again jump-starting same *song*.

Barnes holsters his taser and helps Redneck Three stand.

All Four watch Dog *Cupid-Shuffle* dance-exit while lip-synching the song's end lyrics.

RECORD (FILTERED)

"But that won't stop me baby 'cause you know I'm coming baaaack!"

Dog back-kicks screen door open and exits. Door *slams* behind.

BARNES

What l'enfer, is wrong celui-ci?

Redneck Three nods animated hopping on his good leg.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - NOW DUSK SAME DAY**

Dog enters. Door's bell *dings*. Dog sits in a barber chair.

Frank exits out backroom taking off his frock.

FRANK

Fermé! You again? Now what?

DOG

Time I look like I feel. Haircut and shave. Know what a Van Dyke is?

Frank puts on his frock, then drapes cutting-cape over Dog.

FRANK

*Kind of.* Sorry about Tommie.

Dog grabs both of Frank's wrists and squeezes angling them up forcing Frank to bend his knees in pain. Dog looks maniacal.

DOG

Why'd you say that?!

FRANK

*Two customer came in, say --.*

Dog calms down and lets go. Frank rubs his wrists.

FRANK

Quite a grip there, mister. Gonna have to be more careful around you.

DOG

Sorry. Training kicked in. What'd these two "say" --exactly?

FRANK

Uh, about how, uh, how "friendly she is." Then, uh, oh, what they say then? Oh yeah --"damn shame!"

DOG

Past or future tense?

FRANK

"Past or," hmmm, well --?

(snaps fingers)

How about that. Did sound like whatever was hadn't happened yet.

DOG

Vous les connaissez?

FRANK

One's named, Nate, works at the gas station. 'Member other in a minute.

DOG

They ever mention "The Show" or anything about fighting?

FRANK

Got bare-knuckle down in the city?

DOG

No, no. I mean, animals fighting?

FRANK

Ever see the way those guys fight? Sure act like animals.

DOG

Frank!

FRANK

(finger-snaps)

Uuu, other's named Jerry Lee. Does somethin' or nuther for Walsh.

DOG

"Walsh" the rancher? Same one that owns the town's shelter?

FRANK

Bobby Walsh? Yeah, assez sûr?

Dog sits upright and pulls his cutting-cape off then stuffs a twenty-dollar bill in Frank's hand.

DOG  
Ponytail hair tight, use trois  
bands so won't come loose, make it  
tight! Comprenez-vous?

FRANK  
(looks at his cash)  
Sure you should be doing this?

Frank pockets cash, then pulls Dog's hair back. Dog winces.

**EXT. BINOCULAR VIEW OF NATE'S GAS STATION - LATE THAT NIGHT**

The station's lights go out. Nate exits office, *starts* a muscle car, *revs* its engine, and burns-rubber leaving.

**INT. DOG'S RENTAL CAR ABOVE NATE'S STATION - SIMULTANEOUS**

Dog, now wearing jeans and a flannel shirt, is parked on the earlier hill but now in a rental car with engine and lights off. He puts down earlier mini-binoculars, *starts* car, and follows Nate at a distance with lights off. Dog drives emotionless, then goes berserk *beating* his fist on the dash.

DOG  
MÈRE BAISEURS! Animals feel pain! --  
*And I feel like sharin'.*

Dog grabs a half-empty whiskey bottle, spins cap off with thumb and index-finger, then *guzzles* while driving one-eyed.

**EXT. WALSH'S RANCH GATE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Nate drives up to the closed gate guarded by Redneck One in earlier clothes but with a red safety-vest overtop a shoulder-holstered pistol. Redneck One holds hand up, *Stop*. Nate does.

NATE  
Called earlier, couldn't get  
through.  
(makes "money" sign)  
Any big Purse?

REDNECK ONE  
One's ten "K." Mucho dinero to be  
made tonight, cabrón.

Redneck One opens gate, Nate drives through. Redneck One closes gate, hears a twig *crack*, and spins drawing his gun.

He sees Dog weave-walking up the road holding his empty bottle. Redneck One holsters his gun shaking his head.

REDNECK ONE

Que veux-tu, abuelo?

DOG

"Not all who wander --are lost."

(no response, explains)

"Lord of the Rings?"

(leans in whispering)

*If you doin' what I think you  
doin', Chico. You been "lost" --a  
long, long time.*

Dog exhales forceful into Redneck One's face who *coughs*. Dog straight-stabs four-fingers into One's *Adams-Apple* who bends over clutching his throat gagging. Dog breaks his bottle over the back of Redneck One's head who falls unconscious. Dog drags One into the bushes, throws his gun, then hogties and gags him. Dog flips ponytail up on top of his head and covers it with Redneck One's cowboy hat. Dog enters and closes the gate behind. He trips over a stone, recovers, glares at it.

DOG

A walker in mi future?

Dog walks through 50 parked muscle cars and restored trucks.

DOG

If da grills look this good, their  
owners have bad teeth betcha.

#### **EXT. WALSH'S BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

A red weathered two-story wood barn has open double-doors and a double-spotlight above them illuminating the entire outside. A vintage LP-stereo inside plays "Dueling Banjos."

DOG

Je suis dans God, Damn,  
"Deliverance."

Dog shakes his head and shoulders like a horse, then enters.

#### **INT. WALSH'S BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Its hard dirt floor with scattered hay has farm equipment around two walls. A raised hayloft in one back corner and a free-standing metal storage shed in adjacent back corner.

Dog sees a rusted girl's bicycle leaning beside him, then looks up to a twelve-foot round steel-reinforced wooden-cover hanging centered from the ceiling by a heavy chain.

DOG

*Clever way to hide --La Boîte.*

FIFTY REDNECKS, all ages and ethnics, *laugh*, drink and yell.

TWO PRE-TEEN SONS were brought to learn about the "sport."

The air is thick with smoke, so Dog waits for his eyes to adjust. A hand lands on his shoulder. Dog grabs for a two-on-one wrist-lock, then twists as he turns around so the other person is forced to drop from the cranking pressure.

JERRY LEE, 30s, tall with full black beard, is on both knees.

JERRY

What the --? Owwww! Fuck You!

DOG

Mommy not tell you not to play with stranger, dude?

Dog releases Jerry who stands rubbing his twisted arm.

JERRY

Fuck you, dude-ette! You are a stranger, so get the fuck out.

DOG

Hey man, caught me off-guard, okay? You, Jerry Lee?

JERRY

No, I'm not okay, okay!? And who the fuck is asking?

DOG

Just a Dogman passing through who stopped for a trim. Frank lead me to Nate who brought me here.

(hands a \$100 bill)

Gate Fee's a hun', right? Now -- where's the Shine?

JERRY

Not so fast, fat boy. This is a betting Show. Got any real money?

DOG

"Boy?!" Son, I'm here to pick a fight, not pick one.

Dog holds up two thousand-dollar rolls of cash.



DOG

We cool?

JERRY

Tiède.

Jerry stabs two fingers to his own eyes, then walks away.

Dog points two fingers at his own eyes, then at Jerry, and goes to a liquor picnic-table to pour Moonshine from a brown ceramic jug into a paper cup. He sips while scanning room.

Dog sees the back of DOC MARQUILES, 60s Latino, in jeans and a flannel shirt, doing a drug-deal with Redneck Two. Dog chugs the rest of his cup, then over-reacts on purpose.

DOG

Ouu-eeee, now dat "Hair of the Dog!" So when The Show start and which Prospect got Gameness?!

JERRY (O.S.)

Follow me, ya' old drunk.

DOG

(spins to him surprised)

*Like to sneak up on folk don't you?  
I remember dat.*

JERRY

(claps hands)

FIVE MINUTES, FINAL BETS!

# **INT. WALSH'S BARN "THE PIT" - CONTINUOUS**

A ten-foot round pit is eight feet deep walled-up by upright 2' x 8' wooden planks all covered with dried-blood, claw-scratches, and fur. Some loose hay is on its hard clay floor. Wooden drop-gates are built into either side of "The Box" holding back TWO FIGHTERS, young, thin but muscled, with ears cropped off and multiple fighting scars, who pace and *snarl*.

Dog looks up at round cover again hanging from the ceiling over The Pit. His eyes follow its heavy support-chain down to a hand-crank winch near the back wall. He nods smiling.

DOG

Tell me about, "The Fighters?"

JERRY

Doberman's three. It's his fourth fight, so he's as mean as a poked rattler. The Pit is two. Only his second fight, but he's bull-strong.

DOG

Dios mío! The Dober's one fight from Grand Champion. He wants to live so bad, he'll do whatever it takes to kill. Who's referee?

JERRY

No Draw, Pick-up, or Quit, so don't need one. All stakes. final.

DOG

Side purse?

JERRY

Whatever you carry, Old-Timer.

Dog studies Pit Bull. Its eyes show fear and desperation. He examines Doberman. Its eyes show hatred. Dog pulls out money.

DOG

Ten-to-one on The Dober, Greenhorn!

JERRY

Hell, I just might win the Norman Hooten Award tonight, gramps.

Jerry gives hand-signals to REDNECK FOUR, 60s, a mountain-man in bib-overalls wearing a shoulder-holster, who writes their bet on a portable school-blackboard marked into grids.

Fifty Rednecks see and react to the large bet with *cat-calls*.

JERRY

Fighters On Deck! LAST CALL!

Redneck Two and Redneck Three with an ACE-bandage around his injured knee, are both wearing shoulder-holsters. They step through the crowd to grab rope handles on the divider-gates.

Dog recognizes Redneck Three and pulls his hat-brim down to hide his face as Jerry points across The Box.

JERRY

Make room for --Tha' King!

All Rednecks at Pit's edge separate like the *Red Sea* as Walsh steps through in his earlier clothes now wearing a shoulder-holster with a vintage *Colt .45 Peacemaker*. TOMMIE THE BEAGLE is passed from behind to him. Walsh holds her high, sees she stills wears a collar, and rips it off.

WALSH

Bait dog a-n-d, FIGHT!

Walsh throws Tommie up in the air to fall into The Pit while tossing her torn collar across it's chasm.

Dog catches collar and turns to read its engraving. *Tommie*.

Redneck One and Redneck Two both raise their gates. Their Two Fighters are heard rushing out *snarling* and growling.

Dog *flicks-open* a spring-assist knife and coils to jump in when his shirt collar is yanked from behind by Nate. Dog's hat is knocked off and his ponytail falls out. Dog elbows Nate in the rib cage hard, then jumps *yelling*.

DOG  
T-O-M E-E-E!

Jerry steps over Nate to catch Dog by his ponytail and yank Dog backwards onto all-fours at Pit's edge. Jerry clubs Dog's head with a vintage *Blackjack*. Dog crumples face-down. Jerry picks up Dog's fallen cowboy hat and waves it to Walsh.

JERRY  
Got 'im, Boss!

Dog's eyes flutter-close as Tommie *screams* being torn apart.

#### INT. WALSH'S THE BOX - LATER SAME NIGHT

The Show is over. Dog comes-to on the ground with hands tied behind. Rednecks One, Two, Three, Four, Jerry, Nate, and Walsh stand over him *laughing*. Jerry has a rope looped over one shoulder playing with Dog's knife. Dog fights to speak.

DOG  
'Ow, *long?*

WALSH  
The Show lasted an hour. You been out two. Got one minute to tell da truth or you go in The Box. Only dis time --head first.

DOG  
First, I'm a drunk, and drank too much, so my left foot want to be da right one. Dat my only mistake.

WALSH  
A big one. Second?

Dog spits blood, then glares up at Walsh *snarling*.

DOG  
That was my Rescue Beagle.

NATE  
Nuthin' much worth rescuin' now!

ALL Rednecks *laugh*. Jerry stops laughing concerned.

JERRY

Wait, you're Marie's bro?

WALSH

Ahhhhh, let me guess. Little sister called all kinds of upset-like, so you jumped in your three-hundred n' fifty horses ridin' to her rescue.

DOG

Something like that.

WALSH

Then best all this gets real, Boy-George, because all this is just business --Show, Business.

(snarls down at Dog)

Rien de personnèl.

DOG

Doesn't get any more personal.

Walsh squats to talk at Dog leaning-in eye-to-eye.

WALSH

Should be leaving us soon. But to make it sooner, how 'bout I get lil' sis a new Beagle. Accord?

DOG

Half.

WALSH

(stands angry-confused)

"Half?!" Half what? Which half you half-wit?!

DOG

I take care of my famille, and you,

Dog makes two knife-palms, one upright hitting the other flat above covering it meaning "*Let's go.*" His lower hand stops.

DOG

vous sortir de --Show Business.

Dog's top flat palm now slides back angry-fast along the other palm's arm meaning *F.U.*

Jerry pushes a foot against Dog's shoulder so Dog falls flat.

JERRY

Ain't the brightest bulb in da box are ya'?

WALSH

Life's pretty comfy for us as is,  
dog-stain. So half --welllll, half  
ain't gonna' cut notre gâteau.

(aims revolver at Dog)

So here my finalist offer, Jerry  
keep your bet and my boys keep da  
rest. And you, you go crawl back in  
whatever l'orifice you crawl out of  
and drink yourself to death or --

(closes one eye aiming)

What it gonna be G.I. Joe-Dirt?

DOG

Ease up on the trigger, trigger-  
man. Je foutre en l'air long ago.  
So now I just wanna' get gone-gone.

Redneck One steps forward and kicks Dog in the head.

REDNECK ONE

That "gone" enough, dogshit?

Jerry peers over edge of *The Box* and yells back to Walsh.

JERRY

Hey Boss, Dober's still kickin'!  
Can Trixie shoot it?!

WALSH

Hell, no! Punish it for gettin'  
hurt. Burn it alive like all the  
rest. She can shoot its corpse.

Walsh back-hands Redneck Two's chest hard with free hand,  
knocking Two back, then aims his gun at Two threatening.

WALSH

And next time dummy, remember to  
pour Bleach down the Bait's throat  
so it goes crazy and sets off Les  
Combattants. Comprendre?!

Redneck Three *chuckles*. Walsh spins and brings his barrel-tip  
up under Redneck Three's chin tilting Three's head back.

WALSH

And you, dummy's twin. Why didn't  
you break the Beagle's teeth off  
with pliers? It almost tore the  
Dober's eye out. Ferget again, and  
I'll yank yer teeth out!

Redneck Three slap-covers his mouth with both hands.

Jerry *laughs* as he circles the lasso over his head, then launches its loop down into The Pit.

WALSH

(clicks back hammer at Dog)  
Last time, Ajar-Head.

DOG

Already done it all to meself.

WALSH

You giving up, or buying time? I  
seen your Ranger Flash, so know  
you're used to fighting for truth,  
justice and --*tout ce que*.

DOG

"The greatness of society is judged  
by how they treat their animals."

WALSH

Un beau discours, Ghandi. Been  
practicin' it long?

DOG

All my life.

WALSH

Then we decided?

Dog holds up first two fingers together as the French taunt.

DOG

Ever hear it better to let a  
sleeping Dog lie?

WALSH

Only in a grave.

Walsh holsters and nods. Redneck Three stomps on Dog's knee who *screams*. Walsh head-motions for all his Rednecks to beat Dog. They descend on him like wolverines.

Jerry stands at the edge of The Pit watching Dog's beatdown as he pulls his rope up hand-over-hand. He *whines*.

JERRY

*I miss out on all the fun.*

The bloody Doberman rises over The Pit's edge twisting and fighting in its hangman's noose.

The Doberman and Dog pass out simultaneous.

**EXT. A MOUNTAIN ROAD CURVE WITH STEEP BANK - NOW MIDNIGHT**

Dog's rental car breaks through the winding road's guardrail and *crashes* down its hillside into a creek. Dog's bashed-car rolls over and over, till upright, then all noises stop.

Nate and Jerry are heard *laughing*, then two car doors *slam*, and tires *squeal* away.

**EXT. SAME MOUNTAIN ROAD CREEK BED - THAT DAYBREAK**

Fire Truck and Ambulance are parked up on edge of the road with red lights rotating but no sirens. Bruised and bloody Dog is *dead-to-the-world* stretcher-strapped as THREE FIREMEN pull his litter's rope up the cliff to a waiting gurney.

EMT stands down in the gully guiding the rope's bottom-line.

Barnes, in uniform, walks around Dog's smashed-up rental car. He reaches in the *Jaws-of-Life* pried-open driver's door past its deflated airbag to pull out a broken dowel-rod from the floorboard. He puts its two pieces together and wedges them between gas pedal and driver's seat-cushion. Perfect fit. He looks up as Dog's Ambulance exits now with *siren* on.

BARNES

Hope you bought the full insurance.

**INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN - LATER SAME MORNING**

Marie is washing dishes in the kitchen sink. She hears a car door *close* outside and looks through sink's curtained-window, then runs to the kitchen door and throws it open.

Barnes enters and takes off his hat to hold it nervous.

BARNES

Ma'am. Uh, there's been a car accident, involving your brother.

MARIE

He hurt bad?

BARNES

"He" --is sans l'hôpital.

MARIE

When, where?

BARNES

His rental car went off Wolf's Cliff early this morn. He'd been drinkin' --heavy. C'est ça.

Marie grabs her car keys off table, but drops them on the floor. She starts *crying*. Barnes picks up her keys.

BARNES

Ma'am, I'll drive you --both way.

Marie nods, grabs purse, and both exit. Barnes closes door.

Kitchen faucet *drips* water on an upside-down pan in the sink. Its water-drops sound, *boom-boom-boom*, like a ticking bomb.

**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING**

First bed is empty. Dog lies in the second bed near window wearing a hospital gown with an arm and leg in floating-casts. A nose airline-tube is around his ears with an I.V. in one wrist. Self-standing heart monitor *beeps* slow.

Marie enters and runs to, then strokes Dog's forehead.

MARIE

Oh André, why you drink so?

His face is bruised and battered. Dog's swollen-eyes flutter open. His teeth are wired shut so he has to talk efficient. He cuts the air horizontal with a knife-edge palm.

DOG

*P-l-u-s d-e ç-a.*

MARIE

Where were you last night?

Dog closes his eyes to hear Tommie's *screams*. A tear rolls down his cheek. Marie chokes-up. His eyes open sad.

MARIE

What's wrong, sweetie?

DOG

*P-a-s s-e-r-v-i.*

MARIE

Don't say that! Just get well. I'll take care of you. Need anything?

DOG

*P-o-r-t a-b-l-e.*

MARIE

Uh, what? A "laptop!" Now?! Jesus André, your timing always was ...

Dog looks up with puppy-eyes. Marie wipes away Dog's slobber.



MARIE

Fine, I'll bring you mine tomorrow.

DOG

N-o-u v-e-a-u.

MARIE

"New?" A new laptop?! Brother, if you weren't already punchy I'd --

DOCTOR, Indian with accent, 40s, dark hair, in a lab coat with stethoscope around neck, enters reading Dog's Chart.

DOCTOR

Good Morning. The way you looked when admitted gave us quite a scare. Next time wear your seatbelt, Mister, uh --?

(glances at clipboard)

Dogee.

Dog rolls his eyes. Marie stares dead-pan at Doctor.

MARIE

Just, "Dog."

DOCTOR

Ahhhhh, "e" is muzzled, like him.

Doctor points at Dog's wires *chuckling*. Dog *growls* vicious.

DOCTOR

*Or not.* --Either way, you are going to be with us awhile.

MARIE

How long is "awhile," Doc?

DOCTOR

Well, bones in his arm and leg aren't fractured. But the M.R.I. does show multiple Bone "Bruises," almost as if, he'd been stomped on.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Barnes, in uniform, stands outside Dog's door listening.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Matter of fact, his soft tissue injuries are similar to being punched and kicked repeatedly.

Barnes nods animated.

**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - IMMEDIATELY**

Marie lifts Dog's upper lip while pulling down his lower lip like he's a horse. Dog's shiny wires gleam on his teeth. Dog pulls his head away angry then grimaces from moving too fast.

MARIE

And his jaw?

DOCTOR

Not dislocated. But did have to place it back into position, so I wired it merely as a precaution.

MARIE

Again, how long be long?

DOCTOR

Two to three week.

DOG

*D-i-e-t, P-T.*

MARIE

"Diet, T" what? Oh, a Dietician and Physical Therapist. Why?

DOG

*U-s-e f-u-l-l.*

DOCTOR

I can prescribe, but only if you pre-authorize both in writing as they are not covered by insurance.

Dog makes circling motion in air with pointer-finger, Now.

DOCTOR

Fine. I'll bring you the Release, then write their Orders.

Doctor exits but Barnes, out-of-sight in hallway, motions Doctor to step over to him. Doctor does disappearing.

DOG

*S-i-s t-e-r.*

Marie

Broth-er?

DOG

*S-e-l-l c-a-r.*

MARIE

"Sell car?" Your car?! But you've had it forever? Why sell it now?

DOG  
*L-'a-r g-e-n-t.*

MARIE  
Money? Oh, honey, I can lend ...

Dog hits his free fist on bed's metal side-rail. *Clang.*

MARIE  
You always were too proud. Fine.  
How do I sell it and for how much?

DOG  
*D-e-a-l-e-r k-n-o-w.*

MARIE  
Qu'est-ce qui passe? Anything to do  
with Tommie?

Dog turns his head away to stare out the window.

**INT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY**

Barnes enters front door carrying two coffees, walks behind counter, and hands a cup to Sheriff who opens lid and blows.

SHERIFF  
Cite that mangy mutt for D.U.I?

BARNES  
The fact a retired sheriff was not  
wearing his seatbelt means, we  
don't know if he was the driver.

SHERIFF  
"We don't?!"  
(spit-takes, wipes chin)  
Well, je fais! So go back and  
charge for D.U.I. then bring me his  
Summons. Think you can see your way  
to do all that, Dep-u-tee?

BARNES  
Yes sir, thankee sir.  
(pantomimes)  
*May I have another.*

Barnes leaves his cup and exits. Sheriff bites off a chunk of chewing tobacco, chews, then *spits* his juice in Barnes cup.

**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER SAME DAY**

Marie is gone. Dog's monitor *beeps* peaceful as he sleeps.

Barnes enters, waits looking around, then steps closer staring down. Dog snap-opens his eyes startling Barnes.

BARNES  
Jesus, Marie, and Joseph!  
(recovers)  
Sheriff ordered a Ten Fifty-Five.

DOG  
(shakes head slow)  
*T-e-n, N-i-n-e t-e-e o-n-e.*

BARNES  
(snort-chuckles)  
Dead Dog.

DOG  
*Y-o-u g-r-e-e?*

BARNES  
Doesn't matter.

DOG  
*D-o m-e.*

BARNES  
Well, it's your injuries see. I've  
been beaten black-and-blue.

DOG  
*B-l-a-c-k t-o-o-k.*

Barnes laughs. Dog tries, but it hurts.

BARNES  
Find what you were looking for?

Dog growls low and deep.

BARNES  
Anything else?

Dog's eyes burn with hate.

BARNES  
Ahhhhh, that why we here. Anything  
to do with le Shérif?

Dog shrugs his shoulders too hard and grimaces.

BARNES  
Anything to do with --moi?

DOG  
*D-e-e p-e-n-d.*

BARNES

"Depends?" Depends on what?

DOG

*D-e-e c-i-d-e.*

BARNES

"Decide?" Decide what? What side?!

Dog nods once. Barnes heads for the door. Dog *taps* a knuckle on his bed rail. Barnes spins angry quoting *Anonymous*.

BARNES

"Not to decide --is to decide!"

Dog makes a writing-motion in mid-air with free hand.

Barnes nods, *Ahh*, pulls Summons Book from back pocket, flips it open, begins writing, then stops to examine Dog's face.

BARNES

Look like you been in a war.

Dog bares his wired-teeth *growling*. His reckoning is coming.

DOG

*N-o-t, y-e-t.*

# **INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER**

Door is closed. Dog now sits on bed in hospital gown but with pajama-pants on. His cast and jaw-wires are gone. I.V. port is still in. He is aghast watching Internet videos about "The Show" on his new laptop. *Knock* on door. He scrambles to close laptop, slides it under his blanket, then scoots down not wiping his eyes. He *fake-coughs*, then talks "sickly."

DOG

Closed for repair.

Door opens. Sheriff enters smiling and holding onto his hat, then looks at Dog's I.V. bag and tubing. Dog's eyes narrow.

SHERIFF

Doc says you'll be released in two weeks. How they hangin'?

DOG

Let you know, when I find them.  
Still no memory what happened.  
Too drunk then, now, too weak.

SHERIFF

"Too Weak?" With P.T. twice a day?

Sheriff puffs out a cheek then expels its air with a finger.

SHERIFF

You tellin' me everyting?

DOG

Don't fret non. When the time be  
comin', I come straight at ya'.

SHERIFF

Still the matter of your Ticket.  
(*snaps fingers, fake smile*)  
Tell you what, ami. On your way  
out, I'll talk to the Judge, see if  
he knock your charges way down. But  
he'll probably fine you, big-time.

DOG

Money no object. Whatever it take  
to fix tings around here.

SHERIFF

Then we understands our situation.

DOG

Clear as blackwater.

SHERIFF

Bien. Y'all be careful now, hear?

Sheriff grabs door handle and looks at Dog, *Close it?* Dog  
*clicks* his teeth shut. Sheriff closes the door as he exits.

Dog jumps up, rolls IV-stand to end of bed, and does push-ups  
off its footboard *singing* Cadence. His eyes burn Devil-red.

DOG

"Don't wanna' be no Green Beret.  
They only P.T. once-a-day."

#### INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER

Dog, in same pajama-pants, but no gown, now in a t-shirt with  
I.V. still in. He is doing push-ups off the end of same bed-  
frame while watching laptop videos. He's in better physical  
shape. Door opens. Dog jumps to standing *slamming* his laptop  
shut. Marie enters in her waitress uniform. Dog relaxes.

DOG

Ferme la porte, s'il vous plaît.

MARIE

(closes door)  
Comment vas-tu?

DOG  
Gettin' better.

MARIE  
Protein shake, vitamin shots, et  
physical therapy tree time a day?

DOG  
Gettin' better sooner.

Dog motions Marie to sit in the room's only chair. She does.  
Dog sits on the edge of his bed.

DOG  
My footlocker in your basement?

MARIE  
Wherever you hide it, Svengali.

DOG  
Please find and drag to middle of  
floor, please.

MARIE  
Want me to paint it, too? If you  
need something from it I can ...

DOG  
Non! Uh, no. It is locked. L'habits  
et électronique will arrive, put  
boxes on top. And don't, don't tell  
anyone, what I'm doing.

MARIE  
"Clothes, electronics, don't tell,"  
don't ask? I am. Mais qu'est-ce que  
tu fais?!

DOG  
We close enough to just trust me?

MARIE  
We were never --that "close."

DOG  
Sis, I need more time to, uh, I  
need a copy of your time schedule --  
at work, so, uh, so I'll know when  
you're home to, uh --to call you.

Marie tilts her head like Scoobie Doo, *Ruh Roh?*

**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER**

Dog, in a different t-shirt and now jeans, still has I.V. in.  
He looks stronger, more fit.

He sits on top of bed watching "*The Show*" Internet-videos on laptop. He's upset and tearing. His eyes narrow to glow with hate as he realizes his door is now open. He closes his laptop lid slow looking up through both eyebrows like a wolf.

Sheriff stands in open doorway holding his black cowboy hat, then enters smiling while twirling hat on one finger.

SHERIFF

Traiteur say you fine, but you  
choose to stay on medecine. Why?

DOG

Take time to flush out Radical.

Sheriff moves to Dog's I.V. bag then fingers its tubing.

SHERIFF

Me think, you, de only radical.

DOG

What can I do to you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Don't you mean "for me" --boy?

Dog moves his right hand to his left hand's I.V. port and peels its clear-tape away.

DOG

How come you remember dead man name  
from five year ago, but not le plus  
riche citoyen?

SHERIFF

Barking up the wrong tree, pup-pup.

DOG

Pretending to be not dirty, is not  
the same, as being clean. After  
twenty year in law enforcement --  
(hemifacial spasm)  
this Dog's nose, can smell, a rat.

Sheriff *swats* his hat's brim across Dog's face hard stepping back and placing a hand on his gun-butt.

Dog yanks out his I.V. port causing the horrible warning *beeping* from its Monitor. Dog coils ready for anything.

SHERIFF

Uh-huh, thought so, playin' possum.

DOG

How many rednecks does it take to  
eat possum?



SHERIFF

Two. One to eat it, the other to watch for traffic. Point bein'?

DOG

Don't bite off more, than you don't want to bite you back.

SHERIFF

You threatenin' a Law Man --boy?

DOG

Only one of us here is one.

SHERIFF

Awww, is we now en-ee-mee?

DOG

"If you know yourself, but not the enemy, for every victory gained, you will suffer defeat." Son, you don't know --me.

SHERIFF

Hey, Sun Tzu, don't wanna'.

DOG

Don't matta'.

NURSE, BBF, enters in white uniform carrying an I.V. Tray.

NURSE

Sheriff, what in the wild, wild world of sports is going on here?

DOG

Yeah? Whole town needs to hear that answer, Sher-iff.

SHERIFF

Happy to explain when you gets out, soldier-boy. By the way, our Judge hates drunk driver, so enjoy your freedom, while it still got you.

Nurse watches Sheriff exit, then turns off I.V.s *beeping*.

NURSE

Mm-mm. Never liked that womanizer. What was that all about anyway?

DOG

Warning.

NURSE

Which a-way?

Nurse puts on gloves and takes Dog's hand to clean his bleeding wound. He sandwiches hers between his two.

DOG  
Tell me about, your town's Vet.

NURSE  
"Vet?" Veterinarian? You mean your brother-in-law?

DOG  
Non. His replacement five year ago.

NURSE  
Ole' Doc came from Mexicali to take over Dave's practice.  
(tilts head remembering)  
Funny? Doc be here very next day?

DOG  
Tell me all about --"Ole' Doc."

**INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT**

Marie is at work. Lights are off. Door handle turns, opens.

Dog enters dressed in black sweats and closes door. He turns on a small flashlight, then exits down into the basement.

**INT. MARIE'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Cinderblock walls, cement floor, exposed floor beams, hanging lightbulb, homemade work bench, shelves, and a walk-out exit.

A scratched beat-up 1970 Army-green footlocker covered with foreign flags and stickers sits centered on floor. Delivery boxes are stacked on top. Dog moves boxes off, then uses key on his dog-tags to unlock locker. He squats and opens lid to retrieve a dented metal ammo-box. Dog opens it to take out a gun-sack. He pulls out his 1973 9mm *Browning* and suppressor then screws it on. He checks gun's action then removes a box of ammo and an Army-green Vietnam canvas cleaning-kit. He leaves all those items out, re-locks locker, re-stacks boxes exactly back on top, then admires his last best friend.

DOG  
Time you look, like I feel.

Dog puts all items in ammo-can and exits upstairs with it.

**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Dog still wears same black sweatshirt but now with black jeans. His hair is clean and ponytailed. He closes laptop and slips it in his duffle bag on top of the ammo-box. He clips the bag closed with its shoulder-strap and stands it by door. He does hurdler stretches against a wall talking to himself.

DOG

*C'est l'heure de ma course de nuit.*

Marie enters concerned. Dog continues stretching.

DOG

Hey sweet tee-tee, what up?

MARIE

Seeing if you need me to take anything home since you're being released tomorrow. What tis about "a nightly run?"

DOG

I sneak out at night to run the stairwells. Why you really here?

MARIE

Je n'peux pas dormir. Worried.

DOG

I know the feeling. Bout what?

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. TOWN'S BOARDING HOUSE - EARLIER THAT NIGHT**

A private home in town that rents out rooms. OLD LADY, African-American, shawl around shoulders, shuffles in bunny slippers down her hall followed by Marie in waitress outfit.

OLD LADY

Ain't seen for two day. Rent be due. Don't seem the type to skip but --been wrong before.

MARIE

Appreciate you letting me check. She might be sick.

Old Lady stops at a door and pulls out a huge ring of keys.

**INT. DESTINY'S BOARDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Door opens. Room is messy like searched. It looks okay, except its bed-cover is missing. Marie steps in scanning.

MARIE

Desty?

(goes to bed, scans under)

Destiny?

Old Lady goes to bed, then stands hands-on-hips disgusted.

OLD LADY

My momma, she made that bedspread!

RETURN TO.

**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUING PRESENT NIGHT**

MARIE

Destiny didn't come to work past two day? Didn't call. I stop by her place. She gone-gone?

DOG

She moved without saying?

MARIE

She moved without moving. All her tings still there.

DOG

Tell Deputy Dawg?

MARIE

Told le Sherif just now. He said she'd prob'ly "Moved on."

DOG

"Just now?" The Sheriff is ici?!

Marie nods. Dog goes ram-rod straight closing door.

DOG

Marie, I have to know you're safe, and that can't happen in this town, not yet. You need to go.

MARIE

"Go?!" But the Diner, Destiny --? And I need to take care of ...

DOG

And "I need to take care of" what's happening here. Marie, to stop me, they will hurt you --like Tommie.

MARIE

"Tommie?!" Then this has always been about her? What is going on?

DOG

Everything that shouldn't.

MARIE

I don't under --? Oh André, if anything happen to you again I ...

DOG

That's exactly why "I" need you to vas-t'en! I can not protect my "six" if I'm always looking over my shoulder. I know I'm being watched.

MARIE

"Watched?!" How can I help?

DOG

By going to stay with a pote, and I can't know who.

Dog takes Marie's shoulders and sits her on hospital bed.

DOG (CONT'D)

It very important you don't call or tell where you be. Your not-so-friendly Sheriff involved you see. All the research I've done on the Internet proves there is just too much money to be made from --  
(holds breath, releases it)  
"Di Show."

MARIE

"The Show?!" Are you saying ...?

DOG

Almost no money invested, but tens of thousands to be made each night. It include every possible manner of criminal activity which makes deese some serious suck-ass sickos.

MARIE

I'm sick! So Tommie, that's where you went, that's why you were --?  
(covers her ears)  
I don't want ta know!

DOG

You have to know! These perverted perps believe animals are objects to be used up, thrown away, buried alive or set on fire. Tortured and killed for "personal amusement."

(hits fist into palm)

They have souls, God Damn It!

MARIE

Please, stop.

DOG

Yes! "Stop" dem! You know they put firecracker in animal mouth then duct-tape shut to watch funny look before snout blow off? Hell, I didn't know.

MARIE

I don't want to.

DOG

That my point! These despicable desperados have "stompin' parties" jumping up and down to squish a loser's guts out!

Marie covers ears again and closes eyes pursing lips tight.

DOG

There, right dare! What you doin' now. That the f'n problem! Yes, it be a Federal Felony. But no-ooo, some Judges rule it a non-violent crime because no humans involved. "No humans involved?!" Owners held liable only if betting be proven. But now, all monies are taken off-site before starting. They use pebbles as betting chips. "Pebbles!" Police arrive and all dey find is sloppy landscaping, so everyone go home to party. Who these legislative lamebrains think generate all da profit? It the freakin' Spectators! Who, *guess who*, are always let go. Misdemeanor wit a Fine. "A Fine!" Jail time suspended. "Suspended! "Good Ole' Boys" given back their Fighters. Jesus H. Christ!

Dog's flat hand sweeps all the items off his bedside table onto the floor. His same hand counts on other hand's fingers.

DOG

Police reports prove; drug dealing,  
gunrunning, spouse abuse, child  
abuse, human trafficking, all of  
dem tied up by one big stinking bow  
wrapped tightly round --

His five fingers form a fist and *punch* through the drywall.

DOG

"The Show!" Hey nit-nuts, if  
someone love hurtin' defenseless  
animal, then hurting helpless human  
no big step up. C'est ça? Stop  
these criminals at the beginning,  
take away all their profit, and you  
shut them down fast, you see!

Dog walks to window and parts to stare through its blinds.

MARIE

But what can one person do?

DOG

Stir tings up. Even if I don't make  
it out, still worth to get folk  
asking da right questions.

Marie runs to hug from behind. He pats her hands in front.

MARIE

Non, André, non! Let her go. I did.

DOG

It okay, baby sis. Don't you see?  
I was lost, just waiting to die.  
Then Tommie brought me back here.  
She did not die in vain, she --  
(turns to Marie at peace)  
saved me.

Nurse opens door, sees Dog's mess, and puts hands on hips.

NURSE

You know I ain't cleaning this up?

DOG

Yes sir, Dog and Pony Show be over!

NURSE

Better be, or I'll be teaching some  
old Dog a buncha' brand new tricks.

DOG  
 Would be a treat to try, sir!  
 (whispers to Marie)  
*You need to partir, maintenant.*

Marie nods. Dog kisses her cheek, then jogs out of room singing the *Airborne Cadence*.

DOG (O.S.)  
 "Mission unspoken, destination  
 unknown! Don't even know if I ever  
 comin' home."

Stairwell's door *slams* behind Dog echoing like a *gunshot*.  
 Both Ladies jump.

**EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Sheriff sits on cruiser's hood twirling hand-cuffs on index-finger. He pulls out his tobacco plug and bites off a chaw.

He watches Marie exit and drive away. Sheriff spits tobacco juice after her car then enters hospital smiling evil.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Sheriff walks up the hallway. Nurse walks down to meet him.

NURSE  
 Evening Sheriff. What brings you  
 out this late?

SHERIFF  
 Arrest Warrant.

NURSE  
 Afraid the doctor isn't available  
 to release a patient right now.

SHERIFF  
 Ignorance of my law be no excuse.  
 Your Dog is going, to my "pound."

NURSE  
 He's upstairs. Should be back  
 shortly. You can wait in his room.

Sheriff enters Dog's room.

Dog jogs around corner at end of hall, sees Nurse and waves.

Nurse holds up a palm. Dog freezes. Nurse makes a finger-gun and points it at his room. Dog holds up fist, then executes a series of military hand signals. Nurse raises her hands, *WTF?*



**INT. DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Sheriff stands back in far corner looking at Dog's duffel. He releases his holster's trigger strap. The blur of Dog runs past the open door. Sheriff draws his gun and exits jogging.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sheriff enters hallway, stops, looks both ways. Dog is gone. Sheriff holds his gun down against a leg and walks in same direction Dog was going. Stairwell door at end of that hall *bangs* shut. He jogs to it, aims his weapon two-handed, then *kicks* its push-handle open to enter. Fire Door closes behind.

Dog exits adjoining room, salutes its unseen occupant, runs into his own room to grab his duffel bag, and exits with it out his earlier fire door at opposite end of same hall.

**INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Footsteps *echo* on stairs below. Sheriff aims his gun down.

Nurse walks up stairs. Sheriff holds his gun behind his back.

NURSE

You know what Sheriff, I'm tired as  
a Dog with two tail.

Nurse smiles as she walks past Sheriff to exit stairwell.

Sheriff frowns, holsters gun, pulls cell-phone out of belt-case, and begins to dial. His shoulder-radio comes on.

BARNES (FILTERED)

Tractor-trailer over-turned at Wolf  
Cliff. I need help pronto!

Sheriff pockets his phone to run down the stairs *cursing*.

**EXT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL EXIT - MOMENTS LATER**

Sheriff exits running, then stops where his car was parked. It's gone. He looks around, then angry-throws his hat on the ground.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank pulls down front window's large shade, flips door's *Closed* sign over, pulls down smaller shade, then goes to lock the door. He sees its handle turn and steps back afraid.

Bell *dings* as Dog quick-enters to lock the door behind him.

FRANK

Non! Je ne peux pas te parler!

Frank's Public wall-phone *rings*. Frank reaches for it.

DOG

Stay!

FRANK

I, I should answer.

Phone *rings* again. Frank moves toward it. Dog *slaps* a thigh.

DOG

Heel!

*Ring*ing stops, then a cell *ringtone* goes off in Frank's frock pocket. A *Barbershop Quartet* sings "You've got mail."

DOG

Sérieusement?

Dog holds out a hand. Frank looks at Dog's paw, then puts his cell in it. Dog drops and *stomps* on cell hard smashing it.

DOG

Jerry or Nate visite?

FRANK

Yes sir, both. I know they're watching me so --Oh Mon Dieu!

(peeks out shade)

They see you come in?

DOG

Je suis silent, remember?

Dog drops his dufflebag to sit in a Barber Chair.

DOG

Time I look like I feel. Haircut and shave --kinda. You know what a Van Dyke be?

Dog holds up a hundred-dollar bill. Frank hesitates, then grabs it and fluffs a cutting-cape over Dog stammering.

FRANK

K-k-kinda. What kinda' shave?

DOG

Close. Just not --too close.

Frank picks up a straight razor from barber-shelf and steps behind Dog using *Strop Strap*. Dog watches him in wall-mirror.

DOG

You look really tired, mon ami.

Dog's smile curls lifting at one corner as voice drops *mean*.

DOG

*I know just da cure. Yes I do.*

**INT. TOWN'S VETERINARY EXAM ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Stainless-steel table, tool-shelf, glass-door medicine wall-cabinet, sink, wall-phone and wall-rack of leather leashes.

Doc Marguillies, now in lab coat with stethoscope around neck, turns on his overhead light. He enters and *sighs*.

MARGUILIES

*Que día.*

DOG (O.S.)

"Do not judge a day --"

Marguillies spins to see Dog leaning in a corner dressed same, but now with a medium-length haircut and a *Van Dyke* beard. A black Navaho war mask is painted over both his eyes and nose.

DOG

"by the harvest you reap, but by the seeds you sow." And you sowed so, so many --Doctor Jekyll.

MARGUILIES

Meet Mister Hyde --in plain sight.

Marguillies fast-pulls a revolver out of a lab coat pocket.

Dog snap-throws a scalpel underhanded into Marguillies hand who *screams*. Marguillies's gun *clatters* to the tile floor. He tilts his head saying in Spanish, "Dog?"

MARGUILIES

Perro?

DOG

Been called worse.

Wall-phone *rings*. Marguillies reaches for it with good hand.

Dog steps to pull scalpel out of Marguillies hand who *yipes*.

Dog cuts the phone's cord with scalpel, then tosses the cut-receiver to Marguillies who fumble-catches it. Dog picks up Marguillies revolver *singing* the famous ghost-movie question.

DOG

"Who ya' gonna call?"

Marguillies drops receiver to hold hands up like being robbed.

MARGUILLIES

No dinero! Me temo que no.

DOG

No money, huh? That new Mercedes out back, she say different. Walsh pay pretty good, huh, amico?

Marguillies *sniffles* and wipes his nose. Dog's eyes go wide.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. WALSH'S BARN - FIGHT NIGHT JUST BEFORE TOMMIE'S DEATH**

Dog drinks moonshine watching the drug deal with Redneck Two.

Doc Marguillies has his back to Dog, then turns to face him.

RETURN TO.

**INT. VETERINARY EXAM ROOM - SAME NIGHT - PRESENT**

Blood drips down Marguillies stabbed-hand. Dog's eyes narrow.

DOG

Got a bad habit do we, Doc Mengele?  
That your excuse for going against everything a Vet swear to uphold?

Dog yanks Marguillies onto exam table, grabs his throat in a Ranger Chokehold, then squeezes quoting *Veterinarian Oath*.

DOG

"I solemnly swear to use my scientific knowledge and skills for the benefit of society through the protection of animal health ..."

Marguillies struggles to breathe and reaches with injured hand for Dog's grip. Dog *slaps* it away. Blood splatters on wall.

DOG

for "the prevention and relief of animal suffering." Suffering? You understand this word, pendejo?

Dog crunches, then lets go. Marguillies grabs throat *coughing*.

DOG

How your memory now, Doc Do-Little?

MARGUILIES

I, I take care of them.

DOG

So they can fight another day, 'ey?  
Until left to die of their wounds?  
Buried alive, or burned alive, or  
held underwater fighting for their  
God-given right to live. All while  
listening to Michael-sick laughter?

Dog *smashes* a fist through glass-window of the drug cabinet.

DOG

Always pleading, "What did I do?  
What did I do wrong? Please stop."

Dog picks up an Ear Cropping Guide, jams his elbow into Marguillies chest, then twists Ear Guide on Doc's earlobe.

DOG

Ever wonder what it be like to hear  
with open earhole, like dem?

MARGUILIES

Por favor! Yo hablaré! I'll talk!

Dog drops Ear Guide to put Doc's Stethoscope earpieces into Marguillies own ears, then whispers into its Chestpiece.

DOG

*Oh I know you will.*

Dog throws Stethoscope to grab the scalpel then studies it.

DOG

Dogmen cut off ears so they can't  
be held during a fight.

Dog starts to saw on Marguillies ear where it meets his scalp.

DOG

My bet, Walsh only pay you for the  
injured winners while he shear the  
losers off with a dull spoon. How I  
doin'? That feel about right?

MARGUILIES

Please d-d-don't hurt meeee!

DOG  
Hey, Doc Strange? Ever wonder if  
that what dey, keep beggin' you?

Marguillies shrugs. Dog angry-slaps Marguillies word-by-word.

DOG  
LET --ME --KNOW, WHEN --YOU --DO!

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VETERINARY EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog exits exam room carrying a cloth bag that *clinks*. Dog stops to hold up an empty hypodermic syringe, then looks back in at Marguillies who lies unconscious on the exam table.

DOG  
When you wake sleeping ugly, all  
your nightmare come true.

Dog flicks empty syringe in at Marguillies, then closes door. He holds up his bag to sound of more *clinking* inside it.

DOG  
Ketamine, you and your pals gonna'  
help Doctor Dog make a house call.

Dog holds up Doc's Mercedes Benz keyless-fob quoting motto.

DOG  
"The best or nothing."

Dog stomps on it and kicks its pieces down the hall *laughing*.

DOG  
Sound guuuud! Because I have  
"noth-ing" to lose.

Dog turns off hallway light and exits in the dark *chuckling*.

**EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

House is dark with all its lights off. Marie's car is gone.

Sheriff's cruiser is parked down the street. Deputy Barnes pulls up next to it in cruiser. Sheriff exits as passenger.

BARNES  
Why'd you park here?

SHERIFF  
Get back to the accident scene! I'm  
on stake-out.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER**

Sheriff waits for Barnes to leave, then enters his cruiser. His cell phone *rings*, He ignores it unlocking shotgun's rack. Cell stops ringing. He releases shotgun checking it's loaded, then *racks* it. His phone *rings* again. He inserts its earbud in an ear so voice on other end is not heard.

SHERIFF

What?! ...No. She left ...No, he  
here!... No! I want him! ...But?  
...Who? ...But? ...D'accord!

Sheriff throws his phone onto seat and *starts* engine. He turns on the headlights and lowers his driver's window. He drives away aiming his shotgun at Marie's house *laughing*.

**INT. MARY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Lights are off. Moonlight shines through its windows.

Silhouette at door. Knob turns and opens. Jerry enters and closes it silent. A 24" Bowie knife hangs in his belt-sheath.

Light shines from under cellar's door. Jerry *snaps* a double-loop Garrote taut, then reaches for the basement doorknob.

From behind Jerry, a pair of blackened-eyes open. Dog, in a 2-hole black balaclava, steps-in to lock on a Rear Naked Choke around Jerry's throat who struggles, then passes out.

DOG

*Said I remember.*

**INT. MARIE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

One bright single lightbulb dangles from ceiling-wire still swaying from its pull-chain being yanked.

Earlier delivery boxes are now open and empty lying around Dog's open footlocker and duffelbag.

Jerry opens blurry-eyes, can't move, he's tied to a chair.

Dog steps out of the shadows dressed in black Tactical pants and Tactical Body Armor Vest wearing black Tactical gloves.

JERRY

Can't do nothin' to me, Dog-breath,  
I'm connected!

DOG

Tooo --?

JERRY

Fuck You!

DOG

Uuuu, and a potty-mouth, too. Still supporting your local sheriff?

JERRY

Sheriff Townsend look the other way with his dirty paw out. Mister Walsh, he keep putting on fightin' Show and you --hell, you just be dead-dead.

DOG

(imitates *Elvis Presley*)

"Thank you, thank you very much."

Dog steps to workbench and turns off a micro recording video-camera on a mini-tripod, then strokes Jerry's Bowie knife.

JERRY

Untie me, bitch!

DOG

You got it, bitchette.

JERRY

Bite Me!

DOG

(*she-vret*, shrimp)

Got that, too, chevrette.

Dog stuffs a rag in Jerry's mouth, bites Jerry's earlobe off, spits the torn earlobe into his palm, and whispers to it.

DOG

*Can you hear me now?*

Jerry *muffled-screams* thrashing about with eyes wide in pain. Blood runs down his neck from his torn ear-stub.

Dog looks like a Vampire. He drops the earlobe in Jerry's shirt pocket, pats it, then puts pointer-finger to own lips.

DOG

*Shhhhhhhhhhh.*

Dog pulls Jerry's rag out to wipe blood from corners of his own mouth. Jerry goes to yell. Dog threatens to re-stuff rag.

JERRY

You're fucking crazy, man!



DOG  
(*ko-ko-dree*, alligator)  
Ain't it cool, cocodril?

Dog tosses rag, pulls two *Dog Biscuits* out of a pants-pocket, and forces one in Jerry's mouth as he chews on the other.

DOG  
These are actually quite healthy.  
(munches)  
But this is a working meal and I need Intel. So, and I know this is asking a lot, let us pretend you're intelligent and talk to me before your other body parts go bye-bye.

JERRY  
"Blye-blye?"  
(spits out biscuit)  
God damn right, bye-bye! Fuck, You!

DOG  
Sorry, not my type. Tall, dark, and --Fucking Stupid!  
(*fay doe-doe*, Cajun party)  
So how 'bout we have some fais do-do with saaay, duct tape?

Dog grabs a ready-torn piece of duct tape off workbench and covers Jerry's mouth. Dog looks around searching.

DOG  
Now where dat Cherry Bomb be at?  
(drops shoulders sad)  
Honte. We can't blow your ugly beak off, then you can't squawk. Ready Puddy-Tat? Minou be meowin'.

Jerry shakes head, *No*, defiantly *mumbling* obscenities.

Dog grabs, then stabs, the Bowie knife through Jerry's thigh into chair's seat. Dog leaves it sticking out of Jerry's leg to lean on a support pillar enjoying the rest of his biscuit.

DOG  
And now, dread-man not walkin'?

Jerry's shocked, then wild *muffled-screams* in searing pain. He calms down and nods frantic. Dog yanks his duct tape off.

JERRY  
Pull the fucking knife out, Dude!

DOG  
Bleed less, if we leave in, Dude-ette!

Jerry stares bug-eyed at the huge knife sticking out of his thigh as Dog flicks-open his earlier spring-assist knife from *The Show*. Jerry's eyes open even wider at it.

DOG  
Found my knife in your back pocket.  
Gonna' return-to-sender, say, in mi  
back? Where you want dis one?

JERRY  
All right, all right, God Damn!

Dog backhands Jerry's face hard. His blood splatters on wall.

DOG  
God wants nothing to do with dis!

Dog raises his switchblade high to stab down.

JERRY  
Alright!  
(hangs head defeated)  
Don't fuck me no mo'.

DOG  
Hey Jerr-Jerr, ever wonder if  
that's what they keep askin' you?

JERRY  
"They?" But they just stupid ani-  
mules?

Dog jabs knife-blade through Jerry's pants-crotch into chair.

DOG  
Neutering you, would be a public  
service, Cujo. Tell me all about  
Walsh's operations, personnel,  
layout, security --every, ting.

**EXT. MARIE'S BACKYARD BASEMENT STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog exits in darkness up recessed concrete stairs now wearing a loaded exterior Tactical Vest, black backpack, carrying his two-hole balaclava. Dog freezes hearing a twig *snap*.

TRIXIE (O.S.)  
Ball-less bastard.

Dog raises hands and about-faces to TRIXIE, 20, very thin, in tight jeans and sequined shirt, who aims a .25 cal. pistol.

DOG  
"Ball-less?" Must mean Jerry.

TRIXIE  
Where he be?

DOG  
You be?

TRIXIE  
Girlfriend!

DOG  
Boy friend --takin' a dirt nap.

TRIXIE  
Jerry don't take "naps!"

DOG  
Figure a' speech.

TRIXIE  
Inside, now!

DOG  
Dat were a forty-five, would not  
argue, but wit a twenty-five --?

TRIXIE  
(two-handed tightens aim)  
I shoot Jerry's losers.

DOG  
"Losers?!" Losers? Geez you're too  
kind to yourself. So shooting this  
ole' Dog be a step up, 'eh missy?

TRIXIE  
It's Trixie!  
(lowers aim to his crotch)  
Move it or loose it, grand-papa!

DOG  
(*sha sha*, sweetheart)  
Better aim back up, cher cher. Dat  
head's been dead for years.

TRIXIE  
Ewwwwwwww.

MARIE (O.S.)  
FREEZE SISTER or I'll blow a second  
skank hole in your anorexic-ass!

Marie steps out of shadows in a black ski-mask with orange  
pom-pom on top and black ski-suit with orange stripes down  
both sides. She two-handed aims a big .50 cal *Desert Eagle*.

DOG  
Nice outfit. Do Halloween often?

Trixie raises her hands. Dog side-steps to take her Raven.

Marie pulls off her ski-mask to fluff her hair.

MARIE

*Heh, heh, heh.* Tank Dave for taking  
me skiing and buyin' --  
(waves the heavy gun)  
home protection.

DOG

I always like Dave.  
(tilts head)  
Tought I told you to allons-y?

MARIE

(slaps Dog insulted)  
You're my only brother!

DOG

(smiles rubbing cheek)  
"You're" --my favorite sista.

They lovingly brother-sister bond-hug for the first time.

TRIXIE

Where's my Jerry?!

MARIE

"Where's my Jerry?" Where my Man?  
Didn't I see you on episode of  
"Cops?" Take your shirt off.  
(laughs, freezes)  
Wait! I do see you. You were  
walking up and down da sidewalk out  
front when my phone rang? You, took  
my Tommie!

Trixie grins. Marie pistol-whips her who falls unconscious.

DOG

Know what she is?

MARIE

Out?

DOG

Scout. Dogmen send girly friends to  
steal or answer ads. "Free to good  
home," don't mean dat's where  
they're goin'.

Marie's eyes burn red as she glares down at Trixie.

MARIE

You took the sweetest creature in  
the whole world and you, you --  
(kicks Trixie four times)  
un-feeling, un-caring, in-human,  
female flotsam!

DOG

Wow. Where's my real sista at?

MARIE

Here! Just "real" pissed off.

Dog takes a knee, pulls out plastic handcuffs, zips Trixie's hands behind her back, then duct tapes her mouth. He hands Trixie's gun to Marie who continues rant with one last kick.

MARIE

(gree-gree, put a curse on)  
How you like me strap you to Rape  
Rack so every panting prick get you  
pregnant for Bait, gris-gris?!

DOG

Sis, let's get Tinker Bell inside.

MARIE

I got dis. You go do that Voodoo,  
that you do, only silenc-ee-uu.

Marie stuffs both guns in pockets and tosses her car keys to Dog. He tosses them back holding up a key fob with a Camaro-logo and *jingles* it.

DOG

Seems Jerr-Jerr bought my car-car.  
Seeing how he won't be drivin'  
anytime for a long time, yee-haa.  
(kisses Marie on cheek)  
Lock yourself in, patch-up  
dickless. Call State Police at  
dawn. Not before, understand?

Marie pulls Trixie down the concrete steps by her ankles so the back of her head *thunks* off each step. Dog beams proud.

DOG

Family, just when you got 'em  
pegged. Owe you steak dinner!

# **EXT. WALSH'S RANCH - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A raw *New York Strip* steak frisbees out of the dark over the eight-foot chainlink fence to land inside on its grass.

BLUE PITBULL with scars runs out of the shadows *growling*. It sniffs out the steak, then eats it whole. A twig *snaps*. It growls, stalks, gets wobbly-legs, and falls over unconscious.

Redneck One enters sweeping a tactical flashlight and carrying a pump-shotgun. He bends over the sleeping Pitbull.

REDNECK ONE  
What the fuuu ...?

Dog, in all-black Tactical Gear; gloves, backpack, hood, eyes blackened, now wearing Night-vision Goggles, drops down knees-first onto Redneck One's back from earlier overhanging Oak limb flattening Redneck One out. Dog straddles on top of him.

DOG  
Owth.

Dog, a full syringe, cap off, between teeth, injects it into Redneck One's butt, then tosses. He pulls out three plastic-handcuffs to zip Redneck One's wrists behind, his ankles together, then hog-ties both with third. Dog puts duct-tape over Redneck One's mouth, then falls on back and *raspberries*.

DOG  
*I need a sieste.*

Dog *moans*, gets back up on knees, tosses Redneck One's pistol over the fence, takes chain-leash hooked on Redneck One's belt, and carries its hook-end over to the Pitbull's collar.

DOG  
We get you to good home.

Dog hooks leash to Pit's spiked-collar, then looks back at Redneck One and pull-tests that it's attached to One's belt.

DOG  
You, on da other hand, goin' to da  
"Bad House." Wonder how Ole Blue  
here gonna' react to finally bein'  
Alpha Male over your hog-tied ass.

Dog pulls a bottle out of a vest pocket, pulls its cotton, pops a pill, jams cotton back in to keep pills from rattling, zips bottle into same pocket, then limps off to the barn picking up Redneck One's shotgun.

DOG  
*Ole painful, he be comin' for ya.*

#### INT. WALSH'S BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Empty chain is cranked up to ceiling so round-lid now down covered with dirt. "The Box" and its cover are invisible.

Redneck Three enters carrying over one shoulder a struggling Female wrapped in an antique hand-made quilt.

**INT. BARN'S HAYLOFT - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog is behind hay bales watching through new mini-binoculars with price-tag hanging. Dog focuses-in on Redneck Three's Female. It's Destiny. Dog *growl-whispers*.

DOG

*"Moved on?" More like, moved in.*

Redneck Three slides open the door of stand-alone metal corner storage shed. He enters and closes door.

Dog refocuses his binoculars on shed and watches. Nothing.

Dog lowers binoculars. His eyes still black under his hood. He goes to put new micro-binoculars away, sees price tag, yanks it off, pockets both, then slides down a metal pipe.

**INT. OUTSIDE BARN'S STORAGE SHED - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog jogs to the shed, opens door cautious, then enters.

**INT. INSIDE BARN'S STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS**

Dog stares at another door. This stand-alone heavy metal door has two thick metal sides with its roof angled back and down at 45° disappearing under the ground. Dog steps back afraid. Dog *slaps* his face thrice, then pulls an *Under-Door Camera* from a thigh pocket, kneels, and slides ledge under the door.

Its monitor shows stairs leading down to another door with a camera above it. Dog zooms-in on door's Security Keypad.

DOG

*High-tech, for such low-life.*

Dog puts his camera back in same thigh pocket, picks door's lock, checks for trip wires, then opens door one inch. He screws his suppressor onto his Browning, aims, and *fires*.

**INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT DOOR - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog's silent single shot destroys the security camera's lens. Redneck Two opens bottom door looking back into its room.

REDNECK TWO

*I dunno, camera went snowy. Let me back in. Hey? Save some for me!*

He closes the door to examine the camera. *Noise* makes him spin to see Dog flying down feet-first imitating a parrot.

DOG

'El-lo.

#### INT. BASEMENT'S ANTECHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

10' x 10' Cinderblock room has a metal fire door with brace-bar next to it. A second door is on its right-angle wall. A metal table in the middle has two metal chairs. Camera's monitor sits on wall-shelf near fire door with snowy-static.

Destiny sits on top of the table struggling against Redneck Three's groping when there's a single *boom* on the door.

REDNECK THREE

I'm workin' here!

Two quick *knocks*. Redneck Three lets go of Destiny who falls back flat onto table. He looks through door's peephole.

REDNECK TWO (O.S.)

Open, 'urry!

Redneck Three steps away from peephole to *cock* his pistol. He aims it at door, then barely rotates door's handle. It bursts open. Redneck Two's back is now being pushed towards Redneck Three driving both backwards. Redneck Three's gun *fires*.

Three's bullet goes through Redneck Two to hit Dog's Kevlar. Dog lets Redneck Two's body drop to palm-strike up breaking Redneck Three's nose blinding him. Dog *knees* Three in the groin twice, then Karate-chops his gun-wrist. Dog kicks the fallen gun away. Dog reaches for his own knife. Redneck Three pulls his first and stabs it into Dog's vest. Its blade *breaks* off. Dog *stomps* on Three's instep, then grabs both of Three's lapels and hip throws him. Redneck Three holds on to roll on top and tries to double-thumb eye-gouge Dog who grabs both of Three's wrists to hold back his thumb-pressure.

Dog is losing his double-hold. Redneck Three smiles leaning down hard to "thumb" Dog's eyes out. Three gets a surprised look, then glances behind. Destiny's teeth are locked onto his ankle rabid-biting it. Redneck Three mule-kicks that leg, then releases one hand to reach down and pull her hair.

Dog yanks his *Vietnam Mark III Trench Knife* free and uses its flat hilt-butt to strike down on top of Redneck Three's head. Stunned response. Dog slams knife-butt down again on top of Three's head who remains frozen, then falls over unconscious. Dog gets up *coughing* and blinking. Destiny, with eyes closed, still gnaws on Redneck Three's ankle. Dog pets her head.



DOG  
*Good girl. Sit!*

Destiny sits Indian-style with legs crossed still in a daze.

Dog zip-ties Redneck Three's wrists behind, then goes to check Redneck Two. He zip-ties Redneck Two's hands behind, checks his neck pulse, then looks at Redneck Three.

DOG  
 Killed your own partner, partner.

Dog looks down at his own vest and pulls Redneck Three's broken blade out of it to read its manufacturer aloud.

DOG  
 "Made in China?"

Dog uses broken blade to dig the bullet out of his vest's hole. He examines bullet's flattened shape, then pockets it.

DOG  
 Ça c'est bon. Number eight, in my  
 nine life collection.

Dog closes fire door, drops brace-bar into frame holders, then goes to Destiny. He kneels and puts a hand on her shoulder. Destiny claws at him. He captures her wrists. Her arms rotate to show needle-marks inside both her elbows.

Destiny opens her eyes and reacts to seeing a hooded-figure by pulling away. Dog pulls off his hood. Both eyes across his nose are still painted black with a Navaho war-mask. Destiny stares, recognizes, and hugs him tightly. He pushes her back.

DOG  
 What they give you?

DESTINY  
 Uh, ummm. Dex-med something?

DOG  
 Dexdomitor?

Dog takes off backpack, reaches in, pulls out the earlier but now padded-bag, searches in it, and pulls out a vial.

DOG  
 Antisedan. It counteract da effect.

DESTINY  
 No more, please.

DOG  
 You need to trust me, baby-girl.

Destiny nods. Dog draws, alcohol-wipes her arm, and injects.

DOG  
(*jhwa da veev*, living joy)  
Joie de vivre in five.

Redneck Three *groans* and scoots to sit up against a wall.

Dog zig-zag stalks to Redneck Three.

DOG  
How many --where?

REDNECK THREE  
Fuck you!

Dog *snaps* open his switchblade. Its oiled blade now gleams.

DOG  
You see movie "Chinatown?"

REDNECK THREE  
Up yours!

DOG  
Yours first.

Dog hooks blade's tip inside edge of Redneck Three's nostril and *flicks*. Blade slices Three's nostril-tip. Blood *spurts*.

REDNECK THREE  
You're insane!

DOG  
Certifiable. Want more proof?  
Again, how many, and where?

REDNECK THREE  
Two downstairs watching T.V.

DOG  
Walsh?

REDNECK THREE  
Upstairs sleeping.

DOG  
Security, Weapon?!

REDNECK THREE  
Camera over back-door. Everyone  
carries a rifle and a handgun.

DOG  
Dat all dare be?

REDNECK THREE  
Mais oui.

DESTINY  
He's lyin'!

DOG  
Oh no, da sequel not as good.

Dog hooks his blade and slices Three's other nostril.

REDNECK THREE  
God Damn!

Dog *slaps* Redneck Three hard. His blood splatters on wall.

DOG  
Leave God outta' dis! I am.

REDNECK THREE  
Boss-man got a big-ass Shepherd  
gonna' make Purina-salad outta ya'.

DOG  
Hey, "tired sore-ass." None be so  
blind, as those that have no eye.

Dog waves his knife's tip in front of Redneck Three's eyes.

REDNECK THREE  
La pitié!

Dog wipes off his blade on Redneck Three's shirt, stands  
tall, then *cracks* his neck. His eyes and voice turn cold.

DOG  
Where mercy was not shown to them,  
mercy will not be given --par moi.

Dog kicks Redneck Three in the head who falls over. Dog lifts  
one boot high and stomps on Three's head *cracking* his skull.

DESTINY  
Feel better?

DOG  
Un peu. You?

DESTINY  
"A little." What'd you give me?

DOG  
Wings. Recover here while I ...

DESTINY  
You're not leaving me?!

DOG  
Non, "not leaving," a fast Recon.

DESTINY  
But you are coming back?

DOG  
Army Scout's Honor. Door's blocked.  
Those two not hurt anyone anymore.

Dog picks up Redneck Three's gun, makes sure its loaded, checks it's action, then lays gun on her table and *pats* it.

DOG  
Just pull da trigger.

He pulls-out a mini head-cam, slips it over his forehead, moves to second door, uses *Under-Door Camera*, and exits.

Redneck Three *moans*. Destiny grabs the gun to aim at him.

**INT. BARN'S BASEMENT TRAINING GYM - MOMENTS LATER**

*The Keep* is an unpainted Cinderblock room. Fluorescent lights and dead cats hang on metal chains from its cement ceiling.

One stainless-steel table against front wall has a Power Box above it. Four more Power Boxes go to treadmills.

Four chicken-wire fenced-in treadmills are on in middle of room. THREE LARGE CANINE BREEDS are chained inside running 24/7. A black DEAD GERMAN SHEPHERD hangs on its side inside the fourth treadmill. Its fur smokes from mat's friction.

Four crates in back corner house four small BAIT CANINES. The crates are much too tiny for their hunched occupants.

A 6' round by 4' deep metal tub of water holds one large canine to tread water 24/7 wearing a heavy metal collar and chain. Current OCCUPANT has drowned. Its tail-end floats.

**DOG'S CAMERA INSERT:** Ledge appears under door, then retracts.

Door opens. Dog enters, stands speechless then pans head-cam.

DOG  
(*Jeezu Krist*)  
Jésus Christ. "The Keep." Worse  
than I expect. But where "The  
Kennel?"

Dog jogs to turn off Power Boxes and brushes against first treadmill's chickenwire only to get *shocked* by it.

DOG

What the --? Tu me niaises!

Dog throws-off first Power Box Lever and hears its electric current stop *humming*. He touches same chickenwire. Nothing.

Dog throws-off second, third, and fourth Power Box Levers.

Their respective treadmills stop moving. The Three Breeds inside them keep trying to walk, then sit *panting*.

Beside already-off fifth lever is a sign, "NATE'S WORKSHOP." Dog's eyes follow its four cables from down to four canvas locking-bands attached to table's plywood cover.

DOG

"Nate's Workshop?" You --you  
(*ehlec-trow-kuu-tay*)  
électrocuter?!

All Live Canines begin to *whine*. Dog tosses each a biscuit from his pants cargo-pocket.

DOG

War's almost over, troops. *Almost*.

Dog pulls off his head-cam as he stomp-exits with purpose.

Hard-panting *echoes* eerily with their starved crunching.

Door *bangs* open. Redneck Three stumble-enters pushed by Dog to the water tub. Blood trickles down Three's forehead. Dog kicks Redneck Three behind a knee so he drops to both. Dog grabs Three's hair stab-pointing to tub's drowned Occupant.

DOG

Pourquoi as-tu fait ça?!

REDNECK THREE

What da big deal, man? They're  
animals. Not worth much, let me  
tell ya'.

Dog's head vibrates in fury. He throttles Redneck Three's throat lifting him to standing, then kicks Three's feet out from under him to slam his back on the floor. Dog mounts him MMA-style, then begins pummeling with furious hammer-fists.

DOG

We Not --Supposed --To Hurt --  
Living --Tings!

Dog tilts his head back and roars his anger.

DOG

Aaah-uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

(grabs Three's lapels)

What da big deal animal? You less  
dan a man. Not worth much, let me  
show ya'.

Dog grabs him by his throat and crotch, lifts above own head,  
then throws Three into tub. Dog holds Three's head underwater  
*bubbling*. Dog pulls Three's head out who spits up water.

DOG

Say --"You're sorry."

REDNECK THREE

Huh, what? Help!

DOG

No, no. None coming. How it feel?

Dog plunges Redneck Three's head underwater and holds it  
long. Three starts *thrashing* legs. Dog pulls him out by his  
wet hair and throws him onto floor pointing angry at him.

DOG

FOOSS!

Dog goes to Dead German Shepherd on treadmill, unlocks its  
neck-chain from handle, and carries it to the plywood-covered  
"Nate's Workshop" table. Dog lays it down stroking it's fur.

DOG

Je suis désolé --*Lucky*.

Dog starts *sobbing*. Redneck Three coughs-up water.

REDNECK THREE

I swear to God ...

DOG

(spins angry screaming)

SWEAR TO THEM!

(points to Live Canines)

Spell d, o, g, backwards.

Dog grabs hanging key off Nate's sign and unlocks collar off  
Dead Shepherd. Dog *drags* heavy collar by its chain to lock it  
around Redneck Three's neck then pulls him by it across the  
floor to same treadmill. Dog throws Three inside. Dog locks  
other end of chain on treadmill's handle, then locks chicken-  
wire gate closed. Dog throws its Power Lever on.

Redneck Three's treadmill moves. Three falls off-balance  
against its chicken-wire, recovers, and has to jog bent over.

Dog goes to Fifth Power Box and uses knife to cut one of its wires. Dog twists free end of wires onto Redneck Three's chickenwire fencing. Dog grabs Fifth Power Box's Lever.

REDNECK THREE

No, you wouldn't? You can not! I am, a human being!

DOG

I know what one is, and what one is not. And you, you ain't neither.

Dog throws Fifth Power Lever on. It now *hums*.

Redneck Three trips against fence, is electrocuted, and *screams*. He falls other way, is shocked again, and *screams*.

All Live Canines begin *howling*. Dog salutes them as he exits.

DOG

Enjoy "the show" mes amis.

**INT. BARN'S BASEMENT DRUG CACHE - MOMENTS LATER**

Meth Lab of concrete walls, metal shelves, with metal tables having lab equipment and chemicals. An opened Marijuana bale is on one table. A huge pile of cocaine is on another.

**DOG'S CAMERA INSERT:** Ledge appears under door, then retracts.

Dog enters, turns on head-cam, and pans the room to record. He sees *Diethyl Ether* bottles on a metal shelf then pile of Cocaine. He nods *humming* the Christmas carol, *Let it Snow*.

DOG

Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, etc.

Dog grabs two one-gallon clear plastic zipper-bags off shelf, fills both with Cocaine, zips them shut, then exits *singing*.

DOG

"Let it snow, Let It Snow, Let it Snooooo --!"

Door closes on his last "snow" to only echo its "noooooo."

**INT. BARN'S BASEMENT ANTECHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog enters with his two Cocaine bags and goes to Destiny who sits on table-top. He examines her as they talk.

DESTINY

What was that horrible howl?

DOG  
He brought out the beast in me.

DESTINY  
Where is he?

DOG  
Moving on.

DESTINY  
(head-motions to Two)  
He dead?

DOG  
Or goin' for da Oscar. You kill  
'im?

DESTINY  
No!

DOG  
Neither did moi.

DESTINY  
No, I mean --? Oh, fogetaboutit.

Dog finishes her exam, certifies her fit, picks up his two Cocaine bags, and turns to the exit door.

DESTINY  
What about the others?

Dog freezes in mid-step, then turns to her slow tilting head.

DOG  
"Others?"

DESTINY  
Two were taken away this morning. I  
was going tomorrow.

DOG  
Alors c'est vrai. I mean, really  
true. Every single rotten criminal  
activity, including Human  
Trafficking, is in "The Show."  
Any "others" in da house?

DESTINY  
Right now? None, thank God.

DOG  
Having a lil' trouble doin' dat --

Dog stomps a heel on Redneck Two's crotch so bone *breaks*.



DOG  
"right now."  
(studies Destiny anew)  
You trow like a girl?

Destiny *slaps* Dog's face. He smiles.

DOG  
Hope you throw hard as you hit.

DESTINY  
I was Pitcher in junior high, dick.

DOG  
Well Jane, you now made varsity.

Dog hands Destiny his two Cocaine bags, goes to front door, looks through peephole, removes securing-bar, props door open with it, hand-motions to follow, and exits up the stairs.

Destiny hugs her two Cocaine bags confused, then follows him.

**INT. WALSH'S BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog and Destiny exit storage shed and jog to the Barn's front doors. Dog looks up at the hanging pit's chain, smiles, then reaches in a vest pocket. He pulls out earlier medicine vial, and pops another pill.

DESTINY  
What's that?

DOG  
Epinephrine. Adrenaline hormone to increase oxygen energy to muscles.

DESTINY  
Where'd you learn about drugs?

DOG  
Battlefield medicine. Stay behind, stay low, stay quiet.

Dog grabs Redneck One's shotgun hidden near the main doors, opens one door, peeks out, then pulls outside floodlight's power box lever down to *Off* and exits into the dark.

Destiny hugs her two bags and exits after him.

**EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Plastic yard-furniture, umbrella with table, brick barbecue pit, and a stacked wood-pile. House windows are lit inside.

An oscillating camera above the kitchen door has double-floodlights above it to illuminate the entire backyard.

Dog and Destiny crouch-run behind barbecue pit. They whisper.

DOG  
*I can't do this without you. Prête?*

Destiny shakes her head. Dog puts a hand on her shoulder.

DOG  
*When I yell, "Now," throw your  
first bag so it arc high --*

Dog uses hand to show a high-arc going towards kitchen door.

DOG  
*above that door. Count to three,  
then throw second bag same, high  
above same door. Comprendre?*

Destiny is nervous and shakes her head. Dog pulls Redneck Three's gun out of vest, cocks it, and hands to her.

DOG  
*They'll send their scout out first.  
I'll take care of ...*

DESTINY  
*Have to kill it?!*

Dog pulls a small hand-held Taser and wrapped full-syringe.

DOG  
*Non. Stun, then drug it. My voice  
command only. Got it, chéri?*

Destiny looks at kitchen door then her bags and shakes head.

DOG  
*Destiny, you are stronger than you  
want to believe. I know you can do  
this because --you have to.*

Dog smiles, then holds the syringe between his teeth and exits crouch-running with shotgun and Taser. Destiny raspberries, then begins warming-up her throwing shoulder.

#### **EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD WOODPILE - MOMENTS LATER**

A large free-standing stacked pile of split logs in shadows.

Dog kneels behind to lay Taser and full Syringe on a top log. He tears two pieces of bark off another log.

He pulls out a roll of gauze and wraps the two barks around one forearm. He examines his amateur *Bite Sleeve* skeptical.

DOG

*Senior citizen MacGyver?*

Dog *spark*-tests Taser, pulls cap off syringe, pulls out his silencer-Browning, aims it at door-camera, exhales and *fires*.

**EXT. WALSH'S KITCHEN BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Camera lens *pops*-broken and unit stops moving.

All interior house lights go out.

Door opens and a WHITE GERMAN SHEPHERD charges out to sniff the air. Dog *whistles* from the wood pile. It charges at him.

**EXT. BEHIND BACKYARD WOODPILE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog extends his Bite Sleeve. White Shepherd latches on. Dog jabs Taser in its side and sparks. It *yipes* and falls over jerking. Dog injects White Shepherd, then strokes its fur.

DOG

*Sorry boy, pleasanter dreams.*

WALSH (O.S.)

Killer? KILLER?!

DOG

*"Killer?" --SNOWBALL be better.*

WALSH (O.S.)

Who out there?! Jerry?! Nate?!

DOG

*Merde. Nate M.I.A.*

**EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD KITCHEN DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Door opens. Redneck Four, dressed in same Bib-Overalls as before, now brandishes a Winchester rifle and exits. Redneck Four scans area, then calls back into house.

REDNECK FOUR

Don't sees no one, Mister Walsh!

Walsh steps out wielding an M-60 and dry-sweeps area with it.

**EXT. BEHIND BACKYARD WOODPILE - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog throws away his Bite Sleeve and lays over "Snowball."

DOG

*La God Damn g riatrique Rambo.*

NOW!

Bits of log *explode* all around Dog as he protects Snowball.

**EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD NEAR KITCHEN DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Walsh and Redneck Four are *firing* when both stop to look up.

Destiny's first cocaine bag sails above them from barbecue.

Dog rises behind woodpile and *fires* his shotgun at her bag.

Bag *explodes* raining Cocaine powder down over Walsh and Four.

Walsh and Redneck Four *cough* as both look up again to see Destiny's second bag flying through the air above them.

Dog rises again and *fires* his shotgun at her second bag.

Second bag *explodes* so more cocaine rains on Walsh and Four.

Redneck Four can't hold his breath and inhales, then swoons.

REDNECK FOUR

I feels funny, Mister Walll --

Redneck Four stumbles, then falls forward on his big belly.

Dog rises a third time and *fires* his shotgun at lights. They *explode* bright. Backyard is now in complete darkness.

Walsh is night-blind and fires in all directions. His M-60's muzzle-flash strobe-lights Walsh's twisted maniacal-grinning. His rounds blow out big chunks of Destiny's barbecue bricks.

**EXT. BEHIND BACKYARD BARBECUE - IMMEDIATELY**

Destiny lays flat and covers both ears screaming.

DESTINY

DOOOOOOOOG!

**EXT. WALSH'S BACK DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

His M-60 *clicks* empty. Walsh drops it. Cocaine-cloud floats.

WALSH

"Dog?!" When Jerry didn't come  
back, should'a known, should'a --!  
Hey Airborne, how far we goin'?!

DOG (O.S.)

All The Way --!

A *Diethyl Ether* bottle with a lit rag in its neck sails  
through the air from behind Dog's woodpile.

DOG (O.S.)

UP YOUR BATTY!

Dog's Molotov Cocktail hits the ground near Walsh to *explode*  
in flames. Cocaine still in the air *explodes* like thunder.  
The kitchen windows *implode* as yard furniture and Walsh are  
blown over. Redneck Four is rolled onto his back unconscious.  
Falling carnage, then silence. Walsh *coughs* getting up on  
both knees, then pulls out a revolver and *fires* blind.

WALSH

Better men have tried to put me  
outta' business, PETA-pusher!

A silent bullet from the side tears through Walsh's gun-hand  
making him drop it. Walsh presses other hand on his wound.

WALSH

God Damn You!

Dog, in balaclava and Night-Vision Goggles, steps up behind  
Walsh and double *Knife-Edge* chops both of Walsh's Carotid  
Arteries. Walsh falls face-flat onto the ground unconscious.

DOG

Already did --twice. Your turn.

Dog kneels and zip-ties Walsh's hands behind his back.  
Destiny walks up aiming her gun at Walsh's head. Dog pulls  
off hood and N/V-Goggles to raise a hand, *Stop*.

DOG

No! He'll pay. I got "special"  
plans for dis tête dure couyon.

Destiny lowers gun. Dog stands and takes it away as he puts  
an arm around her. Destiny breaks-down. Dog rubs her back.

DOG

Dare, dare, ma belle. Ole nonc Dog  
gots you. It's just a bobo.

**INT. WALSH'S BARN AT PIT'S EDGE - NOW MIDNIGHT**

The Box's cover is winched-up swinging from the ceiling *creaking* on its chain.

Walsh wakes lying on his side near the edge of The Pit. He can't move, he's zip-hogtied. He hears *laughing* and looks up. Dog and Destiny stand above him triumphant.

DESTINY

Weak, pathetic, dirty old loser.

WALSH

Fuck you, nappy-hair ho.

DESTINY

"Nappy?!" Listen Donald Imm --

Destiny turns to Dog and raises an eyebrow, *May I?*

DOG

Abso-fuckin'-lutely.

Destiny kicks Walsh in his groin, hard. He *yipes* curling up.

DOG

How'd that feel?

DESTINY

Good.

DOG

Good enough?

DESTINY

Not even close.

Destiny kicks Walsh in his balls harder. Walsh *screams* pulling knees tighter into fetal position. Dog winces.

DESTINY

Sic 'im Dog, I'll be outside.

Dog grabs her arm to stop her, then stares into her eyes.

DOG

You --saved everyone. It was your destiny to be here. You were not being punished. Do you understand?

Destiny tears-up, scratches Dog under his chin, then exits.

WALSH

Very touching, idgit! But I gets what I wants --and I wants her!

DOG

I've met a lot of fucked-up people  
in my life. But you, you're in a  
whole fucked-up class by yourself.

WALSH

Listen Dog-breath, my attorney'll  
have me out before I hit my pillow.

DOG

Why wait? Hit the hay now.

Dog kicks Walsh so he rolls over The Pit's edge. Walsh  
*screams* as he falls ten feet to a *thud* with a *snap*.

**INT. BOTTOM OF THE PIT - IMMEDIATELY**

Walsh is hog-tied on his side grimacing in pain looking up.

WALSH

Sum-Bitch! I broke somethin'! When  
I gets out, I'll beat you to death  
like the dirty cur you is!

Dog peers over Pit's edge with finger on lips, *Shhhhh*.

WALSH

Who you shushin' at, T-boy?!

Dog smiles, then same finger points to side of Pit.

Walsh looks to see Redneck Four laying zip-hogtied with duct-  
tape over his mouth and eyes wide in fear.

WALSH

Why the fuck I care about him?

Dog shakes head. Finger now points to Walsh's opposite side.

Walsh rolls to see Snowball laying unconscious, twitching.

WALSH

What? No, you can't! You wouldn't,  
leave me down here with that?!

Dog flips *Double Birds* at Walsh and disappears back over rim.

WALSH

Heartless Mutha'!

**INT. BARN'S WINCH FOR PIT'S COVER - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog strides to the winch responding over his shoulder.

DOG  
"Heartless?!" I got nothing but  
luv, just not for you --mutha'!  
Any last words dingle-berry?!

WALSH (O.S.)  
I HATE YOU, DOG!

DOG  
He probably feel da same!

Dog *kicks* the winch's lever-catch release. Box's cover drops  
with a *swoosh* as its chain rattles free.

WALSH (O.S.)  
Nooooooooooooo ...!

Cover smash-closes with a thunder-storm *boom* kicking thick  
clouds of dirt into the air. The dust settles hiding cover.

DOG  
Every Senior Dog --have a day.

Dog picks up to frisbee Walsh's hat onto now hidden cover,  
then exits barn closing door.

**EXT. WALSH'S BARN DOORS - MOMENTS LATER**

Destiny hugs herself staring blank. Dog stands beside her.

DESTINY  
What now?

DOG  
Our deck is missing --its low card.

A rifle shot *rings-out*. Its bullet grazes Dog's arm. He falls  
against the barn pushing Destiny back in and follows her.

**INT. WALSH'S BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Dog hands Destiny his gauze roll and holds out arm grimacing.

DOG  
Wrap tight, stop the bleeding, but  
don't cut off circulation!

DESTINY  
Who is it?

DOG  
The Joker.



**EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD - IMMEDIATELY**

Nate emerges around a corner of the house wearing green-lit Night-Vision goggles *cocking* a Winchester rifle.

NATE  
I got nighty-night vision too, Dog  
Droppings!  
(sings Nursery Rhyme)  
"Oh where, oh where, has my little  
Dogee gone?!" Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!

**INT. WALSH'S BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

Destiny finishes wrapping Dog's arm and hears Nate *laughing*.

DESTINY  
Oh no, anybody but him.

DOG  
If Nate makes a call, or gets to  
town, it all over. Take all the  
guns and hide wit 'em in the loft.

Dog pulls-out his Browning and re-checks its silencer is  
screwed on tight, then grins at her reassuring.

DOG  
Sorry.

Dog pushes Destiny so she stumbles back over guns and falls.  
He pushes floodlights-lever up to *On* and exits pushing the  
single-gear girl's bicycle while jogging.

DOG  
Turn the floodlights Off --NOW!

WALSH (O.S.)  
Don't, Hurt, Meeeee --! Aieeeee!

**EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD AT NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS**

Nate cradles the rifle trying to dial his cell as the barn's  
floodlights come *on*. He yanks his N/V-goggles off blinded.

NATE  
Jesús!

Nate recovers and tries to dial again. A bullet *whizzes* by  
close causing him to drop his phone, rifle, and goggles. He  
squints to see Dog riding the bicycle at him *firing*. The  
silent muzzle-flashes illuminate Dog's face. He is berserk.

NATE  
Schlong ridin' a Schwinn. Now ain't  
dat somethin'?

Nate takes off hop-running as more bullets *hit* around him.

Barn's floodlights turn off.

**INT. NATE'S CAR ON WALSH'S PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER**

Nate flies head-first into the open driver's window of his muscle car, *starts* it, then fish-tails on the wet grass peeling-out. He smashes through the closed gate and speeds down the long dirt driveway throwing gravel behind.

NATE  
Foutre vous, foutre moi, Foutre IT!

**EXT. WALSH'S DRIVEWAY AT ITS ROAD INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS**

Nate's car goes to turn on main road to town. Dog's car with lights off *slams* into Nate's driver's side. Dog's air-horns *blare* sounding like an on-coming *Mack* truck. Nate jerks the wheel to turn his car the other way on the paved state road.

**INT. DOG'S CAR - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog turn-follows with car's lights off wearing Night-Vision goggles. He reaches under his seat to retrieve then push in an 8-track tape into the car's player. 1968 rock music *plays*.

DOG  
Chasing a bad guy, driving fast!

**EXT. WINDING TWO-LANE PAVED ROAD - CHASE SCENE WITH MUSIC**

Nate's car speeds along, then jumps over a high hill followed by Dog's car jumping same. Both cars go airborne.

DOG  
I miss dis shiiiiiiiiit!

**MUSIC/CHASE MONTAGE:** Both cars go over hills, around curves, and through a covered wooden bridge until Nate's car turns hard breaking a metal chain across an intersecting dirt road. Hand-painted metal sign hanging on the chain flies off to stick in a tree trunk. Sign reads, *TRESPASERZ SHOT DEAD-LIKE*.

Dog turns hard to follow, but slides past its dirt entrance.

DOG  
Where you goin' fifolet?

Dog backs up *spinning* rear tires. Smoke envelopes his car.

**EXT. NATE'S MUSCLE CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

His brakes lock-up and Nate's car slides on wet plants and mud in the clear area. His car's engine and lights shut off.

**INT. NATE'S MUSCLE CAR - IMMEDIATELY**

Nate fumble-opens his glove compartment to pull out a second pair of Night-Vision goggles and a revolver.

**EXT. NATE'S MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Nate leaps out jump-running and laughing a hyena's uneven pitched *scream* of a demented soul.

NATE  
LET PAR-TEE, DOG-EEE!

**EXT. SAME SWAMP CLEAR AREA - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog's car enters Nate's same area with headlights still off. Nate aims his gun now wearing then new Night-Vision goggles. Dog's high-beams come on. Nate's blinded, yanks goggles off.

NATE  
Again?!

Dog slams on brakes and jumps out of his car to roll away. It *rams* into back of Nate's car. His engine *sputters* and quits.

Dog rolls to one knee with other leg out in front, toes up, heel pushed down into the dirt in sniper position. He aims scanning. His eyes adjust to the dark and he's horrified.

Scattered throughout the cypress trees with Spanish moss are empty oil drums lying on their side with one end cut off. Each drum has different breeds of canine PRISONERS wearing heavy metal collars with its tow-truck chains staked to the ground. Prisoners lie in their open rusting ratholes shivering. None have food or water.

DOG  
Mon Dieu --"The Kennel."

A bullet *strikes* the ground near Dog's lead foot. He breaks zigzagged-running into bushes as bullets nip at this heels.

NATE (O.S.)  
Hey Buddah-Belly! How 'bout  
standing still so I can end this!  
(No response, *laughs*)  
Only kidding! No seriously! Olly,  
olly oxen free, come to mee-ee-ee!

Dog lays on his back, eyes closed, under buttonbushes. A twig *snaps*. Dog smiles, pulls on hood, and pulls out of his calf-pocket a 12" aluminum tube with D.O.D. white label, "M-127."

DOG  
"Star light, star bright --"

Dog low-crawls off army-style under the damp foliage.

**EXT. FORREST CLEARING NEAR CARS - MOMENTS LATER**

Nate stalks scanning the area with his Night-Vision goggles. There's a whoosh nearby then a "pop" overhead in the sky. Nate looks up. A "Star Bright" parachute flare ignites above. Night turns into day. Nate yanks off Night-Vision goggles.

NATE  
Stop doin' dat!  
(blinks eyes, recovers)  
You don't scare!

DOG  
Boo!

Dog steps in out of shadows slicing Nate's gun hand with his switchblade. Nate drops pistol and goggles to grab wrist.

NATE  
Ow!

DOG  
Boo-hoo.

Dog kicks Nate's foot out from underneath him and punches Nate in the sternum so he falls on his back. Dog *stomps* on Nate's chest hard and holds Nate down with his boot chiding.

DOG  
Hey Natey-Baby, ever wonder --?

Star Bright flare burns bright revealing, stacked piles of rotting canine cadavers, black skeletons in black circles, and hung-by-the-neck canine corpses dangle from tree limbs decomposing. Star Bright flare extinguishes. Woods go dark.

DOG  
(glares down at Nate)  
Welcome to --*Dog's Workshop*.

Dog kneels jamming his Taser against Nate's two gold front teeth. Sparks fly as pink-light shines through Nate's cheek-skin flashing in the darkness as he gurgle-*screams*.

Prisoners *howl*. Dog's howl joins in with theirs.

[illegible]

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - LATER THAT DAWN**

Loud *knocking*. Frank exits back room putting on his frock.

FRANK  
Don't Open Till Ten!

Frank pulls on door's shade. It rolls up *flapping*. Dog stands outside in his Tactical Gear with war-paint still on.

FRANK  
You, you tied me up! Go away!  
They're watching!

Dog shakes head side-to-side. Frank opens door stepping back.

FRANK  
What'd you do?

DOG  
Animal Control.

Dog enters. Overhead bell *dings*. Dog closes then locks the door pulling down its shade.

DOG  
Mail Call?

Frank points to a large white box standing in the corner.

FRANK  
Arrived yesterday. Was gonna' tell  
you last night --but you gagged me  
shut, shit-bird! Why send it here?

Dog plays air-guitar as he sings *Z.Z. Top*.

DOG

"Cause every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man."

FRANK

Yeah? Well, Sheriff's going crazy looking for you.

DOG

Yaya, I'm looking for him.

FRANK

Judge issue arrest warrant.

DOG

Wait till he issue multiple "Failures to Appear."

FRANK

What? Wait? You killed Walsh?

DOG

And all da King's Men.

Dog falls into a barber's chair. He puts a finger-gun to his temple, smiles, and drops his thumb.

**EXT. THE KENNEL FORREST - SIMULTANEOUS**

Nate, cheeks now blackened, stands tiptoe on top of his car's roof with hands zip-tied behind and ankles zip-tied together.

A Prisoner's metal collar is around his neck with tow-truck chain wrapped around over-hanging limb. Nate is repeatedly choked when his toes slip. He slobbers over his burnt gums.

Prisoners sit outside their drums, collars now off, watching Nate with their heads tilted. They appear to be smiling.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog is studying Frank who stands in frozen fear.

DOG

And Ole' Doc gonna' have more than one headache when he wake up.

FRANK

Don't let Doc fool you. He used to run with a Cartel. Who do you think supplied Walsh with his drugs?

DOG

I never say anything about "drugs?"

Marguillies exits back office aiming a WW-II German *Luger*. He yanks its toggle back. No other racking sounds like that.

DOG

Mais --? I give you enough "Special K" to hobble a horse?

MARGUILIES

Misspent youth on a horse ranch.

DOG

Well, got me, Doc Who. Now what?

MARGUILIES

We leave out the back. I'll burn you with the rest of Walsh's ranch.

DOG

(uses a bad Spanish accent)  
Oooh, me hope so. Policía be there by now-ow.

MARGUILIES

What? No. You came straight here focused on venganza. You did not take time to call. Nada is coming.

DOG

Two-for-two, Doc Doom. One more, and there goes me whole shebang.

MARGUILIES

Vamonos, idiota!

Dog raises his hands and moves to stand in front of Frank.

DOG

I'm an idiot?! What about him?  
(head-motions behind)  
Frank's your only other witness.  
(over his shoulder)  
Ain't that right --top gun?

MARGUILIES

Don't worry about Franklin, he ...

Frank pulls Dog's silenced-pistol out of Dog's back waistband and shoots Marguillies once in his forehead who falls straight back dead. Frank drops the gun on the floor in horror.

FRANK  
Doc broke in, held me hostage, he  
said if I --, so I couldn't!

Frank falls into a Barber Chair.

Dog picks up his gun putting a thumb in front of hammer and  
pulls trigger releasing hammer. He lays gun on barber-shelf.

DOG  
"Franklin?"

FRANK  
Don't start. What now?

Dog motions with hands for Frank to stand-up who does. Dog  
sits in Frank's chair and leans back with hands behind head.

DOG  
No rush. Doc still get to ride in a  
Mercedes, only it be his Hearse.

FRANK  
Gonna' shoot the Sheriff?

Dog plays air guitar again now singing *Eric Clapton*.

DOG  
"I shot the Sheriff ..."

FRANK  
My hands are shaking!

Dog snaps "up" between two fingers a crisp \$1,000 bill.

DOG  
This help steady 'em? Walsh had  
plenty lying round. Owed me, so I  
collected. Need a closer shave this  
time. Just don't --cut my throat.

Frank grabs the \$1,000 bill, then his straight-razor.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - LATER THAT MORNING**

White box now open and empty laying across customer chairs.

Doc's cutting-cape covered-body has blood pooled around its  
head area. Frank paces beside it.

FRANK  
What'll they say?!

Dog is in the backroom changing.



DOG (O.S.)  
"They" --might call you a hero.

FRANK  
And you, what'll you say?

DOG (O.S.)  
The truth, Frankie shot Johnny.

FRANK  
Who? Oh, so it's almost over,  
except for the Sheriff?

DOG (O.S.)  
All, most.

Dog exits backroom now with high-n-tight hair and a small mustache wearing a white LEO-shirt (no emblems), black tie and dress pants. He holds a white cowboy hat upside down.

DOG  
Good work, bro'. Helluva shot by the way. You know, right between the eyes? Didn't learn that in Barber School. Damn shame.

FRANK  
"Damn" --? Past or future tense?

DOG  
I get in trouble when I think too much, but I kept on till wondered, who's the real "nom de plume" of this whole Greek tragedy?

Frank takes a toothpick out of shot glass on barber's shelf.

DOG  
Yep, I kept coming back to the same noggin nagger.  
(eyes bore into Frank's)  
Why did you, send me to Walsh?

Frank stands erect in perfect posture, a true oligarch, to chew on his toothpick confident, speaking educated diction.

FRANK  
In retrospect, I should not have. What I should have done, is taken a more professional interest in your personal demise. I am now. When did you know it was me?

DOG

Just now, dum-dum. By the way, gutsy move shooting Doc when you thought Walsh and his men were dead with the Sheriff next. Figured on cutting off "any loose ends," eh?

FRANK

Wait? Walsh is not dead?

DOG

Definitely chewed-up. I'm taking a big "bite outta' crime."

FRANK

Uh-huh. Well then, gutsy move on your part letting me take your gun. I could have shot you in the back.

DOG

Police work's a little like Poker, sometimes you gotta' go all-in. I hoped you'd realize forensics would trip you up. But just in case --.

Dog pulls up his rear shirt tail and a rifle-plate from inside his Tactical vest drops onto the floor. *Whang*. Dog tucks in his shirttail smiling. Frank's eyes narrow.

FRANK

Okay, brainiac. How about this? Doc shot Dog, then Frank shot Doc.

Frank walks to the bloody corpse looking for Doc's gun.

DOG

Frankee shot Dogee? Still a little problem with logistics, Franky-poo. Especially primary flaccidity.

FRANK

Okay, brain-dead. How about this? Rigor Mortis takes two hours!

DOG

Hey Frank N. Steiniac, eyelids are the first to get rigid. It's been almost ninety minutes. Why do you think I repeated, "Take your time?"

Frank bends to pull up Doc's blood-soaked cape.

DOG

Can I ask one last question?

Frank drops his head disgusted.

FRANK

When, "can" anyone ever stop you?

DOG

Does Doc's supersonic arrival have anything to do with Dave's death?

Frank smiles most evil of all, then kicks off Doc's cutting-cape. Doc is a bloody mess but his *Luger* is not present.

DOG

Tossed it, when I "tossed" him.

FRANK

Still have yours, dogshit for brains.

DOG

Ballistics'll burst that balloon too, Foolish Frank.

FRANK

Wait? Doc took yours, so I, I fought him for it, then ...?

DOG

Nah, never wash. Them Crime Scene techs are pretty smart what with trajectory, blood splatter and all. Fancy computers help a lot.

FRANK

Well "who let the dog out?" What do you suggest, brain-flea infested?

Dog pulls a micro-recorder out of shirt pocket. It's green light is on. He waves it side-to-side, then drops back in.

DOG

Cops are smarter than criminals give us credit. Have to be, or we get shot more. Giving up, should be looking pretty good about now.

FRANK

(shakes head)  
Claustrophobia.

DOG

Casket's smaller than a cell, Frank-lynnnnnnnn.

FRANK

STOP CALLING ME THAT!

DOG

Why? "Daddy took me to The Show so I didn't know it was wrong" is what you gonna' plead at your Trial. Oui? I mean, who really plans on going to prison, mierda-breath?

FRANK

I, hate, you.

DOG

I don't. In fact, finally like myself first time in a long time.

Frank dead-aims Dog's gun to between Dog's eyes.

DOG

Gonna' shoot an unarmed man?

FRANK

Done it before, easier that way.

DOG

Appreciate you saying that. Makes what's gonna' happen seem almost...

Frank pulls Dog's trigger. Nothing. He spits-out toothpick.

DOG

Crack shot maybe, but no expert. Trigger won't fire its Hammer till you rack the Slide.

Frank pulls slide back. An unfired round ejects and slide recovers. Frank aims at Dog again and pulls trigger. *Click*.

Dog turns hat over to show rest of its bullets in his Crown.

Frank drops Dog's gun and pulls out his straight-razor.

FRANK

I'm gonna' slice your ears off like I done for Walsh all these years, then your god damn throat!

Dog pulls Doc's Luger from behind his back and aims it at Frank. Dog's facial expression changes to pure revulsion.

DOG

You caused a lot of pain, and I'm supposed to forgive you for dat. But you hurt my sis-sis, bad, twice, and for dat --don't forget.  
(tosses *Luger* near Doc)  
But still, wouldn't wanna' bring his gun, to our knife fight.

Frank charges at Dog *screaming* with razor slashing.

FRANK

Gonna' gut you like a fish!

A throwing-knife drops out of Dog's shirt sleeve into his hand. He snap-throws it underhanded. Frank stops mid-step with Dog's blade stuck deep in his belly.

FRANK

You're --fast?

DOG

And accurate, perforated stomach.

Frank looks down at Dog's knife, then up like he's going to say something. He takes one last futile swipe with his razor, then drops to his knees, and falls onto his side motionless.

Dog kicks Frank's razor away, then picks up his Browning, ejects its Magazine, and loads it with his hat's bullets.

DOG

My luck, you're the only good  
barber in dis whole f'n county.

Dog inserts now loaded magazine, *racks* slide, leaves hammer cocked, then locks Safety on. He unscrews and pockets its suppressor, then slides gun into his back waistband. He hears *scratching* and looks up into the oval wall mirror to see Frank crawling for Doc's Luger. Dog does not turn.

DOG

Hey Frank, you're injured from a  
fight. I watching you bleed-out.

FRANK

*Eat dog shit and die.*

DOG

You just did. I wiped my blade in  
mine so your cut will turn septic.

Dog takes a toothpick out of shot-glass on shelf, puts it in mouth, then slides a hand into a pants-pocket still watching Frank in the mirror. Frank claws for Doc's gun, rolls over, aims at Dog, then pulls its trigger. A loud *Click* only.

Dog pulls his hand out of pants, opens palm, and drops Doc's bullets one-by-one into ceramic sink bowl, *clink, clink*, etc.

FRANK

*You, I despise, beyond disdain.*

Frank drops Doc's gun to lay on his back *coughing-up* blood.

Dog puts on his hat, goes to Frank, kicks Doc's gun away, then pulls earlier \$1,000 bill out of Frank's frock-pocket.

DOG

You, are a flea, on my left nut.

Dog pockets bill, looks in mirror, adjusts hat, pins on his Retirement Badge, then rubs a hand over clean-shaven face.

DOG

Thanks for the --close shave.

Dog grabs wall-phone, dials 911, drops receiver, and exits. Door closes behind Dog with its overhead bell *dinging*.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)

9, 1, 1. What is your emergency?

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NOW DAWN**

Sheriff wears a fresh-pressed tan LEO-shirt, black tie and pants. He stands behind the counter reading town's latest newspaper laid out flat while drinking coffee from his mug.

DOG (O.S.)

Calling you out, Sherri-Baby!

Sheriff looks up, takes a slow sip, then puts mug down.

SHERIFF

Be right there, dogee-dearest!

Sheriff buckles on his duty belt-holster, puts on his black cowboy hat, takes a big bite of chewing tobacco, and exits.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Sheriff exits office, walks to middle of street, and pulls down his hat's brim to shadow his eyes from the morning Sun.

SHERIFF

Pretty smart having the Sun at your back. Not too smart, coming here.

DOG

Ever see "Dog Day Afternoon?"

Sheriff spits a huge glob of tobacco-juice through his front teeth. Black juice drips down his chin onto his clean shirt.

SHERIFF

What your f'n problem --boy?!

DOG

My problem is, I'm a problem solver. And you, well hell, you is, everybody's "f'n problem." You and Walsh are finished! State Police with their Animal Division are at his ranch by now. Give, Up.

SHERIFF

Nuthin's come over no radio? Nope, your ego's too big not to take me on alone, rougarou.

DOG

You're right, cop-out. Besides, I have everyting on tape. Dumb and Dumber sang their blues already.

Dog pulls recorder out of shirt pocket with green light on.

SHERIFF

Know what I like best about small town law enforcement? No body cams.

DOG

Well Walsh sure did. Seems he liked to record your conjugal visits.

(drops recorder in shirt)

So what it gonna' be ex-Lawman? Man-up, or lie your ass off, then cry like lil' baby when cuffed?

SHERIFF

Nah, won't be doing any of that.

(spits juice at Dog)

Goodbye, asshole.

DOG

(spits toothpick out)

Adiós, asesino.

BARNES (O.S.)

Gun, gun, gun!

In a fresh uniform, Barnes steps out of sidewalk-shadows.

SHERIFF

'Bout time you showed up!

DOG

You ride --with dat?

SHERIFF

(*fay doe-doe*, Cajun dance)  
He knows which side the butter's  
on. Let's fais-do-do. I'll lead.

Sheriff draws. A gun *fires* and its bullet hits Sheriff's  
shoulder making him drop his gun and fall to the ground.

Dog spins to a knee drawing and aiming his gun at Barnes.

Barnes smoking service revolver is aimed at Sheriff.

DOG

Thanks for --  
(stands uncoiling)  
scaring la merde outta' me.

BARNES

My pleasure.

SHERIFF

You shot the Sheriff!

DOG

(sings *Clapton* again)  
"But I did not shoot the dep-u-  
tee."

Barnes walks to Sheriff talking to Dog.

BARNES

Marie called the State Police this  
morning yelling, "Stay off da god  
damn radio." Then called me, said  
you trusted me. I took Jerry and  
Trixie to the hospital. She took  
Destiny. Thanks --both times.  
State Police Colonel said Walsh was  
blubbering when they pulled him  
out. He talked. They're tracking  
down the other two victims.

Barnes slides Sheriff's fallen gun in his own duty-belt.

Sheriff holds his bloody shoulder wound glaring at Barnes.

SHERIFF

Don't stand there looking stupid-  
happy! Help me up --"boy!"

BARNES

"Boy?!" D.E.A., A.T.F., F.B.I., all  
of D.C.'s alphabet are inbound here  
thanks to you, cracker-head.



Barnes bends with handcuffs. Sheriff mule-kicks him in his chest knocking him onto butt. Sheriff grabs for an ankle-gun.

Dog one-handed fast-fires from the hip, but only once.

Sheriff is hit in his good shoulder releasing ankle-gun.

SHERIFF

Mu-tha' --!

Dog runs over, kicks away Sheriff's ankle-gun, then helps Barnes wrestle Sheriff into submission. Barnes handcuffs Sheriff in front, pats him down, then pockets ankle-gun.

SHERIFF

I got rights!

BARNES

Definitely got the rights to get my boot shoved up your wrinkly white ass if you don't exercise your other right to Shut, The Fuck, Up!

Sheriff goes to say something. Barnes draws back a boot. Sheriff snaps mouth closed. Barnes looks at Dog puzzled.

BARNES

Why didn't you just --?

DOG

Something Walsh said about a bullet being too good a death for a loser.

SHERIFF

Get me some god damn medical!

Sheriff fidgets. Dog and Barnes each put a foot on his two shot-shoulders to hold Sheriff down. Barnes *chuckles*.

BARNES

How 'bout a Vet?

Dog looks up at the sky scratching under his chin.

DOG

Uh --got another one a' dose?

BARNES

Another what? Vet? Why?

Dog gives the universal *throat-cut* sign.

BARNES

Marguillies --is dead?!

DOG

Dave's death, was not an accident.  
Doc was brought in to replace him.

BARNES

But Ole' Doc did Dave's autopsy?

Dog stares incredulous until Barnes has own LEO-epiphany.

DOG

Frank shot Doc so he wouldn't  
confess to being his drug supplier.

BARNES

"Frank?" Frank the Barber?!

DOG

(scratches under chin)  
Uhhhh, got another one a' dose?

BARNES

Another what? Barber? Wait, hold on  
--Frank is dead, too? Soooo, Frank  
was the brains, Walsh the brawn,  
and Doc the dealer?

DOG

Crooks ain't rocket scientists.  
They'll help you if you let them.

BARNES

Are you saying, you worked last  
night, so it's all legal-like?

DOG

Ignorance of The Law is no excuse.  
But knowing "The Lawman" --might  
earn you one.

SHERIFF

One of you flunkies help me up!

Barnes reaches down and rips the badge off Sheriff's shirt.

BARNES

You don't deserve to wear that.

Ambulance parks nearby. Earlier EMT exits its driver's door  
to open both back-doors. Inside, Frank lies on a gurney with  
I.V. in as Hospital Doctor monitors. Dog's knife is still in  
Frank's stomach, but now gauze-wrapped. Dog points to knife.

DOG

Can I get that back?

Nurse exits. EMT gets the second gurney. Both go to Sheriff.

NURSE

You know I had to clean up your mess last night.

DOG

Evens out. I cleaned up the town's.  
(to Barnes)  
What now --Sheriff?

BARNES

I'll ride with, then turn these two over to the Troopers. And you --you go get that shoulder looked at.

Sheriff fights with Nurse and EMT not to get on their gurney. Nurse *stomps* on Sheriff's foot causing him to fall on gurney. Nurse and EMT quickly strap him down. Barnes and Dog *laugh*. Sheriff flips *Double Birds* at them from under his straps.

Barnes helps EMT load Sheriff's gurney into ambulance, then turns and taps a finger on Dog's Retirement Badge.

BARNES

Think about wearing that again -- full-time.

Barnes climbs into back of ambulance. Dog closes both doors and *bangs* on them twice. Ambulance drives away with *siren* on.

Dog goes to BYSTANDERS gathered on the sidewalk gawking.

DOG

Move along, folks. "The Show" --is finally over.

Bystanders disburse. Sofia walks out of them with her camera.

SOFIA

What now?

DOG

"Run, Forest, Run."

SOFIA

You're staying as Animal Warden?

DOG

Write a good article, might go National. Get Intel about more Shows, pass to me, get more stories especially in the the city.

SOFIA

"In the city?!"

DOG

This Dog will be --la plus mauvais.

Dog rubs his hurt arm, then sore back, and turns to glance up Main Street. He freezes.

BEAGLE-PUPPY BAIT-DOG limps to him.

Dog drops to a knee waiting with arms out.

Sofia *snaps* a picture of Bait Puppy jumping into Dog's arms.

**STILL CUT:** Town Newspaper spins to stop at an angle. Headline above her picture reads "*DOG SAVES CANINES, BITES CURS!*"

FADE TO BLACK:

**CAPTION:** *All depictions and descriptions here are true ... unfortunately.*

**CAPTION:** *"The Humane Society of the United States will pay up to \$5,000 dollars for anonymous information leading to the arrest and conviction of a Dogfighter. Call 1-877-847-4787."*

**FADE CAPTION:** *YOU ...are their Destiny.*

FADE OUT.

Suggested End Credit Videos, actual A.S.P.C.A. Rescue Raids.