

**LAST DOG STANDING**

**JUNKYARD DOG**

by

Lawrence Whitener

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

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FADE IN:

**V.O.:** *"Two most important day for any Handler are day you get Partner, and day you die. Your job, not get dem on same day."*  
*M.W.D. F.T.O. Sergeant André Douguèt, Vietnam, 1973.*

**EXT. "FOREST OF ASSASSINS" JUNGLE, VIETNAM - DUSK**

A layered potent mix of life and decomposition dominated by dampness saturates the 86° hot air thick with 85% humidity. A light ground fog formed. Sunset has almost a mystical quality as the last rays of light transform the overhead dense green canopy into a palate of vibrant orange, pink and purple hues. If it wasn't for the war with all its horrible instantaneous ways to die, it could be an overwhelming sensory paradise.

YOUNG ANDRÉ DOUGUÈT is nicknamed "DOG" because of his Cajun surname. He is an Army Ranger Sergeant, American Indian of the Houma tribe, 19, sprinting in dirty tiger-stripe camos and alternating stripes of green with dark-green face paint. He silently blends into the rain forest with only barely-moving leaves left to reveal his recent passing.

Black GERMAN SHEPHERD is at full gallop behind him. Its four-beat sequence has a brief moment of suspension where all four paws are off the ground at once. It is literally flying with 28mm bared razor-sharp "grinning" teeth passing through the night like the cowling paint on a WW-II P-40 "Flying Tiger."

A 5-man Viet Cong ambush squad in black "pajamas" with brown cloth rice-belts and black rubber *Ho Chi Minh* sandals race on ahead tireless. Homemade from discarded U.S. military tires, their footwear is light and protective, essential for speed and endurance during jungle guerrilla military operations.

Even with all this intrusion happening, only the loud cicada choruses and Vietnamese Walking Stick *hissing* is heard.

**EXT. RAIN FORREST LOW HILL OVERHANG - MOMENTS LATER**

A ridge with a foundation of granite has dense undergrowth and emergent trees. Its triple canopy blocks out all light.

V.C. SQUAD, hushed, taciturn, sets up ambush on the American Long Range Patrol soldiers below with practiced precision.

Their seasoned female TIEU DOI TRUONG raises a hand to begin firing. Her Four Men tighten their aim, then resolve.

Before she can lower her arm, German Shepherd's bite force fractures all the bones in that hand and wrist tearing muscles, tendons, and ligaments. Her *scream* is primordial.

Before Her Men can react, Young Dog's double M7 bayonets lacerate their throats and scramble their brains. He wipes both 13" blades off on his victims before resheathing in their black hard-plastic scabbards tied down on his thighs. He stands erect, listens, then inhales and exhales full.

YOUNG DOG

Clear!

Young Dog draws and screws a huge silencer onto his 1973 9mm Browning then slaps a thigh hard.

YOUNG DOG

(foos, "return to feet")

Fuss!

German Shepherd lets go of the V.C. Squad Leader's hand to sit panting ramrod beside Young Dog's leg. Both stare at her.

YOUNG DOG

("Your move")

C'est à tou.

Her crush-injury paralyzation caused her to foam at the mouth which now curls in pure unadulterated revenge-hatred. She claws for her Chinese Type 59 9mm automatic pistol.

His gun's kinetic energy muzzle-flash lights up her face then her head explodes from its 500 ft-lbs of high-pressure load.

YOUNG DOG

Rien de personnèl.

He pulls out a plastic MRE package and opens it. This is how he keeps his cigarettes dry. He takes one and rewraps rest. He flicks the spark-wheel of his steel 82nd Airborne black-crackle lighter. His black shoulder-patch reads "AIRBORNE SCOUT DOG - 42 PLT" in yellow with a logo red patch under, "HELL ON PAWS." Covered in blood spatter, he lights his fag, then takes a long drag and exhales a large cloud. He uses his free hand to "pull" his smoke back over his head many times.

YOUNG DOG

Dis not get more personal.

(yells to below)

LT?!

LT (O.S.)

Yo!

Young Dog picks up two rocks then hurls one below.

LT (O.S.)

Ow?!

YOUNG DOG  
High Ground, Always High Ground!

Young Dog throws his second rock down even harder.

LT (O.S.)  
OW!

YOUNG DOG  
Pain Make You Remember!

Young Dog drops to a knee as his voice raises three octaves patting and rubbing his German Shepherd's fur vigorously.

YOUNG DOG  
Good Boy! Yes you are! Yes You Are!

Young Dog pulls out a torn G.I. sock tied in several knots to play tug-of-war with his German Shepard who is *Grrring* happy.

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 *V, A, C, Y* are burnt-out so now 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)  
*Rien de personnèl!*

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

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

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

MARIE (FILTERED)

André?

DOG

Marie? Been long ...

MARIE (FILTERED)

Elle est partie!

DOG

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

MARIE (FILTERED)

C'est vrai! You never did!

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

DOG

You woke me up dis early to tell me  
off dis late?

MARIE (FILTERED)

Elle a disparu ce soir et ...!

DOG

"Tonight?!" Jésus T-sis, only been  
couple hour?

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

DOG

Tanks --for reachin' out.

Dog grabs a half-full whiskey bottle off nightstand and re-fills his glass. He turns on its clock radio. Vintage static rock-music *plays*. He sips sad while 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 as 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-label, CANINE. He kneels with a different black NEW GERMAN SHEPHERD.

Dog focuses in on a framed newspaper article of both him and his Sheriff Canine Partner. Caption reads "*DOG SAVED, K9 KILLED.*" He stands and goes to trace a finger around its frame then *punches* his fist through the drywall beside it.

DOG  
Should be me! --*Both time.*

#### 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)  
*Oh, André.*

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

MARIE (FILTERED)  
No, it not okay, okay?! Dave gone.  
Maman and Papa gone. Only brother,  
he alway gone.

DOG  
Contact parish sheriff?

MARIE (FILTERED)  
Bien sûr! I drive around all night  
look-see. Je Suis Seul!

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

[Said fast "*How's ya' momma an 'em?*" is Homonym Cajun for *How are you?*]

DOG  
(*der-mah, "tomorrow"*)  
I leave soon, drive all day, be  
dare late demain. Homonym?

MARIE (FILTERED)  
(*On-fan nasalized, finally*)  
You, ici? Enfin? --Moi? I, I not  
sleep since, I keep ...

DOG  
You need rest. Lay down, put  
receiver on pillow. I talk-talk  
till hear snore-snore.

MARIE (FILTERED)  
(*rohn-flee, "snore"*)  
*I not, ronflér??*

DOG  
Not what Dave say.

MARIE (FILTERED)  
*Why you not like, Dave?*

Dog waits. Marie's breathing slows. Dog whispers.

DOG  
*Sis? --Marie?*  
(*soo, "drunk"*)  
*Was coming to funeral, for you. But*  
*I hate dem, so got soûl. When I*  
*come to, it was too --. I get*  
*angry, den ashamed, so stay away.*  
*Très sorry I not dare for you.*

Marie snores through the phone. Dog lays receiver on  
nightstand, reaches to turn lamp off and sees his reflection  
in a wall mirror. He throws his bottle angry breaking both.

DOG  
(*măh-ten-năh, "now"*)  
Am maintenant.

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

Dog drives his filthy vintage convertible car with top up  
from morning to dusk through cities then countrysides wearing  
Vietnam-green sunglasses, old jeans, and faded Army BDU with  
1975 Ranger patches, Master Sergeant patch, 1970's Indochina  
campaign ribbons, and an Army *Expert* badge with *Pistol* clasp.

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

His car's convertible top is now down with boot-cover on. Dog  
drives on a one-lane winding paved road through thick cypress  
trees with sheer drop-offs on both sides to swamp water.

He pulls over and takes off his Vietnam sunglasses to stare at a *Welcome To* sign with his town's name as "*Paineville.*"

DOG

"Welcome to" bumfuck. What da fuck,  
dis bum doin'?

(laughs crazy)

Drivin' my daisy 'cause dare ain't  
no aéroport!

Dog grabs near-empty whiskey bottle laying beside him, toasts sign with a swig, then drives one-handed sipping and *singing*.

DOG

"Dis old Dog come roooollin'  
hoooooooooome!"

(Saint Bernard barking)

A-roo Roo, A-roo Roo, etc.

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

Dog drives past a Newspaper office, Sheriff Department, and a Barber Shop. All windows are dark. He hits car's diesel *air-horns* sounding like a *Mack* truck and drives on *pounding* on his steering wheel yelling in Cajun "*This is good!*"

DOG

It'll make you slap ya' momma!

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

Dog parks at a small house in need of painting back in the bayou. He exits wearing green-black Vietnam-era Jungle Boots. He trips over a rock and looks back at it *mumble-cursing*. He walks to see a note on front door and reads to Marie's voice.

MARIE (V.O.)

("How are you?")

"Where y'at?"

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

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

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

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

Wiping down counter is DESTINY, 20s, African-American model-pretty, in a cowgirl-shirt with a waitress apron over-top.

DESTINY

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

DOG

Rather have Marie.

DESTINY

I'm your Destiny.

DOG

Marie my soeur.

DESTINY

Oh, I thought --? 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

*Hear what you say last night.*  
(punches Dog in stomach)  
Dat for missin' Dave's Service!

Marie stands Dog back up to hug his neck too tight. Dog was never really a big brother so just pats her back. Marie now punches Dog even harder then asks *Mahn-ghay* ("to eat").

MARIE

Mangér?

DOG

(doubled over in pain)  
*Pinch da tail, suck da head?*

MARIE

Andouille étouffée.

DOG

(straightens up smiling)  
You remember.

MARIE

You my fāv.

DOG

I your only?

MARIE

Un frère, dat what I say?

Destiny watches them smiling.

**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 who tilts head. It misses.

MARIE  
You never miss just me?! NO?!

DOG  
(pulls out a chair)  
Asseyez-vous.

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

MARIE  
We in front yard, téléphone ring.  
Un mauvais numéro I guess. 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  
Non! You not to blame.

MARIE  
(pushes away angry)  
How you know?! You never call to  
check!

DOG  
Chipped?

MARIE  
Town so small, not need? --But  
numéro de téléphone on le collier.

DOG  
You draw-up a flyer, I make copies.  
We post le matin. Sound guud?

MARIE  
Je travaille demain. But Destiny,  
she off, she could help. --André?  
Elle va bien?

DOG  
(nods lying)  
Absolument. Positivement.

MARIE  
Et toi? You okay?  
(finger-circles own nose)  
I smell la petite. Fall off wagon?

DOG  
Wheel come off now and den, put  
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 window reads, "*Animol Sheller.*"

Dog parks with car's top still down and wearing same clothes.  
He reads the window's sign silent, then dry-spits to side.

DOG  
Home School --wit no schoolin'?

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

DOG  
What brought you?

DESTINY  
Greyhound.

DOG  
*Drôle.* 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  
Il n'y a pas de fumée sans feu.  
(no response, translates)  
"There is no smoke, without fire."

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, bald Caucasian Redneck with a hairlip, enters from back room in a dirty smock with *Warden* nameplate. He is chewing tobacco and stops to eye Dog as homeless.

FOREST  
Need a haircut, hippy.

DOG  
Need a lip-tuck, lippy.

DESTINY  
Got any Beagles?

FOREST  
Strays. Mutts mostly. Nope, no breeds. Never ever.

DOG  
Nice speech. Been practicin' long?

FOREST  
May, be. And you be?

DOG  
Name's D, o, u, g, u, e, t, wit da "e" loud.

FOREST  
Your sis sure be! Done already called here bunch a' time!

DOG  
She is understandably, *déranger*.

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

Dog forms fists *cracking* all eight of their 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' fearsome?

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

DESTINY

Okay if I put up my flyer, please?

Forest shrugs. Destiny goes to cork bulletin-board having one flyer and staples-up her poster with a picture of an older white-faced Beagle with *MISSING* above and *REWARD* below with Marie's contact information at 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 - Fiendlee.*"

DOG

Dis guy do your sign, too?

FOREST

You a comedy man or a dick-tective?

(spits in spittoon, *ding*)

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

DOG

Good place to post. Good idea. Nom?

DESTINY/FOREST

Frank's.

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

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

FOREST

Damn fereigners.

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

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

FRANK ALBO, 50s, balding comb-over, paunch, round-shouldered, in Barber's Frock, is meek and prone to over-talking. Frank sits in a barber-chair wearing Granny glasses reading their local newspaper. He jumps-up, pulls barber-towel off a shoulder, and *slaps* his seat clean then points to it.

FRANK

Yes sir, closest shave in town!

DA

Only shaver in town? Trim da beard, shorten hair. One inch only please.

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, den 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 dat again, I be passin' out.  
Name's D, o, u, g, u, e, t, but ...

FRANK

Yeah, yeah, your "e" is loud. Marie live here you know. So you her long lost brother? Thought you was dead.

DOG

Den my "e" be silent.

FRANK

(chuckles)

What bring you back to life?

DOG

Present I give bébé years ago go missin'. She call, so ...

FRANK

Got a coyote here problem ya know. One even came up on porch and took a puppy last Summer.

DOG

Ahhh man, dat awful.

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

DESTINY

Hung at the Grain And Feed, Post Office, Stop-n-Shop, and Bank. Rest 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.

DESTINY  
Wanted posters.

She grabs a magazine off the table to flip through its pages.

FRANK  
Need a permit for that.

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

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

DOG  
(stew-peed, "stupid")  
"Permit?!" Who permitted dat  
stupide ordinance?

FRANK  
"Stupide" Sheriff.

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

DESTINY  
Gonna' make Dog look purty?

DOG  
Good luck wit dat!

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

FRANK  
Let's shoot for --presentable.

DOG  
Let not shoot --at all.

Destiny makes a finger-gun at Frank then drops her thumb. Frank grabs his chest like shot. Frank and Destiny *laugh*.

Dog does not laugh, he's too busy studying Frank.

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

Dog opens door and enters the small station lobby.

His hair is now clean and ponytailed with beard shapened.

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

DOG  
All I can get, Mister Tibbs.

BARNES  
Retired Sheriff? You? What locale?

DOG  
Mayberry.

BARNES  
And you in front of me 'cause --?

DOG  
Baby sis-sis live here and ...

BARNES  
(grabs pen and paper)  
Name?

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

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

BARNES  
She sure be! Tell tee-tee stop  
calling every hour!

DOG  
Was gonna apologize if she be  
nuisance, but now --?

Dog leans-in angry saying "*shaff on tate*" for head honcho.

DOG  
You piss me off, *chéf en tête*.

BARNES  
Anything else, *buddy*?

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

BARNES

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

DOG

Try doin' both, cop cop. Job she go more --.

Dog waves a palm horizontal smoothly saying *Eh-zeh* (easy).

Aisé.

BARNES

Ask your question or leave!

DEXTER TOWNSEND, Caucasian, 50s, Redneck beer-gut, in full tan 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

Not get dat far Sheriff. We too busy havin' concours de pisse.

Sheriff backhand waves, *Losh pa la pa-tot* (keep on going).

SHERIFF

Lâche pas la patate. Long as no one lift a short leg on me.

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

SHERIFF

After t-baby call, we patrol town, then bayou. Nuttin'. Try the town rescue?

DOG

First place I go but Poindexter dare not exactly instill confiance.

BARNES

You mean, the Sheriff's brother-in-law?

DOG

(embarrassed)  
I go out, come back in?

SHERIFF

Have to come back in?

All Three *chuckle*.

SHERIFF

Nah, all good. He get out, can not find job, so my sister command, "Make him one!" And well, famille, can't shoot 'em, right?

DOG

Not legally. Town's coiffeur say I need a permit for "lost flyers."

SHERIFF

Frank say that, huh?

DOG

"Frank?" Yeah, okay. But I mean, there a form to fill-out or you just give verbal approve?

SHERIFF

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

DOG

(vray-mon, really)  
Vraiment? How, con-veen-ee-ent.  
Well please to meet you Sheriff --?

SHERIFF

Townsend, Dexter. Friends call me Dex. You can call me --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 'bout not care, 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. An antique wooden desk and chair with rotary phone. Supply boxes are everywhere, but no one is present. Dog waits *sucking* his teeth, then shakes the 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 a student.

DOG

Hola, cómo estás. You teach?

SOFIA

'Estoy bien, gracias. Sí. Part-time Journalism, out in City College.

Sofia offers her hand. They shake.

SOFIA

Sofia Santiago. Owner, editor, reporter, typesetter, and --.

They break. Dog sees his hand is now covered with her ink. Sofia hands Dog her rag embarrassed.

SOFIA

*Janitor.*

DOG

Femme de plusieurs talents. Run dis as 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 a full apron with alligators on it, prepares a Cajun "elbow macaroni" spaghetti dinner on the stove.

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

Destiny, jeans, t-shirt, mixes salad in a bowl with fixings.

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

MARIE

Nice outfit. Do window, too?

DOG

Tought you like someone wait on you for change.

Marie sniffs the air then sniffs again tearing up.

MARIE

Weenie spaghetti, sauce cook in, more on top, lots a' Parmesan shrimp. Bon?

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

DESTINY

With garlic bread and Caesar Salad.

MARIE

Dat Dave's fāv.

(spins angry to Dog)

Why you no like Dave, boogalee?!

DOG

I "like" Dave, sis-sis. It just,  
dis our home growing up. I glad you  
keep, but it got memory pour moi.  
So when he start telling me what to  
do in it, well, not sit too well.

MARIE

He only ask take your stuff out our  
(*sou sol-leh*, basement)  
sous-sol?

DOG

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

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

DESTINY

Marie?!

DOG

It okay, she alway trow at me.

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

DESTINY

Dog?!

MARIE

That why you not come to his  
funeral, casséd instead?!

Marie makes a fist angry touching it to the tip of her nose and twisting it like trying to unscrew it ("*drunk*" gesture).

DOG

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

Marie picks up another roll to throw. Destiny holds her back changing the subject.

DESTINY

You were in the Vietnam Conflict?

DOG

(choke-swallows, *Kon-flee*)

"Conflit?!" Bon, we all conflicted.  
But it were a war. Good people die  
bad. We teen mostly. T-T's really.

DESTINY

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

DOG

(*proshday*, "close")

You très proche de den I tought.

MARIE

She not mean be nosey. I talk about  
you. She 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 day say 'bout dat?

DESTINY

What happened to your pet?

DOG

Podnah!

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 ordered to leave "equipment"  
behind. Brass lie, say our padnahs  
have disease, make us abandon dem.

(palm *slaps* own forehead)

Couyon!

DESTINY

That's so sad. How many?

MARIE

Tree tousand eight hundred.

DESTINY

That many? What color was yours?

Dog throws the "okay" hand-sign with an angry look meaning  
Cajun sarcasm for "*Nothing*."

DOG

Black unlucky color in dat country  
so day kill dem. Good ting I name  
him, Lucky. Non?

(stabs knife into board)

Like all Teams, V.C. put bounty on  
our tête! "Lucky," he save hundreds  
of G.I.'s as Scout! Save my fon-fon  
more den once, and we, I, I --.

MARIE

Den 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 ãn.

DESTINY

And it took a bullet for you?

Dog spins to them *back-kicking* a lower cabinet door with his  
heel, hard. Marie and Destiny are startled.

DOG

We breed dem to be so loyal and  
lovin', even when we mistreat, dey  
forgive us tinkin' it their fault  
so keep coming back.

MARIE

Tommie 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

(hands to her chest)

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 archive news-footage now rolls.

Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Handlers, in uniforms, work "In Country" with their Alsatian GSD and Labrador Retrievers.

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

All Handlers break down and *cry*. Young Dog watches Lucky run with the pack. Dog puts a hand on his window and pantomimes "*Rien de personnèl*" then his eyes well up with tears.

Black-and-White Vietnam images now MORPH to colorized. Now in color, Adult Dog, high-n-tight, clean-shaven, in LEO shape, wearing a black K9 police uniform, hands a BEAGLE PUPPY with a bow to YOUNGER MARIE who plays with it in their front yard. Younger Marie MORPHS older into Adult Marie as Beagle Puppy grows into TOMMIE. Lots of hugs and kisses. Dog smiles.

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 then cocks head listening. No barking?

Forest enters from back room wiping hands on a dingy towel.

DOG

(*Vee-ter-reen-air, "vet"*)  
Vétérinaire not know why "ouaf,  
ouaf," but always do. 'Cept now?

FOREST

County Ordinance say "adopt-out all  
strays after ninety-six hours."

DOG

(*kéh-kăh pool-ler, "shit"*)  
What caca poule make dat ...?!

FOREST

"Caca Poule" Sheriff. But no fret  
none. Some rich rancher take all  
leftover to his Sanctuary.

DOG

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

FOREST

Don't. We funded private-like.

DOG

How dat work?

FOREST

"Dat" rancher.

DOG

"Leftovers, sanctuary," wealthy  
pàtron? Poo-yie! What his t-nom?

FOREST

Confidential, pally.

Dog thumbs over his shoulder at missing-flyer bulletin board.

DOG

Our flyer, dat "confidential" too,  
pally-wally?

FOREST

Must have fallen down.

Dog exits out backwards *back-kicking* the door open.

DOG

Kinda' like --you 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 overhead merchant bell *Dings*.

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

FRANK

Find the bitch?

DOG

"Femelle?" --You never look at  
poster. How you know it sex?

FRANK

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

Dog's eyes narrow, then open wide as he grins silly.

DOG

Hey, ain't dat somethin'?! 'Bout  
your shelter always be empty?

FRANK

How do you know how I live?

DOG

(reese, "rich")

Non? Talk about town's animal-less animal shelter. Some riche rancher take dem all in.

FRANK

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

DOG

"Jāmais?" Les pārents not give you a turtle, goldfish --pet rock?

FRANK

Just a hard time.

Both *laugh*. Dog falls into barber chair grinning more.

DOG

So who dis fat-cat zookeeper?

FRANK

Warden Forest?

DOG

"Forest?!" *Forest? Should have guess, oui.* --No, his 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

To make me "look purty?"

FRANK

"Good luck wit dat!"

Both *laugh* again.

DOG

Mais, keep ponytail, only cut --.

Dog circle-touches pointer to its thumb, *Ôn per* (a little).

DOG (CONT'D)

Un peu.

FRANK

Cut off loose ends only. Got it.

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

(*TAY boh*, "looking good")

T'es beau.

SHERIFF

Back atcha'.

DOG

You fast.

SHERIFF

Not really.

DOG

Talking 'bout our "Missing" flyers.  
Dey missing? Awful --expeditious.

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 time. Yeah, bad  
timing, on my part.

SHERIFF

Why you still here?

DOG

Excuse me?

SHERIFF

Don't think I will.

DOG

Ahhhh. --Wondering if any 11-12  
kill? Could be hit by car-car?

SHERIFF

Nope. You leaving soon?

DOG

Nope. Promise stay till find. Oh,  
outta' curiosity ...

SHERIFF

Know what they say about that?

DOG

What, yeah, no. Who dis Pied Piper  
a' pets?

SHERIFF

Come again?

DOG

Da county canine connoisseur?

SHERIFF

Say which?

DOG

Guy who take in all stray.

SHERIFF

Excuse me?

DOG

"Don't tink I will."  
(turns to leave)  
And tanks, for ya support.

SHERIFF

But I didn't? Did I?

DOG

(snap-finger-points)  
You right. You not dat fast.

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

SHERIFF

Only "ting" missing, should be he.

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

DOG

How close a shave-shave, Frank-Frank?

Dog tails 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 then puts them down tilting his head.

DOG

Barber who make house call?

Dog *claps* his hands twice, fast, like hurrying someone on.

DOG (CONT'D)

Put on shoes, kids! We at Gram-mama'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  
Nice car. Sellin'?

DOG  
Buyin'. Listen, uh, "Nate," been drivin' round better part a hour looking for some Farmer Brown who got land for à vendre.

NATE  
Hear tell they got some for sale two mountain over?

Dog shakes his head saying, *Sēr-ee-is-a-mônt* (serious).

DOG  
Sérieusement. Get hair cut and Frank say riche rancher who take in all stray, he have some to sell.

NATE  
Frank talks too much.

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

DOG  
Uuuu-eeee! Dat 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. Non. Dis for me. So what Rockefeller real name and where be his own Kykuit?

NATE  
Can't help you. Not now, not never.

DOG  
So Frank, he wrong?

NATE  
Not usually.

DOG  
Den sorry to bother.

NATE

Smartest thing you said all day.

Dog hands Nate a folded-twice twenty-dollar bill. Nate pulls and *pops* the bill, then stuffs it in his pant's pocket. He smiles big showing-off his two shiny-gold front teeth then does a Dealer "Clearing Of Hands" *clapping* and shaking them.

NATE

No change.

DOG

Then you owe. But advised be --.  
(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 his 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, bad bouy. Bet  
you callin' big bossman right now.  
Right, Natey-baby?  
(stares out windshield)  
Someting not right in Kansas, ToTo.  
Gonna' have to sniff out truth, old  
fashion Dog way.  
(Bloodhound barks)  
Owu, owu, owu, owu, owu, owu!  
(to no one)  
Dat my udder Dog imitation.

Dog *guffaws* slapping the steering wheel while drinking 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.

DOG

Woof.

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, steps down out a rusted school bus made into a house-trailer nearby and walks to Dog cautious.

REDNECK ONE  
What up, geezer-rider?

DOG  
Da Sun, da Moon, just different  
time. I look for --"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, a 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 on.

DOG  
Developing land. Hear you some to  
sell.

WALSH (FILTERED)  
Land Developer?!  
(radio keys *off*, *on* again)  
Pass.

Dog hands radio back to Redneck One who opens gate and waves Dog through, then closes gate and jams up first two fingers pressed together as the French taunt at Dog.

**EXT. WALSH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Dog parks in grass field on side of two-story Ranch house. He exits to see a huge satellite dish, broken toilet, and tires.

DOG  
High security, *for a junky yard?*

Dog focuses-in on a large oak growing just outside the fence.

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

WALSH  
Mint Julep?!

DOG  
(spins to look up)  
Fresh spearmint?!

WALSH  
Any other kind?!

DOG  
Muddled?!

WALSH  
Any other way?!

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

WALSH  
Two Juleps, not too tart! --  
How much land?

DOG  
Well, new here, so lookin' to buy  
my own place...and everybody say  
you have biggest spread.

WALSH  
"Every, body?"

DOG  
Sheriff, Frank, Forest.

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

DOG  
C'est vrai! Tinking about getting a  
pet, but --Tu à tout!

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

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

WALSH

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

DOG

"Sees you know how to" serve Julep  
"proper-like." Silver and pewter.  
Don't tink you need my mōnee.

WALSH

Might. Might not. Then a'gin --.  
(tilts cup to Dog)  
Cain't never have, too much.  
(sips, gives Dog once-over)  
Dressed as you be, ain't here to  
buy no land.

DOG

Non! Je suis! --One acre.

WALSH

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

DOG

For le cab-en. Me just love Nature.

WALSH

And me nature is suspicious a' any  
one like livin' like a' ani-mule.

DOG

Speaking of. Hoping you have extra  
canine to give away? You know,  
"free to good maison?"

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 evil, smacks lips)  
I screen all potential owners and  
you don't pass my only requirement.

DOG

Which be?

Walsh's index finger pulls down one eyelid's bottom staring  
hard 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  
Hey toot-toot! For da last time,  
when we go out?

DESTINY  
Only in my nastiest nightmare.

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

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

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

MARIE  
Swine is more like it.

REDNECK THREE  
You calling me a pig, piglet?

MARIE  
And a bore. Let, her, go.

REDNECK THREE  
May be acting madder than a wet hen  
but she's swimmin' in it.

Marie glares at Dog, "Do something." Dog ambles over to the Juke Box to read its selections talking over his shoulder.

DOG  
(*shèr*, "woman")  
Real man, he know what "No" mean  
and always treat a cher like one.

REDNECK THREE

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

DOG

Know the diff between ignorant and  
just plain stupide?

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

DOG

Dat would be a "no."

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

Three releases Destiny who runs to Marie who whispers.

MARIE

*Fixin' to do it.*

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. Know you tinkin', dat I  
old n' fat. --And you be right!  
(mean, serious)  
But no confuse dat wit bein'  
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* along more 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.)

HANDS!

Dog looks down at his dot, raises both hands, and steps off Redneck Three. Dog side-kicks Juke Box *stopping* its record then Broadway sings "West Side Story" pointing at Three.

DOG

"Gee, Officer Krupke, you really a square! Dis boy don't need a judge, he need an analyst's care!"

MARIE

Mon frère was swung-on first.

BARNES

(down to Redneck Three)  
That true?

REDNECK THREE

He broke my god damn knee!

DOG

Just hyper-extended, ya' big T-baby. Rest and ice, all it need.

DESTINY

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

BARNES

(down 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)  
*Rent-a-car?*

MARIE

Dealership out in the city?

DOG

You know Frank the Barber?

MARIE

Come in the diner sometime, why?

DOG

He ever see or ask about Tommie?

MARIE

No, not think so. Think I mention  
you passing. Pourquoi?

DOG

Tell you tonight, over leftovers.

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

Barnes helps Redneck Three stand and 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 is wrong with that guy?

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 down in a barber  
chair as Frank exits out backroom taking off his frock.

FRANK

Closed. --You again? Now what?

DOG

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

FRANK

Know a Dick when I see one. 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 you say dat?!

FRANK  
*Two customers come 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, she kick in. What da two "say" --exactly?

FRANK  
(puts on barber frock)  
Uh, about how, uh, how "friendly she be." Then, uh, oh, what they say then? Oh yeah --"damn shame!"

DOG  
Past or future tense?

FRANK  
"Past or--?" Hmmm, well --? How 'bout that. Did sound like whatever was hadn't happened yet.

DOG  
(Nūm, "names")  
Noms?

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

DOG  
Ever mention "Da Show" or fighting?

FRANK  
Got bare-knuckle out in the city?

DOG  
Non, no. Mean, animal fighting?

FRANK  
Ever see the way those guys fight? Sure act like "animal."

DOG  
Frank!

Frank drapes a cutting-cape over Dog thinking then *snaps* fingers.

FRANK

Uuu, other's named Jerry Lee! Does something or nuther for Mr. Walsh.

DOG

"Walsh" the rancher? Same one who own town shelter?

FRANK

Bobby Walsh? Yeah, so?

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

DOG

To ponytail hair tight. Use tree.  
(holds up three fingers)  
Tree bands. Make it tight!

FRANK

(looks at \$20 bill)  
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, then *burns-rubber* leaving.

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

Dog, wearing jeans and a flannel shirt, is parked on 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 furious.

DOG

BÂTARD! --Animal 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, couldn't get through.  
Any big Purse?

REDNECK ONE

One is ten "K." Mucho dinero to be  
made here tonight, cabrón.

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

Dog weave-walks up the road holding his now empty bottle.

Redneck One holsters his gun shaking his head.

REDNECK ONE

Lost tu auto, abuelo?

DOG

(leans in whispering)

*If you doin' what I tink you doin',  
Chico. You were "lost," long ago.*

Dog exhales forceful into One's face who *coughs*. Dog straight-  
stabs four-fingers into One's *Adams-Apple* who bends over  
clutching throat *gagging*. Dog breaks his bottle over back of  
One's head who falls unconscious. Dog drags One into bushes,  
throws his gun, then hogties and gags him. Dog flips ponytail  
on top of his head and puts on One's cowboy hat. He enters  
and closes the gate behind him then trips over a stone. He  
recovers to perform *Bras d'honneur* at the rock (slaps bicep  
bending forearm up at a 90-degree angle). Satisfied, Dog now  
walks on through the grass and past 50 parked muscle cars  
with restored trucks. All are in pristine condition.

DOG

If grills look dis good, owners  
have bad teeth.

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

DOG

I in God, Damn, "Deliverance."

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

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

A hard dirt floor has scattered hay on it. Farm equipment is  
parked around two walls. A raised hayloft is in a back corner  
and free-standing metal storage shed in adjacent back corner.

Dog sees a rusted girl's bicycle leaning against the wall then sees 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.

Their 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 other person is forced to drop to their knees from his cranking pressure.

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

JERRY

What the --?! Owwww! Fuck You!

DOG

Mamma not tell-tell no play wit' strange-strange, dude?

Dog releases Jerry who stands rubbing his twisted shoulder.

JERRY

Fuck you, dude-ette! You are a strange, 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 stop for a trim-trim. Frank lead me to Nate who led me here.

(hands a \$100 bill)

Gate Fee, she a hun', right? Now, where da Shine be shinin'?

JERRY

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

DOG

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

Dog holds up two rubber-band thousand-dollar rolls of cash.

DOG

We cool?

JERRY

Lukewarm.

Jerry stabs two fingers to his own eyes and walks away.

Dog stabs two fingers to his own eyes then on either side of his Adams apple and goes to a picnic-table to pour Moonshine from a brown ceramic jug into a paper cup. He sips scanning.

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 a' da Dog."  
So when Da Show start and which  
Prospect got gameness?

JERRY

Follow me, ya' old drunk.

DOG

(spins surprised to Jerry)  
*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 by upright 2' x 8' wooden planks covered with dried-blood, claw-scratches, and fur. Some loose hay is on its hard dried-blood clay floor. Wooden drop-gates built into either side of "The Box" hold back TWO FIGHTERS, young, thin but muscled, with ears cropped off and multiple fighting scars, who pace and *snarl*.

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

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! Dober is one fight from Grand Champion. He want to live so bad, he do whatever it take to kill. Who refereee?

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 Dober, Greenhorn.

JERRY

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

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.

## TIME LAPSE:

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

Tommie hits the ground breaking a leg and *Yipes* in pain.

Dog *flicks-open* a spring-assist knife and coils. His shirt collar is yanked from behind by Nate. Dog's hat is knocked off and his ponytail falls. Dog elbows Nate hard in his rib cage who collapses. Dog yells frantic in slo-motion.

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

Tommie looks up, recognizes Dog, and wags her tail limping.

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

Dog jumps. 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 hat and waves it to Walsh.

## END TIME LAPSE:

JERRY  
Got him, 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 him. Rednecks One, Two, Three, Four, Jerry, Nate, and Walsh stand over Dog *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 the truth or you will go in The Box. Only this time --head first.

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

WALSH  
Big one. Second?

Dog spits blood on the floor then glares up at Walsh.

DOG

Dat --was my Rescue Beagle.

NATE

Nuthin' much worth rescuin' now!

ALL Rednecks *laugh*. Jerry stops laughing concerned.

JERRY

Wait, you're Marie's big bro?

WALSH

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

DOG

Some ting like dat.

WALSH

Then best all this gets real, Boy-George. Because all this, it just business --Show, Business. Rien de personnèl, right?

DOG

Wrong. It not get more personal.

WALSH

You should be leaving us soon. But to make it sooner, how 'bout I get baby-sis a new Beagle. Deal?

DOG

Half.

WALSH

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

DOG

I take care of famille, and you --.  
(spits more blood)  
You --get outta "Show Business."

WALSH

Life's pretty comfy for us as is, dog-stain. So half, welllll, half ain't gonna' quite cut it. So here's my finalist offer. Jerry keeps your bet and my boys keep the rest. And you, you go crawl back in whatever orifice you crawled out of and drink yourself to death or --.

Walsh closes one eye taking dead aim at Dog's forehead.

WALSH (CONT'D)

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

DOG

Ease up on da trigger, trigger-man.  
I just wanna' get gone-gone.

Redneck One steps forward to kick Dog in the head, *Ow!*

REDNECK ONE

That "gone" enough, dogshit?

Jerry peers over edge of *The Box* to yell back at 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 my  
Fighters. 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 that Beagle's teeth off  
with pliers? Damn near 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 hammer back at Dog)  
Last time, Ajar-Head.

DOG

(lash pa la pa-tat)  
Lâche pas la patate.

NATE

Don't drop the potato?

WALSH

Means don't give up, nitwit. Or, Long Ranger? You buying time? Done seen your Ranger Flash so know you're used to fighting for truth, justice and the American way.

DOG

"The greatness a' any society is judged by how dey treat animals."

WALSH

Nice speech, Ghandi. Been practicin' it long?

DOG

Tout ma vie.

WALSH

Then we's decided.

DOG

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.*

Bloody Doberman rises over The Pit's edge twisting and fighting in its hangman's noose. Doberman and Dog pass out.

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

Dog's rental car breaks through the winding road's guardrail flying out into the bog. His car begins to sink.

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

Dog's car stops sinking halfway down. Bubbles rise around it. Red-devil alligator eyes blink in the bright moonlight.

**EXT. SAME ROAD - NOW DAYBREAK**

Fire Truck and Ambulance are parked on edge of the road with red lights rotating but no sirens. Bruised and bloody Dog is *dead-to-the-world* strapped onto a stretcher as TWO FIREMEN pull his litter's suspended rope across the dirty water to a waiting gurney. EMT stands on top of Dog's car guiding rope.

THIRD FIREMEN stands overwatch with a .308 Winchester rifle.

Barnes, in uniform and waders, walks around Dog's rental car roof. He bends to reach in *Jaws-of-Life* pried-open driver's door past deflated airbag to pull out two broken dowel-rod pieces floating. He puts the two pieces together and nods.

BARNES

Right length to wedge between the  
gas pedal and driver's seat.

He looks up as Dog's Ambulance exits now with its *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. Barnes enters and takes off his hat to hold nervous.

BARNES

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

MARIE

He hurt pas bon?

BARNES

"He" --is out at city hospital.

MARIE

When, where?

BARNES

Rental car went off Alligator Alley  
early morn. He'd been drinking.

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 second bed near the 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. His self-standing heart monitor *beeps* slow.

Marie enters and runs to stroke Dog's forehead lovingly.

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

*N-o m-o-r-e.*

MARIE

Where were you last night?

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

MARIE

What wrong, sweetie?

DOG

*U-s-e l-e-s-s.*

MARIE

You're not useless! 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 it always be ...

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

MARIE

Fine. I bring you mine.

DOG

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

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 --?

(reads his 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 going to be with us awhile.

MARIE

How long "awhile," Doc?

DOCTOR

Well, the bones in his arm and leg aren't fractured. But his 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, all 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.

MARIE

And his jaw?

DOCTOR

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

MARIE

Again, how long be long?

DOCTOR

Two to three weeks.

DOG

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

MARIE

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

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 s-h-a.*

MARIE

Your car?! But you care for it forever? Why sell now?

DOG

*A-r g-è-n-t.*

MARIE

"Money?" Oh, honey, I can give ...

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

MARIE

You always too proud. Bon. How I sell and for how much?

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

MARIE  
This any ting to do with Tommie?

Dog turns his head away to stare out the window sad.

**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 driving.

SHERIFF  
"We don't?!"  
(spit-takes, wipes chin)  
Well, I does! So go back and charge that drunk 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, thank you 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's 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! --Sheriff ordered you a Ten Fifty-Five.

DOG  
*T-e-n, N-i-n-e t-e-e o-n-e.*

BARNES  
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 hurts.

BARNES  
Find what you were looking for?

Dog *growls low* and deep.

BARNES  
Anything else?

Dog's eyes burn with hate.

BARNES  
Ahhhhh, so that's why we here.  
Anything to do with the Shérif?

Dog shrugs his shoulders too hard and grimaces.

BARNES  
Anything to do with me?

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

BARNES  
"Depend?" Depends on what?

DOG  
D-e-e c-i-d-e.

BARNES  
"Decide?" Decide what? What side?!

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

BARNES  
"Not to decide --is to decide!"

Dog makes "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

Looks 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 sits on bed in hospital gown with pajama-pants on. Casts and jaw-wires gone. I.V. port still in. He is aghast watching Internet videos about "The Show" on his new laptop. *Knock* on door. He scrambles to close laptop, slides under blanket, *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 be released in two weeks.  
How they hangin'?

DOG

Let you know if I find 'em.

SHERIFF

Anything come back?

DOG

Still no memory what happened.  
Too drunk den. Now, too weak.

SHERIFF

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

Sheriff puffs out a cheek then expels its air pushing with pointer-finger indicating he thinks Dog is full of hot air.

DOG

No fret none. When da time be  
right, I come straight at ya'.

SHERIFF

Still the matter a' your Ticket.  
Tell you what. I'll talk to the  
Judge, see if he'll 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  
Good. 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 fire-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, wears 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,  
physical therapy twice 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. He *clears* his throat.

DOG  
Footlocker still in "our" basement?

MARIE

Wherever you hid it, Svengali.

DOG

Please find and drag to middle of floor, merci.

MARIE

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

DOG

Non! Uh, no. It locked. L'habits et électronique will arrive. Put all their boxes on top. And don't, don't tell no one, what I doing.

MARIE

"Clothes, electronics, don't tell," don't ask? I am. Comment ça se plume?

DOG

We close enough to just trust me?

MARIE

We never --dat "close."

DOG

Cher, I need more time to, uh, I need a copy of your time schedule, at work, so, uh, so I know when you home to, uhhhh --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 open. He closes laptop lid slow looking up through his brows.

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

SHERIFF

Traiteur say you fine. But you, you choose to stay here on médecine?

DOG

Take time to flush out Radicals.

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

SHERIFF

Me think, you, our 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 your town's riche citoyen?

SHERIFF

Barking up the wrong tree, pup-pup.

DOG

Pretend to be not dirty, not da same, as being clean. After twenty year in law enforcement --.

("smells" Sheriff)

Dis Dog's nose, can smell, a rat.

Sheriff *swats* his hat's brim across Dog's face hard stepping back to place 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, me thought so. You playin' possum.

DOG

How many redneck it take to eat possum?

SHERIFF

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

DOG

Not bite off more den you want biting back.

SHERIFF

You threatenin' a Law Man --boy?

DOG

Only one a' us here be one.

SHERIFF

Awww, is we now en-ee-mee?

Dog makes two knife-palms. One is upright hitting other flat above covering it to mean "Let's go." His lower hand stops.

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's top flat-palm now slides back angry-fast along other palm's arm to mean "F. U."

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 need to hear dat answer, Cher-iff.

SHERIFF

Happy to explain when you gets out, soldier-boy. By the way, our Judge hates drunk drivers, 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, da town Vet.

NURSE

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

DOG

Non. His replacement five year ago.

NURSE

Ole' Doc came from Mexicali to take  
over Dave's practice when he --?  
(tilts head remembering)  
Funny? Doc got here very next day?

DOG

"Funny?" Non. Con-vee-nee-yent?  
Oui. Tell me all about, "Ole' Doc."

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

Marie is at work, so all lights off. Door opens and Dog enters dressed in black sweats. He closes the door and 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. He opens it to take out a gun-sack and pulls out his 1973 9mm *Browning* and suppressor. He checks gun's action then removes a box of ammo and Army-green Vietnam canvas cleaning-kit. He leaves those items out, re-locks locker, re-stacks boxes on top, then admires gun.

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 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.

Marie enters concerned as Dog does hurdler stretches.

DOG  
Hey sweet tee-tee. What up?

MARIE  
Seeing if I to take any ting home  
since you released tomorrow.  
(*Ooh say kuh too vah*)  
Où c'est que tu vas?

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

MARIE  
Je n'peux pas dormir, am worried.

DOG  
Know da 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 her for two day. Rent's  
due. Don't seem the type to skip  
out but, I been wrong before.

MARIE  
Appreciate you letting me check.  
She might be mālāde.

Old Lady stops at a door to pull out a huge ring of keys.

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

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

MARIE  
Destiny? Desty? Où es-tu?

Old Lady stand hands-on-hips disgusted looking at the bed.

OLD LADY  
My momma, she made dat bedspread!

RETURN TO.

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

MARIE

Destiny not come to work. Not call?  
I stop by her place. She gone-gone?

DOG

She moved wit-out saying?

MARIE

She moved wit-out moving. All her  
things still there.

DOG

Tell Deputy Dawg?

MARIE

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

DOG

"Just now?" Sheriff ici?!

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

DOG

Marie, I have to know you safe, and  
dat can't happen in dis town, not  
yet. You must allez-vous.

MARIE

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

DOG

And "I need to take care of" what  
be happening here. Marie, to stop  
me, dey hurt you --like Tommie.

MARIE

"Tommie?!" Den dis always about  
her. What is going on?

DOG

Every ting dat shouldn't.

MARIE

I don't under --? Oh André, I just  
find you. No want to lose you.

DOG

Dat why you need to go! Can not  
protect my "six" if I looking over  
shoulder. I know, I being watched.

MARIE

"Watched?!" By who? How can I help?

DOG

By going to stay with un bon ami  
and I can not know who.

(sits her on hospital bed)

It very important, you not call or  
tell any where you be. Your not-so-  
friendly Sheriff involved you see.  
All da research I do on Internet  
prove dare just too much money to  
be made from --Da Show.

MARIE

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

DOG

Almost no money invested but tens  
a' thousand to be made each night.  
Include all possible manner of  
criminal activity which make for  
some serious suck-ass sickos.

MARIE

I'm sick! So Tommie, dat where you  
go dat night? Dat why you here?

(covers her ears)

Don't want ta know no more!

DOG

You have to know! Perverted perps  
believe animals just objects to be  
used, thrown away, buried alive,  
brûler vivant. Tortured and killed  
for "personal amusement."

(hits fist into palm)

Dey have souls, God Damn It!

MARIE

Please, stop.

DOG

Yes! "Stop!" Dey put firecracker in  
animal mouth den duct-tape shut to  
watch funny look before snout blow  
off? Hell, I not even know dat?

MARIE

Don't want to.

DOG

Dat my point! Dees despicable  
desperados have "stompin' parties"  
to jump up and down to squish out  
loser's guts!

Marie covers ears again and closes eyes pursing lips tight.

DOG

Dare, right dare! What you doin' now. Dat da f'n problem! Oui, it a Federal Felony. But no-ooo, some Judges rule non-violent crime because no humans involved. "No humans involved?!" Owners held liable only if betting proven. So you know what dey do now? Monies taken off-site before fighting to use white rock as betting chips. Pebbles! Police arrive only to find inside landscaping. Which mean all go home. Bon voyage! Who deese legislative lamebrains tink generate all profit? It da freakin' Spectator dat who! Who, *guess who*, always be let go. Misdemeanor wit' a Fine. "A Fine!" Jail time suspended. "Suspended!" Good Ole' Boys get back dare Fighters. Holy Jesús 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 (CONT'D)

"The Show!" Dey no off-switch like us. Non. So if someone love hurtin' defenseless animal, den hurting helpless human no big step up, 'ey? Stop dem at da beginning, take away all da damn profit, and you shut dem down fast. You see?

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

MARIE

But what can you do?

DOG

Stir tings up. Even if I not make it right, still worth it, to get folk asking 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 dead, just waiting to die.  
Den Tommie brought me back here.  
She not die in vain. She --.  
(turns to Marie at peace)  
Save me.

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

NURSE

You know I ain't cleaning this up?

DOG

Dog and Pony Show be over --Sir!

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 jogs out singing *Airborne Cadence*.

DOG (O.S.)

"Mission unspoken, destination  
unknown! Don't even know if I ever  
comin' home!"

Stairwell's heavy metal 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 the 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 in the 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 the hall *bangs* shut. He jogs to it, aims his weapon two-handed, then *kicks* its push-handle open to enter. Door closes behind him.

Dog exits an adjoining room, salutes its unseen occupant, runs into his own room to grab his duffel bag then 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

Guess what, Sheriff? I'm as tired as a Dog with two tails.

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 10-50 at Serpent  
Switchback. Need back-up pronto!

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

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

Sheriff exits running to stop where his car was parked. It's gone. He scans area then throws his hat on the ground angry.

**INT. FRANK'S BARBERSHOP - SIMULTANEOUS**

Frank pulls down front window's large shade, flips the 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's "Public" wall-phone *rings*. Frank reaches for it.

Dog slaps a thigh hard commanding.

DOG  
FOOSE!

*Ringing* stops then a cell *ringtone* goes off in Frank's frock pocket as a *Barbershop Quartet* sings "You've got mail."

Dog shakes his head then holds out a hand. Frank puts his cell in it. Dog drops and *stomps* on cell hard smashing it.

DOG  
Jerry or Nate visit?

FRANK  
Yes sir, both. I know they're  
watching so --Oh my God!  
(peeks out shade)  
Did anyone see you come in?

DOG  
I pass like a fart in a skillet.

Dog drops his duffelbag to sit in a Barber Chair.

DOG  
Time I look like I feel. Haircut,  
kinda. Know a Van Dyke?

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

FRANK

Know a Dick when I see one.

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 très fatigué, mon ami.

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

DOG

Know just da cure. I surely 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 Marguilies, now in a lab coat with stethoscope around neck, turns on his overhead light. He enters and *sighs*.

MARGUILIES

Que dia.

DOG (O.S.)

"Do not judge your day --."

Marguilies 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 have sowed so, so many. --Doctor Jekyll.

MARGUILIES

Meet Mister Hyde --in plain sight.

Marguilies fast-pulls a revolver out of his lab coat pocket.

Dog snap-throws a scalpel underhanded into Marguilies hand who *screams*. Gun *clatters* on the tile floor. Marguilies tilts his head at Dog saying "pair (*tongue-trill*) ro" meaning Dog.

MARGUILIES

Perro?

DOG  
Been called worse.

Wall-phone *rings*. Marguilies reaches for it with good hand. Dog steps to pull scalpel out of Marguilies hand who *yipes*.

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

DOG  
"Who ya' gonna call?"

Marguilies drops receiver to hold hands up like being robbed.

MARGUILIES  
No dinero! Me temo que no.

DOG  
No money, honey? That's funny. New Mercedes out back says different. Walsh pays pretty good, huh, amico?

Marguilies *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 Marguilies's drug deal with Redneck Two. His back is to Dog then turns to face him.

RETURN TO.

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

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

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

Dog grabs Marguilies's throat in a Ranger Chokehold then squeezes quoting the *Veterinarian Oath*.

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

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

DOG  
Suffering?! You understand this  
word, pendejo?

Dog crunches then lets go. Marguilies grabs throat *coughing*.

DOG  
How's the memory now Doc Do-Little?

MARGUILIES  
I, I take care of them.

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

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

Dog throws Marguilies on his back onto the exam table.

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 Marguilies chest, then twists Ear Guide on Doc's earlobe.

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

MARGUILIES  
Por favor! Yo hablaré! I'll talk!

Dog drops Ear Guide to put Doc's Stethoscope earpieces into Marguilies own ears then whispers into its Chest-piece.

DOG  
*Oh, I know you will.*

Dog throws Stethoscope to grab scalpel again and study it.

DOG  
Dogmen cut off ears so they can't  
be held during a fight. My bet,  
Walsh only pays you for the injured  
winners while he shears the losers  
off with a dull spoon. That sound  
about right? Wanna do that instead?

MARGUILIES

Please d-d-don't hurt meeee!

DOG

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

Marguilies shrugs. Dog angry-*slaps* Marguilies 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 Marguilies who lies unconscious on the exam table.

DOG

When you wake sleeping ugly, all  
your nightmares come true.

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

DOG

Ketamine, you and your T-neg 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  
"nothing" to lose at dis point.

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.

SHERIFF

Get back to the accident scene!

Deputy's cruiser makes a u-turn and leaves with red lights.

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

Sheriff waits for Barnes to leave then enters his cruiser. His cell phone *rings*, He ignores it unlocking car's shotgun 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's here ... No, I want him! ...But --?  
...Who? ...But --?!

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*.

SHERIFF

(kō-shō/n, "pig")  
Squeal like a cochon, chucho.

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

All 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.

DOG

(fais-doe-doe, "to sleep")  
Shhh, mon ami, fais do-do time.  
(Jerry passes out)  
*Said I'd remember.*

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

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

The earlier delivery boxes are now open and empty lying around Dog's open footlocker and duffelbag on the floor.

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

JERRY

Sheriff Townsend looks the other  
way with a dirty paw out. Mister  
Walsh, well, he keeps putting on  
his fighting Show and you, hell,  
you just be dead-dead.

Dog drops a hip and imitates *Elvis Presley* perfect.

DOG

"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

No yet, bitchette.

JERRY

Bite Me!

DOG

(*she-vret*, "shrimp")  
You got it, chevrette.

Dog stuffs a rag in Jerry's mouth, bites Jerry's earlobe off,  
spits torn earlobe into a palm then 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 and pats it saying "*Lăn-yap*" (something extra).

DOG

Lagniappe.

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")  
Yeah. 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 Dog chews on the other.

DOG

They're actually, quite healthy.  
(*munches, dry-coughs*)  
But dis a working meal and I need Intel. So lets pretend you are 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, you not my type. Tall, dark, and --Putain de Stupide!

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?  
(drops shoulders sad)  
Non. Can not blow your ugly beak off. Den you can not 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

How 'bout 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 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 staring at it.

DOG  
Found dis in your back pocket.  
Gonna' return-to-sender? Say, in mi  
own 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 want nutting to do wit' what  
you do! Or what I gonna.

JERRY  
(hangs head defeated)  
Alright! *Just don't fuck me no mo'.*

DOG  
Hey Jerr-Jerr, ever wonder if dat  
what dey, keep sayin' to you?

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

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

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

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

Dog exits in darkness up recessed concrete stairs now wearing a loaded exterior Tactical Vest with a black backpack and carrying his two-hole balaclava. A twig *snaps*. Dog freezes.

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 Jerr-Jerr.

TRIXIE  
Where he be?

DOG  
You be?

TRIXIE  
Girlfriend!

DOG  
Boy friend, he taking a dirt nap.

TRIXIE  
Jerry don't take "naps!"

DOG  
Figure a' speak.

TRIXIE  
Inside, now!

DOG  
Now if dat a forty-five, not argue.  
But wit' a twenty-five, I can ...

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

DOG  
"Losers?!" Foo foo, you! You too  
kind to self. So shootin' dis ole'  
Dog be a step up, 'eh toot toot?

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

Dog smooches at Trixie saying "sha sha" (*sweetheart*).

DOG  
Better aim back up, cher cher. Dat  
head been dead many year.

TRIXIE  
Ewwwwwwww.

MARIE (O.S.)  
FREEZE SISTER or I 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. Halloween come early?

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 her heavy gun)

Maison protection.

DOG

Knew I always like Dave.

(tilts head)

Mais I tell you allons-y?

MARIE

(slaps Dog insulted)

You my only brother!

DOG

(smiles rubbing cheek)

And "you" --my ma belle.

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

TRIXIE

Where's my Jerry?!

MARIE

"Where my Jerry?" Where my Man? I see you on episode a' "Cops," oui? Take your shirt off.

(laughs, freezes)

Wait?! I do see you before?

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

MARIE (CONT'D)

You marsi up and down sidewalk in front a' my house when phone rang? You, took Tommie!

DOG

Know what she is?

MARIE

Out?

DOG

Scout. Dogmen send girly friends to steal or answer pet ads. "Free to good home" not mean where dey go.

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

MARIE

You take sweetest creature in da whole world and you, you --.

(kicks Trixie four times)

Un-feeling, un-caring, in-human, female flotsam!

DOG

Wow. Where my real sista be?

MARIE

Ici! 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

Put on Rape Rack so every panting prick get you pregnant for Bait!

Marie pulls a lower eyelid down saying "Gree-gree" (*curse*).

MARIE

Gris-gris!

DOG

Let's get Tinker Bell in, T-sis.

MARIE

I got dis. You go do dat Voodoo, dat you do, only silence-ee-uu.

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

DOG

Seem Jerr-Jerr, he buy my car-car. Seein' how he not be drivin' for beaucoup longtemps --yeehaa.

(kisses Marie on cheek)

Lock doors, patch dickless, call State Police at dawn. Not before.

(cohm-prahns, "*comprehend*")

Tu comprans?

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

DOG

Just when you got famille pegged.

(jogs into night)

Je te dois un steak!

**TRANSLATION CAPTION UNDER:** *I owe you a 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 walks up 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 of gloves, backpack, hood with eyes blackened, now wears Night-vision Goggles. He drops down knees-first onto Redneck One's back from same earlier overhanging Oak tree limb flattening Redneck One. Dog, a full syringe, cap off, held between his teeth, straddles on top.

DOG  
Owth.

Dog injects One's butt, tosses syringe, pulls out three plastic-handcuffs, and zips Redneck One's wrists behind, then ankles together. He hog-ties both with third. Dog puts duct-tape over Redneck One's mouth then falls onto his own back saying "Go doh-doh" (*as in Play-Doh*) that he, "Needs a nap."

DOG  
Go do-do.

Dog *moans*, tosses One's pistol over fence then carries end of chain-leash hooked onto One's belt over to the Pitbull.

DOG  
We get you to good home, mon ami.

Dog hooks lead to spiked-collar then pull-tests back to One.

DOG  
You, on udder hand, you goin' to "Bad House." Wonder how Ole Blue here gonna' react to bein' Alpha Male over your hog-tied tchu.

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

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

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

Empty chain is cranked up to ceiling as round-lid is 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 RAISED HAYLOFT - IMMEDIATELY**

Dog is behind bales watching through new mini-binoculars. Its price tag dangles. Dog focuses-in on the Female. It's Destiny. Dog *growl-whispers*.

DOG

"Movin' on?" *More like, movin' in.*

Redneck Three slides open the door of the stand-alone metal corner storage shed. He enters and slides door closed.

Dog refocuses his binoculars on shed and watches. Nothing. Dog lowers binoculars, eyes still black under his hood. He goes to put new micro-binoculars away, sees its 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 its 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 *shudders*.

DOG

Black Echo.

Dog pulls an *Under-Door Camera* from thigh pocket, kneels, and slides its ledge under door.

His monitor shows stairs leading down to another door with a camera in a corner above it and a security pad below.

DOG

Basement a' da science building.

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. Moment, then Redneck Two opens bottom door looking back in.

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. Door bursts open. Redneck Two's back is being pushed towards him driving both backwards. Redneck Three's gun *fires*.

Redneck Three's bullet goes through Redneck Two then hits Dog's Kevlar who curses in pain "*Pee-tähn!*"

DOG

Putain!

Dog lets Redneck Two's body drop to palm-strike up breaking Redneck Three's nose blinding him. Dog *knees* Redneck Three in the groin twice then Karate-chops his gun-wrist. Dog kicks the fallen gun away. Dog pulls his Vietnam *M7 bayonet* but Redneck Three pulls his knife faster 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 to ground.

Three holds on to Dog and rolls on top trying to double-thumb eye-gouge Dog who grabs Three's wrists to hold thumbs away.

Dog is losing his double-wrist. Redneck Three smiles leaning down hard to "thumb" Dog's eyes out. Three gets a surprised look, then glances back 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 uses bayonet's flat hilt-butt to strike down on top of Redneck Three's head to stunned response. Dog slams knife-butt down again on Three's head who remains frozen, then falls over unconscious. Dog gets up *coughing* and blinking. Destiny, eyes closed, gnaws on Three's ankle. Dog pets her.

DOG

*Good girl. --Sit!*

Destiny sits Indian-style with legs crossed in a daze.

Dog zip-ties Redneck Three's wrists behind then goes to check on Redneck Two. He zip-ties Redneck Two's hands behind, checks his neck pulse, then looks back at Redneck Three.

DOG

Killed your partner, partner.

Dog looks down at his own vest then pulls Redneck Three's broken blade out of it and reads 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

Number eight, in a nine-life collection.

Dog closes fire door, drops its 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 elbows.

Destiny opens her eyes and reacts to seeing a hooded-figure by pulling away. Dog yanks off his hood. Both eyes across his nose are still painted black with Navaho war-mask. Destiny stares, recognizes, and hugs him tightly. He pushes her away.

DOG

What dey give you?

DESTINY

Uh, ummm. Dex-med something?

DOG  
Dexdomitor?

Dog takes off backpack, reaches in, pulls out earlier but now padded medicine-bag, searches it, and pulls out a vial.

DOG  
Antisedan. Counteract effects.

DESTINY  
No more, please.

DOG  
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  
How many? Where?

REDNECK THREE  
Fuck you!

Dog *snaps* open his switchblade. Its oiled blade now gleams.

DOG  
Good movie dat "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  
Oui, certifiable. Want more proof?  
Again, how many and where?

REDNECK THREE  
Two downstairs watching T.V.

DOG  
Walsh?

REDNECK THREE  
Upstairs sleeping.

DOG  
Security, Weapons?!

REDNECK THREE  
Camera over back-door. Everyone  
carries a rifle and a handgun.

DOG  
C'est tout?

REDNECK THREE  
Yeah.

DESTINY  
Lyin' like a Dog!

DOG  
Da sequel, she 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 are so  
blind, as dose dat have no eyes.

Dog waves his knife's tip in front of Redneck Three's eyes.

REDNECK THREE  
(sha PEE-tay, "mercy")  
Chère 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 dem,  
mercy will not given --by moi.

Dog kicks Redneck Three in the head, hard, who falls over.

DESTINY  
Feel better?

DOG  
Un peu. You?

DESTINY  
"A little." What'd you give me?

DOG  
Wings. Recover while I ...

DESTINY  
You're not leaving me?!

DOG  
Non, "not leaving," rapide Recon.

DESTINY  
But you are coming back?

DOG  
Army Scout's Honor. Door blocked.  
Dey 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.

Dot 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 are for four chicken-wire fenced-in treadmills that 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 the mat's friction.

Four crates in back corner house four small BAIT CANINES. The crates are much too tiny for their hunched-over 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  
(Fah-trrrrah, "mess")  
Fatras. Da Keep. Worse den expect.  
But where Da Kennel?

Dog jogs to turn off Power Boxes but brushes against the first treadmill's chickenwire and gets *shocked* by it exclaiming "Tu menh nee-yan-ah!" (*You're kidding me!*).

DOG  
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. Their Three Breeds inside them keep trying to walk then finally sit *panting*.

Beside already-off fifth lever is a sign, "NATE'S WORKSHOP."

Dog's eyes follow four cables down from its power box to four canvas locking-bands attached to the 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 almost over, troops. *Almost*.

Dog pulls off his head-cam as he stomp-exits with purpose.

Hard-panting *echoes* eerily with Canine's 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's the big deal, man? They're just 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 onto the floor. Dog mounts him MMA-style and begins pummeling with furious hammer-fists.

DOG

We Not --Supposed --To Hurt --  
Living --Tings!  
(grabs Three's lapels)  
What da big deal, animal? You less  
den a man. Not worth much. Here,  
let moi show ya'.

Dog grabs Three by his throat and crotch then throws Three into the tub. Dog holds Three's head underwater *bubbling* while humming. Dog pulls Three's head out who spits up water.

DOG

Say, "You sorry."

REDNECK THREE

Huh, what? Help!

DOG

Non, non. None coming. How it feel?

Dog plunges Redneck Three's head underwater and holds it *whistling*. Three starts *thrashing* legs. Dog pulls him out by his wet hair and throws him onto floor pointing angry at him.

DOG

(Blibe, German for "stay")  
BLEIB!

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 screaming so angry he *spits*.

DOG

SWEAR TO DEM!  
(points to Live Canines)  
Spell d, o, g, backward.

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 Three by it across the floor to same treadmill. Dog throws Three inside it. Dog locks other end of chain on treadmill's handle then locks its 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 his 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't! I'm a human being!

DOG

I know what one is and what one is not. And you, oh, you not neither.

Dog throws Fifth Power Lever on. It *hums*. Redneck Three trips against his fence, is electrocuted, and *screams*. He falls other way, is shocked again, and *screams* louder.

Live Canines begin *howling*. Dog salutes them as he exits.

DOG

Enjoy da 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 recording disgusted while growling "*Vah shear ah lah maree bus.*"

DOG

Va chier à la marée basse.

**TRANSLATION UNDER:** *Go shit at low tide.*

Dog sees *Diethyl Ether* bottles on a metal shelf then the pile of Cocaine. He nods *humming* the Christmas carol "*Let it Snow*" and 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, etc --!"

Door closes on his last "snow" so only "Nooooo" echoes.

**INT. BARN'S BASEMENT ANTECHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

Dog enters with his two Cocaine plastic-bags and goes to Destiny who sits on table-top. He examines her as they talk.

DESTINY  
What was that horrible howl?

DOG  
I bring out da beast in him.

DESTINY  
Where is "he?"

DOG  
Movin' on.

DESTINY  
(head-motions to Two)  
He dead?

DOG  
Or goin' for a Oscar. You kill 'im?

DESTINY  
No!

DOG  
Mi neither.

DESTINY  
No, I mean --? Oh, fogetaboutit.

Dog finishes exam, certifies Destiny fit, picks up his two Cocaine bags, and turns to exit.

DESTINY  
What about the others?

Dog freezes in mid-step then turns to her slow tilting head.

DESTINY  
Two were taken away this morning. I was going tomorrow.

DOG  
C'est vrai. I mean, it really really true. Every rotten criminal activity et Human Trafficking be in "Da Show." Udders in da house?

DESTINY  
Right now? None, thank God.

DOG  
Having lil' trouble doin' dat --.  
(stomps on Redneck Two)  
"Right now."

Dog goes to examine Destiny again like a sports scout.

DOG  
You troow like a girl?

Destiny *slaps* Dog's face. He smiles.

DOG  
Hope you troow as hard you hit.

DESTINY  
Was pitcher in junior high, dick.

DOG  
Well Jane, you just make varsity.

Dog hands Destiny his two Cocaine bags, goes to front door, looks through peephole, removes securing-bar, and props door open. He 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 Barn's doors.

Dog looks up at pit's chain, smiles, then reaches in vest pocket. He pulls out earlier medicine vial and pops a pill.

DESTINY  
What's that?

DOG  
Epinephrine. Adrenaline hormone to  
increase oxygen to musclé.

DESTINY  
Where'd you learn about drugs?

DOG  
Battlefield médecine. Stay behind,  
stay low, stay quiet.

Dog grabs Redneck One's shotgun hidden near the main doors.

He 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 *sighing* then 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

*Can not do dis witout you.*

Destiny shakes her head. Dog puts a hand on her shoulder.

DOG

*When I yell "Now," troow first bag so it arc high --.*

*(hand makes a high-arc)*

*Above dat door. Count to tree, den troow second bag same. Comprendre?*

Destiny is nervous and shakes her head. Dog pulls Redneck Three's gun out of his vest, *cocks* it, and hands to her.

DOG

*Dey send scout out first, I take care of ...*

DESTINY

*You have to kill it?!*

Dog pulls a small hand-held Taser and wrapped full-syringe.

DOG

*Non. Stun, den drug. Listen for my voice command only. Got-got, Cheri?*

Destiny looks at kitchen door then her bags and shakes head.

DOG

*Destiny, you are stronger den you want to believe. I know you can do dis 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 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.

Dog tears two pieces of long bark off another log, pulls out a roll of gauze, then wraps the two barks around one forearm. He examines his amateur *Bite Sleeve* skeptical.

DOG  
A senior citizen MacGyver?  
(fon-choc, "showoff")  
Fonchok.

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. Dog *whistles*. It charges to him.

**EXT. BEHIND BACKYARD WOODPILE - CONTINUOUS**

Dog extends his Bite Sleeve. White Shepherd latches on. Dog jabs his Taser in its side and *sparks*. It *yipes* and falls over jerking. Dog injects it then strokes its fur.

DOG  
(der beau rev, *sweet dream*)  
*Sorry boy, de beaux rêves.*

WALSH (O.S.)  
Killer? KILLER?!

DOG  
"Killer?" *SNOWBALL* *much 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 is backlit, dressed in same Bib-Overalls as before, now brandishing 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 to lay over "Snowball" while mumble-cursing "jerry-at-treak" for *geriatric* at Walsh.

DOG  
God Damn *gériatrique* Rambo. --NOW!

Bits of log *explode* all around Dog as he protects Snowball.

**EXT. WALSH'S BACKYARD NEAR KITCHEN DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

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 both villains. Walsh and Redneck Four *cough* choking then look up again. Destiny's second bag flies 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.

Walsh is dust-blind and fires in all directions. His M-60's muzzle-flash strobe-lights Walsh's twisted maniacal-grinning.

**EXT. BEHIND BACKYARD BARBECUE - IMMEDIATELY**

Walsh's rounds blow out chunks of Destiny's barbecue bricks. Destiny lays flat covering both ears then screams.

DESTINY  
DOOOOOOOOG!

**EXT. WALSH'S BACK DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Walsh's M-60 *clicks* empty. He drops it squinting in the dark. The huge 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 Da Way --!

A *Diethyl Ether* bottle with a lit rag in its neck sails  
through the air from behind Dog's woodpile.

DOG (O.S.)

(don t<sup>o</sup>n key, *in your ass*)  
DANS TON CUL!

Dog's Molotov Cocktail hits the ground near Walsh to *burst* in  
flames. Cocaine still in the air *explodes* like thunder. Door  
and 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 to pull out a revolver *firing* in all directions 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 down at Walsh's head. Dog  
pulls off hood and N/V-Goggles to raise a hand, *Stop*.

DOG

Non! He pay. I got "special" plan  
(mo-dee jahb, *cursed devil*)  
for dis maudit djiabile!

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 Dog,  
(boo-boo, *minor injury*)  
he got you. It all just a big bobo.

**INT. WALSH'S BARN AT PIT'S EDGE - NOW MIDNIGHT**

The Box's cover is now 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 dat feel?

DESTINY

Good.

DOG

Good 'nuff?

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 wait outside.

Dog grabs her arm to stop her then stares into her eyes.

DOG

You --save everyone, cher. It your destiny to be here. You not being punished. You understand, oui?

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 meet lot a' fucked-up people in life. But you couyon, you in whole fucked-up class by your self.

WALSH

Listen Dog-breath, my attorney'll have me out before I hit my pillow.

DOG

Okay, so why wait? Hit da 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, *Shhhh*.

WALSH

Who you shushin' at, T-boy?!

Dog smiles as same finger now points to other 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 to now point 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 nuttin' but  
luv. Just not for you "mutha'!"  
Any last words dingle-berry?!

WALSH (O.S.)  
I HATE YOU, DOG!

DOG  
She prob'ly 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 his day.

Dog picks up to frisbee Walsh's hat onto now hidden cover  
then exits barn closing both doors.

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

Destiny hugs herself staring blank. Dog stands beside her.

DESTINY  
What now?

DOG  
Deck still 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  
(ler see-nee-mont, *blood*)  
Wrap tight, stop le saignement. Do  
not cut off circulation.

DESTINY  
Who is it?

DOG  
Our 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 hearing Nate *laughing*.

DESTINY  
Oh no, anybody but him.

Dog pulls-out his Browning to re-check its silencer is screwed on tight then grins at her reassuring.

DOG  
If he make a call or get to town?  
You take all gun and hide in loft.  
(pee-too, "sorry")  
Piteux.

Dog pushes Destiny so she stumbles back over the guns and falls. He pushes floodlights-lever up to *On* and exits pushing the single-gear girl's bicycle out while jogging.

DOG  
Turn Floodlight Off. MAINTENANT!

WALSH (O.S.)  
Don't, Hurt, Meeeeee --! 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  
Jeh-zús!

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!

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 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 lights off wearing his Night-Vision goggles. He reaches under his seat to retrieve then push in an 8-track tape into his car's player. 1968 rock music *plays*.

DOG  
Chasing bad guy! Driving rapide!

**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 its chain flies off to stick in a tree trunk. Sign says "*TRESPASERZ SHOT DEAD-LIKE.*"

Dog turns hard to follow but slides past its dirt entrance asking "*FEE-foo-lay*" (*swamp ghost*).

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 like a hyena's uneven pitched *scream* of a demented soul.

NATE  
LET'S 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 the 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 is horrified.

Scattered throughout the cypress trees with Spanish moss hanging are a hundred empty oil drums lying on their side with one end cut half-off. Each drum has different breed of canine PRISONER wearing heavy metal collars with tow-truck chains staked to the ground. Prisoners lie in their open rusting ratholes *shivering*. None have food or water.

DOG  
Mon Dieu. --"Da 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 a 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 me!

A Diamond-backed Water Snake is thrown from the shadows on Nate. It latches onto his outstretched defensive hand. Nate's *girly-scream* is high-pitched enough to break glass.

NATE  
Git it off, Git It Off! Mommy!

Dog steps out of shadows to slice Nate's gun hand with his switchblade. Nate drops pistol and goggles to grab cut wrist.

NATE  
Ow!

DOG  
Boo-hoo.

Dog grabs the snake and tosses it back into the swamp then kicks Nate's foot out from underneath him while punching Nate in the sternum so he falls onto his back. Dog *stomps* on Nate's chest hard and holds Nate down with his boot chiding.

DOG  
Hey Natey-Baby, ever wonder --?



DOG

"Cause every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man."

FRANK

Yeah? Well, Sheriff's going crazy looking for you.

DOG

Yaya, I look for him, too.

FRANK

Judge issued your arrest warrant.

DOG

Wait till Judge issue multiple "Failure to Appear."

FRANK

What? Wait? You killed Walsh?

DOG

And all da King Men.

**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 an over-hanging limb. Nate is repeatedly choked when his toes slip. He slobbers over his burnt gums.

Prisoners sit outside their drums, collars still on, 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

Ole' Doc, he gonna' have more den one headache when he wake up.

FRANK

Don't let Doc fool you. He used to run with a Cartel. Who you think supplied Walsh with his drugs?

DOG

Interestin' mon ami, since I never say any ting about, "drugs?"

Marguilies exits back office aiming a WW-II German *Luger*. He *yanks* its toggle back. No other *racking* sounds like that.

DOG  
J'comprends pas? I give you 'nuff  
"Special K" to hobble two horsey?

MARGUILIES  
Misspent youth on a horse ranch.

DOG  
Well, Doc Who, "You got me walkin'  
da floor like I never walk before."

FRANK  
Clifton Chenier. So you think  
you're a "good man?"

DOG  
Who can be "hard to find."

MARGUILIES  
We leave out the back. I'll burn  
you with the rest of Walsh's ranch.

DOG  
Don't tink so. Les flics be dare by  
now-ow.

MARGUILIES  
What? No. You came straight here  
focused on venganza. You not take  
time to call. Nada is coming.

DOG  
Two-for-two, Doc Doom. One more,  
and dare go da whole shebang.

MARGUILIES  
Vamonos, idiota!

Dog raises his hands and moves to stand in front of Frank.

DOG  
I, an idiot?! What about him?  
(head-motions behind)  
Frank your only other witness.  
(over his shoulder)  
Ain't dat right, top gun?

MARGUILIES  
Don't worry about Franklin, he ...

Dog wiggles his hips.

Frank pulls Dog's silenced-pistol out of Dog's back waistband and shoots Marquillies 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, I couldn't --?!

Frank falls into a Barber Chair petrified.

Dog picks up his gun putting a thumb in front of hammer then 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 now, it be a Hearse.

FRANK

Gonna' shoot the Sheriff?

Dog plays air guitar again singing *Eric Clapton*.

DOG

"I shot the Sher-iff ..."

FRANK

My hands are shaking!

Dog snaps "up" between two fingers a crisp \$1,000 bill.

DOG

Dis help steady dem? Walsh have  
plenty lying round. Owed me, so  
collected. I need closer shave dis  
time. Just, not too close.

Frank grabs Dog's \$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.

Dog is in the backroom changing.

FRANK

What'll they say?!

DOG (O.S.)

"Dey" --might call you hero.

FRANK

And you, what'll you say?

DOG (O.S.)

Da 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

Helluva shot by da way, right  
between his eye. Not learn dat in  
Barber School. --Damn shame.

FRANK

"Damn" --? Past or future tense?

DOG

I get in trouble when I tink too  
much, but keep on till wonder, Who  
da real "nom de plume" in dis whole  
Greek tragedy?

Frank takes a toothpick out of shot glass on barber's shelf.

DOG (CONT'D)

Yeppers, I keep comin' back to same  
noggin-nagger.

(eyes bore into Frank's)

Why did you send me to Walsh?

Frank stands erect in perfect posture, a true oligarch, and chews 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 all me?

DOG

Just now, gros bête. By da way, gutsy move shooting Doc when you tought Walsh and his men all dead wit' Sheriff next. Figure on cutting off "loose ends" --eh?

FRANK

What? Wait? Walsh is not dead?

DOG

Non, mais definitely chewed-up. I 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 a little like Poker. Sometime you go all-in. I know you smart enough to realize forensics trip you up. But just in case --.

Dog pulls up his rear shirt tail and the rifle-plate from inside his Tactical vest drops onto the floor, *Whang*. Dog tucks in his shirrtail smiling. Frank's eyes narrow.

FRANK

Okay, brainiac. How about this? Doc shot Dog then Frank shot Doc.

DOG

Frankee shot Dogee? Still a problem with logistics, Franky-poo. Especially primary flaccidity.

Frank walks to the bloody corpse looking for Doc's gun.

FRANK

Rigor Mortis takes two hours!

DOG

Hey Frank N. Steiniac, eyelids first to get rigid. Been ninety (mee-nuteh, *minute*) minute. Why you tink I keep sayin', "Take your time?"

Frank bends to pull up Doc's blood-soaked cape.

DOG

Can I ask one last question?

Frank drops the cape then his head disgusted.

FRANK

When, "can" anyone ever stop you?

DOG

Doc's rapide arrival here have any  
ting to do wit' Dave's death?

Frank smiles most evil of all then yanks off Doc's cutting-  
cape. Doc is a bloody mess but his *Luger* is not present.

DOG

Toss it, when I "toss" him.

FRANK

I still have yours, dogshit for  
brains.

DOG

Ballistics burst that balloon too,  
Foolish Franky.

FRANK

Wait? Doc took yours, so I, I  
fought him for it, then ...?

DOG

Nah. Crime Scene techs pretty smart  
what wit' trajectory, blood  
splatter. and all. Fancy computers  
help dem 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 smarter den criminals give us  
credit. Have to be, or we get shot  
more. Giving up, should be looking  
pretty good 'bout now.

FRANK

(shakes head)  
Claustrophobia.

DOG

Casket be smaller den a cell,  
Franky-lynnnnnnnn.

FRANK

STOP CALLING ME THAT!

DOG

Why? "Daddy took me to Da Show so I never know it wrong" is what you plead at Trial, right? I mean, who plans on prison, mierda-breath?

FRANK

I, hate, you.

DOG

I don't. In fact, finally like myself first time in long time.

Frank dead-aims Dog's gun between Dog's eyes.

DOG

Shoot unarmed man?

FRANK

Done it before, easier this way.

DOG

Appreciate you sayin' dat. Make what gonna' happen seem almost ...

Frank pulls Dog's trigger. Nothing. He spits-out toothpick.

DOG

Crack shot maybe, but no expert. Trigger not fire that Hammer till you rack its 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 cause a lot a' pain, and I supposed to forgive you for dat. But you hurt my sis-sis bad-bad, twice, and for dat, I 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 his 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 only good barber in whole dang county.

Dog inserts now loaded magazine, *racks* slide, leaves hammer cocked, then locks its Safety on. He unscrews and pockets 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 to him.

DOG

'Ey Frank, you injured from a fight. I watch you bleed-out. Okay?

FRANK

*Eat dog shit and die.*

DOG

No tank you, but you just do. I wipe blade in mine so your cut it turn septic. You grasp concept?

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 to 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

Tanks for da 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

You nver 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's your f'n problem, boy?!

DOG

My problem is, I a problem solver.  
And you, hell, you's everybody "f'n  
problem." You and Walsh are fini!  
State Police Animal Division at his  
ranch by now so best you --.

(Reh-non-see, "give up")  
Renoncer.

SHERIFF

Don't thinks so. Nuthin's come over  
no radio. Nope, your ego's too big  
not to take me on alone, rougarou.

DOG

You right, cop-out. Beside, I have  
every ting on tape. Dumb and Dumber  
sang da 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 did. Seem he like to  
record your "conjugal visits."  
(drops recorder in shirt)  
So what it gonna' be ex-Lawman? Man-  
up, or lie ass off, den cry like  
lil' t-babe when cuffed behind?

SHERIFF

Nah, won't be doing any of that.  
(spits black juice at Dog)  
Goodbye, asshole.

Dog spits out his toothpick smiling.

DOG

Adiós, asesino.

BARNES (O.S.)

Gun, gun, gun!

In a fresh uniform, Barnes steps out of sidewalk-shadows.

SHERIFF

'Bout time you show up!

DOG

You ride --wit' dat?

SHERIFF

He knows which side the butter's  
on. Let's dance. 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

Tanks 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

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 goes to Sheriff and slides Sheriff's fallen gun in his  
own duty-belt. Sheriff holds his bloody shoulder wound  
glaring up 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 say 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 annuder one a' dōs?

BARNES  
Another what? Vet? Why?

Dog gives the universal *throat-cut* sign.

BARNES  
Marguilies is dead?!

DOG  
Dave's death, were not no 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 couldn't  
confess to being his drug supplier.

BARNES

"Frank?" Frank the Barber?!

DOG

Uhhh, got annuder one a' dōs, too?

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 no rocket scientist. Dey  
help you, if you let dem.

BARNES

Are you saying, you worked last  
night, so it's all legal-like?

DOG

Ignorance of Da Law no excuse. But  
knowing "Da Lawman," dat --might  
earn you one.

SHERIFF

One of you flunkies help me up!

BARNES

You don't deserve to wear that.

Barnes reaches down and rips the badge off Sheriff's shirt.

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

I get dat back, non?

Nurse exits. EMT gets the second gurney. Both go to Sheriff.

NURSE

You know I had to clean up your  
mess last night.

DOG

Even out. I clean up town's.  
(to Barnes)  
So, 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 to *tap* 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" --she  
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 and pass to me, get more  
stories, especially in da city.

SOFIA

"In the city?!"

DOG

Dis Dog will be, dare worst friend.

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 their picture reads *"DOG SAVES CANINES, BITES CURS!"*

FADE TO BLACK:

**CAPTION:** *"Last Dog Standing" was approved by The Humane Society of the United States who 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.

**END CARD:** *Dog returns in "Last Dog Standing - City Dog"*

Suggested End Credit Videos, actual A.S.P.C.A. Rescue Raids.