

LAST DOG STANDING

CITY DOG

by

Lawrence Whitener

Based on true events with cooperation of HSUS and ASPCA. This and prequel "Junkyard Dog" can segue into a Rescue Reality TV series.

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: *Dog Fighting is an animal Blood Sport to the death. It has two venues, rural and city.*

EXT. SMALL MOUNTAINTOWN IN VIRGINIA - DAYBREAK

A MARSH HAWK flies over the Louisiana Bayou down to a small town. It dips through the town's Main Street, over its Sheriff Department, a Barber Shop, and town Newspaper Office.

Hawk continues flying out of town to soar over a 1950's Diner, then a freshly-painted old-style two-pump Gas Station. It rests atop a flag-pole by a small stand-alone building with small empty parking lot. It watches an old pick-up truck with blue-smoke pouring out of its tailpipe park in front.

GEORGINA BODINE, 30s, attractive, in large dark sunglasses and kerchief covering most of her dark hair, exits her truck carrying something in an old blanket and enters the building.

Beautiful Sunrise explodes behind the building. Hawk spreads its wings sunbathing. Wind blows the American Flag beneath it to full opening. Double-sided hand-carved wooden sign above the front door sways in the breeze reading, "*All The Way.*"

INT. TOWN'S ANIMAL SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Small lobby with wooden bench and a merchant-bell on counter.

Georgina enters and *dings* the bell. CANINES in the back start *barking*. She sits down hard on the bench hugging her blanket.

ANDRÉ DOUGUÈT, African-American Cajun known as DOG from his last name is a Vietnam M.W.D. Vet in his late 60s. He is fit for his age with medium-length hair and a mustache. He exits back-room wearing a smock having a name-plate reading, *Animal Warden*. A shiny-green Jardine PARROT sits on his shoulder.

PARROT

'El-lo.

GEORGINA

You --take in tropical birds?

Dog thumb-points behind him to a hand-crochet framing on the wall reading, "*All God's Creatures.*" Dog goes arms-wide.

DOG

Great and small.

Parrot side-walks out Dog's extended arm. Dog lowers his hand to the counter and the Parrot walks off onto it.

DOG
How can we help you?

Georgina hugs her blanket *crying*. Dog sits beside her. Georgina thrusts her blanket into Dog's chest and stands. Dog peels back the blanket to reveal a BEAGLE PUPPY shivering.

GEORGINA
No one can help me.

Dog stands blocking her exit and hands her back the blanket with Beagle Puppy, then pets it. Georgina hugs it *sobbing*.

Dog slowly removes Georgina's sunglasses to reveal she has a black-and-blue eye. He growls.

DOG
Go to the Sunset Motel. Tell its manager "Dog" sent you. Get some sleep. Someone will contact you.

GEORGINA
No! I have to go back or he ...!

This is the first time we see Dog's darker side as his eyes go to slits and his voice deepens sinister.

DOG
"He" --now my problem, missy.

Dog escorts Georgina out who cradles Beagle Puppy lovingly.

EXT. ANIMAL SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Dog helps Georgina into her rusting truck with Beagle Puppy rubbing it behind an ear. It *barks* cute.

Georgina leaves. Dog fans away her tail-pipe's blue-smoke to see her license plate *GDOLBY2*. He sounds it out phonetically.

DOG
GuD OLe BoY 2? Oxy --moron.

Parrot hops out the front door. Dog holds one arm straight out beside him. Parrot flies up onto his arm as a perch.

PARROT
Prit-tee burd.

DOG
Yaya, she be.

EXT. ISOLATED DOUBLE-WIDE - LATER THAT DAY

Rusted trailer-home back in the woods. Junk is in its front yard. A pristine muscle-car is parked in its dirt driveway with a rear license plate reading, "GDOLBY1."

Dog parks a classic convertible with top down. He exits in a casual jacket over a flannel shirt to phonetically sound out.

DOG
GuD OLe BoY, Won--derless.

Dog scans the trash around its front yard, then sucks teeth.

DOG
He give hillbilly, a bad name.

Dog walks up to a falling-apart screen-door and pounds hard three times on its frame.

Front door is yanked open angry by BUBBA BODINE, 40, balding, in a yellow-stained athletic-shirt with beer-tummy protruding under it. He is holding a huge open 24 oz. beer can.

BUBBA
Who the fu ...!

DOG
Tinking da same ting.

BUBBA
Who you a-hole?

DOG
Tinking da same ting.

BUBBA
Ain't no cop dressed like that.

Dog opens his jacket's lapel to reveal a Deputy Sheriff badge pinned to his shirt's pocket.

BUBBA
You's trespassin' fuck-face, lessen
you got probably cause.

DOG
Wifey have a black-eye "probably
cause" --it run into your fist.

BUBBA

Same one that's gonna' "run" into
yours!

Dog smiles doing a pretty good *Elvis Presley* impersonation.

DOG

"Thank you, thank you very much."

Bubba tilts his head, *WTF*, then looks past Dog to see his
1970's antique convertible and recognizes it.

BUBBA

Dog?

DOG

Been called worse.

BUBBA

You here official-like?

DOG

Is now, since you just confess.

BUBBA

I knows my rights copper-head, and
you didn't read me mine!

DOG

Doubt you can read, but okie-dokie.
(clears throat)
"You have the right to remain ..."

Bubba *slams* his door then throws its inside bolt.

DOG

indoors.

Dog steps off the porch to one side and yells.

DOG

Bubba Bodine, this here da Sheriff
Department! Come out wit your arms
...!

Dog hears a shotgun *rack* and dives to the ground.

Bubba's shotgun *blast* blows a hole through the front door
taking off its screen-door.

DOG

across your chest.

INT. BUBBA'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Filthy, trash-laden, with mismatched furniture, a small self-standing metal fireplace, and a huge new big-screen TV.

Bubba stands by the front door with his pump-shotgun.

BUBBA

Best skedaddle --!

Bubba *racks* his shotgun again and its spent shell ejects.

BUBBA

while you's upright, dog-breath!

Dog's car *starts* outside. Bubba tilts his head listening.

BUBBA

Scaredy-cat.

Dog's car just *runs and runs and runs.*

Bubba tilts his head the other way, then peeks out window.

A log *smashes* through his window butt-first to hit Bubba in the face. He drops the shotgun to grab his bleeding nose.

BUBBA

Son Of A ...!

Two Taser Prongs fly in through same broken glass and attach to his bare shoulder. He looks at their attached wire confused. *Ticking*-sound as 50,000 volts enter. He falls on the floor writhing, spasming, and high-pitched screaming.

Door is *kicked* open police-style at the handle by Dog who twirls a roll of electrical-tape around one finger.

DOG

"Taser, Taser, Taser!"

(*holsters* tape in pocket)

Now we got all dat pesky legal crap
outta the way.

Dog grabs Bubba's two Taser-wires and yanks their attached Taser gun in through same broken window. The Taser gun's trigger is taped "on" by Dog's electrical roll. Dog pulls the electrical tape off its trigger and its *sparking* stops.

BUBBA

That hurts Mudder Fu ...!

Dog pulls the Taser's trigger and its *ticking* sounds again as Bubba now becomes a fish out of water flopping all over.

Dog releases the trigger but holds gun as Bubba and *ticking* stop. Dog squats and removes a *Miranda Card* from his own shirt pocket, clears his throat, then reads the card aloud.

DOG

"You has the right to remain ..."

Bubba passes out. Dog smiles wry in Cajun.

DOG

Tomber dans les pommes.

TRANSLATION: *to fall in the apples*

FADE TRANSLATION: *pass out*

INT. TOWN'S SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - LATER SAME DAY

Small lobby with a counter and earlier-type merchant-bell.

Door opens and Bubba, hand-cuffed behind, is pushed inside by Dog. Bubba's nose is now bandaged under two black-eyes.

An opaque half-glass door behind the counter reads, *Sheriff*.

SHERIFF BARNES, 40s, African-American, in a freshly-pressed tan uniform, exits his office and sees Bubba's "mask."

BARNES

El Ban-dee-toe.

BUBBA

Police Brutalality!

BARNES

Say who?

DOG

"Brutality." --Had to deploy, so had to take him to City Hospital.

BARNES

Charge?

DOG

Charge-s. Domestic Battery,
Resisting Arrest, Assault on a
Police Officer, and Animal Cruelty.

BARNES

Let me guess. He beat the family pet to control his spouse, then threatened to kill it if she left him. She'll testify as such?

DOG

Find out in da morn. But have enough to hold him overnight.

BARNES

And his resisting arrest charge?

DOG

Add an "s" again. Assault onna Police Officer, time two. First time --big ass shotgun.

BARNES

(slide-whistles)

When was the second?

DOG

At da hospital, when he try to get away.

Dog "coochy coos" Bubba under his chin who pulls away angry.

BUBBA

I's a Sovereign Citizen! I don'ts recognize your authority!

BARNES

And yet, here we are.

(to Dog)

Shotgun, huh? If he's a felon, that's a felony weapon's charge.

(sings TV theme to Bubba)

"Bad boy, bad boy, whatcha' gonna' do, watcha' gonna' do" now that we got yuuuuu --?

BUBBA

Done arrested me illegal!

BARNES

(to Dog)

"Done" identified yourself as an off-duty Officer?

DOG

Yes, sir. Showed him my badge, announced my intent, before he shoot. Presque me head, *presque*.

BUBBA

Fibber!

BARNES

(to Dog)

Mirandized?

BUBBA

No!

Dog lifts Bubba's hand-cuffs high from behind twice, making Bubba bend forward twice as if nodding, Yes.

BUBBA

Liar!

Dog pulls a tape-recorder out of a shirt pocket and plays it.

DOG (FILTERED)

"You has da right to remain --
stupido. Anyting you say can and
will be used a'gin you in court.
You has da right to an attorney,
but since you probably cain't
afford one, one be appointed for
you by da Court. Est-ce que tu dese
rights as I tell dem to you, Bubba-
boy?"

BUBBA (FILTERED)

(woozy)

Uhhh --huh?

Dog turns off his recorder and puts it back in same pocket.

BARNES

Close enough for government work.
And his eyes?

DOG

Dumbo resist encore.

BARNES

Thrice?

Dog lifts Bubba's handcuffs again, but Bubba fights back. Dog pushes Bubba forward hard bending him over the counter while kicking his ankles far apart making Bubba hit his forehead on the counter-bell. It *dings*.

BUBBA

Gets me an attorney! I'll sue!

BARNES

Who?

DOG

Whom.

Barnes gives Dog the stink-eye.

BARNES

Clean up, dress up, jail up.

Dog grabs Bubba's elbow, but Bubba pulls away again.

BUBBA

You's violatin' my constitutional rights as a Sovereign Citizen!

BARNES

Who only recognize Sheriffs because we're elected, right?

BUBBA

Supposed to, but nots your hired help --like this little piggy.

BARNES

Know what I like best about small-town law enforcement?

Bubba shakes his head. Barnes yanks Bubba's cuffs higher causing him to hit his forehead on counter-bell again, *Ding!*

BARNES

No body-cams.

DOG

Our new receptionist starts tomorrow.

BARNES

What?! Where, when, why?

DOG

Left out "who."

BARNES

Whom.

Dog head-motions to Bubba who sees their eye-exchange.

BUBBA

That Bitch! When I get through with her, she'll wish ...!

Barnes kicks Bubba's legs further apart causing Bubba to fall to his knees hitting his chin on the edge of counter, *Bam*.

BARNES

Sure wish you would execute your right to remain silencio, bandido.

BUBBA

(recovers, kicks at Barnes)
I wants bacon for breakfast! Two lil' piglets, fresh fried!

Barnes side-steps Bubba's kick and turns to Dog.

BARNES

Amend your report to include
"Threatening an Elected Officer."
(turns, turns back)
Oh, and change his Resisting Arrest total to --

Barnes holds up four fingers, then glares at Bubba.

BARNES

Men who beat women for sport, get
"penalized" --by the head referee.

Barnes interlocks those fingers with other hand, *cracks* all eight knuckles, then finger motions to Bubba to, *Come here*.

INT. TOWN'S DINER - DUSK THAT DAY

1950's style restaurant with lots of chrome accent.

FAMILY-OF-FOUR at a booth waited on by MARIE DOUGUËT-THOMAS, Dog's sister, early 60's, frumpy, in a summer dress with waitress apron overtop, who is writing down Family's order.

Dog enters dressed same and sits at the counter behind which stands DESTINY LOVE, African-American, late 20s, in jeans and t-shirt with same waitress apron overtop.

DESTINY

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

DOG

"Rather have Marie."

DESTINY

"Hey, Marie --it's your brudder!"

Destiny *laughs*, then pats Dog's hand on the countertop.

DESTINY

Can't believe I actually said that
the first time we met a year ago.

DOG

Still play well.

DESTINY

Heard you saved another today.

DOG

N.S.A. should have our town's
communication system.

DESTINY

And the creep who did it?

DOG

Creeping through da judicial
process.

DESTINY

Sunset Motel?

Dog nods once.

DESTINY

Want me to visit her tonight?

DOG

S'il te plaît. Don't think she
should be alone yet.

DESTINY

And tomorrow --?

DOG

She our new receptionist. Tell her
to arrive by neuf heures. Et oui,
she can bring da mutt.

Destiny pecks Dog on the cheek.

DESTINY

You're just a big ole' teddy-weddy.

DOG

(deep bear-growl)
Rrrrrrrr.

Marie comes and clips her order ticket to the cook's rack,
spins it, then kisses Dog on his other cheek.

Dog wipes both cheeks off with a napkin.

DOG
You two slobber more den French
Mastiff.

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

DOG
Sound guud.

MARIE
Hey, you my favorite frère.

DOG
"Hey" --I your only brudder.

MARIE
Don't remind me.

Marie disappears into the kitchen.

Destiny touches Dog's hand lovingly.

DESTINY
Merci beaucoup.

DOG
Cauchemars go away?

DESTINY
Not really. Yours?

DOG
Not really, but did learn to live
wit dem. You will, too. Coming to
da Shelter demain?

DESTINY
Bien sûr, it's Dog-Run Day!

DOG
If you open da shelter, I can open
da gas station. Any way you stay
all day?

DESTINY
You want me to spend my only day
off from here --over there?

DOG
Dat what I do?

Marie enters carrying a plate and puts it in front of Dog.

MARIE

After --you keep us safe.

Marie smooches his cheek again.

DOG

Arrête! I got a tree-for-one deal
when you bring me back last year.

MARIE

Aren't you glad I do?

Dog makes the 'Bof' hand gesture of opening his arms wide
with palms up while raising and lower shoulders, "*I dunno?*"

DESTINY

I sure am!

Marie and Destiny look at Dog with stars in their eyes.

DOG

So much, for full retirement.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SAME TOWN'S SHERIFF OFFICE - MORNING

CAPTION: *One year ago*

Dog, high-and-tight, small mustache, wears a white LEO shirt
and dress pants with his *Retirement Badge* on shirt's pocket.
He walks into the middle of the street and stands with feet
apart. It's a showdown.

DOG

Calling you out, Sherri-baby!

SHERIFF TOWNSEND, 50s, Redneck beer-gut, in full Sheriff
uniform, exits office, walks to middle of street, and pulls
down his hat's brim to shadow his eyes from the morning Sun.

TOWNSEND

Pretty smart having the Sun at your
back. Not too smart coming here.

DOG

Ever see movie "Dog Day Afternoon?"

Townsend spits a huge glob of tobacco-juice through his front
teeth. Black juice drips down his chin onto his white shirt.

TOWNSEND

What's your f'n problem, boy?!

DOG

My problem? Well, I a problem
solver. And you, well hell, you is
da "f'n problem."

Dog's dark side comes out as his lips curl in pure hatred.

DOG

You and Walsh fini! State Police
wit Animal Division at his ranch by
now. Laisse tomber, maintenant!

TOWNSEND

Nuthin's come over no radio. No.
(straightens duty belt)
Your ego's too big, not to take me
on alone.

DOG

You right, cop-out. Beside, I have
everything on tape. Dumb and Dumber,
dey sang da blues already.

Dog pulls a mini-recorder out of his shirt pocket with its
green light still on, then drops it back in.

TOWNSEND

Know what I like best about small
town law enforcement?
(smiles evil)
No cameras.

DOG

But Walsh, he sure did. He record
your conjugal visits to his ranch.
Human trafficking, drug pushing,
illegal gun sales, every criminal
activity be tied up in --
(deep sinister voice)
"The Show."

Dog takes a toothpick out of his front pocket to chew on it.

DOG

I tell you how much I really r-e-a-
l-l-y hate dirty cop?

Townsend becomes nervous and rests shooting-hand on gun-butt.

DOG

You looking other way with a greedy
paw out hurt animals bad, and I
supposed to forgive you for dat.

Dog slides a boot behind for better attack-stance.

DOG (O.S.)

But you also hurt my sis-sis bad.
And for dat, non, I don't forgive.
So what you gonna' do ex-Lawman?
Man-up, or lie ass off and cry like
T-baby when cuffed and put in own
jail?

TOWNSEND

Won't be doing either.
(spits black juice at Dog)
Goodbye, asshole.

DOG

(spits toothpick at him)
Adiós, asesino.

BARNES (O.S.)

Gun, gun, gun!

Barnes, still just the Deputy, steps out of sidewalk-shadows
in full tan uniform aiming his service revolver.

TOWNSEND

'Bout time you show up!

DOG

(glares at Barnes)
You ride wit dat?

TOWNSEND

He know which side da butter's on.
Allons-y. I lead.

Townsend draws. A gun *fires* and its bullet hits Townsend's
shoulder making him drop his own gun and fall to the ground.

Dog spins to a knee drawing his Vietnam 1975 9mm Browning
from behind his back aiming it at Barnes.

Barnes smoking service revolver is aimed at Townsend.

DOG

Tanks --
(stands uncoiling)
for scarin' la merde outta' me.

BARNES

My pleasure.

TOWNSEND

You shot the Sheriff!

Dog sings *Eric Clapton's* "I Shot the Sheriff" lyric.

DOG

"But I did not shoot the dep-u-tee."

BARNES

(walking to Sheriff)

Marie call State Police this morn yelling, "Stay off da god damn radio." Then she call me, said you trusted me. She took Destiny to the hospital. Merci, both time.

Barnes slides Townsend's fallen gun in his own duty-belt.

BARNES

Town's gonna need a new Animal Warden, gas station owner, and Deputy after last night's soirée. You interested, mon ami?

DOG

(drops head *sighing*)

So much, for full retirement.

RETURN TO.

INT. TOWN'S DINER - PRESENT DAY

Marie and Destiny have elbows on counter with head in hands.

MARIE

"Come on" you love livin' in a small town. You're coming for spaghetti dinner tonight, bon?

Destiny scratches under Dog's chin *cooing*.

DESTINY

Sauce cooked in, more on top, plenty a' Parmesan.

DOG

(pulls head away)

If you two stop Martha Stewarting me! Puis-je amener un ami?

MARIE

Same one at da Sunset Motel?

DOG
No security in dis homeland. T-
Tommie can have a play-date.

Marie and Destiny touch the sides of their heads together
silly-smiling at Dog.

DOG
Stooooooooop --.

INT. TOWN'S BARBER SHOP - NEXT DAY

Throw-back two-seater atelier with wall pay-phone and a two-
chair waiting area. There's a merchant bell above its door.

SAM GOODSTONE, Caucasian 50s, comb-over, in a Barber's Frock,
sits in his barber-chair reading the local newspaper.

Dog enters unshaven now wearing a full Deputy tan-uniform.
Door's bell *dings*. Dog freezes seeing Sam the way he is.

Sam doesn't look at Dog, just turns his newspaper's page.

SAM
Afternoon, Deputy. Kitty got your
tadpole?

Dog unfreezes and sits in the second barber-chair.

DOG
Sorry, déjà vu.

Sam gets up to spit a black glob into a floor spittoon, *ding*.

SAM
Still have a fear of Barbers?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SAME BARBER SHOP - ONE YEAR AGO

A CORPSE lies on the floor covered by a cutting-cape. Blood
has pooled around its head area.

FRANK ALBO, Caucasian 50s, bad comb-over, small paunch, round-
shouldered, wears a Barber's Frock and is pointing Dog's
Browning at Dog.

Dog in his white Leo shirt (no badge) and black dress pants
is holding his white cowboy hat upside down.

DOG

Helluva shot by the way. You know,
right between da eyes?

(touches between his)

Didn't learn dat in Barber School!
Ya' know, I get in trouble when I
tink too much, but I kept on till
wonderin' --Who da real "nom de
plume" of dis whole Greek tragedy?

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

DOG

Yep, kept comin' on back to the
same noggin' nagger.

(eyes bore into Frank's)

Why you send me to Walsh's ranch?!

FRANK

Shouldn't have. Should have taken a
more professional interest in your
personal demise. I am now.

(chews on toothpick)

When you know it was me?

DOG

Just now. Gutsy move shooting Doc
as your only living witness when
you think Walsh and his men were
dead with da Sheriff next.

FRANK

Uh-huh. Well then, gutsy move on
your part letting me take your gun.
I coulda' shot you in the back.

DOG

Police work's a little like Poker.
Sometime you gotta' go all-in. I
hope you'd realize forensics would
trip you up. But just in case --.

Dog pulls up his rear shirt tail and a rifle-plate from his
earlier Tactical vest drops onto the floor, *whang*.

FRANK

Okay, brainiac, how about this?
Doc shot Dog, Frank shot Doc.

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

DOG

Frankee shot Dogee? Still a wee-wee problem with logistics, Franky-poo. Pesky primary flaccidity is un.

FRANK

(smug know-it-all smile)
Rigor Mortis takes two hours, brain-dead.

DOG

Hey Frank N. Steinac! Eyelids da first to get rigid. Almost ninety minute now, birdbrain.

Frank smiles most evil, then kicks off Corpse cutting-cape. It's a bloody mess, but Doc's German Luger is not in sight.

DOG

Toss it --when I toss him.

FRANK

I still got yours.

DOG

Ballistics burst that balloon too, Foolish Frank.

FRANK

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

DOG

Nah, never wash. Dem Crime Scene techs pretty smart what wit trajectory, blood splatter, and all. Fancy computers help a lot.

FRANK

Well, dogshit-for-brains, whatta' you suggest?

DOG

Cops a lot smarter than criminals give us credit. We always thinking, have to, or we get shot more, so --

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

Giving up, she be looking pretty good about now cher-cher.

FRANK

No way, I got claustrophobia.

DOG

Casket's smaller than a cell,
Frank-lynnnnnnnn ...

FRANK

I hate you!

DOG

I don't. In fact, finally like
meself first time inna long time.

Frank dead-aims Dog's gun at Dog's forehead.

DOG

Man for Breakfast?

FRANK

Done it before, feels great.

DOG

Appreciate you saying dat. Make
what gonna' happen now seem...

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

DOG

Crack shot maybe, but no expert.
Trigger won't fire dat Hammer, till
you rack da Slide.

Frank pulls slide back. An unfired round ejects as slide
recovers. Frank aims at Dog and pulls trigger. *Click*.

Dog turns hat over to show rest of his bullets in its Crown.

Frank *snarls*, then drops Dog's gun, and pulls his straight-
razor out of a side-pocket flipping it open.

FRANK

Gonna' slice your ears off like I
done for Walsh all these years!

Dog draws Doc's Luger from behind his back and aims it at
Frank. Dog's face contorts with pure unadulterated hatred.

DOG

You cause a lot a pain, a lot a'
pain. So no, I not forgive. But --
(tosses Luger near corps)
wouldn't wanna' bring his gun, to
our knife fight.

Frank charges at Dog *screaming* with razor held high.

FRANK

Gonna' gut you like a fish!

A throwing-knife drops out of Dog's shirt sleeve into his free hand. He snap-throws it underhanded.

Frank stops mid-step. Dog's blade is stuck deep in his belly.

FRANK

You're --fast?

DOG

And accurate, perforated stomach.

Frank looks down at knife, then up like he's going to say something. He takes a slow 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 coiffeur, in
da whole dang county.

Dog inserts his loaded magazine, *racks* slide, leaves hammer cocked, and locks the Safety on. He unscrews and pockets its suppressor, then slides the gun into his back waistband. He hears *scratching* and looks up into the wall's huge oval mirror to see Frank crawling for Doc's Luger.

DOG

Hey Frank, you injured from Dog-
fight. I watching you bleed-out.
Any a' dis sound familiar?

FRANK

Eat dog shit and die.

DOG

You just did. I wipe my blade in it
so infection, it get septic yaya.

Dog takes a toothpick out of same shot-glass on shelf, puts it in mouth, then slides one hand into a pants-pocket. He watches in the mirror as Frank claws for Doc's gun, rolls over, aims at Dog, and pulls its trigger. 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 gun and lays on his back *coughing-up* blood.

Dog puts on his hat, goes to Frank, and kicks gun away.

DOG

You, are a flea, on my left nut.

Dog looks in mirror, adjusts hat, pins on his Retirement Badge, then rubs a hand over his clean-shaven face.

DOG

Tanks for da --close shave.

Dog grabs wall-phone, dials 911, drops receiver, and exits. Door closes behind Dog with overhead bell *dinging*.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)

9, 1, 1. What is your emergency?

Frank *moans*.

RETURN TO.

INT. SAME BARBER SHOP - PRESENT DAY

Dog is lost in the past. Sam cups hands around his mouth.

SAM

I said --Do you still, Have a fear of ...

DOG

Only incompetent ones.

Sam *works* a razor on the back of Dog's chair leather-strop.

SAM

Close shave, smart-ass?

DOG

Just not --too close.

Sam pulls a hair from the back of Dog's hair to slice it with his razor. Dog grabs the back of his head, *Ow?*

DOG

Always do dat to customer?

SAM

Only incontinent ones.

Sam grabs a vintage shaving-mug off his barber-shelf, runs water into it from shelf's faucet, then lathers it *clinking*.

SAM

Sofia stopped by, wants to see you
over at her newspaper office.
Sounded exigent.

DOG

"Exigent?!" Been studying dat
dictionary again?

SAM

Word a day keeps mental doldrums
away.

DOG

Antonym?

SAM

"Busy, lively."

DOG

What was Sofia so "lively" about?

SAM

Something or nuther about her, uh --
her sister's pet.

Sam goes to lather Dog's face, but Dog grabs both his wrists hard. Sam grimaces.

DOG

What she say --exactly?

INT. TOWN'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Weekly newspaper storefront lobby with a wooden desk, chair, dial phone, and crammed with file-boxes. No one is present.

Dog, still unshaven and wiping off excess lather, enters.

DOG

Hola, cómo estás?!

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

SOFIA

Estoy bien, gracias.

DOG

Que pasa?

Sofia sits behind her desk and tears-up. Dog sits on her desk's corner.

DOG

Dare, dare, sha-sha. How can big
bad Dog help?

SOFIA

Only if you go --"there."

Sofia breaks down. Dog takes her rag to wipe a tear. The rag leaves ink under her eye. Dog tosses rag scanning for a clean one. Sofia rubs that eye, then her other, now she has ink under both eyes looking like a football player. Dog *sighs*.

DOG

Hut one, hut two. Where is there?

SOFIA

Baltimore.

DOG

Charm City?!

SOFIA

It's not that charming. Gangs are
out of control and running it.

DOG

I know, that why I don't want to
go!

SOFIA

(breaks down)

They took her puppy, the one I gave
her!

Dog has a switch. Don't ever flip it "on." He just did. He growls the Cajun saying for "let's dance" as *fay-doh-doh*.

DOG

Fais dodo. --*I lead.*

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Small kitchen with curtains over sink's window and matching ones on outside door's half-window. An inside door goes down to a basement. A round dining table is set for four.

Marie cooks at the stove.

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

TOMMIE JUNIOR, a two y.o. Beagle, lies on floor chewing on a toy. Car door *slams* outside. Junior stands wagging her tail.

Door opens and Dog enters, still unshaven and in his Deputy uniform, followed by Georgina holding her Beagle Puppy.

Junior jumps up to Dog who catches her. Junior smothers Dog with wet tongue-kisses. Dog tries to hold his face away.

DOG

You worse --den dese two.

Dog offers Junior to Beagle Puppy. They wag their tails. Dog puts Junior down, then takes Puppy from Georgina and sets it down. The two Beagles sniff, then run in circles playing.

DOG

You remember Destiny. Dis my
sister, Marie. Marie, dis be Gina.

Marie shakes Georgina, now known as GINA's hand manly.

MARIE

Thought your first name Georgina?

GINA

Was. Your brother thought ...

DESTINY

Name change might help life change?

Gina nods.

Marie "pats" Dog on the head who pulls away. Marie smiles hand-motioning for Gina to sit at the table who does.

MARIE

Well Gina, how your first day?

GINA

Didn't know the police got so many
weird calls.

DESTINY

Like?

GINA

"Like" the man who was really upset
his pizza wasn't there yet.

DOG

All law enforcement, get "that"
call.

GINA

Why are you called "Dog?"

MARIE

Douguèt in French can mean a Mastiff.

GINA

The large strong breed with drooping ears and pendulous lips?

DOG

You know Sam?

GINA

Why do you like canines so much?

MARIE

He doesn't just "like" them, he loves dem.

DESTINY

He was a M.W.D. Handler during the Vietnam Conflict then a K9 Sheriff.

DOG

Enough with da history lesson.

Marie drains spaghetti into a colander, then dumps it back in same big pot. She pours a smaller pot of sauce into it and spoons them together to dump all in a serving bowl. She sets her bowl on the table, then a smaller bowl with extra sauce.

Dog pulls out Marie's chair. She goes to sit. Dog moves it like he's going to pull it away. Marie laughs sitting fast.

MARIE

(French as ee-dee-O)
Idiot.

Dog pulls out Destiny's chair who sits with a small bowl of extra Parmesan cheese.

DESTINY

What about your no-good no good?

Awkward silence, then Gina glances at Dog who now sits.

DOG

Call in a favor. State Police holding him till arraignment.

MARIE

You leaving dat pile a' steaming
poo! Oui?

GINA

Your brother thinks I should.

DOG

Because toxic masculinity is
prevalent in redneck culture.

All Three Women look at Dog.

DOG

What? I browse?

Destiny puts her hand on Gina's.

DESTINY

You go girl. And I do mean --go.

DOG

One step at a time. Right now, she
need to step away to a safe place.

MARIE

Don't wanna' go back home?

Dog *slams* a fist on table causing the Three Women to jump.

DOG

It not a "home!" It a flea infested
roach-motel and she, is checking,
out!

Puppy runs to hide in a corner. Junior licks Dog's hanging
hand. Dog pets Junior, then goes to and pets Beagle Puppy.

DOG

It okay, girls. Sorry 'bout dat.
(turns to Women)
It's just dat, dare no reason
anyone, to live like "dat."

Gina shrinks down. Marie puts her hand on Gina's.

MARIE

Life --she all about choices.

DESTINY

The hard part --
(pats Gina's other hand)
is choosing.

Marie and Destiny remove their hands from Gina's.

MARIE

So where are you moving, Gina?

Dog hands her Beagle Puppy to Gina, then picks up Junior and sits petting Junior while head-motioning to Destiny, *Go on.*

DESTINY

Well, uh, *--there is my old room?*

DOG

Which was first "my old room."

MARIE

Yeah, so?

DOG

"So" now it empty, collecting dust.

Destiny takes Puppy from Gina and hands to Marie who pets it.

MARIE

"Dust?!" I clean it regular?

Dog hands Junior to Marie who cradles both as the Two Beagles lick her cheeks.

MARIE

What --you two talking 'bout?

Dog and Destiny stare at her. Marie finally, *Gets it.*

MARIE

Oh! Uh Gina? You like to stay here till, uh, whenever?

Gina starts crying. Destiny squeezes Gina's hand.

DESTINY

It's okay, we've all been there.

DOG

Speaking of "there." Sofia ask me to help her sister.

GINA

Where?

DOG

Dey speak Bawlmerese.

MARIE

How long dis time?

Marie puts Puppy and Junior down, so the Two Beagles play.

DOG
Couple a' day.

DESTINY
That mean, "a couple a' week."

MARIE
Also mean, I do double-duty at gas station, too?

DOG
Destiny, you take care of animals at da Shelter, please?

GINA
I can help!

DOG
Merci beaucoup, famille.

MARIE
What up?

Dog bows his head. Marie and Destiny follow. Gina is last. A silent *thanks*, then Dog raises his head to spoon spaghetti.

DOG
Foot-locker still in da basement?

Marie and Destiny drop their utensils to sit upright *gasping*.

GINA
What?

INT. TOWN'S BARBER SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Everything is the same, including Sam. Overhead bell *rings*.

Dog enters, still unshaven, but now wearing his Vietnam-green Jungle Boots, old jeans, and green-faded Army BDU with 1975 Ranger patches having a *Master Sergeant* chevron.

SAM
Want that close shave now, Sergeant York?

DOG
Danger Close. But not enough time to grow out "cop hair," so have to go da other direction.

Sam grabs his straight-razor to sharpen on the strop-strap.

SAM
Mustache too, Rangerette?

DOG
(sighs)
All da way.

INT. TOWN'S SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Dog enters, now bald, but with grizzled beard.

Gina sits at a desk behind the counter wearing a law-enforcement "*Citizen Volunteer*" shirt and double-takes.

GINA
Dog?

Dog *growls* deep and low.

GINA
What happen to you?

DOG
Mange. How day two?

GINA
We should go into pizza delivery.

Dog *laughs*. Barnes exits his office who *laughs* at Dog.

BARNES
Gonna' have to change your call-sign to "Cue-Ball." Going as a skin-head, huh? You know they've already had three hundred homicides this year. Their own governor says crime is "out of control" in that city.

Dog breathes like on a SCUBA-regulator quoting in perfect *James Earl Jones* from "*Star Wars*."

DOG
"You will never find, a more wretched hive, of scum and villainy."

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. DOG'S DRIVING MONTAGE - ALL NEXT DAY

Dog, now wearing Vietnam-green sunglasses, drives his car with its convertible top up. He drives out of the bayou from morning to dusk north on I-59, then I-75, then I-81.

END TIME LAPSE.

INT. DOG'S CAMARO IN A REST STOP PARKING LOT - MIDNIGHT

Dog is asleep curled up in his small backseat. One leg keeps twitching like a canine does in its sleep. His front windows are down slightly to prevent all the windows fogging-up.

Knuckle-knock on his driver's window. Dog bolts upright.

DOG

Woof!

VIRGINIA STATE TROOPER, full uniform, stands out looking in.

VA STATE TROOPER

What --are you doing?

DOG

Chasing rabbits.

VA STATE TROOPER

Can't sleep here.

Dog reaches for something. Va State Trooper pulls his gun. Dog holds up four fingers in front of his chest.

VA STATE TROOPER

LEO?

Dog opens his Retirement Badge case and holds on window.

VA STATE TROOPER

What locale?

DOG

Mayberry.

VA STATE TROOPER

Still can't sleep here.

DOG

On my way to help an old war buddy.

VA STATE TROOPER

Where?

DOG
B'more.

VA STATE TROOPER
Jesus.

DOG
Leave him outta dis. I am.

VA STATE TROOPER
I clock out at oh-six-hundred, just
be gone by then.

DOG
I will. Stay safe.

VA STATE TROOPER
I'd say the same, 'cept won't do
you any good where you're going.

DOG
Hear ya', brother. Tanks.

Dog curls back to sleep. Va State Trooper shakes his head
then walks into the Rest Stop Bathroom. Dog's leg twitches.

INT. DOG'S CAR ON BALTIMORE WASHINGTON PARKWAY - NEXT DUSK

Dog rides in his car, now with the top down and its boot-
cover on, wearing an Army green-bandana as a head-band.

A wooden highway sign ahead reads, *Welcome To Baltimore*.

DOG
Should add, "Kevlar Optional."

Dog enters the city driving past its huge *Horseshoe Casino*
and adjacent *Ravens* stadium. He quotes *Edgar Allen Poe*.

DOG
"Deep into that darkness peering,
long I stood there wondering,
fearing." Yeah, well, welcome to
Bum-Fuck again. What the fuck, is
this bum doing --again?

Dog blows his car's air-horns which sound like a *Mack* truck.

EXT. AERIAL OF BALTIMORE - NOW SUNSET

All its neon signs come on. This city, like most major ones,
is pretty at night, but only from high above.

Dog's car continues through the streets as African-American PEDESTRIANS jaywalk everywhere. His car has to stop, a lot.

INT. DOG'S CAR ON BALTIMORE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Dog shakes his head again waiting for the street to clear ahead of Pedestrians crossing leisurely, and illegally.

DOG
Must be their retirement plan.

Cars behind Dog *blow* their horns. He waves them off.

DOG
Yeah, yeah, Charming City --*not*.

Dog and his car bounce over poor roads in dire need of pothole repair. His car's GPS female-voice advises.

GPS (FILTERED)
When convenient, make a U-turn.

DOG
I wish, sista'. I wish.

INT. DOG'S CAR IN BALTIMORE - NOW NIGHT

Dog drives through streets of boarded-up run-down row-houses with vintage churches on both sides.

DOG
When'd I get to Beirut?

A graffitied sign ahead reads, "*Harlem Square Park*."

DOG
"Harlem?!" Might as well be in Brooklyn.

GPS (FILTERED)
Rerouting --Brooklyn, New York.

DOG
No, stay on target!

He drives on. In the midst of inner-city squalor, he comes to a row of re-built modern town-homes. He parks at their curb.

DOG
Talk about an oasis.

Talk stretches, farts, then reads his GPS screen.

DOG (CONT'D)
 "Sandtown-Winchester?!" The 25th
 most dangerous neighborhood in the
 entire freakin' country?
 (looks around concerned)
 Nice place --not ta' visit.

GPS (FILTERED)
 When possible ...

Dog turns his engine off silencing the GPS.

EXT. DOG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dog exits shaking his head hard enough to vibrate his jowls.

DOG
 Google Map before sayin' "yaya"
 next time, idio.

Dog presses his key-fob and car's lights blink twice. He
 walks across the street.

An approaching CAR *blows* its horn. Dog jumps as a New Yorker.

DOG
 I'm jaywalkin' hare!

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rebuilt with new dry-wall and hardwood flooring. Quaint with
 antique wall-paper, lots of knickknacks, and family pictures.

Knock at front door. LETICIA SANTIAGO, late 30's, Latin-
 pretty, in jeans and sweater, looks out its peep-hole.

LETICIA
 Password.

DOG (O.S.)
 Woof?

Leticia unlocks three locks, yanks the door open, and pulls
 Dog inside *slamming* door behind him. Dog is taken aback.

DOG
 Nice ta' ...

Leticia throws her arms around Dog's neck and hugs him too
 tight cutting off his breathing and making his face turn red.

DOG
meet ya'?

Dog hesitates, then pat's her back. She steps back answering.

LETICIA
Leticia. Where'd you park?!

DOG
Out front?

LETICIA
Idiota!

Leticia unlocks and opens her front door, then points.

FIVE GANGMEMBERS, African-American teens, all bald, wearing the same green t-shirt gang-color, stand around Dog's car.

LETICIA
See any other cars parked out there, stupido?

DOG
Idiot and stupid? Do you know my sista'?

Leticia gives Dog a sniper's thousand-yard stare.

DOG
Guess so.

Leticia hands Dog a "Visitor" parking pass.

LETICIA
Gated garage at end of the street.

Dog gives her a two-finger salute, then about-face exits.

LETICIA
(re-locks three locks)
Maldito turistas.

CAPTION: *Damn tourists*

EXT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dog studies the Five Gangmembers around his car. He shakes his head as the famous Sci-Fi TV-Host with same dry delivery.

DOG
"Your next stop, The Demilitarized Zone."

Dog sings sa,e famous show's four infamous notes.

DOG (CONT'D)

"Do-do, do-do, do-do, do-do."

Dog waves at the Five Gangmembers obviously up to no good.

DOG

Can't we all just get along?!

Five Gangmembers leader is MASTERCARD, 20s, buff, who turns with 276 tattooed across his forehead. Dog walks to him.

DOG

Second, seventh, and sixth letters
of the alphabet for B, G, F.

Mastercard pulls back his BDU to show a gun-handle sticking out his waistband. Four Gangmembers pull back their jackets to also show gun-handles sticking out of their waistbands.

Dog pulls back his BDU to squeeze his waist's fat-roll.

DOG

Your Black Guerrilla Famille came
from a real Black Panther.

(no response, explains)

Original purpose to patrol African-
American neighborhood and protect
da residents from police brutality.

MASTERCARD

Yeah, well, you should know --Pig.

GANGMEMBER ONE

Squeal like one, little piggy!

DOG

Pas bon, same founders gotta taste
a' drug-money, den dare shit-train,
it roll downhill fast.

MASTERCARD

You're not from around here, are
you, homey?

DOG

Up from da' bayou. We all homey
down dare. Friendly, too.

Five Gangmembers step towards Dog. He presses his key-fob.

All car's lights begin flashing. Air-horn *sounds* continuous.

All motion-sensor lights outside the townhouses come on.

High Noon. The Five Gangmembers scatter in all directions.

Dog squeezes key-fob again and car goes dark and quiet. He unlocks his driver's door manually, then turns smiling to look at all the homes bright exterior spotlights.

DOG
Work every friggin' time.
(Bloodhound barks)
Owuuu, ow, ow, ow, owuuuuuuu!
(to no one)
Dat my bloodhound bay. Wanna' hear
other canine call? Dey pretty, too.

No response. Dog drives down to the secure parking garage.

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Knock on front door. Leticia looks out its peep-hole.

LETICIA
Alone?

DOG (O.S.)
Aren't we all?

She unlocks her three locks and opens door. Dog enters with an old Army duffle-bag covered with sewn-on foreign flags slung over a shoulder. Leticia re-locks her three locks, then drops a brace-bar in its frame's holders. Dog watches her.

DOG
Livin' in fear --ain't livin'.

LETICIA
Beats dyin'.

Dog nods. Leticia breaks down. Dog puts an arm around her.

DOG
I make some tea, then you tell Big
Bad Dog all about it.

EXT. BALTIMORE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NEXT DAY

601 E Fayette Street. Police Cruisers are double-parked along one curb. POLICE OFFICERS in uniform enter and exit building.

A cab pulls up and Dog exits dressed casual.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS, young male in black suit, approaches.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS
You need God's help.

Dog takes Jehovah's Witness's booklet to pick his teeth.

DOG
Ev'ry god damn dey.

Jehovah Witness is stunned. Dog enters building smiling.

INT. BALTIMORE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Dog enters and goes to its lobby counter. His Vietnam boot-steps *echo* on its marble floor.

Standing behind the counter is a VOLUNTEER INFORMATION SPECIALIST, in civilian uniform, who studies Dog.

VOLUNTEER
Need help?

DOG
Every God ...

Dog makes a zipper motion across his lips, then flips open his case to show his *Retirement Badge*.

DOG
Chief of D's, please.

Volunteer picks up her desk phone.

VOLUNTEER
May I say who's calling?

Dog peruses the Jehovah's Witness booklet.

DOG
"Hey, diddle, diddle" --minus da
cat and da spoon.

VOLUNTEER
Excuse me?

DOG
He'll know.

Volunteer *dials* wary.

Dog now sees their *Police Museum*, slides his booklet over to Volunteer, and enters museum.

On "hold," Volunteer head-motions to GUARD COP, 20s, in full Baltimore Police uniform, who follows Dog into their museum.

INT. BALTIMORE POLICE MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Dog admires a vintage Ford police car, then sees and enters a small 60-yr-old jail cell. The door slides shut behind him.

Dog spins to Chief of Detectives, PETER O'TOOLE, 60s, tall, in white shirt and black tie with a detective-badge on shirt.

O'TOOLE

Heel!

Guard Cop rushes over with his revolver down at his side.

O'Toole waves him off smiling, then slides open cell door.

Dog exits and they hug. Their hug turns into wrestling.

Guard Cop watches, then exits museum shaking his head.

Dog and O'Toole break apart *laughing*.

O'TOOLE

Jesus! How long it's been?

DOG

Not long enough, stoogie.

(taps O'Toole's badge)

See you a Base Camp Commando now.

O'TOOLE

Better than being a Beetle Nut!

(pries open Dog's mouth)

Let me see your black teeth.

DOG

(pulls head away)

Still better den bein' no stinkin'
River Rat.

O'TOOLE

(grabs Dog at shoulders)

Man, it's good to see you!

(studies Dog's head)

Nice chrome-dome. In remission?

Dog pushes O'Toole's elbow up and executes a *Duck Under* to step behind O'Toole, then *Bear Hugs* him lifting his feet up.

O'Toole hooks a shoe-tip behind one of Dog's calves and spins away with hands held up in defensive position.

O'TOOLE

Why you in my good city?

Dog bends his knees with hands up in defensive position as both men circle each other like geriatric *W.W.E.* wrestlers.

DOG

"Good?!" Chance a' bein' violent
crime victim be 1 in 64, swabbie?

O'TOOLE

(stands upright insulted)
You come to be part of my problem,
ajar head?

Dog stands upright and hits O'Toole on a shoulder.

DOG

Wrong branch, sailor-boy. Didn't
mean to insult your home, buddy.
Want me to go out and come back in?

O'TOOLE

Have to come back in?

Both glare at each other, then hug again. O'Toole leans back squeezing hard lifting Dog's feet up.

O'TOOLE

God, it's good to see you!

DOG

(hard to breathe)
Spell dat, back word.

O'TOOLE

What, as in d, o, g?

Dog stomps on O'Toole's instep making him let go.

DOG

Dat why me here.

O'Toole stops hopping on his good foot to tilt his head like the *RCA Victor* mascot.

EXT. TÍR NA NÓG IRISH BAR & GRILL - LATER THAT DAY

Dog and O'Toole sit on the restaurant's veranda overlooking Baltimore Harbor enjoying *Guinness Stout*. Dog head-motions at *The National Aquarium* across the bay.

DOG

Sixty percent of citizen poll,
believe canine fighting no happen
in their neighborhood.

O'TOOLE

Because that same percentage
believe they would know if it were.

WAITRESS brings *Irish Tacos* with corned beef and cabbage,
then exits. Dog and O'Toole *clink*-toast their mugs.

DOG/O'TOOLE

Schmucks.

They drink, then dig-in eating.

O'TOOLE

So, what don't, you want?

DOG

Access to all animal cruelty and
gang file, dat all.

O'TOOLE

"Dat All?!"

(chokes on his food)

I can't do that, you know that!

Dog slides over a picture of a *Bait Dog* scarred and bloody.

O'TOOLE

Thanks.

(pushes plate away)

Look, I heard you retired after
your canine partner took a bullet
for you. What are you doing now?

Dog now slides over his town's Deputy Badge.

DOG

Know da' best ting about small town
law enforcement?

O'TOOLE

It's a --"small town?"

Both *clink*-toast, drink, then go back to eating and laughing.

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Doorbell *rings*. Leticia, in casual clothes, looks out her peep-hole, then unlocks and opens door. Dog enters. Leticia re-locks dropping in its security door-bar.

LETICIA

Where have you been all day?

DOG

Lookin' at mug shots. Speaking of?

LETICIA

Dinner's been ready for an hour.

Dog sits in the open dining area. Leticia brings him a mug of beer, then a plate of Mexican tacos. He stares at the plate.

DOG

Baltimoreans got a ting for corn?

LETICIA

And crab cakes. Find out anything?

DOG

Lots of tings, most of which you don't want ta "find out."

Leticia sits with own taco-plate and a *Corona* beer bottle.

LETICIA

Sure I do, shoot.

DOG

Dey, don't.

LETICIA

(was drinking, chokes)

What?!

DOG

Dey don't shoot Losers, dey just thrown in da' gutter.

LETICIA

Alive?

DOG

(imitates *Bruce Willis*)

"Welcome to the party, pal."

LETICIA

And --?

DOG

Non "Homeward Bound" Part Four.

Leticia breaks down. Dog touches her hand.

DOG

Je suis désolé. Detachment is a police officer best armament.

LETICIA

Why are "they" like that?

DOG

Dogmen? Mauvais wiring. Dey believe animals just "tings" to exist for own amusement, and profit.

LETICIA

Soooo --that's it?

Dog goes back to eating, then looks up through his eyebrows. No doubt about it, Dog can turn bat-shit crazy when needed.

DOG

Non. I, am --"it."

EXT. WOODLAWN TOWNHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - NOW MIDNIGHT

Typical inner-city suburban community with street-parking.

Dog, dressed in street clothes, pulls up in new cab, exits, and pays. Cab exits. Dog scans area, then looks straight up.

DOG

Tank you, sir. May I have anudder?

Dog limps up a home's stoup and *knocks* on its door. A view-slot in it slides open. A pair of dark lifeless eyes stare back at him. Dog holds up a hundred dollar bill.

DOG

Gate Fee a hun?

View-slot slides shut, then door opens. Dog enters limping.

INT. WOODLAWN TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

Doorman "TINY," 40s, Caucasian, tall, fat, in casual clothes, spins Dog on a wall, kicks his legs apart, and pats him down.

DOG

Nice Terry Pat. You "ex"?

Tiny spins Dog around pinning him against the same wall.

TINY
How you know that terminology?

DOG
"Terminology?" Now I know you a
former. What your charge?

Tiny's huge hand squeezes Dog's neck whose face turns red.

TINY
You first.

DOG
(hard to breathe)
Look, other, way.

Dog's eyes look down. Tiny looks down to sees Dog holds a
spring-assist knife blade to his crotch. Tiny releases Dog.

TINY
Me, too.

Dog's knife-blade retracts into hilt. He rubs his sore neck.

DOG
(*co-co-dree, crocodile*)
Cocodrie grip there, Tiny. You like
beef melt? Dey sure do.

TINY
Downstairs. But remember --
(two fingers to own eyes)
I'm watching you.

DOG
Better me, den --
(pats Tiny's huge belly)
dat donut shop.

Tiny *growls*. Dog *growls* back, then holds out a fist.

DOG
Serve and pro-tect.

Tiny fist-bumps Dog smiling. His front tooth is gold-capped.

DOG/TINY
Our own asses!

Tiny studies Dog as he limps down the bare-wood stairs.

TINY
Fifty foot roll of flight line.

DOG (O.S.)
 I hear dat!

INT. WOODLAWN TOWNHOME BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Unfinished concrete basement. Two three-foot high cinderblock walls were built into a corner creating an 8' x 8' fighting pen, *The Pit*. A bar is set-up in the room's opposite corner.

DOGMEN, different ethnics and ages who look like anyone's next-door neighbor, are smoking, drinking, and *laughing*.

Dog steps down and fans away their smoke *coughing*, lets his eyes adjust to the dim light, then goes to ramshackle bar.

BARTENDER, Caucasian, obese with protruding beer belly under his Hawaiian shirt, smokes a stogie wearing a cowboy hat.

BARTENDER
 What's your pleasure, partner?

DOG
 Solitude.
 (no response)
 Suds.

Bartender fills a large red plastic cup from a beer keg.

BARTENDER
 New here?

DOG
 Old there.

Bartender holds back Dog's full cup of beer.

BARTENDER
 You're a lil' --strange?

DOG
 Better than bein' a huge --oddity.

Dog points to Bartender's gigantic beer-belly.

DOG
 Nice Molson-muscle. You related to upstairs?

Bartender *slams* a chrome hand-gun on the bar. Dog studies it.

DOG
Desert Eagle Mark Nineteen, .44
caliber, eight in the clip.
(looks up at Bartender)
One in the chamber?

Bartender nods mean.

DOG
How much?

BARTENDER
How many?

DOG
Three --one for each hand.

Dog reaches for the gun. Bartender slides it under the bar.

BARTENDER
More in the back.

DOG
Girls?

BARTENDER
"More in the back." How many?

DOG
How old?

BARTENDER
Years or mileage?

Dog holds up a thick money-roll.

BARTENDER
You a bettin' man?

DOG
Are you?

BARTENDER
You got a dilemma with words?

DOG
"Dilemma?!" This the best over-
achiever under-achiever bunch I
ever been near. What's your limit?

BARTENDER
None.

DOG
Fighters?

Bartender head motions to *The Box* stabbing two fingers to his own eyes, then at Dog threatening.

Dog stabs two fingers to his own eyes, then holds them up in a *Peace Sign* smiling as he shuffles backwards to the pit.

DOG
Everyone's twenty-twenty around here.

Dog walks to the cinderblock corner, *The Box*.

Dog pushes through Dogmen to see TWO FIGHTERS, scarred, with ears cropped, being held back by their TWO OWNERS.

First Fighter is an American Pit Bull Terrier. Second Fighter is an American Bulldog. Both *snarl* vicious at each other.

DOG
Hundred Thou on The Pit!

Silence, then Dogmen start *yelling* side-bets to Bartender with SOME DOGMEN *back-slapping* Dog.

DOGMEN
Hun on Pit ...Two on Bull ...etc.

Bartender turns to a small blackboard behind him with taped grids already having bets under each breed to write, "*A-Hole = 100K*" under the Pit Bull's name, then erases others to add their changed bets the with new yelled-in odds.

Tiny now enters holding a BAIT CANINE, a weeks-old Beagle who wonders why everyone is so excited. Tiny looks at Bartender who points to Dog. Dog goes to Tiny and pets the Bait Canine.

DOG
Before you yell "Face your dogs" to get this party rockin' for the next two hours, can I asks two question?
(leans-in whispering)
I knows you were a "Blue Boy" by dat earlier comment so you has ta' know what an Arc-Light is, right?

GUARD
Old Vietnam term for a B-52 strike from so high, the planes couldn't be heard or seen from the ground.
What's your second question, grunt?

Dog reaches behind himself like he's scratching his butt, but his face scrunches in pain.

DOG

Know what a "Charger" --be?

GUARD

"Nature's Back Pocket." So?

Dog exhales a sigh of relief like he just orgasmed, then pulls a slender round object from behind him.

DOG

"So" tag, you're --

Dog pulls his vaseline-covered flash-bang grenade's pin with his thumb and tosses it covering both the Beagle's ears.

DOG

SHIT!

Blinding bright flash followed by a deafening bang-*explosion*.

ALL fall to their knees in dazed pain holding their ears.

Dog falls to his knees still holding both hands over Bait Canine's floppy ears.

Second *explosion* from upstairs, then multiple BALTIMORE SWAT in full gear with gas masks, rush down the stairs. SOME SWAT cover the Dogmen while OTHER SWAT cuff them behind tossing confiscated weapons. TWO MORE SWAT put muzzle-leads on the stunned Two Fighters. From behind their gas masks, SWAT yell.

SWAT (MUFFLED)

Clear! ...Clear! ...Clear!

O'Toole, in full blue uniform with Kevlar vest overtop, comes down the stairs with his weapon drawn in defensive position.

SWAT LEADER reports to O'Toole removing his gas mask, but not his black balaclava.

SWAT LEADER

Clear, sir.

Dog, in dazed pain, still cuddles the frightened Bait Canine.

DOG

Guns, girls --back room.

O'Toole head-motions for Swat Leader to check the backroom.

Swat Leader tongue-*whistles* to his SECOND-IN-COMMAND who looks. Swat Leader gives three hand-signals, he points to Second, then pats his own head, then points at himself.

Both Swat disappear down the hall using proper police search procedures.

O'Tool helps Dog stand, then pets the Bait Canine.

Swat Leader and his Second exit backroom with a YOUNG GIRL, Hispanic, fifteen, in a tattered dress crying, who breaks away to throw her arms around O'Toole.

YOUNG GIRL
Gracias, Gracias!

O'TOOLE
Thank, him.

O'Toole head-motions to Dog, then holsters his weapon, and makes the paratrooper's two-finger, *Hook Up*, in mid-air.

Swat Leader nods and gives hand-signal for, *Move Out*. All SWAT take their suspects and Two Fighters up the stairs. Swat Leader helps Young Girl up the stairs.

SWAT LEADER
Found a weapons depot and drug
cache in the back, Sir.

Dog pulls his hidden mini ear-plugs out and opens eyes wide.

DOG
Illegal guns, human trafficking,
and drugs, every friggin' form of
criminal activity in, "The Show."

O'TOOLE
And the neighbors, "didn't know."

Dog and O'Toole shake their heads.

O'TOOLE
What is wrong with those stupid
politicians? Give us better laws,
and we can shut them all down.

DOG
Ignorance is when you don't know.
Stupid, is when you don't want to.

DOG/O'TOOLE
"Sixty percent!"

O'TOOLE

Heck of a chance you took, buddy.
You okay?

Dog reaches behind himself grimacing.

DOG

Other than needing a case a'
Preparation H?

O'Toole laughs hearty *swatting* Dog on the back hard knocking him forward. Dog opens his shirt to button the shivering Bait Canine inside it. Dog looks around, then his shakes head. His voice drops three octaves in disgust.

DOG

God, damn, dogmen.

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - EARLY THAT MORNING

Front door bell *rings*. Leticia, dressed in sweater and jeans, looks out its peep-hole, then unlocks and opens. Dog enters.

LETICIA

Where have you been all night?

DOG

Taking out the trash.

Bait Canine *yipes* from under Dog's shirt and jacket.

LETICIA

Is that a ...?

DOG

Lone survivor.

Dog unzips his jacket and unbuttons middle button of his shirt. Bait Canine pokes its head out. Leticia covers her mouth with both hands, tears-up, then takes it to hold up near her face. It licks her. Leticia hugs it crying, then kisses Dog's cheek. He chagrins.

LETICIA

Thank you.

DOG

Yeah, yeah. Got anything to eat
around this place that doesn't make
me run south from your border?

Leticia disappears into her kitchen.

LETICIA (O.S.)
I'll fix you a nice meal, after I
give this little guy his.

Dog takes off jacket, tosses it in a chair, then rubs butt.

DOG
Second fiddle. Feel just like home.

INT. CHARM CITY CAKES - NEXT DAY

Food Network's famous converted church into a bakery. A few CUSTOMERS stand at the counter ordering cakes.

Dog stands at a tall round table eating a cupcake.

RED, undercover Baltimore Police Detective, 30s, bright red hair and full beard, wearing street clothes, comes to Dog.

RED
Dog?

DOG
Been called worse. Red?

Dog slides another cupcake on a paper plate over. Red begins eating without looking at it.

RED
Sit Rep.

DOG
Five African-American teens, all
bald, with one having "276"
tattooed on his ugly bonehead.

RED
Big Frickin' Guerrillas alright.
Sounds like Mastercard's Crew. He's
the one with the tattoo.

DOG
And --?

RED
"And" watch your Six. He's a 187
all day long, just can't prove it.

DOG
Where?

RED
Pulaski Industrial.

DOG

When?

RED

Every freakin' night.

DOG

"Every --?!" Why don't ...?

RED

Because they have an early warning system better than NORAD and their sites are mobil, Einsteinian!

DOG

"Mobil?" How?

RED

Trunks.

(no response, explains)

Look for big cars in alleyways.

DOG

They fight them, inside car trunks?

RED

Mean little bastards, huh? Yep, also listen for loud music. "They" play it to cover the barking.

DOG

They don't even watch?

RED

Can't. Just listen and bet till it's over, then pop the trunk for the results.

DOG

Loser?

RED

If alive, loser is pulled out so they can have a "stomping contest." If the winner is too injured, they stomp him to death, too. Sporty bunch, huh?

Red wipes his mouth, then hands Dog a business card.

RED

Cell's on back, good luck.

Red puts his trash in a waste bin and goes to exit.

DOG

Dat it?

RED

Did what I was told, so yeah, "dat it."

DOG

Uh, okay, thanks for the push.

Red spins angry to lean into Dog's face.

RED

This is my town and we don't like foreigners thinking they can do our freakin' job better! You cross my G.D. blue line, bucko, and I'll hunt you down same as the rest.

Red exits angry. Dog tilts his head watching Red.

DOG

Hunt me down "same as da rest?" Not likely. Pauvre ti bête, all your lines comin' up empty? Wonder why?

EXT. PULASKI INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NOW MIDNIGHT

A huge area of warehouses and trucking companies with several railroad tracks running through them. Between two warehouses, multiple cars have backed-in on both sides sandwiching an older large sedan.

SPECTATORS, African-American, are circled around the sedan drinking, shooting Heroin, smoking Crack, and drinking. All buy their "personal choice" from earlier Five Gangmembers.

EXT. PULASKI INDUSTRIAL ADJACENT ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Dog lays prone with night-vision binoculars peering over the edge of a warehouse roof watching ALL below. He's dressed in black wearing a two-hole black balaclava. He raises his binoculars to scan the surrounding roofs.

BINOCULAR INSERT: HITMAN DAVE, African-American teen, sits in a folding lawn-chair on an adjacent rooftop with a sniper rifle in one hand and hand-held radio in the other.

DOG

I, seeeee, youuuu.

Dog looks back down at the alley's activities below.

DOG
(*gas-pea-yaj*, waste)
Gaspillage --a' inhuman flesh.

Dog low-crawls to a fire-escape ladder and climbs down.

EXT. PULASKI INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mastercard, now wearing a gold necklace with a large gold medallion of the same credit card's logo, rubs his sweating bald head, then points to his "276" tattoo.

DOG
Listen! All bets come due after.
Disrespect me, and Hitman Dave --
(points up to roof)
he, disrespects --
(makes a finger gun)
you.
(lowers thumb "firing")
Fighters!

Gangmember One turns on the sedan fight-car's radio, *loud*.

Gangmember Two opens its trunk and a black PIT BULL, with scars, is chained inside who *growls*.

OWNER THREE opens his car's trunk to carry a scarred BRITISH BULLDOG *growling* through its muzzle over to the sedan's trunk and shows it to The Pitbull. Both *growl*.

Gangmember Two unlocks Pitbull holding it back by its collar.

Gangmember Three pats down Owner Three for weapons, then nods to MasterCard.

MASTERCARD
Show ...!

Hitman Dave's unconscious body with hands plastic-handcuffed in front, jerks to a stop upside down suspended by a rope around his ankles. ALL stare at Dave, then up to the roof.

MASTERCARD
time?

A police-issue CS gas grenade lands next to Mastercard. It rolls to a stop. Hand-painted on one side is, *Hi there*.

MASTERCARD
FIVE-O!

The gas grenade *hisses* loud as its aerosol is released.

Owner Three grabs his Bulldog running and tosses it back into his trunk and *slams* it shut, then the CS-gas hits him.

Gangmember One *slams* his sedan's trunk closed and jumps in its driver's seat, then the CS-gas hits him.

Gangmembers, Owner, Spectators, ALL have uncontrollable shutting of their eyes with tears streaming, nasal discharge, dizziness, restricted breathing, and severe *coughing* as they stumble about gasping while trying to see and breathe.

Gangmember Five falls onto his knees vomiting.

Four *Thunderflash* stun grenades fall throughout the Crowd. Each grenade rolls to a stop hand-painted to read as four of the *Snow White Dwarfs*; "Sleepy, Dopey, Sneezy, Grumpy."

Spectators stare at them *coughing*. One by one, the four grenades *explode* into blinding light and piercing noise. Entire area now looks like the Fourth of July on steroids.

ALL Spectators fall to the ground and roll about disoriented.

EXT. HITMAN DAVE'S PULASKI ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Dog, now minus balaclava, lays on his back at the roof's edge staring up at stars listening to his *bedlam* below. He quotes the Nursery Rhyme.

DOG

"Wit' a knick-knack paddywhack."

Dog cuts Hitman Dave's tie-rope. It disappears over the edge.

DOG

"Give dis Dog a bone."

Dog jumps up, pockets knife, slings Dave's sniper rifle, throws the now empty lawn chair off the roof, then jogs to the fire-escape still singing same Nursery Rhyme.

DOG

"Dis ole' man, oh, how he came a-
rollin' on home!" --Ça c'est bon.

EXT. PULASKI INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Baltimore Police Cruisers pull up with lights flashing.

BALTIMORE ROAD DAWGS, in full uniforms with kevlar vests, exit their cruisers with guns drawn, then stop to stare.

An unmarked cruiser parks and Red gets out.

RED

What's the hold-up?!

FTO SARGEANT points. Red now sees Gangmembers, Spectators, Third Owner, and Hitman Dave, laying on their stomachs hogtied with plastic handcuffs, wrists behind, ankles pulled-in close, with a third hooking both together. Duct tape is over their mouths as their eyes water crying. It looks like an adult bdsm kindergarten class nap-time.

O'TOOLE

Now there's something you don't see everyday, Chauncey.

Red spins to O'Toole dressed in street clothes with a police windbreaker overtop having *Baltimore Police* printed on its back with the required matching baseball cap. Red looks down to see bedroom slippers on O'Toole's feet.

RED

Back atcha'. What you doing here?

O'TOOLE

Got a phone call, same as you.
(head motions to Gang)
Gotta' admit, the man's got style.

RED

You know this jerk?

O'TOOLE

(leans-in vexed)
Back it up, Detective! That "jerk"
saved my ass way back In Country.

RED

Won't ask, so don't tell, 'cause I
don't care.

O'Toole steps angry in front of Red to go nose-to-nose.

O'TOOLE

Our P.B.R. was grounded mid-stream
in the most murderous cross-fire
you don't want to imagine, when
your "jerk," just him and his
M.W.D. partner, took them all out,
silently, one by one.
(pokes Red in his chest)
So loose the foxtrot uniform
attitude, lecky! He's here to help.
Affirmative?

RED
(admonished)
Aye-aye, sir.

FTO Sargeant reports to O'Toole *coughing*.

FTO SARGEANT
Sir, we need to hose them down. The
CS-gas saturated their clothing.

O'TOOLE
Fire's on its way. Animal Control
is behind them.

FTO SARGEANT
We also found --this.

He hands O'Toole a large manilla envelope.

FTO SARGEANT
I think it's a video, sir.

A Baltimore hook-and-ladder arrives. Its BALTIMORE FIREMEN,
in full gear, exit to pull off their hoses.

FTO Sargeant goes to direct them to "hose-off" Gang Members.

Baltimore Police and Firemen have a good time watching all
the bad guys reactions to being blasted by cold water.

O'Toole opens envelope and pulls out its small video camera.

O'TOOLE
Digitized DV-4 image processor to
capture extra light and remove
noise for an enhanced image. This
should make our case in court.

O'Toole pulls a note out, reads, chuckles, then hands to Red.

O'TOOLE
It's, for you.

RED
(reads not aloud)
"You're welcome, dickhead."

FTO Sargeant reports back to O'Toole.

FTO SARGEANT
Sir, it's Mastercard's crew
alright, except ...

O'TOOLE

Their deck is missing its Joker?

FTO Sargeant and Red look at O'Toole.

O'TOOLE

Don't worry, he'll show up on our front doorstep tomorrow, begging for police protection.

(yawn-stretches)

Take over, Sergeant. I'm going back to bed.

O'Toole exits in his unmarked cruiser.

FTO SARGEANT

What's going on, sir?

RED

Call in a meat wagon, Sergeant.

FTO Sargeant goes back to his peers.

Red reads Dog's note again, then crumbles it up, thinks, uncrumbles note, then folds it neatly to put in a pocket.

RED

We'll see who is the real Alpha Dog, dickless.

INT. DIFFERENT PULASKI WAREHOUSE - NOW DAWN

An abandoned empty warehouse with trash and debris all over.

Mastercard comes to, but can't move, he's duct taped into an old recliner. He struggles.

DOG (MUFFLED)

How you feelin', not-so-tough guy?

Mastercard squints to see Dog is now wearing a gas-mask.

MASTERCARD

Fuck off, fucker, I knows my rights.

DOG (MUFFLED)

You has da right --ta' scream.

Dog screws the top off another tear-gas grenade.

MasterCard tilts his head at what Dog is doing.

DOG (MUFFLED)
Dis? Oh, dis a li' trick I pick up,
way back in Hué.

Dog pours one drop of grenade-liquid onto Mastercard's bald head, then steps in front to stare at Mastercard who glares.

MASTERCARD
After I gets bail, I'll ...?

Mastercard gets a puzzled look, then both eyes go wide.

MASTERCARD
Who the --?!

Mastercard's mouth falls open in unspeakable pain as he thrashes about in the chair.

DOG (MUFFLED)
You like dat? Want some more?

Dog hold's the open grenade over Mastercard's head.

MASTERCARD
Get it off, Get It Off!

DOG (MUFFLED)
Not by the hair a' your chiny chin
chin.

Dog again starts to pour another drop.

MASTERCARD
I'll talk, I'll Talk!

DOG (MUFFLED)
You not just sayin' dat to get on
me good side, are you? Because --
(pulls off gas mask)
I don't has one!

A bright red blister is forming on Mastercard's head.

MASTERCARD
Get it the fuck off! God Damn!

Dog backhands Mastercard hard.

DOG
God wants no part a' you! Dat's why
She sent me.

Dog *coughs* and puts his gas mask back on, puts down grenade, grabs an open alcohol bottle with a rag overtop, turns it upside down, then wipes off Mastercard's head.

DOG (MUFFLED)
Where's, "Da Keep?)

MASTERCARD
(pain subsiding)
Fuck, you.

Dog grabs the open gas grenade, but instead pours alcohol on Mastercard's head. Mastercard goes crazy shaking his head.

MASTERCARD
Murder Park, Murder Park!

DOG (MUFFLED)
Also, Leakin Park? --Where?

MASTERCARD
Old bomb shelter, near Gwynns
Falls!

Dog pulls his gas mask off again.

DOG
Where's --"The Kennel?"

No response. Dog splashes more alcohol on Mastercard's head so it runs down into his eyes. Mastercard goes frantic.

MASTERCARD
West Virginia, just across the
border, I'll take you there!

DOG
Damn straight, bubba!

Dog wipes off MasterCard's head and face with rag.

DOG
Where's your Stable?

MASTERCARD
Ahh man, least leave me somethin'?

Dog bends close to Mastercard's ear and whispers.

DOG
I am --your miserable life.

Dog punches Mastercard behind the same ear. It's a clean M.M.A. knock-out.

DOG
 Leakin Park? You maggots would fit
 in at its annual "Bug Fest."
 (coughs)
 Where --in the Park?
 (nods in epiphany)
 Not "in," oh no, it be under.

EXT. A DIFFERENT BALTIMORE TOWNHOME - NOW DAWN

A *Forcible Entry Tool Battering Ram* swings in front of home's door. Hand-painted on Ram's side is, "Knock, Knock."

INT. DIFFERENT BALTIMORE TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

Front door *smashes* open behind the ram which is dropped. Flash-bangs are tossed in and *explode*, then Baltimore SWAT, in full gear with gas masks, enter taking down interior DAZED BGF-MEMBERS. SWAT plastic-handcuff Members behind, then clear the house. They are well-trained professionals in action.

SWAT TEAM (MUFFLED)
 Clear! --Clear! --Clear!

Red enters house wearing his earlier Kevlar vest.

SWAT Leader goes to Red removing his gas mask.

SWAT LEADER
 Enough drugs to start a pharmacy,
 enough automatic weapons to start a
 conflict, and four underage girls
 chained in the back. Good intel.

Swat Members help the FOUR GIRLS now wrapped in blankets.

Red spits on the bald head of a prone CUFFED BGF-MEMBER.

RED
 God, Damn, Gar.

EXT. LEAKIN PARK BOMB SHELTER - SIMULTANEOUS

Buried within a dense grove of trees is an abandoned bomb shelter's entrance-hatch hidden by leaves.

TWO ROAD DAWGS, including the FTO Sargeant from Pulaski raid, emerge through the trees with weapons drawn, along with an Animal Control Officer, DAWN, 30s, BBW, in a police uniform with a vest and badge, but no weapon. "BCHD" is on her right shoulder-sleeve.

ALL approach the area with caution.

DAWN

Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week,
receiving an average of 65 calls a
day. --And we never heard of this?

FTO SARGEANT

Why would you, I mean, look where
we are.

DAWN

In the middle of freakin' nowhere.
(she trips over something)
What's that smell?

FTO Sargeant clears leaves away with his shoe from what Dawn
tripped over. A small rusted wire air-dome. He *sniffs* at it.

FTO SARGEANT

Propane.

Two Road Dawgs take defensive positions covering FTO Sargeant
as he clears leaves off the hatch beside it.

DAWN

Why would anyone build a bomb
shelter way back when, way back
here?

The hatch has a new lock on it. A Road Dawg hands FTO
Sargeant bolt cutters who snaps the lock off.

FTO SARGEANT

We're about --
(drops bolt cutters)
to not find out.

Sargeant lifts the hatch back so it falls flat on the ground,
thud. No light at the bottom. He yells down into it.

FTO SARGEANT

Baltimore Police, Search Warrant!

Some kind of mechanical wheel-turning *sound* from down inside.

DAWN

What's that sound?

All listen puzzled. FTO Sargeant holsters his gun to *break*
and drop a light-stick down inside counting aloud.

FTO SARGEANT

One thousand one, two thousand ...

The light stick *hits* bottom.

FTO SARGEANT
Twenty feet.

He begins down its ladder quoting a *Three Dog Night* song.

FTO SARGEANT
"Mama told me not to come."

The Two Road Dawgs aim their weapons down inside covering their comrade to continue quoting same song.

ROAD DAWGS
"This ain't the way to have fun,
son-un."

INT. ABANDONED BOMB SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Large open concrete bunker with water stains on its walls.

Leaving-compartment hatch opens on one wall and a powerful mag light beam shines in. FTO Sargeant enters with his weapon drawn, scans for threats, is surprised, then holsters gun.

Dawn enters behind and follows his flashlight beam around the room reacting with wide eyes continuing to quote same song.

DAWN
"I seen so many things, ain't never
seen before."

FTO SARGEANT
"Don't know what it is, but I don't
wanna see no more."

FTO Sargeant steps to a stainless-steel table against the wall with several halogen lamps and turns one on. Dawn *gasps*.

DAWN
The, Keep.

A propane generator in a corner next to the table is *running*.

FTO SARGEANT
That's what we smelled on top.

The Two Road Dawgs enter, then holster guns in disbelief.

All Four stare in horror at three small metal crates along the back wall housing THREE BAIT CANINES. The crates are much too tiny for their occupants who have no food or water.

Beside the crates is a 4' high round 4' deep metal tub of water for 24/7 paddling. Current OCCUPANT in a heavy metal collar and chain has drowned with its tail-end floating.

Three chicken-wire fenced-in treadmills in the middle are *on*.

TWO LARGE CANINE BREEDS are inside each chained to run 24/7.

On the third treadmill, a large CANINE BREED THREE hangs dead on its side. Its fur smokes from the mat's friction.

FTO Sargeant's eyes follow the power cables from treadmills to the steel table and up its wall to a Power Box. He throws the Box lever to Off and generator's *hum* stops.

The three treadmills stop moving. Their Two Large Breeds continue walking, then sit *panting*. Room is silent except for *echoing* whining. The stench of fear, urine, and feces, hits. All Four who cover their mouth and nose with a bent arm.

Dawn tears-up finishing their song's lyrics.

DAWN

"Open up the window sucko, let me
catch my breath."

EXT. SMALL RANCH IN WEST VIRGINIA - LATER SAME DAY

Dog's rental panel-van pulls into the dirt driveway and up to a ramshackle Rambler with junk and debris in its front yard.

Dog exits van to scan for threats then sees all the filth.

DOG

I in God Damn "Deliverance" --*agin*.

A BLACK GERMAN SHEPHERD exits house, bearing fangs *snarling*, with its lead trailing behind, then charges Dog.

Dog begins a high-pitched slide-whistle as he points a finger up in the air, then lowers it slowly pointing to the ground.

Black Shepherd slows until on it's belly crawling submissive to Dog who kneels to pet it.

FARMER BOB

Nice trick. How'd you learn it?

Dog looks up to see FARMER BOB, Caucasian, 40s, crew-cut, wearing bib-overalls, hip-aiming a single-shot pump shotgun.

DOG
 What? Oh, dis.
 (pets Shepherd more)
 Had two in my life. Loved both.
 First, was "In Country."

FARMER BOB
 (racks shotgun)
 Where?

DOG
 Every "where."

FARMER BOB
 And the second?

Dog studies Farmer Bob's shotgun.

DOG
 Winchester Model 37-A, 20-guage,
 top-lever open, automatic eject.
 (squints to study more)
 Lineman choke an' Picatinny rail.
 Creative modifications. For sale?

FARMER BOB
 See you knows your guns, so you
 also knows, it's foolproof.
 (tightens aim)
 So prove why you're here --fool.

DOG
 Mastercard sent me to pick up --?
 (pulls out a note, reads)
 Bane?

FARMER BOB
 The Grand Champion?! Thought he was
 only studdin'?

DOG
 Don't know, don't care. Guess MC's
 goin' for a Norman Hooten Award or
 somethin'. We move dis along, s'il
 vous plait? Got a long drive back.

Farmer Bob cradles shotgun to pull a cell phone and dials.

Dog pets Shepherd more, holding onto its choke collar.

FARMER BOB
 Let's give us a call, just to be
 sure.

DOG

"Sure."

Both wait, then a cell phone ringtone goes off in the back of Dog's van. It's "*The People's Court*" theme. They both stare.

DOG

"People's Court." Who knew?

Farmer Bob drops his phone to fumble grab at his shotgun.

Dog goes eye-to-eye with Black Shepherd holding its collar with one hand while stab-pointing at Farmer Bob with other and commanding firm in German, *Attack*.

DOG

Fass, Fass, Fass!

Dog releases Shepherd who runs biting Farmer Bob's arm making him drop his shotgun. Farmer Bob pulls a hunting knife.

FARMER BOB

I'll kill you, you ungrateful ...!

Farmer Bob raises his knife high, when a bullet *knocks* it out of his hand. He looks at Dog puzzled who is aiming his 1975 9mm Browning with smoke coming out of its barrel at him.

DOG

Now what da hell, do he have to be grateful to you for, dumb-nuts?

Dog walks over to Farmer Bob commanding in German, *Heel*, as he *slaps* his thigh twice.

DOG

Foos, Foos!

Shepherd releases Farmer Bob and sits beside Dog. Dog takes Shepherd's lead, puts his gun back in his rear waistband, then picks up Bob's fallen shotgun and cell-phone.

DOG

You ever see da Academy Award
Nominate Mongolian movie, "Cave a'
da Yellow Dog?"

If "*Huh?*" looks are categorized, Bob's just went to the top.

DOG

So dat would be a "no." Here, I
show you da premise.

Dog motions with shotgun to rear of the van. Bob opens van's double rear doors. Mastercard sits inside Indian-style with a heavy metal collar on and its short tow-truck chain hooked to the floor. His hands are zip-tied behind with duct-tape over his mouth. He *growls* at Dog. German Shepherd sits guard and now stands *growling* deeper at Mastercard baring his teeth.

Dog holds up Bob's and Mastercard's cell phones.

DOG

Baltimore Intelligence Analyst, he
gonna have good time hackin' both
phone. Den, all your sleeping
uglies nightmares, dey come true.
Hey, you all wanna start early?

Dog hits the back of Bob's head with shotgun's butt, *crack*.
Bob collapses unconscious. Dog bares his teeth at MasterCard.

EXT. FARMER BOB'S FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Dog's rental van parks in a dense forest behind Farmer Bob's ranch. Dog exits driver's door and goes to Passenger door. He opens it and yanks out Farmer Bob who falls on his face with wrists plastic-handcuffed behind and ankles zip-tied together. Dog jab-points down to him.

DOG

Heel!

Dog opens van's rear double doors and *slaps* a thigh. Shepherd jumps out to sit beside Dog who points inside to Mastercard.

DOG

Stay!

Dog *slams* both doors, takes Shepherd's lead, and goes to Farmer Bob who rolls onto his back glaring up.

FARMER BOB

You're frickin' crazy if you think
this changes anything.

Farmer Bob spits at Dog who side-steps away from spittle.

FARMER BOB

I'll be out on bail in an hour, and
found not guilty in a month.

DOG

Now who said anyting, 'bout you
goin' to jail?

Dog kicks Farmer Bob hard who, *Yipes*. Shepherd growls.

DOG
Every wonder what it feel like when
you kick your best friend here?
(kicks Bob harder)
Now, you do.

Dog grabs under Farmer Bob's elbow and lifts him to standing.

DOG
You take me to --
(voice threatens)
what I don't want to see.

EXT. FURTHER BACK IN SAME WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Farmer Bob hops out of the tree-line pushed from behind by Dog holding Shepherd's leash. Both step into a huge clearing.

As far as the eye can see are 50-gallon rusted oil drums on their sides with one end cut away. Near each drum a huge metal ground stake with a tow-truck chain is attached. Each chain's other end disappears into a drum. No food or water.

Dog two-finger *whistles* shrill. One by one, CANINE PRISONERS of all sizes and breeds, dirty and emaciated, crawl out of their drums shivering with their heads down submissive.

Dog kicks behind Farmer Bob's knee, dropping him onto both.

DOG
'Ey, you ever see Dennis Hopper's
Aussie movie, "Mad Dog Morgan?"

No response, Dog grabs Farmer Bob's throat tight in a Ranger Chokehold and squeezes. Bob's face turns crimson. Dog kneels to go eye-to-eye with Bob.

DOG
Here my advice, do da' time. 'Cause
you do get off, which be really
criminal, "we" both, be waitin'.
(a glare to scare)
And my bite, uuu-eee, she so much
more deadly, din my bark.

Dog throws Bob away who falls on his side. Dog stands to get out his own cell-phone and dials 911 as he and German Shepherd both bare their teeth growling at Farmer Bob.

INT. BALTIMORE POLICE MUSEUM - NEXT DAY

Dog enters. Guard Cop stands by earlier vintage patrol car and nods at Dog. Dog goes to him and shakes his hand.

DOG
Merci.

GUARD COP
For --?

DOG
Choosin' to wear dat uniform.

O'Toole enters and stands by an ancient Roll Call Log book.
Dog goes to him.

O'TOOLE
Got a call from West Virginia State
Police Animal Control. --Busy boy.

DOG
(touches Log book)
Idle hands.

O'TOOLE
That need to leave.

DOG
But I not --? What change?

O'TOOLE
B.G.F. put a contract on you.

DOG
Den I need to find dem first.

O'Toole grabs Dog's arm and pulls him in close. They stare.

O'TOOLE
They know where you're staying!

DOG
Then I need to find dem faster.

O'TOOLE
This is a dangerous game you can't
win!
(releases Dog's arm)
You made a difference, now you need
to make an exit.

DOG

All I do, make insignificant dent,
in dare overwhelmin' machine.

O'TOOLE

These crazies have no off switch or
morals, moron! To them, Death-by-
Cop, is a badge of courage.

DOG

Den I happy to paint "dem" all --
blood-red.

O'Toole grabs Dog by both shoulders.

O'TOOLE

You can't, stay!

DOG

Den help me leave! Where, "head a'
da snake?"

O'Toole pushes Dog away and storms out angry.

Dog watches O'Toole, *sighs*, and goes to exit. As he passes
by, Guard Cop slips him a folded piece of paper. Dog opens it
to read a street address, then tilts his head at Guard Cop.

GUARD COP

Everyone knows, "where." No one
wants to cross, who.

DOG

Pourquoi?

MUSEUM COP

Because they won't stop, ever,
"when" revenge is on their menu.

DOG

Den I have to make sure, they out
a' Show Business, permanent-like.

Dog re-folds and puts paper in pocket. Guard Cop head-motions
him to come close. He does. Both whisper.

GUARD COP

"Brady Bunch."

DOG

Dirty Cops?! Which one?

GUARD COP

Won't know --till it's too late.

Dog nods *Thanks*, then goes to shake hands. Guard Cop palms a police business card to Dog as they shake.

LOBBY COP

*Cell's on back, just in case you
meet, "one."*

DOG

*Dat why you here. Stuck your nose
too far into dare merde? Dat why
you now a flatfoot.
(eh-zhuh ray-zohn, right?)
Ai-je raison?*

GUARD COP

*(shrugs shoulders)
Number One rule of law enforcement.
At the end of your shift --.*

DOG/GUARD COP

Make sure ta go home alive.

Dog nods and exits. Guard Cop watches shaking his head.

GUARD COP

Chances of you doing both --?

TOURIST enters and admires the antique car.

TOURIST

This a replica?

Guard Cop answers his own question still watching Dog.

MUSEUM COP

Not a chance.

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Leticia, bruised and battered, is tied to a dining chair.

Doorbell *rings*.

MS-13 GANGMEMBER, 20s, wearing a kerchief as a mask, steps out of the shadows beside the doorframe aiming his automatic pistol with silencer near the door at head-height.

MS-13 GANGLEADER "INSANO," bald with complete head and facial tattoos, kneels behind Leticia's chair to put his revolver's barrel against her temple. He pulls down her gag and whispers ominous in Spanish, "Your choice."

INSANO
Es su elección.

LETICIA
(voice breaks)
Door's --Open!

Nothing. Insano presses his barrel harder against her.

LETICIA
Come in!

Nothing. Insano nods at MS-13 Gangmember who holds his gun barrel flat against the door to shoot through it as he looks out its peephole. A bullet silently shoots through peephole *exploding* the back of his head. He deadfalls back onto floor.

Leticia *screams*. Insano pistol-whips her, then crouches behind her chair aiming under her arm at the door.

Something crashes through the steel-barred window behind Insano and rolls to a stop beside him. He looks down at a Flashbang grenade hand-painted on its side, "Hola!"

The grenade *explodes* with a bright flash and a high-pitched scream making Insano drop his gun to cover both ears dazed.

Front door *kicks* open and Dog dives in somersault-rolling up to one knee with other leg straight out, heel down, in sniper position, aiming his 1975 Browning now with a silencer on.

Insano reaches for his fallen weapon. Dog's silent bullet hits that arm's shoulder. Insano grimaces reaching for his gun with good arm. Second silent bullet hits that one, too. He falls onto side and crawls toward his gun using his chin.

INSANO
Been shot worse, gringo!

Dog kicks away Insano's gun who then tries to bite Dog's ankle. Dog kicks Insano in the head unconscious.

DOG
Who you, da f'n "Black Knight?"

Guard Cop, in Kevlar vest, enters door police-style watching his corners with gun aimed, sees MS-13 Gangmember, kicks away his weapon, checks his Carotid Artery pulse, plastic handcuffs him behind, then stands. He sees Dog and Insano, then closes door, holsters weapon, and keys on shoulder-radio.

RED

Dispatch. This is KGA410, need an Ambo, Meat Wagon, and Supervisor to 1768 Sandy Town. Clear.

DISPATCH (FILTERED)

10-4, KGA410. En route.

Dog unties Leticia and pinches her cheek hard. She comes to, recognizes, and throws her arms around his neck choking him.

DOG

(*ban-vin-new*, welcome)

Bienvenue.

Guard Cop handcuffs Insano in front because of his injuries.

There's a *knock* at the front door. Dog and Guard Cop both fast-draw their weapons and aim at it.

DOG

"Willkommen, bienvenue, velcome, come on in."

Door opens and Red enters with his gun aiming, lowers it to his side, sees all, and holsters his gun closing the door.

DOG

(*veet*, fast)

Très vite, First Responder?

RED

Just close.

GUARD COP

Too close.

Insano comes to, sees Red, and becomes belligerent.

INSANO

I know my right, ese!

RED

Definitely got the "right" to go to the hospital first, then get an attorney, which I know you can afford. So shut your stupido mouth, because everything you say will be used against you in court.

(in perfect Spanish)

Entiendo, mi amigo?

Dog furrows his brow concerned at Red who turns to Leticia.

RED
What'd they want?

INSANO
Cállate, Bitch!

Guard Cop steps on one of Insano's shot-shoulders.

LETICIA
Wanted to know what Dog knows.

INSANO
(you're dead)
Estas muerta!

Dog steps on Insano's other shot-shoulder who tries to roll away, but Dog and Guard Cop hold him down stepping harder.

DOG
"Who on first?"

GUARD COP
"What's on second."

RED
"I don't know's on third" and I,
don't, care!

DOG/GUARD COP
"Shortstop."

RED
Funny --not! What about the other
thousand Mexican gangstas out
there? Baltimore gangs are not by
hoods, they're by neighborhoods.
They're a hydra, so no "head."

DOG
Well, has to start somewhere.
Voulez-vous escort Leticia out to
her ambulance, s'il vous plaît?

LETICIA
What are you going to do?

DOG
Have playdate, wit' my playmate.
(*snarls* down at Insano)
S'en aller, maintenant!

Red helps Leticia to exit. Guard Cop nods and turns to leave.

DOG
(*suh-loo*, hey)
Salut!

Guard Cop turns back.

DOG
(*shwah-zeer*, choosing)
Tanks, pour choisir, to be, a good
cop.

Guard Cop nods again smiling at Dog as he closes the door.

DOG
And for answerin' my call.
(down to Insano)
You really kill her?

INSANO
Killin' don't mean nuthin', to us.

DOG
Yeah, it do. It mean fear. Which is
what any gang thrive on. So like
any rabid predator, you kill,
'cause you want to.
(sucks teeth)
Still time to change your way, if
you want to?

INSANO
Don't need to, cara de mierda. When
I get out, I'll do your girlfriend,
then I'll "do her." Get me?

DOG
(*kon-syans*, conscience)
Oh, I got you. But tanks, for
clearin' my conscience.

Dog snap-opens his spring-assist knife and cuts Insano's
plastic handcuff off, then steps away kicking Insano's gun
over near him. Dog pockets his knife.

INSANO
Los cojones, chingón! You must
think me a fool?

Dog tosses his own gun across the room onto the couch.

DOG
Among other tings.

They stare at each other. Dog calls him "scared shitless."

DOG

Come on, acojonado. You talk da talk, you walk da walk?

INSANO

Estúpido, you one crazy white boy.

DOG

Yaya, dat's what me tought. When amigos find out, and I make sure dey do, dat you pollo out, uuu-eee, sayonara samurai sissy.

Sound of *sirens* approaching makes Insano sit up.

INSANO

Why you really doin' this, you got a death wish?

DOG

Non, not really. And no pistolet, at least nearby. --You do dough.
(whispers, "your choice")
Es su elección.

Dog and Insano give thousand-yard stares. *Sirens* arrive outside. Insano grabs his gun and fumble aims. Dog doesn't move as a bullet tears through his shirt's shoulder. He imitates a perfect Elvis Presley again.

DOG

"Thank you, thank you very much."

A throwing knife drops out of Dog's bloody sleeve and he snap-throws it under-handed so it goes hilt-deep in one of Insano's eye-sockets who *screams* and dies twitching.

Door *bursts* open. O'Toole rushes in with his service weapon.

O'TOOLE

You all right?

DOG

(fingers bullet hole)
Son of bitchette, he shoot me.

Years of experience, tells O'Toole what really happened.

O'TOOLE

At you?

DOG

(head-motions to couch)
My gun over dare. I was --unarmed.

O'Toole puts his barrel against Insano's temple as he kneels to feel Insano's Carotid Artery, hand-cuffs him behind, then stands stepping on Insano's smoking gun.

O'TOOLE

Good ting, he a bad shot.

Dog pulls over a dining chair and sits where he was standing.

DOG

Bueno for me, malo for him. I wait here, for shooting team.

O'Toole looks at the bullet-hole in wall, then Dog's gun on the couch, then at Insano's corpse, then at Dog's wound.

O-TOOOLE

Looks like self-defense. Right?

DOG

"Look, like."

O'Toole holsters his weapon shaking his head.

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

TWO CORRONER ASSISTANTS put Insano's body-bag on a gurney. Already on a second gurney is MS-13 Gangmember's body-bag. The Two Assistants then wheel both gurneys out the door.

Multiple rotating red lights outside make it look like Christmas on crack.

Red, Guard Cop, and Dog, sit drinking glasses of water at the table as their de-briefing concludes with SHOOTING DETECTIVE, 50s, in a windbreaker with *Shooting Team* across its back.

SHOOTING DETECTIVE

Looks like, self-defense.

O'Toole enters front door escorting Leticia by her elbow with her face now bandaged.

O'TOOLE

"Look like."

Shooting Detective exits whispering to O'Toole as they pass.

SHOOTING DETECTIVE

Like, hell.

O'Toole nods, then sits Leticia on the couch.

O'TOOLE

Okay, Junkyard Dog, you've run
amuck though our city long enough.

(to Red)

Detective, wait for him to pack,
then escort him to our city line.

DOG

You know dey come at her agin?

O'TOOLE

Called life in the big city, get
used to it. I have.

O'Toole offers his hand down to Dog who does not shake.

DOG

Lache pas la patate.

O'TOOLE

Don't drop the potato?!

(withdraws hand)

Wish our reunion had been under
better circumstances.

(to Red)

Detective, you have your orders.

O'Toole looks around the room, shakes head, then exits
closing the door. Red-lights outside begin to disappear.

All sit in silence, then Leticia begins crying.

LETICIA

They killed your puppy.

DOG

You gave him a better life in those
few minute, than he know his whole
life.

(to Guard Cop)

You take her upstairs so she pack,
please?

(to Leticia)

Need to go stay with a friend, and
no one, "no one," can know where
that be. Entender?

Guard Cop puts down his glass to help Leticia upstairs.

RED

You need to pack, too.

(puts down his glass)

I'll wait outside, but not long.

Red exits. Now alone, the empty glass in Dog's hand vibrates being squeezed, then *shatters*. He *growls* the Cajun phrase, "Let the good times roll."

DOG
Laissez les bons temps rouler.

Dog's reckoning, is coming.

EXT. BALTIMORE WASHINGTON PARKWAY - NOW MIDNIGHT

Dog's car pulls over onto the shoulder just past the earlier *Welcome To* sign and he gets out.

Red pulls over behind Dog and gets out. They shake.

RED
She's safe, and you took down some bad bad-guys. Broke up one of many fighting rings, then saved some canines. Not bad for a week's work.

DOG
It what I do.

RED
What will you do now?

DOG
Do some more.

RED
You're not coming back?! Are you?

DOG
Wit' a vengeance.

RED
Won't end pretty.

DOG
Never do.

Red tightens his hand-shake grip. Dog tightens his grip.

RED
I can't, let you do that.

DOG
Actin' clean, don't wash away dirt.

RED
What are you implying?

Dog's hand-shake becomes a death-grip.

DOG

Oh, I not applyin', just statin'
da fact.

They stare at each other testing their strength and will.

Red chops Dog's wrist to release and reach for his weapon.

Dog front-kicks Red in the groin, bending Red over, then spins Red into a rear-naked choke hold. Dog's dark side is loose. Red tries to pull Dog's arm away to breathe, can't, so bites down on Dog's forearm. Dog's *scream* goes primordial.

DOG

Putain! I haine dirty cop!

Dog hip-flips Red and mounts him to do M.M.A. "ground-and-pound." Between each punch, Dog restates his philosophy.

DOG

We not --supposed --ta hurt --each
udder!

Dog grabs Red's Adams Apple in a Ranger Hold squeezing.

DOG

Only two way to go, bro. Help me,
all forgiven. Or go down, and I
mean all da way down, with them.
(whispers in Red's ear)
Es su elección.

Dog pulls Red's service automatic and stands so Red can see him eject its clip, thumb-out its bullets and throw them away, insert now empty clip, then drop it onto Red's chest.

RED

(wipes blood from mouth)
When did you know?

DOG

Oh mon ami, should not have spoken
perfect Spanish, to warn him.

RED

You don't know how ruthless they
kill. They live to die!

DOG

"Dey" no kill no one --if dey dead.

Dog holds his hand down. Red thinks, then offer his hand. Dog pulls Red to standing, then holds on. They stare, then shake. Dog holds on glaring.

DOG
No go back now, *compañero*.

Red tries to reload his clip.

Dog wags a finger of warning, *Uh-uh-uh*.

Red harrumphs, then walks to his cruiser.

Dog tongues-whistles, loud. Red turns angry.

DOG
(*ké-styon*, question)
One last question!

INT. DELAWARE GUN STORE - NEXT MORNING

Typical ammo store with sales floor of accessories, glass cabinets of hand guns, and a wall of rifles behind a counter.

STRETCH, 6' 8" Redneck, stands behind its counter in a red shooting vest with an American Flag on breast. Dog enters.

STRETCH
Neo-Nazis meet on Tuesday.

DOG
Un comédien, must be Stretch.

STRETCH
That's what she said. How can I not help you?

DOG
Red sent me.

STRETCH
No "reds" around here. Try Moscow.
(dry spits to side)
Got a bunch a' dumb Democrats at our State House though.

DOG
Red say you say dat. So I say --
"Second Amendment." Right?"

Stretch nods and presses a button under his counter. Buzz-sound and Dog hears the front door "click" locked.

Stretch presses a new button to a different *buzz*-sound, then a secret door opens behind him. He enters, followed by Dog.

INT. STRETCH'S BACKROOM ARSENAL - CONTINUOUS

Dog enters the Devil's armory, all military-grade firearms of all types, and wolf-whistles.

DOG
Daddy likee.
(sees something)
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Is dat a --?!

STRETCH
And twice on Sundays.

DOG
Sold, American!

Dog pulls out a gigantic roll of \$100 bills.

Stretch rubs his hands together like King Midas.

STRETCH
I may close early.

EXT. A BALTIMORE ALLEY - THAT NIGHT

Dog now drives an old rusted pick-up truck with four 4' x 8' plywood sheets upright edgewise against bed's support pipes, so bed is hidden. He sits in the cab, engine off, chewing a huge wad of bubble gum. He blows a large bubble and *pops* it.

Red's unmarked cruiser enters alley from other end and parks.

Red and Dog exit vehicles and walk to each like gunslingers.

DOG
Endroit?

RED
Have to take you there.

DOG
No good.

RED
No choice.

Red wipes his brow sweating profuse.

Dog shakes his head in disappointment.

DOG

"Sweet n' sour pork."

CUZCATLECO

That chota couldn't make a bad ham
sandwich out of a whole pig, pig.

CUZCATLECO, 40's, Salvadoran, bald with gang tattoos covering his entire head and neck, steps out of the shadows behind Dog wearing a dirty athletic-shirt and smoking a Cuban cigar.

MS-13 MEMBERS, all ages of male Salvadorans, bald or almost with different tattoos on faces, heads, and necks, surround Dog and Red, hip-aiming AK-47's. Dog raises his hands.

DOG

Central American N.R.A. rally?

CUZCATLECO

(to Red, means "mutt")

This chucho trying to save the
world or sumthin'?

RED

Did what I was told. Can I leave?

CUZCATLECO

And go where? Ain't got no wife,
ain't got no life. You do what I
says, when I says it. JUMP!

Red jumps startled. MS-13 Members *laugh*. Dog glares at Red.

DOG

Life all about choices, enemigo.
Look like you made da wrong one,
agin.

Cuzcatleco quick-pulls out a 27" vintage *Corona Machete* from down inside a pants leg and slices Dog's cheek with it.

CUZCATLECO

(means "wolf spirit")

You too, El Cadejo.

Cuzcatleco licks Dog's blood from his rusty blade having different Salvador emblems etched in both metal sides.

CUZCATLECO

I'm surgical with this bitch, puta.

Cuzcatleco head-motions to gang, *Let's go*.

MS-13 ONE points to Dog's truck.

MS-13 ONE
El camión?

CUZCATLECO
Dat piece a' shit?

Cuzcatleco grabs MS-13 One's AK-47 and shoots out the truck's front tires.

CUZCATLECO
Now, it make some farmer happy.

MS-13 Members *laugh*. Cuzcatleco tosses gun back to MS-13 One.

CUZCATLECO
Andele!

Red kicks Dog behind a knee making him drop onto both, then handcuffs him behind.

Dog pushes his huge chewing-gum cud between his cheek and gum, then *growls*. His deep voice threatens and foreshadows.

DOG
I only warn, once.

Red pulls out Dog's earlier note, shows it to Dog, crumples it up, and jams it in Dog's mouth, then right-hook punches.

RED
Back atcha'.

DOG
(spits out bloody paper)
Tanks, needed dat.
(spits out bloody gum)
No forgive someone, till you forget
what dey do.
(spits more blood)
I got, a real good *mémoire*.

A bag is pulled Dog's head and he is *clubbed* unconscious.

INT. ANOTHER PULASKI WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A combination of organized chaos, drugs, trash, and junk.

Long wooden tables hold piles of beige-pinkish Cocaína being put into baggies for selling by topless older SPANISH WOMEN.

The filled baggies are placed in small cardboard boxes with an American Red Cross symbol on them.

Full boxes are sealed and stacked on carts by older shirtless SPANISH MEN and wheeled out. ARMED MS-13 Members everywhere.

Dog's head-sack is pulled off. His cut cheek's blood has dried in streaks. He squints against the light to see he is in MS-13's drug distribution hub. He focuses on a 1950's cast-iron porcelain bathtub on its side nearby, then lifts his nose smelling the air like a wolf.

DOG

Drain cleaner, gun scrubber, lye,
fertilizer, and paint tinner.

(shakes head)

Bet your madrea real proud, eh meth-head?

Cuzcatleco backhands Dog hard saying in Spanish.

CUZCATLECO

Your mama! Gringo chicken!

Cuzcatleco pulls his machete to slowly cut Dog's other cheek who doesn't react. Dog's eyes go lifeless.

CUZCATLECO

Beside --who said I had one?

MS-13 Members *laugh* as in your worst fears.

DOG

"Mara" mean 'gang'. "Salvatruch"
mean 'street smart' Which none a'
you brain-dead lost long ago.

CUZCATLECO

May be. But we still have lucky
"13" for alphabeta.

Cuzcatleco spins to his MS-13 arms out. He is a true despot.

CUZCATLECO

We all do!

MS-13 Members *laugh* hearty.

DOG

Marie stupidos acting thirteen.
Quell blague.

All MS-13s pull back their weapon-bolts as one, *thock*.

CUZCATLECO

Nah. You the only joke here, cara
de pija.

DOG
"Dick face?"

Dog checks out Cuzcatleco head to toe then asks in Spanish.

DOG
Are you just --a little bit gay?

Cuzcatleco moves with surprising speed to lay his blade's edge across Dog's throat saying in Spanish, "Of course."

CUZCATLECO
Simón.

Cuzcatleco again spins to his MS-13 with arms out-stretched.

CUZCATLECO
We all are!

Red steps out of the shadows.

RED
I need to leave, jefe.

Cuzcatleco moves fast to lay his blade across Red's throat.

CUZCATLECO
Si, but first, "you" shoot him.

MS-13 Members now aim their AK-47s at Red.

RED
What, no?! They'll know!

Cuzcatleco steps back smiling to run a thumb over his blade's edge, then licks his bleeding digit.

CUZCATLECO
Si, then --"they" all know.

Cuzcatleco waves to all his MS-13 licking his lips.

Red *raspberries* out of options, then pulls his throwaway weapon from an ankle-holster and aims it at Dog.

RED
Adios, amigo.

DOG
Adios, assisino. Uh, before I go --
may I ask one interrogationo?

Red looks to Cuzcatleco who shrugs his shoulders.

DOG

Do you believe animals have souls?

Cuzcatleco translates Dog's question to his MS-13 who all laugh beyond evil.

DOG

Tanks, I needed dat. Makes what gonna happen, seem almost alright.

MS-13 One is playing with something and is startled.

MS-13 ONE

Triple hijueputa!

Cuzcatleco is upset his recreational mood has been broken.

CUZCATLECO

Pendejo! What?!

MS-13 One holds up his object, a small electronic device.

MS-13 ONE

It --came "en?"

Cuzcatleco throws his machete sticking it in the ground.

MS-13 One tosses his object to Cuzcatleco who catches it, examines it, then shows it to Red angry.

The remote control has a small red light blinking.

RED

How the "f" do I know? A garage door opener?

Cuzcatleco plays with object and its light goes from red to green. He shows it to Dog who looks at Red *spitting* venom.

DOG

Étouffée.

EXT. DOG'S PICK-UP TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Inside the truck's bed, hidden by its plywood sides, is a *Mortar Firecon* system. Its computer screen comes to life, then its attached rotator assembly rotates the 120 mm mortar barrel to Dog's location. It *clicks* stopping ominous.

Its *XM395 Precision Guided Mortar Munition* fires. *Phoom*. Its 38 pound PGMM is designed to penetrate reinforced concrete. It *screams* splitting air molecules. There is no other sound like an artillery shell on its way to create armageddon.

INT. MS-13 PULASKI WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All laugh at Dog when a *whistling* sound is heard above. All look up. Dog push-kicks Red away knocking both backwards.

Dog rolls and cuts his feet apart with Cuzcatleco's upright machete, then runs jumping over and under the bathtub hitting his back up against it causing it to fall overtop him.

His truck's GPS-guided bomb comes through the roof.

TIME LAPSE:

Roof girders, cement, and wood attachments, all *explode* at once cascading the entire inside with their debris.

Spanish Women and Men run *screaming* trying to escape.

MS-13 Members *fire* in all directions.

Cuzcatleco *laughs* like a mad scientist.

Secondary *explosions* as all the volatile chemicals *explode*.

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

INT. UNDER DOG'S BATHTUB - MOMENTS LATER

Dog listens to the death-*screams* and carnage outside, waits until all is quiet, then *grunt*-lifts his back against tub.

INT. MS-13 PULASKI WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tub rights itself as Dog emerges. He *breaks* the rest of his chair against the tub freeing himself then surveys the area.

Dust settles on fallen roof debris covering the destroyed tables and *groans* of the dying. It is Beirut, on a bad day.

DOG

Infierno.

Dog walks to Red who lays near Cuzcatleco. Both are dying.

Red spits blood at Dog.

DOG

Ta choix.

RED

Save it.

DOG

Tried to.

Red still holds his weapon and tries to raise it at Dog.

DOG

Seriously?

Red's hand collapses with his gun as he gurgle-laughes.

RED

I'm Irish.

Dog picks up Red's gun.

DOG

Me, too. *Somewhere in da woodpile.*

Red's eyes widen looking behind. Dog spins to one knee and fires at Cuzcatleco standing with his machete over his head.

Cuzcatleco drops his machete, then tastes the blood oozing out of his chest wound and *laughs* crazed.

CUZCATLECO

We, all, are.

Cuzcatleco dead-falls back. Dog turns to Red to thank him.

DOG

Good choice --fin'ly.

Red's open eyes dead-stare back at Dog.

An AK-47's bolt is pulled back, *thock*.

Dog drops flat on the floor.

Sound of a police M-4 *firing* somewhere.

MS13-One fires his full clip into the air as he spins being hit by multiple 5.56 mm M-4 rounds. His arterial spray makes him look like a red lawn sprinkler. His body turns off its spigot and he dead-falls. A red dot centers on his corpse.

O'Toole, in full riot gear with gas mask, is the shooter aiming his M-4. He gives the military hand-signal, *Move Out*.

Baltimore SWAT in full gear fan out through the building with MP-5s shoulder-aimed.

O'Toole goes to Dog who is *coughing* from the chemical dust and tosses a spare gas-mask to Dog who puts it on.

O'TOOLE (MUFFLED)
Now --we're even.

O'Tool offers a hand, Dog grabs it and is pulled standing.
Both shake hands as SWAT's multiple "Clears" echo eerie.

SWAT MEMBERS (MUFFLED)
Clear ...Clear ...Clear, etc.

Both look at Red. O'Toole kneels and closes Red's dead eyes.

DOG (MUFFLED)
When you know?

O'TOOLE (MUFFLED)
Know-know? Not till now.
(nods at Dog)
Always knew about you though.

SWAT-Leader comes over and talks through his gas mask.

SWAT LEADER (MUFFLED)
Bad guys died at ground zero. No
civilian deaths, just casualties.

O'TOOLE (MUFFLED)
Evac the wounded, secure evidence.

SWAT-Leader double-pumps a fist up and down and EMT's enter
in full HAZ-MAT gear with gurneys going to the injured.

SWAT-Leader pumps same arm straight out, then puts its flat-
palm over his eyes moving his head like he's looking.

All SWAT return the "Okay" finger-sign, then fan out looking.

Dog and O'Toole step to the exit door and remove their masks
surveying the carnage inside.

DOG
How'd you find me?

O'TOOLE
Other than you shelling our
industrial district, Combat Jack?
I had a drone tasked to you ever
since I ordered you to leave. I
knew once you got the scent, no way
you were coming off their trail.

DOG
Want me to pick up a new one?

O'Toole reacts in horror. Dog smiles wry.

O'TOOLE

Thanks, for scarin' the merde out
of me. Pretty sure "we" take it
from here.

SWAT-Leader looks at O'Toole and taps three-fingers against
his opposite arm repeatedly, then bends same arm upright and
pumps his fist up and down. O'Toole nods exaggerated on
purpose as the proper response.

O'TOOLE

He wants me.

DOG

Double-time?

O'TOOLE

Just like old time?

DOG

(in bad Spanish accent)

Oh, I hope not.

O'Toole and Dog put on their gas-masks and jog over to all
SWAT who are circled around a deep pit dug into the floor.

O'TOOLE (MUFFLED)

Is that ...?

DOG (MUFFLED)

"The Pit."

SWAT LEADER (MUFFLED)

God, Damn, Dogmen.

INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Knock on the front door. No response. Door bell *rings*.

Dog shuffles to it wearing bunny-slippers, t-shirt, and
boxers. He yawns, then opens door. Sunlight makes him squint.

Leticia stands outside, then launches herself at Dog hugging
him around the neck bending him down.

DOG

"Attaboy" --.

(pushes her away)

Been okay.

LETICIA

Your police friend called me, told
me what you did.

DOG
He knew where you were?
(nods in epiphany)
A' course he do.

Dog ushers Leticia in and closes the door.

LETICIA
How can I ever repay you?

A fly *buzzes* near Dog's ear. He fans at it animated just like a canine.

DOG
Break the fast --be a start.

Leticia scratches under his chin.

LETICIA
Men are such babies.

DOG
You know my sis-sis?

There is a "Yipe" from a cardboard box in the corner.

Leticia acts like a little kid on Christmas morn.

LETICIA
Is that ...?!

DOG
Da sequel.

Leticia rushes to the box and picks up a PIT BULL PUPPY with scars from fighting, then smoothers it with kisses and turns to Dog with tears in her eyes.

DOG
Uh --breakfast, s'il vous plait?

INT. DOG'S SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - DAYS LATER

Gina sits behind the front counter now wearing a Deputy tan shirt, but no badge or markings, answering the phone.

Front door overhead-bell *rings*. Gina hangs up, then looks up.

Dog stands in his Deputy uniform still a cue-ball, but with Farmer Bob's earlier Black Shepherd who now wears a training vest saying, "*Service Dog - Do Not Remove From Handler.*"

Gina runs to him and throws her arms around his neck bending him down choking him.

German Shepherd *growls*. Dog *snaps* fingers then hard-slaps a thigh. Shepherd sits quiet. Dog pushes Gina away *coughing*.

DOG

You know Sophia sista'?

GINA

Do now. She called and told us what you did back there. You're a hero.

Dog becomes furious and grabs her by the shoulders.

DOG

Never call me dat! Never was, never be!

Shepherd *growls*. Gina is frightened. Dog calms embarrassed and lets Gina go, then pets German Shepherd to quiet her.

DOG

Sorry 'bout that, girly-girls.

Barnes exits his office fast.

BARNES

What's all the yell --!

(sees Dog)

Well deary me, look what the cat wouldn't drag in.

(extends hand)

Enjoy your Baltimore tour?

DOG

(shakes, releases)

Sure feel like one.

BARNES

Hard coming back to small town living?

Front door's overhead bell *rings* again as Marie and Destiny enter with Junior and Gina's Puppy, both on leads.

Sophia enters with Dog's Parrot who flies to Dog's shoulder.

PARROT

Prit-tee Dog.

German Shepard *woofs* agreement. Beagles *bay*.

ALL *laugh*.

Dog looks at everyone, then for the first time, breaks into a huge grin as he strokes his Parrot and nods.

DOG

Pas du tout, pas du tout.

(nods content)

Not, at, all.

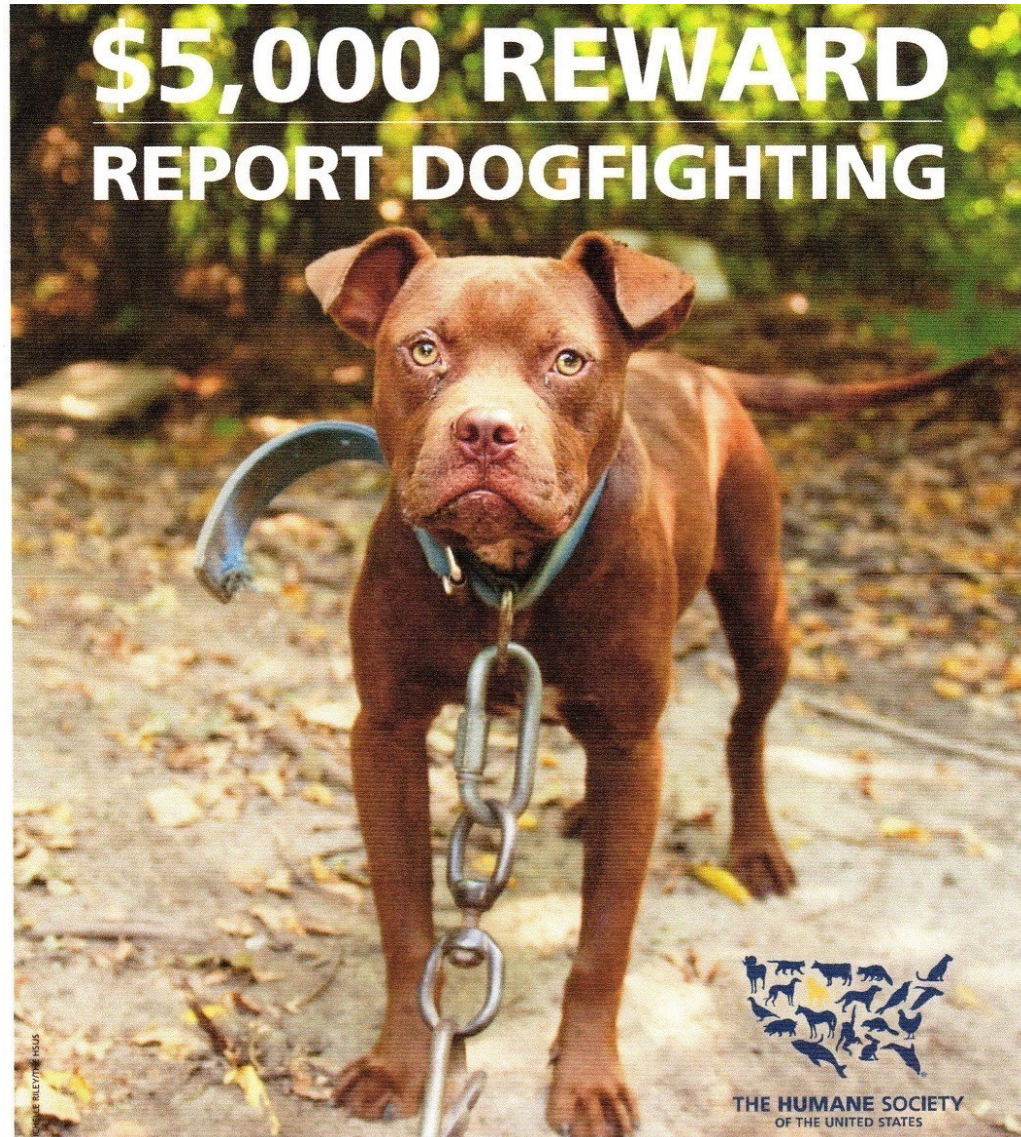
FADE OUT.

CAPTION: *Both HSUS and ASPCA attorneys gave full access to their files so all depictions and descriptions are factual.*

FADE CAPTION: *"The Humane Society of the United States will pay up to \$5,000 dollars for anonymous information leading to the arrest and conviction of a Dogfighter. Call 1-877-847-4787." YOU...are their destiny.*


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