

**LAST DOG STANDING**

**CITY DOG**

by

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*based on true events*

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**FADE IN:**

**CAPTION:** *Dog Fighting is an animal Blood Sport to the death.*

**FADE CAPTION:** *It has two venues, rural ...and city.*

**EXT. SMALL MOUNTAINTOWN IN VIRGINIA - DAYBREAK**

A GOLDEN EAGLE flies over the Blue Ridge Mountains down to a small town. It dips through the town's Main Street, over its Sheriff Department, a Barber Shop, and town Newspaper Office.

Eagle continues flying out of town to soar over a 1950's Diner, then a freshly-painted old-style two-pump Gas Station.

Eagle rests atop a flag-pole by a small stand-alone building with an 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. Eagle spreads its wings sunbathing. Wind blows the American Flag beneath it to full opening. Double-sided hand-carved wooden sign above 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.

AMELL DOGE, known as DOG because his second "e" is silent, 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 the back-room wearing a smock with a name-plate reading, *Animal Warden*. A shiny-green Jardine PARROT is 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 nods.

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 voice deepens sinister.

DOG  
"He" --is now my problem.

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 reading her license plate then sounds it aloud phonetically.

DOG  
GuD OLe BoY 2? Oxy --moron.

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

PARROT  
Prit-tee burd.

DOG  
Yes, yes she is.

**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.

Dog parks his classic convertible with top down behind it. He exits in a casual jacket over a flannel shirt to phonetically read aloud rear the license plate of this redneck muscle-car.

DOG  
GuD OLe BoY (1) Won. --derless.

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

DOG  
Gives hillbillies 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 JETHRO BODINE, 40, balding, in a yellow-stained t-shirt with a beer-tummy protruding under it. He is holding an open 24-oz beer can.

JETHRO  
Who the fu ...!

DOG  
Thinking the same thing.

JETHRO  
Who you a-hole?

DOG  
Thinking the same thing.

JETHRO  
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.

JETHRO  
You's trespassin' fuck-head, lessen you got probably cause.

DOG  
Your wife has a black-eye "probably cause" --your fist ran into it.

JETHRO

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

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

DOG

"Thank you, thank you very much."

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

JETHRO

Dog?

DOG

Been called worse.

JETHRO

You here official-like?

DOG

Am now, since you just confessed.

JETHRO

I knows my rights copper-head, and  
you didn't read me none!

DOG

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

Jethro *slams* his door and throws its inside bolt.

DOG

indoors.

Dog steps off the porch to one side and yells.

DOG

Jethro Bodine, this is the Sheriff  
Department, come out with your  
hands ...!

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

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

DOG

(spits out dirt)  
across your chest.

**INT. JETHRO'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

JETHRO

Best skedadle outta here --

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

JETHRO

while you's upright, dog-breath!

Dog's car *starts* outside.

JETHRO

(tilts head listening)

Thought so, scaredy-cat!

Dog's car just *runs*.

Jethro tilts head the other way, then peeks out window.

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

JETHRO

Muther Fu ...!

Two Taser Prongs fly in through the broken glass and attach to his shirt. He looks down at them confused.

*Ticking*-sound as 50,000 volts enter Jethro's body who 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 that we got that pesky legal crap out of the way.

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

JETHRO

That hurts Muther Fu ...!

Dog pulls the Taser's trigger and its *ticking* sounds again as Jethro becomes a fish out of water flopping around. Dog releases the trigger but holds gun as Jethro 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 have the right to remain --"

Jethro passes out. Dog smiles wry.

DOG

unconscious.

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

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

Door opens and Jethro, hand-cuffed behind, is pushed inside by Dog. Jethro'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 Jethro's "mask."

BARNES

El Ban-dee-toe.

JETHRO

Police Brutality!

DOG

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 the morning, but we have enough to hold him overnight.

BARNES

And his resisting arrest charge?

DOG

Plural again, assault on a Police Officer times two. First time --was with a shotgun.

BARNES

*(slide-whistles)*

When was the second?

DOG

At the hospital, when he tried to get away.

JETHRO

I's a Sovereign Citizen and 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 Jethro)*

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

JETHRO

Done arrested me illegal!

BARNES

*(to Dog)*

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

DOG

Showed him my badge and announced before he shot at me.

JETHRO

Fibber!

BARNES

*(to Dog)*

Mirandized?

JETHRO

No!

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



JETHRO

Liar!

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

DOG (FILTERED)

"You have the right to remain --  
stupido. Anything you say can and  
will be used against you in a court  
of law. You have the right to an  
attorney. And since you probably  
cain't afford anything, one will be  
appointed for you by the Court. Do  
you understand these rights as I've  
explained them to you, Jeth-row?"

JETHRO (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 resisted again.

BARNES

Thrice?

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

JETHRO

Gets me an attorney, I'll sue!

BARNES

Who?

DOG

Whom.

Barnes gives Dog the stink-eye.

BARNES

Clean up, dress up, jail him up.

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

JETHRO

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

BARNES

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

JETHRO

Supposed to, but not your hired help --like this little piggy.

BARNES

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

Jethro shakes his head. Barnes yanks Jethro'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 Jethro, who sees their eye-exchange.

JETHRO

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

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

BARNES

Oops. Sure wish you would execute your right to remain silencio.

JETHRO

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

BARNES

(to Dog)

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 Jethro.

BARNES

Men who beat women for sport, get  
penalized hard by a head referee.

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

**INT. TOWN'S DINER - DUSK THAT DAY**

The 1950's style restaurant has lots of chrome accent.

FAMILY-OF-FOUR sit at a booth waited on by MARY DOGE 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 Mary."

DESTINY

"Hey, Mary --it's your bruther!"

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

DESTINY

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

DOG

Still plays well.

DESTINY

Heard you saved another today.

DOG

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

DESTINY

And the creep who did it?

DOG

Creeping through our judicial process.

DESTINY

Sunset Motel?

Dog nods.

DESTINY

Want me to visit her tonight?

DOG

Please. I don't think she should be left alone.

DESTINY

And tomorrow --?

DOG

She starts as our new receptionist, tell her to arrive by 9 a.m. sharp.  
(grumbles)  
And she can bring the mutt.

Destiny pecks Dog on the cheek.

DESTINY

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

DOG

(deep bear-growl)  
Rrrrrrrr.

Mary 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 than a French Mastiff.

MARY

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

DOG  
Sounds good.

MARY  
Hey, you're my favorite brother.

DOG  
"Hey" --I'm your only brother.

MARY  
Don't remind me.

Mary disappears into the kitchen.

Destiny touches Dog's hand lovingly.

DESTINY  
Thank you.

DOG  
Nightmares gone yet?

DESTINY  
Not really. Yours?

DOG  
Not really. But did learn to live with them. You will, too. Are you coming to the Shelter tomorrow?

DESTINY  
It's Dog-Run Day!

DOG  
If you'll open the shelter, I can open the gas station. Any way you can stay at the Shelter all day?

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

DOG  
That's what I do.

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

MARY  
After --you keep us safe.

Mary smooches his cheek again.

DOG

Stop. --I definitely got a three-for-one deal when you brought me back here last year.

MARY

And aren't you glad I did?

DESTINY

I sure am!

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

DOG

Stopp. (chagrins remembering)  
So much for full retirement.

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. SAME TOWN'S SHERRIFF OFFICE - MORNING**

**CAPTION:** *One year ago*

Dog, high-and-tight, small mustache, wears a white LEO shirt and dress pants with a *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 "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 is, I'm a problem solver. And you, well, you is the "f'n problem."

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

DOG

You and Walsh are finished! State Police with their Animal Division are at his ranch by now. Give, Up.

TOWNSEND

Nuthin's come over the radio.  
(straightens duty belt)  
Nope, your ego's too big, not to take me on alone.

DOG

You're right, cop-out. Besides, I have everything on tape. Dumb and Dumber sang their 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 sure did. Seems he liked to record your conjugal visits to his ranch. Human trafficking, drug pushing, illegal gun sales, every criminal activity is tied up in --  
(deep sinister voice)  
"The Show."

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

DOG

Did I tell you how much I really, r-e-a-l-l-y, hate dirty cops?

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

DOG

Your looking the other way with a greedy paw out hurt animals bad, and I'm supposed to forgive you for that. But your non-actions hurt my sister bad, and for that --I don't forgive. So what's it gonna' be ex-Lawman? Man-up, or lie your ass off and cry like a little baby when cuffed and put in your own jail?

TOWNSEND

Nah, won't be doing any of that.  
(spits 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 showed up!

DOG

(glares at Barnes)  
You ride with that?

TOWNSEND

He knows which side the butter's on. Let's dance, I'll lead.

Townsend draws. A gun *fires* and its bullet hits Townsend's shoulder making him drop his 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

Thanks --  
(stands uncoiling)  
for scarin' the shit 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 walks to Townsend while talking to Dog.



BARNES

Your sister called the State Police this morning yelling, "Stay off the god damn radio." Then called me, said you trusted me. She took Destiny to the hospital. Thanks, both times.

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 soiree. You interested?

DOG

(drops head)

So much for full retirement.

RETURN TO.

**INT. TOWN'S DINER - PRESENT DAY**

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

MARY

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

Destiny scratches under Dog's chin *cooing*.

DESTINY

Sauce cooked in, more on top, plenty of Parmesan.

DOG

(pulls head away)

If you two stop Martha Stewarting me. May I bring a friend?

MARY

Same one from the Sunset Motel?

DOG

Jeezy-peezy, no security in this homeland. Yeah, and Tommy Junior can have a play-date.

Mary 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, 50s, comb-over, in a Barber's Frock, sits in a barber-chair reading the local newspaper.

Dog enters unshaven now wearing a full Deputy tan-uniform. Door's bell *rings*. 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 body lies on the floor covered by a cutting-cape. Blood has pooled around its head area.

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

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

DOG  
Helluva shot by the way, you know, right between the eyes?  
(touches between his)  
Didn't learn that in Barber School!  
Ya' know, I get in trouble when I think too much, but I kept on until wondering --Who's the real "nom de plume" of this whole Greek tragedy?

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

DOG

Yep, kept coming back to the same nagging question.

(eyes bore into Frank's)

Why'd you send me to Walsh's ranch?!

FRANK

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

(chews on toothpick)

When did you know it was me?

DOG

Just now. By the way, gutsy move shooting Doc as your only witness when you thought Walsh and his men were dead with the 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, sometimes you gotta' go all-in. I hoped you'd realize forensics would trip you up. But just in case --.

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

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 little problem with logistics, Franky-poo, especially primary flaccidity.

FRANK

(smug know-it-all smile)

Rigor Mortis takes two hours, brain-dead.

DOG

Hey Frank N. Steiniac, eyelids are the first to get rigid. It's been almost ninety minutes.

Frank smiles most evil, then kicks off Doc's cutting-cape.

Doc is a bloody mess, but his German Luger is not in sight.

DOG

Tossed it --when I tossed him.

FRANK

I still got yours.

DOG

Ballistics'll burst that balloon, Foolish Frank.

FRANK

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

DOG

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

FRANK

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

DOG

Cops are a lot smarter than criminals give us credit. We're 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, should be looking pretty good about now.

FRANK

No way, got claustrophobia.

DOG

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

FRANK

I hate you!

DOG

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

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

DOG

Gonna' shoot an unarmed man?

FRANK

Done it before, feels good.

DOG

Appreciate you saying that, makes what's gonna' happen seem almost...

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

DOG

Crack shot maybe, but not an expert. Trigger won't fire the Hammer till you rack its 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.

FRANK

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

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

DOG

*You caused a lot of pain, and I'm supposed to forgive you for that. But you hurt my sister, bad, twice, and for that --I don't forget.*

FRANK

(tosses razor)  
Now what --perra?

Dog tosses the Luger near Doc's corpse.

DOG

Wouldn't wanna' bring his gun --to  
our knife fight.

Frank smiles, opens a drawer, pulls out a machete, then charges Dog *screaming* with it held high above his head.

FRANK

Gonna' gut you like a fish!

**INSERT:** A throwing-knife drops out of Dog's shirt sleeve into his 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. Blade perforated your stomach. I dipped it in something appropriate, so the infection gets worse.

Frank looks down at knife, then up like he's going to say something. He drops his machete. It *clatters* on the floor. He drops to his knees, then falls onto his side motionless.

Dog kicks the machete away, then picks up his Browning, ejects its Magazine, and loads it with his hat's bullets.

DOG

My luck, you're the only good  
barber in the whole f'n county.

Dog inserts the 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're injured from a  
fight, I'm watching you bleed-out.  
Sound familiar?

FRANK

Eat dog shit and die.

DOG

You just did.

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 Doc's gun and lays on his back *coughing-up* blood.

Dog puts on his hat, goes to Frank, and kicks Doc's 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

Thanks for the --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 still lost in 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 that to your customers?

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 the dictionary again?

SAM  
A 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 -- sister's pet.

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

DOG  
What'd 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  
There, there. Can I 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, hike.* --Where?

SOFIA  
Baltimore.

DOG  
Charm City?!

SOFIA  
Not that charming. Gangs are out of control and running it.

DOG  
I know, that's 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." It just did.

DOG  
*Déjà vu.*

**INT. MARY'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.

Mary 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're worse --than these 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, and this is my sister, Mary. This --is Gina.

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

MARY

Thought your first name was, Georgina?

GINA

Was. Your brother thought ...

DESTINY

A name change might help your life change?

Gina nods.

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

MARY

Well Gina, how was 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?"

MARY

Our German last name is spelled d,  
o, g, e, but ...

DOG

The "e" is silent.

DESTINY

Just like him.

GINA

Why do you like canines so much?

MARY

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

DESTINY

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

DOG

Enough.

Mary 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 Mary's chair. She goes to sit. Dog moves it  
like he's going to pull it away. Mary laughs sitting.

MARY

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

I called in a favor, State Police  
are holding him until arraignment.

MARY

You are going to leave that pile of  
steaming poo, right?

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 hand on Gina's)  
You go girl, and I do mean --go.

DOG

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

MARY

Don't wanna' go back home?

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

DOG

Not a G. D. "home!" It's 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's okay girls, sorry about that.  
(turns to Women)  
It's just that, there's no reason  
for anyone to live like "that."

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

MARY

Life --is all about choices.

DESTINY

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

Mary and Destiny remove their hands from Gina's.

MARY

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."

MARY

Yeah, so?

DOG

"So" it's empty, collecting dust.

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

MARY

"Dust?!" I clean it regular?

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

MARY

What --are you two talking about?

Dog and Destiny stare at her. Mary finally *Gets it.*

MARY

Oh! Uh Gina, would you like to stay here until, uh, whenever?

Gina starts crying.

Destiny squeezes Gina's hand.

DESTINY

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

DOG

Speaking of "there," Sofia asked me to help her sister in Baltimore.

MARY

How long this time?

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

DOG

Couple of days.

DESTINY

That means a couple of weeks.

MARY

Guess "that means" I'll do double-duty at the gas station, too?

DOG

Thanks. --Destiny, would you take care of the animals at the Shelter?

GINA

I can help!

MARY

We all can. What's up?

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

DOG

Is my foot-locker still in the basement?

Mary 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 a green faded Army BDU with 1975 Ranger patches having a *Master Sergeant* chevron.

SAM

Want that close shave now, Sergeant York?

DOG

Danger Close. Not enough time to grow out my "cop hair" so have to go the other way.

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

SAM  
And the mustache, Rangerette?

DOG  
(sighs)  
*All the way.*

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

Dog enters, now bald and clean-shaven.

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

GINA  
Dog?

DOG  
(*growls* deep and low)  
Rrrrrrrrr.

GINA  
What happened to you?

DOG  
Mange. --How's 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 a 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 - THE NEXT DAY**

Dog, now wearing his Vietnam-green sunglasses, drives his car with its convertible top up. He drives from morning to dusk through mountains, then countrysides, and finally through Washington, D.C. with all its landmarks.

END TIME LAPSE.

**INT. DOG'S CAR ON THE BALTIMORE WASHINGTON PARKWAY - 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, is pretty at night, but only from 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 of Pedestrians crossing ahead 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, sister, 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.  
(reads GPS screen)  
"Sandtown-Winchester?!" 25th most dangerous neighborhood in the entire freakin' country?  
(looks around concerned)  
Nice place --not to 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 you say "yes"  
next time, idiot.

Dog presses his key-fob and the 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' here!

**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 and 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  
Hi, nice to ...

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 you --?*

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

"Stupid?!" --Do you know my sister?

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.*

**ENGLISH SUBTITLE UNDERNEATH:** *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."

(sings show's four notes)

"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 over.

DOG

Second, seventh, and sixth letters of the alphabet --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 Family* came  
from a Black Panther you know.

(no response, explains)

Your original purpose was to patrol  
African-American neighborhoods to  
protect residents from police  
brutality.

MASTERCARD

Yeah, well, you should know --Pig.

GANGMEMBER ONE

Squeal like one little piggy!

DOG

Then your founders got a taste of  
drug-money, and the shit-train  
rolled downhill fast.

Five Gangmembers step towards Dog as 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.

Now alone, 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

Works every friggin' time.

(Bloodhound barks)

Owuuu, ow, ow, ow, owuuuuuuu!

Dog gets in and drives down to the secure parking garage.

**INT. LETICIA'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Knock on its 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  
Living in fear --ain't livin'.

LETICIA  
Beats dyin'.

Leticia breaks down. Dog puts an arm around her.

DOG  
I'll make some tea, then you can  
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.

A 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 be polite.

DOG  
Every god damn day.

Dog enters the building.

**INT. BALTIMORE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Dog enters and goes to its lobby counter. His 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 flips open a badge 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 the  
cat and the 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  
Jeez, how long it's been?

DOG  
Not long enough, stoogie.  
(taps O'Toole's badge)  
See you're a Base Camp Commando  
now.

O'TOOLE

Better than being a Beetle Nut!  
(pries open Dog's mouth)  
Let's see your black teeth.

DOG

(pulls head away)  
Still better than being a 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 of being your  
violent crime victim is 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 you, 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, that, backwards.*

O'TOOLE  
What, as in d, o, g?

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

DOG  
That's why I'm 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 citizens polled believe canine fighting can't 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 your animal cruelty and gang files.

O'TOOLE  
(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 slides over his town's Deputy Badge.

DOG

Know the best thing 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, unlocks and opens door. Dog enters. Leticia re-locks dropping in its security door-bar.

LETICIA

Where have you been all day?

DOG

Looking 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 thing for corn?

LETICIA

And crab cakes. Find out anything?

DOG

Lots of things, most of which you don't want to "find out" about.

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

LETICIA

Sure I do, shoot.

DOG

They, don't.

LETICIA  
(was drinking, chokes)  
What?

DOG  
They don't shoot their Losers,  
they're thrown in the gutter.

LETICIA  
Alive?

DOG  
(imitates *Bruce Willis*)  
"Welcome to the party, pal."

LETICIA  
And --?

DOG  
No "Homeward Bound" Part Four.

Leticia breaks down. Dog touches her hand.

DOG  
Sorry, detachment is a police  
officer's best armament.

LETICIA  
Why are "they" like that?

DOG  
Dogmen? Faulty wiring. They believe  
animals are "things" that exist for  
their 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  
No. I'm --"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  
Thank you sir, may I have another?

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's a hun, right?

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 do you know that terminology?

DOG

"Terminology?" Now I know you're a former. --What was your charge?

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

TINY

You first.

DOG

(hard to breathe)  
*Looking, other, way.*

Dog's eyes look down. Tiny looks down to see 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

Quite a grip you got there, Tiny.

TINY

Downstairs, but remember --  
(two fingers to eyes)  
I'm watching you.

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

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

DOG  
To serve and protect --

Tiny fist-bumps Dog smiling, a 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 heard that!

**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 being --a huge oddity.

Dog points at 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.

DOG  
Place my bet with who?

BARTENDER

Whom --me.

DOG

"Terminology, whom?" Man, this is the best over-achiever group I've ever been with. What's the limit?

BARTENDER

None.

DOG

Where're the 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 with new yelled-in odds.

Tiny now enters holding a BAIT CANINE, a weeks-old Beagle who wonders why everyone is so excited. Guard 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 rocking for the next two hours, can I ask two questions?

(leans-in whispering)

*I know you were a "Blue Boy" by your earlier comment, so you 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, then makes a face in pain.

DOG

*Know what a "Charger" is?*

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 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 Swats disappear down the hall using proper police search procedures.

O'Tool helps Dog stand, then pets his 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, as 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 is in "The Show."

O'TOOLE

And the neighbors "didn't know."

Dog and O'Toole shake their heads.



O'TOOLE

What is wrong with 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 of 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 in it, looks around, then 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 his jacket and tosses it on a chair, then rubs his butt.

DOG

Second fiddle. Aria of my life.

**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  
murderer, 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 alleys.

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 open the trunk.

DOG

Loser?

RED

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

That's it?

RED

Did what I was told, so yeah, "that's 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 come after you same as the rest.

Red exits angry. Dog tilts his head watching Red.

DOG

Have to catch me first "bucko, same as the rest."

**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 seeee youuuu.*

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

DOG

*What a waste --of 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 up! 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 and carries 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* rolling 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, have uncontrollable shutting of their eyes with tears streaming, profuse coughing, nasal discharge, dizziness, restricted breathing, and severe *coughing* as they stumble about gasping 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. 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, 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

"With a knick-knack paddywhack."

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

DOG

"Give a Dog a bone."

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

DOG

"This old man came rolling home."

**EXT. PULASKI INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Baltimore Police Cruisers pull up with lights flashing.

BALTIMORE ROAD DAWGS, in 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 (O.S.)

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

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

RED

Back atcha'. --What're 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 and goes 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, silent-- one by one.

(pokes Red in his chest)

So loose the 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

Think it's a video, sir.

A Baltimore hook-and-ladder arrives. Its BALTIMORE FIREMEN, in full gear, exit and 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 your case in court.



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

O'TOOLE  
It's for you.

RED  
(reads aloud)  
"You're welcome, dickhead."

FTO Sargeant reports back to O'Toole.

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

O'TOOLE  
There 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 your 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 Alpha Dog.*

**INT. DIFFERENT PULASKI WAREHOUSE - NOW DAWN**

An abandoned empty warehouse with trash and debris all over.

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

DOG (MUFFLED)  
Don't bother, not-so-tough guy.

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

MASTERCARD  
Fuck off, fucker, I knows my  
rights.

DOG (MUFFLED)  
You have the right --to scream.

Dog screws the top off a tear-gas grenade.

DOG (MUFFLED)  
Little trick I picked up, way back  
in Hué.

Dog pours one drop of grenade-liquid on 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  
What the --?!

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

DOG (MUFFLED)  
One little jiggy went to market.

Dog steps forward to pour more on Mastercard's head.

MASTERCARD  
Get it off, Get It Off!

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

Dog again starts to pour more.

MASTERCARD  
I'll talk, I'll Talk!

DOG (MUFFLED)  
You're not just saying that to get  
on my good side are you?  
(pulls off gas mask)  
Because I don't have 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 of you! That's why He sent me here.

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

DOG (MUFFLED)

Where's "The Keep?)

MASTERCARD

(pain subsiding)

Fuck, you.

Dog grabs open gas grenade, but instead pours alcohol on Mastercard's head. Mastercard goes nuts snapping his head.

MASTERCARD

Murder Park, Murder Park!

DOG (MUFFLED)

You mean, 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 you will, bubba!

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

DOG

Now --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 right in at its annual "Bug Fest."

*(coughs)*

Where in a Park?

*(nods in epiphany)*

Not "in" --under.

**EXT. 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 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 bust.

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 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 a 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. FTO Sargeant uses bolt cutters to remove it.

FTO SARGEANT

We're about, 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, 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 continue quoting same song.

ROAD DAWGS

"That 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.

A 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.

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

FTO Sargeant's eyes follow power cables from the treadmills to the steel table and up its wall to a Power Box. He throws its 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 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 and sees all the filth.

DOG

I'm in God Damn "Deliverance" --  
*again.*

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 earn 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, this.

(pets Shepherd more)

Had two black Shepards in my life,  
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 and 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  
going for a Norman Hooten Award or  
something. Can we move this along,  
I've got a long drive back.



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

Dog pets Shepherd more, but also holds 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 a 1975 9mm Browning with smoke coming out of its barrel at him.

DOG

Now what the hell does he have to be grateful to you for, numb-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 own gun back in rear waistband, then picks up Bob's fallen shotgun and cell-phone.

DOG

Ever see the Academy Award Nominated Mongolian movie, "Cave of the Yellow Dog?"

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

DOG

So that would be a "no." Here, I'll show you its 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

Once Baltimore's Intelligence Analyst hacks both your phones, all your sleeping uglies nightmares come true. Hey, let's start early.

Dog hits the back of Bob's head with shotgun's butt, *crack*. Bob collapses unconscious.

**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 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

Every wonder what it feels like  
when you kick your friend here?

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

DOG

Now you do.

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

DOG

Now, take me to --  
(voice threatens)  
*what I don't want to see.*

**EXT. FURTHER BACK IN SAME WOODS - MOMENTS LATER**

Farmer Bob is 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 bowls present.

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

Ever see Dennis Hopper's movie "Mad  
Dog Morgan?"

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

DOG

My advice, do the time. Because if  
you do get off, which would really  
be criminal, "we" will be waiting.  
(a glare to scare)  
And my bite, is so much more  
deadly, than his bark.

Dog throws Bob away who falls on his side. Dog stands and gets out his own cell-phone and dials 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

Thank you.

GUARD COP

For --?

DOG

Choosing to wear that 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

(spins angry)

But I'm not --?! What changed?

O'TOOLE

B.G.F. put out a contract on you.

DOG

Then I need to find them fast.

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

O'TOOLE

They know where you're staying!

DOG

Then we need to find them 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 did was make an insignificant dent in an overwhelming machine.

O'TOOLE

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

DOG

Then I'm happy to paint "them" -- blood-red.

O'Toole grabs Dog by both shoulders.

O'TOOLE

You can't, stay!

DOG

Then help me leave! Where's "the head of the snake?"

O'Toole pushes Dog away and storms out angry.

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

GUARD COP

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

DOG

Why?

MUSEUM COP

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

DOG

Then I'll have to make sure they're out of Show Business --permanently.

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 ones?

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

*My cell's on back, just in case  
you're in one.*

DOG

*(nods in epiphany)  
Stuck your nose too far into it,  
didn't you? That's why you're stuck  
in here as a flatfoot.*

GUARD COP

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

DOG

*make sure to go home alive.*

Guard Cop watches Dog exit shaking his head.

GUARD COP

*Chances of you doing both --?*

TOURIST enters and admires the antique car.

TOURIST

*Is 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 at 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.

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 on 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.

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  
What are you, the 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 hand-cuffs him behind, then stands. He sees Dog and Insano, then closes door, holsters weapon, and keys 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  
*You're, welcome.*

Guard Cop handcuffs Insano in front because of his injuries.

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

DOG  
"Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome,  
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  
You're a fast First Responder?

RED  
Just close.

GUARD COP  
Too close.

Insano comes to, sees Red, and becomes belligerent.

INSANO  
I got rights, esse!

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's left?

RED  
Other than the other thousand Mexican gangstas? Baltimore gangs are not by hoods, they're by neighborhoods, so they're a hydra.

DOG  
Head"s" of the snake, huh? Well, we have to start somewhere. Would you two escort Leticia outside to wait for her ambulance, please?

LETICIA  
What are you going to do?

DOG  
Have a playdate with my playmate.  
(*snarls* down at Insano)  
Go on, all of you.

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

DOG  
Hey!

Guard Cop turns back.

DOG  
Thanks, for "choosing" to be a good cop.

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

DOG  
*And for answering my call.*  
(down to Insano)  
Would you really have killed her?

INSANO  
Killin' don't mean nuthin' to me.

DOG

Yes it does, it means fear, which is what your gang thrives on. Like any rabid predator, you kill because you want to.

(sucks teeth)

Still time to change your ways, 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

Got you. Thanks, for clearing my conscience.

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

INSANO

Los cojones, chingóna! Must think me a fool?

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

DOG

Among other things.

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

DOG

Come on, acojonado. You talk the talk, but do you walk the walk?

INSANO

Acojonante! You one crazy white boy.

DOG

Yeah, that's what I thought. When your amigos find out, and I'll make sure they do, that you chickened out --sayonara samurai sissy.

Sound of sirens approaching makes Insano sit up.

INSANO

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

DOG

Not really, and not a gun, at least  
not close. --You do though.

(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 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.

Front door *bursts* open and O'Toole rushes in with his service weapon aimed.

O'TOOLE

You all right?

DOG

Son of a bitchette shot me.

Years of experience, tells O'Toole what happened.

O'TOOLE

At you.

DOG

(head-motions to couch)

My gun was over there. I was --  
unarmed.

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

O'TOOLE

Good thing, he was a bad shot.

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

DOG

Bueno for me, malo for him. I'll  
wait here for your 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.

DOG  
Looks like self-defense, right?

O'TOOLE  
"Looks, 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  
"Looks 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 they'll come at her again.

O'TOOLE  
It's called life in the big city, get used to it. I have.

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

O'TOOLE

(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 the puppy.

DOG

You gave him a better life in  
minutes, than he'd known his whole  
existence.

(to Guard Cop)

Would you take her upstairs so she  
can pack, please?

(to Leticia)

You need to go stay with a friend,  
and no one, "no one," can know  
where that is, entender?

Guard Cop puts down his glass to help Leticia upstairs.

RED

You need to pack, too.

(puts down glass)

I'll wait outside, but not long.

Red exits. When alone, the empty glass in Dog's hand vibrates  
being squeezed, then *shatters*. His 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's what I do.

RED  
What will you do now?

DOG  
Do it some more.

RED  
You're *not* coming back --are you?

DOG  
With a vengeance.

RED  
Won't end pretty.

DOG  
Never does.

Red tightens his hand-shake grip.

RED  
I can't --let you do that.

DOG  
Acting clean, doesn't wash away  
your dirt.

RED  
What are you implying?

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

DOG  
Not inferrin' --statin' a fact.

They stare at each other testing their strength and will.

Red chops Dog's wrist to release and reaches 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  
I fucking hate dirty cops!

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

DOG  
We're not --supposed --to hurt --  
each other!

Dog grabs Red's Adams Apple in a Ranger Chokehold.

DOG

Only two ways to go, bro, help me  
and all is forgiven --or go down,  
and I mean all the 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

Shouldn't have spoken perfect  
Spanish to warn him, amigo.

RED

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

DOG

"They" can't kill anyone --if  
they're 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.

DOG

No going back now,  
compañero.

Red tries to reload his clip.

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

Red harrumphs, then goes to his cruiser.

DOG

(tongue-whistles)

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  
You must be, Stretch.

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

DOG  
Red sent me.

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

DOG  
Red said you say that, so I'm supposed to 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**

The Devil's armory, all military-grade firearms of all types.

Dog wolf-*whistles*.

DOG  
Daddy likee.  
(sees something)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, is that a --?!

STRETCH  
Sure is.

DOG  
Sold, American!

Dog pulls out a huge wad of cash.

Stretch rubs his hands together like King Midas.



**EXT. A BALTIMORE ALLEY - THAT NIGHT**

Dog drives an old rusted pick-up truck with four 4' x 8' plywood sheets upright edgewise against bed's support pipes. The 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

Location?

RED

Have to take you there.

DOG

No good.

RED

No choice.

Red wipes his brow sweating profuse. Dog shakes his head.

DOG

"Sweet and sour pork."

CUZCATLECO (O.S.)

That chota couldn't make a bad ham sandwich.

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 Salvadorans, either 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's all about choices, enemiga.  
Looks like you made the wrong one --  
again.

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 rustic blade having  
different Salvador emblems etched in its 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  
teeth, 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)

Thanks, I needed that.

(spits out bloody gum)

You can't forgive someone, until  
you can forget what they've done.

(spits more blood)

I got a real good memory.

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 Cocaina 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 then wheeled out. All are guarded by ARMED MS-13 Members.

Dog's head-sack is pulled off. His cut cheek's blood has dried in streaks. He spits out his gum and squints against the light to see he is in MS-13's drug distribution hub.

Dog focuses on a 1950's cast-iron porcelain bathtub on its side, then lifts his nose smelling the air like a wolf.

DOG

Drain cleaner, gun scrubber, lye,  
fertilizer, paint thinner.

(shakes head)

Bet your madrea is 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.

CUZCATLECO

Besides --who said I had one?

MS-13 Members *laugh* as Dog glares.

DOG

"Mara" is 'gang' and "Salvatruch"  
means 'street smarts' --which none  
of you brain-dead have anymore.

CUZCATLECO

Maybe, 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

Mary stupidos acting thirteen. What  
a joke.

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

CUZCATLECO

Nah, you the only stupido here,  
cara de pija.

DOG

"Dick face?"

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

DOG

Are you just --a little 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 finger.

CUZCATLECO

Si, then --"they" all know.

Cuzcatleco waves to his MS-13 licking his lips.

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

RED

Adios, amigo.

DOG

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

Thanks, I needed that. Makes what's gonna happen seem almost right.

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.

The object has a small red light blinking.

RED

How the "f" do I know, a garage 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

Adios, asesino.

#### **EXT. DOG'S PICK-UP TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS**

Inside the truck's bed hidden by the 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*. The 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 and 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

Your choice.

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 gurgles-laughes.

RED

*I'm Irish.*

Dog picks up Red's gun.

DOG

Me, too.

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 backwards. Dog turns back to Red.

DOG  
Good choice, finally.

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

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

Dog drops flat on the floor.

Sound of an M-4 *firing*.

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 did you know?

O'TOOLE (MUFFLED)  
Know know? Not until tonight.  
(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.

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 your shelling our  
industrial district, Combat Jack?  
(no response)  
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 shit 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 in response.

O'TOOLE  
He wants me.

DOG  
Let's double-time together.

O'TOOLE  
Just like old times.

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  
"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)  
woulda been okay.

LETICIA  
Your police friend called me, told me what you did.

DOG  
He knew where you were?  
(nods in epiphany)  
*Of course he did.*

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 like a canine.

DOG  
Breakfast --would be a start.

Leticia scratches under his chin.

LETICIA  
Men are such babies.

DOG  
You do know my sister!

There is a "Yipe" from a cardboard box in the corner.

Leticia acts like a little kid on Christmas morn.

LETICIA

Is that ...?!

DOG

The sequel.

Leticia rushes to the box and picks up a PIT BULL PUPPY with scars from fighting, then smothers it with kisses and turns to Dog with tears in her eyes.

DOG

Uh --breakfast?

**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 his earlier Black Shepherd who 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 must know Sophia's sister.

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 that! Never was,  
never will be!

Shepherd *growls*. Gina is frightened. Dog calms embarrassed and lets Gina go, then pets German Shepherd to quiet her.

DOG

*Sorry about that, 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 felt like one.

BARNES

Hard coming back to small town  
living?

Front door's overhead bell *rings* again as Mary and Destiny enter with Junior and Gina's Puppy, both on leads.

Sophia enters with Dog's Parrot who flies to Dog's shoulder.

Dog looks at everyone, then for the first time, breaks into a huge grin as he strokes his Parrot.

DOG

Not at all. --Not, at, all.

PARROT

Prit-tee Dog.

German Shepard *woofs* agreement.

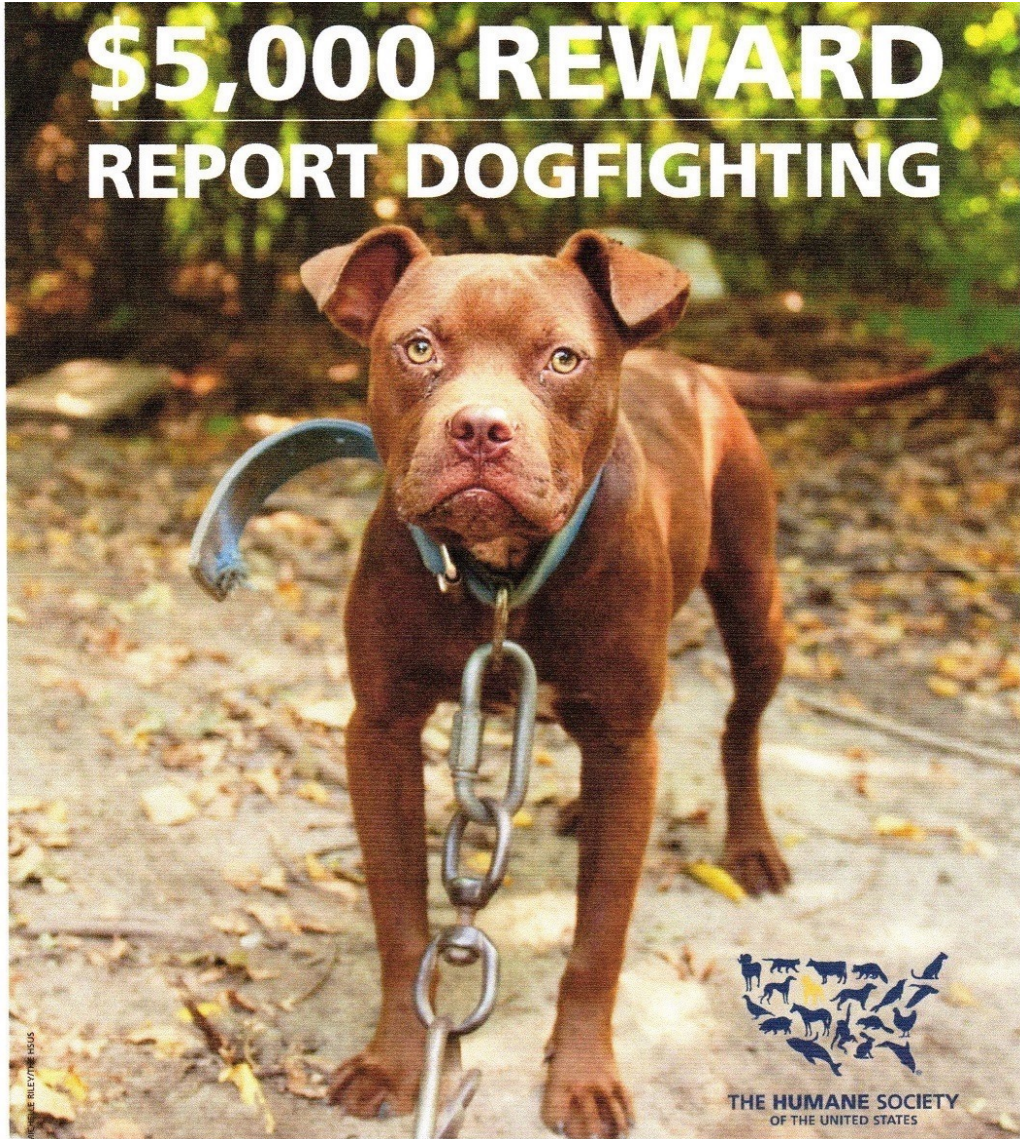
ALL *laugh*.

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.*

# \$5,000 REWARD REPORT DOGFIGHTING



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OF THE UNITED STATES

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