

**HORRIFIC TALES  
OF THE  
WICKEDLY MACABRE**

**PRESENTS**

**FILTHY ANIMAL**

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## INTRO

**FADE IN:**

**INT. IROC-Z - NIGHT**

The Driver and Passenger seem to have relaxed.

PASSENGER  
I mean it, man. Thanks for pickin'  
me up.

DRIVER  
Yeah, no problem. Who were you  
goin' to see?

PASSENGER  
Huh?

DRIVER  
The concert. Who was it?

PASSENGER  
Oh, uh, Journey.

The Driver glances over at the Passenger, confused.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
I know, I know what you're gonna  
say, that they turned to shit after  
Steve left, but I still got a soft  
spot for 'em.

DRIVER  
(Matter of fact)  
They split.

PASSENGER  
(Confused, chuckles)  
What? They didn't split.

DRIVER  
Yeah, they broke up, like, two,  
three years ago.

PASSENGER  
(Chuckles)  
I don't know what you're talkin'  
about, man...

The Passenger digs around in his pocket.

PASSENGER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 ...'cause I got the tickets right  
 here with me.

The Passenger looks confused as he can't find them in that pocket. He tries his other pocket.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
 (Dismayed)  
 Guess I lost 'em.

DRIVER  
 Hey, look, um, you mind if I put on  
 some music?

PASSENGER  
 Sure, yeah. It's your car.

The Driver pulls a "Do The Right Thing" cassette tape from the center console.

DRIVER  
 You like Public Enemy?

The Passenger shrugs, unsure of himself.

The Driver loads the cassette into the player.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 My bad. You're a Journey guy.

The cassette player plays "Fight the Power" by Public Enemy.

The Passenger seems intrigued by the intro.

SONG LYRICS  
 1989/The number/Another summer...

The song continues on, but the Passenger seems confused.

DRIVER  
 Like it?

PASSENGER  
 (To the Driver)  
 Is this some kind a' alternate  
 history song?

DRIVER  
 (Shakes his head)  
 Mm-mm.

The Passenger reaches over and lowers the volume a tad.

PASSENGER  
Didn't he say "1989"?

DRIVER  
Yeah... So?

PASSENGER  
But, it's 1986...

DRIVER  
'86?

PASSENGER  
Yeah.

The Driver shakes his head.

The Passenger seems to be entirely doubting himself now. He sees the cassette case on the console.

He picks up the case and flips it over.

Sure enough, in the bottom corner, next to the copyright logo, is the year 1989.

Everything the Passenger believes in has been rocked by this knowledge.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

## **MAIN TALE (FILTHY ANIMAL)**

**OPEN ON:**

**INT. DWIGHT'S HOUSE**

A small pile of dog excrement on the carpet.

FOOTSTEPS approach from O.S. Then stop.

DWIGHT (O.S.)  
Aw, Christ, you gotta be fucking  
kidding me.

A PAIR OF FEET in dirty work boots stomp into view, halting at the mess on the floor.

DWIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
All right, you God damned mutt,  
where are you?

Floor-level 360 degree view of the room as the FEET turn and pivot. DWIGHT, his identity not yet revealed, searching.

An 80's style television with antennas sticking out plays in the background as Dwight continues his search.

DWIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck are you, you little  
shit?

We follow DWIGHT'S BOOTS as he continues looking around...

He stops for a moment.

DWIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
There you are.

He marches faster, to the --

### **END OF A HALLWAY**

Where a frightened PIT BULL trembles, whimpering. Cornered. Afraid to look up at his owner. His body emaciated. Bald spots splotching his thinning coat. Nose reddened.

The PIT BULL slowly looks up at his owner.

### **PIT BULL POV:**

DWIGHT (late 30s, pointy, scraggy and disheveled, menacing eyes) glowers down at him with bad intentions.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
You filthy. Fucking. Animal.

Raises his boot into the air and stomps down hard --

### **CUT TO BLACK:**

The PIT BULL lets out an agonizing YELP.

### **OVER BLACK--**

## **FILTHY ANIMAL**

The SOUND of a RADIO TUNING THROUGH STATIONS -- all 80'S SONGS; BON JOVI, GUNS & ROSES, DURAN/DURAN, BLONDIE, etc.

Finally, the radio stops at "CRACKERJACK" by DOLLY PARTON, taking us to...

### **FADE IN:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**

The MUSIC plays from...

A WHITE VAN - no windows in the back - cruising through a quiet, middle-class neighborhood.

Each house similar, all with big yards and driveways.

**INT. WHITE VAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

J.W. FRITZINGER (mid 30s - black suit and tie, strong build and chiseled jaw) navigates, lighting a cigarette. The odd SONG CHOICE seems to juxtapose his hard exterior.

A thick cloud of smoke pours from his mouth as his mysterious, piercing eyes scope the area.

He zeroes in on one house in particular.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The WHITE VAN pulls over at the curb and parks right next to a mailbox at the end of a walkway.

The music stops as Fritzinger kills the engine.

**INT. WHITE VAN (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS**

Fritzinger takes a puff from his cigarette while gazing out his window vigilantly. Focused and determined. Smoke pouring hypnotically from his mouth.

WOMAN JOGGER (V.O.)

Poor dog...

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

A modest little one-story home with a large, fence-enclosed --

**YARD**

Where the abused PIT BULL lies sadly, chained to a tree. The lawn covered in weeds and tall grass.

The poor dog is in horrible shape. Ribs showing. A defeated, hang-dog expression on his face.

Just outside the fence --

**SIDEWALK**

Fritzinger and a WOMAN JOGGER (late 20s, in track gear and running shoes) stare at the PIT BULL. Fritzinger still puffing away on his cigarette.

WOMAN JOGGER

I run past here twice a day. And he's always here, tied up to that dang tree.

Fritzinger never takes his eyes off the dog.

FRITZINGER

You speak to the owner at all?

WOMAN JOGGER

No. Not even sure if anybody lives there. I'd ring the bell, but...

He nods.

FRITZINGER

Probably best you don't.

(exhales smoke)

I suspect whoever lives there won't be winning any awards for politeness. Not any time soon.

Fritzinger takes one last puff, drops his cigarette and stomps out the cherry. Staring at PIT BULL with silent rage.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)

Well. Thanks for calling.

WOMAN JOGGER

Need me for anything else?

FRITZINGER

Nope.

He climbs over the fence, ignoring a sign -- PRIVATE PROPERTY, NO TRESPASSING.

She glances at the WHITE VAN, back to Fritzinger. Perplexed.

WOMAN JOGGER

There's... nobody with you?

**YARD**

He clears the fence, feet touching grass.

FRITZINGER  
I work alone.

He focuses on the PIT BULL as she watches from the other side of the fence, concerned.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Have yourself a nice day.

She shrugs, placing earphones on and hitting play on her Sony Walkman -- "PUSH IT" by SALT N PEPA PLAYS as she jogs off.

The PIT BULL BARKS wildly, trying to break free from his chains. Ready to attack.

But Fritzinger keeps forward.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Easy, fella, easy...

PIT BULL cowers against the tree, trembling in fear but still BARKING wildly.

Fritzinger tiptoes closer, gradually gaining the dog's trust.

Soon, the BARKING stops. PIT BULL ceases trembling as Fritzinger reaches arm's length.

Fritzinger crouches down and reaches out his hand -- the PIT BULL reluctantly sniffs it. Licks his fingers.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's a good boy. Gooood boy...

He gently pets the dog's head.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get you outta here, I promise. Just gotta take care of a few things first.

He gently inspects the dog, checking his teeth and coat. A fresh wound around its neck from the rusty chain. Fleas and hot spots all over.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Who did this to you, huh?

In the background --

Dwight watches from his door, gripping a baseball bat.



DWIGHT  
Can I help you?

Fritzinger rises, turns. Brushes off his hands as he approaches Dwight. Eyeing the bat.

FRITZINGER  
That for me or the dog?

DWIGHT  
In case you missed it, there's a sign that says, no trespassing. I suggest you state your business pronto or get the fuck off my property.

FRITZINGER  
Well, you must be Dwight.

Dwight lifts his bat slightly -- Fritzinger stops.

DWIGHT  
State. Your. Business.

FRITZINGER  
(grins)  
My name is J.W. Fritzinger. I'm from animal control.

Dwight sizes him up, confused.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
You look like a damn pallbearer.

Eyes the unmarked WHITE VAN at the curb. Back to Fritzinger.

DWIGHT  
Got some ID?

Fritzinger opens his jacket, flashes a pistol in his waist.

FRITZINGER  
Good enough?

Dwight takes a step back, lowering his bat.

DWIGHT  
Who the fuck are you?

FRITZINGER  
That your dog over there?

DWIGHT  
(shakes his head)  
It's my ex-wife's.

FRITZINGER  
And where's your ex-wife?

DWIGHT  
(shrugs)  
Wherever ex-wives go.

Eyes the pistol in Fritzinger's waist.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

FRITZINGER  
I'm here for the dog.

DWIGHT  
Fine. Take him. Just get the fuck  
off my property, huh?

FRITZINGER  
(smiles)  
I think you misunderstood.

Takes a step forward. Dwight takes another step back.

Fritzinger points to the baseball bat.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Mind if I see that?

DWIGHT  
You can see it fine from there.

FRITZINGER  
I'm asking nicely.

Dwight eyeballs the pistol. Looks up at Fritzinger with  
trepidation.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
(coyly)  
I'll give it right back. Promise.

Dwight sighs in defeat. Slowly hands over the bat,  
immediately standing back at a distance.

Fritzinger inspects the bat.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
 You beat your ex-wife, too? That  
 why she left you?

Dwight frowns, his reaction very telling.

DWIGHT  
 (eyeing the bat)  
 Listen. I don't see what the big  
 deal is. It's just a filthy, no  
 good mutt.

Fritzinger glares up at him, seething with rage. His knuckles  
 turning white as his grip tightens around the bat.

FRITZINGER  
 We're all SOMETHING... aren't we?

Tense silence. Until...

He eases his grip on the bat. Hands it back to Dwight, who  
 reluctantly accepts it.

Brief pause.

DWIGHT  
 We done here?

Fritzinger flashes a devious smirk.

FRITZINGER  
 Not quite, Dwight. Not quite.

Fritzinger quickly draws a stun gun and digs into Dwight's  
 ribs -- BUZZZZ! Shocking him.

Dwight drops, groaning in pain, gritting his teeth.

Fritzinger kicks the bat far out of his reach as Dwight  
 crawls back into...

INT. DWIGHT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We follow FRITZINGER'S FEET as he marches towards Dwight, who  
 crawls, eventually cowering in the corner.

Dwight stares up at him with puppy-dog eyes.

DWIGHT  
 Please...

Fritzinger raises his foot into the and stomps down hard onto Dwight's face --

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**OPEN ON:**

EYES fluttering open. Glazed over. Barely conscious.

Dwight comes to, his VISION BLURRED. Lying on tall grass, cheek mashed against the ground.

He blinks his eyes again. Slowly lifts his cheek from the ground, his face busted up pretty good. Blades of grass stuck to the dried blood on his face.

He hoists himself up on all fours, moving gingerly. Plops to his rear. Looks around, bewildered. Dazed.

DWIGHT  
(murmurs)  
Where the fuck...?

Realizes that he's in --

**EXT. DWIGHT'S YARD - NIGHT**

Panic hits him like a bucket of water.

He rises to his feet, moves forward. But a rusty chain around his neck yanks him back, disrupts his momentum, keeping him stationary.

DWIGHT  
What the fuck?!

Writhing in pain, he dabs at his busted up face. Winces.

Turns to his house and sees lights on in the windows. Suddenly, the lights shut off.

He tries to break free, digging his fingers under his rusty chain collar while jerking his neck forward. But no dice.

Dwight desperately surveys the area, panting. His speech impaired from a broken jaw:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Help! Somebody help me!

His calls go unanswered. Until...

WOMAN JOGGER runs past. But stops, back pedals. Jogging in place while staring sadly at the dog, listening to her Walkman, playing "PARTY ALL THE TIME" by EDDIE MURPHY.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Thank God...

Pulls on his chain, short on breath.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(exhausted)

Please... help me...

She shakes her head in pity.

WOMAN JOGGER

You poor thing.

Reaches into her tracksuit pocket, tosses SOMETHING over the fence --

A half-eaten bagel lands on the grass, near Dwight.

He looks at it, puzzled.

DWIGHT

The fuck is this?

Looks up at WOMAN JOGGER, incredulous.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Listen to me, some maniac tied me  
up here, I need you to call the  
police--

She jogs off.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Hey! Come back! Get me outta here!

Frantically tries to break free, jerking his neck forward, the rusty chains scraping his neck. Drawing blood.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

GET ME OUTTA HERE!!!

#### **EXT. DWIGHT'S YARD - THE NEXT DAY**

He wakes up lying in fetal position, against the tree. The sun bright in his eyes.

A TRIO of YOUNG MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS on their Huffy bikes stare at him from the other side of the fence.

Dwight sits up. Stares back.

DWIGHT  
A little help?

The BOYS exchange a glance. Stare back at Dwight.

BOY#1  
What an ugly dog.

DWIGHT  
What?

He crawls forward.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
What, are you kids blind or just  
stupid? I need help, here! Now do  
me a favor and get our parents--

One of the TEENAGED BOYS chucks a rock at him, bopping him in the forehead.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Ow!

All of them start pegging him with rocks.

Dwight quickly crawls away, hiding behind the tree.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
You little cocksuckers!

The MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS ride off laughing.

Dwight crawls out from behind the tree. Grimaces as he caresses his forehead.

A CAR drives past --

Dwight hops up from his knees, waving frantically. The chain keeping him from standing up all the way.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Hey!

It disappears down the street.

Another CAR passes, ignores him. And another. And another.

Dwight lies down, exhausted. Looks up, sees the half-eaten bagel on the grass nearby.

**THE SKY**

DAY becomes NIGHT. NIGHT becomes DAY. Again and again, flashing by faster and faster until --

**EXT. DWIGHT'S YARD - SEVERAL DAYS LATER**

Getting dark out, the sun setting. It looks like it's been raining. Puddles everywhere. Mud.

Dwight, his wounds scabbed over, sits over the half-eaten bagel on the ground. Now soggy and covered in mold.

He hesitates, grimacing in disgust. But his stomach growls.

Uses his finger tips to pick up the bagel. Slowly sinks his teeth into it -- gags.

DWIGHT

Ugh...

He forces himself to finish it off -- he vomits.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

Immediately crawls to a rain puddle, buries his face into it, slurping up filthy water and spitting it out. Meanwhile --

A MALE and FEMALE (early 30s) in matching tie-dye T-shirts stare at him from the other side of the fence, concerned.

Dwight can feel their look. He stops. Slowly lifts his face from the puddle and looks up at them, sheepishly.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Gimme a second to explain...

They scale the fence and approach with caution.

He reads their T-shirts -- **ANIMAL RESCUE SQUAD**.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Aw, Christ, you fucking people?

FEMALE ANIMAL RESCUER

It's okay, boy, we're gonna get you outta here, okay?

DWIGHT

Boy? I'm a grown man for Christ sake! Look at me!

MALE ANIMAL RESCUER  
Be careful, he's a little  
aggressive.  
(to Dwight)  
Easy, doggie... nice and easy...

DWIGHT  
I'm not a God damn animal! What the  
fuck is wrong with everybody!

He lunges at them.

Both ANIMAL RESCUERS jump back. Remaining cautious.

FEMALE ANIMAL RESCUER  
Calm down, boy, we're only here to  
help...

DWIGHT  
Fine! Then help!

He calms a bit, catching his breath.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(defeated)  
Just get this fucking chain off 'a  
me... get me outta here...

They inch their way closer, Dwight allowing them to approach.

FEMALE ANIMAL RESCUER pets his head, hushes him.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Really?

MALE ANIMAL RESCUER carefully unlatches his chain --

And Dwight bolts off!

He hops the fence, the ANIMAL RESCUERS chasing after him.

Dwight dashes out into the --

# **STREET**

Halfway across, he turns just as --

WHAM! A screeching SEDAN nails him. Everything TURNS DARK.

**CUT TO BLACK:**



OVER BLACK--

## 2 WEEKS LATER

A CACOPHONY of SCATTERED BARKING ECHOES, taking us to...

FADE IN:

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

An EMPLOYEE escorts a COUPLE and CHILD down a narrow aisle lined with rows upon rows of Plexiglas-enclosed cages. Each of them occupied with dogs of all breeds, BARKING wildly.

In one of them --

PLEXIGLAS CAGE

Dwight sits naked, leaned against the wall. His body tattered with bruises and marks. A cone around his neck. Piles of feces everywhere.

He tries to itch at his neck scab. Jaw wound stitched up.

The COUPLE and CHILD stop at his cage and stare down at him.

Dwight peers up at them, lackadaisical.

The FATHER wears a look of disgust.

FATHER

Ugh.

EMPLOYEE

This one's a high priority. If he doesn't find a home by tomorrow, we have to put him down.

WIFE

Awww... poor thing...

DWIGHT

(suddenly alert)

Wait? What?

CHILD

He's ugly.

DWIGHT

Hey, fuck you, kid! Try looking in the mirror, you little twerp! You're no prize, yourself!

WIFE

Do they have to put him down?

EMPLOYEE

Unfortunately.

DWIGHT

(panicking)

What's this "put me down" horse-shit all about? What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

FATHER

Ah, honey, it's just an ugly, old dog.

The COUPLE and CHILD move on, disappearing O.S.

CHILD (O.S.)

Do dogs go to heaven when they die?

FATHER (O.S.)

Not that ugly, fucking thing.

WIFE (O.S.)

Don't say "fucking" in front of him, he's just a kid...

The EMPLOYEE remains there, gazing down at Dwight sadly.

DWIGHT

What the fuck do you mean, put me down? You can't just... kill me off! You hear me!

EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry, boy. We tried.

Dwight frantically smacks away at the Plexiglas.

DWIGHT

Fuck, you man! Fuck you!

**EMPLOYEE'S POV:**

Dwight moves his mouth, but only BARKING comes out.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

Employee shakes his head. Tosses a chew toy inside.

EMPLOYEE

We'll get you a nice piece of steak for your last meal.

Dwight stares at the chew toy, grimacing incredulously.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
We're gonna make sure you enjoy  
your last day as much as possible,  
boy.

And EMPLOYEE walks away.

DWIGHT  
Come back here, you motherfucker!

He falls to tears, sobbing hysterically.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
You can't kill me... aren't you  
listening to me? You can't kill me.

Leans his face against the Plexiglas.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(explodes)  
I'M NOT A FUCKING ANIMAL!!!

His desperate cries ECHO as we --

**CUT TO BLACK:**

A long, deafening silence. Until...

**FADE IN:**

**INT. ANIMAL SHELTER/PLEXIGLAS CAGE - THE NEXT DAY**

Dwight twitches in his sleep, legs kicking as he WHIMPERS like a dog. Suddenly --

He jolts awake, screaming. Catching his breath as he gathers himself. But he lifts his head and freezes. Eyes wide with terror upon sight of the cage door hanging open.

EMPLOYEE stands out in the hallway.

DWIGHT  
No... please... NO!!!

Dwight cowers in the corner, trembling.

EMPLOYEE  
It's okay, buddy. We found you a  
home just in the nick of time.

Dwight stops trembling. Looks up at EMPLOYEE relieved... but still a tad skeptical.

DWIGHT  
What do you mean? You're not gonna  
kill me?

ANGELA (mid 30s, attractive) emerges, smiling down at him.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Angela? What... what are you...?

Angela crouches down and makes kissing sounds while patting on her knees.

ANGELA  
Come here, boy...

He perks up. But is still reluctant.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Come on, baby...

Dwight looks to EMPLOYEE again for approval. Then up at Angela waving him over, warm, welcoming smile on her face.

He lets out a crying laugh, bursting out of his confinement on all fours into the --

# **AISLE**

And hugs her legs tightly. Joyful tears wetting his cheeks.

DWIGHT  
I knew you'd come back! I fucking  
knew it!

The EMPLOYEE wipes tears from his eyes, moved.

EMPLOYEE  
Moments like these always get me.

Angela musses Dwight's hair, petting him as he hops up and down from his knees, kissing at her hands.

DWIGHT  
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... for  
everything...

ANGELA  
There, there, Dwight. There, there.

EMPLOYEE

Now, this dog has been through some  
shit. He's probably gonna need a  
little extra attention.

Angela grins, something devious behind it, as she gazes down  
at Dwight.

ANGELA

Oh, he's gonna get PLENTY of  
attention.

(pauses)

Isn't that right, Dwight?

Dwight suddenly doesn't seem so sure.

**INT. ANGELA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER THAT DAY**

Angela navigates the wheel. In the --

**BACKSEAT**

Dwight sits crammed inside of a doggie crate.

DWIGHT

Is this really necessary? I can  
barely breathe in this fucking  
thing.

ANGELA

Some mess you got yourself into  
this time, Dwight. Can't say you  
don't deserve it.

DWIGHT

Can you just let me outta this  
thing? So we can talk like adults?

Angela laughs.

ANGELA

Talk? Remember all those times we  
tried talking? When you were piss  
drunk? Except you did ALL the  
talking... with your hands.

She glares back at him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Remember, Dwight?

Dwight cocks an eye at her suspiciously.

Angela looks to the road ahead again.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Time for talking is over.

DWIGHT  
Angela?

Silence.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Angela, what are you doing? What is  
this all about? What kinda shit are  
trying to pull here?

She continues to give him the silent treatment.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Answer me, you fucking bitch!

He yanks violently on the crate's caged door, shaking it.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Let me outta here!

Another pregnant pause as Angela smiles.

ANGELA  
Always looking for a fight. You  
like fighting...

Looks at him through her dashboard mirror.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Don't you, Dwight?

Dwight raises a suspicious eyebrow. Studying her as she  
focuses back on the road ahead. A long and menacing silence.

Her silence leaves Dwight wondering. On edge.

# **INT. UNDERGROUND DEN - LATER THAT DAY**

A musty, dimly lit basement. A SPOTLIGHT shines at the  
center, EXCITED SPECTATORS circled around a clearing. Hooting  
and hollering, waving cash.

Dwight remains crammed inside of his doggie crate.

DWIGHT  
Angela? Where are we?

**DWIGHT'S POV:**

Angela crouches down, smiles at him through the crate's cage.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
What is this?!

ANGELA  
Remember my dog? The dog you  
wouldn't give back to me? The dog  
you took all your anger out on  
because I wasn't there for you to  
beat on anymore?

Dwight frowns, feeling guilt.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Remember how weak and helpless he  
was? Well, he's nice and strong  
now. Maybe stronger than ever. But  
all that pain you inflicted on him,  
all that abuse... he still carries  
it with him. And it hurts me to  
look in his eyes and see that the  
pain is still there.

She wipes a tear, takes a deep breath.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Some scars never heal, Dwight.

And she opens the cage. Walks away.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

Dwight spills out of his crate, on all fours.

GRRRRR! Dwight slowly picks up his head, looks up at --

A growling PIT BULL, teeth showing. The same PIT BULL Dwight  
once abuse. Fully recovered and healthy. And ready to rip  
Dwight to shreds.

Holding the leash -- Fritzingler.

DWIGHT  
Oh, shit.

Fritzingler frowns, staring at Dwight with a cold expression.

He shakes his head in disappointment, already regretting what  
he's about to do.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
No. Boy, please. I'm sorry, okay? I  
was in a bad place.

Fritzinger's eyes cast down.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Come on, boy, I fed you. I gave you  
a place to live! Just--

And Fritzinger releases the leash.

PIT BULL immediately rushes Dwight, closing in quickly --

Dwight holds his hands up in defense, cowering back...

And the PIT BULL tears him to shreds, biting through his  
hand, tearing flesh, ripping fingers off...

Blood spatter shoots out as the PIT BULL sinks its teeth into  
Dwight's throat!

Dwight bellows in sheer agony, letting out a painful SHRIEK  
as the dog tears flesh and muscle off his neck, biting at his  
face, puncturing holes into his cheeks.

He tries crawling away, fingers missing, leaving a trail of  
blood as the SPECTATORS cheer -- he looks up to see Angela  
clapping enthusiastically, laughing, collecting cash.

The PIT BULL clenches its teeth onto Dwight's foot and drags  
him back, O.S.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

The sounds of screaming. THRASHING and GROWLING. People  
cheering and applauding.

Then...

Silence.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY**

ON A DUMPSTER. Sun shining bright. FLIES BUZZING above it.

**INT/EXT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS**

Dwight's mangled, naked body lies inside, covering in trash.  
FLIES BUZZING above him.



Every inch of his body caked in blood, face swollen, lips missing, nose half-eaten off, he barely clings to life, moving ever so gingerly.

FRITZINGER (O.S.)  
Just an animal, huh?

Dwight barely opens an eye.

**DWIGHT'S POV:**

Blinding sunshine beams down on him, FLIES BUZZING back and forth above him.

But he sees Fritzinger looking down at him, into the dumpster.

**EXT. BACK ALLEY/DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS**

Fritzinger lights a cigarette, leaning his back against the dumpster while exhaling smoke.

FRITZINGER  
We're all animals. If you think  
about it. In some way.

He holds onto a leash, the PIT BULL at the other end, sitting calmly. Remaining obedient and behaved.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
We all feel pain. Trauma. It all  
affects us the same way.

Looks down at the PIT BULL, petting him.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Ain't that right, boy?

He exhales a large cloud of smoke.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
I know all about you, Dwight. How  
your father left you when you were  
a kid. How your mother died from a  
drug overdose. And how you bounced  
around from foster home to foster  
home. Getting abused. Beaten.  
Like... an animal.

Fritzinger sighs, shaking his head while in deep thought.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
It's a vicious cycle. An ENDLESS  
cycle... of abuse. I don't care  
what anyone says, it's not in our  
nature to hurt things. It's  
something we learn. Only thing that  
can break that cycle... is love.

He tosses the cigarette, stomping the cherry out.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Hopefully, some nice people will  
find you, nurse you back to health  
and give you the tender love and  
care that you need... if the birds  
don't get to you first.

ON DWIGHT -- A tear fills his swollen eye.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
And if you're lucky enough for that  
to happen, hopefully you'll be able  
to accept it this time.

He gently tugs on the leash.

FRITZINGER (CONT'D)  
Come on, boy, let's go home.

Fritzinger heads towards his WHITE VAN, the PIT BULL tagging  
along. Waiting in the passenger's seat -- Angela.

**INT/EXT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS**

ON DWIGHT as we hear Fritzinger getting into his car and  
starting it -- "CRACKERJACK" by DOLLY PARTON play again, the  
music fading as the car drives off.

Suddenly, a FEW BIRDS swoop in, landing on Dwight's body and  
start pecking away at his face.

He groans in agony...

But suddenly, the BIRDS fly off, something scaring them,  
RUNNING FOOTSTEPS approaching.

Dwight ever so slightly moves his head, looking up, just a  
sliver of hope in his eyes...

The MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS peer into the dumpster.

BOY#1  
Holy shit, it's that weird looking  
dog.

BOY#2  
It fucking stinks.

BOY#2 pokes Dwight with a stick.

BOY#2 (CONT'D)  
It's still alive.

The MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS stare down at Dwight, showing a hint  
of sympathy for him.

BOY#1  
I still have some M-80s left. Wanna  
see what it looks like if we blow  
it up?

The MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS slap each other five, cheering.

Dwight groans. Shuts his eyes.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

## **OUTRO**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. IROC-Z - NIGHT**

They sit in relative silence.

The Driver glances over at the Passenger.

DRIVER  
You really think it's '86?

PASSENGER  
It is '86.

DRIVER  
Okay. All right. Did, um... did  
Challenger crash, already?

PASSENGER  
Crash?

The Driver mimes an explosion with his hand.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
They're launchin' it tomorrow...

DRIVER  
Were you in a, uh, like, a car  
accident or somethin'?

PASSENGER  
I don't remember.

DRIVER  
So,... what, you were just  
wanderin' around out there?

The Passenger glances out the window and spots a barbecue  
joint, Nate's BBQ, quickly approaching.

The Driver notices this.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
You hungry?

PASSENGER  
Not really.

DRIVER  
Well, I'm starvin'.

The Driver pulls the IROC-Z off the road and pulls up to the  
restaurant. He looks over at the Passenger.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Look, you want a bite, it's on me.

PASSENGER  
Thanks.

The Driver gets out of the car and heads inside.

The Passenger stares out the window, then he notices a  
payphone against the side of the restaurant.

He gets out of the car.

**EXT. NATE'S BBQ - THEN**

The Passenger walks over to the payphone then reaches around  
in his pockets, but he has no money.

He searches the ground and finds a quarter. He puts the  
quarter in the phone then dials a number.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(Mechanical, on the phone)  
I'm sorry. The number you have  
dialed has been disconnected. If  
this has been...

The Passenger looks at the phone, confused, then hangs up as the quarter drops in the coin slot. He hangs his head.

**INT. NATE'S BBQ - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The dining area is mostly unassuming and empty. No longhorns or belt buckles along the walls. Simply a solid oak building with the only flavor coming from the food.

The Driver sits at a booth, looking over a menu. He glances up to see the Passenger shuffling towards him.

The Passenger takes a seat at the booth.

The Driver slides a menu in front of the Passenger.

DRIVER  
You okay?

PASSENGER  
Yeah.

DRIVER  
Hey, um... you mind if I ask you  
somethin'?

PASSENGER  
(Dejected)  
Is it more shit about things that  
apparently already happened?

DRIVER  
No.

The Passenger looks the Driver in the eye.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
How'd you like to be rich?

This gets the Passenger's attention.

**FADE OUT:**