

MAD DOGS NEVER DIE

10 PAGE EXCERPT

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FADE IN:

EXT. CANTINA - PARKING LOT - DAY

A tumbledown joint on the side of a desolate highway.

A tattered Texas flag sways in the wind above the dilapidated sign: "COYOTE CREEK CANTINA"

Faint BEEPING becomes louder as it draws nearer. A BLACK BOOT stomps into the ground.

DIRTY HANDS hold a touch screen tablet.

TABLET SCREEN

Map -- Red dot blips.

INT. COYOTE CREEK CANTINA - MOMENTS LATER

Coyote head, gnashing its teeth, mounted above the entrance. Stuffed coyotes gussy up the interior.

PATRONS mingle at the tables. A GROUP OF MEN play pool.

The bar door swings open. RASPUTIN (35), a taller man with piercing green eyes and a long black beard, strides into the bar like a judgment from God. He wears a black duster and clerical collar. A DOG TAG dangles from his neck.

BAR

BILL (68), rugged and scruffy, stands behind the bar twirling a toothpick with his tongue.

Rasputin searches the room as he takes a seat. TWO WOMEN get up and leave.

BILL

Can I get you something, Father?

Rasputin removes the tablet and holds it up to Bill's face.

BILL (CONT'D)

I ain't never seen him before.

Rasputin stares gravely at Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Honest to God, Father. I ain't
 never seen that man.

DRUNKARD (O.S.)
 Hey, Padre.

A DRUNKARD (40s), sweaty and overweight, holds a pool cue in one hand and a beer in the other.

DRUNKARD (CONT'D)
 He said, he ain't seen nothin'. How
 'bout you leave him alone?

Rasputin faces the drunkard.

DRUNKARD (CONT'D)
 You lookin' for trouble?

Rasputin notices...

A MAN sits in the corner. Back to the bar.

DRUNKARD (CONT'D)
 I said, you lookin' for trouble?

The drunkard pokes Rasputin with the cue. Rasputin yanks the cue, pulls the drunkard towards him and stares into the depths of his soul.

Rasputin looks back to the corner. The Man is gone -- makes his way towards the door.

Rasputin reaches into his duster and removes a sawed-off shotgun.

The two women SCREAM.

The Man, MAKAVELI (30), tattered clothes, battle hardened face, scuffed up and covered in dirt, reaches for a pistol. A dog tag hangs from his neck.

EXT. CANTINA - PARKING LOT - SAME

GUNFIRE and SCREAMS clamor from inside the bar.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - LATER

A coyote carcass lies in a pool of blood. Flies swarm. Maggots eat at its insides.

The ROAR of an automobile draws closer. A truck splatters the carcass.

INT. TRUCK - (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

The truck is tidy. A single picture of a YOUNG MILITARY MAN is tucked behind the visor.

SHERIFF (66), wears a cowboy hat, shiny badge and a lifeless, lost look on his face. His shoulders are heavy. His heart somber. He glances up at the rear view mirror for a second then focuses on the lonely road.

EXT. CANTINA - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bloody footprints lead every which way. The drunkard's body lies in front of the entrance.

Sheriff pulls into the handicap stall.

INT. COYOTE CREEK CANTINA - SAME

Booze and blood mix on the floor of the dead, silent bar. Blood drips from the teeth of the coyote head.

Sheriff pushes the door in. A WOMAN'S CORPSE greets him. He steps over the body and proceeds with a daunting gait towards the bar.

BAR

Bill cleans blood off the shot glasses. Sheriff sits.

A whiskey is set in front of Sheriff.

SHERIFF

These are the days I won't miss.

Sheriff takes a swig.

BILL

You said it, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

So, what happened? Moonshine again?

BILL

Weren't no moonshine this time, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

No moonshine, huh? Then what was it?

BILL

Well, this priest walked into the bar--

Door flies open. LUKE (34), overly dramatic and clumsy, bursts in. A CLUSTER OF DEPUTIES follow.

LUKE

(to deputies)

Okay, let's set up a perimeter around... Holy sh--

Luke stumbles over the corpse, gags and bolts out.

Sheriff tosses his whiskey back.

SHERIFF

Save your statement for the soon-to-be Sheriff.

Sheriff forces himself up from the bar.

BILL

Give my love to Sam. She's in our prayers.

Sheriff tips his hat.

EXT. CANTINA - PARKING LOT - SAME

The lot is littered with deputies. A NEWS CREW jumps out of a van. REGINA WYLDE(20's), blonde, fixes her hair and makeup in front of the camera.

Luke dry heaves. Sheriff approaches.

LUKE

Sorry, Sheriff. I don't think I'll ever get use to that.

SHERIFF

It's alright, Luke.

Vultures circle in the sky. Sheriff treks out in the desert.

EXT. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

A trail of blood leads Sheriff into a group of vultures fighting over a carcass. He charges at them.

SHERIFF
Get outta here!

The vultures bounce a few feet away. Sheriff stares the birds down. He turns to the remains, sighs, then hikes back to the parking lot.

The vultures swarm a coyote carcass.

PARKING LOT

Deputies tape off the scene. Sheriff mopes back to his truck.

LUKE
What was it?

Sheriff passes Luke.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Sheriff?

Sheriff jumps in his truck, starts engine and drives off.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK

The sun sets. A tortoise inches across the road. Sheriff's truck speeds down the lonely highway.

INT. TRUCK - (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sheriff's lost in deep thought. He glances at the photo of the Military Man. It's HARPER (18), charming smile with freshly shaved scalp. A striking resemblance leaves no doubt, this is Sheriff's boy.

EXT. AIRPORT - TAXIWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dirt runway enclosed by a severed fence. A single prop plane prepares for takeoff.

Harper, a large bag by his side, hugs a SOBBING WOMAN. We can't see her face.

Sheriff, notably younger, watches with an anemic expression.

HARPER

It's okay, Mom. I'll be fine. I
love you.

Harper rubs the woman's shoulders then backs away. He looks at Sheriff.

A beat.

Harper grabs his bag and runs towards the plane.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sheriff's truck passes a "GREEN SAVERS" grocery store. Rasputin approaches the store...

INT. GREEN SAVERS - SAME

CASHIERS ring up SHOPPERS. A MOTHER with an INFANT and YOUNG BOY wait in the check out line. Shoppers peruse the aisles.

Rasputin walks in like a juggernaut, pulling every eye his way.

AISLE 8

Abandoned. Makaveli holds a half eaten loaf of bread and chugs a large bottle of water.

GOODY TWO-SHOES (37), tall and thin with a sense of false authority, approaches Makaveli.

GOODY TWO-SHOES

Excuse me, sir. I hope you intend
to pay for those items.

Makaveli glances at Goody Two-Shoes as he chugs water.

GOODY TWO-SHOES (CONT'D)

Do you intend to pay for that?

Makaveli sees Rasputin out of the corner of his eye. Double takes -- Rasputin is gone.

GOODY TWO-SHOES (CONT'D)

Sir, if you aren't going to pay for
those items I'm going to have to
ask you to leave.

Makaveli scurries down the aisle. Goody Two-Shoes chases.

GOODY TWO-SHOES (CONT'D)
Sir, I will call security! Sir!

Makaveli peeks out into the open -- SHOPPING WOMAN (38),
grabs a box of brownie mix.

Makaveli swiftly maneuvers his way through the store. Goody
Two-Shoes briskly follows.

GOODY TWO-SHOES (CONT'D)
Hey! Stop!

Makaveli turns down...

AISLE 4

Goody Two-Shoes spins down the aisle.

GOODY TWO-SHOES
Sir! Sto-

Makaveli covers Goody Two-Shoes's mouth with one hand, a
pistol in the other.

MAKAVELI
Shh!

Makaveli releases Goody Two-Shoes.

GOODY TWO-SHOES
Security!

GUN BLAST! Goody Two-Shoes's face is shot off.

Makaveli sprints down the aisle. Rasputin, wielding an
assault rifle, opens fire.

The bullets fly inches away from Makaveli and hit a shopper
running towards the exit.

PRODUCE SECTION

Various fruit stands provide ample cover. Rasputin runs into
the open. Makaveli fires from behind the watermelons.

Rasputin unloads a sub machine gun into the fruit.

Makaveli crawls from stand to stand, returning fire as he
retreats to the back.

Rasputin drops an empty clip and quickly reloads -- Silence.

OPPOSITE AISLE 4

Makaveli hides behind an Uncle Sam cutout that looks as if it's pointing him out. Makaveli checks his gun. He notices...

AISLE 4

The shopping woman sits against the shelves in shock.

OPPOSITE AISLE 4

Makaveli peeks over the cutout.

Rasputin looks down an aisle. A shopper runs for the exit on the opposite side. Rasputin fires and pursues.

AISLE 4

Makaveli runs over to the shopping woman. He kneels beside her. Snaps his fingers in front of her face.

Suddenly, she reaches out! Grabs the dog tag on his neck. Stares into his eyes.

SHOPPING WOMAN

Who are you?

Two bullets hit the shopping woman! She rips the dog tag off Makaveli's neck.

A bullet pierces Makaveli's side. BLUE BLOOD gushes from his wound. He scurries out of the aisle.

Rasputin reloads as he chases.

Makaveli is out of sight. Rasputin follows a trail of blue blood out the back door.

EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A ranch style home is perched at the end of a cul-de-sac. A cluster of boulders border the back of the house. The moon ascends above the ridge as Sheriff pulls into the driveway.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

A hearty meal is piled high on a plate at the head of the table. At the other end -- A dry salad with plain chicken.

A small box television sits on the counter next to a book,
"COOKING WITH CANCER"

SAM (65), a silver haired fox with a young heart and chill
vibe, stands at the counter watching the news.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Hundreds more of our soldiers were
killed in air strikes today.

Sam changes channels.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN

"COYOTE CREEK MASSACRE" at the bottom of the screen.

REGINA WYLDE (V.O.)
-- leaving six dead and several
injured --

BACK TO SCENE

Sam hears the front door open and close. She turns the
television off and grabs a spray bottle off the counter.

SAM
That you, Sheriff?

Sheriff hobbles into the warm kitchen with a spiritless
expression. He sets his keys next to a group photo of
soldiers, entitled: "MAD DOGS: SQUADRON 1"

SAM (CONT'D)
How was your day?

Sam opens a pantry. An exceedingly bright light shines on
Sheriff's face.

SHERIFF
Fine.

Sam walks into the pantry.

SAM (O.S.)
Somethin' happen at work?

A beat.

SHERIFF
Nothin' too exciting.

PANTRY

A 1000 watt light hangs above a large cannabis plant. Sam sprays water on the leaves.

SAM
Smells good, don't it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Smells like a dead skunk.

SAM
That's a good thing.

Sam steps out...

KITCHEN

Closes pantry.

SHERIFF
That's a good thing?

Sam sets the spray bottle on the counter. She grasps her side in pain.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
How you feelin', Sam?

Sam sits on Sheriff's lap and kisses his neck.

SAM
Better now.

Phone RINGS. Sam reluctantly stands.

SHERIFF
(into phone)
Yeah?

Sam sits at the table and admires the meal she's prepared.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah.

Sheriff hangs up and shakes his head in disbelief.

SAM
One more day.

Sheriff grabs his hat off the table.