

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

DOG MACHINE

Written by

Eli Holvoet

333 Port Providence Road.
Phoenixville, PA 19460

eholvoet9408@students.mc3.edu
(267)-355-8985

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TOM, 24, wearing a stained line cook's uniform. Dirty dishes piled up in sink, used utensils strewn about, rags on counter tops.

He WHISTLES and his border collie FRITZ runs to him.

TOM
There he is!

Fritz leaps into Tom's arms and knocks him to the floor, licking his face. Tom laughs, wrestling with Fritz.

TOM (cont'd)
Awe c'mon man get off me!

Tom gets up and opens the door.

TOM (cont'd)
Alright buddy, go take a piss.

Fritz runs out the door and Tom's smile fades. He wipes the dog slobber off his forehead, opens the fridge, and grabs a beer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom flops on his couch, and digs in the couch cushions for the remote. His phone VIBRATES.

TOM
Fuckin' Amy.

INSERT - PHONE

A text from "Amy Work" reads "thx for coming in, happy bday!"

A second text pops up from "EVIL EX" reading "need money for hotel"

BACK TO SCENE

TOM (cont'd)
It's like she knows I just got paid.

Tom TAPS on his phone. BARKING. Tom pinches the bridge of his nose.

TOM (cont'd)
God Jack is gonna bitch at me again.
Fritz! Quiet down buddy!

A YELP, then silence. Tom's eyes widen, he jerks up and off the couch, dropping his beer. He runs to the door.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Tom shoulder checks the door, searching the snow with frantic head movements.

TOM
Fritz! Come here boy! Fritz! Fritz!

Tom paces, rubbing his hands through his hair. Tears fill his eyes. Large footprints and a trail are left in the snow.

TOM
Oh my God. Oh my God.

A door SLAMS and Tom jerks his head towards the noise.

EXT. MYSTIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silhouetted in window, THE MYSTIC, male, 7 feet tall, wearing bloody butcher's apron, no undershirt, pajama pants, rubber gloves, drags something heavy.

EXT. MYSTIC'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Tom approaches the house fence. A crooked "no trespassing sign," broken lawn toys, gardening tools.

Tom hesitates, enters, trips over a shovel and face plants in the snow.

TOM
How long has this been out here? What a fuckin' slob.

He pushes himself up and climbs the porch steps.

EXT. MYSTIC'S PORCH - NIGHT

Tom BANGS on the door.

MYSTIC (O.S.)
What do you want? It's 2 am. My kid is sleeping.

TOM
Sorry sir. I lost my dog. A border
collie. Have you seen him?

MYSTIC (O.S.)
I haven't.

TOM
Is there any chance you could help
me-

MYSTIC (O.S.)
No. Fuck off.

EXT. MYSTIC'S BACKYARD

Tom turns, hangs head, begins to cry, wiping snot and tears
from his face.

Faint BARKING comes from the house, Tom's head lifts.

TOM
I know that motherfucker's lying.

Tom roots around the snow and snatches the shovel.

EXT. MYSTIC'S HOUSE SIDE - NIGHT

Cellar doors, padlocked shut. Tom fumbles around the snow.

TOM
No key.

Tom glances around, peers into a nearby window. He holds the
shovel above his head, slowly lowers it.

A dog WHINES from inside the house, and Tom shakes his head.

TOM (cont'd)
Fuck it.

He slams the padlock with his shovel with echoing CLANGS.

The lock breaks, Tom heaves open the door with a huff.

INT. MYSTIC'S BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

Tom slowly walks down the stairs, gripping the shovel tight.

TOM
Fritz? Are you down here?

A dog WHIMPERS offscreen, then a loud SQUELCH. Tom moves faster, slips down the last 3 steps, landing on his backside.

INT. MYSTIC'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Walls and floors caked in dirt, children's toys strewn about, bloody trash bags piled in corner, tarp covers object in center room, Fritz muzzled, chained in corner.

TOM

Oh God!

The Mystic towers over Tom, holding a bloody mass.

MYSTIC

What are you doing here? What did you see?

Tom scrambles to his feet, pointing the shovel at the Mystic. It's covered in blood.

TOM

Oh God! What have you been doing?

He backs away from The Mystic, tripping over tarp. The object crumbles under his weight.

MYSTIC

Stop moving fool! You're ruining everything!

TOM

Where's my dog? What did you do with Fritz?

MYSTIC

I haven't hurt him yet.

TOM

The fuck you mean, yet?

The Mystic unveils tarp, reveals bloodstained human and animal bones bound with leather, he begins to rearrange them.

MYSTIC

Please hear me out. My daughter is dying. The bond you share with your dog can cure her, but the dog must give its life.

The Mystic grabs Tom's clothes.

MYSTIC (cont'd)
Please sir. Please. A dog's life for
my daughter, my poor daughter who
hasn't done a thing wrong in this
life.

Tom hesitates, The Mystic begins to sob.

MYSTIC (cont'd)
Wouldn't you do anything for love?

TOM
I, I won't do that. No. Sorry.

Tom knocks out The Mystic with his shovel. Fritz BARKS.

TOM (cont'd)
Fritz! Buddy!

Fritz is chained and muzzled. Tom frees him, hugs him, and
leads him out.

EXT. TOM'S PORCH

Police cars on the street, Tom pets Fritz and drinks beer.
His phone JINGLES.

EVIL EX (O.S.)
Where the fuck is my money? I've been
stuck in the lobby for-

TOM
Get a job.

Tom hangs up, smiles, and hugs Fritz.

FADE TO BLACK