



Scripts.com

# Savage Dog

By Jesse V. Johnson

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PEPPER & LALASPAIN

SONG LIVES FOR EVER

There's a tale told

somewhere south of Burma.

It tells of one man's  
rendez-vous with death.

A man who, when pushed  
far enough, retaliated.

I'll be face-down an army  
and spill a river of blood.

They say you shake their  
heads discounting the legend.

But the fact remains...

It's all true.

I knew the man,

and for a while,

I loved him like a son.

The French hightailed it in '54.

And the US didn't yet

have boots on the ground.

For a while,

Indochina offered safe-haven to men  
who had reached the end of the line.

European war criminals, ex-Nazis,  
and other undesirables.

Or men with a price on  
their head in the west.

Men like...

Martin Tillman.

(He's good)

The tiger and the elephant, gentlemen.

(Speaks French)

Mr Rastignac, may I have the honor?

My name is Jean-Pierre Rastignac.

I have been known by many names.

But the one that I most  
commonly associate with,  
is "The Executioner".

I face you as an equal,  
with the exception of this blade,  
we're quite fairly matched.

They told me if I fought,  
I would go free.

This fight was your salvation,  
But you lost.  
(Great! I like that)  
You shouldnt have done  
that to the Corporal.  
I asked the guards, why a  
colonial police station,  
with only one small jail  
would keep a prisoner for three years?  
They said, only if you knew the answer.  
Most prisoners who end  
up here, have no hope.  
I thought I might help...  
You come twice a week  
with flowers for him?  
And he turns you away?  
I can bring you fruit.  
The food here is not healthy.  
I don't need your help.  
Don't waste your time on me.  
You're not a waste of time.  
You're just lost.  
I'll come see you again,  
in case you change you change your mind.  
That agent is here again.  
He is persistent.  
I can kill him if you order it.  
The world is changing, Boon.  
We must adapt with it.  
Isn't it your job to transition  
the local police into power?  
The side effect being that  
for a brief few years  
you need to beholden to the  
authority of the French.  
Not the Vietnamese.  
Mr Harrison, what can I do for you?  
Ho Chi Min's strength  
in the North grows  
as President Diem's influence  
in the South diminishes.  
The Americans are watching and will  
send more advisers within a year.  
You and your kind

will have to find a different  
fleapit to loot over.  
Perhaps...  
I might be a valuable assistance  
to you when they arrive.  
At what price to me?  
MI6 would like to  
extradite Martin Tillman  
to face criminal charges  
in Great Britain.  
There's no-one of that name here.  
You're overlooking a potential  
opportunity here, Colonel.  
I know what you did in the war.  
You'll need a friend like me if  
you're gonna deal with the Americans.  
Corporal Chef Boon, please  
escort Mr Harrison out.  
When I was a little girl,  
I rescued a stray dog.  
A fighting dog that had  
been left for dead.  
I look at those black eyes.  
and felt the ultimate betrayal.  
Some animals are not meant  
to be caged, Martin.  
Why are you talking to me?  
You made some bad decisions,  
- that's all.  
- Mademoiselle.  
I'll be back next week.  
Good-bye.  
Why do you bother coming back for him?  
We build our own cages, Martin.  
Alcohol is an easy paracil here.  
Like Jamaican rum.  
It'll help you forget your sins,  
without losing your edge.  
You assaulted a superior officer in '53.  
You've served three years  
of a six month sentence.  
What does that tell you?  
Tells me that I'm not the only  
criminal in this room.

In the North you're  
just an ex-legionnaire,  
with a price on his head. In  
the South you're just another  
ex-con.  
With no passport.  
That tattoo is a writ of  
judgment against you.  
An execution warrant in Great Britain.  
You're not so dissimilar to us.  
Take...  
Seor Rastignac,  
Spanish Blue Division,  
fought heroically for the Third Reich,  
Corporal Chef Boon of the Fifth  
Vietnamese Paratroopers.  
Once a hero, now hunted by  
the Viet Minh as a traitor.  
And Seor Amarillo,  
Loyal to Pertain, and fought  
until the end of Berlin.  
Sant!  
This room is full of men who  
backed the wrong horses, indeed.  
I'm feeling charitable.  
So...  
I'm fulfilling my  
obligation to you.  
I'm paroling you.  
Effective immediately.  
Are you saying I'm free to go?  
Our glorious rant together is over.  
For most of us, Indochina  
will be our last outpost.  
But perhaps we can work together  
again under different circumstances.  
If you ever find yourself in spark,  
I can always use a man  
with a talent like yours.  
I think I'll just be moving along.  
Think about it, Martin.  
You don't look like a man  
with many opportunities.  
You owe me now.

You ever see me again, don't you  
dare presume to forget that.  
Are you sure this is wise?  
I want that British agent  
out of my affairs.  
The old Colonel was right.  
Martin wouldn't go far.  
He headed to the only person  
he knew outside of the camp;  
which is where I met him.  
This is Martin, the one I  
was telling you about.  
I have to leave now,  
I want the two of  
you to be friends.  
It's nice seeing you  
again, Martin Tillman.  
There was once an Irish  
boxer named Tillman,  
showed potential,  
then disappeared.  
Looked after her since she was  
knee-high with a jack rabbit.  
She believes in that good in man.  
I don't.  
Tell me where I can get a  
meal and I'll be leaving.  
I have no beef with you, son,  
and I could use a good bouncer.  
You look like you can handle yourself.  
She says you're straight shooter.  
When I was inside, she'd  
visit every week.  
Always bringing flowers  
for the Commandant.  
You don't know?  
God bless her innocent heart.  
Give me the picture.  
I'll be damned if that old  
flesh merchant, Hans Steiner  
is her own father.  
Take some flowers once a week,  
in the hope that he'll sit her  
on his knee and kiss her cheek.

He refuses to see her.  
Steiner married his  
Kong gai, local girl,  
whom he later suspected  
of deceiving him.  
When Isabelle was born, that  
gave him sufficient reason to...  
deny her.  
I was Steiner's valet,  
saw the whole thing.  
Adopted Isabelle.  
She deserves better than either of us.  
You ever hurt Isabelle, I'll kill  
you fast like a shank of salmon.  
And that's damn quick, boy.  
There's an old storage shed  
out back you can bunk in.  
You'll mostly deal with drunks.  
Every so often some  
lame daft paws a girl.  
They get one polite request.  
Then, do whatever it takes.  
Xie-xie.  
Thank you.  
That'll do it.  
You know, you're just  
like I was in my day.  
But you ain't so old,  
you can still change your path.  
I'm nothing like you.  
I'm young, handsome,  
and ain't burning this one.  
You, son of a bitch!  
Well, I have to say...  
You're the only person in my whole life  
who went out of his way to help me.  
I appreciate that.  
Even the worst of us wants to be loved,  
and for a time,  
Martin enjoyed a peace  
he'd never known before.  
Bow! Valentine! Sweet lil' emoti...  
Merry! Sweet lil' emot...  
He was a free prisoner,

She was an innocent,  
who would watch her injured  
patient limp back to life.  
It was only natural that they would  
develop feelings for each other.  
I'm not sure if Valentine lik...  
Is that what you believe in?  
No, I was never a believer.  
I joined the fight because...  
My Dad and my brother went ahead of me.  
Where I come from, that's  
just what you did.  
Your home is here now, Martin Tillman.  
Leave the past behind.  
It was a shame as I told you  
last night, you fucked a penguin.  
You know, it's so damned easy  
to get so wrapped up in life  
that you miss the precious  
moments like this.  
Toast to the future!  
The future!  
I'll be damned if we are  
drinking to the past!  
We're not going back to  
where we have been before.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
No, seriously, Jack, I  
was out in New York  
Two weeks.  
Tell me what?  
Have you broken your hands?  
How could I have broken my hands?  
I'd become a fucking baker.  
Fair enough.  
Never let it go.  
(Indistinctive)  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Who is this cuntin' geez, huh?  
You got summat to say to our lads?  
There's a pretty penny out  
there for legion deserters.  
You know that?



You look like a fellow who  
likes a good tear up.  
Well, you know what?  
This is your lucky day son, cos so do I.  
Listen!  
Is that your knees I hear knocking?  
Go home!  
If the idea is to have a fight,  
there's your fucking chance.  
Martin!  
That's enough!  
You did your job!  
- I told you I'm fine, OK?  
- You're not fine.  
- I'm fine!  
- Turn your head.  
Turn your head.  
You're a big baby.  
Now it makes sense.  
We're closed, come back tonight.  
My country,  
my laws.  
My revolver.  
Martin and I are old friends.  
Care if I sit down?  
Not my call.  
Thank you.  
Isabelle, you better go. Come on.  
Does she still believe  
she's Steiner's daughter?  
She is Steiner's daughter.  
A great expense our mutual friend  
Colonel Steiner threw  
in a champion boxer.  
Last night, someone knocked him on cold.  
I decided I should meet  
the responsible party.  
Mr Valentine told you we're closed.  
Why don't you come back tonight?  
You just burned the most  
dangerous man in Indochina.  
Right now you need me more  
than anyone else in the world.  
Why don't you come

back and fight for us?  
Steiner had the British  
agent sent North.  
So...  
You can make some money.  
Life can be good.  
I'll take my chances here if  
it's all the same with you.  
If you change your mind,  
you know where to find me.  
Steiner needs to relocate his operation.  
A bar like this would be a perfect fit.  
Not my favourite customer.  
We're closing early tonight.  
I brought you bad luck.  
Bad luck resides in our own conscious.  
We inflict it on ourselves.  
It seems to find me.  
Listen to me, son.  
I saw something inside you  
out there in the rain.  
Maybe you need to stop  
running away from it.  
Embrace it.  
Martin!  
I didn't think you'd be up this early.  
I'll pray for you.  
I want you to promise me something.  
Don't ever watch me fight.  
Or bet on me or...  
be any part of what happens to  
me when I get into that ring.  
I don't understand.  
Something happens to me in there...  
It's a part of me I  
don't want you to see.  
I bring bad luck to  
the people around me.  
Martin Tillman.  
I've considered your offer, and...  
Leave or take you up on it...  
Well, that wasn't so difficult, was it?  
That's right! The champion's here!  
OK! He's here!

And who's gonna win?  
Yes! The champ!  
Let's go! Let's go!  
Martin Tillman!  
What can I get you?  
Gin and tonic, high bowl, old boy.  
3 oz of gin to 4 oz of tonic water  
splashed with lemon, if you have it.  
You think I can find some  
lemons here somewhere?  
I've been in the North.  
It's refreshing to hear  
English spoken again.  
Diplomatic service?  
You might say that.  
I'm looking for an Irishman.  
A boxer.  
He was here but now he's gone.  
There are a hundred local  
criminals in this vicinity.  
Nazis on the run, murderers,  
wanted war criminals.  
What's with this guy?  
In 1946, Martin Tillman set up  
several large bombs targeting  
RUC and B-Special Units.  
We know he was working with his father  
and brother who were part of the  
flying column for the IRA.  
But as they were killed  
in one of the blasts,  
he's our loose end, you might say.  
Can't help you.  
Well, if he does turn up, you can  
find me via the British Embassy.  
You look like a man that  
could do with 10,000.  
The reward money for information  
expediting his apprehension.  
D'you know what 10,000 looks like  
in French Piastres, Mr Valentine?  
Get up! Get up! Come on! Get up!  
I hear...  
You give your money to Valentine.

You ever wonder how you would  
do in a regular boxing match?  
Big money in America.  
Madison Square Garden.  
Imagine that.  
I used to know people,  
politicians, investors,  
but I am SS Steiner.  
And you...  
are IRA Tillman.  
I was sentenced to death  
by a War Tribunal in absentia.  
And you have the British  
Secret Service hunting you.  
So, all that we should ever be is this.  
What we are right now.  
Dearest Isabelle,  
I'm sorry I have not been in touch.  
I deeply, profoundly loved your mother.  
And I'm sure what you would really  
wish for me to say is that,  
well that,  
I love you too.  
Well...  
Unfortunately, I do not.  
But you are, at best,  
the daughter of a whore.  
I deserve no such dignity  
for your wishful thinking.  
I was blinded by my own  
lust and inexperience.  
I could never love a daughter  
of the woman who made  
a cuckold out of me.  
Who brought nothing but another  
faceless, long uninhabited  
this festering waste-land.  
Cordially,  
Hans Steiner.  
How you doing?  
Oh, we're winning so far.  
There was a British agent  
here asking after you.  
I think he could catch

up to me, eventually.  
The money is good, Martin,  
but I don't need it.  
Neither does Steiner.  
You can quit when you want.  
That's my military passport.  
You can put your picture on it.  
- Steiner won't let me...  
- Forget Steiner!  
Take the money from tomorrow's fight.  
Go to America, take Isabelle with you.  
You are as good as a bag of gel here.  
And you don't even know it.  
Go to the States, get  
away, taste real freedom.  
What about you?  
I'll head South with my girl,  
she's got family down there.  
I'll do the next fight,  
and I have to weeks til the next one.  
Then I think it's time  
to get out of here.  
Whatever wrong you've done,  
Does it matter to anybody?  
Until you decide,  
to go on living.  
100,000 French Piastres.  
That's the biggest part  
you've ever taken.  
However, no-one is betting  
against you, so...  
The odds are not looking  
worthwhile, so...  
You want me to lose the fight?  
That was easy.  
I told you there'd be no problem.  
You give me a quarter what they get,  
I'll make it a fucking work of art.  
You better make it look real.  
You learnt a thing for  
yourself, Martin, that's good.  
Lose well, Martin Tillman,  
your life depends on it.  
I know, I know, strictly speaking,

I promised I wouldn't gamble.  
But it's a sure thing.  
But I did my research on this  
guy, Martin will tear him apart.  
We'll go South to your family.  
We'll buy a bar, a big one.  
Thailand, maybe, yeah.  
When the Europeans start arriving,  
the Americans will be next.  
And we'll be in a great position  
to make some money.  
How much did you gamble?  
Don't you worry your pretty  
little head about it.  
(Speaks Chinese)  
Wait, wait, wait! Just wait a minute!  
This evening, many people found  
out that their great hero  
has no honor.  
They're in the bar waiting for you.  
Look, look, look!  
Here comes a gentleman now.  
OK, fellas?  
How did I do?  
You lost.  
What?  
You have until the end  
of the week to vacate.  
The deed to this property,  
everything and  
everything inside,  
now belongs to Monsieur Rastignac  
Martin lost?  
He knew?  
He knew he was going to lose  
but he let Valentine gamble?  
You son of a bitch!  
Watch your tongue, black.  
You don't wanna upset me.  
You're awful! All of  
you, cowardly cheats.  
Not one of you has a thing up  
to your bearing on Valentine.  
You should be ashamed.

You and your pig.  
Knock it off!  
That's enough!  
You've taken enough of us tonight.  
Don't take anything more.  
It ends here!  
And no Spaniard in a cheap suit  
with a paid-off contract  
is gonna take anymore.  
You understand?  
Put it down, Valentine.  
It's not fair.  
You're not a killer.  
What are you doing?  
Everything OK, Valentine?  
So, there you have it.  
Killed by three slugs with my own 45.  
Everything just ceased to matter.  
Not my life,  
the bar,  
anything.  
I just signed off.  
It was a different story  
with Martin and Isabelle.  
The thing about a sewn-off shotgun is  
it's sheer hell at close range.  
But over a throw, not so much.  
The force of the hit dropped Martin,  
knocked him cold,  
but it had missed everything vital.  
Likewise with Isabelle,  
the 45 that had finished me,  
passed right through her.  
She was a healthy, young woman.  
And now, it's said the human  
is the hardest animal to kill.  
Martin had never had  
much call for religion.  
But there in the jungle he  
reacquainted himself with his Maker.  
He begged God to let him die there.  
To take his life in  
exchange for saving hers.  
He offered God a proposal,

if she died, he'd follow her  
into the twilight kingdom.  
But if she lived,  
it would become his mission  
to quench with death  
those responsible for what had happened.  
She deserves better than either of us.  
I bring bad luck to  
the people around me.  
Bad luck resides in our own conscious.  
We inflict it on ourselves.  
Though it broke his heart,  
Martin knew  
he could never see her again.  
It had never been so God  
damned clear as it was then.  
He would have to kill them  
all, only then could it end.  
Steiner,  
Rastignac,  
Amarillo and Boon.  
Just four men  
were in Martin's mind.  
Four reasons his life  
had been destroyed.  
(speaks a foreign language)  
(Speaks French)  
And I heard a voice,  
in the midst of the four beasts.  
And I looked,  
and behold a pale horse,  
and his name that sat on him was death  
and hell followed with him.  
I'm looking for Rastignac and Steiner.  
Why?  
Rastignac  
and Steiner.  
(Speaks a foreign language)  
Don't go inside. No fight.  
Cognac for you.  
Martin!  
Give him a drink!  
No, no, give him the good stuff!  
See?



The thing that Martin knew  
that they didn't was,  
that in a bar fight,  
the man with nothing to lose,  
was the man to bet on.  
I'm gonna kill you.  
And if your men try to stop me,  
I'll fucking kill them too.  
A wise man once said:  
"Fear the hanged man because  
he's dead already".  
Martin Tillman is still alive.  
He walked in Valentine's  
bar with just a machete,  
killed everyone!  
They had machine guns,  
shotguns, Steiner!  
He kept them down like  
they weren't even there.  
Like a demon.  
A fighter, you killed that bear,  
it has come back to life.  
I'll just find him and kill him again.  
You would allow it for the  
gentle rule of exaggeration.  
I'd say we have a problem on our hands.  
Are you afraid, Steiner?  
You're getting old.  
Let's just say I'm not  
taking any chances.  
I'll kill anyone I find to be a threat.  
But he can't do anything to us.  
What can he do to us?  
He'll go after our money, that's  
where I would strike first.  
Our money is at my safe, at the villa.  
You have to stay here.  
There's a full squad  
there, they're armed.  
You'll be fine.  
No, I'm deeply sorry, I'm not going.  
I am not going.  
Take Constantine,  
he'll take care of you.

Constantine?  
(Speaks French)  
Go home.  
Louis XIII's cognac.  
Nearly a century old.  
an excellent choice for this occasion.  
He'd had to be out of  
his mind to come here.  
If he does, I'll kill him.  
Then I'll buy dinner as an  
apology for this inconvenience.  
(Speaks French)  
Kill him!  
You go! You go!  
Martin,  
there is enough for both of us, look!  
We can get out of this.  
Look!  
I've been prepared to die,  
so many times in my life.  
Martin, this man is so repugnant.  
A man should go before his Maker  
properly attired.  
Today I'll be mobilizing an entire  
strike force to keep one man  
from entering a police station.  
Consider him deceased, my friend.  
Let's go!  
What would you think of me?  
For as long as he could remember,  
Martin had been fighting.  
Whether it was harassing the English,  
hunting the Viet Minh or even  
knocking fellas down for money.  
Martin had fought for many things.  
But never for revenge.  
Revenge was pure, it was simple  
and it would allow almost any  
means to achieve its end.  
No matter how ruthless.  
Now, it wasn't as though Martin had any  
premonition or any strategic knowledge.  
He just figured,  
it wasn't a good plan to

go through the front door.  
Grenade!  
No, not that easy.  
Go!  
Go! go!  
The corridor! He's coming  
in the front door!  
Min!  
Go!  
Marcus, stay here.  
Pussy ass.  
Take it!  
Look at this face.  
Look into my eyes!  
Do you think I've never  
faced that before?  
Better men than you have tried.  
I will not...  
I will not allow you the satisfaction.  
You're a scum that got  
lucky for a day or two.  
I... I'm an aristocrat.  
I was a fighter once.  
Let's see how good you are.  
I have no fight with you.  
You're wrong.  
This place is my life.  
I supported my parents,  
my wife,  
my children...  
Now I have nothing.  
I can't help you with that.  
There's a price on your head, Irishman.  
That's good enough.  
Turn the guns around, he's coming!  
It's not until you face death,  
that you truly appreciate life.  
Wait for him to leave cover,  
then fire on my command.  
What are you doing, Martin?  
Fire!  
Cease fire!  
Pierre, go check on the target.  
The rest of you be ready to provide

cover and fire on my command.  
Never send a boy to do a man's job.  
Seor Artignac, where are you going?  
Give me your gun!  
He's fighting like a pygmy.  
To the building, now!  
You wanna live or you wanna die?  
I wanna live!  
Losing your appetite for blood, Martin?  
Not really.  
Not many men I've granted the  
opportunity to duel for their life.  
(They speak a foreign language)  
Bedfellows like money and  
power build it together.  
Rastignac had lost his money,  
and all of his influence along with it.  
With no collateral,  
He was just another no-account European  
of a late depravity.  
Rastignac's treatment of the locals,  
had earned him many enemies  
amongst the natives.  
Word had spread of Martin's  
quest to avenge a local girl...  
earning him great sympathy.  
With Rastignac's soldiers gone,  
his fortune lost,  
it would be man against man,  
just the way Martin wanted it.  
The matador's relationship with the bull  
is closer than with anyone.  
They both know  
that only one of them will  
leave the ring alive.  
You won, Martin.  
I'm not running anymore.  
It's empty.  
Let's do this like gentlemen.  
My name is Jean-Pierre Rastignac.  
I have been known by many names.  
But the one with which I  
most commonly associate,  
is "The Executioner".

I face you as an equal,  
with the exception  
of this blade,  
we're quite fairly matched.  
This is for Valentine.  
Watch me.  
Dearest Isabelle,  
I trust you're well.  
I'm sorry I have not been in touch.  
I deeply, profoundly loved your mother.  
And I'm sure what you would really  
wish for me to say is that,  
I love you too.  
It's been some time, Martin.  
We can make the railroad  
in Saigon by 4 PM.  
Take the train to the airport.  
We can be in London in two days where  
you'll stand trial for murder.  
But you'll probably kill me first.  
So...  
What?  
You can work for me.  
I've been ordered to assemble  
a team of local operatives.  
Men with your skills are  
a commodity, Tillman.  
Indochina is changing,  
and so must we.  
Christ never gave him much.  
but a God-awful talent  
for carnage and death.  
There was no need for  
him to deny it now.  
He was a killer,  
and that's all there was to it.  
And so was born...  
The Legend.  
PEPPER & LALASPAIN  
SONG LIVES FOR EVER