

OUR MONSTERS

- Pilot -

Written by

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EXT. REICHSTAG ROOFTOP, BERLIN 1945 - DUSK

The roof of the Reichstag. The war-torn streets of Berlin smoulder below. The streets move, swarming with soldiers.

A SOVIET SOLDIER steps toward the edge of the roof. He lurches, possessed with a demonic air as he waves-

A HUGE RED FLAG

The red contrasts against the almost black and grey world, as though someone has added color to the iconic WWII image - "Raising of the Flag over the Reichstag".

Just as the scene reaches its famous pose, the flag-bearer notices the figures standing further along the rooftop. They seem like statues - silhouettes standing where the statues stand in the famous photograph - except they are watching him...

A tall sallow man - DRAK - youthful yet ancient.

And a hulking, panting frame - FRANKI - whose grated mouth glows and steams with every breath.

Suddenly, the stunned soldier is kicked in the backside by someone offscreen. The soldier and the Soviet flag disappear to the streets below accompanied by a Wilhelm Scream.

The one who did the kicking steps to the edge - WOOF - a thickset, hair-covered body barely contained by the khaki uniform of an American soldier circa 1945. A fat cigar flares in the corner of a fanged snout, reflecting hellfire in dark, murderous eyes, nestled in a wolfish hair-covered face.

Woof chuckles, then turns and grins at-

HANK, age 25, the only human on the roof. An eyepatch covers one eye. The other eye blinks with every explosion that rocks the city.

A machine gun opens up somewhere off-screen, its rhythmic staccato flows into...

CUT TO:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT, 1989 - DAY

Heavy knocking - *rat-a-tat-tat* - loud upon a door.

Hank's one eye snaps open. The face around it is now much older. Forty-four years older, in fact. Wrinkles. Grey hair. But the same old eyepatch.

By the time Hank's head rises from horizontal to vertical, a bottle is waiting for him. Hank takes a robotic slug.

HANK (V.O.)
 Monster, monsters. The world is
 full of monsters. They're all
 around us, every single day. We
 just can't see them anymore.

The dark corners of his apartment are crowded with MONSTER MEMORABILIA - figurines and wall posters of famous monsters: The Wolfman, Frankenstein's monster, Dracula, a Gillman, the Mummy.

DOG watches Hank stumble out of bed. Half Dog's face is black, the other half white, as if two dogs were stitched together.

Hank passes a dresser with a framed VINTAGE PHOTO of Hank, Woof, Franki, Drak and others posed in military uniform.

Hank steps before a bathroom mirror and stares at himself.

HANK (V.O.) (CONT)
 Except for this one... I see you,
 motherfucker.

Hank flips the medicine cabinet open and grabs a pill bottle. He shakes a couple onto his palm and downs them with a slug from one of the assorted spirit bottles in the cabinet.

As the cabinet swings shut, Hank doesn't flinch at the JUMP-SCARE staring back in the reflection: Woof, Franki and Drak hovering behind him like hungry ghosts, blood pouring from their mouths as they long for the living.

Loud knocking snaps Hank from the hallucination.

CUT TO:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT'S DOORWAY - A MOMENT LATER

The front door cracks open letting a bar of blinding light into the dark interior.

A shiny face appears at the crack. SAL, middle-aged, big teeth and big greedy smile. A slick salesman.

SAL
 Hank, we got a job.

Hank tries to close the door but Sal's foot jams into the crack.

SAL (CONT'D)

Now, I know it's your day off. I also know how important your *rest* is. But these folks want the tour and they want the war hero. I mean they *really* want YOU.

Sal fans a wad of bills for Hank to see.

Hank's eye flicks to movement behind Sal. A small figure emerges from the blinding glare of the day.

MAISY, an anxious kid of ten, with a halo of dark curls. She wears a WOOF T-SHIRT. On her belt is a WALKMAN, headphones around her neck. Clutched under her arm is a WOOF FIGURINE.

Maisy offers a shy grin that reveals PLASTIC FANGS. But just as quickly, her face droops back to that of a worried child. Hank can't help but feel for the kid.

DOG pushes past Hank's legs and out the door. Maisy giggles as Dog licks her fingers and sits obediently beside her.

HANK

He sure likes you. And he's a good judge of character.

At that, Dog begins to growl at something behind Maisy.

A man and woman in their mid-30s step out of the blinding glare of the day. BOB, bursting with muscles, blocks out the sun, enough to see that he is decked-out in fluro 80s gym wear and fanny pack. SANDRA wears a mini skirt and a top that barely conceals her preternaturally round breasts.

SANDRA

Hi there, we're the Kettle's. I'm Sandra and this is Bob. And this is lil Maisy.

Maisy cringes at her parents. She seems to feel the same as Dog, who promptly growls again at Sandra and Bob.

Hank grunts as if Dog has spoken words that he agrees with.

SAL

Come on, mate. We both know you need the money. Dying is expensive in America.

Hank glares at Sal who hasn't lost his plastic grin.

EXT. WASHINGTON ST. BROOKLYN, 1989 - A LITTLE LATER

An awesome 80s tune tickles our nostalgia.

The Kettles hurry to keep up with Hank and Dog as they push through a bustling cosmopolitan street.

SUPER: BROOKLYN 1989

Classic 80s in full effect - big hairdos and bright synthetic clothing. But there are also other sights in this hyped-up alternate reality that draw the Kettle's curiosity-

PALE VAMPIRIC GOTH kids and HAIRY WOLF PUNKS proudly display fangs and painted claws around a breakdance mat. Are they just 80s-styled punks and goths, or are those fangs and claws real? The scene explodes in laughter and high-fives.

A COUPLE with little TESLA COILS on their heads walks by.

Maisy is jostled along between the adults's legs but her eyes are wide and amazed by everything she sees.

HANK (V.O.)

They say the world's better these days. We can be who we want. They say there's no more monsters. We killed 'em all. But that's a lie.

They pass a dark alleyway where SHABOO ADDICTS sway in the shadows like ghosts.

HANK (V.O.)

Things still lurk in the shadows. The real monsters have just gotten better at hiding.

Further in, two POLICE OFFICERS corner what, in our brief passing glimpse, looks like a FULL-BLOWN ZOMBIE. One officer holds the creature back with a catch pole around its neck.

The famous view along the street frames the BROOKLYN BRIDGE, except the bridge is BROKEN, ragged on either side of its missing middle. And the sky above is filled with ZEPPELINS. The zeppelins trail advertising banners through the air and further ads flash upon lit-up panels along their sides, all promoting DRF INDUSTRIES.

A HOTDOG VENDOR has a portable TV on his cart. The TV is also branded DRF. The vendor adjusts a Tesla coil-like antenna on top and gets zapped before the fuzzy picture becomes clear.

ON TV - iconic footage of the BERLIN WALL about to come down.

The street ends in a huge CONCRETE WALL where the foreshore should be.

Hank and Dog climb a set of iron stairs that zig-zags up the concrete wall. Maisy and the Kettles follow.

EXT. DOCKS, BROOKLYN WATERFRONT, 1989 - CONTINUOUS

At the top, we see over the sea wall and find the water level is right there - meters ABOVE THE STREET BELOW.

Hank ushers the Kettles onto the dock where an old rundown TOURIST BOAT is tied up. It has a little wheelhouse and a faded sign that reads: *Sunken City Boat Tours*

It has seen better days and the Kettles don't hide their disappointment as they step aboard.

EXT. BOAT, EAST RIVER, 1989 - A LITTLE LATER

Hank's boat chugs out into the middle of the East River.

HANK

On your left you will see New Times
Square and Floating Wall Street.

The neon of TIMES SQUARE, transplanted to the Brooklyn waterfront. Huge screens continue the BREAKING NEWS - the moments leading up to the Berlin Wall finally coming down.

A sandstone, pillared building - FLOATING WALL STREET - sits on a massive barge, a big golden bull statue out front.

Sandra and Bob launch into a photo shoot before a camera they've set up on a tripod. There's duck lips, flexing and pensive squinting poses. It's difficult to watch.

Hank notices that Maisy's forlorn gaze is glued to the other side of the river, where-

The MANHATTAN SKYLINE, frozen in 1945, glowers, dark and unpowered. All along the water's edge is a tall CONCRETE WALL stenciled with huge red letters: RESTRICTED ZONE - KEEP OUT!

HANK (CONT'D)

She's something, ain't she?

MAISY

Are they still in there?

Hank grunts, nods.

BOB
Aren't you going to... *ahh?*

HANK
Oh-yeah. Sure thing.

Hank leaves the wheelhouse and throws an arm around Bob and Sandra. Hank holds them before their camera until Maisy reluctantly presses the button to take the photo.

BOB
Actually, we were-*ah* kind of hoping for the story.

HANK
The story? My story?

BOB
Yeah.

HANK
Nobody wants the story anymore. They've all seen the movie.

BOB
Mais's a huge fan. We all are.

HANK
I don't know. It's a long story.

BOB
We got all day.

HANK
Half-day cruise. Lunch included. Life story is not.

SANDRA
They said he was grumpy. Boy, they weren't kiddin.

Bob sidles up to Hank in the wheelhouse, places a 100 DOLLAR BILL beside the wheel and talks low so Maisy cannot hear.

BOB
Come on man. It'd mean a lot to her.

Hank eyes the money as gusts of wind tug at the note, threatening to pull it away.

BOB (CONT'D)

Maisy grew up in an orphanage. She never knew her mother, except that she was part-monster. So, as you can imagine, she's kind of obsessed with them.

Just as the money is about to fly away, Hank slaps a hand down on the note.

Maisy pops her head into the wheelhouse.

MAISY

Did you really know the monsters?

HANK

Sure, kid.

BOB

He's a hero, Mais.

HANK

I'm no hero, Buddy. I'm just a survivor.

FADE TO:

EXT. DUNKIRK, 1940 - DAY.

A deserted street in the French seaside town of Dunkirk.

SUPER: DUNKIRK 1940

HANK, 20 years young, comes sprinting around a corner. Half his face is bloodied by vertical CLAW SCRATCHES that have claimed ONE EYE. Under his khaki uniform, he wears a military KILT. The handle of a khaki-clad SWORD peaks over his shoulder. His frantic breaths and footsteps echo in the empty street.

Hank slows to a jog as he passes a machine gun nest beside the beach. The FRENCH SOLDIERS within eye him nervously.

Hank's attention is pulled back to the empty street behind and a sound - thousands of marching feet, at first quiet but soon building into a terrible crescendo.

HANK

Time to go.

FRENCH SOLDIER

*C'est notre pays. You go. We stay.
Ici... Us home.*

Hank points to a TRIGGER BOX in the soldier's hand.

HANK

You should blow it. BLOW IT NOW.

As Hank runs, the noise behind him - stampeding feet mixed with beastly growls - reaches fever pitch. The French soldiers start shouting in a panic and press the trigger box.

EXPLOSIONS erupt and a huge cloud envelopes the township.

Hank sprints down the beach and into the shallows. Shipwrecks litter the water, some sunken, others still smouldering.

Hank dives, swims furiously into deeper water.

When he is out far enough, Hank pauses to look back at the distant beach and the town obscured by thick smoke clouds.

From within the rolling clouds, the NAZIS emerge. Thousands of them, looking like a swarm of angry ants.

The French machine gun opens up but the Nazis are unstoppable and, in seconds, the French position disappears beneath a wave of bodies. The swarm spills onto the beach where they just stop and stand, ominously still.

A SMALL BOAT motors up to Hank. Arms reach over and drag him inside. The boat is full of weary and WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The small boat joins a flotilla of vessels heading out to sea, every one of them packed to the gunwale.

EXT. OUTER SUBURBS OF LONDON, 1941 - DAY

Hank heaves a sandbag onto his shoulder. A black eyepatch now covers his ruined eye and three livid scars run down that side of his face. Hank wears a knitted vest and shirt over his kilt, which is now a civilian blue tartan.

Other workers keep their distance. They do not like him.

Hank carries the sandbag past the rubble of bombed house as-

AIR RAID WARDENS lead lines of SCHOOL CHILDREN along a suburban street transformed for war - blackout curtains, boarded windows and sandbags everywhere.

SUPER: LONDON 1941

A suspicious BLACK CAR shadows Hank as he walks.

Hank passes two women standing by a baby's pram. They eye him with distaste and whisper something nasty.

Hank enters the yard of a house where he passes the sandbag to a CHEERY MAN putting the finishing touches on a backyard bomb shelter.

The black car pulls up and an ARMY CLERK steps out.

Hank gratefully accepts a cup of tea from a the Cheery Man. As he sips thirstily, he looks over the rim to see-

The Army Clerk presents Hank with an envelope.

INT/EXT. LONDON CITY, 1941 - DAY

Hank stares from the window as the black car enters London.

Hundreds of barrage balloons the shape of small zeppelins hang in the sky over the city.

They pass a roadblock manned by grim-faced soldiers and a sandbagged machine gun nest in the middle of the street.

The car pulls up outside Whitehall, the grand old building surrounded by a buttress of sandbags and armed guards.

INT. UNDERGROUND WAR ROOMS, 1941 - LATER

Hank is led down dark, red brick tunnels by the clerk.

Eventually, they enter a room where a harsh light hangs low over a man with gilded epaulettes seated at a desk.

COLONEL RICHARDSON, in his 60s, with greying blond hair and an expertly twirled mustache, stares at an open file as-

Hank snaps into a salute. The clerk disappears and the heavy metal door clanks shut.

Colonel Richardson does not look up, just reads from a file.

COLONEL RICHARDSON

Sergeant Hank van Helsing. Son of Dutch immigrants. Enlisted 1939. Wounded in France, 1940. Evacuated from Dunkirk. Medical discharge, 1941.

HANK

Sir.

Hank's eyes flick to the side as SOMEONE MOVES in the deep shadows in the corner of the room. A cigar cherry glows in the darkness and a cloud of smoke rolls out into the light.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
Glad you made it home in one piece.

HANK
It was the only piece they could find, Sir.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
Sergeant?

HANK
In all the excitement, I may have left a few pieces over there.

The person in the darkness scoffs - a smokey chuckle. However, Richardson is only annoyed by the joke.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
You were the only survivor of your regiment. How is that?

Hank blushes with shame. He freezes as a memory grips him.

FLASHES OF

War. Noise. Violence. A wave of berserk SS overrun a sandbagged forward position. Allied soldiers disappear under the swarm.

BACK IN THE BRIEFING ROOM - Hank is lost for words.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
You claim your commanding officer ordered you to escape, to survive and deliver a report of what you'd seen. Is this correct?

HANK
Yes, Sir.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
And what exactly did you see?

Hank chokes on the memory.

MORE FLASHES OF BATTLE

The wave of possessed SS are relentless as they charge Hank's trench. Hank fires, full-auto. Bullets rip into the SS but they are not affected and they do not stop.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Well, in your words... "The enemy
 were possessed. They would not die,
 no matter how many rounds we put
 into them..."

As Richardson continues, Hank stands at paralyzed attention.

WE SEE FLASHES OF WHAT HANK SEES

Grenades explode amongst the charging SS sending body parts flying. But none die. Not the men missing limbs that are still charging, or the ones missing legs now crawling.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 "...The only way to stop them was
 to completely destroy their bodies
 with explosives or incendiaries.
 They were demons. Superhuman.
 Monsters."

Another wave of SS charge through the dissipating smoke.

CLOSE ON - the death's head emblem bounces, slow motion, on an SS collar. Each breath snarls like a ragged beast. Under the helmet, deep shadow hides something DEMONIC in the face and eyes that seem to glow with mania.

BACK IN THE BRIEFING ROOM - Richardson is waiting for an answer. Hank is lost, staring a million miles away.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Sergeant?

HANK
 Sorry, Sir?

COLONEL RICHARDSON
 Do you still stand by this account?
 Is this how you remember it?

HANK
 Unfortunately, yes.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
 You must've known what people would
 think of this?

Hank looks Richardson in the eye.

HANK
 That I'm either crazy, Sir. Or
 worse, that I made it all up. That
 I'm a coward.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
Well then, what is it? Are you
crazy or just a coward?

It is like Hank has been slapped. He shakes with rage.

HANK
Neither.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
Then why say it?

HANK
Because it was the right thing to
do. Because the good guys need to
know what they're up against. But
honestly, *Sir*... I sometimes wish I
hadn't. Then I wouldn't have to see
the way people look at me. Some
days, I bloody well wish I'd just
stayed with my mates and died!

There's a deliberate cough from the person in the shadows and
Richardson's whole demeanour changes.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
Sorry for the interrogation,
Sergeant, but we had to know for
sure.

HANK
Had to know...? Wait. You believe
me?

COLONEL RICHARDSON
We do.

HANK
Why now?

COLONEL RICHARDSON
Someone inside the Nazi science
program wants to defect. They-*ah*
confirmed your reports. They-*um*
said--

A gruff, snarling voice booms from the shadows.

FROM THE SHADOWS
--That the Nazis have found a way
to make men into monsters.

HANK

I wouldn't have thought men needed any help with that.

COLONEL RICHARDSON

Apparently, they're dosing their stormtroopers with some berserker drug before battle. We were skeptical at first. Until we found your report. Now we're playing catch up.

Colonel Richardson flicks a projector on and one wall of the dark dungeon lights up.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

For years now, Shitzler's been obsessed with the occult. He's sent teams searching for Atlantis, hunting for Yetis in Tibet, digging in the desert for ancient magic. We even have reports he's building a base in Antarctica. And Nazi scientists are cutting human beings open just to tear out their souls.

IMAGES PROJECTED ON THE WALL

Real photographs of Nazi Antarctic expeditions, Tibetan yeti hunts, Egyptian archaeological digs and horrific human experiments.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

We don't know what to take seriously or how he's making these invincible soldiers. But what's certain is the Nazis are winning. So if Shitzler's hunting monsters, then we need to be too. And we need to get to them first. If they've got monsters on their side, then by golly, we need monsters of our own.

Hank frowns.

HANK

What's this all got to do with me?

COLONEL RICHARDSON

Your father once hunted monsters for the King. Did he ever take you with him?

HANK

Sometimes. When I was a boy.

COLONEL RICHARDSON

Then what do you say old chap,
fancy a spot of monster hunting?

HANK

Certainly, Sir. I'm not really cut
out for the home front anyway. But
I'll kill any monster you put in
front of me.

COLONEL RICHARDSON

We were more thinking of recruiting
them, if possible... for the war
effort.

HANK

Recruiting...? I wouldn't know
where to start.

FROM THE SHADOWS

That's where I come in.

The figure in the shadows stands and something menacing fills
the room. Heavy footsteps stride into the light to reveal-

A wolf-person. WOOF. Age unknown. A human-shaped body covered
in thick, dark hair, and a three-piece suit. A cigar flares
in the corner of a fanged, slightly snout-like mouth.

HANK

You're... An American.

Woof's defensive growl becomes a smoker's chuckle.

WOOF

You gonna hold *that* against me too?

HANK

I didn't think the Yanks had joined
the war.

WOOF

Not officially. Roosevelt wants
this off the books.

COLONEL RICHARDSON

How 'bout it, Hank, shall we enlist
some monsters to fight for King and
country?

Hank eyes them uncertainly.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 What is it, man, you want back in
 the fight or not?

HANK
 Yes, Sir. More than anything, Sir.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
 Well, that's what we're offering.

HANK
 It's just... I'm not sure more
 monsters is what the world needs.

COLONEL RICHARDSON
 Sergeant, if we don't win this
 thing, there won't be a bloody
 world left.

Hank salutes Colonel Richardson who waves it away.

COLONEL RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Oh, no. From here on, you'll be
 answering to Major *Woof*--
 (to Woof)
 --Am I pronouncing that correctly?

WOOF
 Close. It's actually (*BARKS!*). But
 just call me *Woof*.

Woof offers Hank a hairy, clawed hand. Hank glances at it
 distastefully. Instead of shaking hands, Hank salutes.

HANK
 Well then, Major (*BARKS!*), let the
 hunt begin.

Hank and Woof lock eyes, coldly.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BOAT, EAST RIVER, NYC 1989 - DAY

The boat chugs toward 3 HUGE STATUES, each towering 100 feet
 high. The statues stand in the water, guarding the concrete
 wall and the dead city behind them. The main statue is of
 Woof and on each shoulder, Drak and Franki.

MAISY
 You knew Woof?

HANK
I knew all of them.

MAISY
Woof's my favourite.

Hank eyes Maisy's Woof T-Shirt and figurine. His words struggle past the lump in his throat.

HANK
Mine too, kid.

MAISY
Like, did you actually know the major, it's not just a story?

Hank nods as he gazes at the massive statue.

MAISY (CONT'D)
For real?

HANK
For real.

Maisy is suddenly a lot more impressed with Hank. She sidles up to him so Bob and Sandra cannot hear.

MAISY
Bob's probably told you to tell me some fairytale. But I want the real story. The good stuff. What was Woof like?

HANK
How old are you?

MAISY
Old enough to hear the truth.

HANK
I'm not sure anyone's ever old enough for that.

MAISY
I am.

HANK
People think they want the truth... but they don't.

MAISY
I do.

Maisy gazes up in awe and longing at the statue above.

HANK

You sure?

MAISY

I'm sure.

FADE TO:

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - MONTAGE

Black and white footage accompanied by the classic whiney newsreader voice.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)

Weighing in at 6 pounds, 7 ounces,
it's a bouncing baby...

An elderly couple dressed circa 1910s. They smile for the camera like proud new parents with a perambulator. The woman is smitten with what's in the pram. She leans in, picks up the baby, nurses it, then presents it for the camera.

A little furry face peeks out of a swaddling blanket.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT)

...Wolf. This little bundle of joy was discovered by mister and missus Goldberg, hidden in the trunk of their car after a summer vacation south of the border.

Shots of Woof as a hairy toddler, wearing a diaper and running through a studio backlot.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)

Lucky for junior, the Goldbergs were showbiz royalty and it wasn't long before lil' Woof became the most recognisable fur ball in America.

AN EXCERPT FROM A SILENT FILM

Woof sits up in a perambulator, wearing a wig of blonde ringlets and holding an oversized lollipop.

The adult cast burst into mimed laughter.

CUT TO - ANOTHER EXCERPT

A hero in a safari suit discovers a gigantic bird nest. The hero climbs inside, to discover a giant egg.

The egg cracks. Something is hatching. It's Woof, still a hairy child actor, but now in a feathered costume.

A SILENT ERA INTERTITLE reads: *Even Monster Have Babies*

FADE IN

A park at night. A YOUNG WOMAN walks alone, afraid.

Suddenly, Woof, now full-grown, leaps out of the bushes, claws up. The woman screams.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)

But as child exploitation reports
came to light the world saw less of
America's own Wolf. Needless to
say, the teen years were
particularly *ruff-*

The newsreel soundtrack becomes dark and melodramatic.

QUICK CUTS

Footage of Woof, older now; smoking; drinking; James Dean cowlick, wearing a STAR OF DAVID on a gold chain, driving convertibles; coming out of clubs, a starlet on each arm; outside the courthouse, putting a paw over a paparazzi lens.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR

But America loves a comeback story.
After years on the ropes, the all-
American Wolf-star rose to fame
once again. The Woof was back.

Triumphant fanfare accompanies a crane shot that sweeps across a ballroom in full swing. Dancing pairs pirouette out of our path. We speed towards the bar where a figure stands with their back to us. They spin to face us. It's Woof, in an immaculate tuxedo and a sparkling, devilish grin.

EXT. ROYAL AIR FORCE BASE, ENGLAND, 1941 - DAY

Woof swaggers across the parade ground like John Wayne dressed in khaki, chewing a cigar stub. Hank follows, a duffle bag over his shoulder.

HANK

You're an actor?

WOOF

You tellin me you never seen Dogs
of War?

HANK

I don't get to the pictures much.
So how did you become a major?

WOOF

They just gave it to me. It's an
honorary title.

HANK

I don't believe this. Do you have
any military training?

Woof holds the door of a Nissen hut open for Hank.

WOOF

Sure. I've been to war hundreds of
times... on the silver screen.

CUT TO:

BLACK & WHITE FILM FOOTAGE

Grainy, black and white film stock shows a World War One
trench scene.

Woof steps up on a parapet, turns to grin down at us with
twinkling eyes and extend a beckoning hand.

WOOF

What are you waiting for? You want
to live forever?

END OF SAMPLE

Pilot script totals 61 pages.

If you want to read more or request the series bible, please
feel free to get in touch: benjaminryan1@gmail.com